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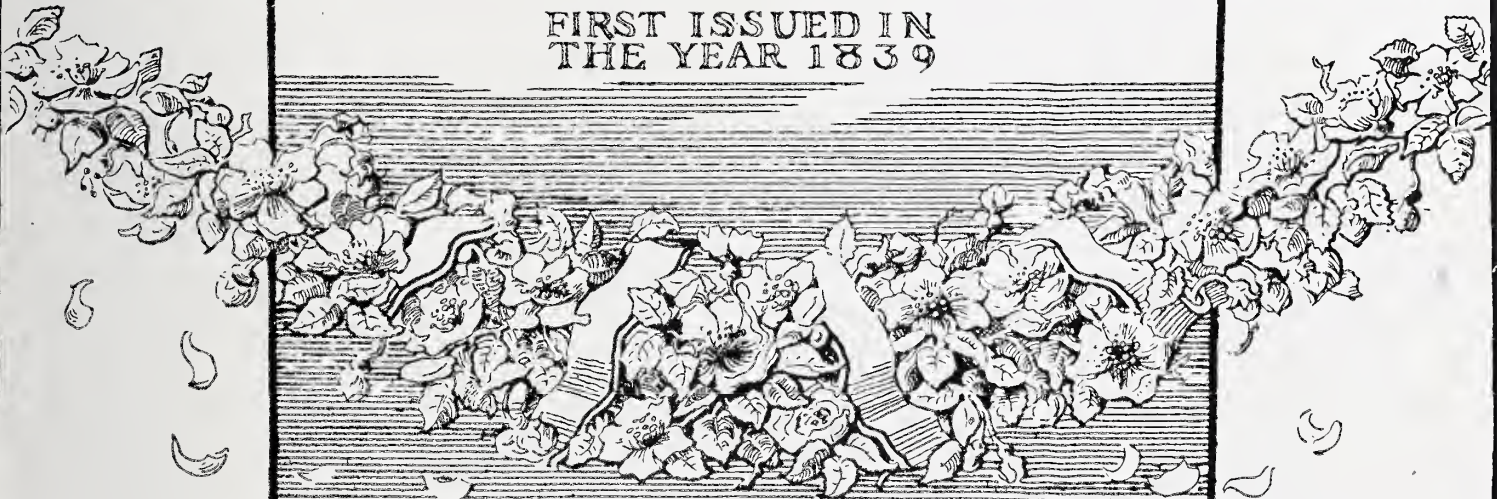
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Selborne.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

MENTION Stratford-on-Avon and you mention Shakespeare, mention Selborne and you mention Gilbert White. Perhaps no other town or village in the country is so intimately associated with the name of one of its sons as is the case with Stratford and Selborne, no other place of which the mention so invariably suggests the name of one particular man. There are those who go to gaze with reverence on the cottage at Chalfont—but Milton is of London, and only had the cottage for a few months as a refuge from the plague; some go to search Wylam for mementoes of Stephenson in the grime of a black country; some to Plympton, but the memory of

Reynolds hangs round Leicester Square rather than his Devonshire birthplace; some make their pilgrimages to Doon or Ecclefechan, to Lichfield or Cockermouth; but nowhere is there the close relation between the man and the place that is the glory of Selborne, for even with Shakespeare the active part of his life centred rather in the Globe at Bankside than on the Avon. London has absorbed the lives of so many of England's notables that even their birthplaces are almost forgotten. It was not so with Gilbert White. But for a few years of his early youth, during his sojourns in Oxford and his short curacies, he passed the whole of his life in Selborne, and was the leading figure in



The Selborne Yew.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.



The Plestor.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

its social life. Selborne was an obscure Hampshire village and in all probability would have remained so had it not been for White: but at least Selborne lent aid in making White famous. It was no case of the square peg in the round hole—the two fitted. As no one could have better given us this ideal parish history, so perhaps no parish was better fitted for the naturalist's purpose. It is just one straggling street running between hills, but if after reading his book one is apt to think of the great good fortune Selborne had in having such a historian, so after a sojourn in the village one realises that it was also fortunate for White that he was located in such a spot. The situation, the varied soil, the hills and vales, the woods and commons, the surrounding country all helped to make it an ideal place for a naturalist. Rich in both flora and fauna, geologically most interesting, a type of English beauty, very beautiful and very English, there can hardly exist a place fuller of material for nature study than this little Hampshire village.

It is typical of English villages that as the social life centres round the Church, so that edifice forms the nucleus of its clustered houses. Though no farther off than Hartley Manditt is an exception, where the church seems to have got stranded in a field with neither village nor parson house in sight, Selborne followed the rule. At the greatest bend of the crooked Selborne street, and about half-way from either end stands the church dedicated to the Virgin Mary. Entering the village from the Alton road before dropping down to the bridge, the church may be seen across a deeply valleyed field. On the farther bank of this little valley is a

wall supporting the raised end of the level lawn of the vicarage garden, and beyond that the vicarage. Not, alas! the house in which White was born, 'an old but roomy and convenient edifice . . . divided from the village by a neat and cheerful court,' where his grandfather at his first coming, 'floored and wainscoted the parlour and hall, which before were paved with stone and had naked walls': for it was rebuilt by a later vicar, Frederic James Carsons, B.D., who came to the living in 1841.

Passing this first glimpse of the village the wayfarer comes to the bridge which spans the little Selborne stream. The road has been made since White's time, for he speaks of it as a hollow lane. Probably where this bridge is there was a ford. But by the side of the road bridge is a little foot bridge which, by its appearance of age, he may have trodden.

This is the way of things in Selborne. The wayfarer as he notes things wonders if this or that was so in White's time. Did White plant that tree? Has that house been altered since White saw it? Is that Fern owl circling over the street at twilight, the descendant of one of those he delighted to watch hunting phalænæ round his 'great spreading oak'?

The bridge passed, the Plestor is almost immediately reached. A small square of worn grass traversed by stone paths, it is bordered on the one side by the vicarage garden, on the other by some picturesque old houses that suggest the residence there formerly of the village dignitaries. One end is open to the street, the other bounded by the



The Church and Vicarage, Selborne.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.



Selborne from the Hanger.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

churchyard railings. It was formerly used as a market place and has been devoted to the amusements of the people apparently since Saxon times. In the centre stands a fine sycamore with a seat around its stem. Before the sycamore there stood in 1786, "the vast ash-tree" that was "all worked into bushels, pecks, gallons and seed laps" and earlier yet "in the midst of this spot stood a vast oak, with a short squat body and huge horizontal arms extending almost to the extremity of the area," blown down before White's time in the "amazing tempest in 1703." On the Plestor too stood the Maypole, of which White writes to his niece in 1779, "our maypole is mended and painted: we talk of gilding the Vane."

In the corner of the Plestor next the street on the vicarage side is a shop standing presumably where stood the shop with a great bow window which John Carpenter opened in 1786 for the sale of "ironmongery, hardware, cheese and breeches." Almost hiding the church stands the great Yew just within the churchyard at the corner of the Plestor. This tree is the oldest inhabitant of Selborne. It is supposed to be twelve or thirteen centuries old, and was perhaps once standing by a pagan temple, to afterwards witness the building of an earlier Christian church than the

present one. It goes back almost to the days of the monk Augustine, but this little out-of-the-way place on the borders of Wessex and Sussex is quite likely to have long preserved its old religion, and so the Selborne yew may have vibrated to lusty chants in praise of Odin or Freyja. The tree has a squat trunk which White measured as twenty-three feet in circumference, but he does not say at what height from the ground. Last August it measured twenty-five feet nine inches round at three feet from the ground: but on one side at about a foot from its base projects a great boss with a consequent increase of girth above it. This probably was once a separate shoot, since fused with the stem after the manner of yews. The tree is a male, full of vigorous vitality, putting forth much flower and scattering clouds of pollen in that

"golden hour
'When flower is feeling after flower.'"

Throughout the whole period of English history it has been a landmark to the generations of Selborne. Beneath it they, and amongst them Gilbert White, have been carried to their christening, beneath it passed Sunday after Sunday to worship or ministration, and finally once more been carried beneath it to their last resting-place.



A Cottage in Selborne.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.



Footbridge over the Stream near Selborne.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

Almost opposite the Plestor stands "The Wakes," the house in which John White, Barrister-at-law (retired), took up his residence in 1729 with Mrs. White, his mother, widow of the Rev. Gilbert White, who had died about a year earlier. And here came with him his young family, of whom Gilbert, the eldest, had been born at the vicarage, near Guildford, and had since lived with his parents at Compton, near Guildford, and at East Harting. "The Wakes" was the naturalist's home for the rest of his life, for even when at school at Basingstoke or at Oriel College, or during his year as Proctor at Oxford "The Wakes" would still be "home." His mother died here in 1739, his grandmother in 1755 at the age of ninety-one, and his father in 1758. In 1763, on the death of his uncle, "The Wakes" became his property, and during the whole of the rest of his life he was continuously improving and adding to the house and ground. He built his "great parlour" and his fruit wall. He planted trees and opened up vistas. He tried all the newest horticultural wonders of the time, though still clinging, as may be well imagined, to the old herbaceous plants and annuals with which to lay out his borders. Here he proved himself to be—as his Garden Kalendar shows—a true gardener, planting and pruning with his own hands, growing his trees from seed, budding his pears on his own stocks, regulating with infinite care the heat of his melon beds. Thomas Hoar and Tull and John were his helpers, so too was sometimes his nephew Jack; he employed a "weeding woman" occasionally also, but every one and everything in the garden was immediately under him. The house originally built probably in the seventeenth

century, being a private house, has been altered and adapted to suit succeeding tenants and changed modes of life. Though in most cases the changes have been made by reverent hands, the fact remains that little exists as White knew it, and at least from the street little of it may be seen that he ever saw. One other of the dwellers at "The Wakes" must be mentioned, and that is Timothy, a very respectable though occasionally errant tortoise, who spent there some of his latter years, and in whom his master and his master's friends took a great interest. He died almost directly after the death of his kind owner, and the remains of his shell may be seen at South Kensington in the Natural History Museum.

"The Wakes" passed into the hands of some other members of the family, and last of all to live there was Mary, the daughter of Gilbert's brother Benjamin. Benjamin White, of 51 Fleet Street, 'at the sign of the Horace's Head,' was the chief publisher of his time of works relating to natural history, and he published the "Selborne." After Mary White's death in 1839, "The Wakes" appears to have been empty and neglected for a time, but in 1844 it entered upon another happier state. In that year it was purchased by Professor Thomas Bell, an enthusiastic admirer of Gilbert White, who did his utmost to preserve everything as nearly as possible in the state that it was in when the naturalist lived there, and to restore all that had been altered as far as was in his power; a good work which was carried on with equal enthusiasm by a later tenant, Mr. Paxton Parkin. While Professor Bell resided in the house, he issued his most

excellent edition of White's book, and having gathered together a collection of his letters and papers—such a collection as probably could never be brought together again—he was able to shed new light on the life of the naturalist. Professor Bell was a naturalist too, but of a different order to White—he was more the naturalist of the study, the compiler and the organiser. He published several books on natural history, of which perhaps the "History of British Quadrupeds" is the best known. His capacity for organising was of assistance to the various societies to which he belonged, in most of which he held some office.

Almost opposite the older end of "The Wakes" is the butcher's shop, nearly hidden behind three lime trees, the survivors of the four planted by White to hide from his view the unpleasant sights connected with the butcher's trade. Following on up the street, many old brick and timber thatched cottages are passed. They are probably much as White saw them. The several inns, too, show signs of considerable age, as does the blacksmith's shop. These are unfortunately interspersed with newer buildings that have not yet become naturalised completely, and some few of which, it is to be feared, can never be toned down sufficiently to fit their surroundings. The most pleasant-looking of the new features is the parish-room erected recently under the guidance of the present vicar. This part of the street runs parallel with and at but a short distance from the Hanger, the wooded side of the hill that dominates the whole of the village. The space between the street and the Hanger is occupied by the little park attached to "The Wakes," at the end of which is a piece of ground devoted to allotments. Proceeding from the street between the park and the allotments, the wayfarer reaches the foot of the Zig-zag, a path made in the fashion its name implies, to and fro up a clearing through the wood. At the top of the hill is a seat from whence the expansive view may be enjoyed. There is also a "wishing stone," often stated locally to be of Druidic origin. This path was engineered and carried out by Gilbert's brother John, who was afterwards chaplain at Gibraltar and author of a natural history

of that place, which remained unpublished at his death, and which has since unfortunately disappeared. Several members of the family subscribed towards the construction of the Zig-zag. Gilbert himself twice records giving small amounts. He took great interest in the work and caused an "obelisk" to be erected at the summit, which was none other than the large stone now called the "wishing stone" and credited with a more ancient history. From the foot of the Zig-zag start two other paths, one through a wicket into the park; the other, known as the Bostal, slants up the hill, reaching the summit at another clearing immediately above "The Wakes." This was also the work of the brothers. Near the top of the hill, and not far from the Zig-zag, they erected a hut, which they called the Hermitage; and when there were visitors to Selborne they held tea parties there, varied by a visit from the old Hermit (personated by Harry White, another brother), and such innocent amusements. This structure is now gone, and so is another "Hermitage" that was put up later, lower down and nearer "The Wakes." From the terrace where the Bostal emerges on the common, at the top of the hill, the country may be seen spread out in a beautiful succession of wooded hills and fertile valleys, with Selborne nestling at the foot of the Hanger some 200 feet below. Not sufficiently high to make the view a map, the clearing in the wood not so wide as to weary the eye with too vast a spectacle, from this seat may be seen as fair an English landscape as can be wished for. What matter whether yonder be Hindhead, or over there Frensham, and beyond something else? The geographical details are lost in the beauty of the scene, the play of sunlight over the rounded masses of trees, the many-coloured fields and the homesteads; lost, too, in the thought of the modest scholar and gentleman who, while France was seething in revolution, and while Clive was winning for England her Indian Empire, took no part in the stirring doings of his time, though not unobservant of them, but lived his quiet life, gazed often on this same scene from this same spot, and having gone, has left to Selborne the rich endowment of his name.

(To be continued.)

Buttons.

By R. Ll. B. Rathbone.

AMONG all the many small things which enter into the daily life and use of civilised people it would be difficult to instance any which offer a wider field of interest than buttons.

There is scarcely a species of material in the whole category of natural and artificial products, out of which in one form or another they have not been made; and while it is true that they have been too often designed and produced without any due regard to artistic opportunities, it is nevertheless easy to find examples giving evidence of good design and good craftsmanship in almost every class into which their many varieties may be divided.

I am dealing here principally with buttons made of metal, illustrated by some of the best examples coming

under that head to which I have been able to obtain access; because in the matter of buttons the various metals are of all materials the most appropriate for the combined purposes of use and beauty. But to mention some other materials which are or have been also largely used, we have marble, stone, rock crystal, jet, earthenware, porcelain, glass, enamel, wood, ivory, horn, bone, coral, mother-of-pearl and other kinds of shell, leather, gutta-percha, ebonite, celluloid, paper, and cloths and threads of wool, flax and cotton. Among artists and craftsmen the architect is one of the very few who have not occasionally used their art for the making or decorating of buttons.

It seems probable that the first original button may have been simply a wooden twig with a leather thong tied round



1. Ancient Egyptian Buttons.

(By permission of R. Hilton Price, Esq.)

the middle. This means of fastening still survives among sailors as being both quick and secure, and, although called a toggle and used for sails and ropes rather than for clothes, it is still in all essentials a button. Even comparatively recently toggles constituted the regular form of fastening on Chinese and Japanese armour, which, by the way, as lately as during last century, was made almost entirely of paper and string. The curious metal buttons of pointed oval form which Albanian peasants wear on their coats appear to be another survival of the ancient and primitive toggle. The same principle is used for securing the end of a watch-chain to a button-hole, and is also often employed to fasten together the two ends of a necklace. Again, if we examine the fastening of an ordinary soldier's belt, we see that the method is very similar. A flattish button-like disc, secured from behind to one end of the belt, is passed edge-ways through a slit (or button-hole) in a metal plate at the other end of the belt, and then lies on this plate enclosed by a projecting moulding which fits around it. Here the resemblance to an ordinary button is even closer than in the case of toggles, and suggests that buttons and clasps are really only variations of the same idea.

When Cellini speaks of the morse which he made for Pope Clement VII., and relates the way in which he obtained the commission, he quotes the Pope's words, in

which the latter described it as "a button for my priest's cope." This, however, was not a button in our sense of the word, being no doubt provided with a big hook at the back, and there is so much to be said about buttons proper that I must not follow the subject of morses and other clasps further, but proceed to describe some of the objects here illustrated.

Buttons were evidently in use in quite early Egyptian days, and the uppermost example in Fig. 1 dates from about B.C. 2000. It is made of grey earthenware and has a projection at the back with a hole through it. The incised ornament, in which there are some remains of colour, evidently represents the lotus flower. The middle ones are also of earthenware of early Egyptian origin, while the others are ancient Coptic, the lowest one of horn, and those next above it of bone. The horn button is particularly well made, with a very nicely rounded projection behind, the hole through which is also carefully rounded at its edges.

It seems likely that buttons went out of use for a long period, and specimens of ancient and mediæval ones are very rare. Most of those here illustrated belong to the last two centuries. Those in Fig. 2 were made of linen thread, stiffened, according as they were to be flat or bossy, with a wire ring or a wooden core. It is probable enough that similar ones were in use very much earlier, but among those in this illustration are some that were made in Charles the Second's time.

"Doing Buttony" * was a thriving industry among the cottage women and children in parts of Dorset until about 1840, when the ordinary threefold linen buttons came in. Similar ones are still made in the same way here and there in Germany and France, and the same basis of construction and design appears in many of the machine-made buttons of the present day. I hear that quite recently steps have been taken to revive this old industry in Dorset.

Among the next, in point of time, which are artistically interesting come those made of cut and punched steel, for the decoration of court suits. The best of these are quite beautiful, and particularly characteristic of the costly and elaborate, if rather insincere, elegance of court life in the eighteenth century. Fig. 3 shows a selection from an original set of manufacturers' samples still in existence; but the cases in which they are mounted are almost dropping to pieces with extreme old age, and the ink in which the number and price were written under each one has become almost invisible. One shudders to think of the endless labour involved in cutting, and polishing, and fitting, and rivetting all the minute particles of steel, of which, in some cases, there would be over a hundred in a single button, each particle containing goodness knows how many facets. Most of the designs were obviously suggested by the idea of faceted gems in mille-grain settings, the latter effect being obtained by stamping the grains in the thin steel plates to which the faceted parts were rivetted.

It is surprising and interesting to find what a wealth of good design and craftsmanship was expended in the production of ordinary livery buttons in the Georgian and Early Victorian periods (Figs. 4, 5 and 6). It may be objected that these buttons were stamped out by the gross; and so they were, no doubt, just in the same way

* See *Lady Dorothy Nevill's Reminiscences*, pp. 33, 34.

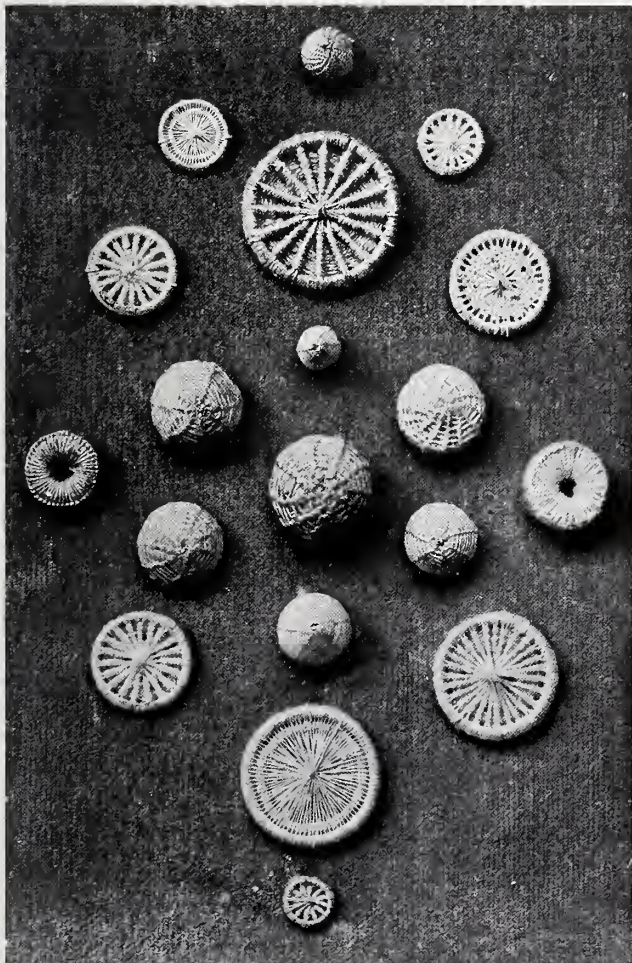
as coins and medals are stamped. Many of the dies were cut as carefully as those for coins, and required the same mechanical skill and a similar knowledge of drawing and modelling, and some of the die-sinkers who worked for the livery-button trade must in those days have been artists of no mean ability. Their successors of to-day may work in the same way technically, but the artistic feeling formerly displayed is very rarely to be found in the livery and regimental buttons now made. In the best old ones it is evident that the die-sinker aimed at getting the soft yet vigorous relief, rich in modelling, and often in decorative detail also, which delights our eyes in ancient Greek coins.

His knowledge of anatomy and of natural history may often have been at fault, but at least there is life and "go" and a strong decorative sense in his work. Nowadays the idea seems to be to cut the die so very deep and sharp that the animal or other device may look as if it had been produced separately and then stuck on to the button—as indeed it sometimes is—instead of emerging softly out of the plain background in subtle low relief. Here surely is an outlet for the astonishing talent which has been developed of late years in some of the best schools of art—notably in Birmingham, the home of the button trade—in connection with the study of living animals; for among the most charming of the old livery buttons are those upon which appears some familiar form such as a horse, a dog, a



3. Old English Cut Steel Buttons.

(By permission of Messrs. Jennens & Co.)



2. Old Dorset Thread Buttons.

(By permission of Lady Dorothy Nevill.)

cock, or other bird. From the heraldic point of view it is no doubt an egregious error to display a crest on a servant's button; the crest being properly the device on the helmet by which the knight himself was to be distinguished and recognized when his face was covered, while the badge was the heraldic emblem appropriate for his attendant. But we have drifted so far away from those knightly days that the reasons for observing such niceties are no longer real. People who have new livery buttons struck would be doing an appreciable service to the art of their time by first employing a really good designer, and then by insisting on the dies being cut by a craftsman who, in addition to a sound technical training, has had a liberal artistic education as draftsman and modeller. The opportunities are perhaps even greater in connection with military, naval and municipal buttons and badges, among which it is hard to find any modern ones that possess the slightest artistic merit. Fig. 7 shows some military buttons, mostly old ones, amongst which a few are well designed; but it can hardly be said that any of them have real distinction, or that the opportunities were made the most of. The "Borough of Penzance" and "Retford Police" buttons (p. 11) are good examples of really decorative municipal buttons.

Is it too extravagant to hope that a healthy rivalry may be fostered between one regiment or one corporation and another, to possess the most artistic button? It does not seem impossible that some of our more energetic provincial cities might set a fashion of encouraging the students in its art schools by inviting designs for buttons for its police or other liveried servants; and why not also the railways and other great companies, the banks and hotels?

But it is time to turn to other kinds of buttons, some of



4. Old English Livery Buttons.

which come within the province of the jeweller. The silver-gilt Spanish buttons illustrated in Fig. 8 belonged originally to families of bull-breeders, by whom they were greatly prized, and regarded almost as heirlooms. They are beautiful bits of delicate craftsmanship, and they are especially interesting to the designer as showing the astonishing variety of charming patterns that can be devised with the use of nothing but circular forms. In every one of these buttons there is a circular ring enclosing a dome or boss which is decorated with a design—differing in every case—entirely constructed out of other rings or domes or grains, but all of them circular. Many of the rings are made out of a fine spiral coil of very thin wire, which of course gives a much richer and daintier effect than a solid wire of the same size as the coil would do. The larger rings will be seen to be made of twisted wires.

Figs. 9 and 10 contain fine examples of other and better-known traditional forms in which also coils, grains and domes, and rings of twisted wire are lavishly used; but fine though they are, in some cases the coil idea is rather overdone, and there is a lack of variety and invention, a case of tradition running to seed. But in several of the examples in Fig. 9 one can see how the craftsman appears to have profited by a lucky accident to relieve his design from monotony. Instead of opening out the turns of his coil quite evenly all the way round, he divides them into sections, closing all the wires of each section into a compact group,

and thus obtaining the triangular specks of dark shadow which are so valuable where they occur. Moreover the coil so treated forms an octagonal or polygonal member, contrasting pleasantly with the circles around it. It is also worth noting that where this method of obtaining variety is not adopted, nature occasionally steps in and saves the objects from excessive monotony by the trifling irregularities incidental to the work of human fingers.

In these two illustrations the same buttons are in four instances shown in different positions to explain their construction. In two of them the back view, and in two others the side view, is shown as well as the front view.

The buttons shown in Fig. 12 are examples of the simple charm which is obtained by a "bossy" treatment of sheet silver, and of the value of very direct and even rude methods of decoration. Comparison with Fig. 9 will show how in two cases the decorative effect of constructional wire-work has given the repoussé worker an idea for a design.

It does not seem to have occurred to collectors of artistic objects that buttons are worth their attention, except incidentally, either as items in a collection of antiquities or as belonging to some particular phase in which they may be interested, as, for example, Wedgwood's porcelain medallions. And this is a pity. A really representative collection of the best work of all ages and countries and materials in this rather humble province of human industry would take a long time to accumulate, but it would contain a very



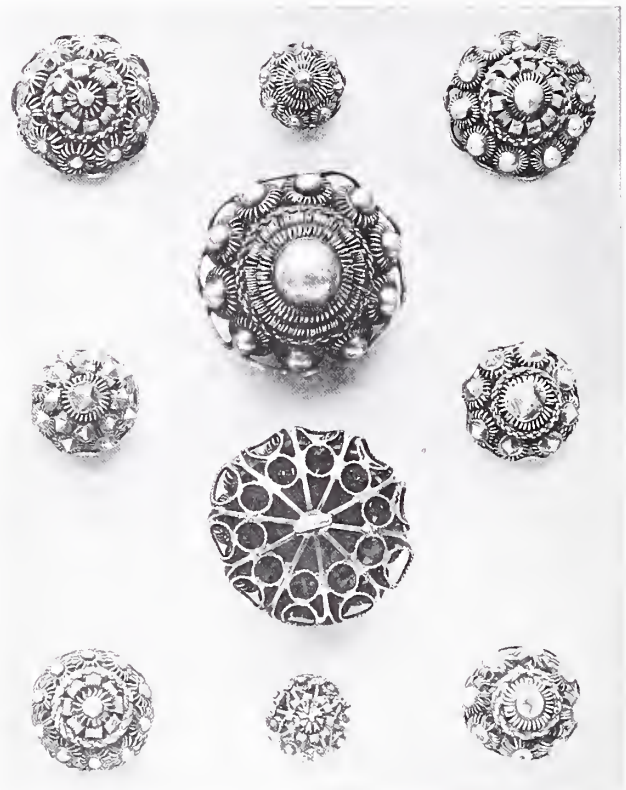
5 and 6. Old English Livery Buttons.



7. Regimental Buttons.



8. Old Spanish "Bull-breeders" Buttons, Silver-gilt.



9. Silver Buttons, mostly from Friesland.

great deal of beautiful design and craftsmanship, including specimens of almost every art or craft that has ever been practised.

The foregoing illustrations may include some of the best forms of a few types, but there must be a great deal more to be found, and several important types are hardly, if at all, represented. Beautiful buttons of painted china, of Battersea and other enamels, of carved ivory and wood, of glass, mother-of-pearl, and embroidery, must have been made in large quantities at different periods, especially during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Many of them are no doubt still in existence. Moreover, numbers of the rapidly-growing army of artist-craftsmen now practising as jewellers and metal-workers make buttons, specimens of which would provide an extremely interesting feature in such a collection. One rarely visits an exhibition of Arts and Crafts without finding a few, and they are often very charming works of art. Nor need the collector altogether shun and despise the buttons of ordinary commerce. Among the novelties of each year fearful and wonderful inventions doubtless predominate, but there are also as a rule just a few quite satisfactory new productions. And what could be more convenient for collecting than buttons? Things one may find anywhere, and often acquire for very trifling sums; things that are easily portable, easily

stored, easily displayed, and full of human interest. It is only through private effort in the first instance that public museums eventually become possessed of collections of small objects of this kind, and if this article should be the means of causing some collector who is on the look-out for a fresh interest, to turn his attention to these attractive

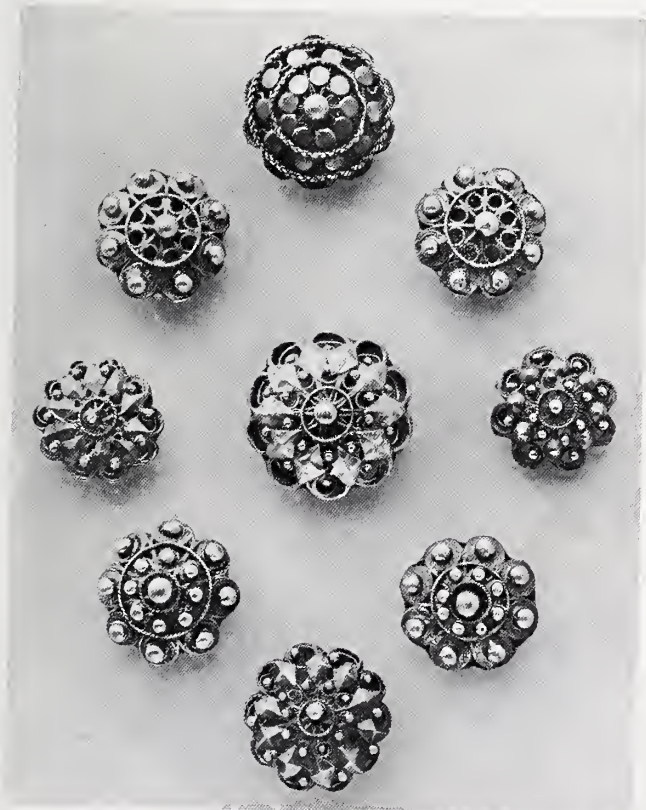


10. Silver Buttons from Norway and Spain.



12. Dome-shaped Silver Buttons, Dutch and Italian.

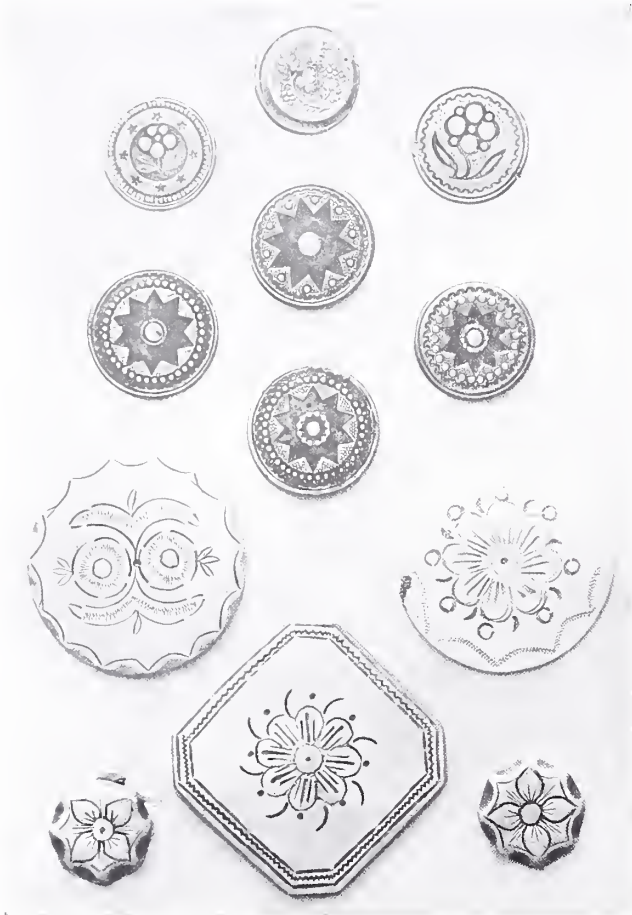
little things, one of its principal objects will have been achieved.



11. Spanish Open-work Buttons, Silver-gilt.
(By permission of the Chelsea Furniture Company.)



13. Flat Silver Buttons, Dutch.



14. Upper Group. Flat Brass Brittany Peasants' Buttons.

(By permission of Mrs. Ambrose Heal.)

Lower Group. Flat Silver Buttons, Balearic Islands.

(By permission of H. B. Bompas, Esq.)

NOTE.—Several of the illustrations include specimens borrowed for photographing from various sources, and in these cases it would have been too complicated to give under the reproduction the name of each person who had so kindly contributed by lending examples. I wish, therefore, to acknowledge my indebtedness not only to those whose names have already been mentioned, but also to

Mrs. T. T. Greg.	Mrs. R. Rathbone.	Miss V. Ramsay.
Mrs. J. R. Davies.	Miss E. A. Bostock.	C. Krall, Esq., and
Mrs. J. Tweed.	Miss F. Ramsay.	Messrs. Lambert & Co.

Consulting the Oracle.

Painted by J. W. Waterhouse, R.A.
Etched by C. O. Murray, R.E.

IN Greek and Roman antiquity, in Egypt and the Orient, the word oracle was understood to mean the mouth-piece of the deity, or the place where divine utterances were audible. There are all kinds of interesting variants. In the oracle of Trophonius in Bœotia the method of enquiry was by way of descent into the infernal world, beside the oracle being two springs, Memory and Oblivion. To-day, some might be disposed to explain the phenomena as more or less effective appeals to the sub-conscious or



15. Stamped Silver Buttons, Dutch.



16. Painted Porcelain Buttons, Japanese.

(By permission of Mrs. A. E. R. Gill.)

The St. Journal, 1888, July 10, p. 2, col. 1.



Engraved by W. W. Worthington, R.A.

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Consulting the Oracle

sub-liminal self. The original purpose of the oracle does not seem to have been so much to foretell the future as to counsel as to the present. The most renowned of all Greek oracles was that at Delphi, which was Pan-Hellenic, and even open to non-Greek states such as Phrygia and Lydia. Scholars assert that all the great law-givers and sages of the eighth and seventh centuries B.C. were in close contact with the Delphic oracle. Questions of colonisation were so referred, and to this central guiding influence, which in pure form represented at least the wisdom of the time, many excellent results are attributed. Originally the Delphic oracle spoke once a year only. Sacrifices were offered by the enquirers who, laurel-crowned, delivered questions inscribed on leaden tablets. A large number of these tablets have been discovered, ranging in date from the fifth century B.C. onward. Whereas in early times, however, the response was deemed infallible, and is acknowledged to have been in accordance with justice and reason, the oracle, like so much else, suffered demoralisation. Pure water cannot flow from a tainted spring. It served the object of the priest to facilitate the access of votaries, for the sake of the wealth they brought, and thus the oracles were consulted on the most trivial matters. Now we use the word less as Milton did in "Socrates. . . Whom well inspir'd the oracle pronounc'd Wisest of men," than as slightly did Shakespeare when he put into the lips of Gratiano "I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips let no dog bark." In

every direction, indeed, we tend to be sceptical as to the divine afflatus which traditionally informed the oracles of old. Have we gone to an extreme, or was the oracle of the great Ammon in the Oasis hardly more than a symbol of credulity?

When the picture by Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, R.A. was exhibited at the Academy in 1884—it is now in the Tate Gallery—the following explanation of the subject represented was given:—"The oracle was a human head, cured with spices, which was fixed against the wall; and the lamps being lit before it, and other rites performed, the imagination of diviners was so excited that they supposed that they had heard a low voice speaking future events." It is recorded that as a child Mr. Waterhouse treasured most a fragment of Pompeian fresco. Ever since, the past has beckoned him insistently. Now it is a dream-past of Norman's-land, such as he evokes in 'Hylas and the Nymphs,' the cool nymphs with the strange eyes being as soul-less almost as the lilies among which they are; now it is a somewhat more substantial past, as in the picture ably etched by Mr. C. O. Murray. Mark the sunlit houses of an Oriental town visible through the latticed windows; mark the burning censer on the marble floor of the shrine, the flaming lamps to either side of the mummified head, the gesture of the priestess admonishing to silence those women who expectantly await revelations as to their future.

Samuel Cooper (1609–1672).

THE Dyce Collection in the Victoria and Albert Museum contains two portraits of Samuel Cooper, the famous limner of the seventeenth century. One, a miniature painted by Cooper himself, is a good example of his style, and shows him as he appeared in 1657, when he was forty-eight years old. The other portrait, a drawing in crayons, about $9\frac{1}{2}$ ins. high by $7\frac{1}{2}$ ins. in width, is generally acknowledged to be by Cooper's hand, although it is probably the only known example of his work in that medium. The precise year of its execution cannot be fixed with certainty, but it apparently dates from about 1650.

Two miniature copies of this drawing, both executed by Bernard Lens,* are extant. One is at Welbeck Abbey, while the other belongs to the Marquis of Bristol; and the earliest known mention of the portrait occurs on the reverse of the latter copy, in an inscription which runs as follows:—"Samuel Cooper, Done from ye originall in Creons by himself in ye collection of Mr. Grahme. Bernard Lens Fecit."

Of "Mr. Grahme" nothing is known, though it is within the bounds of possibility that he was identical with Richard Graham, a contemporary of Lens, and author of *A Short Account of the Most Eminent Painters*, which first appeared in 1695.



Samuel Cooper.

(From the engraving in the Victoria and Albert Museum.)

By Thomas Chambers, A.E.

* Born 1682, died 1740.



Samuel Cooper.

(From the crayon drawing by himself in the Dyce Collection.)

We next find the drawing in the collection of Queen Caroline, wife of George II., and it is thus described in the catalogue of her pictures* :—“A head of S. Cooper the limner, in a narrow gold frame, by himself. Done on (*sic*) crayons. 9½ in. × 7½ in.” Horace Walpole, in his *Anecdotes of Painters*,† referring to Cooper, says “his works are too many to be enumerated, seven or eight are in Queen Caroline’s closet at Kensington. . . . Lord Carleton had a portrait of Cooper in crayons, which Mrs. Pope said was not very like, and which, descending to Lord Burlington, was given by his lordship to Kent.‡ It was painted by one Jackson, a relation of Cooper, of whom I know nothing more, and who, I suppose, drew another head of Cooper, in crayons, in Queen Caroline’s closet, said to be painted by himself; but I find no account of his essays in that way.”

Queen Caroline died in 1737, but the portrait remained at Kensington Palace till the following reign. It was engraved, with no very great success, for Walpole’s *Anecdotes of Painters*,§ by Thomas Chambers, an associate engraver of the Royal Academy, who committed suicide in 1789. The reproduction on page 15 is from a later impression or repetition.

The drawing was presented by George III. to Richard Dalton, his librarian and keeper of his pictures. Dalton died in 1791, and at his sale in that year Cooper’s portrait was purchased by Horace Walpole, and added to the famous art collection at Strawberry Hill. A slip of paper pasted on the backboard of the frame which holds the drawing bears the following inscription in faded hand-

* See Wm. Chiffinch, *A Catalogue of the Pictures, etc., at Kensington in Queen Caroline’s Closet*, 1758.

† Vol. iii., 1763, p. 63.

‡ William Kent, architect.

§ Vol. iii., 1763, facing page 61.

writing :—“Samuel Cooper the famous Painter in Miniature; the only known portrait of him, from the royal Collection at Kensington palace; and given to Mr. Dalton (at whose auction it was bought in 1791) by King George 3d. Hor. Walpole.”

Walpole died in 1797, but his splendid collection was not dispersed till 1842. In that year the great sale took place, and the portrait of Cooper was sold to “Strong, Bristol,” for nineteen shillings.* It was subsequently acquired by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, who bequeathed it, in 1869, to the South Kensington Museum, where it now remains.

The “Barr” Etching.

THE discovery by Mr. Walter Sickert, in his studio at Dieppe, of an unbitten plate by Whistler sent a little quiver of interest through the domain of the collector and the connoisseur. This sketch of Mr. Robert Barr, the distinguished literary compatriot of Whistler, done in 1894, is said to be an excellent likeness and it is certainly spirited in execution. Miss R. Birnie Phillip protested against the publication of the etching on the ground that it would be violation of Whistler’s wishes; but Mr. Walter Sickert’s answer, to the effect that the lines were traced in order that they should be seen, and that, being in pure line, the artist’s own printing was unnecessary, may be characterised as sweetly reasonable.

The New Gallery.

FOR some time there has been talk of a change in the organisation of the summer exhibitions at the New Gallery. Mr. C. E. Hallé and Mr. J. W. Comyns Carr, who, supported by a group of painters, notably Burne-Jones, established the New Gallery in 1888, have as directors worked hard and accepted many responsibilities. Their wish to let others take a turn is quite natural. In 1907, it is said, an attempt was made to obtain from a number of representative artists sufficient capital to meet certain liabilities and to ensure the continuance of the summer exhibitions under a new régime. But that appeal, though enforced by the suggestion that failure might involve the turning of the New Gallery into a motor-garage or something of the kind, did not meet with the requisite support. Recently, however, a re-organisation has taken place which is said to promise satisfactory results. A number of talented painters and sculptors, work by whom we are accustomed to see in Regent Street, have joined the New Gallery as members, so that, presumably, the invitation plan is at an end. Among artists who support the scheme there may be named Mr. Sargent, Mr. C. H. and Mr. J. J. Shannon, Mr. Oliver Hall, Mr. H. Hughes-Stanton, Mr. Basil Gatto, and a strong Scottish contingent including Mr. R. W. Allan, Mr. D. Y. Cameron, Mr. E. A. Hornel, Mr. Leslie Thomson. The next summer show should prove more than ordinarily interesting.

* See Sale Catalogue of Strawberry Hill, 1842, page 186, No. 166. A priced copy is in the Art Library of the Victoria and Albert Museum.



Sir Vere Foster, Lady Foster, and Children.

By William Orpen, R.H.A.

William Orpen, R.H.A.

By Frank Rinder.

A PAINTER, said the Belgian, Alfred Stevens, must be a child of his own time, and must yield to the influence of the sun and of the land of his birth and early education. Without sacrifice of force, and perhaps to the advantage of applicability, that dictum might be simplified. The essence of it is, that a painter must be himself, in his own time and place. If he masquerade, no matter how spiritedly, how variously, as another, he is in the long run superfluous. Burne-Jones, looking back across

the centuries to the mind of Botticelli, sought to image a "beautiful romantic dream of something that never was, never will be." The local, the immediate, did not in marked degree intensify his powers of perception. Mr. Sargent, on the other hand, is a modern of moderns. The to-day, with its flashing lights, its grim shadows, stimulates him. It would have been a catastrophe had Burne-Jones essayed the rôle of Sargent; it would be ludicrous were Mr. Sargent to try to capture the mood of Burne-Jones. The merit of each



Young Ireland.

By William Orpen, R.H.A.

consists in self-revelation ; for, in the last resort, all depends on the measure to which an artist succeeds in fitting the show of things to his thought and emotion. Mr. William Orpen, the subject of these notes, is neither a dreamer nor a dramatist. None the less, like Burne-Jones and Mr. Sargent, he has the impulse to shape, in the light of to-day, something between a thought and a thing. By witty observation and resourceful skill of hand he makes interesting ordinary details of daily life, he celebrates the worth of certain of Mr. Richard Whiteing's "Little People"—and others.

"You can have neither a greater nor a less dominion than that over yourself." For the painter, as for other men and women, the path leading towards such dominion is in our day more difficult to discover, perhaps, than when Leonardo re-affirmed that ancient truth ; more difficult because we have come to realise that the path for one is not the path for another. In the past, the student of art entered by the gate of the workman. He was treated as a child, was taught to become a tool. Before he could become his own tool, as it were, before he could be utterly truthful in Kant's sense of making the work express an agreement between cognition and its object, he had to be the efficient tool of his master. Precept and practice were interwrought. The greatest painter and the man who ground his colours were often united in close bonds of friendship. Thus Michelangelo walked abroad with his colour-grinder, a man to whose memory he wrote lines charged with as much devotion as are the sonnets inspired by Vittoria Colonna. Modern conditions inevitably brought about a change. The divorce between the crafts and the

arts, between the humble workman, who in an object of common use enshrined the spirit of beauty, and the painter of some noble picture : the divorce, in a word, between that which is called serviceable and that which is regarded as "fine," has resulted in confusion. A young painter, before he has mastered the æsthetic alphabet, so to say—much less learnt something of composition, of rhythm—is urged to assert his own individuality, to declare his message. The need of stern discipline, the unwisdom of the go-as-you-please doctrine before "what-you-please" means more than a transitory preference, the essential part played by moulds, or sheaths, within which to develop : numbers of students of the immediate past have heard too little of these things, save from an unvital, an unvitalising standpoint. No doubt art consists mainly of sacrifices and *parti-pris* ; yet it is necessary to discriminate between vigour and violence, between caprice and concord, between salience and singularity. Mr. William Orpen has suffered less, possibly, than most of his contemporaries from the uncertain æsthetic weather to which he has been subjected. Present conditions, indeed, taken all in all, appear propitious to the fructification of his talent. The spectacle of the bewilderments of modern life, of its incongruities and irresponsibilities, of its display of wealth and its meanness, seem, in his case, to serve as quickening influences.

William Orpen, as need scarcely be said, is Irish. His swiftness of apprehension, his agility in taking up a personal point of view, the ready wit with which again and again he paints, sufficiently attest his nationality. Were Mr. Orpen—who was born at Stillorgan, Co. Dublin, on November 27, 1878—able to re-capture a childish dream, he might tell, as did a great Italian artist, of a kite that came flying towards



Digby Cave.

By William Orpen, R.H.A.



Grace Orpen.

By William Orpen, R.H.A.

him in his cradle, a kite whose tail opened his mouth and smote him many times on the lips. Mr. Orpen's hypothetical kite, whatever form it took, fulfilled its mission of instilling a love of art. At the age of twelve he was sent to the Dublin School of Art, in whose Life Class he is now an inspiring visitor. For seven years he studied in Dublin, passing through the course of the South Kensington system—then less intelligently organised than it is to-day—and, as a gifted student, winning medals in the National Competitions. In the early nineties, formalism, which left the impression that art was feebly related only to the present, impaired

the value of teaching in many a school. Yet the years spent in Dublin enabled the young student to come to some sort of terms with himself, to explore many things on his own behalf, to lay certain useful foundations, patiently and unexcitedly. When, in 1897, he entered the Slade School, it was to find a very different atmosphere. There, measured drawings are anathema, "copying," whether of still-life, from the living model, or anything else, is deprecated. Students are counselled not to make "an inventory" of an object, but to draw what they feel as distinct from what they merely see, the initial step being to form a unified conception of an



The Hon. Percy Wyndham.

By William Orpen, R.H.A.

object's "corporeal construction." In other words, the worth of a drawing is held to depend on the extent to which tactile values are given to retinal impressions. Perhaps no system, however unenlightened and absolute, can crush genius; certainly no system can create genius. In a few weeks or months, Mr. Orpen found that he had re-adjusted his attitude from that required by concentration-on-detail, from the "objectively faithful" Dublin plan, to the more individualistic, the broader and freer doctrines of the Slade. Yet, though recognising to the full what he owes to the emancipating Slade—where in painting he was under the guidance of Professor Tonks, who has a special faculty for quickening talent—Mr. Orpen looks back upon the years spent in the Dublin School not as barren but as preparatory. One system may tend to produce uniformity, another diversity, even though it be of no more than a clever kind. A man with the root of the matter in him will gather something from each; the more he changes, indeed, the more will he be still the same. Moreover, when from the school with a recognisable limit he passes into the wider and more exigent school of life, whose precepts seem often to

conflict, he will, if wise, remain to the end a student, humbly avowing, as did Titian when he was over ninety, that he has only begun to understand what painting is, what it can be.

The passing of Mr. Orpen from the Slade School was signalled by an ingenious and triumphant rebellion against established custom. As in other schools, the final test of accomplishment is the painting of a figure composition on a given subject. Shakespeare's 'Hamlet' was set for the summer competition of 1899. With enviable resourcefulness, the young artist adhered to the letter and violated the spirit of the "historical" treatment of the theme, by painting, in brilliant, fantastic, and intrepidly wayward fashion, the interior of a theatre, with a rehearsal of 'Hamlet' in progress. In a playful article signed by Mr. Stephen Granger, Mr. Orpen is said to have contacted the "paint-mentality" of a number of artists, Italian, Dutch, Spanish, French and British, from the saintly Fra Angelico to Aubrey Beardsley, the "Fra Angelico of Satanism," from Velazquez to "Dicky" Doyle. His capacity to assimilate paint mentalities must indeed be

prodigious! 'Hamlet' dates from the year of the Rembrandt exhibition at Burlington House. Rembrandt is stage manager in the picture, while Watteau and Goya and Hogarth are of those who preside in the auditorium. With so much skill was the adventure plotted and carried through, that those in authority had no option save to capitulate, and to hand the laurel wreath to the gifted young artist who, defying usage, imposed an answer, revolutionary in Slade history, to the Prince of Denmark's question, "To be or not to be?"

The Slade School has been called the nursery of the New English Art Club; this, no doubt, because Professor Fred Brown and several of his able lieutenants in Gower Street, as active members of the Club, are naturally eager to make New Englishers of exceptional pupils. Mr. Orpen made his debut at the New English in the spring of 1899 with a couple of drawings. In the summer of 1900, after his portrait of Mr. Augustus John, the 'Titan' of the Slade, had won its meed of praise, he was elected a member. For the past eight years he has been one of the chief pillars of the Club, regularly supporting its exhibitions — which



Mr. George Moore.

Mr. P. Wilson Steer.
(Portrait on Wall: 'Eva Gonzalès,' by Edouard Manet.)

Prof. Henry Tonks. Mr. Hugh P. Lane.
Mr. D. S. MacColl (standing).

A Portrait Group.

By William Orpen, R.H.A.

invariably proclaim that art remains as a living energy among us—with examples of his increasingly good best. As yet Mr. Orpen is not burdened with many official honours. In July, 1904, he received the diploma of Associate of the Royal Hibernian Academy; and in April, 1908, he was raised to full membership; for a time he was a member of the Pastel Society, to whose shows, however, he never contributed; in 1905 he became a Member of the Society of Portrait Painters; and since 1906 he has been an Associate—there are no members of native birth—of the International Society. The only public galleries which as yet have had the wisdom to buy a picture are Leeds, where is 'The Red Scarf' of 1903; and Belfast, where is 'The Tired Girl,' never exhibited in England. This last represents the same young woman who is introduced into 'The Wash-house,' first seen at Messrs. Agnew's gathering of works by Independent Artists, and recently at the Franco-British. Warrantably, however, 'A London Window,' 1901, was of the illustrations to a well-reasoned article on "The Chantrey Gallery as it should be" (THE ART JOURNAL, 1905, p. 136), and in several subsequent pictures Mr. Orpen has still more emphatically established a right to be represented at the Tate Gallery. Having found their way to the New English, though no effective decision was reached in time to acquire the approved work, the Chantrey Trustees will

perhaps go again, to the end that certain obvious gaps in the collection shall be filled.

The pictures of which renderings are now given in black-and-white—necessarily inadequate, of course, when so much depends upon colour and tone-relationships—give a fair idea of the scope, the temper, the quality of Mr. Orpen's art. But in order to recognise, here the thoroughness of draughtsmanship, there the freshness of a painter's phrase, again the apparent spontaneity with which the redundant is reduced to the explicit, and that explicit is enveloped in a congruous atmosphere, sight of the originals is essential. Moreover, to a right understanding of his maturing independence, of his gradually prevailing courage to commit himself to imaginative sensibility, it is necessary to look at some of the drawings, wherein he gives free play to a hand which has already learnt how imperative is inward discipline, to look, too, at sketches which indicate a feeling out towards beauties and significances that in paint still elude him. Readers should turn, moreover, to 'Night' (THE ART JOURNAL, 1908, p. 31), than which, in its kind, Mr. Orpen has done nothing better. Here the dexterous brush forgets its dexterity, and the painter celebrates, graciously, sensitively, and with a certain *raison mystique*, an aspect of a quiet moment. The incidence of light evidently stirred all the artist in him; colour and design, according with the emotional impulse, emerge as more or less inevitable accidents.

Mr. Orpen's progress is marked, on the side of conception, by a growing tendency to relate the objective to the subjective. At first his reaction was mainly to objects of sight rather than to ideas, but the reaction has at his best become more personal, more unhesitating. How ably planned, how inventively carried through! we exclaim of 'A Mere Fracture: in the Newcomes,' 1901. Of several of the portrait-interiors, on the other hand, wherein paint, instead of being recalcitrant, is wooed into expressiveness, we reflect: here is an artist loyal to the golden rule of subject, namely, to select his own; here is an artist who, while giving us at once a decoration and an authentic image of the sitter in his home, tells us, too, much about himself, of the nature of his outlook on people and things. Painting is, perhaps, the least discreet of the arts, for in a picture it is relatively easy to differentiate artifice, which is an acquired faculty, from that



Sir Arthur Birch, K.C.M.G.

By William Orpen, R.H.A.

unique energy, art, which, at its highest, incarnates the genius of rhythm.

In "full-dress" portraiture Mr. Orpen showed with what concision and force he can characterise in the 'Sir James Stirling,' 1907. The head is vigorously modelled, the face is endowed with power of thought. It is a serious, dignified portrait, though some day the artist will go farther, particularly in the marshalling of values in the robes. Finer as a unity, perhaps, gravely expressive in design, of remarkable interest by reason of its alliance of tones, and in handling at once resolute and reticent, is the 'Brigadier-General Lawson' of the same year. 'Young Ireland' and 'Grace Orpen' are more exuberant essays, the candour in each case mingled with a measure of delight in freedom from responsibility, in playing with the undoubtedly charming. 'Miss Gardenia St. George,' seen at the Portrait Painters' a few weeks ago, is not accomplished only, though accomplished it certainly is. Mr. Orpen has, as it were, looked straight into the face of this typical enfranchised child of to-day, and has whole-heartedly acquiesced in the pictorial discipline ordained by that face. And discipline has not meant bondage, but the more perfect service which has as flower a harmony between the thing to be done and the mode of doing it. In reproduction we lose all save a hint of the radiant tone-union between the sunlit jacket and the pale primrose scarf that hangs from the straw hat. We do not lose, however, the expressive silhouette, which is a phase of modern childhood revealed in terms of design. 'Sir Vere and Lady Foster and Children,' 1908, testifies to the fact that what is difficult possesses endless fascination. Were it otherwise, did a painter, prematurely content, never dare to fail, he would soon mount his camel, and be carried into the desert, where are no springs of inspiration. The Foster group has passages of which Mr. Orpen may well be proud, but it is not throughout consistent; that which in actuality was from a decorative standpoint incompatible remains incompatible.

In home-portraiture Mr. Orpen is a young master. Perhaps the magic of Mr. Sargent's 'Venetian Interior' revealed possibilities to him, but if so they were possibilities which took on the colour, the form of his own thought and



The Rt. Hon. Sir James Stirling, P.C., F.R.S., late Lord Justice of Appeal.

By William Orpen, R.H.A.

emotion, which adapted themselves to his way of looking at and feeling things. 'Colonel and Lady Eva Wyndham Quin and Family,' 1903 (ART JOURNAL, 1904, p. 29), with its beautifully-treated accessories, foreshadowed what he would do when, instead of half-a-dozen figures formally introduced, he should be content to animate and environ one. Yet it was not wholly a question of number; for in 'A Bloomsbury Family,' 1908, with its caprices of childhood and maturity, its intimately beautiful detail, its memorable cat, the art is delightfully, almost legitimately, incongruous. In 'The Hon. Percy Wyndham,' 1907, he follows his own way to eloquent purpose. A reverence for light and the transmuting influence of light, a suggestion of thinking in, instead of thinking of, paint, are here evidenced. The perspective of the window may not be quite satisfactory, the small figure is not wholly at ease, but how admirably close observation and sympathetic rendering of detail are combined with a sense of congruous design and expressive tone-values. Intelligent investigation issued, not in the artist becoming a slave to reality, but in his painting



A Mere Fracture: In the Newcomes, Fitzroy Street.

By William Orpen, R.H.A.

reality as deflected through the prism of himself. "There is no still-life," said Carrière, "since I have looked at a vase painted with eyes that are human." In this connection, mark the vases, the ebony cabinet, the books, the silver candlestick, in 'The Hon. Percy Wyndham.' At the Academy of 1908 Mr. Orpen, veraciously and with extraordinary skill, related Mr. Charles Wertheimer to his belongings—Gainsborough's lovely 'Miss Linley,' Lawrence's 'Julia Peel,' and the rest. Again light is a presence, again the able and sensitive treatment of accessories recalls innumerable memories of sight. Mr. Orpen's latest triumph in a genre which he has re-made and made his own is the 'Sir Arthur Birch,' seen at the recently-closed exhibition of the Society of Portrait Painters. Here the *ensemble* is deftly, promptly, economically compassed. The West End Manager of the Bank of England is in pictorial possession of his office, each seemingly extraneous feature of which is, without sacrifice of character, persuaded into an inevitable, an organic unity. The rose-red walls, the map, the old clock, the waste-paper basket, the accented leather-covered chair, the writing-table strewn with papers, at which sits Sir Arthur Birch: all are represented with a sweet reasonableness as evaluated afresh by the young artist.

On a more ambitious scale, and in a somewhat different kind, is the unfinished portrait-group, the reproduction of which Mr. Orpen courteously permits. This picture, whose documentary interest is apparent, has been altered since the

photograph was taken, and may again be altered. It shows Mr. George Moore reading one of his manuscripts—wittily incisive, we may be sure—to Mr. P. Wilson Steer, Mr. D. S. MacColl, Mr. Hugh Lane and Professor Tonks. Ireland, England and Scotland, to alter the accustomed sequence to the needs of the case, are here represented by men of mark, men to whom literature and art owe much. On the wall of the studio is Manet's exquisitely frank and as exquisitely reticent portrait of his only real pupil, Eva Gonzalès, one of the memorable pictures presented by Mr. Lane to the Dublin Art Gallery, which, as need not be recalled, owes its existence to him. Mr. George Moore has well said that this portrait of Eva Gonzalès, drawing with pastel a composition of flowers, is Manet and nothing but Manet; that it is an article of faith declaring, "be not ashamed of anything, but to be ashamed."

The art of Manet, like that of others, aspires to the condition of music, and this lady, whose cool flesh-tones are so faultlessly related to her white dress, draws as graciously as though she were playing a harp. Mr. Orpen's portrait-group must be finished before it can be judged, but meantime the signal attractiveness of the theme, the resourcefulness of the treatment, may be recognized.

There are many other aspects of Mr. Orpen's activity which call for notice: exploits such as 'An Improvisation on the Organ,' 1904, the delightful child studies, dignified and luminous canvases like 'Digby Cave,' 1908, brilliant assertions of his skill, not untinged by bravura, such as 'A Colleen' (p. 27). Wisely he believes in exploring in various directions, to the end that he shall learn as much as may be of the possibilities of his material under steadily maturing discipline, and thus give closer, more intimate expression to what he apprehends as the realities of life, whether factual, intellectual, emotional, or all of these in organic union. Journalists, it is affirmed, care more for what has been achieved than for what is being achieved. Contrarily, an artist's career—as Whistler said at the Chelsea Arts Club, of which the young Irishman is a member—always begins to-morrow. Mr. Orpen's "to-morrow" is full of promise. Ireland was the debtor of her trenchant son, that "master-mocker of mankind," Swift, who held it high service if a man made to grow two blades of grass where was one. In the domain of art Mr. Orpen is doing that.

His Majesty the King has been graciously pleased to accept from Messrs. Virtue and Company a Volume of THE ART JOURNAL, 1908, and a copy of the Christmas Number devoted to the art of Mr. J. Seymour Lucas, R.A.

London Exhibitions.

R.W.S.	151st Exhibition.
R.B.A.	130th Exhibition.
New Gallery	Society of Portrait Painters.
Whitechapel Gallery	Muhammadan Art and Life.
Messrs. Agnew's	Old Masters.
Goupil Gallery	Goupil Gallery Salon.
" "	Society of 25 Painters.
Messrs. Obach's	Drawings by Old Masters.
Messrs. Gooden & Fox	British Water-Colour.
Messrs. Knoedler's	Old Masters.
Grafton Gallery	Fritz Thaulow.
Baillie Gallery	Keith Henderson and Norman Wilkinson.
" "	Professor Schmutzer.
Fine Art Society	S. J. Lamorna Birch.
" "	G. Bacarissas.
Messrs. Dowdeswell's	Amelia M. Bauerlé, A.R.E.
Leicester Gallery	Phil May.
" "	Edmund Dulac.
Connell Gallery	Mary G. W. Wilson.
Rembrandt Gallery	Auguste Lepère.
Mount Street Gallery	Four Generations of Ward Family.
Paterson Gallery	Orlando Rouland.
Carfax Gallery	Maxwell Armfield.
" "	F. Cayley Robinson.
Ryder Gallery	F. Lishman, A.R.I.B.A.
Messrs. Tooth's	Maurice Romberg.
Brook Street Gallery	W. Heath Robinson.
Messrs. Leggatt's	Albert Goodwin, R.W.S.
Artists' Society	Langham Sketches.
203A Adelaide Road	Walter Bayes, A.R.W.S.

IN *L'Île des Pingouins*, M. Anatole France tells in his inimitable way of a student who went to consult a certain short-sighted and, therefore, inerrant critic, on the origin and progress of penguinic art. M. Fulgence Tapir, author of a work no less monumental than *Annales Universelles de la Peinture, de la Sculpture, et de l'Architecture*, pigeon-holed his wisdom. On ascending a ladder to the penguin section, the enquirer unfortunately let loose countless of the multi-coloured little art documents. First they came slowly, then with ever-increasing rapidity, until, finally, M. Fulgence Tapir was completely covered, even his bald head ceasing to be visible. The invitation cards issued for exhibitions which opened late in October and in November were similarly overwhelming in volume. To an unusual extent, however, excellence compensated for quantitative excess. The autumn season has seldom witnessed the organisation of so many interesting shows.

Messrs. Agnew's.—An unknown lady in a monstrously

big black hat, by an unidentified artist, held court in the Old Bond Street Galleries. Who but Reynolds could so exquisitely have rendered the black cape, the lace-frilled black hat, the pale pink bow, and have related them so justly to the cool flesh tones? The style of the hat was supposed to be a difficulty, but now it is deemed to belong to about 1758-60. Raeburn's 'Mrs. James Campbell' is of his virile, straightforward, genial best. The modelling of the deep-shadowed and illuminate face, the expressiveness of the wise old mouth, the fine treatment of the mutch and the red shawl, how spontaneous yet controlled, how searched and subtle they are! Reynolds' group of the two children of the fourth Duke of Rutland, with their dogs Turk and Crab, warrantably had a centre, its appearance surprising some who recalled the statement of Leslie and Taylor that the picture was burnt in the fire at Belvoir Castle in 1816. To either side were two full-lengths by Sir Joshua, the famous 'Lady Louisa Manners' of 1779, and 'The Hon. Mrs. Tollemache as Miranda,' with Prospero and Caliban rather ludicrously introduced. Turner's 'Hastings Beach,' whose magic would surely convince Herr Meier Graefe of the injustice of his condemnation, Romney's delightful oval



(Goupil Gallery Salon.)

Gipsy.

By S. J. Peploe.

NOTE.—Notices of the exhibitions at Messrs. Obach's and Messrs. Knoedler's will appear later.

of the Marquise de Trouville, and a couple of small Constables were included in this exhibition of works exclusively by native masters.

The G.G.S.—"I love art and I love history; but it is living art and living history that I love." The third exhibition of the Goupil Gallery Salon was a triumphant testimony to the fact that the art-impulse, the impulse to shape the world anew in conformity with human thought and feeling, was not quenched when a Leonardo, a Rembrandt, a Gainsborough, or a Turner died. Art is with us as a living force. Messrs. Marchant might warrantably have inscribed over the doorway of the Goupil Gallery "There is no decay." Those disposed to be sceptical as to the utility of the enlightened dealer in bringing before the public vital work of to-day, must have been convinced of that utility by this varied and admirable show of pictures, drawings, and bronzes, by about 120 talented men and women, most of them British, some of them of continental birth. In its kind—and that a kind worthy of every encouragement—the exhibition was of unusual importance. Mr. William Nicholson, in 'Nancy,' gives us a fine harmony in low tones, idiosyncratically reminiscent of Hals; in the 'Place du Petit Enfer,

Dieppe' he is intimately, at the same time frowardly himself. What secret beauties he reveals in this harmony of lighted and shadowed greys, with notes of muted purple and green and blue. Mr. P. Wilson Steer's 'Poole Harbour' (p. 28) ranks high among the landscapes of our day. The sun-nurtured earth, solid, richly coloured, is propitious to our actual and imaginative needs; the inlets of sea are of pale blue, above is the drama of "the steep sky's commotion"—great cloud forms voyaging through space. This landscape is more than brilliant, for brilliance does not cover such power to move, to intensify the spectator's sense of well-being. For the rest, it is possible here to give only a short catalogue, almost *un-raisonné*, which must be accepted as a sign-post, pointing towards other spirited works. The galleries contained Mr. William Orpen's well-nigh uncannily accomplished 'A Colleen' (p. 27) and his less assertive 'Digby Cave' (p. 18); Mr. James Pryde's fantastic 'The Cinder,' showing the façade of a Palladian building devastated by fire; M. Blanche's 'Chintz Cover,' which has no holes in it—pictorially; the 'Blow bugle, answer echo' (p. 28), freshly conceived and vigorously carried through by Mr. W. Christian Symons; a broadly painted sketch of a gipsy (p. 25) by



(Goupil Gallery Salon.)

The Pond.

By G. W. Lambert.

Mr. S. J. Peplow, who is better known in Edinburgh than as yet he is in London; Mr. G. W. Lambert's pearly 'Susanna' and 'The Pond' (p. 26); black-and-white and water-colour drawings by many artists of talent; and among the bronzes, Mr. Gilbert Bayes' delightful statuette, 'The Scales of Time' (p. 30).

The R.W.S.—It is a far cry from the imperious vehemence of Mr. Sargent's 'Flotsam and Jetsam' to the subtly subjective 'Iris Susiana' of Mr. Louis Davis, from the unlaboured prose of the late William Callow's 'Scarborough,' 1842, to the high serenity of Mr. D. Y. Cameron's 'Isles of the West,' from the authoritatively factual 'Winding Avon' of Mr. Alfred Parsons to the poetic 'Gathering Storm' of Mr. Albert Goodwin. The names of these six artists serve to suggest the varied attractions of the show in Pall Mall East. With vital immediacy, with keen-eyed resolve, Mr. Sargent expresses as a phrase of sunlight in his drawing the rocks, the boat resting upon them, the water, the bathing boys. While he almost arrogantly commands, Mr. Louis Davis contemplates. Intimacy is substituted for immediacy, luminous shadow for dazzling sunlight. Mr. Davis seems to understand the soul of a flower as finely as he understands "infant joy." His 'Iris Susiana' (p. 30), close and learned in draughtsmanship, lovely as a revelation of colour-harmonies, is at once faithful to fact and true as a symbol of the potency of creative peace. In a different kind is the salient and masterly 'Anemones' of Mr. Francis James. They are as fresh as though human hand had never touched them; nay, their appeal is more vivid, more irresistible, because the florescence comes direct from the robust sensibility of this artist. Mr. Cameron's vision of fair waters and mountainous Western Isles manifests the temper in which he works. Notable, too, were Mr. James Paterson's 'St. Malo Packet,' a space of jewel-like colour; Mr. Hopwood's 'Purity' (opp. p. 30), admirable in its graded sequence of pale tones; Mr. Edwin Alexander's skilfully realised 'Amherst Pheasant,' whose walk is as wary as its plumage is gorgeous; 'The Village' of Mr. J. W. North, in the midst of nature's living green; the 'Boulogne Fisher Girl,' delightfully rendered by Mr. Lionel Smythe; and several persuasive drawings, out-



(Goupil Gallery Salon.)

A Colleen.

By William Orpen, R.H.A.

lined with the pen and washed with neutral tints, by Mr. Walter Bayes.

The S.P.P.—The fact that the Society of Portrait Painters has held eighteen annual exhibitions proves that a considerable section of the public does not regard this important domain of art merely at its face value, namely, from the narrow standpoint of likeness. The portraitist with the root of the matter in him finds in this branch of practice amplest opportunity for the expression of himself. Eliminate great portraits from the pictures of the world, and how incalculably much we should lose of that which is quintessential. Romney called it "cursed drudgery," Gainsborough "face painting," yet each gave us of their best in this kind. The retrospective section was of overshadowing importance at the New Gallery. Frank Holl's 'Duke of Cleveland,' 1885, though, perhaps, less weighty than his 'Samuel Cousins,' 1878, seen anew in 1907, shows that in him we had a man of extraordinary power, who must take rank with the foremost British portraitists of the late nineteenth century. Not ineptly Holl might be called



(Goupil Gallery Salon.)

"Blow bugle—answer echo."

By W. Christian Symons.

the present day Frans Hals. Mark the splendid vigour, the sudden audacity, withal the permanence of the picture. The best of eight examples by John Pettie was the three-quarter length of the Most Rev. William B. Ullathorne, done in 1876, the artist causing some embarrassment by putting the sitter in cardinal's robe in order to gain a rich colour-effect. The other Petties were for the most part picturesque costume pieces, from which the good self-portrait stood out as spontaneous if not profound. C. W. Furse's unfinished group of Mr. Chamberlain standing up to address members of the Cordwainers' Company is a fragment of real importance. Furse had an inborn sense for big, expressive design, for congruous colour. Rossetti's little water-colours of William Morris and Mr. Swinburne, the head in each case set against a background of strong blue, are at their lowest precious documents. Sir W. Q. Orchardson's 'Late Earl of Derby,' 1897, painted in his robes as first Lord Mayor of Greater Liverpool, has passages of beauty, though the theme cannot

have been wholly to his liking. Mr. Sargent is singularly reticent, almost one may say anonymous, in his portrait of a girl in white, seated against an oak panelling, done in 1890. In it he veils his strength. Mr. William Orpen was of the few who emerged with honours from the contest between past and present. His 'Sir Arthur Birch' (p. 22), and 'Miss Gardenia St. George' (p. 29), are alluded to elsewhere. For the rest, Mr. Charles Shannon's 'Flower Bowl,' with Mrs. Laurence Binyon in the rich setting, the 'Mr. Henry James' and the self-portrait by M. Jacques Blanche, the three-quarter length of Miss Gladys Miles by Mr. Glyn W. Philpot, and a disappointment by Mr. William Nicholson were of the notable pictures.

The R.B.A.—The absence of work by several able members—in all about fifty artists were unrepresented—militated against the success of the exhibition in Suffolk Street. Mr. W. Elmer Schofield, Mr. J. D. Fergusson, and Mr. William Wells were of those who did not send. 'The master is a monument of isolation, hinting at sadness'

The R.B.A.—The absence of work by several able



(Goupil Gallery Salon.)

Poole Harbour.

By P. Wilson Steer.

declared a past-President of the R.B.A.—Whistler. Mr. Alfred East, the President of to-day, whose picture 'Wings of the Morning' finely leavened a mostly commonplace show, certainly hinted at isolation, for the reason that none of his following approached him. Mr. East's landscape is not a decoration only, for it has an imaginative warrant, has an impressive rhythm in keeping with the subject. Above the fields of stubble, with long lines of light and shadow athwart them, the veil of night clouds is rent as dawn declares itself; but on the far, low horizon there is still a trail of indigo. Mr. East's landscapes seldom lack a note of distinction. Here, however, there is a genuine hint of vision. In the vestibule were a number of dexterous miniature pictures and studies by Mr. Frank Spenlove-Spenlove, who is as persuasive as he is prodigal, a painter born, and one with a singular capacity to adapt the language of this or that master to his own needs. Mr. Joseph Simpson, recently elected to membership, is consciously or unconsciously under the influence of Mr. Nicholson in his woodcut-like portrait of the King and to some extent in 'The Toby Jug,' but the portrait of Major Raymond Smythies is honest, able, and well-phrased. Mr. Philip Laszlo's 'Monsignore Count Váy de Váya' had a splendidly competent look in this company; and of others who contributed in welcome fashion were Mr. A. H. Elphinstone, Mr. Graham Robertson, Mr. Walter Fowler, Mr. Edwin Noble, Mr. W. T. M. Hawksworth, Mr. G. Gardner Symons.

Other Exhibitions.—It is impracticable to deal even with the more attractive of the other exhibitions. Messrs. Gooden and Fox brought together a varied and admirable collection of British water-colours, ranging from David Cox's exquisite 'The Tuileries' to Pinwell's 'Away from Town,' 1871, from a fine little coast-piece by Bonington to broadly treated landscapes by Thomas Collier. Mr. F. Cayley Robinson again showed himself as a contemplative, as one, too, who should have opportunity for the exercise of his gifts as a mural decorator. Professor Ferdinand Schmutzer, of Vienna, assured the London public of his



(Society of Portrait Painters.)

Miss Gardenia St. George.

By William Orpen, R.H.A.

proficiency as etcher and dry-pointist; Messrs. Keith Henderson and Norman Wilkinson illustrated with delicate inventiveness the 'Romaunt of the Rose.' Miss Amelia Bauerlé persuaded us that 'When the world was young' there were, if there are not now, charming mer-children and infants whose parents are flowers. Phil May re-appeared as a master of black-and-white. Collectors of fine prints cheerfully broke the tenth commandment when at Mr. Gutekunst's they saw an unrivalled impression of Méryon's 'Pont au Change.' The pastel drawings of Scottish gardens by Miss Mary G. W. Wilson are not formalised transcripts, but "portraits" informed with character, with beauty. M. Auguste Lepère, an exhibition of whose water-colours, etchings and engravings on wood was organised by the New Salon last summer, was well represented at the Rembrandt Gallery, and among other one-man shows of interest may be mentioned those devoted to the work of Mr. Albert Goodwin, Mr. Walter Bayes, and Mr. F. Lishman.



(Goupil Gallery Salon.) The Scales of Time.
By Gilbert Bayes.

Passing Events.

THE recent case of *Shoolbred v. Wyndham* was, in some respects, an illustration of that need for systematic colour training which was pointed out by Mr. Millar in his recent articles (*THE ART JOURNAL*, 1908). If one may judge from the newspapers, the legal luminaries concerned seem to have been considerably out of their depth. There was a good deal of the usual ponderous jocularity, with several attempts, not always successful, to score off the expert witnesses. In such disputes, the men of law would do well to remember that their grasp of the facts and their significance is being tested, as well as the capacity of the experts. Of one judicial *ebiter dictum*, to the effect that one man's blue may be another's red, there is this to be said, that as about 4 per cent. of the male population is subject to colour-blindness, and as there are about twenty-five judges in the High Court, the law of averages would seem to point to the conclusion that at least one occupant of the judicial bench may suffer from 'hat infirmity. The surprise expressed on hearing that fabrics called "Saxony" and "Wilton" are made in Glasgow might be considerably mitigated by the reading of Mr. Millar's articles on "The Making of Carpets," and also by the reflection that China tea-cups are not invariably made in Far Cathay

nor German flutes in the Fatherland, and that we are not wholly dependent upon Belgium for our supply of Brussels sprouts.

ON October 29 the death occurred in London of Mr. Ralph St. John Ainslie, son of the late Archdeacon Ainslie, of Wells. Ill-health compelled him to retire from the Head Mastership of Greenbank School, Liverpool, and after that he gained considerable repute as a portrait painter. We have also to record the death of Frederick Houbron, Secretary of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts, best known by his water-colours of Paris streets; and of the engraver, Achille Jacquet, ever to be associated with fine renderings in black-and-white of pictures by Meissonier.

SIR JOEL JOSEPH DUVEEN, who died on November 9 at Hyères, was born on the shores of the Zuyder Zee in May, 1843. At the age of twenty-three he settled in Hull, starting a small antique business. His flair for fine things, his instinct for supplying the wealthy collector with objects in which he should take pride, stands out as almost



(R.W.S.) Iris Susiana.
By Louis Davis, A.R.W.S.



PURITY.

BY H. S. HOPWOOD, R.W.S.

(Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours.)

unrivalled in our generation. In 1877 he and his brother Henry founded a fine art business in New York, and the progress of the firm of Duveen has been as swift as that of the United States, whither have gone many of the treasures which, since 1879, when Sir Joseph started business in London, have passed through his hands. During the last few years the Bond Street firm of Duveen Brothers has, so to say, thought in millions. The Haineur collection of works of art was snatched from under the noses of the Berlin authorities; the magnificent Kann assemblage of Old Masters cost about two millions sterling, this constituting the largest art "deal" on record; and the single-work transactions include 14,050 gs. for Hoppner's 'Louisa Lady Manners' in 1901, which remains the "record" at auction in this country. In 1906 Mr. Joseph Duveen, as he then was, presented to the nation Mr. Sargent's portrait of Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth, and, doubtless, in recognition of his generous gift of a new wing to the Tate Gallery, he received a Birthday Knighthood in 1908.

MR. ROBERT GLASSBY, who died at the age of thirty-eight on November 19, succeeded his father as one of the Sculptors to Queen Victoria. He received his first commission from the sovereign when he was only eighteen, and later executed the marble bust of the late Grand Duke of Hesse, for the Mausoleum at Frogmore, and among other things two marble statuettes of angels for the tomb of Prince Henry of Battenburg in Whippingham Church. Mr. John Haynes-Williams, the well-known member of the Institute of Oil Painters, who died on November 7 at Eastbourne, was born at Worcester in 1836. At the age of sixteen he became usher in a Birmingham school, but in his spare time he attended local art classes. Onward from 1863 he exhibited at the Academy, from the 1877 exhibition of which the late Sir Henry Tate bought 'Ars longa, vita brevis,' now at Millbank. Mr. Haynes-Williams has been called "a novelist on canvas." We have also to record the death of Mr. Thomas Greenwood, who, as Editor of the *Pottery Gazette*, was a vigorous supporter of the china and glass industries, and in 1888 he wrote a book on museums and art galleries.

THOSE who hoped that 'The Outskirts of a Town,' by Matthew Maris, might ultimately find its way into a public gallery need hope no more. The late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who acquired the picture many years ago for about £200—a fraction only of its present worth—has left it as an heirloom in the family.

FOR 1909 the Premium Plate of THE ART JOURNAL will be a hand-printed etching after the picture by Sir L. Alma-Tadema, O.M., R.A., entitled 'The Harvest Festival' (p. 31).

IT appears that Miss Maud Allan, who has been delighting London with her poetry of motion, her rhythm of expressive gesture, was quickened to do what so wonderfully she has done by sight of two of the most famous pictures of Botticelli: 'The Birth of Venus,' which Walter Pater has so exquisitely interpreted, and 'Spring.' Botticelli's line is lyric, it has haunting melodies. No wonder it stirred Miss Maud Allan, and enabled her to recognise

the nature of her wonderful talent to make dancing "an art of poetical and musical expression." After Botticelli came study of the Greek dancing girls engraved on old Hellenic pottery. At no time in the world's history has grace been so consummated, probably, as in Greece.

THE anonymous donor of £2,000 for a monument to be erected in the cemetery of Père La Chaise to the late Oscar Wilde attached to the gift one interesting condition. It was that Mr. Jacob Epstein should execute the monument. Exaggerated praise may have been showered upon Mr. Epstein's figures on the new buildings of the British Medical Association in the Strand, but all will admit the sincerity, the gravity, the primitive force of those figures. Now he has a great opportunity, and those who know him are confident of his ability worthily to perpetuate in stone the memory of the author of 'De Profundis.'

AFTER a decade of associateship, Mr. James Paterson has been elected a full member of the Old Water-Colour Society. Among decorative landscapists of to-day, he is one of the finest.

THE witty authors of "Wisdom while you Wait" reproduce as frontispiece to their latest little volume of mirth, entitled "If—," the portrait of Alessandro del Borro in the Berlin Museum. Beneath the portrait of the jovial man, who seems to be "swellin' wisely," is the sly legend, "If Velazquez had dragged in Chesterton." The only unfortunate thing is that "Alessandro del Borro,"—who certainly might be the prototype of "G.K.C."—is not now



The Harvest Festival.

By Sir L. Alma-Tadema, O.M., R.A.

accepted as by Velazquez, but has been transferred to the Italian section in the Kaiser-Friedrich Museum.

IF we cannot have a Minister of Fine Arts, many prominent public positions are occupied by artists and men associated with art. The new Mayor of Fulham, for instance, Mr. Robert Harris, is Art Master at St. Paul's School.

MR. D. S. MACCOLL, whether as writer, lecturer, artist, is invariably interesting. Members of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institute listened to him with pleasure when he spoke on the subject of Mediæval Sculpture. It had, said Mr. MacColl, an irrepressible gaiety, constituting the true sign of a religion which had made itself one with art.

THE success of the Fine Art section at the Franco-British Exhibition was simply prodigious. When the days came to be numbered, as it were, the crowd each afternoon rendered impossible anything like a quiet study of the galleries. Gainsborough's 'Blue Boy,' magic in all save the painting of the face, Millais' 'Autumn Leaves,' a revelation of the poet in him, William Morris' 'Queen Guinevere' are three only of many pictures in the British section, sight of which was worth far more than a shilling.

M. CHARLES SEGUIN'S bequest to the Louvre is alike munificent and original. His will provides

that the Museum authorities may choose from his pictures, pieces of sculpture, etc., works up to the value of one million francs. Should this sum not be reached, the balance is to be paid in cash, the museum to have full discretion as to its use.

MR. PHILIP LÁSZLO, the talented Hungarian artist, has lately painted a portrait of the Speaker for the Grand Jury Room in the Courts of Carlisle. In connection with this there may be quoted a vivid little word-picture of the first Commoner in the realm by Mr. E. A. Baughan, the well-known dramatic critic, who at Mr. Chesterton's suggestion occupied himself one afternoon with "the farce at St. Stephen's." "What could be more impressive," wrote Mr. Baughan, "than the Speaker emerging from the gloom of his canopied chair to admonish a member who was asking an irrelevant question? The hard clear voice and the impersonal expression which a full-bottomed wig gives to the face simply shrivelled up that honourable member, who had not taken the trouble to read the question just answered by a Minister. To my mind the Speaker was the most dramatic figure in the House. I daresay that impression would be dissipated if I saw him behind the scenes as an amiable gentleman." Another dramatic critic, the gifted "Max," has been painting in words one of the heroines of the Suffragist movement, Miss Christabel Pankhurst, as she stood in the dock at the police court. And a picture of rare beauty "Max" made of her.

Royal Academy Winter Exhibition.

HITHERTO the Winter Exhibitions arranged by the Royal Academy have consisted of works by "The Old Masters" and by "Deceased Masters of the British School." This year, however, a change has been made, for the 40th Exhibition is devoted entirely to Modern Art. Through the liberality of Mrs. McCulloch the famous galleries will contain, for some months, the several hundred masterpieces of painting and sculpture brought together by the late Mr. George McCulloch. The

Royal Academy has set itself a high standard in these Winter Exhibitions, and no better tribute could be paid to the quality of this magnificent collection than to invite it complete to Burlington House. With the co-operation of Mrs. McCulloch, a special number of THE ART JOURNAL has been prepared. It is a splendid record of one of the greatest collections ever known, and it contains reproductions of all the most important and attractive pictures. Price 1s.

The Christmas Number of The Art Journal.

MESSRS. VIRTUE & CO. are requested to state that Mr. Seymour Lucas owns the copyright in most of the pictures reproduced in THE ART ANNUAL, 1908. In the case of each picture in the following list the words "In the Collection of ——" instead of "By permission of ——", would have been a more suitable acknowledgment:—'The Nimble Galliard,' 'Charles I. before Gloucester,' 'The Clouds that gather round the Setting Sun,' 'Louis XI.' '1588: News of the Spanish Armada,' 'The Keeper of the King's Conscience,' 'A

Suspicious Guest at the "Mermaid," 'A Lively Measure,' 'A Tale of Edgehill,' 'Eloped,' 'Finis,' 'Drawing the Long-bow,' 'Disputed Strategy,' 'Col. H. Harrington Roberts,' 'A Soldier of Fortune,' 'The Armourer's Assistant,' 'God rest ye, merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay,' 'The Interval,' 'The Standard Bearer,' 'A Spy in the Camp,' 'The Call to Arms,' 'The Gordon Riots,' 'A Story of the Spanish Main,' 'The Burning of Martin Luther's works outside Old St. Paul's, 1521.'



(By permission of Messrs. Fores, 41, Piccadilly, W.)

Mr. Jorrocks (loq.): "Come, hup! I say. You ugly brute!"

By John Leech.

Artists on Horseback.

By Sir F. C. Burnand.

WHETHER the above title will suggest to the genial reader so tasty a dish for his literary palate as would that of 'Angels on Horseback' to the experienced *gourmet* on surveying the *menu* of an entertainment provided for him, is a question only to be satisfactorily answered by the diner himself. As the *chef*, I can only say I will do my best, and with that I hope to please him.

If, "on this occasion only," I may be permitted to express myself in the fine old-fashioned sporting Surteesian phraseology peculiar to the immortal John Jorrocks, and familiar to the inimitable Soapey Sponge, the one at Handley Cross and the other at Laverick Wells, I will say, that it is many years since I threw my leg (the right one, the left being steady, with foot-in-stirrup) across my handy, weight-carrying cob—a fifteen-one tit, sound in wind and limb, and up to fifteen stone on his back (pigskin not included)—and cantered away merrily in view of a long day with the Old Blytheshire, meeting at Deep Dene, near Bishop's Mount, or anticipating a brisk run with the currant-jelly dogs at Potts Preserves, near Harph Eaton, or at Tutchin Windmill. What stirring sport it was to the jaded, desk-chained, gas-worried, quill-driving scribbler, to free

himself for a couple of days in the week, or it might be for seven days at a stretch—and such a stretch!—and get away to cheery old Tom Blower's tootle, and to the sharp crack of



Mr. E. Linley Sambourne (1884).



(From "Punch." By permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co.)

No Followers Allowed.

By G. Denholm Armour.

little wizen-faced Fred Foller's whip, with a southerly wind, a cloudy sky, and a regular tip-top scent-per-scent across the open, the hounds in full cry after a stalwart, red-coated warrior, in for a ten-mile point from start to finish!

Ah! how glorious was a helter-skelter, straight as the crow flies, after a rare old tow-row in Whippin-Top

Spinney, and a regular rocketing burst to Bracin Hall, the hounds working admirably for full fifty minutes! Then the artful dodger lay low in Sockington osiers, but twisting his line, sampled the woodlands, where he came to view, and the pack, with their hackles up, stuck to him for another thirty minutes, finally running into the gallant representative of the ancient Reynard family at Dunham Brown, when he gave up dead-beat, and was pulled down quite pumped out at Brocken Bellows!

What a glorious time! what swiftly changing yet strongly dramatic scenes! Do I remember how my horse wouldn't and I would, then how we *vice-versa'd*, and how we were both in the ditch, with the whole field cheerily riding over us! Don't I? Do I not remember how while *I* would my horse would, and how, at the last moment, *he* backed out of the engagement, and I quitted him, landing in the middle of a crushed hat on a mud bank that faced me on the other side of the hedge? Shall I ever forget how, after the first purl of great price, I regained my careering horse, catching him, with talented assistance from a yokel, who would have mounted him and ridden off in pretended search for me, and how subsequently I passed the remainder of the day in exploring the county, and asking everywhere, and of every likely or unlikely person, where on earth the hounds had got to?

Do I remember that among my sporting companions in those far-off days there were a few enthusiastic sportsmen whose names were even then beginning to be famous in drama, literature and art, and who, by now, are at the summit of fame's pinnacle?

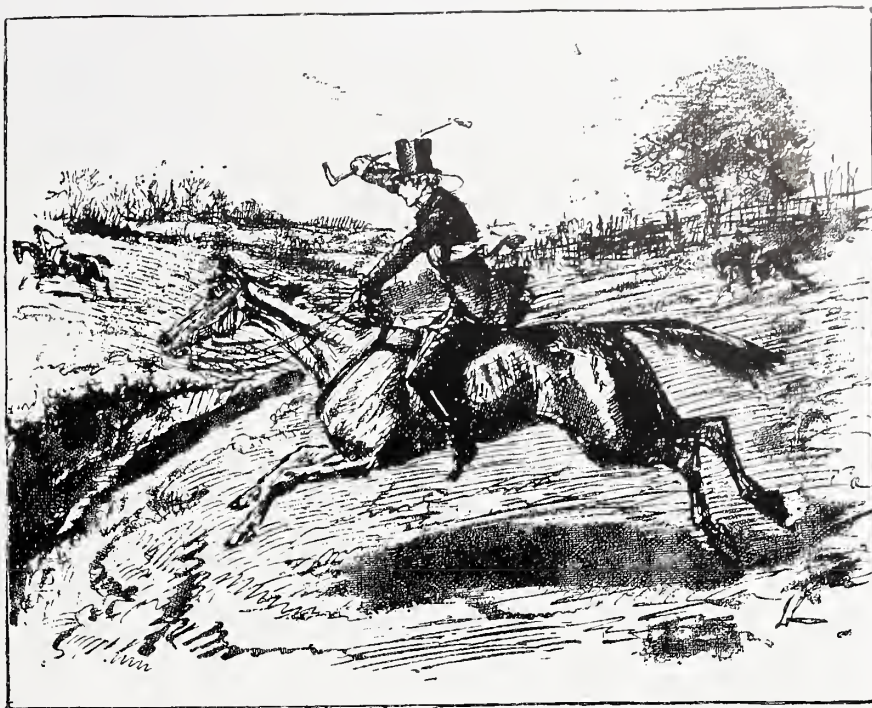


The Huntsman.

By Joseph Crawhall.

I do remember some—very few, and of these only one upon whom I could count for companionship in the hunting-field. This was Linley Sambourne: at that period a rising young artist—a very early rising one too in those cold wintry mornings, when he was living somewhere about Uxbridge way, if my memory serves me correctly,—at some distance from the best meets, and, as far as I remember, not within easy reach of any harriers.

After a while my artistically designing friend, meaning always Linley Sambourne, renounced the country, bade farewell to bachelorhood, married, and settled in London, but still continued to allow himself and his mare, a real serviceable undaunted good stayer and goer, a day or two per week, through the winter, with the handiest hounds. One November, when the artistic work for Mr. Punch's Almanack was (or should have been) nearing completion, accompanied by an interested friend I called on him, early in an afternoon, just to see how our redoubtable Sammie was getting on with his most important illustrations (front and back page and a new cartoon, I rather fancy, was the work in hand, but of



Millais Hunting.

By John Leech.

this I will not be certain) for the coming Christmas Number.

"Not at home, sir," said the maid. "Mr. Sambourne won't be back till the evening, as he's out 'untin'!"



J. ALLAND 90

(From "Punch." By permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co.)

"Duck, you fool! Duck!"

By G. H. Jalland.

We thanked her and departed.

My friend, artistically inclined and therefore rather nervous as to punctuality in pictorial work, observed to me, in a somewhat depressed tone:—

“Sambourne is not giving himself much time.”

“He’s all right,” I replied, knowing my man. “He’s working hard.”

“But not at the Almanack,” objected my companion, thinking, probably, to give *me* a lesson.

“Yes he is,” I answered cheerily. “He’s out with the hounds, and, before he returns, Sammy is safe *to have drawn a first-rate cover.*”

But E. L. S. was always up to time, and up to date. Many a pleasant run have we had in the good old days with the Thanet Harriers, under the command of Ambrose Collard. My companion will remember the exceptional occasion when, somehow or another, the Thanet Harriers ran a fox—where he came from, and where he went to, nobody ever knew— and how splendidly Ambrose, mounted on his ever-useful grey mare, topped a five-barred gate, while we remained admirers without attempting any imitation of the feat. There is an old Leech picture graphically reminding me of this very scene, except that Collard, as Master of Harriers, was in green (the man in the picture is in a black coat), and the two admiring spectators, ourselves, are not correctly represented in Leech’s cut. Then there were Lord Granville’s harriers some considerable distance from our habitat; also the East Kent foxhounds; with both packs Linley Sambourne



(From “Punch.” By permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co.)

‘Arry out with the ‘ounds.

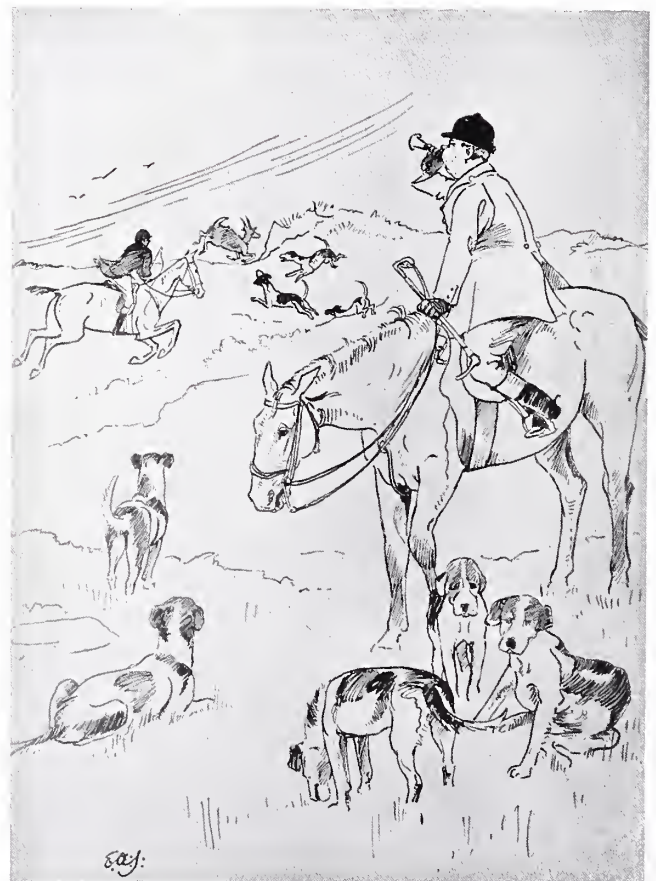
By Phil May, R.I.



The Huntsman.

By Lionel Edwards

(By permission of Messrs. Fores, 41, Piccadilly, W.)



“Ware Rict!”

By Edith Æ. Somerville

(From “Slipper’s A B C of Fox Hunting.” By permission of Messrs Longmans, Green & Co.)

and myself had some slight, but very pleasant and amusing, experiences.

John Leech, the most perfect of sporting artists, possessing so rare a sense of humour and of expressing it pictorially as has never before or since, up to the present day, been surpassed, had just finished his sporting career, when, at my first appearance at the *Punch* table, I had the good fortune to make his acquaintance. I do not call to mind that I ever saw him on horseback. I am pretty sure that, at the date of which I speak, he had renounced hunting, and in fact had given up all riding some time previous to my being invited to join Mr. Punch's Meet—at the round dinner-table. From Sir John Tenniel, who was for years Leech's 'stable companion,' I have learnt that Leech was a fairly good horseman, but a very cautious, and a rather nervous rider to hounds. There was a considerable difference between the alacrity with which he took a joke, and the deliberation with which he took a fence. 'Necessity



(By permission of Messrs. Fores, 41, Piccadilly, W.)

An Incident.

By Finch Mason.

knows no law,' and where no other opening might be available, Leech, being always well mounted, would negotiate a bit of 'stiff,' or top a hedge 'like a bird.' He did not like being taught by practical experience as to when he was 'well off.' He rarely got "a nasty one," unless



(From "Punch." By permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co.)

"Not lost, but gone before."

By G. Denholm Armour.



A Judge of a Horse.

(By permission of Messrs.
Fores, 41, Piccadilly, W.)

By George A. Fothergill.

his horse gave it him, as he stuck to his saddle like a Leech.

John Tenniel was my riding companion—off and on—for years; but his regular hunting days were over before I joined. Millais I only once saw on horseback, and then it was with one of his daughters in the park. Judging by Leech's spirited black-and-white picture of 'Millais hunting' (p. 35), reproduced in *THE ART ANNUAL*, 1885, it would appear that the great artist was a veritable dashing, go-a-head

rider to hounds. This particular representation of him may, possibly, have been a humorous exaggeration on Leech's part. "Sir John Millais," wrote Sir Walter Armstrong in the above-mentioned *ANNUAL*, "is a good horseman, a good shot, and a first-rate fisherman." He was always, says the same writer, "an enthusiastic sportsman." I have a vague recollection of both Leech and Tenniel having mentioned Millais as their occasional companion out hunting.

Tenniel used to hunt regularly at one time, taking at the utmost about four days out of the week, Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, an allowance that would allow him to devote a couple of those days to hunting, without prejudice to his work on the *Punch* cartoon, for which he gave himself, as a rule with scarcely an exception, from Wednesday night, when the subject was settled,—he himself assisting at the post-prandial debate,—until Friday evening, when "Swain's boy" called for the drawing, and "our artist" was released from the sentence which had been severely carried out on the block. It sounds a strange, weird kind of life. 'The block'—which the artist was compelled to face; then he had to take the greatest pains over his own execution, which being perfected, he was free. And despite his execution on the block, he never lost his head. Wasn't it John Tenniel who said that a caricaturist need fear no man's chaff, as he could always "draw and defend himself"? At all events, as Du Maurier used to retort, when some one had contradicted him as to the originality of a joke, "Well, *n'importe*, if *he* didn't say it, some other dear clever boy did." But that it was said is, after all, the point.

Chantrey Corbould was a born horseman, at all events he was a living one, if I may be allowed to judge, safely, by appearances. Only once, when he was in a sort of complicated evening dress, did I ever see Corbould in any



(By permission of Messrs.
Fores, 41, Piccadilly, W.)

"The Kildare." From Cri Help to Copeland's Gorse.

By G. D. Giles.



Engraved by R. H. Brown

Printed by Sampson Low, London, E.C.

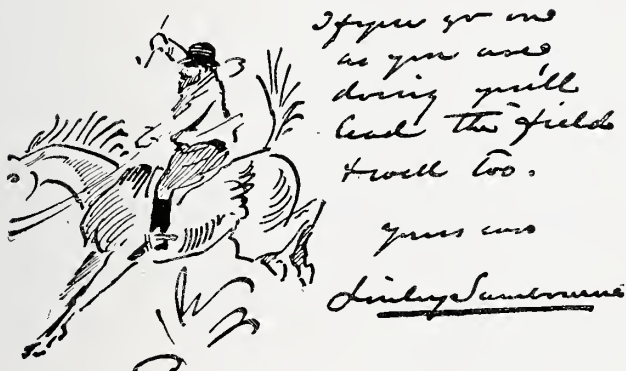
Fox Hunting in Surrey.



(By permission of Messrs. Fores, 41, Piccadilly, W.)

The Kill.

By J. F. Herring, Senr.



(From "Confessions of a Caricaturist." By permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.)

Mr. Harry Furniss on Horseback.

By E. Linley Sambourne.



A Tumble.

By John Leech.



(By permission of Messrs. Lawrence & Jellicoe.)

The Huntsman.

By Cecil Aldin.

but a "horsey get-up?" Well, more or less, never. What do I mean by a "horsey get-up"? I mean a wearer so attired as at once to suggest that there must be a horse somewhere about; a horse that he has just ridden, or that he is going to ride. Corbould's horses are well known; as a rule, if occasionally a trifle stiff, they were decidedly "going concerns." But whether he ever hunted, even after I had pointed out to him how inexpensively he could manage it, and how he was pretty well certain of making a considerable sum by the venture, I cannot say. Neither can I say from personal observation whether he ever took my advice and made an artist's study of Rotten Row during the season. All I venture upon as circumstantial evidence is, that whenever I saw him he was dressed for the part— of an equestrian; but whether he ever played it, is more than I can affirm. From my list of dramatic artists yclept actors, I might take a few telling specimens; but, with a bow to Rudyard Kipling, "That is another story."

Nowadays Armour and Raven Hill are among those who come out strong as "pink 'uns." Not that they adopt the foxhunting colour, but that they do the thing I am sure, and I only complain that they do not treat the public sufficiently often to their personal experiences.

Matt Morgan, scenic artist at Covent Garden, excellently humorous illustrator of an unfinished novel of mine in *The Britannia Magazine* (under the editorship of Arthur a'Beckett in 1869), was a thorough-going sportsman as far as intention went, and an exceptionally daring one within the very limited field of practice.

One of these days the opportunity may occur when, from manuscript in my possession, I may be able to give some of the details of Matt Morgan's eccentric hunting, and recount how he made himself a Master of hounds that met somewhere out by Highgate and Hampstead, skirted the north-west of London, and returned (somehow or another) by the south-west, crossing St. James's Park, then up Bond Street, and so to his home in St. John's Wood. I encountered him one afternoon going towards Oxford Street, just as the lamps were about to be lighted, mud-bedraggled, weary, mounted on a dripping, dirty, flea-bitten grey horse, with three hounds at his heels (the rest nowhere), trotting slowly up Bond Street on his way home. "Can't stop now," he said hoarsely, just reining in for a second; "have had the devil to pay. Going home." And so he smiled cynically, nodded and vanished. His brother accompanied him as whipper-in.

Matt made one last attempt on an Easter Monday, but I believe he and the hounds were mobbed, and it was as much as he could do to get away in the direction of Harrow and return despondently to his St. John's Wood-land home. Soon after this Matt sold the pack, stud (of two horses) and accoutrements, returned to his work, and subsequently left England for America.

Phil May was the latest thorough-going-on-horseback artist within my ken. He was a first-rate equestrian, and as neat a horseman as I ever remember to have seen. His easy, go-as-you-please kind of riding cross country was delightful. Nothing stopped him. He was a very light weight, and generally rode an uncommonly nimble clever nag. I was out with him only with the harriers, when I could return

to work after one o'clock; but used to accompany him some way on his road to the foxhounds, in whose company he would spend the whole day, and then what fun he was at dinner and during the evening! Phil May was never better in health, spirits, and in work than during these winter seasons in the country. And yet how rarely did his genius ever give us hunting incidents! Gutter-shipes were his favourites, but an 'Arry on 'orseback is somewhat of a rarity in his portfolio.

As, after this unwontedly brisk sporting gallop, my Pegasus must return to his stable, his present rider will now make his best bow to the public, and gaily canter out of the ring.



(By permission of Messrs. A. Vivian Mansell & Co., London.)

The Huntsman.

By J. Sanderson Wells, R.I.



(Photo. Hollyer.)

The Wooden Bridge.

By David Muirhead.

David Muirhead.

By Frederick Wedmore.

AMONG our younger Painters, few are the men who have had more right to impress one than Mr. David Muirhead. I am sure he has never obtruded himself. I see in all his work—and did not need to see, in several conversations with the man—that the self-assertion that wins the cheap, the gaudy, the evanescent success, is something foreign to his nature: it is a course and habit of which he is incapable. In the practice of his art, I do not recollect that David Muirhead has shown a single picture which, rapidly attracting our attention, as certainly ensured its rapid withdrawal. But many pictures I remember—and several of them will be reproduced with these lines—that seemed, at the first instant, modestly in the right path; that seemed, later, to disengage and make apparent an individuality we had not suspected; that finished by

establishing their hold upon us, as things quietly able, entirely satisfactory and artistic.

I have not enquired, but I suppose the New English Art Club to have been the first place at which Mr. Muirhead exhibited. Certainly it is there that, during the last ten years about, his pictures have been steadily seen. Mr. Staats Forbes—who bought so largely, both of the famous and of the little celebrated, and generally of the good—there learned to know him, and to acquire a little the habit of searching for his unsensational canvases, of sterling worth. It was at the New English Art Club, possibly, that Mr. Charles Moore recognised the quality of Mr. Muirhead's labour; or that may have been at the Goupil Gallery, at which already, before he showed there as a member of 'The Society of Twenty-Five,' he was more or



Meadowland, Norfolk.

By David Muirhead.

less accustomed to be seen. Perhaps Sir Charles Darling acquired the Muirhead he possesses ('The Wooden Bridge,' of which an illustration is given on p. 41) from an Exhibition held last year, in what I suppose to be the only suburb of London in which it is possible for Life to have—speaking broadly—an artistic side: I am thinking of an Exhibition that I myself unfortunately missed, though I have seen,

since, certain things that were in it. It was a small Exhibition, confined to Mr. Muirhead's work, and it was held in an upper chamber, known as 'The Chenil Gallery,' some distance down the King's Road: in the real, the unadulterated Chelsea—the Chenil Gallery, where excellent things have been seen, before or since, by Orpen and by Roussel.

These are details. It will be better to leave them, and let people be told, for a minute, before I speak particularly of the character of the work, what were David Muirhead's beginnings, and what his education in drawing and painting. He was born in Edinburgh. From boyhood he had yearned to be a painter. His father desired him to be an architect. He was articled to an architect. He went through the appointed time; and that done with, he addressed himself to the art of his choice. His schools were, first the Life-school of the Royal Scottish Academy, and then the Westminster School of Art, directed at that day by Professor Fred Brown.

He did good work in both these schools, and then emerged—went his own way—which has never been a way of revolt.

And that last statement—"his way has never been a way of revolt"—is one that I should like to emphasise and amplify. It hints at one of David Muirhead's



The Church in the Fens.

By David Muirhead.



The End of Summer.

By David Muirhead.

characteristics which we have the right to most esteem. An imitator of nobody, it has been far, certainly, from Mr. Muirhead's aim to be a mere innovator. With the self-confident assertion of a novel personality he has never been in the least preoccupied. He has developed naturally—I do not know that we need say slowly; for there are certain qualities in certain of his pictures of eight years ago that have not in the succeeding years been surpassed. The 'Stonehaven' shows it—the little old-world Scottish town-front, pale brown and red, behind the lines—the telling, well-disposed lines—of the boats' rigging and cordage, in the port (p. 45). I find that little picture thoroughly individual, though it was painted already eight years ago—when Mr. Muirhead was assuredly young. But it is individual in part by its reticence: in part by its self-control. No art of splutter or of show is here disclosed, or the possibility of such even surmised. The picture is veracious and tender; well arranged and restful.

But Muirhead has developed; and, constant always to a certain reserve, a certain Classicism of feeling, a certain presence of dignity and style, he has yet shown—as why should he not show?—a great variety of subject and of effects. Not imagining too quickly that he has exhausted a given theme, or come to an end of its profitable treatment, he has yet not repeated himself. As far as Land-

scape is concerned—and it is Landscape in its widest sense: the fields and skies and rivers: open country: *paysage de ville*, if hardly *paysage de mer* as well, that has engaged him—he has shown himself a cordial observer of Nature, as well as an appreciative student, I must surmise, of some great English Art, and of some great Dutch Art of the Seventeenth Century.



The Ouse near Huntingdon.

By David Muirhead



A Woodland Pool.

By David Muirhead.

It is here that the Classic comes in. Greatly must it have been absorbed—the Classic method—to have been so loved and so revealed. Of course, one does not use “Classic” in the sense of the product of Antiquity or of Italian Art—as one does use it when Jan Both and Nicholas Berghem are called Classic: painters with whose art the art of Mr. Muirhead can certainly be in no special sympathy. But one uses the word “Classic” as applying to great men who have stood the test of Time. One may use it fairly of Ruysdael and of Philip de Koninck, as well as of Claude, Poussin, and Richard Wilson. And amongst these various Classics, I cannot help feeling that Ruysdael and de Koninck have had much influence upon Muirhead. Rembrandt too—the rare, great Landscape of Rembrandt, whether in Painting or in Etching—must, I think, be named. Nor would one deny that a yet later Classic, in that true sense—Constable—has been often present to Mr. Muirhead’s memory. And it is not by accident, I think, that in an enumeration like this, of possible influences—an enumeration full, of course, of hazardous guess—there has not been named a single artist given (as Turner, at a certain stage, was given) to undue multiplication of objects and details within the four walls of a single canvas. These Classics I have mentioned have done nothing to destroy or to imperil, in their deeply considered labour, unity of effect. Nor, it seems to me, has this reticent painter, frugal of incident, David Muirhead.

Since the Scotch subjects, or at least the one Scottish subject,—the town and port of Stonehaven, treated in various ways—it is the counties of Huntingdon and Yorkshire—fen and moor and wold and stream—that have been specially affected by a painter never in anxious search of what is obviously romantic—rather recoiling from the obviously grandiose—and enjoying most of all, of late years as it seems to me, natural effects, the passage of weather, over wide stretches of the English land. The autumn of 1908

saw Mr. Muirhead establishing himself at Danbury, on the uplands of the county of Essex. Danbury is a few miles from Chelmsford. But, save in one or two preliminary sketches in oil, and in several charming and original Water Colours, delightful on their own account, and interesting too as the painter’s already very characteristic exercises in a medium that was new to him, I have not, up to the time of writing, been enabled to see the results of this expedition—from which, however, I confess that I should augur the happiest issue—were it based on observation of the Water Colours alone. I know that Yorkshire was successful as a painting ground, and that Huntingdon and the Fen Country have been successful more than once. To 1906, for example, belongs a happy instance of Mr. Muirhead’s practice, drawn from the last-named district—‘Ouse, at St. Ives,’ a tract or reach of the river, lying light grey in the forefront of the

picture. And to the same year, I think, belongs ‘The End of Summer’; the scene is the high ground above the Ouse, between St. Ives and Huntingdon. There are trees, and very broken clouds, and, beyond the shadowed foreground, strips of sunlit landscape further enliven a scene



The Letter.

By David Muirhead.

which that broken sky of itself vivifies. This is a picture of fairly important, but by no means of excessive size. It succeeds as well as any of the smaller. So does 'The Pool' of 1905, with four trees lifting themselves against a sky now opening. This is a Norfolk picture, of amazing finesse.

Now and again this sterling and impressive artist in Landscape has made worthy, or, at the very least, not discreditable experiments in Portraiture or Genre—or, if not quite in the latter (for Mr. Muirhead is not an Orpen), at all events in that Fancy Portraiture which is the link that connects Genre with Portraiture proper. Readers may settle for themselves precisely to which class pertains 'The Letter'—a large picture which, being of the year 1900, I think, belongs to the first period of definite accomplishment. It has some charm, and it has subtleties; though I may not think that it is in the treatment of interiors that Mr. Muirhead at that moment, or at any moment, has most excelled. Still, it is dignified work.

Enough—for to-day. At some later time, I, or, failing me, then certainly some other writer, will be called upon to follow the later course and the advanced development of one in whose career, from end to end, I have good reason to be confident. The Public, too. For David Muirhead's talent—genuine and carefully nurtured—is not a talent of apparition and of disappearance, but—I am convinced by

its distinction and its seriousness—of steady and of excellent exercise.

The National Gallery.

MR. H. HEATHCOTE STATHAM, in a recent article in *The Builder*, has returned again to the subject of the improvement of Trafalgar Square and the National Gallery. Mr. Statham has been a pioneer among those who for years have advocated the replanning of what has been called one of the finest of European sites. The authorities have hitherto remained dumb to the expert and disinterested advice of those who love their London and would have its choicest central site planned in a manner worthy of its position and of a great capital. But times are changing, and the face of London is being rapidly transformed. Mr. Statham's word in season may have occurred at the psychological moment, if his convincing arguments reach the proper quarter. He illustrates his points by plans and drawings. In the improved plan suggested for the National Gallery—and there can be no question that his plan is vastly superior to the present one—its author, among other things, allows halls for



The Harbour: Stonehaven.

By David Muirhead.

sculpture, saying most appositely that "there is surely no reason why a National Gallery of Art should confine itself entirely to painting." He also suggests a scheme for the remodelling of Wilkins' façade. With regard to the laying out of the Square itself, the present gloomy balustrade and vertical wall at the north side are replaced by two flights of wide steps running the length of the Square, and bringing it into some sort of architectural harmony with the building of the National Gallery. Mr. Statham makes many other interesting and practical suggestions, while keeping in mind the privileges of those who use the Square as a place for public demonstrations and speeches. But what about the Nelson monument? It is difficult to conceive any improvement which would be wholly adequate if the column whose scale dwarfs so considerably its surroundings is left standing in its present position.

Obituary.

THE death on December 3, when she was over eighty, of Lady Haden, wife of the President of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, removes yet another figure closely associated with Whistler. Dasha Delano Haden was, of course, the half-sister of Whistler, and she appears not only in that great picture, 'At the Piano,' first seen at the 1860 Academy, but in the 'Harmony in Green and Rose' painted the same year. This last is generally known as 'The Music Room'—that in the Sloane Street house of Sir Francis Haden—and the face of Lady Haden is visible in the mirror. In both pictures "wonderful little Annie," wearing a white dress, is introduced. She is now Mrs. Charles Thynne, and tells how, on getting tired one day without knowing it as she sat to Whistler, she suddenly burst into tears. The artist, full of remorse, rushed out and bought her a Russia leather writing-set, which, as need scarcely be said, is a treasured possession.

MR. ABEL BUCKLEY, who died late in December at Ryecroft Hall, near Manchester, was for long known in the world of the art-collector as one of the "Birkenhead Bees." Others of the "hive" were Mr. J. Beausire and Mr. T. Brocklebank. Several years ago, Mr. Buckley parted *en bloc* with his fine collection of British water-colours, including Turner's 'Llangollen,' 'Kilchurn Castle,' 'Winchelsea from the Rye Road,' 'Cologne,' and the 'Val d'Aosta.' The same master's 'Trout Stream,' in oils, did not, however, go with the water-colours. It is one of three important Turners owned by George, fifth Earl of Essex, sold at Christie's in 1893, when it fetched 4,800 gs. Mr. Buckley was also the possessor of some valuable mezzotints, and among other things of a fine picture by Stark.

MR. HENRY TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS, a well-known animal sculptor, who died at the age of 51 just before Christmas, exhibited in the Academy in 1891 and 1896. His colossal marble group of a negro and panther has a prominent position at the Zoo. Mr. De Mattos was a native of Amsterdam, but he was almost as well known in this country as in Holland.

Lady Students.

A FEATURE of the Royal Academy prize distribution to students in the Schools on December 10 was the number of awards which went to women. The Creswick Prize went to Miss Mabel Dicker, the first Armitage Prize to Miss Amy Fry, and all along the line women students were to the fore. This drew from a writer certainly not prejudiced in favour of the R.A. the comment that the Academy provides instruction in the arts eminently suited to young ladies. The rejoinder was that at the last Slade competition the first prize for a composition painted from life was divided equally between two students of different sexes, and that at the London School of Art, where Mr. Brangwyn is a force, prizes frequently go to women. All that does not dispose of the question as to whether teaching in the R.A. Schools is genuinely academic, or whether the administration of divergent counsels is not apt to leave students in the condition of bewildered eclectics.

Whistler.

ONE of a hundred excellent stories related by Mr. and Mrs. Pennell in their recently-published biography of "the greatest artist and most striking personality of the nineteenth century" has to do with Whistler's birthplace. At the famous trial, St. Petersburg was given, and the artist never denied it, though it was wholly inaccurate. Lowell in Massachusetts was the actual place of his birth. In another sense, however, Whistler belonged to a race which claims the right to select its own ancestors, its own place and time of nativity. One evening an American, anxious to establish friendly relationships, addressed Whistler thus in the Carlton Hotel: "You know, Mr. Whistler, we were both born at Lowell, and at very much the same time. There is only the difference of a year—you are sixty-seven and I am sixty-eight." "Very charming," was the ready response, seemingly courteous at first, but with a sting in the tail. "And so you are sixty-eight and were born at Lowell, Massachusetts! Most interesting, no doubt, and as you please! But I shall be born when and where I want, and I do not choose to be born at Lowell, and I refuse to be sixty-seven!" Was ever Butterfly more sublimely independent? That anecdote alone compels one to read the veracious and able biography by Mr. and Mrs. Pennell.

"OH, it may take me two years yet. I refuse to be hurried. Ideas come to me when working; it is only at the last moment that a piece of statuary takes final shape in my brain. That is why I never allow photographs or sketches of my work to appear before it is completed." So said Mr. Rodin recently as to the Whistler Memorial destined for the Chelsea Embankment. When the memorial is completed, replicas of the bronze are to be erected in Whistler's birthplace, at Lowell, Mass., and, it is hoped, in Paris.



The Church, Selborne.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

Selborne.—II.*

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

SELBORNE is of undoubted antiquity. It is not known whether it was a British village, and it may or may not have been a Roman settlement, but the discovery of Roman and Roman-British coins and pottery in the neighbourhood point to the fact that the Romans knew it. Gilbert White records the finding of large numbers of coins in Wolmer Pond, and tells with some humour of the rush of the people of the neighbourhood to search for them with a view to selling them at high prices. Since his time the largest "find" of coins ever made in this country fell to the lot of Lord Selborne, who discovered between Wolmer Pond and Blackmoor House two earthenware vessels containing some 30,000 pieces of money. One or two attempts at explanation of their presence there have been made, Lord Selborne's own theory being that it was due to a battle that was fought, A.D. 296, in Wolmer forest between Allectus, who had previously assassinated Carausius and assumed the purple in Britain, and Constantius and his prefect Asclepiodotus. An account of this battle is contained in a panegyric pronounced in honour of Constantius by one Eumenius. The British forces under Allectus were utterly routed and large numbers of them slain, while a remnant which fled towards London met the same fate at the hands

of other troops of Constantius which had sailed up the Thames. The numerous tumuli found in the neighbourhood would also be accounted for by this theory.

Whether Selborne was a Roman settlement or not, there is no doubt of its having been later a Saxon village, for the Domesday Book records that it was a Royal Manor under the Confessor, with Editha his queen as Lady of the Manor, and that it had a church. The fact of its existence in Saxon times is further borne out by the derivation of its name from two Saxon words, *sel* and *burn*, meaning great and brook; and White gives many examples of Saxon words still in use in his time. The naturalist points out that what first drew attention to the spot was probably the stream that rises at the foot of Noar Hill, known as "Wellhead" which, unlike the "Selborne" stream at the other end of the village, never fails. This Wellhead stream has in recent years been made to flow into an ornamental tank at the south-east end of the street, and thence by means of pipes to standards placed at intervals throughout the village; and the whole scheme was carried out as a memorial of Gilbert White, forming a fitting tribute to his memory and a lasting benefit to the people in whose forbears he took such keen and kindly interest.

Wolmer Forest was a royal hunting-ground to which the Plantagenets were partial: King John is supposed to have

* Continued from page 7.



The Font.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

lived at Werildeham, now called Worldham; Edward II. hunted in the forest; Edward III. had a park at Kingsley; and Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester and Richard, Duke of York were wardens in their time.

There is now no trace of the church that existed in the time of the Confessor, the present building dating probably only from the reign of Henry III. It has been altered and restored at various times, but much of the original building yet remains, massive and simple with but little ornament. It consists of a nave and two aisles, a north transept and a chancel. The aisles are divided from the nave by short massive pillars surmounted by wide but pointed arches, the south aisle being much wider than the north. The east end of the south aisle was formerly a private chapel or chantry, and even in White's earlier years was still divided off by a wooden Gothic screen. At the west end of the same aisle stands the font which, as White puts it, consists of "three massy round stones piled one on another," and near it is the south door, of which the actual wooden doors and the beautiful scroll hinges are probably the original ones of the church and are still in excellent preservation. The north transept was also formerly divided off by a wooden screen and at its angle with the chancel there is a stone bracket suggestive of the stairway to a rood loft. The church windows have been sadly cut about and altered, but there remain one or two of fair proportions. The chancel was

wainscoted by William Etty—vicar 1758–1784, and a dear friend of Gilbert White—who also apparently provided the altar rail. This last, judging from the tenons that remain where the balusters were cut off when they were replaced by the present iron supports, must have borne a quaint resemblance to a garden fence. The church tower is square, stands at the west end of the building, and contains the belfry. The bells number five, the three original bells having been cast into four, and a fifth one added by Sir Simeon Stewart in 1735, who on their arrival in the village caused the treble bell to be set upright in the ground and filled with punch, to be partaken of by all those present.

The fine south doorway is protected by a porch which now contains two of the old pews, four more of which are still within the church. The uprights are carved on one side, showing a Gothic arch and pillars, and when the village carpenter adapted two to porch benches he of course let the seat into the carved side, altogether spoiling the design. In the floor of the porch is a well-preserved stone inscribed "Alex Bowsher 1653," one of the oldest legible dates in the church, and so little worn is this stone that it seems unlikely that it was originally placed where there is so much traffic. Of the memorial tablets in the chancel the handsomest is that of Gilbert White the vicar, grandfather of the naturalist, and there are others to the memory of various members of the White family and one to William Etty, while there is one in the nave on the south wall to Professor Bell. The tablet to the memory of Gilbert White himself, formerly outside on the north wall, is now on the south wall in the chancel, and as it states that he lies "in the fifth grave from this wall," is a standing puzzle to strangers. As a matter of fact, the naturalist was buried in the churchyard in the fifth grave from the north wall, where the simple headstone is marked "G.W., June 26 1793," and this was in accordance doubtless with his expressed wishes, as in his book he utters two protests, one against the unhealthy practice of burying within churches, and the other against the "fashion" for burials on the south side, thereby causing congestion on that side while there remained plenty of space unoccupied to the north.

Although the present church probably pre-dated the Priory, it has long outlived it, for the Selborne establishment of Black Canons of the Order of St. Augustine did not even last till the general dissolution of monasteries. The year after his return from Palestine, and in the same year, 1232, in which he brought about the fall of his rival Hubert de Burgh, Peter de la Roche, Bishop of Winchester, sometime governor to the young king and practical ruler of the country, founded Selborne Priory. It began and was quickly enlarged by the purchase of various pieces of land, the first of which was bought of Jacobus de Achangre, a gentleman who lived at what is now Oakhanger. It consisted of a little close of land called Ly Lyge, which was the actual site of the Priory. Further purchases were made of Jacobus de Nortum and others whose names still linger as place-names in the neighbourhood. The first Priory mill was worked by the stream in the Lythe, and the establishment finally acquired much of the surrounding land and very considerable powers and privileges.

Just as Gilbert White caused the erection of the Hermitages on the Hanger for the peaceful enjoyment of the prospect, for meditation, and for the entertainment of his friends, so he had erected in the Lythe a large tent, from



Hucker's Lane.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

which he could see the village with the Hanger for background, and the stream flowing down past Dorton Cottage to the site of the Priory through the little valley that was one of his favourite walks. Just as we know he keenly noted the ways and habits of the flora and fauna, as seen from these quiet places of retirement, may we not imagine him sitting in this tent in more dreamy mood, and in his imagination picturing the monastic buildings and re-peopling the little valley with the canons.

No doubt Selborne derived much importance and prosperity in former days from the near neighbourhood of the Priory, which, it may be assumed from the size of the church and the extent of the churchyard, as it is known to have existed then, was a place of some consideration. But the Priory itself after its first hundred years fell on bad times, which were doubtless also felt by its neighbours. In 1377 there was a visitation of William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, who found existing all sorts of abuses, who paid its debts and made it grants of money. Notwithstanding this, other visitations and more help were soon needed, and a Bull of Martin V. was necessary to revoke the alienation of the Priory's property; and again, in 1447, William of Wayneflete, Bishop of Winchester, did what he could to reform it. Prior Berne, who appears to have been an earnest and well-meaning man, resigned his priorship in 1468 in disgust and despair; he was again elected Prior in 1472, but after another attempt at reformation again resigned in 1478, his increasing years

making his strength unequal to the task of stemming the profligacy that existed. The last Prior was elected in 1484, but apparently met with so little success that Bishop Wayneflete, giving up all attempts at producing order as a hopeless task, soon after dissolved the Priory and handed over its lands and buildings to Magdalen College, which he had founded at Oxford in 1459. This transference was confirmed by a Bull of Innocent VIII. in 1486, and the college still holds the title and authority of Lord of the Manor and owns the commons and much other land. Had the Priory existed for another fifty years it would presumably have been included in the dissolution of monasteries by Henry VIII., and Magdalen College had been the poorer. Many of the place-names of the neighbourhood are reminiscent of the days of the Priory, such as Grange Farm, Gracious Street, Culvercroft and Coneycroft.

The most prominent among the benefactors of Selborne Priory was Sir Adam Gurdon, who was some sort of lieutenant to Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, and aided him in his contest with Henry III. He kept up the strife after the death of de Montfort in 1265. He was captured by the young Prince Edward, who, by his kindly treatment of his prisoner, made him his friend and servant for the rest of his days. Gurdon, who apparently lived at Temple—now Temple Farm, seems to have granted to the Priory, amongst other things, all his rights in the Plestor, on which the Prior procured a charter for a market to be held on that space, and Selborne probably remained a



Old Barn in Gracious Street.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.



Dorton Cottage.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.



The Well Head Stream.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

market town till the downfall of the Priory dragged it down once more to villagedom. The Priory also profited by the pious gifts of Gurdon's family, and amongst other benefactions one of his wives—he apparently married three—granted to it Durton Common.

Besides the Black Canons of the Priory the Knights Templars also held property in Selborne. There was a preceptory of that order at Southington, one mile from the village, and some of the brothers were buried in Selborne church. During the restoration of the church in the later seventies some stone coffins, believed to be those of Knights Templars, were found in the East end of the South aisle within the bounds of the private chapel that White remembered to have been divided off. This discovery, with the finding of some tiles of the period, Professor Bell held to "point conclusively to the adaptation of this chantry or chapel to the service of the Knights Templars." Gilbert White, on the other hand, assumed this enclosed space to be the chantry founded and endowed by Ela Longspee, Countess of the sixth Earl of Warwick, for daily masses to be performed for the health of her soul.

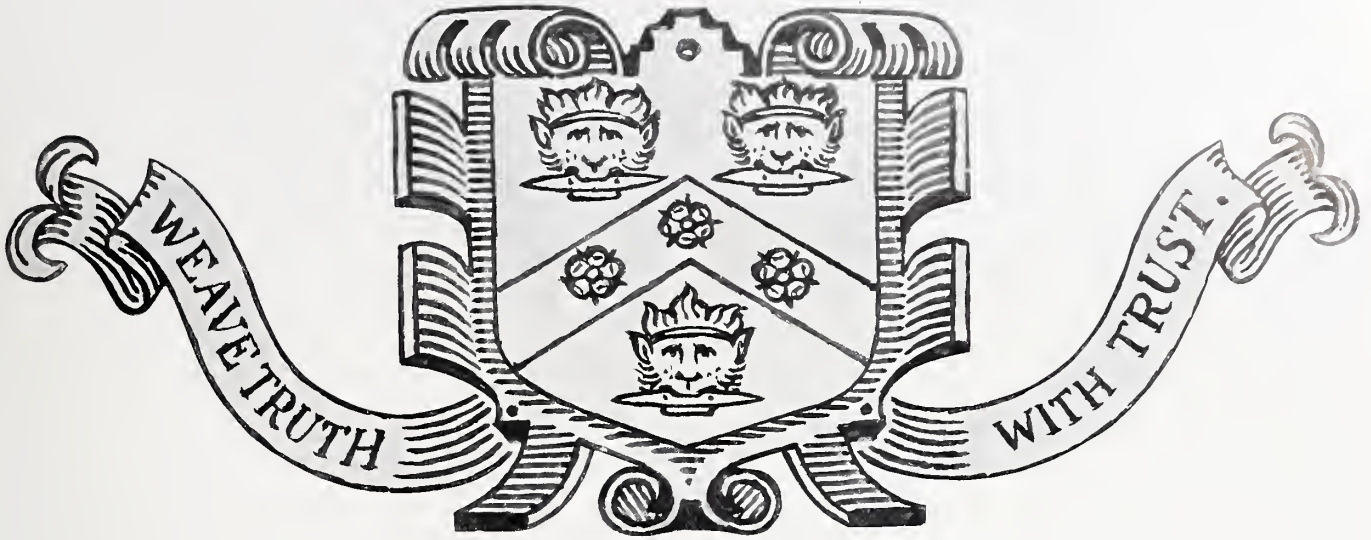
The Vicars of Selborne do not seem to have been greatly distinguished men, but most of them contributed in some way to the improvement of the parish, either by restoring the church and vicarage or by making and repairing the roads. Of these latter the condition in the naturalist's time was deplorable; they were at some periods of the year practically impassable. Though White was several times

Curate of Selborne, he was never Vicar; but he contributed his quota towards the improvement of the ways and took a great interest in their condition. It is said that he used to give pennies to the children who put stones in the ruts, and his letters throw quaint lights on the matter of traffic in those times. In March 1756 he records, almost with glee, the astonishing fact that a four-wheeled post-chaise was brought to the door of The Wakes "at that early time of the year"; and writing to his niece in November 1784 he recommends her to travel by a particular road where the "quarter," or the space between the horse track and the wheel ruts, "I think is made very safe." White also mentions that he made a paved footpath in the street from the butcher's shop to the blacksmith's. Most of the "Rocky Hollow lanes" that he refers to in his works have now been metalled and made worthy of the name of road, but some idea of what they were like may still be gathered from Hucker's Lane, that runs at the bottom of the field sloping down from the churchyard. Hollow Lane, at the other end of the village, though the road has been made firm, remains a hollow lane, and in places is overhung with ancient tree stumps and roots, which, hung with fern fronds, project some six feet from the high rocky banks.

But, though they may be rough, and narrow and deep, the lanes of Selborne are eminently picturesque, running as they do between rugged banks or beautiful hedges, and bordered by trees of growth and variety that make one wonder why the "Natural History" does not contain as many pages devoted to trees as it does of those relating to birds. Selborne too is rich in common land and in footpaths, and one of its charms is that the visitor seems able to go everywhere; so that if his tastes at all coincide with those of its Historian, the lack of obstruction to the wanderings necessary in such pursuits will meet with his hearty approval.

Gainsborough Portraits.

SOME exceedingly interesting particulars are forthcoming as to the two family portraits by Gainsborough bought by Mr. Asher Wertheimer respectively for 4,550gs. and 2,650gs. at Sir Robert Loder's sale in May. In *Notes and Queries* for February 19, 1876, there appears a letter from Mr. Edward Marshall, in which he says: "There is a private collection of works by Gainsborough which belongs to the Rev. W. Green, Rector of Steeple Barton, Oxon, and is now at the house of his son, Rev. W. Green, Avington Rectory, near Winchester. Portraits: (1) Mrs. Gainsborough, his wife; (2) Miss Gainsborough, his elder daughter (this is unfinished); (3) Mrs. Fischer, his only other daughter. These are in excellent preservation, and are, I think, three-quarters in length . . . Mr. Green is a relative of the Gainsboroughs, and they came into his family by the will of Miss Gainsborough, the elder daughter, and have been in possession ever since her decease." There seems to be no doubt that these are the three portraits "bought from the family" which appeared at the J. Heugh sale of 1878, when they fetched respectively 340gs., 360gs. and 350gs. In May last two of them made 7,200gs.



Arms of Weavers' Company on printed Minute of Meeting, May 6th, 1720.

Silk Weaving in Spitalfields.

By Luther Hooper.

THE art of spinning and weaving threads, made from the animal and vegetable fibres of native productions, is prehistoric in almost all parts of the world; so that it is not at all surprising that we find references to the making of woollen and linen fabrics in the earliest records of this country. Cloth-working has always been a

most important industry in England, and the persons employed in the different branches of the weaving trade have enjoyed a large share of public interest. Before the Conquest the weavers had formed themselves into guilds or companies, but they were first formally incorporated and granted a charter by Henry I., and this charter was confirmed and extended by almost every successive sovereign. James I. asked to be allowed to become free of the Company, and was admitted by their Master, whose name was Stone. On his admission the King exclaimed, "Stone, give me thy hand, I am now a cloth-worker."

The weaving of silk fabrics was not introduced into



Piece of Saracenic Pattern Weaving, with characteristic inscription. Eleventh century, or earlier.



Sicilian Damask. Eleventh or twelfth century.



Sicilian Damask. Fifteenth century.

England until the middle of the fifteenth century, and even then only plain materials were made, as grounds for the embroidery for which the English ladies had been famous from quite early times. There is record of cloth of gold and silver being woven in London in 1473, and these sumptuous webs, which were largely used for embroidering upon, would be made on silken warps.

The rich silks woven in patterns, which were used and treasured by nobles and ecclesiastics of those early times, were made in the looms of Persia and other Eastern countries, and were sold in Europe at great profit to the makers and merchants. An old French chronicler records that "a Syrian silk merchant settled in Paris in the eighth century, in order to sell his precious wares." Specimen

fragments of these ancient materials are treasured in our museums, and bear witness to the skill of the ancient Eastern weavers both in technique and design.

By some means, about which there is much speculation but no certain knowledge, the art of weaving designs in silk was brought into Sicily from the East, and probably the cultivation of the silkworm was introduced soon afterwards; at any rate, the manufacture of silk thread was practised in Italy long before its introduction into France, which was early in the fifteenth century.

The character of the designs of these early Sicilian silk damasks was very similar to that of the Saracenic examples from which they were derived. They however gradually became freer and more developed, as inventions and extensions were added to the somewhat simple looms of the East, until in the seventeenth century it would seem that the highest perfection of the loom for the production of elaborate pattern was reached, and it only remained for later inventors to add appliances for the easier manipulation of the completed loom and the consequent quicker execution of the work.

It was just at this point of its highest perfection that the figured silk loom was introduced into England by the French and Netherlandish Protestant refugees escaping from religious persecutions in their own countries. It is uncertain



Brocatelle. North Italian. Sixteenth century.

where the first loom of this kind was set up; but, most probably, it was at Norwich, in which city about 4,000 refugees from the Netherlands settled in 1588, many of whom were no doubt weavers and their assistants.

Others of the refugees, chiefly French, settled at Sandwich, Canterbury and London. The London settlers, those who were weavers, and of trades associated with weaving, such as dyers, loom builders, reed makers and others, naturally made their homes in the weavers' quarter of the town, which was between Basinghall Street, where Weavers' Hall was situated, and Bishopsgate Street; then, as their numbers increased, they overflowed into Norton Folgate and the country districts immediately outside the walls, thus starting the famous and prosperous settlement of silk handicraftsmen so long associated with Spitalfields and Bethnal Green in the East of London.

It was not, however, until the year of the "Revocation of the Edict of Nantes" (1685) when the Emigration of the French Huguenot refugees took place, and 500,000 of the most skilled and industrious artificers escaped from their native land, and carried their goods and the practice of their handicrafts to various Protestant countries, that silk weaving in London received its great impetus, and that Spitalfields became the home of one of the most beautiful, skilful, and flourishing trades of this country.

That this new and very large accession to the numbers of the weaving fraternity was not made without some jealousy and objections on the part of the original settlers and native workmen is only to be supposed. On April 15th, 1689, there is a record in the minute book of the Weavers' Company that "The French weavers had been promised all sorts of



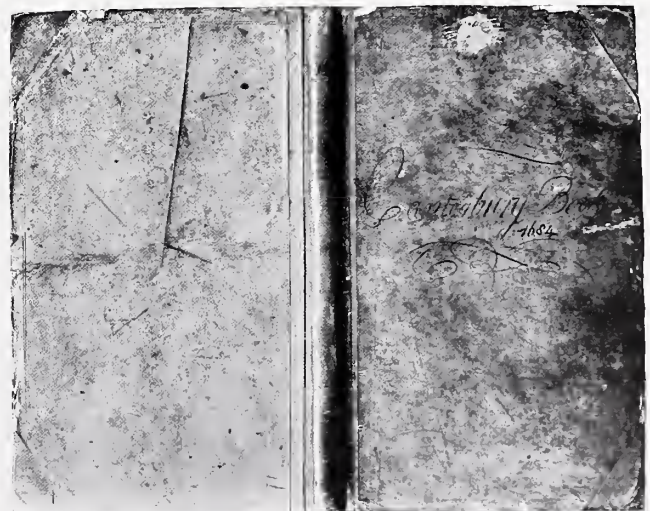
Silk Brocade. French. Late seventeenth or early eighteenth century.

privileges and protection when they settled here, but it is objected that as they have not been apprenticed in this country they have no right to work on equal terms with other members of the Company." It was accordingly resolved to petition Parliament against a Bill being brought in to legalize their position. A later minute notes that the petition was not successful, but that the Bill was passed.

After such natural differences and difficulties were adjusted the silk weavers seem to have had a happy and prosperous time for about a century. It is estimated that the number of looms increased to about 17,000 in Spitalfields and Bethnal Green, giving occupation to about 50,000 people. The competition of the power loom had not begun; the modern demand for undue cheapness, and consequent adulteration of material and lowering of wages, had not set in, and the general conditions of trade were much less



Silk Brocade. French. Seventeenth century.



Back of Huguenot Weaver's Pattern Book, dated Canterbury, 1684. Shown open on the next page.



Weavers' Houses, Menotti Street, Bethnal Green. Showing large windows of workshops on top floor.

From a drawing by Luther Hooper.

At first the weavers worked directly for the mercer, who bought the silk thread and gave it out to the weaver to prepare and make into the required damasks, brocades, etc., of which he was known to have the capacity of working, and the designs or patterns of which were his especial secret. Very soon, however, there arose a class of merchants or middlemen, who had an office and warehouse, and kept a stock of woven silk to sell to the retail mercers. These merchants would be on the look-out for new designs and effects, and prepare the necessary drawings and instructions for weaving them; also purchase silk, and get it dyed and prepared for the working weaver to put into the loom in his own little workshop, to weave and bring back when the length was finished out. By the end of the eighteenth century this had got to be the general use, and when the Jacquard machine after much opposition from the weavers was introduced, the machines, cards and mountings mostly belonged to the middleman, and the loom frame and all the other appliances to the journeyman weaver.

(To be continued.)

Sir Isumbras at the Ford.

THIS picture, one of the gems of the McCulloch Collection, now forms part of the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy. It was first exhibited by (Sir) J. E. Millais at the Royal Academy Exhibit, Trafalgar Square, in 1857, and was then criticised severely. It is now accepted as one of the painter's masterpieces.

inimical to the well-being of the craftsman than they afterwards became.

In Spitalfields the weaving craft has always been a home industry, and until the middle of the nineteenth century the factory system was unknown there. The head of the family usually owned three or four looms, and superintended the work of the members of his family and perhaps one or two apprentices. The looms were erected on the top floor of houses built on purpose for weavers, with long windows and plenty of space in the roof for the complicated upper works of the large draw-loom, and in the latter part of the prosperous times, for the Jacquard machine, which took the place of the original draw-loom and draw-boy. Many houses of this character remain in the East of London (p. 56), although they are not now, for the most part, inhabited by weavers; and the purpose of the large upper floor is unknown to the present occupiers.



Huguenot Weaver's Pattern Book. Dated Canterbury, 1684. It contains many small samples of woven silks of that early period, and has always been in the possession of the family, who still carry on the weaving business of Messrs. Warner & Sons, Newgate Street and Braintree.



(Messrs. Knoedler's Gallery.)

View of Venice from San Biagio.

By Francesco Guardi.

London Exhibitions.

By Frank Rinder.

R. B. A.	Sketch Exhibition.
Grafton Galleries	French Etchings in Colours.
Alpine Club	Alpine Paintings.
Fine Art Society	E. E. Briggs, R.I.
New Dudley Gallery	Marcus B. Huish.
Messrs. Dowdeswell's	Landscapes in Water-colours.
Messrs. Van Wisselingh's . . .	Frederic Yates.
Messrs. Knoedler's	Old Masters.
Messrs. Obach's	Drawings by Old Masters.

Messrs. Knoedler's.—Exhibitions are seldom organised at 15, Old Bond Street, and interest is apt to be in proportion to infrequency. Of the twenty pictures, four or five live in the memory. The small portrait of Queen Marianna of Austria, discovered not long ago in Cadiz, is accepted by Señor Beruete as an authentic work by Velazquez, dating from about 1650. Who, save this sovereign painter, could have rendered with such breadth and subtlety the ivory-coloured dress, touched with notes of pearl and faint gold, could so have modelled the over-rouged face, and so set the bow of ivory-white in the mass of brown hair? A superb portrait of the same lady, in huge

crinoline dress, is, of course, in the Imperial Gallery, Vienna. Turner's 'Mortlake Terrace: morning,' which caused a stir at Christie's last June, is, fortunately, to remain in this country. No money-value can be placed on a haunting transmutation of quiet-flowing water, of stately trees, of green lawn, such as this. As a portraitist, Hogarth—the first great artist of English birth—is not as yet accounted at his worth. His oval of Mrs. James, painted in 1744, finely declares his genius (p. 58). Of unsurpassed beauty are the rose and tempered white draperies, the left arm and hand, and the head is animate, though the pose is somewhat formal. Those who belittle Murillo for his sugared Madonnas will pay homage to him as the painter of the cavalier in black cloak, which came from the Leuchtenberg collection, and for a time was in The Hermitage. There is here no concession to prettiness, but a grave, sympathetic portrait, done with consummate ease and surety. Another fine portrait of the kind is in Dorchester House. A characteristic Nattier, of Madame Bonier de la Mosson, looks strangely artificial by the Hogarth, and shows how far removed art may be from art, even though of the same



(Messrs. Knoedler's Gallery.)

Portrait of Mrs. James.

By William Hogarth.

period. There should be noted, too, Gainsborough's well-known 'Mrs. Fitzherbert,' two excellent landscapes by Van Goyen, and Guardi's spirited view of Venice from San Biagio, with a water-fête in progress (p. 57).

Messrs. Obach's.—Students have rarely an opportunity to examine in a London gallery a collection of drawings by Old Masters comparable with that brought together at 168, New Bond Street. Italian, German, Dutch, and French masters of the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th centuries were represented by authentic, and in certain cases highly important examples. Landscape sketches in colour by Van Dyck are of extreme rarity. Several are at Chatsworth, two are in the British Museum. 'The Gravel Pit in the Wood' shows the Court painter making a record of nature for his own pleasure, without thought of obligation to any sitter. How authoritatively Van Dyck could work when under such obligation was seen in the finished study for the well-known portrait of Burgomaster Triest. It is impracticable here to do more than indicate the scope of the profoundly interesting show, which included a solemn group of the Virgin and two saints of the school of Giotto, Tiepolo's superb composition of a dolphin with sea gods, Canale's fascinating view of Old Somerset House, and the radiant study of the interior of a palace with scaffolding, by Belotto (Canaletto), Claude's lovely 'View in the Campagna,' Guardi's broad and luminous 'Castle on the Sea Coast,' one or two powerful sketches by Rembrandt, 'Madame de Vesigni' from the sensitive hand of François Clouet (p. 59), and the amusing skit on the still-life painting of the period by Teniers, 'Monkeys in a Studio' (p. 59). Titian, it may be recalled, caricatured the Laocoon, substituting monkeys for human figures. This feast of fine things was duly appreciated.

R. B. A.—The signal value of a sketch is that it suggests the original intention of the author before that intention is obscured or diluted. A genuine sketch captures that which is vital of the first impression, whether of nature or of some ideated reality. Hence, many a man can produce acceptable sketches who fails when he endeavours to give unity and coherence to a work which is carried to its logical conclusion.



(Messrs. Obach's Gallery.)
Madame de Vesigni.
By François Clouet.

The exhibition of sketches in Suffolk Street, overwhelming in extent, was in many ways of real interest. Not all the members, it is true, manage to suggest spontaneity, pictorial impulse, but there are so many successes that it is somewhat invidious to particularise. Those who sent sketches, so to say, of a temperament as well as of externalities included the accomplished President, Mr. Alfred East, Mr. J. D.

Fergusson, who has a refined, even a subtle way with him, Mr. William Kneen, Mr. W. T. M. Hawksworth, Mr. Joseph Simpson, Mr. Walter Fowler, Mr. W. M. Palin.

Other Exhibitions.—The collection of landscapes in water-colours by "eminent artists" at the Dowdeswell Galleries was organised on a catholic basis. For instance, it was possible to contrast the work of the present Director of the National Gallery, a Slade School man, with that of his immediate predecessor, to contrast Mr. Alfred Parsons with Mr. A. W. Rich, Mr. Colin B. Phillip, son of "Spanish Phillip," with Mr. D. S. MacColl, Mr. R. Thorne Waite with Mr. Roger Fry, Mr. Herbert Alexander with Mr. Oliver Hall. And these studies in contrasts surely convince those not already convinced



(Messrs. Obach's Gallery.)

Monkeys in a Studio.
By David Teniers.



(Messrs. van Wisselingh's Gallery.)

Sheep Shearers.

By Frederic Yates.

that art consists, not in particularisation or breadth, in brilliant or in muted colour-schemes, in the method academical or the method unacademical, but in a revelation of the artist's own way of looking at, of feeling, of thinking about

of examples by French artists.

† Thirty-two of these drawings have been reproduced in colours and published, with notes by the artist, under the title of *Angling and Art in Scotland*. (Longmans, Green & Co., 12s. 6d.)

Royal Academy Winter Exhibition.

THE Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy consists of the pictures and sculpture by modern artists, brought together by the late Mr. George McCulloch. This famous collection formed the subject of a series of articles by Mr. Claude Phillips and Mr. A. L. Baldry in *THE ART JOURNAL*, 1896 and 1897. Now, with the co-operation of Mrs. McCulloch and the living artists whose work appears at Burlington House, *THE ART JOURNAL* has been able to publish an extra number dealing with the collection.* To this special publication, which includes reproductions of almost all the important pictures, readers are referred.

It is such an easy thing to disparage any man's taste in art. Because the late Mr. McCulloch was a man among men, because he had proved his personal worth in non-aesthetic fields, it seems that he is to be denied the credit of artistic instincts. What man does not make errors in buying for his collection? Even the most dexterous manipulator of Old-Master labels, fully equipped with

attributions and other detective stock-in-trade, finds it an uncertain triumph to acquire a shadowy relic from the studio of a mediæval minor master. Nor is he sure of immortality who buys the less-known work, some of it spectral enough for Mr. Maskelyne, approved by a few living critics. Mr. McCulloch preferred works of art of a more robust constitution, pictures that he could live with in comfort. He admired, as all thoughtful people do admire, the fine work which has descended through the ages; but it was his practice to buy only those works produced in his own lifetime. A more human man never frequented the galleries and studios of London, and of course he made friends with many artists. A weaker man, with his means, would have made more errors of judgment. The McCulloch Collection, as it stands, is wholesome throughout and in some of its features it is a splendid example to other collectors. If Londoners and visitors to London do not go to see the scores of works of permanent worth which will be shown at Burlington House until March 13th, we can only echo the recent words of Professor Sir H. von Herkomer, and wonder what can be done "to check the ever-growing indifference to art with the public."

A. Y.

* "The McCulloch Collection." Special number of *THE ART JOURNAL*, 140 illustrations. (Virtue & Co., 1s.)

Passing Events.

THE new Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery, in place of Sir T. D. Gibson Carmichael and Viscount Peel, who have resigned, are Mr. Edmund Gosse, LL.D., and Mr. Herbert Henry Raphael, M.P. Mr. Gosse is Librarian to the House of Lords, and deeply versed in eighteenth century literature. His knowledge and taste are sure to prove valuable. The *mot* as to Mrs. Gosse and Lady Alma-Tadema, who are sisters—Grateful and Comforting—has, of course, to do with their maiden names.

LORD REDESDALE, who takes the place of Sir Thomas Gibson Carmichael as a Trustee of the National Gallery, is held by some to know all that is worth knowing about pictures. If that be so, he is indeed remarkable. Short of such unrivalled wisdom, he can be of the greatest use. Lord Redesdale, as a landscape gardener, had much to do with the laying-out of Hyde Park, and also had part in the improvements of the gardens of Buckingham Palace and Windsor. By the way, it was the new Trustee of the National Gallery who playfully suggested to Whistler the title 'Trotty Veck' for a 'Harmony in Grey and Gold.' Lord Redesdale went to live in Lindsey Row about 1875, and, had not Whistler slashed the half-finished canvas in pieces, we should now have a beautiful full-length of Lady Redesdale in Chinese blue silk.

THE resignation of Mr. Alfred Gilbert from the Academy deprives that institution of the name of one of the very few sculptors of genius that this country has produced. Mr. Gilbert ranks with Alfred Stevens as an evoker of the very spirit of rhythm, of the very essence of beauty. At its second winter exhibition, which is to be of 'Fair Women,' the International Society will bring together a small but representative collection of Mr. Gilbert's works.

MR. D. CROAL THOMSON, whose association with the firm of Messrs. Thomas Agnew and Sons ceased at the end of the year, needs no introduction to readers of this Journal. For some years Mr. Thomson occupied the Editorial chair, and that is one only of several capacities in which he has admirably served the artist, the collector, and the public. It was when he was at the Goupil Gallery that Mr. Croal Thomson suggested to Whistler the exhibition of 1892, which in large part kindled and concentrated enthusiasm about the master's pictures. Through Mr. Thomson the great 'Mother' portrait went to the Luxembourg, and but for him it is improbable that the stimulating exhibition of works by Independent artists, namely painters unconnected with the Royal Academy, would have been held in the Old Bond Street Galleries. He now takes up a leading partnership in the old-established firm of Messrs. Wallis & Son, at the French Gallery in Pall Mall. Steadfastness, force, and fine integrity are qualities that tell, and Mr. Thomson cannot fail to make his mark in the new field of his activities.



(R.A. By permission of Mrs. McCulloch.)

Love among the Ruins.

By Sir Edward Burne-Jones.



(R.A. By permission
of Mrs. McCulloch.)

(The late) George McCulloch, Esq.

By P. A. J. Dagnan-Bouveret, Hon. F.A.

THE Rev. Gerald S. Davies, for many years an assistant master at the Charterhouse School, Godalming, has been appointed as Dr. Jelf's successor to the office of Master of the Sutton's Hospital or Charter-

house, Smithfield. The post is almost a sinecure, and is usually bestowed by way of pension on some meritorious Carthusian. Mr. Davies is the author of several important books on art subjects, notably monographs on Frans Hals and Ghirlandaio.

HERR VON TSCHUDI is, after all, to be reinstated as Director of the National Gallery of Berlin. Possibly this eminently satisfactory result is not unconnected with the now historic Interview incidents.

THE Anglo-French exhibition which, with the Queen as patroness, will be held at the Tuileries in May and June, promises to be of unusual importance. It will comprise 100 British and French portraits of women of the eighteenth century. The Committee of Selection in this country, under the Chairmanship of Lord Plymouth, includes the Directors of the National Portrait Gallery, the Irish National Gallery, and the Guildhall Gallery, the Keepers of the Wallace Collection and the Print Room of the British Museum, Mr. Roger Fry and Mr. Herbert F. Cook. The three R's—Reynolds, Romney, and Raeburn—the inimitable G(ainsborough) and the two H's, Hogarth and Hoppner, are of those sure to be represented.

THE picture 'Grace Orpen,' by Mr. William Orpen, reproduced on page 19, belongs, with the copyright, to Mr. Alfred A. de Pass. We regret that this was unknown to us until after publication, and we beg to acknowledge the owner's rights. If there were an official register in which copyright transactions had to be indexed under the name of each artist, the anxieties of editors would be reduced.

Notes on Books.

In 1903, Mr. John Murray published Volumes I. and II. of a new edition, revised by Mr. Langton Douglas and Mr. S. Arthur Strong, of the famous work on **Italian Painting** by **Crowe & Cavalcaselle**. Owing to the death of Mr. Strong and to other causes Volume III., edited by Mr. Langton Douglas alone, has only just been published (Murray, 21s.). It deals with the Sieneze, Umbrian and North Italian Schools, and it is illustrated with photogravure and other illustrations. When finished, the six volumes must be considered to be the standard edition of the classic work, the annotations and additions of the authors being in the possession of Mr. Murray. Meanwhile Messrs. Dent, busy with their sickles in the fields of their neighbours, as Dr. Johnson would have put it, have issued Volume I. of an edition of the work, edited by Edward Hutton (20s.). This edition will be completed in three volumes.

The second volume has been published of the colossal work, **Allgemeines Lexikon der Bildenden Künstler**, edited by **Ulrich Thieme** and **Felix Becker** (Engelmann, Leipzig, 32s.).

Antonio da Monza—Bassan is the compass. The complete dictionary, including all periods and all countries, will be in twenty volumes of 600 pages each. Over 300 writers are in association in supplying material.

Collectors and other students will be glad to have **The Engraved Work of J. M. W. Turner, R.A.**, by **W. G. Rawlinson** (Macmillan, Vol. I., 20s.) The complete work will require, probably, three volumes; the present one is devoted to Turner's line engravings on copper 1794-1839. This elaborate catalogue, compiled by one who has made Turner's work a life-study, is an authoritative guide of great value.

A useful elaborate work of reference for collectors and students is **A Short History of Engraving and Etching**, by **A. M. Hind** (Constable, 18s.). Although described as short, the book covers the various periods of British and foreign engraving from the earliest times to the present day, and it includes technical explanations and 111



(R.A. By permission of Mrs. McCulloch.)

Silvia : " Is she kind as she is fair ? "

By John Pettie, R.A.

illustration. It is really a very complete and accurate work on the subject by one whose duties in the Department of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum give him exceptional opportunities for research. The appendices include a classified list of the engravers of all countries, with notes on the style and influence of each artist, a General Bibliography, and an Index of Engravers with individual bibliographies. Most of the members of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers come under notice.

Less pretentious and intended for popular circulation is the **History of Engraving**, "from its inception to the time of Thomas Bewick," by **Stanley Austin** (Werner Laurie, 6s.).

A Midsummer Night's Dream, illustrated by **Arthur Rackham** (Heinemann, 15s.) is a remarkably cheap volume. There are 40 plates in colours and many black-and-white reproductions; the text is in good type, and the binding is appropriate. Mr. Rackham's illustrations are the embodiment of fine invention and delicate execution and they are admirably reproduced.

R. L. Stevenson's **A Child's Garden of Verses** reappears with colour and monochrome illustrations by **Charles Robinson** (Lane, 5s.). It is an effective edition, and some of the pages with type and block decorations are exceptionally good.

Messrs. Gibbings publish **The Last Fight of the Revenge**, by Sir Walter Raleigh, with an introduction by Henry Newbolt and illustrations by **Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A.** (7s. 6d.). The page decorations and the plates in colour are typical of Mr. Brangwyn's manner. Some are successful as illustrations, others are too confused to be understood easily.

One of the most interesting of recent monographs is **John Pettie, R.A.**, by **Martin Hardie** (A. & C. Black, 20s.). There are fifty reproductions in colour. Mr. Hardie, a nephew of the artist, was well equipped for this subject, and he has done his work well. If, as Pettie thought, his life was too uneventful to be written of, it was full enough of artistic greatness to be examined closely. From the days when, with Chalmers, Orchardson, MacWhirter, Hugh Cameron, McTaggart, Peter and Tom Graham and other artists, he studied at the Trustees' Academy, Edinburgh, under Scott Lauder, Pettie made many friends, and their names appearing throughout the book reveal the great popularity of the artist.

No complete account of the painter having appeared, it is said, in England, the need is met by the publication of **Corot and his Friends**, by **Everard Meynell** (Methuen, 10s. 6d.). It is light and refreshing, an agreeable memoir of a great painter and an interesting personality.

In **Aubrey Beardsley**, by **Robert Ross** (Lane, 3s. 6d.), a pocket volume, with well-chosen illustrations, the accomplishments of the artist are noted with appreciation. It is one of the best essays yet written on the genius of Beardsley. A list of drawings, compiled by Mr. Aymer Vallance, is included.

Evolution in Italian Art, by the late **Grant Allen** (Grant Richards, 10s. 6d.), was practically complete at the time of the author's death, much of the material having appeared as newspaper articles. It is issued in its present form, after revision, by Mr. J. W. Cruickshank.

From the Religious Tract Society comes **The Gospel in the Old Testament**, a series of 24 reproductions in colours from pictures by **Harold Copping**, with descriptive letterpress by **Handley C. G. Moule, D.D.**, Bishop of Durham (16s.). The work, tastefully produced, is about 16 by 12 inches, and it forms a companion volume to the *Scenes in the Life of Our Lord*, published a year ago.

The **Calendarium Londinense**, or the London Almanack for the year 1909, 15 by 11 inches, includes a fine etching of the Tower, with the Thames and shipping in the foreground. It is one of the best in the series produced by **Mr. W. Monk, R.E.** (Elkin Mathews, 2s. 6d.).

French Prints of the Eighteenth Century, by **Ralph Nevill** (Macmillan, 15s.) will prove a valuable work of reference to collectors who specialise in this subject. At the end of the book is an alphabetical list of artists, with detailed descriptions of important prints. 50 illustrations.

An immense number of facts appear in **A History of British Water-Colour Painting**, by **H. M. Cundall, I.S.O.** (Murray, 21s.). The volume is one of the most acceptable works of reference that have been published. Mr. Cundall has special facilities for research, and with the fine collection of paintings under his charge at the Victoria and Albert Museum, he has been able to study his subject continually. Beginning with the early illuminated manuscripts, he proceeds, with the advent of Holbein, to enumerate the great miniature painters who take their places in the work of the period. One of the most interesting chapters deals with the topographical draughtsmen whose work was such a good feature in early water-colour production. Turner, Constable, Girtin, Cotman, De Wint, Cox, Callow, Foster, Gilbert, Ruskin, Burne-Jones, Millais, Whistler and other stars come on in turn, with their contemporaries. There are lists of members of the R.W.S., the "Old" Society founded in 1804, and never more popular than now; of the Associated Artists, who soon disunited; and of the R.I., once known as the New Society. The biographical list of water-colour painters in alphabetical order indexes the subject. With the 58 plates in colours it is a valuable review.

A second edition has been issued of the popular **Welsh Fairy Book**, by **W. Jenkyn Thomas**, with 100 illustrations by **Willy Pogany** (Unwin, 6s.).

Messrs. Newnes publish in their admirable *Drawings of Great Masters* series (7s. 6d. each), **Rembrandt**, by **Malcolm Bell**, **Alfred Stevens**, by **Hugh Stannus**, **Watteau**, by **Octave Uzanne**.

The "nature secrets revealed" in **Behind the Veil in Birdland**, by **Oliver G. Pike** (Religious Tract Society, 10s. 6d.) prove the value of the camera in recording the habits of the little accessories to the countryside. Here are surprising results. Mr. Pike, with the aid of an electric shutter, actually makes birds take their own photographs, and he brings down with his uplifted camera as many soaring birds as the best gunner could hope to bag.

Legends from Fairyland, by **Holme Lee**, with illustrations by Reginald L. Knowles and Horace J. Knowles (Chatto & Windus, 5s.), will be welcomed by youthful readers.

Great English Painters, by **Francis Downman** (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.) is one of a series including works on musicians, poets and novelists. The biographies concern Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Morland, Lawrence, Turner, Constable. The book is very well done. Thirty-two illustrations.

Decorative Glass Processes, a technical work by **Arthur L. Duthie** of Leeds (Constable, 6s.), will give many hints to those who are engaged in the various branches of decorative glass work. It is in the "Westminster" series of practical books.

Consisting of appropriate verses and photographic illustrations, **My Garden**, by **J. T. Prior** (Elkin Mathews, 5s.) is the record, presumably, of many a pleasant hour spent at home. It is a thoughtful work, well produced.

The facsimile of a sketchbook containing twenty-four reproductions in colours by **W. L. Wyllie, R.A.** (Cassell, 5s.) is of popular interest and educational value. It follows Mr. Wyllie's book *Marine Painting*, which was so successful. Mr. Edwin Bale contributes a foreword.

Literary, artistic, and musical reminiscences are the foundation of the **Blackstick Papers**, by **Lady Ritchie** (Smith, Elder, 6s.). Most of the essays have appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*. Such recollections of people and books are entertaining, of course, from such an author.

The author of *Business Success*, **G. G. Millar**, asks, **What is a Picture?** (Elliot Stock, 2s. 6d.), and he attempts "to explain to the uninitiated what a picture is." Can "Sergeant" be a printer's error?

Letters to Miss Pauline Chase are published under the title of **Peter Pan's Postbag** (Heinemann, 2s. 6d.). With illustrations by Mr. Albert Rothenstein the book makes an interesting souvenir of a favourite play.



SIR ISUMBRAS AT THE FORD.

BY SIR J. E. MILLAIS, BART., P.R.A.

(By permission of Mrs. George McCulloch.)



The Village of Burwash.

By W. Monk, R.E.

In Kipling's Country.*

By Lewis Lusk.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING, in that apparently childish but really very deep book, "Puck of Pook's Hill," chants to us a "Three-part Song" beginning:—

"I'm just in love with all these three,
The Weald and the Marsh and the Down Country;
Nor I don't know which I love the most,
The Weald or the Marsh or the White Chalk coast!"†

There you have a description of East Sussex. Its old historian, Horsfield, speaks of it as thus divided by nature. Romney Marsh and the town of Rye are a little peculiar country, with special beauties, special traditions, special features. So, too, with the Downs and their nestling villages, each with its small Saxon church tower. So, too, with the Weald, whose oaks once provided some of the finest frigates of Nelsonian days, and out of whose iron

(when Sussex was the Black Country) the first English cannon was cast, by R. Hogge at Buxted, 1543.

Other associations crowd upon the reader and the artist. Dr. Borde, the original "Merry Andrew," and author of the "Men of Gotham," lived at Pevensey (1530). Addison's "Drummer" is founded on the deed of a gardener at Hurstmonceux, who, by nightly drum-signals to smugglers, created a fine ghost-story. John Sterling, Carlyle's friend, was curate here, and hence came Augustus Hare, who recently died at Holmburst, Hastings. At Cuckfield—the "Rookwood" of Ainsworth's romance—is interred Henry Kingsley. And in Rottingdean's pretty churchyard lie Burne-Jones and William Black. Horace Smith's "Brambletye House" is a capital novel, earlier than Ainsworth's, and better. In Fletching church reposes Gibbon. Also, the Misses Attenborough, of Fletching, have revived the ancient game of stool-ball, probable ancestor of cricket, which also has one of its most famous grounds at Sheffield Park. C. E. Kempe, whose stained-glass is in most English cathedrals, lived at Old Place, Lindfield, which he made into a wonder of beauty.

Mr. Henry James lives in the old Lamb family's house at

* For information used, the writer must express thanks to Sir L. Lindsay-Hogg, W. Hale White, Esq., Henry James, Esq., F. J. H. Jenkinson, Esq., John Dennis, Esq., and C. De M. Caulfeild Pratt, Esq. Also to Rev. C. N. Sutton's *Historical Notes of Hartfield and Willyham*, and Mr. B. Firmin's *Crowborough Guide*.—L. L.

† From *Puck of Pook's Hill*. By permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.



"Bateman's": Mr Rudyard Kipling's House.

By W. Monk, R.E.

Rye,† and Miss Ellen Terry in a villa near Winchelsea Gate, and not far from the tree where John Wesley delivered his last outdoor sermon. Both places have inspired artists of such diverse talent as Frank Short and Arthur Hacker. And Mrs. Comyns Carr's novel, "Margaret Maliphant," is a pretty tale of the marshland.

The author of "Idlehurst" lives at Ardingly, and at Crowborough—until lately—lived "Mark Rutherford." Mrs. Marriott Watson's fine poem, "On the Downs," describes the Rottingdean district; also the famous naturalist, W. H. Hudson, describes it in "Nature in Downland" (1900).

From these highlands of Kipling's country, one gazes through the V-shaped valleys, with their warm green pasturage, into the "dim blue goodness" of the Weald, and across that to the bare Doric beauty of the South Downs. Or from the author's earlier home at Rottingdean one sees the bit of blue set in a large frame of pale amber. This gives to Sussex landscape its peculiar charm.

In Surrey and Hampshire there are famous prospects, but the eye meets clothed woodland on every side. Here in the Forest Ridge the thin mists rise from over the heads of us thus gazing, and beyond the Weald appear the heights of Beachy Head, the Beacon Hill of Fittle, associated with the noble name of Gage, and Ditchling, the highest point

(814 feet), and finally Chanctonbury Ring, that prehistoric fortress, said to be as old as the Egyptian Pyramids.

It is midday, and out of that far clear line comes a great sparkle, like a diamond. That sparkle is the sea, and is the reason why the depression of coast-line at Berling is called "Twelve-in-the-morning Gap." It was the smugglers' harbour of old.

Such is the Sussex which was loved and painted by Copley Fielding, who was here in the first half of the nineteenth century. Turner also worked in this part of the country, for his friend John Fuller, the squire at what now is Brightling.

Copley Fielding seems to have been only once to Crowborough Hill, and then he stood by the South View road, in 1838, upon a hazy day. His drawing hangs in the Wallace Collection, and is rather a notable specimen of his work. It is the view which one gets from Lord's Well Lane, across the back of Sir A. Conan Doyle's present house, and across Kipling's country to Beachy Head and the Downs, which are faintly indicated.

But it is by no means the best mood of that view. At its best, that view is said (on what authority I know not) to have made John Martin yearn to paint a picture of 'Moses beholding the Promised Land,' such a picture as should equal 'Belshazzar's Feast.' Certainly, when one sees the great view at its summer-day best, the yearning seems likely.

† Mr. Henry James thinks that Charles Lamb had no connection with this family, nor does Lamb's Sussex allusion in "The Old Margate Hoy" suggest it.



A Roadside Mill.

By W Monk, R.E.



Burwash Church.

By W. Monk, R.E.

The allusion to Conan Doyle reminds me that his "Song of the Bow" in "The White Company" romance has been set to music by an East Sussex lady, Miss Florence Aylward, of Brede. The chief Saxon archer in the novel is named Sam Aylward, and there is a curious fitness in the fact that this particular well-known composer should have supplied the rousing melody which now goes with the words of its marching chorus:—

"So men who are free
Love the old yew-tree
And the land where the yew-tree grows."

There is a fine old specimen of this tree at Etchingham, from which, perhaps, the famous Sussex archers, who did service at Agincourt and on the Welsh marches, may have cut a few staves for their bows. Inside the church is a memorial to Henry Corbould, who died in 1884 while on his way from St. Leonards to Hurst Green. The lozenge weather-vane on the church-tower shows the Etchingham arms, which are repeated in the church windows. Hence one proceeds to the pretty village of Burwash, so beloved by J. Hurdis, friend of Cowper and author of "The Village

Curate" (1790), that he speaks dolefully of having to leave his "little paradise" to become Professor of Poetry at Oxford (1793). It is better known by the work of its rector, J. C. Egerton, "Sussex Folk and Sussex Ways" (1884). Its church contains the oldest iron tomb-slab in Sussex, and a small Flaxman monument, worthy of that sculptor, to Archdeacon Courtaill. Rampynden House, 1699 (occupied by Colonel Fielding), has a fine porch, facing the chief street, and May, the historian of the Long Parliament, who was buried in Westminster Abbey, and whom Dr. Johnson pronounced to be the best Latin poet in England, is claimed by Burwash as its own, though the claim is not quite certain.

Rudyard Kipling's house, "Bateman's," is in the vale between Burwash and Brightling. It is a fine stone mansion, dated 1634, and is said to derive its name from an economical builder, who *bated his men's wages*. But one is not obliged to believe all old assertions. This place has a quietness which Rottingdean, Mr. Kipling's former home, had lost, and the adjoining woods have as much beauty and jungle mystery as any reasonable person could desire.

On the next hill is Brightling Needle, from which one sees that splendid view alluded to above. Hard by is the observatory, said to have been built by Sir Robert Smirke. These were caused to be erected by Mr. John Fuller, of Rose Hill, Sussex—now Brightling—or "Jolly Jack," as he was called.

Mr. Fuller, founder of the Fullerian Professorships (which he called his two children), was an English squire of eccentric ways, which, if anything, added to his personal popularity. He gave famous musical parties in London, being a liberal patron of Science and Art, but his personal opinions were unconventional. For many years he represented his county in Parliament. The Speaker was once obliged to administer a rebuke for some indecorum, beginning, "It has been brought to my notice that an honourable member—" when Fuller burst out with, "What's the good of beating about the bush? My name is honest Jack Fuller, and



Mr. Kipling's Environment.

By W. Monk, R.E.



View near Brighton.

By W. Monk, R.E.

everybody knows it." Thereupon he snapped his fingers at the majestic presence, called him a little man in a great wig, and eventually was committed to the custody of the Serjeant-at-arms.

This boisterous country gentleman was offered a peerage by Pitt, but refused it, saying, "No, Jack Fuller I was born, and Jack Fuller I'll die."

He died in 1833, and was interred in a pyramid at Brighton, in accordance with certain ideas he held. An oil painting and thirteen drawings by Turner, his friend, passed by marriage to Sir Alexander Acland-Hood, in whose possession they remained until April, 1908, when their market value was acclaimed for the first time. The set fetched £12,416 5s. The 'Hastings' picture was signed and dated 1810, and was in fine condition. The drawings were of Pevensey, Heathfield, Battle Abbey, Hurstmonceux and Bodiam Castles, and Mr. Fuller's house and park. Some of them were engraved by W. B. Cooke for his "Views of Sussex."

Perhaps the best action of John Fuller's life was his purchase of Bodiam Castle in 1828. There was some danger of its demolition, and this magnificent building now still stands in its flowery moat, saved by the friend of Turner. Its present owner is

the Right Hon. G. Cubitt, who purchased it from Mr. Fuller's descendants, and repaired it, in 1864.

Until a few years ago, Ashburnham Place (the Earl of Ashburnham's) contained the finest private collection of MSS., Latin and European, ever made by a nobleman. Our East-end is like some other East-ends—it has the



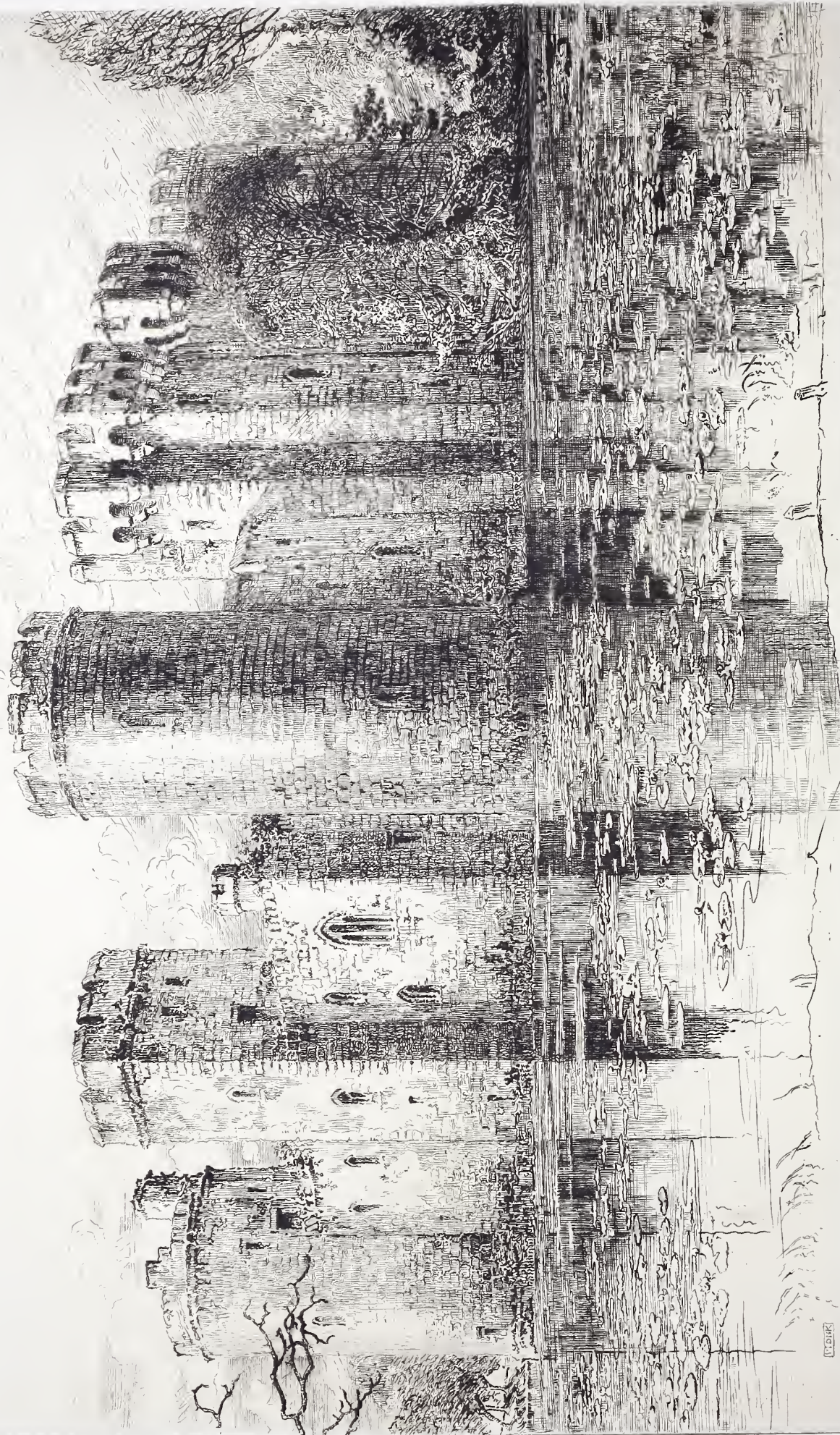
Seacox Heath.

By W. Monk, R.E.



MONK

Bodiam Castle and Bridge
By W. Monk, R.E.



An original Engraving by William Monk, R.E.

Rodiam Castle, Suisse.

picturesqueness of a once dramatic past. It may not be generally known that Mr. G. L. Courthorpe, M.P. for the Rye division of Sussex, is Hereditary Father of the present House of Commons, as lineal descendant of the Sir G. Courthorpe of 1661. Though some other great mansions also represent social leadership—as Eridge Castle, the Marquis of Abergavenny's, Seacox Heath, seat of the late Viscount Goschen, who was one of the county magistrates for Burwash Petty Sessions, and Normanhurst Court, Lord Brassey's—wealth and fashion have tended to pass to the West-end, and show themselves at Goodwood, Petworth, and Arundel.

One Kipling locality, Dymchurch, is just over the Kentish border, with its wonderful sea-wall, which was an ancient thing even in Henry III.'s time, with all its old rights and duties. This is alluded to in the charming "Three-Part Song" above quoted:—

"I've loosed my mind for to out and run
On a Marsh that was old when Kings begun;
Oh Romney Level and Brenzett reeds,
I reckon you know what my mind needs!" *

* From *Puck of Pook's Hill*. By permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

(To be continued.)

Mr. Kipling's Verse.*

TO think of Mr. Kipling is to think of a robust inspiration which has produced immortal works. The source of that inspiration is often the glorious spirit which has made the British nation something more than has ever been in the history of the world. When we speak of the men who have from century to century built up the prestige and power of our island race, we like to think that

the best characteristics of the people spring from the strength and beauty of the countryside, and from the dignity of the rolling waters about our islands. It is so, in fact; and Mr. Kipling's verse, even when concerned apparently with men and their machines, is derived really from the earth and the sea which compose the British Empire. Other poets have found more inspiration in the details of the landscape, in the domestic affairs of the nation; but when the Kipling note, the patriotic note of country, is struck, it vibrates with an open-air expression which has never been felt before.

* *The Five Nations, The Seven Seas, Departmental Ditties, Barrack Room Ballads*. Uniform edition. (Methuen and Co. 4 vols. 6s. each.)

Royal Academy Election.

THE general assembly of Academicians and Associates held at Burlington House on the evening of January 27th was for the purpose of filling three vacancies in the ranks, and of electing an additional Honorary Foreign Academician, a class in which the numbers are not limited. The two R.A.-ships which had to be filled were those of Mr. R. W. Macbeth, who retired a few months ago, and of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, M.V.O., who resigned in December. The vacant Associateship was that of Mr. Clausen, promoted to be one of the Forty in January, 1908. It was known that a sculptor and an architect were wanted in the Schools, so that there was no surprise when choice fell upon Mr. William Goscombe John and Mr. John Belcher. Mr. Goscombe John, son of the Sculptural-carver to the late Marquis of Bute, born at Cardiff in 1860, came to London at the age of twenty-two, and after attending Mr. Frith's class at Lambeth entered the Academy Schools in 1884. Despite a successful career there, he failed in 1887 to secure the blue ribbon for his group 'An Act of Mercy.' It went to Sir George Frampton. On the advice of Leighton, Mr. John then visited Italy and Greece, and in 1889 tried a second time for the gold medal. He succeeded; moreover, Sir L. Alma-Tadema at once commissioned the young artist to carry out in bronze the blue-ribbon group, 'Parting.' In 1896 Mr. Goscombe John's 'Boy at Play' was bought by the Chantrey Trustees for £500; in January, 1899, he was made an Associate. Among many notable works from his hand there may be named the colossal bronze statue of the seventh Duke of Devonshire at Eastbourne; the memorial relief to men and officers of the Coldstream Guards who fell in the South

African War, and the Sullivan Memorial in St. Paul's Cathedral; the altar-tomb and recumbent effigy of the late Marquis of Salisbury soon to be placed in Westminster Abbey, the model of which was at Burlington House in 1908.

Mr. John Belcher, generally acknowledged to be one of our most scholarly and able architects, designed the new Town Hall at Colchester, the buildings of the Eastern Telegraph Company, the offices of the Royal London Friendly Society, and, among other buildings, Winchester House, Old Broad Street. He gained the gold medal at the Paris Exhibition of 1900, the year that he was made an Associate. In "Essentials in Architecture" Mr. Belcher thoughtfully defines architecture "not as a science plus art, but a science interpenetrated in all its methods and applications by the spirit of art."

Mr. Bertram Mackennal, probably the first Australian to become an Associate, was born at Melbourne in 1863. He came to London in 1882, and a year later entered the R.A. Schools, remaining, however, only a brief period, for la ville lumière attracted him irresistibly. Mr. Mackennal designed the pediment for the new Government Offices in Whitehall, where most of the figures are nine feet high. Twice he has received Chantrey honours: in 1907 his charming group, 'Earth and the Elements,' was bought for 350 guineas, in 1908 his 'Diana' for £1,000. Work by no other artist has been bought in two successive years. Mr. William Orpen, whose name appeared on the nomination list for the first time, is said to have received considerable support. Other new names were those of Mr. T. Austen Brown, the Hon. Duff Tollemache, Mr. J. Havard Thomas, and Mr. Albert H. Hodge.

M. Jean Paul Laurens, the new Honorary Foreign Academician, was born as long ago as 1838 at Fourquevaux. He left his native village as a boy, and at first had a hard struggle. After the war of 1870, however, he began to be recognised as a foremost historical painter; in 1877 the Medal of Honour at the Salon fell to him, in 1891 he was made a member of the Institut. 'The Last Moments of Maximilian,' 'Francis Borgia before the coffin of Queen Isabella,' decorative panels in the Pantheon and at Toulouse are among the works which have served to spread recognition of M. Laurens' talent in historical and decorative kinds.

Scottish Art.*

STEADFAST, open-eyed and open-minded observation is the basis of Mr. Caw's able work, which will receive cordial welcome from all intelligent readers. Even those not already aware of his well-deserved repute for capacity to organise and sift available material, for sound judgment issuing from first-hand study, have but to scan a few pages to be convinced on these points. For a decade and more Mr. Caw has had this monumental work in preparation, and now that it has appeared it takes immediate place as a standard on the subject. Scotland has been contemptuously dismissed as "that knuckle-end of England, that land of Calvin, oat-cakes and sulphur"; Scottish art, certain unenlightened folk still contend, began with Raeburn and ended with Wilkie. Mr. Caw demonstrates the falsity of such parochial and prejudiced utterances. His detailed survey of the wide and intricate field is remarkably thorough, remarkably impartial. About three-fifths of the nearly 500 closely-printed pages are given to "The Present," for it stands to Mr. Caw's credit that he has had the courage to extend his analysis to art that is going on, to living painters who, with varying success, aim to add a precious seeing to the eye. Not unceasing industry alone, but an instinct for essential fact are evidenced by the scores of biographies here to be found. Of far more importance, however, is the ability to take a general view, to suggest relationships between an artist and his environment, between this group of painters and that. Reticence is said to be a characteristic of the Scot, and Mr. Caw seldom or never indulges in unalloyed praise. On each of his suns in the firmament of art there is a spot. The cumulative effect of this judiciously tempered enthusiasm is to show, not so much the value of the rod of criticism when wreathed with roses, as that wisely apportioned blame admirably serves to throw into relief fine qualities elsewhere indicated. While avoiding abstruse technicalities, Mr. Caw rightly emphasises the importance of technique, and again and again concentrates attention on this aspect of an artist's work. He takes a catholic view, for the reason that he is fully aware that canons accepted here or there, at this time or that, are subject to change; in a word, that in art, as in life, there is no such thing as finality. From George Jamesone to trenchant Sir George Reid, from William Aikman or David Allan to Mr. Robert Alexander and his talented son Edwin, from Raeburn to Mr. Muirhead Bone—for etchers are not left out of account

—from David Scott to Mr. D. V. Cameron, from Thomson of Duddingstone to Mr. William MacTaggart, Mr. E. A. Walton, and Mr. E. A. Hornel, from Wilkie to Scott-Lauder and his distinguished pupils to many a young aspirant of to-day—all along the line Mr. Caw preserves his perspicuity of sight, his veracity of statement, his attitude of calm, candid yet sympathetic observation. As is inevitable, we feel disposed to value somewhat differently the work of many artists, past and present. Moreover, the author's analyses of æsthetic impulse and whence it springs are by no means invariably convincing. Thus, he takes it for granted that the material facts of nature create—for that is the word used—the emotions felt by artists in the presence of nature. Therein, however, lies one of the mysteries of genius—never, perhaps, quite to be fathomed. But on the whole Mr. Caw is singularly undogmatic, as is frequent with writers of weight. His wisdom in scorn of consequence, his serious and within certain prescribed limits exhaustive survey of Scottish painting, will without doubt meet with the acknowledgment, the respect, it so amply deserves. The oftener "Scottish Painting" is used for reference purposes, the more clearly are its merits realised—and no higher praise could be given. The seventy-six plates are of almost as many genuinely representative works.

Frank Short, A.R.A.*

MR. FRANK SHORT, by general consent, is unexcelled—may we not say unequalled?—among interpretative engravers of to-day. It was fitting, then, that a descriptive catalogue of his original and interpretative works should appear; and none is more competent than Mr. Strange to treat the subject. Mr. Short has the craftsman's joy in the use of tools and materials. He reverences technique, but less as an end than as an essential of expression. His knowledge of engraving and etching, based on years of patient practice, is intimate and as nearly exhaustive as may be. Averse from anything in the nature of trickiness, Mr. Short, in precept and practice, declares that a noble design must be built up of noble parts. Did nothing more stand to his credit, the plates completing Turner's "Liber Studiorum" might almost serve for us to "light the spring of the year more than the most cloudless sunshine on its golden hills," as, in a letter to the artist, Ruskin said they did for him. "You are doing all these things simply as well as they could be done," added the exigent critic, "and I believe Turner has got through Purgatory by this time, and his first stage in Paradise is at your elbow." But in addition to the Liber plates Mr. Short has finely translated into black-and-white some of the great pictures of Watts, landscapes by Peter De Wint and Constable, portraits by Reynolds, powerful marines by Turner. His original work, too, reveals not only an admirable technical equipment, but a delicacy of perception, a feeling for rhythm and significance, that compel respect. Mr. Strange describes eleven lithographs and 285 etchings, drypoints, mezzotints, aquatints, and soft-ground etchings, this exclusive of the Liber series. No collector can afford to be without the Catalogue.

* *Scottish Painting, Past and Present, 1620-1908.* By James L. Caw, Director of the National Galleries of Scotland. (T. C. & E. C. Jack. 21s. net.)

* *The Etched and Engraved Works of Frank Short, A.R.A., R.E.* By Edward F. Strange. (George Allen, 21s. net.)



On the Ramparts, Montreuil.

By Philip Connard.

Philip Connard.

By Frederick Wedmore.

PHILIP CONNARD—to the General Public, the name is not a familiar one, and again am I concerned, much to my happiness, with a painter whom mainly those who look out sympathetically for new, strong work, have discerned, admired, carefully remembered.

Yet Mr. Connard is not a beginner. He is at that interesting point in any man's life-history, at which, having shown conclusively to those who know, what is the stuff of which he is made—having, indubitably, by strength of talent, emerged from the crowd—it remains to be seen what is the precise degree of artistic accomplishment and public acceptance which he will attain and what indeed is the goal that he will finally reach. In saying this I scarcely expose myself to the accusation of classing Mr. Connard among the "promising." The "promising"—if we use the word carefully, and in no place but its right one—are students with their

first successes at the Schools, or very youthful people who, in the midst of certain difficulties, have contrived to give sign that along with immaturities, or with faults, even, which may never be mended, they have something unusual, something of their own. Four or five years ago—perhaps yet a little more lately—that word "promising" might have been used of Mr. Connard without offence or injustice. I think it now inappropriate. Inappropriate it has surely been, during already two or three seasons of Picture-Exhibitions. Mr. Connard, for the last two or three years, has been giving, not promises, but performances, brilliant and worthy.

The best part of his life, of course, should still be in the Future, and with the biography of the living and especially of the young I am not in the least concerned. Or—to put that matter more accurately—I am concerned with it, with any of its details—only in my private thought, and in so far

only as one feels that the knowledge of this fact here, and of that fact there, throws light upon the work done, and the work still to be done—is commentary upon that which is accomplished, or indication of that which is to come. That a man is at heart a serious, independent artist—that his life is ordered in some accordance with the place and influence and dignity which may be his—that so, production, and fine production, is facilitated, and not hindered—all this it is agreeable and comforting and even valuable to know. All this. And, I think, not much more.

Nothing more, perhaps, but a few little guiding facts—we do not disdain the mile-stone that tells us where we are, or the finger-post that points the way. And so about Mr. Philip Connard—before I try my hand at a brief summary of his characteristics, at some slight hints at that which differentiates him, not only from the mass of painters who can come to nothing, but from some of the more gifted brethren in whom we must recognise his peers—it is well to set down what presently, if not to-day, *Who's Who* has got to inform us. And that is just the following: that Mr. Connard, with not too prolonged opportunities of what we call “general education,” contrived, when he was twenty—

in 1896, that was—to get a Scholarship which brought him up from Southport, which was his birthplace, into Kensington (it was for Ornamental Design he got that first scholarship); that his two years at South Kensington produced another Scholarship, which made it possible for him to go to Paris, to Julian's; that after not too long a sojourn he returned to England, to a period of obscurity and further preparation; that he began to send things—minor things, perhaps necessarily immature, to picture galleries; that he did for the booksellers a little illustration of literary themes generally worthy; that in 1900 he saw three drawings of his exhibited at the Academy (they were the first that had anywhere found acceptance in public); and then, as to the Exhibitions that he sent to, he tells me that he “gets a little vague,”—I make no effort to disperse the mists. Suffice it to say now, where I myself remember to have seen him—though I, too, get a little vague when it becomes a question of marshalling his efforts in these places in strictly chronological order; but in any case I have seen him, marked him, during the last two or three years, at the New English Art Club, at the junior Society of Portrait Painters—an interesting body, now, I am told, dissolved—



Interior of a Restaurant.

By Philip Connard.

and at the Goupil Gallery on at least two occasions. One of these was when, along with Mr. Gerard Chowne, Mr. Alfred Hayward (and who else indeed was it?) he had quite a group of his pictures and oil sketches; the other was at the "Goupil Gallery Salon," only last Autumn—and the last two years, may I say, have been years of tremendous advance.

And now, the pictures and their character: their range—to some extent their painter's aims in them—aims, by the bye, which are not narrowly confined, which are not certain to be cherished continuously, a fact, I think indicated in a few words written to me by Connard just lately: "Perhaps Rembrandt and Turner appeal to me most—that is, at present. Next week it may be Titian." And one may add, the actual influence upon his work, of any one among the Great Masters he names, is hard to detect. Roughly and broadly stated, the truth appears to be, he is more likely to go on admiring—to go on being "appealed to"—than to show from any quarter, however Classic or however Modern, the sign of direct influence. Indirectly Connard is apt, I take it, to be influenced, and certainly to be charmed rather by the masters of Colour than by the masters of Form. Were it otherwise, it would not be a good look-out for him at all, as a pure painter. I am disposed to call Philip Connard a born colourist, and to add, that while not always or necessarily working in a high key, he does seem specially enamoured of colour in keen light, and specially proficient in the realisation of it.

Does that perhaps give us the clue for finding a certain unity in what is, as the nominal subject, the obvious variety of Connard's effort? Does it bring together under the bond of allied aim that fancy portrait, 'Lady in a Green Dress'—and here I must take the opportunity of saying that very characteristic is his skill and his delight in bringing into a canvas some little touch or larger patch or more substantial tract even of vivid green—are there brought together, we were asking, under the bond of allied aim, pieces in theme so different as 'Lady in a Green Dress,' 'Preparing for the Walk' (a canvas in the Welsh National Museum), 'On the Ramparts, Montreuil,' 'Interior of a Restaurant,' and



Preparing for the Walk.

By Philip Connard.

those Flower-pieces which are all that yet represent this artist at the new picture gallery in Dublin?

About Flower-pieces, I happen to know that Connard's admiration of past or present achievements in this matter has its limits, easily reached. Nothing, he thinks, reflects light so keenly and abundantly as flowers do. And it is in a cascade of light that he elects, generally, to paint his flowers; and the pictures gain the quality he seeks—and they miss, perhaps, here and there a little, qualities great also, that he does not actively seek after and enjoy. I call his Flower painting—so far as one yet knows it—an interesting variation on much that has existed previously, and not by any means inevitably an improvement on it. Still, admitting this, one must concede also that, like Francis James in Water-colour, and like Diaz or Vollon in the medium that is particularly his own, Connard, in Flower-painting, gives life to his scene.

"Life to his scene." He gives life to his scene, however, in nearly everything he paints. Of the bare, spacious room in 'Preparing for the Walk,' notwithstanding the four



Vauxhall.

By Philip Connard.

Human creatures, it is the sunshine that is the dominant influence, the room's most important inhabitant. It is so too, in 'Interior of a Restaurant'—notwithstanding the presence of that very well set-up young couple at the first of the long row of sunny tables. And the keen light and the breeze of a gay day, in the picture 'On the Ramparts, Montreuil,' have their effect upon the two young women—

he tells me David Muirhead was painting at the same time in the neighbourhood, and I can well believe it—for the mere scene of Mr. Connard's landscape is certainly his also, and so also is its tone. The Eastern Counties painters—this incident reminds me—themselves went generally to the great Dutch landscape painters as the source of their art, and its exemplar, and in 'Landscape near Eccles' Mr.

sitting and standing figures—communicating brightness, "suggesting" to them—that is the word—"suggesting," in the modern sense of "suggestion," an elasticity and grace of carriage and action not theirs at every moment—for how much does man's and woman's carriage vary, not only with the actual occupation, but with the thought and mood of the hour.

But there is a landscape of Connard's in which Life is given to the scene by an illumination less radiant; it is a landscape with wafts of air less stimulating. And that is a Norfolk landscape, 'Landscape near Eccles.' There is another Eccles in Yorkshire, I believe; but Mr. Connard shows us a great stretch of Norfolk country—



Landscape near Eccles, Norfolk.

By Philip Connard.



A Woman seated at a Table.
By Philip Connard.



A Spanish Lady.
By Philip Connard.

Connard went to them—went to them just as surely, or in his method had them in his mind just as much as David Muirhead on occasions more numerous. For Muirhead is of the true succession—of Rembrandt, Ruysdael, and De Koninck he habitually may more or less remind us. With Connard, this piece was an exception, and in a method now at least unfamiliar to him, with an unwonted attention to tone—low tone—he produced this impressive thing.

And it will be understood that the gulf fixed between this picture and those later canvases on which my comments happen to have been earlier made, is caused, not by inequality of merit, but by diversity of intention. The very existence of that gulf—or its apparentness—is evidence, to some extent, of that extreme flexibility of talent which has been pointed out already as among the chief of Connard's characteristics. Did one require to mention in a single line another characteristic that is as marked—that is of the very essence of the matter—one would say (but the reader has guessed what one would say already)—one would say, of course, genius for Colour. "Genius" is not too strong a word; for Connard's colour sense is a sense, it seems to me, inevitably right—I use that word then, even while I remember Fantin's satirical remark to me, that now-a-days every young man has "genius," though for the great old men "talent" was somehow enough. "Genius for Colour." And did one require to name, too, the chief of



Bathers.

By Philip Connard.

Connard's present pre-occupations, one would declare, I suppose, with no less hesitation, that it is pre-occupation with Light.

The British Museum.

STRANGELY enough, the 150th "birthday"—*i.e.*, its opening to the public—of the British Museum synchronised with the 50th of the National Portrait Gallery. All things considered, the British Museum possesses treasure which, for worth and variety combined, can hardly anywhere else be equalled. "What survives of the Seven Wonders of the World may mainly be seen in London"; and in this sense London means to a remarkable degree the British Museum. Nor is it "un-sunned heaps of miser's treasure," for scholars from all over the world frequent and profit by the collection, ancient and modern, Oriental and Western, artistic and bibliographical, now housed in Bloomsbury. You may pass from an Egyptian figure authoritatively wrought six thousand years ago to the sketch-book of Charles Wellington Furse, from a monster winged bull, human-headed, shaped in Assyria, to an "impression" of the East by Arthur Melville, from the very earliest examples of printing, which have hardly ever been surpassed, to a book of the Kelmescott or the Doves Press. One of the chief glories of the Museum, of course, is the series of marbles from the Parthenon. Payne-Knight, the great antiquarian of his day, denounced them as "not Greek, but Roman, of the time of Hadrian." Fortunately, his opposition to their purchase did not prevail, otherwise the Elgin Marbles might long ere now have been out of this country. The romance of the British Museum is nowhere better expressed than in Rossetti's 'Burden of Nineveh.'



A Lady with a Shawl.

By Philip Connard.

Silk Weaving in Spitalfields.—II.*

By Luther Hooper.

WITH regard to the kind of work produced in the most prosperous time in Spitalfields (1689 to 1800), it is difficult to distinguish it from French and Italian weaving of the same period; for naturally the foreign weavers brought over their traditional patterns with them, each weaver knowing only a few designs, and probably keeping that knowledge as much to himself as possible. Many dresses have been preserved, made of silk damasks and brocades, which it may be supposed were made of English silk, as from the end of the seventeenth century to the beginning of the nineteenth foreign silks were excluded by law from this country. It is, however, impossible to speak with certainty of particular samples, for no doubt a great quantity (as was the case with other forbidden and heavily taxed goods) was smuggled in by the "free traders" of that time.

The material of the dresses illustrated on this page, which are undoubtedly of the period in question and of English make, is most probably a silk brocade woven in Spitalfields. It has characteristics in common with many brocades used in such garments which rather distinguish it from French silks, although it is more akin to those of Italy. One is the free use of flat metal in the brocading, instead of the silk and metal twist common in French work. Another is the greater solidity and harshness of the ground, owing to its being beaten closer in the weaving, and a third is a less refined and harmonious colouring than is generally to be found especially in the French work of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

A great deal of light is thrown on the subject of the silk designs of the early eighteenth century by a set of drawings which were acquired by the South Kensington Art Library some years ago. They were evidently the property of one of those middlemen mentioned before, and were purchased by him from various designers, whose names are given in a beautifully written index. Of these designers eight are French and six English. The most frequent name is "Anna Maria Garthwaite." Some of her designs are marked "before I came to London," and one "when I was in Yorkshire." It is interesting to notice that the designs marked in that way are poor and slight, but that those signed by her of later date are some of the finest and strongest of the whole set, which consists of over a hundred drawings. The designs in this collection are dated from 1715 to 1754.

THE DECLINE OF THE TRADE (1800-1908).

The causes of the decline of the Spitalfields silk-weaving industry are several, and have now to be considered.

We have seen that the industry was introduced and grew to a great degree of prosperity whilst it was carried on by small master weavers in their own workshops. We have also seen that a class of middlemen or warehousemen arose, who employed large numbers of weavers, owned the machinery, and invested capital in manufacture. The result of this development was, that frequent disputes between the workmen and their employers arose, many appeals to legislation were made, and much litigation was resorted to by both parties in their quarrels, to the great detriment of the industry itself, as may naturally be supposed. The trade companies too became at this period, not associations of practical master weavers, journeymen and apprentices; but merely societies of middlemen and dealers who frequently had no practical knowledge of, or interest in the trade which it was the original object of the guild or company to promote. These disputes were indeed at length partially quieted by the passing of the "Spitalfields Act," which seems for a time to have satisfied all parties, but as the masters frequently endeavoured to evade the provisions of the Act, especially those relating to wages, the workmen combined in the formation of a trade society in order to



* Continued from page 56.



Silk Brocade. Probably English. Early eighteenth century.

provide the means of prosecuting those masters who violated the law.

The Spitalfields Act, although certainly beneficial for the purpose of regulating and fixing wages, was of most advantage to the silk manufacturers in other silk weaving districts, as it enabled them, by paying lower prices for work than those fixed by the London magistrates, to undersell the Spitalfields warehousemen in their own market, and so it was said much Spitalfields trade was lost and many looms caused to stand idle.

The repeal in 1816 of the Acts relating especially to the regulation of the system of apprenticeship, which had been in force since the time of Queen Elizabeth, brought disorganisation and disorder into many skilled trades; and the silk manufacture of Coventry, Nuneaton and Macclesfield as well as that of Spitalfields was said, in a parliamentary report, to "so have encouraged the growth of the system of sweaters and half-pay apprentices, that the journeymen were driven to famine and the female workers to prostitution." "Whilst the Statute of fifth Elizabeth was in force," says the report, "the distressing circumstances now complained of never occurred."

The strict prohibition of all foreign manufactured silk goods which was in force until 1825, although at the first perhaps favourable to the Spitalfields in common with other British silk - weaving industries, became afterwards undoubtedly one of the causes of its decline. It prevented a healthy comparison and competition, not so much of price, as of quality, both artistic and technical. The average weaver, knowing that he had to fear no foreign rival, was apt to be contented and satisfied with his own attainments, and careless of doing better work, even if he regarded it as possible.

In 1811 the little "Trade Society of Spitalfields Weavers" consisted of eighty-three members who had been elected to represent the great body of weavers in all affairs concerning their work. One of these elected members, whose name was Samuel Sholl, wrote and published a pamphlet, the title-page of which sets forth that it is "A short historical account of the Silk Manufacture in England from its earliest introduction down to the present time, with some remarks on the

Patterns Drawn in 1745

<i>Capit Baker</i>	<i>M. Baker</i>
<i>a. Blue</i>	<i>a. Blue</i>
<i>a. Yellow</i>	<i>a. Yellow</i>
<i>a. Green</i>	<i>a. Green</i>
<i>a. Red</i>	<i>a. Red</i>
<i>a. Purple</i>	<i>a. Purple</i>
<i>a. White</i>	<i>a. White</i>
<i>a. Black</i>	<i>a. Black</i>
<i>a. Grey</i>	<i>a. Grey</i>
<i>a. Brown</i>	<i>a. Brown</i>
<i>a. Orange</i>	<i>a. Orange</i>
<i>a. Pink</i>	<i>a. Pink</i>
<i>a. Lavender</i>	<i>a. Lavender</i>
<i>a. Emerald</i>	<i>a. Emerald</i>
<i>a. Sapphire</i>	<i>a. Sapphire</i>
<i>a. Ruby</i>	<i>a. Ruby</i>
<i>a. Garnet</i>	<i>a. Garnet</i>
<i>a. Topaz</i>	<i>a. Topaz</i>
<i>a. Amethyst</i>	<i>a. Amethyst</i>
<i>a. Opal</i>	<i>a. Opal</i>
<i>a. Pearl</i>	<i>a. Pearl</i>
<i>a. Diamond</i>	<i>a. Diamond</i>
<i>a. Emerald</i>	<i>a. Emerald</i>
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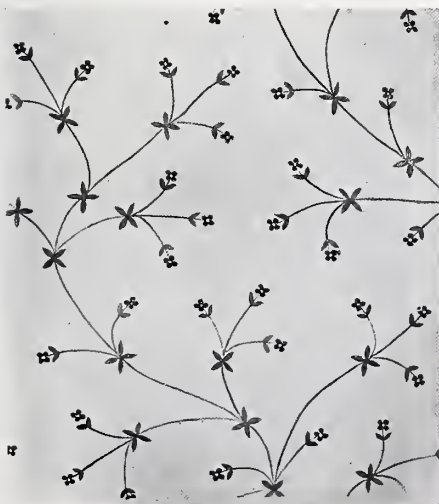
Design, "before I came to London."

By Anna Maria Garthwaite.

much deliberation was, to quote from the author's preface, "The weaving of that great curiosity, the National Flag, which perhaps will excite admiration for ages to come. Another great aim of the author is to preserve from false representation the work itself, to hand down to posterity a true statement of it, and the names and addresses of all who took part in it, thus proving that no foreigner had any part in the work."

This gallant attempt on the part of the operative weavers to check the growing public desire for French silks—which were undoubtedly finer both in colour and texture at this time than the English—met with very little success and aroused none of the public interest which it deserved, considering the time and money—the latter subscribed by the weavers themselves—spent upon it. When it was finished, a card of invitation to view the work was sent to many of the "nobility and gentry," but, sad to say, only one

person responded and came to the exhibition. The flag was then sent to the Society of Arts, who approved of it, and sent, on its return, a donation of £10 towards its cost. The expenses of the work—£500—left the little trade society in embarrassed circumstances,



Design, "before I came to London."

By Anna Maria Garthwaite.

state of the trade." The author's remarks on the state of the trade are gloomy; however, his chief object appears to be to give an account of the means taken by the society to prove the superiority of the English weavers and their productions to those of any other nation. The plan agreed upon after

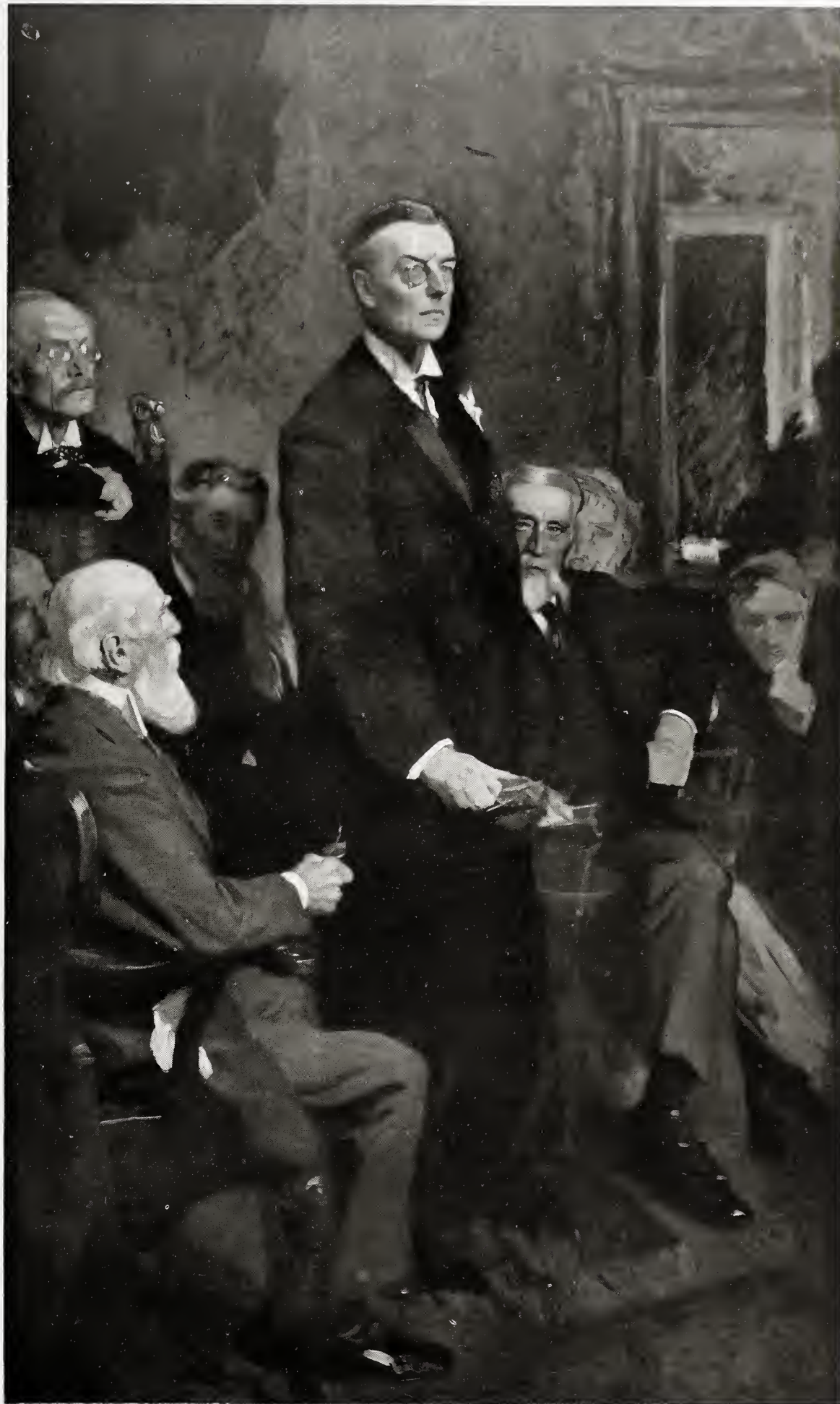


Design, "when I was in Yorkshire."

By Anna Maria Garthwaite.

from which apparently it never recovered, and led to its being eventually broken up. The banner must have been a wonderful work of rather misguided effort. It was designed by a well-known painter of the time, who probably knew nothing of the technique of silk weaving. It was 8 feet high, and probably—for the author does not mention the width—4 feet 6 inches wide, this width being made up of 63,000 threads of fine silk. The weaving was double, so that both sides were alike, and it took two weavers and their assistants three years to prepare and weave the eight feet of material. The illustration of the weavers' banner (p. 82) is reproduced from an engraving. The banner itself is said to have been stolen from the public-house in Bethnal Green where it was kept, only a few years after it was made. The theft was, of course, attributed to the jealous French rival weavers; but, whoever was the thief, the banner has never been heard of since.

The invention of the power loom and its gradual introduction for making cotton, woollen, and plain silk goods, was another factor in the decline of the Spitalfields silk trade, as was also the rise of the "Great Industry," as it was called, of Manchester and other midland and northern towns, in which machinery played so great a part. A large number of Spitalfields weavers had always been employed in making plain and simple fancy silks, and these, it was found, could be successfully and more cheaply woven in bulk and quantity on the newly-invented machine looms. For the higher classes of work, however, the hand loom weaver still held his own, and even up to the present time in those branches of silk weaving has still retained his superiority.



THE RT. HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.

UNFINISHED PAINTING BY CHARLES FURSE, A.R.A.

(By permission of the Worshipful Company of Cordwainers.)

uses the English language in such a way as to compel respect and kindle enthusiasm, Mr. Binyon lifts the curtain a little, and indicates the existence of an art which in its kind has never been surpassed. We rejoice to see that he traverses the widely-accepted view—based, surely, on altogether inadequate evidence—that while Western art is mainly concerned with form, or the intellectual aspect of things, Eastern art is and has always been mainly concerned with colour, or the sensuous content in things. Once and for all Mr. Binyon disposes of this false proposition. Innumerable pearls of thought and of expression are discoverable in these learned, eloquent, and imaginatively moving pages. We must be content to quote one brief passage as to the tyranny of the tangible as distinct from the sovereignty of thought and emotion, of harmony and rhythm.

“We can learn to distrust this tendency, absorbed from an age of triumphant science, to set up an external objective standard, asking of a picture whether it correctly represents the objects it portrays, instead of asking to what service the materials have been used, and whether it is a real experience to our souls. Our art, like our civilisation, too often defeats its own ends; in the thirst for reality it falls into indiscriminate acceptance, and loses or obscures essentials. The art and life of the East stand, with far more constancy, for a finely valuing choice.”

One of many results of the appearance of this book, which enhances appreciation for the revealing power of great art, will be to bring into prominence some of the glorious examples of Oriental painting in the British Museum. No doubt Mr. Binyon will in due time supplement this introductory volume by a more detailed survey. The East indubitably has still a message for the West.

The Perfect Courtier.*

IN “The Age of the Despots” John Addington Symonds wrote: “It is curious to observe how unchangeable are the laws of real politeness and refinement. Castiglione’s courtier is, with one or two points of immaterial difference, a modern gentleman, such as all men of education at the present day would wish to be.” Since Hoby’s translation of 1561, *Il Cortegiano* has enjoyed wide popularity in this country, but little has been written about “The Perfect Courtier” himself. Mrs. Ady has satisfied this want. She realises that it is an essential of an historian to be at the same time an artist, and in her picturesque style has compiled a wonderfully interesting biography. Around the central figure are ranged most of those names which form the History of the Papacy and the Italian States as they existed in the Golden Days of the Renaissance: names familiar to all readers of Guicciardini, De Comines, and Da Porto. The tale is fraught with incident in historic surroundings. Starting from the curt acquiescence which the Marquis of Mantua gave to Castiglione’s request for permission to serve Guidobaldo, we read of the Court of Urbino, which set the model of good breeding to all Europe.

At Urbino, Castiglione enjoyed the friendship of the Duke and Elisabetta Gonzaga,—“the rarest lady of her times,” said Clement VII.—of Emilia Pia, Bembo, and Raphael of Urbino—“Your Raphael” Gian Cristoforo calls him in the dialogues of the *Cortegiano*. Leaving this “paradise on earth,” with its society of “studious and cultivated persons,” the Count’s diplomatic missions introduce Julius II. and Louis XII., and the aim of the former, “to drive the French out of Italy,” is well brought out. The accounts of the patient efforts of Madonna Luigia to provide her son with a suitable wife may raise a smile; the touching story of Italy in her days of darkness recalls the heart-rending cry for a deliverer with which Machiavelli closed his *Il Principe*.

The turning-point in the Count’s life was the death of his beloved wife Ippolita. “From this time life had lost its charm for our courtier, and there was an undertone of sadness even in his letters.” All his duties, nevertheless, were faithfully performed, even when labouring under unjust suspicions. His integrity endeared him to all, and there was genuine grief at his death. When the news was brought to him, Charles V. said: “I tell you one of the finest gentlemen in the world is dead.” Beyond the authorship of *Il Cortegiano*, his title to fame rested on a charming personality, that quality most evasive and difficult of reproduction. Yet, in these volumes Castiglione lives with all his delicacy and grace. We know of his country, seething with treacheries, over-run by foreign invaders thirsting for dominion, lorded over by petty native tyrants whose sole aim was self-aggrandisement. We turn in horror from Popes of that period: the wicked incestuous Borgia with his abnormally cruel son Cesare, Leo X. with his intrigues, so natural to one named Medici, Clement VII. with his vacillations and lax ideas on keeping faith. The noble ideals and gentle virtues of Castiglione, the “just and faithful knight of God” form a happy contrast. His dignity and sweetness, his combination of knightly accomplishments with the learning of a student, show that under the shadow of Italian despotism is to be sought the type of the modern gentleman. If the book induces more readers to study *Il Cortegiano* for themselves—“the best book that was ever written on good breeding” said Dr. Johnson—it will have done its work.

The Glasgow School.*

WHAT is the “Glasgow School?” The question has been asked hundreds of times, the answers have been manifold. Perhaps the most annihilating answer of all was that given, according to report, at a meeting of artists who in public solemnly proclaimed that they were members of this Glasgow School. The answer was: “it had no existence, that the members did not have individual aims and ends in common.” Contrarily, it has been affirmed that a formal bond did once exist, that there was a constitution, a membership roll. Maybe, however, the bond was of a general character; as for instance, the

* *Baldassare Castiglione, the Perfect Courtier; His Life and Letters*, 1478-1529. By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady). (Murray. 2 vols. 30s. net.)

* *The Glasgow School of Painting*. By Professor G. Baldwin Brown. With 54 reproductions in photogravure by J. Craig Annan. (James Maclehose. 5 gs.)

painting of pictures to be looked *at*, not *through*—pictures which were primarily decorative. Whatever be the truth, and Professor Baldwin Brown hardly touches on this “historical” side of the subject, all must recognise that the volume under notice is one of the finest memorials in its kind ever raised to what we may call an interdependent fellowship of artists. Professor Baldwin Brown, though his theme may be less congenial than that of Rembrandt, writes instructively on the “School”—had it not been for common usage he would have substituted “group”—and its history, and his brief appreciations of the several artists and their work are uniformly discreet, sometimes penetrative. As to the fifty-four photogravure plates, they warrant all but unqualified praise. Mr. J. Craig Annan is not only one of the ablest photographer-craftsmen living, but, too, of the few who place their rare talent and fine taste at the service of the creative arts proper. Plate after plate renders as adequately as may be in “black-and-white” the qualities of the original paintings.

Glasgow is commonly associated with toil, glitter, grime and wealth, and surprise is frequently expressed that within the past few decades this commercial capital of Scotland should have become a cradle of art. But the half mythical founder of the city was, if we credit tradition, a creative artist. The Glasgow School as we know it, composed of painters born in various parts of Scotland, while two—Mr. Crawhall and Mr. Lavery—belong respectively to Morpeth in Northumberland and to Belfast, began to make itself felt in the late 1880's. In the summer of 1890 the International Exhibition at Munich included a number of important works by members of the group, the Bavarian Government buying several of them. Initially regarded as innovators, if not mere iconoclasts, their ideals are to-day

widely accepted, their principles as to the necessity of a decorative ensemble, of tonic harmonies, and so forth, are declared from the house-tops. There must have been some difficulty in selecting protagonists to represent the “School” in the present volume. The net might have been thrown wide enough, perhaps, to include Mr. William McTaggart, whose influence was admittedly great, and the claims of the late William Mouncey, the late John Reid Murray, and, among younger living artists, George Houston, were considerable. As it is, however, the prominent men have characteristic works reproduced. Of the nineteen painters and one sculptor—this Mr. MacGillivray—all are living save Arthur Melville. “East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,” is not applicable to Scottish art; for of the twenty “Glasgow boys” whose achievements Mr. Annan interprets so satisfyingly, ten, headed by Sir James Guthrie, the President, have been “enfolded” by the Royal Scottish Academy. The choice of pictures has on the whole been good, and it may be remarked in passing that a number of the works—among them Sir James Guthrie's ‘Marquis of Tullibardine,’ Mr. Crawhall's ‘The Aviary’ and ‘White Drake,’ Mr. George Henry's ‘Blue Gown,’ Mr. Alexander Roche's ‘Tête-à-tête,’ Mr. E. A. Walton's portrait, ‘J. W. Cruickshank’—have been illustrated in *THE ART JOURNAL*. Mr. Lavery's beautifully-phrased group of himself and his little girl, now in the Luxembourg, might with advantage have been given. The well-considered text, the brief biographical notices printed under the portraits of the several artists, and, pre-eminently, the admirably sensitive and faithful photogravure plates, give to this folio a character which is in fine accord with the “School,” to whose accomplishments and influence it emphatically testifies.

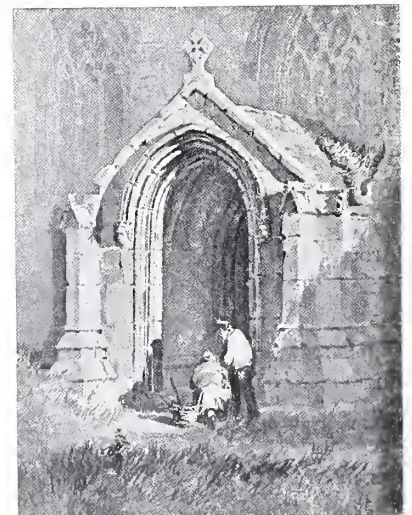
John Henry Leonard.

THERE is in the work of John Henry Leonard a certain directness of purpose which claims both respect and admiration, an evident intention to set down the facts of nature faithfully and yet sympathetically without making any parade of technical cleverness, but always with scholarly precision and workmanlike straightforwardness of method. He was an artist who thought less about asserting his own cleverness as an executant than about expressing simply and honestly the quiet charm of nature as he understood it—a type of worker rarer to-day than it was half a century ago—and he strove sincerely to acquire this understanding by persistent investigation and analysis of everything that came at all into the range of his artistic vision.

He had the advantage of being started in the right way at the very beginning of his career. The early influences under which his taste was formed were well calculated to develop his naturally sound instincts and to direct him towards that line of study in which, to a man of his temperament, there were the greatest possibilities of progress. Born in 1834, at Pattrington, Holderness, he lived from 1849 to 1860 at York, where he was engaged in architectural and lithographic drawing. But during his

life at York he became a pupil of William Moore, himself a fine artist, who was the father of those famous painters, John, Henry, and Albert Moore, and Leonard's intimacy with the Moore family, and especially with Henry Moore, with whom he continued on terms of close friendship for more than forty years, had undoubtedly much bearing on the manner of his artistic evolution.

After he left York, he spent a couple of years at Newcastle, and



N. Porch, Pattrington Church.

By J. H. Leonard.

then, in 1862, he settled in London. He was engaged there at first in architectural drawing for Messrs. T. H., and Digby Wyatt, but about 1863 he was able to satisfy the aspiration that from the first had possessed him, to devote himself entirely to pictorial work, and from that time onwards he steadily increased his reputation as a painter of landscapes and architectural subjects. His first exhibited picture, 'Ruins of Kirkham Priory, Yorkshire,' was shown at Manchester in 1865, and subsequently he contributed about a hundred paintings to the Royal Academy, the Suffolk Street Galleries, the Dudley Gallery, the International Exhibition in London, and to various provincial exhibitions. Of these exhibited works a considerable proportion were in water-colour, but he painted in oils also with much success, and his pictures in this medium are of notable quality.

In all his paintings the effects of his early training are very evident. The habit of exact statement was impressed upon him in his youth by the necessity for accuracy in his



Landscape near Kidwelly.

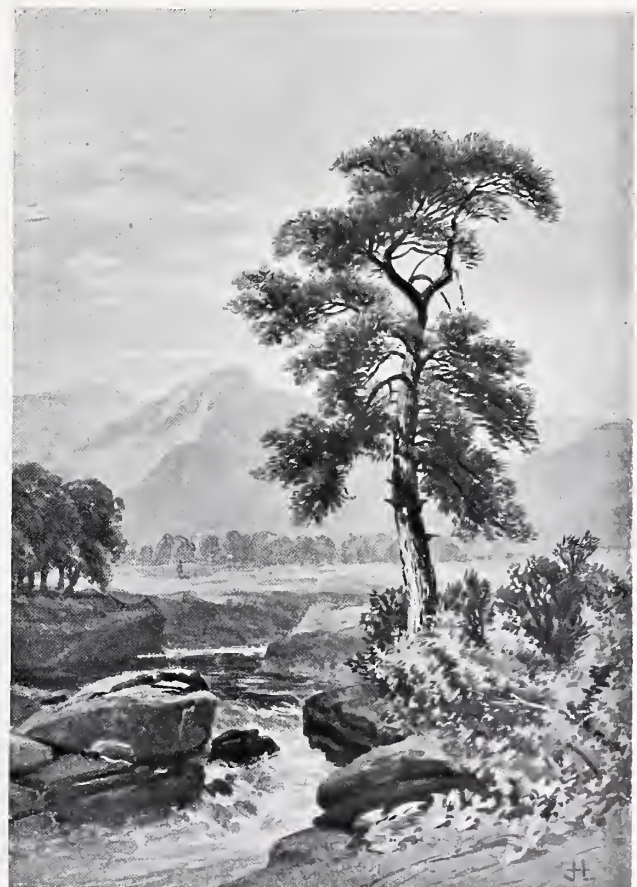
By J. H. Leonard.

architectural drawing, and his feeling for subtleties of atmospheric effect was encouraged by his association with William Moore first and later with Henry Moore. The combination of qualities at which he arrived by bringing together in the right proportion the precision of the architectural draughtsman and the delicate suggestion of the student of aerial elusiveness was as characteristic as it was unusual, and gave to his work a kind of quiet power that can be frankly enjoyed. But of course it would be foolish to



Kidwelly Castle.

By J. H. Leonard.



In the Ardennes, Belgium.

By J. H. Leonard.



The River Conway and Moel Garinon, Bettwsycoed.

By J. H. Leonard.

estimate his claims to attention from the standpoint of the modern fashion which sees merit only in aggressiveness. Leonard's work was never aggressive or demonstrative, it was not intended to capture the art lovers by its forcible insistence; it was rather designed to convince by a sort of logical and coherent argument proving step by step the correctness of the position taken up by the artist and the analytical exactness of his reasoning. Art of this type has a definite value, because by its deliberate avoidance of spectacular excesses it exercises a restraining influence upon the tendency of the times in which it is produced, and so is educationally important.

It can be accounted fortunate that Leonard, being an artist of so much sincerity and of such studious inclinations, should have had opportunities of impressing his views upon younger workers. He devoted a good deal of his time to teaching, and from 1886 to his death on March 21, 1904, was Professor of Landscape Painting at Queen's College, in Harley Street. But much engaged as he was in this direction, he did not relax his efforts to acquire a wider and more intimate knowledge of nature; he travelled far afield in

another way of gratifying his musical sense as well as his love of technical precision. In fact, he can be quoted as an excellent example of the intellectual artist, who could see that strenuous devotion to an exacting profession did not involve narrowness of mind and did not close to him those many other openings for mental activity which offer such fascinating prospects to the thinker and the man with a broad outlook upon life.



Winter: Clapham.

By J. H. Leonard.

search of material, and worked not only in the British Isles but abroad as well, in many parts of France, Holland, and Belgium.

His interests outside his art were many and various. A lover of music and endowed naturally with a fine baritone voice, he was for some while a member of a church choir; he was a first-rate oarsman and a good shot; and in his later years he was a keen student of astronomy, and of such diverse subjects as Egyptology and the history of the human race. Philosophical problems also interested him deeply and he was an omnivorous and discriminating reader of books. Campanology was another subject on which he was an authority—no doubt he found in it

A German "Modernist" on Art.*

THE new "system" of æsthetics enunciated in many tens of thousands of words by Herr Meier-Graefe is nothing if not revolutionary. One of his chief objects seems to be to throw a number of bombs. His fiercely expressed judgments startle and amuse. Of German scholarship, patience, balance erring on the side of scepticism, he has practically none. Residence in Paris appears to have swept it all away. The author is an ultra-modernist, though emancipation from codified restraint means in his case something far different from that spiritual emancipation aimed at by Father Tyrrell. He denounces the "portrait manufacturers" of eighteenth century England, he denies greatness to Turner—though he rhapsodises about an unauthentic example—he leaves un-named Mr. Alfred Gilbert, while he praises as a "young Englishman" Mr. John Tweed. Gainsborough, if you please, exercises a charm which "only excites a vain desire to see the costumes

perhaps without their wearers, or the wearers without the costumes." This magician "painted his portraits for the sake of a detail or a group of details, never forgot taste for elemental things, and allowed a piece of stuff to become more vital than his picture." Were Herr Meier-Graefe less delightfully irresponsible, were there not many mutually destructive passages, we should be disposed to quote what Tennyson said about half-truths. Nevertheless, the appearance in English of this work, wherein the author extols Constable, Hogarth, Alfred Stevens, Aubrey Beardsley, rails at Reynolds and his immediate successors, proclaims that the Pre-Raphaelites killed whatever art there was in this country—which is now destitute of painters of real distinction—exalts Courbet, Delacroix, Daumier and Rodin, makes excellent reading. As will be guessed, his enthusiasms have more substance than his antipathies. Herr Meier-Graefe's reverence for "fact" is not uniformly remarkable. For instance, he repeats the fiction that Antonello da Messina was the pupil of Van Eyck, though Jan died several years before the Italian master was born. The illustrations are numerous and well-chosen.

* *Modern Art. Being a contribution to a new system of æsthetics.* By Julius Meier-Graefe. From the German, by Florence Simmonds and George W. Chrystal. (Heinemann. 2 vols. 2 gs. net.)

The International Society.

By Frank Rinder.

THE ninth exhibition of the International Society—a title which suggests far, vast horizons—may be regarded in no small measure as a revolt against objective standards, against the results of merely scientific curiosity, concentrated on externality. The palpable must be to some extent illumined, else in art it is dead: we cannot be too often reminded of that. This, of course, is no new revolt, for art is one of the battle-grounds between science and intuition. In the man of genius the two combine—nay, are reconciled in such a way as to yield some inimitable issue, half thought, half thing. Thirteen centuries ago, Shakaku, an Oriental, who thus early practised that "most deleterious form of all literature," art criticism, laid down six canons of pictorial art. His first and sovereign canon was to image "the life-movement of the spirit through the rhythm of things." Several of our most learned, able and independent artist-critics, notably Professor Holmes, are re-proclaiming Shakaku's message: rhythm as the vital principle, lacking which, a picture or a piece of sculpture, no matter how near we think it comes to verisimilitude—at best a conventionalised verisimilitude—cannot be the little universe which thought and emotion demand. Professor Holmes adds that force and a certain novelty are essential qualifications of a picture. Surely, however, rhythm, which reveals a sense of internal harmony in terms of the external, involves both. Rhythm is the "something far more deeply interfused" which cannot be copied because it is wrought of the within and the without.

Its recognition is at once highly important and on occasions difficult. If there be warrant for regarding this rhythm—flux and reflux, order and energy, in poise, hinting at ever-becomingness—as the vital principle in art, its vestures must be innumerable; and even when the essence of rhythm is tracked down, it is found to inform work in varying degrees. "Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is." That is the conscious or unconscious supplication of the true artist. The issue depends, not only or chiefly on his technical equipment, but on his insight, his capacity to relate his art to the sum of things.

At few London exhibitions can there better be studied than at the International the current, almost one may say the fashionable rebellion against objectivity, as distinct from subjectivity more or less reconciled by rhythm to outward appearances. A rebel here and there only, however, makes good his position; yet in so far as effort is sincere, though mistaken, it is commendable. Work by certain deceased artists—masters several of them, unnecessarily given as "the late" in the catalogue—show that essentials can be captured in many guises. Manet's 'Plage de Boulogne' is pure magic of inspiration. Daumier's 'The Bathers,' a pregnant issue of the dilated eye, is audacious in its elimination of all that conflicts with the elemental interest. Delacroix's sketch, 'Justice,' is in colour idiosyncratically Venetian; in design an assimilation of Michelangelesque influences. Intensity of sight, emphasis, are substituted for breadth and elevation in Segantini's 'Water-Carrier,' the

pail she bears being almost of lapis-lazuli, lined with gold. The rather incongruous valour of Vincent Van Gogh, who modelled his flowers as it were in low relief, may be contrasted with the dainty reticence of Felicien Rops in the 'Paraphrase de Dames de Bruxelles.'

Two of the finest pictures by living artists hang on the same wall in the north room. Mr. William Nicholson, who succeeds with his black-pillared background only in 'The



(By permission of Messrs. Fisher Unwin.)

The Water-carrier.

By Giovanni Segantini.

Earl of Plymouth and family,' gives us a complete and original 'Still Life.' The white flowers, tinged with living green, the gleaming white bowl, the quaint Dutch figure, are exquisitely co-ordinated, and the blue gloves are a winning freak. Mr. D. Y. Cameron's 'Isles of the Sea' is a communion of earth and translucent, limpid water and sky; so to say, the evocation of a light-seeker, a seeker of exalted peace. It is spacious, subtle, serene. Power here is

manifest as ability to dispense with emphasis. The proportion of other pictures interesting in some way is considerable. There are, for instance, Mr. James Pryde's dramatically phrased 'Doctor,' a pair of brilliantly painted interiors by M. Blanche, Mr. Orpen's fluently forceful 'Young man from the West,' the pseudo-primitive 'Vierge à l'École' of M. Maurice Denis, Mr. Lavery's 'Mrs. Vulliamy,' done full length on an otherwise untouched canvas, Mr. G. Sauter's essay in shimmering colour, ineptly entitled 'Resurrection, to light—to life—weak humanity,' a pair of sensitively handled portraits by Mr. E. A. Walton, Mr. Oliver Hall's rich-toned 'Parham Forest,' Mr. Strang's 'The Interruption,' reminiscent of Vermeer's only dated picture, a cleverly brushed but in conception vulgar 'Sommeil fleuri' by M. Carodervaille, Mr. W. L. Bruckman's significantly defined 'Cathedral at Nantes,' naïve studies of children in landscapes by Mr. Arthur B. Davies, a new-comer, and imaginings by Mr. Charles Ricketts, the technique of which demands re-consideration. Mr. A. E. John, Mr. Crawhall, M. Louis Legrand, and, not least, Gavarni, are of those represented in the small south room.

Divorced from the profoundly moving group of which it forms a part, the colossal head of one of the burgesses of Calais, by M. Rodin, looks sensational, but his three works in marble on a smaller scale show how thought may shape stone. Augustus Saint-Gaudens is not seen as the master-

sculptor he is held to be in America, but it is fair to remember that there are fragments or photographs only of his most important works. Carpeaux, on the other hand, leaving out of account the great Ugolino group which was

at the Franco-British, stands forth in little sketches such as 'Maternité' and 'Femme couchée' as an artist who expressed as though by instinct the life-enhancing rhythm which united him to his subjects.

London Exhibitions.

New Gallery . . .	International Society.
Leicester Gallery . . .	Mr. Punch's Pageant.
Grafton Gallery . . .	United Arts Club.
Carfax Gallery . . .	Professor C. J. Holmes.
Goupil Gallery . . .	George Thomson.
" " . . .	Camsix Art Club.
Baillie Gallery . . .	Children's Exhibition.
" " . . .	Aron Jerndahl.
Fine Art Society . . .	Quartet of Roman Painters.
" " " . . .	A. Wallace Rimington.
New Dudley Gallery . . .	Baxter Prints.
Walker Gallery . . .	Old Aquatints.
Modern Gallery . . .	Royal Society of Miniature Painters.
Gutekunst Gallery . . .	Drawings by Rowlandson.
R.W.S. . . .	Landscape Exhibition.
R.I. . . .	Sketches and Studies.
R.B.A. . . .	Society of Women Artists.
Messrs. Dowdeswell's	R. Gwelo Goodman.

Leicester Gallery.—January as a month of art exhibitions observed piously one half of the office of its ancient god. There was so general an opening of art-gallery doors, that accepting the deed for the will, one might trace in Bond Street, Piccadilly, and Pall Mall East the influence of Janus, the door-keeper. But until exhibition doors open only at the presence of winners of immortality, the cause of opening must be assigned rather to machinery than to deity. If, however, some recent exhibitions would, under a dispensation of judgment, be promptly closed, one would not even be called in question. Mr. Punch is himself an immortal. His pageant at the Leicester Gallery reviewed in a witty glance sixty years of national history and manners. So many nimble spirits have inhabited the grotesque form of Mr. Punch since he first began his entertainment on paper, that to think of "Punch" is to think of a society, a sequence, of art. To say nothing of the literary "Punch," there is the "Punch" of Leech and Doyle and Thackeray, and the still more brilliant and far more penetrative "Punch" of Keene, Du Maurier, Tenniel, and Harry Furniss, which met and passed into the "Punch" of Linley Sambourne, Phil May, Raven Hill, Bernard Partridge, E. T. Reed, and the many other draughtsmen who have developed the directions of art, if not the art itself, of their fore-runners. "Punch,"

in fact, like all immortals, is multiplicity in unity, and his exhibition reflected the still unflagging spirit of sixty volumes of pictures and letterpress.

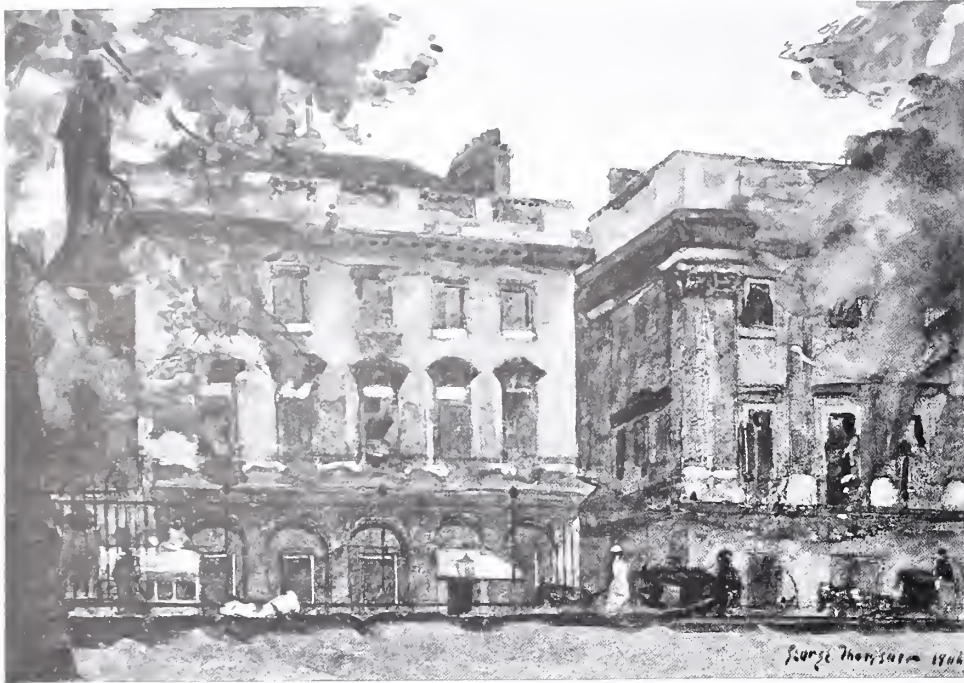
Carfax Gallery.—One epithet should now cease to be applied to the art of Professor Holmes. That is "scholarly." His pictures and drawings at the Carfax Gallery proved its inadequacy to express his venturesome technique, his ardour and originality of perception. This art is no merely intellectual expression. It has pre-eminently the poetic quality which is "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge." It dares as much as it calculates, and presses into lonely regions as one of the living things drawn by the voice which is heard like love to the crags and caverns of the Witch of Atlas, the enchanting birth of the severed mountains. Not that the idea implicit in these mountain paintings is that we are, or as yet can be, made one with the spirit of beauty whose utterance is the mountain adamant. We people are below, out of sight, in these pictures. Empty roads, a ruin, the blanched roofs of buildings in storm-light, Naples in the desolation of 'The Rain of Ashes,' the gaunt smoke-wrapped chimneys of 'The Power Station,' a grey, still aspect of 'Littlehampton Harbour,' represent the inhabited world. The abrupt rocks, the voids, the profound waters and vapours of the mountain recesses, make contrast with our use and design of earth. But not with our design of beauty and significance. The shadow-lined hollow of 'High Cup Nick' (p. 89) is a true cup of illumination, the illumination of feeling and thought in harmony with the stable energy of creation. But for the too assertive thrusts of white in the "nick" and on



(Carfax Gallery.)

High Cup Nick, from Appleby.

By Professor C. J. Holmes.



(Goupil Gallery.)

The St. James and Isthmian Clubs.

By George Thomson.

a jutting peak, the painting is the complete achievement of a splendid design. The depths of sky-colour here, the lake-colour in 'On the Reuss, Lucerne,' the shadow-blues in 'The Mountains of the Abruzzi,' are instances of the grave joyfulness of colour which is part of the spell of this art. An unforgettable design is 'The Monster on the Morn,' a harsh terrific shape even on the bleak land on which it is cast. The water-colours, like the oils, image a passionate and solemn conception of mountain grandeur, but express it summarily, with forcible outline and simplicity of colour. Yet the method achieves effects of colour, arresting in 'The Pillar Rock,' or 'A Shoulder of the Wetterhorn,' profound in 'Goats Water and Dow Crags,' fair in gravity in 'Coniston Lake from Wetherham.'

Goupil Gallery.—The student and professor of art made another noteworthy appearance as artist in the exhibition of water-colours by Mr. George Thomson. The certainty of knowledge is brilliantly expressed in most of the eighty-six drawings which formed the collection. His drawing, colour, handling, characterise certain aspects of nature with a directness which is the issue of research. It is more convincing than moving, this art; yet such strong and conscious sight of the stimulating brightness and definiteness of things is undoubtedly a divination of beauty. Torpor interposes between most of us and this seizing, daylight appearance of nature and buildings and objects. Mr. Thomson's sun-bright pictures, and the graver ones too, demonstrate the good of getting clear of ambiguity. Not, of course, that mere certainty determines an impression such as that of 'The St. James and Isthmian Clubs' (p. 90), the grimy, grave blocks of architecture influenced to richness and mystery, or 'Montreuil: Twilight in the Grande Place,' with the incidental brightness of house-colour unified in the prevailing half-light, or 'Lyon Perroche' in a spell of sunshine, or the rich interiors of churches. In these and many more drawings, of which one may note 'The Terrace,

Fontainebleau' and 'A Valley in Dauphiné' as contrasting successes, and 'Aphrodite' as a fine excursion into figure-painting, Mr. Thomson's art is eloquent as well as unflinching.

Gutekunst Gallery.—

The thirty-two drawings shown by Mr. Gutekunst represented the art of Rowlandson to perfection, without more than a trace of his usual licence. His flexible line, the refinement of his colour can be really enjoyed in such examples. The grace and ease of his mastery of difficulties displays itself exquisitely in 'Cattle Fair at Camelford,' and the same animated rhythm informs the design of 'The Old Ship Inn,' 'A Country Sale,' 'French Prisoners'—a little masterpiece of grouping—

'The Village Dance,' and many another lifed drawing. Nor is it only in the supple rendering of life that Rowlandson's line delights. The backgrounds—architectural open country, water-side—are feats of suggestion. In the same gallery were etchings by two artists. Mr. D. S. MacLaughlan spoils an otherwise effective design, 'The Grimsel,' by a violent sky, and is throughout his work too prone to emphasize contrasts, even in the varying strength of his ink. Several of the plates shown are successful in part, but 'The Grimsel' is nearest unity. Mr. H. Mulready Stone shows a sensitive touch in his tiny prints, and earnestness in the thorough 'Entrance to the National Gallery.'

Landscape Exhibition.—The addition of two to the exhibitors at the Landscape Exhibition proved a gain to the interest of an always pleasant show. Mr. J. Lawton Wingate and Mr. Hughes-Stanton, the two visitors, are stylists, and the lyrical quality of Mr. Wingate's art, the dignity of Mr. Stanton's, further the completeness with which this group of art reflects the modern vision of landscape. Mr. Wingate's language of paint expresses as its chief delight and success the hues and vapours of sunset. His rendering of their evanescent loveliness is subtly authoritative. The landscape of Mr. Hughes-Stanton is contrastingly tangible, though its coherent structure is rather of effect than of fact. Incidental colour is attempered by a silvery quality of light, true to the country he paints with innate sympathy, and approximating to a native sentiment in the art of France. Mr. Peppercorn, the strongest in imaginative energy, though the narrowest in scope, of these artists, Mr. Leslie Thomson, who renders with constant truth the "innocent brightness" of day, the informed reticence of landscapes by Mr. J. S. Hill, Mr. J. Aumonier, Mr. R. W. Allan, and the effective compositions of Mr. T. Austen Brown, contributed as usual a collection of real artistic worth.

Other Exhibitions.—The exhibition of the United Arts Club was interesting, but partly familiar, at least, in the

pictorial section. Mr. Lavery, Mr. Alfred East, Mr. Cayley Robinson, Mr. J. S. Hill and Professor Moira were some of the exhibitors who were content to distinguish themselves by works already seen. Mr. T. Austen Brown's 'In Regent's Park' strikes a fresh note in his art, and Mr. Aumonier, Mr. Peppercorn, Mr. Bertram Priestman, Mr. Rothenstein, Mr. James Pryde and Mr. W. W. Russell were well represented. Old Japanese Kakemonos were a distraction in the rear of the exhibition, where were some interesting drawings and a variety of handicrafts, and three vast paintings by John Martin, the apocalyptic landscapist. The exhibition of the Society of Women Artists was another heterogeneous collection, though it lacked the foreign interludes. Among the paintings were some of merit by Miss Dorothea Sharp, Miss Rowley Leggett and Miss Jessie Algie, who is a flower painter of charm. Miss Mary Wilson's pastels, the chalk portraits of Miss Josephine Streatfield, Miss Jessie King's little fantasy, and water-colours by Miss Frances Hodgkins and Miss Kate Allen were exceptions to the general staleness of the drawings. Embroideries by Miss Elaine Lessore and Mrs. Powell, a book admirably tooled by Miss Kathleen Becher, jewellery by Mrs. Hadaway and 'Van Someren and A. Mure,' were attractive. Mr. Baillie's second children's exhibition was not obviously for children, though some of the best things

were for them. Mr. Graham Robertson's unstaged visions of 'Pinkie,' and his three fascinating fairy drawings, Mr. Anning Bell's illustration, and various work by Miss Anna Airy, Mr. Keith Henderson and Mr. Norman Henderson are addressed to little people. The tender drawing of an infant in smiling sleep, by Blake, was a treasure in the collection; and Mr. Maxwell Armfield's ingenious 'David and Goliath,' and some tender if rather wan drawings by Mrs. Helen Bedford were noticeable. The sculpture of Aron Jerndahl, of Stockholm, recalls Meunier, but only in its general trend. The types, the kind of endurance and experience expressed by these peasant figures are observed from a direct source, and expressed with fidelity. Studies and sketches by members of the R.I. were shown during January in Piccadilly. Not more than a few of the 651 exhibits were convincing as studies or sketches, but among these were some of the best things on the walls—the notes of landscapes, skies and figures by Mr. J. Aumonier, Mr. Edward C. Clifford's unforced and expressive pencil-drawings, Mr. Bernard Evans's drawings of pine trees, the landscapes of Mr. A. D. McCormick. Mr. E. J. Gregory, Mr. Moffatt Lindner, Mr. Terrick Williams, Mr. Dudley Hardy, Sir James Linton and Professor Hans von Bartels were some members characteristically represented.

Passing Events.

IN his lectures at the Royal Academy, Sir Hubert von Herkomer inveighed against gambling in Old Masters. The artistic value of a picture, he is reported to have said, is fixed when it leaves the painter's easel. That may be so, yet, short of the perfecting of human nature it is difficult to see how to prevent art objects being used by some as speculative counters. And apart from speculation altogether, as the floating supply of acknowledged master-works of the remote or near past becomes less, as millionaires increase in number, prices inevitably tend to rise. Who is to translate æsthetic value into terms of £ s. d.?

THE interesting 'Musidora,' recently exhibited at the Shepherd Gallery, is held to be a study by Gainsborough for the larger picture in the National Gallery, with which in composition it closely corresponds. The National Gallery 'Musidora,' 72 × 60 ins., generally stated to be the only life-size nude Gainsborough ever painted, after being bought-in at Christie's for 58 gs. in 1839, formed part of the Vernon gift to the nation in 1847. Some have surmised that Emma Lyon, who later became Lady Hamilton, sat for the figure; others assert that it was Mrs. Robinson, immortalised as 'Perdita.' The picture that appeared at the Shepherd Gallery, which has passages such as none but Gainsborough could compass, measures 50 × 40 ins. In 1888, described as "painted in emulation of Watteau," it was sold at Christie's for 210 gs. as "from the collection of the last Earl of Thanet," whose father was a great friend of the Prince Regent. Hence it is conjectured that the study may have been painted for the Prince.

MR. HUGH P. LANE has graciously acknowledged gifts to the Dublin Gallery from several Scottish artists, by presenting to the Scottish Modern Arts Association 'The Derelict' by Mr. Nathaniel Hone, R.S.A. The picture, which was at the Irish Village last year, is akin to



(By permission of Messrs. Shepherd Bros.)

Musidora.

By T. Gainsborough, R.A.



(By permission of Mrs. McCulloch.)

Off Gerrans Bay, Cornwall.

By Henry Moore, R.A.

one by Mr. Hone of which the Irish poet, "A. E." (Russell), wrote "There is some magic in the vision made up of elemental light, darkness and loneliness, and we feel awed as if we knew the Spirit was hidden in his works." 'The Derelict' is the first picture by an artist other than a Scotsman acquired by the Modern Arts Association.

A PROPOS of the portrait of the boy Milton painted by Cornelius Janssen in 1618, which has attracted much attention in connection with the tercentenary celebrations, it now seems to be established that the painter was born not in Amsterdam, nor, indeed, anywhere in Holland, but in London. Anyhow, a child of the name was on October 14, 1593, baptised in the Dutch Reformed Church, Austin Friars, and in an archival register at Amsterdam, dated January 9, 1646, one Cornelis Jonson—the name was variously spelt in those days—of London gives his age as fifty-two.

FEW prominent artists have lived to celebrate their ninetieth birthday. Happily, Mr. W. P. Frith is of the number. He was four-score-and-ten on January 9. His most famous picture, 'The Derby Day,' shows the Epsom racecourse in May, 1857—Blink Bonny's year. When Mr. Jacob Bell saw a small sketch of the composition he at once commissioned Mr. Frith to paint a large picture from it, the price being £1,500. The copyright for the engraving realised another £1,500. After fifteen months' incessant labour the canvas was ready for the Academy, and Mr. Frith tells how when the exhibition was opened in Trafalgar Square, Queen Victoria, "instead of, as she invariably did, looking at the pictures in their order according to the catalogue, went at once to mine, and after

a little while sent for me and complimented me in the kindest manner." Titian was once credited with all but a century of life, but his birth-date is now thought to have been 1489 instead of 1477, which makes all the difference.

AS a note on the picture states, the last large English landscape painted by the late James Charles was 'In Harvest Time' (p. 93). It is in the McCulloch Collection, and, with many other fine works of the British School, can be seen at Burlington House until March 13.

IN recognition of the excellence of his pictures at "Ballymaclinton"—not in Ireland, but at the Franco-British in Shepherd's Bush—Mr. Gerald Festus Kelly has been elected an Associate of the Royal Hibernian Academy. Mr. Kelly, the only son of the popular vicar of Camberwell, was educated at Eton and Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and after taking his degree spent several years in Paris, where as early as 1902 his portraits attracted attention. Whistler was of those from whom he received encouragement. In London he first came into prominence at the Portrait Painters' show of 1907, when his sensitive and expressive 'Mrs. Harrison' was bought by Mr. Hugh P. Lane and presented to the Modern Gallery in Dublin. Other elections during December were of Mr. E. Fell to associateship of the Painter-Etchers, of Mr. Muirhead Bone, Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen, and several more to membership of the Glasgow Art Club.

OF the eight artists elected to the Institute of Oil Painters towards the end of November, two were R.B.A.'s. These are Mr. W. Ehner Schofield, the Philadelphian landscapist, whose ably-treated snow pieces have been a feature in Suffolk Street, and Mr. Frank O. Salisbury,

portraits and figure compositions by whom have for long there been conspicuous. Will they continue to send to the R.B.A., one wonders, or, like Mr. Cayley Robinson, do they intend to go over to the Institute? A very interesting election is that of Mr. Glyn W. Philpot, whose 'Girl at her toilet' was one of the best pictures in the last show of the I.O.P.

MR. JOSEPH SIMPSON, who was elected to membership of the Royal Society of British Artists in October, greatly to the advantage of the last exhibition, is best known, perhaps, as a caricaturist. But that he can be serious, and to good purpose, has frequently been demonstrated. Among his "victims" as a caricaturist is Mr. George Bernard Shaw, who at the City Temple not long ago declared that "the work of the artist is to create mind." Coleridge years ago put that still better. The mystery of genius in the fine arts, avowed the poet-seer, is to make the external internal, and the internal external, to make nature thought, and thought nature.

FEW painters have had power enough to withstand the subjugating influence of Alpine scenery. Turner may be cited as an exception; so, in a different way, may Segantini. His imagination, with a touch of mysticism in it, seemed native to the heights. Admirers of Segantini—and they are eager if not numerous—will learn with pleasure

that a museum has been opened at St. Moritz to contain some of his representative pictures, and portrait busts of him by his friend Prince Troubetskoy and others.

THE year 1908, like that of 1906, will be remembered by those who dissent from the view of Herr Meier-Graefe that Turner was not an artist of the first rank. At the National Gallery there were framed and recently put on view forty-seven remarkable drawings and sketches, found in the Eastlake library, as mentioned in the Report for 1906. Time is often hailed as among the greatest of the Old Masters, and in this instance good honest dirt seems to have proved a preservative. Most of the water-colours belong to the early years of the nineteenth century, and several of them are unusually large and in their kind fine.

MR. SARGENT had three important portraits at the winter exhibition of the National Academy of Design, New York. That of Mr. Joseph Pulitzer is said to be the best, the others being of Mrs. Pulitzer and Miss Helen Bryce. Mr. J. J. Shannon's 'Mrs. Ickelheimer' is another conspicuous work.

IN how far interest in work of the past militates against living artists being supported as merit deserves, it is exceedingly difficult to state. Many, probably one might



(By permission of Mrs. McCulloch

In Harvest Time.

By James Charles.

say a majority, of our most able painters are recognised in a practical way, albeit this represents but a negligible fraction of the enormous output of to-day. Over-production in a mediocre kind is surely at the root of the problem, for it is questionable if interest in art and the impulse to collect in the most attractive of all ways, perhaps—namely, work by living men—has ever been more widespread and sincere. The trouble is that exhibitions have multiplied to an alarming extent.

IN addition to the Whistler Memorial, M. Rodin has been commissioned to execute a statue to Puvis de Chavannes, to be erected in the Cours de la Reine, Paris. This reminds us that Leighton once affirmed of this greatest of mural decorators of the nineteenth century that "for emptiness of modelling he seeks his peer in vain." But the eliminations of Puvis de Chavannes were not haphazard omissions, as his lovely 'Saint Geneviève' of the Pantheon demonstrates.

APPROPRIATELY, the freedom of the Worshipful Company of Painters has been presented to Mr. A. G. Temple, F.S.A., Director of the Guildhall Gallery, in recognition of the many and varied services he has rendered to art. During the last couple of decades three other persons only have been so honoured: Lord Leighton, Sir Edward Poynter and Mr. Andrew Carnegie.

A "ONE-MAN show" of signal interest is to be held in April at the Goupil Gallery—of water-colours and pictures by Mr. P. Wilson Steer. Of the Steer exhibition of 1892 Mr. George Moore warrantably wrote: "He is distinguished even when he fails"; and when, as often, Mr. Steer succeeds, who is his equal on his own ground? We

understand that a landscape of great importance will be among the exhibited pictures.

MR. ALFRED ROLL, the brilliant painter, has not, as at one time seemed probable, resigned the Presidency of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts. The "New Salon," as will be remembered, was founded in 1890, with Meissonier as President. Among the Vice-Presidents are MM. Rodin, Besnard and L'Hermitte.

THE exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of New York of pictures by a number of representative German artists, all save four of them living, evidently proved a most interesting departure. There seems no good reason why a similar show of British art of to-day—which is relatively little known in America—should not be organised. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, a prominent member of the committee in the case of the German exhibition, would doubtless be glad to further such a scheme. Mr. Pierpont Morgan's presentation to the British Museum of the Greenwell collection of prehistoric weapons is a recent testimony to his breadth of view and generosity.

DURING the month of January there occurred the deaths of several artists and that of at least one well-known collector. Mr. Joseph Knight, who died about January 4, was born in Manchester on February 27, 1838, his father being a painter and mezzotint engraver of repute. Joseph Knight attended a day school till he was thirteen, whereupon, despite statements to the contrary, he appears to have become a student in the Manchester Academy of Fine Arts. Early in life the then-struggling young artist had the misfortune to lose an arm—happily his left—in an accident. Onward from 1869, however, he was seldom an absentee at the Academy. In 1882 he became a member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, where a group of his drawings was recently on view; also he was a member of the Painter-Etchers, to whose exhibitions he generally contributed original mezzotints, often with fine skies. In 1877 the Chantrey Trustees bought for £200 the artist's 'Tidal River,' and he is represented in the galleries of Manchester and Liverpool.

ON January 2 the death occurred of that brilliant caricaturist, Mr. Henry Ospovat. Born in Russia of Jewish parents, he settled in Manchester as a boy, but for several years had been in London. Some of his drawings were of the sledge-hammer order, but he was not accustomed to miss his mark. Mr. Ospovat made his London *début* at the Baillie Gallery. We have also with regret to recall the death on January 6 at Ewhurst, at the age of 77, of Mr. George William Mote, who exhibited at the Academy from 1857 till 1873; and of Mr. John R. Parsons, the portrait-painter who, though represented at the



Cock-fight, Seville.

By Mary Cameron.



The Wounded Butterfly.

By E. A. Hornel.

R.A. between 1850 and 1868, was less well-known than he deserved to be.

THE death on January 16, after a few hours' illness, of Lord Amherst of Hackney, marks the final act in a singularly distressing drama. As will be recalled, Lord Amherst had recently been compelled to put on the market the fine library which with so much care he had collected, as, too, his pictures, valuable objects of art and decorative furniture. This was all in consequence of the defalcation of a co-trustee, a solicitor, in whom every confidence had been placed.

IN connection with several Municipal Art Galleries, the view is from time to time expressed that the services of a *cicerone* are all but essential. For instance, the writer of a letter recently published in the *Glasgow Herald* urged the publication of a cheap handbook and the establishment of a series of lectures, simple and stimulating. "It seems to me that the main object of our galleries (to enlighten the general public in regard to art) is neglected. Enlightenment is certainly required, and the mere exhibition of pictures is insufficient." Almost simultaneously with the appearance of this letter, the present writer met the Curator of the Pictures at the Boston (U.S.A.) Museum. There the system of docents—well-equipped persons to whom members of the public can appeal at certain hours—is, we understand, proving very satisfactory. Some of

our enterprising directors might certainly give the plan a trial.

THE forthcoming exhibition at the Burlington Fine Arts Club should help to throw light on a hitherto little-explored domain of Art. Great as have been the labours of archivists and critics in other directions, little or nothing has been added to our knowledge of portraits painted in this country up to the time of Holbein and immediately thereafter. Such is to be the scope of the projected show. Doubtless it will stimulate scholars and lovers of Art to investigate the art of William Streetes and others of his period.

MISS MARY CAMERON (Mrs. Alexis Miller), whose 'Cock Fight, Seville' (p. 94) was seen at the French Gallery, Edinburgh, a few months ago, has since her first visit to Spain in 1900, directed her strenuous talent mainly to the representation of incidents of this kind. Was it not Oscar Wilde who said that in all great art there is an element of pity? If that be so, it is somewhat difficult to relate the pronouncement to the art of Miss Cameron. Energy to fearlessness is the note she sounds.

THOUGH it counts as nothing when compared with the appalling loss of human life, a number of fine works of art must have been destroyed in the terrible earthquake at Messina. In the church of St. Gregorio, for

instance, was a triptych by Antonello da Messina, of the Virgin and Child enthroned between SS. Benedict and Gregory, painted in 1473; and in the picture gallery an altarpiece in five parts, which experts are now disposed to accept as among his most important, though not most perfect works. In our National Gallery is Antonello's earliest known picture, 'Salvator Mundi,' dated 1465.

SAVE in exceptional circumstances, no Academician can be placed on the retired list till he has attained the age of sixty. Mr. Robert Walker Macbeth, born in Glasgow or Edinburgh on September 30, 1848, having reached the age-limit, signified his wish to retire. Henceforth he will have the right to send one work only instead of six to the summer exhibitions at Burlington House.

Notes on Books.

The series of six books on **Venice**, by **Pompeo Molmenti**, translated by Horatio F. Brown, is completed by the issue of the two volumes on the Decadence (Murray, 21s.). To tell the history of Venice from the earliest beginnings to the fall of the Republic was no light task. From the days of the Veneti in the seventh century B.C. to the conquest by Napoleon in 1797, Venice presents a story unrivalled in the number and excellence of its decorated pages. The State, once among the Powers of Europe, fell in strength to nothingness, yet the artistic accomplishments of its people put the seal of perpetual fame on its records. Professor Molmenti has written vividly of the social life and the domestic affairs, the tragedies and the comedies, the industries and the amusements, the richness and then the poverty of the province. He describes the pageants and regattas that Canaletto and Guardi have made familiar, and he refers to the wonders of architecture, painting, sculpture, jewellery and embroidery that were produced in the best periods. These volumes are a remarkable production, and should meet with great appreciation. Printed in America.

Jacob Jordaens, his life and work, by **Max Rooses**, translated by Elizabeth C. Broers, is the title of a substantial volume, printed in Holland, and published by Messrs. Dent (£2 2s.). Such a monograph was needed, and no one was better qualified to undertake it than the Keeper of the Plantin Museum in Antwerp. There are over 170 illustrations, including 32 photogravures. Mr. Rooses introduces us to the Antwerp School of the seventeenth century, of which Rubens, Van Dyck and Jordaens exist as the Masters. Although we may not care for the types of over-fed, merrymaking, unathletic burghers which Jordaens took for his models, typical enough no doubt of the period when three-day banquets were common, the painter has his niche in the Hall of Fame, and such a monument as this book will fill it.

Professor Percy Gardner contributes a Preface to **A Century of Archæological Discoveries**, "an Account of the rise, the diffusion, and the deepening of our knowledge of Greek Art," by **Professor A. Michaelis**, of the University of Strassburg, (Murray, 12s.). The author addresses "archæological students and the great circle of readers who have preserved an interest in and a love for ancient art." This excellent record should be in the library of every student of art and history. The illustrations are remarkably good.

The Origin of the Sense of Beauty, by **Felix Clay**, Architect to the Board of Education (Smith, Elder, 6s.), includes notes on "the nature of the beautiful . . . simple sensations, feelings and emotions, and their origin . . . instincts and their development . . . the origin of the appreciation of beauty . . . the art impulse and the higher intellectual faculties concerned in artistic feeling, imagination and inspiration . . . colour and rhythm . . . art and life." It is a thoughtful and stimulating work.

A book for the advanced student possessed of classical knowledge is **Greek Dress**, a study of the costumes worn in Ancient Greece,

from pre-Hellenic times to the Hellenistic Age, by **Ethel B. Abrahams** (Murray, 9s.). Most of the work constituted a thesis approved for the degree of Master of Arts in the University of London. The illustrations are taken from sculpture and vase paintings.

A second **Book of Drawings**, by **James Guthrie** (Foulis, 2s. 6d.) is acceptable. Mr. Guthrie's work has certain decorative qualities which are well known to students, and as presented, the drawings appear at their best.

Chats on Old Miniatures, by **J. J. Foster**, **Chats on Oriental China**, by **J. F. Blacker**, and **Chats on Old Lace**, by **Mrs. Lowes**, are the three latest additions to the popular series of five-shilling books published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. "How to collect with profit" is the key-note of this series.

Part II. of **The Shores of the Adriatic**, by **F. Hamilton Jackson, R.B.A.** (Murray, 21s.), deals with the Austrian side of the water, the Küstenlande, Istria and Dalmatia. The volume is complementary to the one published in 1906, dealing with the Italian shore, and it is illustrated with plans, drawings by the author, and reproductions of photographs taken by Mr. Cooper Ashton. It is of special architectural interest.

Nature and Ornament, by **Lewis F. Day** (Batsford, 5s.), to be completed by a second part, forms a remodelled edition of the well-known work issued some years ago under the title *Nature in Ornament*. Like all Mr. Lewis Day's books, it is readable from beginning to end. It is inspiring as a text-book and serviceable as a pictorial guide to the study of nature, particularly of plant form.

The Year's Art, 1909 (Hutchinson, 3s. 6d.) contains the usual facts, well arranged. Continual revision of the set material and the addition of new parts has brought the current volume to over three times the size of the first one in the series, issued in 1880. The notes by Mr. A. C. R. Carter are again an interesting feature. Prominence is given to the record of the Franco-British Exhibition.

Games, singing and dancing as a means of education is the subject of **Margaret E. Nuth** in the song-book, **Autumn and Winter Games** (Curwen, 2s. 6d.). The words and music composed by Miss Nuth are happy, and the illustrations by Miss Keith are effective and suitable.



(From "Autumn and Winter Games." By permission of Messrs. Curwen & Sons.)

Winter.

By Elizabeth P. Keith.



(National Gallery.)

The Harbour at Trouville.

By Eugène Boudin.

Boudin.

By Frederick Wedmore.

IT is now several years since I was first profoundly interested in the greatest of all modern painters of the Channel, the port, and the coast—for that is how, if I am to define him in a line, I must needs define Boudin. I should in this way name the work that was most especially his; it is a work to which others have addressed themselves—often well; that is obvious—yet with less signal success. And, lest my definition of Boudin should seem too narrow, let it be added here, in summary fashion—and the thing may be made plain a little later—that Boudin's successes were by no means confined within those fields of a painter's vision of which, thus far alone, I have been able to speak.

"*Il était un agneau*"—Boudin's brother told me, as we were seated under summer sunshine, in the open little garden of his dwelling—in a rural valley, behind Ste. Adresse. And it was agreeable to know—and many are the evidences that have come to me since then, of the truth of M. Boudin's description—of the gentleness and the naïve confidence, and withal, happily, of the courage of this great

serious artist, whose work appeals to me so much. "*Il était un agneau*"—he was gentle, affectionate, demanding help (I mean requiring it) in many a material thing: a man intelligent and reflective, even in matters quite outside his work; an observer, a participator to some modest extent in the various experiences that would come under the heading "Life"; yet always a little at the mercy of persons, though not of circumstances—and his brother was speaking of certain advantage that had been successfully taken of him. He was a lamb—and a lamb may be imposed upon; a lamb may be dominated.

What this amounts to—the brother's phrase, modified, extended, just in a measure contradicted even, by what I have felt empowered to add—is, that Boudin's soul was the soul of sailor and artist; not in the very least of grinding task-master or pushing *commis-voyageur*. Generally it is true, of course, eminently, that *l'œuvre, c'est l'homme*. Yet now and again this rule has its exceptions—there are men the quality of whose soul belies the quality of their work.

It is very fitting that this man, who came of a race of



At Bordeaux.

By Eugène Boudin.

sailors, should have become himself the interpreter of all that physical world in the midst of which his forefathers had had their being. Boudin's father was the pilot who daily piloted the little steamer crossing the estuary of the Seine, from Honfleur to Le Havre. There was a time when Boudin's mother was stewardess of that conveyance, and a

moment in which Eugène Boudin himself was a cabin boy. He was still but a boy, however, when his father left the waters, and established himself as stationer and frame-maker, shifting his abode from Honfleur to the great port of Le Havre. And it was thus that Boudin came first into contact with painting, and as a youth, taking to sketching,

had his own sketches seen by two celebrities who frequented more or less the Havre of that day: Isabey and Troyon. Through their instrumentality—and the capacity of the youth to a certain extent asserting itself—the town of Havre committed itself on sufficient recommendation to a promise of a three or four years' pension for Eugène Boudin, that he might go to Paris to study, and that some benefit of travel might be his. After Paris young Boudin passed on into Brittany; painting there, in the late fifties, a certain 'Pardon'—very dryly, as it must seem to us now—and into it he introduced a portrait of the young woman he was proposing to marry, and whom he married in due course—returning to his birthplace and taking small accommodation in the upper quarter of the little waterside town. Then it was that



Les Terre-Neuviens: les marins débarquent leurs effets sur la plage de Tortrieux.

(In the Collection of M. Van der Velde, of Le Havre.)

By Eugène Boudin.

there began those real difficulties which followed one another, more or less, to a late period of his life. He developed but slowly—and he was long in finding his particular path. It is true that at a time when his painted pictures were in the fetters of mere correctness and likeness-taking—landscapes for the most part, greatly without life—his pastels had already a freedom and an individuality—not so full of course as it was given them later to attain, yet greatly, at least, in excess of the painted work. It was not until the later sixties that he approached perfection in both. And before that time, Jongkind—the great Dutchman, then neglected and unknown, had become an influence in his career. Jongkind frequented Honfleur; and Jongkind gave him, I should suppose, exactly the kind of start that afterwards Boudin was able to give to Claude Monet.

Boudin, when in Brittany for the first time, and almost every time that he returned there, painted the inland country almost as much as the coast, and painted 'Pardons,' as we have seen already, and painted ancient buildings, just as he would paint landscape as well as sea-scape at Honfleur, and, in later



Marine. (Water-colour and pencil.)

By Eugène Boudin.

days, at Trouville and Deauville would paint the Norman cattle in the fat green meadows watered by the Toucques. But in the middle or the later 'Sixties, when his talent was slowly consolidating, and, at fully forty years old, it was yet difficult to earn his modest livelihood, it was



Le Port de Faou, Finisterre.

By Eugène Boudin.

towards the shore and the sea and the great Channel skies that his thoughts most turned; and at that period the range of his exceptional skill came to be shown in this wise—by painting now the waters or the port, and now the fashionable crowd upon the Trouville or the Deauville beach. There are many slight water-colours, as Boudin understood water-colour—swift, fresh notes in pencil, supported by washes of colour—of the last-named themes; but perhaps the finest painting of any such theme is to be found in the important canvas—one out of how many interesting ones which belong to M. Gustave Cahen, the eminent French lawyer, Boudin's friend, his official biographer, and one of the sincerest of his admirers. These things show the vivacity of his talent, and if I compare them with the studies of the *lavuses*, made generally at a rather later date, I find them infinitely less trivial. With the *lavuses* subjects, although the figures are put in well enough, and the distant landscape not seldom has a charm of delicately seen atmosphere, there is neither that historical nor that pictorial interest nor that interest of pure design which I find habitually in these fashionable beach-subjects, in which, it must be remembered, the drama passes upon a great stage, the persons have vivacious movement or graceful rest, and the background—though a little suppressed—is at least the noble background of Channel waters and of Channel skies.

But the great period of Boudin's best production was only then—in the late 'Sixties—being entered on. The 'Seventies—the first seven years of them, about—saw the largest proportion of Boudin's work at what was, taking all into account, Boudin's highest level. After that, for a few years, there was—I seem to have noticed—some falling back: a certain indecision, the leaving one method, or the not following it with quite the old conviction, and the efforts, tentative at first and wanting in excellence, at the attainment of another. It was the Impressionists who were influencing him—even Claude Monet his pupil; but I have not space here in which properly to develop this matter. Then, in the later 'Eighties and in the earlier 'Nineties he had found his feet again, and, as long as his strength remained with him, till only a year or two before his death in 1898, Boudin was painting admirably, in his own newer way. And the work of that late period is, I believe, the work that most of all commends itself to one who was among the first of dealers to support him—M. Durand-Ruel, I mean; who says of all this later work that it is as a whole *plus lumineux*. In truth, it appears to me to be again the old story—you cannot lay stress upon the attainment of one quality without in some measure sacrificing the attainment of another, in the end perhaps not less worthy.



Rotterdam.

By Eugène Boudin.



Le Quai au Bois, Deauville.

(By permission of
Messrs. Wallis & Son.)

By Eugène Boudin.

I spoke of Durand-Ruel among the dealers. But the good Paris dealers—I should like to say, in parenthesis—were never, after the years, long years, of laborious, uncertain advance, very backward in their recognition of Boudin. M. Bonjean, M. Detrimont, M. Félix Gérard, M. Allard, and the Bernheims—as, in later days, M. Mancini, M. Jacobi, the Rosenbergs and others—they knew the presence of greatness and of charm, of a commanding individuality, in Boudin's work. What told against it was, that during many years—and not alone, as we have seen, the earliest years—Boudin was the author of things that were indifferent, of things that wanted the *cachet*.

We go back to the 'Seventies. In no decade in all his life had Boudin greater vicissitudes of fortune, or more occasion to travel widely and to work hard. In the beginning of those ten years he witnessed in imagination—he felt from afar—the profound disturbance of the War. He and his wife betook themselves to Brittany in the late summer of 1870; then, after the disaster of Sedan and with the swift advance of German armies into the interior,

Boudin and his wife crept back to Hâvre, and then crept over into Belgium. In extreme poverty, a part of '71 was spent in Brussels; and the poverty of Boudin, afterwards at home, was such that it required all his courage, all his conviction to refuse to turn from Art to the gaining of some livelihood by merely manual labour. Out of the troubles of those years, came renewed effort, and many a beautiful thing—that complete masterpiece, for example, M. Van der Velde's *Terre-neuviers*—the beached ships—the ships upon the *plage* of Portrieux—engaged habitually in trade with Newfoundland. A reproduction of it is given here, by the kindness of this admirable collector of Hâvre—from whom, as from M. Cahen, and not a few besides, I hold in my mind a certain number of Boudin's characteristic sayings.

The harbours of the North—Le Hâvre, Fécamp, Le Camaret, the little village harbour of Faou (we are getting now to the North-West: we are getting into Finisterre)—give way, as the 'Seventies advance, to the first group of pictures painted by Boudin at Bordeaux—of which a large example at the Luxembourg, though very interesting, as an immense theme nobly encountered, is hardly typical. Not long before the middle of the same decade, Boudin was in Holland with Jongkind. This time it was Rotterdam—as in after years it was Dordrecht—that seems to have given him the material that he most effectively used. And wonderful work of Boudin's was done during one year at least of this decade, at Antwerp, of which I think the finest specimens are pictures more or less panoramic of the long-stretched town, seen from some boat moored in the Scheldt, or even, it may be, from the opposite shore. The river-front of Antwerp—Antwerp the port—yet Antwerp dominated always by the long *svette* lines of its Cathedral tower.

An illustration it seemed good to give with this essay is one that shows Boudin the recorder of old-world church architecture and the peace of an old-world town. It shows him—painter of the coast and port and open waters as he



Gros Temps, on the Garonne.

By Eugène Boudin.



St. Wulfram and the Place, Abbeville.

By permission of
Messrs. Wallis and Son.)

By Eugène Boudin.

must mainly be—as the most qualified recorder of unspoilt Abbeville—Abbeville almost unspoilt in Boudin's latest

years, for this picture dates from 1894—and how admirably has he employed in the very middle of the composition the long perpendicular lines of the rich church of Saint Wulfram—of which Prout, so unapproached in his architectural water-colours, has left us such delightful, such extraordinarily accomplished pencil drawings. Two other districts, far apart, and both of them far from Eugène Boudin's northern home, it was his destiny to visit, his privilege to paint in, before the brush was set down, and when, by dint of long-sustained labours, what is called prosperity and the beginning of fortune had come to him. Some time in the early 'Nineties he had been minded to see Venice, in which a certain proportion of his work was worthy of him, for it had the interest and the importance of a new vision. That was one place or district; and the Côte d'Azur was the second—Antibes and its neighbourhood—a region health compelled him to visit, and to return to, in the last years of his old age, when, half-way almost between seventy and eighty, the sands ran low.

From the Riviera, from the Alpes Maritimes, Boudin, ill as he was, insisted on escaping when news was sent to him that the weather was mending in the North which he loved. Weak and in much pain, he was borne through France in the late spring of 1898; and from the shores of Calvados, in the late summer, he had his last sight of the intricate and reticent, the grey and opalescent beauty of those Channel skies—the *ciel serein*, the *ciel couvert et chargé*—of which in every mood,—as Courbet had told him years before, and Corot—he was, not less than of the coast and port, the quite unequalled interpreter.

Nicholas Maes.

A BIG price was paid at Christie's on February 27th for a very modestly catalogued portrait of an old lady, in black dress with white ruff and cuffs, seated in a chair, signed by Nicholas Maes, and dated 1669. Beginning at 100 gs., it fetched 2,050 gs. Maes, born in 1632, is the only artist positively proved to have been a pupil of Rembrandt. He entered the studio of the greatest of Dutch masters in 1650, remaining four years. Perhaps the old lady of the pic-

ture is the same as is represented by Rembrandt in his noble portrait, No. 1675 at the National Gallery. In the Adrian Hope sale of 1894 Maes' 'Woman Pumping' fetched the auction-record of 2,860 gs., against £80 at the Bernal sale of 1824. The small 'Card Players' of the National Gallery was bought at the Gatton Park dispersal of 1888 for 1,310 gs., when it was ascribed to Rembrandt. Dr. Bode, however, alludes to it as a representative Maes of the good period.

Cecil Lawson's 'Harvest Moon.'

CECIL GORDON LAWSON, born in Shropshire, 1851, a child of Scottish parents, now ranks as one of the most distinguished landscapists of the second half of the nineteenth century. Mr. Clausen has said that he was like Rousseau in his austerity and fine sentiment, in his big view of nature. As one of the best landscapes in the George McCulloch collection is by Cecil Lawson, so it is with the larger collection in the Tate Gallery. In its kind, 'The August Moon,' presented to the nation in 1883 by Mrs. Lawson, in fulfilment of her husband's wish, ranks high. Mr. Heseltine Owen, who was with the artist at the time the picture was projected, records that "we drove over together to see the moon rise over Blackdown—close to the Laureate's place. By the time we reached Blackdown,

close on midnight, the moon was high in the heavens. I remember Lawson enlarging on the colour there was always in a landscape in such moonlight. He said that no great painter had yet fully grasped this truth, but that he intended to attempt to show it."

" . . . a glimmering land
Lit with a low large moon."

That spacious word-picture of Tennyson may be applied to the poetic landscape. By the way, a life-sized owl, with glistening eyes, was seated on one of the prominent branches when the picture was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery. The critics—how weighty their burdens are!—are responsible for the bird's disappearance.

The Art Journal, London, Virtus & Co.



THE AUGUST MOON.

BY CECIL G. LAWSON.

The Artistic Training of a Jeweller.

By R. L. B. Rathbone.

THE thought has probably occurred to many of those who have taken up the teaching of a handicraft professionally, that it is strange there is no recognised system of education for the use and guidance of beginners.

The absence of any such system is not very surprising in connection with crafts which have fallen into disuse, so that no living tradition has been kept up; nor in those other cases where anything of the kind which may have survived has only done so by reason of the enthusiasm, or even the conservatism of just a few isolated workers. But jewellery is practised everywhere. It was carried on with amazing skill even in such remote times as during the early Egyptian dynasties, and it has never been in any danger of becoming a lost art. On the contrary, its educational value was so fully realised in mediæval Italy that the goldsmith's workshop was in those days regarded as the best primary

school for any student of the fine arts. Nor can it be said that as a craft it lacks suggestions for suitable exercises. No. The more probable explanation is that until recently the crafts have not been taught outside of the workshops in which they are regularly practised, and in the workshop any elaborate educational system ought to be unnecessary.

Undoubtedly that is the ideal place in which to learn a craft, and in a thriving workshop there will always be plenty of elementary work to be done on which the apprentice can practise.

Under the guidance of a wise and skilful master, the ordinary round of work will provide all the experience a student needs to teach him those things which he cannot learn alone—so long, that is, as his employer is really himself a master craftsman, and not merely a master of craftsmen.

But the growth of commercialism has robbed us of much of our due inheritance in these matters, and it has certainly undermined, if it has not absolutely swept away, the whole fabric of apprenticeship in many crafts. However, it has given us fresh opportunities in exchange, and it has imposed new conditions. If it has made it difficult for a youth to obtain a thorough all-round training in a manufacturer's workshop, it has at least done something towards removing the barriers which formerly preserved the mysteries of each craft as impenetrable secrets, only to be revealed to those who were bound by indentures to serve through a long term of years at merely nominal wages.

I do not propose here to discuss the relative merits of the old system of apprenticeship, and of that new one which



(By permission of George Salting, Esq.)

1. Gold Pendant, enamelled and set with precious stones. Italian, sixteenth century.



(Victoria and Albert Museum)

2. Silver Badge, parcel-gilt, the background enamelled, and the border set with coral and malachite. German. Dated 1528.



3. Gold Pendant, enamelled and set with precious stones. French. Seventeenth century.
(British Museum.)

that a good all-round training may still occasionally be obtainable in a manufacturer's workshop; (ii) that technical schools exist, or are growing up, in order to bring such training in the crafts easily within the reach not only of those who are already engaged therein, but also of any who may desire to learn; (iii) that the supply of new facilities for learning has created a new demand for instruction in handicrafts on the part of highly-educated students of the arts, who, a generation ago, would either have confined their attention to painting, sculpture or architecture, or else

is gradually taking its place, where the employer is under no obligation to teach any more than it suits his interest to teach, where the learner is free to leave one employer for another as frequently as he may be tempted to do so, and where the serious student must rely on technical schools and on books for education in all branches of his craft, except those which are accessible from that narrow path along which commercialism would like to compel him to walk, in blinkers, all the days of his life.

Accepting facts as they are, we must recognise (i) that it is only by chance here and there

would have adopted some entirely different career, perhaps practising their favourite craft in a limited way just as a hobby; (iv) that the all-round training which technical schools provide, being unhappily divorced from the reality and variety of the everyday work of a manufacturer's shop, a more thoroughly elaborated and systematised curriculum is needed.

Such a curriculum should be based on a study of the material to be used, from two points of view—the scientific and the artistic—and I name them in that order because the artistic treatment of any material presupposes an intelligent appreciation of its distinctive qualities. That is to say, it is necessary that we should have some familiarity with the elementary scientific facts concerning our material, before it is possible fully to appreciate its artistic capabilities.

The inherent qualities of materials constitute one of the most precious possessions of the artist, for in them there will be found to dwell quite inexhaustible sources of design.

The student of jewellery must therefore begin by realising the principal attributes of the precious metals, and in utilising this knowledge, all evidences of it which are to be found in the work of the past must be studied.

From that point of view certain kinds of jewellery are



4. Gold Pendant. Set with precious stones. Italian. Early seventeenth century.
(British Museum.)



(Victoria and Albert Museum.)

5. Three Gold Pendants, enamelled and set with precious stones. Spanish. Sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.



6. Seven Gold Pendants. The six outer ones Greek. The middle one Roman. Fourth or third century B.C. (British Museum.)

much richer than others, and as it will be convenient to refer to examples in illustration of various characteristic treatments as these occur, it would seem well just to mention briefly those other types of work with which we shall not afterwards be so much concerned, before embarking on the formulation of such a curriculum for the student of jewellery as has been suggested above.

First, then, let us dispose of that which is easiest described, and so clear the ground by excluding from consideration the jewellery of ordinary commerce, with which we are only too familiar from seeing it in countless thousands of shop windows. One is tempted to wish that the bulk of it could be swept away into the limbo of forgotten things as easily as that, but it would be very unjust to suggest that it is all of it hopelessly bad and inartistic. Still, there is no denying that the great majority is quite trivial and uninteresting in design, and that it aims more often at showiness and ostentation than at any refinement of beauty. The very skilful workmanship which is the general rule fails to give us the pleasure it ought to do, because its methods are not those which develop and accentuate the special and individual beauties which are characteristic of the precious metals and of precious stones. There is generally nothing to suggest that it is the work of human fingers rather than that of some diabolically clever machine; and as a matter of fact a great deal of it is of course almost entirely machine-made.

Nevertheless these strictures must be most

freely qualified by the admission that there are notable exceptions; that admirable efforts at better things have been, and are being made; and that occasionally quite beautiful pieces may be found which have been produced under ordinary commercial conditions. But the stubborn fact remains that ordinary commercial conditions are not favourable to the growth of artistic work, and most of the ordinary commercial jewellery that is produced is a deplorable evidence of the essential ugliness and vulgarity of our times.

Let us now consider for a little an entirely different type of jewellery—that which is treated in a pictorial or a sculptural way—a type of work which consequently can only be well done by a craftsman who is not only a good jeweller, but a fairly accomplished modeller or painter also. Figs. 1 and 2 are fine examples of this type of work, and obviously it is not from such advanced craftsmanship as this that the most helpful suggestions of methods and treatments suitable for beginners are to be derived.

Figs. 3, 4, and 5 are other interesting, but less excellent examples, in which the human figure plays an important part.

Even if the student is already well qualified to deal with figure subjects in design, he will do well to postpone their introduction into jewellery until he has arrived at an adequate understanding and appreciation of the exquisite materials in which it is his privilege to work.

It is astonishing how often the work of mediæval and



7. Gold Earring. Byzantine. Seventh century.
Pair of Gold Knobs, with granulated ornament. Date and origin unknown.
Gold Brooch, with Byzantine Cloisonné enamels. Tenth or eleventh century.
Two ends of Gold Necklace. Sardinian.
(British Museum.) Gold Earring. Byzantine.



Victoria and
Albert Museum)

8. Gold Clasp, set with turquoise.
Anatolian.

Renaissance jewellers makes but little appeal to the craftsman, and fails to be satisfactory as a whole. One often feels that the designer's interest was centred too much in the figure, and that he was impatient when he came to deal with details of enrichment and mounting and construction. The frame of scrolls or foliage which surrounds or supports the figures is apt to be quite commonplace and uninteresting. Instead of being essentially derived from the special qualities which belong to the precious metals, it is much more frequently a mere imitation of carved woodwork, or of architectural stonework, or an uninspired direct rendering of natural forms—so put together that the whole thing looks as if it had been cast in one piece rather than built up in true jeweller's fashion out of many parts, each one separately constructed out of sheet or wire, or tiny grains of metal.

There is still another type of jewellery which must not be forgotten or overlooked, but which is not particularly helpful in suggesting suitable exercises and treatments for beginners—that type of work which exists mainly in order to provide an unobtrusive setting for a precious stone or enamel of some very exceptional and rare beauty—where the jeweller deliberately effaces himself and reduces the setting to a minimum.

In such cases the design and workmanship, even if in themselves quite perfect and full of subtlety and daintiness, do not lend themselves to illustration for the present purpose.

What then is left? That type of jewellery in which craftsmanship, in the fullest and most liberal sense of the word, is everything—for in the fullest sense of the word, design must be held to be included—jewellery whose beauty lies in the skilful use of simple forms, arising directly out of an intelligent and characteristic handling of the precious metals, in the working of which expression is given to a well-considered and well-ordered

design, Figs. 6 to 14.* Many of the examples chosen as illustrations of this type of jewellery show that the beauty so obtained is of itself enough to satisfy the eye with a sense of fitness and completion, but there may also be precious or semi-precious stones, enamel, or fanciful enrichments in repoussé, engraving, damascening or niello, or even perhaps in some cases all of these may be used together.

Such jewellery it is within the power of any one who cares enough about it to make, and moreover it need not be very costly.

In looking about for a title or phrase to label this type by, it was natural to think of "peasant jewellery," so much of which has just these characteristics, Figs. 13 and 14; but a little thought shows that this title would be too limited, for it would exclude historic examples which in their day have no doubt been the cherished possessions of kings and queens, of popes and archbishops, to say nothing of the many objects which, though of less importance, were probably never intended for peasants.

At the same time, it is worth considering why peasant jewellery is generally so pleasant and interesting to look at and to handle—not always of course—but generally; and often so much more satisfactory than the ambitious pieces

* In addition to the illustrations here referred to, other examples of this type of jewellery, and amongst them pieces of perhaps greater beauty and importance, will appear in the succeeding articles as demonstrating the artistic value of the various details of craftsmanship to be described.



(Victoria and Albert Museum.)

9. Silver Clasp. Turkish.



(Victoria and Albert Museum.)

10. Gold Ring and Silver Bracelet. Syrian.

designed for the adornment of great ladies. This is mainly because the craftsman has had to find beauty and richness of effect rather in making the most of simple materials than in a lavish display of costly stones and much gold. The tradition has been handed down to him that certain pleasant ornamental effects are easily produced by quite elementary processes to which the precious metals naturally lend themselves, and that when these are suitably grouped and contrasted one against another, they will make pretty pieces of unpretending jewellery even without the added charm of

precious stones or enamels, or even of representations of natural forms. Some of the traditional methods of using these elementary processes will be seen to afford effects of great richness and interest.*

But peasant jewellery, though so often delightful and charming, is also frequently very disappointing. The peasant jeweller has followed a well-established traditional method, both of design and workmanship—the collective experience of generations of craftsmen behind him. Now that is a fine thing to use as a ladder, but it is dangerous to allow it to assume the likeness of a carriage, in which to jog along over an easy well-worn road with the minimum of personal effort. He has been too apt to use methods just as they were handed down to him, without realising at all how they were evolved; without seeing how to carry them further, and thereby to make his material surrender some of its secrets to him also; without, in fact, attempting to enrich and enlarge the tradition by his own experience before passing it on to the next generation, but merely leaving it behind him rather the worse for wear. He has just selected

* Note especially the antique pendants in Fig. 6, the Byzantine earring at the foot of Fig. 7, the ring and bracelet in Fig. 10, the filigree cross in Fig. 11, and the large clasp in Fig. 13.



11. Rosary of Ebony and Ivory Beads, with Bosses and Cross of Silver, filigree. Austrian Tyrol. Modern.

(By permission of Mrs. R. Rathbone.)



12. Silver Necklace, enamelled. Swiss. Seventeenth century.

(Victoria and Albert Museum.)



(By permission of
Harold B. Bompas, Esq.)

13. Gold Earring, Roman, and two Silver
Clasps, Norwegian

a few ornamental treatments, used them blindly, and worn them threadbare.

Such work as bears this kind of evidence on its face often gives one an unpleasant sense not only of monotony, but also of waste—waste of energy, of time, of patience, of precious material—in repeating endlessly the same few little tricks, trying to make an over-lavish use of two or three pretty details of workmanship supply the place of variety and contrast and invention.

But these defects are by no means peculiar to peasant jewellery. The same kind of thing is quite equally apparent in much very ambitious work.

There is a form of necklace which was evidently a favourite with the ancient Greek and Etruscan goldsmiths, and many people consider it very beautiful. The distinguishing feature is a whole long row or even sometimes two or more rows of small vase-shaped drops, each one laboriously made exactly like its neighbours. The forms may be individually charming, but when used by the score, or even by the hundred, the whole thing inevitably suggests that it was designed by someone who had no proper respect for the shortness of human life, and no appreciation of the deadening and deteriorating effect of endless repetition.

A lavish expenditure of human labour on a work of art where the effect of the individual contributions of numbers of craftsmen is lost in the immensity of the whole is right and proper where the whole really is immense in size, in grandeur of conception, in importance in the widest sense of the word, as for example, in a great cathedral.

But a small piece of dainty craftsmanship should surely be rich in effect, without exciting thoughts of compassion for the monotonous toil

involved in making it what it is.

Inexhaustible patience? Yes, certainly, as much as you will, so long as the conception is genuinely worth it: but the feeling aroused in the mind of one who examines the object should be envious delight at the pleasure expressed in masterly craftsmanship rather than pity for the poor human machine condemned to endless repetition of a trivial idea.

The next article will deal with motifs of design used in jewellery, and will trace the origin and development of some traditional methods of using decoratively certain characteristics of the precious metals.

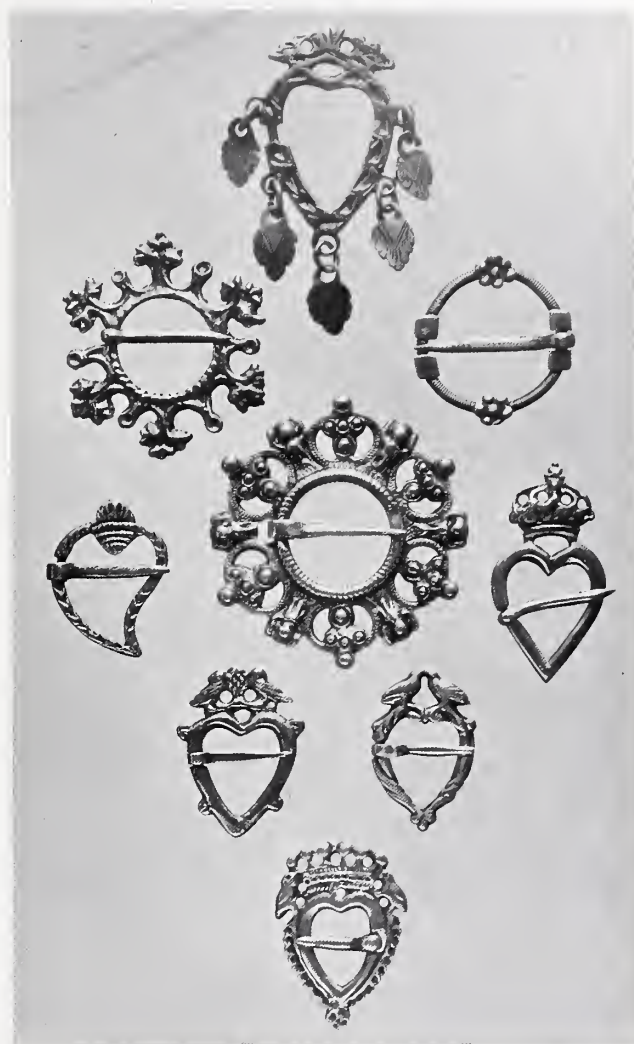
Checkmate.

Painted by Charles M. Webb, etched by E. Marsden Wilson, A.R.E.

THE origin of the game of chess has for long been a subject of controversy. Legend connects it variously with ancient China, India, and Persia, and some time ago a Spanish archæologist endeavoured to prove that old-time Egypt was its birth-place. In whichever direction truth lies, chess was probably introduced into Western Europe by the invading Arabs of the eighth century. The cultured classes were proficient in the science of the game before the Crusades of 1095. The Persian

sháh, of which our word is said to be a corruption, means a king; hence chess is the game of kings. From forgotten times there has been known in India the kindred game of Chaturanga, *i.e.*, the four *angas*, or members of an army, namely, elephants, horses, chariots, and foot-soldiers. In the modern European arrangement these have been substituted for a king, a queen, knights, bishops, rooks (from the Hindu word meaning an armed chariot), and pawns, or attendants. In a manuscript of about 1325 it is told how

they found "Kyng Richard at play, at the chess in his galey," and six decades thereafter Chaucer wrote "they dauncen and they playen at ches and tables." Carlyle has alluded to those councillors of state who sit "plotting and playing their high chess-game, whereof the pawns are men," and in truth there are few things, from a kingdom to a kiss, from a bride to a bridle, which have not at some time or other served as stake. A vast literature has gathered round the subject, beginning, so far as English printed books are concerned, with *The Game and Play of Chess Moralized*, produced by Caxton at Bruges in 1475-6, this being his second essay in the then recently discovered craft of using movable types. Five perfect copies only of the Caxton folio are known, and instead of being worth 13s. 2d., as in 1682, the value is now over £1,000. Many talented artists have taken chess as a pictorial theme, William Müller, for instance, whose 'Chess Players at Cairo,' painted in 1843, seen at the Franco-British Exhibition, fetched 3,860 gs. at the Heugh sale in 1874. Charles Meer Webb, who in 1864 executed the painting on which our plate is based—a replica, dated 1866, is in the Melbourne Gallery—was born in the summer of 1830, probably near London, but according to some accounts at Breda, in Holland. After studying at Amsterdam, Antwerp and Düsseldorf, he settled in the last-named place in 1848, and became a well-known painter of genre subjects. There he died, from injuries resulting from a fall, in 1895. The two players represented are evidently old hands at the game, and doubtless the spectacled veteran, who accepts his defeat so genially, is fully prepared again to measure swords with his opponent of the churchwarden pipe. There is truth in what Brathwait wrote in 1641:—"No one game may seeme to represent the state of man's life to the full so well as the chesse." Effort must be unflagging. In addition to 'Checkmate,' Mr. E. Marsden Wilson had at the last exhibition of the Painter-Etchers a book-plate, 'The Smithy Tree,' and 'The Old Barn at West Wells, Ossett.'



(By permission of
Harold B. Bompas, Esq.)

14. Silver Betrothal Clasps.
Norwegian.

Passing Events.

THE first meeting of the then newly-constituted Royal Academy of Arts was held on December 14th, 1768, four days after George III. had signed the Instrument. After the election of the President and Council, certain visitors for the schools were chosen. For many years, however, Academicians only were eligible. But now many of the visitors are Associates. In July, for instance, Mr. Charles Sims, whose two washing-day pictures told so well at the recent McCulloch exhibition, will impart to students some of the knowledge which by experience he has acquired.

SEVERAL "Royal" art societies—by the way, the Institute of Oil Painters has been empowered to prefix "Royal" to its title—held elections of interest during February. The Scottish Academy raised to full membership Mr. Henry W. Kerr, who was elected by twenty-seven votes against fourteen given to Mr. Robert Burns. Mr. Kerr had been an Associate since 1893, and in the current exhibition is his water-colour portrait of his fellow-artist, Mr.

MacTaggart. The "Old" Water-Colour Society added to its roll of Associates Mr. H. Hughes-Stanton and Mrs. Harold Knight. No woman artist had been chosen since 1903, when Miss Alice Swan was elected. The new Associates of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers are Mr. H. Sheppard Dale and Miss Katherine Kimball.

ON April 23rd and 30th, at 8 o'clock, and on Friday evenings in May, Mr. Luther Hooper will give lectures at the L.C.C. school, Southampton Row, on "The History and Technique of Weaving, with especial reference to Design." The lectures will be illustrated with lantern slides; and the public will be admitted free of charge.

THE informative lectures on "The Language of Art" which have been delivered in the Albert Hall by Mr. Roger Fry, European adviser of the Metropolitan Museum, were supplemented on Wednesday afternoons, March 10th, 17th, 24th and 31st by a course from Mr.

Laurence Binyon entitled "Art and Thought in East and West: Parallels and Contrasts." Both lecturers are able and illuminative.

LORD BURTON, who died early in February, possessed at Chesterfield House a number of fine pictures, chiefly by masters of the eighteenth century. Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hogarth and many more are adequately represented.

SIR JOHN TENNIEL received countless congratulations on February 28th, when he completed his eighty-ninth year. Even if he had never sat at *Punch's* oak table, if he had not done one of his 2,500 odd weekly cartoons, Sir John Tenniel would live as the pictorial creator of Alice and her wonder-world. Every child—no matter whether of eight or eighty—who knows Alice loves Tenniel.

DEATH was active in the world of art during February. On February 9th Charles Conder died, after a protracted illness. Born in London in 1868, educated at Eastbourne, he spent the earlier years of his life in India, and for a time he was in the service of the Australian Government. On quitting Australia, Charles Conder was attracted to Paris, where he became a member of the New Salon, the French Government later—in 1904—acquiring for the Luxembourg his picture, 'The Magnolia.' In this country, the New English Art Club recognized the rare distinction of his work; he was a member of the International, too, which immediately brought together a sequence of his exquisite fans, ribbons and pictures. Lovers of beauty will remember some of these having been exhibited years ago, at the Dutch Gallery, at the Carfax and elsewhere. In answer to a question as to why he painted fans—and none has

breathed more beauty on to fan-shaped pieces of silk—Conder answered: "Because I imagine those fans to be waved by beautiful women." Beauty was for him all in all. In the *Saturday Review* there appeared the following fine memorial lines by Mr. D. S. MacColl, who, as Keeper of the Tate Gallery, would no doubt welcome a work representing the genius of his friend:—

CHARLES CONDER, 9 FEBRUARY, 1909.

You had a dream. *At the gate of Paradise*
A traveller found the sworded Angel sleeping
Beside a rusty blade without a flame.
The track lay open to the heart of Eden,
But thickly tangled up with thistle and rose
For ages now; 'for no one ever comes.'

Through the Australian desert, through the press
Of maddening wanton life in cities roaring,
You held your charter to the radiant gates;
Sea-gates of summer, pearl and chrysopease,
Wood-gates of spring, blossoming rose and snow,
Flood-gates of night, passion and vision and pain.
Therein abide, even in your Chantemesle,
That all men pass, where *no one ever comes*.

BY the death on February 26th of "Caran d'Ache," France lost a draughtsman who had the great gift of humour. M. Emanuel Poiré—for that was the real, the unromantic name of one of the most romantic figures in the Paris of the past few decades—was born at Moscow in 1858. His pseudonym, Caran d'Ache—Karandach is the Russian for lead pencil—was initially assumed lest his relentless sketches should cause trouble. In his twentieth year Caran d'Ache presented himself, a stranger, at the door of M. Edouard Détaillé, a portfolio of drawings under his arm. It was his ambition to become a military painter, and he did a good deal of work in this kind. His deliciously ridiculous simplifications, swift as rapier-thrusts the best of them in reaching their mark, later made him the idol of France. His caricatures contributed to the newspapers of the boulevard and the illustrated reviews caused him to be enthroned in the hearts of the gaiety-loving nation. Of late he had lost something of his power, yet he managed to start the vogue for those laughter-provoking figurines of prehistoric naïveté.

MISS EDITH MARTINEAU, whose death occurred at the age of sixty-six, was a daughter of the great Unitarian divine, Dr. James Martineau, and a niece of Harriet Martineau. She was one of nine women associates of the Old Water-Colour Society, her carefully-detailed drawings having something in common with those of Mrs. Allingham. At the Modern Gallery in 1906 there was held an exhibition of 200 Highland landscapes, flower studies and figure pieces by Miss Edith Martineau and her sister, Miss Gertrude Martineau.



Crépuscule Tendre.

By Charles Conder.

(By permission of A. A. Hannay, Esq.)



Battle Abbey.

By W. Monk, R.E.

In Kipling's Country.—II.*

By Lewis Lusk.

THIS county of the South Saxons, in its heart of hearts, has always considered itself a kingdom.

The idea is not often expressed in words. Still, every now and then one comes across old people who allude to "the Shires" as "foreign parts." Nay, even the Sussex settler, after a few years of residence, tends also to grow into that mental habit. Perhaps this is merely the home habit common to most of us. Still, some portions of earth, like Scotland, create a sort of clannishness in those who dwell there, and give them a feeling that other portions of earth have a foreign taste. Such folk, returning, feel a sort of comfortableness about the heart as they cross their border-line.

Thus the county comes to seem a country. Thus one gazes at the ghylls of the Forest Ridge as a Scotsman gazes at the Cheviots. They are the vales and hills of his own country which a Sussex man is entering, and he sits up to have a look at them with a natural sense of refreshment.

We have our "Scotland in Sussex." The Forest Ridge

occasionally is called so by estate agents in their fervid moments. And, like Caledonia, this region has had its poetic child; indeed, as Kipling lives in it, one may say that the end is not yet. But it is not as stern and wild as in 1536, when here at Old Buckhurst was born Thomas Sackville, later author of "Gorboduc," that pioneer of the wonderful Elizabethan dramas. He is said to have been a bright, active child, and was bred in this great Andredsweald, the forest which then covered much of Sussex and made it a fastness inhabited by wild creatures.

Some years later the family deserted that lonely house, so inconvenient to get at by reason of the forest-tangle and boggy roads, and settled at Knole, in Kent. Old Buckhurst's gate-tower still stands, a picturesque ruin, mute witness to the "Souseks full of dirt and mire," as men said in Henry VIII.'s time.

Even until quite modern times the Sussex ways were so difficult to travel upon, that in adjoining shires a bad piece of road was often called "the Sussex bit." Various causes have been supposed for this. Originally it was the wildness of the great forest, and the absence of ports on the long

* Continued from page 71.



Hurstmonceaux Castle.

By W. Monk, R.E.

lonely Downland coast. From Beachy Head to Chichester stretched that hill-range, precipitous and bare, with the jungle of Anderida Forest behind, which antiquaries have computed at thirty miles broad and a hundred and twenty miles long, and whose last relics are certain clumps at Brightling, and such trees as the great oak at Whiligh, seat of

border across Sussex Weald. A string of pack-horses could thread it in single file, concealed from view as in a tube. But it was narrow and often deep in mud, and a meeting would be awkward. It was disused when proper roads were made. Then to the *Owlers*, or smugglers of the eighteenth century, this old road came in very handy at

G. L. Courthope, Esq., M.P. for Rye Division. It would be suitable for anchorites, and a curious and interesting set of carved-out caverns, called the Hermitage Rocks, at Buxted, are apparently the remains of some early Christians in this forest. They are conserved with artistic care by their owner, Mr. C. De M. Caulfeild Pratt. At Buxted—as said earlier—was cast the first English cannon, of Sussex iron, and the once peaceful retreat of a holy man became, says legend, a hiding-place for the use of smugglers. All this would add to the wildness of these parts. Comfort-loving travellers would avoid it. The few ways through it were not worth the trouble of toiling along.

One such old pack-way still survives in part. It is a sunk lane, going to a V at the bottom, and is said to have originally run from the Kentish border across Sussex Weald. A string of pack-horses could thread it in single file, concealed from view as in a tube. But it was narrow and often deep in mud, and a meeting would be awkward. It was disused when proper roads were made. Then to the *Owlers*, or smugglers of the eighteenth century, this old road came in very handy at



From Heathfield, looking towards Mayfield.

By W. Monk, R.E.

times, when moonlight made the more open stretches risky. Much smuggling went on then at this end of Sussex. Kipling has written of it, and in H. G. Hutchinson's "A Friend of Nelson," and also in G. P. R. James' forgotten novel, "The Smuggler," we get allusions to the hidden pack-road, and to the terror which these men laid on peaceful East Sussex villagers. Here also we get an account of the smugglers' battle at Goudhurst, just over our border, where the power of these social tyrants was broken by an organization of the villagers whom they had oppressed beyond endurance.

These are the chief romantic associations of Sussex Forest Ridge. Some fine old houses like Kipling's present house remain, but few traditions go with them.

The mediæval fresco of 'St. Lawrence's Martyrdom' in St. Denys Church at Rotherfield is, like the church, of very ancient date, and though unfortunately much damaged by time, is still remarkable. The oldest of the mansions in this part is Rotherfield Hall (1535), well conserved by its owner, Sir L. Lindsay-Hogg, Bart., J.P. These lands have associations with Normandy, being once the property of a great Norman abbey, whence the rare name of St. Denys.

Near Hartfield is Bolebrook, considered to be the oldest brick gate-house in England. The old family mansion of the Fowles, Riverhall, is still kept up by Captain Huth, who has a fine collection of Sussex iron articles. The Fowles were ironmasters in the days of Queen Anne. The

Fermors of Rotherfield were another powerful social influence of those days. Local tradition still tells of Sir Henry Fermor, the philanthropist, who used to go to church drawn by a team of oxen, because of the badness of the roads. That was about 1730. His fine old timber mansion, Walshes, was burned down in 1895.

In August, 1908, Normanhurst, Lord Brassey's house near Battle, narrowly escaped a similar fate. Though finally saved by its owner's precautions and the prompt help of all around, many treasures were destroyed. The great sympathy felt for that generous nobleman may be here re-echoed.

Francis James, the famous flower-painter, is of Battle; also his friend H. B. Brabazon, that fine water-colourist and great gentleman, who died, May, 1906; to whose value as man and craftsman testimony has been well recorded by Lord Brassey and Frederick Wedmore.

There are notable timber houses at Mayfield, especially that one in which has been established a wood-carving studio, where are reproduced some old Sussex designs. This village was said by Coventry Patmore to be the most beautiful in the county, and was the holiday resort of the mediæval Archbishops of Canterbury. It has a legendary association with St. Dunstan. Here the Saint is said to have had his smithy. He loved to use his hammer as the late W. E. Gladstone loved the use of his axe, and would lay aside the thorny business of guiding Saxon politics for a



Pevensy Castle: "The Gate of England."

By W. Monk, R.E.



Pevensey Castle and Moat.

By W. Monk, R.E.

quiet anvil-day at Mayfield. Here it was that Satan—then apparently a tactless sort of person—attempted to interview him, and nearly had his nose pulled off.

The widespread superstition of the horseshoe bringing luck is said—by Sussex patriots doubtless—to be connected with a promise wrung from Satan by St. Dunstan on another similar occasion. There is more odd folk-lore among the South Saxons than their stolid nature at first suggests. And every now and then one comes across old picturesque bits of memory, facts which have become romantic. Many years of peace have lain over East Sussex.

But the fate of England was decided at Hastings; Beachy Head Beacon, as Macaulay sings, told England of the coming Armada; Jack Cade was slain at Heathfield, and Bonaparte threatened invasion at Eastbourne. So our Abbey

whose large paintings, though not vividly inspired, show some of the fine features of the great hills. R. H. Nibbs and Clem Lambert have a claim to attention; also F. Earp's sketches of old South Down churches, with their peculiar wooden spires of heart-oak shingles. These latter can be seen best in Barbican House, Lewes. J. M. Neale, the author of the hymn "Jerusalem the Golden," has recorded that the art of the spire-shingler was once a well-established one, but is now passing away. On this windy seaboard, a combination of strength and lightness was important in a spire. These little churches, of which Newhaven is as representative as any, have a fascination for lovers of the quaint antique.

Lewes, the ancient South-Saxon capital, is now quite overshadowed by Brighton. Still, with its High Street



Pevensey Castle.

By W. Monk, R.E.

of Battle and our castles of Hastings, Pevensey, Bodiam and Hurstmonceux are relics of great families and historic gatherings, of which the Pevensey Pageant (July 20, 1908) was a momentary flashing revival.

Scotney Castle is romantic also, as described in Allan Fea's "Secret Chambers and Hiding-Places." Of old the seat of the Darrells, it has been for the last hundred years possessed by the Husseys. It is a fine moated fighting castle of Richard II.'s time.

H. G. Hine's renderings of Downland are the best yet accomplished by later artists, but the visitor to the permanent collection in Brighton museum must give a measure of appreciation to J. E. Grace,

sloping up from the Ouse to its Castle, it has for an artist or historian something of the same interest as Edinburgh. Its Norman ruler, the Earl de Warenne, who married Gundrada, daughter of the Conqueror, long reposed with his wife in the great Priory's graveyard, but was disturbed on making the railway line. They and their fine tomb now are carefully conserved at Southover Church, higher up. The Battle of Lewes, which established English constitutional liberty from 1264 to now, associates Simon de Montfort's name with Sussex. Dr. Creighton (in his life of that hero) gives a stirring account of it, and of the (Latin) Song of Lewes, and of another, an English battle song, which is the earliest of its kind in the language. It jubilates over the victory of England for the English, and the expulsion of foreign parasites. Mr. Roger Fry's drawing of Lewes Castle (*THE ART JOURNAL*, 1907) gives a good rendering of its quiet present, after its battlesome past. In the High Street later on were burned the Marian martyrs, R. Woodman and his household. And yet later, a few yards distant, here lived Thomas Paine, the author of "The Rights of Man," and aider of the French



Pevensy Bay.

By W. Monk, R.E.

Revolution. He was then an exciseman. His house is maintained, and marked with a tablet, for the interest of the curious. But after he published his books and became a member of the French Directorate, Sussex burnt him in effigy, to show its disapproval. Close to the Castle is Barbican House, an old family mansion of fine interior,



Beachy Head.

By W. Monk, R.E.



Sussex Weald, from Crowborough Beacon : looking over Buxted to Firle and Beachy Head.

By W. D. Scull.

now the headquarters of the Sussex Archæological Society, and next to the Barbican lives Mr. Frankfort Moore.

All this may be called Kipling's country, this Forest Ridge, this Weald of the "true oak" (*quercus pedunculata*), which has sent forth so many battleships; these Downs where the Long Man of Wilmington looks out across the shires—a gigantic human form cut on the chalk, facing due north, supposed to be a memorial of some Saxon victory—this little old hill city, where England struck its big blow for freedom—and won it. As our famous historian, Dr. Creighton (the late Bishop of London), translates the old Song of Lewes :

" Read, read, ye men of England, of Lewes fight my Lay,
For guarded by that fight ye live securely at this day."

It is the country of which Kipling has written :

" God gives all men all earth to love,
But since man's heart is small,
Ordains for each one spot shall prove
Belovèd over all.
Each to his choice, and I rejoice
The lot has fallen to me
In a fair ground,—in a fair ground,
Yea, Sussex by the sea !" *

Which heartsome words, set to sweet music by J. R. Dear, were sung in full and enthusiastic chorus last July at the Pevensey Pageant.



Beachy Head.

By W. Monk, R.E.

* From *The Five Nations*. By permission of Mr. Kipling and of Messrs. Methuen.



(By permission of His Grace the
Duke of Devonshire, P.C.)

Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, and Child.

By Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

“Fair Women” at the International.

By Frank Rinder.

OF the thirteen exhibitions organised by the International Society since its foundation in 1897, none has been so varied, so promptly arresting, as that opened towards the end of February in the New Gallery. Fortunately, the International was disloyal to the popular title. The collocation “Fair Women” has come to suggest the cloyingly sweet, the inanely pretty. To discover afresh the real value of the words, they have to be set as jewels in a phrase by George Meredith: “The visible fair form of woman is hereditary queen of us.” But besides sovereigns in this kind, the International Society, by begging, borrowing, or stealing, as the Vice-President had it, brought into temporary comradeship a hundred disparate things. That fastidious and capricious critic, Horace Walpole, noted in his catalogue of the 1786 Academy, against Reynolds’ ‘Jumping Baby’—one of several irresistible pictures at the

New Gallery—“little like and not good.” Paraphrasing this untrustworthy dictum, the “Fair Women” exhibition may, in relation to its title, be characterised as little like but preposterously interesting. There were laid under contribution the art not of the West only but of the East, of the eighteenth as well as of the nineteenth century, with a straggler—Lely—from the seventeenth; moreover, the organisers showed a wise eclecticism by so to say inviting to this rich feast classicists and realists, romanticists and impressionists, those who reveal the beauty of truth, those concerned with the truth of beauty, men who “paint in gauntlets,” those who show us the soul shining through the outward form. It is impracticable here to do more than hint at the “fair divided excellence” of the exhibition, profitably to thread which involved a series of swift readjustments of perception.



(By permission of
Dr. C. Bakker.)

Woman Smiling.

By Augustus E. John.

Narrow and misguided enthusiasm for the triumphant fidelity of Manet causes some to assert that at the New Gallery Reynolds and Gainsborough served merely as a foil to throw his art into relief. Such iconoclasm does not make the great Manet greater. Almost, indeed, it may be said of Reynolds' 'Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, and Child' that, like Scott's "atmosphere," it has passed into the blood and become native in the memory. At once how stable, how gracious, how animate in design is this picture of a mother and her baby laughing into each other's eyes; law and impulse are indissolubly united, they take on the form of human gladness. The mother is eager, not sentimental, the chubby arms of the fair-haired child are uplifted with the spontaneity of a flower, the little feet are gay. And colour—the ivory, the rose, the ebony—is hardly less eloquent than design. Gainsborough's 'Mrs. Elliott,' known in eighteenth-century London as Dolly the Tall, is in its kind unsurpassed, surely unsurpassable. It would have been a poetic injustice to represent this beautiful woman with the candour of Manet. The genius of Gainsborough legitimately enhances her allure. The

tiny patch, the slender black strings, the finely-chiselled features, raised to a higher power by art: what melody they all have! After these portraits, that of his mother, by Edouard Manet, is prose; yet what pure, broad, intrepid, salutary, incisive prose. It is Manet, and nothing but noble Manet. Who will dare to traverse the avowal of this unheralded master, "je ne me suis pas trompé de métier?" Could sheer, honest, weighty thinking in paint—hardy feeling, too—be carried farther? This is a signally beautiful instance of art not losing its inspiration among its conventions and artifices. Whistler breathed his 'Mother' on to canvas; Monticelli, as might be seen in the North Room, made wild music of his 'Mother'; Manet's 'Mother,' inimitable in the manipulation of paint, is frankness beautified.

Art must necessarily be as diverse as life. Even masters of a given period, known to one another and holding much in common, must primarily reveal differences, not similarities. In the West Room there were, for instance, Whistler's 'Symphony in White No. 3,' 1867, the exquisitely reclining figure of 'Jo' being Pheidias, but with languor substituted for glorious energy; Courbet's superbly rendered mass of flowers, beside them a girl in a faintly flowered dress; sumptuously coloured fantasies, revelries of gipsy music and song, by Adolphe Monticelli, muted in two cases by the mysticism of Matthew Maris; idylls, and a strong contemplative 'Mariette' by Corot; a highly accomplished little genre piece by the Belgian, Alfred Stevens; Burne-Jones' dream of fair women, mirrored by nature in a pool, in perfect similitude; Millais' adieu to Pre-Raphaelitism, 'St. Agnes' Eve,' with the hushed, pensive figure of 'Madeline' in the barred moonlight—the inappropriate frame of this picture hurts it considerably; a remarkable unfinished



Mrs. Grosvenor Thomas and Dorothy.

(By permission of
Grosvenor Thomas, Esq.)

By Alexander Roche, R.S.A.



(By permission of His Grace
the Duke of Portland.)

Mrs. Elliott.

By T. Gainsborough, R.A.



An Offering to Hymen.

By Alfred Gilbert, R. A.

(By permission of J. P. Heseltine, Esq.)

portrait, 'Countess Castiglione,' and an eager head of Ellen Terry as a young girl, signed 'Signor,' both by Watts. These are rich gleanings, mostly from the sixties and seventies of last century.

Nevertheless, the present was by no means negligible as compared with the past—a past including an incisive Goya and Omar Meherab's 'Roubadah, Princess of Cabul,' a thing of Persian patterning. The West and North Rooms contained, to cite a few only of the inevitably remembered pictures, M. Boldini's rapier-swift 'Lady Colin Campbell,' which the paradoxical might characterise as abruptly sinuous; Sir James Guthrie's suave and stylistic 'Mrs. Findlay'; Mr. Nicholson's 'Lady in Furs,' authoritatively reticent; Mr. Orpen's amazingly brilliant 'Young Irish Girl'—note the ease with which each eloquent detail is painted; Mr. Festus Kelly's sober, dignified 'Mrs. Leveaux'; Mr. Simon Bussy's large decoration, of a lady in flowered dress, a black cat, a

lemon, unflatteringly done; a little portrait-group, most beautifully phrased, by Mr. Alexander Roche; distinctive compositions by Mr. Charles Shannon; Mr. Sargent's elegant 'Duchess of Sutherland'; an astonishingly, nay, almost brutally strong, 'Woman smiling,' by Mr. Augustus John, who is here relentlessly masterful in pursuit of the actual; a pale-gleaming 'Mrs. Styan,' by Mr. Wilson Steer; Sir L. Alma-Tadema's decorative rather than animate portrait, 'My Daughter'; Mr. G. W. Lambert's cleverly commonplace 'Miss Alison Preston'; and a seductive 'Lady in White,' by Signor Mancini. The courage of Mr. William Strang "mounteth with occasion." His venturesome 'The Mirror: Portrait of Mrs. E. E.,' dexterous and effective pictures by Mr. J. J. Shannon and Mr. John Lavery, Mr. W. W. Russell's 'Lady with a Muff,' and interesting portraits by Renoir and Berthe Morisot were conspicuous in the North Room. Winterhalter never covered discretion with a coat of folly. His two pictures—unpsychological though accomplished records of formalised beauty—looked strange in this company.



Miss Alison Preston.

By G. W. Lambert.



Lady Colin Campbell.

By J. Boldini.



Miss Constance Collier.

By Charles H. Shannon.

In the little South Room a tribute was rightly paid to the fragile genius of Charles Conder. Far from an inerrant draughtsman, he had a subtle way of transmuting a weakness into a quality. No British artist has better warranted the synonym of England's Watteau. Inimitably he wove his spell, evoked universe after little universe of patterns never so delicate, of colours shy or rich, and ever, the best of them, informed with a haunting rhythm. Some of Conder's fans are pure enchantments, exquisite and perfumed as an exotic flower, miracles of daintily expressive design, fellowships of fragrant colour—rose, shell-pink, fugitive blue, green and gold and crimson, with a suffusion of pearly grey wooed on to the silken surfaces. Rightly did Mr. D. S. MacColl invoke Charles Conder to abide in that his 'Chantemesle,' where "no one ever comes." Conder was in love with beauty. Besides the fans, the ribbons, the

sash, the gown—who would have the audacity to use them?—the pictures, notably 'Crépuscule tendre' (p. 110), by Conder, there were in the West Room an incomparable Degas, of three danseuses incarnated, one may say, as gracious silken roses; a drooping maid, with the face of an anemone, done by Rossetti on a background of pale gold; a series of Whistler's elusive lithographs; several wonderful drawings by Aubrey Beardsley; a pencil study of a woman by Leighton, evidently here under the influence of Ingres; and, not to proceed with a mere enumeration, Sir Charles Holroyd's skilled 'Lady with black ribbon.'

In the balcony, the fine collection of Japanese colour-prints was supplemented by several original drawings by Hokusai, Hokkei and Hokuba, object-lessons in virile invention, in superb flexibility of line, in bold simplification. Only now is the West beginning to realise the invincible

achievements of the East. In the Central Hall, Augustus Saint-Gaudens made way for the far greater Alfred Gilbert. In the tip-toe-poised 'Victory,' 1891, in the lithe 'Perseus arming,' in the 'Offering to Hymen,' in the monumental bronze of John Hunter, holding a powerfully-wrought anatomical figure, and in several other works, the imaginative genius of Alfred Gilbert is apparent. It is easy to forgive the misnomer "Fair Women," when the feast of fine things is so ample and varied.

Goupil Gallery . . .	Simon Bussy.
Baillie Gallery . . .	Henry Ospovat.
" " . . .	Baron Arild Rosenkrantz.
" " . . .	Miss Mary McCrossan.
Messrs. Maclean's . . .	Pierre Bracquemond.
Fine Art Society . . .	Wilfrid Ball, R.E.
" " . . .	W. Walcot.
Grafton Gallery . . .	Women's International Art Club.
Alpine Club . . .	Old Dudley Art Society.
New Dudley Gallery . . .	New Association of Water-colour Painters.
" " . . .	Miss Rachel Wheatcroft.
Messrs. Colnaghi's . . .	Mezzotint and Stipple Engravings.
Messrs. Connell's . . .	Original Etchings.
Artists' Society . . .	Langham Sketching Club.

London Exhibitions.

New Gallery . . .	Fair Women (p. 117).
R.I. . . .	Modern Society of Portrait-Painters.
R.W.S. . . .	Royal Society of Painter-Etchers.
Messrs. Agnew's . . .	Water-colours.
Messrs. Obach's . . .	Society of Twelve.
Leicester Gallery . . .	Alfred Parsons, A.R.A.
" " . . .	William Callow.
Goupil Gallery . . .	New Association of Artists.
" " . . .	Algernon Talmage.

Societies and Secessions.—February Exhibitions, which in number about equalled the days of the month, were in kind, as well as in quantity, representative of the latest phase of art in London. No less than ten societies of artists held exhibitions, and all, excepting the Royal Society of Painter Etchers and Engravers, and the Old Dudley Art Society, are of recent beginning. Our big artistic institutions, unlike those in Paris, replenish us with small ones. The water-colourists, long ago, then the original engravers, the draughtsmen, the craftworkers, formed



(By permission of
Madame Blanche Marchesi.)

Jeune fille cueillant des fleurs.

By Gustave Courbet.

societies of their own, and these, in their turn, have proved insufficiently inclusive. Then there are the societies of portrait painters, of landscapists, of women artists, the various sketch clubs, the more or less casual associations of artists—a ramification of societies whose genealogy it would need research to determine. It is not, however, necessary to know their descent—or dissent. Vitality is the only origin they need prove.

Portrait Painters.—The third exhibition of the Modern Society of Portrait Painters showed the energy, if also the restlessness, of the latest phase of portraiture. A great deal of it is imprudent and exaggerated, not so much through a genuine impulse of youth as in an attempt to wear a dashing manner that has not yet arrived to the artist. These substitutes for the thing itself are wearisome, even when they are as clever as Mr. Ranken's 'Mrs. E. M.' or 'Mrs. K.' Mr. Gerald Festus Kelly is content and able to be himself and to study the self of his sitter. The result, in four sequently hung portraits of men painted without



Photo. Drummond Young.
By permission of
John Findlay, Esq.)

Mrs. Findlay.

By Sir James Guthrie, P.R.S.A.



(By permission of
Madame Blanche Marchesi)

Trois Danseuses.

By E. Degas.

accessories on rather dull dark backgrounds, deserved and repaid study. The inflections of his manner were appreciated then, and became effective. 'Vincent Nello' especially is a conclusive observation of character, conclusively painted. Other portraits half quenched by their conspicuous neighbours had merit, though Mr. Dacres Adams' 'Lady Margaret Sackville,' harmonious in design, Mr. Neave's neat interiors, Mr. Birley's 'The Mill Girl' were all a little sapless. Not so Mr. G. W. Lambert's audacious 'The Blue Hat,' one of two portrait-masquerades. His gift of expression is evident in beautiful passages of paint, but he does not press it into the service of any utterance of life beyond the vitality which amuses itself and is amusing. His perspicuous drawings in the outer room showed more penetration than these brilliant improvisations in paint. Mr. Jamieson's big 'My Wife and Daughter' excels in the painting of the interior, and the quaint figure of the baby has an ease that is not imparted to the figure of the mother. Mr. Glyn Philpot is legitimately down-right in the Murillo-like painting of the 'Boy with the Rat,' but the art of 'Death and the Dandy' suffers from sensationalism. Mr. Fergusson paints masks for faces with accomplished calumny, and Mr. Sholto Douglas and Mr. Max Bohm made an appearance of spontaneity. Mr. Gerard Chowne's portrait group, reflected and re-reflected in mirrors, was of genuine interest and enterprise, and portraits by Mr. Oppenheimer, Mr. Hayward and Mr. Ginnett were attractive.

Etchings and Engravings. Etchings by Professor Legros and Mr. Muirhead Bone, able portrait-etchings by Mr. Francis Dodd, finely, hardily-wrought little 'Centaur' woodcuts by Mr. Sturge Moore, and lithographs by Mr. C. H. Shannon pointed a moral as well as adorned a wall at Obach's gallery. They were part of the fifth exhibition of



A Young Irish Girl.

By William Orpen, R.H.A.

the Society of Twelve. The moral applies to the Painter-Etchers, whose exhibition of 308 prints included too many tentative or conventional essays. The print-section of the exhibition of the Society of Twelve, though not at its best

or fullest this year, gave more inspiring suggestion of what is being done in the arts of original engraving than did, as a whole, the far too numerous collection in Pall Mall East. That is partly inevitable. A small society can display the

work of the individual as it cannot be shown on crowded walls—unless it be work as boldly assertive as the big etchings with which Mr. Brangwyn yearly “holds up” sight at the Painter-Etchers. His plates are rather a challenge than a support to the rest of the exhibition, with the exception of the suffused prints of Mr. Alfred East, which, with more restraint, also seek strength and emphasis at the cost of the fine work of the needle. The etchings which maintained unimpeachable traditions against these ventures included the skilfully-designed prints of Sir Charles Holroyd and those of Colonel Goff, consistent and charming plates by Mr. Frank Short, Sir Charles Robinson’s atmospheric landscapes, delicate architectural studies by Mr. Charles Watson, Mr. Charlton’s finely touched skies and waters, Mr. Martin Hardie’s sensitive notes, assured renderings of Paris by M. Béjot, and prints of fresh quality by Miss Anna Airy, Miss Constance Pott, Miss Mabel Robinson, Mr. Luke Taylor, Mr. Synge and Mr. Malcolm Osborne. Mr. Sherborn’s bookplates, so finely laboured, and farther passages in the life of George Fox, vigorously depicted by Mr. Spence, are other prints which count, not only in the exhibition, but in modern etching. Prints by four exhibitors in the Painter-Etchers were also to be seen at Messrs. Connell’s, where, besides Mr. Synge, M. Béjot, Miss Hayes and Mr. Nathaniel Sparks, Mr. Affleck, Miss Hester Frood, Mr. Molony and Mr. William Walker furnished a collection of fifty-six original etchings. From these modern prints to the mezzotint and stipple engravings after Hoppner shown at Messrs. Colnaghi’s was a far cry. The collection



Lady with Black Ribbon.

By Sir Charles Holroyd, R.E.



The Parting of the Ways.

(Copyright
Virtue & Co.)

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

covered fifty years of the engraver’s art, and included fine examples of masters such as Samuel Reynolds, the Wards, and Charles Turner.

Drawings at the “Twelve.”—The print-section at this always delightful exhibition has been briefly alluded to. The drawings demand special notice. Mr. Muirhead Bone, who adds to but does not surpass his fine record as an etcher, is at his surest and completest in the pencil drawing of the ‘Demolition of the Barony Poorhouse, Glasgow. In the larger ‘Garngadhill,’ if less consummately, he again arrests and lures our attention by the impressive aspect of buildings laid bare in a waste of destruction. Mr. D. Y. Cameron’s six drawings of Cairo are his only contribution to the show. Joubert’s words, “It is better to be exquisite than ample,” apply here, especially to ‘The Turkish Fort,’ rendered so gravely and serenely, or to ‘The Walls of Cairo,’ hardly less pure in execution. Mr. Augustus John, Mr. Orpen, with tender stump-drawings of little children, and a spirited portrait of Mr. Nicholson, Mr. Clausen, Mr. Dodd, Mr. Nicholson, Mr. C. H. Shannon, and Mr. Rothenstein, provided other significant drawings. Mr. Havard Thomas’s pencil drawings are some of them studies for bas-reliefs. They are significant of a sculptor’s art in the disposition of drapery, the calm yet vital rhythm, the treatment of surfaces, and the effects of light. In the drawings these qualities are beauties in a self-existent work of art.



The Mirror: Portrait of Mrs. E. E.

By William Strang, A.R.A.

Other Societies.—Sir William Eden, whose drawings, with those of Mr. George Thomson and Mr. Fred Mayor, formed most of the *raison d'être* of the first exhibition of the New Society of Water-colour Painters, is a loss to the Old Dudley Society. There was, nevertheless, more animation than usual in its spring exhibition, thanks chiefly to the exhibits of Mr. Burleigh Bruhl, Mr. Walter Stacey, Miss Lexden Pocock, Mr. Nigel Severn, and Miss Alice Ellis. The New Association of Artists composed a pleasant collection of water-colours and oils, among which the evening landscapes of Mr. Tom Robertson were especially noticeable, as were Mr. Harry Becker's vigorous studies of field labour, and work by Mr. Graham Robertson, Mr. Sheard, Mr. Paul Paul, Mr. W. H. Bartlett, Mr. Percival Gaskell, and Mr. Lamorna Birch. At the Women's International Art Club, Miss Clare Atwood, Mrs. Dods Withers, Miss Henriques, Miss Alice Fanner and Mrs. Austen Brown were some exhibitors who were more than competent. That being so, it follows that their work is to be seen in other, more justifiable exhibitions.

Messrs. Agnew's.—To record, even in so brief a fashion, the "Society" exhibitions of February leaves little space for dealing with other shows, some of which were of considerable interest. Messrs. Agnew's yearly exhibition of water-colours proved to contain an even more astonishing group of Turner drawings than usual. The thirty examples represented practically the whole range of his water-colour art, and showed the changing inspiration as well as the changing manner. 'Beauport,' 'Abingdon,' 'Folkestone,'

with the beating waves, the magical 'Constance,' the 'Hastings,' so pure and strong in colour, are notes of a wonderful sequence. Spacious De Wints, a noble Girtin, a dramatic little Bonington, and the delightful series of Downman portraits, led to more modern art, fittingly introduced in strong breezy landscapes by Thomas Collier, in a delicate little orchard piece by Mr. J. W. North, in the bright charm of Pinwell's 'Well, I must go,' and, with particular importance, in the two famous Fred. Walkers, 'The Ferry,' a sunset idyll, and the finely detailed 'The Fishmonger's Shop,' which caused a sensation at Christie's last summer.

One Man Shows.—Mr. Alfred Parsons' Pastorals, shown at the Leicester Galleries at the same time with a representative and therefore distinguished collection of water-colours by the late William Callow, are done to be known, not merely to be glanced at. Mr. Parsons makes no mysteries, and, perhaps, reveals none, if we can deny mystery to any utterance of beauty. His open and simple style interposes itself as little as possible between us and his subject—the green country, the woods and waters and unstained sky which are native to our love. It is easy to dismiss such unobtrusive skill at less than its value; but knowledge of the Pastorals, with their fair distances of hill and valley and open stream, their true skies, their freshness of meadows, makes their art better known and leaves their charm still unexhausted. M. Simon Bussy's pastels have the unexpectedness of emotion. His glimpses of the breaking sky—the revealed height of it some wonder of jewel-colour—of mountain peaks and slopes, glorious or shadowed, of troops of dense pines, and of pools whose dim waters image so hauntingly peak and sky and pine, are sudden enchantments. One could never reckon on discovering these secrets of the mountains. Sunset makes and unmakes them. Less haunting, less irrecoverable save through the art of M. Bussy, is the charm of his notes of the cloudy beauty



The Present.

By Alfred Stevens.

(By permission of
Hugh P. Lane, Esq.)

of the olive slopes, of waters whose shores are inhabited. Other vivacious pastels are of Venice, a minute but conquering Venice. In the lower room of the Goupil Gallery were skilful and penetrative paintings by Mr. Algernon Talmage, of London in daylight, and in the transmutations of her glowing nights. The works of the late Henry Ospovat shared the Baillie Gallery with Miss Mary McCrossan's promising landscapes, and Baron Arild Rosenkrantz's bold and clever illustrations to the unillustratable fantasies of Edgar Allan Poe. Ospovat's paintings and illustrations show his talent. His caricatures show something more incalculable, primitive and complete. He entraps an individuality in a monstrous snare, but that snare is an aspect of itself. They are unforgettable, these images of 'Hall Caine,' 'Marie Lloyd,' 'Rodin'—outrages, perhaps, but the victim seems the collaborator.

MR. TINSON, long identified with the Goupil Gallery, has inaugurated the Hove Art Galleries, Western Road, Hove, with an exhibition of paintings of M. Henri Le Sidaner.



Roubadah, Princess of Cabul.

(By permission of
Francis Howard, Esq.)

By Omar Meherab.



Lady with a Muff.

By W. W. Russell.

National Portrait Gallery.

THE National Portrait Gallery, during the half-century which has elapsed since, on January 15, 1859, the public was admitted to temporary premises at 29, Great George Street, Westminster, has made vast strides. Then there were but 56 pictures and busts; to-day there are representations more or less adequate of a majority of the men and women who have contributed notably to the life of Britain onward from the days of Chaucer. The Trustees of the N.P.G., alike in making purchases or receiving presents, look to the celebrity of the person represented rather than to the merit of the artist, yet not infrequently, as in the case of the 'Sir Thomas Gresham' given to Antonio Mor, æsthetic and historical importance are united. Watts, as will be remembered, presented a noble series of his portraits of public men to the N.P.G. in the nineties, and there are examples by Millais, Frank Holl, Sir George Reid, Mr. Sargent. When in 1856 Earl Stanhope moved for the formation of a gallery of British historical portraits, he quoted the trenchant words of Carlyle: "In all my poor historical investigations it has been, and always is, one of the most primary wants to procure a bodily likeness of the person inquired after—a good portrait, if such exists; failing that, even an indifferent, if sincere one. In short, any representation made by a faithful human creature of that face and figure which he saw with his eyes, and which I can never see with mine, is now valuable to me. . . . It has always struck me that historical portrait galleries far transcend in worth all other kinds of national collections of pictures whatever." Even though we cannot have "the whole soul of a man shining through his outward form," an honest approximation is valuable.

The Artistic Training of a Jeweller.—II.*

By R. L. B. Rathbone.

HAVING, in my first article, made an attempt to classify different typical varieties of jewellery, with a view to selecting that type which seems to offer the greatest help to students who are beginning the practice of this craft, I wish now to give a little consideration to the question of designing.

It is a common complaint among beginners, and also occasionally among those who are no longer beginners, that they cannot think of good designs. When a jeweller finds himself in that case, there are various well-recognised ways out of the difficulty. If certain definite precious stones are to be used, he may get an idea from them, either from the mythology associated with them, or merely from grouping them together into an arrangement. Or the name of the person who is to wear the object, or some circumstance connected with owner or donor, may come to the rescue. Otherwise he will probably either make a variation of something he has seen and liked, or else he will take a natural form and make a design out of that. These are all

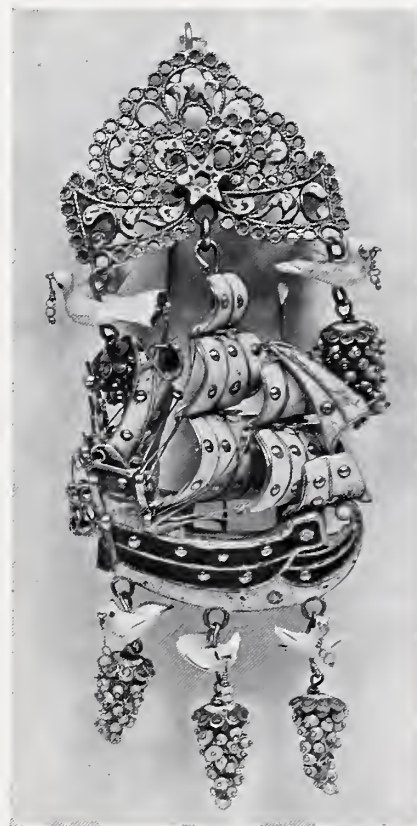
good ways, especially the two first; but making variations may easily degenerate into mere copying, and direct reference to nature often results similarly in efforts to copy or imitate natural forms rather than to take an inspiration for a decorative treatment from them.

There is also the terribly-abused method of basing the design on some familiar object of human invention. The horse-shoe and the motor-car, lawn-tennis racquets and golf-clubs, the implements of diablo, and for aught I know to the contrary, even the aeroplane, have all been thus commandeered by the designer of jewellery, with results of more or less uniform monstrosity. But, after all, perhaps it is mainly a question of how it is done, whether with or without imagination. Figs. 15 and 16 belong to the last-named category, and represent free and imaginative renderings of ships, incorrect from the mariner's point of view almost to the verge of absurdity, but both of them fine decorative pieces of jewellery. They are designed with a sense of breezy exuber-

* Continued from p. 109



15. Gold Pendant, enamelled and set with pearls. Italian. Sixteenth Century. (Victoria and Albert Museum.)



16. Gold Earring, enamelled and set with pearls. Adriatic. (British Museum.)



17. Gold Brooch, set with precious stones. French. Thirteenth century. (Victoria and Albert Museum.)



18. Gold Pendant, set with garnets and glass. Anglo-Saxon.
Gold Brooch, originally set with garnets. Teutonic.

(British Museum)

As an instance of a design *inspired* by natural forms rather than copied from them, one might look far indeed to find the equal of the lovely old French brooch, shown in Fig. 17, with its subtle suggestion of waves swirling and breaking against rocks, rendered by means of simplest leaf and flower forms, made out of bits of wire, and protected from injury by the high rock-like conical settings which give the whole design such a strong individual character; while Figs. 18 and 19 are examples of the use of other natural forms.

Probably we must all begin by copying, but not consciously or deliberately, if we have any inventive or originating faculty at all; and surely no one ever felt impelled to try and design of his own accord without at least some faint consciousness of the possession of a spark of the divine creative gift.

In setting to work, we may start with a mental picture of an effect we have decided to aim at, and proceed to consider how this can be attained with the materials at our disposal. But that implies a considerable amount of experience and knowledge, and for beginners it is very much easier just to take the material in its various forms, make experiments with it, construct a variety of simple shapes or groups, and then try by different arrangements of these, what designs we can arrive at, or how we can realise in concrete form the mental picture we started with. One great advantage of this method is that it is not at all necessary for the craftsman to wait until he is conscious of having a definite mental picture to translate into actuality. The handling of the

ance, suggesting some pompous and magnificent Doge of Venice sailing forth in the midst of gorgeous pageantry to perform the ceremony of wedding the Adriatic.

Fig. 1, Article 1, p. 103, was also an example of a design, an important part of which was obviously based on so familiar an object of human invention as a building, and in many other pieces where this derivation is less obvious and unmistakable, it is still easy to feel that the design owes much to architectural traditions.

material is so suggestive that designs will come of themselves if only he sets about handling it in the right way, and diligently cultivates the faculties of observation and selection.

Whichever way we may set to work to arrive at designs, this much at least must be admitted: that no one can expect to design well until after practising what may be called the alphabet and grammar of his craft sufficiently to have some degree of familiarity with its essentials: to know what are the distinguishing characteristics of his materials, what treatments these characteristics most naturally suggest, and which of these treatments are most useful in bringing to light those charms and beauties which lie hidden in an unworked lump of silver or gold.

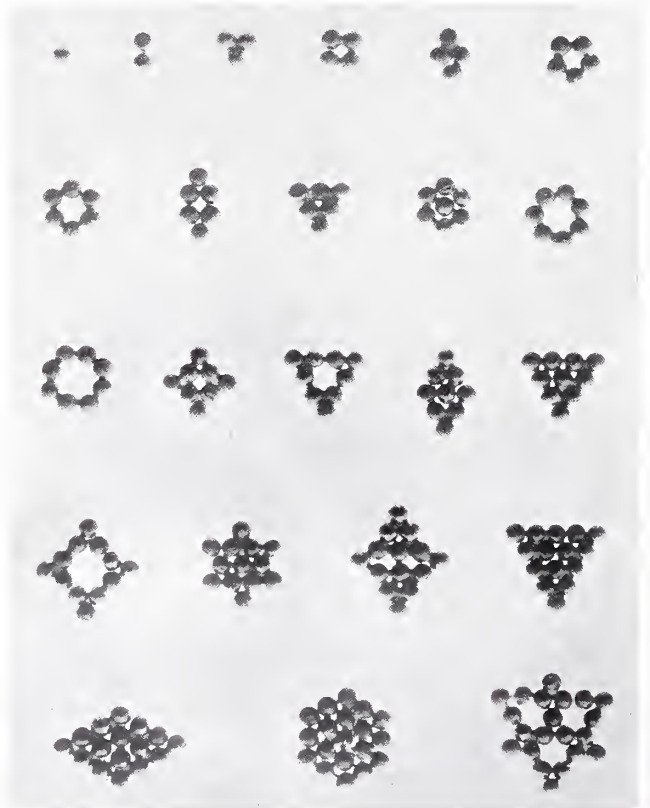
The alphabet of jewellery may be taken to mean the units or elements out of which simple designs may be constructed; while its grammar signifies the various methods by which the construction of designs out of these units is effected; how the units may be combined and associated, harmonised and contrasted. And I am quite sure that for acquiring technical skill, there can be no sounder way than by beginning with a series of graduated exercises in such an alphabet and grammar.

Now some crafts seem to have a very obvious syntax, while in others such an idea might no doubt seem to be rather far-fetched. Consider for a moment needlework and embroidery, and think of the charming and beautiful samplers which little girls used to make in order to learn, and to have by them afterwards a record of all the various stitches and processes of their craft. And really jewellery lends itself even more readily than needlework to the "sampler" method of education.



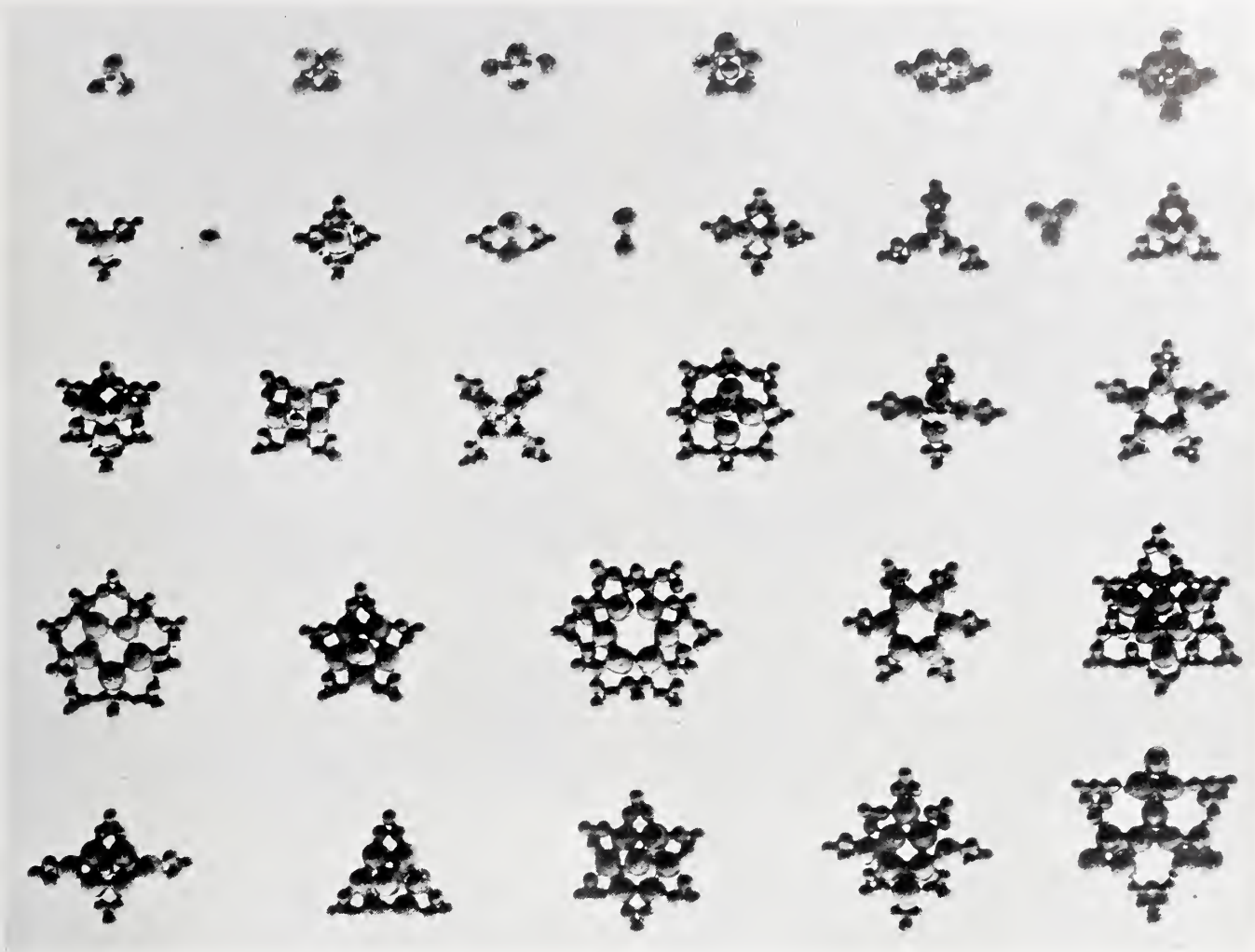
19. Gold Pendant, enamelled, and set with pearls and garnets. Seventeenth century.

(Victoria and Albert Museum.)



(By the Author.)

20 Clusters of Silver Grains of one size.



(By the Author.)

21. Clusters of Silver Grains of various sizes.

The variety of forms to be obtained from the simple practice of a few elementary methods, directly proceeding from the distinctive qualities of the precious metals, will exceed the belief of anyone who has not made a determined attempt to exhaust them.

Moreover there is this immense advantage peculiar to jewellery.

When you have made your supply of units, and are ready to begin constructing designs with them, there you have your alphabet ready to your hand to play with, just as a child plays with a handful of letters, moving them about and arranging them in different ways, until at last they suddenly leap into their inevitable places. And there you have the basis of a design as it were revealed to you. And just as a child playing with letters will discover words those letters will make, which in all probability he would not, by a purely mental effort, have found; so may the jeweller by arranging units, and groups of units, drawn from *his* alphabet, arrive at designs which might never have been suggested to his mind by merely thinking of those units in the abstract.

Scientists and metaphysicians are fond of insisting on the patent fact that one cannot make something out of nothing, and so it is in designing jewellery or anything else.

We must have our elementary forms and processes easily accessible, and it is a tremendous help if they are available for quick and easy reference in such a way that the effect

may be tried first of one, then of another, so as to ascertain which of them yield the pleasantest harmonies and contrasts when associated together.

Nothing but repeated experiments will teach the designer what an extraordinary difference it makes, how one feature or member is related to another; how the insertion or removal of this or that apparently quite insignificant detail may suddenly transform a dull, monotonous design into one that delights the eye and mind with a sense of rhythmic inevitableness.

Let us think then of some of the traditional methods and favourite ornamental details belonging to jewellery of that type in which the evidence of craftsmanship is strongest, and let us see if we can discover how these methods and details may have been evolved. And let us also consider whether the theory of their evolution at which we may arrive suggests that they are still capable of further development, that there is more to be found where these came from. What, then, are the elements which the jeweller has at his disposal out of which to build up designs?

In order to more clearly answer that question, let us first consider what are the distinguishing qualities of his chief materials, that is to say, of the precious metals?

1. They are easily melted.
2. They are easily hammered out thin and flat, and the resulting plate or sheet is easily embossed.
3. They are easily drawn out into wire of various sections.



22. Pair of Gold Earrings and various small ornaments, with granular decorations. Greek and Græco-Roman.
 Pair of Gold Earrings, with cloisonné enamel and clusters of grains.
 Three small Gold Pendants, with granular ornament. Byzantine.

(British Museum.)

They have other notable characteristics, of course, but these three are enough for the present purpose.

From the scientific point of view the above order is no doubt incorrect, but in this instance it is convenient to take the characteristic of fusibility first.

If we melt a fragment of gold or silver on a smooth piece of charcoal, what happens? The metal first shrinks and shrivels, then gradually gathers itself together, and as it reaches the melting point, it trembles and quivers until finally it rushes into a perfect globular form, glowing all over its brilliantly smooth rounded surface.

No doubt it is all quite easily explained scientifically, but he must be hard indeed to move who is not fascinated by watching the wonderful beauty of that miraculous transformation.

In this way small grains or balls which are almost perfectly spherical, can be made quite rapidly after a little practice; and in the same way the end of a piece of wire can be made to run up into a ball without being allowed to drop off.

Put one of these round grains on a smooth steel surface, and give it a few taps with a hammer, and it will have become a flat disc, thick or thin according to the amount of hammering. If the disc is made fairly thin it is easily converted into a hollow dome or cup with the help of a rounded punch.

Again, if the ball remains attached to the end of a piece

of wire, it can soon be hammered and shaped into the form of a leaf, of which the wire represents the stalk; and this same quality of malleability enables us to obtain sheets of any degree of thinness from a bar or ingot produced by pouring the melted metal into a mould. If the mould is of such a form as to yield a fairly slender rod, this can soon be drawn out into wire of almost any section, and as fine as a hair if necessary.

Now these three qualities provide the jeweller with a perfectly inexhaustible fund of opportunities, when taken in conjunction with the fact, that by mixing a very small proportion of silver with gold, or of brass with silver, the resulting alloy, called solder, will melt at a slightly lower temperature than the unalloyed metal, and will join together any pieces we wish to unite, to all intents and purposes invisibly.

Let us suppose that we have made a quantity of little spherical grains in, say, three different sizes, the largest as big as a mustard seed, the smallest as little as a poppy seed, and let us first take the largest only and solder them together in groups. (Fig. 20.) Some of these are of the utmost value to the jeweller, the pyramids of three and six grains, and the cluster of seven in which six grains surround a central one, being perhaps the most useful of all.

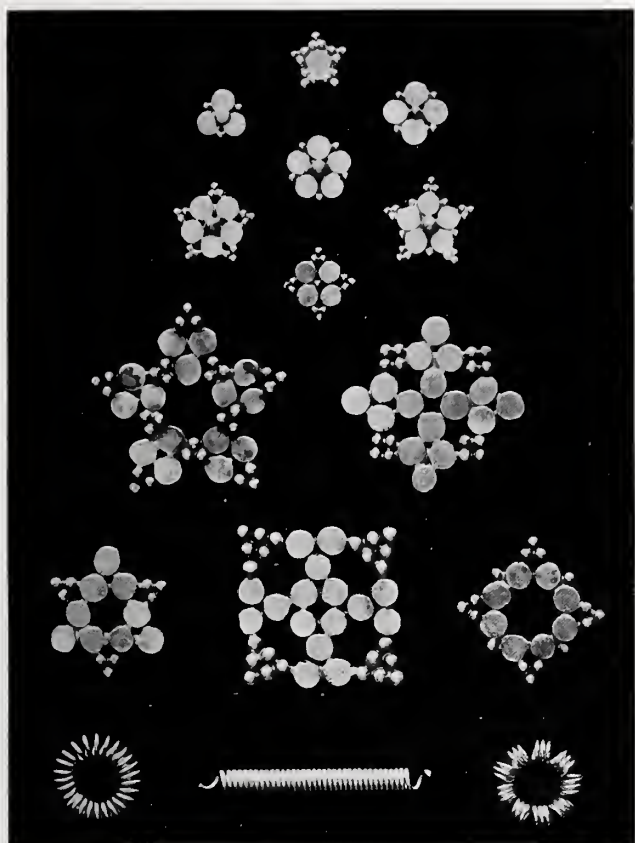
But if we introduce contrast and proportion by using the two smaller sizes as well as the largest we can obtain more interesting results, and in Fig. 21, some of the clusters in Fig. 20 will not at once be recognized now that they are enriched by the addition of smaller grains either singly or in groups.

Some of these forms are rather suggestive of the patterns of snow crystals as revealed by the microscope, and this is only one of many instances showing how nature teaches us



23. Gold Finger-rings, with ornament of grain clusters and twisted wire. Egyptian, Greek, Roman and Anglo-Saxon.

(British Museum.)



(By the Author.)

24. Clusters of Flattened and Spherical Grains.

that, when we want to make patterns, all that is necessary is to take a number of units of simple form and group them together.

One thinks, for example, of such things as the spider's web, the honey-comb, pine-apples, fir cones, scaly fish and snakes, and many varieties of flowers and of seed vessels, almost every one of which is constructed on a regular geometric plan by the repetition of a number of straight lines, simple curves or circles.

Some examples occur in Figs. 22 and 23 of ancient jewellery in which clusters of grains form an essential part of the design, as also in Figs. 6, 7, 8 and 11 (pp. 105-107).

The use of grains of various sizes gives a valuable sense of contrast and proportion, but this is felt even more strongly where some of the grains are hammered flat, as illustrated in Fig. 24, and the pendant and cross, Fig. 25, shows their usefulness to relieve the somewhat monotonous intricacy of filigree work. In order to make a number of grains of exactly the same size, a length of wire is coiled round a slender rod, and then cut up into rings. A piece of coiled wire is shown at the foot of Fig. 24, and alongside of it the effect obtained by bending this coil round into a circle, after which the turns of the wire may be drawn together into groups, as shown on the right-hand side of the illustration, thereby affording another useful ornamental detail. These circular coils will be found in the jewellery of almost all countries and periods. A close examination of the objects shown in Figs. 9 and 11 of Article 1, pp. 106, 107, will prove that they enter largely into the constructive scheme there; but more conspicuous instances occur in some of the buttons illustrated in the January number in an

article by the present author, especially in Fig. 9 of that article on p. 12.

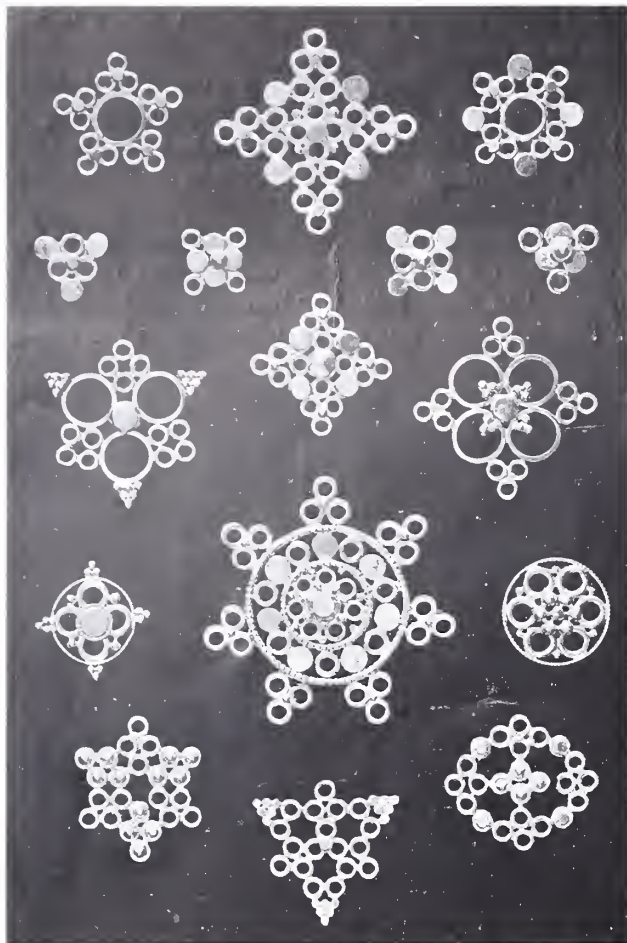
Small rings associated with grains, both spherical and flattened, provide a further means of introducing contrast and variety (see Fig. 26), while Figs. 27 and 28 give some idea of the additional interest obtainable by the introduction of domed or cupped discs.

The astonishing variety of designs accessible to the jeweller, even with the use of only circular forms, was emphasised in the article on "Buttons," just referred to, and that is a point that is very instructive in the present



(Victoria and Albert Museum.)

25. Gold Filigree Pendant and Cross.



(By the
Author.)

26. Silver Ornaments, composed of
grains, discs and rings.

connection. There cannot be much doubt that those designs of silver buttons decorated with quite elaborate patterns, entirely composed of various circular forms, were arrived at by experimental arrangements of a store of the grains and rings and bosses used after the manner of a child playing with a handful of letters, rather than by sheer mental effort assisted only by pencil and paper. Certainly the patterns illustrated in Figs. 26, 27 and 28 came about in that way, and it would be found extremely difficult to express quickly in a rough pencil sketch the many different effects of these various circular forms before the imaginary arrangement of them faded from the mental vision.

In the next article I shall deal with the evolution of patterns derived from other units of form such as are easily and naturally made out of small pieces of wire.

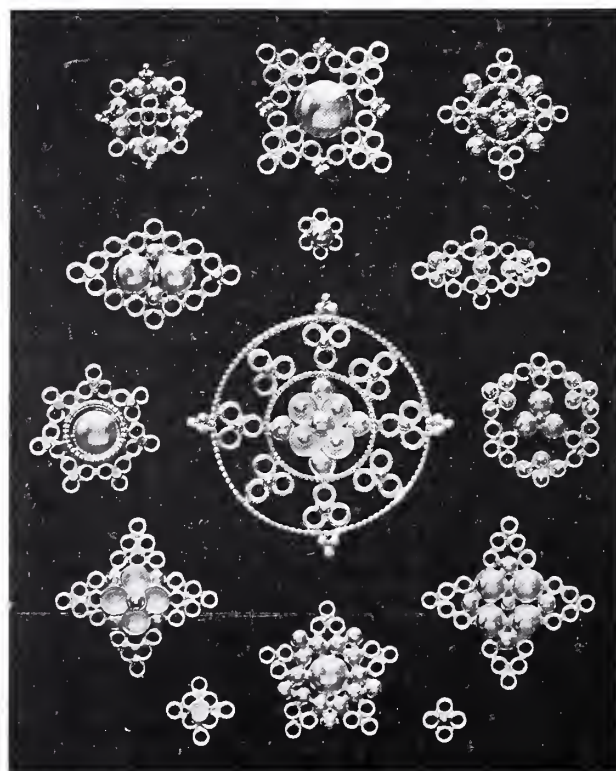
A Note on Luke Taylor.

By Frederick Wedmore.

A NOTE on Luke Taylor—as an Etcher original and reproductive: we are not here concerned with his practice in any other field of Fine Art.

Among the multitudinous contributions to the annual Shows of the Royal Painter-Etchers and Engravers, it had possibly become our duty to distinguish the excellence, or something of the special character, of Mr. Luke Taylor's prints before ever they were seen at that small but interesting miscellaneous Exhibition of Original Etchings which the Fine Art Society held as lately as last July. And possibly our duty was fulfilled. Speaking for myself, however, although I may have noticed, admired, praised, and then, in the rush of affairs tiresomely forgotten Mr. Luke Taylor's prints at the official Exhibitions of his Royal Society in Pall Mall, it was not till I saw some half-dozen of his pieces—country landscapes mainly, but there was one exception, for Chelsea had proved to him an irresistible theme—that I seem to have realised the presence of a new artist of distinction, of feeling, and of approved technical capacity. Yet where was it that I first saw and was a victim to the fascination of the august little print upon which the Editor of *THE ART JOURNAL* has invited me to pronounce—if that may be—a benediction? The reader cannot inform me, and I cannot certainly inform the reader. Let the question rest unsolved.

The print, for whoever sees it with understanding eyes, has about it the peace of a De Wint water-colour sketch, and perhaps a higher beauty of proportion and form. I do not say that it is actually great, but I say that I enjoy it, since it combines fine sentiment with ordered design. In noble summer weather—'Summer redundant' in vast field and vast unbroken sky—the dark, tall trees, from quiet hour to hour, lead stately life. The waggon is loaded, and it makes presently for the not distant homestead, discerned against the low horizon. Of the pageant of Summer, this is a scene or a phase.



(By the
Author.)

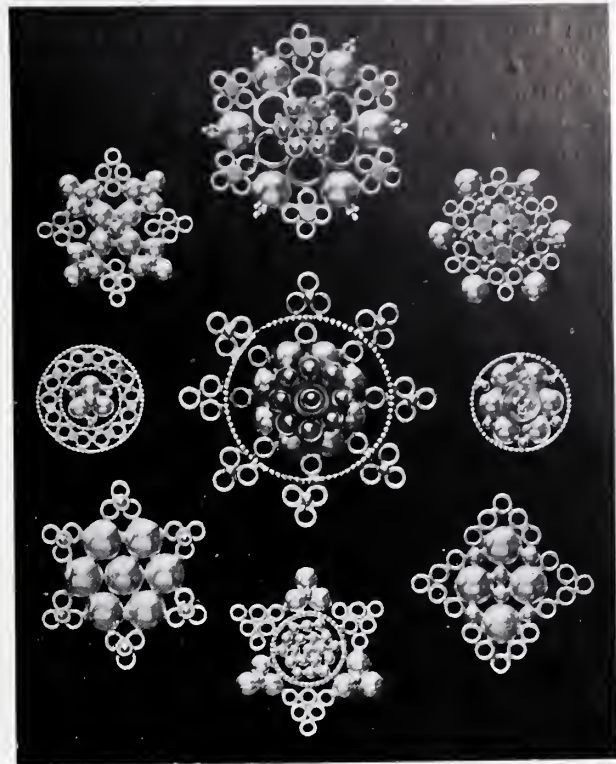
27. Silver ornaments, composed entirely
of circular forms.



An Original by Emily Lake Taylor A.R.E.

The Hayfield

The author of this distinguished rendering of English country life, where, at all events, if Nature and Climate have dominant voices in the matter, country life must be most serene, is the author also not only of further interesting and characteristic original plates—such as ‘Tewkesbury Ferry’ and ‘Black Poplars’—but likewise of certain large, important, highly wrought coppers, two of which I have seen but lately at the Fine Art Society’s; and they are learned, faithful, yet at the same time spirited interpretations of pictures by Van Dyck. One of these records a canvas now in the Rijks Museum—the National Gallery of Amsterdam—a portrait group of the youth who was William the Second of Orange and his girl-bride or child-bride, Mary Stuart, daughter of our Charles the First. The other is a very notable ‘Henrietta Maria’—that one which is in the possession of Lady Wantage. Experience seems to tell me that it is well for everyone concerned when the translation of great work falls to the lot of a man who is not only translator or interpreter—who is an original artist. Nor can I think that the familiarity, the intimacy, with work that is Classic, which the interpretation of that work involves, has any effect that is not altogether beneficent upon the man of to-day who, in his original as well as in his reproductive efforts in Etching, may aspire to be hereafter a Classic himself.



(By the Author.)

28. Silver Ornaments, composed entirely of circular forms.

“Authorised by Mr. Whistler.”*

SURELY no artist in his generation was so discussed as Whistler. Alive, the problem of his artistic genius was the daily theme of critics, his bon-mots and eccentricities became part of the stock-in-trade of every writer for the press, his own letters to the papers were innumerable, and his personality attracted popular attention. By 1874 “Whistler was the fashion, if his pictures were not.” Dead, the slightest breeze fans into a fierce flame the glowing embers of his career. He left explosive legacies, which burst on being touched. Some owners would not lend their possessions to the Memorial Exhibition held at the New Gallery in 1905 because they thought that Whistler did not desire that distinction: the statue by Rodin subscribed for by one group of admirers is condemned by another group, who think such a tribute is out of sympathy with the wishes of the dead artist. Even the biography by Mr. and Mrs. Pennell, “the record he asked us to write,” was scarcely announced when opposition sprang up, and Mr. Heinemann had to face litigation to discover whether or not he could print a selection of Whistler’s letters. He could not. In spite, however, of this loss the Pennell record will be accepted as the standard work on Whistler. The authors have had access to many public and private sources of information, and much of their knowledge was obtained first-hand. They were both able to understand the aims and the moods of Whistler, and they brought trained and sympathetic minds to the study of his art. It was, moreover, a labour of love to complete their associations with

the master by writing the history of his life and accomplishments. All the difficulties which were put in the way could not prevent the work becoming the best art book of the season.

None will dispute that Whistler was a consummate artist. Art was in him at birth as it was in the great masters of other centuries. He revealed himself perfectly as an artist with his etchings and with his pastels, lithographs, and drawings. For fineness of imagination, certainty of selection, and delicacy of execution he is unrivalled through the ages. With every new opportunity to see this kind of work his genius becomes more apparent. Some of his bigger work is disappointing, though interesting in its way: he failed too many times to express his inspiration. The ‘Mother,’ ‘The Little White Girl,’ the ‘Carlyle,’ the ‘Miss Alexander,’ the ‘Piano,’ are great works, and with a few other portraits and some of the Nocturnes, they will live as supreme works of art; but many of his ambitious works are conundrums which will baffle posterity.

Whistler’s personality carried him through many difficult situations, and it made a reputation for him scarcely less than that which came to him from the practice of his art. People looked to him for amusement, and would not take him or his art seriously. He cultivated a supposed lack of sincerity towards his art. When someone brought him a commission for a painting and stipulated that it should be “a serious work,” Whistler’s answer was that he “could not break with the traditions of a lifetime.” So people asked whether he was an artist who jested, or a mountebank who painted. His experiments in human intercourse took up a large part of his time. He hated

* The Life of James McNeill Whistler. By E. R. and J. Pennell. (Heinemann. 2 Vols. 36s.)

to be alone, and he managed generally to be in touch with interesting people. Some names will be remembered in history chiefly through their association with Whistler, but he attracted many famous people whose relations with the artist form some of the most interesting chapters in this biography.

Nearly every Whistler anecdote bears repetition. His quickness of thought served him well when the Prince of Wales visited the Society of British Artists. The Prince asked "what the Society was?—was it an old institution? What was its history?" "Sir, it has none, its history begins to-day," Whistler replied. How he must have chuckled when he published, as his "unsolicited official and final certificate of character," the envelope sent away from "The Academy, England," marked "Not known at the R.A.!" Typical of Whistler's sarcastic humour is the story of an American collector who called one day, wasted a lot of the artist's time without arriving at any conclusion, and said finally: "How much for the whole lot?" "Five millions." "What?" "My posthumous prices."

There is enthusiastic appreciation in these volumes, but no idolatry. "The greatest artist and the most striking personality of the nineteenth century" is the most extravagant praise that the authors commit, and even that phrase may be allowed. Whistler analysed his own character in "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," and the biography by Mr. and Mrs. Pennell is the best possible supplement to that sprightly work. Mr. Pennell met Whistler in 1884, and both artists found much in common in the course of years. These volumes, begun in 1900, are the natural sequel to this friendship, and the literature of art has been enriched by their publication. It is a sober tribute to the worth of the gay, capricious, bewildering and in many things adorable man who astonished the world by his art, and who was, as Mr. Watts-Dunton has written, "one of the most vivid personalities of our time."

The illustrations include photogravures, a facsimile of a coloured lithograph, and a wealth of other illustrations. The general production of the book is all that can be desired.

The Royal Academy.

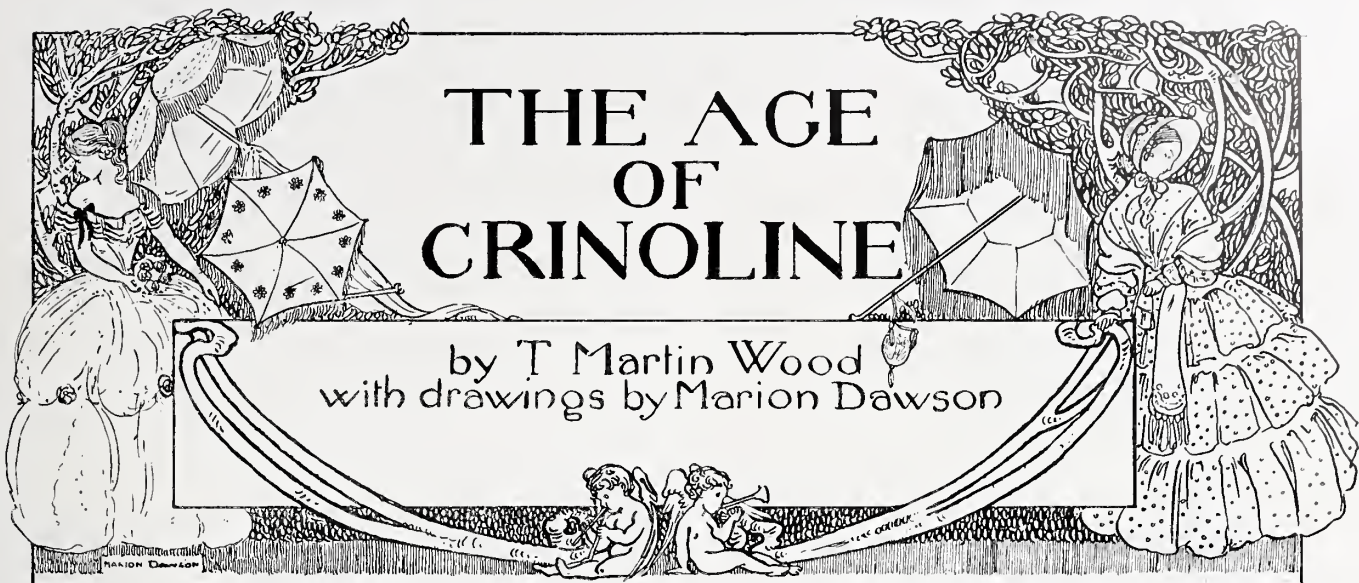
IN the past it has been the rule of the King to sign the diplomas of Royal Academicians once a year only—in the late autumn. Hence the vacancies of those raised to full membership even early in the year did not technically occur till then. It is said, however, that the diplomas of Mr. Goscombe John and Mr. John Belcher, the two R.A.'s-elect, are likely to receive the royal signature, and thus be completed in time for the Associateships to be filled before the end of the summer.

THE Royal Academy is notoriously conservative. From time to time, for instance, complaints appear as to the difficulty experienced by would-be purchasers in ascertaining the price of exhibits. Undoubtedly this is a somewhat difficult question to settle, as it is not customary in London—though in the Provinces it is common—to print the prices in the ordinary catalogue. Nevertheless, when such details can be obtained only in the entrance-hall of a show as large as the R.A. it is probable that sales are occasionally missed. Priced provincial catalogues sometimes reveal instructive fluctuation. For example, a work by a popular landscapist, which was at Burlington House in 1908, appeared at Liverpool valued at £1,000, dropping to £600 when sent 200 miles farther north.

APROPOS of the summer exhibitions, those with a long memory may recall a picture by James Hayllar, No. 450 at the Academy of 1864. The work was commissioned by Richard Cobden, who described to the artist a scene such as was represented, declaring that he had found an account of it in an old Country History. It showed Queen Elizabeth, attended by ladies of honour, on a Sussex highway, where men were labouring to get her ponderous coach out of the mud. Cobden failed to discover the descriptive passage which was to serve as title,

and the artist was in despair. He appealed to his friend Jefferson: "Try to find me something at the British Museum." "I'll give you sufficient authority at once," was the response. Thereupon Jefferson sat down and wrote: "The journey was marvellous for ease and expedition; for such is the perfect evenness of the new highway. Her Highness left the coach only once while hinds and folks of a base sort lifted it out with their poles. *Vide* Maud Ufford's letter to Marjorie Pennington in D'Eyncourt's 'Memoirs of the Maids of Honour.'" All this was pure invention, and Hayllar feared lest the selecting committee or the hangers should unmask the pretty plot. Jefferson, however, was confident, and with warrant. The purely fanciful title, innocent of any basis in fact, was duly printed in the catalogue, and a too-knowing critic even referred to "quaint old D'Eyncourt" as though the unwritten memoir was on his bookshelf.

DISAPPOINTMENT was keen in 1908, when, because of the Royal Academy banquet being changed from Saturday evening to Thursday, critics had but one day in which to form their first impressions—disregarding the private view, that is; moreover, as the request remained that no article should appear till after the private view, which took place on Saturday instead of Friday, the Sunday papers were in a far more advantageous position than the dailies. Though no official information was forthcoming before we went to press, it is understood that the R.A. Council will this year make more satisfactory arrangements. Critics are likely to have the whole of Thursday, April 29, and probably the morning of Wednesday, April 28, the Royal private view taking place that afternoon. The banquet will be on Friday, the private view on Saturday. There is little doubt that the Academy will sanction the publication of newspaper articles on Private View Day.



THE time which we may, perhaps, well define as the crinoline period was not only distinct in the matter of costume. We are now just becoming conscious of its particular atmosphere, and as usual the arts have met it and expressed it first, thereby accounting for the paradox that it is the ultra-modern artists who are choosing these old-fashioned times. And no time is, in a sense, more old-fashioned than the one we have just left behind. Upon it the dust of the past lies thicker than upon any other time, for there has not yet been time to brush it away. The sentiment for things Victorian in the modern studios is a fact. This being so, it is interesting to touch on the costumes which, like all historic costumes, have expressed the moment. The history of the life of the moment is, as ever, written in art which accepted its outer aspect—and proves its beauty. Even the inner history of a period is nowhere reconstructed so clearly as in painting, with its acceptance in the name of beauty of any outward shape it may assume.

In the sixties there were inventions, in the way of jupons, over which the skirt was spread, which allowed women "to ascend steep stairs, lean against tables, throw themselves into armchairs, pass to their stall at the opera without inconvenience to others, and allowing the dress to fall in graceful folds." So read the advertisements in the papers of the time.

The minds of most people are confused, as regards the crinoline, with dreadful visions in which figure the caricatures of the eighteenth century. It was in the shape of the farthingale in Queen Elizabeth's time that the hoop first made its appearance. The farthingale was simply a wheel of bone worn at the waist, and a full dress was put over it and fell from its edge in long straight lines. Such is the power of art that Zucchero made even this seem splendidly pictorial. And the stiffness of costume more than justifies itself in the style of portraiture of the time, filling with desirably patterned spaces the corners of the canvas round

the still and pompous figures. But perhaps even Queen Elizabeth desired a little freedom when she was not posing—which was not often. Dignified as the life of the time seems if we look at it through pictures, it was a superficial dignity, like a stiff embroidery to life, and natural graces were as far away as natural clothing, and the clothes grow more and more unnatural in the remaining years of Tudor reign.

The beauties of Charles the Second's reign threw all convention to the winds. Herrick had written:—

"A sweet disorder in the dresse
Kindles in cloathes a wantonnesse.
A lawne about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction."

Naturalness became the fashion, and the saving virtue of the time. The state of mind is mirrored in costume, and these ladies who were not ashamed of anything abandoned the farthingale, letting the full dress which had been worn over it fall about them like a sea—as it is in Lely's portraits.

But the pendulum swings to the Dutch fashions, and with them came the great hoop skirt, to grow more and more outrageous, to die at last in bringing ridicule to birth. Then came the desolate and uninteresting Empire period, with its affectations of the classic, until the hoop came back again, practically at first in its old form. This is the time of the good-humoured caricatures of Leech. It will always be impossible to know how far we have been misled by caricature; whether we do not now confuse the artistic touch of fantasy with the crinoline as it was; whether, in fact, women were quite so senseless as the early volumes of *Punch* would make them seem. Extremes meet, and the folds of Grecian raiment—determined by the grace of the body—remained in beauty unrivalled, until there came the 1860 crinoline. It was perhaps then that the women's age really began, and they took possession, mysteriously enough, with draperies round them like a cloud: a cloud ridden by the spirit of womanhood. They enter the room with a whisper of muslin; and their gestures, their beautiful

NOTE.—The illustrations have been designed by Miss Marion Dawson from original costumes in the possession of the Misses Derby and Dawson, 35, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.



1839.—Stiff green and black striped silk with Nottingham lace tucker. Hand-printed soft silk shawl, three-cornered, and trimmed with long silk fringe, all in soft tones of grey, green, and dull pink.

laughter, and the clear notes of their voices are all restrained. For they have realised a part and play it beautifully, just as they have rehearsed it, having said over to themselves many times, “papa, pines, prunes, and prism,” that their lips may close like a rose that goes to sleep.

It is only this very carefully considered attitude which we can oppose to the freedom of the Amazons, as being beautiful in the opposite way. All the history of women’s arts laid under contribution, for the expression of a moment—a sense of the importance of the moment as they sit with small foot on the footstool just as they have learnt to place it—of the importance of every one of the moments, the stillness of which they strive to ensure by declining contact with any new event; seeking the happy certainty of days in which every thought will be one that is familiar and undisturbing. And catching the sound sometimes of their knitting needles, or of the ticking fire, they become conscious for a moment of the riches they have in minutes counted by such comfortable sounds.

Their costume seems to peculiarly isolate them from other women in history; the dressing of their hair is the only thing that sometimes forms a connecting link with other times, sometimes resembling the outlines which were so perfected by the Greeks. The beauty of a face has its life in thought, but the beauty of the body has its life in action;

so whilst it was quite befitting that they should retain a style that was somewhat Grecian for the hair, in the dress another scheme was called for, since they admitted to themselves no pagan wishes to frolic upon flowery hills, striving only for a noiseless elegance with which to cross the patterned carpet.

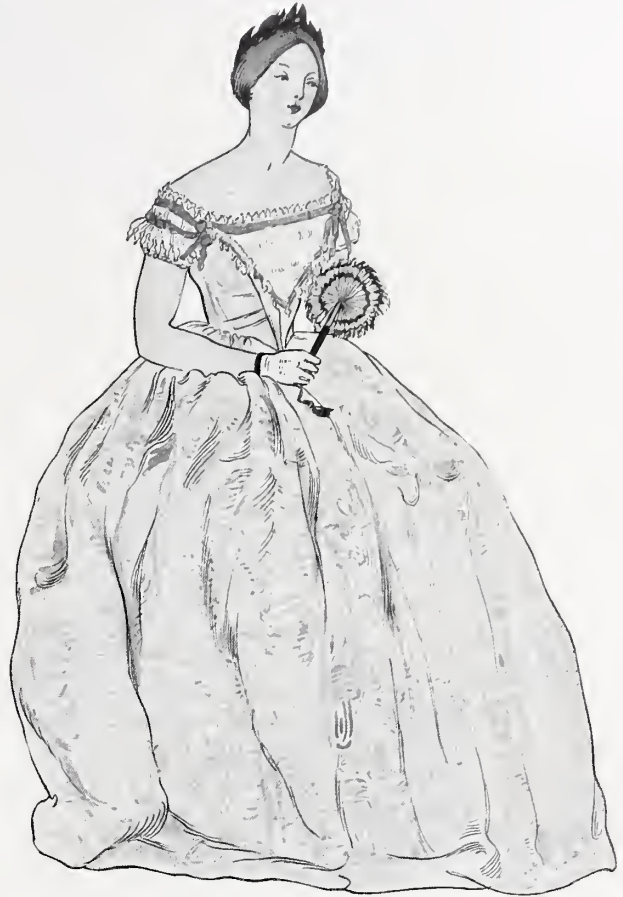
This attitude towards life gradually passes, and dresses seem to show the stages of transition, but they never seem to miss a kind of beauty peculiar only to the middle part of the last century, apparent even in a picture painted so late as 1874. Of this year the girl in Millais’ ‘The North-West Passage’ in the Tate Gallery will perhaps come to everybody’s memory. The dress falls with an extreme beauty, partly due to the conception of the artist, but a great deal to the character of the dress from which he has his inspiration. Here again the girl’s hair is braided in an almost Grecian way, and the crossed fichu is Grecian in intention. This hint at Hellenic graces in the coiffure goes perfectly with the fall of flounces in the dress, for beauty is not of time or place, and perhaps, incongruity cannot occur when beauty associated with one period is brought beside the



1841.—The “Dickens” dress. Mauve and green grenadine, with chemisette of soft embroidered muslin. Leghorn bonnet, trimmed with pink ribbon, scalloped and fringed. Hair in ringlets.

beauty of another, provided that it *is* the beauty of the different times that is brought together. The pendulum of fashion swings, and we find it going out of the line of beauty only when it collides with natural law. For instance:—In 1854 there was an Empress mantle made of thick black satin, so wadded and lined that it falls quite stiffly; it was cut to fit the shoulders, so the upper part of the figure was completely hidden in this hideous bell, and as it seemed to bottle up all movement of the arms, ugliness was produced by collision with nature—that is one way in which the clothes of this, as of the periods since, went wrong; but we will cite the way in which they have gone wrong much more often. The crinoline went out in obedience to the idea that to fit the figure is to arrive at beauty, but as this of course means fitting over other clothes, it has led to all the most terrible mistakes. The character of the line of the figure survives in the cloth of the dress as unsympathetically and often in as ugly a way as possible. The Empire costume embraces an impossible ideal for Western climates.

In the attempt to carry a cloak close to the figure, when



1848.—Evening dress of stiff oyster-white moiré antique. Trimmed with a detachable berthe of white net, and blond lace, and brilliant pink ribbons. A wreath of green bay leaves adorns her head, and she carries a collapsible fan of black and white parchment, trimmed with black lace and tassels.

that figure in the dressmaker's sense had often in the end to include something so monstrous as a bustle—in the pretence to follow nature in a line which was not nature's, ugliness was arrived at—and after all there *are* laws for ugliness which may be elaborately studied, and the observance of which will as unfailingly land us in ugliness as there are laws from which grace springs.

The crinolines sprang right away to an ecstatic freedom of design of their own, aiming at nothing but beauty, even if this was a dressmaker's sense of beauty. On occasions, however, it rose to the level of the art of the great illustrators, and it is only with these rare occasions which we deal here. But there were times when the scientific side of dressmaking came uppermost, with its triumphs all outside the regions of grace, for science sees nothing from that purely outside point of view which is the artist's, where, to the greater beauty of the world, fact is confounded with illusion.

The peculiar quality of the charm which the illustrators from the thirties to the seventies took into their pictures from this period could not have been taken from any other, or imagined by the artist. For the artist does not bring beauty into the world with him, but arrives here only with his sense of it, and we must believe in that which he reveals.

The vision of art is essentially masculine, and a man sees the whole pageant of fashion passing, changing apparently but slightly from year to year, where a woman sees a million changes and transitions, all of them of the



1846.—Thin barège dress, trimmed with narrow fringe. Each flounce has a deep band of pattern woven in the material. A pelerine of the same material, trimmed in the same way. Leghorn hat trimmed with ruching and strings of gauze, striped ribbon, and wreath of daisies.



1851.—Ivory-white brocade, with three deep flounces, each edged with narrow black velvet and narrow black-and-white lace. The bertha is trimmed in the same way with bows and ends of black ribbon velvet. The hair is dressed in a chignon with black chenille net.

deepest import. For men's point of view we have to turn to the contemporary art, where the artists who miss all the little varieties in bows and ribbons, which finally account for the gradual change, notice every little inflection of light in a fold, and every shadow, and apprise the quality of the evasive muslin outline.

The artist and average man has a memory of the women of this time as if they were born into these delightful dresses. And it was thus that they were born into art, for matter can only pass into art in the spiritual form of a symbol. Pictures give us the revelation that the spirits of all but naked savages make their reincarnation to this world in clothes, and what a conception of costume this idea gives us! It is the artistic conception. When the artist defines a figure, though turned perhaps so that we see nothing but clothes, he outlines the indefinable spirit of which the Mahommedan artist is afraid. Had we too anything of this fear, we should tremble to think of the spirits of pretty women imprisoned in books behind glass cases. But it is true their spirits have not passed without being outlined in the very form and fashion in which they sought expression.

The phases which the art of painting itself went through in the nineteenth century will perhaps always remain unparalleled, and each phase tested its strength upon that final test, the spectacle of everyday life. So we have this period, which is one period as distinct from all others, despite its many changes, represented by the pre-Raphaelites,

by Millais, Windus, Hughes and others; by artists whose genius was so native as Walker and Pinwell, and by the French impressionists—Manet's picture of Hyde Park, for instance. Whistler's brush interpreted much of the character of clothes almost immaterial which I have suggested, and the period will never pass out of our minds. It will always be the field for imaginative art, which has the range of the present, the past, and the future, whilst realistic art cannot move away from the present. And yet for all that it triumphs so in art, there were people railing at it, in each of its phases, in its own day. For it is given, as we have inferred, to the ordinary man and woman to receive the revelation of beauty, only second-hand, through the medium of what art shows them in pictures, and every fresh fashion requires a painter to justify it. Writings on fashion fail to reduce to words effects which are for the plastic arts alone. We should crowd everything out of *THE ART JOURNAL* if we attempted to study this period by reproducing over again all the contemporary illustrations of it which are extant. But by having recourse to a collection of the original costumes which afforded so much inspiration to the artists of those days Miss Dawson carries us from point to point of the period, convincing me at least of the reality of a period which I had at last come to believe never existed, except in the dreams of artists, who imagine all women as living, like themselves, to the service of beauty and nothing else. Well, if the costumes are right, and I have handled them, perhaps the artists who think this are right also. For it is true that women do not touch anything without it



1858.—Brown bombazine dress, trimmed with fringe of brown, blue, and white mixed. The stripes are woven in the material, and are deep bright blue and brown. The under-sleeves are of cut cambric, hand-embroidered. These were worked by a lady during the siege of Delhi.

acquiring a further interest in our eyes, and the nature of that interest, would it not in a final analysis reveal itself to us only among the category of illusions that are enveloped in the one word which intrudes itself at every step in our subject—beauty?

There must be many folk who are survivors from the crinoline period; they probably slipped into our own times without being conscious of any juncture; but the whole period artistically seemed to come to an end before the eighties, and another period began. The period had all through an elegance not so obvious, and consequently never likely to become so commonly understood, as that of the eighteenth century. The memory of it affords a quality of inspiration quite its own. How the art of the future will exploit this period, who can say? It recedes, growing more and more romantic to think about as all contact with it is destroyed by time. Will its peculiar fascination sometime be emblemized by something in decoration equivalent to the shepherd and the shepherdess of a preceding time? By figures which will remind us of the evening of the old world, before the era of time-tables called only for clothes in which women could hurry, and for a manner which would ensure them a seat on the tram.

Concessions at last had to be made between the dream-clothed Victorian woman and the matter-of-factness of the approaching times. If we pursued our subject much further it would land us within the period of the bustle—ugliness such as the world had never known. Let us close the subject before it is yet in view. There was a beautiful twilight before the day of which I have written ended, when women moved with the pride of peacocks, in dresses with the fan of one flounce falling over another at the back until they ended in a train. This moment of farewell is signified in Whistler's 'Fireworks at Cremorne.' I always think of it as the Whistler period, and as I think of a figure in his picture now, I feel as one who watches his hostess leave the



1868.—The polonaise dress. Made of Chinese puce gauze, with silk stripes of mauve. Trimmed with frills, and sash of mauve satin. Under-skirt of white India muslin, trimmed with narrow frills of the same material.



1866.—The "Millais" dress. Cream tarlatan, narrow pinked-mauve silk, slightly frilled, and rosettes of the same. There is a low under-bodice, edged with Valenciennes lace, and the upper part and sleeves are transparent. The hair is dressed in a chenille net and a black velvet band.

garden where until evening he has been entertained. As she withdraws the night itself seems to throw about her a mysterious shawl, and the guest realises that, with her, the spirit of a day that has been unlike any other is departing. But ghosts of the women who make their exit for the last time in Whistler's 'Fireworks at Cremorne' still seem to haunt Chelsea. No doubt this explains why artists have brought a feeling for these times into a vogue. Many of the old houses are now studios; who knows of the unseen visitants? The finer the artist the more mediumistic he generally is, and surely if anything in this world is haunted it is clothes, and what inspiration a susceptible artist must take into his fingers when he spreads on the model one of the actual dresses, of which I have found such happy specimens in the Chelsea corner of the world.

Many fine artists are still with us who did illustrations within the period. It is interesting to think of what they may possibly feel when they see a young generation approaching a time which afforded them the matter-of-fact inspiration of reality, as a legendary and visionary province. It must be pleasant for them to think that they laid stones in the construction in this, now, almost fairy kingdom. It

would have pleased me to have laid my fingers on the peculiar constituent of this period, which within so short a time already affects our imagination to such an extent. Is it that our new inventions have transformed the appearance of mere yesterday by whirling us away from it at such tremendous speed? Some of the best of the rising generation of artists are under the sway of its sentiment, even the while they protest against sentimentality, imagining they are concerned only with the amplitude and grace of form of the Victorian costume.

No true artist has ever seen anything apart from its associations and sentiments—perhaps when we do ever see it thus that is when it is ugly to us—perhaps this is what



1871.—The "Whistler" dress. White muslin dress trimmed with frills of black and white muslin. Plain white muslin frills round the neck; sleeves each edged with Valenciennes lace. Fine yellow straw bonnet, spoon-shaped, and trimmed with black and white ribbons. Collapsible-handled parasol.



1872.—The decadence of the crinoline. Bright pink muslin, trimmed with frills of black-and-white muslin, printed in imitation of lace. The square yoke is white muslin, and the bows are pink silk. The hair is dressed in a chignon with a black ribbon velvet rosette.

ugliness means. Ah, but there can be ugly associations, so this cannot be so.

Aubrey Beardsley really said all that was best about the crinoline when he slipped Salome into it, as a form of dress that now has that place in men's minds which makes a thing a classic. That is a thing not to be identified with some particular time, but with a mood which only in after-thought is identified with some particular time. All the rest of the vagaries of the furbelows and fringes that alternate round this crinoline period are like the fantasias of an impromptu player round a central theme. Miss Dawson has charmingly elaborated them for the benefit of the studious reader, but the science of it all is not our business, only the fact that a sentiment peculiar to the age has flowered expressively in art. Let someone dissect the flower who cares not for it; for by science do we come by all our lost illusions.



Whitehorse Close, Edinburgh.

By Albany E. Howarth.

The Etchings of Mr. Albany E. Howarth.

By Rudolf Dircks.

IF we were to look for any general principle in the somewhat chaotic and, we believe, entirely progressive art production of the last twenty years or so, we might find it possibly in a tendency to rely more generally upon abstract artistic qualities. Even in quarters where its manifestations would seem most open to unfavourable criticism, where artistic egotism has, as it were, boxed the compass in bizarre and affected expression, even here the same tendency may be found; the vagaries, indeed, have often been the direct result of these tendencies. If we compare, for instance, a modern Royal Academy Exhibition with one of the early nineties, we shall find that the choice of a subject for its own sake has become a matter of diminishing importance. Again, take sculpture. The growth in the appreciation of sculpture has been coincident with a remarkable development in this art, and sculpture is not the least abstract of the arts. The same

tendency may in a measure account for the more general interest in the art of etching. There is probably no art in which the interest is so independent of the subject, or in which with a comparatively limited range of technical means the possibilities of artistic expression are so abundant. In the world of graphic ideas there would seem to be few indeed that an etcher would find it necessary to reject on the score of the inadequacy of the means at his disposal to express them. We all know how limited these means are, lines bitten in a copper plate, to which may be added qualities of tone in the printing. A very limited vocabulary indeed—so limited, in fact, that the etcher's art is largely the art of suggestion. All art can only, of course, be complete in this sense, just as the most perfect sayings are invariably susceptible of endless commentary. But the difference between etching and arts of a more extended vocabulary is that it is so engagingly, so frankly an art of

suggestion. In many of its phases, the line of the etcher resembles in its air of easy inspiration, in its singing rhythmical quality, with its cadences and pauses, the line of a lyric poet. And these scratches on a copper plate may run the gamut of pictorial representation—the texture of surfaces, the gradations of atmospheric effect, the sentiment of crowded or lonely spaces, of gaiety or pathos, or of the grotesque, are all within its province. Even that studiously built-up abstraction of which we have heard so much lately in connection with other arts, the ‘grand manner,’ is not unknown in etching. Witness, for example, Rembrandt.

It is not therefore surprising that in England, as indeed in other countries, etching is engaging the attention of artists. In England the movement no doubt began with a doctor during a sick vacation, Seymour Haden, and, subsequently, with Whistler. Mr. Howarth is one of the most recent recruits. His work so far has not been very extensive, but what he has accomplished is excellent and full of promise: his instinct is quite genuine. In the reproductions which accompany this article, it will be seen that his range

of expression is considerable, and that, with a feeling for detail and the formalistic, there is also a feeling for breadth and the poetic illusion of common things. ‘The Barrow-maker’s Shop’ is admirable in this respect. Could any other art make this type of subject so interesting? We doubt that the added actuality of colour would. Here, indeed, there is both atmosphere and colour; and the etched line gives a decorative and abstract importance to the various objects of the interior: it extends one’s vision of the picturesque. The technical qualities of this etching will also, we should imagine, appeal particularly to the collector. ‘Stirling Castle,’ a very different type of subject, is a spacious composition of spacious country and sky, with the castle on the heights in the distance, possessing great breadth of treatment. The drawing, and the gradations of biting in, of the bold trees in the foreground and the fainter lines of the remote castle are alike suggestive of Mr. Howarth’s artistic feeling and art. A windmill, and particularly a Dutch windmill, has been a favourite subject of many etchers. We remember being struck by Mr. Howarth’s vigorous example at one of



Bakehouse Close, Edinburgh.

By Albany E. Howarth.



Old Playhouse Close, Edinburgh.

By Albany E. Howarth.



Le Château Gaillard.

By Albany E. Howarth.



Stirling Castle.

By Albany E. Howarth.



The Barrow-maker's Shop

By Albany E. Howarth.

the International Exhibitions. The most fantastic and picturesque surely of all human constructions is here thrown into relief by the more delicate lines of the sky and water and background in the treatment of which there is also a pleasant element of fantasy. The 'Château Gaillard' is more definitely pictorial, more conventionally formal than is quite usual with Mr. Howarth, and the etched line seems to be a little lost in the suggestion of rich colour, in the classic air of the composition as a whole. Closer examination modifies this impression somewhat, and the subdued light of a serene, windless evening, by this ancient castle on the Seine, is certainly beautifully expressed. Quaint turreted and gabled buildings, bits of odd thoroughfares, *culs de sac* of forgotten quarters of a town, fantastic dilapidated remnants of the past, are never more happily depicted than in etching. Mr. Howarth in his series of studies of Old Edinburgh has surrendered himself quite successfully to the interest of subjects of this type. The effective massing of light and

shade, the choice of detail, and the articulate quality of blank spaces, give these etchings a value which is much greater than topographical.

Mr. Howarth's work sufficiently suggests that he is a colourist: that he is also a painter. His skill in etching has also been assisted by early practice in pen-drawing. Mr. Howarth does his own printing, and an examination of his etchings indicates that he is expert in this by no means mechanical part of a successful etching, in obtaining from his proof just the right quality of tone. And in addition to this practical understanding, which is indeed indispensable to a good etcher, we find in Mr. Howarth's work an abstract and interpretative view of things which is indispensable to a good artist.

NOTE.—The illustrations to this article appear with the sanction of the proprietors of the Stafford Gallery, 34, Old Bond Street, W.

MR. MARTIN HARDIE tells an amusing anecdote about 'The Threat,' by John Pettie, which was at Burlington House as part of the McCulloch collection. While the picture was on the artist's easel, Leighton called. He had one criticism only: that the raised hand was not large enough forcefully to carry out the intention. "I painted it from my own great fist," exclaimed Pettie. "Then your own great fist is not big enough," was Leighton's answer, and he held out his own. Little as one would expect it, Leighton's hand proved to be the larger. "I'll shake my fist at you for three-

quarters of an hour," was his genial way of proffering a service. Thus the substitution was made. Yet when water-colour was suggested as a medium for Pettie to essay, his answer was, "Life's too short, and my fist's too clumsy."

PROPOS of the Royal Academy's decision, arrived at in the spring of 1908, reputedly by the casting vote of the President only, to permit pictures hung on the line to be glazed, the following explanation is printed in "Notice to Artists, 1909":—"Oil pictures must not be sent in under glass; but any oil picture, not more than six feet eight measurement in its largest dimensions, obtaining a place on the line, may have a glass put over it, if so desired, on an appointed day before the opening of the exhibition, of which due notice will be given." This departure, which will involve much additional labour, should many painters avail themselves of the permission, will be watched with keen interest.



Etched by ALBANY E. HOWARTH.]

A DUTCH MILL NEAR DORDRECHT.

Obituary.

MADAME HENRIETTE RONNER, who died at Brussels on March 2, was born at Amsterdam as long ago as 1821. In her case, love of and talent for art were hereditary. Augustus Knip, her father, a well-known painter, became blind at the age of fifty, just when taking the liveliest interest in her training. Rosa Bonheur was an honorary member of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, of which since 1894 Madame Ronner had been an ordinary member. Onward from 1891 Madame Ronner exhibited at the Royal Academy; indeed, her cat pictures were as well known and as popular in this country as in Belgium, where since 1850 she had lived. A typical example is in the McCulloch collection.

MADAME MESDAG, whose death occurred at The Hague about March 20, was herself an artist, as well as being wife of the able marine painter, who has a European reputation. Madame Mesdag, née Van Houten, was born at Gröningen in 1834, thus being three years the

junior of her husband. It was in large part due to her encouragement that late in the sixties he abandoned his position in the banking firm of his father, and started life afresh as an art student. Examples of the art of Madame Mesdag have frequently been seen at the exhibitions of the Women's International, at the Baillie Gallery, and elsewhere in London, and several landscapes, still-life pieces, and portraits by her are in the Mesdag Museum, generously presented to The Hague by the veteran marine painter a few years ago. We have also to record with regret the death during March of Mr. Joseph Swain, one of the most talented of England's wood-engravers, of Mr. Russell Sturgis, the American writer on art, of M. Alfred Normand, the French architect, who was doyen of the Académie de Beaux Arts, Mr. W. Beattie-Brown, R.S.A., Mrs. R. A. M. Stevenson, Mr. Edward Tucker, and of Mr. William Rutley, one of the founders of the firm of Conduit Street auctioneers, through whose hands much artistic treasure has passed.

The Renaissance in Europe and in Japan.

THE course of four lectures delivered at the Albert Hall by Mr. Laurence Binyon, entitled "Art and Thought in East and West: Parallels and Contrasts," proved yet again that he unites the imaginative insight of the poet to a finely critical sense. Through Mr. Binyon's courtesy we are enabled to give an instructive passage from his second lecture, dealing with the Renaissance in Europe and in Japan.

While in Italy scholars were handling with reverential fingers manuscripts of Homer, of Plato, of Catullus, filled with ardent thoughts of a world to be regenerated by those recovered glimpses of antique perfection; while bronze and marble newly dug from soil which had hidden them for centuries attracted throngs of artists to gaze on them with passionate and emulous emotion; while Squarcione in Padua was collecting from far and near every fragment of statue or frieze that he could find, and masters like Mantegna sought to paint figures that should seem like animated marbles from that ancient world; at the same moment in Japan, among the wooded hills near Kioto, by the tranquil reflections of the lake, little gatherings met in a room of the (Golden) Pavilion, scrupulously clean and empty, to sit in contemplation before some new-arrived Kakemono of a Sung master, Kakei, or Bayen, or Mookei, hung for its hour upon the wall, and then rolled and put away in its perfumed wooden box.

What were the Chinese paintings which for these gatherings seemed the key to a lost ideal, and brought so powerful a breath of refreshing life? Slight paintings for the most part, sketches of landscape, bird or flower, and we may wonder at first that so profound an effect should have been wrought by works so little elaborated or overpowering in

palpable achievement. These are the things in art which for the Japanese have the association which the word classic has for us. How vivid a contrast it may seem, since with us impressionist slightness stands, at least in popular conception, as the very antithesis to classic form. But in Japan it was the impressionist sketch which was to become formal and academic, and the traditional canon of style.

Not till we understand the spirit of that which Mr. Binyon here so admirably expresses can we begin to appreciate the art of the East. The lecturer added that at bottom "the inspiring force, alike in Italy and in Japan, was the desire for a deeper, fuller, more harmonious and abounding fruition of life; for the perfect life, which men in all ages seek to attain by this means or by that, but which in so few ages is apprehended and embraced as a whole, in all its possibilities of beauty." The Periclean age of Greece, he asserted, represents for Europe this attainment. "To later ages the secret of its poignant power and charm lies in that recollection of the human spirit moving in the universe as if in its own element, with the freedom and felicity of a bird in the air. This is the secret of the power of the art of Athens, which devout classicists have attempted to surprise by calculation and measurement of classic proportion." It is greatly to be hoped that Mr. Binyon will give us the substance of these lectures in permanent form.

Miss Alma-Tadema.

SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA'S portrait of Miss Anna Alma-Tadema (p. 148), which attracted much attention at the Fair Women Exhibition, was originally seen at the Academy of 1885 under the title, 'My Youngest Daughter.' That was the year of the well-known 'Reading

from Homer,' which was begun and finished within a couple of months. Every accessory in the portrait of Miss Anna Alma-Tadema, who since the picture was painted has herself won artistic laurels, is rendered with erudite care.



("Fair Women" Exhibition. Reproduced by permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., 133 New Bond Street, London, W.)

Miss Anna Alma-Tadema (p. 147).

By Sir L. Alma-Tadema, O.M., R.A.

Drawings by Frederick Sandys.

By A. L. Baldry.

IT is more than a little difficult to say definitely what are the qualities which give a drawing the right to be reckoned as of first-rate importance. A drawing is such an entirely personal thing, and so dependent for its character and interest upon the manner in which it expresses the feeling of the artist by whom it was produced, that its significance cannot be measured by any fixed standard. To say that it is good or bad because it does or does not conform to particular rules of practice would be foolish; every man of real individuality has his own way of recording his observations, and if his aim is sincere this way is for him the only right one, no matter how much it may differ from that adopted by some other worker not less

NOTE.—We are indebted to Mrs. Frederick Sandys for permission to make reproductions of the drawings in her possession.



Study of Head.

By Frederick Sandys.

sincere and accomplished. But clearly it is necessary that all drawings which count at all as technical achievements should embody some distinct idea, something ingeniously imagined or intelligently observed; if they do not satisfy this condition they can scarcely be said to have any reason for existing at all.



Study of Miss Herbert.

By Frederick Sandys.



Study of Head.

By Frederick Sandys.



Study of Morgan le Fay.
By Frederick Sandys.

When the idea which has inspired the drawing is plainly conveyed and the artist's intention is made fully apparent, slightness of execution is a matter which need not be taken into consideration. A few lines drawn by a man who knew exactly what he wished to express will have a far greater significance than a piece of minute elaboration uninspired by any definite purpose. Elaboration, indeed, is resorted



Studies of Head for Manoli.

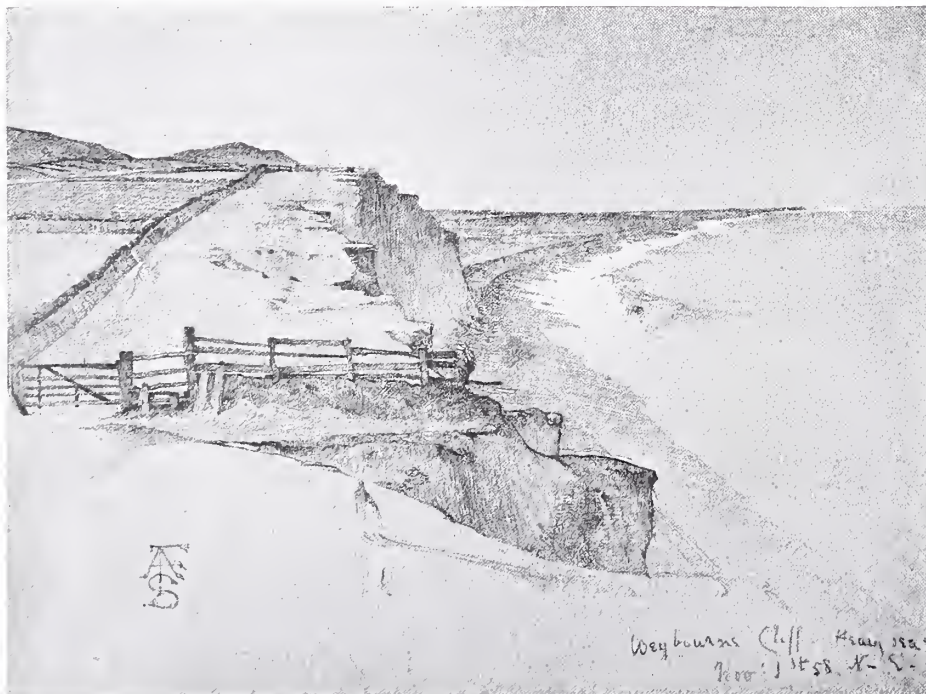
to by the accomplished draughtsman only when he is seeking to work out exhaustively some technical problem, or when he is studying scientifically intricacies of detail which need exact analysis; at other times the briefest and most summary statement of what is in his mind is all that is required, and the more concise his



Study for "Jacob."

summing-up the more likely is his drawing to be of memorable interest. But, of course, other things help to increase this interest: technical matters like beauty of line and sensitiveness of touch, understanding of anatomical facts, judgment of proportion, and a feeling for pictorial arrangement. It is the combination of all these that makes a drawing a real work of art, and it is in the manner of combining them that the personality of the artist has its fullest scope.

The examples that are given here of the draughtsmanship of Frederick Sandys show well the way in which the personal note increases the significance of work that is technically satisfying. These examples vary much in subject and character, but on them all there is the stamp of a definite individuality, and each one of them is inspired by a clear intention which makes them singularly interesting as revelations of the workings of the artist's mind. In such carefully detailed things as the three studies of women's heads there



Study of Background for "If."
By Frederick Sandys.



Study of Head for "Amor Mundi."

is evident a desire to realise exactly and to record faithfully the facts of nature, without any straining after a non-existent prettiness and without improving away characteristic angularities in an effort to attain a kind of artificial elegance. In the 'Study of Miss Herbert,' and the 'Study of a Figure,'

"Phryne," there is less regard for detail and greater consideration for general effect; both of these are primarily studies of action and gesture, and there was no need to include in them a greater amount of detail than was required in each case to explain the motive of the drawing. The landscape note, a study for the background of the picture, 'If,' is another piece of careful observation, an intelligent reduction of somewhat complicated realities to the simplicity of a diagram which could be used as a working drawing—a foundation upon which could be based the fuller expression of an elaborated picture. The smaller sketches of heads are experiments in movement, the slight notes by which an artist tests the correctness of his impressions and compares the different ways in which the idea he wishes to work out can be made intelligible. Slight as they are their meaning is clear enough, and in their unaffected directness there is a charm which cannot be disputed.

All these drawings have a full measure of that Pre-Raphaelite sincerity which was always present in the productions of Frederick Sandys. They are completely in the atmosphere of his art, and represent him quite as adequately as any of the pictures to which he devoted prolonged labour, and this is because they reflect convincingly his studious and scholarly personality. In each instance he has given something of himself, some evidence of his consistency as an exponent of æsthetic principles in which he had a serious belief, and he has displayed, as well, a degree of technical resource which can be frankly admired.



Studies of Heads for "Amor Mundi."

By Frederick Sandys.



Study of Figure "Phryne."

By Frederick Sandys.

It can scarcely be denied that as a draughtsman he satisfied most of the essential conditions which it is the duty of an artist to observe in this important branch of practice, and by satisfying these conditions he gave to his drawings just that combination of qualities which entitles them to acceptance as memorable works of art.

ARE the Chantrey Trustees at liberty to accept gifts on behalf of the nation? The will of Sir Francis Chantrey enjoins, as need scarcely be recalled, that liberal prices are to be paid for works of intrinsic merit. No provision whatsoever is made for gifts. In this connection, we learn from a trustworthy source that in 1908 a Scotsman offered to present to the Chantrey Trustees Mr. E. A. Hornel's 'Captives: A Ceylon Idyll,' ("A.J." 1908, 375) which was at the Academy. Assuming our information to be correct, the Trustees evidently did not see their way to accept the generous offer.

Royal Glasgow Institute.

THE forty-eighth exhibition of the Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts is no whit behind its predecessors in merit and interest. It includes many important works on loan from picture collectors of the west of Scotland (characteristic canvases by Carrière, Monticelli, Raeburn, Burne-Jones, Troyon, and G. F. Watts being among these), and also an exceptionally strong contingent from the other side of the border. Among the portraits are Sir James Guthrie's gracefully designed 'Velvet Cloak,' a forceful likeness of 'Baillie Alexander Wallace,' by Mr. Fiddes Watt (quite a masterpiece in its strength and reserve), and two beautifully accomplished pieces of portraiture by Sir W. Q. Orchardson, who is also represented by that exquisite genre painting, 'A Tender Chord.' The largest of Mr. George Henry's contributions is entitled 'Silk and Ermine,' and is notable for its cool silvery tone, and its feeling for textures; while Mr. David Gauld has a lady's portrait, simply conceived and fluently touched, which is noteworthy for the pure quality of the flesh tints. Last, but by no means least, must be recorded Sir George Reid's presentment of 'The American Ambassador,' clear, penetrative, and masterly.

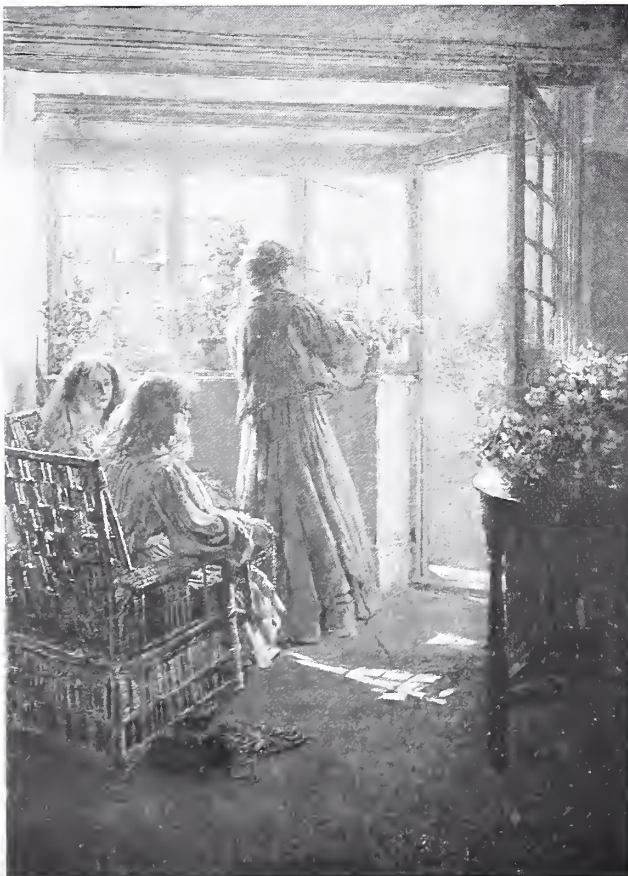
Among the landscapes are Mr. Tom Robertson's exquisite harmony in blue, 'Moonlight: St. Ives Bay,' with its



The Rhymer's Glen.

By Archibald Kay.

serene atmosphere shimmering with a delicate luminosity; and Mr. Patrick Downie's 'Wintry Sun: Cartsdyke Bay,' a harbour scene in winter, with the sun sinking in yellow mist, largely designed, and conceived in a mood familiar to this painter. From Mr. John Lawson comes a view of 'Rhuddlan Castle,' nobly seen, and rich in colour; while Mr. John Henderson sends a characteristic 'Autumn Landscape'; and Mr. Morris Henderson is at his best in 'The Meadow,' a beautifully cool and atmospheric work. Turning for a moment to figure pictures, attention will naturally be given to a wonderful Hornel, 'The Wounded Butterfly,' in which the painter has employed a motive used before, and has at last found its complete and perfect expression; while an admirable example of Mr. F. H. Newbery's skill is to be seen in the sweet and sunny interior, excellent in design, which is entitled, 'In Summer-time.' Other figure painters, who are well seen in the Institute, are Mr. William Strang, who sends one of his forcefully conceived peasant idylls, stately in mood; Mr. Robert McGregor, also a painter of the life of the lowly, whose 'Son of the Soil' shows a group of figures in a sunlit hayfield, with a darkly shadowed foreground; and Mr.



In Summer-time.

By F. H. Newbery.



A Highland Landscape.

By A. Brownlie Docharty.



The Wintry Sun, Cartsdyke Bay.
By Patrick Downie.



Among the Sea Pinks.
By William Wells, R.B.A.

Alexander Roche, whose bonny Newhaven fishwife crying 'Caller Herrin' is clear in colour, and freshly and juicily painted.

The exhibition is certainly very strong in landscapes. Mr. Joseph Farquharson's characteristic snowpiece, 'The Sun peeped o'er yon Southland Hills,' exhibits all his wonted mastery of a difficult theme; while Mr. David Murray's 'Canal, West Drayton,' is a typical piece of midland scenery, notable for a rich sunset sky. Mr. R. W. Allan has again found inspiration on the east coast of Scotland, and his 'O'er the Sunlit Sea' is an altogether delightful work, marked by a splendid veracity, while other pieces of Scottish landscape not less thoroughly characteristic are the sincerely seen 'Braes of Clyde,' by Mr. Walter McAdam, the cool, clear and spontaneously treated lowland scene which Mr. George Houston calls 'An Ayrshire Glen,' and two typical Highland subjects, 'The Rhymer's Glen,' by Mr. Archibald Kay, and a 'Highland Landscape,' by Mr. A. Brownlie Docharty—the last in particular a very successful piece of artistic realisation. If this last work (as is indeed the case) may be said to evince appreciation of Nature akin to that of Wordsworth, the more romantic outlook of a later poet may be paralleled by Mr. D. Y. Cameron's stately, golden and enthralling conception of old

'St. Andrew's,' nobly envisaged and subtly translated; while yet another rendering of landscape treated with true poetic insight is to be seen in Mr. A. K. Brown's 'Frosty Evening,' with its shadowed foreground of snow, and its trees rising against a tenderly radiant sunset sky.

But, notable though all these landscapes may be, and distinguished though a few undoubtedly are, the most remarkable pictures of their kind in the exhibition are



In the Meadow.
By J. Morris Henderson.



Mrs. Gauld.
By David Gauld.



Bailie Alexander Wallace.

By G. Fiddes Watt.

'A Lancashire Fishing Village' and 'Among the Sca Pinks' by Mr. William Wells, a Glasgow man who, for the last few years, has been making steady advances, and who has just come into his own. Painted with the utmost directness and purity, simple in theme, and entirely sane in mood, they are amazing in their thoroughly successful rendering of clear air, blue skies, floating white clouds and radiant sunshine. Absolutely free from "fake" in any way, "gripped" from start to finish (and they are not small canvases), they are triumphant transcripts of the normal vision.

It may be added that the landscapes by Mr. Morris Henderson and Mr. Archibald Kay mentioned above have been acquired by the Glasgow Corporation for the permanent collection, as well as a smaller landscape by Mr. Walter McAdam.

WE understand that there is a probability of Mr. William MacTaggart—who by certain of his fellow-painters is regarded as the greatest artist Scotland has ever produced—being represented at an important London exhibition this summer. In the sixties and seventies Mr. MacTaggart used to send to the Academy, but since then few of his wonderful plein-airs, his vibrant interpretations of light and atmosphere, have been seen in the metropolis.

London Exhibitions.

By R. E. D. Sketchley.

R.I.	100th Exhibition.
R.B.A.	131st Exhibition.
Grafton Gallery	Ridley Art Club.
Goupil Gallery	Water-colour, Pastel and Drawing Salon.
Messrs. Shepherd's	Early British Masters.
Messrs. Obach's	Original Prints.
Messrs. Manzi Joyant's	Japanese Colour Prints.
"	Sir Charles Holroyd, R.E.
Carfax Gallery "	R. Spencer Stanhope.
Leicester Gallery	George Belcher.
"	Sutton Palmer.
Baillie Gallery	Flowers and Gardens.
"	Miss H. Donald-Smith.
Doré Gallery	Rodolphe d'Erlanger.
Fine Art Society	T. Hodgson Liddell.
"	Miss Evelyn J. Whyley.
Ryder Gallery	Léon Little.
Alpine Club Gallery	Arthur Streeton.
Paterson Gallery	H. Samuel Teed.
Messrs. McLean's	Spring Exhibition.
"	Miss Emily M. Paterson.
Brook Street Gallery	Miss Edith G. Houseman.
Messrs. Graves'	Herbert P. Dollman.
New Dudley Gallery	Herbert George.
16, Grosvenor Place	Royal Amateur Art Exhibition.
Modern Gallery	Alexander Williams, R.H.A.

Infinite Variety.—It has been said that we love, when we see them painted, objects and aspects of the world which otherwise we view indifferently. If that were invariably the effect of pictorial representation, those who have inspected the art-exhibitions of March

should possess an almost cosmic extension of the love of nature. Regions from China to Donegal; types of reality, fantasy, conventionality; flowers, gardens, cities, seasons—enough of all kinds of painted things, people, places, to represent a furnished, inhabited, geographical, and historical world, have been represented. But the real "world of eternity" in the month's art exhibitions has confines which lie far within—and without—the ostensible reaches of this pictorial cosmography. Only those works of art which, in the phrase of Millet, possess "une pensée mère" have the beautiful and beauty-making power to create for us a new heaven and a new earth, or, at least, to aid in us a true sense of the significance of the common day.

R.I.—The one-hundredth exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours offers little that rises even to the latter height of interpretation. Nor, despite the laudable policy of the open door which, almost since its foundation, has been its distinction from the "Old" Water-Colour Society, can it be said that the Institute is representative of modern water-colour art. It has had a few distinguished, if not great, members in the past, as the entrance gallery showed, where, among old-fashioned drawings which have never possessed more than fashion, were breezy Colliers, a vigorous Wimperis, a lucid view of Paris by Fulleylove, a Caldecott drawing, and a refreshingly sincere record of the Acropolis by the late Empress Frederick. But of forward-pointing work how much was there in the galleries? The President's two contributions witnessed his skill, and, unlike the minutely-laboured works



(Carfax Gallery. By permission of Joseph Dixon, Esq.)

Patience on the Monument.

By R. Spencer Stanhope.

of Sir James W. Linton, have a charm that is life to them. Mr. Horatio Walker, Mr. Aumonier, Mr. Burleigh Bruhl, Mr. Bruckman, Mr. Geoffrey Strahan, Mr. Claude Hayes, have landscapes which are above the commonplace. Mr. A. J. Munnings makes his point in several drawings. So does Mr. Dudley Hardy in a more superficial way. Mr. Stephen Spurrier's interiors are acceptable. Mr. Alfred Priest's 'Mistaken Identity' (p. 156) succeeds in being

amusing by more judicious it not more deliberate means than Mr. Hassall employs in his big composition of a laughing crowd. Mr. Priest captures the latent humour of his subject, and expresses it in skilfully recorded facts. Other paintings which are more than superficial and repetitive are by Mr. Walter Langley, Mr. Oswald Moser, Mr. Frank Bennett, Mr. Edward C. Clifford, Mr. Norman Wilkinson, Miss Katherine Turner, and Miss Violet Linton.

Goupil Gallery.—The Water-Colour, Pastel and Drawing Salon, whose first exhibition coincided with the one-hundredth of the R.I., takes the field which the Institute has failed to cover. Though too diffuse, the collection of 263 drawings had the pulse of life, the eagerness of real and new endeavour. Mr. Francis James's flowers, so brilliant and subtle, Mr. William Nicholson's charming studies of children, and his drawing of 'The Hunter's Staircase' with a sequence of antlers casting a fantastic network of shadows, Mr. Pryde's personally and tersely seen 'Snow in Holland' (p. 157)—how fresh and significant such things are. Drawings by Mr. Wilson Steer, Mr. George Thomson, Professor Holmes, Mr. Alfred Rich, Sir William Eden, Mr. Von Glehn and Mr. Philip Connard also represent water-colour art that is alive.

A slender, gleaming figure by Whistler, Mr. Cayley Robinson's hushed 'The Foundling' contrast with Mr. A. E. John's masterful cartoons, Mr. Peplow's psychological studies, Mr. Fergusson's unmodified statements of faces, and Mr. Max Beerbohm's sallies in personalities. The diversity is of individuals, not merely of formulas. Mr. George Henry's charming Japanese interior is less spontaneous in manner than most of these drawings, but only in the sense that it is a picture, and most of the exhibits deliberately stop short of that state.

Early British Masters.—No exhibitions have done more to revivify in full the past of British art than those to which all wise art-lovers go at Messrs. Shepherd's.



(R.I)

Mistaken Identity.

By Alfred Priest.



A Rough Road by the Sea.

(R.I. By permission of
E. Meredith Crosse, Esq.)

By E. M. Wimperis, R.I.

Invariably there are works which make their little-known painters appreciated, early works of the great men, and a problem or two that are pictures as well as problems. Such an exhibition is at present in King Street, and offers all these attractions. Hardly a picture in the upper gallery but has some unhackneyed point of interest, and in many there is more of interest than a point. A version of 'Kilgarran Castle'—which shows Turner practising his strength of vision from within the influence of Richard Wilson—is only one of several fine romantic landscapes by painters as different as Barker of Bath, Callcott, Mark Anthony—his sunset vibrates with the artist's desire to realise a wonder of colour beyond and through colour—and Michel, whose low dark horizon beneath a moving, clouded sky has the quality which Professor Holmes calls "infinity." Bonington's brushwork in 'The Rialto' is a very tonic in paint, and there is a pleasant little painting, by E. Pritchett, of Trafalgar Square before the Nelson Monument was erected, which makes one wish that the preservation of open spaces and architectural proportion were recognised as a form of national memorial. Among the portraits, several held attention. Except by students, the chief Constable in the collection would not be recognisable (p. 158). It is one of his necessity-produced portraits, but necessity has here its proverbial offspring in the inventive quaintness of the costume worn by the little open-eyed urchin, the undictated naturalness of his pose. The landscape background has depths of Constable colour, and the whole picture, if its significance is partly associative, has



(Goupil Gallery.)

Study of a Child.

By William Nicholson.

a charm of its own. Lely's contemporary, Robert Walker; Hogarth's, Arthur Pond; Lawrence's, John Jackson—all show their individualities. But still more individual is the ingenious, lucid 'Lady Neville,' by no certainly identifiable painter. A monumental still-life piece, 'In Memoriam: Van Tromp,' by Pieter Steenwijck, a Flemish 'Adoration of the Magi,' based on a work of Hieronymus Bosch—that almost mystic humourist—are some other outstanding things of interest. So is the small full-length of Lady Belhaven by Andrew Geddes, going far beyond its prototype, Lawrence, in inventive and rich colour-effect and the rendering of textures. The pose is a bygone fashion—the echo of an echo of Reynolds' pillar-propped dames—but the painting exists as a fine picture, independently of its conventionality as a portrait.

R.B.A.—'L'Art de bien montrer' is the gift of the Society of British Artists under the presidency of Mr. Alfred East. His 'Wye Valley,' accomplished and persuasive as is his wont, is one of a few works, chiefly landscapes, which present more than the material for the decorative *ensemble* achieved in the large gallery. Among these more substantial performances are Mr. Gardner Symons's 'Fleeting Light in Winter,' Mr. Archibald Elphinstone's 'Ferry Corner on the Waveney,' impressive in design and realised with power to render the beauty of this gently moving flood of waters, Mr. F. A. W. T. Armstrong's well-considered 'Porlock,' Mr. Hayley Lever's 'Morning: Drying Sails,' which would gain if the textures of the cloudy sails were farther realised, and characteristic landscapes by Mr. D. Murray Smith and Mr. Arthur Streeton, whose election is a gain to the society. His two Venetian paintings suggest the talent more variously displayed in his exhibition in the Alpine Club Gallery. Mr. Sheard's 'Mists and Dew of the Morning' has distinction which is injured by the

"horny" quality of the paint, especially in the sky. Mr. William Bramley's honest 'Larkspur' is almost the sole exception to the artistic aridity in the smaller galleries of oil-paintings. Mr. Philip Laszlo is easily successful in a sketch of a keen-faced Hungarian peasant. Sir Hubert von Herkomer's 'The late Rudolf Lehmann' is salient as a study of the fine alert face of the sitter; Mr. Patry's Lavery-like portrait has grace, and Mr. Simpson's general manner in 'Reska' is so effective that one would like to compel him to give finer quality to his audacious paint. Among the water-colours those by Mr. Geoffrey Birkbeck, Mr. John Muirhead, Mr. Burleigh Bruhl, Mr. Fox Pitt, Mr. Hawksworth and, of course, the President, are interesting.

Original Prints.—The collection at Messrs. Obach's is of fine and rare impressions of some of the finest prints of the masters, ancient and modern. Dürer woodcuts and engravings, Rembrandt etchings, choice etchings by Méryon, Whistler, Sir Seymour Haden, Mr. D. Y. Cameron, Mr. Muirhead Bone, are a sequence which needs no description. With the exception of a trial proof of Sir Seymour Haden's rare and charming 'By-road in Tipperary,' and Mr. Muirhead Bone's early 'Glasgow Shops,' Whistlerian but delightfully animated, there is perhaps nothing in the gallery which is not familiar to all print lovers. 'St. Jerome in his cell,' 'The Knight and Death,' the 'Melancholia,' splendid image of the human spirit contemplating the ends of the world, 'The Three Trees,' and almost more wonderful silvery landscapes, the gleaming portraits of Rembrandt himself and Janus Silvius, 'Ephraim Bonus,' 'The Shell,' the noble, rugged 'Christ shown to the People' are among the Dürers and Rembrandts. The five Méryons included a brilliant second state of the Morgue, and first states of



(Goupil Gallery.)

Snow in Holland.

By James Pryde.



(Messrs. Shepherd's Gallery.)

Portrait of a Boy.

By John Constable, R.A.

'La Galerie,' airy cloister for the birds and the sunshine, and of the subtle 'La Pompe Notre Dame.' The master of Paris was succeeded by masters of Venice, by Whistler who captures its beauty as a fugitive idea, by Mr. Cameron, whose 'Joannis Darius' shows one of the casket-like fabrics of the Venetian architects. Mr. Cameron's 'Harfleur,' Mr. Muirhead Bone's impressive 'Building' and 'Ayr Prison,' Sir Seymour Haden's 'On the Test' were a few of the other fine prints. This room and Messrs. Goupil's gallery in Bedford Street where were more than a hundred of Sir Charles Holroyd's dignified and personal etchings, showed the present of etching as a development, a progress.

Other Exhibitions.—At the Carfax Gallery was a collection of the art of the late Mr. Spencer Stanhope, which was comprehensive enough to give full opportunity to judge of his place in the Pre-Raphaelite movement and therefore in modern art. The definite, immediate, 'Thoughts of the Past' (p. 159) an early work done when Pre-Raphaelitism was vivid and pristine, has little relation to his subsequent production, which utters a spirit like to that of Burne-Jones: too like to obtain an independent fame. 'The Winepress' where, apparently, the influence of Simeon Solomon enriches the conception is, after 'Thoughts of the Past,' the strongest utterance of a gift of art which cannot be separated either in judgment or appreciation from the movement which gave it form and spirit. The landscapes of Mr. H. Samuel Teed at the Paterson Gallery revealed a distinct and interpretative talent. His tempered yet luminous vision of certain aspects of nature is shown in 'A February Morning,' in which the design and realisation of the trees is especially characteristic. Mr. George Belcher is too close to the standpoint of Phil May in his outlook on 'London Life and Character' to escape the reputation of a follower. Yet no mere following issues in acts of observation, and each of Mr. Belcher's

studies expresses a scrutiny of the expression of life as the ills and chances and encounters of living write it on all kinds of faces. He catches the animation and oddities of expression with extraordinary ability, and his figures are frequently alive all through with the impulse that speaks from their lips. If his grasp of the humour of a situation becomes equally comprehensive and single-spirited he is assured of a place among the few comic artists whose comedy is vital. At the annual exhibition of the Royal Amateur Art Society, besides a very good show of the society's work and works given for benefit of the charity, was a remarkable loan collection of etchings and drawings by Paul Sandby and two of his rare paintings. The thirteenth exhibition of the Ridley Art Club contained some work above the average by, among others, Mr. Nelson Dawson, Mr. Alfred Withers, and Mr. Bellingham Smith, and the average was, as usual, pleasant.

The Clarence Tomb.—The small model of the Clarence tomb at Windsor which was added to the collection of sculpture by Alfred Gilbert towards the close of the "Fair Women" exhibition, suggested, if only in a general way, the wonderful and unique achievement of the completed work. The grille round the altar-tomb which bears the recumbent figure of the Duke is, in the finished work, a marvel of expressive detail, wrought to perfection in the smallest particulars of the figures of the saints who stand like guardians of the mysteries of life and death between the angels and their meeting wings. The statuette of St. George and the Dragon, which was also in the New Gallery, gave the completed form of one of those figures, perfect as two years' labour could make it, technically and imaginatively. At the foot of the recumbent figure is the mourning Eros; at the head a figure holds, as Van Eyck's angel holds it, the crown of immortality. If the sketch could only suggest Gilbert's conception it gave an illuminating suggestion of the infinite patience, the exquisite working out of details which are not permitted to intrude in the whole composition, but which enrich it for all time with poetical and artistic significance.

Passing Events.

THE Design Club, which opened its premises in Newman Street, Oxford Street, at the beginning of the New Year, is supported already by about 100 members. The purpose of the Club is to bring together artists actively engaged in designing for industrial, manufacturing, and more or less trade purposes. Many artists whose names stand highest in the industrial world are already enrolled as members. A certain number of producers and distributors who take an artistic interest in the industries with which they are connected are eligible as "lay members." Among the lay members already elected are Mr. Lasenby Liberty, D.L., J.P., of Messrs. Liberty & Co., Mr. Warner of Messrs. Jeffrey & Co., Mr. Burton of the Pilkington Tile Co., Mr. Harold Faraday, and the principals of such well-known firms as Messrs. Heal & Sons, Messrs. Alexander Morton & Co., Messrs. F. & C. Osler, Messrs. A. Sanderson

& Sons, Messrs. Rottmann, and Messrs. Josiah Wedgwood & Sons. If it goes on as it has begun, the Club will, it is hoped, soon include all the designers of note within reach of the Club premises and, in addition to them, those producers and distributors who take more than a merely commercial interest in the things they make and sell. There has been till now no such opportunity for designers of keeping in touch with one another and with those for whom they work. Further information concerning the Design Club is to be obtained from Mr. Lindsay P. Butterfield, "Maricot," Ramilies Road, Bedford Park, London, W.

PRIOR to its current exhibition, the Society of British Artists elected to membership the Australian-born artist, Mr. Arthur Streeton, a special show of whose pictures, principally of Venice, was organised by Messrs. Marchant at the Alpine Club, Mr. J. P. Beadle, and Mr. John G. Withycombe.

NO such wonderful collection of Japanese colour-prints as that belonging to Mr. John Stewart Happer, of New York City, has ever before come under the hammer at Sotheby's, or, indeed anywhere in this country. It was acquired after many years' careful search in Japan itself, many of the most valuable examples coming from family houses. After the extremely scarce sets by Hokusai have in London attracted the attention of connoisseurs from all over the world, the extraordinarily complete series of prints by Hiroshige will cause dealers and collectors to cross to Paris, where this section is to be dispersed in May.



Thoughts of the Past.
(Carfax Gallery. By permission of His Honour Judge Evans.) By R. Spencer Stanhope.



The Cone Gatherers.
(Carfax Gallery. By permission of Joseph Dixon, Esq.) By R. Spencer Stanhope.

THE Wellington monument in St. Paul's Cathedral seems to have been ill-fated from the first. Hard things were said about Alfred Stevens, and he died, before they were unsaid, without completing the noble memorial to the Iron Duke. At the present moment, not only is opinion divided as to the addition of the equestrian group, for which Alfred Stevens left a sketch-model and some drawings, but the safety of the structure is called in question. Mr. Somers Clarke, F.S.A., formerly Architect to the Cathedral, avows, according to Mr. John Belcher, A.R.A., that the "mass" above the arch of the design is only a hollow box of thin marble, which would not carry the equestrian group in bronze which it is proposed to add. In art as in other matters, however, we have a way of "muddling through," so pessimism may be unjustified.

ON August 6 next there will be celebrated the centenary of Tennyson's birth at the quiet Rectory of Somersby, Lincolnshire. A pageant at Haslemere is contemplated, with Mr. Irvine, who did so admirably at Chelsea, as the organiser, and an Exhibition will be held by the Fine Art Society. But would it not be a fitting homage to the memory of this "sweet historian of the heart" to secure for the nation Millais' portrait of him? The Art-Collections

Fund should at once be put in possession of the necessary monies.

THE New English Art Club was homeless in the autumn hence no exhibition could be organised in London. Few will regret the abandonment of the gallery in Dering Yard, characterised by the brutally frank as the "garret off Bond Street." The New English has completed an arrangement with the R.B.A. whereby its next show will be held in Suffolk Street. The exhibitions of the two Societies will certainly afford a study in contrasts. By the way, Mr. Roger Fry, whose simple wash drawings are more than scholarly, has resigned his membership of the New English.

THE Metropolitan Museum of New York, which as European Adviser Mr. Fry continues to serve so ably, is fortunate to have trustees who are both generous and enlightened. One of them, Mr. Edward D. Adams, has recently presented a small version in marble of Rodin's 'La Main de Dieu.' This imaginatively-wrought group, done in 1900, was first exhibited in this country by the International Society in 1905. From one side of the amorphous mass, grasped by a great hand, there emerge two exquisitely flexible figures, the woman embracing, the man protecting.

THE annual loan exhibitions at the Guildhall have come to be regarded as an almost essential feature of the London art season. Not one of the fifteen held since 1890 has been other than noteworthy. With keen regret, then, it will be learnt that there will be no special exhibition at the Guildhall this year. Since 1890, when the inaugural show was held, there have been but four breaks—in 1891, 1893, 1905 and 1908. An aggregate of nearly three million persons took advantage of the fine opportunities thus provided by the City, and it is greatly to be hoped that the exhibitions will be continued, at any rate biennially. Of course the permanent collection at the Guildhall is much larger and more varied than in 1890, yet it is no substitute for the splendid loan collections.

MR. PIERPONT MORGAN is often and not inappropriately spoken of as an omnivorous collector. A recent purchase is that of a portrait which appeared at Christie's a year ago, under the name of Rembrandt, and as a portrait of his son Titus. Messrs. Lewis and Simmons obtained it for 205 gs. As the price indicates, it was regarded as speculative. Subsequently Berlin experts pronounced in favour of its authenticity, and Mr. Morgan is said to have paid about £10,000 for it.

IT will be recalled that some seven years ago Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Shipway rescued from demolition the house at Chiswick to which Hogarth used to retire when satiated with all that Leicester Fields meant to this great satirist and portrait painter. For the past three years the public, thrice a week, has been allowed access to the house, with its oak-panelled rooms, from the great bay window of one of which the famous mulberry tree is visible. Lieutenant-Colonel Shipway has recently offered the property to the Middlesex County Council, in trust for the public.

THE proposal to place a stained-glass window to the memory of John Bunyan in Westminster Abbey has met with enthusiastic support. Surely there might fitly be revived the idea of introducing a similar memorial in the Abbey to William Blake. The abandoned intention was to reproduce that unsurpassed design in the Job engravings, "And the sons of God shouted for joy." Blake's close association with Westminster Abbey as well as his genius would render such a memorial eminently appropriate.

WE understand that the number of those who sought admission to Burlington House during the progress of the McCulloch exhibition was relatively small. Few expected that the show would prove as attractive as the Rembrandt, the Van Dyck, the Watts, or the Millais collections, but visitors are said to have been fewer than at the customary exhibitions of Old Masters. The probable explanation is that a negligible proportion only of those who attend the summer shows go in the winter, no matter what be offered, and that the McCulloch collection did not appeal to an extensive special public.

THE National Portrait Gallery, under the able direction of Mr. Lionel Cust, makes excellent use of the meagre grant of £750 a year: witness the purchase for 9 gs. at the Stanley sale a year ago of the portrait of Lady Margaret, mother of Henry VII. The pressure on wall-space is now great, and adequately to exhibit the portraits extension will soon be imperative. By the way, a jubilee catalogue might be issued, embodying many of the interesting notes and descriptions by the late Sir George Scharf, eliminated on account of space from the ordinary 6*z.* edition.

IT is curious that among the hundreds of art books published nowadays not one writer has turned to the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy, the works in which remain uncatalogued, to say nothing of unreasoned, so far as the public is concerned. In this connection it is worth noting that though Mr. Alfred Gilbert was elected an Academician in 1892, his diploma work proper was put in place as recently as March 19 last. The silver statuette, 'Victory,' held on deposit—it is said to be the property of a brother artist—has now been replaced by a little 'Victory' in bronze. Not all members of the Royal Academy are as adequately represented.

THE 'Richmond Castle' by Mr. P. Wilson Steer, recently acquired for the Metropolitan Museum of New York, doubtless on the recommendation of Mr. Roger Fry, was painted in 1903. At that time the late Charles Wellington Furse was bringing together on behalf of a prominent newspaper proprietor a few pictures by leading contemporary artists. These included works by Mr. C. H. Shannon, Professor Legros, and one or two more. On the death of Mr. Furse all thought of picture-collecting was abandoned by the newspaper magnate. 'Richmond Castle' was one of two examples he possessed by Mr. Steer, and now, after being in the hands of a dealer, it has found a permanent home.



Sombre Summer.

By Alfred Parsons, A.R.A.

A Corner of Somerset.

By Alfred Tennyson.

NOT so very long ago, a friend of mine, an owner of Somerset acres, went to a London playhouse. The name of the play presented is immaterial, but the first scene was one familiar to him from his earliest days—namely, the cross-roads not three miles distant from his home.

Two aged rustics were surprised by the lifting of the curtain, sitting at their luncheon. The beer-can passed between their snacks, and, unlike the famous “party in the parlour,” though silent, they had a general air of contentment. Silent, however, they remained for close upon a dramatic five minutes, when the less (stage-)aged of the two said in a slow voice and a colourable imitation of the Somerset tongue:—

“It iz zo.”

To which the other (stage-)aged one replied in the same slow voice:—

“Zo it iz.”

JUNE, 1909.

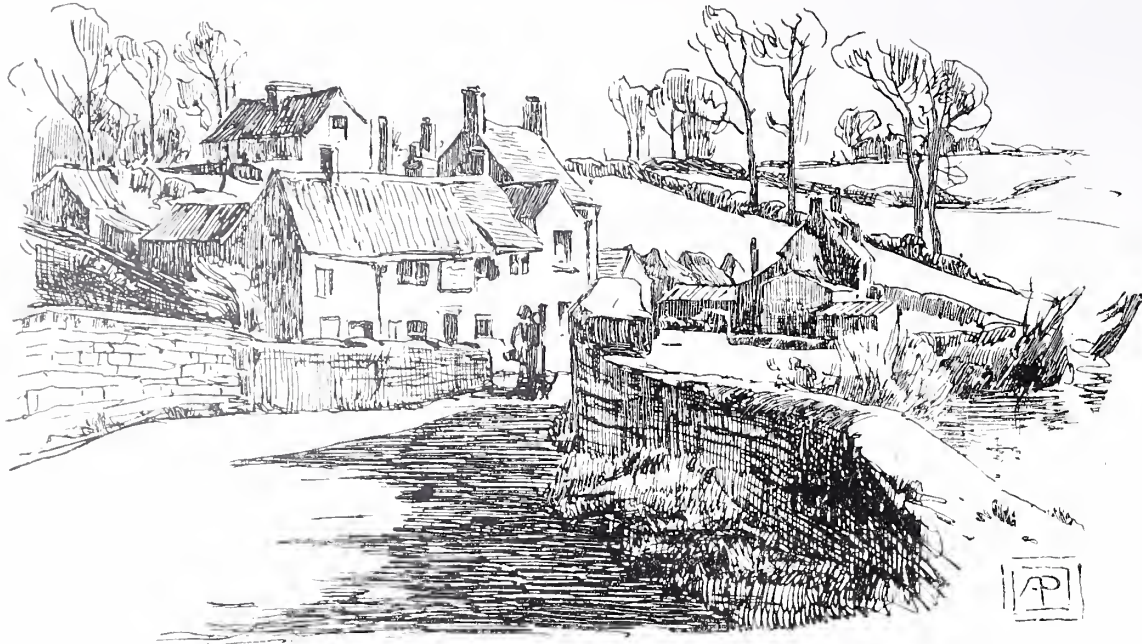
The audience were convulsed with laughter. They felt no doubt that this was a scene true to Somerset life and psychology.

In spite of railways, the West Country still seems to the brisk and volatile Cockney the home of slow and simple men. No doubt there is a foundation for this belief. Just as the strong Yorkshire air breeds a self-confident and clear-headed race, so the mild clime of the West gives birth to a gentle and placable folk who seem slow and simple to strangers.



Frome.

By Alfred Parsons, A.R.A.



Spring Gardens, Frome.

By Alfred Parsons, A.R.A.

Under the slow and simple exterior of the West-countryman there lies a good deal of subtlety and fancy. One remembers the story of the exciseman who found the yokel fishing in a pond with a bucket.

"What are you doing there?" asked the exciseman.

"Trying to fish up that bit of cheese," answered the yokel with easy urbanity and the most disarming of fatuous grins, pointing at the same time to the moon's reflection, which hung yellow in the water.

"Bit of cheese," roared the exciseman. "Ho-ho! why it's the moon, you duffer"; and nearly burst himself with

laughing. It *was* the moon of course, and perhaps the exciseman had every excuse for laughing; though, if he had known it, the laugh was on the yokel's side. In that bucket was a tiny cask of right Nantz, saved for private consumption by the subtlety and fancy of the Somerset yokel.

Slow, therefore, to outward seeming, the West-countryman is withal a man of fancy and feeling, and has a measureless pride in his own land. To this good West-country pride a Somerset man is no stranger, although Somerset has not so general a reputation for beauty as its neighbours—Cornwall and Devon. It was a Somerset man who sang:—

"Fair winds free way for youth
the rover,
We all must share the curse
of Cain;
But bring me back, when life
is over,
To the old crooked shire
again."

In truth, few countries can boast such a variety of scenery as that crooked triangular county with Bath and Yeovil at its base, and Porlock and wild Exmoor—with its red deer and mists—at its apex. Hill and valley, cliff and chasm, moor and seaboard are all to be found there. It is rich in all kinds of antiquities, and has been the theatre of some of the most stirring events in English history.

Mr. Alfred Parsons is a native of Somersetshire, and many of his earlier pictures



An Old Cloth Mill, Mells.

By Alfred Parsons, A.R.A.



H. J. J. J.

Printed by W. H. J. J.

When Nature Painted all Things Gray

Engraved by Nathaniel Sprague. A. 1855.



In a Somersetshire Valley.

By Alfred Parsons, A.R.A.

were painted in or about Orchardleigh Park, the seat of the Rev. W. A. Duckworth. This corner of Somerset, in which most of these sketches were made, is in a typical part of the "old crooked shire," in the neighbourhood of Bath and Frome. The picture in the Tate Gallery, from which the etching by Mr. Nathaniel Sparks was made, was painted near Corsley, a village in Wiltshire, on the Somersetshire border.

Many people would say that until you have crossed the Quantocks, that comparatively narrow ridge of healthy moorlands, heather, bracken, woodland dells, and scrub oak, and have visited the lovely villages of Winsford and Dunster, with its quaint wide street of gabled houses, com-

manded at one end by the frowning heights of the Castle, and at the other by the Watch-Tower, or have travelled to Porlock, lying between the sea and the moor, a village of creeper-clad cottages, with roses and clematis reaching to their round Devonshire chimneys, you have not really seen beautiful Somerset.

Others will praise the great plain which surrounds Glastonbury Tor, that great beacon visible to more than half Somerset—the plain of slender rills and "happy orchard lawns" and nestling cottages—the legendary "island of Avilion," to which the three queens, robed in black, and wearing crowns of gold, bore King Arthur after "the last great battle in the west." And indeed, than this great plain



An Old Cloth Mill, near Frome.

By Alfred Parsons, A.R.A.

of Glastonbury, which once paid "yearly dues" to the Abbot of the largest monastery and the most holy in England, there cannot be a more romantic spot.

Then there is the cathedral city of Wells, built at the foot of the Mendips, which has been described as "one of the most beautiful things on earth." Wells has come down from mediæval times practically unchanged. Here may be seen the machinery of a great mediæval ecclesiastical foundation in actual working order.

In Somerset, too, is the romantic cañon of Cheddar, with its cliffs festooned with creepers, towering like the bastions of a gigantic castle, and its stalactite caverns.

Without pretending to the romantic beauty of the places mentioned above, the neighbourhood between Bath—that rather stern grey city of stone, and hilly streets, and once

fashionable terraces—and Frome, also a town of hilly streets, hilly as a country road, which must mightily clear the lungs and strengthen the legs of its inhabitants, is assuredly one which creeps into the affections.

We have left to the south the grass-lands and fences of the Blackmore Vale, beloved by hunting-men, and are in a hilly agricultural country, where the roads climb up to little summits under lofty elm-trees, giving a peep of the surrounding country with its well-wooded and fertile fields, and then run down again into little valleys, where the high hedges shut out all view. By the roadside are cottages of that same grey stone, each with its little orchard, surrounded by the Somerset fence of grey stone slabs, planted in the ground (over which fence a superannuated pony perhaps looks), and with pleasant gardens under the cottage windows, which —

"When the wind from place to place
Doth the unmoored cloud-galleons chase. . . .
Shall gloom and gleam again
With leaping sun and glancing rain."

From a higher point of the road perhaps we shall catch a glimpse of the long low Wiltshire downs.

In many of the villages—alas! from a picturesque point of view—the successful colliery industry now precludes any idea of pretty rusticity. It is unfortunate that collieries cannot be beautiful as well as lucrative, and these particular villages,



A Mill Pond, near Frome.

By Alfred Parsons, A.R.A.

though prosperous, are far from lovely. Still, there remain others as delightful as can be found anywhere. First of all there is Mellis, with its cluster of thatched, white-walled, creeper-covered cottages and its magnificent old parsonage and beautiful church. Church architecture is particularly fine everywhere in Somerset, nor does the neighbourhood of which we are now writing lag behind in this respect. In many of the larger villages the streets are spacious and the houses handsome, recalling the time when Eastern Somerset was the centre of the trade in cloth, before the looms of Lancashire ousted the more primitive methods of the Westerners. At Norton St. Philip, which in mediæval days was the scene of a considerable cloth fair, is what is reputed to be the oldest licensed house in England—The George—a stately fifteenth century hostelry standing at the top of the village; it is a fine old half-timbered building. In many of the larger villages, too, are spacious market-places with crosses standing in the middle.

There is not much water in this little corner of Somerset, and no river of importance except the Avon, which flows

through wide and tranquil meads till it reaches the stern and hilly country of Bath. It is a quiet and unobtrusive country, but yet one which has a distinctive charm of its own, both in the more genial seasons of the year, or when—

“Autumnal frosts enchant the pool
And make the cart-ruts beautiful.”

It is just this rural simplicity that Mr. Alfred Parsons knows so well how to depict—the grey stone cottage, the garden, the orchard dappled with sunlight, the “row of poplars four” the sloping plough. It is in these quiet and homely places that the slow and gentle Somerset rustics are bred. Perhaps, walking one day along one of the hilly roads, when the big elm trees are shadowing us from the heat of summer, we shall really see two aged rustics sharing their luncheon on a heap of stones, and hear one say to the other :—

“It iz zo,”

and hear the other reply :—

“Zo it iz.”

The Royal Academy and New Gallery Exhibitions.

By Rudolf Dircks.

A CERTAIN sort of sporting element is not absent from the early review days of the Academy. In the search for the “picture of the year,” it is indeed almost absurdly present. In the chorus of congratulation with which the absence of such a picture this year was announced in the first notices, a faint echo of disappointment might be detected. By the time, however, that the present article appears, the matter will have been decided by a larger public, who will not, we imagine, readily acquiesce in the verdict of the critics. There is little to be said against there being a picture of the year, beyond the fact that if it is a good picture it has the smallest chance of being seen by the majority of visitors, in consequence of the attendant crowd. If the choice this year should fall, as we think it may, on Sir Alma-Tadema’s small canvas in the large gallery, many therefore will be deprived of seeing one of the most admirable and characteristic of this distinguished painter’s works. But, independently of any popular view, neither here nor at the New Gallery is there any picture likely to create a sensation apart from its positive merits as a picture. The artists and the public alike may be congratulated in this respect.

We have not made any deliberate comparison of the number of pictures at the Academy this year with that of any previous year, but the number certainly seems to be smaller than usual. And it may be in a measure due to this, or to the converse, that the hanging is better. The main impression of the walls is that both in the matter of colour and drawing there is greater restraint than in recent years; that merely anecdotal and illustrative paintings are largely absent;



Delicious Solitude.

By Frank Bramley, A.R.A.

and that the historical picture is also rare. It is a little unkind of Mr. Collier and Mr. Goetze to upset our preconceptions, to provide us neither with a drama nor an allegory. The absence, too, of Mr. Brangwyn and Mr. Abbey leaves gaps which are seriously felt. For the rest, familiar names attain their usual standard of excellence. In some cases the excellence seems to be achieved with an ease and dexterity which come rather of long practice than quite genuine feeling. But in so large an exhibition it is not surprising that there should be works of this type; it is more surprising that the general standard should be so high.

It is delightful to find, for instance, a large purely decorative scheme by Mr. Sargent. Of Mr. Sargent's many brilliant moods, he is not least imposing when he undertakes decorative work of this ample scale. Here he is content to be simple in a spacious, grandiose manner which is only possible to artists of the first rank. This decoration has been designed, we understand, for an American public building. It is a matter of regret often expressed, but not too often, that opportunity is so rarely provided in this country for the surface decoration of our public buildings. It is also chiefly the decorative quality which is attractive in 'In Cashmere,' a small canvas by the same artist, hung in the adjoining room—a procession of young people (apparently the same model) in Indian shawls, an apparently



A Devotee.

By Sir Luke Fildes, R.A.



Helen.

By Henry Poole.

impromptu open-air study, which has nevertheless a classical, Panathenaic suggestiveness. Mr. Sargent also exhibits



Cupid and Psyche.

By G. Spencer Watson.



The Shadowed Face.

By Frank Dicksee, R.A.



February Sunshine.

By Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A.

portraits of Lord Wemyss and Mrs. Astor. The naturally fine and distinguished presence of Lord Wemyss scarcely perhaps required the somewhat adventitious effect of light cast on the face and head, which would in any case have been in sufficiently strong relief in Mr. Sargent's general colour-scheme.

We all know how greatly we are indebted to painters for giving us a new seeing of nature. Was it not Turner who gave us eyes for a sunset? And now here, as in France for some time, our eyes are becoming a little affected by studies of brilliant, dancing, scintillating sunlight, particularly the chromatics of sunlight through or on leaves. Mr. La Thangue's pictures are well known. Mr. Bramley in his 'Delicious Solitude' revels in the light of a noonday sun, a perfect delirium of light, which gives equal tone and colour values to Shirley poppies and the texture of the light frock of a reclining maiden. Mr. Stanhope Forbes leaves for a moment those pictures which have a sort of photographic repose, of movement as it were caught in the act, for a more impressionistic and broader manner in his 'February Sunshine,' quite one of the most admirable of his later works. Mr. Harrington Mann and Mr. Harcourt give interior studies in which the effects of sunlight and its

gradating shadows provide the themes of the whole composition. Mr. Clausen also is no stranger to studies of this kind: but he introduces a deeper note. Take, for instance, 'The Barn,' 'Firelight Interior,' 'The Student'—really a very excellent Clausen year; and in speaking of pictures in which atmospheric light and shade have a definite emotional as well as a decorative value there is the work of Mr. Edward Stott and Mr. Arthur Hacker, who find it chiefly in that intermediate hour when the sun has left the sky and the night is falling. Then again there is the animated and gay mood of Mr. Hornel, who by apparently very complex technical means, in which the palette knife largely replaces brushwork, obtains the precise effect at which he aims, an effect in which children seem to become flowers, and flowers take on the animation of children, an effect so rich in colour—although largely in neutral tones—and so lively in movement, that when we turn to the other pictures in the same room, we seem suddenly to miss the gay, spontaneous laughter of children.

Although Mr. Sims sends nothing of the scale or importance of his 'Harvest Festival,' he represents a school of fantasy which it is pleasant to find on the walls of the Academy. 'The Night Piece to Julia' and the 'Ephemera



In the Dunes.

By J. J. Shannon, A.R.A.



The Church on the Hill.
By Bertram Priestman.



The Praise of Spring.
By George Wetherbee, R.I.

are both attractive pictures. In the first his imagination moves freely in a world of sprites and elves, fairy worms and rabbits, and the other inhabitants of a child's or poet's fancy, a world which has been made more precisely familiar in painting by Sir Noel Paton. Mr. Sims' touch is very delicate, very elusive, suggestive without being explanatory—just the aerial touch that is necessary to carry the right sort of conviction. In this chaotic mingling of the fantastic elements and creatures of the air and earth there is the unity of imaginative conception. In 'Ephemera' Mr. Sims aims at deeper things—symbolic and mystic—in which we find considerable charm, if not perhaps other qualities which go to the adequate evocation of feelings of this kind. Mr. Kynaston's 'Water Babies'—a small picture in Gallery No. IX.—is also a delightful piece of fantasy and painting, and we should also like to refer to another picture by this artist in the same gallery, 'Hawthorn Shade,' both of which have, a little unaccountably, missed being hung on the line. Mr. Swan in 'Endymion,' as in



Snow in London, March 5, 1909.

By Alfred Withers.



Sigurd.

By Gilbert Bayes.

the case of some other artists this year, has departed from his traditional subjects; and there is also Mr. Val Haver's 'Tempest,' in which the storm is symbolised by figures. Mr. Niels Lund's 'Origin of the Red Rose' is pleasant and harmonious in design and nice in colour.

Portraits are as abundant as ever, and they would seem to possess, on the whole, a greater interest than usual. In the art of portrait painting it is inevitable perhaps that your duke should be obviously ducal; your city magnate obviously a city magnate; your lawyer obviously fresh from defending a case, and so on. A painter of many portraits must acquire a certain facility in externalities of this sort. Many notable persons appear on the walls of the Academy, including members of the present Government, headed by the Prime Minister. But the outstanding portrait of the Exhibition is the 'Mrs. Moss Cockle,' by that remarkable painter Sir William Orchardson. Here there is nothing adventitious, nothing which suggests facility, quick observation, of hitting off an effective pose at the right moment: nothing, in fact, of that quick impressionistic grasp of things, of smart execution, which is largely typical of contemporary artistic effort in its various manifestations. Sir William Orchardson's art, on the contrary, consists largely in the rejection of any sort of hasty or dashing effect. The



Butterflies.

By George Henry, A.R.A.

pose is extraordinarily simple; it is quite uncharacteristic. Admirable and beautiful as may be the painting of the accessories, of the dress and jewels, these do not distract attention from the main purpose of the portrait. There are, of course, in every picture-gallery, portraits in which the subject is subordinate to the accessories; but this is not the case with the great masters of portrait-painting, and it is not the case with Sir William Orchardson. There are also excellent portraits by Sir Edward Poynter, Sir Hubert von Herkomer, and Mr. J. J. Shannon. There is a capital head and shoulders by Mr. Bramley. Mr. George Henry, in two of his works, suggests that he is happiest when he adopts a sort of formula for the pose; a formula which is a little rigid, a little inflexible, but which is not without a certain interest.

Mr. Greiffenhagen has sent an admirable portrait of Mrs. Greiffenhagen, in which the folds and colour of the silver-grey costume are resolved into an extremely pleasant composition. Then there is M. Mancini's 'Elizabeth Williamson,' which in its personal feeling for the depth and texture of colour occupies a place apart from the average exhibition portrait.

In an arbitrary selection which scarcely admits of classification we should like to mention Mr. G. W. Lambert's 'Mearbeck Moor,' in which the artist, as it were, *cherche sa personnalité* in an original and spacious sort of eclecticism. Skilful as Mr. Campbell Taylor's large picture of 'Bed-time' may be, there is something a little aggressive in his insistence on the crinoline period; and here



Bed-Time.

By L. Campbell Taylor.



Mearbeck Moor, Yorkshire.

By George W. Lambert.

the crinoline itself occupies a space a little beyond its pictorial value; it has become an obsession. Mr. Compton's 'An Alpine Fastness' represents more than skill in the handling of Nature in a somewhat difficult aspect. You feel that a glacier has the same attraction for Mr. Compton that the sea has for Mr. Napier Hemy. Another landscape in which there is the same truth of presentment, a generous feeling for Nature in a spacious aspect, is Mr. Gardner Symons' 'Snow Clouds, Bavaria.' Mr. Hughes-Stanton shows three landscapes, including a view of St. Jean, near Avignon. The meticulous art of Mr. Frank Dicksee is represented in the first gallery by 'The Shadowed Face,' a nun kneeling before a crucifix. 'The City Fathers,' a large canvas by Mr. Edgar Bundy, depicts with the sense of characterisation, fine grouping and breadth of the older Dutch school, a body of city dignitaries descending a staircase. Miss Catherine Wood's 'Silver and Grey' is an exquisite little study in "still life." And among the interior views there is capital work by Miss Jane Lomax and Mr. Colley.

are more definitely identified with the shows in Regent Street.

It is a nice point in coincidences that the two pictures which are likely to be most popular at this exhibition are by men of the same name; that each work is reminiscent of the earlier successes of other artists, and that in the case of



The Farewell.

By F. Cayley Robinson.

one of the present artists, popularity—in the wider sense at least—could only be achieved in ordinary circumstances *malgré lui*. We do not suppose that in intention Mr. Charles Shannon has aimed at the extremely vital portrayal of an elemental, commonplace, poetic human emotion. That is merely an accident: a trick which drawing, design and colour have played him. But in 'The Mermaid'—in the strenuous figure of the stooping fisherman, in the half-recoiling figure of the mermaid, in the interlaced arms of both figures—however considered may be the structural and decorative design, the main impression is one of human sentiment and passion. For this mermaid and this fisherman, notwithstanding our romantic associations with personages of this type, are plainly man and woman, not the creatures of a will-o'-the-wisp, midsummer night fantasy of allurements and attraction, but psychologised,

intense, of yesterday, of to-day, of to-morrow. Of such were Lancelot and Guinevere, Beatrice and Dante, Marie Bashkirtseff and Bastien Lepage. That is, at any rate, a view of the picture which it is difficult to escape; and in that view the sea becomes of course symbolic. There is nothing symbolic in Mr. J. J. Shannon's 'In the Dunes,' on the opposite wall. It is an ozoneic, fresh-air conception, in which you can hear the wind whistling over the downs. The two seated figures are charming types of English femininity, the day is gusty, the country is undulating; and so long as these things have an attraction for us Mr. Shannon's art is amply justified.

Mr. Reginald Frampton in his three pictures, with one or two other artists at the New Gallery, represents a definite school of formalistic and decorative painting. In the purely logical aspect of this school Mr. Frampton is probably the most consistent. There is no hesitation in his method; it is as complete as any method can be. With a clear and simple palette, with a rhythmical feeling for line, he chooses a subject from myth, legend or history: the kind of subject which largely exists in the mind—when you think of it—in a decorative or pictorial form. Mr. Frampton's 'L'Enfant Jeanne d'Arc' is not only a harmonious decorative composition; it is also a simple spiritual realisation of his subject. Joan of Arc, as a child, is half seated, half kneeling, gazing ecstatically upward (the aureole suggests that her beatification had been anticipated); a missal rests in her lap, her right hand holds a rosary, and at her knees lies a shepherd's crook. Sheep



L'Enfant Jeanne d'Arc.

By E. Reginald Frampton.

are grazing around her; in the middle distance, circled by a winding river, stands a mediæval castle, with mountains extending beyond. The scheme of colour is delicate blue, relieved by the decorated pages of the missal and the red lacing of the bodice. Mr. Anning Bell and Mr. Cayley Robinson's pictures have also notable decorative qualities. In the case of Mr. Cayley Robinson, the preparation of his panel seems to be designed to suggest the effect of a plastered surface and forms an integral part of his pictorial idea.

Mr. Charles Bartlett is excellent in the portrayal of peasant character and sentiment, with a certain sort of realistic feeling, in which, however, neither realism nor sentiment is allowed to predominate. The subjects of two of his three pictures are of a type in which restraint and freedom from over-emphasis, the avoidance of anything like sentimentality, where sentimentality would at the same time be so easy and so popular, suggest that there is considerable intellectual strength, as well as an interesting artistic point of view, behind Mr. Bartlett's method. The first picture, 'Harmony,' shows the interior of a barn: a mother is nursing her child: in the background the father, in the act of feeding his cattle, turns and regards his family. It is all perfectly natural; the plain statement of a simple episode, without any commentatorial suggestions in the attitude of the figures or in the realisation of the picture. The same restraint is observed in the group of peasants in 'On the Way Home,' who are not painted as being perfectly joyless in the dreary trudge after the day's



The Night Piece to Julia.

By Charles Sims, A.R.A.

work; it is not a moment of joy or sorrow, but simply of fatigue. In Mr. Bartlett's third picture, 'The Card-players,' the characterization is individual and interesting, the habitués of the inn being admirably realised. Mr. Peppercorn also shows three pictures, and obtains at times, almost in monochrome, with sombre and thick colours, and with an apparent disregard for detail, curiously detailed and diaphanous results. Two of Mr. Hopwood's pictures—an interior view in which a maidservant is drawing the window-curtains, and a scene of a farmyard in Picardy, are variations on the theme of sunlight, less experimental in effect than is often the case with this type of picture.

The sculpture at the Academy maintains all the signs of vitality and progress of recent years. The general effect, it is true, is somewhat marred by the prominence given to one or two pieces, for which more secluded positions would have been desirable. Mr. Derwent Wood now presents in marble his 'Atalanta' of 1907, a work of supreme charm and excellence. Mr. Pomeroy also sends a full-length figure in bronze and an interesting statuette 'Giotto'; and the other

members of the Academy are well represented. There are a number of statuettes by M. Frémiet, and Mr. Gilbert Bayes has probably achieved in his equestrian statuette group 'Sigurd' his most notable work. In it we seem to find the promise fulfilled of a talent always interesting, if at times a little tentative. His 'Sigurd' possesses not only fine qualities in modelling, but modelling put to the service of an imagination which seeks for plastic expression, and certainly finds it here, in decorative animation and movement, with a treatment remarkable for its picturesque breadth and skill. Mr. Henry Poole in 'The Nymph' seems to complete the trilogy of the well-known figures by Mr. Derwent Wood ('Atalanta') and Mr. Bertram Mackennal

('Diana') exhibited at recent Academies. The pose of Mr. Poole's graceful figure, with the arms drawn across the bosom and the hands clasped under the chin, is attractive and original. And in the head, slightly bent, and expression, there is no reminiscence of earlier types; it is a purely personal type, which, while possessing the essential qualities of beauty, has a certain *naïveté*, an air of preoccupied wildness, which is suitable to the title, and which gives the head an individual interest. In the same sculptor's marble statuette 'Rhodophe,' a seated figure, the composition is individual and attractive. We give an illustration of an interpretative study of a little girl at the New Gallery by the same sculptor. Mr. Poole is certainly one of the most promising of our younger men. There is much other interesting work which we regret we have not space to mention.

Royal Academy Pictures and Sculpture (Cassell, 3s.) is a standard work of reference to the Exhibition. The present book contains, as in previous years, a large number of good reproductions, with the size of each work.

Mr. Sargent.

WE understand that Mr. Sargent's sequence of seven lithe girlish figures, entitled 'Cashmere'—"one shawl and a single face," in the words of a Philistine observer—is a many-aspected portrait of a niece of the artist, she being the more than fortunate possessor of the picture. The join down the middle suggests that he first intended to paint four figures only. A legitimate curiosity may also be satisfied by giving a translation of the Hebrew inscription which, from right to left, of course, is painted on

the blue field and follows the semicircular top of Mr. Sargent's 'Israel and the Law,' destined for the Boston Public Library. The inscription is the formula used in synagogues when the congregation is summoned to the reading of the scroll of the Law, namely, the Pentateuch: "Blessed art Thou, O Lord, our God, King of the Universe, Who hast chosen us from all peoples, and hast given us Thy law. Blessed art Thou, O Lord, who givest the Law. Blessed be the Lord, Who is to be blessed for ever and ever."

David Cox as a Drawing Master.

By H. M. Cundall.

LIKE most of the water-colour painters in the first half of the nineteenth century, David Cox was obliged, in order to obtain a livelihood, to increase his earnings by becoming a drawing master. When he married in 1808 he settled at Dulwich, and taught drawing in the neighbourhood for about seven years. Afterwards he removed to Hereford, where he obtained the post of drawing instructor at a young ladies' seminary. At the expiration of eleven years he returned to London and took up his residence at Kennington, where he continued to give lessons in drawing, until he finally retired to Harborne, near Birmingham, his native town.

David Cox produced numerous books, giving practical hints to students in the art of painting in water-colours. During his residence at Kennington he drew the following sketches of arrangement in light and shade, accompanied by notes, for the benefit of one of his lady students, who was about to proceed on a sketching tour up the Rhine. The lady was Miss Frances Carr, sister-in-law to Mrs. Jane Carr, who bequeathed numerous water-colour drawings to the Victoria and Albert Museum, including two by David Cox, and who was the daughter of Mr. John Allnutt, of Clapham, whose noted collection of paintings was sold at Christie's in 1863. Cox had never seen the Rhine, consequently these little sketches are only imaginary scenes, but they nevertheless display the sparkle and brilliancy of the master's hand:—

"These arrangements of light and shade," he says, "have one principle common to them all. The strongest points are placed on the objects near to the margin of the river.

"I wish you to observe and seize every opportunity of giving a decided and prominent character to this part of the subject. Old towers, gables of houses, groups of boats, and river craft, or the timber framework of a wharf or landing place, transient gleams of light or strong shadows thrown across the foreground will enable you to accomplish this.

"If you neglect these accessories, trusting to the interest in the distant objects for your picture, your sketches will probably be unsatisfactory and incomplete.

"Judging from sketches and views I have seen, there is mostly a tameness and littleness in the foregrounds of Rhenish scenery, owing to the absence of large timber or bold rocky shores; perhaps the hills and castellated knolls are too fanciful in form to be picturesque and not sufficiently large or distant to possess grandeur, unless under extraordinary effects of light and shade. It will, therefore, be desirable to lessen their distinctness against the sky in some parts and to throw the strongest emphasis upon the foreground. Under morning and evening effects this will be most the case in nature, but at mid-day you will need to watch and avail yourself of every passing shadow and every happy combination of objects rich and powerful in colour, to contrast strongly with the detail and variety of forms in the distance."



1.

Hills occupying three-fourths of the View.

By David Cox.



2.

Hills on both sides.

By David Cox.



3

Arrangement giving breadth of light and dark.

By David Cox.

Example No. 1.—The hills on the left bank occupy three-fourths of the view, a small portion only of the opposite side being introduced; in the second example the hills dip down towards the centre of the view; the first gives more effect and admits of a simple broad effect; the second is more difficult to arrange, to prevent the one side seeming a reduplication of the other; the masses should vary in size, form and relief.

Example No. 2.—One side is in part light at the top and opposed to the blue sky, and the other side is darker at the top from having a white cloud behind to give this

variety; also, when the forms of the land leave a hollow in the middle of the paper, it is apt to look a blank unless filled up with clouds or by some object rising in front of it.

Example No. 3.—When the objects rise up against the sky, the upper parts being light, it is better to extend a shadow along their base, and in narrow parts of the river this shadow may be coaxed by the opposite cliffs. Such arrangement gives the greatest breadth of light and dark possible



, but it is apt to look artificial unless the gradations of distance are well preserved. It is a most useful means of blending numerous insignificant objects into a broad mass, whereby the detail of the castle above would be rendered more effective.

Example No. 4.—The hills in this example are light and placed against a light sky; their colour, however, gives them a solidity, assisted also by the streaks of light among the houses below; the dark points in the town are placed so as to assist the pyramidal form of the distance, and rise up under the depressions of its outline.

Example No. 5.—Objects seen through a gloom appear larger, owing to the boundary line being the strongest of the markings; the forms must, however, be simple and combine well with the composition.

Example No. 6.—Another example of the use of shadow in the foreground in throwing the interest on distant objects; the light on the left side being



4

Effect giving solidity to the light hills.

By David Cox.



6. The use of Shadow in the foreground.
By David Cox.



7. Effect of distance uniting with Sky.
By David Cox.



8. Effect to give great distance.
By David Cox.



5

Objects seen through a gloom.

By David Cox.

confined to a beam across the river, leads the eye to that point and forms a base whereby the height of the mountains appears greater.

Example No. 7.—In this effect the distance unites with the sky, both being dark, and the emphasis is given to the light objects on the banks of the river; a small dark object being placed in front of the largest mass of light giving it greater brilliancy and uniting the foreground with the distance.

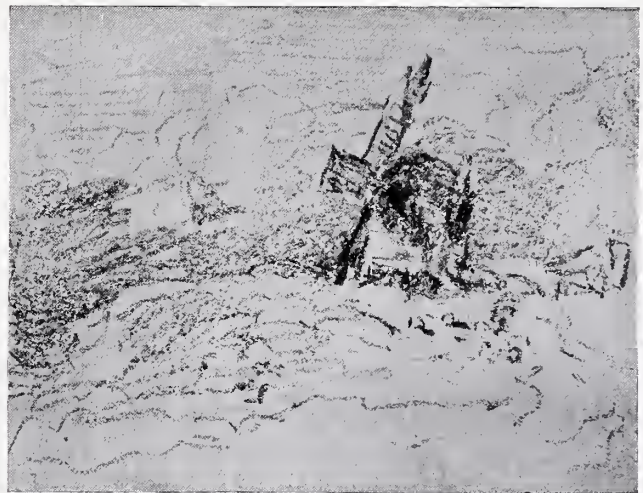
Example No. 8.—In this example a strong contrast of dark and light is placed near the feeblest point of the forms of the horizon, giving greater distance. The whole of the foreground forming a mass of dark, the eye will naturally rest with more satisfaction on the distance, and a few small lights on the ends of the buildings are sufficient to prevent insipidity of effect.

“Gilpin in his remarks on Landscape Scenery has a passage to this effect. ‘In passing hastily through a country you may not have opportunities of giving the exact portrait of any one particular scene, but this is not necessary; perhaps the most useful illustrations of local scenery are those which give the *character* of the views by a pleasing arrangement of ideas taken from the general face of the country. A portrait characterizes only a single spot, and the recollection of it becomes indistinct and confused as soon as the place is passed.’

“A little practice will give you facility in seizing the prominent features upon which the character depends, which if sketched boldly in the nearer parts and more lightly upon the distant, so as to give an idea of the relative spaces between them, will suffice upon the spot: the filling

up, such as details of vineyards, sloping banks, lines of streets, etc., may be done from memory afterwards.”

The little drawing of a windmill was made by David Cox about 1857 on the doorsteps of George Cattermole’s house at Clapham Rise. The latter artist not being at home, Cox left it as a visiting-card: on the back is written “David Cox, Senr., Harborne.” This also must have been an imaginary sketch, for although there is a public house with the sign of a windmill on Clapham Common, no actual windmill has stood on the Common during the memory of the present generation.



“Sketched on the door-step of our house on Clapham Rise and left by David Cox as his visiting-card when my husband was from home.”—Clarissa Cattermole.

Portraits in Paris.

THE exhibition, organised under the patronage of Queen Alexandra, and opened by the President of the French Republic in the Salle du Jeu de Paume on April 23, comprising 'Cent Portraits de Femmes,' fifty of them by British, as many by French portraitists of the eighteenth century, is attracting the attention alike of the fashionable and of the artistic world of Paris. The fact that Lawrence, almost alone among British masters of the brush during the period and in the kind indicated, is adequately represented in the Louvre, accounts for the surprise and delight with which good—nay, even fine—examples by Gainsborough and Raeburn, by Hogarth and his one-time foe, Reynolds, are being received. Sir Joshua's lovely sketch from Chatsworth, of Countess Spencer and her little daughter Georgiana, might almost have been done, as was a famous youthful drawing, out of "pure idleness," so spontaneous and so joyous is it, despite all the learning. Gainsborough's 'Hon. Mrs. Graham,' under the terms of the bequest, can never leave the Scottish National Gallery. In lieu of it, however, Mr. Maxstone Graham lent what is probably a study, painted by Gainsborough on Mr. and Mrs. Graham's return from their wedding tour on the continent, for the exquisite full-length. In order to celebrate the *entente cordiale*, the Scottish National Gallery parted temporarily with Boucher's marvellously realised little portrait of Madame de Pompadour, which could hardly be excelled as an example of bewitching artificiality. It was impossible to obtain a woman's portrait by Chardin—the 'Woman Drinking Tea,' seen at Whitechapel not long ago, would have been welcome—nor is there anything indubitably by Watteau. But there is a triumphant Fragonard of a young girl reading. Mr. A. G. Temple, of the Guildhall Gallery, organised the exhibition, and the success of it is due largely to his efforts.

The Melbourne Gallery.

THREE years ago (1906, p. 332) we dealt at some length with the character and contents of the National Gallery of Australia; illustrating several of the fine works then secured for the collection by Mr. George Clausen. Already the prescience of several of his purchases has been demonstrated. Hundreds of connoisseurs would now be glad to have, for instance, from Melbourne Mr. Wilson Steer's 'Japanese Gown,' the late Buxton Knight's 'Hamlet, Winter Sunshine'—a better though a smaller example than that afterwards bought for the Tate Gallery—Mr. Muirhead Bone's masterly drawing, and the flower-piece by the incomparable Fantin. During the last few months, Mr. Frank W. Gibson has been in England making further purchases. No doubt he remembers the words of Goethe printed on the title-page of the Melbourne Gallery catalogue: "Taste can be cultivated by studying, not the tolerably good, but only those things which are of surpassing excellence." Burne-Jones, to whom Rossetti communi-

cated the courage to commit himself to imagination without shame, was represented at Melbourne only by a monochrome, 'The Ascension,' and a couple of drawings. Mr. Gibson has just bought from Mr. Albert Wood, of Conway, 'The Wheel of Fortune,' 1883, another version of which belongs to Mr. Balfour. As will be recalled, it shows a heroic figure of Fortune, standing by the vast wheel, to which are bound a poet, his head only visible, a king, and a slave. Mr. Gibson also embraced the opportunity afforded by the dispersal at Sotheby's of the justly-renowned collection of Japanese colour-prints brought together by Mr. John Stewart Happer, of New York, to lay the foundations of what should prove to be an instructive series in this kind. True, he did not carry off any of the greatest rarities by Hokusai, by Harunobu, by Masanobu, or by Yeisen, some of which brought as much as £84, though issued at a few francs. On the other hand, several of the powerfully simplified original drawings by masters of the Orient go to Melbourne. By the way, so satisfactory was the Happer sale at Sotheby's—the 708 lots produced £6,013, thus demonstrating that the taste for these inventive and fascinating prints is not the mere passing vogue it was supposed to be by many when De Goncourt wrote his monograph—that Mr. Happer has resolved to submit his fine collection by Hiroshige in London instead of in Paris, as was his original intention.

Obituary.

THE death-roll in the world of Art during the few weeks ending with April included several well-known figures. On March 31st the Scottish Academy lost a member of twenty-five years' standing in the person of Mr. W. Beattie-Brown, the prolific landscapist. Born seventy-eight years ago, he became A.R.S.A. in 1871, R.S.A. in 1884. His brown-toned Highland scenes have for decades been popular. Among others upon whom death laid its hand are Mr. Edward Tucker, the water-colourist, who exhibited under the name of Edward Arden; Mr. Stanley Berkeley, frequently represented at the Academy since 1881, and best known by battle-pieces; and Mr. Urban M. Nosedá, the print-dealer, whose mother, Mrs. Nosedá, made the name famous in this connection. Sir Donald Currie, as head of a great steam-ship firm, gave many important commissions to artists—among them the late Colin Hunter. Mrs. Lester Wallach, widow of the actor, was sister of Millais. None should fail to read the beautiful address delivered by Mr. D. S. MacColl at Golder's Green, when the body of the late Mrs. R. A. M. Stevenson was cremated. Here is a brief excerpt, in temper representative of the rest: "We are all going over separate memories of her, of meetings cheered, interests made more vivid, of burdens lightened by her wonderful spirit. Like her husband, she seemed to hold a clue to life, to have a genius for its enjoyment; she was able to help blunderers and the depressed . . . Nothing but pretence and stupid cruelty was beyond their sympathy. We call her therefore, free, and wise, and kind, and also brave, with a bright courage unshakable by loss and pain."

Théodore Roussel.

By Frederick Wedmore.

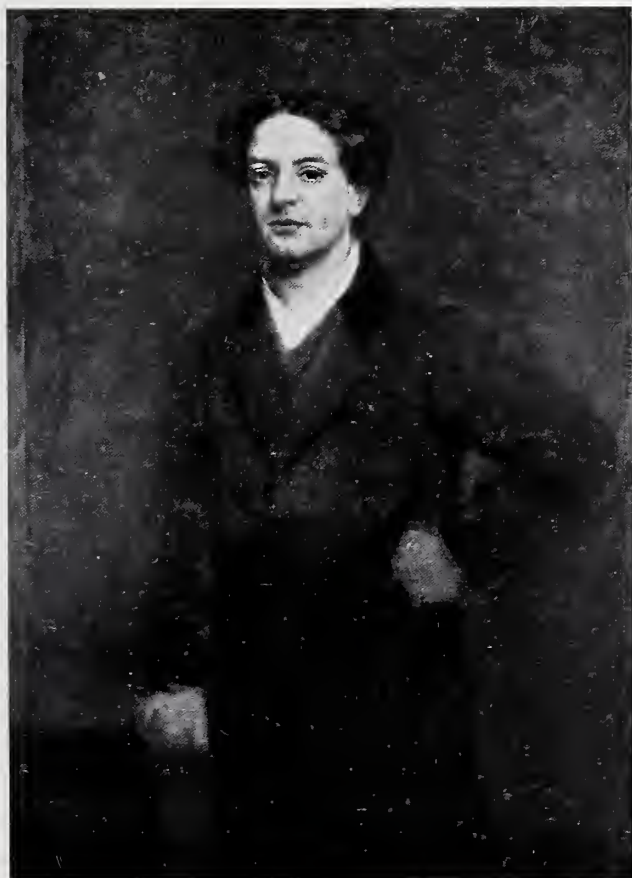
OF the Seven—no six—Ages of Man, as they were once described to me by a Frenchman whose conversation I relish—"un jeune homme," "un homme jeune," "un homme encore jeune," "un homme dans toute la force de l'âge," "un monsieur d'un certain âge," and, finally, "un vieillard"—Roussel has lived long enough to have got into the fourth stage—and could any stage be happier? He would not have got into the fourth, however, and not be more widely known by the general public than he is now, but for two things.

One of them is, that Roussel is endowed abnormally with the genius for taking pains. He does not of course make the mistake of over-labouring his canvases and coppers—of visibly insisting upon the amount of detail he has been enabled to observe and to chronicle. No, no—he remains broad. Such a mistake as an elaboration appealing to the Public would be remunerative—and he has naturally avoided it. His pains are spent in private. In the secrecy of his studio, from which he so seldom emerges—his studio, where he loves everything—from the quiet brown background, or the "*chevalit* piece" on the easel, to the printing press in the corner, and from the flowers on the writing table to the Sheffield plate upon the shelves—in the secrecy of that ample chamber, where associations as well as performances



The Artist's Daughter.

By Théodore Roussel.



Unfinished portrait of Dr. Bilderbeck Gomez.

By Théodore Roussel.



The Bathers.

By Théodore Roussel.

recall to him, and to those who are interested in his work, so much of his life, he has employed himself with technical experiments of every kind—has brought the technique of his particular crafts, and more particularly the technique of his craft of etching, to perfection—has thought, reflected, painted, drawn, etched, made dry-points, *vernis mou*, printed in colours. What endless preparations, made untiringly for tasks some of them only yet, as it were, begun—some of them—thank Heaven!—admirably accomplished.

The second thing—and of itself it goes some way in explanation of the first—is Roussel's ineradicable instinct to appeal to those who, in their being and their apprehension, are, like himself, essentially aristocratic. His audience—*coûte que coûte*—must be the capable few, and never the unqualified many. A shade of melancholy would steal over Roussel's face, and he would earnestly distrust himself—I see, in imagination, the "searchings" of his heart—if an ill-advised friend approached him with the most dubious of all compliments, and told him he was "popular." "Popular," in a world consisting of "artists"—artists, that is, in performance or feeling—a world consisting of "artists and others": his own definition: and chiefly of "others," I fear. "Not popular, but a favourite!" Whistler once said to me of himself with glee, upon the Bond Street pavement—



The Beach.

By Théodore Roussel.

watching who were the people passing into his show. And I can conceive Roussel sending up this prayer to heaven—"Not popular, but perhaps some day a Classic!"

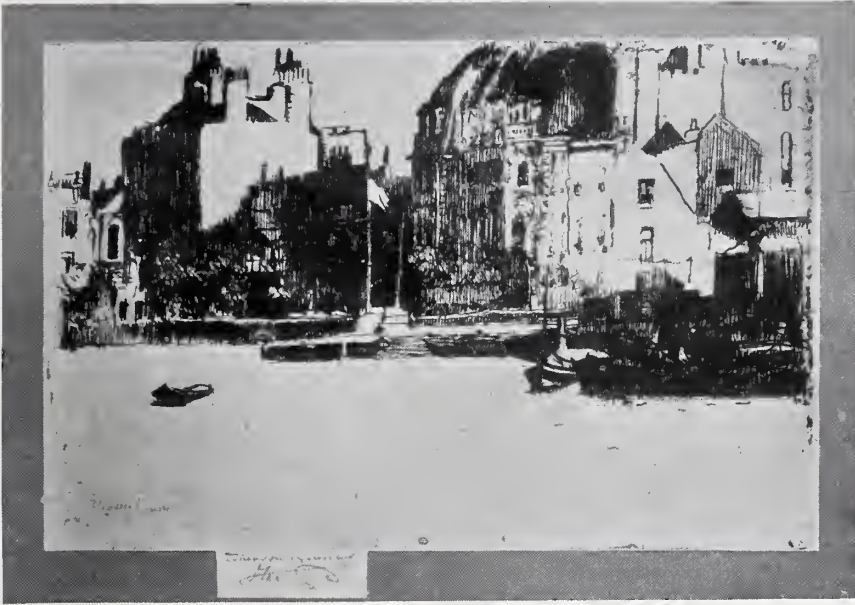
And thus it is that the vast, superficial Public—caught most, in every art, by the garish and the violent, and understanding readily only the shallow—has not yet received at all generally the intimation of the place assigned to Roussel by those qualified folk to whom an individuality profoundly and exclusively artistic has been permitted to appeal.

A Frenchman, owing something of his personal qualities, as ancestors on this side and on that have been responsible for them, to the Ile de France, with its suavity, and to the South (Dauphiné or Provence) with its inextinguishable ardour—Roussel is by long residence and by affection for this land, particularly this London, almost an Englishman. He came here very young, some thirty years ago—established himself at Chelsea—and to whose but Whistler's influence could he in that day have gravitated? He was, in a sense, Whistler's pupil, and it was not long before he became, in a real measure, Whistler's friend—a friend often agreeing with the utterances and conduct,



The Reading Girl.

By Théodore Roussel.



Chelsea Palaces (aqua-forte).

By Théodore Roussel.

but likewise privileged and certain, on not a few occasions, to disagree with the utterances and conduct, of the Chief. Some later associates, more prudent and self-interested, would have applied in vain for that privilege.

Of a familiarity with Chelsea—the Chelsea of the 'Eighties—great even as Whistler's own, more than one beautiful painting and many alert, expressive, and curiously elegant etchings, bear evidence. Notable amongst the pictures is Lord Grimthorpe's possession 'La Nuit: Septembre: Chelsea.'

This Nocturne is of clear, impeccable moonlight. "La rive et son architecture sont une masse d'ombre dont le contour se dessine sur la lumière. Les toits des maisons et des usines reflètent par morceaux la lumière." The leafage of the plane tree in the foreground "est d'une couleur vague de bronze." It will be observed that I have set myself upon obtaining the description of this picture—not a word of its eulogy—from the artist himself. "Ce feuillage du platane jette une dentelle sur la partie la plus claire du tableau. Et la lune est vue à travers le feuillage."

And the etchings or dry-points of this Chelsea time—executed, I expect, before Roussel's removal to the not remote old Georgian house, but a mile or two to the west—include what I suppose to be the quite

cruel morning; but also the earlier, not less excellent, but less unique successes of the simple little dry-point 'Head of a Girl,' and of that etching known as 'Chelsea Regatta,' in which, apart from the vitality of the whole, the thing of most particular interest is the group of youthful Londoners eager as to the sight. Then, again, the little upright print, 'Penelope, Chelsea'—the quiet, working figure, blonde of hue and delicate of contour against the darkly shadowed doorway, approached by steps and short protecting railing from some certainly humble street. And then—executed not so very long before the snow scene I



Nude Figure reclining.

By Théodore Roussel.

have spoken of—'The Terrace, Monte Carlo,' its space and Southern sunniness, and the outstretched, placid bay; and, expressed so pointedly and wittily, the figures lounging or passing on the Terrace: the gentleman certain to be responsive to the strange lady, whose attitude is a mute appeal. "Prêtez-moi un louis!" she seems to say: for the Casino and the "tables" are near. Lastly, there are two or three plates in which the point of Roussel, charged with a message from Anacreon or Ovid, has bitten into copper, tiny as, or tinier than, the very smallest coppers touched, four hundred years ago, by the *burin* of the Behams, Aldegrever, Pencz, or Jacob Binck.

And now, again, the pictures—as to which I think it my first duty to speak of a high masterpiece, 'The Reading Girl,' so that, if possible, that canvas, austere in its performance, exquisitely restful in its effect, may not leave England,

and in England may find lasting home in nothing but a public place. Among the great, dignified treatments of the Nude in modern days, among a few pieces undoubtedly maturing for Classic rank, 'The Reading Girl'—of which a reproduction hints better than words at the quiet tones and at the admirably chosen contour—takes high place. It lives with Leighton's 'Bath of Psyche,'—with such an instance of arrangement and drawing—or with the most correct of all Ingres' Nudes (or with the most charming: certainly 'La Source')—lives with the most health-suggesting, health-breathing of Courbets, with the most rosily robust of Caro Delvaille's ('Le Sommeil fleuri'), with the dreamiest Henner, with the slimmest and least material of Raphael Collin's ('Floréal'). 'Le Miroir'—Mr. Gerald Arbuthnot's—and 'Model Mending her Drapery' (not to speak of a delightful 'Nude figure extended' of a certain lithograph, or of a much smaller and exquisite Nude of a now rare etching)—are two other figure pieces which witness to the large presence of Style and high refinement in the very things in which an artist's possession of these qualities is tested best.

Roussel's portrait of his daughter, with folded hands—serene, simple, with, in her delightful childhood, a large and Southern quietude of grace—stands as evidence of his possession of qualities invaluable in Portraiture and most rare. A big and almost full-length man's portrait—'Le Docteur Bilderbeck Gomez,' sagacious and penetrating—reveals the grasp of masculine character. A good 'Lord Milner' may be in the remembrance of the Public—it made a mark at Messrs. Colnaghi's, a few years ago.

Gradually, as this enumeration of successful efforts goes upon its way, we must be arriving, I should think—even those of us who know the artist least—at the conclusion that it is no narrow specialist whose work we survey. And if that is so, there can be no surprise—though there may be a store of pleasure—in the discovery that Landscape, country landscape, and Still Life, have exercised from time to time delightfully this untiring brush. The grey and silver of 'A Sheffield Jug'—a Sheffield jug of the good period, in the near neighbourhood of apple blossom—the full red, pale rose, and gleaming white of 'Roses in a Clear Vase' are the happiest instances I chance to have seen of Roussel's dealing



La Nuit: Septembre: Chelsea.

(By permission of the Rt. Hon. Lord Grimthorpe.)

By Théodore Roussel.



(By permission of Gerald Arbuthnot, Esq.)

Le Miroir.

By Théodore Roussel.

with De Heym-like and with Fantin-like subjects. Country landscape is represented by 'The Edge of the Wood,' in which two young oak trees catch the light of early afternoon in June; by 'The Grass Path,' a broad green way receding into the distance through sun-smitten woodland; and by 'Grave Evening,' a little company of birch trees at the beginning of a wood now in mysterious shadow. I was allowed to name 'Grave Evening': so I am sure the title—not the picture—will be considered "too literary" by those

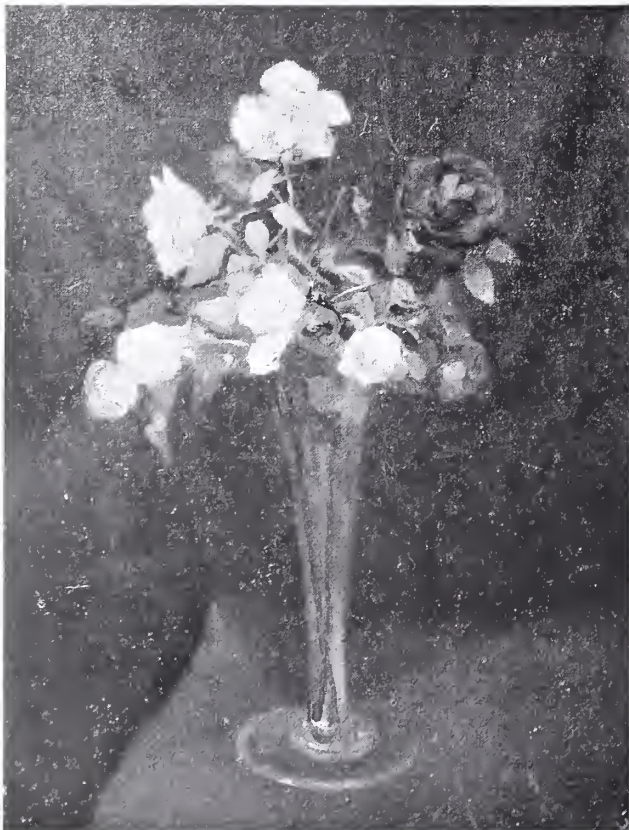
who pride themselves upon being craftsmen narrowly, not artists broadly. A student of the poets, like Roussel, will hardly care, however, to snatch at any opportunity for decreeing the divorce of human sentiment, human association, from Painting. Great craftsman himself, and occupied immensely, as I said towards the beginning, with technical problems, it is the beauty and the poetry of the world and life—the quiet waters, the massed town, this strong man's character, the flowers, that woman's hand, and this child's



A Sheffield Jug.
By Théodore Roussel.



Grave Evening.
By Théodore Roussel.



Roses in a Clear Vase.
By Théodore Roussel.

face—it is all that, our world to-day, and not the technical achievements of the masters who have gone before him, that is the source and origin of Roussel's so refined, so modern, since always so sincere and personal work.

D. Y. Cameron's 'Craigievar.'

AT the exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy this year Mr. D. Y. Cameron was represented by two pictures, as dissimilar in theme and temper as could well be: 'The Marble Quarry'—in Iona—massive in design, direct and powerful in handling, and 'Craigievar.' The Aberdeenshire castle of Craigievar, "set in its own valley betwixt the two main ways of Dee and Don," is one of the finest examples in its kind of the Scottish architecture of the period. Its ground plan is L-shaped, as was that of many castles built in Scotland during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Craigievar is justly renowned for the variety and richness of its plaster ceilings, and no castle in Scotland has so many decorated rooms. The last portion was built in 1610, before which the lands pertaining to it were sold by John Mortymer, "with consent of Helen Symmer his spouse," to "Willy the Merchant," who made "a goodly pile merchandising at Dantzic," he being a brother of the famous Patrick Forbes, Bishop of Aberdeen and Laird of Corse. Under this "wise, judicious, grave and graceful pastor," as Archbishop Spottiswoode called him, Craigievar assumed its final shape, preserved to this



Painted by D. Y. CAMERON, A.R.S.A.]

CRAIGIEVAR.

day. It is now the seat of John Forbes, eighteenth Baron Sempill.

The motive is in itself pictorially bewitching, and Mr. Cameron has greatly enhanced its witchery by his imaginative treatment. Initially, the spectator is captivated by the design within the upright picture-space. Mr. Cameron has shaped it into a little universe, charged with surprising allures. The narrow, many-windowed and turreted castle, observed from a level slightly higher than its base, is individualised in a way impossible to express in words; the castle is transmuted, as it were, into an architectural being capable of thought and feeling. To

'Craigievar' may be applied the definition of architecture, as music breathed into space. The body of the structure, so to say, is rendered in flesh-tones, while here and there, as in the blinds, there is a caress of red, the close-clinging creeper and the grass being of living green. Not only is there preserved the glamour of the historic building, enriched by the "unimaginable touch" of time, but to this glamour Mr. Cameron adds a spell of his own. Can we not say that the pilgrim soul of Craigievar has been evoked? By the way, the same Aberdeenshire castle is introduced into a recent landscape-etching by the artist.

London Exhibitions.

By R. E. D. Sketchley.

New Gallery	22nd Summer Exhibition.
R.W.S.	152nd Exhibition.
Grafton Gallery	Chosen Pictures.
Burlington Fine Arts Club	Early English Portraiture.
Goupil Gallery	P. Wilson Steer.
Leicester Gallery	Arnesby Brown, A.R.A. Ruth Dollman.
Fine Art Society	Frank Short, A.R.A., R.E.
" "	E. T. and E. H. Compton.
Carfax Gallery	Roger Fry.
Paterson Gallery	James Paterson, A.R.S.A.
Dowdeswell Gallery	John Fulleylove, R.I.
Baillie Gallery	Henry J. Ford. John Sowerby. W. G. Robb.
Doré Gallery	Frank O. Salisbury. Albert E. Bonner.
New Dudley Gallery	The Misses Dorrien Smith. Miss Alswen Montgomery. Lady Mabel Sowerby.
Messrs. Graves	Baroness Helga von Cramm.
Modern Gallery	Mrs. Burrell Hayley.
Mendoza Gallery	Louis Kronberg.
Brook Street Gallery	A. Forestier.
Corner Gallery	Leonard Hill.
Walker Gallery	Norman Garstin. W. W. Collins, R.I.
London Sketch Club	22nd Exhibition.
St. George's Gallery	Jessie Bayes. Arts and Crafts.
Morris and Company	Arras Tapestries.

Mr. Wilson Steer.—Just eighty years ago, in 1829, Constable wrote to a friend, "I am still smarting under my election," his election, of course, into the Royal Academy. Wilkie, enlightened by a journey to Paris, returned to England to express his amazement that the painter of the landscapes in the Louvre had not long before been elected; but the President, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and other members of the Academy, felt, and made sufficiently evident, their disapprobation of so "ferocious" a painter being preferred before certain "historical painters of great merit." The eighty years since Constable "smarted" have wrought more change in the attitude of artists outside the Academy towards that institution than in the Academical position. When Mr. Wilson Steer's magnificent 'Corfe Castle,' his 'The Lime Kiln' and 'The Balcony' have passed from the Goupil Gallery to the Johannesburg Museum, some travelled

Academician may increase the fame of the painter in the Royal Academy. But can one hope that Mr. Wilson Steer will, in the meanwhile, have consented to repeat the part of Constable, even with modifications, in the Academy drama, as he repeats it in the pitch and magnitude of his art?

That question, however, concerns those entangled politics of art which, if they inevitably intrude themselves when a 'Corfe Castle' is exhibited outside the Royal Academy by an artist outside its ranks, are very secondary to the immediate concern of appreciating this and other recent paintings of Mr. Wilson Steer. There was a time when the matter of Mr. Steer's landscapes had light and tone in excess of form. Structure was not inherent in the design, and the weakness in structural quality made the picture seem shallow. The 'Corfe Castle,' which is the largest and greatest picture in the exhibition, has the fulness of earth in form and space as well as in light and colour. Mr. Steer has challenged sunlight in the open air, where that "glorious birth" is but one glory of creation, and his impression of the vast landscape embraces the substance of linked hills, the village in the quiet of the dale, and fathoms the distance of the sky. The picture has the power which Constable described as the equivalent of one-ness in poetry, and the power is exercised in joy: joy in the brightness of the green earth, in the interchange of brilliant light and shadow on the swelling hills, in the mysterious weavings of mist and cloud and rainbow in the wide realm of the sky. There can be no more debating as to Mr. Steer's place in art. A picture like this proclaims genius. 'The Lime Kiln' is too different to obtain instantly full meed of appreciation from sight expanded by the freedom and energy of 'Corfe Castle.' Yet, it too, in its illuminated pearl and gold is beautiful. So, despite "ferocity" in the painting, is the 'Grande Place, Montreuil,' where the sky is just open light, and the houses are a sequence of delicate colour-gradations. The Turnerian 'Isle of Purbeck,' the 'Poole Harbour,' heavier than the fresh and spacious picture for which it is a study, the Corot-like—yet so individual—'Morning,' the impassioned sketch, 'Effect of Rain,' prove the painter's mastery in other ways. Nor is it only in landscape that Mr. Steer excels. 'The Balcony,' rendering the contrast,

or, rather, the harmony between interior light on the fabrics of the dress and chintz curtain, and the light outside which transmutes the chimneys and buildings of the 'Thames-side to pale, beautiful phantoms, is a painting of the influence of light which in great company would not lose potency. Slighter are the fresh 'The Conservatory' and 'A Profile,' sligher still and of less standing altogether is 'On the Pier.'

Chosen Pictures.—Mr. Francis Howard, who, in almost no time, got together the exhibition of Chosen Pictures at the Grafton Gallery, could hardly have done better if he had had months instead of days. About ten years of modern art is the material of the exhibition, and it puts the immediate past and present of art in a most hopeful light from every point of view but the economic. If art were appreciated among us it would have been impossible to furnish an exhibition of such distinction from, in the main, the artists' studios. Fine things here which have been seen before are Mr. C. H. Shannon's 'The Wounded Amazon,' so beautiful in her still pain in the bowing, sunlit woods—one of a group of Shannons—Mr. Francis Dodd's original and penetrative portrait of Signora Lotto, Professor Holmes's 'High Cup Nick,' Mr. Lavery's 'Bridge of Grès,' meditative interiors, with lovely details, by Mr. Cayley Robinson, portraits by Mr. Festus Kelly, landscapes and interiors by Mr. Walter W. Russell, sound and lively in observation, an important number of works by Mr. William Strang, Mr. Orpen's 'Reverie,' a painting belonging to two periods in his swift development, and some of the best of Mr. Harrington Mann's portraits of children. But there are some remarkable new works, and one of striking importance: Mr. Augustus John's 'Family Group.' Mr. John has hailed attention in too many ways to get a completely unanimous approval for any of his concentrated works. The 'Family Group' is debatable, like the 'Woman Smiling,' and one ill-shaped head of a woman is not commendable from any point of view. A personal opinion of the picture is, however, that it is Mr. John's greatest achievement, so far, and that positively as well as relatively it is great. The component figures of the group are two women, three standing children, and a wizened baby, which counts only as a red frock and a reason for the fine poise of the woman who holds it. They are spontaneously and finely brought into a unity, the balance between the two elder children being especially gracious. The treatment of the fabrics, brown and blue and dark green, with curious magenta red, is impressive. The background of sea and indented coast, the flowered foreground, remind one of Botticelli, and yet are finally Mr. John's, part of a decoration that sets up a type, and impresses its authority. Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen's 'Sons of God' which hangs near, is one of the finest things he has done, and would look well in any collection of modern pictures. Indeed, no neighbourhood could be more searching than the present, but, despite an obviously large debt to Tintoretto, the individual quality and distinction of the composition and painting are maintained. Mr. E. A. Walton's subtle and beautiful 'The Farm,' Mr. Nicholson's two bewitching studies of still-life in a gamut of blacks and whites, Professor Holmes' 'The Garden Wall,' the memorable collection of drypoints by Mr. Muirhead Bone, lithographs by Mr. C. H. Shannon, prints and drawings by Mr. Sturge Moore, Mr.

John, Mr. Nicholson, sculpture by Mr. Ricketts, and Mr. Derwent Wood, are other "chosen" works.

R.W.S.—The exhibitions of the Old Water-Colour Society are, in the nature of things, not much indebted to surprises for their hold on attention. Sometimes, but not this year, Mr. Sargent contributes. Otherwise there is little interruption of the tenor of the Society's art, constituted to represent truly, if not wholly, a firm tradition of water-colour. The merit of the present exhibition is in the main of familiar quality. One is not disappointed in the contributions of Mr. Francis James, Mr. Alfred Parsons, Mr. Hughes-Stanton, Mr. Lionel Smythe, Mr. J. W. North, Mr. Eyre Walker, Mr. Matthew Hale, Mr. Albert Goodwin, Mr. Tuke. Mr. Anning Bell, Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Hopwood, Mrs. Stanhope Forbes, Mr. Walter Crane, are represented as well, if not better, than usual. Mr. James Paterson has not sent all his best work to the exhibition of his water-colours at the Paterson Gallery, as 'The Romantic City' and 'Hermitage' show. Above and beyond there is pleasant unexpectedness in Mr. Edwin Alexander's delicate, austere landscapes, and a surprise of genuine significance in the decisively handled drawings of Mrs. Laura Knight, who has suddenly made good her claim to be ranked among the few painters of real light and air, real conditions of weather, as in 'Chelsea Embankment,' deep in winter. The grave and glowing church interior of Mr. D. Y. Cameron, his two impressive visions of water and hill, and Mr. Clausen's deeply felt 'Mill at Dusk' are fine.

Early English Portraits.—To the student, primarily, and to all who grasp art as more than a casual enjoyment, the collection at the Burlington Fine Arts Club of early English portraits up to and of the time of Holbein was of serious importance. The period of the beginnings of the native art of portraiture is so obscure that the bringing together of so many early attempts and achievements, even though some chief works, such as the Richard II. in Westminster, or the Wilton diptych, were necessarily wanting, is a work for which the committee deserves the pious thanks of students. The full and learned catalogue compiled by Mr. Lionel Cust and Mr. Charles F. Bell made the material fully available for study. To the lover of art as art, the interest of the exhibition lay chiefly in the Memline triptych lent by the Duke of Devonshire, the fine portrait of Edward Grimstone by Petrus Christus, and the more obviously cognate inclusion of many works by Holbein. Among these were the Earl Spencer's exquisite 'Henry VIII.' and the Duke of Devonshire's Whitehall cartoon of 'Henry VII. and Henry VIII.' Even more choice were the Holbein miniatures lent by various happy possessors, the consummate 'Mrs. Pemberton,' the almost equally beautiful and more elaborate 'Anne of Cleves,' and others only less fine.

Other Exhibitions.—The remarkable event of Mr. Wilson Steer's exhibition, the hardly less significant collection at the Grafton Gallery, demand notice which limits to brevity mention of several interesting exhibitions. At the Leicester Gallery cabinet pictures by Mr. Arnesby Brown revealed the sincerity, vigour, and accomplishment of his art, its fund of truthful observation of effects of light and atmosphere. Mr. Frank Short's work as a mezzotinter, etcher, and water-colourist, formed an interesting collection at the Fine Art Society's. The mezzotints after Watts, the



(Goupil Gallery.)

The Balcony.

By P. Wilson Steer.

aquatints and mezzotints after Turner, are acknowledged masterpieces of transposition of beauty into beauty. Mr. Short's original etchings, so perspicuous and delicate, were well represented, and his water-colours have the significance, if not the charm, of his better-known renderings of nature. The austere, yet dream-touched art of Mr. Roger Fry, an art of stillness and refinement, made an interlude from the ordinary exhibition, as did the mist-veiled groups of trees and figures gracefully designed by Mr. W. G. Robb, which was one of three exhibitions at the Baillie Gallery, together with Mr. Henry J. Ford's admirable and inventive illustrations to the Andrew Lang books, and Mr. Sowerby's refined garden paintings. The collection of water-colours

by the late Mr. John Fulleylove at the Dowdeswell Galleries represented well his reasonable and discriminating art. The Paris subjects are particularly characteristic, and therefore valuable. Several large Arras tapestries from the looms at Merton Abbey were shown at Messrs. Morris's. They included 'The Passing of Venus,' after Burne-Jones, which was shown at the New Gallery last summer; 'Primavera,' a weaving after Botticelli, which, as need not be said, is no copy of a picture, but a translation with beauties of its own; an elaborate but less stately 'Allegory,' from a design by Mr. Byam Shaw, and 'The Chace,' a sumptuous piece of weaving, from a vigorous design by Mr. Heywood Sumner.

Passing Events.

IT is eminently satisfactory to note that the number of works in oil hung at the Royal Academy has been reduced by about 240 as compared with 1908. Often the walls have been covered from wainscoting to high above the line of vision, as though that were a primary object. This year the most unsympathetic critic is in duty bound to emphasise the marked improvement. Several inches of space are actually allowed round some pictures on the line, and frequently instead of three, four, or more rows, there are two only. For over fifty years, if we remember aright, the only work in oil seen under glass at the R.A. has been till now Mr. Seymour Lucas' 'Reception by King Edward VII. of the Moorish Ambassador at St. James's Palace,' painted for and exhibited in 1902 by command of His Majesty, who directed that it should be glazed. The recently accorded permission to put glass over pictures hung on the line, not exceeding six feet sight measurement, has been embraced by perhaps one-third of those fortunate enough to get these coveted positions. Naturally, members and associates have "glazed" more than outsiders, the difficulties for them being markedly less. Visitors will doubtless be annoyed by the inevitable reflections, especially when the Academy is crowded; yet on the whole the experiment has much to be said in its favour. Time and varnish have for long ranked as among the greatest of the Old Masters, but glass, too, can give a semblance of excellence to mediocrity. Signor Mancini is of those who recognise the value of a congruous frame. How felicitous is the tempered gold that surrounds his 'Elizabeth Williamson.'

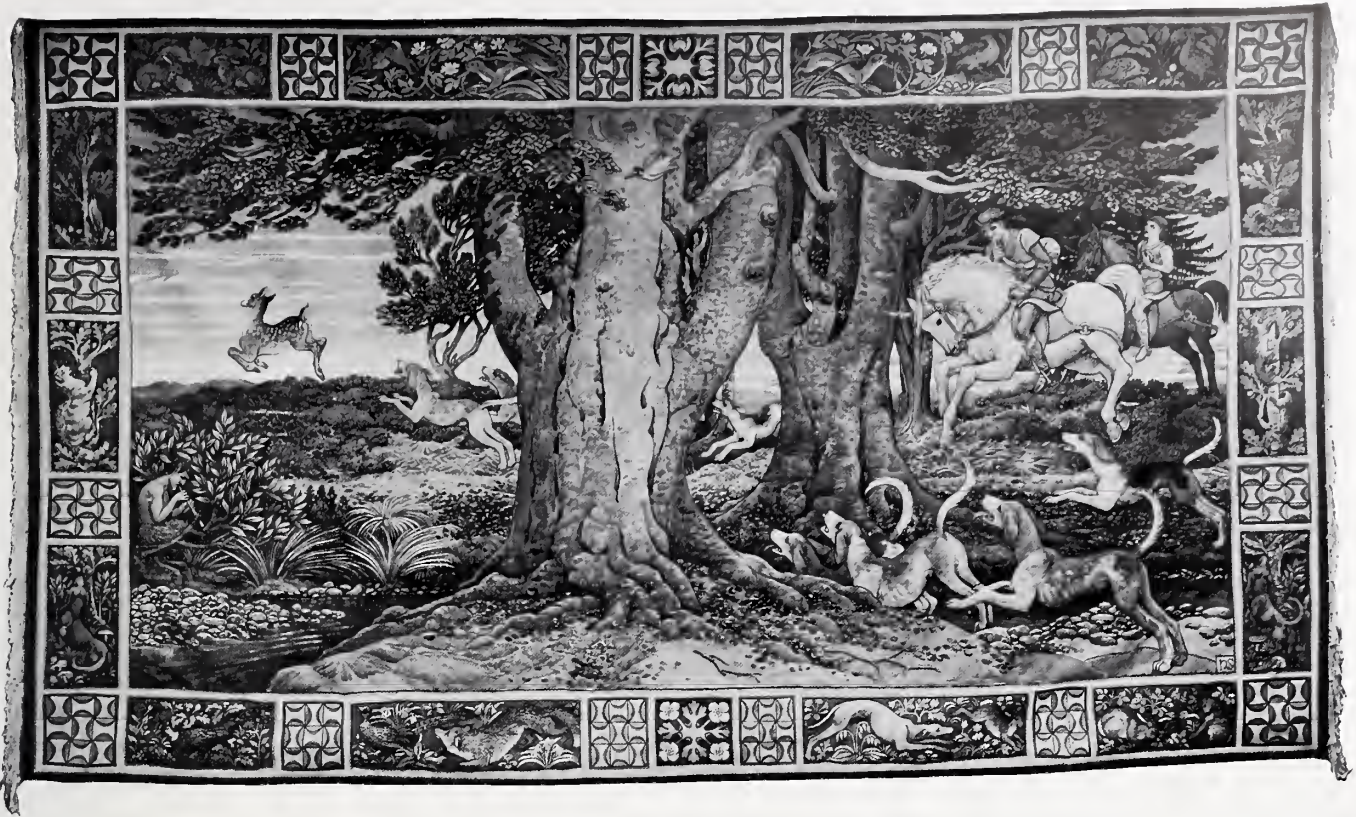
MR. JAMES PATERSON, the well-known member of the Old Water-Colour Society, and Associate of the Scottish Academy, in his recent course of lectures at the Royal Institution on "Aspects of Applied Æsthetics," rightly advocated the cultivation of the organs of sight. Without sincerity and simplicity, art would ever remain an unknown land, he maintained. Mr. Paterson, dealing with lighter sides of his not wholly to be fathomed subject, told a capital story of the German Emperor; we have good reason to believe, moreover, that it is authentic, which is more than can be said for most such stories. The Kaiser,

while looking through an exhibition, expressed the view that many of the works were wrong, alike in aim and method. Thereupon the Empress commented delightfully: "You have said this so often, I am surprised that the artists don't do as they are told." Yet if we can rightly speak of the artistic temperament, too often made to serve as a cloak for self-indulgence, surely disregard of "orders" imposed from without with regard to the direction of effort is one of its distinguishing characteristics.

APROPOS of the recent centenary of the birth of Edward Fitzgerald, it may emphatically be said that none has interpreted, in form or colour, the haunting strains of Omar Khayyám as Fitzgerald interpreted them in words—or did he recreate Omar? The illustrations of Elihu Vedder, at one time highly accounted by certain folk, lack in imaginative realisation, several of the best of them suggesting that he played, not very successfully, the sedulous ape to Blake. Mr. Max Beerbohm, however, gave us an inimitable drawing of 'Thou,' with the jug of wine, the loaf of bread, the book of verses. A writer is exigent with regard to his illustrators, but, surely, Fitzgerald would smile on "Max."

IN 1896 the House of Commons resolved "That it is desirable that the National Museums and Art Galleries in London should be open for a limited number of hours on Sunday after 2 p.m." The decision of the Treasury to make provision for the opening on Sundays, during the winter as well as during the summer, of the National Portrait Gallery is the final step in the carrying out of that wise resolution. All the nation's art treasures in London can now be studied every Sunday by the many unable to spare time during the week. Conversely, the Louvre has some rather tantalising new arrangements as to opening, or rather closing, though they do not affect Sunday.

THE late Mr. J. Irvine Smith was always reluctant to lend of his art treasures to exhibitions. When, in 1908, he was persuaded temporarily to part with some of the lovely black-and-white drawings of his friend, Sir George



"The Chase" Tapestry.

Designed by Heywood Sumner.
Woven at Merton Abbey by Morris & Co.

Reid, he expressed the fear that they would never rightly be his any more. Within a few months Mr. Irvine Smith died. At the sale of his interesting collection, held by Messrs. Dowell, of Edinburgh, on Feb. 13th, enthusiasm was keen. Two or three decades ago, Sir George Reid, one of the ablest of living portraitists, used to paint landscapes and flowers. His 'Norham Castle,' which was No. 936 at the Royal Academy of 1879, realized 685 gs.; an exquisitely fresh circular picture of roses, only twelve inches in diameter, perhaps No. 493 at the Academy of 1881, made 110 gs.; while a masterly little pen-and-ink drawing of the no longer existing house of George Jamesone, in Aberdeen, illustrated in Bulloch's *Jamesone and his Works*, made 14 gs. Fittingly, this last was secured by the Aberdeen Gallery. Jamesone, the father of Scottish art, was an Aberdonian, so, of course, is Sir George Reid. Is there any hope, by the way, that Sir George will send a group of his fine landscapes to the exhibition held annually in Pall Mall East by six distinguished landscape painters, who this year invited a couple of guests?

IN Edinburgh during 1908 there was brought together in the National Exhibition the finest representation of Scottish art ever organised. Next year in Glasgow it is proposed to hold another exhibition, not, of course, on anything like the scale of the International of 1901, though art will again be one of the principal features. By the way, Glasgow must look to its laurels, else Edinburgh seems likely to become, if already it is not, the æsthetic capital of Scotland. The New College of Art in Edinburgh, the forthcoming enlargement of the National Gallery and of the R.S.A., the purchases of the Modern

Arts Association, all these should act as incentives to the Glasgow Corporation.

THIS year the New Gallery holds its first exhibition on the basis of subscribing-exhibitors. The old invitation system is at an end, and none but subscribers can now contribute. Each painter-subscriber can send three pictures, and is entitled to a six-feet line-space, including frames. There are over 100 subscribers, and future candidates for election must be proposed and seconded by those belonging to their own class, whether painters, sculptors, or craftsmen. Following the lead of the International, two shows are to be organised each year. The first, to be held annually from the middle of April till early in June, is exclusively of works not previously seen in London; for the second, from the middle of June till the middle of August, any work will be available unless it has been shown at the New Gallery within the previous three years.

JEAN BAPTISTE CARPEAUX, a group of works by whom formed an interesting feature of the Ninth Exhibition of the International Society, ranks with Rude and Barye among the great sculptors of the nineteenth century. A retrospective exhibition of his works was held at the Autumn Salon of 1908, the catalogue of which was prefaced by an appreciation by M. Saradin. In 1874, the year before his death, Carpeaux, embittered by the opposition of the Institute, wrote "What can I do in a country which for twelve years has persecuted all my conceptions, and endeavoured to destroy that which I have been at such pains to erect?" Now, however, there is recognised the genius of the man who as a youth in Rome wrought the



(Preston Gallery.)

Seed-time in Ayrshire.

By George Houston.

Ugolino group, and in his maturity fashioned the 'Danse' for the façade of the Opera House. As a portraitist in the round of ladies of the Second Empire, not of their furbelows only but of their personalities, Carpeaux had no equal. The Dublin Art Gallery has done well, then, to obtain the original plaster bust of the Empress Eugénie.

RECENT doings in Constantinople lend special interest to two pictures in Galleries IV. and V. at Burlington House. 'Le Tombeau des Enfants,' and 'Le Théologien,' typical, faithfully rendered Turkish scenes, are by His Excellency Osman Hamdy, who first made his appearance at the Academy in 1906 in the 'Jeune Emir à l'étude,' afterwards bought by the Liverpool Art Gallery. He is no other than the man who, on April 27, as Clerk to the Committee of the Chamber for the revision of the Constitution, read the *fetva*, whereby the despotism of Abdul Hamid, the "Red" Sultan, was finally shattered. His Excellency Osman Hamdy, son of a one-time Grand Vizier, is Director of the Museum at Constantinople, which contains several of the finest Greek sculptured tombs in existence, and it is interesting to recall that he was a fellow-student of Sir Edward Poynter, as possibly of Whistler, in the Paris atelier of Gleyre.

THE temper in which Hokusai, "the old man with the mania for drawing," worked is evidenced in words written by him late in life. Only at seventy-five had he begun to learn something of the structure of Nature and her works: "When I am eighty I shall know more; at ninety I shall have got to the heart of things; at a hundred I shall be a marvel; at a hundred and ten every line, every blot of my brush will be alive." On his death-bed—he was then eighty-nine—Hokusai, eager to the end, if lacking the creative peace which descended as a benediction on our William Blake, exclaimed: "If heaven had given me ten more years!" In Japan, even criminals condemned to execution make a little poem before dying. Hokusai's

self-epitaph has a winged fragrance: 'Now my soul, a will-o'-the-wisp, can flit at ease over the summer fields.'

ON March 17 a general assembly of the Royal Scottish Academy was held to elect three painter-associates. The Council of the R.S.A. determines when such elections shall be held, how many Associates shall be chosen, and to what branch of art these shall belong. The list of candidates consisted of about thirty names, these not including, rather strange to say, that of Mr. William Wells, the talented painter whose 'Lancashire Village'—no other than Sunderland Point—was bought from the Glasgow Institute by the Scottish Modern Arts Association. The successful candidates were Mr. William M. Frazer (25 votes), the landscapist,

a native of Ferth, Mr. W. Marshall Brown (24 votes), whose shore-scenes with figures are well known, and Mr. George Houston (22 votes). Mr. John Duncan was unsuccessful with sixteen votes. There was reproduced in THE ART JOURNAL (1904, p. 100) the first picture Mr. Houston exhibited in London. His spacious and serene 'Seed-time in Ayrshire,' one of the most generally remarked pictures in its kind at the Franco-British Exhibition, has within the past few months been secured by the Preston Art Gallery.

THE Metropolitan Museum of New York is certainly a go-ahead institution. The intention is to enlarge it to six times its present size, when it will cover 26 acres of Central Park. Following on the German exhibition at the museum, one has been arranged of works by that brilliant Spanish artist, Señor Sorolla y Bastida.

IN 1911 the Royal Glasgow Institute will hold its 50th exhibition, and for some time the Council has been occupied in considering the fittest way in which to celebrate the event. The galleries in Sauchiehall Street are those in which the Civic collection used to be housed, and one of the signal drawbacks is that they are on two levels. A project is now afoot for extending the ground area, and so obtaining a really fine suite of galleries. The Institute has done much to foster a love of art in the west of Scotland. In 1908 the sales amounted to £6,600, but a contributor to a Glasgow paper suggests that the general public would buy much more largely were artists considerably to reduce their prices. This, however, is a debatable question, and prices at the Institute are certainly not higher than in other exhibitions of recognised standing.

SUBSCRIBERS are reminded that the coupons for the Premium Plate, 1908, an original etching by Mr. Robert W. Macbeth, R.A., should be sent in to the Publishers by July 1.

William Nicholson.

By Frederick Wedmore.

AS it was a note of the Renaissance painter to be concerned with many arts, so it is a note of our painter to-day to be concerned with many themes. The modernness of William Nicholson—like the modernness of Wilson Steer, of Orpen, or of Connard—is shown in nothing more than in this: that he declines to be a narrow specialist: that he demands a fresh impression: that he will not repeat a subject (no, not even a *genre*) until it again calls out, as it were, for treatment; that is, until it appeals to him with freshness.

This range—a range instinctive, and yet at the same time *voulu*—is likely always to delay the acceptance of our painter's production by the conventionally-minded dealer and the conventionally-minded Public. The Public, naturally, detects or identifies subject and sentiment much more promptly than it detects or identifies a painter's *technique*. "That is a Brett" it likes to be able to say, in a moment, from the other side of the room: "that is a Marcus Stone; that is a Henry Moore." Less than thirty years ago, unless an artist was in the first flight absolutely—and had the courage to be alone—a specialist he was bound to be. In our art of Literature, the same thing happens in a measure—happens even to-day. You must be labelled "critic," or you must be labelled "novelist," or labelled "writer of memoirs." Nay, that is not definite enough by any means; if you write stories you must confine yourself within the limits of "the sketcher of the slums," provided it was the slums that started you—and, if your reputation is established for pessimism, beware of wandering into cheerfulness or humour. Of course, the best men and the greater natures refuse these chains often—but a price has to be paid for refusing them.

Not quite to the same extent as would be the case even now, were Nicholson writer instead of painter and draughtsman, is his recognition retarded by the range of his endeavour; but still, it is

retarded—it is more limited than it would otherwise be. Some recognition was given to him early. He made a "hit"—that so individual talent, for which the word genius is not, that I know of, too strong, did happen quickly to deliver itself of things that struck the world. Would he repeat those things? Not indefinitely, by any means. With other things now, he has had as brilliant successes, and has won, perhaps, a place more lasting. But the interval! It has to be remembered.

Nicholson has been thought of, not seldom, as the painter of what he sees. And his, undoubtedly, is a dead certainty of vision and of record—the canvas often apparently fulfilling the service of those tablets for which Hamlet called—

"My tablets! Meet it is I write it down."

But that is a very partial account of the matter, after all;



Miss Marie Tempest.

(By permission of the Stafford Gallery.)

By William Nicholson.



(By permission of the
Stafford Gallery.)

Jingle.

By William Nicholson.

for while, on Nicholson, the hold of Reality is great, the grip severe and unrelaxed, it is oftenest the hold of a reality that has been carefully selected; the "first comer" of the common objects, common scenes, or common or uncommon people, must not hope to interest Nicholson; and although to be "uncommon" is certainly to have a favourable introduction to him, even that must not be counted upon surely. In truth, Nicholson is not at all without imagination, without marked preference, or without romance. His seeming grip upon reality is itself partly imaginative—Romantic Realism, and not the realism of the reporter, is the thing of which he is in quest.

Even his early, very popular works, unsurpassed in their own fashion—the Portraits, and the Almanack—indicate this. The Oxford drawings, with all their unquestioning acceptance of the thing that is—of the conditions under which the Mediævalism and the late English Classicism of the University town exists to-day and is beheld—owe a great deal of their strength to the imaginative understanding of the Past. And I should like to know whether, in the Portraits, imaginative understanding—supported, of course, by a *technique* expressive and potent,

economical, sometimes very purposely rough—is not at the root of such a triumph of character-drawing as that vision of the Great Queen in isolation august and pathetic? The aspects—sometimes the superficial aspects—of much that is in Nature, and in human *entourage*, appeal to Nicholson, as a painter: this and that given line, these colours, these combinations of colour, and this keen light, and this mysterious shadow—but mere skill of handiwork, recording observation of externals, is not to be credited with the achievements that are already his. His own nature at least, whilst alert, must never have been superficial. Behind his appreciation of comedy and energetic character, and of character sometimes eccentric, lies a sense, a deep sense, of "the tears of things."

Still, it is difficult—and with one's appreciation of the fact of his range, can it really be necessary?—to formulate theories as to the direction to be taken hereafter in the strenuous journey of his art. I will give my impression. I think Still-life, manly and subtle as is Nicholson's treatment of it, will in the main be an important accessory. And though I keenly enjoy, and set great store by, the absolute individuality of those visions of Landscape and the landscape of towns which come to him when he shuts his studio door from the outside, and wanders on Hampstead Heath, or on wide Downs behind Brighton, or in the quaint streets of Eighteenth Century Dieppe—visions of Landscape which he sets down with Style, with mellow perfectness quickly attained, yet in whose stern economy of means there is no thought of the exclusion of his own creative, intensifying touch—still it is not to Landscape, one is permitted to surmise, that he will give the best of his Future; for Humanity, in one way or another, is his deepest interest, and every figure in his great, little landscape-pictures is still "a person of the drama," and so lives with an intensity that is foreign absolutely to the pure landscape painter's figures. Important always, in the record of



(By permission of W. C. Alexander, Esq.)

Blenheim Park.

By William Nicholson.



Carlina.

By William Nicholson.



Masters Francis and Christopher Bacon.

By William Nicholson.

(By permission of
T. W. Bacon, Esq.)



(By permission of the Rt. Hon.
the Earl of Plymouth, P.C.)

The Earl of Plymouth and Family.

By William Nicholson.

Nicholson's Art, will be what he has now done in that order of landscape which most vividly appeals to him—a landscape so appropriately peopled—and important doubtless, that which he may yet produce in obedience to the occasional summons. But now to different branches of his work.

Of every other edifice that Nicholson's art erects, Humanity is yet more visibly the keystone. There is the treatment of the Nude, to which, as the 'Carlina' of this year's New English Art Club—that figure of a suave, delightful grace—reminds us, he has recently turned. What more will the Nude yield him, from the point of view from which it is clear that he regards it—the attainment he aims at being no studio study of the naked, but an expression of something that is not far from the ideal in line? I may not speak with authority, but I must at least persuade myself that the selection of the flat and uniform, rather dull light which allowed to the pose and the contour their fullest importance, and favoured, if not actually compelled the exclusion of the detailed study of surfaces and texture in the flesh, was not an accident in 'Carlina.' Deliberately, I should say, was the aim—as was certainly its achievement—different at every point, in this 'Carlina' picture, from what was Mr. Orpen's in a now famous Nude that in its own own style I as cordially admire. Orpen threw away elegance, cherished vitality, and followed Rem-



(By permission of
T. W. Bacon, Esq.)

The Links, Littlehampton.

By William Nicholson.

brandt. Nicholson, eschewing, for the nonce, quick action, energy—and with them those revelations of the figure in its inmost life which quick action vouchsafes—maintained reserve, gloried in reticence, as Ingres in his 'Odalisque.'

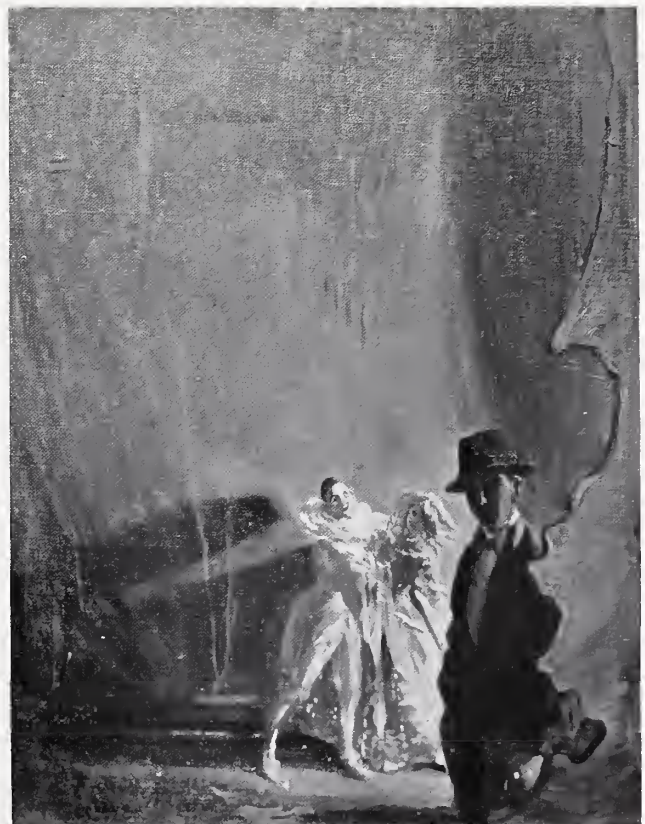
Then there is Portraiture. That has exercised Nicholson—and Nicholson has exercised Portraiture—these several years. In his portraiture of the mature, he reads below the



(By permission of
T. W. Bacon, Esq.)

Master Anthony Bacon.

By William Nicholson.



Behind the Scenes.

By William Nicholson.



Hampstead Heath: The Flagstaff.

By William Nicholson.

surface; and, with a broad directness of statement, much it is that he tells you, that it required, not an observer of surfaces only, but something of a psychologist to discern. Do I imply then that Nicholson does not read below the surface when he is painting the young? Not in the least, except

just in so much as that the very young hide nothing—veil no dislike, conceal no desire—and a part of the charm of little people, in their earliest years, is that it is upon the surface, though at such different hours, that the whole of them lies—spontaneous their gaiety: their gravity or disapproval unconcerned with concealment—their faces and their gestures spread out before us, for our reading of their characters, a clean, clear map.

And yet, of that map, how marvellously few painters have, as it seems to me, taken advantage! The really great painters of children can be counted on the fingers. I hope I am not asked to reckon Sir Joshua among them. Romney might press into the little group—he has more right than most men; and I should leave it to him to discreetly retire when he found of whom the company consisted. It seems to me there are but five whose place therein, in an extended Past, is wholly incontestable—Jan Steen, Velazquez, Watteau, Chardin, Whistler. But several things, and most of all of them the portrait-group of the two younger children of Mr. T. W. Bacon—assuredly the most admirable picture of childhood that our generation has known—portend the advent of Nicholson, and justify his right of entry, and make probable his lasting stay.

And last, perhaps, there is Dramatic Genre, on the lighter side of which the painter of these distinguished little landscapes, of this weird vision of a town ('La Place du Petit Enfer') of this suave nudity ('Carlina'), of this thought-laden man (Lord Plymouth), of these joyous and confident children, has, in the picture of the "wings" of the theatre ('Behind the Scenes'), already gone far. That, in its suggestiveness, is intense. And yet Dramatic Genre may hold for William Nicholson a something that it has not given, and it would not surprise me at all if one of the as yet unaccomplished stages of the journey of his art were



Café: Débit (Dieppe).

By William Nicholson.

(By permission of Robert Bayly, Esq.)



La Place du Petit Enfer.

By William Nicholson.

(By permission of T. W. Bacon, Esq.)

marked by the seizing it. For, if I take stock of him aright, the uneventful hour does not, at bottom, appeal to him as much—nearly as much—as “passionate extremes,” and there is no reason to suppose him wanting in that electric force with which some untouched theme may be thrilled.

Some Conclusions.

By Lewis F. Day.

WHAT are the “principles” of ornamental design? This is a question which has been put to me again and again. It might seem a very simple thing to formulate such principles, and many an artist has attempted it. But what he calls his principles are usually not much more than working rules he has found useful in his own practice plus theories deduced from them.

No serious student of ornament will deny that there are certain broad principles universally obeyed in design. To formulate them is another matter. It is hardly possible to put them into words which the men who habitually act upon them would accept.

Any statement of “principles” that would meet with general acceptance would have, therefore, to be so vague as to be of little definite service to those who ask for them, and is better not attempted.

The study of ornament can hardly fail, however, to bring a designer of ornament to certain definite conclusions. The following are some to which forty years’ experience or more have brought me:—

That, difficult as it may be to define it, there is such a thing as beauty, and that all ornament should make for it—not beauty as the Greeks or Italians understood it (the conception of beauty changes with the times and with the individual), but as the designer feels it.

That the purpose of ornament is to fulfil a decorative function; that, so far from its being true that ornament is beautiful in proportion to its likeness to nature, it is most beautiful when, apart altogether from any reference to natural form, it most conduces to the architectural or other decorative effect which was the one and only excuse for it. The part played by symbolism in the evolution of ornament does not affect its present use and purpose. Symbolism may or may not be of more account than ornament, but that is another question.

That “truth to nature” is a cry to which the ornamentist may turn a deaf ear. He has chosen his course, which is not that of nature; and his loyalty is due to his purpose, which is not truth, but beauty, and beauty of a kind which does not always allow the close following of nature.

That the ornamentist does not “draw” his inspiration (as the phrase is) from this or that source, does not, as it were, take his bucket to the well either of nature or of art. A notion comes to him, he knows not how, perhaps, or whence. Is it in tune with his purpose? If it is, there is the material for design.

That, no matter whether it is something seen in nature



Still Life.

By William Nicholson.

or something remembered in ornament which sets the designer going, he takes his cue from the work in hand, from the use and purpose of his ornament, from the place it is to occupy, the material it is to be in, the tools or implements with which it is to be carried out.

That ornament by right grows out of the particular conditions which give rise to it, and thus grows into its place, and adapts itself to it naturally, just as individual plants, growing under exceptional conditions, adapt themselves to the altered circumstances, or die in the attempt.

That nature is not the model of ornament—since nature does not teach us the use to make of nature.

That the mere transcript of natural form does not make ornament.

That some modification of natural form is necessary to ornament, and that the degree and kind of modification depends upon the aim of the artist—whether, for example, his intention is (1) to reduce natural form to ornament, or (2) simply to design ornament into which natural influences naturally enter.

That, with regard to reducing natural form to ornament, there are degrees of modification or convention. That it may be desirable to keep as close to natural form as ornament will allow; and that in any case, if for symbolic or other reason it is desired to preserve the identity of a plant, the features characteristic of the natural growth should be not merely preserved but insisted on, and if possible turned to ornamental account—which they very often can be.

That all characteristics of natural growth should, where it is possible, be preserved in ornament, and that, wherever there is in the characteristic features of a plant any hint of ornament, it should be seized and developed, some of the

most satisfactory results in ornament being where the salient features of the plant itself have been the starting-point of the artist's invention.

That whenever ornament is plainly based upon a particular plant, the growth of that plant should be regarded and duly respected.

That in no case should the growth of a plant be needlessly violated, and that, in fact, nature should be treated as tenderly as the circumstances permit—preferably coaxed into the way of ornament; but, if that is not possible, that it should be compelled into the way it should go. The artist must be the master of nature! and art is his master.

That where, as often happens, the natural element in ornament has no special significance, the natural type may be departed from so widely that it is perhaps no longer to be recognised.

That, when even "abstract" ornament does suggest natural growth, it should be consistently natural. That ornament should in fact be equally natural or equally artificial throughout, the character of the detail, for example, corresponding with the lines of its distribution, free or formal as they may be, for the very test of right treatment in ornamental design is consistency.

That the subsidiary character of ornament implies reticence in its design no less than in the use of it.

That the practical character of ornament implies judicial treatment, careful selection of appropriate forms, and rigorous rejection of forms which are not fit.

That the repetition of ornament implies a certain formality in its design.

That the very condition on which ornament exists is that it should be fit; that this fitness implies a treatment which it is convenient to call by the name of "conventional"; and that the convention which comes of sympathetic and appropriate treatment is a sign, not of cowardice (as some would have it), but of that discretion which is the better part of its opposite.

That fit treatment often amounts to no more than the simplification of natural form.

That there are, however, reasons, apart from the artist's liking for it, for the elaboration of natural form in the direction of ornament, and sometimes an absolute necessity for it—so that elaboration is not the entirely reprehensible thing it is thought by some to be.

That the very crime of artificiality is not unpardonable in ornament—which is in a sense inherently artificial—for all the dignity with which we like to endow it.

That, excepting in purely geometric pattern, something in the nature of growth is to be desired in ornament, even the most abstract.

That, tradition being the sum of all past experience, its influence upon design is to the good—by which is not meant that it is to be followed, but that the practices of the past must throw light upon fresh possibilities for us, and that it is as bad to be blind to all precedent as to follow a precedent blindly.

That the conventionalising of natural form has not been once and for all done for us; that the problem as to how it should be done is one we have each to solve for himself—partly, no doubt, by help of insight into what has been thus far done, but, in the end, according to his own humour.

That, though it is a weakness to be afraid of doing what has been done before, if by chance it happens to be the right thing for the occasion, an artist's treatment should be in so far personal that the convention he adopts is his own—even though it should only be his by adoption—for there is only one oracle which he can consult with profit, and that is his own conviction.

That a designer of ornament must act according to his conscience; and that it is as well to have a conscience in design—though it may not make things easier for the ornamentist.

That, though underlying all ornament there is order, and the outcome of it all is harmony, the designer was not always consciously guided by the thought of symmetry, proportion, rhythm, and so forth, which we find in his ornament. These are elements which make for beauty; but they are not principles of design; rather they are something which the artist feels (both in nature and ornament), and, perhaps without thinking about it, expresses in his work.

There is, finally, this further conclusion, which is the cause and occasion for all the rest, that, for good or bad, we must have ornament about us everywhere; that, if only as environment, it concerns us all, whether we care for it or not; and that it is, therefore, worth thinking about, and well worth cultivating.

Sir Walter Scott.

DID an artist named Graham Lindsay paint a portrait of Sir Walter Scott? The only book in which we have been able to find the artist's name is *Bryan's Dictionary*, and there only under Thomas Lupton, the engraver, as the painter of a portrait of Scott, mezzo-tinted by Lupton. The question is of interest inasmuch as at Christie's on May 7th there was sold for 210 gs. a portrait of the great writer, 35 by 27 inches, attributed to Graham Lindsay, together with the engraving after it by Lupton bearing the same name and the statement that this is the last portrait

for which Sir Walter sat in the United Kingdom. The picture suggests the hand of Graham Gilbert, in which case the engraving is responsible, so to say, for the fabrication of an artist. On the other hand, Dr. John Burns of Glasgow, who has passed his ninetieth year, possesses a portrait of Scott painted in the gardens of Abbotsford, which he states was given to him about 1850 by its author, an artist of the name of Lindsay. Lockhart makes no mention of Lindsay, nor was any portrait by him at the Scott Centenary Exhibition.



Kew Palace.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

Kew Gardens.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

THE Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew occupy some 288 acres lying between the road from Kew to Richmond and the River Thames, and extending from Kew Green to the Old Deer Park. The size of the ground is not generally realised by occasional visitors, who so largely keep to the garden proper, and astonishment is often expressed when it is stated to be a mile from the main gate to the Lion gate. To the regular visitor too, the distances seem as nothing, for is not every step marked with some fresh interest that makes time and space to be unheeded?

The gardens as such have no ancient history. The land rose from being marsh and swamp to become wood and meadow and field, much as other similar land in the Thames valley. When Evelyn went to see his friend, Sir Henry Capel, in August 1678 he noted "it is an old timber house, but his garden has the choicest fruit of any plantation in England"; so it was at that time in good cultivation of a different kind, for one would hardly go there now for "choice fruit" in the sense in which he used the word. But more than a century before, in 1551, a Dr. Turner, author of one of the old herbals, had a garden there for rare plants, a purpose more akin to its present uses. All this,

however, refers only to but a small portion of the ground now occupied.

When Frederick, Prince of Wales quarrelled with his father George II. and was banished from Court he leased the Kew estate from the Capel family and took up his residence there and did much in the way of improvement.

"'Tis only Fred,
Who was alive and is dead,
There's no more to be said."

but one may wonder with Thackeray, "What had he done that he was so loathed by George II. and never mentioned by George III.?" After his death in 1751, the Princess Dowager, his widow, continued to improve the gardens, employing Sir William Chambers to design temples and grottoes, and even after her son came to the throne and she was undertaking a similar task at Carlton House, Kew was not neglected. She often held her little court there and walked the paths admiringly in company with Lord Bute the deeply hated.

George III. early in his reign acquired the freehold of the Capel estate and enlarged it with further purchases



The Ha-Ha.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

probably about the time of the death of his mother, that "grave, lean, demure, elderly woman." Still, much of what is now included in the gardens remained the sporting estate of the King of Hanover up till 1845, woods filled with undergrowth and scrub and cover for the game.

The Botanic Garden was first opened to the public about the beginning of last century, it consisted of eleven acres; in 1844 Queen Victoria added to this forty-seven acres for the formation of an arboretum, and a year later the King of Hanover's estate was also given into the charge

of Sir William Hooker. Many of the original buildings such as the "Mosque" and "Merlin's Cave" have quite disappeared, but there still stands the old Orangery, which was rebuilt by Sir William Chambers in 1761, the Pagoda, which he built after the Chinese pattern, the Temple of the Winds, rebuilt under Sir William Hooker by Decimus Burton after Chambers' original design, and the Temple of the Sun which formerly marked the centre of the gardens. The Aroid House was moved from Buckingham Palace by William IV., who also erected "King William's Temple" in commemoration of the victories of the Iron Duke. The main gates were the work of Decimus Burton.

The first catalogue of the plants, *Hortus kewensis*, was issued in 1768 by Sir John Hill, giving a list of some 3,400 different plants; in 1789 a larger and more critical one was produced by the elder Aiton, of which the younger Aiton issued a further enlarged edition in 1830, containing the names of 11,000 plants. Since then, such has been the growth of the collection that it has been found more convenient to publish catalogues of the different sections separately.

The arboretum, which was formerly the King of Hanover's "shooting," is a successor to that older one nearer the main gate, which was officially begun "when all the Duke of Argyll's trees and shrubs were removed to the Princess of Wales' garden at Kew" in 1762, and of which some fine specimens of rare trees yet remain.

Kew Palace is not the house the Prince of Wales leased from Sir Henry Capel which was pulled down in 1802, but it was built by one Sir Hugh Portman, the initials over the door being those of a later tenant, Mr. Samuel Fortrey. Queen Caroline bought the freehold of the present building in 1781, and used it as a nursery for her numerous family. It has been the scene of three royal weddings, including that of the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, and one death, that of Queen Charlotte—all in the year 1818.

Kew Gardens have undergone so many changes that it is difficult to fit their present lines into Rocques' map, the demarcations of the different portions have almost all been



The Pond.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.



The Temple of the Sun.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

moved. The Palm House—considered a prodigy when Decimus Burton built it in 1848—and the Temperate House, a later structure, have arisen; the arm of the Thames that once is said to have flowed across the gardens has gone, and the lake has been dug (in 1858), as also the pond near the Palm House. Changes and improvements are always in progress, and quite recently the old brick tank for water plants that was at the end of the herbaceous ground has been taken away, to be replaced by the more imposing-looking group of tanks, just finished, on the site of the old sunk herb garden in front of Museum II.

Kew Gardens may roughly be divided into two sections, the gardens proper and the arboretum; the former including the hothouses and conservatories, the laid-out beds and the herbaceous ground, and the latter the woods, the grounds of the Queen's Cottage and the various tree collections.

Of the Herbaceous Garden the popular guide remarks that it is "not interesting to the ordinary visitor," alas! for the "ordinary visitor." Writing of that same Herbaceous Garden, Richard Jefferies says, "here is a living dictionary of English wild flowers," and again "the immediate value of this wonderful garden is the clue it gives to the most ignorant, enabling anyone, no matter how unlearned, to identify the flower that delighted him or her, it may be years ago, in far-away field or copse." Has the "ordinary visitor" no memories to recall? After years of pent city life, is he too hardened to thrill at the sight of a once familiar, though long forgotten flower? It may be so, for a

large proportion of the "ordinary visitors" wander apparently aimlessly about the laid-out portions of the garden, seeming to derive no pleasure from beauty, showing no interest in the wonders displayed. Indeed, the lack of appreciation of Kew Gardens is astonishing; except for the crowds that go there to romp on Bank Holidays, the number of visitors is of the smallest, while even in that small number the English are but a small percentage. An equally surprising fact is the small degree in which artists avail themselves of the opportunities they offer. Perhaps this may be partly accounted for by the presence there of so many foreign growths; they may fear being trapped into painting into their rural scenes some plant that is but a recent introduction to this country. Some quite ludicrous mistakes of the kind have been made, but as most of the trees are labelled fully with name and place of origin, they must have been largely due to sheer carelessness. On the other hand, there is so much that is useful to a painter, it is all so easily accessible from London, and their convenience is so kindly considered by the authorities, that surely more would use the woods and buildings if they but knew them.

The woods are largely of beech, but there are enough of other trees to secure variety, there is a row of ancient oaks along a grassy walk, there is a plantation of younger ones, though trees of considerable size, near the filter beds, there are hornbeams—one extremely beautiful specimen is near the stone seat—and limes of age and stature, big Spanish chestnuts and horse-chestnuts, graceful birches, sturdy elms



The Queen's Cottage.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.



The Stone Seat.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

of both kinds, this year remarkably full of flower, poplars of many sorts and sizes, while round the lake are the willows and alders. True there is one partial failure, there is but one ash of any size, and that hard to get at, on the bank of the rhododendron dell; but the conifers are all well represented, some of the cedars being exceptionally fine. Apart, too, from the landscape painter, in these days of garden pictures there is surely an infinite amount of material for those who love such subjects, the azalea and rhododendron gardens, the myriad flowers in the woods, narcissi and bluebells, the banks of crocuses early in the year, the snowdrops and Christmas roses, and in the more formal beds all that is latest in horticulture. Beyond this there are many backgrounds for the figure-painter in the woods and the buildings; nowhere near London may such variety of settings for figures be found. The little classic temples are mostly good in design and well placed, the woods are not trimmed more than is consistent with good forestry, the lake lends itself to picturesque water subjects, the pond to those of more formal character; in wild corners may be found dog-roses and brambles growing as they do in the hedgerow, and gorse and bracken and heather and all the plants of the common may be found in a state of nature.

As a place of interest and for study Kew Gardens offer unique attractions; as a place of rest and recreation they have the great advantages of accessibility to Londoners and quietude. The tired worker can, as it were, step out of the turmoil of the city into a place where the wonders of nature are spread before him in such ways as to suit whatever mood of mind he may be in. To pass between the flower beds and along the walks in those parts where nature, obedient to man's guidance so long as he keeps within her fixed laws, shows her beauties under his constraint, may

start thought back up through the past wonderingly, tracing from stage to stage the progress of knowledge and skill from the present cultivation of beauty for beauty's sake to the first attempts at developing the edible qualities of the vegetable world for purely utilitarian purposes. Or in the houses the mind can wander to the country where the vegetation around has its natural home, calling up pictures of the steamy tropics, of Alpine heights and frigid climes, of forests hung with a tangle of gorgeous flowered climbers, of broad American rivers bridged by the huge leaves of the *Victoria regia* lily, of wonderways arched over by the fronds of tree ferns, of tea plantations and indigo works, of orange groves and fields of maize or sugar-cane. Outside is met the redwood of the American forests, the monkey-puzzle which grows in pure forest in Arauca, the cypresses suggesting the stately gardens of Italy, the deodar telling of the Himalayas. As has been said, every step reveals something of interest, from the wildflowers of the English roadside to plants from the uttermost ends of the earth.

For simple rest the woods are best, there is no need there even to think, but just to sit and feel in touch with the nature around is the most reposeful of all. The silence is only the better realized by the sound of clanking cranes over at the hidden Brentford gasworks, the snorting of the tugs on the river, or the hum of the trams on the road. In the early Spring above all times is the magic of the trees felt, when the first mist of rose and green appears and lends wonder and mystery to the softened lines of the branches, when myriad little spikes of exquisite green are peeping from the earth, and the first bird-notes are sweet and soft.

And yet how few there are that avail themselves of the peace and beauty to be found among the silent wonders of Kew.

Walton Heath.

An Original Etching by Percy Robertson, A.R.E.

IT is the pedestrian who enjoys best the pure air and the open country. Even the equestrian misses some part of the true comradeship of Nature, and the traveller or rambler on wheels does not get the full message from the earth. By motor or cycle one may take stock of the characteristics of a county, but only on foot can one absorb with all its sweetness the beauty of the land.

Of the breathing places near London, Walton Heath is one of the most popular. The neighbourhood is not so easily accessible that it is overrun, yet it is within a sufficiently small radius to be convenient for short excursions. One is soon in the midst of the gorse and surrounded with all the accessories of fine landscape. The bright sunlight, the natural breezes, the bird-songs, bring the flush of inspiration to the mind of the artist, and he will set down on canvas, paper, or perhaps on copper, his impressions of the moment.

Mr. Percy Robertson has found in this situation a congenial scene to interpret, and his plate represents well

the wild beauty of the untrampled heath with its picturesque mill.

Walton Heath is in touch with Banstead Downs, another fine tract of country, as well known to Londoners as any outlying place of recreation. Here walked, no doubt, the elegants who were being "cured" at the mineral springs when Epsom Wells was flourishing as a fashionable health resort. In those days there were all sorts of entertainments to attract the "invalids" who were taking the waters: races of all description, dancing and music, cudgel-playing and wrestling. Pepys was at Epsom in 1663 and at other times, making notes for his Diary. He writes of the foot-races on Banstead, and there are plentiful records by other writers of the horse-races on the famous course on the edge of the Downs. Racing at Epsom began about 1711, at a time when the Wells were at their highest popularity, but the Oaks and the Derby were not instituted until 1779 and 1780. The Earl of Derby, who began those classic races, had a villa called The Oaks

at Woodmansterne. The villa had belonged to the Hunters' Club, and afterwards to General Burgoyne, the famous soldier and dramatist. He made additions to the house, bought some land adjoining, and then sold the estate to the Earl of Derby. A splendid *fête champêtre* was given at The Oaks in June, 1774, to celebrate the marriage of Lord Stanley to Lady Betty Hamilton. Burgoyne, who, in 1743, had made a runaway marriage with Lady Charlotte Stanley, daughter of the Earl of Derby, wrote a play for the occasion. He called it "The Maid of the Oaks," and it was reproduced by Garrick at Drury Lane Theatre in 1775, with Mrs. Abingdon in the title rôle. It was a sensational evening on the Downs, and the dresses of "the quality,"

with the lively entertainments, caused gossip far and wide. The rural population for many miles around gathered at The Oaks to enjoy the proceedings.

Walton Heath has shared in the festivities of the neighbourhood, and it may be taken for granted that in the good old days it was one of the chosen lands of the highwayman. There is still an Ainsworthian look about the Heath, which speaks of many encounters. The golfers' good natural bunkers of to-day were the hiding-places of forgotten "Gentlemen of the Road."

Remains of buildings by the Romans have been found on the Heath, and at Walton Manor, once a monastery, lived Anne of Cleves, divorced wife of Henry VIII.

Mr. Strang.

MR. WILLIAM STRANG continues to add to a series of portrait-drawings destined for the Royal Library at Windsor, where are those superb human documents and designs by Holbein upon which, to some extent, Mr. Strang has based himself. The Scottish Vice-President

of the International Society has lately made a drawing at Marlborough House of Prince Edward of Wales, and at the Academy are his 'Sir L. Alma-Tadema' and 'Sir John Fisher,' both of whom have been decorated with the Order of Merit.

Art Collecting as an Investment.

THE late Sir John Charles Day was only less well known as an art collector than as a judge. His fine assemblage of pictures and drawings by French and Dutch masters of the nineteenth century was familiar to connoisseurs through the several exhibitions at Messrs. Obach's, from whom the majority of the works were obtained. The wisdom of buying beautiful pictures in advance of popular vogue has from the financial point of view never been more splendidly vindicated. Sir John Day, let it be said emphatically, did not regard works of art in the light of a Stock Exchange counter. He bought pictures to enjoy, in order that he might share somewhat in the thoughts and feelings of the artists, in their romantic, idyllic or profound vision, not that he might make a money profit by selling these self-interpretations as one would a mining share or a railway bond. Nevertheless, the financial results of the sale at Christie's on May 13-14, of the 289 pictures and drawings brought together by Sir John Day, can hardly be matched in the annals of collecting. The first afternoon's total of £75,110 was the highest for a single day

since 1903, and almost certainly eclipsed that for any one-afternoon picture property that did not include Old Masters, dispersed at Christie's. The 123 works cost about £37,500. The aggregate for the 289 lots, £94,946, is higher than for any collection of modern pictures save for the larger Holland Gallery of last year and two or three



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La Loire près Source.

By Henri Harpignies.



The Goose Maiden.

By Jean François Millet.

others. The total outlay is given at about £43,850, leaving a margin of nearly £52,000. On the following table some interesting details appear.

Artist.	Work.	Cost Day.	Realised.
		£	Gs.
1 Millet . . .	Goose Maiden. 12¼ × 9½. 1867	3,400	5,000*
2 M a t t h e w Maris . . .	Four Mills. 8½ × 11½. 1871. Price paid to artist, £6.	120	3,300*
3 M a t t h e w Maris . . .	Feeding Chickens. 13¼ × 8. 1872	300	3,000
4 Corot . . .	The Ferry. 17¼ × 23½ Village de Coubron.	350	2,800
5 Corot . . .	17¾ × 23½	1,550	1,800
6 Corot . . .	The Woodcutters. 23 × 32½	410	1,450
7 Mauve . . .	Flock of Sheep. 19¼ × 35¼	150	2,700*
8 Mauve . . .	Lisière de Bois. 21¼ × 29½	120	2,020
9 Mauve . . .	Return to Fold. 17 × 25. W.-C.	150	1,350
10 Daubigny . .	Bords de L'Oise. 13¼ × 22¾	1,200	1,800
11 Harpignies . .	Solitude. 37 × 59. 1897	500	1,800*
12 Jacque . . .	The Shepherdess. 31¾ × 24¾	600	1,680
13 Jacob Maris . .	Near Dordrecht. 17¾ × 28¼	150	1,600
14 Jacob Maris . .	Dordrecht Cathedral. 20½ × 30. W.-C.	180	1,350
		£9,180	£33,232 10

* Record price to date at auction in this country.

No. 1 almost certainly marks the highest price ever paid for a picture by Sir John Day. It is an open secret that he had the offer of Millet's 'Going to Work,' at £1,200, it afterwards being bought for that sum by Mr. James Donald, who bequeathed it to the Glasgow Gallery. The 'Goose Maiden' formerly belonged to the well-known Scottish collector, Mr. John McGavin, who almost secured the

famous 'L'Angelus' when it was on sale in England for £300 or £400. Writing to Sensier on January 27, 1867, Millet said "I am at work on my Geese . . . I want to make the screams of my Geese ring through the air. Ah! life, life! the life of the whole!" As to No. 2, this was painted soon after the siege of Paris, during which Matthew Maris served at 1s. 3d. a day in the National Guard—surely, as Professor Holmes has said, the strangest recruit since the time of Coleridge. A firm of Paris dealers paid the artist 150 francs for the tiny master-work, counselling him not to paint any more such "unsaleable stuff." The late Viscount Powerscourt reluctantly parted with the picture in the early eighties, and it became Sir John Day's at £120. A fine etched translation of No. 3, by Mr. William Hole, appeared in THE ART JOURNAL 1893. It may be said in passing that 'Thys' Maris, as he used to be called, was from the first beautifully unfit to tread the path of life as others do. "He knew everything of himself, he was a genius," the more robust, less mystical brother, Jacob, was wont to exclaim. In 1869 he went to France on the advice of his mother, she not knowing what to do with her "unpractical son, who preferred to erase and hide his work rather than sell it." For his exquisite 'Souvenir of Amsterdam,' 1871 (THE ART JOURNAL, 1905, Frontispiece) Maris received £15 or £20, whereas one of his countrymen paid 2,000 gs. for it a decade or so ago. Corot, whose lyric genius was unrecognised during his lifetime—for years he could not sell a landscape—is now worshipped in pounds, shillings and pence. No. 6 is one of the first important pictures bought by Sir John Day, this about 1879. No. 7 was found unsigned in the artist's studio at the time of his death. No. 11 gained the medal of honour for this greatest of living landscapists at the Salon of 1897, when the artist was 78. Sir John Day bought it without seeing it, on Messrs. Obach assuring him that they had a fine Harpignies. No. 12 was obtained in exchange for Whistler's haunting 'Valparaiso,' now in the McCulloch Collection, this last having cost Judge Day £600. That was not a wise exchange. Water-colour drawings by Turner, Fred Walker, and Burne-Jones only have at auction in this country realised sums in excess of Nos. 9 and 14. Albert Neuhuys, the veteran Dutch artist, was of those present at the sale, but he did not wait to witness three of his own water-colours, procured by Judge Day for £210, realise 860 gs. The 373 lots of etchings and engravings belonging to Sir John Day, including many by Mr. D. Y. Cameron and fifteen by Mr. Muirhead Bone, fetched £8,600, this bringing the aggregate for the art collection to £103,546.

On May 21st the 101 pictures and drawings belonging to Mr. E. H. Cuthbertson, mostly by Barbizon and Dutch artists, realised the astounding sum of £77,456. Mr. Cuthbertson had not held his possessions anything like as long as Sir John Day, so that, high as were the prices, few of them were in excess of outlay. Two women's portraits for which Romney received 80 gs. in the 1780's fetched 10,300 gs. Rousseau's 'Winding Road' brought 4,600 gs., said to be considerably less than it made in Paris; a cattle piece by Van Marcke 3,800 gs., Jacque's 'The Flock,' 3,200 gs., a Corot landscape 3,150 gs., a view of a wind-milled Dutch village by Jacob Maris 3,000 gs., a picture of the Loire painted by Harpignies in 1899 2,000 gs., each of these being a record price.

The Artistic Training of a Jeweller.—III.*

By R. L. B. Rathbone.

JEWELLERS' A B C.

IN my second article I treated of the variety and beauty of designs which are within the reach of a jeweller even if he restricts himself to the use of circular forms only, such as grains, discs, domes and rings. But fortunately there is no necessity for imposing any such limitation, though it is true that it stimulates the invention and ensures a sense of unity in the designs that are produced.

Now, however, let us consider what other shapes can be made out of short bits of wire, and because it is easier for bending, and because, too, the objects made will thus have a pleasanter and more interesting appearance, let us use flat wire instead of round. So long as we have suitable draw plates, it is just as easy to make wire whose section is oblong, or square, or triangular, or half-round, or oval, as it is to make it round.

Having then prepared a length of rather thin silver wire of oblong or flat section, let us cut it up into short pieces all of exactly the same length. And now let us make from these pieces as many different forms as possible by bending the wire with pliers. At the first attempt it may not seem possible to think of very many, but by carefully watching the action of the pliers when making those forms which at once occur to the mind, almost endless variations will gradually suggest themselves. Three or four of the most interesting of these appear in Figs. 29 and 30, and a close examination of antique jewellery and of traditional peasant work will frequently result in the discovery that such simple little forms as these have played quite an important part in the design. Examples of this appear in Figs. 6, 7, 8, 9, 11,

12 and 13 (Article I.), as also in several of the illustrations to Article II. But the same forms recur again and again, and they are generally used rather as a filling for backgrounds than as units out of which to build up patterns. Looking at them from this latter point of view, many variations which taken singly appear too incomplete to be worth consideration, are not only admissible, but even of the utmost value as material for pattern building.

Fig. 31 does not make any claim to be in the least degree exhaustive, in fact, it is most certainly very far removed from being so. However, it contains some 700 units of form all made from bits of wire of one and the same length and section. The variety of forms obtainable must to some extent depend on what pliers are used, and on the length of the wires in proportion to their thickness. Greater length would admit of more complicated forms being made, but there would be a tendency for the simple ones to look thin and sprawly. It is the simple forms that will be found on the whole the most valuable, and so it is best to select a length of wire which, when bent into a simple form, such, for example, as a figure of eight, produces a compact figure of pleasant proportions.

Some few of the forms here illustrated (Fig. 31) are difficult to make and so are not of very much practical value, but it is nevertheless well worth



* Continued from page 135.

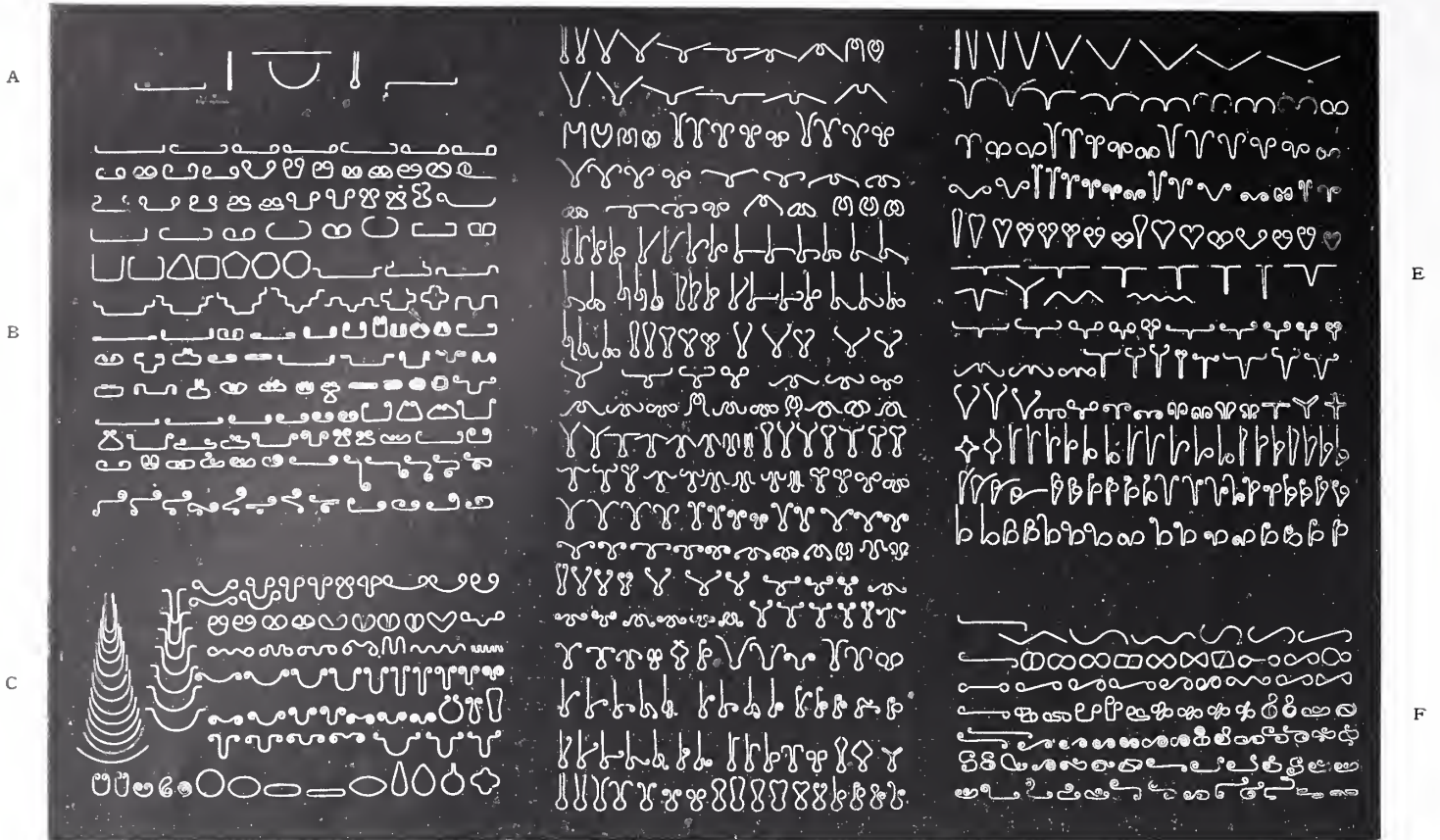


29. Large Gold Brooch and two Gold Pendants, all set with garnets and red glass. Anglo-Saxon.

(British Museum.)

30. Two Silver Brooches with gold enrichments and settings of garnets and red glass. Anglo-Saxon.

(British Museum.)



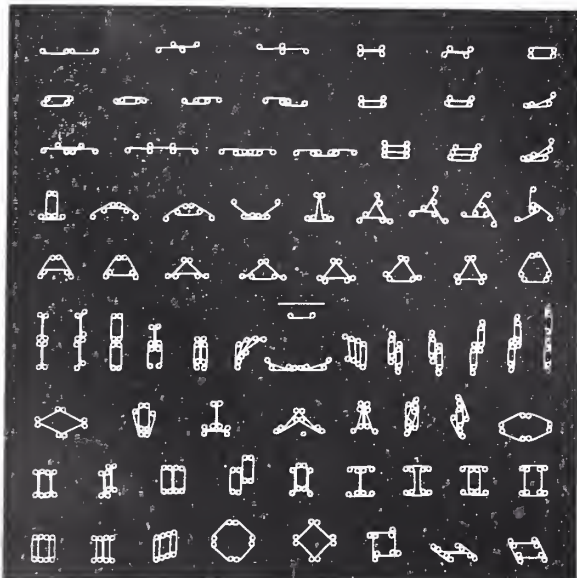
(By the Author.)

31. Seven Hundred Units of Form, made from wire of a given length.

while making such an exercise as this as complete as possible, as otherwise it is pretty certain that good things will be missed.

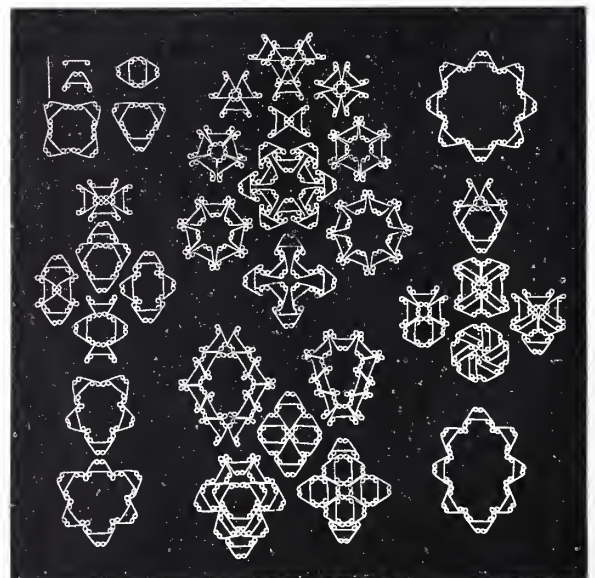
It will be seen that the forms are for convenience roughly divided into five groups or types, the characteristics of which are expressed in Fig. 31A; and it will further be noted that variations of these types and developments of those variations follow along more or less regular systematic courses. This results in the same forms being arrived at sometimes by two or more quite different methods, and in

such cases some of these methods will generally be much more difficult than others. It is often moreover quite difficult to foresee what will be the result of the next stage of bending, or what other treatments may be suggested thereby. Moreover it is not always the simple forms which occur to one first, and it is good training for the faculty of invention to carry such an exercise as this as far as one is able to do. I began by doubting whether there were more than a few dozen forms to be made out of that bit of wire, and when I had made a hundred I thought that must



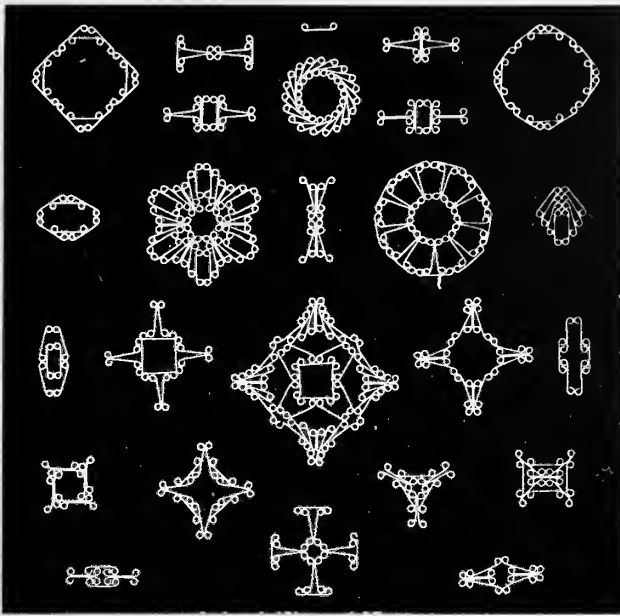
(By the Author.)

32. The Growth of Design from Units.



(By the Author.)

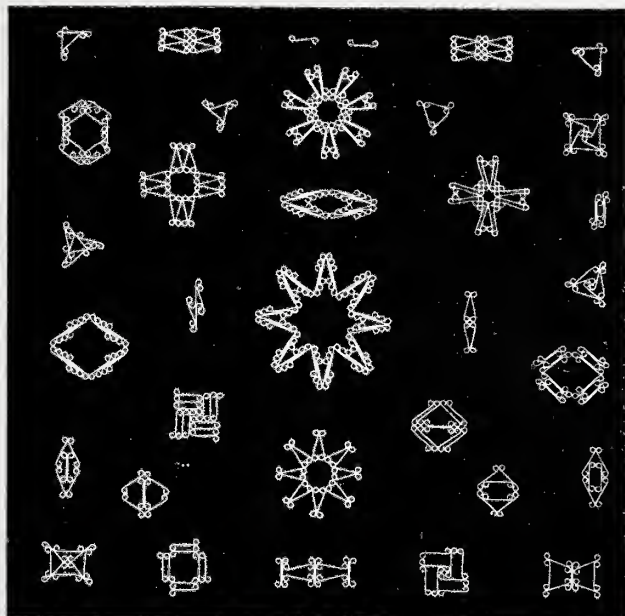
33. The Growth of Design from Units.



(By the Author.)

34. The Growth of Design from Units.

include nearly all the practicable ones. Returning to the quest later on, fresh avenues of development gradually appeared, and I would not now venture to say that the seven hundred might not be increased to seven thousand! In any case, I am quite certain that one thousand might easily be reached. Almost all of those illustrated have been made with five pairs of pliers, the majority of them with two. Pliers of various kinds are among the most useful tools which the jeweller possesses, and such an exercise as this affords an excellent way of learning how to handle them, how much it is possible to do with them, and how much useful knowledge of the first elements of design may be thereby acquired. The bending of wire into definite shapes by means of pliers is not always as easy as it looks. Generally there is one right way of doing it, and several wrong



(By the Author.)

35. The Growth of Design from Units.

ways; and by the time a student has followed out all the variations that occur to him—not laboriously copying forms that other people have made, but patiently finding them out for himself—he should not only have learnt much that will be useful both technically and artistically, but should also have provided himself with a mine of ideas to which he can at any moment refer when he wants to produce a new design.

To the casual observer most of these little pot-hooks and other forms are quite obvious and uninteresting, and more suggestive of an alphabet of shorthand or a card of haberdashery than anything else, but there are very few, if indeed any at all, which cannot be made to become the germ of a beautiful pattern. Several of them, already indicated, will be recognized at once by any one familiar with ancient jewellery, as very old favourites which have done valiant service as motifs of designs for thousands of years.

But the surprising thing is that here and in other instances where similar forms occur, so very few varieties have hitherto been used, and so little advantage has been taken of their readiness to compose themselves into patterns almost without effort on the part of the designer.

By way of demonstrating the way in which this readiness to form patterns may be exploited, let us select one of the simpler forms, say, for example, the third in Fig. 31 B, where the ends of the wire are curled round into loops turned towards each other, leaving a straight bar between them.

Let us now make a considerable number exactly like it, and let us then arrange them in clusters or groups, of two



(British Museum.)

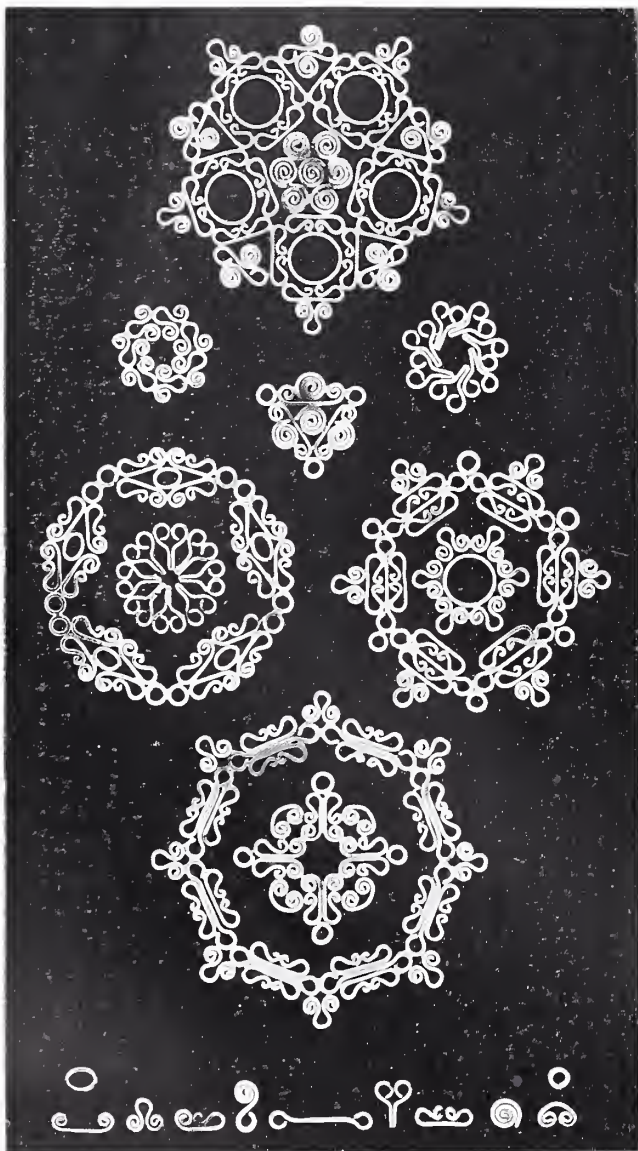
36. Gold Earrings and other Ornaments. Byzantine.

and three and four, in every variety of position that we can think of (Fig. 32).

It may perhaps be said that this does not carry us very much nearer to interesting designs, but if we now take a number of any one of these arrangements and again group those together, it will be seen from Fig. 33 that our little unit of form begins to show us what it can do in the way of pattern designing quite by itself, if given a chance. But the truth is that it is not really quite by itself, for one of the essential characteristics of these patterns is that we always have not only the unit itself, but also the space enclosed by that particular arrangement of the three units, and it is the rhythmic repetition of these units and spaces, contrasting, which make the designs interesting. Besides which, spaces of other shapes and proportions are automatically produced and repeated, again rhythmically, as a necessary consequence of the systematic grouping of the clusters.

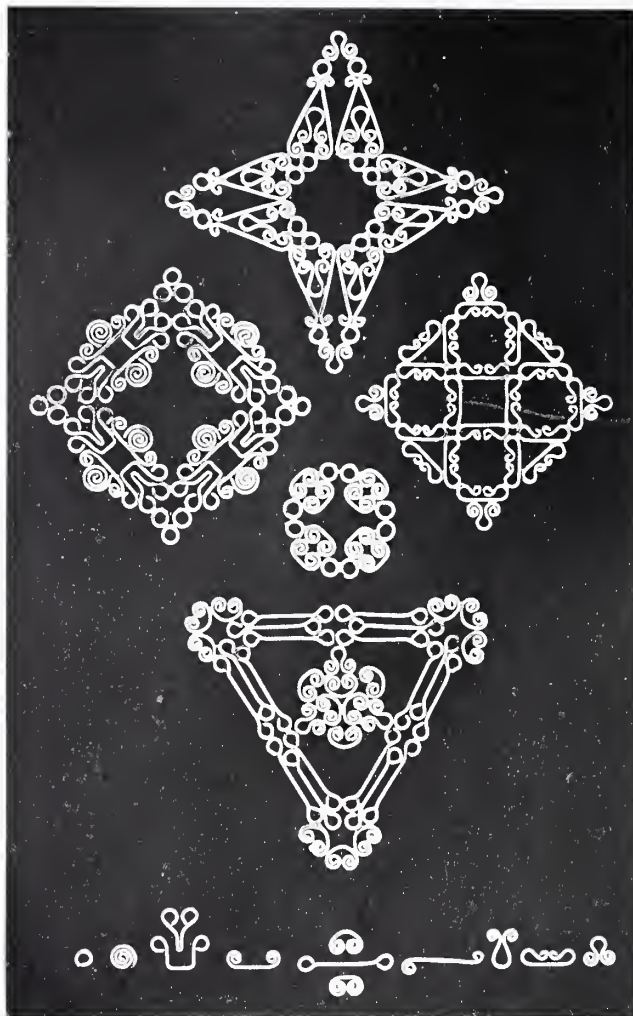
It should be noted at this point—

(i.) That the thirty-two variations on the very simple theme chosen, as here illustrated (Fig. 33), resulted entirely from moving the objects about, and disposing them in groups—not from copying designs drawn on paper.



(By the Author.)

37. Silver Ornaments constructed out of Units shown.



(By the Author.)

38. Silver Ornaments constructed out of Units shown.

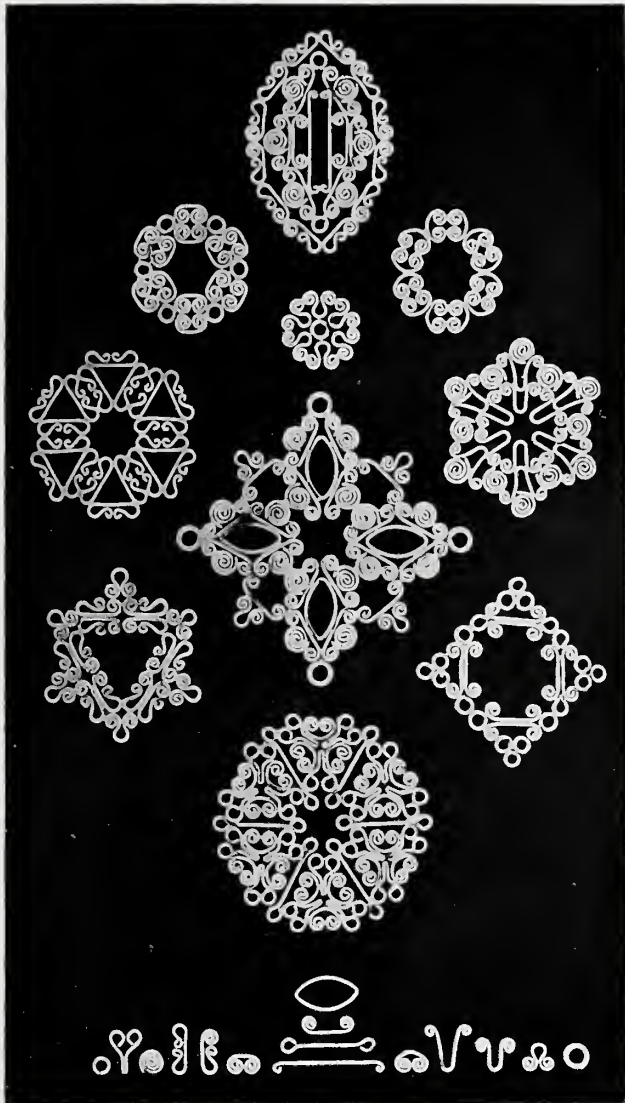
(ii.) That a considerable amount of variety and of interest is obtained without using any other element of design whatever (except space). How much more then might there not be if we selected from all the other elements of design accessible to the jeweller, those best calculated to enrich, clothe, and contrast with the forms and lines so far obtained?

(iii.) That every one of those patterns is composed solely of that particular arrangement of three of the units chosen, and that if some of the other arrangements were introduced as well, and if, moreover, the same unit was also used singly, the effect of these patterns would be materially altered—perhaps improved, perhaps not—but certainly altered.

(iv.) That this method of using exclusively a small group such as the one selected, ensures the preservation of a strong sense of unity in the resulting patterns, comparable with that obtained by a painter when he limits himself to two or three colours. And—

(v.) A very important point: while it imposes rigid limitations, it does actually suggest arrangements which it is unlikely that the designer would think of if he was dealing with the unit singly, or if he was relying on his imagination assisted only by pencil and paper, instead of by units in tangible form.

Fig. 34 shows a few of the designs which most naturally



(By the Author.)

39. Silver Ornaments constructed out of Units shown.

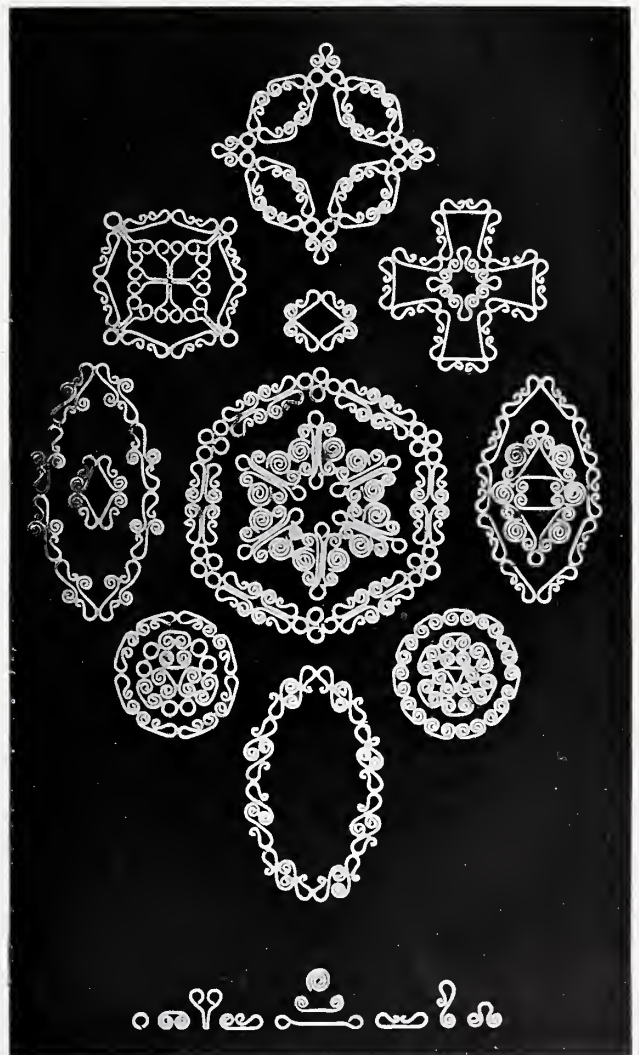
come from employing this unit singly, and it will be seen at once that they are quite unlike the patterns in Fig. 33. It will also be noticed that, with only one exception, these patterns show the result of a symmetrical repetition of one or other of groups in Fig. 32, excluding that used in Fig. 33.

Fig. 35 gives some examples in which the same unit is associated with one but slightly differing from it, the latter being also used alone in some of the patterns.

Those craftsmen who are handicapped by having no special facility for drawing will be interested to know that these patterns, as well as all the other designs I have made to illustrate this article, came about entirely from moving the units or groups of units about, and, in fact, from playing with them, without any use whatever of pencil or paper. And that calls to mind a passage in that most admirable and fascinating book on *Silverwork and Jewellery*, by Mr. Henry Wilson, which, however well-known it may be, and ought to be, is so pregnant with interest in this connection that I cannot forbear to quote it. It runs:—"Not only does the study of methods, and the quality of materials, enable the student to give expression to an idea, it is absolutely the most fruitful source of ideas, and those which are suggested by this process are invariably healthy and rational.

The hand and the brain work together, and the outcome of their partnership is a sanity of conception which is greatly to seek in most even of the best work of to-day. The reason is, perhaps, that the zeal of the artist has been tempered by knowledge. The reason of this, again, is that for more than a century the painter and the sculptor have stood before the public as the sole representatives of the Arts, and, in consequence, all the crafts and arts have been approached pictorially, even by those who practise them, as if each were only another form of picture-making. This is not wholly untrue, only the methods of the painter do not always apply in the crafts. Take as the simplest example a Rhodian ear-ring. What is it?—a rough pearl, a skeleton cube of gold wire, a tiny pyramid of beads, and a hook. What could be more simple? Yet the cunning collocation of these elementary forms has produced a thing of beauty that cannot now be surpassed. No amount of fumbling with a pencil could ever lead to a like result. The material was there in front of the craftsman, and on the material the creative idea engendered the work of Art."

Well, that passage contains great consolation for any craftsman who is conscious of *fumbling* when he gets hold of a pencil. Let him take heart of grace, and remember that, although a want of facility in drawing does handicap



(By the Author.)

40. Silver Ornaments constructed out of Units shown.

him very seriously, and must be corrected and overcome by every means in his power, it is not of necessity a bar to the production of good designs.

Before proceeding to some rather more complex patterns arrived at by arrangement of units, we may note how Byzantine craftsmen employed some of these units very simply in their bold filigree work (Fig. 36), and especially how rich a border they made for the thimble-shaped ornaments of their earrings, with nothing more than a number of figure-of-eight units laid side by side.

Figs. 37, 38, 39 and 40 give some suggestions of what can be done with a few of the other units from Fig. 31, used both separately and in conjunction with one another, though there are never more than five different units in any one design. In a few instances small

round or oval rings have been allowed where they seemed to be wanted, although, of course, made from shorter lengths of wire than the other units.

Many of these and the arrangements in Figs. 33, 34 and 35 make no pretence of being much more than mere skeletons, but they claim to be skeletons from almost any one of which a pleasant piece of jewellery might easily be made. They are flat skeletons, and they need the introduction of other contrasting planes, and of an element of mystery by the partial covering of their bones and joints, whether with precious stones, or leaves and flowers, or twists of wire, clusters of grains, or what not.

These and other patterns similarly obtained are also very suitable for enrichment with enamel, providing, as they do, a variety of cells for the reception of different colours.

It may be useful to emphasize the fact that the designs in Figs. 33, 34 and 35 only utilize two out of the 700 units in Fig. 31, and that they only give a few of the most obvious patterns to be made by their use.

Only quite a small proportion of the groups in Fig. 32 enter at all largely into their construction, so that it is

obvious that large numbers of other designs could be drawn from these same units. Making full allowance for the probability that many of the other units in Fig. 31 would be less prolific, but remembering how much variety results from first composing a small group and then repeating it, as in Fig. 33, it is hardly to be denied that the permutations and combinations to be derived from the remainder offer a truly inexhaustible source for designs of this kind.

Now of course any one can see that in order to try a considerable number of experiments with one of these or similar units, a very great many of them have got to be made, and that a considerable amount of rather monotonous toil must be faced to do this.

But it is comparatively easy to bear with the tedium of repeating the same thing a large number of times when you are buoyed up by the exciting anticipation of how you are going presently to use these tiresome little units in playing, in however small a way, at the great and glorious and altogether absorbing game of discovery, or invention, or composition—call it what you will—in which these units, so dull in themselves, are going to be endowed with vigorous life, are going to dance together in all sorts of intricate measures and figures, are going finally to crystallise of a sudden into undreamed-of patterns, and to lead one, goodness knows how far away from the original starting point.

Moreover, the making of these units is such a convenient little job to fill up spare moments with at times when it is pleasant to have one's fingers occupied. A supply of plain lengths of wire and two or three pairs of pliers in your pocket, and you can turn to at any time and get a little stock of units ready for subsequent use: in your arm-chair by the fire-side, on a long journey or during a wet holiday, or even in bed if you are recovering from an illness!

There is, however, in the jeweller's craft another branch of tedious work, which does not seem to have any corresponding alleviation; for the process of chain-making can hold out no such alluring reward to those who toil at making and joining together endless numbers of links. No doubt it may fairly be said that far too much is used of the ordinary chains in which every link is just a tiny circle or oval, exactly like its neighbours, and that in many cases, a less mechanical pattern of chain not only looks more decorative and interesting, but may actually be quicker made, and with but a fraction of the tedium and monotony of the other case. But, when all that has been admitted, the fact remains that there are numerous instances where a perfectly even, monotonous chain does really look best, and unhappily that is most frequently so in the case of the smallest sizes, which are of course not only by far the most laborious to make, but also, one must fear, ruinous to the eyesight.

Well, in the first place one rejoices to think that even in the field of this minute labour, machines do relieve human eyes and fingers of much of the more tedious processes, and further, one may reasonably believe that there must always be numbers of people who, while they can, with patience and application, learn how to do one or two comparatively difficult processes perfectly, have not got it in them to master an entire craft. Moreover, there is always a pleasure



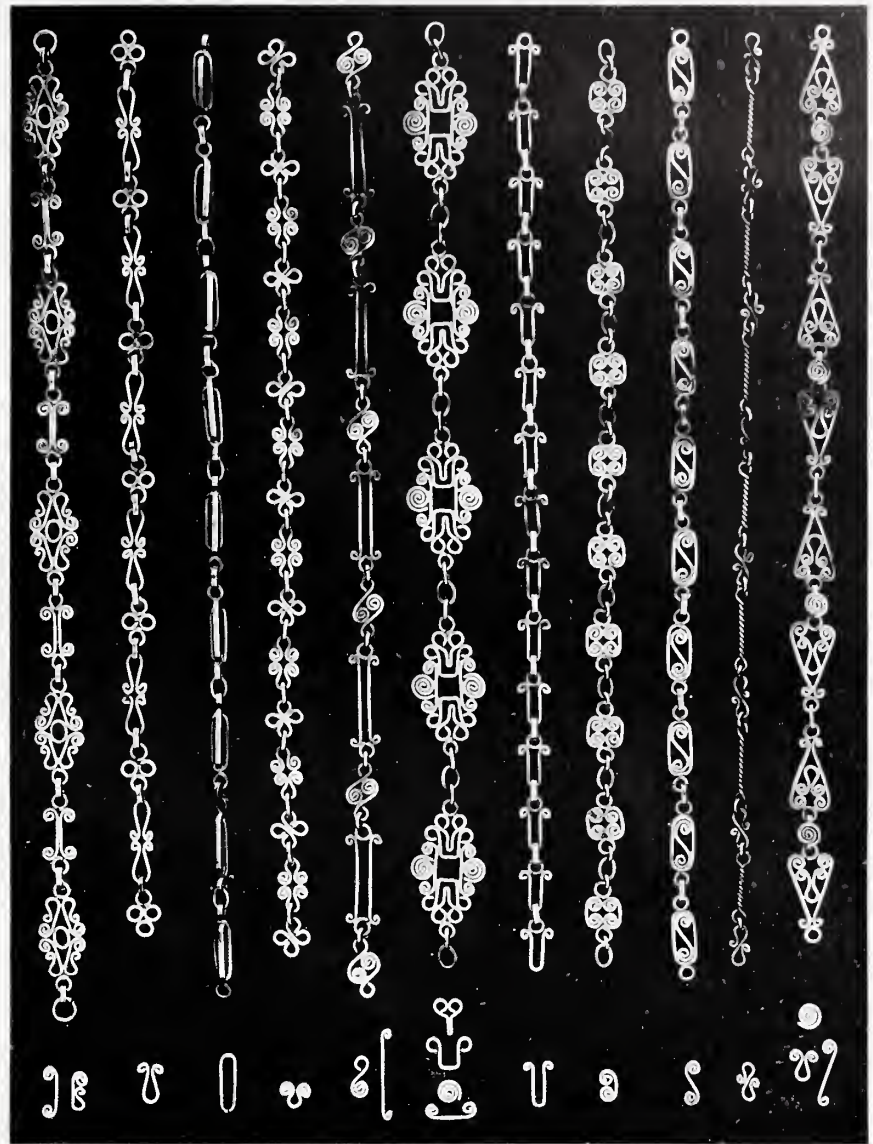
(British
Museum.)

41. Gold Chains.
Ancient Roman.

in doing that which one is conscious of doing well, and as to the minutest kinds of chain, so trying to the eyesight, let us be careful only to use them when we are quite sure that they are necessary to the design in hand.

In other cases the little units of form are always ready to come to our aid. Russian peasant jewellers make extremely effective and satisfactory chain out of some of these units or others similar, and in Fig. 42 are a number of different patterns mostly composed out of units from Fig. 31 with the addition of small round and oval links to connect them. Below each length of chain the unit or units from which the design grew are shown separately, and the designs all resulted from placing the units together experimentally until a satisfactory combination appeared.

When a number of such links have been made ready for linking together, it is well worth while trying arrangements of them to form pendants or other ornaments. Most of the objects in Figs. 37, 38, 39 and 40 came about in that way, and if they are compared with Fig. 42, it will be seen that several of them are composed of the same links that in the latter illustration appear as chain. The concluding article will treat of the many and various twists and plaits which can be made from wire, and of their decorative value in jewellery.



(By the Author.)

42. Silver Chains constructed principally out of the Units shown.

The New Salon.

THE only unity of the exhibition of the Salon des Beaux Arts is that for a few months these 2,696 paintings, drawings, sculptures, engravings, craft-works, and concerts of music, form one collection in the Grand Palais. Vain, then, to seek in this huge "appartement meublé" of modern art for the Interpreter who, in the House Beautiful, orders, illuminates, harmonises the many forms of beauty into a unity of revelation. Only a few things here and there in this vast display can abide the question of their vital significance, their relation to the great permanent structure of human life. For an image of the exhibition as a whole one must revert to Heine's phrase of the "orphan asylum, a collection of children. . . left to their fate, and in nowise related one to the other." That is as applicable to the "New" Salon of 1909 as to the one and only Salon, so described by Heine in 1831, but it only says vividly what I began by saying dully—that the Salon des Beaux Arts is 2,696 separate productions, neither good nor

bad as a whole, nor, as a whole, anything but large and new.

Yet, from one significant point of view, of all big modern art exhibitions the Paris salons least suggest Heine's simile. If art is everywhere orphaned—or become independent—of the "great Universal Mother" of a unified authority of Faith, the State in France more than elsewhere is in earnest over art, seriously and progressively desires and encourages its service. Men of genius, when they arrive, men of talent, continually, are given the opportunity of monumental painting. Talent, rather than the rare capacity for the grandeurs of design and execution, is the characteristic of the decorative art in the New Salon. In the sculpture section M. Rodin has no great looming shape of "the latent heroic" in the life of action or intelligence. Instead he has a lovely portrait-bust of Madame Elissieff, all sensitive and pure to the light. M. Bourdelle's 'Jeanne d'Arc' is the most important work on a large scale. It is fine in

simplicity, nearly suggestive of the source of the mighty simplicity of the Maid.

It is a loss to the fund of decorative painting in the Salon that M. Anquetin does not exhibit, and that M. Maurice Denis has only an easel picture, 'Magnificat,' a Salutation designed from a living idea of the profound poetry of the theme; crudely, obstinately painted. M. Ménard's three diptychs designed for the Faculté de Droit are perhaps the most serious work in the exhibition. It is of great size, this triple decoration, imaging 'The Age of Gold,' 'An Antique Dream,' and 'The Pastoral Life.' It reflects with steadiness and personal wholeness a permanent ideal of beauty, that of the summit of Greek art. M. Ménard has concentrated into a pregnant type of landscape his impression of the earth and sky and sea as the soil of a divine humanity. The forested shores, the rocky promontory, piled clouds, and translucent sea are conceived and rendered with depth and repose. The landscape is as modern as Barbizon and ancient enough for Hellas. But the figures which ride, pipe, recline, or tend the flocks want breath. They are cold on the earth, no real inhabitants of the sunlit world. In purging them of modernity the painter has made statues of them.

M. Besnard, on the other hand, in the latest quarter of the decoration for the dome of the Petit Palais, 'La Plastique,' symbolised by the choice of beauty for itself, is mobile enough. Sudden and vigorous is the naked figure of the man, Paris, presumably, who holding straight-rearing Pegasus by the mane, offers with his other hand the apple to Venus. Venus is a cold, but not a reserved figure. Her red hair and the crimson draperies against which she stands are in startling contrast to her chalky flesh. Minerva and Juno, higher up the cloudy heights on the summit of which is Jove, served by a charming Hebe, are not flawless. They have not the certitude of goddesses still worshipped. M. Besnard has been fully inspired by white Pegasus, to whom even Olympus is earth, true creature of the pure and starry sky. He has coloured intellectual ideas, but not with the supreme colour which Meredith hymned, that which "lends a yonder to all ends." M. Roll, the President, has chosen a subject for his decorative panel, also for the Petit Palais, where colour and motion are frankly gaiety. His airily painted nymphs in spraying waters, on flower-bright banks, amuse themselves, or, rather, are there to amuse, to make a flitting lightness in the mind. His 'Young Republic,' which has been acquired by the State, has brightness with more significance. In M. Louis Gillot's large landscape 'Near the Mine, Saint Etienne,' also the property of the State, one comes to the only decorative work of distinction which is not more or less remote and artificial in inspiration. Perhaps M. Auburtin's 'L'Essor' should be excepted. The pure slender figures express aspiration with something of the spiritual divination of Puvis de Chavannes, as well as with so much of his manner. The idea is not laboured or forced, nor is it superficial, like the Roll panel, M. Aman Jean's 'Comedy,' listless in colour and design, M. Gaston La Touche's more adroit and accented 'Théâtre de Verdure.'

These and M. Boutet de Monvel's painting on a small scale, missal-like and lucid, for a projected triptych at Domrémy of scenes from the life of Joan of Arc, are the chief decorative paintings. There are many others which satisfy no vital requirement at all. Looking round at the

smaller paintings one is the less disposed to wonder that monumental art attempts so little to image modern interests in life. There is little here to suggest the potency of new subjects of interest. Landscape is not strong, not seizing. Some landscapes there are, but not many, which are more than exteriors—those, for instance, of M. René Billotte, pensive refinements of colour won from the poor outskirts of Paris; of M. Dauchez, austere, sustained; of M. Lebourg, M. Maufra, M. Justin Gabriel; the dreams, overcharged with dream, of M. le Sidaner; the study of provincial streets by M. Hochard, material which he uses as background to his inventive 'Madame Bovary'; the paintings of Ghent by M. Willaert, who knows well, but not progressively, its homely antiquity.

Portraiture makes more show and has more substance. M. Boldini, who denies everything but the quality of brilliance to beauty, is glitteringly expressive of that quality in two fashionable portraits, and has a third, a half-length, which thrusts itself less forward, and is more attractive. M. Le Gandara has a lady in pearly draperies on a pearl-coloured couch, vapour to the waist, arrestingly black-haired, black-eyed. Other examples of the fashionable mode of "intensity" may be compared with the still-life, really fine still-life, of M. Dagnan Bouveret's small portrait of a lady in white in an interior of gleaming green and blue, and with M. Carolus Duran's handsome, unhesitating 'Madame E. de S.' Without enthusiasm one prefers this to the clever school of pseudo-animation. But there are finer portraits than any of these. M. Caro-Delvaile's 'Madame Simone,' Récamier-like in pose, is a discreet likeness of that vivacious lady, and a really remarkable painting of her, and her embroidered gown of tempered orange deeply embroidered in pearl-white, and her little dog. It and the 'Groupe Paienne,' the only nude-painting in the exhibition, with one exception, which has native strength and integrity, show the gravity of a painter whose ability gains genuine distinction in restraint.

Finally, in the portraits of M. Jaques Blanche, and in the portrait of himself by M. Lucien Simon, as in Mr. J. J. Shannon's 'Phil May'—one of several works by British painters which but for their familiarity would claim notice—there is the vital interest of truths of human nature, for which all other modes of portraiture are bloodless substitutes, no matter how salient in presentment. M. Blanche's 'Mrs. Saxton Noble,' though as a picture extremely interesting and original, suffers from a suggestion in the eager pose of the prevalent "crise de nerfs." The portraits of men—of himself, of Mr. Henry James, seen squarely and firmly, and the masterly sketch of 'Sir A. N.'—are caught directly from the individuality and painted with nearly as much ease and fervour as the big, eloquent still-life of splendid Oriental draperies. M. Simon's penetrative self-portrait, invested with so much genuineness and insight, is one of three pictures by him, each showing the hand of the painter. 'La Collation' has a temperate sweetness of light, the freshness of a morning, as the essence of its effect. The figures of the three children in the cool open-windowed room are charmingly characterised and posed, but they are apprehended, as it were, in a pause. They, like the finely painted still-life on the table, are exponents of pure, tranquil light.

This is one of many interiors, and some of them are



(Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts.)

Portrait de Mme. Simone.

By H. Caro-Delvaile.

among the really good things in the Salon. I may instance M. Walter Gay's various '*Portraits d'Appartements*,' the little interiors with finely discriminated figures by M. Delachaux, the luminous room, shuttered from the heat of summer-noon, in M. Muenier's graceful '*L'Enfant à la Mouche*.' They and such still-life paintings as those of M. Zakarian, austere and brilliant, of M. Felix Carme, of the veteran M. Storm van Gravesande, who paints like impetuous youth, are refreshment and stimulus to the eye that finds them out. So, for their utter freedom from triteness, their pungent audacity, are the satires of M. Jean Veber, this year comparatively tame, but still lively. In '*Orphée*'—a fat, white-faced

Orpheus of an operatic tenor, mellifluous, soulless, much-adored—in '*Divinités du Styx*,' he revels in the ridiculous of human nature in the drawing-room. Fairy-subjects by him are seen through gnome-eyes.

'*La Tristesse*' by M. Cottet has been indirectly alluded to as a nude of very different aim and capacity to that which forms the category of '*Le Nu*.' Not that various painters whose work falls within that designation do not paint the figure with some distinction. But M. Cottet has painted it with tragic intensity in this picture, and with breadth and coolness in '*Jeune Fille à sa Toilette*.'

Colonial and Municipal Galleries.

IN his remarkable book on *Picture Making* Professor Holmes says that though many more thousands may visit the Royal Academy than was the case fifty years ago, just as many more thousands read and write, it may be doubted whether the pictures which those thousands really admire can reach any higher standard than the magazines and halfpenny papers which form their literary diet. Covertly he criticises the purchases of our public galleries when he says that the one class of painting which may be

truly described as painted for the People, chosen by the People's representatives, and paid for by the People, is that which forms the backbone of all our colonial and municipal galleries, with three exceptions. It may be taken for granted that Glasgow is not one of these exceptions. Apropos, a good leading article appeared in the *Glasgow Herald* of May 24th, severely criticising the parochialism and lack of discrimination apparent in recent purchases for the Kelvingrove Collection.

The Norfolk Holbein.

NEVER, perhaps, since the awakening of what may be called its æsthetic conscience, was the nation confronted by an artistic loss so irreparable as that of the full-length portrait of Christina of Denmark, Duchess of Milan, painted by Holbein in 1538. The treasures of Charles I., including Giorgione's 'Fête Champêtre,' passed away almost unheeded, and the transference in 1779, to the Empress Catherine of Russia, of the Houghton Gallery caused relatively little stir. Since 1880 the Holbein has been on loan in the National Gallery as the property of the Duke of Norfolk; indeed, many awakened with a shock to find that it was not one of the national treasures. With great public spirit, and with an energy that at the thirteenth hour triumphed over difficulties which appeared insuperable, the National Art-Collections Fund came forward and saved the Holbein for the nation, as three or four years ago it saved the Rokeby Velazquez. The gratitude of every lover of art in the country goes out in generous measure to Lord Balcarras, the Chairman, to Sir Isidore Spielmann and Mr. Robert C. Witt, the Hon. Secretaries, to Mr. D. S. MacColl, to whom the Fund owes its existence, and to all those who have supported the movement by gifts of time and money, certainly not least to the donor of the £40,000, whose munificence came at the critical moment when hope seemed as a fleeting shadow only on the calm face of the young Duchess. Twice, then, the National Art-Collections Fund has splendidly vindicated its right to existence. It is greatly to be hoped that now its membership will increase by leaps and bounds until something like adequacy is reached. The kindred associations in Germany and France put us to shame. Had the Holbein in like circumstances been on loan in the Berlin Gallery there would never have been a "crisis." It would have been acquired for the public collection at a slight signal from Dr. Bode.

The sale by our premier peer of a historic masterpiece which belonged to Henry VIII. at the time of his death, and for centuries had been possessed by members of the Howard and Arundel families, roused quite naturally a vast amount of discussion. Even after the exodus of much treasure, there remain in British private collections pictorial masterworks not elsewhere to be matched. In view of changing conditions, is there any equitable way whereby their continued presence in this country can be insured? The question is too intricate here to be discussed, but inasmuch as we only just "muddled through" in the case of the Holbein, a resolute effort should and doubtless will be made to solve the problem. Surely a direct appeal by the Trustees of the National Gallery to the owners of the few pictures universally acknowledged to be of the first importance, with the view of obtaining an option of purchase for the nation in the event of sale, is an obvious first step, which would yield welcome results. But the Trustees must, too, have monies to draw upon, else every effort will prove abortive. As to the Holbein, a year ago the Duke of Norfolk informed the National Gallery that he was receiving large offers, and that at any moment he might receive one which, "in view of

the anxious financial future for all landowners," he might feel obliged to accept. On April 22, 1909, he advised the National Gallery of an offer of £61,000, which he had accepted subject to a condition he imposed, namely, that the Trustees should have an option to buy at that price before May 1st. The Trustees, their coffers empty, were unable to meet the emergency. On May 1st, "the Danish princess of the Sixteenth Century yet living on the canvas"—William Morris should have written panel—became the property of Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi. Seeing that the authorities of the National Gallery were aware that the Holbein was practically in the market—some even assert that it was offered to the nation at £45,000—it is inconceivable how they came to spend £25,000 on the Hals group last year. It is quite unjust to blame the dealers for buying the Holbein; moreover, their patriotism can hardly be called in question, as in ceding it to the nation at £72,000, towards which they subscribed £2,000, the firm sacrificed at least £7,000. On the other hand, the fact that the public was asked to contribute towards the purchase of a picture, no matter how perfect as a work of art or of what rich historic association, with a dealer's profit upon it, militated incalculably against success, raising, as it did, much persistent opposition. In such circumstances, the words of Henry VIII. should have been remembered: "Of six ploughmen I can make six peers, but of six peers I cannot make one Holbein." And a peerless work by Holbein was in imminent danger of leaving the National Gallery—of leaving England.

In usually well-informed quarters, Mr. Henry C. Frick, the wealthy American collector who recently secured for a huge sum the Kann self-portrait, so nobly painted by Rembrandt in 1658, was believed to be next in the field. Whether or not this be so, the probabilities were in favour of the picture crossing the Atlantic. In this connection Sir Philip Burne-Jones uttered a grave warning, which many familiar with the conditions obtaining in the United States are disposed to corroborate. Sir Philip wrote that were the incomparably fine Holbein to go to America, "its days are practically numbered. No painting upon panel can survive many years in the over-heated atmosphere of American rooms or galleries (I speak from experience)." Despite all possible precautions, then, the very life of the masterpiece was at stake. Apropos of Holbein and America, it may be recalled that the Basle master's fine miniature, 2½ in. diam. done on the back of a playing card, which at the Hawkins sale of 1904 (*ART JOURNAL*, p. 233) made £2750, now belongs to Mr. Pierpont Morgan.

Alike æsthetically and historically the picture is one of twelve or fifteen in private hands in this country which are of the highest importance, Rembrandt's 'Mill,' the 'Richard II.' at Wilton, and the Bridgewater Titians being others. Holbein, as Court Painter, was sent to Brussels in 1538 to portray the fair young "relict" of the Duke of Milan, whose hand in marriage was sought by the "omnivorous" Henry VIII. after the death of Jane Seymour. John Hutton, English ambassador at Brussels, writing to Cromwell, an ardent advocate of the alliance, gives an account of the arrival of



(Purchased for the National
Gallery, £72,000.)

Christina, Duchess of Milan.

By Hans Holbein.

Holbein and of his interview with the young Duchess. 'The next day following,' he concludes, "the said Lord Benedict came for Mr. Hans, who having but three hours' space, hath showed himself master of that science (of painting); for it is very perfect, the other (evidently a second portrait was done by a less gifted artist) is but slobbered in comparison, as by sight of both your Lordship shall perceive." The exquisitely subtle and strong full-length is based on the three hours' sketch here alluded to.

Little wonder that Henry's eagerness to marry the lady was increased by Holbein's supremely fine portrait of her in black cloak, lined and trimmed with fur, a ruby ring on one finger of the calm hands, her face, full of character, fair withal as an unfolding lily. Alas! we have to dismiss as fictitious the witty reply ascribed to her when the proposal of marriage was made: "I have one head only; had I two, one should be at the service of his Majesty."

Eliza Bonaparte.

LAST year the Lewis Fund was drawn upon to obtain for the National Gallery the three-quarter length portrait-sketch of Eliza Bonaparte, sister of Napoleon, who made her Duchess of Tuscany, with the titles of Duchess of Lucca and Princess of Piombino. It is from the hand of Jacques Louis David (1748-1825), founder of the long-since defunct "Classical" school in France, and First Painter to Napoleon.

'Philosophism,' to use Carlyle's word, rules in his most typical pictures; yet his large, ably constructed works, frigid, unemotional as they now appear, are by no means destitute of personality. Under the academic cloak there may be found a surprising amount of faithfully studied detail. Again, most of David's portraits—of which that of Eliza Bonaparte is a not insignificant example—are vitally characterized.

London Exhibitions.

By R. E. D. Sketchley.

New English Art Club . . .	41st Exhibition.
French Gallery . . .	Israels, M. Maris, Harpignies, Lhermitte.
Messrs. Dowdeswell's . . .	Jan Steen.
Messrs. Obach's . . .	French and Dutch Painters.
Carfax Gallery . . .	Hon. Neville Lytton. Charles Louis Geoffroy.
Fine Art Society . . .	Japanese Colour-Prints. The late Earl of Leven. The late Miss Ina Clogstoun.
Goupil Gallery . . .	Antoon van Welie. Henry Bishop.
Messrs. Colnaghi's . . .	John Hoppner, R.A.
Messrs. Tooth's . . .	Summer Exhibition.
Leicester Gallery . . .	George Clausen, R.A., R.W.S. Francis E. James, A.R.W.S.
Baillie Gallery . . .	The late Alexander Mann.
Modern Gallery . . .	D. M. Anderson.
New Dudley Gallery . . .	The Pencil Society.
Doré Gallery . . .	Edith Stock. Sophie T. Beanlands. Mrs. Alastair Murray.
Messrs. Graves' . . .	Maude Parker.
Mendoza Gallery . . .	Herbert Schmalz.
Mr. Hodgkins's . . .	English Miniatures.
Walker Gallery . . .	W. W. Collins, R.I.
Rowley Gallery . . .	Modern Lithographs.
Messrs. Frost and Reed's . . .	John MacWhirter, R.A.
The Ryder Gallery . . .	Edward H. C. Chetwood Aiken.

In Various Galleries.—For those who, like Meredith's Chartist, understand that 'Eyesight is having,' May exhibitions are a fund of possession. They 'have' masterpieces of Jan Steen, shown at the Dowdeswell Galleries; finely wrought paintings by Matthew Maris, seen at the French Gallery with pictures by Israels and Harpignies at their best; Courbet's 'Rocky Landscape'—living rock—

which was at Messrs. Obach's, where, too, were true examples of Rousseau, Troyon, Corot, Daubigny, Harpignies and the saliently romantic 'Flight into Egypt' of Decamps; and Messrs. Tooth's beautiful Cazin, one of a representative collection of French and Dutch pictures. Other possessions of sight were the rare Japanese colour-prints, from Moronobu onwards, proof-impressions, really as fresh as though newly from the printer's hands, which formed a fascinating exhibition at the Fine Art Society's. Nor were the art exhibitions of the month "barren of new pride." Modern art was distinguished in the enlarged exhibition of the New English Art Club, in Mr. Francis James' strong and sensitive flower-paintings, Mr. Clausen's paintings and drawings, and the brilliant costume-portraits of Adeline Genée and Miss Lillah MacCarthy, which stood out in an interesting collection of Mr. Neville Lytton's recent work.

The New English.—As has been said, the New English Art Club is enlarged. The club, after many wanderings, has housed itself in the galleries of the R.B.A., and the forty-first exhibition is more than twice the size of the fortieth. It is of corresponding interest. Mrs. Swynnerton, Mr. Joseph Crawhall and Mr. Max Beerbohm are new members, and signalled their presence unforgettably. "The sudden appearance of Mr. Beerbohm in the New English Art Club" is suitably drawn by himself in one of fifteen drawings, shafts of wit, pointed to prick as well as stick. Mr. Crawhall is final and beautiful in 'The Farmer's Boy,' 'The Picador,' a gallant design, and in studies of splendid birds. The drawings by him and Mr. Beerbohm, with those of Professor Holmes—in the present instance more self-revealing in his drawings than in his paintings—Mr. William Rothenstein, Mr. Steer and Mr. William



Painted by J. L. DAVID.]

ELIZA BONAPARTE.

Pearce, waylay the visitor in the entrance galleries. But the full strength of the exhibition was in the oil-paintings. Mr. William Orpen in the 'Portrait Group,' reproduced in its unfinished state in *THE ART JOURNAL* of last January; Mr. Wilson Steer, with a grave 'Chepstow Castle' and shimmering, pearly 'The River Wye,' beautiful works dating from 1905; Mr. William Nicholson, in his fine, lucid nude, 'Carlina'; Mr. Augustus John, in two big canvases, Mrs. Swynnerton's circular group of the three little daughters of Sir Edgar Speyer; Mr. Sargent, in five dazzling ventures in paint; were in the fore-front of the collection. The two landscapes by Mr. William MacTaggart, especially 'Consider the Lilies,' with the whirling rings of children embodied only enough to give them motion, suggest the mastery ascribed to him by those who best know his work. He is of those whose sight neighbours the invisible. Mrs. Swynnerton's superbly vigorous sea-shore group is an outburst of enthusiasm even in its present surroundings. As portraiture it lacks intimacy, but as a decoration, as a rendering of lusty, laughing, untrammelled childhood, it is splendid. Definiteness is here at its utmost. It is a shout of joy, magnificently expressive of the natural joy that can be shouted.

Mr. Augustus John's 'The Way to the Sea' braves opinion; whether insolently or indifferently, who can finally say? The fund of energy in this art none can deny: its divination of a central impassivity in life for which the artist has found a mode of expression. Personally I feel that these slack-jointed women, conducting a little naked boy to blue waters by vivid green shores, are less profoundly serious than the 'Family Group' at the Grafton Gallery. They seem to have an eye on the puzzled faces of the critics, as pictured in Mr. Beerbohm's delicious 'Incertitude.' Mr. John's full-length portrait of Mr. William Nicholson causes no disputes. It is indubitably serious, complete as a picture, authoritative as a portrait. If it has little warmth, it has plenty of dry light. The Orpen 'Group' has been bettered since it was illustrated in *THE ART JOURNAL*, by the addition of another figure to the company. Mr. Walter Sickert now stands besides Mr. MacColl, regarding Mr. George Moore reading to these standing auditors and to Mr. Wilson Steer, Professor Tonks and Mr. Hugh P. Lane. The finished picture is a perfect fulfilment of the colour-scheme of which Manet's white-robed 'Eva Gonzales,' hanging on the wall, is, as it were, the visible soul. Notes of lemon-yellow, the palest pink of a flower in a silver goblet on the table—now covered with a fair white cloth—the luminous white of a marble Venus, the gleam of silver, shine tenderly in the larger tones of grey and black and tempered flesh-tints. It is Mr. Orpen's masterpiece in this kind; so quiet is its brilliance. As to the rest of the exhibition, it was of sustained interest throughout, with special matter for appreciation in the interiors of Mr. Philip Connard, Mr. Gerard Chowne's 'Anemones,' Mrs. McEvoy's 'Autumn Flowers,' Mr. McEvoy's portrait, Miss Norna Labouchere's 'Skating Cupid,' Mr. Arthur Streeton's capable 'Grand Canal,' Mr. Shepherd's highly skilled interiors with figures, and other pictures which would certainly have to be named in an exhibition of less general distinction. Mr. William Rothenstein's portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Booth are earnest and human.

Jan Steen.—It is to be hoped that the Charity—the National Hospital for Paralysis—benefited as much by the

proceeds of the Jan Steen exhibition at the Dowdeswell Gallery as the student and lover of art by the exhibition itself. It represented incomparably the art of Jan Steen, with little that belongs merely to his industry, that copious, unsqueamish turning out of pothouse pictures which has almost injured his reputation as a master. At the Dowdeswell Galleries there was something better to do than to think of the muddier aspect of an art which created so clearly, steadily, finely, the figure of Mr. Heseltine's 'Steen's Wife with a Mandoline,' which wrought noble detail into impressive and intimate unity in the Duke of Rutland's superb 'Grace before Meat,' or, to go no farther, painted the fresh, clear face of the girl in the Duke of Wellington's 'The Physician's Visit,' the figures of the mother and elder boy in the little 'Grace before Meat' of Mr. Salting, a picture as full of a natural piety of sight and feeling as a Chardin. Nor is it only in the figures, the fabrics, in still-life such as the grave white flagon in the foreground of the big 'Grace before Meat,' the half-peeled lemon and metal dish of oysters in 'The Spendthrift,' the ham (which is like veal) in 'Bad Company,' that Steen enchants. A window in these interiors is an opening into graceful sceneries, especially lovely in that canvas of the Duke of Rutland's, where all is of the finest. Mr. Salting's little 'Skittle Players,' so nimbly painted, 'A Rustic Feast' and 'Peasants at Bay,' show farther this gracious landscape art. In all these Steen indeed "painted as well as he was able," as he did in the brilliant group to the left of the foreground in Mr. Beit's 'Marriage at Cana,' in the two women seated by the hearth in 'The Gallant,' in 'The Lute Player,' and in Lord Northbrook's portrait of the artist playing the mandoline. It is appropriate in an exhibition of the harmonies of Steen's genius, its finer, sweeter notes.

French Gallery.—The art of Matthew Maris, a solitude of dream where what is outer is yet inmost, has never been so fully seen in London as at the French Gallery. Here were seventeen of his drawings and paintings. They ranged from the work of his boyhood, neatly touched essays in established methods, to the half-vanished adumbrations of his latest phase. Between this first and last of his long communing with beauty are the peace-filled visions of childhood, the golden fairy tales, the interpretative landscapes, where mystery homes so simply, yet so potently. At the French Gallery these loveliest aspects of the poet-painter's art were finely represented. 'Montmartre,' with the tender burr of leafless trees against the sky, the narrow, calm green field with the white wall like ivory, as are the white walls of the small buildings, is one of his perfect landscapes, dreamed with open eyes, 'Enfant Couchée' is of all the child-paintings the fairest, completest, both as a painting and as an image of unbroken dream. Outer is inner to those grave happy eyes of the blue-frocked child, folded in quiet on a bank of white blossoms, with butterflies winging above her rest. There is, as Meredith knew from his inspired reading of earth, a beauty "too animate to need a stress." That beauty belongs to this serene picture. 'The Young Cook,' 'Feeding the Chickens,' 'At the Well,' charm the imagination, one hardly knows whether as dream-refined reality, or pure dream. They are lovely in idea and utterance, as is a fairy-tale, such as the 'Lady with the Goats'; a princess

surely, waylaid from enchanted regions by the potent enchantment of this art.

The big Israels, 'The Drowned Fisherman,' is a design in which the weight and dignity of sorrow is made impressively apparent. It is monumental painting on a large scale, as 'Grief' is monumental in a small, exquisitely-finished compass. Nearly equally fine as paintings are 'Making Pancakes' and 'Grace before Meat,' the latter a vigorous masterpiece of the painter. Two at least of the landscapes by Harpignies in the collection, the so-called 'Views in the Campagna,' were of his best. His 'Bords de Loire' and the recently painted, unfaltering 'Sunset on the Banks of the Ain' are important. Lhermitte's fine landscape 'End of the Day' brought him nearest to the high level of the exhibition.

Other Exhibitions.—Brief mention has been made of other interesting exhibitions of the month. Mr. Francis James's exhibition of flower-painting was beautiful as a whole, and in detail proved him freshly inspired by the joy of earth which unfolds in the colours and forms of flowers. Two of the loveliest drawings were 'A Studio Note' and 'An Artist's Note,' titles which suggested nothing more of the art shown in them than its

intimacy. The pink roses with petals melting into light, the little spray of blossoms, white and pink and purple, are flower-paintings of "breath and bloom." Beauty more definitely stated belongs to the paintings of frilly primulas, of azaleas, clear in their setting of dark leaves, of vivid tulips, the homely splendours of polyanthus and zinnia. The fine drawing 'Cypripedium Insignis' is a colour-scheme as original as it is sensitively composed to contain and display the tawny orchid, set together with one white flower in a vase of smooth white. The collection of drawings and paintings by Mr. Clausen included flower-paintings, notes of landscape, and one or two larger pictures, notably 'The Visit,' a fresh and sunny interior. In a drawing, such as 'Hayricks, Evening,' or the various renderings of wintry mornings in the fields, Mr. Clausen's finely inspired landscape art is intimately shown. The Hoppner Exhibition at Messrs. Colnaghi's suffered somewhat in order to be unfamiliar. In place of more deservedly famous Hoppners there were comparatively unknown works, mostly slight, or, as the sturdy, but rather hot, full-length of little John Poulett, derivative. The great and gracious manner of the eighteenth century was Hoppner's, but his lesser works show little of the true greatness of his time.

Indian Art.*

MR. HAVELL, formerly principal of the Government School of Arts, and keeper of the Government Art Gallery, Calcutta, has written a book which serves as an excellent guide to the study of Indian Art. The illustrations are extraordinarily good and the numerous plates in colours, remarkably successful reproductions in lithography, do much to show the scope of the talent of Indian artists of all periods.

Much has been written concerning the architecture but little regarding the other arts of India, and this book coming with the authority of one who has made his influence felt and who has at heart the resurrection of the true native genius, will do much to call attention to the national arts. The work is addressed to Indians as much as to Europeans and it should be seen by all those who care for the history and progress of culture. It is an attempt to vindicate the position of India in the Fine Arts. Europe, says Mr. Havell, has in art far more to learn from India than to teach. "European art has, as it were, its wings clipped: it knows only the beauty of earthly things. Indian Art, soaring into the highest empyrean, is ever trying to bring down to earth something of the beauty of the things above." We have never understood the aims of the native artist. We have dismissed his art as grotesque and crude, without those qualities which have endeared us to the art of Japan. The Indian artist has been working with an ideal very different to his Eastern brother, and if we would read his message we must study his grammar first. While European art has limited its range to the realm of Nature, Indian art has been concerned with the Unseen, and has always striven to

realise something of the Universal, the Eternal, and the Infinite.

In this country we have undoubtedly neglected the study of Indian art, and we look forward, with Mr. Havell, to the foundation of an Indian museum, well organised on artistic instead of archeological or commercial lines, "which would be as astonishing a revelation to artistic Europe as the discovery of the Hindu drama was to European *literati*."

Vincenzo Foppa.*

VINCENZO FOPPA is known to many people by his great panel 'The Adoration of the Magi' in the National Gallery, but few of those who stand before the picture would suppose the artist to be of sufficient note to inspire such a monumental volume as the one recently published. A contribution to the history of the early Lombard School, "a forerunner of future critical biographies of the master," this introduction to the study of Vincenzo Foppa ranks with the best monographs on artists which have been issued from the press. The name is not one to conjure with, but it has a place of importance in the history of art. Foppa is described as the Founder of the Lombard School. He was certainly one of the most esteemed painters of his day, and if his life and work interest only a comparatively few students, to them this volume by Miss Ffoulkes and Monsignor Maiocchi will appeal with exceptional force.

The authors belong to that school of industry with which

* *Indian Sculpture and Painting.* By E. B. Havell. (Murray. £3 3s.)

* *Vincenzo Foppa, of Brescia, Founder of the Lombard School.* By Constance Jocelyn Ffoulkes and Monsignor Rodolfo Maiocchi, D.D. (John Lane, £4 4s.)

the name of Giovanni Morelli is identified, and they acknowledge with reverence their discipleship to that master of research. To the patient labours and particular knowledge of such workers is due the extraordinary value of recent art discoveries on the historical side, and students look forward with interest to the authentic revelations drawn from the musty parchments of obscure archives.

Vincenzo Foppa was born in Brescia, probably in 1427, and he died there between May 1515 and October 1516. By these facts, established by the authors, the artist becomes entitled to a life about twenty-four years longer than had hitherto been granted to him by historians. "The close, like the beginning of his life, is shrouded in impenetrable obscurity. As to the first epoch of his life extending,

roughly speaking, over a period of nearly thirty years, we are absolutely in the dark. Then the veil lifts, he becomes to us a tangible human personality, and for over forty years the history of his life and the growth of his art may be traced and followed in an almost unbroken line of development. But after 1502 we have only the briefest allusions to him, and every effort to penetrate the gloom surrounding his latter years has been unavailing."

Most of Foppa's fresco paintings have perished, but some fragments are preserved in various museums, one piece being in the Wallace Collection. Only thirty-five paintings by him are considered to be authentic. The illustrations to the volume include fifteen photogravures, and seventy-five other illustrations of pictures or documents.

Passing Events.

MR. CHARLES MORRISON, who died at Basildon Park, near Reading, on May 25th, in his ninety-second year, was the eldest son of a millionaire, and a man who by simplicity of life and financial acumen became probably the wealthiest commoner of our time. He was perhaps the least well-known, outside of financial circles that is, of a remarkable family of brothers, one of whom, Alfred Morrison of Fonthill, was an eager art collector. Charles Morrison, the eldest son, inherited from his father with the house of Basildon a remarkably fine collection of pictures, a long account of which appears in Waagen. From time to time some of the master-works were lent by Mr. Charles Morrison to the Winter Exhibitions at Burlington House. These include one of the finest landscapes of Hobbema, Rembrandt's 'Hendrick Stoffels in a white cloak,' pictures by Adrian van Ostade and A. van de Velde, and Jan Steen's 'Grace Before Meat,' signed in full and dated 1660, which, but for the fact that the owner was seriously ill when the exhibition was organised, would have been in the memorable collection brought together at the Dowdeswell Galleries. Besides Turner's water-colour, 'Rise of the River Stour,' Mr. Morrison is said to own one of the largest and most important of his works in oils. It is to be hoped that these pictures are not to be dispersed. If, instead, they should eventually pass into the National Gallery, as has done the remarkable collection of M. Chauchard in the Louvre, that would be signally welcome.

STRANGELY enough, there died within a few weeks of one another the sons of two partners of the firm of Morrison, Dillon and Co. Mr. Frank Dillon, born in 1823, who died on May 2nd, studied at the Academy Schools and was afterwards the pupil of James Holland. Onward from 1850 he was a fairly regular exhibitor at the Academy, was one of the original members of the Dudley Gallery, and in 1882 became a member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours. It has been inaccurately stated that Mr. Frank Dillon owned the long series of Turner water-colours sold at Christie's in 1869. As a fact they belonged to his father, John Dillon.

WE have also to record the death, at the age of 80, of M. Emile Michel, most widely known as a writer on art, albeit one of his landscapes is in the Luxembourg, of Madame Louisa Starr Canziani, a frequent exhibitor at the Academy, the New Gallery, and other London exhibitions, of Mr. Charles Toft, a gifted designer of pottery, father of Mr. Albert Toft, the sculptor, of Miss Ina Clogstoun, the water-colourist, and of Mr. Paul Maitland, a talented follower of Whistler through M. Théodore Roussel, and of M. Leandre Ranon Garrido, a member of the Institute of Oil Painters.

NOT the first of the public services performed by Mr. Robert Ross was the appearance in the *Morning Post* of May 15th of a formidable list of works of art which have left England for America, Germany and elsewhere during the last few years. The often inappropriate word unique is applicable to picture after picture on this list. There may be cited, for example, Domenico Ghirlandajo's 'Giovanna Tornabuoni,' Titian's 'Rape of Europa,' Hubert van Eyck's 'St. Francis Receiving the Stigmata,' the pair of Genoese portraits by Van Dyck from the Peel heirlooms, Rembrandt's Renier Ansloo group from the Ashburnham Collection, three of the rare pictures of Vermeer of Delft—a fourth beautiful example does not appear on the list, Giorgione's portrait of a young man, imaging the Renaissance at its height, which the National Gallery refused to buy at a relatively small sum, now one of the treasures of the Berlin Museum, and, not least, Botticelli's marvellous designs for the 'Divine Comedy.' If this exodus of artistic treasure is not stopped in some way or other Britain will come to rue it bitterly.

THOUGH the Chantrey Trustees have never bought a picture by Mr. John Lavery, there are two of his works in the Luxembourg, his self-portrait will soon be hung in the Uffizi, and he is represented in the National Galleries of Brussels, Berlin and Munich. The latest honour in this kind which has fallen to him is the unanimous selection by the Government Commission for the National Gallery of Modern Art, Rome, from the Venice International

Exhibition, of 'Polymnia.' The maximum sum of 2,000 francs was, we understand, paid. 'Polymnia,' showing a lady in richly-painted black bending over a black-cased piano, was at the International Society's Exhibition of 1905 and at the Franco-British last year. From the Venice International Mr. Grosvenor Thomas' 'Essex Mill' has been bought for the Municipal Collection on the Grand Canal, and a pastoral landscape by Mr. Whitelaw Hamilton for the Venice Chamber of Commerce.

THE obvious disadvantage of exhibiting at the Academy or elsewhere under more than one name was demonstrated the other day in connection with the Bishop of Uganda's interesting show of drawings in Bond Street. The Right Rev. Alfred Tucker, who comes of a family of artists, sent five drawings to the R.A. between 1874 and 1889 under the name of Alfred Maile. In 'Graves' there is nothing to connect this exhibitor with Dr. Tucker, who in 1894 was represented by a view of the Victoria Nyanza.

ON the ninetieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's birth—namely, May 24th, now widely known as Empire Day—there was removed the hoarding round the National Memorial, opposite Buckingham Palace. The base only is as yet completed—that is to say, the marble fountains and basins, retaining-walls, sculptured reliefs, bronze and marble, granite paving, steps and plateau, as, too, the bronze electric lamps. When finished, which may not be for a couple of years yet, the Memorial will, it is said, be the largest structure of pure marble in existence. The portion now visible comprises 1,000 tons of Carrara marble, selection having been so scrupulous that this is twenty-five per cent. only of what was in the first place chosen. The design, modelled on a scale of one-tenth full size, was completed and approved by the King in June, 1902, since when Mr. Thomas Brock has given his undivided attention to the work. Greatly to the advantage of the Monument he has substituted in the oblong panels forming the frieze, for more or less realistic figures representing the Army and Navy, an allegory of the sea. The earlier idea would have involved crowding, whereas now there is ample space for the Tritons and Nereids, the dolphins and sea monsters, treated admirably in low relief. The effect of the Memorial, which is solely the work of Mr. Brock, is incalculably enhanced by the greater spaciousness of the Mall, as laid out by Sir Aston Webb.

FROM the memorable exhibition at the Goupil Gallery of paintings by Mr. P. Wilson Steer, 'Corfe Castle,' 'The Lime Kiln,' and 'The Balcony' were bought for presentation to the projected Johannesburg Art Gallery,—an excellent start for a public collection.

THE many and ardent admirers of Mr. Edward Stott will rejoice to note that his 'The Flight' (into Egypt), No. 180 at the Royal Academy, has been bought by the Aberdeen Gallery for £750. Mr. James Murray, returned, unopposed, as member for Aberdeenshire East in 1906, to whom the gallery owes so much, was one of the selecting deputation. When are the Chantrey Trustees going to secure an example by this painter-poet?

WE regret to find that acknowledgment of permission to reproduce was not made in the two illustrations in the article on the Royal Academy Exhibition. The copyrights of 'A Devotee,' by Sir Luke Fildes (p. 166), and 'The Shadowed Face,' by Mr. Frank Dicksee (p. 167), belong to the Berlin Photographic Company, 133, New Bond Street, by whom photogravure plates will be published.

IT is said that Matthew Maris, who some years ago moved from St. John's Wood to the West of London, did not take the faintest interest in the fact that two of his little pictures, painted in the early seventies, fetched 6,300 gs. at the Day sale. He regards exquisite pictures of that period as mere "pot-boilers" and "suicides." To-day his dreams are so elusive as to take hardly visible shape.

Notes on Books.

Several autobiographical, or otherwise personal, books were published during the past season. One of the most important was **William Callow, R.W.S.**, edited by **H. M. Cundall** (Black, 7s. 6d.). Mr. Callow died last year at the age of ninety-six. In early life he produced a number of water-colour drawings, which were acceptable to each succeeding generation: indeed, his work of all periods found favour. He travelled frequently on the Continent, and lived for some years in Paris. He made many friends in all grades of society, and the record of his life is interesting. The twenty-two plates in colours and the other illustrations adequately represent his work, which is duly catalogued ... The **Etchings of D. Y. Cameron** and a catalogue of his etched work, with an appreciation by **Frank Kinder** (Schulze, Edinburgh, 12s. 6d.), is as welcome as Mr. Dodgson's work of a similar character on the etchings of Mr. Muirhead Bone. Mr. Kinder is an enthusiastic admirer of the art of Mr. Cameron, and he writes with knowledge and power. There are sixty illustrations, well presented ... **Opinions** on men, women and things, by **Harry Quilter** (Swan Sonnenschein, 7s. 6d.), consists of seventeen articles, eleven of which were published in several magazines between the years 1879 and 1903. The late Mr. Quilter had a great deal to say about art, and these collected essays are well worth reading ... Similarly there is much to interest in **The Wander Years**, a series of chapters by **J. H. Yoxall, M.P.** (Smith, Elder, 6s.) ... **Notes from a Painter's Life**, by **C. E. Hallé** (Murray, 6s.), contains the histories of the Grosvenor and the New Galleries. What Mr. Hallé says of himself and of his affairs is entertaining ... **Brush, Pen and Pencil**, the book of **Tom Browne, R.I.**, contains numerous illustrations in colours and otherwise of the artist's humorous and popular work, with a biographical essay by **A. E. Johnson** (A. & C. Black, 3s. 6d.) ... **The Humours of a Bohemian Sketching Club**, recollections by **Ernest Kutze** (Schulze, Edinburgh), is full of art patter of the usual club kind ... **Joseph Toynbee, F.R.S.**, who, among other claims to distinction, was a great art lover and a friend of Burne-Jones, Rossetti, Alfred Hunt and Samuel Palmer, is the subject of a small biography by his daughter **Gertrude Toynbee** (Glaisher, 3d.).

Hampshire, painted by **Wilfrid Ball, R.E.**, described by the **Rev. Telford Varley** (20s.), is among the most important and acceptable volumes in the fine series issued by Messrs. A. & C. Black. It does credit to all concerned. The seventy-five plates in colours are successful reproductions of Mr. Ball's most happy drawings.

Modern Homes, by **T. Raffles Davison** (Bell, 15s.), possesses an interest a little beyond many recent publications of the sort. No contemporary artist or writer—and Mr. Davison is both—is more familiar with modern architecture than he. His descriptions and drawings are both excellent; the book, indeed, both in the selection of its subjects and manner of presentation has an individual stamp. It is prefaced by Sir Aston Webb, R.A.



Rathbone Place (drawing).

(By permission of
Dr. Edward S. Tait.)

By Muirhead Bone.

Muirhead Bone.

By Frederick Wedmore.

MUIRHEAD BONE'S reputation, firm already by reason of work done—of work that lies at no mercy of the uncertain future years, his course in which I am without means of predicting—has been gained alone by signal triumphs in Arts not really popular; and it is unusual for an artist hardly yet in early middle age to have any recognized rank through dint of labour outside the two Arts as to which, although in different degrees, the public entertains curiosity; and these, of course, are Painting and Sculpture: the only third that could possibly join them would be Comic Draughtsmanship.

It is as an Etcher, whose method is that generally of Dry-point, and as a draughtsman with pencil and with sepia, that Muirhead Bone has become known, at a time of life at which Whistler was furthest from popular acceptance, and at which Seymour Haden had done little or nothing of that great volume of production which, upon the person of ordinary cultivation, was gradually to impose itself. In England, Cameron's success is probably the only one that has been as rapid and as sure as Muirhead Bone's; and that success of Cameron's—putting aside the canvases and water-colours of quite recent years—has been attained by

AUGUST, 1909.

Etching only, but by Etching, be it remembered, which, through its frequent choice of subject obviously noble, incontestably interesting, increased the possibility of tolerably wide appeal. Muirhead Bone's acceptance by a wide public has been, if anything, rather delayed than advanced through his selection of his themes—I mean by those which, piquant in their novelty and observation as they have seemed—and rightly seemed—to a few, must have appeared to many as the proof of a wearisomely obstinate dodging of the steps of the "house-breaker," of an undue devotion to every form of scaffolding, simple and small, or vast and intricate, and of a mania for waiting upon the dissolution of buildings which have had their life and history, have sheltered obscure human loves and labours, or been the



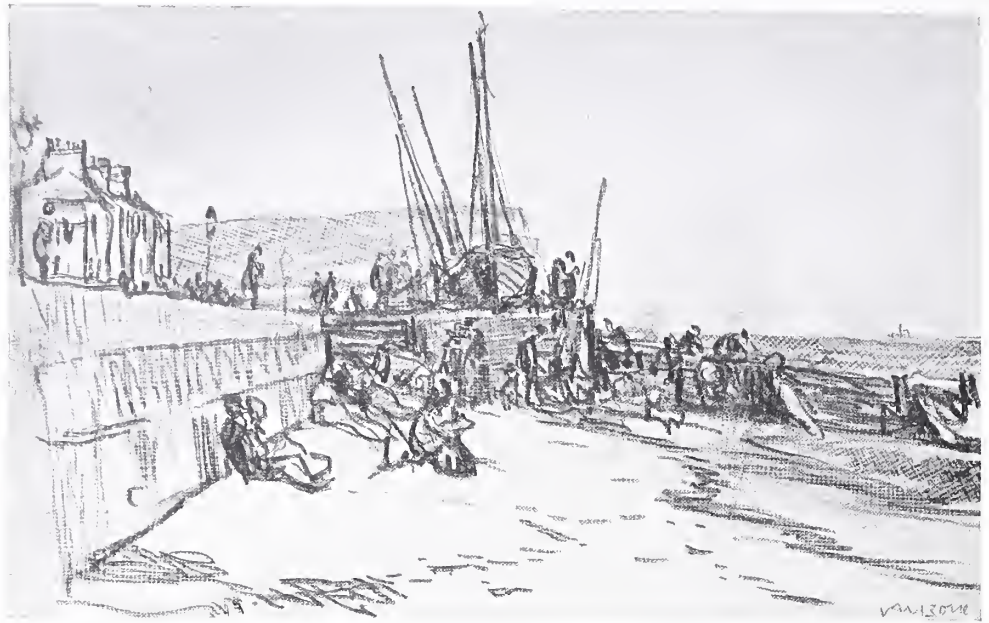
Liberty's Clock (etching).

By Muirhead Bone.

scene of popular amusement. The print of 'Building' and the little 'Strand,' 'Clare Market,' 'Old and New Gaiety,' and 'The Great Gantry'—the interior of Charing Cross Station under repair—come to one's mind as one thinks of the order (and it is the best-known order) of Muirhead Bone's work.

Much of his draughtsmanship with sepia or pencil is an expression of like themes. It too has to account for its success—its success with the connoisseur. And, just as with the dry-points, the reason for that success is found in the high union of close, fresh observation with great technical skill. Of the instruments of his choice, so few, so unpretentious—in many hands so wanting in seductiveness—Muirhead Bone is a master, and of none more completely a master than of that now too often despised instrument, the humble lead pencil. The humble lead pencil—to speak of work done in the nineteenth century alone—was the instrument of Ingres in his most penetrating portraits; and, in their drawings, whether of cities or of coasts, a very favourite, happily used instrument indeed of two leaders of water-colour—Samuel Prout, whose place among water-colour painters was long ago unreasonably exalted, and Fulleylove, whose rank among water-colour painters has even lately been stupidly denied.

Now Prout and Fulleylove were both of them—and in unusual measure—assured masters of pencil drawing. Both of them were simple, direct and learned, even if Prout must be



Seaford, Sussex (drawing).

By Muirhead Bone.

admitted to have been, in certain of his sketches, a little unduly pre-occupied with the visibly picturesque, or the visibly complicated or ornate. Two generations divided Bone from one of these men; of the other he has been a younger contemporary; and the student will find real interest in comparing the work of the three. It may be, Prout's method of employing the pencil was the least varied. It may be, Fulleylove's vision of his theme was the most severe. Bone's view of his subject is near and tolerant—almost affectionate and intimate—and no one knowing a series of his pencil drawings can entertain a doubt as to the flexibility of his method, the suppleness and wide resources of his hand. It may have been implied now that, clever in the selection of the obligatory touch as are his washed drawings, I set greater store by his pencil work. That and the dry-points have been carried close to the utmost limit of their medium's range.

It is but a dozen years of serious labour—of labour more or less skilled already when those years began—that Bone has as yet devoted to the practice of his two best means of expression, and to this or that other means of expression in which he has not succeeded as well, and which, had he been wisely advised—or had the gods withheld from him awhile his Scottish pertinacity—he would not, it appears to me, have so often and so assiduously essayed. Witness, for instance, the comparative fruitlessness of his labours when, because the first illustrations made for a book of



South Coast (etching).

By Muirhead Bone.

The Art Journal, London, 1862, p. 10



W. H. P. 1862

An Original Engraving by W. H. P. 1862

Walton Heath.



Clare Market (etching).

By Muirhead Bone.



Leeds Warehouses (etching).

By Muirhead Bone.



(By permission of G. Mayer, Esq.)

Exterior of Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster (etching).

By Muirhead Bone.

Mrs. Bone's were found to be such as would reproduce badly—though charming, I believe, in themselves—he addressed himself to translate them into a form which could be reproduced more faithfully, and so dealt, dully enough upon the whole, with the comparatively intractable material of pen and ink.

Of the Etchings and Dry-points—dry-points in by far the greater number of cases—Mr. Campbell Dodgson has catalogued more than two hundred, and these do not include the pieces—not a few of them exquisite ones—done since Mr. Campbell Dodgson's careful and serviceable volume entered the last stage of its preparation. They extend but to the Autumn or the early Winter of 1908, and since then Bone has executed that summing-up of Sussex coast life which, since it is a quintessence of the South Coast's characteristics, is described as 'The South Coast,' and not as a particular place; and, amongst the rest, that 'Liberty's Clock,' another compiled, selected vision, this time of a not quite real Soho, a something in which Scottish pertinacity, brought into play when Scottish skill had momentarily failed, found at last its reward. And here I may remark that when

Mr. Bone has made a second plate of a subject, or has worked upon one plate to such a degree that its earlier appearance has vanished, it must not be thought that the change or the elaboration or the fresh venture has been invariably improvement. It was improvement in 'Liberty's Clock'—that is not to be questioned. It was not improvement in the equally recent 'Stirling,' whose earlier and least laboured condition is the one that is desirable. The piece is then masterly, massive, simple, economical of effort: the thing done once and done well. And it was not really improvement in 'The Great Gantry,' whose finished and generally issued impressions were inferior in effect to what were actually but three or four trial proofs. 'The Great Gantry' in any state gives evidence of wonderful draughtsmanship, but I know of nothing after the trial proofs in which much of what was seemingly spontaneity has not gone.

Here too, I should say, that with regard to a great deal of Mr. Bone's dry-point work, the delicate observer will find himself not necessarily pleased with every impression that is presented. And when the edition of a new plate is



The Strand (etching).

By Muirhead Bone.

issued, he may, if he be enthusiastic, enterprising, and *matutinal*, call upon Messrs. Obach "in their bath"—if the expression be allowed me—rather than, through the prompt distribution of the prints, find himself without opportunity for comparison and choice. I know I have myself worried Mr. Max Morris, if not Mr. Mayer, at inconceivable hours of the morning; and the only times when I have not been glad to see Dr. Tait and Mr. Frank Rinder have been when these amateurs have arrived before me. It is not suggested in the remarks just made that any impressions of Mr. Bone's dry-points are actually bad. Mr. Campbell Dodgson has published the opinion that they are fairly equal. They may be fairly equal: careful re-touch having made sound again what threatened to be faulty. My point is that at least they are not seldom dissimilar. And a collector's concern about this matter is a proof of interest: it is a tribute more expressive than eulogy.

The Holbein.

"ALL those who subscribed to the Holbein Fund are friends or acquaintances of mine." So, soon after the 'Duchess' had been secured for the nation, avowed one who occupies a prominent position in the art world. Though the statement may not be literally accurate, it indicates the unfortunately narrow area within which there is sufficient interest even in masterly pictures being safeguarded to ensure a money-response at critical moments. The vast majority of folk are indifferent, and regard as negligible the influence upon life of the arts. Of those whose names appear on the subscription list for the 'Duchess' a good many followed the same calling as Holbein. These include Sir Charles Holroyd, but for

whose whole-hearted efforts the portrait would not, probably, now be in the National Gallery, Mrs. Herringham, Mr. Sargent, Mr. D. Y. Cameron, Professor Holmes, Sir Edward Poynter, Sir Philip Burne-Jones, Mr. D. S. MacColl, Mr. Hugh de Glazebrook, Mr. Maxwell Balfour, Mr. Muirhead Bone, Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. J. E. Southall, Mr. Briton Riviere, Mr. T. B. Wirgman, Mr. Collins Baker. Collectors



Lansdowne House Garden, Berkeley Square (drawing).

By Muirhead Bone.



The Sardinia Embassy (drawing).

(By permission of
Messrs. Obach & Co.)

By Muirhead Bone.

and others closely associated with the arts also came forward generously.

THE large collection of portrait-busts of Roman Emperors in the British Museum—which has just lost, by resignation, its distinguished Director and Principal Librarian—has lately been increased by that, in remarkably fine condition, of Emperor Titus. An important acquisition in another kind is a mazer bowl of an unusual type, the broad silver rim engraved in well-designed black-letter with the allusive inscription, “Vas Precor et Potum Christum Benedicere Totum.” This bowl is said to be earlier by three or four decades than the maple-wood mazer bowl in the Braikenridge collection, the mount of which bears the London hall-mark for 1534, sold at Christie’s last year for £2,300. By the way, the faces of the Roman Emperors appear to have been undergoing a process of washing.

Love among the Ruins.

Painted by Sir E. Burne-Jones.
Etched by Luke Taylor, A.R.E.

G. F. WATTS once said to Mr. C. E. Hallé, “Whereabouts in Art do you place Burne-Jones?”
“Amongst the first twelve or fifteen,” replied Mr. Hallé. “I place him first of all,” said Watts. “Do you mean really that you put him above Michelangelo, Raphael,

Titian, and Leonardo?” “No,” was the answer; “I do not mean that the men you have mentioned were not greater in many ways, but that no artist who has lived at any time has united in himself so many gifts of the highest order—imagination, design, drawing, colour and manipulation.”*

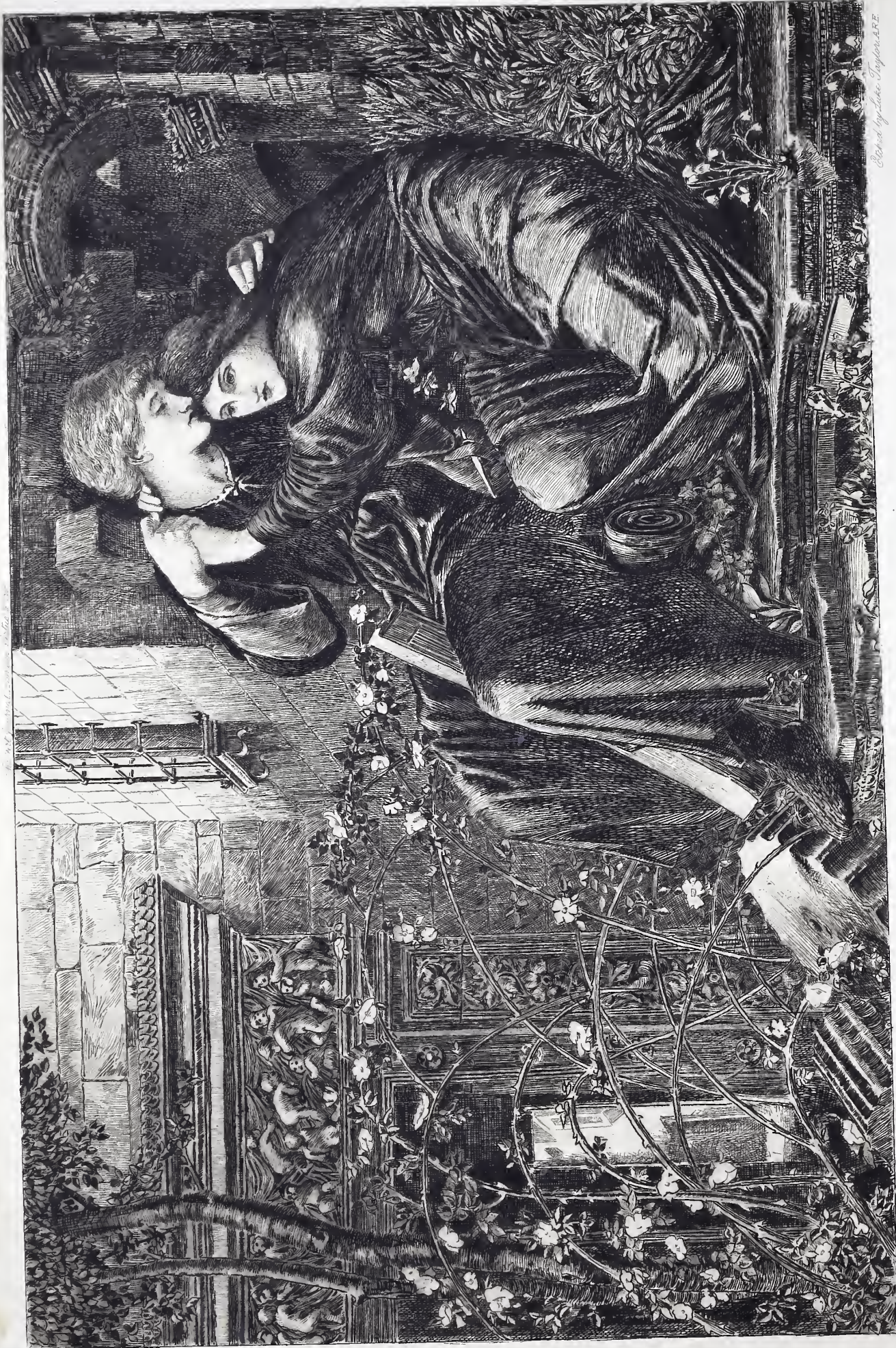
‘Love among the Ruins’ is one of the great works of Burne-Jones, and it possesses a combination of those qualities which drew from Watts so high an estimate of the painter’s worth. It is a romantic thing, charged with the inspiration of legend. The lovers meet amid the ruins of a city, and find consolation for the past and hope for the future in each other’s presence. The fallen columns, over which grow the wild rose brambles beloved by the painter, represent the shattered splendours of the past, and the figures of the man and woman symbolize the never-failing power of restoration in human love and sympathy. Life and progress spring up from all disasters if companionship is perfect.

This oil picture, from which Mr. Luke Taylor has made so capable a translation, is of the same design as the one which Burne-Jones painted in water-colours and showed in 1873 at the Dudley Gallery in the old Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. The picture was destroyed in Paris in 1893 by the surface being washed over with some preparation. The present version, “I began at once, and have made it as like as possible to the other, and have finished it this day, April 23, 1894.”

Burne-Jones became a Classic in his lifetime because of his lofty imagination and his great powers of expression. While studying at Oxford for the Church he was influenced by the close friendship of William Morris, and later on he studied with Rossetti, who persuaded him to adopt Art as a career. His success was assured early, but, like a great many other men of genius, he had a hard fight for recognition. After the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery in 1877 he obtained a firm hold on the public attention, and though ridicule of the “greenery-gallery” school played a part in creating the wide interest, there was, too, the potent force of merit to proclaim his ideals and those of the other exhibitors. When the Grosvenor Gallery fell to pieces in its policy, Burne-Jones became identified with the New Gallery, and there in 1893 and again in 1899 his work was collected as a one-man show.

We find the true function of art expressed by George Eliot in the words she wrote to Burne-Jones: “Your work makes life larger and more beautiful to me.” That tribute was treasured by the artist, no doubt, with similar expressions of restrained admiration. Great art refreshes the mind and the soul in all seasons as much as the sea breezes freshen the body in summer. But though the creator of ‘Love among the Ruins’ and other incomparable works conferred benefit on mankind by his enlightening works, he was not satisfied. To his own standard he fell short in accomplishment, and lamented that life was too brief: Three hundred years were needed, he said to Mr. Holman-Hunt, to attain maturity in art. But however short he fell of his own ambitions—“a poor futile life,” he said—the world is richer for his work. That is the best memorial of a supreme artist.

* Notes from a Painter’s Life, by C. E. Hallé (Murray).



Engraved by John Taylor & Co.

Love among the Ruins

Published by E. B. Rouse Jones

In the Mt. Sycamore Collection
By permission of Mrs. Hattie M. M. M.

The Treatment of Drapery in Painting.

By A. L. Baldry.

IT has always been accepted as an indisputable fact that of all the technical problems with which the painter has to deal, the representation of the human figure is the one which needs the most careful study and involves the most serious difficulties. Skill in flesh-painting is regarded—and certainly not without justification—as the best proof of the completeness with which an artist has been equipped for the pursuit of his profession, and as indisputable evidence of the thoroughness with which he has been trained in practical matters. If he has mastered the subtleties of flesh, its elusiveness of colour and texture, and its delicacy of tone gradation, if he can draw and model the human figure with certainty and with a due sense of refinement, he may fairly be presumed to be a man of high attainments.

But second only to the knowledge of the technicalities of flesh-painting comes the understanding of the way in which drapery should be treated—the understanding, that is to say, of the executive processes which must be employed in dealing with the clothed or partly clothed figure. To this branch of study an insufficient amount of attention is given at the present time; under our modern systems of art education there is a tendency to neglect that careful consideration of drapery, as an important pictorial detail, which can be detected in the pictures of the greater Old Masters. Too many painters to-day slur over the painting of draperies and costumes, too many trust to mere suggestions of the character and texture of the stuffs they represent, and too few show any real or serious interest in what, if they understood it aright, they would discover to be a matter of particular moment.

This carelessness is the more to be deprecated because on the way in which the draperies are managed depends the success or failure of the great majority of figure paintings. To put a finely

handled head on a figure dressed in nondescript and unaccountable garments, or to contrast with the admirably suggested flesh of a semi-nude inconsequent stuffs without character or construction, is to commit a mistake which is inexcusably inartistic and to make admission of a defective education. A picture in such a state is incomplete, and can never be completed, because the artist's knowledge is not equal to the demand made upon it. His study has been one-sided, and he advertises this fact by the inefficiency of his pictorial record.

For, every man who has devoted to drapery painting the necessary amount of attention knows well what a great variety of character there is in the different materials out of which human clothing is made; and he knows too that it



(Photo. Hollyer.)

Paolo and Francesca.

By G. F. Watts, O.M., R.A.



(Wallace Collection.)

A Girl with Doves.

By Jean Baptiste Greuze.

he does not study what may fairly be called the anatomy of each material, and learn how each one behaves under different conditions, he cannot represent them on his canvas with any reasonable degree of actuality. In every kind of drapery there is definite construction, and whether the artist is representing the formalities of modern dress or the loose,

rippling folds of a classic robe, he must make sure of this construction if he is ever to give any air of conviction to his work. It is by the formation of the folds, by the way they hang and turn, and by their manner of shaping themselves in curves or angles, that the nature of the material of which the drapery is made can be explained; and it is the



(Wallace Collection.)

Mrs. Carnac.

By Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.



A Country Girl.

By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

formation of the folds that determines the light and shade arrangement by which texture is suggested. Without correct construction there can be no accurate definition of character; there can be nothing but merely superficial imitation which will not bear analysis or testing by exact knowledge.

What many artists do not realize is that this superficiality of observation and this want of serious consideration are contrary to the tradition which has been established by the greater painters of the past. In the work of the masters of all periods there is evidence that the draperies received quite as much attention as the flesh, and that they were dealt with as vital facts in the pictorial scheme. Velazquez certainly appreciated their importance when he painted the wonderful full-length of Philip IV. which is now in our National Gallery; and Reynolds saw clearly how much they would help in the amplifying of a sumptuous and dignified design when he elaborated the details of the costume of Mrs. Carnac. These pictures, indeed, are specially worth comparison, because they illustrate two opposite aspects of drapery painting—the one is solid, simple and monumental, the other light, fantastic and vivacious, and yet both are full of serious intention and of careful study of actualities. It can be seen plainly enough that neither painter was under the illusion that the painting of drapery was a trivial affair which need not be taken seriously. Nor is there any want of care in such a picture as Greuze's 'A Girl with Doves' which belongs to a period when the decorative value of

well-designed drapery was fully recognized, and the manner in which it could be used to tie together the parts of a composition was studiously thought out.

An excellent instance of the linking together of the lines and masses of a group of figures by the introduction of appropriate drapery is seen in Alonso Cano's 'Vision of St. John the Evangelist,' a composition which gains much of its authority from the breadth and distinction of the drapery painting and much of its dramatic meaning from the contrast between the large forms of the saint's robe and the smaller details of the angel's fluttering garments. A more modern example of the same use of accessories to accentuate the pictorial motive and to give completeness to the design is available in the 'Paolo and Francesca' by G. F. Watts. Here again the draperies, half-veiling the figures, add to the meaning of the line composition and by their suggestion of movement, continuous and irresistible, help to make intelligible the story of the picture.

Indeed, in paintings of action, the flicker and swirl of draperies is almost indispensable to make the movement properly perceptible. If Watts had painted nude figures in



A Puritan Girl.

By G. H. Boughton, R.A.



Greek Girls playing at Ball.
By Lord Leighton, P.R.A.

(By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., 133, New Bond Street, W.)



"Autumn."

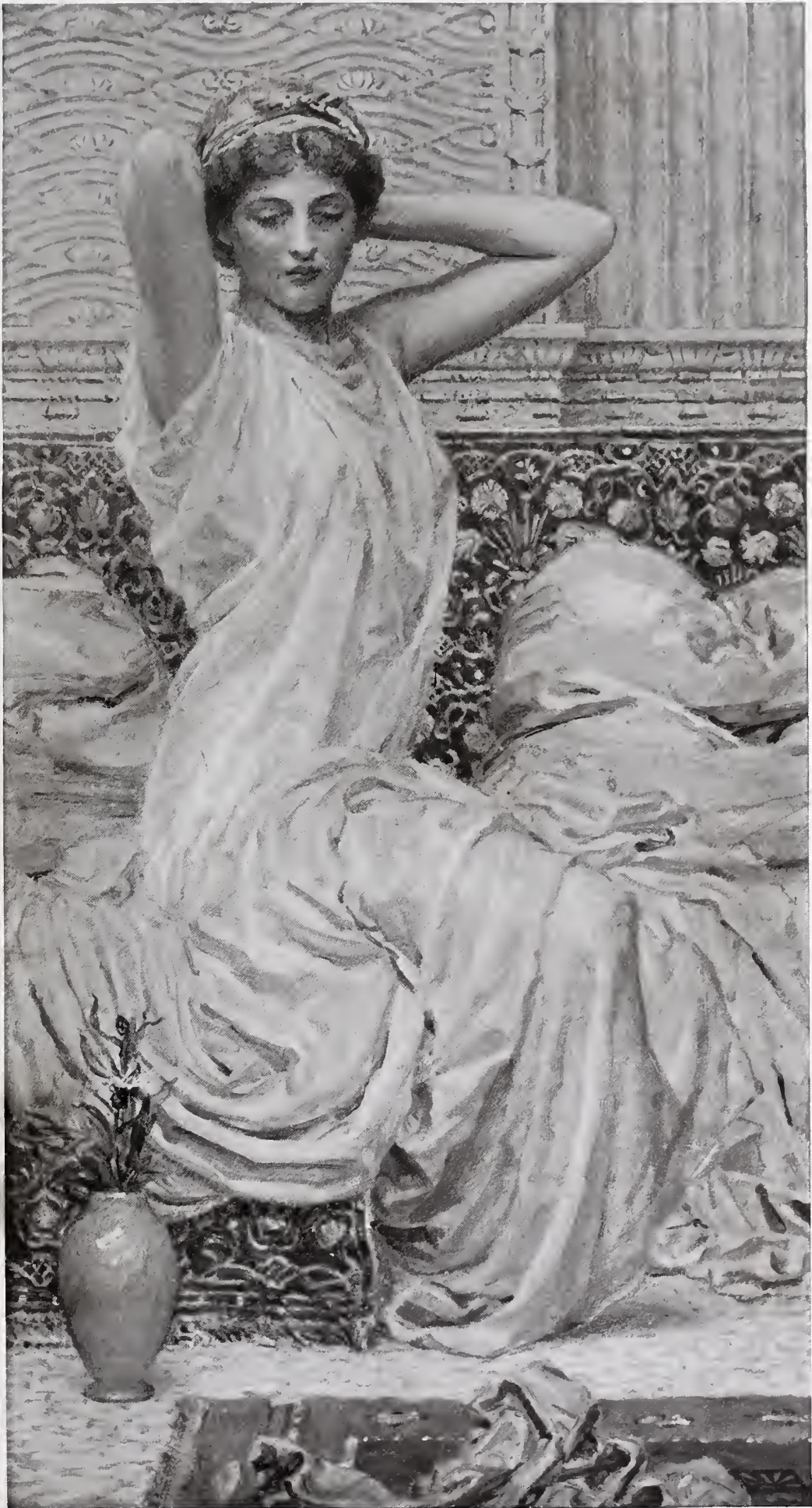
By Albert Moore.



"Summer."

By Albert Moore.

Studies for "The Loves of the Winds and the Seasons."



Painted by ALBERT MOORE.

THE TOILETTE. *[By permission of W. Graham Robertson, Esq.]*

his 'Paolo and Francesca' he would have only half realized his intention; it is the play of the material in which they are wrapped that explains to the observer what is happening to these two actors in a tragic drama. But when drapery is used in this way, there is on the artist the responsibility of making himself fully acquainted with the manner in which it behaves in action; if he is in any doubt on this point his work cannot fail to give a wrong impression and to miss its aim more or less obviously. How this may happen is shown definitely in Lord Leighton's 'Greek Girls Playing at Ball,' in which the artist has trusted to a theory of movement rather than to actual observation, and has laboriously elaborated an impossibility. The draperies in this picture do not suggest movement, partly because they are wrong in their general forms, and partly because they are worried and cut up with a multiplicity of small details which would be invisible under such conditions of action as are suggested by the attitudes of the figures. What has resulted is a contradiction; the drapery, instead of helping to explain what the



(Wallace
Collection.)

The Vision of St. John the Evangelist.

By Alonso Cano.



(Wallace
Collection.)

Philippe le Roy, Seigneur de Ravens.

By Sir Anthony Van Dyck.

two girls are doing, makes their movements seem unaccountably extravagant by being itself rigid, formal and lifeless. It crinkles and folds and sticks out in unexpected places, but it does not move. The two slighter studies by G. H. Boughton are far more convincing, because in them the drapery lines are consistent and agree with what action there is in the figures; and there is in these studies no frittering away of the broad effect by searching for unnecessary details.

Among the painters who have, in our own times, made drapery a subject of special study, Albert Moore, perhaps, ranks highest—certainly there is now no one to equal him in the representation of those light, semi-transparent fabrics which he used so constantly in his delightfully imagined pictures. He had a decorative instinct of a very rare type, a classic sense of line which guided him infallibly in the whole of his work; and this instinct accounted for the exceptional quality of his drapery painting. It led him to investigate the character and structure of drapery arrangements and to seek out the reasons for the varieties of form which appeared in different materials; it made him, in fact, a student of the fundamental principles of drapery



(National
Gallery.)

Philip IV., King of Spain.

By Velazquez.

construction. And how careful was his investigation can be seen in his studies and cartoons, quite as much as in his pictures; he left nothing to chance, but by exhaustive preparatory work ensured the completeness of his final record. Yet this exactness of method did not result either in pedantry of expression or in commonplace realism; realistic his work certainly was, in the sense that it was true and accurately reasoned out, but it was always dignified by an artistic restraint which made impossible any dwelling upon things trivial or unessential.

Albert Moore's manner of working is worthy of particular attention because it was so absolutely inspired by the right spirit: by the only spirit, indeed, which should influence any artist who might wish to excel as a painter of drapery. He was the best modern supporter of the fine tradition which was established by those masters who in the past showed their full appreciation of the importance of this part of their practice, and he interpreted this tradition with intelligence and sincerity, and yet without any sacrifice of his own personal view of art. With his example before them the

modern men can see, if they choose, how little fear there is that they may lose their individuality by studying the methods of their predecessors.

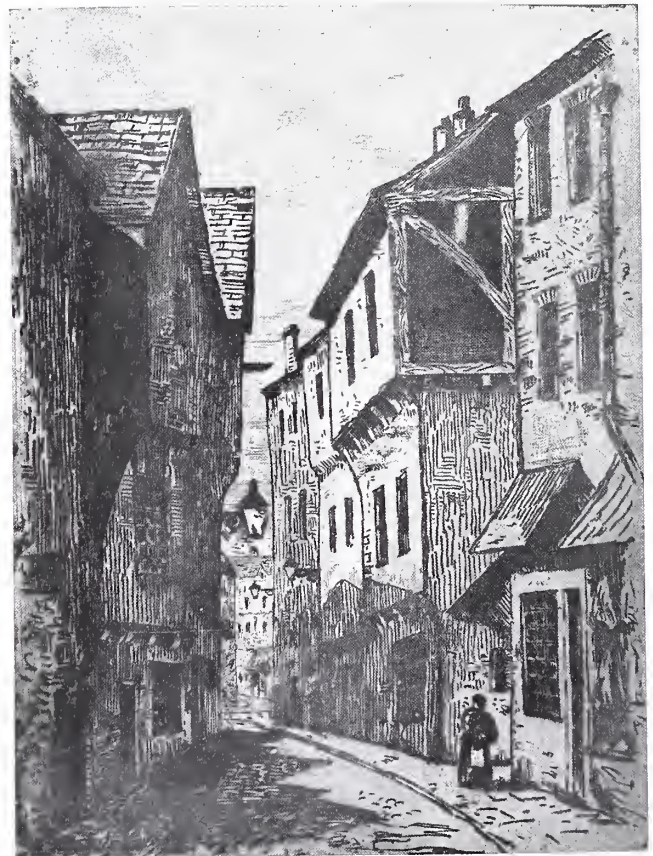
The Shambles, York.

NO city of the Empire can boast of greater antiquity or interest than York. The city was of some extent before Julius Agricola, in A.D. 78, took up his residence there, and it owes its rise into importance to the Romans.

Many changes have taken place in York during the last century, but though they have impaired, they have not altogether effaced its antique and singular character.

The Shambles, of which we give an illustration from an etching by Mr. W. Hilton Nash, shows the character of the buildings of the Middle Ages. The street, though very picturesque, would hardly fulfil modern sanitary requirements. Many butchers' shops, however, are still to be found there, and time-honoured custom has, no doubt, something to do with their retention.

Some of these houses are rapidly falling into decay, and probably before many years, this, and the neighbouring streets, will have been demolished to make way for city improvements.



The Shambles, York.

From an Etching by W. Hilton Nash, F.R.I.B.A.

The Artistic Training of a Jeweller.—IV.*

By R. L. B. Rathbone.

OF all the constructive methods of ornamenting jewellery, there are probably none which are more attractive than those which depend on the use of twisted and plaited wires; elements of decoration these which, while rich in beauty and variety, and most essentially characteristic of metal, also contribute a most useful quality of strength. These processes constitute one of the most fascinating branches of the metal-worker's craft, and they have always been especially beloved of jewellers from the earliest times. They are equally appropriate to most of the harder and more ductile metals, and they are the heritage no less of the blacksmith than of the worker in gold. But, naturally enough, it is in objects made of the precious metals that the daintiest uses of these most decorative processes occur, and it is not unlikely that the first efforts at producing an ornamental effect, by twisting strips or threads of metal, may have been made in gold.

Referring back for a moment to some of the illustrations in the first two articles of this series, we find in Fig. 6, p. 105, that twists of gold wire form a very essential part of the designs in almost all of these beautiful little examples of ancient Greek and Roman jewellery.

The Turkish Clasp (Fig. 9, p. 106) and in a still more marked degree those from Norway (Fig. 13, p. 108) provide good instances of the remarkable usefulness, both decorative and constructive, whether of simple or of compound twists. Several of the rings in Fig. 23, p. 132, and notably the big Anglo-Saxon one, with the broad border of right- and left-handed twists alternating with fine plain wires, and finally Figs. 43 to 47 inclusive in the present article, all repeat the same lesson.

The Loch Buy Brooch (Fig. 43) is, like many of the ancient Scottish brooches, rather massive as a piece of personal jewellery, but used as it no doubt was to secure a heavy plaid, wrapped round the shoulders, it must have looked rather splendid. It has an interesting history, having been made about the year 1500, out of silver ore found on the Loch Buy estate in the Island of Mull, and, according to the inscription engraved on the back, it was made by a tinman. It is wonderful that this mediæval tinker in a remote island should have had the intimate knowledge of jeweller's work which this brooch displays; but there is strong evidence that the design was his own, at least in its main ideas, in the resemblance borne by the central portion and its surrounding turrets

to forms which we are in the habit of associating peculiarly with the tinman's craft—forms which were evidently equally familiar 400 years ago! It is easy to say that the middle part looks very like a pastry cutter, and others like miniature pepper pots, and that the whole thing rather suggests a jelly mould, but if the tinman did base his design on simple shapes he knew by heart, he shows that he knew how to use them nobly, and to decorate them sumptuously. Almost all the enrichments are made of wire, sometimes twisted simply, sometimes most elaborately, and the rich effect thereby obtained is skilfully used to contrast with the plain surfaces of silver, and with the great smooth mass of rock-crystal which so finely dominates the whole design. The gold buckle of Anglo-Saxon workmanship (Fig. 44) is another instance where great richness results from the massive border of twists, though perhaps one may venture to think that a little more reticence and variety in their use would have been an improvement. But there is something decidedly touching in the evidence borne by this object that the beauty of twists had quite fascinated the craftsman, who, having determined to make his buckle as magnificent as he knew how, expended his labour, with lavish prodigality, in producing and building up all the store of twisted wire out of which he constructed that border.

The Rings in Fig. 45 contain some very pretty twists, and they are charming pieces of craftsmanship; but the use of that kind of decoration is inappropriate on rings, as they would be most uncomfortable, not to say



(British Museum.)

43. The Loch Buy Brooch (Silver). Scottish. Early sixteenth century. Set with rock-crystal and pearls.

* Continued from page 215.



(British Museum.) 44. Gold Buckle, set with garnets and red glass. Anglo-Saxon.

painful to the wearer. However, it is fairly obvious that if these rings were worn at all, it can only have been in a purely ceremonial way, as the twisted wire borders are by no means the only, nor the greatest projections.

The Norwegian Brooch or Clasp (Fig. 46), a very fine traditional design, owes a great deal to its bold rings of compound twist, within which are finer ones of simple right-

and left-handed twists, laid together in pairs.

The Crystal Pendant (Fig. 47) shows how valuable twists may be in the lightest and daintiest work, which in this case depends upon them for its construction.

Figs. 48 and 49 represent a number of trial patterns made of wires of different sizes and sections, twisted either singly or in groups of two or more, and they may perhaps give some idea of the almost unlimited number of variations which may be obtained by these processes.

The opportunities for variation are incidentally demonstrated by the fact that it is often most astonishingly difficult to repeat a compound twist accurately, unless the most careful and detailed notes have been made, not only of the exact sizes of all the component parts, but also of the degree of twisting used in them, individually and collectively; that is to say, the number of turns taken in any given length; and it is also necessary to make notes of the order in which the combinations were made. Very slight differences in the relative sizes of the various components entirely alter the proportions of the resulting twist, and if these differences are only a little greater, the proportions may even be reversed, so that the part which ought to be the most important retires into insignificance. It often makes all the difference how far a twist is carried—sometimes a close twist is required, while at others an open one looks much better; and it is often quite difficult to believe that two different examples are really composed of an equal number of wires of the same size, the only variation being in the degree of twisting.

Sometimes all the constituents of a compound twist are made to follow in the same direction, but in other cases much of the beauty results from inserting a left-hand twist

among the coils of a right-hand one. Again, in combining a set of separate twists, in order to form a compound arrangement, the final twisting may need to be done in the opposite direction to that of the individual members. This produces the chain-like effect of some of the examples in Fig. 49. And, further, the effect differs according to whether the various components are all twisted together, or whether some of them are inserted afterwards.

The examples in Fig. 50 are mostly selected from those already illustrated in the two preceding plates, but they are altered in appearance very considerably by a little hammering; and the same remarks apply to some of the patterns of plaited wire shown in Fig. 51, where a few are illustrated both before and after having been hammered flat.

These and the other methods of constructing ornamental details, which have been illustrated in this and my preceding articles, are the bequest of the experience of ages, to which I have endeavoured to add, here and there, some small contribution derived from personal experience, and from individual experiments which have interested and helped me. I believe that such methods must always be valuable, especially to those jewellers whose abilities lie rather in the handling of materials, and in the composition of designs by means of selection and arrangement, than in the more abstract methods of the sculptor or the painter. Those who approach jewellery from these latter points of view will generally find their best opportunities in some of its other branches, which I have not attempted to touch upon, such

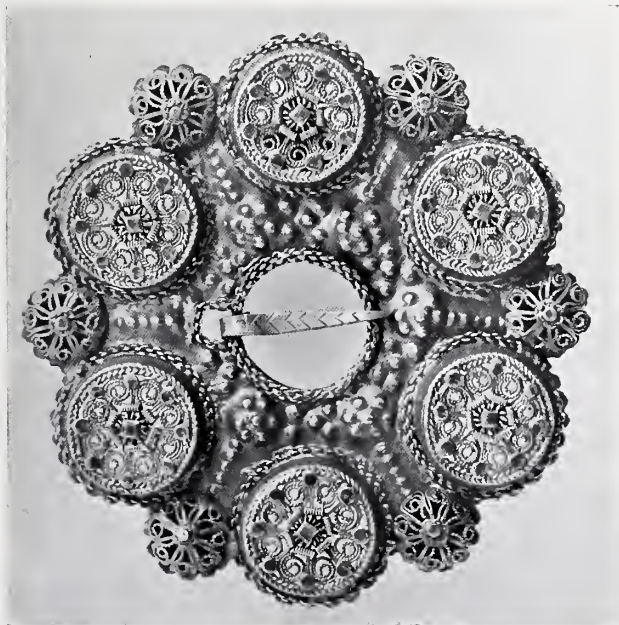


(British Museum.)

45. Jewish Betrothal Rings. (Gold.)

as repoussé and chasing; carving, modelling and casting; engraving, damascening, enamelling and niello-work. But to them, also, the more constructive processes are of the utmost value in design, as well as for acquiring some very essential parts of the jeweller's technique; and on the other hand, a limited use of all the other treatments just enumerated above is perfectly well within the reach of any intelligent craftsman, even though he does not attempt to produce jewellery of a sculptural or of a pictorial type. At the same time, it is perhaps hardly necessary to add that they can only be carried to their highest perfection by those who have gifts of a very different order to those with which the ordinary craftsman is endowed. If I refrain from dealing in a more detailed way with these treatments, it is because I think that they should come after the student has passed through a course of training such as I am here endeavouring to sketch out, and because their practice is not so directly suggestive of decorative patterns, nor does it inevitably yield so rich a harvest of motifs for design, as does the handling of wire. Nevertheless, elementary repoussé work should come early in the craftsman's training, and it is susceptible of methods which are not so very different from those employed in producing the patterns composed of circular forms, illustrated in Figs. 24, 26, 27 and 28, pp. 133-135, Art. II.; or even from those built up out of the other small units, illustrated in Fig. 31, p. 210, Art. III.

The various punches of the repoussé worker may be used in different ways, and although, when handled with sufficient skill, they will render the most subtle modelling, or the most masterly drawing without leaving any impress of their own shape; yet the more primitive method of handling them, whereby numerous separate impressions, made by these punches, gradually produce an ornamental pattern, is not to be despised. A few fairly good examples occur in some illustrations of silver buttons in the first number of the present volume, Fig. 12, p. 13, but they do not give any idea of the very dainty and beautiful borders



(Victoria and
Albert Museum.)

46. Silver-gilt Brooch. Norwegian.
Eighteenth century.



47. Rock-crystal Pendant, set with gold, enamels
and pearls. Spanish. Seventeenth century.

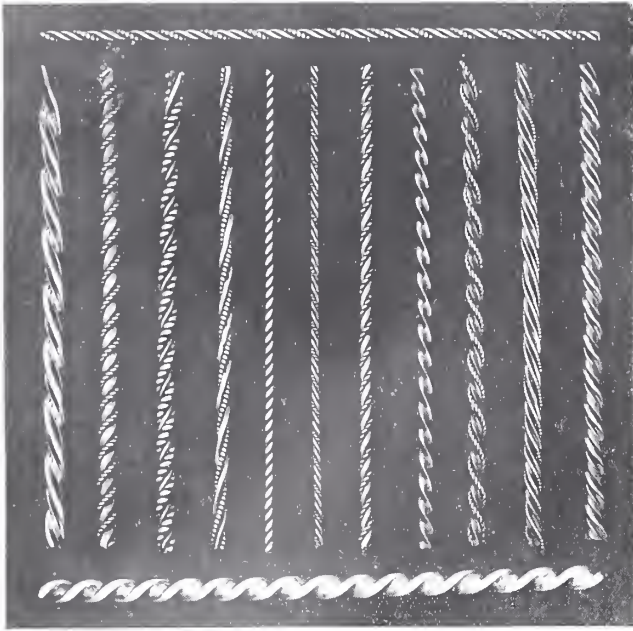
(Victoria and Albert Museum.)

and other enrichments which may be not only produced, but even suggested and originated in this way.

Such ornaments need not necessarily be geometric, although the tools are particularly appropriate to that kind of treatment; but pleasant, simple designs, suggestive of creeping plants with leaves and flowers branching out from undulating stalks, occur naturally to the craftsman when he begins to learn how to use the punches; and the designs which arise from making clusters of grains, and from bending and interlacing wire, are easily imitated in repoussé work, with satisfactory results. One other process which is absolutely essential to every jeweller must at least be given a bare mention, and that is the setting of precious stones, which really includes several processes; but illustrations of the various different ways of doing this belong rather to a technical treatise than to one which aims principally at analysing some of the simpler methods of design. Fig. 52 illustrates a pendant made out of one of the designs shown in Fig. 33 (Art. III., p. 210) with a chain, whose links are composed alternately of circular forms and of right- and left-hand twists, separated by plain wire.

Beaded wire, twists, discs and domes are used to enrich and strengthen the skeleton form out of which the pendant is constructed; and the middle part of this skeleton is itself domed into a fairly bold boss, upon which the central stone is set.

Here the lines of the design are all repeated and emphasised, so that it is easy to trace the original skeleton, but it might perfectly well have been treated quite differently, and overlaid with other forms in a contrasting arrangement, which would have concealed the construction instead



(By the
Author.)

48. Simple and Compound Twists.
(Silver wire.)

of reinforcing it. Thus a skeleton design, such as those developed in my third article, may form the basis of two or more finished pieces, which may eventually differ so much from each other that, to a casual observer, it would not be easy to see that at an earlier stage they were identical.

Any one, who has examined and thought about the kind of jewellery to which I have devoted most of my space in these articles, will probably agree that it is largely a matter of judicious selection and arrangement; and that is one reason why it is such a fascinating craft. While it offers endless scope to the skill and invention and fantasies of the most accomplished artists, it does also provide a most attractive outlet for the abilities and industry of the humblest lover of the arts, who has a moderate capacity for using tools. And here I venture to throw out a suggestion which I believe may be, in some degree, capable of realisation.

In most foreign holiday resorts there is some, more or less artistic handicraft, which is practised as a local industry, dependent mainly on the custom of visitors; and I think that most people, when they go away for a holiday, do like to find local productions which excite their interest and offer them opportunities of buying small trifles, directly connected with the place, to take back with them, as presents for friends at home. If the crafts are of such a nature that the visitors can actually watch the things being made, so much the better, for an inspection of the workshops may then be added to the list of local attractions. There are, of course, instances of this kind, mostly successful, in England, such as those at Tunbridge Wells, Buxton, Keswick and Barnstaple; and the efforts of the Home Arts and Industries Association, and of various energetic and public-spirited individuals, have done much to foster the growth and revival of local arts here and there. But I think it is true that provision is most frequently made in a way familiar to most of us, in the form, say, of a mug, or an ash tray, proclaiming the fact that it is a present from Margate, or Blackpool, as the case may be; though one suspects that it really comes from Germany, like some of the imitation precious stones sold to

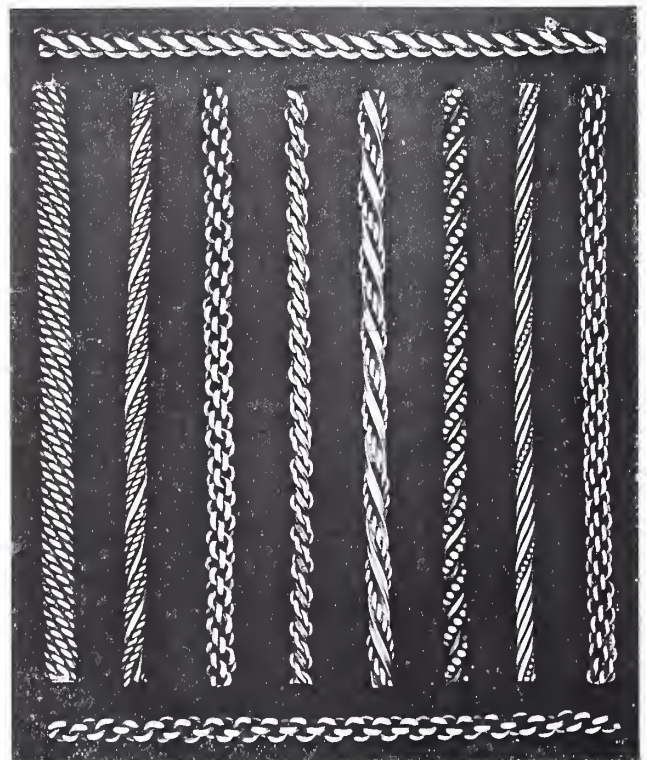
unsuspecting travellers by the persuasive Oriental. Perhaps one reason why our holiday resorts are deficient in local crafts, is that as a nation we seem never to have had, or to have wanted, any peasant jewellery of our own; though it is peasant jewellery which, at foreign places, often makes the most successful appeal to the purchasing section of the visitors.

No doubt the Anglo-Saxon race is, for the most part, stolidly indifferent to the pleasure to be derived from cultivating the æsthetic faculties; blindly content to live in ugliness; and lazily averse to spending its leisure industriously.

But the determined efforts that are being made to establish handicrafts all over the country, and to revive such few traditions as we can boast of, have already begun to show how much artistic ability there is latent.

However, the great difficulty is apt to be—designing; and as I have had full personal experience of that difficulty myself, I am the more inclined to believe that the method upon which I happen to have stumbled—whereby designs with a certain degree of freshness and interest grow of themselves in an apparently unlimited number in nature's own way,—I believe that this method does present a possible solution.

Most holiday resorts have either a pier or else public gardens, where it would seem quite natural to find a kiosk containing a display of local productions offered for sale; and such a kiosk might surely be financed by local support, the expenses being, of course, paid out of commission on sales, which should easily provide a sufficient sum. Then, as to production. Where no craft work of the kind is already made, the best chance of success would doubtless lie in avoiding ambitious work. Buttons and clasps, muff chains and simple pendants, can be made by quick students who have a natural facility for handling tools after a very few months' training under a capable teacher; especially if no



(By the Author)

49. Compound Twists. (Silver wire.)

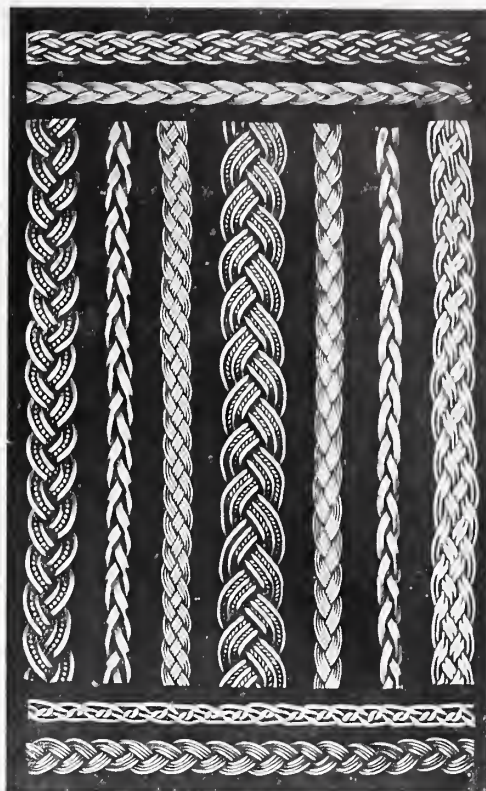
precious stones are used. Indeed, if the training is continued steadily from day to day, I would substitute "weeks" for "months."

Moreover, such things can perfectly well be made by those who are physically unable to follow more active pursuits; and that applies particularly to the small wire units illustrated in Fig. 31, Art. III., which require only strong fingers, tolerable eyesight, and patience; and they appear to me to provide admirable work for cripples having those qualifications.

Except during the period of learning, when the student should carry each exercise right through from start to finish, I see no harm in a moderate amount of division of labour, when large numbers of the same unit are required.

A few travelling instructors could teach the making of wire units to some of the cripples in each of a large number of places in the course of a year; and even the more difficult arts of soldering, and mounting, and stone-setting could be acquired in the same way, or by a few selected students being sent to the nearest good technical school for a few months. The outfit required is not very expensive, and the benefits might be far-reaching.

In conclusion, I believe most firmly that craftsmen whose special bent lies in the direction of jewellery, but who find that they have not got the faculty of inventing fine designs for important works, may yet produce charming and beautiful and useful things, and take a great delight in doing so. But I doubt if any one who takes up this work seriously, on some such lines as those I have indicated, and enjoys it, can possibly fail to develop some power of design, so long as the invention is kept constantly alert to seize every



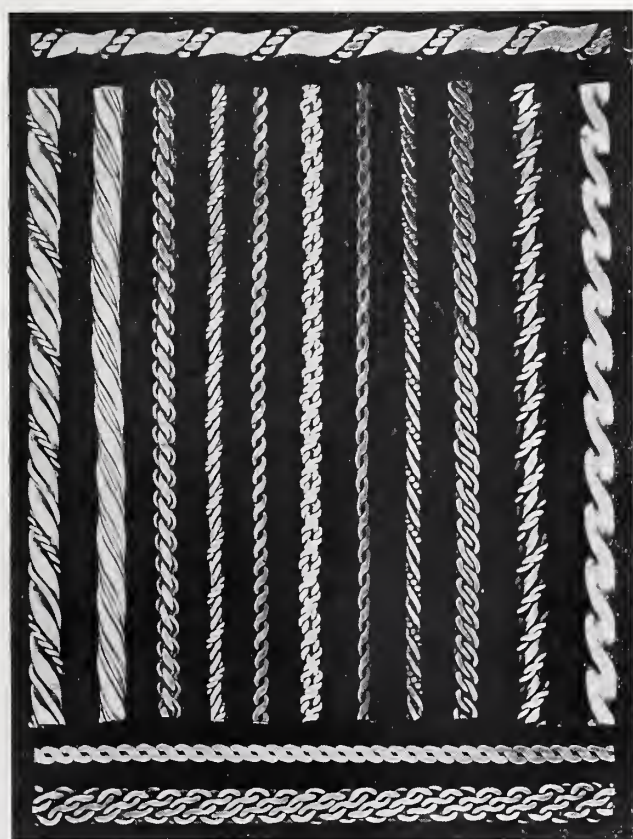
(By the Author.)

51. Plaits of Silver Wire.

suggestion of design offered by the material, and so long as the mind—and fingers—are not allowed to continue repetitions to the point of making their work mechanical. One must not go on repeating the same arrangement for long without considering what alternatives or variations are possible. But, on the other hand, it is at least doubtful if there is any advantage in courting disappointment by premature efforts after originality. Once again—one cannot make something out of nothing.

Those who are beginning, and those who, having begun, may have become conscious of a want of ideas for design, will do well to limit their practical work to exercises for a while, taking care to lose no opportunity for the study of old work—a study which no artist is ever too great to keep up. In the foregoing pages I have tried to show that the exercises need not be dull, and moreover that their results may be developed later on into actual finished pieces, if they are not required for permanent reference.

Take any simple unit (such as the little bit of wire treated of in Art. III.) and try what you can make of it. Don't trouble about pencil and paper for that, whether you can draw with ease or not; take the thing itself and try every way you can think of using it, with the help of a few simple tools. Follow each way and each by-way right out to its logical conclusion. When you think you have done so—when you think you have exhausted every possibility—just put it away for a few days; take up something else, and when you come to a standstill over that, go back to the other exercise, and you will probably find fresh by-ways opening out and leading you along quiet, unfrequented paths, which pencil and paper would never have revealed to you. Don't say: "Haven't I done nearly enough of these variations?" but rather: "Is there no other possible permutation or combination which I might try now?" The



(By the Author.)

50. Flattened Twists, simple and compound.
(Silver wire.)



(By the Author.)

52. Silver Pendant and Chain.

early ones will doubtless have some nice things amongst them, but so also will the later and less obvious ones, in all probability, reward your perseverance no less richly. And it is not unlikely, for that matter, that some arrangements or combinations which, when made, look ridiculously obvious, will only occur to you after you have begun to wonder whether you have not about exhausted that particular idea. It has been well said: "Simplicity is the end of Art—by no means the beginning."

The Victoria and Albert Museum.

THE palace of Art is a modern need, a modern architectural problem. In the ages when the contents of our museums were made, they furnished and adorned the living-places of men. The palace of an art-loving prince was designed to display his treasures, but they were part of a whole intended for all those purposes of use and state which determined the strength and magnificence of the building. The work of the architect might condition the work of the crafts-

men; never the other way round. At its simplest, museum-building is a more exigent undertaking than the building of palaces. To afford proper housing and display for a vast collection of art of all kinds and periods, splendid utilities and luxuries, from snuff-boxes, to cathedral doors, from tea-cups to tombs, architecture must subserve requirements which regard the contents before the structure. The problem is further complicated when those requirements are not put definitely before the architect, when he has to plan with more or less vague knowledge of the arrangement and functions of the collection.

In these exceedingly difficult conditions, with the added inconvenience of adjusting a new building to one already existing, Sir Aston Webb has achieved his imposing work—the Victoria and Albert Museum. Inevitably the great and costly building is not faultless, either for its purpose or in appearance. Criticism of the irregular line of the main frontage is not silenced by the plea of thereby bringing the new museum into line with the quite irrelevant structure of the Natural History Museum, nor by that of a small gain of interior space. The domes provided to be in keeping with the scale of the Science Schools are against dignity of sky-line, and fault may easily be found with the choice of artists and craftsmen for the thirty-two niches. Of much greater importance are the interior defects, arising from the want of authoritative instruction to the architect by those responsible for the organisation of the museum. To that initial indefiniteness, impossible to repair, even by the vigorous and well-informed labours of the Committee of Rearrangement, practical shortcomings may justly be ascribed, since features of doubtful suitability, such as the great Octagon Court, the halls extending for nearly a hundred yards to either side of the central hall, are architecturally perfectly justified and most imposing. Indeed, the spacious simplicity, the plentiful light and dignified proportion of the interior, dispose one to be far more appreciative than critical of Sir Aston Webb's setting of this wonderful collection, now first to be enjoyed in its full beauty.

The West Court, where the Persian textiles make an impression which allows one to share the deep enthusiasm of William Morris for these noble webs, the East Court, hung with stately tapestries, the room filled with the art of the Della Robbia family, the adjoining gallery of Florentine and other Italian sculpture, and the vast Ceramic section on the second floor, are instances of entire success in rearrangement. That huge process is, of course, still by a long way incomplete. When the ugly stand-cases are replaced by wall-cases, the effect in the Ceramic galleries and elsewhere will be still finer, and throughout the great museum we may look for still further improvements on what, as it is, constitutes a revelation of an inexhaustible fund of delight and instruction.



Ante-room to the Studio of Mary Pownall (Mrs. Alfred Bromet).

A Distinguished Woman Sculptor.

By R. E. D. Sketchley.

IN every life great enough to represent forces of life there are moments, when, speaking, acting, working out of his own nature, the individual typifies the mode of an epoch or system. So Donatello, chiselling his 'Zuccone'—his challenge to all creeds older than that in which he worked—seems to prompt the modern renaissance of sculpture by his half-exultant, half-yearning exclamation, "Why dost thou not speak?"

That striving to impress on the stone the look of speech lays open sculpture as a modern, almost a romantic, art; dealing with life intensified by action and passion, rather than with the "central passivity," the divine self-completeness which inspires classical sculpture. Nineteenth Century France took the word from Donatello and his mighty pupil Michelangelo, and influenced by the art of Barye, Carpeaux, Rude, Dalou, Rodin, sculpture of to-day becomes more and more a "speaking" art, complex, various, as it has never before been.

It is no purpose of this paper to balance the gain and loss in this phase of new motives, new manners, in sculpture. What Rodin so finely calls "the latent heroic in every natural movement" is sought and found only by

those whose art, however romantic it now appears in its eagerness, its striving after freedom, is destined to become classical. These are the few. In the results of any such attempt to incorporate strange beauty many "incertainties" must "crown themselves assured." The enlargement of the sculptor's aim to include the expression of vital influences and experiences denied utterance by the sculptors of antiquity has undoubtedly given the art a new and widening popularity.

Among the rapidly enlarging number of sculptors several women have distinguished places. In relation to the work of one of these, Mrs. Alfred Bromet, better known by her maiden name of Mary Pownall, is applicable what I have said as to the increasing preoccupation of sculptors with what is inward in life. As she herself says, her love of sculpture is innate, the love of form, which, as Stevenson affirms, marks the vocation of the artist. No doubt that is true. Words as words, paint as paint, the clay and stone for themselves, are the initial attraction to the born writer, painter, sculptor. But the love and choice of a medium is rooted deeper than the conscious reason knows. It is related to that fund of interest and beauty



The late Mrs. Alfred Bromet.
By Mary Pownall.



"A Rose."
By Mary Pownall.



Master Nebby Allan Rowe.
By Mary Pownall.



Master Hugh Pownall.
By Mary Pownall.



The Great Specialist.
By Mary Pownall.

in the world of sense and thought which the special art is most fitted to express. As Mrs. Bromet's work shows, if sculpture were inadequate to the expression of animation, mobility, concentrated passion, she would not have followed the sculptor's profession with the thoroughness and absorption proved in her record of study and achievement.

It is a record of many successes, beginning with the purchase by the well-known collector, Mr. Charles Gallo-way, of a head of a French Peasant, done by her as a girl at home without any teaching. That recognition of her talent prepared the way for her to go, first to Frankfurt, and then to Paris, where she entered Julian's. There at the end of a year she was successful in competition with the men students in the Grand Concours, with a sketch composition of Saint Sebastian, shown at the Salon des Artistes Français in 1892, together with the 'Mercury,' later exhibited in the Royal Academy and at Manchester. After six winters' work in Paris, during which time she executed several pieces of sculpture shown at the Old Salon—where in 1899 she obtained honourable mention for the graceful 'Now I'm a Fairy'—the artist went to Rome, with the

good fortune and honour of working in the Villa Medici.

Her three Roman winters Mrs. Bromet regards as the period in which she formed her art, though, as may be seen, it was as an artist of some success that she arrived in Rome. Study there enlarged her power, and in the companionship of sculptors who received her among themselves as one of the confraternity of artists, she became more than ever the student, the student of what art can express, not only of ways of expression.

Mrs. Bromet points to 'The Harpy' to show how Italy reinforced and expanded her conception of sculpture. It can be seen how charged with enthusiasm for the bold expression of elemental force is this striking work. Her idea of 'The Harpy' is not that of the hag-visaged monster, gross of shape, the defouling, food-snatching horror, tormentor of blind Phineus. She has looked beyond the later legends of Greek mythology to the mighty sisters begotten of the great Son of Earth of the Daughter of Ocean: violent, swift, and terribly beautiful; visible as the storm which may snatch from man the fruits of his harvest; rending the forest tree, smiting with their wings, darkening the earth as they fly. But their battle is no warfare on mankind, though man may suffer its effects. Their antagonists are the celestial Prodomoi who chase them eternally, striving with the darkness of the storm and the night. That warfare is the symbol of "the steep sky's commotion," of the change of night and day. To attempt



A Secret."
By Mary Pownall.



"Honesty is the best policy."

By Mary Pownall.

in sculpture such a conception of 'The Harpy' is no tame essay. Observation of southern vehemence, study of tragic intensities of expression, gave Mrs. Bromet material for the gesture and face. The wings, well designed and placed, the remorseless talon-hands, the forcible suggestion of fury about to spring, complete a vigorous *ensemble*, as those will remember who saw the work in the Royal Academy of 1903, and more recently at the Franco-British Exhibition. The illustration must inevitably leave something to be added by those familiar with the marble, but it gives its unflinching character.

'The Flood,' Mrs. Bromet's most important work in scale and completeness, was shown at Burlington House three years after 'The Harpy.' In the Academy it was one of three contrasting works by her, 'A Rose,' the suavely handled bas-relief (p. 246), and the plaster of 'An Intruder,' perhaps the most charming of 'Amoretti' such as 'A Secret,' or 'The Great Specialist'—examining the hearts he pairs or discards. They show Mrs. Bromet's feeling for the roundness and charm of babyhood, and her gift for composing figures in a happily related unity. 'An Intruder,' executed in marble for the Academy of 1906, was bought by the Princess of Wales, who has it in her private apartments.

To return, however, to work of higher ambition and of deeper moment to the artist. Even more than in the case of 'The Harpy,' 'The Flood' is not fully represented in

illustration. The sense of strain and desperation in the figure of the mother is an occasion for dramatic anatomy, if one may so call it. The modelling of the back, with muscles brought into play in her anguished clasp of the child, is noteworthy for truth and subtlety. The planes of the composition are finely modulated. It is emphatically a work to be appreciated in the round, where it tells as a significant and interesting unity from every point of view. Comparison with 'The Harpy' makes it evident that Mrs. Bromet's power of expressing the inner by the outer is more than one-sided. In the one work there is unrestrained vehemence, the other utters the constraint, the tensivity, of almost complete despair.

As has already been suggested by reference to the blithe child-statuettes, Mrs. Bromet is by no means an artist of one mood only. If she works with a great sense of enlargement and satisfaction on the full scale of 'The



A Ragamuffin.

By Mary Pownall.



The Flood.

By Mary Pownall.



The Harpy.
By Mary Pownall.

Harpy' and 'The Flood,' she is not less vigorous in the forthright shaping of a study of character such as 'Honesty is the Best Policy,' done with remarkable directness from the model, and in its handling refreshingly crisp and free. 'The Ragamuffin' is another work in the same kind. It has the South in its merriment, yet the model is English, but chosen for his un-English readiness to laugh. The bronze gleams with laughter, and the happy play of the face is emphasised by the treatment of the rough hair, the open shirt. Not only at Burlington House, but also at the "Old" Salon, and at Birmingham and Liverpool, where the sculptor is a constantly invited exhibitor, this animated bronze has won appreciation.

Of many portraits by Mrs. Bromet the illustrations are suggestive. She has sympathy with childhood, not only as round and dimpled infancy, but with the individual child. The busts of little boys, each distinct in mood as in personality, are instances of that. More intimate and very tenderly wrought is the bas-relief of the late Mrs. Alfred Bromet, with its charm of sensitively related surface-modelling, its deeper significance as a likeness of a face, finely worn and spiritualised by life and experience.

These illustrations and comments by no means cover the range of Mrs. Bromet's achievement as a sculptor. As an instance of a kind of work unsuggested by any of the examples here given I may instance a fanciful, yet closely wrought casket, cast in bronze, executed for Mr. Galloway, her first appreciator. Mermaids on the lid surmount a rich design of seaweed, sea-creatures, shells, and the inside of the lid has a sea-scape in low relief, suggestively handled. From an artist so various her future work cannot be predicted in detail, but what she has done with unflagging

enthusiasm and the wholeness of effort which mark the genuine artist is the guarantee of yet other successes and distinctions.

The National Gallery.*

CORDIALLY do we welcome the re-issue of Mr. E. T. Cook's handbook. Since the publication in 1901 of the sixth edition, several pictures of great importance and many of signal interest have been added to the National Gallery. It is an emphatic testimony to the value of this work to say that again and again details therein embodied, and available in a moment, have had to be sought elsewhere at the cost of time and energy. The official catalogue, as yet brought up only to 1906, is in process of complete re-casting, but even when that arduous and necessary task is completed the volume will disregard information in many useful kinds of which Mr. Cook takes cognizance. The handbook is popular in a good sense—this as distinct from aiming at scholarly balance. *Trop de Ruskin*, one may be disposed occasionally to say, when, for instance, we are exasperated by his statement, modified elsewhere, that while it is the aim of the best painters to paint the noblest things they can see by sunlight, it was the aim of Rembrandt to paint the foulest things he could see—by rushlight. But Mr. Cook, while quoting abundantly from Ruskin, throws his net wide, and embraces many pearls of thought, many illuminative dicta. No public picture gallery, so far as we are aware, is provided with a cicerone at once so well informed and so industrious. Nevertheless there might with advantage have been incorporated salient passages in number by writers of the weight of Mr. Herbert P. Horne, Mr. Roger Fry, Professor Holmes. The matter appearing in the 1901 issue seems to have been re-printed mostly from plates, hence many valuable results arrived at by recent research remain unincorporated. Mr. Cook, for instance, should certainly have profited by the labours of Mr. Weale in the case of the Van Eycks, of Mr. Horne in the case of Botticelli. Then Hals' birth date continues to appear as 1580, despite the discovery of Dr. Bredius that 1584 is nearer the mark. Such instances might be multiplied. The invaluable list of pictures in numerical order, indicating at a glance how acquired and the prices paid in the case of purchases, is brought up to No. 2285, the 'Family Group' by Hals bought last year for £25,000. Since the last edition pictures have been acquired which for the first time represent in Trafalgar Square the art of Dürer, of Corot, of Diaz, of Harpignies, and of one or two other gifted Frenchmen of the modern school. When the companion handbook dealing with the British School is re-issued, it is greatly to be hoped that necessary revisions will be made, for of all others, 'Cook' is the most comprehensive and convenient work of reference to the pictorial treasures of the nation.

* *A Popular Handbook to the National Gallery.* With notes, collected from the works of John Ruskin. Vol. i.: Foreign Schools. Compiled by Edward T. Cook. (Macmillan. 10s.)

London Exhibitions.

New Gallery . . .	Summer Exhibition. Part II.
R.I.	Pastel Society.
Leicester Gallery	Boudin. Lépine. Ford Madox Brown.
Goupil Gallery . .	Summer Exhibition. Eighteenth century Prints. W. B. Ranken. The Esperantist Vagabond Club. H. B. Brabazon.
Paterson Gallery .	Seventeenth, eighteenth, and nine- teenth century Drawings.
Messrs. Dowdeswell's Fine Art Society . .	Eleanor Fortescue Brickdale. Onorato Carlandi. Mary Barton. A. Van Wouw.
Baillie Gallery . . .	T. L. Shoosmith. R. Douglas Wells. Mima Nixon. Eleanor Congreve. H. Myers. Mabel C. Robinson.
Messrs. McLean's . .	William Maris.
Messrs. Connell's . .	La Gravure Originale.
Messrs. Gutekunst's	Anders Zorn.
Rembrandt Gallery	George E. Lodge.
Alpine Club Gallery	Arthur Studd.
Walker Gallery . . .	Sir Francis Carruthers Gould. G. L. Stampa.
Modern Gallery . . .	Charles N. Worsley.
New Dudley Gallery	Tanagra Figures. Dorothy Cox.
Messrs. Graves'. . .	The Lady Victoria Manners. Madame Mayer.
Ryder Gallery . . .	Stewart Dick.
Doré Gallery	Alice van Hegheden. Mrs. Champion de Crespigny.
Stafford Gallery . .	Olive Snell.
Brook Street Art Gallery	Henry Mayer.

Ford Madox Brown.—In May of this year the Centenary of the One-Man Show passed unnoticed. The actual event, which took place in a first-floor room of Mr. James Blake's hosiery shop off Golden Square, was almost as unobserved. Nor would one wish to credit William Blake with inaugurating what he was the first to institute. His visionary advance into publicity had no result as an example. It was nearly sixty years later before another artist, almost equally solitary, submitted a hundred of his works to be judged by "our great master the public, and its authorised interpreters." That was the first exhibition of the art of Ford Madox Brown. A second was held four years after his death, in 1897, at the Grafton Galleries. The third opened this June. In the comparatively small space of the Leicester Galleries the scope of the collection could be nothing like so ambitious as that at the Grafton, but by obtaining replicas, or studies on a smaller scale of the larger works, the exhibition was made adequately representative of this trenchant art, from the student efforts of 'Parisina' or 'Manfred' to the strenuous late work of the Manchester frescoes. In its perversities, ingrain in the man's art as in his nature, in its occasional pregnant tenderness, in its constant tenacity and vigilance, one feels an intensely individual energy. In the art of the nineteenth century his position is somewhat analogous to that of Hogarth in the eighteenth, but to the Hogarthian zest for the quick of reality is added a strain of the sacramental intensity of the Pre-Raphaelite vision. Zealous, obstinate, urgent is his mood of truth, a keen-edged

utterance. Such a temperament, lonely between the adherents of the conventional and the mystical, was likely in its self-concentration to develop acerbity. There was a good deal of acerbity in Ford Madox Brown, both in mood and execution, as is shown in pictures extremely characteristic of him, such as 'Work' or 'Stages of Cruelty.' But these show only a part of his individuality. That he had also a profound capacity for being impassioned by life is declared in 'Take your son, Sir,' unfinished, but essentially complete. One reads it again, more self-consciously, in the imaginatively autobiographical 'The Last of England,' and with exquisite intimacy in the little 'Waiting,' a situation of daily life—homely, quiet, yet penetrated with so vital a consciousness of the significance of natural things, that the hearth-side portraits of his young wife, and the child lying flushed with sleep on her knee, acquire a central depth and solemnity, a simple consecration. The image of the firelit room with the clear familiar faces enshrines love in truth; zeal is tender here.

In the delightful 'The Pretty Baa-lambs' another great inspiration gives the little work a "blended might" of truth and beauty. He painted light in this happy picture, not only for its revealing power, as in 'The Last of England,' but for its heavenly alchemy, absorbed simply in rendering the freshness and fairness of the daylight earth and sky. Finally, in the passionate 'Romeo and Juliet,' in 'Cordelia's Portion,' and still more impressively in 'Christ washing the



(Leicester
Gallery.)

Waiting.

By Ford Madox Brown.

feet of Peter,' he attained his own "grand manner." There is the contrast of all he really knew and felt between it and the assumed grand manner of the early 'Parisina's Sleep.' The transcendent mystery of the 'Supper at Emmaus' was vague to him, but the human-hearted symbolism of the feet-washing, the test of character in an intimate act, *that* he felt and portrayed with an authority that is borne in upon the spirit through the eyes. In these and some other of his paintings Madox Brown uttered the great facts which raise and transfigure and bless the concrete world, alike in its humblest and highest conditions.

The New Gallery.—The second portion of the New Gallery Summer Exhibition is, like the first, confined to works by subscribing members, but it is to some extent retrospective. The past thus drawn upon is, however, in the main on a level with the somewhat mediocre present. This exhibition is not a farther and more vital energy on the part of the newly constituted society. Yet it is an opportunity to see a few remarkable works new to London, and the attraction of these makes it easy to disregard uninteresting work, though not to accept the standard which provides for its display. One good quality the exhibition in general

has; it is not crowded. The fine things are thus well seen, though it is likely that the delightful etchings of Mr. Theodore Roussel, including the especially fascinating etched frame to 'A French Girl'—a fine dry-point—and to 'Pierrot,' may not be found by every visitor. They are the chief treasures of the balcony. Mr. Bertram Mackennal's bronze statuette of 'Diana,' surely the perfect achievement of this gracile, finely turned design, is the most charming work in the Central Hall, where Mr. Basil Gotto and various skilful craft-workers are also exhibitors.

In the picture galleries due honour of place is given to Sir James Guthrie's 'The Velvet Cloak,' to Mr. D. Y. Cameron's romantic, interpretative 'Craigievar' of which an appreciation has appeared in *THE ART JOURNAL*, Mr. Hornel's 'Tea Plucking in Ceylon,' a shimmering decoration, to Mrs. Swynnerton's 'St. Martin's Summer,' and Mr. J. J. Shannon's sprightly, individual child-portrait 'Babs.' Mr. T. Austen Brown's 'The Mussel Gatherer,' with the intense cloudy blue of sea behind a figure which is vitalized with something of the glancing wildness as well as with the deeper beauty of the sea, is another outstanding picture. Further pleasure is in Mr. Lavery's small 'Moonlight :

house-tops, Tangiers,' the white-walled city wrapped in sleep beside the veiled waters, in the glowing woodlands and spacious horizon of Mr. Oliver Hall's 'Bardsea Forest, Autumn,' Mr. Hughes Stanton's 'Barrow Down,' and landscapes by Mr. James Henry, Mr. Adrian Stokes, Mr. Mark Fisher. These, with some good—though, for the artists, not specially distinguished—portraits by Mr. E. A. Walton, Mr. Harrington Mann, and Mr. Spencer Watson, a vivid head of the Duke of Argyle by Mr. J. Young Hunter, Mr. John Collier's faithful 'Mrs. John Huxley,' and Mr. Hugh Riviere's adequate rendering of the striking ecclesiastical presence of the Dean of Westminster, are merits of the collection. So are some twice-seen paintings, among them to be distinguished Mr. C. H. Shannon's 'The Mill Pond,' with the enchanted blue of waters, the fine sequence of the figures of youth in repose, and Mr. Lavery's decoratively demure 'Mary in Green.'

In 'The Velvet Cloak,' first exhibited at the Scottish Academy last year, Sir James Guthrie conveys in lingering movement a fine sense of personality. In a gracious act of leave-taking, a turn of her head as she prepares to go, holding back with one hand the black lustrous folds, this lady of the cloak becomes a presence on canvas; a presence in memory. No full advance towards us could serve so well to denote the individual charm. And how dignified a sweep



(New Gallery.)

The Mussel Gatherer.

By T. Austen Brown, A.R.S.A.

of line and fold is gained by the backward fall of the cloak, lying brilliantly black on her shoulders, held by the left hand, trailing on the ground. The gleaming ivory fabrics, gold-tinged, green-tinged, from which the left hand emerges, the plume fan, with a glint of green, are in beautiful harmony with the finely inflected volume of black. Mrs. Swynnerton's 'St. Martin's Summer' is a most glad and confident painting. It should be seen as a decoration, making a single space of radiant colour, free of the confusions of colours surrounding it in a picture gallery. Her art is careless of particulars in this, as in other of her paintings. The wings of flamingo red are not organic to the figure, the painting of the clasped hands is cruelly raw. But the breadth and purity of the conception, the rose-tinted face with its close crown of golden hair, the body fair against the deep airy blue of the sky, have sweetness in their strength.

The Pastel Society.—The Pastel Society has a roll of membership which ought to ensure interesting exhibitions. It has done so in the past, and may again. At present they have settled down rather tamely. The Eleventh Exhibition benefited by the support of Mr. Sargent—in chalk portraits of pretty, brilliant women—Mr. J. M. Swan, M. Simon Bussy, Mr. Bruckman, Mr. Henry Muhrman, Mr. Cayley Robinson, Mr. J. R. K. Duff, M. le Gout Gerard. One noticed Miss Anna Airy's direct and capable drawings, Mr. Gwelo Goodman's renderings of Venice, expressive of the obvious beauty of canal and palace, Mr. Von Glehn's forcible life-studies. The presence of a few pastels by Mr. Brabazon was inspiring, even though they were not of his happiest moments. These, M. Bussy's small yet impressive notes of the density of pine forests, the calm of mountain lakes, and, immeasurably above, mountain peaks transfigured in the sunset, are pastels of true charm, as distinguished from many drawings which owe little to the medium. Mr. J. R. K. Duff is another genuine pastellist, though the effect of his work owes most to strong design, and to colour which he has won from the fleeces of sheep, the dark green of full summer, and skies of grey-blue. The 'Ceylon Leopard Eating,' of Mr. M. J. Swan, is a swift pictorial capture of the great creature—sleek, as the chalk wonderfully suggests, supple, of immense strength.



(New Gallery.
Photo. Drummond,
Young & Watson.)

The Velvet Cloak.

By Sir James Guthrie, P.R.S.A.

The Goupil Gallery.—Here, during June, was a whole group of exhibitions. Besides a large and choice collection of eighteenth century prints, English and French, spirited and effective water-colours by Mr. W. B. Ranken, and a collection of arts and crafts by Esperantists, among whom were Mr. Lavery, Mr. Joseph Simpson and Mr. Fergusson, the galleries contained a summer exhibition of

noteworthy pictures, and a large number of hitherto unexhibited drawings by Brabazon. To give the title, a little—how little—of the colour, the actual facts of buildings, mountains, flowers, shores, pictures, that belong to a Brabazon drawing, merely identifies it. The essence of these singing notes of colour eludes words. Among the 145 landscapes, flower-notes, picture notes, at the Goupil Gallery there was many an utterance of beauty, the very freshness of the joy of sight that seemed with this free artist to win almost unpremeditated utterance. Yet that his art was no happy chance, early drawings, disciplines of hand and sight, and the brilliantly analysed impressions of pictures are enough to show. The spontaneity was willed. Among the drawings were a 'Bunch of Flowers,' a little mass of blooming purples and reds, a vision of a vision by Claude, a glimpse of Sargent's 'Venice,' but with profounder shadows, a 'Tomb of Akbar,' jutting out into the sunlight, clouds shaping, flying, dispersing in grave mystery over the Lake of Geneva, 'Tangier,' with a dim flower-like crowd in the



(Pastel Society)

Ceylon Leopard Eating.

By John M. Swan, R.A.

narrow white street, and, beyond, an intensity of sea-colour. These and others are glimpses of the colour that is a splendour to feel as well as to see, suggestions of more than the precise ends of colour and form.

Other Exhibitions.—At Mr. W. B. Paterson's was a rare little collection of drawings, notes of sight by various masters, English, French, and Dutch. A group of Crome landscapes in pencil and sepia, vivid apparitions shaped out of light and shadow by Daumier, a Corot drawing—really a picture—a Rembrandt 'Angel and Shepherd,' once owned by Reynolds, Van der Velde's delicate outline of a gallant war-ship, Girtin's 'Old Church,' Constable's lucid 'The Farm,' were some of the finest drawings. Mr. Arthur Studd's paintings at the Alpine Club showed a native fastidiousness and transparency of technique, influenced by Whistler, the fit master for a discriminating talent. A pleasant little set of picture-shows at the Baillie Gallery included Miss Mina Nixon's bright water-colours of Holland in flower, water-colours by Mr. T. L. Shoosmith and Mr. R. Douglas Wells; some skilful etchings by Miss Mabel Robinson, and delicately

changing pasture. The scene is a dense, wooded area with a shepherd in the center, surrounded by a flock of sheep. The drawing is done in a dark, expressive style with visible lines and shading. The shepherd is the central focus, with his body curved and his head lowered towards the ground. The background is filled with dense foliage and trees, creating a sense of a deep forest. The overall mood is one of quiet observation and naturalistic detail.



(Pastel Society.)

Changing Pasture.

By J. R. K. Duff.

tinted drawings and miniatures by Miss H. Myers. Miss Fortescue Brickdale's illustrations to Browning's poems, shown at the Dowdeswell Galleries, were fantasies of her own, ingenious, vivid, and in some cases, as in 'Love's Voyage: full sail,' of considerable decorative charm.

Passing Events.

THOUGH he had been in ill-health for some time, the death on June 22 of Mr. Edward John Gregory, R.A., came as a painful surprise to his friends; indeed, he was at a Council meeting at Burlington House only a few days previously. Mr. Gregory, born at Southampton in 1850, came of a family of engineers, his grandfather having been in charge of the auxiliary engines in the Sir John Franklin expedition. Save for a brief training at South Kensington, he was entirely self-taught. His death occurred at Marlow, not far from the scene of his most celebrated picture, 'Boulter's Lock, Sunday Afternoon,' which was far and away the most popular work at the Academy in 1897. It was a commission from the late Mr. Charles J. Galloway, who, together with his wife and house party, appears in one of the launches, the artist himself being in a skiff to the right. Mr. Gregory's output was limited, in connection with which, when after fifteen years in the outer circle, election to full membership occurred in 1898, he was twitted with a "chaste tendency to idleness." Mr. Galloway, a whole-hearted admirer, possessed over 100 drawings and pictures by Mr. Gregory—perhaps a quarter of his total output—these fetching about £8,500 at the Galloway dispersal in 1905. 'Boulter's Lock' then brought 770 gs., and 'Dawn,' 1876, now in Mr. Sargent's possession, 340 gs. On the retirement of Sir James Linton in 1898, Mr. Gregory became President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, of which he was made an associate in 1871, a member five years later. His 'Marooned' is one of the works presented to the nation by the late Sir Henry Tate.

THE death-roll during June in the world of art includes several notable names. M. Chauchard, the Whiteley of Paris, bequeathed to the Louvre his superb collection of pictures by Barbizon and other masters. Dr. Richard Muther, Professor of Fine Arts at Breslau, is well-known as the author of *The History of Modern Painting* and several other books. Mr. Alfred Walter Bayes, A.R.E., born on the borders of Yorkshire in 1832, contributed to the Academy onward from 1858, and his work as painter and etcher is almost equally familiar. Mr. Neven du Mont, who on account of illness recently relinquished the Mastership of the East Sussex Fox Hounds, had for some time been on the Executive Council of the International Society. The death in May of M. Léandro Ramon Garrido, a brilliant member of the Institute of Oil Painters and an exhibiting sociétaire of the New Salon, seems to have passed almost unnoticed. Memorial exhibitions of M. Garrido's work are contemplated in London and Paris.



(New Gallery.)
Diana.
By Bertram Mackennal, A.R.A.

AMONG those upon whom Birthday Knighthoods were conferred there may be named, in connection with art, Sir Hugh P. Lane, practically the founder of the fine gallery of Modern Art at Dublin, and one of the most astute buyers of pictures by "emancipated" young artists of exceptional talent. Sir Thomas Carlaw Martin, editor of the *Dundee Advertiser*, Orchardson's distinguished portrait of whom was at the Academy of 1907; Sir Henry W. Lucy, 'Toby, M.P.,' whose ever-alert personality was the subject of a picture by Mr. Sargent exhibited at the New Gallery in 1904, and who relinquished Mr. Frank Craig's 'The Heretic' to the Chantrey Trustees in 1906; and Sir Merton Russell Cotes, some of whose art possessions were dispersed at Christie's in 1905, but who in 1908 presented Bournemouth with an art gallery and museum.

THE south-east wing of the National Gallery, now closed in order to bring it into line with the fire-proof requirements of to-day, forms about half of the original building designed by William Wilkins, R.A., and opened to the public in 1838, when the total number of national pictures was about 150 only. The remaining part of Wilkins' structure was, till 1869, used by the Royal Academy. In 1876, a so-called new wing, comprising the north-east section of the building, was added, from a design by E. M. Barry, R.A.; and in 1884 there was begun the further addition of five rooms, together with the present vestibules.

BESIDES the national memorial to Gainsborough, which it is proposed to set up in his native town of Sudbury, similar projects are afoot in connection with Thomas Carlyle, to whom there is no national memorial in the land of his birth, Scotland, and in connection with General James Wolfe, the 150th anniversary of whose victory at Quebec will be celebrated on September 13th next.

IN addition to several drawings and little pictures by Turner, presented by him to Mrs. Pounds, which on June 11th fetched considerable sums, there occurred for sale, from the same source, the palette used by him during his last days at Chelsea. It was bought by Messrs. Duveen for £25, and by them offered to the Tate Gallery. During the past few years three of the important pictures given by Turner to his Chelsea landlady have produced £20,500 at auction. At one time Mrs. Pounds seems to have sold a picture or two when in need of money.

THE threatened demolition of a portion of Bath Street, Bath, as proposed by the Corporation, has called into existence the Old Bath Preservation Society. Its aim is to represent and urge the views of all who value the architectural, literary, and picturesque interests of the place. The Executive Committee includes many influential folk, Mr. Alfred Thornton, of the New English Art Club, being of those actively interested.

THE Overseas League would like to see the National Portrait Gallery converted into an Imperial Portrait Gallery. One of the suggestions is to set apart a room for portraits of prominent empire-builders, these to be presented by an Overseas Fund worked on the lines of the N.A.C.F. But difficulties of space must first be overcome.

WE have heard a great deal of the export of works of art from Italy, even since the Pacca law has been operative. Seldom, indeed, is there record of any balancing incident. One such was Mr. Pierpont Morgan's return to Ascoli of the wonderful cope for which he is said to have paid £12,000, a second is the purchase by the Brera Gallery, Milan, for the modest sum of £150, of an altarpiece by Girolamo Marchesi of Cotignola. It was painted in 1513 for the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, Pesaro, and after leaving Italy about 1870 passed into the collection of Lord Ashburton, from which, on the urgent representations of the Director of the Brera, it was recently procured.

Notes on Books.

The National Gallery, 100 plates in colours, with notes by P. G. Konody, M. W. Brockwell, and F. W. Lippmann should prove popular. The work is being issued by Messrs. Jack in seventeen parts at 1s. each. These illustrations, though not successful always, are of good average merit, and if in some cases the original is but barely represented, there is generally enough suggestion of colour to make the reproduction interesting.

The Monuments of Christian Rome, from Constantine to the Renaissance, by Arthur L. Frothingham (Macmillan, 10s. 6d.)

is one of the standard handbooks on archaeology and antiquities, edited by Professor Gardner and Professor Kelsey. The book, of American origin and the forerunner of a history of mediæval art in Rome, is the product of a life's study, and all the problems of history are well examined.

Fresco Painting, by James Ward (Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d.) is a welcome addition to the works written by the author. It refers especially to the buono and spirit fresco methods.

An exceptionally valuable work, full of stimulating maxims, exhortations and suggestions, is **Notes on the Science of Picture-Making**, by C. J. Holmes, Slade Professor of Fine Art of the Oxford University (Chatto & Windus, 7s. 6d.). This book should be read by all those who are concerned with the greatness of art, and it may be recommended to artist and public alike. Such headings as "Emotion," "Invention," "Spacing," "Materials," "Ideals," "The Painter's Training," and "Popular Fallacies" denote the scope of the work. Each of the twenty chapters, the subject well analysed, contains food for thought.

Art Prices Current is a record of sale prices, pictures, drawings and engravings, at Messrs. Christie's rooms, 1907-8. It is published by the *Fine Art Trade Journal* (10s. 6d.). The plan of the book is good, and it should have a place among the indispensable works of reference. Every "lot" is included.

Pastel, by J. R. K. Duff (Simpkin, Marshall, 1s. 6d.), has been written entirely for beginners, but all artists and students can learn something from one who works so well in this medium. . . . Messrs. Rowney have added to their shilling text-books **Black and White** by Steven Spurrier, and **Trees and Tree-Drawing** by Edward C. Clifford, R.I.: each of these artist-authors is specially qualified to define his subject.

Many craftsmen will be glad to have **Illuminating and Missal Painting**, by Philip Whithard (Crosby, Lockwood, 4s.). It is a serviceable book.

The presentation plate of the Art Union of London for this year is an effective etching by Malcolm Osborne, A.R.E., after 'The Gleaners,' by Fred Morgan.

Porcelain, by R. L. Hobson, is now in its second edition (Constable, 6s.).

From Herr Klinkhardt and Biermann, Leipzig, comes a monograph on **Jacques Callot**, by Hermann Nasse (10 marks). The book is well produced, with illustrations, and it should be acceptable to those interested in the graphic arts of the past.

Messrs. Plon-Nourrit send an illustrated monograph on **Charles le Brun** (1619-1690) by Pierre Mareel (3fr. 50c.).

Town-planning and Modern Architecture at the Hampstead Garden Suburb is a collection of essays and designs by various architects, with plans and photographs (Unwin, 1s.).

Stained-Glass Tours in England, by Charles H. Sherrill (Lane, 7s. 6d.), is an entertaining and instructive book of travel by an American author. It is ecclesiastical, topographical and historical, but sufficiently easily written to be popular.

Messrs. Dent have issued the second in their three-volume edition of **Painting in Italy**, by Crowe and Cavalcaselle, edited by Edward Hutton (20s. each). It embraces the Siennese School of the fourteenth century and the Florentine School of the fifteenth century.

The Decoration and Furniture of **English Mansions**, by Francis Lenygon (Werner, Laurie, 31s. 6d.), is a handsome volume, illustrated by reproduction from good photographs of seventeenth and eighteenth century rooms and detailed objects, chiefly in the collection of the firm with whom the author is associated at 31, Old Burlington Street, one of the most interesting buildings in London.



Blewbury from the downs: Wittenham Clumps in the distance.

By E. Marsden Wilson.

Round about Blewbury.

By H. M. Pemberton.



FOR quiet charm, beauty and variety of landscape, it would be hard to find a better neighbourhood than Blewbury. Off the beaten track, one may ruralize contentedly among the hills and fields as yet unspoilt for the artist or nature lover. One may find broad open country with tiny

villages nestling among the trees, breezy downs with neither tree nor house to be seen, and homely scenes of village life, with thatched cottages or farm-yards and the whirr of the thrashing-machine in one's ears.

The Downs, wind-swept and open, are cultivated near the villages, and the checkboard disposition of colour, chalky roads—in some places almost dazzlingly white—added to the blue of the distant hills, with here and there a field of yellow charlock or brilliant scarlet poppies, give an ever changing and always delightful scheme of colour.

The trees on the Downs are mostly in clusters or woods, except in some parts where there are numbers of small juniper trees, which take curious forms and, in a dim light, might almost be mistaken for some weird kind of being or hobgoblin.

In striking contrast to the Downs is the plain below, rich in pasture-land and well wooded with splendidly grown trees.

Blewburton Hill, or Bleobyrigdun, the site of King Æthelred's camp, is clearly to be seen, and somewhere in this district was fought, most probably, the great battle of



Berin's Mount.

By E. Marsden Wilson.

Ashdown or Æscedune, in which Alfred won the victory while his brother, the King, was praying in the little village church.

Traces of ancient times are shown by the remains of fortifications, tumuli, and old roads in various parts. Wittenham Clumps or Hills, rising in the distance, make a conspicuous landmark and are interesting from the fact that at Wittenham, from which the clumps take their name, were held the meetings of the Witan. One of these hills, called Sinodun or Sinedun, is surrounded by remains of British or Roman fortifications, the fosse and ditch with entrances are well marked. Many indications of Romano-British occupation have been discovered, and traces of a still earlier time and people are shown by the round huts, circles, flint arrow-heads, celts and stone implements which have been found at Long Wittenham.

There are several examples of terraced hills about, and it is extremely probable, from their formation, that these hills may have had the twofold character of temple and fortress. Blewburton is one of these, and has a circular winding way like the Sun-mounds in America.

There are also remains of roads older than those made by the Romans, such as the Icknield Way and Fair Mile or Ridgeway, which run through the parish of Blewbury. These ancient roads differ somewhat from the straight roads of the Romans, and wind through a series of strong earth-works and fortifications.

In this neighbourhood, pottery, oyster-shells and coins have been ploughed up, the latter varying in date from Claudius and Vespasian up to the time of the Stuarts. Spear-heads and other weapons have also been found.

Churn or Cairn Knobb, at the top of the slope called "Lydds," was, most probably, an ancient burying ground. There are numerous barrows, and tradition tells how in 1815 an attempt was made to open some of them. The work



The Cleve, Blewbury.

By E. Marsden Wilson.

was stopped by a thunderstorm, as a similar attempt had been stopped fifty years before.

Blewbury itself is a particularly quiet and peaceful village, its inhabitants, for the most part, cultivating their crops over the graves of former warriors. It lies to the north of the main road, or London Street, as it is variously called, and from its position at the foot of the Downs the air is especially fresh and invigorating. It will well repay the seeker of a quiet holiday, or delight the eye of the artist with its timbered cottages, and, in place of hedges, quaint mud walls each with its own little thatch.

The village is of a rather unusual plan. It is almost in the form of a square, with a church and village green in the centre from which lead, in many directions, foot-paths to the roads. Here, in most cases, are running streams or watercress beds, forming a very pretty feature. The cottages with their cherry orchards, quaint and homely, have a happy knack of appearing at the right points and, with the old Malt House, old barns, farmyards and timbering would supply subjects for many a day's sketching. The fine old church is dedicated to St. Michael. The oldest part of it is Norman, and it was built



Willows, Blewbury.

By E. Marsden Wilson.



The Malthouse, Blewbury.

By E. Marsden Wilson.

on the site of a still more ancient one. There is an "old world" feeling about it that is not lost by a visit to the interior. Norman work remains at each end of the north arcade. There are examples of the hagnoscope or "squint" in the two easternmost piers of the central tower, and many points of interest and antiquity are discovered throughout the church. Two old chained books are carefully preserved: one, *The Paraphrase of Erasmus on the New Testament*, was ordered by Edward VI. in 1547 to be placed in every parish church. A fine old church chest and some ancient brasses, the earliest dated 1500, are interesting. There is a peal of eight bells, the earliest bell being dated 1586. A window near the north door is dedicated to Saint Birinus, and represents the Saint as Bishop of Wessex baptizing the King Cynegils, King of Wessex, in 634. Birinus was first Bishop of Wessex, and had his see at Dorchester, just the other side of Wittenham Clumps. It is said that he was the first to preach the Gospel in these parts, and a tree planted on the tumulus on the Downs, called "Berin's Mount," marks the spot where the services were held. There are two porches of open timber-work with richly carved bargeboards. Close by the church are some very delightful cottages and cottage gardens, and opposite is a stream covered with green waterweed and edged with pollard willows.

There are some ancient houses: one was built in 1651; another, now a farmhouse, is dated 1660; the old Malt House (1752), and the farmhouse of Blewbury, formerly the manor house of the Prebend, probably seventeenth century.

It is called in Saxon charters Bleobirg or Bleobyrig, also in Domesday Book, Blithberie and Blidberia, and later, Bleberia and Blebire. It was evidently a place of some importance, for in some old books reference is made to "Blewbury Castle."

The sign of one of the inns, "The Load of Mischief," is amusing. It represents a man with a woman on his back, and is supposed to have been copied from one originally designed by Hogarth. It is said that only one other exists.

The Miser, Morgan Jones, was once curate-in-charge at Blewbury, and though he died worth £50,000, some curious tales are told of his economy. It is said that he wrote his sermons on pieces of paper torn from the walls, and was obliged to lie in bed while his one shirt was being washed. On one occasion, when walking in the fields, he saw an old scarecrow surmounted with a hat, the brim of which was sound. Jones seized the hat, and tearing the tattered brim from his own, replaced it by that of the scarecrow. It is doubtful if his hat was improved by the change. His coat, of many tatters, is still in existence and is kept in remembrance by photographs which are sold in the neighbourhood.

From Blewbury it is a pleasant walk across the fields, and along the base of Blewburton, to the village of Aston Tirrold, also called Estone in Domesday Book. Here there is a small church, probably Saxon or very early Norman. Outside the north aisle is an old walled-up doorway thought to have been built by Torold the Saxon thegn. Aston Uphorpe, or the upper village, has a plain church which appears to be of great age, with a wooden belfry and short lead-covered spire. It is said that Alfred returned here, after the battle previously mentioned, to give thanks in an



A Blewbury farmyard.

By E. Marsden Wilson.



On the way to Hagbourne.

By E. Marsden Wilson.

old church occupying the site of the present one of "All Saints."

Across the fields from Blewbury in an almost opposite direction lie the villages of East and West Hagbourne, very different from Blewbury, yet, in their way, quite as interesting. East Hagbourne is on a stream called, in Saxon times, Haccasbrook or Hacca-Broc. It is also called Haccan Burn in an old charter of King Alfred. This stream rises from a spring, which has never been known to be dry, called "Shovel Spring."

Unlike Blewbury, Hagbourne is long and straggling, practically one long winding street with houses on each

side. There are some very good examples of timber and plaster and tiled-fronted houses in very good order. The church is a picturesque one, as well as being interesting from an architectural point of view. It is of mixed styles and has an embattled western tower, a stair turret with a delightful little bellcot, with canopy and pinnacles, in which hangs one small bell. The tower has a peal of eight bells which are considered particularly good. The wooden roof has some carvings of bosses of the Tudor rose and coats-of-arms. The church has a fine east window and on the West door remains one of the old refuge rings, at which a refugee "taking sanctuary" was tried by ecclesiastical law instead of by the civil law. One of the earliest brasses is to the memory of "Claricia Wyndsore, formerly lady of Westhakhbourne and wife of John York who caused this chapel to be made." She died in 1403. In the chancel is an old Jacobean brass, to "Christian Keate, wife and widow of Hugh Keate of Hodcott." Not far from the church is a cross mounted on steps and surmounted by a square stone with sundials on three sides. It is an interesting feature from any point of view, and it is curious also that there should be a second cross, probably more ancient, though not so picturesque, at the cross-roads



Upper Cross and Church, East Hagbourne.

By E. Marsden Wilson.



Cottages at Blewbury.

By E. Marsden Wilson.

The Religious Book Concern, Boston, U.S.A.



Engraved by C. Marshall Wilson, A.R.C.

Didcot Church.

further down the village. The remains of yet a third cross are close by. The Parliamentary troops under Essex were quartered in the village.

From Hagbourne to Didcot is about a mile-and-a-half. Didcot is situated on a hill, and there is an absence of those running streams and watercress-beds so characteristic of Blewbury and Hagbourne.

Didcot is a small village with a green, some particularly fine trees and picturesque houses, and a delightful church on a hill with a grassy slope in front. In the churchyard is a veteran yew tree which has weathered many a winter, but which suffered severely during the heavy storm of Whitsuntide, 1908. One huge bough, which threw its shadow over the church porch, was torn down by the weight of snow and a terrible gash was left. Fortunately the tree seems as strong as ever. It is 29 feet in girth and is probably about 1,200 or 1,500 years old. It is believed to mark the spot where Pagan worship was held before Christianity was introduced.

The present church is in the Decorated and Perpendicular styles, and has a low western tower with short octagonal brooch spire. Both are covered with shingles, or wooden tiles, which give it a beautiful soft grey colour, a charming contrast with the intense dark green of the old tree. The columns are worthy of note, being unusually short. On one is carved the name Israel Sawyer, 1638. There is an old stone font fixed behind a pillar, to signify the Christian grace of humility and, close by, a stone coffin carved with the effigy of a mitred abbot of the thirteenth century. It is



King Æthelred's Camp, Blewburton : Looking towards Aston.

By E. Marsden Wilson.

believed to be of Ralf de Dudcote, first mitred abbot of Abingdon. It was found during the relaying of the path, upside down, having been used to form part of the pathway. At the south-east corner is a piscina and a little bracket for the figure of a saint. In the chancel is one of the rare old "veil rings" fixed to an ornamental carved stone. Blewbury church also has a veil ring, but without the carving.

Outside the porch is a fine example of the old preaching crosses, once so plentiful, but of which so few now remain. Until lately there was an old Saxon cottage in this neighbourhood. In contrast to this quaint part is the new village, built also on a hill, south of the road leading to Wallingford and Harwell, consisting chiefly of red-brick houses and known as Didcot New Town, or more properly North Hagbourne. The name Didcot, Dydcott or Dudcote is derived from Dudo, who lived here, and who is chiefly remembered as the father of St. Fryswide, whose tomb is in Oxford Cathedral.

Taken as a whole this neighbourhood is a very fascinating one, either for a holiday or as a sketching ground, and those who have once seen it are seldom content without a second visit.



London Street, Blewbury.

By E. Marsden Wilson.

SEVERAL painters and sculptors who take keen interest in the Artists' Rifle Corps, among them Sir E. J. Poynter, Sir E. A. Waterlow, Mr. Thomas Brock and Mr. A. S. Cope, write protesting against the hesitation shown in restoring the corps to its original complement of eight companies, that, namely, which existed previous to its transfer to the Territorial Force. They point out that the corps has its own individuality and constitutes the only existing training centre for the particular section of the community whence exclusively it is recruited.

Art Collecting : "Downs and Ups."

ON page 208, in connection with the dispersal of the fine gallery of the late Sir John Day, attention was directed to a number of instances of pictures bought for relatively small and sold for very considerable sums. At about the same time as Judge Day began to secure characteristic examples of the art of Matthew and James

Maris, Corot, Mauve, Daubigny, Harpignies, and others of the Barbizon and Dutch schools, Mr. Holbrook Gaskell was paying higher sums for examples by British painters of the mid-Victorian era. Mr. Holbrook Gaskell, of Woolton, near Liverpool, for many years head of the firm of Gaskell, Deacon and Co., chemical manufacturers, and President of the United Alkali Co., died a few months ago at the age of ninety-five, and on June 24-25 his collection of pictures and drawings occurred for sale at Christie's, the 249 lots yielding £55,573. Depreciations far outnumbered appreciations—that is to say, if a comparison be instituted between the auction prices of thirty or so years ago, and now. In the seventies homage was paid to anecdote almost as much as to art, while work by men of real talent, such as David Cox and J. F. Lewis, was often appraised exaggeratedly. Water-colours for which David Cox was glad enough to accept thirty or forty pounds were competed for as though he were the peer of Turner; popular Academicians were "chaired" heedless of the verdict which in after years would inevitably be uttered. On the following table details are given of some of the most noteworthy depreciations at the Gaskell sale. The moral instilled by survey of this list is, not that it is financially hazardous to buy pictures, but that the quest must be for intrinsic pictorial merit, that selection must be scrupulous instead of being guided by transitory vogue. Adverse re-valuations may in certain cases have been carried too far, but the table as a whole indicates the substitution of sanity for mania. Moreover, by adding several rises in money value as against former auction-prices, a satisfactory balance on the right side is shown. Once only has the price paid for Constable's noble 'Arundel Mill and Castle,' upon which he was at work at the time of his sudden death, been exceeded at auction, this at the Huth sale of 1905, when 'Stratford Mill' fetched 8,500 gs. against £105 received by the artist for it. Turner, too, came within 100 gs. of his auction maximum. He thrice exhibited pictures of the burning of the Houses of Lords and Commons on October 16, 1834. The fine Gaskell version is almost certainly that seen at the Royal Academy of 1835, this, perhaps, being sent on to the British Institution in 1836. Thornbury says that it was one of the canvases sent to the Academy as a mere sketch and finished on varnishing days, when Turner would arrive as early as four in the morning and be the last to leave in the evening. Scarlett Davis, a well-known artist of the day, wrote in 1835 to his friend Ince: "I have no artistical chat for you, further than that Turner has painted a large picture of the 'Burning of the Two Houses of Parliament'; but I have heard it spoken of as a failure—a devil of a lot of chrome. He finished it on the walls the last two days before the gallery opened to the public. I am told it was good fun to see the great man whacking away with about fifty stupid apes standing round him, and I understand he was cursedly annoyed—the fools kept peeping into his colour box and examining all his brushes and colours." On looking closely at the picture, Lord Hill condemned it as "nothing but dabs." Retiring a few paces, however, and recognising its spell, he added, "Painting! God bless me! So it is." To-day connoisseurs agree with his amended decree. The version which was at the British Institution in 1835 may be that sold twenty years later for 675 gs., and bought-in at the Marshall sale of 1888 for 1,500 gs.

DEPRECIATIONS.

Artist.	Work.	Gaskell.		Formerly Sold.	
		Gs.	Gs.	Sale.	Year.
Ansdell, R.	Spanish Gossip. 1859	85	500	Pender	1873.
Bonheur, Rosa . .	The Meadow. 1860	440	1,000	Harrgreaves	1873
Cooper, T. S.	Cows in Stream. 1852	130	310	Pender	1873
Cox, D. . .	Counting the Flock. 1852 .	900	2,300 1,980	Levy . Boic-kow .	1876 1888
Cox, D. . .	Welsh Funeral .	420	730	Artist's	1873
Egg, A. L.	Katharina and Petruccio	11	200	Farnworth	1874
Elmore, A..	Two Grinding at Mill. 1868	33	340	Farnworth	1874
Frere, Ed. .	Belle Blanchisseuse. 1853	90	160	Naylor	1875.
Frith, W. P.	Dolly Varden. 1843	95	340	Holds-worth	1881
Hook, J. C.	Are Chimney Sweeps Black? 1868	400	1,120	Baron Grant	1877
Lewis, J. F.	Coptic Patriarch's House. 1864	490	1,850	Leaf .	1875
Linnell, J. .	Gillingham on Medway	620	1,250	Farnworth	1874
Linnell, J. .	Coming Storm .	320	790	Holds-worth	1881
Millais . .	The Rescue. 1855	1,200	1,250	Arden	1879.
Millais . .	Just Awake. 1867	800	1,350	Harrgreaves	1873
Phillip, J. .	Loteria Nacional	1,050	3,000	Baron Grant	1877
Phillip, J. .	A Cigarera. 1864	400	1,520	Turner	1878.
Plas-an, A.E.	La Prière . .	45	112	Nicol .	1873
Stanfield .	Off Calais . .	58	1,100	Farnworth	1874
Wallis, H. .	Elaine. 1861 .	280	110 1,900	Plint . Pender	1862. 1873
Webster, T.	Hide and Seek. 1856	41	900	Farnworth	1874
		7,908	21,022		
WATER-COLOURS.					
Bonheur, Rosa . .	Sheep in Pasture	75	160	Farnworth	1874
Cattermole .	The Baron's Hall	62	535 420 285	Moon. Heugh Baron Grant	1872 1874 1877
Cox, D. . .	Rocky Scene. 1851	200	1,000	Heugh	1874
Cox, D. . .	Asking the Way. 1854	140	350	Artist's	1873
Cox, D. . .	Skirts of a Forest	160	420	Artist's	1873
Cox, D. . .	Peat Gatherers .	410	670	Artist's	1873
Dyce, W. . .	Trebarwith Strand	16	105	Pender	1873.
Dyce, W. . .	Puckaster Cove .	17	100	Pender	1873
Goodall, F.	Palm Offering. 1865	42	525	Knowles	1877
Hunt, W. . .	Dead Peacock on Table	100	305	Leaf	1875
Hunt, W. . .	Fruit. 1835 .	80	170	Farnworth	1874
Taylor, F. .	Preparing for Christmas	50	260	Farnworth	1874
Turner . . .	Dartmouth Cove	720	850	Heugh	1874
Turner . . .	Poole Harbour .	260	330 410	Dillon Farnworth	1869 1874
Turner . . .	Dartmoor . .	200	250	Heugh	1874
De Wint, P.	Barges on Witham	290	490	Heugh	1874
		10,730	27,622*		
APPRECIATIONS.					
Cox, D. . .	Washing Day. 1843	1,200	900	Gillott	1872
Constable .	Arundel Mill. 1837	8,400	75	Artist's	1838
Turner . . .	Burning of Parliament Houses. 1835	12,500	1,455	Palmer	1868
Turner . . .	Mosque of St. Sophia. Vignette	260	150	Farnworth	1874
		£34,744 10	£31,712 2		

* Totals obtained by taking prices realised in early 1870's.



(Photo. Hollyer.)

Psyche carried by Zephyrus.

By H. Bates, A.R.A.

The Treatment of Drapery in Sculpture.

By A. L. Baldry.

IF, as has been already argued, it is important that the character and construction of draperies should be carefully considered by the painter, it is obviously of even greater importance that sculptors should give to these matters the same kind of consideration. In sculpture, drapery has very definite functions to fulfil, structural functions as well as decorative, and therefore the way in which it should be dealt with must be specially studied, so that on the one hand artistic effects which are mechanically unsuitable may not be attempted, and on the other soundness of mechanism may not be secured at the expense of artistic consistency. The sculptor has not the same opportunities as the painters of playing with drapery lines, and cannot escape from the restrictions which are imposed upon him by the material in which he works; he must recognise that there are absolutely definite conditions which regulate the scope of his invention, and that any attempt to evade these conditions must result in more or less evident failure.

For instance, it is useless for him to try to represent drapery in action with the same sort of freedom that would be permissible in a picture. Light, fluttering folds, flying loosely in the air, can hardly be suggested in marble and do not look well even in bronze; they are really possible only in a bas-relief which admits of a semi-pictorial manner of treatment. Indeed, it can be accepted as a principle in sculpture that any departure from monumental simplicity and repose is dangerous. The border line between movement and restlessness is so narrow, and the risk of losing dignity in seeking after vivacity of action and gesture is so serious, that the sculptor has always to be on his guard lest he should fall into errors of taste. He can so easily spoil a good intention by small divergences from what is strictly legitimate, or by trying to use his materials in a wrong way, that he must have a very intimate understanding of the

necessary artistic conventions and a very practical knowledge of technical details if he is to attain the right measure of success in his work.

There are, of course, occasions on which movement has to be suggested in a piece of sculpture, and then the problem which the artist has to face is how he can create the impression of action in the figure without destroying its breadth of effect or losing the repose of a well-balanced design. It is by the management of the draperies that this problem can, perhaps, be most satisfactorily solved, for with their assistance he can convey all the suggestion of movement that he requires without having to resort to any violent devices. But here it is that he will feel most plainly the need for exact study of drapery construction—for knowledge like that which the painter must acquire of the way in which stuffs of different textures behave under all sorts of conditions.

The sculptor, indeed, must know even more accurately than the painter the smaller details of drapery construction. The painter is concerned with a purely optical effect; he has to create an illusion of relief, of projection and recession, by painting on a flat surface variations of light and shade, and it is by the manner in which he defines his lights and his shadows that he makes this illusion credible. But the sculptor does not deal with illusions, his light and shade must come from actual building up of the necessary projections, and the strength or subtlety of his tone effects must depend upon the manner in which he models or carves his material. Therefore if he wishes to represent a particular texture, a light stuff or a heavy stuff, he must be in no doubt as to the way in which that stuff will hang when it is in repose or will act when it is in movement.

It can be said, without any undue disparagement of modern sculpture, that no race of artists has appreciated the



(City Liberal
Club.)

The Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

By E. Onslow Ford, R.A.

need for exact investigation of such details so fully as the Greeks. Antique sculpture of the best period shows a magnificent intelligence in the handling of draperies, and a well-nigh perfect judgment of the use which should be made of them to veil or accentuate the lines of the figure. That the Greeks worked under a convention can be freely admitted, but the purpose of their convention was not the evading of exactness and necessary actuality, but the elimination of those useless trivialities which would, if they were insisted upon, make less impressive the noble realism aimed at by those masters of the sculptor's art. Therefore in the dignified simplicity of the Greek drapery, with its large grace of line and quiet richness of modelling, there is infinitely more scientific accuracy of expression than in the more fussy and demonstrative realism of modern times.

As an example of scientific study applied with admirable

artistic sensitiveness, the exquisite 'Victory,' from Samothrace, is particularly notable. This statue is singularly happy in its suggestion of movement, and this suggestion is conveyed chiefly by the correctness with which the play of the drapery has been realised by the sculptor without any departure from monumental restraint. At first sight it is the largeness of the whole design, the dignity of the mass and the perfect harmony of the lines, that claims attention; the vitality of the figure is instantly persuasive. But when the details of the work are examined it is not difficult to appreciate how much of this vitality comes from the way in which the action of the Victory is explained by the appropriate handling of accessories. The drapery, indeed, tells the story, and tells it the more convincingly, because the artist had convinced himself beforehand about the facts which it was his business to record.

The motive of this statue is the descent of a winged figure upon the prow of the ship, and the moment chosen for illustration is that in which the movement of the figure is suddenly arrested while the draperies, meeting the wind, are still fluttering as the air plays in their folds. In expressing this motive the sculptor has discriminated most acutely between the varieties of action which would be seen in a light fabric under such conditions, between the slow waving of the heavier masses where fold lies on fold, and the rapid flicker of the material where in a single thickness it clings to



(Wallace Collection)

Madame de Sévigné.

By Jean Antoine Houdon.

the flesh beneath, and he has judged with absolute certainty the effect of an air current coming from below and giving a slightly upward movement to the folds. So exact has been his study of all these small details of construction, that the drapery explains perfectly the nature of the incident which the statue is designed to illustrate, and makes the figure even in its mutilated state wholly expressive as a record of a particular piece of action.

With this antique example can profitably be compared a modern statue, Mr. Thornycroft's 'Artemis,' which deals with a kindred motive. Here, again, there is movement suddenly arrested; and here, again, the explanation of the action of the figure is given by the behaviour of the drapery, and given with a good deal of scholarly subtlety. That the observation is as scientific and as complete as in the 'Victory,' can scarcely be said, because here and there the lines are contradictory and out of right relation; but, on the whole, the meaning of the drapery is well understood, and its significance as a key to the incident represented is soundly appreciated. How greatly it helps to define the sculptor's purpose can be judged by imagining the same pose in a nude figure—the idea of arrested movement would be almost entirely destroyed if the drapery were removed, and the figure would perceptibly lose in grace of composition.



Tragedy enveloping Comedy: group for memorial to an actor.

By Bertram Mackennal, A.R.A.



Artemis.

By Hamo Thornycroft, R.A.

Again in the 'Psyche carried by Zephyrus,' by Harry Bates, the arrangement of the figures would be pointless, and by no means beautiful, if it were not for the assistance given by the drapery, and if it were not that the sculptor had felt rightly the action of the folds which cling to the body of the flying Zephyrus or flutter freely in the air. In drapery so treated there is a dramatic quality of infinite value, and there is, as well, a capacity for explaining the artist's aims which is diminished or increased in accordance with the degree of exact knowledge which he can bring to bear upon his practice.

But it certainly cannot be said that drapery in repose is in its own way less dramatic than drapery in movement. The drama is, of course, more subtle, and the assistance given to the artist's intention is less immediately obvious, but the ultimate effect is indisputable. How indisputable is proved with sufficient clearness by a comparison between the three portrait statues which are illustrated here. There is much more evident action in Onslow Ford's figure of Gladstone than in that splendid antique, the 'Sophocles,'



(Lateran Museum,
Rome.
Photo. Anderson.)

Sophocles. The Original, probably in bronze, was made about 50 years after the poet's death in 406 B.C.

and yet the former in its hideous modern garments looks lifeless and commonplace beside the dignified presentation of the Greek dramatist. Gladstone's coat and trousers rob him of all distinction and make the gesture he is using seem theatrical and affected; the robe which Sophocles wears adds meaning, strength, and nobility to the pose of his figure, and gives to it an astonishing amount of dramatic grandeur,

though actually this pose is far more theatrical than that of the Gladstone. The other modern example, Mr. Brock's 'Sir Richard Owen,' is an interesting compromise between the other two types of expression; it has finer qualities of line than the Gladstone, thanks to the gown in which the figure is enveloped, but it has not the monumental splendour of the Sophocles, because the gown does not lend itself to artistic adjustment so surely as the less formal Greek drapery.

It must, however, be pointed out, as in some sort an excuse for the inability of the modern work to bear comparison with the old, that in neither the Gladstone nor the Sir Richard Owen has there been any failure on the sculptor's part to make the best use of the material at his disposal. In both cases the character and construction of the garments have been studied thoughtfully and with a truly artistic desire to make the most of what opportunities were available. But as bricks cannot be made without straw, so the finest art achievement cannot be arrived at without some assistance from the setting which can be legitimately given to the subject. This setting was in the



(Louvre.
Photo. W. A.
Mansell & Co.)

The "Victory" from Samothrace: carved to commemorate a naval victory gained in 306 B.C. by Demetrius Poliorcetes over the Egyptian King Ptolemy.

time of the Greeks especially inspiring and exceptionally helpful; our sculptors to-day have no such advantages. Occasionally they can break away from the actuality of their period, as Houdon did when he swathed his bust of Madame de Sérilly with folds of drapery as a substitute for the formal lines of an ordinary dress, but in almost all cases there is no escape for them from the disabilities of modern fashion—they cannot certainly put a Gladstone or a Sir Richard Owen into drapery like that which Sophocles wears with dignity so magnificent. Still, this deficiency of opportunity imposes upon them an additional responsibility to study how they can best deal with what draperies there are at their disposal; they will only make a bad position worse by relaxation of effort.

The Mighty Rembrandt and Others.*

THIS book, faithfully translated from the second and revised edition of the German original, would in itself suffice to give the General Director of the Royal Museums of Germany a high place among aesthetic critics of to-day. Balanced as to contents it is not, nor is the second half of the title wholly justified, seeing that Rubens and Van Dyck are so summarily treated. On the other hand, the profoundly moving genius of Rembrandt has never before, perhaps, been more succinctly, more sanely and powerfully analysed and interpreted. None is better equipped than Dr. Bode to write on this great theme, and on every page he conveys the sense of knowing as over against merely opining, of selecting from a vast store that which will inevitably appeal to every cultured reader. Wisely, Dr. Bode emphasises the poet, the seer, in Rembrandt. Rembrandt, finely says Dr. Bode, 'does not lose himself in the infinite, or seek his ideal outside man, but he discovers the divine in man himself, and finds peace and calm in his own heart.' Financial ruin, the temporary disrepute into which he fell, could not cloud his vision. Just then he painted perhaps the noblest self-portrait of the world-famous series, a man majestic and supreme, one who, if all the powers of the universe fell upon him to slay, would still be victor by virtue of an uplifted self-consciousness. We confidently commend to all students of the master—the only master of chiaroscuro, as Mr. Roger Fry called him in a recent lecture at the Albert Hall—Dr. Bode's pregnant essay. Other particularly informative chapters deal with the etched and painted landscapes of Hercules Segers, now recognised by con-

* *Great Masters of Dutch and Flemish Painting*. By W. Bode. Translated by Margaret L. Clarke. (Duckworth. 7s. 6d.)



(Natural History Museum.)

Sir Richard Owen.

By Thomas Brock, R.A.

noisseurs as among the most influential pioneers, with Jan Steen, who did not dissipate his genius so much as is thought, with Vermeer of Delft, for whose rare works Dr. Bode suggests some sort of a chronological arrangement. The book is well illustrated, and is in all respects a worthy addition to the excellent 'Red' series of Messrs. Duckworth.



(R. A. Exhibition.)

The Rosy Morn: The Mackerel Fleet putting to Sea

By W. L. Wyllie, R. A.



(New Gallery Exhibition.)

Plymouth Pavilion, Pier and Sound.

By Julius Olsson.

Coffers, Chests, and Caskets.

By Luther Hooper.

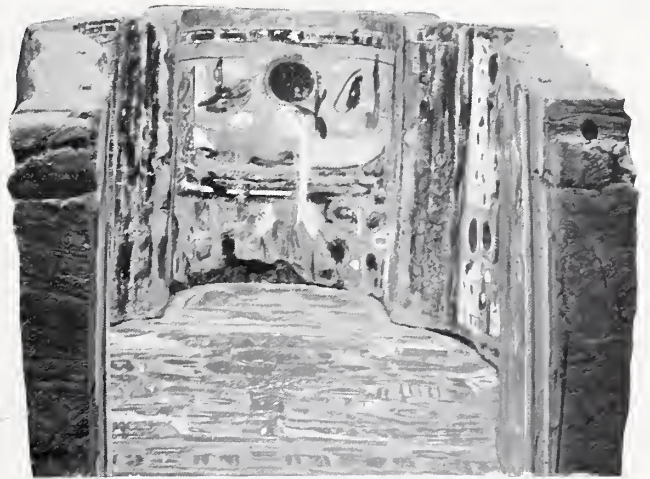
THESE is no more important, universal, or interesting article of furniture than the box, in one or other of its many varieties of form, whether we consider it from a structural, historical, pictorial or utilitarian point of view. Coffers for the safe keeping of treasure, coffins for the preservation of the dead; arks and reliquaries as receptacles for sacred memorials; chests for holding and storing records, sacred and official vestments, ordinary costumes or domestic linen; caskets for jewels and other precious possessions, as well as cupboards, wardrobes, cabinets, trunks and mails in all their infinite variety of form and more or less elaboration of structure fitting them for their various uses; these have all been developed from the simple box idea, and on them has been lavished, in all ages, the utmost skill and ingenuity of the craftsman. In fact, the maker of boxes, otherwise the *Cabinet-maker*, has come to be reckoned as at the head of all the wood-working fraternity.

The history of the box, in particular, is practically the history of furniture in general; for in spite of their great variety of form and use, most articles of furniture are derived from it, either by itself or in combination with the table. The box, used as a seat, suggests a stool; add a back and it makes a chair; elongate it, and it becomes a bench or bedstead; turn it on its side so that the lid is in front, and the cupboard, hutch, or armoire appears; mount it on a table and fit it up with drawers or shelves, and it becomes a cabinet, a sideboard, or a bookcase, according as may be required.

The structure and ornamentation of coffers and chests is closely allied to that of architecture, both ancient and modern, and as might be expected, reflects its various developments and changes of style and character. Contemporary architectural features may be traced in all, from the massively constructed, but delicately painted coffins and caskets of ancient Egypt, to the curiously wrought and delightfully ornamented jewel-boxes and nuptial caskets of Greece and Rome; as well as from the plain, strong and clumsy iron-bound examples of early Gothic times, to the

refined, elaborate, elegantly carved and mounted specimens of the Mediæval and Renaissance periods; but, whether it be plain and simple, or ornamental and elaborate, the box, its history, uses, and craftsmanship, affords an interesting and fascinating study for the archæologist and the artist, the artificer and the collector.

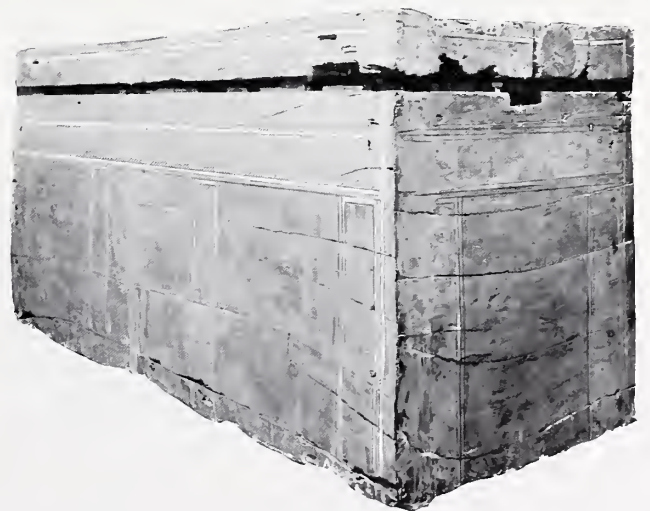
The subject being, as it is, such an extensive one, it is only possible, within the limits of a magazine article, to indicate the salient features of the make, ornamentation and uses of coffers and chests in the different historic periods mentioned above, and to make use of, for illustration, some of the choicest and most characteristic examples which have been preserved complete or in fragments, to the present time.



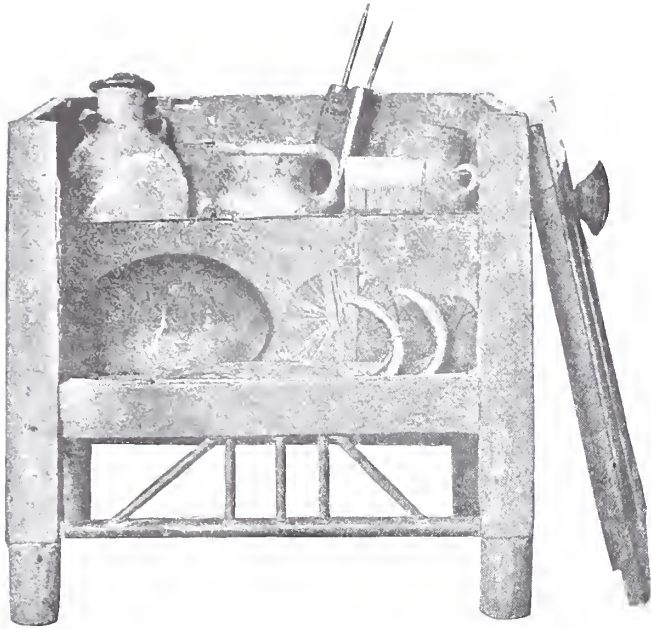
2. Inner Coffin of Tchet-hera-auf-Ankh, Priest of the god Amen. B.C. 1000. Inside View.



1. Fragment of an Ivory Box. B.C. 4400.



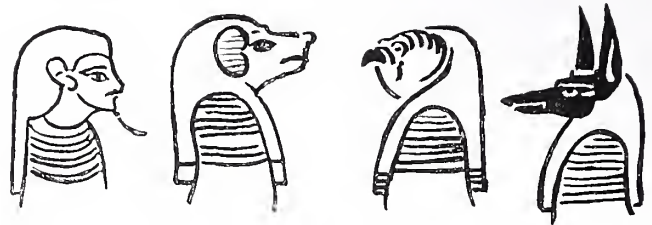
3. Outer Coffin of Satpi or Satâpâ. B.C. 2600.



4 Toilet Box. (From the "Guide to the Third and Fourth Egyptian Rooms," by permission of the Director of the British Museum)

Owing to the favourable climate of Egypt, and to the care with which the spacious tombs of the rich and noble Egyptians were constructed, as well as to the curious and manifold funeral customs and religious beliefs of that wonderful people, a vast number of specimens of objects of domestic and religious use have been preserved to us; and amongst these interesting relics, chests, coffers and caskets are often to be found. It is especially noteworthy that such a large number of articles of ancient Egyptian workmanship made of wood, ivory, and other perishable materials still remain, as so few of these are to be found amongst the antiquities of other peoples, even of a less remote period.

The British Museum possesses, in its collection of



5a. The four Sons of the Horus. (Covers of Canopic jars.)

Egyptian antiquities, most probably the oldest fragment of a box remaining to the present time. It forms one of a very small group of objects which may, with a great degree of certainty, be attributed to the time of the first king of the first dynasty. This king *Āha* conquered and united the kingdoms of upper and lower Egypt, and reigned over them B.C. 4400. The fragment of box is of ivory and is engraved with the sign peculiar to that king.

The Egyptians had no occasion for money coffers, as they had no coinage; all their business transactions being carried on, both at home and abroad, by an elaborate system of barter and exchange; so that, with the exception of toilet and household boxes and trinket caskets, of which there are many interesting specimens, the many coffers and chests that have been preserved to us were made for use in funeral rites or for the furniture of the tomb. So numerous indeed are these, that it would seem that the most important of all the articles of luxury with which a wealthy Egyptian provided himself were, his coffin and a convenient and beautiful tomb for it to rest in. These massive receptacles for the mummified body were most carefully wrought and ornamented both without and within, so that it would



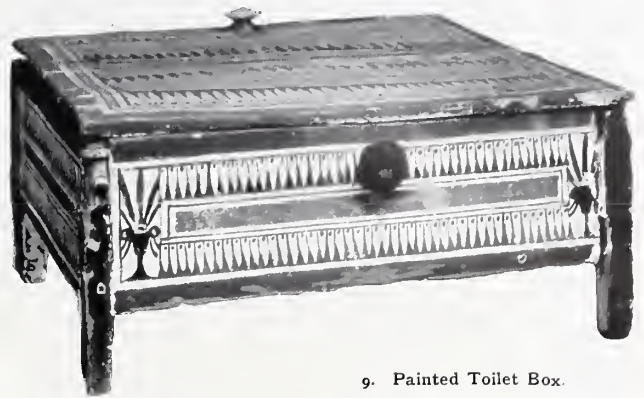
5. Front portion of an Egyptian Chest for Canopic Jars. (The runners were for use when the chest was drawn in the funeral procession.)



6. Ushabti Box.



7. Painted Funeral Box from Thebes.

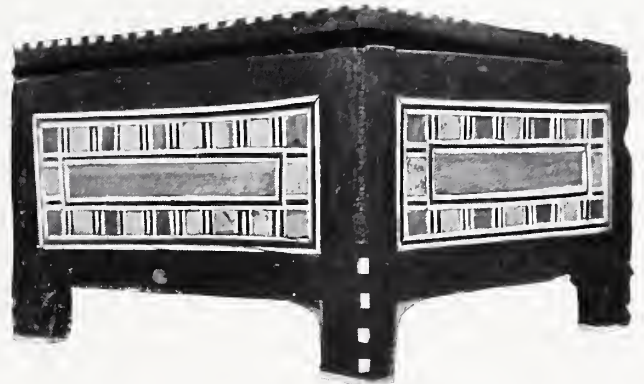


9. Painted Toilet Box.

appear that the making of coffins and funeral furnishing in general must have been a most thriving and lucrative trade in ancient Egypt.

Illustration 2 is the inner coffin of Tchet hera-auf-Ānkh, the son of Ankh-f-in-Khensu, a "divine father," or priest of the God Amen, and scribe of the offerings made to the God Amen, and of the "double granary" of Amen. The coffin is shaped slightly to the figure, and made of six massive pieces of sycamore wood. It is painted both outside and in, as is usual in these coffins; the decoration culminates in the inside in a brilliant scheme of colour and carefully drawn figures and hieroglyphics, the subject in this case being Osiris and other gods, and with scenes in which the deceased is making offerings to the chief gods of the under world. The paintings are on a thin prepared composition ground of pure white, which gives great brilliancy to the transparent yellows, reds, blues, and greens with which they are executed.

The outer coffin was a massive case for protecting the



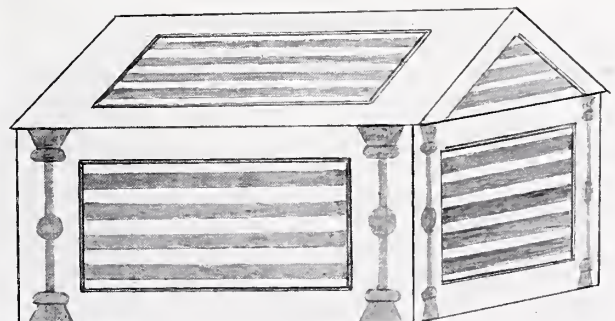
10. Ebony Inlaid Trinket Box. Not later than B.C. 2000.

inner one, and was made either of wood or stone. It was generally rectangular in form and was less highly decorated, except sometimes when made of stone and for kings, or royal, or other very important personages. Illustration 3 shows the simple way in which the solid logs of timber of which it is constructed are fitted together. It is the outer coffin of Satpi, or Satāpā, a lady. On the cover, sides, and ends are inscriptions, in which the deceased is made to pray to the gods for abundant sepulchral offerings and happiness in the under world.

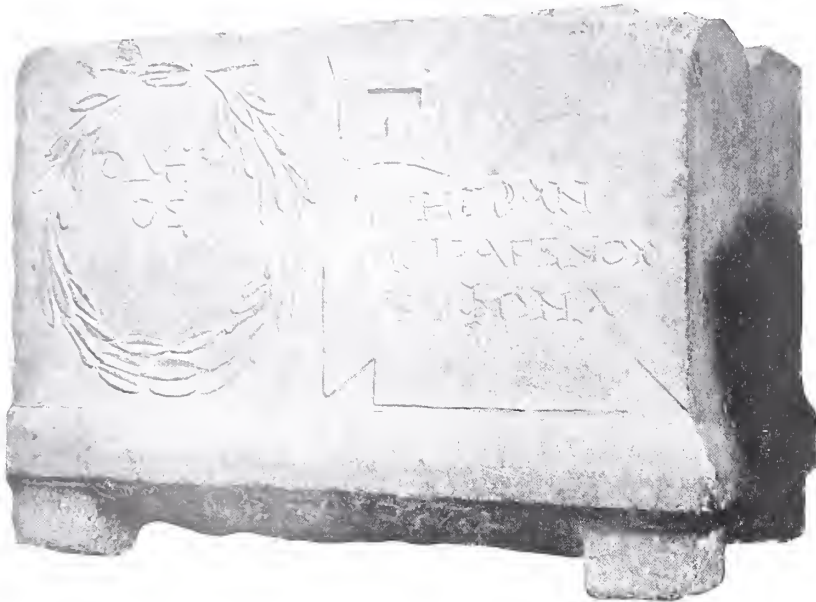
In an Egyptian tomb, in addition to the coffins, at least three other chests or boxes were placed near them; and if the mummy happened to be that of a lady, four were required; the fourth being a toilet box containing unguents, essences, paints, painting-brushes, combs, etc., for the deceased person's use in the under world. The three boxes necessary, were as follows. First, the chest for



8. Toilet Box, carved from a solid block of acacia wood. Ptolemaic period.



11. Diagram showing shape of Greek Larnax, with probable disposition of the metal bands, referred to on p. 5.



12. Marble Cinerary Urn from Ephesus.

holding four canopic jars. Each canopic jar was dedicated to one of the four sons of Horus, who, in addition to being the gods of the four cardinal points, were supposed to protect the inner organs of the human body, both in the present and future life. Before the process of embalming the body took place, these organs were separated, cleansed, and placed in the jars for preservation. Each jar had a cover to it, representing the head of one of these four deities, one being a man, another a dog, a third a jackal, and a fourth a hawk.

The second chest required was one for holding the small Ushabti figures, and of these the chest sometimes contained several hundreds, according to the standing and importance of the deceased. The Egyptians believed that when a person found himself in the under world, and was ordered to do some manual labour, as was quite likely to happen, these figures, which were made in his likeness, and were provided with a basket and digging tools, would spring to life and do the work; if called upon by him to do so in the right form of words and in the correct tone of voice.

The third requisite was a chest, or box for holding fruit, or other objects suitable for votive offerings to propitiate the deities. Such a box is shown at Fig. 7, it bears on the cover an inscription showing that it belonged to Tekar, a sailor of the royal barge.

The wood used, for the most part, in making the mummy cases and funeral chests, was the soft, porous, easily wrought wood of a species of fig-tree which grew to a large size, and is called in the Bible the sycamore tree; the fruit was used as food by the poor, and it will be remem-

bered that the prophet Amos was said to be a gatherer of sycamore fruit. The Egyptians used the wood largely for making furniture, boxes, doors, and for building purposes generally.

Small toilet boxes and jewel caskets were usually made of hard wood, sometimes ebony, but most frequently of acacia wood, on account of its durability. They were inlaid or veneered with bone or ivory, and ornamented with carving or painting. These small boxes are very interesting and suggestive, both on account of their shape and construction, as well as for the simple and refined character of their decoration.

Illustrations 8, 9, and 10 represent specimens of small boxes for trinkets and the toilet, of different periods. Perhaps the most beautiful one is the little toilet box of the Ptolemaic period, carved from a solid block of acacia wood, about $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The lid is surmounted by a woman-headed sphinx, and the sides ornamented with delicately carved figures of gods in relief. The most ancient is the trinket box No. 10. It is made of ebony and is ornamented with plaques of blue glazed porcelain and ivory stained red; the edges of the lid and legs are decorated with small squares of unstained ivory, and the ivory buttons round which the fastening was tied are coloured red. The proportions and general design of the box are excellent, and the colouring is beautiful. No. 9 is a more ordinary box with the ornamentation entirely painted, the design and colouring of the ornament are very refined and well executed.



13. Roman Funeral Chest.

Although there are very few existing chests or caskets, either whole or in fragments, of ancient Greek or Roman make, there is ample evidence in classic literature to prove that the clothes-chests and treasure caskets of those times were most important pieces of domestic and sacred furniture; and that on them was lavished much of the skilled handicraft for which the Greeks especially were famous at all periods of their history. Pausanias describes a chest of the early Greek period which he saw at Olympia, where it had been kept for 800 years. It was made of cedar wood and ornamented with gold and ivory; the decoration consisted of figures and inscriptions.

In the British Museum there are some fragments of thin bronze plates which originally ornamented a wooden chest which dates from B.C. 600. They were found in a tomb at Eleuthera, between Athens and Thebes. They are of most delicate *répoussé* work, the ornament consisting of chariots, horses and horsemen, lions, sphinxes, gryphons, and other fantastic animals, as well as characteristic Greek ornamental forms.

Just such a chest as this is no doubt alluded to by Homer in the *Iliad*:—

“And then the general
Betook himself to his private tent, when from a coffer wrought
Mest rich and curiously, and given by Thetis to be brought
In his own ship, top-filled with vests, warm robes to check cold wind,
And tapestries all gold-fringed, and curled with thrumbs behind,
He took a most unvalued bowl, in which none drunk but he;
Nor he but to the deities.”—*I.* XVI., l. 221.

Herodotus also mentions eight treasure chests filled with stones, covered near the top with gold, by means of which Orætes deceived the secretary of Polycrates as to his wealth. (*Herod.* iii. 123.)

The probable shape of the chest to which the bronze ornaments in the British Museum belonged is shown at Fig. 11; and it is curious to notice that the earliest form of chests, whether large or small, seem to have been made like this in imitation of the primitive huts and houses of the people; their lids or covers being in the shape of a peaked roof; and that this form of top, in common with the dome and arch shape, and in variation with the flat hinged or sliding lid, constantly recurs in coffers and chests of all periods.

With the Greeks, after the earliest times, it was usual to dispose of the bodies of the dead by cremation; the ashes remaining were collected, and preserved for the most part in small wooden chests, or terra-cotta vases and urns. But when, as was frequently the case, the cinerary urn was made of marble or alabaster, it is remarkable that these were often copied exactly from wooden chests. Illustration 12 is photographed from such a copy in marble. This curious imitation even goes so far as to represent the keyhole and keyplate, with even the heads of the rivets by which the latter is attached to the box clearly indicated. This urn



14. Fittings of small Roman Treasure Casket.

was found at Ephesus, and, as the beautifully carved laurel wreath indicates, belonged to a victor in some of the athletic games.

The illustration 13 is of a Roman funeral chest of quite a late period. It is made of hard wood and is veneered with ivory, in which are incised and painted figures of gods and goddesses, birds, flowers, etc.

The *arca*, or treasure chest, was an important piece of furniture with the Romans. It usually stood in the atrium, as the office or hall of the Roman house was called. It was sometimes made of iron, but mostly of hard wood, massive and thick, and strengthened with bands and studs of iron or bronze. It was often also firmly fixed to the ground or to the wall of the building in which it was placed, and was under the care of the doorkeeper. This person kept the key and made payment of the household expenses from it. In great houses an *arcarius* or treasurer had charge of it as his sole employment. The municipalities of towns had also their treasure chests, which were called *arca publica*. Two chests of this kind were discovered in the excavations at Pompeii.

Some beautiful bronze and silver mountings of a small Roman treasure casket were discovered in this country at Icklingham, in Suffolk. They are now in the British Museum, and have been fitted on to an oblong block, in, as nearly as can be conjectured, their original position on the casket for which they were made.

(*To be continued.*)

THE Staffordshire General Infirmary is to be congratulated on the discovery in its board-room of a full-length portrait of John Eld, one of the founders, which Sir Walter Armstrong has pronounced to be a very fine example of Gainsborough's art. An insurance of £4,000 was at once effected.



Cartoon of Isaiah.
By Alfred Stevens.

The Tate Gallery.

THE Trustees and Director of the National Gallery show their wisdom in encouraging Mr. D. S. MacColl, the distinguished Keeper of the National Gallery of British Art at Millbank, more familiarly known as the Tate, to "have his head." Mr. MacColl has done wonders with the very mixed material at his disposal, has demonstrated that even mediocre work can be made to look more than respectable by means of intelligent hanging. Several of the recent developments are of particular interest. In those, for us, happy days before Mr. MacColl laid down his pen, he again and again championed the genius of Alfred Stevens. "We have had no draughtsman and designer of this quality and rank in England," Mr. MacColl wrote in "Nineteenth Century Art"; "yet he remains in the background, while inferior and derivative talents are warmly applauded and discussed, and the history of English art in the century is written without mention of its greatest man." Now, however, the Tate Gallery is the Mecca of the increasing number of those who reverence this re-born genius of the spirit of the Renaissance. Presiding over those miraculous captures of light and air and colour, the exhumed Turners, is Stevens' vast cartoon of Isaiah, done in 1862 for the spandrel-mosaic under the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. Michelangesque in grandeur of design, in exuberant strength, it could nowhere better be seen than on the end wall of the Turner room. At the base of the spandrel are placed plaster-casts, bronze-coloured, of 'Truth and Falsehood' and 'Valour and Cowardice,' for the competition model of the Wellington monument, presented through the National Art-Collections Fund by Mr. Herbert

Cook, in memory of their former owner, the late Sir James Knowles. The pictures by Stevens have been supplemented by the portrait of an artist—not Stevens himself, as has been suggested—done in Rome, probably about 1840, and a portrait of about the same date. This last may possibly be of Mr. Kinloch, whose fortune Stevens renounced when he found that there were surviving relatives. Of late, a number of drawings, many of them studies for important works such as the 'Isaiah,' the Wellington monument, the decorations at Dorchester House, have been acquired, and an admirable selection from these is the commanding feature in Gallery V., which has been cleared of pictures in order to show, for

the first time in the National Gallery of British Art, a collection of water-colour and other drawings, of etchings, drypoints and engravings. In the centre of this series of mighty studies by Stevens is the memorial portrait of him done in pencil by Professor Legros in 1907. "I know of but one art" declared Stevens. From the portrait we might take the one art to be that of the creative contemplativist.

On an adjacent wall are placed some admirable water-colours by William Müller, selected from the seventy-three drawings to be known as 'The Sir Joseph Weston Gift.' In several of them Müller is seen at his very best. A fine tradition is without sacrifice of individual accent proclaimed in 'The Valley of Glaucus,' 1843, nobly designed within the oblong space, and other excellent drawings include the 'Tivoli,' the vigorous sketches of the waterfall at Tivoli, the powerful study of camels at Smyrna, and 'Diane Chasseresse,' showing the palace in the Tuileries of Francis I., the remains of which were cleared away after the burning under the Commune. Jean Goujon's statue of Diane de Poitiers, now in the Louvre, is seen in Müller's virile sketch. When detained in quarantine on the return journey from his Lycian expedition of 1843, Müller wrote: "I want to paint



Camels resting at Smyrna.
By William Müller.

— it's oozing out of my fingers." These drawings, several of which date from that period, prove the vital impulse that informs the words.

Andrew Geddes, who is not yet accounted at his true worth, and Sir David Wilkie share the honour of being the first Scottish artists to execute original etchings of note. Wilkie did about thirteen, of which eight, several of them in two or three states, once belonging to Sir Seymour Haden and, with his signature on the back, have been presented by Sir J. C. Robinson through the National Art-Collections Fund. The Rembrandtesque 'Lost Receipt,' from the technical standpoint perhaps the best of Wilkie's plates, 'Reading the Will,' and that charming invention, 'The Queen's Chair' are of genuine interest, though, of course, they cannot compare with pictures by this master of British genre painting such as 'The Village Politicians' or 'The Letter of Introduction.' Close by are hung a number of prints and drawings, for the most part recently acquired, these having as centre the beautiful pencil portrait, 'Henry Newbolt,' by Mr. William Strang, presented by Mr. James Maclehoose. Here are Whistler's 'Black Lion Wharf,' a couple of lyric prints by Mr. Charles Shannon, Sir Seymour Haden's 'Old Chelsea,' Mr. Frank Short's 'Rye,' Mr. D. Y. Cameron's 'Admiralty,' and by Mr. Muirhead Bone a pencil drawing of the Great Gantry subject and his impressive drypoint, 'Demolition of St. James's Hall—Exterior,' of which even finer drawings are in the possession of Mr. C. L. Rothenstein and Mr. John Wordie. Emphasis must also be laid on some of the Pre-Raphaelite prints, notably James Smetham's 'Last Sleep,' an exquisite design of grave level lines, informed by a passion caught from Blake, whose 'Spiritual form of Pitt' and 'Procession from Calvary' have been removed from the National Gallery and hung on the same wall as the sanguine studies of Stevens. The colour-enchantments of Brabazon look lovely, and there are good drawings by Bonington, J. F. Lewis, and others. This well-ordered room of drawings and prints is certain to stimulate possessors of such things to give or bequeath of them to the Tate Gallery.

In Gallery VI. there have been placed the self-portrait sketch of John Pettie, dated 1882, presented by his country-



The Valley of Glaucus.

By William Müller.



The Last Sleep.

From an Etching by James Smetham.



The Lost Receipt.

From an Etching by Sir David Wilkie, R.A.

man, Mr. MacWhirter, in whose Abbey Road house it for long formed part of an attractive collection of like mementoes of brother-artists. This spontaneous sketch,



Portrait of an Artist.

By Alfred Stevens.

which was at the Society of Portrait Painters in 1908, was reproduced in *THE ART JOURNAL*, 1907, p. 114. A similar portrait, dated 1881, is in the Aberdeen Art Gallery, and of it a friend of Pettie said to Mr. Martin Hardie, who was then writing the biography of his uncle, "It's all pure and luminous, all rich coral and amber and gold. That's the atmosphere you must suggest in your book. Pettie was pure and honest through and through. His nature was all amber and gold."

The Chantrey Picture.

AT last there is to be a picture by Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, R.A., O.M. in the Chantrey Collection at Millbank—this as distinct from 'A Silent Greeting,' 1892, one of the sixty-five Tate works. 'A Favourite Custom' by this Dutch-born master of detail, No. 181 at the Royal Academy, where it had a place of honour in the Salle d'honneur, was bought by the Trustees before the opening of the exhibition to the public. Were miracles in fashion nowadays, the little upright might be called a miracle of faultless execution. The Roman ladies seen robing, disrobing, or disrobed in this exquisitely circumstanced bath, with its veined marbles, its semi-translucent water, its tessellated floor, its flowers—a magician's hand has made them very fair, albeit without that note of strangeness which is an essential of great imaginative art. Few respon-

sible folk will be disposed to question Alma-Tadema's right to be represented in the Chantrey Collection; indeed, among distinguished members and associates of the Academy—excepting Alfred Gilbert—he was about the only one whose work had not been bought. Moreover, 'A Favourite Custom'—is bathing or splashing the custom indicated, one asks?—is a good example. The price paid is said to be £1,750—not an extravagant sum, perhaps, when labour and skill are taken into account. Certainly it is not in excess of what the artist could readily have obtained elsewhere; moreover, for one larger canvas report says he received at least five times the amount. In 1903, it may be recalled, his 'Dedication to Bacchus,' 21 by 49½ ins., Opus cxciv., fetched 5,600 guineas at the Gambart sale, against a cost of £2,000 years before. On the other hand, at Christie's, the very afternoon before the Chantrey Trustees made their purchase, 'Springtime,' 34½ by 20¼ ins., one of the pictures belonging to the late Mr. James A. Garland, New York—whose superb collection of Oriental porcelain, bought by Mr. Pierpont Morgan, and now in the Metropolitan Museum, is world-famed—made 900 guineas only. In 'Springtime,' if we mistake not, portraits are introduced of Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, the well-known musicians, and their daughter, now Mrs. Wolfram Onslow Ford. By-the-way, a not uninteresting point has been raised in connection with the purchase of 'A Favourite Custom.' At present the picture is neither signed nor numbered, and it is said that the artist has still to finish it in certain places. If this be so, was the Council strictly within its legal rights? It is a nice question whether or not the purchase of an incomplete work comes under the heading of a commission.

As is invariably the case, the wisdom of the Chantrey Trustees' choice has been disputed; nay, the word "scandal" has been misapplied to it. No doubt many able works by younger artists were on the list, but when the will is read, that regard shall be paid "solely to the intrinsic merit of the works," and there being no Tadema in the collection, persons of catholic taste need not be violently critical. Ruskin's question, as to the difficulty of discovering the Pyrrhic phalanx, though we find the Pyrrhic dance, in the pictures of this master of pseudo-classic detail, may remain unanswered, nor is Alma-Tadema's art concerned in any considerable degree with what Leonardo proclaimed as the great subjects for a painter: man and the intention of his soul. Yet it is a mistake to ask of a spring other than the water that it has to give; and no artist of our time paints with more delicate, miniature-like precision than this gifted R.A. Again, the Chantrey Trustees have four times paid larger sums for pictures, not each of which, it will be readily conceded, is of the merit of 'A Favourite Custom.' The four pictures are Orchardson's 'Napoleon on board H.M.S. Bellerophon,' £2,000; Vicat Cole's 'Port of London,' £2,000; Herkomer's 'Chapel of the Charterhouse,' £2,200, and Millais' 'Speak! Speak!' £2,000.

DESPITE the protests of several prominent members, the Royal Academy has resolved that the Winter Exhibition shall be of Old Masters. There will, however, be a special section consisting of works by the late Mr. E. J. Gregory.



(By permission of the Rt. Hon.
the Earl of Normanton.)

The Graham Family.

By William Hogarth.

Hogarth Portraits.

By R. E. D. Sketchley.

“TIME only can decide,” says Hogarth in a phrase which one seems almost to read on the firm lips of his portrait in the National Gallery, “whether I was the best or the worst face-painter of my day, for a medium was never so much as suggested.” The decision to which he looked forward, confidently expecting his due from posterity, has been long delayed. It has indeed taken almost until now for his art to come into question on its

intrinsic merit. The painter has been obscured by the popular occupation with the satirist, the story-teller.

Hogarth himself may be said to have willed it so, for he expressly desired that his pictures should be viewed as stage representations, and “tried by the same test.” Deliberately he set himself to “strike the passions,” in order to gain public attention, not thereby denying his art—since he had no idea of it as a technical sanctity profaned by “subject”

—but preferring its emotional before its technical appeal. His finest pictures prove his instinctive regard for the unification of meaning and beauty; but so much is his integrity as an artist of a piece with his nature that no hint of it as a conscious principle appears in his statements regarding his aim as a painter. He would persuade us in his words, as he ensnares us to consider by painted details which are literary innuendoes, that, in Lamb's phrase, he is to be "read" for his ideas; that all he expresses can be described in terms of emotion.

There is no need to enlighten the public on that point to-day, but unless Hogarth's portraits are as well known as his "pictured morals," his true greatness and happiness as a painter, a colourist, are not apprehended. Nor, in considering him as a portrait-painter, is there any danger of missing that essential fund of significance and individuality in his art: his simple, unaided discovery of visible life. His painting in the best of his portraits is merely disem-

barrassed of pre-occupations which attend his business as a moralist. It commands no less surely and more frankly the human interest of his theme.

Even in his portraiture, it is true, Hogarth took himself as the censor, the reformer. He would have us believe—his art being so native to him as hardly to rank purely as an energy in his self-regard—that he utters truth but to combat lies. If he inscribes the line of Beauty and Grace on his palette he sets "Trump" on guard over it, as property to be watchfully defended. He was a fighter, and in his prime quarrels were wholesome to him. To pick up a science of attack and defence made palpable the ideals for which he fought. So he assigns his reasons for engaging in portraiture to contempt of the portraits by "native and foreign impostors who . . . puffed and flattered themselves into fashion." "By this inundation of folly and fuss," he goes on, "I was much disgusted, and determined to try if by any means I could stem the torrent, and by opposing end it." One may, however, forget what he opposed, or only remember it to realise how his immense instinct for the animate gained scope and restraint in his disgust at the sham parade of the "phiz-mongers," the high-flown pomps of the imitators of Van Loo, so shrewdly satirised in the leaden-hued portrait of the earl in the first scene of 'Marriage à la Mode.'

Not every portrait by Hogarth, it need hardly be said, has any real significance in his art. He painted a great number. Those which can be dated range almost over the whole period of his activity. There are besides quite as many undated, yet others of which only a memorandum remains, and some certainly unidentified or wholly unknown. A small amount only of this work was done in the conditions for which he stipulated in order to prove himself as good a portrait-painter as Van Dyck—"Give me my time, and let me choose my subject"—and it is in such spontaneously-wrought portraits alone that Hogarth's genius set inwards to penetrate the living life.

In a sense he did, from the beginning, choose his subject in portraiture, but the initial choice was made before his curiosity was



(National Gallery.)

His own portrait.

By William Hogarth.



(National Gallery.

Lavinia Fenton as "Polly Peachum."

By William Hogarth.



(Fitzwilliam Museum,
Cambridge.
Photo. Clarke.)

Miss Arnold.
By William Hogarth.

deeply engaged to detect the interests of life. The small Family Conversations and Assemblies in which he first practised painting are, as far as is known, Hogarth's own idea. They are of moment in our estimate of Hogarth's painting. The maximum price of 2,750 gs. paid at auction in 1905 for 'The Wanstead Assembly,' the first painted of these pieces, shows how his early works are now esteemed pictorially. At the time, they took hold of the public by their amusing novelty. To be thoroughly at home in a portrait group, served by the house-servants, taking breakfast at one's own fireside, playing cards or making music, receiving friends in house or garden, gives portraiture a relevance and fulness which were sure ground for the immediate popularity of the Conversations. To us they are valuable as pictures. Then as now—then for the gain of concrete interest in the stock of actual personal details, now for the art with which these furnishing accessories are worked into the picture—the portrait effect is a secondary consideration. In them we see Hogarth attaining ease in connecting figures in a pattern of intercourse. We see with what frankness, how clearly and refiningly he painted, as though no difficulty lay between sight and utterance. His nicety of touch, the just relation of objects in the picture space, can hardly be better studied than in these early works. They are full of painter's felicities, a progress of skill which in the honestest manner possible, with no pretension beyond sound and simple expression, is often subtle and audacious in its achievements. Paintings such as 'The Conquest of Mexico,' a sober yet sparkling harmony, 'The Wanstead Assembly,' 'The Wollaston Family,' and smaller groups, among which are 'The Card Party,' belonging to Sir Frederick Cook, Mr. C.

Fairfax Murray's 'Music Piece,' or 'The Strode Family,' show Hogarth as a "native of paint," one who often finds that which, apparently, he never seeks—a creative way of execution.

The paint is lively, easy. The portraiture is stolid, formal. Save among the supernumeraries, servants like that quiet, admirable man in 'The Strode Family,' it is but rarely that the figures convey a sense of the genuine matter of these lives. The two little maids in the forefront of the audience in 'The Conquest of Mexico' are children Watteau might have owned, and the lady stoops toward them with simplicity. Here and in a few other instances Hogarth captured a natural animation. Generally, smiles and signals of intercourse look too prolonged and are not really demonstrative. One thinks inevitably of wax-work.

Hardly belonging to the Conversations, yet to be classed with them rather than with the pure portraits, is the large group of 'The Graham Family,' belonging to Lord Normanton. It is undated, and no evidence, internal or external, fixes its place in the sequence of Hogarth's art. It can hardly come early, but as in the earliest of his known pictures he seems entirely habited to paint, so in the first dated portrait approaching life-size, that of Sarah Malcolm, there is no trace of incertitude in a larger manner of work. 'The Graham Family' may be an experiment in enlarging



(National Portrait Gallery.
Photo. Emery Walker.)

Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat.

By William Hogarth.



Painted by WILLIAM HOGARTH.]

HOGARTH'S SISTER, MRS. SALTER.

[National Gallery.]

the scale of the Conversations, or the commission may have been given to the painter of well-known life-size portraits. In any case, it is singular in the art of Hogarth as we know it. One feels how his mind welcomed a little touch of sardonic entertainment given to the smiling gaiety ostensible in the theme. Behind the mirth of the children, attuned so gaily to the music of the bird-organ played by the boy, there is a hint of grim humour. At first sight there is no more below the surface than in a child-group of Van Dyck. Then one sees that the fluttering of the goldfinch is not, as the children think, a response to the music, but caged and helpless terror at the fixed and fearful gaze of the cat—such a true cat. The little irony is heightened by the subject of the design on the bird-organ, Orpheus taming the beasts by music. Worthy to be put beside the head of the boy in the group of servants for perfect child-likeness is the brown-coated

boy. The little girls are more set in the brightness of faces and gestures, though the flowered dress and lawn apron are happy painting, as is the pale brown frock of the baby in its ornate go-cart. The picture shows less of Hogarth's art as painter of interiors than some small works. Beyond the lustrous surfaces of the costumes, the clear faces, the scale of representation does not induce any special charm of skill. Its particular distinction, above the specific value of easy and limpid passages of paint, is as a portrait piece into which his own humour entered curiously.

That humour, in its full instinct for the quick of reality, inspired him several times to portrait painting. Besides the many sly or daring portraits with which he added pungency to his "pictured morals," he definitely sought out as sitters those whose lives promised him the zest of something extraordinary. Early in his career he seized, how eagerly, on the snarling figure of Bainbridge, the infamous warder of the Fleet Prison, examined by a conspicuously righteous committee of the House of Commons. Four years later, in 1733, he painted in Newgate, two days before her execution, Sarah Malcolm, the murderess of three women. Of freedom and power, the portrait is sinister in the complacency of the pose. The woman inclines at ease to the side, displaying arms and hands. In mood the picture is thoroughly dispassionate; it has no aim of "eye-scaring"; yet there is horrid murder in her glance. Among the respectable assembly of divines, doctors, judges, philanthropists, the nobility and gentry, and the bourgeoisie, which,



(National Gallery.)

A Family Group.

By William Hogarth.

with a strong contingent of stage-notabilities, formed Hogarth's regular *clientèle*, come other such intractable presences: an Elizabeth Canning, Figg, the prize-fighter, Broughton, of like fame, Wilkes—portrayed in violent enmity, to show the "arrant farce" of "a saviour of his country with such an aspect"—and, pre-eminently, the astute, massive figure of Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat.

What one may call the life-lore of Hogarth is racily uttered in this rapid portrait of the arch-intriguer. The aged Jacobite chieftain was, as everyone knows, painted in "The White Hart" at St. Albans, on his way to London to take his last and final trial. His gesture is said to denote a counting over of the number of Highland clans faithful to the Pretender. On the table beside him lies a book inscribed *Memoirs*, a volume tantalisingly unwritten. It may be chance, but surely it is not, that the chair on which Hogarth has seated him has a carved design of a crown borne aloft by cherubs trumpeting in opposing directions. The painting is a wonderful, ample sketch, lightly handled on a brown ground, which plays as shadow into the greyish wig, the flesh tints, the voluminous coat, the dim red chair. And how fixed for the imagination and the memory is the thick-set figure, heavily, yet alertly seated, with those oblique eyes, the flexible rugged brows, the wide, yet close mouth of practised expatiation. Hogarth's art was so much a plentiful enjoyment of humanity that he was at his ease and welcome in any company where he desired entry. So Lovat greeted him with a "buss," and let himself be painted



(National Gallery.)

Portraits of Hogarth's Servants.

By William Hogarth.

alking familiarly, as Sarah Malcolm "put on red" to sit to the painter, and looks to have had handsome justice done to her appearance. These portraits of notorious persons show the running hand of Hogarth—at its top point in the miraculously dexterous 'Shrimp Girl'—his swiftness and tenacity as a detective physiognomist.

In an ordinary way of portraiture he is a yet greater and far richer painter. Masterpieces such as the 'Captain Coram,' his own portrait with 'Trump,' 'Mrs. Salter,' are instances of his full style, his full artistic energy. Hogarth himself put 'Captain Coram' at the top of his single figures, and brandished its merits in the face of his rivals. His painter's pride was arrayed to have it publicly acknowledged as "the best portrait in the place (the Foundling Hospital, of course) notwithstanding the first painters in the kingdom exerted all their talents to vie with it." Here Hogarth is rather bragging. Reynolds' pallid 'Lord Dartmouth' displays only the first step of his advance to an inimitable ease of manner. The hale, buoyant energy of Captain Coram dominates this company indeed. The fearless homeliness of it makes a profound effect amid the courtly proprieties of Kneller, Hudson, Cotes, Ramsay, Shackleton, Highmore and Benjamin Wilson, Hogarth's successor as Sergeant-Painter. But the real ambition behind it is something different than the desire to affront and outdo. Better to remember that he spoke of it as "the portrait which I painted with most pleasure." Warm and sustained as its colour is the sense of life it radiates; life which through all changes of the outward form of the old sailor's compassionate work, is, by the genius of Hogarth, made unchangeably, visibly, present therein in its native goodness and enthusiasm and sturdiness. Never was the picture

of a founder more vitally foundational. In the dignified light of the hall the impression of the painting is of wholeness rather than of details. The warm, broad red of the coat, the lesser reds of the case of the charter, of the book with its marker of green and gold, of the frame encircling the globe, are genial to the eye. Black breeches and stockings, the cocked hat, the gold-buckled shoes, the mellow surface of the globe, all have a decorous richness which sets off perfectly the weather-beaten face of the white-haired mariner, whose hand lies, not without victorious possession, on the charter obtained after seventeen years of patience and effort. A glimpse of sea-horizon, a dim, hardly to be descried figure of Charity on the wall, emphasise what is implicit in the portrait—

the hardy and benevolent life of Captain Coram.

One can come to closer quarters with Hogarth's painting in the National Gallery. The calmly decided portrait of himself, the limpid 'Mrs. Salter,' the 'Lavinia Fenton,' and the heads of his servants, with the 'Shrimp Girl'—that sudden wonder of paint—show his portraiture as it should be shown, ample, candid, unlaborious in success. With this accessible art the formality of introduction is too clearly unnecessary. Qualities which might be tediously described are to be seen in delightful reality. Lucidity is enchanting in 'Mrs. Salter,' the crisp transparence of the lawn frills, the broad brightness of her gown. These silks and laces, the gown and fine-textured lace of the 'Lavinia Fenton,' the crisp hair of this lady, the warm light of pearls on her neck, are passages of lovely accomplishment. The more vital spontaneities of his sure handling are to be studied in the faces, the enamel-like paint of the 'Miss Fenton,' the illuminate 'Mrs. Salter,' the solid genial painting of his own face, and the variety of definition employed in the six heads of the servants. The subtlety of a brush which seems so simply managed is apparent more in details than in any whole treatment of a head. A mouth of such verity as that of the serving lad sets one looking at other mouths. Each is a phrase of expressive paint, expressive of so much more than the fact as it looks to mere observation.

In a sense that Hogarth would most likely have ridiculed as an affectation of "the puffers in books," such portraits contribute to his great fame. Not only that in them his brush moves with utmost sweep and power and gaiety, that his colour has its largest effect. But in them his finer receptiveness to the influences of life—the influences which, in Pater's phrase, merge character in temperament—is all unconsciously

uttered. Qualities of character not to be discerned by the hard-and-fast moralist receive instinctive expression at his hand. In his portrait masterpieces, and in them alone, we see the perfectly free operation of his extraordinary artistic gift, his inborn impressibility to the beautiful matter of simple life as it has form, and colour and inflexion in living faces.

Passing Events.

WITH regard to the extremely difficult problem of how to safeguard for the nation pictures of supreme importance apt to come into the market as a result of the high prices now ruling, and the relatively impoverished state of many owners, the King set his subjects an excellent example. Regarding as admirable the Art-Collections Fund's suggestion of a substantial reserve fund, adequate to meet sudden emergencies, His Majesty headed the list with 100 gs., and a few days later the Prince of Wales followed with a donation of £100, the Princess of Wales with £25. It is to be hoped that the hint thus practically communicated will be generously acted upon. The Government cannot reasonably be expected in present circumstances to allocate hundreds of thousands of pounds to the purchase even of indispensable works of art. The wealthy classes should follow the lead of the King. Various schemes for providing money in other ways include suggestions for spending the capital instead of the interest of some of the bequests to the National Gallery, of putting an export duty on old works of art, of taxing art sales by auction. In any case, the nation has a poor chance unless owners know that money will be forthcoming if they make patriotic offers to the representatives of the public.



Mrs. Dods-Withers.

By Cecil Rea.

APROPOS, it is worth noting that Dr. H. Cummings, whose scholars of the Guildhall School of Music recently presented him with his portrait, during his many years of attendance at sales of rare books on music, never bid against the British Museum. Moreover, he has never retained any "find" which the Museum authorities expressed a wish to have.



The Lady and the Poet.

By Robert J. E. Mooney.

THE June number of the *Bulletin* of the Metropolitan Museum of New York contains a miniature reproduction of an admirable poster now placed conspicuously in railway termini, municipal ferry houses, etc., for the convenience of visitors. The poster gives a railroad map of New York, showing the location of the six principal museums, and, in separate panels, coloured views of these museums, together with means of access, hours of opening, and indication of their contents. The *Bulletin* also mentions as being on loan in the Museum, from Mr. John Wells, a collection of remarkably fine old English silver, including the standing salt-cellar, with the arms of Boston, Lincolnshire, sold at Christie's in 1906 for £1,520.

IN 1908 a trans-Atlantic collector paid all but £100,000 for a full-length portrait by Van Dyck, belonging to the Genoese period. This summer Messrs. Duveen, who

secured the wonderful collection of Kann treasures *en bloc*, paid a very large sum to M. Paul Dansette of Brussels for the Flemish master's full-length of Madame Vinck. It was at the Antwerp tercentenary exhibition of 1899, No. 84, together with that of the sitter's husband, also represented full-length. Both pictures are assigned by Schaeffer to 1619, before Van Dyck came under the transmuting influence of Italian art. Two portraits from the same hand have also left Warwick Castle. They are a group of a lady and child of the Brignole-Sala family and a portrait of the wife of Snyders, the artist friend of Van Dyck, whose etched presentment of Snyders is with warrant so highly prized.

ON the retirement of Mr. Freeman O'Donoghue, Mr. Laurence Binyon will become Assistant Keeper to Mr. Sidney Colvin in the Department of Prints and Drawings, British Museum. A few months ago (p. 147) we quoted a fine passage from the second lecture Mr. Binyon delivered at the Albert Hall on "Art and Thought in East and West: Parallels and Contrasts." He has the rare capacity to discern and to expound from an imaginatively true standpoint the very essence of an art.



Port Maurizio, Northern Italy.

By John R. Reid, R.I.

IN connection with the profoundly regretted death of Lady Sassoon, it is to be recalled that she was an artist of considerable ability. As a member of the Pastel Society she contributed regularly to its exhibitions, for the most part portrait studies. Mr. Sargent's full-length of Lady Sassoon "passed athwart" the Academy of 1907, and ranks among the unforgettable achievements in modern British portraiture.

THE Woman Suffrage movement has an ardent supporter in the person of Mr. Laurence Housman, gifted alike as a writer and designer. Mr. Housman presided the other day at a meeting of the Suffrage Atelier, an Arts and Crafts society which works for the enfranchisement of women. Mr. Housman upholds the militant party, designs banners for it, and raises his voice on its behalf. The attachment to Mr. Solomon J. Solomon's portrait of the Prime Minister at the Academy of the watch-cry, 'Votes for Women,' is attributed to a member of the National Women's Social and Political Union, generally known as the Wasps because of their stinging capacity.



Towards Sunset.

By Robert W. Allan, R.W.S.

AS part of the scheme evolved by M. De Nolhac for the better preservation and exhibition of the art treasures of Versailles, one room in the palace is



St. Jean, near Avignon, France.

By H. Hughes-Stanton.



The Maritime Alps.

By Walter Donne.

now devoted to showing a number of contemporary pictures representing episodes of Queen Victoria's visit to France in 1843 and Louis Philippe's stay at Windsor the following year.

THOSE who go to Amsterdam for the purpose of studying the art treasures there should note a change with regard to the method of gaining admission to the justly celebrated collection of Jonkheer Six in the Heerengracht. Hitherto presentation of one's visiting-card has sufficed. Now British subjects must apply for cards, admitting between 10 and 11.30 any week-day, to the British Consulate, No. 20, Plantage Middenlaan. These permits may be obtained on weekdays from 10 till 2.

WE understand that prior to the sale on April 26 at Christie's of some drawings and pictures belonging to Mr. Harold Rathbone, the Chantry Trustees discussed the advisability of bidding for Ford Madox Brown's 'Take your son, Sir.' The beautiful picture being unfinished, the proposal was negatived. It now belongs to Mr. Sargent. Nevertheless the Trustees seem to have selected a not-wholly

completed picture in Sir L. Alma-Tadema's 'Favourite Custom.'

ACCORDING to custom, the Royal Academy swiftly filled up the vacancy caused by the death on June 22nd of Mr. E. J. Gregory, R.A. Mr. James Jebusa Shannon, who was raised to full honours, possessed claims based alike on seniority and talent. Having been in the outer circle since 1897, the same year as Mr. Alfred Parsons, his name stood eighth on the list of Associates, placed in order of election. Mr. Shannon, born at Auburn, New York, in 1862, came to England at the age of sixteen, intending to remain only so long as was necessary to equip himself technically. In 1881 he carried off a gold medal at South Kensington, and soon afterwards, Queen Victoria applying to the Directors for the name of a young artist to paint one of her Maids of Honour, he obtained a royal commission. The resultant picture, representing the Hon. Horatia Stopford, was by command of the Queen exhibited at the Academy of 1881, before Mr. Shannon had completed his nineteenth year. Widespread recognition of his capacities as a portraitist dates from 1887, when was seen his full-



Siesta : Lake Como at Menaggio.

By David Murray, R.A.



(By permission of
Arthur Kay, Esq.)

The Pilot's Lass.

By William Wells.

length portrait of Mr. Henry Vigne, which won first-class medals in Paris, Berlin and Vienna. Since then, success has followed success, though sometimes the heavy strain inevitable in the career of a popular portrait painter has operated adversely. An article on Mr. Shannon appeared in *THE ART JOURNAL*, 1901 (pp. 41-5).

PICTURES by Mr. David Murray, Mr. Alfred East, Mr. R. W. Allan, and Mr. Hughes-Stanton have been conspicuous in the London galleries this year. Among the noticeable works by these and other artists were the ones reproduced on pages 283-288.

ALMOST synchronising with the threatened loss to the British nation of Holbein's 'Christina, Duchess of Milan,' the Scottish National Gallery had a most fortunate "find" at Christie's. On April 24th, in an unimportant sale, there was humbly catalogued Sir William Fettes Douglas's 'Stonehaven Harbour' (*ART JOURNAL*, 1906, p. 119). This finely designed and congruously coloured upright picture, showing, beyond red-roofed houses, the stone jetty, with the fishing fleet returning home as so many birds, is one of the very few landscapes in oil by Fettes Douglas. It dates from 1874. Mr. D. Croal Thomson, of the French Gallery, procured it for the National Gallery of Scotland, after an opening bid of one guinea, for 28 gs., a fraction of what is often paid for an indifferent example by an indifferent artist. The Adelaide Gallery procured, in 1900, another version of the same subject by Fettes Douglas. A second sale-room addition to a public collection was that on April 26, when Miss Eleanor Fortescue Brickdale's 'Little Foot-Page' was

secured for the Liverpool Gallery at 150 gs., while Ford Madox Brown's exquisite, though unfinished 'Take your Son, Sir,' 1856-7, went to a dealer at 100 gs. Both belonged to Mr. Harold Rathbone, Art Director of the "Della Robbia" Pottery, Birkenhead.

THE total of £9442 realised on April 30th for nineteen works sold by the executors of the late Mr. James A. Garland, New York—whose collection of Oriental porcelain, now in the Metropolitan Museum as Mr. Pierpont Morgan's is world-renowned—included Jules Breton's 'Le Gouter,' 29×47 ins. (1886), 2700 gs. The highest previous auction-price for a Breton was 610 gs. in 1890, for the 'Normandy Cabaret,' 25×45 ins.

AS a set-off against severe criticisms of its picture-buying committee, the Corporation of Glasgow has lately received a notable gift from a well-known citizen, Mr. James Carfrae Alston. It consists of works by Jacob Maris, Bosboom, Mauve, Blommers, Albert Neuhuys, Artz, and native artists including Alexander Fraser, Mr. R. W. Allan, Mr. John M. Swan—represented alike as painter and sculptor—and Mr. D. Y. Cameron.

THE sketch-model by Mr. W. R. Colton for the centre portion of the Royal Artillery South African War Memorial was by command of the King withdrawn prior to



Decoration for a Music Room.

By Frederick Beaumont.



Miss Mildmay.

By W. Logsdail.

the closing of the Royal Academy, in order that the artist might proceed with the work. It is hoped that the Memorial will be completed next summer.

THREE prominent painters were married within about a fortnight of mid-July: on July 21st, Sir Ernest A. Waterlow, to the widow of the late Dr. George Sealy; on the following day Mr. John Lavery, to the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Edward Jenner Martyn of Chicago; on August 3rd, Mr. George Spencer Watson, to a daughter of the late Mr. William Gardiner.

MR. FREDERIC GEORGE KENYON has been appointed Principal Librarian of the British Museum in succession to Sir Edward Maunde Thompson, who retired at the age of sixty-nine in June, after a period of fine service extending over forty-eight years. Mr. Kenyon had been Assistant Keeper of Manuscripts since 1898, and doubtless the high standard of efficiency for which the Museum is famous will under him be fully maintained.

MR. JEAN GUSTAVE JACQUET, who on July 11th was found dead in his Paris studio, "le pinceau à la main," was one of

the many pupils of Bouguereau. Born in 1846, he made his début at the Salon in 1865, and afterwards became one of the most popular of French *genre* painters. In 1878 his 'Jeanne d'Arc praying for France' caused a great stir. M. Jacquet's 'Meditation' was reproduced in THE ART JOURNAL (1907, p. 218). In the person of M. Jules Chaplain French art lost about the same time a remarkably skilled medallist. During the past half century he had received innumerable commissions from the State.

THE Museum of Fine Arts, Copley Square, Boston, U.S.A., has for some time been closed for the removal of the various collections to the fine new building on the Fenway, not far from where Mrs. "Jack" Gardner has with so much taste and ingenuity reconstituted Renaissance Italy in the New World. In order, however, to serve the convenience of residents and visiting strangers, some of the notable pictures and pieces of sculpture have been removed to the Fogg Museum, which is attached to the University of Harvard. There at present may be seen, for instance, El Greco's portrait of Fray Feliz Palavicinio, discovered by Mr. Sargent in Spain, and on his representations acquired for Boston, Goya's portrait of his son, and Rembrandt's of his father. The New Museum of Fine Arts, in connection with the construction, lighting, ventilation and arrangement of which committees have visited various parts of Europe, will be opened to the public during October.

AT the 21st annual meeting of the Society of Art Masters, the chairman emphasised the necessity for the establishment of a Department of Art, with a competent Minister at its head. Sir George Kekewich slyly remarked that they never got a discussion about art in Parliament save when a duke sold a picture. In France, where still we are apt to be called a nation of shopkeepers, it is more fully realised that art to the race is a necessity, and that "its wise fostering is a part of true political economy."



In Anglesey.

By Oswald Garside.



Chelsea Reach.

By W. W. Russell.

London.

By Alfred Yockney.

“What various transformations we remark,
From east Whitechapel, to the west Hyde Park ;
Men, women, children, houses, signs, and fashions,
State, stage, trade, taste, the humours and the passions.”
—SHERIDAN.

LET us take some walks in London: not sight-seeing excursions, but æsthetic pilgrimages, made with minds free and with all our faculties ready to receive impressions. It is important that this stipulation should be observed, for, generally, the streets are used as mere tracks for men and women pre-occupied with business appointments, and with those other definite purposes which cause intervening space to be regarded with indifference and impatience. It is a pity that this is so, for if our eyes are allowed to rest calmly and searchingly on the things about us we shall see London as something more than a great Babel, existing for a variety of dull purposes, and from whose boundaries escape must be made thankfully at the end of a few hours duty.

The spirit of appreciation is not to be summoned at will, and a love of London may not be of momentary growth.

OCTOBER, 1909.

We may be bewildered at first by the uncountable streets and the seething multitudes of men and women, and it will happen often that our attention will be diverted to the sights which are ever present to appeal to our sense of curiosity. But as we become accustomed to the more common distractions of the city we begin to realise the possibilities of our environment. We see that the painters are right: these buildings and other objects, landmarks only to some eyes, have values apart from their architectural and archæological importance. They are the accessories in the fine town landscapes which please the eye and keep the soul alive, in spite of the destroying influences about us.

To the artist every inch of London contains material for study, and every mood of the city is a lesson. The specialist in open landscape or seascape is not concerned so intimately with streets and buildings as is the painter of town subjects, but the man of instinct and leisure to seek will perceive more readily those fine things which go unnoticed by the busy, though not necessarily tasteless, man of affairs. So we may well look to the artist, a privileged being, for

guidance in learning the grammar of the streets, and when the time comes for us to read the book of beauty itself we shall enjoy all the more the translations which have been made by minds and hands trained to observe and to depict. But not every artist can fix his visions for the benefit of others. Some pictures which are supposed to be realisations of London at its best are often such bald statements of fact that we are not convinced of any existing beauty. We have seen unsympathetic works which have failed even to suggest the unwritten glories of a noble cathedral: on the other hand, many commonplace subjects have been exalted by fair treatment. We dislike the hard lines which are said to represent the weather-toned stone-work of some historic building, and we notice with pleasure the pictures of nothing-in-particular by the inspired maker of ideal chimneyscapes.

The power to see is not so rare as the power to interpret: most people are susceptible at one time or another to the appeal of the picturesque. Not everyone who looks over the parapet of London Bridge or who stands in the midst of a fine landscape is impressed with the pictorial significance of the scene, but many a message of beauty has been taken unexpectedly from the grey streets and from the blazoned fields. Men, entirely neglectful of artistic affairs, unclaimed Philistines, will be discovered in the act of admiring some supremely lovely thing, a moonlight effect, perhaps, which usually the artist alone rejoices to see. A brilliant sunset frequently arouses the plain man to exclamation: it is an appeal to finer feelings left

undeveloped in leisure hours, and perhaps a chance visit to the Turner rooms at the National Gallery will set him in pursuit of some knowledge of art, so that he may pleasantly supplement his own visions. But too often, to his own and the nation's loss, he does not cross the stepping-stones.

The elements of beauty lurk in unexpected places. If as strangers we go out to seek the natural compositions which, we have been told, redeem London from its work-a-day drabness, and if we have seen no pictures to guide us, our first steps will be taken probably in the direction of the broad streets where the best architectural features exist. The dignified buildings and the stateliness of well-cared-for surroundings will not fail to command our admiration: but if we do not penetrate to the less-favoured districts, where art itself has but a vague or distorted meaning, we shall fail to see some of the best artistic resources of the city. Buildings of the tumbledown variety, queer effects of light and shade, and strange suggestions of colour, will attract the eye, and the pages of a sketch-book can be as quickly filled with notes of interest as they can be in better furnished parishes. But it must not be supposed that every squalid and dilapidated neighbourhood is picturesque and acceptable to the æsthetic sense. The artist can subdue the dreary and cast a glamour over the roughest material, but there are some mean streets which seem invulnerable to the pencil-point or the brush; until one day the road is "up," there is a collapse or a fire, and a Muirhead Bone or a Monk is on the scene with the rapidity and effectiveness of



(Headpiece to the *Calendarium Londinense*, 1906.)

St. Paul's from Fleet Street (Etching).

By W. Monk, R. E.

a salvage corps. Salvage of great value it is, too, when we count up the drawings and prints which have given distinction to a demolition and perpetual charm to a visit from Val de Travers.

Under the spell of the mingled light and gloom of evening, from the shadowy effects of night, and in the grey splendours of dawn, those in London derive, perhaps, their chief art emotion. Just as we see faces in the fire, if we are in the mood, so do we read into the shades of dusk and darkness some undefined quality of mystery which creates in us a spirit of appreciation which cannot be analysed. The artistic temperament always finds inspiration in the 'atmosphere' of London, but never more subtly is an impulse given to the imagination than during the calm hours of night. In the tranquillity of comparative solitude our thoughts are concentrated, and we are conscious of an influence which opens the vein of poetry in us. In the daytime, when smoke from chimney-shaft and giant stack conspires with vapour to vignette the London we know and to make its vastness seem an illusion, we may attempt to peer through the haze which conceals the distance and which forms a background so full of soft colours and tints: but at night we are inclined to accept the limitations of space and to make reposeful pictures from the dark masses which thrust their shapes so irresistibly before us. Darkness is the great leveller: inequalities of form disappear, and the bad view with its uninteresting details is almost indistinguishable from the good.

Light is the enemy of the night, yet from the artistic point of view both are allies. What is really a fierce battle between the two appears to be a most harmonious meeting; one power becomes the attribute of the other. No artist understood this better than Whistler. He succeeded so well in revealing the secrets of darkness that he is said to have invented the night. Undoubtedly his 'Nocturnes' opened up a new train of thought in the minds of observant people, and it was conceded, though slowly, that he had visions of profound importance to art. Mr. Pennell is the living magician. He practises his art with the intense enthusiasm of genius: we see the result and wonder at it. He is for ever revealing in one medium or another some new trick of light at play in the darkness, and his power of expression is exceptional.

If we are to realize the extraordinary beauty of London at night we must approach the city by boat. We may gain something by looking down from the surrounding hills, and even glimpses from railway carriages are not to be despised; but London from the Thames seems to the enthusiastic wanderer to be the finest sight in the world. Certainly no list of modern Seven Wonders could be complete without it. We are impressed by everything, from the picturesque haphazardness of ships and rigging close at hand to the distant lights glistening in uneven lines and suggesting, if simile must be found, a fantastic full-dress parade of a host of illuminated caterpillars.

It is the habit of many restless spirits to walk on the



Cheyne Walk. Chelsea, 1776.

By James Miller.

embankments or to linger on the bridges, there to watch the great barges floating idly on the tide, while swiftly moving tugs cast up the spray and cause a swirl that sets the wharfside craft in angry commotion. The scene brings

The artist is now at home. In absolute peace he watches the approach of night and his brain is filled with pleasant fancies.

No two painters see London alike, nor is the same

composure to the mind and steadies the nerves of the artist. The riverside at night is the haunt of the poet, too, and well has he sung its praises, while his brother has expressed in a different medium his own inspiration. Romance may be readily conceived; for although the traffic has spoilt the home waters for purposes of pleasure, there are places barely outside the radius where on a summer's evening, with a fine sunset casting a rich glow over the placid river, and with the pleasant sound of church bells floating through the air, the sylvan scenes painted in words by the gifted writers of a past age seem to be almost the descriptions of yesterday.



London from my window (Mezzotint).

By Joseph Pennell.

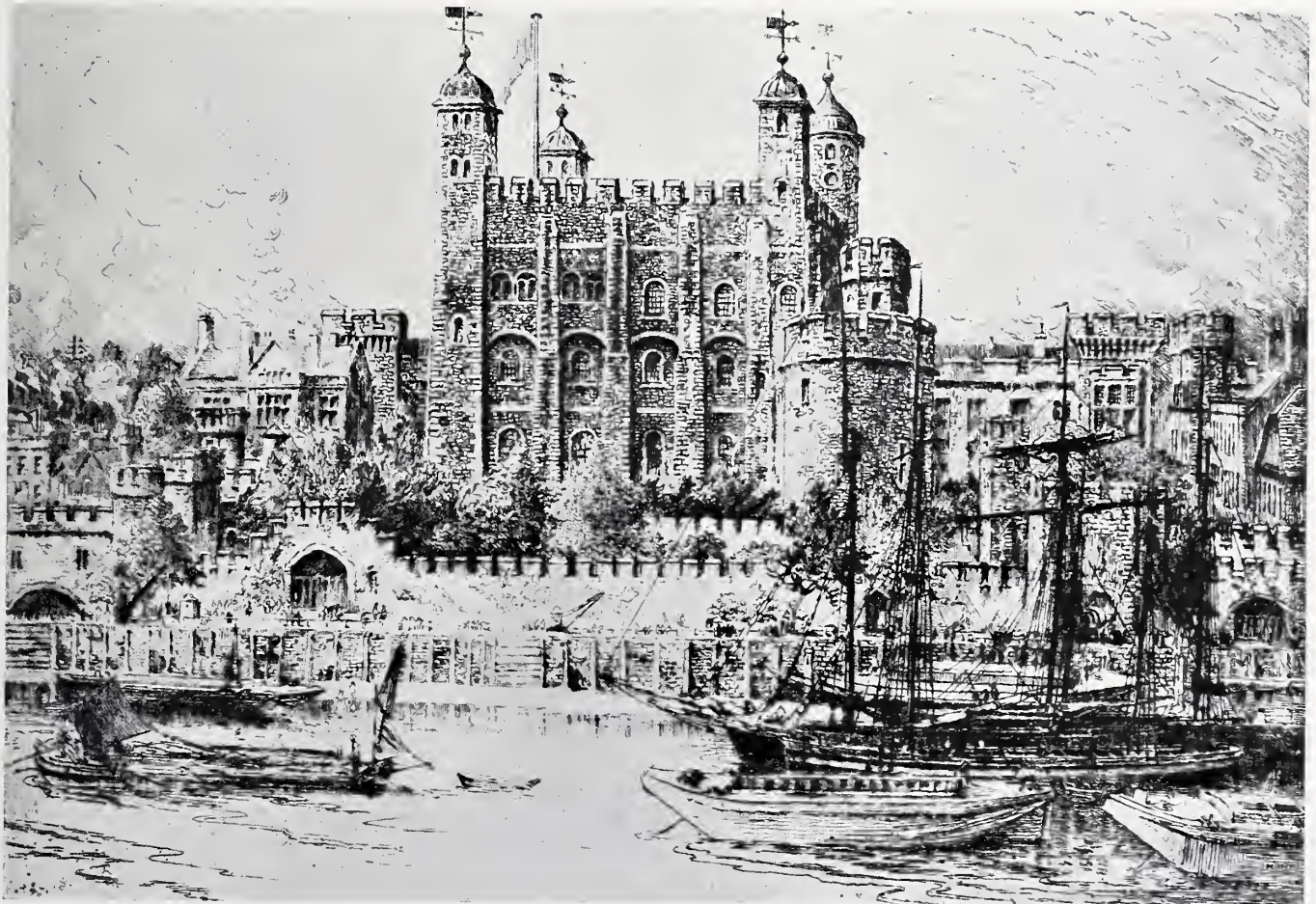


The Thames from a Wharf near Waterloo Bridge.

By Edwin Edwards.

subject ever rendered identically by the same hand. It follows, therefore, that those who are not artists will share with their more gifted friends the uncertainty of vision which makes the study of the beautiful so personal in pleasure. It is an absorbing subject, and when once its

attractions have been discovered it is a source of everlasting interest and reward. No man's time is so scarce that he cannot devote a few hours occasionally, if not regularly, to the problems of light, colour, form and atmosphere which make London with its architectural and engineering triumphs



(Headpiece to the *Calendarium Londinense*, 1909.)

The Tower (Etching).

By W. Monk, R.E.



The Pool of London.

By G. Vicat Cole, R.A.

a city of beauty. There is as much real art to be seen outside the galleries as inside them, and often the Thames, the parks, and the streets will show the more intelligible pictures.

If we have made our pilgrimages with thoughts detached from care and with senses alert, we shall have gained some knowledge of the artistic resources of the open-air

metropolis. A love of London may be an acquired taste, but it is a beneficial one, and it will be a supreme moment in the history of education when people are taught to see the fairer aspects of their environment. Then a love of art in all its forms will become general, the work of artists will be understood and appreciated, and life itself will be more impressive.

Porte des Pélicans, Dinan.

An Original Etching by Hester Frood.

“EX FORTE DULCEDO,” out of strength, sweetness. The defences, the safeguards, of the past, standing in our midst, suggest to us such a transmutation of qualities. They signalise, these impressive fragments of ancient times—citadels on rocky heights, massive walls which, perhaps for centuries, proved impregnable—the truth that in beauty there are no irreconcilable opposites. Certain æsthetic critics of to-day seek to eliminate from their vocabulary the word beauty, because it is so elusive, so difficult to define. Yet beauty—which according to Vernon Lee is a mode of existence that “gives us the foretaste and the habit of higher and more perfect forms of life”—cannot, fortunately, be ruled out of our dreams, our activities. Beauty for us is, as it were, the nectar, the ambrosia, of existence. At some moment, each person is conscious of a nostalgia to experience union with beauty—not with its shadow, but with its vital spirit; to welcome that spirit as an abiding, perfecting presence in an inner and an inviolate sanctuary. Poet after poet has

expressed that homing aspiration: architects, sculptors, painters, musicians, have in all ages adumbrated it. The Parthenon, sovereign on the Acropolis at Athens, Santa Sofia at Constantinople, dedicated to the spirit of Divine Wisdom, these and many a cathedral and mediæval building, designed to convey their spiritual significance to the eye and imagination, are in their several degrees images of the “blended might” of beauty and truth. “To be first in beauty is to be first in might”; the genius of the Egyptians, of the Greeks, and of other peoples proclaimed that indubitable truth long before Keats wrote the now-familiar words.

In order to compass imaginative significance, then, the artist who takes as subject a fine mediæval structure must pay heed to its symbolic, as well as to its actual and decorative value. Miss Hester Frood’s etching of the Porte des Pélicans, in the little Breton town of Dinan, by no means lacks this essential kind of interpretation. The old gate stands squarely, steadfastly, to the eye in her work. Its massive appearance, enhanced by the rich shadows of the

H. Hood.



Engraving by Platt & Wood.

Porte des Pelicans. Dinan

stone-carving, is rendered with sensitive understanding. She treats her subject with feeling as well as with knowledge. Hence through this "ever-during" gate we have entrance to the Dinan which is a shrine of the heroic past. Dinan, with its mediæval ramparts and castellated walls, its tower and church and gates, still retains enough of its ancient pride of strength to make it a fitting shrine for the warrior heart of Du Guesclin, whose body had burial in St. Denis with those of the kings of France. The town itself, and not the inadequate modern statue which marks the place of his victorious combat with "Sir Thomas de Cantorbery," is Du Guesclin's monument. He won it back for France from the despoiling English, in one of the enterprises which made his name a trumpet-call to national courage and faith.

The Porte des Pélicans is a true fragment of Du Guesclin's town. In Miss Frood's etching there is little or nothing to conflict with the idea of that stirring and picturesque past as a living reality. Under the shadowed arch the eye is invited to pass to Old France, visible in the steep mansard roof, the high-turretted house, with windows and doorway profound in shadow. Of these effective and significant elements the etcher has made good use. The plate has richness and force. After allowing for the obvious influence of Mr. D. Y. Cameron, Miss Frood shows individual capacity, alike to apprehend the meaning of architecture and to translate it into a satisfactorily emphasised pattern. Her technical ability, her sense of architecture, not only from the standpoint of dignified utility, but as an imaginative creation, are here interestingly evidenced.

Rembrandt's 'Mill on the Rampart,' And Some Other Landscapes.

By Frank Rinder.

TOWARDS the end of an inclement June, rumour—sometimes though not invariably a "pipe blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures"—announced quite circumstantially that the most pregnant and moving landscape-picture of modern times, Rembrandt's 'The Mill,' had been sold by the Marquis of Lansdowne for something like £100,000. As one of the Trustees of the National Gallery, Lord Lansdowne at once communicated with the Director, Sir Charles Holroyd, assuring him that the rumour was without foundation in fact. Moreover, even those who watch with greatest concern the exodus from this country of highly important works of art, have every reason to believe that should 'The Mill' ever leave Bowood, Lord Lansdowne will pay due regard to the interests of the National Gallery. The unwritten, though none the less clearly recognised, law which precludes a Trustee from selling to the Gallery any of his pictorial possessions would rightly, in the case of a work universally acknowledged to be supreme, be over-ridden. Deplorable as are scares such as that spread with so much persistence about 'The Mill,' they are hardly to be wondered at in view of the actual and threatened drain of master-works from England.

Of Rembrandt's self-portrait, painted in 1658, when he was an old, solitary, broken bankrupt, living on charity, recently acquired from a British nobleman by Mr. Henry C. Frick, Pittsburg, for about £100,000, R. A. M. Stevenson wrote: "Nothing in art seems tragic beside it, nothing pierces the spirit with a pathos so poignant, and braces it at the same time with so grave a grandeur, with an energy of sadness so savage and so proud, excepting always a few slow movements from the sonatas of Beethoven."

'The Mill on the Rampart' belongs to the same period—the late 1650's—when Rembrandt had drunk the cup of sorrow to the dregs, his genius enabling him to win from just those bitter experiences the self-knowledge whence issued a majesty, a beauty of understanding and expression, which till then had eluded him. "I struggle and I rise," the motto

of his native land, tells of the brave and ardent spirit of Rembrandt. It was from the great drama of light and of darkness, each supplementing other, as observed without and felt within, that he evoked transcendent beauty and truth. There we have the secret of his name being as an effulgence in the world. In his art he breathed anew the prayer of Socrates: "Beloved Pan, and all ye other Gods who haunt this place, give me beauty in the inward soul, and may the outward and inward man be at one." By means of passionate penetration Rembrandt—one of the great seers of pictorial art—seldom or never postulating the unusual, raised what we call the ordinary to its utmost power. Well did Fromentin assert that his concern was ever with a corner of the human soul till then undiscovered. Strange it is to turn to the old chroniclers and learn how lightly he was esteemed. Houbraken, the Vasari of Holland, spoke of the art of Rembrandt in the past tense—it *had* the success of novelty, it *was* a fashion, artists *had* been obliged to imitate him in order to sell their work. As late as 1784, Barry, in an Academy lecture, alluded to Rembrandt's "laborious, ignorant diligence" in rendering the "multiplied wrinkles and trifling peculiarities of the skin." To-day, on the other hand, the entire cultured world recognises and reverences, not only Rembrandt's unrivalled vision of the heights and depths of human nature, but his power to interpret some of the never wholly-to-be-fathomed secrets of landscape. Rembrandt saw external nature less as independent and isolate, than as a complex image and complement of man. Hence Dr. Bode hails him as the creator of the landscape of feeling.

'The Mill,' 34 ins. by 40½ ins., is beyond all comparison the finest, as it is the latest, of the few pictured landscapes by Rembrandt. Nor, onward from the Renaissance, is there any landscape which, for elemental might of design, for imaginatively true illumination, is its peer, at any rate till we come to certain of the magical works of Turner. Once seen, once really felt, it is a memory for ever.



(By permission of the Most Hon. the Marquis of Lansdowne, K.G.
Photo. Braun, Clément & Co.)

The Mill.

By Rembrandt.

Rembrandt, poor, forsaken, scorned almost, reveals himself, by virtue of a certain universal sympathy, as sovereign over circumstance. In august mystery he foreshadows and far eclipses Millet. The mill, silhouetted against the great sky space, is gloriously eloquent of the inward calm which sustained him. Whether as picture, or as intimate autobiography founded on the rock "Know thyself," with what nobility and grandeur it is endowed. In design, in profoundly significant lighting, in satisfying harmony of colour, it is a great pictorial symbol of the creative spirit, of "highest activity in unbroken rest." Only the somewhat trivial form of the boat on the right conflicts with the unity, with the lofty temper that permeates the work. 'The Mill' formed part of the magnificent collection of the Duke of Orleans, sold *en bloc* in 1792 to Mr. Thomas More Slade, the pictures of the Flemish, Dutch and German schools costing 350,000 francs. At the sale held on February 14, 1800, at Bryan's Gallery, Pall Mall, it was bought by W. Smith for 500 gs., and later went to the then Marquis of Lansdowne for 800 gs. It was last publicly seen at the Rembrandt exhibition held by the Royal Academy in 1899.

Another of the few landscapes painted by Rembrandt was till 1883 at Bowood: the dramatic little 'Stone Bridge over a Canal' (THE ART JOURNAL, 1904, p. 115), dating from about 1637-8, secured for 2,200 gs. by the Rijks Museum at the James Reiss sale of 1900. To 1638 belongs the 'Landscape with the Good Samaritan,' at Cracow, to about 1640 the finely conceived 'Stormy Landscape,' at Brunswick, the small panel belonging to the Earl of Northbrook, and the picture in the Wallace Collection (THE ART JOURNAL, 1902, p. 301), bought by Lord Hertford at the Taylor sale of 1823 for 350 guineas. In the Cassel Gallery is the authoritatively actual 'Skating Scene' of 1646, and the powerful, larger 'Landscape with Ruin on the Hill,' attributed to *c.* 1650. Then, in our National Gallery we have the hauntingly beautiful landscape with 'Tobias and the Angel'; in Glasgow is another version of it; while in the National Galleries of Edinburgh and Dublin respectively are the little 'Misty Landscape,' 1651, and the 'Shepherds Reposing at Night,' 1647, this last having been bought at the Sir H. Hoare sale of 1883 for 490 gs. Towering above them all in majesty, in quintessential beauty, in significance, is 'The Mill' at Bowood.

Walter Sickert.

By Frederick Wedmore.

WHEN Guillaumin, the venerable Impressionist painter—contemporary of Monet and Degas—saw at the Bernheims', a few years ago, an exhibition of the work of Sickert—and Sickert was in his company—he had little or nothing but praise for the interiors, the Genre subjects: "Je vous en félicite," he said, and added, in the frank French way, "mais avouez que le Paysage ne vous intéresse pas!" And Sickert, I have reason to believe, was ready to make that acknowledgment. And there is good cause to surmise that if, with Landscape—pure Pastoral or Romantic Landscape, that is—there had been coupled this other branch of Art, Religious or Allegorical Painting, the matters in which Sickert is not interested would have been once for all enumerated. For though the public has been apt to identify him with but one or two sorts of subjects—with the Music Hall interior, the daughter of the people, the portrait sometimes distressingly candid, or even, by its emphasis on certain characteristics, not wholly free from the suspicion of caricature—unusual, in truth, is his range.

Why, in Landscape itself—notwithstanding Guillaumin's significant qualification—in the Landscape of Towns, at least (and this, like other Landscape, has light and shade, and climate and weather), Sickert has had his curiosity, his experiments, his distinguished successes. With him, in the 'Fondamenta del Malcanton'—in spirit and suggestiveness almost a "Rue des Mauvais Garçons" of Venice—Venice is not all architecture, not all monument: Sickert's—like Méryon's own—is a dramatic portrayal; and this dark scene, composed so ably,

ominous and mysterious, might be the very scene of tragedy—of Browning's *In a Gondola*, say. And with Sickert, in 'The Old Hôtel Royal, Dieppe'—that drawing, full of accurate observation and of intricacy, which is the property of M. Jacques Blanche—it is not the one great hostelry, it is not the record of a building alone, that has seemed engaging; it is all Dieppe, or all the front of Dieppe, that is conveyed or suggested.



(By permission of Mrs. Errazuriz.)

Fondamenta del Malcanton.

By Walter Sickert.



(By permission of
Messieurs Bernheim, Jeune et fils.)

Mrs. George Swinton.

By Walter Sickert.

The range of Sickert's interests—in life, just as much as in Art—is due in part, it may be, to the many streams that have made up the river of his being. No wonder that his work seems Cosmopolitan. A German by descent, on the paternal side—the son and grandson of professional artists Germany avows: his father a painter and a draughtsman on the *Fliegende Blätter*—there is English blood in Sickert, and the results of long association with our land; and, to this perhaps dominant element is to be added, not only the average Englishman's traditional love of Italy, but—and the addition is more notable—the personal inclination towards France, as responding best perhaps to Sickert's own ideals, and satisfying most his needs. By nature, and by a great and long and fruitful familiarity with France, few men are more Gallic.

The fact in Sickert's life most prominently in view—one of the two or three things only that are remembered about him, alike by the chance visitor to picture galleries and by the

slight, swift, snapshot "critic," who is a reporter very thinly disguised—is his association with Whistler. "Pupil of Whistler," they will tell you: imitator of Whistler being what it is meant to imply. Pupil of Whistler, Sickert was, indeed, and a young and trusted friend; and I remember Whistler not in the least hesitating to impart to me, in speaking of another follower, how different were the two personalities, and how much the more sympathetic was "Walter"—for "Sickert" in the grand French way I like (the "Sickert" of the signature) he had not become.

To Whistler I have always found Sickert grateful for the example of an exquisite genius—for his instructiveness and wit in conversation and teaching, and for the delight his art has scattered. But Sickert's aims and efforts were different from the Master's, almost from the first; only here and there, and in an early etching or two rather than in painted pieces, is the direct influence apparent, and even there—although not perhaps quite as conspicuously as is the case with the early Chelsea etchings of that firm and valued friend of Whistler's, Théodore Roussel—likeness of place and theme tends to

deceive us not a little as to similarity of performance. It is not nearly so great as is supposed.

An influence, in truth, much deeper than Whistler's upon Sickert is, I conceive, the influence of Degas. The shrinking from no theme because of a supposed unworthiness or commonness, must have been characteristic of Sickert from the beginning—since he has never wanted audacity, joy in audacity, and a little inclination to surprise people—and especially stupid people. But I am certain that the courage and the frankness of his experiment has been confirmed by Degas' example and friendship. In Degas, Sickert had to admire not only a master of observation, but a master of draughtsmanship. Degas had dealt with the lights and shades of the theatre: with the obscure *baignoire* and the glare of the footlights, and, again, at rehearsals, in the harsh and shivering daylight, with the gyrations of the ungainly fifth-row ballet-girl, in act to learn her business. Sickert frequented the music-hall; and for

choice, not the West-End music-hall. A comedian whom he esteemed more highly than almost any of those who, at our *collet monté* theatres, displayed themselves in Sheridan and Shakespeare—Miss Bessie Bellwood—was not, he told me, to be seen to any advantage in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly Circus: no, nor even at the "Oxford." For those of us who aspired to probe and estimate her art and temperament, pilgrimage to the "Middlesex" in Drury Lane—or even to, I forget what haunts of popular pleasure in the far East End—became necessary. It was there that Miss Bellwood might be reckoned upon to be *débordante*, enthusiastic, free. This vanished artist, I believe, is not the lady depicted as upon the stage, in the now, alas! destroyed picture of 'Sam Collins' Music-Hall,' a preserved photograph of which permits a reproduction in these pages.

To what one may describe as the early or Music-Hall period, which closed a dozen or fifteen years ago, when Sickert went to Dieppe, there followed, in his Art and life, a middle period, lasting perhaps a decade, during which, apart from occasional Portraiture, the artist chiefly busied himself with buildings, not simply as architecture—sometimes indeed for their own sakes—but oftener as of necessity the chief element in the Landscape of Towns. Within this period he painted Venice not a little, and Dieppe very much. To it belong a group of studies of St. Mark's, low in tone generally—too low sometimes, sometimes impressive, never wanting in dignity—and that admirable canvas, the 'Fondamenta del Malcanton,' which has



'Sam Collins'

By Walter Sickert.

already been spoken of. To it also belongs how many a vision of that many-sided place, Dieppe: port, and watering place, and market town: which has cliffs to paint,



(By permission of M. Jacques Blanche.)

The Old Hôtel Royal, Dieppe (Drawing).

By Walter Sickert.

great churches to paint, quaint heavy Seventeenth and graceful Eighteenth Century houses, little old cafés that were great houses once, and the life of the harbour, and the life of the beach.

Comparing the Venetian with the Dieppe groups, although it must be recognized that the first contains excellent and quite personal things—and this notwithstanding the immense frequentation of Venice by artists of all lands, and its pictorial past, unduly oppressive to present effort—we have upon the whole to pronounce the Venetian pieces inferior to the long chronicle of Dieppe. For this there are two reasons. One, that Venice—and not alone because it has been illustrated by so many—was, in the nature of things, less Sickert's "affair." The other, that he knew it less. He knew it less because, though never a Cook's tourist, still, relatively to the end he was but stranger and sojourner. In Venice his opportunities were scanty. But at Dieppe it was a case of year upon year—not steadily, but still abundantly; the objects seen in many moods and many lights: the truth about them—all that they contain—gradually revealed and made use of.

Now, something like a third period—a late, doubtless not Sickert's latest, for he is barely fifty—seems to have opened. And if, in the first period, or first phase, we have to recognise, if we are seeking for influences, the influence of Degas, in this new third there are together

traces of Rembrandt, Claude Monet, Toulouse-Lautrec. Singular combination! in itself the evidence of this artist's essential originality. The pieces are interiors generally: sometimes domestic: sometimes of intimate life, not quite domestic: the alcove and the chance encounter. In them the Nude is introduced. If I have named Claude Monet in connection with them, it is because of their illumination: their often vibrating colour, vibrating light. If I have named Rembrandt, it is because the nudities of Rembrandt seem to have appealed to Sickert: volume, not elegance: massiveness in movement or in stability—not grace. And perhaps—except for their occasional themes—I need not have named Toulouse-Lautrec at all; for certainly their spirit is not cynical, as was the spirit of that strange, proud genius: they are plain matter-of-fact: "sordid," it may be, is the adjective that would find most acceptance here; but why should we deny to them their proper praise, since, technically brilliant, they are also dramatic and human? Again, Sickert's third period has another characteristic than that which these performances afford: I mean, the return to the theme of what was well-nigh the first hour—the resumption and completion, in Painting and in Etching, of subjects of the Music Hall. An artist and observer, complex and subtle and a little wayward—one in whom several civilizations meet—Sickert is faithful, in the main, to his first love: the vivid presentation of popular joys and primitive emotions.

The Panshanger Van Dycks.

BY general consent, our National Gallery now contains the most representative series of master-works anywhere to be found. Thanks to the generosity of Lord Lucas, the enterprise of the Trustees, and, pre-eminently, of the Director, Sir Charles Holroyd, a new glory has been added to the already manifold glories of the collection. For a period of at least two years, more probably for ten or twelve, though even the most optimistic will not be disposed to add "maybe for ever," one superb group and eight full-length portraits by Van Dyck, which for many years hung in the dining-room of the late Earl Cowper, at Panshanger, have been placed on loan in the vestibule at Trafalgar Square. Is it too much to hope that one of them will there find a permanent home? A couple of Raeburns have gone to Room XXI., but the incomparable 'Baillie Family,' and the 'Ralph Schomberg'—whose resemblance to John Hardcastle has been noted—both by Gainsborough, are of the pictures that remain to testify to the distinction of indigenous British art.

Indisputably the gem of the Panshanger Van Dycks is the group of the three Balbi children, two boys and a girl. It was painted by the young Flemish master at Genoa in the 1620's, when the scions of many a powerful family were eager in their "patronage" of him. The sumptuous harmony, the rare distinction, are contributed to by the gold-embroidered reds of the apparel, the lovely sequence of heads, the two black Cornish choughs, with beaks of kindled orange, on the steps, the fluted grey pillars, which time and varnish have matured. Van Dyck's portrait of

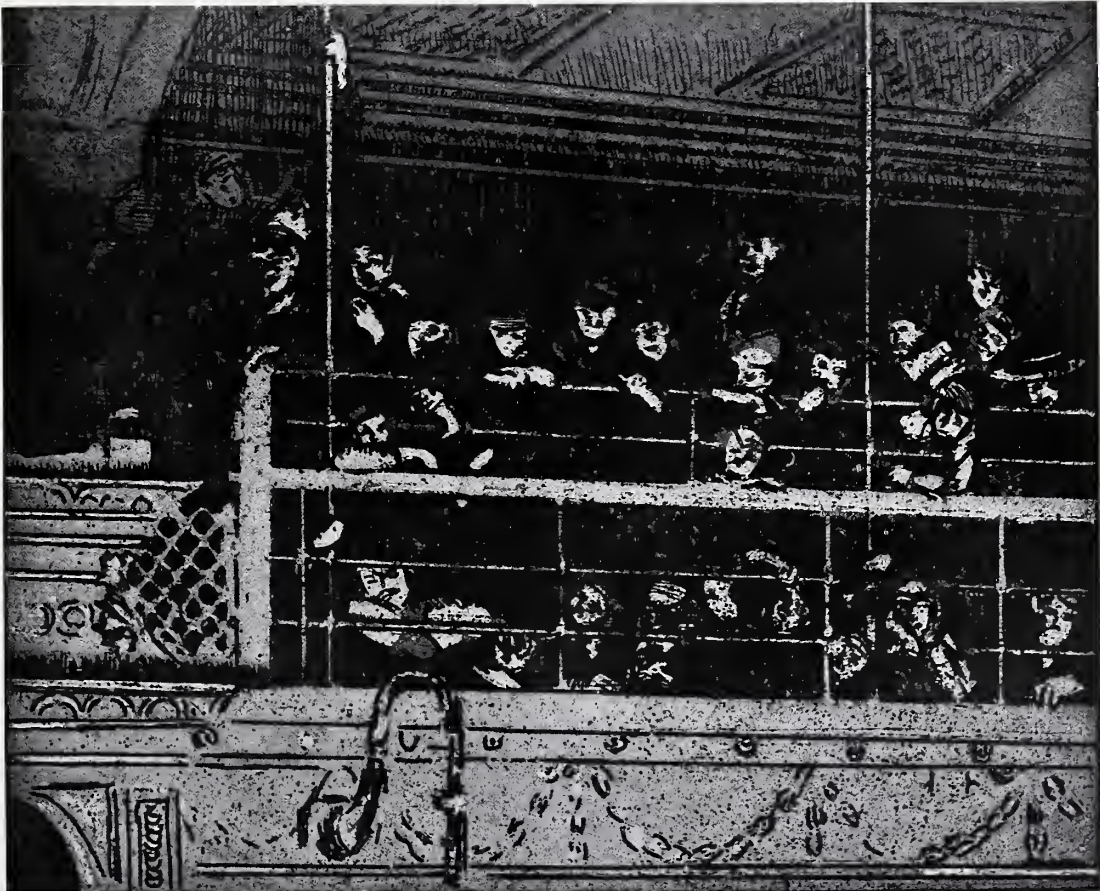
the mother of these children hangs at Dorchester House. Ruskin said that in Titian it is always the Man whom we see first, in Van Dyck the Prince or the Sir. In the Balbi group, however, childhood and art, art and childhood, are indissolubly knit. This picture was at the Old Masters in 1871, at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1887, and at Messrs. Agnew's in 1906. The only comparable group of Van Dyck's Genoese period in this country is the larger but less completely fascinating 'Lomellini Family,' procured in 1830 on the advice of Wilkie, and now in the National Gallery of Scotland. The late Earl Cowper lent nothing to the tercentenary exhibition at Antwerp in 1899, nor was this finest of his Van Dycks at Burlington House in 1900. In the east vestibule of the National Gallery the following full-length portraits have been hung in the order named:—'Rachael de Rouvigny,' first Countess of Southampton, in superbly-painted silvery blue, her foot on a skull, her left arm resting against a luminous sphere—this was purchased from Lord D'Arcy's collection in 1683, and a finished sketch belongs to the Duke of Devonshire; the 'Marques de Leganez,' a fine portrait, "bought of Mr. Birch, of Norwood, 1834," which calls for the removal of some discoloured old varnish; 'Madam Kirk,' standing, in amber dress, by a garden fountain, a blossoming rose-bush to the left, "bought by the Earl of Kent in 1682 out of Sir P. Lely's collection"; an interesting variant of the 'Lords John and Bernard Stuart,' sold not long ago by the Earl of Darnley for some £30,000, more intimate, less showy, and differing in several respects from the better-known picture



(By permission of Hugh
Hammersley, Esq.)

Camden Town : Interior.

By Walter Sickert.



'The Middlesex' (Etching).

By Walter Sickert.



(By permission of the
Rt. Hon. Lord Lucas.)

The Balbi Children.

By Van Dyck.

which was at Cobham, where remains a "copy" by Gainsborough; the 'Portrait of an unknown man,' in black dress and white ruff, "bought of Mr. John Cocks in 1699"; a picture said to represent Elizabeth, second Countess of Southampton, wearing a sheeny white dress and light blue scarf, "bought by the Earl of Kent, in 1683, from Lord D'Arcy"; and 'Lady Rich,' in black dress, once the property of Lord Wharton. In the west vestibule is the remaining Van Dyck: a full-length of Philip, Lord Wharton, Lord High Admiral's baton in hand, painted several years

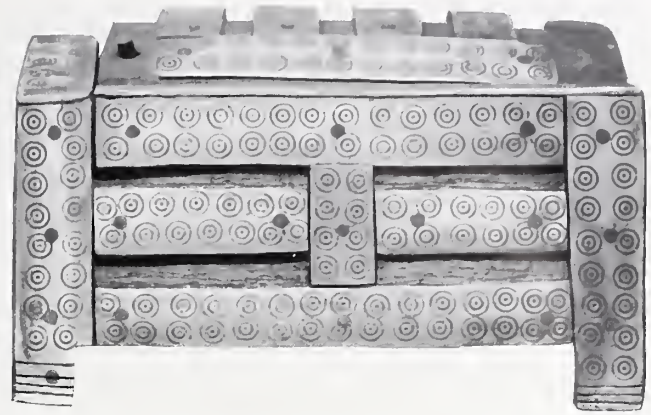
later than, and markedly inferior to, the masterly portrait of Lord Wharton as a shepherd, which, valued at £200, was, with the rest of the Walpole pictures, acquired by the Empress Catherine II. of Russia in 1779 for £40,555. As will be recalled, the Czar lent this wonderful picture to the Academy in 1900. Unlike foreign galleries, the National Gallery is now open every day, including Sunday in the afternoon, all the year round, and these Panshanger Van Dycks are certain to prove a great attraction.

Coffers, Chests, and Caskets.*

By Luther Hooper.

THE opportunities which ivory and bone afford for delicate carving, have always been taken advantage of by craftsmen for the adorning of small caskets and jewel-cases; but perhaps the most beautiful work of this kind, for the purpose, was done chiefly in the East during the Byzantine period, which may be said to extend from the third to the tenth centuries. The Romans had much favoured the use of ivory for writing tablets, called diptychs, which were like the covers of a book, having the inner surfaces coated with wax, on which the writing was inscribed by means of an ivory or metal stylus; also for the oval boxes made for holding toilet requisites, jewels and other precious small objects, as well as for the ornamental panels and decorations of larger wooden boxes and other furniture. The form of these round and oval Roman caskets was copied, and adapted by the early Christian Church, for the receptacles used for the consecrated bread, and also for relics of the saints. There are several very beautiful and perfect specimens of boxes of this shape, made for this purpose by Byzantine craftsmen, in the British Museum collection of ivory carvings. The classic name *pyx*, which originally meant a boxwood casket, but had come to signify these small round boxes, of whatever material they were made, was also adopted by the Christian Church in the Byzantine period.

The Egyptians, as we have seen, used ivory chiefly as a veneer or inlay for hard-wood boxes, and decorated it in a very simple manner with incised work, or by staining it in different colours. This traditional method was continued



15. Small Trinket Box, of acacia wood, veneered with bands of thin ivory. Coptic period.

by the Copts, as the Egyptian converts to Christianity were called. The small Coptic casket (Illustration 15) is made of acacia wood, veneered with bands of ivory, incised with simple circular ornaments.

Two wonderful and exquisite fragments of a bone casket are preserved in the British Museum (Illustrations 16 and 17). They are of Byzantine workmanship, and are most perfect specimens of Byzantine carving of this minute kind, at its best. The delicate cutting of the borders of repeating circular ornament is admirable, and the panels of "hunting" and "revels" are most freely and finely designed, although so small in scale.

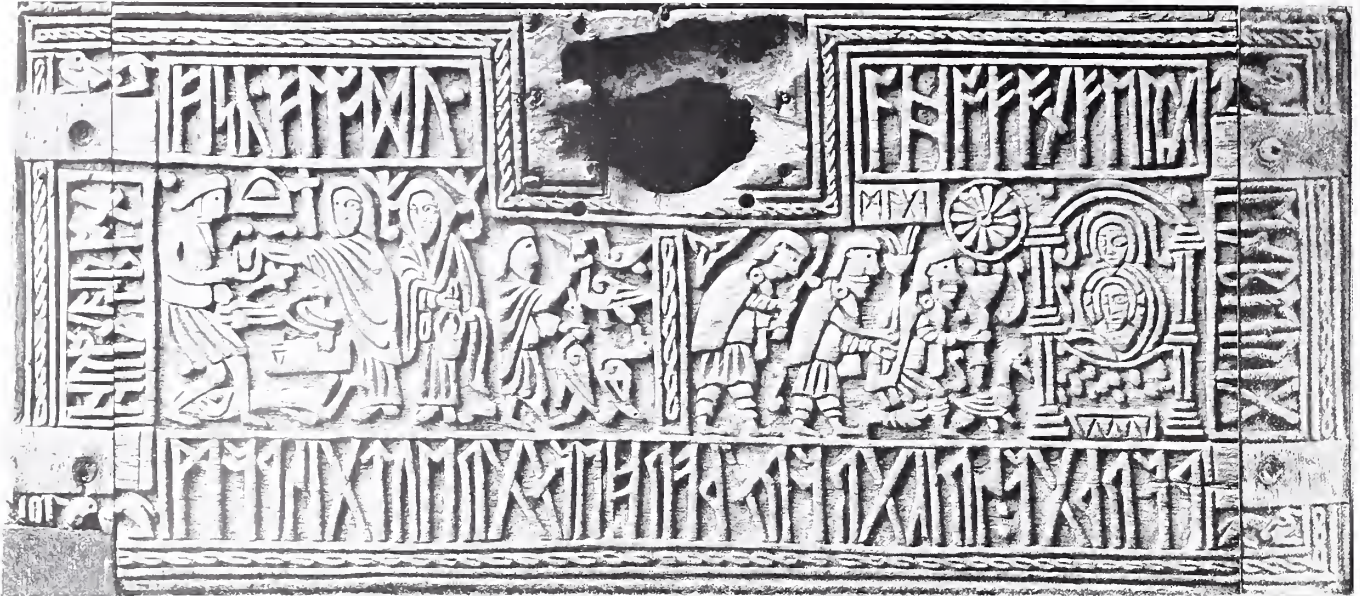
The Byzantine carved ivory and bone pyxes, reliquaries and other boxes soon became famous, and found their way by means of pilgrims and travelling merchants of the time, into all parts of Christendom. In this way, they no doubt, became the means of inducing local artificers in different European countries to imitate and emulate the work of the East; and we find that the art of ivory and bone carving came to be practised with much success in Anglo-Saxon, Norman, Mediæval and the Renaissance periods.

The British Museum possesses, in the celebrated "Franks" casket, an interesting example of Anglo-Saxon carving in whale's bone. It was made in Northumbria in the eighth century, and is ornamented with carved panels of figure subjects, and borders of Runic inscriptions, interspersed with grotesque animals. The figure subjects are quaint illustrations of scriptural and allegorical stories, and the whole effect of the design is finely decorative. The front of the casket is shown in the illustration (No. 18).

Notwithstanding that it has little, if any, connection with Byzantine work, and is of a much later period, it will be convenient to notice here an equally fine specimen



16 and 17. Fragments of a Bone Casket. Byzantine. Ninth century.

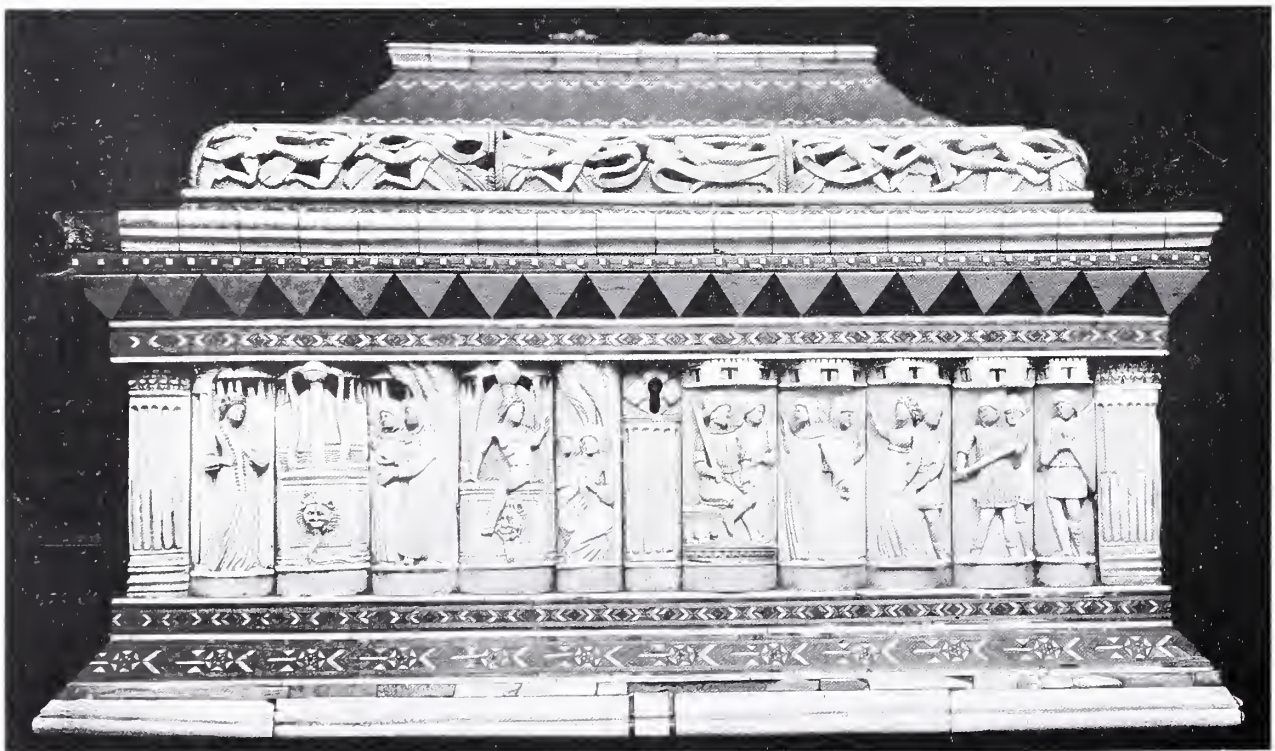


18. Front panels of the "Franks' Casket. Carved whalebone. Northumbrian. Eighth century.

of bone carving, in quite a different style to the Franks casket. (Illustration 19.) This beautiful box, which is about twelve inches long, was made in Venice in the fourteenth century, in the workshops of the Embriaco family. This family was famous for beautiful bone carving and its judicious mixture with intarsia or marquetry work, by which means colour was introduced into the ornamentation of the caskets and other objects, thus rendering it unnecessary to paint parts of the carved ivory or bone, as had been the common practice of the Byzantine and Mediaeval craftsmen. The subject of the figure design in this beautiful Venetian casket is the Story of Susannah.

The simple but beautiful ornamentation of some of the

Early Christian stone coffins and ossuaries is well worthy of notice, and it is curious to observe the close resemblance much of this ornamentation bears to that of some of the oaken chests of the Jacobean period in England. The fine specimen illustrated (Illustration 20) is a small limestone ossuary from Palestine, and although the work is that of the fourth century, it is as sharp and clear as if quite recently executed. The use of sarcophagi was revived when surface burial in cemeteries, set apart for that purpose, came into use during the third and fourth centuries, taking the place of the earliest Christian custom of depositing the bodies of deceased members of the new faith on shelves, and in recesses of the excavated catacombs with which the



19. Casket of carved bone, with the Story of Susannah. Made in the workshops of the Embriaco family at Venice at the end of the fourteenth century.



20. Limestone Ossuary from Palestine. Fourth century.

suburbs of Rome, and other cities, were to such a great extent undermined. The Early Christians held it to be sacrilegious and faithless to cremate the human body, as was the usual custom of their times, believing, as they did, that the general resurrection was imminent in their day.

The custom of presenting a casket containing jewels and other objects for personal adornment to the bride, on her marriage, appears to have originated amongst the Early Christians, and there are many fine examples of such caskets extant. Perhaps the most beautiful of them all is one which was found, with other treasures in 1793, during some excavations which were being made on the Esquiline Hill at Rome. The casket is of silver and is elaborately ornamented with figure subjects in high relief. (Illustrations 21 and 22.) In the centre of the lid the bride and bridegroom are depicted, in a medallion, and along the front edge there is an inscription, by which we learn that their names were: Projecta, a Roman lady of rank, and Secundus, a member of the great Roman family of the Asterii. This inscription, preceded by the sacred monogram, runs *Secunde et Projecta vivatis in Christo*. The inscription also proves, that in spite of the Pagan character of the decoration of the casket,

the bride and bridegroom belonged to the Christian community. One of the sloping panels of the lid is occupied by a representation of the bridal procession as it nears the bridegroom's house; whilst in the other three are mythological compositions representing Venus, Nereids, Tritons and sea monsters in the usual classic manner. On the body of the casket (Illustration 21), beneath an arcading of rather curious construction, in which angular forms alternate with the usual circular arches, Projecta is represented at her toilet, waited on by her attendant maids.

At the same time, and in the same place, as the casket of Projecta, a dome-shaped silver casket of very similar workmanship was found, together with a miscellaneous collection of other articles of much interest and artistic value. The dome-shaped casket contains silver bottles for



21. The Bridal Casket of Projecta. Front view.



Ϝ SECUNDE ET PROIECTA VIVATIS IN CHRISTO

22. Lid of Bridal Casket of Projecta, with inscription. Silver repoussé. Fifth century.



23. Silver Toilet Box. Fifth century.

holding perfumes and essences for the toilet, and is decorated on the outside with figures of the Muses, alternating with panels of very beautiful ornamental designs (Illustration 23). The whole of this important Esquiline treasure is exhibited in the Early Christian gallery at the British Museum.

According to date, the caskets and reliquaries of enamelled metal should next be considered, but before doing so it will be more convenient to notice a beautiful casket of French make, of very fine shape, proportion and design, ornamented with embossed metal. This casket was made in the fifteenth century. The decoration consists of three panels of figure subjects, repeated in succession all over the surface, and represents three incidents in the course of the love of a lady and her knight. The design of the panels is so cleverly managed, that the repetition is not observed at first, and the general effect is that of an elaborate and free decoration of the whole surface. There is an inscription which, like the panels of figures, is repeated again and again as the borders which it is designed to fill, require. It is without spacing and stops, and is treated purely as ornament, as so many mediæval inscriptions were, and it would seem that in the craftsman's estimation it might begin and end at any place, regardless of sense, so long as the various bands on which it is used were filled in with lettering. It is difficult to decipher the inscription, but as nearly as can be ascertained it runs, *Amor merce si vs pla*, but beyond the words, love and reward, the meaning of the motto is obscure (Illustration 24).

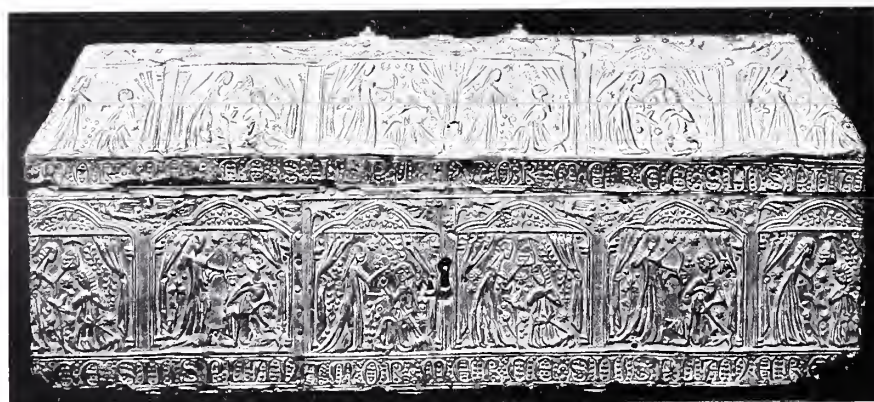
The beautiful art of enamelling, which is really the application and fixing of coloured glass to the surface of metal, is of very ancient origin, and was practised to a certain extent

by the Celts, Greeks and Romans, and in fact by most of the peoples of antiquity who were acquainted with the art of covering the surface of pottery with a vitreous glaze, to which process enamelling bears a close resemblance. There are several different methods of enamelling, but it will be only necessary here to briefly notice the three principal ones.

Champlevé, or embedded enamelling, is the most ancient kind, and was employed by the Celtic, Greek and Roman and afterwards by the mediæval enamellers. In this process, the powdered glass, mixed with the colouring metal oxide, is laid in hollows, previously cut into the surface of the copper, bronze, or other metal object to be decorated. After sufficient heat has been applied, the melted glaze adheres to the metal surface, and the hollows are filled with coloured glass of more or less translucence, variety and depth of colour, according to the metallic oxides which have been mixed with the powdered glass.

In *cloisonné* enamel, the glaze is placed in separate cells, formed of thin strips of metal bent to the shapes required by the design, and fitted and soldered to the metal surface of the object they have been prepared for. This is a much more tedious process than the *champlevé* one, but it is far more perfect and certain in its colouring, and depends less upon accidental effects of over and under-heating of the glaze; accidental effects which are so useful and so dear to the indifferent craftsman in any art. The practice of cell enamelling was not unknown to the ancients, but its great development took place during the eleventh and twelfth centuries in the Byzantine Empire, and from thence is supposed to have been introduced into China, where it has ever since been much used and valued.

The simplest enamelling process is that, in which the design is merely painted on the surface of the metal base in various vitreous mixtures, as in ordinary china painting, heat being afterwards applied to fuse them. This process was first introduced in the fifteenth century and was largely developed and perfected at Limoges, the great centre of mediæval enamelling; and it is chiefly this kind which has been continued to our own times. The Battersea enamels, which are now being eagerly collected, were painted on the metal in this manner. They were made first by Stephen



24. Wooden Casket, covered with embossed metal inscription: "Amor merce si vs pla." French. Fifteenth century.

Janssen in the factory he established at Battersea in 1750, and from which he sent out an enormous quantity of toilet, sweetmeat, and snuff boxes as well as candlesticks and all kinds of pretty and elegant small objects to suit the prevailing taste of the eighteenth century.

There are very few examples of Byzantine *cloissonné* enamel in this country, most of the specimens being preserved in the churches and cathedrals of the Continent, and there are none of caskets ornamented in this manner. But there are several *champlevé* and painted enamel caskets and reliquaries dating from the twelfth and later centuries. One of these (Illustration 25) made at Limoges, A.D. 1189, is now in the Waddesdon room at the British Museum. It is interesting not only as a fine specimen of mediæval enamelling, but is curious in that the precious relics it contained were secured by three locks, the keys being held by separate persons, so that it could be opened only by their agreement. This arrangement was common in the case of the treasure chests of societies and communities of the middle ages, but is unusual in small caskets and reliquaries.

In the Mediæval Gallery of the British Museum may be seen a marriage casket, of very similar workmanship and character of design to the above, in fact, the design is so similar, that it is generally supposed to be by the same hand (Illustration 26).



27. Casket of painted enamel. Limoges. Sixteenth century. By Susanna Court.



25. Reliquary, with champlevé enamel on copper. The martyrdom of St. Valérie. Made at Limoges about A.D. 1189.



26. Marriage Casket, with champlevé enamel. Limoges. Twelfth century.

Of painted enamels, perhaps the finest in the Museum is also in the Waddesdon room. It is by Susanna Court, a Limoges artist of the sixteenth century. The richness of the subdued colours of the decorations distinguishes it above all the other specimens of the same class of work by which it is surrounded.

(To be continued.)

The R.A. Council.

SIR HUBERT VON HERKOMER'S 'Council of the Royal Academy, 1907,' exhibited at Burlington House in 1908, is in many ways remarkable. With the exception of the late Mr. Val Prinsep's representation of the Imperial Assemblage at Delhi in 1877, which was attended by the principal chiefs of the Indian Empire, a canvas 27 feet by 10 feet, presented by the people of India to Queen Victoria in commemoration of her assumption of the title of Empress of India, no larger work has been at the Academy for years. Sir Hubert's two great groups of burghers of his native Bavarian town, Landsberg,



Mr. Crofts. Mr. Solomon. Mr. Lucas. Mr. Riviere. Mr. Oules. Mr. Murray. Mr. Brock. Mr. Eaton.
Mr. Jackson. Mr. Leader. Mr. Sargent. Sir E. J. Poynter. Mr. Swan. Sir H. von Herkomer.

(By permission of Messrs. Hanfstaengl,
Publishers of the Photogravure.)

The Council of the Royal Academy, 1907.

By Sir H. von Herkomer, R.A.

seen respectively in 1895 and 1905, are now in the Council Chamber at Landsberg. At Burlington House the R.A. group was hung in the same position as were these in Gallery VI., so that from the top of the stairs it had an almost uncanny look of actuality. Never before, perhaps, had a real Academy Council been painted. In 1802 Henry Singleton showed the Academicians in General Assembly under President West, and in 1875 C. W. Cope executed a group of prominent members selecting pictures for the Summer Exhibition, with Sir Francis Grant in the chair. But Sir Hubert von Herkomer, in his vast canvas, 21 feet long, shows the various members of the Council of 1907 ranged in semi-circle, judging works brought before them by the attendants. In the centre, behind the table, wielding the fateful zinc symbols, 'D (doubtful)' and 'X' (rejected)—as is well known, very few works are unprovisionally accepted when so brought up—sits Sir Edward Poynter, the historic snuff-box in front of him. From left to right we have life-size portraits of Mr. Ernest Crofts, the Keeper,

Mr. T. G. Jackson, the Treasurer, Mr. S. J. Solomon, Mr. B. W. Leader, Mr. Seymour Lucas, Mr. Sargent, puffing a cigar, Mr. Briton Riviere, the President, Mr. W. W. Oules, Mr. David Murray, Mr. J. M. Swan, the artist himself, Mr. Eaton, the Secretary, and, standing behind, because he was not one of the Council, Mr. Thomas Brock, the sculptor. Some time ago a facetious Frenchman suggested in connection with Sir Hubert's art that in our days, as in those of Henry VIII., it needed a foreign-born painter, a German, to fathom the British physiognomy and unravel "all that the Creator has put into it of self-esteem and tenacity, of cold passion and hot irritability, of virtue, nobility, and puerile respectability." Whether or not the R. A. Council would acquiesce in this summary of British qualities and defects is, to say the least, uncertain. In any case, Sir Hubert painted the group with amazing force.

The artist will give to the Artists' Benevolent Institution the whole of the royalties due to him from the sale of the prints.

S. Maria delle Grazie, Milan.

AMONG the fine churches of Milan perhaps not the least interesting is that of S. Maria delle Grazie, situated in the Corso Magenta, and of which we give an etching by Mr. W. Hilton Nash.

Built in the fifteenth century from the designs of Bramante, in the Early Renaissance style, it consists of a nave, choir, and transept, with a fine dome over the crossing.

It is constructed in brick and stone, and has curious enrichments in terra-cotta of varied and pleasing design. Few visitors to Milan omit to visit it, since in the small piazza adjoining the church is the refectory of the suppressed monastery of S. Maria delle Grazie, in which is

painted the celebrated fresco of 'The Last Supper,' by Leonardo da Vinci.

The church contains frescoes by Gaudenzio Ferrari, executed in 1542, and said to be some of the last of his works, and also frescoes and a picture of a Madonna by Luini.

Théodore Rousseau.

IT was a foregone conclusion that the Trustees of the National Gallery would accept the 'River Scene' by Théodore Rousseau from the Day Collection, offered by Mr. H. Velten, one of the cultured and trustworthy



Etched by W. HILTON NASH, F.R.I.B.A.

S. MARIA DELLE GRAZIE, MILAN.

partners of the Obach firm. Unlike Sir Richard Wallace, the Trustees of the National Gallery took no heed of the masters of the School of 1830, when fine examples were to be had at a fraction of their present value. Hence at this eleventh hour an attempt is being made to fill the lamentable gap in Trafalgar Square. Though not, of course, comparable in importance with the 'Lisière de Fôret,' 1849, known as 'A Glade in the Forest of Fontainebleau,' at Hertford House, the 'River Scene' is a noble and dignified picture, revealing the strain of poetry in the art of this master-realist, so called. The power of Rousseau gained such slow recognition that he was known as "Le Grand Refusé." Two of his finest pictures were rejected at the Salon of

1835, and for the succeeding thirteen years the doors remained closed against him. In 1867, however, a few months before his death, he gained one of the grand medals of honour at the Exposition Universelle, and was elected President of the Jury. Rousseau's friendship for Millet, the beautiful way he aided him in dark hours, recalls those wonderful lines of Blake :

"Every kindness to another is a little Death
In the Divine Image, nor can man exist but by brotherhood."

As will be remembered, Rousseau was the "wealthy American" who gave 4,000 francs for Millet's 'The Grafter' in 1855.

Art Sales of the Season.

I.—Pictures.

CARLYLE gibed at "the learned babble of the sale room and varnishing auctioneer." Nevertheless, while sale room judgments as expressed in pounds, shillings and pence, are far from oracular, the question of a greater man than Carlyle, "What is aught but as 'tis valued?" is not without its commercial application. Auction-room verdicts, especially on modern works, are apt to be reversed. Often they reflect no more than the "tenored nonsense" of unauthoritative writers, of the Peter Parleys of painting. A Whistler is hissed, an Edwin Long competed for in thousands. Yet sanity follows madness, and taking a comprehensive view it may be said of the art auctioneer that "with exactness grinds he all." From the standpoint of financial results, the picture sale season of 1909 has been exceptionally important. The money value of certain modern pictures has been publicly vindicated as never before. Works by Old Masters, on the other hand, have been conspicuous chiefly by their absence. Dramatic transferences, often from this country to America or Germany, occur nowadays mainly by private treaty. When again will there be an opportunity for wealthy collectors to enter the lists for pictorial treasures of the past comparable with those offered some years ago by the Duke of Hamilton and the Earl of Dudley?—to say nothing of those of the Duke of Orleans, which came under the hammer more than a century ago.

Though only five single picture-properties of considerable dimension or worth came under the hammer between January and July, details of three others are added in the

preceding table in order that a comparison may be instituted with the sales of 1907 and 1908.

The corresponding figures for the eight most important properties in immediately preceding seasons are: 1908, headed by the Holland gallery, 1,751 lots, £310,180; 1907, 670 lots, £84,599. The figures indicate with considerable accuracy the amount of pictorial spoil submitted at auction, and the way in which it was received. Some particulars of the fine collection, chiefly by Barbizon and Dutch artists, brought together by Sir John Day, at a total cost of about £43,850, have already appeared (*THE ART JOURNAL*, pp. 207-8). Sir W. Cuthbert Quilter, brother of the late Mr. Harry Quilter whose pictures and objects of art were dispersed at Christie's in 1906, had since the early eighties paid generous sums for large and important works, mostly by modern British artists. From the rostrum it was announced that though the collection could not be offered entirely "unprotected," the reserves would in no case exceed reasonable valuations. The catalogue-total is the highest for a single-afternoon dispersal of one picture-property at Christie's with the sole exception of the Dudley in 1892, when ninety-one works, chiefly by Old Masters, aggregated £99,564. Public interest in the Quilter sale is marked by the fact that catalogues, sold at one shilling apiece for the benefit of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, produced £68 17s. as against £27 for the copies of the Day catalogue, at sixpence each. Mr. Cuthbertson did not begin to form his gallery nearly so long ago as Sir John Day, Sir Cuthbert Quilter or Mr. Holbrook Gaskell. Nevertheless, several pictures trebled or even quadrupled in value. The downs and ups of art collecting were significantly demonstrated in the case of Mr. Holbrook Gaskell (*THE ART JOURNAL*, p. 261) who added to a number of second or third-rate works, which failed to maintain anything like their price, an example of Turner's fine vision and magic touch and a noble landscape by Constable. Three of the four pictures belonging to Mr. Parker were received enthusiastically, and the time may come when the fourth, Richard Wilson's 'Solitude,' will go far beyond 300 gs. The name of the late Mr. Garland will at once be associated with the collection of Chinese porcelain which

Property.	Lots.	£
Sir John C. Day, deceased. May 13-4. No reserve	289	94,946
Sir W. Cuthbert Quilter. July 9	124	87,790
E. H. Cuthbertson. May 21	101	78,456
Holbrook Gaskell, deceased. June 24-5. No reserve	249	55,636
Sir John D. Milburn, deceased. June 10-11	159	41,586
E. W. Parker. July 2	4	17,146
Dowager Hon. Louise Van Alphen, The Hague. July 16	53	13,992
James A. Garland, New York, deceased. April 30	19	12,770
Total	998	£402,322

TABLE OF 74 PICTURES AND 2 WATER-COLOURS, 1,400 GUINEAS OR MORE.

ARTIST.	WORK.	SALE.	PRICE. GS.
1 Turner ...	{ Burning of Houses of Lords and Commons, October 16, 1834. 35 x 47½. R.A. 1835, No. 294. (1868, C. J. Palmer, 1,455 gs.) I.C. (97) ...	Holbrook Gaskell (June 24) ...	12,500
2 Constable ...	{ Arundel Mill and Castle. 27 x 37. R.A. 1837, No. 193. On easel at time of sudden death. (1838, Artist's, 75 gs.) I.C. (8) ...	Holbrook Gaskell (June 24) ...	8,400
3 Rembrandt ...	{ Descent from Cross. 55 x 42. Signed, dated 1651. (1834, Hampden, £139; 1840, Beaver, 240 gs., bt. in.) R.P. I.C. Other versions: Munich, painted 1633, part of series for which artist received 600 florins each; Hermitage, painted 1634. (99) ...	E. W. Parker (July 2) ...	7,800
4 Turner ...	{ East Cowes Castle, Regatta beating to windward. 35½ x 47½. R.A. 1828, No. 113. (1835, Nash, for whom painted, 190 gs.) Companion picture Sheepshanks Collection, South Kensington. I.C. (100) ...	E. W. Parker (July 2) ...	6,500
5 Reynolds ...	{ Venus and Piping Boy. 49½ x 39. O.P. 250 gs., bought by J. J. Angerstein. Bought from Angerstein family, 1885. I.C. (93) ...	Sir Cuthbert Quilter (July 9) ...	6,400
6 Raeburn ...	{ Sir John Sinclair. 93½ x 60. c. 1795. (1903, Sinclair, 14,000 gs., bt. in.) R.P. for man's portrait by British artist. Former R.P. Gainsborough's 'Vestris,' 28½ x 23, 1905, L. Huth, 4,550 gs. (139) ...	Sir Tollemache Sinclair (July 16) ...	6,200
7 Romney ...	{ Mrs. Blackburne. 50 x 40. 1787. O.P. 50 gs. I.C. (54) ...	Cuthbertson (May 21) ...	5,200
8 Hoppner ...	{ Lady Langham. 53½ x 44. (1864, Selwyn, 90 x 56, 400 gs., since cut down.) I.C. (111) ...	Sir J. D. Milburn (June 10) ...	5,200
9 Romney ...	{ Mrs. Newbery. 20½ x 23½. 1782. O.P. about 30 gs. (1899, 1,650 gs.) I.C. (55) ...	Cuthbertson (May 21) ...	5,100
10 Millet ...	{ Goose-maiden. 124 x 94. 1867. Cost Day £3,400. R.P. I.C. (103) ...	Sir John Day (May 13) ...	5,000
11 Reynolds ...	{ Snake in the Grass. 50 x 40. In France for 90 years. Canvas made before 1786. I.C. (52) ...	Cuthbertson (May 21) ...	4,900
12 Romney ...	{ Actress, not Mrs. Jordan. 51 x 40½. (1884, Potter, as 'Lady Hamilton,' 700 gs.) I.C. (95) ...	Sir Cuthbert Quilter (July 9) ...	4,800
13 Murillo ...	{ Immaculate Conception. 74 x 53½. Lent by J. Osmaston to O.M., 1879, as 'The Assumption.' From R. Brook's Gallery. I.C. 'Immaculate Conception, 108½ x 75, in Louvre, cost 615,300 francs Sout Sale, 1852. (113) ...	Sir Cuthbert Quilter (July 9) ...	4,800
14 Rousseau ...	{ Winding Road. 10 x 24½. From Porter Michaels' Collection, Paris. R.P. I.C. (97) ...	Cuthbertson (May 21) ...	4,600
15 Turner ...	{ Venus and Adonis. 59½ x 47. c. 1806-10. R.A. 1849, No. 206. Perhaps based on Titian's 'Peter Martyr,' probably seen by T. in Paris before its return to Venice, where it was burned in 1867. (1830, Green, 83 gs.; 1878, Novar, 1,850 gs.; 1885, Denison, 1,450 gs.) I.C. (82) ...	Sir Cuthbert Quilter (July 9) ...	4,000
16 Van Marcke ...	{ Cattle in a Stream. 30½ x 45. 1876. From Balli Collection, £3,500. R.P. I.C. (89) ...	Cuthbertson (May 21) ...	3,800
17 Raeburn ...	{ Master Thos. Island. 56½ x 44. I.C. (97) ...	Major Treeby (July 2) ...	3,400
18 M. Maris ...	{ The Four Mills. 8½ x 11½. 1871. Goupil bought for 100 francs, counselling Maris not to paint such "unsaleable stuff." Once late Viscount Powerscourt's. Cost Day £120, c. 1882. Melbourne Gallery would have paid 2,000 gs. for it. R.P. I.C. (77) ...	Sir John Day (May 13) ...	3,300
19 Jacque ...	{ The Flock. 31½ x 39. From Balli Collection, £2,250. R.P. I.C. (86) ...	Cuthbertson (May 21) ...	3,200
20 Corot ...	{ Landscape. 16 x 21½. R.P. I.C. (66) ...	Cuthbertson (May 21) ...	3,150
21 Herkomer ...	{ Last Muster: Chelsea Hospital. 82 x 61. R.A. 1875, No. 898. Bought by Elliott, Baker Street, who sold it to Quilter for about £3,000. Melbourne Gallery bid 3,000 gs. R.P. I.C. (57) ...	Sir Cuthbert Quilter (July 9) ...	3,100
22 M. Maris ...	{ Feeding Chickens. 13½ x 8. 1872. G. W. Reid, B. M. Print Room, bought it for 28 gs. Cost Day about £300. Etched by W. Hole, THE ART JOURNAL, 1873. I.C. (78) ...	Sir John Day (May 13) ...	3,000
23 J. Maris ...	{ Dutch Village. 49½ x 39. R.P. I.C. (92) ...	Cuthbertson (May 21) ...	3,000
24 Millais ...	{ Murthly Moss. 50 x 73. 1887. R.A. 1888, No. 292. O.P. £4,000. I.C. (68) ...	Sir Cuthbert Quilter (July 9) ...	3,000
25 F. Walker ...	{ The Bathers. 36 x 84. R.A. 1867, No. 627. (1886, W. Graham, who asked artist to add drapery to certain figures, 2,500 gs. R.P.) R.P. I.C. (84) ...	Sir Cuthbert Quilter (July 9) ...	2,900
26 Corot ...	{ The Ferry. 17½ x 23½. Cost Day £350, c. 1880. I.C. (7) ...	Sir John Day (May 13) ...	2,800
27 Corot ...	{ Chemin de la Roue. 25½ x 19½. 1874. I.C. (67) ...	Cuthbertson (May 21) ...	2,800
28 Gainsborough ...	{ Miss Adney. 28½ x 23. Oval. I.C. (108) ...	Sir J. D. Milburn (June 10) ...	2,800
29 Holman Hunt ...	{ The Scapogay. 33½ x 54½. 1854. R.A. 1856, No. 398. O.P. 450 gs. 'Old White.' (1862, B. G. Windus, 475 gs.; 1878, Heugh, 480 gs.; 1887, Fairbairn, 1,350 gs.) I.C. (53) ...	Sir Cuthbert Quilter (July 9) ...	2,800
30 Jules Breton ...	{ Le Goutier. 29 x 47. 1886. R.P. I.C. (44) ...	J. A. Garland, N.Y. (April 30) ...	2,700
31 Mauve ...	{ Flock of Sheep in Wood. 19½ x 35½. 1888. In studio at artist's death, unsigned. Cost Day £150. R.P. I.C. (86) ...	Sir John Day (May 13) ...	2,700
32 Dupre ...	{ River Pastures. 18½ x 28½. R.P. I.C. (75) ...	Cuthbertson (May 21) ...	2,700
33 Troyon ...	{ Cattle in River. 32 x 45½. 1855. I.C. (53) ...	J. A. Garland, N.Y. (April 30) ...	2,550
34 Troyon ...	{ Cattle in Pasture. 20 x 28. (54) ...	J. A. Garland, N.Y. (April 30) ...	2,500
35 Corot ...	{ Evening Symphony. 47 x 33. I.C. (75) ...	Sir J. D. Milburn (June 10) ...	2,400
36 Corot ...	{ Environs d'Arleux. 22½ x 15½. I.C. (77) ...	Sir J. D. Milburn (June 10) ...	2,400
37 Landseer ...	{ Midsummer Night's Dream. 31½ x 52. R.A. 1851, No. 157. O.P. £450. Sir I. K. Brunel. (1860, Brunel, 2,800 gs.) Bought from Earl Brownlow, c. 1880, £6,000. Cost Quilter £7,000. I.C. (60) ...	Sir Cuthbert Quilter (July 9) ...	2,400
38 Velazquez (?) ...	{ Mariana of Spain. 58 x 47. (1893, Clifden, 4,100 gs. bt. in; 1895, Clifden, 2,300 gs.) I.C. (118) ...	Sir Cuthbert Quilter (July 9) ...	2,300
39 Israels ...	{ Washing the Cradle. 30 x 24. c. 1865. R.P. I.C. (40) ...	Sir Cuthbert Quilter (July 9) ...	2,250
40 Cecil Lawson ...	{ Doone Valley. 41 x 53. R.A. 1882, No. 1512. (1888, 400 gs.; 1896, Priestman, 550 gs.; 1902, Barton, 1,500 gs.) R.P.) R.P. I.C. (62) ...	Sir Cuthbert Quilter (July 9) ...	2,250
41 Leighton ...	{ Cymon and Iphigenia. 64 x 129. R.A. 1884, No. 278. Cost Quilter £3,800. I.C. (65) ...	Sir Cuthbert Quilter (July 9) ...	2,250
42 Maes ...	{ Portraits of Man and his Wife. 44½ x 36½. (95) ...	July 2 ...	2,150
43 Daubigny ...	{ Paysage dans l'Eure. 15 x 26. 1877. From Horatio Davies Collection. I.C. (68) ...	Cuthbertson (May 21) ...	2,100
44 Jacque ...	{ La Bergère. 31½ x 25. 1883. I.C. (87) ...	Cuthbertson (May 21) ...	2,100
45 Troyon ...	{ Shepherd and Sheep. 15½ x 12½. (99) ...	Cuthbertson (May 21) ...	2,100
46 Maes ...	{ Old Lady in Black Dress. 45½ x 33½. Signed, dated 1663. (1824, Bernal, 42 gs.; probably same) (93) ...	February 27 ...	2,050
47 Mauve ...	{ Lisiere de Bois. 24 x 29½. Cost Day £120, c. 1887. R.P. I.C. (87) ...	Sir John Day (May 13) ...	2,020
48 Harpignies ...	{ La Loire près Source. 51 x 64½. 1890. Cost Cuthbertson 1,500 gs. R.P. I.C. (79) ...	Cuthbertson (May 21) ...	2,000
49 Rossetti ...	{ La Bella Mano. 62 x 46. 1875. (1885, Ellis, 815 gs., bt. in.) I.C. (79) ...	Sir Cuthbert Quilter (July 9) ...	2,000
50 Turner ...	{ Windmerere. 11½ x 18. Water-colour. (1872, Gillott, 1,950 gs.) (184) ...	A Nobleman (June 11) ...	1,900
51 Lawrence ...	{ Lady Aberdeen. 29½ x 24½. I.C. (113) ...	Sir J. D. Milburn (June 10) ...	1,850
52 Corot ...	{ Entrée au Village de Coubron. 17½ x 23½. From Hecht Collection, 1891. Cost Day £1,550. I.C. (6) ...	Sir John Day (May 13) ...	1,800
53 Daubigny ...	{ Les Bords de l'Oise. 13½ x 22½. Cost Day £1,200. I.C. (18) ...	Sir John Day (May 13) ...	1,800
54 Harpignies ...	{ Solitude. 37 x 59. 1837. Medal of Honour, Salon, 1807. O.P. £440. Cost Day £500. R.P. I.C. (40) ...	Sir John Day (May 13) ...	1,800
55 Diaz ...	{ In the Forest. 29½ x 38. 1862. I.C. (70) ...	Cuthbertson (May 21) ...	1,800
56 Mauve ...	{ Road between two Dykes. 19 x 13½. Cost Cuthbertson £550. (94) ...	Cuthbertson (May 21) ...	1,800
57 Turner ...	{ Küsnacht. 11½ x 18½. 1843. Water-colour. O.P. 72 gs. (1878, Novar, 970 gs.; 1904, A. C. Swinburne, 720 gs.) (152) ...	Sir J. D. Milburn (June 10) ...	1,700
58 Jacque ...	{ Shepherdess. 31½ x 24½. Day exchanged for this Whistler's 'Valparaiso,' now in McCulloch Collection, which cost him £600. I.C. (59) ...	Sir John Day (May 13) ...	1,680
59 Romney ...	{ Admiral Sir John Orde. 50 x 40. c. 1781. O.P. £30. R.P. for male portrait by Romney. (94) ...	Sir J. C. Orde (July 2) ...	1,680
60 Cuypp ...	{ Town on a River. 40½ x 52. Signed. (98) ...	E. W. Parker (July 2) ...	1,680
61 Cox ...	{ Flying the Kite a windy day. 18 x 28. 1851. (12) ...	Holbrook Gaskell (June 24) ...	1,670
62 Diaz ...	{ Three Ladies in Oriental Costume. 15½ x 12½. (72) ...	Cuthbertson (May 21) ...	1,650
63 Jacque ...	{ The Shepherdess. 31½ x 25. (90) ...	Sir J. D. Milburn (June 10) ...	1,650
64 Cox ...	{ Outskirts of a Wood. 27½ x 35½. R.A. 1843, No. 1189. (1872, Gillott, 2,205 gs.; 1884, Potter, 1,350 gs.) (53) ...	Sir Cuthbert Quilter (July 9) ...	1,650
65 J. Maris ...	{ Near Dordrecht. 17½ x 28½. Cost Day £150. I.C. (62) ...	Sir John Day (May 13) ...	1,600
66 Corot ...	{ Le Coup de Vent. 17½ x 21. From Alex. Young Collection. (76) ...	Sir J. D. Milburn (June 10) ...	1,600
67 Raeburn ...	{ Countess of Aboyne. 50 x 40. I.C. (110) ...	Sir J. D. Milburn (June 10) ...	1,600
68 Pantoja de la Cruz ...	{ Countess Pallavicino. 61½ x 46½. Acquired as a Velazquez. I.C. (104) ...	Sir Cuthbert Quilter (July 9) ...	1,600
69 Daubigny ...	{ La Seine à Nantes. 14½ x 26½. From Horatio Davies Collection. I.C. (69) ...	Cuthbertson (May 21) ...	1,550
70 Diaz ...	{ Clearing in Forest of Fontainebleau. 23 x 28. 1871. I.C. (71) ...	Cuthbertson (May 21) ...	1,550
71 Daubigny ...	{ Les Laveuses. 15 x 26. From Staats Forbes Collection. I.C. (32) ...	Sir Cuthbert Quilter (July 9) ...	1,550
72 Romney ...	{ Miss Watson. 35½ x 27. 1793. O.P. 40 gs. (137) ...	For East London Church Fund (July 16) ...	1,500
73 Corot ...	{ The Woodcutters. 23 x 32½. Cost Day £410, c. 1879. One of his first important purchases. I.C. (5) ...	Sir John Day (May 13) ...	1,450
74 Pater ...	{ Camp Scene with Figures. 10 x 13. (38) ...	Sir W. Throckmorton (June 24) (K) ...	1,450
75 Hoppner ...	{ Lady in White Dress and two daughters. 50 x 40. (96) ...	July 2 ...	1,450
76 Gainsborough ...	{ "Beau" Tompion. 28 x 23. Oval. I.C. (109) ...	Sir J. D. Milburn (June 10) ...	1,400

£236,019

NOTES.—O.P. original price received by artist. R.P. record price to date at auction in this country for work by artist. I.C. illustrated in Christie's catalogue. Details within brackets relate to former auction prices of identical work. Catalogue numbers within brackets at end of each entry. (K) sold by Knight, Frank and Rutley. All others by Christie.

after his death was acquired *en bloc* by Messrs. Duveen for something like £120,000 and sold by them to Mr. Pierpont Morgan, who allows it to remain on loan in the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

The table which we are accustomed to give of pictures and drawings knocked down for a minimum of 1,400 gs. each is longer than it would have been possible to compile in any previous year. Even when, in 1892, there came under the hammer the Dudley gallery, with its celebrated Raphael, its Hobbema, which made 9,600 gs. against a cost of 3,000 gs., its Rembrandts, its Crivelli, as well as the David Price, the Cheylesmore and other collections, 55 works only passed the 1,400-gn. limit, these totalling about £163,000, or an average of some £2,960 each. Now there are no fewer than 76 entries, aggregating £236,019, which gives an average of over £3,105. Analysis of the table yields some interesting results. From the Cuthbertson collection come 19 works, £57,855; from the Quilter 17, £52,552 10s.; from the Day 12, £30,397 10s.; from the Milburn 10, £23,730; from the Gaskell, Parker, and Garland 3 each, respectively £23,698 10s., £16,779 and £8,137 10s.; the remaining 9, £22,869, coming from as many sources. If the veteran Harpignies be included there are no fewer than 27 pictures of the Barbizon school, these totalling £65,394. Portraits by British artists come second with 13 works, £44,289. By British landscapists are 9 examples, £41,548 10s.; by other native painters, including Reynolds and Turner when they essayed imaginative themes, 9 works, £32,287 10s. Thus there is a British aggregate of £118,125 for 31 works. By Matthew and Jacob Maris, Israels and Mauve are 8 pictures, £20,653 10s.; by Old Masters, Dutch, Spanish and French—not a single Italian is on the list—8 works, £25,021 10s.; and 2 works, respectively by Van Marcke and Jules Breton, £6,825, account for the balance.

The present ascendancy of the Barbizon school is manifest. Millet, who in 1857 gladly accepted 2,000 francs for his profoundly interpretative 'Gleaners,' which before it went into the Louvre changed hands at £12,000; Rousseau, who in 1850 obtained, after the deduction of auction costs, but 8,000 francs for fifty-three of his pictures; Corot, the Schubert of landscape, who for the greater part of his life depended on his father's annual allowance of £60, augmented somewhat when in 1847 he was decorated with the Legion of Honour; Daubigny, whose landscapes are as the smile of Spring seen through a window; Narcisse Virgile Diaz, not ineptly characterised as the child of Giorgione, the cousin of Correggio, the grandson of Boccaccio, by whose death Jules Dupré held that the sun lost one of its most beautiful rays; Dupré himself, the pastoralist Troyon, and Jacque: these artists who foregathered at Barbizon—one to interpret in picture the silent, uncomplaining peasant, over-burdened by life, another, nature idyllically apprehended, others, again, the sumptuousness of the forest or aspects of the pilgrim seasons—are to-day highly honoured in the auction rooms. They have not had to wait anything like the allotted century for recognition. It is the same with several modern Dutch painters, *vide* Nos. 18, 22, 23, 31, 39, 47, 56 and 65—eight pictures which total £20,653 10s. The unworldly Matthew Maris is the first of six living artists whose names appear on the table. 'The Four Mills' fetched exactly the same sum as did Orchardson's 'Hard

Hit' in 1908. Like the dissimilar picture by the Scotsman, it will probably cross the Atlantic. It will be observed that both M. Maris' pictures changed hands a decade or so after they were painted at modest prices. As to Jacob Maris, the late Mr. Hamilton Bruce paid £300 only for 'Rotterdam,' which in 1903 fetched 2,500 gs. Apropos of Mauve, the late Mr. Staats Forbes is said not to have given more than £120 for any of the numerous fine examples he secured, and his average outlay on a Mauve water-colour was £40. In this connection it is worth noting that Jacob Maris' 'Dort Cathedral' and Mauve's 'Returning to the Fold,' both in water-colour, realised 1,350 gs. each, against a cost to Sir John Day respectively of £180 and £150. Besides Matthew Maris there are of living artists Sir Hubert von Herkomer, whose extraordinarily able 'Last Muster' was applauded when in 1875 it appeared before the Selecting Committee of the Royal Academy; Mr. Holman Hunt, whose tense energy and single-mindedness are proclaimed in 'The Scapegoat'; Josef Israels, in many of whose cottage-interiors homage is paid to his great forerunner, Rembrandt; and Henri Harpignies, than whom no practising landscapist possesses so potent a sense of design, so sure a hold on naturalistic rhythm. The following works by living artists may also be named: Mr. Peter Graham's 'Highland Cattle Crossing a Stream,' 1881, 1,220 gs.; Sir L. Alma-Tadema's 'Rose of all Roses,' 1886, 1,100 gs.; Sir W. Q. Orchardson's 'The Challenge,' 1864, which then won the £100 prize given by the French Gallery for the best picture of the year, 1,000 gs.; Mr. A. Neuhuys' 'Preparing the Meal,' 1897, 800 gs.; Mr. Blair Leighton's 'Lay thy sweet hand in mine and trust in me,' 1891, 400 gs.

In addition to the record prices already indicated, a selection may be made from others which come under the same heading.

Artist.	Work.	Price. 1909.	Former Record.	
			Year.	Price.
Leader, B. W.	Parting Day. 43½ × 71. 1883	1,200	1897	1,150
Vincent, G. ...	Greenwich Hospital. 27½ × 35½. 1827	1,060	1888	740
Ochtervelt ...	Music Lesson. 37 × 30	850	1893	380
Maris, W. ...	Feeding Calves. 28 × 22	820	1906	620
Harlow, G. H. ...	Mrs. Hopwood and Family. 36 × 27½	720	1906	210
Reid, Sir G. ...	Norham Castle. 46½ × 32½. 1879	675 (D)		
McTaggart, W.	The Storm. 52 × 32	675 (E)		
Farquharson, J.	Winter. 35 × 57. 1902	650	1900	300
Pinwell ...	Out of Tune. 38 × 50½	560	1908	450
Fettes Douglas	Visit to Astrologer. 42 × 25½	410 (D)	1883	110
Lepine ...	The Seine. 41½ × 72	380	1906	58
Moucey, W. ...	Kirkcudbright Harbour	375 (M)		
East, Alfred ...	Shepherd's Walk. 60 × 75. 1899	350	1896	140
Cazin ...	River Scene. 16 × 12½	330	1893	190

NOTE.—(D) sold by Dowell, Edinburgh; (E) and (M) respectively by Edmiston and McTear, Glasgow. All others by Christie.

Several interesting purchases have been made on behalf of public galleries. The Melbourne Gallery secured Constable's 'West End Fields, Hampstead,' 600 gs. (1887, 280 gs.), Pinwell's 'Out of Tune,' 560 gs., and a small cathedral interior by Bosboom, 230 gs.; the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, Miss Fortescue Brickdale's 'Little Foot

Page,' 150 gs : the Scottish National Gallery, Fettes Douglas' 'Stonehaven Harbour,' 28 gs.—one of the bargains of the season, to which an honoured place has been given in the Edinburgh gallery ; the Aberdeen Gallery, at the Irvine Smith sale at Dowell's, Sir George Reid's beautiful black-and-white drawing of Jameson's House, Aberdeen, 14 gs.

Mr. H. Velten bought for 520 gs. in the Day sale and presented to the National Gallery Rousseau's 'River Scene,' and Mr. Duveen gave to the Tate Gallery the palette used by Turner at Chelsea, which on June 11 fetched 25 gs. Finally, it may be noted that a Byzantine-like 'Madonna and Child' by Blake realised 65 gs., against 30s. in 1863.

Vierge's "Don Quixote."*

By Lewis Lusk.

THE recent sumptuous edition of Cervantes' masterpiece suggests certain thoughts about such an author and such an artist, apparently made for one another, but only united after many days.

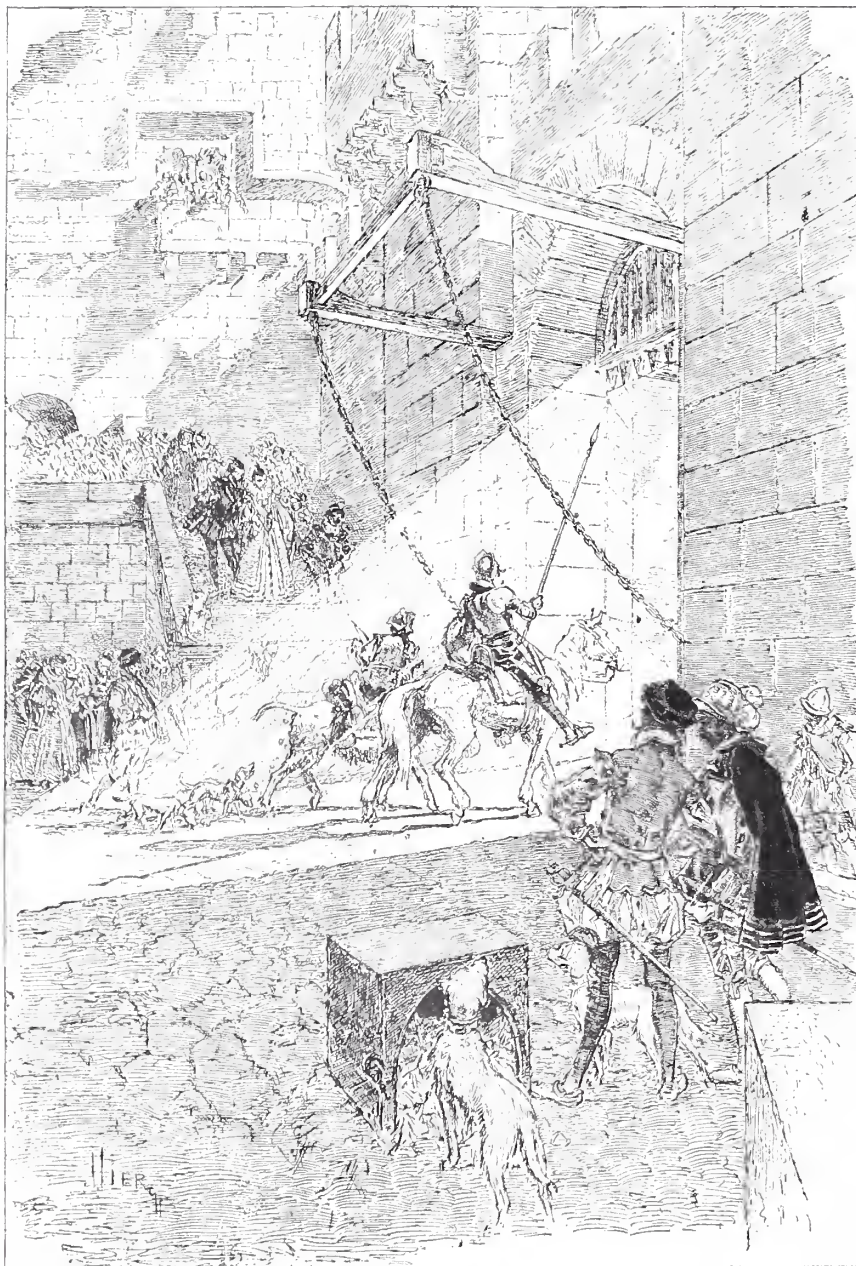
The influence of Cervantes' novel, as we know, ran over Europe like a magnetic current. And although Doré's illustrations are very fine, they are not the work of a Spaniard who himself has done what Cervantes did, who has dispelled conventions and put life in their place.

'Grim Spain,' as Sir F. Seymour Haden called it, has a curious way of—at long intervals—producing just one magnetic genius who makes a new art which influences the whole art world.

There is just one Velazquez—just one Goya ; and as Paris, about 1865, was beginning to say that no new art was possible—out shone, like a meteor, Fortuny. Sarasate was unique. The supreme achievement of Spain's incarnated Beauty and Romance is Otero. The supreme achievement of Spain's brilliant—and sometimes cruel—Realism is the work of Vierge.

A distinguished critic once said that it was reserved for Velazquez to show the world the magisterial use of Black-and-grey. This was accompanied by a revelation of the magisterial use of the paint-brush. But it was reserved for Vierge to show the world what could be done with ink and pen-point—the very simplest of materials. With these he made a new splendid art.

Mr. J. Pennell, Mr. Malcolm Bell, and others have given accounts of the artist, in addition to the brief summary written out by Vierge himself for Mr. Pennell in 1892, when the *Pablo de Segovia* was published in English by Mr. Fisher Unwin. They call him "the Father of Modern Illustration," and when one recollects the work done before Vierge came, one perceives the vastness of his vitalising influence. Indeed—as Mr. Bell observes—many artists who haply never heard his name "have profited, still profit, and will profit by his exhaustless energy and



(From "Don Quixote."
By permission of
Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.)

Don Quixote and Sancho leave the Castle.

By Daniel Vierge.

* *Don Quixote*, by Miguel de Cervantes, with 260 illustrations by Daniel Vierge. (Unwin. 4 vols. £15.)

ingenuity." Especially has he influenced modern American draughtsmen.

His life began in 1851 at Madrid, and ended in 1904 at Boulogne-sur-Seine. His father, Vincente Urrabieta Ortiz, was a popular Spanish illustrator, and it was probably to avoid confusion later on that the son chose to be known by his mother's maiden name. His earliest plaything was a pencil; he could draw when he was three, even before he could read.

After a strenuous five years' studentship at Madrid Academy under Madrazo and others, he went to Paris, to be a painter of pictures. But the outbreak of the Franco-German war upset his plans, and he was about to return in despair to Spain, when C. Yriarte, Director of *Le Monde Illustré*, saved him and gave him work. This led to other work for *L'Illustration*, the *Gil Blas*, and *La Vie Moderne*. He worked for Victor Hugo also, and his illustrations to Michelet's *Histoire de France* veritably make a gentle reader feel the truth of the *Spectator's* remark that "it was written with blood and fire." One might name other books, but it was the *Pablo de Segovia* illustrations, published by Bonhoure in 1882, which, says Mr. Pennell, "were the most brilliant, daring, and original which had ever appeared."

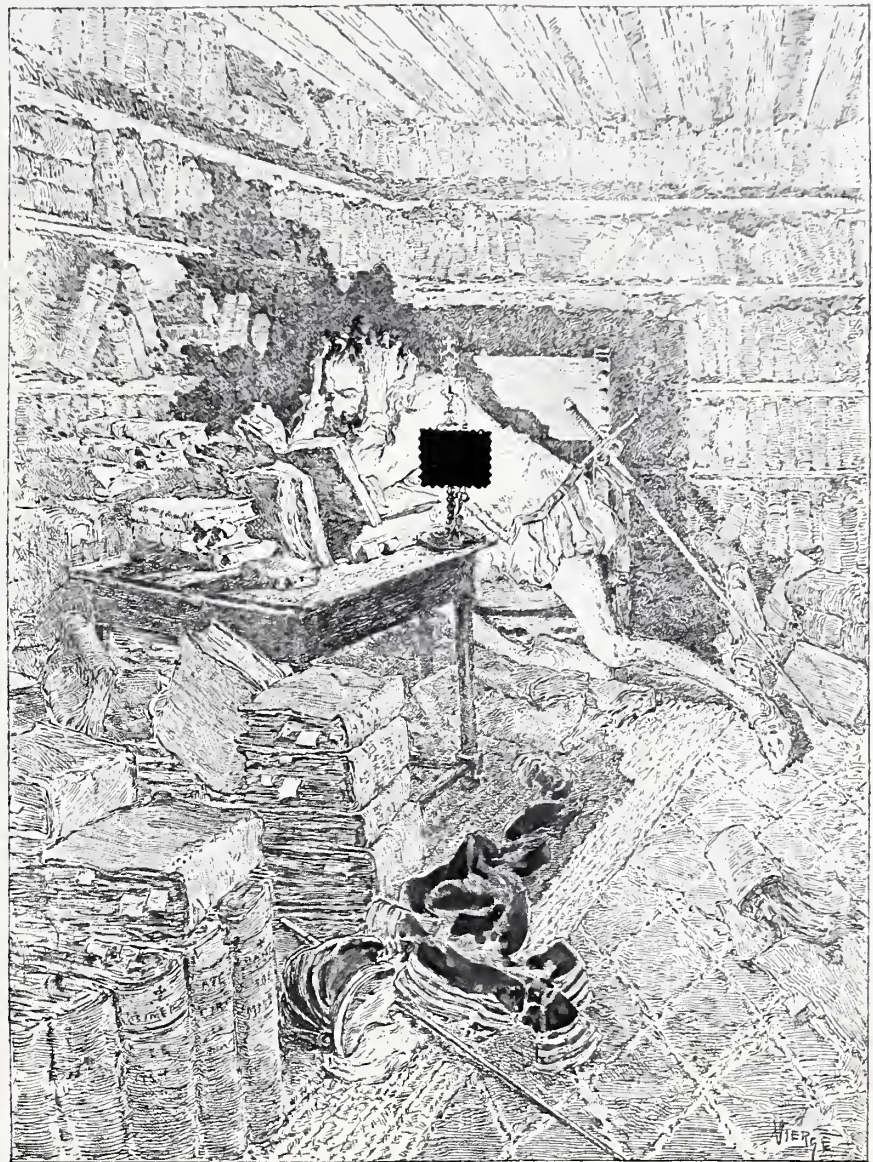
It was published in instalments. Only twenty more drawings remained to be done. The work, even so far, was making him famous at last. . . . Then, one evening, while sketching in

a hotel opposite to that of Victor Hugo, whose eightieth year was being celebrated—suddenly he felt a chill draught, and fell down. Dr. Charcot was sent for, and said that he had only three days to live.

But he did live longer. For two years he lay a wreck, —memory, speech and movement gone. Slowly he gained back something of all these. His memory returned first, assisted by music. Rico the painter, Fortuny's friend also, used to come and play old Spanish guitar melodies to the stricken man, till the scenes of his loved country returned to his mental vision, and with these returned the will to conquer calamity.

He had forgotten how to read. When a book was opened before him, he only saw black and white. His right hand was hopelessly paralysed. But, with characteristic determination, he set himself to cultivate the powers of his left. So the last twenty of the *Pablo de Segovia* drawings represent such a mental victory as is rarely seen. They are as good as the rest.

In 1889 these were exhibited at the Paris Exposition, and gained for him a Medal and the Legion of Honour. In



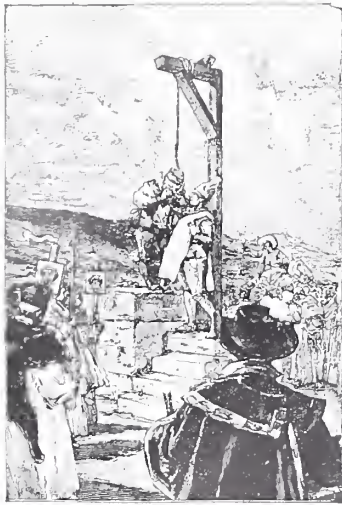
(From "Don Quixote."
By permission of
Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.)

Don Quixote Studying the Laws of Chivalry.

By Daniel Vierge.

1891 P. G. Hamerton became his friend. Hamerton's large knowledge and chivalrous nature caused him to admire Vierge both as artist and man. Mrs. Hamerton, in her *Memoir*, tells how her husband helped Vierge sometimes, "as the artist had dealings with English and American publishers, but was ignorant of their language, and in token of gratitude Vierge painted his new friend's portrait." The same is told to us by M. Royal Cortissoz in his account of the master. In 1894 appeared his illustrations to *La Nonne Alfarez*, that curious life-story of a woman's career as soldier, which has recently been published in English by Mr. Fisher Unwin, under the title of *The Nun Ensign*, with the same drawings.* In 1895 appeared the "picaresque" (or thieves) book, "The Tavern of the Three Virtues." But now Vierge had commenced his Magnum Opus, the illustration of Don Quixote. Henceforth until his death in 1904, he toiled valiantly at this labour of love, and these two hundred and sixty illustrations are a fine example of his genius and

* *The Nun Ensign*. Translation from the original Spanish, with an introduction and notes by J. Fitzmaurice-Kelly. Illustrated by Daniel Vierge. (Unwin. 7s. 6d.)



"I came to the Gibbet."

By Daniel Vierge.

(From "The Nun Ensign."
By permission of Mr. T.
Fisher Unwin.)

Unwin in 1907, in four volumes. It will always be a notable monument of the valour and mental victory of two great Spaniards, each of whom refused to be crushed by cruel misfortune. We know how Cervantes lived, suffered, and conquered his lot. And it is pleasant to read the little account of Vierge's last busy days, given by his good friend Rico. I give the translated essence of it only.

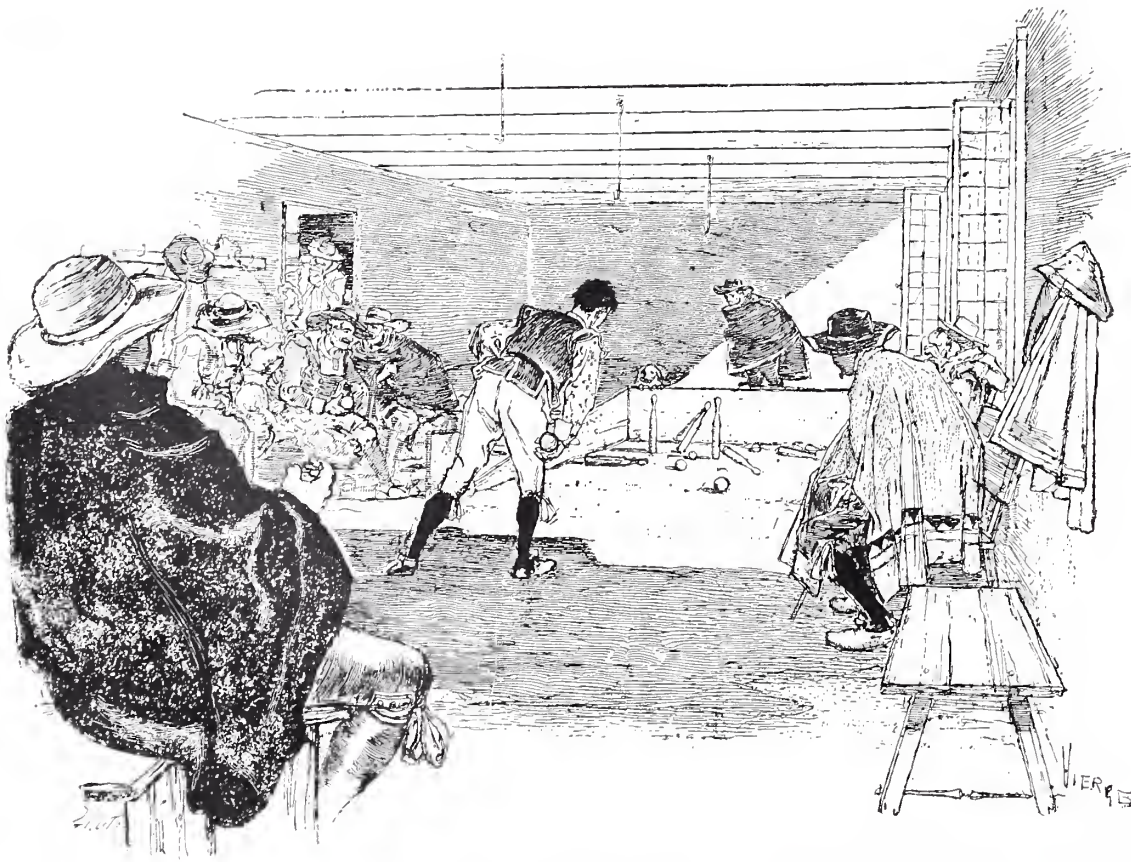
"In his latter years the master lived in his garden at Boulogne-sur-Seine, working at a little table under a tree,

antiquarian knowledge, as fit an accompaniment to the genius of Cervantes as could be imagined. He made a journey through the district in which the scenes are laid, and a few of the results appeared in a book by A. F. Jacacci, called "On the Track of Don Quixote," published in Paris, 1893 (English 1897). In 1901, also, it appeared in French, with a striking portrait of the artist. But the great work itself, "Don Quixote," illustrated by Vierge, was published by Fisher

clothed in a long white smock-frock (*sarrau*), a felt hat pulled over his eyes, his devoted wife at hand. He sat, working always, often surrounded by his friends and disciples. Sometimes he would try to talk a little. But generally he was content to work on quietly, and enjoy their appreciative words."

Franco-British Exhibition.

THE Official Illustrated Souvenir of the Fine Art Section of the Franco-British Exhibition has been issued from the Board of Trade, together with the Report of the Fine Art Committee. The Souvenir takes the form of a bulky volume containing complete catalogues of the British and French pictures and other works of art, and a great number of illustrations are included. Many of the subjects chosen for reproduction are well known; others less often exhibited will be remembered particularly in connection with the exhibition which proved so attractive last year. Views of the various galleries, with the pictures and pieces of sculpture in position, are a very welcome feature of the book. Mr. Marion H. Spielmann, who, with Mr. A. G. Temple, Mr. Thomas Brock, Mr. Frank Short, Sir C. Lawes Wittewronge, and other gentlemen, worked so hard to bring the collections together, contributes a descriptive essay of interest, and the work, compiled by Sir Isidore Spielmann, and issued under the auspices of the British Art Committee, is a fitting conclusion to the labours of all concerned in making the Art Palace, with its remarkable contents, so important and successful a part of the exhibition.



(From "Pablo de Segovia." By permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.)

The Game of Skittles.

By Daniel Vierge.



1. The Roman Invasion of Britain.

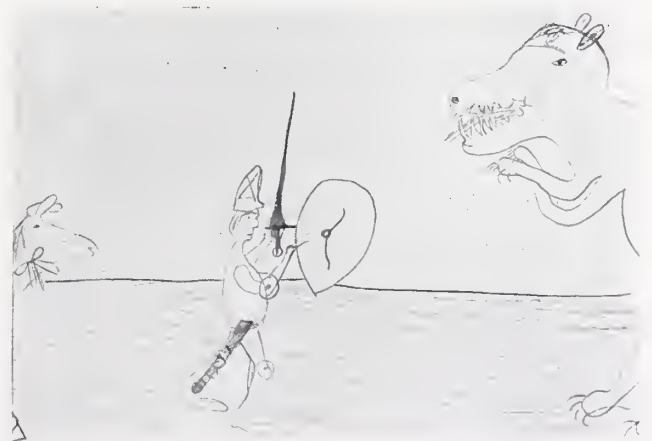
Drawing in Primary Schools.—I.

By Alexander Millar.

LONDON ratepayers, some of whom may be disposed to grumble over the cost of primary education, and who are familiar only with the exterior of the handsome school buildings which everywhere break the monotonous line of suburban workmen's dwellings, have, as a rule, little knowledge of the work that is being carried on in those schools. Having had the advantage of being a member of the Conference appointed by the Education Committee of the L.C.C. to consider and report on the teaching of drawing, modelling, and the training of the colour faculty, I have learned much which has been deeply interesting to me. I hope, therefore, that some account of what is being done may be equally so to the readers of *THE ART JOURNAL*, and also to that large section of the general public which does not grudge the money spent in primary education, but which is anxious to know that it is being wisely administered, and that the community is getting good value for its heavy outlay.

Let me say at the outset that I have been deeply impressed by the great ability, zeal, and enthusiasm for their work evinced by the large number of educationists

with whom I have had the privilege of co-operating. While there may be differences of opinion as to methods, they are at one in a whole-hearted devotion to the welfare of the children under their charge, and Londoners who may take



2. Hereward and the Bear.



3. Robin Hood and his Men.

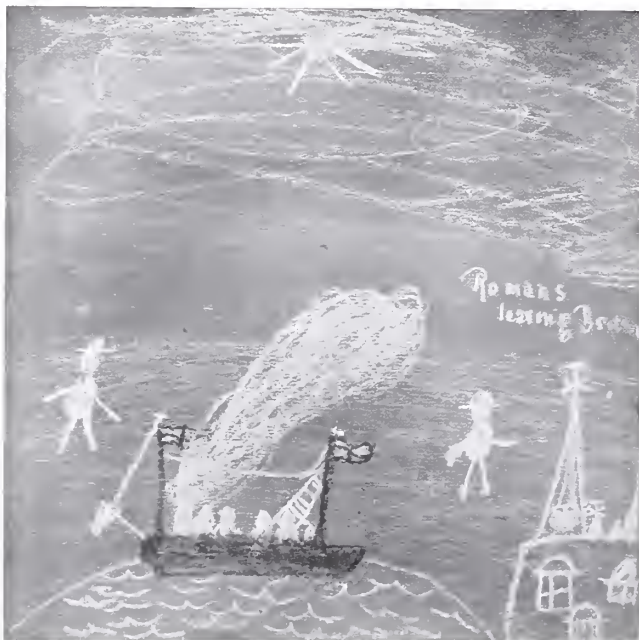
the trouble to inquire into the subject for themselves will find that they are supremely well served by their educational staff.

In attending the meetings of the Conference my point of view was that of a designer, keenly anxious to see an improvement in public taste, an increased appreciation of the beautiful in our surroundings, and the attainment of a measure of culture among all classes which would ensure the condemnation of everything that is offensive to the sensitive eye. I was completely ignorant of modern methods of education, and especially of the extent to which they are being modified under the influence of psychological experts. I had expected to find that drawing and cognate subjects would be regarded mainly from an utilitarian standpoint, as a means of fitting children for their future work in life. But I found that this was by no means the view of many of the earnest and able educationists of whom the Conference was mainly composed, and that drawing was by them regarded much more as a means of developing the general intelligence and power of observation of the child, than as an art which might be valuable and useful to it in



5. The Romans Leaving Britain.

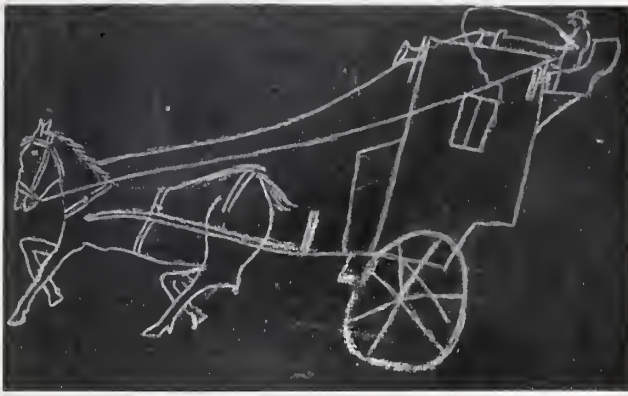
after life. There was a strong tendency to link it with such subjects as history and nature study, and to treat it as a handmaid to these rather than as an end in itself, or a means towards utilitarian ends. And in the case of the younger children, the idea of using it mainly as a means of disciplining the mind, eye, and hand seemed to be regarded as hopelessly out of date and opposed to all modern theories of education. According to this view, young children should not be set to do anything that is irksome or disagreeable. The theory, which follows the strictly etymological meaning of the word "education," is that method should be directed towards drawing out what is in the child, allowing it to express itself in its own way: not showing it how a thing should be done, and not pointing out faults, lest the child should be discouraged. It would seem to follow that in such a method the element of discipline, of steadily and firmly causing the child to do something which perhaps it does not want to do, is wholly absent. The extent to which this view has been adopted by some of the ablest educationists is strikingly shown by the phrase, "We want to get rid of this inveterate habit of teaching," in which one of them summed up their dislike of



4. The Romans Leaving Britain.



6. Clapham Common on Empire Day.



7. A Hansom Cab.

older methods. It is also shown by the way in which the word "teach" has been proscribed. A subject is not "taught," it is "taken," and it is often amusing to observe the tortuous way in which the use of the word "teach" and its derivatives is avoided, lest such use should seem to imply acceptance of discarded methods. After a good deal of discussion over this point, the phrase, "cause to observe," was accepted by the advocates of the new theory as describing the proper function of the teacher. Obviously they have no monopoly of a method which can be so described, and which has long been in use by all judicious teachers of drawing.

Taking the above-quoted dictum at its face value, as a serious expression of opinion, (it was reiterated and defended), one felt rather staggered. Yet it may be said to be the watch-word and battle-cry of the modern school and the starting-point of the new departure. Its advocates, when asked how such a method would work if applied to other branches of education, whether, for instance, a child should be allowed to spell out tunes in its own way on the piano, instead of being made to practise disagreeable scales, could give no other answer than that the cases are not analogous.

At first sight the complete revolution so enthusiastically advocated, founded as it is solely upon recent study of the child-mind, seemed to me likely, when reduced to practice, to have results not contemplated by its supporters. On further inquiry, however, it appeared that in the actual work of teaching these revolutionary theories are by no means strictly adhered to. They simply represent a re-



8. Flowers from Nature.

action, carried to extremes, against old un-intelligent methods in which everything is crammed into the child, and no attempt is made to arouse its interest or enthusiasm. To "get rid of the habit of teaching," upon closer acquaintance, means nothing more than to get rid of bad methods, and in the practice of an intelligent teacher no harm is done by such a statement. But it is to be feared that such views, expressed in such exaggerated language, promulgated as

they are by officials, may do harm in the case of junior teachers who endeavour to put into practice the small amount of half-digested psychology which they are able to assimilate.

Upon many of them the effect can scarcely fail to be harmful and misleading. If they accept the pronouncements of their superiors *au pied de la lettre*, assuming that they really mean what they say, the result must be bewildering and stultifying.

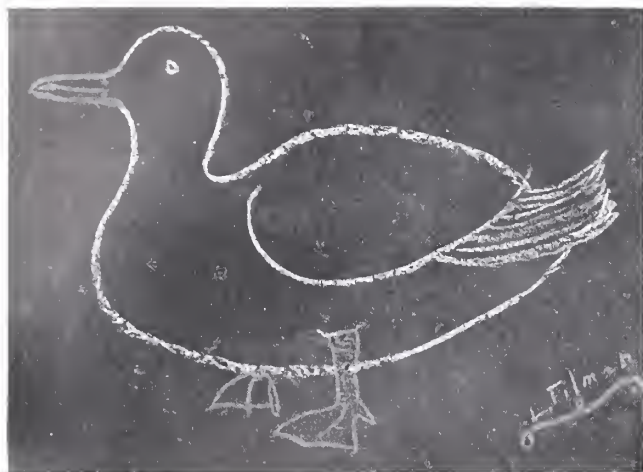
I have no more knowledge of the child-mind than an observant grandfather may be assumed to possess; and I fully recognize



9. Flowers from Nature.



10. Flowers from Nature.



11. Free-arm Drawing.

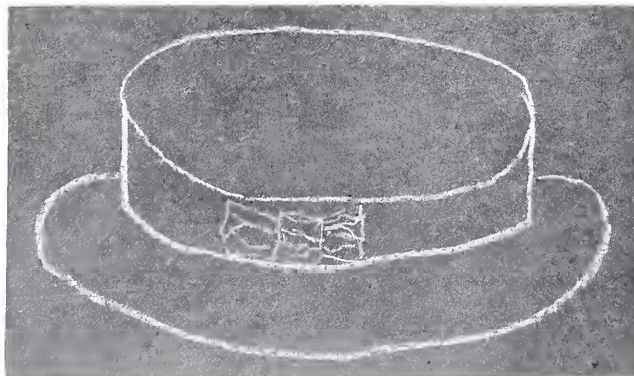
that much of the training of children in the past has been hard and unsympathetic, and more directed towards cramming facts into their minds than towards drawing out and developing their latent powers. But whatever past methods may have failed to do, they have formed the basis upon which the whole fabric of existing human knowledge and of achievement in the arts have been based; and methods which have had such results are not to be lightly thrown aside at the bidding of a few students of child-nature who have been pursuing their researches for a comparatively short time. I confess myself quite incompetent to sit in judgment upon the value of those researches, but I find that psychologists are not always of one mind, and that they are not always consistent with themselves. There is, moreover, a strong tendency among the leading exponents of the new method to run into extremes, to condemn the older systems as wholly bad, and to refuse to see in them any element of value. One need not be an expert educationist to see that methods which, in spite of their defects, have produced such good results must have in them some elements worth retaining, and should not be "swept as rubbish to the void," to be replaced by a system which has not been in operation sufficiently long for us to see how a generation of young people trained under it acquit themselves in the work of their lives. After all, great cathedrals have been built, great statues modelled, great pictures painted, and great decorative work accomplished by men whose teachers were not students of psychology.

Here it may be said that I am begging the question, and that the object of the teaching of drawing in elementary schools is not the production of artists. This, of course, is perfectly true, but except among the more extreme modernists it will scarcely be denied that methods which have produced great artists are also capable of giving an adequate training to all who, in any degree, or with any end in view, are to be exercised in the representation of form. There are some, however, of the most energetic advocates of the new methods, who have so entirely lost sight of what are commonly understood to be the uses of drawing as to say, "We don't want our teachers to be artists." It might have been thought that if a junior teacher, thoroughly in sympathy with modern methods, had the further advantage of an art training it would at least not be looked upon as a dis-

qualification for the teaching of drawing. Such, however, is the amazing fact as indicated in the words above quoted. Though I do not think that the mass of teachers would endorse this view, it is significant of the light in which drawing is viewed by some of them, and of the practical result of the acceptance of the new theories upon their minds. A suggestion made by me and approved by Sir W. Richmond, R.A., that teachers who cannot draw decently, but who are nevertheless obliged to make representations on a large scale of animals, etc., before their classes should copy them from a book by the method of proportionate squares, was objected to on the ground that it would destroy the children's confidence in their teacher. So apparently it is held to be better that bad drawings should be done in the presence of the children than that their faith in the infallibility of their teachers should be shaken! And so the blind lead the blind.

The teachers who hold such views are entirely obsessed by two ideas, that "drawing should be used as a means of expression," and that it should "follow the course of the child's natural development," and the practical outcome of the application of these two principles in their hands is that, while the child's mind is usefully stimulated along other lines, drawing in itself, the power of making an accurate representation of what it sees or wishes to describe, is quite untaught. No attempt is made to secure any approach to accuracy. No fault must be found with a child's work lest it should be discouraged. Errors must not be pointed out, the child must be left to find them for itself. It must check its work, not after being shown a correct drawing by the teacher, but by looking at the work of the child who is one stage more advanced than itself. The teacher must accept the child's best effort, and not attempt to show it how it might have done better. And so on.

All of this sounds as if the system were simply one of, "Go as you please." But in actual working this is not necessarily the case. Common sense asserts itself, and in many cases excellent teaching of a good old-fashioned disciplinary kind is being done under the supervision of those who most loudly condemn it in principle. Macaulay's saying that "It is altogether impossible to reason from the opinions which a man professes to his feelings and his actions" is exactly apposite. And the fact that the work of the teachers is being supervised by those who, in spite of their exaggerated denunciation of old methods, are fully alive to the value of what is good in them, will go far to counteract



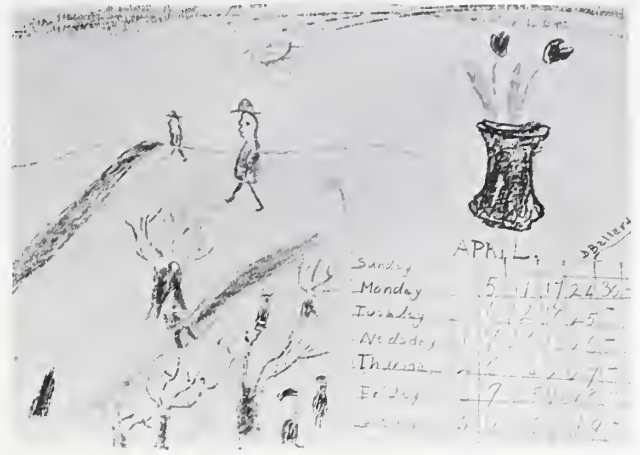
12. Free-arm Drawing.

the harm which might be done by their precepts apart from their practice.

The strength of the new movement appears to me to lie in the humanitarianism which so largely inspires it. It is for this reason that it has met with such ready acceptance by the many teachers who come into close contact with the life of the poor, and are moved to compassion by the knowledge of the miserable conditions in which so many of their pupils are brought up. They accept the new theory not so much, I think, because of a complete acceptance of the psychological doctrines on which it is based, as because it opens up a way of making the children's lives brighter, happier, and more interesting. After seeing something of the extent to which this is being done, one cannot but feel that the effects of the new movement are in this respect wholly beneficial. But there is, of course, a fear that the children's future may be lost sight of. If everything be made easy and pleasant in the school, preparation for the struggle of life will be imperfect. Few of those of us who were obliged to "endure hardness" in our schooldays have ever felt the worse for it.

Some teachers of infant schools openly avow that they do not look beyond their own stage of the educational ladder, that their main business is to make the school something of a happy home for the children. It does not concern them that at some stage beyond their purview discipline must come in, and they are apparently satisfied to leave its application to other hands, without taking any steps to prepare the children for its inevitable future advent. Such is the inference to be drawn from the theory they profess, but it is tolerably certain that in many cases their practice is very far from being in accordance with it.

In the limited space at my disposal it is impossible to describe in detail the work which is being done in the schools, even if I could make any pretence to have a thorough grasp of it. My present object is rather to point out the tendencies and forces which are at work. But I



13. Design for a Calendar.

shall venture, in a second article, to make a few observations upon certain features of the teaching as they appear from an outside standpoint, and also to say something of the methods adopted in the senior schools.

The drawings here reproduced are by children between seven and eight years of age. They have been executed under the direction of a head mistress who is in every way highly qualified for her work, and whose school it has been a pleasure to visit. They are fair average examples of the best results of the modern method of teaching, and illustrate its striking success in some respects, together with what seem to me to be its defects. These drawings will be more fully referred to in the next article.

Nos. 1 to 5 are examples of free-expression subjects from history and legend. Nos. 6 and 7 are from memory of things seen outside the school. Nos. 8, 9, 10 are flowers from nature. Nos. 11 and 12 are examples of free-arm drawing: No. 11 is from a model of a duck, shown for a short time: No. 12 is from a straw hat: No. 13 is an original design for a calendar.

Cuyp and Wouwerman.*

THE two artists dealt with by Dr. De Groot in this second volume of his invaluable re-issue of Smith's Catalogue were among the most prolific and gifted of their country and time. During his thirty years or so of activity, Wouwerman must have produced on the average about two pictures every three weeks. Dr. Woermann is proud of possessing in the Dresden Gallery between sixty and seventy examples, with not one of which he would part, though to the casual observer many of them bear so strong a family likeness as to become merged, at any rate in memory. The white horse of Wouwerman is almost too familiar. Yet, beneath a seeming uniformity there is great variety, wonderful inventiveness. The golden landscapes of Cuyp possess greater allure, and his popularity, in a good sense, has practically never waned since his mastership was

first recognised, not, be it remarked, in Holland—a prophet has no honour in his own country—but in England. Fortunately, both artists can advantageously be studied in the National Gallery, and in the case of Cuyp there should also be visited that too little recognised gallery, Alwyn's College of God's Gift at Dulwich. In all respects save one, the abandonment of frank criticism with regard to pictures in private collections—and for that the owners, and not Dr. De Groot are responsible—this second volume marks an advance even on the excellence of the first. Mr. Hawke has wisely added an Index of Painters and Engravers other than the two principal artists, and has in other respects profited by critical hints given in connection with the initial volume. We anticipate with genuine interest the appearance of Vol. III., which will include the first catalogue raisonné in English of the work of Frans Hals. The hope may also be expressed that the remaining volumes will be published at shorter intervals. At the present rate "De Groot" would not wholly supplant "Smith" till about 1920.

* *A Catalogue Raisonné of the Works of the most Eminent Dutch Painters of the Seventeenth Century. Based on the Work of John Smith.* By C. Hofstede De Groot. Translated and edited by Edward G. Hawke. In ten volumes. Vol. ii. Macmillan. 25s. net.



The Milkmaid.

By Birket Foster.

Birket Foster.

THE skilfully elaborated art of Birket Foster is well represented in 'The Milkmaid' at the Victoria and Albert Museum. Ruskin, after praising the rustic idylls of Mrs. Allingham, mentioned with "sincere gratitude," like paintings by Mr. Birket Foster, adding, however, that he had never held the high position which was open to him as an illustrator of rustic life, in part because he took "mere spotty execution for finish." Myles Birket Foster, born at North Shields in 1825, became an associate of the Old Water-Colour Society in 1860, a full member in 1862, and died at Weybridge in 1899. In March, 1906, many characteristic water-colours by him came up for sale as the property of his brother, Mr. J. H. Foster. Of these several were re-offered on June 18 by Sheriff Wakefield, who is substituting for his collection in this kind works by Barbizon and modern Dutch masters. The two most important Birket Fosters were 'A Highland Scene near Dalmally,' 30 by 42 ins., which was at the Franco-British in 1908, 550 gs. (J. H. Foster, 1906, 550 gs.), and 'In the Market Place, Verona,' 27 by 40 ins., 480 gs. (1906, 470 gs.). It will be seen that Birket Foster fully maintains his position in sale-room esteem.

Mr. Arthur Hughes.

APRIL LOVE,' Mr. Arthur Hughes' picture, recently purchased by the Trustees of the National Gallery, was first seen at the Academy of 1856, together with 'The

Eve of St. Agnes.' Though never enrolled as a member of the Brotherhood, Mr. Arthur Hughes has throughout been imbued with the ideals of the pre-Raphaelites. Kuskin, in his "Academy Notes" for 1856, after dealing at length with Mr. Holman Hunt's 'Scapegoat,' and much more briefly with one of the most haunting pictures painted by Millais, 'Autumn Leaves,' alludes to the "disgraceful piece of bad placing" in connection with 'April Love,' which he characterises as "exquisite in every way: lovely in colour, most subtle in the quivering expression of the lips, and sweetness of the tender face, shaken, like a leaf by wind upon its dew, and hesitating back into peace." At the Academy it had as motto the following lines from Tennyson's "Miller's Daughter":

"Love is hurt with jar and fret.
Love is made a vague regret.
Eyes with idle tears are wet.
Idle habit links us yet.
What is love? for we forget:
Ah, no! no!"

The picture was bought by William Morris, Mr. Hughes first meeting Burne-Jones when the cheque was paid. Later it passed into the possession of Mr. Henry Boddington, who sent it to the Leicester Gallery, whence it was secured for the nation. Mr. Hughes, born in 1830, has contributed to the Academy onward since 1849. In the Birmingham Gallery are his 'Nativity,' 1858, and 'Annunciation,' and last year a triptych of scenes from 'As You Like It' was bequeathed to the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.



Wyandotte Cock and Hen.

By H. M. Livens.

Livens.

By Frederick Wedmore.

LIVENS, in at least one department of his Art, a master of extreme accomplishment and force, using his means with reticence and careful economy, is sure—if anyone is sure—of avoiding popularity, with its attendant evils, and sure too of keeping and of extending what he has secured—‘*dîentèle d’élite.*’ You are indifferent to his things—more than indifferent perhaps, for you may actually dislike them—or you are seized by them, and they hold you, and their hold upon you will not be relaxed.

It must be nearly a quarter of a century ago that H. M. Livens was a student at the Antwerp Academy, where then there lingered—as, for all that I can tell, there may yet linger—the traditions of Baron Leys; and they gave to the oil work of Livens, as, much about the same time (or was it earlier?) they must have given to the work of a less original, but not unworthy painter, Logsdail, a blackness, an obscurity of tone, which has proved a fault most difficult of cure, though some there are—and Logsdail, if I remember rightly, among them—who have overcome it. Endowed by Antwerp with that one defect, of which I happen to know Livens is conscious, and which from time to time in his oil pictures and now habitually in noble water-colours, he does triumphantly avoid, Livens yet, he tells

NOVEMBER, 1909.

me, feels grateful to Antwerp—to Antwerp in the person of Monsieur Verlat, the head master, for the thoroughness and continuity of its training, and for the insistence of that school (again in M. Verlat’s person) upon the essentials, upon the firm foundations of things. And, of the essentials—for much work at all events—none can be counted of more capital importance than impeccable drawing.

A little later, Livens is to be found in Paris; not working with his brushes, but with his mind alone—a keen and trained observer. Whistler, with his extraordinary elimination of the superfluous, with the profundity of his concealed labour, was then—or upon Livens’ return to England, which is his native land—to impress him: and most by the portrait of Miss Alexander. It was in Paris, at all events, that he submitted to the two other great influences of his life: the work of Manet and the work of Ribot, in method and in aim so different in many ways, but so alike in this, that by each every subject was felt and was presented, not as a light and far-away or unimportant accident, but, in the noble phrase of Wordsworth, as “a grave reality.” For Manet’s land and coast pieces, and his figures, and Ribot’s rare still-life and wonderful, inspired transcripts of the character and temperament of the fresh child and of the storm-trying woman, quite equally witnessed to reverence for fact, to interest in every theme, and to a deep sense of the dignity of matter.

And some time afterwards—ten or a dozen years later, I think—one further influence, useful enough in its own way,



‘The Berkeley.’ (Water-colour.)

By H. M. Livens.

2 T



Brighton : October Day.

By H. M. Livens.

and by no means overpowering, Livens became conscious of. He feels quite sufficiently grateful to it; it may be even a little overrates it, for he writes to me, "In chatting, upon Wednesday, about beginnings, starting-points, suggestions, I

much more than other branches of his work, afford profound assurance of what, amongst qualified judges, will be, in no remote future, Livens' fame and rank.

Livens is an artist of untiring experiment, and in the



Crescent Hotel, Brighton. (Water-colour.)

By H. M. Livens.

ought to have told you that at the Fowl period"—he has been a unique painter of the movement and the colour of Fowls, a Hondecoeter or Charles Jacque of his epoch, but always summary and simplifying—"I had the advantage of seeing a good number of the best Japanese prints and paintings, at Arthur Morrison's, which certainly influenced me; their grace and their suggestion of space, as well as exquisite colour, being a constant guide; while at the absolute decision of their charming yet relentless Line I shall always look longingly—knowing I cannot reach it." Whatever may be the case with Livens' transcripts of his quick visions of fowl-run and roosting-place; Line—"relentless and charming," or relentless and interesting at the least—is a chief characteristic of those abrupt and noble, seemingly rough, really so subtle water-colours which, as a whole,

rebound from experiment, successful or a failure, he ensures freshness—which, likewise, he never gives himself the chance of losing through persistence in execution till execution becomes stale. And many mediums are his as well as many themes. Oil painting has been mentioned; so has Water-colour. He has worked in Dry-point—a method of original engraving direct and, if need be, rapid: quickly productive of effect: and if multiplication of impressions be an object, quickly also losing it, for deterioration begins almost at the beginning, and the artist in dry-point, if careful of his quality, finds himself at the end with no substantial edition—with a light handful of prints. No experiment of Livens' has been happier—I mean in the two or three best examples of it—than that of allying, in the portraiture of a vase with flowers, a little colour with dry-point. And the "two or three best examples" are those in which the colour was not printed, but put upon the paper by the artist's hand, and the dry-point was, at the time, of virginal intactness. In these there is not only the jar and the flowers, but the atmosphere, shadowed and warm, that



The Tarred Fence: Winter. (Water-colour.)

By H. M. Livens.

creeps about them. Then, in pure dry-point, there is a little plate of his two children, deep in their passion for music.

But from experiments of all kinds with themes and with mediums, Livens comes back in all these later years—



Folkestone: Collier Unloading. (Water-colour.)

By H. M. Livens.

the last half-dozen, say—of his accomplishment and maturity, to the largish, apparently rough, but always most sedately and completely considered Water-colours which form the surest basis of his reputation. They are, in kind and quality, unique; and, as to subject, they have interest abundant and varied. Lines of black chalk now mark what I may call their “bony structure”—for the essential and unclothed form of the objects in a drawing corresponds to the skeleton in the figure—and now give richness, even grimness and gloom, to small spaces of shadow. Masses of Chinese white, touched here and there by colour cunningly chosen, dexterously applied, are now found modified, playing their proper part—and with extraordinary effectiveness—in the scheme. By methods the most absolutely opposed to those of stipple and repeated sponging, colour in larger masses, wherever it is wanted—local colour, a little “abstract,” a little generalised, wrought always into a singular and satisfying harmony—is frankly and simply laid on. The balance is remarkable, and the breadth. And so there are built up for us, less, much less, by the visible labour of the strong and certain hand than from that great reserve of knowledge in the background—knowledge of drawing, of perspective, of

just proportions, of the shapes and substances of things, of movement, of composition—those telling, fascinating summaries of the very spirit of the selected scene and the selected hour which pass so far beyond the conventional and elegant transcript of endless minor facts. And yet, the more we study these masculine drawings—the more the opportunity is ours for really knowing them—the more (if we are fitted to receive them) shall we discern in them facts unsuspected, to which has been allowed their due, and no more than their due place: and the more shall we perceive, too, how, along with the most fearless treatment of the essential features, creative Art comes in with little touches to modify, or to enrich, or to endow with a beauty that “wears”—shall I say, a beauty that “washes”? And the beauty that wears and washes must be a beauty high and subtle: never trivial and obvious.

An artist working in the spirit, painting modern Life in the spirit, that I suppose I have to some extent indicated, is not a likely man to undertake, at the suggestion of the dealer, a picturesque tour. It is his to extend the range of our own observation and enjoyment by first perceiving character in the things that are about him, and then presenting that character and wringing its interest from it.

He paints, of course, not all he sees, but all that he elects to see.

So it is now the little homestead—the fowls Livens is noted for—the garden under snow; or the ‘Flooded Chalk Pit,’ with a light screen of tree-boughs hiding not much, but hiding a little effectually, of those suburban villas on the Surrey chalk-line that are a part of the picture. And now it is a very stern draughtsman who is on the Thames with us, setting down the receding massiveness of Kew Bridge, seen in perspective; and now at Richmond we are in the company of someone who has been touched by the tender harmonies of dusk, with a few stray lights a-twinkle. Then the domestic Englishman’s August holiday, a bit of Worthing, quaintly quiet in itself, though the scene, momentarily, of the bustle of children. Then ‘Brighton: October Day,’ the crispness and clear colour, and Autumn everywhere, an illumination unstable but vivid; then ‘Brighton, November Day,’ the dull and changeless and begrudged brown light. And then a summer vision of the Marine Parade—the old Royal Crescent, Brighton; its last houses in shadow, a foil to the splendid brilliance this afternoon sunshine sheds upon the stucco—a white turned golden—of that late Georgian and Victorian edifice, ‘The Crescent Hotel.’ The motive and very subject of this drawing is repeated in the oil picture, but it is less lustrous, in a



The White Vase.

By H. M. Livens.



The Fruit Boat, Folkestone.

By H. M. Livens.



Richmond Bridge. (Water-colour.)

By H. M. Livens.

key less high; so that here again, meritorious and desirable as is the picture, it is the water-colour that is the best. The next thing may be Folkestone Harbour: the collier unloading; the glaucous water of the port; and, beyond some craft, the little Classic Custom-house, grey in the distance.

Finally, perhaps—for this is not a catalogue—one may name a vision of London: 'The Berkeley,' with a suggestion of the gaiety of June; the 'Berkeley' not seen from crowded Piccadilly, but from the north-east corner of the Green Park—just on the park side of the railings: the white, tall

restaurant looked up to from the beginning of a rising path, and framed by the summer leafage of the high foreground trees. This too is thoroughly characteristic, in an inspired audacity, as in an essential refinement, of treatment, and in the dexterous avoidance of what, in that gay spectacle, another would have considered inevitable—the presentation of some everyday and well-dressed fashionable figure. Livens' figures are the "landscape painter's figures," born to stay in that right spot exactly, where now we discern them. To the Berkeley they will never attain, and it is the very mixture of such different worlds that suggests London.

Westminster.

An Original Etching by Robert W. Stewart.

WESTMINSTER: it is another name for civilization. Follow up every thought which comes to mind in this neighbourhood and the history of the world will be written. Religion, politics, art, commerce, society, humanity—without thinking of other subjects—would demand many volumes before the facts relating to them all were adequately recorded; and when the bare facts had been collected many more books would be required to absorb the fancies which have occurred to poets and painters when inspired by Abbey, River, or Environment. Nor would the 'Westminster' shelves in the library ever be completed, for the printing press is hard worked from day to day to deal with new interests and the adjustment of old.

It depends on our point of view whether strife or peace is suggested to us. Legislative affairs may have claimed us early, but however urgent may be the Parliamentary work of the day, we cannot think of Westminster without remembering the holy building which for so many centuries has stood as a great symbol of Christianity on the banks of the Thames. To politicians, especially, this ancient place of worship should have significance, for during some hundreds of years the Chapter House was the meeting place of the House of Commons. Possibly Disraeli was autobiographical when in "Sybil" he made Egremont spend precious hours within sound of the organ and choir; and Edmund Burke has recorded that the moment he entered Westminster Abbey he felt a kind of awe pervade his mind which he could not describe. "The very silence seemed sacred" to him, and many other visitors from the adjacent House must have felt the influence of the historic pile.

At service hour the real atmosphere of the place is best enjoyed; at other times perhaps we may seek in vain for peace. The hushed note, the solemnity, is wanting in the movements of sightseers, and such a building as the Abbey must inevitably attract many whose only reason for attendance is half-holiday curiosity. Yet the purpose of the building is

partly achieved when all sorts of people are brought within its walls; for it cannot be supposed that anyone can pass from the precincts without having derived some message of good from contact with so noble a House of Prayer.

To know thoroughly the history of the Abbey means life-study. The present foundation is supposed to owe its origin in the seventh century to Sebert, King of Essex, but if we begin with the remains of the new building erected by Edward the Confessor we shall find enough antiquarian lore to keep us occupied for many years. Without attempting to discuss details on this occasion we turn at once to the amazing perspectives formed by the stately aisles, and we gaze with wonder at the gorgeous vaultings, those masterpieces of masoncraft which perplex the layman who gives a thought to matters of construction. The light which floods through the coloured windows is unpaintable and the dignity of the mellow stonework is indescribable.

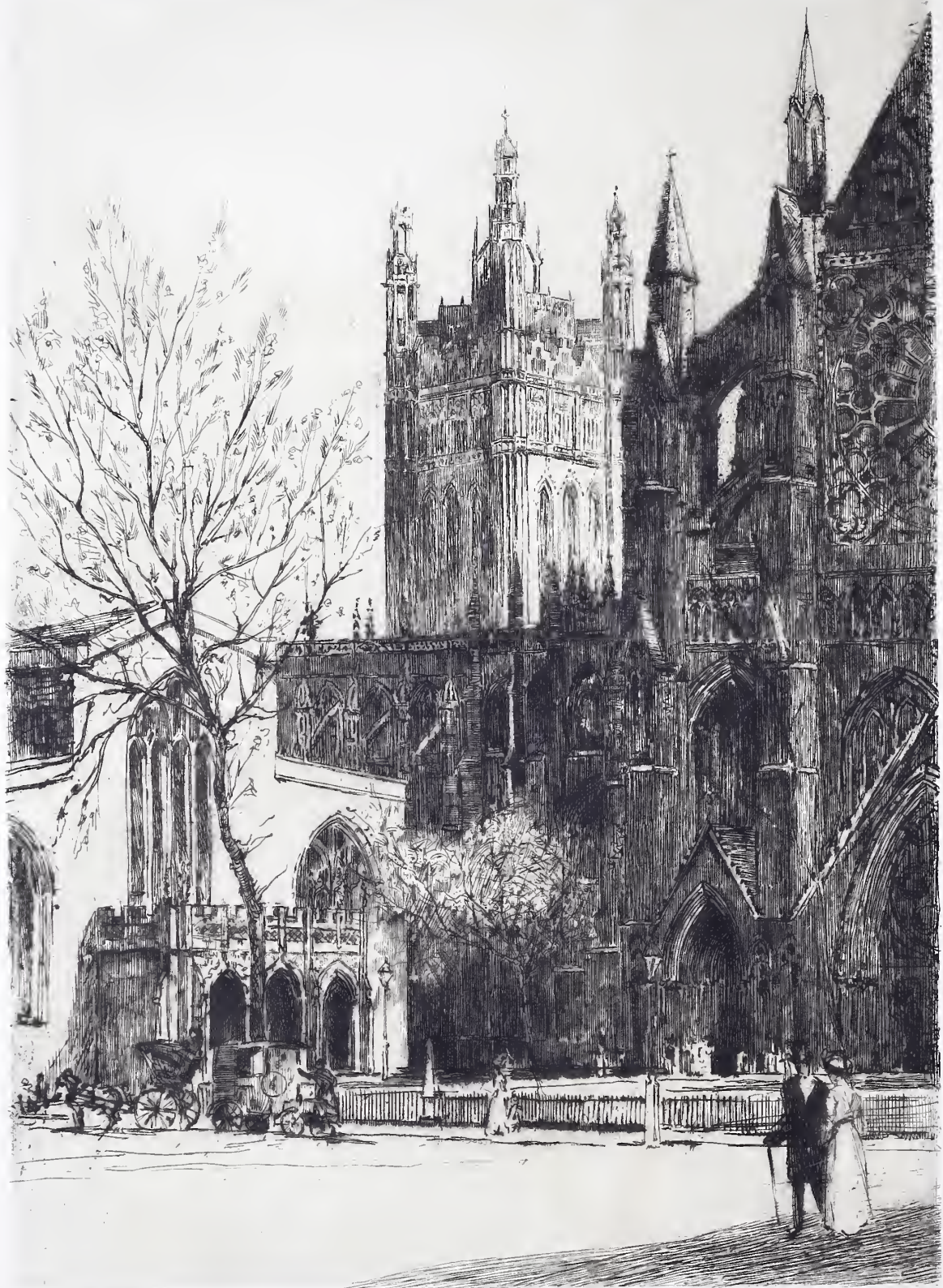
"They dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus could build."

So wrote Wordsworth partly in reference to King's College Chapel, Cambridge. No words more readily come to mind when under the spell of the grandeur of Westminster Abbey.

Most people place the Abbey first, and second the other Westminster: that—

"Westminster, with its lordly towers,
The Stock Exchange of politics."

We see it so in the Etching by Mr. Stewart. The Victoria Tower looms up in the background, and to the left of the print is the Church of St. Margaret. The mass of the composition is, however, the Abbey building, and it dominates everything. The etching is conceived and executed in poetic vein, and good use has been made of the possibilities of pictorial effect.



An original Etching by Robert M. Stewart.

The Art Journal, London, Vol. 10, p. 57

Westminster.

Mr. Pennell's Nocturne Mezzotints.

By C. Lewis Hind.

WHAT is a nocturne mezzotint? I will call upon Joseph Pennell and discuss his latest adventure in art. At present he has produced but five of these mezzotints of night-London seen from a height, but so fertile and industrious is he, that by the time these lines are in print he may be well on his way to rival his pictorial pageant of new New York recently published—one hundred and twenty-three of the dizzy buildings of Manhattan seen from the ground.

Possibly he will tell me that the collocation of words—nocturne mezzotints—is foolish, that his latest adventure in art are just mezzotints, his own quick method of mezzotinting, done when the pale mystery of twilight is passing into the dark mystery of night. But at any rate he will show me his methods, and the finest proofs from his press, and he will talk, frankly, impulsively, excitedly. It must be years since we had a rousing talk. Perhaps not since the days when he made those remarkable drawings of the Devils of Notre Dame, which R. A. M. Stevenson described in his wonderful prose. Also I am eager to see his new eyrie, high above the Thames, in the highest building in the Adelphi. By-the-bye, can a flat be called an eyrie which is spacious enough for a game of parlour golf, with places for the onlookers as well? Certainly I will call upon Joseph Pennell and discuss with him the subject of nocturne mezzotints.

But perhaps it would be advisable, in preparation for the interview, to reflect a moment on the nature of mezzotint. As Prince Rupert was not the inventor of mezzotinting, but derived the knowledge he put to such good service from the inventor, Ludvig von Siegen, the story that Prince Rupert caught the idea from seeing a soldier scraping the rust off his musket is manifestly false. But it should be true.

The supposition is so delightfully credible. The rust on the musket may be likened to the roughened surface of the metal plate after the rocker has passed over it. The soldier scraped with his pocket-knife, the mezzotinter uses his scraper to remove the "bur," and to admit light into his design. He employs his burnisher for his high-lights; the soldier probably used his sleeve. Result: the soldier had a clean, highly-polished musket ready for inspection, the mezzotinter a plate prepared for printing, the untouched roughened surface producing a uniform black, the scrapings giving the lights, varying in illumination according to the intensity with which he has scraped and burnished. I admit that the above commentary would not enable a tyro



London Lights. (Mezzotint.)

By Joseph Pennell.



Wren's City. (Mezzotint.)

By Joseph Pennell.

to become a mezzotinter, but it has introduced the subject, and prepared me for an evening with Mr. Pennell, and the Pennellian method of mezzotinting.

* * * * *

Constable, recalling the fields and glades—so well known, so well loved—about his father's house, said: "Those scenes made me a painter." Mr. Pennell, gazing from the windows of his vast eyrie studio at twilight upon the magnificently awful, or awfully magnificent—which you like—panorama of London outstretched far beneath, and interminably beyond and around him, in depth after depth of mystery, might say: "These scenes made me a mezzotinter." Happily, I am relieved from attempting the impossible task of describing the mighty black huddle of London, pierced by myriad lights that broke upon my view when I entered the studio and looked out, not into the thoughtful night—no, no! into the night defiled or made magnificent by man—again, which you like. Four sections of that terrific view, seen from the studio window, are reproduced in these pages. Combine them, awaken them to life—restless lights, restless water, restless shapes—add the murmur that rises unceasingly from a great city, the menace of it that stirs an indefinable apprehension, a sense

of fear in the breast—and you have the sights that made Mr. Pennell a mezzotinter.

I turned from the window to regard with satisfaction concrete things, implements of his craft—press, chest of tools, table with protecting screen, plates, proofs. They relieved the tension. Similar relief, I imagine, must an astronomer experience when, after a night in his observatory "re-thinking the thoughts of God," he descends to find himself confronted by the mild but digestible realities of the breakfast-table. Having admired an "at home" portrait that an accomplished artist has recently made of Mr. Pennell seated at his mezzotint-table intently examining a plate, and having discussed the latest wickedness in the world of art, my host showed me the proofs of the four subjects reproduced in this paper. Two others complete the set, a New York harbour piece, and 'London from my Window,' which was published in *THE ART JOURNAL* lately.

Here I pause to observe that, however careful and accomplished machine-printing may be, it cannot, of course, compare with a proof pulled lovingly, leisurely, by the artist himself from a hand-press. The imposing reproductions in these pages of 'Westminster from my Window,' 'The Tea Tower,' 'Wren's City,' and 'London Lights,'



Westminster from my Window. (Mezzotint)
By Joseph Pennell.

must and do miss something of the velvety patine in the darks and the delicate gradations in the lights that are the hall-marks of the best mezzotints, and of the proofs of these London nocturnes. Glimmering with points of golden light, they do indeed seem to be "inlaid with patines of bright gold."

He who visits, say, such an exhibition as the collection of mezzotint portraits in the Print Room gallery of the British Museum must sorrow that this noble minor art has now fallen into disuse. It is too costly, too laborious. An occasional plate is still produced, and in landscape mezzotint Mr. Frank Short has proved himself an accomplished successor to the engravers who worked for Turner. But it is probable that neither Turner nor Constable would have employed mezzotint had the modern processes of reproduction been available. The burden of controlling the enterprise was heavy and unceasing. Poor Constable was oppressed by its duration, expense, and its hopelessness of remuneration. "It harasses my days and disturbs my rest at nights," he wrote in 1831. I can never look at a book of David Lucas's Constable mezzotints, with its nice old-fashioned title, "Various Subjects of Landscape, characteristic of English scenery, principally intended to display the Phenomena of the Chiar 'oscuro of Nature," without thinking of the agony of effort that these consolatory pastorals cost the painter.

All this, I have no doubt, is familiar to Mr. Pennell. Why then, when seeking for a method to express these twilight symphonies that harmonise the rush, the roar, the roll of London, did he choose the laborious art of mezzotint? Because his quick American brain perceived that he could attain his end, interpret the effect with a minimum amount of labour. In art there is no virtue in toil: it is the result that counts. Obviously, if you make a mezzotint of a daylight scene, such as Constable's 'Old Sarum,' almost every part of the surface of the roughened plate must be

scraped, a work of long toil; but in a night scene, the labour is infinitely less, as the obliging roughened surface of the plate produces night when printed, and the scraper has only to be used for the intermittent pallors of the sky, for lights in the masses, for reflections in the water, for the lamp dots, and so on. With the help of the burnisher the whiteness of 'The Tea Tower' stands stark against the dark sky; the scraper feels its gentle lightening way across the majesty of 'Westminster from my Window,' leaving all the lower right-hand corner black; it plays with freedom over the moon-illuminated rolling clouds and whitened towers of 'Wren's City,' eases the gloom in sky and foreground of 'London Lights,' and picks out the sprinkled lamps.

"But the initial roughening of the plate with the 'rocker' must take a long time," I remarked.

He smiled, opened a drawer, and produced something swathed in cotton wadding. When the covering was removed I saw a plate "rocked" ready for use. "I buy them so," he said.

"But how do you get your design on this hard granulated surface? Turner, we know, etched it."

"I make a charcoal drawing and transfer it to the plate in the press. Frank Short rocks his own plates. This suits me well enough."

"You always like to do things your own way!"

"Why, man alive, what on earth is the good of always . . ."

Later in the evening we stepped out from the studio window upon the balcony, and while the wind howled, stared at the nightmare of London cloaked in terrible beauty. Details were lost at that dizzy height. Then I saw later as I walked home along the Embankment, so near, so sad; but art can choose, and give me for choice Mr. Pennell's vision of Wren's City, out of touch, seen as a bird might watch it from the sky.

SOME time ago (p. 224) we announced the purchase for the Royal National Gallery at Rome of Mr. Lavery's 'Polymnia,' selected from the International Exhibition at Venice by the purchasing board. The maximum amount allowed by the Italian Government for a modern work of art, which by unanimous resolution was offered to Mr. Lavery, we mistakenly stated to be 2,000 francs, whereas it should have been 10,000 francs. Signor Fradaletto, who courteously points out our error, says that during the last twenty years very few painters, whether Italian or foreign, have received this maximum amount, which still may be considerably less than the current value of 'Polymnia.'

FROM the same exhibition the Corporation of Venice acquired Mr. C. H. Shannon's 'Lady with the Feather,' this following on the Luxembourg's purchase of his 'The Sculptress,' earlier in the year. Not yet, however, have the Chantry Trustees recognised Mr. Shannon's remarkable gifts. But, as Mr. Chesterton more than hinted at the Censorship Inquiry, the Chantry Trustees have not earned a reputation for æsthetic enlightenment.

THE appointment of Professor C. J. Holmes to the Directorship of the National Portrait Gallery, consequent on the resignation of Mr. Lionel Cust, involves a loss to Oxford, which students of art are quick to recognise. Professor Holmes has done admirable work since he has occupied the Slade chair. Thanks to him, art to many an undergraduate is now an integral part of life, not a mere plaything for the idle. As to the *Burlington Magazine*, which Professor Holmes has so ably and single-mindedly edited, pending the reorganisation of the staff, it will be conducted by Mr. Harold Child, with the aid of the consultative committee. At the N.P.G. Professor Holmes is certain to discover ample scope for his energies. It is to be hoped, however, that he will have more leisure for practising what he has so stimulatingly preached in *Notes on the Science of Picture-making*. Several of his works now hang on the walls of the Manchester Art Gallery, as part of a limited exhibition. To know Professor Holmes is to hold him in honour, hence the good wishes of hundreds follow him in his new sphere of activity.



The Tea Tower. (Mezzotint.)
By Joseph Pennell.



Two Mothers.

By Edward Stott, A R A.

An Autumn Exhibition.

By Alfred Yockney.

AT the end of the art season in London, which may be said to coincide with the closing of the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, the *habitué* of the galleries has had enough of exhibitions, and finds his devotion to art narrowing down to the works in his own collection, or to memories of the best things he has ever seen. In holiday mood, perhaps, he turns to the permanent collections at home and abroad, and finds in the supreme examples of the great masters material to correct his taste and to fortify his judgment. It may be supposed that the Londoner pays little attention to the calls of autumn exhibitions in the provinces, where are congregated some well-

known pictures, together with many works of doubtful merit. Even the keenest followers of artistic affairs may be excused attendance when invitations are already coming in for the new session in London, and it requires courage to face the well-filled walls of country galleries.

But there are a few among the autumn shows which attract more than a local or tourist interest, and visitors from far afield go to them to renew their impressions of favourite pictures, and to study under good conditions the different phases of the art of the day. The exhibition at Liverpool, for instance, is always worth a visit. We look to Liverpool for so many indefinite things of everyday use,

passing through the port and reaching our homes in a multitude of vague ways, that it is pleasant to associate with the commercial activities of the city the consistent devotion to art which has grown to be such a happy feature of its municipal enterprise.

This year the Walker Art Gallery contains a formidable display of 2,300 exhibits, and it is creditable to those concerned, again under the chairmanship of Mr. John Lea, that this vast array is not overwhelming. It is a remarkably attractive series of pictures, and there are several works which give exceptional importance to the exhibition. We see representative paintings and drawings of every modern school, and it is convenient to survey them in juxtaposition. To obtain from so many sources such a large number of good works, and to group them effectively so that they do not bewilder the visitor, is an achievement of value, and we are thankful for the opportunity to see the collection. In producing such testimony to months of labour, the Committee have relied to a great extent on the resourcefulness of Mr.



A Valley of the Wharfe.

By Bertram Priestman.

E. Rimbault Dibdin, the Keeper of the Corporation pictures. To sum up the output of so many studios, to show in comparison the various tendencies of the day, requires the tactful hand of a master of selection; but Mr. Dibdin manages to "pot" our Fine Arts with as much facility as Mr. Pélissier pots our plays, and we are content with the fruits of his experience.

Mr. John's 'The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor' is the "picture of the year." Not that it is popular—it is even disliked by many people. But the portrait, which some say is no portrait, is the problem picture of the exhibition, and if it does not touch the soul, it rouses the curiosity of the visitor. It has been the custom to present the retiring Lord Mayor with a portrait of himself, and this year Mr. John, whose work has found many champions in Liverpool from time to time, was chosen for the task. He invented a composition in which the chief figure was supplied with an attribute in the person of an official indispensable on all civic occasions. Why a sword-bearer should not go down to posterity as well as a chain of office and the other articles of equipment has not been explained by the detractors of the picture: the second



Port of St. Ives, Cornwall.

By R. Hayley Lever.



The Rt. Hon. the Lord Mayor.

By Augustus E. John.

figure certainly gives originality to the design, and should not prove unwelcome. When Reynolds exhibited his 'Captain Orme,' now in the National Gallery, there was a similar discussion. The picture, says Northcote, "attracted much attention by its boldness and singularity. It is a full-length, wherein a horse is represented at the side of the officer—an effect in composition so new to his barren competitors in art as must have struck them with dismay." For the moment, however, many of the Lord Mayor's associates and other people qualified by acquaintance to criticise the work from a personal point of view, have no eye for Mr. John's portrait, feeling, if looks of amazement may be interpreted, that their chief magistrate has been revealed by the painter as a diffident toreador striking an attitude against an unkind background of grey-green and deep blue. It cannot be proclaimed a prepossessing picture, but it is a notable work which cannot be disregarded.

Mr. Sargent's 'The Earl of Wemyss' is an outstanding work. The intellectual head, illuminated as by limelight, gives a theatrical effect which we may not be able to associate with the venerable peer himself, but the likeness is suggested with great force. Like the presentation portraits of 'The Prime Minister,' by Mr. Solomon, and 'The Right. Hon. David Lloyd George,' by Sir Luke Fildes, it is of documentary interest to the nation, and it is to be engraved. It may be remembered that the Earl of Wemyss has a turn for sculpture, and is otherwise identified with artistic affairs.

By Mr. Sargent are several other works, among which 'The Fountain,' with figures, is a brilliant sketch. Another notable portrait is 'Baillie Alexander Wallace,' aged ninety-five, by Mr. Fiddes Watt, shown at the Royal Glasgow Institute this year (page 154): it impresses by its dignity and simplicity. Mr. Sims has the eighteenth century traditions in mind in 'Mrs. Harold Phillips': it is a dashing portrait, and the daring experiment in colour gives it distinction. Mr. Orpen's 'C. Wertheimer, Esq.' a masterly rendering of a well-known figure "at home" among his possessions, is a character-study which is a challenge to anything in the exhibition. Mr. W. Rothenstein's 'Mrs. Charles Booth' is a striking portrait in profile, and 'Professor H. A. Strong,' by Mr. Hall Neale, is a living figure on canvas.

We turn again and again to Mr. George Houston's 'April in Ayrshire,' a poetic landscape which claims attention with its quiet colours and easy outlines. Mr. Aumonier has something interesting to say, with 'The Dulas Valley,' the brown tints of which are satisfying to the eye. Mr. Hughes-Stanton is at his best in 'St. Jean, near Avignon,' and so is Mr. Hornel in 'A Summer Idyll.' Mr. Edward T. Compton appeals to us with 'An Alpine Fastness,' Mr. James L. Henry with 'In Flanders,' Mr. Sydney Lee with 'Valère, Rhone Valley,' and Mr. D. Y. Cameron with 'Isles of the Sea.' Mr. R. W. Allen's 'On the Look-out' is one of those foreshore scenes with which frequenters of exhibitions are always so well pleased, and Mr. Friedenson's



City Fathers.

By Edgar Bundy, R.I.

'Richmond Castle' is in the atmospheric manner which has so justly earned recognition for this painter. Mr. Oliver Hall with his 'Moorland near Shap Fells,' and 'A breezy day in the Upper Fell country,' gives us landscape at its richest and best. Mr. Bertram Priestman is represented by 'The Valley of the Wharfe,' cool and well-planned, and 'The Port of St. Ives,' by Mr. Hayley Lever, in a light key, is capable and refreshing. Mr. Huson shows 'The Coast of Lleyn,' an acceptable work, and Mr. MacGeorge has a message for us with his 'Salmon Fishing.'

Sir L. Alma-Tadema's 'A Favourite Custom' is seen at Liverpool on its way from Burlington House to the Tate Gallery, where it will be placed eventually with the works bought in other years from the funds of the Chantrey Bequest (p. 276). Mr. Edward Stott's 'Two Mothers,' maternity idealised, is of fine quality, and Mr. J. J. Shannon's 'In the Dunes' is ambitious and satisfying. Near by 'The Race Meeting,' by Mr. Dacres Adams, commands notice. Mr. Bundy's 'City Fathers' is well remembered as a group of well-fed and bibulous burghers, and Mr. L. Campbell Taylor's 'Bedtime' can boast a great amount of popularity, especially for some of its details. Miss Anna Airy's 'The Scandal-mongers' is well-drawn, and portrays, no doubt with truth, the several persons engaged in their pastime.



The Coast of Lleyn.

By T. Huson, R.I.

Mr. F. Beaumont's 'Silent Music' is a happy conception, ably transferred to canvas. Mr. Harold Knight's 'The Letter' is an interior scene of interest, and Mr. Harrington Mann's 'Diabolo' is a well-painted portrait subject.

In Room IV. are hung works by Continental artists, though one of the best paintings from abroad, Mr. Eugène Burnand's 'Le Samedi-Saint' makes an effective centre elsewhere. 'Le Thé,' by M. Jef Leempoels, is an important work. 'La Marchande d'amours,' with characteristic amber colouring, by M. Gaston La Touche, deserves consideration, and 'Sur la Route: impression d'Espagne' by M. William Laparra, catches the eye by its boldness.

Drawings of various sorts are once more an attractive feature of the Exhibition. Mr. J. R. K. Duff's pastels show up well in Room V., and Mr. James Paterson's 'St. Andrews Harbour' is also seen to advantage. Mr. Cameron's 'Iona Cathedral' is solidly drawn, and it is good to see again Mr. Curnow Vosper's 'Salem.' Mr. Francis James is successful with 'A Cottage Posy,' and Miss Katherine Cameron's 'An Autumn Rose' is a delightful piece of delicate colouring.

Downstairs may be seen black-and-white work, miniatures, jewellery, some sculpture, pottery, and other good things. It is an agreeable display, and should not be taken hurriedly on the way



Isles of the Sea.

By D. Y. Cameron, A.R.S.A.

to the adjacent refreshment room. In the New York and Pittsburg series of etchings the 'Edgar Thomson Steel Works' and 'On the way to Bessemer' plates seem specially interpretative, but the whole group gives evidence of Mr. Pennell's extraordinary skill in adapting unpromising material to the purpose of Art. M. Eugène Bejot's 'Le Pont de l'Archeveché, Paris' is an effective plate, and Mr. Burridge's etching 'The Promise of a Hot Day' is a triumph of suggestion with very little visible work. Mr. Crawhall's 'A Jockey,' blottesque in character, is remarkable and so is Mr. Moony's 'The Sisters at the Well,' though over heavy in tone. M. Roussel's 'L'Agonie des Fleurs,' with its etched frame, has a character of its own even among the artist's other works, and M. Veber's drawings assist in giving variety to this section.

This brief review of some of the notable works will suffice to show that a visit to the Walker Art Gallery, before the end of the year, will not be devoid of interest or without reward. The "trail of the Exhibition serpent" is not over this collection, and whatever its faults the balance of success is not disturbed. The Exhibition rings true, and should secure a record attendance.

A series of Talks on Art Topics has been arranged for Friday afternoons in the Galleries. "The Place of the Modern Artist" formed the subject of an evening lecture by Mr. W. Rothenstein early in October.



Prof. H. A. Strong.

By G. Hall Neale.



Coffers, Chests, and Caskets.*

By Luther Hooper.

THE coffer, or treasure and muniment chests, of the Middle Ages are not only worthy of study from a craftsman's point of view, but also from that of the historian. There is an immense amount of historical association connected with them, which renders them as interesting to the student of history as to the artist.

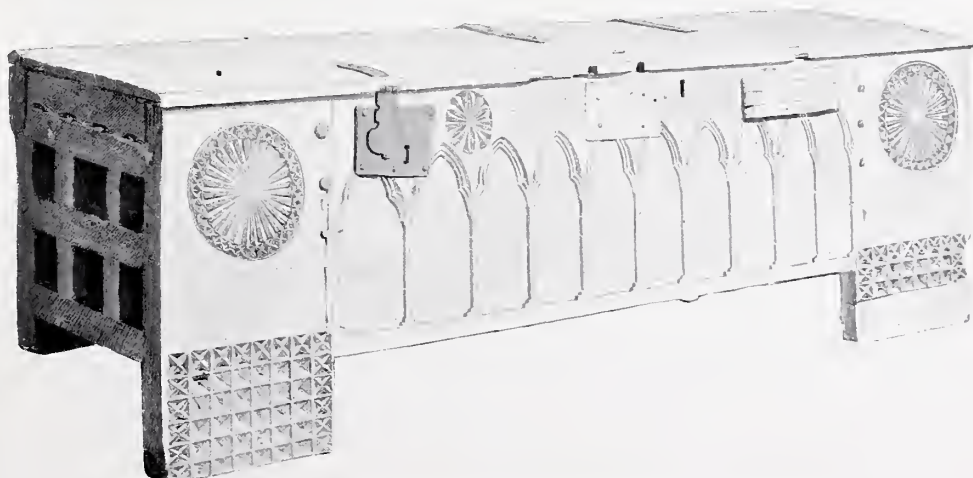
The cofferer, or treasurer, as we should call him, of the ancient craft guild or trade society was in some respects their most important and responsible officer, and the chest of which he had charge was usually as strong and beautiful as the artificer could make it. Massive, secure and ornamental, it was intimately associated with all the meetings and transactions of the society, and was the principal piece of furniture in the hall where the meetings of the guild took place. The coffer is frequently mentioned in the records of meetings of the mediæval trade and craft guilds, as well as in the accounts of the monastic and other religious establishments of the Middle Ages. Brentano, in his interesting "History of Craft-gilds," says: "The very soul of the craft-gild was its meetings, which brought all the gild-brothers together every week, month, or quarter. These meetings were always held with certain ceremonies, for the sake of greater solemnity. The box, having several locks, and containing the charters of the gild, the statutes, the money, and other valuable articles, was opened on such occasions, and all present had to uncover their heads."

Of these interesting mediæval massive coffers and chests there are only very few remaining of earlier date than the Fourteenth Century, and of the Twelfth Century it seems that there are only two really authentic ones. These are both made of huge slabs of rough-hewn oak, and bear no attempts at decoration, except that the strengthening bands of wrought ironwork are spread and twisted into some resemblance to foliated ornament. One of these venerable Twelfth Century coffers is in Broughton Church, Northumberland, and one in the Victoria and Albert Museum. M. Viollet le Duc, a great authority in such matters, attributes the Northumbrian chest undoubtedly to that period.

A few Thirteenth Century specimens of coffers are well-authenticated. One in Climping Church, Sussex, is perhaps the finest English specimen (Illustration 23). Seventy-three years ago it was drawn by Henry Shaw for his book "Ancient Furniture," from which the present illustration is copied. The photograph in Roe's "Coffers and Cupboards" shows the present

state of the chest, and reveals the fact that the beautiful front feet with their indented ornamentation, which add so much to the design, have been removed, and a rough but tidy moulding fitted to the lower edge of the front has taken their place. Other Thirteenth Century coffers may still be seen in Westminster Abbey, Graveney Church, Kent, Stoke d'Abernon Church, Surrey, and Newport Church, Essex. The most famous of all the Thirteenth Century coffers, however, is in the Cluny Museum, Paris, and unlike all the other chests of that period, which have comparatively little decoration, it is most elaborately carved, and bears a design of twelve knights on the long front panel, standing armed, amid architectural tracery and grotesque animals.

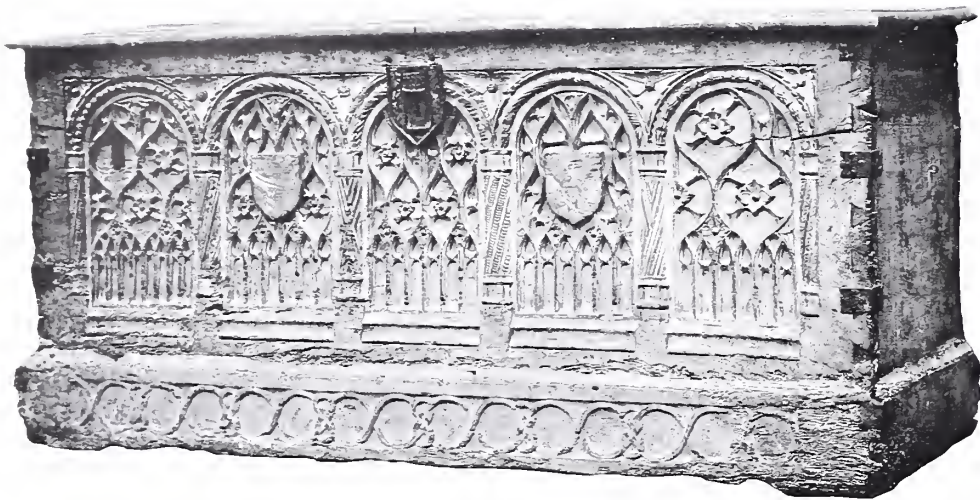
A few coffers which afford much opportunity for debate and speculation as to their nationality were produced in the latter part of the Fourteenth or early in the Fifteenth Centuries. They are known as the "Tilting" coffers, and their date can be pretty accurately determined from the style of the armour with which the figures carved upon them are clothed. They have, mostly, architectural features carved on their framing, and figure subjects representing knightly contests decorate their front panels. In Harty Church, in the Isle of Sheppey, there is one of these tilting coffers. The upright framing of the sides is decorated with battlemented canopies, under which are figures of yeomen holding quarter-staves, and on the front panel there is a spirited representation of two knights fighting on horseback, attended by their squires, one of these being on foot and the other mounted. The background is filled in with foliage. Saint George overcoming the Dragon is the subject of another of these knightly coffers preserved in Ypres Cathedral. St. George has just succeeded in getting his lance through the neck of the Dragon. The Princess sits by, and the background of the picture consists of architecture and foliage. In the Victoria and Albert Museum there is a small tilting coffer (Illustration 24). It is said to be of French make, but it bears in many respects a close





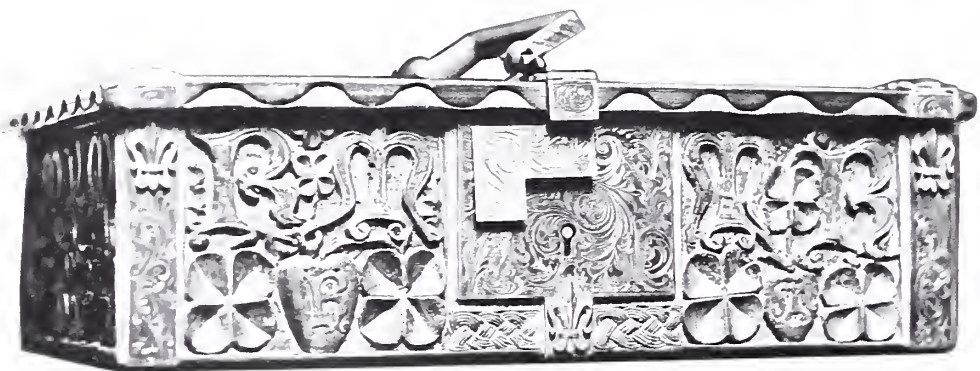
(Victoria and Albert Museum)

24. "Tilting" Coffin. Early fifteenth century.



(Victoria and Albert Museum.)

25. Coffin of Walnut Wood. French. Fifteenth century.



(British Museum.)

26. Pearwood Casket, said to have belonged to Mary, Queen of Scots.

resemblance to some undoubtedly English specimens; so its nationality must, at any rate, be said to be doubtful.

Coffers and chests of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries, both in France and England, are chiefly characterized by architectural design in their ornamentation. The various developments of Gothic tracery are closely adhered to in their carving, and they are, in many cases, extremely beautiful, well proportioned, and ingenious in arrangement. The fitting together and joinery work of these coffers, as well as their locks and mountings of smith's work, leave nothing to be desired. Some of the locks and keys of

this period are marvels of invention and cunning work. The architectural Fifteenth Century walnut-wood coffer (Illustration 25) is a very fine example of French craftsmanship of this period and is in a perfect state of preservation; it is in the collection at South Kensington. Roe, in the work already mentioned, gives many illustrations of the architectural chests of this period.

Pearwood, on account of its evenness of grain as well as its beautiful colour, has always been a favourite wood, especially with English carvers, for the making of choice jewel-caskets and other small boxes for various uses. Some of these are most elaborate and minute in workmanship, and are of exquisite, though sometimes fantastic, design. Many of the later ones, perhaps, err on the side of over-elaboration of ornament, particularly those of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. An early and certainly one of the most beautiful specimens of pearwood carving, finely designed and executed, is the small Fifteenth Century casket in the British Museum (Illustration 26). It is said to have belonged to Mary, Queen of Scots, although some antiquarians dispute this point. The design consists of the letters M R and quatrefoils, strawberries and fleur-de-lis. The metal mountings, too, which are delicately engraved, harmonize well with and enhance the effect of the fine

design and carving of the casket.

The German casket, shaped like a house with a high-pitched roof (Illustration 27), is decorated with realistic figure-subjects of the life of Christ, arranged in panels. It is not only interesting as a specimen of late Fifteenth Century craftsmanship, but on account of its having contained the venerable relics of St. Boniface. It belonged originally to a convent at Coutances.

Any account of coffers and chests would be incomplete without some notice of the use of *cuir bouilli* (boiled leather) work, which was extensively used during the Fifteenth and



27. Casket. German. Late fifteenth century.

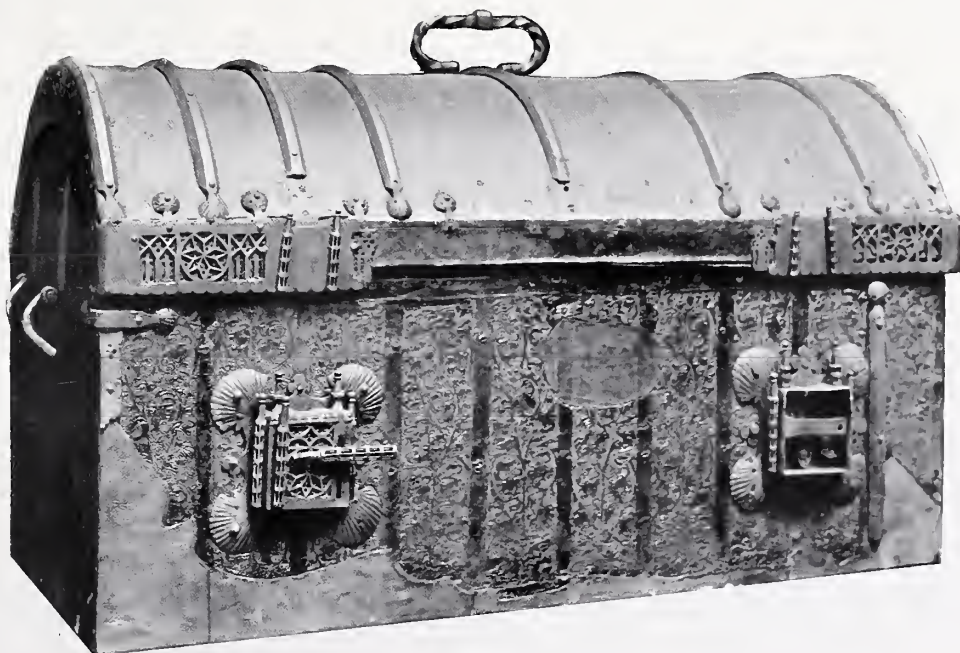
Sixteenth Centuries in place of carving, for their decoration, often with very beautiful effect. The delicately embossed and incised ornament of the *cuir bouilli* work was often brilliantly painted and the design further enhanced with gilding. In other cases portions of the leather were quite cut away, and colour introduced into the work by means of pieces of rich velvet and other materials being laid underneath the leather, so as to show in the vacant spaces. The preparation of the leather for this kind of work has been the subject of much discussion, and no doubt each artificer had his own secrets and preferences in regard to the exact methods and materials he employed. It appears, however, that, although the work was called *boiled leather work*, the melted wax and essential oils or spirits in which the leather was steeped in order to soften and prepare it for modelling were not usually brought actually to the boiling point, and that the incised work was added, when the leather was partially hardened and fixed to the object to be decorated. In modern *cuir bouilli* work—for this, like so many other ancient artistic processes, has been recently revived—probably too little attention is given to the preparation of the leather, and the neglect of this most important point may account for the inferiority of the modern to the Mediaeval and Renaissance examples. There is a large collection of fine specimens of *cuir bouilli* work in the Victoria and Albert Museum, but the coffer chosen for illustration is in

the Mediaeval gallery at the British Museum (Illustration 28). It is a large trunk-shaped box with a rounded lid; the design of the leather work is very rich and delicate, and the wrought steel mountings are exquisite examples of the metal-worker's art.

In the library of Chichester Cathedral there is a Spanish money chest said to have been recovered from one of the wrecked ships of the Spanish Armada. It is made of thick plates of iron and strengthened with massive bands of steel. The chest is not large in size, being not more than 22 inches long, but is of enormous weight. It is furnished with an elaborate lock which occupies the whole of the inside of the lid, and, like the modern safe-lock, shoots its several bolts into the four sides of the chest. There is another of these Spanish chests in the Horniman Museum at Forest Hill, very similar to the one at Chichester, and Shaw in his "Ancient

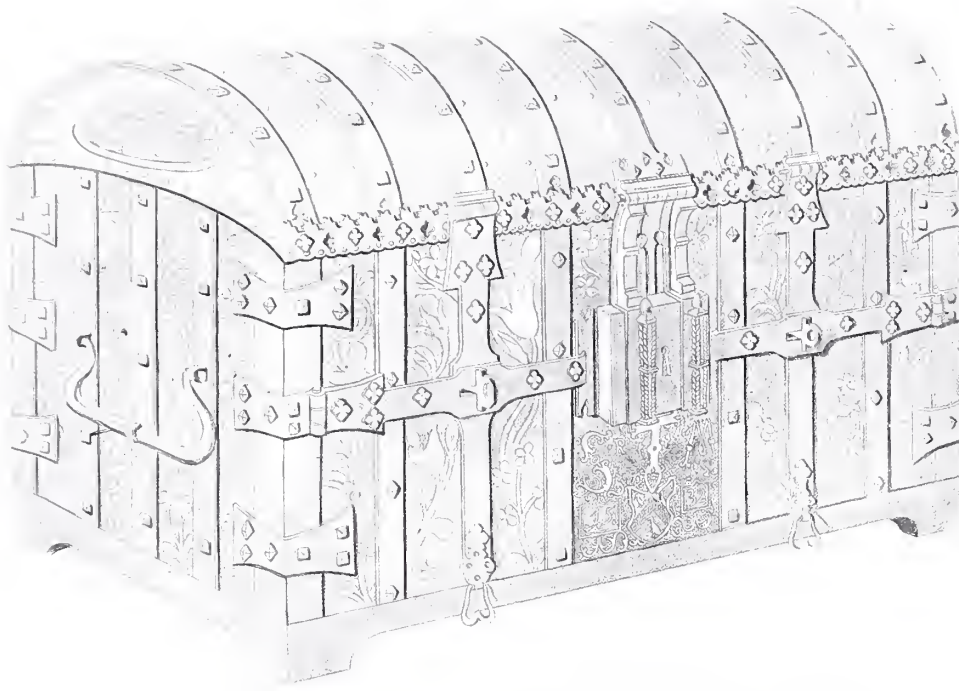
Furniture" gives a drawing of Sir Thomas More's money chest, preserved at Baynard's Park, which is made in exactly the same manner, except that it has a slightly rounded lid. (Illustration 29). All these chests are gaily painted and gilded, the spaces between the studs with which the chests are strengthened are covered with canvas, and on this are painted designs of flowers, fruit, and other ornaments.

Late in the Fifteenth and during the Sixteenth Centuries, the most perfect, sumptuous and highly finished coffers were produced by the craftsmen of Italy. Instead of small caskets to hold only jewels and trinkets, it became usual to present the bride of the Renaissance period with a coffer or *cassone*, as a receptacle for her bridal dresses and ornaments. Rare, valuable wood, exquisite carving enriched

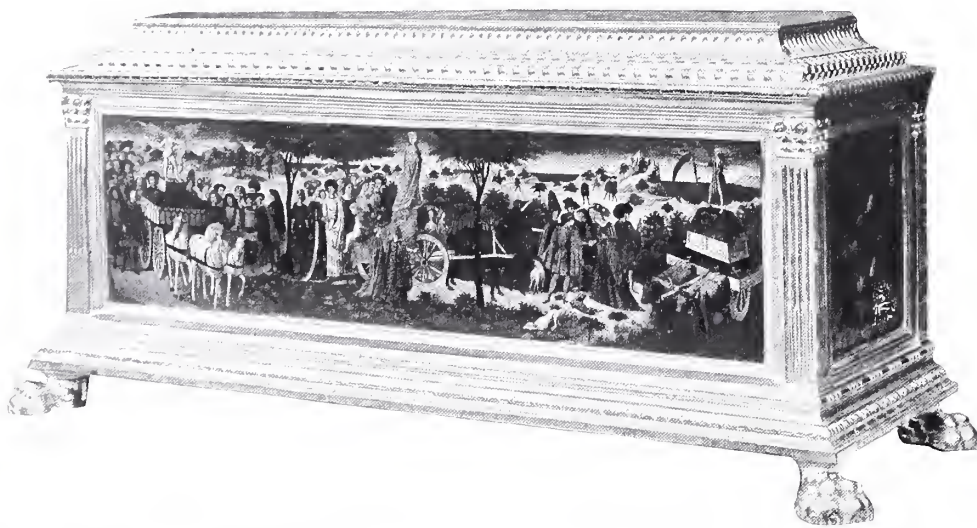


(British Museum.

28. Coffe decorated with *cuir bouilli* work.



29. Money Chest which belonged to Sir Thomas More. C. Henry VIII.



(Victoria and Albert Museum.)

30. Italian Cassone or Marriage Coffin.



31. Portion of a Painted Panel on a Florentine Coffin. Late fifteenth century.

by gilding, and the most finished painting of the best masters were all lavished on these costly marriage coffers, which must often have been the most admired and valuable piece of furniture in the Italian lady's apartment. The museum at South Kensington is particularly rich in these marriage coffers, and perhaps the finest in the collection is the subject of the illustration (Fig. 30). Joinery, carving, gilding, and painting are all here at their best, and their combination results in a worthy receptacle for such splendid garments as we know were produced during that period of artistic activity. The subjects of the painted panels are the Triumphs of Love, Chastity, and Death, in the front of the coffer, and at the ends, the story of Pyranus and Thisbe is depicted. The Illustration 31 is a portion of the painted panel of a Florentine coffer. The subject of the painting is an entertainment in the court of a palace. All the figures are full of character and spirit, but this is especially the case with regard to the group of four musicians who are shown in the portion of the panel reproduced.

Another splendid marriage coffer at present in the Raphael Gallery at South Kensington (Illustration 32) is made of chestnut wood, carved in very high relief and enhanced with gilding. The shield of arms in the centre of the front shows that it was made for a member of the Lancelotti family of Rome. Although in quite a different and much simpler style from the above, in its way the Dutch clothes chest (Illustration 33) is equally beautiful and satisfactory. Its chief features are the colour of the camphor wood of which it is made, and the exquisite finish of the joinery of the chest and the surfacing of the wood. The ornamentation is

confined to the brass mountings, which seem to be exactly in keeping with the fine wood and simple but perfect craftsmanship of the box. These mountings, pierced and engraved in rather an Oriental style of ornament, give just sufficient relief and value to the chief characteristics of the chest. It is these restrained harmonies of art and craft which reveal the genius of the designer. This beautiful clothes chest was made in the Seventeenth Century.

(To be continued.)



32. Coffer of Chestnut Wood. Italian. Sixteenth century.

Art Sales of the Season.*

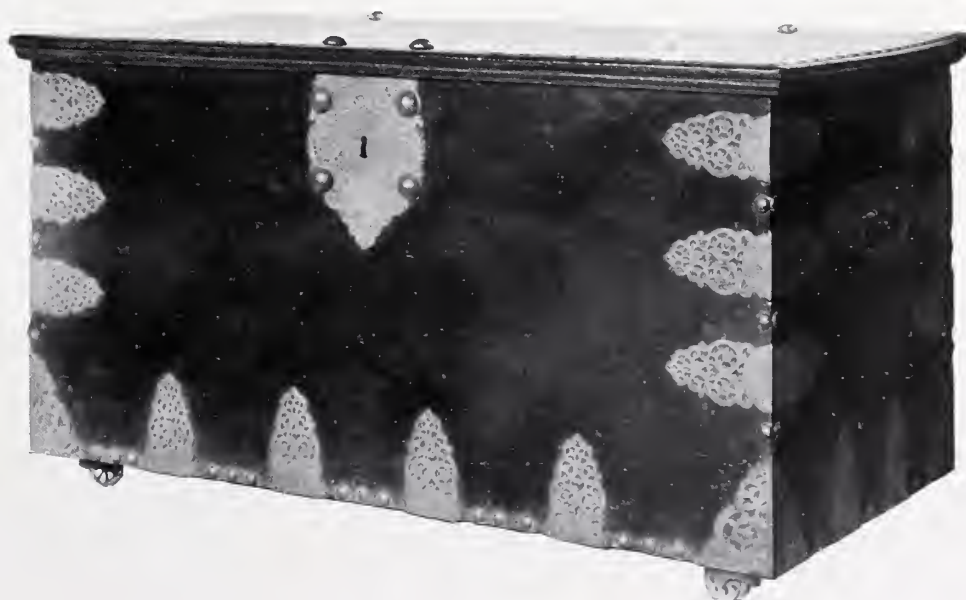
II.—Engravings, Silver, Objects of Art, etc.

A PART from pictures, the sale-season has been singularly unimportant. As against £256,216 for the eight most important properties in 1907 and £150,127 for the same number in 1908, the table on this page makes a poor show.

By no means without significance is the fact that two of the above properties were sent for dispersal in London from New York, a third from France. The cabinet of Greek coins of the late Mr. Frank Sherman Benson was almost certainly the finest ever brought together in America, and had his desires been fulfilled the collection would have found a permanent resting-place in some public institution on the other side of the Atlantic. Mr. Benson's total outlay was about £10,000, as compared with a return of over £15,000. Twenty-five coins produced a minimum of £100 each, many of them realising five or six times cost price a few years ago. As Mr. Hodge, the auctioneer, suggested from the rostrum, the sale may well mark the beginning of a fresh wave of enthusiasm for classic art in this kind. Mr. H. P. Dean, the Harley Street physician, had bought most of his elaborate pieces of Chippendale within recent years. Between 1750-80 Chippendale was employed by the richest classes in this country. He charged £72 10s. for a large mahogany library table in the possession of Lord St. Oswald, now

Property.	Lots.	£
Frank Sherman Benson, New York, deceased. Feb. 3-11. Greek Coins	808	15,175
H. P. Dean. June 14. English Furniture	74	10,185
Sir John C. Day, deceased. May 17-8. Etchings and Engravings	373	8,595
J. Stewart Happer, New York. April 26-9. Japanese Colour Prints	708	6,013
J. Cheetham Cockshut. March 23. Porcelain	121	6,382
Comte Pierre de Viry. Feb. 24-6. Coins, etc.	470	2,890
Charles Newton-Robinson. June 22. Engraved Gems	191	2,282
Lord Battersea, deceased. April 2. Porcelain and Furniture	136	2,014
Total	2,881	£53,536

worth perhaps £2,000. The etchings and engravings in the Day collection were not comparable in importance



33. Camphor wood Clothes Chest. Dutch. Seventeenth century.

* Continued from page 312.

OBJECTS OF ART, SILVER, ENGRAVINGS, ETC.

	Sale.	Price.
1 Necklace. Three-row, of 156 pearls. (97)	July 13	£9,400
2 Etching. Rembrandt. Jan Six. State II. 1647. (Bartsch 285.) Incomparable among etched portraits for elegance and richness of effect. (From Collections Aylesford; Hawkins, 1850; Holford, 1893, £380.) Bought by Mr. Junius Morgan, who presented to British Museum, from Lanna sale, excessively rare contemporary copy of Dürer's woodcut, 'The Men's Bath,' 71,000 francs plus 10 per cent. R.P. for print of any kind. Former Rembrandt R.P., 'Rembrandt with Sabre' (Bartsch 23) 1893, Holford, £2,000, now Baron E. de Rothschild's ...	Alfred Hubert, Paris } (May 29) }	£3,328
3 Drypoint. Dürer. St. Jerome by the Willow Tree. 1512. (Bartsch 59.) Superb first state, before the monogram, in British Museum; cost 100 gs. in 1851. 26,400 marks plus 10 per cent. R.P. for Dürer print	Lanna, Stuttgart (May 17)	£1,452
4 Limoges Enamel. Upright plaque, 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 9 $\frac{1}{4}$. Entombment of Christ. By Nardon Penicaud, (81)	February 26	1,200 gs.
5 Silver. Pair of James I. goblets, 7 in. high, entirely gilt. London h.m. 1619. 10 oz. 13 dwt. Australian vendor asked if these "old brass cups" had any value. Crichton Bros. bought back from client at £1,200—in order to complete set of three, probably unique of this size—a cup with steeple cover, date 1623, sold to him in 1902 for £400. (37)	July 7	£1,180
6 Drypoint. Dürer. Holy Family. c. 1512. (Bartsch 43.) 20,000 marks plus 10 per cent. ...	Lanna, Stuttgart (May 17)	£1,100
7 Silver. Charles II. porringer, cover and stand, 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. high. London h.m. 1661. 75 oz. 5 dwt. 270s.	June 8	£1,015 17s.
8 Violin. Stradivarius, original label, dated 1688. (1907, Beilby, £750, probably bt. in.) R.P. (50)	Avery (May 12) (P)	£925
9 Engravings. Cries of London (13), after Wheatley. In colours. Published £4 16s. (128) ...	May 25	750 gs.
10 Silver. James I. inkstand, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ wide, entirely gilt. London h.m. 1615. 23 oz. 7 dwt. (40) ...	July 7	£780
11 Coin. Greek Sicilian tetradrachm. Catania. Head of Apollo. Rare and almost perfect. Cost vendor £115 in 1903. R.P. for coin; but Juxon gold medal made £750, Montagu, 1896. (208) ...	F. S. Benson, N.Y. } (February 3) (S) }	£640
12 Stained glass. Four oblong panels. Life of Christ. Dated 1559. (125)	Steinkopff (February 26)	600 gs.
13 Majolica. Urbino oval dish. 25 x 20. Children of Israel gathering manna. (1884, Fountaine, 240 gs.) (39)	Gibbs (July 8)	580 gs.
14 Silver. Charles I. inkstand, 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. high. 1630. Formed as leaf-shaped tray. 6 oz. 1 dwt. (65) ...	June 8	£484
15 Miniature. Miss Maria Jones. By R. Cosway (68)	Lady Stanley of Alderley } (March 26) }	400 gs.
16 Miniature. Miss Maria Jones. Signed G. Engleheart. Dated 1792. (69)	Lady Stanley of Alderley } (March 26) }	390 gs.
17 Silver. Scotch quigh. 7 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 11 $\frac{1}{8}$. By Thos. Moncurr (?). Probably earliest known piece bearing Glasgow h.m. 14 oz. 12 dwt. 560s. (113)	March 24	£408 16s.
18 Mezzotint. Lady Elizabeth Compton. By V. Green, after Reynolds. (88)	May 25	370 gs.
19 Miniature. Lady. By G. Engleheart. (72)	Lady Stanley of Alderley } (March 26) }	335 gs.
20 Japanese Colour Prints. Imagery of the Poets. Set of 10 by Hokusai, c. 1830. (428)	Happer, N.Y. (April 28) (S)	£340
21 Engravings. The Months, after W. Hamilton. In colours. R.P. (93)	Felwicke (June 21)	310 gs.
22 Miniature. Margaret, Lady Orde. By R. Cosway. 1780. (21)	Sir J. Campbell Orde (July 6)	300 gs.
23 Mezzotint. Mrs. Payne Galwey and Child. State I. By J. R. Smith, after Reynolds. (104) ...	March 22	300 gs.
24 Engraving. Dürer. St. Hubert. (144)	Sir John Day (May 17) ...	245 gs.
25 Stained Glass. Swiss upright panel. 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 17. 'Domman Stocker, Anno Domi, 1523.' (25) ...	Braikenridge (February 26)	220 gs.

FURNITURE AND TAPESTRY.

	Sale.	Price.
1 Louis XVI. Settee, 6 ft. wide, and six fauteuils. Covered with old Beauvais tapestry. (122) ...	March 26	2,000 gs.
2 Chippendale. Mahogany settee, 72 in. wide. Elaborately carved. Illustrated in Macquoid's <i>English Furniture</i> , (8)	Dean (June 14)	1,950 gs.
3 Old Beauvais. Five panels, Dutch scenes, after Teniers. Signed "Behagle." (96)	{Russian Gentleman of } {Title (May 20) }	1,500 gs.
4 Old Gobelins. Four oval panels. History of Henri IV. and Gabrielle d'Estrées. 57 x 48. Signed "Audran, 1787." (94)	Browne, Callaly Castle } (May 20) }	1,500 gs.
5 Chippendale. Cabinet, amboyna and rosewood, 130 x 70. Illustrated in Macquoid's <i>English Furniture</i> , (26)	Dean (June 14)	1,400 gs.
6 Old Brussels. Four panels of the Seasons. (97)	May 20	1,300 gs.
7 Old Brussels. Oblong panel, Don Quixote subject, 123 x 222. Signed "Lyniers Reydam." (95)	{Browne, Callaly Castle } {(May 20) }	900 gs.
8 Chippendale. Ten mahogany chairs. Said to have been Marie Antoinette's. (142)	Kenrick (July 8)	880 gs.
9 Louis XVI. Clock, 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. high. Ormolu vase-shaped case. (83)	May 20	730 gs.
10 Louis XIV. Médaillier, by Boulle, 49 x 51. Same central ornolu figures as in pair of Hamilton Palace armoires, which made 11,500 gs. in 1882. (470)	Comte Pierre de Viry } (February 26) (S) }	£720
11 English Marqueterie. Cabinet, 53 x 31. Early seventeenth century. Interior overlaid with embroidery, said to be by Miss Courtenay, who married into Earl of Devon's family. (151) ...	July 1	350 gs.
12 Chippendale. Mahogany desk, 49 in. wide. From the Royal Palace at Newmarket. (86) ...	Behrens (May 6)	350 gs.

PORCELAIN, CHINA, ETC.

	Sale.	Price.
1 Chinese. Pair of beakers, 13 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. high. K'ang-Hsi. Enamelled in famille-verte and aubergine on black ground. (107)	July 15	2,600
2 Chinese. Three vases, 10 in. and 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. high. K'ang-Hsi. Triple gourd-shaped, bright apple-green ground. (102)	March 26	1,150
3 Sévres. Service, painted with sprays of flowers in feuille-de-choux borders. (86)	May 20	1,050
4 Worcester. Two large hexagonal vases and covers, 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. high. Dark blue scale-pattern ground. Once Louis Huth's. (36)	Cheetham Cockshut (March 23)	900
5 Worcester. Hexagonal vase and cover, 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. high. Chinese lady and gentleman on dark blue scale-pattern ground. (138)	July 1	610
6 Dresden. Three vases and covers, 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. and 11 in. high. Covered with pale blue may blossom. Watteau subjects. (85)	May 20	550
7 Chelsea. Vase and cover, 13 in. high. Crimson and gold ground. (139)	July 1	380

NOTE:—(S) Sold by Sotheby; (P) by Puttick and Simpson. All others, except Nos. 2, 3 and 6, Table I., by Christie.

with the pictures, but relatively big prices were realised for examples, among others, by Mr. Muirhead Bone and Mr. D. Y. Cameron. The two sensational print sales of the season, held respectively in Stuttgart and Paris, were those

of the celebrated collections of Baron Adalbert von Lanna, of Prague, and of M. Alfred Hubert. The Lanna assemblage, particularly strong in prints by old German masters, catalogued in 3,075 lots, produced 747,935 marks, or about

£37,400. The Berlin Print Room obtained a special large grant, with which a number of rarities were procured, and among the examples bought by the British Museum was one of the excessively rare contemporary copies of Dürer's woodcut, 'Samson and the Lion.' It will be observed that Mr. Junius Morgan has presented a second of these scarce copies to the Museum, and a third—of the 'Ten Thousand Martyrs'—has been longer in the collection at Bloomsbury. On the first of the preceding tables appear three of the

principal items in the Hubert and Ianna sales. Mr. John Stewart Happer brought together his extensive collection of Japanese colour prints chiefly in Japan, paying for many of them fewer shillings than they realised in pounds. For the rest, the entries on the several tables explain some of the chief incidents of the season. The extent to which fine pieces of Jacobean silver have increased in value during the last few years is demonstrated by the note to No. 5, on the first table.

Drawing in Primary Schools.—II.*

By Alexander Millar.

IT is with great diffidence that I venture to record the impressions I have been led to form regarding some of the methods which are being so earnestly advocated by educational reformers, but they are the result of close attention paid to the subject for a considerable time, and I give them for what they are worth.

"Drawing as a means of expression," a phrase which in educational circles one gets rather tired of hearing, is nothing more than what in my youth was called "drawing out of our heads." It was then largely practised in school, but always surreptitiously, as a fearful joy, when we were supposed to be working at arithmetic, and it always entailed a caning when we were caught. Little did I think that I should live to see it treated as an all-important factor in education. In my own case some training and guidance of this form of activity in early youth would undoubtedly have prevented my getting into bad habits which I had laboriously to unlearn when I went to a

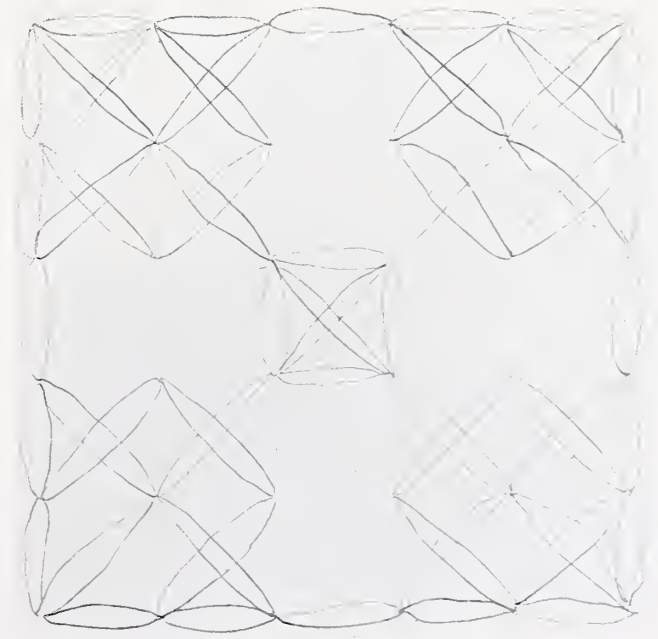
school of art. Hence I have doubts as to the expediency of leaving children entirely to themselves in the use of this means of expression. The results of the method have been made familiar to those interested in the subject by a number of exhibitions of children's work which have recently been held. The results are extremely interesting and in some cases highly amusing. But it is difficult to know to what extent the expression has been really spontaneous and uninfluenced. Observation of children's work leads me to the conclusion that, unless in exceptional cases, they are much more inclined to copy and imitate than to originate. It is, of course, difficult to prove a negative, but when it is asserted that children's work is entirely the result of their own unassisted imagination, I think the burden of proof lies upon those who make the claim. Remarkable drawings of animals which had a considerable resemblance to "dragons of the prime" have been gravely put forward as being inspired by reminiscences of previous states of existence, but on inquiry it turned out that the children who produced them had been brought up

* Continued from page 319.



(Age 6.)

14. Children in a School Garden.

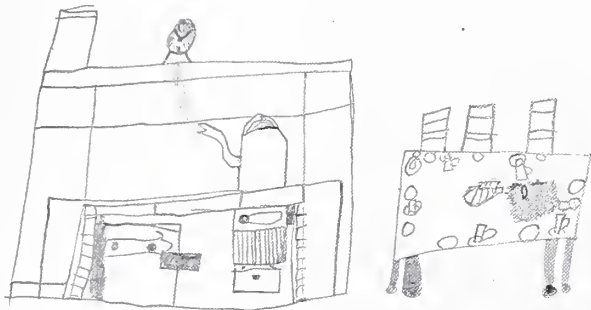


(Age 7.)

15. Pattern on Squared Paper.



(Age 7.) 16. Seascape: Result of "Do what you like."



(Age 4½.) 17. Kitchen: From memory.

in a highly artistic environment where they must have had every opportunity of seeing pictures of similar objects, and it was also apparent that they possessed hereditary artistic gifts.

On the whole, I am disposed to discount a good deal of the value of the great mass of "free expression" drawings that I have seen; that is, their value as indications of the degree to which they are original expressions of the child's ideas, and also of the degree to which the children's minds



(Age 6-7.) 18. Hiawatha: Suggested by a scene near school.



(Age 11.) 19. Head from Life.

have been stimulated. Taking them in the mass, I believe that those who find in them a high degree of originality are simply seeing what they wish to see, and are not giving due consideration to the relations of cause and effect. I do not find any evidence of searching enquiry into their origin directed towards the elimination of other influences than that which is in harmony with preconceived theories. I think therefore that the direction of so much of the children's time and energy into this channel of "free expression" may have the double disadvantage of losing the element of discipline, and of neglecting that training in accuracy of eye and hand which, by all but the minority to whom I have referred, is admitted to be so essential.

Much of the drawing from flowers and leaves by infants,



(Age 13.) 20. Teapot: From object.



(Age 12.) 21. Toad flax : From nature.

whatever may be its worth in arousing interest in natural objects (and this I do not for a moment mean to undervalue), appears to me to be of little or no value from the point of view of the learning of drawing, that is, the acquisition of the power of delineating objects correctly. When a sprig of mimosa is given to a young child, and it is encouraged to make a number of green blobs to represent the leaves and yellow dabs for flowers, and when the result is accepted without criticism, it appears to me that more harm than good is done. If the child takes any interest in its work, it will rate its uncriticised performance much too highly, and every such exercise will tend to confirm it in the habit of inaccurate observation and slovenly execution. Work of this kind, no doubt, has its value as a means of nature study, but it should not be described as the teaching of drawing. And while the number of those who would say that they don't want teachers to be artists may not be very large, the view that accurate drawing is a subordinate and comparatively unimportant matter is very widely held by the teachers of the younger children, largely as the result of the psychological theories which have been sedulously instilled into their minds.

In the training of the older pupils, what appear to me to be wiser counsels prevail. While the views of modern educationists are studied, they are applied with more discrimination. Many of the teachers seem to have struck exactly the happy medium between the older methods and the more exaggerated application of the new. Nothing could be more admirable than the way in which some of the

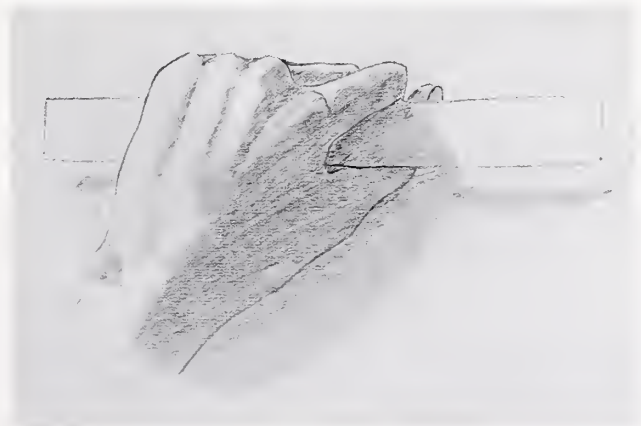


(Age 12.)

22. Persicaria : From nature.

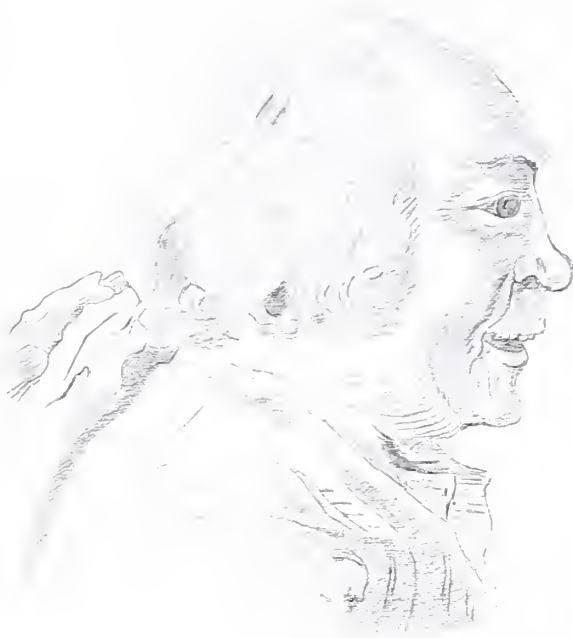
more thoughtful of their number, by judicious questions, lead their pupils to see the leading features of an object before they begin to draw it. Without drawing a line which the pupils might merely copy from the blackboard, and without actually pointing out what they ought to see, they cause them to grasp for themselves the essential points. It can scarcely be expected that all teachers will be able of themselves to originate methods of teaching of this high standard, but I believe that there is a pretty general desire to adopt and put them in practice when they become known. Inter-communication among teachers and study of each other's methods, together with a gentle steady pressure on the part of inspectors and others in authority, will have the best results.

Of the teaching of modelling I cannot say much, as my own training and practice have been entirely confined to flat ornament. But I have formed a decided opinion that undue attention, relatively to the time at disposal, is being given to this subject. In the infant schools, as a means of



(Age 11.)

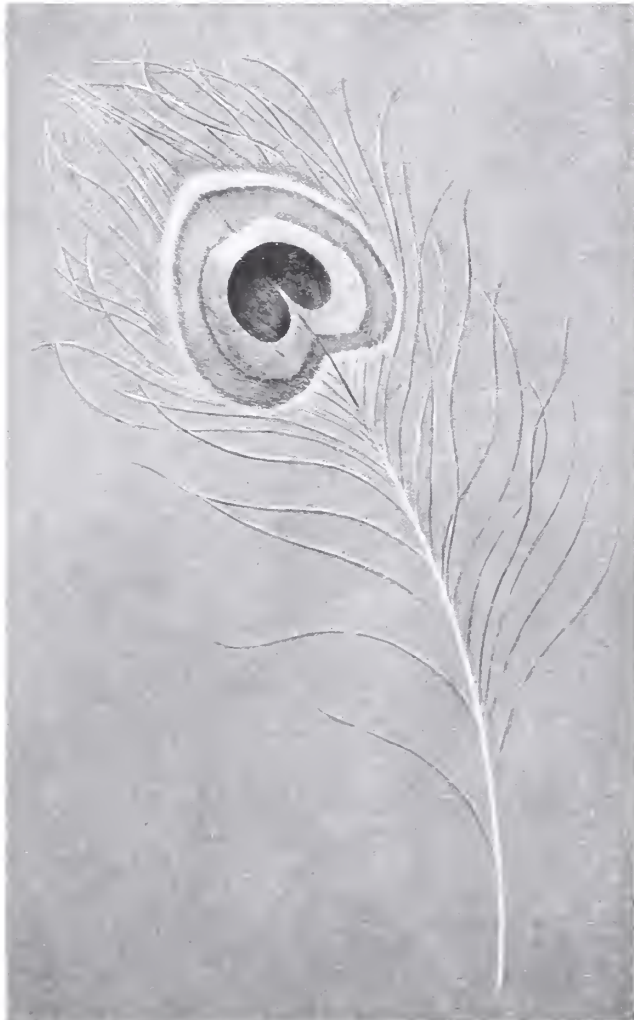
23. Boy's own Hand : From nature.



(Age 8)

24 Man's Head: From copy.

training the fingers, or cultivating a general handiness, it is of great value. But I cannot help feeling that in the case



(Age 13.)

25. Peacock's Feather: From nature.

of older pupils, its usefulness in the hand-crafts is being kept too much in view. One may have the keenest sympathy with the revival of such crafts, and yet be obliged regretfully to recognize that the immense majority of the children will in after-life have no opportunity in their daily work of using their knowledge of modelling to any purpose. In the case of girls more particularly,

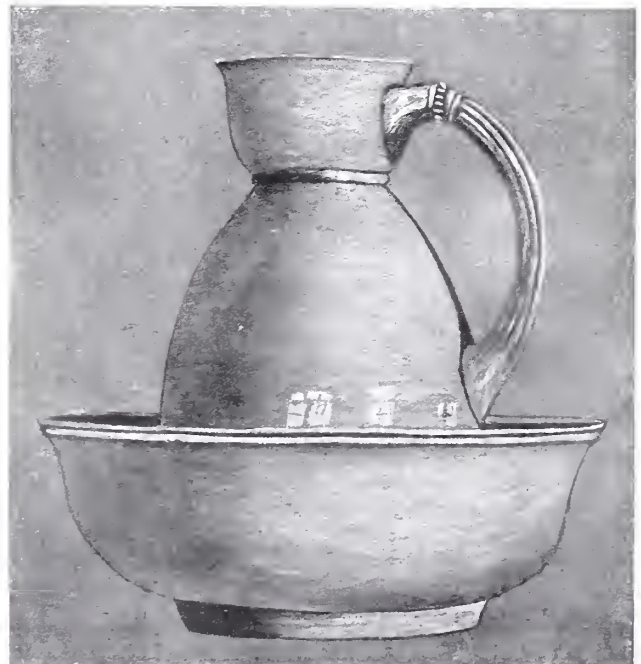
while familiarity with the handling of clay may result in a more ambitious decoration of piecrusts in their future homes. I cannot help feeling that a systematic training of the colour faculty, which, trained or untrained, they will have to exercise, would be of more value to them and through them to the public, whose environment, wisely or unwisely, they must help to create.

Here I may be permitted, without anticipating the



(Age 13.)

26. Jug on Nail: From object.



(Age 13.)

27. Jug and Basin: From object.



(Age 14.)

28. Spray of Aucuba: From nature.

report of the Conference, to say that I have every reason to be satisfied with the way in which my suggestions for systematic training in colour have been received, and to hope that they will lead to some practical result.

Drawing from geometric models appears to be condemned on all hands, not because they are not useful, but because they are not interesting. It is found that a child to whom a cube and a cylinder are repellent will take an interest in them when they are presented under the familiar forms of a box and a tin canister. Objects in daily use,



(Age 12.)

29. Aspidistria: From nature.

therefore, are being adopted as models in place of the old purely geometric forms. I cannot help feeling that in this change there may lurk the danger of setting up approximate correctness instead of absolute accuracy as the end to be aimed at.

The great difficulty in the way of securing good results seems to lie in the fact that, while every assistant teacher is obliged to use drawing as a means of illustrating lessons, and every child is expected to spend a certain time in using pencil, crayon, brush, and clay under their supervision, the teachers' own training has often been of the most elementary kind. In the training colleges there is not sufficient time for it, and it does not rank high as a mark-gaining sub-

ject, so that teachers may be led to come to their work with the impression that correct drawing is a matter of minor importance. And when, upon soil so prepared, there is sown the seed of immature psychological theory which apparently tends in the same direction, it is not to be wondered at that the outcome is sometimes complacent satisfaction with very inferior work. But there is, perhaps quite as frequently, a full realization of the disadvantage at which a teacher is placed by the want of a thorough training in drawing, and an earnest endeavour to do the best that is possible with an inadequate equipment.

The drawings already reproduced (pp. 315-319) are fairly representative of the work that is being done in the infant schools. Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6 and 13, while supposed to be original free expressions of children's ideas, show a curious mixture of individuality and imitativeness. It will be noticed that in all of them the child begins by drawing at the top a band of cloud with the sun underneath. This feature occurs in a very large number of drawings, not in one school only, but in others widely separated. I have not been able to trace its origin. The resemblances and



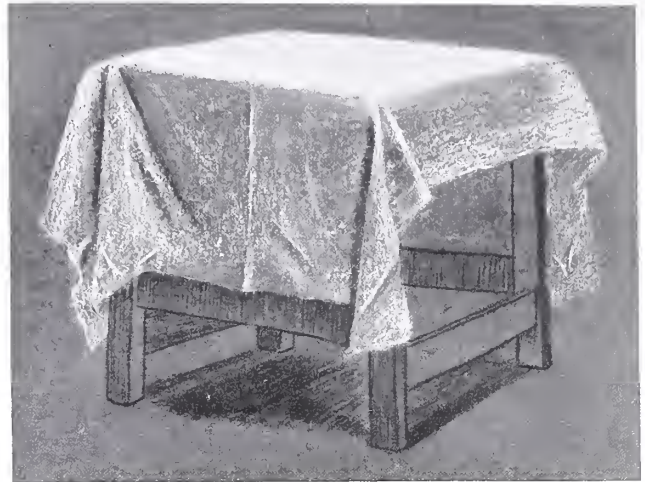
(Age 13)

30. Pheasant's Feather: From nature.



(Age 13)

31. Spanish Iris: From nature.



(Age 13)

33. Table and Cloth, and Pail and Brush: From objects.

differences between Nos. 4 and 5 are curious. The anachronistic steepled churches have evidently a common origin, while the naïve introduction of a steamer in No. 4 is as evidently original. Nos. 9 and 10 are fair specimens of the better drawings from Nature, but No. 8 is a long way above the average.

Of the illustrations to the present article, Nos. 14 to 18 are from a school similar to the last, and having the advantage of being under an equally able head-mistress. No. 14 shows a sense of perspective and an unconscious adoption of decorative method, quite remarkable in a child of six. It represents a scene in the child's daily school life. No. 15. In this case paper ruled in squares was given, upon which a design was to be made out of repetitions of a simple flat curve. It is original in a sense, but not altogether spontaneous. There must have been previous similar efforts guided by the teacher. No. 16 can scarcely be quite original, but it is remarkable as the work of



(Age 13)

32. Horse's Head: From cast.

a child of seven, whose only guide was 'Do what you like.' No. 17 is quite wonderful as a memory drawing for a child of four and a half. The accurate observation of such details as the hinge is astonishing. No. 18 seems to have been suggested by a river view close to the school.

Nos. 19-24 are from a school from which, to use the head-master's expression, "the cream has been skimmed," all of the best pupils being periodically drafted into schools of a higher grade. The results are remarkable, as showing what can be done with such residual and unpromising material under the guidance of a singularly able and earnest head-master, and of a staff none of whom have had any special art training. It is astonishing that such relatively good work should be done under such doubly disadvantageous conditions. No. 19 shows a considerable gift for seizing the characteristics of a face, but the white chalk has not been used to the best advantage. In No. 20 the difficult perspective is very fairly rendered. Nos. 21 and 22 are excellent studies from nature, and No. 23 is a very creditable study of the boy's own hand. No. 24 is remarkable for a child aged eight, but the gift here indicated should be better employed than in drawing from a copy.

Nos. 25-34 may be said to represent the best work being done in the schools and the results of the advanced methods of teaching referred to above. They come from a school fortunate in the possession of a head-master whose methods are wholly admirable and might well be adopted as a criterion of what sound teaching in drawing should be. The results speak for themselves, and I think that those



(Age 13.)

34. Maize Plant : From nature.

who are as ignorant as I once was of what is being done in the L.C.C. primary schools will share my astonishment and my satisfaction at their excellence.

Nos. 35 and 36 have a special interest. They were produced at home by a girl of twelve and a boy of eleven. Their father, who is a gardener, took home in the evening sprays of fuchsia and vine, and next morning he brought me these drawings. No teacher has seen them, and, being done hurriedly, they are not equal to other specimens of these children's work. Making allowances for this, they indicate sound teaching in the schools which the children attend.

It must not be assumed that the drawings reproduced in every instance represent the average quality of the children's work; although in the case of the infants' drawings a very large proportion are up to the standard of the illustrations, and in the work of the older pupils there is much which reaches a level almost as high as that of those which have been selected.



(Age 11.)

35. A Spray of Fuchsia : From nature.

The R.B.A.

PRIOR to the opening of its 132nd exhibition, held this autumn earlier than usual, the Royal Society of British Artists added to the membership roll seven painters and a sculptor. These are Mr. E. W. Christmas and Mr. C. N. Worsley—who like Mr. Streeton, elected in March, are Australians—Mr. Alfred Hartley, Mr. H. S. Kortright, Mr. Harry Spence, Mr. Herbert P. Weaver, and the sculptor, Mr. R. E. Arnold.



(Age 12.)

36. Vine Leaves and Grapes : From nature.

A Family Group.

From the Picture by Augustus E. John.

IN the interesting volume concerned with the activities of the Slade School during the fourteen years 1893-1907, Mr. MacColl wrote: "The temper of Mr. John is rebellious against the ordinary and scornful of the pretty, and the anarch young has not yet controlled or concentrated his passion to the creation of great pictures; but he has given us some measure of his powers and indication of their quality." Unfortunately Mr. MacColl is now officially "muzzled." As keeper of the Tate Gallery he can no longer tilt at the purchases of the Chantry Trustees, which by a turn of the wheel of fortune are under his care. Had Mr. MacColl, however, this autumn to re-write the sentence quoted he would doubtless leave the first part of it as it stands, while on the other hand he might modify the statement as to Mr. Augustus John not having concentrated his energies on the production of an important picture. The 'Woman Smiling,' seen at the International Society's, brooked no indifference. None could deny the vitality of the work, though many, at first sight at any rate, turned away as from an unpleasant spectacle. Mr. John was beset by no indecision. With a hint of fundamental savagery he flung his forcible impression on to the canvas. Some weeks later, in the important exhibition of modern works brought together so resourcefully by Mr. Francis Howard in the Grafton Galleries, there appeared, fresh from the easel, 'A Family Group.' Then, a little later, the New English Art Club showed the equally important 'Way down to the Sea.' In an adjoining room was Mr. Max Beerbohm's caricature, 'Insecurity,' with a bewildered art-critic scrutinising some of Mr. John's intentionally angular figures, and reflecting: "How odd it seems that thirty years hence I may be desperately in love with these ladies." More recently still, the appearance of Mr. John's portrait of the Lord Mayor of Liverpool was the signal in that city for a storm of censure, and a more than balancing whirlwind of enthusiasm among the enlightened few. The Lord Mayor playfully and incisively remarked, at the opening of the

exhibition, that he was not entitled to express his opinion on any matter in the town on which opinion was divided, but he might say, "that there was at least one person in the city who thought it was a very bad picture; and he could also say with equal certainty that there was at least one person in the city who thought it was a great work of art." Ever since he made his debut at the New English, after having won the Slade competition in 1898 with 'Moses and the Brazen Serpent,' Mr. John has been taxed with a passion for the ugly, and certainly he has avoided the pretty, which has not ineptly been called the ugly spoiled. Max's thrust is penetrative. Every artist who has the capacity and the courage to break away from the usage of his country and age is apt first to arouse prejudice. Few persons respond to the call of the unfamiliar, no matter what its excellence. The unexpected obsesses. Perhaps, even when æsthetic culture was widespread, as in the Renaissance, an Andrea del Castagno—one of Mr. John's forbears, so to say—was received sceptically by the many; and similarly, perhaps, with the Frankfurter, Grünewald. There is some instinct in us that initially resents a new mode of sight, especially if it be realistic, so-called, emphasised in an alien fashion. Yet it is works of this kind, rather than works hailed as successful by all and sundry, that those with an eye to the future examine attentively. Mr. Augustus John seldom or never seeks to persuade; he dares. 'A Family Group,' which Sir Hugh P. Lane had the enlightenment to buy, is as far removed as may be from the trivial superficialities to-day produced in such numbers. The central figure is of monumental dignity, the children—even the Manetesque little being on the right—have the charm of transfigured naturalism, the pattern of the group is original and expressive, and the background of water and hill is a definite showing of the developing poet in Mr. John. It is improbable that we shall have to wait the full three decades named by "Max" ere this 'Family Group' is clearly recognized as one of the pictorial achievements of our time.

Passing Events.

THE two annual photographic exhibitions, respectively of the Royal Society and the Salon, were of their accustomed interest. Under the new régime the Royal considerably reduced the number of the "pictorial exhibits," the wall space was divided into panels, and a light-tempering velarium was advantageously added. A feature of the Salon, or Linked Ring, exhibition was a representative group of calotypes done in the 'forties by David Octavius Hill, R.S.A. These pioneer efforts in photographic portraiture have never been eclipsed—nay, by general consent, they have seldom, if ever, been equalled, despite the vast strides that photography has made during the last quarter of

a century. D. O. Hill was at the time engaged on a big picture commemorative of the Disruption, and it was Sir David Brewster, we believe, who recommended him to try the camera as a means of obtaining a number of authentic likenesses of prominent folk. In all, D. O. Hill took about 400 portraits, the twenty-eight of which at the Salon demonstrate how he triumphed. As a painter, D. O. Hill failed to make his mark; his photographs, on the other hand, are classics. No doubt he was fortunate in his sitters, men and women whose energy and conviction are imaged in their faces, their attitudes, even in the clothes they wear; but his artist-sense for dignity, for character, his exigency in



Painted by AUGUSTUS E. JOHN.]

A FAMILY GROUP.

[By permission of Sir Hugh P. Lane.

the elimination of unessential detail: it was to these that he owed his success. The photogravures by Mr. J. Craig Annan, from the negatives of D. O. Hill, are photographic treasures.

NO "Fair Woman" at the Fair Women Exhibition at the New Gallery early this year had more power, exercised a profounder fascination, than Manet's portrait of his mother. As a painting it is unimaginably economical, and in the face, the left hand, the black dress, what is so sparingly set down is absolutely perfected. As a portrait, its mood of impenetrable isolation, the isolation of a life neither responding nor expecting response, would be intolerable if it were a theme of the painter. But it is not. Manet painted: he did not pity. He looked: he did not translate into emotion what he saw. The expression on the sitter's face is habitual and unconscious, not the utterance of a momentary or latent emotion, and the sheer, unbiassed directness of Manet's sight and painting of that face makes all adjectives superfluous and un-descriptive.

TWO years ago, as will be recalled, Messrs. Duveen acquired for something like one million sterling the pictorial treasures of M. Rodolphe Kann, who died in February, 1905. His brother, Maurice, who lived in an adjoining house in the Avenue d'Iéna—where, by the way, his masterpieces were left for the most part stacked against the wall, few people ever seeing them—lived only until May of the following year. In this case, again, Messrs. Duveen have demonstrated what persistence and enterprise can achieve. For about £500,000 they recently purchased eleven of the Maurice Kann pictures, together with some decorative panels by Boucher, some splendid examples of Limoges enamel, 150 or so valuable snuff-boxes, and a marble bust at-

tributed to Donatello. Both the Kann brothers admired Rembrandt paramountly in his late period. The recent transfer included Rembrandt's 'The Auctioneer,' son of the official of the Bankruptcy Court—no other than young Haaring, who had charge of the sale of the artist's effects—'The Man with the Magnifying-glass,' 'The Woman with the Red Pink,' and 'The Pilgrim at Prayer.' Within two or three weeks three of these, together with the 'Cornfield,' by Ruysdael, were resold to Mr. Altman for about £200,000, and sent over to the Hudson-Fulton exhibition at New York. Mr. Altman already possessed three fine Rembrandts from the Rodolphe Kann collection. Works by Frans Hals, Cuyp, and Reynolds completed the series of eleven.

THE beautiful costumes and rich yet austere scenery designed by Mr. Charles Ricketts for "King Lear"



(By permission of Koëlla-Léenhoff, Esq.)

Madame Manet Mère.

By Edouard Manet.



St. Serfs, Dysart.

By Robert W. Stewart.

—Mr. Herbert Trench's first Repertoire Theatre production—do not mark his initial venture in this direction. He was responsible for the scenery and dresses of "The Persians," by Æschylus, which appeared in 1907 under the auspices of the Literary Theatre Society. The aim in which he succeeded was to contribute to a unified effect, bringing dresses and *mise-en-scène* into harmony with the atmosphere of the drama. In "King Lear," most emphatically, he has done the same. Ford Madox-Brown, as will be recalled, designed several scenes for Sir Henry Irving's representation of "King Lear" in the early 'nineties. Again, Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema has, from time to time, designed scenes and costumes in connection with notable productions by Sir Henry Irving, Sir Beerbohm Tree, and Mr. F. R. Benson. Several of the drawings made for "Coriolanus" occurred at the sale of the actor's effects in 1905. A story is told of how a stage hand at the Lyceum, reading the announcement of the play—"Coriolanus: Sir Henry Irving; incidental music by Sir A. C. Mackenzie; scenes designed by Sir Alma-Tadema"—wittily exclaimed, "Three blooming knights, and that's about as long as it will run!"

APROPOS of Sir Laurence, widespread sympathy is felt for him by reason of the death, in August, of Lady Alma-Tadema, daughter of Mr. George Napoleon Epps, whom he married in 1871. Lady Laura Theresa Alma-Tadema was herself a skilled painter, and *genre* pictures by her were regularly seen at the Academy onward from 1873, as also at the New Gallery. She received a gold medal at Berlin in 1896, and a silver medal at the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1900.

ABOUT the same time the death occurred of a Scottish landscape painter, Mr. John Lawson, who had not won the recognition he deserved. At the last show of the Glasgow Institute, however, Mr. Lawson's 'Winding Road

on the Hill,' sensitively apprehended, and as sensitively rendered, was by competent critics singled out as one of the modest successes of the show.

MR. ROBERT W. STEWART, whose 'Westminster' appears with this issue, has finished recently the etching reproduced on this page. The treatment of the subject is good, and proofs from the plate should be welcome to collectors.

SOME water-colour sketches, 'At Home and Abroad,' by the Rev. Thomas Spurgeon, son of the popular preacher of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, will be shown at Messrs. Walker's Gallery, New Bond Street, from October 25th to November 6.

Some of the Moderns.

MESSRS. VIRTUE & CO. will publish shortly a volume by Mr. Frederick Wedmore. It will be entitled "Some of the Moderns," and eighty illustrations will support the essays. The book will be issued only as an *édition de luxe*, limited to 700 copies. Price 15s. net.

The Art Annual, 1909.

THE Life and Work of Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, R.A., forms the subject of The Art Annual, the Christmas Number of THE ART JOURNAL. There are about forty-five illustrations, including a hand-printed etching by Mr. H. Macbeth Raeburn and four plates in colours. The accompanying essay is by Miss R. E. D. Sketchley.



The Old Castillo, Pasajes.

By C. O. Murray, R.E.

A Spanish Sketching Ground.

By C. O. Murray, R.E.

A LONG the Northern coast of Spain, from San Sebastian to the frontier, runs a ridge of rugged heights, the Jaisquibel range, mountains in miniature. Bombarded by the billows of the Bay of Biscay, the ridge faces the sea in a series of beetling cliffs, as inhospitable a shore as ever mariners gave a wide berth to.

This forbidding wall, however, is pierced by one narrow channel, only visible when directly in front, and winding its way through a precipitous defile, it opens out at last into a wide bay which extends some miles along the steep landward side of the range, forming a harbour so landlocked that it looks precisely like an Alpine lake.

About the throat of this passage, and spreading along the margin of the bay, is built the quaint town of Pasajes. One side is named San Juan, the other San Pedro. So scanty is the space left by the rocky hillside, that each township has but a single street, and that so narrow that wheeled vehicles cannot be used; and so quiet and safe is the bay that the houses hang over and spring out of its waters. When we add that, being Spanish, they are amply adorned, even the meanest of them, with balconies mostly of wood, and that nearly all of them are old and weather-stained, that many of them have been built by families of repute and are ornamented with ancient carved escutcheons, we need say no more to commend the spot to the lover of the picturesque.

DECEMBER, 1908.

Pasajes has had its days of prosperity. Its safety (once the entrance was made) both from the elements and attacks from an enemy at sea, must have commended it to the wary mariner from early times. It was capable, too, of easy defence from the land side at each end of the narrow street, except from cannon, and no doubt it was chosen as a safe residence by other than the seafaring population and fishermen that are now chiefly its inhabitants. These former tenants have left their traces in dignified old houses and several handsome churches.

Its time of greatest maritime prosperity was doubtless when the Caracas Company had their entrepôt there in the sixteenth century, and later when the Basque whaling fleet made it its base, and it touched history when General Lafayette stole out of its secluded harbour, eluded the British cruisers, and made his way to America to help the young republic. After this period it suffered at the hands of the Carlists, and fell into decay as a port and place of safe residence. All this is chiefly interesting to the hunter after the picturesque, because he finds but little to interest him in places that have been continually prosperous, where the dwellers could well afford to pull down the old and the old-fashioned, and replace them by the coveted new and up-to-date.

To-day there is a new town of Pasajes, but it does not touch the old. It is built on the other side of the bay,



The Main Street, Pasajes.

By C. O. Murray, R.E.

where there are quays and sheds and all the appurtenances of modern commerce, with a railway station on the direct route from Paris to Madrid. Pasajes, then, can be easily reached, and if the visitor alight there, he will pick his way over main line and acres of sidings to the edge of the quay where, across the bay, he will have in full view the quaint old town standing under the rugged hills with its feet in the salt water, its warm colour and tiled roofs glowing in the sun, its balconies spangled with patches of colour and bright white, for it seems always washing day in Pasajes, and the clothes thus hung out greatly add to the life and colour of the scene. The foreground will be occupied by boats and shipping, and the landscape painter need go no further for a fascinating subject. He will find, however, a ferry boat awaiting him at the steps, and agreeing to pay, say, half the fare demanded, he will willingly be taken on board and rowed across the bay.

We need hardly say that the position of the place makes its population rather more amphibious than that of Venice. One cannot get

from the one section of the town to the other except by boat, nor to the station otherwise except by a *détour* of many miles. This is one of the distinctive attractions of the place, combining as it does the charm of Venice with greenery and herbage and rocky precipice.

On the right before one lies San Juan, on the left San Pedro, each having its modest hostelry where for a moderate sum of pesetas one can have a clean bed and wholesome meals, served if so inclined on a little terrace overhanging the bay, and embowered with vines and passion-flowers. The San Juan section is perhaps the most attractive, and the *fonda* there is clearly the resort of such artists as have discovered the spot, the walls being adorned with studies left behind them. It will be found, however, that they are

all by French painters; the manifold charms of the spot have yet to be discovered by the English artist.

We will suppose, then, he has landed at the steps of the inn at San Juan, made his terms with accuracy, has taken refreshment on the terrace or on an upper balcony (and



Victor Hugo's House.

By C. O. Murray, R.E.

from there he will find more than one subject for his pencil). He will then sally forth into the narrow street behind. The people will be found pleasant and obliging, but without servility, the children will not worry him by begging, the curse of Spain further south, and he will hear them shout to each other in a strange quaint tongue, unlike any other he has ever heard, for he is in the Basque country, and the language is spoken here by all the lower classes, who know it better than his pure Castilian.

He will find innumerable subjects close to his door in the narrow arched-over street, in the open little plazas terraced into the sea, affording lovely view of the bay, in the steep lanes that run down into the water, where the green ooze and seaweed cling to the house foundations, and a boat or two rocks at the mooring stakes. He will see many a quaint stair leading up to the terraced orchards, to the church porch, and to an ancient hermitage on the heights above. Here he will find a tiny graveyard where lie the bones of many a shipwrecked sailor.

If he proceeds eastwards through the town along the tortuous stone-paved street, he will pass several old houses that have at one time been nobly inhabited, judging from the armorial bearings cut in bold relief into their fronts, and he will emerge upon a highway that, with its bounding hedgerows, might have been English, except for the distant view of the Pyrenees that grandly limits the prospect. By persevering along this road he can circumambulate the bay, but it is a distance of many miles, and he will probably prefer to return along the street or hire a boat; by either course he will not fail to note one of the more imposing houses with the name *Casa de Victor Hugo* inscribed upon it.

Here the great French writer spent a happy week in the August of 1843. He was delighted with *Pasajes*, and he recounts his experiences there, and describes it in his own vivid and inimitable manner in the volume of his correspondence, "*The Alps and the Pyrenees.*" He says:—"This spot, magnificent and charming like everything possessing the double character of joyousness and grandeur, this unchronicled place, which is one of the loveliest I have



Street View, San Juan.

By C. O. Murray, R.E.

ever seen, and which no tourist visits, this humble corner of land and water which would be admired if it were in Switzerland and celebrated if it were in Italy, is unknown because it is in Guipuzcoa."

If the reader wishes for a poetical description of this truly unique spot, let him turn to the pages of the work above mentioned. It has altered very little since 1843, though a ruined tower has shrunk doubtless in its dimensions. More ignoble ruins (wrecked by the then recent-Carlist wars) have been removed or healed over by umbrageous creepers, and *Pasajes* is as fair and fascinating a spot to-day as it then seemed to the illustrious Frenchman.

Taking the ferry boat across the narrow inlet, the visitor will land in San Pedro, by the fort-like stone jetty embasured for cannon for the protection of the entrance, but to-day festooned peacefully with fishing-nets. He will find this side of similar character to the other; the same breakneck stairs leading up to higher houses perched above, to little terraced gardens and to the ruined fortifications. He will arrive at the church, which, though not so ancient as

that on the other side, which possesses a very fine altar-piece, is interesting from its double purpose. The façade to the tiny plaza is devoid of windows, and the visitor will be puzzled by the markings and inscriptions on the wall, till he learns that the plaza and the church wall formed a court for playing the favourite Basque game of Pelota, until a more commodious court was erected at the end of the town.

Further progress in that direction will afford magnificent views back towards the bay, ranged about by balconied houses all alive with fluttering pennons of many-coloured clothing and fishing-nets, craft of every kind upon the water, and a foreground of rusty anchors and rotting boats.

If a change be desired from the close confines of the narrow street, full though it be of human interest, it will be found in the routes that lead down the sides of the inlet towards the sea. These are largely of modern construction, and are part of recent port improvements inaugurated since the making of the railway, that bid fair to bring back some of the ancient prosperity of the haven and will, in time, as a set-off, it is to be feared, destroy some of its picturesque charm.

The entrance to the port used to be so dangerous that wrecks took place even inside the channel, and it was impossible to reach the victims of disaster by land. So the roads were made, with great expenditure of labour, by building from the water and tunnelling the rocks. The one

on the left reaches a lighthouse and landmarks, in view of the sea, and here a blackened cross marks the site of some memorable catastrophe. That on the right is of ancient construction as far as the old fortifications that commanded the entrance. Part of these are ancient and part of more recent date, with embrasures for heavy guns, but all are now in ruins and make a picturesque feature in the rugged, rocky landscape.

On either side the artist will note the washing pools where fresh water from the hills is brought in abundance, and lively be vies of damsels picturesquely attired are always busy preparing fresh decorations for the balconies.

The heights above are accessible by staircases and paths, and are always a ready outlet to the active pedestrian. There, amid the bramble and the furze, in company only with the goats, the lizards and the giant southern grasshoppers, he may spend many healthful and quiet hours. The views are magnificent. On the one hand is the Bay of Biscay, with the far-away French coast; on the other, the harbour at his feet and the Pyrenees melting away into the dim distance. The rock is a friable sandstone, which weathers into fantastic forms that suggest to the fancy giant toads, monsters of half-human shape, and strange phantasmagoric creatures.

Though these heights are lonely, they are not without human interest; in many spots are ruined towers and the remains of fortifications, some of which are ascribed to



San Juan, Pasajes.

By C. O. Murray, R.E.

the British army under Wellington; others, with more probability, to the time of the Carlist wars in 1837. They have been burned where aught could burn, are overthrown, and overgrown with brambles, but are still of interest to the curious tourist. It would be hard to conceive a more suitable refuge than those rugged hills could afford to a guerilla force.

The paths can be followed along the heights all the way to Fuentarrabia, which can also be reached by the railway, by way of Irun, a run of only eight miles. Fuentarrabia is a place of great interest to the artist, and affords him many subjects in its narrow balconied streets, and ancient cathedral. It is also interesting as the spot where Wellington performed one of his most daring feats of military genius in crossing the river at a specially low tide, and so carrying the French position, which had been considered impregnable.

If, on the other hand, the visitor to Pasajes longs for lively society, a stroll on a fashionable promenade, a look in at a casino, or a visit to a theatre, he will find them all

at San Sebastian, which he can reach by paths over the hills towards the west, or perhaps more conveniently by an electric tram from the south side of the harbour, which will deposit him in half-an-hour in one of the most beautiful watering-places in Europe.

Its *plage*, called La Concha from its symmetrical shape, encircles a broad bay with a belt of the yellowest sand.



View from the Fonda, San Juan.

By C. O. Murray, R.E.



San Pedro, Pasajes.

By C. O. Murray, R.E.

Here the élite of Spain and of many other lands disport themselves in the season, and enjoy the excellent bathing and the freshening breezes under the shadow of King Alfonso's modest marine palace.

The situation of the town is superb, the bay being bounded on the left by Monte Igueldo with its ancient lighthouse; to the right by Monte Urgulo crowned by its historic castle, while the rocky isle of Santa Clara guards the entrance to the shell-shaped bay.

The lofty castle hill well repays a visit for the beautiful views that can be had from it in every direction. The little English graveyard there, where among the rugged rocks lie the ashes of many of our countrymen, will touch the visitor to the quick. They fell heroically in many of the well-fought fields which stud the district round, and where British blood flowed like water for long-forgotten causes.

The student of the history of our arms in Spain will find in San Sebastian much to interest him. It was the scene of

a memorable siege in 1813, when Wellington invested it on the landward side. The town was not taken till after repeated assaults, when our troops seem to have got completely out of hand, as they pillaged the place, and burnt it to the ground. The French army retired into the castle. The fate of the hapless inhabitants was all the more pitiable as they could have had but little enthusiasm for either combatant.

The old town was rebuilt in curious narrow streets. What is now known as the new town has broad boulevards and squares, and a magnificent promenade with a profusion of luxuriant trees.

Amid palms and tamarisks our artist may stroll of an evening and return with freshened appetite to his work among the picturesque surroundings of Pasajes. Let him make haste, however, for even in sleepy Spain (though less there than elsewhere) the finger of change is ever itching to be at work.

Bamborough Castle.

An Original Etching by Albany E. Howarth.

WE doubt that the coast-line of any other county in England offers such an imposing array of fortresses in which the heart and spirit of Saxon, Norman, and mediæval times are evoked so completely as that of Northumberland. Pitched on the sharp cliffs of the shore, or rising on some eminence of the coast, Dunstanborough, Warkworth, Bamborough, have all points of lyric magnificence, lyric grimness, which punctuate the epic of Northumbrian history. And the finest of these, that which is most complete in its imaginative effect, is undoubtedly Bamborough, rising on its hundred and fifty feet of cliff, not as an imposed structure, but rather as an organic growth. It is indeed picturesque, but there is nothing adventitious in its picturesqueness; it is no compilation of archaic prettiness; its towers and turrets, its barbican and machicolations, are the earnest of a series of stern and warful epochs, not of ambitious architecture or of feudal display. And these old strongholds of the north-east coast still bear something of the ancient savour which even more domesticated times, the negligent habitation of a country gentleman, for instance, cannot wholly destroy. For if they were built to withstand the siege of man, they were also built to withstand the siege of the elements, of the storm and tempest and surging seas which still endure in these parts, and which are still a justification for monumental and imposing masonry. It scarcely needs the historian to tell us that Bamborough is a strong chain in the link of Northumbrian history. It is even more than that. "At Bamborough, says Freeman, "we feel that we are pilgrims come to do our service at one of the great cradles of our national life." And again, "Round Bamborough and its founder, Ida, all Northumbrian history gathers."

Bamborough appears first in the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, as having been built by Ida, the Flame bearer, in A.D. 547 (the present structure dates from some 500 years later), the founder of the Northumbrian kings. And for a 1,000 years or so, until the union between England and Scotland, in fact, its

existence typified the life and vicissitudes of that stormy border-land; and all that a castle may know in the way of sieges, of brave defence or lamentable capitulation, of pillage and bloodshed, are known to Bamborough. At first the home of Northumbrian kings, it has welcomed, later, many of the kings of England and Scotland—among others, King John, Edward I., David Bruce, Edward III. It would be surprising if stores of legend and romance had not accumulated there, and if, together with the records of brilliant feats of arms, of sortie and repulse, there were not intermingled dark tales of imprisonment and violent death, and ghostly wanderings: which is indeed the case. Bamborough's early history has other and more peaceful associations. Its seas are decked with the wild and multitudinous Farne Islands, and the chief of these, Holy Island, the home for a time of Saint Cuthbert and many other saintly fathers of the Saxon Church, have contributed tales of wonder and miracle to the hagiology and general lore of the district. In recapturing this page of remote times, we see on this furthestmost point of north-eastern England this great castle of Bamborough with all its royal and semi-barbaric paraphernalia on the one hand; and on the other, within almost a stone's-throw, the little and bleak island of Lindisfarne, the home of ascetic and Christian devotion, in which the monk, with the stress of storm or combat echoing in his ears, copies the Gospels in the vulgate and illuminates the manuscript which is still preserved to us, to wonder at for its art and care. Wild places beget wild people, and in still later times we hear tales of wreckers and shipwrecks, of the curious and savage heartlessness of seafaring and fisher-people. Still later, there are the pretty tales of Dorothea Forster's heroism on land and Grace Darling's on sea. Naturally such a place has captivated the imagination of both romance writer and artist. Mr. Howarth is to be congratulated on his fine etching, which evokes with so much art and skill the character of a place which fixes itself in the memory of all those who have once seen it.



H. E. HOWELL

The Scots Journal, London, 1842, Vol. 1.

Engraved by Henry C. Edwards.

Bamburgh

The National Loan Exhibition.

By R. E. D. Sketchley.

THE promoters of the National Loan Exhibition have acted in the spirit of the belief that where the heart is, there will the treasure be. This finely gathered collection is an appeal to the public feeling for art. It aims not only at the concrete result of augmenting National Gallery funds, but at the more essential effect of securing a national possession of art by increasing the fund of appreciation for great pictures. The speeches of Mr. Lewis Harcourt and Mr. Balfour on the opening day laid stress on the national importance of the movement with which the exhibition is associated. It may, however, be emphasised that the importance of the Grafton Gallery show is not to be measured by what it may contribute to the insufficient funds of the National Gallery. Nor, even, does it lie wholly at the mercy of a danger inherent, unfortunately, in the very splendour of the collection: the certain danger of its attracting the too appreciative and persuasive notice of dealers with foreign clients. However harshly and perversely such losses would fall, yet the cause which the exhibition promotes is the effectual remedy against greater losses. Only in measure as the enchantment of beauty prevails, and art, ancient and modern, creates for itself by the great gift of joy the love which sustains it in life, is there any vital guarantee that we shall keep precious possessions such as those now in the Grafton Galleries, and further prove our guardianship of art by showing timely appreciation for the best work of to-day.

Fittingly, an exhibition charged with so pregnant an appeal makes charm its immediate significance. The grey walls of the first gallery declare the peach-like colour of Reynolds' harmonious groups of members of the Dilettante Society, the filmy charm of Gainsborough's 'Lady Le Despencer,' the enchanting landscape behind

his 'Cottage Girl,' the sheen of silken figures from the brush of Watteau. Through this ante-room shows splendour. The golden background of the two larger galleries enhances alike the "vaste demi-teinte claire" of Rubens, in Lord Darnley's 'Queen Tomyris with the Head of Cyrus,' the thrusting certitude of Frans Hals, Rembrandt's deep glow, the cream and gold and carnation red of Van Dyck's winning 'Marchesa Brignole Sala,' the clear colours of the Primitives, splendours, sumptuous or grave, of Venetian colour, or the suavity of the earlier of the two early Raphael Madonnas lent by Countess Cowper. Beyond this pageant of imaginative form and



(By permission of His Grace the Duke of Leeds.)

Arthur, First Duke of Wellington.

By Goya.



(By permission of Sir William Eden, Bart.)

A Musical Instrument Dealer at his Booth in the Open Air.

By Carel Fabritius.

colour are the drawings lent by Mr. Ricketts and Mr. Shannon, and the series of French drawings from the unrivalled collection of Mr. Heseltine. What a delicate variety here—fine phrases of Claude's landscape-poetry, graces of a face, a figure, a gown, by Watteau, the pliant curves of Boucher nudes, a tiny robust peasant family by one of Le Nains. Tiepolo's great 'Finding of Moses,'—lent by the Scottish National Gallery together with Watteau's dainty 'Dénicheur de Moineau,'—is a magnificent close to

the vista of the galleries. Its clear brilliance, so smoothly sustained, implies such a mastery of the spectacular effect of art as only the Rubens excels.

In some such way, sight gathers and enjoys the general effect of the collection. Closer knowledge adds immeasurably to the appeal of the show, its fund of material for study and delight. Writing in early days of the exhibition, that is still, in part, a value of promise. Yet the difficulty of rendering any sufficient impression of a series of pictures in



(By permission of the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Darnley.)

Queen Tomyris with the Head of Cyrus.

By Rubens.



(By permission of the Hon. Edward Wood.)

Portrait of a Man.

By Giorgione.

which almost the whole field of European art is represented by the supreme masters, lies far more in realisation of the irreducible splendour and variety of the spectacle than even in a sense of incomplete knowledge.

Detailed comment on the pictures is impossible within the scope of these notes. Merely to name the specially

important exhibits is no brief matter. Some of them, as has been said, reveal themselves in the *ensemble* of the galleries, if not wholly, yet, as to their decorative value, truly. The Rubens, so eloquent, so nobly rhetorical a painting of a theme most barbarous; the Tiepolo; the sumptuously coloured, intensely Giorgionesque 'Woman



(By permission of Messrs. Duveen Bros.)

Portrait of a Burgomaster.

By Frans Hals.

taken in Adultery,' from the Glasgow Gallery; the colour harmony of the Reynolds groups; manner, if not matter, of great portraits, Spanish, Italian, Flemish, Dutch, English—these like the *mat* brightness of an early tondo by Lippo

Lippi, the hieratic fancifulness of Crivelli, contribute decoration before they are closely seen. The effect of other masterpieces is more wholly particular. One must seek the loveliness of Vermeer's 'Soldier and Laughing Girl,' a

magic casement, or the delicate little town-landscape, with the rare signature of Carel Fabritius. Not immediately perceived are the so-called 'Portrait of his Daughter,' in which the genius of El Greco, later harsh and restless, found calm in beauty; the exquisite, if too agonised 'Descent from the Cross' by the master of the Bartholomew altar; the momentous fineness of Hubert van Eyck's art in 'The Maries at the Sepulchre.'

Though in this exhibition all interests must come second to the gratification of the sense of beauty, yet the charm of certain pictures gives to questions of their authorship the nature of a speculation on the sources of beauty. Rembrandt's life is the source of that gravely golden vision of youth, 'The Falconer,' of the tender-faced 'Saskia at her Toilet,' of the intense 'Old Lady,' lent by Lady Wantage. The burly 'Burgomaster' proclaims Hals. The genius of Vermeer is implicit in the memorable silhouette of the soldier, the radiant surety of the woman's figure. But who

felt and painted the play of dim light in the decorative portrait of a Spanish lady as St. Elizabeth? Surely not Zurbaran, the reputed painter. Who, above all, created the thought-chastened beauty of the face in the splendid portrait of a man, from Temple Newsam? Was it Giorgione? Was Titian the painter of the man in the fur cap, that finely-painted picture lent by Sir Hugh Lane? To decide, not only is close knowledge needed, but an imaginative divination of the capacity of vision possessed by the painter of the music-playing monk in 'The Concert,' of the pure, haunting face of the 'Young Man,' in Berlin, of the 'Man with the Glove,' in the Louvre. The intellectual clarity of the Grafton Gallery portraits, especially of the Temple Newsam picture, the degree in which body is realised as "mind in essence" is surely greater than in even those noble works of Giorgione and Titian. Yet what "great unknown" so spiritualised manhood amid the impassioned sensuousness of Renaissance Venice? Whether or not Giorgione painted the Temple Newsam portrait, bears deeply on the question of his place in art. It is, perhaps, the most crucial of the picture-problems which have argued his fame—not least among them being that of the Glasgow picture, so emphatically at his charge in the material of pose, colour atmosphere,



(By permission of Sir Hugh P. Lane.)

Portrait of a Man.

By Titian.

and not clearly disproved as his by the stumbling composition.

AT the opening of the National Loan Exhibition in the Grafton Galleries, both Mr. Lewis Harcourt and Mr. Balfour made memorable speeches. However widely they may differ in politics, they are at one as to the importance of stopping as far as may be the rapid exodus from this country of important works of art. No doubt the exemption from death duties till they are sold of all works of art, whether or not they be heirlooms, announced by Mr. Harcourt, will help; but undoubtedly the State grant will have to be increased unless Britain is to fall hopelessly behind in the competition for master-works.

MEANTIME, despite the utterances of Mr. Harcourt and Mr. Balfour, the combination of "taxation and temptation" cause the exodus to go on apace. Indeed, one prominent writer, Mr. Claude Phillips, holds the pessimistic view that, unless steps be taken, there will be practically nothing in private hands to conserve. One of the most sensational transferences upon record is the recent



By purchase of the Trustees of the National Gallery of Scotland.

FRANS HALS.

By Wallace.

one of the finest full-length portraits of Queen Elizabeth I. which was left to the House of the Huntington Collection New York. The price paid is said to be not less than £10,000, or nearly double the sum £5,000 for which the National Art-Collection Fund in 1905 acquired 'Venus and Cupid' from Gagos. The latter seems distinguished the allegorical character of Philip IV's portrait in the great equestrian portrait of the British monarch was regarded as a landmark in his contemporary. Queen Elizabeth's portrait is a far less memorable work though granting a certain mastery in its treatment of light. It was last publicly seen in the National in 1880. There remain at Worcester House a full-length and a bust portrait of Philip IV. As will be remembered, Colonel Holford parted some years ago with Mr. Everard Morgan with the 'Wooded Landscape' by Holbein—report says for about £20,000. Again in 1889, the illustrated collection of Rembrandt's works was dispersed, these including one of four known fine copies of 'Rembrandt's Reading in a Secret'

bought for £10,000 by Baron E. de Rothschild. This stood as a record for a Rembrandt existing at auction, till £13,328 was this year paid for 'Jan Six.'

THE second noteworthy transference is that of the group of five life-size figures in a landscape by the Haarlem master, Frans Hals, exhibited by Colonel Warde at the Winter Academy of 1905, after having lain idle for many years. He received no less than £55,000 for this work, which measures 70 by 100 ins., as against 70 by 100 ins. of the largest of the celebrated groups in the Haarlem Town Hall. At this rate, the family group purchased for the National Gallery, in 1905, from Lord Talbot de Malahide, at £25,000, looks remarkably cheap, though the price was severely criticised at the time. It is strange to reflect that the magnificent full-length by Hals, now in the Liechtenstein Gallery, Vienna, changed hands at £2,500 in 1860, and that up to the mid-nineteenth century fine single figures were procurable for £50 or £100. Neuenhuyjs sold the 'Laughing Cavalier' for £200, but the Marquis of Hertford had to give 3,000 guineas for his in 1863. Three

years ago in Dublin, Hals' 'Man Playing the Mandolin,' 20 by 20 ins., realised £7,500 guineas, immediately to be resold for twice that sum, and shortly afterwards, in Paris, it was sold for about £10,000.

The Royal Academy.

THE fact that the Royal Academy, on the evening of July 28th, elected two honorary members in a newly instituted class, has escaped mention. It is that of Honorary Foreign Corresponding Members, who need not be artists, but must have some distinguished connection with the arts. The first H.F.C.M.'s are Signor Bossi, who has charge of the excavations at Rome, and Osman Hamdy Bey, Director of the Museum at Constantinople, upon whom the University of Oxford recently conferred the degree of D.C.L. Osman Hamdy Bey, as clerk to the Committee for the Removal of the Constantinian, read the ferman, signed by the Sheikh of Islam, whereby Abdul Hamid was deposed in April.

Coffers, Chests, and Caskets.*

By Luther Hooper.

A FAVOURITE method of decorating coffers and other pieces of furniture in Italy, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, was by means of a composition of whiting mixed with strong size or glue. The mixture was very carefully prepared in order to render it perfectly smooth and plastic. There are many recipes for making it to be found in mediæval instruction books, and they all agree in pointing out the necessity for careful and patient preparation. The composition was sometimes spread thinly and evenly over the surface of carved wood, preparatory to gilding and painting, the brilliancy of which it very much enhanced. At other times, plain panels and mouldings were enriched with modelled ornament, raised by successive applications of the mixture to very high relief by means of a full, soft brush. When dry and hard the raised design was sometimes carved and scraped into greater refinement of form with a sharp cutting tool; flat surfaces also were often indented and diapered in patterns, a pointed tool being used for the purpose. This decoration was called *gesso duro*, and is peculiar to Italy. It was no doubt introduced in the first instance by some of the early Italian painters, who borrowed the idea from the mediæval book illuminators, and used this raising preparation to form diadems and other ornaments in relief upon their pictures. The ornaments so raised were afterwards gilded and burnished. The beautiful Italian cassone (Illustration 34) is a specimen of the effect of a thin coat of *gesso* evenly spread over a carved surface. The figures of knights and ladies and the company of musicians are finely designed, and carved in very low relief. The flowing lines of the drapery are extremely graceful and at the same time simply drawn, and the whole composition of figure subject panels and the ornamental decoration of the mouldings is most artistic. The thin, even coat of *gesso*, which

covers the whole surface of the woodwork before being painted and gilded, was incised and indented in delicate patterns on the background and on the dresses of the figure to enhance their effect, which it very happily does. When the *gesso* work was dry and hard, the whole surface was brightly painted and gilded.

The second method, in which the raised ornamentation is entirely executed in *gesso* work on a flat surface, is exemplified in the illustrations 35 and 36. Fig. 35 is quite a small coffer, about 9 inches in length and 3 inches high, and is decorated with a multitude of small figures most exquisitely carved and finished. The design of the decoration, for the most part, represents an army of foot-soldiers on the march. Notwithstanding that the figures are not more than one inch in height, their proportions are accurately kept, and all the details of their dresses, as well



34. Italian Cassone of Carved Wood covered with "gesso duro" composition painted and gilded.



35. Italian coffer decorated with carved, but unpainted, "gesso" work.

* Continued from page 517.



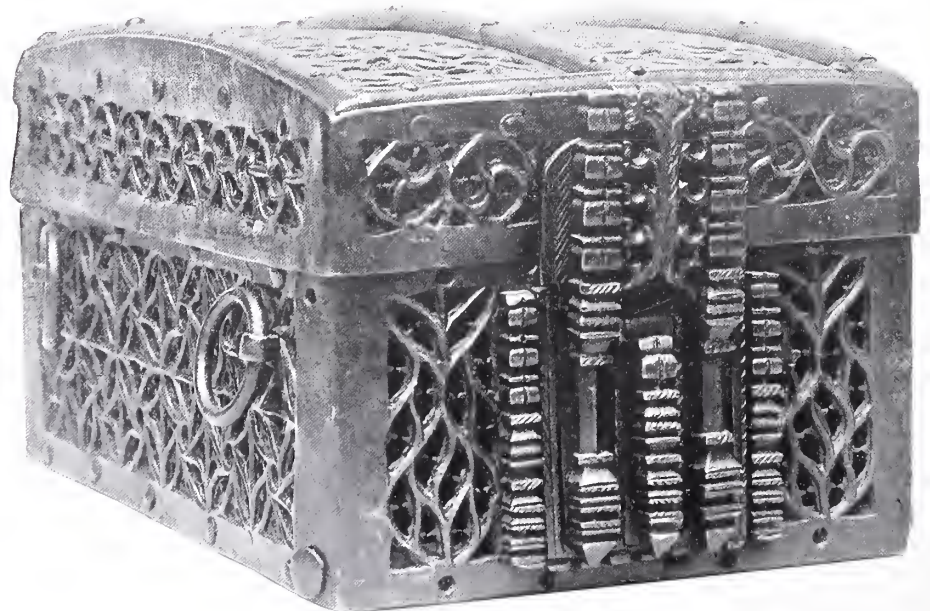
36. Italian Casket decorated with "gesso" work painted and gilded.

as their limbs and heads, are worked out minutely, the character of each head being quite individual. The soldiers march in ranks of three deep and are in high relief. Besides the military designs of the panels, there are other designs of mythological subjects on the lid and sides of the casket, and on the mouldings of the box; and on the pilasters dividing the panels, fruit, flowers and conventional ornament of the period are worked in, and, although on such a small scale, are beautifully modelled and finished. The *gesso duro* in this case is not painted, and has a cameo-like effect on the gilded ground of the panels and other flat spaces. Perhaps it is in Fig. 36, however, that *gesso* work is shown at its best in the less elaborate example from the mediæval collection in the British Museum. This casket is made of wood, and is of a very graceful form. The ornamentation, of pure *gesso* work, is beautifully designed. The various features are well distributed and balanced, and the rounded effect resulting from the application, by means of a brush, of successive layers of the whiting and glue is preserved, as it should be. This character peculiar to *gesso* work, which is consequently its chief charm, may easily be lost if finishing with a cutting tool is resorted to, at any rate to any great extent. *Gesso* work as raised painting is certainly good, but as imitation wood carving is less admirable. This casket is about fourteen inches long, and is painted and gilded throughout.

From the fourteenth to the end of the sixteenth centuries, smith's work in iron and steel was brought to its greatest perfection in France, Germany and England. This is evidenced by the locks and mountings of the many small jewel and money caskets, as well as by

the arms and armour of that period. Until the end of the sixteenth century the lock was for the most part placed on the outside of the box, and the artificers used the opportunity afforded by its position to display their skill of art and craft both in rendering the mechanism of the lock secure, and in making it an object of beauty and the centre of branching foliated ornament, which spread over the casket and at the same time strengthened and beautified it. An inspection of the locks and keys for coffers and doors in the collection of the Victoria and Albert Museum will inspire

not only admiration but astonishment at the exceeding patience and skill of the craftsmen who designed and executed them. In many cases, not only the lock and mountings, but the whole casket was made by the smith, and it is one of these from which our illustration 37 is photographed. This casket is the property of Mr. George Salting, and is amongst a small collection of choice specimens of smith's work lent by him to the Victoria and Albert Museum. The casket is of peculiar shape. The front on which the lock is placed is about 5 inches wide by 6 inches high. The lid slightly slopes down to the hinges at the back, which is about half-an-inch lower than the front. The sides are about 8 inches long and have rings rivetted to them for convenience in carrying the box. The casket is constructed of thin plates of steel rivetted together. The outer plates are pierced with tracery arranged in squares, the tracery being of curious design and of most delicate and accurate workmanship.



37. Casket of Wrought and Pierced Steel. French. Fifteenth century.

Where the under plate of steel shows through the pierced traceries, it is coloured a deep dull red. The casket is of French make and is of the fifteenth century.

Also lent by Mr. George Salting, there is in the same case with the above, but on an upper shelf, a beautiful small silver box of most elegant shape and delicate finish. (Illustration 38). The silver plates of which the box is constructed are oxidised, but the lock, mountings and ornaments are of bright silver, repoussé and chased. The box is said to be of Spanish origin, but there is nothing sufficiently marked in the style of its design, or in the details of its construction, to justify its classification as Spanish. It owes the great charm it certainly possesses to the elegance of its proportions, the excellence of its workmanship, and the refinement and perfect finish of its slight ornamentation. It furnishes an excellent example of the beauty of proportion, restraint, and simplicity in the province of art and craft.

Illustration 39 is a small silver coffer of undoubted Spanish make. Its size is $15\frac{1}{4}$ inches long by $6\frac{3}{8}$ inches wide, and its height is $11\frac{1}{8}$ inches. The shape is therefore oblong, and it has an arched lid. In the centre of the lid is an inscription, in small lettering, to the effect: "This box is for the table of Doña Mencía Zenario." And impressed on the bottom is the stamp of the City of Toledo and the maker's name "A. Perez." The ornamentation is executed in repoussé work and is arranged in



38. Silver Box. Said to be of Spanish make.

square compartments. It consists of foliage and strap work, interspersed with mermaids and other monsters, as well as figures of soldiers. In the side compartments are groups of soldiers playing the game of *Pelota*. It would be difficult to find a specimen of Spanish sixteenth century work of its kind superior to this authentic coffret.

The Academy of Fine Arts at Lisbon possesses a silver casket of most elaborate workmanship, dated 1567. The design is purely Renaissance and is architectural in character. In this casket the silver, in parts, is enriched with gilding, and the effect of the whole is most sumptuous. The panels are filled with figure compositions representing scenes in the life of Christ, and other religious subjects, and all the details are admirably modelled and worked out. Altogether it is a fine example of the craft of the silversmith. The design itself, however, although elaborate, is not particularly distinctive. A reproduction of this Portuguese casket is in the collection at South Kensington. (Illustration 40). During the seventeenth century the fashion of covering small wooden caskets, work-boxes, cabinets and mirror frames with rich brocade and needlework was very prevalent, especially in England and Germany. The boxes and other objects were, for the most part, of quaint shapes and proportions, and were sometimes very ingeniously constructed. The curious needlework known as "Stump work" was largely used for this purpose. The foundation of "Stump work" consisted of highly raised ornaments and figures stuffed with wool or hair, or sometimes carved in wood. These "shaped" figures were



39. Small Silver Coffet of Spanish sixteenth century "Repoussé" work.



40. Silver Casket partially Gilt. Belonging to the Academy of Arts, Lisbon. Dated 1567.

worked over with coloured silks and twisted metal threads by means of a needle, and when finished were sewn down, in places prepared for them, to rich silk material on which the design was worked out. In this sort of embroidery many different kinds of stitches were employed, and gold and silver threads were freely used, as well as seed pearls and coloured beads. The scenes depicted were, for the most part, scriptural, the figures being attired in the latest fashionable costumes of the period. To quote from F. and N. Marshalls' interesting book on old English needlework, in which there is a full description of the stump process: "thus, Jael, inviting Sisera into her tent, is clothed in a rich dress of netted work opening in front and revealing an underskirt, while her sleeves and ruffles are worked in needlepoint lace stitches, seed pearl ornaments are on her hair and bosom. Sisera also wears seed pearls."

The needlework-covered box selected for illustration 42 is one of the most beautiful in the Victoria and Albert Museum collection of this particular seventeenth century work. The covering of it is not, however, stump work, but pure needlework, in which a great variety of stitches are employed, and rich silk and twisted gold and silver threads used. The quaint shape and proportions of the box are most graceful, and the needlework with which it is covered is in bright and varied colours, worked on a rich cream silk ground, and in design

and execution is as good as it can well be. This box is said to be of German make.

The last example in the series selected to illustrate this subject is a representative of the trunks and mails of our forefathers of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. There are a great variety of these trunks still in existence, and they are quite worthy of a paper to themselves. The one represented (Illustration 41) is from Jersey, and is made of pine-wood covered with leather and studded with large-headed brass nails arranged in a most effective pattern. These nails, which are always a great feature of the trunks, not only afforded a means of good decoration for them, in which the initials of the owner or striking devices could be worked, useful for the identification of the property, but prevented a good deal of friction on the surface of the leather covering, and so increased its durability.

For the same purpose the leather was sometimes dressed in such a manner as to preserve the hair of the animal whose skin it had been. Hence the name by which these trunks were known, viz., Hair trunks. In more ordinary trunks than that illustrated, narrow leather bands were trellised over the surface of the box, and these bands being studded with nails, answered the same purpose of protection to the surface of the leather.

These notes on the subject of coffers, chests and caskets could be carried on indefinitely, and it would take many a volume to do justice to the subject in all its various ramifications. It has not been possible to illustrate or even mention,



41. Trunk of Pinewood covered with Leather, and Studded with Brass-headed nails. Jersey. Seventeenth century.

in the space at disposal, the many varieties of wooden, lacquer, ivory, and damascened and repoussé metal boxes for which India, China, and Japan are famous. But sufficient has been given to show the exceeding interest of the subject, to indicate, to some extent, the immense amount of artistic skill and ingenious workmanship that has at all times and in all countries been devoted to the production of coffers, chests, and caskets, and to show the important place they hold in the department of art and craft. Such a study of artistic objects, in all their infinite variety, should help to promote a very catholic feeling with regard to style in ornament and decoration. The best craftsmanship in all styles is fine, and inferior design and work in any style is bad. Although we may have a preference for one particular style of decoration, it is unreasonable to reject all others because they do not appeal so forcibly to our own taste.



42. Box covered with Needlework. German. Seventeenth century.

Notes on Books.

Mr. Frederick Wedmore's latest book, **Some of the Moderns**, is a series of essays on several original artists who, whether well or little known to the general public, are all men of distinction, whose pictures, drawings and prints are eagerly sought after "by that alert small public which makes the reputations of to-morrow." Parts of the book have appeared in *THE ART JOURNAL*. Mr. Wedmore has selected ten artists of whose lasting place he is assured—among them are Mr. Nicholson, Mr. Wilson Steer, Mr. Muirhead Bone, Mr. Orpen, and Mr. Priestman; and writing with great knowledge and with his accustomed nicety and charm, he has completed a task of unusual interest. The book, illustrated and tastefully produced, has a sale edition of 700 copies only, and it should be acceptable to all book-lovers and collectors (*Virtue, 15s.*).

Mr. R. A. Nicholson's edition of Fitzgerald's **Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam** (*A. and C. Black, 7s. 6d.*) is very well produced and should be popular. It is issued with sixteen plates after drawings by Mr. Gilbert James, and the decorated borders to each page with the cover design are by Mr. A. A. Turbayne. Mr. James puts imagination and bright colour into his work and imparts a due sense of mystery to his illustrations.

Browning's **Dramatis Personæ** and **Dramatic Romances and Lyrics** have occupied the attention of Miss Fortescue Brickdale, and her bright illustrations in the form of colour plates give charm to the edition issued by Messrs. Chatto & Windus (*6s.*).

Mr. Byam Shaw has devoted himself to Charles Reade's **The Cloister and the Hearth** (*Chatto & Windus, 12s. 6d.*), a handsome edition. The illustrations in colour and in black-and-white are remarkable for skilful workmanship and effective colour contrasts.

Mr. Arthur Rackham illustrates Mr. W. L. Courtney's adaptation of **Undine** (*Heinemann, 7s. 6d.*). Once more the artist's delightful talent provides entertainment of a high order, and the hand of the illustrator does not fail to bring the story pleasantly before the eye. The plate 'Bertalda,' with its graceful figure, brown roof tops and delicate landscape, is a true inspiration.

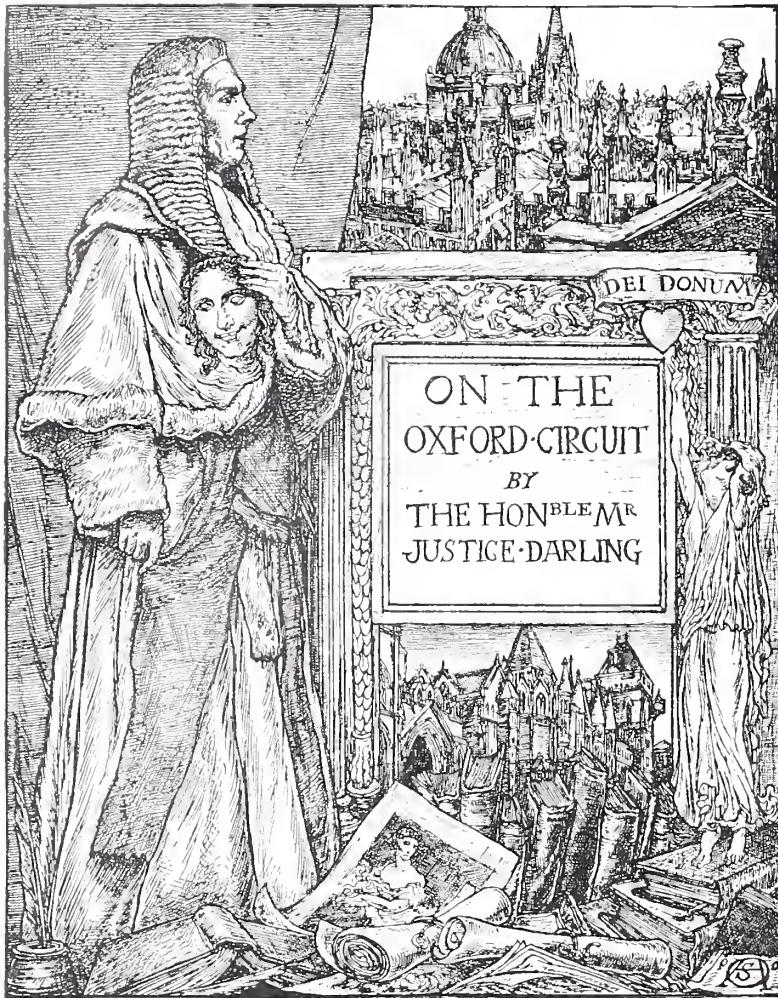
The Children's Book of Art, by Sir Martin Conway and Miss Conway, should fulfil its purpose—to introduce to children sixteen fine pictures reproduced in their original colours, and to foster a love of art, not only in the minds of the young but of unenlightened adults. (*Black, 6s.*)

The practised hand of Mr. Walter Crane impresses itself on **The Rosebud** and other Tales, by Mr. Arthur Kelly (*Unwin, 6s.*) These well-told fables, with their coloured illustrations, will be interesting to children.

Mr. Mortimer Menpes' **China**, with text by Sir Henry A. Blake, G.C.M.G. (*Black, 5s.*) shows great excellence in book illustration and production. That such a work, with its costly materials, can be issued profitably at so low a price is wonderful. Mr. Menpes' illustrations are, as usual, striking and attractive. One cannot hope for anything more perfect in pictorial description than 'On the Way to Market,' a triumph of drawing and reproduction.

The Christmas number of *THE ART JOURNAL* consists of a monograph written by Miss R. E. D. Sketchley on the art of **Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, R.A.** Among the illustrations are an etching by Mr. H. Macbeth Raeburn and four attractive plates in colours (*Virtue, 2s. 6d. and 5s.*).

Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's new book is irresistible; the subject is **French Cathedrals**, with the monasteries and abbeys and sacred sites of France (*Unwin, 20s.*). The volume has been in preparation for nearly a quarter of a century, and of course some of the chapters and illustrations have come in fragments through various presses. The collected material makes as fascinating a book as could be desired. The collaborators have rare personalities and every page has character. One turns from crisp and breezy sentences to little masterpieces of draughtsmanship, and one's thoughts are carried away to the scenes which have inspired the author and artist. These spirited impressions in words and drawings are of exceptional interest, and the book is of permanent value.



(From "On the Oxford Circuit,"
by the Hon. Mr. Justice Darling,
published by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.)

Title-page.

By Austin O. Spare.

The Water-Babies of Charles Kingsley finds a gifted illustrator in Mr. Warwick Goble (Macmillan, 15s.) The romantic designs, with their delicate colours, make this edition particularly acceptable, and will increase the artist's reputation. Mr. Goble touches his subject daintily, and his plates form a suitable complement to the fairy tale.

Tales of fun and fancy by Mrs. M. H. Spielmann are published under the title of **The Rainbow Book**, with illustrations by Mr. Rackham, Mr. Hugh Thomson, Mr. Bernard Partridge, and other artists (Chatto & Windus, 5s.). It is very prettily done and will be welcomed by children.

Mr. Gordon Browne's illustrations to **The Rose and the Ring** will make that classic more popular than ever in the nursery (Chatto & Windus, 3s. 6d.).

Messrs. Cassell & Co. have issued an attractive and useful work of reference under the title of **The World's Great Pictures** (10s. 6d.). There are some illustrations in colours and hundreds of other reproductions, with descriptive notes.

The series of articles by Dr. Patrick H. Gillies on the **Netherlorn** district of Argyllshire, which appeared in **THE ART JOURNAL**, 1908, with illustrations by Mr. A. Scott Rankin, have been republished, with considerable additions, by Messrs. Virtue & Co. (12s. 6d.)

The reproductions of Exhibition and Examination Drawings issued by the Council of the Royal Drawing Society show not only the activity of the Society, but the remarkable success of the method of teaching promoted by the Director, Mr. T. R. Ablett. (50, Queen Anne's Gate, 3s.)

Chats on Old Silver, by Mrs. Lowes, author of "Old Lace and Needlework" in the series, will be of interest to all who own collections,

or who wish to know something of the subject (Unwin, 5s.). Profusely illustrated.

Cathedral Cities of Spain, written and illustrated in colour by W. W. Collins, R.I. (Heinemann, 16s.) is an attractive work. It is a picturesque chronicle rather than an historical survey. Mr. Collins has made good use of his opportunities for study, and has prepared a series of chapters and drawings which repay consideration.

Messrs. Macmillan have published an edition of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's **The Forest Lovers**, with illustrations in colours by Mr. A. S. Hartrick (5s.). The artist's work, done with imagination, is a reinforcement to the novel.

In **A Book of Satyrs**, by Mr. Austin O. Spare (Lane, £1 1s.) our thoughts are directed to a young artist whose work is distinguished if not always pleasing. Mr. Spare has a predisposition to the grim and terrible in art, and in working out his ideas he is influenced by the appeal of the grotesque. Under the chosen title we should not expect to find illustrations depending for their interest on pictorial beauty; and, granted that we are in the mood for satyrs and satires, the designs are satisfying. The plates show great power of draughtsmanship, fertility of invention, and a rare sense of effective contrast in black-and-white. Taken as a whole or in detail the drawings are exceedingly clever.

The Dürer-like frontispiece to **On the Oxford Circuit**, by the Hon. Mr. Justice Darling (Smith, Elder, 5s.) shows, with other illustrations, that Mr. Spare is applying his talent to more engaging compositions. This little book contains many lines revealing the learned judge's gift of poetic expression and his familiarity with artistic affairs. There are sonnets on "Rodin," "On J. McNeill Whistler" ("Linner of views unseen save in the mind"), "At Christie's," among others.

Art in Great Britain and Ireland, by Sir Walter Armstrong, is the first volume in an ambitious series to be issued in London by Mr. Heinemann (6s.). By the co-operation of several publishing houses these tabloid histories, with miniature illustrations, will appear simultaneously all over the world. In the present volume we see about 600 reproductions, some in colours, of some of the fine things which form the contributions of these islands to the arts throughout the ages. Sir Walter Armstrong writes fluently, and compresses the material well into the limited space.

Stevenson's **Travels with a Donkey** in the Cevennes reappears, with illustrations, some in colours, by Mr. Noel Rooke (Chatto & Windus, 7s. 6d.).

Mr. Henry van Dyke has collected, under the title of **The Poetry of Nature**, a selection of well-known poems referring to the beauties of the countryside. (Heinemann, 6s.).

Illustrations of one hundred **Masterpieces of Sculpture**, from the sixth century B.C. to the time of Michelangelo, have been brought together, with an introduction by Mr. G. F. Hill (Methuen, 10s. 6d.). It pretends to be nothing more than a picture book, with suitable commentary, but it will appeal to students as well as to the public.

"Punch."

MEISSONIER was fond of painting figures of "Punch" and adorned his house at Poissy with various humorous conceptions. The version reproduced here is in the Wallace Collection.



Painted by J. L. E. MEISSONIER.

POLICHINELLE.

[Wallace Collection.]



Loch Vennachar.

By William Reid.

Nature Study with the Camera.

By A. L. Baldry.

A VAST amount of argument has been expended during recent years over the claims of photography to be counted among the arts—over the right of what many people still persist in regarding as a purely mechanical process to be reckoned as a legitimate means of artistic expression. Into the merits of this argument it is hardly necessary to enter, for among the many possible applications of photography there are several which entitle it at least to serious consideration as a valuable adjunct to the recognized forms of art practice, and in these applications there is scope for the display of a very large amount of æsthetic understanding. The personal element does unquestionably enter greatly into photography, into both the choice and treatment of subject-matter, and the artistic importance of a photograph does depend definitely upon the intelligence and capacity for observation possessed by the worker with the camera. A bad photograph, done by an incompetent person, can be very bad indeed—as hopeless in result as it is futile in intention—but a good one, which combines sensitiveness in choice of subject with subtlety and refinement of technical treatment, can be an exquisite thing and a memorable piece of artistic achievement.

There is no branch of photography which tests so severely the capacities of the worker as the recording of the facts of nature out of doors. In studio work he has, or can contrive, opportunities of evading difficulties, and he can arrange his material so as to make the most of it pictorially. He can, too, if his inclinations lead him in that questionable direction, worry an inefficient negative or an imperfect print into something passable by devices of retouching and by tricks of manipulation; because, having started with an artificial arrangement, he does not give himself away too obviously by resorting to further artificialities of treatment. The result probably will have no great artistic interest, but it will pass muster with the ignorant and the uncritical.

When, however, he takes himself into the open air and proposes to deal with Nature as he finds her, he enters upon quite another range of responsibilities. The fundamental essential in nature photography is accuracy, exactness of representation and correct realization of the subject chosen; the artistic importance of the out-of-door photograph is in direct relation to its efficiency as a record, and disappears entirely if any appreciable amount of manipulation—or



At the side of Loch Voil.

By William Reid.

“faking,” as it is commonly called—is applied to either negative or print. The photographer, it must be remembered, does not occupy the same position as the painter in working from nature. The painter has absolute freedom of action, and can choose just as much or as little of the subject before him as he requires to satisfy the pictorial intention which is in his mind. He has his mental image fully formed before he begins to work, and he goes to Nature for assistance in defining this image—reserving to himself the right to ignore and leave out anything that she may offer him if it does not help him in arriving at his preconceived purpose.

But the photographer can ignore nothing; he has to work with a machine which sees everything and which will reproduce every fact of Nature down to the minutest detail. He cannot go to Nature for assistance, he must obey her dictation, and where she leads he must follow. All that she allows is the right to select, out of the multitude of subjects she offers him, the particular one which appears to

his taste and gratifies his artistic sense. When he has settled on his subject he must record it just as she chooses to present it to him, and his justification of his position as an artist will be seen in his understanding of his opportunity, in his capacity to seize upon the right aspect of that subject and the right moment in which it should be dealt with. If he makes a careless selection, or works under the wrong conditions, there is no use in his wasting misplaced ingenuity in trying to pull his work into a presentable shape; the more he struggles with it the more he will advertise the fact that his failure was at the beginning, and the more definitely will he show that he has attempted an unhappy compromise.

In such a form of nature-study as is illustrated here by photographs executed by Mr. William Reid, of Edinburgh, the need for strict fidelity to fact, and for particular avoidance of devices of retouching, is entirely obvious. The camera in this instance has been used not so much for picture making as for the representation of natural motives well worth attention; and the special interest of the photographs themselves comes from their correctness of statement and their truth of suggestion. That in seeking after this correctness the photographer has not found himself compelled to sacrifice pictorial effect is proved by the agreeable qualities of his work, and particularly by the charm of such subjects as ‘Loch Vennachar,’ ‘Swans and Cygnets,’ and ‘At the Side of Loch Voil,’ in which he has been able to give to the

chosen motives an appropriately picturesque setting. By the exercise of taste and judgment, by patience in waiting for the right moment, and by knowledge of what to do when his opportunity came, he has achieved something worth striving after—and something, moreover, which has the intelligence and sincerity, and the sensitiveness too, that should be looked for in all real works of art.

These photographs, because they are good examples of camera work and have the qualities which are essential in honest photography, serve a definite purpose educationally. They preserve for reference momentary incidents which are well worth remembering, and they put these incidents in such a way that the student of nature can depend upon them for guidance when he is seeking for information about details which he has not fully investigated. With studies of this type beside him, studies that are frankly explanatory and yet artistically restrained, the painter can verify his knowledge and, if necessary, correct erroneous impressions which might lead him seriously astray. He need not fear



'The Long and the Short of it.'

By William Reid.



Shetland Ponies.

William Reid.



Swans and Cygnets.

By William Reid.

that by using photographs in this way he will acquire wrong methods of working; if he has learned nature's lessons properly he will know just to what extent the photograph will help him, and how far it will carry him in his search after completeness. But, plainly, it is important that the

camera studies to which he refers should be themselves complete, accurate, and faithful; if they are not, they will be worse than useless, because they will offer him only a distorted view of the facts with which they profess to be concerned.

THE opening lecture at University College by Mr. Roger Fry on "The Nature of Linear Design," was intellectually and imaginatively of exceptional interest. Mr. Fry feels deeply, thinks courageously, expresses himself lucidly and concisely: in a word, is a vital and illuminative lecturer. He warrantably holds that drawing is the most intellectual, the most spiritual of all modes of æsthetic expression. The drawn line is never found in nature, but must always be created. It partakes, as Coleridge said, of a thought and of a thing. Mr. Fry wrote pregnantly some time ago of Mantegna as a mystic. In his lecture on linear design he showed that he had an instinctive understanding of mysticism. By the way, there were lantern illustrations of some drawings made by Paleolithic man many thousand years ago. In the observation and close rendering of animal movements, Mr. Fry said these have never been equalled, indeed, that we should fail to recognise their marvellous accuracy were it not for the results of instantaneous photography. There is more essential difference between these drawings and those of Neolithic man, Mr. Fry avowed, than

between the conceptual drawings of Neolithic man and the designs of Michelangelo. It is to be hoped that Mr. Fry will publish these valuable lectures.

WHISTLER'S 'Nocturne in Blue and Gold, Valparaiso,' has been acquired from the McCulloch Collection by Mr. Charles L. Freer, of Detroit. He owns, of course, the finest assemblage of works by the Butterfly Master anywhere to be found. These include the famous 'Peacock Room,' and the 'Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine' which used to hang in it.

THE Royal British Colonial Society of Artists, to which the King recently granted a charter and diploma, despatched an interesting collection of pictures by native artists for the exhibition now being held in Montreal. Those adequately represented include Messrs. R. W. Allan, D. Y. Cameron, George Clausen, Frank Dicksee, Herbert Draper, Joseph Farquharson, Arthur Hacker, E. A. Hornel, H. H. La Thangue, Solomon J. Solomon, Leslie Thomson, H. S. Tuke, and Sir E. A. Waterlow.



Necklace presented to H.M. the Queen on the occasion of the Opening of the Birmingham University.

Designed and executed by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gaskin.

Arts and Crafts.

A PRACTICAL advice of William Morris to an art-bewildered generation was, "Have nothing in your house which you do not know to be useful, and believe to be beautiful." If that kind of inquisition were held in our houses and public buildings, how would taste increase with exercise! Art, instead of being a mystery hedged in with formulæ, would gradually become a familiar, personal consideration. The essential basis of the arts of design is usefulness, and on that point the ordinary practical person is as learned a critic as any connoisseur of styles and methods. The test of utility, moreover, is as searching as it is sure. The object best fitted for its purpose is bound to be harmonious. It may be plain or ornate, according to what the term "utility" signifies in the particular instance. It must, from its fitness, have that spiritual quality in its beauty—the quality of fine serviceableness.

Tried by that test, kinds of work as different as the

necklace by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gaskin, or the rose-bowl and candlesticks by the Artificers' Guild, are to be better appreciated than by mere realisation of their effectiveness. The necklace, in pale gold set with precious stones, was made for presentation to the Queen at the opening of the Birmingham University. It is, as the illustration shows, an elaborate and delicate piece of ornament, most unlike the usual solidly showy type of presentation jewellery. As always in the work of these accomplished artists, the precious stones are united in a delicate scheme of colour, clear rather than brilliant. The glowing lights of the cabochon rubies, the sparkle of small diamonds set in trefoils in the pendant and centre part of the chain, are

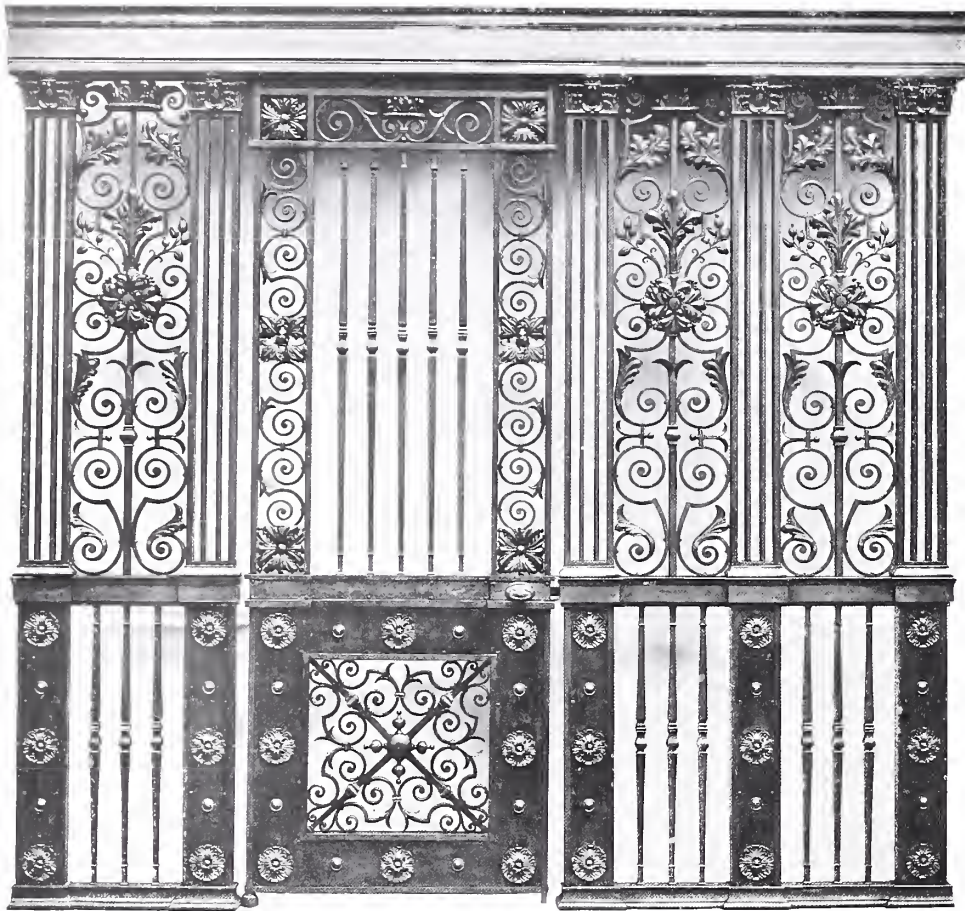
high lights in the design. They give force to the effect. Indeed, the general delicacy of appearance is, throughout, the result of fine judgment, calculating the needs of strength and display to a nicety, and fulfilling them in most graceful fashion.

The satisfactoriness of the two- and four-branched candlesticks can be felt. The designs have the vital, springing-out quality of an organic growth. The suggestion



Rose Bowl in Silver, on Bronze and Silver Stand.

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



Screen of Forged Iron and Cast Bronze.

Made by the Birmingham Guild of Handicraft.

of flowers, leaves, tendrils, stems, is a true interpretation of natural into formal beauty, and into the terms of a material. Above all, these objects are expressions of the material, of that which, when fitly treated, it can most absolutely and finely yield of delight. The form is not imposed. Rather it is in implicit regard for the metal that these strong, stately interlacings and volutions happen in the work. For complete effect, the gray-white of candles and their lovely flame are needed. Then the dark metal, solemn in its gleam, shows its full beauty.

In the chalice, eikon and splendid rose-bowl, the artists of the Artificers' Guild show their skill in more profuse and imaginative designs. These are symbols of the beauty of life, whether it be that of the rose and trellised vine, or of the great ideas of the Catholic Church. In all three pieces is to be seen the art with which unity is won from adjusted contrasts of richness and simplicity. The smooth



Wrought Iron Candlesticks.

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



Sketch design for Wallpaper.

By Lindsay P. Butterfield.

bands enclosing the pierced screen of roses, the tool-marked rim of the bowl above the closely-wrought intricacy of the vine-pattern, are well-planned elements in the design of the

rose-bowl. They give cleanness to the outline, and strength to the whole effect, besides taking the light with great beauty. When crowned with roses, their petals bordering the metal rim, this bowl of silver and bronze must look yet more rich and fine.

The chalice has firm simplicity of outline, and beauty of surface and colour. Enamel enriches the silver, which is itself richly wrought in a band of vine, garlanded over jewels, and in the twisted pillars which divide the knop. At the base of the knop are other jewels, as there are at the base of the chalice. In the eikon, gold is used, together with silver, enamel, and precious stones. The figures of the Virgin and Child have true worth of dignified simplicity, and the building-up of the design, from the column to the pearl-set triangle above a clear-lighted stone, gives the figures a stability that is significant of their meaning. The enamels of St. Agnes and St. Bride have not quite the dignity of the central figure, but they have charm, and are well used in the whole effect.

The Artificers' Guild has also carried out, from the design of Mr. A. E. Clarke, the Holder for the Corporation Mace, in Wisbech



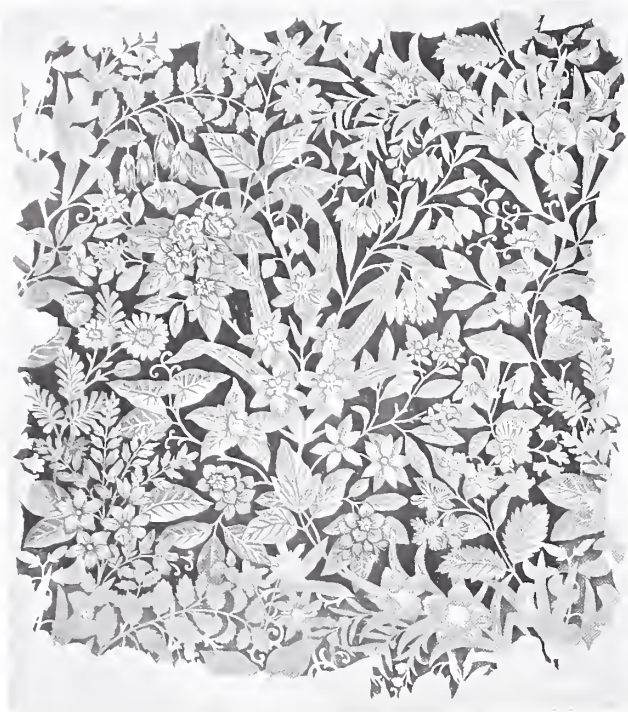
Eikon in Gold, Silver, Enamel, and Precious Stones.

Designed by J. Bonnor.
Made by the Artificers' Guild.

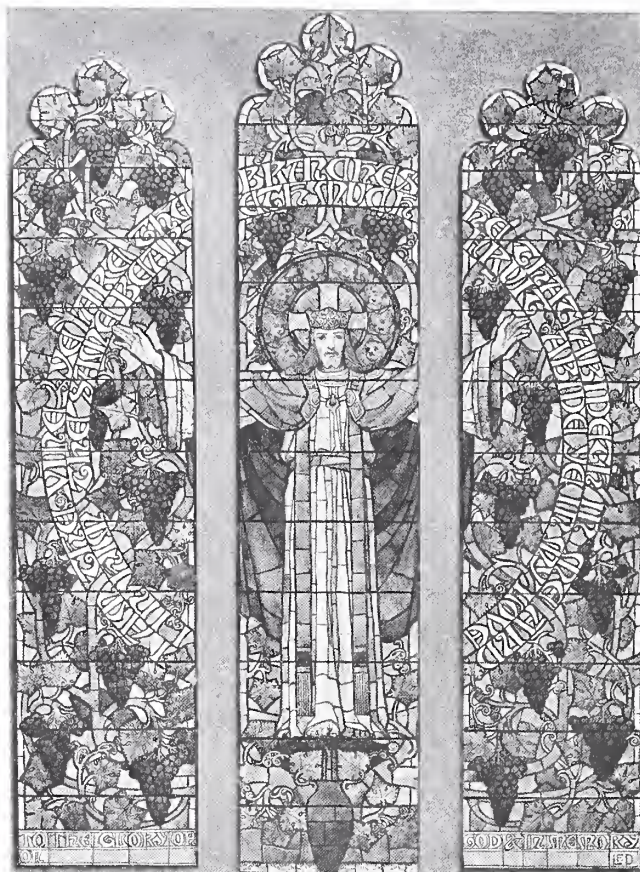


Walnut Cradle.

Designed and Carved by Miss M. E. Reeks, Miss F. Steele, and Miss A. C. Burton, of the School of Wood-carving.



Ypres Tapestry,
By Joseph Doran.



Stained Glass Window.
By Lewis F. Day.



Cameo Wallpaper,
By Arthur Wilcock.

church. Mr. Clarke's design embodies the arms of the church, which is dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul, and the town seal, this latter being that of the Guild of the Holy Trinity, founded in the Fourteenth Century. These important details are used on the bosses, which have admirable effect in the simple but strong scroll-work.

A screen of forged iron and cast bronze, by the Birmingham Guild of Handicraft, is another good example of the craft of the smith. Throughout, the work is



Large Oak Bowl, lettering gilt.
Designed and Carved by Miss A. C. Burton
of the Royal School of Wood-carving.

thoroughly structural. The leaf and scroll decoration is forged and welded, and the bronze work is used architecturally, instead of as details pinned on to forged iron panels: a method of combining bronze and iron which the Guild considers unjustified in pure smith's work. In general effect the screen is interesting, all details being part of a well-considered scheme of light and shade, as well as of colour and surface. Such sound and reasonable work has permanent value.

Two examples of wood-carving executed at the School of Wood Carving do credit to the school and to the individual workers. The bowl, meant as a receptacle for visitors' cards, or odds and ends, is the work of Miss A. C. Burton. The motto which forms a band of interior decoration is that of Autolycus, 'A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.' Crisply carved, it gives increased effect to the smooth interior, where the beauty of the grain of the wood is displayed with right craftsman's appreciation of the material. A more elaborate piece of carving is the cradle, in which several hands collaborated. By Miss E. M. Reeks are the



Holder for the Corporation Mace in Wisbech Church.

Designed by A. E. Clarke.
Executed by the Artificers' Guild.

wings of the hood, each containing a sleeping cherub. The medallions, representing Sleep, and the two great types of motherhood, Pagan and Christian, were also carved by Miss Reeks, from the design of Miss F. Steele. The finials of the columns, a stock and a pelican, are the work of Miss Burton. The whole design exemplifies, as need not be pointed out, an idea of tenderness, protection, and rest.

An interesting exhibition by members of the Design Club included the works illustrated, as well as other things of note, designs for wall-papers, textiles of various kinds, interior decorations, stained glass, light-fittings, and so on. The window, by Mr. Lewis F. Day, was one of a group of noteworthy cartoons by him, suggesting deep glowing effects in the jewel-like medium of the completed work. By the device of the outstretched hands, the significance, human and divine, of the figure occupies the whole field of the three-lighted window. The idea of the true vine is made finely visible. Mr. Lindsay P. Butterfield's design loses a good deal in losing its charm of cool colour, but it is, even so, secure of distinction; a big and quiet scheme interestingly accented by the small sprays introduced into the large curves of the ground pattern. A delightful piece of close flowering is the tapestry designed by Mr. Joseph Doran. It is as coherent as though daffodils, everlasting peas, Solomon's Seal, and I know not what, really grew on a single stem. Mauves, pale shades of orange, and various greens, mingle effectively on a dark blue ground. Altogether of a different type of design is the Cameo wall-paper by Mr. Arthur Wilcock, an elegant piece of work of no little charm.



Chalice in Silver and Enamel, set with Precious Stones.

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

William Sharp.

FOR the forthcoming complete edition of the writings of the late William Sharp, under the *pseudonym* "Fiona Macleod," Mr. D. Y. Cameron has done five water-colour drawings of the Western Highlands, which will be reproduced as frontispieces to as many volumes. There will in addition be two portraits of the author, based respectively on photographs taken in Dublin and Maniaci, Sicily, where he died. Apropos of Mr. Cameron, his 'Isles of the West,' seen at the International Society's Exhibition last winter, has been bought by the Liverpool Corporation, which already possessed his 'St. Andrew's.'

London Exhibitions.

Grafton Gallery . . .	National Loan Exhibition (p. 359).
R.B.A.	132nd Exhibition.
R.O.I.	27th Exhibition.
Goupil Gallery . . .	Goupil Gallery Salon.
Whitechapel Gallery.	Pageant Exhibition.
Messrs. Shepherd's .	British Masters.
Leicester Gallery . .	W. Strang. Edmund Dulac. W. Lee Hankey.
Fine Art Society . . .	W. Donne. Warwick Goble. Julius Olsson. Yoshio Markino.
Baillie Gallery . . .	Black Frame Club. F. D. How. W. Heath Robinson.
Gutekunst's Gallery .	Fine Etchings.
Messrs. Dowdeswell's	Reginald Hallward.
Messrs. Connell . . .	Eugène Bèjot.

Goupil Gallery Salon.—The opening of the National Loan Collection in October had not only its direct and

powerful influence of delight; it stirred also those considerations of the basis of art-collecting, which affect the production as well as the preservation of art. The Goupil Gallery Salon, a series of exhibitions of modern art which has now reached its fourth number, is explicitly an appeal for the recognition of present-day painting as matter for the collector, matter for immediate pleasure and future profit. Extracts prefaced to the catalogue summon the patron of art to "prove his taste . . . by buying the master-pieces of the future." It is impossible that an exhibition of new work, numbering over three hundred paintings and drawings, shall come wholly or even chiefly within that high-promising category. Yet it may unhesitatingly be affirmed that this collection proves vitality in current art-production, and reveals here and there inspiration that draws from enduring sources its newness of life.

This year is the occasion of Mr. D. Y. Cameron, Mr. William Orpen, and Mr. William Nicholson. Mr. Wilson Steer does not compete with his recent achievements in

the sketch-picture 'The Valley of the Severn.' Tried by high tests, Mr. Cameron's 'The Citadel, Cairo' maintains its integrity. A sky so limpidly painted recalls Turner, and suffers even in that comparison no loss of radiance, nor of that rarer idea of the mystery of light—the Magnificat of evening, when the glory of the sun magnifies and spreads on the cooling air. But the "visual plea" of this picture is won from a reality which Turner never saw. The actual scene is the source not only of the design—the guardian mass of the fortress, the city of golden mosque and minaret—but of the key of light, the harmony of colour and tone within that luminous envelope. Here is an instance that in the local and particular is the artist's opportunity to find a symbol of infinity.

In thorough contrast to Mr. Cameron's vision of the light-veiled structure of ancient Cairo is Mr. Orpen's 'In Dublin Bay.' It is one or three works, portraits, but pictures first, which portray a single figure on a background of the mother-o'-pearl sky and veiled seas of Ireland. Both the other pictures—the extremely clever 'Baldoyle, the Steeple-chaser,' aslant in a sea-wind that ruffles the satin of his pink and green racing-jacket, and the somewhat



In Dublin Bay.

By William Orpen, R.H.A.

Nicholsonian portrait of a small girl on the green cliffs—have the raciness of the open-air theme. 'In Dublin Bay' expresses its larger inspiration. Coursing movement of the wind, tingling freshness of sea-air, the shifting, cloudy light, vitalise the figure. She breathes their influence, caught willingly in the breeze, her pearly-pink gown gleamed upon by light. Her face, lighted and shadowed, her so bright hair and the small black hat with its knot of flowers, are salient in the design, the conception. Mr. Nicholson's 'The Girl with the Tattered Gloves' makes of the oddity of the subject a fine and inevitable design; and in his still-life, a group of *faïence* statuary, his art is no less certain and engaging. Brief mention of a few more pictures and drawings by no means exhausts the merit of the exhibition, but it must suffice. By their brilliant substantiality Mr. George Thomson's three drawings of Venice dominate the collection of water-colours.

Drawings by Mr. Alfred Rich, Mr. Muirhead Bone, Sir William Eden, Mr. W. B. Ranken, M. Simon Bussy, also tell effectively. Mr. Patrick Adam's gleaming interior is an admirable painting to be looked for, as are the flowers of Mr. Chowne, Mr. Peppercorn's stately landscapes, the interiors of M. Blanche, Signor Falchetti's direct painting, the personally accented 'Bathing Time' of Mr. Walter Bayes, and the contributions of Mr. William Rothenstein, Mr. Gerald Kelly, Mr. Graham Robertson, Mr. Lambert.

R.O.I.—The Institute of Oil Painters, created the Royal Institute earlier in the year, lived up to its new honours with an exhibition of greater freshness and importance than usual. The presence of masterly portraits by Sir George Reid and Sir James Guthrie was in itself distinction, and from these the descent to the dead level of the ordinary exhibition picture was in stages more gradual than could be expected. Mr. Lavery's jocund 'Girls in Sunshine,' the final, if not really fine, 'The Lady with the Gloves,' of the late Mr. Garrido, and a considerable amount of clever young work reinforced the more accustomed merit of the landscapes by Mr. Leslie Thomson, Mr. J. S. Hill and Mr. Aumonier. Among new reputations, that of Mr. Glyn Philpot stands a good chance of distinction. His 'A Pianist,' decadent in type, involved, as to sight, with ideas derived from Mr. C. H. Shannon, is yet actually higher above the commonplace than in its too avowed intention. His 'The Wave,' is also striking. Clever Miss



(Goupil Gallery.)

The Citadel, Cairo.

By D. Y. Cameron, A.R.S.A.

Flora Lion strikes too hard in her 'Portrait of my Mother,' while Miss Anna Airy seemed for the moment vague in her aims in 'The Horoscope.' Still, these new-comers, with Mr. Harold Knight, Mr. Louis Ginnett, Miss Hilda Fearon, Miss Gloag, Mr. Wilthew, brought progress into the exhibition. The portrait of Lord Loreburn by Sir George Reid, Sir James Guthrie's 'James Caldwell' brought achievement. No need to compare them, though comparison is inviting between works each so impressive, each so sure and animated a vision of a personality. The Guthrie in exquisite accord of colour, inflections of paint, spiritual vitality of the white-haired head, is on a different plane to Sir George Reid's fund of observation, his shrewd dealing with the stuff of character, of brain, of humour. The one portrait catches perhaps a mood above the ordinary of the sitter, and shows its relation to the personality. The other gathers from habit its essential significance; draws from it a conclusion of the whole character.

British Masters.—Unfailingly, Messrs. Shepherd acquire for their exhibitions pictures, little known, of significance in themselves and in relation to British art. Early works by the masters, master-works by lesser men, these, with a half-length of Mrs. Siddons, in white with ribbons of animated blue, most spiritedly sketched by Hoppner, a Bonington sketch, 'The Bridge Builders,' of lovely quality, Raeburn's 'Patrick Jeffrey,' fresh as if newly done, are present attractions in the gallery. The



(R. B. A.)

Rozinka.

By Joseph Simpson, R. B. A.

Gainsborough landscape, dating from his Ipswich period, within a year or so of the example in the Irish National Gallery, suggests more than that picture the gracious way of his later art. The low trees are articulated in pupillage to Dutch landscape, but in the tender grey horizon, the undulating mid-distance and, quite clearly, in the tiny light-footed figure, Gainsborough put his own interpretation on the material. Some discoveries to note are John Russell, the pastellist, as painter, Tilly Kettle, skilled and easy in a man's portrait, Nathaniel Dance, almost intuitive in his rendering of the face of Queen Charlotte in the group of the Queen with an infant daughter, William Dobson's romantic, sombre-faced cavalier, 'Joseph Neville, R.N.' 'a character,' evidently, rendered to the bluff life by Joseph Highmore, a military portrait, French in its scrupulous rendering of the uniform, given to G. F. Joseph, and a portrait of an unknown man by an unknown painter who did his work well and clearly in, probably, Sixteenth Century England. The Turner oil-sketch for the landscape in Petworth House gives a fine suggestion of colour and his

large vision of trees, and Crome, Wilson, and Constable are also here in small, unmistakable examples.

R. B. A.—Suffolk Street in its regular tenancy yields no surprises. The R. B. A. improved to its present state when Mr. Alfred East became President, and, apparently, that level is its height. The 132nd exhibition was at its best in Mr. Elmer Schofield's 'Steam Trawlers: Boulogne Harbour,' sound and effective in observation and design, in Mr. Gardner Symons' stringent 'A Winter Sun,' Mr. Arthur Streeton's delicate 'Australia Felix,' and, of course, in the paintings of the President, though his large 'The Wild Cornish Coast' lacks sustaining force in the boding design, and profundity in the rendering of "the steep sky's commotion." Mr. Philip Laszlo has a grip of his talent that gives effect to all his work. His portrait of the President is a strong example, and, appropriately, it was in command of the gallery. Yet in Mr. Graham Robertson's almost timidly reserved painting of a little boy against a background of shadowy white bell-flowers is more potency than is exercised by Mr. Laszlo's thorough ability. Mr. Joseph Simpson's 'Roz-

inka' is a creed as well as a painting. Supreme conviction determines this bold simplicity of statement, and, if to reduce colour, contour, expression to the positive be to attain finality, this art is final. It is certainly a feat of deliberate skill.

Leicester Gallery.—The dominating figure in a three-man-show was Mr. William Strang. Mr. Edmund Dulac showed decorative fantasies to Omar Khayyam, Mr. Lee Hankey, fluent and often appropriately idyllic water-colour illustrations to 'The Deserted Village.' Mr. Strang was represented by recent paintings, drypoints, drawings, to the number of fifty-one. Serious, ample, immensely skilled as it is, this art still fails to answer to the expectations aroused by its qualities. Where in it is the true expression of Mr. Strang's personal feeling for the inspiration of nature, of life? The monumental in the manner of Legros, Millet; lucidity of structure according to Holbein; the sinister vein of Daumier; the robust joy of the Venetian pastoral; these and other phases of beauty Mr. Strang commemorates with power. But of direct, single-minded creative force he fails

to convince. The downright veracity of 'Sir John Fisher,' felicitous decoration in drypoints, such as 'The Fisherman,' and 'Children Playing,' show the versatility of his conception, his skill. Other noteworthy directions of it are in the large, glowing 'The Red Fez,' the suggestive designs of 'The Horse Pond,' the rich, deep 'The Forest Pool,' and landscapes of formal manner.

THE notable Exhibition at the French Gallery this year is perpetuated by a record, which is something more than an illustrated catalogue, published for Messrs. Wallis & Son by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co. (ros. 6d.). There are four essays on the work of the four great artists, all living, who were so well represented: Mr. Frederick Wedmore writes on 'Matthew Maris,' Mr. P. G. Konody on 'Joseph Israels,' Mr. C. Lewis Hind on 'Henri Harpignies,' and Mr. Edward F. Strange on 'Leon L'hermitte.' Among the sixty-one illustrations are twenty Rembrandt photogravures.



(R.O.I.)

A Pianist.

By Glyn W. Philpot.



(Messrs. Shepherd's Gallery.)

Landscape, with figure.

By T. Gainsborough, R.A.

Passing Events.

THE catalogue of the great exhibition of pictures by Dutch masters held at New York, in connection with the Hudson-Fulton Celebration, emphasises, as nothing else has done, the extent to which Transatlantic collectors have of late annexed pictures of signal merit. Mr. W. R. Valentiner, formerly one of Dr. Bode's able lieutenants at Berlin, contributes a long and interesting preface, at the beginning of which he says: "So representative a collection of Holland's achievement in the art of painting during the seventeenth century as the present exhibition affords, is proof of the fortunate acquisitions made in the direction of American collections in recent years. Some little astonishment will no doubt be felt in European art circles that it was possible to assemble in New York one hundred and forty-five paintings of first importance, among them thirty-four Rembrandts, twenty Frans Hals, and five Vermeers. Even so, the supply of Dutch masters in private collections is far from exhausted." Dominating the great series of Rembrandts is the self-portrait of 1658, sold by the Earl of Ilchester last year to Mr. Frick for a sum approximating to £100,000. Dr. Bode would never have permitted such a pregnant creation to leave Germany, had it been there. Four out of the five Vermeers were, up to a few years ago, in England. The two others in America, not included in the Hudson-Fulton exhibition, are 'The Girl Asleep,' shown by the late M. Rodolphe Kann in the Guildhall, in 1903, and 'The Concert,' belonging to Mrs. Gardner, of Boston, who lends nothing. All five, together with five self-portraits by Rembrandt, are reproduced in the October number of the *Museum Bulletin*.

IN the person of Mr. Stephen Thomas Gooden, picture dealer and print publisher, found dead on the morning of September 23rd in the garden of his Tulse Hill house, beneath the bath-room window, the art-world lost an eminently trustworthy and widely respected figure. Those who knew Mr. Gooden best attribute the tragic accident to his occasional tendency to giddiness when looking from a height. Mr. Gooden was 'apprenticed' at Messrs. Agnew's, and left the firm some twenty years ago to found a business of his own. In 1903 he was joined by Mr. F. W. Fox, another "Agnew-ite." The firm has always enjoyed the confidence and respect of collectors and of fellow-dealers. Mr. Gooden aided, of course, in the formation of many important collections, including that of the late Mr. E. M. Denny, dispersed at Christie's in 1906. Gainsborough's portrait of 'Viscountess Tracy,' which then made 6,000 gs., was bought in 1895 by Mr. Gooden from Lord Sudeley, and passed on to Mr. Denny at £1,500. The companion, 'Viscount Tracy,' went at the same time to the late Lord Burton. Again, at least one Vermeer has passed through the hands of the Pall Mall firm. This was the 'Lady playing the Guitar,' picked up in the 'sixties by Mr. Henry Bischoffsheim for a very small sum, and afterwards hung almost disregarded on the staircase of Bute House. From him Mr. Gooden secured it, selling it to Mr. J. G. Johnson, Philadelphia, for a fraction only of its present value.

THE City of Nottingham Art Museum is indebted to Mr. James Orrock for twelve cabinet-sized pictures by English painters, including our first distinguished landscapist, Richard Wilson, James Holland, William Etty, Constable, Bonington—the Nottingham genius who died so young—Henry Dawson, together with several examples of Mr. Orrock's own art. Works by Mr. Alfred East, Mr. Alfred Hartley, and the late Alexander Mann have been purchased recently.

IN order to bring the number of the Trustees of the National Gallery up to ten—for long they have been eight only—Lord Ribblesdale and Sir Edgar Vincent have been appointed. In this connection none is likely to forget Mr. Sargent's fine full-length of Lord Ribblesdale, seen at the 1902 Academy. It stands high among the male portraits of the last quarter of a century.

A MEMORIAL exhibition of pictures and studies by the late Mr. Neven du Mont was held during October in his Cromwell Road house. Mr. du Mont was singularly felicitous in his pictures of children, and in other directions his able brushwork was evident.

THE meagre support extended in this country to artists possessed of the gift of mural decoration has again and again been deplored. Watts, whose offer to decorate the great hall at Euston station was refused, has not been the only sufferer. In this connection it is gratifying to learn that Mr. Augustus John is at work decorating the house of one who takes a prominent interest in unfolding talent.

IN the French Gallery, Edinburgh, a notable Raeburn exhibition is being held on behalf of the Scottish Artists' Benevolent Institution.

NOW that the conquest of the air has proceeded so far, it is not uninteresting to recall that one of the greatest artists of any time or any country—Leonardo da Vinci—made an exhaustive enquiry into the subject, and himself experimented with the flying-machine, four centuries ago. Leonardo counselled that the bat should be carefully dissected, and a machine constructed on similar lines. Here is a passage from his treatise on birds and artificial flight: "A bird is an instrument working according to mathematical law, which instrument it is within the capacity of man to reproduce with all its movements, but not with a corresponding degree of strength, though it is deficient only in the power of maintaining equilibrium. We may therefore say that such an instrument constructed by man is lacking in nothing except the life of the bird, and this life must needs be supplied from that of man."

Obituary :

Artists and Those Identified with Art.

November, 1908, to October, 1909 (inclusive).

ARTIST.	DIED.
Alma-Tadema, Lady	August 15
Amherst of Hackney, Lord.	January 16
Bayes, Alfred W., A.R.E.	June 26
Beattie-Brown, W., R.S.A.	March 31
Berkeley, Stanley	April
Buckley, Abel	December
Canziani, Louisa Starr	May 25
Chauchard, M.	June 5
Clogstoun, Ina	May 1
Conder, Charles	February 9
De Mattos, Henry T.	December
Dillon, Frank, R.I.	May 2
Duveen, Sir J. J.	November 9
Garrido, Leandre Ranon	April
Gaskell, Holbrook	June
Glassby, Robert	November 19
Gooden, Stephen T.	September 23
Goulding, Frederick	March 5
Gregory, Edward J., R.A.	June 22
Haden, Lady	December 3
Haynes-Williams, J.	November 7
Hewerdine, M. B. ("Pig").	March 27
Jacquet, Jean Gustave	July 11
Knight, Joseph	January 4
Lawson, John	August 9
Maitland, Paul F.	May 21
Martineau, Edith	February
Mesdag, Madame	March 20
Morrison, Charles	May 25
Mote, George William	January 6
Müther, Dr. Richard	June 28
Neven du Mont, A.	June 27
Noseda, Urban M.	April 5
Ospovat, Henry	January 2
Parsons, John R.	January
Poiré, E. ("Caran d'Ache")	February 26
Ronner, Henriette	March 2
Stevenson, Mrs. R. A. M.	March 25
Swain, Joseph	March
Tucker, Edward ("Edward Arden")	March 29

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