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PORTRAIT OF MILLET. BY HIMSELF.

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"The whole world without Art would be one great wilderness."

THE PAINTERS OF BARBIZON

MILLET
ROUSSEAU
DIAZ

By JOHN W. MOLLETT, B.A.

AUTHOR OF THE LIVES OF "REMBRANDT" AND "WILKIE" IN THIS SERIES.



NEW YORK
SCRIBNER AND WELFORD.

1890



PREFACE.

IN the following pages it is proposed to give short histories of the career of a group of painters, to whom is generally attributed the development in Landscape in the great change that has lately taken place in the canons of French Art, which is described by some writers on the subject as the victory of the Romantic School over Classicism.

The practical nineteenth-century standard of the success of this group is the enormous money value of their work in the international market, and the history that has to be told is as much a commercial as an æsthetic development.

We have prefaced our work with a short description of the scenery of Fontainebleau, in the midst of which some of the painters who are representative of the movement, studied landscape, and did their most successful work, and became known in the artistic world as the Barbizon School. Their works are commonly spoken of under this generic name, irrespective of their want of *internal* assimilation.

We have then translated and reproduced in the words of the

greatest critics of the age extracts from the interesting volume of criticism that their exhibited pictures provoked from year to year, leaving our readers free to determine for themselves the length to which their sympathy with the special theory of the Romantic movement will carry them ; believing, however, that the accident of American competition in the auction-room is not in itself a justification for placing even Millet, sublime as the poetry of his work is, on a level with Raphael. Finally, we have narrated so much as we have been able to collect, from credible record, of the stories of their respective lives.

J. W. MOLLETT.

LYONE REGIS, *May*, 1890.

NOTE.—The present volume treats of Millet, Rousseau and Diaz ; the companion volume of Corot, Daubigny and Dupré.

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NOTE.—During the last ten years, Science has greatly improved many applications of the photographic art, but it has not yet been enabled to reproduce pictures of such intangible qualities as those executed by the Painters of Barbizon with a clearness sufficient to enable the craftsmen of process-blocks to give their best results. This will account for the want of detail apparent in some of the illustrations; which, nevertheless, it is hoped will be found to give characteristic impressions of the works of the several artists.

INTRODUCTION.

THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

BARBIZON, a small village on the skirt of the forest of Fontainebleau, is consecrated by the long martyrdom of the poet-peasant-painter, Jean François Millet, and the sufferings of its agricultural labourers—the theme of his pathetic paintings.

A laconic gazetteer describes the place—"Barbizon, Seine-et-Marne, a la lisière de la forêt. Sites pittoresques. Colonie de peintres paysagistes": and a curious work has been compiled, by a number of the most popular authors of our period, in honour of the chaotic landscape beauties of the forest, and of Monsieur Dènegourt, its Columbus; and their over-wrought enthusiasm in their praises of the place, and the volcanic irregularity of the forest itself, are quite in harmony with their retarded adulation of the painters living there and the eruption brought about by those painters in the classical world of art that preceded them.

The book is entitled a "*Hommage*" to M. Dènegourt, a retired politician of the Reds, who was a sort of "Old Mortality" to the forest, and devoted all his time and resources to clearing the paths and points of view, and guiding visitors to his work, of which he published a description in a guide-book. Our interest in the "colonie de peintres paysagistes" justifies a few

quotations descriptive of their chosen retreat, which seems in a curiously apposite manner to set up the disruptive agencies of nature as a type of themselves.

“One day,” says one of them, “the rebellious seas rolled over this tract of land, and the seas macerated it, as the *rivières* of the tanneries macerate the empty hide of a bull, carrying off and dispersing the vegetation—*his skin*, and the land—*his flesh*, and leaving nothing behind but the rocks—*his bones*, which had no longer any sinews to hold them together, so that they became frightfully disjointed and were precipitated one on the other, and shattered each other into fragments, and buried one another. It was like the crumbling away of the ‘Biblical immensities’ that we see in the terrible paintings of John Martin.

“But, little by little, Nature, softened and soothed, had taken pity on this formidable desolation; and, in the deep places, she changed the deposits of *débris* into fertile soil, and covered them over with trees, and, when these trees became centenarians, she had bidden the winds to carry away their seeds and to plant a *toque* and plumes for the heights that were standing bare.”

M. Dénécourt, the chief prophet of the forest, describes it as follows:—“This charming *trystin* . . . travellers, this vast studio of our young and laborious . . . , covers 32,000 arpens (French acres) of surface, and is twenty leagues in circumference.* Its soil—veritable chaos—presents such a variety of accidents, that the painter, struck with admiration, knows not where to take up his brush. On all sides are the rocks, the masses of which, barren, or wooded, or covered with mosses or lichens, separate and come together again abruptly in shapes the most varied, and the most bizarre; or are piled up in

* It contains about 40,000 English acres, according to Murray.

pyramids, or rounded domes ; or they are scattered abroad and look, to the traveller's eye, like troops of monsters pasturing at the bottom of a valley ; or again, in other parts, they form long and sinuous chains of mountains, against which the storms of ages have spent their forces in vain.

“ By the margin of a barren plain we discover an ancient grove peopled with gigantic trees, and amongst them are bald-headed oaks, whose antiquity is lost in the night of ages. Near a mountain of sand, whose brilliant whiteness makes us dream of whipped cream, and of Alpine snows, we see a copse of green pines, or a variegated plantation, the avenues of which offer a choice of delicious promenades.

“ From a smiling valley, richly wooded, the traveller passes suddenly into a frightful desert of moving sand, or on to the summit of a heather-grown hill, and standing there, looks over boundless plains, cities, castles, hamlets, and green meadows serpentine by the Seine and other rivers ; then, suddenly plunging, finds himself under the dark vault of an avenue of trees, or at the bottom of a deep gorge bristling with rugged and overhanging rocks, out of the crannies of which trees are struggling forth, half overthrown, and with worm-eaten trunks.

. At every step gradations of perspectives, and movements of the landscape are capricious ; and everywhere new rocks, steep passes, abrupt precipices, and piled-up mountains of ruins which seem to have been superimposed by a diluvial *bouleversement*.”

“ Where shall we go to now ? ” Jules Janin sings : “ to the dried-up, laminated rocks, the moss and the lichens, where the colourless birch tree shivers restlessly in the air, and the gnarled willows grow, and the earth is burned to ashes, and the greensward parched in the sun. ‘ *Voilà où nous allons !* ’ say the painters, and the most skilled of painters too—the

melancholy Cabat, vigorous Décamps, brilliant Diaz, eloquent Jules Dupré, Bertin, the thinker.

“Who besides?—Troyon, Théodore Rousseau, François, Isabey, Giraud. One and all they would refuse to be comforted if they were driven to renounce the forest of their choice.”

Ferdinand Desnoyers, in his poem of Fontainebleau, records the life and sorrows of a shepherd landscape-painter of a former generation, Simon Mathurin Lantara (1729—1778):—

“Là-bas, sous ce grand arbre, au pied d’une colline,
Lantara garde encore ses troupeaux et dessine.
 Les prés et les vallons, les bois, sont pleins d’espoir.
 Il passe son enfance à regarder ; à voir.
 Il sent le germe, en lui, qui doit devenir chêne ;
 Il hume la forêt, et boit dans son haleine
 La poésie ; il croit ; ce pauvre *Lantara* !
 Ce fut par charité, dit-on, qu’on l’enterra—” *

and Alfred de Musset contributes a long and charming series of melancholy-sweet verses in his own inimitable style, suggestively descriptive, also, of the place:—

“Les voilà ! Ces sapins à la sombre verdure,
 Cette gorge profonde aux nonchalants détours,
 Ces sauvages amis dont l’antique murmure
 A bercé mes beaux jours !” †

Many contributors expressed their praises of the painters’ paradise in remarkably inflated verses, M. René Louis

* “Down there, under that great tree, at the base of a hill, *Lantara* is still keeping his flocks, and sketching. The meadows, the valleys, the woods, are full of hope. He passes his childhood in gazing—in seeing. He feels the germ, within himself, that should grow to an oak; he breathes the forest, and in his breath inhales poetry—he believes—poor *Lantara*!—It was by charity, they say, that he was buried.”

† “Look at them ! These fir trees with the gloomy verdure ! That deep ravine and its random-winding paths, those wild old friends whose ancient muttering hushed to sleep my happier days !”

Richard Castel, for example, in a long poem, "La Forêt de Fontainebleau," of which the following is a fair specimen :—

“ Des bords de l’Océan aux neiges de Simplon,
Et de l’Adour aux lieux où le Rhin perd son nom,
Sur un sol embelli de pompes végétales,
Cette belle Forêt ne craint point de rivales.” *

But all the modern eulogies pale before the most bombastic of the collection, by a writer of a former generation, Guillaume Colletet, who flourished in the reign of Louis XIV., when the glories of the royal residence were at their acme. Apostrophising the sun, the Grand Monarch’s own emblem, he begins:—

“ Père sacré du jour, beau soleil, sors de l’onde,
Et viens voir avec moi le plus beau lieu du monde !
C’est du plus grand des Rois le superbe séjour,
FONTAINEBLEAU, nommé les Delices d’Amour.” †

* “ From the shores of the ocean to the snows of Simplon, and from the Adour to the places where the Rhine loses its name ; on a soil embellished with floral pomp and pageantry, this splendid forest never fears a rival.”

† “ Blessed father of Day, fair Sun, rise out of the wave, and come with me to see the most beautiful place in the world ! It is the proud residence of the greatest of kings, FONTAINEBLEAU, named the ‘ LOVE’S DELIGHT.’ ”

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET.

I.

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET was born on the 4th of October, 1814—the date is by many writers erroneously given 1815, but the above is that of the official register of birth—at the hamlet of Gruchy, which M. Piedagnel describes “at the base of the cliffs of Gréville, at the sea-limit of that *pays perdu*, so picturesque and so wild, which is called La Hogue.” Mr. Henley, with greater accuracy, describes Gruchy as, not at the base of, but “*perched* upon the iron cliffs of La Hogue, which overlook the troubled waters of Cherbourg Roads.”

He was the eldest son of Jean Louis Nicolas Millet, a peasant proprietor, who cultivated his own small farm, and by the help of the French peasant's frugality and unflagging toil, and the Catholic's disciplined piety, and the farmer's foresight, and a combination of shrewdness in business and dignity in domestic life worthy of a Scottish patriarch, succeeded in maintaining in great respectability of admitted poverty, a large family of relatives and children on the hardly-earned proceeds of the few acres of seaside land that he inherited from his ancestors. To him, for eighteen years of his life, François Millet was a labourer in regular work.

The mother of Millet, poor woman! was a lady descended

from a family of gentlemen yeomen, called Henry du Perron, degraded by the Revolution; her maiden name was Aimée Henriette Adélaïde Henry; her position in the family, by the almost inconceivable custom of the country, was also rather that of a labourer than a mother, the care of her children in their infancy being taken away from her and transferred to the mother of her husband, who lived in her house and ruled it and her children for her, while the mother was occupied more particularly at her labour in the fields and in the stables. The pathetic portrait of this poor worn mother at her labour is given in her son's picture of *La Cueilleuse des Haricots*. The house in this picture is her husband's house, and the *Woman Gathering Beans* is herself. "She lived," says Sensier, "*dans le travail*, and obedience to the orders of her husband;"—and very thrilling is the fidelity with which Millet has recorded her weariness of life. She is described as a gentle, pious woman, the mother of nine children, to whom, in spite of all obstacles, she was devoted.

Her mother-in-law was a typical peasant of the province, speaking in the patois, and wearing the distinctive costume of the local peasantry. Her maiden name had been Junelin, and her family, old "stock" of the country side, were distinguished for strong heads and warm hearts. One ruling passion of her life was pride of her family; for the rest she is described as follows:—"Consumed by religious fire, severe for herself, gentle and charitable for others, she passed her life in good works, having nothing before her eyes but the ideal of a saint." (Saint François d'Assissi was her favourite saint, and it was in honour of him that she chose Millet's name.) "She pushed to such a point the scruples of her conscience that if there came to her a doubt on the subject of any action of her life, so modest



HOUSE AT GRUCHY IN WHICH MILLET WAS BORN.

was she, she went immediately to demand counsel of the Curé of the village."

Such was the intrusive and superfluous foster-mother to whom the unnatural peasant custom confided the care of Millet's infancy and youth. Her influence over him appears to have been unlimited, and to have continued until his manhood. She had with her an aged sister, whose name was Bonne, but who was familiarly called Bonnotte, of whom Millet often spoke as a "beloved recollection." "She thought of everybody and everything, and forgot only herself." But distinctly the most remarkable member of the Millet family was the uncle Charles Millet, a priest of the diocese of Avranches, to whose teaching of the boy Sensier attributes a great deal of importance, although he died when the little François was only seven years old.

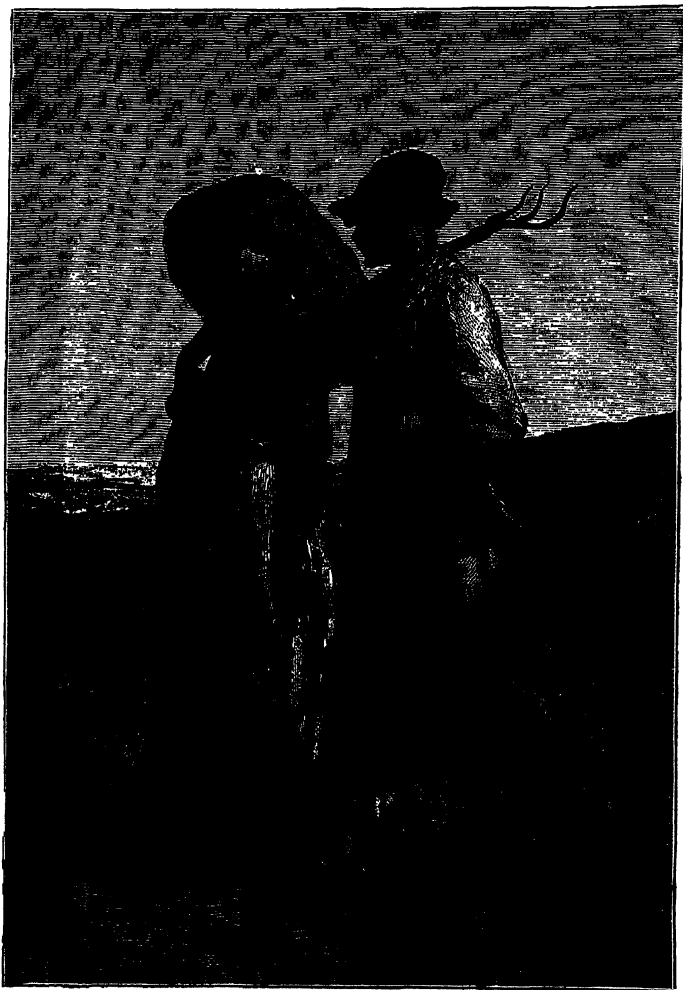
He was one of the priests unfrocked by the Revolution, who waited for the restoration of liberty at their native homes, and refused the oath of fidelity to the constitution. He was proscribed and pursued during the Terror, and lay in hiding at the Millet house, and the story of his hairbreadth escapes seems like a plagiarism of that of Charles Stuart. On the restoration of liberty of conscience he resumed his priestly cassock and duties, without abandoning his life of labour in the fields. He was a man of great stature and gigantic strength. "He was to be seen reading his breviary, or transporting immense blocks of granite to build the wall round the family land, and it was he who taught the elder boys to read. . . . When the Abbé had to trace a furrow, or to dig the garden, you saw him clap his breviary into his pocket, tuck up the skirts of his cassock round his waist, and take to his work on the soil like a man who enjoyed it. He was well aware that his nephew wanted all the help he could obtain, for if the family

life at Gruchy was sweet, it was so at the price of an unflagging effort. The position of the fields on steep declivities made it a difficult task to labour in them, and the struggle for existence by land or sea was rough and often dangerous work." This is interesting, because this rough and dangerous work was also Millet's work.

There were no fishermen among the peasants of Gruchy, but the sea was their very good friend for the great drifts of seaweed available for manure that it washed ashore, and Millet's earliest recollections include the excitement of this rather dangerous work, when "the whole village, armed with long wooden rakes, precipitated itself down to the sea to gather in the weed, a productive harvest, but perilous." But more tragic is the story of a terrible storm when one ship after another perished, beyond reach of succour, on the rocks, and mutilated and shattered corpses were washed ashore, and how, Millet recalls, "as I was going home, I passed a great heap, also covered with sailcloth, like the merchandise: and I lifted the sail to see what was under it, and saw a *mountain of dead bodies*. I was so frightened! I ran straight home, and found my mother and grandmother on their knees, at prayer for the poor wrecked people."

"So the boy passed his life in the heart of a country which was the *source de ses sensations*."

"Son of a peasant, Millet has ploughed—he also—the furrow from which the germ must emerge; with his firm hand he has pushed the coulter of the plough, and disembowelled the earth, which from its wound should bring forth life. Scarcely was he adolescent, ere already his body was bent towards the ground, already his brow was bathed in sweat. Already, also, his contemplative spirit could develop its aspirations and soar



GOING TO WORK. *By Millet.*
In the Collection of James Donald, Esq., Glasgow.

By permission of A. Braun & Co., Paris.]

towards the Invisible. Like the bee, he had the faculty to store, in the early years of his career, the treasures which, slowly dispensed abroad after conscientious study, were to make his name famous in the world.*

"Millet had *been* a shepherd," says Yriarte, "and the life of the fields was his *own* life." "Millet is something more than a landscape painter," M. Théophile Silvestre, says; "he is a man of the fields, who has lived in the fields, and lives there. Like the digger with the spade, obliged all the year round to win from the soil his daily bread, he reads the seasons in the sky, the fair weather that favours his work, and the bad that threatens it. The fall of the land, and its configuration, he knows by heart; he has groped in the bowels of it—he will tell you its quality and substance, as a man used to crumbling away a clod between his fingers. The river that skirts his field has a special interest to him; one may utilise it; sometimes it overflows. The neighbouring sea excites and frightens him; he has seen the storms roll in upon the cliffs. . . ."

"Hard, leathery, kneaded with flint stones, packed (or *felted*) with all kinds of parasite herbage when one has to grub it up, pulverulent when one has prepared it, and yielding like a heap of ashes to the feet of the sower; thorny in the fallows, stony among the vines, the LAND of Millet is always the labourer's land, the land *he* has to turn up incessantly, sweating under the toil. Plain or mountain, he models it *en maître*, gravel-heaps, shifting sands, ditches. . . . Without artifice or invention, he spreads out to the horizon the land that he knows so well, in a perfect *ensemble*, without solution of continuity, like a fabric woven by himself."

Millet then was a farm labourer, until the eighteenth year of his age, when one day, on his return from Mass, he met and

* Eugène Montrosier. *La Chronique Illustrée*, 1875.

studied the appearance of an old man, with a round-shouldered, stooping figure, of whom, when he reached home, he made a sketch in charcoal, with which his parents were pleased, and his father is reported to have said: "My poor François, I see well that thou tormentest thyself with this idea. I would gladly have sent thee to learn this profession of a painter, which they say is so fine, but I could not. Thou art the eldest of my boys, and I had too much need of thee; but now the others are growing up, and I will not hinder thee from learning what thou hast so much desire to know. We will, presently, go to Cherbourg, and ascertain if thou hast in truth the talent to gain thy living in this *métier*."

François finished, for the Cherbourg excursion, two drawings that he had begun, of which, one "represented two shepherds, one playing the flute at the foot of a tree, the other listening near a hillock (*coteau*) on which sheep were grazing. The shepherds wore jackets and sabots, of the country; the *coteau* was a field with apple-trees, belonging to his father. The second drawing represented an effect of a starry night. A man was coming out of a house, carrying loaves, which another man quite close to him was eager to receive; under the drawing were these words of Saint Luke: * *Et si non dubit illi surgens, eo quod amicus ejus sit, propter improbitatem tamen ejus surget, et dubit illi quotquot habet necessarios.*" Sensier says, "I have looked at this drawing for thirty years. It is the work of a man who already knows the *grande portée* of Art, its effects, and its resources. One would say it was a sketch by an old master of the seventeenth century."

It was in the year 1832 that the father and son went together to Cherbourg, to a painter named Mouchel—who was a pupil of the school of David and gave lessons—and showed him

* Chapter xi., v. 8.

the two drawings. M. Bon Dumoucel, who was called Mouchel, was now a young man about twenty-five years of age. He was only in his thirty-ninth year when he died, and had not lived to see Millet assume his place in the world of art, but it is to his emphatic sentence of encouragement that we owe Millet's immediate release from the farm, and entrance on the study of the art that he showed so obvious a talent for, that his specimen pictures made Mouchel cry out, that his father would be condemned to all eternity for obstructing it—*Eh bien! Vous serez damné pour l'avoir gardé si longtemps.*"

Although three years elapse, 1832—1835, between the incident of the charcoal sketch and Millet's return to Gruchy, we are told that "Millet stayed two months with Mouchel."

At Cherbourg he was set to copy from the Old Masters in the Museum, and from "académies." It is insisted upon, and repeated, that he owed nothing to teaching, either from Mouchel, or Langlois, or Delaroche—that he was his own teacher; and it is suggested that his genius was so evident, that each of his nominal masters shrank from the presumption of offering him any guidance—and that he took up a position in the provincial world, at his entrance of it, which he failed to maintain in Paris.

His father died, rather suddenly, in November, 1835, and by his death, we are told, the fortunes of the family were thrown into confusion: *tout périclita*, says M. Sensier.

Millet, now the head of the family, and twenty-one years of age, seems to have made a half-hearted attempt to assume the control of the farm. But he was "pre-occupied with his art," and apparently unsuccessful; and, in the meantime, "the notables of Cherbourg" grew concerned, "that the young painter no longer occupied himself with painting, and deliberated how they could help him forward in his career." This

coming to the knowledge of the regnant grandmother, she appears to have been willing to dispense with his help in the management of the farm and household. Possibly, she felt that her own position *périlite*. "My François," she said, "we must bow to the will of God. Your father, my Jean-Louis, said you should be a painter. Obey him, and return to Cherbourg!" His mother's opinion on the subject is not recorded.

Are we to regard his memory of the lot of this poor patient mother as a discord in the life of the great poet of patient suffering; or was it the key-note loudly sounded in his infancy, of the dirge that his paintings sing?

On his return to Cherbourg he became, again only nominally, the pupil of Langlois, who was an official painter of religious subjects; and continued copying Old Masters; and the "notables" continued to keep an eye upon him. "His work, and the boldness of it, attracted general notice; public opinion said that 'he ought to be sent to Paris.' His master watched his progress 'with the astonishment of a hen who has hatched a young eagle,' and allowed him to work upon the religious paintings, which were his own speciality." In the Trinity Church at Cherbourg are still to be seen two large subjects of sacred history, in which Millet worked with Langlois, "on very delicate parts, too, such as the hands and draperies."

Finally, under date of the 19th of August, 1836, Langlois wrote a very eloquent letter to the Mayor and Municipal Council of Cherbourg, to engage their countenance and support of Millet, to enable him to continue his studies in Paris; and ventured his personal promise and assurance that, if they seized this opportunity of promoting the development of native genius, posterity would do them honour for "having been the first, on this occasion, to assist in endowing the fatherland with



THE GLEANERS. BY MILLET. *In the possession of Madame Pommeroy.*

one great man more." The Council unanimously voted Millet an annuity of four hundred francs, and, after some delay, the General Council of the Department of La Manche added six hundred francs, raising the whole "Scholarship" to forty pounds a year, to which, it is evident, he added, from the resources of the farm, as much as he required; for among the details of his life at Paris occur frequent holiday visits to his home.

Up to the age of twenty-two then, it will be perceived the life of Millet was a perfectly protected life, surrounded by friends, whose appreciation of his talents approached the level of flattery. All hardship, disappointment, or occasion for energy appears up to this date to have been wanting. The history of his poor mother is absolutely the only saddening influence hitherto recorded in his life. Nor was he a mere rustic deficient in mental culture; he was passionately fond of reading, and had been guided to the selection of authors likely to fan the poetry of his nature, and to enlarge his mind. "He read *everything*," he told M. Sensier, "from the *Almanach Boiteux* of Strasburg up to Paul de Kock, from Homer to Béranger; he had a passion for Shakespeare, Walter Scott, Lord Byron, the Faust of Goethe, and for German ballads. Victor Hugo and Chateaubriand had especially made a lively impression upon him." He obtained his books readily, at Cherbourg, from a young librarian's clerk of his acquaintance, a M. Feuardent, whose son, in later years, married Millet's eldest daughter.

M. Piedagnel, an intimate friend, gives also a list of Millet's favourite books. He heads it emphatically, with the Bible; which is followed by Theocritus, whom he prefers to Virgil, and he mentions, in addition to Sensier's list, Bernardin de St. Pierre and Lamartine.

Millet arrived in Paris in January, 1837, a proud, high-

principled, but hyper-sensitive, shy, and awkward-mannered youth, prompt to take offence, a little spoiled by flattery and success, more than a little homesick and faint-hearted, and, apparently, disposed to meet the great world in a spirit that precluded the possibility of success; moreover, one of those sons of genius to whom the realities of life are less real than the dreams of their inner world.

His good friends the notables had supplied him well with letters of introduction to persons who appear to have been well disposed to assist him. Mr. D, a maker of fans, offered him a home, "under conditions menacing to his liberty," which he refused to accept; Mr. L, a man "*grave et établi*," made no conditions and received him kindly. In the meantime he visits a Mr. George, Expert of the Royal Museums, who was enchanted with a "*grand diable de dessin*" after Jordaens, and said, "That is very good; you must stay with me; I will show you the Museums; I will introduce you to famous artists; I will enter you at the School of Fine Arts, where you shall compete for the prize, and I am sure you will win it before long"—but Millet, justified by Sensier, was repelled by this excess of kindness, even from a man of position beyond suspicion of motive, and leaving his drawing in Mr. George's hands, fled, and "*never went to see him again.*"

A dispute with Madame L. was, by his own account, of the most unromantic kind, a question of debtor and creditor in account, an overcharge for his lodging; but he left the house with an heroic outburst, "possessing," he says, "nothing but thirty sous and the clothes I was wearing." "For three days," he goes on to say, "I found refuge in a workman's lodging where they gave me credit, but I paid for my food with my miserable thirty sous;" and precisely in this critical

position M. Sensier leaves him, and resumes the narrative, *after the lapse of a year*, with a still more curious incident.

“I fell ill, and *à toute extrémité*; an unaccountable fever seized upon me, and deprived me of my senses; I was in a lethargy. I remained in this condition twenty-one days. I woke up in the country, under the trees, lying *in* a bed, and surrounded by people unknown to me. . . . Little by little my thoughts came back to me; then my strength, and I came to life again. I was with a friend of Mr. L., who had had me brought to Herblay, near Montmorency. I was well taken care of. We were then in June, in the haymaking season. . . . In a few weeks I was quite well. It was Mr. L. who had done me this service, how and by what means I never knew, for *I have never seen him again.*”

Not even to thank him. Millet was evidently the last boy in the world to send, dependent on his own freewill, alone to seek his fortune in Paris. “There were moments,” he is reported saying, “when I had a great longing to leave Paris and return to my village. I was so weary of my solitary life. I saw nobody. I never spoke a word to a living soul. I did not dare to inquire about anything, I had such fear of the mockery of people, and yet nobody was thinking of me. I had the awkwardness then that I have never lost, and with which I am afflicted now whenever I have to accost a stranger, or to make the most ordinary inquiry.”

His remarks on the paintings that he studied at the Louvre are charming in their direct simplicity:—

“The early masters attracted me by their admirable expression of sweetness, of holiness, and of fervour: the great Italians by their science and the charm of their composition. . . . But when I saw the drawing of Michael-Angelo, which represents a fainting man, it was *autre chose!* The expression of

the slackened muscles, the flat surfaces, the lines of this figure all relaxed by physical suffering, affected myself. I felt as if I was tormented with him."

Of Delaroche and others he says their theatrical *pose* and *mise-en-scène* inspired him with an aversion to the theatre and all belonging to it. "I have seen something of the theatrical world, and I am convinced that, by means of seeking to *put themselves into another person's skin*, they lost the consciousness of their own personality; they could only talk in the style of their parts; and truth, common sense, and simple feeling for the plastic arts abandoned them. I think that if you would make art true and natural, you must keep aloof from the theatre.

"It has been said that I had been much attracted by the masters of the eighteenth century because I did some *pastiches* in the style of Boucher and of Watteau. That is a mistake; my taste has never changed, and I have a very pronounced dislike to Boucher. Nor was Watteau my man. He was not the pornograph that Boucher was, but his was a petty theatrical world which pained me. I could see in it very well the charm of the palette and the refinement of expression, and even the pathos of those poor *boushommes de coulisses* doomed to be always laughing; yet the marionettes incessantly recurred to my mind, and I said to myself that all this little troupe would be presently put into a box after the entertainment, and there lament their destiny." Of Rembrandt he says:—"I only came to know him in later years; he did not repel me; he *blinded* me. I thought it would be required to *faire des statius* before entering into the genius of this man."

"I never tried to make copies of these masters. It seemed to me that any copy of them was impossible, and could have neither the spontaneity nor the *chaleur* of the original. I never

would make copies, not even of my own work ; I am incapable of that *besogne*."

"After Michael-Angelo and Poussin, I have held to my first liking for the early masters ; for those subjects simple as infancy ; for those unconscious expressions ; for those beings who say nothing, but feel themselves *overburdened by life* ;— who suffer patiently, without cries, without complainings, who bear the oppression of human law, and have not even an idea of seeking to be righted by any man."

He was hesitating in the choice of a studio to enter for technical instruction. The principal teachers of the day whom he mentions were Hersent, Drolling, Léon Cogniet, Abel de Pujol, and Picot, for none of whom he cared, and Ingres, "*dont je n'avais pas aperçu la moindre peinture ;*" finally, he chose Delaroche. One specimen of the untranslatable humour of the studio will serve to explain Millet's position there :—

"*Ah ça !*" says one of his comrades, "*est-ce que tu vas nous faire encore de tes fameuses figures, toi ? Vas-tu encore nous bâtir des hommes et des femmes à ta façon ? Tu sais bien, pourtant, que le patron n'aime pas ce genre à la mode de Caen, et qu'il t'a défendu de faire ainsi ta cuisine.*" "What is that to me?" replies Millet. "I do not come here for anybody's pleasure ; I come here because there are antiques and models here for my instruction—*et voilà tout ! Est-ce que je m'occupe de tes figures de miel ou de beurre, moi ?*"

He was working hard, not only in the studio but also in a little attic that he had rented on the Quai Malaquais, in the court of the Hôtel Pellapat ; and afterwards in another garret of the Rue d'Enfer, where he made portraits of the servants and the concierge, "and," it is added, "of the daughter of the concierge of M. L.— ; also of his coal merchant, and others."

He consistently preferred the freedom of his independent work to the academical task-work, which he describes as "*gymnastics*, in which men disguise their natural gifts to conform to academical tradition."

Millet was a self-taught man, not for want of teachers, but in stubborn opposition to vicious teaching, of which more than he wished for was thrust upon him. He announced his intention of competing for the Prix de Rome, but appears to have been candidly warned by Delaroche that he would not be allowed fair play in the competition, and retreated in disgust from the studio. Millet did not for this abandon his study of the antique, but "relying on himself for all his instruction, went *chez Suisse*, who kept an academy of models."

He brought with him from the studio a friendship which proved permanent, and influenced his early career in the direction of a closer contact with the Bohemian life of the artists and a loosening of old prejudice and principle. The name of his friend was Louis-Alexandre Marolle. He was the son of a manufacturer, who made him an allowance which "facilitated the art-existence to which he desired to devote himself," but did not suffice, with the addition of Millet's resources, to keep the friends from want. They rented together a small studio, No. 13, Rue de l'Est, and being hardly pressed for money, and Millet unable to find a market for any work of a more respectable kind, Marolle persuaded his friend to produce a number of pastels of what is called *facetious* tendency, in imitation of Watteau and of Boucher. The names of these little frivolities were invented by Marolle, and are humourous and suggestive: "The Animated Reading Desk," "Vert-Vert," "The Old Man's Almanack," "Soldier Making Love to a Nursemaid," "Novel Reading," "A Day at Trianon," and so forth. But sometimes



THE SHEPHERDESS. BY MILLET.

Bible subjects were selected, as "Jacob in Laban's House," "Ruth and Boaz," &c. The drawings sold for twenty francs each; but at this time Millet was glad to paint portraits for ten, or even five, francs apiece. But whilst he condescended to earn necessary funds by any kind of work that he could sell, he did not for a day lose sight of his great object, of study of the highest principles of art.

"He frequented the library of St. Genéviève, and studied there the best works on the human form, such as Albert Durer, Leonardo da Vinci, Jean Cousin—also Nicolas Poussin, whom he constantly admired; but above all others, Michelangelo. He read biographies, commentaries, correspondences and documents relating to this great man, whom he never ceased to regard as the noblest exponent of art. In all these investigations he took Marolle with him, *out of shyness*, to speak for him, and point out the authors and the works that he required. Marolle was the connecting link between Millet and the outer world, which then caused, and has always caused, him a sort of fear. Marolle accepted the position, and was most attentive."

The above carry on our narrative to the year 1840 (the twenty-seventh of Millet's life), when he first exhibited in the Salon. He sent in two portraits, one of Marolle, another of a relation; and the latter was admitted, but passed unnoticed by criticism. At the close of the exhibition Millet returned home to Normandy. And here M. Sensier, most unexpectedly, informs us that already in the previous years of his residence at Paris, "almost every year he had returned to breathe his native air, and to pass some pleasant weeks at Gruchy with his mother and grandmother, who looked upon him as a sort of prodigy, because he had been mentioned in the papers." During these visits, also, he had made several portraits of his family

and friends, "also of his mother and grandmother, who remained in the house of one of his brothers." There is some confusion here again, because the family house was transferred to a brother, and the mother and grandmother lived there.

In 1840 he made a long stay at Cherbourg, working again at the Museum there, and painting portraits of his friends. In 1841 he is again there, painting for the Municipal Council a portrait of a deceased member thereof—apparently from imagination, for he had nothing reliable to copy—and failing to satisfy the Council, he became pressed for money; worked very hard at portraits, and when these failed tried some pictures of local interest: *Sailors Patching a Sail*, *Fishermen Nearing a Bark*, *A Young Man Saving his Companion from the Water*, &c. And when he could not sell these, he was not too proud to make signboards: *The Little Milkmaid*, for a fancy warehouse; and a *Scene from our African Campaign*, for a tight-rope dancer, who paid him thirty francs, all in copper pieces; a *Horse*, for a veterinary surgeon; and a *Sailor*, for a sailmaker, &c. He painted at the same time for a friend, Dr. Asselin, a sacred subject: *Saint Barbe Carried Up to Heaven*, and in the background the *Decapitation* of that saint. He was paid 300 francs for this picture by Dr. Asselin, whose family, M. Sensier informs us, still possess it.

Amongst his portraits of this year was that of Mdlle. Pauline-Virginie Ono, to whom he was married in November, 1841. The bride and bridegroom stayed some days at his home at Gruchy, and there was a great feast, at which his grandmother made the following speech: "Remember, my François, that thou art a Christian before thou art a painter, and put not so noble a profession to the service of the enemies of religion; do

not offer sacrifice to immodesty. There have been, it is told, great saints who have done great works in painting; thou must imitate them."

The pious, but shrewd, old peasant woman may have heard of the Boucher *pastiches*, or of the circumstance that has led German writers to say of Millet's work, up to this period, that the only pictures in it deserving of mention are of "women bathing."

Early in the year 1842, he returned to Paris with his wife, and they took up their residence in a small lodging in the Rue Princesse, No. 5, where they remained enduring hardship until, in 1844, the young wife, who was always very delicate, died on the 21st April—and an inquiring friend, Mr. Eugène Tourneux, was met by the concierge with the announcement: "They were two in a small lodging; the husband and the wife. The wife is dead, and the husband has gone away, it is not known whither."

In 1842 he had sent in a portrait, and a picture for the Salon, but both were refused; in 1843 he did not exhibit, but in 1844 he had two pictures (pastels) in the Salon, *The Milkmaid*, and *The Riding Lesson*—the latter representing a group of children playing *horses*, one on the back of the other. Sensier says of it, "This is a grand composition, which Diaz and Eugène Tourneux pointed out to all the artists." It was noticed by Thore, who speaks of "M. Millet, the author of a small sketch *in the sentiment of Boucher*" (that would be *The Milkmaid*), "and of a large crayon drawing, very harmonious."

Millet is now thirty years of age, but his true mission in art is still to commence—nor is it worth while lingering over his work, or his history, of this period—in reality the closing years



THE MOWER.
From a Drawing by J. François Millet.

of that protracted apprenticeship, from which he issues about the year 1849, in his retirement at Barbizon, "as a finished and individual artist."*

Passing over then his classic, but remarkable, pictures of the infant *Œdipus Detached from the Tree*, exhibited in 1845, and the *Jews at Babylon*, in 1848, it is in the companion picture of this momentous year that he made his first essay in subjects of agricultural life, with the *Man Winnowing Corn*.

"In 1849 he begins to write the first pages of his work:—a yast poem, which might be named 'La Terre'—but, by the side of the painter of peasants, who puts on his true colours (*qui se revête pleinement*) in 1849, there is still, from 1848 to 1858, the author of a series of canvases, of which all look alike, and all are conceived in the same spirit, all have the same qualities, and the same faults, the same *cachet*. They are numerous, and represent, for the most part, women bathing, shown on backgrounds of verdure; amorous groups hidden among the foliage; bird-nesting, and other rustic idylls and episodes of the *vie champêtre*."—(Yriarte.)

"We may be deceived," he writes, after Millet's death, in another place, "but can only recal not more than *eighty* canvases signed with Millet's name, and in his definitive manner. He did not produce more than three works a year, but an enormous quantity of drawings and *pastels* quite as important as the paintings, and more *maître*. Although his work never reached a high price, he had a certain (sure) market, and a public restricted, but faithful. He had also fixed incomings based on the regular and incessant production of drawings and

* Mr. Henley divides Millet's life into three periods: 1814-37, his origin and education; 1837-49, his apprenticeship to art and his stay in Paris; 1849-75, his sojourn at Fontainebleau as a finished and individual artist.

crayons, which form at present a considerable collection in the hands of an amateur." "This admirable poet, still more a poet than a painter, has left behind him drawings in crayon which are masterpieces; he is the most sincere of naturalists, the most *pénétrant*, the most really tender," &c.—(*Jules Boissé, Musée Universel*, 1875.)

It is in these drawings, more than in his canvases, that the story of Millet's life is to be sought for; for, as Yriarte says, from the time of his retirement to Barbizon his work *was* his life. There were no remarkable episodes in his career; it was that of millions of domesticities; essentially a home life, and tranquil, for we refuse, absolutely, to give credence to M. Albert Wolff's ghastly picture of the starving family going supperless to bed, the children whining for food, and the arrival of the good angel Diaz, with a pocketful of victuals, and sixty francs from Paris—all by the dim light of an expiring fire.

It is credible, looking at the records of public sales, at a time when he was certainly a poor man, that by some dealer, or dealers, he was egregiously cheated in the price of his drawings; probably by the same who were assisting at the ruin of Rousseau; probably, also, the shy, nervous man was wax in their hands, and allowed them to pose before the world as his dearest friends, whereby the pursuits of profit and praise were compatible with keeping the poor painter *low*; but they would never have allowed him to sink to the danger of the slackening of his producing energies under the pressure of tangible distress; that would not be their policy.

From existing records of the details of sales by auction at the Hotel Drouot, a strong indictment could be drawn against all and sundry who had dealings with Millet, say during the last ten years of his life, which left him, domesticated and thrifty husband that he was, a poor man.

No doubt Millet was cursed with the exasperating, sluggish *patience* of the peasant, and the virtue of discontent was foreign to him, in material life, and his energies, in the struggle with poverty, would be directed more to saving than to winning—a slowly degrading habit which culminates in the sacrifice of the natural affections, so that you may see at last, Millet's *mother* sacrificed to "the fields and the stables," like the women one used to see harnessed to barges on the canals about Calais, while their husbands smoked and steered. The pathos of the peasant's life is a brutalising pathos, and Millet knew that, and painted it, with a brutal fidelity—and the unjust stewards of the old revolution, and the professional demagogues of 1848 did not like this. They wanted their peasants *endimanchés*, in Sunday best—and it took time for the great heart of Society to receive the lesson that Millet's silent witnesses were teaching—for French revolutions, hitherto, have taken little account of the patient peasantry, unless, now and then, as a stalking horse, or as food for powder—and Republicans do not love to be reminded that all the agrarian misery that sent Louis XVI. to the scaffold outlasted their glorious episode of Liberty and Fraternity.

The following, from the pen of M. Ernest Chesneau, is a typical criticism of Millet's peasant (it is written in 1862) :—
"One seems to recognise not an individual, but a Type—the type of the country *crétin*. It is not pleasant to see, but the truth, even horrible, exerts such attraction on the human soul that one relititates one's self in this meeting. By-and-bye as the picta res of M. Millet pass in succession before the eyes of the amateur, he recognises, presently, that it is always the same *crétin*, the same idiot, who is presented to him ; and, in the end, this grows the more wearisome that the spectacle is not redeemed by any variety of execution. If, pushed by

curiosity, you seek in the catalogue what can these monsters be, whom the painter takes pleasure in reproducing without rest or respite, what is your stupefaction, when you learn that he pretends to nothing less than to represent the laborious race of our fields; the strong stock of the people, from which are recruited our armies, so intelligent and so brave! *Then* the error, or the *parti pris* of the artist appears in its enormity; and one turns away for ever from pictures which, by the way, do not hold you by any picturesque quality ever so little striking."

That this tone of criticism endured so late as the English Exhibition of 1862, that M. Chesneau, of all men, was not even then converted to sympathy with him, is a light upon the uphill struggle of the painter's "apostolic" life.

Technical criticisms of his work, like obsolete nostrums of the doctors, have lost their value by subsequent contradiction, but it was by no means admitted by the contemporaries of Millet's earlier Barbizon time, that he knew how to paint. The almost universal criticism that he preferred ugliness to beauty, is scarcely technical. In his oil paintings, says a great German critic, "War der Auftrag anfangs zu schwer, um den Figuren Körper zu geben; dies verlor sich jedoch allmählich."*

Edmond About, writing in 1855 (International Exhibition), attributes to his work, "breadth of drawing, austerity of style, irreproachable taste.—Do you remember his *Sower*?—A grand painting!—His *Peasant Grafting a Tree*?—painted in the same style of wisdom and simplicity. The country is in keeping—rustic and simple—but not to nudity. The excess of this manner would be to empty pictures—by force of discarding superfluities, one would exclude even the necessary." (This

* Translation.—"Although in the earlier stages of his career, the thickness of the impasto interfered with a delicate modelling of the figures, his later works gradually improve in this particular."



THE SPINNER. BY MILLET.

In the possession of M. Coquelin, aîné, Paris.

picture of a *Peasant Grafting a Tree* was the one which, M. Sensier tells us, his friend Rousseau bought from him in 1855, for four thousand francs.)

A notice by Ph. Burty, the reporter upon Art sales to the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, consequently a leading voice of criticism, says in 1859—"By force of aiming at style in the pose and the adjustment, and by force of heaviness in his colour, M. Millet seems to be seeking his ideal in the Nineveh bas-relief, and the sky is nothing to him but a transparency in front of which Etruscan shadows dance."

I have selected the above from a large number of disparaging criticisms, because, closely considered, they are based upon truth, and refer, with exaggeration, to qualities attributed to him by favouring critics with the highest praise. Austerity, rigid simplicity, and barbaric dignity are the qualities I refer to—conceived by the poet, and expressed with consummate technical skill by the painter.

From the year 1849, his work is his biography: he begins his real life then, after eighteen years' apprenticeship, and in the thirty-fifth year of his age.

II.

All who have studied the biography of Millet have said one thing, *una voce*:—that his work was the echo of his life—and with a perfect frankness and candour, he made it so; and the poison that student life in Paris inoculated in him worked itself off, not in practical vice, but in painting morbid imaginations thereof—until, all in a moment, an accidental *rencontre* in the street came to warn him that it was mischief he was

ministering to, and from that hour his canvases were pure ; and, like a reward for his good resolution, rose through their purity, to earnestness, finally to the sublime.

In 1845, he had contracted a second marriage with Catherine Lemaire, and on his way to Paris, in November of that year, made a short stay at Havre, where he painted an immense number of portraits and nude pictures, to the taste of the ships' captains and mariners of the port, sinking very low. The series culminated in a *Temptation of Saint Jerome*, which, by Sensier's description of it, was outrageous. "Millet, brush in hand, sometimes went to an extreme in depicting passion" ; and finally, there was an exhibition of all his "sujets les plus scabreux," of the rumour of which his people at home appear to have heard, and his grandmother writes :

"My dear child, you tell us that you are going to work for the exhibition ; you have not told us if you reaped any benefit from those quantities of pictures that you exhibited at Havre. We cannot understand why you refused the appointment at the college at Cherbourg" (this alludes to a Professorship he had refused to accept). "Seest thou elsewhere a greater advantage at Paris than among thy relations and thy friends ? You tell us that you are about to make the portrait of Saint Jérôme, groaning over the dangers to which he found himself exposed in his youth. Ah ! my dear child, after his example make the same reflections, and deduce from them a holy profit ! Follow the example of that man of thine own profession, who used to say 'I paint for eternity.' For no cause whatever permit thyself to work evil, nor to lose sight of the presence of God ! With Saint Jérôme, think incessantly that you hear the sound of the trumpet that shall summon us all to judgment ! &c.—Thy Grandmother, LOUISE JUMELIN."

On the proceeds of his exhibition, 900 francs, he brought

his wife on to Paris, in December, and there lodged in great poverty in the Rue Rochechouart, No. 42 bis. The *Saint Jérôme* picture was rejected for the Salon, and Millet painted over it his *Œdipus*.

Eugène Tourneux and the good Diaz became his friends in this year, 1846. It is marked, however, by an immense number of studies from the nude, for these were, unfortunately, the only subjects that he was able to find a market for, and he was reduced, with his wife and babies, to the verge of starvation; Sensier gives a harrowing description of the distress that he suffered, and of the shifts that he was put to, and quotes, among other transactions *by sale or barter*, the following: "Six beautiful drawings for a pair of shoes; four portraits of Diaz, Barye, Victor Dupré, and Vechte, life size to the bust, for *five francs* apiece; and any number of charming sketches, at prices ranging from five francs to *one!*" In the meantime M. Charles Jacque collected in his studio all pieces of paper that he could find with *indications*, or studies from nature, and bought them, that they might not be used to light the fire with.

But, also in the meantime, his talent was attracting notice. Joseph Guichard, a pupil of Ingres, a scholastic theorist in *isms*, "who was dreaming of a fusion of Classicism with Romanticism and Naturalism," said "that Millet was more touching than Corot, and more impulsive (*imprévu*) and more tender than the best of the new school of painters."

Finally, Ledru Rollin ordered from him a picture of the price of 1,800 francs, and he chose for its subject *Hagar and Ishmael*; but when he had almost finished it he changed it to an agricultural subject of *Haymakers Resting*, making at the same time a resolution to paint no more studies from the nude, nor of objectionable tendency. For "one evening, in front of

the shop window of Deforge, he saw two young men looking at a picture of his *Baigneuses*, and one said, 'Do you know the author of this picture?' the other answered, 'Yes, it is by a man named Millet, who paints nothing but nude women!' And he was so shocked and humiliated by this incident, that, after explaining to his wife the difference that it would make to their means of living, he engaged, with her approbation, to do no more such pictures."

In this year, 1848, Millet, like all other Parisians, was called upon to shoulder a musket, and guard the sittings of the Parliament. He assisted also at the storming of the barricades of the Quartier Rochechouart, and he witnessed the death of the commander of the insurgents. "He returned," says Sensier, "disgusted and indignant with our Parisian massacres," and went away to the country, to the Plain of Montmartre, or Saint Ouen, and on the following morning he produced a number of sketches of impressions received in his walk. But his disgust of bloodshed did not extend to his theory of Liberty, when competing for a prize offered for a design of this much calumniated goddess, he depicted her, 1, Running, sword in hand, dragging after her the "*carcasses of kings*," and, 2, seated on a throne, spear in hand, contemplating her enemies conquered, and *heaped up at her feet*. These designs, however suited to the public of the day, were *not* appreciated.

In this year he was laid up by a great illness. In June, 1849, he received from Ledru Rollin the price of his picture of the *Haymakers*, and it being cholera season, left Paris, with his friend Jacque, for Barbizon, where the two families lodged with *le père Ganne*, and where they found before them Théodore Rousseau, Hugues Martin, Belly, Louis Leroy, and Clerget; they had *pension* with Ganne, but hired studios of peasants; and Millet found the return to country life so con-

genial to him, that he decided to stay at Barbizon, *some time*, with the result that he did so for the remainder of his life.

There are many descriptions of Millet's house in Barbizon.* M. Piedagnel, writing on the spot, calls it "a *maisonnette*, literally covered with a thick cloak of clematis, of ivy, and of 'jasmine of Virginia'—the small painted door, which was at one time white, standing hospitably open; the large front garden in beautiful disorder, flowers, vegetables, and fruits intermingled without any regard to symmetry. A climbing rose-tree seems to be trying to enter by the upper windows, and the garden is hedged with sweet-briar and elders, twined with convolvulus." On the ground-floor, near the entrance, is the studio. M. Yriarte took notes of the interior of this studio: "A large room and very empty, with an enormous press in it where Millet used to keep his unfinished pastels; a great many casts from the antique, and metopes of the Parthenon, and a *Wedding Feast* of Breughel, and another Flemish picture."

Sensier says that Millet's "occupations were twofold. In the morning he dug his garden, and after breakfast he retired to a low-roofed, cold, and dark hall, which he called his studio. This shady retreat he rather liked, and there he composed most of his work, and thence emanated from his poetic brain all his compositions, sketches, 'croquis' or 'dessins.'

"His first vision" (1849) "was a Biblical suggestion, *Ruth and Boaz*, which he threw on the wall in charcoal—a true peasant Ruth and Boaz of the Ile de France; a scene of harvesting, in which, as in Scripture, the master of the field surprises a young gleaner, and leads her, all bashful, to the rustic feast." This will have been the original thought for the *Moissonneurs* of 1852.

But out in the forest every day produced its record of

* Now pulled down.



PEASANT CHOPPING WOOD.
From a Drawing by J. François Millet.

sketches of forest life. "Sawyers cutting up gigantic trees, woodcutters, charcoal-burners, quarrymen emaciated by their frightful occupation, poachers, stone-breakers, *cantonniers*, ploughmen, haymaking women, woodsplitters, and so forth." And from the rough outdoor jottings he afterwards composed, and finished carefully, "a series of small drawings which seemed to formulate the whole existence of a peasant. First, the man of the soil, in blouse and sabots, the hero of the work, the starting point; secondly, the peasant girl, young, strong, and handsome; and, finally, a series of episodes of rustic life, from the mother amusing her child to the poor old crone going out to gather dry sticks of wood, and carrying home on her miserable shoulders the faggot, four times as big as herself, crushing her."

It is in these and similar drawings, rather than in his great exhibited pictures, that the motive of Millet's work is shown. In them "he takes the man and the woman of the fields," as Silvestre writes, "at all the stages of their life, from infancy to youth, from youth to maturity, from maturity to decrepitude, with the firmest logic, the most precise observation, but without any *parti pris* of ugliness or of beauty."

M. Silvestre sings the whole drama to the drawings that he has before him as he writes: "Millet's *baby*, in the magnificent drama, *La Veillée*, shines in the light of the lamp like an infant Jesus under the halo; but see him again in the open air in the arms of an elder brother, not himself very large. The tree sheds its freshness over them, the chickens run about, the ducks gabble, and all the scene around is a poem of infantile beatitude.

"He grows a little, and, with other boys and girls, drives the geese to the marshes, a green twig for his whip, and the geese look so big and so solemn that it seems to be rather

they who are taking care of the children ; then there are little girls sleeping under the hedges in the shade, or riding on a gate, fresh, pretty little girls, a little rough and wild, with cheeks tingling from the freshness of the air ; they are not yet hardened by work nor tanned by the sun.

“Look at those two searching the nut bushes, neglecting the care of the cattle ; at that sheep bleating after another little girl, who carries its lamb in her apron, and who turns back with an infinite sweetness to look consolingly at the mother ! Look at the two shepherdesses, one upright, attentive, the other in a sort of ecstasy gazing upwards at a long flight of wild geese far away in the sky !

“The habit of the contemplative life, of the Infinite always visible, adds even to the faces of shepherdesses an expression which makes them like Joans of Arc or Sainte Genévièves listening to voices or expecting apparitions. The woman of Millet is never ugly.”*

Next in order come his representations of the marriage bond of the children of labour, resembling that of two animals coupled in their harness to one yoke together : “One couple, newly married, are setting out to their work ; the wife is hooded with a great basket thrown over her head, and is carrying the jug that holds her husband’s drink. He, with the

* “Very different from the mannerists *en laid*,” says Théophile Gautier, “who, under a pretext of realism, substitute the hideous for the true, Millet seeks and attains ‘style’ in his representations of types and country scenes ; he knows how to introduce a rare grandeur, and nobility, without diluting in any way their rusticity. Why should not peasants have ‘style’ as well as heroes ?” “Millet,” says Paul Mantz, “is the first painter of rustic life who breaks with the vulgarities of a meagre realism, and, dignifying at once the sentiment and the form, has shown that the rude labours of the fields have also their poetry and their heroism.”

spade under his arm and the fork on his shoulder, walks by her side, and together they inhale the morning air.

"Again, in the torrid glow of noon, he shows us them, barefooted, asleep in the shadow of the ricks of hay.

"The day declines, and in the dusk we see the husband working alone, without the help of horse or plough, beating his old worn-out spade on the stubborn clods and flints of the little clearing: the man is now working on his own account.

"Soon the evening star appears, and then he straightens his back and puts his jacket on, with an admirable gesture, which is in itself a song of 'the day's work done.'" The eloquence of true feeling that Millet inspires his critics with is a lasting tribute to his genius, now that the slight sketches and crayon drawings in which he did his best work are scattered in private collections, for it must be borne in mind always that the best of his work is that which the general public has never seen. M. Yriarte, a fine word-painter, follows out Millet's "eclogue" in much the same strain as Amand Silvestre: "At the door of his studio, near a wood, Millet assists at the eternal mystery, and the joy of the seed-time, and paints his *Sower*,"*

* Alluding to the old-world reverence for this function of the husbandman, Sensier says: "I have seen men who would not set foot on the prepared soil without having thrown into the air, in the form of a Cross, a handful of the corn." But, "The artists and the critics saw in the *Sower* a stern figure with a threatening action, who seemed to be sending up to heaven handfuls of small shot (*mitraille*) as a protest against the misery of the working-man. People found, then-a-days, in every scene of contemporary life, some allusion to politics, and protests against 'social egotism.'" "The *Sower* of M. Millet recalls to us the impression of the description by Madame Georges Sand of the tilling of the land and the farm labour, in the early pages of *La Mare au Diable*. The night is about to fall, and to spread abroad its grey veils over the brown land. The sower marches in a rhythmic step, casting the grain into the furrow, and he is followed by a flight of pilfering birds; gloomy rags are his covering; his head is

with a gesture full of beauty confiding to the womb of the earth the seed that she will restore a hundredfold.

“And again—when the grain has germinated, the blade of grass become an ear, the wind in the fields passed undulating through the heavy-headed corn, and the time for harvest arrived—he paints the *Reapers*; or, in another field, the labourers building the massive stack of hay, sloping it on one side against the impending storm, where, on the skirt of the forest, a black cloud charged with rain is struggling with the pale autumn sun; and the artist paints this broad landscape where, stooping to the weight of their forks, active, panting for breath, the *Haymakers* redouble their energy to finish their task before the rain comes down.

“Choose among his drawings where you will, you will find in them every stanza of the poem of varied episodes: the *Peasant Grafting*, of 1855; the *Woman Shearing a Sheep*, of 1861; the *Potato Harvest* and the *Shepherd Leading his Flock Home*, of 1863; the *Men Carrying Home a Calf Dropped in the Fields*, of 1864. And the indoor scenes: the *Veillée*, the *Woman Carding Wool*, the *Return from Work*, the *Woman Churning*, the *Lessiveuse* (washerwoman), are each an episode, a chapter of the tale.

coiffed by a sort of *bizarre* bonnet; he is bony, *hâve*, and meagre, underneath this livery of poverty, and yet life spreads from his broad hand, and, with a proud gesture, he, who has nothing, is spreading over the earth the bread of the future. At the other side of the hill a last ray of light shows a pair of oxen coming to the end of their furrow, strong and gentle companions of man, whose reward will one day be the butchery. This *lueur* (glare or glimmer of light) is the only *clair* of the picture bathed in a sorrowful shadow and presenting to the eyes only, under a sky of clouds, a black soil newly torn (*écorchée*) by the plough. Of all the peasants sent in to the Salon this year, the *Sower* is far away the one we prefer. There is grandeur and style in this figure of the violent action, of the *tournure* proudly *délabrée* (ragged), and which seems as if it had been painted with the earth he is scattering his seed upon.”—*Théophile Gautier*.



WOMAN SHEARING A SHEEP.
From a drawing by J. François Millet.

“And, after the peasant’s life, he paints the poetry of the fields and the hours of the day—*Morning*, with tender-toned clouds streaked with rosy beams of the advancing light—the hot hour of *Noon*, and the repose of the reapers when—

‘Midi, roi des étés, épandu sur la plaine,
Tombe, en nappe d’argent des hauteurs du ciel bleu.’

Evening, melancholy and silent, when it seems as if, little by little, black veils, gradually thickening, fall down one by one and envelop the earth; and the skirt of the forest is uncertain—(Is that a tree, or the indistinct outline of a haystack, or the farm-house roof, standing out against the sky?)

‘Prends garde de choir—
La terre le soir
Est brune!’

And *Night*, contemplative, peaceful, full of vague sounds like sighs. Look!—

‘Voyez! La lune monte à travers le feuillage:
Ton regard tremble encor, belle reine des nuits.’

“This glance which ‘trembles still’; these indefinable impressions, and especially this scintillation of the orb of night—Millet has rendered them more perfectly than anybody else in the *Parc aux Moutons*.” And, in connection with night, M. Yriarte dwells upon that beautiful domestic interior, *La Veillée*, tracing the weary labourer home to his “ain fireside.”

“By the light of a lamp which sparkles, the wife is knitting; the man is weaving a basket; the child in the cradle is sleeping under its mother’s eye. The fire lies smouldering under hot ashes; the sleepy cat is rubbing against the wainscot. Outside of the pale radiance of the lamp all forms are stunted (*estompées*) and indistinct. The whole picture breathes of peace, silence, and poverty. The man who painted such scenes one feels had *lived* that life.”

(We may add, the man who painted such scenes could not find buyers for them in Paris at five pounds apiece !)

Another eloquent writer who finds inspiration in Millet is M. Paul Mantz. We select his description in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* of the powerful picture—after the *Angelus* perhaps the most elevated in sentiment that Millet ever painted, yet refused by the Jury of 1859—of *Death and the Woodcutter*, “the fable that exposes the eternal cowardice of man, prostrate under all torments, but preferring to the death which would release him the misery of life. The old man, crushed with weariness, has fallen down panting and exhausted, powerless to renew his struggle of every day. He has invoked Death, and Death has come to him, draped in a white shroud which gives prominence to the meagre skeleton, carrying in one hand the symbolical sand-glass, and in the other the scythe that is ever sharp. . . . The moral impression produced by this picture is admirably accurate—all that the brush of M. Millet has written or indicated the intellect can read as in a book of truth. . . . Death is wisely, nobly veiled, to hide all ugliness ; the artist has refused to show *his* face ; the white spectre, therefore, preserves its mystery ; *he* remains the great Unknown. As to the woodcutter—very true is his attitude, and wonderfully expressive the face, the action, the mimic art ; but, for such a subject, he might be more sculptural and more *beau*.”

M. Mantz shows a higher appreciation in his criticism of the companion picture, admitted in the Salon (1859), the *Woman Tending a Cow*. “This will never be M. Millet’s best picture,” he says, “and yet what a *fier* aspect the little canvas has ! What mystery ! What a silent calm ! What an admirable elimination of all that is meagre in the reality, and of all that is vulgar ! This is the method of the great masters of design, seeking the grand in the simple, and suppressing the accidental

to attain the universal. Men of humour may smile, the Academies may deceive themselves, the indifferent may pass without looking and without understanding; their mockery, their misunderstanding, their scorn, will change nothing of the final result, and in a time that will soon draw near M. Millet will be saluted as a master."

Yet another great critic deserves quotation, if only to emphasise the paradox of Millet's fame and Millet's poverty. M. Petroz describes the *Gleaners* in the Salon of 1857:—"The injustice of certain social inequalities, the bad distribution of wealth, the extreme abundance in which some live, the penury in which the great number vegetate, are at least as striking in the fields as in the city. No composition has, in our time, better made this felt than the *Gleaners*.* Three poor peasant women, covered in miserable rags, but decent, pass by picking up here and there some meagre ears of corn, whilst at the extremity of that field in which they wander bent double over the ground, a number of reapers, overlooked by the proprietor, or the farmer, pile sheaf on sheaf, and heap into lofty stacks the abundant harvest. Nothing more simple—nothing less pretentious—nothing looking less directed to *proving* anything of any kind—nothing less suggestive of invention or artifice—and yet! the impression produced is as vivid as it is profound; the idea of the composition stands out clear, precise, striking, and the moral of the subject springs naturally from the subject itself. The *Gleaners*, from every point of view, is among the most important and the most complete of Millet's works."

A noticeable feature in the criticisms of all these professional critics is that, in respect of Millet, they forget to criticise, are carried away like the first Philistine by the "literary" merit

* This picture has lately been purchased, for about £12,000, by Madame Pommery, of Rheims, who has bequeathed it to the Louvre at her death.

of the subject. M. Petroz has another charming notice—of the *Peasant Grafting*—which exemplifies this remark:—“Family life, the reciprocal affection of husband and wife, the love of the father and mother for the child, have often, in far-away country places, a tranquillity, a gravity, a moral beauty, a something primitive and powerful which is rarely found elsewhere. The *Peasant Grafting a Tree* is a faithful image thereof. In the middle of one of those enclosures, half courtyard and half garden, which front country houses, a man who has just been cutting a tree below the branches, holds in his left hand a graft, which, with the right, he inserts in the wood prepared to receive it. His wife, carrying in her arms their child, still in swaddling clothes, is watching with interest the head of the family who, absorbed in his work, accomplishes one of the important acts of his existence, following out reverently consecrated custom. Round about them all breathes of order, propriety, and modest prosperity; their clothes have neither stain nor rent, but show the effect of the housewife’s care. This man, grafting a tree under the eyes of his wife, at the time when a son had recently been born to them, represents admirably—one cannot deny it—our French peasants, laborious, thrifty, planted, so to say, in the soil, living and dying in the places of their birth, which they are never induced to abandon by the love of adventure or the inducement of gain; and the *ensemble* of this scene so full of truth has a character patriarchal, symbolical, quasi-religious.”

Can anything be less like an art-criticism, or more indicative of Millet’s attainment of that point in art where those who looked at his pictures were charmed by the truth of them into forgetfulness of their method of manufacture? There is, however, a little more of the technical in Paul Mantz’s notice of the *Gleaners*; but the criticism is from a lofty “standpoint”

still. He calls the picture "one of the Master's austere works. This picture has the *colour of the summer*; in its gamut of pale grey, in the harshness of the calm of its sky, is felt the exhaustion of the days of August, and that gloom of silence which there is nothing but the grasshopper's note to disturb. Harvest is finished; stooping over the soil, now stripped of its garments, a few poor women are come to fetch the wasted ears of corn. They bend down low, and the identity of their movement allows the lines to be repeated in a sort of parallelism full of character and solemnity. In this effect, purposely monotonous, there is an effort of design, a research of rhythm, which one does not often meet in modern work."

"To an Englishman," says Mr. Henry Wallis, "his works are suggestive of the poetry and sentiment of Burns, and the sympathetic feeling for nature of Wordsworth. He had the art of introducing into pictures of modern French pastoral life, while retaining the truthfulness of nature, all the elevated qualities of the best artistic culture to be found in the works of the great masters. Those who remember the *Angelus du Soir* in the Exposition of 1867, well know this is no exaggeration. The picture represents a couple of peasants, man and woman, who, while at work in the field, hear the bell of the distant church tolling the *Angelus*. They stop work, reverently bowing their heads in silent prayer. For expression of devotion equally genuine we must go back to the works of the early Italian masters."*

* At the Secrétan Sale in Paris in July, 1889, the *Angelus* was, after a scene of unwonted excitement, knocked down to M. Antonin Proust—acting on behalf of those who desired that it should remain in France—for 553,000 francs (£22,120), which, with the usual 5 per cent. charged in France, amounts to £23,226. The French Government, however, decided not to purchase the painting at this high price, and M. Proust accordingly resigned it, at the above price, to a syndicate of American gentlemen who



THE ANGELUS. BY MILLET. Formerly in the Sacréan Collection.

Millet is so great a master, the result that he achieves is so admirable, that the careful and skilled valuation of his excellencies in detail by competent students of his work is most valuable, and, in effect, this is his true biography, for the gaining of another step in art, the discovery of a new lesson in nature, would be valued by himself as the important incidents of his life.

Théophile Silvestre analyses his work in great detail—"Millet paints the TREE marvellously"—he says—"Young elms of the wild stock, badly planted with shoots leathery and hard; apple-trees with pruned branches that look like a wound on a man; dead birches crowned by a living offshoot. The *movement* of the trunk, the insertion of the branches, indicate the breed. Millet notes their slow growth and expresses it by ligneous spirals, and their *plantation circumsaillante*, that is to say, the swelling that the roots give to the land in which they are planted. But, admirably as he sees the tree, the tree does not hinder him from seeing the forest in its unity, magnificent and *redundant*. Neither the tree nor the forest is inert; the tree has breath, the forest has motion."

"Nobody has done WATER better than Millet—whether it be the sea, dense and saline, slow in draining in drops from the blades of the oars, or the fluid and swiftly-escaping water of the rivers, or the dead water of the marshes, which shines like a tin plate under the breast of a drinking cow."

"But, especially, nobody has ever rendered like him the had been the next highest bidders. But from a note in the "Guide de l'Amateur d'Œuvres d'Art" (Nov., 1889), we learn that the vicissitudes of the *Angelus* are not yet at an end. The American Customs authorities, who claimed no less than £7,000 duty, consented to waive it on condition that the picture did not remain more than six months in America and was not resold there. It is not unlikely, therefore, that it may again return to Europe and perhaps visit England.

aspects of the sky, as deep, in his pictures, as the earth is solid and firm ; and the changes of the atmosphere, the promise of rain, or the threat of drought, in their subtlest *nuances*. Nobody has rendered like him the sounds and the silences of nature—a gloomy sky traversed by white pigeons, sudden gleams of light flitting over a village, dry leaves flying about, a shepherdess sheltering from the storm—and that is sufficient to give you a *penetrating sensation* of wind and storm.” Then “the SNOW covers the land—what a *morne tristesse* ! Make a few horsemen pass under this sky—lose here and there a few corpses, and this corner of a field at Barbizon will become more terrible than the battlefield of Eylau. In another place the snow is luminous and virginal. It is the first snow, scarcely hiding the grass. You can hear the piping of the birds !—In another picture, ‘A farm-yard is silent under the moon ; but the watch-dog is there awake ; touch the fence only, and he will bark. The imminence of sound makes the silence felt.’”

Edmond About tells us of the man himself :—“Millet is as silent as M. Courbet is boisterous. No man knows Millet but his own friends. *He* has never set up a shop ; *he* has never beaten a drum ; he has quietly digested the rigour of the juries, and the applause of the public. Far away from Paris, he lives as a peasant among peasants, he labours in the midst of the labour of the country, *he simply lives and he paints.*”

And Millet tells us something of himself :—“There are some who tell me,” he writes in 1863, “that I deny the charms of the country ; I find in it something far higher than charms—*infinite glories*. I can see in it, as well as they, the little flowers of which the Saviour said that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them. I see very well the golden aureoles of the dandelions, and the sun also, which spreads

abroad, down there far away beyond the fields, his glory in the clouds; but not the less for that, in the plains I see the smoke of the horses at the plough, or, on a stony-hearted spot of land, a back-broken man (I have been listening to his 'han's' since the morning) painfully trying to raise himself upright for a moment to breathe. The tragedy is surrounded by glories—that is no invention of mine—the expression *le cri de la terre* was invented long ago.”—J. F. Millet.*

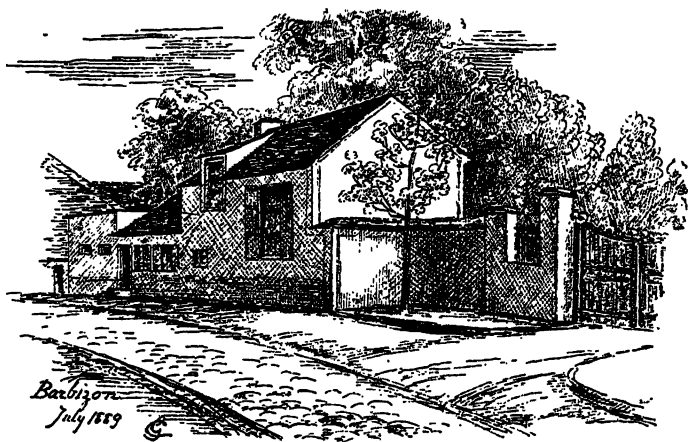
And as to the incidents of Millet's life. He retired to Barbizon in 1849 with his wife and children, and lived there until his death in 1875. He was plundered, like Rousseau, by false friends, who kept him in indigence while they acquired his invaluable drawings on which they subsequently became rich.† The only romance of his married life is the sad, patient struggle with poverty, which assimilated his fortune and his mind to the poor peasants around him, and out of his poverty the world is enriched by his stern yet pitiful representation of that of the peasantry.

Charles Timbal, a consistent disparager of his work, says, after a severe criticism :—“Anyway, if Millet's work raises controversy that cannot be called unjust, his life shows nothing but a long and honourable example to which it is easy to pay homage. It was all taken up in work; the love of his own family was its dearest joy; the sounds of Paris died on the

* The letter is reproduced by Jules Clarétie.

† On the other hand, William Morris Hunt, a pupil of Couture, who had lived in Paris for several years, and who had conceived a great admiration for Millet's works, established himself at Barbizon in order to study quietly the man and the painter. Whilst there Mr. Hearn, painter, and Mr. Babcock (to whom Millet had given lessons in 1848) visited him, and thus was formed a coterie of artists who aided him by their friendship and sympathy, and lightened his poverty by purchasing his pictures. Amongst others, Hunt bought his *Sheep Shearer* and *The Shepherd*, both of 1853.

threshold of the modest house that the painter had chosen for himself on the skirts of the forest of Fontainebleau. Nothing was heard there but the laughter of a numerous family of which the father was the support and the friend. Others have narrated elsewhere this career, commenced in the peasant's blouse and almost all passed in the fields and woods. Tender hands have sown poesy over this honest tomb, and connected,

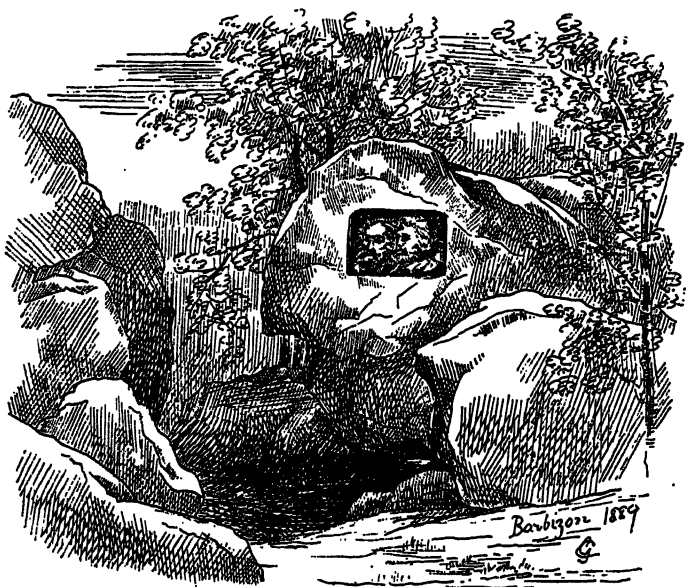


MILLET'S STUDIO AT BARBIZON.

so to speak, each of the virtues of Millet to the works that he left behind him. But," he goes on to remind his readers, "the tenderness of memory, really touching as it is, cannot long suspend the critic's rights; and it is no default of the respect due to pious tears to discuss the claims and the talents of him for whom they flow; and, after all, the highest eulogium that we can engrave on a tomb, is it not that which Millet has earned:—

'Il fut un homme de bien.'"

Near the entrance of the forest of Fontainebleau, the friends of Rousseau and Millet have placed—high on a rock where it cannot fail to be noticed—a large bronze plaque, containing splendidly modelled portraits of these artists, who lived so long within its shades and painted so many of its beauties. These portraits are by the celebrated sculptor, Chapu, who worked for them as a labour of love.





BAS-RELIEFS OF ROUSSEAU AND MILLET. BY CHAPU.

Placed on a rock in the Forest of Fontainebleau, near Barbizon.

THÉODORE ROUSSEAU.

I.

PIERRE-ÉTIENNE-THÉODORE ROUSSEAU, the son of a clothier, was born in Paris in the year 1812. His biography is told at great length by M. Alfred Sensier, whose narrative is principally valuable for the running commentary it gives on the painter's work, and on the influence which he is assumed to have received from the scenery and surroundings of the various places that he chose for his residence. It is obvious that the mere outlines of biographical fact are selected with an object, and even in his preface M. Sensier appears to warn the reader that this will be the case. "I will not be impartial," he writes, "but I will try to be truthful. I do not pretend to the altitude of history," &c.

The suppressions refer, in all probability, to Rousseau's connection, whatever it was, with the agencies of the slumbering volcano of revolution which exploded in 1848, and with the notorious Thoré, a man at the head of all the most mischievous socialisms of the period, with whom, at a critical period of his entrance into life Rousseau lodged and lived, and was on terms of German "Bruderschaft." This man, affiliated with the Carbonari and with the false religions of Saint-Simon, Fourier, and his imitators, welcomed above all things any up-

setting of the old routines, in Art as well as in Society. Romanticism was for him one protest more against the ancient order. "Hitherto," he said, "Art has been devoted to Gods and Princes; the time is now come to devote it to Man."

"*À société nouvelle, Art nouveau!*" Thore wrote. Rousseau was to Thore and his associates of *La Liberté* the cat's-paw to take the chestnuts out of the fire. They laid hold of him in 1830, a boy of eighteen, and kept him in disrepute with the quiet world, and especially with the authorities of the Institute, until the long struggle ended in the Revolution in 1848; but many of the best years of the young painter's life had been spoiled by it, and the principles of Romanticism in landscape especially, came before the world as a part of the uniform of the enemies, not of the monarchy alone, but of the Christian religion and the institution of the Family itself.*

The biography of Rousseau is interesting from its commencement. His family had its own traditionary connection with Art; his great-grandfather had been a "Gilder of the King's Equipages," and intimate with painters of the King's household; his uncle Colombet was a portrait painter of such refinement of sensibility that he fled from his native country and died in exile in Chandarnagar, in India, because he once saw a sign-board on a shop, painted by a fellow-student, and nobly "refused to inhabit a country where an artist could stoop to such a task." His mother's second cousin was a landscape painter, famous for introducing *donkeys* into all his landscapes. "The donkeys of Saint-Martin had become a familiar thing, and he was recognised by this *prédilection naturaliste*."

It was to him that the future painter used to go on his holidays from his school at Auteuil, and with the scrapings of his palette began to paint, copying the pictures that hung in the

* See Thore's *Nouvelles Tendances de l'Art*.

painting-room, and "systematically surrounding them with a piece of the wall they hung against and with other objects near; seeking everywhere the *ensemble*, and to reproduce everything in its habitual atmosphere. It was an instinct!" innate.

His art studies were interrupted, at the early age of twelve, by his entrance into the active duties of life, and he became private secretary to the proprietor of a saw-mill established for the exploitation of the forests of the Franche-Comté. This gentleman, a M. Maire, a relative of the family, Sensier alludes to as a "statuary," and with him the little Théodore began his travels "to the mountain land, the lakes, and the forests, where for the first time he saw in their wild liberty the oaks, beeches, firs, and holly and juniper. The trees that he liked best in after years, all mingled in an infinite promiscuousness, intoxicated his mind and charmed his eyes," and there he remained for a whole year "in the company of the foresters, the timber merchants, the gamekeepers, the wood-wardens, the wood-cutters, the charcoal burners, the sawyers, the sabot-makers, and all the great tribes of the forest rodents," working as a clerk.

M. Maire having failed in his business, his child-secretary returned home, and to school again: and we next hear of him, one day buying colours and brushes for himself and going out to the Buttes Montmartre, "at the foot of the old church, under the tower of the semaphore telegraph of the period," to paint what was there to be seen—"the monument, the cemetery, the trees, the walls, and the land," says M. Sensier. Of the above scene he finished an exact study, "firm, and of very natural tonality," which was regarded as the sign of his true vocation for art, and his parents hindered him no more. On the contrary, they took counsel with cousin Pau de Saint-Martin, the landscape painter, who took the boy away with him to Compiègne and set him to make drawings from nature, and,

satisfied of his talents, decided his family to put him to study under Rémond, a landscape painter of whom Sensier speaks with contempt, and of whom Rousseau himself writes, "There is nothing so pernicious as a bad beginning to a campaign; it took me a number of years to get rid of the spectres of Rémond."

Rémond had returned in this year, 1826, from extensive travels in France, Italy, and Sicily, and more friendly critics say that "real Nature broke through the crust of tradition in his views taken in Dauphiné, Auvergne, Calabria, and Sicily, although he relapsed from time to time into the *heroic* style."

But the skill of his teacher was of less consequence to Rousseau, now fourteen years of age, because he preferred to educate his own genius in *l'école buissonnière* (i.e., playing truant) at Saint-Cloud or Sèvres on Sundays, or, when he could get longer leave, he fled to Compiègne, to Verberie, to Batignies, and to Saint-Jean-aux-Bois, all very considerable distances for the time before the introduction of railways; he even pushed as far as Moret, passing through the forest of Fontainebleau, where he stopped to make a study of the *grande route royale* there, called the "pavé de Chailly."

This brings us on to the year 1829, the seventeenth of his age, when already the theory that he was the champion of a grand, indigenous, sudden "explosion," as it is called, of a new naturalist landscape, assumes that, like an infant Hercules, he was strangling serpents in his cradle. "His studies at Compiègne and at Moret give the first note of his timid insurrection; his heart is stirred, but his palette does not yet respond to his impulse; he is still under the dominion of the ancient pedantry."

In this year Rémond was urging his pupil to compete for the Prix de Rome, still vacant by the death of Michalon,



A POOL IN THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU. BY ROUSSEAU.

Corot's friend, who first held the Landscape Scholarship there ; but Rousseau, after taking it in hand to paint the classic tree, and to add, to figure in a landscape of the ancient world, *Zenobia picked up by Fishermen on the Banks of the Araxes*, was struck with disgust at the ridiculous programme. "What was the good of digging up Zenobia to animate a landscape ?" and he refused to go on with it, but went out into the woods instead, at Dampierre, at the Vaux de Cernay, where he painted cascades of a wonderful transparency ; and spent his time in bad weather in copying in the Louvre "animals of Karel du Jardin and sun-lit pictures of Claude," or in attending the *atelier* of Guillon Lethière to study the figure.

It is the next year, 1830, which is the most eventful of his early art life, and produced work which placed him at once in the van of the "romantic" movement ; and, unhappily, in hostility with the authorities who held, for a long time yet, the "power of the keys" to the Salon.

He is now only in the eighteenth year of his age, but already in the sixth or seventh year of his serious art-training, if indeed he could ever look back upon any period of his life when he was not acquiring skill, for even in his infancy, we are told, he made pen-and-ink facsimiles (carefully preserved by his friends) from engravings with astonishing precision, and finished them with that imperturbable tenacity of purpose which characterised all his life, and as a child of twelve he had brought home an artist's appreciation of the woods and mountains amongst which he was sent to live for a year ; and now that he was setting out alone, with a definite purpose of pursuit of the picturesque, he knew what he wanted and where to seek it, and how to paint it when found, young as he was and alone, and at issue in his mind with all the school teaching that he had received, "with no guide but his courage to read the

riddle of an unexplored world." It was always in solitude that Rousseau did the best of his work, and his love of solitude continued a ruling passion with him to the end of his life.

He made his way straight to the mountain districts of the Auvergnat, to the Cantal mountains, a weirdly picturesque volcanic region, where the hill-tops spread in star-shaped ranges from a central dome, and between them inaccessible ravines and noisy torrents rushing through with frequent tremendous cascades, and on the hills black forests of firs alternating with wild scenery of barren upheavals of rock. We have not space to mention all the studies he brought away with him : from the valleys of Thiézac, where the river Cerè rushes down between straight walls of basalt 140 mètres* in height ; and from Falgou on the Mars, with its splendid forests of firs and lofty mountains, where in ancient times the "Rederikes" † of Picardy and Flanders held their assemblies. His *Village of Falgou* is described as a superb painting, which carries the mind back to the life of the ancient Celts, in their low-roofed cabins thatched with rushes, perched on the slopes of a mountain sheltering them from the north wind, and affording green pasture lands in front. "He selects with eagerness the most sinister-looking mountains, the broadest horizons, retired corners upheaved by the capricious throes of the world's genesis. . . . He applies himself, with insatiable pleasure, to the rendering of a denuded rock, of the rugged uncultivated land, or to fathom the giddy depths of the black mountain torrents, and of the accursed whirlpools resembling caves of horror."

In these studies he achieves liberty ; he hesitates no longer ; "he has stripped away the *préciosité* of his Paris training ; he has rejected a whole system of ideas on Art, although the

* A mètre is a little more than a yard. † Ancient Gauls.

Academy referred them to Claude Lorrain," and, above all, "he breathes a new element; he understands that all art is in the play of light, in the *Fiat lux* over the silence, and the shadow of the elements." Rémond told him bluntly that "his landscapes were the work of delirium"—but Ary Scheffer, when they were shown to him, "hung them in his own studio, and pointed them out to all his visitors as works of a most original, and most 'incisive' talent."

It is impossible, however much they are interwoven, to condense into a biography of Rousseau the history of the times in which he lived—but, with or without his concurrence, he became, from this date, a public character, looked upon as a champion of the younger scholars of Romanticism, who, "had very decided opinions as to the direction they refused to follow, but did not know which they should take." M. Sensier says: "His mode of life at this time was extremely simple. In the evening he met his friends *chez* Lorentz—rue Notre Dame des Victoires. They smoked a great deal, and drank water; talked of the theatre, Hugo, Dumas, &c., acted charades, and established 'La Société du Grelot,' which was nothing but a laboratory of mystifications for the opponents of Romanticism, and a register of the 'Société des Invisibles,' of Charlet. They picked the Institute to pieces, and laid interdict on the Academy. *The great volcano of 1830 had one of its little craters there.*" They wound up their evenings at times by midnight excursions be the country, from which they returned the next evening, famished with hunger, for money was scarce, and "dead beat" after a march of fifteen leagues. Rousseau, we are told, was called "Père Tranquille," and talked very little, and took little interest in the battle of the Schools—but worked hard at Saint Cloud, from nature, or in his own little studio under the

tiles, Rue Taitbout, No. 9; close to the large room where "the Saint-Simonians" were making a great noise under the presidency of Olinde Rodrigues. To understand the perilous nature of the position of this boy of eighteen, in his liberty of artist life, and in his connection with the club of *enfants perdus*, one should read the newspaper *La Liberté* which they established, and other similar literature of the period. No evidence appears to connect the boy with the insanity of the Saint-Simonians, beyond what is afforded by his intimacy with Thoré, who was undoubtedly connected with them, and similar "intellectual eccentricities" of the period. Sensier himself attributes to the establishment of the *Liberté* the grudge that the authorities of the Institute so pertinaciously maintained against Rousseau.

Passing on to 1831, we find that in that year he went to Rouen, to Andelys, where he made drawings of the windings of the Seine, of the foliage of Normandy trees, and the rocky banks of the river, and the old castles dominating this country, including the Chateau Gaillard of Richard Cœur de Lion,—thence to Bayeux, to the dunes and caves of Arromanches, to Caen, Port-en-Bessin, Granville, Pontorson, and along the whole coast of La Manche and Calvados. His studies at Andelys are described as most brilliant, "limpid and fine as Bonington, with more of 'race' and freshness." The following year, 1832, is marked by another excursion to Normandy—and 1833 by his triumph in the Salon; with his view of the *Coast of Granville*. "This picture placed him definitively in the first rank of landscape painters at a time when the field was occupied by Cabat, Flers, Jules André, Jadin, Roqueplan, Paul Huet, and finally Diaz and Marilhat." Lenormant calls it "one of the truest things, and of the warmest tones that the French school has ever yet produced. . . . He is

still far from perfection, but I would not exchange his future for the whole career of our most celebrated landscape painters.”

The picture was acquired, in 1833, by Henri Scheffer, in exchange for portraits of the father and mother of Rousseau, which he did for Théodore. It has since gone to Russia.*

Rousseau's work, we see, was admitted by the Jury in 1833, but from this period dates his intimacy with Théophile Thoré, and it was a long time before a painting by him was admitted again.

Now it was Thoré who set up, more than any other critic, to be the trumpeter of Rousseau, and always in the most irritating and insulting depreciation of the old school. Though Sensier attributes the grudge of the Academy to Rousseau's connection with the youths who started the newspaper *La Liberté*, his connection with Thoré and the mountebank Ganneau was equally unfortunate. Whatever the motive, poor Rousseau had neither mercy nor justice from the Institute until the revolution of 1848.

Impartial criticisms exist of the Salon of 1833, which indicate the growth of a public opinion favourable to Rousseau and his friends. In the *Tribune*, for example, the critic says: “Messrs. Cabat and Rousseau, both young and full of (*avenir*) promise, appear to us to commence a new era for landscape,” and M. le Go, in a periodical admirably edited, the *Révue de Paris*, says:—“We owe a ‘mention’ to M. Rousseau, a very young man, it is said, whose new talent promises a painter true and powerful in the conception of vegetation and landscape scenery,” and the same writer enchains our sympathy by the question:—“What worse thing is there in the world than fashion in art?” (“Qu' y a-t-il de pire au monde que la mode dans les arts?”) He warns a section of the new school

* It was exhibited at the Universal Exhibition of 1855.

against the exaggeration of "materialising Nature a little too much, and imitation for imitation's and not for creation's sake," but the new landscape is charming to him, and he appreciates it as its authors would wish, "surprising himself in a dream of the happiness of the fields, and the pleasures of a picturesque tour, inhaling the pure air of the mountains, and the freshness of the valleys." These criticisms are important, as showing that the ground was prepared for Rousseau and his friends to labour, and a body of public opinion already in their favour, which, in the absence of other than æsthetic motives, the Academicians would have found it hard to withstand. Moreover, a picture, *Lisière de bois coupé, Forêt de Compiègne*, that he was preparing for the Salon of the following year, was bought by the Duke of Orleans. Rousseau took it with him to his already beloved Fontainebleau, touching and retouching it, as his practice was, to excess; and a few months later M. de Cailleux, the director, requisitioned the same picture too late for the Luxembourg Gallery, and this incident—this "compétition des grands"—sent Rousseau off on his Alpine trip, in 1834, in high spirits, and full of hope and energy.

We cannot emulate the romantic detail in which M. Sensier makes a charming novelette of this happiest episode of Rousseau's life—this last gleam of the sunshine of youth—"son dernier beau temps." As his friend, Lorentz, his versatile, and very volatile, companion, prophetically wrote to him:—"Never again in your life will opportunity come to you to think you are a bird—to soar above the mountains, and keep company with the clouds—and you hesitate!"

The cause of his hesitation was his new acquaintance with Jules Dupré, ripening rapidly into that friendship, which was afterwards so important in the lives of both, but in the end

so chequered by alternations of distrust and reconciliation, and which, by itself, would make a romance of Rousseau's otherwise extremely romantic biography, if one had space for the whole story. Dupré had been introduced to him by Ricourt, and had found full sympathy from Rousseau in his own sylvan and pastoral tastes, and had won a half promise from him to throw over Lorentz and the Alps for "the bank of the Bousane or the Vienne, in the land of grass meadows and forests." Rousseau might have done worse. Dupré, personally, was a *man*; and Lorentz a feather-headed mountebank, "the Amphitryon of the Francs-juges of the Société du Grelot," *i.e.*, a Bohemian inner circle of the wildest of the *enfants perdus* of the young painters of the period. The giddy mountain peaks and Lorentz were as well paired, as the quiet sylvan retreat, and Dupré.

Rousseau elected the former, and travelled direct to La Faucille, one of the mountains of the Jura chain, to a pass through which the Gauls, in ancient days, came down into Helvetia, where behind a great block of sheltering granite he found a roadside inn, built of the trunks of fir-trees, where "he studied the great chain of Alps dominated by Mont Blanc, under all conditions of atmosphere, clear and calm under the blue sky, or overcast under the vapours that rise from Lake Lemman, or fresh and faultless in the morning, before the rising sun, finally, eternally impassable in the midst of the storms and the thunder."

Here Rousseau remained four months, with his lively friend, Lorentz, and an aristocrat of the old régime, a Comte de la Fortelle, whose antecedents and character are extremely interesting, but difficult to condense. The sort of father-and-son affection that appears to have arisen between the proud and extremely poor old gentleman and young Rousseau is a

pleasant light upon his character as it might have been in the absence of his friends of the *enfants perdus*; we shall see the same light again in his attitude towards the mother of Dupré, and towards Millet, and in the evening of his own life, and in the finest of the interpretations of the voice of nature that he has bequeathed to the world.

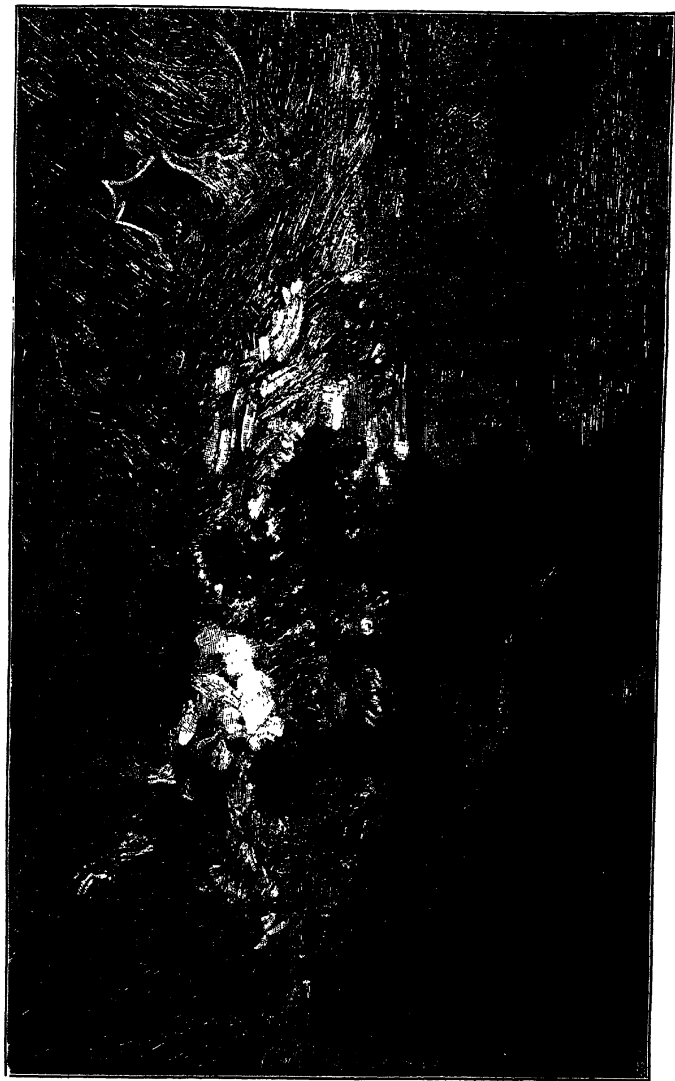
Sensier finds "a portrait of his temperament and of his impulses" in a letter to his mother from La Faucille—"a lover, to excess, of wild nature; astounded by the view of the grand spectacles of the Infinite; always in a feverish haste for his projects in art; seduced and subdued by the attractions of a man whom he studied and loved as a being rare and precious; enjoying, like a primitive Epicurean, the fruits of the mountain."

He painted here a *View of the Chain of Mont Blanc in a Storm* powerfully described by his biographer:—"The Alps had veiled their heads under an immense black cloud; the thunder roared; the lightning fitfully revealed, beyond the gloomy shroud of mist, Mont Blanc, august and calm beneath the insults of the elements. . . . With a fearful clap of thunder, presently, the veil was raised, and the Alps appeared 'virgins of light,' radiant under a blue sky, blue as a dream of paradise!"

He painted also a study of the inn of La Faucille as it appeared after a night of snow and frost, and, we are told, he thought so much of this study that he always afterwards hung it over the head of his bed until his death; and, finally, one rainy day he painted a signboard for the inn, *The Diligence Ascending the Mountain Road*; and, as M. Sensier says, "What would Uncle Colombet have said to that?"*

Among the lighter incidents of the holiday we have the

* See page 48.



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THE FLOOD. BY ROUSSEAU.

following, on the 12th of October, 1834 :—“The friends, staying to such a late season, become suspected of political motives, and a M. de Montrond, the *sous-préfêt* of Gex, appears in a post-chaise at the inn to make inquiries. . . . Lorentz goes out to receive him at the door, and, after the usual salutations, turns three somersaults on his hands (*fait trois sauts de carpe*), offers him his arm, as he would to the lady of the house, and leads him in to Rousseau, who is very busy on a sketch, and receives him coldly, and begs him to take a seat on the only chair (which had disappeared). M. de Montrond, however, sits on the bed, and says, ‘Ah, ça ! Messieurs ! if we were to light a pipe we should get along better,’ and having smoked his pipe, gives them passports *en règle*.”

At the instigation of the *sous-préfêt*, now their very good friend, they made their late excursion to Mont St. Bernard, on which they witnessed that descent of the cattle from the high Alps which inspired the picture that was so unfortunate in its results. “A ruminant nation appears on the highest peaks, and spreads itself over the hillside down to the lowest pasturage, like a chain of precious stones, tossed by Polyphemus out of his cavern. Slowly and solemnly the caravan descends, fills all the ravines, and winds round the rocks, or glides along under the lofty arches of the forest of firs. . . . This migration continues for days and nights, and is audible in the mystery of the fog ; and the horn of the *Macares*, the lowing of the cows, and the tinkling of bells combine like the chords of a pastoral symphony.”

Lorentz says : “It was like a torrent of variegated velvets, which bore along with it rose-coloured muzzles, black eyes, stalactites of slaver, and thousands of horned heads decorated with splendid nosegays ; and with the costumes of the shepherds and shepherdesses.”

From this excursion they make their return to Paris, halting at Salins, where Rousseau visits his grandmother, and paints her portrait "in a round peasant's hat, covered with faded embroidery, fixing her piercing black eyes on the painter her descendant"; and from Salins they return to Paris in the great snows of the winter of 1834.

"C'est son dernier beau temps!" says Sensier. At Paris he set to work at once on the *Descente des Vaches*, and his own studio being too small and inconvenient, his faithful friend, Ary Scheffer, transferred him to one in his own house, where in a few months he finished the celebrated picture.

In the Salon of 1835 (the Salons were held in January) he found admission for two sketches which he had sent home from Switzerland, and sold to the Prince de Joinville. These sketches gave but a poor idea of Rousseau's talent, and their imperfection may have damaged his reputation with the responsible authorities.

The enmities and the intrigues that corrupted the juries of that period, and dogged the footsteps of Rousseau to the very end of his life, are never fully explained. From this year 1835 until the Revolution, all of Rousseau's pictures were, as a matter of course, rejected, in the face of the protests of critics and men of great influence; nor was the persecution abandoned until in 1867, as we shall see, it had slowly tortured the nervous, excitable man to paralysis and death. Subsequently to 1848 the prejudice had no reference to the school in art that he represented; his friends and colleagues, after that date, had little to complain of; *only* Rousseau was again and again baffled with hope deferred, and reminded, as it seemed, of some forgotten stigma which set him apart from others whenever the question of honours and rewards came forward. The true history of the matter is still unrevealed.

The refusal of the *Descente des Vaches* in 1836 irritated especially the Scheffers, who exhibited the picture apart in their studio in the Rue Chaptal. M. Gustav Planché writes:—"We must regret that M. Bidault has shut the door of the Louvre to a canvas of M. Rousseau, exhibited now in the studio of M. Ary Scheffer, for this work would be reckoned among the best and most important of the Salon. The canvas is high; a troupe of heifers is descending along a rugged mountain gorge; the time chosen is evening; the vegetation is titanic and profuse, and the growth of the plants entangled like that of a virgin forest of South America." "He had seized," says M. Sensier, "across the screen of mountain firs the aspect of the glittering region of the glacier, its power and its mystery, and the white and solitary peaks illuminated by the last rays of the light of day. Out of the calm atmosphere of autumn he evoked the warning of the approaching rage of winter, and a dream of all that those glaciers, so resplendent in luminous peace, contain for the gloomy months of mists and winds." A serious defect in the picture was that it was painted with a vehicle which has almost destroyed it.

Passing over his visit to Barbizon of this year, his acquaintance with Diaz, and his influence on the work of this great colourist, and only recording the death of his mother, on the 15th April, 1837, the next important incident of Rousseau's biography is his visit to Nantes of that year, and the studies that he made in La Vendée—of a marshy country, and especially the painting, *Le Marais en Vendée*, that he made near Tiffauge, of a marsh near a paper-mill—a laboured work and realistic, evidencing close study of aquatic life and vegetation.

He was travelling in company with M. Charles Leroux, the son of a proprietor of the province, who, with a small society of Breton artists and amateurs, had organised, at Nantes, an

exhibition of the famous pictures refused at the Salon of 1836, and from Tiffauge, he went on with M. Leroux to the Château du Soulis, near Cerisaye, his father's house, where there were two venerable avenues, one of elm trees, the other of chestnuts, and remained there until December, painting for the Salon his great work, the *Avenue of Chestnuts*, with which he returned to Paris about the end of the year.

The *Avenue*, although refused by the Salon, advanced the reputation of Rousseau among artists and critics still more than the *Descente des Vaches*, which hung in its company in Rousseau's studio, and, besides his friends, Thoré, Diaz, and Dupré, he had encouragement from the sympathy of Delacroix, and of Madame Georges Sand. Moreover Delacroix induced the Director of the Department of Fine Arts, M. Cavé, to make an offer of 2,000 francs for the picture; which, however, was, in the meantime, sold to M. Périer.

In these years, 1837—1840, Rousseau, reduced to dependence on his father, whose means were very straitened, had no more excursions or voyages, but all his life centred in his studio, among the few faithful friends who believed in him.

He passed as much time as he could at Barbizon, where he expended much unnecessary labour in the perpetual retouching of finished work. Sensier speaks of him bringing his sketches home of an evening, and arranging them before him in the gloaming, on a meal tub, when he would light his pipe, and sitting opposite them amuse himself in the dusk with imaginations of fantastic variations; and then he would take to painting these imaginations over his studies, so that the jokers would say there was neither top nor bottom, nor sky nor land to be distinguished.

Among the most faithful of his friends at this period was Dupré, who held together the alliance formed among the artists

excommunicated by the corrupt jury, by a fortnightly dinner which he gave at his lodgings in the Avenue Frochot; at which, we are told, Ary Scheffer, Decamps, Delacroix, Barye, Chenavart, and Rousseau were always punctual.

In July, 1841, we find the friends Rousseau and Dupré, quietly domiciled together at the little village of Monsoult, near Mafliers, on the borders of the forest of the Isle-Adam, "a charming valley, dotted with orchards, and with 'rustic plantations,' where they had before their eyes the beautiful verdure of those woods and fields in which the Princes of Conti and of Bourbon used to hunt."

Here the two friends lived in a little house, which belonged to the constructor of the Vendôme Column, and each had his studio, door to door, and Madame Dupré, the mother of Jules, was their housekeeper. "It was a quiet life, *à trois*, with the sweets of the *vie de famille*." The phases of Rousseau's life; its alternations of domestic quiet, and Paris turmoil, and Manfred-like communion with the wildest solitudes of the mountains and woods, should all be apportioned to the paintings that they influenced, and the work of doing this, however long, would be most interesting—his emotional apprehension of landscape and atmosphere being influenced, as it was, by the moods within himself.

A striking example of this would be a comparison of his work of 1841, at peace in the *vie de famille* at Monsoult, with that of the following year, the greater part of which he spent alone, wandering in the wildest of eerie scenery along the "mysterious windings of the Bousne, and among the *fracas dramatiques* of the Creuse:—a country of the wildest beauty, of primitive pasture-lands intersected by watercourses and groves of gigantic oaks and elms of unusual size," a country of gloom, and old superstitions of the Celtic times, a country that

was called Gargillesse because pilgrims of old used to shudder to approach it, and used to say, 'Mon beau monsieur, n'y allez mie! Tout un chacun qui y passe gorge y laisse' (i.e., had their throats cut); finally, a country of all-pervading mists and fogs. Pictures that he painted here, *La Mare*, *La Jetée d'un Etang*, &c., are characterised "of execution undecided, of harmony doubtful, but masterpieces of plaintive emotion; the cry of distress of the man of the cities exiled to the unwholesome country." "A marsh, where the rushes are bending under an autumn gale, and on its bank a woman washing clothes; behind the woman a little copse of oak trees, and a yellow and dying ray from a powerless sun, passing through among them, licks with its parting gleam the elongated figures of the trees." The description, gloomily worded, is evidently inspired by a gloomy representation of a most melancholy swamp.

Passing the events of 1843 as unimportant, we come to the grand excursion made in 1844 by Rousseau and Dupré, in company, to the sandy dunes of Gascony and the slopes of the Pyrenees, through Bordeaux and Mont de Marsan to those strange regions of sand where the natives stalk over the treeless plain on stilts, where league after league and hour after hour the tourist has nothing to look at but dunes and plains of sand, glittering in the tropical sunshine under a faultless blue sky. The descriptions are charming of the places where they make their halts—at the little city, curiously named, of Peyrehorade, or "rolling Peter," "one of those nooks of happiness where people subsist on the blueness of the sky and the murmuring of the water,"—at Begars, "a primitive, but favoured country, of tropical climate and vegetation, where melons, lemons, and orange trees are as fresh and plentiful as apples are elsewhere, growing by the side of oaks as majestic as those of Fontainebleau, among the wooden houses of the

peasants, overshadowed by their wide-spreading boughs,"—and where Rousseau made a remarkable drawing, in the field round their house, of "all the domestic animals, horses, fowls, geese, pigs, &c., in black and white, finishing it with infinite labour and scrupulous care." But everywhere on this excursion he is struggling with the impossibility of the infinite blue sky and its faultless light, and after five months of wrestling with this problem the two painters give it up in despair, and leaving their luggage behind them, tour with knapsacks to Bayonne, visit a spur of the Pyrenees, and the Basque country, and then hasten home to Paris—having achieved nothing remarkable, defeated, apparently, by the monotony of the faultless blue sky!

But the grand mountain air of the Pyrenees has spoiled them both for Paris life—they refused to live there, and went together, in October, 1845, back to Isle-Adam, where they settled down in a very small studio made for them by M. Mellet (the brother-in-law of Dupré) in his own house, where they returned to the *vie de famille*, and Madam Dupré again presided over their household.

By a stroke of policy worthy of their antecedents, the jury in 1844, having been so much abused for their refusals of the pictures of the rising school, admitted in that year a large number of execrably bad pictures, so that all the world cried out: "The Jury is far too indulgent after all!" but their indulgence was not extended to Rousseau.

Sensier says, of the year 1846, that it was "perhaps the gloomiest period of Rousseau's life—the iniquities of the Jury; the burden of his business affairs; anxiety for the future; all together, had naturally made him distrustful and inclined to solitude." At this time he came to lodge, in Paris, at No. 11, Place Pigalle, where Jules Dupré and he had each a small

“apartment,” on the first floor, of three rooms and a spacious studio. About this time mention is made of his paying a visit to Madame Georges Sand, and about this time, also, he made the acquaintance of Millet.

The year 1847 is distinguished by an unfortunate love affair, of which we know only, that he became engaged to be married, and that the engagement was broken off, and that he retreated alone to Barbizon, where Thore was his only visitor for a space of time,—but Thore has put upon record—probably has also embellished—some striking utterances of Rousseau, made during a ramble in the forest. Of two things Rousseau had a horror, the cutting down of his favourites among forest trees, and the planting of the monotonous and earth-poisoning fir. A clearing in the wood he called, “the gloomy battlefield, where the triumphant woodmen plunder the corpses of the slain; and the sound of the hatchet is the toll of a funeral bell,” and, of the enervating influence of modern civilisation, Rousseau said: “The soul of man is like the forest we are walking in, ruthlessly spoiled by maleficent ‘silvicultivators’; they check the growth of the plants that would blossom in flowers; they fell the lofty trees of our higher thoughts; they root up the native shoots and sucklings which grow towards the sun; and shatter into splinters the proud rock of our will; and level all the hills that soar towards heaven; and then, when the native character is turned upside down, they sow over the ruins a creeping kind of ivy destitute of form and colour.”

The year 1848 came, and the Revolution, so long anticipated, at last; and before Paris was pacified, or the Republic fairly established, Ledru-Rollin had *settled* with the friends of Thore, the “*enfants perdus*” of the artists’ clubs. Many acts of life-and-death urgency must have been postponed, *on that*

24th of February, for the issue of the decree for the painters:—
 “The jury charged with receiving pictures for the annual exhibitions shall be appointed by election.”

M. Jeanron, for championship of “horny-handed industry” in a series of designs representing the life of a working artisan was made Director of the Louvre; and, taking time by the forelock, had procured by the 28th of February (before the Revolution was a week old) the rights of *Liberté* and *Egalité* for the proletariat of the world of art. All pictures whatsoever—good, bad, and indifferent—offered for exhibition in the Salon of this fraternal year, were to be hung without exception. One of the few sober journals of the day, the *République Française* of the 19th of March, contains a lively *feuilleton* describing the result of this Republican joke:—

“We, too, have had our revolution. The jury, whom we and our colleagues have been bombarding year after year, has fallen. M. de Cailleux, that implacable Dictator, has fallen. May he never be replaced! . . . All the known names are here. Art is faithful to the Republic. Eugène Delacroix has sent *ten* canvases, of which four are of the first rank. Gudin, Schnetz, Couder, Tony Johannot, Müller, Meissonnier, Eugène Deveria, Dedreux, Jadin, Ary Scheffer, are here; also Flers, Troyon and Cabat, Rosa Bonheur, Champmartin, Horace Vernet, Perignon, Baron, and Diaz, who is transformed into an ancient Florentine master.”

But the gallery was half full of pictures which “were not worth the portorage,” democratically hung, “its little place assigned to each.”

“The charity of the Commissioners has relegated to obscure corners some pictures too bad for the *Théâtre de Guignol*, or for a quack doctor’s booth at a fair; but the public found them out, and amused itself cruelly. Under one a freshly written

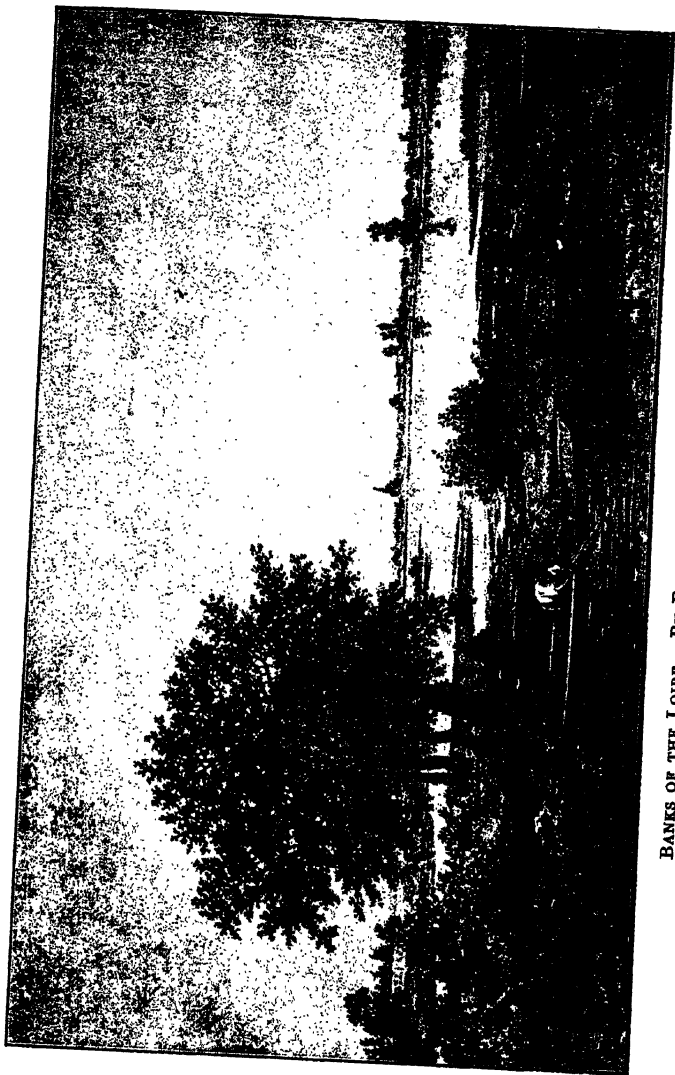
inscription announced, a '*Landscape, by an artist still in the blade*' (en herbe); further on, '*Fruit, by an unripe artist*'—and so on.

Rousseau did not exhibit, but he and Dupré were on the Hanging Committee, which was very numerous; and each received an order from the Minister for a landscape of the price of 4,000 francs, which was at that time considered a munificent price. Rousseau filled this order with a *View of Forest Land at Sunset*, which was hung in the Luxembourg gallery.

The artists held a meeting at this time, to consult on the election of a representative in the Assembly; but when they met they split up into sections which would not amalgamate. The painters would not fraternise with the dramatic artists, nor the sculptors with the engravers, nor the painters of history with those of landscape, nor the Romantics with the Classics. "The distinction of specialities," says M. Sensier, "was carried to the infinitesimal, each body being convinced only of the necessity of its own individual group. *Quot capita tot sensus.*" Nothing came of it.

Rousseau went home from the meeting sad and disheartened, and shut himself up in his studio, only coming forth when he and Dupré were summoned in their turn to shoulder their guns and march, to bivouac on the boulevards with the "contingents of departments."

About this period a new domestic interest appears in the life of Rousseau, in his union with a young woman of humble extraction, from the Franche Comté. We are told only that she was poor, and a confirmed invalid, and is always alluded to by Sensier as *La Malade*. Rousseau appears to have sheltered her in the first place from motives of compassion, and finally to have conceived a strong paternal affection for his "poor bird



BANKS OF THE LOIRE. BY ROUSSEAU. *Formerly in the Defoe Collection.*

beaten by the winds," and never parted with her again. It was thought that they were privately married at Barbizon, where they spent their honeymoon in a cottage overgrown with clematis, and nasturtium, and Mexican creepers ; and Rousseau, we are told, renewed his youth, and produced vigorous work.

Of this period is that pretty autumn scene, the *Little Hillock of Jean de Paris*, containing the figure of his wife at work under a group of spreading beech-trees, in which "he has modulated all the ruddy and tawny harmonies of the season, when the leaves, deprived of sap, are only waiting for the breezes to disperse them."

The three pictures which Rousseau sent to the Salon of 1849 were badly hung. Jules Dupré and Raffet, who had not exhibited, were decorated on this occasion with the Cross of the Legion of Honour, but Rousseau received only a First-class Medal.

The inequity of this incensed him, unfortunately, against his friend Dupré, and an estrangement followed, which continued for several years. It was a calamity for Rousseau, but a great injustice on his part, to Dupré, who was helpless in the matter, and had been the best and *most disinterested* friend he ever had in his life. He had the excuse (at the time, but not afterwards) that he was harassed by many anxieties.

Hitherto, in confidence of his future, Rousseau had kept in his own possession the pictures for which he could get no fair price, but now, under pressure of his new responsibility, he determined to sell them by public auction. The sale accordingly took place on the 2nd March, 1850, when 53 pictures were sold for 15,700 francs, *but* deductions, of which it would be interesting to see the particulars, reduced his own nett interest in the result to less than 8,000 francs.

For an average price then, of six pounds, these pictures were

sold, which so very few years later on were each to be worth a small fortune !

The Salon of the winter of 1850-51 brought new vexation and injustice, Rousseau being not only left out altogether from the honours and prizes awarded; but his pictures having inadvertently been hung in a good position, were transferred, after he had seen them there, to a worse. On this occasion a great outcry was raised. Diaz, who received the Cross of the Legion of Honour, electrified the guests at the banquet of the *nouveaux décorés*, by proposing at the table a toast to "Théodore Rousseau, our Master forgotten!" which made the scandal that may be imagined.

At Rousseau's demand, a solemn investigation of the circumstances was made by the ex-minister, Ledru-Rollin, and Charles Blanc, and Jeanron, and this seemed to show that the omission of Rousseau in 1849 had been due to the hostility of a certain M. de Luynes, who saw no merit in his work. It was a feeble shifting of responsibility, but the frail and timid executive hastened to stop this leak in the following year, when at last he received the Cross, "a miserable compensation," as M. Sensier remarks, "for the annoyances with which they had saturated him!" But, if we exclude the theory that his work was honestly disliked, we, obviously, have still to learn why Rousseau, of all men, should be annoyed by a Republican Government so zealous to do honour to all other representatives of the Romantic School.

His pictures having now, by the sale of 1850, become the property of men of business, began rapidly to increase in value, and as a consequence, Rousseau himself obtained better prices for his work. M. Sensier hints that this benefit had been discounted by contracts obtained from him in advance. At any rate his worst troubles were over, and the years passed on

in greater comfort, but there is still a something very pitiful in the *luxuries* that this great maker of other men's fortunes is congratulated upon.

"His thatched roof he transferred into a studio of timber and tiles; he bought some etchings of Rembrandt, Ostade, and Claude, and he decorated his house with those simple bits of crockery, now so popular, which he was one of the first to go a-hunting for among the peasants and at country markets."

In short, he had been disciplined to the point that he was thankful for small mercies. How interesting, in its different way, would be the comparison of his biography with the biographies of those to whom the fortune went that he and Millet earned! How useful to the struggling artist of the future a publication of the trade manoeuvres which transferred the golden harvest to the Middle Man! So promptly too! For the financial turn of the tide, in the case of Rousseau, seems almost to date from his surrender of the fifty-three pictures that he had kept for himself. And, we must remember, the motto: "*Die Kunst soll nicht nach Geld streben*" has by no means been that of the demigods in Art. They managed these things better in the sixteenth century. There were no Millets then!

Liberated, however, at last from his most pressing anxiety, Rousseau did excellent work at Barbizon, in the years 1850-53, with more "freedom, self-reliance, and indulgence of impulse, than before. "He felt strength to spread his wings," says Sensier, who mentions with that imaginative appreciation of his, which seems to go beyond the painter's aim, three pictures especially—*A Group of Oaks in the Gorges of Apremont, The Forest Skirt of the Monts Givard, and the Marais dans les Landes.*

The first, "an effect dazzling from myriads of solar combustions," represents cows grazing under the three great oaks

of the *Dormoir* of the Gorges d' Apremont, at high noon, "when the sun in *jack-o'-lanthorn spangles*, pours down, like a rain-shower of light, over a whole tract of country." The second, "*La Lisiere*, shows a forest road, and by the side of it, an old oak-tree, quite wild, who looks angry to see in front of him a young copse daring to grow green again after the massacre of his friends and contemporaries. The oak grasps in his strong roots a flat rock, which looks like a tablet stone seized by the king of the forests. The blue, calm sky, traversed by light clouds, which are running towards a meeting of the sylphs, suggests the silence of the solitudes, and the voices that are there to be heard."

The *Marais dans les Landes*, *Le Four Communal*, and *La Ferme* were three pictures selected by Rousseau to be worked up to what M. Sensier calls "an Eclogue devoted to Light, in three odes; without any pre-occupation for the picturesque, for the anecdote, or for the artificial; to celebrate the dominion and power, always young, of the Mother Creatrix of all things. This," he adds, "was a task that Rousseau devoted the rest of his life to, and never achieved, though he spent whole days and nights upon it." (But, surely, these are the rhapsodies rather of a literary man than of a painter.)

Passing on now to the great International Exhibition of 1855, we notice first an interesting criticism by Edmond About, which should be read, as a corrective, by those who, with Sensier and others, set the same values on the crude, untrained, and on the better work of Rousseau. He compares the *Côtes de Granville* of 1833 with the *Marais des Landes* of twenty years later.

The former he calls the picture "of the inside of a pie, with a medley of trees, houses, figures—a little of everything—heaped together in it. We detect the eagerness of a young

man of talent, who wants to swallow nature whole, in one mouthful." Yet this picture, the colouring of which is unpleasant, founded M. Rousseau's fame.

"Among the other works of the same artist are many which are admirable *pochades*—the *Sunset in the Forest of Fontainebleau* for example. Everybody, who is at all at home in an artist's studio, knows that there is always, about the second or third sitting, a moment when the sketch is very fine. The difficulty is to make a picture of it, and not to spoil it. Rousseau, and others of his school, for fear of spoiling their landscapes, leave them in their sketchy, *pochade* stage.

"But the *Marais des Landes* is a little radiant canvas, where the water mirrors, the sun gleams, and the flowers blow, and the cows play joyfully. Nothing can be simpler, or more true, or more delicious, than this picture. And it is finished—Note that!"

With reference to the often-repeated accusation of want of finish, we have, on the authority of a pupil (Mr. L. Letronne), a statement of Rousseau's own idea of Finish.

"Let us come to an understanding about the word *finish*," said Rousseau: "that which finishes a picture is not the quantity of details, it is the accuracy of the whole. A picture is not limited by its frame. No matter what is the subject, there should be in it one principal object on which your eye always rests; other objects are all subsidiary to this. They interest you less, and after them there is nothing more for your eye [to seek]. This is the true limitation of a picture. That principal object must also be the most striking to him who looks at your work, therefore you must be always coming back to it, accentuating more and more its colour.

"If, on the contrary, your picture contains a finicking detail, equal from end to end of the canvas, the spectator will

look at it with indifference. All being of equal interest, nothing is of any interest. There will be no limits. Your picture will be able to prolong itself indefinitely. You will never come to the end of it. You will never have *finished* it. It is the *ensemble* that finishes a picture. The magnificent lion of Barye, at the Tuileries, has all his mane upon him in a mass, and looks much better than he would have done if the sculptor had modelled the hairs one by one."

The Exhibition of 1855, we are told, was the point of time when Rousseau felt himself truly appreciated; when the struggles of his life had their reward at last; but a curious thing to note is that he owed his appreciation to foreigners, and not to Frenchmen. The Americans appreciated at first glance this style of art, singularly "*retentissant*" and the "*nature éclatante*," that Rousseau tried to express—and the English "adjudged him to be the greatest landscape painter of the day. Their journals have very nobly avowed this superiority of Rousseau over their Anglo-Saxon painters."

This last statement takes us by surprise. The attention of English criticism was at the moment absorbed in Pre-Raphaelitism, as headed by Millais—we think it open to the reproach of a want of appreciation, and flippancy, in speaking of the grand collection of works of French Art under its notice. This is the style of it:—"It must have been evident at a glance that France has the best chance of issuing triumphant from this competition. She crushes all other schools by the *number* and *size* of her contributions. In all the English collection there is not a canvas like Gérôme's—for size—it being some feet larger than the *Marriage of Cana*," and so on. We have not space for quotation of more serious criticisms.

II.

Reverting to Rousseau's life;—the dry detail of the *financial* biography of most men would be uninteresting, but that of Rousseau and of Millet is worth investigation.

We have seen that Rousseau was struggling with poverty up to the date of the sale of his pictures in 1850, and that he enjoyed comparative comfort up to 1855. In that year, we are told, he purchased Millet's picture from the Salon, for 4,000 francs, giving out that he did so for an American friend, but in reality for himself. Of the year 1857 we are told a most extraordinary tale: how he gave some offence to a great Belgian manufacturer, who was, at the same time, a Duke d'Arenberg, and an amateur dealer in pictures; and that this hostile Duke, or manufacturer, or picture-dealer, sought revenge by keeping down the price of Rousseau's pictures in the market, by subornation of hostile criticism, and further, by an extraordinary device, which reminds one of the mob who burned the banker's notes before his face. M. Sensier says:—"He bought up the canvases of Rousseau at a high price" (Rousseau had no objection to that) "in order to sell them again at public auction, adjudging them" (he appears to have been his own auctioneer) "either to himself, or to some confederates, at the low price of 800 francs apiece, and often allowing amateurs to buy them at this humble figure."

Rousseau, on his part, appears to have set himself industriously to work to keep this curious market supplied—in vulgar language, to have condescended to "pot-boilers."

"In this period he executed a series of pictures of medium size, of which the compositions, *sages*, picturesque and easy to understand, had a success of *premier coup d'œil*." He was asked

for more and more of them; "his wife urged him on to produce this readily-marketable work, which she also seemed to apprehend, like children, by '*spontaneous joys*.'

"Little by little he gave himself up to this work, in which all was deliberate, foreseen, executed with the precision of a Fleming. His touch grew heavier in this nearly mathematical precision, which presented the appearance of point lace or embroidery."

It is not surprising, under the above conditions, that the pictures that he sent to the Salon of 1857 were unfavourably received. "The leading tenors of criticism lifted up shouts of indignation against his paintings. They had doubtless discovered a new Phoenix, and found it advisable to cast at Rousseau the malicious spells that Fourrier launched at the moon." Rousseau was deteriorating—his spontaneous and poetical genius was asleep—his substitution of conscientious industry was not appreciated. Again, in 1859, he was badly criticised, even by his very good friends. M. Paul Mantz, writing in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* of the period, says:—"A master whom we have much loved, and love still, M. Théodore Rousseau, falls off a little. He seems to have taken too seriously the objections which were made to him in other times. He has tried to modify the habit of his brush, to soften down his *rugose* manner, and in the rendering of foliage to paint more finely. It is a good thing to correct one's self, but we find that M. Rousseau has corrected himself too much. His execution becomes almost monotonous. His touch makes itself too equal (*trop pareille*). However luminous they still are, and however luminous they appear in their soft, pleasant unity, his pictures want a little *accent* in them."

M. Sensier says: "He saw himself devoted to strife and humiliation to the death. Criticism seemed to have become

more hostile than ever, giving free play to its ignorance and fatuity." But the criticisms were an important factor in his financial history. The value of his work was greatly reduced. "His amateurs became rarer, and the dealers visited him less."

At the same time the failure of his wife's health deranged all his plans for the excursions that he loved, which might have inspired his work with a new life, and so the year, disastrous to him, of 1860 began.

The prominent incident of that year is the end of the Italian war, with the consequent general amnesty of political offenders, and thereupon the return of Thoré, still a lover of Art, but a changed man.

"When Thoré spoke of a picture now, he said 'painted in such and such a year—painted in *glacis*, with such or such a colour'; and he told you how a certain master had *signed* up to a certain date, and how before and after that date; and that Hemling must now be called Memlinc—and that the date of the death of Rembrandt had just been discovered, and also the marriage of Hobbema—and Rousseau was sad, and said to Millet, 'We have lost our old friend. The *sarants* have spoiled him!'"

In this year Rousseau took his wife for a visit to her relations in the Franche Comté. He also had a trip to Neufchâtel with Millet, but the financial pressure was severe with him, and he set about preparing twenty-five pictures that he had in hand for public sale. He worked for five months retouching these pictures to bring them into harmony, and Sensier is of opinion that he had better have left them alone; they were sold at the Hôtel Drouot on the 7th May, 1861, producing only 37,795 francs; but "when they came to count the canvases that were left for account of the expert, and the responsibility of some

friends, it was found that Rousseau had only 15,000 francs to receive."

The financial history has many missing links, for this solid sum of £600 appears to have brought no perceptible improvement to his position. Discounts, bills of accommodation, and heavy interest accumulating, held him down, and were no doubt, as Sensier says, "incessant torture." Moreover, they compelled him to go to Paris, to his registered domicile there, once every month, afterwards once every fortnight, to treat with his creditors on the spot. At the same time he felt acutely the loss of popularity that his work at this period suffered, and, as a climax of misery, he was devotedly attached to his poor wife, whose intellect was leaving her! His picture in the Salon of this troubled year, *The Oak of the Rocks*, may well have been the expression of a resolute defiance of destiny. It was "a canvas of important dimensions, which represents a wild forest glade, where an oak, planted by the chance of the winds, had forced its growth through massive blocks of stone, a vigorous savage! In the clefts of the moss-grown stone appear brambles, thorns, lichens, holly and red berries; dwarf birches had lifted up flat stones, like the dead coming forth from their graves, in their struggle for life, and breathed their share of light between the time-worn blocks. The sky was just visible, in the distance, under the branches.

"It was a vestibule for the gloomy forest of Dante, a hiding-place, a nest of reptiles, where all those creatures who shun mankind and light pass their lives in an anarchical Witches'-Sabbath, devouring and destroying one another, as it is in the vision of the prophet. The general tone was green, and harmonized to all the *verdures* of the forest, from the grasses and ferns to the branches of the oaks, to the *verdaturre* of the realities as to the demi-tints and shadows."

The *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, which has a fine etching of this picture, says that it was severely criticised for its powerful greens, "which he had procured at the chemist's."

In this same year, 1861, Rousseau sent two pictures to the Antwerp exhibition, and it is remarked that he was always better appreciated in foreign countries than at home.

Rousseau's "Dream"—it is ridiculous to call it his life—now wafts him suddenly to what M. Sensier very accurately describes as a land of pernicious witchcraft, "*a garden of Armida*"; and to the enchantress of the garden "he paid a heavy tribute." "He forgot his own old country and its peaceful suns, and Japan bewitched him." He found in Japanese art, "the logical and frank production of the regions of light," the "ideal of his life," and set to work immediately to transform the landscape he was then engaged upon, *The Village*, into a monster with a southern sky, and a northern landscape. "A *blue* sky, like the coloured sapphires of the Orient, like the glowing flames of the Aurora Borealis.—He re-made his sky, he re-painted his reflections, his lights; he left nothing of his former village beyond the outlines; he coloured everything else *Japanese*." The brushful of *blue*, that painted out the grey northern sky, seems to us to have painted out the artist we have been hitherto writing about. The evolution of skies from inner consciousness was certainly no part of the doctrine of the Romantic school. It is M. Sensier who records the almost incredible fact, we have but repeated it in his words. We return, with less bewilderment, rather to the financial History.

Absorbed in his new dream, like Palissy the Potter, he became oblivious of his worldly affairs, and, promptly, the wolf was at his door. "Famine," says his friend, "and

worse, the bailiffs were at the door!" Like Palissy, he stripped his house, he sold his collection of pottery, his curios, his travelling trunks. The proceeds must have been insignificant; the sacrifice, we are told, was most painful—but it was consummated—and *then, afterwards*—he sold, by auction, seventeen more of his own pictures, which produced, more or less, fifteen thousand francs! No explanation is accessible to research—the antithesis, of starvation and six hundred pounds, bluntly shows in the history as it is repeated above. Moreover, his creditors did not get the benefit of this realisation of assets. "All the clouds dispersed," says his biographer, "he believed himself saved. Peace returned to soothe him, for several months; he revisited his forest, and in spite of his Japanese infidelities, gave himself up to the ideal of Creation, that he loved still to find in the heart of our old bosquets:" and then set out for the Alps, to paint for Mr. Hartmann, a *General View of the Chain of Mont Blanc*. The season was late, exposure to rain and the "mountain damps," brought on inflammation of the lungs; and he returned to Barbizon in danger of his life. His illness lasted over three months, his recovery was slow, and he was for a long time unable to work. The first canvas that he took up was his *Village* which he patiently repainted, "having always in view the implacable Japanese light, its celestial intensities, its profound blues, its *auroras roseate as a corrosive sublimate*."

With three patient pictures, he shut himself up in his studio, and there worked incessantly, experimentally tormenting them, from one style to another, as the wind blew from Fontainebleau or Japan. The victims of this sort of vivisection were *La Ferme*, *Le Four Communal*, and *Le Village*. "They passed through phases that were sometimes marvellous, sometimes lamentable. Only Millet and I were ever

allowed to see them ; but he hid himself from us whenever the work took gloomy tones and vigorous accents. Then there passed over his canvases a sort of atmospheric tragedy, which was appalling to us.

“The outlines of the trees became menacing ; the forms of the vegetation seemed to harden and shrivel (*se crispaient*) ; the plans of the ground changed to stone in a gloomy despair ; Rousseau seemed to be chastising his work, and punishing it for the long labour that it cost him, by conducting it to the most lugubrious, and the most dolorous metamorphoses—on other days, the pictures would all come out again limpid, joyous, and sparkling, like the morning in spring—and so he wasted his life over these three rustic scenes, and never could make up his mind to leave them.”

Mr. Hartmann, who had bought these pictures, and had waited for them *fifteen years*, at last became impatient, and remonstrated—“I shall only enjoy my pictures in my extreme old age, when I shall have become too blind to see them.” Rousseau wrote him one of his hyper-æsthetic explanations :

“Do not be anxious about *La Ferme*, my dear Mr. Hartmann, I am anxious to establish in this picture such a *décision de formes*, that it may exist, independently of the caprices of the light, and of the influence of the hours of the day. I am regulating it, absolutely as a watchmaker regulates a watch after he has finished it,” and so on ; but, M. Sensier remarks that all this seemed to Mr. Hartmann “as the reasoning of a troubled mind.” . . . “But, Rousseau ! by your argument an artist would waste his whole life on one picture.”

“Very well, yes ! A man should be bold enough, faithful enough, rich enough, to produce only *one* prodigious work ; so that this work should be a masterpiece, to give the man glory in its creation. If I were granted the fulfilment of one

wish, the wish would be to be a *millionnaire*, for nothing but for the bringing forth of one sole and unique picture; to devote myself to it, to take all my delight in it, to suffer for it, to enjoy it, until, content with my work, after years of trial, I should be able to sign it, and say, 'There my powers end, and there my heart stops beating!' The rest of my life should be passed in making drawings, in painting for amusement studies which I would throw like flowers at the feet of the work with which I should be *satisfied*."

The *Village* went in for exhibition in 1864. On the very day before sending it in, he treble-locked the door of his studio, and re-painted all the sky in *plein art Japonais*, and "dominated by those beautiful auroras of the east, which combine in a perfect equilibrium the softness of the dawn and the ardour of the tropics; he had made for this poor hamlet in Picardy, a firmament in which Buddha would have chosen his throne of light."

One circumstance in Rousseau's life is impressed upon us in the events of this year. He had made bitter enemies in the party warfare that he was concerned in, but he was never without the sympathy, practically expressed, of a circle of good friends.

In this year (1864) one of these friends undertook to buy up all his creditors, and "restore him to liberty and peace." But it was only a brief holiday that Rousseau gained. "He hesitated to disclose the extent of his wounds," and the result is described: "He had one creditor more, and one friend less."

Another circumstance is more difficult to allude to, from the doubt that hangs about it; the apparent internal contradictions in the *ex parte* statements of Sensier on the subject. He tells us that everybody, but Rousseau himself, thought that his wife was mad. It is impossible to believe him, after only reading

the few extracts that he gives of Rousseau's letters to her, the friendly greetings and messages always sent to her by his father and his friends, and the little incidents of her activity in the hospitalities of his household. Wherever he is, his "*bonne petite chérie*" is uppermost in his thoughts, her letters are anxiously expected, the news of her health must be minute and precise, even the record of her appetite and her food (for she was always an invalid). "Manage, then," he says, "to have no anxieties at all, *even about me!* Do credit to the good soup, and the good air of Fontaine-Ecu. It is necessary for thee to get there good strong cheeks and chubby, for *I shall wear them out at once* when I return to thee." That letter was not written to a mad woman. They had now lived down trouble together for more than twelve years, and his friend says, "Rousseau had come to that *androgynous* condition in which two beings melt together to make an indissoluble *one*."

"We had found him an excellent Asylum for her, near Paris, in a healthy situation. The day was appointed for taking her there, but when the moment for parting came, he said, with that *regard attendri* which betrayed supreme agitation, 'Ah; my dear friend, when I think what stores of tenderness I am doing outrage to in separating myself from her—she is but a spoiled child, after all!—I find I am very unjust to seek thus my own repose, at the expense of her heart!' I saw then that the fatality must take its course."

Financial prosperity seemed to be surrounding him with a Pactolus in 1865. First, the Count Paul Demidoff, building a house in the rue Jean Goujon, ordered for panelling eight large landscapes—of Corot, Jules Dupré, Fromentin, and Rousseau. Each artist was to deliver two pictures by the 1st of September, for the price of 10,000 francs. It was, however, not until 1867

that Rousseau would part with his: "to finish a picture was the misery of his life."

Secondly, two enterprising young picture-dealers (MM. Durand-Ruel and Brame) gave him *a hundred thousand francs* (£4,000) for "all the old studies that he had made in his youth."

Rousseau, we are told, with one hand set aside a large portion for his creditors, with the other a few bank notes to buy etchings with. (It would really be extremely interesting to learn what, after all, was the gross amount of Rousseau's debts and *how they originated!*)

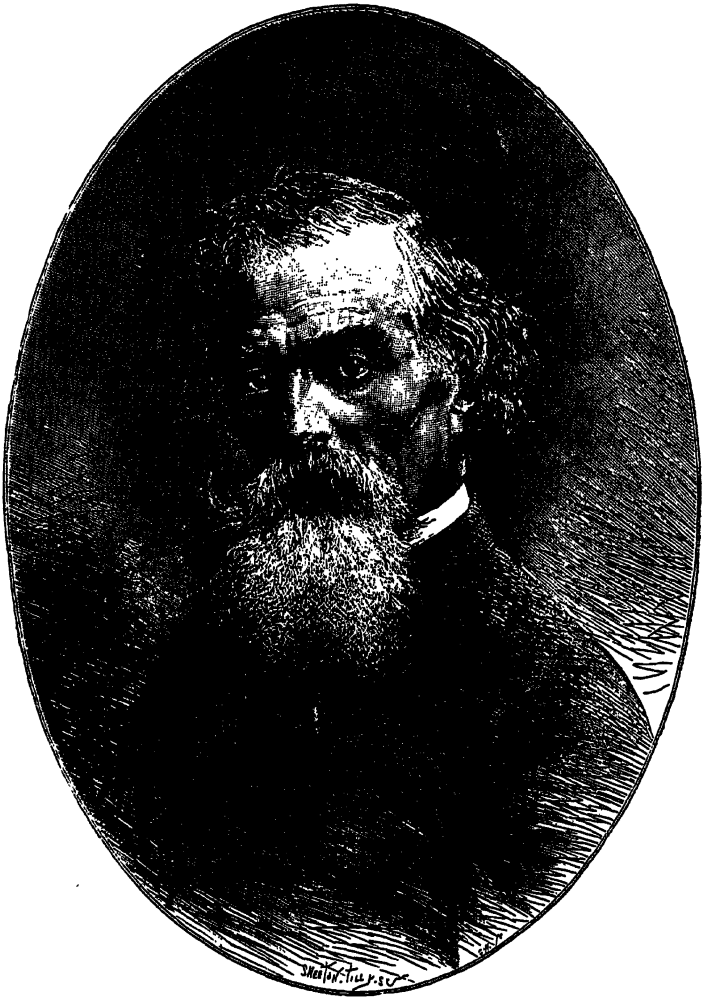
The year 1866 was marked, in the autumn, by a visit of a week to the Emperor's Court at Compiègne; and the opportunity there afforded him, apparently with the greatest indulgence, of liberating his mind of all his theories and projects on the subject of the encouragement of art in the country.

As one of the jurors of the Exhibition of 1867—the president of the jury—he realised for the first time the full enjoyment of the popularity that had steadily spread, still more in foreign nations than in France, in favour of his own work. He saw now the fortune he had been waiting for within his grasp; he received the grand medal; he bought thirty thousand francs' worth of etchings at one sale; he sold at the same time two hundred thousand francs' worth of pictures. No doubt he said, like Faust, to the passing hour, "Verweile doch! Du bist so schön:" and as he said it, he was struck down, in that same day, by the blow that brought paralysis and speedy death. It is a terrible history!

When he learned, on the festival of the announcement of rewards, that he *alone* of the jurors was excluded from the compliment of promotion in the Legion of Honour—

"He returned with a purple face and with bloodshot eyes

. I saw by the twitching of his features that a dreadful battle was raging within him, and I feared at first that he would break a bloodvessel." And a short time later : "His left hand felt heavy and stiff;" then "a singular form of rheumatic pain" affected him ; and then he takes to his bed, and soon after is imprudently shown a newspaper which reports that he is suffering from *paralysis*, and he is terribly moved. He lingers on through the year, and dies at Barbizon on the 22nd December, 1867, his poor wife filling the house with her lamentations,—for which she had good cause,—he had never legalised their marriage !



PORTRAIT OF DIAZ. BY PROFIT.

NARCISSE VIRGILE DIAZ.

NARCISSE VIRGILIO DIAZ DE LA PEÑA was the son of a citizen of Salamanca, Thomas Diaz de la Peña and his wife Maria Manuela Belasco, who fled (presumably over the Pyrenees) from the troubles of their native country, in the year 1809 (*not* 1807, as some biographers have it)—a time of tumult and national enthusiasm, when the whole country was in arms against the cuckoo King Joseph, and the desolating Guerilla war had begun, when every Spaniard of heart said, “La muerte es para mi un placer, si consigo matar algun frances”—and even the women drilled and carried arms for the fatherland: “Hermosas Amazonas y mas fiéras que hermosas!”—and of the poor puppet king, even his own countrymen said—“Le roi d’Espagne n’était guère que roi de Madrid.” The flight of Thomas Diaz from Salamanca *into France*, to Bordeaux, at this moment, indicates either that he was escorted thither as a prisoner, or that his sympathies were not patriotic, but French. We are told that he was “proscribed by King Joseph Buonaparte, after being involved in a political conspiracy,” but certainly King Joseph, at that time, had other matters to think about than the proscription of obscure individuals. War to the knife had begun, and the days of

quarter or mild dealing were past. On the other hand, no Spanish patriot would voluntarily have sought refuge in the heart of France. The friends of Diaz cannot but be interested in this journey endured by his young mother, almost immediately before his birth, the hardship and the misery of it; the broiling midsummer glow of the days, and the alternating chills of the nights among the peaks and passes, so soon to become familiar to Englishmen; the occasional skirmishes of the escort (if escort there were) with Guerilla bands, or the unexpected whistling of bullets from the surrounding crags; the terrible fatigue of the young wife, jolted painfully in the saddle from morning to night, day after day; finally, the arrival at Bordeaux, and, thereupon, the birth of her firstborn, whose name so slightly altered—*Dias de la Pena*—"days of suffering"—is so curiously descriptive of the time of his entry into the world.

The young mother's troubles were by no means over, when, after all she had endured, she had her child safe in her arms, for her husband, we are told, feeling insecure, as well he might if he were in truth a Spanish patriot, within the reach of the long arm of the ever mindful Napoleon, *fled* (from Bordeaux to England)! How he managed it, what resources surpassing those of ordinary citizens he commanded to enable him to perform such a feat at this period of history, we are not told. English and French generals or admirals would have been interested in the particulars of his voyage. Our interest stays behind at Bordeaux, with the wife and child now destitute there. We dwell lingeringly on the character of this young heroine, bearing her part in the all-pervading warfare of those dark times, not unsexed like her countrywomen with a gun on her shoulder slaughtering, but simply, in a world turned upside down by war, earning an honest living for her child and

herself by prosaic governess-work, teaching the French Spanish, and, with this only resource, making her way steadily, but slowly, with the child in her arms, from Bordeaux to Montpellier, from Montpellier to Lyons, thence to Paris, where her solitude was relieved by arrival among friends, at last! Let anybody look at the map, and read a little of the literature of the period, and judge what this pilgrimage was, and what manner of woman the mother of Diaz must have been. And through it all the child was strong and healthy; she had carried him so perfectly unharmed through all vicissitudes, that the characteristic of his childhood is gaiety, athletic habits, "diablotin, tourmenté par la force du sang"; a boy whose whole delight was independent life, long rambles in the open air, wild exploits among the fields and woods, physically a prototype of the best that the costliest and wisest care can make of an English public-school boy. Maria Manuela lived long enough to be sure of this part of her reward, and died at Paris when Diaz was ten years old. Who will not hope and believe with us, that she knew more than this, and closed her eyes in the assurance that the good Protestant Pastor, Paira, would be a father to the boy when she was gone? No doubt it was so, and the adoption of Diaz by his second father was doubtless a legacy that he derived from his mother's hold upon the esteem of her friends.

Monsieur Paira, of whom it would be interesting to know much more than we are told, lived at this time in retirement at Bellevue, near Paris. He appears to have allowed a great deal of liberty to his protégé, and he disappears from the narrative as if his influence were of short duration, and slight at the best. He left the young Spaniard in great measure to his own devices, but it must be observed, in justice to the good man, that in very early youth the work of Diaz shows the

result of education, especially of classical reading, which he hardly could have acquired after beginning to work for his living. He was, moreover, never in his life a patient student of his art or of anything else. His knowledge of the classical mythology must have been gathered from lessons with M. Paire, in the intervals of which, we are told, "he passed his time rambling about the woods and roads of Fleury, of Meudon, of Sèvres, of Saint Cloud : *aimables campagnes !*" says M. Silvestre, "where a nature devoid of violence recalls the magic of the *fêtes galantes* of Watteau ; the trunk of the tree that grows there comes of a wealthy and gracious stock, in the lowlands full of sleeping springs, and on the hillocks always wrapped in floating mists which refresh the vegetation, and seem to prolong the autumn."

"From the top of the little hill, where the chapel of Nôtre Dame des Flammes rises in the midst of the cypresses, the eye wanders with delight along the banks of the Seine excoriated by the navigation, over white villas of Auteuil and Boulogne, and the silhouettes of Paris, misty in the distance ; and there, one fine day, young Diaz after his games went to sleep on the grass ; and when he woke up he felt a sharp pain in his right foot, which was rapidly swelling. A good woman took charge of him, blundering stupidly, and gangrene supervened. He was then carried to the Hospice of the Child Jesus, where he supported, *coup sur coup*, two amputations, for the first was not effective, and now he wears a wooden leg, and gaily calls it '*mon pilon*,' my pestle."

Hermann Billüng* gives a different account of the accident : "While Diaz was sleeping once in the open air, as he often did, *a viper bit him in the foot*, and long months of suffering in the Hospice de l'Enfant Jesus followed the years of unbridled

* "Zeitschrift für bildende Kunst," 1876.



THE FAIRY GODMOTHER. BY DIAZ.

freedom." M. Silvestre, who says nothing of the viper on this occasion, attributes the *death* of Diaz, in 1876, to the bite of a viper. It would be curious if, in truth, Diaz was twice bitten by vipers!

An episode of "long months of suffering" means a great deal in the mental history of a child like Diaz. In the slowly creeping hours when the mind has to feed upon its own internal stores, when the hoards of memory are exhausted, and fantastic imagination supplies their place, fairy land mixes with facts and inaugurates a permanent dream such as Diaz interwove in his landscapes when he became a painter.

As soon as he was better, the boy was apprenticed to a printer, afterwards to a porcelain works, where he began painting upon "plates and dishes, jam-pots, and apothecaries' gallipots," in the company of Jules Dupré, of Raffet, and of Cabat—all of whom have since become eminent as painters. At this stage of his life he *adored* the theatre. "The romantic dramas over-excited the natural ardour of his disposition; he was a fanatical admirer of Delacroix, and the mortal enemy of all painting that was *fini et pourléchée* (over-finished)." Then, instead of carrying out the instructions of his manufacturer, who desired to please the public eye with images that were pretty and trifling, Diaz began to paint upon his plates and pots subjects that were *ferocious*. "The man of porcelain cried out, and Diaz precipitated himself into free art at his own risk and peril." M. Souchon, afterwards Director of the École de Lille, gave him some lessons in drawing, but "the impatient pupil made haste to escape from this skilful man, and began to make his first pictures *à la Diable*, without having learned anything at all."

Sigalon, a companion pupil of Souchon, also a poor painter (in two senses), used to say: "Diaz has the finest

career before him, if he will only work. He is a *fier tempérament* of a colourist, and what facility! He makes his pictures as an apple-tree makes apples."

We extract the following from the work of Herr Billüng :—

"The entry into the studio of Souchon, the excellent Lille master, whose plaster casts he copied, was another step on his upward way. There he struck a firm friendship with Sigalon, who subsequently painted the often-spoken-of *Locusta*, and Sigalon negotiated the sale of Diaz's first oil-paintings, which he did in his hours of leisure. On unusually lucky days these attempts of the youthful master fetched from sixteen to twenty-five francs.

"At that time Diaz struck the first chords of his subsequent colour harmonies; sometimes it was landscapes, bright in the moonlight with merry groups of dancing nymphs; sometimes he produced harem views with languishing Odalisks, whose white limbs and full voluptuous forms, folded in long flowing hair and gauzy veils, stood boldly out on the glowing colours of the background. Victor Hugo's *Orientales* seduced him often to the strangest pictures of Turkish life and manners, court ladies and their pages were mixed up in between, but Diaz owed the true development of his talent in the first place to the most earnest, passionate study he made of the masterpieces of Correggio in the Louvre.

"The *Antiope* revealed to him the secret of the golden blonde tones, the flexible, supple movements, the rays of light and their reflection in the shadow.

"For a space of time, also, he had leaned on Delacroix, but now he was sailing into the only stream that was fitted for him. The warm, southern colouring, the boldness of the sketch, and the precision (*Sicherheit*) of the line were easy to him, as they were to few others.

"His open feeling for beauties of landscape places him on a level with Théodore Rousseau, who surpasses him as a painter, and with J. F. Millet, the companion of his youth, and his long years' friend."

Further details, recorded by M. Jules Claretie, are that Madame Diaz, at the time of her death, was established at Sèvres as governess to an English family, and that Thomas Diaz, escaping from Bordeaux, went in the first place to Norway, and thence to England.*

M. Claretie also informs us that, at the time when the young Diaz became a painter on porcelain, he was fifteen years of age (that would be in 1824); and goes on to say that Jules Dupré, Cabat, and Raffet were, at that time, also painters on porcelain, "*Chez*, the uncle of Jules Dupré, who was my (M. Claretie's) maternal grandfather, Arsène Gillet." He confirms all that we learn from Silvestre of the tastes and mode of life of the youth. "Whilst he was making the round of all the exhibitions and the theatres, an enthusiastic observer of the two-sided movement—in Art and in Literature—that was to culminate in our epoch-making year of 1830," Diaz was learning drawing of Souchon,† and, at this time, he began to paint *feverishly*, throwing on to canvas a profusion of scenes, Egyptian or romantic, inspired by the sensational drama of the period. A hero of French biography has the privilege of a hero of romance, or we

* We have before us a Spanish translation of Madame Cottin's "Exiles of Siberia," published by Gale and Child, of Paternoster Row, "by D. T. Diaz de la Peña, Professor de la lengua castellana." Husband and wife, therefore, were both teachers of Spanish.

† FRANÇOIS SOUCHON, b. 1786, d. 1857, was a pupil of David, and had a remarkable talent for making copies of old masters. The Lille museum contains also some well-painted historical landscapes by him. He was Director of the Academy of Lille from 1836 to 1857.

should begin to calculate the prices of admission to exhibitions and theatres, and the number of hours in the young man's day, and the amount of his resources derived from his painting, or porcelain painting, or the sale of his drawings, of which at this early stage of his career so much is said. They produced, M. Claretie says, five francs apiece—"Castil-Bloze paid him 20 francs one day for *quatre toiles de huit*"—but according to Silvestre, his friend Sigalon introduced him to a still better market with some people of Nîmes, who bought drawings of him at ten or fifteen francs apiece—they were "recollections of theatrical pageants, sumptuous vestments, glittering armour," and so forth—and, after the *Nimois*, his next customer was a lady, Dame Guérin, who kept a curiosity shop in the Rue du Faubourg Poissonnière—who gave him old paintings, seals, armour, costumes, *chinoiseries*, or furniture, in exchange; and imbued him with the collector's passion to which he devoted the wealth that he acquired by his art—for he began to make money very soon.

The early manner of Diaz is qualified by M. Claretie "*d'une tonalité sombre, wanting brilliance, dull in colour, heavy of touch, and devoid of transparency in the demi-teints*"—but Diaz had, himself, no illusion on the subject. He was the first to condemn his own early landscapes, but, M. Claretie says: "It was with a legitimate pride that he would set up, by the side of the pictures of Millet and Corot, a life-size study of a blonde young woman, or a back view of another wandering about in a dream, and *vivante*, the flesh of her being as *souvoreuse* as the most seductive reality; *one of those happy inspirations knocked off in two hours, incomparably superior to the most finished picture!*" The italics are ours, the words and the whole sentiment M. Claretie is responsible for.

His first exhibited picture, in the Salon of 1835, was called

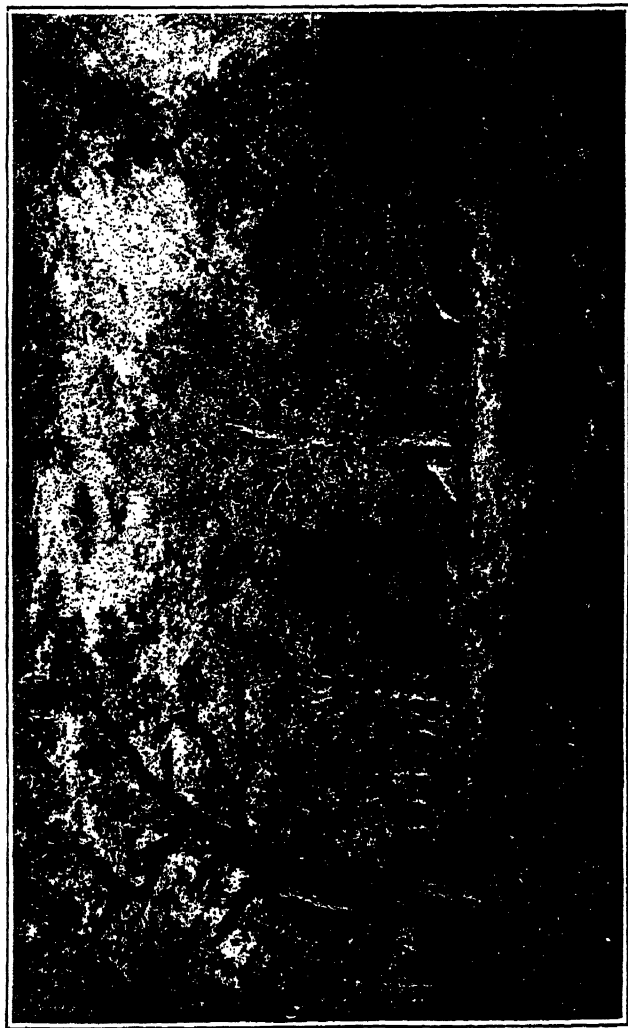
The Battle of Medina. Silvestre describes it as a formless sketch, which his friends christened the *Battle of the Broken Gallipots*. After this he hit the public taste with studies from the nude—flooding his market with *Nymphs, Dianas, Venuses, Bathing Women, and Cupids*. “The dealers,” says Silvestre, “and the *femmes élégantes* of the Quartier Notre Dame de Lorette, and the bankers of the Rue Laffitte, still dispute at golden prices these voluptuous images, which in my eyes have neither sense nor feeling.” With such subjects, and occasionally with landscapes, Diaz went on prospering—inexhaustibly prolific—and, as Silvestre puts it, “Keeping Success attached to the leg of his easel with a pink riband, and finding, as Rubens says, the philosopher’s stone upon his palette.”

For Diaz, with all his loyalty and candour, knew very well how to take care of his “financial history,” and to countermine all the tricks of flattering and friendly buyers. “And in this”—we agree heartily with M. Silvestre—“he did right,” and we only wish that he could have imparted to his friends, Millet and Rousseau, some share of his talent in this respect.

His luxuries were slightly different from the luxuries of poor Rousseau. “His studio is encumbered with furniture, and pictures, and tapestries, and oriental costumes, and *brimborions*, or knick-knacks of priceless value. He has not alone a passion for fine things, but the frenzy of luxury, and throws his money about by handfuls.”—It was as lightly earned! “He is literally besieged by amateurs and dealers, who are obliged to make their contracts long in advance, and to pay very high to get the smallest piece of his work; and he sacrifices accordingly to the corrupt taste of the public, and works continually *à chauffer son four* (to heat his oven) as Charlet used to say in his moments of scarcity; and never leaves himself an hour for liberty of thought and study.”

“And so you see him turn out by dozens, with the rapid regularity of a machine, these women and children with the golden hair, with the pink and white flesh—and all of them are figures resuscitated from vignettes, or conceived and executed at a gallop!” But, “in spite of all,” he adds, “Diaz is a painter, a true painter.—He has set a dangerous example, and his extreme license has found only too many imitators. In throwing himself into all the vagaries of a brilliant and facile improvisation, he does not work to overthrow the pedantry of the Academicians—he justifies it!”

Barbizon, in 1836, was an obscure hamlet, lost in the middle of the landes and woods, and haunted only by some artists then unknown to fame, enthusiastic worshippers of its wild beauty. Its inhabitants were poor woodcutters and tillers of the meagre soil—richer in its rocks of sandstone than in agricultural produce. “Aligny was there, and Diaz,” says M. Sensier, and Rousseau, and Rousseau’s instructions on the palette were the *point de départ* of the real talent of Diaz, for colour. At this period the fine studies of the *Grand Refusé* (Rousseau) were a revelation to the quondam painter of porcelain, who had been struggling, all alone, to purge himself of the traditions of the *peinture* of the apothecaries’ gallipot, and the chocolate cup. “Diaz,” M. Sensier adds, “was conquered immediately by Rousseau, and his admiration for him remained for ever, the conviction and the religion of all his life. Speak of it to Diaz, now!” he says, “now, that his beard is white with toil and trouble, and you will see his Castilian look lighten up at the memory of the great chief who led him on to victory, and his heart dilate at the memory of Rousseau.” Diaz lived in a *double* world, and was one of those born poets, the slave of imagination, whose gift or disease of fantasy was healthily toned by a faculty of clear, objective apprehension of



FOREST SCENE. BY DIAZ.

the realities of the external phenomena surrounding him. Where Corot found in Nature the echo of a religion within him, and Millet the gloom of sympathy with the peasant's burthened life, Diaz found a stage for the puppets of his curiously Oriental phantasy. He painted a dream, and mesmerised Nature to sleep, and began to dress her, as a child would a doll, in tinsel and fine colour, and painted around her *her* dream, and made it more and more gorgeous every day, and at last fell in love with *colour* for its own sake, and subordinated both Nature and her dream to the technical exploit. *Hinc omnes omnia bona dicere!* "It is in 1844, with the *Bohémiens*, that Diaz arrives at his own *luminous* manner, and steals his 'ray of sunshine' for his fairy land," says M. Clarétie. "The *Bohemians*," says Delécluze, "is not a picture, but a phantasy painted; but these gipsies, men, women, children, animals and people, were so brilliantly coloured that we thought we were looking at a river of diamonds, rubies, topaz and emeralds pouring down into the gloomy ravine." And Gautier, the verbilobquent, says: "The Diazes are, as usual, prisms, peacocks' tails, rainbows that make you wink your dazzled eye, a *papillotage étincelant* (twinkling glitter), a whirlpool of luminous *fanfreluches*, of golden atoms, a kaleidoscopic irritation (*fourmillement de kaleidoscope*) or stinging of ants, a patchwork of spangles, of precious stones, of floss silk, and of *chenille effrangée!*" But in his *History of Romanticism*, he couples Diaz the painter with Arsène Houssaye the poet; "for a poet," he says, "often reminds you of a painter, by an intangible resemblance between them more easily felt than described; and Arsène Houssaye, with the silky *chatoiement* of his *verdures* star-spangled with flowers, which screen, but do not conceal, a group in a clearing, seated in a ray of sunshine, of women rustling in silks and jewels, reminds us of Diaz, that adroitest

of colourists, who also, from time to time, shows us the Venus of Prud'hon walking about in the moonlight; and, it must be further observed, the pictures of Arsène Houssaye are neater and clearer than those of Diaz de la Peña."

Thoré, Rousseau's great friend and partisan, objected to the minutæ of classification. Of Diaz and others, such as Décamps, Ary Scheffer, and Delacroix, he says, "They give the lie to the proverb of Brid' Oison; they are nobody's sons, but they all have one origin, that is, they proceed from their own *innéité*." "Diaz," he adds, "is the most difficult of them all to classify. He recalls the *fougue* and the rich abundance of Tiepolo, the finesse of Chardin, but above all, Watteau and Velazquez; he has the silvery and harmonious colouring of Velazquez, and the lightness and phantasy of Watteau. He sets you dreaming, also, of the school of Parma, in the quality of his flesh tones, the transparence of his shadows, and the softness of his touch. There is not a more charming colourist anywhere; he combines in himself all the gifts of colour—vigour, brilliance, refinement, variety, light; he disposes of the sun like Claude Lorrain; his art is not nature, nor even a conventional representation of nature: it is the poem of a day-dream; it is the évocation of a supernatural world, a dream in a land of enchantment. These forests of his, and their voluptuous denizens, exist only in visions—charming visions, such as opium and haschich produce when one is in good health, and perfectly happy already. Most painters, who have run after the fantastic, have found it in terror and nightmare. Diaz has had the wit to dream upstanding the most beautiful magic of the chimerical world." As to this, the dream of Diaz was not always rosy. Théophile Silvestre tells us that at one period, "some terrible and fantastic subjects are said to be stirring in his mind; he is proposing to paint,

after long and serious studies, a *Resurrection at the Cemetery, by Moonlight*, and each figure is to be the personification *saisissante* of some one capital vice of humanity."

The admirers of Diaz must turn to Thoré for the sympathetic note of true admiration; but it is the old original Diaz, whom Thoré writes of in 1846, when already his popularity was great, and "there is a great demand for his work, and it brings him extremely high prices." One picture, from the Salon of 1846, was bought by Meissonier:—"The interior of a forest; the trees: blonde, red-headed yellow, green—all gilded by a light which breaks out glittering everywhere; and brambles and plants intermingled joyously, and clambering up the trunks of the oaks in search of their share of the sunshine; and, in the middle of the picture, a little figure dressed in harmonious *red*, attracting the eye to a point. It is impossible not to worship Nature expressed with so much poetry. In effect, Meissonier has set out at once for some forest, after the purchase of his Diaz. It is very likely that he will come back to us a landscape painter."

Of *The Gardens of Love, The Leda, L'Orientale, L'Abandon*, and similar pictures exhibited that year, Thoré says: "There is really never any occasion for wearing clothes in the country that Diaz paints. The tailor's art is unknown in those burning climates." And, reviewing two other pictures of the same year, *La Sagesse* and *La Magicienne*, he says: "Diaz is not a Spaniard for nothing. One has always the colouring of one's country. Tell me your colour, and I will tell you where you come from, for everything in nature is reduced to harmony: the Belgians are the colour of beer, the Spaniards are the colour of the sun," and so forth. The next year's show, 1847, excites Thoré still more: "*Vive le Soleil!*" he cries; "*Vivent la couleur et les nymphes ambrées*;" and the flesh of opal, and the

hair that falls in waves, and the beautiful raiment of a thousand reflections, and the jewellery that blazes so bright, and the soft voluptuous light, and the infinite sky! *Vive la vie ! Décidément la peinture ennuyeuse n'est pas amusante.*"

But it is of this Salon of 1847 that Planché writes: "Diaz makes no progress. In figure painting or landscape it is always the same story; he finds on his palette charming tones, of which he makes ingenious sketches, but he gets no further. The trees want leaves, the avenues want air and space. He dazzles with a brilliant variety of haphazard tones, and is content. All his trees are on the same plan, the *terrains* want solidity.

"So long as the eye is dazzled, if emeralds and rubies rival in attracting the eye, he asks nothing more. This will not do. All these forests in the air, all these figures with no *framework*, cannot hold the field. They are *promises* which he must fulfil or the public will weary of him and his sketches."

Edmond About, reviewing the pictures in the Great Exhibition of 1855, has a fanciful article on Diaz, whom he calls "A celebrated conjurer who has stolen a little ray of sunshine, and carries it about with him everywhere, and spreads it on his pictures. It is quite a little ray, but it is like the fortune of the Wandering Jew, whatever it expends is restored at once. If you look at the five small canvases exhibited by M. Diaz, you will see graceful nymphs, lively coquettish Cupids, exquisite scenery; and everywhere that little ray of sunshine which will never be used up. It is by this blessed little ray that M. Diaz has made a great success, and acquired the reputation of a great painter."

Charles Blanc * says: "The colour of Diaz, in his sketches

* Introduction to the *Histoire des Peintres Français au XIX^{me} siècle*.



THE BATHERS. BY DIAZ. Formerly in the Laurent-Richard Collection.

is the *chef-d'œuvre* of brilliance in harmony. In the *Bohémiens* of M. Diaz there are plays of light and colour unknown before to the French school, and of which no examples exist, unless it be in certain fantasies of Watteau."

M. Théodore Pelloquet,* comparing his earlier efforts to follow the lead of Rousseau with his own former style, and writing in 1858, says:—

"He is doing all he can to bury himself alive. The Diaz of former times—the only genuine and true Diaz—in fact exists no more. He is replaced by another who bears the same name, who is *perhaps* the same person, but who, nevertheless, has with the former only a vague and far-away resemblance.

"The first Diaz might have been, had he wished, perhaps the greatest landscape painter of his time. Nobody knew better than he how to set gushing the streamlets of gold that the light weaves in the shadow of the wet roof of the under-wood, on the green mosses of a grassplot, on the carpets of violet-hued heather. Nobody, again, had dressed more splendidly those little Turks, awkwardly shaped, more awkwardly disjointed, but still charming in their audacious and impertinent deformity of drawing. The second Diaz has forsaken his original path, in which no one had gone before him, to march in the wheel-rut of Correggio and of Prud'hon, but to march blindfolded and knowing nothing of the route traced by these two illustrious masters. He will never know it, and that will be his punishment. It is not permitted to a man to be ungrateful—even to himself!"

And, as to Prud'hon, the German critic, Herr Billung tells us: "For a space of time Prud'hon was master of his whole heart, *that is to say, of his whole palette*, and Venetian sunsets, or

* *Dictionnaire de poche des artistes contemporains*, 1858.

for a change pale, romantic moonlights were the accessories to his *Magiciennes*, his *Délaissées*, and his solitary despairing Gretchen figures, the *Folles Amoureuses* pining in the recesses of the forest solitudes."

Another, and a greater German critic, Dr. Julius Meyer,* in his philosophical and carefully reasoned history, traces back all the peculiarities of Diaz to our English Bonington. It is difficult to do justice to his argument in a short extract, but the link is important. "A greater influence than Décamps," he writes, "was active on the colourist tendency of the period, in RICHARD PARKES BONINGTON (1801—1828), an Englishman, but in his career as an artist, and in his influence, belonging almost of equal right to the history of French as of English art. Trained in the school of Gros, and intimately connected by friendship with Delacroix, he had been one of the earliest of the students of the Dutch and Venetian masters in the Louvre.

"To a fine sense of colour, and a remarkable gift of facility, he united a thorough appreciation of the picturesque and a sincere feeling for Nature, as well in her manifestation by incidents of human life, as in the moodful life of Landscape. . . . The dazzling facility of execution, the flashing and shimmering of costly textiles, the gleaming and sparkling of all sorts of objects that catch and reflect the light, until in the rich colour-concert of the costume and accessories the figures are lost and forgotten—were perpetuated after him, by CAMILLE ROQUEPLAN (1802—1855) and EUGÈNE ISABEY (b. 1804)," and the method was pronounced *chic*. Dr. Meyer calls it *taschenspielerische Blendwerk* (a conjuring trick) that "robs things of their soul" (*das den Dingen ihre Seele ausweidet*)

*Director of the Berlin Academy; "Geschichte der modernen Französischen Malerei seit 1789, zugleich in ihrem Verhältniss zum politischen Leben, zur Gesittung und Literatur," Leipzig, 1867.

and merges all form and figure in an *Ungefähr* (lit. "thereabouts").

"But," he goes on to say, "if the works of Roqueplan and Isabey are mostly sketches that pretend to the authority of finished paintings, the pictures of Diaz are nothing but a lightly *hingeworfenes Farbenspiel* (jeu de couleur.)"

For a conclusion of our collation of opposing verdicts we are tempted to quote some old remarks of M. Thiers on art criticisms in general: "A singular conflict exists," he says, "among painters, men of letters, and the public. The painters and the men of letters agree that the public is incapable of forming a decision on the merits of pictures. The painters, in their turn, dispute the authority of the men of letters, and only give them leave to praise them; for they cannot ignore them as the indispensable organs of opinion. Moreover, the painters judge each other with a remarkable diversity of opinions, and rarely agree about their works. In this manner, the public being by all declared ignorant, by the men of letters as well as by the painters, and these last finding it difficult to agree, it appears—that nobody ought ever to agree about painting."

The following remarks, however, of M. Jean Rousseau, which appeared in *L'Art*, have a technical importance which must closely concern the possessors of Diaz's works.

We remember a visit that we paid to Diaz, about 1852. He was living on a second floor in the Rue Frochot, and had his studio under the roof. We noticed that he painted with the left hand, and that he had his palette set with all the most brilliant colours that it is possible to introduce into the composition of a painting, *including those which are prohibited as dangerous to use and of doubtful permanence*—chrome, cadmium, vermilion, Veronese green, &c. All that shone and glittered to the eye attracted him, the dazzling colourist.

On the whole, the Art work of Diaz shows that, in the glamour of his most gorgeous dream he never lost his grasp of the truth in landscape. Whatever he painted either *was*, or might have been. He never overstepped that plain frontier that separates the poet from the lunatic; and, just in the same way, in the conduct of his *life*, he was a poet at large, but, when occasion rose, a shrewd man of the world, and never in his life do we hear of him as "slothful in business," or faint-hearted, or weak of will. He was his mother's son.

In the general story of the Barbizon congress, he figures throughout as a strong staff for his weaker brethren, Millet and Rousseau, to lean upon. He was active as their broker in the corrupt picture market of the period, and, no doubt, came in like a sunbeam on their days of despondence with his peculiar, hearty and genial, and (like Daubigny) *boisterous* words and manners.

His portrait is of one of those symmetrical heads which tell of power, without strongly marked features or *lines of insistence*; and of sensitive and even passionate possibilities in reserve, for the deep dark eyes to express; and above all, the first impression is that it is a *kind* face. It is easy to believe his friends that he was a favourite wherever he went. The anecdotes of M. Wolff, in his *Capitule de l'Art* are rather *ben trovati* than *veri*, but among them is one that tells us of his first meeting with Diaz, and how Diaz found in his rooms a little panel picture, representing a child in its cradle, and a mother sitting over it, and wept over this picture, and entreated to have it back at any price, explaining that he had sold it under stress of poverty and that it was a portrait of his own wife and child, and the child was dead.

The impulsive frankness of the disposition of Diaz could not have a better illustration.

In the year 1848, Diaz, like Millet, competed for the prize that was offered for an official symbolical figure of the Republic, and Millet sent in a *ghastly* realisation of that line in the *Marseillaise*, which is, surely, the most repulsive in poetry, "Qu'un sang impure Abreuve nos sillons!" But Diaz had an altogether more pleasant conception. His ideal of a Republic, as it ought to be, was a beautiful Venus, surrounded (as Béranger has it) by "petits culs nus d'Amours." "She was charming," says Clarétie, "*savoureuse* ; would have seduced an Athenian, but she had not the *gravity* supposed to be an attribute of an official figure." Herr Billüing tells us an anecdote of a time when Millet and Diaz were both much occupied in the production of *Bathing Nymphs*, and mythological figures, and they compared their work. Millet drew *his* with strictly correct lines, chaste and unattractive ; Diaz floated *his* in an atmosphere of vapour and poetry, and said to Millet, "You may make stinging nettles of yours ; I prefer the roses !" And it is needless to add that the public were of the same opinion. His love in his later years for all that could recall to his mind the happy days of his youth, and the circle of old comrades passed away in death, was, Herr Billüing says, "really moving." Every morning he went out, as he said, "to get some fresh air," and returned from his walk loaded with spoils of this description, for which he was forced to pay the most enormous prices. Billüing was present when he brought home one day a sketch for which he had been delighted to get 25 francs in his student days. He had been equally delighted to buy it back now from a broker for three thousand, and hung it up over his bed in triumph.

These were the sort of profits the dealers were making in those days out of the impecunious Barbizon victims of "*the Market*" !

The International Exhibition of 1855 was the culmination of Diaz's fame, when (as M. Claretie calls it) he "exploded" with half a dozen pictures of *Nymphs*, still esteemed to be among the best of his works; they were the *Dernières Larmes* (the colours of which, however, were dull and pale, for Diaz), *Les Nymphes*, *La Rivale*, *La Fin d'un beau Jour*, *Nymphe tourmentée par l'Amour*, *Nymphe endormie*, *Présents d'Amour*, all of them, it will be observed, variations of the one theme that haunted him, and, having sent in his pictures, he set out the next day, NOT for the East, as some biographers say, but for Fontainebleau. Herr Billung has gone wrong at this point. "In 1855," he says, "Diaz resolved upon a voyage to the East, which he had often painted, but only knew from the pictures of Décamps and Marilhat. The failure of his carelessly painted Salon picture of that year may have contributed to this sudden decision. He stayed away nearly two years, and painted, soon after his return, *La Mère aux Vipères*, one of his finest and most finished works."

This is all wrong. He never went to the East; but in 1856 built himself a studio, on the top of the Mont St. Georges, at Barbizon, and after that date, as he differed from his colleagues in his management of the sale of his pictures, the remainder of his biography is comparatively prosaic. He retired to Brussels (as a man of sixty, who had lost a leg, may be pardoned for doing) during the national disasters of 1870. After the war he returned and grew rich, and made a great collection of curiosities, bought himself a house near the sea, at Étretat, and took up for a time the study of marine subjects. To the last year of his life he is described as the *ever-young doyen* of the painters. In 1876 he went to Mentone, where he died on the 18th of November, *not* of the bite of a viper, but of a disease of the lungs. His wife, who had been his

devoted nurse through his last illness, brought the remains to Paris, where they were interred in the cemetery of Montmartre, with much pomp and testimony of popular esteem. Meissonier and Jules Dupré were among the pall-bearers. Many funeral orations were made, after the French custom, at the grave, but Jules Dupré, we are told, was silent. It was subsequently, and in a letter, that he uttered his celebrated *mot*, that in the death of this great painter, "the sun lost one of its most beautiful rays!"

"Diaz," says a writer in *L'Artiste*, "is the son of Giorgione, the cousin of Correggio, and the grandson of Boccaccio."

APPENDIX

(Compiled by E.G.C.).

THE following Lists have been made as complete as possible, but, owing to the fact that works of art in private collections sometimes change hands with comparative frequency, it is impossible to make anything like complete lists of pictures by the artists. Any additions or corrections for a future edition will be gratefully received by the Editor of the series—"Biographies of the Great Artists," care of Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co., St. Dunstan's House, Fetter Lane, London.

I.—GENERAL BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE PAINTERS OF BARBIZON.

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,, "L'Art et les Artistes français contemporains" (Paris, 1876).
,, "Peintres et Sculpteurs contemporains" (Paris, 1883).
,, "L'Art Français en 1872, Études artistiques" (Paris, 1873).
,, "Portraits contemporains" (Paris, 1875).
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- Gautier (Théophile), aîné, "Abécédaire du Salon de 1861" (Paris, 1861).
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 „ „ “Le Capitale de l’Art.” *Partly reprinted from the above* (Paris, 1886).

Though Dictionaries and Cyclopædias are not included in the list, which cannot do more than point out the chief sources of information with respect to the Painters of Barbizon, yet the following publications must be mentioned:—“The Cyclopædia of Painters and Painting,” edited by J. D. Champlin and C. C. Perkins, 4 vols. (New York, 1889), and Clement and Hutton’s “Artists of the Nineteenth Century,” 22 vols. (Boston, U.S.A., 1879); as giving specially full list of pictures (and in some cases the owners) under the names of the different artists. Articles also occur throughout the leading French periodicals, such as the “Bulletin de l’Alliance des Arts” (1842—1847), “Gazette des Beaux Arts,” “L’Artiste,” “L’Art,” and amongst English periodicals, the “Portfolio,” the “Magazine of Art,” and the “Art Journal.”

It is, of course, impossible in this volume to give a complete list; reference to the more important of the individual biographies and notices is, however, made in the *Special Bibliographies* of the various painters.

II.—SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL PRIVATE COLLECTIONS (PAST AND PRESENT), CONTAINING SPECIALLY FINE EXAMPLES OF THE PAINTERS OF BARBIZON.

FRANCE.

Mme. Accloque, Paris.	M. Thomy Thiery, Paris.
Duc d'Aumale, Paris.	M. Tavernier, Paris.
M. Bellino, Paris.	M. Vever, Paris.
M. Bischoffsheim, Paris.	M. le Comte Doria, Orrouy.
Mme. de Cassin, Paris.	Mme. Veuve Roederer, Havre.
M. Chauchard, Paris.	Mme. Veuve Lefèvre, Roubaix.
M. Chéramy, Paris.	M. le Baron de Beurnonville (dis-
M. Coquelin <i>ainé</i> , Paris.	persed).
Mme. Cottier, Paris.	M. Defoer (dispersed in 1886).
M. V. Desfossés, Paris.	M. A. Dreyfus ,, 1889).
Dr. Dieulafoy, Paris.	M. S. Goldschmidt ,, 1888).
M. J. Dollfus, Paris.	M. Hartmann ,, 1881).
M. Donatis, Paris.	M. Laurent-Richard ,, 1878).
M. Faure, Paris.	M. Oppenheim ,, 1877).
M. Gentien, Paris.	M. Saulnier ,, 1886).
M. Hecht, Paris.	M. Secrétan ,, 1889).
M. G. Lutz, Paris.	M. A. Sensier ,, 1877).
Mme. la Baronne N. de Rothschild, Paris.	M. J. Wilson ,, 1881).

BELGIUM.

M. Crabbe, Brussels.	M. Otlet, Brussels.
M. Van den Eynde, Brussels.	The late M. van Praët's Collection- Brussels.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Hon. Mr. Justice Day, London.	Hamilton Bruce, Esq. Edinburgh.
J. Staats Forbes, Esq., London.	A. Sanderson, Esq., Edinburgh.
General H. Hopkinson, London.	J. Anderson, Esq., jun., Glasgow.
C. Ionides, Esq., London.	T. Glen Arthur, Esq., Glasgow.
Sir F. Leighton, Bart., P.R.A., London.	James Cowan, Esq., Glasgow.
A. Muir, Esq., London.	James Donald, Esq., Glasgow.
E. J. Poole, Esq., London.	A. J. Kirkpatrick, Esq., Glasgow.
A. Young, Esq., Blackheath.	T. Glas Sandeman, Esq., Glasgow.
A. Bowman, Esq., Edinburgh.	Dr. J. Forbes White, Dundee.
	James Duncan, Esq., Benmore (dis- persed)

HOLLAND.

Heer H. W. Mesdag, The Hague. | Heer Fop-Smit, Rotterdam.
 Heer Steengracht, The Hague. |

PORTUGAL.—Le Comte Daupeas, Lisbon.

RUSSIA.—Trétiakoff, Moscow.

AMERICA.

W. Astor, Esq., New York.	J. D. Lanckau, Esq., Philadelphia.
C. A. Dana, Esq., New York.	H. Probasco, Esq., Cincinnati.
C. P. Huntingdon, Esq., New York.	T. W. Walters, Baltimore.
John Martin, Esq., New York.	Dr. H. C. Angell, Boston.
W. Rockefeller, Esq., New York.	M. Brimmer, Esq., Boston.
J. C. Runkle, Esq., New York.	H. P. Kidder, Esq., Boston.
G. J. Seney, New York.	A. Quincy Shaw, Esq., Boston.
Ch. Stewart Smith, New York.	Mrs. S. D. Warren, Boston.
C. Vanderbilt, Esq., New York.	Potter Palmer, Esq., Chicago.
Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt, New York.	Albert Spencer, Esq., New York
Miss C. L. Wolfe, New York.	(recently dispersed).
Mrs. Borie, Philadelphia.	Mrs. Morgan (recently dispersed).
Mrs. J. Fell, Philadelphia.	Erwin-Davis, Esq. ,, ,,
H. C. Gibson, Esq., Philadelphia.	

CANADA.

R. B. Angus, Esq., Montreal. | D. McIntyre, Esq., Montreal.
 G. A. Drummond, Esq., Montreal. | Sir Donald Smith, Montreal.

MILLET.

III.—BIBLIOGRAPHY.*

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IV.—SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY MILLET.*

- Angelus [Wilson and Secrétan Colls.] (etched).
- Bather (or Goose-girl), *Mme. Fré. J. Saulnier, Bordeaux.*
- Bathers, *Louvre, Paris.*
- Bird Killers—night scene, *M. F. Gérard, Paris.*
- Buckwheat Harvest [Hartmann Coll.], *Martin Brimmer, Esq., Boston, U.S.*
- Church at Gréville [Millet Sale], *Louvre, Paris.*
- Churner [Morgan Coll., New York].

* The names between square brackets indicate the collections through which the pictures have passed. The names in italic are the present owners.

- Churner, *Mme. Angelo, Paris.*
 Cliffs of Gruchy [Laurent-Richard Coll.], *M. Alfred Marme, Tours.*
 Death and the Wood-cutter [Laurent-Richard Coll.], *Glyptotéque, Copenhagen.*
 Edge of the Hamlet of Gruchy, *A. Quincy Shaw, Esq., Boston.*
 End of the Day (The Man with the Jacket), *M. Rouart, Paris.*
 Evening—Woman watering a cow [Laurent-Richard Coll.].
 Expectation ("L'Attente") (1860).
 Feeding Poultry, *Mrs. J. G. Fell, Philadelphia.*
 Fisherman's Family, *Comte Doria, Paris.*
 Fisherman's Wife, *Heer H. W. Mesdag, The Hague.*
 Gathering Beans (the woman is Millet's mother) [Morgan Coll.], *J. Eastman Chase, Esq., New York.*
 Geese, *W. Astor, Esq., New York.*
 Girl with a new-born lamb, *A. Quincy Shaw, Esq., Boston, U.S.A.*
 Gleaners [Salon, 1857], *Mme. Pommeroy, Rheims.* Eventually to be given to the Louvre.
 Goose-girl, *Coll. of the late M. Van Praet, Brussels.*
 Grafter (1855) (etched) [Hartmann Coll.], *W. Rockefeller, Esq., New York.*
 Hamlet of Cousin, *M. Tavernier, Paris.*
 Harvest [M. Perreau, Paris].
 Harvesters [Salon, 1853], *Martin Brimmer, Esq., Boston.*
 Haystacks, The, *Mme. Hartmann, Paris.*
 Hay-trussers, The (1850) (etched), *M. Thomy Thiery, Paris.*
 Interior (unfinished), *Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, U.S.*
 Love the Conqueror, *J. S. Forbes, Esq., London.*
 Love the Conqueror, *W. C. Quilter, Esq., M.P., London.*
 Man with the Hoe (etched as "Labour") [Salon, 1863], *M. Van den Eynde, Brussels.*
 Maternal Precaution, *Prince Dutz.*
 Maternity, *Messrs. Obach & Co., London.*
 Milk-carrier, *M. Alphonse Dumas, Paris.*
 Milk-Jar, *J. C. Runkle, Esq., New York.*
 Moses, *Cherbourg Museum.*
 Mother, A, *Marseilles Museum.*
 Mother, with Child in Cradle, *Fop-Smit Coll., Rotterdam.*
 Mouthful, The (etched), *Museum at Lille.*
 Naiad, *Mrs. Borie, Philadelphia.*
 Offering to Pan, *Montpellier Museum.*
 Oedipus Detached from the Tree [Salon, 1847, Faure Coll.], *M. E. Otlet, Brussels.*

- Peasants going to Work (a Man and a Woman), 1850, *James Donald, Esq., Glasgow.*
- Phœbus and Boreas, *M. Henri Rouart, Paris.*
- Pig Killers (1867-69) [Paris Exhibition, 1889], *M. Hecht, Paris.*
- Potato-planters (1860) (Etched), *A. Quincy Shaw, Esq., Boston, U.S.A.*
- Potato Harvest (1863), *T. W. Walters, Esq., Baltimore.*
- Public Oven, *In New York.*
- Return of the Labourer, *Mrs. Borie, Philadelphia.*
- Return to the Farm, *M. J. Dollfus, Paris.*
- Reverie (girl seated at foot of a rock with sunlight playing upon her through the branches overhead.) *A. Young, Esq., Blackheath.*
- Sea, The, *M. Legrand, Paris.*
- Sewing Lesson, — *Leitner, Esq., Washington.*
- Sheepfold at Night, *Mme. W. Hooper, Paris.*
- Sheepfold by Moonlight [Paris Exhibitions, 1867 and 1889], *M. Bellino, Paris.*
- Sheepfold, *T. W. Walters, Esq., Baltimore.*
- Sheep-shearing (1860).
- Shepherd (Return of the Flock), *H. C. Gibson, Esq., Philadelphia.*
- Shepherdess, *Constantine Ionides, Esq., London.*
- Shepherdess (etched), *Coll. of the late M. Van Praet, Brussels.*
- Shepherdess (standing against a tree knitting, flock in the distance), *A. Young, Esq., Blackheath.*
- Shepherdess (seated), *Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, U.S.*
- Shepherdess, *W. Rockefeller, Esq., New York.*
- Sower (etched by M. Maris), *Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt, New York.*
- Sower (1850) (1st picture smaller), *A. Quincy Shaw, Esq., Boston, U.S.A.*
- Spinner [Morgan Coll.], *J. F. Sutton, Esq., New York.*
- Spinner [Paris Exhibition, 1889], *M. Coquelin aîné, Paris.*
- Spring [Hartmann Coll.], *Louvre, Paris.*
- Sunrise over the Sea, *M. Desfossés, Paris.*
- Three Gleaners (upright picture), *M. Blumenthal.*
- Tobias, *G. J. Seney, New York.*
- Turkeys, *C. A. Dana, Esq., New York.*
- Twilight (a shepherdess knitting), *M. du Toit, Brussels.*
- Vigil, The (two women sewing at night) [Laurent-Richard Coll.].
- Washerwoman, *J. C. Runkle, Esq., New York.*
- Washerwoman [Laurent-Richard and Defoer Colls.], *M. Thomy Thierry, Paris.*
- Water-Carrier (etched as "The Milkmaid" by L. Lecouteux), *M. Guyotin, Paris.*

- Water-Carrier [Hartmann Coll.], *Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt, New York.*
 Water-Drawer, *W. Rockefeller, Esq., New York.*
 Winnower [Crabbe and Secrétan Colls.], *M. M. Arnold & Tripp, Paris.*
 Winnower (small picture) [Laurent-Richard Coll.], *M. Bellino, Paris.*
 Woman burning Weeds [Defoer Coll.]
 Woman pasturing a Cow, *Bourg Museum.*
 Woman shearing a Sheep [Salon, 1853; Paris Exhibition, 1889], *Peter Brooks, Esq., Boston, U.S.*
 Wood-sawyers (etched), *Constantine Ionides, Esq., London.*
 Wool-Carder, *Mrs. Paran Stevens, New York.*

In 1887 an exhibition was held at the *École des Beaux Arts, Paris*, at which a number of the most important pictures, pastels, and drawings by Millet were shown. The object of the exhibition was to erect a monument to the artist, by Chapu, in the Public Gardens at Cherbourg.

Millet's pastels are almost as important as his paintings; but space does not suffice to give a list of these. One example, "*La Baratense*," is in the Luxembourg, which also possesses five charcoal drawings by him. The splendid collection of M. Gavet of pastels and drawings by Millet was sold in ninety-five lots in June, 1875, and produced 431,050 francs.

V.—ORIGINAL ETCHINGS, WOODCUTS, LITHOGRAPHS, BY MILLET.*

(Taken from *Sensier, "La Vie et l'Œuvre de J. F. Millet."*)

i.—ETCHINGS.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Un petit Navire. | 8. Croquis divers— |
| 2. Femme étendant du Linge. | Slight sketch of woman |
| 3. Petit Bêcheur au Repos. | knitting and other small |
| 4. L'Homme appuyé sur son Bêche. | sketches. |
| 5. Les deux Vaches. | 9. Ramasseurs de Varech. |
| 6. Mouton paissant. | 10. La Couseuse. |
| 7. Croquis (in three divisions)— | 11. La Femme qui bat le Beurre. |
| 1. La Femme étendant du | 12. Paysan rentrant du Fumier. |
| Linge. | 13. Les Glaneuses. |
| 2. Le petit Bêcheur. | 14. Les Bêcheurs. |
| 3. Un Paysan assis. | 15. La Veillée. |

* There exist besides four catalogues of works engraved or lithographed by Millet. The first, by M. Burty, was published in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* of September 1st, 1861; the second formed part of the documents which M. Piédagnel added to his book "*J. F. Millet; Souvenirs de Barbizon*" (1876 and 1888); the third a list in Beraldi's very useful "*Les Gravures du XIX. Siècle*" (Paris, 1886), and the fourth by Lebrun.

ETCHINGS—*continued.*

- | | |
|--|--------------------------------|
| 16. La Cardeuse. | 19. La Grande Bergère. |
| 17. La Gardeuse d'Oies. | 20. Le Départ pour le Travail. |
| 18. La Femme faisant manger son
Enfant. | 21. La Fileuse. |

ii.—LITHOGRAPHS.

- | | |
|------------------------|---------------------------|
| 22. Où donc est-il ? | Portrait de Chateaubriand |
| 23. Le Semeur. | (mentioned by Piédagnel). |
| 24. Olivier de Serres. | |

iii.—HELIOGRAPHS.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 25. La Précaution Maternelle. | 26. Femme vidant un Seau. |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------|

iv.—WOODCUTS.*

- | | |
|--|--|
| 27. Paysan assis au pied d'un Arbre. | Marmotte, Le Paysan assis, and various other sketches. |
| 28. Tête de femme coiffée d'une Marmotte. | |
| 29. Petite Bergère assise. | 32. Femme vidant un Seau. |
| 30. Bêcheur au Travail. | 33. La Bergère. |
| 31. Croquis (on the reverse side of La Femme vidant un Seau)—Tête de femme coiffée d'une | 34. Bêcheur au Repos (engraved by Pierre Millet). |

VI.—ETCHINGS AFTER PICTURES AND DRAWINGS
BY MILLET.

The English titles, by which they are most generally known in this country, are given.

The Angelus	Etched by	C. Waltner.
„ (small plate)	„	„
„ (size of original, 21 by 25)	„	F. Jacque.
„ (small plate)	„	„
„ (a small plate)	„	L. Margelidon.
„	„	C. Fonce.
„	„	C. Giroux.
„	„	L. Lesigne.
„	„	H. Sedcole.
„ (first idea for the picture—a small upright plate)	„	A. P. Martial.
New-born Lamb	„	F. Bracquemond.

* Of these Woodcuts the first few are by Millet and the three last by his brothers. In 1853 Millet designed ten types of peasants, which were engraved on wood by Adrien Lavieille in 1855. "Les Quatre Heures du Jour" were also engraved on wood by Adrien Lavieille in 1860.

Young Shepherdess	Etched by F. Bracquemond.
Springtime	" "
Autumn	" "
Labour (" L'Homme à la Houe")	" "
The Knitting Lesson	" "
Fetching Water	" "
At the Well	" B. Damman.
Spinning	" "
The Shepherdess	" "
The Gleaners	" "
The Mouthful (Le Becquée)	" G. Rodriguez.
The Spinner	" L. Lecouteux.
A Normandy Milkmaid	" "
Hay-Trussers	" "
The Goatherdess	" C. L. Kratké.
Churning (from pastel in Luxembourg Gallery)	" "
The Spinner	" "
The Gleaners (small plate)	" "
Churning	" Fornet.
Geese	" "
The Sower (upright, from the picture)	" M. Maris.
" (oblong, from a pastel)	" G. M. Greux.
The Spinner	" "
The Shepherd	" "
The Return of the Flock	" "
The Shepherdess	" "
First Steps (Les Premiers Pas)	" "
Spring	" "
The Church at Gréville	" F. Gault.
Going to Work	" G. Belin-Dolet.
The Grafter	" V. Focillon.
The Stew-pot (Pot-au-feu)	" L. Lesigne.
The Spinner	" "
Woman feeding Chicken	" "
" "	" F. Reynaud.
The Potato-Planters	" L. Margelidon.
Turkeys	" Vallotton.
Wood-Sawyers	" W. Hole.
Geese (reproduction in colour by the photogravure process).	

Besides these, various smaller etchings, lithographs, and photogravures have appeared in various periodicals, sale catalogues, and other publications, including "Le Gazette des Beaux-Arts," "L'Art," "L'Artiste," "Cent-Chefs d'Œuvre," "Le Galerie Durand-Ruel," "Le Musée Universel," "Les Artistes Modernes," and the Hartmann, Laurent-Richard, Saulnier, Defoer, Secrétan, Dreyfus, Faure, Oppenheim, and other sale catalogues. Messrs. Braun & Co., of Dornach and Paris, publish a very fine collection of about 180 photographs, after pictures, pastels, and drawings by Millet, and M. Georges Petit publishes a series of 50.

VII.—PICTURES BY MILLET SOLD IN PARIS IN MAY, 1875,
AFTER HIS DEATH.*

	Prices realised. Francs.
Little Shepherdess seated	10,000
Mother with her Children	7,050
House in the Hamlet of Gruchy	6,400
Dairymaid leaning against a Tree	7,600
Woman carrying Pails	6,150
Woman milking a Cow	6,800
Sheep-shearers	7,100
Wood-cutters	10,100
The End of the Day	7,300
The Pig-killers	24,000
Young Shepherdess sitting on a Rock	13,000
Fishing Boat	6,300
Peasant Family	5,110
Gust of Wind	10,900
Young Mother nursing her Child	5,800
The Evening	6,050
Church at Gréville	12,200
Donkey in a Marsh	6,950
Hunt by Torchlight	5,000
Shepherd returning with his Flock	11,000
The Sea—View of the Pasturage of Gréville	14,200
Normandy Milkmaid at Gréville	6,000

* The above list gives the prices realised by the principal of those of Millet's pictures which were in his possession at the time of his death.

ROUSSEAU.

VIII.—BIBLIOGRAPHY.*

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IX.—SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY ROUSSEAU.

- Autumn at St. Jean de Paris [Hartmann Coll.].
 Autumn Evening [Albert Spencer Coll., New York].
 Avenue of Chestnut Trees (1837), *Mme. de Cassin, Paris*.
 Banks of the Oise, *Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt, New York*.
 Banks of the Oise, The [Paris Exhibition, 1889], *M. de Porto-Riche, Paris*.
 Banks of the Loire [Defoer Coll.], *M. Thomy Thiery, Paris*.
 Charcoal-burner's Hut (completed 1850) [Secrétan Coll.].
 Coast of Granville [Salon, 1833; Henri Scheffer Coll.].
 Cottage in Berry [Laurent-Richard and Albert Spencer Colls.].
 Cottage, The [Paris Exhibition, 1889], *M. Bouchéron*.
 Cows at Drinking-place, *Nantes Museum*.
 Descent of Cattle from the Higher Alps (1836), *Heer H. W. Meesdag, The Hague*.
 Edge of the Forest of Fontainebleau, Sunset (Salon, 1855), *Louvre*.
 Edge of the Wood, *Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt, New York*.
 Edge of the Wood—the Forest of Compiègne (wood-cutting) [Duke of Orleans Coll.].
 Evening [Defoer Coll.].
 Evening, *Baron de Rothschild, Paris*.
 Farm in the Landes [Salon, 1859; Hartmann Coll.; Paris Exhibition, 1889], *M. Tabourier*.
 Farm on the Oise [Paris Exhibition, 1867], *Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt, New York*.

* See also the general list of Bibliography of the Barbizon School.

- Farm in the Wood (1864) [Saulnier and Secrétan Colls.].
 Farm in Berry [Dagnan Coll., 1882], *M. Viterbo*
 Forest Scene, *C. P. Huntington, Esq., New York.*
 Forest Skirts of the Monts Girard.
 Glade, The, *M. Henri Lallemand.*
 Glade, The, *Mme. Feuve Kinen, Paris.*
 Gorges of Apremont [Salon, 1859; Paris Exhibition, 1867], *Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt, New York.*
 Group of Oaks in the Forest of Fontainebleau, *M. E. André, Paris.*
 Hamlet in Normandy, A [Wilson and Secrétan Colls.].
 Herd of Cattle in the Jura (1835).
 Hillcock, Jean de Paris (1848; contains a portrait of the artist's wife)
 [Laurent-Richard, Defoer and Secrétan Colls.].
 Hoar-Frost, The [Laurent-Richard Coll.], *T. W. Walters, Esq., Baltimore.*
 Hunt, The, *Arthur Sanderson, Esq., Edinburgh.*
 In the Woods (upright), *Coll. of the late M. Van Praët, Brussels.*
 In the Forest of Clairbois, Fontainebleau, *James Donald, Esq., Glasgow.*
 Interior of a Kitchen, *Lille Museum.*
 Interior of the Forest [Erwin-Davis Coll., New York].
 Landscape and Forest, *W. Rockefeller, Esq., New York.*
 Landscape in Berry [Dreyfus Coll.].
 Landscape in Summer [H. Probasco Coll., Cincinnati].
 Little Fisherman [Defoer Coll.].
 Marsh near a Paper-mill: near Tiffauge, in La Vendée (1837).
 Morass in the Landes (1849) [Hartmann Coll.], *Louvre.*
 Morass in the Landes [Laurent-Richard Coll., 1886], *M. Urba, Paris.*
 Morning [Laurent-Richard Coll.], *Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt, New York.*
 Morning, *Baron de Rothschild, Paris.*
 Old Resting-place for Cattle at Bas-Bréau [Hartmann Coll.], *Louvre.*
 Plain, The (effect of evening), *Coll. of the late M. Van Praët, Brussels.*
 Plain of Barbizon, *Mrs. J. C. Fell, Philadelphia.*
 Plain in the Pyrenees [Hartmann Coll.].
 Pond, A [Narisohkine Coll.].
 Pool in the Landes, A (1866) [Paris Exhibition, 1889], *M. Feyer, Paris.*
 Pool, The (1842).
 Pool in the Forest of Fontainebleau, *Montpellier Museum.*
 Public Oven in the Landes [Hartmann Coll.].
 Resting-place for Cattle, Forest of Fontainebleau [Laurent-Richard Coll.].
 Spring-time [Saulnier and Secrétan Colls.].
 Spring at Barbizon (1851) [Laurent-Richard Coll.].
 Spring on the Loire (1857).

- Stone Oak, The (1861).
 Storm Landscape, *Louvre*.
 Storm, A, *Constantine Ionides, Esq., London*.
 Sunset (marshy plain, with cattle and pools of water), *A. Young, Esq., Blackheath*.
 Sunset after Storm [Laurent-Richard Coll.].
 Sunset [Albert Spencer Coll., New York].
 Sunset (upright picture; etched by Bracquemond as "Evening") [Hartmann Coll.].
 Twilight, *Mme. Feuve Kinen*.
 Twilight [Morgan Coll.], *Mrs. H. Ogden*.
 Valley of the Tiffange [Secrétan Coll.], in *New York*.
 View of the Chain of Mont Blanc in a Storm.
 View of Forest land at Sunset (1848), *Louvre*.
 View at Bas Mendon (1833) [Saulnier Coll.].
 Village under the Trees, *M. F. Bischoffsheim, Paris*.
 Village, The (1864) [Hartmann Coll.].
 Washing Place at the Edge of a Pond (1842).
 Watercourse at Sologne [Laurent-Richard Coll.].
 Water Meadows, *Nantes Museum*.
 Wooded Landscape [Erwin-Davis Coll., New York].
 Woods in Winter [Hartmann Coll.].

X.—ORIGINAL ETCHINGS BY ROUSSEAU.

- Une Vue du Berry (1842).
 Une Vue du Plateau de Belle-Croix (1848).
 La Chêne de Roche (1861).
 La Cerisier de la plante à Brian (Fôret de Fontainebleau). *Héliographie sur verre*.
 La Plaine de la plante à Brian (Fôret de Fontainebleau). *Héliographie sur verre*.

XI.—ETCHINGS AFTER PAINTINGS BY ROUSSEAU.*

- | | |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------|
| Evening | Etched by F. Bracquemond. |
| The Fisherman | „ C. Kratké. |
| The Pond—Early Morning | „ „ |

* Besides these mentioned a number of smaller etchings, &c., have appeared in various periodicals, sale catalogues, and other publications (for a list of which see note under the "List of Etchings after pictures by Millet"). About 130 photographs after paintings, sketches, and drawings have been published by MM. Braun & Cie. M. Georges Petit has also issued a series of photographs of paintings by Rousseau.

The Swamp	Etched by	C. Kratké.
The Eagle's Nest	„	T. Chauvel.
Sunset, Forest of Fontainebleau (The Louvre)	„	G. M. Greux.

DIAZ.

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XIII.—SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY DIAZ.

- After the Rain [Laurent-Richard Coll.].
- Bathers, The [Laurent-Richard Coll.].
- Bathers, The, *Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt, New York.*
- Bather, The, *C. A. Ionides, Esq., London.*
- Bather tormented by Cupids (1850), *Grenoble Museum.*
- Blind Man's Buff, 1852 [Albert Spencer Coll.], *Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt, New York.*
- Bohemian Girls, *W. Astor, Esq., New York.*
- Borders of the Forest, *M. H. A. Chauchard, Paris.*
- Bracelet, The, *M. Albert Picard, Paris.*
- Cattle Paddock (Le Parc aux bœufs) (1869), *M. Boucheron, Paris.*
- Chase, The, *Daniel Cottier, Esq.*
- Children wandering in a Wood, *La Rochelle Museum.*
- Close of a Happy Day [Paris Exhibition, 1855].
- Cupid Disarmed, *T. W. Walters, Esq., Baltimore.*
- Cupid's Whisper, 1862, *Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt, New York.*
- Descent of the Bohemians (large picture) [Salon, 1844], *Mrs. S. D. Warren, Boston, U.S.*

* See also the general list—“*Bibliography of the Painters of Barbizon.*”

- Descent of the Bohemians (small picture) [Exposition Cent Chefs d'Œuvre, 1883; Laurent-Richard and Secrétan Colls.].
- Diana the Huntress (1849) [Exposition Cent Chefs d'Œuvre, 1883; Secrétan Coll.].
- Dream, The (1841).
- Edge of the Forest, *C. Roberts, Esq., Leeds.*
- Education of Love.
- Fairy with pearls, The, *Louvre.*
- Forest of Fontainebleau, *Bordeaux Museum.*
- Forest of Fontainebleau [Paris Exhibition, 1889], *M. Bellino.*
- Forest of Fontainebleau (1871), *T. W. Walters, Esq., Baltimore.*
- Forest Scenes (three studies), *Louvre.*
- Galatea (1859) (engraved).
- Girl with Dogs, *South Kensington Museum.*
- Glade in the Forest of Fontainebleau [Laurent-Richard Coll.].
- Heart of the Forest, *T. G. Arthur, Esq., Glasgow.*
- Holy Family [Laurent-Richard Coll.], *Miss Wolfe, New York.*
- Horses in the Meadow, *Baron A. Rothschild, Paris.*
- In the Forest, *M. Gentien, Paris.*
- In the Woods—summer effect, *M. Willens de Wespelaer, Brussels.*
- In the Woods near the Gorges d'Apremont [Laurent-Richard Coll.].
- Interior of the Forest (Oxen crossing a stream) (1846), *Mme. Fevre Joliet, Paris.*
- Lady of the Manor (1848) [Defoer Coll.].
- Last Tears (1855).
- Little Marauders, *Mme. la Vicomtesse de Cavalcanti, Paris.*
- Little Turkish Girls, *M. Justin Brisac, Paris.*
- Love Disarmed (1851).
- Love Punished.
- Love the Conqueror (small), *T. G. Arthur, Esq., Glasgow.*
- Love's Proposal, *M. Ferdinand Herz, Paris.*
- Love's Confidences (1851) [Defoer Collection], *Mme. de Cassin.*
- Nymph (back view), *Mme. de Cassin, Paris.*
- Nymph and Cupids, *Toulouse Museum.*
- Nymphs Asleep, Moonlight, *A. Young, Esq., Blackheath.*
- Oak Trees, The (small), *John Anderson, Esq., jun., Glasgow.*
- Odalisque, The, *General H. Hopkinson, London.*
- Pack of Hounds—Forest of Fontainebleau (1848).
- Poacher, The, *M. H. A. Chauchard, Paris.*
- Pool, The (cattle drinking), *M. Lutz, Paris.*
- Pool in the Wood (1860) [Secrétan Coll.].

- Rival, The (1855).
 Road through the Woods, *M. Gentien, Paris*.
 Smyrnoites, The (1871) [J. Wilson Coll.], *M. Stumph*.
 Storm, The (1872), *T. W. Walters, Esq., Baltimore*.
 Storm, The [Laurent-Richard Coll. ; Paris Exhibition, 1839], *M. Donatis, Paris*.
 Sunset—Autumn, *Hamilton Bruce, Esq., Edinburgh*.
 Sunset [Paris Exhibition, 1839], *M. F. Bischoffsheim*.
 Sunset—The Fisherman (a stormy sky, against which a tree rises),
A. Young, Esq., Blackheath.
 Three Little Girls [Dreyfus Coll.].
 Toilet of Venus [Morgan Coll.], *H. C. Gibson, Esq., Philadelphia*.
 Under the Foliage [J. Wilson Coll.], *M. Henry Barbey*.
 Venus and Adonis (1845) [Secrétan Coll.].
 View in the Pyrenees, *Louvre*.
 Venus and Cupid (1857) [Secrétan Coll.]. *M. H. A. Chauchard, Paris*.
 Venus and Cupid, *M. Gentien, Paris*.
 Woods of Fontainebleau, *M. Gentien, Paris*.
 Wooded Heath near Fontainebleau [Faure and Laurent-Richard Colls.].

XIV.—LITHOGRAPHS BY DIAZ.

La Mort de Peur—La Veuve—Beauté—Imposture—Les Fous amoureux—
 Les Folles amoureuses.

Also a set of four Sheets with several subjects on each.

XV.—ETCHINGS AND ENGRAVINGS AFTER PAINTINGS

BY DIAZ.*

- | | |
|---------------------|------------------------|
| The Storm | Etched by T. Chauvel. |
| Galatea | Engraved by J. Jaquet. |
- A series of small Etchings after Diaz were made by an artist named Charles.

* A number of etchings, lithographs, &c., have appeared in different publications. Mention of some of these will be found at the foot of the "List of Etchings after Pictures by Millet." M. Georges 'Petit has published a series of photographs of paintings by Diaz.

Copies of most of the etchings in the foregoing lists may be seen at Messrs. Obach & Co., 20, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.

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