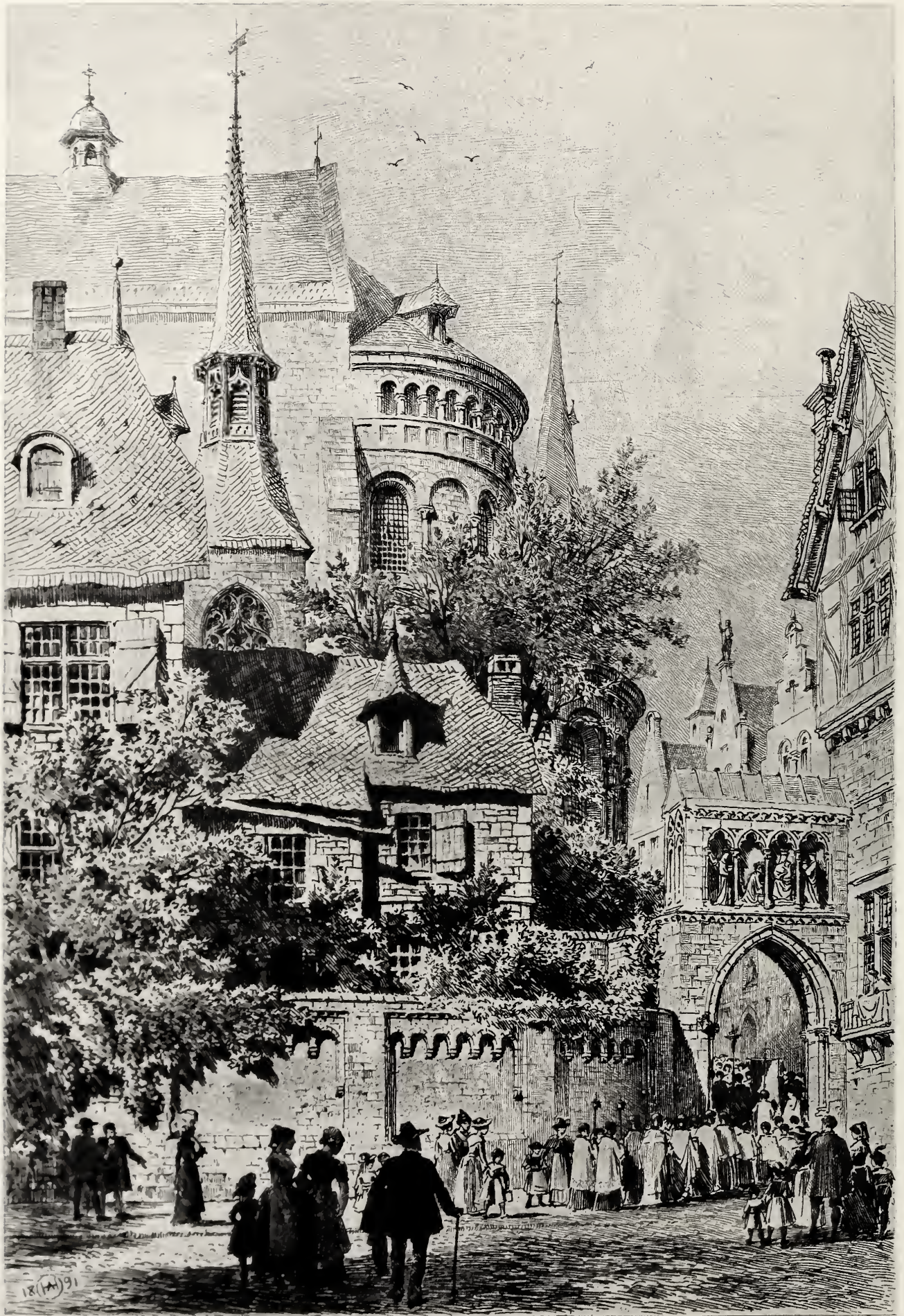






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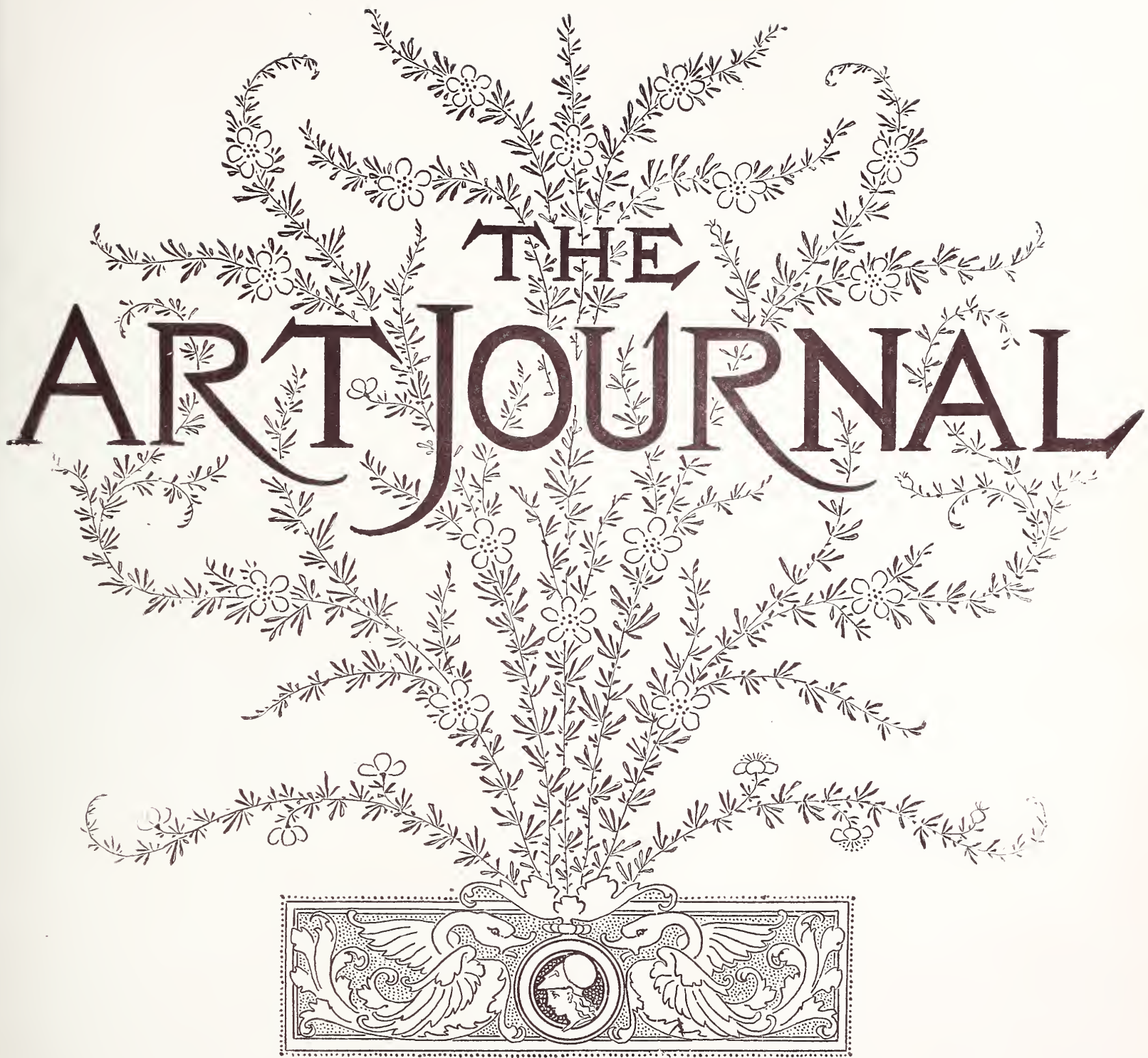
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THE ART JOURNAL.

A STREET IN COLOGNE.

ORIGINAL ETCHING BY AXEL H. HAIG.



NEW SERIES

LONDON: J.S. VIRTUE & CO. L^{IMTD.}

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THE ART JOURNAL.

AN ETCHER OF ARCHITECTURE.

MR. AXEL H. HAIG.



It is but a few years, as the life of man goes, since Mr. Axel H. Haig embarked, almost by accident, on the career he now follows so patiently, so lucratively, and with such distinction. We only need to have been out and

about in the world some twelve seasons to have been present at the very birth and christening of his achievement. For him there was no period of dull waiting, no twilight groping towards an ever receding goal—at least, so far as his work in etching was concerned. His first plate, 'The Vesper Bell,' which issued from his studio in June, 1879, was fit and ready for victory, and it took popularity with such a leap that the etcher felt justified in giving up all else to the new enterprise. Great masters of the needle had been before, great masters were still alive, but it was not Mr. Haig's fate to challenge comparison with them. His was a new method—individual, personal; a method which never so much as even looked askance at impressionism. He was possessed by a feeling for minute and accurate detail wedded to a power of broad, bold treatment, and that rare gift of imbuing with mystery and romance things in which other men see only the commonplace. For its own sake he loved architecture—the architecture of the old

giants who builded cathedrals and churches better than they knew. He had a new thing to say (in spite of the fact that Méryon had been before), he said it excellently well, and he reaped his reward. Yet the instant success of 'The Vesper Bell' was not the sudden luck of a man who, boring for water

on his estate, strikes a rich seam of coal. The etcher's whole career in the many years that had passed before was a preparation for the work he was to find nearest his hand—no less excellent because unpremeditated. When in a certain memorable trial Counsel asked Mr. Whistler how long it took him to "knock off that nocturne," the artist replied "two days."

Counsel: "Oh, two days! The labour of two days, then, is that for which you ask two hundred guineas."

Mr. Whistler: "No; I ask it for the knowledge of a life-time."

So with Mr. Haig, as with all artists, the point of difference being that while some fit themselves for their work in the sunlight, others make their preparations in the dark. It has happened before, not a few times, that a long pupilage to architecture has led to the making of pictures of buildings rather than the making of buildings themselves; though with Mr. Haig the study of ship-building preceded his devotion to architecture. Born in the little Baltic island of Gotland, just off Sweden, his love of the pencil found employment in making designs for vessels, first in Sweden and later—when the desire for a wider field of activity took possession of him—in the office of a well-known firm of shipbuilders on the Clyde. From designing ships he advanced to designing houses under the ægis of an architect now dead, to whom we owe many note-



A Moorish Archway.

worthy buildings. He also busied himself in studying drawing in its wider application, being as enthusiastic for the figure as for colour. So the years passed till one day the whirligig of time showed him, with no uncertain indication, the work to which he was to devote his maturer powers; and that came

about in this way: a scheme was busying itself in the brain of a certain publisher to issue a volume of architectural studies, the idea being that one man should execute the drawings, and another make etchings from them. To Mr. Haig was offered the latter task, and, although the scheme eventually came to naught, Mr. Haig was so enthralled by the capabilities of needle and acid that he determined to try his strength in their service. It was, however, too problematical a business then for him to sacrifice any of his regular work, so he wisely determined to devote, at first, only his evenings to etching.

Casting about for a subject he bethought him of a scene in a mediæval continental city, and forthwith 'The Vesper Bell' began to assume shape. When it was finished a friend advised him to make overtures to a publisher, and, in fact, offered to introduce him to Mr. Dunthorne.* That was done, and the connection between etcher and publisher has continued ever since. Since those days Mr. Haig has naturally advanced in his art, and nobody would say that 'The Vesper Bell' is equal in achievement to some of his later work. But there is no denying the brilliancy of the execution and the sympathetic treatment of this early composition; and as for its monetary success we may recall the fact that, though published at five guineas, a proof from it fetched no less than sixteen, two years later, at the Tom Taylor sale. No less successful was the companion plate, 'A Quiet Hour,' published soon afterwards—a composition inspired by Chartres. Since the time when Mr. Haig set a new

fashion with these tall strong plates many have essayed to follow in his footsteps, but their forerunner has not lost a fraction of a lap. He started alone, and he has remained alone. It were as foolish to compare Mr. Haig's work with that of certain of his distinguished compeers in the art—say Mr. Whistler—as to compare Mr. Burne Jones with Mr. Sargent, or Sir Frederick Leighton with Herr Israels: each, in indifferent to conventions, has aimed at no more than fulfilling himself, so we take each

* We are indebted to Mr. Dunthorne for permission to make reproductions, for this article, from etchings in his possession.

by himself—the standard being the best himself has done. Mr. Haig's method is not to begin and finish a plate at a single sitting, content to have recorded one brilliant and suggestive impression of a scene; rather is he the worker—patient and most accurate, building slowly line by line. With Meissonier he possesses that infinite capacity for taking pains which Carlyle defined as genius; but he has also that "something else" without which the most splendidly industrious craftsman is always the exemplary worker—and no more.

Let us look into Mr. Haig's studio and observe him at work upon the first stages of

a new etching. It is the exterior of a cathedral in Spain, Germany, or France, it does not matter, but the work is fourteenth century, and there is that about it to inspire, and to fill with the exceeding joy of creation, the artist who is about to reproduce it in another medium. Many days has he spent, a solitary conqueror with only the insignificant armament of pencil and paper, beneath the tremendous façade, through whose doors countless generations of worshippers have passed; whose niches have given asylum to myriads of birds; on whose mullioned windows and sombre masonry have fallen the buffets and caresses of five centuries of elements. Day after day the etcher lingers in the town, for the effect he desires is only there for an hour and a half in the twenty-four; and perhaps a month passes before he can complete the pencil drawing of the scene, about the size of a morning paper. That finished he begins on details, single scul-

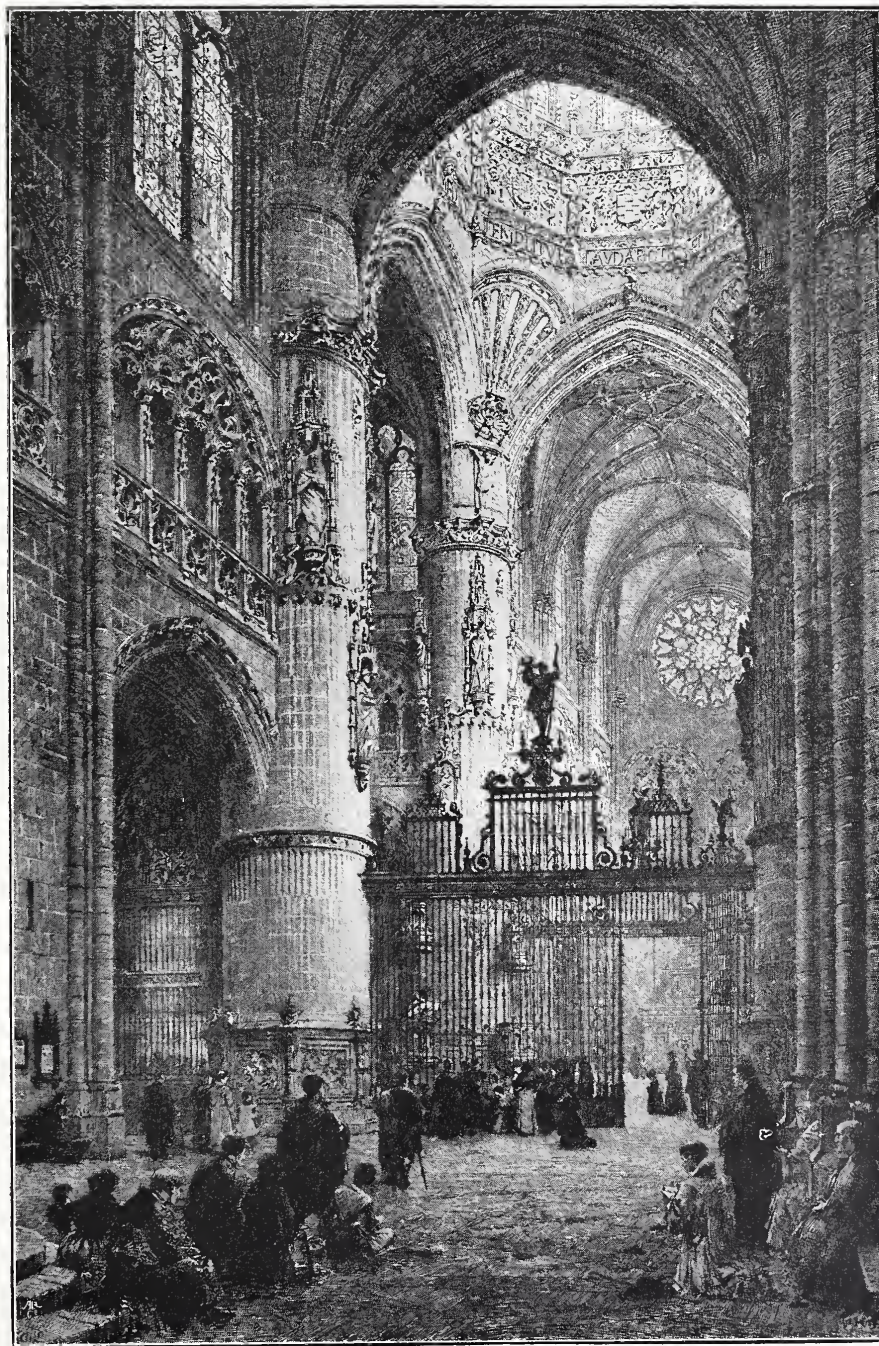


The town of Chartres.

ptured figures, the tracery of windows, the falls of drapery, and numerous other studies of worshippers, minarets, or even the movement of a flying sky. Then, and not till then, does he feel that his work is well on the way; the time has come to return home, and in the seclusion of his studio to select, reject, and compose. In the etching itself, likely enough, many of the details over which he has laboured for hours may not be used; Art may compel their subordination to more prominent features; they may even be required to be deleted altogether. This is the quintessence of the highest art, that fine feeling

which permits us to blur only those things whose form and detail we have wholly mastered. It is the lesson we learn from the penultimate of those matchless Franz Hals's at Haarlem; in the earlier pictures he had shown his mastery of details of costume and character; that acknowledged, he could forego so much of the many *minutiae* of his craft in his later work, and yet leave nothing scamped, nothing unsatisfactory.

In Mr. Haig's studio are endless portfolios of sketches in pencil, drawings in water-colour, numberless note-books full of ideas, studies of architecture and character, which he has made, and still makes, in his various rambles through the world. The passion for architecture is in him, and it finds outvent in those multifarious studies which are made for the gratification of the moment quite as often as



Interior of Burgos Cathedral.

with the ulterior view of future accomplishment. The etching is not necessarily a fac-simile of the first pencil sketch, as those who possess 'Burgos' may see for themselves by comparison with the pencil drawing. As Mr. Haig progresses, he grows more and more particular about the initial drawing. The study for a large and important work which he has now in hand is certainly more finished, and all the details produced with a more particular care, than the drawings

for his earlier etchings. With a set subject to illustrate, no man is a more *exigent* stickler for accuracy; but in those of his plates with a general title, such as 'The Vesper Bell' or 'A Quiet Hour,' he naturally allows himself a license of selection. 'A Quiet Hour,' for instance, is inspired by Chartres, but it would be difficult for a visitor to that city to localise the etching.

Indeed, there is no occasion to do so. Of his care for

truth, however, in representations of actual buildings, we may instance one of the Chartres series of which he was careful to say at the time of publication that he could not guarantee its absolute accuracy, as the study for it was made prior to some recent alterations in the place. This particular view of the Cathedral, "a very king among the great churches of France," from a low-lying part of the town, we are enabled, through the courtesy of etcher and publisher, to reproduce. It is one of a series of four illustrations of this splendid old cathedral church which towers above the narrow streets, much as it towered at the day when Edward I. was leading the Crusaders in the Holy Land. It is evening, the sound of the great bells are pealing out over the land, the houses fall under the shadow of the Cathedral—in a word, it is the time of day when this view is at its finest.

In the series of his etchings Mr. Haig has not only been content to make his picture, it has also been his habit to thoroughly imbue himself with the history of the subject—its romance and the events that have happened in and



Axel H. Haig.

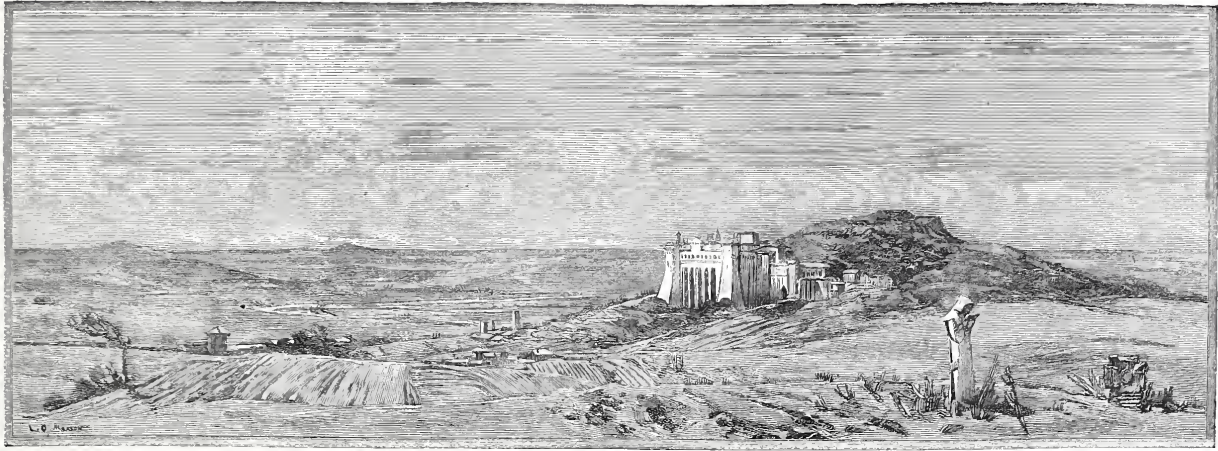
about it. Some of his plates have been assisted by little books of description with borders and initials from his pen. The seven etchings in the Westminster series were accompanied by a little essay of this character, and so was the Mount St. Michael. Mr. Haig is not always the etcher of dim interiors, where holy statues stand sentinel, and worshippers steal on tip-toe across the tessellated pavement: sometimes he darts off to a scene of light and colour and bustle, anxious over the composition rather than the architecture, as witness the Cairo series; while for sunshine—diffused, sparkling—who could desire a better example than the Moorish archway?

Though, by reason of the method he adopts—laborious and very careful—Mr. Haig cannot be called a prolific producer, yet his achievement of the past twelve years is one of which many more rapid workers might well be proud. Mr. Dunthorne's catalogue acknowledges the publication of fifty-six plates, which, of course, do not represent the etcher's whole output. His first, as we have already said, was 'The Vesper Bell,' which was followed by 'The Morning of the Festival' and 'A Quiet Hour.' After that came the Chartres series, one of

which, 'The Porch,' gained a third medal at the Salon of 1881. Among the etcher's other honours we may mention a bronze medal at the Paris International Exhibition of 1889, a second medal at Munich in 1890, and one from Berlin in 1891 for a Cairo subject. Following Chartres came the 'Mount St. Michael' and in due time the 'Seville,' the seven 'Westminsters,' 'Peterboro,' 'Toledo,' 'Burgos,' 'Cairo,' 'Returning from the Fair, Pampluna,' to mention but a few out of many. The small plate of 'A Street in Cologne,' given here, which was etched expressly for the *Art Journal*, is probably Mr. Haig's most recent work. Like 'The Vesper Bell' and 'A Quiet Hour' it is a composition and does not pretend to be an absolute reproduction of any particular part of Cologne, though the title that was originally given to it—'Santa Maria in Capitol'—would not have been a very grave insult to accuracy. The church, of which the upper part of the apse appears in the etching, derives its name from the fact, or rather tradition, that the site it now occupies was the ancient Capitolium of the Romans who founded a colony in Cologne. In this, as in other of his plates, Mr. Haig, while retaining essential features, has, by rejection of certain of the surrounding buildings which were not particularly pictorial, and the substitution of others, succeeded in giving a picturesque appearance to the scene. On this point, to which reference has already been made, Mr. Haig's views are well defined in the following remark he once made to the writer. "Inventing half of my subjects as I do, I can claim to be correct only in representing those monuments of old which are so beautiful that it would be impertinent of any modern man to try to improve them; but in order to make a picture in which even these fine old subjects may occur, much has to be altered in accessories and surroundings." No such alteration has taken place in the interior we reproduce with this paper of the cathedral of Burgos, a city of many churches, of which this is the finest; in fact, the glory of the town. There it is in all its dim splendour, as it appears in the eyes of travellers to-day, as it has looked to generations of Spanish painters, as, in all probability, it will appear in the eyes of generations of travellers yet unborn. Nothing changes but the worshippers, and the degrees of fervour with which they mutter their orisons.

In his appreciation and his understanding of cities "half as old as time," their tortuous ways, their unrestrained buildings, their great cathedrals, in his power of reproducing the majesty and the mystery that stay always by them, lies some of the secret of Mr. Haig's success. The excellence of his work, straightforward and unaffected though it be, could hardly have won so swift an appreciation were it not for this feeling for romance. His is that rare heritage to please himself and the public at the same time. That he has trafficked to popular taste no one can suggest—in fact, his late subjects are less convincing to the multitude than, say, 'A Quiet Hour,' which, at least, contained a pair of lovers. His work calls a street-bred race to the knowledge of a wider world; of a past, alongside which the present, engrossing and sufficient though it be, is but a single incident in a long journey; of other customs, other adventures; of peoples on whose activities the curtain has long been rung down. To those whom fortune has given the leisure to experience these things, the Haig etchings are mementoes; to those who have seen no city but their own, they are an earnest of life's possibilities.

C. LEWIS HIND.



The Monastery.

THE SCULPTOR'S MISTAKE.

THE situation of the monastery left little to be desired. Planted on a high plateau, behind it rose a pine-clad hill, against whose dark background its pointed roofs and towers stood out sharply and brightly. Beneath it lay a valley clothed with vineyards, cornfields, meadows fringed with poplars, and a village reposing on the banks of a tranquil stream.

The monks who inhabited this retreat were not only faithful

and there in the fields as they bent over their manual work; and at night they could be observed sauntering from pillar to pillar of the arcaded cloister engaged either in quiet conversation or in prayer.

The fraternity included a young brother named Norbert, whose talent in sculpture was great, both in wood and stone. In fact, so distinguished did he become that persons travelled thither from afar to buy his statues of Jesus, the Virgin, and the saints, wherewith to ornament their churches and oratories. Thus he brought much profit to the institution.

Norbert was endued with great piety. He had indeed so extraordinary a devotion for the Holy Virgin, that he often remained for hours before the altar of the Immaculate One, motionless and prostrate, his face hidden by his cowl.

Norbert was also a dreamer, and at eventide, especially when the sun was sinking behind the horizon, he would pace the terrace restless and sad.

* * * * *

To their other virtues the monks added that of charity, and to such an extent did they exercise this, that the day came when there was not a poor person in the whole country-side whereon to bestow it. At a loss to know what to do with their riches, they determined to erect near the monastery a magnificent cathedral.

They summoned to their aid many hundred workmen. They scarred the sides of their hills with quarries, whence they extracted innumerable blocks of fair stone, the dust from which enveloped their monastery as if with white flour. They felled from the forests which abutted on the monastery the finest oaks and pines for scaffolding and roof, and the sawing and cutting of these covered the monastery yet again with a dust as yellow as gold. And the waste places were turned into a bustling hive.

Each workman, in shaping his stone for the future cathedral, was ignorant of its destination, or even whether it would be seen by the faithful; but each knew that the work was watched by the Almighty, and so all were joyful in assisting, and each contributed his little part to the holy work.

And as time passed, and stone was added to stone, the church grew and rose upwards towards the heavens.

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One of the monks of the monastery who had died many years before in the odour of sanctity, had written as follows

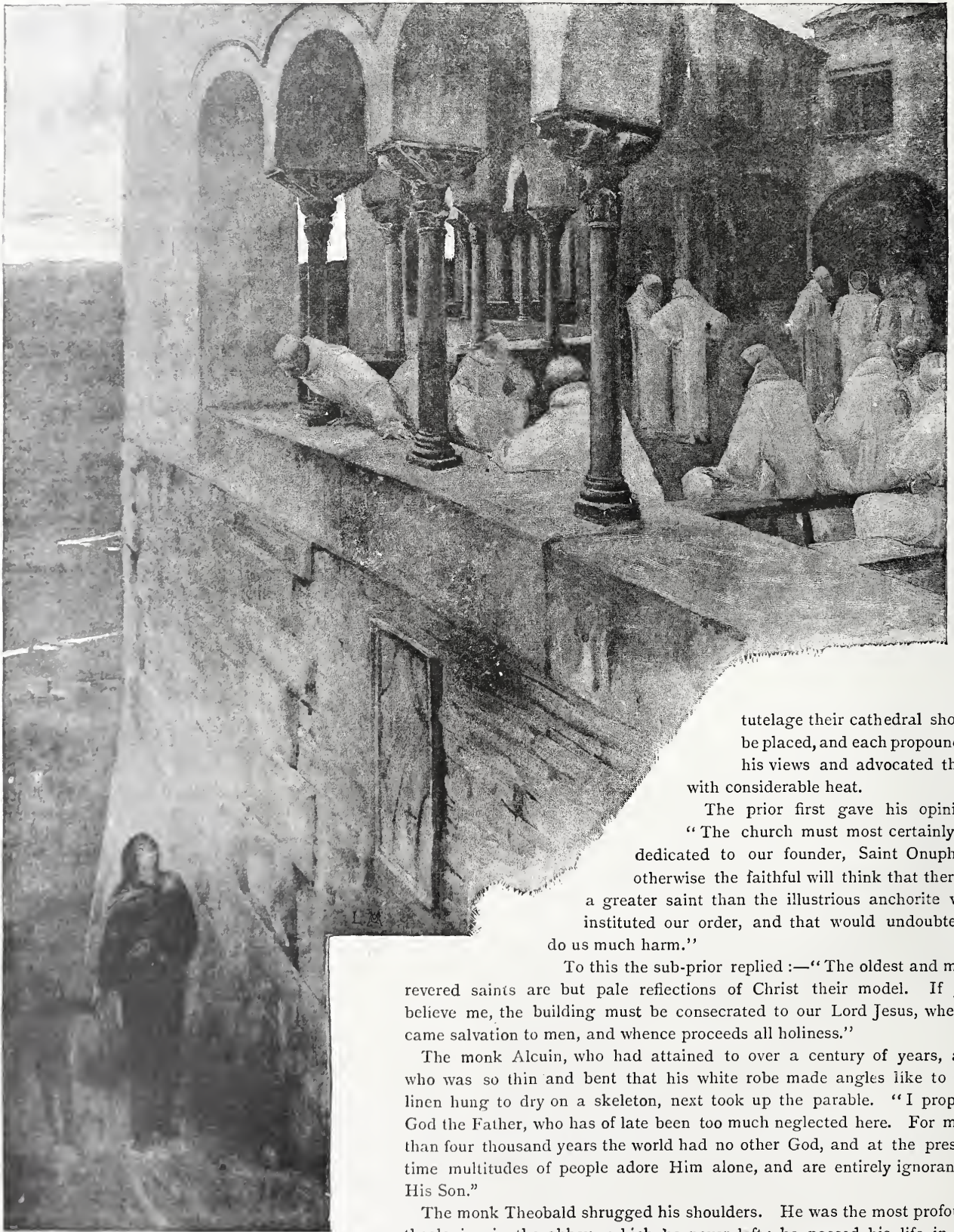


The Monk Alcuin.

servants of their Master, but learned men and excellent labourers. By day their white robes were to be seen here

in a little work on devout meditations, which he had called the "Imitation of Jesus Christ":—"Never weigh the various merits of the saints. Such inquiries often produce mischievous results; they nourish pride and vain-glory, whence spring jealousies and discussions, as one prefers this, the

other that, saint. The consideration of such questions, so far from bearing fruit, is highly displeasing to the saints." Now the good monks entirely forgot this precept, when one evening, after the Angelus, they joined in disputations on the terrace of their home. The question had arisen under whose



tutelage their cathedral should be placed, and each propounded his views and advocated them with considerable heat.

The prior first gave his opinion.

"The church must most certainly be dedicated to our founder, Saint Onuphre; otherwise the faithful will think that there is a greater saint than the illustrious anchorite who instituted our order, and that would undoubtedly do us much harm."

To this the sub-prior replied:—"The oldest and most revered saints are but pale reflections of Christ their model. If you believe me, the building must be consecrated to our Lord Jesus, whence came salvation to men, and whence proceeds all holiness."

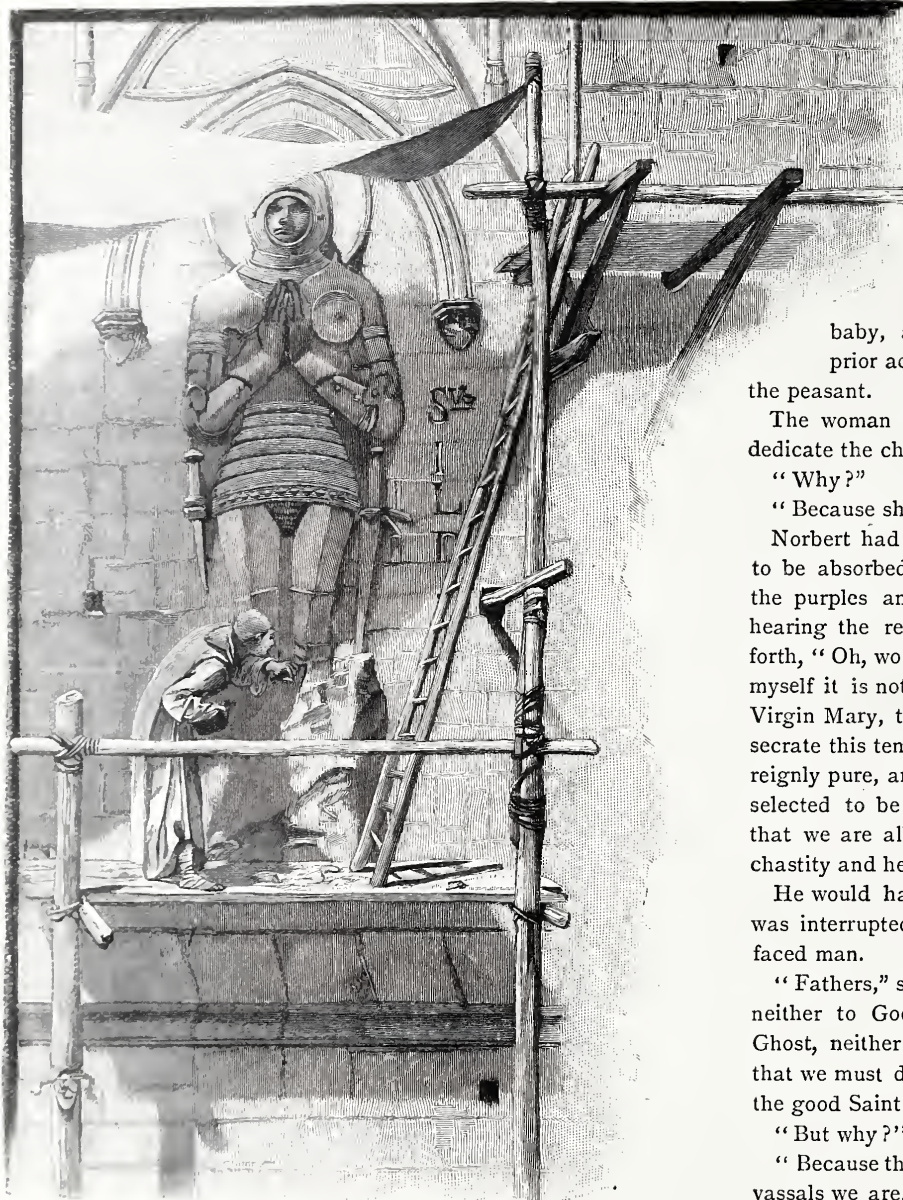
The monk Alcuin, who had attained to over a century of years, and who was so thin and bent that his white robe made angles like to wet linen hung to dry on a skeleton, next took up the parable. "I propose God the Father, who has of late been too much neglected here. For more than four thousand years the world had no other God, and at the present time multitudes of people adore Him alone, and are entirely ignorant of His Son."

The monk Theobald shrugged his shoulders. He was the most profound theologian in the abbey, which he never left; he passed his life in the library, buried amid parchments, deciphering ancient manuscripts, and he

"I should dedicate the Church to the Mother of God."



"Alone with his dreams, he fashioned the Virgin according to his ideal."



Saint Ildefonse.

was well known to have idiosyncrasies on every subject. "If I were asked, I should dedicate the church to the Holy Ghost, for his reign is still to come. After the revelation of the Father to Abraham, and of the Son to the Apostles, there must come that of the third Person of the Trinity. It is a necessity, for see how the world is under the sway of impiety and concupiscence, and how the majority of mankind prefers evil to good. The Holy Spirit will complete the Redemption. It is so written in the Gospel to those who know how to read."

At these words the prior knit his brows, and the sub-prior made a sign to Theobald to hold his peace.

At this moment a peasant passed along the path which ran beneath the walls, his mattock on his shoulder. The prior, addressing him politely, inquired, "If you were rich enough to build a church, to whom would you dedicate it?"

The peasant replied, "I have no word against the Father, or the Virgin Mary, or the other saints in Paradise; but if

you wish to know whom I should choose, it would be Saint Cucufin. It is he in whom I have most confidence. For he cured my cow, and showed me the whereabouts of three fowls I once lost."

A short while afterwards a young woman was decried coming up the same path. Humbly clad, she bore on her arm a baby, and held another by the hand. The prior addressed to her the same question as to the peasant.

The woman replied without hesitation, "I should dedicate the church to the Mother of God."

"Why?"

"Because she is a mother."

Norbert had been silent until now. He appeared to be absorbed in the contemplation of the paling of the purples and gold of the setting sun. But on hearing the reply of the peasant he suddenly burst forth, "Oh, woman, you have well spoken. But for myself it is not to Mary, Mother of God, but to the Virgin Mary, the Immaculate One, that I would consecrate this temple. It was because she was so sovereignly pure, and sovereignly beautiful, that she was selected to be the Mother of God. Therefore it is that we are allowed to love and honour her in her chastity and her charity."

He would have gone further in this strain, but he was interrupted by the bursar, a fat, florid, large-faced man.

"Fathers," said he, "if you will believe me, it is neither to God the Father, the Son, or the Holy Ghost, neither to Saint Onuphre, or Saint Cucufin, that we must dedicate this building. It must be to the good Saint Ildefonse."

"But why?" demanded the prior.

"Because that is the name of the noble duke whose vassals we are. It will be a compliment to him, and may perhaps lighten our taxes, which will assuredly be raised if he thinks we are rich enough to build a church. It is certainly politic, for the times are bad, and there are signs that less regard will be paid

in the future to poor monks and to those who hold sacred office."

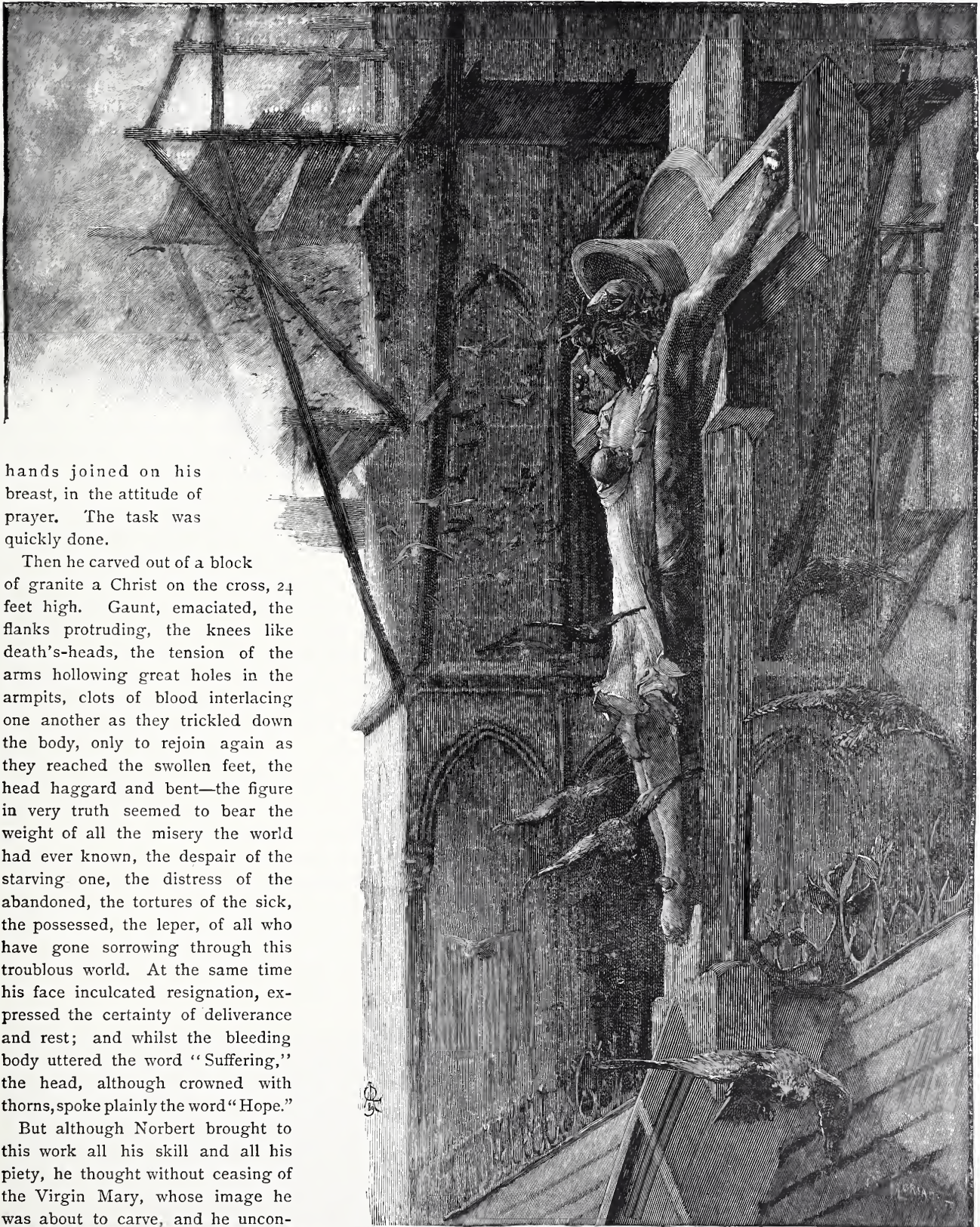
"But," said the monk Eginard, "your Saint Ildefonse has no position as a saint. What has he done? What is known of him?"

"Well, in truth, little enough; but as he figures in the calendar he must have been somebody."

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The prolonged discussion ended in adopting the bursar's advice; but as a compromise it was decided that, whilst the grand portal should be surmounted by a statue of Saint Ildefonse, a little above it should be placed the Virgin Mary, and at the summit of the gable Christ crucified. Norbert was commissioned to execute these three figures.

He carved with little interest the figure of Saint Ildefonse. Having no idea to what profession the saint belonged, he portrayed him as a knight, so as to please my lord duke. He modelled him rigid, erect, in armour, with his gauntleted



"There he hung, face to face with the despised Christ."

hands joined on his breast, in the attitude of prayer. The task was quickly done.

Then he carved out of a block of granite a Christ on the cross, 24 feet high. Gaunt, emaciated, the flanks protruding, the knees like death's-heads, the tension of the arms hollowing great holes in the armpits, clots of blood interlacing one another as they trickled down the body, only to rejoin again as they reached the swollen feet, the head haggard and bent—the figure in very truth seemed to bear the weight of all the misery the world had ever known, the despair of the starving one, the distress of the abandoned, the tortures of the sick, the possessed, the leper, of all who have gone sorrowing through this troublous world. At the same time his face inculcated resignation, expressed the certainty of deliverance and rest; and whilst the bleeding body uttered the word "Suffering," the head, although crowned with thorns, spoke plainly the word "Hope."

But although Norbert brought to this work all his skill and all his piety, he thought without ceasing of the Virgin Mary, whose image he was about to carve, and he unconsciously reserved for her the supreme efforts of his art and of his devotion.

"And now, my son," said the prior to him, "may God direct your hand so that you may give us a beautiful representation of the Virgin Mary holding the Infant Jesus in her arms."

"But," replied Norbert, "will it not be well to represent her in the way which should be the most pleasing to her?"

"Certainly," said the prior; "and is not her highest rôle that of the Mother of God?"

"Yes," replied Norbert; "but to my thinking I shall be honouring her most if I represent her not in her glory, but rather with an expression of those virtues which procured it for her. If she is depicted carrying a God, although it be

a child, prayers will not ascend to her but will be stayed by Him. Then I am at a loss to know what expression I can give her under these circumstances. Could she bestow upon

a God the real feelings of a mother; watchfulness over its fragile frame; the joy of its being entirely her own? Besides, if she loves her son, as a real mother would, with the tenderness of flesh and blood, she can have no affection to bestow upon us men. But I feel that she does love us. Nearer to us than the great God, she can understand us better. There are sins which the great God cannot condone, which justice perhaps will not permit of His pardoning. But the Virgin is at hand, she almost compels Him to give absolution. I can hear her say, 'Pardon, pardon. I will take the responsibility on myself. If you knew how wretched these poor men are, how the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak! They would all be saints had they but the special graces with which I was indued.' I would therefore represent her with her arms of mercy stretched out towards suffering humanity, which I cannot do if I depict her as you suggest."

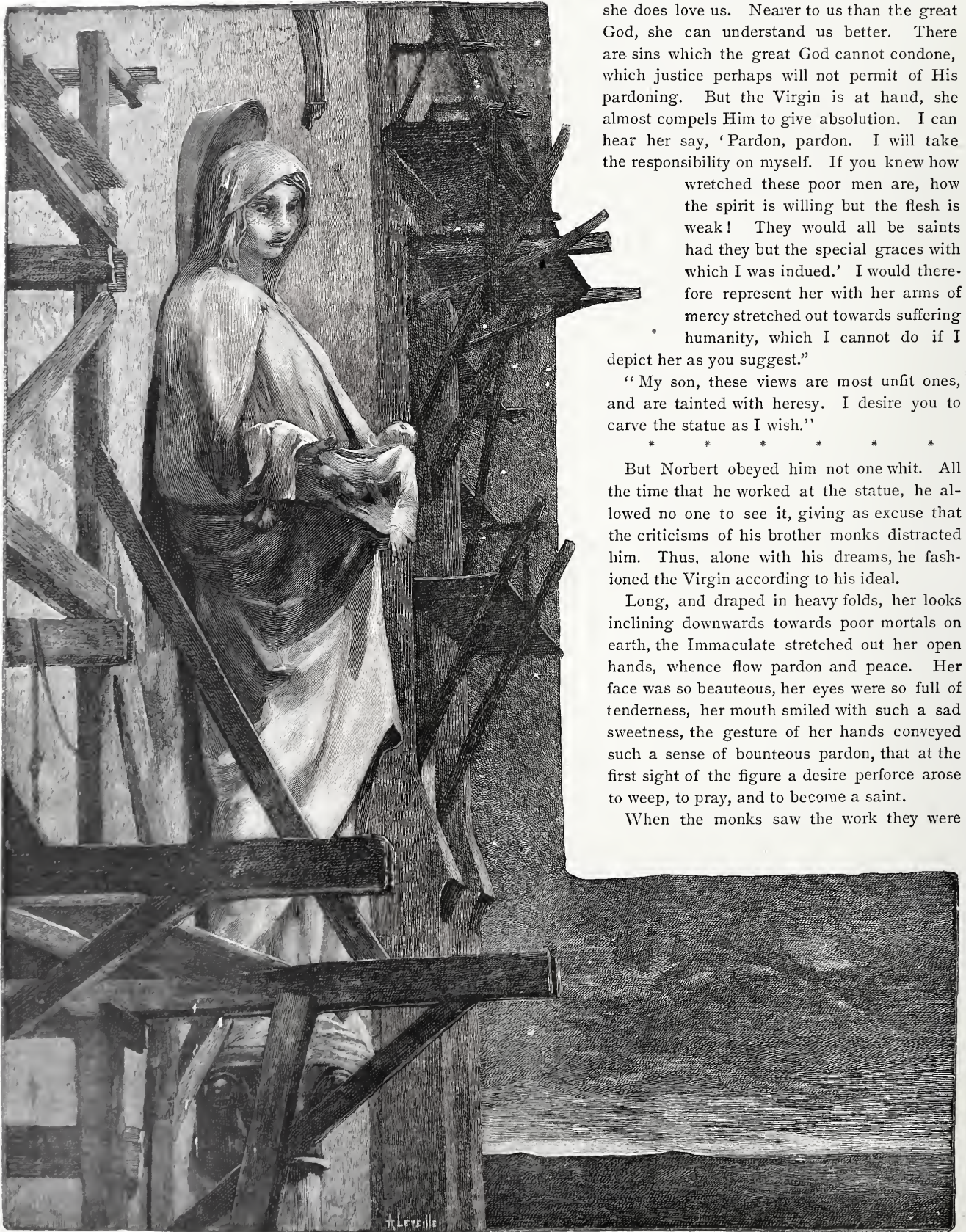
"My son, these views are most unfit ones, and are tainted with heresy. I desire you to carve the statue as I wish."

* * * * *

But Norbert obeyed him not one whit. All the time that he worked at the statue, he allowed no one to see it, giving as excuse that the criticisms of his brother monks distracted him. Thus, alone with his dreams, he fashioned the Virgin according to his ideal.

Long, and draped in heavy folds, her looks inclining downwards towards poor mortals on earth, the Immaculate stretched out her open hands, whence flow pardon and peace. Her face was so beautiful, her eyes were so full of tenderness, her mouth smiled with such a sad sweetness, the gesture of her hands conveyed such a sense of bounteous pardon, that at the first sight of the figure a desire perforce arose to weep, to pray, and to become a saint.

When the monks saw the work they were



"He lay there like a child in its cradle."

loud in their praise, and even the prior was compelled to acknowledge its marvellous beauty. But he condemned Norbert for his disobedience to penance for a month upon a diet of bread and water.

* * * * *

In due course the holy cross, the statue of the Virgin, and that of Saint Ildefonse, were raised to the positions assigned to them.

The building was all but complete. Twin towers flanked the western portal. Norbert, filled with a holy zeal towards the holy place, passed his days upon its roof, in the midst of an aerial forest of stones and scaffolding, and along the galleries delicately carved with open tracery, in company with a host of monsters grinning from the gargoyles.

One evening he could not bring himself to leave the place. He wished to dream away the night there, and to watch the fantastic play of the moon as its shadows crept amidst the architecture.

He was at the summit of one of the towers where the balustrade was not yet completed. Suddenly the fancy seized him to see how his beloved statue looked from above. He leant over, but all that he could distinguish was its outstretched hands. This did not satisfy him, and he ventured farther; his foot slipped, and he fell forward with a cry.

* * * * *

In his fall he encountered some scaffolding, bounded from it, and was thrown towards the pointed gable of the façade, crowned with its cross of stone.

With his two hands he just contrived to grip the arms of the crucifix, but his body hung in mid air, and do what he could it was impossible to obtain a foothold or to clasp the figure with his legs, encumbered as they were with the folds of his long white robe.

And there he hung, face to face with the despised Christ, whom he supplicated to save him with all the strength that was in him. Not content with this, he cried aloud in his agony for human aid, but the good monks, being at peace with God, slept so sound a sleep that nothing would wake them. Night birds, disturbed, croaked round him as he strove in vain to

gain a foothold. His fingers were torn by the rough granite, and he felt an enormous weight dragging him downwards. For a moment the face of the Christ, lit up by the moon, seemed to look at him with an air of abandonment. His fingers slipped, his hold loosened.

“Ah, Jesus, will you be avenged? Help! Mary! Virgin!”

* * * * *

Once more he fell, this time on to the outstretched hands of the Virgin, and it is said that they raised themselves to break his fall. Be that as it may, he lay there like a child in its cradle.

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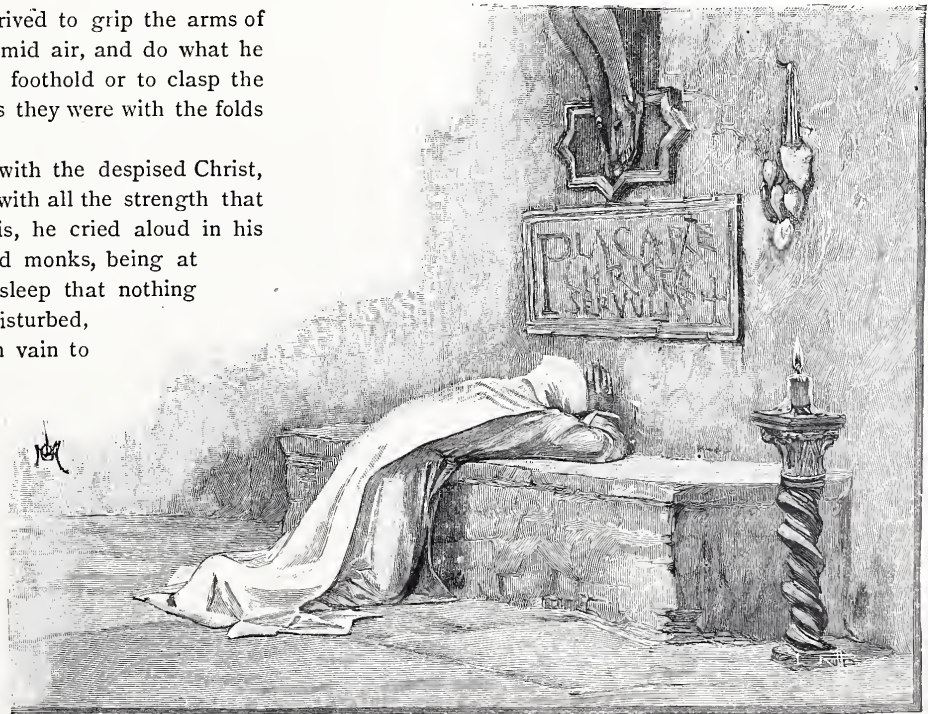
At dawn the monks caught sight of him, and when by the aid of long ladders they reached him in his perilous position, they found that he slept.

“Why do you wake me?” was all he said.

* * * * *

He told to no one how he had passed the night, or what the Virgin had said to him, but from that day forward his devotion was bestowed entirely on the second person of the Trinity, and he henceforward lived a life of great sanctity.

JULES LEMAITRE.



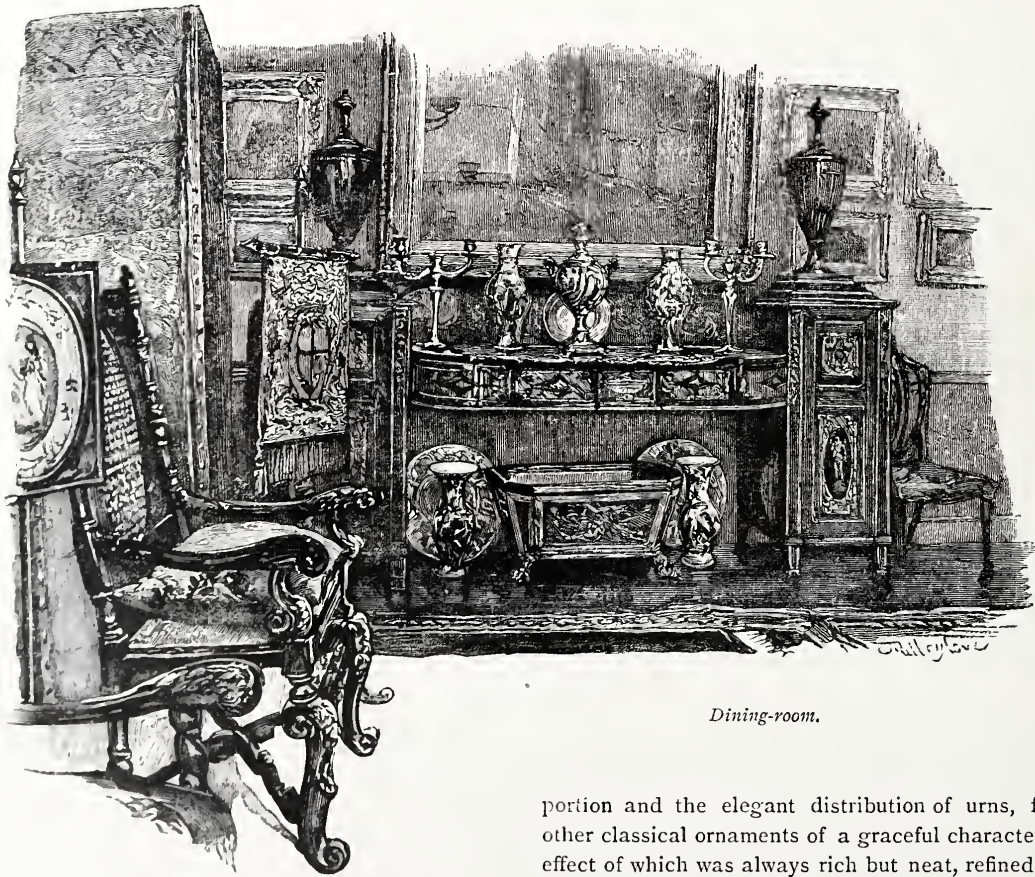
Norbert, the Penitent.

A CONNOISSEUR AND HIS SURROUNDINGS.

MR. JAMES ORROCK, R.I., AT 48, BEDFORD SQUARE.

THE architecture of Bedford Square is very plain. It was laid out towards the close of the last century, and was doubtless built by the famous firm of whom Robert Adam was the leading spirit. What external architectural features the square presents are of the style associated with his name, but with the exception of the central house on each side of the square (especially No. 6) these features are few, being confined to the portals with their masks and rusticated blocks, and their door-frames of column and entablature, surmounted by a radiated fanlight. But in many cases, at No. 48, for instance, this perhaps most distinctly "Adam" feature has

been modified by a later taste, and it is inside rather than out that the Art student must look for any very decided traces of those famous brothers whose relationship is preserved in the title of the Adelphi, who designed Portland, Stratford, and Hamilton Places, and many other buildings in London (including the elegant screen before the Admiralty), and country houses too numerous to mention. Despite, however, of his long, and on the whole successful career, Robert Adam (for the other brothers count for nothing as artists) is less known to the present generation as an architect than as a decorator. He was not content to



Dining-room.

leave the ornament of even his private houses to another hand, but left the mark of his style on moulding and cornice, on ceiling and mantelpiece, on cupboard and recess; nor did he stop at "fixtures," but designed chairs and tables, sideboards and bookcases, as well as numerous other articles of furniture, all conceived in the same artistic spirit which aimed at adapting classical forms to the domestic needs of England in the eighteenth century. All his work, like the decorations of the Villa Madama at Rome, on which it is no doubt founded, is characterized by its fine sense of pro-

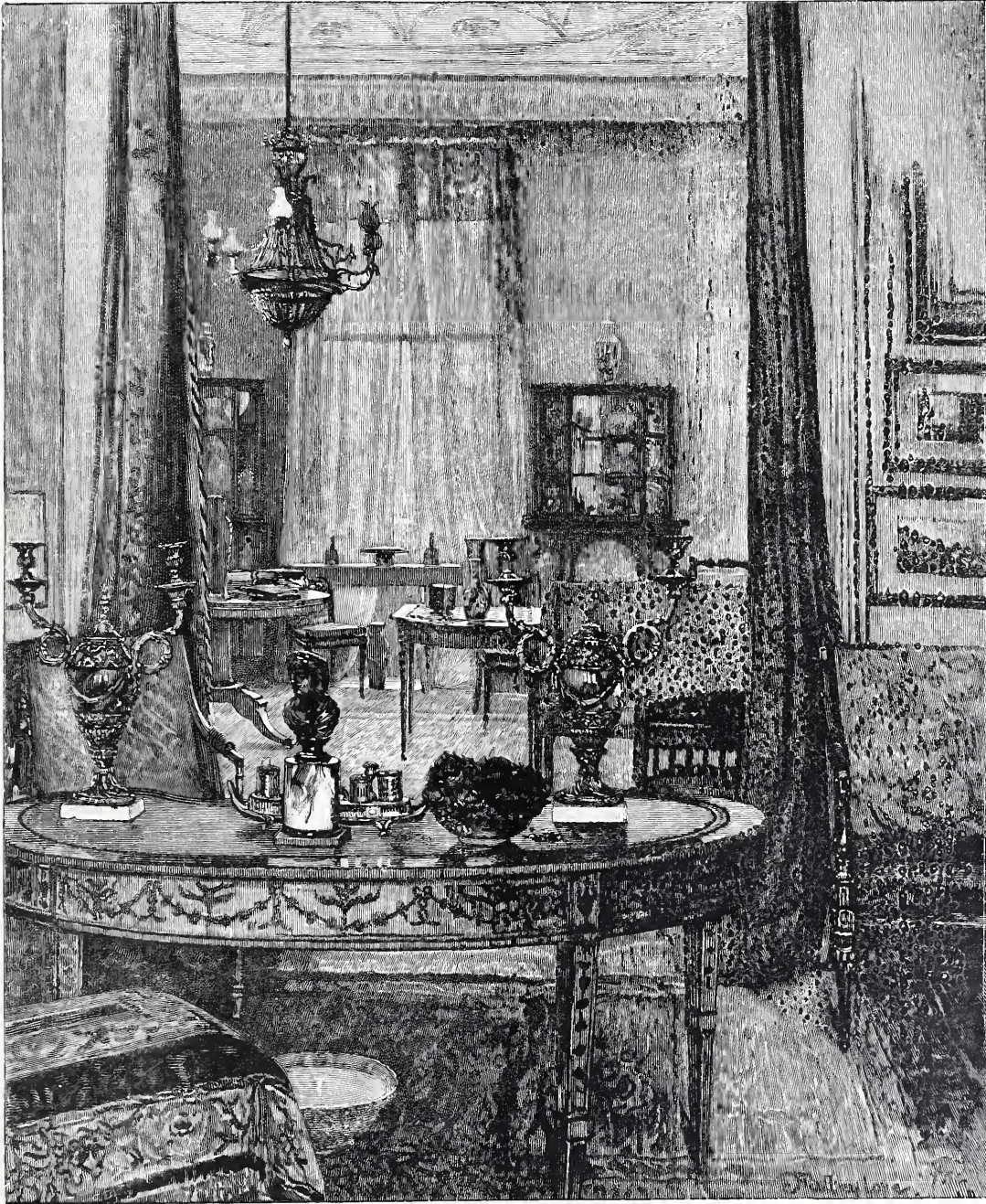
portion and the elegant distribution of urns, festoons, and other classical ornaments of a graceful character, the general effect of which was always rich but neat, refined but not effeminate, chaste but not severe. Such are the characteristics of the beautiful ceiling in the drawing-room, and of the exquisite mantelpiece of white and yellow marbles which adorns the dining-room (see p. 14) of the house belonging to Mr. James Orrock, No. 48, Bedford Square, which with its contents we propose now to describe.

This mantelpiece is enough in itself to give a character to the house; and it is a character well suited to its owner, for with its refined treatment of material, its beautiful play of colour, the bright and elegant pattern of its conventional ornament, and its oval discs filled with delicate carvings, it represents the finest taste and the most thorough workmanship of that most memorable period in the history of

British Art—the latter half of the eighteenth century. It was the period of Wedgwood and Flaxman, of Blake and Bartolozzi, of Stothard and Morland, of Wilson and Gainsborough, of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Romney; and what is even more to the point, it was the cradle of that British school of water-colour of which Mr. James Orrock,

of all men living, has perhaps the most thorough understanding.

At all events this hearth of Mr. Orrock, with its old tiles and fireplace, its lovely framing of marble mantelpiece and high brass fender, always seems to me to be the key-note of the house, for it is all English, and all good. I might use super-



View in Drawing-room.

latives, but the positive, if true, is strong enough. There is nothing in the house which is not good; there are few things there, except china, which are foreign, but (to use a phrase appropriate to the artist and connoisseur who inhabits it) the "prevalent colour" is throughout distinctly British. To "British" the further epithet of "old" might be added, for in this shrine of the "masters" not much that is modern is admitted.

Although most keenly interested in the art of to-day and an ardent artist himself, it is only that of a few of his colleagues which he considers worthy of a place beside the Coxes, the Barrets, and the De Wints. This honour he accords to Sir James Linton, to (the late) Mr. Tom Collier, to Mr. Hine, and perhaps one or two more; but that of the rest, including himself, must be sought in the studio, the passages, or the bedrooms.

But the place for the water-colours is the drawing-room, and we are still on the ground-floor in the room devoted to hospitality and oil pictures. Nor only to these, for under the 'Wooden Walls of England,' the masterpiece of his old friend, Henry Dawson of Chiswick, stands a sideboard of "Adam" design, a typical piece, beautifully inlaid and complete with its elegant urn-shaped knife-boxes (see illustration, p. 17). Of the same period and similar, if not exactly the same, in style, are the inlaid console tables ranged at intervals round the room, the Sheraton chairs, and the fire-screens with panels of eighteenth-century needle-work. The arm-chairs are of older date, going back perhaps to the time of Charles I.; but this article would become a mere inventory were I to mention all the fine things in the room, from the tables to the bronzes and the china. I should not have done till I had reached even the waste-paper basket, or rather pail, for it is of wood, and of the period and style of the house itself. It must suffice to repeat that all is good, that all or nearly all is English, and that every article has been selected and arranged with a personal taste which, notwithstanding the variety of objects, preserves a harmonious unity. Nothing appears incongruous or out of place.

So far have I gone without breaking my stoical resolve to stick to the positive, but in turning to the pictures on the walls I find myself in this dilemma: to speak of them as *good* pictures merely, would, as words are used, be simply to libel them; to affix epithets of a higher scale would be to make an invidious distinction between them and the other objects of Art already referred to, whereas the quality of both is the same. The sideboard is as good of its kind as the gem-like little Morlands; the mantelpiece as fine as the picture by James Holland that hangs over it. But as, on the whole, I would rather offend furniture than pictures, I will not longer restrict my freedom in the matter of adjectives, but say plainly that all the pictures in the room are of a very high quality.

Of course Ibbetson is not as great as Morland, nor Linnell as David Cox, nor is a hasty sketch to be compared with a finished picture: but there is not a painting in the room which does not reach a standard fixed by a highly-trained intelligence informed by a singularly fine taste.

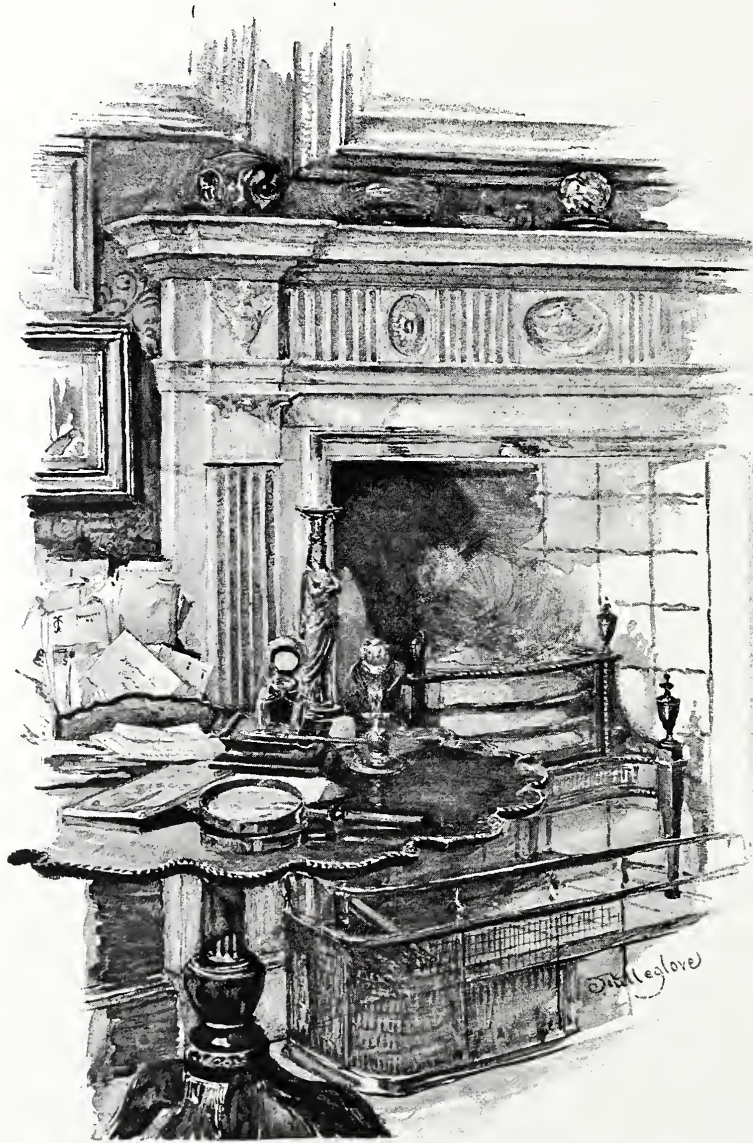
If the taste is finer in one respect than in another it is in colour. The decorative effect of these numerous cabinet pictures on the wall is rich and radiant, and this effect is general and nearly even, without patches of comparative darkness or the invasion of one picture on another. The hanging arrangement is of course excellent, but it would be difficult to hang these pictures very badly, as the colour of each is a harmony self-contained, and never obtrusive or defiant.

One need only see Mr. Orrock handle one of his Sheraton chairs and speak of the fine curvature of its shield back, to know that he has a fine feeling for form; and the delight he takes in the inlay of some of his satin-wood tables, where a free floriate design is traced in perfect sympathy with the shape it decorates, tells the same tale; but in pictures he rightly prizes colour above all other properties, and harmony above all other properties of colour. He prefers it, indeed, to be pure and sweet and luminous; little, if anything, enters his house that has not these qualities; but before all things it must be "in tune"—indeed not only the pictures, but every-

thing at No. 48 is in tune—at peace in itself, and therefore not disposed to quarrel with its neighbours.

Mr. Orrock, as most of us know, is himself a painter in both oil and water-colours, and there are few opinions on which he is fonder of insisting, than that many of our landscape painters in water-colour have been masters in oil painting. In support of this opinion he will cite De Wint and Turner and David Cox and Barret* and Havell and Copley Fielding and

* The large oil painting by Barret in the South Kensington Museum was presented by Mr. Orrock.



Fireplace in Dining-room.

Cotman and Holland, and perhaps a good many more. Yet perhaps even in this dining-room, consecrated to the denser medium, there may be traced a preference for those qualities of colour (lightness, purity, and above all transparency), which are more peculiarly the properties of the aquarelle.

At the Cox Exhibition at Birmingham in 1891, Mr. Orrock's contributions were remarkable for these qualities. His comparatively few oil pictures by the master might almost have been picked out from the rest from their likeness to water-colours, or in other words their radiance and transparency. Here they are again, the exquisite little 'Mill' with its extraordinarily sensitive and luminous sky, the little 'Crossing the Sands' with its gemlike figures, travelling, under warm grey clouds across the pearly sands, towards the blue distance which looks as pure and pale as if it had been washed with the recent rain; and the comparatively large picture, somewhat similar in composition, which is Mr. Orrock's most important example of the master in oil. No doubt it is not least for their singularly gemlike qualities that Mr. Orrock esteems so highly the works of Bonington, who was a water-colourist and trained as one. Not far from the Coxes is hung one of Bonington's most exquisite figure pictures, 'François I. with the Duchesse d'Étampes,' a replica of the famous picture in the Louvre, rich and soft as a rose-ruby, and as fine in its "old masterly" style as it is in colour. Ministering to the delight of this same sweet colour faculty are the numerous small specimens of Morland's finest work which hang in the dining-room. In no place can you see this exquisite colourist in greater perfection than in these examples of his best time, before dissipation had destroyed the precision of his broad clear touch, dimmed the fresh gaiety of his colour, and sullied the refinement of his golden browns and silvery greys. But we may not always stay in the dining-room, but must leave the sketches of Constable, the cabinet gems of Linnell, and many more beautiful pictures, to the imagination of the reader.

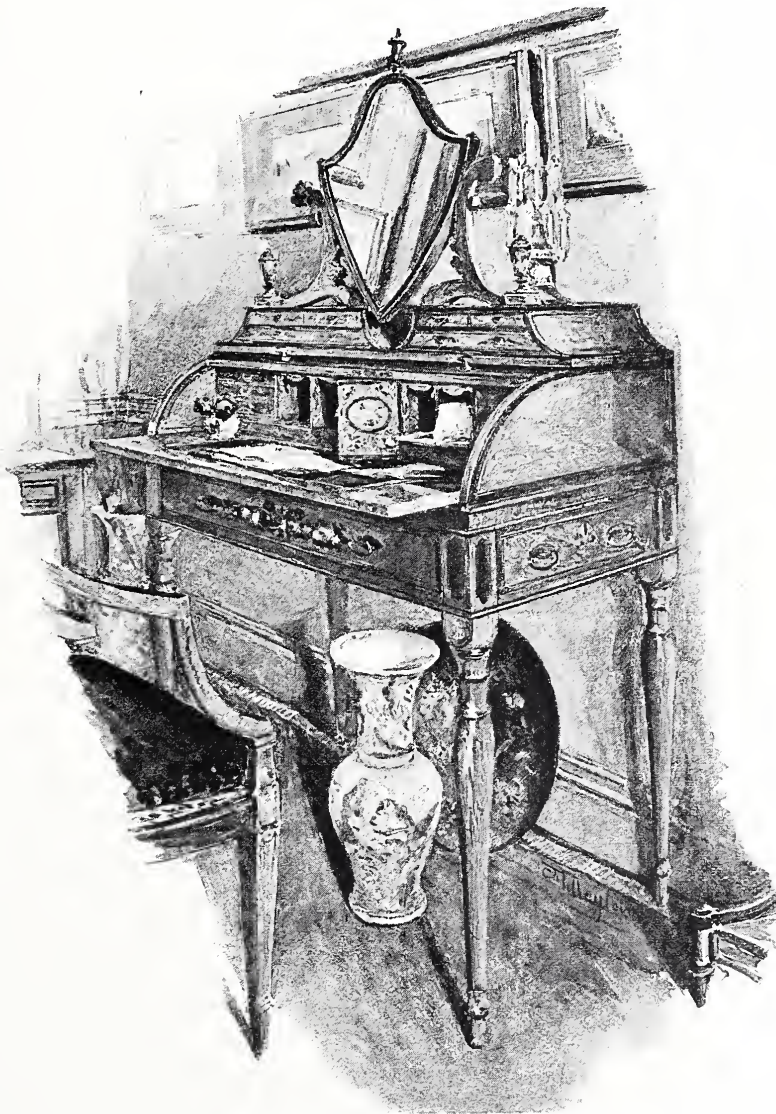
Into the hall and up the staircase let us go, still surrounded

with oil pictures, not quite so select perhaps as a rule as those we have left, but all by good men, and all fine in colour. As we ascend we are reminded how Turner once remarked simply, when accused of a profuse use of yellow, that he thought pictures should have *colour*, and it is strange in these days when our young artists are intent on keeping every art to its special limits, that the painters among them seem to be so often oblivious of this prime property of paint. It is as though musicians should be careless about sound. But so it is, and in England too, the cradle, as Mr. Orrock will tell you, of the third great school of colour, the others being those of

Venice of the sixteenth, and the Netherlands of the seventeenth century—in England, which besides other great colourists gave birth to a Wilson and an Etty. If you want to see what these masters could do you must go to the studio, where hang three large masterpieces of the former, and a perfect bouquet of the latter. More Constables and Wilsons on the staircase, more of these and other masters than one would think even Mr. Orrock would care to possess; but then nobody supposes that Mr. Orrock keeps all the pictures he buys; they are his small change, his working capital, which he employs to such rare advantage that he is able to acquire those exceptionally fine specimens of his favourite masters which are the permanent glories of No. 48.

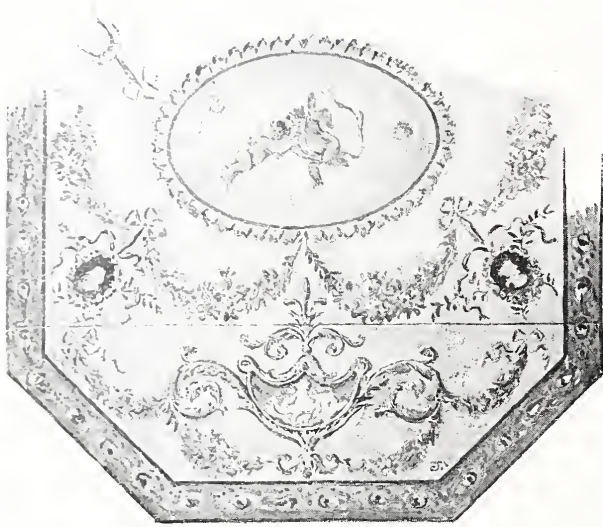
Cælum non animum, &c., to translate roughly, it is the ceiling rather than the taste that changes as we enter the drawing-room. Let not the word ceiling, beautiful as this particular

ceiling is, be understood in any material sense, but as the symbol of the spirit or mood of the apartment. There is light and air above and below, but here the light is a little brighter, the air more delicate. The chandelier is of glass instead of brass, the pictures of water instead of oil, satin-wood and porcelain become prevalent instead of occasional, and touches of feminine taste are shown in looking-glass and dainty cabinet. In short, the drawing-room is a drawing-room, giving indications of a clime not altogether inhabited by the sterner sex.



Writing-table, said to have been presented by Lord Nelson to Lady Hamilton.

Here again the "prevalent colour" is of the latter half of the eighteenth century or the beginning of this. There are a few low-backed, richly carved Indo-Portuguese chairs; there is abundance of blue and white on mantelpiece and



Top of Painted Pembroke Table.

console table, inside glass cabinets, and over the doors; there is a fine piece of Chinese cloisonné enamel here, and an Anatolian bowl there, and on another table stands a crimson "splashed" bottle of unique beauty, and in a glass case is one of the finest pieces of "Sang-de-bœuf" that is known; but the oval looking-glass with Adam's frame, the tables finely inlaid and painted with medallions in the style of Stothard and Bartolozzi, and most other things, including the water-colours, are English. One at least of the pieces of furniture is historic, a satinwood escritoire and toilette-table, once belonging to Lady Hamilton (p. 15). It is daintily decorated with painted flowers and Bartolozzi prints.

An article might be devoted to the "blue-and-white" alone. Notwithstanding the magnificent collection with which Mr. Orrock parted to the South Kensington Museum, he has still no lack of superb examples of this much-prized ware—"Aster," single and double, 'Chrysanthemum,' 'Tiger-lily,' 'Vandyck,' 'Tassel,' 'Dragon,' 'Hawthorn,' 'Egg-shell,' 'Long Elizas,' 'Mandarin'—of all these, and of other classes not so easily described, he has the finest specimens, most of them in sets. A complete decoration of "double aster" of the largest size is on the mantelpiece, and the cabinets contain sets and double sets complete with covers, bottles and vases in pairs and triplets, the famous "Howell" dish and ewer, a dragon bottle once belonging to Dante Rossetti, and many other perfect specimens representing at their best the decorative skill of the Chinaman, from the bold brushwork of the more decorative kind to the tenderest pencilling of the cabinet bits, and every variety of blue from the softest "powder" to the transparent depth of cerulean "agate."

But the chief glory of the drawing-rooms, the chief glory indeed of the house, are the water-colours. The front drawing-room is devoted chiefly to George Barret, junr. (who is the Barret referred to throughout this paper), David Cox, William Hunt, and De Wint. By the last are two exceptionally fine drawings of a large size; one a bold piece of broken, gravelly,

common land specially characteristic of the master for the rich variety of its colour and the diversity of its handling and texture; the other somewhat more academic perhaps, but displaying to the full this master's accomplishment in colour, composition, and finish. By these hang two drawings of the same size, one by Copley Fielding, the other, one of Barret's most magnificent compositions, pure and radiant as on the day it was painted. By this master, who, in the rendering of pure liquid sunlight surpassed Turner himself, are a number of other perfect drawings (mostly on the south wall), gold drawings and silver drawings, classical compositions, and scenes of English country like the famous 'Timber Waggon,' which, with many others of Mr. Orrock's "gems," was last winter to be seen at the Exhibition at the Royal Academy. On the west wall, between the large drawings and the window, hang most of Mr. Orrock's examples of David Cox, the acquisition of which has been one of the chief pleasures (not without labour) of Mr. Orrock's life. To give anything like an adequate account of them would require more space than is at my disposal, but there is the less need for this as they are all "known" drawings, shown with Mr. Orrock's accustomed generosity in many an exhibition at Nottingham and Manchester and Birmingham and Edinburgh, and I know not how many other places. Nearly all of them have a history of more or less interest; that beautiful little late drawing, for instance, with gipsies on a piece of common under the stormy sky, though one of the most masterly things the artist ever did, did not sell when it was exhibited. It was thought too "rough," I believe, at that time, but Topham (the elder Topham), the artist's friend and admirer, bought it rather than let it go back to the old man unsold. He gave £5 for it, and it has since sold for something like fifty times that price.

On the east wall are the finest William Hunts, also for the most part "historical" drawings. One of them, 'A Dead



Dish and Ewer of old Blue-and-White Nankin China.

Wood-pigeon,' was once in the possession of Mr Ruskin,*

* In a letter from Mr. Ruskin to Mr. Orrock, he says, "I am extremely glad that that dove is at rest among your beautiful Hunt Drawings," and "you may vainly offer a thousand (pounds) for its match."

and in his well-known notes on Prout and Hunt will be found mention not only of this, but of two other famous drawings

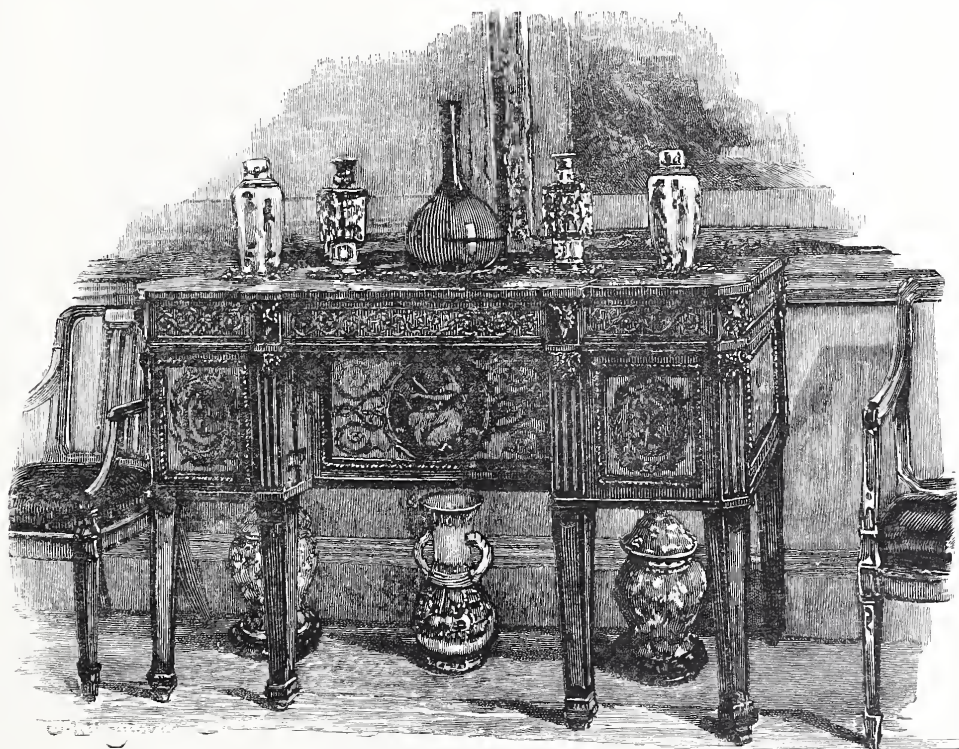


James Orrock, R.I.

then as now belonging to Mr. Orrock. These are the beautiful 'Shy Sitter,' one of the most refined of Hunt's studies of country

girls, and 'The Blessing,' in which the fineness of the colour is matched by the patriarchal dignity of the sentiment. Here also, and equally inimitable in its way, is the head of a woman, called 'The Wanderer,' of a larger size than is usual with Hunt, somewhat too large for the artist's medium and method of handling, but remarkable for its wonderful modelling and its unforced pathos of expression.

Fortunately I have had the assistance of Mr. Fulleylove's pencil in my attempt to describe the beauties of Mr. Orrock's house, but even that will not help me to describe the man, who is as British and as thorough as the best of the contents of No. 48. Endowed with great physical and mental vigour he has been busy throughout his life, and in more than one direction, and he has distinguished himself in every pursuit in which he has been engaged. When a medical student at Edinburgh he carried off most, if not all, of the medals, and became in due course a member of the Royal College of Surgeons. But he preferred to follow his father's profession, and set up at Nottingham, where for many years he had one of the largest practices as surgeon-dentist in the Midland Counties. As a man of business he has always been clever and successful, but above all things he has always been an artist and a lover of Art, and at the age of thirty-five he had prospered so well that he was able to abandon his practice altogether, and devote himself to painting and connoisseurship. On the walls of the higher stories of No. 48, Bedford Square, are copies



Sideboard.

by him of lithographs and steel engravings after Landseer, almost facsimiles, showing extraordinary accuracy of draughtsmanship and command of hand when quite a youth. In one of these he has translated a lithograph into the likeness of a steel engraving, relieving the head of a Scotch deer-hound against a background tint of light obtained entirely by fine cross lines, and as even in tone as if ruled by machinery. Those who only know him by the vigour and breadth of his drawings and paintings in colour, and have not seen his sketch-books full of beautiful pencil-work, are apt to underrate his skill with the

point; but that is not the only subject upon which some misunderstanding exists with regard to a man who occupies so prominent and so various a position in the Art world, that it is doubtful whether he is best known as an artist, a connoisseur, a collector, a buyer, a seller, an enthusiastic advocate of the merits of the English School of Painting, a trusted councillor of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, or a promoter of his patriotic scheme (now about to be realised) of a real National Gallery, devoted entirely to the masterpieces of his country's Art.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S AND HIS MODELS.

LOOKING over Sir Joshua Reynolds's note-book the other day I came upon the following entry:—

"July 17th, 1762.—Dined with Nelly O'Brien at six o'clock in Pall Mall, next door to the Star and Garter."

This set me thinking of how manners and customs have changed since the days of those fine gentlemen of the good old school, whom Thackeray satirises so bitterly. How terribly wicked they were, to be sure, glorying in their wickedness; and how Society winked at the open scandals, and thought nothing of Sir Joshua going to dine in full daylight with his saucy, beautiful model. But in 1762 there was powerful protection extended to such ladies as Nelly O'Brien and her class. Junius, in his letters, was the first to draw attention to this flagrant insult to the public. "It is not," he says, "the private indulgence that I complain of, but the public insult. Miss Parsons' * name would hardly have been known if the First Lord of the Treasury had not led her in triumph through the Opera House."

We must, however, remember that, as Leslie says in his life of Sir Joshua, "there was a fashion in intrigue as well as in dress, and a man of fashion would have thought it as much disgrace not to be acquainted with ladies of the Nelly O'Brien class as he would to wear a Kevenhuller when the Nivernois were in fashion."

Sir Joshua, who for the rest was a man of unblemished reputation, was very partial to his beautiful model. We know her face and that of his other model, Kitty Fisher,

* Miss Nancy Parsons was a celebrated character in her day, made more celebrated by Junius's attack upon her noble protector, the Duke of Grafton, who was First Lord of the Treasury. His wife (the charming correspondent of Horace Walpole) procured a divorce, and later on married Lord Castletoun, of Upper Ossory.

well. They both live on the canvases upon which the great master painted them. The frail beauties were always in his studio, where a strange medley of "classes and callings crossed one another in the oddest way. Archbishops of York and Canterbury would take the chair just vacated by Kitty Fisher or Nelly O'Brien; and Mrs. Abingdon would make her saucy curtsey to the painter as the august Chief Justice bowed himself out." Mr. Cotton, in his notes upon Sir Joshua's pocket-book, remarks upon the constant recurrence of the names of the two models, Kitty and Nelly O'Brien, observing that "it is not accounted for by the number of portraits painted at the desire of their numerous admirers, and handsomely paid for."

Mr. Leslie, however, in his life of Sir Joshua, draws this conclusion—that they also sat for many of the subject pictures,† and served occasionally as classical models. Female models were, in fact, hard to obtain; they were generally taken from the lowest class, as it was not then considered a calling for respectable women. Artists were obliged to retain the same model and utilise her for different purposes. From Sir Joshua's pocket-book it is evident he had only four or five paid models during his many years of constant



Mrs. Abingdon.

work. Romney, as every one knows, had for many years only one model—Emma Harte, afterwards Lady Hamilton. He painted her in every conceivable attitude and under every form, until he found it impossible to exclude her from any picture—much as Mr. Dick could not keep out King Charles's head.

With the artists of our day it is otherwise. Face models are easy to be had; girls of excellent character having taken up the profession, as it may be called. As a result of this our

† Kitty for Cleopatra, Nelly for Penserose, both for the Fortune-Tellers, &c.

artists have fallen into the rather unfortunate habit of composing a face; marrying, so to speak, the eyes of one sitter to the mouth of another, and the colouring of a third, often in consequence of this piecing making an inharmonious whole. But this, of course, only applies to subject pictures, not portraits. It was as a portrait painter that Sir Joshua won his fame, and it is on this ground that he still stands. As Northcote has shown, he was the first English painter who thought of giving a character and variety to his portraits by conveying something of *character* in their attitudes and occupations.

In looking at his magnificent portrait of Lord Ligonier, in the National Gallery, and that of Admiral Keppel close beside it, who can doubt but that these were brave men and thorough gentlemen. So, too, with his women; those lovely creatures which may not have the poetry, nor the depth, nor the honied touch of Gainsborough, but they impress us, nevertheless, more with the dignity possessed by our great-grandmothers than do the delicate and "liquid transparency" which distinguishes the portraits of his great rival. Again, with women of a different class, how well he conveys *their* lack of dignity, and yet gives them all their wonderful fascinations; as, for instance, in his portrait of the

capricious, wilful favourite of the public, Mrs. Abingdon. The hoydenish simplicity of the actress is well depicted in the Saltram picture of her as Miss Prue, with her arms leaning on the back of a chair and her thumb upon her lips (see illustration, page 18). It is a masterpiece, and happily is in excellent preservation. Mrs. Abingdon was a great favourite with Sir Joshua, but she was not one of his models. From his note-books we find Nelly O'Brien and Kitty Fisher were his principal sitters. He painted Nelly in different attitudes, many times; perhaps not quite so often as Kitty, whom he

seems to have preferred. Perhaps the most beautiful of Nelly is the one in the Hertford collection, which was painted in 1763 and was exhibited at the Manchester Exhibition in 1857. "It represents her in full sunlight, in an attitude of lazy enjoyment, sitting with her hands crossed, a pet spaniel on her knee. Her voluptuous face, raised as if at the approach of one she has been watching for, is lit up under the shade of the flat Woffington hat by the reflected lights from her dress, a quilted rose-coloured slip with lace over it, a black lace apron and mantilla, and a sacque of striped blue silk."

Another beautiful portrait of her is in a brown dress, leaning forward with clasped hands. It is, or was, in the possession of C. Mills, Esq., of Bryanston Square.

Lord Dover had another portrait, very lovely. She is resting her head on her hand, and there is more refinement in the expression—for beautiful as she is, Nelly's features run slightly into coarseness.

Miss O'Brien's life does not bear a close scrutiny. In her early days she was an actress at the Dublin Theatre, where she met George Keats. Finding a provincial town too small a stage for one of her distinguished beauty, she came to London, where she made no mark in her profession, but divided the admiration of the town with Miss Kitty Fisher. Ho-

race Walpole, who was well up in all the scandalous gossip of the day, writing to his friend Conway, tells him of how, when Lady Bolingbroke was sitting for her portrait to Sir Joshua, her lord said to the painter, "You must give the eyes something of Nelly O'Brien or it will not do," and, Walpole adds in his caustic way, "As my lord has given Nelly something of his wife's, it was but fair to give her something of Nelly's, and my lady will not throw the gift away." Miss O'Brien's beauty captivated a nobleman, who, it was said, married her privately, but his name never transpired.



Miss Morris as Hope nursing Love.

Walpole, however, believed the story, and tells Sir Horace Mann that her son was christened with much pomp and



Lady Hamilton as a Bacchante.

ceremony, Sir Charles Bunbury standing sponsor. She died not long after in Park Street, Grosvenor Square. The picture now in the Hertford collection was sold for three guineas.

Her rival, Kitty Fischer, or Fisher, disputed with her the post of Sir Joshua's favourite model. Kitty's name is constantly recurring in the note-books of the painter, with the different commissions given him by her various admirers to paint her. She was, in fact, the most celebrated Phryne of her day, and ruined many of her friends by her extravagance. She was German by birth, her father being a cabinetmaker in Ovenden Street, while her uncle played the hautboy at the Opera House. Kitty, like Nelly O'Brien, began by being an actress, but soon gave up the profession. She was brought to Sir Joshua's studio by his friend Keppel, whose fortune she was then spending at the rate of £12,000 in nine months, and from that time she was his constant model for many years.

In his pocket-book for 1759 is the date of the first sitting—Sunday, April 9th. This appointment with Miss Fisher is in Sir Joshua's handwriting, the next appointment is in a different one—Mr. Cotton conjectures the lady's, and there is an N. B.: "Miss Fisher's picture is for Sir Charles Bingham."

Kitty was what was called a "Huckaback Beauty"; she was less handsome, but more *dangerously* fascinating than Nelly O'Brien. There are seven portraits of her by Sir Joshua. Of these, perhaps, the most beautiful for colouring and delicious languor of repose, is Cleopatra dissolving the pearl (p. 21), which he painted for his great friend, Mr. Parker of Saltram, afterwards Lord Morley, in whose collection it is. Some one wrote under it:

"To her famed character how just thy right,
Thy mind as wanton and thy form as bright."

It is a curious fact that in all her portraits Kitty looks the same age, and all are equally lovely, 'Simplicity' being, perhaps, the least satisfactory. Here she has one dove on her lap, another on her knee. There is an affected air of steadiness belied by the sly look in the eyes, and which does not sit well upon a lady of Miss Fisher's vivacity. One can hardly acquit the artist of a touch of irony towards his favourite. Leslie says, "The lady looks as innocent as her doves, as no doubt she could look if she so pleased." One would like to know whose is the portrait which hangs ostentatiously from a chain round her neck. It is, however, an admirable picture, and was very popular. There are several replicas of it—one painted for Lord Crewe, who exhibited it at the British Institute in 1841; another for Mr. Monroe, a third for Mr. Lennox of Mar.

At Petworth there is a quaint and lovely portrait of her, with her arms crossed upon a letter which lies before her. Upon the paper fold is written, "June 9th, 1759. My dear Kitty Fisher."

Another portrait of her is in the Lansdowne Gallery, with a parrot on her finger. The loveliest of all, however, is an unfinished head in powder and fly-cap, done for Lord Carysfort. This, the last one of her, for in 1767 she became Mrs. Norris, having succeeded in inducing a young gentleman of good family to marry her, and from this time she disappears from the note-books.

Kitty, unlike her rival Nelly, was well educated, and had many attractions, being, Mr. Leslie says, "A very agreeable, genteel person. She was the essence of small talk and the magazine of temporary anecdote; add to this, she spoke



Kitty Fisher.

French with great fluency, and was mistress of a most uncommon share of spirits; it was impossible to be dull in her

company, as she would ridicule her own foibles rather than want a subject for raillery. Her constant companion, Miss Summers, afterwards Mrs. Skeyne, whom she introduced into all her parties, was another great source of entertainment, as this lady was not only a professed satirist but a woman of learning, and an excellent companion. Lord Ligonier frequently made up the trio, and he acknowledges some of his merriest hours were passed with these two ladies." Miss Fisher was by no means devoid of impudence, as is shown by her paying Dr. Johnson a visit, being introduced by the celebrated Bet Flint. One would like to have seen the sage entertaining his visitors, but we know he had a good opinion of Bet.*

After her visit to Bolt Court, Miss Fisher became intellectual, and when in 1759 there appeared a work in two volumes printed in London, professing to be the juvenile adventures of Miss Kitty Fischer, she published a protest conceived in true Johnsonian language. She begins by saying that "to err is a blemish entailed upon mortality, and that she implores protection from the baseness of malicious little scribblers, whose scurvy malevolences would try and injure her with the public, by pretending they can publish her

memoirs. She hopes to prevent the success of their endeavours by thus publicly declaring that there is not the slightest foundation in truth for such a boast."

On another occasion she was introduced, by way of a joke, to grave Secretary Pitt, under the title of the Duchess N—, a foreign lady that the Secretary should know. The king, George II., was present and humoured the joke. "Introduce him, introduce him, by all means," said the king, which was done in these words: "This is Mr. Secretary Pitt; this

* Kitty's intimacy with the great caused numerous satires to be printed. In the magazines of the day we find constant allusions such as—"Kitty's Stream; or, the Noblemen turned Fishermen." "Who rides fastest, Kitty Fisher or her gay gallant?" &c.

is Miss Kitty Fisher." Mr. Pitt instantly saw the joke, and without being disconcerted, politely went up to her and told her how sorry he was he had not the honour of knowing her when he was a young man, "for then, madam," says he, "I should have had the hope of pleasing you, but now, old as you see me, I have no other way of avoiding such beauty but by flying from it," and then instantly hobbled off.

This story, says Mr. Leslie, illustrates the times in which it was written: if we think of the rank and functions of the personages, we may measure the difference a century has made in external decorum at least.



Kitty Fisher as Cleopatra dissolving the pearl.

Pretty, silly Lady Coventry, who was very jealous of any one approaching her pinnacle of beauty, was very irate that the mob in the park should take notice of Kitty's pretty face, when her ladyship deigned to show herself. She made such a fuss about it that wicked, satirical Walpole composed a ballad which he handed round amongst his intimate friends. It is supposed to be sung to the tune of "Kitty Fisher's Jig," and begins thus:—

"I sing not of wars
nor invasions,
I tell you a merrier
tale,
How Fisher and
Covey were mad,
sir,
And sent all the
people to jail.

"But Covey could
not bear a rival,
She thought it such
a terrible case

That first they should gaze at Kate Fisher,
And then come and stare in her face.

"Indeed, if I were but Miss Gunning,
They might have done just as they chose;
But now I am married to Covey,
They shall not tread on my toes."

By a curious coincidence both Kitty Fisher and the beautiful Lady Coventry came to their deaths at an early age through the immoderate use of cosmetics, their systems being poisoned by the white lead with which those deleterious washes were impregnated. Mrs. Norris was only twenty-six at the time of her death in 1767. She had one virtue, great charity, and was sincerely lamented by the poor whom she largely assisted.

Another, and more interesting sitter to Sir Joshua, was the beautiful Miss Morris, who sat for one of his loveliest creations, 'Hope nursing Love' (see illustration, p. 19.) It was exhibited at the first exhibition of the Royal Academy, 1769. The picture, which is in the Bowood Gallery, has kept its colour better than almost any of Sir Joshua's. It was exhibited at the collection of Old Masters two years ago, and charmed all who saw it. Three repetitions were made of it, one for Lord Lansdowne, another in the possession of Mr. Hope; the third was sold at Lady Thomond's sale for 220 guineas. The story of the young lady who sat for this beautiful picture is somewhat pathetic. She was the daughter of Mr. Valentine Morris, governor of one of the West Indian Islands.

On his death his widow, with her four children, came to England in great poverty, and Sir Joshua, who had known them in better days, took the liveliest interest in the family. It was thought that if she adopted the stage as a profession her beauty and grace might ensure her success. When through Sir Joshua's interest she appeared at Covent Garden in November, 1768, as Juliet, her friends mustered in great force to support her through the ordeal. Sir Joshua was there, and Johnson and Goldsmith between the Jessamy Bride and Little Comedy, but even their friendly faces could not inspire the poor girl with any courage. She could not utter

a word, and was obliged to retreat ignominiously. No entreaties could induce her to appear again. Her failure, however, preyed upon her, and she died soon after of rapid consumption.

For his 'Venus,' which was one of the best of his mythological pictures, Sir Joshua employed as his model a very beautiful girl of sixteen, the daughter of his manservant Ralph Mason, describing his visit to the studio, remarks:—

"I have said that Sir Joshua always had a living archetype before him whenever he painted what was not a mere portrait. In this practice he imitated Guido, who would make a common porter sit to him for a Madonna, merely to have that nature before him from which he might depart. So in this instance of the 'Venus.' When I saw the picture on the easel, he was finishing the head—a young girl, her flaxen hair flowing on

her shoulders, sitting opposite to him. When next I came he was painting the body, and in his sitting-chair was a beggar-woman with a nude child, not above a year old, on her knee. As may be imagined, I could not help expressing my astonishment at seeing him paint the carnation of the Goddess of Beauty from such an unhealthy-looking model; but he answered that, whatever I might think, the child's flesh assisted him in giving a certain morbidezza to his own colouring which he thought he could not arrive at had he not such an object before his eyes."

We come now to the most celebrated model of her day—that extraordinary woman, Emma Harte, or Lyon, afterwards Lady Hamilton. Although she did sit to Sir Joshua twice

she was not a favourite model of his, neither was he successful in the one portrait he has left of her. Romney caught the laughing devil in her wonderful eyes; Sir Joshua escaped it.

It is not easy to say whether the Miss Kelly whose name appears so often in Sir Joshua's note-books was paid for her sittings to the artist, for she, like Miss Morris, had a father in bad circumstances.

Miss Kelly was remarkably handsome, and had the honour of attracting for some time the wandering fancy of Dean Swift. Mrs. Delany, in her letters to Miss Bushe, talks of the conquest "pretty Kelly has made of

the Dean. He is in love with her *at present*."

In his latter days a niece of Sir Joshua, Miss Theophila Palmer, the "Offey" of the note-books, and who was to him as a daughter, sat constantly for his fancy sketches, more especially for those in which girlish archness is the dominant expression, such as the 'Strawberry Girl' and the 'Laughing Girl'; there is also a Miss Jones who sat occasionally, and the unfortunate Emily Coventry, who sat for the picture of 'Thais;' with her ends the list of Sir Joshua's female models.

FRANCES A. GERARD.

NOTE.—For the illustrations to this article we are indebted to Mr. Algernon Graves, who kindly allowed us to make reproductions from proofs in his possession.



Nelly O'Brien.

THE FURNISHING AND DECORATION OF THE HOUSE.

I.—CEILINGS AND FLOORS.

NO one who looks back upon the past can deny that extraordinary progress in the decorative arts has been accomplished, for proof of which it is scarcely necessary to recall a much earlier period than ten years ago, when last the

subject of taste as applied to the several decorative industries was treated in detail in the pages of the *Art Journal*. It might be safely asserted that not one of the objects which as recently as 1880 were included under the head of "Original Designs for Art Manufacture" would pass muster at the present day.



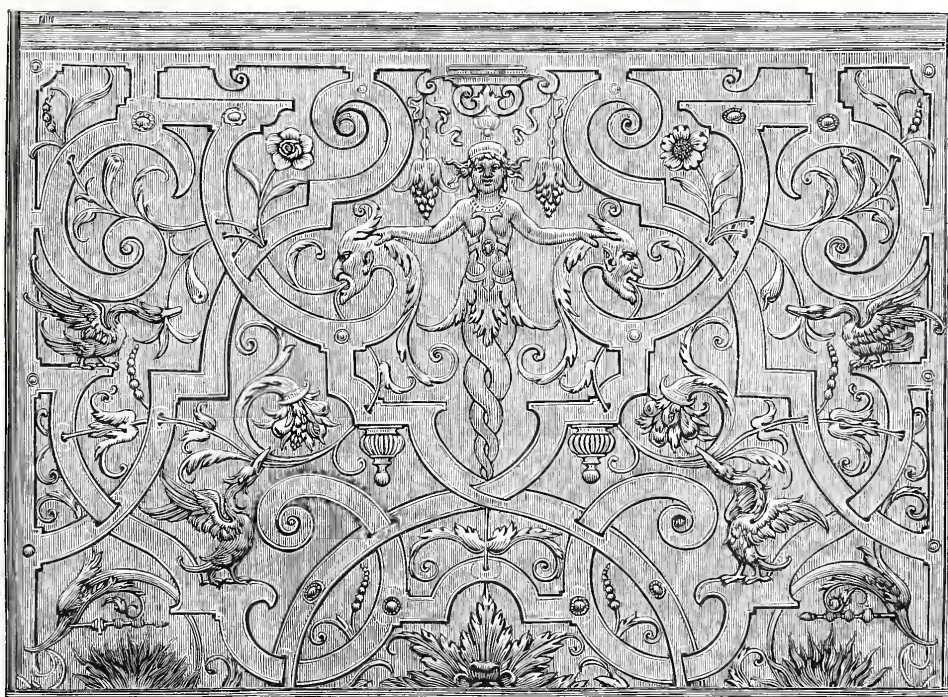
Corner of Marble Mosaic Pavement.
By Messrs. Mainzer and Kempthorne.

A most important step forward was made in the Health Exhibition of 1884, when men of practical skill and acknowledged authority, like William Morris, Robert Edis and others, were employed to lecture on various subjects connected with Art and hygiene. But in spite of many improvements, the advance has not been uniform. There still exists a mutual distrust, a want of brotherly co-operation between the artist and the engineer; a distrust which is itself a consequence of the abnormal economic conditions under which we live, of the excessive application of the principle of division and subdivision of labour, and which hinders and distresses all those who have the welfare of the good cause at heart. Our mission therefore is to emphasise the unity of the arts, and the benefits of a direct association between the sanitary engineer, the builder, and the designer; until it shall be acknowledged on all sides, that a mind which has been so absorbed in the useful as to have had no thought for the ornamental, and to have divorced artistic

construction and good taste from mathematics and sanitation, is itself defective.

There is still a prevalent notion that Art means either eccentricity, or discomfort, or disregard of sanitation, or else high prices. And there is just a modicum of truth in these assertions. The "cheap and nasty" is incompatible with true Art. But we ourselves, the consumers, are not altogether guiltless in the matter. What do we do to dispel the objection that artistic furniture is so dear? It is a simple exercise in arithmetic, of supply equalising demand. *Ceteris paribus* it does not cost a penny more to make one isolated chair, let us say, of good design than it does to make one of bad design. If ugly things are produced cheaply and plentifully it is because the majority of purchasers choose to have them, and production on a large scale means a proportionate reduction in the cost of each article. If, on the other hand, artistic things are costly, it is because they are made necessarily in smaller quantities on account of the limited demand. Every individual therefore has a share in assisting or retarding the spread of Art manufactures, because each unit of his purchases goes to swell the balance of supply and demand on the one side or the other.

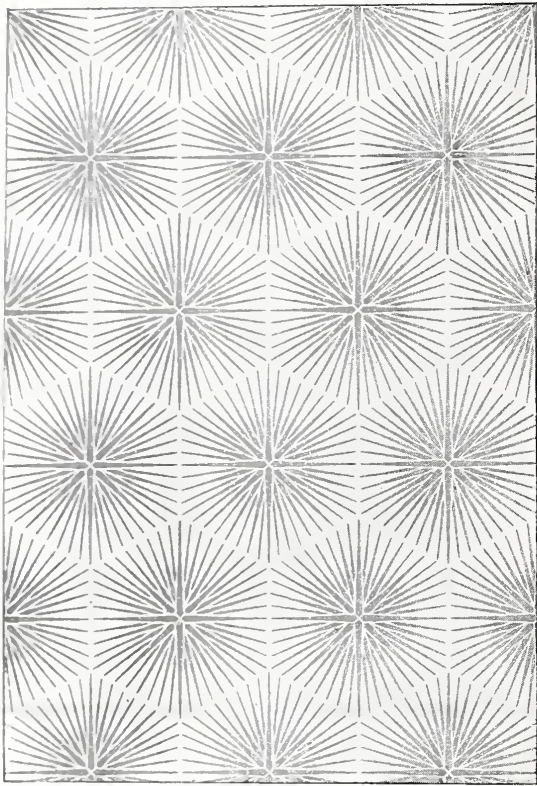
Or suppose we do care greatly about the artistic quality of



Modelled Plaster Ceiling. By Messrs George and Peto, for Walter Cassel, Esq.

our immediate surroundings, that we do like to be reputed among our friends and neighbours as persons of æsthetic

culture and tastes, what do we do practically to improve the popular taste at its source? Are we not in the habit of taking for granted that anything is good enough for

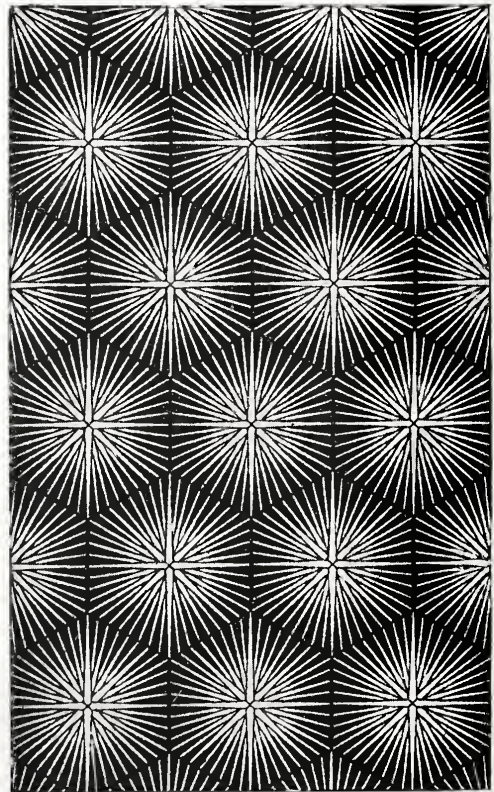


"Spark" Design Ceiling Paper, in yellow on white ground.
By Messrs. Essex & Co.

the servants' rooms? Do we not give them whatever is too ugly for our own use? How often have we groaned over the staring walls and crude carpets, the gilt mirrors, the hair sofa and chairs, the crochet antimacassars, the paper flowers, the gimcrack "ornaments;" in short, over all the inevitable horrors of the lodging by the seaside, and yet have forgotten that the servants we had left behind at home were at that moment surrounded with furniture and decoration, of our own providing, in its degree not a whit better, and such moreover that they will infallibly reproduce when they come to keep house for themselves! The women who, having been in service, eventually marry and settle down, comprise no small proportion of the mothers of England; and their influence on the taste and habits of their own class—so powerful is the force of custom—will in the main be just such as we ourselves have formed it to be. If we have inured them to the habit of tolerating what is mean and ugly, can we be surprised if they and the children they bring up are wanting in any sound artistic perception whatever? These are considerations worthy of serious attention. We need not provide them with costly furniture, but it should at least be simple and good of its kind. Every man and woman endowed with the gift of taste has a personal responsibility to guide, as far as may be, in the right direction every person with whom he or she may come in contact and who has not the same gift.

We pass from this preamble to the subject we have immediately in hand, namely the furnishing and decoration of the house.

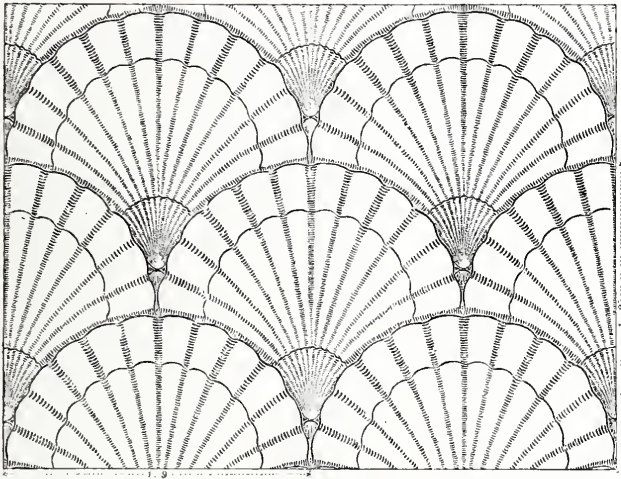
As in practice the ceiling is dealt with before the other parts of the room, it is well to treat of the ceiling decoration first. It should be premised that, though strictly the word ceiling applies only to that which is ceiled or plastered up, yet, in conformity with popular usage, it is less confusing to speak of a ceiling whenever we mean the horizontal underside of a roof, whether literally ceiled or not. The ordinary whitewashed ceiling, though healthy in so far as lime is used, is in no sense ornamental. In fact, the hard, cold white surface is positively unpleasant. But this defect may be prevented in a very simple manner by adding yellow ochre or red colouring matter to the whitewash before applying it to the ceiling, which may thus be toned a soft cream or salmon colour. The builder's cornice is often a source of trouble to the decorator. The plaster "enrichments" are almost invariably disfigurements, and, where they cannot be got rid of, they should merely be tinted flat, so as to render them as inconspicuous as possible. Any gilding or picking out with colour will only emphasise their ugliness. The most artistic and satisfactory cornice mouldings are those which consist of plain horizontal bands or reedings, without any cavities sunk downward for dust and dirt to rest in. These mouldings should be tinted with distemper in two, or, at the most, three, colours or shades of colour, so arranged that the lightest portions may be uppermost and the darkest beneath, next to the wall. The prevailing colours of the ceiling and wall should suggest what would be the most



"Spark" Design Ceiling Paper, in white on yellow ground.
By Messrs. Essex & Co.

pleasing by way of harmony or contrast for the tinting of the cornice. I have seen some rooms effectively treated in which there was no cornice at all. The whitewash of the ceiling

was carried down the wall for about 18 or 24 inches, at which distance from the top was placed a fair-sized moulding, and underneath that the wall-paper, forming a sort of high dado.



"Scallop-Shell" Ceiling Paper. Designed by Walter Crane for Messrs. Jeffrey & Co.

This is a plan which, at any rate, economises the wall-paper. The removal of that baneful excrescence, the central "rose"—and it must be removed if any artistic peace is to be enjoyed by the inmates of the room—will frequently cause such damage to the surface of the ceiling that no choice is left but to paper the entire area. It is by no means an uncommon thing to employ paper to save replastering when the ceiling has become badly cracked or otherwise injured. But to use a plain white paper is a decorative opportunity wasted. The greatest decorative effect for the smallest outlay may be obtained by a diapered paper. Nearly every wall-paper manufacturer at the present day makes ceiling-papers as well. Yet not all the papers that are sold for ceilings are suitable for the purpose. The main point to be observed in selecting a ceiling design is that it should be one that may be looked at equally well from any part of the room, without ever giving one the disagreeable impression of its being upside-down. What is required, therefore, is a radiating pattern, repeating on the basis of a diamond, hexagonal or circular plan. The "Spark" paper is an example of a ceiling design in perfect accord with correct principles. Its decorative qualities are so good that we show it in both of the ways in which it can be printed; the pattern in yellow on a white ground and *vice versa*. That with the yellow ground, being deeper and heavier in tone than the other, is the less suited for a dark or low-pitched room.

Founded, in effect, on the circular plan is a pattern of which there are many varieties to be had in English-made papers and in Japanese leather-papers, and one in Lincrusta Walton, superior to any of the other designs of that manufacture, viz., the disc motif of chrysanthemums, marigolds, daisies or cherry-blossoms, side by side, or partly overlapping one another.

The "scallop-shell" paper, designed by Mr. Walter Crane, is a refined and beautiful piece of drawing, but at the same time it does not fulfil the requirements of a ceiling decoration so well as the foregoing. Having a distinct tendency in one direction, it is better adapted for a corridor than for a room in which it would be regarded from a side view as much as it

would lengthwise. Of the principal materials, other than paper, with raised patterns for ceilings (and walls too) Lincrusta Walton is the oldest. Its relief, though comparatively low, is sharply defined. Anaglypta and Corticine are very similar in appearance. Calcorion is wider than the rest, and has the highest relief. But the designs of all these are inferior to wall-papers which may be procured for a fraction of the cost. If flock-paper, embossed paper, or any material with a relief pattern is to be used at all, the ceiling is a far better place for it than the wall, on which a raised surface offers a series of ledges for dust. But there are the strongest objections, on sanitary grounds, against the employment of flock-paper altogether. Being made with powdered wool, it is of a clinging and absorbent nature, and attracts disease microbes more fatally than any other material of the kind. In addition, flock offends against the artistic law of truth, in being a distinct imitation of velvet-pile fabric.

A mode of ceiling decoration, popularly associated more than any other with the name of Queen Elizabeth, is that of plaster relief. This may be carried to a high degree of elaboration merely by complex arrangement of mouldings, or the latter may be regarded as nothing more than dividing lines, breaking up the ceiling space into so many separate panels, the surface of each to be filled with modelled ornament. Wood mouldings for these panels are to be bought, prepared ready for fixing on to the ceiling, but there is a hardness and precision about them which betray them at once. By kind permission of the owner, we are enabled to show the detail of an elaborate ceiling, which, setting aside for a moment the question of design, is a most beautiful piece of workmanship. In the unmathematical variations of the pattern in places, in the delicate undulations of the background, and in the ivory washing that has settled into some of the hollows



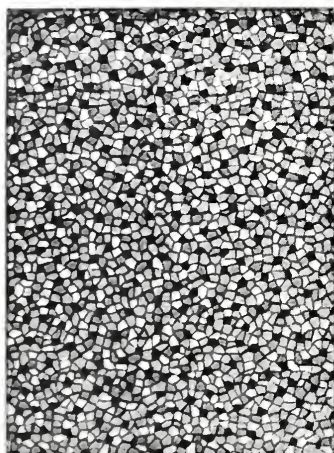
Marble Mosaic Flooring. By A. T. S. Carter, of Brockley.

and imparts a richer tone here and there, it is a typical instance of the admirable effect that hand work, and hand work alone, can produce.

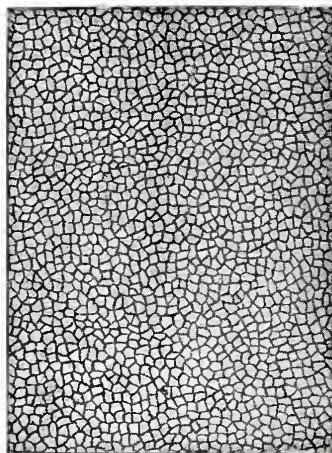
In the case of a painted flat ceiling, a larger and freer treatment may be allowed than is possible where one identical design is repeated by a mechanical process, such as printing, but the same principles hold good which govern ceiling-paper design. There are occasional exceptions to this, as to most rules. In one of the apartments in the castle at Nuremberg the ceiling is emblazoned with a large eagle, arranged so as to spread over the entire area. None probably but a German and a master in heraldic design would have attempted such a device; nor, indeed, could anything short of complete success have justified a scheme of decoration so audacious. The result, however, is a most beautiful and, in its place, appropriate ornament. In the Paris Salon I have seen cartoons for painted ceilings of a type which, it is to be hoped, will never find extensive favour in this country; paintings in which the four walls of the room are made to converge together, surmounted by an open parapet in grotesquely exaggerated perspective, with groups of persons against a background of sky, and all leaning over with horrible temerity. The task of painting the roof of the Sistine Chapel

is said to have been undertaken with the utmost reluctance by Michael Angelo himself, and perhaps only then because he was assured that, if he refused, the work would be committed to less competent hands. It is hardly safe to entrust a ceiling to an easel-painter, and where is the genuine decorator ill-advised enough to attempt it in pictorial fashion?

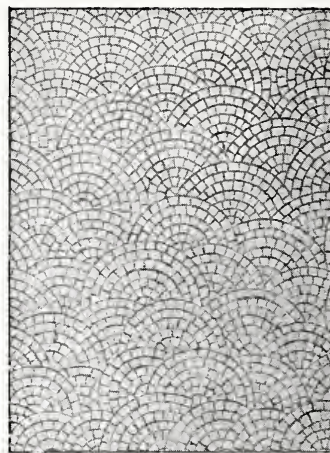
Nothing can be handsomer than a wood panelled and carved ceiling of good design, but, in its natural colour, without painting or gilding to brighten it, such a ceiling is too gloomy for the average town house. Where the roof slopes internally, the ornament need not be radiate, but may take an upward direction towards the ridge. In this manner the roof of the Library of the Union Society at Oxford was beautifully decorated in colours some years ago, with conventional flower forms, by Mr. William Morris. Perhaps less successful is the panelled roof of the Union Smoking-room, with the arms of the different Colleges, each upon a ground of serrated and scroll-like foliage. It is to be regretted that heraldic ornament, with all its possibilities, is so much neglected at the present time; whereas it might be used for the



A. Bad.



B. Better.



C. Best.

Common Types of Marble Mosaic Fillings for Pavements.

chromatic decoration of ceilings, as well as of other objects, with admirable effect.

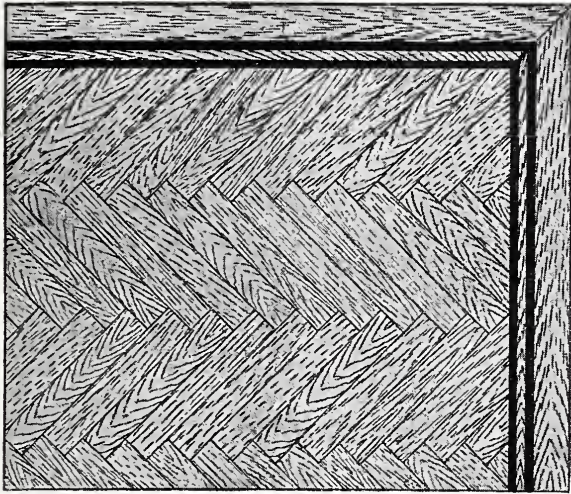
Provided there is a floor of sufficient thickness to deaden sound and to shut out draughts, there can be no doubt that our common practice of ceiling up the underside of the floor overhead with plaster is a mistake. The amount of dust and dirt that falls between the boards and collects upon the lath and plaster ceiling in the spaces between the joists becomes, in the course of years, a source of serious evil. The dust is continually working back through the crevices and settling upon everything in the room, beside bringing with it possible germs of disease, long since supposed by the unconscious occupiers to have been destroyed by fumigating within the room. It is best then, in town houses at least, to have no plaster ceiling. Is it not possible that we should in some cases be rewarded by discovering handsome oak beams hidden away inside the plaster? Nevertheless, failing such a find, the joists that support the transverse boarding can be turned to such excellent service in decoration, themselves being coloured or stained, and the intermediate spaces of floor-board painted white or cream, and ornamented with a

stencilled pattern, or covered with strips of leather paper or embossed paper, or, in short, beautified in so many ways, that we need never regret the loss of our old ceiling. Anyone who has had a ceiling spoilt, as I have, after it had been newly papered, by an awkward workman making experimental borings in it, until he found a place into which a hook for a lamp could be screwed, will appreciate the advantage of seeing precisely whereabouts the joists are situated.

It follows that if the ceiling, or rather absence of ceiling, be treated in the manner described, a double floor is necessary. Otherwise every sound in one room will be distinctly heard in the other next above or below. A double thickness of boarding, with a layer of felt between, ought to isolate a room effectually. The floor boards should always be laid as closely as possible, and if there are any crevices between, or any knot holes in the wood, they should be carefully stopped. If the floor be of oak, it needs only to be beeswaxed and polished by rubbing. There is no occasion for disguising a plain deal floor, so long as it is kept clean. But staining or painting it in some subdued colour is sure to be generally preferred and is not objectionable, unless artificial "graining" be attempted. No

carpet should cover the entire floor, or be fastened down in such a way that it cannot readily be taken up and shaken.

Of the various forms of ornamental flooring "carpet



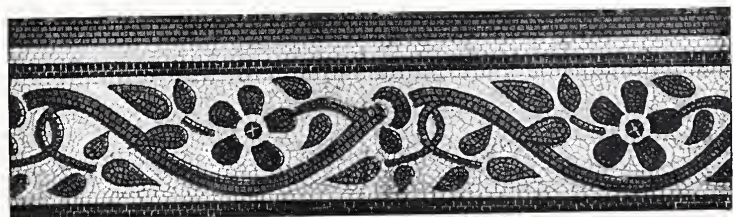
Parquetry Flooring in Herring-bone Pattern.
By Messrs. H. Bassant & Co.

parquet," a veneer of wood upon a canvas backing, may be at once dismissed as a sham. Real parquetry is for all intents and purposes impervious to dust, and is therefore advantageous from a sanitary point of view. If thick enough—and it ought always to be made as solid as possible—there is no need for a double flooring underneath. With the ordinary method of fixing with glue, it is necessary for the surface upon which the parquet is to be laid to be perfectly smoothed and levelled beforehand, a process which may entail much additional labour and expense. But there is a recent kind of superficial parquetry which, having a projecting back, can be nailed at intervals to the floor, without previous preparation, the various component parts of the parquet being held tightly together by means of metal tongues grooved into the edges of the wood. Although parquetry admits of sufficient variety in the species and colours of woods that can be used, it is almost necessarily geometrical in arrangement, and is therefore, as a rule, a safe kind of decoration to choose. The rectangular and triangular blocks of which it consists hardly offer much opportunity for vulgarity or degradation in design; whereas the power of evil that subsists in marquetry, the inlaying of patterns cut out with a fret-saw, is correspondingly great. The plainer and the broader the pattern of parquetry, the better. An elaborate device in this, or in any other material for the floor, by minute subdivision of the space, tends to reduce the scale of the room, and, so far from conveying an air of richness, gives on the contrary a sense of meagreness and limitation.

At the International Congress of Hygiene, held in London last year, it was virtually proved that, in order to prevent the possibility of injurious ground air entering the house, there should be no space beneath the floor of the lowest story; a conclusion which condemns wood flooring of the ordinary construction below-stairs, though wood-blocks on a concrete bed or asphalt are permissible. But there are other kinds of flooring available, of which smoothed cement, flagstones and bricks are the plainest, and the more ornamental encaustic tiles, marble paving stones, and mosaic. There is

no reason why honest flagstones, bricks or brick tiles should not be used, even where they will be exposed to the eye; but the majority of those who can afford to pay for it will probably not be satisfied without a more ambitious decoration. As to encaustic tiles, none of those that are made with patterns in violent blue and white ever look well. The most decorative effect is to be obtained in reality by the smallest number of colours and the simplest arrangement, say in squares, or zigzags, or, like the parquetry illustrated, in herring-bone pattern. Marble mosaic, though the costliest of all, may fairly claim to be everlasting in wear. It is advertised from as low a price as 7s. 6d. per square yard (exclusive, that is, of the cost of preparing the bed and the cement for laying it). If no coloured design is to be worked out in it, a mosaic of white or plain tinted marble tesserae, fitted as best they may (Fig. B), is far preferable to a mixed surface, the speckled and grizzly nature of which it makes one feel quite uneasy to behold (Fig. A). Better still is a mosaic of plain tesserae, laid in the form of a scale pattern (Fig. C). Congruity with the general fittings should always be preserved; for instance, it is absurd to be ushered across a threshold with a Pompeian mosaic "*Salve*," or "*Cave Canem*," into a hall of mediæval character. The artistic merit of mosaic is that, not being reproduced by mechanical means, the ornament may be varied at will, and the stiffness of a set pattern avoided. But its advantage has been turned into a danger and its freedom abused when a floor surface is treated as though it were a canvas for painting a picture in coloured stones.

It is of no use going to the expense of marble pavement only to cover it over. And so mosaic is not recommended for any room but the entrance hall. It is true the marble is cold, but every hall of sufficient size to be used for any purpose beyond that of a mere passage way is sure to be furnished with a fireplace. In a down-stairs corridor where there is much traffic, to prevent the clatter of the brick or stone floor, a strip of cocoa-nut matting may be provided, which can easily be rolled up on cleaning days and taken away to be shaken or brushed, and can be replaced, when worn out, at very moderate cost. In the living rooms of the lowest storey the floor, unless it be of wood blocks, will require, for the sake of warmth, to be covered all over. Perhaps the best material for this purpose is cork matting, or Staines linoleum of plain olive, red, or brown colour. When newly laid it shows the slightest mark, but with longer wear this defect is not noticeable. A self-coloured surface is preferable, not only as affording a better set-off to patterned rugs and carpets, but also because the design



Marble Mosaic Pavement Border. By Messrs. Mainzer and Kempthorne.

of linoleum and similar goods is generally vicious; I have, in fact, seen only one diapered floor-cloth that was not a mean counterfeit of parquet, mosaic, tiles, Indian matting, or Berlin wool-work.

AYMER VALLANCE.

OUR PROVINCIAL ART MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES.

THE MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND ART, EDINBURGH, AND ITS DIRECTOR,
SIR R. MURDOCH SMITH.

[Owing to the rapid growth of Art education, and the demand for means of studying Art in this country, the municipal authorities have of late years become alive to the necessity of establishing, in addition to schools for instruction in drawing, institutions where actual objects can be seen and studied. Consequently, in large towns, especially in the manufacturing centres, Art museums and galleries have been erected. There are now many such institutions of considerable importance, where, although owing to the

difficulty of procuring them, original objects of the highest class may not always be found, still good reproductions in plaster and by other processes of the finest works of Art are provided for the benefit of all classes. It is thought that a series of illustrated articles describing the development of the more important of these buildings and their contents, together with some account of their founders and directors, may be of interest.

Before, however, commencing the series of municipal Art



Exterior of Museum of Science and Art, Edinburgh.

museums and galleries in the provinces, it is proposed to give descriptions of the two museums at Edinburgh and Dublin, which are supported by Parliamentary grants, and are under the control of the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education.

Accordingly, the first notice is devoted to the Edinburgh Museum of Science and Art, and it will be followed by another on the sister institution at Dublin.]

NEAR to the Castle in old Edinburgh, with its picturesque streets—such as the Lawnmarket, Canongate and Cowgate—are situated the principal seats of learning. The University buildings are in South Bridge Street, and adjoining is the Museum of Science and Art, with the Watt Institute opposite to its main entrance in Chambers Street. The Museum was erected from designs of the late Captain Francis Fowke, R.E.; the foundation-stone having been

laid by H.R.H. the Prince Consort in 1861. On the completion of the first portion of the building, the Natural



Major-General Sir R. Murdoch Smith, K.C.M.G. From a photograph by Elliott and Fry.

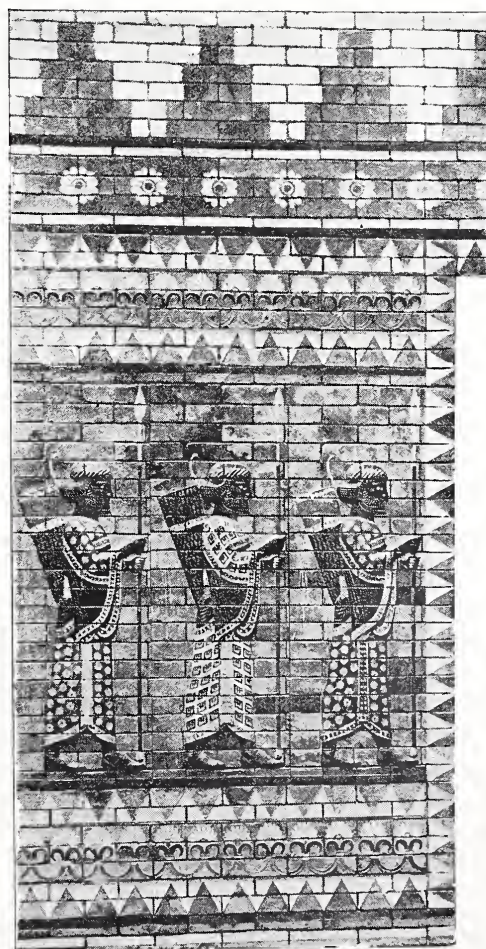
History Collection was moved into it from the University. This collection, consisting of zoological, geological, and mineralogical specimens, was mainly acquired through the exertions of Professor Jameson, who was for fifty years Professor of Natural History and Regius Keeper of the Museum, and was handed over to the Government, in 1855, by the Town Council, which was at that time the patron of the University.

The second portion of the building was finished in 1874, and filled with industrial collections, chiefly formed of specimens of raw and manufactured materials given by the Royal Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851, and models presented by the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland; and in 1888 the remainder of the Museum was completed. In 1864 the title of the Museum was altered from "Industrial" to that of "Science and Art," and although it has maintained its special technological character, it has become of late years more of a general museum of Science and Art objects. In the scientific collection there are many perfect models of machines of various kinds, which have been made on the premises under the personal superintendence of the curator, Mr. Alexander Galletly. The Art portion has been gradually enriched with objects especially of Oriental Art, and with plaster reproductions of some of the finest architectural details in Italy. Among the most recent acquisitions have been casts of the grand doorway of the church of San Pe-

1892.

trionio at Bologna, which was designed and erected by Jacopo della Quercia in the beginning of the fifteenth century, and of portions of a frieze of enamelled bricks, representing warriors, originally in the Palace of Darius, at Susa, in Persia, which was destroyed in the reign of Xerxes, B.C. 485—465. The bricks were excavated in 1885 by Monsieur and Madame Dieulafoy, and are now in the Museum of the Louvre in Paris.

The present director, who succeeded the late Professor Archer in 1885, is Major-General Sir Robert Murdoch Smith, K.C.M.G. He gained the first place in the first open competitive examination for commission in the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers, and was appointed lieutenant in the latter in 1855. While at the School of Military Engineering, at Chatham, he was selected, in 1856, to take command of the detachment of sappers which accompanied Sir Charles Newton on his archæological expedition to Halicarnassus, Cnidus and Branchidæ, in Asia Minor, which resulted in the discovery of the well-known marbles now in the British Museum. When the work of the expedition was completed, in 1859, Lieutenant Murdoch Smith was ordered to Malta, and whilst there he conceived the idea of exploring, at his



Reproduction of a Frieze of Enamelled Bricks, from the Palace of Darius the First.

own risk and expense, the ruins of Cyrene and the Cyrenaica in North Africa, provided that the Government would grant

him the necessary leave of absence from his military duties, and place at his disposal a small sailing gun-boat, to use as a base of operations and place of retreat in case of opposition on the part of the Bedouins. He laid his proposals, supported by Sir John Burgoyne, the then chief of the corps of Royal Engineers, and by Sir Charles Newton, before Lord John Russell, who was at that time the Foreign Minister. His lordship heartily approved of the project, and made the necessary arrangements with the War Office and the Admiralty. The gun-boat, however, could not be spared, but the Admiralty offered to convey Lieutenant Murdoch Smith to any part of the coast of Africa and to leave him there. Although thus deprived of the proposed base of operations and the risk consequently greatly increased, he readily accepted the offer. He was joined in the expedition by his friend Captain Porcher, R.N., and they were landed at Benghazi in November, 1860. Thence they travelled inland to the site formerly occupied by Cyrene, but now, like every other part of the country, inhabited by turbulent and perfectly lawless tribes of wandering Bedouins. Before reaching Cyrene the travellers were robbed of their tent, and were fain to take up their abode in a rock tomb near the fountain of Apollo. There, with the

exception of the time occupied in visiting other parts of the Cyrenaica, they remained for a year subject to the greatest hardships, and exposed to constant danger at the hands of the Arabs. Their labours, however, were rewarded by the discovery of numerous pieces of fine Greek and Roman sculpture, which, with the help of the crews of H.M. ships *Assurance* and *Melpomene*, were safely taken to the coast, and conveyed to the British Museum. An account of the ex-

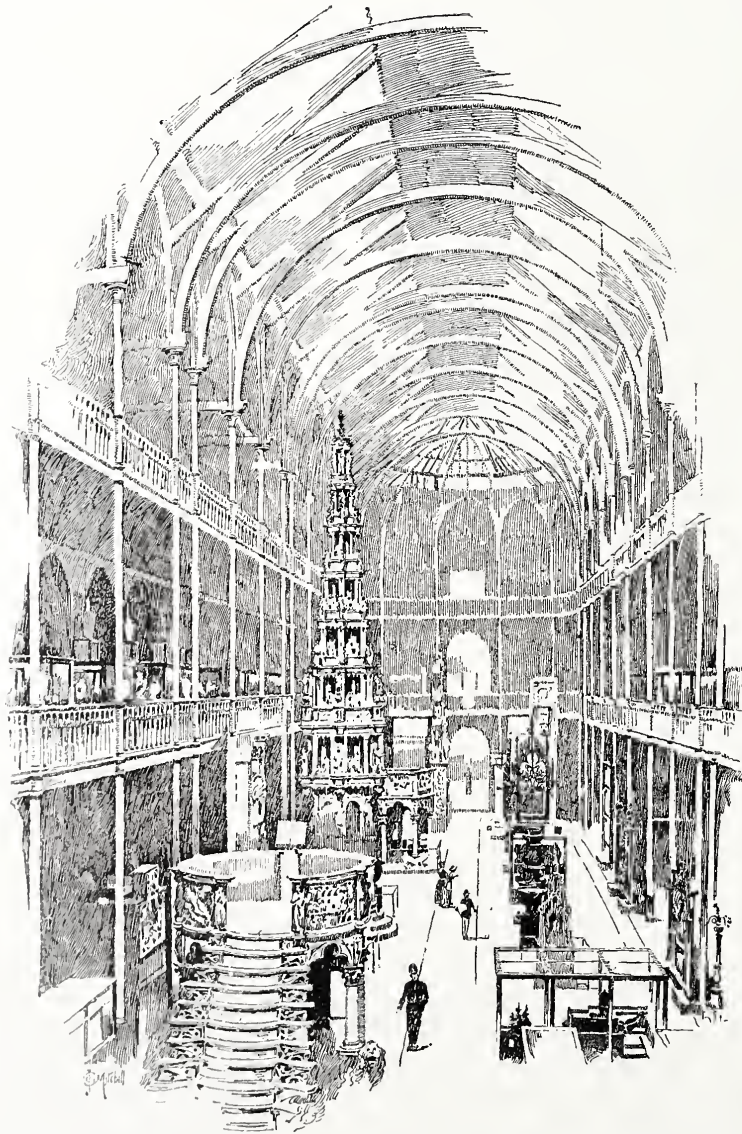
pedition, under the title of "History of the Recent Discoveries at Cyrene," was subsequently written by Lieutenant Murdoch Smith, and illustrated by Captain Porcher, R.N. (Day and Son, London, 1864.)

On his return to Malta, at the end of the year 1861, Lieutenant Murdoch Smith was ordered home, and appointed to the Fortification Department of the War Office, where he remained till 1863, when he was selected to take command of a detachment of the Royal Engineer Corps to be employed in

constructing and working the Persian portion of the newly projected telegraph to India. In that capacity, and afterwards, on the death of Colonel Sir John Bateman-Champain, R.E., as Director-in-Chief of the whole Department, he was from first to last intimately connected with what in its earlier years seemed a hopeless task—viz., that of establishing direct communication between England and India by means of telegraphy. During his residence for nearly twenty-four years in Persia, Sir Robert Murdoch Smith succeeded in gaining the goodwill and esteem of the Shah, the Provincial Governors, and the people of Persia generally. Whilst in Persia much of Sir Robert Murdoch Smith's spare time was occupied in exploring the country in search of specimens of Persian Art, a branch of Art until then

quite neglected and almost unknown. The result of his labours is shown in the splendid collection of Persian Art now in the South Kensington Museum. In 1887 Sir Robert Murdoch Smith again visited Persia on special diplomatic duty, and on his return he was created Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George. He retired from the Army in 1888 with the rank of Major-General.

H. M. CUNDALL.



Interior of Museum

ART GOSSIP AND REVIEWS.

MR. GEORGE REID'S election to the Presidentship of the Royal Scottish Academy has been signalled by the honour of knighthood, which was conferred upon him by the Queen in the early days of December.

The Liverpool Town Council has confirmed the report of the



From "Cranford." Illustrated by Hugh Thomson.

Art Committee authorising the opening of certain picture galleries on Sunday.

The Academy exhibition of 1880 contained a group of sculptures by Mr. C. B. Birch, representing Lieut. W. R. Pollock Hamilton, V.C., victorious over an Afghan, at the same time defying another enemy—an incident in the attack on the British Embassy at Cabul in September, 1879, when Sir Louis Cavagnari and others were killed, including Lieut. Hamilton. It is now proposed to erect a bronze version of this group in Dublin, for which purpose funds are being collected.

It is not so very long ago since Mr. Whistler's 'Portrait of Thomas Carlyle' was purchased by the Corporation of Glasgow. We now have to announce another purchase of a work by this master, the 'Portrait of My Mother,' which has been acquired by the French Government for the Luxembourg Collection—an honour which is but rarely paid to an English or American painter. The price was not large, but it must not be forgotten that the French Government do not exceed £200 in the honorarium they pay for acquisitions to the Luxembourg. The honour is presumed to outweigh all monetary considerations.

The new charter granted to the Royal Scottish Academy enacts that all such Academicians and Associates as may hereafter be elected shall forfeit their interest in the pension fund by an unbroken residence of four years out of Scotland. Though they retain their style of R.S.A. or R.A., their places are to be supplied by fresh elections; but in the case of their return, they are upon the first vacancy to be again enrolled among the participating members. In future the

number of Associates will be unlimited, though only twenty of them—as formerly—will be allowed to participate in the pension fund. They are to be nominated for election, instead of making written application as hitherto has been the case.

The Exposition Meissonier to be held in the hall of the École des Beaux-Arts, Paris, will be open from the 1st of May next until the 31st of the same month. It is expected that the majority of Meissonier's works will be exhibited.

It is proposed to enlarge the sculpture gallery in the Luxembourg, by enclosing the terrace of the garden adjoining the gallery, and converting it into a sort of glazed hall, extending the whole length of the present apartment, of sufficient width to hold two ranks of statues with groups between.

REVIEWS.—Of the many gift-books of the season we dare hazard the opinion that few are more to be desired than Messrs. Macmillan's new edition of "CRANFORD," illustrated by Hugh Thomson, and "ROBINSON CRUSOE," with illustrations by Wal Paget (Cassell & Co.). Mr. Paget has accomplished a difficult task with great credit. His numerous pictures show invention and excellent draughtsmanship, and they assist the text. Of the "Cranford" stories it is late to



Captain Brown and his Two Daughters in Church. From "Cranford." Illustrated by Hugh Thomson.

speak; those who here read them again can only say that the delicate and unpremeditated humour, the easy and unaffected style is as fresh and as good to-day as the hour that saw its

birth. Miss Matty, Miss Jenkyns, Captain Brown, are for all time, for they are human. Fashions pass, places disappear, circumstances alter, death takes us one by one, but the old themes of love, friendship, and death stay unchanged through all; so Mrs. Gaskell lives. She would certainly have been delighted with Mr. Hugh Thomson's pictures—so dainty, expressive and unobtrusive; they are probably the best work he has done, and it was not a very grave fault on his part to make all the old maids of Cranford beautiful.

"WILLIAM HOGARTH," by Austin Dobson (Sampson Low & Co.), may be taken as an example of the way a biography of a painter should be written and arranged. To say that the portion of the book containing the personal memoir of the



From "Robinson Crusoe." Illustrated by Wal Paget.

artist is by Mr. Austin Dobson is tantamount to saying that it is written in an excellent style—bright yet dignified. It is the amplification of the work on Hogarth by Mr. Dobson, published some years ago in the "Great Artist" series—re-clothed, and for the most part re-written, and may well be taken as the final word on this artist, who "in his own line stands supreme and unapproached." But the memoir is by no means the whole of the book—it is but one hundred and ninety odd out of three hundred and sixty-eight pages. The difference, and this is what makes the work a standard book of reference as well as an entertaining life of the painter, is made up by a bibliography of books, pamphlets, &c., of thirty-nine pages; a catalogue of prints of eighty-six pages; and a catalogue of paintings of twenty-six pages. In addition there

are fifty-nine illustrations, of which eleven are photogravures. As an instance of the care with which the bibliography has been compiled, and the attention paid to quite recent references to Hogarth, we may mention the note referring to an engraving of Hogarth's 'Life School at the Academy,' that appeared in the *Art Journal* in the autumn of 1889.

As a novelist, Mr. W. D. Howells is famous and admired in two continents: as a critic he has gathered from at least one continent the experience of disapproval. For "VENETIAN LIFE," a reprint in two volumes, excellently got up in a white dress with gold lettering, which we have received from Messrs. Longmans, not one word of disapproval is to be found, except perhaps for the coloured illustrations by various hands, which fail to assist the text. Mr. Howells' modulated, restrained, careful style needs no such adventitious aid. Written when Venice was still under the dominion of the Austrians, the author has wisely left his narrative untouched—so it stands as a youthful book, the record of impressions of twenty-six years ago—a book from which the eyes of his maturer years need not for one moment be averted.

It is some time since Mr. Walter Crane has produced anything so excellent as "QUEEN SUMMER; OR, THE TOURNEY OF THE LILY AND THE ROSE" (Cassell & Co.), which consists of forty pages of decoration, facsimiles of the artist's originals, both in respect of the coloured drawings and of the lettering also. Mr. Crane's usual plan in preparing designs of this kind for reproduction is to have the drawings printed first in black and white, and then to colour these outlines for copying in the subsequent process of colour-printing. In the present case the artist has in a manner made a new departure. The colour, which is most delicate throughout, delicate to the extent of faintness in parts, has not been washed in in flat tints, but has been apparently pencilled with coloured chalk crayons, notably in the grass and the sky. It is to be trusted that Mr. Crane reached the extreme of fantastic extravagance in "Flora's Feast." The fluttering rags which distinguish, as they undoubtedly spoil, so much of his work of recent years, though not absent from "Queen Summer," are nevertheless kept under control. Still, he is fanciful enough in his treatment of floral shapes of the trappings of horses, the plate-mail of their riders, and the draperies of the women. The designs of the knightly encounters on pages 14, 15, 20, and 21 show vigorous and beautiful drawing, characteristic of Mr. Crane at his very best.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Space only permits us to mention the other books that lie on our table: "The Dawn of Art in the Ancient World," by W. M. Conway (Percival & Co.), being the substance of three lectures delivered at the Royal Institution, rewritten and revised, with other reprints; a volume in the "University Extension Movement," on the Fine Arts, by Professor Baldwin Brown (Murray); "Life in Ancient Egypt and Assyria," translated from the French of G. Maspéro (Chapman & Hall); two dainty little volumes from "The Children's Library," issued by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin—"The Brown Owl," by Ford H. M. Hueffer, and "A China Cup," by Felix Volkhovsky; and from Messrs. Hazell, Watson, and Viney, who are taking notable advantage of the modern interest in photography, a portfolio of twelve of the best photographs of the year, with descriptive letterpress by Mr. H. P. Robinson.



ETCHED BY MACBETH RAEBURN.

THE ART JOURNAL.

PAINTED BY JOHN CHARLTON.

THE MUSIC OF THE EAGER PACK.

JOHN CHARLTON.

TO be known by a broadly-marked individuality and a style not to be mistaken for another's, and yet to preserve free from fetters of mannerism the originality that is revitalised by every fresh impression, must, I take it, be one, if not *the*, object of every artist's ambition. How few attain it we all know. It is the weakness of every craftsman in literature, in painting, and in kindred pursuits to let mere method get the better of him at last and to drop into conven-

tional forms of expression, flattering himself that grace of style linked with a name may make amends for lack of fancy. Among the few of whom this cannot yet be said, we may surely place John Charlton, who has been a painter of repute for twenty years without having reached the limit of powers that show fresh possibilities of development with every fresh work he produces. For one who has devoted his talents very assiduously to a particular class of subject, he displays a

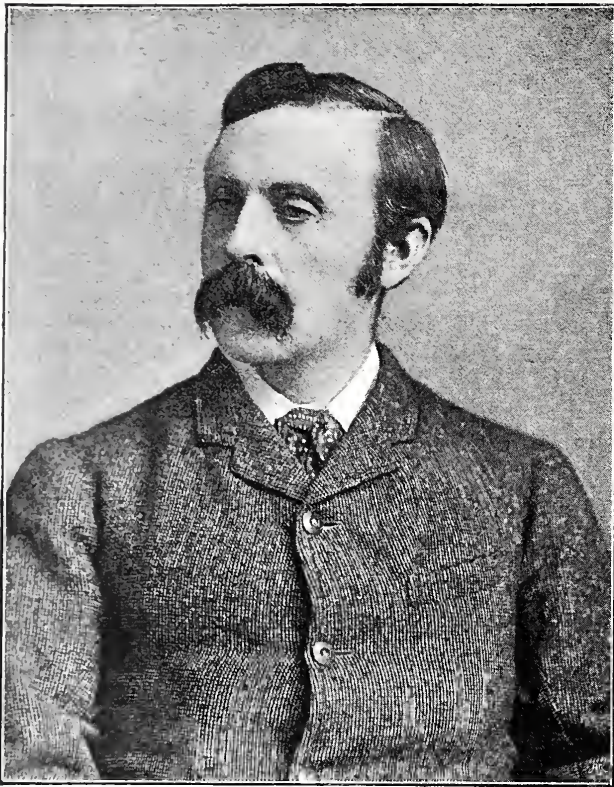


Bad News from the Front. From the picture in the possession of E. Schumacher, Esq.

remarkable vigour and freedom from repetition in his treatment of the theme. Other artists of the same school have meteor-like flashed into fame and gained notoriety beside which his reputation may seem to have been overshadowed. Gradually, however, they allowed a fatal self-contentment to make its impression on their work until even faults uncorrected became mistaken for qualities. Mr. Charlton, with the modesty that sits so well on him, would, perhaps, be

inclined to place those men on a higher level than he claims to have hopes of reaching, and to say that their mannerisms were but the inevitable result of a popularity which leads to over-production. He, however, has laboured not less incessantly than they, producing picture after picture of similar subjects, yet he has never ceased to learn, and evidence of this fact is the quality that charms those who study closely the process of his artistic development.

Animal portraiture or the painting of horses and hounds in action, or even the vigorous presentment of modern

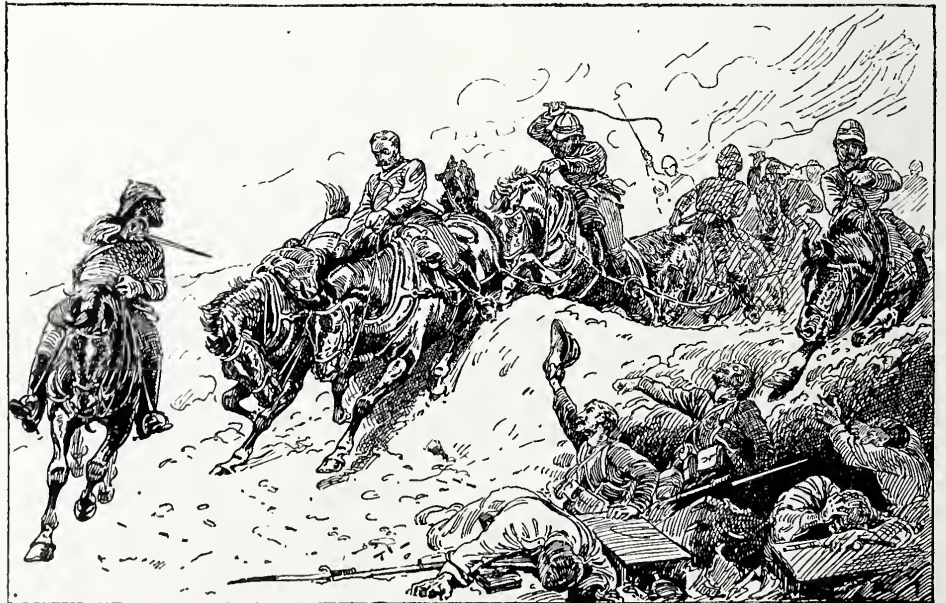


John Charlton.

battle scenes, may not be highest art, but to do any of these excellently well, and to go on doing them better year after year, is at least a sign of the freshness of thought and firmness of execution that are important elements in all healthy art; and Mr. Charlton's art is above all things healthy, manly, appealing to the temperament that is more readily roused by a trumpet call or the sweet discord of a hound chorus than by the thrilling vibrations of a lady's lute. Something of this strength may be traced to the Norse blood that courses in the veins of all Northumbrian men, and something to the accident of birth by the bluff sea-coast, where the east wind "stirs the Vikings' blood within us, bracing brain and sinew."

John Charlton was born on the 28th of June, 1849, at "The Wynding," Bamboorough, on the coast of Northumberland. From the restless "sea-horses" familiar in childhood, he may, perhaps,

have gained some inspiration that made inaction distasteful to him. At any rate we do not find that even for purposes of study he has ever cared much for still-life. His first lessons in drawing were received when he was only three or four years old, from his father, who used to draw outlines of horses and wild animals in chalk on the oil cloth of kitchen or passage floor. His earliest attempts at original production, however, were made two or three years later, and always took the form of horses, which with considerable dexterity he used to cut out of paper or cardboard. His father having removed to Newcastle-on-Tyne, was unfortunate in business, and the son had to seek employment at the early age of twelve. This he fortunately found in the shop of Mr. Robinson, a bookseller, who was a great admirer and collector of Bewick's works. To the study of wood engravings by that master hand young Charlton was encouraged by Mr. Robinson, who must have been quick to recognise the boy's artistic talent, and there could have been no better training for one who was destined to take his place among workers in black and white. Young Charlton tried very earnestly to imitate Bewick's manner. His chief difficulty was to find a pencil that would mark *white*, and in the absence of this he had to mark round all his white lines with black lead. The influence of that careful study may be traced in the directness of method and the accuracy of drawing in line which are marked characteristics of Mr. Charlton's recent productions in the *Daily Graphic*. One sketch by him of a battery coming down a steep lane, during the cavalry manœuvres last year, was especially Bewick-like in the boldness of handling and the massing of shadows that fell on men and horses from overhanging trees. The knowledge and executive skill which enable Mr. Charlton, even in a hasty sketch, to give individuality and character to his subjects by a few slight but expressive touches of the pen, are admirably exemplified in the portraits of hounds that accompany this article. Two of

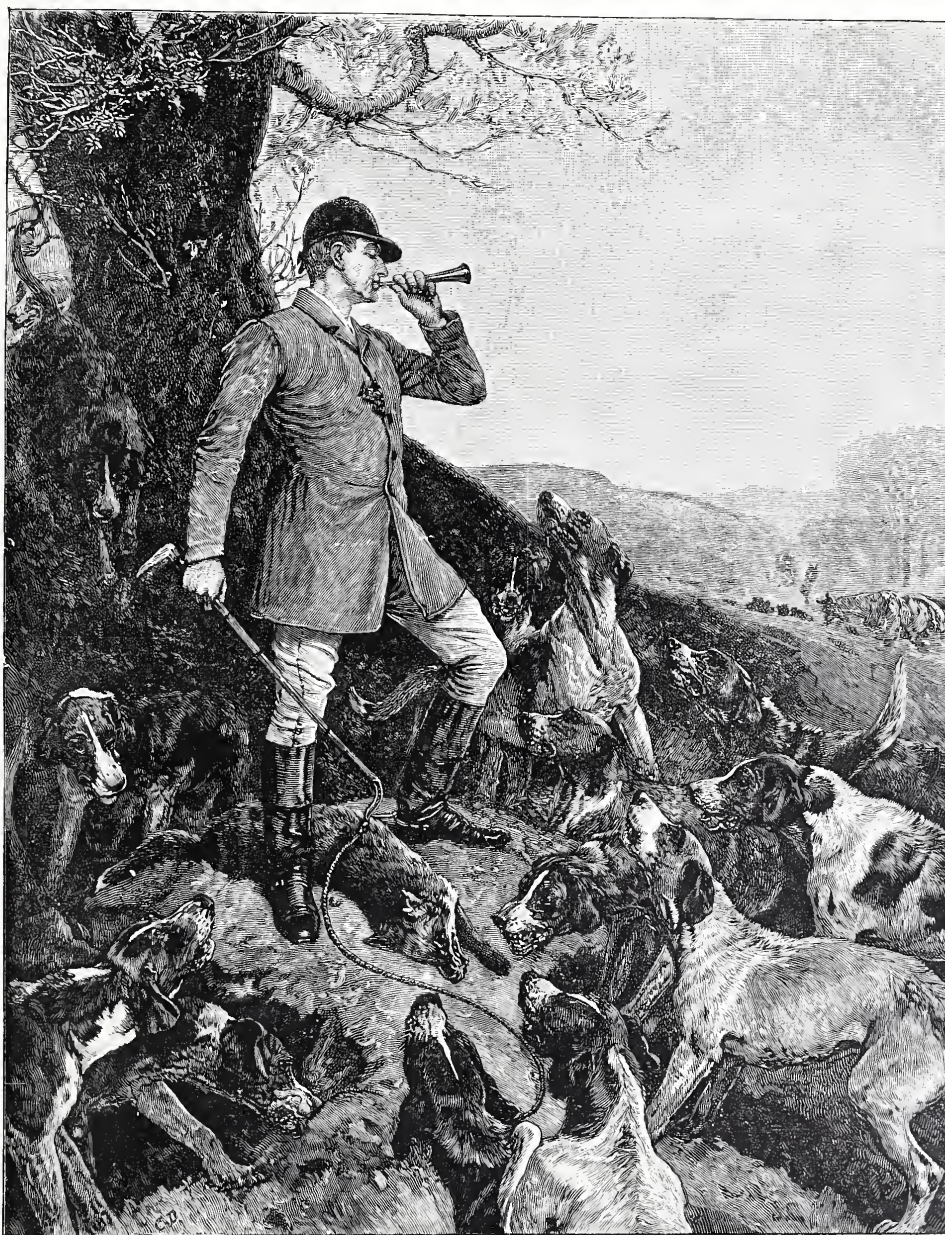


Sketch for the picture of 'Tel-el-Kebir' in the possession of the Corporation of Nottingham.

Thomas Bewick's sisters, very old ladies then, were friends of Mr. Robinson at that time, and they took a very lively

interest in young Charlton's drawing. Through Mr. Joseph Crawhall, of Newcastle, he was enabled at night to attend the School of Art, under Mr. W. B. Scott, and when at the end of a year he left Mr. Robinson, he found another friend in Mr. John Hancock, the distinguished naturalist, at whose request he was taken into the office of Bell Brothers, where he remained for seven years. By the kindness of the head of that firm, now Sir Isaac Bell, he was not only enabled to continue his

School of Art studies at night, but allowed one day in each week free from office work so that he might occupy the time as inclination prompted. Thus he gradually gained such skill in painting that during the seventh year it brought him more than his regular salary. His relations were far from anxious that he should follow Art as a profession, but feeling that he was not likely to make much headway in the office, John Charlton threw up his engagement, and took to painting



Reynard's Requiem.

entirely, after he had spent some six weeks copying the works of great masters at South Kensington Museum.

Seven years at an office desk cannot be looked upon as the best training for an artistic career, but in one respect the time thus spent had a great influence on Mr. Charlton's life. It was for him the means of introduction to many wealthy purchasers of pictures. Among the first commissions he received after he had forsaken commerce, was one from Mr. John Bell, a younger member of the Newcastle firm, who

invited the young artist to his house, Rushpool Hall, Saltburn, then recently built, and for whom he painted two important pictures of horses and dogs. This led to other commissions from wealthy ironmasters in the neighbourhood of Middlesboro', and with a firmly-established reputation as an animal painter he afterwards did a great deal of similar work in the neighbourhood of Liverpool.

Meanwhile, Mr. Charlton had gained one object of nearly every young English painter's ambition, by getting his picture,

'Harrowing,' accepted and well hung at the Royal Academy. That was in 1870, since when he has been represented there every year by one work at least. 'Harrowing,' which attracted a good deal of attention from critics who knew how a horse should be painted, was followed the next year by 'A Contrast,' for which the hanging committee found a place on the line, and 'Master's Door,' a picture of black retrievers and white fox-terriers, painted for the late Earl of Zetland. In 1872 came a more ambitious work entitled 'A Winter's Day—The Hall Fire,' in which the glow of firelight on bloodhound, St. Bernard, and pugs basking in the welcome warmth, was very naturally rendered without a suspicion of trickiness. To this picture a little romance attaches. It was entered in the Academy catalogue as by J. Carter. Thus by it he temporarily lost his name, but gained something even more precious. The picture was painted for Thomas Vaughan, Esq., of Gunnington Hall, near Middlesboro', whose daughter Kate Mr. Charlton

Northamptonshire pastures. In 1879 Mr. Charlton painted his first presentation picture, and exhibited it with the title of 'Viewed Away.' It was an admirable equestrian portrait of a well-known north-country sportsman, Mr. John Harvey, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and a tribute from members of the South Durham Hunt to that gentleman when he resigned the mastership. During the following autumn the Empress of Austria was hunting in England, and Mr. Charlton received a commission for an equestrian picture of her Majesty, which she presented to Earl Spencer by way of showing appreciation of sport with the Pytchley hounds. Mr. Charlton had a year or two previously settled in London, and was then working by invitation in the studio of Mr. J. D. Watson, from whom he received much valuable instruction, and through whose advice he devoted himself more to figure subjects. On one or two works he and Mr. Watson collaborated. 'A Stag at Bay,' knee-deep in a tawny moorland stream with hounds

clamouring round him, was Mr. Charlton's chief contribution to the Academy exhibition of 1880. The scene was laid in the Devon and Somerset stag-hunting country, and the inspiration came from Whyte Melville's spirit-stirring song:—

"Undaunted in the whirling flood
To face his foes the champion stood,
While all around him wild for blood
They clamoured."

He also exhibited 'Full Cry,' a very clever treatment of fore-shortened hounds rushing down a steep bank. This was again seen in London at the Grosvenor Gallery Sports and Arts Exhibition two years ago. One of his subjects for the Academy in 1881 was 'Sent on Foreign Service,' a draft of foxhounds on board ship. Mr. Charlton got his study for this picture while crossing the Channel with a friend, between Folkestone and Boulogne, on his way to the north of Spain. Seeing these hounds

in the fore-castle he made his way there, sketch-book in hand, and was so interested in the changes of feeling they displayed that he forgot all about his friend. Very lively and quarrelsome at the outset, they soon passed from gay to grave, becoming quiet and sad, then very sea-sick, and at last sinking into a state of utter collapse. In all their moods Mr. Charlton sketched them, and only when they neared Boulogne was he discovered by his friend, who had searched every part of the ship for him in vain.

During the Egyptian Campaign of 1882 Mr. Charlton seems to have first directed his serious attention to battle subjects, though if I mistake not he had previously drawn in black and white for *The Graphic* some incidents of fighting in Afghanistan and Zululand. At any rate his earliest military picture of importance was 'British Artillery entering the Enemy's Lines at Tel-el-Kebir.' This painting, full of spirit, conveys a vividly realistic picture of the dash with which British gunners



Studies of Hounds.

married ten years later. During the next three or four years he attempted a considerable range of subjects, the most important of which was 'Rescue,' exhibited at the Academy in 1877. In this Mr. Charlton dealt with a theme more dramatic than any he had taken in hand previously, and he depicted with great force the terror of horses in a burning stable. To the next Academy exhibition he sent 'Gone Away!' one of three pictures painted for Earl Spencer, and one that placed him at once among the foremost painters of hunting subjects, to which he has since then devoted much time. Fox-hunters who might not have assumed the right to criticise its artistic merits, but who know what the rapturous excitement of a Pytchley rush is when a "Tally ho!" rings shrill and clear, or Goodall's horn shakes out the well-known notes of "Gone Away!" felt as they looked at that picture a pleasant thrill of thronging memories, for there they saw hounds and horses in lifelike action as they move when scent is breast-high across

surmount obstacles that would seem almost impassable barriers to the progress of artillery. Of the bank and trench this battery had to get over, and of the vigorous drawing that made every horse and man alive with action, Mr. Charlton's pen-and-ink sketch accompanying this article gives an accurate impression, though it cannot reproduce the local colour which in the picture revived one's recollections of the stifling heat of that dusty desert by the banks of the Sweet-water Canal. Presentation pictures were exhibited during the next three or four years, and among other sporting subjects Mr. Charlton painted 'The Death of the Fox,' which under its later title of 'Reynard's Requiem' is now reproduced. That was the only picture by his hand on the Academy walls of 1886. The following year he had another military subject, and perhaps the best he ever painted, 'Bad News from the

Front.' This subject was suggested by a description sent from the seat of war to *The Graphic*, for which newspaper, I believe, Mr. Charlton's original study in black and white was made, as much of his very best work has been. In the lurid half-light, the long stretches of barren hills, and the empty saddles of horses that stoop to bury their nostrils in the cool stream as they ford it, Mr. Charlton tells a story that is as perfect and poetical in sentiment as it is artistic in his method of treating it. In imagination we see the fight in the first flush of dawn, when half a score of troopers on outlying picket were surprised by a sudden swoop of natives, the hasty rush for horses, which they had barely reached before the fierce spearmen were on them, the stubborn stand on foot and the stampede of riderless horses across mile after mile of sandy hills until at last they reached the welcome pool.



Balaclava.

In 1888 the artist—besides a life-size picture of Sir Humphrey de Trafford with his favourite hunter—exhibited another battle-piece, representing the 17th Lancers, 'After the Charge' at Uhlundi, details for which were furnished by Captain Lionel Fortescue, who rode with the "Death or Glory Boys" in that fight. A year later Mr. Charlton selected for his principal Academy picture, 'An Incident of the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava,' when Lord G. Paget, a descendant of one of the most dashing leaders who ever sat in a cavalry saddle, charging at the head of the 4th Light Dragoons, met the riderless horses of the 17th Lancers coming back. Kinglake tells how those horses formed up beside Lord George and charged again, pressing so close upon him that he could only keep them off by using the flat of his sword. In 1890 Mr. Charlton's Academy picture was 'The Music of the Eager Pack,' one of his best hound pictures, showing mas-

terly knowledge of their physical characteristics and their fiercely eager temperament in chase. In the etching of this picture, which we give, it will be seen that Mr. Charlton has not forgotten how to render the colour and atmosphere of a painting with the point in black and white, after the manner of Thomas Bewick. Though a member of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours, the Royal Society of British Artists, and the Royal Anglo-Australian Society of Artists, Mr. Charlton has not been largely represented at their exhibitions, but to the Institute he contributed some important works two or three years ago, notably 'In at the Death' and 'The Master's Daughter.' His latest work of importance, and one he had in hand for eighteen months, was the Jubilee procession of Princes passing through Trafalgar Square, painted by order of the Queen, and finished only a few months ago.

HENRY H. S. PEARSE.

OUTDOOR VENICE.

AT first sight it may seem strange for any one to write about "outdoor" Venice, when but few visitors know it from any other point of view, and one might almost be afraid, as Howells says, of "catching one's pen in the tatters of a threadbare theme." But Venice is perhaps unique upon earth, insomuch that her themes are never threadbare. She may be described in song and story, she may be painted in every mood, from Canaletto, Turner and Ziem in the past, to Van Haanen, Woods, Mainella and Roussof in the present; painters may devote themselves to transcribing her beauty, and yet they will never find its "last word;" her subtle charms, her intangible and ever-changing loveliness will always be above and beyond their best efforts. Like Cleopatra, "age cannot wither, nor custom stale her infinite variety;" for age but adds new beauty, and custom only serves to make one better acquainted with her fascination.

Many writers, writing of Venice, as Howells did, when she lay groaning under the chains and slavery of Austrian domination, loved her for her mournfulness and decay; and the habit of looking at her from that point of view has become almost dominant amongst her tourist visitors even at present. There never was more wilful blindness to the facts of the place. Venice is adorable for many reasons, but one of the principal ones is the joyousness of life which is so characteristic of her population, the stir and bustle of a prosperous community, which yet is unattended with those terrible

companions of commercial prosperity in other towns, dust, dirt, and noise. Venice, prosperous and smiling, conscious of the increase of commerce which has come to her through her well-loved parent, Italy, with the long lines of shipping lining the quay of the Zattere, with her coal-wharves, her cotton mills, her silk and lace factories, all giving occupation and wages to her teeming population, with her arsenal alive with the clang of ship-building, sending out to sea the biggest ironclads afloat, is no longer an object of pathetic pity to be mourned and wept over, but a city joyous with the sense of life profitably used, and the consciousness of a great future before her.

There is no doubt that a great many of her self-termed worshippers resent this air of prosperity. It pleased these sentimentalists to see Venice mournful, her palaces uncared^d for, her Grand Canal empty, except for an occasional gondola crossing its expanse at the *traghetti*. The fuss which they raised at the innovation of the little steamboats was almost ludicrous. That the gondoliers should object was per-

fectly understandable; the *vaporetti* menaced their ancient calling even more than it has since been found that they interfere with it in reality; that they should object, and even go out on strike (the first time such a thing occurred in Venetian annals); and that even now, after several years, they still should utter "curses not loud, but deep," as the *vaporetto* glides past them on the Grand Canal, is but proving they are human after



A Balcony.

all, and that an enemy to their pocket is an enemy to their peace. But to judge by the clamour of protestations raised by the English foreigners, one would have thought that it was proposed to turn St. Mark's cathedral into a railway station; for one of the most quaint and delightful characteristics of the British nation is the way it claims the right of interference in the affairs, especially as regards artistic matters, of other countries. Being the most completely inartistic of nations as a whole, it arrogates to itself the right of interference and censure in the artistic questions affecting other countries, especially as regards Italy, who, to judge by the tone of many

Englishmen who write to the *Times* in ecstasies of indignation over the smallest and most judicious restorations which Time may have rendered necessary in St. Mark's or the Ducal Palace, one would think was only allowed to hold her artistic possessions on an annual lease from the British lion. What would be thought in England of an Italian who wrote furious letters to the *Fanfalla* or the *Riforma* on the abomination of restoration perpetrated on St. Alban's Abbey, and called on all the legions of Europe to interfere and prevent such desecration? It would be looked upon as a piece of ridiculous bombast and presumption, but it would not be one whit more ridiculous,



Steamer on the Grand Canal.

bombastic, or presumptuous than the letters that appear from time to time in the English papers on the subject of restoration in Venice; though, indeed, it is not too much to say that there is no country in the world where such loving care and artistic faithfulness in reproduction could be found as have been bestowed on the restoration of the capitals of the pillars of the Ducal Palace, and the mosaic pavement in St. Mark's.

In spite, however, of the gondoliers and the rabid "faddists," the *vaporetti* were established on the Grand Canal, to the immense comfort of all residents, for both rich and poor avail themselves of them. These excellent little boats run from the Public Gardens past the Riva degli

Schiavoni, up the whole length of the Grand Canal to Santa Chiara, just beyond the station and the lovely Pappadopoli Gardens. There is one uniform charge; whether one goes only from one station to another across the canal, or whether one goes the whole distance, the cost is a penny; and it can therefore be imagined what a boon the steamers are to the working population, who, before they were established, had to circulate about the town on foot, paying a halfpenny at the *traghetto* each time they wished to cross the Grand Canal. These little steamers are admirably built so as to carry as many passengers and to produce as little wash as possible, and how little they disturb the surface of the water really may

be seen in the illustration, taken from an instantaneous photograph as the *vaporetto* passed in front of the beautiful Palazzo Cavalli, formerly the property of the Comte de Chambord, and acquired of recent years by Baron Franchetti, one of the many wealthy Jewish individuals who have purchased palaces in Venice. In the summer and autumn months there is another service of larger steamboats that run between the Riva and the Lido, taking about a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes for the passage, for the benefit of the crowds that go to bathe in the Adriatic or to spend the day on the shore, or in the Stabilimento dei Bagni. Nothing could be better arranged for the comfort of both bathers and non-bathers than this establishment, built out on piles over the water. Between the two wings of dressing-rooms, which give on to covered galleries, whence lines of stairs lead down to the water, is a large concert and reading-room, where a band plays daily, and a restaurant, while on the broad terrace outside are innumerable little tables under the great awning where the non-bathers, or those who have had one bath and are resting before taking a second (for three or four dips are often the order of the day during the summer months) can sit in shade and comfort and look down on the "watery sports" of their friends of

both sexes below. Every care is taken by the authorities to make the bathing safe. Lines of posts connected by ropes mark the limit beyond which deep water should deter the timid and non-experienced swimmer, and a boat is always in attendance. The only two improvements one would like to see added are a spring-board for a dive into deep water, and a raft moored at some distance to which one could swim out and rest on before returning shoreward. If these two things were conceded the Lido would be the most perfect bathing-place in the world, for the gloriously clear, sun-warmed water, rippling in over a floor of finest sand and shells, is a fit bath for Amphitrite herself. The crowds that throng to the Lido every day during the summer and early

autumn months are a sight to see, and the lovely shady lanes are alive with the laughter and chatter of walking parties; for Venetians love the country, and flowers and greenery are their delight. They carry this characteristic into their home-life, and there is not a *calle* or canal in Venice where, on looking up, one will not find that the window-sills are rippling over with carnations and balsams, and the iron laths of the balconies are half hidden by the broad green leaves of *aspedistras*. Occasionally a dark shiny head or a russet tously one will be framed in a wealth of verdure as the owner leans over the balcony to let down a basket for letters to the *postino* below, or hauls it up full of stewed cuttlefish,

which she has just successfully bargained for in her sweet, sibilant dialect from over the edges of the balcony (p. 38).

But the cost of a franc and a half, small as it is when one considers that it includes a return ticket to and from the Lido, the use of the tramway which runs across the island, the entrance to the Stabilimento, and the use of a comfortable dressing-room, with costume and towels, is more than the poorer Venetians will pay every day; and these, therefore, make use of the floating baths which are moored during the summer off the point of the Dogana, opposite the Piazzetta. It is

said that a grating precludes the possibility of anything more solid than water passing into these baths; and that such a precaution is necessary may be gathered from a study of the jetsam and flotsam which the sweet, purifying tide, that cleans Venice out twice a-day, carries back to the sea on her bosom. For though one may be as devoted to cats as Gautier was to "Madame Théophile," still to bathe alongside their floating corpses is another matter, and is apt to leave doubts as to the purifying nature of the water in which one is immersed. But this perhaps is unnecessary fastidiousness, and it certainly is not shared by the Venetian *monelli*, or street-urchins, who disdain bathing establishments of any and every kind, and who make the canals alive, in every sense of the word, on summer even-



Marketing.

ings, as they plunge in and out of the water like so many Irish spaniels, yelling and shouting as is the habit of small boys of every nation on the face of the globe. Fit studies for a painter indeed are these brats, with their beautiful rounded limbs and polished brown skins, as they race along the quays, and chase each other both on land and in water; for the populace of Venice is a splendid race, fit sons of the sea who is their mother; degeneration of type and physique is not to be found amongst them, but rather amongst the "gilded youths" who lounge about the *caffés* in the Piazza, pallid and effeminate, and incapable of any active exertion either in mind or in body. No doubt it is the healthy

out-door life of hard work led by the gondoliers which has kept the true grit in them, and brought so little change in either their habits or ideas. The gondoliers are conservative in all things; their ideas, their habits, the very shape and method of building and working the gondola, are the inherited growth of centuries, and the gondolier has but a small and doubtful opinion of innovations of any kind. One of their most marked characteristics is the rivalry or feud which divides the *popolo* of Venice into two factions, the Nicolotti and the Castellani. The Castellani's chief citadel is, of course, the district round the former cathedral of Venice, S. Pietro in Castello, away beyond the Arsenal, and behind



A Regatta on the Grand Canal.

the Public Gardens (a remarkably rough quarter, where the children have an unpleasant habit of stoning the harmless visitor whose curiosity may take him through its narrow canals), but they also spread as far as S. Giovanni in Bragora on the Riva, and crossing the Grand Canal are to be found from S. Gregorio, close to the Salute, up to the church of S. Trovaso, behind the Accademia. The Nicolotti, on the other hand, possess all that part of Venice which lies between San Giovanni e Paolo and Santa Chiara (just beyond the station), and also the opposite side of the Grand Canal, until the two factions meet at S. Trovaso, which gives that church a curious position in the annals of the feud. It has a door on each side, and no Nicolotto who respects himself would leave

the church by the door of the Castellani, and *vice versa*, even though he may be one of the performers in some ceremony of baptism, marriage, or burial, as godfather, groomsman, or mourner. But it is at the time of the regatta that the rival feeling between the two factions, which smoulders comfortably at other times, bursts into a blaze, and causes the crowd that extends in a compact mass at either side of the canal to take an even more acute interest in the rowers on account of their representing the rival parties that divide the city. A more brilliant sight than a regatta on the Grand Canal it would indeed be hard to find out of Spain. The black mass of boats, *gondole*, *barche*, and *sandoli*, that juts out from the line of palaces at either side, serves to throw out the vivid

tints of the dresses (for Venetians, male and female, have a wonderful eye for colour in their personal adornment), and the brilliant flags and draperies that flutter from the windows: the splendid state barges, manned by a mass of rowers, that recall something of the pageants in the days of Venice's glory, the pearly tints of the palace fronts, mellowed by time, the delicate, shifting green of the water below, the blue of the sky above, all combine to make an unforgettable picture, and one which, for brilliancy of local colour and movement could only be matched in an Andalusian *plaza de toros*. Very independent in spirit are they, these regatta gondoliers, and apt to take the law into their own hands if things are not to their liking.

If ever there was a people in whom the love of gossip is rampant, it is the Venetians. High and low, rich and poor, there is no difference, and the *contessa* in her boudoir will listen with the same avidity to some extraordinarily petty piece of gossip as her humble sister in clapping *zoccole* (the high-heeled wooden *mule* worn by the women of the people), as she leans on the head of the *cortile* exchanging the news of the day with her neighbours. Of the two, perhaps, the hard-working woman of the people will show greater kindness of heart in her judgments and remarks than the woman of the aristocracy; for the absolutely empty lives, empty of every sort of intellectual occupation, which are led by the ladies of Venetian society are



Summer Bathing in the Canals.

not calculated to develop anything of the higher graces of the mind, or to bring to light that gracious "charity that thinketh no evil" which distinguishes the true men and women of the world from the dwellers in provincial ignorance and darkness. But of the indoor life of Venetian society I shall have more to say in a subsequent article, this one having only to do with the better side of the medal, for everything that is purified by sun and air is better than what is enclosed and deprived of those sweet influences. It is in the *cortile* that the social life of the people is chiefly carried on; the women meet there to draw water, the men rest there under the little *pergola* of vines after the day's

work is over; there is carried on that hair-combing which gave Mr. Fildes the subject of one of his most charming pictures, and which sometimes has a darker side when the delights of the chase precede the dressing of the glorious locks. In the *cortile* the girls sit stringing the beads which very often go ultimately to gladden the heart of a dusky chieftain in Darkest Africa; there the brown-skinned, pale-faced children toddle about, and the emaciated Venetian cats (for the cats in Venice have much in common with Pharaoh's lean kine) sit licking their paws and dreaming sunshiny dreams of a land flowing with milk and mice.

The Venetian housewife is not much troubled in the trans-

action of her marketing. The chief markets of the staple articles of food in Venice—fruit and fish—are at the Rialto. The former begins at the foot of the great flight of steps (which with the lines of ascending and descending figures, at a little distance suggest ideas of Jacob's ladder and its angels), and spreads itself in a glorious mass of colour, created by the piles of pumpkins, melons, cabbages, scarlet and green peppers, crimson pomegranates, purple and golden grapes, claret-coloured figs and blushing peaches, all tumbling in tempting profusion under the tawny-coloured awnings, through which the sun is allowed to filter his radiance; until one turns a corner and finds oneself in the silvery radiance

and accentuated atmosphere (to use a mild term) of the fish market, whence one is rewarded by a view down the Grand Canal to the most beautiful house in Venice, the gem-like Ca d'Oro, with its gleaming marble coronet. But these central markets are not visited by the Venetian housewife from afar, as the good Parisian *ménagères* visit the Halles. The mountain goes to Mahomet, and Mrs. Mahomet has only to go to the *campo*, or church square, nearest to her (the spaces round churches in Venice were formerly green fields, and still retain their urban name), to get all the provisions she requires.

The more one knows of Venice and Venetian life, the less one wonders at, and the more one delights in, the unending



A Public Court.

good-humour and light-heartedness of its people. Living in the most beautiful city in the world, leading a life of hard work in the purest air, in a climate where the summer warmth is not sufficient to enervate the national character, any more than the winter cold makes it unduly grim and hard, able to keep poverty at bay to a large extent by their frugality and thrift, conscious of a glorious past unequalled in the annals of history, and able to appreciate their present prospect of increasing prosperity by the remembrance of their sufferings under the slavery of Austria, the Venetian people do right to lift up their hearts and heads, and discarding that melancholy which endeared them to the sentimentalists and poet-

asters, to enjoy the turn of the tide which has come to them at last. Outdoor life in Venice from April to November is a dream of never-ending beauty and interest; and as one recalls memories of sapphire days and silver nights, rosy dawns and crimson sunsets, the silent delight of her waterways, the cheerful bustle of her maze of *calli*, and, above all, the glorious wind-swept spaces of the lagoons which enclose the city with such loving jealousy, one finds it in one's heart to echo the words of a daughter of "Venezia Benedeta"—

"Nino, me basta per campar
El cuor, el pan, e l'alegha del mar!"

GERTRUDE E. CAMPBELL.

THE FURNISHING AND DECORATION OF THE HOUSE.*

II.—WALLS, WINDOWS, AND STAIRS.

IT is natural to deal with the walls after the floor and ceiling. The simplest kind of wall treatment is painting in one plain colour with oil or distemper. The latter is a common method in newly-built houses where the walls are considered too damp for paper. But such a plan is the reverse of what should be adopted: for a wall that is damp enough to spoil a paper is necessarily too damp also for pictures, which must be stored away until the wall is dry enough to receive them without damage, and, meanwhile, we must endure bareness all around us unless we choose to have some inexpensive paper of cheerful pattern to relieve the dreary expanse of wall-surface.

A broken surface, however slight its pattern, is preferable to a self-colour, which, whether in paint or in paper, shows every mark. It should be remembered that the greater the number of pictures and other ornaments to be placed upon the wall, the more essential it is that the paper should be as quiet as possible, of the nature of a background merely. In any case the flattest designs will be found to give the most decorative effect. By flatness I do not at all mean rudeness nor baldness of ornament.

It is an exercise rather agreeable than otherwise to pursue with the eye the mysterious intricacies of a pattern until its involutions are unravelled and the whole is revealed. But exactly the contrary effect is produced when a series of units, blunt and conspicuous, as it were force the eye to mark them. It is maddening not to be able to get away from rows and rows of spots, and to be haunted to right and left, up and down, obliquely this way and that, from whichever point of view you regard them. What may be a merit in the decoration of a ceiling, on which the eye does not dwell long, nor ought to be tempted to dwell, is an unpardonable fault on a wall. It is no good pretending that these things are of no consequence. Experience proves that inharmonious colouring, or staring, blotchy patterns do imperceptibly affect the nervous system, and are therefore very objectionable; more particularly in a

bedroom; where, except the room be in darkness, they will disturb the wakeful hours of a person in health, to say nothing of times of sickness, when all surroundings ought to conduce to the calm and quiet of the sufferer.

It may be observed that the decay of the vegetable matter of the paste, with which wall-papers are attached, becomes in time a source of danger. Strictly, therefore, it is advisable, in every room that is much occupied, to renew the paper at intervals of not more than about four years; all remains of former paste and paper being scraped off and the wall thoroughly scoured before fresh paper is hung.

There is a superstition that papers made to represent chintz are suitable to give an air of comfort to scantily-furnished rooms. It is needless to say that these and all imitative designs are bad, and to be avoided on principle, no matter whether they are

copies of the texture of lace, satin, moiré silk, of tapestry or of marble, tiles, mosaic, or wood-work. Worse still, in a flat surface, is any pretence at relief, with shadows and perspective, such as may sometimes be seen in representations of carved wood floral ornament or of stone statuary. The use of gold or talc adds considerably to the cost, but not to the beauty of a



Century Guild Frieze.

wall-paper. Again, there is a method called "underprinting," in which the ground is covered with a thin filigree, and then, quite irrespective of the first, a second and larger pattern is printed upon the top. The reason alleged for this poor expedient is that a well-covered surface wears best. Quite true. But in a paper that is well designed in the first instance, there are no bare holes left in the pattern to require filling in such a manner. It is possible that this underprinted pattern is a degenerate survival of the gold embellishments, now almost fallen into disuse, themselves owing their origin to the old Cordovan gilt leather-work, of which wall-paper hangings are the modern outcome.

The earliest wall-papers do not date farther back than the seventeenth or end of the sixteenth century. Sprung into being thus without a history, and in an age when the industrial arts generally had passed their zenith and were already

* Continued from p. 27.

in decline, it is not to be wondered at that wall-paper sank from bad to worse, and had become about as degraded as it could be, when Mr. William Morris, and a few other houses, perceiving its possibilities, took the thing in hand, and have raised the designing and manufacture of wall-papers to the rank of one of the foremost and usefulest arts of the day. The "Marigold," one of the earliest patterns produced by the firm of Morris & Co., was so far in advance of its time that, though the best of its contemporaries would now seem to us unattractive and old-fashioned, it has still such charm and freshness that it might have been designed but yesterday. The "Bruges" pattern, with its exquisite drawing, is the handsomest wall-paper I know. It is printed in several different

tints, but that in delicate tones of amber is perhaps the most beautiful.

One of the ablest of the more recent designers is Mr. Voysey, who has supplied excellent designs to Messrs. Charles Knowles & Co., of Chelsea, and to Messrs. Essex & Co. I have seen a wall admirably decorated by Knowles & Co. with a dado of flock, painted chocolate brown (the only safe way to use flock being to paint it, a process which fills the porous woollen surface). The main space was of olive-green paper, while above was a frieze of "Sheba" pattern, designed by Mr. Voysey. The deep yellow flowers, founded on the Rudbeckia, with an indigo blue ground, although too prominent for the general filling of a wall, were yet well suited



"Briar-rose" pattern Wall Paper by Messrs. Charles Knowles & Co., of Chelsea. Designed by Mr. Silver.

for the purposes of a frieze at an altitude where they would not unduly strike the eye. For the like reason a bolder and more pronounced pattern, which would be an offence in a living-room, may be chosen for the walls of a hall or passage. There is no reason but custom for papering a dado or the walls of hall, stairs, and passages, with a pattern divided into squares or other sharply-defined geometrical panels. A hall looks much more habitable when it is covered with an all-overish pattern of flowing character, such as would be used in a living-room. The design, I repeat, may indeed be more pronounced in form and on a larger scale than that which is used for ordinary rooms, but there is no occasion whatever for it to be of different structure.

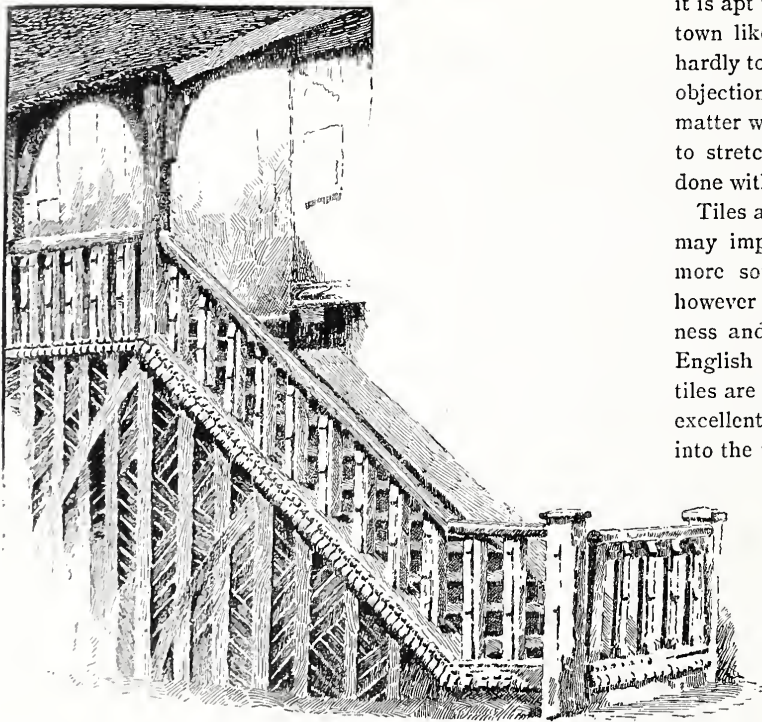
1892.

Few more beautiful printed friezes exist than that of the Century Guild, in which the human form is so skilfully treated that, though there are only three figures in the set, their constant recurrence conveys no sense of monotony. The present illustration (p. 44) is introduced in order to show the misapplication of the frieze, which, it will at once be seen, is broken in a most awkward manner by the right-hand doorway. Whenever there is space enough to allow the frieze to clear the top of door or window-frame it is well. But where the frieze is too deep to run unmutilated, it should stop on a line with the jamb on either side, and some panelling or other arrangement of wood-work, of the same width as the lintel, should be carried up to the top of the wall so as to fill the space into which the frieze

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does not fit. To divide the frieze from the wall space beneath, the printed lines of the paper are insufficient. Something more structural, like a moulding, as in the illustration, or a rail, is required. It is impossible to lay down any general rule as to the relative height of dado, mid-wall, and frieze. These points, and even the question as to whether there shall be a dado or frieze at all, can only be determined in each individual instance after taking into consideration the dimensions of the particular room, its aspect as regards light, its special uses and requirements, and so on.

Let not the unwary amateur furnisher be deceived by the apparent cheapness or by the showy qualities of a French



Stairs of Moot-house, Aldeburgh-on-Sea, Suffolk.

wall-hanging. Not only are such papers 3 inches narrower than English goods, but the length of the rolls is shorter into the bargain. Neither are their colours to be depended upon for permanency; they were never made for our trying atmosphere. It stands to reason that what is made under other circumstances is less suitable than that which is made on the spot by those methods and in those materials which practice has taught us to be the best for the peculiar conditions of the place.

Most of the raised surface hangings have been already mentioned in the article on ceiling decoration. There is another material in which there is at least one good frieze strip, besides several handsome designs for general wall surfaces, viz., Tynecastle canvas. This is to be had plain for painting, or ready gilt and coloured in rich and harmonious tones. It is hung with a cement composition, which serves the double function of fixing the canvas to the wall and of filling and solidifying the stamped relief.

Of embossed leather for walls, gilded and coloured in the old style, there is unhappily very little produced at the present day. But that there is a certain demand for specimens of this work is proved by the fact that dealers ransack the old

houses of Holland for scraps, which are fitted together and sold, when made up, in the form of screens, etc. If the art is not well enough known amongst us to become a commercial success, it might yet easily be taken up by private persons for the adornment of their own homes. We show (p. 47) a beautiful specimen of this revived industry, designed by and executed under Mr. C. R. Ashbee.

In some rooms a dado of Indian or Algerian matting would look well. It is more durable thus upon the wall than on the floor. But when cut it frays so much that it is tiresome to manage if it has to be shaped to fit round the woodwork of a window, for instance, or round a fireplace. Though a tapestry chamber may be very romantic in the country, unfortunately it is apt to become quite the reverse in the grime of a large town like London. Textile hangings, then, of all kinds are hardly to be recommended for the walls of town houses. This objection does not, of course, apply in the country; but, in no matter what place, it is an unartistic abuse of the material to stretch any textile into a framed panel, as is sometimes done with silk or satin, after a debased French fashion.

Tiles are often advertised for interior wall-decoration. They may impart a refreshing coolness that is very welcome in more southern latitudes, but in a climate like ours, tiles, however warmly they may be coloured, never lose that hardness and coldness which disqualifies them from use in an English living-room. In private houses glazed bricks or tiles are only tolerable in the bath-room, where they form an excellent non-porous lining to keep the steam from soaking into the walls.

On the other hand, wood-panelling, whether a mere dado, or whether it be carried up to a greater height, seems in itself to go a long way towards furnishing a room. With carving and mouldings, it is capable indeed of any amount of elaboration. But it need consist of nothing more than plain rectangular panels of deal, painted in two shades of colour, the framework darker than the rest. A word about painting woodwork. It is a reproach to our boasted progress and education that it should still be necessary to reiterate the fact that all "marbling" and "graining" are radically wrong and indefensible. But it is objected that a uniform surface of colour does not wear so well as "graining." Granted that plain paint will not wear, let no one be persuaded to use it. It is not maintained, surely, that sham grain is more durable than real grain, and if something must be done to ornament the natural wood, stain will answer the purpose perfectly. It gives colour, and, at the same time, since it does not conceal the grain, it preserves that variety of surface which is required for wear. As a matter of taste a brown stain is the least desirable, as it might cause one wood to resemble some other kind too closely, whereas with green, red, or blue stain, illusion is impossible.

I know no more decorative form of panel than the so-called linen pattern, drapery or ribbon folds. The charm of this device, consisting, as it does, merely of mouldings with ornamental extremities, is the combination it presents of extreme simplicity of plan with infinite variety and richness of detail. Parquetry is sometimes used for wall decoration, but somehow it always suggests that it ought to have been placed on the floor instead. High wainscoting precludes pictures, with the exception of such large family portraits as may occupy the

entire area of a panel, or group of panels. In that case the canvas is practically substituted for the wood behind it, and



*Embossed Leather Hanging, part coloured and gilded.
By Mr. C. R. Ashbee, Architect.*

forms, as it were, an integral part of the fixtures of the room. In dining-rooms, in which it is a common custom to push back the chairs when not in use, in rows along the sides of the room, at least a horizontal wooden rail is desirable at the height of the chairbacks, to protect the wall from being knocked. In every room some sort of skirting board round the base of the wall is necessary to form a stop to the plastering. In larger rooms the skirting is often made of considerable size, presumably with the idea that massive proportions are requisite in order to maintain the dignity of the apartment. But the projection, not being solid, forms at once a cavity for dust and dirt, and also a convenient run for mice. If we will persist in having imposing hollow skirtings, let them at any rate be hung on hinges, that they may be lifted up and cleaned out periodically.

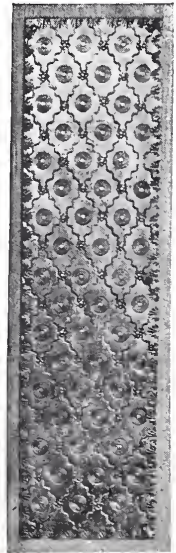
As far as possible a correspondence in the principal levels in a room should be preserved. In fact, the fewer the horizontal planes the better, and the more restful to the eye. For example, let the top of the dado, the mantel, or the rail of the door be on one and the same line with one another. It is as it should be if the same method can be followed in the other objects, the book-shelves, cabinets, etc., as well as in the fixtures.

To return, for a moment, to the subject of colour for the door and the rest of the woodwork of a room. In the country subdued colours may be chosen, and will last for many years as

fresh as when first applied. But in London it is otherwise; paint begins to show signs of change after a few months. We should therefore employ bright colours or light tints, such as ivory white, etc. We need not be afraid of the light colour showing the dirt which will wash off, so much as of the injurious gases and the many impurities of the air, the effects of which no amount of cleaning can prevent. These all combine to tone down our paint so rapidly that, if it does not start with being fairly bright, it has little chance of ever being anything else than dingy and sad. Japanese leather paper, neatly cut and fastened in with shoemaker's paste, makes a bright decoration for the panels of a door or wainscot, but I do not at all approve of stencilled adaptations of Japanese drawings, advocated in ladies' papers and even sometimes by architects.

If the finger-plate is not to fail of accomplishing the sole object for which it exists, viz., to protect the door from being spoiled by frequent handling, it must be set, not in the centre of the style, but close against its outer edge. The brass plate shown below is a specimen of a good, serviceable and unostentatious design for the purpose. The old-fashioned china plates were very liable to break, and ugly in addition. Metal plates are on all accounts to be preferred, care being taken to avoid those which are full of fretted points to tear the hand or dress in passing, and those also which are pitted with cavities to hold dust and the powder with which they may be cleaned. As regards windows there is little doubt that the old casement plan is the best. Sash windows, sliding one in front of the other, at the utmost open to the air only half the area they present for light. Nor can it be otherwise unless some contrivance is made by which both sashes may let down into the wall below, after the manner of the window in the door of a railway carriage. In towns the problem is how to decorate the glass without sacrificing precious light. We cannot afford to darken our rooms more than we can avoid, and so stained glass, even if confined to mere borderings, can hardly be used at all. The lower half of a window

through which we should be able, if we wish, to see outside objects distinctly, without having them chopped up into portions, can only be of plate glass. The upper part may be composed of leaded diamond panes, small squares, or roundels, the latter being the most picturesque of all the simpler kinds of ornamental glazing. In the country we may avail ourselves of coloured glass without discomfort, though more judgment than is commonly supposed is needed. If there is a large hall or staircase window it may appropriately be emblazoned with the armorial bearings of the owners and their family connections. An American, Mr. John La Farge, has developed a beautiful variety in coloured glass, which he calls broken jewels—rough knobs or bosses of pot metal, which he uses in combination with other glass with excellent effect. The unspeakable vulgarity of the suburban jerrybuilder's "high art" coloured glass panels tempts one to wish the old-fashioned ground glass back



Brass Finger-plate.

again. It was unsightly enough, but it was at least honest and unassuming. Need it be said that Vitremanie, Gla-



"Choucas" Pattern Wall Paper, by Messrs. Essex & Co. Designed by Mr. Voysey.

cialine, and I know not what other parodies may exist of the noble art of stained glass, are as contemptible as they are vicious? *Corruptio optimi pessima.*

The staircase, which can be made one of the most picturesque features, is in the average modern house one of the ugliest. It is true that stairs are regarded for the most part

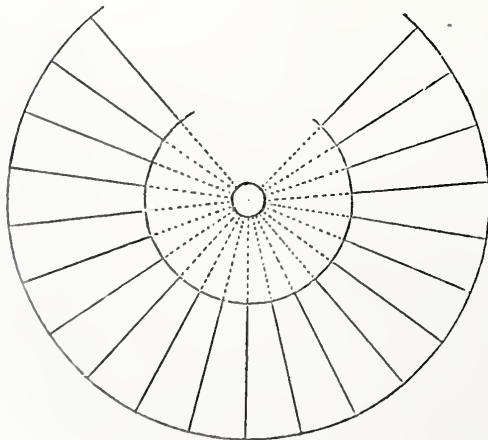
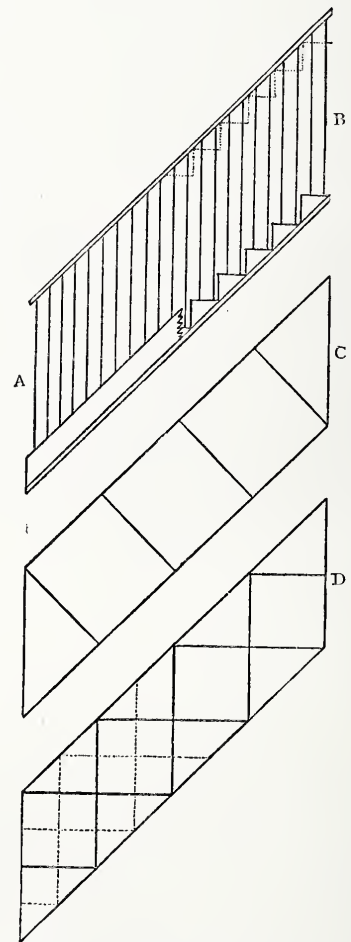


Diagram of Spiral Stair.

as nothing else than a passage from one floor to another, and are not the sort of place to linger in; but in the larger town

houses, and in many country houses, they open into halls which are used more or less as living-rooms. It is therefore quite worth while trying to improve our staircases. The diagrams given below illustrate the main divisions of the treatment of balustradings for direct fliers. That marked A is the simplest, and in many ways the best, with its plain parallel lines. As an example of the ornamentation of which this form is capable, we give a representation of the stairs of the old Tudor moot-house at Aldeburgh (p. 46). It will be observed, of course, that these steps are external, but there is not the slightest reason why the buttressed balusters and the battle-mented carriage-piece should not be adapted for interiors. Where, as in Fig. B, the steps are not housed in the carriage-piece, the zigzag lines which they form seems always to need



Analysis of Different Modes of Treatment of the Balustrading for Direct Fliers.

some counterbalancing lines above, close under the rail, in the position indicated by dotted lines. It will be seen that this want would be met by following the plan of Fig. D, which gives the anatomy of the balustrading in the exquisite staircase of Rouen Cathedral.

Fig. C is a typical form of arrangement employed in the pulpit stairs of mosques. There is no need for a diagram of a stair in which the space between rail and carriage-piece is filled with a running arabesque ornament. There are two very hideous fashions which it is to be hoped will not long survive, namely, the bulging iron balusters which originated in the deplorable days of the crinoline, and that strange distortion of

the capital of a columnar baluster called the ramp. Cast-iron balusters are, as a matter of fact, always ugly, though it is by no means of necessity that they should be so. They are necessarily bad only when they imitate carved or turned wood.

No doubt there are more artistic capabilities in wrought-iron balustrading, although hitherto the designs seem to have been selected for their unsuitableness and for debased form, rather than for any other qualities. It is most undesirable that there should be any exposed spikes or serrated iron

foliage, to catch and tear a lady's dress. Reference to the diagram of a spiral or winding stair (p. 48) will show that, however wide the steps may be at the outer side, they become treacherously steep and narrow the nearer they approach to the newel post from which they radiate. The circle enclosing the dotted lines demonstrates how this danger may be obviated in a spiral stair by cutting off the steps at a certain distance from the centre, and forming a well or open newel.

AYMER VALLANCE.

OUR PROVINCIAL ART MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES.

II.—DUBLIN MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND ART.

IN the year 1745 James Fitzgerald, the twentieth Earl of Kildare, erected a family mansion to the east of Dublin in a portion of land then known as Molesworth Fields. It was first called Kildare House, but twenty years later, the owner being created a duke, the name was changed to Leinster House. In the "Views of the most remarkable Public Buildings, Monuments, and Edifices in the City of Dublin," delineated by Robert Pool and John Cash, 1780, it is recorded that, "the town residence of his grace the Duke of Leinster is a magnificent modern edifice built of stone, much superior to any other private building in the city. . . . The whole structure is in every respect magnificent and convenient, and is inferior to few private edifices in any city of Great Britain."

The Duke, however, in the year 1815, sold his residence to the Royal Dublin Society, which had originated in a private association founded in 1731 for improving husbandry, manufactures, and other useful arts and sciences. This association was incorporated in 1749, and at that time received a grant of five hundred pounds per annum from the Government.

Gradually public buildings have grown up round the old mansion, and now Leinster House, with its numerous institutions adjoining it, may be considered to be to Dublin what Burlington House is to London. Space at our disposal would not admit of an account being given of the changes which have taken place from time to time in the various functions of the Royal Dublin Society. It suffices to say that in the year

1892.

1877 the Government purchased Leinster House and grounds from the Society. The collections belonging to the Society were transferred to the control of the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education, and the Society, whilst removing its famous agricultural shows to Ball's Bridge, in the suburbs of the city, still retains certain rooms for the use of its

members.

Leinster House stands in the middle of a large piece of ground between Kildare Street and Merrion Square, with a large courtyard in front, and a spacious lawn behind. On the north side of this lawn is the National Gallery of Ireland, a separate institution of which Mr. H. E. Doyle, C.B., is director. It contains a good collection of old masters, besides modern works, especially by Irish artists; and on the south side is the old Natural History Museum, in which are the collections originally brought together by the Royal Dublin Society. They now constitute the Natural History Division of the Museum of Science and Art. In front, on either side of the courtyard, are the new National Library and Museum of Science and Art.

The foundation stone of this new museum was laid by His Royal Highness

the Prince of Wales, during his visit to Ireland in 1885, and the building was completed from the designs of Sir Thomas Dean and Sons in August of last year, when it was formally opened by His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. In the interior, the plan of which resembles that of the Kunstgewerbe Museum at Berlin, there is a large central hall or court, about 125 feet long by 75 feet

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Dr. Valentine Ball, C.B.

wide, with a top light. Around it are two galleries, and from each a series of rooms open out. This arrangement of subdividing the building into separate rooms, of which there are twenty-four besides the Central Court and Entrance Hall with their respective galleries, is admirably adapted for carrying out a system of strict classification of the objects into separate departments. In the Entrance Hall, or the Rotunda, as it is called, are a collection of casts from the antique, and a group of bronze cannons lent by Lord Gough; they were captured in the Punjab forty-five years ago. The Central Hall is mainly devoted to large plaster reproductions of architectural details from various countries and a miscellaneous collection of objects not included in the sections to which special rooms have been allotted; but the principal attraction in this court is the fine collection of original plaster models bequeathed by the highly gifted sculptor, J. H. Foley, R.A., a native of Dublin, and a student of the Royal Dublin Society's Schools. He died in London in 1874, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral. There is also the original model by C. B. Birch, R.A., of the statue of the late Lieutenant Hamilton, of the "Queen's Own," who fell in 1879 during the Afghan War. He was endeavouring to charge the mob from the door of the British Embassy at Cabul, when he and his comrades were overpowered and slain. The group was reproduced in these columns as a steel engraving at page 124 of our 1882 volume.

There is at the present time a movement on foot to have this fine work carried out in bronze and to place it in some public square in Ireland.

The various rooms on the ground-floor contain collections illustrative of the arts and industries of Greece and Rome, Egypt and Assyria, India and Persia; also an ethnographical collection, and specimens of musical instruments. The other rooms on this floor are devoted to the geology of Ireland; in two of them is a collection of fossils, rocks, and minerals, which has been formed by the Geological Survey of Ireland; and in a third room is a large relief map of the island geologically coloured. The horizontal scale of the map is one

inch to the mile, whilst the vertical scale is eleven inches to the mile. This difference in scale is necessary in order to show prominently the heights of the different mountains.

While the classification of the rooms on the ground floor, as will have been seen, is according to "country," those on the first floor are according to "material"; thus there are separate rooms for examples of ivory and wood carvings; pottery, porcelain, and glass; furniture, and arms and armour. The chief feature, however, in the whole museum is the very valuable collection of Irish antiquities formed by the Royal Irish Academy, and transferred in 1890 from the rooms

in the Society's house in Dawson Street to the museum. This collection, which is in the charge of Major MacEnery, is most interesting, in showing not only the manners and customs of the early Irish races during the Stone, Flint, Bronze, and Iron ages, but also the perfection to which the goldsmith's art was carried in Ireland at a time when the inhabitants of Britain were still in an almost savage state. The bogs of Ireland have from time to time revealed most valuable treasures, but until the "Treasure-trove" regulations came into force in the year 1862, it is feared that many thousands of pounds' worth of gold ornaments found their way into the melting pot.

Under the "Treasure-trove" regulations approved by the Government, any object of antiquity found in Ireland may be taken to a member of

the constabulary, who gives a receipt for it, by which it is undertaken that the article, if not required, will be returned, or if retained, the full antiquarian value, to be decided by the committee of the Royal Irish Academy, will be paid. This arrangement protects finders against all legal claims, and secures them a higher price than the ordinary intrinsic value.

According to Sir W. R. Wilde, in all probability gold was the metal with which the primitive inhabitants of Ireland were first acquainted, and a greater number and variety of antique articles of gold have been found in Ireland than in any other country in North-western Europe. These manufactured spe-



Cross of Cong.

cimens of gold chiefly consisted of personal decorations, such as diadems, gorgets, torques, fibulæ, brooches, bracelets, and rings; and although there are upwards of five hundred specimens in the Royal Irish Academy collection, it is estimated that this is but a very small portion of the golden antiquities found in Ireland. In one instance alone more than three thousand pounds' worth of gold articles, known as the "Clare Find," were discovered in 1854, during the making of the Limerick and Ennis Railway. The ornament most frequently found is the "lunula," or crescent-shaped plate, which is supposed to have been worn upright on the head. There are numerous specimens of the lunula in the collection, minutely ornamented by means of indentation; likewise golden diadems, elaborately chased and embossed gorgets, armlets, and bracelets, all of gold. There are also several torques,

or rings of twisted gold, which generally adorned the neck or waist; the largest in the collection weighs more than twenty-seven ounces, and was probably worn across the breast. The fibulæ, with cups at either end, of which there are many examples, have been the cause of much discussion as to their use, but it is supposed that they were employed to fasten a cloak or some other garment by passing the ends through button-holes.

Standing by itself in a case is the Cross of Cong (p. 50), one of the most remarkable ecclesiastical relics in Ireland. It measures 2 feet 6 inches in height, and 1 foot 6 inches in width. It is made of oak covered with plates of copper, richly ornamented with Celtic interlacing designs, and in the centre is a large crystal boss. This beautiful cross was originally made by the order of King Turlough O'Connor for the church of Tuam, and according to one of the inscriptions



Dublin Museum of Science and Art.

on the sides, it enshrined a portion of the true cross. "This relic," says Miss Margaret Stokes, in her work on "Early Christian Art in Ireland"—from which, by kind permission, the annexed illustration has been taken—"was carried from Tuam to Cong either by the Archbishop O'Duffy, who died in the Augustinian abbey there in 1150, or by King Roderic O'Connor, the last monarch of Ireland, who himself founded and endowed the abbey at Cong. It was concealed at the time of the Reformation, and found early in the present century by a parish priest in an oaken chest in the village." It was purchased by Professor Maccullagh, and presented by him to the Royal Irish Academy in 1839.

Another interesting relic is the shrine of the Bell of St. Patrick, which encloses a small rude bell of sheet iron, said to be of the fifth century, and dedicated to the patron saint. The shrine consists of a framework of copper, ornamented

with plaques of gold filigree work, and set with jewels and crystals. It was made at the end of the eleventh century, and bears the name of Donell MacAuley, who was Archbishop of Armagh at that time, in an inscription on the back of it.

As examples of goldsmith's work, however, the two finest specimens are the chalice, known as the "Ardagh Cup," and the "Tara" brooch. Unfortunately neither bears any inscription, so it is impossible to fix the exact date of manufacture, but owing to the ornamentation on each being very similar, there can be no doubt that these were executed about the same period. Judging, however, from the strong resemblance between the ornamentations on these relics and the illuminations in the celebrated "Book of Kells," preserved in Trinity College, it is supposed that they were made as early as in the seventh century. The chalice is most exquisitely ornamented with plaques of gold filigree of the most varied

Celtic designs, and with beautifully enamelled bosses. It also bears the names of the twelve apostles.

The director of the museum is Dr. Valentine Ball, C.B., M.A., LL.D., F.R.S. He is a native of Dublin, and was a graduate of the University, which subsequently conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D.

Besides having the general management of the museum,

Dr. Ball is the local representative of the Department of Science and Art in the control of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Glasnevin, the National Library of Ireland, and the Metropolitan School of Art. He is also Honorary Secretary of the Royal Zoological Society of Ireland, and has published numerous works on the Geology and Zoology of India, where he was engaged for seventeen years on the Geological Survey

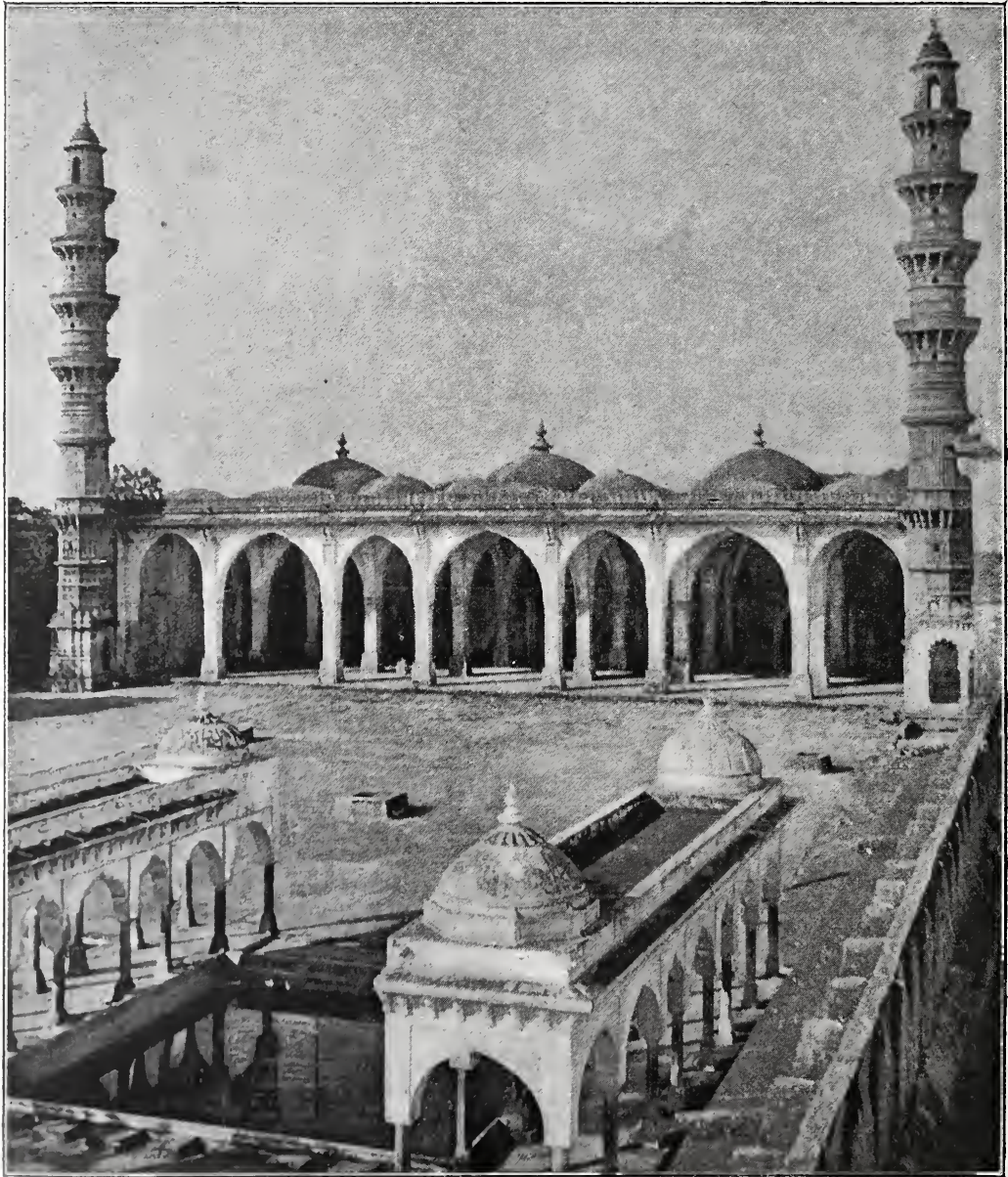
H. M. CUNDALL.

OUTINGS IN INDIA.

I.—AHMEDABAD.

“WHAT shall we do at Christmas?” my friend asked me one day towards the end of November last, when

the weather in camp was beginning to be cool and bracing. I suggested Agra and Delhi and many other places, but he



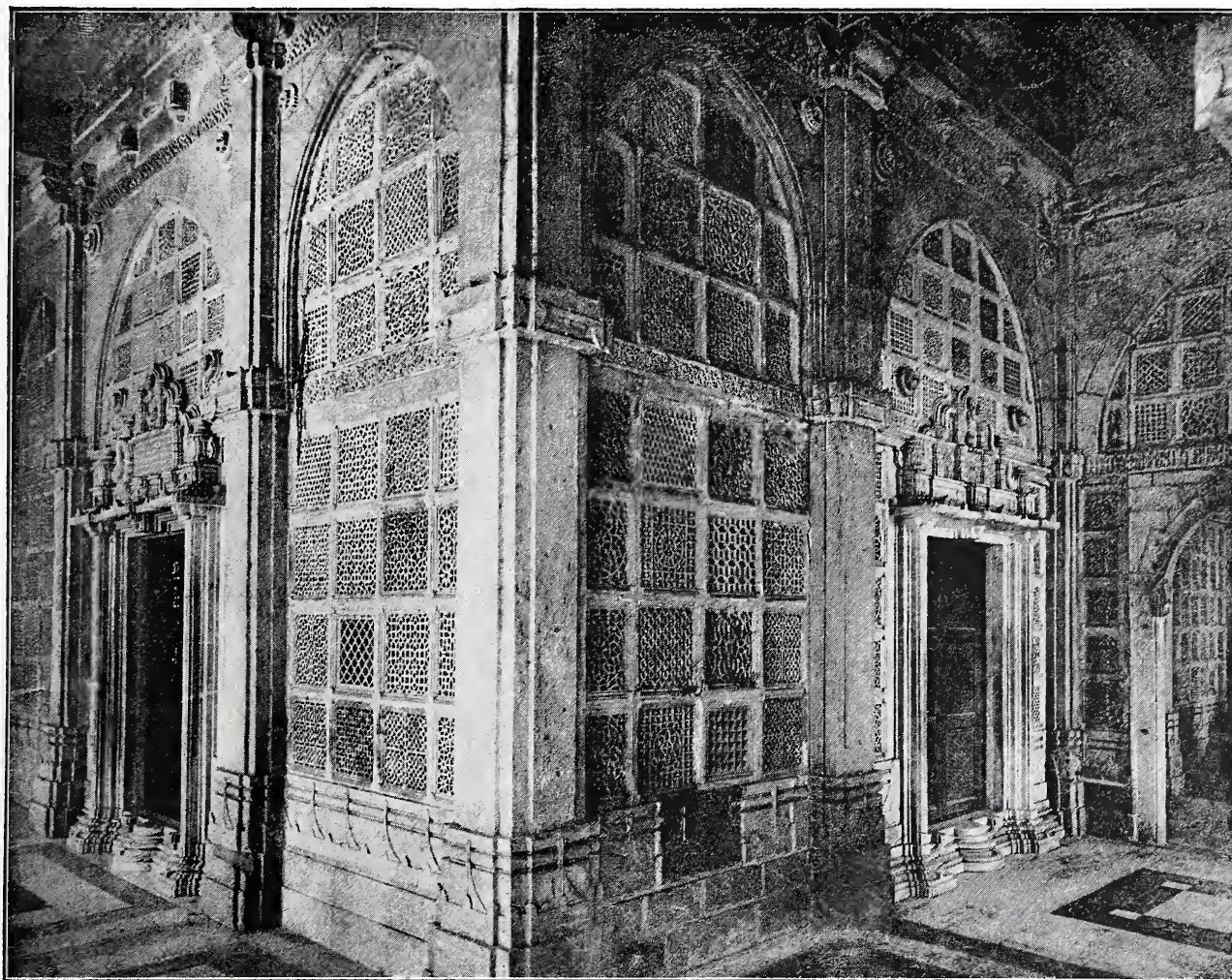
Shah Alam Mosque.

would have it that everybody had been to them, or if they hadn't they would be ashamed to admit it. So at last we

settled on Ahmedabad, and started from our camp, which was pitched at the edge of a nullah which flows into the Thania

Creek, mounted on our staunch little district ponies, and armed with a couple of cameras and sketching-blocks. My friend, who, by the way, is a constitutional grumbler, growled

a good deal because the tide was in, and we had to swim our ponies over the creek; but we got safely across, dried as much of the ponies as the saddle would cover, and rode on



Interior of Shah Alam's Mosque.

to Kalyan, a station on the Great Indian Peninsular Railway, arriving there before the sun got uncomfortably hot. Of course we had some time to wait before our train arrived, but this is always the case when one has some distance to travel across country, and it is curious that on these occasions the train is nearly always late. But sojourners in the East get used to this sort of thing, and should think themselves fortunate that there is a railway at all. Our long wait gave the native passengers ample time to stare at our luggage and discuss the probabilities as to whether the camera-cases contained cameras or theodolites or levels or all three. Being old hands at travelling in India, we decided to send the bulk of our luggage in the guard's van, knowing that most travellers in India think that they have a special right to pile the whole of their boxes in the compartment in which they travel, and thereby inconvenience their fellow-passengers. But this again is only a matter of detail. At last our train came in sight, and the native passengers began to get excited in their usual way, each one shouting to his neighbour to stand back, or he would be run over by the "Og garry,"

which is the Maratti for train. We reached Bombay after a run of about an hour and a half, and spent the day there.

But it is not every one who has this preliminary canter before entering civilisation. It is only district officers and such like who have to go through this. So let us suppose that the reader joins us at Bombay, and that we all leave the terminus of the Bombay, Baroda, and Central India Railway in that part of Bombay which is known as Calaba. The railway passes up the western coast, and for the first few miles the country is uninteresting. But after a couple of hours' run, if we look out on the left-hand side as we face the engine, we will see Bassein, a ruined Portuguese town, with the sea dashing its spray against the old walls, and affording many a rash subject for both camera and brush; in fact, a fortnight might well be spent in putting on paper the beautiful views on the Bassein Creek. One of the most pleasant trips that could be made would be in a native boat on this creek, going lazily along until a bit more lovely than the rest presented itself.

But we may not linger here, for the train is starting again,

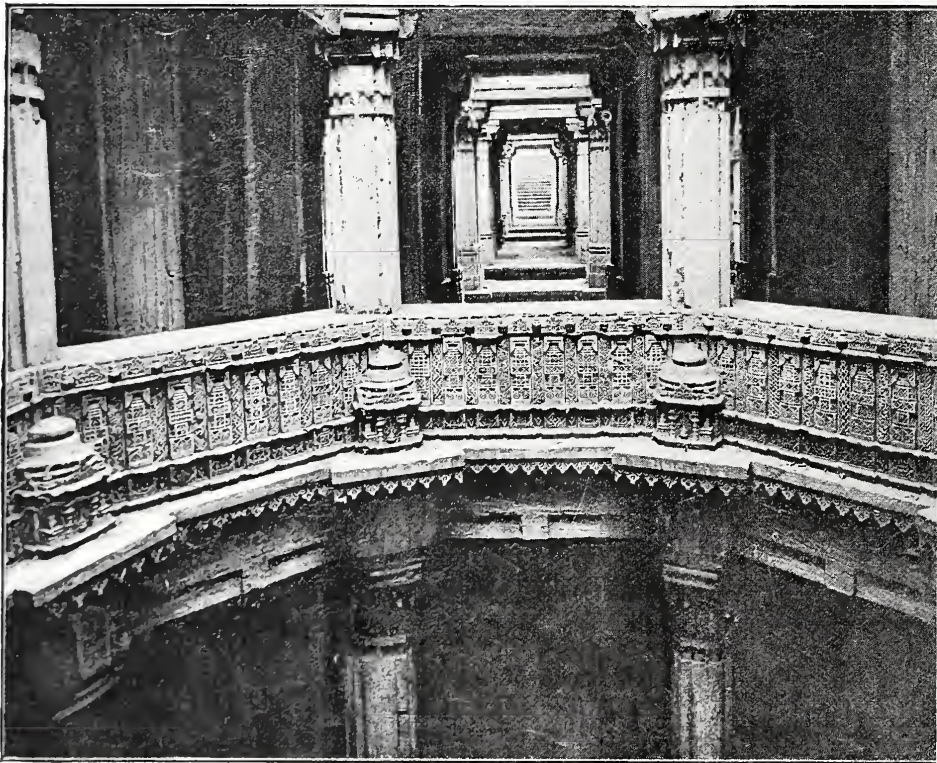
and before many minutes we find ourselves hurrying through what seems to be an interminable stretch of rice-fields, for we are still in the Konkan, the strips of plains below the Western Ghats. And the journey now becomes monotonous until we get on the borders of Guzerat. What miles and miles of sandy soil we pass! The bullocks as they drag their carts behind them seem to be in a chronic state of putting their heads down so as the better to put their weight into the heavy drag behind them. And yet the carts which they are yoked to are constructed with the view to make it easy for them, as the wheels are half a foot and more thick to prevent their sinking into the sand. But as we near the River Nerbudda we come to a belt of country covered with low brushwood and teeming with small game of all kinds. There is still little variety in the landscape although we are well into Guzerat, and near Baroda, the capital of His High-

To understand the wonderful specimens of architecture which adorn Ahmedabad a lengthy account of the history of the place is hardly necessary, but the following data should be borne in mind. It was once the greatest city in Western India, and during the last thirty years of the sixteenth century is said to have been the handsomest in India, if not in the world. At the present time it is the chief town of a Collectorate, and the head-quarters of the Commissioner of the Northern Division of the Bombay Presidency. The population, consisting almost entirely of Jains and Mahometans, is about 900,000. It was founded by Sultan Ahmed I. in 1411. From that time it grew in importance till 1512, and thence till 1572 it degenerated under the kings of Guzerat. Its greatness was then, however, revived under the Moghul emperors, until 1709, when it again declined till 1818, in which year it came under British rule.

As regards architecture, with the exception of Hathu-Singh's and some modern Hindu temples, an old Hindu well, and the Dutch tombs, all the buildings of architectural interest in Ahmedabad are Mahometan. One or two of the tombs are rough and commonplace, and some are of late date, but almost all the other first-class remains have the special interest of representing a distinct style of architecture. The date of this corresponds with the century and a half (1413 to 1573), of independent Ahmedabad rule. Starting in 1413 the builders had, before ten years were passed, gained sufficient skill and confidence to raise the Jamma Mosque. In 1514 the style was, perhaps, at its best. In spite of the vigour and religious zeal of its kings, the strong strain of foreign blood which constant dealings with Western Asia had brought into the pro-

vince, and the taste and talent of the learned strangers of its court, so great was the building skill of the natives of Guzerat that its Mahometan architecture is, in construction and detail, the most Hindu of Indo-Saracenic styles. In domestic buildings, the palaces are built entirely without arches in the pillared and flat Hindu style. In civil buildings, except that tracery takes the place of images, the beautifully designed step-wells and many-sided reservoirs with flights of stone steps, and richly carved outflow and inflow sluices, are almost purely Hindu.

In religious buildings there is more change. Though no class of local funeral monuments could be used as Mussulman tombs, the form of the domed and pillared porches of Hindu temples could be easily adapted to the purpose. This, in its simplest form, is an octagonal dome supported on twelve pillars with, according to the size of the building, other



Dada Harir's, or the Nurse's Well.

ness the Geikwar. Arrived there, the station servants take round early tea, and while the engine is preparing for the onward journey we just have time to look in the distance at some of the beautiful buildings in the place. It is a city in which the artist, architect or photographer could spend some days, and we reluctantly hurry back to the carriage as the train is in motion, determining at no distant date to explore the new palace.

So at last we reach Ahmedabad. Here accommodation available for travellers who may not be fortunate enough to know any one who can put them up, will be found in the Travellers' Bungalow. But every one who has been to India knows that people push their fellow-countrymen along in the most genial style, and the guest has only to make himself pleasant. I will endeavour, with substantial help from the *Gazetteer*, to describe Ahmedabad to him.

pillars added on every side. Unlike the diagonal arrangement in Hindu porches, the Ahmedabad tomb is a square with entrances in the centre of the sides. Where many pillars are used the square arrangement becomes somewhat monotonous, so it is in most cases relieved by screens of finely-cut open stone trellis-work filling the spaces between the pillars.

Not only for their superior richness in beauty, but because of the skill with which they blend local Hindu practice with foreign aims and ideas, the most interesting of the buildings are the mosques. As far as is known the early Guzerat mosque builders were either foreign merchants working in

foreign styles, or conquerors satisfied with re-arranging Hindu materials.

The means of lighting is arranged by making the central dome higher than those at the side; by setting a double row of dwarf columns on the side roofs; and by building in front of the columns a richly carved balustrade, and sometimes a most delicately cut stone screen. A clerestory is thus formed through which, with perfect ventilation, a subdued light passes into the central compartment.

The forms of tracery used in the Ahmedabad mosques will compare as ornaments with those of any age or any land. They are of two kinds—screens of open cut stone filling arches



Hathi Singh's Temple.

and spaces between pillars, and in minarets the arched tracery panels which take the place of the image niches of Hindu temple towers.

The minarets in beauty of outline and richness of detail surpassing those of Cairo, are the chief glory of the Ahmedabad mosques. The Ahmedabad minaret is part of the mosque, built into its wall. In all the best examples the lines of the tower start from the ground. The tower, with beautifully broken outline, richly ornamented with arched panels of trellis-work and belts of varied tracery, stands out buttress-like from the ground to the mosque roof, relieving its flat front wall. It rises above the roof a round

slightly tapering tower, relieved by galleries supported by most richly carved brackets and surrounded by delicately cut balustrades, and ending in a conical top of varied design. The existing minarets stand in pairs, in most cases on either side of the main door. In four mosques the minarets are at the end of the front face, and in two they are ornamented, with no staircase or opening from which the call for prayer can be sounded. In three respects—the way they are lighted, the delicacy of their traceries, and their minarets—the Ahmedabad mosques differ both from the local Hindu and from the other styles of Indo-Saracenic architecture.

Let us now do some sight-seeing, going first to Shah Alam

(illustration p. 52), which is a group of buildings comprising a tomb, a mosque, and an assembly hall, enclosed by a lofty and bastioned wall. It is sacred to the memory of Shah Alam, an eminent Mahometan religious teacher who died in 1475. At the entrance of the building are two plain gateways. As we enter the enclosure, on the right we see a small tank or reservoir. Beyond this, on the left, is Shah Alam's tomb, which was built soon after his death by Taj Khan Nariali, a Mahometan nobleman. History tells us that the dome was ornamented early in the seventeenth century with gold and precious stones by Asaf Khan. The floor of the tomb is inlaid with black and white marble. The doors are of open-cut brass work, and the frame in which the doors are set, as well as what shows between the door-frame and the two stone pillars to the right

and left, is of pure white marble, beautifully carved and pierced (illustration p. 53). The tomb itself is covered with a magnificent shawl. The Mahometan priest in charge of the place is a most attentive and obliging man, and is always ready to render any assistance in his power. It is touching to witness the reverence still displayed by him towards the memory of one of the most prominent teachers of his religion. The front of the mosque of Shah Alam consists of seven arches (a small one and a large one alternately), on either side of which are two handsomely-carved minarets, ninety feet high. Dada Harir's or "the Nurse's well" (illustration p. 54) is a curious building. It was made in 1485 by a lady of the household of Mahomet Begada, at a cost of three lacs of rupees, about £30,000. Entering from the east, the first gallery is reached by going



Pir Kamal's Musjid.

down eight steps. Nine more steps lead to the second gallery, and eight more to the third, which is just above the level of the water. Corridors run along the sides and lead to other galleries which cross the well at intervals. The west end of the well is octagonal in shape, and the walls are beautifully carved. On the north wall of the well is an Arabic inscription which runs:—"This holy and wholesome water with the splendid travellers' rest-house enclosed on four sides by carved and painted walls, and a grove of fruit-trees with their fruit, a well, and a pool of water for the use of man and beast, were built in the reign of the Sultan of the Sultans of the age, established by the grace of God and of the faith, Aduh Fath Mahmud Shah, son of Muhammad Shah, son of Muzaffar Shah, the Sultan; may God keep his kingdom. Dated at the metropolis of the kingdom, the second of Jamadi-

ul-awwal in the twenty-sixth year of his reign." There is a legend that the lady who built the well threw into it a diamond ornament of great value, and as there is no record of its ever having been found, it may possibly be there still.

Hathi Singh's temple (illustration p. 55) is situated immediately outside the Delhi Gate at Ahmedabad. Designed by Premchund Salat, it was finished so lately as 1848. The mass of carving of which the temple is entirely composed, though inferior in some respects to those of some of the older temples, shows that the carvers of the present time are keeping up the reputation of their ancestors. Their mode of procedure, however, differs from that of the ancients, as the latter used to do most of their carving after the stones had been erected, but the present race do each stone separately,

and then put them in their places. The dwelling in which the priestly family resides is still in front of the temple, the interior being modern and strikingly European in appearance. Permission to inspect the temple is readily granted to visitors on condition that they utilise the woollen shoes provided by the temple, the idea being that cow-hide boots desecrate the building. The temple, which is sacred to Dharusnath, one of the twenty-four Jain saints, is in a paved courtyard surrounded by a corridor measuring one hundred and six feet from north to south and one hundred and fifty feet from east to west. Round the corridor are fifty-two rooms, each with a pagoda dome, and containing an image in marble of one of the Jain saints. The roofs of these rooms are supported by arches based on fifty-six pillars, each six feet in height, the measurement from the key-stones to the ground being about sixteen feet six inches in all. An ascent of seven steps from the courtyard brings us into the main portico of the temple. There are two inner porticos, one on either side, which, like the principal hall, have peaked roofs covered with small cupolas. Ascending further from the main portico by a flight of eight steps, we reach the interior of the temple. This consists of an inner and an outer room, the former being the Holy of Holies, which is circular, twenty feet in diameter, and constructed entirely of marble. It contains the Viman (shrine), where are three cells, each with an image of Dharusnath. The ceiling of the outer room is dome-shaped and is ornamented with twenty-eight figures representing musicians and nautch girls. Both rooms are paved with coloured marble from Mahram, in Rajpootam. The cost of the temple was ten lacs of rupees, or about £100,000.

Pir Kamal's Masjid (illustration p. 56) is an unfinished structure. It is to be hoped that the work of completing it may be taken in hand by some enterprising native, as what carving there is now on the building is very elaborate.

The Jains are a curious race. It is against their caste to take the life of any animal, and the result is that Ahmedabad literally swarms with animal life. All over the native part of the city small pagodas are erected, and the passers-by throw small quantities of grain on them for the benefit of birds, squirrels, and monkeys. A really strict Jain will keep a sort of respirator over his mouth to avoid taking the lives of eye-flies, gnats, and other winged insects which might get into his mouth if left uncovered. Their religion compels the women to make pilgrimages to certain parts of the city on feast-days. The "city wall pilgrimage" is one of their curious customs. Once every three Hindu years the women walk barefoot round the city, bathing and worshipping at seventeen different places on the banks of the river. The women start at Dada Harir's well early in the morning, and after going round the city, come home through the same gate as they left by. The pilgrimage occupies a whole day, and any one doing it has to fast the whole day, should not sleep during the night, and not break her fast the following day until she has feasted some Brahmins.

A knowledge of the language is not absolutely necessary for a trip to Ahmedabad to be a success. The people are civil and obliging and willing to point out objects of interest, and any one can with the help of a guide-book find his way to any particular place he may wish to visit. There is no difficulty of any sort as regards supplies as the Bazaar is a very large one. Phaetons can be had on hire by the day or for the journey only, and coolies to carry about impedimenta are abundant, but I cannot impress upon the intending visitor too strongly the advantage of making all payments in person. A small present thrown in now and again will make you popular, and you will never have to repent having given it.

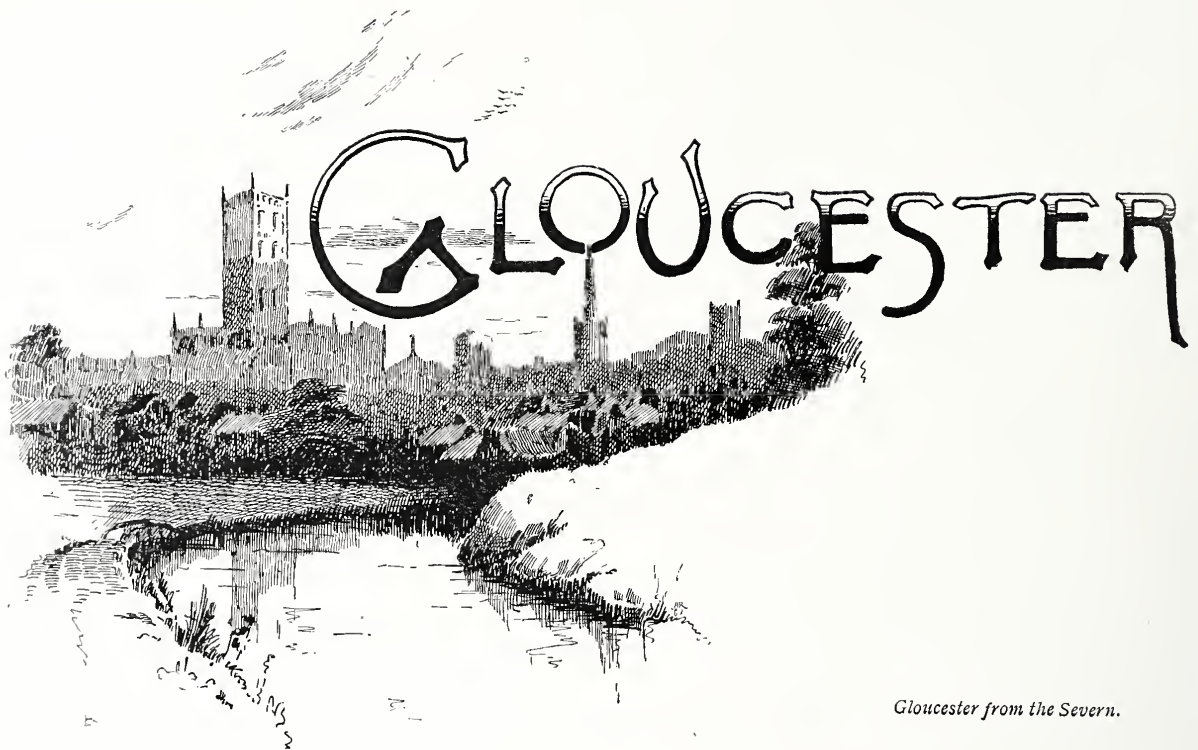
A. HUDSON.

THE HUMAN FIGURE.

THE work of Professor Ernest Brücke, "The Human Figure: its Beauties and Defects" (London, H. Grevel & Co.), is not an anatomical work of the ordinary descriptive kind, but a study in the æsthetic philosophy of the human form, with a detailed analysis, with diagrams, of its beauties and defects. The science is not new. Mantegna is known to have followed certain rules of ideal proportion, etc., in his treatment of the human figure, artificial laws in that they do not literally represent the normal facts of nature, and the Greeks undoubtedly had such. It is by careful comparison of antique statuary with the actual lines of the figure in the living model that the rules of the science of human beauty have been formulated. In the preface to the work it is pointed out that the consummate science of Pheidias and his perfect mastery of superficial anatomy were acquired without any acquaintance with the subject as we understand it. But as we are not giants in Art, like Pheidias, we cannot afford to dispense with the training which was not essential to him. Still, there is the temptation, against which such geniuses even as Michael Angelo have not always been proof, of forgetting the lines of beauty in anxiety to display skill and anatomical learning. But what is required of an artist is not that he

should reproduce scientific fac-similes, but impressions, and they must be such impressions as shall be worth the seeing, and, if necessary, worth the paying to see, just because they are not the identical sights which we may light on anywhere or on any day for nothing. In short, we want him not to produce a coloured photograph upon canvas, nor a coloured electrotype in fictive material, but to idealise. Now this human need, which it is the property of Art to supply, is the justification for the representing of the nude. Such exhibitions in our galleries do not minister, as some would persuade us, to the sensual passions. They who are possessed of such motives would find pictures and statuary too unsubstantial to suit them. Nor have they need of either, since the living object is not, after all, so very difficult of attainment. The true artistic pleasure in the nude arises from the quite different cause, that it represents sights which cannot commonly be seen, nay, we go so far as to assert, such as we should not be likely to see, even if it were the custom for everybody to go about naked. They present us with a work in some sort of the imagination, an ideal, which affords the beholder an intellectual gratification that is absolutely incompatible with lust or any of the baser appetites.

A. V.



Gloucester from the Severn.

ON a market-day, or fair-day, when our streets are crowded with citizens, with visitors, with people from the country, making their purchases, with cattle, sheep, and horses on their way to and from the market, the stranger as he threads his way through the passers-by, up or down one of the four broad streets which meet each other at the City Cross, would think—if he were given to such musings—what a bright, busy, provincial city Gloucester was; quite a typical town of the last decade of the nineteenth century, new and fresh-looking, with here and there a curious house, timber-framed and picturesque, perhaps put there lately by some æsthetic tradesman, or professional man who liked the look of such houses. A big railway station, hansom cabs, watering carts, telegraph wires, telegraph boys, smart-looking police constables, nice smooth paving everywhere, quite a sunny modern city, not many years old. Then possibly the stranger visitor would look up, and through some narrow street, or overhead in some open space, he would catch sight of a silver-grey pile of curious masonry, of carved pinnacles, of great windows, set in lace-work tracery; and high over all the roofs and buildings around him, a mighty tower of a lovely uncertain colour, square and massive, but withal strangely graceful. This he would know, without asking, was the far-famed cathedral, and possibly the thought might come across him, was the bright-looking, sunny, crowded town quite so new as it on first sight appeared?

Further on in the day, as the stranger visitor looked about here and there curious old bits of woodwork, quaint old houses, churches not quite restored "to look like new," would come across him; these things, coupled with the fact of that silver-grey abbey in the midst, would tell how that the busy provincial city of the Western Midlands has possibly an interesting story dating back somewhat beyond the nineteenth century.

He would be right in his conjectures; Gloucester is an old, old city. Those four broad streets in the form of a cross,

through which he had been walking, had existed in the early part of the second century of the Christian era, in the form of the streets of a Roman armed camp. The little streets too, which branched out left and right, through some of which he had caught sight now and again of the grey cathedral, had existed too in that armed camp. The Gloucester of to-day is built street by street upon the lines of the camp of Claudius and Hadrian, who first built their famous place of arms on the banks of the Severn, to awe over the wild and turbulent tribes of Silures, who lived among the blue-green hills to the west of the city, among the hills we call now the Forest of Dean.

Before Claudius and Hadrian, though, built their place of arms, there had been a cluster of dwellings on, or hard by, the site of their great armed camp, possibly a biggish cluster, for the Roman generals kept the old Silurian name for their military settlement, adding the Latin suffix of *cestre*, or *castræ* (camp or city), Glow-cestre. No antiquarian can puzzle out the meaning of the old Silurian name. Some tradition, dating far back, says it means "Fair City," so given from its beautiful situation. But the name "Gloucester," like "London," tells of a remote origin—speaks of a town which existed before the Christian era—the meaning of the name of the City of the Severn, like the name of the City of the Thames, is hopelessly lost.

The armed camp on the Severn soon became a famous frontier town. The Roman city is with us still, *beneath our feet*; a spade or pickaxe can at this moment be scarcely used in many spots in our city without disclosing the mighty wall built by the Italian conqueror, the vast substructure of a temple or of a great municipal building, or the scarcely discoloured mosaics of a pavement where once strange Italians worshipped, worked, or walked.

But all this many-coloured, partly military, partly civil Italian life came to an end after about three hundred years. The legions who guarded the frontier provinces—Britain

amongst the number—were recalled to defend Italy and the central provinces of the Empire from the swarms of barbarians threatening Rome and the great cities of southern and central Europe.

What happened then to Gloucester? Probably the old Roman provincial life went on here much as before, though on a narrower, less splendid scale, for about a century and a half. Then the West Saxon invaders of our island gradually travelled westward. Petty kings of native extraction seemed to have ruled in old Roman cities like Gloucester and Bath after the departure of the Roman military governors. We read of a terrible pitched battle between the savage Saxon invaders and the kings of Gloucester and Bath; the kings were slain and the cities sacked, and for a hundred years or more a deep dark mist settled over Gloucester. It was probably after the sack—deserted and empty. Then late in the seventh century Gloucester emerges out of the thick dark mist, and we hear of the half-civilised Saxon conquerors of Mercia just beginning to receive Christianity, founding an abbey in poor ruined Gloucester. This was in A.D. 689.

Of course there are no remains of this Mercian abbey, probably a small rude building at best. But the relics of the Mercian founder Prince Osric are still with us. Through all the changes of the storied abbey they have been preserved, and rest under a sumptuous canopy, in the founder's place of honour, hard by the high altar in the splendid choir of the cathedral.

We trace all through the Saxon times the story of the abbey of Osric and the town of Gloucester clustered beneath its walls. During the last Saxon century it seems gradually to have risen in importance. Glorious Athelstan died here, Kings like Harthacnut and Eadward the Confessor often made it their home and the scene of the great national assemblies—the Witangemot. The Conqueror, whenever his war-filled life allowed him, spent his Christmas feast here. Our great historian of the Normans (Mr. Freeman) tells us "how in the

reign of Rufus, the Conqueror's son, almost everything that happened at all, somehow contrived to happen at Gloucester." In the Plantagenet days Gloucester, with London and Winchester, seems to have been the favourite royal residence.

Famous events notorious in English history happened in Gloucester. Here Edward the Confessor for months hesitated between Godwin and his son Harold and his Norman kinsfolk and friends. What a picture of Anglo-Saxon court life in its last years could not be drawn at Gloucester!

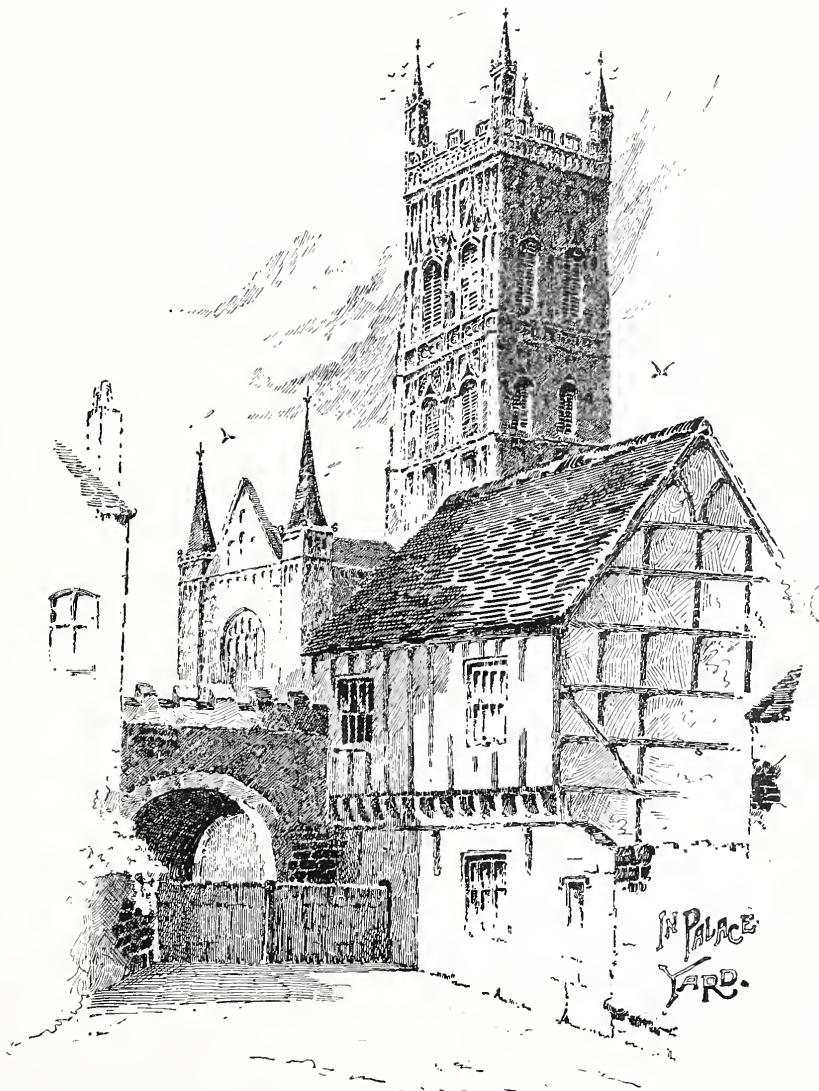
Here William Rufus lay, as he and his friends thought,

dying, and wishful in his last hours to make some amends to God for his many misdeeds, determined to fill up the long vacant chair of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and sending for holy Anselm of Bec to his bedside, forced the pastoral staff of the Primate into the old man's unwilling hand. From the royal bed-chamber Anselm was carried into the adjoining minster and hurriedly consecrated to his great office. Was not the scene of this strange royal atonement one of those Norman rooms in the abbot's lodging or camera adjoining the cathedral, which still exists in the present Deanery?

A few years previously, in the chapter-house opening out from a cloister, King William the Conqueror held the "deep speech" with his Witan which resulted in the compilation of Domesday Book. The vast

Norman hall is still with us, scarcely changed since those far-back Norman and Plantagenet days. In our great abbey Henry III. was crowned. Here, too, King Richard II. held his famous Money Parliament. The garden of the religious house long bore traces of the crowds who thronged the abbey precincts. We hurry on to the times of the Dissolution. For some days King Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn on their honeymoon journey stayed at the monastery, either in the abbot or prior's lodgings.

Let us stand a minute or two in the recently "restored" cloister garth, now the Dean's garden. This same green spot, "viridum claustrum," the abbey chronicle tells us, was all



A Bit of the Old Monastery, built circa 1350—1420, now a part of the Deanery.

trampled down by the courtiers on the occasion of the long visit of Richard II. What a glorious pile, rising up from that old-world garden! Well-nigh five hundred years were spent in



Site of the Porta Pratoria of the Roman City—the "West Gate."

building, altering, decorating, the great church. We mark the twin Norman turrets of the transepts, the round-headed Norman windows of the nave, the mighty Perpendicular tower rising out of and high above the great church. There are three such matchless towers in England—at Lincoln, at Canterbury, and here in Gloucester. But the Gloucester tower, not from its bulk, but for its inimitable grace, its matchless proportions, is unmistakably the queen of towers. On a clear summer's day, with a background of that sweet, tender blue so common to the Severn Lands, it is one of the fairest pieces of masonry in Europe. Its colour, a silvery grey—the curiously lovely colouring which the storm and sunshine of four centuries alone can lay upon grey-white stone.

The cloister walks which frame this "Garden of the View" can only be just alluded to. They are in their way unique. Scarcely injured since the day when the fathers of the holy house read and studied in the twenty little carol cells on the South Walk, or the abbot and prior walked in lonely state in the West Walk, or the novices and children brought up under the shadow of the Abbey played and worked on the north side. The children's game-boards are there still, scarcely injured since the days of the Third Edward. These cloisters show the most exquisite example of fan tracery vaulting, specially interesting because these Gloucester cloisters are the earliest known specimens of this old and costly work. It was probably invented by those great architect-monks of this famous religious house.

Now we will go into the great church of the Severn Lands for a brief space, through one of those broad carved doorways in the south cloister walk.

The first impression of a stranger when he looks on the nave of Gloucester is, what a stern, cold building he is gazing at. He has heard much of it—of its peculiar character, of its vast antiquity. It was all *finished* in the eleventh century and consecrated in the year 1100. He examines it more in detail. The vastness of the great circular columns dwarfs the huge

church and diminishes the height and breadth and length. Nothing is noticeable beside these. So the eyes rest a while on the grey lines of these mighty piers. They are like nothing else he has ever seen.* They are not exactly beautiful, but they are strong and massive; they give an idea of permanence, of enduring strength, more perhaps than the columns and arches of any other existing building. The stranger who looks at them feels he is in the presence of the work of a great school of builders, of men who have lavished here all their powers, probably all their faults and even eccentricities. No one can mistake the nave of Gloucester for anything but a pure piece of Norman thought. It is not comparable in beauty and elegance to the Norman work, say in Peterboro' or Durham, but it is more thoroughly Norman than either of those matchless piles. It breathes the very spirit of that strong marvellous people to which our England owes so much. It is a book in stone with the legend at the head of every page, "Strength crowned with Beauty," but in the Gloucester nave beauty is subordinated to strength. No artist architect would ever dream of copying the weird strength, the awful massiveness of Gloucester, but again there is no artist architect but is grateful to the man who was daring enough to build that mighty row of stern plain columns crowned with those round and massive arches.

* * * * *

It was probably owing to the reaction produced by the severe simplicity of the architecture of the nave that we owe the exquisite and elaborately adorned choir of our cathedral, of which a drawing is given. In the two centuries which followed the



completion of the great abbey, we find several traces† of the attempts of the monk artists to introduce into their church some-

* Of course Tewkesbury Abbey is excepted. But Tewkesbury was the fruit of the same inspiration as Gloucester. Its date is about ten years later only, and is just "one size smaller;" that is to say, Tewkesbury would just fit into Gloucester, like a Chinese ivory box into another ivory box one size larger.

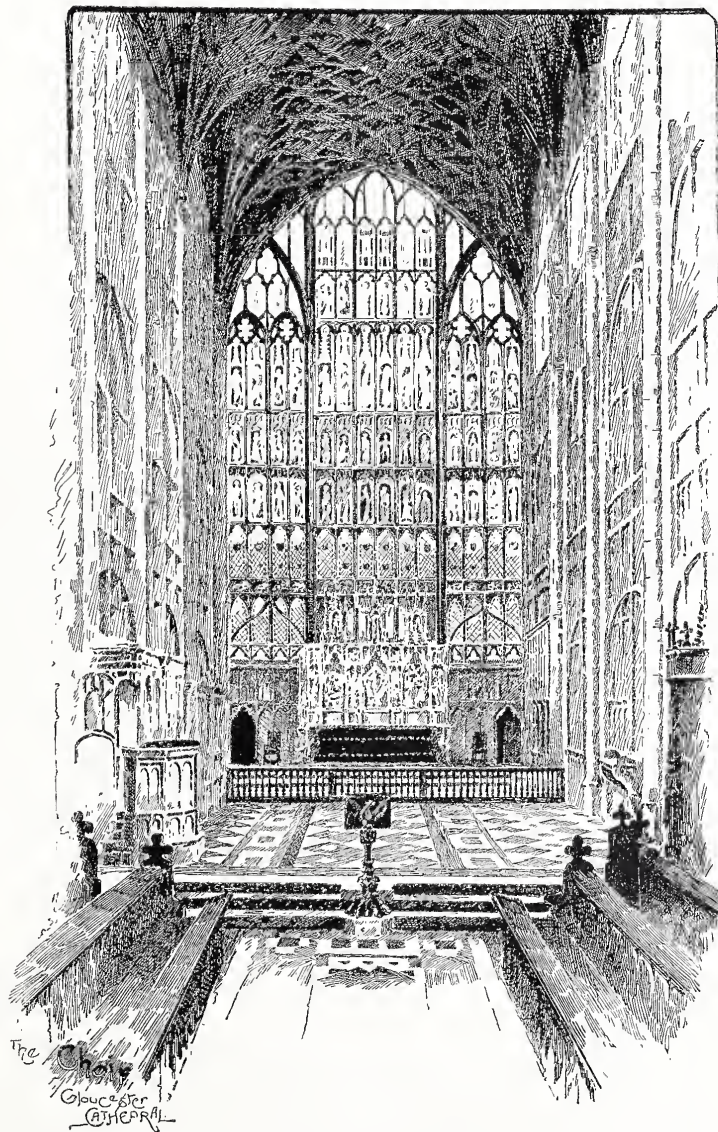
† Notably in the graceful clusters of Early English columns, upon which the ribs of the vaulting of the nave rest, and in the "Reliquary" of the north transept, &c., and a little later, in the beautiful Decorated windows of the south aisle.

thing of the beautiful fancies belonging to the Early English and Decorated schools. Want of means, however, stunted their work and damped their aspirations.* In 1327 the chivalrous devotion of Abbot Thoky to the memory of his murdered and discredited sovereign King Edward II., prompted him to receive the royal remains, and to give them an honoured resting-place in the Gloucester abbey. In a few months after the burial in the abbey the tide turned, and king and people at the shrine of the murdered Edward prayed as though to a glorified saint; enormous offerings continuing for many years to be made at the tomb, enriched the abbey, thus enabling the artist-monks to carry out the cherished wishes of more than one generation of dwellers in the quiet Gloucester cloister, in the matter of adorning their loved church with new rich work.

A heavy ugly stone screen, of comparatively modern work, with the great organ of Renatus Harris (1664) towering over it, replaces the Benedictine rood loft, with its three altars once all agleam with colours and gold and starry light. Thus the nave, as, no doubt, was always the case, is effectually shut off from the choir. Through a low, deep door in the screen the choir is entered. You are, as it were, in a new world of thought. The stern, austere architecture of the Norman nave has given place to a film-work of delicate lace tracery in stone. This great Eastern limb of the old abbey soars high above the nave, above even the transepts. On close inspection, two tiers of old Norman piers of enormous magnitude — with low-browed arches—are still visible, but over these, as though let down from the soaring roof, glowing with colour and gold, a mighty veil of white stone tracery, delicately and exquisitely carved, hangs. It is a strange device, this curious Gothic veneer over the great round Norman pillars and low-browed arches, but it has been marvellously successful, for the choir of Gloucester, as remodelled by the monks in King Edward III.'s reign, is simply matchless in

beauty. In its way there is nothing to compare with it. At the east end the daring architect, when he raised the roof and veiled the Norman walls and arches with his delicate stone lace-work, took out the old east end and literally replaced it with a mighty wall of *glass*. The story of this gigantic "stained glass wall" is singularly interesting. The monks of Gloucester were, A.D. 1340—1350, engaged in the great work of remodelling the east limb of their abbey. The then Governor of Gloucester—Lord Bradeston—gave, as his gift to the "restoration," the east window.

The general subject is the enthronisation of the Blessed Virgin. The lower lights contain the "arms" of knights and nobles who, connected in some way with Gloucester, fought at Cressy and the French wars of Edward III. and the Black Prince, whose arms, with his royal father's, are blazoned in the central glass panels. It may justly be termed the "Cressy" window. The glass has been wonderfully preserved through all the changing story of the abbey, and mostly consists of the original work. The "Cressy" window was finished before the year 1350. Exquisitely soft and luminous in hue, simple, though effective in design, is the vast jewelled "wall of glass," which so grandly closes the east end of the stately choir of Gloucester. It hangs, a transparent silver veil, studded with gleaming gems of ruby and sapphire, above the new and exquisite reredos. This wall of silver glass, far from obscuring, only makes more lovely and tender the shafts of many-coloured lights, so necessary to reveal the



The Choir of the Cathedral.

curious beauty of the choir with its elaborate tracery, so strangely worked over the old stern Norman columns and the round massive arches.

The choir of Gloucester contains some beautiful tombs which belong to English history. Just in front of the high altar lies the body of the Conqueror's eldest son, Duke Robert of Normandy, the rebel son, the faithless brother, the wild roysterer, the terror and marvel of England and Normandy; for the gallant, dissolute prince whose crowned effigy lies hard by in one of the chapels behind the altar, was something more

* It should be remembered that the Abbots of Bristol, Malmesbury, and Kingswood, with the fear of Queen Isabella before their eyes, had already refused to receive the body of the dead sovereign.

than the boon companion and chieftain of King William's discontented peers. He was the bravest Crusader, the most



accomplished leader of that mighty host which stormed Jerusalem and set up the Latin Kingdom in the Holy Land; but Robert, blinded and forgotten, paid a bitter price for his misdeeds with twenty years of gloomy captivity in the neighbouring Cardiff Castle, and then at his own request was brought here to sleep in front of the high altar in royal Gloucester.

Three stately tombs form the north wall of the upper or altar end of the choir. The resting place of honour belongs of course to the founder of this storied abbey, Osric. It is a late tomb of the early years of Henry VIII., with a plain graceful canopy above the rough kingly figure of the Mercian prince. The figure is much older than the canopied tomb, possibly copied in part from a yet older effigy. The loculus in which the bones of the Mercian hero are enshrined, Leland saw nearly four centuries ago, before they were placed in their present stately tomb.

The second of these famous shrines was built up by King Edward III., over the great oak chest which still holds the embalmed body of his murdered father, the second Edward. It is one of the noblest and most graceful of our English tombs. Beneath a rich canopy lies, carved in alabaster, the effigy of the hapless king Edward, crowned and robed in royal robes. The weak, beautiful face, tradition says, was carved from a mask taken after the cruel death. If the great oak chest, which lies just beneath the tomb, were opened and the lead

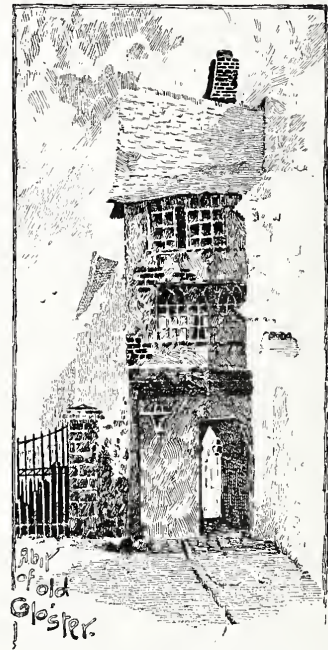
which we know from a living eye-witness is wrapped round the royal body were unfolded, we should again, for a minute at least, look on the lineaments of the Plantagenet king, "faithfully represented by the alabaster face on which so many thousand pilgrims have sorrowfully gazed."

The third of the great choir tombs is to the memory of Malvern, the last of the long line of Abbots of Gloucester, who haughtily refused to exchange the mitre of his proud abbey for the mitre of a new see, at the bidding of Henry VIII.

Just opposite the shrine of Edward II., on the south side of the choir, is a stone bracket curiously carved—it supports a time-worn effigy of an abbot. The effigy is much older than the bracket.

The bracket is the work of the monks of the fourteenth century, who remodelled the splendid choir; they evidently wished to replace the old figure of some well-loved abbot in a place of honour.

Leland, librarian of Henry VIII., who visited and made an elaborate report on our abbey, tells us that this is the tomb



Part of the Monastic Building, once a portion of the Great Refectory.

of Serlo, chaplain to the Conqueror, the first Norman abbot of Gloucester.

* * * * *

But these are only fragments of the story of a grand old English church. This little study is but a "few notes" from the note-book of one who loves well the glorious storied minster of which his pleasant lot is to be the chief custodian.

H. DONALD M. SPENCE.

THE FLOWERS OF JAPAN.

LOVERS of flowers and of things Japanese will welcome the sympathetic and scholarly work recently published by the Hakubunsha, Tokio, on "The Flowers of Japan and the Art of Floral Arrangement." The author is Mr. Josiah Conder, architect to the Imperial Japanese Government. Mr. Conder read a paper on this subject before the Asiatic Society of Japan, in 1889, which appears in Vol. XVI., Part II., of the Transactions of that Society. He has done well to rearrange the matter collected by him in a popular form, and to publish it, with additional illustrations, as a separate volume.

The perusal of this charming book adds greatly to our knowledge of the ethics of Japanese Art, and we owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Conder for this valuable addition to our literature on the subject.

In the first part of the book we are told many interesting facts relating to the flowers of Japan. The "viewing" of these is a favourite occupation of Japanese holiday-makers throughout the year. Before the snows of winter have quite passed away, the groves and avenues of plum-trees, planted in rural spots near the ancient capitals, are alive with visitors, who flock to admire the red and the greenish white blossoms and their delicate scent. As these disappear, the roads, in many districts, are lined, and the hills are covered for a brief space with "pearly-white clouds" of cherry blossom. The appearance of this, the national flower of Japan, is a signal for the commencement of high festival among her merry people; and Bacchus attends upon Flora. As the year progresses, fêtes are held in honour of the wistaria—which is particularly beautiful when trained, as in Japan, upon horizontal overhead trellis-work—the many-coloured iris, the brilliant peony or "flower of prosperity," the sacred lotus, which "maintains its purity amid surrounding mud," and the chrysanthemum. As the cherry is the national flower of Japan, the chrysanthemum may be looked upon as its imperial emblem; for it is used as one of the crests of the Emperor, and it also forms the principal attraction at the autumn garden party held yearly at his palace in Tokio. The poetical names given by the Japanese to the varieties of this flower are in delightful contrast to the prosaic "Misters" and "Missises" with which they are dubbed in the West: "Silver World," "Thin Mist," "Beacon Light," "Sky at Dawn," "Moon's Halo," "Golden Dew," "Dishevelled Hair," are a few of the suggestive titles by which they are known in Japan.

All the above-mentioned flowers are cut and used in their season for the decoration of rooms, as well, also, as many others, including varieties of narcissus, camellia, peach, magnolia, azalea, pear, apple, clematis, bluebell, lily, hydrangea and begonia, combined with the willow, pine, bamboo and rush. The flowers of poisonous plants are regarded as ominous and not to be used for decorative purposes. Some flowers may be suitably used upon felicitous occasions, and others must be avoided at such times. At a coming of age celebration, flower arrangements must be firm and vigorous in character, with a large proportion of young branches and buds—faded leaves and full-blown flowers

being prohibited. At wedding festivities red and white flowers must be tied together with cords—red flowers being regarded as male, and white as female. Purple flowers, willow branches, and any plant of a drooping nature must not be used at such times. Certain combinations of flowers or characteristics of arrangement are observed at old age celebrations, farewell gatherings, death anniversaries, before household shrines, for the sick, at prayers for rain or fine weather, for house-warmings, for the tea ceremonial, and upon many other occasions.

In treating of the history and theory of flower arrangements, Mr. Conder says that the Japanese claim for the practice an Indian and religious origin—the art being introduced in Japan in the sixth century by certain Buddhist priests. In the earlier systems of arrangement, the flowers were more crowded together and more miscellaneous and formal in character than those of a later period. To the *chajin*, or masters of the tea ceremony, who were the leaders of taste in Japan in the middle and later ages, the refined and subtle arrangements of more recent times must be attributed. Under their directions, the groupings became much simpler in appearance and were based more fully upon those laws of composition which are familiar to the painter and designer. The arrangement of flowers was no mere young ladies' accomplishment; it was an occupation for learned men and *literati* on their retirement from active life. The various rules and theories relating to it are well worthy of perusal by all those who are interested in the development of Art in the house; for although at times it may be thought that the injunctions and prohibitions dictated are somewhat arbitrary, they will be found, in the main, to be based upon reasonable premises. The illustrations of faulty and corrected arrangements that are given and fully explained in the book, do much to render the subject intelligible.

The vases and objects in which flowers are placed by the Japanese are described in an interesting chapter. They are in great variety both of material and design. Some are especially adapted for the display of water plants, and are so arranged that a broad surface of water is visible to the eye. These are chiefly used in the warm season, when the sight of cool water is refreshing. The quaint forms and workmanship of the baskets made by the Japanese to hold flowers are very pleasing. When in use they contain a section of bamboo filled with water to receive the flower stalks. Stems of bamboo cut in fanciful forms are also employed without outer coverings, and are admirably suited to the purpose, for not only do they hold water, but they are in pleasant harmony with the flowers. Metal and pottery vases of many shapes, curious pieces of wood and bark and dried gourds are brought into service as flower-holders.

The ceremony and etiquette to be observed at a flower reception are described in detail, and bear witness of the gentleness and politeness of the people. The author tells his tale with moderation, and does not rush into panegyrics, and even had he done so we might have excused him; for his

subject has many elements of fascination even to "red-hairs" and "outer barbarians."

One fault only have we to find with the book, and that is a trifling one which may be remedied very easily in a future edition. It is in regard to its binding. The Japanese style

of binding may be a suitable one when the thin paper of Japan is used; but when a thick paper of European character is employed, as in the case under notice, the volume will not open properly, and the pages only remain apart by being held back.

ART GOSSIP.

THE Gold Medal day of the Royal Academy schools, on the 10th of last December, was, in accordance with custom, signalled by an address from Sir Frederic Leighton, who chose French architecture as his subject. We quote the peroration which contained Sir Frederic's conclusions from his study of the subject, and his consequent advice to the students. "Is there any lesson that we may draw from this hurried survey of artistic evolution among the French? I have dwelt with emphasis on the genius of their mediæval builders; do I advocate—the young architects for whom I have mainly spoken to-night may ask—do I advocate the adoption of Gothic forms for the purposes of our own lives? I have spoken to little effect if my answer can be doubtful. Artistic forms are the vesture of ideas and the expression of mental conditions; the ideas and mental conditions of our day are widely removed from those of the Middle Ages; the modern mind cannot with fitness put on the garb which was moulded on the mind of a day long past. But if we may not fitly adopt those forms, we cannot too reverently note the spirit which presided over their development, for a like spirit brought to bear on other material and under other conditions may yet bear new and noble fruit. And the characteristics of that spirit are—a masculine independence, a tenacious grasp of central principles, a fearless sincerity in expression, a scorn of shams, and trust on truth." The names of the chief prize winners were as follows:—Gold Medal and Travelling Studentship (£200) for an Historical Painting, Ralph Peacock; Turner Gold Medal and Scholarship (£50) for a Landscape Painting, Francis Joseph Mackenzie; Creswick Prize (£30) for a Landscape Painting, Emily Louisa Long; Gold Medal and Travelling Studentship (£200) for Sculpture, Paul Raphael Montford; Gold Medal and Travelling Studentship for Architecture (£200), Alfred Henry Hart.

Fifteen Dutch pictures have been acquired by the National Gallery from the Habish Collection, for which it is said £2,800 was paid. Many of them are by painters not previously represented in the collection. They have been temporarily placed in the Octagon Hall.

The South Kensington Museum has lately benefited by the gift of fifty-nine water-colours from the daughters of the late Sir Prescott G. Hewett, who have thus carried out the wishes of their father. They include 'The Amphitheatre, Arles,' by Mr. G. H. Andrews; 'Snowdon,' by T. Danby;

three landscapes, by G. Dodgson; Mr. A. D. Fripp's 'Young England'; Mr. G. A. Fripp's 'Old Windmill near Eastbourne'; Mr. A. Goodwin's 'Allington Castle'; Mr. H. G. Hine's 'Rocks at Peveril Point'; 'The Student' of Sir J. Linton; and various works by Sir J. Gilbert, Messrs. H. Moore, P. F. Poole, F. Powell, E. J. Poynter, and J. Wolf.

Mr. Purdon Clarke has been promoted to an Assistant-Directorship at the South Kensington Museum, the post having been rendered vacant by the retirement of Mr. R. A. Thompson.

British Artists have not received with any particular favour the announcement that Baron Heinrich von Angeli has been summoned to England to paint the portraits of the Duke of Clarence and Princess May for Her Majesty.

The Pre-Raphaelite Exhibition, arranged by Mr. Whitworth Wallis at the Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery, was visited, during the three months that it was open, by nearly a quarter of a million of people. Mr. William Kenwick, M.P., has presented Millais's 'Blind Girl' to the gallery in commemoration of the success of this exhibition.

The Fine Arts Committee of the Chicago Exhibition include Sir Frederic Leighton, Bart. (Chairman); P. H. Calderon, R.A.; Sir P. C. Owen; F. Seymour Haden; Sir James D. Linton; W. Oules, R.A.; J. Poynter, R.A.; Lumb Stocks, R.A.; Marcus Stone, R.A.; W. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A.; H. Stacy Marks, R.A.; and Sir Henry Trueman Wood, Secretary.

Several French artists, having in view the increasing deterioration of painters' pigments and vehicles now in use in France, have appealed to the authorities to direct the Municipal Laboratory to analyze the products which are offered for sale by colourmen.

Mr. Frederic Wedmore's story, "The North Coast and Eleanor," with illustrations by Wal. Paget, which was announced to appear in our February Number, has been postponed till March.

OBITUARY.—We regret to record the death of Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, better known in artistic circles as Count Gleichen, and of Mr. J. D. Watson, R.A.S., at Conway, at the age of sixty.



ETCHED BY L. MULLER

THE ART JOURNAL.

PAINTED BY STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A.

OFF TO THE FISHING GROUND.

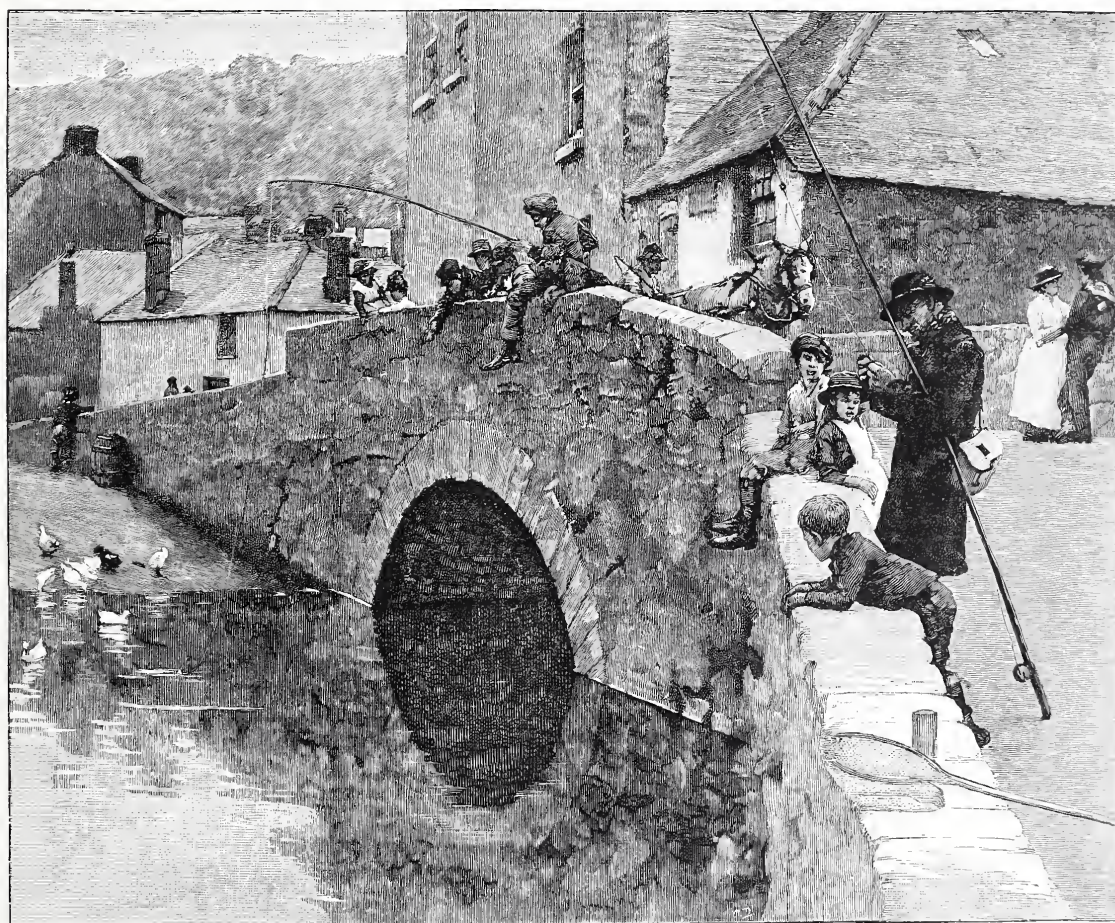
FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE CORPORATION OF LIVERPOOL

LONDON: J. S. VICTOR & CO. LIMITED

MR. STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A.

IT was in the year 1857—the year of the Indian Mutiny—that there happened the purely domestic event, as it then seemed, of the birth of Mr. Stanhope A. Forbes. Marriage was a subject much discussed during all the year of the birth of the future painter of that very literal “human document” of matrimony, ‘The Health of the Bride;’ for it was then that the Divorce Act was passed, and that Gretna Green was abolished. The Salvation Army had not yet arrived to make a

noise in the world; but on almost the day on which the painter of ‘Soldiers and Sailors’ was born, the English chronicler records that “revival meetings are becoming common in the United States.” It was the year, too, of the marriage of the Princess Royal; and now we remember the picture that commemorates it, one of a whole gallery of pictures of Royal weddings, which are wanting in every quality that Mr. Forbes and the Newlyn school consider necessary to modern English



The Bridge. From the picture in the possession of John Maddocks, Esq.

Art. Mr. Stanhope Forbes was Dublin born, his father being then manager of the Great Western Railway of Ireland. The Forbes family were born to be railway managers; for is not one of the artist's uncles Mr. James Stewart Forbes, chairman of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway? It was at Dulwich College, where he was educated,^f that Mr. Stanhope Forbes had the fortune to be advised by Mr. John Sparks, afterwards of South Kensington, to
MARCH, 1892.

make Art his profession. The Lambeth School of Art was his next station, still under the eye of Mr. Sparks; and in 1874 he entered the Royal Academy schools. There some years were passed, after which, acting on one of the many happy inspirations of his life, Mr. Stanhope Forbes crossed the Channel, and entered the atelier of M. Bonnat, a great master in both meanings of the word. Sketching tours in France varied the routine of work in a Paris studio; and in

1881 he painted 'A Street in Brittany'—his first figure composition—afterwards bought by the Liverpool Corporation and



Mr. Stanhope A. Forbes. From a photograph by Vandyk.

placed in the Walker Gallery. Visits to Brittany were continued for three years, and resulted in several pictures which were shown in the Royal Academy exhibitions of 1882, 1883, and 1884. Among these was the picture entitled 'Fair Measures,' painted in a milk-shop at Quimperlé in Finistère, and here reproduced.

Then Mr. Forbes set his face homewards; but before we follow him to the little fishing village in Cornwall, which has given its name to the school of painting he has founded, we may look back on the course he had already travelled and on the part played by foreign training in the creation of an artist who belongs emphatically to England. Mr. Forbes speaks on this point with characteristic candour. He will sacrifice neither his right to be an English artist nor his opportunity of levying from all the world contributions to the knowledge of his craft. "I protest," he says, with an emphasis all his own, "I protest against the theory that foreign training will finally result in the loss of national character in the English School of Painting. Surely Art should be universal, and know nothing of geographical divisions. That our artists should hesitate to learn from their Continental brethren seems to me to be as though the scientists of France were to refuse to accept the law of gravitation on the ground that Sir Isaac Newton was an Englishman. I do not attempt

to deny that national character asserts itself in the Art of each land, but this is altogether outside our control, being involuntary. Surely those who hold that a period of a year or two spent in a foreign studio is enough to eradicate it, must have little confidence in its strength and vitality. But, in saying so much, I do not say that I think foreign training essential, though I can never forget how much I myself owe to a country where I studied, and where there is a glorious art of our own day which I shall always uphold. Yet, if I think France pre-eminent among all nations, I still fail to see that the fine qualities which the works of her masters possess are in any way her exclusive property. Long may the students of all countries continue to learn lessons from the sound and true work done by French painters! It should be our endeavour to study the best of all lands. The danger of a student's losing his own individuality and becoming a shadow of his master is equally great, whether he study under a foreigner or a fellow-countryman, and it points rather towards the abolition of all training. Curiously enough almost all the young painters who were trained in French or other foreign studios, and who have attained any kind of power, are doing work the style of which is entirely different from that of their professor." For example, as Mr. Forbes aptly adds, the studio of Gérôme, the chief classical painter of France, has produced an extraordinary number of Impressionists; while Cabanel counted among his pupils many who have made the open air and sunlight their study; and in what does Mr. Forbes's own work reflect the individuality of M. Bonnat?

It was in the spring of 1884 that Mr. Stanhope Forbes went to Cornwall and stumbled on the fishing-village of Newlyn, where he has worked ever since. The place is a little appurtenance of Penzance, and it lies just beyond the range of visitors to that prim and pleasant port; visitors among whom the Newlyn suburb was noted only, until Mr. Stanhope Forbes differently ordained, for its smells of decayed fish and



Mr. Forbes painting 'Their Ever-shifting Home' in his garden at Newlyn.

for the robustness of the cats which preyed thereon. Though he was the first to make Newlyn famous, he found artists

already in the field. Mr. Walter Langley, the aboriginal settler, had begun to be remarked in the London exhibitions; and on the heels of Mr. Forbes came Mr. Bramley, Mr. Chevallier Tayler, Mr. Frank Bourdillon, Mr. and Mrs. Gotch, and Mr. Fred. Hall. Mr. Tuke was discovering that "O Falmouth is a fine town" for work on board a disabled French brig, afloat in the harbour and lively with rats. Still nearer to Newlyn, the delightful little town of St. Ives, with its neighbouring hamlets, was to become the painting ground of Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Stokes, Mr. Olsson, and Mr. Louis Grier. Suddenly then a corner of Cornwall became a place where artists were gathered together, and where even a

school of English Art was formed, not a school of local Art. There is nothing provincial about the work of these Newlyn-ers, as all the Cornish artists came to be popularly called. Such names serve the purpose of the hour. But who now cares to dub Wordsworth and Coleridge Lake poets? And it is by their vital and catholic work itself, unembarrassed by any accident of place, that we think of men like Forbes, Bramley, and Stokes.

They did not choose Cornwall because it is, in all England, the one county of romance. They did not seek for vivid effects—they were full of reticence. Not for them did St. Michael's Mount rear itself in the bay—St. Michael's Mount, which



The Village Philharmonic. From the picture in the possession of the Corporation of Birmingham.

lesser men had made the tiresome hall-mark of their pictures to all time. The painters of Newlyn have painted there chiefly because a man must paint somewhere; and, secondly, because at Newlyn the light has long and equable moods of grey. The use made of their opportunities by the Newlyn artists is known to all men. They have reintroduced the picture-lover to the lights of nature. With suns that do not shine and skies of unilluminated wool, with candles that never burn and fires that are not incandescent, the walls of successive Academy shows had been packed in dull gradations. But now in both art and literature a new movement was begun. Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, in his forest bedchamber, was enamoured of "that blue light which is the

mother of the dawn;" and, while waiting to keep tryst with her, he toyed with the meaner but still mysterious beauties of the glow of a cigarette, so held that its ruddy tip was encased in a cavern of his hand, and with each inhalation of his breath he made the cavern all aflame in the dark of the night, as Little lighted up the ruined church with his forge in 'Put yourself in his place.' The one light and the other light—the natural and the artificial—both have been beloved of Newlyn-ers. They have painted them singly; and they have celebrated a sort of marriage rite between the one and the other. If Newlyn has a hall-mark at all, it is the grey glimmering pane of the room in which the light is yellow in the lamp or on the hearth. The candle still flickers by the

watchers in that great modern masterpiece, Mr. Bramley's 'Hopeless Dawn.' In the room where lies the fisher lad, in Mr. Chevallier Tayler's 'Last Blessing,' the pious lamp burns low before the little image, but through the window comes from the sea the white cold light of the day, austere as death itself.

The new note was struck when, in 1885, Mr. Stanhope Forbes sent to the Academy his first Newlyn picture, 'A Fish Sale.' Who can forget its gradations of greys, its air of pearls? It was hung at the fag end of the Academy, where

the visitor needed all the refreshment it afforded, and had his need satisfied. It was a picture which, besides being delightful in itself, awakened expectations, and those expectations have since been realised. If it did not make an era in English Art, it began to make one. Very much the same thing may be said of each of its immediate successors, 'Off to the Fishing Ground' and 'Their ever-shifting Home,' exhibited at Burlington House in 1886 and 1887. The pioneer picture, after one or two changes of ownership, passed into the possession of Mr. Joseph J. Browne, of Reigate. 'Off to



Fair Measures.

the Fishing Ground,' which is reproduced as our frontispiece, was painted in the Bay of Penzance, the artist working in a boat. It is a good picture, that was much outdone by better successors. Life and light it has, but hardly the distinction of arrangement that makes 'Soldiers and Sailors,' for example, so elegant as well as excellent. The figures are simply conceived and strongly drawn, and in the young boy to the right there is a natural grace—not the alien grace which Mason and Walker infused with much effort into their English figures, but something that does now and then un-awares give a charming turn to a child's body, or a vigorous

beauty of attitude to the action of a man at work. As for the sea, it is the "massy water" of a true sea-painter, with a movement under the calm surface of the bay. The little port makes a delicate group of shapes and lines on the horizon under a narrow sky. 'Their Ever-shifting Home' is now in the National Gallery at Melbourne. It is the picture on which Mr. Forbes is seen at work in the engraving, p. 66, with his casel planted in the garden of his house at Newlyn.

In the next picture, 'The Village Philharmonic,' Mr. Forbes rose to his full artistic stature. The musicians with

their instruments are grouped in their bare hall, the evening light, clear and cool, coming to mingle with the gleaming of the lamps in the interior. There was a study of face-character which Wilkie might have envied; and with it a noble exercise of the rediscovered science of illumination, the new-evoked light in the heavens and on the hearth. This picture—which won a gold medal at Paris—was secured by the Corporation of Birmingham. To the collection of Mr. Henry Tate went 'The Health of the Bride,' exhibited in the Academy of 1889. Frankly, the interest of the picture lies in its technique. If the scene were worth preserving as a piece of history, there were other hands than those of a supreme

artist to give us its catalogue of awkwardnesses. It needs all the reflections in those glasses to lift us from the depression of the bridal party in its Sunday best. The picture is true to life, but where peasant life is not true to itself, there can be no complete artistic truth.

From gay to grave Mr. Forbes passed when he painted, for the Academy of 1890, 'By Order of the Court'—a picture reproduced on p. 191 of our volume for that year. The room is dismantled, and the auctioneer holds up his hammer beside the heap of shabby little household things, while a row of neighbours look on, preoccupied as to possible acquisitions for themselves. A true touch of pathos—we dare to use a word



Soldiers and Sailors. From the picture in the possession of George McCulloch, Esq., Melbourne.

which is almost emptied of meaning—is given in the unmonstrative figures of the ruined household. This picture got a gold medal at Berlin, where it was exhibited at the International Exhibition of 1891—the year in which Mr. Forbes's 'Soldiers and Sailors' was shown in the Royal Academy. Mr. Bainbridge is the owner of 'By Order of the Court,' and Mr. McCulloch of 'Soldiers and Sailors.'

Of smaller canvases, mostly exhibited out of the Royal Academy, Mr. Forbes, despite his unbroken annual succession of greater works, has achieved a fair number. Among others that come to mind are 'The Fisherman's Reading Room,' 'Adam and Eve,' and 'The Bridge' (p. 65). The last named is of course the bridge of Newlyn. The building

1892.

on the right is the Institute, in which was painted 'The Village Philharmonic.' The old man in the foreground is a hero in his way; for 'twas he who played the 'cello in that famous Philharmonic, and, moreover, he who proposed 'The Health of the Bride.'

In 1889 Mr. Forbes married Miss Elizabeth Armstrong, already a famous Newlyn, and now known everywhere as one of the most refined and artistic painters of her day. On the 27th of January another date was added to this chronology of achievements and successes, when the Royal Academy elected Mr. Forbes to Associateship by a majority, in the final ballot, of six votes over Mr. Swan.

WILFRID MEYNELL.

T



PARIS PLEASURE RESORTS.—THE MARNE.

PARIS has the enormous advantage of a second river. Suppose London so endowed, and a tributary of the Thames winding through Thames scenery, but a little removed, accessible to, but not continuous with the waters that blacken under London Bridge; a river navigable but hardly commercial, with its locks resounding to little or no chaff, gay but not delirious even on a bank-holiday, suburban as regards distance, almost rustic as regards quiet; a river of which the guest-houses should be neither just public-houses nor just hotels, but simply inns—inns with their several specialities, their eels and their carp fresh from the local waters. The Marne is not quite all this, but it is something like it. On its pearly waters voyage the more independent of the rowing men, the shyer of the sentimental couples, the more retiring of the bourgeois groups. It is by no means above holidays; Saturday-to-Monday reigns over it supreme; but it is understood to be a less mixed place of pilgrimage than the Seine. It is also less showy. There is less *tapage* about the costumes, and the general *déjeûners* of sausages and white wine seem to express the emancipation, without any wild imaginings or research, which is the holiday spirit on the gentle Marne.

The river, as a Parisian river, begins about Noisiel; it ends where it joins the Seine at Charenton. For the greater part of that way it winds enormously, and rural as look many reaches

of its thinly-wooded banks, it passes through a populous suburban country. This is indeed a suburb with a history. It shared the tragic fortunes of the city; the very names of the riverside villages have not yet lost that peculiar association with battle which gives a sound of sabre and musketry to the very syllables, and which stick to all the names of famous battles, making them unlike other words. Who does not hear the tramping of multitudes in the name of Sedan, the rattle of *mitraille* in that of Gravelotte, the rush of flames in that of Bazeilles, the snap of shots in that of Champigny? Champigny may sound like peace, perhaps, by this time to the holiday-makers on the Marne who hear it so often; to us at a distance it is still the name of a *sortie* from Paris—not the *sortie* of the *endimanché* young man with his English holiday terms for the business of his boating-club, but a *sortie* of the autumn of the siege, when Paris, not yet desperate, was shaking the bars of her imprisonment. It was on the 30th November, in the terrible year, that a great *sortie* was made, supported by heavy cannonading from all the forts and gunboats of the Seine, against the Prussian and Württemberg front, near Le Hay. The fighting went on from eleven to six, when the French were driven back in the dusk along the entire line. Early in the morning General Ducrot crossed the Marne on the left, successively occupied Mesly and Mont Mesly, and engaged the enemy along the line from Champigny to Bri-sur-Marne, with his back to the river. The day was one of the most disastrous of the siege, and the field of Champigny, if not famous for the annihilation of armies, had yet its heavy

*Petit-Chelles.*

tale of slaughter. The Saturday-to-Monday river, during the summer then just closing, had had almost its usual career. Its lilac-tide had been as gay as ever, its midsummer gayer than any other, for the hope of a glorious war was in the warm air. In July the hope was splendidly near, and there was so much delight in the streets of Paris that boating was outdone. But not until the day of Champigny was the trivial suburb crushed under the iron and fire of war.

Noisiel, the starting-point of the "tour de Marne," is under the domination of the Menier château, a building upon which the wit of the *canotier* has by this time, we may hope, exhausted itself. After the manner of the great manufacturers abroad, and not at all after that of the English, the Menier country house has been erected close to the Menier factories. The works are busy on the very frontiers of the park, a park with gentle dips and dimples in its sward and planted with old trees. For the place has been immemorably a park. It belonged, before the Menier time, to the Nicolaï—a family that had the fortuitous distinction of employing as governess for some two years the afterwards famous poisoner, Mme. Lafarge. Hers is a name that everybody knows, but it would be hard to explain why her crime is memorable among so many. Perhaps her celebrity is due partly to her time—that singularly fussy time, which pitied both antiquity and posterity for not being there to witness the glories of its great Exhibition, and which, having boasted of all other things, boasted also of its murderess. The Menier park of to-day is less picturesque and more open than the Nicolaï park of those days, by the demoli-

tion of a very old house that stood somewhat in the way of the view from the Menier windows. The chocolate king can see now across the river as far as Chelles and the fort of Vaujours. And just below the flowering banks, the roses and the heliotropes of his gardens, the river that has worked in the cause of industry to turn the chocolate mills, serves the cause of beauty by dividing its waters and creating the famous isles of Noisiel.

A cottage without the regulation honeysuckle, an imita-

*The "Burné Mill" of Chelles.*

tion Roman peasant without a *tovaglia*, a negro without a banjo—such would be a river, a suburban river, without islands. Comic Opera would have no part in it. Accordingly, the Marne does her conventional duty in this respect, and the islands are the darlings of the excursionist. There the flashing water dips into the shadow of foliage in summer, there the winter beauty of the woods shows clear and articulate against the misted blue of the light sky. And on the point of the islands nearest to Noisiel is the principal picnic-ground of the Marne. But as a general rule, the French lunch more readily at table within the humblest inn than on the grass. It is the English party that open out their baskets under the trees; the French are grouped in the *salle à manger*; and the Germans elaborately established at tables in the front garden. No matter how near the road, no matter how subject to dust, there does the Teutonic family in *villeggiatura* breakfast, dine (at about a quarter to twelve on a summer-noon), and there does it take that late afternoon meal of coffee and enormous omelettes for which there is no name.

But this is Paris. Here the legend at least is that everything is graceful, that all the men are joyous and all the ladies slender. Against your really resolute legend, facts happily have very little power. This place of picnics is named by its frequenters the Vacharding Club;

and in the absence of any explanation of so strange a word we are reluctantly led to suppose it is something English.

It is at the inn kept by one Crosnier that the majority of the excursionists rest and dine, and at times sleep through the two holiday nights. An enclosure close by shows to the next arrivals the cocks and hens and rabbits that are to join the local *friture*—golden and lightly stacked—and the *matelote* to make their meal.

The chief trees that rustle over islands, house, and yard are, of course, those silvery poplars that are so monotonously charming in France; far less fine, delicate, and decided than the characteristic trees of Italy, they are less blunt and blurred than the magnificent but clumsy English timber; and their sameness is somewhat broken by the rule of the river's "sweet will." Straight lines are good in their place—how good, the art of the commonplace has resolutely ignored for some three hundred years past—but France has somewhat too much of them, and a river curves among them with a most correcting touch, taking with her not only the long wave of her own water-line but the perspectives of the trees that follow her banks.

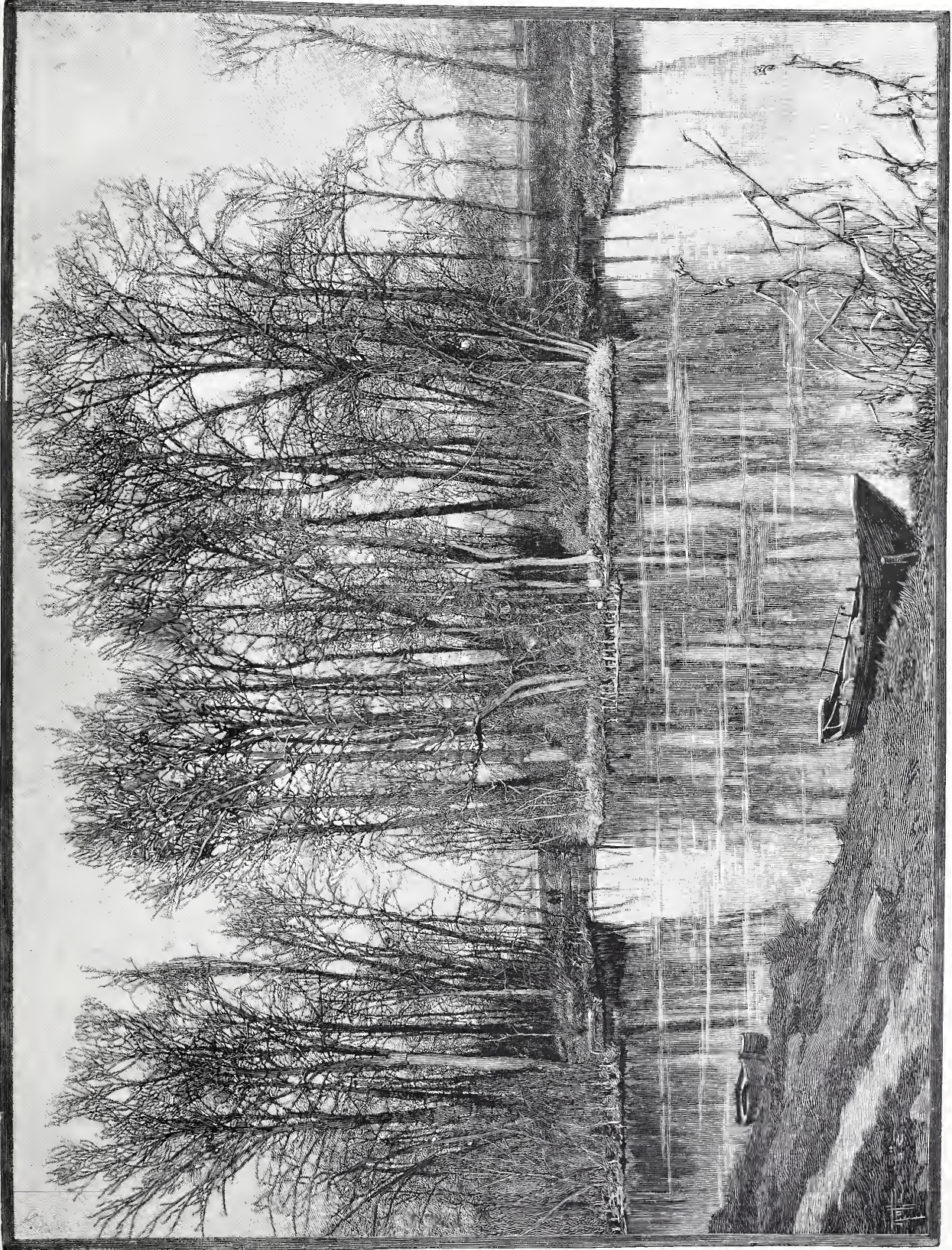
Once free of the islands, the Marne broadens out and occupies more elbow-room in the flat country. Houses are on the right hand; on the left, great fields, poplar-bordered, reach away to the edges of a wood. A road passes through their flatness



The Isles of Noisiel.

and then raises itself gently on the slope towards Champ, a village begirt with trees. The villas of the right bank, with

gardens almost as well heaped with flowers as those of Richmond or Teddington, relieve the green of the pastoral country



The Isles of Noistiel in Winter.

with the red of their tiles or the blue of their slates. And all along this upper section of the Marne, one by one, still, and

lightly reflected in the pearly waters, with the images of their long rods made wavy by the ripple, stand the grave, devoted



An Autumn Morning.

anglers, forming a veritable avenue from the *moulin brûlé* to the bridge at Gournay. The "burnt mill" was once an important feature of the scene, standing grey with a sloping roof and a slow wheel grinding at leisure; its work is now done by new buildings with American wheels of forged iron. All excursionists call there and take away with them Italian "paste" in paper bags. And another local excitement arises from the fact that at Gournay occurs the frontier of two departments—Seine et Oise and Seine et Marne. There is an inscription to say so, and no holiday-maker has ever been known to pass the place without reading it out, whether he is alone or in company, as is attested by the inhabitants of a pretty house standing on the watch in the angle between the Marne and a canal. In the village of Gournay are some of the few bits of antiquity in this cheerful suburb—a mossy church and a grey farm-house set about with some noble chestnut-trees.

Next—we are still descending, and still high upon the holiday Marne—comes the Régnier inn, famous for the *matelote*. A good authority avers that if Brillat-Savarin could revisit the glimpses of the moon, it is to the Maison Régnier that he would betake himself for the perfection of that *ragout* of eel and carp. Those who eat it there are chiefly bourgeois excursionists and their families, for the boating man is fonder of the rival house. There is a swing in the rough yard-garden, and a swing is always dear to the excursionist's daughter and sister; there are pigeons to feed, and all the little distractions of out-of-town hours. Paris out-of-town has no such particular atmosphere to shake off as London has. London, strange

to say, is more local than any other capital; what other city is so full of mannerisms? The mannerism of the London air, of



The Bridge of Gournay.

the London yellow-brick, of the London slate, of the London railing, tree, grass, evergreen, of the London signs and Lon-

don shops, is quite distinct. Box-houses in serried little rows, trees with a sharp contrast between blackened boughs and green leaves, advertisements and public-houses are elsewhere also, and in other great cities the ends of streets involve themselves in similar squalid mists, and beyond them set the lurid suns; but these things are not quite the same as they are in London, where the mark of the habit and trick of the capital is set upon them. It has an influence on the surrounding country, but an influence that distance infallibly diminishes; and only when the Londoner is out of its range can he feel himself free of the suburb. But the environs of Paris are not essentially different from those of any other great city.

The incidents of the landscape are those of Paris and of no other place, but the aspect and habit are not peculiar. The sky is the sky of all central France, when a city lies beneath—clear overhead, and only a little thickened where the layers of atmosphere are seen in perspective towards the horizon. London is "town" as no other place is town. And the Parisian at play has less to shake off and a shorter way to go, than the Londoner. Which of the two plays best? It would much surprise the Parisian to hear the question asked. He, doubtless, has the ready-made phrase of his pleasures more at command, and nowhere does he reel them off with more modern adjectives than in his praises of the Marne.



The Régnier Restaurant at Gournay.

OPEN-AIR PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHING from nature is an art—the word may be permitted—of which the public understands not the condition of success. But there should be an interest in knowing how the photographer composes his living subjects, what trouble the groups give him, and whether a flock of sheep and an old man and a horse are very difficult to arrange; and whether the distracted artist is tempted to envy his brother the painter, who can at least put a sheep into its place on his canvas, and make it stay there. The sheep of the photographer obviously go where they will, and if two or three happen to stroll into the right place, two or three others

are probably sure to stray into the wrong one. These are but the more intelligible difficulties; we might doubtless hear of more technical troubles—lights and shadows that interfere with the desired illumination, and foregrounds that wilfully take on the wrong tone. Mr. Bernard Alfieri's 'Against the Sky on the Old Sea-Wall,' recently exhibited at Cardiff, gained the first award in the "Animals" class. His arrangement is so happy that at the first glance the photograph might be taken for the reproduction of a picture. And it is rather curious to imagine the artist who works with living materials following out the facts of the landscape in



'Against the Sky on the Old Sea-Wall.' From a Photograph by Bernard Alfieri.

the hope that they may fortuitously combine according to Art. Like Art, nature is at her best when she is simple, and she is nowhere more simple than near the sea. Sea-mists blur the English sea-side skies, and make a unity of the cloud and blue; not many trees cumber the ground, and the distances are made plain by the even horizon. Perhaps it is also that the poverty of a sail exposed to the ocean winds, discouraging the agricultural beauty, makes for the pastoral; and pastoral landscape is always simple. The flocks undertake that there shall be nothing luxurious about the group they have trimmed;

their fences too are the plainest of their kind; and the sea-wall, moulded long and low, has lines of unbroken sweep. Nothing could be more pictorial if there were but some sharp and slender shapes to give delicacy and fineness to the English down-country. As it is, everything is round—pebbles, sheep, and hills. So much is Mr. Bernard Alfieri's work like a picture, that we have more than once been on the point of praising the drawing of his horse, and the way in which the disappearing sheep are made to express the dipping away of the sea-wall's edge.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

PRESIDENT, MR. E. L. MONTEFIORE, J.P.

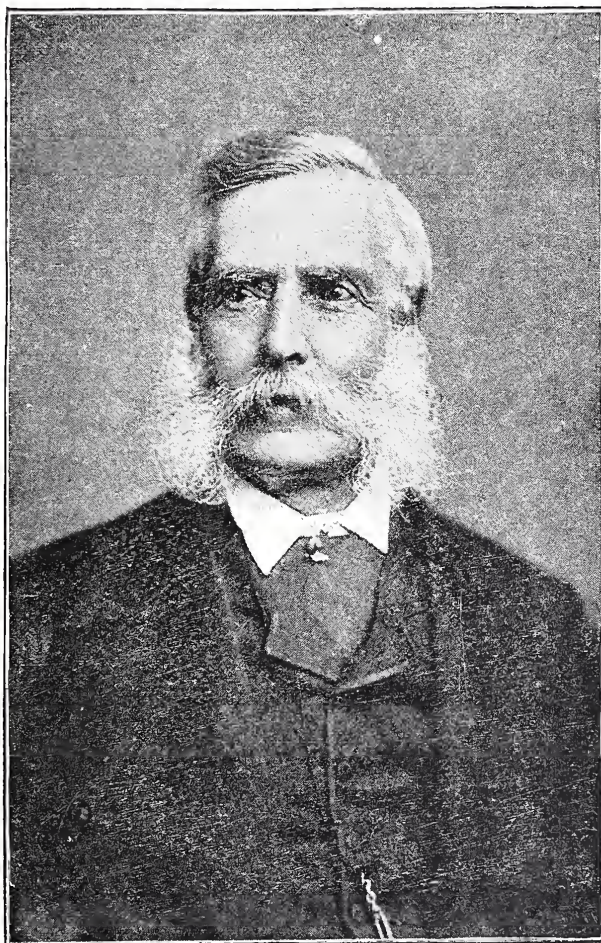
AT the private view of the last Exhibition of the Royal Academy the main topic of conversation was for once commercial rather than artistic. A report was prevalent that certain gentlemen had come from over the water—from Australia, it was said—and were buying up all the more important pictures. This, like every rumour, was an exaggeration, yet there was a good deal of truth in it; for, undoubtedly, a good many golden sovereigns did during 1891 pass from the pockets of certain wealthy colonists into those of some of our artists of the first rank. Nor was this all the assistance which the community received from that source in what was practically a year of need. The Australian National Galleries were prominent buyers as well, Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Bendigo, each carrying off prominent pictures to enrich their collections.

Now the initiative of this most satisfactory invasion was a very small one, and might almost be said to be due to a single chance circumstance. It dates back within a very few days to twenty years prior to the private view we have just spoken of, when a few gentlemen met in conclave at the School of Arts, Sydney, New South Wales, to see what they could do to promote the cause of Art in that colony. The invitation which had been sent out was so poorly responded to that the meeting came very near to being adjourned *sine die*. But a Mr. E. L. Montefiore, who was present, and who had recently arrived from Melbourne, where he had seen just the same apathy at first in the foundation of the Victorian Academy of Fine Arts, urged the meeting to proceed, stirred up a spirit of emulation by stating that small beginnings had not been despised in the sister colony, and obtained the formation of a committee, from whose endeavours something more satisfactory might result.

1892.

The counsel thus given turned out to be a wise one, for within a year a society was formed, which, in spite of its having no local habitation, was busy in holding exhibitions, Art unions, and meetings for Art discussion. Its comparative success at the outset was due to the indefatigable exertions of the gentleman just named, and of the secretary, Mr. E. Du Faur. Within three years a Government grant of £500 was obtained, through the instrumentality of Mr. Edward Coombes, and with that sum the committee laid the foundation of the

National Gallery which Sydney now possesses. A building suited to their wants belonging to the Royal Society coming into the market, Messrs. Montefiore and Du Faur became personally responsible for the rent, and the acquisition of a permanent home added fresh impetus to the movement. The next year the Government grant was raised to £1,000 *nem. con.*, and by an order in council the following gentlemen were appointed trustees for administering the votes of Parliament given towards the foundation of a gallery of Art: The Hon. Sir A. Stephen (President), E. L. Montefiore, E. Du Faur, J. R. Fairfax, and J. H. Thomas. Several of these are still included amongst the Trustees. In 1889 Sir Alfred Stephen resigned, and Mr. Montefiore became President, and the list of Trustees now includes Mr. Edward Coombes, Sir Patrick Jennings, Josiah Mullen,



Mr. E. L. Montefiore.

the Hon. W. J. Tuckett, B. R. Wise, and N. S. Ashton, the artist.

The grants of the Government have increased almost yearly. In 1879 £5,000 was voted to purchase pictures at the International Exhibition held in Sydney, and at its close the Government showed its confidence in the undertaking by handing over the building in which the Art exhibits had been placed. But this having only been erected as a temporary

structure was insecure, both from the materials of which it was made, and its climatic unsuitability, and a few years later the Trustees persuaded the Government to build them a more stable home for the treasures which were then coming rapidly to hand. Wisely enough they were content with a structure whose exterior has nothing whatever imposing about it, and which awaits, as it can afford to do, a time when money and a talented local architect shall come to hand to make the exterior as imposing as the contents. It is seldom that such a wise course as this is to be chronicled; more usually all the money goes to the shell, and there is no kernel.

This is not the case here. Aided by a committee in London, which is now composed of the Earl of Carlisle, a distinguished amateur artist, Mr. Nicholas Chevalier, the well-known artist, and Mr. T. L. Devitt, a collector and connoisseur, the selection by them and their predecessors could hardly have been bettered. It has taken from these shores several pictures (notably De Neuville's 'Rorke's Drift') which should have been in our National Gallery here, and has formed a collection which, so far as British Art is concerned, is becoming a thoroughly representative one. We have only to name amongst the pictures Sir F. Leighton's celebrated 'Wedded,' Sir J. E. Millais' 'Captive,' A. C. Gow's 'Jacobite Proclamation,' and 'Relief of Leyden,' Fildes' 'Widower,' Vicat Coles' 'Arundel,' Brett's 'Lion, Lizard, and Stags,' Seymour Lucas' 'Armada in Sight,' and 'Gordon Riots,' to show that the purchases have been made not only from the pictorial, but the historical and the popular point of view. Not being restricted to purchasing from the walls of the Academy, they have been able to acquire a collection which can certainly more than hold its own against our Chantrey collection. Gaps and deficiencies there undoubtedly are. We miss the names of many of our portraitists, such as Holl, Oulless, or Herkomer, and that is a branch in which the greatest benefit would arise to students from a few notable examples. The foreign department, too, seems rather selected for quantity than quality; but this cannot be said of the British water colours, which are gradually growing into a very fine collection.

The National Gallery now contains more than 200 pictures and some 150 water colours, which have been acquired at a cost of over £60,000, of which sum at least two-thirds has been expended with artists in the mother country.

It is satisfactory to know that the gallery is doing good work, both as an Art educator and as a popular institution. The colony is slowly, but surely, establishing a native school of artists, which could never have attained to the proficiency it has without the aid and example which it possesses in the National Gallery. The visits of the public do not compare unfavourably with those of our institutions at home. They have averaged during the last ten years considerably over 200,000, or about one-half as many as visit the National Gallery, which is situated in the midst of a city numbering the whole population of the colony.

We have lately been placing in our pages portraits of the chiefs of our great Art collections. We have much pleasure in including amongst them a representation of Mr. E. L. Montefiore, the President of the Trustees of the Sydney National Gallery. From its feeble inception to its present position as one of the foremost public galleries in the world, Mr. Montefiore has nurtured, watched, and tended it. It is a child of which he may well be proud, for it has well repaid his unceasing labours of love. If Colonial Art owes much to him, which it most certainly does, for both its Art Society and its Photographic Society are equally the offspring of his efforts, British Art is equally indebted; for, as we have seen, not only does the Sydney Gallery spend a large sum annually in our midst, but it has by its example encouraged the magnates of Australia to do the same. So far as we are aware no recognition, public or otherwise, has as yet been taken in England of all this labour which has so materially benefited us. Jubilee honours, which fell to artists over here, did not pass over the seas. When Knighthood follows Presidential election even to some of our subsidiary societies, as a matter of course it is not too much to hope that it may be extended to one who has as thoroughly earned the honour as any of our Art chiefs over here.

LOVE'S WANTONNESS.

LOVE set a seed in his garden ground,
When the eastern sky grew red,
And a tiny floweret peered around,
Then raised its delicate head.

But love came by at the close of day,
With a look half smile half frown,
And he turned aside in his mocking way,
And cut the fair flower down.

H. F. WILSON.



Love's Wantonness. From a drawing by L. Speed.

THE FURNISHING AND DECORATION OF THE HOUSE.*

III.—THE FIRE-PLACE.

THE subject of fires and grates, and the attendant question of smoke abatement, acquires every winter a renewed interest, more especially for dwellers in London and other fog-ridden towns. In many ages, and in many lands, the hearth, by common convention, has been regarded as equivalent to the home itself. Among ourselves, indeed, this is no mere figure of speech. In a climate like ours, with protracted spells of cold weather and long hours of winter nights, the fire-place is necessarily the central object, around which we gather and to which we turn instinctively in every room. It ought, therefore, to be made as attractive as possible, and to be the feature on which most care and thought are bestowed, and the utmost

amount of decorative ingenuity lavished. That our fathers, wise in their generation, recognised and acted upon this principle, we may see in almost any mediæval apartment, in which it is common to find the chief glory in the interior fittings to consist in the carved chimney-piece. Yet how far is this from being the case in the average house of the nineteenth century! We all know the stock mantelpiece—what a mean, not to say repulsive, sight it is, the poverty of its constructive design only made more conspicuous by the superabundance of its vain and inappropriate details. The ornament, utterly inorganic, cannot but fail to adorn. There is the inevitable parody of an acanthus-leaf inverted to support the mantelshelf on either side; the mouldings, when there are any, and the plinths are mis-shapen and ill-proportioned. In humbler rooms, all this will be made of wood, but the reception room, in the builder's estimation, is incomplete without some such structure, on a larger and heavier scale, in polished marble. This latter, it will be observed, is invariably described as "handsome," not because of any merit, real or

supposed, in the design, but on account of the value of the material and the extra labour of cutting and polishing the hard substance. And then there is the grate, with its framework, black and funereal in cast iron, or encrusted with polished steel and ormolu excrescences, in the shape of curls and twists, or bouquets and garlands, all stuck on at haphazard, with no sort of relation to one another or to the whole. No cure exists for such things if they are allowed to remain. There are some people who, acutely sensible of the unsightliness of their mantels, think to decorate them by covering them with a flounce border or curtains, of embroidery, lace, or other textile. But such a plan is much to be de-

precated. It is at best a sorry makeshift. Moreover, it is really unsafe to place inflammable stuffs in proximity to the fire, where a sudden draught might set them alight. But, apart from the danger involved, laces, velvets, etc., in such a position must quickly become begrimed and shabby with the dust and smoke, so that the remedy turns out worse than the original evil. When a fire-place is ugly past redemption, the only satisfactory thing to do with it is to get rid of it boldly, and to replace it by a better



Fig. 1.—Overmantel of Ebonised Wood. Executed for Aymer Vallance.

one. If, however, on the ground of the expense attending such a change, or because we are only temporary occupiers and do not think it worth while; then let the fire-place be left untouched just as it is. Any attempt at concealment is a pitiful admission that a deformity lurks underneath. Even if, instead of draping, we paint the hard cold marble with some pleasing colour to match the structural wood-work of the room, the intractable form still remains, which nothing will ever decorate. It is best to face the plain truth at the outset, that we may be spared disappointment in the end, if we should find, as we surely must, that in spite of every endeavour, and any amount of expense we may

* Continued from page 49.

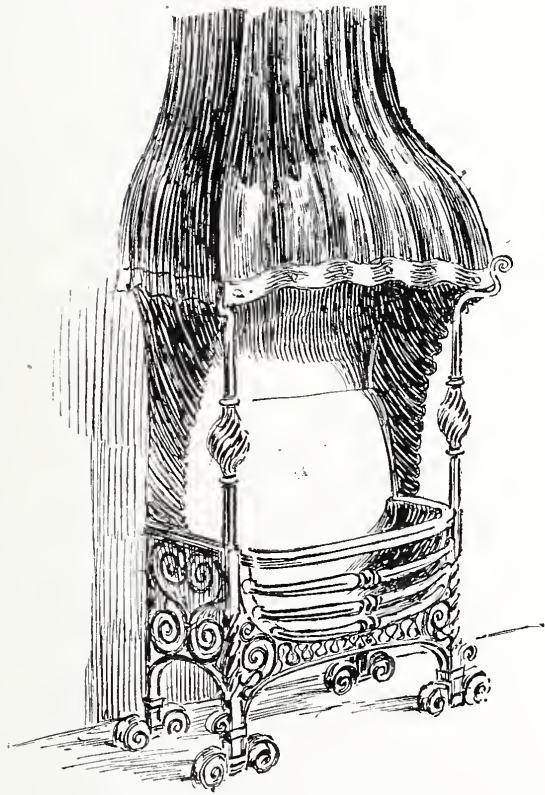


Fig. 2.—Metal Grate and Hood. By Faulkner Armitage. At The Fine Art Society's.

have incurred in experiments to beautify it, there remains the eyesore still. I should always prefer stone, or even bare red bricks, to marble. Less permanent than stone, but often quite as artistic, are wooden mantels, a variety of which, with or without overmantels, can now be obtained at different manufacturers'. Those that are plainest in construction and most severely sparing in the way of detail are generally the best, a quantity of ornament being no sort of criterion of the quality of any design. The mantel here shown (Fig. 5) is effective, and is at the same time a good example of simplicity of form. The overmantel made to my order, illustrates the possibilities of decoration founded upon the most elementary plan, being entirely composed, as it is, of vertical and horizontal lines. It is best, however, that the overmantel should not be a separate arrangement of shelves, but rather a structural and integral part of the chimney-piece, treated, both in respect of its colour and general style, in the same manner as the rest of the permanent wood fittings.

Cast-iron mantels and overmantels, for painting, have been introduced now for some years, but they are very seldom satisfactory. Indeed, it is difficult in the nature of things to see how they can be so. Cast as they are from a limited number of models, and supplied by the gross, they have a forlorn and mechanical aspect, as though they had been made up irrespective of any æsthetic purpose whatever, or of any idea of their being ultimately required to suit any special place. The very fact of being vaguely intended to do for any room in general, renders them unsuited for almost every room in particular. There are indeed a few cast-iron mantels to be had which are comparatively inoffensive, consisting of

hardly more than a plain moulded frame. But these are the exceptions. They are not showy enough to be popular, like the ordinary ones, which perpetuate for the most part the defects of the wooden and marble mantels of what I may call the Victorian era. In the case of these common goods for a given price a certain quantity of detail is meted out in return, the designer apparently having been neither paid, nor expected, nor allowed, to think. But where a work is not the product of the intelligence, it cannot possibly be a work of Art.

A few years since a well-known firm of decorators exhibited in London a large mantel and grate with fittings complete, carried out down to the minutest particulars with the details of ancient Egyptian ornament. There were columns, entablatures, and the rest, for all the world like fragments of the Temple of Luxor or Karnac, brought up to date and compelled to subserve the requirements of our modern life. The very shovel was shaped like a lotus. Such a thing, however, could only be taken in the light of a *jeu d'esprit*, not as a serious, thoughtful piece of work. The whole was, as might have been expected, painfully incongruous. The radical defect of every such object is that it is neither one thing nor the other. It has forfeited its English character without having acquired another in its place. Provided the purpose of any domestic structure is altogether European, if not exclusively British, we ought not to seek to denaturalise it. Common-sense requires that whatever is intended to form part of an English home, must preserve its English identity both in conception and plan, and we should therefore be satisfied with detail decoration which, if not strictly national in every case, is at any rate not too far removed to harmonize with our ways and surroundings. It is a contradiction in terms, and can only produce a hybrid result, to fashion in Oriental style what is

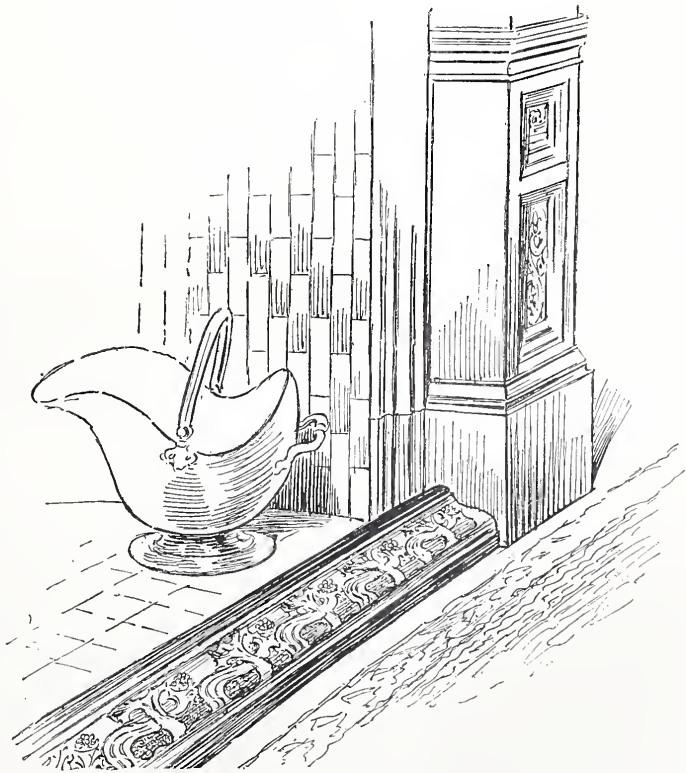


Fig. 3.—Ornamental Curb. By Faulkner Armitage. At The Fine Art Society's.

fundamentally a Western object, destined solely for Western use. Be the details of Egypt, India, Arabia, or Japan, never so accurately reproduced, they are essentially foreign, and do not admit of combination with or adaptation to our own constructive forms without serious loss to both. With small and portable articles the case is different. But as a rule whatever furniture is of monumental nature, constituting, like a chimney-piece, for example, so integral a portion of the house that it would hardly be more likely to be imported than the house itself, should follow, both in construction and in detail, the traditions and usages of the place in which it is erected. The wide hearth and high chimney of our forefathers is as picturesque as anything that could be desired, and, with a blazing pile of logs in the midst, there is no more cheerful sight. But

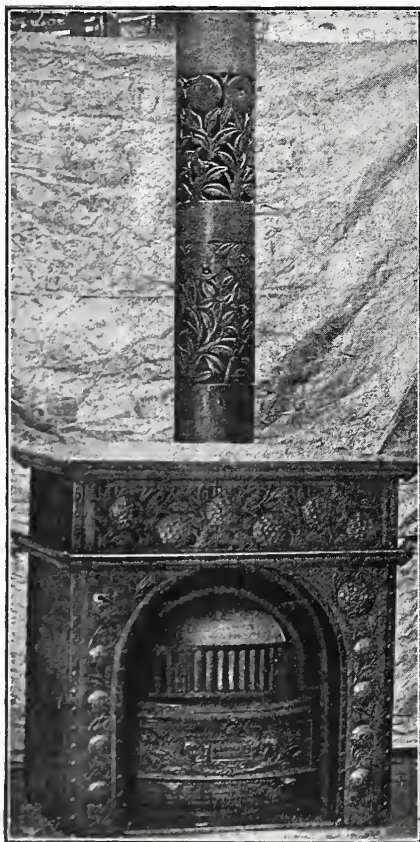


Fig. 4.—Pierced and Repoussé Copper Casing for Arnott Grate. Executed by the Guild of Handicraft for T. C. Horsfall, Esq.

since an open fire-place is liable to smoke, it is generally advisable to supplement the structural chimney with a metal curtain or hood over the fire, like the one by Mr. Armitage (Fig. 2), which is handsome in design, and, being of burnished copper, gives a warm and ruddy reflection that is most grateful to one's colour-sense. Wrought-iron or brass hoods can also be had which are very effective. Other expedients are used, which, however, though they may be in some cases utilitarian, sacrifice much of the æsthetic aspect of the fire-place. One is to fix a strip of plate-glass, as a "blower," along the top of the opening. Another plan is to box up the sides of the chimney with tiles closely surrounding the grate, so that no air space is left except in the front of the fire. Messrs. George Wright & Co. have a novel arrangement for this purpose, on what they name the Eastlake pattern, which consists of ogee-

shaped sides, and canopy of narrow tiles. These "finger-slips," as they are called, look well arranged either in parallel rows overlapping one another, like bricks, or in herringbone pattern.

The decorative capabilities of the iron movable fire-basket, to say nothing of the dogs or andirons, are almost boundless. Messrs. Longden & Co., among others, make some excellent grates of this type, some being reproductions or adaptations of old work. We illustrate a fire-dog (Fig. 6), with a handsome disc of enamel work on copper, interesting as an example of an old English industry fallen into disuse since the Caroline period, until its recent revival by Mr. Longden. There is also great scope for decoration in cast-iron fire-backs, the historical study of which alone would repay with interest anyone who cared to undertake it. The ingenuity of the old founders was exercised in the production of all sorts of subjects, among which Elijah being carried up to heaven in a chariot of fire was a favourite and appropriate device, as well as representations of the fabulous Phœnix and Salamander. There were other subjects besides, which had no connection with fire. Coats-of-arms also are often found upon old fire-backs. However, the present tendency is not only to reduce the size of the chimney opening, but also to abolish the use of dog-grates altogether, and, much as their loss is to be regretted for artistic reasons, it must be owned that where wood logs are never burned, andirons are the merest affectation. The principle of what is popularly known as the Parson's grate, developed by Messrs. Barnard, Bishop, and Barnard's, is being extensively adopted, with various modifications, by the leading firms. Rapid combustion, implying as it does incomplete and consequently wasteful consumption of fuel, is caused by the current of air entering the fire from beneath. To economise fuel by securing slow and perfect combustion, the air must be allowed to pass into the fire from the front only. This is effected by reducing the thickness of the bars so as to form as slight an obstruction as possible, and by closing the opening below the fire. Sometimes the entire under-space is blocked up with solid fire-brick. Otherwise the grated bottom and ash-pit under the fire are left, but the grate is fitted with a metal tray, the front of which is made to extend from the bottom of the fire to the ground. It is not a fixture, but can be drawn out when it is required to empty the dead ash. By this plan the utmost amount of heat is produced, and at the same time cold draughts on the floor are avoided. The grate, though it may in its width present an ample surface of glowing fire towards the room, is but a narrow trough when measured from front to back. A baffle or deflector of fire-brick is sometimes fixed at the back, partly overhanging the fire, in order to prevent the heat from escaping up the chimney and to diffuse it about the room instead. The fire-place may be provided with a sliding shutter of sheet metal to let down in grooves on either side, forming a register and blower by means of which the dullest fire may be drawn up in a few minutes.

Messrs. Harry Hunt & Co. dispense, as far as possible, with metal, leaving no more than vertical bars for the grate, a grating beneath the fire and a narrow setting to serve as a framework for tiles, etc. This minimising of the dark metal in the fire-place is an advantage, as it is more economical and makes room for the utmost amount of colour in bricks or tiles. It may be mentioned that the most artistic tiles are those of Mr. William de Morgan, the ablest potter of the day. One of his specialities is an adaptation of old Persian work, in which,

however, though the drawing is admirable, the blues and purples are sometimes too strong and inharmonious. But he excels in red lustre, a revival of the old Hispano-Moresque and Italian ware. All his work is hand-painted, which insures its having artistic character. Messrs. Maw & Co. have produced some good tiles in the same style. For the sides of a fire-place, some makers supply, at exorbitant prices, sets of tiles painted with landscapes or figure subjects as pictorially treated as the stubborn nature of the material will permit. It need hardly be said that such productions are worthless for purposes of decoration. The average printed tile is an abomination both in design and execution, as are also all such mechanical contrivances as mottled and imitation mosaic tiles. In default of de Morgan ware or that of his school, it is best to keep to plain self-coloured tiles for the sides of the chimney as well as for the hearth. Repoussé brass is occasionally used for the sides of a fire-place, the effect with the light of the fire upon it being very bright and glowing.

On the general inconvenience arising from fogs and on the harm to life and property it is unnecessary to dilate here. We are one and all agreed that the evil is intolerable, but we do not see our way to a remedy.

The Arnott grate, which admits of a more open fire than most stoves, claims to be economical owing to the small quantity of fuel it consumes, and to be smokeless half an hour after being lighted. But its staunchest advocates cannot deny that it is hideously ugly. A bold attempt has recently been made by Mr. Ashbee, Director of the Guild of Handicraft, to deal becomingly with a grate of this kind by covering both it and the flue belonging to it with a casing of pierced and beaten copper (Fig. 4). In houses of ordinary construction no doubt much of the hot air from the fire passes up the chimney and is lost, owing to the thickness of the brick-work preventing it from being felt inside the room. It has, therefore, been suggested that in order to obtain the fullest

volume of heat, the chimney should be open from the floor to the top of the room, and that the front of the chimney should be fitted with an ornamental grille, the metal flue-pipe attached to the back of the grate being carried up through the chimney space behind the grille. Thus the air of the room meeting with no obstruction would be warmed by contact with the flue all the way up to the ceiling, and a great saving of heat would be effected. Whether any such plan would answer for general use remains to be seen.

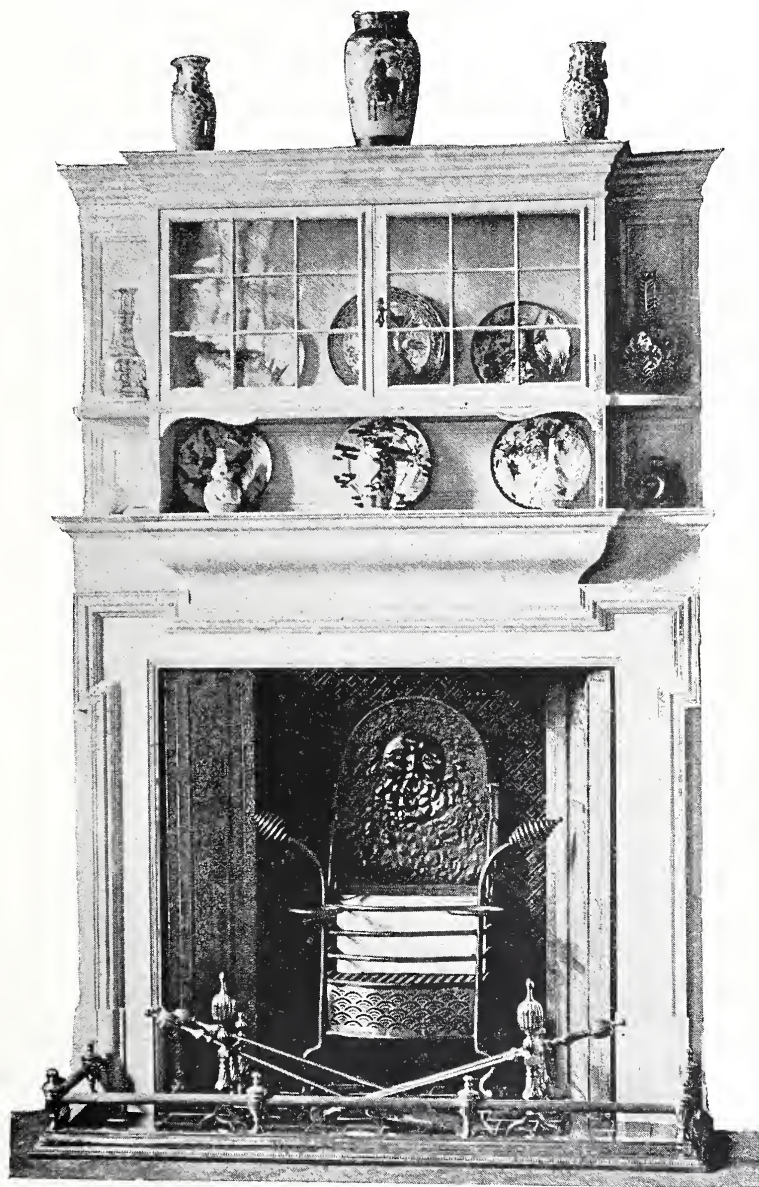


Fig. 5.—Mantelpiece with Fittings. By Messrs. C. Hindley and Sons.

Fire-irons, it seems to me, should always be made of iron, as their name implies. Sets in brass are fit for show rather than for actual service; a fact, indeed, which is so frankly accepted by the trade that, with the more elaborate sets, a small poker, or, in the language of the advertising ironmonger, a "pokerette," is generally supplied for practical use. But why are we consumers so foolish as to go on paying money for grand pokers that would only spoil if they were made to do their proper work? Another absurdity is the excessive pattern-piercing of the shovel. This is done for the sake of ornament, but the result is that, for the purposes of a shovel, it is incapacitated in proportion to the extent of its perforation. Fire-irons are now to be had of good design in wrought iron (Fig. 8). Those which are made with two metals, of iron with brass or copper ornamental handles, for instance, are too much like patchwork to be quite satisfactory, and seem

to convey a sort of impression that, with a little wear and tear, they might easily come in halves at the junction of the several metals.

The object which does admit of almost any amount of pierced open-work is the fender. There is no more charming type of fender than that old-fashioned sort, of brass, which was banished to the lumber-room and the attics in favour of the polished steel and ormolu horrors of the present reign. There is another kind of fender which consists of vertical bars of metal with a cushion of velvet or other stuff fixed all round

the top, so as to form a seat about eighteen or twenty-four inches from the ground. But it looks rather clumsy, and, like



Fig. 6.—Enamelled Andiron. By Messrs. Longden & Co.

the ingle nook, comfortable enough for those who may be close to the fire, it shuts off the warmth to a considerable degree from persons in other parts of the room. However, if the cushion be not too large, it makes a very snug arrangement for a boudoir or private study. For appearance a plain moulded curb is preferable to an ugly fender. A cast-metal curb, which can be removed for cleaning the hearth, is more convenient than a fixed one of marble or otherwise. Curbs of wood, stone, marble, or of chased and engraved metal, as

in the illustration (Fig. 3), which is a beautiful design misplaced, soon get damaged and worn, being just at that level which offers a most irresistibly tempting resting-place for the feet of persons sitting or standing by the fire. Practically, then, if we choose a curb, we are precluded from having any ornament upon it. But there is, beside the æsthetic, another reason against curbs. They are not high enough to afford that protection which is necessary for a fire. A metal fender, therefore, is best, either of brass, copper, or iron. The latter, on account of its dark colour, is the least attractive, though well-designed fenders are now made in bent-iron work. The fender should be of moderate height, sufficient to form a guard, say, about nine or ten inches from the ground. At the same time it should be pierced so as to admit the heat of the fire to the lower part of the room. Repoussé work adds greatly to the effect, but care is needed to avoid curtailing the open-work for the sake of the embossed ornament. I have seen fenders which were extremely handsome to look at, with great bosses of beaten metal, but which, alas! as fenders were complete failures, for the simple reason that they formed solid screens that enclosed the fire, and left the floor at least in the cold. The fender here shown (Fig. 7), by Messrs. Longden & Co., strikes the happy medium which is desired.

In coal-scuttles, where one would have supposed that there was but little scope for extravagance, manufacturers have been guilty of absurd vagaries. All sorts of monster shapes have been introduced, and patent, complicated doors and traps, which only get in the way and hinder you when you want to put more coal on the fire. The box with a lid that bangs, whether of wood or metal, as well as the scoop that sticks in its groove and parts from the handle when you come to use it, is a nuisance. There is nothing better or handier than the old-fashioned helmet-shaped scuttle in copper or brass (Fig. 3). It has at the top a handle that can be grasped with ease, and another at the back, and a projecting lip in front, so that there is nothing to be done but merely to lift it up and shoot the coals out of it on to the fire when required.

A not unimportant consideration is how to treat the fire-place in summer. There are persons who would recommend a fire all the year round. With opened windows and plenty of air it is true that a small fire might possibly not be found

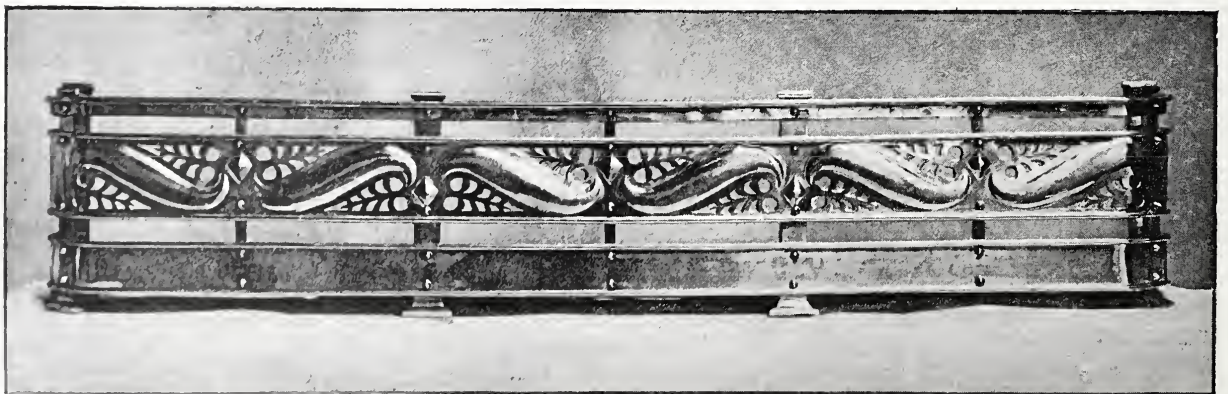


Fig. 7.—Brass Fender. By Messrs. Longden & Co.

too oppressive. But the expense it would entail for fuel, the extra dust and dirt it would bring, to say nothing of the un-

fairness of such want of consideration for servants, having to perform the unnecessary work of laying the fire and cleaning

the grate in the hot weather, make it altogether impracticable. Yet the black cavern left by the fire is not an agreeable feature in any room. The fire-brick back and sides might be enlivened perhaps by reddening with red ochre. Where there is a movable dog-grate, its place can readily be occupied by something more ornamental, say a large jar

of branching greenery or flowers. These should by preference be cut, for growing plants do not flourish when removed from the light, or when set in a draught, such as there must necessarily be in a fire-place with the flue opening into the outer air. A cascade of shavings or coloured paper in the grate are not much more objectionable than a Japanese

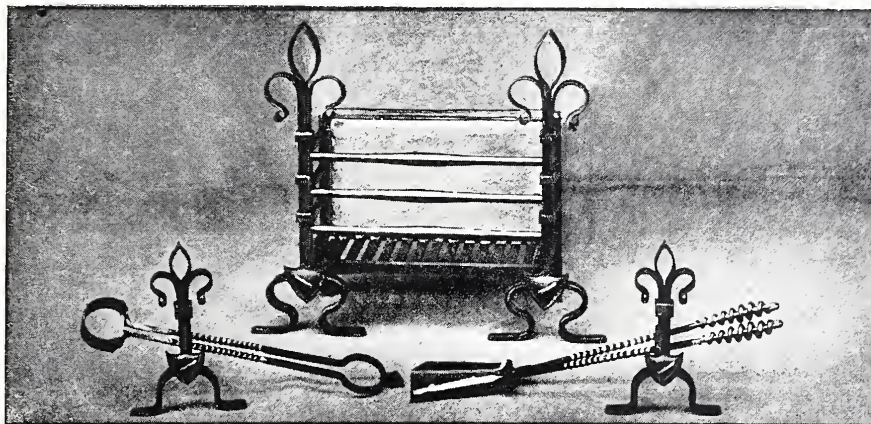


Fig. 8.—Wrought-iron Fire-basket and Fire-irons.

umbrella. Worst of all, however, because their claim to artistic merit is more arrogant, are the trumpery screens of cardboard, printed in colours, the delight of the cheap furnisher and stationer. Perhaps the best ornament would be a shutter, of brass or copper repoussé, made to fit the shape

of the chimney opening. The metal would not be out of place in such a position; and would convey less than anything else that impression of temporariness and expedience which always damns a mere makeshift.

AYMER VALLANCE.

THE NORTH COAST AND ELEANOR.

I.

“SHOCKING Tragedy at Whitby: Death of an Artist and Actress!” The words were printed in big capitals on the posters of the Whitby newspapers—they could be read across the street by every passer-by—scarcely a month after the same newspapers had contained, in a column of “Local Intelligence”: “To the list of visitors of note now sojourning amongst us there have been added, during the present week, the Very Rev. the Dean of Durham; Mr. George Norton, A.R.A., the well-known portrait painter; and Miss Eleanor Lang, the rising actress.” And the passer-by, the idle or the curious, who, attracted by the sturdy capitals—“SHOCKING TRAGEDY—ARTIST AND ACTRESS”—went into the news-shop and proffered the penny for the Whitby print, read, when he opened the paper, a long paragraph, in which an intelligent reporter had set down, with conscientious diffuseness, the little he had discovered. It does not matter much what was the paragraph; instead of the paragraph, there will be written here—what the intelligent reporter did not know.

George Norton, “the well-known portrait painter,” and Eleanor Lang, “the rising actress,” were friends who might have been lovers. But he had been married eight years since, and was still married; and she was good, and her life modest, and her name beyond reproach. “Lovers”—impossible, then!

Yet there would have been something to plead in extenuation. Mrs. Norton had been for seven years one of the most deceptive, because at her best moments one of the most fascinating, inmates of the house in which Dr. Parker Brown prolonged the days of the dipsomaniac. For seven years, although a certain beauty remained to her, impressing the stranger, she had given to her husband not a shred of the comfort, not a fragment of the pleasure, she had promised in her youth; so that the broken vows—if broken they came to be—could never be his only. His life—his life of the spirit—had been lived alone.

George Norton and Eleanor Lang—friends the first hour they saw each other—had arrived at Whitby on the same day; for he had informed himself, at the end of the season in London, of where her holiday was to be spent. And he stayed at the inn in Flower-Gate—facing the moors, with its back to the sea—while she was in lodgings with her mother, who believed in her completely, and certainly with justice, and so without cavil acquiesced in an uncustomary freedom in coming and going—a freedom which, if it had not come of trust, might yet, indeed, have come of the circumstances of Miss Lang’s profession. For, sooner or later, the upper hand belongs in many things to the winner of bread; it belongs, even when they do not claim it, to the helpful and strong. Eleanor Lang had supported the household for the last three or four years—humbly at first, very humbly; then better; now quite well.

Actress—and fortunate actress, too—instead of governess or High-School teacher or distinguished shopgirl at Jay's. A clergyman's daughter, she had always aimed to be helpful: she had learnt to be strong.

Norton and Eleanor Lang, with their friendship facilitated by a certain mental kinship—a *camaraderie* of the intelligence and some likeness of temperament—were much together at Whitby. They talked for hours of her art and of his; talked of the theatre, its emotions and technicalities; talked of some painter's canvas, its colours and lines: Whistler and Henner and Carolus Duran—Bonnat, Gervex, Degas. How soon, it seemed, they would have bored other people! Then they had come down suddenly from sense to nonsense, and with nonsense too they were happy.

They rowed up the river together; took the boat over the weir at Ruswarp; rowed again along the sunny water, under the woods, to Sleights. One day they were on Danby Moor, and there was a morning at Aislaby. In a fit of Bohemianism, confessedly mild, they stayed one afternoon to have their tea—quite like the trippers, the stray excursionists from Leeds and Newcastle—at the cottage by the mill. They enjoyed the golden weather—on the coast, on the cliff. Bound so much to the city, to studio and to stage, they revelled in the sunshine, in the wind, with the forces of Nature; and they got to find, whether they meant it or no, that they were revelling in each other.

That was possible to Eleanor—all that freedom, all that association. Her ways were unconstrained, and she was at once both simple and audacious, though she belonged to a profession which much oftener makes women either wholly reckless or slavishly Philistine, afraid of nothing under Heaven, or afraid of the parish curate.

Soon, however, the happy days must be over and done with. Norton was going away to his work again—to a dozen commissions from Lady This and That and the rich Mr. So-and-So; to commissions from the women whose beauty his art was to make fashionable, and from the Cræsus of colonists his pictures were to distinguish. Back he was going, to a life which, whatever Society thought of his success, was solitary without quietude and active without satisfaction. Again must his painting display some cheeky gaiety that had nothing of his heart in it—some sham enthusiasm for the artificial, which should please the Town, grown tired of Nature.

And she? She was starting on a four months' provincial tour—to take her beauty, and her spirit, and her fairly accomplished craft to a round of country theatres from Bath to Edinburgh. She enjoyed so many things: her career, her friendships, admiration: all her daily doings. The excitement of her art might hide from her, in that which was still her youth, the need some day, to her full being, of another excitement—love! Did it? That was the question.

II.

One evening, when their stay at Whitby was close upon its end—and he thought deeply, and it may be moodily, of their now speedy separation—Norton and Eleanor walked out together on to Whitby Scour. Whitby Scour is an extended tract of gaunt flat rock that lies under the steepest cliffs of all that coast, and is approached, at low tide only, from the further pier beyond the remotest houses. It was low tide now, and two or three hours from dusk, and Norton and Eleanor passed easily from the pier steps to the flat rock-beach, and walked, slowly picking their way, along the slight

hollows of the rock, filled still with the morning's water; and so on and on, with the precipitous cliff close on their right, and on their left the distant line of encroaching or receding sea. The great cliff, flaky and fossiliferous—the joy of the geologist—rose slaty-black four hundred feet to the upper greensward, crowned by the abbey ruins. At a lesser height, but left a long way now behind them, was the quaint old parish church, amidst its company of upright gravestones, crowding to the cliff's edge. Half of the stones there marked no actual grave: stood but in memory of shipwrecked sailors, lost some of them in southern, and some of them in western seas.

Norton thought of this and of a picture he had seen at the Academy, of that churchyard in its mystery of dusk. "*Unto this—last,*" he said to his companion, passing under the place below the cliff. "All of us, Eleanor, in one sense or another, if not to Whitby churchyard. *Unto this—last.* The gift of Death!"

She said, What was it had dejected him so awfully?—the day, the solitary place?

"No; it is the going away from you. But I shall get the better of it. I shall be cheerful enough this evening with your mother, you will find."

Well, that was right, she answered. And wasn't it better to be cheerful now?

They were made to be together, and when they were together—as long as they forgot that they must separate—they were quite happy. To-day Norton could not forget that they must separate. Must they separate? he asked himself. He had never asked her that. And it was better to be silent at that moment—silent, though she was beside him—than to disturb a mind still generally untroubled, young and fresh with her two-and-twenty years. Leave her alone with her warm and honest heart; leave her alone with her brown and healthy beauty! No use to perplex her soul with murky problems!

He had tried solutions for himself—was trying them even now—but they had failed always, and would fail again. The world was too strong for them; for these two only; for Eleanor and him. They could never live together. No; they must separate. Hardly even could they hope that that one time which they had found delightful could recur. Scarcely again, on greyest days, would she give warmth and colour to the northern landscape, and be the best of foreground figures, over whose arm, beside whose head, to see the long lines of its moors and skies. He must take some thought for her good name.

"This is a weird place," he said to her, after a while. "It is that, perhaps, that makes me gloomy to-night." He said "to-night," for it was now beginning to be evening. "Don't look out there," he added. "Perhaps we will turn back. It is too barren and pitiless a landscape—that great waste out there that you were looking at—

'Where the dishevelled sea-weed *hates* the sea.'

The sea is far enough away, however. Yet I would rather think of what we have left behind us—behind the pier and the port—those massed red roofs of Whitby."

"The dear place we have been so happy in!" she said, with enthusiasm, her face brightening gratefully. "We shall look back, sha'n't we? And we shall look forward."

"Those massed red roofs, you know," he was continuing; "those massed roofs, flushing sometimes to rose colour, fading to purplish greys; they will be greyer still with the

coming night." He stopped a minute. "But people have been drowned hereabouts, you know, Eleanor. When the sea once rises here it is up much higher further back. And that place is impassable. How would it be, I wonder, if two lovers—two quite *hopeless* lovers—found themselves here, and the sea gone up to their surprise? What would

they feel like? Would they try to get away? Would they struggle, Eleanor? How would they spend the last of their little time?"

Her eyes dilated; her lips opened with wonder or with horror. An actress's immediate realisation—was it?—of emotions not her own. But she answered quietly, after a



"Would they struggle, Eleanor? How would they spend the last of their little time?"

thoughtful pause: "It would be a wonderful time, anyhow. Perhaps they might pack a good deal of happiness into their ten minutes." Then, in a low voice, with an intensity hardly betrayed before, "Oh, I think they would be *awfully* happy!"

A silence, and then Norton:

"What would they do? Would they lie down together?

Would they stand up to be drowned? No, no! The sea would carry them off their feet pretty quickly, when once it came; and when once it reaches these rocks, even if it has been quiet before, it's quiet no longer. It beats itself back from them: it sways and shatters itself. But if it were only in the daylight, they might be seen from the water or heard upon the land. At the cottage, high over our heads here,

some way farther than the Abbey—on the very edge of the cliff, you know—there is an apparatus, a ladder of rope. ‘Rope ladders kept here!’ You remember the notice as we passed on the cliff yesterday. Then, perhaps, the instinct of life might be strong.”

“But if the dark had fallen?” urged she.

“Then the instinct, even if it showed itself, would be useless.”

“The *man* might, perhaps, at some point or other, be able to climb out of reach. But only then if it were clear daylight,” said Eleanor.

“But the woman?” answered her lover. “*She* could never climb! Do you think that he would leave her?”

She shook her head for “No” with quiet decision. “Yet that would depend, after all, on who he was.”

“I said, if he loved her,” answered Norton shortly. And then he fell again to meditating. They two, why must they separate? Was he, who had had so much of Life’s smart shows and superficial experiences, to go for ever with so little of its real happiness? . . . She?

Suppose she loved him just as completely, just as absorbingly as he loved her, and that she braved all condemnation for his sake, and came to him to be his? That had happened before with women. All the world had heard of and read of it; and it had not *quite* always ended in disaster. Just now and then it had been justified—when great souls did it, who knew what their lives wanted, and had counted the cost. What if it happened again, and *were* justified? If Eleanor came to him willingly, his conscience, at the moment of her coming, might hold itself clear. In the whole world he was for her, and she for him, by the choice of God. God, was it, or Nature? Still, it was God.

Nine out of ten among the men and women who married were less truly one than they. He felt that, and he knew it. So might she. And, were they but once safe together, for a time it would seem to them that every day in every year of all their lives must show the difference between an attained Heaven and an endless *ennui*.

Yet the Future would bring its revenge. For her, apart from the immediate reproaches, there would be the weary train of slow disparagement. What if children should be born to them? Disgrace and shame a most inevitable portion: all Society against them.

But then in some far-off country might there be no place where their social fault would be unknown, and the world fresh again, and the start new? How would it be with her there?

Why, this is how it would be with her there: so much of her own freshness gone; her cheerfulness and spirit, which were so much of her charm, dashed and abated; her laugh quelled, and her smile saddened. Would she be the same?

No, no; that settled the matter. She would never be happy so. It was all hopeless: she could never be for him. Never more, at least, than she was for him now—a dear friend. Ought not friendship to suffice? Still, there would come at times the sense of a profound blank, and of a life that had been missed: the sense of a most vain longing for the unattainable things.

“Eleanor,” said he, stopping their walk suddenly, and sitting down on a low rock that rose in a scanty space of shingle, “do you know there have been moments in my life when I’ve felt what they say in the Psalm—‘All Thy storms have gone over me!’ moments when, if I had been a bad

man altogether, or had not believed in a great good God, Who governs His world after all, and so had not tried to look forward with some shred of patience, thirty years, perhaps, to the end, I could have wished ‘that the Almighty had *not* fixed His canon ‘gainst self-slaughter.’”

It was a sad wild saying; yet she was ready to receive it. It only expressed strongly a fact not kept from her. In Norton’s life, of late, success—professional or social—was but the surface; the depth was Eleanor.

Yet “Hush!” she said to him, putting her hand tenderly, or soothingly at least, upon his arm—for the first time in her life, so cordially, so naturally—how much she liked, even if she did not love him! “That is sad of you, or absurd; and you’ll please not say such things again. It is only if you will be the Hamlet to my Ophelia, instead of painting my portrait for the third time—quite unnecessarily—that I can hear *that* quotation from Shakespeare. Never out of the theatre; on one side only of the float—” she tried to be playful—“no, never unless it is on the stage; never again, please.” And he was quieted and silent, and they began to walk once more.

“I am wonderfully fond of you,” he said, speaking to her for the first time quite so plainly—owing her, having the right to give her, just the truth. “And I should always be as fond of you, Eleanor, I know, as I am to-day—this hour, and have been all this month—though I do dislike the Puritan notion of measuring love always by its constancy; never by its intensity. Constancy is not the only quality, as you would some day see—you who are ardent and flexible, and impressed in many ways. The limpet here is constant, and the rock-weed constant, and the sea is—*not* constant. Yet who would weigh their petty constancy against the force and beauty of the sea? No! Constancy depends upon the mere conditions and opportunities of life. Intensity depends upon the being that lives. My love would always be faithful—at least I expect so—but it would like to be praised for fire, and not for faithfulness.”

“As it is, we can praise it for *nothing*,” she said gently. But was that quite the whole of her thought? And, if not, what was her secret?

“I know that; I know it. In a sense, I feel nothing to you. I have no share in your life—no place that is certain. Sometimes I am hardly a friend. Then again there are times, because I was drawn to you by something much more than your beauty—only you will think me fanciful—when, if I look along my future, Eleanor, I seem to see the shadow of no parting from you.”

“Come, come, you are getting very tremendous!” she said, with what might have been a little laughter in her eyes, and not much fear in her voice. She believed in him so much. Whenever he even threatened to be getting “tremendous” she had a way of changing the subject. “I’ve been thinking lately,” she went on, “a good deal about Portia. I’m to try to play her at Liverpool. We open there in *The Merchant*. Has it ever struck you, now, that there is any likeness—some little bit of a likeness—between Portia and Shirley? In the essentials of character: actual character, I mean. As to manner, Shirley, of course, couldn’t help being brusque, continually—for that was Charlotte Brontë herself—while Portia could never have been brusque at all.”

Her analysis was superficial, trivial, perhaps at fault. It was well intended, however—a diversion, at all events.

“Charlotte Brontë’s Shirley,” Norton began, in answer. But a gusty autumn evening was setting steadily in. It was

true daylight no longer, and the north wind blew from the sea. And the line of the horizon was not visible any more, where the grey sky met the grey water; and the one sound, often recurrent, distinctly heard and not far distant, was the fall and splashing of the wave—the long wave on the flat shore. "You'll be getting cold, Eleanor," he said to her, and he turned her hurriedly by the arm, though he spoke in a voice that was intended not to frighten her; "and your mother will be wondering what has become of you, and you will be home late."

She gave him a penetrating look as she joined his hasty step.

"But the sea is a long way off," she said, firmly; for, in an instant she had understood his mind.

"Not so very far," he answered. It was better that she

should know it. And they hurried round one point: scrambled round another. And the mist thickened, driven by the north wind to the shore. Suddenly it became evident that a depression of the rock-beach—an alteration of the level, unnoticed as they had walked in just the opposite direction, an hour ago—had allowed to the in-pouring waters scope and space, and the wave broke no longer and dispersed itself upon a flattened shore, but met the sheer cliff, where all the waters surged and fell.

A breadth of beach and a bit of rising ground that would be untouched yet awhile, were still before them—their barrier from the great sea. They reached the rising ground. The formation of the coast, the treachery of the shore and tide, made the passage of the sea, however close to the cliff-side,



"They looked around and wondered. It had come, and could not be refused—the gift of Death."

now evidently hopeless, for the waters were already deep. But Eleanor must be saved, and their one chance was to climb. Norton examined the rock. But, with the best survey that the fading day allowed, there was all along that line of still accessible coast—along that line of cliff with its base yet dry—no foothold for the climber. Here twenty feet, there fifty feet, and there a hundred feet, of unrelenting precipice. There was nothing to which the hand could attach itself: no spot on which a sea-bird could have paused.

"See here!" said Norton to Eleanor, placing his hand against the cliff, in gesture and token of its uselessness.

She understood. The two were left alone together—to the wind, to the evening, to the sea.

They looked around and wondered. It had come, and could not be refused—the gift of Death. At the grey pier-head the light upon the lighthouse gleamed its steady gleam of warning and salvation—not for them. The old church upon the hill-side gathered its graves about it in the dusk. "Unto this, last"—but not for them. For them, the trampling surges.

Yet there was the cottage on the cliff-top, and the rope ladder there, and perhaps some sailors out at sea.

"Shout!"

Norton shouted.

"No; it is no use deceiving ourselves, and no use maddening ourselves," he said crisply—almost hardly.

He was close to Eleanor now; his hand upon her; and the wind blew her hair across his face. His tone lowered, his voice shook. "And no use maddening ourselves," he said again, but very tenderly. "We are utterly lost. . . Kiss me!"

"But"—with a gesture of recoil or hesitation—"I—I love you!" And then a gesture of acceptance. How her voice altered! "Oh yes, yes! . . . we are to die." They were folded together; in a wild embrace, which yet had, certainly, the sanction of her deepest being—had the full sanction of her soul.

Presently another shout, and it was *her* shout. "Mother! Mother!"—with her childhood's need come back to her.

Then, the advancing waves.

Presently, the tide being higher, higher, and the wind stronger, and the dark night come, there began along that wild North coast the battle of the waters. And waves that shot into the shallow caverns of the cliff-side were thrown back again, in violent and blinding foam, to the excited seas.

With which the triumph—the seas that were first, or the seas that would follow? Human life at least was nothing; and, in the dark and heavy meeting of the trampling surges, the voice of the very wind was drowned.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

WINTER EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



SEASON after season one has to repeat, at the risk of monotony, that the youngest for the time being of these remarkable exhibitions well bears comparison with its forerunners. There have certainly been degrees of excellence, but it may fairly be said that no one of the displays has been second-rate or uninteresting. The collection of 1892 is one of the richest of recent years, although it must be owned that it contains a greater number of familiar friends that have already adorned the same walls than any previous gathering. Still there are to be noted some memorable first appearances of works which should be sufficiently interesting to satisfy even those *dilettanti* who are most insatiate in their search after novelty.

The chief attraction of Gallery No. IV. are the Italian pictures from Dudley House, which are seen for the last time together, as it is announced that they are to be dispersed in the spring; thus going the way of Raphael's 'Three Graces,' now at Chantilly, of Fra Angelico's 'Last Judgment,' now at Berlin, and of Ercole Roberti's 'Gathering of the Manna,' now at the National Gallery. We may sweep out of the way, before dealing with the works of real interest, the hideous *tondo* attributed to Botticelli, a female portrait given to the same painter, which is too hard and too tasteless in colour to be anything more than a school-piece, a preposterous Mantegna (!), a very unconvincing Fra Angelico, a not more reassuring Francia, a questionable and much repaired Dürer, and a Holbein which can have no serious pretensions to genuineness. Sir Frederick Burton must be applauded for having secured for the National Gallery, and temporarily deposited at Burlington House, the charming and delightfully naive 'Death of Dido' by the Veronese follower of Mantegna, Liberale da Verona, chiefly celebrated as a miniature painter. The scene of the Carthaginian queen's suicide is here treated not as one of mourning, but as a public fête or pageant. The influence of Mantegna is to be recognised, too, in Carlo Crivelli's magnificent 'Pietà,' from Dudley House, a work which for supreme pathos and for precision of execution in the Paduan mode almost deserves to be mentioned with Giovanni Bellini's great early 'Pietà' in the Brera gallery at Milan. Far less interesting is the great

altar-piece from the same hand and belonging to the same collection. The 'Feast in Simon's House,' by Signorelli, which Mr. Doyle has been lucky enough to secure for the National Gallery of Ireland, is most characteristic of the great Umbrian. Before this we ought perhaps to have mentioned two indubitably genuine and very noble examples of the art of Signorelli's master, Piero dei Franceschi, the one a 'Virgin and Child with Angels' (Mrs. Alfred Seymour), which is, on the whole, the best preserved among the extant examples of the Umbro-Florentine master, who here for the first time in England can be appreciated as a colourist and chiaroscuroist, whereas in those noble ruins at the National Gallery all but his peculiarly personal mode of conception and design must be taken for granted. Not less noble, and in some ways more attractive, must have been at one time the same master's 'Virgin and Child with attendant Angels,' from Christ Church, Oxford; but it is, alas! only a shadow of what it was. Of exceptional charm and beauty of colour are Lord Dudley's five predella panels with subjects from the Life of Christ, given to Perugino, and certainly fine productions of his studio, attributable, perhaps, rather to his able pupil, Lo Spagna. Mainly historical is the interest which attaches to the great 'Crucifixion,' carried out by the youthful Raphael in the studio of Perugino—a panel supposed to have been painted in 1501, and to be the first original work of Sanzio in the Peruginisque mode. If not the very first of this series, it is, at any rate, among the first, and takes precedence in order of date of the 'Coronation of the Virgin,' at the Vatican. To pretend that this early performance is already equal to a fine Perugino of the good period, such as, for instance, the magnificent 'Crucifixion,' in fresco, at the convent of Santa Maria Maddalena dei Pazzi in Florence, would be to be guilty of affectation and insincerity. Neither do we find—and we cannot, indeed, under the circumstances, hope to find—in this all the same surprising performance of a youth of eighteen, the genius of Raphael bursting forth from the still adhering trammels of the Perugian style, as in the considerably later 'Madonna Ansidesi' of our National Gallery (1506). We must not omit to mention in this section three panels belonging to the school of Giotto, but not from his hand: a fine Lorenzo di Credi, a 'St. Catherine with Angels,' by Luini, and a 'Madonna and Child,' attributed to the great Leonardo himself, but really by some skilful disciple.

Among the Flemish, Dutch, and German productions may be noted a perfectly preserved panel by Dierick Bouts,



Mrs. Jordan as the Country Girl. From an Engraving in the British Museum.

'The Eternal appearing to Moses in the Burning Bush;' a very curious Flemish work of the latter part of the fifteenth century, 'The Celebration of High Mass,' erroneously attributed to Jan Van Eyck; and the Queen's great 'Adoration of the Magi,' by Lucas van Leyden, from Buckingham Palace. This last is an important and perfectly authentic example of the master, and as such a great rarity. Truth to tell, however, it gives, notwithstanding the precision of its execution, no very exalted idea of the great engraver's powers as a painter, and in merit is far inferior to some of his smaller panels in the German galleries. Mabuse, the *Meister des Todes der Maria*, Scorel, and even Bernhardt van Orley have achieved higher things in the same style. The old masters in the great gallery, No. III. (as distinguished from the English pictures also lodged there), include the beautiful 'Adoration of the Shepherds,' lent by Mr. Wentworth Beaumont, and by some critics, including Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, still ascribed to Giorgione. We must, however, range ourselves on the side of those who, while admiring, doubt, and exclude it from the list of his undoubted works, leaving it to some gifted pupil or imitator. The kneeling shepherd adoring the Divine Infant in this 'Adoration' is one of the most exquisite creations of the earlier Venetian art of the Renaissance. Lady Wallace's 'Holy Family,' by Andrea del Sarto, is one of the best specimens of his noble but monotonous style to be found in any private collection. We will say nothing of a repulsive 'Omnia Vanitas,' audaciously ascribed to Titian; to whom, however, really belongs a beautiful 'Triumph of Love,' showing a rosy and exultant Cupid mounted on a lion of improbable construction. Here, too, are a 'Flora,' in Palma Vecchio's third or blonde manner; a beautiful decoration, 'Apollo and Daphne,' by Schiavone; and a great decorative canvas 'Apollo and Marsyas'—broadly sketched rather than really carried out—by Tintoretto. The latter great Venetian is, however, more adequately represented by two magnificent portraits of senators, lent by the Duke of Abercorn. It would be difficult to imagine two finer examples of Robusti's peculiar art of portraiture. They are almost brutal in the audacity and certainty of the execution (this description applying, however, rather to No. 116 than No. 118), but it cannot be gainsaid that they irresistibly impress themselves on the vision of the beholder, and brook no neighbour on equal terms.

It is impossible to leave to Rubens the two huge, and in their way imposing portraits, 'La Marchesa Isabella Grimaldi' and 'La Marchesa Maria Grimaldi, with a favourite dwarf,' for which we cannot at present suggest any fitting name. The large decorative piece, 'Cupid, Fruit, and Flowers,' given to Rubens and Snyders, is certainly from Sir Peter Paul's studio, and the heavy garland woven with fruit, flowers, and natural produce appears to us one of the most masterly performances, in this style, of Frans Snyders. Among the Van Dycks, the full-length 'Earl of Portland' is stolid and relatively uninteresting, and appears to us to reveal the hand of some pupil, perhaps Dobson. Not so the 'Henrietta of Lorraine, Princess of Phalsburg,' which is one of the most covetable possessions in the splendid collection of Lord Iveagh. Painted in 1634, it unites the solidity of the second Flemish manner with the modish elegance of the English. Especially the negro, or rather the mulatto page, who, habited in several shades of crimson, holds up to his mistress a basket of flowers, is a master-

piece of technical skill. Somewhat wanting in interest and charm is Mr. Charles Morrison's very solidly and ably painted 'Dorothy, Countess of Leicester, and her Sister Lucy, Countess of Carlisle,' by the same master. It is technically of the type of Lord Northbrook's 'Countess of Southampton,' and the 'Mrs. Margaret Lemon' of Hampton Court,—though much inferior to these popular masterpieces—and belongs to the class afterwards successfully imitated by Lely. We decline to accept as from the master's hand either of the Rembrandts here exhibited, but find consolation in one of the very finest portraits by Frans Hals to be seen in England—her Majesty the Queen's 'Portrait of a Man,' from Buckingham Palace. Breadth and extraordinary certainty of touch we look for as a matter of course in the great Haarlem master's work, but such exquisite delicacy of tone and handling as has been expended on this pale blonde head, is but exceptionally to be found in his canvases. Superb, too, is her Majesty's well-known Nicholas Maas, 'The Listener,' but a doubtful Pieter de Hooch, though an interesting picture, the 'Interior,' hung next to it. Lord Iveagh's 'The Guitar Player,' by Jan Vermeer of Delft, is an undoubted specimen of this rare master, but by no means the most engaging or the most consummate work of his with which we are acquainted. The *tour de force* of lighting the figure of the guitar-playing lady with such scanty rays only of sunlight as manage to struggle through a dark green hanging, deliberately placed before the casement, is too carefully and obviously prepared. It would serve no useful purpose to describe once more those first-rate examples of Metsu, 'The tired Sportsman,' 'A Lady bargaining for Fish,' and 'Mistress and Maid,' all lent by Lady Wallace from Manchester House; or the 'Christening,' by Jan Steen, from the same collection. Of the Cuyps, without which no English exhibition would be complete, the loveliest is Lord Iveagh's little 'Landscape with Cattle'—saturated with the master's favourite afternoon sunlight—the most unusual the 'Interior of Dort Cathedral'; while very curious too is the large 'Riverside Inn,' in which Cuyp shows himself completely unable to depict water in angry motion, though his overhanging sky is superb. Jacob van Ruysdael shows to little advantage this year, but Hobbema is represented by two noble and characteristic woodland scenes, contributed by Lady Wallace and Mr. Charles Morrison respectively.

The very curious and interesting 'Portrait Group,' showing likenesses of Burkhardt Tschudi, founder of the famous firm of John Broadwood and Sons, and of his wife and family, is something of a puzzle. The homely, good-natured, and yet worldly-wise visages of Mr. and Mrs. Tschudi are surprisingly well rendered, while the rest of the picture is by no means up to the same mark. Many names have been mentioned at random, and among them, without any valid reason, that of the exquisite colourist Chardin! The harsh screaming colour and tastelessness in some minor particulars of this piece point rather, as it appears to us, to a German origin.

In the English section of the exhibition, the great surprise—and, we may add, the great delight—is a large full-length by Gainsborough, 'Mrs. Portman, of Bryanston,' which must take rank as one of his masterpieces, although it has remained up to the present but vaguely known to the admirers of the master. The lady, plain of feature and no longer young, yet unquestionably *distinguée*, wears a much flounced and trimmed robe of pearl-white silk, and is seated in an arm-

chair. The picture has faded somewhat, but it has faded evenly, and has everywhere the delicate tone of a grey pearl, with a strength, nevertheless, such as makes it a terribly dangerous neighbour. Gainsborough has painted nothing in more subtle and masterly fashion than this white-silk dress; it touches Terborch by its delicacy and Velasquez by its force. We have only space to mention by the side of this the same painter's noble, solemn prospect, 'Repose: a Landscape with Cattle,' in which an English scene of unusual sombreness is illuminated by the ardent glow of the setting sun. Sir Joshua Reynolds supports himself well by the side of his dangerous rival with the exquisite 'Mrs. Braddyl,' one of his latest works, and with the best of his pictures of youthful *espiègles*, the lovely and unusually well-preserved 'Miss Bowles clasping a dog.' Of high interest in another way are the companion portraits, 'Josiah Wedgwood' and 'Mrs. Josiah Wedgwood,' though they are not among the P.R.A.'s best performances, and very welcome, too, the important and strongly-characterized full-length 'James, first Viscount Lifford.' But how could Sir Joshua, who discoursed in such able and inspiring fashion on "high art," Michael Angelo, and the rest, paint anything so nearly grotesque as the large 'Death of Dido,' from Buckingham Palace? Raeburn is fairly but not supremely well represented by the sympathetic portrait, 'Mrs. Smith, of Jordan Hill.'

We have seldom seen on these walls so crudely coloured and uninteresting a collection of Romneys as on the present occasion. The most striking is the modish and imposing, but not on the whole first-rate 'Caroline, Viscountess Clifden, with her Sister, Lady Elizabeth Spencer;' but the best certainly the very noble and masculine head of the poet, William Hayley, who was afterwards to be Romney's biographer. Among the English landscapes there is to be found nothing more exquisite than the tenderly-lighted 'Cader Idris,' by Richard Wilson—another proof that the painter is best inspired in dealing with the scenes of his own land. We greatly prefer it to Mr. Wentworth Beaumont's 'Apollo and the Seasons,' a fine specimen of the same artist's Italian manner. The Turner oil paintings are of all kinds; some, and unfortunately among them the beautiful 'Lake of Geneva,' are now little more than lovely ruins; others, like Lord Wantage's renowned 'Walton Bridges,' are in fairly good con-

dition. Perhaps the finest are the two from Turner's beloved Petworth, lent by its owner, Lord Leconfield. One is a grim and black, but in its way tremendous 'Sea-piece'; the other an exquisite 'View of Petworth House,' on which the master has lavished his most loving skill, deigning, moreover, to present it with a perfect and reposeful simplicity, which is in singular contrast with the lurid interpretations often given by him of similar subjects. Lovers of Constable will not accept as an example of the master at his best the huge 'Opening of Waterloo Bridge: Whitehall Stairs, June 18th, 1817,' a canvas tasteless in arrangement, and unpleasantly powdered all over with points of light, though it has isolated passages of great power. Very interesting is the remarkable imitation of Constable, 'Eel-bucks at Goring,' signed *en toutes lettres*, by William John Müller. It betrays a singular want of thoroughness in the art of this superficial though now so fashionable painter, yet it could only have been done by a very dashing and skilful executant. Much discussed is the strong and lurid 'Sunset' by John Sell Cotman, in parts of which some connoisseurs justifiably think they discover the helping hand of Crome; and much admired a beautiful woodland scene undoubtedly by the latter master, in which the influence of his adored Hobbema is very evident. Between these works Frederick Walker's unfinished 'Sunny Thames' looks a little weak in tone and wanting in atmospheric effect, though the poetic quality of his noble realism is in it as apparent as ever.

To our great regret we are unable to devote more than a few lines to the very fine exhibition of water-colour drawings which form so attractive a complement to the main display. Here, although Turner's successive styles are adequately illustrated in a large number of specimens, the heroes of the occasion may be said to be John Sell Cotman, David Cox, and William Hunt. Cotman, audacious and a true poet, but often trenchant, hard, and unpleasant in colour, can be seen in a whole series of examples; while Hunt again shows himself in his studies of rustic life, and especially of the village *gamin*—if the expression be permissible—an observer as truthful as he is inimitably humorous. Three of the David Coxes exhibited, although technically belonging to his looser and later manner, are noble specimens of his art. Among other masters represented in this section are De Wint, Bovington, Crome, James Holland, Prout, and Thirtle.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.



THE NEW ASSOCIATES OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE election of Mr. Stanhope Forbes, Mr. Harry Bates, and Mr. T. G. Jackson, to Associateships of the Royal Academy, has given general satisfaction, each artist being representative: Mr. Forbes of the Cornish painters, Mr. Bates of the new phase of sculpture, and Mr. Jackson of the advanced school of architecture. That the Associateships were distributed between the three arts is due to a message from Sir Frederick Leighton, who was absent from bereavement, to the effect that the roll of the Academy lacked a painter, a sculptor, and an architect. In the various votings Mr. Swan came nearest to the successful candidates, he being *proxime accessit*

excellence of treatment. His chief works have been the 'Æneid panel,' the 'Homer panel,' the 'Story of Psyche,' 'Hounds in Leash,' and 'Pandora,' which was bought by the Trustees of the Chantrey Bequest for £1,000.

Mr. T. G. Jackson, M.A., sometime Fellow and now Honorary Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford, was a pupil of the late Sir George Gilbert Scott, R.A. His principal works comprise the New Examination Schools of the University of Oxford; the restoration of the Bodleian Library; new quadrangles for Trinity and Brasenose Colleges, the latter with a frontage to "the High"; new buildings for Lincoln, Corpus,



T. G. Jackson, A.R.A. From a Photograph by Ball.



Harry Bates, A.R.A. From a Photograph by Ball.

in each election. As an exhaustive memoir of Mr. Stanhope Forbes, with portrait and reproduction of several of his pictures, appears in this number, we need not refer to his achievement again.

Mr. Bates came to London in 1879, studied at the Lambeth School, under Jules Dalou, and was admitted to the Royal Academy Schools in 1881, gaining the gold medal and travelling studentship in 1883. Since 1884 he has been a constant exhibitor at the Royal Academy, where his classical subjects, often in the form of relief panels, have attracted considerable attention for their grace of style and

and Hertford Colleges, and for the Ladies' College at Somerville Hall; the New High School for the City of Oxford, and the High School for Girls at Oxford, besides many public and private residences. Mr. Jackson was one of the nine British architects distinguished at the Paris Exhibition of 1878. He was awarded a medal at the Sydney Exhibition, also a medal and diploma of the first order of merit at the Adelaide Exhibition of 1887. Among his literary works are "Modern Gothic Architecture," "Dalmatia, the Quarnero and Istria," "Ragusa" (in Italian), and various pamphlets, lectures, and articles on architectural subjects.

ART GOSSIP AND REVIEWS.

IT is proposed shortly to cover with a glass roof the Central Court of the South Kensington Museum, and to devote the hall thus gained to the reception of articles in which the Circulation Department is concerned.

A number of artists and literary men have united in paying to Mr. Ford Madox Brown a singular compliment. Desiring to recognise the life-work of the painter, and anxious that the National Gallery should be asked to accept a work from his brush, they collected nearly £900, and invited him to paint a picture for the purpose. Mr. Brown selected 'Wickliffe on his Trial in the Presence of John of Gaunt,' a large composition of many figures. Sir F. Leighton's name stands at the head of the committee list, which includes

those of Mr. Alma Tadema, Sir A. W. Blomfield, Mr. E. Burne-Jones, Mr. P. H. Calderon, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. G. F. Watts, and Mr. A. Waterhouse. Sir F. Burton, Sir John Gilbert, and Sir John E. Millais have also been contributors to the fund.

The precedent which Sir Frederick Burton has created, of lending a picture from the National Gallery to the Old Masters Exhibition at Burlington House—thus making the public pay a shilling to see a work which it is their right to look at for nothing—has roused so noisy a protest in certain quarters that the experiment will probably not be repeated. The picture in question—Liberale da Verona's 'Death of Dido'—was one of the works from the Habish collection,



From "*Henriette Ronner: the Painter of Cat Life and Character.*"

and as Sir Frederick Burton was not able to find a proper place for the picture, he took advantage of his statutory powers to lend it to the Royal Academy.

A Society has been formed for the encouragement of the study of Japanese art, science, and industries: the commerce and finance, the social life, the literature, the language, history and folk-lore of the Japanese. It is intended that the society shall hold periodical meetings for the reading of papers and for discussion; shall create a library, and arrange temporary loan exhibitions, and otherwise promote the objects expressed in its title. At the first general meeting it was announced that 113 members had joined the society, among whom were Lord de Saumarez, Sir F. Leighton, Sir E. J. Reed, K.C.B., Sir W. Pearse, Admiral Coote, Professor Church, Messrs. E. Satow, M. B. Huish, Alfred East, J. Swan, A. Parsons, Frank Dillon, Ernest Hart, Okoshi (Japanese Consul-General), Matsura, Bowes, &c.

It has been proposed that the Ecole des Beaux-Arts should each year arrange a collection of ancient and modern deceased masters' works, similar to the exhibition held annually at Burlington House. Our neighbours compliment us by the imitation, but, when they refer to the shillings taken at the Academy's turnstiles, they do not appear to be aware of the fact, which rests on official statements, that, even with the profits of the catalogues added to the shillings, the Academicians are always out of pocket by their Winter Exhibitions.

A ROYAL RELIC.—The British Museum will in all likelihood shortly acquire by private subscription, assisted by a Treasury grant, a remarkable treasure, in the shape of an enamelled gold cup, which has been proved beyond doubt to be the identical cup given by King James I. to the Constable Velasco on the conclusion of the negotiations of the first treaty of peace after the Great Armada. The cup reappeared in Paris nine years ago in the possession of a Spaniard, who

sold it to Baron Jérôme Pichon, from whom it was purchased by Messrs. Wertheimer for £8,000. Mr. Drury Fortnum was the first to see it in their hands, and the propriety of retaining it in England, and if possible in the possession of the nation, suggested to Mr. Fortnum the idea of buying it by subscription for the British Museum. This proposal was met by Messrs. Wertheimer in the most liberal spirit, who offered, if the cup were bought for the national collection, to forego their profit on the purchase, and to cede the cup at the price they had paid. Mr. Fortnum at once offered £500, to head the list, and the late Mr. Sampson Wertheimer promised a like amount. In this way was started a scheme which bids fair to render this Royal relic a permanent treasure of the nation. Five other subscribers of £500 have come forward, and the Treasury, realising the importance of the acquisition, with commendable promptitude promised a grant in aid of £2,000. There remains, therefore, only £2,500, which will no doubt have been subscribed by the time these lines appear in print.

The cup and cover, in their present condition, weigh close upon sixty-eight ounces of fine gold; the cover is domed, and composed of two plates, of which the upper one is richly enamelled with five scenes from the life of St. Agnes. Within the cover and in the centre of the bowl are two medallions also in enamel. The outside of the somewhat shallow bowl is enamelled with a continuation of the history of the saint. The high foot consists of three portions, the uppermost being of coarse work, with Tudor roses, and over a part of it has been placed the slight band on which Velasco records his connection with it.

The work is of three distinct dates. The exquisite enamels are probably French, and of the late fourteenth century; the coronals of pearls and the necessary additions are without doubt English, and fifty or more years later; while the upper part of the foot, with its Tudor roses, should be of the time of Henry VIII.

The appearance of the cup, remarks the *Times*, from whence we quote, is so fresh and the colouring so unusually brilliant that it is easy to understand how any but the most experienced would have some distrust as to its being an ancient work. The fact of its being of gold, and thus always a precious possession, has naturally led to its being handled with greater care than if it had been of any baser metal, while the gold background at the same time enhances to an astonishing degree the splendour of all the colours.

Its intrinsic beauty as a work of art may with strict justice be said to equal its undoubted importance as an historical relic. Passing from the treasury of one of France's wisest kings, it formed an ornament of our Royal treasure house during a grand and very eventful period of our recent history, a fate of which it was most assuredly worthy.

REVIEWS.—The cat, which knows all vicissitudes of idolatry and continually, caresses and rebuffs, has in recent years taken quite an important place in pictorial art. She has long earned a corner for herself in literature—Tasso, De Musset, Baudelaire, Champfleury, have they not all sung her praises? and quite recently Mrs. Graham R. Tomson's cat anthology, with Mr. Arthur Tomson's illustrations, has placed the flag on the building that has been raised in puss's honour. But, without doubt, the most luxurious book ever published in praise of the cat is "HENRIETTE RONNER: THE PAINTER OF CAT LIFE AND CHARACTER" (Cassell & Co.). Of folio size,

with good paper, good margins, and good type, thirteen photogravure plates, and numerous other illustrations *hors texte*, it is a book of which the haughtiest and most beautiful Persian cat in the world might well be proud. The work, whose publication celebrates the artist's seventieth birthday, has been issued simultaneously in England, France, and Holland, the English version, by Mr. M. H. Spielmann, being interesting and useful, both from an historical and from a biographical point of view. He has considered the cat in Art from the earliest times, and the conclusion he reaches is, that "when the great masters have not shirked the painting of a cat, they have usually failed most egregiously." The cat, in Veronese's 'Marriage at Cana,' is "fearful and wonderful;" and "impossible in character" is the puss in Rembrandt's 'Carpenter's Shop' in the Salon Carré in the Louvre, and so on. A child who had never seen a picture, but who had played with kittens through long afternoons, and watched their mother with respect and awe, would know, at the first glance of Madame Ronner's pictures, that here was the real article, whether the kitten be rioting with chessmen on a table, or peeping wickedly from the inside of a 'cello. Madame Ronner was born at Amsterdam in 1821. She early showed an inclination for Art, and underwent a curious and exacting training from her father—theoretical, for he had lost his eyesight. At sixteen she was exhibiting in public; at eighteen she had developed into a rapid producer of pictures, chiefly of animals, and so her career passed on till she found her *métier* as the painter of cats, which she has followed to this day, and of which this book forms so worthy a memento. Our readers may remember that we illustrated in our 1890 volume, p. 155, an exhibition of Madame Ronner's cat pictures, which was held at The Fine Art Society's.

Mr. Lewis F. Day's latest contribution to his valuable series of Text Books on Ornamental Design, "NATURE IN ORNAMENT" (B. T. Batsford & Co.), surpasses the previous volumes in the beauty of its cover and in the richness of its illustrations. From a large and varied collection of examples of the several modes of treatment of such well-known objects as the vine, the iris, the rose and others, among different peoples and in different ages, the author seeks to deduce the principles which should guide the artist in dealing with nature, and points out how many untried forms yet remain which might be made suitable subjects for decorative design. Mr. Day is unsparing on occasion in his criticism of old work, and he is properly severe in his condemnation of "millinery in stone," showing how uninteresting as incidents in design are cut or artificially grouped flowers in wreaths, etc., as compared with those that exhibit an organic growth. That part of the book, however, which deals with vegetable forms is out of all proportion to the rest. We do not find anything like adequate treatment of the aspects of nature represented by the animal world, to say nothing of the human form. It would have been better to have ended at the close of the tenth chapter, and to have expanded the last four chapters into a separate work.

OBITUARY.—We have to announce the deaths of Charles James Lewis, R.I., landscape painter, for many years an exhibitor at the Royal Academy and the Royal Institute, and of Mr. Leyland, the patron of Mr. Whistler, and the possessor of many fine Rossettis, Burne-Joneses, and Botticellis. He left a million of money, one-third of which goes to Mrs. Val Prinsep, the wife of Mr. Val Prinsep, A.R.A.

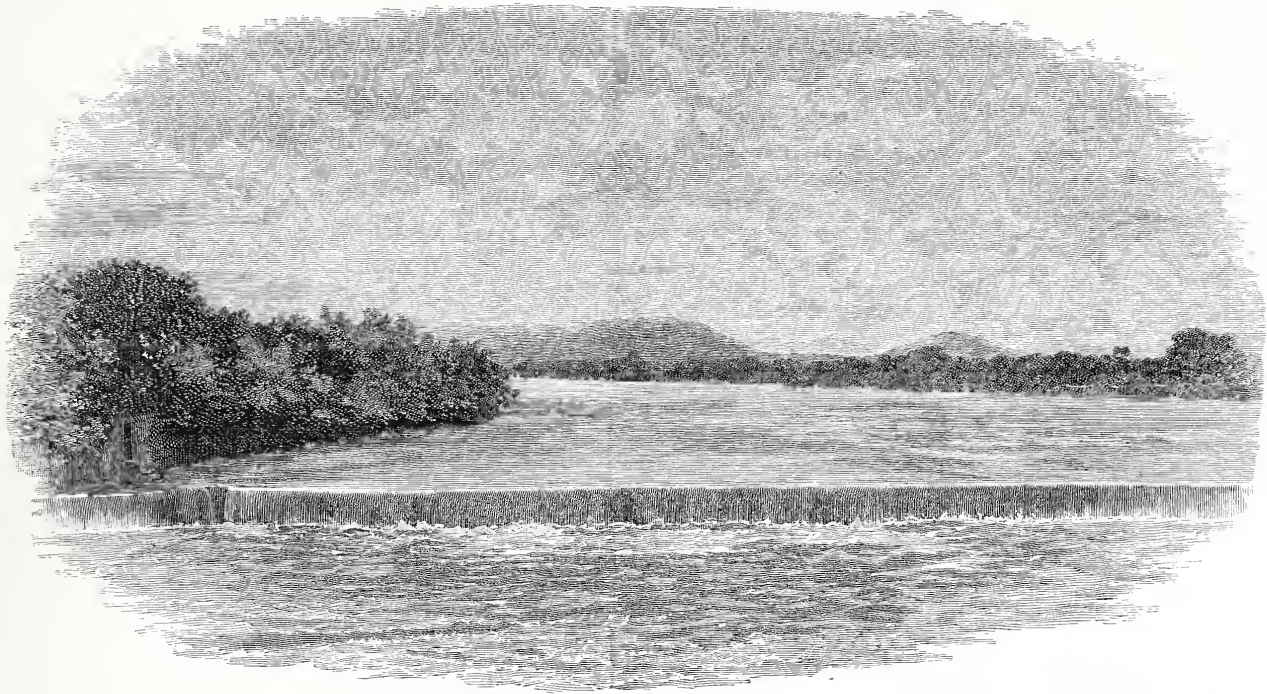


PAINTED BY J. R. WECUELIN

THE ART JOURNAL

ETCHED BY C. O. MURRAY

SPRING



The Bund, Poona, before a Shower.

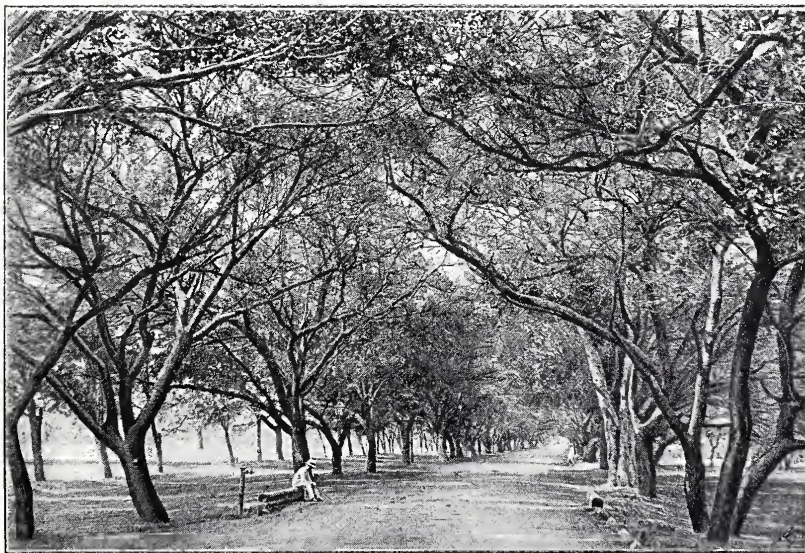
OUTINGS IN INDIA.

II.—POONA.

POONA, the city of the Peshwas in the last century, the metropolis of the Deccan under the peaceful British rule of to-day, is situated about one hundred and twenty miles from Bombay, a journey of six hours at the Indian rate of travelling. Its elevation of 1,850 feet above the level of the sea gives it a temperate climate all the year round, and one which, from June to September at least, is considered by Anglo-Indians to be absolutely perfect—bright sunny weather, cooled by an occasional heavy down-pour of rain. Only in the months of April and May does the heat of the tropical sun make an escape to the cool heights of Mähāleshwar or Māthāran a pleasant though never imperative relief. Approaching Poona from Bombay, the railway runs up the Bhoze Ghaut,

by the denizens of the sister Presidencies, accustomed as they are to the lofty snow-capped peaks of the Himalayas in Bengal, or the scarcely less grand wooded ranges of the Nilgiris in Madras. As one looks from the carriage window at the deep abyss on the one hand, and the steep mountain

side on the other, it is not hard to realise the magnitude of the task accomplished by the engineers of '52 in laying out this serpent-like line up the Syhādri range. The Ghaut was finally opened for traffic in June, 1863. It is nearly sixteen miles in length, there are twenty-six tunnels and eight viaducts, and there are several smaller bridges and culverts. The level of its base is 196 feet above high-water mark at



The Bund Avenue.

the magnificent scenery of which never fails to inspire "griffin" and globe-trotter alike with admiration and awe, though the beauty of the Western Ghauts is barely admitted

Bombay, and of its summit 2,027 feet, so that the total elevation surmounted by the incline is 1,831 feet. Its steepest gradient is 1 in 37.

Slow as the rate of progression necessarily is, the traveller

wishes it were yet slower, to enable him more fully to contemplate the splendid views which every curve of the rails discloses to his sight. The vegetation is dense, of a vivid green, the only clearings are made by the railway authorities, and as the forest is protected by Government, its aspect is little likely to change. Poona itself, in spite of its elevation, is on a plain extending eastwards from the Ghauts, which at the distance of a few miles rise to the height of a thousand feet above the town. It was originally, though an important native city, a very ill-built and irregular one, without walls

or fort, the only remarkable building being the Peshwa's palace, which some years ago was burned down. Three miles distant lies Kirkee, an entirely military station, with which the broad and peaceful river is a connecting link. The society of the two places meets and intermingles in the gardens of "Rosherville," or the Royal Connaught Boat Club, as it is now called, in honour of the Duke of Connaught, who regularly patronised it when Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay army.

Overlooking the town may be seen the low hill which is



Government House.

crowned by the temple-domes of Parbuttee, from a window in which Bájee Rao, the last survivor of the Mahratta dynasty of Peshwas, witnessed the defeat of his huge army by a small British force at Kirkee, during the third Mahratta war, the end of which, in 1818, saw the whole of Southern India in the hands of the East India Company. The view of the wide river and peaceful town, against a background of low hills, is said to resemble a scene on Windermere, and certainly in the soft clear light of an Indian evening can scarcely be surpassed for loveliness. Few stations in India can boast the advantage of a river so admirably

suited for boating purposes as the Moota-Moola, which is formed by the confluence, halfway between Poona and Kirkee, of the Moota from the south-west and the Moola from the north-west. It was a broken and rapid stream till thirty-five years ago, when Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, at a cost of some twenty-five thousand rupees, built a stonework bund, or dam, across it, thereby converting it into a deep and moderately flowing river. In the rains, however, when the current is increased by freshets from the hills, it pours with great volume and noise over this artificial barrier, and is often a very grand sight. The baronet's intention was to supply the

station with water, but it has been found, in spite of his generosity, impossible to do so from the river. A tremendous reservoir has been constructed at Kuruckwasla, ten miles away, and is utilised for this purpose by means of a canal, which conveys the water close to Parbuttee, when the supply for the city is taken off, strained through filter-beds of charcoal and sand, and distributed throughout the city by means of pipes, while the main channel runs on into the cantonment. Though cut by man but a few years ago, the Moota Canal has been beautified by the hand of nature, and is now extremely picturesque, as will be seen by our illustration of

it (p. 100). The river is navigable from the Bund, two hundred yards above the Fitzgerald Bridge, to Holkar's Bridge in Kirkee, where a rocky cataract arrests further progress, a distance of nearly four uninterrupted miles. The gardens, prettily laid out, in full view of the Bund, are a favourite evening resort of visitors, and there the band of one of the regiments quartered in Poona frequently plays. Near at hand are the sheds and landing-stages of the boat club, from which as many as thirty or forty boats, four oars, double sculls, dinghies, and sailing craft, may be seen on band days at Rosherville, starting for Kirkee.



On the River Moota-Moola, Poona.

Occasionally an eight-oar, manned by a regimental crew, spins in 'varsity style up stream. A quarter of a mile from Poona the pleasure-seeker has the choice of two routes, as the river is divided by a large island; but the narrow passage is impassable except in the rains, when the fine trees on the island are covered with a wealth of tropical creepers, and the banks decorated with the silky plumes of a kind of wild pampas-grass. Just beyond this spot the stream widens at the junction of the Moola and the Moota, after passing which it narrows again somewhat, and the oarsman gliding round a decided bend, finds himself within sight of the flagstaff presented by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught to the Club

House at Kirkee, before his departure from India. There, under the shady trees on the bank, he may enjoy rest, refreshment, and small talk before returning by road or river. The healthy and pleasant exercise of rowing is not confined to the sterner sex alone—not a few ladies of our community scull in creditable form, and at the yearly regatta there are always one or two events in which they take part, though the majority certainly content themselves with steering their masculine friends. Sometimes, when the moon is at the full—and moonlight in India is more beautiful than it ever seems in the northern climates of Europe—a band plays at Rosherville for an hour or so after dinner, and on these occasions

not a few people dine there and remain to enjoy the music afterwards.

A great feature in Poona is the breadth and shadiness of its roads. Nowhere in India, perhaps, except in a hill-station, are there such fine avenues of trees, which interlace their branches into an impenetrable screen from the sun over all the principal thoroughfares. Running parallel with each is an equally shady ride, on which three horses can easily move abreast, and where equestrians may enjoy a good canter without fear of interfering with foot passengers.

The Bund Avenue, of which we give an illustration (p. 97), is perhaps our best road, and is certainly as well known to dwellers in the Western Presidency as Charing Cross to Londoners. Most of the trees indigenous to the country having no season for shedding their leaves as in England, are green throughout the year, and the eye is never wearied by a dreary expanse of unrelieved brown *maidan*, as in many less fortunate stations. The imported Australian trees which flourish in their vicinity become bare at the end of the cold season, but they are so beautiful, especially the cork-neein, which strews the ground with its scented flowers at every puff of wind, that we value them greatly. The most peculiar, and we think the most gorgeous tree which grows in and around every station in the Deccan, is the *Poinciana regia*, or Gold-mohur. For nine months of the year it is covered with a peculiarly graceful, feathery, dark green foliage,

and in the hot weather loses every leaf, to be replaced with splendid masses of scarlet and orange blossoms—glorious on the tree and lovely in the hand, but which leave the branches denuded like magic at the first few showers of the monsoon.

Government House, Gunnesh Khind, from June till October the residence of his Excellency the Governor of Bombay, is situated at a distance of over four miles from Poona Cantonment, on rising land in the centre of a bleak rocky plain, broken towards the south by low bare hills. At the foot of one of these was posted the gallant 7th Bombay Native Infantry when they withstood and forced back the Peshwa's cavalry, led by their general, Gokla, in a last despairing charge at the battle of Kirkec. It is somewhat inconveniently far from Poona, though closer to Kirkec; but nowhere

nearer would it have been possible for Government House to have stood in an enclosure of some 512 acres of land. The rock here is exceedingly near the surface, and it proved a matter of extreme difficulty to make these grounds ornamental. Roads were laid out and trees planted along them, a great quantity of soil being brought from a distance and deposited for a considerable depth in pits round the roots of each. The expense and trouble involved will no doubt be repaid in a few years, but as yet the trees are young, and the general appearance of the ground inside the gates of Gunnesh Khind is rather bare; immediately round the house, however, there is a charming garden. The main building is built of the local trap rock, quarried in the neighbourhood; the style is Italian-Gothic, from plans designed by Mr. Trübshawe, architect. It

was begun during the governorship of the late Sir Bartle Frere—the old Government House, Dapoorie, beyond Kirkec, not being considered a sufficiently large and important mansion—and finished in 1871. Its frontage, of 300 feet, running north and south, is broken into two double-storied wings, connected by a lower central portion. The tower, 100 feet high, carried by the northern and larger wing, fell shortly after building, and had to be reconstructed, causing some delay before its first occupant, Sir Seymour Fitzgerald, successor to Sir Bartle Frere, could enter the house. The public rooms are in the centre and south wing, on the ground floor. The large drawing-room is handsomely decorated in



View on the Moota Canal.

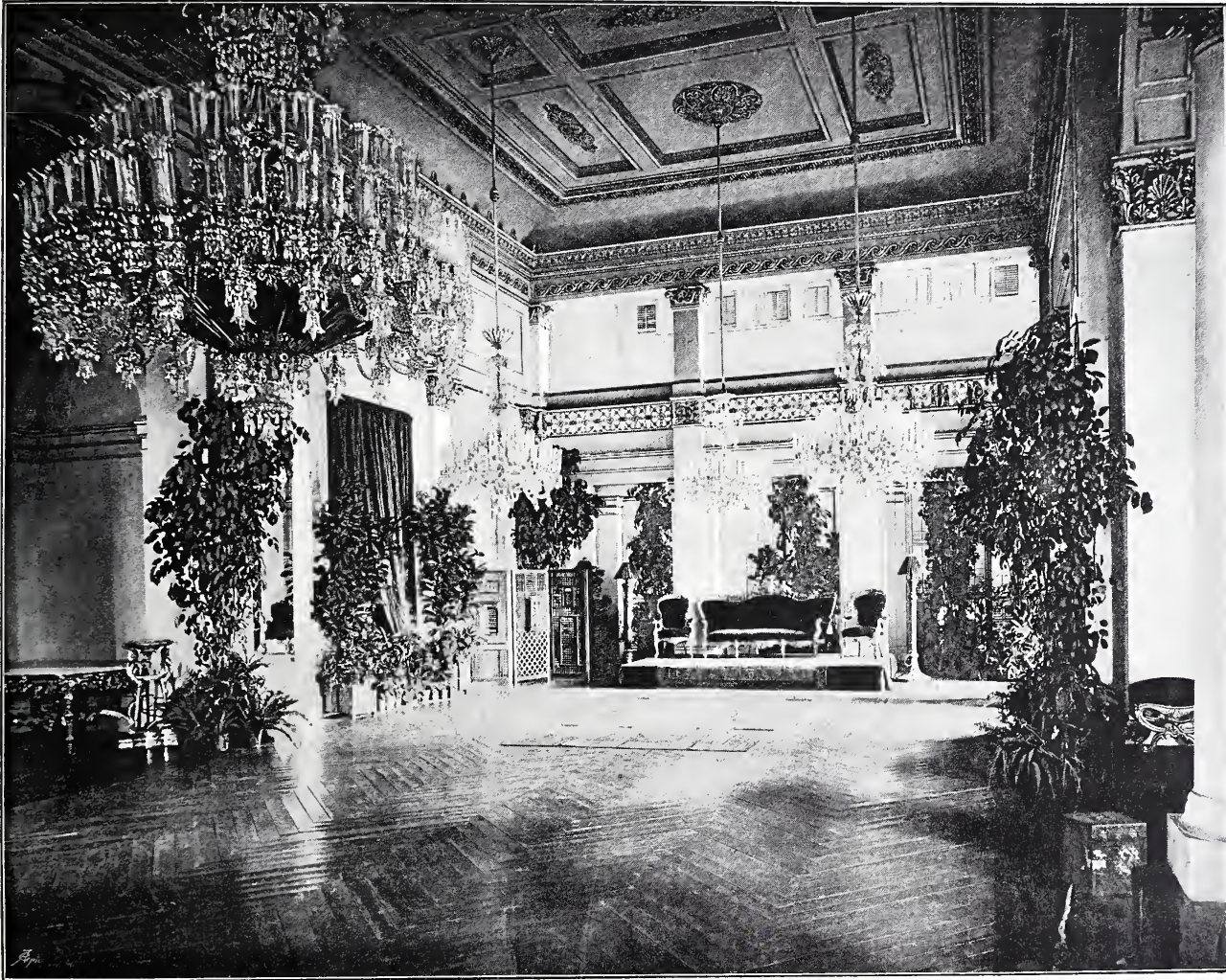
white and gold, floored with parqueting, and brilliantly lit by numerous cut-glass chandeliers. The latter are said to have graced the Tuileries in the days of the Empire. Whether there be any truth in this statement we know not, but they came from Europe after the *déchéance*, and are undoubtedly fine specimens of their kind, though a form of illumination now considered inartistic. They are, however, rather an effective relic of barbarism, and at the gubernatorial balls in the height of the season, when the room is thronged with fair women and brave men, they shed their light on a very bright and animated scene.

A spacious dining-room, with arcades on both sides, hung with interesting portraits of past governors, opens at the back into a great marble-floored conservatory, full of ferns

and fountains—a delightful refuge from the heated ballroom between dances. From this you step into the garden, where a well-kept lawn—a great luxury in this country—intersected with paths and dotted with flower-beds, makes a pleasant English-looking promenade at the garden parties given by their Excellencies during the rains.

At large balls or evening receptions the garden near the house and the great fernery south of the ballroom are made quite fairylike with a profusion of Chinese lanterns and small coloured lamps, lit in the primitive but effective Indian way, with wicks floating in cocoa-nut oil. A welcome innovation

in the way of entertainment has been made by the present governor during his tenure of office. An excellent steeplechase and gymkhana course has been made on the low-lying ground below the house, and there competitions in tent-pegging, jumping, tilting, etc., are held, the lists being open to all the equestrians of Poona and Kirkee. Golf links have also been marked out, and a shooting gallery set up in the west. A piece of level ground near the clock-tower has been converted into a capital cricket pitch, and the Gunnes Khind eleven has hitherto carried all before it in this Presidency. Besides the outbuildings, which comprise a fine row



The Ball Room, Government House.

of stables and coach-houses, the grounds contain four staff bungalows, a guard-room with an ornamental clock-tower, and very complete European barracks for the Governor's band. About a mile away are the lines of the Native Cavalry Body Guard, consisting of some seventy sabres. The troopers are all picked men, and are generally of fine proportions, with handsome features. When on duty they look most imposing, their dress being a cross between the uniform of the Queen's Life Guards and the 16th Lancers, with the Eastern modification of a turban and kummerbund.

The physique of the Mahratta Sowars and Sepoys is, as a rule, greatly inferior to that of the fighting races of the Punjab, but a percentage of Sikhs and Pathans have filtered into the Bombay army, and have thus perhaps tended to raise the average of height.

It is interesting to notice in the busy streets of the city and Sudder Bazaar, an *omnium gatherum* of the types of Asiatic races. The staple population, since the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the Mogul empire was swept away by a fanatical Mahratta army, under the warrior-prince Sivagi, has been composed of Hindoos, but a fair sprinkling of Mahomedans still remains. Almost all traces of religious animosity have died out between the followers of the two creeds, and the Mussulman is only distinguishable from the

Hindoo by his invariable beard, and the absence of caste-marks on his forehead. Natives of the Deccan are small in physique, but well-featured and intelligent-looking, while the women are graceful, and often pretty. The Brahmin is decidedly fairer in complexion than other castes, and usually affects English education and patent-leather shoes. In his flowing white clothing and dark turban he is eminently respectable and picturesque. The natives of the Portuguese possession of Goa, who swarm in Bombay and Poona, are a singularly unattractive class, dressing in a travesty of European style, professing Roman Catholicism, and earning their livelihood as table-servants, tailors, and cooks. They

are darker than most natives of India, and rejoice in high-sounding Portuguese patronymics. The richest and most influential community is that of the Parsees, or fire-worshippers, who left Persia 1,200 years ago to escape the persecution of their countrymen. They have contrived to keep their worship, traditions, and type unchanged since their immigration to Bombay, and being a peaceful commercial race, they have amassed large fortunes in shipbuilding and trade of all kinds. The men wear a curiously shaped black head-dress, not much uglier than the British tall hat, while their wives and daughters dress in sarees of exquisite silk or gauze in most delicate shades of colour. The girls when young are



Another View of Government House.

frequently handsome, and on festival occasions their robes and jewels are quite dazzling. The Parsee of to-day is ostentatiously progressive, gives largely in charity and is very loyal to the British Government.

The Semitic type is well represented, as there is a considerable body of Jews, for whom the late Sir David Sassoon built a fine red-brick synagogue in the Civil Lines. Another public building, the David Sassoon Hospital, also owes its existence to the munificence of the same philanthropical individual.

Art manufactures peculiar to Poona are few. The artificers in silver and brass work, as elsewhere in India, are learning to content themselves with copying second-rate English designs. The Poona figures, well modelled in clay, and the

cotton cloths, stamped in gold and closely spangled with minute mirrors, are the only noticeable ornamental industries.

Poona derives its name from a Sanskrit word signifying the Purifier, probably on account of its two rivers. Local tradition describes it as a small village inhabited by a few Brahmins and some fishermen, which about the seventh century absorbed into itself two adjoining hamlets, and being well watered and well situated, speedily became a place of some trading importance. From its capture by the Moguls in 1290, its history was exceedingly stormy, but since passing into the hands of the British it has become, next to Bombay, the most prosperous and famed city of Southern India.

A. HUDSON.

SIR AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, G.C.B.

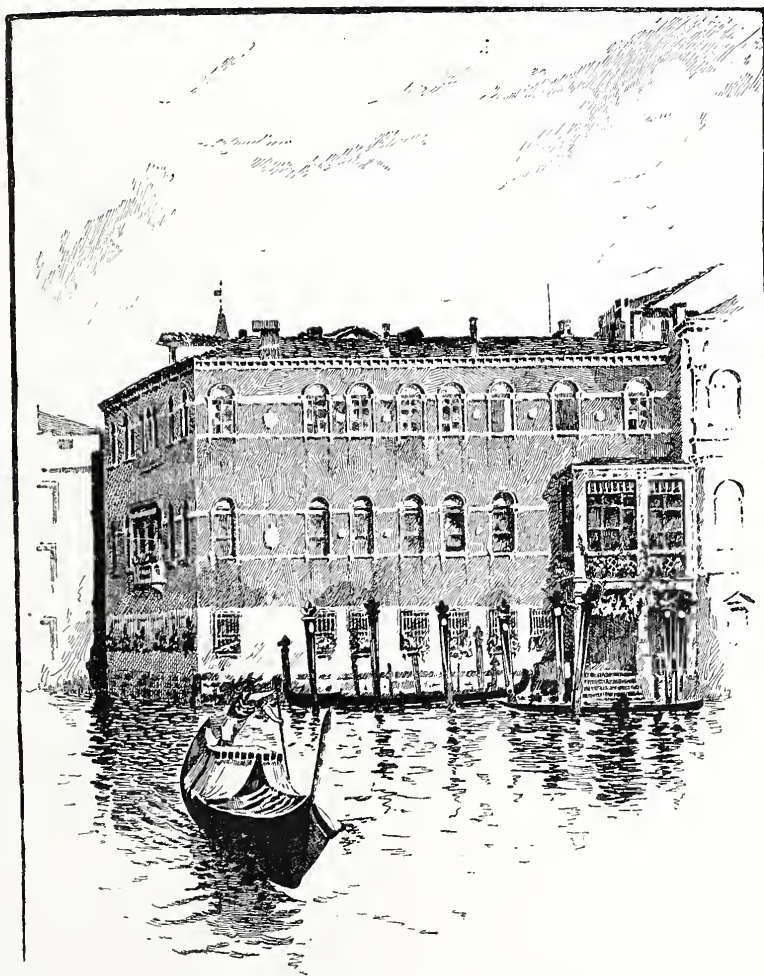
TRUSTEE OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD* was born in Paris on the 5th of March, 1817. His father was Mr. Henry P. J. Layard, a son of a former Dean of Bristol, who, while the young Henry was yet a child, settled in Florence, where, at the Rucellai Palace, his earlier years were passed. The first recollections of Sir Henry Layard are connected with this residence at Florence, and it may hardly be doubted that to these early impressions is due the keen affection with which, throughout the whole course of his strenuous life, his thoughts have ever fondly turned to Italy and to things Italian. His father whilst at Florence lived in an atmosphere of connoisseurship, and it is perhaps surprising that in one or other of its varied developments, Art should not have been selected as a career for his son. This was not so, however; young Layard was destined for the law, and to it were dedicated the earliest years of his student life. His own predilections do not appear to have been consulted, for one of the earliest anecdotes that is told of him relates to a matter in which his natural bent was made obvious, and once more the child was proved to be father of the man. A discussion had arisen at his father's house as to the authorship of a certain picture that was then being shown; differing from some of his elders, the lad attributed it to one of Carlo Dolci's followers, but not to that painter himself; it proved to be by his daughter. Layard was at the time between eight and nine years old.

* His baptismal name is Henry Austen Layard. For family reasons the two Christian names were arbitrarily transposed in his youth; and although universally known as Sir Henry Layard, he continues to sign as "A. H. Layard."

It is hardly to be wondered at that so energetic and versatile a nature as Layard had already shown that he possessed, rebelled somewhat against the studies to which he was now supposed to be devoted. To cast aside a profession to which the best and most impressionable years of a man's life have been devoted, is, however, among the most hazardous of experiments. Not infrequently it has resulted in disaster; in the case before us it was crowned with success. He abandoned the law, and in the year 1839 began those travels

which have, it may almost be said, immortalised his name; which will, at all events, remain an enduring monument long after the recollections of his successes as politician and diplomatist have passed away. The history of them has been told by himself in more than one volume, and it does not fall within the scope of this article to give even the briefest outline of them. On his return he published the result of his researches, and his volumes upon Nineveh and its remains, and upon Babylon, were the great literary attractions of the time. The distinguished traveller was the lion of several seasons; he received the freedom of the City of



Sir Austen Layard's Palace at Venice.

London, and his public appearances were received with enthusiasm.

Although it is doubtless true that the Governments of the day failed to appreciate Layard's explorations at their true value, it is equally certain that his exploits had made for him a very considerable reputation, not only with the general public, which has only results to go by, but in that small and select circle of the official world that is supposed to be always

on the look out for merit in various departments of human endeavour, with the object of utilising it in the public service. It is known, at all events, that the Foreign Office had for some time had its eye upon the dexterous and resourceful traveller, and no one was surprised when, in the year 1849, Layard was appointed unpaid attaché to the embassy at Constantinople. He was still in the East, and he took up his appointment before returning to England—a home-coming, however, that was not long delayed. Soon after his return to England in 1851, Lord Granville, during the few months in which he held the seals of the Foreign Office in 1851-2, nominated the young diplomatist to the Under-Secretaryship of Foreign Affairs. The administration of Lord Russell was, however, moribund; it expired in 1852, and Lord Derby formed his famous Ministry of country gentlemen, and a round dozen of ministers who had not previously held office went down to Windsor to be sworn of the Privy Council. It speaks not a little for Lord Derby's anxiety for the public interest, as well as for the mark made by the subject of this memoir, that the new Premier offered to retain him, at all events for a time, in the Under-Secretaryship; an offer which Layard declined.

Layard was now six-and-thirty, an age at which the world of politics and the public service account a man still young. And so in years and energy he was. But he was far riper in experience and achievement than was bespoken by his years. Like Ulysses he might have said, "Much have I seen and known; cities of men and manners, climates, councils, governments." Far more than now was Parliament the avenue to distinction, to which the thoughts of ambitious men—those who desired to take part in the government of their country—most readily turned. Layard's parliamentary career was an important chapter of his life, but we cannot here chronicle it with any minuteness. He was elected for Aylesbury in July, 1852, with Sir Richard Bethell, afterwards Lord Westbury. At the next election (in 1857) he was defeated; in April, 1859, he stood, but failed, for the City of York, and in December, 1860, was elected for the then undivided metropolitan borough of Southwark, a seat which he continued to occupy till 1869, when another page in his career was opened, and he went as British Minister to Madrid. During these seventeen years at home it may be confessed that Mr. Layard had several other interests at heart than those which agitated the breast of him who is known as the average M.P. Many and important "movements" were shared in by the rising politician, both at home and abroad. He refused appointments which would have been attractive to most men; he held several posts, rather it may be said of dignity and responsibility than of emolument; he shared the fortunes of that party—the Liberal—to which he had steadfastly adhered; he did not altogether escape the penalties or the rewards of his party allegiance.

Here we record only the Art career of Sir Henry Layard, and we pass by many thrilling "scenes in the House," and other episodes in which he took his full share of the battle. "I cannot rest from travel," too, might he then, as at most times, have said. He visited the Crimea during the war, and witnessed the battle of the Alma from the *Agamemnon*, and was at the battle of Inkerman. He made a journey to Constantinople to visit his old friend and patron, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, then "the voice of England in the East." A third journey was made to India during the Mutiny, and several visits were paid to Italy with his life-long friend,

Morelli, destined to have a still more definite influence upon his future career.

In these stirring days it was that the Art instincts of Layard first blossomed into action, in the foundation, or, more accurately, the re-foundation, of the Arundel Society. He has himself related the story,* and Sir William Gregory has more recently told it afresh in the pages of the *Nineteenth Century*.† Founded by a group of connoisseurs in the year 1848, for the reproduction of some of the most striking objects of ancient and mediæval Art, chiefly Greek sculpture, especially those works that were threatened with decomposition, demolition, or decay, the Society had led a struggling existence for some four or five years, when Mr. Layard came to its rescue. We quote here Sir William Gregory's words:—

"About the year 1852 Mr. (now Sir Henry) Layard, having returned from the exploration of Nineveh, and having no longer any public employment, turned his energies to the subject of Italian Art. Traversing Central and North Italy, he made tracings in outline with his own hand from the most interesting groups and figures in the frescoes of the masters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. On coming to England he was elected to the Council, and at once proposed that all the Society's efforts should be thrown into chromolithography. Nor was this all; he determined to make a strong impression by the splendour of the publications, believing that new members would thereby be attracted, additional funds raised, and the Society placed in an influential and secure position for the future. Accordingly he volunteered, at his own expense, to add to the one chromolithograph which the Council had agreed on as the annual publication for 1856, a second and no less interesting subject, by obtaining from Signor Marianecchi, of Rome, a water-colour copy of Perugino's 'Martyrdom of St. Sebastian,' at Panicale, having this printed in colour by chromolithography, with five heads in the fresco engraved in outline from his own tracings, and accompanying it with a memoir of Perugino and of the fresco. Mr. Layard carried his colleagues with him; his public-spirited offer was accepted, and was attended with such success that the Council were enabled to act with almost a profuseness of liberality henceforward to their subscribers; all apprehension of collapse being at an end when the Society's popularity was thus re-established."

Sir Henry Layard's continued interest in the fortunes of the Arundel Society has been repeatedly shown. In whatever situations the exigencies of his public life have placed him, he has been in regular communication with its Council; his very absences from the deliberations have been, in fact, turned to their advantage. Besides the "memoir" above mentioned, he has published, through the medium of the Society, several pamphlets of the highest interest, as is shown by their having been for many years out of print. Such are those upon the frescoes by Pinturicchio at Spello; on Domenico Ghirlandaio and his fresco at Florence; on Giovanni Sanzio and his fresco at Cagli, and on the Brancacci Chapel and Masolino, Masaccio, and Filippino Lippi. These booklets contain dicta and criticisms upon subjects connected with Italian Art of the first importance, and we regret that we are unable to find space for certain passages we had proposed to extract from them.

In 1861 the Prince Consort died. In the following year the Queen and her people began to raise their stately Memorial on the site of his greatest material achievement in

* *Quarterly Review*, 1858.

† No. 86, for April, 1884.

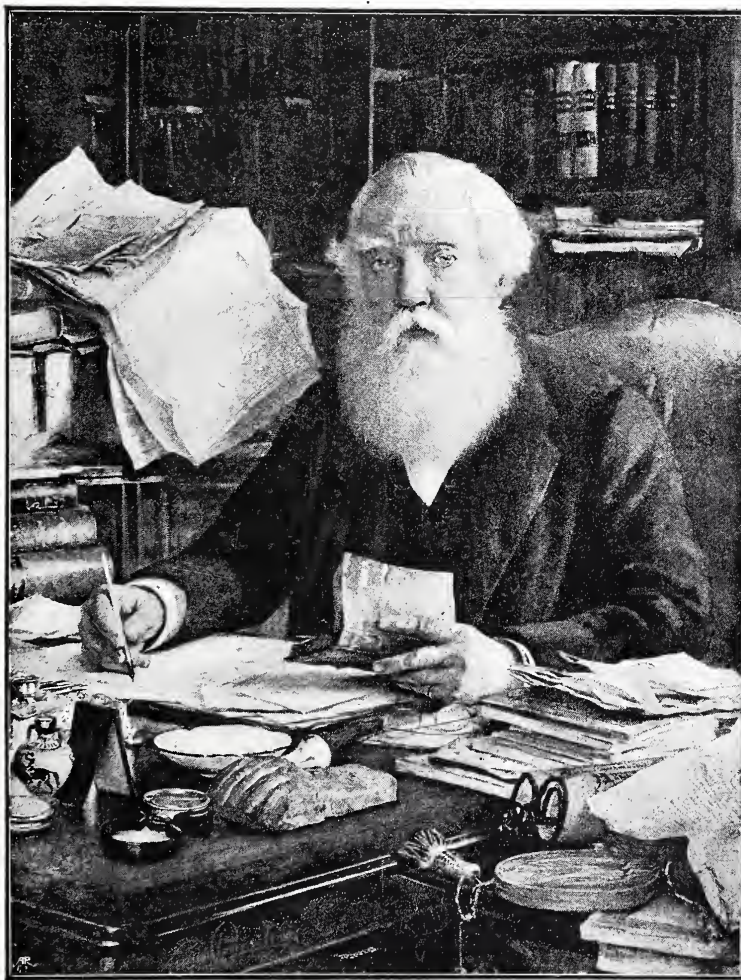
Hyde Park. The Queen called to her assistance four advisers in chief to settle the form of the Memorial; these were Lord Derby, Mr. Cubitt, Sir Charles Phipps, and Sir Charles Eastlake. Three years afterwards, before the monument was completed, Mr. Layard undertook the direction of the works at the express invitation of her Majesty; Sir Alexander Spearman at the same time assuming the management of the finances. Scott's drawing included the seated figure of the lamented Prince, his own gorgeous canopy being subsidiary to the statue; and Marochetti, always a *persona grata* at court, and a sculptor of undoubted merit, was chosen to furnish the design for it. When this, or rather the full-sized model, was completed, it was generally recognised to be unsatisfactory. Evidently this would "never do," and her Majesty was so informed. She promptly formed a further committee to report upon the design, consisting of the late Lord Stanhope, Mr. (now Sir Charles) Newton, and Layard. Their unanimous condemnation was even more emphatic, and Marochetti's design was rejected, though her Majesty is understood to have made the artist's son a very handsome *solatium*, for he himself had died. Ultimately, Foley was commissioned to execute the figure of the Prince as we now have it.

For the International Exhibition of 1882 Layard was one of the Royal

Commissioners for the Department of Sculpture, and as such visited Paris in company with Sir Henry Cole; and subsequently he took over some four thousand working men to inspect the exhibition, the funds being provided by a private subscription raised by himself. At the suggestion of the late Sir S. M. Peto, the organization of this trip was entrusted to Mr. Cook, of Leicester, whom Sir Samuel's firm had occasionally employed. This was actually the very first of "Cook's personally conducted tours," now so famous.

It is scarcely necessary to mention the various ministerial offices held by Mr. Layard during his parliamentary life. Coming, however, to the year 1866, we find him appointed with general approval to a Trusteeship of the National Gal-

lery, and in 1869 he accepted the ministerial office of First Commissioner of Works, a position which carries with it a Privy Councillorship. This is a post which more than any other offers attractions to politicians who, like Visto, "have a taste;" though, as we shall presently see, such special qualifications are not unfrequently put upon one side, if political exigencies point to a candidate who does not happen to possess them. To no one could the office have been more appropriately offered than to Mr. Layard, and it was eagerly accepted. It brought with it, however, a train of disappointments. Mr. Gladstone was premier, and although not perhaps altogether a Gallio in matters of Art, there was no public opinion behind those who pleaded for culture and beauty: the Art schoolmaster was not yet abroad. The utmost "society" demanded of the First Commissioner was that he should free the Ladies' Mile from stones, and keep the Row in good order for the equestrian. Layard was made for sterner work than this. He found himself penned in by routine and bound by precedent. He called for the records of his office, and discovered that there were not any; the ædile of the first city in the world found himself without archives. In a few short months he threw up his office in disgust, and accepted the Envoyship to Madrid proposed to him by Lord Clarendon.



Sir A. H. Layard. From a drawing by Ludwig Passini.

His keenest disappointment had arisen in the matter of the new Law Courts. Street, who had been definitely appointed architect by Layard's predecessor, Lord John Manners (now Duke of Rutland), prepared a design for a building to be placed on the Embankment, open on all four sides. This was at the suggestion of Layard, as First Commissioner, and he carried it successfully to the committee stage, when it was referred "upstairs." Here, however, it encountered the hostility of that *franc tireur* of politics and Art, Mr. Beresford Hope, and in the result was thrown out. After Layard's resignation, he had the mortification of finding the *locus in quo* removed from the Embankment to the Strand, and a design not nearly so fine accepted by his successor.

We now follow Layard to Madrid, where he remained for some six or seven years, that is to say, from 1870 to 1877. Now he breathed what, in many respects, was a congenial atmosphere. The labours of a British Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Spain—he had not yet acquired Ambassadorial rank—are not in ordinary times of so engrossing or overwhelming a character as to forbid him who endures them many hours of relaxation and repose. Layard's residence at Madrid was in an anxious and troubled time, and he was heavily worked; but of such leisure as he obtained he availed himself to the full, writing regularly his articles for the *Quarterly Review*, mainly upon subjects connected with the history and practice of Art, and above all, familiarising himself with the monuments and productions of the art and artists of the Iberian Peninsula. In recognition of his interest in these and kindred subjects, Layard was elected a member of the Academy of Art at Madrid. Then came the embassy at Constantinople, to which Sir Henry was nominated by Lord Beaconsfield. It would be out of place here to refer in any detail to the circumstances connected with this appointment, and with Layard's subsequent withdrawal from it. This much may be stated without exciting any political antagonisms,—upon the subject of Eastern policy Layard had always been more in touch with those to whom in home politics he was opposed and he was unable to follow the line adopted by Mr. Gladstone. He will be remembered as the instrument of one of the most notable strokes of Lord Beaconsfield's Eastern policy, the acquisition or occupation of Cyprus by Great Britain. In 1880, upon the return of Mr. Gladstone to office, Layard was withdrawn from his post at Constantinople, having a couple of years previously received the G.C.B. His diplomatic career had now closed.

It can hardly fail to have been observed by the reader of this paper that whether at home or abroad, and in or out of "office," one strong interest had dominated Layard almost from the very beginning of his career: this was, as has already been said, his affection for Italy and things Italian. In the days when Italian unity was still a dream, cherished indeed by millions, but believed in as a practical question of politics by a handful of ardent souls who were alternately ridiculed as fanatics or prosecuted as conspirators; in days long before even those of Mr. Gladstone's famous pamphlet, Layard had been the friend of Cavour and a principal adviser of those who looked for the liberation of Italy from the foreign yoke. This has always been thoroughly recognised and understood in the land wherein he now makes his home. The ancient town of Gubbio has conferred upon him the rights of citizenship, as has a city in Sicily. It is now some five-and-twenty years ago since Sir Henry Layard resolved to make himself a home at Venice, and he acquired the Ca' (or Casa) Capello, which stands at the corner of the Rio di San Polo on the Grand Canal. There, during the period of his various employments, had been accumulating a considerable number of objects of Art, against the time when he should be able to make his permanent abode in the midst of them. That time came, as has been stated, in 1880. A fortunate circumstance had spared his collection from a disastrous fate in the year 1874. Sir Henry had resolved to warehouse it in the Pantechicon, until he had acquired a fixed place of abode. At the request, however, of the late Mr. Henry Doyle, he permitted it to be sent on loan for exhibition at Dublin. Within a few weeks the Pantechicon and its contents, including many valuable works of Art, were totally destroyed by fire.

One of the most interesting chapters in the Art life of Sir Henry Layard relates to the re-establishment of the exquisite manufacture of Venetian glass. It would be interesting to recount the steps by which this really remarkable achievement was accomplished; the story has been told by other pens, and it is undoubtedly one of the most important incidents in that progress of the industrial arts which has characterized the latter half of this century. Some of the most perfect examples that have been produced at Murano are in Sir Henry's possession at Venice.

Sir Henry Layard's collection is sufficiently famous for us to dispense with its praise here, the more so as he is already sufficiently burdened with applications to inspect it by tourists both British and American. Sir Henry confesses his special obligations in the acquisition of these to the assistance of his life-long friend, Signor Morelli ("Le Vermoloeff"), who only died last year, and whom Layard regards as without exception the greatest Art-critic who ever lived. The index to the seventh edition of Kugler's famous Handbook, published under Sir Henry Layard's careful supervision in 1887, will afford information in detail of several of the more important works, some of which are engraved therein. Sir Henry's latest public service connected with Art was his membership of the recent Royal Commission concerning Westminster Abbey. It will be remembered that, with the Dean and Sir Frederic Leighton, he signed the report in favour of the scheme propounded by Mr. Shaw Lefevre, the Commissioners who signed the alternative report being Mr. Plunket, Mr. Waterhouse, and Mr. Louis Jennings.

Besides the honours and rewards which have been incidentally mentioned as having fallen to the lot of the subject of this memoir, it should be stated that he has received the Prussian Order of Merit from the German Emperor, and is a corresponding member of the Institute of France. He has received the Gold Medals both of the Royal Institute of British Architects and of the Royal Geographical Society. Upon the death of his friend and neighbour, Robert Browning, last year, he was elected to the Secretaryship for Foreign Correspondence in the Royal Academy, an honorary post that has been held in succession by several eminent men, including Joseph Baretti, James Boswell, and Lord Houghton. In the autumn of last year an admirable bust of Sir Henry in marble by his old friend, Sir Edgar Boehm, was placed in the British Museum by subscription of his friends and colleagues past and present; it stands at the foot of the grand staircase. He is President of the Huguenot Society of London, and an eager contributor to its publications, being himself descended from an 'old refugee family, whose former name was Caumont de Lয়ারde, and whose genealogy goes back to the year 1190.

As regards our illustrations, it is perhaps unnecessary to say that the portrait of Sir Henry Layard, in his habit as he lives, by Ludwig Passini, a member of the Royal Institute, and a distinguished member of the Art colony of Venice, was hung in the water-colour room at the Royal Academy last year (1891). Another and better-known life-size picture of him, by Palmaroli, now Principal of the Spanish Academy at Rome, adorns the hall of the Ca' Capello. The view of this charming *palazzo* is from a recent photograph; it is a fourteenth-century house, and may be readily identified in the ancient plan of Venice of the year 1500, attributed to Albert Dürer, but in reality by Jacopo de Barberi.

J. F. BOYES.



The Viaduct of Nogent.

PARIS PLEASURE RESORTS.—II. THE MARNE.*

SO far we have made but little way down the windings of the Parisian Marne—"La Parisienne rivière," as they



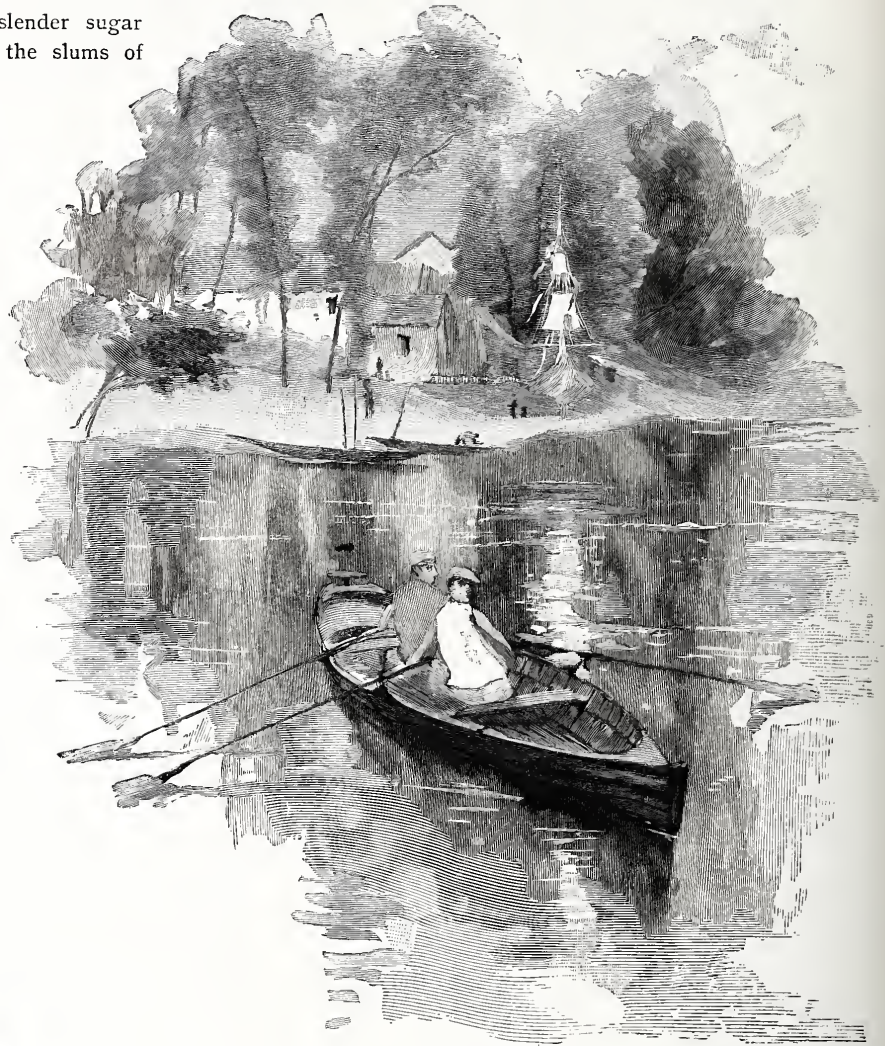
call it who praise it in the elegant modern French, with the

* Continued from page 75.

adjective placed first. Just as the poets of the last century found a grace in the opposite inversion, and poetically put their adjectives after their nouns, so do the writers of the French of purest modernity delight in "Sa blonde chevelure," "Les humaines souffrances," "Ces vertes pelouses." Resuming, then, at or about the junction of the canal with the Marne near Neuilly, a short progress onward brings into view, at some distance on the left, the belfry of Noisy-le-Grand, just rising pointed from its pointed poplars; and a little farther occurs the noble Fontaine Maintenon, lately stripped, by we know not what impulse of destruction, of the splendid growth of vegetation that once shook to the shock of its waters. The name of the fountain refers to a local tradition that the wonderful woman who alone brought the gayest of courts and the most magnificent of kings to devotion and repentance, was fond of the place, and used to visit here the old nurse of her royal husband.

Next comes the tubular bridge of Neuilly, uniting Plaisance to the village of Noisy-le-Grand. Neuilly itself is one of those inevitable suburbs which ladies' schools have made their own; sufficiently near the capital to command professors and pianists of name; sufficiently removed for that aloofness from the world which is becoming to the educational time of life. Many an English face is to be seen among the school-girl groups of Neuilly-sur-Marne. A little farther on and we get a puff of smoke, black and thick, from the short chimneys of the plaster ovens of Meltournée. Our associations with plaster of Paris—if this be indeed the plaster so named—refer principally to the adulteration of the sweets against which we warn our children. Let us hope that not all the plaster that is gathered under these rows of gabled

sheds is destined to extenuate the already slender sugar given in exchange for the child's penny in the slums of Europe. More attractive is the viaduct of Nogent (p. 107), red in colour, and having one huge arch that bestrides the river; a grand work, and not unpictorial, in spite of its newness. It is not only in their shattered state, in their unequal sections—their standing and their fallen groups—as where the aqueducts reach away between Rome and the watersheds in the hills—that continuous arches add to the beauty of a landscape. There are ravines and gullies in the most beautiful mountains in the world—those that rise steeply from the Eastern Riviera—to which the high and strong arches of new railway viaducts add something of design; they span the flowering valleys, their shorter supports wedded by masonry to the rock, their longer reaching down to the bed of some central shallow torrent. And how fine are the longer series of arches in open country all painters must feel who have become aware of the beauties of perspective and succession. Turner certainly knew it when he painted the two long bridges in the finest of the landscapes at Burlington House last winter. Nor are arches valuable for



La Varenne.



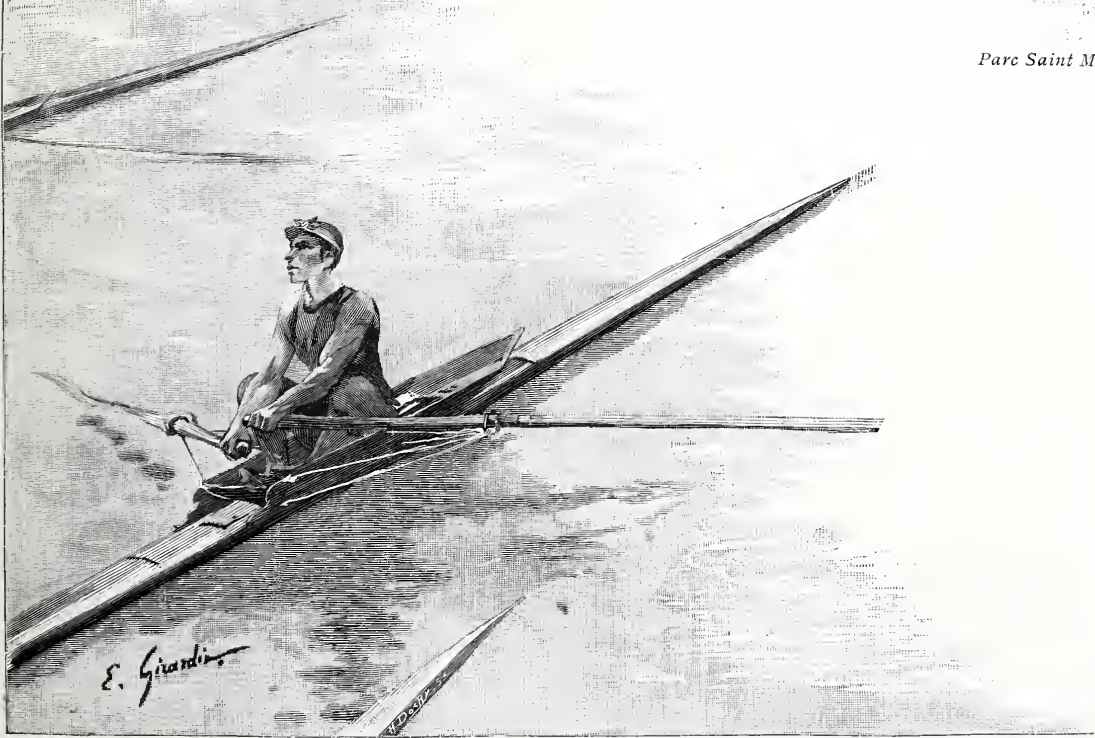
L'île d'Amour, Varenne.

their effect on the landscape only; they are even better for the sky; so that almost any sky gains composition and majesty when it is seen through or above the lines of continuous arches. Close to the Nogent Viaduct, as it passes over the Marne, is gathered a little village of houses, like itself rosy-tinted.

A curve so abrupt that the river doubles directly back upon itself takes place between Nogent and Joinville, for the Marne shows all the ingenuity of a stream in a flat country, and makes the utmost of its scenery by twisting in and out of the same fields, keeping the same trees, the same belfry in sight for an hour of its capricious journey. Joinville is in some sort the headquarters of the boating men of the Marne. It has a weir, and out of its troubled waters are drawn the delicate canoes, to be hoisted over the *barrage* with due respect to their varnish (p. 111). Yet a little farther, and one of the most admired of dining places is found at the Villa des Mabouls, in the Parc Saint Maur (p. 109). It was equally popular in the middle of the century, when Dupré and Corot, Daubigny and Rousseau painted the Marne and took their ease, after their day's work, in the pleasant inn. As at Barbizon, the dining-room walls are brushed over with oil-sketches signed by great names. It is no wonder they came to this particular reach, for it is the prettiest section of the suburban river. An island is not wanting, and the thin groups of



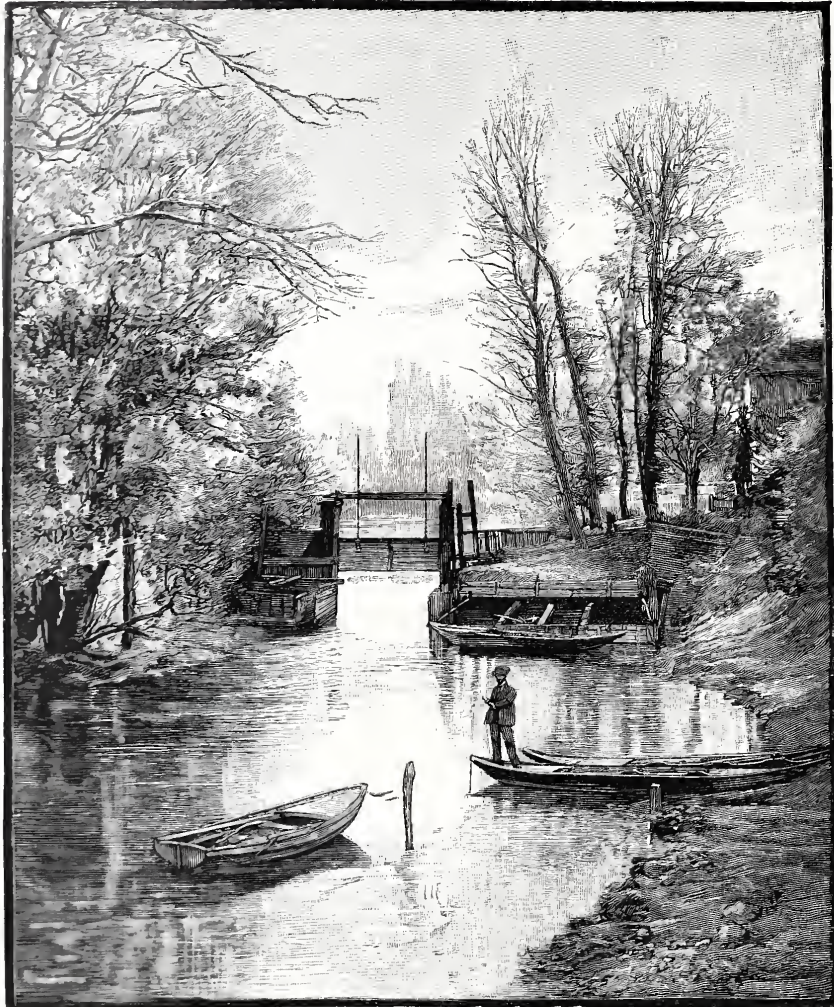
Parc Saint Maur.



A Sculling Race.

poplars are placed most felicitously. A higher hill than

who deal in that quality will not find in her an example ready to their facile hands. What pathos there is about her, they must be bold to find in her cheerful roughness, her scandal, and her quite unconscious and unpretentious industry. There is but one perhaps in the world who has ever succeeded in silencing her, and that is the painter Millet, whose labourers, men and women, seem to keep a perpetual silence. As for Corot, however near to the suburbs he pitched that easel which so seldom stood in the fields after the dew had left them, he too imparted silence to the landscape. No ruder sound than the rustle of the coolest aspens is conveyed by his remote though familiar scenes. No need to say the wall-sketches in the Marne waterside inn are the lasting attractions of the idle tourist, who might see Daubigny's masterpieces with less trouble than he takes to see a scrawl.



Champigny.

usual, too, rises at Chennevières. Perhaps in the young days of le Père Corot the scenery was not quite so populous or so suggestive of the villadom of the commercial Parisian. Corot certainly did not shun the signs of habitation in his lovely landscapes, and sometimes the solitude of the fringes of his woods is increased by the figure of his wood-gleaner or his nymph, and his early sunbeams never look purer or fresher than when they illumine the simple white walls of a hardly awakened house. But Saint Maur, La Varenne, Adamville, La Pie, are in their present condition too mundane to look like the sketching-ground of the spiritual artist. If Millet came hither with his comrades from Fontainebleau, not among the *canotiers* and the *canotières* would he find models for his figures. Perhaps he might have painted the washerwomen who carry on the perpetual *lessive* of the cleanest nation in the world, on the banks of the Marne. Wherever fresh water runs in France, there does the housewife set down her bundle and bring out her board and her beater, and fight the battle of the "wash." No stream but is made to hear the babble of her patois and to carry the clouds of her soap. She is never squalid; some glimpse of neat linen proves that she does not wash in vain, and her powerful arms and glossy hair make her a possible model. Of the pathos of labour those

more free from the responsibilities of civic duty, nothing



more contemptuous of the antique simplicity of Republics

could have flaunted itself under the protective watch of an empire's spies. As for the holidays of the poor, it is not on the Marne that those weary festivals are passed. They take place nearer Paris. At a distance of a hot and reluctant walk, or of a short and crowded railway journey, the obscure Parisian shopkeeper and his children breathe the dusty air of a summer Sunday. M. Daudet knew not only the heart of the poor, but the heart of the child, when he called the holiday excursion the most fatiguing memory of the toilsome life of childhood in the homes of common Paris. We have none of us yet confessed, by the way, how greatly children suffer from sheer *ennui*, and how long those days—that are always twenty times as long as the days of mature people—

are made by vacant thoughts and tedious actions on a day's excursion. The pleasures of the poor are hard, and on the younger children of the pleasure-seeking family the hardship presses its utmost weight.

Another determined loop brings the serpentine stream round the park lands and little woods that lie between Chennevière and Creteil, its banks growing more populous as the Marne flows towards the great river. The junction bears the tragic name of Charenton. It is an evil ending, and sends our fancy backward to the poplar groves and little islands, the pearly waters and the French-cockney sweetness of those reaches of the river where M. Menier's wheels grind the perpetual chocolate.



The Weir at Foinville.

THE FURNISHING AND DECORATION OF THE HOUSE.*

IV.—FURNITURE.

WE come now to consider that class of movables which we designate furniture in general, in respect of which one of the most frequent mistakes committed is over-crowding. This, I take it, is but the symptom of the dissatisfaction we almost inevitably experience with our rooms when fitted up in the ordinary manner. It is not at all because we require a quantity of furniture, on the contrary, over-crowding results only in inconvenience; but because the furniture we have is, as a rule, so bad that we must be perpetually buying fresh objects in the hope of improving matters. But somehow the change is not final, and the latest addition fails to produce the desired effect, and thus the accumulation of odds and ends of furniture continues, while all the time what is really wanted is not to increase the number of household goods, but to make a clean sweep of the whole lot and supply their place with the few objects, plain, well designed, and well made, that we require for actual use. Look at a mediæval room, as we see it in a painting of Van Eyck or Carpaccio, how severe it is, and yet how handsome and dignified! It is

to be feared, indeed, that our modern habits demand more than is warranted by such primitive simplicity, but at any rate it indicates the lines on which any genuine reform should proceed. I am not now concerned with pictures, china, and other minor accessories, but with objects of a certain specific compass and importance, such as chairs, tables, etc. In furnishing our rooms we ought to exercise such reserve and restraint that we shall buy nothing but

what we honestly want for our practical necessities. Our furniture should be ornamental, certainly; if it is truly suitable to its purpose there is little cause for anxiety lest it should be otherwise than ornamental; but do not let us admit any piece of furniture for the sake of ornament alone, anything, in short, which is called into existence by no material needs. The draped easel, stumbling-block for the unwary, the pretty screen which is too low to shelter one's head from draughts and too rickety to be stationed in front of the fire, the senseless conceit of the sedan-chair converted into a curio cabinet, the milking stool and all the host, whose name is legion, of small fancy tables which irritate one's temper by getting in the way and upsetting with all their contents on to the floor, or hurting one's legs—do not all these encumber rather than furnish the drawing-room, and drive us away from it as a place unfitted for any but occasions of state and discomfort? False economy deters many from getting rid of furniture they have once bought, even though it be a constant source of annoyance to them. The in-

consistency of some people in these matters is astounding. How few buy ready-made clothes, how few would persist in wearing acknowledged misfits! How many allow themselves to be betrayed into purchasing ready-made suites of unsuitable and ugly furniture! And yet clothes are not expected to last more than two or three years at the most, sometimes not as many months—whereas furniture is intended to serve for a lifetime, may be for several generations. Is there not reason then to exercise



Fig. 1.—Sideboard in the possession of Wilfred Meynell, Esq.

* Continued from page 85.

extraordinary care in an affair of such lasting consequence? Is it possible to insist too strenuously that everything should be of the very best style and craftsmanship? But to do this costs money, and the perplexed householder is haunted by the bugbear of changing fashion, and is afraid that, after all the trouble and expense, his furniture may, in the course of a few years' time, become antiquated and have to be discarded like the former. No doubt this is true if the form and character of his furniture depend, in the first instance, not upon sound principles, but upon mere caprice, or the foolish desire to have similar things to his neighbour. But if any object be good of its kind and represent intelligent thought and true and honest workmanship, there is no fear that it will ever be found out of date or fail to satisfy. It afforded so much of the artist's pleasure in his own handiwork to the man who designed and made it, and its potential yield of pleasure to the intelligent observer will remain the same for all time.

Aggressive affectation of any past style naturally tends to make an object clash with surroundings, unless they are all arranged to match. For this reason, it seems to me, a piece of furniture like the sideboard Fig. 2, which is of solid make, plain, and not of any peculiarly pronounced character, is calculated to harmonize in almost any situation and to afford satisfaction years and years hence—so long, in fact, as it holds together; while the "massive," "neat," or "noble" mahogany chiffonier, adorned with horrors in machine-carving, with serpentine top and mirror at the back, is inherently unsuitable for any place or period, and never will be good for anything but to be chopped up for firewood. No one could pretend to feel the loss or to have any attachment or admiration for such objects. But if we refuse to abolish them we suffer for it. It answers, in the long run, to have costly and tasteful furniture about us. For dirt and disorder are

ruinous alike to objects of Art and to bodily health; and where there are beautiful things to be preserved, we are bound to take care to keep them free from dust and dirt. If our surroundings, on the other hand, are sordid and ugly we shall take no pride in them, nor find it worth while to trouble about them. But neglect implies the presence of dirt, disastrous to health. Thus all the offices and parts of the house should have pains and taste bestowed upon them, that the inmates may have every inducement to tidiness and cleanliness. But further, cleanliness ought to be made as easy as possible. For this end it is desirable that wardrobes, chests of drawers, cupboards, bookcases, etc., should be so arranged

as to constitute part of the structural fittings of the room, and be carried up from floor to ceiling. Under the present system, induced largely by our unsettled habits of moving about from place to place, and consequently not caring to put fixtures in houses which we only occupy temporarily, there is not only great waste of space, but there are also numberless exposed surfaces, high enough to escape observation and to be reached with difficulty, on the tops of our furniture, on which dust gathers to the great detriment of our health. Beware of the cabinet with a pediment



Fig. 2.—Sideboard by Messrs. Liberty & Co.

or raised cornice, with a sunken tray in the middle, or of the short-legged wardrobe, which, being raised but two or three inches from the ground, leaves a space below too narrow to admit the dust-broom. In the case of heavy furniture that cannot be moved for cleaning underneath, it is best to fill the interval between the bottom and the floor with a solid plinth down to the ground.

For books, a structural arrangement of plain shelves is better than movable cases. They should be so placed that, both by day and by artificial light, a side light falls upon them. It is most awkward when you find your shadow, cast from a light behind, darkening the books you want to see.

The plan adopted at the Bodleian and other large libraries of having the cases at right angles to the wall, in such a way as to form a series of alcoves, each lit by a window, is as convenient as any that could be devised. To relieve the monotony of rows and rows of books, here and there among the shelves an opening or recess, lined with leather-paper or mirrors, for china and other ornaments, may be introduced with advantage. It is well also to have a horizontal division of the bookcase, say at the height of 3 ft., or 2 ft. 6 in. from the floor, the lower portion being brought further forward than the rest, so as to form a ledge for books taken down for reference; or a sunk slab, to draw out, might be provided at a convenient height from the ground. The lower part might consist of drawers or cupboards for newspapers, magazines, and the miscellaneous unbound literature that will accumulate in every house.

The panels of the cupboard-doors, as well as the shelves, should be painted and decorated to correspond with the other fixtures. Glass doors are a mistake, not only as placing a barrier to the free use of the books, but because the latter are better preserved when open to the free circulation of the air than when they are confined. If there are any valuable works which it is desired to keep under lock and key, they can be protected by doors of wire trellis, or ornamental grilles of bent or wrought ironwork. A curtain, hung on a rod and easily drawn aside, might add to the appearance, and provide a certain shield from the dust.

Instead of the usual scolloped leather, which cannot be called ornamental, and which being stiff is apt to catch in the back of the books, perhaps we might employ a fringe, formed by cutting a band of leather diagonally into strips of about one-third of an inch wide, with two parallel lines of tooling to make a heading at the top of the fringe. This would keep out the dust, and being pliant would present no obstacle to the handling of the books.

Dining and other tables, with circular or oval top, poised upon one central leg, that sprawls out into three or four cumbrous feet, are ugly, and even when secure have an aspect of untrustworthiness. In order not to interfere with the convenience of persons seated at table, the legs of rectangular tables should be placed as near the corners as may be, or else set back well under the table, with a sturdy frame

to carry the top, as upon trestles. Legs struck at an angle to the table, and sloping outward from one another toward the foot, have more purchase to the ground than perpendicular legs, and have, as a structural feature, considerable decorative value. They should be properly connected by ties. Whether turned or squared, table legs should be of uniform thickness from top to bottom. Those composed of a succession of globular bulges or of fluted and tapered members, alternating with sunken contractions, are clumsy to look at, and are hardly stronger than a plain leg, which has from end to end an equal circumference to theirs at the narrowest point. It is not a very sociable plan to be seated at opposite sides of a broad expanse of table. Most dining-tables are made too wide. They should rather be long, and narrow in proportion. Servants would have more space then

to pass in a small room, at any rate along two sides. Though the custom of using tablecloths is all but universal, I have eaten with perfect comfort off a bare oak board in its natural colour, with iron-bound edges. No one who has not tried can imagine the luxury of it. I may here observe that a high polish is undesirable for furniture generally, since it is very liable to scratch, and shows every mark. For a table-top in particular it makes a hard and slippery surface that is better avoided.

Upholstered furniture is frequently stuffed with a supererogatory amount of padding, which has a way of working up into hard and uneven lumps, in spite of being confined at frequent intervals with buttons, which in their turn form puckered folds and hollows innumerable for dust and dirt. All that is really needed is plain hair stuffing, sufficient to cover the framework entirely and soften the hardness of the wood. A compact and moderate amount is less likely to become displaced by wear than a larger quantity. The first cover for the padding commonly consists of drabby-brown canvas, which again is cased with some outer envelope of a more costly quality. But this first canvas cover might well be of a pleasant colour, such as could bear to be exposed at least for a time. The arras-cloth supplied by Messrs. Liberty & Co. in light red or olive tones is very suitable for the purpose, and quite moderate in price. It would be best, where the sum available is limited, to expend it all at the outset in procuring chairs and sofas of the best construction, allowing

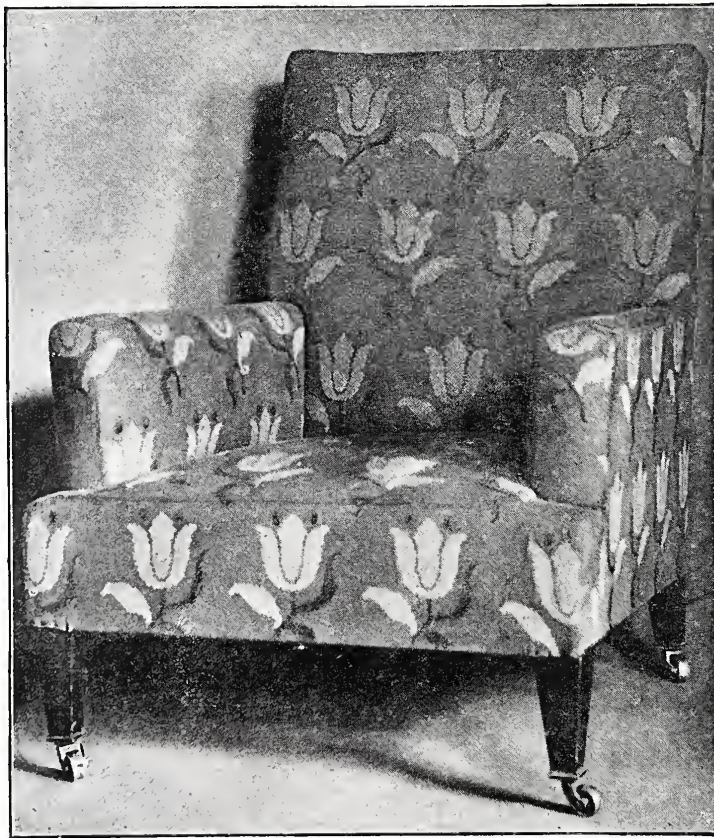


Fig. 3.—Easy Chair. Made by Messrs. Liberty & Co. for Aymer Vallance.

no more of the amount than is absolutely necessary for the plainest canvas covers. These will last well enough for some

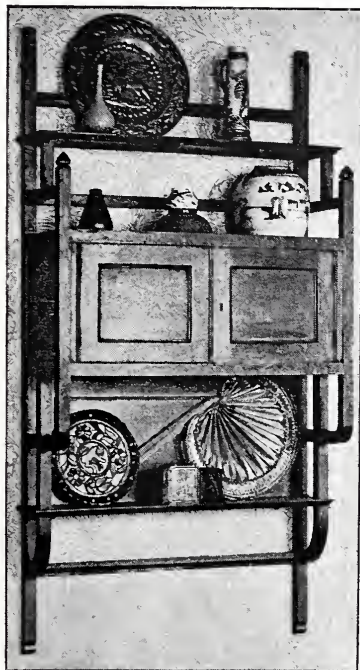


Fig. 4.—Hanging Cupboard.

years, and can eventually be provided with fixed coverings of better material or with slip cases of cretonne. If, on the contrary, a large proportion of the original outlay (that is, supposing the sum forthcoming for furnishing to be the same in either case) has to go to buy expensive covers all complete, it follows that the chairs and sofas themselves will necessarily be of inferior quality. With regard to the swollen monstrosities in upholstery only too common, it is sadly significant of the decadence of these latter days of ours that any one should ever be able to derive comfort for the limbs from an object which outrages the sense of sight, or the principles of sound construction; but it does so happen. The ugly arm-chairs and sofas of commerce are sometimes positively agreeable, provided that you do not look at them.

The question is whether the most artistic should not also be the most comfortable furniture as well. I know no more luxurious or picturesque couches than the divan seats round the walls of the smoking-room at the Lyric Club, but they are too substantial to admit of being very readily moved about, nor could they be placed in the middle of a room without some additional framework to support the cushions at the back. It is impossible for any one chair or sofa to be so constructed as to suit the exigencies of the body in every position of ease. A seat, the back of which recedes just where one person wishes to find support in one position, will possibly answer the requirements of the same person in another attitude, or of some one of different stature. And so it is not only best on æsthetic grounds, but safest for the bodily comfort of the greatest number, that chairs and sofas be made as straight and as plain as possible, and be supplemented with a liberal supply of feather-filled cushions, which, being separate, can be piled up or placed exactly when and where wanted for the convenience of each individual. An exception, however, must be made in favour of the "sitting

up" or "groaning" chair of our grandmothers, which, notwithstanding its associations, is snug withal, and with its curious ear-screens, a picturesque object that the lover of the quaint and antique will be loth to condemn. For sofas and easy-chairs to be really comfortable their seats should be low, not more than about twelve inches from the ground, and of ample dimensions, measuring from front to back as well as from side to side. Nothing is more awkward than a seat which is so shallow that in order to incline your back for rest you are obliged to sit forward on the front edge, except it be one which is so strait that it holds you squeezed in a vice out of which you can only rise with a struggle.

As a specimen of the sort of furniture advocated a chair is here reproduced (Fig. 3) which was made for me by Messrs. Liberty & Co., the conditions stipulated being that it was to have no curls anywhere about it, nor any buttons. The result is an object which is both pleasant to the eye and also true to its name in being a genuine easy-chair.

In the way of cheaper and lighter goods there is a considerable industry at High Wycombe, where some excellent chairs and settles are produced, of turned wood plain, stained or ebonized, with rushed seats. The latter are preferable to cane as being not only more artistic, but stronger too. The

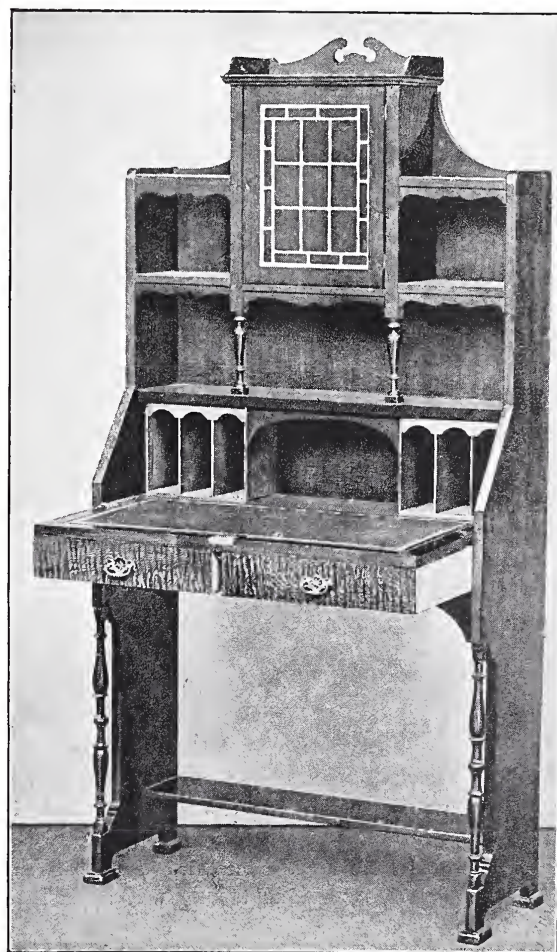


Fig. 5.—Bureau in Green-stained Wood. By Messrs. Frank Giles & Co., Kensington.

chair is necessarily weakened which is perforated all round the frame of the seat, and perhaps also of the back, with holes

for the split cane to pass through. And whereas cane seats invariably crack and give way with the pressure of any heavy weight, rush seats have the advantage, not to be overlooked, that they will, if necessary, bear a person standing upon them without going through. As to the so-called Austrian bent-wood furniture, of what does it consist but painful distortions, quite in excess of the proper limits of the material, by artificial process, producing the effect of cast iron? If such shapes are demanded, let them be made in the only material suitable, so that every one may know them and estimate them aright. Surely it is only by the help of a foreign name, and by trading upon our absurd superstition, that we have to look abroad in matters of taste, and humbly follow other nations without criticising, that such things ever came to find a market amongst us. On the other hand, with basket chairs, deck chairs and couches, on account of the pliable nature of the material, curves and interlacings are perfectly legitimate. These articles are light to move, not expensive to buy, and are to be had sometimes in quaint and artistic patterns. But they have a ghostly habit of creaking hours after having been occupied and vacated.

That curvilinear treatment which, in dealing with a light and supple substance like cane, is allowable and even admirable, is apt to be the reverse in the case of graver matter like wood and stone. Most of the examples illustrated have been chosen with a view to show the paramount value of the straight line in furniture design. Both the sideboard (Fig. 1) and the hanging cupboard (Fig. 4), which, without professing to be anything else than English, give evidence of Japanese influence, are still better examples of the remarkable versatility—to use a paradox—of the straight line. If I may criticise the cabinet without seeming insensible of the kindness of the owner, who courteously permitted it to be photographed *in situ*, I should say that had the legs been about twice as massive they would have imparted an air of greater strength and thereby improved it, without in any way impairing its character as a whole.

At the top of the writing-bureau, by Messrs. Frank Giles & Co. (Fig. 5), will be seen a form, the origin of which is not so generally recognised as to render a short explanation superfluous. In the days of the classic revival men were seized, like the hapless Tanhäuser of the legend (which is nevertheless in parable the history of the Italian Renaissance) with a fervid and indiscriminating infatuation for everything con-

nected with Paganism; so, when they brought to light the wreck of some ancient temple, they servilely set about reproducing it with all the signs of ruin, just as it appeared newly unearthed before them. Hence the banality of the broken pediment, of frequent occurrence in furniture and in architecture. It is quite true that picturesque effect is often found in ruins and other accidental imperfections, but as such they cannot possibly become the sound foundation for any rational or beautiful ornament. The broken pediment is a shape at once debased and inconsistent with itself. If any one cares to verify this last assertion let him complete the interrupted outline and restore what is missing from the indications existing in any examples he meets. As frequently as not it will be found that the several parts do not correspond; that

the apex of a Grecian pediment is set between ogival or segmental extremities, or *vice versa*. In instances where the parts might conceivably belong to the same structure their relative positions are at fault, the centre being far below its proper pitch. Were it not for this corrupt device, which after all might easily be removed, there is little fault to find with the bureau represented. It even has a handsomer appearance when the lid is closed than when opened as it is shown here.

The different possible combinations of straight lines are so innumerable that there is practically no occasion to employ any others in furniture construction. Giddy and wearied with the incessant complexity of twists and sinuous vagaries, the eye seeks for something plain and quiet on which to rest, a want which is supplied by the elementariness of rectilinear forms. And lest

these in turn should ever become monotonous, plenty of variety in the way of curves and flowing lines may be obtained in flat surface ornamentation, as distinct from constructive outline. Painting, gesso, inlay and engraving, together with chasing, carving and fretting, constitute the principal methods of such applied decoration; in which work, the object to be aimed at is not to do violence to the character of his materials, nor to subject them in any sort to becoming a medium for showing off the ornament, or for advertising the artist and his skill in execution. His function is to beautify as far as he can without detracting from the particular uses or requirements of any object he takes in hand, whether chair, table, or cabinet. Every article of furniture, be it good or bad, is bound to be built upon some structural basis or other. And this it is which all ornament

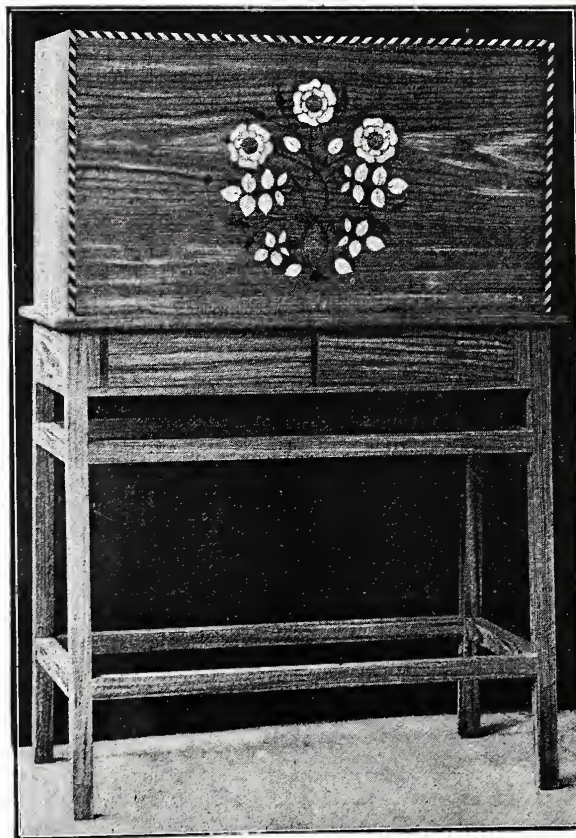


Fig. 6.—Escritoire, with Inlay Decorations. By Messrs. Kenton & Co.

of whatever kind ought to regard, if not by accentuating the constructive lines, at least by following them and conforming itself to the bounds they prescribe in their main features, as in the mouldings, beadings, panels, etc. The ornament should never be the end in itself, but always an accessory, and that appropriate.

It is a cardinal error to seek for surfaces on which to represent pictorial figure-subjects, landscapes, or illustrations like those which embellish trade catalogues. In a word, no sort of ornamental treatment ought to be undertaken which would have been better expressed on canvas, paper, or indeed by any process other than the one chosen. Popular practice, it need hardly be said, is in direct contravention of these plain principles. I am not now referring to the tradesman, but to the amateur, who is supposed to

possess a certain amount of culture and intelligence. Such an one's ambition does not, as a rule, lead him or her to deal with the larger and more important objects of household furniture, but rather with the most insignificant things. The milking-stool is a case in point. Not of the smallest service, being inadequate as a seat, diminutive and unsteady as a table, why has it found its way into the living-room at all? For no reason, except to give the young lady the opportunity of exercising her paint-brush or her Aspinalling weapons, and thereby deluding herself with the idea that she is furthering the cause of charity. For the bazaar is the rallying ground for this large class of futile productions. Of course there is no question that they are not Art at all. But it will be observed that they are always called "High Art" or "Fine Art," as though the addition of the epithet could so far ex-

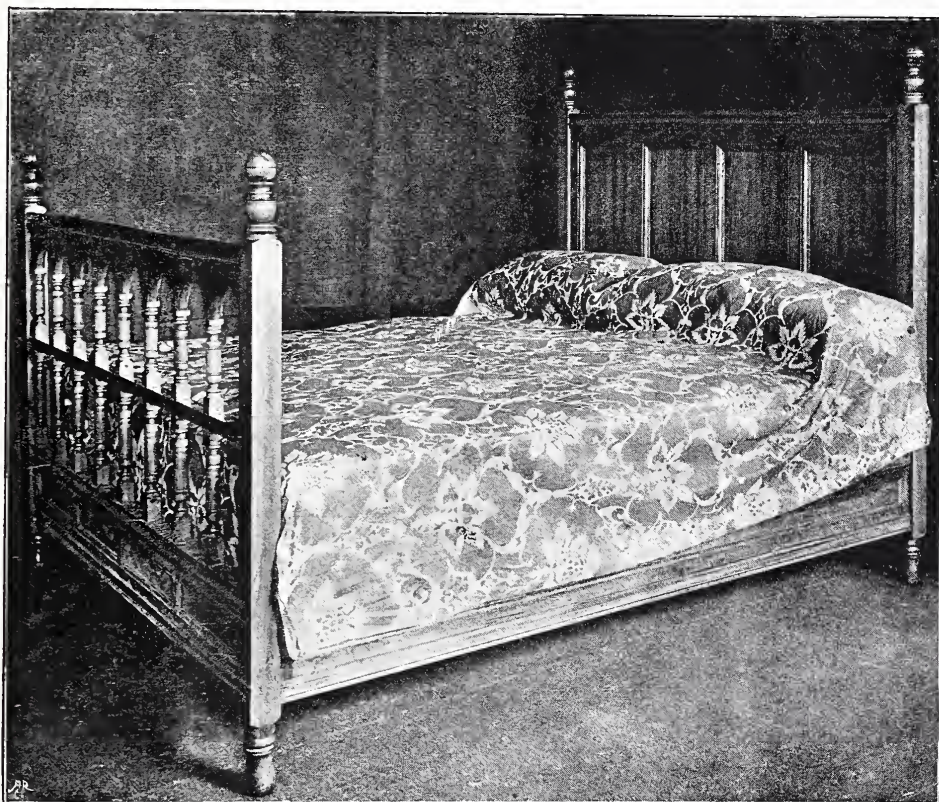


Fig. 7.—Green-stained Wooden Bedstead. By Messrs. Liberty & Co.

tend the meaning of the word as to include such stuff under the ægis of the qualifying adjective. In instances of the kind it is manifest that the motive object was the painting, and that afterwards, as a pretext for the painting, was brought in the sabot, the milking-stool, the drain-pipe, etc. Ornament, under these circumstances, no matter how cleverly executed, has forfeited all title to the dignity of decoration, the very essence of which is subordination. "To give people pleasure in the things they must perforce use, that is one great office of decoration," says Mr. William Morris; and again, "Nothing can be a work of Art which is not useful."

The above applies of course to other modes of furniture ornamentation beside painting, though the latter is about the most widely abused of all. The art of inlaying is a process of which the potentialities are sufficiently vast, with the various materials, such as mother-of-pearl, tortoiseshell, bone,

and ivory, metal in wires or plates, engraved or otherwise, without having recourse to stone or marble. It is a matter of taste, but the properties of the latter always seem to me to be of too heavy an order for them to be appropriate for inlaying in wood. For the purposes of wood inlay, the assortment of species available is larger now than at any previous period. Messrs. Kenton & Co., an association of artists, of whose works two specimens are here reproduced (Figs. 6 and 8), are making good use of the resources of this art. But not only is their surface ornament excellent, in constructive design they are seeking to strike out and develop new lines, neither reproducing nor borrowing from any of the existing styles. Moreover they abjure machinery, and employ the best hand-workmanship, an important consideration in these days of competition and wholesale production, adulteration, shams, and shoddy.

The last illustration to be mentioned is the wooden bedstead (Fig. 7), which is of handsome yet unostentatious design. It is a reasonable modification of the old-fashioned four-post or canopy bed, which, with a top that harbours dust, and hangings that obstruct the free ventilation requisite above all

places in a sleeping apartment, is now practically condemned; though for its associations and picturesque qualities it might well be spared in large country houses. There is no reason why the iron bedsteads recommended by sanitarians should not be made pleasant to look at with artistic wrought work.

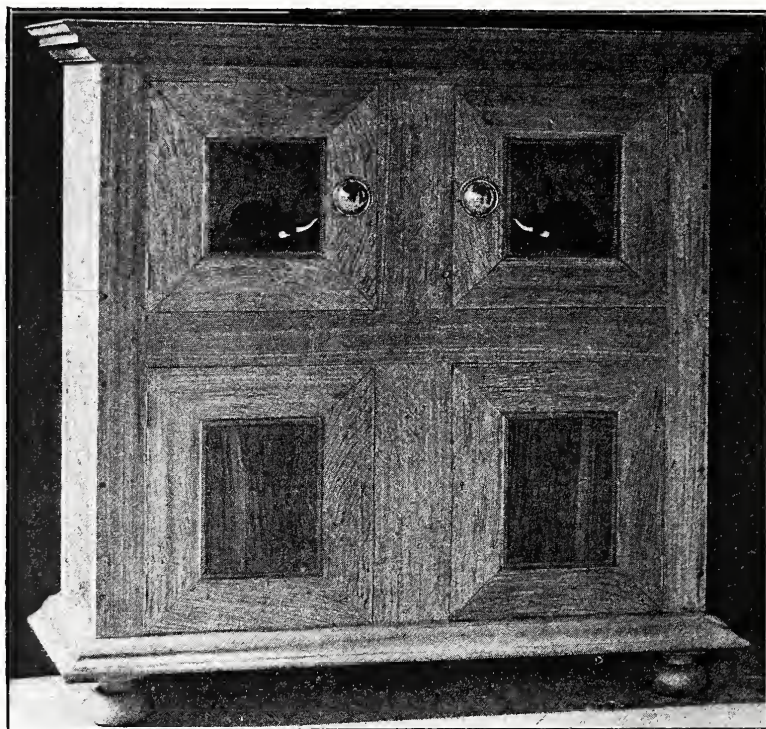


Fig. 8.—Cupboard. By Messrs. Kenton & Co.

In view of the historic example of the Royal Giant of Bashan we cannot affirm that iron bedsteads lack ancient precedent, but it is too much to assume that his bed resembled our modern specimens, cast as they usually are in abominable patterns. Too little attention is bestowed upon the decoration

of the room in which every one of us must necessarily pass a considerable part of our life; and when inaugurating a reform in bedroom furniture, we should naturally begin with the principal object in the apartment.

AYMER VALLANCE.

SPRING.

FROM THE PAINTING BY J. R. WEGUELIN.

A FIELD in which the grass is mingled with flowers, a field going up-hill against a sunny sky, and showing on its own surface the shadow of trees in blossom—we can imagine no more attractive subject of study for a painter inclined to paint idyllically, and in the vein of Mr. Lewis Morris's poetry. To people such a scene with figures, recourse must be had to a Golden Age, in which the seasons were welcomed with unanimity and enthusiasm, as in Herriek's poems or the customs of the Japanese. The amiable little Eastern people are perhaps the only nation who do actually make trysts with the flowering of the peach and the plum and the lily, and go out of their towns to welcome the blossoming. But the rest of the modern world finds the hawthorn-trees too unpunctual, and the wild roses too much divided in their counsels, to make an annual meeting-day practicable. Perhaps even if the appointment were a more secure one,

there would be little of the ideal eagerness on the part of mankind to keep faith with anything less than the attractiveness of a punctual strawberry. To go out to a strawberry-garden on the first possible day—long before strawberries are "on the town"—is found worth while; but not so would London go out to inhale a scent or see a colour. Mr. Weguelin's young men and maidens have the advantage besides of such customs as allow the most cheerful demonstrations. No need to know how to dance; an improvised step is all-sufficient to express joy in the Southern air, the transparent weather, the luminous freshness of an Italian April. The pictorial qualities of twilight and open spaces are obvious enough to tempt artists in whole companies and schools, but trees in flower are among the best things in the world, and have been always known to the Japanese designer for their beauty in Art.

THE HUNTING OF ROTHIEMUIR.

LORD GRÆME has come to his own again,
 He'll roam no more o'er sea,
 And all for the love of a low-born lass,
 For a winsome maid was she.

He's courted her on the green brae-side,
 Beyond her father's fold;
 He's wedded her for her comely face
 And her locks like the burnished gold.

Long made she moan for her mother dear,
 And the house where she was born,
 But she spake no word of the lither lad
 Who reaped in her father's corn.

"Weep not, weep not, my lady gay,
 Though I ride o'er the lea;
 Ere seven short days are past and gone
 I'll come again to thee."



*"And when the man seemed like to swoon,
 And his arms swung to and fro,*

*The grey steel struck his body through
 And pierced him at a blow."*

From a Drawing by Arthur Lemon.

But so it fell at the third day's end,
 About the midnight hour,
 That good Lord Græme from the hunting came,
 And stood in his lady's bower.

"O, why do ye come so dark and late,
 When all men are at rest?
 And why is the steel cap on your brow,
 And the buckler on your breast?"

"And why hath my good lord left the chase,
 That is but scarce begun?
 Now, have ye lost your bonny bay steed,
 Or is the hunting done?"

"O, I have hunted the long day through,
 From the rising of the sun,
 But ere ever he rise the morrow's morn,
 My hunting will be done."

“ Now, what was yon, my lady gay,
Slipped past me at the door? ”

“ O, ’twas nothing but your good greyhound -
That sleeps on my chamber floor. ”

“ Now, what is yon gear of hodden grey
That tangles in my spurs? ”

“ O, my may Jean was here but now,
And ’tis but a clout of hers. ”

“ Set wide, set wide, your bower window,
And look out o’er the lea ;
And such a hunt as never ye saw,
At day-dawn shall ye see. ”

He’s mounted him on his bonny bay,
And let the hounds run free,
And fast they followed a fleeing man,
Who rode towards the sea.

They hunted high, they hunted low,
The hounds ran swift before,
And aye they harried the wildered man,
And aye they pressed him sore.

The cold sweat stood upon his face,
As they drave him here and there,
And he turned and doubled in his dread,
As doubles a hunted hare.

O, never a word Lord Græme he said,
And little did he haste ;
With the first dim ray of the dawning day
They turned o’er the Castle Waste.

But he hummed the o’erword of a song,
And his lips were smiling gay,
As he bared his broadsword sharp and long,
And galloped beside his prey.

And still as the doomed man cursed and wailed,
And cried in his strong despair,
Lord Græme leaned over his saddle-bow,
And played with the broadsword bare.

And now he would make a feint to strike,
And now he would seem to spare,
But ever he spurred his bonny bay
By the flank of the spent white mare.

And when the man seemed like to swoon,
And his arms swung to and fro,
The grey steel struck his body through
And pierced him at a blow.

O, red and golden rose the sun,
Beyond the castle plain,
But never more Lord Græme’s ladye
Was seen on earth again.

GRAHAM R. TOMSON.

OUR PROVINCIAL ART MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES.

III.—NOTTINGHAM AND DERBY.

OWING to the energy and enterprise of its leading men, Nottingham was one of the first provincial towns in England in which a Museum of Science and Art was established. In the year 1872 a joint committee of the representatives of the Town Council and of the School of Art decided to utilise, as a temporary measure, the rooms of the Exchange overlooking the Market-place for the purpose of an Art museum. It was opened in May of that year with a special selection of objects lent from the South Kensington Museum, together with loans liberally contributed by the possessors of works of Art in the neighbourhood. One of the chief aims in forming the collection was to make it as applicable as possible to the design of lace—the staple industry of the town, and at the same time to give some idea of the history of its origin and the development of lace-

making. This was done by bringing together some of the finest specimens executed in the various countries of Europe.

Encouraged by its marked success and by the public interest shown in the undertaking, the Town Council determined to establish a permanent Art museum. For this purpose the Castle, which had remained in ruins since it was burned down by the rioters in 1831, was acquired on a lease for five hundred years from the trustees of the Duke of Newcastle, and adapted into a suitable building for a Museum and Art Gallery.

Before describing what is now the home of Art and industry, it may be well to give a brief description of the old Castle, which had for many centuries been one of the most formidable fortresses in England, and which had been the scene of many stirring events connected with English history.

It stands in a most commanding position on a precipitous rock 135 feet high, overlooking the town, and with the river Lene flowing at its foot.

Owing to its being situated almost in the centre of England, and commanding the passage of the Trent, this castle has played a more prominent part in the various civil wars than any other stronghold in the kingdom. It was here that Alfred the Great was defeated by the Danes; and from the time of William the Conqueror, who bestowed it upon his natural son, William Peveler, down to the Commonwealth, when it was dismantled, the Castle was intimately associated with the military actions of most of the sovereigns of England. It was the scene of many a conflict during the reign of Stephen. Here also Richard I. fought against his brother John, and Edward III. imprisoned King David II. of Scotland. During the disastrous Wars of the Roses, it was a station of high importance.

From here Richard III. set out with all his host to the ill-fated battle of Bosworth Field; and Henry VII. sallied forth with his army for the terrible engagement at Stoke Field, which finally ended that civil war. Charles I. was quartered here with his nobles when he unfurled the royal standard in 1642 near by on Standard Hill. Five years later he was again at the Castle, but this time as a prisoner. Subsequently the stronghold was dismantled by Colonel Hutchinson, to prevent its falling into the hands of Cromwell.

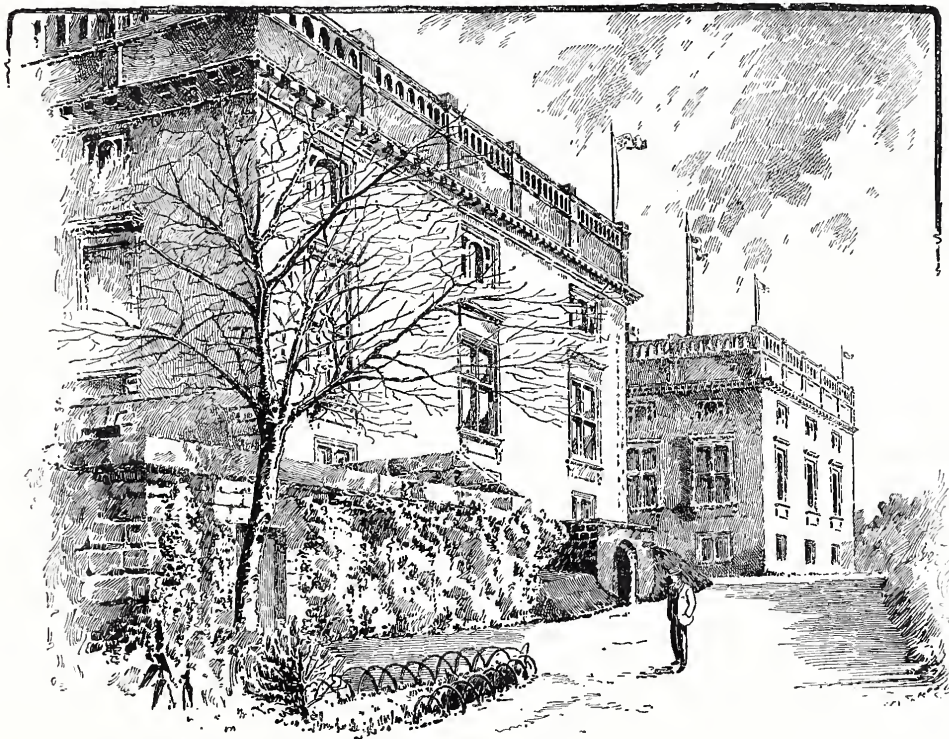
In 1674 the site was purchased by the first Duke of Newcastle, the Royalist general; although upwards of eighty years of age, he commenced the construction of the present building in heavy Italian style, said to have been from designs by Sir Christopher Wren. He lived, however, only to see little more than the foundations laid. The work was completed by his son, but was destroyed again through the incendiarism of the mob during the Reform Riots, when only the bare walls were left standing.

The conversion of these ruins into a museum cost nearly thirty thousand pounds, and a large portion of the amount was obtained by private subscription. The museum was completed in 1878, when it was inaugurated with a magnificent loan exhibition of Art-treasures, and was opened by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, on the 3rd of July in that year. Unfortunately the prime mover in the establishment of this institution, Mr. W. G. Ward, J.P., to whose energy the realisation of the scheme was mainly due, died suddenly a fortnight prior to the completion of the work.

Since its opening the museum has received from time to time many valuable loans, and also gifts; and it has now

become one of the first provincial Art museums in the country.

On entering the Castle, the room on the right contains a most important gift, made a few years ago to the museum by the Right Hon. Lord Savile, K.C.B. It consists of a collection of classical antiquities discovered by his lordship, then Sir John Lumley, in his excavations near Lake Nemi, during the time he was British Ambassador at Rome. At a short distance from the shore his excellency, with permission of the owner of the property, Prince Orsini, excavated, in the years 1885-6, the site of the Temple of Diana Nemorensis, the Artemisium described by Strabo, and found a large number of votive offerings to that virgin, personal ornaments, and domestic and sacrificial utensils in terra-cotta, marble, and bronze. Also a large collection of coins, and many fragments of architectural details, with inscriptions and decora-



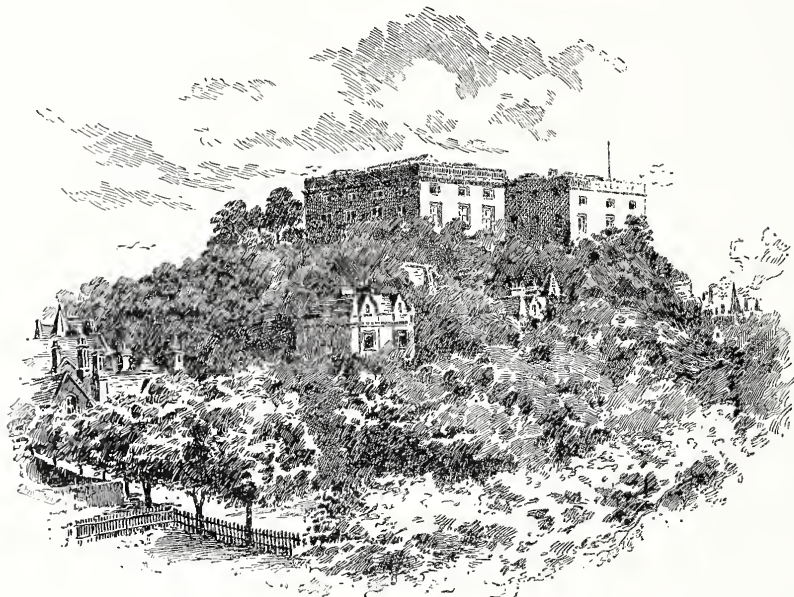
Nottingham Castle Museum. From a Drawing by Cecil Wallon.

tions. One portrait bust of a Roman matron on a draped pedestal, or stele, with her name, "Fundilia Rufa," inscribed on its base, is exceptionally fine, and in perfect preservation.

The Director of the museum, Mr. G. Harry Wallis, intends shortly to publish an illustrated catalogue of the Nemi collection, with an account by Lord Savile of the discovery of the temple.

On the left of the entrance is a series of five rooms devoted to objects of industrial Art. In the first is a collection of Burmese idols in bronze, stone, and carved wood, gilt, and set with crystals. The second room is devoted principally to iron work. There are a fine pair of wrought-iron gates from Colwick Hall, on loan from Mr. J. Chaworth Musters, and one of the beautiful screens from Hampton Court Palace, lent by the authorities of the South Kensington Museum. It has

special interest to Nottingham, as it was probably executed by a native of the town, Huntington Shaw. The remaining rooms on this floor contain specimens of pottery, a good col-



Nottingham Castle Museum.

lection of lace, and examples of Oriental Art. Amongst the ceramic Art are some illustrative specimens of Nottingham stoneware, for which the town was famous during the last century. They consist, chiefly, of mugs, jugs, and bowls, with names and dates inscribed on them. There is a good example of that curious form of vessel known as the "bear" jug, in the shape of that animal seated on its haunches, with a movable head. There is also an extensive collection of Wedgwood, including an example of the celebrated Portland Vase, lent by Mr. Felix Joseph, who has also presented a series of original drawings for book illustrations.

The upper storey is divided into six galleries admirably suited for the exhibition of the Fine Arts. In addition to the permanent collection of pictures, either bequeathed to the town or purchased by the Corporation, there is always on view numerous oil and water-colour paintings, liberally lent to the museum by various private collectors. In the smaller gallery adjoining is the nucleus of a collection which is being formed of portraits of local worthies. It already comprises those of the celebrated Colonel Hutchinson, governor of the Castle during the time of the Commonwealth; Philip James Bailey, the author of "Festus"; Henry Kirke White, by Hoppner; Sir Richard Arkwright, by Wright, of Derby; R. P. Bonington, by himself; Paul Sandby and his brother, Thomas Sandby, and others. In the last room is the bequest made by the late Mr. Henry Lammin, of paintings in oil and water colours, principally of the English School, including works by David Cox and Copley Fielding; and also some English

and Oriental porcelain. The late Dowager Viscountess Galway has recently bequeathed a collection of original drawings by old masters in chalk and sepia; it consists of fine works by Guercino, Guido Reni, Nicholas Poussin, Claude Lorrain, Paul Veronese, and others; also a couple of panels, evidently the sides of a triptych, with figures of saints beautifully painted in fresco on a gold ground, Florentine work of the fourteenth century, and eleven marble roundels, carved with figures of animals and birds in high relief, found at Reggio, in northern Italy, and executed probably in the twelfth or thirteenth century by sculptors of the Lombard School.

From the terrace round the Castle is a lovely view of the broad valley of the Trent, with Wollaton Hall in the distance. The rock on which the Castle stands is honey-combed with excavations, and the entrance to the one known as Mortimer's Hole may be seen on the terrace. It afforded direct communication with the river below, and it was through this passage that the young King Edward III. entered the Castle, and surprised Mortimer, Earl of March, with the Queen, his mother.

The careful manner in which the contents of the whole museum are systematically arranged, and every object fully labelled, is due to the energy of Mr. G. Harry Wallis, who has been director of the museum since its formation. He is the elder son of the late Mr. George Wallis, F.S.A., for many years



South View of the Long Gallery, with Leifchild Sculpture.

the keeper of the Art collections at the South Kensington Museum.

DERBY MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY.

To the munificence of the late Mr. Michael Thomas Bass, M.P., the town of Derby owes much. In addition to presenting a public recreation ground, he erected, entirely at his own expense, the handsome building of the Free Library, Museum, and Art Gallery in the Wardwick. He retired from Parliament in 1883, after having represented the borough continuously for thirty-five years in the Liberal interest. Mr. Bass, however, did not live long to enjoy his well-earned rest, as he died in the following year, the eighty-fifth of his age. A bronze statue, by the late Sir J. E. Boehm, Bart., R.A., is erected to his memory in the centre of the market-place.

In the year 1870 a public meeting was held at Derby, at which it was unanimously resolved to adopt the Free Libraries Acts, and the library and museum of the Philosophical Society, established in 1772 by Dr. Darwin, was handed over to the Corporation as a nucleus for the formation of the Public Library and Museum. It was soon found that the building was too small for the purpose, and in 1876 the foundation-stone of the present edifice was laid by Mr. Bass, who, desirous of assisting in promoting the education of the masses, had generously offered

to bear the expense of the new building. It was completed in 1879; at a cost of £25,000, from the designs of Mr. R. K. Freeman, an architect of Bolton-le-Moors, and was at once opened as a Free Library and Museum: the latter being filled with a good representative collection of objects of natural history especially relating to Derbyshire.

Two years later Mr. Bass again evinced his liberality by undertaking to add an Art Gallery to the existing buildings on an adjoining plot of land, given by the mayor of that year, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Abraham Woodiwiss. It was completed in 1882, and inaugurated with a special loan exhibition of Art objects, chiefly lent by the authorities at South Kensington.

In the following year a most interesting exhibition was held

in the Art Gallery of the works of Joseph Wright, A.R.A., commonly known as "Wright of Derby." A thorough representative collection of more than one hundred of his best paintings, besides original studies and sketches, were brought together through the kindness of the respective owners, who were chiefly residents in the county. At the same time were shown a complete set of engravings after his works. He was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1781, but refused the full honour of Academician offered to him three years later. Joseph Wright died in his native town in 1797, and was buried in St. Almund's Church.

One of the most satisfactory results of this exhibition of Wright's works is that the town now possesses two of this artist's finest paintings, 'The Alchemist' and 'The Orrery.' These have been purchased by subscription, and now hang permanently in the Art Gallery. In order that the other branch of painting in which he also greatly excelled, namely portraiture, might be represented, Mr. James Arkwright has given a portrait by Wright of Mortimer James Winthrop, who was a member of Parliament for Shaftesbury.

The value of provincial institutions, where the history of not

only works of local artists, but also of the Art productions of the town, may be permanently exhibited, is fully exemplified by the Museum and Art Gallery of Derby; for in addition to the paintings just mentioned, it contains a very complete historic collection of the porcelain for which Derby has so long been famous.

The porcelain manufactory was started at Derby about the middle of last century by W. Duesbury, who subsequently became owner of the Chelsea factory and that of Bow. He transferred the plant of these works and amalgamated them with that at Derby. The factory, after having been owned by various members of the family of Duesbury, passed into the hands of Robert Bloor. The original business finally ceased to exist



Derby Public Library, Museum, and Art-Gallery.

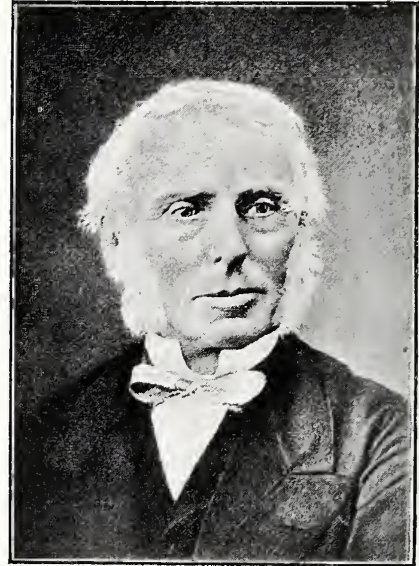
in 1848. Some years ago a company was formed to resuscitate the works, which are now successfully carried on under the name of the Derby Royal Crown Porcelain Company.

Mr. John Haslem, one of the well-known painters at the old works, possessed a fine collection of Derby porcelain,

Amongst those who have interested themselves in promoting the welfare of the Art Gallery none has taken a more active part than Mr. William Bemrose, J.P., the chairman of the committee, a post he has held since the formation of the gallery. Mr. Bemrose is a man of considerable artistic



Mr. William Bemrose. From a Photograph by W. W. Winter.



The late Mr. M. T. Bass, M.P. From a Photograph by W. W. Winter.

and shortly before his death, in 1884, made a selection of the various types from that collection and gave it to the museum.

A more extensive collection has been presented by Mr. Felix Joseph at different times during the last two and a half years.

taste and literary ability. By marriage he is connected with "Wright of Derby," his wife being a great-granddaughter of that celebrated painter, and possesses many of his finished paintings and a number of his early sketches.

H. M. CUNDALL.

THE FLIGHT OF NAPOLEON AFTER WATERLOO.

RETREAT after rout is generally mournfully slow, a discouraged gathering up of the disarray of defeat; but Mr. Gow has gained the advantage of dramatic movement by taking a retreat in which the general did, in fact, ride off the field at a trot, in which the wounded in the head and the arm left the wounded in the legs on the ground, and all horses that could go were harnessed to everything that had more than one wheel. The Waterloo of the English, the Belle Alliance of the Prussians, the Mont St. Jean of the French (until Victor Hugo adopted the English name and made it the fashion), is among the last of the great battles in which the artist can find a paintable central incident. Napoleon is one of the last generals who could be painted as the hero of their own armies, or as doing anything more immediate than looking through a telescope. In the modern campaigns there is nothing to paint except such incidents as occur upon the fringes and margins of the fight; it is impossible to get close enough to the army to be aware of its men, as we may not see the trees when we are well placed to see the forest, nor the forest when we are aware of the trees. As to the battle that decided the fate of Europe in the first quarter of the century, it was difficult enough for the generals themselves to get anything like a panoramic view. A flat field with a short horizon, no distances, and no heights except the borders of

the somewhat sunken roads and the slight roll of the land, is all too familiar to the wayfarer in Belgium. Waterloo is dreary enough. There is nothing great except the sky; and the sky on the 18th of June, 1815, was an expanse of draggled rain-clouds, without the beauty of sun or the colour of open blue, or the form and design of storms, or the sweet and tender light of bright, grey weather. For the artist there was the gain of wet roads, grey mud to catch the downward light and to flash under the feet of the fugitives, and a breeze to blow the flags in mockery of the gaiety of their colours. In Mr. Gow's scene of flight there are no great horrors. A bandaged head is about the worst, or the action of the young fellow who ties his wrist up with the aid of his teeth as he runs. This figure is characteristic of the self-absorbment of the soldier slightly wounded. In the figure of the Emperor the painter has got successfully the likeness in which no one has altogether failed. The beautiful straight lines of the Italian face, the short, broad form of the body—as though a tall man had been crushed together—the uniform and the hat, all make up a picture so familiar that the mere indication is enough for a portrait. But Mr. Gow's chief success is in the movement with which the whole company—Emperor, staff, hussars, lancers, and the fragmentary mixture of regiments—come clattering along the road from the field of their ruin.



The Flight of Napoleon after Waterloo. By Andrew Gow, R.A. From a Photograph by Photogr.-Gesellschaft, Berlin.

ART GOSSIP AND REVIEWS.

MR. STACPOOLE, A.R.A., has joined the list of retired Associates of the Royal Academy, as a protest, so it is reported, against the non-election of an engraver at the last Royal Academy election. This retirement only leaves one master of the burin in the Academic body—Mr. Lumb Stocks, who was elected to full honours in 1871.

In the early days of March it was announced, to the great regret of all lovers of Art, that Mr. Tate had withdrawn his offer to the nation of a collection of pictures worth £100,000, and a sum of £80,000 for the building of a gallery to house them. After waiting for months, apparently unable to make up their minds, the Government stated that, under pressure from those interested in the Science Museum, they had determined to withdraw the offer they had already made to Mr. Tate of the site at South Kensington. The correspondence between the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Tate is too long to give in full, but we quote a couple of extracts from the two letters which give the pith of the matter. Mr. Goschen in the course of his communication said—"In the first place there is the original scheme of the East and West and Cross Galleries. . . Further up Exhibition Road, there is a plot of land at present occupied by the temporary buildings of the Art Needlework Society. It is a site measuring some 180 feet by 150 feet, with frontage both to Prince's Gate and the new road which will shortly be made parallel to Imperial Institute Road. We have reason to believe that it could be acquired from the Commissioners for the 1851 Exhibition, and I am advised that if the ground were fully utilised the sum of £80,000, which you are prepared to spend on a building, would not be more than enough for a suitable structure to cover it. . . . The cost to the Government of acquiring the site would be £15,000, a sum which, notwithstanding the large area at the disposal of the Government in South Kensington, I should be prepared, under the circumstances of the case, to ask Parlia-

ment to vote." To which, *inter alia*, Mr. Tate replied—"The alternatives you suggest are, from my point of view, quite out of the question. As regards the land occupied by the Art Needlework Society, that I think is totally inadequate. I had not the slightest desire to build a gallery merely for my own collection, but I was quite prepared to erect a building so constructed, arranged, and top-lighted, that it would in itself, I believe, have attracted gifts of high-class pictures and sculpture, and thus have become the permanent home of the best examples of British Art. These requirements I feel the

East and West Galleries do not and are not likely to fulfil. I must, therefore, decline to entertain either the East and West Galleries, or the site at present occupied by the Art Needlework Society, with the possible extension to the aforesaid galleries."

From the annual report of the Artists' Benevolent Institution we learn that a somewhat larger income was received last year than in 1890; but this was owing to a legacy of £1,000 bequeathed by Mr. Edwards. £4,400 was distributed amongst 212 applicants, in sums ranging from £10 to £70. Mr. David Law has this year contributed a plate of 'Sonning' to the charity, proofs of which will be given to subscribers of not less than a guinea to The Fine Art Society's list, after which the plate will be destroyed.

Two bequests have been lately made to the National Gallery, the first

a couple of studies, life-size, by Sir Edwin Landseer, for the lions at the base of the Nelson Column, in Trafalgar Square, by Mr. Hills, the late painter's old friend and business manager; and the red chalk drawing made by Rossetti for his picture, 'Rosa Triplex,' bequeathed by the late Mr. J. J. Lowndes.

The following elections to Art societies have been made since our last issue:—Messrs. James Guthrie, J. C. Noble, and J. Denovan Adam to full membership of the Royal Scot-



Enamelled Gold Cup presented by King James I. to the Constable Velasco.
(See p. 95)

tish Academy; Miss Clara Montalba and Mr. Richard Beavis to membership, and Messrs. Robert Little and Lionel Smythe to associateship, of the Royal Society of Painters in

deavours to add greater vitality to the Painter-Etchers' Society (which he has recently joined), and his appeal to his brother artists to try their hands at etching.

As regards the first of these it is an astonishing confession to make that he had until recently never seen a Rembrandt etching. Where could he have been hidden away? Why, he could never have read even the text-books on etching; for Hamerton's earliest work was illustrated with original Rembrandts, and Lallanne's earliest lessons to his pupils consisted of copying the great master's work! It is this recent discovery of Rembrandt which has led the Professor to renounce big plates, and declare that nothing but original small ones can in future be termed artistic. Well, he has sinned in

good company in producing big ones; for, as he says, Whistler is the only etcher who has never attempted them. However he may argue, the day of small plates at high prices is not yet, or the day when painters will only themselves reproduce their own work; when it comes, however, the ART JOURNAL and all such magazines will have to seek some other method of popular illustration. The Professor is sad at seeing the Painter-Etchers' Society languishing for want of recruits, and he implores painters to take to the needle; but in the same sentence he admits that good etching is for the few to appreciate and the few to produce, and that it necessitates a state of red-hot enthusiasm in spite of constant irritations and worryings. Under these circumstances his preaching can hardly be as successful as he hopes.

We have not space to deal with that portion of the work which has to do with mezzotints. To the Professor is due the credit of having revitalised this branch of black and white, and of having given to the world a band of talented young artists who may, and probably will, produce plates which have never been excelled. This, no doubt, will give him encouragement to persist in his efforts for the sister art, and not without some show of reason. In conclusion we may say that the illustrations from the Professor's own hand are of themselves worth the cost of the volume.

The present volumes by Messrs. Perrot & Chipiez bring their study of the Oriental Arts to a conclusion. "HISTORY OF ART IN PHRYGIA, LYDIA, CARIA, AND LYCIA," and "HISTORY OF ART IN PERSIA," which have lately been published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, are no less learned and interesting than their predecessors. The origin of the Phrygians is traced, their architecture, the sculpture of their tombs, their industrial arts are examined; and so on with Lydia, Caria, Lycia. The illustrations are many and apposite, some of those accompanying the volume on Persian Art being excellent in every degree. Persepolis, in all conditions and from all points of view, fills the bulk of the volume devoted to Persia, and we only regret that want of space prevents us from dealing at length upon these admirable and exhaustive volumes. The authors signalize the close of this portion of their labours with a cry of delight: "Henceforth our path is clear, and nothing



From a Drawing by Gordon Browne, in "English Pen Artists."

Water Colours; and Professor Herkomer, R.A., and Mr. Robert Macbeth to fellowships, and M. Helleu to associateship, of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers.

The Salon in the Champs Elysées will be opened, as usual, on the 1st May next. M. Bonnat has been elected president of the Société des Artistes Français in place of M. Bailly, deceased. The Salon in the Champ de Mars will be opened to the public on the 7th of May next.



From a Drawing by Phil May in "Pen Artists."

REVIEWS.—There are few geniuses who do not make enemies, and an apostle is not worthy of the name who does not profess his faith persistently both in season and out of season. It is not surprising, then, that Professor Herkomer's essays in new methods of reproduction have roused a good deal of ire in various places, or that having gone over to new beliefs in the art of etching he has at once set about to obtain converts to them. Hence the *raison d'être* of his work on "ETCHING AND MEZZOTINT ENGRAVING" (Macmillans), which is, in substance, certain lectures which he has recently delivered as Oxford and Slade Professor to that University. Herein he explains at length the procedure by which he produced the plates with which his "Idyll" was illustrated, and which gave such umbrage to Mr. Pennell and others, in consequence of their being designated etchings. Opinions vary as to the success with which he has demolished the objections, but

the majority consider that he has succeeded in so doing. More interesting are his apologies for his earlier productions, his admissions as to his insufficient training, his en-

more interposes between us and Greece, upon which our eyes have ever been fixed—as towards a longed-for goal and land of promise—even when we seemed to wander farthest away from it, and lose sight of its shores amid the many curves and windings of the long way.”



From a Drawing by J. F. Sullivan, in "English Pen Artists."

NE of the courses which will most tend to prevent the wide adoption of etching is undoubtedly the improvements which have recently taken place in the reproduction of original work. When an artist can work much more easily with the pen, the pencil, or the brush, and he is assured of an almost fac-simile reproduction, he is hardly likely to adopt a process in which, often through no fault of his own, many hours of hard and worrying labour are wasted. So whilst work direct on to the copper is now seldom attempted, there never was a time when a larger number of clever artists were taking up black and white for mechanical reproduction, and one treatise on the workers in these mediums quickly follows another. The latest is "ENGLISH PEN ARTISTS OF TO-DAY" (Percival & Co.), in which a score and more of new names are introduced, and yet the tale is not complete. For Professor Herkomer's name is only one admirable new artist which occurs to us at the moment as absent, as is Tenniel's, and amongst the young men that discovery of the *Daily Graphic's*, Mr. Cleaver. On the other hand more than one name is introduced which has never been seen attached to good work, or in fact to much of any sort. It is perhaps difficult to know where to draw the line, although Mr. Harper has done so rather tightly with respect to the firms which he selects for praise as reproducers. Whilst he makes no mention of several, such as Angerer, the Art Reproduction Company, and Swan, who have done work

equal to any of that of the firms he names, he praises others to an extent that savours almost of gratuitous advertisements. Mr. Harper has apparently, although we cannot ascertain it, some reason for the classes into which he divides his artists. We first come to half-a-dozen who are designated under that name; then follow a large number who are termed decorative artists, but how Mr. Phil May, or Mr. Partridge, or Mr. Raffles Davison can be classed as such we fail to see. Three artists who work for *Pick-me-up* are then noticed, and to them certain artists on *Punch*, dead and alive, have to give the precedence. Finally, the list concludes with a dozen names apparently placed at the end because of their initials closing the alphabet. Why an exception should be made in inserting one deceased artist, Charles Keene—who, by the way, seldom used a pen, but almost invariably a pointed piece of wood—we do not see. Space prevents our considering Mr. Harper's estimates of these various artists in detail, but we must certainly dissent from his dictum as to the diversity of character in Barnard's pictured people, for if there is one thing which mars much of his clever work, it is the repetition of types, and his failure, like Keene, to draw a gentleman or lady. So, too, as regards young Gordon Browne (of whose work capital examples are given, from which one appears here), Mr. Harper cannot see any resemblance between his work and "Phiz's." All we can say is, that, without knowing whose it was, we mistook the son's for the father's when we first saw it, and the delicate sharp outlines of the features are an invariable peculiarity of both. We are glad to find a proper appreciation of Sir George Reid, whose beautiful work is apt to be overlooked by Southerners, of J. F. Sullivan, and of Raffles Davison, and space is deservedly given to the decorative artists—Louis Davis, Selwyn Image, G. W. Rhead, and Heywood Sumner. In this respect the work acts as an interesting supplement to Mr. Pennell's volume, and is quite its equal in the printing of the letterpress and illustrations, which is saying a good deal.

OBITUARY.—We regret to record the death of Mr. Henry Doyle, for some years Director of the National Gallery of Ireland. He was the third son of Mr. John Doyle, the satirist "H.B.," and the brother of the famous "Dicky Doyle." We have also to record the deaths of Sir William Gregory, a trustee of the National Gallery, and of the French Art critic, M. Maurice du Seigneur, who died at Paris in his forty-sixth year.



From a Drawing by A. F. Muckley, in "English Pen Artists."



THE ART JOURNAL

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS.

ORIGINAL ETCHING BY HERBERT DICKSEE.

THE PRIVATE ART COLLECTIONS OF LONDON.

THE LATE MR. FREDERICK LEYLAND'S IN PRINCE'S GATE.

FIRST PAPER.—ROSSETTI AND HIS FRIEND. BY VAL. PRINSEP, A.R.A.

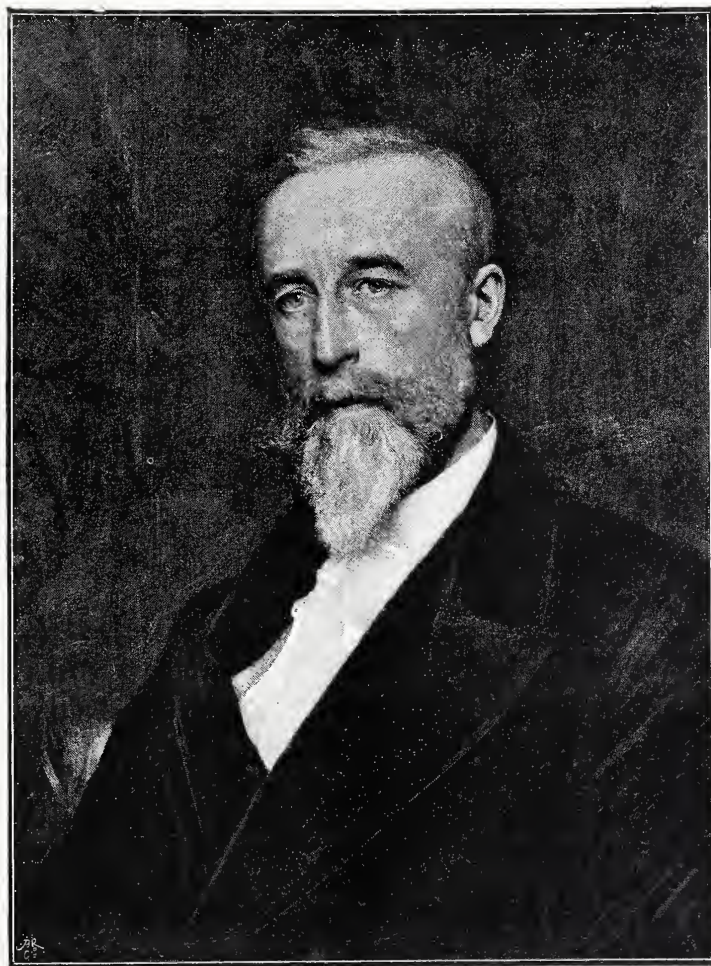
THE dispersion of a collection of pictures is a nine days' wonder with which we are all familiar. The works of Art are exhibited for a day or two in the well-known rooms of Messrs. Christie, are admired by an eager throng, and knocked down one by one to some wealthy purchaser after more or less competition, and, if the price be a good one, amid the applause of the public. It is not often one can see any individuality of taste in the collector. He is too often actuated by a love of display or a desire for that notoriety the possession of a "gallery" confers. When sometimes the would-be Mæcenas has a real love for his possessions, such simple love, like the rash infatuation of young people, ends in an alliance that proves unhappy for both. If one has an opportunity of ascertaining the real opinion of such lovers of Art, one not infrequently finds the work they really admire is something exceedingly commonplace, and that the real gems of their collection have been acquired by the advice of others. It is seldom a collection is brought to the hammer which shows taste and knowledge, and, above all, artistic conviction. Such is the case, however, with the collection of the late Mr. F. R. Leyland, which will shortly take its place at "Christie's."

Frederick R. Leyland was himself a very remarkable man. Very young he entered the office of Messrs. Bibby, of Liver-

pool, as apprentice, not as office boy, as has been asserted. Before he was thirty he had quite transformed that business, and having made the fortunes of his principals, was himself a wealthy man. Soon the name of the original firm was altered, and since then Messrs. F. R. Leyland have been one of the leading, as well as most successful, steamship owners of Liverpool. Of that firm Leyland himself was supreme autocrat and ruler.

A proud, reserved man, Frederick Leyland from his youth made few friends. He preferred study and solitude to the pleasures of what is called society. Yet he was passionately fond of music, and his first savings were spent in the purchase of a piano. Till his death he devoted some time every morning before breakfast to practise. Unfortunately he quickly found out that his means were not equal to his knowledge and ambition, and that he never would be able to render the works of the great composers as he wished. It was his delight to persuade some more accomplished executant to play Beethoven as *he* thought it ought to be played, he sitting by and, so to speak, conducting the performance.

But as a young man his leisure must have been very limited, for he not only acquired a thorough knowledge of French and Italian, which was necessary for the Mediterranean steam trade which he pioneered, but he also mastered the details of the shipping business, including the designing of steamships, in which he was unrivalled. The shipping interest used to sneer at his models, but he lived to see them adopted by all



*The late Mr. Frederick Leyland.
From the Picture by Val. Prinsep, A.R.A.*

the great lines and his ideas taken, often without acknowledgment.

The mind of Frederick Leyland was a curious anomaly. In literature he only admired what was realistic and human. He was deeply read in history of all kinds, and delighted in books of adventure and travel. He loved Thackeray, Balzac, and Zola. For poetry he cared nothing; indeed in his library, with the exception of Shakespeare (which he seldom read), there is hardly a volume of poems. But in music and painting it was exactly the reverse. Beethoven and Wagner, Botticelli, Rossetti, Burne Jones, these were his admirations, and when his wealth allowed him to indulge his tastes, his walls were covered by the works of those of them that were painters.

In Art as in business, Leyland's education had to be formed.

Art is a matter of education, and however firm a conviction may be, it is not arrived at in a moment. So it happened that at the commencement of his career as an Art collector Leyland purchased many of the pictures which were costly and popular with the mass of collectors. But the undoubted beauties found in the works of such men as David Cox and Turner did not really appeal to him. The admirer of Wagner required stronger stimulants, so he gradually disposed of the objects of his early admiration and turned his mind to the extreme school of the emotional and decorative. The change was greatly influenced by his friendship with Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

It was somewhere in the year 1865 that Mr. Leyland made the acquaintance of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Before 1866 was over he had acquired some of his work, and the acquaintance



The Story of Nastagio degli Onesti and the Daughter of Paolo di Traversaro.

had ripened into a friendship. Through Rossetti he became connected with Whistler, Le Gros, Madox Brown, and, above all, Burne Jones. Whistler introduced him to Albert Moore. From these men he purchased his pictures direct, generally giving them commissions to paint some particular design. With the careful habits of a business man, he preserved every letter he received from his artistic friends. The execution of the many commissions necessitated much letter writing, and in consequence there is a prodigious pile of correspondence, showing how intimately he was connected with them for years, and how useful he was to them.

There is a poetical mystery about all that relates to Dante Gabriel Rossetti which makes every light thrown on his character of interest. Of an Italian family, and deeply versed in Italian literature and Art, Gabriel Rossetti (as his friends called him) never visited the land of his ancestors. He was

a thorough cockney in his tastes. Until the indolence natural to middle age rendered exercise irksome to him, he loved to wander through the streets of London. He delighted in the vulgarities of the London slang. Many a night during the years '58, '59 and '60, have I been his companion during his wanderings. I once took him to a sparring benefit at the Rotunda Theatre in the Blackfriars Road. Rossetti was no sportsman and nothing of a bruiser, but he wished to see it, and I took him. I recollect our being shown on to the stage, where we took our places among a lot of sporting "bunges," *en evidence* of about as low an audience as could be found even in London. Rossetti reclined on his chair and hummed to himself in his usual absent manner as he looked at the roughs around him. Possibly the grim scene reminded him of the "Inferno" of his namesake, Dante. Pair after pair of young fellows stood up, sparred, received more



THE BLESSED DAMOZEL

The Blessed Damozel. From the Picture by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

or less "gruel," and retired after their three rounds. Presently there stepped forward a negro. After his round he sat in his corner and was attended to by his friends, who fanned and otherwise refreshed him. While he was being fanned the "nigger" assumed a seraphic expression, which was most comic. "Look," cried Rossetti, in a loud voice, "Uncle Tom aspiring to heaven, by Jove." The whole house "rose" with delight. One of the "patrons" seated by us wanted to stand us a pint apiece!

Rossetti's personality was most attractive. To his friends he was very lovable, so much so that his very eccentricities became objects of idolatry. Those who are beginning the art of painting, who have not yet started a line of their own, are too pleased to find a strong nature with most positive convictions, and are prone to fall down and worship one who can talk and think without any doubt of himself. So it was that no man had more convinced followers than Rossetti. We had such an admiration for him that we even talked as he talked and used his very intonations. He would sometimes turn and rend his followers, even as Sam. Johnson would trample on poor Boswell; but he would allow no one else to do so, and he would put himself to any trouble or inconvenience to oblige them, even to the insisting on his purchasers acquiring the pictures of his followers.

Alas! as time progressed, and each one of that faithful band had to strike out a line for himself, the bond of fellowship seemed loosened. It was not that any one of us loved our friend the less. The glamour of his personality became a little dimmed; the individuality of each man, as is ever the case when a man has anything in him, began to form his character and art: the Gabriel we admired was there, but, like the dread Jehovah of the Israelites, he was a jealous God, and, from the moment he was not all in all to us, a gradually widening rift established itself. Other young fellows took our place, though it must be owned that in later life these young fellows were more literary than artistic.

Rossetti was already established in his house in Cheyne Walk when Leyland became his intimate friend. The house itself was a curiosity. The painting room (which could hardly be called a studio, indeed he himself generally called it his "painting room") was a sanctum unvisited by the housemaid. There were generally some strange birds or beasts about.

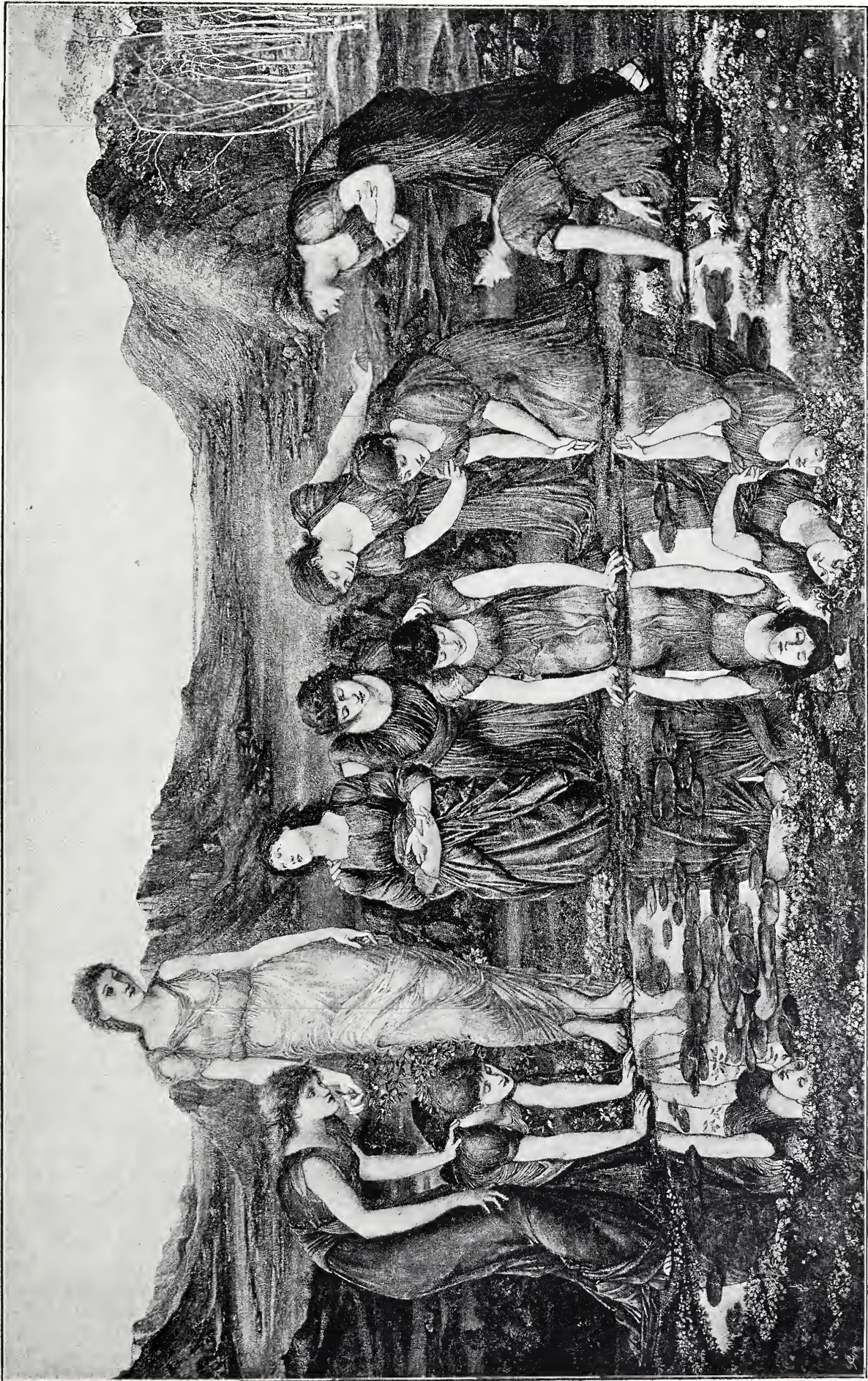
The garden was a kind of menagerie where wombats, ravens, crows, owls, and all sorts of wild creatures had their homes. He once bought a small Brahmin bull; but, as he told me, "The delightful little beast pursued me round the garden till by jingo I had to take refuge behind a tree and shout for some one with a stick. I sent the beggar away that afternoon." I need not say that Rossetti was a frequenter of the late Mr. Jamrach's shop.

In Rossetti's house there was at one time a great deal of valuable blue china. He bought a whole collection belonging, I think, to the Marquis d'Azeglio. "Whistler," I remember his saying, "talks about his 'long Elizas'; I said to him, 'My dear Jimmy, if I take to it, I will beat your collection in a week,'" and he did. One day when I was dining with him, with one or two others, we observed that our friend was more than usually absent. As soon as dinner was over, and we had retired to the "painting room," Rossetti called for his boots. "You fellows I know will excuse me," he said, as he struggled into them, "but Whistler asked me whether I wanted a certain blue pot. I was weak enough to say I did not want it, but I don't wish him to have it all the same. These collectors are so immoral," he added as he put on his

coat, "that he will probably send for it, or go for it the first thing in the morning, so I'll go to-night." He was away an hour and a half, and returned swearing strange oaths at the early closing movement. "The confounded man was not in his shop," he said in wrath. "I roused the whole street, but couldn't get what I wanted. I shall have to go to-morrow." The china mania did not last very long. He sold all his "long Elizas" about four years after he bought them.



Shutter in the Dining-room, decorated by J. McNeill Whistler.



Venus's Mirror. By E. Burne-Jones, A.R.A.

Amongst Rossetti's eccentricities was one that was very characteristic, and no doubt prevented him putting by any of the large sums he received for what is called a "rainy day." He would have no banker. He cashed the cheques he received in payment for his pictures in gold or notes, and kept them in a drawer which he left open. Yet, though careless in the extreme in his expenses, no man was keener at a bargain, or more careful to get all his due. His letters to his friend Leyland were full of evidence of quite a talent for financing, nor did even one ingenious person, who victimised most of his friends, ever get the best of Gabriel Rossetti.

That such a man should be the chosen friend of Frederick Leyland was a wonder. Leyland was methodical to a degree. In all his dealings with artists he was exact and minute, as became an honourable man of business. All the letters having to do with payment are noted by his own hand, and notes of the answers written on them in pencil whenever the letter was important. The "genius of commerce" Rossetti called him. If Rossetti's house was dirty and ill-ordered, there

never was a house more sumptuously appointed and more scrupulously kept than any house with which Leyland was connected. He hated disorder, untidiness or unpunctuality. Rossetti was a poet, a poet not of this century, but one that might have lived in the Renaissance, or even earlier. As such he was impressionable, enthusiastic, unmethodical. Yet Leyland, though he was often tried by Rossetti's want of method, never wavered in his affection for him from the moment he became intimate with him till he went over to see him die, and stood by his grave at Birchington-by-the-Sea. Nor after his death did his affection diminish.

In his collection there are many pictures by Rossetti, but there are also none that Rossetti in his most jealous moments would have condemned. Many a time has he talked with me about his friend. It was the one real friendship of his life; indeed, though he had a sincere admiration for several living artists, notably for Burne-Jones, I never heard him express himself enthusiastically about anyone else, except Mr. Edison, whom he only once saw.

SECOND PAPER.—THE LEYLAND COLLECTION. BY LIONEL ROBINSON.

THE personal interest which attaches to a collection like that brought together by the late Mr. Leyland is almost as noteworthy as the pictures themselves. They are not only a clue to the owner's habits and inner life, but, in this case at least, they are distinct evidence of the growth of artistic taste with the means of gratifying it. The instinct—or inspiration, the word matters little—which impelled the successful citizens of the great Italian republics, or the wealthy burghers of Holland and Flanders, to patronise Art still survives; but it is only on rare occasions that we find it curbed by definite tastes on the part of those subjected to it. It was not until Mr. Leyland's taste had been matured—some might almost say not until it had been warped—that he fell under the spell of the pre-Raphaelites, and later under that of the Symbolists and Primitives. We are without means of knowing when he ceased collecting, but to all appearance the pictures now about to be dispersed represent the final views he held upon the domain and proper objects of pictorial art; and we should infer, even though the Peacock Room should be cited against us, that he had no sympathy with what is known as Impressionism, except for its decorative qualities.

It is impossible not to make some reference to Mr. Whistler's "Peacock Room" in any notice of Mr. Leyland's house. It was a feature which people came from afar to see; and it undoubtedly presents such an original scheme of decoration that it ought, if possible, to be preserved in order to show to future generations the taste, the genius, and the boldness of our own. Although fifteen years of London atmosphere have done their worst, the work has lost little if any of its brilliancy, and bears witness to the artist's knowledge of his pigments as well as to the deftness of his hand. It should of course be borne in mind that it was intended for a dining-room—that is, for a room in which artificial light would be used; so that any opinion formed upon its effect by daylight is necessarily unjust. It would probably be difficult to suggest the acquisition of such a room for a public museum, but it may be hoped that the future possessor will not be less liberal than was Mr. Leyland in permitting those to whom it

would be a source of interest or instruction to have access to this remarkable production of Mr. Whistler's art. We give drawings of portions of the decorations.

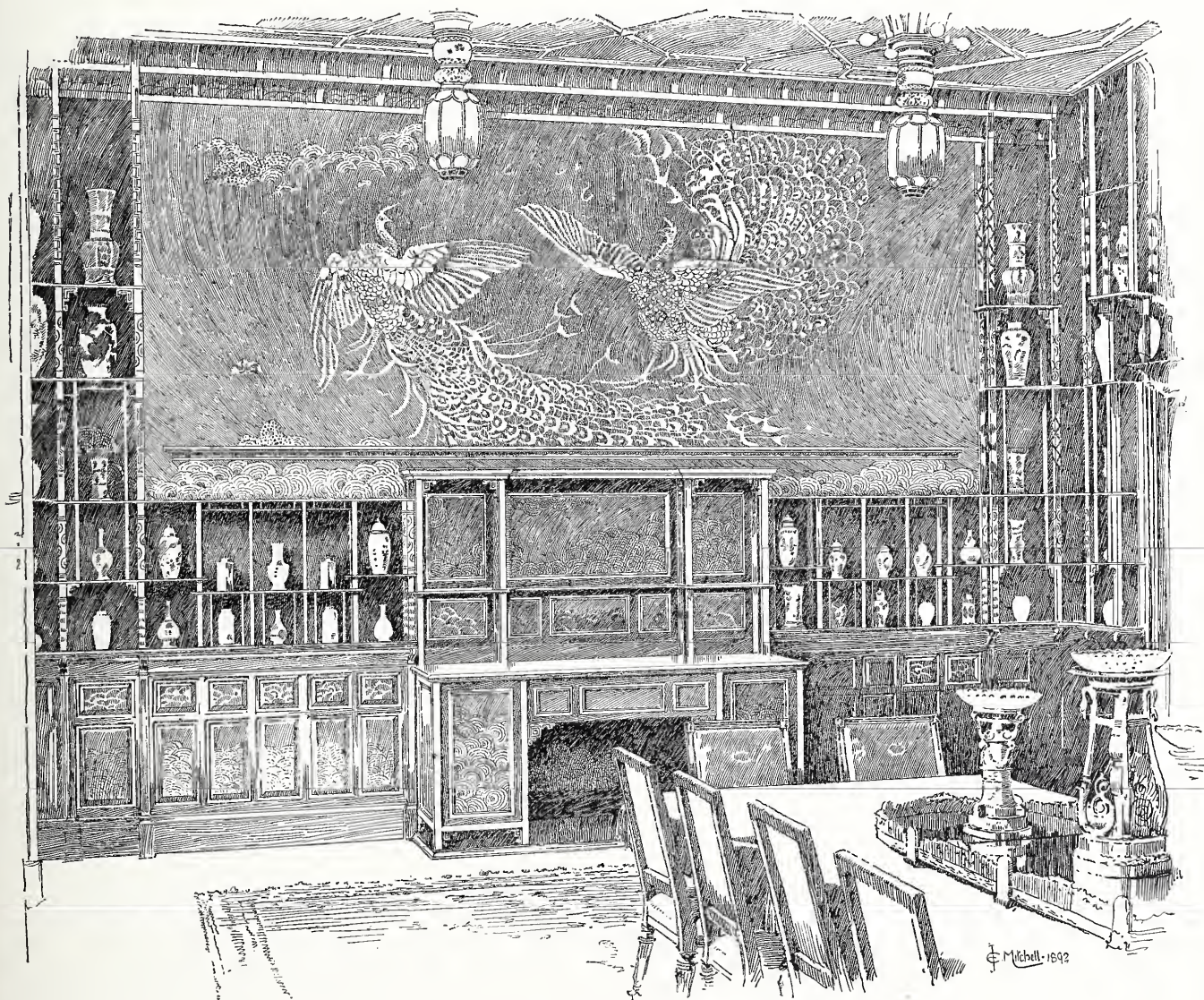
But it is time to pass on to the pictures and *objets d'art* generally with which Mr. Leyland's house—a remarkable one in all its internal arrangements and decorations—was adorned. Speaking generally, he cared amongst the old masters most especially for the primitives, Ghirlandaio, Botticelli, Memling, and the like; but he had also sympathies with the great colourists, Giorgione, Bronzino, Lionardo, and others. The most important of them is the series of four pictures illustrating Boccaccio's story of Nastagio degli Onesti and the daughter of Paoli de Traversaro, one of which we reproduce. They were originally painted on the occasion of the marriage of Pier Francesco di Bini with Lucrezia Pacci in 1487, and are supposed to have reference to the disdainful treatment with which that lady at first met her lover's advances. The pictures should be hotly contested among members of the Psychical Society, for Pier Francesco not only witnessed the pursuit of the fair daughter of Paoli de Traversaro by the phantom dogs and horsemen, but was able to count upon its repetition a week later, when he arranged an open-air séance for his cold mistress under the pine woods of Ravenna. The fine pictures which tell the story remained for a long time in the Casa Pacci at Florence, and were generally attributed, on the authority of Vasari, to Sandro Botticelli, but it is now generally admitted that whilst he probably designed all four pictures, his actual hand is traceable throughout the scene of the marriage feast alone. Botticelli is represented in Mr. Leyland's collection by two other works, alike in subject, but very different in design. Lorenzo Costa's treatment of the Holy Family is somewhat more fanciful, and shows the influence of Mantegna on the leader of the Ferrara school. Behind the beautiful group of the Virgin and St. Joseph bending over the Infant Christ, is an open window, through which one looks across a bright landscape to the blue sea beyond, which by no stretch of imagination may be taken for the sea of Tiberias. There is a similar subject treated by Massaccio's follower, Fra Filippo Lippi—

Madonna and her Babe,
 Ringed by a bowery, flowery angel-brood,
 Lilies and vestments, and white faces sweet,
 As puff on puff of grated orris-root,
 When ladies crowd the church at midsummer.

Filippo Lippi, the butcher's son, was, as has been well said, the "founder of an inexhaustible factory," in which was slowly worked out the human side of religious art, finding its highest expression in the works of Raphael. One of Filippo Lippi's pupils, Francesco di Pesello—or Pesellino—is also represented by a Madonna in Mr. Leyland's gallery, but there is little to distinguish it from the work of many others of the

group of Florentine painters who were more or less contemporaries of Botticelli. The most noteworthy of these was Filippino Lippi, whose Adoration of the Magi in this collection is, in many respects, a repetition of the well-known picture in the Uffizi at Florence, full of lifelike figures and bright colouring. Mr. Leyland's judgment was justified also in the case of the two specimens of Crivelli's handiwork, a 'St. George and the Dragon' and 'St. Peter and St. Paul.' The former is obviously part of a predella, of which the other parts are scattered over the Continent.

Coming to a somewhat later period, Tintoretto is represented



The Peacock Room. Decorated by J. McNeill Whistler.

by the portrait of an elderly man standing sideways to a table, on which is spread a book he has been reading. Palma Vecchio, whose authentic works become rarer with the advance of Art criticism, is represented by a group of Venus and Mars lying under a tree, from the same model as the Flora in this year's exhibition at Burlington House, whilst the portrait of the painter's daughter, the Donna Violante, by Giorgione, to whom she sat frequently, and a 'Holy Family,' with portraits of the donors in adoration, complete the list of Venetian pictures, unless we add the portrait

of an unknown sculptor in a black dress and cap, which could only have been executed by a master hand. Equally unknown is the brilliant rendering of 'Ganymede carried away by the Eagle,' after the design by Michael Angelo, a work which for both vigour and colour deserves to be placed within the reach of Art students of all time. The only remaining Italian picture to which it is necessary to refer is the remarkable portrait of a lady in an elaborate head-dress, under which her smooth hair appears. It has been pronounced by some to be the work of Luini, to whose style the painting of the hands

bears some resemblance, but more probably it is a fine specimen of Bronzino, who on many occasions painted much in Luini's style. This picture, we believe, was purchased direct from the ex-Queen of Spain by Mr. Leyland, and formed part of her personal effects.

It may seem strange that amongst all his Art treasures Mr. Leyland should have only counted a single specimen of Velasquez's works, but it is generally admitted that 'El Corregidor di Madrid' is remarkably characteristic of the greatest Spanish master. It represents the full-length por-

trait of a man, holding in one hand his hat and glove, the other being slightly raised. In his black cloak against a dark-brown background, there is little room for artificial effect, and the importance of the work is due to the dignity of the figure and the consummate art with which the light catches each fold and feature.

Of the Dutch and Flemish pictures, the most noteworthy are the head of a young man in a red cap by Rembrandt, full of light and brilliancy, and a 'Holy Family' by Hans Memling, of very remarkable brilliancy and interest.



The Italian Drawing-Room.

It is, however, in the works of modern artists that Mr. Leyland's personal tastes are the most strongly marked, and by these his special claims as a patron of Art are to be judged. It is evident that the merely decorative use of pictures was in his mind subordinate to the ideas they conveyed, and to the poetic feeling they stimulated. The explanation of his strongly-marked preference for the mystic, super-sensuous art of D. G. Rossetti does not concern us. It is enough for us to know that he and Mr. Graham of Glasgow were the instruments by

which this interesting phase of nineteenth-century Art was stimulated. Without these patrons Rossetti would have been forced to adapt his powers to pleasing the popular taste, but by their help he was able to work out his own theories of Art, and, like his great inspirer, Dante, to painting, with the brush instead of the pen, "the sphere of the infinite images of the soul."

Enough has been said elsewhere of the personal relations of Mr. Leyland and Rossetti, and it will be sufficient to men-

tion here the names of the principal works which attached the patron to the painter. Opinions will probably be divided between the 'Blessed Damozel,' painted in 1876-7 for the late Mr. W. Graham, and the 'Mnemosyne,' or 'The Lamp of Memory,' painted a few years later. The former was intended for his own poem:—

"The Blessed Damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of heaven:
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand;
And the stars in her hair were seven."

Only the head and shoulders of the lady draped in blue and white were visible, and the spectator is left to work out the story from the intensity of expression thrown into the face, that although raised to realms of bliss, she still looks back with longing to the lover she has left behind on earth. The story is completed by the predella below, where the lover is represented lying under the trees beside a stream looking up to heaven. 'Mnemosyne' is a much simpler composition, the half-length figure of a woman with long amber hair, clothed in green drapery and holding in her hand the "winged chalice



The Staircase.

of the soul," whence the Lamp of Memory is filled. The 'Proserpine,' painted in 1874, is one of Rossetti's grandest conceptions. The Empress of Hades is represented in a gloomy corridor of her subterranean palace, holding in her hand the fatal pomegranate, of which the single grain she has eaten chains her to her destiny. A gleam of light from the upper world strikes on the wall behind her, revealing the ivy-branch, symbol of clinging memory. The 'Salutation of Beatrice' (1880), 'The Loving Cup' (1867), 'Veronica Veronese' (1872), 'La Pia di Tolomei' (1881), 'Lady Lilith' (1876), 'Dis

Manibus' (1874), are other works which entitle Rossetti to his place in the front rank of artists of this century and bear witness to his power as a poet-painter and colourist. Mr. Watts' portrait of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, painted about 1865, that is, when he was about seven-and-thirty years old, is also among Mr. Leyland's pictures, and will, it may be fairly hoped, be secured for the National Portrait Gallery or some other public collection.

Rossetti throughout his career—except on a single occasion in 1856—had so studiously avoided publicity, that it is

impossible to say whether the taste for his work, displayed in certain quarters, is natural or acquired, or merely feigned. Up to the present he has been the painter-in-ordinary to a limited few; and of these few a section will admit that Rossetti's work might have gained some strength and lost much mannerism had it been exposed to the free expression of public opinion. Two other artists, whose aims were in many ways similar to his own, discovered this; and it is only fair to say that both Mr. Ford Madox Brown and Mr. E. Burne-Jones are at this moment more popular than Mr. Rossetti, and that they have both preserved their individual claims to distinction. Mr. Madox Brown is represented by two pictures in Mr. Leyland's collection, illustrating two phases of his talent. 'The Entombment,' by the intensity of its tragic force, combined with its restraint of feeling, might pass for a direct inspiration of Botticelli. The grouping of the apostles and holy women at the entrance to the sepulchre is strikingly simple yet effective; and although the arrangement recalls somewhat Titian's treatment of the same subject, one feels that Mr. Madox Brown revives a style when naïve sentiment rather than pictorial effect was the basis of religious art. In his other picture, 'Chaucer at King Edward's Castle,' Mr. Madox Brown represents the poet reading his "Tales" to the King and Court in an open-air scene.

It was, however, rather with Mr. Burne-Jones's qualities that Mr. Leyland found himself most in sympathy—for this gallery can boast of more than half-a-dozen specimens of that painter's finest pictures. 'Merlin and Vivian,' in many respects the most remarkable of Mr. Burne-Jones's achievements in design, is too well known to need fresh description. As a study of colour and almost unrivalled grouping, 'Venus's Mirror,' which we reproduce, stands among the most noteworthy of Mr. Burne-Jones's productions. The Queen of Beauty stands supreme amidst a group of attendant nymphs, who in various attitudes are looking at their faces reflected in a glassy pool. A pale blue sky above, and a clear luminous landscape behind, are a worthy setting for this beautiful group, of which the drapery is delicately varied, but blended with rare harmony. In the picture of Circe dropping the poison-charm into the wine flagon, Mr. Burne-Jones shows a more dramatic quality, but it is more distinguished by its wonderfully rich colouring. Beyond the loggia of the palace one catches a glimpse of the sea on which Ulysses and his companions are sailing towards the enchanted isle, heedless of their danger. A 'Cupid and Psyche' is in another style, marked by the same love of minute detail and richness of colour, but inspired by greater tenderness of fancy; whilst the allegorical figures representing the Four Seasons, and Day and Night, are even more interesting, as showing that the reproach of being too literary in the expression of his thoughts is not altogether justified.

It would perhaps be a little hazardous to make a guess at the reasons which restricted Mr. Leyland to one specimen of Sir John Millais's work, and determined the selection of 'St. Agnes' Eve.' Without doubt it stands in the very first rank of the artist's imaginative pictures, and is distinguished by a subtle colouring rarely to be found in his painting.

But if Sir John Millais is only represented by one picture, there are three interesting works of an artist who, carried away by the doctrines of the pre-Raphaelites, at one time seemed destined to take his place among them. Most un-

justly Mr. W. L. Windus's name is now almost forgotten even by those who thirty or forty years ago prophesied a brilliant future to the young artist. Of the three pictures by him possessed by Mr. Leyland, one of them, 'Too Late,' is painted in quite the early pre-Raphaelite manner, with an intensity of feeling seldom surpassed by Millais or Holman Hunt. The subject might be one of Tennyson's early idylls of village life belonging to the period of "Edward Grey" or "Dora." The picture tells its own story of a life's mistake, a lover returning to find the girl he loves dying. The concealment of the man's face, in order that attention may not be diverted from the woman's, is in accordance with the best canons of Art; and the group of the two women and the child—at once a link and a barrier between the man and his former love—is admirably conceived.

In a very different, but not less careful style, is a picture by the same artist illustrating the well-known episode in the life of Catherine Parr, Henry VIII.'s last and surviving wife.

In the third picture Mr. Windus deals with the well-known Border legend of "Burd Helen," the type of discreet yet devoted attachment, which refuses to believe in the coldness and selfishness of man.

Three delicately draped statuesque figures by Mr. Albert Moore, two severe, but striking church groups by Legros, and a richly-coloured work by Mr. Fred. Sandys, also deserve to be mentioned among the modern pictures in this unique collection.

It was not, however, in pictures only that Mr. Leyland showed his taste. Beauty of form and colour, whether in bronzes or Oriental jars, in Italian cassoni or French cabinets, or in Flemish tapestry, had an attraction for him; and his natural instinct seems to have prevented any possible discord from the mingling of such heterogeneous elements. Of these choice specimens of the Art of unnumbered years it is impossible to speak at length. From the San Donato collection he obtained a number of remarkable objects of all kinds and in all branches. The cylindrical vases of the *famille verte*, the black enamelled vases of a probably still earlier period, the Indo-Portuguese cabinets, and the Italian cassoni—some richly painted—belong to a more recent period, and are probably more or less contemporaneous with the numerous Italian bronzes of the quattro-centisti and cinque-centisti, to which Mr. Leyland seems to have latterly turned his attention. Amongst these will be found numerous small renderings of well-known statues in Florence and elsewhere; but perhaps it is only necessary to mention two of the most remarkable, a 'Venus Triumphant,' holding the apple in her hand, and an exquisite miniature of the famous figure of 'David' in Florence. There is every reason to suppose that this is Donatello's own work, probably the original casting he made for his larger figure.

We have touched upon scarcely a tithe of the works of Art which this house, equally remarkable for its arrangement and its decoration, contains. It must be a source of real regret to many that masterpieces of past and present times, here so fittingly housed, should be dispersed and transferred to less harmonious surroundings; but, on the other hand, the influence which a man of consummate taste may exercise upon his generation by scattering what he had patiently garnered, should be some consolation and encouragement to those who desire to see the expansion of good taste throughout the length and breadth of our home and colonial empire.

THE ACADEMY OF INTENTIONS.

IT was an upright canvas, 9 feet by 5, and Gerald Kent was labouring upon it on a remarkable saffron creation sprawling in a corner of his sky, in appearance something between the setting sun and a cherub by Sir Joshua. So engrossed was he in the work that an intermittent series of kicks battering the studio door quite failed to attract his notice; then the sound ceased, the handle turned, and a man, tall and dressed with extreme care, lounged in.

"Well, Gerald," he said; "why, how now?" catching sight of the picture. "What is it? Bird, beast, or fish?"

"It's an allegorical subject; splendid idea, if I can only carry it out," Gerald replied, waving his brush over his head, and suddenly, under a new inspiration, scraping out the past half-hour's work; "quite fanciful, you know; a Watts sort of thing—masses of gold in a blue sky. The very title's an inspiration, 'The Morning Stars shouted for Joy.' What do you think of it?"

"Hoist her up, and let me see the foundation."

Gerald turned the easel crank, and 'The Morning Stars' slowly rose above the horizon. His friend stared at the work for some time without speaking; then he placed a chair so that its back stood parallel to the canvas, and leisurely seated himself.

"You don't mind my attitude to your last, do you, old chap? Give me some tea." He sipped, and shuddered. "Look here, Gerald, you must chuck it."

"Chuck what?"

"Art."

There was silence for the space of a minute, broken only by the sound of a man singing in the next studio.

Gerald had thrown himself on a couch with his hands clasped over his eyes. "Go on, explain," he said, the syllables falling evenly and without emphasis from his lips. "Tell me the worst; it's the cruel only to be kind business you're on, I know. Drive ahead."

"Well, first I'll catalogue your virtues. You know, old fellow, I never doubted your talents, but they're not the kind for this business. Verse, literature, play-writing; either would have suited you better than picture-making. You're bursting with ideas, but your imagination runs away with you. She's a notorious jade. Live to a hundred, and you won't harness her. Yes! yes! I know you stick to it. There's not a man in Chelsea works half as hard. How many hours have you been on it to-day?"

"I began at nine."

"Hum! Now it's four. Eaten anything?"

"I didn't stop to lunch."

"And no breakfast, I suppose; couldn't get up an appetite, and so on. What an ass you are!"

Again a pause, the candid friend biting his lip and striving to look unconcerned. When he resumed, it was only to repeat his advice, but with greater emphasis.

"You must chuck it, Gerald, that's what it amounts to. You lack the great thing needful—craftsmanship, command of your material, call it what you like—and you'll never acquire it. You lack the genius of patience. 'Tisn't in you;

and without it all your brilliant fancies are just naught. Moreover, you can't draw; you see colour like a litho-printer; your modelling don't convince a stonemason, and your composition would have disgraced Maclise. No, don't talk of Rossetti. It's had to generalise from exceptions. Look at your sky. A sky should be the brightest part of a picture. Yours is about as gay as a London statue."

"I've had a great deal of trouble with the sky," Gerald confessed, humbly.

"So it seems. Why don't you try journalism? Why ain't you a poet?"

"And give up all this!" said Gerald below his breath.

"Yes, give it all up! Look here, old chap, it'll be a hard tussle I know, but promise never to touch a brush again and I'll see you on your way in the other thing. Five hundred pounds will do to start. Oh, it isn't all generosity. Oakden gave me two hundred guineas for his portrait last week. Take it as a loan, and pay back when you've made your fortune!"

With a delicacy of feeling that he would have been the last to confess, the portrait painter rose from his seat as he made the offer, and stared hard at a reproduction of the Lille tinted bust on the studio table. He was still gazing on that sorrowful "nameless maid" when a hand trembled upon his shoulder: wheeling round, he was horrified to see the boy in tears.

"It's awfully good of you," Gerald whispered, speaking in rapid, hysterical tones, "but it isn't that—I don't a bit mind being hungry and not getting on and all that—really I'm always perfectly happy when I'm at work, but—I'm not well—my heart's wrong. Early this morning," he went on in a frightened, confidential way, "when I awoke I thought there was an animal in the bed. My heart was galloping about in my body. I'm frightened, Charles!"

"Nonsense! Heart wrong, indeed—why, you're as sound as a bell. Palpitations, my dear fellow, following on indigestion—that's all. Most common thing. Everybody has that fright once in his life. Eat regularly and sparely and you'll laugh at your fears. Now look here, you come out and dine with me—leisurely as Christians should, and you'll be as right as Sandow to-morrow!"

"But my father and my grandfather both died of—"

"Oh, bosh! Come along." Gerald's further protestations were cut short by the portrait painter, who forcibly drove him from the studio. As they walked down the passage to the street door, he remarked unconcernedly, "D'you often see Miss Brooke, now?"

"Yes, I saw her last Sunday," Gerald replied.

"Amusing little person," the portrait painter added, and he continued to enlarge upon Miss Freda Brooke's personality till they arrived at his club, when she was driven from his mind by the difficulty of procuring dinner at so early an hour. It was something of a scratch meal when it did arrive, but the courses put Gerald into better spirits, and at the end he left his friend, promising that he would not spend the evening moping in his studio, but amuse himself in a rational way. He bought a paper, and stepping into a lighted doorway,

persuaded himself into believing that he was interested in the entertainment bills. Having decided to see Beerbohm Tree, he found himself, at the hour the Haymarket doors open, outside Miss Brooke's house. Freda was alone. As Gerald paused for a moment on the threshold of the drawing-room, all his finer emotions touched by the light of the fire playing on her fair hair and little wondering face, she rose and said, "I'm going to say something *so nice*, Mr. Kent, I was just hoping you would call!"

* * * *

Gerald slept without discomfort that night, and rose the next morning with a lightness of heart that had been foreign to him for many a long day. So hopeful did he feel about his work, so confident of the fine thing he would make of 'The Morning Stars,' that he laughed outright at the recollection of his friend's dispiriting advice of the night before. Why, the picture complete to the smallest detail, was dancing before his eyes; it only remained to create the scene in paint. But as the morning wore on the difficulties of the task built themselves like a stone wall before him, and his vanities stole away one by one. 'The Morning Stars,' glorious as they were to his imagination, refused to be conjured upon the canvas, and by mid-day disappointment was again his mate. "It eludes me," he muttered, despondently, "oh, it eludes me." As Gerald gazed, sad at heart, upon the huge picture, he observed, with some astonishment, that in the rapt face of the first morning star on which he had wrought for so many hours, he had unconsciously suggested a certain look, evanescent as the mist in a Scottish landscape, that he had sometimes observed in Freda's face. He fell to thinking of her, and as he thought he grew altogether out of conceit with the morning stars and their joy.

Her personality swept over and through him; away soared his imagination through ever-widening circles of ecstasy. He forgot the pain catching in his side, he forgot the dizziness that always crept into his brain when he was alone; he forgot the limitations of his skill—these were all non-essentials. Gradually his fancies became circumscribed, till in the end they were concentrated to a single longing—to paint Freda as the cynosure of some unique historical incident, some scene beyond compare. How should he interpret her? Beatrice, Cleopatra, Helen, Raphael's tinted lady, he considered them all, and dismissed them before even the idea had taken shape. Then he thought—Gerald trembled. Yet, why not? Other painters had given to the mother of God the features of the woman they loved. Why should not he?

To and fro the studio he paced, forgetful of time, recalling and rejecting the few scenes in the life of the Virgin, till, all in a moment, the picture he would paint came to him, came to him fresh, palpitating with young life, a little incident that had only found a place in the purlieus of history. It happened some centuries ago, at evening, in the church of St. Mary, Oxford, when teachers and students had gone from the aisles all except one, a boy, afterwards to be known as St. Edmund. That moment was the supreme moment of his life. For is it not written that pausing before an image of the Virgin he placed a ring of gold upon her finger, thus taking her for his bride, and Mary, so it is said, accepted the betrothal by closing her finger on the ring.

For weeks Gerald worked at 'The Betrothal of St. Edmund,' and, even when it was finished, he could hardly bring himself to confess that he had put the best that was in him into the picture. He had changed the expression of her face again

and again; he had wrought like a pre-Raphaelite on the folds of her robe, and sending-in day caught him with an inclination, fast developing into action, to paint out the figure of St. Edmund altogether. But the cart was waiting at the door, so away went the picture to the Academy, leaving him alone with his regrets and the unfinished 'Morning Stars.'

Gerald had spoken to Freda of 'The Betrothal of St. Edmund,' but as she had evinced no particular interest in its existence he had not offered to show it to her. If it were accepted he could very well wait for her approval till the private view.

As time went on and he received no notice from Burlington House to withdraw 'The Betrothal of St. Edmund' from competition, Gerald's spirits rose. One anxiety only remained to him, would Freda like it? Her critical faculties were so immature that he had no fear she would notice the weak drawing or the feeble technique of his picture, but would she like 'St. Edmund' as a picture? Would she approve? Would she understand?

Freda did approve. It was her way to be satisfactory. Like the young widow in Maupassant's story she knew life by instinct as the free animals do. But Gerald had a bad time of it in the early hours of the private view, for 'St. Edmund' was skied in the Newlyn Room, just above an aniline picture of Capri, which killed the delicate olive-green robe that clothed his Virgin. And then that pain in his heart had been very cruel of late. As he pushed his way through the crowd he could hear its thud, thud, above the hum of conversation, till he thought the walls of his chest must be beaten down.

Four o'clock and Freda had not appeared. His eyes ached with searching for her, and when he passed the same knot of people again and again, self-consciousness sent the colour to his cheeks to think they understood and pitied his fruitless quest. Then all at once, in a sudden flash, he caught sight of her talking to an A.R.A., almost hidden behind the broad back of a sandy-whiskered man, who was jotting down the names of the notabilities for an evening paper.

It was nice of Freda to break off in the middle of her conversation and hasten towards him. "It's a beautiful picture, Mr. Kent," she said, "and I have told a very great Art critic to look at it immediately."

"Then you think it is a little like——" he stammered. The thuds suddenly broke into a double.

"Oh, that was what I wanted to ask you. Who was your model—tea already, mother? Yes, I'll come. I'm dying of thirst. Will you keep my catalogue for me till I come back, Mr. Kent? Mark all the nice pictures, and don't, don't, *don't* look so sad."

With that Freda whisked away and Gerald turned on his heel to swallow the lump that jumped into his throat. He felt very tired and was more than inclined to go straightway home and tumble into bed, but as he passed through the vestibule he actually heard somebody asking the price of "The Betrothal of St. Edmund." Though the unknown client, an elderly cleric, left the table without further comment, the incident encouraged Gerald to prolong his stay. "Besides," he muttered, "how can I go away when she's still here?"

He made his way to that asylum of the weary—the architectural room. It was cool and empty, and with a sigh of relief he sank upon the couch, stretched his legs, and let his head fall comfortably on the cushioned back of the seat.

The rooms had thinned when he awoke, and the first object

his eyes rested upon was Freda at the far end of the vista of rooms, the centre of a merry group. 'No, I'm not wanted,' he thought, and again closed his eyes. But in that moment between sleeping and waking she was still present to him. He could not have given the reason for that vagary of his memory, but suddenly he recalled and went over from the beginning to end a conversation they had had a few days before, relative to the reappearance of the dead in the material world.

Freda—being eighteen and imaginative—believed in spooks, and she had cited to Gerald, with a brave show of conviction, the mythical case of the two old bachelors, who had agreed over their port that whoever died first should appear to the other immediately after release. "And the one who died first did appear to the other," Freda had added with conviction. Gerald recalled his patronising answer.

"Listen," he had said; "since the beginning of history the most horribly unjust things have happened to men

and women—they have been butchered, and nailed to the cross, and torn to death by beasts, and the world has been full of the cries of children in pain—and these things have been suffered for what they called their faith. They accepted death joyfully, yet with no single proof that the dream for which they died was worth that" (Gerald snapped his finger and thumb). "For God is not a God of signs. And since he let them pass without a word of approval, is it probable that He stooped to satisfy the whim of a couple of old fogies over their walnuts and wine? Pah!" Gerald tried to recall Freda's answer to his diatribe, but his memory would not be spurred to the effort, and in a few minutes he was fast asleep again.

When he awoke it was quite dark, save for the moon shining through the skylight. His long rest had not refreshed him; he felt too ill to move, or even to wonder why he should still be in the Academy, hours after the private

viewers had gone home. "They've overlooked me," he



"It's a beautiful picture, Mr. Kent," she said.

thought. "What a joke! Is it a joke though? Tchach! how dull I feel!"

This dulness made Gerald unhappy, for in other days, when the ills of the flesh were heaviest had often been the hour of his most magnificent thoughts. And now—dull, dull was that part of him that once had been so victorious. "Perhaps I'm dying," he thought, and thereupon longed for companionship. Just at that moment something seemed to stab him in the left breast, not once, but many times. His hand felt for his side and his head fell forward. Then a heavy robe seemed to be poised over his head; it fell. He wriggled as the folds wound relentlessly round him, and just when the pain was too acute to bear—consciousness passed.

* * * *

In another moment his agony seemed ages away. He was on his feet, walking from the architectural room, conscious of an indescribable gaiety. Though Gerald knew it must be near midnight he could see as plainly as at mid-day, yet he felt no curiosity about the phenomenon. The mere joy of existence at that moment was so intense as to brush aside the claims of reason and analysis. Neither was he surprised at not finding himself alone; many men and a few women passed him, and even when he reached the wall where 'The Betrothal of St. Edmund' hung—in that crowning moment—his feelings were feelings of deep satisfaction rather than of astonishment. Yet how changed was 'The Betrothal'! The niggled face on which he had wrought so patiently and so ineffectually, the face into which he had striven to express all he saw, and all he thought he saw in those other features—there it all was, even as he had dreamed. Mary smiled at Gerald, and the riddle of her smile was pity for mortal things. A certain thought came into his mind as he gazed, a fragment of a thought, far off from him, which he could not quite put away. It was that Freda could have seen this 'Betrothal of St. Edmund.'

"You are so newly come among us," said a quiet voice at his elbow, "that these things trouble you a little. They will soon cease to trouble. You are hardly full grown yet. I will stay with you till then."

Gerald turned quickly round, and saw a man, young, dark, with a large white brow, and rough black hair, who linked his arm into Gerald's and led him away from the picture. Presently he said, in a low, apologetic tone, as if the explanation were intrusive: "Perhaps I had better introduce myself. My name was Hugh, Hugh Robinson. I died in 1790, of consumption. Artists don't read or you might have seen an article about me in one of the English magazines a few years ago. 'Unfulfilled Renown' it was called. The writer said some very nice things. Some of my pictures are here now, at least the pictures I meant to paint," he explained, with a smile, "I should like you to see them. Really they are not bad, individual rather, less Gainsboroughy than my former things. We are given this privilege, you know, of sometimes seeing the ideals we strove to reach. It is one of the many little vanities we are allowed to indulge. Neither are our old bodies absolutely denied to us. You think it strange perhaps that dead people should have vanities; well—you will find many things to surprise you. See, there's Gainsborough. Dear master!"

Gerald followed his companion's gaze, which rested on a man rather slight in figure, advancing into the gallery where they stood. The oval face, with the well-marked features, indicated a strength of character belied by the weak mouth.

He smiled when he saw Gerald's companion and thrust out his left hand.

"It all comes back to me, Hugh," he yawned; "I'm sick of my portraits and of all the fine ladies with their tea drinkings and dancing and husband hunting. It's Reynolds I'm seeking now. How d——d various he was for all his jog-trot formulas."

Suddenly he swung round and stood mute before Sir Joshua's 'Mrs. Sheridan,' tapping his leg with his cane.

Gerald watched the emotions playing over that mobile, vivacious face, and then instinctively made a half turn to the opposite wall of the gallery, where he had already observed that Gainsborough's version of the same lady was hanging, facing Sir Joshua's, the well-known sketch of "that beautiful mother of a beautiful race," with her ruffled hair and feet peeping from beneath her petticoat. But if it had been delightful to Gerald's eyes in the old days, what did he think of it now, sparkling with the qualities that had danced before the eyes of the painter, delusive even to his cunning hand? "If only that old fellow would move on one side," thought Gerald, "there would be some chance of seeing it." But the old fellow was in no hurry to remove the screen his broad back made, and the picture seemed to afford him so much enjoyment that Gerald was loth to frame his request. The old gentleman peered into the canvas like one whose sight is failing, and when at last he turned away, Gerald overheard him muttering, "in the long experience I enjoyed, and the assiduity with which I pursued my studies—"

At that point of his soliloquy he reached the end of the gallery and raised his kindly old face for a moment, curious as to the identity of the man who was swinging past him, to an accompaniment of curious oaths. "Sir Joshua," whispered Hugh; "see, he recognises his old rival."

It seemed as if everybody in the gallery turned to observe the meeting between the two masters. They raised their hats and bowed, and then, it was hard to say quite how it happened, or which took the initiative, but in another moment they were clasping hands and drawing near to each other, gazing into each other's eyes.

"Come away," whispered Hugh, "we intrude; and besides, our time draws to its close and I want you to see my pictures," he continued, showing his embarrassment by a little stutter—"or rather the pictures I meant to paint."

Gerald was guided through one gallery after another till they came to the lecture-room.

It was hung entirely with Turner's pictures; not with such works as 'The Fighting Téméraire,' and 'Ulysses and Polyphemus,' but with those splendid failures of his later years, the 'Slaves Thrown Overboard,' the 'War—The Exile and the Rock Limpet,' the 'Waterloo,' when he saw everything yellow.

"Is he here?" Gerald whispered.

Hugh pointed upwards, where an old man, dressed in a shabby, snuffy coat, with a large, gaudy handkerchief hanging from the lappet pocket, sat astride on the top of a painter's ladder. His palette was in his hand, his little sharp eyes glistened, and he was nodding his head like a mandarin.

Turner did not notice Gerald and Hugh, but as they passed out of the door, Gerald turned, and saw him descending the ladder. Followed by a small army of cats, he shuffled up and down the floor, pausing before each picture in turn, and never passing on to the next without rubbing his hands together and shouting "Hip, hip, hurrah!"

Gerald would have liked to have spoken to Turner, but Hugh hurried him away. He had forgotten the locality of his own pictures, or he had changed his mind about showing them, for they found themselves in the vestibule without having seen Hugh's ideals.

Just then a neighbouring clock struck the first stroke of twelve and with the sound a great seriousness fell upon Gerald. He seemed suddenly to pass into a knowledge of things heretofore unknown to him—a knowledge as new as it was deep, yet so swiftly did the feeling gain upon him that before the second stroke of the clock had sounded, the sensation seemed as old as memory. He hardly knew how it happened, but the people in the galleries were vanishing before his eyes, like the little opal clouds at sunset, and then he and his companion were standing at the door of the architectural room, looking at something lying on the seat with chin fallen forward upon its breast. Hugh began to speak in a very gentle voice. "Yes," he said, "in the old life they would have thought the idea horrible that you should be standing here looking at *that*—a foolish, and ignorant idea, as you know—now. It was but your companion for a little while, and not a very satisfactory companion either—limited and unresponsive. Your mother bore it—that was its only real claim on your affections; now all is past and you are on the threshold of much more beautiful experiences. It is yourself who stands by me, your true self—you yourself as you made yourself, not as you were made. The oak does not pine for the acorn, nor the moth for the chrysalis, and you feel pity and nothing more, for *that*. Freda will grieve, for she loved you."

Gerald started.

"And others too, who dread death because they think the

journey must be taken alone—but there is no loneliness. Love outlives death!"

It grew darker as the clock struck on to twelve, but Hugh's face stood forth radiant from the gloom.



"Sir Joshua," whispered Hugh; "see, he recognises his old rival."

Gerald began to speak—"I used to say that I did not believe in spirits—that I was convinced no man had ever seen a spirit!"

"No living man has ever seen a spirit."

"Then I am—"

Gerald did not finish the sentence. He was too happy even to be curious.

C. LEWIS HIND.

DAVID MURRAY, A.R.A.

IF recent evidence goes for anything, it would seem to point to the fact that Realism is an awkward tool to handle. Nor is the reason for its untowardness far to seek. Beauty, as we have been told these two thousand years, is in the eye of the beholder, while the contemporary beholder (with whom alone our business is for the moment), modestly disclaiming all initiative in the matter, would appear to find it for the most part in certain well-ventilated conventions, in certain classical and well-understood forms. Now it is the profession of the Realist not only to have a contempt for mere tradition, for things, so to speak, at second hand, but a sovereign scorn for the folk who

deal in such borrowed trumpery. Nature, naked and unadorned, is the object of his solicitude; nature, the god to whom he would lead back a straying multitude. But multitudes are slow. They are often deaf, even distrustful, of voices in the wilderness. Thus the prophet of the new school has not only to see what he may have to see with virgin eyes and walk in untrodden ways, but he must be, if he would carry conviction as a teacher, so sound and sober of parts as to be free from all taint of affectation or trickery in the public mind.

The combination is far to seek. For though talent—even a



The River Road.

kind of audacious if somewhat inarticulate genius—is to be found amongst the ranks of the Impressionists, it too often assumes a form which puzzles and irritates, rather than convinces the generality of men. Who, then, was to prepare the way? It was left for Glasgow, a city at the head and front of the movement under discussion, to produce one of the needed men; one destined to give us pieces of sane realism such as the pictures entitled 'Gorse' and 'Mangolds,' found on the walls of Burlington House in 1891.

This rational realist, David Murray, was born on January 29th, 1847. The outset of his career was not an easy one, for

he laboured under the disadvantage of seeing the light in a city which either from latent Puritanism or mere "canniness" is not overmuch given to the encouragement of Art in youth. But David Murray sought solace in himself. He early ventured on a sixpenny colour-box. Hugged by day, it was a possession bound to be enjoyed in secret, and hidden at night, for safety, in an empty house hard by the boy's home. The painter's first grief, an overwhelming one to be sure, was the loss of this toy. For it was filched from him while he was learning what proved to be, for him, less important matters at school. The privation of his destined tools, however, was not to be a

thing of long duration. Put to business, as the phrase goes, in his teens, another colour box was the lad's inseparable companion out of office hours. The term is an elastic one, and embraced for this indomitable boy the early stirrings of summer dawns as well as winter evenings at the local Art school, where the head master, one Robert Greenlees, first initiated him into the meaning of studying from the life. There were snatched Saturdays, too, or at least pieces of Saturdays, when all was joy and hard work for the youngster revelling in his unwonted out of doors. Some of the results of these half days with nature on the skirts of the Clyde are still preserved. They are curious as showing the spontaneous movement of the untutored eye and hand towards what is called the "Pre-Raphaelite" modes of artistic expression.

Deliberate and terribly in earnest, the Pre-Raphaelites are a school which have taught themselves to see, but have not yet learnt what they may not see. With them nothing is left out, absolutely naught is omitted, and though, I believe, they are apt to plume themselves on their imagination, they rarely have the saving grace of leaving anything to that of the spectator. The mistake with primitive peoples and primitive youth of all ages is natural enough. It is harder of explanation in a riper age and with sophisticated men.

David Murray, at any rate, would seem to have quickly outgrown this first form of realism. His transient leaning towards it is only noteworthy, inasmuch as it may account in some small degree for the painter's love of detail manifested even up to the present day. With the school alluded to the



The White Heat.

artist had naturally no relations, nor had he (as has been urged by a learned and able critic) either part or lot in the teaching of James Docharty. The truth of the matter is that Docharty and David Murray—the first in his choice of subjects and the latter in the way of looking at nature—were inspired by one and the same source. In both painters' work can be traced the influence of Milne Donald. For Milne Donald, the ill-starred and tragic-fated, it was who fathered modern Scotch landscape. He it was who was the actual founder of the Glasgow school of realism. Yet more potent than any outside influence, more potent certainly than any mere wisdom of precept, were the alluring beauties which reared themselves on every hand before our budding painter's eyes. "Help," we are told, "comes not from the hills or valleys," but I cannot but think that the enthralling grandeurs of his native country

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induced David Murray to finally throw his business bonnet over the mill. Loch Coruisk, at any rate, was the artist's first passion, for there, establishing himself in a rude hut on its margin, he dedicated himself finally to the brush. Exhibited at the Glasgow Institute of Fine Arts, the result of six months' labour proved a success; and this, happily for the young man at the moment, financially as well as artistically. It was Skye also which won for him the suffrages of a London public. A picture called 'Vale of Coruisk' found its way to the Royal Academy, and once there, into the appreciation of discerning amateurs. Official recognition came no less apace. 'Tillietudlem Castle' was destined to be hung on the line, while the upright canvas called 'Where the world is dark with tempests' was reviewed at length, and with approval, by Mr. Tom Taylor in the *Times*.

P P

So much for the artist's Scotch work. For though giving us some noteworthy canvases of northern scenes, among which 'Glen Falloch, head of Loch Lomond,' 'Glen Sannoe, Arran,' and 'Loch Linnhe, near Port Appin,' may be numbered, he apparently early had his eyes set on the other side of the Tweed. What artistic or selective impetus led the young Scotchman thither I know not, although I have my shrewd suspicions; but looking to the South, and finally journeying to it, he saw that for him undoubtedly it was good. In truth Picardy, Devonshire, Kent, the South Downs, and lastly Hampshire, have all in turn found favour with the landscape painter, as his efforts have no less certainly found grace with a large portion of the outside world. Fortune, so often a sorry jade, has, indeed, been almost from the first on this

artist's side. Moving to London some ten years ago, Mr. Murray found the doors of the Royal Scottish Academy, the old Water Colour Society, and the Scottish Water Colour Society open to him in turn. He had, moreover, that coveted honour, a picture bought by the Chantrey trustees, figured in a "one man exhibition," at The Fine Art Society's, where he exhibited a summer's work in Picardy, and was elected, as we all know, shortly afterwards, an Associate of the Royal Academy. Such success means something, though very indifferent artists may and do attain it. The recognition, however, of this Scotch painter lies not alone with the vague, flighty, sentimental public. He was in no wise brought to be tolerated of the learned through the back door of popularity, but was fairly acclaimed and accredited in the right time and season.



A Hampshire Haying.

Yet unanimous the critics have hardly been. There have not been wanting candid friends to let the artist know that he was deficient both in sentiment and depth. Well, of sentiment of a hardy, wholesome sort, I find in the painter an honorable share; of sentimentality, certainly not a tithe. For the fretful pessimism of the hour finds no sort of elbow-room in his canvases or in his conceptions of things animate or inanimate. It is high noon-day for the most part with Mr. Murray, and the world is a world of vigorous, rushing life, of sprouting corn and flowering common, all smiling under the wide, sunny, wind-swept skies. Do we not despair overmuch in this nineteenth century of ours? I am not, at any rate, inclined to quarrel with Mr. Murray because his fields yield plentiful crops, or that his land is apt to be arable. Others, be sure of it, will point to the elusive, the transient; to death and decay, and

the final ban under which all living things lie. We should take heart, inasmuch that we have had caught and transfixed for us some of the philosophy, the large serenity of open-air things, that we have been taught the beauty of virile, work-a-day aspects of the world.

We needed some such stimulus. David Murray, moreover, has other qualities, not to mention for the moment technical ones. He has grit in him, and intention, and a singular clearness of vision. To look at a canvas by this hardy Scotsman one would imagine that he came to nature without a preconceived notion of any kind. In his later work, and I am judging him by his ripest standard, it will be seen that he approaches his subject with no sort of *à priori* view. With the platitudes of composition he does not concern himself at all. With him, anything like mechanical balance of light and

shade disappear and give place to at any rate an attempt at the fair and square and convincing light of day. In Mr. Murray's hands, cornfields are cornfields, and skies, skies, untouched by that wholly modern sentimentalism with which we have saddened and be-littled our very heavens. For this artist records accurately and precisely *just what he sees*, and is in no wise concerned in repeating what others may have seen before him. In this we have had restored to us, as I have said, something of the real grandeur, the splendid impassiveness of nature; for nature, I take it, has at bottom more of Pagan imperviousness about it than aught of the fretful sensibility we have lent it in latter days. David Murray's skies, at any rate, are in no degree preoccupied with the frail destinies of man. His clouds perform their allotted task with no

admonitions to the fallen sons of Adam. In landscape again, the artist, owing possibly to his living half his life out of doors, catches nature as it were in her every-day garb, while he is enabled to dispense with all tricky rusticity, all opera-bouffe adjuncts to enhance what in cant phrase is called the "human interest" of his canvases. With Mr. Murray, Art is a record of things visible. He has little belief, I should say, in compositions concocted over a studio stove. Personally he is ever ready to adventure a battle with nature, with shifting winds and fickle skies, and what he gives us, whether it be a success or a failure, is at any rate the result of this hand-to-hand affray. Here, then, we find the artist's dominant note. It lies in a certain sturdiness, a certain sanity which belongs to folk who live and work in



The Farm Ford.

the open air. And it is in this report that precisely what the candid friend would call the materialism of his vision stands the painter in good stead. It enhances, in a sense, the alluring actuality of his work. In sooth, what should rather be said is that Mr. David Murray has the boldness to see, to attack the world as it is, and while making no mere transcript of nature, to seek neither to bedeck nor adorn it. An admirable temper this, and one which many a young artist would do well to imitate, if indeed any human being can successfully imitate another.

In all this we see the painter's work as the direct outcome of the man. So direct is it that we can find no trace of eccentricity in his realism. No, nor even a show of indifference for other and more melting moods. Mr. David Murray is rightly occupied with his own salvation. He expends him-

self in nothing but in expressing himself. And in this connection he wisely discarded the undulating, sensuous beauties of his native lochs and glens. His talent lay obviously in more simple, and at the same time in more solid and masculine manifestations. For let us look to it, and we shall see that it was in the lowlands, in the prosaic South, amid the pushing wheat-fields and the thriving hop-gardens, that this talent found its natural expression. Here, his passion for the square, for the straight line, for massive drawing, became manifest, as did his fine breadth of treatment and his often happy unconventionality of composition.

'The Rother at Rye,' 'The Young Wheat,' the two pictures already alluded to, 'Gorse' and 'Mangolds' (the latter being in some respects the most characteristic canvas the painter has yet given us), and lastly Mr. Murray's present year's work,

'The Farm Ford,' 'A Hampshire Haying,' 'The White Heat,' 'The River Road,' all of which we reproduce, and a delightfully rich yet reticent little canvas called 'Gathering Mists,' illustrate the qualities indicated. In a smaller piece, 'At Milking-time,' something of the fine glow and fervour of sunset is presented to us, and presented, it may be said, with a truth as direct as the handling is forcible. The same merit, and not a little of the same spirit, breathes from the important Academy work, 'The Farm Ford,' though here the sun dies, if I may be permitted the expression, with less of flare and protest. The key-note of this picture, in truth, is one of rest. Suspended, as if by the potent magic of evening, hang the giant masses of the clouds; with faint plashing, the herd fords the drowsy stream; faintly, as with a caressing ray, the sun touches the distant river, the distant homestead among the darkening trees. The scene is one at once of beauty and peace, of nature rounded and atune, of a world, a happy world of the artist's creation, where all is accomplished, answered and fulfilled. Mr. David Murray, as I have said, holds little converse with regret, and traffics in no wise with failure. The rigours of haymaking in Hampshire, for instance, might dishearten an optimist less robust than the artist under discussion, but though water abounds and storm-clouds hover in summer weather the process is made to assume an aspect no less than jaunty. There is life in the winds, movement in the reedy waters of 'A Hampshire Haying,' and horse and haymaker are of the sturdy kind that take life with a proper philosophy. In colour, the theme is one of slate and rose, the latter blushing tint being reflected with pleasing insistence in water, sky, and landscape.

In 'The White Heat,' Mr. Murray has set himself a task fraught with difficulty, a task which from its very difficulties has probably delighted, as it has assuredly exercised, all his painter's faculties. Pearly in tone, dexterous in draughtsman-

ship, the canvas depicts one of those veiled, yet glaring sunless days which from being cloudless, vague, shadowless, are almost as bereft of form as they are of colour. A subject for the critical rather than for the commonality, for while the latter may possibly complain of an uncompromising realism, and in some sort of a lack of variety and gradation in the work, the learned will delight in the fine open handling of the nearer trees, the creamy aerial perspective, the information of the subtly conveyed line of distant marsh and hill. Possibly its fellow canvas, 'The River Road,' makes too forcible a claim on our attention, for the last-named picture is at once so solid, spontaneous, and masterful as to place itself in the forefront of the artist's achievements. Replete with breadth and vigour, large in conception and with something jewel-like in its harmonies, 'The River Road' might well dwarf efforts less brilliant and stirring. In it there is atmosphere, there is tone, there is a felicitous daring with a nice sobriety of colour. In technique the work not only claims, but promises the painter a distinctive place in a century notable for its landscape-painters.

Much remains to be said. One might speak of the artist's capacity for work, of his intrepidity, his dash, his headlong courage in habitually attacking six-foot canvases in open air. One might speak of his reception in the Salon, of medals gained at Munich and elsewhere, of his ambitions, his aims, his theories, of his love of a sporting newspaper, the "gloves," and all that makes for good-fellowship. For the moment, it may suffice to say that Mr. Murray has kept what Mr. Andrew Lang calls "the boy" alive in him. That at forty, or just over, his powers are waxing instead of waning, and that whatever honours, academic or others, may lie in store for this disciple of *plein air*, they are not likely to make his buoyant energies sleep.

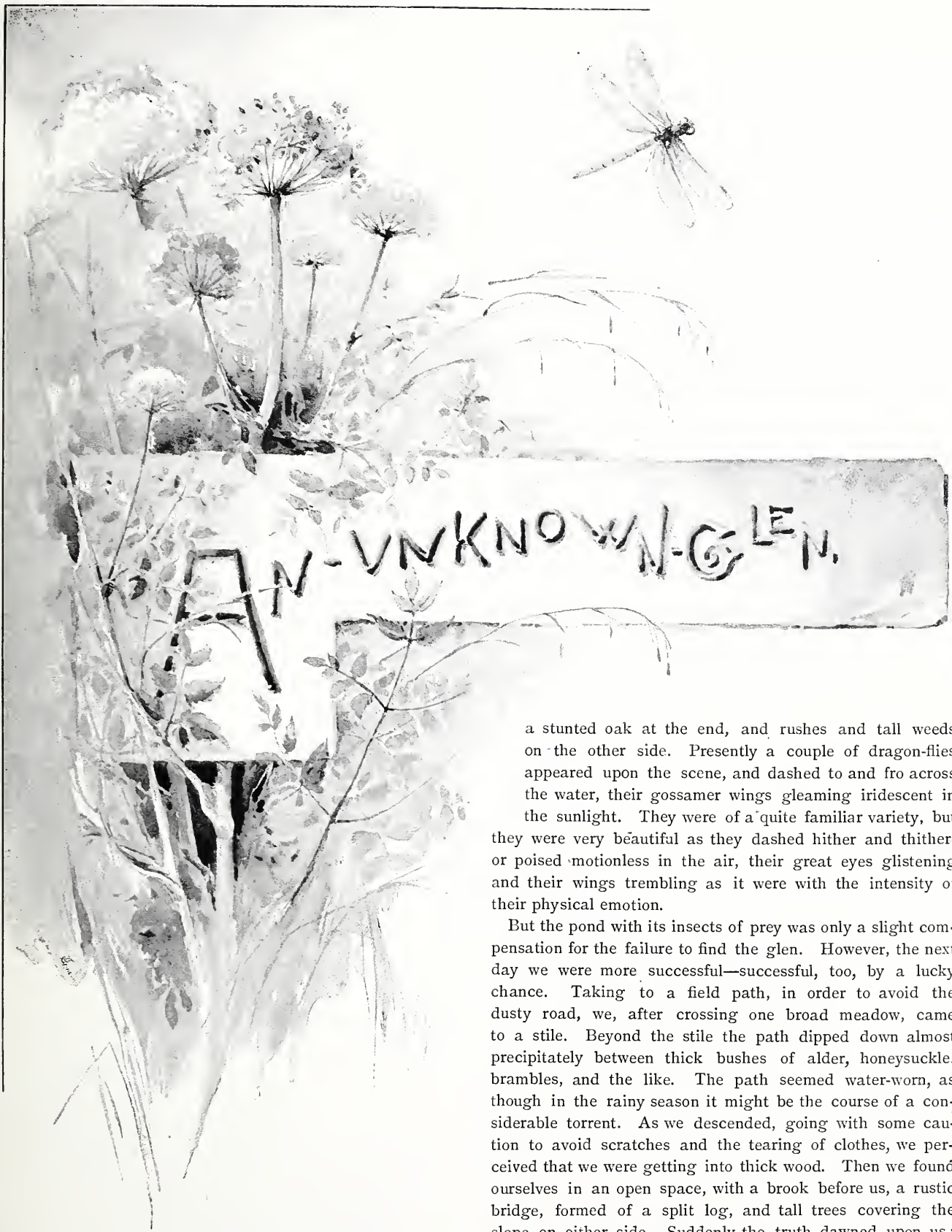
MARION HEPWORTH DIXON.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS.

ORIGINAL ETCHING BY HERBERT DICKSEE.

NO other animal that has been conventionalised in the art of centuries bears so well a realistic treatment as the lion, and none other that is so noble and majestic in realism bears so well the conventions of generalisation. It would be hard to decide how we like the lion best: whether as the sign set up in the architecture of man, symbol of defence and threat, or with his Zoological Gardens associations; structural and proportionate in stone, or with the monstrous head and stealthy, almost abject, hind quarters of nature. Art has indeed taken greater liberties with him than the mere re-adjustment of his figure. It has used him piecemeal, and continued the pieces in scrolls or otherwise as it listed. His head, his paw, his claw have been, moreover, taken for their mere inspiration as incentives to design and suggestions for decoration. There is almost as much of the lion as there is of the branch in the common ornament multiplied by the machine; so much, indeed, that were the king of beasts to claim all

that is his own, he would find it in strange shape and in the most unexpected places. Mr. Herbert Dicksee's lion is a frank portrait, invested with the dignity that is inseparable from sincere art, but seeking nothing that is not the lion's in life. Grandeur of expression, and everything in look and bearing that can express the solemnity or severity that is not aware of itself, the lion offers to Art for study. It is the animal expression, not the human, and Mr. Dicksee has accepted all the animal characteristic, as artists—sculptors especially—have not often brought themselves to do. Little as they may think it, men have given something of their ideals even to the lion. They have been reluctant, for instance, to see how narrow a forehead a lion has. So that, actually, though Art may be pleased to call some men lion-like, it makes too many a lion man-like. Landseer would not have had his couchant beasts round the Nelson column just as they are if there had never been a Mirabeau.



WE had made one unsuccessful attempt to find the glen which had been described to us as easily to be discovered, for was it not cut clean out of the plain? but after hours of wandering all that we found of the picturesque was a small pool of water near a lonely-looking farm. Nor was that very picturesque; but, as we were hot and tired, we sat down upon a little tongue of land running into the pond and rested. There were some bramble bushes on one side of it,

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a stunted oak at the end, and rushes and tall weeds on the other side. Presently a couple of dragon-flies appeared upon the scene, and dashed to and fro across the water, their gossamer wings gleaming iridescent in the sunlight. They were of a quite familiar variety, but they were very beautiful as they dashed hither and thither, or poised motionless in the air, their great eyes glistening and their wings trembling as it were with the intensity of their physical emotion.

But the pond with its insects of prey was only a slight compensation for the failure to find the glen. However, the next day we were more successful—successful, too, by a lucky chance. Taking to a field path, in order to avoid the dusty road, we, after crossing one broad meadow, came to a stile. Beyond the stile the path dipped down almost precipitately between thick bushes of alder, honeysuckle, brambles, and the like. The path seemed water-worn, as though in the rainy season it might be the course of a considerable torrent. As we descended, going with some caution to avoid scratches and the tearing of clothes, we perceived that we were getting into thick wood. Then we found ourselves in an open space, with a brook before us, a rustic bridge, formed of a split log, and tall trees covering the slope on either side. Suddenly the truth dawned upon us: we were in the glen. Yesterday we had spent hours to find it; to-day it had come upon us by surprise.

We had intended that our walk should not extend beyond a couple of hours. But such a treasure-trove of beauty was not to be left in haste. It was still forenoon when we chanced upon it; it was nearly evening when hunger—for a time staved off by delicious blackberries—finally drove us to town. The intervening hours we spent wandering about the glen,

Q Q



climbing up its steep banks, making our way down its rocky channel, now in the dry bed, now leaping from stone to stone, or exploring its most secret recesses; and yet, after all, when we came away, we left much still to explore. The wonder of it was that, though the day was perfect of its kind—warm, genial, with soft sunlight from a luminous sky—we were almost the sole human occupants of the glen. One man did pass through with a milk-pail while we were there; but that was all. And yet the delightful spot is but a couple of miles from a populous and popular sea-side resort, and it was the height of the season. We did indeed thank the blind and gregarious instinct which keeps some places sacred to placid beauty and retirement.

And how placidly beautiful it is! There must be times when the glen justifies its name, and the waters roar and tumble through its rocky channel with riotous tumult and din; the wind helping to swell the wild harmony among the branches of the trees. There is even now a gentle murmuring of music upon the upper strings of those natural harps; but otherwise the cleft is perfectly still. No, not perfectly. A robin's clear melodious note is heard from time to time. It has perched itself on one of the topmost boughs of a slanting birch, and is enjoying the full rays of the mellow sunshine, responding in grateful song. The contented voices of titmice, too, are heard. Up somewhere above—probably in the ploughed fields—there are crows. One can hear them now and again as they rise on the wing, and we feel that all of ancient wisdom is not yet dead. Presently we shall see them rising from the earth and flecking the blue with their dark wings.

In the lower part of the channel, where it folds upon itself as it were, and makes a bit of a pool, a couple of grey wag-tails are on the forage. A water rat keeps them company, taking no notice of their flittings to and fro; but directly we move a step—Presto! a movement of the water, and he is gone. At first when we came upon the scene everything was so still and quiet there seemed no sentient life in the place. But gradually we find it is full. Standing beneath a lofty oak, whose leaves are just beginning to turn to a mingled russet and yellow, we hear a snapping of twigs and a dropping of something through the leaves. One whose ear is accustomed to the sound at once suspects what it is; and behold, there on the topmost bough Master Squirrel is busy gathering acorns for his winter store. He sees us, watches us with his bright little eyes, but knows he is safe, and does not fear. But if we turn our eyes for an instant he is gone. Anon we shall catch a glimpse of him, or of one of his companions, running along the branches and skipping from tree to tree. How little we know, after all our studies, of these wild creatures of the wood, and though our constant neighbours, what a life apart they live!

But these inhabitants do not exhaust the list of our day's companions in this fairy glen. An entomologist would have found the day fruitful. Just now a painted lady came sailing down, and poised for a moment or two, with closed but palpitating wings, upon a tall angelica, but soon was off again upon her gaudy fans. A lordly red admiral followed; but the glory of all the insect race that brightened that sunny afternoon was the mighty dragon-fly. "Mighty," because he



was the biggest of his genus known to us, the *Æschna grandis*. Full four inches in length from head to tail, and an inch more from tip to tip of wing, he seems indeed dragon-like as he bears down upon us, full tilt, as one thinks. But just as he appears about to strike and we dodge him, he is off at a sharp tangent. We see into his great eyes, like the stern windows of an old man-of-war, and hear the buzz of his wings, and then, an instant afterwards, he is away on the

other side of the brook. For his size, the dragon-fly is surely the perfection of flight. The aerostation dreamers should study him. What a power would a thousand warriors be, winged and mailed like him, embattled in the central blue!

He is the most lordly of winged creatures below the *aves*. He may not exhibit all the grace of motion of yonder swallow skimming high above the trees, wedded to the air as it would seem; but what force has our *Æschna*! He gives us the



idea of a battering-ram. And he is clothed in all the hues of the rainbow, as a warrior so mighty should be. But what a glutton! All this darting to and fro is not for beauty's sake; he is hawking for flies, gnats, midges, small moths, and beetles—all are welcome to his gorge. He opens his wide mouth and they are gone; and the tale of his captures must make a monstrous total in the course of an afternoon.

The trunks of the ash here and there are covered with ivy, now in bloom with its yellow-green flowers, and thronged by

the flies that Virgil (and others beside him) mistook for bees. The passage is well known (*Georg.*, lib. iv.), beginning—

“Tempus et Arcadii memoranda inventa magistri;”

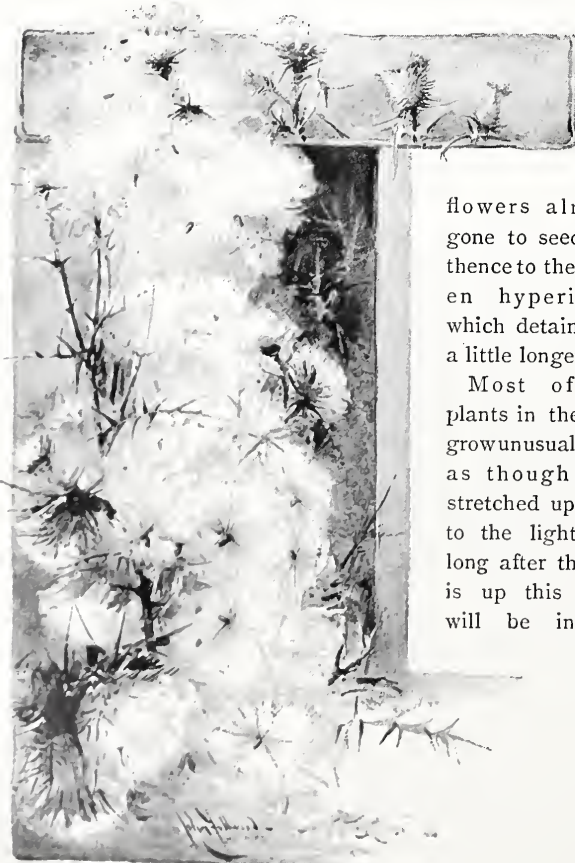
and ending, in Trapp's Virgil—

“Thus spent they leave him; and beneath his sides
Lay shreds of boughs, fresh lavender and thyme.
This, when soft Zephyr's breeze first curls the wave,
And mating swallows hang their nests on high,
Meanwhile the juices in the tender bones,
Heated, ferment; and, wondrous to behold,

Small animals in clusters thick are
seen,
Short of their legs at first; on filmy
wings.
Humming at length they rise, and
more and more
Fan the thin air; 'till numberless as
drops
Pour'd down in rain from summer
clouds they fly."

These fancies of the Augustan poet have evidently originated from mistaking certain species of flies (*Syrphii*, *Bombylii*, etc.) for bees; which, indeed, they much resemble in general appearance, though they have only two wings and short antennæ, while all bees have four wings and long antennæ. Neither bees nor flies, of course, are produced by putrefaction; but as flies are found about animal bodies in such a state, naturalists of Virgil's days fell into an error which accurate observation alone could explode.

A few humble-bees are about, big heavy fellows, who go droning along, already discontented with the few flowers of the sort they like that are in bloom, but saying very little. They probably know, from the bite of the wind o' nights, that they will soon have to creep into winter quarters, the toil of the summer done, and sleep their hibernal sleep. Here is one who alights first on a tuft of pink centaury; then he tries the flower of a delicate gentian, very rare, but in plenty here; but it is too frail to bear his burly body, and he drops into the moss at its root. He evidently finds this comfortable. It is like warm down in the sunshine, and he rests and enjoys it for a minute or two; then he is away again with a hum, going from sweet wood-sage to tall willow-herb, half of its



flowers already gone to seed, and thence to the golden hypericum, which detains him a little longer.

Most of the plants in the glen grow unusually tall, as though they stretched upwards to the light; for long after the sun is up this gully will be in the



shade, and the light will leave it an hour or two before it quits the rest of the world. The willow-herbs are a foot taller than common, while the angelicas and thistles are gigantic. Eight and nine feet the former raise their heads. The thistles, almost as tall, make a fine show with their downy crests, upon which from time to time troops of finches and linnets make descents to rifle them of their seeds. A couple of goldfinches are especially busy, returning again and again, and each time making the winged seeds fly about, most of them to drop in the still air near by; but some of them, caught by a favouring gale, mount up and up, till, reaching the level of the tree tops, they float away into a new and larger world. One cannot help being thankful, as we watch the graceful creatures, that there are, here and there throughout the country, such places as this, inaccessible to, or impossible of, cultivation, where the feathered wildlings may nest and thrive, and where, too, some of the rarer and more delicate wild flowers can enjoy an unmolested *habitat*. But for these and the parks of the nobility (the "waste and uncultivated grounds" of the political economist), our beautiful land would soon become entirely bereft of its winged denizens, to say nothing of their floral companions of the field, and be turned into a waste indeed.

Thank heaven, there are other than *political* economists amongst us! For there be other economies than that of politics—the economy of the field, that requires its burrowing worm and beetle, and its delving mole and rabbit; that has a use for its every bird, though it does take a little fruit, or, as in the case of yonder soaring kestrel, something more "quick" than vegetable spoils, and that suffers in proportion as they are thoughtlessly and wantonly destroyed.

Then, apart from these, is there not the economy of the heart—if we may so call it? What would the earth be if shorn of all its beauty? We cannot, fortunately, go to such a length, though we were disposed to carry our narrow economics never so far, because nature's laboratory of beauty is beyond our touch. The play of light alone is a world of beauty in itself. How one could sit and watch it as hour by

mount the winding path, leading us out by the opposite way to which we entered; but, arrived there, we still linger, watching the light falling aslant the trees, and listening to the rustle of the leaves and to the low murmur of the brook. We can hardly drag ourselves away: each moment some new beauty, some fresh bit of nature reveals itself. But at length, with memories stored with delightful pictures, we emerge from the glen, to throw up our hearts with the crows as,



hour it changes the colours of tree and herb in the cleft below, giving them ever-varying hues and tender and subtle gradations of sentiment and feeling!

But, in order to appreciate how much we may do to lessen the purer and more æsthetic pleasures of the heart and mind, we need only go to some parts of bird-denuded France or Germany, or even at home, where a thoughtless economy has destroyed the birds, and nature has repaid it with destruction in other forms. We are wise, then, to be grateful for the "waste" places—the hidden glens, the marshy tracts here and there, and most of all, perhaps, for the wide-stretching heaths of purple heather. And not only are we wise to be thankful, but we should be careful, in all our economies, not to touch with Vandal hand the things that minister so much to our higher and more ennobling pleasures by their inestimable beauty and charm. For is it not by feelings subtly rising and sublimating, from the lower to the higher, that we reach at last the highest?

But, beautiful as it is here, we cannot remain for ever. We

rising from the ploughed land, they go up between us and the gleam of the far-off sea; then, to our astonishment, after passing another field, we come to our resting-place of yesterday, the quiet pool, with nothing but the farmstead dividing it from the glen of our search.



We are thankful that we did miss the way on our first search for the beauty-spot, it came with such a surprise when we were least expecting it. Indeed, I am not sure but we

were thankful also that it is not easy to find, this Old Roar (near Hastings), and that we may keep it to ourselves, as it were, for a little while at least.

ALFRED T. STORY.

R R

JAPANESE POTTERY.

THE characteristics of the potter's art of old Japan, although especially remarkable and interesting, are probably less generally understood than those of any other of its arts. This arises, it may be, from two causes, one of which is that comparatively few good specimens of old ware are exported,



Fig. 1.—Raku Tea-bowl (Cha-wan). From the Author's Collection.

and the other that its particular excellences, being, in a measure, different from those which distinguish the ceramic art of the West, are not readily appreciated by Western peoples. Even among professing connoisseurs the greatest praise is sometimes accorded to objects that least exhibit the characteristics which make the art a worthy one for careful study.

In Europe, at the present day, the highest admiration is commonly reserved to such examples of the ceramic art as display the richest and most elaborate decoration. The potter, it is to be feared in too many instances, receives less honour than the painter of pottery. All the art associated with the choice of material, the method of manipulation and the mysteries of vitrification, is made but of secondary interest to the ornamentation of the surface by the painter after the object had left the potter's hands. The potter has, as it were, lost his individuality, from want of encouragement to display it in the methods of his art. He is a mere machine constrained to fashion his work from one year's end to another in subservience to the requirements of the painter-decorator. The exigencies of modern manufacture induce a division of labour often destructive to art in the craft, and in none more so than the potter's.

In viewing the subject of the pottery of Japan we have, perhaps, too frequently done so from our own especial standpoint. We have admired those objects on which a wealth of decoration or painter's work has been displayed, and have considered of far less moment the evidences of individuality in the choice of material and the fashioning of the pot itself. The Japanese have not been slow to understand the nature of the objects that have met with our greatest approval, and the immense quantities of ware which they have made for our especial gratification during the last thirty years testify, not only to their power of adaptation, but, also, to their unrivalled qualities as potter-painters.

Admirable as many of these latter-day productions are from certain points of view, they must not in any way be confounded with those of former times; indeed, they are entirely opposed to the traditions and ethics which governed the work of the old potters.

The potter of old Japan lived under very different conditions to the European, or even the Japanese potter of to-day. Under the feudal system he was frequently the retainer of some noble or other great personage. He laboured, not to secure large orders from the community, but to give pleasure to his patron and to advance his own reputation as an artist. He tried to infuse originality into his work, and every process of his manufacture received some measure of careful thought.

That his models were taken in the first instance from China and Corea is abundantly evident from native history, but that he was not content to reproduce them in slavish imitation is equally apparent. He was, at all times, ready to learn all that could be learnt from those countries in the methods of his art—in the character and composition of clays and enamels; but all his productions had a *cachet* of their own, and were not to be confounded with their prototypes.

As a potter, the first matter which called for his attention was the nature of the clay to be employed by him, then came the method of its manipulation, and, finally, the character of glaze and the question of decoration. Throughout all the various processes he had ever to be governed by the practical consideration of how the object might be best adapted to the use for which it was intended. How successfully these requirements were met, and how much originality and interest he was able to infuse into each of his operations, is apparent to every careful student of his works. Truly was he, in his palmyest



Fig. 2.—Unglazed Tea-jar (Cha-ire). From the Author's Collection.

days, an artist-potter, and not a mere machine working for the glorification of a brother of the brush. In this fact lies the especial charm of his productions.

It has been said that the *cha-no-yiu*, or tea ceremony, had

an immense influence on the potter's art in Japan, and it has been thought by some that this influence was of a nature that rather retarded than helped the progress of the art. The



Fig. 3.—*Itoguiré*.

cha-jin, or leaders of the ceremony, were eminently conservative in their principles. They delighted in old things and old ways, sometimes, it may be, solely on account of their antiquity. That they should value the objects made for their cult by the early fathers of the pottery industry, even though they might be of the rudest description, can well be imagined. In what country is such a spirit altogether absent? But, although history shows us this to have been the case, it also shows that the influence of the *cha-jin* was continuously exercised in the advancement of the art. Men of original talent were patronised by them, and new developments of the art were encouraged. If the impulse of genius may have sometimes been restrained by them, the restraint was rather of a guiding nature than of a preventive one. If they did not encourage the production of such wares as pass current for artistic ones in Western countries, it must be remembered that their requirements were of a limited order. The very simple utensils employed in their function did not admit of an exuberance of artistic fancy. It may be, as some assert, that the potters became so imbued with the ethics of the *cha-no-yin*, that they allowed themselves to be governed in all their productions, whether for ceremonial or other purposes, by the advice of the *cha-jin*. But it is more natural to suppose that the refinements of the tea ceremony, and the precepts of its leaders, were not so much the origin as the outcome of the spirit which animated native art from its beginning.

As a people, the Japanese are singularly free from ostentation, and their homes exhibit a simplicity and refinement in all their surroundings which render them unique. They are devoted admirers of nature's art. As in woodwork, the ornamental value of the natural grain, or the rugosities of the bark, are considered of such high interest that remarkable specimens are accorded the most honourable place in the house; as in metalwork, the natural patina is looked upon as its chief beauty; so in earthenware, the earthiness of earth has to them a charm which should not be hidden, but developed by the work of the artist. The peculiarities, therefore, of the potter's art in Japan must not be considered to have been governed by an artificial ceremony, any more than that of the workers in wood and metal, but rather to have been the expression of the fundamental characteristics of the people—characteristics which, it is more than probable, had their inception in the practices of Shintoism.

Yet, it was immediately affected by the tea ceremony in respect to the forms of the objects required in it. The most important of these were tea-jars (*cha-ire*), in which powdered

tea was kept, and tea-bowls (*cha-wan*), in which it was mixed with hot water, and from which it was drunk. It is in these objects, more especially the latter, in which a greater measure of freedom of thought was expended, that some of the most interesting work of the artist-potters of Japan appears. Tea-jars and tea-bowls were the gift of princes to especially favoured friends. They were highly treasured and carefully preserved by their owners in brocade bags and small boxes, and were only brought out upon special occasions, to be handled with the greatest care.

The burning of incense, whether in connection with the tea ceremony, the incense game—a popular amusement in polite circles—or for other purposes, also brought into use certain utensils often fashioned in pottery by the best makers. Scent boxes (*kogo*), in which little tablets of incense were kept, braziers (*koro*), in which they were burned, and clove boilers (*choji-buro*), vessels in which cloves were boiled to give an aromatic odour to a room, are the forms usually met with; and these often present such ingenuity of idea in their construction and decoration as to render them scarcely, if at all, inferior in interest to the tea-jars and tea-bowls.

Among the other forms made by the artist-potters of Japan may be cited vases for the arrangement of flowers (*hana-ike*). These were made to stand in the recessed portion of the living-room known as the *tokonoma*, to hang against a post, or to be suspended by cords from the ceiling. As they were actually used to hold flowers, and were not merely flower vases in name, they were so made as to help by contrast of effect the beauty of the flowers contained in them; and in attempting a criticism of their artistic merits this fact must ever be borne in mind. Teapots and cups for ordinary tea drinking, saki kettles, bottles and cups, water-bottles and other domestic articles, were also made by famous ceramic artists; but, as a rule, such objects as these, being for general use, were produced in the way of trade by lesser renowned potters. The great majority of domestic utensils for table use were, and still are, made of lacquered wood.

Although the Japanese have been eminently successful in their production of porcelain, some critics claiming for certain



Fig. 4.—*Cake-dish (Kioto ware)*. From the Author's Collection.

makes a degree of superiority even to Chinese porcelain, it does not appear to have taken so entire a hold on the art instincts of the people as it did in China. Porcelain is a

queenly material that demands a most devoted service from him who desires to show its qualities in perfection. The potter cannot do what he likes with it, or get the variety of effects he can from the grosser earths. It may be partly for this reason that so many of the most famous ceramic artists in Japan worked but little in it; and they may also have been determined, to a certain extent, in their choice by the fact that porcelain earth was not obtainable in all parts of Japan, whereas suitable clays for pottery-making might be found in varying qualities in almost every province. Be the reason what it may, it is certain that the Japanese take much interest in the qualities of the earth of which their utensils are made. These are very varied. Some wares, such as the ancient ones of Shigaraki and Iga, are fashioned in an earth almost as coarse as fine gravel; others, such as those of Satsuma and Isé, are of great fineness, and the porcelain of Hirado is justly celebrated for the extreme delicacy of its paste. The Raku ware of Kioto is somewhat soft and tender, while the products of the Bizen province have an almost metallic hardness. Each of these qualities is appreciated by the Japanese, and, in many cases, they are singularly well



Fig. 5.—Incense-box (*Kogo*). By *Ninsei*. From the Author's Collection.

adapted to the uses to which the objects made of them were put. Thus, the soft paste of the Raku bowls, destined to contain hot tea, and by the custom of the *cha-no-yiu* to be clasped in both hands in the act of drinking, is especially suitable, being a feeble conductor of heat, to the purpose required. A bowl made of it could not fail to be much more agreeable in use than one of porcelain; and, moreover, it would retain the heat in the liquid for a much longer period. The remarkable hardness of Bizen stoneware adapts it to use as incense-burners or pots to contain fire, and it is therefore often employed for that purpose. The great toughness and fineness of the paste also render it a very good medium for modelling, and work of this nature of the greatest excellence was sometimes made in it.

It is a noteworthy fact that on most examples of old Japan ware, however they might be otherwise enamelled or decorated, certain portions were left uncovered, so as to expose the earth of which they were composed. This is especially the case with the bowls and jars used in the tea ceremony. The glaze upon these was usually so applied as to leave bare the lower exterior part of the vessel. This method had two advantages: the bottom of the object was kept clear of the irregularities that would be caused by the

uneven running of the glaze upon it, and it permitted the earth to be inspected and criticised by the guests—an important detail of the ceremony.

In fashioning objects into shape the Japanese potter adopted many methods. Although the throwing wheel was in early use—having been introduced in Japan in the seventh century, as some assert, by a priest named Giyogi—it was never permitted to entirely monopolise the potter's manner of work. Throughout the entire history of Japanese ceramics, tea and other vessels have been fashioned entirely by hand or by the aid of the modelling tool. Many are the examples, especially in the wares of Iga, Kioto, Seto, and Soma, dexterously manipulated into quaint forms that charm the eye with evidences of artistic feeling. Of such a nature are the Raku tea-bowls before referred to. Introduced in the sixteenth century by Ameya, a Corean, Raku ware was perfected by his son Chojiro, aided, it is said, by the advice of a *cha-jin*. The Taico Hideyoshi, a great patron of the tea ceremony, was so delighted with the ware that he presented to Chojiro a gold seal engraved with the character "Raku," which means in Japanese something approaching the word "enjoyment" in English. An interesting series of bowls of this ware is exhibited in the South Kensington Museum, which includes pieces made by each generation of makers excepting the first. The shape of these bowls varies slightly in almost every piece that is made; but the one shown in Fig. 1, which is one of the plainest, may be accepted as a typical one. We may note in this example some irregularities of shape on the sides of the bowl, a curious turning in and rounding of the rim, and an entire freedom from sharp edges and angularities. All these features are the result of much consideration on the part of the potter. The irregularities of shape on the sides enable the tea-drinker to obtain a better grasp of the bowl; the turned-in rim lessens the danger of the liquor being spilled when passed from one guest to another, and the softened curves and rounded edges minimise the risk of breakage, which otherwise would be somewhat great, owing to the fragile nature of the ware. The art of it lies in the eloquence it displays of its earthy nature, just as the art of old Venetian glass lies in the witness it bears of its vitreous one.

The small unglazed teapots bearing the mark of "Banko," made in recent years by various potters of Yokkaichi and Kuwana, in the province of Isé, delicately fashioned as they are between finger and thumb in ever-changing variety of manner, are familiar and popular instances of the charm and possibilities of work modelled by the hand alone. It is to be regretted, however, that so many examples of this interesting modern ware are spoiled by hastiness in finish and weakness in decoration.

The Japanese artist is not ashamed of his hands or his tools, and just as he delights to show the marks of the brush in a rapid sketch or in an example of bold calligraphy, so does he prefer to see the natural marks, be they made by hand or by tool, caused in the fashioning of his pottery. It is in such peculiarities that the work of the artist-potter may generally be recognised. The figures of Ki-Seto or Yellow Seto, of Takatori or of Tokio, crisply modelled with the bamboo spatula, owe not a little of their vigorous charm to the frank evidences they bear of the method of their production. The unglazed tea-jar shown in Fig. 2, is an example of ware in which the marks of the spatula, used in roughly shaping and decorating it, are retained.

In the case of vessels formed on the throwing wheel, we often find much independence of thought displayed in their finish. Instead of obliterating the ridges made by the



Fig. 6.—Mizoro Water-bottle (*Tsubo*). From the Author's Collection.

fingers in throwing an object into shape, they are sometimes retained, and even accentuated, with a resulting freedom from the machine-like perfection to which ordinary turned ware is brought. The object may also be otherwise modelled in a pleasant quaintness of form. Abundant examples showing these characteristics will be found in almost any collection of old Japanese pottery.

The regard which the Japanese show for every natural feature of an object may again be illustrated in their retention of the *itoguiré*, or mark on the base of a vessel, caused by the thread or wire used to detach it from the wheel (Fig. 3). The appearance of the mark is that of a series of rings, one within the other, converging sometimes to the right and sometimes to the left, and is especially to be observed in early tea-jars. The make of a vessel, otherwise perhaps a little doubtful, may frequently be decided by the particular form or direction of these thread marks. In their absence, as in the case of bowls or other vessels having a projecting rim round the base, other characteristic marks appear. These may consist of the name of the maker or the pottery, sometimes incised with the spatula, sometimes stamped with a die, and sometimes painted. In the absence of a signature, a peculiar spiral or other mark may attest the maker. In the illustrations to the work on Japanese Pottery by Ninagawa Noritané, the bases of most of the objects figured are also shown—a fact that lends to it much additional value.

Toshiro, a Japanese potter of the early thirteenth century, made a special visit to China to perfect himself in his art, and on his return to his native town of Seto, in Owari, he introduced great improvements in the character of the wares made there. Although the glazing of pottery may have been practised in Japan at a much earlier date than the time of

Toshiro, there is no doubt that it was owing to his exertions that a great impetus was given to the art. He not only improved the quality of vitreous enamels, but he introduced new and more artistic methods of their application. From his time forward, great attention was paid to this branch of the potter's art, of which it soon became one of the most important and interesting features. To know something of Japanese glazes is to be familiar with the soft greenish greys of the Sanda Seiji ware, the dull leaden blue or the metallic sheen of the brown glaze of Bizen, the iridescent blacks, reds, browns, and bottle-greens of the Raku wares, the lustrous yellow-brown of Ohi, the splashed Oribé wares, the thick opaque overglazes of Shigaraki, the delicate greys and salmon shades of Hagi, the heavy brown and yellow glazes of Tamba, or the speckled greys and browns of Soma. These and many others of like interest and beauty, as they are better known, and their characteristics better understood, have an ever-increasing charm to the earnest and sympathetic student, who soon ceases to wonder, as perchance he may at first have done, at the artistic value in which they are held by the Japanese connoisseur.

Crackled effects in the glaze are sometimes highly interesting. They are caused by a rapid cooling of the enamel, and become a serious defect unless managed with especial skill. If the fissures are too open, the vessel is rendered porous and unfit to hold a liquid, and little flakes of glaze sometimes become detached and fall away. In the choicest examples of Japanese crackled wares, the fissures, although at first sight apparently broad, are, actually, extremely fine, and can only be detected on the face of the enamel by the aid of a powerful magnifying glass. Their apparent breadth is caused by the black or reddish stain which fills them, and penetrates the enamel on either side. Sometimes the crackle does not appear at all on the surface of the enamel, the fissures being apparently closed by a process of refiring; and,



Fig. 7.—Raku Tea-bowl (*Cha-wan*). By Kenzan. From the Author's Collection.

in certain examples, a thin overglaze effectually covers them. In an ordinary faulty craze, such as may frequently be seen in European glazed pottery, the fissures are very irregularly

disposed, occurring in patches or in long unbroken lines. In a perfect crackle, the lines should be well broken up, and be of uniform size all over the enamel. In some cases, especially in those where a heavy opaque white enamel is used, the crackle is sparsely displayed, and it is in such examples



Fig. 8.—Bowl (Hachi). By Kenzan. From the South Kensington Museum Collection.

that the fissures are usually filled in with colouring matter. The fine cream-coloured Satsuma and Awata wares are noted for the minute character of their crackle, and, in choice specimens, the crazed lines are so fine and so close together as scarcely to be perceptible to the naked eye. Some writers declare this extreme fineness of crackle to be a distinguishing characteristic of genuine Satsuma wares; but the Awata potters frequently produced examples vying in this respect with the finest Satsuma. There is no doubt but that the production of the most perfect crackles was a matter of special manipulation, and their exact reproduction has been found to be by European potters a difficulty not readily surmountable.

The decoration of pottery, according to Japanese canons of taste, should not vie with the work of the miniaturist, the landscape or the figure painter, but be based entirely upon other premisses. The work of the potter mainly consists of the manipulation of clays and glazes; his use of the brush is only to give the finishing touches to his preceding labours.

Perhaps of all the potters of Japan none have been so successful in their expression of the native taste as those of Kioto. It is in the production of such men as Ninsei, Kenzan, Rokubei, Dohatchi, and of some of their contemporaries and followers, that we find the question of Ceramic decoration most satisfactorily solved. In the small scent box (*kogo*) by Ninsei, shown in Fig. 5, we have an example in which the quality of earth and beauty of glaze and crackle are irreproachable. We see how the cunning hand of the artist has modelled it in the form of the peerless mountain with its

enveloping cloud and the group of pine trees at its base. The final decoration accentuates the effect of the cloud and pine-trees, and adds a few figures in translucent colours to illustrate a well-known historical incident. The work of the brush gives the finishing touch that was lacking to make a perfect whole, and heightens, rather than overrides, the other features of interest to be found in the object.

The *tsubo*, or water-bottle, shown in Fig. 6, is an example from the Mizoro kiln and may be accepted as a fair general type of the true Japanese spirit which Ninsei infused into his own work and into that of his worthy pupils. It is made of earthenware of fine quality and is thrown upon the wheel. The slight scorings left by the hand or tool in turning it are retained, and help to afford, by their irregularity, a pleasant play of light upon the vessel when glazed, and also enable a firm hold to be obtained upon it. The glaze, which is not carried quite to the bottom, is of an agreeable buff colour, and its crackle is accentuated with a brown stain—no trace of crack or fissure appearing on the surface. The mouth is covered with a dark red overglaze, which is allowed to express its meltable nature by irregular gutterings. The pattern upon it is the favourite *sho-chiku-bai*, the pine, the bamboo, and the plum-blossom—emblems of longevity, uprightness and sweetness—the best gifts of fortune. It is painted in translucent enamels of a deep and quiet blue and a bright but harmonious green, through which the crackle of the underglaze may be distinctly seen, and the effect is heightened with touches of gold. The result is one of perfect harmony and of a just balance of parts.

Fig. 7 represents a Raku bowl by Kenzan. It is glazed with a beautiful iridescent red glaze which, in consequence of the irregularities of the surface, sparkles as the light is reflected from its many angles. The bowl has been broken and mended with gold lacquer in such a frank and beautiful manner as to cause one in no measure to regret the accident which befell it. The only decoration upon it is a poetical line traced in white "slip," and signed by the hand of the painter. Translated into prosaic English, it reads: "One sip of the tea, one touch of the hand, will bring new life. Kenzan copies this."

Fig. 8 represents a further example of the work of this potter. The poetical idea of the snow-laden pines is expressed in its decoration without recourse to such elaboration of detail as would rob the object of the other qualities of interest it possesses.

The illustration of many examples would be necessary to give anything like a just idea of the variety and beauty of the work of any one of the great artist potters of Japan. The more we see of that work the more do we realise the great gulf which lies between it and the pottery which is now made for the export trade.

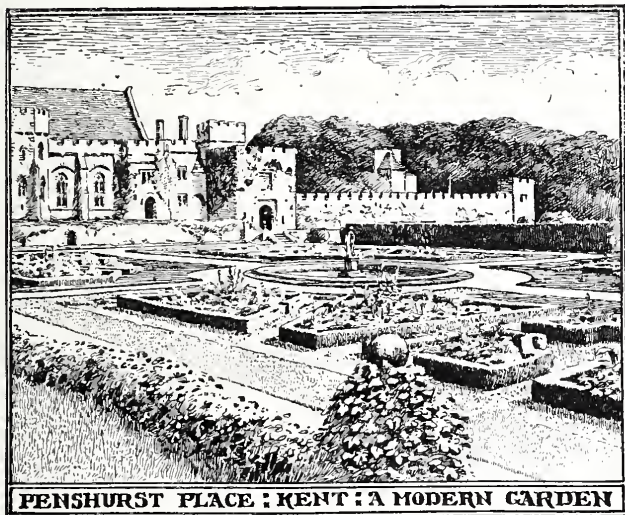
In a history of Japanese Ceramics, it is, of course, necessary to take account of all classes of vases, whether they be a true expression of native art, or whether they be influenced by Dutch, Chinese or French taste; but it is assuredly the former that will best repay careful analysis and study.

CHARLES HOLME.

ART GOSSIP AND REVIEWS.

MR. WALTER ARMSTRONG has been elected director of the National Gallery of Ireland, in succession to the late Henry Doyle. Mr. Armstrong is well known as an Art critic. Among other work he edited the revised

nothing was easier than to design an English garden; one had only to make the gardener drunk and follow his gyrations. But now the wheel of fashion has completed a revolution, and brought us back to the formal pleasaunces of a couple of centuries ago, to a garden which shall in fact be part of a design of which the house forms a part, and which shall depend for its success upon the combined effect of both. To such a pass is this being carried, that a story is current that a fashionable architect has recently declined a commission to build a house because he was not at the same time allowed to plan the garden. But all this discussion of wildness and formality is but satisfactory evidence of a greater interest being taken in everything nowadays by the proprietor, who is at last, in this case we hope, determined to cut himself adrift from the thralldom of the head gardener, who has hitherto usually permitted him to have no say in the matter. To all such Messrs. Blomfield and Thomas's "FORMAL GARDEN IN ENGLAND" (Macmillan) will commend itself. A successful attempt is made in it to show the reasonableness of the principles of this style, and the sanity of the method when properly handled. The yew hedge is clipped because firm boundary lines are wanted, as well as a plain dark background to a foreground of colour. The broad grass walk, with its paved footpath in the centre, is cool to walk upon in summer and dry to the feet in winter; the flower border on either side is planted with every kind of delightful flower, so that the refinements of its colour may be enjoyed throughout the livelong summer: these do not take the form of bedding plants, because there is no pleasure in a solid spot of hard colour for a short time, to be followed by a bare expanse of earth for the rest of the year. We thus may have delight in every flower, especially when these are selected from the sweet, old-fashioned-named flowers, and not from those with a never-to-be-remembered Latin appellation.



PENSHURST PLACE : KENT : A MODERN GARDEN

issue of Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters," and also wrote for this Journal the Art Annuals on Sir John Millais and Mr. Briton Riviere.

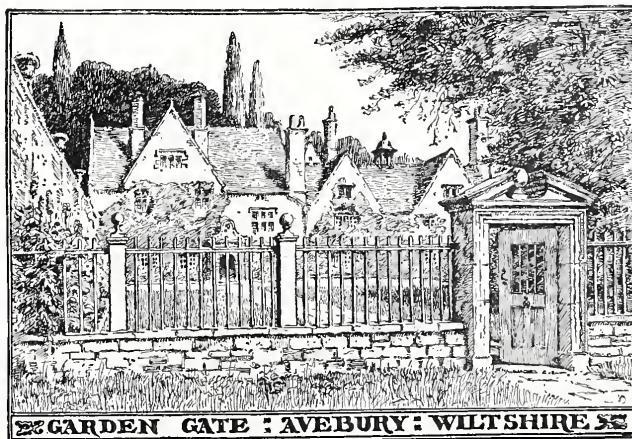
Two free loan collections of pictures have been opened, in the Corporation Galleries of the Guildhall and at St. Jude's Schools, Whitechapel. The Corporation collection is distinguished by a number of pre-Raphaelite pictures by Sir John Millais and others, in fine preservation; and that of Whitechapel by an 'Annunciation,' after Mr. Burne-Jones.

The first election of Associates under the new charter of the Royal Scottish Academy has been held. Out of seventy candidates, twelve were elected, of whom six were painters, four architects, and two sculptors.

The Scottish National Gallery have purchased a portrait of a young woman, by Rembrandt, for 5,500 gs. The money was presented by Mr. M'Ewan, M.P.

M. J. B. E. Detaille has been elected a member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts in place of C. F. Müller. He obtained seven more votes than M. Carolus Duran.

REVIEWS.—It is not so long since every one who had a garden worthy of the name was bent upon turning it into a "wild garden," which, in the majority of instances, meant letting whatever space was allotted to the idea run to wrack and ruin. We believe it was of this the Frenchman spoke when he stated that



GARDEN GATE : AVEBURY : WILTSHIRE

The volume is notable not only for the letterpress, but for the charmingly drawn illustrations, for which Mr. Thomas is answerable.

In "JULES BASTIEN LEPAGE AND HIS ART" (Fisher Unwin), we can at least praise, without qualification, the illustrations. They are woodcuts, fifteen in number, and include the 'Grandfather Lepage,' the 'Communicant,' the 'Sarah Bernhardt,' the figure of 'Joan of Arc listening to the Voices,' and others. The letterpress is from the pen of no less than four authors, M. André Theuriot, Messrs. George Clausen and Walter Sickert, and Miss Mathilde Blinde. As M. Theuriot's contribution is merely a picturesque personal account of the painter's life, we can dismiss it, as also the contribution by Miss Blinde, which has naught to do with Bastien Lepage at all. She discourses on Marie Bashkirtseff to the extent of nearly forty pages. The other papers from Mr. Clausen and Mr. Sickert are more to the point, and by a process of sifting and comparison we arrive at a tolerably just estimate of Lepage's achievements. It was the last Paris Exposition that readjusted this lamented painter's place on the slope of Parnassus, for there his 'Jeanne d'Arc' hung close by Courbet's 'Stone-breakers.' At a short distance the strength and completeness of the Courbet was manifest, for the painter had kept everything objective, save the essentials, whereas the 'Jeanne d'Arc,' highly wrought and delicate of finish in every detail, looked flat and unconvincing. "Millet understood," says Mr. Sickert, "what Lepage did not know, that if figures in movement are to be painted so as to be convincing, it must

be by a process of cumulative observation." Finally we may place side by side the opinion of these two artists on Bastien Lepage. "His work ranks, to my mind, with the very best in modern art," says M. Clausen, while Mr. Sickert remarks of 'Jeanne d'Arc': "In the composition, or in what modern critics prefer to call the placing, there is neither grace nor strangeness. The drawing is without profundity or novelty of observation. The colour is uninteresting, and the execution is the usual mechanically obtrusive square brush work of the Parisian schools of Art." When doctors disagree—

OBITUARY.—The death of Sir William Henry Gregory removes from the list of Trustees of the National Gallery an accomplished and active member. He was made a Trustee of the National Gallery in 1867. We also have to record the death of Mr. John Saddler, the historical line-engraver. Mr. Saddler assisted Mr. John Landseer and Mr. Thomas Landseer in several engravings of well-known subjects after Sir Edwin Landseer, Rosa Bonheur, Turner, and others. He also executed about half of the plate of 'The Horse Fair,' after Rosa Bonheur, with T. Landseer; and helped to engrave the celebrated plate after Turner's 'Fighting Téméraire.' The deaths are also announced of Mr. John Rhind, sculptor, and Mr. Tidey, miniature painter.

THE LATE MR. J. S. VIRTUE.

OBITUARY notices concerning the Proprietors or Staff of this journal have fortunately been remarkably few during its existence of now over half a century. But when the occasion for them has arisen, it has been accompanied by none the less regret and pain, but perhaps rather, owing to its infrequency, by an increased amount. For the connection has been longer, the friendship stronger, and the parting, when it came, more sudden.

Such was the case with him whose death it is now our painful duty to announce.

Mr. James Sprent Virtue had been associated with the house to which the *Art Journal* belonged for a term nearly coterminous with the life of that publication; the changes in the *personnel* of the business had during that long period been singularly few, and his superintendence of a work which was most dear to him only ceased a few hours before his death.

Mr. Virtue was born in May, 1829, and at the early age of fourteen began business under his father. Before he was twenty he went to America, and spent over six years in a branch establishment at New York, and in largely extending the business in that country and Canada. In 1854 his father retired from active work, and in the following year was succeeded by the subject of this memoir. It was under his auspices, and with his advice, that the *Art Journal* embarked upon the illustrations of the great galleries, the Royal, the Sheepshanks, the Vernon, and the Turner, as well as the Catalogues of the Great Exhibitions which have taken place in this country and elsewhere. The expenditure which was lavished upon these was amply repaid, and the circulation of the journal attained to a height which no other English

magazine has since approached. Besides these works he produced many new and improved editions of standard works, such as the "Shakespeare." Upon "Picturesque Palestine," almost the last of these, not less than £25,000 was spent.

Whilst a more than ordinarily capable business man, he was also a proficient in the varied characteristics of an English gentleman. Upon the Thames, the sea, and the moors he was well known, and he was a keen sportsman both with oar, rod, and gun.

It was the writer's privilege to be associated with him during the last thirteen years of his life. The relationship of proprietor and editor of a magazine offer many occasions for differences, and more for forbearance. But in the case of Mr. Virtue differences were never allowed to occur. He entertained views upon the position of an editor which unfortunately are wont nowadays to be considered old-fashioned. Whenever any question arose, whenever his interference was invoked from outside, his invariable answer was, "The editor of a magazine must be an autocrat, and can brook no interference in the conduct of what has been placed in his hands." It might have been quite otherwise, and pardonably so, for during the latter years of his life he was a victim to an infirmity which would have tried any but the most rigidly controlled temper. Need it be said that such a man commanded respect from all his *employés*, as was testified by the large gathering which assembled to bear witness to their affection for him when, on the 2nd of April, one of the few smiling mornings experienced this year, he was laid to rest from his labours in the churchyard at Walton-on-Thames.



ETCHED BY H. MACBETH RAEBURN.

THE ART JO JOURNAL.

PAINTED BY YEEND KING, R.I.

YEEND KING

THE LASS THAT LOVES A SAILOR.

THE PRIVATE ART COLLECTIONS OF LONDON.

SIR JOHN PENDER'S, IN ARLINGTON STREET.

EVERYBODY remembers the famous description of the "Quadrilateral" of Mayfair, as containing within its boundaries a greater assembly of wisdom, wit, and beauty, a larger record of public service and private worth, than any similar space of ground on the face of the globe. It might have been added that within its confines are also discoverable as considerable a collection of admirable and lovable works of Art and objects of what used to be called *virtu* as are elsewhere to be found within similar limits. It is true that Arlington Street is not geographically situated within this "four square;" all the same, it is of its very essence; it is of Mayfair, if not in it. As of Mayfair, so of the region known as St. James's, it may be said that every house has its history, every street has its ghosts, often indeed more visible and actual to "the seeing eye" than at any given moment are its inhabitants. The history of Arlington

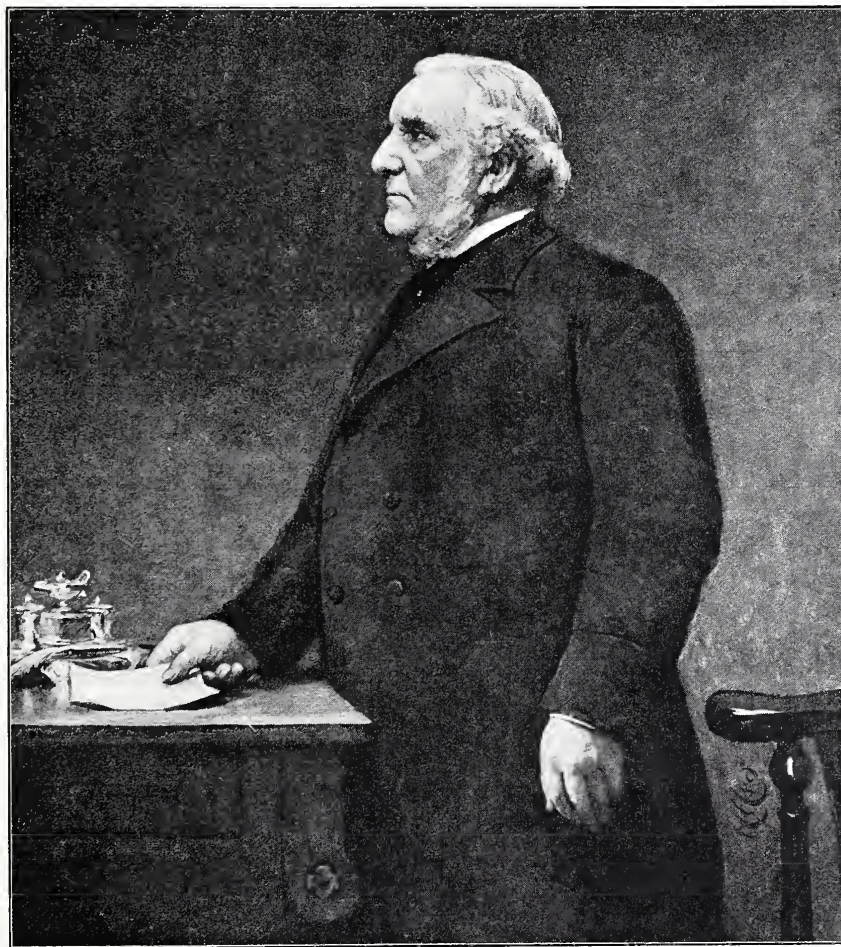
Street would be an interesting chapter of our social annals; the record of Sir John Pender's house, at its south-western corner, would be one of its most attractive "items." Two, only, of its previous occupants demand mention at present. Here lived the great Sir Robert Walpole, and here in 1745 he died. Horace Walpole, in his later days Earl of Orford, wrote in this very house the famous letters to Sir Horace

Mann. Sir John Pender's immediate predecessor was Mr. Edward Ellice (the first), familiarly known to his friends (and his foes) and to all readers of "The Greville Memoirs" as "Bear Ellice." Horace Walpole has indelibly left his mark on the mansion, if he did not actually erect and design it. The most casual glance at the unique entrance porch, a

comfortable residence in itself, which stands abreast of the street, and gives into the ample courtyard in front of the house, betrays the hand of the architect of Strawberry Hill. It may be added that the house itself is decorated after the same fashion of Gothic architecture; you may call it that of the pastrycook, "debased," or what you will, it owns a very quaint and singular interest, and bespeaks on its own account the attention of every visitor.

But we may not pursue this attractive topic further. It is with the contents of "No. 18," rather than

with its past or its present aspect, that we are concerned. The fame of Sir John Pender's collection of paintings, the outcome of many years of loving and laborious care, has gone out into all societies where such matters are discussed, and if a full description has not appeared in print it may not be said to be unknown, for more than one generation of artists and amateurs have shared the friendship and the hospitality of its owner.



Sir John Pender, K.C.M.G. By Professor Herkomer, R.A.

Sir John Pender's Academy dinners are as famous as were the Waterloo banquets of a great soldier, and the Derby dinners of "a certain noble lord." The hangings and "fixings" of the rooms have been among the themes of conversation between the host and his guests for over a quarter of a century, and the particular shade adopted in the dining-room, for instance, a variant of that we to-day call "sage green," was the outcome of a conference between Sir John (then Mr.) Pender and Clarkson Stanfield, Maclise, David Roberts, and other giants of the past.

Sir John Pender has not attempted to group his pictures in any systematic fashion. He has few old masters, and the

immediate present and the men of the future are but sparsely represented. It is the generation that just precedes our own that occupies nearly the whole of the available space. In the hall, indeed, are a few early works, mainly portraits and busts. There is a curious portrait of Garrick, of which the painter is unknown, in what is probably a theatrical costume. Another excellent portrait, one of Charles I., is the work of the once highly thought of Mary Beale, the pupil of Lely, "an ingenious lady," who died in 1697. A third is a portrait of Charles II. Over the fireplace there used to hang a portrait of Horace Walpole, but this has been removed to make way for a picture by W. C. Symonds, of Sir John Pender's



Leisure Hours. By Sir John Millais, R.A.

little grandson, Master H. des Vœux. There is also, here, an excellent sculpture group of Sir John's children, by the late Patrick Macdowall, R.A. An unusually large landscape by the veteran Thomas Sidney Cooper, painted many years ago, showing a flock of sheep in a snow-clad expanse of country, will not escape observation; also several busts, among which one easily recognises those of Landseer and John Phillip, both intimate acquaintances of Sir John Pender.

Before proceeding to the larger living-rooms and the staircase, we turn to the left and enter the small apartment which Sir John uses as his own *sanctum*, or business room. Here are several noteworthy works; especially the picture

by E. M. Ward, R.A., which we have engraved on page 167, 'The Night before the Murder of Rizzio.' It is an excellent example of the "grand manner" of this painter. 'The Enemy Sowing Tares,' a very early picture of Sir John Millais, has been thrice exhibited: firstly at the Royal Academy in 1865, afterwards at the Exposition Universelle, Paris, in 1867, and finally in the collection of the artist's works at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1886. It is now in the City Loan Collection at Guildhall. In brilliant contrast to these are the glowing colours of Keeley Halswelle's large canvas, 'Canterbury,' to which is accorded the place of honour over the fireplace. The wide stretch of Kentish landscape, the cloud-

land irradiated by a brilliant rainbow, compose one of his finest works. Here, too, is a cabinet work of Holmberg, 'The Lost Chord,' a group of ecclesiastics at their music, simple and attractive in treatment and glowing in colour. A somewhat conventional Peter Graham, 'Rising Mists'; a Reynolds, 'Mrs. Damer,' and a 'Fish Sale,' by George Morland, are among the remaining pictures in this apartment. Specially, however, we should mention a delightfully conceived and executed statuette, named 'A Fallen Angel' (p. 164), by an accomplished Parisian lady, Madame Catherine Taberentz, of the possession of which Sir John Pender is not unnaturally proud.

We now pass to the dining-room, which looks over St. James's Park, as, indeed, do all the principal apartments of the house, a prospect so delightful that a writer in the reign of George II. describes this side of Arlington Street as "one of the most beautiful situations in Europe, for health, convenience, and beauty, and combining together the advantages of town and country." We are now in the midst of some of the choicest pictures of the collection. Nearly every one of them has a history. Over the fireplace hangs one of the most delightful of Sir John Millais' children subjects, with the title of 'Leisure Hours' (see p. 162). The two girls are in fact the daughters



Phæbe. By Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A.

of the house; one is now Lady des Vœux. This picture was exhibited at the exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1864, the year in which its accomplished painter attained the rank of Academician, and it was also lent to the Grosvenor Gallery in 1886. On either side of it, there hangs a noble work of Sir Edwin Landseer. That on the left hand is the famous 'Lost Sheep,' a work which its owner rightly regards as one of the gems of his collection. It is a large upright picture which precisely fits into the curious Gothic panel of the wall. Sir John Pender secured this masterly work at

Christie's some twenty years ago. As thereby hangs a tale we may mention the price then given for it, namely £2,200. When Sir Edwin saw it hanging here, and heard the figure it had reached at the auction, he remarked upon the small proportion of that sum which he had himself received for it. Sir John Pender promptly offered him the same large sum for a companion picture to fill the panel on the other side of the fireplace, only stipulating that the work should be completed in twelve months. The outcome of this offer was the picture that now hangs in the position described, 'An Event in the Forest.'

As we have had permission to engrave these paintings a lengthened description is happily superfluous. Under each of



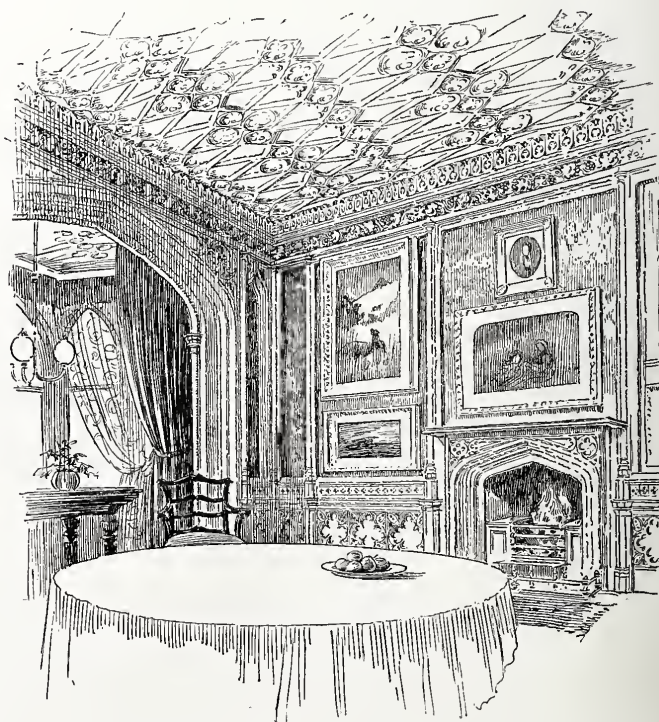
A Fallen Angel. By Madame Catherine Taberentz.

these noble works of Landseer hangs a charming work of his friend and contemporary, Clarkson Stanfield, by way of pendant. Sir John Pender had always desired to complete a Landseer trilogy at this end of his dining-room, and accordingly commissioned Sir Edwin to paint a third work for the centre place. But when it was finished, neither artist nor collector was completely satisfied; in truth, it was in no way the equal of the other twain. With Sir Edwin's full assent it did not remain in Arlington Street. It is a well-known picture still, but it is not necessary to name it here.

Facing these pictures, on what may be described as the south side of the room, hangs what is probably a still more memorable picture, by Millais. 'The Proscribed Royalist' is one of that small series of upright double figures that stamped the artist's name upon the imaginations of the great outside public, in the earliest stages of his career. One remembers well the delighted surprise of that public when recognising this and the others of the same date at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1886. To some it was but as the re-union of old friends, but to how many was it as the first sight of some famous person known only heretofore by proxy? We note

the preservation of the brilliant colouring that was universally admired when first seen in 1853, and is now as remarkable as ever. Below the Millais is one of the masterpieces of John Phillip, 'The Gipsy's Toilet,' two lovely Spanish brunettes, one adorning her hair with a bunch of red roses, the other hand holds a glass; the implements of her craft and mystery lie scattered on the ground with her tambourine. The colour is lustrous to a remarkable degree. Close to this hangs, in the centre of the wall, a beautiful work by Clarkson Stanfield, 'Mewstone.' Near the window is a Frith, 'The Gleaner,' and underneath that is a canvas of much interest, a scene from the *Malade Imaginaire*, full of spirit and humour, by G. S. Newton, R.A., a painter who, after some years of unaccountable depreciation, is again estimated by connoisseurs. An early portrait of Sir John Pender, by W. C. Symonds, hangs near the door. Along the wall that faces the windows, where, it may be noted, the space for works of Art is much circumscribed owing to the architectural features of the Gothic panels before referred to, hang eight pictures, all of the highest merit, but comparatively small size. There are, on the upper line, a couple of John Linnell's most characteristic landscapes, and two excellent Elmores, 'Marie Antoinette' and 'Lucrezia Borgia'; on the lower, a remarkable Turner from Mr. Bicknell's collection, one of the several views of Venice that he painted, and a capital Webster which came direct from the artist, 'Sunday Morning,' a family of humble rank at their domestic devotions. On the outer sides of each of these is a splendid landscape, one by Vincent, the other by Patrick Nasmyth.

Several of the most important artistic treasures of the house adorn the staircase. Among them is perhaps John Phillip's finest work, well known from the engraving by Mr. Barlow,



The Dining Room.

R.A., which owns the alternative titles of 'The Spanish Wake' and 'La Gloria.' The painter was an old attached friend of Sir

John Pender, who rightly regards this work as one of his principal treasures. It is one of the largest and finest works



The Entrance from Arlington Street.

that ever came from Phillip's easel. The centre of the wall space is occupied by a work of Mr. Alma Tadema, 'The Training of the Children of Clovis.' It was one of the earlier works of this eminent Academician, and immensely assisted in establishing his fame and determining his residence amongst us. This noble picture was originally painted for the King of the Belgians. Here, too, is one of Mr. B. W. Leader's most popular landscapes, 'In the evening time there shall be light.' It was one of the forerunners, and is undoubtedly one of the finest of the well-known series by this artist, representing autumn sunsets over the villages of Fenland. The church and burial-ground on the left, the moat and the expanse of half-flooded moorland will be readily recalled. We next come to a remarkable work by Professor Holmberg, 'Far from the noisy world.' Two venerable cardinals appear to be discussing points of difficulty at the table, whilst a young churchman looks abstractedly and uninterested at the pair.

The fine Troyon which hangs near it, 'Heights of Surenes,' is one of its owner's comparatively recent acquisitions; he obtained it direct from Paris, and we believe that it has never been publicly exhibited in London. There is a large and very fine landscape of John Linnell, a superb church interior by David Roberts, and an early Phillip, 'A Scotch Christening,' originally in the collection of the late Mr. James Eden, connected with which is a most curious and amusing story that we have not space to relate, and several smaller works by H. W. B. Davis, Keeley Halswelle, David Cox, H. J. Boddington,

1892.

T. S. Cooper, B. Riviere, P. Nasmyth, Stark, and Vincent. 'The Arab Encampment' of W. Müller is placed above the large Tadema, and is generally considered one of the finest of Eastern pictures of this famous painter.

The portrait of Sir John Pender by Mr. Herkomer, which we have the pleasure of engraving, is the last one demanding notice on the staircase. The public presentation of this portrait to the late Lady Pender, was one of the most cheering and gratifying incidents in the later days of that estimable lady.

We have now reached the drawing-room floor. The two apartments which overlook the Arlington Street courtyard are the drawing-rooms proper, but the large room at what may be described as the back, is quite the most beautifully placed room in the house, one which is generally spoken of as the library or study, where the principal water-colour drawings are displayed. All these are of remarkably choice description, and some are exquisite. In all throughout the house they number about forty. Hardly a name among the hierarchy of what is called "our peculiarly national art" is missing. Turner, Prout, De Wint, Copley Fielding, William Hunt, Edward Duncan, Cattermole, David Roberts, F. Tayler,



The Staircase.

Callcott, David Cox, Boddington, Louis Haghe, Birket Foster, Keeley Halswelle, Sir Frederick Barton, Smallfield and

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Paul Delaroche—to give these names is to give some idea of their variety. To describe them in full detail would be



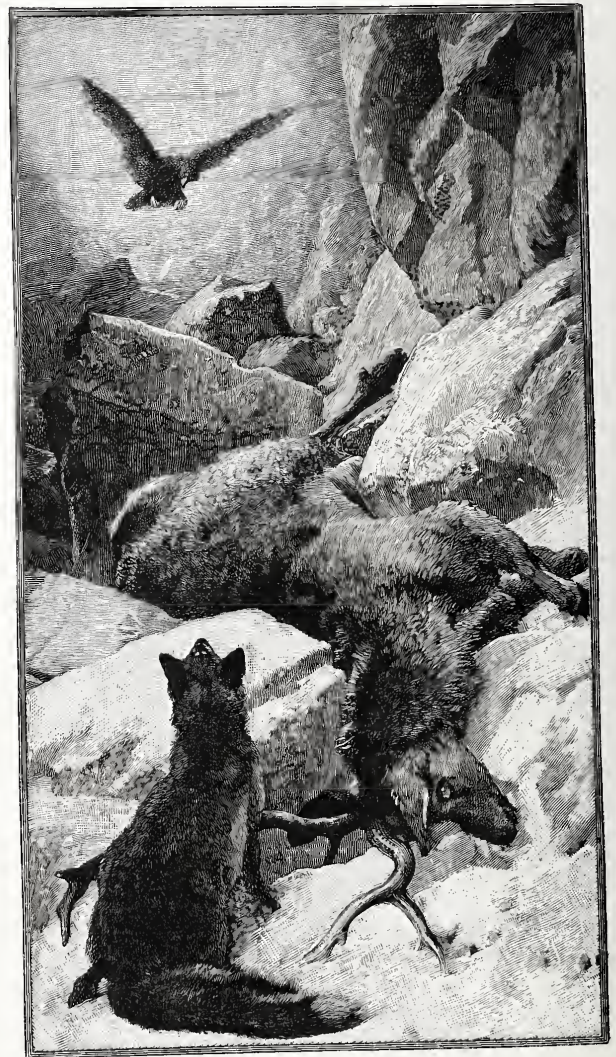
Lost Sheep. By Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.
By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co., proprietors and publishers
of the original engraving.

impossible within the limits assigned to this article. There are, however, a few that we cannot pass over, namely: a view of Rouen Cathedral by Prout; a very large drawing of Birket Foster of Tintagel Castle, the 'Haunt of the Wild Fowl' by Keeley Halswelle, and 'Whitby Sands' by E. Duncan.

It hardly comes within our scope, on this occasion, to do more than refer in the curtest fashion to the many beautiful and costly objects of china, bronzes, *bric-à-brac* and furniture that fill this and the other living-rooms of Sir John Pender's residence. The large writing table in ebony and gold, formerly the property of the ex-Khédive Ismail, is, however, too striking an object to be omitted, and the huge volumes of illustrated works reposing luxuriously on the velvet shelves of the specially constructed cabinet; the cases of miniatures by Cosway and others, both here and in the drawing-rooms; and the ivory carvings secured by their present owner during a visit to Amsterdam, one a huge beaker covered with

allegorical figures, the other a shield now adorning a revolving table.

Passing with reluctance from a room which, we do not hesitate to say, is one of the most charming apartments with which we are acquainted, we enter the drawing-room. The place of honour is allotted to a picture whose supremacy, even in a gallery of masterpieces, would we suppose be unquestioned. We refer to the magnificent Turner known throughout the world of Art as 'Mercury and Herse.' It would be easy to fill an article in this journal with a detailed description of this superb work, which has excited the admiration and enthusiasm of the two generations of Art lovers that have passed since it was painted; numerous have been the criticisms from accomplished pens, and eager the comparisons instituted between it and its equally famous rival or companion, 'Crossing the Brook,' in the National Gallery. It shares many of the characteristics of that more widely-known masterpiece, which has been described as the finest landscape that ever came



An Event in the Forest. By Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.
By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co., proprietors and publishers
of the original engraving.

from an Englishman's easel, and, in particular, the tender, diffused daylight over its wide and varied landscape. A few

details may be given : the size of the picture is 6 feet 3 inches by 5 feet 3 inches. It was exhibited in 1811, with the following quotation :—

“Close by the sacred walls in Munychia's plain,
The god well pleased beheld the virgin train.”

(Referring to the incident in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.)

Another Turner of another period is his ‘Wreckers,’ a very fine and famous work bought at the Bicknell sale, which but for the presence beside it of the ‘Mercury,’ would claim more notice. There is a noble classical work of Richard Wilson of which the same may be said. Among the more modern works there are a couple of canvases from the easel of

an artist too early lost to English Art, William Dyce—these are the ‘Man of Sorrows’ and ‘The Student;’ an excellent but hardly representative work of John Pettie, another very fine Keeley Halswelle, ‘Constantinople,’ and one of those charming female heads which have aided the popularity of the President of the Royal Academy almost as much as his more important works, ‘Phœbe,’ which we have received permission to engrave. Sir Frederick is known to have bestowed unusual pains on this fine work. An example of Sir Joshua hangs beneath the work of his latest successor, a portrait of the Princess Sobieski. The lady is in semi-eastern garb, with rose-coloured cloak bordered with ermine, and wears a gold-coloured handkerchief. It is in



The Night before the Murder of Rizzio. By E. M. Ward, R.A.

splendid preservation and will well repay the attention of the critic. A work by another former president of the Royal Academy is the ‘Temple of Theseus’ by Sir Charles Eastlake. A first-rate work by William Collins, another painter whose day has come again, presents a fishing scene on the coasts in his accustomed manner, with a distant sunset which goes far beyond that. When this painting was exhibited at Manchester (to which collection Sir John Pender lent no fewer than twenty works of the highest class) it excited unbounded admiration and fairly extinguished the other productions of the same artist's easel with which it was hung. Space would fail us if we attempted a catalogue of the many smaller works, all of

them of high quality, which in these rooms bespeak the visitor's attention. The names of Mulready, Davis, E. Frere, Crowe, Stark, Gérôme, Escoscura, give some idea of the rich variety of this collection. The famous work of Ary Scheffer, ‘Paolo and Francesca,’ universally allowed to be his masterpiece, has with great reason the place of honour in the smaller drawing-room; it is a work of which the nobility of the subject is well matched by the mastery of its execution; withal full of romance and tender interest.

Here we must stay our hand. It has been the pleasurable labour of Sir John Pender's life to fill his houses with the artistic productions of the finest geniuses of his

time—we say “houses,” because, although we have not space to do more than allude to the fact, *en parenthèse*, his charming house at Foot’s Cray contains many works of fame and distinction). How far he has succeeded may be judged to some extent by the works we have described in this article. But besides this, the owner of this almost unrivalled collection has been honourably known in the Art world for some forty years at all events, as the kindest of friends, the most hospitable of hosts, to artists of a couple of generations at least. Two instances we may permit ourselves

here to refer to in confirmation of this fact; they relate to two artists, with both of whom Sir John Pender was on terms of the closest intimacy. One was John Phillip, to whom at a most critical moment of his fortunes, as we hear from an outside source of unquestionable authority, Sir John Pender rendered a service so signal and so generous that he became, in his own words, a “new man,” and entered with freedom from care upon a long career of honour and fame. The other was poor Keeley Halswelle. A weary, and as he used to admit, a somewhat



The Drawing Room.

disappointed man, his health some two years ago became indifferent. Sir John Pender, who was arranging one of his holiday trips, carried the painter off with him to the Mediterranean and the gorgeous East; at the same time giving him commissions that put him altogether beyond the reach of pecuniary anxiety in regard to the journey. He was bringing him refreshed and re-invigorated to his home—a home he was never destined to reach—when a chill at Paris, whither his wife had joined him, carried off, after four days’ illness, this

thorough artist and kindly gentleman. The house has many memorials of him, and of his friendship with its owner; of some we have spoken here; but there is another, of a more private and personal kind, which is destined to link his name with that of the gracious *châtelaine* who so long presided over the hospitalities and friendships of Arlington Street; a memorial to which we may only allude; one upon which the highest artistic accomplishment, the most admirable literary skill, and the purest and most elevated taste have been lavished.

J. F. BOYES.

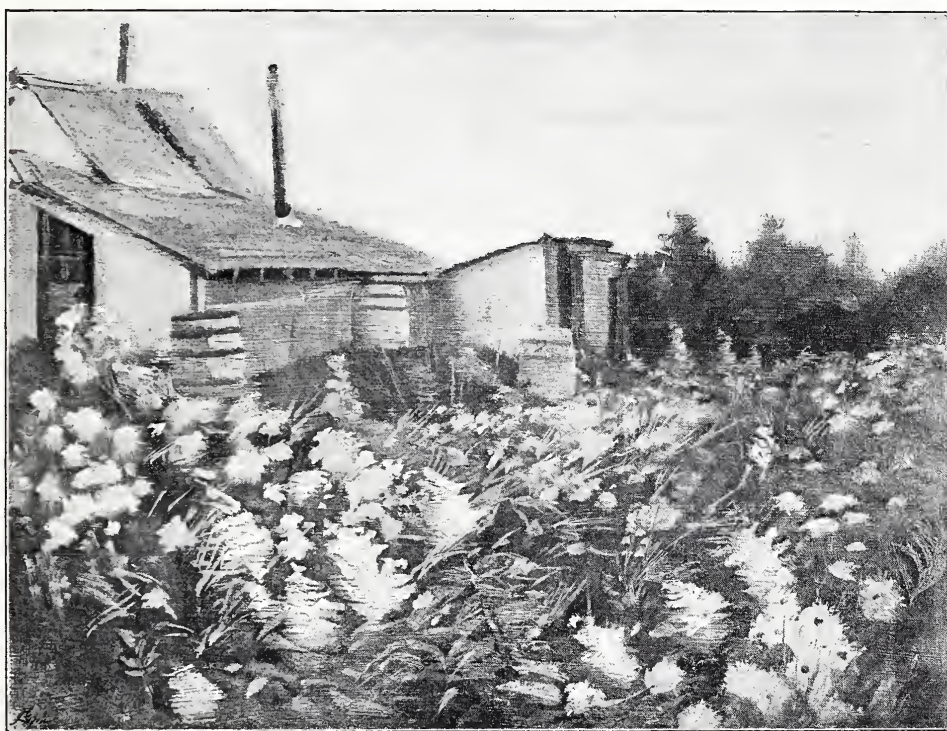
IN C—P—RAILIA.

PART I.—THE PRAIRIE.

TWO o'clock on a July morning, clear and chilly—Gopherell sleeps. The twenty or so wooden houses that compose it stand like black silhouettes against the star-sparkling sky, whose level base rests on the all-encircling prairie. One's footfall sounds loudly on the freshly-laid planks that serve as sidewalks and causeways through the black clay that the commerce of the village has in its one short street harassed into mud. At the station there is no one; a dull lamp is burning in the waiting-room, and in the station-master's office the sharp click click of the telegraph instrument, like a persistent death-watch, is the only sound to remind you that there is another world beyond.

Then upon the gentle night wind there comes a murmur, and, in the first faint glimpse of dawn, a star appears, low down upon the horizon, but gathering in brightness until it becomes a sun; then there is the clangour, as of a church bell tolled, on the engine which, with its great train of cars, rushes alongside the platform, and for a moment this panting monster, that speeds from ocean to ocean with its world of hurrying nomads, pauses at the tiny prairie village. It is the daily pulsation from the great world throbbing with slow beat along this iron artery.

Out of the cheerfully lighted cars tumble a lot of young Englishmen, very chaffy and jolly; they have come to play



A Home in the North-West.

cricket next day against the Gopherell team, and this explains better than reams of writing what manner of man it is that in great measure helps to people these solitudes. The muscular young Englishman who hates the idea of office work, and has not perhaps quite realised how little fun is to be got out of a lifetime of ploughing, sowing, reaping, baking, milking, etc., etc.; it gets borne in upon him, however, sooner or later, and in the meantime he solaces himself with an occasional game of cricket: it will be well if he take to no more harmful a distraction.

Well, one lugs one's things on board, the sleepy station master exchanges the mail bags, the bell tolls again, and we

hurry forward into the vast level wilderness. But it is very strange this being snatched suddenly from a primitive life into the momentum of a high civilisation, and shot as it were through these seemingly limitless tracts of a land where no man dwells. This applies particularly to the farther stretches of these great plains; the more eastern lands are now in the hands of laborious farmers, whose ripening wheat-ears are growing golden in the summer sun on all sides for many a league. This smooth world, untraversed, hardly more than a decade ago, save by some Hudson Bay factor gliding over the crisp snow in his dog sleigh, or the buffalo-hunting Indian on his bony long-enduring pony, is now a peopled

land, traversed by a great railway system; its rich black earth, ripped by a thousand ploughshares, is transmuted into white flour and scattered throughout the hungry world—that is, when the envious frost spares the ripening crop.

But when one leaves Manitoba well behind, those great grain-producing farms are fewer and fewer, until at length the whole landscape shows no trace of man or his prodigious interference. Later on there are large farms strung along the line at wide intervals, but they hardly seem to leaven the lonely immensity. Towards the Rockies the great cattle ranches begin, fostered by the more genial airs that are wafted over the gaunt peaks from the Japan current; these winds are called the Chenook.

It is not easy to explain the full significance to a settler's ear of the words Canadian Pacific Railway; in England the very complexity of our lives obscures the means of supply; if our wants are not satisfied from one source, they are from another; competition is perpetually cutting down profits, and enterprising people are for ever striving to smooth away the difficulties of life for you. But out here in the North-West there is but one source from which everything comes, and by which everything goes, and the initials of this power are C.P.R. And how intimately this line forces itself into the lives of the settlers may be gathered from the fact that though the company does not actually provide wives for them, it will provide free passes for bride and groom when the latter has had to journey east to seek a helpmeet. Thus does this foresighted company furnish itself with future travellers.

His would be a dull mind that took no spark of fire from the contemplation of a line so far-journeying as this C.P.R., traversing such wide solitudes, by lakes and rivers, prairie and mountain. The distances are of course immense, and one may sometimes weary of the contemplation of a landscape that disclaims to vary within ordinary limits. There are no samples of scenery in North America, you must take the whole piece or leave it alone; nature refuses to break bulk for the itinerant prospect hunter.

Beyond the great lakes begin the vast prairie lands, level or rolling, comparatively riverless and rainless, studded with clumps of slender white poplar and clothed with tall grasses, most radiant with many-coloured flowers. When this serene land is passed there come the tumbled, scarred, and wrinkled Rockies, stretching for hundreds of miles away to the Pacific. And all this vast dominion is strung together on two steel threads, whose ultimate points are washed by the spray of two oceans.

When the day dawns, the sleepy, cramped travellers look out of the window, the more luxurious ones probably stand upon the tail platform of the "sleeper," and glancing away over the level landscape, they see the red sun starting to climb the sky in an arc above their heads; its level beams now strike the long, shining perspective of rails, and smite them molten once more, while all the surrounding sea of grass is rosy and glittering with ensanguined dew.

Soon the blush fades from the sky, the air is clear, bright, and tonic. The great void landscape is spanned by a firmament of most ethereal blue; perhaps there is no cloud at all, but very likely the sky is beautiful with brave white clouds, set like stately islands of burnished silver in the liquid, sunny blue. They are wonderful those north-west clouds; I have never seen them equalled. It may have been, like the devotion of a hermit, that there was nothing much else to occupy the attention but the heavens; but I do not think this was the

true explanation of the superlative pleasure one was for ever receiving from the sumptuous shapes of glistening vapour that came up from the under world in narrow layers like folded muslin, warm and pink, lying softly on the horizon at first, then broadening out in spherical perspective, until above one's head there swam great shiny forms of cape and headland, island and continent, like some vast map wrought by a magician geographer, wherein the lands varied eternally, dissolved and disappeared, only to be re-created with some new and delightful surprise; and this is the commonplace noontide, when few things seem at their best. But when the sun has fallen, a great red-hot golden ball, on to the C.P.R. line ahead of us, then, at that supreme moment, these clouds take unto themselves colours—but no! I cannot touch off a sunset, it is too much; the pageant is too resplendent, too swiftly changing, from the gaudy moment when the whole sky is streaked and splashed with molten gold, down to that softer time when the rising shadow of the earth with puritan tints draws its discreet veil over the wanton orgies of colour that mark the royal masque of sunset. At such a time we sped by the lonely margin of the "Old Wives' Lakes," and saw the rosy clouds of the upper sky painted on the water, but broken again by the long flights of waterfowl, startled from their nests among the reeds by our uncanny transit.

As the days are in the North-West, so are the nights, clear and bright, and sparkling with wholesome prairie air; albeit the said air is somewhat chilly when the sun leaves it, and there are not many nights in all the year when a blanket is a burden. The stars glitter in the clear atmosphere, and one night upon the prairie there blazed out in the sky the great wonder of the north, a brave Aurora. It was an arc of gently irradiating, slow-pulsating light, sending its beams or streamers forth towards the zenith. Below the lower rim of the bow the light ended abruptly, so that the segment of the sky contained between the arc of light and the horizon seemed darker than was quite natural under the circumstances, and it was hard to persuade oneself that this darkness was only an illusion caused by the greater light above.

Soon the arc broke up, and the rays streamed away in irresponsible groups—indeed, it was changing all the time, inventing some new and charming combination; later on it had wrought itself into a stupendous and beautiful piece of drapery, or great "sheet let down from heaven," radiant with beams of light; it seemed as though one could see the golden shuttle shooting through the lustrous web, and then, when it was all woven fair, it began to lay itself in great stately laps and folds, which narrowed and broadened as though fanned by some light air as it hung star-embroidered upon the dark purple dome of heaven.

But all this time the wheels of our iron chariot are grinding westward over the level land, with nothing to break the immense monotony of the earth. If there be anything calculated to enhance this solitude of the prairie, it is the stations that punctuate the line; there is no house or track perhaps visible in all the uneventful land, and yet every now and then the train slows and stops, the more active passengers climb down on to the track, and perhaps throw stones at friendly but inquisitive gophers; there stand the chocolate and white timber station house, a little patch of potatoes, and perhaps three or four stacks of buffalo heads and bones. There are no travellers for or from these isolated spots, and in a few minutes one hears the warning cry of "All ab-o-a-rd," the bell tolls, the train starts, and the active passengers clamber

on, and having paid this courteous deference to the station, we move on once more.

The stacks of buffalo heads and bones are suggestive monuments reared by civilisation to commemorate the extermination of the poor bison who heretofore roamed over their broad pastures, and afforded a living to hunters, Indians, and writers of boys' books; but with arms of precision the buffalo has perished, and his friends—or enemies?—fallen into decay. Thus civilisation, always ready with her irony, collects the bones—the buffalo's, not the Indian's or the author's, which are of no commercial value—and transports them to be used in sugar refinery.

Is not this hard? It is not enough that civilisation should exterminate this shaggy savage of the plains, but that his bleached bones should be used to sweeten the cup of his fell destroyer—surely this adds a deeper pang even to the explosive bullet.

As one skims this level land, one certainly yearns for something to turn up; so it is that one comes to understand the use of earthquakes, except that they generally quake in wrong places, for nature, in her usual wastefulness, uses up her energy in re-breaking the broken places of the earth, leaving the level lands seemingly all the leveller for her adjacent cataclysms.

We are slowing up, and the train stops at the minute town of Buffalo Wallow, for of course there are a few tiny towns standing at discreet distances from each other along the line; they serve but to accentuate nature's placid immensity and man's restless insignificance. The houses are wooden, and are of most rudimentary design, and standing, as they do, somewhat apart from one another on the bare, treeless plain, appeal to you as being at once pathetic in their minuteness and isolation, and audacious in being there at all; they sometimes have piquant if perplexing names, such as Medicine Hat, Indian Head, Elkhorn, and Moose-

jaw, which latter is the abridgment of an Indian title, which, literally translated, means "the-creek-where-the-white-man-mended-the-cart-with-the-moose-jaw-bone." One admires the white man for his ingenious use of the moose-jaw, and the red man for the unsparing use of his own.

There! You can see at a glance, almost without leaving the cars, all that this little place contains; there are a half-dozen or so of loafers, whose daily business it is to saunter round to the station and see the train come in. On the western side of the prairie the Indians make a strong note at these stations; they come with buffalo horns grouped into

branches as hat pegs, and ornamented with fox-skins and coloured cloths for sale; the braves, draped in their striped blankets, stand indifferently about, the squaws sit on the ground, mostly with the very oddest-looking brown papooses somewhere about them, peering from underneath the blanket with solemn black beady eyes, or swaggering about, fantastic little counterparts of their buck papas, with fringed leggings of scarlet, blue beaded mocassins, and braided beaded locks.

The passengers begin a pantomimic chaffer for the horns, holding out the tempting pieces of silver towards the ladies, who wag their heads gravely from side



Crooked Lake, Assiniboine River.

to side in dissent; the humorous traveller always bids for the papoose, but, either because she lacks the humorous sense, or because she has not learned that artificial politeness which pretends to enjoy a very old joke, the mother is gravely irresponsive to this witticism, but keeps her solemn black eyes on the serious customers for her horns. These are generally borne away in triumph, the purchasers regarding them with much affection; the comfortable idea that he has beaten down the squaw to a ruinous point no doubt helps him to bear the trouble which the unwieldy property must afterwards give, and thus the last

remains of the buffalo pass away from the habitation of the redskins.

Then the train moves away, and we are left on the platform; the Indians take what horns they have not disposed of, and get them to their "teepees," and the loafers have gone where all loafers are certain to go—I do not mean eventually, but in the meantime—to the hotel. We had better go there too; there has been some rain, and the mud is deep and tenacious, but there is a wooden crossing with bevelled edges that enables you to get over the road, and at the other side stands the hotel. Round the door loaf the loafers. They are mostly fine young men, and wear large hats. Many of them are not permanent professional loafers, but just temporary amateurs. Some of them have coats, and some have big boots, and a curiously large proportion are gentlemen from the old country. They will stroll round to the post-office presently, and find

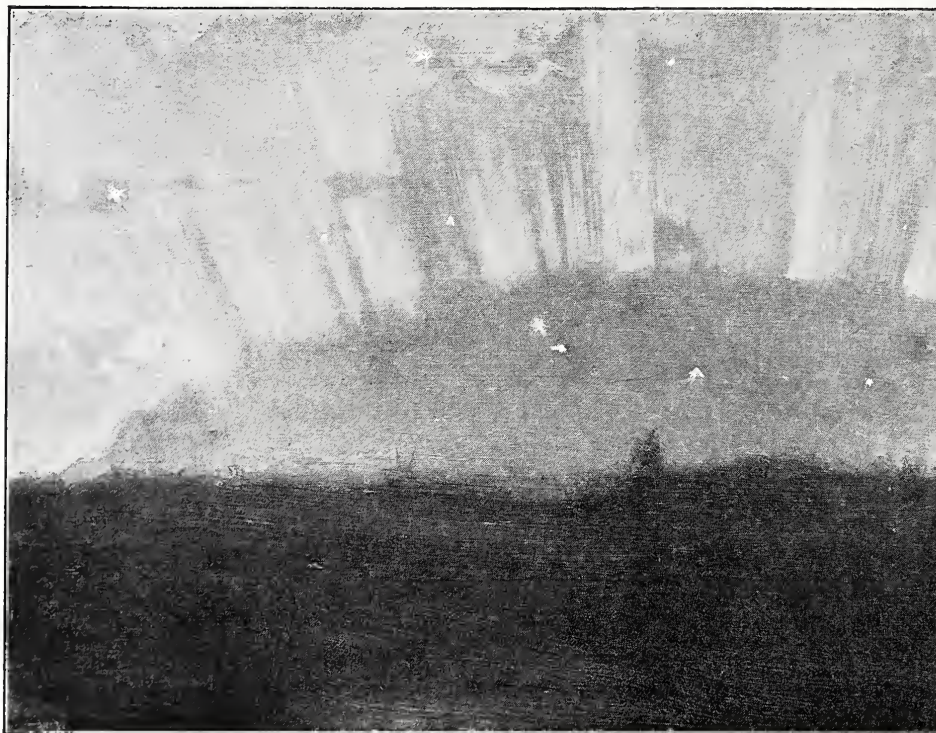
currently supposed not to contain more than four per cent. of alcohol, for we are in a prohibitive country, no spirituous liquor being permissible in the North-West Territories of Assiniboia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Athabasca. This, of course, is the theory; in practice there is such a thing as a permit, which costs one dollar, and enables you to purchase, outside the territories, a keg of whisky, brandy, or gin, according to your taste, and to consume it at your pleasure, and a good deal of very pretty drinking is the consequence.

However, we will stroll through the town. There is only one street, with two or three stores, wherein everything that is purchasable can be purchased, and to which the settlers in return most probably sell their grain, so that the commerce of the place is practically reduced to barter. Indeed there is very little current coin in the whole country. Indebtedness is the rule, and of so elaborate and complex a nature that A owes B, and B owes C, C again owing A, until at length the whole debt could be written off if there were some sort of clearing-house, for the residuum of obligation would be very small.

Then at his door stands the agent for the agricultural machine manufacturer, exhibiting some wonderful farming contrivance, painted red and buff, with very shiny black cogged wheels. There is a blacksmith and a butcher, a doctor, and several professors of various shades of Divinity, an equal number of places of worship, a school-house painted yellow, which is also the court-house when crime and lawyers make it necessary to clear the air.

Let us get, my dear reader, into this democrat, which you perceive is merely an enlargement of that simple American vehicle, the buckboard, save that it has two seats instead of one, set upon the large tray that in its turn is carried upon the four large but slender wheels. We cross the line and set our faces north, we plunge boldly into the narrowest and shallowest part of a "sleugh," and emerge on the other side with washed wheels, and I may note here that this is the only washing such wheels ever get. The day is lovely, white clouds chase each other across the sky, the land undulates in stretches bare of trees, but clad in a verdure of prairie grasses sown with flowers.

The faint grey blue of the little sage plants that grow all over the prairie is very quaker-like and charming, and the flowers that in myriads are fated to blush unseen throughout these wild meadows are most lovely and varied. There is a lowly little rosebush whose blossoms in themselves would make glad a sadder land with their pink and crimson petals; anemones and cyclamens there are, and fragrant thyme.



Aurora on the Prairie

letters to them directed in delicate handwritings from country parsonages and pleasant homes, where they are remembered as "the big brother who was rather wild, or rather lazy about books, you know; but he is steady now, out in Canada, ranching, working so hard."

Inside, the hotel certainly presents few of the allurements of gilded vice. There are two billiard tables, but one has no cloth whatever, and the cloth on the other is so rent and wounded that it looks like a regimental banner, when at the end of an honourable career it is hung up in some cathedral. The balls might be taken for large dice, so cubic are they. A justice of the peace is playing with the blacksmith, while both are being indiscriminately chaffed by a tall hatchet-faced bricklayer in a coat of professional dust and mortar, answering to the name of Charley.

There is a bar and a bar-tender, who in America is always a male, and the liquor he vends is a harmless-looking beer

There is a gorgeous orange-red lily that is very proud and beautiful, and there are masses of sunflowers, golden and opulent. I have no skill to tell even the names of a hundredth part of the pretty flowers that "enamel all the mead," as our poetic forefathers would have it, nor will printer's ink give you an idea of all their dainty hues, but the butterflies know them, and strive to live up to them in the splendour of their courting suits. These North-West butterflies are the most foppish insects I have ever met.

I wish I had no other insect to speak about except these fluttering coxcombs, but truth compels me to whisper the word "mosquitoes," and when I have done so I really feel I cannot do this all-pervading, all-penetrating, insidious, elusive, cheerful little fiend anything like justice. He, or rather I should say she, for I understand the gentleman mosquito to be a harmless and rather subdued little fly—and who could wonder with such a wife! She, this envenomed insect, lurks upon every green thing; for the best

of the joke is that she is a vegetarian by nature, but nevertheless, or perhaps on that very account, when she can get her knife into a good juicy piece of meat she spares not, and as she and her terrible sisters beard down upon something in the shape of animal food, they fill the air with their jubilant war-cries; perhaps they are really giving vent to their grateful feelings in a choral grace before meat—one cannot tell—things

alter so much with the point of view, I mean the view of diner or dined upon; but anyhow, the poor dined upon piece of meat slaps its face or whisks its tail in impotent torment.

The mosquito is undeniably a serious scourge; when she is at her hungriest, things are nearly at a standstill—it is hardly possible to plough, animals will not graze, but stand all day in the smoke of the "smudges," great fires of damp straw and manure that are lighted and smoulder slowly, and which keep the pests at bay. Farther north they are said to be still worse; during the short fierce summer of Alaska the bears are reported to tear their poor shaggy hides, and even kill themselves, in the fury of irritation which these gauzy little ladies can produce; but bears are notoriously bad tempered, and little gauzy ladies can irritate them in any latitude, I believe. And the worst of it is—or is it the best of it?—the more productive the year, the more numerous are the mosquitoes; for a good year is a rainy year, and the rain fills

the sleughs or ponds wherein these daughters of Baal are born; wherefore the Indians say that it takes a bushel of mosquitoes to make a bushel of grain.

The gopher is another cheerful little outlaw of the prairie whose character one must approach with some caution, for there is no disguising the fact that among the settlers the gopher is not popular, and the cause of his unpopularity is in this wise:—You see when a man has risen early and poured out his strength, sweat, and profanity, urging wearied beasts to carve long furrows through the stubborn prairie, and this for many days, when he has borne heat and frost, when the mosquitoes have put so many lumps upon his head that his own mother would not know him from a gnarled oak; when he has summer-fallowed, and coltered, and sown and harrowed, and laboured hard, and endured much, buoyed up by the hope of the golden grain of harvest, then it is a little annoying to find that another farmer has gathered this golden grain, and has carefully stowed it away underground. This

other farmer is the gopher; he attends only to the harvesting department, but he does it very thoroughly; each gopher puts by about a bushel of grain literally to his own cheek. There is no virtue so conducive to self-esteem as prudence; to be conscious of property securely invested gives the gopher an air of bland benevolence combined with an eager thirst for knowledge, and in this latter feature lies his chief danger.



North-West Shanties.

In personal appearance he resembles about equally a rat and a squirrel, and belongs to their family; but he shares with men and bears something of the want of dignity which comes from lacking a tail, for the little tag he has got hardly deserves that name; he has also the bearish and mannish quality of standing erect. As one drives over the prairie one sees numbers of these little creatures skurrying along the whole trail ahead of your horses, suddenly darting aside and plunging down into their respective burrows; but watch one of these holes when you have passed, and you will infallibly see that the little fellow has come up, and is standing as straight as a post gazing after you with the most exaggerated interest. This weakness of his often costs him his life, for the settler who, as I hinted before, dislikes his system of farming, throws a noose over the hole, and when the little gentleman comes up to note who it was that went by, there is a sudden tug, a struggle, and—well! no passerby can ever interest that gopher again.

Once, as I sat making a sketch, a gopher caught sight of me; up he stood on his hind legs, his little hands falling limply after his manner when interested; he stood as tall as his small proportions would admit, and gazed at me with an intensity of astonished interest which must have embarrassed any one but a *plein air* painter, who is accustomed to provoking such sensations. So I went on with my sketch, observing my little friend at the same time; his round dark eyes seemed to grow rounder and larger with the devouring passion of curiosity, his little nostrils trembled, he would have given his whole underground granary to know all about it. He was not naturally brave, but, as Lord Bacon points out, there are stronger passions than the fear of death, under the dominion of any one of which he will walk into the grim portals fearlessly. So it was with the gopher; he would know what that man was doing if it cost him his skin; and the Government paid three cents apiece for gophers' skins—or at least how was the poor little beast to know that the

mind that it would be an interesting experience just for once to kill an adverse critic; perhaps if I had let my mind dwell on it I might not have been able to resist the vulgar temptation, for it would have been so easy to have done it; but I dismissed the thought as unworthy of the confidence reposed in me. Nature has cast me in a very gentle mould, I am a very mild man, and I do not really think I would even kill a Royal Academician, if such a chance were given me. Perhaps this is saying too much; anyhow I had no feeling towards the gopher other than gentle consideration, and I was relieved when the little creature, with delicate tact, turned his attention to a pair of rather well-made boots that I chanced to be wearing, and which he touched with appreciative pleasure.

Still, of course, I felt I had been a melancholy disappointment to him, but how could I help it? If people will set their expectations of you so high, it is rather hard to have to bear the brunt of the inevitable reaction; one comfort was that he soon forgot it and me, as they always do, and he was off again, craning his neck after some other disappointing foolishness.

The most interesting bird to an artist is undoubtedly the prairie chicken; this bird is, I believe, a pinnated grouse, and is of a pretty speckled greyish-brown colour. I was interested in it for the simple reason that it was good to eat, and this interest would be shared by all true artists—by true artists, I mean all artists who tell the truth.

But even in life the prairie chicken is curious and interesting, their oddest characteristic is that they assemble for the purpose of dancing; the chickens meet generally in the morning or evening, and after some preliminary formality a chicken—probably master of the ceremonies—ruffles his feathers and proceeds to do his steps; the other guests ruffle their feathers—it is strict etiquette that the feathers should be ruffled—and deliver themselves over to the frenzy of the dance. Up

and down they flutter and prance, and grow so excited that one can go quite near without disturbing them; and this debauch goes on until they are exhausted. Does it not sound like the description of the ghost dances with which Sitting Bull's people used to madden themselves previous to their outbreak? but what would be interesting to know is, did the Indians copy the chickens, or is it the other way? Are these poor little poultry, in humble imitation of their war-loving neighbours, striving to infuse into their chicken hearts the lust of battle?

One of the great spectacles of the North-West is undoubtedly a prairie fire; however, it is a spectacle which is too absorbingly interesting to be quite easy to admire comfortably. This danger of fire during early spring, but principally autumn, is an ever-present dread for the settlers, for of course the long wild grasses and weeds that have flourished over the land during the summer are dried up in the



A Settler's "Shack."

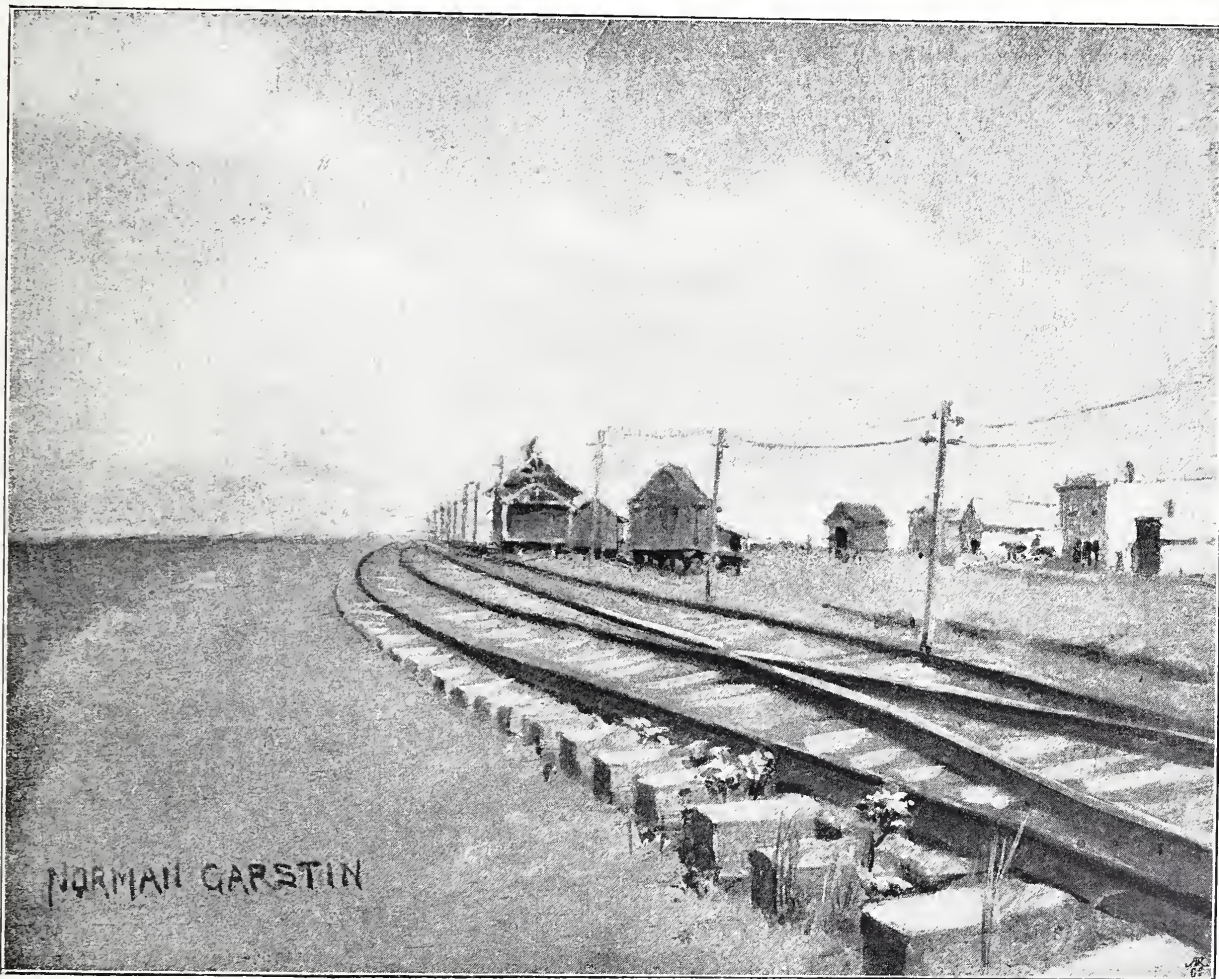
premium had been abolished? Anyhow, his desire for knowledge—curiosity, if you will—dominated him, and he drew near, determined to get at the bottom of the mystery; he came round, and rising to his full height, laid one hand on my right knee, and with the other he drew the pochard box which was on my lap towards him, craning his little neck the better to see what was on the panel, which he then proceeded to feel; he did not seem greatly to care for my little sketch; his head went on one side in the usual pose which it seems even a gopher must take when criticising.

I began to feel sorry for him; he had been so eager, so intensely interested; he had conquered fear, modesty, everything, boldly intruding upon a perfect stranger, with the view of seeing what now turned out not to be worth seeing, and to give him no pleasure at all—it was very embarrassing. Oh, I have seen so many people in the same position that I felt quite sorry for the little fellow; it did flash through my

fall into a most inflammable earth-garment, and it wants but a spark from the pipe of some careless smoker, an unquenched match thrown aside by some irresponsible vagrant, and a high wind, to set the whole world in a blaze, and then it goes marching over the prairie almost as fast as the wind itself, a thin red line eating up everything that stands in its way; the bushes and grasses crackle up and blaze and so consume, while the great cloud of smoke that rises from the conflagration rolls over the land, spreading anxiety in many a small comfortless homestead which, bad as it is, is a long way better than the heap of charred ruins which the fire might leave the poor settlers wherewith to begin their long and half Arctic winter.

At night such a fire is very weird and beautiful, though of course its terror is the more appalling. When seen afar off, there is a glow, a lurid light brightening that side of the sky; somewhat nearer one sees the tongues of flame as they leap and dance, and when at last you have reached it, or more likely it has reached you, there is the long thin column of the grim foe advancing resistlessly; it is crackling and burning, and, if the wind is high, blowing forward advance guards and pickets of sparks and flakes of burning grass.

When the fire passes from off the open prairie and invades the "bluffs"—little groves of white poplar—then the havoc is more direful, for the flames leap round the slender stem and blacken and char the silver bark; and next spring, when the



A Prairie "Town" in C-P-Railia.

grasses grow up and flourish again, forgetful of the fiery army that has passed over them, they will grow round the stems of dead trees, that will put forth no more leaves, but will fall after a season or two, leaving the land bare and sorrowful-looking.

Round every homestead there is what is called the fire-guard, that is to say, a circle three or four shares wide is ploughed; the bare earth stops the fiery incursion when the wind is not very strong, but when it is, then of course this little barrier is soon leaped by the travelling sparks, and the merry flames speed on to the little group of wooden houses which compose the settler's homestead. Still the fireguard affords the best protection at present devised.

We have been driving somewhat more than an hour, and there at last is a sign of human habitation, and this human element concentrates our attention upon it perhaps all the more because of its indescribable desolation and dreariness; it is a one-roomed cottage of lumber, bleached by the weather to a silver grey; there is a little rick of hay near by, a rough sod stable, a wooden house for storing the grain; there are some agricultural implements lying where they were last used, a square patch of green wheat glistening in the sun, an insulating circle of fireguard, and that is all.

A tall, loose-limbed, bronzed man, wearing a torn shirt and trousers, and a pipe, but no coat, and walking as men do who

habitually carry heavy boots over a ploughed land, came towards us; he is "baching it," this stalwart young gentleman. Now "bach" is a North-West verb, meaning to live the life of a bachelor; and a grim verb it is. Inside there is a stove, the white wood ashes heaped high underneath; there is a kettle boiling, by far the most cheerful object in the room; there is a bed, with the blankets showing exactly the form they took when the master crept out at daybreak to turn the prairie sod.

There is a photograph on the wall, yellowed and fly-spotted, of a young girl in the fashion of five years before, and I see the photographer's address is Cheltenham; one hopes that the girl will never come out here—she might mitigate the severity of the "baching," but at what a cost! We sit a few moments, and discuss gophers and mosquitoes, the rumour that So-and-so had his crops cut down by hail, and the prospects of getting the water for which the Government well-sinker has been fruitlessly searching for some weeks past; then, having finished our pipes, we pursue our way, not altogether exhilarated by this view of "baching" in the province of C—P—Railia.

But now the view begins to show something more of diversity; we are passing through a gently undulating land, pleasantly strewn with groves of slender silver-stemmed poplar, in the hollows the tall grass, starred with anemones and orange lilies, will soon be laid in ricks for the winter fodder. Patches of green wheat and oats fill the intervals between the bosky groves, and through these we thread our way; it is by no means hard to lose it, for the bluffs look much alike, and the land seems a vast labyrinth; we turn a corner, and there stands the house of a somewhat more fortunate or prosperous farmer.

It is built square and in two stories, plain, and not unlike one a gamekeeper or bailiff might occupy on an English estate. It is sheltered by poplar bluffs, and the ground slopes down to a sleugh which gives water to the horses and

cattle, and mosquitoes to the world at large; the dog barks, and the master comes out to meet us. It is Wednesday; the observant person, Mr. Conan Doyle's detective, for example, would have calculated that from the mud on his shooting-boots and the stubble on his chin; "So many days from Sunday," he would have said to himself. His clothes are just a patch better than those of the bachelor, and this word "patch" brings me by a natural train of thought to his wife, who follows her husband.

She is thin and worn, but she smiles pleasantly; she has a baby in her arms, and there is a small boy pulling at her skirts. A hired man takes the horses, and we go into the house; the kitchen is not very roomy, and is half filled by a large stove; beyond there is a little sitting-room, on the wall of which, opposite the door, one is confronted by a sheaf of photographs from the old country, draped with a Liberty handkerchief; one shows an officer in uniform, grizzled and medalled—our host's father, who has an appointment in India; then there is a little old lady with a widow's cap and white hair—his wife's mother—and so on: memories and tokens of other lands and scenes.

Our host pushes towards us a plug of tobacco, which, with ignorant hands, we strive to cut and to fill our pipes withal. Our hostess has left us, and soon there is a sound of frizzling, while a savour most pleasant to hungry men fills our nostrils. We dine and relapse upon our pipes again while the poor lady washes up, and we gradually learn how ceaseless is the labour, how swiftly following are the relentless duties of women in this country.

I would like to write a laudatory hymn to the settler's wife, setting forth how she bakes and churns, and washes and cooks, how she milks and mends, and sweeps and sews, and how eternally she "washes up," though "washes up" would be a difficult phrase to work into a hymn; but I will not write that pæan; she has now all the virtues, it might rob her of woman's chiefest grace, modest humility.

NORMAN GARSTIN.

THE LASS THAT LOVES A SAILOR.

FROM THE PAINTING BY YEEND KING, R.I.

THE quality of freshness which is always slowly slipping away from the possession of Art—of landscape Art most conspicuously, though the same thing takes place in all kinds of painting, and in literature and music as well—is now and then suddenly and vigorously renewed. But for this recurrent effort, freshness, perhaps, tending more than any other quality to lapse and disappear, would long ago have ceased to be anything more than a memory. Freshness of feeling, freshness of life and light, a new sense of atmosphere, a new daylight coolness of colour, a recognition of the daily greys of our Northern climate, a new pleasure in technique—nothing less suffices for one of these renewals. With these the world is periodically relieved of an accumulation of dulness. They were the justification and the explanation of impressionism; but impressionism itself tends daily to lose them, and to become itself stale and dull—the very salt, that is, is beginning

to lose its savour; whereas the *plein-air* school promises to keep all its youth. Doubtless it obeys the general law, like all other things, and would lapse into derogation, but that it seems to be renewed with every good picture that is painted. The refreshment is daily. And there is perhaps no English painter who has done more in the constant restoration of this invaluable quality than Mr. Yeend King. His charming picture, 'The Lass that Loves a Sailor,' has, with its fine technical quality, the not unimportant merit of a good subject. The by-ways of a tidal river, pollard willows, raised pathways, streams embanked in sunny grass, mill-buildings and boats, and the quick bowling of the round clouds on a sea-wind, are all things full of the spirit of place. And an inland bit of repose is happily given in the iron gateway and the paved path of the old house to the left.

SOME ENGLISH SHRINES.

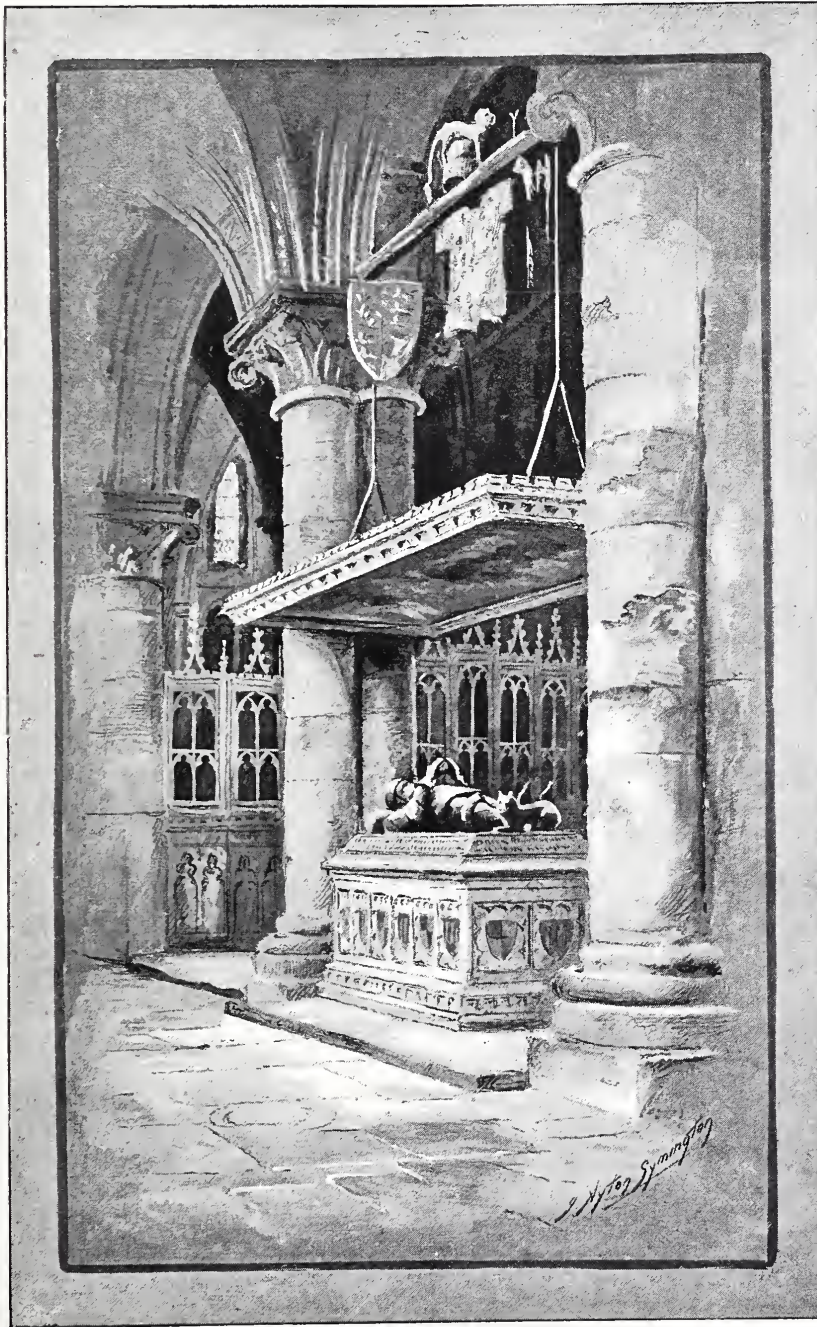
THE passion for memorials to the dead has ever been prominent among humankind. The dead have seemed to claim some particular tribute at the hands of the living. To one contemplating the claim in the placid light of philosophy, the thing seems unreasonable enough. When a man has entered the secret house of death, we cannot consider that the most costly and splendid reminiscence shall be any benefit to him. Dead hearts have no vanities. Yet, for the selfish satisfaction, in order to satisfy the vacancy which the removal of our dead breaks into our lives, we set up monuments in stone and brass, in column and statue; we carve upon enduring marble the poor record of their extinguished virtues, scarce in our grief recalling that the world is very indifferent to us and to our troubles; that the roll-call of virtue must in a very few years come to be the merest category; that in monument (as in all things else) it is not the petty personal motive that prompted the erection which gives it long life, but the artistic value of the finished work.

Man, then, is a memorialising animal; and the more im-

portant the subject of the memorial, the more stupendous is the memorial wont to be made. Thus, when Pharaoh of old set about memorialising himself he assigned only the enormous

capacity of his slaves as the limit of his importance; and the Pyramids went presently tapering "unto the judgment-seat of Jove." Less enduring, though for the moment more pompous and more engrossing, were the pyres from the flames of which old Roman bodies sank into a handful of ashes. And it is a fact somewhat sorrowful to record of the influence of human vanities, that when a man has built his own tomb — when he takes to memorialising the very centre of the world — he has usually accomplished his end more luxuriously than his survivors were likely to fulfil it: of this truth Egypt and Rome persuade us. But as time drew on, and the changes of Western civilisation began to set their seal upon the plastic matter of Europe now in the throes of civil and reli-

gious revolution, memorials to the dead came to assume a more devout and dignified character. The wonderful art that in the course of time developed into mediæval architecture,

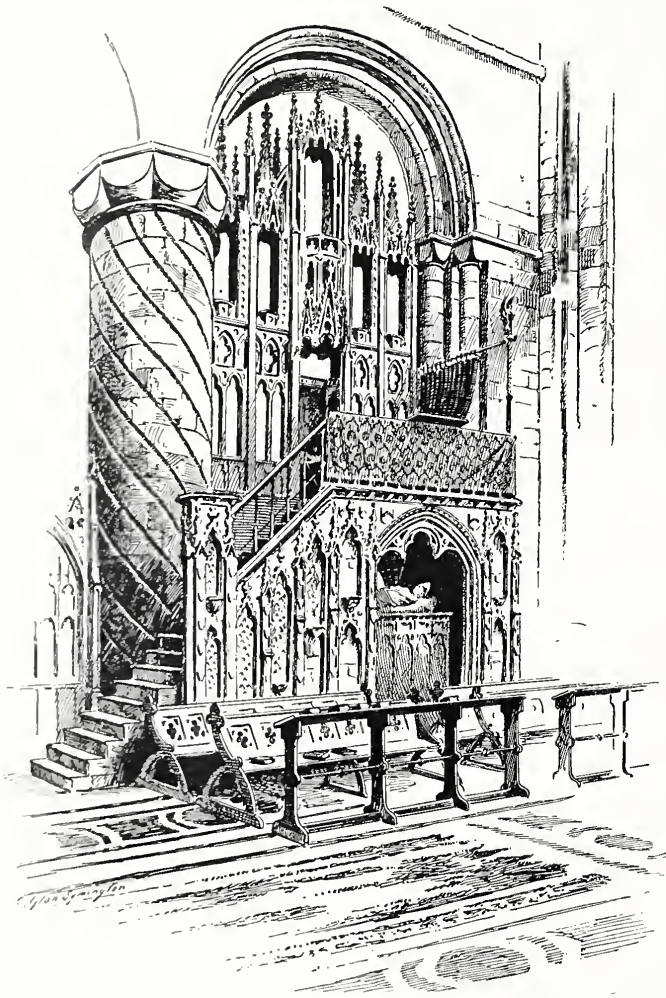


Shrine of the Black Prince, at Canterbury.

naturally concerned itself with such memorials, as with all work dedicated to religion. For since the central fact of all re-

good, and that evil, we declare with assured confidence; but the day of creation seems to have fled by. There are many things in which we doubtless excel, but in worthily memorialising our dead we are still mysteriously deficient.

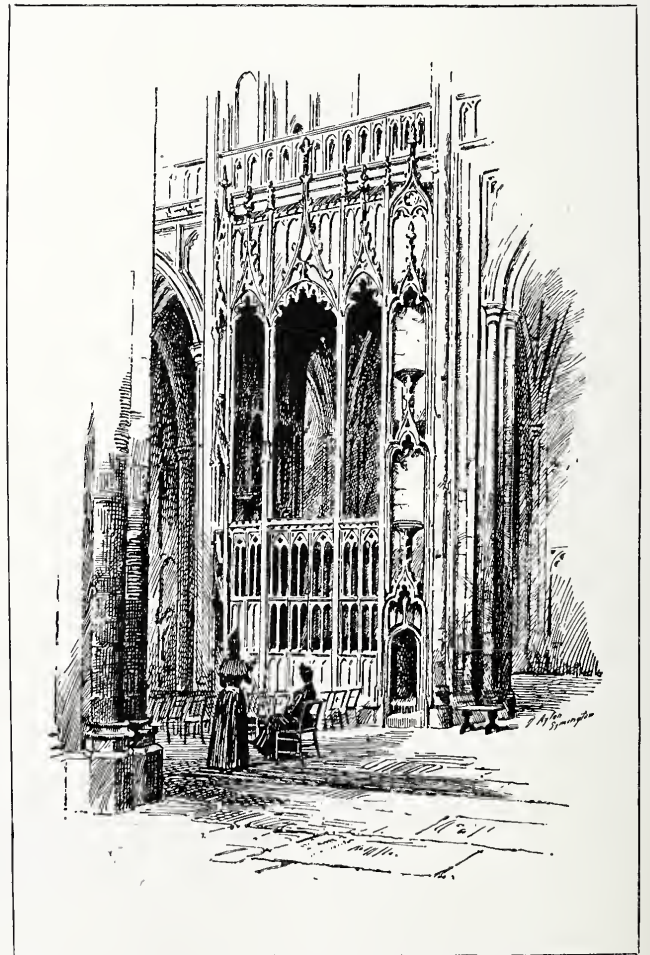
The first shrine which I may select from those which accompany this paper in illustration is that of Edward the Black Prince. The subject was one which might well have aroused an artist's enthusiasm and emotion; and in effect the very simplicity of the construction of the tomb is eloquent witness of that enthusiasm and that emotion. The tomb is of grey marble, standing upon a sculptured base with open quatrefoils, the ends and sides of which carry sixteen copper shields with starred quatrefoils, upon which again the arms of England and old France run alternately. Round the tomb twelve scutcheons are disposed, six carrying his arms, the other six the badge of the ostrich feathers. But the chief matter to note is the recumbent figure, an effigy in copper, very beautifully designed and executed. The hands are clasped over the breast, and the figure is dressed in knightly armour. The face is whiskered, and the pointed helmet carries a coronet of oak-leaves, formerly studded with precious jewels, of which the collets alone remain. The head reposes on a helmet crowned by a leopard. The gorget is mail, and under a label of three points are the arms of France and England quarterly upon the surcoat. An enamelled girdle,



Bishop Hatfield's Shrine, in Durham Cathedral.

ligion is death, to death it was fitting that some religious Art should be dedicated.

Accordingly, it was in the nature of things that the tombs of holy men, the resting-places of kings and warriors, should be treated with some especial reverence; and to the artists engaged either over the building of cathedrals, or over their preservation and integrity, it became partly a duty to harmonize such sepulchres with the surrounding Art, to associate line with line, decoration with decoration. Thus through the country there sprang up those numerous shrines whose names have gone into our English speech as common household words. And here I must guard myself from a certain looseness of language. In this connection I use the word shrine in the mere sense of memorialised sepulchre, not distinguishing it as a memorial from the chantry or chapel wherein the illustrious dead lay, and where stood the common furniture of a chapel, with altar, at which the mass might be said for the rest of those who slept beneath. In these weary days we have lost the art of shrine building. It is true that we have a glimmering sense of better things, that we recognise awkwardly enough that our immediate ancestors celebrated their dead in stone and marble more barbarously and more dumbly than we could permit ourselves to do, but we stand now in the merest position of critics. That this is



William of Wykeham's Shrine, in Winchester Cathedral.

studded with leopards' faces in rounds, and fastened by a lion passant, bind the lappets of the surcoat, from beneath

which the mail is visible. The gauntlets bear iron spikes upon the knuckles, and the cuirass and greaves are plated. The shoes are of brass plates, long and pointed, and the spurs, which for artistic design might put the Guards' forge to shame, carry large rowels, and roses fasten the straps. A lioness sits alert at the resting feet; the sword, useless now, lies loose at the side, and its sheath, of copper, four feet in length, is dotted with lozenges. A brass plate carries a pathetic epitaph, with an old French lay, composed by the Prince himself. The whole inscription would be too long for present chronicle; I content myself with one stanza:—

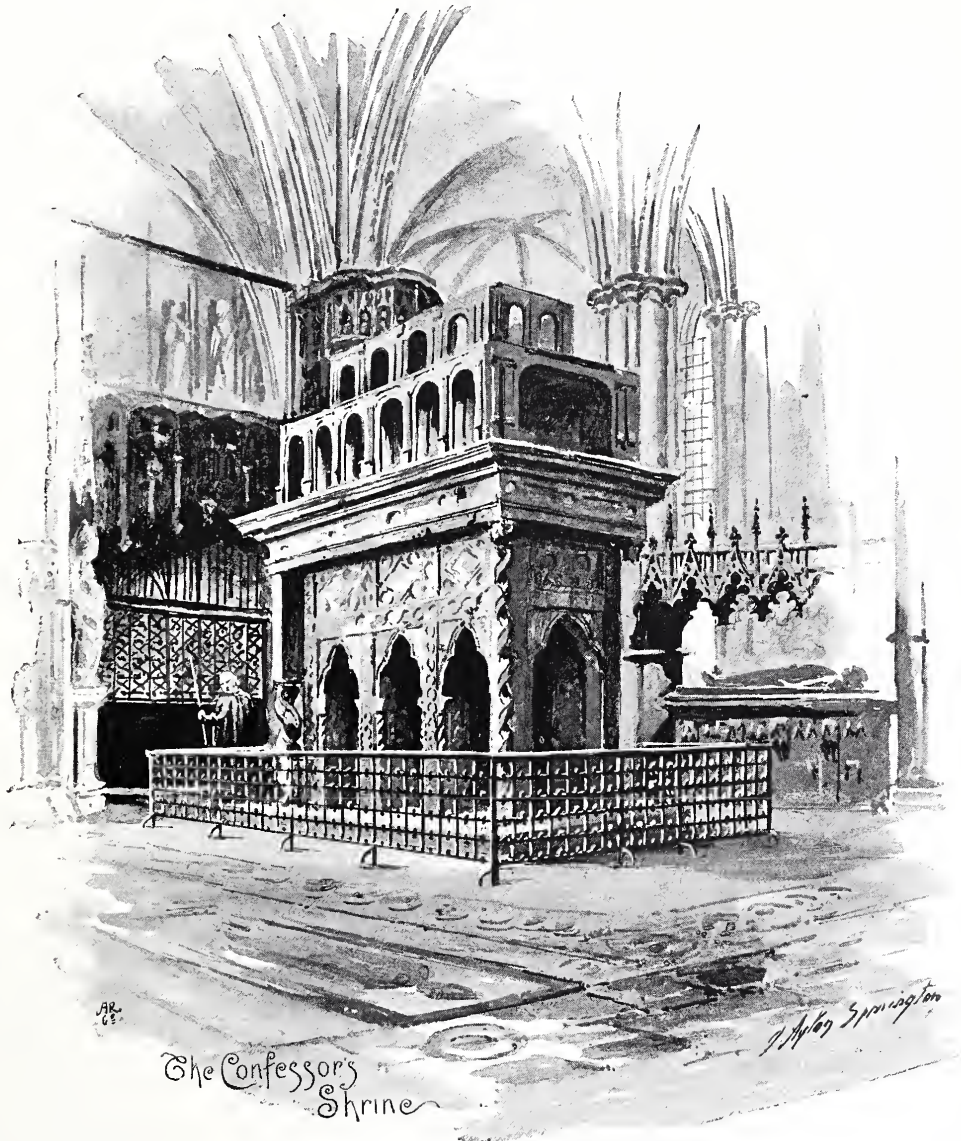
“Ma grand beauté est toute alee;
Ma char est toute gastee.
Mouls est estroit ma meson;
En moy ma si vente non;
Et si ore me veissez
Je ne quide pas qe vous deissez,
Qe j'eusse onques home este,
Si fu je ore de tant changee.”

The Prince, who died at Westminster, lies buried—it was his cherished desire—at Canterbury, near St. Thomas-à-Becket. He sleeps close to the Lady Chapel, close to the shrine of St. Thomas. Above his tomb his surcoat, his scabbard, his helmet and crest—the panoply of his beloved wars—are preserved. He has been memorialised nobly, because simply.

The shrine of Edward the Confessor should in order of time have come first; but in spite of its singular beauty and its historic associations, it seems so little less perfectly simple and pathetic than the shrine of the Black Prince, as to be (for an appropriate work in wood and stone, not for the ashes it contains) less of an ideal memorial. The Westminster shrine, then, with its curious combination of upper and lower design, evidently belongs to two periods; this being apparent not only from that combination, but also from the essentially different materials of which the two portions are composed. The ancient portion, composed of stone curiously inlaid with mosaic, is in its outlined form a parallelogram overtopped by an entablature, and erect upon a basement seat. Inclusive of the cornice, it stands 9 feet in height, near 9½ feet in length, and less than 5½ feet in width. As the illustration shows, on either side are recessed arches, trefoil-headed and separated by pilasters, above which run seven compartments, panelled of old with lozenges of porphyry. Of the two spiral pillars—a spiral running in a line of notable gracefulness—which support the entablature, one

alone remains. Each arch was formerly enriched with mosaic panelling, but of these the tesserae have been mostly picked out by devout but singularly selfish pilgrims. The ancient inscription, which recorded the work as of an artist named Peter—supposed to have been Pietro Cavallini, a pupil under Giotto—and of which there still remains some trace, has been supplemented by the more classic (and commonplace) inscription of Abbot Feckenham:—

“Omnibus insignis: virtutum: Jaudibus:
Heros: Sanctus Edwardus, Confessor Rex



The Confessor's Shrine, at Westminster.

Venerandus: quinto die jam moriendo 1065
Super: Aethera: scandit: sursum
Corda. L. F.”

Finally, as to the upper division of the shrine. As the illustration shows, it contains two storeys of unequal dimensions—composed of wainscot—the six semicircular arches that run lengthways being panelled and divided by Ionic pilasters, the broad flat arch at either end carrying a similar flanking. The top storey carries four arches on either side, and two at the ends, divided by Corinthian pilasters. The visible coffin of the dead King lies in the ancient stonework, about the height

of the architrave: it is quite a young coffin by comparison, and, made by order of James II., fashioned out of strong planks clamped with iron, it holds the ancient coffin inside. Beautiful as the whole shrine is, it is a point about which opinions may well be divided, as to whether the ancient portion of the erection was not of itself so self-sufficing as to be somewhat marred by the addition of the overtopping arches.

It has already been pointed out that men who engage during their own lifetime to erect their own memorials are, by their natural want of humour in regard to themselves, urged to make

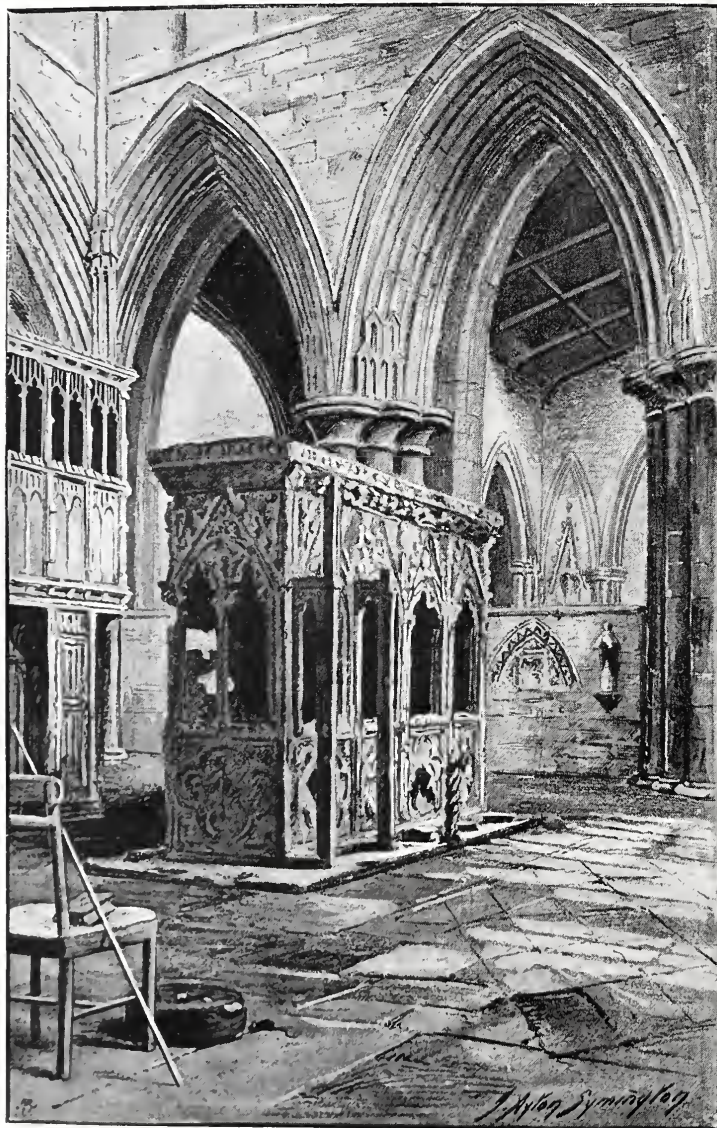
episcopal robes. So late as 1666, in Dugdale's visitation, the tomb was richly gilt and coloured, but since that time it has been made as hideous as such work can be made by white-wash. As a piece of fourteenth-century decorative work, the *ensemble*—pillar, throne, with its numerous and delicate outline, and tomb—is most harmonious, and worthy of the splendid cathedral that contains it.

Yet from the praise and admiration that one must allot to this piece of fourteenth-century work, it is necessary to save a few superlatives for the shrine—or more correctly the chantry—of William of Wykeham, in the south aisle of Winchester Cathedral. Again it is to be noted that the monument was erected by the Bishop himself, and on that part of the cruciform plan of the cathedral which was supposed to record the place where Christ's side was pierced on the cross. He finished the building of the chantry in the year of his death, and, for the crowning work of a man's life, even so noted a patron of Art as Bishop Wykeham should have been satisfied. The exquisite combination of negations—I mean the larger and lesser arches, mere negations of substance indicated by line—the subtlety of fine proportion, the harmony of inharmonious lines, build up a piece of simple and positive beauty which it would be difficult to better. Within lies the tomb of the Bishop, and though the figure is well enough preserved, the shrine itself endured much damage at the hands of those arch-Vandals the Cromwellians. At the feet of the recumbent figure are three comic little figures of Benedictine monks; at the head are two angels. As a quaint example of the changes of things, it may be recorded that it was on this very spot that the altar once stood at which William of Wykeham, then a schoolboy, attended the "Pekismass." His death, which has enshrined him in enduring marble, has proved more memorial than his life.

The shrine of Prior Rahere, which lies in St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, comes next for some examination. Heavier in design, and less exquisitely graceful than the shrine either of Wykeham or of Hatfield, it has nevertheless great beauty as an example of Pointed architecture. The chief feature of the tomb, prominently emphasised in the illustration, is the stone screen enclosing the tomb, upon which reposes the full-length figure of Rahere. There is to it also, though not here visible, a groined roof of very great merit; moreover, it is satisfactory to record that the whole work has suffered scarcely any injury save for the crumbling away of a few pinnacles. The prior, lying in the conventionalised (and nobly conventionalised) attitude of death, is attired in black robes, similar to those of the pair of monks who kneel on either side, and holding a copy of the Bible open at the 54th chapter of Isaiah. The inscription which runs on the tomb is brief and to the point:

Hic jacet Rahere, Primus Canonicus et Primus Prior hujus Ecclesie.

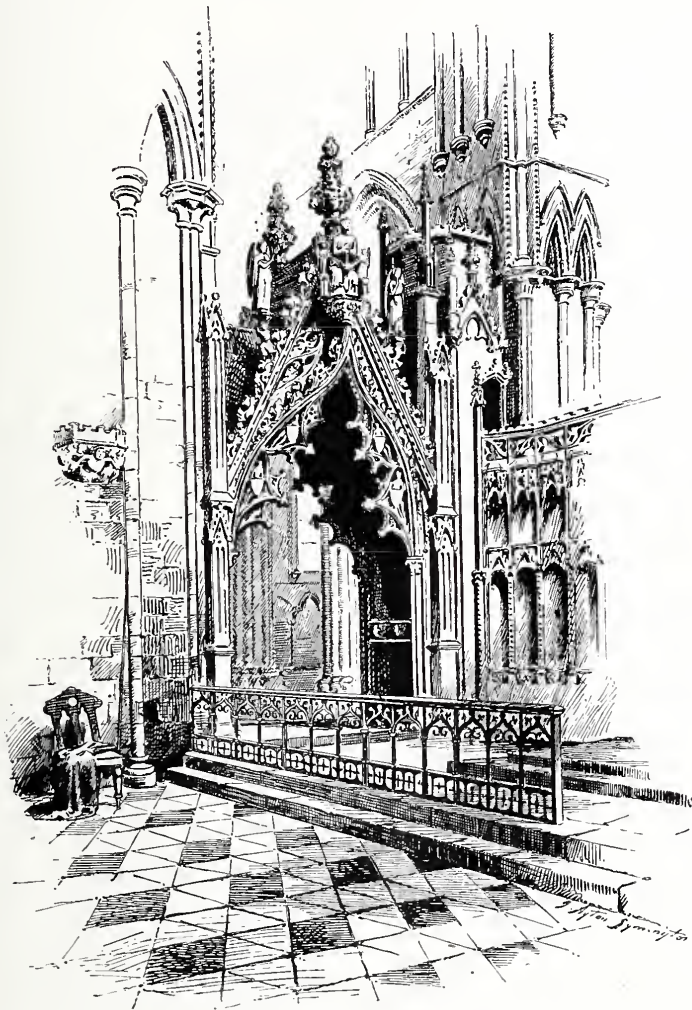
It is certain that monasticism, whatever else it fostered, did not foster sentimentality. It is an epitaph for which men



St. Alban's Shrine.

rather more of their own dead bones than they can expect from survivors. Bishop Hatfield's tomb in Durham Cathedral is a pat proof of the saying. But certainly if beauty is justified by its motive the Bishop did well in concerning himself over his last resting-place, for the tomb that he caused to be erected is one of remarkable beauty. As will be noted in the illustration the shrine itself lies under the Bishop's throne, which also owes its existence to the artistic sense of Hatfield, who died in London, 1381, Lord Chancellor of England. The effigy is a noble piece of work in alabaster, and is clad in full

should entreat before their death. If at this day we had read upon the Prior's tomb the tale 'insignis, clarus, doctus,



The Percy Shrine, in York Minster.

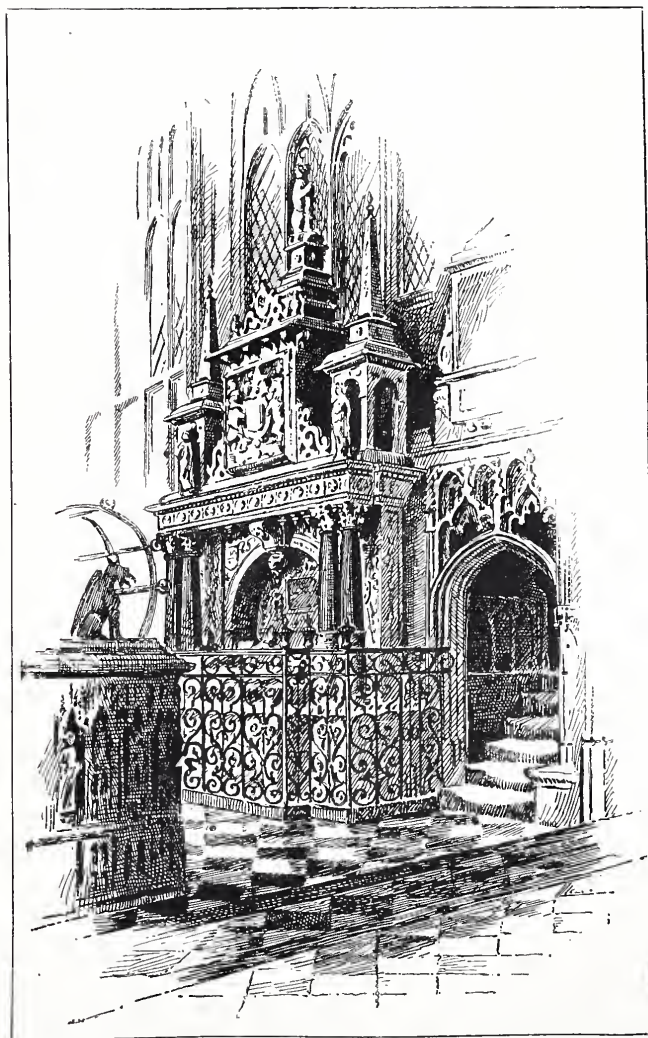
humilis et benignus,' the list might sound meaningless and even heartless. As it is: *hic jacet Rahere*. We know not even his Christian name. Yet, as far as we can learn from a contemporary biography, he was a man of remarkable power and organization. His history is a common mediæval one—the conversion of a rake—and his foundation makes him eminently worthy of the memorial which he received.

The Percy Chantry—an illustration of which also accompanies this paper—stands in York Minster, and is among the most admirable specimens of its kind. It belongs to the richest Perpendicular period, the arches being just on the turn from Decorated to Perpendicular. Its detail is abundant, yet harmonious; and though a personal taste leads one writer to prefer simpler ornament, it would be impossible to deny to the shrine a wonderful effect of beauty. It was founded and endowed for the benefit of the souls of Lord Henry de Percy's family, "and of all Christians"—which was generous.

The Shrine of St. Alban is not quite so interesting as those upon which I have already touched. Although beautiful with the grave beauty which marks all Early English architecture, it is scarcely to be remarked peculiarly among the great works of the time. Nor would it be profitable here to chronicle the

history of its building. The only point which is worth noting is the ancient gallery of wood—visible in the illustration—in which the monks were stationed to keep watch over the shrine. There is something just a little comic to the imagination, to fill those little black openings with the peering faces of monks as they follow the creeping figures of early English burglars approaching the shrines in hopes of an undetected and remunerative loot.

In Leicester's shrine—which stands on the north side of the Beauchamp Chapel in St. Mary's Church, Warwick—we make a frank approach to modern shrine-building, and, by way of contrast, the illustration is well worth study. The nobleman in whose honour the thing stands was of course Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth. So far as the mere details of the material may be taken for worth, the monument is rich enough, but the style of it, the combinations of it, are beauty run to seed. There is abundance of detail, but each part is irrelevant of the other: plenty of ambition, but an ambition divided against itself. Under a canopy supported by Corinthian pillars lie the figures of the Earl and his third Countess; and around them, gib-

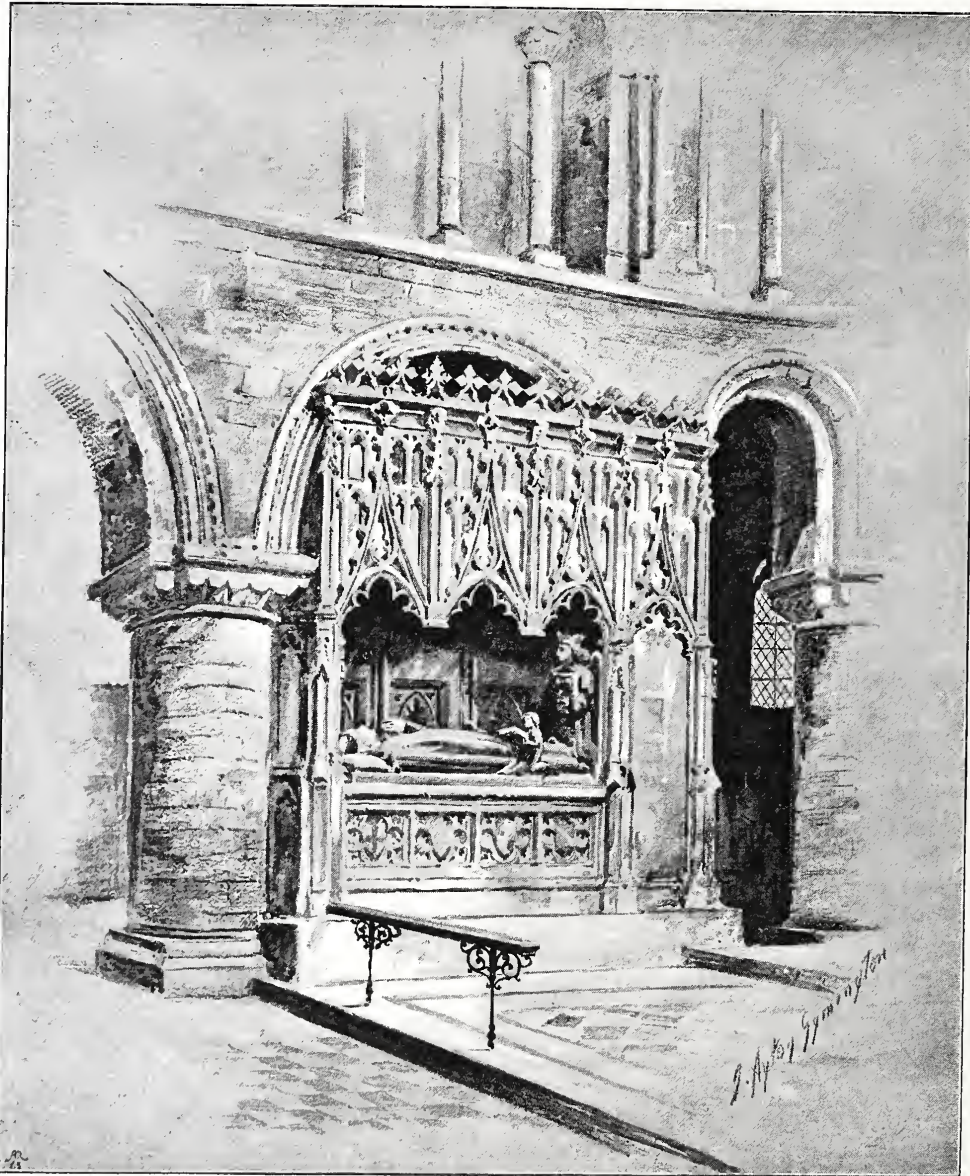


Leicester's Shrine, at Warwick.

bering out of harmony till the crack of doom, are foolish obelisks, and unnecessary arches, and finical ornament, and

unimpressive statuettes. It is well described by Mr. Markland as "rather resembling a mountain of confectionery than a solemn sepulchral memorial."

Thus seems the time of shrines to be dead and done with; gone with the time of architecture, and much else that still gladdens us with its remnant of beauty. What we have



Shrine of Prior Rahere, at St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield.

already it is fitting that we preserve with reverence; for so long as our ideal of a shrine is realised in the busts and monuments of Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, so long

must we, who cannot create, but can only criticise, be content with our inheritance from the past.

VERNON BLACKBURN.

R. THORNE WAITE, R.W.S.

PAINTING in water colours may very fairly be considered an indigenous art; and, like most things of native origin, it flourishes much more lustily than those imported. If a foreigner of average intelligence and artistic taste be taken through the Royal Academy and the New Gallery, his sense of politeness will be found hardly strong enough to en-

able him to conceal from his hosts the fact that he is at heart wofully bored; and if from time to time his interest quickens, it will be when his eye, lighting on some Newlyn or Anglo-American canvas, catches a familiar reflection from the Paris studios. There are Continental connoisseurs, of course, who hold that English artists are what Mr. Matthew Arnold would

have called "the remnant," the righteous few who will save the Art of the century; and who say with M. Fernand Cormon that "English Art is unquestionably—though technically deficient—more truly artistic than French, and that Englishmen who come to Paris to acquire *technique* should avoid French style, French colour, and French methods, as they would the plague." But such a visitor is rare. On the other hand, a guest from over the sea finding his way into the Institute or the "Old Water Colour" Society, has been known to be beside himself with delight.

Art, when once its roots had taken hold of English soil, seemed to spring into speedy fruition. Hogarth founds the English school, and lives to see Reynolds, Romney, and

Gainsborough in the full flower of a glory we have yet to rival. So it is with the water-colour painters. Turner begins water colours with the infant art of "stained drawings"—as the National Gallery collection demonstrates—but carries them to the subtlest perfection, conquering by their aid colour, atmosphere, and weather. Sandby, Pars, Rooker, Cozens, and the rest, all Dutch or Italian in handling and sentiment, masters of distance some of them, but painting their landscapes as though in a vacuum, are succeeded by such masters of English scenery and atmosphere as Cox and De Wint. "Warwick" Smith is the first, says George Barret, in his treatise on the "Theory and Practice of Water Colours," which might with much profit be re-issued,



A Hayfield.

to venture on washing the "surface of his paper from the horizon downwards;" while Thomas Girtin learns to use cartridge paper to avoid the "spotty, glittery glare" of hard white surfaces; and Cox, Fielding, Barret, Prout, De Wint, Holland, Hunt, and Turner, who lift the process at once to its highest attainments, follow sharp on their heels. Of these men, the masters of the middle period of water colours, Turner is of course the greatest. But Turner's merit is genius—his art is cosmopolitan, and genius is incommunicable. The influence of Turner is felt to-day in the landscape painting of the whole world; but there is no school of Turner. Cox and De Wint, on the other hand, in all that they do, in subject, feeling, and treatment, are pas-

sionately, intensely, and exclusively English; they have founded a great English school, which is full of vital and increasing power, following and expanding the broad and worthy traditions of the masters, and finding scope for vigorous originality within their lines. On its books are written, amongst others, the names of the late Thomas Collier, Bernard Evans, James Orrock, E. M. Wimperis, A. W. Weedon, J. Aumonier, G. H. Hine, and R. Thorne Waite, men widely differing amongst themselves in qualities, merits, and temperaments, but alike in their unflinching love and knowledge of English scenery, their constant effort to render its beauties, and their unwavering reverence for Cox and De Wint. It is fortunately no duty of mine to determine the relative positions

of these artists—though in each one I think I could undertake to point out special excellences not shared by his fellows. My very much pleasanter task is to sketch the career and appreciate the work of one whom I am very conscious is far from the least of them.

R. Thorne Waite, the water-colour painter, *par excellence*, of the cornfield and the hayfield, was born in Cheltenham, a town of remarkably little æsthetic sympathy or culture, in 1842, and seems from early boyhood to have determined on an artistic career. Whilst receiving his general education at the local grammar-school, he showed a decided proficiency in the use of the blacklead pencil, and on leaving, on the advice of his drawing master, joined the classes of the School of Art of his native town, and there obtained certain scholarships or advantages which sped him on his way to South Kensington, where it was his intention to qualify for a certified master in the Science and Art Department under Government. For four uneventful, but no doubt on the whole useful years, he pursued his studies, associating with Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A., Mr. E. J. Gregory, A.R.A., and other well-known artists who were at that time following the same course in the newly founded institution of which such high hopes were entertained, obtaining the while several full master's certificates, notably for engineering drawing, and other useful branches of the business. It gradually forced itself upon him, however, that though the patent system might turn out very good Art teachers more practically commercial in industrial and other districts, it was no part of its scheme to develop original or assist creative talent. Matters were brought to a crisis by the persistence of the authorities in making him go on with a course of architecture. He detested and detests the monotony of evolving architectural plans, and one of the very noticeable features about his drawings is the absence of anything more than vague and distant suggestions of buildings and human habitations. One day, when the incomplete Art dominie should according to rule and regulation have been busy on some ground plan or elevation, one of the masters came suddenly upon him and found him occupied with a little landscape study. The immediate result was a regrettable rupture of those harmonious relations which should exist between dutiful pupil and respected master, and Mr. Thorne Waite was told that if he was going to waste his time on that sort of thing he had better abandon the profession of Governmental Master of Art, and see how he liked earning his living as a landscape painter. The young man took his teacher at his word, and being possessed of sufficient means to make the experiment without hardship, set out, in the companionship of the late Mr. Collier, for what was then the Mecca of the English landscape painter, Bettws-y-Coed, where working artists and picturesquely garbed amateurs foregathered in great numbers at the famous hostelry to work in the day and spend heroic nights, and where the traditions of David Cox still lingered, though the old man had long ceased to visit the Fairy Glen, and had indeed been dead some years.

It was not, however, as a landscape, but as a figure-painter that the young freed man began to make his way. He was fortunate from the very first to find a market for his work, chiefly through the intermediary of the Messrs. Vokins, who have always been his very good friends; and through this, the oldest water-colour dealer's house in the kingdom, and one intimately mixed up with the history of Cox, Cattermole, De Wint, "Old John Varley," who died within its precincts, and others, most of his drawings have passed into the possession

of the public. After returning to London, Mr. Thorne Waite shared a studio with Mr. Edwin Bale, R.I., and frequented Heatherley's studio in Newman Street in common with many of the Academicians of to-day; also the Langham Sketching Club, where Mr. W. S. Gilbert was generally to be found, the author of the "Bab Ballads" and Sullivan-esque Savoy comic opera series being in those days devoted to drawing from the life. Fifteen years ago Mr. Thorne Waite was chosen an Associate of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours on the strength of the merit of a submitted drawing entitled 'Calling the Cattle Home,' which was bought by the late Mr. Joshua Dixon, and now forms one of the chief attractions in the collection of English water colours which make up so considerable a part of the Dixon Bequest at the Bethnal Green Museum. It is a splendid drawing, as much a figure as a landscape subject. Three lads stand on the crest of a little hillock in the dreamy twilight, one of them blowing a curled horn to the lazy cattle which slowly wind their way up one of the depressions in the wide-stretching down. The stealthy mists of evening creep over the scene. It is full of delicious and restful poetry, but perfectly natural and unforced in sentiment, showing the most intimate acquaintance with pastoral life, and the most delicately appreciative observation of its details. The figures are well drawn, well balanced, and the colour warm and tenderly sympathetic to the subject.

Shortly after this Mr. Thorne Waite began to devote himself more exclusively to landscape, acting on the advice of the late Mr. Topham, the painter of Spanish subjects and father of the living artist, a great friend of "Philip of Spain," and a man of judgment. The new departure by no means met with approval in the gallery in Pall Mall, as he had been elected as a figure-painter. Not only have cases been known when men admitted to a Society, say the Royal Academy, as flower-painters, have instantly, much to the dismay of their colleagues, insisted on their right to wall-space for the exhibition of huge battle-pieces, but the R.W.S. are in the habit of filling up what vacancies occur in their ranks from time to time less with a view to the actual merits of the candidates than to the maintenance of the balance of power within their own ranks. Thus the proportions of the numbers of the representatives of the various branches remain unaffected in their midst. The society, however, has had no reason to regret the freedom of action which the new Associate, who five years ago became a full member, permitted himself.

Mr. Thorne Waite complains that he found it utterly impossible to get hints or lessons from any one as to landscape painting. He thinks, of course, that there is but one way to master this art, that of constant and watchful communion with nature, at all times, in all her aspects and all her moods, studying at the same time the materials available for her expression—for it has been rightly said that all art is but a struggle with the inadequacy of medium to convey human impression and temperament—and practising continually the development of technical dexterity. But at the same time there are certain well-recognised methods for arriving at certain tints and effects which might save vexation and waste of labour to be taught. Only once, he says, did he come near to learning a useful secret. It was when he was walking out one day with Whittaker, celebrated for the delicacy of the greys with which he painted stone, when suddenly the artist stopped, and, pointing to some rocks, said, "You see that colour—isn't it beautiful? well, you get that by—"; then breaking off suddenly, he added, "I think it must be time to be getting back."

The Bethnal Green drawing, to which I have referred, is a very characteristic specimen of its period; but amongst the hundreds of fine examples, now in the possession of private collectors, there are a few which call for special mention. One of these is 'The Trundling the Cheese,' inspired by the old Vale of the White Horse custom, which is remarkable as well for its breadth and charm as a landscape, as for the singular animation and successful grouping of large numbers of important figures. It hangs on the walls of the Sydney Museum, N.S.W. A second is 'The Blue Waggon,' in the possession of so shrewd a judge of water-colours as Mr. James Orrock, and prized by him as one of the finest of modern landscapes. It shows us a great hay-waggon in the foreground, bumping over the ridges of a field, filled with merry children, and drawn by

a tandem of powerful horses. It is remarkable for the delicacy of the pearly half-tones in the lifted colour of the splendid sky, which shows a shower about to sweep over the summer landscape, the fine drawing of the cart itself, in which those years spent in earning that engineering-drawing certificate at Kensington do not count for nothing, the breadth and freedom with which the whole theme is treated, and the *insouciance* of the little ones who are taking their ride. It is a very delightful feature in all Mr. Thorne Waite's work that he depicts an unidealised peasantry as faithfully performing the different functions of agricultural life, and yet with a total absence of that weariness and drudgery that so mournfully characterize the *paysan* and *paysanne* of their greatest and noblest limner, J. F. Millet, who always conveys



Lunch-time.

to us the idea of hard lives fought out in bitter toil with a hostile soil, according to the curse pronounced in Eden. Mr. Thorne Waite sees and feels Nature joyously. He is the painter of the early morning, when men and maidens go fresh and hopeful to the work; of the golden day, when untired they still labour strongly with unabated vigour; or of the hour of mid-day rest, when they gather together for an eager meal and a spell of grateful rest, and chatter before they address themselves, with willing limbs, to the completion of their day's task. Rarely does he paint the evening, the jaded return from labour, the sadness of coming night, and the decay of light. Never has it been my chance to see a night scene from his pencil, with Nature shrouded in one solemn tone

and the vivacity of the local colours brought out by sunlight vanished. If he resembles in feeling any of the French painters it is L'Hermitte, with whom he shares the rare secret of the exact shade of the hay when cut a few hours, and just beginning to pine—a delicate pale tint of sage green, which makes the great beauty of many of Cox's drawings.

Every year Mr. Thorne Waite visits some different rural centre as a painting-ground, and the three illustrations given in this article, 'Carting the Hay—Danbury,' 'A Hayfield, near Boreham, Essex,' and 'Lunch-time,' are admirable examples of those incidents of field-life beneath summer skies which it is the peculiar province of this artist to immortalise for us. They were painted I believe during a painting expedition

taken in conjunction with Mr. Thomas Collier and Mr. Keeley Halswelle, both of whom have now joined the great majority. These drawings formed part of an exceptionally strong "one-man" show which the artist held during the past winter at Messrs. Dowdeswells, in Bond Street.

Mr. Thorne Waite is in the true sense of the word an impressionist. He holds that the periods of Nature best worth painting are her moments of transition. A settled day of fine or foul weather offers far less allurements to him than the bursting of the sun through the tyranny of the just-banished rain-clouds, or the coming on of a storm. When an impression has occurred to him he settles down on the spot, in the open if

possible, and as far realises it as he can with the aid of those topographical facts which do not change. He is an unceasing maker of sketches, and makes great use of them in working out his finished pictures. His technique is of the simplest, and in this respect is the most like that of De Wint, whom indeed he in all respects most of all our living landscape-painters resembles, and whose shape of drawings, three times as long as high, he is fond of following. He prefers when possible not even to strain his paper to his board; and never uses any first wash over the entire surface to give a ground tone as most of the water-colourists do. He absolutely eschews the use of body colour, and not the faintest touch of it is to be



Carting the Hay.

found in any of his drawings. He obtains the most elaborate effects at once, and by a single working, and there is more first-intention work in his finished pictures than in those of any of his colleagues. He employs the sponge very little, and holds as unworthy many of those "submarine" methods of working so much in vogue to obtain atmosphere. He handles the knife very freely, and more of his effects than can be traced are realised with its point. His great aim at all times is to obtain directness, and preserve the transparency of the medium untroubled. His palette grows more and more limited and does not now include more than eight colours. The finest attributes of his work are its spontaneity and fresh-

ness, the brilliancy of its colour and subtilty of its gradations which lead the eye imperceptibly in to the very centre of the picture, and the fine sense of domed and aerial perspective and motion of his skies.

Mr. Thorne Waite lives at Haverstock Hill, and works, when indoors, in a studio big enough for a military painter. Since the opening of the New Gallery he has, on the advice of Mr. J. W. North, taken to painting one or two pictures in oil every year in which he preserves some of the qualities of his water colours and obtains some new ones. The man possesses many attributes in common with the artist.

R. JOPE SLADE.

THE SUMMER EXHIBITIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

I.—THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND THE NEW GALLERY.

"L'art ne réclame ni complaisance, ni politesse, rien que la foi, la foi toujours et la liberté."—*Correspondance de Gustave Flaubert.*

MONUMENTAL, IDEALISTIC, AND DECORATIVE ART.

CURIOSLY enough, this year it is in these branches of Art, generally the most neglected and misunderstood in England, that the observer who should take the trouble to

sum up the tendencies of the two chief exhibitions would find most consolation. Imagination, and chiefly literary imagination—or rather in most cases fancy, rejoicing in conceits and puzzles—has long been a main characteristic of modern English painters, exciting now the admiration, now the criticism, of those who estimate us from without. On the other



L. Alma Tadema, R.A. From a Drawing by L. Raven Hill.

hand, Art that should combine decorative appropriateness of aspect and certain permanent elements of beauty with power and dignity of exposition, exercised on worthy motives, has

always been a rarity among us, and must unfortunately always remain so, since such Art can have no *raison-d'être*, unless it be fitly enshrined; and we have never reckoned the higher

pictorial decoration among the paramount necessities of our churches, our palaces, or our public buildings.

We do not count ourselves among the most ardent admirers of Sir Frederick Leighton's polished art—so polished, indeed, of late years that all invigorating natural elements had well-nigh disappeared—but we greet with pleasure the appearance of a work revealing such elements of real grandeur as the great circular canvas, 'And the sea gave up the dead that were in it' (R.A.). Uprising from the blue deep, which laps



Jonah. By C. N. Kennedy. (New Gallery.)

the bare shore of a rocky ledge or island, rises, with a majestic, effortless motion, a noble group irresistibly drawn, as it were, out of the waves. In the centre is the heroic, half-draped form of a young man, who, already restored to life, gazes up to the heavens, awe-stricken, yet not in craven terror; he supports with one strong arm the as yet only half-animated form of a woman, while the other gives aid to a male child, who with shrinking, pathetic action pillows his head on his father's breast. At the side, just rising from the waves,

appears a fully-draped Dantesque figure, while in the background the graves on the rocky ledge yawn and give up their dead—the kings and mighty of the earth—some naked, some swathed as yet in their grave-clothes. Those disposed to take objection to matters of detail might fitly point out that the arm of the woman which clutches the shoulder of her companion is not sufficiently accounted for; that the nearly horizontal lines of the rock too sharply cut the nearly perpendicular ones of the figures. Still, the main drawbacks to the President's

art are here less strongly felt than usual, and the whole performance has a virility, an aspiring character, which is not so common that we can afford to pooh-pooh it or reason it away. To our thinking, Sir Frederick Leighton has done nothing so good since the 'Alcestis,' and the more human 'Elisha with the Son of the Shunamite.'

His second circular canvas, 'The Garden of the Hesperides' (R.A.), has also elements of great beauty. The backbone of the picture is the huge tree which bears on its branches, overweighted with the splendid burden, great orange-like clusters of the coveted golden fruit. Under this, seen in the delicate half-shadow cast by its foliage, lie the Hesperides, their fair forms disposed in cunningly-varied attitudes, and robed in the gayest variations of pink, purple, and crimson; while down the tree creeps the great guardian python, amorously enlacing in its huge folds the nymph who occupies the centre of the group. The master's authority for giving us, instead of the orthodox dragon, the more pictorial snake, is doubtless a well-known and frequently engraved Græco-Roman bas-relief, showing Hercules with the Hesperides. The gravest fault that we have to find with the composition—and it is a sufficiently grave one in a work of such calibre and such pretensions—is that all these lovely draperies, with their myriad fine folds derived from Greek sculpture and Greek vase painting, are most insufficiently accounted for by the forms which they cover, and are primarily intended to express. We know that such folds were obtained by sculptors with

wetted draperies of very fine linen, cunningly arranged on the naked human form. But many of these intricate bunches of artfully crumpled tissues in which the President has revelled, with the object, no doubt, of giving an added classicity of aspect to his picture, are quite arbitrary in arrangement. The grouping of the three nymphs is, however, of rare beauty, and their exquisitely drawn heads are among the loveliest things of the kind that modern English Art has to show. A much lower level of achievement is apparent in the ashen-



Startled. By Frank Dicksee, R.A. (Diploma Work.)

grey, lifeless figure, 'At the Fountain' (R.A.), and in the 'Bacchante' (R.A.), which latter work completely lacks the rhythmic energy required to give adequate expression to the subject. A poetic conception, on the other hand, is the 'Clytie' (R.A.), in which we see the hapless nymph adoring the angry orb of the sun-god, half withdrawn by threatening clouds from her sight. It is a pity that a hard brassiness of

while far from agreeable, is somewhat more silvery and less leaden than usual, a seated nymph—or it may be a fair mortal—who, white and pure, gives a not unwilling ear to the whispers of the love god, as he unseen bends over her. We may be unable to feel ourselves in sympathy with a palpably artificial composition of this kind, but we cannot deny the masterly draughtsmanship and the fine qualities which distinguish it. Comparison shows that M. Bouguereau, with all his fastidious striving after what he deems to be ideality, departs much less from nature than does his English colleague; while, on the other hand, the latter attains on occasion to certain qualities of style which are what the French master, notwithstanding his exquisiteness of finish, conspicuously lacks. Another painter who strives mainly for style and for an ideality based on classic models is Mr. Poynter. His 'When the World was Young' (R.A.)—a smaller replica of, or design for, which is at the New Gallery—with its group of three Greek damsels wearing robes of diaphanous mauve tissue, and presented as they gaze out at an open casement through which appears a prospect of sea and rocky coast, is an undeniably dainty and elegant design, marred, nevertheless, by a too near approach to trivial prettiness. Interesting use is here made of a beautiful Roman, or perhaps Etrusco-Roman, column recently acquired by the South Kensington Museum, the drum of which is enriched with ivy berries and leaves in an imbricated pattern. The painter of 'The Visit to Æsculapius' should, however, do bigger and better things than this.

Mr. Watts's great allegorical or rather symbolical composition 'Sic Transit!' (New Gallery) is distinguished by all the noble earnestness and the didactic intention which are so characteristic of its author. On the stone slab of a monument lies stretched out, completely wrapped in its vast shroud, all that remains of some mighty dead—a form just sufficiently revealed to excite awe by the mysterious presence of death, without suggesting its physical horrors. On the plain canvas above are inscribed, in three distinct sections, the following words:—"*What I spent I had!—What I saved I lost!—What I gave I have!*"

At the foot of the tomb, in the very foreground of the picture, is grouped a symbolical heap of objects, emphasising the vanity and nothingness of human things. The embossed shield, the wrought gold cup, the lute, the ermine robe, the peacock's feather, jostle each other on the ground, and stand for the life from which the mysterious, shrouded form, motionless as the stone on which it lies, has been withdrawn for ever. Here lies the weakness of the picture; the contrast is too much underlined for the elevated style of treatment



P. H. Calderon, R.A. From a Drawing by L. Raven Hill.

texture, both in sky and landscape, should mar this nobly imagined composition. Not a little interesting is it to find, hung in the great gallery of the Royal Academy, as a pendant, on the other side the room, to 'The Garden of the Hesperides,' a characteristic canvas by M. Adolphe Bouguereau, the painter who has been styled the French Leighton. 'Distraction,' as it is called, shows in a pale low tone, which

adopted by Mr. Watts; his rendering wants, to render it palatable, the naïveté of mediæval art. In pointing his lesson, as for children, the painter lets the solemnity and majesty of his conception in part evaporate. The subject is of course in its essence no new one; it is an amplification in the modern sense of the so-called 'Vanitas,' of which the Spanish art of the seventeenth century affords so many examples.

The creation, or rather the apparition in perfect form, of Eve forms the theme of Mr. Watts's contribution to the Royal Academy, entitled 'She shall be called Woman.' Here, as in contemplating many of the latest works of the noble and aspiring master, we find ourselves wishing that he might be able to

express his ever-beautiful thoughts with the pen and not with the brush; so genuinely imaginative are his conceptions, so incomplete now his power of giving embodied form to them. This figure of the first woman, wrapped round with her own golden hair and with rainbow-hued cloud—to whom the little song birds rise quiring as they fly, while purple and white crocuses spring at her feet and lilies at her side—is, to those who choose to look long enough and search deep enough, full of spiritual beauty; but it is, alas! in no sense a picture, or an approach to a picture.

Mr. Briton Riviere more and more disdains to be considered as a mere *animalier*, and in his 'Dead Hector' he



The Scarecrow. By George Hitchcock. (Royal Academy.)

is even more ambitious than usual. On a sandy sea-shore, sparsely covered here and there with a blue-green vegetation, lies, face downwards, and entirely naked, the inanimate form of Priam's heroic son, watched by hungry dogs, who are yet restrained by a divine influence from approaching more nearly. The body is fairly drawn and well composed, but suggests less the abandonment and rigidity of death than the carefully prepared pose of a model; admirable, however, is the stealthy action of the expectant dogs. Quite beneath the painter's highest level of attainment is, on the other hand, his 'A Master of Kings,' showing a feeble, commonplace Eros mounted on a huge lion.

We are accustomed to think of Mr. Albert Goodwin in connection with his interesting landscapes, contributed chiefly to the Royal Society of Water Colours, and although such works as his 'Sinbad the Sailor,' and many others of like character, have somewhat prepared the way, his 'City of Dis' (R.A.) will come upon the general public as a surprise. He has striven to portray the dread scene in the eighth canto of Dante's "Inferno," in which the poet, led by Virgil, arrives at the battlements of the City of Dis—a hell within hell—and is there met by swarms of its demoniac inhabitants, who are, nevertheless, hindered by heavenly interposition from barring the way. Working out the description

given of its burning mosques and towers by Dante, who doubtless had in mind the abhorred Saracenic city of Lucera, founded in Southern Italy by the heretic Frederick of Hohenstaufen, the artist has depicted under one of those brown, gold, orange, and crimson skies, which are almost an invention of his own, a strange, weird place indeed. On the shore of the stagnant lake, half wrapped in noxious vapours, Dante and Virgil are brought to a standstill by swarms of demons armoured in a kind of green bronze, while from left to right sweeps in front of them the great curve of the infernal city, with huge crenelated battlements pierced by fiery stone galleries, all of them guarded on either side by seated colossi. Behind these tremendous walls rear themselves into the air the burning minarets of Dante's text, interspersed with the pylons and the Babylonian structures of Egyptian and Asiatic Art. Here is no doubt an ingenious commentary on Dante's text, and a display of genuine imagination of its kind, but it is of a kind amusing by reason of its ingenuity, rather than really impressive; we are dangerously near to the infernal landscapes of Martin, and even to a magnificent and impressive *décor* of the *Grand Opéra*. Such a tremendous theme requires for its adequate rendering greater majesty, greater power of suggestion, and, above all, greater simplicity.

A subtle beauty of line and arrangement, rare at all times in English Art, marks Mr. Arthur Hacker's 'Syrinx,' which

presents the beloved of Pan standing nude save for a slight drapery of sombre tone amid the tall rushes, with one arm raised above her head. This is a re-arrangement or free paraphrase of Ingres's beautiful 'La Source,' now in the Louvre—a motive with which M. Jules Lefebvre and other French artists have also shown themselves in love. The same admirable feeling for line and composition, the same consummate ease in dealing with the main lines of a picture, even when the scheme of the design and the shape of the canvas impose a certain monotony, is displayed in Mr. Hacker's 'The Annunciation.' Here the Virgin Mary appears white-robed and oriental in aspect, halting at a well, while behind her the Archangel Gabriel, a shadowy, diaphanous vision, hovers in the air, bearing the wand of lilies, and whispering in Mary's ear his divine message. Our acknowledgment of a rare pictorial charm in the work must not prevent us from pointing out that it somehow is false in sentiment; there is a jarring element somewhere, and we discover it in the conspicuous lack of sincerity betrayed by the artist, who has been content to give the go-by to the solemnity of his theme, and to exhibit it only as a poetic fantasy. Why is it that just now the modernists and innovators in sacred Art, such as Herr Fritz von Uhde, appear to have a monopoly of sincerity, and of that vivifying force which alone can be the motor nowadays in the re-conception for modern use of the great sacred subjects?

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

ART GOSSIP AND REVIEWS.

THE following pictures have been purchased by the trustees of the Chantrey Bequest: 'June in the Austrian Tyrol,' by Mr. J. Whirter, A.R.A.; 'The Annunciation,' by Arthur Hacker; 'Between Two Fires,' by F. D. Millet; two water-colours by Mr. L. Rivers; and one each by Mr. G. Cockram and Mr. W. Osborne.

Mr. E. J. Poynter, R.A., and Mr. Thomas Brock, R.A., have been selected as the authors of the new coinage. Mr. Brock's design has been chosen for the head of the Queen. It is probable that two of Mr. Brock's reverses will also be accepted. The majority of the reverses are Mr. Poynter's.

Sir F. Leighton has appealed for aid to procure the removal of Alfred Stevens's monument of the Duke of Wellington from the side chapel where it is now hidden to the position in one of the aisles for which it was intended. The Cathedral clergy are willing that the transference should take place, and also that the equestrian statue should be placed on the summit.

Mr. Yeend King reserves the copyright of the picture, 'The Lass that Loves a Sailor,' of which an etching forms the frontispiece to the present number.

It was stated in our issue for April, in the article on the Derby Museum and Art Gallery, *apropos* the manufacture of Derby Crown china, that "the original business finally ceased to exist in 1848." We are now informed that Messrs. Sampson Hancock & Co. have carried on the industry continuously since that date.

REVIEWS.—M. Solon and Professor Church, from the artistic and scientific point of view, have published much that is interesting on the history of early English pottery; but valuable

as those works are, it has been reserved for Mr. J. E. Hodgkin, F.S.A., in conjunction with Edith Hodgkin, to produce a work ("EXAMPLES OF EARLY ENGLISH POTTERY," named, dated, and described) which every collector of early earthen vessels must find indispensable. The illustrations are accurate representations of the objects, and there is a catalogue of all those pieces of early pottery which tell us anything about themselves, where they were made, by whom, for whom, or for what purpose. The illustrations are well reproduced and well printed in colour. With this book as guide no collector should go astray.

"THE CLYDE AND THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS."—The illustrated articles which appeared last year in the *Art Journal* on this subject have been collected and published by Messrs. Virtue & Co. in a book. Handy in form, tastefully bound, with copious illustrations, the work forms an excellent guide for those who propose visiting the Western Highlands this summer.

The reproduction of pictures in colour, though still an expensive process, has now reached a standard of excellence far in advance of the old chromo-lithograph. Among the best of these processes is that patented by Messrs. Meissner and Buch, who have lately reproduced a water-colour by Mr. T. B. Hardy, in which hardly any of the softness and delicacy of the original is lost.

OBITUARY.—We regret to record the death of Mr. Lumb Stocks, R.A.; thus the Royal Academy is left without a single engraver. He engraved among others 'The Sister's Kiss,' after Sir F. Leighton; 'Waterloo,' after Maclise; 'Nell Gwynne,' after Charles Landseer, and many plates for the *Art Journal*.



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THE ART JOURNAL.

ETCHED BY C. O. MURRAY.

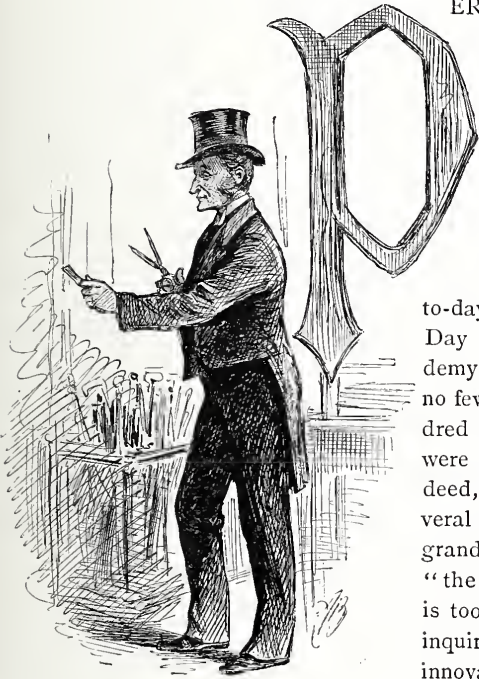
THE THREE FISHERS.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF G. H. KENRICK, F.S.O.

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ART CRITICS OF TO-DAY.

" Criticks I saw, that other names deface,
And fix their own with labour in their place."—*Pope*.



PERHAPS the inquiry that rises most readily to the lips of the reader, is the " Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?" of Juvenal. Who shall presume to criticise the critics? may be asked to-day. On the Press Day at the Royal Academy, it is stated that no fewer than three hundred knights of the pen were present—not, indeed, all knights, for several of those whom our grandfathers used to call "the fair," attended. It is too late in the day to inquire whether it be an innovation to be commended or the reverse,

this annexation of many "spheres of labour" hitherto considered to be man's, by women. "J'y suis, j'y reste." That what is called the critical instinct exists in no small degree as an element in feminine intelligence, nobody who is familiar with "the sex" will be disposed to deny. It is in what Captain Bunsby would have called "the application thereof" that the novelty exists. The "Ladies' Letter," the "Girls' Gossip," the Edwin and Angelina correspondence, is to be found in nearly every newspaper of the day, either regularly or intermittently, and there are at least as many journals especially devoted to the interests of our sisters as there are days in the week. The lady writers are at your elbow in the studios, at the churches, at the play, in the park—why not in the picture galleries?

Why not, indeed? Few would be found to answer in the negative, if the matter be considered in the light of the only criterion which is nowadays acceptable, that, namely, of the result. Several of the most admirable writers on Art during recent years have been, and are, highly cultivated women. We have not yet forgotten Mrs. Jameson, whilst among our contemporaries the names of Mrs. Oliphant, Miss Julia Cartwright, Miss Helen Zimmern, and others occur readily. These ladies are not critics in the sense in which the word is used in this article, nor are they to be found, speaking generally, at "Press views." But among the regular critics of well-known weekly and daily journals, a good many ladies are to be found, who are invariably visible on these and the like

occasions. Such are Mrs. Meynell, Mrs. Humphrey, Miss Rosa Gill, Miss Dyer, Miss Hepworth Dixon, and her sister, Mrs. Armstrong, and Lady Colin Campbell. Mrs. Cashel Hoey was, until the recent death of her husband, one of the party. Some of these ladies contribute their "columns" exclusively to the ladies' journals, but Miss Dyer has for some years past been the Art critic of the *Daily News*, her connection with the Journal being, it may be noted, hereditary. The leading Art critic of that paper has, during a long period, been Mr. Andrew Lang, who has lately retired in favour of Mr. Woodroffe; but Mr. Lang was frequently away, engaged in his multifarious literary work, and of late he only undertook the charge of the two principal exhibitions. Lady Colin Campbell's tall figure has, during recent years, become as familiar in picture galleries as has her pen in several departments of literature. She is known to be the Art critic of *The World*,



Lady Colin Campbell,

and she has been a frequent contributor to our own columns; in particular, a recent article on "Outdoor Venice" will

be remembered; and the glowing terms in which she described the Queen of the Adriatic, where is, in part, her home. It would have been impossible for any artist, even though he possess the skill and experience of my friend, Mr. Alfred Bryan, in figure-grouping, to offer presentments of more than a tithe of the metropolitan Art critics, but Lady Colin might, by no means, be omitted.

The other "single figure subject" will be readily recognised as that of Mr. F. G. Stephens, of the *Athenæum*, who has been for a long series of years its principal Art critic. That Mr. Stephens has been also for over forty years the intimate friend and associate of the artists whose works he reviews, is evidenced by the curious fact, which has been partly acknowledged under his own hand, that he sat so long ago as 1848-9 for one of the figures in Millais's famous and first pre-Raphaelite picture of 'Lorenzo and Isabella.' If I sought for an epithet by which to describe Mr. Stephens's long and ornate *critiques* in the leading literary journal, I should say that they were authoritative. There is slight hope for an appeal against his judgment; it is ever fair, lucid, and convincing. To a wider circle Mr. Stephens is known as the learned and eloquent writer of the annotations to the catalogues of winter exhibitions at the Grosvenor Gallery. Those are happy who have carefully preserved these valuable catalogues; they have been accused of being "precious;" and they are so in a sense not intended by those who said so.

Two ladies figure in our larger illustration, though not with a prominence assigned according to their merits. At the top of it, Mrs. (Alice) Meynell is with her husband Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, both well known in the world of Art as contributors to its literature, the latter occasionally under the pseudonym of "John Oldcastle," by which he is also to be recognised in Roman Catholic periodicals. The other lady (on the right), Mrs. Pennell, also is seen to accompany her husband, Mr. Joseph Pennell; she does so not only in his artistic enterprises, but also in that realm of travel and adventure with which his name has of late become associated. Between the Meynells and the Pennells stands, not inappropriately, Mr. Henry Blackburn, the pioneer of Academy illustrations. His modestly entitled "Academy Notes" were first published in 1875, and have become absolutely indispensable to all Art lovers, both at home, for manual use in the galleries, and for reminiscences; and abroad, that our kith and kin across the sea may be more or less kept abreast of the progress of the arts in the mother country. Mr. Henry Blackburn deserves the title of the Black (and White) Prince. Just at his elbow, and looking towards us, is Mr. Edwin Bale, the Art-editor of our contemporary and friendly rival the *Magazine of Art*. Mr. Bale is a well-known and justly popular member of the Royal Institute, where the productions of his easel meet with ready acceptance. On the left-hand corner at the top of the picture are likenesses of Mr. Marcus B. Huish and Mr. C. Lewis Hind. Mr. Lionel Robinson (who stands below Mr. and Mrs. Meynell) is an excellent authority on Art affairs, as he shows every week in the *Illustrated London News*, and in other directions. A scholar and a wit, Mr. Robinson, whose heart is given to literature and the Reform Club, is good enough to devote a portion of his spare energies to the service of his country in the Exchequer and Audit department at Somerset House. Near him, to the right, is Mr. M. H. Spielmann, whose slim figure and smiling face are welcome in most Art coteries. He is the literary editor of the *Magazine of Art*;

for many years he was the critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette*; afterwards he assisted the infant steps of *Black and White*. Another figure standing near Mr. Spielmann, is Mr. Arthur à Beckett, a gentleman who hath in his time played many parts. He is a barrister-at-law, assistant editor of *Punch*, and editor of the *Sunday Times*. Mr. Phipps Jackson, who, on the opposite side of the illustration, below Mr. Huish, appears anxious to do justice to some work ill-hung "below the line," is now the accredited representative of "the largest circulation in the world," except on the occasions when the *doyen* of the critical craft (of whom presently) resumes for its benefit his facile and flowing pen. Mr. Claude Phillips sits near him; he is, seemingly, translating mentally into the tongue of "our lively neighbours," some gracefully turned sentences for the readers of the Parisian *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, whom he instructs from this side of the silver streak; or, it may be, is softening down his expressions of impatience regarding some de-meritorious canvas, so as not to flutter unduly the readers of the *Guardian*, a paper on whose staff he lately succeeded to the vacated chair of Mr. Walter Armstrong, appointed to the directorship of the National Gallery of Ireland.

There is, I imagine, little reason to indicate with any elaborate precision the whereabouts of Mr. George Augustus Sala in the group of portraits at which we have now arrived. Mr. Sala has lately told his readers that he has filled the post of Art critic to a great London newspaper for the space of thirty-four years. Upon another occasion he declared that he had always received, from that source, "the treatment of a gentleman and the salary of an ambassador." Happy newspaper! Happy critic! Happy readers! Whenever Mr. Sala makes a public appearance he is received with welcome on all sides; he has earned the popularity which is widely accorded to him by long years of zealous service, which is only nominally not public service, though it seems unlikely to receive the rewards which are lavishly given in directions that are, in reality, far less so. Some of us are old enough to remember Mr. Sala in the days of "Twice Round the Clock," with which even before the days of the *Daily Telegraph*, he surprised and delighted the town; and in those of the first number of the *Cornhill Magazine*, to which (in company with the illustrious Thackeray himself, of Field Marshal Burgoyne, of G. H. Lewes, and others of the *illustrissimi* of those days), he began a series of papers on William Hogarth. Ever since that time Mr. Sala has been a prominent figure in the literary society of London, it may almost be said, of the world, for he has travelled largely on the four continents of the globe and in Australia; and although the greater part of his work has been anonymous, he has found time to enrich our journalistic and periodical literature with no inconsiderable number of contributions that have brought him fame, and, let us hope, fortune. Now, along with such veterans as Dr. W. H. Russell and Mr. Edmund Yates, we writers rightly recognise in him one of the *doyens* of our craft, one of the "Old Guard," as they say. Very generally may be seen with him, as is here shown, the form and figure of Mr. Joseph Ashby-Sterry, known in the picture places as the able and accomplished Art critic of the *Daily Graphic*, here as the "Lazy Minstrel," there as the "Bystander," elsewhere as the "Laureate of the Frills," and at the Garrick and the Beefsteak clubs as the cheeriest of companions, the best of good fellows, and the proprietor of the most contagious laugh in the world. An artist himself of no mean proficiency, he is the gentlest and most indulgent critic of the whole band. Just in front of him is Mr. E. T. Cook,



Press Day at the Royal Academy.

editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a devoted Ruskinian, who not unfrequently acts as his own Art critic. Behind Mr. Ashby-Sterry, I cannot be mistaken even in the back view of Mr. James Orrock, who, if not a professional critic, is, privately, as competent a one as any that breathes, and the cause of much criticism in others. Near him, and behind "G.A.S.," I recognise the scholarly features of Mr. Frederick Wedmore, of the *Standard*, and of several of the literary weeklies and monthlies, who, with something of the precisian about himself and his style, discriminates the good, the bad, and the mediocre, the failures and the rising hopes of the day.



Mr. F. G. Stephens.

Far to the right enters Mr. J. F. Boyes, who appears to be examining the pictures through his eye-glasses, and the "celebrities" over them, at one and the same time. Below Mr. Wedmore stands, bareheaded, Professor R. A. M. Stevenson, presumably acting for the *Saturday Review*, a journal, however, the anonymity of whose articles are more successfully preserved than, perhaps, are those of any other. In no journal is the autocratic "we" more secret; it represents a veritable *vehmgerichte*. The ascetic form and figure of Mr. Andrew Lang is the last of this division. It has been mentioned that he has been long associated with the *Daily News*. Of late his bright

and cultured Art criticisms have waxed scarce; and his colleagues, Mr. Woodroffe and Miss Dyer, have consequently loomed more largely. But the "leaders" of the *Daily News* betray his fanciful and poetical style on several days a week, and undoubtedly give a more distinctively literary flavour to that important "organ" of opinion than is to be found in any other daily newspaper. Strenuous, versatile, accomplished, learned, high-minded, brimful of the wisdom of the ages, and sympathetic with the aspirations of the present, Mr. Andrew Lang has probably a brilliant future in which to display his great and original powers, both of construction and of analysis.

A merry group on Mr. Lang's left includes Mr. Frank Burnand, and his two famous "great twin brethren," Mr. Linley Sambourne and Mr. Harry Furniss. Why these two lively and popular gentlemen are so frequently coupled, compared, and contrasted 'twere hard to say. They have but few "notes" in common, save that of an intimate personal friendship, and perhaps a generous rivalry. Mr. Sambourne has a place in this collection, though hardly a "front line" one, by reason of his having undertaken the "skit" on the R.A. during Mr. Furniss's absence in America; on the other hand Mr. Harry Furniss himself, the "Lika Joko" of many a page of pseudo-Japanese pleasantries, may in noways be omitted. Nobody has wielded the pen, not to say the brush, of criticism more effectively than he, some would say more ferociously. But there is, in truth, little ferocity in the merry band that pipes the tunes so genially "called" by Mr. Burnand; if their salt be Attic, the temper of their steel is fine and gentle and good-humoured; if "F. C. B." would only give us of the public a fuller and ampler taste of his own quality, we should, it may be, be better pleased; but we cry content, and give thanks for things as they are.

It may seem strange that I have to name the deputy of the whilom Thunderer almost last, but the scheme is rather, as you see, the artist's than mine own. Mr. Humphry Ward is in the difficult, if honourable, position of being the leading critic of the leading journal. Small wonder if he sometimes bear the aspect of a man overborne by the weight of whelming responsibility. He is one of the select band of Oxford graduates whom Mr. Walter summoned to govern the *Times* after the death of Mr. Chenery. Mr. Ward's judicial utterances are often questioned, as whose are not? but one merit may be ungrudgingly accorded them; they are expressed in the most admirable English, forceful, nervous, and, in the highest degree, readable. Mr. Ward owns a fine collection of Old Masters, frequently lent in turn to the Winter Exhibition at Burlington House; has a town and country house, and is the husband of one of the most accomplished writers of the day,

the author of "Robert Elsmere" and of "David Grieve." On his right, hatless, is Mr. Walter Armstrong, whom I am glad to greet before he becomes disqualified from this company by the effluxion of time. Even now he seems to hover between London and Dublin, whither he immediately departs to take up the successorship to the lamented Henry Doyle. Mr. Walter Armstrong already combines the shrewdness of his countrymen the Scotch with the robustness of the English; when to these qualities becomes added the gaiety and lightheartedness of the Irish (if he already possess not these), the effect will be irresistible. As "W. A." of the *Guardian*, and the confidential adviser of many eminent collectors, both in London and the country, Mr. Armstrong has long ago won his spurs, and his London friends will bid him a hearty God-speed in his fresh labours. Mr. George Moore (on Mr. Ward's left) is a novelist, and the Art critic of *The Speaker*. If I could have offered the readers of the *Art Journal* a reproduction of a recent characteristic portrait of him at the Exhibition of the New English Art Club, I could not have paid him a more elaborate compliment; nor would anybody have "asked for more." The last portrait is that of Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, a critic who, like Mr. Robinson, officially serves his country in the Civil Service, devoting his leisure only to the arts. His name will be most familiar to the readers of the *Academy*, but some of his criticisms have become part of the less ephemeral literature of the time.

My readers can judge for themselves how much, or how little, truth is discernible in Lord Beaconsfield's often quoted gibe, that the "critics are those who have failed in literature and in Art," when applied to the leading Art-critics of the day. If Mr. George Sala and Mr. Andrew Lang have failed in literature; if Mr. Ashby-Sterry, Mr. Edwin Bale, and Mr. Joseph Pennell have failed in Art, then it is true; if not, not. The critics, whether of literature, or of Art, or of the drama, receive, as such, but scant appreciation from the general public, and hardly any at all from the objects of their solicitude. At one, at all events, of the leading London Art coteries, they are not eligible for election; the hand that most cordially greets the critic on his studio rounds, or at the

private view, will remorselessly "pill" him next day. Still they live, and contrive, on the whole, to get a fairly good time of it. They do not "own up" to being wholly prejudiced, brutal, ignorant, venal, sophisticated, and so forth. Barabbas was, it is said, a publisher: I have not yet heard it authenticated that Judas was a critic. The days are mending; it may be



Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse.

that in those that are coming the critical wolf shall dwell with the artistic lamb; and the journalist shall lie down with the Academician; and the Associate and the "young lion" of the *Daily Telegraph* (*vide* Matthew Arnold, *passim*) and the outsider together; and the chairman of the Arts Club shall lead them. And may I be there to see! ALIQUIS.

THE THREE FISHERS.

FROM THE PICTURE BY C. NAPIER HEMY.

MR. HEMY paints the sea with its character of movement as one of the principal objects of his study; not the spent and closing movement of the wave breaking on shore, but the flight of the billows in mid-career with all the life of their course still in them. This view of the sea differs from that of the painter on shore also in the important matter of its low horizons. On land the painter is almost always somewhat raised above the level of the water-world. On sea he is almost always so low down as to get view of a small world of great waves—billows raising their crests against the sky as they run. It is only from a cliff that the great ocean is visible; the voyager sees but a small round ocean, busy with its racing waters. Moreover, it is only away from land that the contradictory movement of the waves is seen; as they come into shore they are all of one accord; out at sea the chopping—the rise and fall, rather than the advance—of the ocean is most perceptible.

1892.

And to this fragmentary kind of hurry Mr. Hemy has given a true painter's attention. Movement of any kind is so difficult to achieve, that it is not to be wondered at that a whole school of painters should decide upon subjects of repose, and groups that will sit to them, as the most pictorial passages of the world's life and the best worthy of an artist's study. Assuredly the English sea does not pose, and the sky is but a restless model. And the painter who attempts either must have not only the power of momentary observation, but that of reproductive memory—"collodion on the retina," as it has appropriately been called. To the motion of sea and sky the thoughtful quiet of the men of Mr. Hemy's picture makes an admirable contrast. Theirs is inaction in the midst of hurry, and between the throes of their own labour. The ropes strain and the sail fills, the wind and the wave and the cloud follow them, but they pass to their peril and their privation in peace.

3 E



The Authors of *Cleopatra*, MM. Sardou, Moreau, and Leroux.

THE CLEOPATRA OF SARDOU AND MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT.



IF only Shakespeare's words had been altogether omitted, Sardou's play, jerry-built upon the lines of his masterpiece in so far as concerns the number of persons and the succession of events, might have given a brilliant actress her rôle, and have interested the public without doing outrage to any one's reverence. For the Cleopatra of history, as far as she is known or guessed at, or for the Cleopatra of fancy and invention—the fancy and invention of any and every man in the world save one—no one need have an extreme sensitiveness. Poetry, drama, the pencil, and the chisel, may do their best

with this woman as with the other women of the world. But the Queen of Shakespeare's play is another thing. No stage should attempt her; no Academician should be allowed to put her phrase into a catalogue; no woman but should be dissuaded from assuming the name, the action, and the word, while the personality is for ever and universally unattainable and impossible. The Cleopatra of Shakespeare is so much the greatest woman in literature, and so much the fruit of every power which Shakespeare owned, that she, his creation, is unique, like him. Her passion, her royalty, her greatness, her frolic, her spirituality, her "fire and air," were not conceived but by the greatest of men. Nature has not made such a woman.

And fortunately the splendour of Cleopatra has been so much veiled to the world that the stage has not profaned

the play for long spaces of years. And yet when Shakespeare's Queen foresaw how Rome would vulgarise her greatness in a pageant-play, she was but too true a prophetess of the things that would be done in the capitals of later empires.

For an unfortunate inspiration moved Madame Sarah Bernhardt to break the long silence of the theatre as to this one figure in the drama of the world's literature. MM. Victorien Sardou and Moreau have taken just enough of Shakespeare to force upon us the reluctant conviction that Shakespeare's Cleopatra was intended. If only they and Madame Bernhardt had conceived a Cleopatra of their own, with what interest we should have hailed her. How enthusiastically we should have applauded while Madame Sarah Bernhardt "created" the part! But as it is, a violation of our literature has been committed that Englishmen should not forgive. It was infinitely worse when Cleopatra was produced in London; the violation was more impudent when the English stage followed the French with a Cleopatra still more avowedly Shakesperian.

The Parisian critic is nothing if not judicial, and he sketches what he imagines to be Shakespeare's play in a few sentences. "It is," he avers—and he feels that in so speaking he is proving his filiation to an age that has long outgrown Voltaire's limitations, and to a France that can, when she chooses, be almost Gothic—"it is assuredly a strong and noble drama, this *Anthony and Cleopatra* of Shakespeare. Represented in 1608, it belongs to that part of the author's life which certain of our contemporary critics have called the 'misanthropic crisis' of the great Englishman. It was, in fact, a crisis, and it was certainly misanthropic; but that long and fruitful hypochondria produced *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, and *Lear*. Inferior, doubtless, to those incomparable masterpieces, *Anthony and Cleopatra* has taken, nevertheless, a first place amongst the second order of Shakespeare's pieces; superior to *Julius Cæsar*, equal to *Richard III*. Never, indeed, has a more bitter, a more cruel analysis been made of the folly of love. . . . The impassioned frenzy wherewith a courtesan inspires a rough and

rude soldier almost sixty years old, the desperate efforts of an enamoured woman, herself in the forties, to enchain her



The Inspiration.

lover, are rendered in this painful play with the cruel truth of the most exact realism."

This deplorable bit of "appreciation" is, then, the last word of the nineteenth century on the great intellectual and imaginative art of the seventeenth. The man who speaks the "unarm me, Eros," is classified (ready-made criticism knows nothing of the unique, but is glib about classes) as a rough and rude soldier; and she who was "a queen worth many babes and beggars," is a heroine of the French middle classes; and the couple who with their "sprightly sport," should "make the ghosts gaze" in the under world, are with their typical loves a painful study of the most exact realism. We should beg pardon of Shakespeare for having brought fragments of his broken music into such a confusion of silly words.

Leaving Shakespeare then henceforth alone, it is to be noted that the Cleopatra of Plutarch has served as the subject of many a tragedy. From Dryden to Madame Emile de Girardin, the author has tried his hand upon a play that, taken from the pages of the Roman writer, would almost seem to write itself. Nevertheless there has never been a very successful piece upon this subject; certainly there was never before one produced so explicitly for a brief life as that of MM. Sardou and Moreau. Its destination was America, and a first experiment was made in Paris in order to give to the placards in the United States the advantage of a previous Parisian success.

How entirely the play is reduced to a love drama within the comprehension of the boulevards may be gathered from the outline of the construction and incidents of the parts. In the first "tableau" Anthony has arrived to chastise the city of

Tarsus for its rebellion against Rome. Cleopatra appears before the Triumvir and wins his love. In the second Anthony and Cleopatra have retired to the ancient city of Thebes. Here three of Anthony's old companions find him and persuade him towards Rome. In the third, Cleopatra is alone. The messenger arrives and announces the marriage with Octavia. In the fourth Cleopatra has given chase and recaptures the fugitive upon her galley. In the fifth Anthony and Cleopatra have been beaten at Actium. Finally, in the sixth, come the two suicides, the asp, and the curtain. And as if all this were not grotesquely banal enough, the French critics seem to exclaim, from the accumulation of their dramatic experiences, "Where are the expected—nay, the necessary—situations? Where is the kiss for which Anthony sells the world? Where, oh where, is the battle between the mistress and the wife? We demand a battle between the mistress and the wife. All our studies—all other people's studies, which we gladly endorse as a saving of labour—all other people's histories, which we eagerly make our own, demand it. It is due to *la femme*, who is the central fact of our world, that there should be a meeting between Cleopatra and Octavia."

Obviously the masculine and the political interest of the play is reduced to the slightest possible form, and serves merely as an accessory explanation of the love-motive. The actress is avowedly everything, and undoubtedly M. Sardou the playwright, M. Moreau the poet, and M. Leroux the musician, as so many aides-de-camp to the stage carpenter and the *faiseuse*, combined to give Madame Bernhardt a most appropriate setting. Their Cleopatra suits the secondary phase of her talent as perfectly as the dresses suit her attractive person. We cannot forget that this talent has a greater mood, and that the austere French classics gained human life, while they lost no literary majesty, from her



Sarah Bernhardt and her Asps.

acting at its best. Her *Phèdre* is a noble drama. But she is more welcome to the world in her association with Sardou

than in her union with Racine. And all her more obvious characteristics are made conspicuous in the modern play. Everybody can see that she is serpentine and that she clings and caresses. Being a Frenchwoman, she does not, of course,

content herself, as does the English actress as we all know her too well, with the assertion of her own personal appearance. Madame Sarah Bernhardt is an artist; she knows that although beauty is never wearisome and never silly to the



Sarah Bernhardt as Cleopatra.

happy possessor, it becomes both these things to the spectator when other qualities are audaciously neglected or appear only by their defect. When she is in the mood she works with an energy that spares nothing; and we have all heard of her previous hard labour under the unsparing stimulation of her

author. Monsieur Sardou and Madame Bernhardt were wont to reduce one another to the last gasp of exhaustion in their *tête-à-tête* rehearsals. Such success as lies in gaining the popular applause for such a play they both found worth working for, and they have certainly had their reward.

THE PORTRAIT PAINTERS.



USTACE GREY was at one time considered lucky. He had studied at Paris, and had never seen it; he had lived in the students' quarter, but he had never been of it. And then he had come back to England, and had sent a picture to the Academy. It was well placed, and an eminent statesman paused in front of it for some moments.

Certain paragraphists noticed the pause of the eminent statesman and made mention of it in their journals. In one way that was good for Eustace Grey; commissions came quickly to him. We should not ask a tea-taster to buy our horses for us, but we are quite willing that the eminent statesman should judge our art. It is no good to be angry about these things; it is the kind of people that we are. Eustace Grey was not at all angry; he took the commissions and made money. A relation died and left him more money. He was now in a position to marry; perhaps this would never have occurred to him if he had not met Ethel Massand. At first she was yellow hair and grey eyes, and an indifferent artist: then, as far as Eustace was concerned, she became the only thing in the world. So he wanted to marry her, and she accepted him. She was a good girl, and she was very fond of Eustace. She honestly hated to have him loving her, but this did not occur to her until afterwards. It occurred to her first when she met a man whose Christian name was Gerald—a man of trim, square, imperial appearance. She did not tell Eustace about it all at once, because she did not want to hurt his feelings; she had a pet canary, and she was attentive to its wants; she was by no means inhuman. She let the thing dawn upon him slowly; at last the thing did dawn. Then Eustace told her that he was broken-hearted; if he had said that he had a really bad cold in his head, it would have distressed her very much more. She was, she knew, almost broken-hearted herself about Gerald, and it never really hurt her except when she strove to think about it. So she wrote back to Eustace to tell him that men felt things very much less than women, and that he would do better not to think about it. She could not think much about Eustace, because she had a luxurious sorrow of her own, with prospects of joy in it. Eustace was not angry with her. It would have been absurd to be angry with her; she was very feminine and very inexperienced, and had not quite known her own mind. It would have been unjust to blame her for defects of sex and circumstance. But nevertheless Eustace was very badly hit, and that became obvious.

He very patiently learnt an amusing anecdote by heart, and he told it whenever there was conversation, and he laughed at it himself uproariously; he did these things in order to acquire a reputation for high spirits, and he did them too often. He had never been so foolish before, and his friends noticed the difference. He professed joy that his engagement was at an end. Also he said that he wanted to go

to a music-hall. He tried many music-halls. Also he wanted to drink, "Which is the more extraordinary," said his friend, old Malding, the Art critic, "because it's clear that he doesn't care a solitary cuss about drink, and can't make himself care." One night—to be more accurate, very early one morning—he went to bed, blew his candles out, and lit his pipe. "I'm a jolly old bachelor," he said, just out loud, to deceive himself. Now self-deception in solitude and the small hours is not worth doing. He was not at all jolly, and he was very young. The moonlight shone in at his window, but Eustace could not see anything except yellow hair and grey eyes. They were ever so far away, and never would be any nearer. A man with a square imperial face was bending over them. Eustace took the pipe out of his mouth, and put it very carefully on the little table by his bed-side; then he closed the shutters over his window, so as to make the room black dark; then he turned face downwards on his pillow. He wished that he was quite dead, and a million miles from everywhere, with no one looking on.

Next morning he began to think about a place he knew of in the fens, where the country is flat, and weary, and consoling, with clear streams—lodes—intersecting it, coming from nowhere and going to the same place, with white water-lilies floating on them. There was an inn not far from the river-side, standing by itself, white-walled, with heavy brown thatch and diamond panes. In front were three elms, equidistant, and seats under the trees. Melancholy people of the fens, tired with labouring and saddened by always seeing the horizon so very far away, would sit there and drink in silence. The inn was a mile from the village, and the village was four miles from Nunnisham. The more Eustace thought about this place, the more he felt certain that it would be good for him. He had been there before in his boyhood, when he had gone to look for the swallow-tailed butterfly, which is not common. Now too he was trying to find something there which was rare enough.

He sought out Malding, and said with hilarity, "I'm off into the country, old man."

"What for?"

"Just for a change, and to get some painting done. Tell the other men."

"Alone?"

"Yes; otherwise I shouldn't get any work done. If there are other men about, one does nothing but drink, and laugh, and talk. I can tell a good story myself, you remember, and enjoy it. And I enjoy a crowd too. But I want to work."

"He's suffering from Ethel Massand," thought Malding to himself; "and he'd cut my throat if he thought I knew what the matter was, and I'm his best friend."

It is exceedingly funny to watch the efforts of a man who has been badly hit to hide his hurt. But Malding was too much concerned to be amused, and, when Eustace was gone, he found relief in cursing Ethel Massand and all her works. As has already been pointed out, it was quite unfair to blame Ethel Massand.

So Eustace Grey packed up books and painting things;

and went by train to Nunnisham, and from Nunnisham he drove past the village of Eastfen on to the lonely inn called "The Rest." The landlord, Dunn, was a taciturn man, with a memory big enough to hold all the small experiences that came into his colourless, monotonous existence. Eustace Grey had not been there for ten years, but Dunn recognised him. Eustace had two large rooms on the first floor. In one he slept, in the other he painted and had his meals. It was on a Monday that he came. On that particular Monday a man of imperious appearance was paying distinct attentions to Ethel Massand in a South Kensington drawing-room; and the prospects of joy seemed to Ethel distinctly nearer.

On the Sunday afternoon following old Malding said to himself, "I will go and have a look at Eustace Grey's complaint." By this he meant he would call on the Massands and see Ethel.

Ethel had heard the day before that the man whose name was Gerald was engaged to another woman; her information was probably correct, because it was Gerald himself who told her. So she could not let Gerald come into her mind any more, and she was particularly disposed to accept an invitation which she had received the night before.

"I mean to go away this week, Mr. Malding," she said to him. Her manner was pleasant, chatty, commonplace.

"You won't wait till the season's dead?"

"I should die first. I'm going—there." She pointed to a water-colour sketch of a village street. Malding rose and examined it.

"You did this some time ago, didn't you?"

"Yes; is it bad?"

"Oh, pretty bad. You do better now. Where is it?"

"Eastfen."

Malding at once saw that this would never do, and would have to be stopped. He had received a letter from Eustace Grey, and he knew—

(1.) That Grey was staying at "The Rest," one mile from Eastfen, with sketchable country in between them.

(2.) That, consequently, if Ethel Massand stopped at Eastfen it was probable that the two would meet, which would be bad for Grey.

But Malding shrank very much from telling Ethel that Grey was living so near Eastfen. He felt that he could not do it. But, on the other hand, he could and would lie in a good cause. The survey of the facts, the decision to lie, the choice of a lie—the whole mental process—occupied rather less than three seconds.

"I'm told that there's a good deal of diphtheria down at Eastfen," he remarked. "I know a man who has just come back for that very reason."

"But," said Ethel, "I don't think my uncle—he's the vicar—would have asked me down there if that had been the case. You must have made some mistake."

Malding concluded that he *had* made some mistake. This first attempt to ameliorate the destinies of his fellow-man was certainly not a success; but later in the day he determined to make another attempt. He would write to Grey and ask him to go to Norway; he would not, however, tell Grey that Ethel Massand was coming to Eastfen, for in that case he knew perfectly well that Grey would make a point of stopping to show that he did not care. Malding sent his letter, and received the following reply:—

"DEAR JIM,—I'm not going to any Norway. I'm going to stop here. The place and people suit me. Possibly I may get a house here. Rowed in to Nunnisham the other day and did the cathedral, and swim half a mile every morning before breakfast. Come down here; not yet, but when I've got some work done.

"Yours ever,

"EUSTACE GREY."

"There, I give in," said Malding to himself; "they're meant to meet. Perhaps they may St.-George's-in-Hanover-Square it between them yet."

Mental anguish may—nay, must—be considerably modified by magnificent bodily health and vigour, and glorious summer weather. Eustace Grey after a few days found that he could avoid moping; he took any amount of exercise, fed well, and slept well. As a consequence the impression of his trouble grew much less vivid; the wild, lonely country soothed him. The sorrow remained; the sting of it was less acute.

At the back of "The Rest" was an old-fashioned garden, sloping gently down to the bank of the lode which ran between the river and Eastfen. A punt belonging to the house was moored there. One bright evening Eustace came down the garden and put painting things into the punt, in case he should want to sketch, and a volume of poetry in case he should want to read. Then he slowly and tortuously—for he did not fully understand punting—directed his course towards Eastfen. When he had gone about half the distance he stopped, put into the bank under the shadow of a tree, and began to read. Half-an-hour passed; he looked up, and saw that it was near to sunset. He sprang out of the punt, and went up the steep bank of the lode. At the top he paused and looked round: all the wide, low country through which the slow river wound had taken a perfectly magical glory from the dying light. Along the reed-grown reaches of the river, where a black barge moved, drawn by a straining horse, and far away on pools of water, and desolate cottages, and trees indistinct in the distance, the most beautiful hour of the day had fallen. Eustace Grey prepared to make a hurried note of it, to work up afterwards—and suddenly, he hardly knew what had brought it to his mind, the pathos of the sunset or the volume he had been reading, he thought of the yellow hair and grey eyes of Ethel Massand.

He began to sketch her face from memory, rapidly. Was it some chance defect in his work? He looked at it carefully. It was the face of Ethel Massand. But it was not the face of a woman that he loved. He could not see where, if anywhere, the portrait was at fault. The thing puzzled him. He determined that on the morrow he would do a picture from the sketch, and see if he could explain it. It was dusk when he got back into the punt to go home again. Just as he had turned away a figure of a woman, in a white dress, appeared on the path in the distance, coming from the direction of Eastfen. They would not have recognised one another at that distance, even if he had seen her. Yet if he had waited a little longer, and had met Ethel there, things might have turned out differently.

All the next day he worked on the portrait. It had a horrible fascination for him. He hardly seemed to be working; the picture went of itself. The face told him all its secrets.

"You thought that I had delicacy; it was only superficiality, absence of depth, absence of passion. You liked this curve and that; they were little things, but they made me quite necessary to you. Do you know what they *meant*? Shall I tell you?" The red lips seemed to whisper unspeakable horrors to him. "And the eyes—the grey eyes that go to Paradise—how you thought once that your soul seemed to lose itself in the depth of them! Look at them again, if you dare, and see what you have loved."

Every hour of work on that picture was full of revelation. Eustace had kept a photograph of Ethel, and sometimes he used it to help his memory. He did his utmost to paint justly, but in some unaccountable way he seemed to miss control over his own work. It was the same on following days; he came away from the painting with a sense that he had been listening to hateful, humiliating confessions. He knew that he was being disillusioned, that he was losing dear beliefs, that his sorrow was being changed into a fierce contempt. But he went on working.

At last the portrait was finished. He looked at it intently as it stood there on the easel. "You are Ethel Massand," he said. "There is no mistake anywhere. You are also entirely contemptible, and I cannot understand how I ever loved you." Then he burst out laughing, slipped his pipe and pouch into his pocket, went downstairs and out into the sunlight. He whistled cheerfully. It would have been difficult to recognise him as the man who, obviously, a few weeks before was very badly hurt, and had seemed to himself and his friends to be past healing.

On the following day he went back to London. The taciturn old landlord, Dunn, helped him to pack the portrait. "It is just an imaginary face," said Eustace. "Ay," said Dunn, "I see."

Ethel Massand was considered to be an acquisition in her uncle's house. She was bright and good-humoured; besides, she was very pretty. She was not going to let herself, even for one moment, be unhappy about Gerald. He had treated her badly, and she hated him for it.

But about this time she thought a good deal of Eustace



"Just as he had turned away a figure of a woman, in a white dress, appeared on the path in the distance."

Grey, and began to be more sorry for him. She saw now that the consolations which she had administered, although they were well-meaning, must have seemed to him very bitter. It has already been remarked that she was not to blame; she had merely failed to know her own mind. When she had accepted Eustace, she had not realised the possibility of Gerald. One is, perhaps, too much given to regard love as

an isolated, instantaneous, permanent conviction. More often it has phases and is conditioned by many things, some of which are perfectly paltry. It may not remember its birthday; it may die of its own strength; when we say that it is dead, it may come back and haunt us. These were Ethel's thoughts, and they were for the most part platitudes. One's own love-story makes one enjoy one's own platitudes; that is some of the beauty of it. Ethel was haunted by the ghost of her dead love; and to appease the ghost, she occupied her

time, while she was at Eastfen, by painting from memory the portrait of Eustace Grey. One day while she was at work on the portrait, she realised that the ghost was more real than the reality.

She wanted to make the gentle, faithful, brown eyes look happy again. She wanted to touch his hair, to tell him that she was very sorry, and that she had made a bad mistake. She wanted him to love her.

This last desire was quite overwhelming, and would not do



"From the doorway of the inn Dunn watched her and said nothing."

at all. She put away the portrait, and went out for a walk by herself. She walked as far as "The Rest," and sat down under one of the three equidistant elms.

From the doorway of the inn Dunn watched her and said nothing. But he had recognised the original of the portrait which he had helped to pack, and his memory received the unusual contribution of a slight coincidence. "There's a story in it," he thought to himself. On the night that she

finished her portrait, Ethel, who had never shed one tear over the imperious Gerald, cried herself to sleep as she thought of Eustace. "Why did I ever let him go?" she said to herself.

On that same night, in London, Eustace had one more look at his portrait of Ethel before he put it away. "Why on earth did I ever love you?" he said to himself.

BARRY PAIN.



Mahabeshvar Club.

OUTINGS IN INDIA.

III.—MAHABLESHVAR.

MAHABLESHVAR, the principal Hill Station of the Bombay Presidency, was discovered in 1827 by General Peter Lodwick, and is now the seat of the Government of Bombay during the summer months. It stands at a height of about 4,500 feet above the level of the sea, on the summit of a flat portion of the Western Ghats, where they run through the Satara Collectorate.

In the days before the Southern Maratta Railway was made, it was usual to drive there from Poona by means of a phaeton dak; but the seventy-mile journey was very tiring, and the present popular way is to go to Wathar by rail, and drive the rest of the journey. The artist will, however, find, if he is not pushed for time, and can travel with about five hundred pounds of luggage, including a light set of cooking impedimenta, that the most enjoyable route is by coasting steamer from Bombay to Bánkót, where he will have to change either into a smaller steamer or a native boat, which will take him as far as Dásgáon, then by road to Mahad, Poládpur, and Mahabeshvar. Accommodation in the coasting steamer is rough-and-ready, and one has to provide one's own food for a day and a half; but once landed at Bánkót, the inconvenience of the sea voyage is soon forgotten, as the journey up the Savitri River is free from all "ocean wave" motion. If the boat journey is decided upon, a servant who speaks Maratti is indispensable, in order that he may

explain to the boatmen that the trip is to be of indefinite length, as "the sahib intends to take pictures on the way."

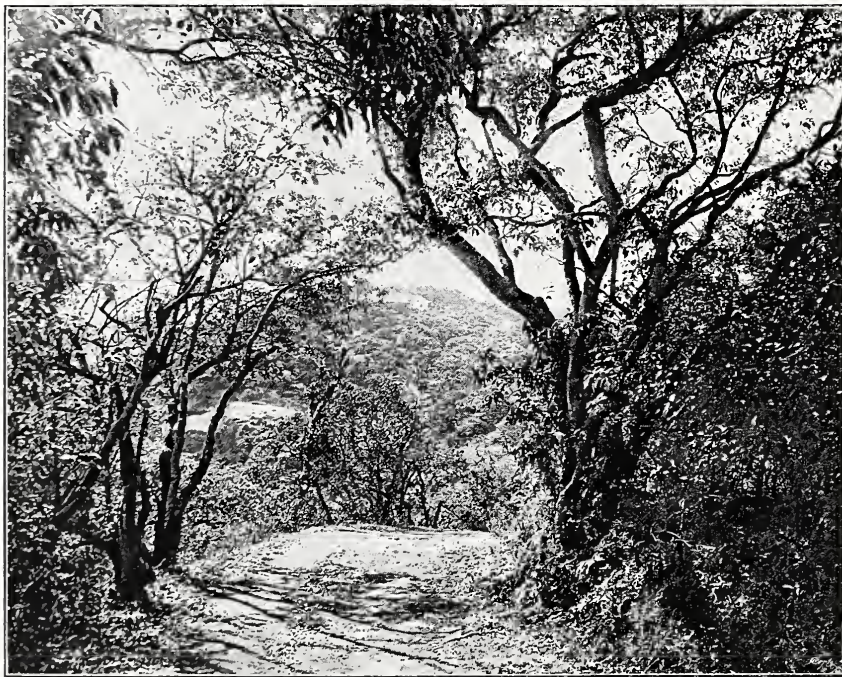
Arrived at Dásgáon, where there is a travellers' bungalow, the Mamledar (the principal local revenue officer) will provide him with carts to continue the journey. The next bungalow is at Poládpur, and the next at Partabgarh, where he



Bathing Pool, Lingmala.

should spend a day looking at the fort there, and can during that time determine what views he intends to paint.

A word or two about the fort may not be out of place here, as it is one of the recognised trips which all visitors to Mahableshvar try to make. The fort itself is about five miles from Mahableshvar, as the crow flies; but by the road, which runs down the Fitz-Gerald Ghat, it is eleven miles. It is built on a hill, the sides of which are covered with low scrub, jungle, and high grass, and is a place of great natural strength. The climb up the track is not difficult, but the explorer who is bent on going by any but the straight road should remember that there is only one entrance. The top plateau is about half a mile long, is flat, and surrounded by an inner and an outer line of walls, each of which has one gate. The fort is said to have been built by Shivaji in 1656, in order to secure access to his possessions on the banks of the rivers Nira and Koyna. It is still in very fair repair. About one hundred people of the priest caste, and their servants, live on the hill, which has some reservoirs and two large temples.



Sydney House, from near Lodwick Point.

The tomb of Afrzul Khan, the Bijapur general who was slain by Shivaji in 1659, is one of the objects of interest. As Par-tabgarh is only one day's march from Mahableshvar, we may as well leave our traveller who decided on attempting the journey by sea, just described, and see whether the route by rail to Wathar and on by phaeton dak is preferable.

Having refreshed ourselves at the waiting-room with a cup of early morning tea, an Indian custom which one assumes almost directly upon leaving the shores of old England, we find our phaeton, which has of course been ordered two days before from one of the regular dak suppliers, waiting outside. The price of such a dak, by the way, is twenty rupees; but by getting up a little competition, one can be obtained for fifteen. It is a comfort not being obliged to take the cooking paraphernalia like our seafaring friend, and we pile our luggage inside and out, and make ourselves as comfortable as we can, for the "fighting gharry," as the driver insists on calling it, is really a roomy landau. After much bustling about, the

driver "cracks the whip, blows the horn, and on we go" through a flat and uninteresting country for twenty miles, when we get to Wai (p. 209); and while they are changing horses we have a casual glance at the temples here, and decide to pay the place a longer visit on the way back. But the driver is ready to start, and the servant on the box looks suspiciously at the team, for we now have four horses, as the ascent commences two miles out of Wai. It would be a misnomer to call the team a four-in-hand, for the leaders are very much out of hand, and simply run along by themselves. We have not to wait very long before the first signs of a cooler climate present themselves. At first we have a few stray wild roses, but higher up they grow in great profusion, and literally line the roads. The valleys now begin to look more blue, and we breathe an air we haven't been accustomed to, and would not mind getting out to help to push the carriage along to keep ourselves warm. What a treat it all is after

the dreary parched-up plains whereon we have been dragging out a weary existence! The invalid ordered up for a change of air feels himself a different man already, and knows the day is not very far off when he will be himself again. Coming round a curve after nine miles of ghat, we suddenly see the whole of Panchgani in the distance, and another mile brings us to the town itself, and we are thankful this is the last change of horses, as we are beginning to have had enough of it.

It does not now take long before we come to the strawberry and potato gardens, which the driver points out with due care. He would also like you to particularly remember that that point on the right is Kate's Point, and the curious rock separated from the point itself is called the Needle. In the far distance he points out the temples at Old Mahableshvar, and to the left the Robbers' Cave, long since deserted. Presently we come to the lake, and after another mile a turn to the right brings

us to the hotel. But it must not be supposed that Mahableshvar can be visited at any time of the year, and that it is always at its best. It is absolutely uninhabitable for Europeans from June to September, as the south-west monsoon is then on, and the rainfall during that time is 240 inches. Early in October, when the monsoon has ceased, the whole place is a mass of beautiful ferns, moss, and wild flowers, and the waterfalls are at their best, as the streams are nearly full, and the water in them has lost most of its muddiness. The distant views are also seen to the best advantage; the rich verdure of the surrounding hills stands out in bold relief against a sky which in the evening is covered with fleecy clouds, whilst in the ravines wisps of milk-like mist gather, which, as they rise, lend a variety of light and shade to the peaceful landscape; and the sun, like a huge red ball of fire, gradually disappears into the great silvery sea beyond. Later on, when the heat of the sun has parched up the plains below, and the waterfalls in our hill station are dry, the wild arrowroot,

lily, and most of the ferns and wild flowers which carpeted the place three short months ago are no more; the blue mountains are now shrouded in a hazy mist, and the tiresome glare so trying to the eye is only counterbalanced by the soft foliage of the evergreen jungle which is now renewing its leaves. The jungles are then full of curious orchids clinging to the boughs, which throw a shadow across our path, and save our heads from the direct rays of a tropical sun.

The hill itself, and the surrounding country, is well wooded; but the jungle, though generally low, is mostly evergreen, and sufficiently thick to convey the idea of being a mass of waving foliage. It is, however, sufficiently high to give

ample cover to tigers, panthers, spotted deer, and other large game. An officer of the 4th Dragoons was killed by a bison on these hills in 1834, but sportsmen will hear with regret that these animals are now not to be found here. Perhaps the most unwelcome visitor is the "phursa," a small but very poisonous snake, which is found in great numbers.

The way to enjoy Mahableshtar is to become a member of the Club. Those who cannot, or would rather not live there, will be able to find shelter in one of the hotels on the hill. Notice of one's intended visit should, however, be sent beforehand, as rooms are not always available. The building differs from the general run of clubs in this one particular, that



View down the "Khud" from the "Wishing Well."

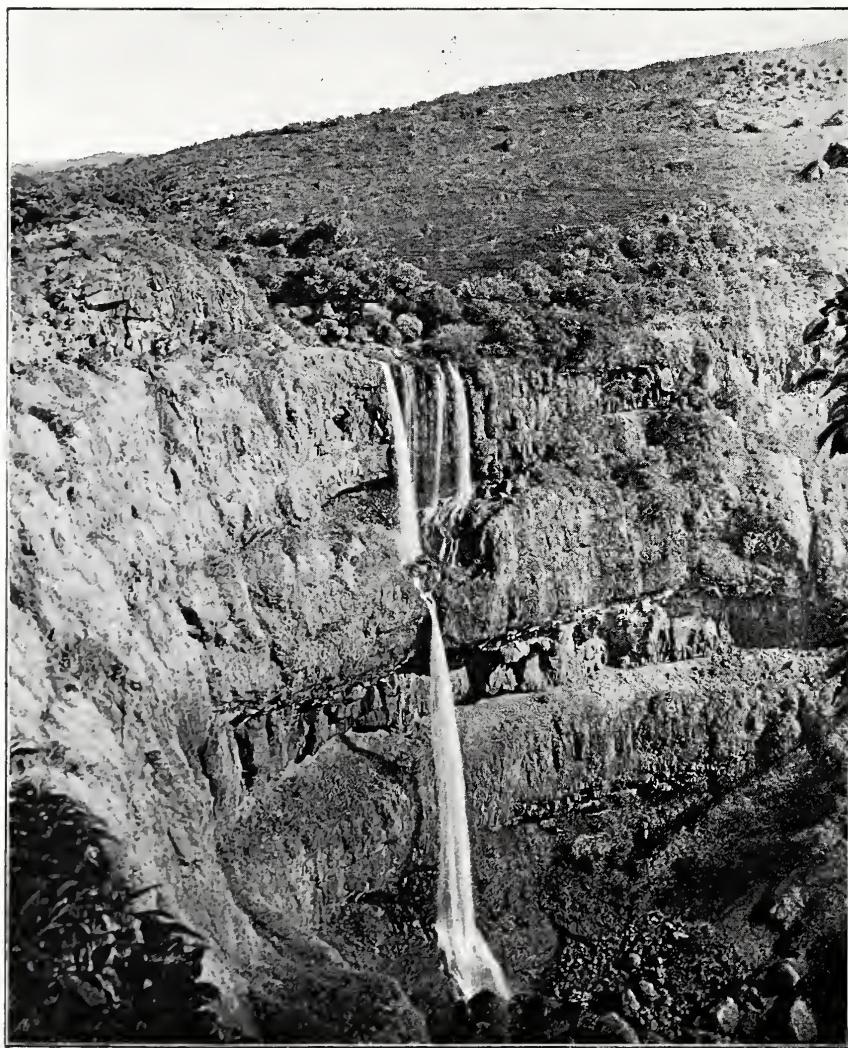
ladies are admitted to it. Lawn tennis and Badminton courts are attached to it, and grounds in connection with it are provided for polo, golf, and all games which come under the head of an Indian gymkhana. The right to occupy rooms is, however, restricted to the sterner sex, for although ladies are admitted to the main building and its rooms, it is only as guests, or as part of the family of a member. In the season, when the place is full, a "small and early" subscription dance is got up every fortnight.

All the trips on the hill can be easily done in ten days. The most convenient way of getting round is by joining in picnics to the differing points. Let us make a small tour of

the place on our own account. Starting from the church the first thing we see is the Beckwith Monument, which is a plain obelisk some thirty feet high. It was erected in 1831 by public subscription in memory of Sir Sidney Beckwith, late Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Bombay, who died at his residence here. One of the inscriptions was put up by the subscribers, the other by Lady Beckwith. But the influence of the weather on the marble slab which this lady sent out from England has rendered her affectionate inscription illegible. The natives have for a number of years regarded the monument as sacred, and resort to it in the hope of obtaining answers to their prayers. As we go down the hill

we pass the Reay Gardens, which have only been in existence a couple of years, but already begin to show signs of advancement. They were laid out as a resort for the native *élite*, who have spared no expense in providing suitable amusement for their children. We hear their childish prattle and joyful screams as they go tearing round on a merry-go-round or some sort of swing.

If we go now through the bazaar, and turn to our right, we come to the Chinamen's Waterfall. It is so called on account of its being situated near the old jail in which the Chinese and Malay convicts were confined. These gentry



The Yenna Falls.

were sent up here as the climate of Poona and Thana did not agree with them. They seem to have been a well-behaved lot, and to have made the most of the liberty given them. We have to thank them for planting the potatoes and other English vegetables for which the place is now noted; and for teaching the natives of the place to make cane baskets, chairs, and light tables.

By descending the hill-side, we can easily reach the bed of the waterfall, and find two or three little bits worth painting. Another lovely peep is to be found by walking along the ravine until one gets twenty feet from the edge of the precipice, where a view of the Koyna Valley is to be obtained.

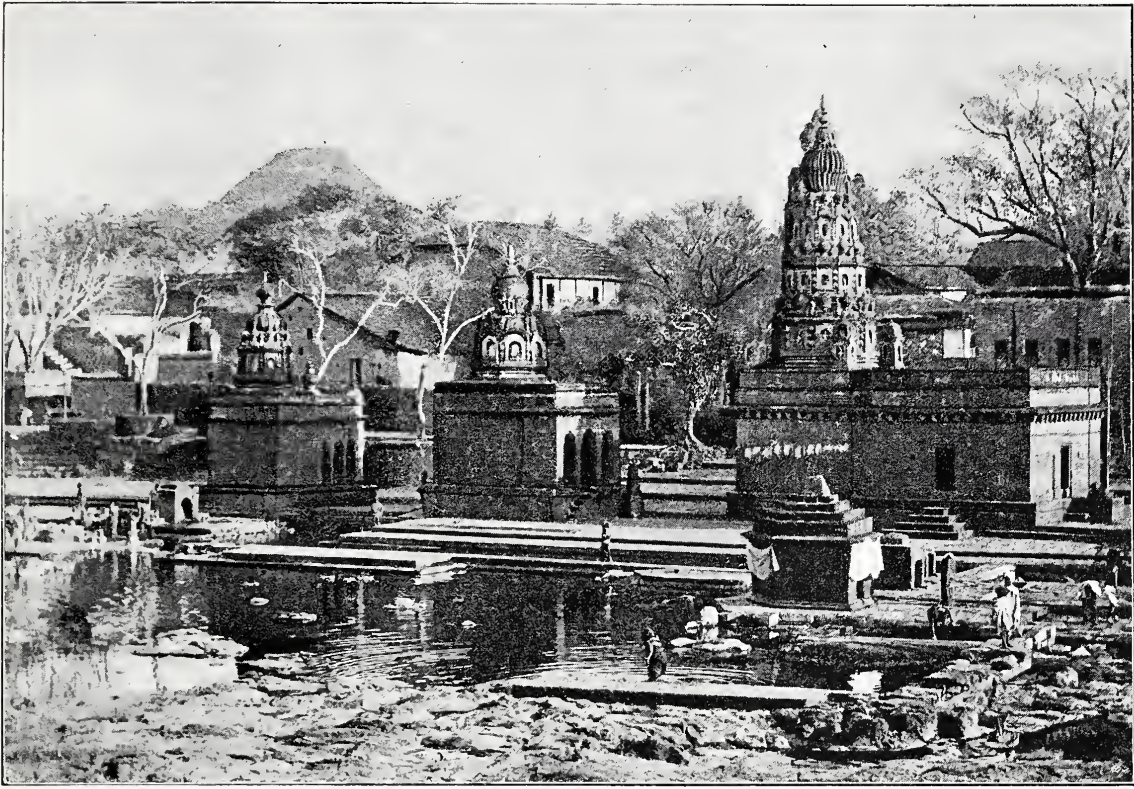
Having regained the road, we walk along Malcolm path and "Tiger" path until we get to Faulkland and Carnac Points, which are within a quarter of a mile of each other. From here we get a good view of Saddle-Back Hill, of Bombay and Babington Points, with their abrupt formation, and, if we go in the evening, are pretty sure of seeing a good sunset.

Bombay Point is the next we come to. Unlike Faulkland and Carnac Points, which take their names after two Governors, it is probably so called on account of its being on the old Bombay road. The view from here is very extensive, some say the most extensive on the hill. In addition to the low hills in the immediate foreground, we see Partabgarh, which you may remember we have already explored, while in the far distance the sea is visible; here too the best view of a sunset may be obtained from any point. A large space has been cleared here for carriages, and if we go on the proper evening we shall hear the band discourse sweet music.

Let us now follow the path known as Beersheba to Dan, and note the views to be obtained in it: it brings us out at Lodwick Point (p. 206). This is really the most important point on the hill, and it is the one by which General Lodwick, the discoverer of the place, ascended from the dense forest below. A column has been erected close to, by General Lodwick's son, and bears on one side of its base a sculptured head of the general in white marble, while on another is inscribed a list of his services. The monument is not beautiful, but is an interesting tribute to the memory of the first European who set foot on the hill and made known its delightful climate. Beyond the monument is the extreme end of the point, which is called the Nose. It is 4,067 feet above sea-level, and, as we have to cross a narrow ridge about six feet wide, and as the Nose itself is only twice that width, and there is a sheer drop of 2,500 feet into the Koyna Valley below, we had better not venture out unless our

heads are good. We have a grand view of the Konkan on the one side, and of Partabgarh on the other, while the road up the beautiful ghat can be seen like a great snake winding itself lazily round the sides of the hills until it gets lost in the forest above.

We have now done all the points on one half of the hill, so that on our way back to the Club we may stop at the Dhobies' (Washermen's) Waterfall. The fall itself is comparatively insignificant, but it is situated in a quiet nook which is the beginning of a deep gorge leading into the ravine of Dára. The rocks on either side are rugged and lofty, and one should not go too near the edge. It is good fun to scale



Wai.



View from the "Wishing Well" towards the "Window."

down the hill-side with indiarubber-soled shoes, which prevent slipping, and then follow the course of the stream. The views low down have been seen only by a venturesome few.

It will take a whole morning to get to the bathing pool at Lingmala (p. 205) and the Yenna Falls (p. 208). The former is really a sequestered nook in the bed of the Yenna River. About half a mile farther down the stream divides, and dashes in this way over the edge of the precipice, but it joins in its descent, and forms a letter Y. When the torrent is swollen, the water drops down a clear fall of about five hundred feet.

We must make a day of it, and send out lunch when we go to Arthur Seat. The grandest view on the hill is to

be seen from here, and although it is nine miles from Frere Hall, the road is good. After a seven-mile drive we arrive at Elphinstone Point, where there is a small bungalow. Now that we are here, we may as well get out and walk down to the point; but the view, though grand, is not so fine as what is in store for us. Let us drive the remaining two miles, and leave the carriage at the end of the road. A steep footpath leads down to the Wishing Well. The view from here is truly magnificent, and of immense extent (p. 207). We see the steep cliffs on the opposite side of the valley and the masses of huge rocks on them, rugged beyond description. In the evening the sunlight strikes across them, showing their formation most distinctly. A walk through



Frere Hall.

a jungle path, and a little mild climbing, bring us to the "Window," which is a small natural peephole in the precipice seen from the Wishing Well. We can safely lean over the window and look down on the wonderful landscape below; but the man looking over should not attempt it without being held, as the drop is something fearful to look at. The people moving about in the villages below have been described as looking like insects in their nest.

On the way back from Arthur Seat we may stop at Old Mahableshvar and see the temples there. The exteriors of these have been rendered most unsightly by having had corrugated iron roofs put on them. The most interesting object in the place is a high stone wall above a tank in the Krishnabhai temple. In it are cut five holes, through which the

waters of the rivers Krishna, Koyna, Yenna, Gayatri, and Savitri flow.

Before closing this sketch we must not forget that on our way back to Wathar we should stop at Wai. The temples here are very beautiful, but a description of them would be out of place in an account of this kind. So, let us say good-bye to Mahableshvar with its lovely scenery, its wild flowers, mosses, and orchids. The last traces we see of it are as we go trotting down the ghat, the road down which is ever lined with roses, and somehow our thoughts are carried back to England, and to those loved ones there whom one sees only at the rare intervals one can get away on leave—hard-earned, and always too short.

A. HUDSON.

CHRISTOFFEL BISSCHOP, THE DUTCH PAINTER: A SKETCH.

BISSCHOP, the painter, is an attractive subject to write about; for Bisschop is a child of fortune, and he acknowledges that he is.

No severe storms in life have bowed his head; he has seen his most cherished wishes realised; he has been able to live for his art; he treasures it next to a beloved wife, who comprehends him and dotes upon him, and who works as he works; and, finally, he lives in the midst of delightful surroundings, and has been able to bestow upon his home an aspect upon which his artist eye may rest with pleasure. With him and his wife in their *salon*, as well as in their studio, one would fancy himself reconveyed to the grave stateliness of the seventeenth century.

Bisschop has overstepped the ordinary limits of human life, but he is young of heart; in speaking of him one may say, *il ne vieillit, il dure*. His eye is still clear, and his step is quick and elastic; but the tall fair man has become almost imperceptibly grey.

As regards his exterior, Bisschop is a person whom a thinking man would not pass by without observing; his face indeed bears the mark of no everyday man; in brilliant drawing-rooms, as well as in quiet walks, his appearance is such as ever to provoke the eager question, "Who is that?" It is now as in his childhood, when physiognomists and artists were always on the alert to make a sketch of his remarkable young head.

Christoffel Bisschop is by descent a Frisian. His parents were respectable burghers of Leeuwarden, and he was the fourth of eight children, who nearly all died young. His father belonged to the merchant class, but wished that "Chris," whom he looked upon as no ordinary child, should become a scholar. Accordingly young Bisschop quitted the

common for the Latin school, but did not display the expected eagerness for the change, nor did he realise the expectations of his father. He thought, indeed, of nothing but drawing, and already handled the pencil when his childish hand could hardly grasp it.

"I will become a painter," was always his saying.

"Become a painter!" What, at that time, in his country? where the Philistine narrowness of men cannot distinguish the artist from the mere picture-maker, and where a painter stands on the same despised level as a "comedian!" That

the son of Richard Bisschop should become so untrue to the traditions of his race seemed to be almost as impossible as that a minister's daughter of the period should become a *tragédienne*, however exclusively her capacity might lie in this direction.

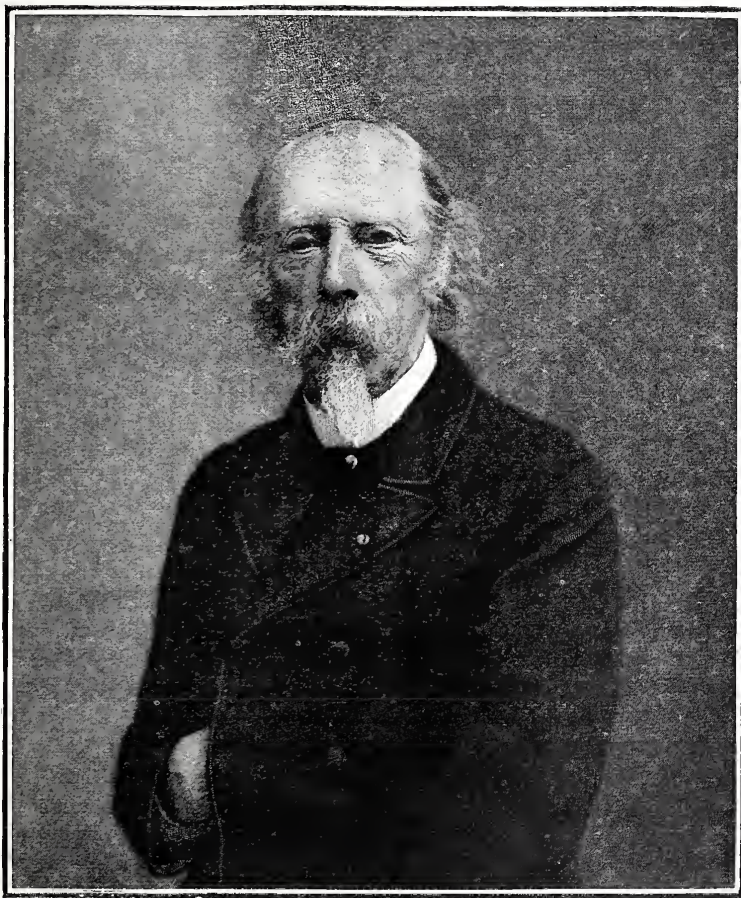
The proverb, "He who perseveres wins," was in the case of young Bisschop not inapplicable. He early lost his father, who opposed his wishes more strongly than his mother. She, in spite of her more simple education, entertained broader views of life, and possessed a keener sense of observation than her husband.

After the death of his father there still remained his guardian, a type of the old-fashioned

school, who opposed strongly the views of the young man, and spoke of "dissipation and drunkenness and a family like that of Jan Steen."

But his ward maintained with all the vigour of his young voice that he would not become a drunkard but an artist, and added merrily, that if he one day married, he would choose a wife possessing all the domestic virtues of "Moeke" (mother).

"Moeke," the shrewd, clear-sighted woman, would confirm in nowise the guardian's view; she believed in her boy, and



Christoffel Bisschop.

Chris was allowed to become a painter. His fortunate star led him to Delft, to the studio of Schmidt, whose fame—it was in the year 1846—had reached its highest point. The heart of the seventeen-year-old youth beat high within him now that the man—honoured and renowned in his own country and abroad, and whose masterpieces were valued at thousands of guilders—was to become his teacher. Well indeed might Schmidt then have said:—

‘ Misschien, ja, gewiss het kind reeds geboren
Wien na mij de glans van den roemzal behooren.’ *



Study for a Picture.

The works for which thousands had been paid were afterwards valued at as many hundreds, and even less, and the fame of Schmidt was destined to pass over to the Frisian youth who timidly, and without pride, looked up to the great master whose house he entered.

* “ Perhaps, nay, truly, has the child been born
Whose brow fame's wreath shall, after mine, adorn.”

The pupils of Schmidt, to whom Bisschop was introduced in the studio (the walls of which remained still painted over by the pupils of Miereveld), had, as little as he, dark presentiments of the briefness of the reputation to be enjoyed for their master. They enjoyed the present, and hoped everything from the future. Such working together in the studio of one “master” in the art is no longer in vogue, as there are academies where young Art students may receive instruction; but Bisschop never regretted the lessons he learned from Schmidt.

Happy, ideal years were those which he passed at Delft; nor did Schmidt keep his pupils mewed up in his studio, but took care that they should gain knowledge in other directions. Hence it was that Bisschop went repeatedly to Dongen, the most primitive of all the primitive villages of Brabant, lying among downs, woods, and heather.

Not only was there work and youthful gaiety at Dongen, but business was transacted too. For the most insignificant prices the young painters bought antique articles of the finest description for themselves and their friends at home. Still do these beautifully carved cabinets of dark oak and the copper candlesticks, etc., adorn the studios of Bisschop and his fellow-artists.

That happy time at Delft, alternated by such professional trips, may have lasted some three years; then Schmidt died, in the prime of life, in 1849. With him also perished his fame, which, perhaps, had been unduly exalted, and his widow, with her eight children, after a life passed in respectability and honour, had a sorrowful experience to endure.

After the death of Schmidt his pupils were scattered. Bisschop worked still for a short time under the guidance of Huib van Hove at the Hague, and in the even-

ings at the Academy of Drawing. But he wanted to see more both of life and Art; he wished to enlarge his vision, and determined to accompany the Parisian painter Le Compte, who had been residing in Holland, and who afterwards returned to Paris. At first he worked in the studio of Le Compte, but later, in company with several others, in a studio where Gleyre now and then favoured the young artists with his instruction.

"Vous êtes Flamand ou Hollandais," said the master, when he saw Bisschop at his work. He had no need, he declared, to teach the young man how to become a painter. "Your art is born in you," said he; "you know what colours to mix, and how to bring out the colours upon the canvas."

The instruction of Gleyre was consequently confined to *drawing*; how to *paint* Bisschop felt that he himself knew.

In the year 1855 he returned to the Hague, and established himself with his mother in the Boekhorststraat; there his *intérieur* came quickly to bear the impress of his personality. All the treasures collected in Friesland, in Brabant, and elsewhere, rendered his home peculiarly an artist's residence.

He wanted now to bring out in practice what he had seen and observed. He knew what direction he had to give to his art; he felt within himself the creative power, conjured forth on his canvas the most vivid colours, and still he was not satisfied.

Bisschop would have returned to Paris, but he feared that he should copy the French "manner" in his artistic work; so he pursued wholly another course, and went—not to the great world-capital, but to Hinlopen!

He proposed through his labours to bring out of the old Frisian town all that it contained of the artistic.

A consciousness of his power dawned within and animated him. Pictures, glowing with colour, followed one upon another:—"Sunday Morning" (in 1860 awarded the gold medal at Amsterdam). "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord" (1862; in the possession of Prince Albert of Prussia). "Winter in Friesland" (1867; in the Rijks Museum). "Communion among the Mennonites at Hinlopen (1880; purchased by Prince Alexander, now the property of the young Queen). "The Sunny Corner" (1882; now in London.)

It is, however, impossible to mention in a short sketch like this all the various additional works which owe their existence to the pencil of Bisschop. Thus there was the likeness of his mother, a fine type of a stately Frisian woman, with cap and jewels—a head like one of Rembrandt's, said the admiring connoisseurs. It was awarded the gold medal.

Amongst the many admirers of Bisschop, and whose admiration he highly valued, was above all Sophie, the first consort of King William III.

The first picture which Bisschop exhibited after his return from Paris had already attracted the notice of the Queen and gained her warm approbation; she wished to know the painter, and asked that he should be presented to her. Queen Sophie enjoyed the society of men of talent and of

students of Art in its various branches. She was seen at the Wednesday concerts of the members of the *Diligentia*, and at the exhibitions of the *Pulchri Studio* society of painters at the Hague she was a frequent visitor. Those exhibitions were differently arranged from what they have been in later years; for what there was to see did not hang on the walls. People did not saunter about, neither did they chatter nor criticise, sitting upon velvet sofas. They took their places for the entire evening at long tables with slanting sides as for reading; above were hanging lamps with green shades, so that the full light fell on the water-colours. There sat the members of the Art exhibition in long rows, and at the first of the tables, opposite the entrance to the hall, sat the Queen with her attendants.

Often there were beside her, or in the immediate vicinity,



The Empty Cradle.

the Duke of Saxe-Weimar and his daughter Anna; also Prince Henry with his wife.

The stewards of the society—Bisschop and his friend Stortenbeker—placed in due order the paintings before the Queen, who expressed her judgment regarding them, and asked the opinion of the "knowing ones"; after her inspection the works were passed to the members of her suite, and then they went the general round of the tables.

In the year 1862 the members of the Art Society, who for the most part knew each other by sight, saw at one of the long tables a lady who was a stranger to most of them. It was Kate Swift, a young Englishwoman, who at home, along with several of the members of her family, had devoted herself to Art, and with her grandmother and her sister had come to Holland to study the works of Dutch painters. Permission to undertake the expedition had been given to this lady

and her sister under the express condition that they should not form any acquaintance with Dutch artists. Such were the orders of Mrs. Swift. No lessons should Miss Swift take, either from married or unmarried, from old or young painters. That would have been "shocking indeed!"

Nevertheless, when Miss Swift herself saw a small painting of Bisschop's, upon visiting the first Triennial Exhibition at the Hague, she declared immediately, "The painter of that work must become my teacher."

Married or unmarried, old or young, the circumstance was immaterial to her. Her intuition in the matter seemed to be strong; for when, some days afterwards, she was engaged copying in the Mauritshuis, she saw Alma Tadema, Bisschop, and Stortenebeker come in. Not one of these did she know, but she at once said, "The middle one of the trio must be the painter of that little picture at the Exhibition."

The English ladies and the three painters were introduced to each other, and became acquainted. Miss Swift was not long in telling Bisschop what she wanted of him. Bisschop had resolved with himself to give *no* lessons, as he deemed that it might impede him in the study of his art—and he declined the behest.

Great disappointment! Nevertheless, "Il est avec le Ciel des accommodations," and so it is in sublunary affairs. Kate began with asking very little, Bisschop with promising still less; he was willing to give now and then some hints, but without remuneration for his trouble, for he did not wish to establish any precedent. That indeed he did not; he gave her what he would never give to others—his heart and soul and share in his art; but not all at once, and not immediately!

Miss Swift now had her own studio, a cupola in the neighbourhood of the Bezuidenhoutshuis. There Bisschop gave her his "hints." The English ladies were residing at the "house with the pillars," a *pension* opposite the palace of Prince Frederick, where they sojourned for a twelvemonth, and then returned to England. The friendship thus formed was not transitory. Bisschop and Miss Swift did not lose sight of each other, and while he worked at his masterpieces she also remained faithful to Art.

The departure of the English ladies left, it is true, a void in the life of our artist, but he found some consolation in his pro-

fession, in the affection of his devoted mother, and the continued interest of Queen Sophie. Among his most admired pieces at this time was the portrait of Motley, the author of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," and the guest of the Queen, who wished to possess the likeness of the distinguished American. For years past visitors to the *Atuis ten Bosh* have admired in one of the rooms the portrait of the historian.

In the year 1866 Bisschop experienced the first deep affliction of his life, which hitherto had for the most part been characterized by sunshine. This was the death of his mother.

After the first period of poignant grief was over, and the bereavement had become a matter of melancholy recollection, Bisschop resumed his work: at the same time, however, he began to feel that it is not good for man to be alone. His correspondence with Miss Swift became closer and more regular up to the year 1869, when he brought her from England as his bride, and conducted her to the house on the Boomsluiterswater.

For two-and-twenty years have Bisschop and his wife lived and worked together. They enjoyed the privilege which sometimes falls to the lot of scholars and literary men, but more frequently to the students of Art—the friendship of, and intercourse with, high-born personages. Queen Sophie, so long as she lived, remained true to them, and when Bisschop and his wife, after a winter of work, took their summer's recreation, they were often the guests of those to whom they had been introduced by her Majesty. In this way, amidst finer scenery than that afforded by their own



The Young Wife.

country, they visited the Duke of Saxe-Weimar in Thuringia, and were "at home" at the Wartburg.

After the death of Queen Sophie Bisschop ceased to visit at the Royal Palace, either at the Hague or at the Loo. Last summer, however, he received in the name of the little Queen of Holland a command to take her portrait in the costume of Amelia van Salms, in which dress of glossy whiteness and brilliant colour her royal father liked now and then to see his daughter appear at table.

Nine years ago Bisschop moved from his house on the Boomsluiterswater to the Van Stolkweg, where in the "Villa Frisia" he and his wife now lead their interesting and active life.

VAN WESTRHEENE.

THE SUMMER EXHIBITIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

II.—THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND THE NEW GALLERY.

MONUMENTAL, IDEALISTIC, AND DECORATIVE ART
—(continued.)

MR. J. M. SWAN gives, in his contributions both to the New Gallery and the Royal Academy, ample evidence that his creative power and very genuine fire are unabated, but he also begins to show a disquieting haste and carelessness as an executant, which, we hope, is but a passing phase. 'The Storm Siren' (New Gallery) is the daintiest, most poetic conception; but would it not rather have gained than suffered by a more thorough execution? The slight, willowy figure of

the death-bringing singer is borne on the crests of the foaming, greenish waves, as she plays her fatal music on a lyre of ancient shape, while round her flutters a wind-torn drapery of red, contrasting most harmoniously with the tone of the waves. The splendid design of two leopards drinking at a shallow pool called 'Thirst' (R.A.), is so superficially painted that it can hardly count as more than a sketch; in it there stands, nevertheless, revealed that rarest of all qualities in Art, style. Some suspicion of artificial putting-together attaches also to Mr. Swan's 'Lions drinking; Sun-



After the Battle. By J. Girardet. (Paris Salon.)

set,' in which, though the figures of the great beasts taken singly are in each case admirable, and the sunset is lurid and full of portent, the elements of the picture somehow do not fuse themselves into an organic whole.

It is distressing to see an artist of such undeniable cleverness as the Belgian painter, M. Fernand Khnopff, bringing forward such a piece of absurdity as the wilfully mad fantasy which he labels only with the quotation from Miss Christina Rossetti, 'I lock my Door upon Myself' (New Gallery). Here a wild-eyed, dishevelled woman is the centre of the picture (!) gazing with unlimited *Weltschmerz* into space, as she half

emerges from a rickety wooden structure which we cannot undertake to describe; in the very front of the canvas three or four fading tiger-lilies of dingy hue rear their diminished heads. This is a typical example of that cheap pseudo-mysticism which, absolutely wanting in spontaneity and true purpose, and chiefly designed to astonish the Philistine and the *bourgeois*, is finding momentary favour in the French and kindred Continental schools satiated with realism. Much more interest attaches to the curious symbolical composition, 'The Mirrors of Time—Past, Present, Future' (New Gallery), by Mr. A. Macgregor, who must on the whole be counted among the

followers of Mr. Burne-Jones, although he wears his pre-Raphaelitism with a difference, and is by no means to be counted among his slavish imitators. Here, somewhat after the fashion of the 'Days of Creation' of Mr. Burne-Jones himself, are shown three angels of solemn, awe-striking aspect, bearing transparent crystal globes, in which are revealed—so far as we are able to decipher the artist's meaning—the Redemption of Man, the Destruction of the Unregenerate and the formless Possibilities of Futurity. The picture is certainly an uncompromising invasion of the domain of imagina-

tive literature, but it has also certain obvious pictorial qualities which can be enjoyed *quand même*, even by those who may not possess the key to the enigma. The three angels are noble conceptions, indefinitely suggesting in their majesty and strangeness the influence of Blake.

Genuine originality is shown by Mr. Jacomb Hood in his 'Ganymede' (New Gallery), which merits more attention than the casual observer, a little repelled at first by a certain coldness and crudeness of general tone, is inclined to accord to it. Jove's eagle has ravished from earth and conveyed to the



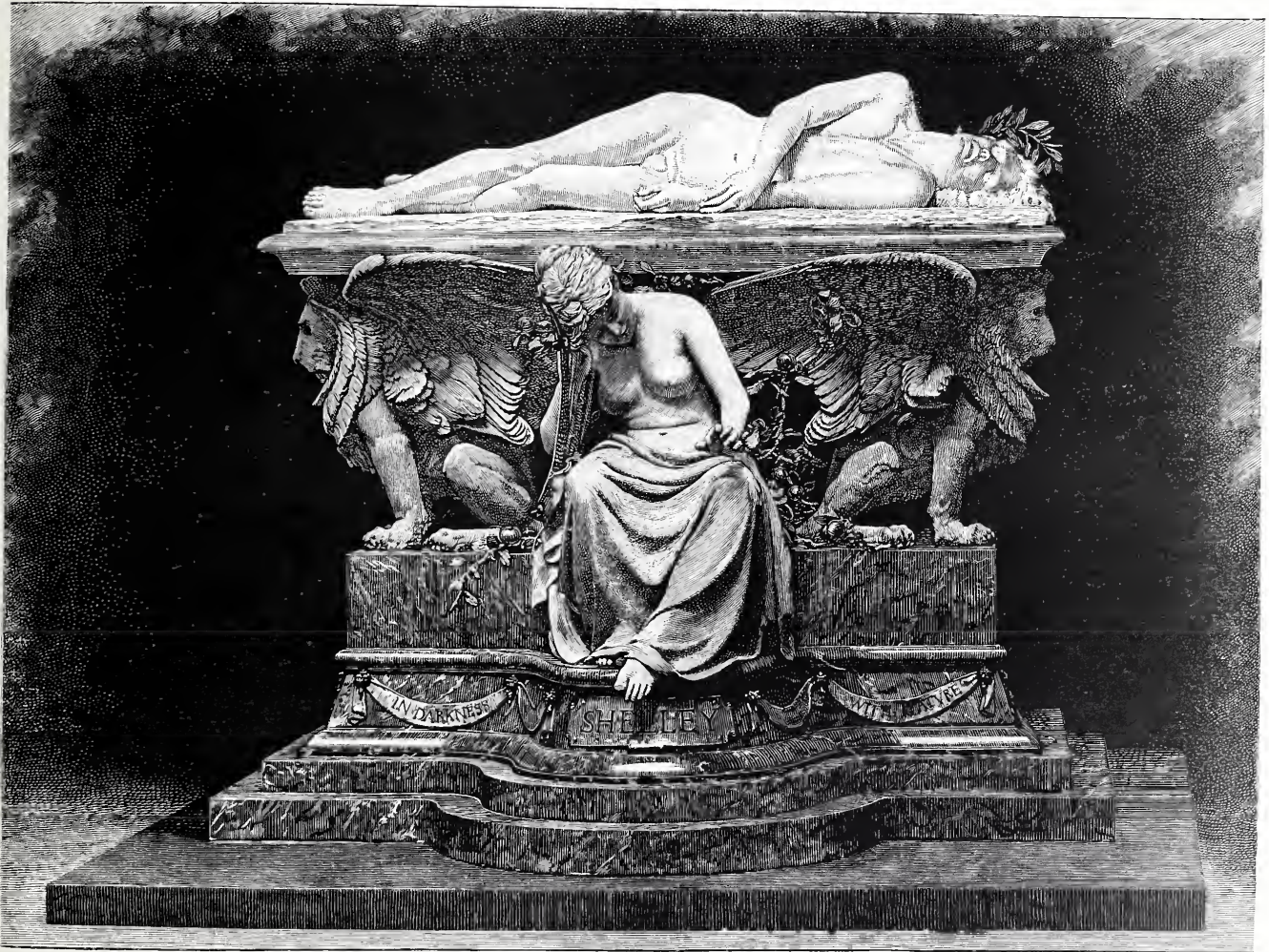
Mr. Val Prinsep, A.R.A., painting 'The Broken Idol.'

inaccessible peaks of snow mountains his fair prey, alarmed, but not overmuch so, by his rapid flight, and with mighty wings outstretched over his charge rests awhile before winging his way to Olympus. The greatest beauty of the little work is to be found in the harmoniously interwoven lines of the composition formed by Ganymede and his celestial ravisher. The technical problem must have been a difficult one, and it has been very successfully solved. Mrs. Annie L. Swynnerton's robust and semi-realistic mode of working out an idealistic conception has something akin to the manner of Mr. Alfred Gilbert

and Mr. Onslow Ford in sculpture, though her art is obviously, as yet, in a far more tentative condition than theirs. Her nude Aphrodite-like figure, 'Mater Triumphalis' (New Gallery), seen against a sombre yet rainbow-hued sky, with a wrought crown of gold at her feet, is a somewhat fleshy and earthly embodiment of the abstract conception which the artist has apparently aimed at expressing. The torso is well modelled, while the lower limbs leave something to be desired in the way of draughtsmanship; the flesh has throughout a quivering life which it is not given to all to express with the same felicity.

We do not find it in our power to admire Mr. Solomon J. Solomon's 'Orpheus' (R.A.), a large and ambitious production which has the flimsiness and superficial dexterity proper to some of the less admirable phases of French Art. Surely so well-worn a theme might be allowed to rest, unless he who would essay it afresh should possess the conviction that he can give it a new form and new life. Neither can we follow those who have expressed unqualified approval of Mr. Frank Dicksee's diploma work 'Startled,' a study of two lithe naked girls who, being surprised while bathing in a river illuminated with the rays of the setting sun, by the sudden

oncoming through the waters of a boat of classic shape, flee affrighted from the banks. It may be questioned, moreover, whether the rays of the sun, striking on the naked body through a canopy of green leaves, would not show greenish as well as the ruddy tones here given. Jean-François Millet has given us such in his 'Shepherdess bathing,' and Mr. Alexander Harrison has worked out the problem on a large scale in his well-known 'En Arcadie.' It may be convenient to mention here, although perhaps a little out of its right place, Mr. Dicksee's 'Leila,' a study of a fair-skinned, golden-haired beauty in a Turkish dress of bright pink satin embroidered with gold,



Shelley Memorial. By Onslow Ford, A R.A. (Royal Academy.)

reclining on sumptuous cushions, and backed by a hanging of a deeper crimson ornamented with gold arabesques of corresponding splendour. The colour-scheme, which we have here but imperfectly defined, is wrought out with extreme care; but the colourist *nascitur non fit*, and the combination is accordingly harmonious in theory rather than in realisation.

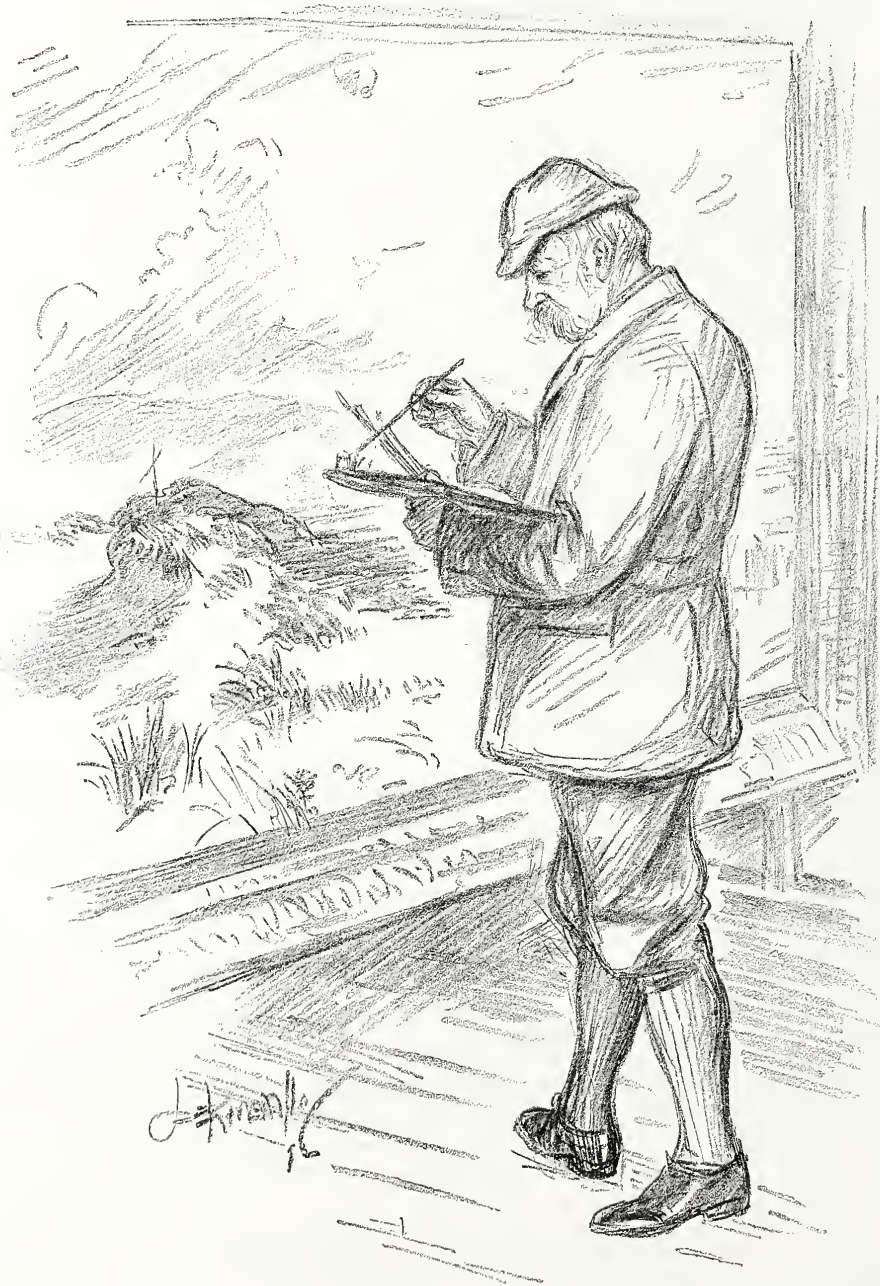
Mr. Val Prinsep has devoted much time and pains to elaborating on a very large canvas a tale told a thousand times already by artists ancient and modern. 'The Broken Idol' (R.A.) shows a Christian slave, who, having in his iconoclastic zeal defaced the image of one of the household gods, is dragged manacled before his Roman mistress, who listens in half-amuse-

ment, rather than with conviction, to his peroration against the old faith. On the whole, it appears likely that he will receive at the hands of the indignant *vicarius*, or master of slaves, who stands expectant at his elbow, the very sound flogging that he has so richly deserved. In the fancifully-named decorative canvas 'Lightning and Light,' Mr. Albert Moore has composed, out of elements which he has often manipulated before, a colour-harmony which, in its deliberate coldness, is yet of exquisite freshness and beauty. On a terrace looking out upon an expanse of threatening grey sky and sullen waters, are grouped Mr. Moore's three inevitable Anglo-Greek damsels, robed this time in yellow, green, and greyish-white

draperies. The balcony is decorated with blue and grey enamelled tiles of subdued effect, supporting a yellow railing or trellis-work, while the requisite seasoning to the harmony is supplied by orange-tawny and yellow flowers, some placed in a buff-coloured earthenware vase, some scattered here and there. The simulation of lightning in the troubled sky is, however, really preposterous, and cannot be defended even

on the ground of decorative necessity; this blemish Mr. Moore should remove or modify, so as to leave unimpaired the beauty of a rare and curious performance.

We may finally mention a large and harmoniously-ordered decorative panel, 'Youth: the Toilers and the Idlers,' by Mr. G. Natorp: this, with its design of nude figures, painted *en camaïeu*, in a tone between rose and terra-cotta, is a



Mr. B. W. Leader, A.R.A., painting 'Conway Bay and the Carnarvonshire Coast.'

great ornament to the Architectural Room, in which it is placed.

CLASSICAL, COSTUME, AND MODERN GENRE.

Mr. Alma Tadema still remains *facile princeps* in that peculiar domain of classical genre which he has invented, and the peculiar piquancy of which lies in the presentment of

classic personages shorn of their conventional dignity and engaged in the more or less uneventful occupations of everyday life. The chief drawback to the enjoyment of the Dutch master's accomplished art has been, and indeed still is, his absence of sympathy with the essential, the human side of the subjects which he elects to treat, as distinguished from the sumptuous and interesting *mise-en-scène* in which he

invariably enshrines those subjects. It is pleasant to be able to praise almost unreservedly 'A Kiss' (R.A.), his latest performance in this style. Here we have as a foreground a magnificent white marble staircase, partly clothed with bronze plaques, bearing commemorative descriptions, and sloping down to the very edge of a bay or lake, whose smiling waters are contained by green undulating shores; on the topmost balustrade of this monumental flight of steps stands out darkly against a bright sky a splendid bronze tripod. In the waves and on the sandy beach Roman girls and children disport themselves in innocent nudity, while up and down the steps nimbly move other women and children. The chief group—the one which has furnished the excuse for the not very apposite title—is that of a mother who stoops to kiss a little girl fresh from the bath, and accompanied by the *balneatrix*. The charm of the picture, over and above its more obvious qualities, lies in the soft, all-enveloping quality of the atmosphere, the unity of tone, and the faint but sufficient suggestion of human interest.

Sir J. E. Millais's canvas, 'The little Speedwell's darling blue' (R.A.), named after the familiar line in Tennyson's "In Memoriam," might be classed either under the head of portrait or genre. This Reynolds-like study of sweet English childhood, although for this painter unusually slight in handling, and moreover somewhat flat in the modelling of the face, has a charm unusual in the late works of the master, showing it to have been rather a labour of love. At the New Gallery Sir J. E. Millais has another portrait-study, with another Tennysonian label, 'Sweet Emma

Moreland.' This is the singularly prosaic presentment of a young English lady in modern country garb. What can we say of the veteran Sir John Gilbert's 'A Venetian Council of War' (R.A.), save that it shows the same cunning in the distribution of masses, the same superficial romanticism as heretofore, with a weakness and vagueness in the handling, for which the length of the artist's career may furnish a valid excuse?

Mr. Orchardson had been so successful in dealing with the Napoleonic legend in the period of its tragic collapse—we refer, of course, to his 'Napoleon on Board the *Bellerophon*,' now at South Kensington—that much was expected of his 'St. Helena, 1816: Napoleon dictating to Count Las Cases the Account of his Campaigns.' It would be an exaggeration to say that these expectations have been entirely fulfilled. The hand of the consummate artist is no doubt revealed in this bare ante-room to the bed-chamber of the fallen autocrat, in the admirably conceived figure of the seated Las Cases, and in the carefully chosen accessories; but this stolid and almost brutal *bourgeois*, who paces up and down with scowling mien, can never stand for Cæsar at any stage of his tremendous career—even the last.

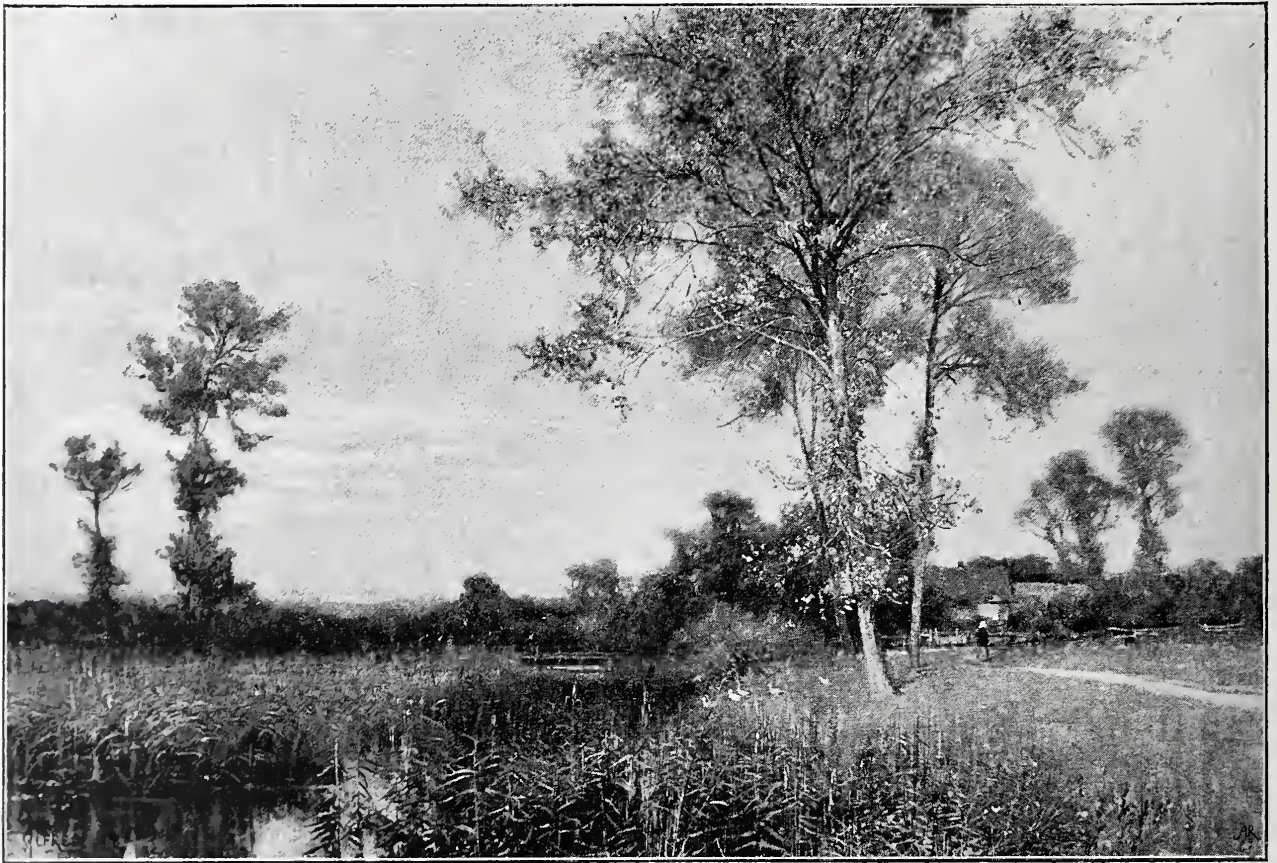


Mrs. George Hitchcock. By J. J. Shannon. (New Gallery.)

Mr. Orchardson has very naturally striven to avoid repeating the conceptions of the hero furnished by Gros, by Ingres, by Raffet, by Meissonier; but by going to the opposite extreme of impassive and repellent coldness, whatever may be the historical warranty for his point of view, he just misses suggesting what is, in truth, the very essence of his pathetic subject.

It is difficult to imagine a rendering of a popular theme at once more melodramatic and more dispiriting in its absence of true fire than Mr. John Pettie's 'Bonnie Prince Charlie' (R.A.). His 'The Ultimatum' (R.A.), shows with considerable vigour a sturdy, well-knit knight or squire, bearing his master's defiance to a foe unseen by the spectator; if there is here more than a suggestion of the model posing, still undeniable skill asserts itself in the brilliant rendering of a burnished suit of complete steel with its myriad reflections. Mr. Robert Macbeth has done nothing of late years so full of charm or so complete from a technical point of view as his 'Alsatian Flower-Stall' (New Gallery). Here under a tent shaded from the direct rays of the sun, but full, for all that, of a suffused light, stands a buxom flower-girl in the becoming black head-

gear proper to her country, bending over her plenteous stock of blossoms of all kinds—bright masses of colour these, but bright with a garish, unfused brilliancy. What is really remarkable is the admirable modelling of the head entirely in a transparent half-shadow. The more the pity that on turning back to the Academy we find evidence that this remarkable performance constitutes rather an exception than a solid progress; for the same artist's 'Lynn Ferry' (R.A.), is not only uninteresting and unpictorial as a subject, but open to much criticism as regards the relative proportions of the ungainly figures. The Hon. John Collier has elected to depict 'Gretchen' (New Gallery) at the moment when, while disrobing herself, she finds the casket hidden in her bed-chamber by Mephistopheles; and surely Goethe's heroine has



Autumn Afternoon. By Alfred East. (Royal Academy.)

never before been represented in such extraordinary fashion. She stands, a young English citizeness of to-day, with flaming red hair half unbound, wearing elaborate white linen night-gear, such as we fear was quite unknown in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when even Gretchens went to bed in the costume of our first parents. All this would perhaps matter little, but what matters more is that nothing of the subject is expressed, neither the personality of the heroine, nor the suppressed passion and temptation of the moment. All that can be said for the portrait-like study is that it is well and carefully drawn and modelled.

The 'Mowers' of Mr. George Clausen has certain qualities which, notwithstanding the rusticity of its subject, would have justified us in placing it under the heading of Idealistic Art.

The motive is simply that primitive yet at the same time thoroughly modern one, a number of labourers rhythmically mowing in the bright light of a sunny afternoon; but the painter, following this time the lead, not of Bastien-Lepage, but of Jean-François Millet, presents it with a largeness and a generalised truth such as bring it within measurable distance of the ideal, which is after all only *de la vérité à distance*. The design is, however, carried out, not according to the methods of Mr. Clausen's preferred masters, but rather with the technique and in the high, bright key of the most modern *pleinairistes*.

The so-called Newlyn School would appear to have just now a monopoly of that pathetic modern genre which was formerly so fashionable, but is now on the wane not less in England than

in France, and which retains its hold only when it is employed in the exposition of sacred subjects. The Newlynites justly reign supreme in this branch of their art in virtue of a closer grasp of truth, a less melodramatic form of pathos than those of their forerunners. Mr. Stanhope Forbes does much by his large 'Forging the Anchor' (R.A.), to justify those who elected him an Associate over the heads of more than one gifted *confrère*. Throwing off a certain smallness of manner evident in the otherwise admirable 'Salvation Army' (now at the Salon of the Champs-Élysées), he has rendered with as much breadth of design as truthful simplicity these sturdy workmen in the every-day garb of the modern foundry, as they beat into shape, with their long hammers, the mal-

leable iron of a great red-hot anchor. What is a little wanting in an otherwise remarkable performance is that suggestion of rhythmic force, of violent but well-regulated movement which the scene should surely suggest.

We may mention here, too, the sympathetic 'A Minuet' of Mrs. Stanhope Forbes, which, in its unaffected quaintness and demure charm has a genuine savour of the last century. The painter should, however, be on her guard against a certain growing hardness, and still more against the dirty, unnecessarily depressing greys too much affected by the school, whether in dealing with indoor or open-air light. The *mise-en-scène*, the lighting and arrangement of Mr. Frank Bramley's 'Old Memories' (R.A.), resemble all too closely those of



The First Train. By L. Barillot. (Paris Salon.)

more than one popular predecessor on the same walls. The bare fisherman's cottage, the feeble grey light filtering through a square casement, are the same, but the competing artificial light is this time the yellow flame of the fire in lieu of the yellow flame of candles. In this favourite *milieu* of the artist are placed two old folk, a weary old man and a worn old woman, who, seated at the scantily-furnished tea-table, indulge in the sweet sorrow of old memories. Had this been Mr. Bramley's first performance of this class, it would no doubt have attracted, in virtue of its pathos and its technical ability, greater notice than it at present commands.

Mr. Frank Brangwyn showed recently, in his studies made at the Cape of Good Hope, traces of a wider development and

a more brilliant palette than had hitherto been his; but we have him here again in 'The Convict Ship' (R.A.), so absolutely similar to his old self that we do not feel called upon to comment on the picture, although it has, like all the artist's works, undoubted points of cleverness. Not technically a Newlynite, but an artist of kindred aims and a kindred standpoint in his study of humanity, is Mr. H. H. La Thangue, whose 'After the Gale' (R.A.) shows, in a large boat taking up three-parts of his extensive canvas, a number of rough, weather-beaten seamen bringing back from a wreck a storm-battered sailor, whom they are sufficiently, but by no means sentimentally, tending. The conception, the treatment are broad and masculine, the pathos that of life, not of the stage;

the execution, too, is free and honest, but open to criticism in respect of the insufficient atmospheric envelopment given to the figures. A very conscientious American imitator of M. Gérôme, Mr. Frederic A. Bridgman, who has hitherto favoured Africa and the East, comes forward in a new light with his 'Lawn Tennis Club,' a carefully studied performance, but so airless, so artificial, as to make the painter's admirers wish that the new departure may not be persevered in. French training, in general, and—if it be permissible to hazard the guess—that of M. Benjamin Constant, in particular, is noticeable in Mr. F. Morley Fletcher's very able and technically satisfying, if not very convincing, performance, 'The Shadow of Death' (R.A.). Again, Mr. F. Melton Fisher's large piece of impressionism, 'A Summer Night' (R.A.), depicting a Venetian café garishly lighted by paper lanterns which cast their many-hued rays down on the faces of men and women in gay summer attire, and sharply contrast with the even silver moonlight without, is effective in its way, though by no means subtly worked out. Its *raison-d'être*, however, on this vast scale is not very apparent.

No one has this year shown so sympathetic an appreciation of the peculiar beauties of the Venetian atmosphere as Mr. Logsdail, who has striven, moreover, not without success, to get rid of the heaviness of his execution. His 'Venice from the Public Gardens,' and 'The Giudecca Canal, Venice,' belong properly to the category of landscape or seascape; his 'Flower-gathering in the South of France,' with its blooming orchard carpeted with narcissus, with its delicately but hardly modelled figures of female flower-gatherers of coquettish aspect, displays quite another style of technique, and might be by a different painter.

A curious *tour de force* is Mr. T. C. Gotch's 'My Crown and Sceptre'—the portrait-study of a young girl with pale fair hair and blue eyes, dressed in a mustard-coloured "aesthetic" gown, with a coral-silk sash, and a necklace of amber beads; she is crowned with flame-red ash-berries, and holds in her hand as a sceptre the greenest of green reeds. Here is an original and clever colour-scheme, in which the deliberately chosen hot tints are corrected by the greys of the blonde complexion, by the cold blue of the eyes, by the vivid green of the wand; we should enjoy the cleverness shown in this combination more, perhaps, if the effort to create a difficulty for the sake of conquering it were not so apparent. It is refreshing to come across an example of such perfect, unobtrusive mastery as that displayed by the famous Belgian painter, M. Emile Wauters, in his 'Grande Mosquée de Tanger.' There is nothing much to take the eye of the casual stroller through the galleries in this seemingly simple study of a great white street wrapped in transparent half-shadow, and overtopped by the tower and roof of the great mosque, made gay with green enamelled tiles; or in the figures of the Moorish inhabitants who people the scene, wrapped in immense burnous to keep out the keen air, of which a cold blue sky give some hint. The charm of the rendering lies in the mastery of technical difficulties in such fashion that they are hardly guessed at, in the perfect unity of the whole: this is emphatically a picture which will attract the student, but in a much less degree the dealer or the dealer's client. Mr. Wauters has among the pastels a 'Carmen,' full of that fire and suppressed passion which so well become the subject.

PORTRAITURE.

There is one portrait, and one only, this year, which comes

within the category of great art: of portraiture as the great masters of the sixteenth century understood it—truthful with the higher truth, which aims less at the transient likeness of a human face at one given moment, than at an expression of the whole individuality, summed up with a lofty and discerning sympathy in all that is most permanent and essential. We refer, of course, to Mr. Watts's half-length 'Walter Crane, Esq.' (New Gallery), which is entirely worthy to rank with the best among his performances of the same class. It would be interesting to learn whether it is new, or whether it is not, rather—as the apparent age of the sitter would lead us to surmise—a portrait executed some years since. Some of the most consummate portrait-painters of the day—Mr. Orchardson, Sir J. E. Millais, Mr. J. S. Sargent—contribute nothing this year, and their absence is severely felt. Mr. Luke Fildes, resting on his laurels, has, however, delivered himself over entirely to this branch of his art, and exhibits at the Royal Academy five portraits. The most pleasing and decorative of these is the harmonious and well-arranged 'Ethel, Daughter of T. H. Ismay, Esq.' (R.A.), while the most solid, the most carefully considered, are the companion portraits, 'Mrs. Bibby,' and 'Jas. J. Bibby, Esq.' (R.A.).

The most popular painter of the portraits of men is to-day evidently Professor Hubert Herkomer, as Mr. J. J. Shannon is not less evidently the preferred of the fair sex. Wherein lies the peculiar attractiveness of Professor Herkomer for the learned, the prominently political, the triumphant in business, and above all, for the "Presentation Portrait" class, it is not very easy to say, if it be not in the fact, that the Anglo-Bavarian painter has a breadth of execution which imposes itself, and that he undoubtedly possesses the gift of securing the "good likeness" of the outer man, which naturally commands the approval of the multitude.

The numerous canvases of Mr. J. J. Shannon display that inequality which must be expected in the productions of a painter upon whom Fortune smiles so brightly as she evidently has upon him during the last few years. He will never, it is feared, be a genuine colourist; but he is, when he pleases, a consummate draughtsman, and possesses the art of posing his figures with a certain *chic* and completeness belonging to the artist of foreign training. We need not refer in detail to several glacial presentments of young ladies in white satin, but mention may be made of the full-length 'Mrs. George Hitchcock' (New Gallery); 'The Hon. Mrs. Lawley' (R.A.); and the sober, serious portrait, 'Miss Wordsworth, Principal of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford' (New Gallery), a work which this year shows the artist as capable of higher things than he has yet achieved. Mr. Oules has rarely displayed such ease of execution, such an appreciation of the charm of youthful vitality, as in the 'Herbert C. Gibbs, Esq.' (R.A.). Good, too, as serious, sympathetic renderings of not very striking individualities, are Mr. William Carter's 'G. A. Holmes, Esq.' and 'G. T. Cox, Esq.'; Mr. Pettie displays much verve and a genuine appreciation of his vigorous, ever-green sitter in the half-length 'Auguste Manns, Esq.,' his best contribution, on the whole, to this year's art. The exceptional popularity of the Polish pianist, M. Paderewski, is attested by two portraits at the New Gallery, one by H.R.H. the Marchioness of Lorne, the other by Mr. Alma Tadema. The latter is, for a life-size head by this master, of unusual lightness and delicacy in the handling, especially in the rendering of the young composer's aureole of red-golden hair; and, if not unimpeachable in point of draughtsmanship, it is the genuinely sympathetic and

sensitive portrayal of a peculiar physiognomy which a trifling exaggeration might easily have caricatured. Mr. W. B. Richmond's canvases (at the New Gallery) include a 'Portrait of Mrs. Marsden Smedley,' which is marked by considerable elegance of arrangement, and a 'Portrait of Mrs. Worsley Taylor,' in which the artist would appear to have aimed, in an unwonted degree, at realism. There are in this last-named picture passages of fine modelling, but the flesh in the head, neck, and arms is of a most unpleasant red-violet hue.

A prominent member of the Glasgow school, Mr. John Lavery, achieves distinction with a double portrait, 'Katherine and Esther, Daughters of Lord McLaren' (R.A.), conceived and arranged somewhat in the Whistlerian mode. This shows great refinement in presenting the graces of youthful womanhood, but we must not too closely inquire how Mr. Lavery accounts for the murky half-light in which he has bathed his figures, or for the peculiar vivacity of certain isolated tints in such a cavernous atmosphere. CLAUDE PHILLIPS

MORELLI'S CRITICAL STUDIES OF ITALIAN PAINTERS.*



Charles Keene, from "The Life and Letters of Charles Keene." (See next page.)

SIR HENRY LAYARD has contributed an introduction to the English translation of Morelli's famous treatise, in which, according to his lights, he has borne enthusiastic witness to the merits of his lamented friend. Unfortunately, before fulfilling what must have seemed to him almost a religious duty, he has failed to make himself acquainted with a certain material fact, igno-

by a *mêlée* in which every one fights for his own hand. This is the present system, and the blame for it rests, in no slight degree, with Morelli. He it was who, riding dagger in hand in among the critics, sought out the joints in their harness, and did his best to destroy at a stroke their power for good as well as for evil. It is to be hoped that we may before long return to a more rational method, and take from each inquirer what he is best qualified to give. Sir Henry Layard himself seems a little uneasy about Morelli's proceedings, for more than once he alludes to them in a deprecatory fashion. He scarcely seems alive, however, to the justification Morelli afforded for any method of retaliation by such things as his absurd dialogue between a "professor holding an official position at Berlin" and an Austrian baron, at page 316 of the book now translated.

Morelli's real strength lay in the independence of his judgment. He says plenty of things in the course of his two well-known volumes which show his claims to infallibility to be no better than those of many whom he criticised. Especially doubtful do his verdicts appear when the question is one of originality. To take an instance, he calls the 'Virgin among the Rocks' of the National Gallery a copy of the 'Vierge aux Rochers' in the Louvre. Whatever it may be, it is not that. It is when he is confronted with time-honoured descriptions and appreciations that his strength comes out. In such a case the tradition runs off him like water off a duck's back. He grasps the sense of the picture itself, and, perhaps for the first time, gives a name to it which, as soon as pronounced, is seen to be the right one by most of those who can see at all. Accuracy is not his *forte*. His elaborate discussion of the "Raphael Sketch-book" bristles with mistakes of fact, caused, apparently, by reliance on photographs. Even his memory betrayed him now and then, for he has been known to ascribe drawings to half-a dozen different artists at as many successive inspections. But as a destroyer of the coarser forms of error, and as a rehabilitator of forgotten reputations, his efficiency was remarkable. One of the most interesting examples of this is his treatment of Francesco Ubertini, called Bacchiacca, in the volume under review. Morelli enumerates seven characteristics* of this master, by which the student may help himself to the recognition of his work.† He then goes on to assign to Bacchiacca, among other things, a 'Noli me tangere' and a 'Raising of Lazarus' at Christ Church, Oxford; a small 'Adam and Eve' in the

rance of which has resulted in the heaping of more fuel on a fire that should never have been kindled, or should at least have been smothered at the first opportunity. Some months after the death of Morelli, an article upon him was published in the *Fortnightly Review* over the signature of Dr. Bode, the well-known director of the Berlin Museum. As a fact, this article had been written and printed while Morelli was still alive, only to be pigeon-holed by the editor and forgotten by its author. Its tone was not that one would choose to take towards a dead man; but bearing in mind the methods of attack employed by Morelli himself, it could not be severely blamed in the opposite case. That Sir Henry Layard should have taken the actuality of the article for granted is also pardonable enough, and the whole incident becomes one of those unfortunate combinations in which a malicious fate now and then indulges. It is to be deplored that such matters as those discussed by Morelli and his critics should be made party questions. The subjects of debate are so numerous, so complex, and so delicate, that solutions are only to be arrived at, and recommended to the student, by pulling together and supplementing the *faible* of one man by the *forte* of another. Nothing is to be gained

* Here the translator has fallen into one of her rare mistakes, and written *glazes* for *scumbles*, in the description of Bacchiacca's treatment of hair.

† It is characteristic that he omits all mention of the feature by which this master can be recognised at a glance, namely, his very peculiar chord of colour, and quite personal idea of light and shadow relations.

* "Italian Painters: Critical Studies of their Works." By Giovanni Morelli (Ivan Lermolleff). Translated from the German by Constance Jocelyn Ffoulkes. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. Sir A. H. Layard, G.C.B., D.C.L. (Murray, 1892.)

Frizzoni collection, in which the master has borrowed his design mainly from Perugino's drawing for the 'Apollo and Marsyas,' now in the Louvre as a Raphael; the portrait in the Louvre of a *jeune homme appuyé*, which also has so long passed as a Raphael; a 'Madonna' in the collection of Sir Francis Cook, at Richmond; and, of course, the two well-known 'Scenes from the Life of Joseph' now in the National Gallery. These last-named panels have a peculiar interest for us through their probable, or almost certain, connection with the large 'Scene from the Life of Joseph,' by Pontormo, which was acquired at the Hamilton Sale. All three once helped to decorate the nuptial chamber of that Margherita Acciajuoli whose prowess Vasari has delightfully recorded. The pages

on Garofalo are more open to debate, but, like those on Bacchiacca, they show Morelli's peculiar independence. We may refuse to follow him in identifying Ortolano with Benvenuto Tisio, but we must acknowledge that theory makes the work of both men more interesting than it could be otherwise. It brings out, however, Morelli's special weakness, which, as it seems to me, was a curious inability to grasp the personality behind a work of Art. The 'St. Sebastian' of the National Gallery has its origin in a totally different stamp of mind from that which conceived the San Guglielmo 'Madonna.' Miss Ffoulkes has done the translation very well, on the whole, and, as a piece of literature, Sir Henry Layard's introduction deserves nothing but praise.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

ART GOSSIP AND REVIEW.

MR. ALFRED DE ROTHSCHILD has been appointed a Trustee of the National Gallery in the place of the late Sir William Henry Gregory.

Mr. Albert Lynch has been awarded a first-class medal by the jury of the Champs-Élysées Salon, and Mr. Frank Bramley a second-class medal. M. Deully also received a medal of the first class.

The Keeper of the Prints, British Museum, has secured fifty new drawings of various dates, schools, and subjects, which have been arranged in the cases of the Print and Drawing Gallery. A supplement describing them has been added to the official catalogue. Perhaps the most interesting of the series is one by Bellini, representing 'Pope Alexander presenting a Sword and his Benediction to the Doge S. Ziani.'

The authorities of the Chicago Exhibition have decided not to admit the works of deceased painters. There seems every probability of a good representative show of English pictures, as most of the eminent artists of the day have promised to send examples.

REVIEW.—There are not wanting optimistic critics in these days to assert that genius, and even talent, is in no danger of being overlooked, although of the many thousands who were interested and amused by the *Punch* drawings signed with that curious monogram C. K., but a small proportion knew or cared to know the name of their author. Yet Keene would have been the first to confess that for many years those in France, as well as in England, who understood the method of work to which he devoted his life, had long agreed in acknowledging his genius. Charles Keene's hour of a wider popularity is now at hand through the book of nearly 450 pages, which Mr. G. S. Layard has written, "The Life and Letters of Charles Samuel Keene" (Sampson Low & Co.). Mr. Layard has had access to private sources of information, and so has been able to produce an account of the life and work of the famous *Punch* artist which renders any further biography superfluous. The book is illustrated by many drawings, some of which have not before appeared in print.

CORRECTION.—The Percy Shrine was incorrectly described in the article in our last issue on "Some Famous Shrines," as being situated in York instead of in Beverley Minster.

OBITUARY.—We regret to record the death of Mr. Yates Carrington, the animal painter, at the age of thirty-five.



Portrait of Keene by Himself, in lieu of a letter to a friend, expressing his horror at news of the failure of one of his investments.—From "The Life of Charles Keene."



THE ART JOURNAL.

THE RETURN OF THE OYSTER FISHERS AT CANCALE.

FROM THE PICTURE BY FEYTAUD PERRIN.

LONDON: J.S. VIRTUE & CO. LIMITED.

Feytaud Perrin



The First Glimpse of the Island. From a Drawing by Percy Robertson.

RAMBLES IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

“Oh! for the temperate airs that blow
Upon that darling of the sea,
Where neither sunshine, rain, nor snow
For three days holds supremacy:
But ever-varying skies contend
The blessings of all climes to lend,
To make that tiny, wave-rock'd isle
In never fading beauty smile.”

EVERY itinerary that has ever been penned concerning the Isle of Wight has begun with a verse, usually composed by a local poet, in praise of its beauty. In many the narrative also continues and ends with much of the same, a necessity perhaps where some hundreds of pages of eulogy must perforce be written upon a tiny subject.

Now although we are not now engaged upon an itinerary or a guide to the island, a custom which has prevailed ever since guide-books were invented must be respected, and we follow it the more readily because it would be well-nigh impossible to compress within so few words as those given above the reasons why that islet is so dear to many of us. The lines, it is true, were not intended to be narrowed down to the Isle of Wight, for Frances Kemble, when she composed them in a torrid clime, under the influence of a thermometer standing at 98° in the shade, was thinking of her native country in its entirety; but they are no less applicable for us who, having tasted its sweets, think of and long for them when again confined to sultry quarters in a great town.

This does not, as we have already stated, profess to be a *vade mecum* to the island. It has no such ambitious object. It and the succeeding papers only propose to set forth some of the reasons why the Wight is worthy of more attention than it at present receives from those in “search of the picturesque,” including under this title both those who go to reproduce, and those who merely go to enjoy with the eye, whatever of the beautiful they may see.

It is quite possible that some places may be unduly dwelt upon with a partiality which is too exclusively theirs, because associations have given them a colour which they do not possess, whilst others may receive slight attention, which they do not deserve, or be altogether omitted, from their having failed to come under the notice of the narrator.

The Isle of Wight has both gained and lost by being opened

up to the public by means of more ready communication. It has gained in being handier to the metropolis, and consequently in being reached a little quicker than of yore. To those whose holidays are short this is a boon, but it has filled many parts of it with the tripper, and worse still, has induced the building speculator to attempt the fulfilment of the pro-



St. Helen's Church.

phesy that within a score of years a terrace of houses will completely encircle it.

The principal railway has also certainly been instrumental in lowering the popular notion of its picturesqueness. In

the old days, the coach or carriage which conveyed visitors from Ryde to Sandown, Shanklin, or Ventnor, left the port of arrival by a road leading past well-to-do houses, through the Whitefield woods, down the picturesque street of Brading, across the flats by Yarbridge, through Sandown, to winding Shanklin, where the horses were watered at a thatch-covered inn preparatory to the steep ascent to Shanklin Down, and the equally steep descent into Bonchurch Village. It was seldom that this drive failed to inoculate the passengers with a sense of the beauties of the way, under whatever aspect of weather it was accomplished. If, as was usually the case, it was undertaken at the close of a summer evening, after a long and wearisome railway journey, the freshness, novelty, and repose aroused feelings of pleasure which long fastened themselves upon the memory.

How different is everything nowadays! By whatever route one reaches the island, whether by the London and Brighton

line, *via* Leatherhead, Boxhill, Arundel, and Chichester, or the South-Western, by Witley, Hazlemere, and Liphook, or by way of the New Forest, Lymington, and Yarmouth, the observant eye is well-nigh sated with the various beautiful changes which nature has provided on either side of the line. But from the time of leaving the pier at Ryde until the terminus at Ventnor is reached, the Isle of Wight Railway is either grovelling amongst sewers, or opening up views of gas-works, piggeries, and the various rubbish heaps which always adorn the ends of the back-gardens of villa residences. Only once, and then only for a moment, is the sea visible. The other lines are somewhat better, but then they do not lead to what are considered the beauties of the island.

With such an introduction to the scenery, accompanied as it often is with tedious delays, and indifferent railway accommodation highly paid for, it requires scenery out of the common to make up for the hindrances which man has interposed between us and its enjoyment, and those who are interested



Ryde from the Solent.

in the future prosperity of the island should remember that they will always have this preliminary to contend with, and that therefore it behoves them to guard and preserve most jealously whatever beauties in nature have been left to them. Especially is this the case with the Undercliff, which is at present threatened not only from end to end by the speculative builder, but also by the railway promoter.

The transit to the island, by whichever way it is undertaken, is to the majority of people not only pleasurable but interesting. The boats on the main route now leave little to be desired, and it is the exception to find the sea so rough as to render the passage an unpleasant one. To the artist it can hardly fail to be delightful under any circumstances. Portsmouth Harbour is always picturesque. The varieties of shipping continuously on the move, from the stately troopship to the fussy torpedo boat; the ferries, with their loads of

bright-coated soldiers and bronze-hued sailors; the old three-deckers, adding just that sentimental touch which such a scene needs; the ruddy dockyard buildings, and the last century waterside houses, appeal even to those usually insensible to such matters.

Nor does the interest lessen when the Solent is reached. It is seldom that some incident out of the common is not taking place—a foreign man-of-war saluting the admiral; an English ironclad at big-gun practice; a gigantic North German Lloyd steaming through; a yacht race; any of these lend novelty and animation to the scene.

And this is but one phase of interest. To those accustomed to cross at all hours and seasons, much of the charm arises from the variations of light and shade, of sunshine and cloud, of sunrise and sundown. Our transit is by an early boat, and the sparkle and laughter of the water make us think of Wylie's successful water pieces; we cross at

mid-day, and the sea is often as blue as a Henry Moore would make it were it mid-channel, or as green as Napier Hemy paints it on the Cornish coast. And at eventide the sun, setting in gorgeous hues over Gosport, behind the sharply defined rigging of the *Victory*, brings vivid remembrances of Turner's '*Téméraire*'; or the low line of Haslar, with its towers standing up against a primrose sky, may even recall Venice and its lagoons. Nor when night has fallen early, in the winter months, and a gale from the south-east promises a tumble outside, do the warm lights of the town and of Southsea look much less picturesque as the boat cautiously picks its way down towards the narrow mouth of the harbour.

The scene may have been more picturesque in the days when Nelson took boat just outside the harbour to board the *Victory* and set sail upon his last fatal errand; or when Turner awaited the return of that vessel with the dead body of the hero as its freight; or before forts swept away old houses, and steam lessened the number of picturesque sailing vessels; but there still remains a mass of material, and that not solely for the marine painter.

But we are forgetting that we are only at the outset of our journey, and that there is more than enough material beyond the water to fill up our space.

Ryde need not detain us long. It is a cold, uninteresting town, facing the north, looking its best in the evening from some distance away, when the hill of houses is backed by the blue of the distant downs, and its graceful spires stand out against the light. Let us therefore pass on to the next station, namely, Brading. Those who alight here usually do

so in order to visit the Roman villa, or to make a pilgrimage to the grave of a girl who was perhaps no better than many of her playmates, but had the fortune to be the heroine of a work composed by a talented curate. A golfer or two bound for Bembridge will probably be our companions, but certainly not a single person to take a walk through some of the most beautiful and most unfrequented scenery in the island.

Well! this will make it all the more enjoyable for us who transfer ourselves into the tiny train which takes us down to Bembridge Haven—a train and line so toy-like that it hardly surprises one to hear that the luxury of a special can be indulged in for the sum of five shillings. It cannot but be more pleasurable for the seeker after rest and quiet, who will be glad to know that to this haven no post, no boat, and only an afternoon train, come on Sunday.

Of seclusion there is plenty. The visitors here as elsewhere, do not go far afield; the children fringe the shore, the yachtsmen are away all day on the Solent, and the luxury of absolute solitude can be indulged in to the full over the surprisingly large extent of ground which lies east-



Love Lane, Bembridge.

ward of the haven. We use the term "surprisingly" because the popular notion regarding the island is that it is always necessary to take care lest one tumbles over its edge; and this surprise is nowhere so much elicited as when it dawns upon the explorer that he may walk more miles than he cares along coast and cliff before he comes in sight of Sandown, which presumably will be his next stopping place.

Before, however, doing this, we will see what possi-



The Beach, Bembridge.

bilities Bembridge itself presents of enjoyment for the artistic eye.

The little village is situated at the mouth of a natural harbour, where a tiny stream, the Yar, flows into the Solent. As it also issues into the sea at Sandown, that portion of country eastwards of its banks is termed by some an island. For centuries attempts have been made to reclaim the marshes which lay near its mouth, and this has now been practically accomplished. There is still, however, sufficient water to aid the landscape, as we shall see later on. The harbour is tidal, and the river at low water has to traverse nearly half a mile of shore before reaching the sea.

This shore is a typical one for those who are sufficiently educated to appreciate the beauty of broad planes of colour, for the sand is toned by the admixture of iron to a russet brown, which at low tide contrasts in a glorious manner with the sapphire-hued sinuosities of the little stream; upon its farther edge a fringe of green seaweed of various dyes comes as a ribbon between sand and sea, which latter, to one standing on the shore, seems to have shrunk away to tiny dimensions, so near does the farther coast appear. This trends away eastward and westward, on the one hand with a southerly wind and a clear sky showing up Goodwood Downs and Chichester spire, on the other Portsmouth and the fort-topped hills behind it. Few artists have touched the Solent from the shore, Mr. William Millais, the water-colourist, being one of the exceptions.

But another portion of the shore is yet more pleasurable, bringing, as it does, to many, memories of the islands off Cannes and the bays in the Esterels. Here, as there, luxuriant foliage comes to the water's edge, and the pine-trees of the Ile St. Marguerite have their counterpart in those of St. Helen's and Bembridge. The foreign aspect is intensified by the little bathing tents which abound, and whose presence indicates heat, shade, and enjoyment (see illustration).

Crossing the ferry, in company probably with a boatful of golfers, we land on the stretch of sand dunes known as the Dover, the links of the Royal Isle of Wight Golf Club. Golfers do not perhaps lend themselves much as artistic features to the scene, and besides one has to be very careful not to hurt the feelings of this large section of society either by misattitudinising them or by lending prominence to some part of their territory which is not in esteem. Correctness not only of pose, but of implement, is a necessity, and an artist, for instance, who designedly dwells upon the windings of the well-known road which goes here and there through the links, will certainly bring himself into opprobrium by perpetuating

the most obnoxious feature to a golfer of the whole island.

But if the susceptibilities of the golfers are avoided there is plenty of material even upon these little links to employ the artist for many a day. At the farther end he may get backgrounds for pictures of rustic life, stiles, playing children,



Brading.

field paths, a charming woodside, and an old mill either reflected in the tidal millpond, or with a foreground of glistening mud and seaweed. He may paint in the spring to the song of the nightingale or the cadence of the cuckoo, and in the winter to the screech of the wildfowl and the wild swan. For he will almost certainly find here, even at the last-named season, not only sun and shelter enough to follow his art, but effects abundantly worthy of record, a fact which applies to most of the island, and which painters are apt to forget.

But it is at sundown that Bembridge looks its best. Then, as viewed from the churchyard on the hill, the scene has few rivals in the island. At our feet the harbour filled with idling boats, their hulls, sails, and reflections making dark masses in the light water; beyond, the reclaimed land, passing from a golden brown into delicate greys, as the mists rise at the feet of each succeeding hill; a dozen miles away the edge of St. Boniface

Down cuts the sky with its blue line, and one can afford to forget that it is but eight hundred feet high, and to invest its limpid mass with the dignity of a mountain; or looking from south to west, we have the wooded slopes of St. Helen's silhouetted darkly against the setting sun, which makes a pathway of light from miles away up the Solent, even beyond Portsmouth Harbour.

One other word must be said for Bembridge before we leave it. Few villages are so blessed with umbrageous thoroughfares. The Ducie avenue of acacias, with the sea at the northern end of its tunnel-like form, would be an attraction anywhere, and the beauty of the elm-trees hereabouts is too remarkable to be readily overlooked. Their graceful forms fringe every lane, and it is questionable at which season of the year they most commend themselves to the eye. As we leave the village on any side we must walk beneath them, and Love



The Dover, St. Helen's.

Lane, which we illustrate, and through which we will now pass on our walk towards the Culvers and Sandown, is not more typical than many others.

White Cliff Bay will be our first halting place, but if we experience such a glorious summer day as that which we experienced when last we went this way, we shall be some time in reaching it. In the first place the roads hereabouts have the peculiarity of never going two hundred yards in the same direction. Their windings are perfectly unintelligible, and would be exasperating were one hurried. But, as it is, we notice them but little, for every gate presents a different view and entreats us to pause and seat ourselves awhile upon it, and the consequence of these frequent turnings is a constantly differing vista of land and sea, each with a beauty of its own. Then there are little unused lanes which creep seaward, but so filled up with grass and dog-roses and blackberry blossom that there is only room to sidle down them in single file. And

every field entices the wayfarer inside its gates—one is decked with orchises of half-a-dozen different kinds, and is so accommodating to the would-be posy-maker as to intersperse them with the complement of quaking and other suitable grasses; over the next gateway a blaze of colour greets one where the yellow of buttercups and lady's-slipper fight for supremacy with the purple clover, and when at last we reach the edge of the cliff this last-named herb is courteous enough to supply us not only with a delightfully soft but a sweet-scented couch.

How many artists—nay, how many tourists have ever heard of White Cliff Bay? Certainly not one per cent. of either, if one may judge by the solitude which ever reigns there. Even on a Bank Holiday it is almost possible to while away the whole day and hardly be conscious of the excursion element, save for the steamers which at intervals appear and disappear past its either end on their way round the island. And yet it has every qualification that each considers necessary. A lovely

form, cliffs fine in outline, and varying in colour from that of sandstone to chalk, whilst the valley which trends away from it inland has its hither side banked with trees, its bottom with farmsteads and pasture, and its farther side with downland; a sight so fair, that it is difficult to tell whether it or the seascape bears away the palm. To these may be added the pleasurable sensations of elbow-room, solitude, invigorating air, and cleanliness everywhere, sensations which to the dweller in a town are almost more delightful than actual beauty. In their presence the step becomes lighter, wrinkles disappear, and the citizen finds himself indulging for the first time for years in a whistle or a song.

Nor do these feelings lessen when, having traversed the valley, we breast the down, and the scent of the May is wafted to us from the trees which, clinging under its lee, in their white blossoming and stunted growth present a curious combination of youth and age. The larks which carol overhead seem for the moment less joyful at the summer than they, but their bent forms show how the south-westers batter them in the dreary winter-time.

At last the top is reached, and a view equalled only at the

Needles—the farther end of this chalk spine of the island—comes in sight. Almost at every point of the compass the sea is visible, on one side limitless, on the other bounded by the South Down range—a sea, too, studded with vessels of infinite variety. This is one of the incidents which lend so much interest to the waters hereabouts. Unlike so many places, vessels pass close in, and always seem bound on some interesting errand. Warships of course, trying speed or guns, torpedo-boats practising, yachts racing, huge troopships from the Indies, liners bound to all parts of the globe, receiving or dropping their pilots. These, not dimly seen on the horizon, but close inshore, invest the waters with a human interest which is captivating to everybody.

But whilst we muse upon this we have traversed the downs, passed one of the forts which seem a necessity to every eminence hereabouts, and dropped down to the little hamlet of Yaverland, which rejoices in one of the most ancient churches and the most interesting manor-houses on the island. Crossing thence, a short walk carries us back to the main line at Brading, where we pause for the moment.

MARCUS B. HUISE.

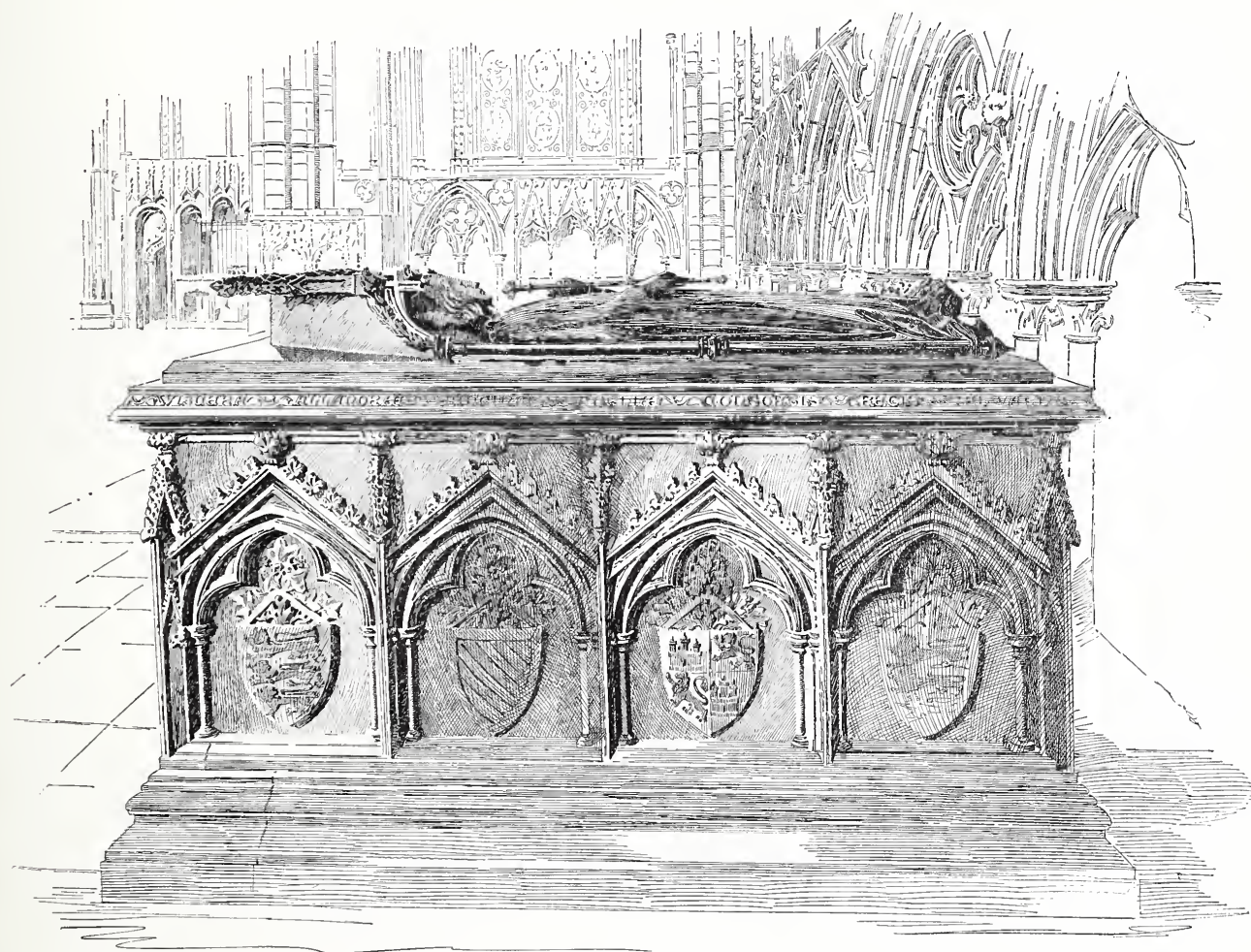


The Ferry, Bembridge.

THE MONUMENT TO QUEEN ELEANOR IN LINCOLN MINSTER.

A LITTLE more than six hundred years ago, November 28th, 1290, one of the best loved of English Queens, dear to her royal husband, ever faithful to the wife of his youth, and dear to her people for her domestic virtues and her universal benevolence—"Anglicanorum amatrix omnium"—Eleanor of Castille, wife of Edward I., breathed her last, to the inexpressible grief of the nation, at the little village of Harby, just over the Nottinghamshire border, about six miles S.E.

of Lincoln. The royal pair through their wedded life were almost inseparable. Edward was never long happy without his wife by his side. In the autumn of 1290 Eleanor had accompanied her husband to the royal hunting-lodge at Clipston, in Sherwood Forest, for the enjoyment of the chase, and here in October a council of nobility, dignified in the rolls with the name of a Parliament, was held. Edward's intention had been to proceed towards the Scottish border with



The Monument to Queen Eleanor.

Eleanor as his companion, to settle, as overlord of that realm, the disputed succession to the Scottish crown, and arrange a marriage between his young son Edward of Carnarvon, and the rightful heiress, the ill-starred "Maid of Norway." His plans, however, were frustrated by the heaviest blow that could have fallen upon him. Early in September Eleanor fell ill of what appears to have been a slow fever. For change of air she was removed, the king

accompanying her, to the manor-house of Sir John Weston of Harby, who occupied some confidential situation not specified in the queen's retinue. This was probably on September 11. The queen's malady, however, steadily gained ground. Syrups and other medicines were purchased for her in Lincoln, but in spite of these remedies and the skill of her own physician "Magister Leopardus," and of one despatched from Spain by the King of Arragon, she gradually wasted away—"modicæ

febris igniculo contabescens," says the chronicler Wikes—and died on the evening of November 28th. As soon as his council had been dismissed Edward had come to Harby, and remained by his wife's dying bed to the end. His grief was unbounded, and he at once made preparations for a funeral ceremonial of no ordinary magnificence. "I loved her," he said, "in life, and I love her in death." The queen's body was brought for embalmment to the Gilbertine House of St. Katharine's, at Lincoln, whence the funeral cortège started for London on December 4th, attended by the royal mourner, and reached London on the 14th. The entombment, which was performed by Oliver Sutton, Bishop of Lincoln, took place at Westminster Abbey on the 17th. As is well known, a stately cross, with statues of the deceased queen, was erected at each of the ten halting places of the procession for the night, as well as at Lincoln, its starting place, and Charing, its terminus. Of these, only three survive, those at Geddington, at Northampton, and at Waltham.

A magnificent sepulchral memorial was raised by Edward for his beloved queen, not only at Westminster, where her body was laid to rest, but also in the cathedral of Lincoln, where, in the Lady Chapel, the internal portions removed in the process of embalming were deposited. Both these monuments were of the same design, that at Lincoln being rather the smaller. An altar tomb richly decorated with canopied niches containing the arms of England, of Castille and Leon, and of Ponthieu, Eleanor's maternal inheritance, supports a recumbent effigy of the queen in gilt bronze, the head, which is encircled with a coronet, being protected by a pedimental canopy. Both effigies were the work of the same sculptor, an Englishman, Master William Torrell, goldsmith, who in the following year also executed that of the king's father, Henry III., for his monument in Westminster Abbey. Torrell received

for the Westminster statue fifty marks, and for the other two thirty-five and thirty-seven marks respectively. The Lincoln monument was entirely destroyed by the Parliamentary soldiers on the sack of the cathedral in 1644.

It has remained for the present High Sheriff of the county, Mr. Joseph Ruston, the founder of the Sheaf Iron Works at Lincoln, to give back to the cathedral of the city of his adoption one of its most precious memorials, valuable alike for its beauty and for its historical associations. Happily, a careful drawing of this and other tombs at Lincoln and elsewhere, taken under the direction of Sir William Dugdale, exists in the famous Hatton MS. belonging to Lord Winchilsea. This has enabled Mr. Pearson, R.A., to carry out Mr. Ruston's munificent intentions and restore the monument with perfect accuracy. The effigy, for which that at Westminster presented the type, was modelled by Mr. Nicholls and cast by Mr. Singer, of Frome. Both gentlemen are to be congratulated on the refined feeling with which they have reproduced William Torrell's work, which for its delicate grace and chaste simplicity may almost place this long-forgotten English artist on a level with the renowned sculptors of Greece. The drapery, entirely without ornament, covers the figure in long graceful folds. The long flowing hair falls on the shoulders from the circlet-crowned head. The countenance is one of remarkable beauty, indicating a spirit of sweetness, benignity, and modesty, in accordance with Walsingham's words, "fuerat mulier pia, modesta, misericors." The feet rest on two lions.

The Dean and Chapter of Lincoln are certainly to be congratulated on the gift of such an exquisite work of Art, reflecting so much credit not only on the generous donor, but on those who have so ably carried out his public-spirited design.

EDMUND VENABLES.

THE RETURN OF THE OYSTER FISHERS AT CANCALE.

FROM THE PICTURE BY FEYEN PERRIN.

MANY attractive incidents are gathered together in the fishing-picture that represents M. Feyen Perrin at the Luxembourg. All the harvests, whether of land or sea, are pleasant subjects; so are processional movements, with their suggestions of tramp and swing, and the winding line of their diminishing figures. So are all simple scenes of sea and light. In this charming march homewards some of the fishers are still walking through the shallow bright water, some have let down their petticoats and put on their sabots, and in all their baskets the daylight touches multitudes of grey shells. The delicate faces of the girls who are placed, like the prettiest supernumeraries of a ballet, in the front, mark the picture as of a rather bygone fashion. The love of beauty abides, but the sense of beauty varies, and the world has lost interest in the large eyes and small mouths, and especially in the conscious attitudes, of thirty years ago. M.

Feyen Perrin painted modern subjects, but designed them with remains of feeling that is not modern. He was, in fact, hard at work through many changes of artistic fashion. He was medalled first in 1865, and found his best and longest successes in the mitigated homeliness of fisher-life as it is translated in his work. Nor did he for many years stray from the coast about Cancale. His picture in 1874 was the one we reproduce; it had been preceded by 'A Cancalaise at the Fountain' and 'The Road to Market'; and it was followed by 'The Cancalaises' and 'A Parisienne at Cancale.' He painted portraits also, and chose to be represented at the penultimate International Exhibition at Paris (in 1878) by a classical 'Death of Orpheus.' M. Feyen Perrin fulfilled his own desire of working up to a good average; he deplored unequal work, and did not think that an exceptionally bad picture was atoned for by an exceptionally good one.

IN C—P—RAILIA.

PART II.—THE MOUNTAINS.

"No human being ever spoke of scenery for above two minutes at a time, which makes me suspect we hear too much of it in literature."—R. L. STEVENSON.

THIS is true beyond dispute, but it is not encouraging to one who is deliberately and of premeditation about to write six hundred miles of scenic description. Our forefathers didn't care a button about the beauties and grandeur of a mountain, it was an obstacle which they had not learnt to get under, and so had to painfully clamber over; it was too laborious and real a difficulty to give them the necessary

leisure for critical admiration; but we drill a hole through the bowels of an Alp, and glide through it on a velvet cushion, so can afford to be interested and even enraptured by peaks and passes which we need not scale; as the painful hardship and adventure of travel have been smoothed away, so in proportion has there grown an enthusiasm about rugged and awesome scenery—the not unnatural reaction against the uneventful perfection of modern travel.

The danger of it all is that when we begin to write about



In the Rocky Mountain Park, Banff.

great mountains we elevate our style up to the level of the eternal snows; in this rarefied atmosphere no reader can long exist, and he is certain to skip—down the mountain side to warm himself in the comfortable society of human pigmies.

What in common phrase are called the Rockies are locally known by various names, the title Rockies being only applied to the first or eastern range, beyond which lie the Selkirks, then the Gold Range, and lastly the Cascade, or

1892.

coast range; to the casual traveller passing once or twice along the Canadian Pacific line these seem but a tumbled, heterogeneous, and hopelessly unclassifiable mass of abrupt mountains, jagged, serrated, fantastic, snow-crested shapes of naked, sky-piercing rock, whose bases, covered with dark green pines, sink down into narrow valleys, along which whity-green rivers are for ever tumbling and racing east and west, north and south.

The morning air feels good and fresh when we draw up at

Banff Station, which is situated in "the Rocky Mountains Park of Canada." It is a mountain section reserved for pleasure and health-seekers, twenty-six miles long by nine wide, and has in its area lakes and streams, mountain and forest, besides the medicinal luxury of hot sulphur baths. Here, overlooking a beautiful gorge wherein two streams meet without mingling their blue and chalky waters, the C.P.R. has built a lordly pleasure-house for its subjects; but we must get on, for there is only one train each day west and one east, the former called technically Number 1, the latter Number 2. It is early morning when one leaves Banff and follows the river Bow, whose acquaintance we made at Calgary; it grows into little lakes called the Vermilion Lakes, and gradually we ascend to the highest point the line touches upon the Rockies, 5,290 feet.

All round us the mountains rise above the timber line, huge naked rocks, broken and rough, with patches of smooth white snow glistening in the sun; the side upon which the sun is not shining is in a luminous purple shadow, above the indented edge of which the sunlight seems to pour. All the mountains upon this line of travel are called after Canadian politicians and railway lords; it is rather hard upon these peaks, who have preserved a dignified anonymity through all the ages, but they do not seem to mind; it is not easy to crush a mountain; nevertheless one feels grateful that the great historic mountains of the old world were named in a different spirit.

At the summit of the pass there is a tiny lake from which issue two streams; one runs down the eastern slope, wanders through the level grassy prairie to Hudson Bay and the vexed Atlantic, while the other, choosing the West, threads the vast mazes of the mountains to fall at length into the serene Pacific. I was beginning to moralize about the careers of these two children of the Mountain Mother, from which morality the train saved the reader by running down the Kicking Horse Pass. This is the steepest gradient on the line, being between 4 and 5 per cent., and is said to be the only pass the responsibility of which the government refused to accept, but I failed to understand whether one's corpse would be in a better or worse position for this Pilate-like washing of the governmental hands; however, as a superficial observer, I reflected that accidents always happen at safe places, and so I did not bother much about the question of compensation, but watched the greeny-white Kicking Horse River a thousand feet below us, absolutely indifferent to all forms of responsibility save only that of getting to the sea, plunging madly down amongst the pines that to near the snow line cover all these mountains.

Above us, on our left hand, a wall of rock rose so sheer that it seemed inaccessible to any wingless creature, and yet high above our heads on the face of this perpendicular crag was the opening of the Monarch Mine from which galena ore is burrowed out by men who are not subject to the usual laws of gravity. Far below the tract on our right was the river, to the level of which we eventually subsided in a valley walled about with splendid mountains, and having for a focus a pretty *châlet*-like dining-room, where a cheerful breakfast drew our spirits down to the comfortable details of vulgar life, and our minds were soon distracted by the problem of whether we would have tea or coffee.

The line then passing between two tall ranges of mountains follows what is called the Lower Kicking Horse through a narrow lofty-walled canyon, where the river and the train career in close companionship; the former shortly to merge

itself in the broad Columbia, which for some hundreds of miles wanders northwards, seeking to circumvent the great range of the Selkirks, while the railway, choosing the Beaver River for its guide, boldly pushes over the great barrier which these grim mountains interpose.

Now we enter into the narrow gate of the Beaver, and pant up the steep road with the little river raging below us, augmented every now and again by some torrent cascade from the peak above, which tumbles, almost as white as the snow from which it comes, in great leaps, wearing a thin perpendicular scar in the wooded mountain side, and passing beneath the seemingly fragile trestle bridge which spans its deepest gorge; one of these bridges lifts its slender wooden web nearly three hundred feet above the torrent creek. Meanwhile the peaks of the Selkirks tower above us, wearing solemn crowns of inviolable snow.

As we climb towards Rogers' Pass we are constantly being buried in the dusty darkness of snow-sheds,—these are great structures of cedar, which like the tortoises of ancient warfare are set against the steep walls of the beleaguered mountain to carry off harmlessly whatsoever the besieged cast down upon their foes. In spring avalanches of snow slip down, and falling rocks and snow-slides make these sheds very necessary; above them great log fortresses serve to deflect the slides, and keep the uncovered portions of the line clear. The pathway of these snow-slides show themselves as light green rifts among the dark pines, through whose stalwart ranks this most irresistible of soft things has in past times hewn a road. Here, on the summit of the Selkirks, is the greatest precipitation of the Pacific vapours, which in winter means snow, so that there are miles of these costly sheds, out of the intermittent darkness of which you emerge to see below you in full sunshine the deep valley of the Illicilliwaet girt with great glacier-bearing heights.

Rogers' Pass, through which we have come, was named after Major A. B. Rogers, of the American Army, the engineer of the line, "by whose adventurous energy it was discovered," says the annotated time-table, "previous to which no human foot had penetrated to the summit of this great central range." I have been assured, however, that this is not accurate, and the exception strikes me as interesting. It is said that nearly fifty years ago there was a terrible snowfall in these mountains, covering, in places not usually subject to deep snow, the tops of high trees; a certain Indian of the Shuswap tribe, Kinbasket by name, sixty years of age, and who lived to be one hundred and seven, and to tell the tale to him who told it to me, having his wife and family on the upper waters of the Columbia, which, as I said before, was here making a great loop to escape the northward-running wall of the Selkirks, determined to scale their summits, and so more quickly pass over to the rescue of his people likely to perish in the snow-shrouded valley of Kootenay. Upon snow-shoes this brave old savage started up by the glacier-fed torrent of the Illicilliwaet over an unknown mountain deeply covered with treacherous snow, and at length, after great hardships, he found the pass, which he lived to show to the undoubtedly daring officer whose name it now bears. One might moralize about the results of this fine old Indian's family virtues, but there is not time, for the train has swept round a curve of the mountain, and has drawn up at the Glacier House Hotel, where a frivolous little fountain is making a mimic rainbow in the sunlight.

When the train leaves the Glacier House it is to pursue a

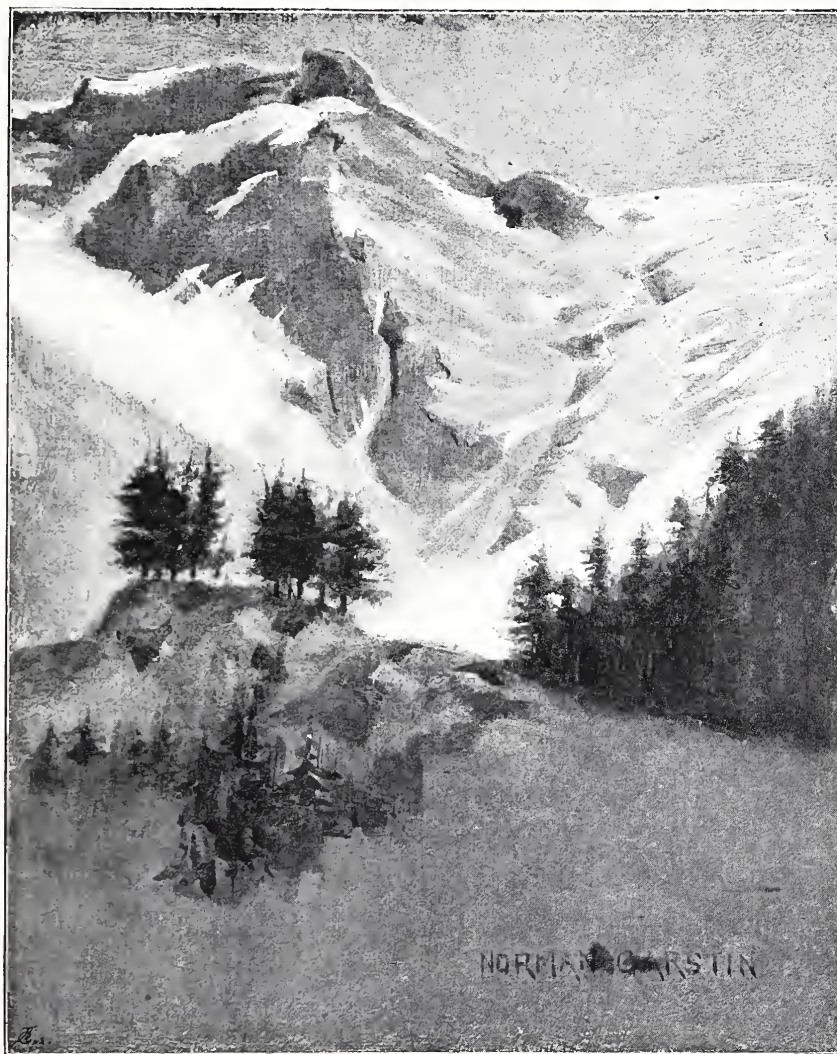
downward and circuitous path, sweeping in two very rapid curves, like a skilful figure-skater, across the valley. Nothing strikes the traveller as more wonderful than the cleverness and audacity of this manœuvre, by which it is said some two million dollars were saved on the construction of the line; one is bewildered by seeing the path one has come a moment before but a few yards away above the track, which curves back again, spanning the valley here and there on tall, stilt-like bridges, whose feet stand far below, sometimes amongst the purple fire-flowers, sometimes amongst the boulders that mark the pathway of the foaming Illicilliwaet.

One of the most dangerous things in crossing this dizzy mountain road is the probability of the traveller falling into a state of maudlin admiration for the engineers and their marvellous feats. You see it is wonderful that, where a few years ago no man had dared to tread, you are now hurried along a smooth steel path in evenly-gliding chambers, wherein you may sleep or dine or read with more than the comfort of many hotels, and you begin to reverence and worship the wonderful being who has brought these marvels to pass. Now the best antidote for this idolatrous condition of mind is to reflect how very clever it is of the little rivers, that they too invariably

find their way through all the devious wanderings of the mountain maze to the sea. They have had no scientific education, these poor little streams; beginning life as snowflakes on some tall peak, they have melted into impetuous torrents that leap and tumble and rage with youthful ardour and a blind yearning for the distant sea. The mountains seem to shut them in for ever, wall beyond wall, encircling them in a vast chaotic prison; and yet these persistent little streams will sooner or later circumvent them; growing broad and stately, moving placidly with the consciousness of power and of past difficulties overcome, they will cross the last sand-bar and gently lose themselves in the eternal Nirvana

of the Pacific; yet no one thinks of admiring these determined little torrents except in a picturesque, tourist sort of way, and all the fine terms, such as "marvellous feats of science," etc., are lavished on the servile engineers who only follow the streams that are after all the original surveyors. There is a story of an Irishman who admired the workings of nature in so often causing navigable rivers to flow through great towns, and the reader may make any application he thinks proper, but as for me I will persist in looking upon these wise brooks and rivers with humble admiration for the thorough manner in which they have solved the mystery of mountain travel.

All this time we are journeying along the raging Illicilliwaet, which roars and tears through the narrow canyon whose sheer walls barely allow of our companionship; as we puff along in our self-complacent way, we cannot help sympathising with the tumultuous self-abandonment of the green and foaming river whose waters have lain for centuries and centuries imprisoned in the slowly travelling ice-womb of the glacier, that when in the fulness of its vast labour-time the sun delivers them once more into the world of movement and warmth they should dance and leap with the newness of life; and thus the newborn Illicilliwaet roysters along rejoicingly to join



The Great Glacier of the Selkirks.

the Columbia, which, as I before said, has been wandering north to get round the Selkirks, and is now going south to outwit the Gold Range; we cross this broad and here navigable river beyond Revelstoke, which used to be a constructional camp, and even had an existence before the railway—an almost Egyptian antiquity for these parts. Its name does not seem to have been given, as it might well have been, in memory of the high jinks that during the building of the line seem to have made all these camps anything but desirable residences.

Whiskey was interdicted by Government, and pleasantly hunted by those magnificent vermilion warriors, the mounted

police of the territories, but whiskey is a volatile fluid, elusive and mercurial. You make laws, prohibitive laws, stern iron laws, but the lawless whiskey laughs you to scorn; the police are set to patrol the mountains—bah!—that naughty spirit is quite capable of blinding even their eyes, and the whiskey pedlar passes unmolested through the fastnesses of the mountains. It sounds picturesque, doesn't it? The evil spirit tobogganing down through the eternal snows, while the baffled servants of the State, in their glowing liveries, search the wrong place with fruitless zeal! Meanwhile the wicked little barrel, hugely augmented in value, is supplying something that is sometimes mistaken for jollity in "poker dives," "euchre hells," and other rude centres of mountain dissipation, where, to give an additional zest to the orgie, a highly-caparisoned lady was often employed to sit on the table and shuffle the cards. These things have passed into oral tradition, and the remains of the camps are pointed out to the traveller, where now the purple fire-flower grows round roofless log cabins, purified long since by mountain storms and the wholesome sun of the evil deeds wrought therein in those bad old days.

The fire-flower is said to mark the track of old fires, but, as a matter of fact, the railroad is one long trail of fire; all along the line the trees are burnt, sometimes for miles and miles not one near the track has escaped, and very dismal they look; the fire seems to eat out the centre first, and leaves a blackened chimney sheath of charred bark putting forth a wreath of smoke and a coronet of flame, whose sparks fly on the wind to a neighbour, and thus the fiery scourge passes over the land, leaving grim black stumps where once were forest trees; the purple fire-flower stands amongst these jet black relics of the greenwood tree, a sort of incendiary record, for they reappear and bloom long after the stumps have disappeared.

The secret of an easy pass through the Gold Range is said to have been divulged by an eagle, and the engineers have been grateful enough to acknowledge this obligation by calling it Eagle Pass, which is a comfort, for it might have been MacDougal's or Johnson's. Anyhow, the road was both easy to the makers thereof, and beautiful to the traveller thereon, an unusual combination. In the hollows of these stately mountains there are four charming lakes set near together, round the margins of which the line is forced to curve; then pursuing the Eagle River—for, as I insisted before, one is always pursuing a river—we descend to the great Shuswap Lake, called after the Indian tribe of which old Kinbasket was a chief. The great Shuswap lake fills all the interstices between the close set mountains, so that the *Times* correspondent likened it to a huge octopus, in the manner in which it pushes its sinuous arms into the valleys. We got there as the sun was beginning to set behind the great western ridge, so the waters were stained with orange and gold and the mountains grew simpler in tone, vast silhouettes of purple they became, repeated in the still waters—the purple darkened into deep violet velvet, and the stars came out above the peaks and glimmered in the lakes.

One is grateful to the night, for one's eyes are wearied with the fast-changing landscape, and welcome with relief the little commonplaces of the lamp-lit car, and the various expedients that the tired travellers employ to rest themselves. In the sleeping car the nigger-porter is settling the berths for the night; in the smoking compartment, which looks out on the receding track, the after-dinner cigar is being burned to

the tune of the grinding of wheels previously to turning in comfortably for the night in a good bed behind the thick curtains. In the first-class car the travellers are trying to make the best of a bad bargain—there being but two seats together, it is impossible to lie at full length, and all sorts of positions are tried and exchanged for others equally uncomfortable; heads loll and nod with dislocating jerks, feet appear in unexpected places, and sleep is wooed and lost under most unfortunate circumstances; slumber in an American first-class car is certainly not sweet, though it is generally short enough.

In the next car the "Colonists" are better off; these cars are a rough imitation of the luxurious Pullman, and here, if you bring your own mattress, and do not mind the strong companionship of the heterogeneous medley of unwashed nationalities that push west, you can at least sleep at full length, a sleep which, if not balmy, is not dangerous to your vertebral column. But, sleeping or waking, the night wears away.

We have been travelling along the Thompson River most of the night, the beauties of which are described by the timetable, but as both the east and the west-going trains pass this part in the dark, one must take it on trust, or else "step off." At length, when one becomes conscious of matters other than disturbed dreams, the Fraser River has come down from the north and has absorbed the Thompson, and we are winding along the canyon in which this green impetuous river is hurrying onward. The walls of our prison are high, and the mountains seem to hem us in more jealously than ever, but the engine-driver seems to take confidence from the sanguine river, and hurries us along too; but it seems really hopeless, the dark walls of the gorge rise in sheer acclivity, and are lost in the white fleecy clouds that are winding and massing and dispersing to reunite again amongst the peaks and crests high overhead.

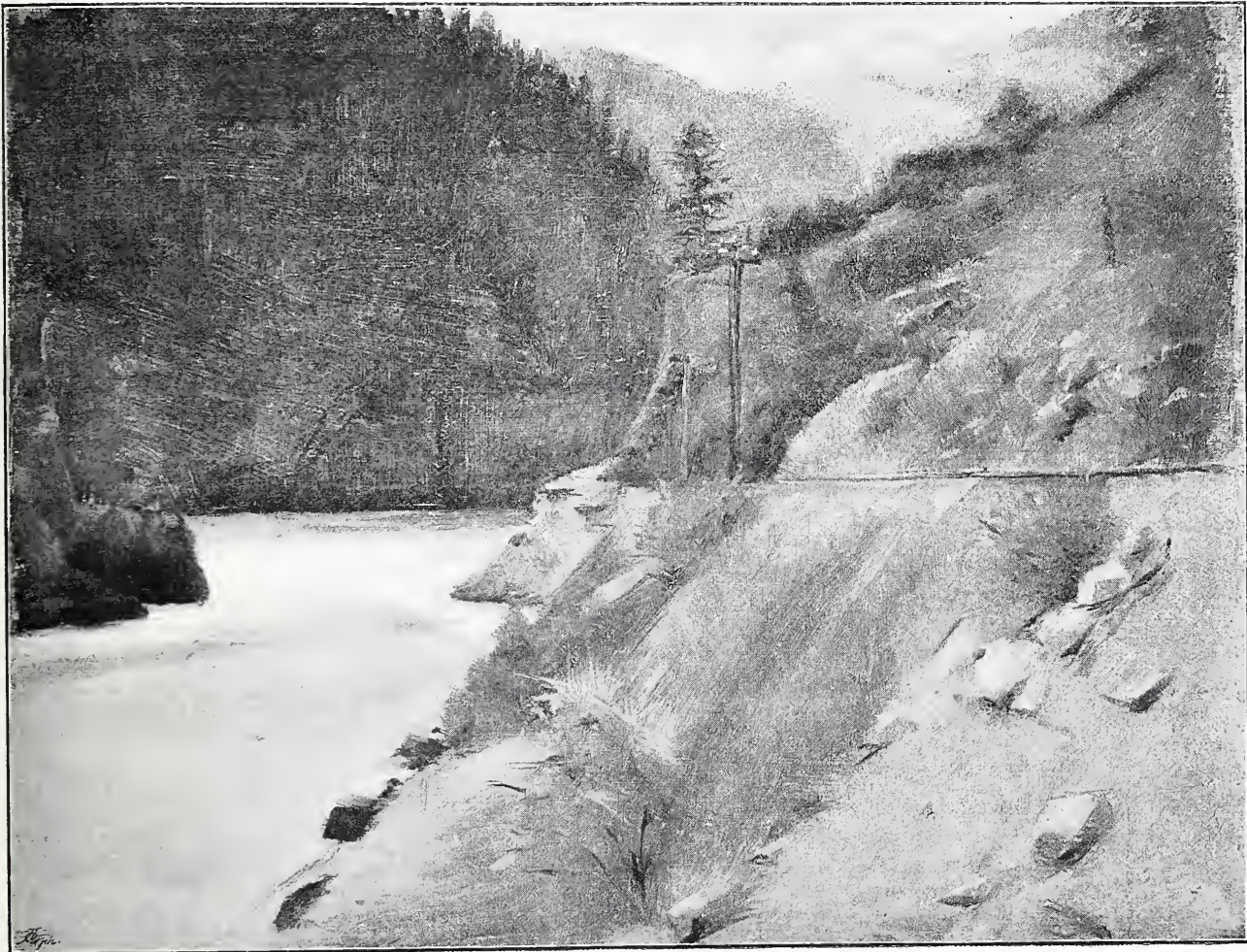
The river is lashing itself into a fury at its thwarted and restricted progress, and the engine-driver also lost his temper, and turned his engine straight at the solid mountain, which fortunately offered no resistance, and at length out of the cool darkness we emerged into the valley of Yale, where was also the river, cheerful again after having conquered the long exasperating canyon.

There was something about Yale that made me wish to stop there, so I let the train move away, and leave me in this narrow Eden, girdled with the everlasting mountains. There was a little inn, comfortable enough for a traveller who wants to see places that are not "resorts," and through the crimson-budded hollyhocks that grew against my window was the purple mass of one of the encircling peaks; there were a few loiterers under the inn verandah, and some few cottages standing in pretty orchards bordered the line; a short street of wooden houses led to the river; these seemed to be vacant as did the long street that fronted it. I walked along its plank sidewalk under the projecting verandah of stores and restaurants, and hotels calling themselves "Palace" and "International," and "Grand," etc., etc.; but my footsteps and the rushing Fraser were the only sounds; the river bent a little, and so did the street, and showed a farther line, shops, hotels, but still no one. At length I saw a human figure; it was clad in scarlet cloth, and a single plait of black hair hung down from the summit of its little shaven crown, and its small dark eyes were more oblique than are those of Western babies, and when I came near it toddled away into a mysterious shanty, where his Tartar father was ironing Christian shirts.

This was the only human being I met. It was very odd to see this corpse of a dead activity lying where and as the soul left it. There was a placard in a saloon window, "Wanted a bar-tender;" did the town die before they could get that bar-man? It is dreadful to think of a whole city expiring with parched lips. I afterwards heard that some seven or eight thousand persons had lived and worked and consumed whiskey in this deserted town, which was the head-quarters of the contractor for this section of the line; when the line was done of course those who made it had to seek whiskey elsewhere.

At the end of this wooden Nineveh, this lumber Thebes,

there was a live Indian village, the streets had high boarded fences on either side, within which were the houses of the Indians, surrounded by a garden; for these coast Indians are of a much higher civilisation than their wild kinsmen of the plains. High up in trees are boxes—"caches"—wherein they keep whatever they set any great store by, the dried salmon, for instance; in the days before the missionary they used to keep their deceased relatives in these quaint tree-trunks, because they were safer there than in the shallow earth of this rocky ground; but the missionaries showed them how wrong it was to tree their dead friends, so now they plant them out with much labour in a little cemetery near the tiny



Hell Gate, near Yale.

church whose bell is even now drawing with its rather querulous clangour some old squaws to vespers. The sun has left the topmost peak, and the quiet of night is falling on the valley, only broken by the sound of the Fraser as it hurries on to the sea.

It is getting cool, too, though it is the middle of the summer; a great stove has drawn a lot of miscellaneous men round it in the saloon next door to the little inn. We sit silently puffing our pipes and listening to the short angry or pleased exclamations of the poker gang who are playing with greasy cards under a smoking paraffin lamp; there is an old man lying in his clothes on a camp bed on the other side from the bar. Presently he lifts himself up on his elbow, and

by the light of the lamp I see that he is marvellously handsome, this ancient man; his beard is quite white, and so are the locks that not only "linger," but resolutely grow upon his well-shaped head. "Bedad, it's time for some of ye lads to be lookin' for yere beds," said the apostolic-looking old man, fumbling for a pipe, and filling it with chips that he whittled from his plug. The ring round the stove recognised the point of this remark, and broke up, some going out silently into the starlight night, others moving towards the bar for a nip of rye whiskey to give them an impetus, and in the course of time the poker players arranged their finances, correcting the balance of fate with rye whiskey also, and I was left alone with the apostle.

I forget how the conversation opened, or how it was that we drifted upon the dangerous topic of Ireland, but very soon the ancient man had grown furious, not with me, for I confined myself to asking leading questions, but with the great abstract army of those who held different opinions to his own, these he smote hip and thigh and utterly destroyed; he would strike a match and forget all about it in his magnificent wrath until it burnt down to his horny finger, when he would cast it from him with a more than usually violent outburst against the "thraiters." The odd part of it was that he was

had left Ireland; what had he done with himself all those years?

Well, he'd "gone to Californy in the hoight of the gould faver, and had made a heap of money, about 150,000 dollars," he reckoned. But what had he done with it? "Why, lost it, every cent, in speculatin', barrin' what a friend had borrowed." And this friend had disposed of it in the same way, and he chuckled over his loss, this gamey old Quaker, and his pipe nearly got lighted with the few whiffs he was able to lend it over this more genial subject; but something reminded him of Ireland, and he burst out again against them rebels who were desolating his country, and his pipe was doomed.

He scratched a match, however, against the door as I went out, and the last I saw of him was by the red light that came from between his sheltering hands falling with ruddy glory upon his white beard and grand old head, which time and the ups and downs of an adventurous life had failed to mar. I hoped, as I wished him good night, that he would be permitted to smoke a pipe of peace before he slept.

Beyond Yale the valleys widen out somewhat, giving room for little farms to be skilfully introduced here and there; and the rivers widen too into ample streams, whereon stern-wheel steamers take the place of the "dug-outs" of the Indians, and finally we skirt for thirteen miles by the edge of a long narrow piece of water, which repeats on its calm surface the mountains that guard its northern shore. This is Burrard Inlet, one of the many fiords that cut into this northern coast of the Pacific, much as the Atlantic has carved innumerable landlocked bays along the coast of Norway. And so it comes to pass that our long and splendid journey draws to a somewhat inglorious, not to say impotent, conclusion in a shed which forms the temporary terminus of the C.P.R.

Vancouver is one of the many cities of the West that is in a chronic state of astonishment at its own precocity. It cannot get over the fact that in May, 1886, its site was covered with a dense forest; in July the forest had been cut down, and the city was already well in hand, when the surrounding forest, feel-

ing that some exhibition of spirit was due from it, started a fire, which, sweeping the town, left but one house standing to be a witness of the wrath of ejected dryads and evicted woodland deities.

That there should be a very strong feeling on the part of these sylvan good people against the ruthless destroyers of their homes is only natural, for the British Columbian is death on trees; he regards them as rival settlers, who have been settled there a long time certainly, but whose claims to occupancy he is prepared to dispute with axe, fire, and dynamite; he cuts and hews and burns and blasts, scarring and rendering



Burrard's Inlet, Vancouver.

of Quaker stock, and had been harried out of the country by boycotting—"exclusive dalin'," he explained it was then called, for this had happened over forty years ago, he being now eighty-seven; and then he struck another match, and made a few unsuccessful attempts to light his pipe, but was always frustrated by some fresh recollection, requiring that his breath should be expended in violent protests rather than in those persuasive inhalations which serve to kindle a pipe. I became very interested in the question as to whether it would ever get under way, and sought to lead him on to less explosive topics. It was nearly half a century ago since he

hideous the solemn majesty of the virgin forest. I know it is necessary—at least in great measure—for land must be cleared even of these splendid creatures that have stood there drinking in the air and sunshine of half a millennium; tall Douglas firs between two and three hundred feet high, and forty to fifty feet in girth, whose branches trail venerable beards of moss, and stately white-barked cedars straight as masts, which seem as though they had grown for no less a purpose than to serve as columns for some many-aisled temple, and to associate for ever with gold and frankincense and things precious and beautiful.

But the British Columbian takes a very practical view of the matter—"It will take two or three men two or three days to cut your high-falutin tree down, and then by the time one gets it to the water and the stump out of the ground it will cost more than the darned thing is worth"—so he sets fire to the forest; and though there is a law against this terrible waste, yet, from the park in Victoria, I have counted over twenty forest fires raging at the same time, all of which could hardly be put down to accident.

Vancouver is built upon a peninsula, upon the ultimate corner of which the virgin forest has been preserved as a sort of specimen; it has had roads cut through it and round it, and is a really beautiful possession for the city, which certainly has a most charming situation, with its deep land-locked harbour environed with wooded snow-capped mountains. The student of political economy, or whatever one likes to call the man who cares to speculate why one man has cakes and to spare, and the other man has a very spare crust indeed, might muse down by the shore upon the street of shanties built out on piles above the water, and inhabited by Germans, French Canadians, Italians, and working men of different nationalities. There is plenty of dry land whereon to build houses, and these poor men are the builders and makers of the city; but in proportion as through their industry the city prospers, so in proportion does the price of land drive them on to the water for a dwelling-place, for the water exacts no rent. Then, some fine day, the city fathers will come down and sweep away all these droll, makeshift, packing-case, amphibious, pitiful little cabins to make room for wharves or some money-making concerns,

and the miscellaneous hands and muscles who lived in them will have to get them to some other scene where their labours will be required in the same way. In the meantime these water huts are picturesque, with their backing of the solemn mountains and the placid inlet whereon ride big timber ships, steamers for China and Japan, etc.

The energy of these new-born cities surprises those who are accustomed to old-world, slow-moving municipalities.



"China Town," Victoria, Vancouver Island.

Water has been brought from the mountains across and under the inlet, gas lamps and electric suns blaze and dazzle you from every corner, and admirably-worked electric tramcars glide swiftly and surely through the streets, which, in the business part, is solidly built, though in such a manner as to give the European traveller no sense of novelty.

The part where the homes of the townspeople stand is more distinctive, and in its early crystallization seems worthy of description. The side walks are wooden platforms standing some little height above the road, which, as yet, is not of

course in all places very well paved ; the blocks are rather suggested than completed ; here and there stands a pretty wooden cottage, perhaps two or three together, verandahed, bow or bay-windowed, becreeped, painted white, or some not too blatant colour ; a little garden where turf and flowers are kept fresh by a revolving spray drawn from the cool snows of the peaks away over the inlet, then the vacant ground beyond the trellised fence shows the scars where the roots of some forest giant were so recently unearthed, that there they lie, with the vast tree base itself large enough to form, as it does in one instance, the floor of a summer-house ; tall yellow and purple weeds are growing abundantly, as though to assert the right of wild things to some share in this new artificial life. There, in that half-vacant lot, is the opera house ; the hotel is at the corner of another, and so the city is sketched out, and the real estate agent flourishes in every street.

Vancouver being the terminus of the Canadian Pacific would seem the natural conclusion of what I have to say upon C—P—Railia, but the impetus which has been acquired by so many thousand miles of travel is not easily lost, and the capital of British Columbia can hardly escape the dominion of the line that has journeyed so far towards it ; indeed the Company compasses sea and land, and China and Japan might both be said to come within the scope of this article. From Vancouver to Victoria one threads a devious course ; beyond the Gulf of Georgia the sea is thickly set with clustering islands between whose shores we steam as in a river. It is most bewildering, this archipelago ; the islands, wooded with pine and fir, closely resembling one another, while the mountains seem set all round, so that one despairs of ever seeing the open Pacific.

After six or seven hours' steaming we arrive at Victoria, which is situated on the southern extremity of the long thin island of Vancouver, that for about three hundred miles serves as a sort of breakwater to the lagoon or sound which we have just crossed, whose numberless deep-cut inlets wind amongst the feet of the mountains of the coast range ; then the island itself is very mountainous, so that rocky barriers lift themselves to the very last against your escape.

Victoria has very much to be proud about—a climate which the inhabitants, with flattering complacency, protest to be identical with the South of England, and a situation to which few cities of England, North or South, can compare—at least not from a Victorian point of view—but from any point of view it is charming ; added to which, one is constantly and

pathetically assured that the town is peculiarly English in all its characteristics, and what more can a travelling Englishman want ?

There is one characteristic which is, however, hardly English, and that is the Chinese quarter ; one saunters along the peculiarly English street, past bars and cigar shops and hair-cutting establishments, in the firm and comfortable assurance of Christian and even Anglo-Saxon surroundings, when suddenly, without any warning, one finds one's self in the full tide of heathendom ; one pinches one's self and rubs one's eyes. The crowd that passes by are all men ; they wear blue or black cotton blouses and broad trousers, their high-soled shoes have white cotton uppers, and there are the well-known bell-pulls of plaited hair and silk that depend from the shaven crowns of all sons of the Flowery Land. The signs that appear on the shop fronts in vermilion and gold are silent to us of what they are meant to tell, but they conjure up delicious memories of chow-chow, of wonderfully carven puzzles, of boxes mysteriously sheathed in outlandish matting, and stamped with those curious characters, and of all the delicate wares, the blue dragons, the tea-services, the willow-patterns of our grandmother's china closet.

There are said to be five thousand Chinamen in Victoria, and their kinsfolk are spread all over the country, working as cooks, house servants, laundry proprietors, etc. ; there are camps where all the miners have pig-tails, and earn by their indefatigable industry a modest living. They are very unpopular, owing to this industry ; but the English colonist, with a characteristically sound financial policy, sells the Chinaman the right to serve him as washerman and chamberman, or whatever he can do. The citizen of the States won't have him at any price, but the Canadian compounds his aversion to a hard-working foreigner for fifty dollars per pig-tail. The Chinamen who have paid their footing in Canada seek to smuggle themselves into the States, and then trust by much lying to pass themselves off as old residents.

If you go up to Beacon Hill in the Park, and look round the sea of tumbled mountains that gird the waters of this land-locked port, you can see one free passage—there, through the Straits of Fuca, is the pathway to the Pacific, whose furthest shore is that strange, azure-tinted, dragon-haunted land, which does not conform to the laws of perspective, but whose teeming myriads may some day sail forth and submerge the Christian earth, as their ancient kinsfolk, the Huns, once flooded the Roman.

NORMAN GARSTIN.

THE SUMMER EXHIBITIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

III.—THE ROYAL ACADEMY, NEW GALLERY, AND THE PARIS SALONS.

LANDSCAPE.

CERTAINLY of late years English (we should perhaps say British) landscape art has acquired a wide development, in

the sense that the subjects chosen for treatment are of infinite variety, while the mode of treatment is also infinitely varied. Yet it is not less rare than heretofore to find an artist thoroughly penetrating to its essence, and penetrated by, the subject which he chooses; it is the lack of this personal and interpretative quality in landscape which deprives it momentarily of the commanding place in Art which it has occupied, as of right, in the earlier years of the century, both on this and the other side of the water.

Of the painters of long-established popular reputation, such as Mr. Vicat Cole, Mr. Leader, Mr.

Peter Graham, and Mr. McWhirter, nothing very new remains to be said. The veteran Mr. Hook can never be otherwise than artistic, although his present contributions to

the Academy have nothing, save a slightly diminished finesse, to distinguish them from an endless series of predecessors. Another Royal Academician, who is almost a veteran, Mr.

H. W. B. Davis, has brought forward this year a noble performance, 'Approaching Night—Camp de César—Pas de Calais' (New Gallery), which is in some respects the finest landscape of the year. Certain important qualities—among them atmospheric vibration and transparency of colour—this painter will ever lack; yet, notwithstanding these drawbacks, he wins us here by the tender solemnity which informs this twilight scene of sad, barren Picardy, admirably and truthfully composed, and canopied by an opalescent moonlight sky of singular beauty. Good, too, though much more in



Orpheus. By Solomon J. Solomon. (Royal Academy)

the artist's ordinary style, is his 'Trespassing' (R.A.), a sunlit landscape with cattle. Mr. Henry Moore is always himself save when, as in 'The Sheep-walk, Walberswick'

(New Gallery), he abandons the sea, and penetrating quite inland, completely fails to express his meaning. He has, however, rarely given us a more splendid, stimulating example of his own particular sea-piece than 'Perfect Weather for a Cruise' (R.A.).

Among the painters of snow landscapes Mr. G. H. Boughton takes a high place in virtue of the delicate truth of his general tone, and the variety which he manages to give to an almost monochromatic scheme. One of the best of the series which he has produced of late years is 'The Home Light,' in which the group of a rustic father, mother, and baby, hastening along a snow-covered road towards the welcoming light of their cottage, is particularly happy.

Even those who are unable to declare themselves in complete sympathy with Mr. David Murray's art, must admire his versatility, his happy originality in the choice of subject, and his thoroughness of execution from his own peculiar standpoint. He is not one of those landscapists who once for all stamp their artistic personality on a certain scene, or class of scenes, who completely attain to unity either of visual or of emotional impression; but for all that he rarely misses achieving a certain definite pictorial effect, and he does so always by solid and legitimate methods. One of the best things he has produced is the dramatic storm-scene, 'A Hampshire Haying, 1891' (New Gallery); and very clever, too, notwithstanding a certain metallic hardness, the great pale canvas called 'The White Heat' (R.A.), showing under a hot, grey-white sky, a great expanse of the Christchurch meadows, with here and there groups of cattle in and near the shallow waters. Excellent, too, of its kind is the elaborately worked out 'The River Road' (R.A.), in which is apparent a certain influence of Corot, which we should have been glad to see asserting itself even more strongly (see pp. 144-146).

It is, however, very naturally, among the painters of the younger generation—those who do not count themselves yet as absolutely *arrivés*—that we must look for promise of fresh development and for the endeavour to tread untrodden paths. Mr. Adrian Stokes is a genuine nature-lover, and a seeker for novelty in truth. His versions, both at the Academy and the New Gallery, of scenes in the Roman Campagna are, however, those of a child of the North unable quite to shake off his prepossessions, or rather his accustomed manner of vision. His 'Sunset: Roman Campagna' (R.A.) is a praiseworthy but not thoroughly successful attempt to show the glowing orb of the sun casting its parting rays over calm sea and green cliff, as it sinks below the waves. Genuinely happy, and new in treatment, is the study of sun-flushed snow-mountains, rising above emerald-green fields, in 'Hay-time in the Tyrol' (New Gallery). Of Mr. Alfred East's three canvases—'Dawn' (New Gallery), 'Hayle, from Lelant, Cornwall,' and 'Autumn Afternoon' (both R.A.) (p. 220)—the last-named, a soft, pensive scene suffused with gentle sunlight, and clothed with tender greens emulating those of spring, is the most entirely satisfactory. Mr. Clayton Adams has, in 'The Woodman's Path' (R.A.), a lovely subject—a forest path through feathery larches, the yellow autumn vesture of which is momentarily illumined by golden sunlight—but he somewhat fritters away its beauty by an undue insistence on detail. Faithful to the New Gallery is Mr. William Padgett, an artist whose main tendency is to further sentimentalise the pathetic realism which marks the French school of landscape of the last generation, and whose conceptions are so interesting as to make us wish that they might be carried out in less superficial style. He shows in

the gallery of his choice, among other things, 'Moonrise o'er the Marshes,' 'Evening Glow, Sussex,' and best of all, the delicate "symphony" in green and grey, 'On the Sand Dunes, Boulogne.' We may further select for praise Mr. Ernest Parton's moon-light scene, 'The Night Ferry' (New Gallery); Mr. Aumonier's sunny, spacious 'The River Piave, Belluno, Venetia' (R.A.); Mr. F. G. Cotman's 'A Passing Storm: Corfe,' with its stormy, rainbow-shot sky; Mr. Matthew Corbet's solemn 'The Cloud-surrounded Morn,' his best landscape, and the one in which he most successfully asserts his own personality; Mr. Leslie Thomson's brilliantly fresh little study, 'The Foot-Bridge.' It would be unfair to pass over without some special mention Mr. George Hitchcock's 'The Scarecrow' (p. 191), in which the skilful Franco-American painter presents with all his usual taste and deftness of handling a field enamelled with blazing scarlet poppies, in the midst of which sits motionless a Dutch peasant-girl, duly armed to frighten away the birds.

SCULPTURE.

It may fairly be questioned whether, notwithstanding the remarkable advance made by English sculpture during the last decade, and the brushing away more and more of the bad traditions derived from the middle period of the century, the general public—the *gros public* of our neighbours—cares much more for this, the severest branch of the plastic art, than it did before.

It would be unfair to deny to Mr. Onslow Ford's *magnum opus*, the Shelley Memorial (R.A.) (p. 217), the praise due to decorative originality, quaintness of fancy, and loving elaboration of detail; but we must nevertheless record our opinion that it suffers from a certain triviality, a certain incongruity of its component parts, which prevent it from reaching the true height of its argument. The absolutely-naked figure of the poet, represented as he may have been washed up after the catastrophe of Spezia, is, in itself, a consummate piece of modelling, but showing as it does only the final, and not on that account a typical or suggestive, moment in the poet's life, it most unfitly crowns the elaborately-wrought base of bronze, with its supports of winged lions, its mourning Muse, its curious growth of golden-fruited trees filling up the interstices. Nothing here has the admirable quality of Mr. Gilbert's statuette, called somewhat elaborately 'Comedy and Tragedy: "Sic Vita"' (R.A.), the motive of which is the lithe, naked figure of a classic comedian, who, holding in one hand the distorted mask of Greek comedy, turns with his own face awry with real agony to find a hornet stinging him on the leg. On the other hand, we must regard his two busts, 'Sir George Birdwood' and 'The Late Baron Huddleston,' as dangerous, if interesting experiments, in which the pictorial is too entirely substituted for the true sculptural style. These dexterous pieces of modelling have the momentariness which belongs to painting, rather than to sculpture; they are coloured to imitate a golden-hued bronze, and are relieved in many of those portions most in relief with genuine gilding. So full of power, so monumental, notwithstanding its small proportions, appears Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's equestrian statuette, 'Edward I.,' that we must regret the collapse of the Blackfriars Bridge competition, which prevented its being carried out on a large scale. An excellent piece of conventional, but thoroughly appropriate, work, is Mr. Thos. Brock's seated marble statue, 'The Late Rev. Edward Thring,' which is to be erected in

Uppingham School Chapel. While admiring the general design of Mr. Harry Bates's large relief, 'Endymion and Selene,' and the happy way in which it fits the chimney-piece for which it is destined, we note the extreme slightness of the execution; the relief is, in its present condition, a mere sketch, and the task of the sculptor hardly half achieved. Mr. Henry A. Pegram's high-reliefs, 'Industry' and 'Britannia,' destined for the main entrance to the Imperial Institute, furnish evidence that the art of sculpture as applied to architecture is as yet much misunderstood by English artists. Mr. Adrian Jones's colossal group, 'Duncan's Horses,' is an ambitious and praiseworthy performance, lacking, however, the elements of well-ordered design, which a work on this vast scale must necessarily possess, if it is to be comprehensible to the eye without effort. Mr. Albert Toft's 'Fate-led: she must needs go on and on blindly, yet fearing not,' has a powerful tragic motive, well worthy of plastic interpretation. The large group, 'The Children of the Wolf,' by Mr. George Frampton, is a fairly-well modelled performance of a more conventional class than we are accustomed to associate with the name of this artist. Nothing here is more complete than Mr. W. Reynolds Stephens's 'Bronze Wall-fountain,' a design singularly fine in its elegant sobriety of style, which is the realisation in metal of the painted fountain forming part of the artist's decorative canvas 'Summer,' and is now to be seen at the Salon of the Champs-Élysées.



Mr. H. W. B. Davis, R.A.

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

A CAREFUL examination of the contents of these two vast exhibitions must surely lead the beholder, who sees not only in detail but *en bloc*, to the conclusion that French Art has again arrived at one of its curious transitional phases, from which further change and development may confidently be expected. The transition, as in so many previous instances that it would be easy to bring forward, follows closely upon new literary developments, but, as might naturally be expected, just a little behind.

For some two or three years already realism, and especially the robust naturalism, flavoured with an unconscious element of romanticism, of M. Emile Zoia, has declined in popular favour, and, by a reaction which grows from day to day, our brilliant neighbours, ever intolerant of sameness, are seeking to set up in its place a species of diaphanous idealism, or what they take for idealism. We have had the delightful if quite unconvincing naïveté of M. Maurice Bouchor's *Noël*, and other like mysteries; the rainbow-hued, unsubstantial *Grisélidis*

at the Comédie-Française; various Passion Plays, in which it has been sought to replace by more or less feeble prose the incomparable majesty of the Scriptures; and M. Zola himself producing *Le Rêve*, a work which, if not absolutely pure, is at any rate purified, the wholesome juices being, however, too much expressed with the harmful. The farcical side of the new movement is represented by the vagaries of the Sâr Peladan both in literature and art, and the unpleasant side by M. Huysmans, who seeks to express, with an ideality operating "à rebours," as he himself puts it, the quintessence of what is rare and unusual in vice.

In painting, too—so far as the present schools of France herself are concerned, but by no means yet as regards the branches abroad—the younger generation has done for the moment with scenes depicting the cruel sufferings of the poor, the horrors of labour, the nauseous incidents of hospital life, and brings forward in their stead visions of the

here to the academic idealism of such artists as MM. Jules Lefebvre and Bouguereau, or to that noble generalisation of human life in all its phases, as of the nature that enframes it, which so powerfully characterizes the art of M. Puvis de Chavannes.

The pseudo-idealism with which we are now confronted on the other side of the Channel appears to us to lack as yet that element of conviction which would give it the dignity of a genuine movement in Art, failing which it must take rank only as a fantastic and not inellegant fashion likely to prove as ephemeral as it is unsubstantial. Still it is premature to pronounce on a development so new, so immature at present. It is better, without sounding the note of ill-omen, to stand aside and watch, sympathetically, if possible, and, at any rate, without *parti pris*.

The one branch in which it is sought to preserve a pathetic realism, akin to that hitherto devoted to the expression of scenes of modern life, is that of sacred art. This phase of realism is, unlike most other modern French developments, not of genuine home growth, and, therefore, less entitled to respectful consideration than are many exuberant eccentricities of contemporary French painting. It is purely an imitation of the method of the Saxon painter, Herr Fritz von Uhde, who is himself, it must be owned, a disciple in matters technical of the French, while his conception of sacred art is throughout coloured by that "religion of humanity" so passionately expressed in modern French, and still more nobly in modern Russian literature. We have had this year at the Champ de Mars a regular epidemic of religious subjects painted from the Uhde standpoint, but with an artifice and a manifest desire to astonish which place them outside the category of serious effort. Another characteristic of both the one and the other exhibition, which cannot



La Baignade. By A. A. Moreau. (Champs-Elysées Salon.)

conquering hosts of all time, new versions of the Orpheus myth, nymphs dancing on the sea-shore, impressionistic renderings of incidents from Dante's "Inferno," resuscitations of the Middle Ages, fantasies founded on Baudelaire's poems, and other equally impalpable subjects. Scenes from rustic life—modern pastorals—retain their vogue, however, although in their essence they are no longer quite the same; the decorative competing on more equal terms with the human standpoint. In like fashion landscape Art retains, nay, has even increased its popularity; but while renewing its methods under the genuine impulse given by the *Luministes* and the *Impressionistes*, it, too, has altered its standpoint, preferring to deal with the more fleeting, superficial aspects of nature as they impress themselves on the physical vision, rather than subtly to express the hidden analogies to be traced between her typical appearances and the moods of man—the method, this last, of the great generation of French landscape painters now, alas! well-nigh extinct. We must not be taken to refer

fail to strike even the most casual observer, is the quantity of foreign work of high excellence which takes its place side by side with the French pictures. England has this time acquired a commanding place with the works of Mr. Frank Bramley, Mr. Stanhope Forbes, Mr. Titcomb, Mr. Joy, Mr. Walton, Mr. Lavery, and Mr. Reynolds Stephens, at the old Salon, and at the Champ de Mars with those of Mr. Burne-Jones, Mr. Henry Moore, and Mr. Guthrie. American Art is, it must be owned, splendidly represented at the Champ de Mars by Mr. Whistler, Mr. J. S. Sargent, and Mr. Alexander Harrison. Scandinavia is honoured by the canvases of MM. Edelfelt and Kroyer in the last-mentioned exhibition, while M. Munkacsy lends the magic of his name, if nothing really worthy of that name, to the Salon of the Champs-Elysées.

It will be convenient to describe both exhibitions separately, seeing that each has on the whole a well-defined character of its own; the Champs-Elysées, although it by no means

slights the progressists, remaining the stronghold of the academic and moderate schools, while the Champ de Mars, presided over by M. Puvis de Chavannes, represents the march onward, and expansion in every direction—whither and up to what limits it is yet premature even to hazard a prophecy.

SALON OF THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES.

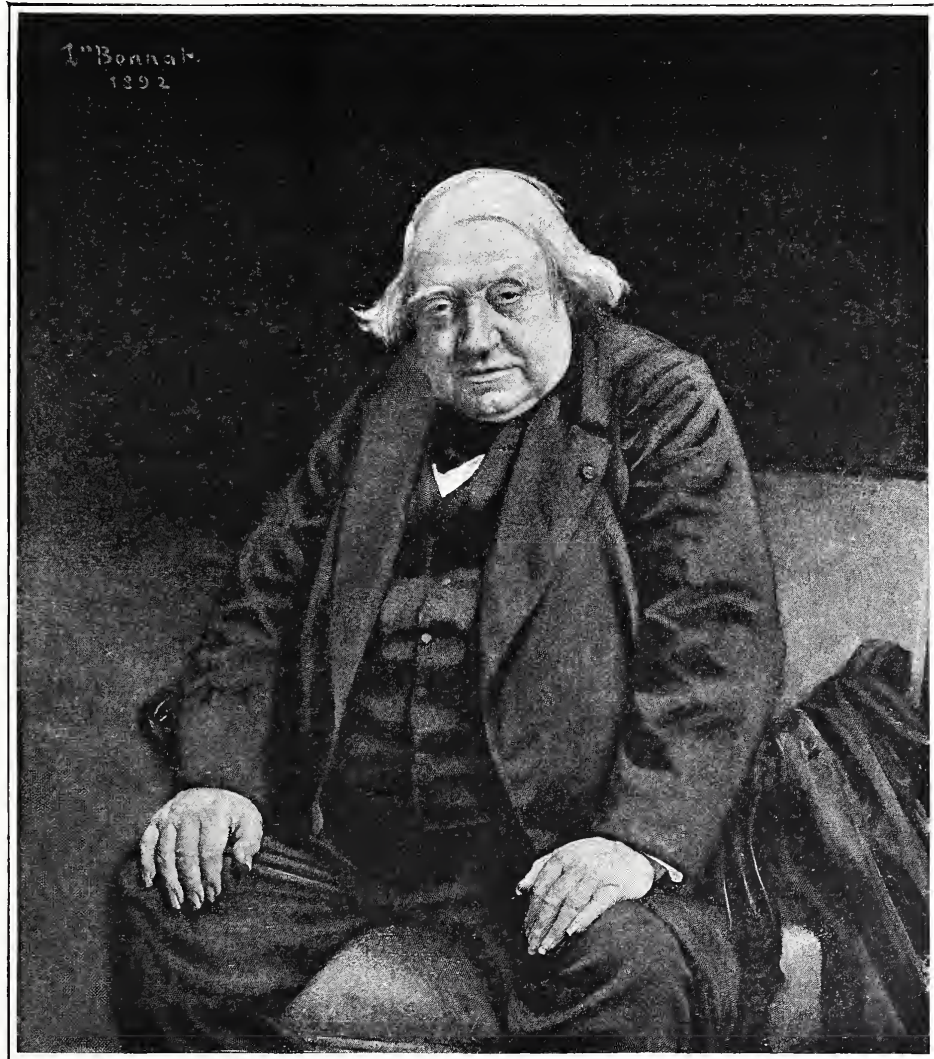
M. Pierre Fritel's vast canvas, 'Les Conquérants,' has occupied this year the commanding position taken up in 1891 by M. Rochegrosse's 'Mort de Babylone.' His conception, even though it may fairly be styled sensational and scenic, has in it undoubtedly a genuine element of Hugoesque grandeur, and is not more *voulu* in its accumulation of mystery and horror than are some of the most imposing things in the "Légendes des Siècles." Through a dreary, never-ending valley, wrapped in a murky half-darkness which is neither day nor night, advances, absolutely fronting the spectator, the never-ending column of the Conquerors, the mighty of all ages who, each in his turn, have subjugated the world. In the centre of the first rank rides Julius Cæsar, while in impassive majesty Rameses II. and Alexander the Great drive their chariots on either hand. Behind come Attila, Charlemagne, Genghis Khan, Tamerlane, Napoleon I., and other august ghosts, to whom it is not easy to attach a name. The march of the mighty cortège is through a dense double hedge of naked corpses laid in rigid symmetry side by side, and thus marking out its road until it vanishes into dim distance. Here we have undoubtedly a performance imposing itself on and haunting the spectator against his will. Its strength lies, however, in a literary rather than a purely pictorial conception, although the design is powerfully expressed, and the execution absolutely sufficient for the purpose aimed at.

Another canvas of extensive dimensions is M. Albert Maignan's surprisingly skilful 'Carpeaux.' The great sculptor is shown in his studio as he slowly fades from life into death, while all around him the finest of his creations have turned from marble into the semblance of life, and descend to console his last moments. From the famous group, 'La Danse,' adorning the façade of the Grand Opéra, one robust nymph detaches herself and kisses the dying artist on the

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brow, while the personifications of the four Continents from the great fountain of the Observatoire look down in sympathy, and the Laughing Nymph of the Pavillon de Flore disports herself with her attendant throng of Loves. An admirable skill is shown in the combination of these unmanageable elements into a harmonious whole, and though we have an uneasy conviction that the thing should never have been attempted on this vast scale, we may not withhold our admiration from the artist who has successfully accomplished so remarkable a *tour de force*.

Infinite pains, too, have been bestowed by M. Tattegrain



M. Renan. By Léon Bonnat. (Champs-Élysées Salon.)

on his immense picture, 'Entrée de Louis XI. à Paris, 30 Août, 1461,' the central incident of which is best described by a quotation from the "Chroniques de Jehan de Troyes et de du Clercq," with which the painter comments, in the catalogue and on the frame, his curious performance:—"And at this point the king stopped to gaze at the fountain of Ponceau Saint-Denys, out of which rose three fair women representing naked sirens, and singing to him motets and pastorals. . . ." This is a carefully studied and remarkably accurate piece of archæological resuscitation rather than a picture proper; and, moreover, its unpleasant colour and a certain sponginess of

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execution prevent its taking high rank as a harmonious decoration.

M. Detaille has been praised, and deservedly praised, by the *doyen* of French critics, M. Paul Mantz, for having, in his 'Sortie de la garnison de Huningue, 20 Août, 1815,' broadened his manner and abandoned the metallic precision of contour, the over-anxious accuracy, which militated so much against his success. No doubt the technical improvement is very noticeable in this latest performance of M. Meissonier's distinguished disciple, but we still find in M. Detaille a defect more fatal in a painter of military incident than hardness of execution. This is a methodic coldness, a want of true dramatic thrill and true patriotic fervour such as vibrate in the least sketch of De Neuville, and cause the lithographs of Raffet to appear more imposing than many a colossal and highly elaborated work.

No painter of the time has a more genuine dramatic force and suggestiveness than M. Gérôme, who must, in virtue of this quality, some day regain a measure of that vogue which he has at present lost by reason of the unpleasant porcelain-like texture of his paintings. In the curious piece called 'Ils conspirent,' he has had the courage, veteran though he is, to renew to some extent his technical method. The scene is a bare chamber in an inn, in which, cowering over the fire, a knot of conspirators are engaged in passionate argument. The dresses are those of the end of the last or beginning of the present century, and we may, if we please, imagine ourselves in the presence of Georges Cadoudal and Pichegru. What is surprising about this modest-looking performance—apart from the cleverness of the double lighting by real and artificial light, and the unusual suppleness of the brush, considering who is the artist—is the wonderful dramatic suggestiveness of the little gathering of sombrely clad personages, of whom we see but little and know nothing.

M. Jules Lefebvre contributes 'Une fille d'Eve,' one of his characteristic studies of the nude female form, fastidiously elegant in design, and full of style, but cruelly hard and metallic; M. Bouguereau chooses for his half-draped nymph, surrounded by little *amorini* armed with darts, the title 'Le Guêpier' (the Wasps' Nest). A charming landscape is the greatest attraction of M. Jules Breton's 'Juin,' in which the figures show much less than the famous painter's former authority of style. Mme. Demont-Breton's 'La Trempée' exhibits a robust young daughter of the sea-coast dipping her boys in a rough sea; the design has a virile strength both in composition and execution, but is sculptural rather than genuinely pictorial. M. Raphaël Collin maintains his reputation as a colourist of exquisite finesse in a fantasy of nymphs dancing on the sea-shore with a lightness of foot suggesting Shakespeare's "and yet no footing seen." The colour is in its scheme akin to that of a delicate shell; the more the pity that these nymphs should—a rare defect for a modern French draughtsman—be so strangely constructed as to deprive us of half our pleasure in contemplating the picture. A new departure is made by M. Benjamin-Constant in his huge ceiling decoration, 'Paris conviant le monde à ses fêtes,' destined for a great festal saloon of the Hôtel de Ville. We do not complain of the startling and, at the Salon, garish appearance of the canvas, in which the decorative colour-scheme of the inventive M. Besnard has been adopted; for in its right place this scheme may possibly be of powerful effect. It is diverting, too, to

find M. Constant in his figure of municipal Paris as a goddess emulating the frisky manner of that delightful *fantaisiste* M. Chéret. The design, beneath its affectation of lightness and exuberance, appears to us, however, to be strained and lacking in spontaneity. M. Léon Bonnat's 'Portrait de M. Renan' (p. 245) had, even before its appearance at the Salon, excited popular expectation; for here was evidently a subject well-suited to the painter of Thiers, of Hugo, of M. Puvis de Chavannes, of M. Dumas fils. The portrait has in some respects satisfied, in others disappointed, the expectation so aroused. The head of the great master of exegesis—which did it belong to another we should be tempted to call grotesque in its ugliness—is modelled with all the power which we are accustomed to associate with M. Bonnat, and the glance of the thinker showing itself under these heavy eyelids goes far to redeem the physical peculiarities of the physiognomy. The rest, however, broadly brushed in as it appears at first sight to be, has hardly any existence; it is the semblance not the reality of breadth that we have here. The hands like the face are modelled with extreme care, and with a somewhat trivial realism in the rendering of the long discoloured nails.

Another *portrait à sensation*, forming for obvious reasons a curious pendant to the foregoing, is M. Chartran's 'Portrait de S.S. le pape Léon XIII.' Here another disappointment has fallen upon those who remembered with pleasure many of the artist's admirable likenesses on a small scale. The thin delicate features of the Pontiff are no doubt rendered both with distinction and truth of characterization, and the greatest care is lavished on every detail. Yet the general effect is one both of harshness and timidity; the tonality, notwithstanding the abundance of local colour, a dull one. One feels instinctively that M. Chartran is here a little out of his depth; that he is enlarging with effort what he would naturally conceive on a small scale. M. Benjamin-Constant has posed his 'Portrait de M. Auguste L. . .' in an unconventionally easy and agreeable attitude; M. Jean Paul Laurens's 'Portrait du Colonel Brunet' is hard in texture as a Flemish portrait of the fifteenth century, but it has *en revanche* much of the true and incisive characterization of that time. A portrait too,—that of 'Le Général K. . . '—is M. Henner's best contribution to the Salon; it is remarkable for the simple gravity of the conception, and for the masterly treatment of the black and gold uniform. An 'Etude' of the same artist has, notwithstanding its purely arbitrary and Henneresque character, a measure of the peculiar fascination exercised by innumerable predecessors of the same kind. M. Henner's audacious iteration and reiteration of familiar successes has not yet alienated the admirers of his subtle and splendid art, and does not appear likely to do so, as long as the cunning of his hand remains unimpaired. A curious example of the new school of religious Art in France is M. Luc Olivier-Merson's 'L'Annonciation'—not exactly realistic this, after the fashion of Fritz von Uhde, but halting midway between Bastien-Lepage and M. Puvis de Chavannes, and certainly of the most transparent insincerity. M. A. de Richemont, who in 1890 won great success and a first medal with a scene from M. Zola's *Le Rêve*, confirms this year his position with 'Le Sacrifice,' in which he has depicted, with great dexterity and elegance, two girls kneeling on the bare floor near a fireplace, and by the light of a shaded lamp reading love-letters, which are one by one, and as we may surmise regretfully, cast into the flames. This is a curious instance of pathetic

genre treated from the modern impressionistic point of view. In it the pre-occupation of the artist chiefly with the exterior, and, as it were, decorative view of the subject, makes itself somewhat too strongly felt; we may, notwithstanding, admire his skill and lightness of touch, without taking his excuse for a bravura exercise in difficulties of lighting too seriously. M. François Flameng shows in his triptych, 'Le Repos en Egypte,' the desire rather than the power to follow in the footsteps of MM. Puvis de Chavannes and Cazin. Trivial in the extreme, if we regard it seriously as a work belonging to the category of sacred art—a perfect example of that weak-kneed pseudo-idealism which we have sought to define in the introduction to these remarks—the triptych is yet a pretty enough piece of decoration in the modern mode. A striking performance as a piece of romantic genre on a large scale, is Mr. Walter McEwen's 'Les Sorcières.' M. Luminais perseveres, notwithstanding the change in pictorial fashions, in resuscitating the Merovingian epoch, and brings forward this year one of his largest works, 'Passage de la Meuse par les Francs au IVme siècle.' M. Cormon still affects chiefly prehistoric times, and into his large sketch, 'Funérailles d'un chef à l'âge de fer,' infuses a measure of his old power, while his execution shows the same defects as heretofore.

Two distinguished sculptors, MM. Dubois and Falguière, contribute paintings in lieu of examples of their own special art; the former two grave and charming portraits, the latter a study, 'Une servante.'

Among the landscapes the most beautiful is M. Adrien Demont's 'Abel,' a desolate scene, but by no means a desert, since it is fresh and green, with vernal vegetation covering sandy hillocks, on which is seen no living thing. The sun

has just vanished below the horizon, leaving the landscape with a tonality in which peculiar trenchant greens dominate, and with a certain airlessness, both of them proper to this moment of hush and pause; near a stream lies in the foreground the naked body of Abel, while, beyond, his sacrifice still sends its column of smoke to the skies. M. Demont's



Bellona. By J. L. Gérôme. (Champs-Élysées Salon.)

other contribution is 'Jeunesse,' a sunny garden landscape of modern France, in which huge masses of rhododendrons in full bloom form the keynote of the colour-scheme. By the late Germain Pelouse is a solemn, iron-grey page of French landscape, akin to the work of the elder painters of the century in its suggestion of human emotion evolved naturally from the subject treated. M. Pointelin, too, though a confirmed man-

nerist, continues to charm us by the tender beauty of studies like 'Le pays bas—Jura,' though we have seen them a hundred times before. M. Camille Dufour, abandoning the South of France for Paris, presents with sober force and a most attractive reticence, 'Le Quai d'Auteuil.' His warm grey atmosphere, with its almost palpable vibrations, with its scintillations here and there of half-veiled light, is perhaps less suggestive of Paris than of Avignon, which he has made his own, but still the fascination exercised is undeniable. M. Nozal displays his wonted breadth, with something less than his wonted paintiness, in 'Dans la baie du Mont Saint-Michel;' M. Monchablon still paints landscape with the extreme finish and something of the happy naïveté of an early Fleming; M. Paulin Bertrand proves the possession of much delicacy and skill, if at the same time he shows a certain incapacity to digest complicated detail, in the luminous 'Un ruisseau dans l'Hérault.' The Provençal landscape, 'Une bastide en Provence,' of M. Raymond Moisson, brings forward a successful rival of M. Montenard in the presentment of white sandy ways, southern vegetation, and blue Mediterranean seas, deluged with the rays of an all-conquering sun.

The withdrawal to the Champ de Mars of MM. Rodin, Dalou, Injalbert, and their followers, has, for the last three seasons, deprived the sculpture galleries, housed as usual in the great winter-garden, of one element of piquancy and variety. Still the display of this year, if somewhat lacking in elements of serious interest, is by no means below the usual high level of technical excellence. M. Falguière, M. Dubois, and those unrivalled medallists, MM. Chaplain and Roty, are conspicuous by their absence; but M. Mercié makes some amends by his beautiful and pathetic 'Monu-

ment à Cabanel,' the main feature here being a mourning Muse, the graceful lines of whose form are half revealed under long draperies. The 'William Tell' of the last-named sculptor is, on the other hand, both melodramatic and commonplace. M. Gérôme has attracted in this department the lion's share of attention, first with his curious 'Bellona' (p. 247), in which the face, arms, and feet of the war goddess are wrought out of huge pieces of ivory, while the weapons, ornaments, and draperies are in many-coloured bronze,

taking the place which beaten gold filled in the chryselephantine statues of ancient Greece. His group, 'Pygmalion and Galatea,' is also polychromatic; a novel effect being obtained by tinting the upper part of Galatea's form, while the lower part, which has not yet been invaded by the pulses of life, remains in the virgin marble. The work is marked by exquisite precision in the modelling, but lacks the largeness of style, the generalisation of form, which such a subject imperatively calls for. M. Frémiet's life-size high relief, 'Le Connétable Olivier de Clisson,' is a skilful and decorative performance, too imitative, however, of the style in such things of the earlier Renaissance to be quite serious.

Among other plastic works of interest we may note M. Cordonnier's powerful 'En Détresse;' the large Bernini-like group, 'Mort de Jésus,' by the Chilean sculptor, M. Arias; the portrait-statue, 'Ricord,' by M. Barrias; the 'Génie de la Liberté,' of M. Chavalliaud; the 'Morpheus,' of Mr. William Goscomb John, exhibited and admired last year at the Royal Academy; M. Boucher's figure of a nude nymph or mortal supported on a couch; and a very remarkable 'Morituri te salutant,' by M. Mast, showing a helmeted gladiator saluting as he faints in mortal agony.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.



La Femme du pêcheur. By H. Deyrolle. (Champs-Élysées Salon.)

A COLLECTOR'S CORRESPONDENCE.

IN continuation of the article published in the May number of the *Art Journal*, I venture to print some of Rossetti's letters to Mr. Leyland, as they contain matter of interest to the public, showing as they do the way an artist could write of his own pictures. Moreover, it is curious to note that a mind imbued with poetry may yet stoop to be business-like.

Rossetti's first letter, dated 29th December, 1865, mentions that Mr. Miller had told him that Leyland had expressed a desire to possess one of his pictures, and proposing the 'Palmifera.' Mr. Miller was a Liverpool man, and owned many pictures by Millais, Holman Hunt, and the early Pre-Raphaelites.

On 18th June, 1867, he writes (after some allusion to the part payments which went on during the commissions), "The picture is much advanced and in every way much altered, as I have again had it considerably enlarged! To begin a fresco as a pocket miniature seems to be my rule in Art. . . . I have now given the figure a flowing white and gold drapery, which I think comes remarkably well, and suits the head perfectly. I think I cannot do better than call the picture again *Monna Rosa*, and adopt a quotation from Poliziano which fits it happily—

Con manto d'oro collana ed anelli,
Le piace aver con quelli
Non altro che una rosa ai suoi capelli.

Thus the lady, richly dressed, is cutting a rose to put it in her hair, and the treatment of the figure is accounted for."

The following, dated Cheyne Walk, 28th December, 1867, shows his affectionate nature and his solicitude towards his friends.

"MY DEAR LEYLAND,

"As usual with me, your kind reminder finds me stuck in a thicket of work; and even before your note came a seasonable greeting, of baronial aspect, had reached me from Speke Hall, with Mrs. Leyland's superscription. Let me return such good new year's wishes at once, to both of you, and to all your family circle. As to New Year's day, I must now confess I ought to have remembered that, although my mother only claims me at her own board on Christmas day, certain aunts of mine always combine to ask all of us for the New Year, unless, as sometimes, the family meeting takes place at my house. I know my absence would be a disappointment to my mother; and thus can only reckon on doing my best to meet you all some days later, respecting which I will write again.

"Another point I must needs mention beforehand is this. Not long ago I and another or two proved fearful defaulters in a scheme for visiting Mr. Rae at Birkenhead, and I then engaged to give him primary notice of any incursion of mine into his neighbourhood. This, too, I should have remembered earlier. I should then I fear so displease him as an old friend, were I not first to stay two or three days with him, a little difficulty which I am sure you will perceive and appreciate. I now write in a scattered state of mind, but

1892.

will collect my powers of combination by another post or two, and should be most reluctant to forego our arrangement.

"With thanks and kindest remembrances,

"I am always yours,

"D. G. ROSSETTI."

The following shows the curious intricacies of the dealings between the artist and his friend (which indeed fill more than half the correspondence), and the many subjects Rossetti contemplated painting, most of which were never executed.

"16, Cheyne Walk, 22nd Dec. '71.

"MY DEAR LEYLAND,

"I have kept in mind your last letter expressing a wish that I could let you have something finished by the time you next come to London. Therefore let me give you the first offer of a picture called 'A Love Song,' of which I enclose a sketch. I am getting on with it, and mean to make it one of my best things. As you see, two ladies are playing music, while Love holds a song bird whose music chimes with theirs. Of course I need not tell you the sketch is but the faintest shadow of the thing. I feel I am making advances now with every new thing I do, and I have no doubt of the picture pleasing you when finished. Its price is 750 guineas, and indeed, being a three-figure picture, I think you will agree with me this price is not a high one, but I want to be working for you, and not for another if it may be, as I have been so long wishing to send you something. We might transfer to this picture, in that case, the advance of £200 made on the abandoned duplicate of 'Palmifera,' and thus lessen its still payable price by so much. . . . Would you kindly let me know your decision, as no one has yet seen either picture or even design, and I want to settle its destination. . . . Of course I should like of all things to show you my big picture of 'Dante's Dream' now, if you are ever in town. Indeed, I should probably have written to you before this of the picture being in a state to see, on the chance of its accelerating your movements townwards, but was deterred from doing so by the fact that every special appointment I have made to show it has been met by the clerk of the weather with such a careful provision of absolute darkness for that day and hour, that I tempt my fate no more in that way, as the picture cannot absolutely be seen except in a fair light, and one's nerves do not hold out for ever under such onslaughts. I believe I duly apologized at the time for breaking off our engagement about the 'Palmifera' replica. But, in fact, I find these replicas more and more impracticable. I told you of my engagement to do one of Beatrice for Mr. Graham. This I attempted to carry out in the country this summer, and almost died of it, and even now I am still uncertain whether what I did will be available after all. New pictures for the future always, I say. Besides, I know I am out-growing my former self to some extent, as one should in ripening years, and had much better be doing new things only. I hope to be well *en train* with your large picture almost immediately now, but have

interposed this small one as a *hors d'œuvre* during necessary loss of time in preliminaries. Every one who has seen the 'Dante's Dream' (not yet quite finished, but close upon) has seemed so thoroughly pleased with it, that I think I may hope without vanity some progress has been made, and this I feel sure I shall carry on in my next work. Of course I have only shown the 'Dante' to a few, as otherwise I might spend my time in nothing else, the picture blocking up the whole studio when displayed.

"I daresay you saw my epistle to the Philistines in the *Athenæum*. However, they are bedevilling each other with mutual lying now in the most delicious style.

"Will you give my kindest remembrances and all Xmas and New-Year's wishes to your family and to Whistler, and take the same for yourself, believing me ever

"Affectionately yours,

"D. G. ROSSETTI."

"Sunday, 24th December.

"MY DEAR LEYLAND,

"You will be astounded to get another letter from me before I receive your answer to my last. But I must not let Xmas-day pass without unbosoming myself, and hope you won't think me mad. The fact is, on tackling the 'Michael Scott' subject, I find there are points in it which present unexpected difficulties for so large and important a work, and I want to substitute a Dante subject I have long had in contemplation. This would involve a good deal more work than the other, as it is an open-air scene, with a ship and many figures, but I shall be very glad to do it for the same price—two thousand guineas—if you will trust to me and make the change of plan once more. I find I get so restless at working on anything else till my large work for you is fairly launched now, that I am disposed to put aside all question of the small picture I wrote to you about and drop into this one, and nothing else, till I have it thoroughly under way. . . . The subject is to be called 'The Ship of Love,' and illustrates Dante's sonnet at page 340 of my "Early Italian Poets." In it, Dante and his two friends are in the enchanted ship, while Love brings Beatrice and two other ladies down the steps of a pier to join them for their love-voyage. I long ago made sketches for the composition, which has always been a great favourite with me, and am now irresistibly bent on painting it if you will favour my plan. I seem to want some open-air subject, and this is a glorious one. The pier, river, and city beyond, with the ship in the foreground, and a row of children along the pier at the top of the picture, bearing branches for love-pageant, make a delicious ensemble, and will, I know, bring out what I have in me. It will be rather a high-shaped picture, but not much more so than the 'Michael Scott.' So strong is the subject in my mind that I have set about getting a model of the ship made to paint from, having my authority from a beautiful one in a composition by Benozzo Gozzoli, in the Campo Santo of Pisa. So (winds up my peroration) do say—yes.

"I dare say it will seem very capricious to you that I should have changed my mind about the Michael Scott subject, on which I was so hot six months ago; but ideas are sure to be superseded if they wait six months. This one shall—you willing—not wait a day, and I know I shall please you with it."

"Affectionately yours,

"D. G. ROSSETTI."

In the next letter, dated December 27th, 1871, we still find his enthusiasm for the new subject, but he proposes the purchasing of another picture called 'The Bower Meadow.'

"I do not," he writes, "begin the large picture before I see you; I will probably have this smaller one in a very forward state by then, but want to settle its destination at once, as there is all sorts of need for 'tin' just now, I assure you, with me, this blessed Christmas time. So if you will oblige me in this matter I shall be glad, and had rather you had the picture than another, as I have felt quite behindhand with you, and you have long heaped coals of fire on my head by waiting so patiently while I worked for Graham.

"Praised be the gods, I feel something like growing strength for work in me for as worrying a world as it is in many ways; and if I can get some new things done now, they will be a precious deal better than any as yet, I know well. So you will not have been a loser, at any rate, in the long run, by the delay. I want greatly to show you my big picture, as I think it gives unmistakable earnest of the advances I am making, and every one else seems to think so too, which is more to the purpose.

"Why don't you give yourself the delight in life of building a fine gallery for big pictures? What a jolly thing that would be! And you have capital space for it, I should think, at the back of your own smoking-room, by some management, if, indeed, you feel sure of remaining at Queen's Gate. If not you could change your quarters with a view to such facilities. I know I'd do it if I were you, for what is life worth if one doesn't get the most of such indulgences as one most enjoys?

"Ever yours,

"D. G. ROSSETTI."

The next letter refers to another picture in the Leyland Gallery, which he proposed as a pendant to the 'Lilith' already there, dated 25th January, 1872.

"I think of calling it 'The Day Dream.' The girl is in a sort of passionate reverie, and is drawing her hand listlessly along the strings of a violin, which hangs against the wall, while she holds the bow with the other hand, as if arrested by the thought of the moment, when she was about to play. In colour I shall make the picture a study of varied greens. I have not yet settled the background, but am going ahead at it."

He then proceeds to propose another subject for the big picture, viz. Cassandra, which he would do for three thousand guineas, but finishes his letter, "If the Cassandra plan does does not suit you, I shall put the large Dante in hand at once."

Leyland evidently commences to lose patience at the delay and change, for in his letter in reply, one of the few he kept fully copied, he says, "You must abandon the idea of the Cassandra picture for me as I have fully made up my mind not to go beyond the two-thousand-guinea picture. If therefore you are satisfied with the smaller scale of the Dante picture, you had better go on with it, or if not, then with the Michael Scott, but don't let the height of either of them exceed seven feet, a few inches less would be all the better, having regard to where the picture will be hung. . . . I will be up in town in a fortnight or three weeks, when, if you have not already disposed of it, I can see the single-figure picture. I may, however, as well say frankly that I should not be dis-

posed to exceed the price agreed for the 'Palmifera,' seven hundred guineas, so if you have a chance of selling it before I come up, don't lose it on my account."

In the autumn of 1872 Rossetti was far from well. London life, irregular hours, want of exercise, combined with a morbid temperament, told on a constitution originally far from strong. He left London first for Scotland, and afterwards settled down for some time at Kelmscott, Lechdale. Being beyond the reach of an ordinary visit, his letters became longer and more interesting. Meanwhile, he was repainting the 'Lilith' which formed part of the Leyland Gallery.

From Kelmscott he writes (18th March, 1872):—

"I have been steadily at work here all along and find no difficulty in getting my models. Miss W. is coming here immediately, and I propose beginning a picture or two from her instanter for your drawing rooms, of the same order as the 'Veronica,'* and I trust as rapidly successful as that, feeling, as I do, quite in the mood to make them so. I have several very jolly and suggestive instruments, and nothing could be more pleasant to do, or to see together, than several musical pictures.

"I have here the large sketch for the 'Dante's Ship of Love,' but the more I consider the subject, the more I find that, well satisfied as I am with the composition, the subject might not perhaps possess sufficient intensity of motive to carry one through in the execution of it with the same certainty with which I entered on the other Dante subject for Graham. A central tragic interest seems almost indispensable to inspire one for a leading work. I remember you repeatedly expressed yourself indifferent as to whether the sum paid on account of this picture when I made the design went to this or other work eventually. I am quite resolved as to painting the 'Desdemona's Death-Song,' and this would form a splendid centre for other musical pictures in your drawing-rooms. Shall I view the matter in this way for you? The 'Desdemona' will shortly be commenced. It would be less in price than the 'Ship of Love.' The figures would come of a moderate life-size, without interfering with its conveniently taking place over your piano."

Leyland answers to this:—"As to the Dante picture, if you feel you would not care to go on with it, I am quite satisfied to take other work instead. H. told me you had something of this on your mind and thought of doing rather some pictures of the Veronica class. This would quite suit me, and would come in much better with my scheme of decoration than the Desdemona picture."

The following shows the affection between the two men and some of the humour which rendered Rossetti's somewhat morbid nature more attractive than it would have been had his talk been all gloom and stilts as some have described it.

'Kelmscott, 25th March, 1873.

"DEAR LEYLAND,

"Your possible suggestion of visiting me here is a very pleasant and welcome one, only I should like to have your visit at some moment when I had really something in a favourable state to show, and would then try perhaps to get a friend or two besides to meet you in this wilderness and renew old chats once more. It would be really jolly and desirable.

"I myself feel very much the separation from the few familiar friends—few they were, as you know, with whom I kept

* Formerly called 'Day-Dream.'

up relations in London, but it is not impracticable to see them even here sometimes, I trust, though I am sorry to reduce, though it be but by one item, your own friendly London circle. But as you know, I had long been but ailing as a cockney resident and I have no hesitation in saying that I have greatly benefited in steady health by this change to the country which I had so often projected, and one's belongings soon hem one in when one is addicted to regular work. . . . I believe I shall be doing better things than heretofore, and am sure the country is conducive to thoroughness in one's work. To be shut up with a 'mull' one has made, and nothing to soften it off, and no pleasant friends to make one remember there are other things beside one's mull in the world—is a condition of matters which will, if anything can, force one to try and do one's best. . . . I judge from all I hear, that your work must be very arduous and incessant at this moment, and only hope that you will not allow yourself to overdo it. You are strong in every way, but even strength may push its efforts too far. I hear that you are looking worn and overworked, but no doubt success in your aims will be the best medicine, and for that I fancy your friends may trust you.

"H. was here for a few days, during which I was whirled on such a tornado of lies, that things of this world have seemed shadows to me ever since. He keeps up the charm by frequent letters, and has told me the most wonderful stories (which you may have heard too) of his doings and sayings at the School Board, where his country has insisted on his representing the Catholic interest. This it seems brings him into collision with certain geniuses, to one of whom he said 'that the sentiments he, the other member, expressed touching the damnation in reserve for unorthodox brats, must doubtless be derived from the code of a Hammersmith God,'—the gentleman in question being member for Hammersmith! Altogether he seems to be keeping the Board alive in a very unusual manner, and the other day he sent me one of their circulars, where he was entered as treasurer, and where no less than fifteen initials (representing diplomas of various bodies) were appended to his name! Don't tell him I mentioned this to you, for I rowed him about it, and told him it was a great mistake, and that if I had seen his name so registered before knowing him, it would have taken years to get over the unfavourable impression.

"Well, I hope it may not be long before we shake hands here, and do not doubt that when it does happen, we shall soon find ourselves immersed in old subjects, and feeling much as if we had talked of them the day before."

I venture to quote at some length one more letter from Kelmscott because it has to do with two pictures formerly in the Leyland collection, date 4th October, 1873.

After giving some details as to the measurement of the Proserpine picture, he writes: "Since making the design I have added details which do not appear on the drawing" (which he sends). "In *beauty*, the picture greatly exceeds the sketch. The conception of the figure is connected with the legend by which Proserpine (having fatally partaken of a pomegranate in Hades, and so excluded herself from permanent return to earth, which would otherwise have been granted her) was permitted to spend one half of the year in the upper light, and the other half in the shades of her new kingdom. The background of the figure—half light and half shade—can, however, be accounted for on natural grounds (as needed in painting), since the opening of a door or

window in a dim place with clear light outside would of course produce such an effect. The whole tone of the picture is a graduation of greys—from the watery blue-grey of the dress to the dim hue of the marble, all aiding the ‘Tartarean grey,’ which must be the sentiment of the subject. Proserpine looks yearningly towards the momentary light which strikes into her shadowy palace, and the clinging ivy which strays over the wall (in the picture) further suggests the feeling of memory, which indeed might equally be given as a name to the picture. It is a very favourite design of mine, and I have composed a sonnet for it both in Italian and in English. The former appears in the cartellino in the upper corner of the picture, and the latter on the frame below. There is nothing dismal or gloomy in the colour or lighting of this picture. The whole is meant to have a mystic luminous warmth such as we find in moonlight effects, and I believe I have succeeded.”

Rossetti thus describes two pictures—one called the ‘Ghirlandata,’ which he had just sold to some one else. “It is,” he writes, “a much finer thing than the ‘Palmyra,’ which you always regretted to have missed, and it should have been yours if my plans had held good. Of the second picture I hope to make a work fully equal to the first. It is called *Dis Manibus*, the dedicatory inscription to the Manes, the initials of which (D.M.) we find heading the epitaphs on Roman cinerary urns. In the picture a lady sits in the columbarium beside her husband’s urn, which stands in a niche in the wall wreathed about with roses, and having her silver marriage girdle hanging among them. Her dress is white—the mourning of nobles in Rome—and as she sits she plays on two harps (one in her arm and one beside her), her elegy addressed “*Dis Manibus*.” The white marble background and urn, the white drapery and white roses, will combine I trust to a lovely effect, and the expression will I believe be as beautiful and elevated as any I have attempted. Do you like me to consider the picture as yours?”

Leyland answers, putting the hard facts as to advances on the big picture before the wayward artist, but says, “I fear there is no chance of my seeing you this year, and I am sorry for it, for I should much have preferred to tell you all this by word of mouth, because I could have put the matter more delicately, and with less fear of giving you pain; at the same time I must candidly confess that I feel more disappointed than I can say at having none of your work long ere this.”

I have given enough of the correspondence to show what a godsend Leyland was to his friend, and (for one not given to such things, being a strict business man), how tenderly he dealt with him. The correspondence goes on through Rossetti’s illness, and only ceases two days before he died, when, in a letter evidently written by some one else in his name, he says,—

“Westcliff Bungalow, Birchington-on-Sea,
April 5th, 1882.

“MY DEAR LEYLAND,—

“I find I am out of wine again, I do not know where to get the sort you so kindly sent me. It would be very kind of you to send me a little more to this address. I am feeling very weak to-day.”

He was dying, and did die, in spite of the doctor (his old friend Dr. John Marshall), whom Leyland took down to try to save him!

Leyland’s love for his pictures and *objets d’art* was very great. They had all of them been acquired by him personally, and all the modern ones except the ‘St. Agnes’ Eve’ and the Windus from the painter himself. I have chosen Rossetti’s letters in preference to those of other artists because Rossetti was perhaps best, and certainly most amply represented on his walls, and besides Rossetti belongs to history, having passed away from pictures and poetry, to that world where possibly he may even now be “renewing the old chats once more,” and find himself “immersed in the old subjects, feeling much as if he had talked of them the days before” with his old friend Leyland.

But of other artists there are also many interesting letters, which, however, it might not be good taste to quote, as they are happily alive. Nor will I allude to the too-celebrated quarrel between Leyland and Whistler in the matter of the Peacock room, except to say that the world heard only one story, and that Leyland, as the one who really reaped the benefit, could afford to laugh and was content to hold his tongue. But to prove the intimacy that existed between the two men, to the advantage at least of one, I will quote one letter from Whistler.

“Lindsey House (no date),
Chelsea.

“DEAR LEYLAND,

“The Princess is at Queen’s Gate, and hanging in the Velasquez Room by the fireplace opposite the door, so that you can see her from the hall as you go in—she looks charming.

“You will be pleased to hear that among other things I am well at work at your large picture of the three girls, and that it is going on with ease and pleasure to myself.

“I say, I can’t thank you too much for the name ‘Nocturne’ as the title for my moonlights. You have no idea what an irritation it proves to the critics and consequent pleasure to me; besides, it is really so charming, and does so poetically say all I want to say and *no more* than I wish! The pictures at the Dudley are a great success. The Nocturne in blue and silver is one you don’t know at all. . . . I have had the Princess photographed, but have not yet seen the proofs. When they come I shall, of course, send one down. I do not think I shall come myself to Spike until about Christmas.

“Yours ever,

“JAMES MCN. WHISTLER.”

Happily, though the pictures are dispersed, the house in Prince’s Gate will rest, and possibly its future possessor may be wise enough to leave it in its present state. Outside it resembles the houses all round, but from the front door to the attic all inside was transformed by the care and taste of Leyland himself. One of the drawing-rooms contained four pictures from Boccaccio’s story of Theodore and Honoria, which were bought at the Barker sale. With reference to that sale I ought to mention that I have found a letter from Sir Frederick Burton, thanking Leyland for having patriotically refrained from bidding against the agents of the National Gallery. Besides the pictures there were many other valuable *objets d’art*. One especially—a small statuette by Donatello, purchased from Mr. Murray Marks—was the last thing he bought, and also the last thing he saw in his house; as, just before leaving home never to return alive, he ran up to the drawing-room to see his beloved bronze, which had just arrived.

VAL C PRINSEP.

HENRI-DEUX WARE.

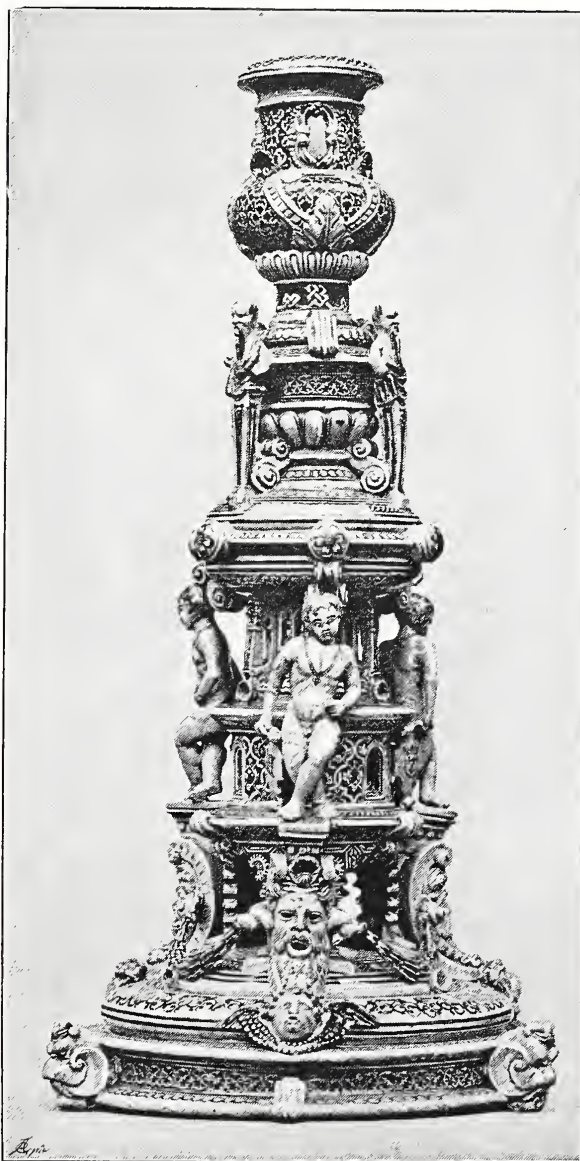


THE annals of Ceramic Art there are few legends more interesting than those which have from time to time wound themselves round that precious and unique faïence known generally as Henri-Deux ware. The extraordinary scarcity of authentic examples, the unrivalled beauty of the ware itself, for it has ever been accounted a *poterie de luxe*, and, above

all, the conflicting testimony and theories of its origin, fix it in the eyes of collectors as the most precious and mysterious production of Fictile Art. Pottery, like the other arts and crafts, has its romances, and amongst the potters of all ages the name of Bernard Palissy stands almost supreme. His indomitable energy and perseverance, his final triumph over all obstacles, and his tragic end have placed him indubitably among the noble army of martyrs. But the potter to whose genius and skill we are indebted for the fifty and odd pieces of this Henri-Deux ware is still to find, though there is no doubt that the ware must have been manufactured by some nameless contemporary of the heroic Palissy. No similar ware had before its first appearance ever been produced, and none has been made since. In 1865 there were only fifty-two pieces in existence. Of these twenty-five were in France, twenty-six in England, and one in Russia. Mr. M. D. Conway, writing in 1882, speaks of fifty-five specimens, of which at that time seven were in the collection of Sir Antony de Rothschild, two in that of Baron Lionel de Rothschild, two in that of Baron Gustav de Rothschild, three in that of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, five in the Louvre, five in South Kensington, three in the collection of Sir A. Fountaine, of Narford, and two in the Hamilton Palace Collection. At the sale of the Fountaine Collection the three pieces were sold at prices which show conclusively what collectors think of the ware itself, whatever ideas they may hold about its origin. The Fountaine flambeau was sold to M. Clement, of Paris, for £3,675, the mortier-à-cire for £1,575, and the biberon for £1,006. The tazza at Hamilton Palace, which in the sale of the Préaux Collection in 1850 brought £20, and in that of the Rattier Collection in 1859 £280, realised at the Hamilton Sale no less than £1,218; while the salt-cellar, which at Rattier's Sale fetched £80 only, now brought £840.

So much for the value of the ware. Its origin is not so clear. The name of Henri-Deux ware was first given to it in 1839, because the badges or devices of François I. and Henri II. were found interlaced on many of the examples, while on others, notably on one example in the Louvre, appear the escutcheons, fleurs-de-lisés. It was conjectured that it was fine Sèvres ware manufactured as costly experiments for royal use. On the candlestick in South Kensington, of which an illustration is given here, may be found the well-known monogram which we associate with Henri II. of France and Diane de

Poitiers, viz. two D.'s and an H. interlaced. Upon a small medallion in the centre of the Hamilton Palace tazza is the device of Henri II., viz. three interlaced crescents. In the hollow of the tazza in the South Kensington Collection is a shield which carries the royal arms of France. It had generally been considered as a settled point that the ware must



Candlestick (Henri-Deux Ware) in the South Kensington Museum.

have been made near Tours, since the larger number of pieces came directly from this town. It was also proved, apparently in a conclusive manner, that the ware was made at Oiron, near Thouars, and that it was manufactured for a lady-patroness, whose name was Hélène de Hangest-Genlis, who died in 1537. The secretary of this lady and of her son,

Claude Gouffier, who was Grand Ecuyer of France, was a man named Jean Bernard, who supplied his own designs for the bindings of his patron's books. Now one of the noticeable characteristics of the ware is that while the clay was damp it was impressed with bookbinders' stamps, *roulettes de bois ou métal gravé*. The matrices formed by these stamps were filled with clays of various colours, and the piece was then fired.

On the evidence of a local antiquary, M. Benjamin Fillon, of Poitiers, it was assumed that the H's interlaced did not refer to Henri-Deux, but to the Lady Hélène de Hangest-Genlis. The ware was called Henri-Deux no longer, but Faïence d'Oiron. In further support of this theory a document was discovered, purporting to be a deed of gift from Hélène de Hangest-Genlis to François Cherpentier, *son potyer*, and the above-mentioned Jean Bernard, of certain property in the Bourg d'Oiron. To clinch the theory more strongly still, a number of pieces of pottery were found near the room of Claude Gouffier which, together with the inventory or catalogue of his goods, proved him to be a patron of the arts and a man of taste. 'Twas a pretty story, and reflected credit on Monsieur the local antiquary, but the document was discovered to have been restored and doctored, and thenceforth it became worthless as evidence, and modern French ceramic authorities have discredited the whole theory in consequence. A fresh argument in its favour, however, may be found in the Magniac ewer, here reproduced, a most splendid example of this ware, which was sold in July last at Christie's for £3,990. The lower part of the body of this ewer is studded all over with the letter G. The letter, in fact, is part, and an important part, of the scheme of decoration. On the strength of this letter some have ascribed the ware to Girolamo della Robbia, who settled in France in the sixteenth century. It is, however, highly improbable that this letter represents the workman; it almost certainly represents his patron. Gouffier was of noble birth, Grand Ecuyer of France, a patron of the arts, and a collector of pottery. Wherefore should this noble ewer not have been made for him,

and decorated with his cipher? It has, however, been left for M. Bonnaffé, the compiler of the catalogue of the great Spitzer Collection, not only to shatter existing theories, but to construct one of his own, though whether it will be generally accepted is hard to say. Henceforth it is to be known neither as Henri-Deux Ware, nor as Faïence d'Oiron, but as Faïence de St. Porchaire. St. Porchaire is a small place in Poitou, and produces at the present time pottery of the coarsest kind, but in the sixteenth century it had the highest

reputation for the beauty of its faïence and *beaux pots de terre*. Many of the known specimens of the ware come from this neighbourhood; some bear the arms of the Laval-Montmorency family, the Seigneurs in the sixteenth century of the district of St. Porchaire. Palissy himself, ever on the lookout for suitable clays, went there to seek, but the Porchaire clays were too white and brittle for him. But for the faïence of St. Porchaire the clay was unsurpassed. It was of the exact quality for the manufacture of valuable cabinet pieces. These pieces were for the most part candlesticks, ewers, and salt-cellar, or ornamental tazzas, with or without covers. One of the five pieces in South Kensington is a salt-cellar of exquisite workmanship, which cost the country £268 in 1861, when the Soltikoff Collection was dispersed. There was a salt-cellar at Hamilton Palace of even finer and more beautiful workmanship than that in the South Kensington Museum. It is hexagonal in shape, 4 inches high and 3½ inches wide. It forms a raised pedestal, flanked by a small attached three-quarter column; at each angle of the hexagon in each of the intervening panels is an oblong opening surrounded by a wide moulded architrave or border. Through this opening the hollow interior of the piece

is visible, and in the centre within is seen a group in the round of three Cupids sitting back to back with their arms interlaced.

The rich cream colour of the ware, and its fitness for the peculiar treatment, already referred to, with the *roulettes de bois ou métal gravé*, and its power of taking a rich fine glaze, all worked together for superlative excellence. For my own



Ewer (Henri-Deux Ware). From the Magniac Collection.

part, wherever the ware was made, I hold that it had Royalty for its patron, and that its old name of Henri-Deux ware fits it best, and in this opinion I have the support of Sir Charles Robinson, whose full and interesting account of the ware in Messrs. Christie's Catalogue of the Magniac Sale will well repay perusal. Verily the ware has a strange history and has passed through many vicissitudes. It was made for Henri-Deux, that kingly connoisseur. How natural, how almost inevitable, that in his anxiety to give some new and costly variety to his beloved Diane de Poitiers, he should select some specimen of this noble faïence. How otherwise comes that cipher of the Lover and the King upon the Kensington candlestick? Then arises the stately form of that Héléne de Hangest-Genlis, followed by her art-loving son and ingenious librarian. Arc Jean Bernard and François Cherpentier, that prince of *façonniers*, echoes only—mere *voces et nominum umbræ*? Lastly comes M. Bonnaffé, with the matured experience which in all matters artistic has fallen alongside of the robe of the Philistine upon the nineteenth century. Who holds the key? Has Time, the inevitable arbiter, a rebuff yet in store even for M. Bonnaffé? Who shall say? The ware remains in the Louvre and our own South Kensington, and shall remain when Rothschilds shall have passed away. There are enough out of the fifty

and five to show us how consummate in daintiness, how exquisite in design and technique was the work of those potters, who were of the time of Palissy, whether they were Ascanio, the pupil of Benvenuto Cellini, as some allege, or François Cherpentier, Girolamo della Robbia, or—who you will. Neither is it beyond the range of reason to hope that fresh specimens may yet turn up, if not documentary evidence of the craftsmen who wrought them. Were not three pieces, which fell beneath the hammer for £6,256, found wrapped up in a blanket in a clothes-basket under an old bedstead at Narford Hall? Blessed be Sir A. Fountaine and those sprung from his loins.

There may be many who search nightly beneath their beds for burglars or stray cats, but battalions of burglars and phalanxes of cats will be found in such a place before in this nineteenth century any of us alight on such a treasure as that of Narford. A ware which has added lustre to the name of Henri-Deux, conferred a patent of nobility upon Oiron, and placed the crown of the reigning sovereign upon St. Porchaire, is not to be had for the seeking. There were seven cities that claimed their Homer dead. There is still room for other claimants for the parentage of the most dainty and exquisite faïence the world has produced.

T. T. GREG.

ART GOSSIP AND REVIEW.

SIR JOHN MILLAIS, R.A., has been awarded the distinction of the German honour, *Pour le Mérite*. This order, which is only granted in cases of exceptional merit, was given to Sir John by virtue of the portraits and genre pictures he sent to the International Exhibition at Berlin last year.

The will of Mr. Lumb Stocks, R.A., has lately been proved. The personality amounted to £37,000.

The Royal Gold Medal of the Institute of British Architects has been awarded to M. César Daly, the French architect.

The National Gallery has recently acquired by purchase at Christie's, from Mr. J. C. Wedderburn's Collection, at a very low price, a group of six life-size heads of men and women of various ages, by Hogarth. The heads, which are in perfect condition, are close together, and were probably painted at one sitting, or at most two. The picture is called 'Hogarth's Servants,' and has not been exhibited since 1817. Another acquisition is a work of small size, bequeathed by Mr. R. W. Cooper, called 'Landscape with Satyrs,' and attributed to Ryckhaert.

The London County Council, in publishing the important scheme for a new street from Holborn to the Strand, has shown that it is quite prepared to take upon itself the duties of that Minister of Fine Arts, for whose appointment there have been calls these many years. For the Council has actually gone out of its way, not only to preserve the church of St. Mary-le-Strand, but also to utilise that historic building by making it the chief feature of the improvement at the point where the new street winds and widens into the Strand.

THE DECORATION OF ST. PAUL'S.—Mr. W. B. Richmond, A.R.A., is making good progress with his mosaic decorations at the eastern end of St. Paul's Cathedral. The spandrels over the easternmost of the three great arches on the north side of the choir are now completed, and Mr. Richmond is devoting himself with great energy to other details of this important work. We quote from the *Athenæum* the method Mr. Richmond is adopting for this mosaic decoration. "He has selected glass mosaic of a peculiar kind, which is quite indestructible, and yet permits both gold and silver to be used with all the colours needed. Messrs. Powell, of Whitefriars, under the painter's direction, cast semi-opaque glass of multifarious and delicate hues into slabs of about three-eighths of an inch thick, and including rose, red, blue, green, grey, white, purple, and other colours, with varieties of each, amounting in all to about thirty tints, and all soft rather than fierce or strong, so that, however combined, the effect of the whole could never become garish, or devoid of lightness; brilliancy is assured by the material itself. These slabs have been broken by hand with pincers into roughly square *tesseræ*, which, by the very irregularities of their sides, ensure their thorough union with the oil cement of a rose colour into which they are pressed by assistants according to the coloured cartoons the artist has prepared. Each colour of the drawing is matched by its corresponding cube of glass, and the silver and gold cubes are to be dealt with in the same manner. In the case of the spandrels the oil cement was spread upon slabs of slate, and the work executed in Mr. Richmond's studio before it was placed in the space prepared for it. Neither time, bad air, sunlight, dirt, nor the scrubbing brush can harm the pictures produced in this way; the splendour of the metals and the purity of the colours

know no diminution; and as the surface of the work is broken by the irregularities of the cubes, the light, playing upon it, imparts numberless varieties to the colours and develops sudden glories from the gold and silver whenever we change our positions in looking at them. A thoughtful painter like Mr. Richmond knows how by this means to arrange for and secure splendid scintillations and hues of poetic force and rare beauty, which add much to the peculiar charm of his art. These splendours can never go wrong, because the *tesserae* are always harmonious in themselves, and harmoniously disposed according to the cartoon in colours."

The Arundel Society, like the Art Union, announces a diminished revenue, but its expenditure has diminished likewise. In 1890 there was a deficit, but last year the outlay was just within the receipts. The second publication for 1892 will be a chromo-lithograph from a drawing by Signor Gnoli after the fresco of the death of Sta. Fina, by Ghirlandajo, in the Collegiate Church of San Gimignano.

The excellent loan exhibition of pictures at the Guildhall was visited by over 230,000 persons. A quarto has been prepared, by permission of the owners of the pictures, containing reproductions by the collotype process of about fifty of the principal paintings in the collection. Thirty are from works of early masters, and twenty from those of modern artists.

M. Bonnat announced the other day the prospect of reconciliation between the rival bodies of French artists who exhibit at the Champs-Élysées and Champ de Mars Salons. Meanwhile the members of the new society have proceeded to elect fresh members and associates. The following have been admitted to the higher order:—MM. Armand, Breton, Brétignier, Albert Fouris, Liebermann, Stettin, Vierge, and Weerts. There are three classes of exhibitors at this Salon, viz.—the outsiders, whose contributions pass before the eyes of a jury; the associates, each of whom can exhibit a single work without this test; and the members, who can exhibit as many as they please. The latter, however, share among themselves the losses, when there are any, and have to find all the money required for each exhibition.

The first Prix de Paris—which the French Minister of Fine Arts has this year created to replace the Prix du Salon—has gone to a sculptor, M. Henri Vidal, for his 'Paysan du Danube' and his 'Charité.' M. Vidal has just completed his twenty-seventh year.

An Exposition of Contemporary Art will be open from September 5th till October, at Amsterdam. Pictures will be received from Thursday, August 4th, till Saturday, August 13th. Six gold medals will be distributed among the exhibitors.

We are requested to state that "Aliquis," in the article on

"Art Critics of To-Day," in our July Number, was incorrect in placing Mr. Claude Phillips on the staff of the *Guardian*. It is the *Manchester Guardian* to which Mr. Phillips is attached as Art critic.

REVIEW.—Amongst the many "new and revised editions" of more or less popular books which daily flow in upon us from the publishers, few should be more welcome than Mr. Egerton Castle's admirable and instructive work, "SCHOOLS AND MASTERS OF FENCE" (George Bell & Sons, London and New York). The new edition has the double merit of being not only issued at a popular price (six shillings) which places it within the reach of all lovers of the dainty *arme blanche*, but also of being in a far more convenient size and shape than that in which it first appeared. In the present volume, the author disclaims all intention of giving to the world anything more than a "condensed report" of the ancient works on the enthralling subject of Fence, in the widest acceptance of that term, from the Middle Ages down to the end of the eighteenth century, together with an account of the lives and writings of the most celebrated masters, and the constitutions of the most important fencing societies. Nothing could be more interesting, not only to fencers, but to antiquarians and artists also, than the way the author traces the various kinds of weapons and their methods of use from the days of the two-handed swords, the sword and buckler, the rapier and dagger, and the *colichemardes* and *flamberges*, down to the small-sword which was at one time a necessary part of every gentleman's dress, and from which the modern foil has lineally descended. To historical painters, indeed, Mr. Castle's book is of inestimable value; for, as he justly says, if the old works on fencing available at the British Museum were more often consulted, "there would be fewer pictures—even by celebrated artists—representing, for instance, a cavalier attempting to close his hand round the three-inch grip of his rapier, instead of screening it under the guard by locking two fingers round the quillons; or of *Mignors* lunging in the most approved modern style, and grasping their daggers like stilettos, thumb on pommel, in a manner which would have deprived that weapon of any value, defensive or offensive." The division of the work into periods, the first ranging from the early part of the sixteenth century to the beginning of the seventeenth (the age of the rapier, when cut and thrust were both used); the second ending with the seventeenth century, during which period the thrust asserted its superiority, the rapier gave way to the small-sword, and the French school first arose distinct from the Italian; and the third, which brings the author down to our own times, when he justly claims that swordsmanship has been brought to perfection, is an admirable method, and greatly assists the student in following the development and evolution of this most fascinating science. All the illustrations of the original edition are reproduced, and both the bibliography at the beginning of the volume and the excellent index at the end should prove of the greatest use to the student.





THE ART JOURNAL.

THE OLD CHURCH, BONCHURCH.

ORIGINAL ETCHING BY PERCY ROBERTSON.

LONDON J.S.VIRTUE & CO LIMITED.



Sandown from Yarbridge. From a Drawing by Percy Robertson.

RAMBLES IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—II.

ENTHUSIASTS, well deserving the name, have compared the Bay of Sandown with that of Naples. Such well-meant comparisons are usually more harmful than beneficial, for they raise expectations which are doomed to disappointment. Such is the case here. Sandown is in no degree comparable with Naples, save on occasions when

“Ocean’s blue mantle, streaked with purple and green,”

is spread around, and vies in colour even with the southern sea.

When we think of the smiling amphitheatre which the lap of Vesuvius forms around the arc of Naples, the picturesque towns, the wooded shores, and the lovely islands of Capri and Ischia at either end of the bow, the comparison becomes little less than odious. No bay lacking a setting of hills can warrant the guide-book term of “magnificent,” or be placed in the balance with those of the rest of the world. It is almost less absurd to talk about the “precipices” which the low cliffs assume between the towns of Sandown and Shanklin.

No one will deny that the sands hereabouts are admirable, especially for children and bathers, and upon these, which are unequalled in the island, Sandown and Shanklin must mainly rely for their good repute. Collins, an R.A. of sixty years ago, drew many of his delightful coast scenes from this shore, but at that time both boatmen, boats, and children were more picturesque in type than those encountered at this end of the century. Even of Collins it may be said, that his happiest products were not his shore scenes, but those rustic incidents such as ‘Happy as a King,’ some of which may still be found inland of Sandown in the elm-fringed lanes and thatch-covered farmsteads.

There is little doubt that artistically the best view of San-

down is that which Mr. Percy Robertson has given us above, and which, taken from the flats at Yarbridge, may be seen from the railway carriage window as it leaves Brading Station. Even an amateur could hardly go wrong with such a subject. Under a mid-day light, the incongruous colours of the town are obscured by the glittering mass of roofs, and the downs behind are in a grey haze, whilst the marsh lands of the Yar, studded with cattle knee-deep in irises (yellow flowered in June), and its sluggish stream winding here and there through the flat, form an admirable foreground. Neither composition of parts or colour is necessary; the whole needs only successful copying. But, curiously enough, a view like this is wont to be overlooked by even an old hand at sketching—if he or she be an amateur—for in such grooves do these work, that at the sea-side the sea-shore is *de rigueur*, and cliffs, or the sea with boats, must be painted again and again, although far more interesting, enjoyable, and paintable material lies handy to his reach a mile inland. Chalk cliffs have always exercised a fascination over the tyro artist, who fails with them again and again; not recognising their difficulties, or that these are infinitely enhanced when, as is invariably the case, they are grappled with in full sunlight, and can then only be successfully delineated by the most accurate draughtsmanship, coupled with the preservation of breadth. Far easier does such a subject come when, towards sunset, the projecting masses throw delicate purple shadows over the greater part of their surface, leaving only sharply defined points in full sunlight. But, alas! this fairest hour of the day is also that of *table d’hôte*, when the sharpened appetite is imperative in its demands upon every faculty of body and mind.

It would be a dire insult to pass by Shanklin Chine without

notice or illustration. Turn to the guide-books of the island, and each, in proportion to its antiquity, descants in increasingly imposing terms upon the awesomeness of this scene of grandeur and magnificence. No doubt, in the days of Keats, when "sloping wood and meadow ground reached round the Chine," and "primroses and fishermen's huts spread downwards to the verge of the sea," before a sixpenny toll, a bazaar, and a broad well-trodden road were in existence, the place ranked amongst the beauties of the island; now it and its fellow at Blackgang are avoided by the searcher after the picturesque, and its beauties are left to be enjoyed by the sandwich bagger and the excursionist.

Nor, too, need we spend much time over the other beauties of Shanklin. Apart from the Chine there is little which even this last-named class of sight-seers will find to admire in this until lately quite typical Isle of Wight village. It still, however, retains one of the hostleries, with thatch-covered roof and walls decked in roses and flowering creepers, which, in one's younger days, seemed always to be overflowing with brides and bridegrooms, earwigs and wasps. Shanklin Church, too, is still outside the pale of the hideous lodging-house. We may well rest awhile

at its gates, in an atmosphere of delightful scents from lime-blossoming trees and clover fields, before we commence the ascent towards Bonchurch.

Two routes lead from Shanklin westwards, and each used to be full of delight for him who traversed it; one by the main road under the down, the other by way of the cliff, past Lucombe Chine and through the Landslip. Each is now disfigured by the hand of the speculating landowner, who has spoilt so many of the fairest views on the southern coast. If the wayfarer would not lose all heart, we would advise him to avoid the cliff and take the coach road. He

will enjoy breasting the hill if he crosses by the fields, for they are usually full of flowers at any season he may choose, of primroses or cowslip, of orchis or oxeye. When he joins the road again on reaching the summit of the first hill, he must skirt, by way of the road, the whole of the basin which ends seawards with Lucombe Chine. A capital way of reaching Ventnor is to take to the down where it comes alongside the road, but we shall not accompany him that way to-day, although so doing would probably minimise the sight of the eyesore which shortly comes in view when we are brought face to face with the cut-up surface of the fair fields which used to fringe the edge of the cliff.

No more will artists come hither and reproduce for posterity this smiling vale; the old farmstead, with its yellow lichened roofs, may remain a short time longer and afford them a subject, but they will have to set it in other backgrounds. Mr. Boughton, A.R.A., achieved a success a year or two back with a picture of this scene. He will be the last to do so. It used to be a favourite pastime to come hither accompanied by a volume of Keats's poems, and endeavour to recognise the source of some of his inspiration in "Lamia"—
"the green recessed woods,"
"the weary tendrils and



Shanklin.

bowed branches green," but the poem may as well be left at home now. The inhabitants of Shanklin seem to be unaware of the vast amount of harm which the destruction of its only beautiful outlet may cause to the town. Unlike Ventnor, it has no open spaces which it can preserve, and which are so vital to the popularity of a first-class seaside resort. Even should this new venture near Lucombe develop into a thriving suburb, which, considering its distance from both railway and sea, is hardly probable, the fact that the sea-shore is now the only resort open to visitors, must tell prejudicially upon the popularity of Shanklin.

Probably one of the best things which ever happened to the island, so far as posterity is concerned, was the catastrophe which caused the Undercliff, and in a minor degree, and at a later time, the Landslip. For in the former case it produced a phase of structure of a most uncommon and beautiful kind, it modelled a barrier against harmful winds, and whilst in some places it afforded delightful situations in which man might erect himself dwelling-places, in others it left the ground in such precarious formations that little else could be done than to let nature ever use its sweet will upon it. The Landslip comes under this last-named category, and, as we just now said, it is most fortunate for us, who look with dread at the continuous aggregation of houses and the lessening number of spaces where those who are not blessed with ample domains may feel they have elbow-room. Here they may without let or hindrance stray away from the public highway and enjoy green turf beneath their feet and green trees over their heads. We trust that the structural formation of the ground may for long prevent this delightful pleasure being seized upon by the building fiend, but as the foundation is seldom a matter of moment to him, there is always a fear of non-productive land such as this falling into his hands. The present owner, the mother of Mr. Swinburne the poet, appears to have little desire to make the Landslip other than it now is, namely a godsend to the people, but should circumstances arise to

end this, it will certainly behove the neighbouring towns not to suffer it to lose its present use as a people's paradise.

The Landslip during the summer months is traversed by such a vast procession of visitors that the artist may almost despair of setting up his easel there. But he certainly must not do so, for subjects abound hereabouts. Before he enters it from the Shanklin side, there is a capital subject in the field to the left, where the white Culver cliffs are seen across the bay, in strong contrast to the dark branches of overhanging fir-trees. If he diverges from the beaten track to the right, he will find dells covered with that most beautiful form of tree, the beech; and in autumn he may get the most

delightful contrasts between the earth, bare save where it is bronzed by masses of fallen leaves, the blue sky, and the boughs kept by the sheltering cliffs in full foliage long after it has turned to gold. Dismembered portions of these same cliffs lie here and there in huge masses, their sides clothed with travellers' joy and ivy, and forming cozy nooks and caverns wherein the picnicker finds splendid spots for pitching his hampers and his kettle. Unfortunately too often the only picturesque result of these parties is the grey pillar of smoke arising from his wood-fire; but even out of many discordant elements an artist might make something. If dainty dresses, hats, and

faces can be brought into service on the river, with far less suitable backgrounds, why not here? If Frenchmen have very nearly shown us how it can be done without vulgarity, Englishmen certainly ought to be able to do so.

If we cross over to the southern side of the footpath, there are other framings for pictures in the gnarled and stunted oaks which, bending under the grip of the ivy stems, form delightful resting-places for girls and children, who, swinging on them, at once recall Mason's subjects, and might well be utilised for such. When, too, the cliff-edge is gained, there are several views which suggest themselves, especially one of the point with the little fishermen's cottages and the Culvers beyond. These cottages, with their gardens, boats, lobster-pots, Keats's "baskets of bright and vivid gold," and the sea-



Shanklin Chine.

weed-covered shore, contain plenty of material, but it needs grouping, selection, and omission. So, too, will the more prim and neat little house which nestles beneath Dunnose, and whose circlet of flowers is a standing surprise to the wayfarer, exposed as it is to every wind that blows from the sea: this cottage is a stock subject for every photographer and lady artist who passes by. Before we leave the shore another subject which lends itself to sketching may be noted, namely, the chalk cliffs just beyond Monks Bay. When the sun is lowering, especially beneath a partially clouded sky, this headland, with its sloping rocky shore and breaking wave, looks finer than it really is; it can be comfortably painted,

even in wintry weather, from the sheltered seat which stands at the foot of the road.

Returning along the shore to the cottage just mentioned, and gaining the cliff from there, archæologists may like to know that to the left hand, just within the wire fencing, are the remains of a Roman encampment, and in the field just through the gate is an early British barrow, which is said never to have been opened. But all the vicinity hereabouts teems with incidents of English history, which should make it interesting to antiquarian, historian, and artist, and especially to our American cousins, with whom just now

the Undercliff seems to be in especial favour. Monks Bay, for instance, the little cove which lies beneath us, is the reputed

landing-place of the fathers, from the French abbey of Lire, who first brought Christianity to the Island, and who are said to have founded the church hard by. The Landslip itself

has been the scene of more than one invasion by the French. One of these in 1545 is thus described by Froude: "M. de Thais, landing without resistance, advanced into the island to reconnoitre. He went forward until he had entangled his party in a glen surrounded by thickets, and here he was checked by a shower of arrows from invisible hands. The English, few in number, but on their own ground, hovered about him, giving way when they were

attacked, but hanging on his skirts, and pouring death into his ranks from silent bows, until prudence warned him to



Dunnose.



The Landslip.

withdraw to the sands." It is said that the Chevalier Charles d'Eulx was similarly caught in an ambush, and with most of his party was slain, and buried in the churchyard here.

A couple of hundred yards farther up, in what is called the Shute, an incident occurred to Charles I. During the early months of his captivity on the island he was treated more as

a guest than a prisoner, and he used to make long and frequent excursions on horseback. On one occasion he visited Bonchurch, and just before reaching its ancient church he encountered a funeral procession. He called a halt to his attendants and directed one of them to make inquiries respecting it. On learning that it was the funeral of Sir Ralph Chamberlaine, his Majesty at once dismounted and joined the mourners, to pay a last tribute of respect to one who during his lifetime had fought and bled for his monarch, and whose death was caused by wounds received in his service.

When figure painters are so perpetually crying out for subjects for their brush, why do they not utilise some of these

events and bring *vraisemblance* to them by putting a background having not only actuality but interest?

And landscape painters, too, who complain of hard times—we do not refer to those of the first rank, but to the members towards whom commissions do not flow too rapidly—how is it that they have now abandoned what might not be a disagreeable task, or one beneath their notice, namely the delineation of country houses? Our great water-colourists of former days—Turner, De Wint, Barrett, and others—did not despise what was then a lucrative business, and which might be made so now. It is said that photography has killed the demand for pictures such as these; but this is not so, for they require, more than anything else, composition and deft



East Dene, Bonchurch.

handling, and it is this which makes the efforts of amateurs, to whom their portrayal is generally left, appear so weak. It is only common-sense that a picture of a place with pleasant associations woven round it should secure heartier acceptance than a scene which commends itself in that way to nobody who has the power to purchase it.

Why should the portraiture of one's house be less esteemed than that of one's self, or the producer of it held in less honour? Quite lately one or two artists of note have laid themselves out to paint flower gardens, and the demand upon their services has been such as to show that there is quite a considerable opening in that department for good work, as most assuredly there would be in what we may term "house-painting."

1892.

In a neighbourhood such as this there should be ample employment for an artist for many a day, and this is only a corner of England, and contains not one-thousandth part of its mansions.

It is, of course, not every gentleman's scat which lends itself so delightfully to portrayal as Mr. Snowden Henry's (shown above), and which is assuredly the envy and admiration of all who pass by it. Few houses nestle in such a charming setting of wood and down, or have such an outlook over land and sea. But it is one of the boasts of the Undercliff that nowhere is there such variety amongst the demesnes with which it is studded; not only has Nature given to each a distinctive *cachet*, but it has so tilted and disposed its surface

hither and thither that each appears as if it had the whole landscape to itself.

There are many tiny churches in England, and each is wont to assert its supremacy in the way of tininess. In this respect the old church of St. Boniface has to yield to its neighbour St. Lawrence, and perhaps to others, but it yields in this alone. As a specimen of a Village House of God, as a resting-place for the quiet dead, as a picturesque scene at all hours and

all seasons, I know of none to equal it. I have passed through many lands, and have seldom missed God's Acre in whatever village I have visited, but I know of none which so perfectly satisfies one's conception of what it should be. View it in winter when the roar of a south-west gale through the tops of the lofty elms which encircle it, struggles for mastery with that of the surging sea below—here amongst the toms all is at rest, and the sun when it creeps through the clouds casts a warm smile upon the crocus and the snowdrop, which show their faces here earlier than in any other place in England. Or come in summer and you will find both church and graveyard garlanded with

the pink of the monthly rose or the yellow of the honeysuckle—your lips almost drop Shelley's words, "It might make one in love with death, to think one would be buried in so sweet a place." In autumn the scene is even brighter, for roof and porch are gorgeous with the crimson of the virginian creeper, and point the moral, how often Nature makes even decay beautiful. Nature here quickly asserts herself, and even the crude modern gravestone soon dons an unobtrusive dress, and harmonizes with the picturesque

group of ancient monuments which are seen in the foreground of Mr. Robertson's etching.

It is needless to say that the artist is very much in evidence and very happy here; he or she never minds how excruciatingly bad the result promises to be, but always seems content. Not so the photographer: he cannot balance his camera accurately; he cannot get distance enough; an ugly tombstone will intrude and cannot be disregarded; a stream of people will pass in and out of the building: so he seldom obtains a picture

quite satisfactory even to himself: not nearly so much so as of the pond in the centre of the village, which has, perhaps, been more photographed than any other view in the kingdom, for not only is it encountered in every part of the world, but upon every conceivable thing from coal boxes to chocolate boxes. A professional poser would most assuredly pay hereabouts, one who would sit astride the wall in the correct attitude, entice the swans into the proper position, and announce the moment when the trees are at rest. One too who would keep the tourist from disfiguring the pond with his sandwich and bun bags.

A distinctive feature of Bonchurch and the Undercliff must not be omitted,

namely, the luxuriant growth of every kind of vegetation, both of tree and plant form. In some of the grounds the number of varieties of these run into hundreds, and include tropical flora, such as the palm and eucalyptus, and strangers from all parts of the world, as the bamboo and the paulownia; whilst more homely growths, such as the fuchsia and geranium, endure through the winter and attain to sizes unsurpassed in any part of the British Isles. The artist who depicts fruit blossoms will find them here earlier



The Pond, Bonchurch.

than in any of the southern counties, and we encountered Mr. Fred Morgan imaging them long ere his brethren had thought of leaving their winter quarters. It may interest those who take a delight in his pictures of child life to know that most of them are painted on the beach at Ventnor, and many of them in winter time. Mrs. Allingham is another who comes to the Island for spring blossoms, but she affects its western end, perhaps owing to its propinquity to the Poet-Laureate's home. Mention of the Poet-Laureate recalls the fact that he was for many years a visitor to Combe Wood and Ash-cliff. When they were tenanted, the fat contributor to *Punch*, the Rev. James White, often housed under their roofs Thackeray, Dickens, Christopher North, Leech, Doyle, Talfourd, Douglas Jerrold, and other literary and artistic celebrities. Dickens was so delighted at first with Bonchurch that he rented Winterbourne, and many are the stories of the revels which went on there in the intervals of writing "David Copperfield;" matutinal tubs under the waterfall which issues below the church, and picnics of "tremendous success" on the downs. It was whilst staying with him that Leech was knocked down and nearly killed by a heavy sea.

Ventnor has certain advantages of situation over other towns in the island which it has hardly utilised to their full extent.

It has, within the memory of man, risen from a group of half-a-dozen cottages to a populous town, and throughout the whole period of its growth it has practically had but one object in view, namely its adaptation to the requirements of a large class of visitors, healthy for the most part in the summer, but almost all ailing in the winter. This being

so, one would have imagined that its houses, streets, and thoroughfares would have been erected and planned so as to meet the needs of those classes. This has certainly not been the case. The sloping side of the down and bay, instead of having been laid out in terraces, each approached by gentle gradients, appears, when viewed from the sea, to have had its mantle of houses thrown upon it without any attempt at order or plan. Roads wind hither and thither, always by cruelly steep ascents, and even the edge of the cliff has not been

preserved as a public way. Whilst the shore is impassable owing to rocks, the cliff is rendered so by the hand of man, and even the sweet breezes are often tainted by emanations of gasworks, roadscrapings and sewage discharged within a few hundred yards of the centre of the town. Ventnor, no doubt, derives much benefit, during many months of the year, by its background of down, which shields it from cold winds and reflects the rays of a sun which seems to shine here far oftener than it does elsewhere, but the authorities seem to forget that this bulwark eight hundred feet high is also a disadvantage in curtailing the area of locomotion, and that this can only be overcome by preserving where

they exist, and acquiring where they do not, ready means of access along the sea-front.

Our artist found it difficult to obtain a good view of Ventnor, and as in the case of Sandown and Shanklin he considered its beauties were best seen at a distance. In his sketch from the end of the pier he has certainly selected the most picturesque view, especially at sunset. But those who want to see the place under the most favouring aspect must mount the down behind Trinity Church on some summer afternoon when



Ventnor from the Pier.

the air is clear. On their way they will pass a wishing-well, but as one of the conditions of success in drinking thereat is, we believe, that whoever does so shall not look at the view behind him, he who accompanies us must not combine the two endeavours, for we shall ask him more than once to pause and revel in the delightful scene which each stage upwards unfolds. To see it at its best it is well to skirt the down and attain the summit near the Bonchurch end, for then the bosky retreats of that village and the graceful spire of Holy Trinity are included in a panorama which extends over Ventnor, the whole range of the Undercliff, past the Needles, and even to the coast of Dorset. Seen before sunset when Ventnor is veiled in a film of smoke and each successive headland looms up mysteriously in the golden west, it is indeed a sight to tempt the artist, but it is one which is quite incapable of successful treatment.

So again is the view which we encounter if we cross the summit of the downs (only a score feet short of eight hundred high) and look towards the centre of the Island. It is a fair pastoral, of a most extended character, full of picturesque valleys, downs, and rivers, with the Solent and the distant Hampshire

hills as background. But it is too big a subject, too cut up, and too lacking in breadth, to be capable of successful accomplishment. This notwithstanding, it is a grand place for a healthy ride or walk, and the invigorating air will make the senses most amenable to the influence of the beauties of nature, which abound on every side. The artistic eye will find a variety of colour and form, which will vary with every visit, and which will amply repay him for the trouble of the toilsome ascent which is now necessary. A scheme for a lift to the

summit is in the air—God forbid that such an unnatural and unsightly method should ever be attempted; it would never pay, and would remain for years to come a disfigurement to the landscape. A far greater boon would be a good carriage way along the crest, which could easily be made, and would be unequalled in the southern counties. In saying this, we are not forgetting to take into account the nearly similar one along the down leading from Freshwater to the Needles, or the beautiful drive from Eastbourne to Beachy Head.

Ideas of heaven differ, and there are few of us who would compare its beauties with any place on earth which has fallen under the domination of man. But one who knows the Undercliff well, Miss Sewell, has ventured to assert of it "that heaven itself can scarcely be more beautiful." Well, perhaps she has seen it under more favouring circumstances than the majority; she may, for instance, have happened upon it when notices of houses to let did not abound, when estates had not been parcelled out into eligible building sites and had got no further, and before crooked and uneven ways had been levelled and made straight; she has seen the inside of the enclosures of which the ma-



Windy Corner.

majority only behold the boundary-walls, and she has not been hurried through it on a dusty *char-à-banc* in unsympathetic company to the haven of a sixpenny bazaar at its further end. Under such circumstances as these, it is comparable only to a very low type of Elysium, and one that even a city Arab might at last grow discontented with.

To those, however, who do not commence with such exalted aspirations and comparisons, it has very much to charm and delight—lovely lanes, sweet pastures, hanging

woods, seascapes, rugged cliffs, and tumbled rocks; nature seen at one moment in its most generous mood, and at another in its roughest apparel; at one turn moulded by man into the most artificial but beautiful condition, at another asserting its mastery over all his efforts. Within a short mile may be seen the most luxuriant gardens in England, and a rock-strewn slope on which nature appears to have delighted to vent all its spleen. It is this *multum in parvo*, this variety within the small compass of half-a-dozen miles, which impresses the beholder and forces him to an enthusiasm which is not greater than it deserves.

And if this is the case with those who only see it from the

main road which traverses it from end to end, much more will it be with those who have the leisure and the means to stay awhile at Sandrock and Niton. Tourists have visited it from afar long before the days of hotels or coaches. Fleets from Italy and Phœnicia brought the first excursionists. They came for tin and found good anchorage in Puckaster Cove. Later on, Charles II. landed at the same place, "after he had endured a great and dangerous storm at sea." But to all of these, no doubt, the scenery was of little account, although on that July day, two hundred and twenty-seven years ago, when Charles first saw it, it doubtless looked very fair and agreeable after the perils of the ocean.



Looking westward from above St. Lawrence.

To-day to those who come from bustling cities or from countries even farther removed than those of the Eastern Mediterranean, the quietness and enjoyment which can be derived from a stay here may almost bring one to a frame of mind similar to that of the lady authoress, whom we quoted above.

To those who have a good head, by far the best way of seeing the western Undercliff is from the inland cliff-path, which traverses it almost from end to end. Even those who will call the Undercliff relaxing, and prefer a brisk walk of an hour in a cold bracing air, and to be penned for the rest of the day in unhomelike lodgings at an east-coast watering-

place, to a certainty of sunshine and balminess, and the whole day spent in the open air—even these could not grumble with the quality of the ozone which nature here provides for them. A breeze is seldom absent, and rarely do the hay or cornfields that we skirt present a quiet surface; more often they imitate their neighbour the sea, "the long grass swaying in the playing of the almost wearied breeze," and in the gentle abrasion of a million stalks emulating the murmur of the waters falling on a myriad pebbles. With accompaniments such as these and the conversation of countless jackdaws, a three or four miles' walk along the cliff is completed all too soon.

MARCUS B. HUISS.

KNIVES, SPOONS, AND FORKS.

OF these three most necessary utensils, the first-named, the knife, is undoubtedly the most ancient, its origin being lost in the obscurity of the pre-historic age. The



Fig. 1.—Steel Knife, with Chiselled Hilt, in sheath of wood, overlaid with pierced and engraved pewter. Dutch, Seventeenth Century.

human race cannot long have existed before necessity prompted the fashioning of a rude cutting instrument of flint or other stone. The earliest metal implements were of bronze, succeeded in due course by iron. The word knife, as can be proved by analogy of the Icelandic, etc., is a general term for almost any sort of cutting instrument. Its meaning of penknife, in its French garb, *canif*, is a restricted use which the word etymologically does not signify. For centuries the knife was worn and carried about on the person, one and the same instrument serving indiscriminately on the field of battle, in the chase, at meals, and, in short, for whatever purposes an edge tool might be required. We should understand some such manly weapon to be indicated by the old Greek writers as having induced Achilles to betray himself among the daughters of Lycomedes. So long as it was usual for each person to produce his own knife, the master of the house was not expected to provide them for his guests; nor does it appear that before about the fourteenth century a distinct class of knives was manufactured for table use. In course of time it was but natural that many curious observances should attach themselves to the knife, the most venerable adjunct mankind owns in that function which is a primary necessity of his existence,

the partaking of food. The custom, for instance, of pressing a knife-blade upon the place when a child bumps its head, is a remote tradition of the gipsy race, and is accompanied by a formula muttered thrice, seven, or nine times, according to the gravity of the injury. After the spell has been pronounced, the knife is thrust a corresponding number of times into the earth, by which significant act the hurt is supposed to be transferred from the human sufferer into the ground. With the growth of mediæval manners a very precise ceremonial was elaborated and associated with the use of the knife. Thus, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, we find that knives with different-coloured handles were appointed for the several seasons of the Church—ebony handles for Lent, ivory for Easter, and black and white in alternate squares for Pentecost. To the service of the table belonged three distinct kinds of knife, viz., small knives that were used by everybody in eating; the carving knife, which had a blade broad enough to bear, as on a tray, the portions of meat as they were cut from the joint, and to set them before the guests; and lastly, the *parepain*, or bread-peeler, for removing the crust, and otherwise trimming the flat cakes of

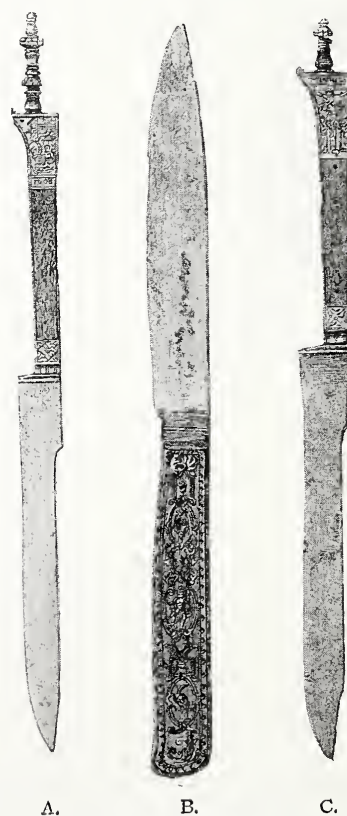


Fig. 2.—A and C, Horn-handled Knives, with Brass Mounts. German, dated 1608. B, Steel Knife with Lacquered and Filigreed Handle. German, Seventeenth Century.

bread off which the meat was eaten. This extemporised form of plate was called a trencher. The word is the same as that which is frequently applied, on account of its flat

shape, to a college-cap. At royal feasts, and other special occasions, a silver dish was sometimes placed under the

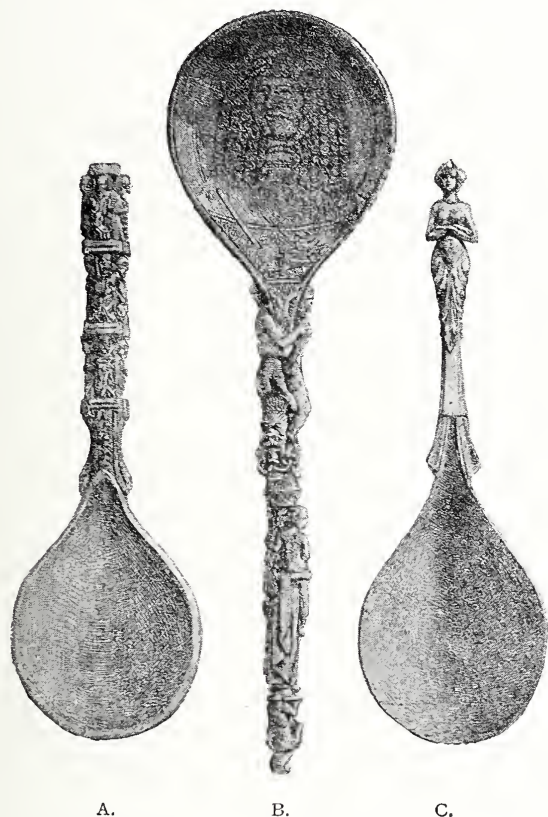


Fig. 3.—Spoons. A, Carved Pearwood. German, Sixteenth or Seventeenth Century.—B, Carved Boxwood. German, 1676.—C, Boxwood, but with Silver-gilt Handle. German or Flemish, latter half of Sixteenth Century.

bread for the lord or for distinguished guests. At a subsequent date wooden trenchers were generally introduced, such as may be seen, for example, with painted decorations of the time of Queen Elizabeth, in the British Museum and Bodleian Library. In the sixteenth century, when bread trenchers were discontinued, the *parepain*, no longer needed, fell into disuse.

The manner of conducting a state banquet towards the close of the Middle Ages has been carefully recorded, and is of no small interest in its bearing on the present subject. The repast was heralded by the sound of the trumpet; and the squire in attendance on the king, or lord, as the case might be (for the nobles imitated the sovereign, and enforced, each in his own sphere at home, the rules and usages which prevailed at the court of his superior), brought in the knives, wrapped in a napkin. Then, bowing to the *nef*, he uncovered and presented them on bended knee, taking care to kiss them first, and to turn towards his lord the handles of those knives only which he would require to use, while the others were placed the reverse way. The knives, after being used, were collected by the squire in a napkin, and delivered to an inferior to clean, the latter always receiving them respectfully in his right hand. In the same way the bread was served in a napkin, which was unfolded and kissed by the attendant, who then cut the bread in two, and delivered one half to a varlet to make trial of it at the *nef*, and eat it in the presence of his master, to assure him of its freedom from poison. The *nef* was so singular and characteristic an object that a short

account of it may not be out of place here. It was made of gold or silver, or at least of gilt or plated metal, in the model of a ship in full sail. The hull, which rested in some cases upon wheels, lions, or dragons, formed a box in which, beside sweetmeats, spices, and wine for the royal consumption, were kept the utensils used by the king at table, viz., the serviettes and the drinking cups, the knives and spoons, and, where they formed part of the *ménage*, the forks too. But of all the contents of the *nef* the most esteemed was the tongue of the serpent, or the unicorn horn, by means of which were assayed not merely all meats and drinks before being tasted by the king, but also whatever articles were employed by him in the process of eating and drinking. The horn, tapering and curling like Chesterfield spire, was most probably the tusk of the narwhal, or sea-unicorn; but, whatever it may have been, its potency was unquestioned. When this rare and precious possession could not be acquired complete, fragments were made to do duty for the whole. In mediæval times the belief was universal, and was not dispelled before the last century, that the horn was of such nature that it could not endure the approach of poison without turning black, or otherwise betraying the presence of the antithetic element. Kirchmayer, Wittemberg Professor and Fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Vienna, who published at the end of the seventeenth century six treatises on Natural History, having for his object to dispel the errors of tradition in popular zoology, may fairly be taken to represent the advanced scientific knowledge of his day. "No one," he

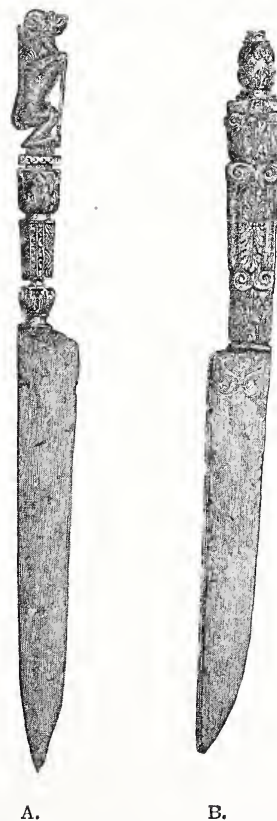


Fig. 4.—A, Knife, with Chiselled Iron Hilt. French, Sixteenth Century.—B, Three-bladed Knife. Chiselled Steel Hilt. French or Italian, Sixteenth or Seventeenth Century.

declares, "denies that the unicorn's horn is an antidote to poison," and he gives directions for distinguishing the ge-

nuine from the spurious horn. It is an interesting fact that in China and Japan, from time immemorial, the unicorn has

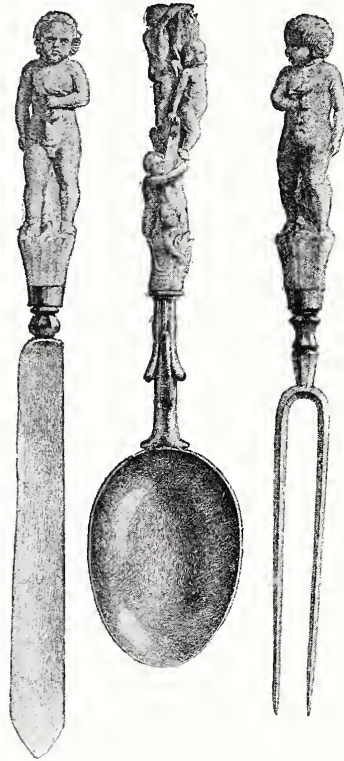


Fig. 5.—Knife, Spoon, and Fork, with Carved Ivory Handles. Italian, Seventeenth Century.

been similarly credited with a marvellous discriminating faculty. It is related that in those countries, in cases where a judge was unable to decide between two litigants, the unicorn, being introduced upon the scene, would infallibly sustain the just and gore the opposite party; and where there was any uncertainty as to the guilt of an accused prisoner, the discerning animal would spare, if innocent, or, if criminal, do the unhappy wretch to death. It will be perceived then, in view of these time-honoured beliefs, that among the table furniture of kings, to whom the dread of poison was a continual bugbear, the nef was indispensable. Though other persons of inferior dignity might affect the custom, the nef still remained the special ensign of royalty, and, as such, was saluted with a reverence by all except the lord of the place. In France it lasted down to the fall of Louis XVI. and the Revolution, when it was swept away with the other properties of rank and sovereignty.

During the first half of the seventeenth century knife-blades, hitherto finished off with a point, began to be rounded at the end. The spiked knife formerly had been found convenient, in default of forks, for picking up meats. The rounded blade, as a definite fashion, was originated by Cardinal Richelieu; induced, it is said, by disgust at seeing an improper use made of a pointed knife by a person seated with him at table. The founder of the French Academy, determined not to incur a repetition of so grave a shock to his refined taste, caused all his knives thenceforward to be made without points.

In this country, since Chaucer's days, when Sheffield whittles were already famous, and since the granting of the charter of incorporation in 1417 by Henry V. to the London Company of Cutlers, we have made great advances in the technique of the

craft. We can produce the finest steel blades, and can weld them to the iron shoulder with a dexterity and finish that none can beat. But we have also learnt much that had better remained unlearnt. With the aid of the machine we turn out by the gross brittle knives, the blade of which is all of one piece with the shoulder and the tang. There is small credit in making the cheap die-cast cutlery of the present day. But one thing we have contributed to the comfort of the civilised world the fish-knife, which is both modern and English.

The spoon ranks next in antiquity after the knife, without which indeed it could hardly have been made. The first spoons known at any rate to our primitive forefathers in this country, as the word implies, consisted of chips of wood rudely hollowed out into a shallow cavity for supping up liquids. But, once the spoon had been devised, it could not long be suffered to remain unadorned with carving, whether in wood or horn. Owing to the perishable nature of the material it was not to be expected that properly authenticated specimens of these primæval implements should be extant. But it is a curious fact that the same industry still survives in various parts of the world. Tortoiseshell has been used for this purpose; and in Lapland spoons are manufactured of reindeer horn with quaintly carved handles. Among the Russians again the art is highly developed. Their wooden spoons are quite simple in form, but they are decorated with a unique and beautiful style of lacquered ornament in scarlet, black, and gold. It is not only the peasantry of Russia who use them, but epicures also, who maintain that the flavour of soup is enjoyed more fully from these wooden spoons than from silver. Iron spoons, both plain and



Fig. 6.—Spoons. A, Silver, with Ebony and Amber Handle. German, Seventeenth Century.—B, Silver-gilt. Italian, Sixteenth Century.—C, Silver-gilt. English, Hall-marked, 1695.

tinned, are of great antiquity, as also spoons of brass. Specimens have been discovered of ancient Egyptian spoons ornamented

with the form of fish and of gazelles. A silver spoon was discovered at Herculaneum, and spoons of silver, bronze, and ivory at Pompeii. Not but what on occasions the most precious of metals was employed at an early date for the manufacture of spoons. That entertaining gossip, Athenæus, recalls the historic instance of a certain Macedonian banquet of great magnificence at which golden spoons were given to each of the guests. The oldest English spoon of gold is the coronation spoon, preserved among the regalia in the Tower of London. It dates from the beginning of the thirteenth century. The handle is enriched with filigree and set with pearls and precious stones. The bowl is divided in the inside by a vertical ridge into two cavities, into which the officiating prelate dips his fingers when he takes the anointing oil. The form of this spoon seems in a modified degree to have been that which was followed in most of the early metal

makes the king, on Cranmer declining to be godfather to the infant Princess Elizabeth, rally the archbishop with "Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons." It would seem that the phrase "to be born with a silver spoon in one's mouth," as a description of the inheritor of a fortune, comes down to us from the days when spoons of silver were the exception, *i.e.* before the thirteenth century, from which time onward frequent mention is made of silver spoons for household use. Notwithstanding, pewter, we know, was largely used for spoons and other utensils by the poorer classes. The London pewterers were incorporated in 1474, and, for their protection, nine years later the importation of tin and leaden spoons was prohibited. In the reign of Henry VIII., complaints having been made, as they had also in his father's time, with reference to the adulteration and deterioration of silver plate, it was ordained that all spoons, etc., below the standard of work-

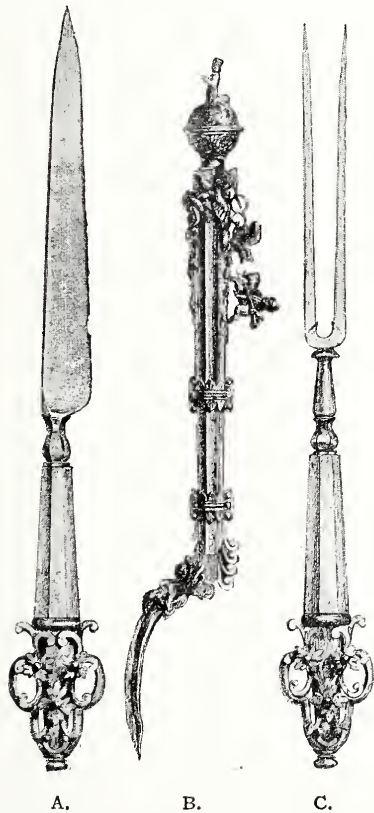


Fig. 7.—A and C, Knife and Fork, with Silver-gilt Handles.—B, Jointed Fork, Silver Chased, and set with Garnets. German, Sixteenth Century.

spoons, that is to say, an oval bowl affixed to a straight stem, the latter terminating sometimes in an acorn or other knob.

The flat seal-like butt is of somewhat later fashion, and was made from the middle of the fifteenth to the seventeenth century. Bishop Fox, of Winchester, bequeathed to his foundation of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, two sets of spoons, one of the sets, dated 1506, having owls on the handles. The beautiful variety called the Apostle spoon came into use about Henry VII.'s reign. The earliest known example is dated 1493. It used to be the custom for sponsors to give a set of twelve of these as a christening present. In cases where the giver did not care to incur the expense of the whole set, four spoons with effigies of the four evangelists were given, or sometimes only one, with the saint under whose particular patronage the child was placed. It is in allusion to this custom that Shakspeare (*King Henry VIII.*, Act 5, Scene II.)

1892.

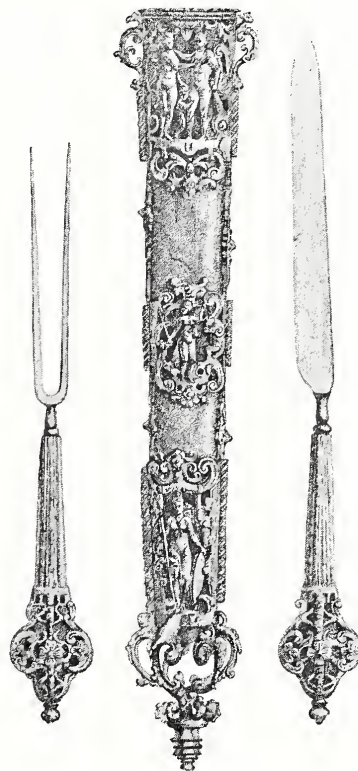


Fig. 8.—Knife and Fork, with White Metal Handles, in Fishskin-covered Sheath, all elaborately enriched with pierced and raised metal-work. German, Seventeenth Century.

manship and assay were to be forfeited. No foreigner was to be taken as an apprentice, lest he should betray the secret of the English manufacture. However, these provisions were apparently ineffectual, for we find further complaints on the part of the pewterers, in response to whom it was enacted that all foreign spoons might be seized and confiscated forthwith. Yet Henry VIII. himself was the first king since the Conquest to lower the purity of the pound sterling of silver. It was restored under his daughter, Elizabeth. It was towards the close of that queen's reign that the handle of the spoon underwent a change, being made longer than heretofore in proportion to the size of the bowl. But it was not until after the Commonwealth that the stem was flattened out, gradually expanding from the bowl upwards, and rounded off at the top in the form generally known as Early English. The fiddle-shape marks a further stage of decadence. The junction of

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stem and bowl in some spoons is fashioned into a block, squared on the under-side. By this means a spoon containing



Fig. 9.—Two Steel Knives with Engraved Silver Handles, in Stamped Leather Case. German, Sixteenth Century.

liquid can be laid down, and will remain steady, unlike an ordinary spoon which rests only on the convex bowl. In the South Kensington Museum are specimens of German and Flemish spoons, of seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, with metal bowls attached to handles of branching coral, fantastic and picturesque in appearance, but awkward for practical use. With the above European types it is interesting to compare the Indian spoons in the Indian section of the Museum. They appear to be meant for religious purposes. Their bowls are deeper than ours in the West, and circular in form. The variety of their design exhibits the usual evidence of the wealth of Oriental imagination. Some have handles in the shape of cobras, some are decorated with parrots and other birds, while others again are surmounted with the statuette of a god, forcibly recalling our Apostle spoons. Still more singular is an Abyssinian spoon, the handle of which is flattened out to a breadth exceeding the diameter of the bowl, and engraved in the style of a metal icon. The purpose of this utensil has not been determined, but from its marked ecclesiastical character, it might be an incense spoon, more particularly as it is fitted with a metal loop, by means of which it could readily be attached to the thurifer's girdle.

The fork is of far more recent introduction than either the knife or the spoon. It is not so much that the utensil itself was not known in early times—a silver fork discovered among the remains of Pompeii is sufficient to prove the contrary; but that, strangely enough, the obvious use of forks for eating meat according to our invariable custom, does not seem to have occurred to mankind until a comparatively modern date. There is abundant evidence on the subject. Among the Scandinavian peoples it is clear that the fork did not exist.

The ancient Icelandic *forkr*, which comes from the same root as our own word fork, means a punt-pole. Their modern name for the modern article is derived, through the Danish, from the German *gabel*. Nor can any inference as to the antiquity of forks in the north be drawn from the Celtic ornament commonly employed on the Scotch dirk, with its companion knife and fork in the same sheath. For this style prevailed until a late period, being in fact conserved by unbroken tradition far into the last century. Hence, in the matter of determining dates, it is apt to mislead even experts. In Mediæval representations—*i.e.* previous to the sixteenth century—the fork is very rarely, if ever, shown upon the table. In inventories of fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the small number of forks bears no proportion, even in the wealthiest households, to the quantity of spoons; and in cases where forks are named it is usual to find a note to the effect that they were intended for some particular purpose—*e.g.* for eating sugar-plums, apples, pears, green ginger, shell-fish; or, as in the case of John, Duke of Brittany, in 1306, “to pick up soppyes.” In fact down to the Italian Renaissance it was the general habit to convey meats to the mouth with the fingers. Chaucer mentions a young ladies' school at which among other graceful accomplishments, the pupils were taught how, in taking meat, they should dip into the food in such wise as to avoid smearing their fingers more than was absolutely necessary. In the account of a banquet given by the Duke of Burgundy to the Ambassadors of England in 1462 it is stated incidentally that those present ate with their fingers. The use of forks was still out of the question when Erasmus discussed the

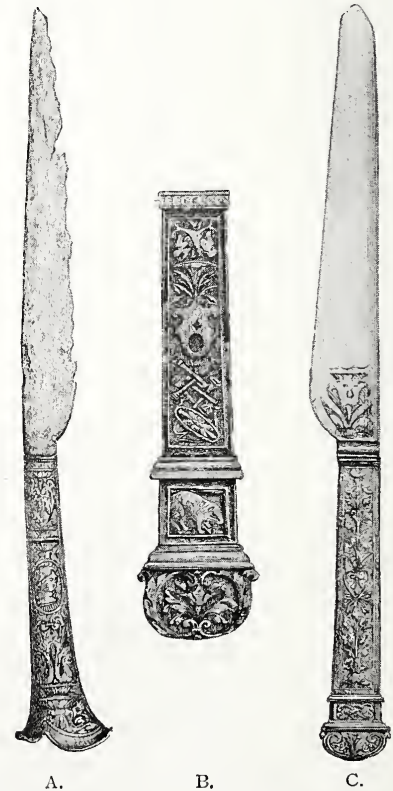


Fig. 10.—A, Knife, with Engraved Silver Handle. Italian (?), about 1480.
—B, Knife Handle. Silver, with Relief Pattern. Italian, Sixteenth Century.—C, Steel Knife, with Embossed and Plated Hilt. Italian. About 1550.

respective merits of taking meat with the thumb and finger alone or with the addition of the middle finger. It has been

remarked that Mary Queen of Scots herself was content always to eat with her fingers. Now it is quite inconceivable that

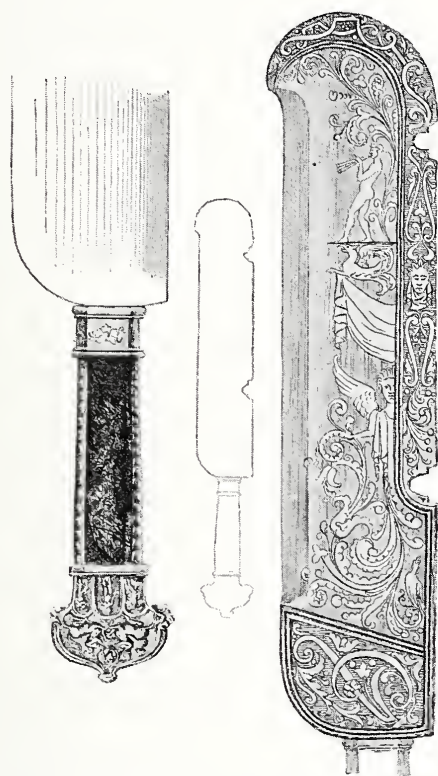


Fig. 11.—Hunting Knife (?). The Handle of Jasper, mounted in Ormolu, the Blade engraved with Arabesques. Italian, Sixteenth or Seventeenth Century.

one so accomplished, brought up as she had been from childhood at the Court of Henry II., among the most brilliant and cultivated society in Europe, and devotedly attached to her adopted country and to everything connected with it, should have failed to acquire the habit of eating meat with a fork if it had been the custom to do such a thing in France before she left in 1561. It was due to the practice of eating with the fingers that the hands were washed before and after meat.

An early recorded instance of a fork is in the eleventh century, when St. Peter Damiani mentions the wife of a Doge of Venice, a lady of Constantinople, whose strange whim it was to eat with a golden fork. In the wardrobe accounts of Edward I. of England and his queen, Eleanor of Castile, there is an entry of a fork of crystal and another of silver, with an ebony and ivory handle. Forks appear in the inventory of Charles V. of France in 1379. Queen Elizabeth, dining at Kew, received from her host, Sir John Pickering, an agate fork. But such cases were exceptions to the general rule, and were not regarded with favour. Among the effects of Edward II.'s prime favourite, that mediæval Sybarite, Piers Gaveston, in 1313, the year following his execution, are enumerated three silver forks, betokening an excess of effeminacy without a parallel in those days.

A fifteenth-century fork in the South Kensington Museum, with spoon to match, believed to be of French make, shows a high point of attainment both in design and execution. These two objects are of rock crystal, mounted in silver-gilt. The handles terminate in each case with a boss of blue enamel set with pearls, while the shanks are formed of angels, the faces and wings admirably modelled. But such elaborate work and

costly material are of themselves an evidence of the exceptional nature of the utensil. The fork gradually ceased to be *de luxe* when it became an article of every-day use. The first forks were made with two prongs only. For a long period three were an unusual number: four prongs of even rare occurrence until recent times. In the South Kensington Museum there is one four-pronged fork, Augsburg, of seventeenth century, and one of the same period from the Bernal Collection—the only two of so early a date. Another noteworthy peculiarity is the length of the prongs of some early forks as compared with the small size of the hilts, some prongs even exceeding the dimension of shank and handle together.

A curiosity is the combination spoon and fork, of which there is an example at South Kensington, of German workmanship, dated 1624. This is in reality a fork to which belongs a separate bowl, ingeniously fitted at the back with metal eyes or loops. The prongs of the fork, being passed through these eyes, secure the bowl to the handle, converting the fork when required into a perfect spoon. A similar utensil, having engraved upon it the date 1603, is the so-called "Plague-spoon," which was exhibited at Glasgow in 1888. Its handle, surmounted by a statuette of Cupid, is further ornamented with the two twined serpents of Æsculapius. It was believed to possess such talismanic virtue that all who drank medicine out of it would be cured of the plague.

Our illustrations, all of which are selected from objects in the South Kensington Museum, for the most part speak for themselves. It will be observed that the knives, with the exception of Fig. 11, have pointed blades; and that the forks

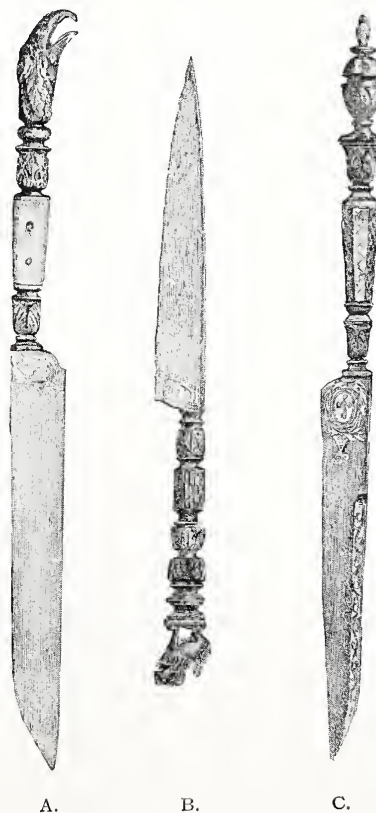


Fig. 12.—Steel Knives, with Chiselled and Gilt Handles; further enriched in the case of A and C with Mother-of-Pearl Inlay. French or Italian, about 1550.

have greater length in the prongs than those of the present day. All these examples are anterior to the date when forks

were made in one piece like a spoon. Another feature is the frequency of sacred subjects in their ornamentation. Fig. 2 A is engraved with a representation of the Nativity, and Fig. 2 C has the Crucifixion on one side and Moses' brazen serpent on the reverse. The handle of the spoon (Fig. 3 A) is literally encrusted with statuettes of the Apostles, while the back of the bowl bears the sacred monogram. The fork (Fig. 7 B), perhaps the most remarkable of all our examples, has on the handle a statuette group of St. George and the Dragon, including the figure of the Christian Andromeda, to whom legend has assigned the name Cleodolinda, prayerfully awaiting the issue of the combat. There are others in which the sacred and secular elements are blended. For instance there is a spoon (Fig. 3 B) the handle of which comprises figures of Adam and Eve, below whom are the second Adam and second Eve, with a monkey under the feet of the Madonna. The bowl has on the inside the portrait of a man in a wig, and on the back the equestrian figure of an Elector of Germany. The handle (Fig. 6 B) is crowned, after the manner of an Apostle spoon, with a saint bearing his emblem, while the bowl is occupied with embossed and chased representations of a parrot, with aquatic and other birds, surrounded by foliage. As an instance of sacred and heathen imagery combined, the two knives (Fig. 9) engraved with effigies of Janus and Bacchus, are provided with a case, in one of the medallions of which may be recognised the Israelite spies carrying the grapes of Eschol, and in another the Infant Saviour holding the Orb in his hand. Fig. 6 C is the only specimen of English work, and it should be noticed as exhibiting the rat-tail ornament introduced about the end of the seventeenth century, and as having the handle hollowed part of the way up in such a manner that it forms a narrow scoop. The knife handles (Figs. 2 A and C) are particularly elegant, and so are those in Fig. 9, although the latter are less agreeable to hold. The hilt of Fig. 10 A presents another very beautiful type, which may be seen in the butt end of Turkish daggers and gun-stocks. The notes appended to each figure will help to show the several different kinds of treatment used. But these, though fairly representative, are by no means all. For instance, there are in the Museum two large knives and a fork, German, dated 1682, with ivory handles with a pattern in silver wire piqué, and heightened with red and green colouring.

Others are made of jasper. And there are also handles of St. Cloud porcelain, which came into fashion in France in the first half of the eighteenth century. The last, it is true, are less deserving of admiration than the rest; but we can afford to pass them by, since, to go no farther afield than Europe, the category of ways and means of decoration, from the carved walrus-tusk knife-handles of the Norsemen to the silver spoons and forks of Queen Anne, includes models enough and to spare for all our needs.

No one who has not seen some such collection of knives and spoons and forks as that at South Kensington can hope to form a just idea of the great number of materials that can be pressed into the service, nor of the great variety of decoration of which they admit, for all they are so narrowly circumscribed by the practical necessities of the purpose for which they exist. Within these their restrictions of shape and compass lie immense possibilities which may yet be unfolded, if only the artists of to-day could be persuaded to essay the undertaking. The success which they of old times achieved should stir us on to emulate them in the days that are to be. We shall then produce works of Art indeed. Such is the gospel which those dead craftsmen, and their works which follow them, proclaim unceasingly. The aims of Art are not accomplished nor the claims of Art fulfilled when so many square feet of canvas have been covered with paint, edged with a gilt frame, and hung upon a wall. Such things may be ever so beautiful in themselves, but we can manage to get on without them. There are other things, like the household utensils we have been considering, which every one of us must needs have. On them let our decorative ingenuity be directed. The result will be that Art and beauty will find their way into every home. That Art is the greatest and the truest whose mission is the service of all humanity—no less. Its culmination will have been reached when completely subordinating itself to the beautifying of such common objects as are in everybody's hand, its unobtrusive presence is insensibly felt only inasmuch as what were formerly necessities, are now welcomed by us as pleasures, through the added charm it has imparted to the using of even the most ordinary objects of every-day life.

AYMER VALLANCE.

THE SUMMER EXHIBITIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

IV.—THE SALON OF THE CHAMP DE MARS.

HE who would feel the pulse of the most modern Art, and would watch its movements, taking note of its passing fashions, its eccentricities, and also its real conquests, must go to the Champ de Mars, where everything—both the bright decorative aspect of the *Luministes* and *Impressionistes* as a whole, and the airy lightness, the structural appropriateness of the building in which they are enshrined—induces in the visitor a happy frame of mind, in which he is apt to take the most optimistic view of the situation.

It is not possible to admire unreservedly M. Puvis de Chavannes's great decorative canvas, 'L'Hiver,' intended to

form a pendant at the Hôtel de Ville to the 'Été' of last year. Noble groups, noble single figures, abound in it, as well as passages of monumental landscape in the style which the master may be said to have made peculiarly his own, but the whole lacks that cohesion of design, that unity of purpose which mark his best efforts, such as the great decorations at Amiens, Lyons, and the Panthéon. There is a pause, too, in the success of M. Cazin, one of the most original of modern landscape painters, and the one, certainly, whose name occurs most naturally after that of M. Puvis de Chavannes. His decorative panel for the Sorbonne, 'L'ours et l'amateur

des jardins' (after La Fontaine), fails to convey any dominant impression at all, while, on the other hand, his 'Maison de Socrate' has much of the generalised truth, the dignity, of the *chef d'école* himself. Best, however, are those charming impressions, 'Brume,' 'Nuit grise,' 'Lever de lune,' marked by a kind of serene sadness—as it were, a reflective character—which is peculiar

to M. Cazin. A decoration on a large scale which has a genuine charm and originality of its own is Mr. Alexander Harrison's 'Baigneuses,' a vast expanse of calm, opalescent sea, on the skirts of which a number of nude women and girls are gaily disporting themselves. Much less successful, notwithstanding a certain prismatic beauty of tone, is the companion decoration, 'Après une Tempête — Côte d'Amérique.'

Nothing here is so brilliant in its exemplification of the poetic side of modern realism as Mr. J. S. Sargent's 'La Carmencita,' that study of a Spanish *danseuse* so thrilling with life, so full of dramatic suggestion, which we described at length when it was last year at the Royal Academy. By its side stands worthily the 'Study of an Arab Girl,' which was first seen last season at the English Art Club.

The art of M. Carolus-Duran, notwithstanding his commanding qualities as a painter, notwithstanding that unsur-

passed vigour of colour and general tone which compels the beholder to stand and gaze, whether he would or not, will always be marred by a certain superficiality, a certain vulgarity in the presentation of the human personality, which often interfere to a fatal extent with the pleasure to be derived from his technical skill. He is the predestined painter of the

rastaquouère and the *nouvelle riche*, on which ground even M. Munkacsy himself in vain disputes his supremacy. Here we have, however, his vulgarity rising in one instance — designedly, as we cannot help thinking — to such a height as to acquire an element of grandeur. An aged lady, who has sought to renew her charms with the aid of art, appears seated in an arm-chair, which is almost a throne, wearing many jewels and much Venetian lace, and robed in magnificent plum-coloured velvet trimmed with fur; she has placed one foot disdainfully on a stool in front of her chair of state. M. Carolus-Duran might well call this portrait - fantasy



Le Pilote. By Henry Bacon. (Champs-Élysées Salon.)

not 'Mme. X.' or 'Mme. Y.,' but 'Mammon,' *tout court*; the symbolism, though of a less elevated order than that in Mr. Watts's well-known picture, would be quite as powerful in its way, and perhaps more generally comprehensible to the Philistine. Among the really fine things in the master's comprehensive show of portraiture may be mentioned a group

of three male heads called 'Trio d'Amis,' two other male portraits, and the life-size study of a beautiful nude model, 'Lucica,' whose ruddy locks and rounded form are relieved against a crimson curtain. This last picture would be completely satisfactory were the fair head properly set on the torso.

A really fine and significant portrait, profoundly characteristic as well as brilliant in execution, is M. Edelfelt's 'S.A.R. le Prince Charles de Suède,' the cool, bracing tonality of the work well suiting this presentment of a prince of the North. The same Finlandish master contributes also 'Le Port de Copenhague' and 'Intérieur (Finlande).' Alas, that the once masterly execution of the famous Belgian painter, M. Alfred Stevens, should have degenerated into the loose, unsatisfactory handling, the purposeless production, of which he gives only too many instances at the Champ de Mars! And then he so strangely takes pains to underline the degeneration of his style by the introduction among the new canvases of more than one example of his former power.

M. Gervex, too, would appear to have entered upon that "facilis descensus" from which re-ascent is so difficult. He displays, however, in his 'Vénus et l'Amour' much of his characteristic delicacy in the rendering of the tones and textures of flesh, and with it a certain mannered elegance akin to that of the sixteenth-century school of Fontainebleau.

M. Whistler, who is the high fashion in Paris just now, contributes a few of the charming things which appeared recently at his London exhibition, among the least satisfactory of these performances, notwithstanding its subtle charm of colour, being the full-length 'Lady Meux.' None of these contributions is, however, new, or anything like new; so that their presence in this exhibition, even though they are unknown to Paris, appears something of an anomaly. M. Helleu, chiefly known as a pastellist, and recently also as an etcher of singular originality and charm, has in two interiors, 'Cathédrale de Reims' and 'Effet de vitraux (cathédrale de Saint-Denis),' sought to render that most difficult of effects, sunlight passing through stained glass and flooding with opalescent hues the grey walls of Gothic naves and transepts:

the effort, though it is only partially successful, reveals the original artist, bent on seeing and interpreting for himself. We regret that we are unable to admire M. Carrière's pretentious 'Maternité,' acquired by the French State; stripped of the veil deliberately cast over it by the brush of the painter, it would neither be very mysterious, nor indeed very significant. M. Friant, in a river-side scene, 'Les Souvenirs,' and four other contributions, displays a quite remarkable mastery over the technicalities of his art, but with it a strange lack of that ardour of temperament proper to the youth of the creative artist. M. Antonio Gambara, in a curiously diaphanous 'Etude dans un parc—Portrait de la Comtesse

de M . . .,' follows *longo intervallo* in the footsteps of Mr. Whistler; while M. Boldini in his portrait-studies—one of which, that of an overdressed and rather brazen child, has been previously seen in London—exhibits an astonishing dexterity which serves to express a not less astonishing vulgarity. A strain of the same vulgarity, arising, perhaps from an excess of *chic* and brush power, mars the very remarkable studies of the Swedish painter, M. Zorn, of which the interior of an omnibus with its passengers illuminated by the most complex cross-lights and reflections is the most sensational.

Those who are content to accept the standpoint in landscapes of the modern *luministe*, to understand his endeavour above all things to imprison sun and air in his canvas, and to make that canvas an

open page of nature, rendering its ensemble if not its detail, must inevitably have been interested in the vast and remarkable series of landscapes brought forward on the present occasion. M. René Billotte, though a modern among moderns, hardly comes within the category we have just sought to establish. He is the painter-poet of Paris and the *Banlieue*, which he finds means to represent with the rarest delicacy and charm, yet without loss of essential truth. His vast canvas 'La Seine au Quai d'Orsay,' is in its way one of the finest things in the exhibition, but even more characteristic of his peculiar art are 'La Neige au canal de Saint-Denis' and 'Plâtrière de Soisy.'

M. Damoye has, perhaps, less lightness of hand than some



Portrait of Madame W. . . . By Carolus Duran. (Champ de Mars Salon.)

of his *confrères*, but his vast prospect of flowery marsh-land and forest trees called 'Un Marais' is, for all that, a superb effort. The brilliant coast-scenes of the Riviera, with their sharp alternations of sparkling sunlight and cold shadow, are rendered with incisive brush and masterly design, if with a certain rebellious crudity, by M. Le Camus. M. Montenard adheres to the dazzling studies of naked sunlight beating down on white roads and sparse vegetation, which he has mainly contributed to render fashionable, and it must be owned that he shows this year in his favourite style an increased variety and dexterity.

The Chilian impressionist, M. Errazuriz, has curiously enough chosen as exercises for his brush several English scenes, among which 'Sur les Falaises—Ile de Wight,' if rather flat, is coloured with a subtle delicacy. M. Louis-Auguste Girardot achieves an exceptional success with a night scene, 'La Fête Nationale,' and charms, too, with 'Chinon sous la neige,' and with a Monet-like fantasy, 'Meules sous la neige au soleil couchant' ('Haystacks under the Snow at Sunset').

We regret to leave unnoticed the landscapes of such painters as the Danish master, Herr Kroyer, and the Dutch master, M. Mesdag, but may fairly do so, because, though admirable, they bear a strong family likeness to many predecessors. Worthy of remark are also those of MM. Jeaniot, Muenier, Pranshnikoff, Skredsvig, Verstraëte, and some others.

In the winter-garden, and scattered, too, through the long, pleasant galleries, are to be found some remarkable examples of the newer French and Belgian schools of sculpture. M. Rodin himself is represented only by a magnificent bust in marble of M. Puvis de Chavannes—his finest production in this style since he some years ago portrayed his *confrère*, M. Dalou. The latter has, besides some busts, a small group, 'Bacchus consolant Ariane,' which charms by its spontaneity, notwithstanding a certain looseness and carelessness of handling. M. Injalbert's work continues to betray the

influences both of the Bernini school and of M. Rodin. Among numerous small bronzes sent by him the best are: 'Nymphé surprise par un satyre,' and a horrible but masterly 'Tête Coupée.' M. Rodin's disciple, M. Baffier, exhibits extraordinary skill in the realistic modelling of the human form, in a colossal 'Jardinier arrosant des fleurs,' which serves as the crowning decoration of a fountain. We may not think grim toil, as here insisted upon, a very appropriate decoration, but we are subjugated by the ability of the artist. A very original and pathetic design is that of M. Bartholomé for the door of a monumental tomb. Nude male and female figures, turning their backs to the spectator, guard either side of the entrance, and appear to be entering together into the grave, whose unfathomed mystery they suggest. The Belgian realist, M. Meunier—the translator into bronze of Jean-François Millet, but with a note of revolt and combat not to be found in the original—is to be admired in a high relief, 'La Glèbe,' but, above all, in an intensely pathetic and original 'Ecce Homo!' which, although but a statuette, must take its place among the best things in the exhibition. M. Saint-Marceaux contributes a sensuous and remarkably flesh-like 'Femme Couchée'; M. Tony Noël, among other things, the model of the statue by him lately erected to the great sculptor Houdon at Versailles. M. Dampy has the curious tinted figure of a winged genius gazing with an uncanny expression into vacancy which he calls rather pretentiously 'Au seuil du mystère,' since it is not nearly as mysterious as its author would have it to be. Among the sensations of the exhibition are the curious grotesques of M. Jean Carriès, executed in bronze and wax, and also as objects of industrial art in enamelled stoneware. By marrying the caricatural effects of classical with those of Gothic Art he produces some, at first sight, startling effects; but his conceptions are, after all, of a superficial order, and will not bear serious examination, especially when we mentally compare them with the vigorously conceived and finely executed masks and monsters which delight us in French mediæval sculpture.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

A PAINTER I KNEW.

YES, he was a painter, and a mighty pretty one, I promise you. This is his story or confession written by himself, and crammed into a huge envelope without address, but in its place these words—

"To be opened after my death by anyone who finds it, and used as they think fit."

I am the person who found it, or rather, as it came to pass, received it from himself, and I act on the permission. He had no relations that I ever heard of, although he and I were acquainted for many years. He was always a strange being, full of strong imagination which constantly played tricks with him; a dreamy, thoughtful, intellectual man, but at times subject to the wildest fits of excitement. Many people considered him mad; I never did, or if he were, it was only that madness which is akin to genius, for that he was touched with the divine fire, all his completed works testify. Now and then he would make the oddest declarations as if he were suddenly stricken with colour blindness, and did not see pictures, faces, or any sort of object, as others saw them. What to the usual run of intelligent mankind was beautiful became

commonplace to him, and *vice versa*. Then the fit passed, and he saw things again with the eyes of ordinary mortals.

It should be added that women were always his trouble—the source of all his difficulties. He was for ever falling in love with "the divinest creature," and not too scrupulous about being off with the old love before he was on with the new. At last this habit brought him to grief. Eventually while living in Rome, he married one of these "divine creatures," and in this case there was no exaggeration in speaking of her as such. She was one of the most beautiful Italian women I ever met, apparently as sweet and accomplished as she was lovely, but not long after his marriage he unaccountably ran away from her and utterly disappeared. His wife on his departure was at first inconsolable, for he left her a heartless letter with no further explanation of his conduct than that he found it impossible to live with her—from no fault of hers, but from his own. He bequeathed her all his property, and it was generally considered that he had committed suicide. What had brought about this extraordinary change in the man no one could imagine, for he had been frantically in love with

her, and up to the day of their wedding had treated her apparently with the sincerest affection. Of course the common idea that he had made away with himself in one of his fits of madness became widely accepted, and everybody now went about saying, "Didn't I tell you so? I always said that the fellow was a lunatic;" but I who knew the man so intimately

and the doctors forbade his talking; in fact he had all but lost his voice, which never rose above a whisper. It was impossible to expect a man in his condition to give explanations, impossible even to ask him for them. He merely hinted that they would come in due time, and here they are in his own hand. They must, however, have been written some time before he reached the pass at which I found him and when he gave me—

HIS MANUSCRIPT.

"If a woman have long hair, it is a glory to her," says Saint Paul, and it was a fatal acquiescence in the sentiment which is the cause of the misery now rapidly bringing my life to a close. How inconsequent a piece of work is man! How little can he rely even upon himself! If varying moods and strong passions sway and bend the common herd, and drift them helplessly hither and thither like fallen leaves before the blast, shall it be wondered at if an artist above all men succumbs to the common failing? Here was I, a painter, to whom objective beauty was the very breath of his nostrils, who built for himself an ideal palace, each component part of which was perfection. One who, with the calm stoicism of the operating surgeon, regarded humanity in its outward beauty merely as his stock in trade; the material out of which he elaborated and completed his work. A being to whom the attractions of the intellect were as nought; who found in them no compensation for the absence of physical charm; who was intolerant of all women who fell short of the outward ideal he figured.

The heart and the affections to me were abstract matters with which I had no concern. Yet here was I, as I believed, strongly encased in this armour against fate—suddenly wounded unto death by a tiny shaft from the bow of that young god whom hitherto I had derided and de-

fied. Love, overwhelming and deep, engulfed my very soul; love for a woman exquisite truly as to face and form, save at one material point. Nature as if exhausted by the lavish outlay of charms bestowed upon her whole person and mind, had denied my beloved one the glory spoken of by St. Paul. The great Mother had held her hand there, and had from caprice, or from some inex-



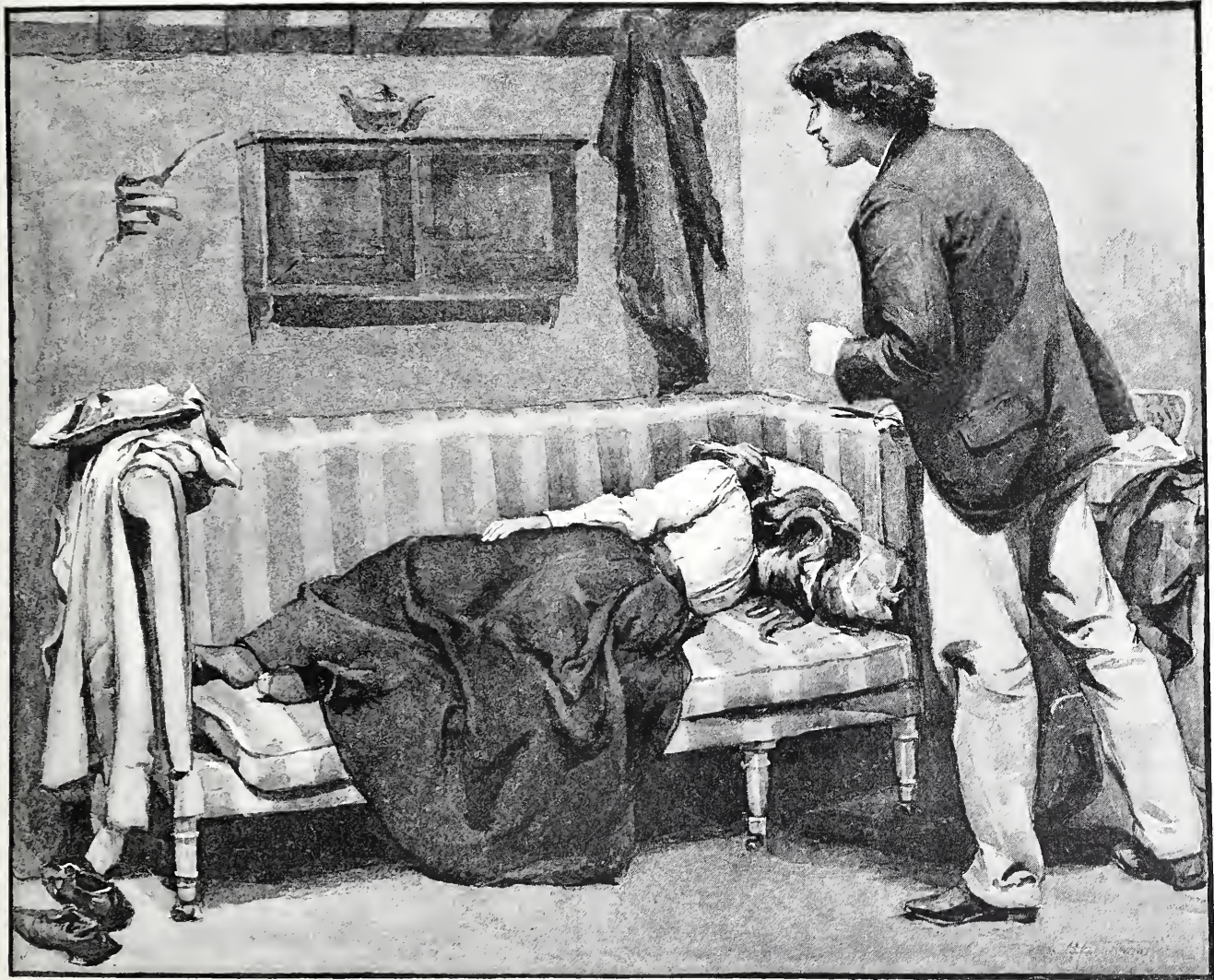
"She sat to me for her picture, and then it was that I took the false step."

could never quite receive this as the solution of the mystery. No, there was something behind, I felt certain, but what that something was never appeared until I opened up and read his MS. three years afterwards when he turned up in London, a broken-down, dejected wretch, with, as the doctor said, not a year's life left in him. He sent for me soon after his arrival, but I found him so ill as to be almost incapable of speech,

plicable cause refused my love the fitting diadem—the crowning splendour which would have completed her personality and made her to me, at least, the divinest of human beings. But as it was, without the greatest care the deficiency, the poverty and weakness of her natural locks, became an absolute disfigurement, whilst her sweet simplicity, her purity and honesty made her for many a day unwilling to rectify artificially this cruel niggardliness of Nature. She wholly rejected the use of false hair until I, in my blind adoration, overpersuaded her, and it was this ravenous lust of the eye, this desire to see her perfect, which

brought about the strange catastrophe which has wrecked my life.

At length we were engaged, and no lover was ever poised on a higher pinnacle of anticipated joy. She sat to me for her picture, and it was then that I took the first false step. Here at least on canvas I could substitute “a glory to her”; I could add that charm which her otherwise exceptional beauty required. The likeness, as a likeness, was well enough, but as a rendering of the ideal it needed of course an amplitude of rich luxuriant tresses. Then I bethought me of a certain model, one Giulietta, whom I had known in Florence a year or



"I used the scissors ruthlessly."

two before, whose hair was the wonder and admiration of all the painters of that time and city. She should sit to me for the completion of this important detail in my picture—my picture of my love. I carried it away to Florence, and sought out the girl, and when I found her, lo! there was the hair sure enough in its old stupendous amplitude and magnificence, but her poor little face had been ravaged almost beyond recognition by the dreadful scourge of small-pox. Never a beauty, she had now become simply hideous, horrible almost to behold.

"Ah! Signor," she cried, when we met, "it was never for 1892.

my face, as you know, that the Signor-painters cared, that was nothing, so it mattered little, but when in the hospital I heard the doctors discussing the necessity of shaving my head, I screamed aloud, I entreated them to spare me that by which I earned my bread. Without my hair my occupation as model would be over; I must starve, for that is all, as you know, Signor, I ever sat for. They heard my prayer and I still earn my living as of yore—my face was never of value, so its present state gives me no concern." Then she sat for me, I completed my picture and returned with it to Rome.

When my beloved one saw it, for the first time her vanity

was piqued. She envied then, for the first time, the woman that has long hair; she saw that it is a glory to her. She began to covet it. She began to urge me to get that self-same mass of golden shining coils. They formed the true and natural crown to her head, and were of the precise hue, to a shade, of her own poor meagre strands.

No need to prolong the pros and cons that followed; that self-same hair alone would satisfy her. I must get it. I was as eager as she, and I returned to Florence to negotiate for its purchase. To my surprise no sum, nothing wherewith I could tempt poor Giulietta would persuade her to part with it; she urged the plea she had set up to the doctors—it was her living; and then I found that beyond this she was a woman; she had her vanity, her pride, her sense of its glory to her, and she would not sell. Unwarrantably angry with the girl, I left Florence without it, but my love was now inexorable. With the caprice of her sex she treated me with coldness. I no longer loved her, she declared. Like a true daughter of Eve, she had now set her heart on this borrowed beauty; the vanity once kindled grew into a flame, and I believe fired me as much as her. I was in despair at the thought of her indifference towards me, of the possibility of losing her. Once more I returned to Florence, and the devil laid his snare for me then and there. Ascending to the humble room occupied by the model, with the familiarity obtaining in that Bohemian life, I found her soundly sleeping on a couch, her hair, tied up with ribbon in one mighty coil, hanging over the pillow. She did not awake on my entrance. On the table at her side lay, amongst some woman's needlework, a pair of large scissors. Ah me! "How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds make deeds ill done!" The temptation was too great. In a fit of cruel dementia I used the scissors ruthlessly, and without disturbing the sleeping girl, cut off within an inch of her head the whole of that which was a glory to her. It was a murder, I knew. She still slept on unconscious. I deposited an amply filled purse on the table, and, with my booty, left the room and the city unobserved.

* * * * *

For awhile the joy with which my love greeted me stifled all other emotions. I forgot, or tried to think I had forgotten, my guilty deed. True, the certain knowledge that I had irretrievably ruined the poor model, and that the paltry pittance wherewith I had endeavoured to compensate her for her loss was a mockery, weighed heavily upon me, notwithstanding the gratitude and affection my act restored to me.

Our wedding day was fixed. On that preceding it my idol told me that the most skilled *coiffeur* in Rome had constructed out of those stolen locks "an arrangement" which would defy detection. "And," added she, "with it upon my brow my glass tells me that I, the original of your picture, shall equal that ideal. I have tried it, have worn it this morning. To-morrow at the altar you will see it, and if you do not then find your dream of perfect womanhood realised—well, then! never prate to me again about perfection."

She was in earnest, and laughed a vain frivolous little laugh, wholly unlike her. Her words too somehow jarred upon my ear. Now that I found she had really absorbed the poison, that poison of vanity which I had so often sought to instil into her, I was for a moment shocked. It seemed to sit ill upon a nature lofty and divine as hers. She seemed to fall mentally from her altitude of superiority. Why, her speech might have come from the painted lips of any light beauty of the hour. I had known a score of women who

might have uttered it without offence to me at one time, for then I had looked for nothing but their outward seeming; but to hear my queen yielding to, and entirely engrossed by, this common weakness of her sex!—yes, it made me shudder, and I—I had been the cause of this deterioration. I strove to hide my feelings, however, but as if to bring more fully home to me the evil I had done, I had scarcely left her house ere I read at my café, in an evening journal, an account of the suicide of—ah! none other than poor Giulietta, "the well-known Florentine model."

* * * * *

Well, we were married, and thenceforth I was doomed to be the victim of so terrible a phenomenon, so strange and inexplicable an illusion of the eye, that I cannot even think of it now without beholding it. My bride wore that accursed false glory, that pretence to the crown of beauty, that sham on the effect of which she, and myself no less, had calculated so blindly. She wore those noble coils of hair as promised, and what their effect on others may have been I know not. I only know that on me it was disastrous, appalling. How can I explain it? how can I expect any explanation to be believed? I cannot; I can only repeat that when I beheld her face beneath the ample magnificence of the false hair, it was no longer hers. No, not a trace of it was left, not a single feature; they had all vanished, and in their place what did I see? That dreadful, scarred and hideous little visage of Giulietta. When my eyes first fell upon it, I was awe-struck and shrunk back like one paralysed, blinded. What my conduct was at the altar, I again know not, care not; what it has been since I am equally indifferent about. At first I strove to reason with myself; strove to prove that it was but a trick of the optic nerve, having no reality in fact, but merely the projection of a mental impression from within the brain upon that tiny disc, that nerve deeply embedded at the back of the eye's organism. Bah! reason, argument, what were they as against the fact that whenever I gazed at my wife her beauty had vanished, and worse! I could not approach her. To touch with my lips that seamed, disfigured, shrunken yet bloated face, would have been like embracing the visage of a disinterred corpse, and would have driven me mad upon the spot. I could not hide what I felt, and she, in the exultation of her new joy, in the gratification of her vanity, paid so little heed to me that for awhile I think she scarce seemed to note anything unusual in me.

By a great effort at length I steadied myself. Reason had not wholly left me then, and I divined the possible cause of this ocular dementia. I entreated her, when we reached the privacy of our chamber, to remove the false *coiffure*. Still enamoured of the crowning beauty it gave her, she at first refused, desired to wear it always, at all times; it was so excellent a fit, so admirably adjusted by the professor; but when at last she consented, and took off Giulietta's hair, she also for me removed the mask of Giulietta. She became her own sweet self again, and for a brief space I was happy. The shock, however, to my nervous system could not so readily be overcome, and I had not time to recover from it ere she was again decked forth in her vain glory, and the old misery returned in redoubled force on me. I strove by every appeal I could make to her woman's heart to forego at once and for ever this thing; to destroy, to burn it, and to let me hold her to my breast once more in her own sweet, simple, unadorned beauty. As Nature had made her, let her so remain; she was, after this experience, more than amply

endowed. But she merely laughed and twitted me as a silly fellow, a child, frightened as by some hobgoblin dream, who must be taught to be a man, and so on. What need to describe the scenes passing between us. Enough that the poison had sunk deep into her soul, and she loved it; drank deeper and deeper of it hourly, to the obliteration of all sense of my devotion. That for awhile was as strong as ever, yet it would not counteract the hideous hallucination afflicting my sight. I cannot pretend to describe the misery I endured when amidst our friends or in public places I had to appear side by side with this, to me, hideous monstrosity of a woman. On all sides I was complimented on the exquisite beauty of my wife, and instead of affording me the gratification they might, I began at last to see in these words covert shafts of ridicule; the world was mocking at me, and finally I began entirely to believe that when she wore those false tresses she looked to all the world as she looked to me, repulsive, dreadful beyond description.

I could endure it no longer; I fled from Rome, from all my old associations, and—alas! how bitter!—from that woman whom I had once so devoutly loved—whom I devoutly loved still.

For three years I have been dead to every one who knew me, and now it is my fervent prayer that ere long I shall be dead unto myself.

There, that is the story as written by himself of the poor painter's end. The poor mad painter, it will be said, and by those who knew him it will be added, that "It is just what might have been expected from such a man." Be it so, I cannot gainsay it perhaps, but I am firmly convinced that, from his point of view, his story is honestly the truth. I am convinced that to him the effect of the false hair upon his wife's face was what he described. And being so, I commend it as a remarkable case to all, lay or professional, who are interested in cerebral or psychological problems.

W. W. FENN.

OUR PROVINCIAL ART MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES.*

IV.—SHEFFIELD AND WOLVERHAMPTON.

SHEFFIELD MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY.

ALTHOUGH situated in a highly picturesque neighbourhood on the edge of the Yorkshire moors, Sheffield, owing to its extensive factories for every article in steel, from the huge armour plates and guns down to the finest surgical instruments, is one of the dirtiest and blackest places in the United Kingdom. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that the authorities have been alive to the necessity of providing breathing spaces for the toilers in this busy town.

Amongst the numerous parks, which have been established for the benefit of the people, is Weston Park, situated on rising ground about a mile from the centre of the town. It was acquired by the corporation in 1875, and a large house standing in the grounds was adapted to the uses of a Museum by certain alterations, and opened to the public in September of that year. The Literary and Philosophical Society, which possessed a good collection, handed it over to the town, and thus

formed the nucleus of the Natural History section. In the following year a valuable addition was made to the antiquarian department through the Bateman collection being transferred to it. This collection was commenced by Mr. William Bateman, of Middleton Hall, near Bakewell, and

was brought to its fine state of perfection by his son—the late Mr. Thomas Bateman, the well-known antiquary and author of "Vestiges of the Antiquities of Derbyshire," and "Ten Years' Diggings in Celtic and Saxon Grave-hills in the Counties of Derby, Stafford, and York." It was deposited in a special building at Lomberdale, near Middleton, and was esteemed to be one of the best private Museums of the kind in England.



Interior of the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield.

The collection consists chiefly of barrow antiquities comprising Celtic, Saxon, Roman, and Romano-British remains, the proceeds of the opening of nearly five hundred grave-mounds. There are also specimens of Mediæval Art, chiefly of an ecclesiastical character, from churches in England and from the Continent; a collection of pottery, including

* Continued from page 124.

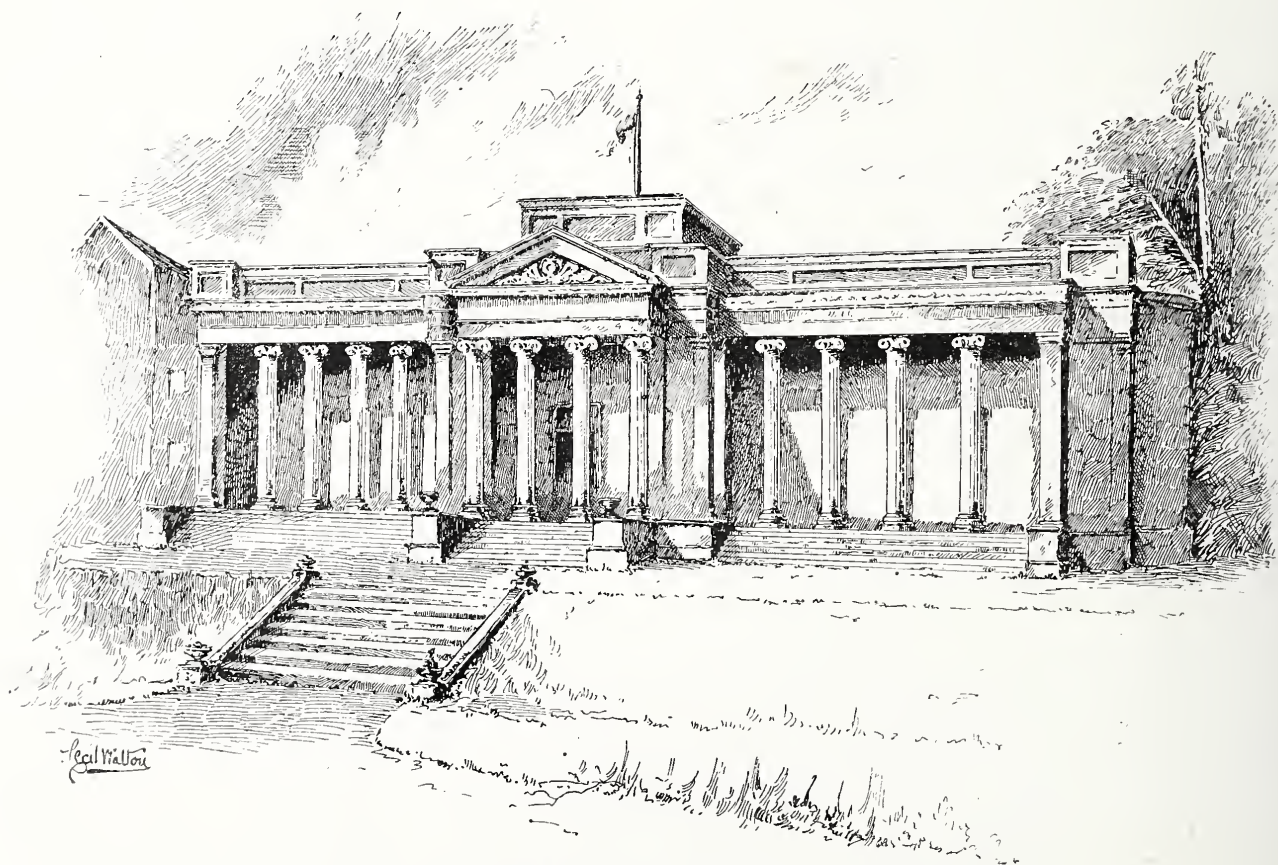
Etruscan and Greek Vases, specimens of Italian majolica, and an historical selection of the manufactures of the various English potters from the thirteenth century to the present time; and specimens of Egyptian antiquities.

The most interesting portion of the Museum is perhaps the Technological division, which illustrates the industries of the locality, the objects being chiefly contributed by various manufacturers in Sheffield. Here may be seen specimens of iron, steel, tools and cutlery in various states of manufacture, and with the aid of the little guide book—edited by Mr. Elijah Howarth, the curator, which admirably explains the processes of the different manufactures—the visitor is fully able to appreciate the valuable lesson which these objects teach. Naturally special interest is attached to cutlery in Sheffield,

and in this Museum may be seen specimens of the earliest forms of pocket knives and table cutlery. Mr. E. Howarth says, it is not precisely known how far back the manufacture of cutlery has been carried on in Sheffield, but it is certain that Sheffield cutlery has been celebrated for more than five hundred years, as is shown by Chaucer's reference to it in his "Canterbury Tales," which were written about the year 1364, where, in the description of the Miller of Trompington, he says—

"A Sheffield thwitel bare in his hose."

The Sheffield whittle was a very rude knife, consisting of a rough blade fastened to a wooden handle, and for a long time there was little improvement upon it. The "jack knife" followed the whittle, and this was supported by a tang when



The Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield.

open, and had a groove in the handle for the blade to shut into. The pocket knife had been in use for a long while before the spring was adapted to it, as the earliest form with one is supposed to have been made about the year 1600. Table cutlery is of greater antiquity than pocket cutlery, as table knives were certainly in use amongst the Anglo-Saxons. Sheffield from very early time has always been anxious to maintain her reputation for cutlery, and the Cutlers' Company of Hallamshire was incorporated in 1624 for the protection of the "industry, labour and reputation" of the trade, which was being disgraced by the "deceitful and unworkmanlike wares of various persons."

In addition to the specimens of English manufacture, it has been the aim of the authorities to obtain collections of cutlery and tools used in various foreign countries. These

are of the greatest interest and value, not only from an ethnological, but also from a commercial point of view to the inhabitants of Sheffield. Already specimens of most of the European and Oriental countries have been obtained, and amongst the most recent donations have been Chinese native tools from Swatow, Hankow, Shanghai, Tientsin, and Canton, collected and presented by H.B.M. Consuls at these ports; there is also an interesting collection of Turkish tools and implements in various metals from Constantinople.

The Museum likewise contains some specimens of old Sheffield silver-plated goods, such as candlesticks which were manufactured before the discovery of electro-plating. A thin sheet of silver was laid on a thick one of copper, then heated in a furnace, and afterwards rolled into one sheet, the silver forming a thin covering to the copper.

Adjoining the old house is the Mappin Art Gallery, a fine classic building. It was erected in 1887, at a cost of £15,000, which sum was bequeathed for the purpose by the late Mr. John Newton Mappin, who also left his collection of paintings to the town. These have been hung in the large central gallery, which is so lighted from the top near to the walls, that the light falls on the pictures only. This plan, although well adapted for the exhibition of pictures, had the effect of giving a sombre appearance to the gallery itself. This has now been remedied by lighting the central dome. The collection consists principally of works by contemporary British artists, and includes 'To the Death,'

by John Pettie, R.A.; 'The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers,' by G. H. Boughton, A.R.A.; 'Wellington's March from Quatre-Bras to Waterloo,' by Ernest Crofts, A.R.A.; 'John Knox reproving Mary Queen of Scots,' by W. P. Frith, R.A.; and works by David Roberts, R.A., John Phillip, R.A., F. Goodall, R.A., John Faed, R.A., and others.

The Gallery was opened to the public in July, 1887, by Sir Frederick T. Mappin, Bart., M.P., who at the same time most generously presented forty-eight oil paintings for the benefit of the town. He has recently supplemented this gift by a donation of thirty-two additional pictures. They are modern works, chiefly consisting of the English school, such as 'Morn-



Wolverhampton Art Gallery.

ing of the Battle of Waterloo,' by E. Crofts, A.R.A.; 'View of the Thames looking to St. Paul's,' by Henry Dawson; 'Charles I. leaving Westminster after his Trial,' by Sir John Gilbert, R.A.; and 'The French in Cairo,' by W. C. Horsley. The last named was reproduced in this Journal in 1884.

In the park are a statue of Ebenezer Elliott, the "Corn-Law-Rhymer," who was born at Masborough, near Sheffield, in 1781; and a memorial erected to the late Godfrey Sykes. The latter consists of a terra-cotta column, a copy of one designed by himself for the South Kensington Museum, with three bands of figures upon it, the topmost representing Youth, the middle Manhood, and the lowest Old Age. Above its Corinthian capital stands an urn in gilt copper. On the

1892.

pedestal is a medallion of the artist in high relief, as well as two inscriptions. One of these states that the monument was erected in the year 1871, by the inhabitants of Sheffield, to the memory of Godfrey Sykes, and that the column placed on the pedestal is his work. The other sets forth that Godfrey Sykes, born at Malton, in the year 1824, was first pupil and then a master in the Sheffield School of Art, and that after being called to London to superintend the decoration of the South Kensington Museum, he died there in 1866.

The Meersbrook Park contains the St. George's Museum and Library, formed by Prof. Ruskin. The collection was transferred here from the small cottage in the village of Upper Walkley in 1889, and was opened to the public in the

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following year. The present arrangement is that the collection shall remain under the charge of the Corporation as a loan for twenty years, and the management is vested in a Committee of the Town Council in conjunction with Trustees of the Guild.

This Museum is not intended for the recreation of mere sightseers, but as a type of educational museums which Mr. Ruskin, as Master of St. George's Guild, desires to see established throughout the nation. A description of its contents was given in the Art Journal, in August, 1882, but since that date they have been considerably augmented.

WOLVERHAMPTON MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY.

LIKE many other towns, Wolverhampton owes the possession of a Municipal Art Gallery to the liberality of one of its inhabitants. In the year 1881, at a meeting of the Town Council, the Mayor announced that he had received a letter from a fellow-townsmen, who desired for a time that his name should not be made public, in which he offered to erect at his own expense, in some central part of the town, a building suitable for the purposes of a public museum and art gallery, on condition that the Corporation should find the site. This generous offer was unanimously accepted by the Council. Subsequently a suitable position at the south-east corner of St. Peter's Close was selected for the purpose, and the erection of the gallery commenced.

The Art Gallery and Museum was completed in 1884, and was inaugurated with a large Fine Art and Industrial Exhibition. At the opening ceremony it was publicly announced, what had been for some time an open secret, that the benefactor to the town was Mr. Philip Horsman.

The building is of Bath stone, and was constructed from the designs of Mr. Chatwin, architect, of Birmingham. It is a classic structure, the lower part being of the Doric, and the upper story of the Ionic order. The exterior is ornamented with panels sculptured in bold relief. The two groups on the façade in Lichfield Street are composed of a number of figures, somewhat in the style of the Parthenon frieze, and are in strict keeping with the character of the building. Michael Angelo at work upon his statue of Moses forms the centre of one panel, representing Sculpture; he is supported on either side by Phidias and other Grecian masters, Niccola Pisano and

Lorenzo Ghiberti as leaders of the Italian School, and others. In the second group, representing Painting, female figures are engaged in mural decoration, easel painting, the staining of glass, and the ornamentation of pottery, with an allegorical figure of Truth showing the ideal to be aimed at in all branches of art. On the side of the building facing St. Peter's Church is a long bas-relief, with figures emblematic of Architecture, Geometry, Astronomy, Chemistry, and other sciences in connection with which there are models of scientific inventions. These panels were executed by Mr. R. Bolton, of Cheltenham. Over the main entrance is a massive portico and balcony, resting on six red granite columns. In the interior, on each side of the entrance hall, are rooms devoted to museum purposes; whilst the whole of the upper story is an admirable series of well-lighted galleries for pictures.

The late Mr. Philip Horsman also contributed liberally towards the erection of the School of Art, a building which has subsequently been erected, adjoining the Art Gallery and corresponding with its outward design. During his life he presented numerous oil paintings and at his death in December, 1890, he bequeathed, after providing that his widow should have the use and enjoyment of them during her life, the whole of the remainder of his pictures and works of Art to the gallery, on condition that they should be placed in a separate and special room, and that "none of the pictures or works of Art should be at any time, on any pretext, or for any purpose whatever,



The late Mr. Philip Horsman.

removed to the basement of the said gallery." The public spirit thus displayed towards the promotion of Art education has been followed by many others in Wolverhampton, and before the Art Gallery was completed, a most valuable collection of paintings was bequeathed to the town by Mrs. Sidney Cartwright, as a memorial of her late husband, who had collected them with a view to their being dedicated to the public. This munificent bequest, valued at sixteen thousand pounds, comprises no less than two hundred and seventy-six paintings, and includes many fine works by English artists of the last and present centuries.

'A Sunny Afternoon,' by W. Westall, A.R.A., a landscape with a brilliant sunset, is most harmonious in colour and composition. 'At the Mouth of the Scheldt,' by W. J. Müller, though grey in tone, is full of light and is considered to be one of this master's finest works. In 'Windsor Home Park,'

by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., the Queen is represented on horseback, with a sportsman, a portrait of the artist himself, showing the spoil to her Majesty. A small but charming work by W. Q. Orchardson, R.A., depicts a room in a convent, in which a number of girls are listening to a nun, who is reciting 'A Story of a Life.' In 'An Arrest for Witchcraft in the Olden Time,' by John Pettie, R.A., a wretched woman is being taken to prison with a jeering mob following after her, whilst two gentlemen, standing apart from the crowd, are making mock obeisance to her. 'An Incredible Story' is a humorous painting by H. S. Marks, R.A., representing the interior of an inn with two monks listening to a woodman's tale. 'The Rejected Poet,' by W. P. Frith, R.A., which was engraved in 1867, portrays Pope, who had fallen desperately in love with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, making an impassioned declaration to her, which, she says, "in spite of her utmost endeavours to be angry and look grave, provoked an immoderate fit of laughter." From that time Pope, whose *amour propre* was easily wounded, became her implacable enemy. In addition to these paintings there are admirable works by David Cox, R. P. Bonington, Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., David Roberts, R.A., T. Creswick, R.A., Henry Dawson, and many other well-known artists. One of the most attractive pictures in the Gallery is 'At the Carnival,' by Eugène Von Blaas, a modern Venetian artist. It represents a balcony of a Doge's palace at carnival time, richly draped with tapestry. The painting is full of life and vigour, with a number of ladies and courtiers evidently watching a procession as it passes below, whilst one lady is in the act of throwing a bunch of flowers to the crowd. It was presented to the Gallery, shortly after it was opened, by Mr. Charles Wells.

Besides the permanent collections, which are always on view, the local Society of Artists of Wolverhampton hold an annual exhibition of their works in one of the rooms of the Gallery, and in order to excite an interest in Art, and to stimulate taste in Wolverhampton, the committee from time to time hold special exhibitions, the most recent being a collection of original etchings by Seymour Haden, Professor Herkomer, Professor Legros, the late Samuel Palmer, Frank Short, and C. J. Watson; and it is intended to continue the exhibition with the works of another representative group of etchers next year.

The lower rooms, devoted to the museum, are filled with objects of European and Oriental artistic workmanship, in different materials, which have been procured with special reference to the particular industries of the town, and have for the most part been presented by various private individuals. These collections, open always free to the public, are not only useful in cultivating the taste and giving a knowledge of Art to the working people of the town, but, being easily accessible to the students of the adjoining School of Art, provide them with a ready means of studying good design in the various artistic crafts for which they may be preparing themselves. In order to impart a more practical character to the technical instruction in the school, a workshop has recently been fitted up, where a training in the manipulation of tools may be acquired. The headmaster of the school, Mr. A. C. C. Jahn, is also the curator of the Art Gallery and Museum. All these institutions are under the management of the Corporation, and are supported by a rate of two pence in the pound, levied under the Public Libraries Acts.

H. M. CUNDALL.

THE ART SALES OF 1892.

THE year 1892 will hereafter be conspicuous in the annals of Art sales, if only for the dispersal of the Dudley collection. In this sale, twenty-one pictures averaged £3,434 each; £11,130 was bid for an early Raphael, and the huge sum of £10,800 was paid for a landscape by Hobbema.

The Leyland sale afforded a good estimate of the commercial worth of examples by the English pre-Raphaelites, and the offer of £4,725 for David Cox's 'Vale of Clwyd,' in the Murrieta sale, gave tangible proof of the favour in which good specimens of the British school are held; nor in this connexion must mention of the Price and Cheylesmore sales be omitted, in the latter of which Landseer's 'Monarch of the Glen' realized £7,245.

The sales of so-called *objets d'art* included the Magniac examples of Limoges enamels, carvings, and miniatures of the sixteenth century, which fetched upwards of £100,000. Reference has already been made in this volume to this collection (see pp. 253-5), but it may be added that a hunting horn by L. Limousin went for the great sum of £6,625 (Pfenugst).

In the appended details of the season's sales, space allows only of those concerning pictures, and when it is stated that in all fifty-five paintings were sold for sums of or over £1,470, the importance of last season is evident. The following comparison with similar returns since 1885 brings out this distinction markedly:—

Pictures sold for fourteen hundred guineas and over:

1885 ... 2	1889 ... 17
1886 ... 26	1890 ... 38
1887 ... 20	1891 ... 37
1888 ... 35	1892 ... 55

PICTURE SALES.

March 12.—Pictures of the late Earl of Clancarty, and others. A. Van Beyeren, 'Still Life,' £236 (Sedelmeyer); G. Van den Eckhout, The 'Hendricks,' £472 (M. Colnaghi); Jan Fyt, 'Dead Game,' £372 (Lesser); F. Hals, 'A Gentleman,' £735 (Lesser); Sir T. Lawrence, 'Lord Castlereagh,' £362 (Agnew); J. Ruysdael, 'Woody River Scene,' £252 (Agnew); J. Verspronck, 'Lady,' £299 (Buck & Reid); C. de Vos, 'Lady,' £225 (M. Colnaghi); Van der Capelle, 'Coast Scene,' £525 (Agnew).

March 19.—Various pictures belonging to the late Mr. Samson Wertheimer, the late Earl Dunmore, and others. M. Hondekoeter, 'Poultry,' £210 (Sedelmeyer); K. du Jardin, 'Travelling Musicians,' £231 (Salting); D. Teniers, 'Village Fête,' £1,502 (Jackson); 'Interior of Guard Room,' £1,785 (Haines); Rembrandt, 'Hendrikje Stoffels,' £5,250 (Haines); Guardi, 'Italian Seaport,' £315 (M. Colnaghi); A. Watteau, 'L'accord parfait,' £2,205 (Agnew)—James Sale, 1891, £3,675; Sir J. Reynolds, 'Lady Sondes,' £4,305 (Haines); Romney, 'Lady Hamilton as a Welsh Girl,' £2,205 (E. Benjamin); 'Mrs.

W. Pitt and Son, £1,155 (E. Benjamin); 'Little Girl and Fawn,' £535 (Philpot); 'Lady Augusta Murray,' £3,990 (C. Wertheimer); 'George Cumberland,' £231; 'Sophia Cumberland,' £514 (Gooden); 'Lady E. Bentinck and Sister,' £987 (Broderick); Sir J. Reynolds, 'Mrs. Barnard,' £320 (McLean); 'Hon. Caroline Gawler,' £315 (Broderick); T. Gainsborough, 'Market Cart,' £593; P. Nasmyth, 'A Rivulet,' £441 (Agnew); G. Morland, 'Cornish Plunderers,' £840; Murillo, 'Head of a Bacchante,' £840; Lancret, 'Fête Champêtre,' £294 (Boore); J. Stark, 'St. Benet's Abbey,' £1,470 (Agnew); P. Nasmyth, 'View on the Tweed,' £430; T. Gainsborough, 'Jonathan Bullock,' £525 (Gooden); F. Snyders, 'Larder,' £493; and the three water-colours by F. Walker, 'Fishmonger's Shop,' £630 (Vokins); 'Marlow Ferry,' £1,175 (Vokins); 'Coaching and Cabbage,' £273 (McLean).

March 24-25.—On these days the water-colour sketches by the late Thomas Collier, R.I., were sold, fetching in all £5,083. The chief price was £111 for 'A Cornfield, Knitbury' (Gooden).

March 26.—Modern pictures of the late Mr. Arthur Burnand fetched moderate amounts. T. S. Cooper, R.A., 'Cows in a Meadow,' £231 (Agnew); J. Phillip, R.A., 'Aqua Benedita,' £701 (Gooden); Lee and Cooper, 'The Chequered Shade,' £262 (Clarke); E. W. Cooke, R.A., 'Bella Venezia,' £504 (Agnew); 'French Lugger running into Calais,' £735 (Clarke); C. Stanfield, R.A., 'Old Holland,' £556 (Agnew); T. Creswick, R.A., 'The Nearest Way in Summer-time,' £630 (Gorton); D. Roberts, R.A., 'Chancel, St. Paul's, Antwerp,' £315 (Vokins); F. Goodall, R.A., 'Felice Ballarin,' £283 (Mappin); 'Messenger from Sinai,' £273 (Clarke); 'Hagar and Ishmael,' £338 (Clarke).

On the same day also from various sources were sold:—Josef Israels, 'Landscape,' £320 (Barnheim); Daubigny, 'River Scene,' £472 (Russell); J. T. Linnell, 'Coast of Devon,' £241 (Dunthorne); Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A., 'After Vespers,' £614 (Blain); P. de Wint, 'Bolton Abbey' (w. c.), £945 (Wilton); T. S. Cooper, R.A., 'Bull and two Cows,' £399 (Albert); J. Linnell, 'The Woodcutters,' £588 (White); C. Stanfield, 'Le Pic du Midi,' £262 (Anderson); Sir E. Landseer, 'Alpine Mastiffs,' £840 (Anderson).

April 2.—The collection of the late Mr. David Price (see *Art Journal*, 1891, pp. 321-8) was dispersed on this date. One of the features of the sale was the dispersal of ten fine examples by Mr. Hook, most of which were described in the *Art Annual*, 1888. The prices realized were:—'Cow Tending,' 1874, £693 (Tooth); 'Watercress-Gatherers,' 1888, £325 (Tooth); 'The Mackerel Take,' 1865, £903 (Agnew); 'Between Tides,' 1872, £745 (Vokins); 'Yo Heave Ho,' 1885, £1,491 (Agnew); 'Whiffing for Mackerel,' 1872 (replica), £367 (Bond); 'Fish from the Dogger Bank,' 1870, £745 (Tooth); 'Oyster Severals,' 1872, £388 (Tooth); 'Devon Harvest Cart,' 1882, £630 (Tooth); 'The Wily Angler,' 1883, £1,785 (Buckley). Compared with the prices fetched by the Hooks in the Matthews sale of last year the above are not remarkable. Other pictures were: Vicat Cole, R.A., 'View on the Thames,' £267 (Agnew); 'On the Arun,' £273 (Agnew); F. Goodall, R.A., 'Waiting for the Boat, Suez,' £231 (Rhodes); 'Sight of Memphis,' £210 (Tooth); 'Ploughing,' £231 (Tooth); J. Phillip, R.A., 'The Spanish Volunteer,' 1862, £766 (Johnson); this was a great drop from the price £1,575 which it fetched in the McConnell sale, 1886. J. Stark, 'Woody Landscape,' £682 (Gooden); 'Road through a Wood,' £378 (Koekkoek); J. Burgess, R.A., 'An Artist's

Almsgiving,' £278 (Tooth); V. Cole, R.A., 'The Thames at Streatley,' £724 (Agnew); E. W. Cooke, R.A., 'Bristol Channel,' £220 (Agnew); 'Dutch Fishing Craft,' £388 (Vokins); T. Creswick, R.A., 'Mountain Streams,' £220 (Crisp); 'Richmond, Yorks.,' 1836, £1,312 (Agnew); H. Davis, R.A., 'Afternoon on the Cliffs,' 1878, £262 (Tooth); W. Etty, R.A., 'Cupid and his Company,' 1838, £273 (McLean); T. Faed, R.A., 'From Dawn to Sunset,' £420 (Agnew); 'His only Pair,' 1860, £619 (Buckley); 'After Work,' 1863, £367 (Koekkoek); W. P. Frith, R.A., 'Railway Station' (replica), £325 (Agnew); 'Claude Duval' (replica), £630 (Koekkoek); F. Goodall, R.A., 'Rebekah at the Well,' 1867, £336; J. Holland, R.A., 'St. Mark's, Venice,' 1859, £420 (Tooth); Companion do., £357 (Tooth); Sir E. Landseer, R.A., 'The First Leap,' 1829, £441 (Agnew); J. F. Lewis, R.A., 'The Bezestein Bazaar,' 1861, £1,144 (Agnew); 'Lilium Auratum,' 1871, £840 (Vokins); J. Linnell, sen., 'The Fruit-Gatherers,' £236 (Wigzell); 'Welsh Drovers crossing the Common,' 1836, £1,050 (Johnson); 'The Haystack,' 1875, £630 (Agnew); 'Opening the Gate,' 1849, £798 (Tooth); 'Woodcutters,' £409 (Agnew); 'The Timber Wagon,' 1852, £3,255 (Gooden); E. Long, R.A., 'Diana or Christ' (replica), £2,625 (Fairless and Beeforth); Sir J. Millais, R.A., 'Apple Blossom,' 1859, £693 (Clarke)—£1,050, Graham sale, 1886; 'The Sound of Many Waters,' £3,045 (Tooth); W. Müller, R.A., 'A Waterfall in Wales,' 1844, £840 (McLean); P. Nasmyth, 'View in Surrey,' 1829, £2,625 (Johnson); 'On the Forth,' 1828, £588 (Koekkoek); J. Phillip R.A., 'El Cortejo,' 1857, £661 (Koekkoek); L. Alma Tadema, R.A., 'The Parthenon at Athens,' 1869, £598 (McLean); 'Fredegonda,' 1880, £1,029 (Milles); J. M. W. Turner, R.A., 'Modern Italy,' 1838, £5,460 (Laurie)—Novar sale, 1867, £3,465; Fallows sale, 1868, £2,961; Novar sale, 1878, £5,260. Wilkie, 'The Bride's Toilet,' 1837, £735 (McLean); Rosa Bonheur, 'Landais Peasants returning Home,' 1858, £1,627 (Tooth); 'The Alarm,' 1866, £1,102 (Agnew); 'Changing Pastures,' £3,150 (Lefèvre); 'Cattle in the Highlands,' £1,785 (Tooth); Dubufe, 'Rosa Bonheur,' £785; E. Frère, 'Saying Grace,' £357 (Vokins); Meissonier, 'Regnard in his Studio,' £1,890 (Wallis).

April 6.—Various pictures sold at Messrs. Foster's:—S. Ruysdael, 'Village Scene,' £288 (Lesser); Sir J. Reynolds, 'A Lady,' £288 (M. Colnaghi); Hobbema, 'Landscape,' £288 (M. Colnaghi); A. Van der Neer, 'Landscape,' £420 (M. Colnaghi).

April 9.—Pictures and drawings of the late Mr. John Dent, of Fitzroy Square. Drawings:—S. Prout, 'Mayence,' £162; T. S. Cooper, 'In the Minster Marshes,' £101 (Misell). Pictures:—C. Jacques, 'Landscape,' £241 (Hollender); J. Linnell, 'Coming Storm,' £325 (Agnew); Keeley Halswelle, 'Highlands and Islands,' £252 (Agnew); B. Leader, A.R.A., 'Dawn of an Autumn Day,' £525 (Agnew).

April 30.—The pictures and drawings (first portion) belonging to Messrs. Murrieta. On the whole, good prices were obtained, although in many instances the bids did not equal the reserves which were placed on lots offered at the previous Santurce sale, 1891. The following are the sale returns. Drawings:—David Cox, 'Going to the Hayfield,' £1,102 (Agnew); 'Barden Tower,' £1,155 (Agnew); 'Welsh Cornfield,' £357 (Agnew); 'The Road by the Wood,' £294 (Agnew); 'Welsh Landscape,' 1843, £567 (Fraser); 'Hay Wagon,' £257 (Sale); Copley Fielding, 'Scottish Landscape,' 1849, £1,260 (Agnew); 'Off the Isle of Wight,' £257 (Agnew); Birket Foster,

'Country Lane,' £346 (Tooth); 'In the Hayfield,' £309 (Agnew); Sir J. Gilbert, R.A., 'The Suit of Armour,' £105 (Agnew); F. Goodall, R.A., 'Eleazar and Rebecca,' £210 (Tooth); 'Street Scene in Cairo,' £189 (Tooth); 'Rebecca at the Well,' £199 (Agnew); Carl Haag, 'Bedouin Sheikh,' £246 (Agnew); 'Entrance to a Mosque,' £199 (Agnew); 'Happiness in the Desert' (study), £178 (McEwan); W. Hunt, 'Grapes and Pomegranate,' £183 (McLean); 'Bird's Nest and Primrose,' £220 (Tooth); S. Prout, 'Le Gros Horloge, Rouen,' £278 (Agnew); 'Ratisbon Cathedral,' £199 (Agnew); F. Tayler, 'The Gamekeeper's Daughter,' 1862, £215 (Vokins); J. M. W. Turner, 'Penmaen Mawr,' £346 (Agnew); P. de Wint, 'Harlech Castle,' £168 (Agnew); 'Cambridge,' £630 (Agnew); 'Newark Bridge,' £157 (Agnew); 'Landscape,' £288 (Agnew).

Pictures:—R. P. Bonington, 'Fishing-Boats in a Calm,' £325 (Agnew); David Cox, 'Vale of Clwyd,' £4,725 (Agnew); 'Reapers returning Home,' £1,186 (Tooth); 'Harlech Castle,' £577 (Agnew); 'Mountainous Landscape,' £273 (Agnew); 'Welsh Mountain-Stream,' £325 (Agnew); 'Welsh River,' £325 (Agnew); 'Welsh Landscape,' £420 (Agnew); 'Calais Pier,' £346 (Agnew); 'Pont y Pair,' £577 (Agnew); 'Landscape,' £242 (Agnew); T. Faed, R.A., 'Worn Out,' £567 (Koekkoek); P. Graham, R.A., 'Landscape with Sheep,' £409 (Richardson); 'Highland Spate,' £252 (McLean); J. Holland, 'Canal Scene, Venice,' £325 (Agnew); J. Hoppner, R.A., 'Girl with Dog,' £252 (Agnew); J. Linnell, 'Harvest Time,' £577 (Agnew); 'Milking Time,' £425 (Richardson); 'Landscape,' £441 (Agnew); 'River Scene,' £231 (Agnew); S. Lucas, A.R.A., 'A Whip for Van Tromp,' £525 (Agnew); Müller, 'Rocky Stream, N. Wales,' £210 (Agnew); P. Nasmyth, 'Woody Landscape,' £661 (Vokins); 'Landscape,' £619 (Agnew); D. Roberts, R.A., 'High Altar, Rouen,' £430 (Richardson); J. Stark, 'Norfolk Landscape,' £315 (Agnew); C. Stanfield, R.A., 'Dordrecht,' £446 (Richardson); 'The Zuyder Zee,' £446 (Richardson); 'Coast Scene,' £241 (Agnew); another, same price; L. Alma Tadema, R.A., 'Un Amateur Romain,' £1,365 (Agnew); 'Etruscan Vase Painters,' £477 (Agnew); 'Antistius Labeon,' £945 (Frickenhaus); 'Un Jongleur,' £850 (Tooth); 'Patron of Sculpture,' £1,470 (Tooth); 'Vespasian,' £514 (Koekkoek).

May 6.—Various pictures of the late Mr. Lawrence, F.S.A.: W. Hunt, 'Contented with his Lot,' £316 (Fraser); 'Happy with more,' £325 (Gooden); Cotes, 'Lady Rodney,' £483 (Gooden); J. Crome, 'Yarmouth Harbour,' £472 (Agnew); C. Bega, 'Philosopher,' £262 (M. Colnaghi); J. Ruysdael, 'Landscape,' £220 (M. Colnaghi); A. Ostade, 'Boors playing Tric-trac,' £682 (M. Colnaghi); L. da Vinci (supposed), 'Virgin and Child,' £420 (Vokins).

May 7.—Pictures of the late Lord Cheylesmore (Mr. H. W. Eaton, M.P.), were sold, including the fine 'Monarch of the Glen,' by Sir E. Landseer, for which the great price £7,245 was bid, being the highest sum paid for a Landseer at auction. In the Londesborough sale, 1884, the same work fetched £6,500. 'Lady Godiva's Prayer,' by the same artist, furnished an instance of the market distaste for this style of his work, as only £945 (Arland) was bid against £3,400 for which the picture was sold in the Landseer sale, 1874. Other Landseers were:—'Waiting for the Ferry,' £225 (Arland); 'Highland Cabin,' £472 (Arland); 'Lion and the Lamb,' £997 (Arland); 'On Trust,' £892 (Arland); 'No more Hunting,' £735 (Arland); 'Sin Offering,' £525 (Arland); 'Her

Majesty the Queen,' £577 (Henson); 'The Pretty Horsebreaker' (or 'Taming the Shrew'), £1,205 (Ralli); 'Flood in the Highlands,' £1,680 (Anderson). R. Ansdell, R.A., 'Traveller attacked by Wolves,' £325 (Polak); T. S. Cooper, R.A., 'Interior of Stable,' £210 (Agnew); W. Collins, R.A., 'Cromer Sands,' £2,205 (Arland)—Gillott sale, 1872, £3,990; T. Faed, R.A., 'Sunday in the Backwoods,' £1,785 (Koekkoek); F. Goodall, R.A., 'Rebecca at the Well,' £562 (Vokins); Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., 'The Elegy,' £346 (Koekkoek); David Roberts, R.A., 'Interior of St. Mark's,' £682 (Arland); C. Stanfield, R.A., 'St. Michael's Mount,' £3,150 (Agnew); P. Delaroche, 'The Execution of Lady Jane Grey,' £1,575 (Anderson).

May 14.—The second portion of the Murrieta collection was sold on this day and fair prices were obtained, the works offered being chiefly of the foreign school. Drawings: Detaille, 'Aide de Camp,' £115 (Gooden); Rosa Bonheur, 'Horse Fair,' £147 (Agnew); 'Landscape,' £231 (Agnew); Fortuny, 'Arquebusier,' £195 (Agnew); and the 'Mazarin Library,' £2,000 (C. Wertheimer).

Pictures: Rosa Bonheur, 'Sheep,' £514 (Agnew); W. Bouguereau, 'Going to Market,' £210 (Agnew); P. Clays, 'Bergemop-Zoom,' £220 (McLean); L. Deutsch, 'Arabs at Prayer,' £514 (Tooth); 'Nubian Dancers,' £493 (Tooth); 'Arab Café,' £294 (Tooth); 'Reading the News,' £386 (Tooth); 'At the Door of the Mosque,' £220 (McLean); Fortuny, 'A Sudden Squall,' £283 (Sedelmeyer); J. Israels, 'The Toy Boat,' £304 (Wallis); C. Jacquet, 'Resting,' £378 (Thomas); F. Pradilla, 'Surrender of Boabdil' (study), £861 (Wallis); 'Italy in the Fifteenth Century,' £525 (Tooth); C. Troyon, 'Going to Market,' £304 (McLean); 'The Timber Wagon,' £220 (McLean). The old masters included: Greuze 'The Dauphin, (Louis XVII.), Burlington House, 1883, £798 (Sedelmeyer); 'The Young Widow,' £1,176 (Sedelmeyer); Van der Capelle, 'Royal Barge in a Calm,' £546 (P. Colnaghi); Guardi, 'St. Mark's,' £294 (M. Colnaghi).

May 21.—Pictures of the late Earl of Egremont, comprising some fifty lots, realized upwards of £11,400 on this date. The chief interest of the sale was in the disposal of three good examples by T. Gainsborough, R.A., which fetched the following prices: 'Portrait of Charles Frederick Abel,' £1,470 (C. Wertheimer); 'Signor Raphael Franco,' £882 (A. Wertheimer); 'Youth, in Blue Dress,' akin to the Duke of Westminster's 'Blue Boy,' £1,302 (C. Wertheimer). Sir J. Reynolds's works submitted were: 'The Artist's Portrait,' 1778, £294 (Nichols); 'Mrs. Blake,' 1764, £1,050 (Tooth); 'Miss Francis Harford,' £1,260 (M. Colnaghi). The chief foreign old masters were: C. Jansens, 'Dutch Naval Officer and Wife,' £630 (Vokins); J. Nattier, 'Mdlle. Victoire,' £1,123 (Lesser); H. Rigaud, 'Cardinal Dubois,' £252 (M. Colnaghi); Rubens, 'Elizabeth Brandt' (replica), £378 (Lesser). Examples by Snyders, Tiepolo, and Cuypp fetched only moderate prices.

May 28.—The sale of the pictures of the late Mr. Frederick Leylands, of Woolton Hall, Liverpool, aroused great interest. We have already spoken of this collection (p. 129). Drawings:—D. G. Rossetti, 'The Blessed Damsel' (red chalk), £136 (McLean); 'Venus Verticordia' (red chalk), £126 (Bibby). Pictures:—W. L. Windus, 'Burd Helen,' £556 (Bibby); F. Madox Brown, 'The Entombment,' £236 (Agnew); A. Legros, 'Le Maître de Chapelle,' £262 (Mappin); A. Moore, 'Venus,' 1869, £215 (Davis); 'Sea-gulls,' £304 (Gooden); 'Shells,' £409 (Gooden); J. M. Whistler, 'La Princesse du Pays de Porcelaine,' £441 (Reid); E. Burne-

Jones, A.R.A., 'The Mirror of Venus,' £3,570 (Agnew); 'Merlin and Vivien,' £3,780 (Agnew); 'The Seasons' (four water-colours), £1,207 (Dunthorne); 'Night and Morning' (pair water-colours), £1,417 (Agnew); 'Phyllis and Demophon' (w. c.), £850 (Bibby); 'The Wine of Circe' (w. c.), £1,417 (McLean); 'Cupid and Psyche,' £945 (Agnew); G. F. Watts, R.A., 'D. G. Rossetti,' £283 (Gow); D. G. Rossetti, 'Proserpina,' £567 (Robertson); 'Mnemosyne,' £325 (McLean); 'Veronica Veronese,' 1872, £1,050 (Agnew); 'Sea Spell,' £441 (Tooth); 'La Pia de Tollomei,' £315 (Bibby); 'Dis Manibus,' £273 (Brocklebank); 'The Salutation of Beatrice,' £567 (McLean); 'The Blessed Damozel,' £1,029 (McLean); 'Lady Lillith,' £525 (Agnew); 'Monna Rosa,' £462 (Bibby); 'The Loving Cup,' £861 (Agnew); Sir J. Millais, R.A., 'Eve of St. Agnes,' £2,205 (Val Prinsep). The works by the old masters were:—F. Bol, 'Head of a Young Man,' £220 (Agnew); Rembrandt, 'Head of a Young Man,' £304 (Agnew); Hans Memling, 'Virgin and Child enthroned,' £929 (Davis); Palma Vecchio, 'Mars and Venus,' £472 (V. Prinsep); Giorgione, 'Holy Family,' £840 (Murray); Botticelli, 'Virgin and Child,' £1,312 (Colnaghi); 'Four Illustrations to the Decameron,' £1,365 (M. Colnaghi); F. Lippi, 'Adoration of the Magi,' £735 (Jeffrey); 'Virgin and Child,' £267 (M. Colnaghi); L. Signorelli, 'Story of Coriolanus,' £315 (Frickenhaus); C. Crivelli, 'St. George and the Dragon,' £546 (Davis); 'St. Peter and St. Paul,' £315 (Frickenhaus); L. Costa, 'Virgin and St. Joseph,' £987 (M. Colnaghi); B. Luini, 'Portrait of a Lady,' £682 (Murray). From another property were sold:—'And all the air a solemn stillness holds,' by G. F. Watts, R.A., £252 (Agnew)—Rickards sale, 1887, £315; D. G. Rossetti, 'Found,' 1853, £624 (Agnew).

June 11.—Sir J. Reynolds, 'Mrs. Fitzherbert,' £1,732 (Jackson); 'Penelope,' £430 (Blackwood); G. Morland, 'Farmyard Scene,' £493 (Colnaghi).

June 17.—Various pictures by Constable:—'Brighton,' £309 (Dowdeswell); 'Hampstead Heath' (Burlington House, 1878), £472 (Boussod).

June 18.—Pictures from various properties. The remainder of the Bolckow collection, of which the other portions had been sold in 1888 and 1891, was put up on this day, but few remarkable prices were obtained. J. Linnel, 'Sheep,' £217 (Agnew); P. Nasmyth, 'Haslemere,' £1,365 (Gooden); H. Davis, R.A., 'Done Work,' £252; E. Long, R.A., 'Egyptian Fruit-Seller,' £630 (Wilton); D. Cox, 'Collecting the Flock,' £1,522 (Francis); J. F. Herring, 'Interior of a Stable,' £241 (Agnew); W. P. Frith, R.A., 'English Merrymaking,' £451 (Agnew); T. Faed, R.A., 'Homeless,' £241 (Dobell), T. Webster, R.A., 'Roast Pig,' £493 (Mappin)—£1,207, Bolckow sale, 1891; T. S. Cooper, R.A., 'Amongst the Fells,' £252 (Mappin); F. Goodall, R.A., 'Rebekah,' £409 (Mappin); Sir E. Landseer, R.A., 'Taking a Buck,' £651 (Francis); W. Müller, 'Bay of Naples,' £452 (Gooden); Sir D. Wilkie, 'The only Daughter,' £241 (McLean)—£735, 1891. Drawings:—Rosa Bonheur, 'The Horse Fair,' £630 (Agnew); W. Hunt, 'Too Hot,' £352 (Agnew); P. de Wint, 'Matlock,' £304 (Agnew); D. Cox, 'Bolton,' £178 (Agnew); Turner, 'Tyne-mouth,' £121 (Ayre); 'Fonthill,' £299 (Gooden); 'Cassiobury,' £345 (Agnew).

A piece of sculpture by T. Brock, R.A., 'Hereward the Wake,' fetched £126 (McLean).

June 28.—The ninety-one pictures belonging to the late Earl of Dudley appeared at Christie's on this date, and the sale

which ensued marks a record in the history of English Art sales, for a total sum of upwards of £101,000 was reached by the disposal of this historic collection, exceeding any previous amount realized on one day's sale. Details are annexed:—A. Cuyp, 'Grand Landscape,' £1,890 (C. Wertheimer); N. Berchem, 'Milking the Goats,' £252 (Larkin); K. Fabritius, 'Abraham de Notte,' £204 (M. Colnaghi); Hobbema, 'View in Holland,' with figures by A. Van de Velde, £10,800 (Agnew); 'Wooded River Scene,' £1,995 (Murray); 'Landscape,' £2,415 (M. Colnaghi); A. de Pape, 'An Interior,' £267 (Vokins); W. Mieris, 'The Grocer's Shop,' £736 (Vokins); F. Mieris, 'The Enamoured Cavalier,' £3,570 (Vokins)—Bredel sale, £4,315—Levy sale, 1876, £3,675; A. Ostade, 'Interior of a Kitchen,' £2,625 (Agnew)—Schneider sale, 1876, £4,120; 'An Interior,' £1,470 (M. Colnaghi); J. Ostade, 'Scheveningen Beach,' £1,050 (Agnew); Rembrandt, 'St. John preaching in the Wilderness,' £2,625 (Colnaghi)—Fesch collection, £2,940; 'St. Matthew,' £546 (Sedelmeyer); 'Gentleman in Black Dress,' £798 (M. Colnaghi); J. Ruysdael, 'The Ruin,' £1,470 (Lesser)—Bredel sale, £2,310; D. Teniers, 'Christ crowned with Thorns,' £735 (Sedelmeyer); 'Courtyard of a Cottage,' £493 (Salting); S. de Vlieger, 'Scheveningen,' £766 (Carstanjen); P. Wouwermans, 'Halt of a Sporting Party,' £3,675 (C. Wertheimer); Wynants, 'Woody Landscape,' £315 (Donaldson); J. Van der Meer, 'Bird's-eye View,' £399 (Murray); Early Netherlandish School, 'The Shutter of a Triptych,' £3,570 (Vokins); Rubens, 'Woody River Scene,' £593 (Salting); 'Juno transferring the Eyes of Argus to the tail of the Peacock,' £1,575 (Salting); R. Wilson, R.A., 'View on the Dee,' £315 (Agnew); Murillo, 'La Vieja,' £1,890 (Carstanjen); 'St. Anthony of Padua and the Infant Christ,' £1,215 (Agnew); J. L. David, 'Pius VII. and Cardinal Caprera,' £535 (Strelitzki); Fra Angelico, 'Virgin and Child,' £840 (Sedelmeyer); Fra Bartolomeo, 'Madonna and Child,' £535 (Hardy); Marco Basaiti, 'Holy Family,' £871 (Murray); G. Bellini, 'Portrait,' £430 (Sedelmeyer); 'Madonna and Child,' £378 (Agnew); another £1,155 (Agnew); Bonifacio, 'Madonna with Saints,' £1,018 (Agnew); Paris Bordone, 'A Lady,' £535 (Murray); Botticelli, 'Madonna and Child,' £420 (Lesser); 'The Nativity,' £1,215 (Deprez); Canaletto, 'Viewing Venice with the Colleoni Monument,' £2,047 (Agnew); 'View on the Grand Canal,' £2,205 (Carstanjen); L. di Credi, 'Virgin and Child with St. John,' £2,520 (Vokins); C. Crivelli, 'Virgin and Child with Saints,' £7,350 (Murray); 'Pieta,' £399 (Crawshay); Carlo Dolci, 'Head of the Virgin,' £393 (Dunthorne); S. Ferrato, 'Virgin and Child,' £252 (Agnew); F. Francia, 'The Madonna,' £435 (Sedelmeyer); 'Virgin and Child,' £525 (Agnew); Garofalo, 'Grecoian Sacrifice,' £399 (Richter); Giorgione 'Souper Vénitien,' £220 (Sinclair); 'Golden Age,' £546 (Farrer); Giotto, 'Last Supper,' £283 (Sedelmeyer); F. Lippi, 'La Simonetta,' £1,680 (Nattali); B. Luini, 'Lady as Venus,' £236 (Mond); A. Mantegna, 'Four Subjects from the Life of Christ,' £336 (Feversham); P. Vecchio, 'Madonna and Child,' £462 (Deprez); 'Holy Family,' £692 (Agnew); B. Peruzzi, 'Adoration of the Shepherds,' £262 (Saltwells); P. Perugino, 'The Nativity,' £756 (Durand-Ruel); 'The Baptism,' £945 (Durand-Ruel); 'Noli me tangere,' £535 (Durand-Ruel); 'Christ and the Woman of Samaria,' £1,050 (Durand-Ruel); 'The Resurrection,' £273 (Agnew); Raphael, 'The Crucifixion,' from the Fesch collection, £11,130 (Richter)—this is apparently the largest sum ever bid at a sale at Christie's; 'La Vierge à la légende,' £3,102 (Reid); S. Rosa, 'Finding of Moses,' £472

(Goodhart); A. del Sarto, 'Holy Family,' £551 (Saltwell); 'Pieta,' £1,092 (Agnew); Tintoretto, 'Adam and Eve,' £640 (Goodhart); Titian, 'Mother and Child,' £2,520 (Mond); P. del Vaga, 'The Nativity,' £493 (Sir Charles Robinson).

The Magniac sale alluded to at the commencement of this article included the following old portraits:—Raphael (attributed), 'Duke of Urbino,' £567 (Agnew); Holbein, 'Sir Henry Wyatt,' £320 (National Gallery of Ireland); J. Clouet, 'François I.,' £913 (Durlacher); 'Henry II.,' £913 (Durlacher); F. Clouet, 'Charles IX.,' £294 (Whitehead); 'A Gentleman,' £451 (Johnson); Fragonard, 'Mdlle. Guimard,' £267 (Davis); F. Boucher, 'Muse Erato,' £861 (Jenisch); N. Bel, 'Children of Louis XV.,' £1,060 (Davis); Coello, 'Donna Maria,' £572 (Davis); H. Schopfer, 'Virginia and Appius Claudius,' £257 (Donaldson). A picture by Herring, 'Market-Day at St. Albans,' fetched £278 (Agnew), and a miniature, 'Mary Queen of Scots,' £362 (Colnaghi).

Among the Limoges enamels in the same collection were:—'Charles IX. and his Queen,' by L. Limousin, £3,150 (Lowengard), and 'Cardinal de Guise and Mother,' £3,095 (A. Wertheimer). A carved ivory casket went for £1,995 (Gregson). In the Wertheimer sale the following lots are noticeable:—Silver-gilt tazza by Verhaer of Utrecht, £756 (Boore); tulip-shaped vase and cover, by Morin, £714 (Benjamin); pair of Mandarin vases and covers, £920 (Ben-

jamin); pair of Louis XV. encoigneurs, £1,648 (Seligman); pair of Secretaires in tulip-wood by Dubois, £1,785 (Duveen); Louis XVI. commode, £1,260 (Jackson), and a silver-gilt présenteire £510 (Boore).

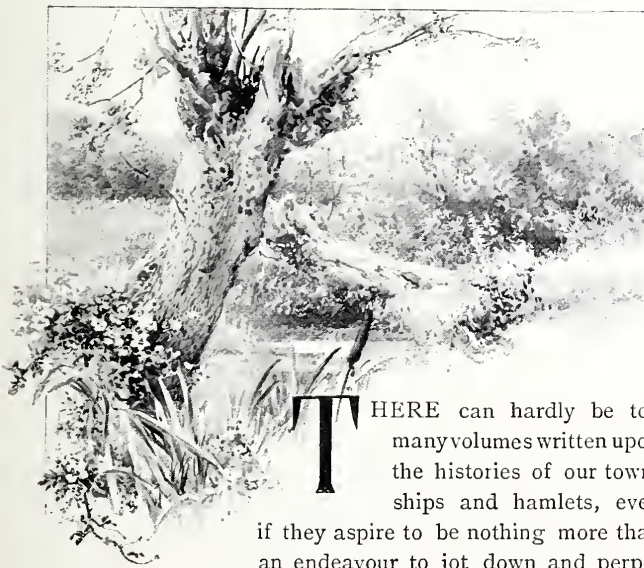
In the Holt sale of Wedgwood ware one of the first fifty copies of the Barberini vase sold for £215 (Kidson); a plaque, 'Priam begging the body of Hector from Achilles,' £200 (Rathbone), and another, 'The Judgment of Hercules,' went for £128 (Rathbone).

On May 27 a bronze group by Donatello, 'David with the head of Goliath,' was knocked down at £682 (Duveen), and an old Italian carving in wood of two female figures fetched £325 (Val Prinsep). As last year, old silver commanded good prices, a silver tea-caddy (three-shaped), by Paul Lamerie, dated 1738, and weighing seventy-two ounces, realising £1,030 (Duveen).

On June 17, at Messrs. Sotheby's rooms, some fine engravings by Dürer were seen in the Lawrence and Fisher sales, but the recent announcement of the disposal privately of the Althorp Library *en bloc* must have been a severe blow to those bibliophiles who were ardently awaiting its appearance at auction. As the purchaser, Mrs. Rylands, is credited, however, with the intention of transforming the deal into a public benefaction the disappointment of collectors should be minimised.

A. C. R. CARTER.

ART GOSSIP AND REVIEW.



THERE can hardly be too many volumes written upon the histories of our townships and hamlets, even if they aspire to be nothing more than an endeavour to jot down and perpetuate for posterity the aspect of the

life of to-day. For modern and of little moment as this may appear to most of us, it will not be so to our grandchildren. It is true that they may not witness such changes as our generation has done, for it is very improbable that any such revolution as that effected by the introduction of steam and electricity can speedily come to pass. But there is no doubt that we have by no means seen the full effects of these and other almost as important social changes, and the England of to-day will probably appear to them quite as out of date as that of the coaching days does to us. We have before us a specimen of a parochial history which leaves little to be desired. The subject, "A MENDIP VALLEY," is a good one, and it has been

compiled and illustrated by hands quite above the average of the ordinary historiographer. Mr. Theodore Compton originally wrote the volume a quarter of a century ago, and it has not only run through a second edition, but a third is now demanded. This has been very admirably illustrated by one of the same name as the author. The Mendip Valley is the pass through which the Cheddar Valley Railway crosses the Mendip Hills, and includes the Cheddar Cliffs, and presumably is the locality where the far-famed cheese of that name is produced. It is not every historian who is favoured with a district which not only contains the cave-dwellings of prehistoric man and beast and their remains, but traces of tenancy by the Euskarian races and the Redshanks, as the Danes were then called. Local worthies do not appear to abound, but the district contains one of the most beautiful of the many fine churches of Somerset, and not only is its geology interesting, but so are its flora and fauna. The folk who inhabit it are also dwelt upon, from the old smock-frocked yeoman who thanks God even for his privations and ailments, to the farmer who grumbles at school-board rates which result in nothing, so far as he can see, except to shorten the supply of good servants, all his labourers becoming clerks and his maids governesses. A word of praise is due to the publisher, Mr. Eddington, of the Victoria Press, Swindon, who has printed the tint blocks, of which we give two specimens, most successfully

Mr. Walter Crane writes to us from Wanwinet, Nantucket, Mass., U.S.A.: "Your remarks on Mr. Watts's portrait of myself have been forwarded to me here, and since you raise the question how lately it was painted, in justice to our veteran painter let me say that it may be considered the latest

example of his great powers, being painted just before I left England last October. 'A man,' we know, 'is as old as he feels,' and I trust that I shall still be identifiable by this portrait even after nine months in the States."

The death of Mr. Charles Jones, a well-known animal painter, is announced. Mr. Jones, who contributed to all the principal exhibitions, was chiefly noted for his skilful painting of sheep. He was a member of the Royal Cambrian Academy and other Art societies, and was recently awarded a gold medal at the Crystal Palace.

Sir Trueman Wood has just issued a report upon his second visit to the Chicago Exhibition, and from this it would appear that there is little doubt of its being completed in time. As regards the Fine Arts building, however, he hints that had the executive known at the outset how large would be the contributions from foreign countries, they would probably have designed a larger building. This is not quite in accord with the views of some of the Americans who have come over here, and who do not look forward to the Art show being very fine, owing to the refusal of so many of the owners of valuable works to lend them.

The admissions to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy this year were quite as large as was expected, the drawback of the elections and the indifferent season having been counterbalanced by the annually increasing number of people who now interest themselves in Art. The sales were much less, amounting to not more than £15,000 as against £20,000 last year.

The tentative experiments in painting the stonework of St. Paul's Cathedral have been abandoned, upon the advice of the President of the Royal Academy.

The decoration of the gloomy ambulatory which girds the interior of the Royal Exchange is at last to be taken in hand. The Corporation, and the Mercers' Company, in

whom the freehold is vested, have placed themselves in communication with Sir Frederick Leighton and one or two other members of the Royal Academy upon the subject of placing four-and-twenty pictures in the panels of the walls. Sir Frederick has very generously offered to contribute one of these, and Mr. Deputy Snowden will present another. We hope that other city magnates will be found similarly disposed, and that the commissions will not flow to the elder members of the artistic profession only, but to some of the younger men who have shown themselves adepts in figure painting, and who have yet their spurs to win. The result will not be less satisfactory, and will bestow encouragement where it is sadly needed. We could name more than one to whom a commission of this sort, even at a low price, would be nothing less than a godsend.

The last exhibition at Melbourne of the Anglo-Australian Society of Artists has resulted in a sale of eighty pictures, valued at £3,750. Thirty thousand people visited it.

From the Annual Report of the Science and Art Department just issued we gather that during the year ending 31st August, 1891, 6,212 elementary schools, with 1,170,340 scholars, were taught drawing and examined under the regulations of the Department; 739 of these schools were in Scotland, and 51 in Ireland. This was an increase of 1,886 schools, and 241,983 scholars, or 44 per cent. and 26 per cent. respectively, as

compared with the numbers in 1889-90, when 4,324 schools, with 928,357 scholars, were examined. The grants for drawing in 1890 amounted to £70,035; in 1891 to £85,459; and the number of schools gaining the awards, Fair, Good, and Excellent respectively, were 1,193, 3,134, and 1,598 in 1891, and 821, 2,087, and 1,215 in 1890. The foregoing statistics apply only to the schools examined in drawing during the years ended 31st August 1890 and 1891. But under the operation of the rule in the Education Code making drawing compulsory for boys in all schools, except those which are specially exempted, the number of schools taking drawing has now risen to 18,750.



The Cheddar Cliffs from "A Mendip Valley."

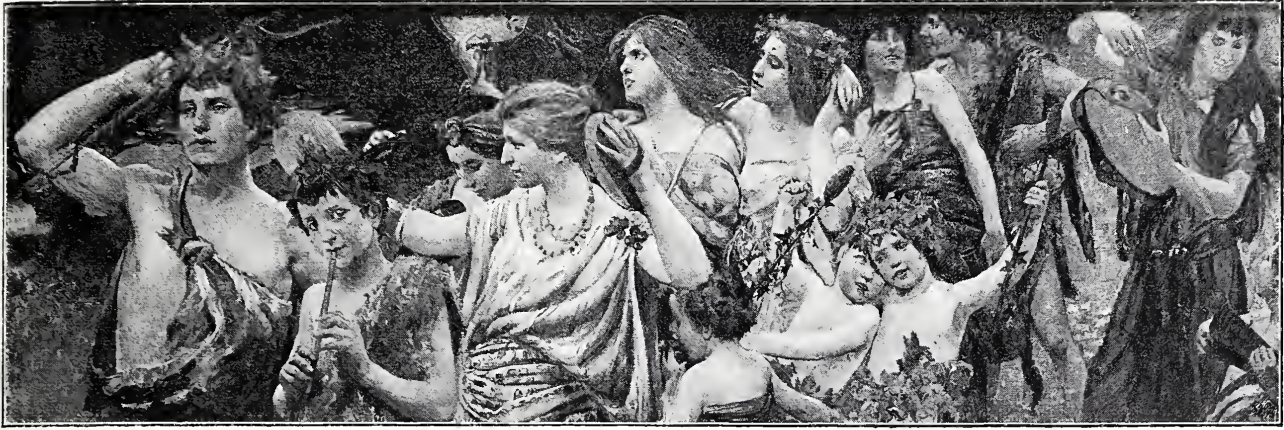


THE ART JOURNAL.

NORWICH CATHEDRAL.

ORIGINAL ETCHING BY E. STOCOMBE.

LONDON: J. S. VIRTUE & CO. LIMITED.



"Evoe! Io Bacche!" By Amy Sawyer.

PROFESSOR HERKOMER'S SCHOOL.

THE English student working at the Royal Academy Schools, at South Kensington or wherever it may be, comes under the transitory influence of "visitors" of various views, some of whom teach and some of whom merely suggest. A student starting with a definite determination as to his own aims, his own admirations, and his own heroes, holds on his way nursing his individuality in a manner that makes for its overgrowth. Happily for him, a few years later generally take him to France, which was not the case a generation ago. And thus, between the extreme of liberty and a rigorous form of law, he may find what is worth preserving of his own will still in a state of vitality, but in a mitigated attitude.

But generally speaking, what the student gets from his English elders is not much more than opportunity; and except to quite exceptional talents and judgment, opportunity is not enough.

In establishing his school of the Arts, Professor Hubert Herkomer has definitely intended to give the learner something which he gets neither in London nor in Paris. The system at Bushey searches out a way which shall not impose a master's sight, perception, and thought upon his pupil, but which shall nevertheless afford true tuition, shall help him to perceive for himself, shall save his experimental time, abridge his difficulties, and supply him with the inspiration of fine example. The Professor dislikes even more than too much liberty the excessive discipleship that comes of too close personal influence. The admiration of a master's work makes what he aptly calls a natural pupil, one who obtains his guidance from the study of masterpieces, and who may well find the masterpieces of a particular painter most inspiring and most instructive to himself. He gains all his learning by deduction. But personal influence makes the artificial pupil. Too young to know what his final choice will be, he chooses a way and follows it; and straight as his path may be, and persistently as he may keep it, he has none the less lost himself. To lose one's self is after all a more serious matter than losing the way, even though both things are often described by interchangeable phrases. On the whole Professor Herkomer, albeit his opinion has been much misunderstood and misreported, fears and dislikes the power and action of the teacher. "Do not think," he says, "that the Art experience of one man can

ever be held up as guidance to another, or his blunders ever prevent their recurrence in the life of a pupil. Those who have themselves bought experience are ever ready to accept advice; not so with inexperienced youth." None the less does he commend youth for that very indocility, and pictures what would be a very dismal third generation, ruled by the ways of its father and grandfather, its master and its master's master.

But if this fear is well justified in the intellectual stages of a student's career, it hardly touches the beginnings. To learn to draw the figure, to learn to see the various illumination of the world, to learn to use his brush to the purpose, a man must have a teacher. So much of expertness he must be shown, or at least told about. He must enter upon his true career well equipped with mastery over his tools, and with knowledge in his hand. The power of drawing in its highest security and completeness, for instance, is an inherent power, and no teaching, training, or toiling can possibly put it into the hand with whose muscles and tendons it was not born; but it must be educated in the hand that has it; its existence is not to be guessed but by experiment; it is essentially a force, yet it may abide in the physically weak hand and be absent from the athletic. Without education it might hardly appear, without practice it would never increase. The pupil assuredly needs a judicious master in this respect, even if in no other—a master who shall call forth the potency of the drawing hand, and who shall perceive the impotence of the hand that cannot draw.

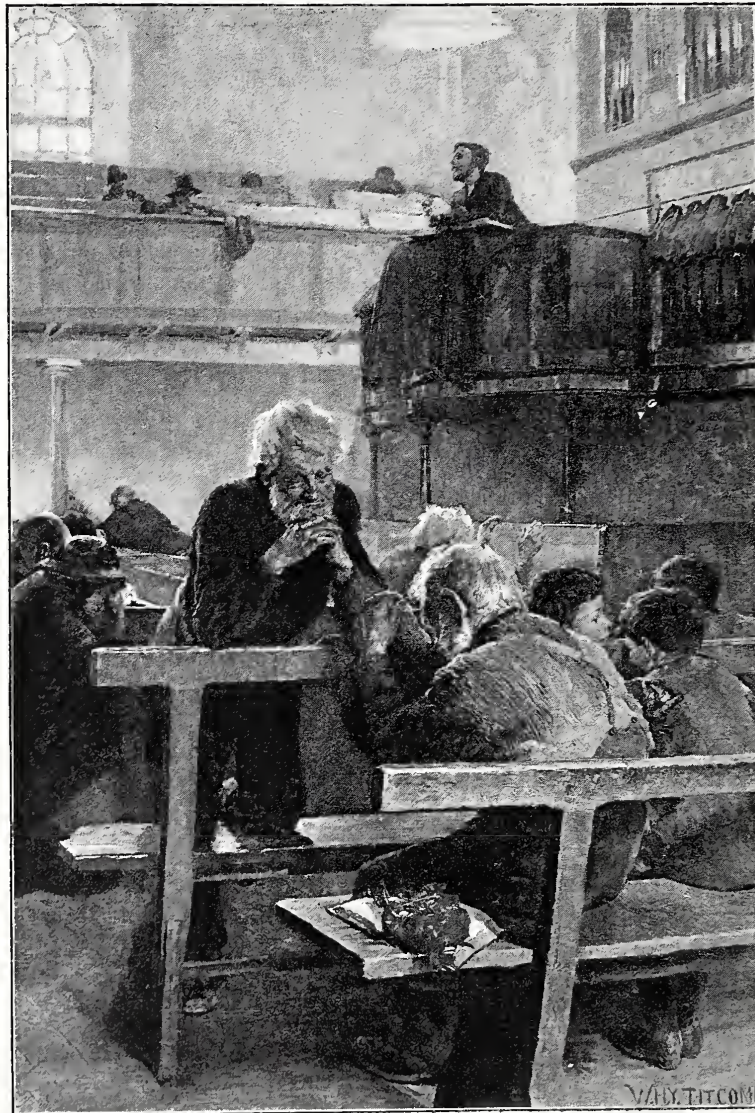
Mr. Herkomer's pupils show themselves disciples of their master in this at least—that they disclaim, with him and nearly in his own words, much that is generally understood by discipleship. The brief preface which they collectively appended to the catalogue of their exhibition at the Fine Art Society's in New Bond Street tells us that it has been Mr. Herkomer's consistent aim, constantly expressed, "not to influence us in the direction of any one style, but to leave each individual to form his or her own, encouraging and developing the natural bent of each." Thus what community there is among these young workers is a community of freedom. If there is to be found any special character running through their collection, that, they assert, is a proof of failure. Thus if the group of young painters are

to be called a school, obviously they are gathered together under negative distinctions. They might ingeniously be called the school of students who agree with Mr. Herkomer in thinking that the schooling of students is best avoided. And it may be said at once that though several of the exhibited works showed that their authors have admired both the sentiment and the execution of the Professor's compositions, yet there was nothing running through the collection. The aims have been as various as the powers.

Now undoubtedly an exhibition of the pictures of the pupils of almost any French master would have shown a better and more accomplished and perhaps a pleasanter *ensemble* than was presented by the work of the Bushey students. The French master would, for one thing, have told his pupils often and emphatically, that they must learn to see things simply, and there would appear throughout, but particularly in the landscape studies, a determined omission of unnecessary facts, a generalization of details, a reluctance to break the characteristic tone of the several planes by too frequent gradation, a great dislike of the uncasiness and insistence of little natural incidents. The French work, even of beginners, would look more advanced, for every French student would be persuaded that the simplicity so much inculcated is one of the first and most important conventions in the art of painting. Obviously the English students at Bushey have received no such word of command. They go to work by the light of their own eyes, using as few conventions as possible. Their work has perhaps less pleasure and more promise about it. It was no inappropriate idea that suggested the exhibition of a certain number of Professor Herkomer's own works in an adjoining gallery. His art is, after all, what his pupils must regard as a kind of ideal. The fact of their choosing Bushey is a fair

sign that at least they would be happy to develop some character in harmony with Professor Herkomer's, and that French work and the "square touch" have not gained sway over their fancies. In some respects this collection of the Bavarian-English painter contained unaccustomed things having an interest of their own. The smaller passages of landscape, for instance, were somewhat of a novelty; so were—in so serious an artist's work—the comedy of humour of the rustic group 'He and She,' and the study of the helpless grotesque in the row of pigs' heads, all bleached and calm

but various in expression, ranged upon a counter. The Tennyson and Ruskin portraits are among the most memorable of the painter's earlier portraits, and the sight of them is welcome when time has changed the originals. Mr. Herkomer's extraordinary activity and great success with dry point, of late attested by a number of charming plates, remind one of the variety of his arts. Choosing wisely, at the beginning of his career, to live away from the distractions of London and from its time-wasting climate, he has found opportunity for oil-painting, water-colour, etching, dry-point, mezzotint engraving, metal-hammering, wood-carving, scene-painting, composing, acting, singing, and the zither. As he takes nothing that another man would



Primitive Methodists. By W. H. G. Titcomb.

call rest, it may be hoped that a change of mental attitude, of point of view, of tools, of powers and restrictions, may give him, as he passes from one art to another, something of the holiday feeling of recreation. A profound delight Professor Herkomer undoubtedly must find in all he does; but the idle average man may hope that with this happiness there is also the lesser sweetness of pleasure.

Not all students who enter his schools are allotted a place in the life-schools or in the school of painting. A young man may easily, by the leading of example or the habit

of others, have mistaken his artistic powers, and have supposed himself fitted for painting historical pictures, whereas his vocation was to be an architect or an artificer in bronze. A love of Art is a general disposition, but the practice of Art is special and narrow and intent in the great majority of men, and to miss the right practice because one loves all Art—even by so slight a miss as the error of taking up an etching point when the graver was the right tool, or a violin that should have been a violoncello, is, for the artist, a little or a great calamity, according to the measure of his variety, but a calamity always. Mr. Herkomer has mastered the methods, limitations, concentrations, and powers of so many arts—using his altogether exceptional variety to the most fruitful purpose—doubtless in part that he might guide and direct the decision and

choice of those who might otherwise choose by routine. Thus the schools at Bushey, if they shall train many a good painter, will also serve Art and the student by hindering many a bad one. The joyousness with which his several pupils work at their various arts is a certain sign that they have been saved from initial error by the wise discernment of a master who perceives and distinguishes.

Upon the choice of subject and the manner of attacking it school routine among the Bushey pupils has evidently put no restrictions. For the work of students the collection was notable as containing a great number of pictures which the subjects forbid us to call studies. Mr. Daniel A. Wehrschmidt's 'Next of Kin' (of which an etching is being prepared for the *Art Journal*) is obviously one of these, and the other



"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden." By E. Borough Johnson.

works reproduced for this paper are far more enterprising, deliberate, and ambitious (to use the word in no sense of disparagement) than ninety per cent. of the pictures exhibited by mature painters in the galleries of the year. Miss Amy Sawyer, in 'Evoe! Io Bacche!' (p. 289), too, has not been daunted by the difficulties of movement, which the best painters of the best modern school hesitate to attempt, and mostly with good reason. Her success is astonishing, and hardly the less so because it is partial. One or two of her figures have missed the quality of movement, but equally certainly some of them have captured it, and it is a quality most rarely attained among all qualities of Art—one so difficult that painters and critics alike have of late consented not so much to ignore it as to disclaim it, averring it to be something hardly legitimate for true artistic presentation.

The truth is that everything that is matter of vision is matter for a picture; the only thing needful is not to go beyond bodily vision, whether actual or imaginative. Dramatic expression—any outward, visible sign of any possible emotion—is proper pictorial matter; and movement is such in a special degree, because it is a beautiful thing, a delight to the vision, which the eye of the painter should perceive better, measure more finely, and retain more fully than does the ordinary eye. Unobservant people are not aware of the *action* of movement until a painter—master of observation—shows it to them. The obviously pictorial movement is conveyed by the action; and it is difficult to explain why what looks like the right and expressive action misses real movement under some hands and becomes mere attitude. As in the case of the power of sure drawing, it would seem to be

some potency or impotency in the painter's hand that decides the matter. Miss Sawyer has, then, some movement but not much; the fact, however, that she has some, shows her capable of more. In some of her heads she has revealed perhaps a somewhat youthful disregard of beauty. As to the difficulties of the mere arrangement of this processional composition, they are grave indeed, and only in the case of the two children grouped together does the difficulty seem to have proved too baffling. 'Phyllida and Corydon,' by Mr. C. L. Burns (p. 293), is a work equally courageous. The most successful figure—that of the girl stooping to the right—gives

promise of achievement beyond what is seen here. For Mr. W. H. G. Titcomb's 'Primitive Methodists' (p. 290) there should be nothing but praise. The expressions he has given to faces and figures, to hands and actions, in this remarkable interior are all thorough. In their quietness is a strenuous sentiment, with that sincerity which is as rare in Art as it is happily frequent in life. There is singular beauty in the principal head with its intense but peaceful recollection; and no less excellent are the action of the old woman whose thin working hand props her uncouth head, the effort in the minister, the furtive and alert play of the boys, and the



Aground. By Norman Hirst.

upward-cast hands of the old man under the pulpit. This particular attitude of prayer, which the painter has evidently surprised, is one of the instinctive attitudes. It is observable in many countries among those for whom worship takes the form of adoration as well as of entreaty. It is curious to see the impulse of the Flemish peasant and fisherman, who pray by the half hour with arms half open and hands held apart, reproduced among these Cornish Methodists, with like wrinkles and white hair, and much the same hearts, though so unlike a religious speech.

Next comes the most hazardous subject of all—the Salvation Army Refuge, painted by Mr. E. Borough Johnson (p. 291),

with the title 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden.' To attack such groups is in itself a measure of success. But the young painter has thrown himself with somewhat overmuch impulse into the extreme of his subject. It is not extremity of feeling certainly that we complain of, but the pushing of expression as far as it can be made to go; extremes can only be expressed by the restraint that implies an onward impulsion. To spur is to confess that the onward impetus is *not* to the extreme. And there has assuredly been some spurring in the conception of these figures with their too typical faces, and of the incidents, improbable and expected (whereas the probable and unexpected is what the best

Art should give us), that occur amongst them. Having said so much—which would not have been said had not the picture given manifest signs of talent—we must note the composition, the colour, and the lighting as all contributing to the various promise of the work.

Finally, there is 'Aground,' by Mr. Norman Hirst (p. 292), a true and charming study of sea when the surface is smooth in spite of the long ridges of shoreward breakers that make a little tumult twice in a minute on the shallow shore. It is a most liquid sea, and what is not altogether common, a horizontal one. It is strange, by the way, that rising floors and

perpendicular seas are not unknown among the few excellent pictures of the Academy and elsewhere. Mr. Norman Hirst has rendered well also the rock of the boat as the last wave has left it.

It is now ten years since the schools at Bushey were opened. They have therefore had time to form more than one true talent. They have already fulfilled many hopes, and they are homes of young and happy work. The great house which Professor Herkomer is slowly building in the intervals of his full life, will rise from a nest of garden workshops. These stand by a rivulet set with reeds and grasses at

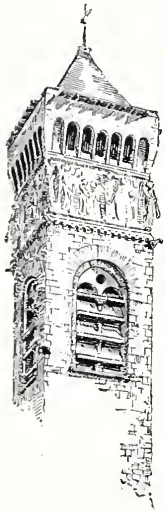


Phyllida and Corydon. By C. L. Burns.

the back of the simple cottages that have long been the painter's home—a grand studio attached to a little house. Bushey itself, where the students are billeted, is just outside—and only just outside—the far-reaching suburbs of London. "Town" stretches a long way out, with fringes of coal yards and regions of gas, on the side of Willesden Junction. That great *rendezvous* of railways, however, once passed, things assume a more frankly rural aspect; and but for the inevitable London-brick group of houses that spring up close to all stations for many and many a mile farther out than this, but, also, for the high-level arches from which the trains dominate

the village, Bushey might be anywhere in the country, north or south—anywhere in the fresh monotony of English fields and hills. It has the pure light, the air tempered with plenty of atmosphere and no smoke that is the distinctive air of rural England, and is unlike the air of the town or the air of the Continent. And the thirteen miles of rail that divide the village from London are brief enough for the spending of the students' Saturday holiday among the pictures in town. Five days' work in a village workshop, and a sixth day in the National Gallery, should make good painters, and what is better, men and women of strong and equal life.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE—A COMPARISON AND A PROPHECY.



Tower, Boston.

COMPARISON is peculiarly fatuous when any endeavour is made to accurately weigh, each against each, individual artistic results. On the other hand if the end in view is to estimate the relativity of diverse schools, comparison is not alone justifiable, it is indispensable. "When," says Sir Christopher Wren, with quaint inconsequence, "the old statuaries in Greece, such as Phidias and Praxiteles and their disciples, began to be celebrated for their art, and people grew fond of their works, it is no wonder (for *honus alit artes*) they fell on the Corinthian capital, which in no after age to this time has been amended, though the French king, Lewis the Fourteenth, proposed rewards to such artists as should find out a Gallick order."

From long before the time of the "French king," and after to our own day, has the feverish quest for a "new architectural style" been pursued, nor yet, nor in our own country, with any predicable degree of success.

A will-o'-the-wisp quest indeed it is, comparable only to the weary searches for the philosopher's stone or for the secret of perpetual motion, and, like these, apt to lead its followers into the hopeless bogs of doubt, the limitless quagmires of disappointment. To evolve an absolutely new style, it must be now conceded, is neither possible nor desirable, paralleled, as such an evolution might be, with the construction of a new tonal and harmonic theory or the invention of a new system of linear perspective. The fact is that in architecture the æsthetic sentiment has to be expressed in symbols of a conventional character, and that the civilised mind has, by a natural but infallible process, learnt to connect with these symbols absolute and fundamental ideas. New combinations of words to express new thoughts and feelings may be, and are daily being, formed, but the language remains in essentials the same. To saddle the architect therefore with a charge of want of creative power because he uses the recognised symbols of his art, is as illogical as to quarrel with the literary artist for using a vocabulary common to Chaucer as to himself. At the same time, were the modern poet to fetter himself by the precise phraseology of the fifteenth century, more reason would exist for the accusation of literary barrenness, while if, going a step still further, he presented a cognate sequence of ideas, his claims as creator would inevitably fall to the ground.

It is to a charge akin to this last that, not in solitary instances here and there, but in whole schools, modern architects have laid themselves open. They have read archæology for architecture, taking to their arms and endeavouring to crown with a chaplet of withered roses and dusty immortelles the mummified corpse of what was once a living, breathing, palpitating art. Working side by side with

such as these, we find men of a surer faith in themselves and their century's possibilities, artists who, recognising the limitations of the fitness of things, may avail themselves indeed of the types and hieroglyphs of a deathless past, but who, by deft and master-worthy permutation, enable us to read a new message at their hands. In our own land, it would appear that this archæological school has triumphed over what—from its fashion of delving into the midden-heap of the ages for the broken shards of the past, in which, when deftly pieced together, it may house its new-born ideas—may fitly be called the eclectic. Of our near neighbours France, Germany, and Belgium, all incline to follow the same path, such differences as may be noted in their architectural expressions being merely those of evanescent taste and not of abiding principle.

It is to the West, and not to that former treasure-house of nascent arts, the East, that we must turn to find the strongest rival to our own archæological cult, though to the ears of those who in architectural matters are mere laymen, rather than to English architects themselves, will the assertion that to America we may look for any degree of artistic enlightenment savour of boldness. That America, influenced by its strongly marked individualistic bias, swayed as a nation by a restless impatience under authority of every description, should have remained but uneasily quiescent beneath the shackles of hard and fast architectural tradition, and should as early as was possible to it have thrown off these hampering bonds, and adventured for itself in absolutely new and virgin territory, might have been expected by the majority of European observers. Up to a certain point, indeed, this hypothesis has been borne out by the actualities of the case.

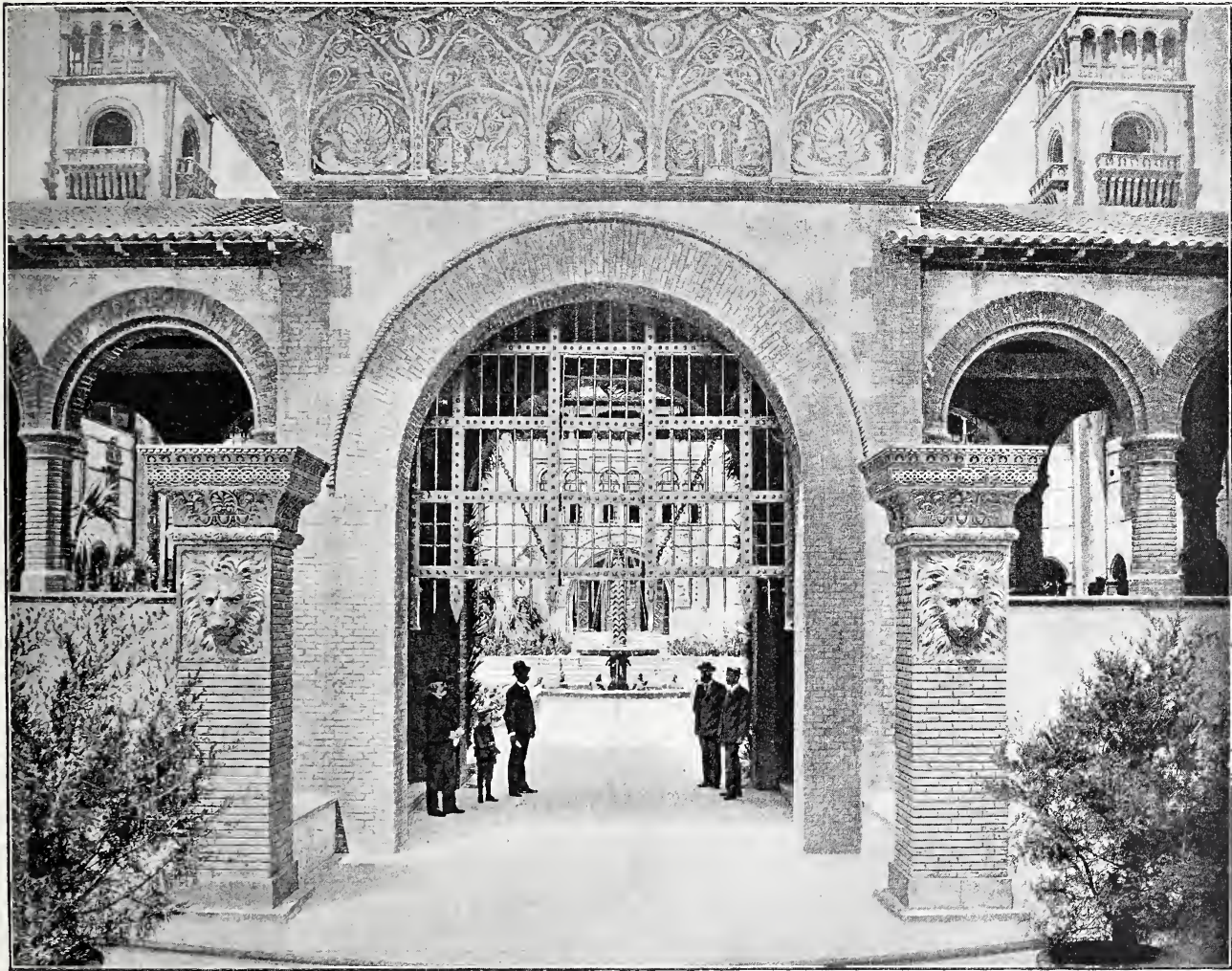


Entrance to House of C. L. Tiffany, Esq., New York.

That American architects of the first rank are free from the reproach of those wild and wanton excesses which might fairly have been a consequence of sudden reaction, is owing in part

to those habits of introspection and self-analysis which belong to them as units of their nation, in part to that finely trained appreciative and critically receptive sense which is equally a national characteristic. Thus no attempt has, happily, been made to evolve a new style, or to recklessly belittle the influences of the past. Wise discrimination has taken the place of slavish accuracy, an ample catholicity of taste has dominated a too bigoted adherence to precedent. It is not only in our own day, or even in our own generation, that this tactful recognition of the eternal truths of bygone discoverers has restrained the impetuous self-enfranchisement of the Ame-

rican character. When, in the early days of the building of the Capitol at Washington, the Philistinian patriotism of those who had the work in charge sought to impose upon the architect the revelation of a "new American order," much after the fashion of that "Gallick" one desired by Lewis XIV., the fruit and leaves of maize, or Indian corn, were indeed deftly handled so as to take the place of the acanthus leaf on some of his capitals; but the exact proportions and, more than this, the precise outline of the conventional Greek examples were rigorously adhered to. The same sense of the fitness of things prevails to-day among American architec-



Entrance to Courtyard of the Hotel Ponce de Leon, St. Augustine, Florida.

tural craftsmen; but were this all, and had they no greater claim to our respect than a merely negative virtue of forbearance from artistic libertinism, the comparison—casual as time and space condemn it to be—I am about to enter upon, between the latest developments of the art as displayed in London and New York, would be scarce worth the making.

Many years' careful consideration of Transatlantic architectural examples has, however, convinced me that while we in England have, for the past decade, merely advanced sufficiently to save ourselves from the reproach of retrogression, the Americans have, on the contrary, been pushing so earnestly and steadfastly forward as to have evolved, not the

new style, which we neither desire nor solicit, but at least a new underlying principle, or, seeing that as yet it has not been more than tacitly recognised even by those who employ it to their manifest advantage, perhaps I should term it rather a quality. I hesitate at employing as a classifying adjective a term which has lately been used to the point of abuse in reference to another art, the more especially so as none but a misleading similitude can be traced between the two, but I have as yet found no definition which is, to myself at least, more intimately suitable to the characteristic I find in so much of recent American architecture than the word "impressionistic." Badges and labels,

as applied to movements in Art, are but too often the outward and visible sign of an inward and intellectual indolence. What I mean to imply conveniently and succinctly by this term, is that quality or characteristic of a building which leads the spectator to carry away from it when he departs a more or less vivid impression of some one feature in particular which shall so dominate the rest as to be thereafter primarily called into imaginative existence by the reminiscent faculties. It may be an entrance, a roof, a bay, a chimney-stack that is thus, not to the detriment of other features but to their partial obliteration, earnestly insisted upon; it may be something more abstract, a sentiment, an association, or even a dimen-

sion; it may be an ideal of domesticity, of grandeur, of simplicity; it may be a sense of loneliness or communion, an apprehension of breadth or of height. In all cases the underlying principle is the same, and though it is one which, from the days of the builders of the Parthenon to those of the master-builders of the Italian Renaissance, has never been absent from the more imposing examples of monumental architecture, it has, I think, never been so universally and practically applied as in our own generation, across the Atlantic.

This, at all events, is the conclusion to which I was led after a dozen years' residence in various great cities of the



House of Cornelius Vanderbilt, Esq., New York.

American Union. Nor, since my return to London some eighteen months ago, have I seen aught which would incline me to the belief that even our most notable living English architects can, in this respect at least, be placed upon a level with their American cousins. England, equally with America, is a great commercial nation, and it is therefore to the buildings in either country which owe their existence more or less directly to commerce, that we should naturally look for the fullest expression of the national sentiment. Here, at least, I think it is as capable of proof, as far as any purely æsthetic proposition is provable, that we have let slip the opportunity which across the Atlantic has been seized with both hands. Wandering through the narrow streets or broader

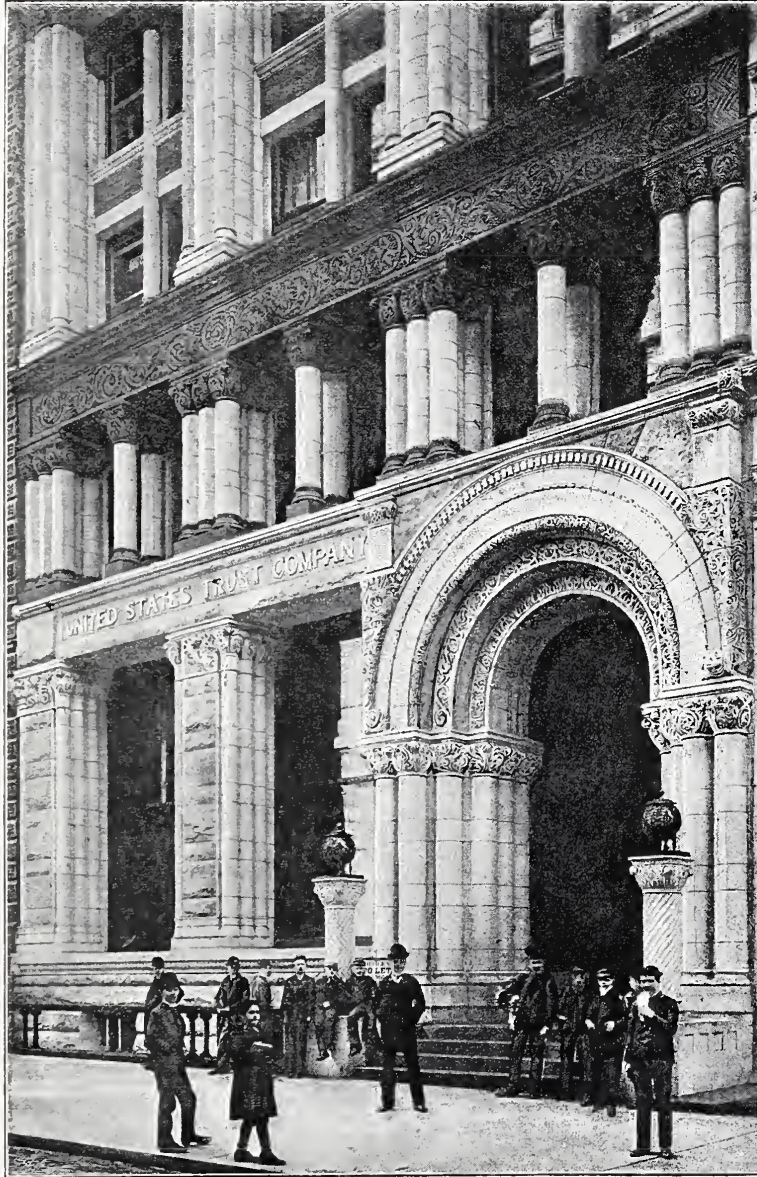
main thoroughfares of London City proper, I have found little that has come into existence since my departure hence late in the seventies, which has impressed me as reflecting in any degree the opulent solidarity of our community of merchant princes and barons. Here, one comes on a picturesque gabled front or a bay treated with the refined daring of the New Zealand Chambers; there, one spies a more academic, but hardly more imposing, pile of stone, over-laboured somewhat with carving, which seems to ignore and be reckless of its speedily forthcoming secretion beneath an obliterating mantle of the sooty deposit peculiar to our city; and of this latter type perhaps the most scholarly example is the new home of the Metropolitan Life Assurance Association in

Moorgate Street; elsewhere one's sense of becoming prettiness and decorative skill is touched by such quaint apparitions as the City Bank in Ludgate Hill, in which all that terra-cotta plasticity can offer us is to be seen displayed to the uttermost. Such merits as all these possess, however, are but intensified by the grey neutrality of that general background of conventional respectability and hopeless mediocrity in which they are set. Dull variations of dull classicism, under the very shadow of that crowning glory of our English Renaissance, and Wren's title-deed to immortality; spiritless essays in the Gothic of the schoolmen, within measurable distance of Westminster Abbey, form the bulk of our latter-day architectural pabulum.

Contemptuous dismissal of American commercial architecture, as vulgarly extravagant, may be an easily applied salve to our own irritated conscience, but it is hardly an efficient one. Vulgarity and extravagance riot in New York and Boston as in London and Paris; but even these æsthetic crimes have their degree, and a vice which arises from mere ignorance and absence of training is more readily susceptible of cure than one that is due to ingrained and hereditary predisposition. The American architect of the latter quarter of the present century had offered to his consideration a somewhat novel problem, and that, in working it out, he should have fallen into some sufficiently obvious errors is not surprising to those who are cognisant of the difficulties which lie in the path of those who seek to deliver a new message in the outworn terms of the past. That exaggeration of height, for instance, which primarily strikes an observer when he makes his first acquaintance with New York architecture, has been forced upon, and not encouraged by, the native ar-

chitects. Even here, I venture to say, they have snatched victory where others would have sustained irreparable defeat. In such imposing structures as the "Mills Building" in Broad Street, the "Washington Building" in Broadway, and, most especially, the "Times Building" in City Hall Square, the effect of height, necessarily disproportionate to breadth, is almost entirely lost owing to the skilful disposition of the horizontal lines. Yet no attempt is made to juggle the beholder into the idea that the building is not so high as it

really is, by a deliberate designing of it to a false scale, as would immediately suggest itself as the simplest way out of the difficulty, but a way whose very appearance of ease carries with it its condemnation. A less successful treatment of the same problem is to be seen in the United States Trust Company's new building in Wall Street (here shown), which, while the upper stories are sadly wanting in homogeneity of conception, is yet noticeable for its especially bold and dignified entrance and mezzanine story. Even this I think compares favourably with Mr. Aston Webb's Moorgate Street building, to which I have already made casual reference. And what one sees in New York is to be seen not only in Boston and Philadelphia, but in such smaller cities of the West,



United States Trust Company's Building, Wall Street.

as Minneapolis and Pittsburg, Denver and St. Paul. I have in mind a strictly utilitarian building of exaggerated height in one of these thriving cities which, bristling with faults in its minor details as it is, yet left on my mind an impression of dignity and soaring strength such as would not have been unworthy of one of the most cherished of Italian campaniles.

In public buildings, so called, London is able to more deservedly ask for our admiration, or so at least it appeared to my stranger eyes. It will take us some years yet to judi-

ciously appraise the exact value of the new Law Courts in an

claims of kinship to Bramante and Wren was denied to him.



Sever Hall, Cambridge, Mass.

artistic sense, but already it is evident that the storm of dis-
paragement which from the time of their erection has been beating against them, is slowly dying down. Though one is at first, perhaps, unduly impressed with the lack of that abiding sense of solemnity and ennobling grandeur which it is felt sub-consciously may be, but still insistently, by the multitude, should be, the predominating passage in the theme—a sense which in so marvellous a degree is imparted by that other great neo-Gothic pile, the Houses of Parliament—one latterly cannot fail to be agreeably fascinated by the consummate knowledge of detail, the faculty of pleasing picturesqueness displayed at every turn of the rambling edifice. Nor should it be forgotten, when drawing comparisons between it and the palace at Westminster, that the latter owes its being to the rare and casual combination of two distinct geniuses; neither Barry nor Pugin alone could or would have produced what we have at length come to so ungrudgingly admire, and it is no discredit to Street if we say that only now and again during the ages do we recognise the presence of an artist uniting in himself those dual attributes possessed by Sir Charles Barry and his less prominent coadjutor.

In the United States, unfortunately, though in my opinion the man has already come, the hour was not yet, and, great as H. H. Richardson undoubtedly was, the opportunity for which throughout his too short life he yearned of producing work which would have allowed him to imperishably place on record his undeniably authentic

vulgarity, while the refinement of detail and moulding is not

From such detached fragments, however, as his Senate Chamber in the Albany Capitol, his Pittsburg Court House, and his Albany City Hall (p. 299), apart from his College Buildings at Cambridge and his Ames Memorial Buildings, we can, without an undue stretch of imagination, conceive what he might have made of a commission such as in our own generation has more than once fallen to an English architect's lot. It is gratifying to be able to add that since the erection of that restrained and scholarly example of the trained genius of Mr. Norman Shaw, the New Scotland Yard building on the Embankment, we can pride ourselves in having still with us an architect of the first order. The freedom from conventionality, shown especially in the unemphasised transition from the granite material of the lower stories to the brick and stone of the upper, is accompanied by a marked abstention from those vagaries which too often in modern architecture should be spelt



Entrance to the Aurelia Apartment Home, New York.

allowed to emoliate the vigour of the stately conception.

To find the most striking examples of domestic architecture in London one must, to use a Hibernicism, go out of London, that is to say, to the more outlying and suburban districts of greater London. Within a three-mile radius, of which the Mansion House may be the centre, such domestic work as calls for attention is confined to the large hotels and flats rather than to private houses. The flat, or apartment-house, is scarcely yet naturalised among us, and it may therefore be claimed that it is no disgrace for a city like New York, to which they are almost indigenous, to have gone beyond us in this respect. Certainly there can be no question on this point. Such monotonously mechanical repetition of insignificant phrases as is to be seen in the neighbourhood of Whitehall, such ostentation of the commonplaces of design as flaunts itself in Knightsbridge, so dismal a waste of arid nothingness as is presented to us in Victoria Street and in some of the newly-formed Avenues, are but poorly paid for by the intermittent picturesqueness across which we come at intervals in Chelsea and Kensington. Certainly in hotel buildings London has not yet much to show save what must make the judicious grieve. Opportunity was abundantly offered by such Brobdingnagian piles as the Victoria, the Metropole, and the Grand, all within a stone's throw of Charing Cross; but in truth the best of these is scarcely more commendable than certain blots on the Thames Embankment, which need not be further particularised. Nothing akin to Messrs. McKine, Mead and White's scholarly Hotel Imperial in New York, or that opulently conceived re-edification of Mauresque magnificence, the Ponce de Leon Hotel in Florida (p. 295), has yet appeared within our own metropolis. Those who have seen not only such nineteenth-century palaces as the

famous Vanderbilt houses, or such sturdy picturesqueness as the Tiffany House exhibits (p. 294), but also the thoughtfully-studied and soberly-balanced compositions which, in the upper quarters of New York, are the rule rather than the exception, will readily acknowledge that it is not only in the skill of interior arrangement that the architects of that city are demonstrably superior to their London brethren. More especially in the middle-class city houses does New York excel us, as well as in dwellings of a slightly higher grade. The fact is that even

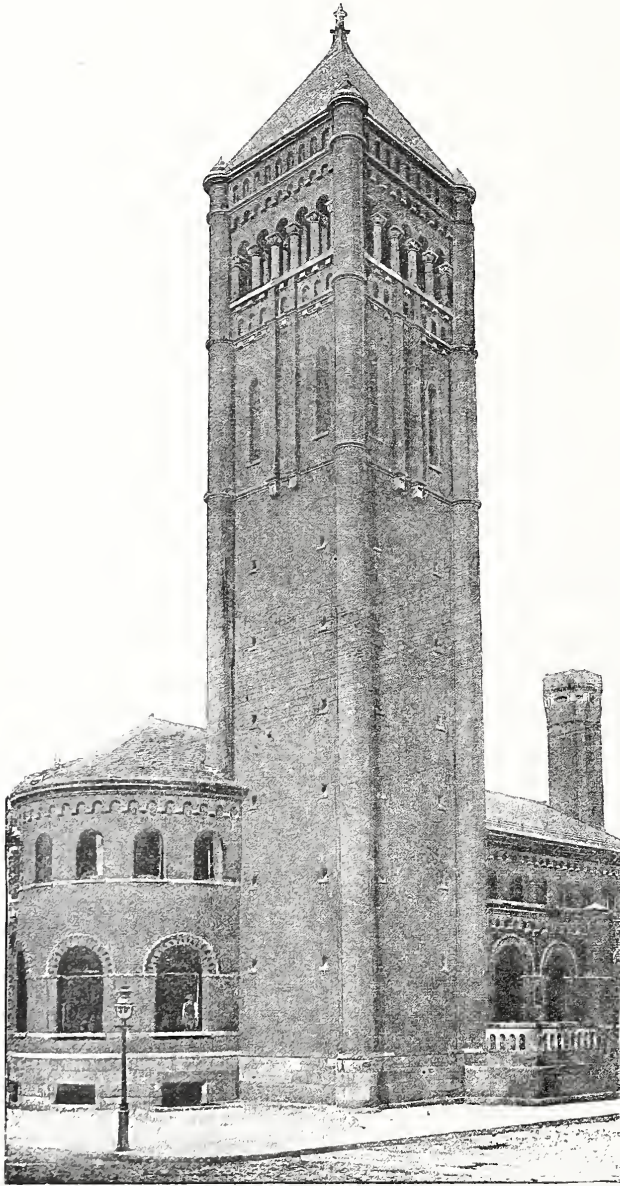
the opulent Englishman seldom builds his own town-house, while the rich American almost invariably does so; and this, more than all else, gives that charm of frequent variety to that newer portion of upper New York of which the population has now been somewhat emancipated from the thralldom of the speculative builder. It may be noticed, however, that that enemy of the human race has been keen enough across the Atlantic to move with the times. I recall in especial one large block of building ground controlled by one speculator, who has within a twelvemonth built on it whole streets of houses. Yet, though a certain uniformity of plan necessarily prevailed, each house had some individuality of its own, and in outward appearance differed from its neighbours as much as those quaintly diverse

houses on the Quai de Rosaire in Bruges. Compare it with a street of similarly occupied houses in London, say, for instance, Fitzjohn's Avenue in the Hampstead district, and the comparison is all in its favour. The London builder has built his not inexpensive houses on one far from beautiful or even attractive model, and, save for a welcome break here and there afforded by such houses as those built by Mr. Shaw for his artist friends, the prospect is disheartening to a degree.



The City Hall, Albany.

It would be manifestly unfair to make no reference to ecclesiastical architecture, for here our fellow-countrymen



Ventilation Tower, Presbyterian Hospital, New York.

assuredly stand on firmer ground. No such scholarly example of archaeological lore, informed with a reticent modernity of spirit, can be found throughout the length and breadth of America, with the one possible exception of Trinity Church, Boston, as is presented by St. Augustine's in Kilburn. More in accord, perhaps, with the end towards which American architects are progressing, but surpassing anything that their church architects have produced, save some other less famous examples of Richardson's genius, such as his earliest Boston church, is the late Mr. Sedding's interesting church in Sloane

Street. Here one finds an eclecticism founded on consummate knowledge, and thus free from the vices into which the eclecticism which is but the fruit of ignorance too surely falls. There is a sad significance in this, reminding us, all too sharply, that in its creator English architects have lost, in the full flush of his ripened powers, that Moses upon whom they were beginning to look as upon one destined to lead them out of their wilderness of doubt and weakness.

Space will not permit of my referring to other instances, apart from those I have all too briefly touched upon, which might further illustrate my text; but those who, like myself, can in the gallery of their memory hang side by side the best that has been achieved during the last decade on both sides of the Atlantic will, I feel sure, be disposed with me to say that, when the day shall come that American architects shall unite to the quick receptivity, the vigorous freedom of expression and the buoyant originality of design they at present possess, an equal measure of the recondite knowledge, the calm and sober judgment, and the nicely cultured taste which are the distinguishing marks of the English school, then, indeed, we may hope for such a new birth of this mother of the arts as has not taken place since the revival of learning



"N. Y. Times" Building, New York.

in Italy helped to bring about that Renaissance of the arts which forms one of the world's glories.

HORACE TOWNSEND.

JOHN LINNELL'S COUNTRY.

FAME did not come to John Linnell as a landscape painter until he was over fifty years of age. Up to that period he had been living and thriving on portrait painting, but longing the while for the coming of the time when he should be able to lay aside portraiture and devote himself entirely to landscape, which he believed he was born to paint. When the time at length arrived, he began to look out for a place in the country more suitable for his art than Porchester Terrace, which was now built up, although when he first erected himself a house and studio there it was all open fields as far as Queen's Road on the one hand, and Cambridge Terrace on the other, and afforded him the material for a number of pictures. He had previously spent a portion of several summers in West Kent and the neighbouring district of Surrey, including a short stay at Balcombe, just within the Sussex border, and finally decided upon Red Hill as his future home, buying for himself there the small estate of Redstone Wood, and building upon it a substantial house, in which he spent the remaining thirty years of his life.

Redstone Wood is situated on the slope of the hill immediately east of the village of Red Hill, and on the high-road going east to Nutfield, Bletchingly, Godstone, and Westerham, along the range of hills that run from Reigate to Sevenoaks, parallel with the Hog's Back range. At first his land consisted of a few acres only, but he subsequently added thereto, until he reached the highest part of the ridge at that point.

For a poetical landscape painter few situations could be more inspiring than that in which Linnell now found himself. Clothed with wood almost to the top, the hill afforded him a magnificent view of the broad vale lying to the south, with Cockham Hill bounding the prospect on the east, and Leith Hill that on the west. Northward, too, the eye wanders over a rich valley of alternate wood and meadow, quarry and cornfield, enclosed by the Hog's Back, with Gatton Park limiting the view on the one hand, and Rook's Hill on the other.

From the knoll upon which the house stands he could watch, almost uninterruptedly, the entire course of the sun, from its rise above the hills about Sevenoaks in Kent, to its setting

behind Leith Hill. What he called his "southern slope" afforded him a magnificent view of the glories of the uprising of the "King of Day," while from a meadow bordering the road on the north-west of the house the ever-varying splendours of his setting were open to his gaze. In addition, he had constantly before him the endlessly changing and almost equally diversified operations of the agricultural year, to say nothing of the untouched woodland at his very door. When he was considering the purchase of the Redstone Wood estate, his solicitor told him that the price asked for it was very high. "Never mind," he replied, "the land will prove a good investment; it will give me foregrounds—indeed, most of the materials I need for my pictures." The story subsequently got abroad that the artist used to paint all his pictures from the windows of his house.

This of course was a mere fable, but it is nevertheless true that, during the later period of his life, he derived much of his inspiration from the aspects of cloud and sky, and the varied panorama of the revolving year, which were ever before his eyes, whether seated in his library or drawing-room, or walking about his grounds.

Some of his pictures were actually painted from his own grounds, as, for instance, 'The Forest Road,' considered by the artist himself one of the best



Study for 'The Hillside Farm.'

he ever executed, and recently sold by public auction for 1,200 guineas. Also 'The Sere Leaf,' exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1853. These were painted from "bits" close to his house. The scenes of others were chosen close at hand. On the west of his grounds, and intersecting a portion of his estate, runs the road to Earlswood, a winding, declivitous lane, with high banks overhung by trees and hedgerows. In the part nearest to the main road it is very wild, and afforded the artist material for several striking pictures, including, amongst others, 'The Road through the Wood' and 'The Tramps.' Bordering the lane at this spot, and on the western side of it, is a sloping field with a footpath running diagonally across it. From this field Linnell painted his 'Barley Harvest,' one of the best of the pictures of his middle period, in which it is generally allowed he did his most excellent work. In the foreground men are seen loading a waggon, while an empty

waggon is coming along the field to the right. There is a woody background, with a dappled cirrus sunset sky, such as the artist loved to paint.

Lower down the lane, on the same side, is a field called the



The Timber Waggon.

King's Field, belonging, at the time referred to, to Lord Somers, but afterwards purchased by the artist. Passing this

field once at mid-day in the harvest time, he saw several men and boys lying asleep under some sheaves of corn. He at once took out his sketch-book and drew them as they lay, each one, as he said, waking up as he had finished with him.

From the sketch thus made Linnell painted his celebrated picture of 'The Noonday Rest.' The farmer, upon seeing the picture, remarked that the artist would make more out of the field than he did, which was undoubtedly the case. From the same field was painted his picture entitled 'Setting Up,' another harvest subject, in which perhaps he touches the high-water mark of his achievement as regards harmony and richness of colouring.

Going a little farther afield, Linnell found abundance of material for the employment of his brush. From Reigate Heath, a wildly picturesque stretch of moorland, less than two miles away, he painted one of his numerous windmills, as well as taking the scene of 'The Moorland,' a bit of rough heath, with cattle and horses under a threatening evening sky. His 'Leith Hill,' which shows that highest point in Surrey in the distance, presents the eminence just as it is seen from the front of his house. At Balcombe, some ten miles due south from Red Hill, and just over

the Sussex border, he made sketches and studies that did duty in many pictures, but notably one of some fine hawthorns, to



Study for 'The Timber Waggon.'

which he had to do little more than add the figures for his 'Under the Hawthorn Tree.' I should have liked to give this picture, as well as the original sketch for it, as it affords a good

example of the artist's method of composition; but there is the greatest possible difficulty in obtaining access to Linnell's works for illustrative purposes; for one reason because they

are so widely dispersed, and for another because owners have an objection to their being reproduced.

It has been said that clouds are the language of landscape, but they can only speak in harmony with the kind and quality of the landscape with which they are associated. It makes a great deal of difference whether it is flat or hilly, wooded or bare, wild or cultivated. Upon these conditions depend many of the aerial phenomena with which the artist has to deal, and which give expression, so to speak, to his pictures. In Linnell's case, the country with which he was identified during the latter half of his life is well wooded and hilly, with intervening vales of great fertility and high cultivation; and it is these facts which chiefly give character to his landscape. He had in his younger days spent a month in North Wales, filling his portfolio with drawings and sketches which afterwards proved fruitful in many a noted picture. From one study alone, made in the vale of Dollwydellan, he produced no fewer than seven finished landscapes, one of them being the 'Fine Evening after Rain: North Wales,' in the collection of the late David Price, Esq.*

No less fertile as a field for study and a quarry for material subsequently to be used for the groundwork of pictures, had he found a month spent in Windsor Forest among the woodcutters, bark-renders, and charcoal-burners; many of his drawings and sketches from these being striking examples of figure drawing applied to landscape, thus exemplifying the truth that the grandest landscape has ever been the result of the study of the human figure.

One of the finest specimens of his excellence in figure drawing in connection with landscape, however, is seen in a

sketch made in the Isle of Wight (to which he paid a visit of a few days' duration in 1815), subsequently used for the picture entitled 'The Hillside Farm,' which was recently sold at



Study for 'The Noontday Rest.'

the Bolckow sale for 2,000 guineas. The picture was painted for Mr. Joseph Gillott, the well-known Birmingham pen-maker and collector, about 1848, and is an exceedingly fine specimen of the artist's second manner.

A distinctive feature in Linnell's career is the circumstance already referred to, that for upwards of forty years he devoted himself with conscientious pains to portrait painting,



The Noontday Rest.

and thus was enabled, following some of the greatest masters who were his exemplars, to people his fields and his woodlands, and to give to all his canvases a human interest. He

* This picture (panel 15 in. by 23 in.) was sold at Christie's in April for 1,000 gs.

rarely painted a landscape without such interest. Sometimes his subjects were heroic and historical, sometimes they were simply pastoral; but whether the one or the other, they lent dignity and even grandeur to his landscapes, as in 'The Eve

of the Deluge,' the 'St. John preaching in the Wilderness,' etc. Landscape to him ever suggested a human theme. Thus when he went to Wales, with the backgrounds of



The Sundridge Pines. Study for 'The Disobedient Prophet.'

Raphael and Titian still in his eye, and the Biblical histories fresh in his memory, he imagined, as he walked along the upland valleys, that at the next turn of the road he might meet Isaac or Jacob with their sheep, or Saul going forth to seek his father's asses. In this way some fine pines in the churchyard at Sundridge, near Sevenoaks—of which he made a careful study—suggested to him the subject of 'The Disobedient Prophet' (as told in 1 Kings xiii.), one of the most successful of his Biblical subjects.

This picture affords a good example of the way in which he went to work in his composition. To the first faithful sketch of his pine-trees he adds but little save the carcass of the "man of God" between the lion and the ass, and the prophet; these, and the touch of imagination which fuses and subdues the whole into a perfect work of art. In some of his pastoral subjects, as in 'The Noonday Rest,' above referred to, his method of composition is even simpler than this. But such is not often the case; generally his subjects are much more elaborately composed, as in the instance of 'The Timber Waggon.' This picture is a good example of the composition of his more complex works; albeit even these are simplicity itself when compared with some of Turner's magnificent *tours de force*. The original study for 'The Timber Waggon' was made at Underriver, near Sevenoaks. The finished picture was painted in 1852, and exhibited in the

Royal Academy the following year. It is undoubtedly one of the masterpieces of the painter's middle period, and deserves a place in one or other of our national collections, where the examples of Linnell's work are altogether incommensurate with his importance.*

It is one of his finest pictures of rural life, in which line he undoubtedly did his greatest work. In truthfulness of drawing, harmony of colour, and breadth of effect it is like an old master. Indeed, recent as was his death (dying in January, 1882; had he lived till June he would have completed his ninetieth year), Linnell may almost be called the last of the Old Masters. In them—those of the Venetian and Florentine schools especially—he found his earliest and most potent inspiration, and the most lasting. In his earlier years he was never tired of copying them. In them he found a nearer assimilation to the truth of nature than was obtained by more modern men. But while these were his exemplars, his art was sustained and vivified by constant resort to nature. In fact, during the latter third of his career, when his art underwent such a wonderful efflorescence, gradually developing into what is known as his third period, with its somewhat bravura style, he lived in constant and intimate contact with nature, and mingled his daily observation of her methods and ways with quiet religious meditation and peaceful study.

Thus it arises that while in some of his later works he may at times seem tame and prosy, he is never false in sentiment or lacking in the wholesomeness of natural ways. His peasants are not starved and miserable, divorced as it were from the soil which they till, and from which they draw the golden harvests they laboriously garner, but well-fed, joyous, and part of the nature whose bounties they share. His pastorals are for the most part fully poetic, if not idyllic; while at times his canvases give evidence—especially when touching a religious theme—of a rapture which is as rare as it is delightful when seen.

It has been said—by Mr. Ruskin amongst others—that Linnell excelled principally in the painting of trees and forest scenery generally; but while it is undoubtedly true that he manifested great excellence in this direction, as may be seen



Study of Hawthorns at Balcombe.

in such pictures as 'The Bark-renders,' a scene from Windsor Forest, yet it would be doing him an injustice not

* It was sold at the sale of the Price collection, April, 1892, for 3,100 gs.

to point out that therein did not consist his only, or even his chief merit. The conscientious way in which he painted trunks, stems, and foliage, is but an exemplification of his method generally, and is seen in equal strength in his literal rendering of geologic formations, as well as in his inimitable delineation of clouds. In the picture of 'The Bark-renders,' just mentioned, a canvas painted in 1817, and in which many of the best qualities of Dutch Art are exhibited, may be witnessed one of the earliest examples of the artist's truthfulness in representing cloud-forms. The picture belongs to the Rev. B. Gibbons, who inherited it from his father, to whom Linnell once remarked that painters generally represented the sky as flat, whereas, being concave, and the clouds floating beneath it, they ought to project, and show the effect of light on all sides of them. This quality the artist always aimed at obtaining, and hence arose the sculpturesque fidelity with which he was enabled to depict the scenery of cloud-land. Hence, too, the movement which he usually gets into his skies, with their cumuli floating like ships in full sail, and their flocks of cirri winging their way like birds in the track of the sun.

In this, if in any one thing, specially lies Linnell's claim for distinction—in this and in the simple truth with which he held up the mirror to nature. One needs only to go through the country in which he spent the last thirty years of his life, and then carefully study the pictures painted during that period, in order to see how true he was to the spirit and letter of the

scene. Even in his latest years, when his pictures were almost wholly composed, they still retained the same characteristics, so completely had he become imbued with the feeling and sentiment of his surroundings. Nor was his work a transcription only; his deep poetic insight discovered to him things that were not perceived by all, and so were of the nature of revelations. In a poetic reply to one of his critics,

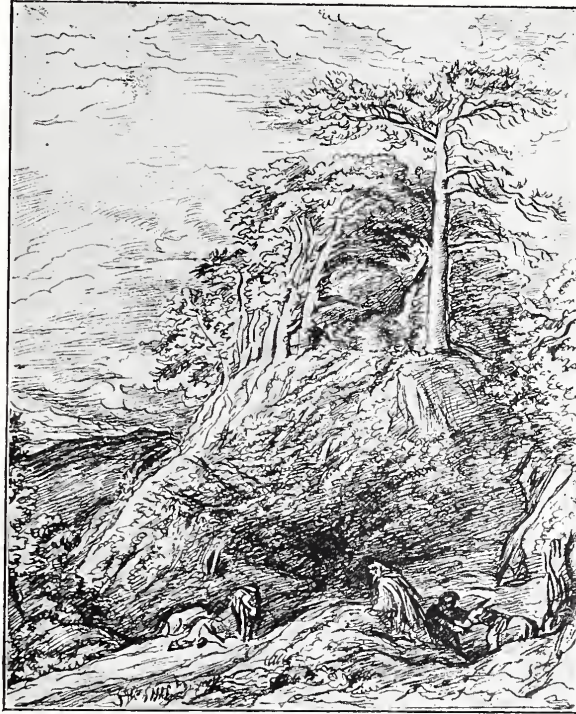
who takes him to task for the colour of the stem of a tree, he says:—

"Alas! he does not know
That when the sun is low,
And pours his richest tints forth
from his golden cup,
He maketh the grey oak, or ash,
or lime,
Like to the fiery pine,
As they each ruddy ray drink
up.
'Tis then a quite new thing—a
gorgeous golden tree,
Such as in the Arboretum you
can never see."

It was in his gift to perceive these facts, to seize them at the moment when, under their influence, the object so seen becomes transformed into a new thing, that Linnell's veritable power lay. Very strikingly is it seen in one of the last pictures upon which he worked—a bit of rough moorland or heath, marked by a few ragged and forlorn-looking trees, in which the interest is soon exhausted; but the artist, of set purpose, has designed

that our look shall not rest there, but shall be at once carried up into the clouds—a mass of upsteaming cumuli—where, struggling amid the mist, and flecked out boldly against the blue, is seen a whole legion of rooks, tossing themselves up in the free, airy space as only rooks can.

ALFRED T. STORY.



The Disobedient Prophet.

NORWICH CATHEDRAL.

ORIGINAL ETCHING BY E. SLOCOMBE.

NORWICH CATHEDRAL, seen from the point whence Mr. Slocombe has etched it, has the roughly-trimmed green of a familiar pasture close to its noble apse, and the dark shadows of its flying buttresses are matched by the darker hollows and shades of the foliage of deciduous trees. Of all the contrasts that make for an obvious but always charming effectiveness—contrasts of young and old, of homely and splendid, of lasting and transitory—none is more successful than the contrast between the stone of an immemorial building with all its gay ornaments in perdurable form, and the annual, perishable, recurrent, and rhythmical flowering and leaping of the woods. And this is all the more brilliant a comparison when the spire rises against a sky full of wind and air, as in the etching, and when from cloud to leaf and water

there is nothing still except the stone. Mr. Slocombe does well to aid in establishing the right of the art of deliberate etching to direct dealing with nature. The rapid shorthand etching which has been so long practised by the French school was of course always in the directest possible touch with natural impressions. It was used indeed to make records of which the completeness was to be found in their suggestion rather than in their assertion. But the art practised by Mr. Slocombe is a different mirror for the world; and it has been more devoted to the mirroring of other arts than to the mirroring of nature. It is well, nevertheless, that its sensitiveness, its severity, and the significance of its added and aggregated lines should take the artist's impressions not of another man's picture only, but of the incalculable landscape.

THE FURNISHING AND DECORATION OF THE HOUSE.*

V.—CARPETS AND CURTAINS.

THE covering of the floor is an important item in house furnishing. Our forefathers, rich and poor alike, were content to strew the ground with fresh-cut rushes, mingled with sweet herbs; they who were in a position to keep a supply of servants to wait upon them causing the temporary carpet to be renewed more frequently than was the custom among their humbler neighbours. There was no further distinction, and it were well if we might return to such primitive simplicity,

when the choice lies between vulgar Brussels counterfeits of nature and the fragrant reality of rosemary, sweetbriar, and "old man." There is no direct evidence of carpet weaving in mediæval Europe, and when loom-made carpets were first imported into the West, as they appear to have been about the time of the Crusades, they were far too highly prized to be employed for any lesser service than for the decoration of churches or the presence chambers of kings. It was long regarded as reprehensible luxury if any private person presumed to spread a carpet underfoot for domestic use, as our custom is at the present day. The woven carpet is

essentially the furniture of the dweller in tents, whose nomad existence necessitates his household goods being limited to such objects as can be readily packed up and carried about from place to place. Hence the carpet, which is shaped to fit over the entire floor surface of one particular room—being thus, for all practical purposes, a fixture—is a direct subversion of the original intention of a carpet. It is,

moreover, far from economical to have a carpet that must be laid in one position only, and cannot be turned round if it begins to show signs of wear from the traffic of feet in any part. Again, where there is a large floor, the carpet that covers it is proportionately heavy, and when it is taken up and beaten, it is apt, from its own weight, to drag out of shape, so that it becomes a matter of difficulty, often almost of impossibility, to make it go down again in precisely the

same place as before. Sanitary reasons require that a carpet should be such as can be shaken and cleaned at frequent intervals; and, to enable this to be done easily, it should not reach so far as the skirting, nor have to pass underneath the more massive articles of furniture, such as sideboards, bookcases, chests of drawers, etc., but should stop short at a certain distance from the wall, allowing a space of about two feet, or at least eighteen inches, all round the edge of the room. To give it a proper finish, the carpet should have a border, like a rug. Seamless carpets, in the West as well as in the East, are invariably made in this way. And as to our carpets, manu-

factured and sold by the yard, borders are usually supplied to go with them, except in the case of the commonest qualities; so that no carpet of any claims to merit need be bare and rude-edged for want of a surrounding frame.

Carpets having originated in the East, it is but reasonable to turn to that quarter for our standards of the craft. Persia is the country whence the choicest and most splendid specimens have come. No more artistic floor-covering can be



Fig. 1.—Patent Axminster Stair-carpet. By Messrs. Anderson, Lawson & Co., Glasgow. From a Design by Mr. Voysey.

* Continued from page 118.

found than an ancient Persian rug, with its velvet pile and exquisite colouring, enriched in some instances with gold or



Fig. 2.—Weardale Carpet Square. By Messrs. Henderson & Co., Limited, of Durham.

silver thread. But genuine carpets of this description are both rare and costly. Moreover, they were often made in the form of long and narrow strips, a circumstance which renders them inadequate for most of our modern rooms; and so they hardly come into the consideration of the average house furnisher. Handsome carpets are woven in Persia at the present day, for the art, even in its modern decline, is conservative enough to have retained many of its former qualities. The antique carpet had plenty of dark blue and red in it, even if the background was not actually composed of either of these two colours; a foundation of indigo blue affording the greatest possibilities of beautiful colouring. The Persian artists have a wonderful way of placing side by side the most irreconcilable blues and greens, and yet producing absolute harmony, the two masses of conflicting colour being divided only by a thin outline of red. Black should be avoided, for the black parts are the first to perish, on account of the destructive properties of the dye. It is curious to notice how, in some ancient carpets, the pile, otherwise perfect, is entirely gone at regular intervals in the pattern, showing which portions were originally black. No æsthetic sacrifice need be made in rejecting black, for the same effect can be obtained in other ways. In many carpets certain parts that have every appearance of being black, will be found on examination to be in reality dark blue or green. These colours do not injure the material as black does, and yet, should the pattern require it, may be so deep in tone that the difference between themselves and black is all but imperceptible.

While Persian carpets are the most ideal kind for drawing-

rooms, Turkey carpets are generally the favourites for dining-rooms. And yet who would pretend that the cobalt blue, grass green, and vermilion of the stock Turkey carpet are either beautiful in themselves or particularly appropriate for any purpose? Although perhaps we have hardly dared to express the heresy in words, we have surely felt this objection, and it must be the reason why Turkey carpets are so rarely chosen for drawing-rooms, but rather for dining-rooms, where they are largely hidden underneath the table. Their recommendation is their durability for wear, and the softness and length of their pile. It is to be feared that in respect of the former quality a falling off if anything has taken place of late. Be that as it may, it is but recently that the other advantage of luxurious pile could be had combined with artistic effect. Turkey carpets now for some years past have been made in what are called new colourings, which are both varied and pleasing, and a vast improvement on the old style. Turkey is a less costly make of carpet than Persian, and, assuming the quality to be the same as formerly, there is no reason why, with their more satisfactory colours, Turkey carpets should not be used as much in drawing-rooms as hitherto in dining-rooms.

The Exhibition of 1851 first familiarised the British public with Indian carpets, from which time the market has enormously developed. Unhappily, however, a deterioration in quality set in, and has increased in direct ratio to the growth of the Western demand for these goods; the competition of



Fig. 3.—Anglo-Indian Carpet Square. By Mr. W. C. Gray, of Ayr, N.B.

jail workers with private workers having been specially disastrous. The other evil is the introduction of aniline dyes,

which, as Sir George Birdwood complains, have infected with their prismatic leprosy all the textile manufactures of India,



Fig. 4.—Tree-pattern Bed-spread. Printed by Messrs. Boyd Burnet & Co.

even to remote Kashmir. The industry thus already threatened, as some apprehend, with extinction, seems likely at any rate to die hard. Quantities of Indian carpets are constantly being shipped for this country, and among them, in spite of all, may still be found many specimens which cannot be pronounced other than beautiful.

No two Eastern carpets are precisely alike in all respects. With machine-weaving of course the opposite is the case. A certain monotony cannot fail to be present in a pattern, however excellent it may be in itself, multiplied by mechanical process over a given surface. When, however, the attempt is made, as it sometimes is by the enterprising manufacturer in the West, to reproduce in the machine the irregularities of hand-work, the result is of necessity unsatisfactory. For that which is a welcome variety when it occurs unexpectedly here and there in a pattern, becomes, when stereotyped and deliberately repeated at regular intervals, an inexcusable defect. The diverse conditions under which the Western artificer lives and works are unfavourable to his using the hand-loom like the Oriental. It is not that he lacks the skill or the appliances necessary to produce carpets every whit as fine as the fabrics of the East, but that the cost would be far greater, and consequently his chances of finding a purchaser sufficiently small to prevent him from incurring the risk. Real Axminster carpets, it is true, might be made to order for those who were willing and able to pay the price for them. But the consumer, as a rule, does not choose to wait the required time for the execution of an order, nor is he disposed to give the order for a work of which he has only had submitted to him a drawing on paper. He prefers to see the actual thing, or rather a number of different examples of it,

ready finished, before he makes up his mind as to what suits him. The carpet dealer's stock, for the reasons stated above, offers him the alternatives of hand-woven Eastern carpets or machine-made European goods. The latter consist of what the manufacturer judges most calculated to please the popular taste, and that is not of a high order. The outcome of the system is that the largest proportion of persons of taste are driven to buy Oriental carpets in preference to English ones. Superior as Eastern carpets are to the general run of those produced in the West, we can, however, boast a few honourable exceptions among home-wrought carpets. Those of Messrs. Morris & Co., and of the Century Guild, and that here illustrated (Fig. 1), by Messrs. Anderson, Lawson & Co., have a style and character quite distinct from Eastern or any other alien goods, and prove that we of modern Britain need not have recourse to copying or adapting from foreign carpets in order to produce excellent design and work of our own. The realistic banalities of early Victorian days, the bouquets of pansies, geraniums, and cabbage roses, the ferns and mosses, the grapes and peaches, the Landseer lions and tigers, were sure to bring a reaction ere long; and, such being the case, no doubt we should be grateful for the present tendency to borrow from Eastern sources in carpet design; but still there ought to be a limit to that kind of copyism, even where the originals are of the very best.

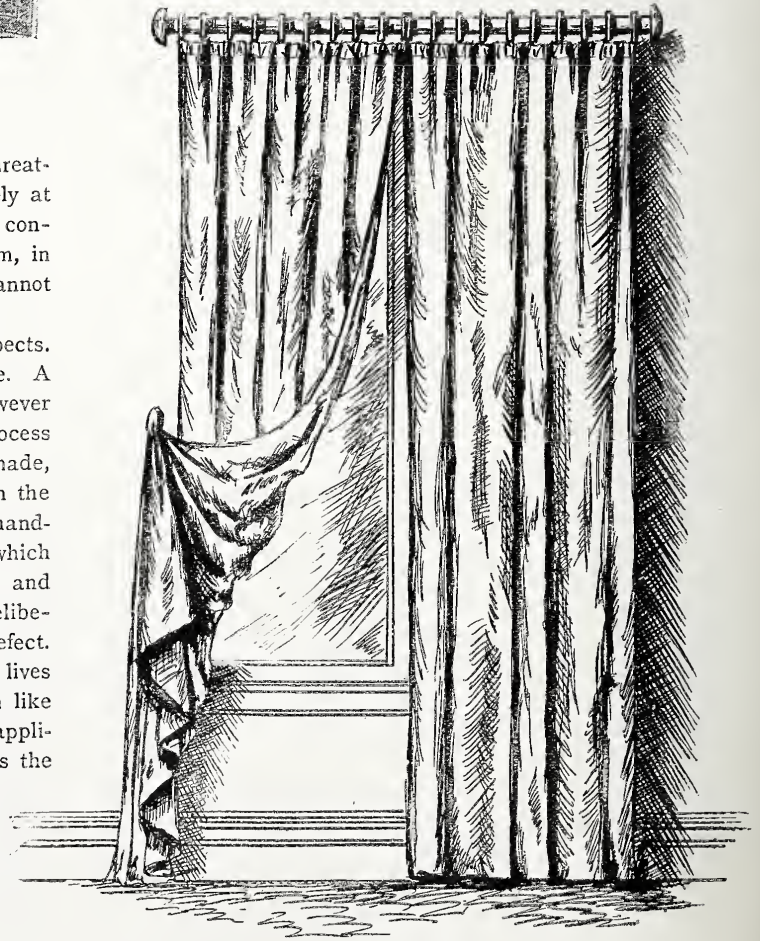


Fig. 5.—Sketch, showing Messrs. Green and Abbott's method of Craping Curtains.

The so-called Art squares of carpet, of pileless or Kidderminster texture, so extensively advertised, are praiseworthy in

intention, and superior in design to any Brussels carpets that could be got for the same money; but it is to be regretted that they are not of higher artistic merit. Indeed, many of them are a reproach to the name of Art which they assume. Even in cases where, as in Fig. 2, the design of the filling is quite passable, the general effect is often spoilt by the inferiority of the border. It seems as though, after the effort of drawing the body of the carpet, the invention of the designer failed him, the result being a border of poor and meaningless ornament wholly unworthy of the rest. These observations are not meant to apply more especially to the pattern here shown (which is, if anything, rather a favourable specimen of its

class), than to the common fault of the varieties of the same thing made by other firms. Many of these squares would be better enclosed by a few lines and bands only than by the borders with which they are provided. The square Fig. 3, although the design as a whole does not betoken great originality, has a fairly suitable border. Fig. 6, which represents a Wilton pile carpet, supplied by the yard, has upon a dark blue ground an Oriental design, the treatment of which denotes the influence of the Early Renaissance. The border, which is separate, is well matched with the filling. Patent Axminster pile, woven in a machine by a process invented by Mr. Templeton, of Glasgow, is a fair substitute for the



Fig. 6.—Orient Wilton Pile Carpet and Border. By Messrs. Henderson & Co., Limited, of Durham.

original hand-made article, and can of course be produced at a much smaller cost. There are other inferior kinds of Axminster carpeting. Wilton pile, of which again there are several qualities, one of the best being distinguished by the name of Saxony, is so far cheaper than Axminster that it can be had at a price little in excess of the best Brussels. The latter, with its loop pile, is the least artistic texture. Still, being very widely used, it is made in many qualities and in an immense variety of designs. Of carpet patterns in general it may be said that contrasted colours are rather to be preferred than subtle gradations of hue, which are apt to give the appearance of shading and relief, a thing always to be avoided in a

flat surface. A bold and clearly defined outline is desirable and large patterns rather than small. We need not be afraid of many colours. Indeed, a carpet which combines numerous colours is the safest, and less likely than one of a pronounced and dominant colour to clash with any of the other objects in a room.

In nearly everything else French taste is shocking, but it must be acknowledged that they do manage to reproduce Oriental rugs to perfection. It is open to question whether the French dyes are not more fugitive than ours; but in carpet weaving itself they have had a longer experience than any other European nation, looms having been set up in France

in the seventeenth century, and the industry carried on by them from that time.

The subject of curtains and hangings cannot but be approached with diffidence by any one who realises what were the good old customs of the past in respect of such things, and what, on the other hand, may be the danger of a too hasty following of the same in the altered circumstances of the nineteenth century. Though the origin of ornamental wall-hangings is lost in obscurity, and it would be hard to point to a time when such things were not, it may yet be affirmed that Northern Europe was the special home of the art of tapestry weaving. So much so that, at the first introduction of Eastern carpets into mediæval Europe, there seems to have been considerable confusion in the Western mind as to what was the best way to use them. Our forefathers, accustomed to wall-hangings of all sorts, hardly knew at first what else to do with carpets than to hang them up against the wall. We may see them depicted thus behind the throne of the Madonna by many an old painter, or spread upon seats and tables. To give but one instance, it is a carpet that forms the table-cloth in the painting of 'The Ambassadors' by Holbein in the National Gallery. In the fourteenth century the town of Arras, in Flanders, was so famed for its tapestries that such hangings generally are called by its name. Tapestry weaving continued to flourish

until almost the middle of the sixteenth century, after which, thanks to that "hatching nest of stupidity," as Mr. Morris calls the Gobelins school, it sank from the dignity of a fine art to mere upholstery. The art of real tapestry weaving in figure subjects scarcely exists among us except at Merton, in Surrey, where it has been revived by Mr. Morris. Such splendid work, however, seems almost too good for any but public buildings. Nor indeed would tapestry-hung walls be healthy in the close and dusty atmosphere of our towns. As things are, therefore, we cannot altogether regret that the use of wall tapestry has been all but superseded by the more practical and incomparably cheaper practice of wall-paper hangings. A simple but effective kind of hanging, suitable for large and lofty rooms in the country, can be made by

painting with dyes on coarse canvas, the patterns being silhouetted on the ground of the natural colour of the canvas, to avoid the possibility of its being mistaken for woven tapestry. Mr. C. R. Ashbee, architect, has lately executed some hangings of this description, with a conventional design of birds and trees, for a large hall in Lincolnshire.

Window curtains are long enough if they just touch the sill. No door or window curtains should be longer than is necessary for them to graze the ground. When this rule is observed they hang naturally in plain straight folds; and they look much better so than when their fall is spoilt by baggy masses of drapery dragging upon the ground, a plan which entails a useless waste of material, and is uncleanly, because the sweeping ends are sure to gather dust and dirt from the floor. All

box-pleating and gathering are meretricious and dust-gathering, and therefore a mistake. The rings should be attached at intervals along the upper edge of the curtain, not hidden at the back below the top, as though there was any necessity for dissimulation. If the rings of window curtains are of sufficient size to run easily on the rod, the curtains can be drawn aside in the day-time, and will not require any band to keep them back. Should any such thing be preferred, a plain woollen twist cord with a short fluffy all-wool tassel is unobjectionable. The monstrous wooden-headed and elaborately tricked-out tassels

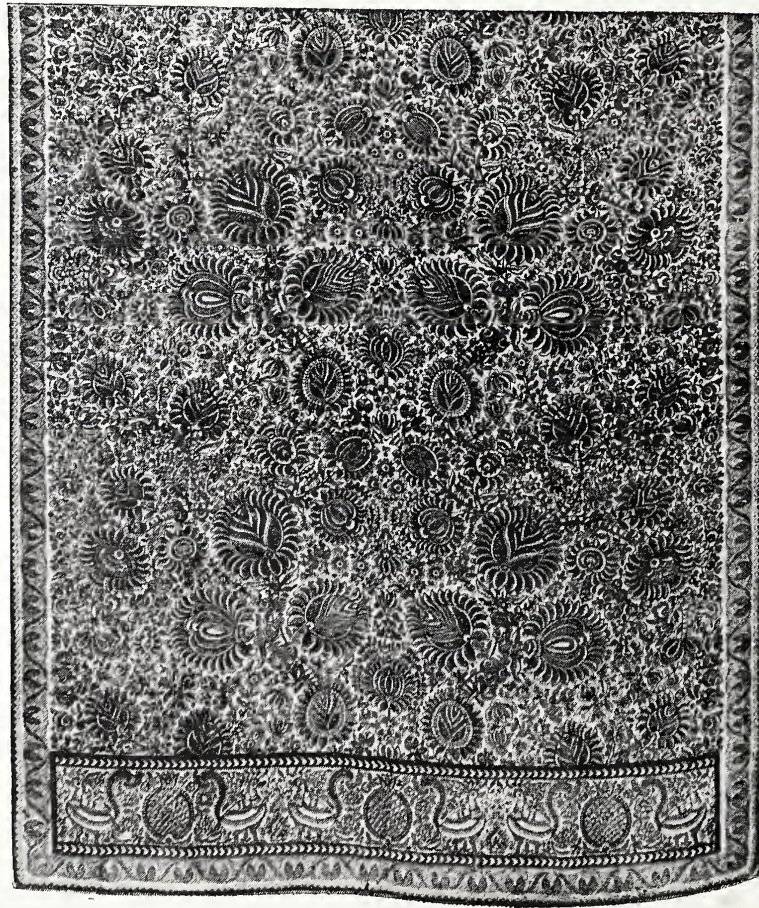


Fig. 7.—Hand-block Printed Muslin Curtain. By Messrs. Liberty & Co.

of the days of our childhood were bad; but the chains which have become so common in recent years are much worse. They are wrong in principle. The exercise of such violent restraint as is implied by metal bonds to keep in check an impotent piece of woven stuff is altogether out of place and grotesque. Need it be said that the pride of the lodging-house keeper, the stamped metal cornice over the curtain rod, is a hideous disfigurement, besides affording a shelf for dust to gather unperceived? No such erections ought to be tolerated, nor any wooden box headings, light-obscuring flounces or fringes, loops, tassels, festoons, or other millinery. All these things add to the expense, the snobbishness and the unhealthiness of a room without in any way adding to its beauty. If any one is not satisfied with the simplicity of

a straight-falling curtain, above described, and illustrated here on the right-hand side of Fig. 5, the next best method is that devised by Mr. W. Green. This is to raise the inside corner of the curtain and turn it back to the wall beyond, where it can be held in place by a small ring attached to the bottom of the curtain and a hook in the wall (Fig. 5). By this means is produced all the effect of draping that any one need desire. There is nothing stiff or formal about it, and it can be undone in a moment. Window curtains ought never to be dressed up in an artificial way that will prevent their being drawn across the window at night. It depends on the other objects and decorations in any particular room what colour and material the curtains should be. There are so many artistic textiles made at the present day that it should not be a difficult matter to select something satisfactory for all purposes. Messrs. Morris & Co.'s cretonnes and tapestry stuffs are always beautiful, and so generally are stuffs designed for several manufacturers by Mr. Voysey. Many of Messrs. Liberty & Co.'s own materials are designed on good lines. A woollen stuff called "Adeane" tapestry, manufactured at Warrington, and sold by most furnishing firms, is suitable for large and heavy curtains.

It is to be had in a few good conventional flower designs, each of which is made in a variety of colourings, many of them rich and harmonious. Another handsome material is corduroy, which is sold by Messrs. Smee & Cobay, of Finsbury Pavement, in many artistic colours. What is in some ways an advantage, it is made reversible, as well as with one face. A self-coloured material seems to want some ornamental surface like that of corduroy, or a diagonal or cross-threaded web, to enliven the uniformity of a large

expanse. For moderate-sized curtains, serge and Roman satin sheeting are not inappropriate.

The custom, in summer so prevalent, of veiling the window with a thinner and semi-transparent hanging, as a supplement to, or substitute for, the thicker curtain, is one that is more honoured in the breach than in the observance. If such things must be, however, they cannot be too plain and severe. The sham lace curtain, its pattern a reproduction of the same forms of vegetation as those of the now happily almost obsolete early Victorian carpet already described, is too contemptible to be discussed. Dyeing it pink or mustard colour, as some people do, only makes the eyesore more conspicuous. Neither need space be occupied by a detailed exposure of the absurdity of frilled or goffered edges. The utmost that ought to be allowed for summer curtains is a guipure bordering and strips of guipure insertion, or drawn work, the curtain itself being of muslin net, cream-coloured, not snow-white. As an alternative, a printed muslin, such as that shown in figure 7, forms a curtain which is at once light and decorative at a very small cost. For bedroom curtains some washable material is always best for health's sake. In

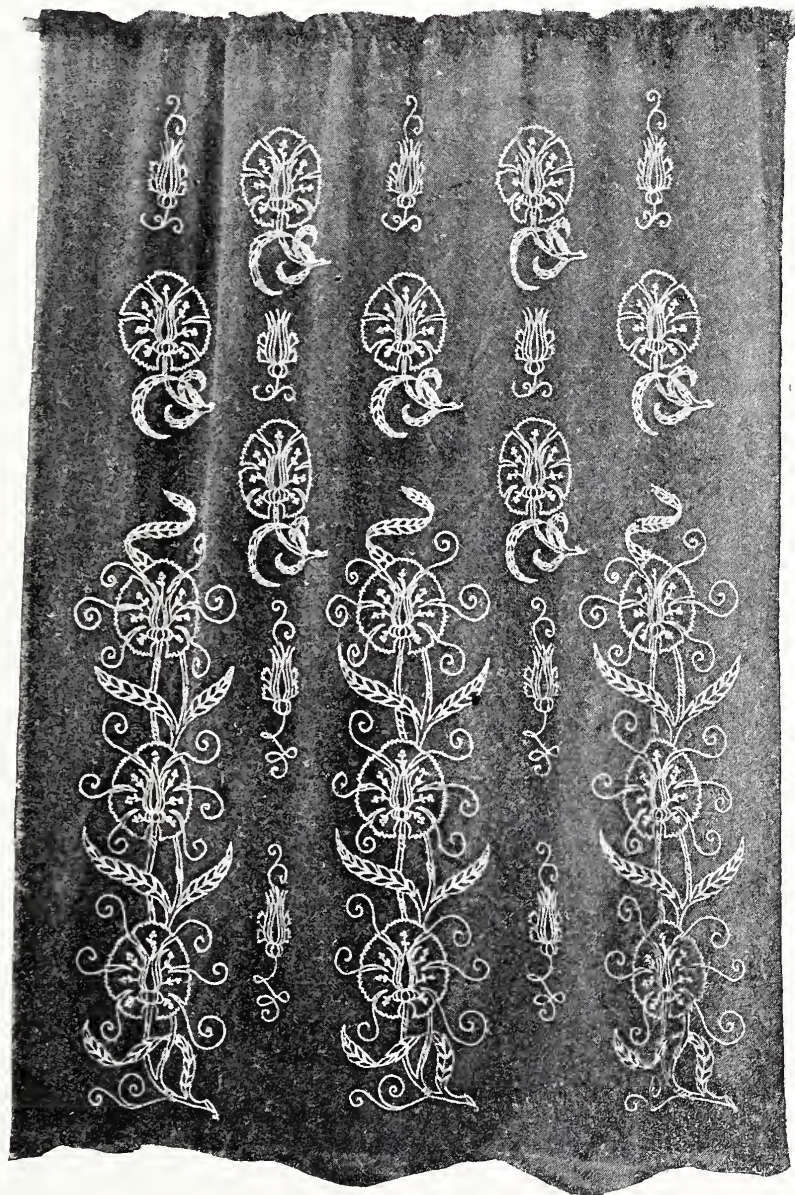


Fig. 8.—Serge Curtain, with Outline Embroidery. Designed by Aymer Vallance for Miss B. Huggett, of Brighton.

the country there is nothing more fresh and homely than the old-fashioned white dimity, but for smoky towns something with a pattern, like a cretonne, is more serviceable, because it does not show the dirt quite so quickly. Messrs. Burnet & Co. have devoted much attention to English pattern-printing. Some of their printed cotton sheetings are admirably adapted for bedroom use; for example, the coverlet illustrated in Fig. 4, with its decorative Indian pattern in dark blue and red.

AYMER VALLANCE.



Yarmouth from the Solent. From a Drawing by Percy Robertson.

RAMBLES IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.*—III.

THE approach to the island from the north-west is, as we mentioned in our first paper, as picturesque, and we might almost add as trying to its beauty, as those which have their termini at Portsmouth. The railway after leaving Southampton traverses the New Forest almost in its entirety, and branching southwardly at Brockenhurst, continues the characteristic woodland nature of its surroundings until the pier at Lymington is reached. The transit to the island from this old haven is still of a decidedly primitive character, the shallowness of the Lymington River at low water, and its tortuous windings, necessitating small boats, which must, however, at the same time be sufficiently sturdy to withstand the rough seas which are often encountered on the journey through the narrows at Hurst Castle, especially when wind meets tide. These boats certainly leave much to be desired in the matter of speed, accommodation, and age; perhaps, their one redeeming feature being the desire of both officers and crew to mitigate the discomforts of the passage as much as possible to everybody, their captains especially being universally popular in this respect.

The mud flats of Lymington through whose sinuosities at low tide the steamer cautiously picks its way, may be *caviare* to the multitude, but under certain conditions of atmosphere they are certainly not so to the artist. When the tide has just left them and their wet surfaces reflect the light, they form an admirable foreground to a seascape, the level monotony of whose lines are broken by the quaint poles stuck in the channel and capped with fir branches. To the ornithologist the parts hereabouts must be a delightful hunting ground, although the flats are a seemingly secure resort, for wild fowl, herons, cormorants, bittern, seabirds, and even the shy kingfisher may be seen from the steamer. The captains of the steamers seemed almost on terms of acquaintance with the last-named lovely plumaged bird, which frequents the same

spot for months together, but they state that it and all the uncommon birds are becoming every year scarcer and more scared.

Before entering the main channel of the Solent the Needles will probably be seen for the first time, and on a fair summer afternoon their white pinnacles look very beautiful at the termination of the arching down of which they once formed a part. This western end of the Island is as fascinating as the eastern portion, and it is nowhere seen to more advantage than in the journey from Lymington to Totland Bay and round the Needles to Freshwater.

Yarmouth, where the steamer first touches, appears from some distance away to offer much material for the artist, but only from a distance. The town seen from just off the port almost always looks paintable, with its church tower, old fort, and little harbour: so too it comes well from away over the Yare, where the vegetation upon its tidal banks is singularly productive of vivid oranges and browns; in fact, there is plenty of material for the painter from mouth to source of this, the second river of the same name in the Island. One of the best bits is Freshwater Church seen across the river. Mr. Percy Robertson's views of it are taken, one from the railway, the other from the road to Totland and the Needles, along which we now purpose to journey.

The artist and the photographer must not overlook the cottages which one passes, one especially is notable for its gardens, having for many years in succession taken the Island prize—a very sensible one—for the gayest parterre. Another on the left of the road, with its ivy-covered porch, composes itself remarkably well.

Totland Bay may also be reached by the shore through a military road, an agreeable diversion which few visitors are aware of.

Bearing away to the right after crossing the bridge and causeway over the flats, and passing the fort at Sconce Point, this road is gained, and a most secluded one it is, for it is

* Continued from page 265.

bordered on either side by a wilderness of bramble, under-wood, and morass, in which it is quite possible not only to lose one's self, but to become inextricably fixed.

Those interested in the defence of the country will find plenty to entertain them as they wander in and out of the bays here. The names of the many forts and eminences—Worsley's Tower, Carey's Sconce, Victoria Fort, Albert Fort, will recall the fact that from the days of Henry VIII. until the reign of the present sovereign, much attention has been paid to this entrance to the Solent. Worsley's Tower, so called after a governor of the island under the first-named monarch, was the scene of the deportation of Charles I. from Carisbrooke by the leaders of the army. Here would be another interesting picture of the King hurried through the night in a coach escorted by two troops of horse until a spot

was reached "near Worsley's Tower, in Freshwater Isle, a little beyond Yarmouth Haven." Having waited on the shore for an hour, the King and his attendants were placed on board a small sailing vessel, which conveyed them across the narrow strait to Hurst Castle. The loiterer may not only picture to himself the scene, but obtain an excuse for passing the time in endeavouring to fix upon the exact spot where the king last set foot upon the island.

Nature and the art of fortification combine to make the defences of the island as harmless as possible to its picturesque-ness. The old brick fort at Cliff End forms a capital object in any view of the Solent from hereabouts, whilst the more modern batteries which crown almost every eminence oftentimes fail to be detected by those unacquainted with their whereabouts. It is only when, on a summer's evening,



Yarmouth from the West.

some sudden attack is developed, and the whole coastline is ablaze with electric light, and from every point which can command the channel guns belch forth their flame, that one is aware of their ubiquitousness. But even then we obtain a sight of only a small portion of the scheme of defence, for puzzling corrugated iron buildings, just projecting above the cliffs at frequent intervals, announce to those who understand them that every acre of the bed of the sea is mapped out, and that a touch upon a key in one of these dens may explode a mine which may blow a ship out of the water miles away. A night attack, as witnessed from Totland Bay, is not only most impressive, but exciting, although to many their frequent recurrence is a decided drawback to the enjoyment of the place.

It is only of late years that Totland Bay has come into the
1892.

notice which it deserves from its many qualifications as a haven of rest and enjoyment, as yet somewhat out of the beat of the "tripper." Many, no doubt, of those who frequent it had their attention first directed to it by an ingenious advertisement of its hotel, which described the place as one which had "four thousand miles of ozone constantly pouring upon it." This benefit (which apparently had its origin in the fact that it is possible to draw a bee-line for that distance in a straight line south-westward across the Atlantic without touching land) is shared by all this end of the Island, and certainly gives it a more bracing climate than other parts; but this is only one of the benefits which the place enjoys. In gradually-ascending scale may be mentioned safe bathing and boating (within reasonable limits), a capital shore for children, extraordinary geological formations for fossil-seekers, a good library and reading-room, a village for the greater part in the

hands of a company who will not allow indifferent or ugly houses to be built, and a lovely stretch of country extending to the Needles, whence some views may be obtained unrivalled in the southern counties.

To the points whence these latter are best seen we will now betake ourselves.

It was, I believe, the author of that delightful book, "The Recreations of a Country Parson," who said that it was pleasanter to spend a summer day in a richly-wooded country than in sight of the sea, for it was too glaring, the views were too extended, and it wearied the eyes, worn with reading or writing, to look at distances across water. I should like to have taken him for a walk up the Headon Hill on a summer's afternoon, and I warrant he would have recanted

his preference when he sat himself down, after a healthy pull to its summit, with an old pre-historic barrow to form a support to his back, upon grass refined to a silky softness by the nibblings of generations of rabbits, the whole of the New Forest beyond the Solent whereon to rest his eyes, and no sound perceptible to his ears, unless it were the bees on the heather around him, or the linnets plucking the seeds from the tall stalks of the yellow ringwort, or the distant whistle of the steamer at Totland Pier announcing to the belated tourists that it is time to hurry on board. The parson, who has always lived in the country, and has had only too much of elbow-room and solitude, may prefer a narrow, shaded country lane to a wide expanse of down; but to the town-reared business man, who is cribbed, cabined, and confined from month's end to month's end, who only escapes the roar of traffic for



Totland Bay.

three or four short hours in the night, and who only sees the sun for as many hours in the week, downland where size, silence, and sunniness may be enjoyed, has no rival amongst pleasurable sensations.

A good many authors have descanted upon the beauty of rain and of participating with the thirsty earth in the pleasure of a real heavy downpour. Those who can awake in the morning of a wet day, draw up their blinds, open their windows, and, leaning out, revel in the sight, are, I imagine, not persons whose holidays are limited in time, or whose dwelling-place is a seaside lodging. To such a class rain in summer-time is seldom an enjoyment, unless it can be viewed, as is so often the case from Headon Hill, at a distance. For this corner of the Isle of Wight has this advantage in summer, and especially in times of atmospheric disturbances which are

conducive to thunderstorms, that it offers rain no attractions comparable with those afforded by the woodlands of Hampshire. And so we may rest here for a whole afternoon and watch the rain come up from the west, obliterating in its passage first Bournemouth and its environs, then Christchurch, and then the regions round about Lymington. Parkhurst Forest may, perchance, induce it to cross to the island further on, but here there is no need to hurry homewards. We may continue to bask in the sunshine and watch with complete unconcern and full assurance of safety the passage across the heavens of the heavily-laden clouds. They may make the artist long to be away down in Colwell Bay, for its beautiful yellow arc of sand is a bewitching complement to the purple and emerald of the sea beyond it which is beneath the frown of the heavens, but we whose business it is to rest will hardly feel disposed to quit our eyrie up here.

We suspect that the artist will find more subjects to his liking hereabouts in sky effects than in the landscape. It is true that the heather-covered slope will probably arrest him, especially if he sees it canopied by a blue sky or fringing a sandy road or gravel pit, or as a foreground to the Needles Cliffs, but even these latter require a fine sky to make them look their grandest. For instance, they never look

better than if one can, from the inner corner of Alum Bay, catch the afternoon sky with a grey pall of cloud extending within a short distance of the horizon. Then their huge pearly-hued sides stand up in complete harmony of colour with the heavens, whilst the steely sea gradually lightens as it bears away towards the distant Isle of Purbeck.

Mention of this island reminds one of an exceptional advan-



The Needles.

tage which Totland possesses in the summer months in the matter of sunsets. Only at Bembridge can these be similarly enjoyed, and even there not so completely. At Ventnor, for instance, the sun sets at midsummer behind the wall of down. Not that that is by any means a drawback, for by so doing it cools the evenings, but at Totland it goes down over miles of sea, and only just at last sinks behind the Dorset hills. Then Purbeck stands out like a mountainous island,

and the lovely fane of Christchurch disengages itself from the marshes of the Avon. Sunsets are such a recognised feature of the place that the visitors linger out of doors to watch them, and even those who usually are most unobservant of earth and sky and sea become enthusiastic concerning them.

Artists, properly so called, do not nowadays rejoice in the painting of objects merely because of their antiquarian or

unusual character. Hence we find that those unpaintable objects, ivy-covered ruins, or the arched rock at Freshwater, or the Needles, are left for the amateur to struggle with. But it was not so in the past, and every landscapist of note in the early part of the century, at one time or another, either found his way down here and painted the Needles, and Freshwater Bay with its arch, or else did so at home from some one else's sketch. George Morland, one of the most notable of these, was always hereabouts, using an old inn, "The Cabin," at Freshwater, a resort of smugglers, for many of his pictures. These gentry he depicted both in and out of

doors, 'The Taproom' having been painted inside the hostelry, and 'Freshwater Gate at Moonlight with a Group of Smugglers' outside. He not only enjoyed the picturesque attire of these gentry, but the spirits which they traded in. It is not surprising, therefore, to hear that he was once arrested, removed under a guard to Newport, and only discharged after a hearing before the magistrates.

A century has passed since then, and the artists of to-day have only occasionally chances of being arrested whilst in pursuit of their profession, and hardly ever the possibility of consorting with smugglers. The profession has pro-



Freshwater Bay.

gressed, and those who come across an artist hereabouts will more probably meet him in the company of our Poet Laureate than of a tap-room comrade. Only a month or two back, for instance, Birket Foster, who may indeed be called *the* Illustrator of the poets, might any day have been seen pacing the lanes with the Lord of Faringford.

It has entered the minds of many of our artists to endeavour to discover and then to limn the scenes which evoked some of the inimitable descriptions of landscape which occur in Lord Tennyson's works. When we were there last summer one such, Mr. Byron Cooper, was so engaged. At every turn he

came upon views which called up passages in poems, and these he was busy illustrating.

But if we are to get into that part of Tennyson's country to which some of his verses undoubtedly apply, to catch a glimpse of his home, and, perchance, of the patriarch himself, we must leave our perch on Headon Hill, cross the valley through which the road passes to Alum Bay, and gain the "ridge of the noble down" which intervenes between us and the open sea.

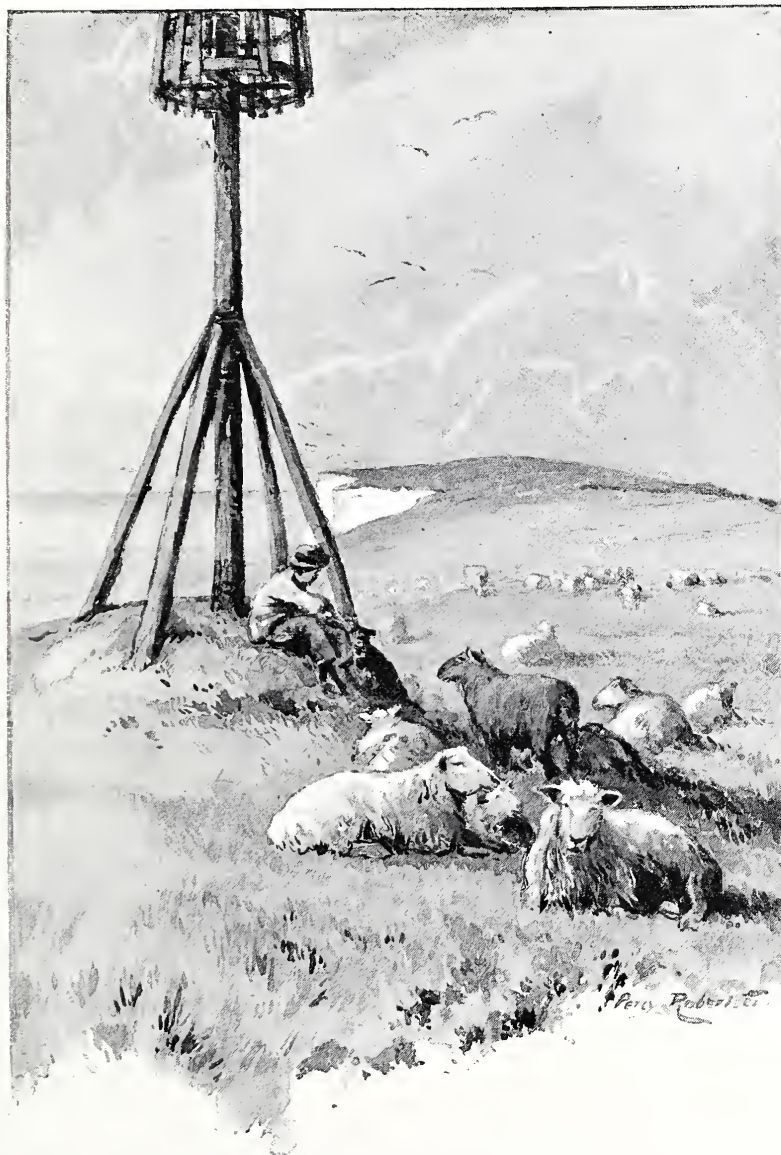
Passing the old hotel with its clothing of trees, picturesque in their crouching forms so suggestive of gales which must at

times come swirling up this valley, we reach the fringe of the down and probably encounter a couple of tyros at golf vainly endeavouring to loft their balls to its summit. Never were beginners set such a task, or members of a club such a "first drive," as this which the Royal Needles imposes upon its members, in asking them not only to reach heaven, but to avoid hell in the shape of a chalk quarry.

Well, we will hope any golfers who are at work will have accomplished their initial performance, as otherwise to ascend the steps which lead to the top is decidedly dangerous. Other routes there are, but none which are so satisfactory as ap-

proaches to the view which the summit presents. For, crossing the down southwards from thence, we obtain the advantage of a large cuplike formation rising up towards the Beacon. It holds in its bowl a bay whose further side stretches away in headland beyond headland, those nearest at hand ruddy in hue, those farthest afield showing whiter, just as the little promontory of Bordighera, capped with its town, runs out to sea when seen from Monte Carlo. The sea is oftentimes as blue as the Mediterranean, and Tennyson's line of

"Bays rivalling the peacock's neck in hue,"



In the shadow of the Beacon, High Down.

may well have been created of Freshwater Bay as it flashes from purple to green.

The visitor will probably, especially if he be a good walker, turn his steps in the first instance towards the Needles, assisted over the couple of miles which intervene by the invigorating breeze which he meets, more bracing here than anywhere else in the island. Usually he will have as sole companions the sea-fowl which have their dwelling in the cliff, and the only object to break the monotony of the path will be a milestone, which somehow or other has wandered to this out-of-the-way

and useless position, for nobody hereabouts can possibly care to know how many miles he is distant from Newport. If his head be not a fairly good one it will be well for him to keep to the centre of the down, for the cliff edge, with its slippery grass, is not the place for every one to trust himself with impunity. So precipitous are the cliffs at either side that when on one February day, a couple of years ago, the *Irex* went ashore in Scratchalls Bay, its ill-fated crew were there for close upon four-and-twenty hours without either the coast-guard men or the soldiers at the fort seeing or hearing them,

and the news first came from signals made from the lighthouse to Hurst Castle. Although this High Down, as it is called, is little more than half the height of St. Boniface (460 feet against 780), its isolated position and narrow surface certainly give it the precedence in point of dignity.

We rested so long on Headon Hill that we shall probably have little time to linger here, and unless the sun shines and the wind is balmy we shall hardly want to, for shelter is not to be found everywhere; but with the wind most probably behind us we shall find it an agreeable run back along the crest of High Down, and we shall merely pause at the Beacon to look at the view which from every portion of the compass may here be obtained.



From Blackgang to the Needles.

But we are now in Tennyson's country, the little ridge which crosses the down having marked our entrance to it. It is here that the Poet takes his constitutional, coming up from his house which we can just discern in the wood below. This is the house of which he wrote to the Rev. F. D. Maurice as being surrounded with

"A careless-ordered garden
Close to the ridge of a noble down,"

and whose

"Groves of pine on either hand
To break the blasts of winter stand;
And farther on the hoary Channel
Tumbles a breaker on chalk and sand."

It is probable that the scene in the "Morte d'Arthur,"

"On one side lay the ocean, and on one lay a great water,"

was conceived here; as were the lines in the "Lotus-Eaters":

"They came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon,
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream."

Certain it is that this conveys exactly the feeling of lassitude and heat which on an August day is often experienced in the shelter of the downs.

But we must pass on to Freshwater Gap, where we are sure to recognise the Laureate's lines as we gain the shore:

"To watch the crisping ripples on the beach
And tender curving lines of creamy spray."

Freshwater is spoken of with affection by a great majority of the people who visit it. Many of them arrive there jaded and out of sorts, and quickly derive benefit from the splendid air and the exercise and rest which they indulge in. A comfortable hospitality has also much to do with enduring recollections about a place, and this Freshwater is blessed with. In other respects it is disappointing. There is an air of incompleteness about the place, of building enterprises begun and allowed to languish for lack of means, of houses suffering from impecunious owners. Even the sea front and the sea are not too often to one's liking—the former looks unkempt, and the latter restless and irritable. It is seldom that it invites you upon its breast with a sense of security, but more often looks as if it was bent on giving you a taste of its strength. Perhaps we are uncharitable in our survey: we are not intentionally so, and as we admitted at the outset, our views are certainly those of the minority.

We have still the coast-line to speak about between this and Blackgang Chine, and we may perhaps be pardoned for returning to where we left off at the end of our last paper, and looking at it from thence.

Of Blackgang Chine it is difficult to say much more than that it attracts and is admired by a large public, to most of whom it is almost the most notable view in the Island. But the artistic eye will have to be closed to many of the sores which scar its sides, and which cannot be pleasant objects to look upon. Only if we turn our back upon the Chine and look seawards, is the sight fine; then the view comprises all the bays which form the south-western side of the Island—Chale, Brixton, and Freshwater, bays into which the sea comes from the Atlantic without let or hindrance; bays haunted by sunken rocks and dangerous currents; bays which have witnessed more destruction of life and property than almost any others on the southern coast, and from whose shores it is seldom that the entrapped vessel is ever so fortunate to escape as was the steamship *Eider* last winter. The sea, too, hereabouts is said to have a disagreeable trick of rushing forward and claiming victims as they walk along its margin, and of dragging evermore from sight by means of undercurrents those who unwarily venture into its embrace. Certain it is that the waters seem invested with more than their usual hostility to nature and man, and that a fine sea, as it is called, can more often be relied upon in these parts than in any other of the island.

The coast, on the other hand, which lies between Blackgang

and Freshwater is neither so rugged nor grand as that which we have passed through; the masses of cliffs and the downs retreat inland and do not reappear until the last-named place is neared, but both shore and country-side is rendered enjoyable by the absence of the crowd which have dogged our steps ever since we left Bembridge; we have the chimes and the shore to ourselves; and their beauty, if less striking, is more appetizing from the fact that one has so much of it all to one's self.

Inland lies many an interesting village, whose only excitement is the passage twice a day of the Ventnor-Freshwater coach. Such a one is Brixton, which is noticeable for other reasons than its rurality, for it is not every little hamlet which has sent forth to the English Church three bishops, much less three such as Ken of Bath and Wells, Wilberforce of Winchester, and Moberly of Salisbury. Its having been connected with the See of Winchester since the ninth century has probably much to do with this. Here is yet another subject for a picture which would assuredly be popular. Bishop Ken pacing the Rectory garden beside the yew hedge, and composing the Evening Hymn. Brook will certainly be voted the neatest and most well-to-do looking village in these parts. This, no doubt, it owes to its Squire, Mr. Seely, whose father was well known as a collector of modern Art.

But the antiquarian—and who is not a bit of one?—will derive most pleasure from the hamlet which lies between these two places, namely, Mottistone, with its "Long Stone," or Cromlech, pointing to Saxon, if not Druidic times, with its Castle Hill, an ancient British fort, and with its swelling down, on

which he may trace for himself yet other vestiges of the past. Passing westward to the gap which severs it from Chalcombe Down, he will come to yet more interesting ground in the old Saxon cemetery. How his fingers will itch to disturb the soil which still affords a quiet resting-place to the forefathers of the Islanders! Knowing that the British and local museums have been enriched by many valuable finds here, and that but a tithe of the graves have been disturbed, will he not think it little less than a sin that he is forbidden to explore, and to sack the graves of fibulæ, bracelets, armlets, crystals, and silver, of which there doubtless still remains a store? But the Lord of the Manor is inexorable, no doubt advisedly so, and he can only prowl around the weather-worn edges, where rain or frost has crumbled away the chalk, in hopes that some treasure trove may reward his search.

Here we may leave him and the far past, for we have an hour's walk before us back to Freshwater, along the Afton Down, where we shall enjoy the extended view of the centre of our island, which its five hundred feet of height affords us.

Truly, we may quote the passage from "Aurora Leigh," and terminate our rambles as we began them, with a verse from one of England's songstresses:—

"I have learn'd to love it—such an up and down
Of verdure—nothing too much up or down,
A ripple of land; such little hills, the sky
Can stoop to tenderly and the wheatfields climb
Such nooks of valleys lined with orchises,
Fed full of mosses by invisible streams,
And open pastures where you can scarcely tell
White daisies from white dew, at intervals
The mythic oaks and elm-trees standing out,
Self-poised upon their prodigy of shade."

MARCUS B. HUISS.



Freshwater Church from the Yare.

ART GOSSIP AND REVIEWS.

MR. HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A., has been re-elected to the Slade Professorship of Fine Art at Oxford, for a third term.

Owing to the resignation of Professor Legros, the Slade Professorship at University College will be vacant at Christmas. Intending applicants for the chair should address the secretary, who will give them full particulars with regard

are a large canvas, painted in 1741 by Benjamin Wilson, with whole-length, life-size portraits of two of the sons of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and their preceptor, Dr. Ayscough; and a small picture by Thomas Woodward, 'The Ratcatcher.'

M. Emmanuel Frémiet has been elected to the *fauteuil* of Bonnassieux in the Académie des Beaux-Arts. Since the death of Barye M. Frémiet has held a foremost place as a sculptor of wild and domestic animals, especially cats, wild and tame. An article upon his work appeared in the *Art Journal* for 1891, p. 129.

OBITUARY.—We regret to record the deaths of Mr. Henry Graves, the well-known printseller of Pall Mall, and of Mr. Felix Joseph, collector and benefactor to many provincial museums.

REVIEWS.—A happier choice than Mr. Bernard Partridge to illustrate Mr. Anstey were hardly possible. Mr. Partridge has always shown himself an excellent delineator of average types, from individuals of the "smartest" set down to "Arry's" *ménage*. The second series of "VOCES POPULI" (Longmans) has given the artist an opportunity of which he has taken full advantage. Mr. Anstey's share in the book is as bright and truthful as of old. The illustration we give as a specimen of Mr. Partridge's work speaks for itself. We are in the village school-room: the Vicar's daughter suddenly recognises the new curate. "Oh, Mr. Tootler," she says, "you've just come in time to help us! The man with the lantern says he only manages the slides, and can't do the talking part. And I've asked lots of people, and no one will volunteer. *Would* you mind explaining the picture to the children? It's only a little nursery tale—'Valentine and Orson.'" The new curate proceeds amiably to tell the story of Valentine and Orson. The picture explains the rest. Mr. Partridge's illustrations are not of equal merit. Sometimes he strays the least way too far in the direction of caricature, as in the picture, 'In the Mall



"Recognises with dismay a view of the Grand Canal." From "Voces Populi."

to duties and emoluments. The new professor assumes office on the 10th of January next.

Recent acquisitions by the National Gallery include four pictures bequeathed by Sir W. Gregory—'Christ in the House of Martha,' and 'A Sketch of a Duel in the Prado,' by Velasquez; 'The Adoration of the Shepherds,' by Savoldo, and 'An Interior with Figures,' by Jan Steen. Other acquisitions

on Drawing-room Day.' On the other hand, for a delightful humorous restraint, 'I am only a Cowboy' is inimitable. We have also received Locke's "Annual Register of Births, Marriages, and Deaths" (Dickens and Evans); "Hungary and its People," by Louis Felbermann (Griffith and Farran); "Four National Exhibitions," by Charles Lowe (Fisher Unwin); and a volume of verse by Edwin J. Ellis, "Fate in Arcadia."



THE ART JOURNAL

LORD MAYOR'S DAY

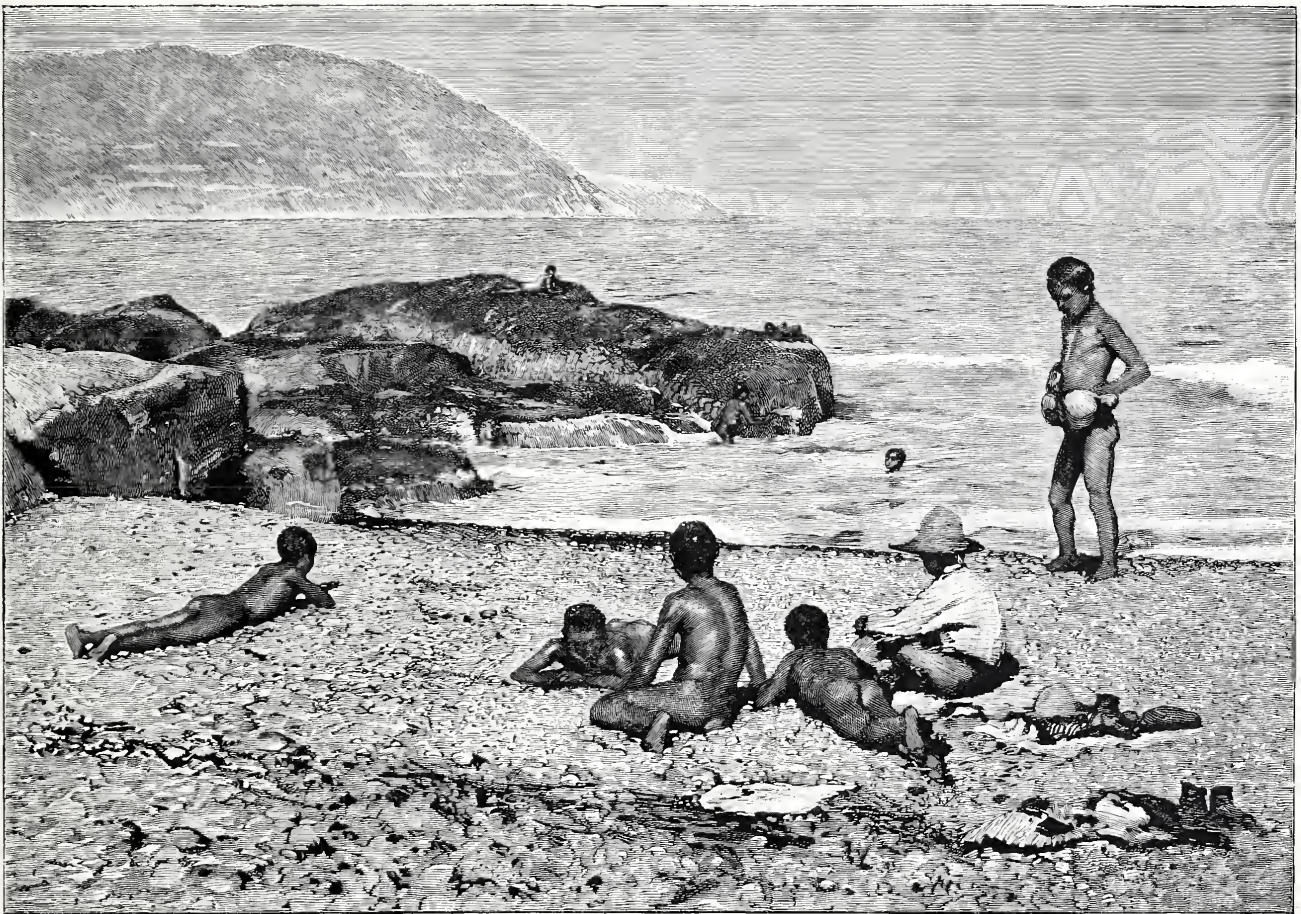
FROM THE PICTURE BY WILLIAM LOGSDAIL

LONDON: J. E. VINTAGE & CO. LIMITED

MR. LOGSDAIL AND LINCOLN.

PAINTING in England has here and there become localised in a manner that would be difficult to explain or account for. Schools of Art, thanks to the Department, are everywhere. But schools of Art, in the other sense—centres of energy, concentrations within the influence of talents, or of a talent, directed with one intent—are not to be found by the seeking of the most assiduous of officials. The Lincoln school is one of these infrequent gatherings of students with a certain distinctness from those of other places. It is undoubtedly

a little school in some sense, affiliated to the more distinct school of Antwerp—but that very affiliation asserts its individuality. It took its rise some twenty-seven years ago in a very small room in the Lincoln Corn Exchange, but, owing to the enterprise and will of Mr. E. R. Taylor, who was its first master, it soon expanded, and was thronged with students. After some years the master's attention was fixed by the work of a boy at the grammar-school, one of the class he taught there—a boy who would have been a painter had he been



On the Beach in July.

born upon a desert island instead of inheriting the possibilities and aspirations of a well-conditioned cathedral town. The alert master persuaded this more than interesting pupil from the drawing class at the grammar-school into the school of Art, and immediately the name of William Logsdail became the foremost name among the students. As often happens, one strong talent elicited, or revealed, or attracted others. About the young leader, who took the prizes and the medals, gathered a group. It was fifteen years ago,

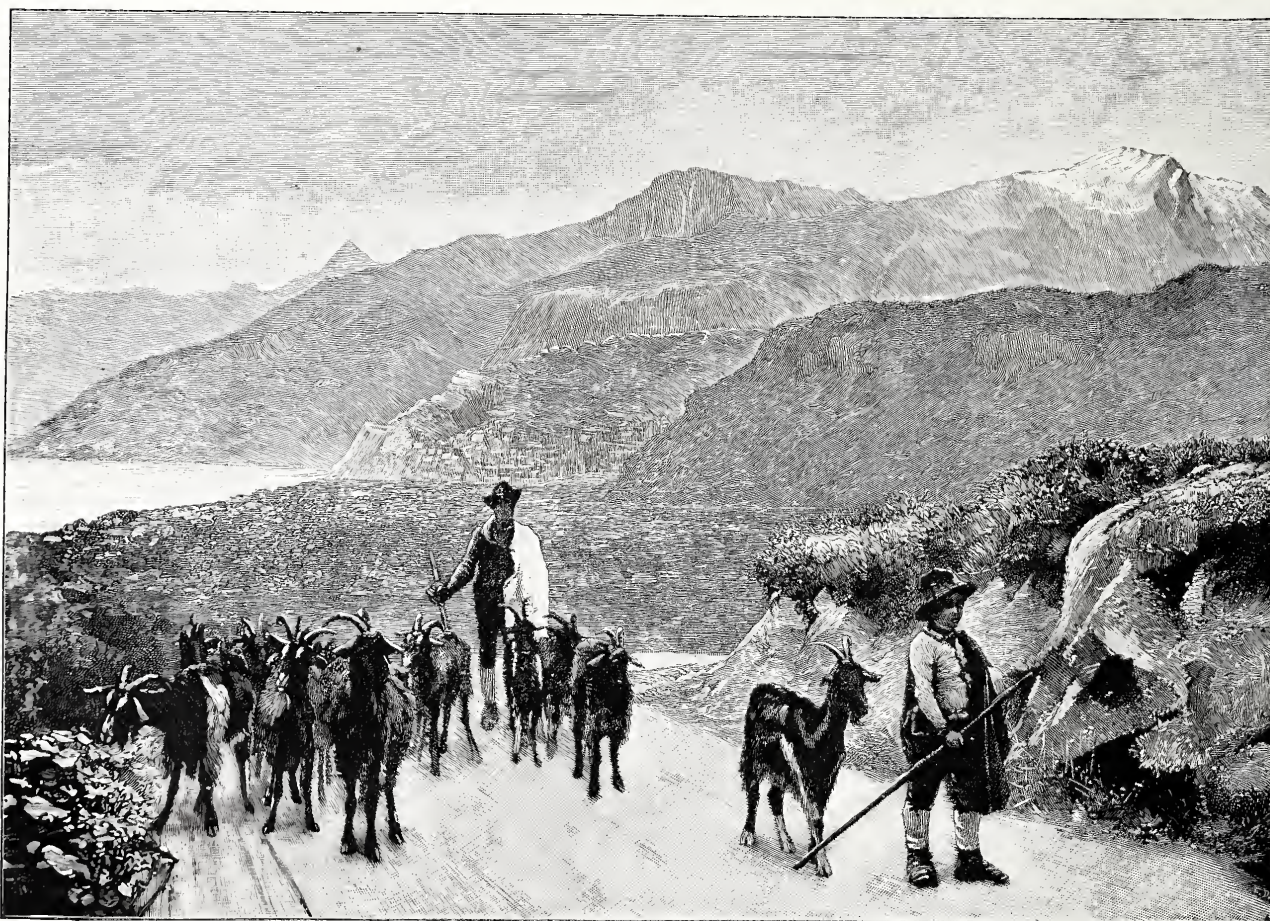
NOVEMBER, 1892.

when young seriousness and enthusiasm underlay the easily burlesqued "æsthetic movement"; and those who were able and ambitious and devoted to the Lincoln School of Art wore long hair.

Mr. Taylor being promoted, at about this time, to Birmingham, he was succeeded by Mr. A. G. Webster, who urged Mr. Logsdail to go from Lincoln to the school at Antwerp. There he gained the highest distinction, and thither he was followed by his inseparable Lincoln companion, Mr. F. Bram-

ley, after this latter admirable artist had taken an additional year's work under Mr. Webster. Like Mr. Logsdail, Mr. Bramley made a conspicuous success at Antwerp, and painted there for a number of years. At that time a distinct Antwerp manner, which was also a Lincoln manner, began to give that young interest to the Royal Academy which has been so peculiarly centred of later years about the Newlyn work. And while Mr. Logsdail's Lincoln comrades and associates and successors are under consideration, it is well to note that not only Mr. Bramley, but another illustrious Newlyn painter, Mr. Fred. Hall, began at Lincoln. He worked there for four years, from the time of Mr. Logsdail's leaving, and then he

too went to Antwerp. Another Lincoln student was Mr. G. E. Lodge, perhaps the best living engraver of birds, who has just shown what he can do in the book on the game birds of Scotland illustrated by Sir J. E. Millais' son, and who is also a painter and a diligent student of animals. Another was Miss Logsdail, who joined the school a few years after her brother left, and is constantly represented at the Academy by her studies of architecture. Another was Mr. W. T. Warrener, whose picture, 'A Confession,' was a conspicuous success at Burlington House in the year of Mr. Bramley's 'Hopeless Dawn,' who took the position in the national competition that had before been gained by Mr. Logsdail, Mr. Bramley, and



On the Capo, Bordighera.

Mr. Hall, and whose picture just mentioned missed purchase by the Chantrey Bequest only because it did not fulfil the conditions of place or time of production. Mr. Warrener, on leaving Lincoln, went to Paris, and has worked there ever since, exhibiting only once or twice in England. Another Lincoln student, finally, was Miss Dering Curtois, who also went to Paris, and whose 'Spring Day in Lincoln Hospital' is fresh in the public memory.

These are the principal Lincoln names, but for the last twelve or thirteen years Lincoln names have been frequent in the Academy catalogues. And within five years just past the highest place for painting in the national competition has been taken by three Lincoln students, not yet otherwise known. One of these competition pictures was bought by

the Department, the other two—studies in still life by Miss Pears and Miss Richardson—were sent to Paris as contributions to an exhibition of women's work. The late master, Mr. E. R. Taylor, and Mr. Webster, his successor, are well known and constant exhibitors at the Academy; and their school has lately been renewed, rebuilt, and furnished with a lecture theatre, museum, and singing classes.

Mr. Logsdail's early pictures asserted themselves with the simple and, as it were, involuntary emphasis of their own quality. It was a strong quality, impossible to be overlooked by any one interested in the aspects of painting—a manner that showed a conviction of the rightness and necessity of realism—that is, of sincerity. The *plein-air* habit was combined with an intentness that gave a rather literal look to the

work. It was distinctively—and in this lay one of its principal and opportune charms—a student's work, having apparently no pre-occupation. A few years later this attentive and deliberate studiousness bloomed into its own appropriate flower, when the brilliant 'Piazza of St. Mark's' showed to what liberty so much well-directed labour may be leading.

For vitality, the Royal Academy had had nothing in modern years like this picture, and has had nothing since to surpass it; that it has been equalled is certainly true, for it was an influential picture, and gave inspiration.

Otherwise Mr. Logsdail, since he became fully master of himself, has been very temperate in the use of his own free-



On the Terrace at Monte Carlo.

dom. His exhibition of cabinet pictures of the Riviera last year at The Fine Art Society's Gallery in Bond Street, showed his possession of the power that consents to be implied rather than manifestly expressed. Mr. Logsdail's art is here such as satisfies the expert, but does not insist upon *expertise* in the public. "The many cannot miss his mean-

ing, and only the few can find it," said Mr. Lowell subtly of Emerson as a writer; and the same may be said in a measure of many a painter who makes no mystery except the inevitable mystery of his craft, and is therefore intelligible to all men according to their various capacity.

Moreover, Mr. Logsdail communicated to all people worth

communicating with something of his love for his subject. Unlike the tourist crowd, which never sees a place in its own characteristic time, he discovered the key to the South; and the key to the South is the summer. The clear, fine, sharp, prosaic Riviera of the winter is beautiful enough for the many who have not the capacity for the additional delight. But to many minds the additional delight (which is also the natural and characteristic delight) is the most valuable thing in the world; it is winter on the Fjords and June on the Mediterranean. Mr. Logsdail painted the less obvious and much the sweeter things of that lovely littoral. In its shape and structure the Riviera is inaccessible to the touch of vulgarization, but not so in those fringes and margins of the land that serve mankind for the building of villas, the laying out of gardens, and the fostering of the necessary crops. Upon these the world has laid fatal hands, but its worst work Mr. Logsdail evades. He willingly turns the corners of the hills, and finds the simple people as gravely at work, off the main roads, as though fashion and idleness had never come within sight of the goat-flock or within sound of the Angelus bells; while the mountains and the skies keep their perpetual state.

There is nothing nobler in European scenery than the profile of the Riviera mountains. To the west of central Genoa the hills tend to bear the unclothed surface and barren beauty more or less characteristic of the Riviera most haunted by strangers; to the east, pines, olives, and chestnut woods cover the steep heights from the azure pools of the sea almost to the summits of Porto Fino. Monte Fascio and other prominent points wear nothing high up but grass, broom, orchids, pinks, and their multitudinous wild flowers, but their sides are terraced like a great staircase for the growth of a hundred crops—grass for the stabled cattle—in astonishingly small quantities, so that an Englishman wonders how, hay being so conspicuous a thing in his own country, Italy, swarming with beasts of burden, seems to be all but hayless; corn for bread, beans for the soup and for agreeably adulterating the country loaves; maize for the universal polenta; carob-pods in enormous quantities, with their intense smell, for one hardly knows for what sufficient purpose; flax for the dark purplish and red dyes and the looms of the little homesteads; cherries for the delight of the early summer; oil for everything; and should any want be still unsupplied—such as the common human need of cakes—the chestnut flour from the woods above supplies this and other desires in many strange and local forms.

But whatever these majestic rampart hills of the Gulf may be—barren or fruitful—their side faces present a matchless series of outlines, cape beyond cape and point above point, with a different atmospheric beauty for each, as distance decides their "values." Here is an abrupt escarpment; a fold farther away, a high and rugged shoulder; still behind, a peak that goes up with a run to its apex; beyond again, a gentle slope that takes the Apennine out to sea, where its extreme point looks—a sign of fine weather—as though it rested upon lucent air instead of dipping into the lucid sea. And the promontories being so various and so beautiful, the forms and accidents of the bays are also innumerable.

But no traveller, we must repeat, knows the ultimate charm of the mountains unless he has seen the barren hill-top bloom with the indefinable change that comes with summer; nor the ultimate charm of the Mediterranean unless he has

seen the sea—accounted seasonless by the unobservant—blooming with the July sun.

As regards the detail of Southern French coast scenery, Mr. Logsdail has shown in the same beautiful Riviera series how delicately he felt the local character of all the vegetation. San Remo is of course proud of its palms, and palms must always be dear to the artist; but the commoner growth is the most local. Olive, cactus and cane, stone-pine and orange, are in their character and attitude things of the Riviera. All, except the rich, dark, and glossy orange-tree, have a slenderness and delicacy proper to the soil. Canes especially, though they grow where the hollows of the soil have gathered to feed some little rivulet, are thin and dry, they rustle in the slight wind and let the light through their leaves; nor are there any thicker shadows from the olives. The lover of English shade and dark coolness must not come for it to the thin trees and etched outlines of Mediterranean vegetation.

There, as everywhere, however, there are harvests. For the vintage one must go inland—the vintage is not a serious matter on any coast; but there are the olive gathering, the harvest of oranges, and the delightful time of flower-picking. Flowers are picked all the year round on these sea borders, but the making of scent at Grasse needs a periodical gathering of the intensely fragrant flowers. The Royal Academy of 1892 contained a brilliant little picture by Mr. Logsdail of orchard grass full of the tall flowers being collected in their beautiful harvest. The fine light of a full southern spring, none the less luminous for the somewhat sombre effect which it makes upon the eyes, and which the painter rendered well, made lucid every passage of leaf and blossom of this radiant little scene.

From the Riviera to London in November, and from the slender narcissus to civic liveries, is a far cry. Mr. Logsdail, in choosing the subject of his 'Ninth of November,' made by far the most courageous choice we have ever heard of. Mud, fog, squalor, have formed admirable subjects for painters of all nations and almost all times; so have smartness and costume and tawdriness and official dressing up, in their place. But the combining of the two, and the selection of English serving-men for the wearing of the gold lace and the colour, made of this picture an experiment unparalleled. There is in a footman's livery an inevitable vulgarity of which, needless to say, no other form of working dress can be accused, and the painter faced this with full knowledge and appreciation. The type of man, too—the whiskers, the figure—he spared himself and shirked nothing; only in the serious face of the younger lackey, nearest to the spectator, did he allow himself a touch of human dignity. Technically the picture proved a singular mastery. Of the light effect, it must be said that it suggested a certain slight exaggeration of the *plein-air* effect. It was somewhat more concentrated and emphatic than nature. But no one save a painter of masterly power could have subdued the all but infinite difficulties—of technique no less than of feeling—inseparable from the treatment of Lord Mayor's Day in the rain. It is possible, by education, to see beauty not merely in common things—which has always been possible, and has always been achieved by the few—but in things more or less vulgar. How far this is to be attempted, and how far it is worth the risk of failure, every man must decide for himself. Generally speaking, when a vulgar subject has in it some touch of simplicity, the artist's effort need not be painful, and his risk of failure is not great. Now Mr. Logsdail has found a touch

of simplicity in his 'Ninth of November,' it consists in the good faith of the three men. By rendering this he has avoided presenting a picture of human ignominy. Nevertheless, while it is possible to paint nude boys on a beach—and

nude boys in sunshine against a dark sea are assuredly the most beautiful figures in the world—and while it is possible to find processional groups of goatherds and shepherds upon the dusty roads of an Alpine littoral, and women and girls



Narcissus, Oranges, and Lemons.

gathering the harvest off heavy orchard boughs, our painters would be readily forgiven for leaving the city streets and the silk stockings of the Lord Mayor's footmen alone. Mr. Logsdail's peculiar refinement can never do itself injustice, and doubtless it gains a triumph when he puts it into dif-

ficulties, but it has a sweeter if an easier success when it deals with beauty. Art does well to take the world as it is, and to wash its hands, once for all, of the "picturesque." But the world as it is contains innumerable things entirely and simply pictorial.

RECENT FASHIONS IN FRENCH ART.—I.



T was Théophile Gautier, if I remember, who was minded to divide mankind into two classes, the flamboyant and the drab. The phrase is happy when applied to the great waves or Art impulses which have in turn dominated the world, and which act and re-act so curiously on one another.

It is more than happy when applied, as it may well be made to apply, to the two prominent Art movements of our own day.

Now by these two movements I mean none other than the revival initiated by our own pre-Raphaelite brotherhood and that modern agitation in France which has got to be known, or is quickly coming to be known, as the school of Bastien-Lepage. Commonly supposed the antithesis of each other, these systems were held to be as remote, as removed as romanticism is from classicism, as poetry is from prose. Yet nicely considered, they will be found to have easily discoverable affinities. For as with our primitives, so with the impressionists; a nearer approach to nature was the primary aim and object. As with our primitives, so with the impressionists; a more direct realism, a more searching actuality was the sought-for goal. Nor was this straining after reality in pictorial presentments their only point of contact. Each school discarded the usual selective methods employed by the ordinary artist; each school resolutely refused to focus the central object and force it forward, so to speak, by the conventional means of subordinating the surroundings of the object depicted. The aspect of things as a whole was what these, in many respects, widely dissimilar movements, attempted to give us, though one group of men strove to present it by exhaustive, the other by suggestive methods; one by specialising, the other by generalising. In a word, though Gautier might have dubbed the rival doctrines "flamboyant" and "drab," their initial aim makes it in no way surprising that at the moment the *plein-air* impetus should have succeeded in forcing the doors of the Royal Academy, the traditions of our pre-Raphaelites should be caught up and echoed in the two gigantic exhibitions on either bank of the Seine.

It is with this latter agitation with which we have to deal, hence the parallel which has been roughly drawn between the two great currents or drifts of artistic thought will serve us in no ill stead. Palpable, to be sure, is the fact that we have somewhat tamed and domesticated the art of M. Bastien-Lepage and M. Dagnan-Bouveret in reproducing it on the northern side of the Channel. No less palpable and incontestable is the truth that the French have, in borrowing them, not a little vulgarised and exaggerated the quaint poetic dreams of Rossetti and Mr. Burne-Jones. Can a dream, in sooth, be blazoned on thirty feet of canvas, and so translated as to catch, and not only catch but hold, the ever-shifting, the sceptical, the Pagan Parisian eye? The task teems with difficulties. It is another illustration of the hazards of borrowing—of borrowing, that is to say, not merely with grace, but with even the poorest chances of success. I have used the word borrowing, but no such charge can in reality be laid at the doors of men of Gustave Moreau's parts and stamp. Unfortunately Moreau

exhibits no more. Exhibition follows exhibition, and still the master holds himself apart, allowing his personality—even his canvases—to become things as vague, aloof, unseen, as have hitherto been the subjects depicted by his brush. It has been left to the younger fry, men mayhap with tongue more dexterous than hand, with theories more complete than their handling, to take up the cudgels for the new order of things. How have they succeeded? The critics, shrugging their shoulders, have answered, For the most part indifferently well. But then in common honesty it should be admitted that it is easier to talk of idealism, symbolism, and mysticism, than it is to actually represent on canvas ideas at once so passionate, so archaic, so intense, so vague. What is patent, from the moment of the opening of the Exhibition of the Rose Croix, is that the symbolists have raised a vast amount of controversy. More than this, and this in spite of the poorness of their technical achievements, they have aroused interest, and in the person of M. Henri Martin have finally received the stamp of official approval.

A portentous effort is the officially endorsed work alluded to—a work which, from its size, would have frightened any jury but a jury of the Champs-Élysées. Yet this picture, which is called 'L'homme entre le Vice et la Vertu' (p. 327), and has for motto De Musset's line, "Il suivit la Vertu qui lui sembla plus belle," is interesting, apart from size, apart from the curious modernity of its subject. It is interesting, in truth, on more accounts than one. Firstly and largely from its being the most characteristic work put forward this year by the symbolic school; on the other hand, and on a second count, from its being not the least important canvas exhibited by the so-called "vibristes." Grit and intention, even a well-defined purpose, are to be found in the work. The composition is ably balanced, the whole, when viewed from a sufficient distance, giving a not disagreeable effect of light and air. Yet it is hard to understand why M. Martin, who certainly is not lacking in subtlety and intelligence, should have been so wilful, or so wofully unfortunate in the selection of his chief model. Heroic in size, but hardly heroic in mien, is the huge, nude male figure which staggers blindly over the sandy desert towards the spectator—and to the surprise of the spectator—in quest of that virtue which finds so scant an echo in his countenance. Would M. Martin mean to indicate that the least likely turn to the straight and narrow path? It is hard to say. All that is given us to see in this canvas is Virtue, veiled and robed in cloud-like draperies, floating wraith-like before her follower, while close on his heel a band of somewhat uproarious, flower-bedecked Vices offer him vicarious allurements.

Whether Virtue would permanently lead so earthly a disciple is another and more questionable matter. M. Henri Martin's primitive man has the brow and the neck of a prize-fighter, and though doubtless prize-fighters have their virtues, they are not, as a rule, such as are best typified by disintegrated virgins, or, strictly speaking, by any ethereal abstract ideals. To say this may seem to be severe on a complex, and, I verily believe, wholly sincere painter and thinker. In

good sooth, it is only another way of saying that the great and everlasting war between light and darkness, good and evil, though so boldly attacked, is somewhat vaguely elucidated in this last and, in many respects, striking representation of it.

More successful, in my eyes, was the less ambitious and far smaller canvas exhibited by the same artist on a neighbouring wall. It was symbolic, like the larger work, but this time the painter is so happy in his conception, and so apt in his illustration of it, that the intention of the work he who runs may read. Amidst the green night of a conservatory, or at least on a background of obscurely lighted leaves, a life-sized woman is seated, with a lily in her hand. She is robed in white, and white is the face and colourless the hair which

surrounds the enigmatic countenance—a countenance lighted by a strange, meaning, Luini-like smile. Portrayed with a touch which, in this instance, is as adroit as it is apt, 'Mensonges' lives in the imagination as the last expression of the complex, subtly-deceiving, subtly-alluring woman of a moribund century. Suave, pale, gracious, winning, with so much that is said, and the so much more that is left unsaid, on the enticing, malicious lips, M. Martin's heroine sits an enigma of enigmas, a white sphinx of the Boulevard Haussmann. Admirable in characterization, it is in many senses as deft as it is dexterous in treatment. I doubt if any classic or academic methods could have conveyed the air of mystification, the something false and sweet and morbid which seems to emanate from, and be a part of, the vibrating atmosphere



L'homme entre le Vice et la Vertu. By Henri Martin.

around this perplexing modern syren. The very agitations of the somewhat fantastic technique lend a charm which may be artificial, but which is charged with a strange and wholly modern suggestiveness. Now to many people such methods, such theories, smack not only of decadence, but disease. They prefer an art at once more mordant and more understandable. For such people M. Henri Martin assuredly does not cater. If he thought of them at all, he would doubtless send them, for his own respite and their satisfaction, to such popular favourites as M. Bouguereau. Yet it must not be supposed that M. Martin invented the methods which he is slowly making his own. Others before him delighted in the strange prismatic effects, the juxtaposition of delicate rose, green, orange, and violet touches or streaks, which go to make the somewhat

dazzling but luminous, and on the whole not inharmonious, canvases affected by the exponents of the school. A touch of Monet, but only a touch of him, do we see in the new methods, for, rightly considered, there is less of Monet to be seen in M. Martin than there is of Diaz to be seen in Monticelli.

I have stumbled, in a comparison, on the names of Diaz and Monticelli, but in reality no two names would better serve to illustrate the precise quality lacking in the so nicknamed "Vibristes." Nay, not one quality, but three qualities. For we may search the movement in vain for that spontaneity, that delight in form and colour for their own sake, that direct connection between the artist's own temperament and his creation on canvas, which may serve and stand as the final test of what is worthy, and in a large sense permanent, in Art.

The painter's method or handling, in a word—and this truth will be found to hold good with all painters as distinguished from mere picture makers—is as explicit, as direct as his spoken phrase. The touch, if it mean anything, corresponds with the man's hand and eye and brain.

Now considered from the point of view of technique, the "Vibristes" suggest less the direct output, the handling or manner of a single painter, than the deliberate mannerism of an artificial school. As technique, it is scratchy, dry, gritty. It has the look of work perpetrated by a crayon rather than a brush; in many instances it irritates the eye much in the fashion that the scraping of a slate pencil irritates the sensitive ear. A protest it may be against what is mechanical in square brushwork, but as technique it yields nothing in point of view of artificiality to the system it attempts to override. Enigmatic, spectral, phantasmal it is, moreover, when conveyed on canvas, and this in spite of, at times, a happy sense of diffused light, of an obvious delight in quivering and radiant atmosphere. Hence, in the matter of treatment, as in theme, a sense of laborious artificiality rests with us in regarding this strange mixture of impressionism, *plein air*, and mysticism, which constitutes the latest word in French Art. Yet to say that the symbolist is of necessity insincere, is little less than an absurdity, and more than a manifest injustice. As a matter of fact, the French artist is generally sincere, or sincere to himself, at the moment; the mischief, if anything, is that the Gaul in him responds too quickly to the contradictory thoughts of a fantastic and reactionary age.

For the painter—the painter whose work is destined to live—is, commonly speaking, as little of the world, as little distracted by momentary problems, as is the genuine poet. Monticelli, conceiving his sumptuous Venetian fêtes in the Marseilles garret; Millet, the peasant, manufacturing poems out of his pigsties and peasants, are ready examples of what is untampered, individual, and supremely imaginative in the artistic temperament. In our own day Henner, as has been pointed out by that wisest and wittiest of critics, André Michel, is the one modern true to the simple instincts of the painter's trade—Henner who, bathed in his reverie of translucent flesh and liquid twilight, would seem deaf to the clamours and contentions of his time.

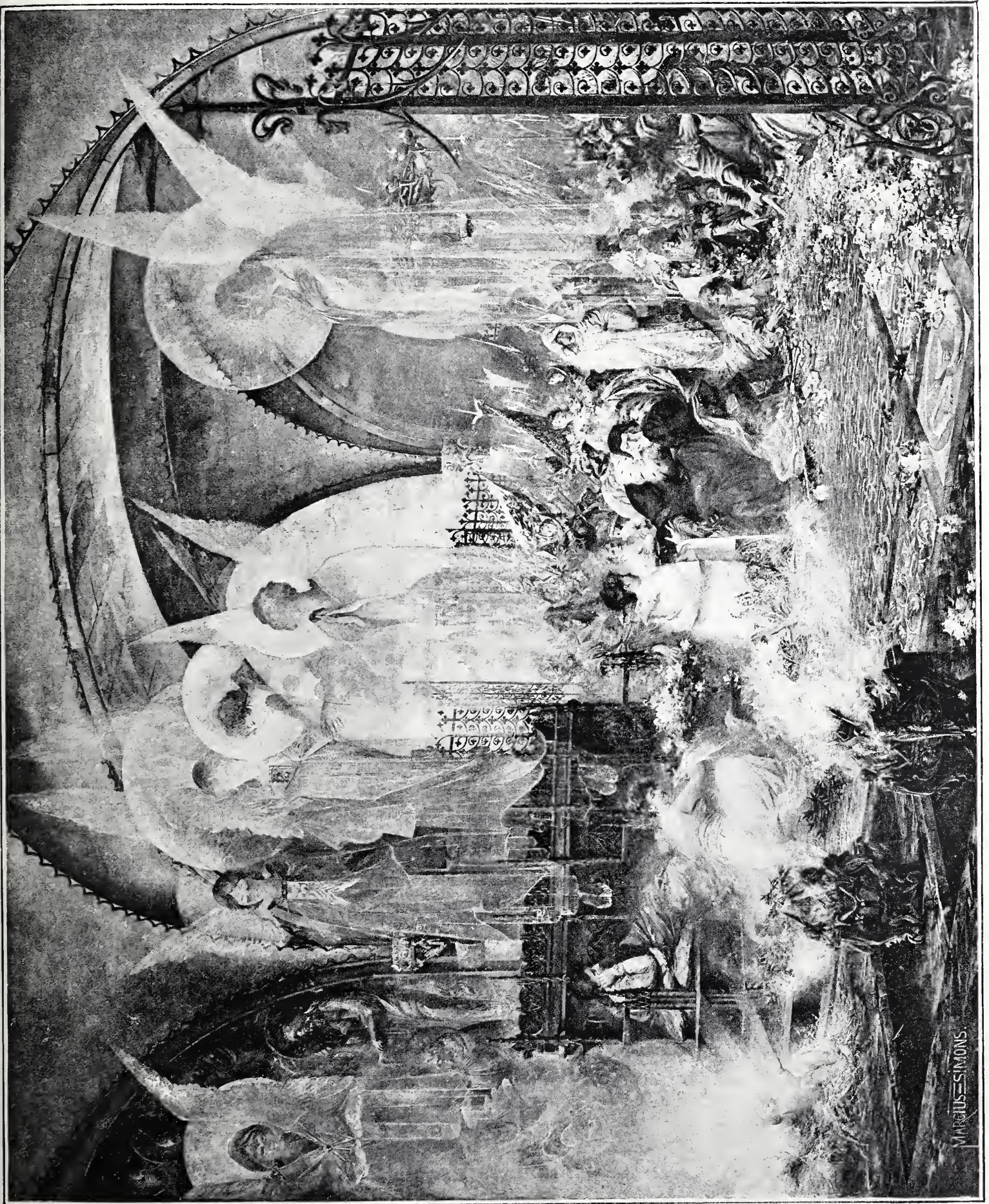
Now in each and all of these artists we see an output which is a sincere and direct emanation from within. Monticelli's gorgeous chords of colour, Millet's chronicles of patient labour, Henner's crepuscule dreams, have we not here three temperaments writ large, three temperaments recorded on canvas for all time? All three men give us their actual touch with outward things, their notion of the mystery, the beauty, the sublimity to be found in the world around them, and give it us frankly and royally at first hand. Herein lies their weight, and herein, no less, lies their charm. For let us look to it, and we shall see that these are qualities wholly lacking in the common ruck of men. Little sagacity is needed to see that it is the catchpenny fry who seize on what is novel and sensational, rather than what is fundamental and permanent in Art, to gain notoriety for ephemeral work. The flames of M. La Touche's hell scream at the visitor across a gallery; in such proximity who shall stay to admire the tonality of a tiny canvas by Cazin, or what was once Alfred Stevens?

It is high pressure, then, which is killing French Art. It is the insane desire of the painter to be "up to date," to be in the movement, to be modern. Now to be modern means to

be cosmopolitan. Even the self-centred Frenchman has at length gathered this fact, and so, forsooth, he casts his eye abroad, and with one hand borrows something from Von Uhde, something from the pastorals enacted at Oberammergau, and with the other seizes on the themes of our English pre-Raphaelites and presents his version of them—dished up with Parisian piquancy! Nor have the strangers held aloof. The American, always in Paris "plus royal que le Roi," has hastened in, and seeing that Parisians have, in some manner or other, come to be aware of the existence of our primitives, offer them Yankeeised reproductions of Holman Hunt, Hughes, and Madox Brown.

To describe many of these paintings would be a bootless enterprise. The borrowed garment is a sorry affair, as we have already seen, and seldom fits a man like his own. I may have quarrelled with the superabundance of detail, the something too deliberately mannered, too deliberately archaic in our own pre-Raphaelite school, but of a truth the men who represent that school are past masters in their craft compared with their imitators in the Palais de l'Industrie. Our pre-Raphaelites have, at any rate, sincerity, distinction, and style. They have fervid convictions, and often a sense of colour as glowing as their creeds. But what of their followers, their poor "under-studies" on either bank of the Seine? For, be it remarked, I deal not here with the inaptitudes of such exhibitions as those inaugurated by the Sar Peladan, or that which, under the imposing and pretentious title of "the symbolic school," made people gape and stare in the Rue Peletier. No; the ordinary salon in the Champs-Élysées or the Champ de Mars is good—or bad—enough for the purpose. Two pictures, therefore, in the latter gallery will serve as an example of much that remains behind. The first is a triptych (triptychs are in high fashion just now), and is called 'Le peuple verra un jour le lever du soleil.' Now what sun, whether terrestrial or mundane, whether spiritual or socialistic, the artist, M. Léon Frédéric, dreams of I know not. Apparently he has little faith in ordinary solar luminaries, or any hope, here below, of solutions of earth's painful riddle. Nevertheless, with the charming perversity, I had almost said the optimism, of the true pessimist, he offers us one. We gather thorns now, and the frail flesh bleeds, but somehow, somewhere, some day—as M. Léon Frédéric assures us—thorns will be not, but roses in sweetness and plentiful abundance. Brave, indeed, are the brutally lacerated, naked children who battle through the briary thicket in the first of the three panels. More subdued, more cowed are they in the second, who gather stones, painfully and laboriously bending over the sterile earth, under lurid, flame-torn skies. But a better, altogether a more comforting state of things, is to come. M. Frédéric suffers the heavens to be propitious in the third panel of his triptych. For here a rosy, a radiant sunrise—the sunrise, we presume, of a more gracious day—touches the outline of a garden carpeted with amaranth, peopled with jubilant children, and alive with summer's awakenings.

M. Marcus-Simons' moral is more obvious in the canvas entitled 'Mon Royaume n'est pas de ce monde' (p. 329). It is obvious, that is to say when one has at length, and after a somewhat protracted search, discovered the small Christ-child in the left-hand corner of the picture, and at the same moment the little enigmatic portent of the whole. Until that moment, so faulty in this matter is the design, the eye travels in puzzled and bewildered amazement from the flower-strewn marble floor to the pinnacle of lofty Gothic arch; from the

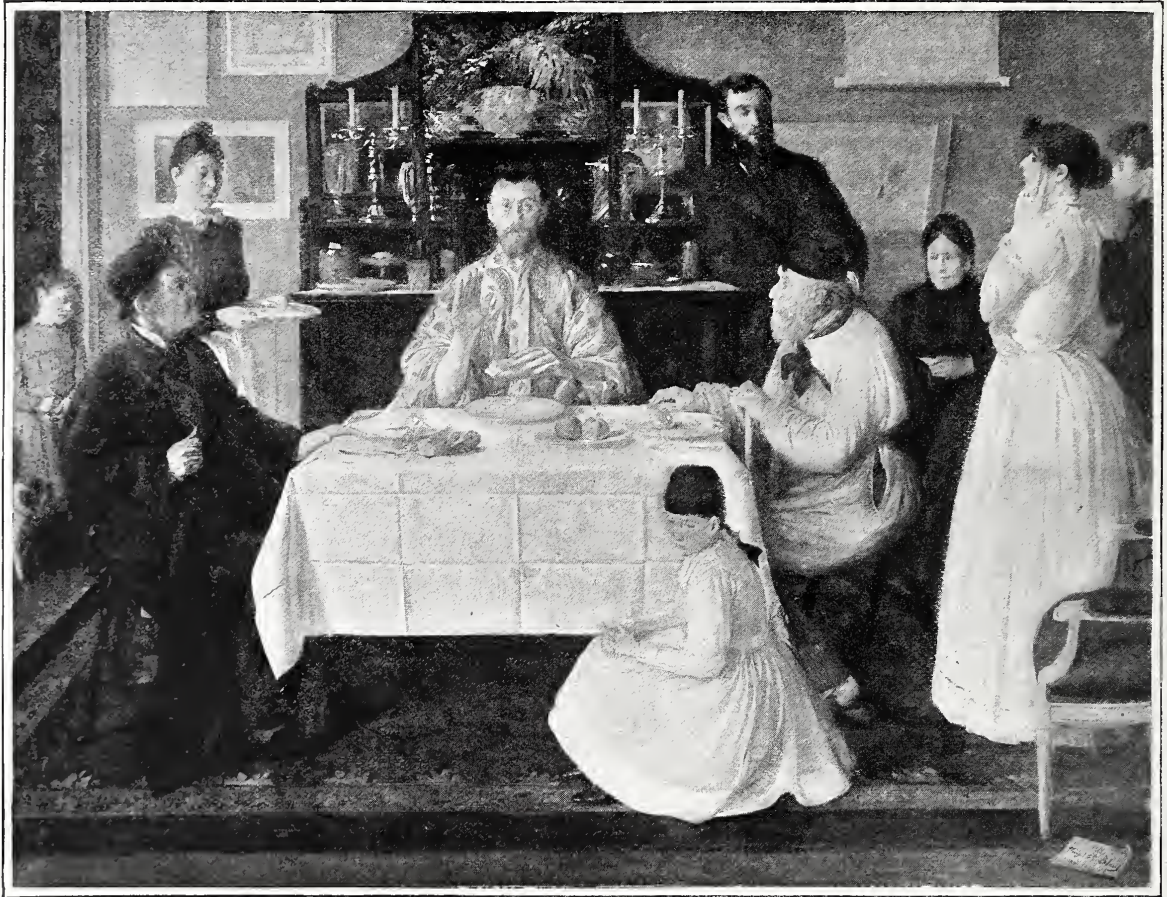


"Mon Royaume n'est pas de ce monde." By Marcius-Simons.

loungeing, luxurious, scarlet-robed dignitary to one or other of the wraith-like saints who hover somewhat uncomfortably in mid-air. The discovery of the Christ-child, as I have said elucidates the mystery, but it in no wise explains why Mr. Marcius-Simons, who obviously has the gift of imagination, should be so woefully lacking in style. Boldness he has in at-

tacking a like subject, and something of daring in his treatment, but the handling is at once timid and formal, and altogether lacking in breadth, individuality, and vigour.

A third picture, M. Blanche's 'L'hôte,' exhibits the same poverty of execution, the same meagre technique allied to an at once enigmatic and ambiguous theme. Whether the



L'hôte. By Blanche.

artist is a follower of the New Megi hardly concerns the great public, though his allegiance to the Sar Peladan may account in some wise for much that is fantastic in the canvas. To the brand-new convert of a brand-new religion or system of ethics much may be forgiven, so M. Blanche's somewhat anomalous presentation of the new prophet administering the sacrament, in an interior furnished with an

English sideboard and the latest "home-comforts," may pass as a harmless piece of eccentricity.

Of the more popular religious movement and the curious impetus, or, properly speaking, the reaction, which has given it birth, I have now no space to speak. The problem must wait another issue.

MARION HEPWORTH DIXON.

OUR PROVINCIAL ART MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES.*

V.—BIRMINGHAM CITY MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY.

IN no town, or rather city as it has now become, have greater advancements been made towards the enlightenment of the masses than in the metropolis of the midland counties. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that Birmingham at the present day possesses one of the finest museums and Art galleries in the provinces.

The Public Libraries Acts were first adopted in Birmingham

* Continued from page 283.

in 1860, and in connection with the Free Library in Ratcliff Place a temporary gallery was formed, where exhibitions of paintings on a small scale were periodically held; but it was not until the year 1878 that the idea of a permanent Art gallery took a practical form, when the eminent engineers, Messrs. Richard and George Tangye, recognised the disadvantage under which the workmen of artistic crafts laboured owing to their not having the means of studying objects of good design. They

offered five thousand pounds—which sum was eventually doubled—for the purchase of works of Art, on condition that the Corporation would erect a suitable building in which they could be housed. This liberal offer was readily accepted by the Corporation, and arrangements were at once commenced for the erection of a gallery.

The foundation-stone of the present building, which adjoins the municipal offices, and is close to the Town Hall, was laid in 1881, and four years afterwards the Museum and Art Gallery was completed at a cost of fifty thousand pounds, when it was formally opened by H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. Imbued with the generous spirit in which Messrs. Tangye had given so large a sum, and in addition had presented an extensive and valuable collection of Wedgwood ware, many leading men in Birmingham vied with each other in aiding to cover the walls of the galleries with paintings, and to fill the cases with objects of decorative and industrial Art worthy of the city. Consequently, on the day when the building was opened to the public, Birmingham already possessed the nucleus of a fine collection of works of Art, and the Committee had not to rely entirely, as unfortunately is often the case, on loans from wealthy owners to fill their museum. Amongst the most prominent gifts, in addition to the collec-

tion of Wedgwood from Messrs. Tangye, were twenty-six oil paintings by David Cox (a native of the town), bequeathed in 1882 by the late Mr. J. H. Nettleford, and a large collection, filling no less than twenty-eight glass cases, of oriental

Art, which had been formed with great care by Mr. John Fee-ney. In each successive year since the opening, the Museum and Art Gallery have been considerably enriched with valuable donations and bequests of paintings and objects of industrial Art, and at the present time it is estimated that the value exceeds fifty thousand pounds. One of the most recent gifts has been the noted picture, 'The Blind Girl,' by Sir J. E. Millais, R.A., presented by Mr. W. Kenrick, M.P., as a permanent record of the great success of the special exhibition of the works of the English pre-Raphaelite School, held during the winter months of 1891-1892.

In response to an appeal made by the Committee to augment the large sum of money given by Messrs. Tangye Brothers, a liberal response was made, and a purchase fund of about twenty-five thousand pounds

was subscribed for the purpose of increasing the permanent collections. In utilising this sum it has been the aim of the Committee to acquire for the decorative and industrial sections of the Museum all such objects which have, as far as possible,



City Museum and Art Gallery, Birmingham.

a direct bearing on the industries of the city. A considerable portion of this amount has been expended in the purchase of examples of Italian Art workmanship. In the spring of 1883 Sir J. C. Robinson, F.S.A., was commissioned to visit Italy with a view to procuring specimens for the Museum, which was then approaching completion. He was successful in acquiring about one hundred objects, which included admirable examples of stone carvings, wrought iron, jewellery, majolica, and glass. A descriptive account of the collection appeared in this Journal in December, 1885. In 1886 and the following year, the

keeper of the Museum, Mr. Whitworth Wallis, was sent to Italy to acquire further specimens. On both occasions, after visiting the principal cities in the north of Italy, Rome and Naples, he brought back numerous valuable objects of artistic workmanship, and also reproductions of many of the Pompeian bronzes in the National Museum at Naples. Two years later Mr. Wallis made a more extended journey, and explored the remote villages and hill cities of Tuscany, Umbria, Southern Italy, and Sicily, in search of specimens for the Museum. He succeeded in procuring an extensive collection of decorative



The Round Gallery, Birmingham.

iron-work, carvings in marble and stone, glass, embroideries, and jewellery. These have now all been classified and arranged in the galleries.

The most recent additions to the permanent collections are some excellent specimens of gold and silversmiths' work, consisting of reliquaries, chalices, and cups; also a fine iron coffer lock and key, French Gothic work of the fifteenth century, beautifully chiselled. These were purchased at the sale of the celebrated Magniac collection in July last.

Besides objects of industrial Art, the purchase fund has been devoted to the acquisition of paintings. The Committee have procured some well-known pictures, such as 'The Last of England,' by Ford Madox Brown, 'Beata Beatrix,' by

Dante Rossetti, 'The Widow's Mite,' by Sir J. E. Millais, Bt., R.A., and quite recently an important work by J. C. Hook, R.A., entitled 'Fish from the Dogger Bank.' An illustration of the last-named, which was formerly in the Price collection, appeared in the *Art Annual* for 1888.

The industrial section of the Museum also contains a valuable collection of arms of different nations arranged in chronological order, from the cross-bow of the fourteenth century down to the modern Enfield rifle. This collection was made by the Guardians of the Proof House, and presented by them to the Corporation.

One of the features of the Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery is to hold annually special loan exhibitions of the

works of certain masters. The most successful and the most appreciated of these have been a collection of paintings by G. F. Watts, R.A., and E. Burne-Jones, A.R.A., shown in 1885-6; a collection of works in oil, water-colour, and sepia, by David Cox, in 1890-91; and works illustrating the English pre-Raphaelite School in 1891-92, of which mention has already been made. This was opened with an inaugural address by Mr. William Morris, and attracted considerable attention. The present exhibition now on view consists of works by living animal painters, and pictures in which animal life forms a leading feature. It includes works by Briton Rivière, R.A., H. W. B. Davis, R.A., A. C. Gow, R.A., John Charlton, S. E. Waller, and other well-known painters of animals.

Situated as the building is in the centre of the city, it is of easy access to all the inhabitants, and having the advantage of being always free, it is visited by a large number of people, the annual average being considerably more than eight hundred thousand persons. It has always been the endeavour of the Committee to give the working classes an opportunity of studying the contents of the Museum, and with this view it is open four nights in every week till nine o'clock, and every Sunday afternoon for three hours.

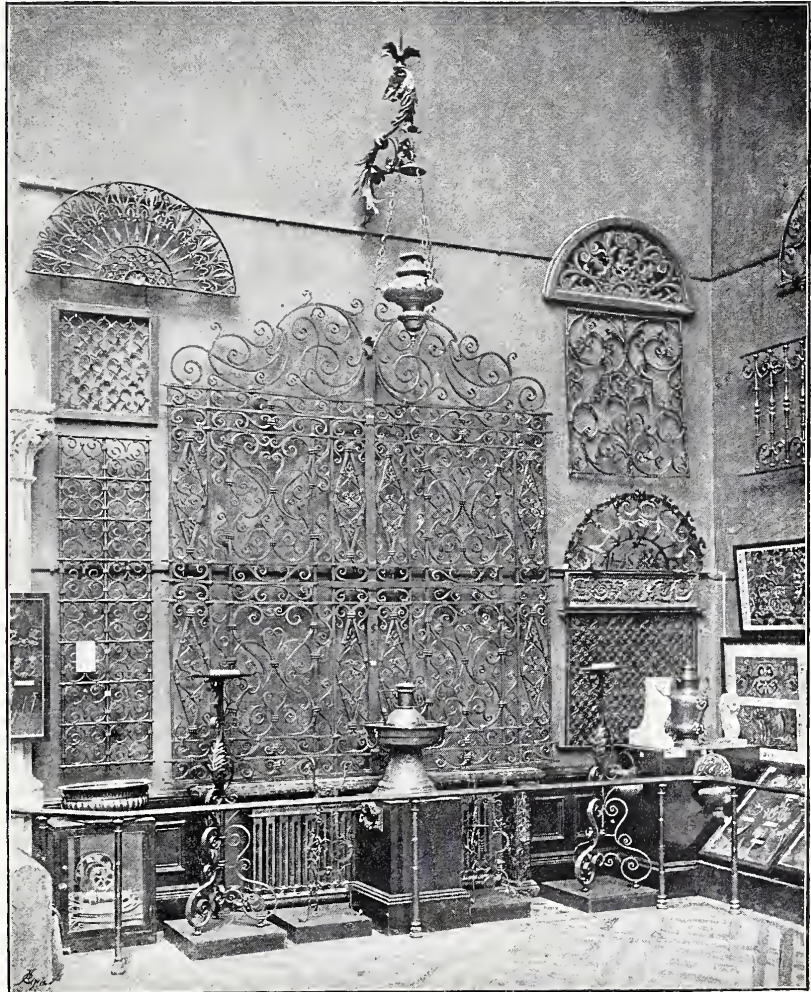
A special feature is made in the issue of fully-descriptive catalogues of the collections, sold at one penny each, so as to be within the reach of all. These are not mere detailed lists—that of the Industrial Art objects, for instance, contains notes and general information as to the history, progress, and processes of the divisions of Art workmanship, and is intended as a guide to the principal objects in each gallery—whilst that of the paintings includes biographical notices of the artists, and descriptions of the more important pictures. Admirable catalogues also have been published, at the same modest price, of the special loan exhibitions held each year.

Mention must also be made of the great use the Museum and Art Gallery is in providing examples of artistic design for the students of the School of Art, which is situated in close proximity to the Museum, and of the facilities which are given to the pupils for studying its contents. This institution, of which Mr. E. R. Taylor is the headmaster, is likewise under the control of the Corporation, and occupies a very high position in the country, mainly due to the energies of Mr. Alderman Kenrick, M.P., and Mr. Thackray Bunce, J.P., who have probably done more than any others to promote Art education during recent years in Birmingham.

ASTON HALL.

Birmingham possesses a second museum at Aston, a large parish to the north-east of the city. The chief interest of this institution, however, lies not so much in its collections, but in the historic building in which they are housed. Aston Hall, a fine old Elizabethan red-brick mansion, was com-
1892.

menced in the year 1618, but not completed till 1635, by Sir Thomas Holte, a man noted for his loyalty to the Stuarts. Although it has suffered greatly at various times from the vicissitudes of fortune, few country mansions remain in such a good state of preservation. It stands on a slight eminence in a fine old park, but considerably shorn of its former beauty, owing to the greater part having been sold for building purposes; and the stately front, viewed through the trees, impresses one with its grandeur. Its chief features consist in a dignified façade, with large windows lighting the entrance hall, and a finely pierced parapet along the top. On either side are wings extending forward, and in the centre



A Wall of the Long Gallery, Birmingham.

and at each end are towers surmounted with ogee roofs. These, with the solid chimneys, give a picturesque appearance to the edifice. Its historic interest is increased by the fact that King Charles I. was entertained here for two days by its noble owner in 1642, shortly before the battle of Edgehill. In the following year the old house was attacked by the Parliamentary forces, and, after a short resistance, Sir Thomas Holte was obliged to surrender. Descending through several generations, the estates eventually passed away from the family, owing to Sir Charles Holte dying in 1782 without leaving any successor. After various changes, the hall and park were sold to the Aston Park Company, who converted

the building into a species of industrial exhibition, and the park into a recreation ground for the people. These were inaugurated by H.M. the Queen, accompanied by the late Prince Consort, in June, 1858. The company, however, were not successful in their undertaking, and after a few years the property was acquired by the Birmingham Corporation. Since that time the old Hall has been well cared for, and is being preserved as far as possible from further decay.

On entering the spacious entrance hall, to the left is a magnificent staircase—illustrated in Nash's "Mansions of England"—of massive oak, leading to the first floor. It is richly carved with arabesque ornamentation, and is an

extremely fine example of Elizabethan workmanship. On the landing may be seen a result of the attack of the Parliamentary forces—a cannon ball, after passing through two thick walls, shattered one of the thick oak newels, which still remains in the same condition. The great gallery, running along the whole of the west front, is 136 feet in length, and is an exceedingly handsome apartment. The walls are covered with carved oak panels, and the ceiling is of an elaborate design. It contains numerous portraits of members of the Holte family and other paintings, some carved furniture, including a beautiful walnut cabinet presented to Sir Thomas Holte by King Charles, a sedan chair, and other



Aston Hall. From a Photograph by Mr. H. Baker, Birmingham.

relics which belonged to the Holte family. The great drawing-room is richly decorated with a fine chimney-piece of white stone, alabaster and black marble, rising to the level of the cornice. On the walls are hung paintings, principally by Birmingham and other local artists. Next to it is a small apartment, known as King Charles's bedroom. Here it is stated that the unhappy monarch slept during his brief visit. The walls are covered with tapestry worked by some ladies of the Holte family.

On the ground floor is another room of special interest, called Dr. Johnson's room. It is fitted up with the panelling and mantelpiece from a house which formerly stood in Old Square, Birmingham. A tablet records that Dr. Samuel

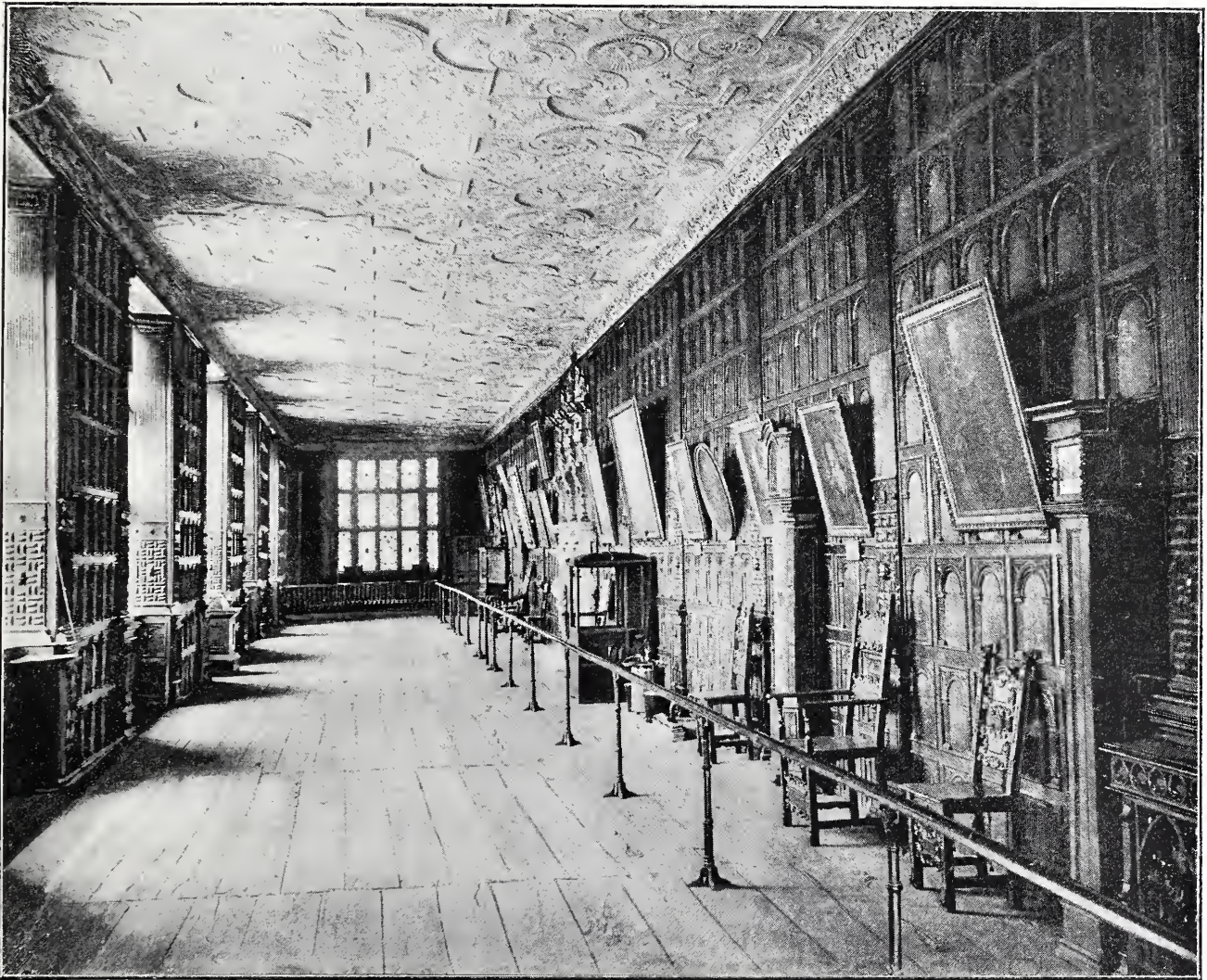
Johnson was often a guest of his old schoolfellow and friend, Edward Hector, who lived in this house. Here also are exhibited other mementos of this distinguished writer, consisting of portraits, engravings, and books.

There are numerous other apartments, also richly panelled and with highly-decorated ceilings and handsome fire-places. Many of these contain glass cases filled with specimens of Indian, Chinese, and Japanese Art objects. In the chapel are exhibited rifles, etc., from the Royal Small Arms Factory, models of machinery used in the manufacture of cotton, and the first electro-plating machine. These miscellaneous objects are hardly in harmony with the historic traditions of the old mansion, and the authorities hope at no distant date to

be able to find another place for this collection, and to restore the chapel, as far as possible, to its original appearance. The views of the exterior and of the great gallery have been

reproduced, by permission, from the illustrated handbook of Aston Hall, which has been recently published.

The keeper of the City Museum and Art Gallery and of



The Gallery, Aston Hall. From a Photograph by Mr. H. Baker, Birmingham.

Aston Hall, Mr. Whitworth Wallis, F.S.A., F.R.G.S., is the younger son of the late Mr. George Wallis, of the South Kensington Museum, where he received his early training under his father. He has acquired considerable knowledge

and experience in carrying out the arrangement of museums through his frequent journeys abroad, when he had opportunities of visiting most of the Continental museums and Art galleries.

H. M. CUNDALL.

RAPHAEL'S 'CRUCIFIXION.'

LATELY IN THE COLLECTION OF THE EARL OF DUDLEY.

THIS great panel, until lately the crowning ornament of the Dudley House collection, brought together by that lavish and enthusiastic connoisseur, the late Earl of Dudley—better known to the Art world of his time as Lord Ward—has passed thence into the collection of Mr. Lewis Mond, an amateur of Italian painting, whose fine taste has been evidenced by the contributions which he has from time to time made to

the winter exhibitions of Old Masters at Burlington House. The 'Crucifixion,' if we judge from its absolutely and even timidly Peruginesque character, must have been painted not long after Raphael's entrance into the master's studio, before the great 'Coronation of the Virgin,' executed by him for the church of S. Francesco at Perugia, on the model of an altar-piece by Pietro Perugino, painted for S. Francesco at

Monte, in the environs of the same city, and now in the Vatican; and considerably before the famous 'Sposalizio,' painted (as the inscription tells us, in 1504) for the church of S. Francesco at Città di Castello. Sanzio's entrance into the atelier of Perugino being now deemed to have taken place not before 1500, when he had, in the first place, as Morelli has gone very far to prove, undergone the influence, and to a certain extent, adopted the types of Timoteo Viti—already displaying even in his earliest works the germs of his mature Raphaellesque style—a certain time must be allowed him for the temporary throwing off of his old Timoteo and the acquiring of his new Perugino manner. Therefore the accepted date of 1500 for the 'Crucifixion' appears to us by one or even two years too early, and we should be inclined to place its execution at *circa* 1502. Apart from its intrinsic merits, it is distinguished as being the first in order of the signed pictures of Sanzio, the 'Sposalizio' being the second. The 'Crucifixion' is signed at the foot "Raphael Urbinas P.," while the 'Marriage of the Virgin' at the Brera bears a similar signature, inscribed with the date "MDIIII," on the beautiful Bramantesque temple in the background, which is adapted with improvements from that appearing in Perugino's original altar-piece, now in the Museum of Caen. The 'Crucifixion' is further remarkable as being the only representation of the crowning scene of the Passion to be found in the life-work of the Urbinate, who after his first period favoured the serener and more majestic scenes showing the divine powers of the Saviour, rather than those which depict the sorrows of the Son of Man. In making this statement we do not forget the important 'Spasimo di Sicilia,' now at Madrid, a work of the third or crowning period—manifestly based on the engravings of Dürer and Schöngauer—which goes far to prove the rule.

Our panel has been popularly described as "Raphael's first picture," but though it is undoubtedly among the first of his Peruginesque performances, at least two of the series of 'Holy Families' in the Berlin Gallery—the 'Madonna di Casa Diotalevi,' and the 'Madonna Solly'—are earlier in date, while the beautiful 'Madonna and Child with Saints,' in the same collection, painted under the influence not only of Perugino, but of Pinturicchio, is of about the same time. To the pre-Peruginesque period, when Raphael studied as a boy at Urbino under Timoteo Viti, belong our own beautiful 'Vision of the Knight,' at the National Gallery (see vol. for 1889, page 277), the small 'St. Michael,' in the Salon Carré of the Louvre, and perhaps also the famous 'Three Graces,' formerly with the 'Crucifixion' in the Dudley House collection, whence it passed a few years ago for the enormous sum of 600,000 francs into that of the Duc d'Aumale at Chantilly.

The 'Crucifixion' was painted for the church of San Domenico at Città di Castello, where over a side altar of the choir it was displayed in a magnificent stone frame, forming a pendant to Luca Signorelli's 'St. Sebastian.' It remained in its place for three centuries, and was then obtained by an enterprising French connoisseur for the sum of 4,000 *scudi*, supplemented by an inferior copy which now occupies the place of the original. It subsequently found its way into the vast miscellaneous collection of Cardinal Fesch, at the sale of which it was purchased by Prince de Canino for 40,000 *scudi romani*; by the latter the great altar-piece was sold to the late Earl of Dudley—then Lord Ward—in 1847,

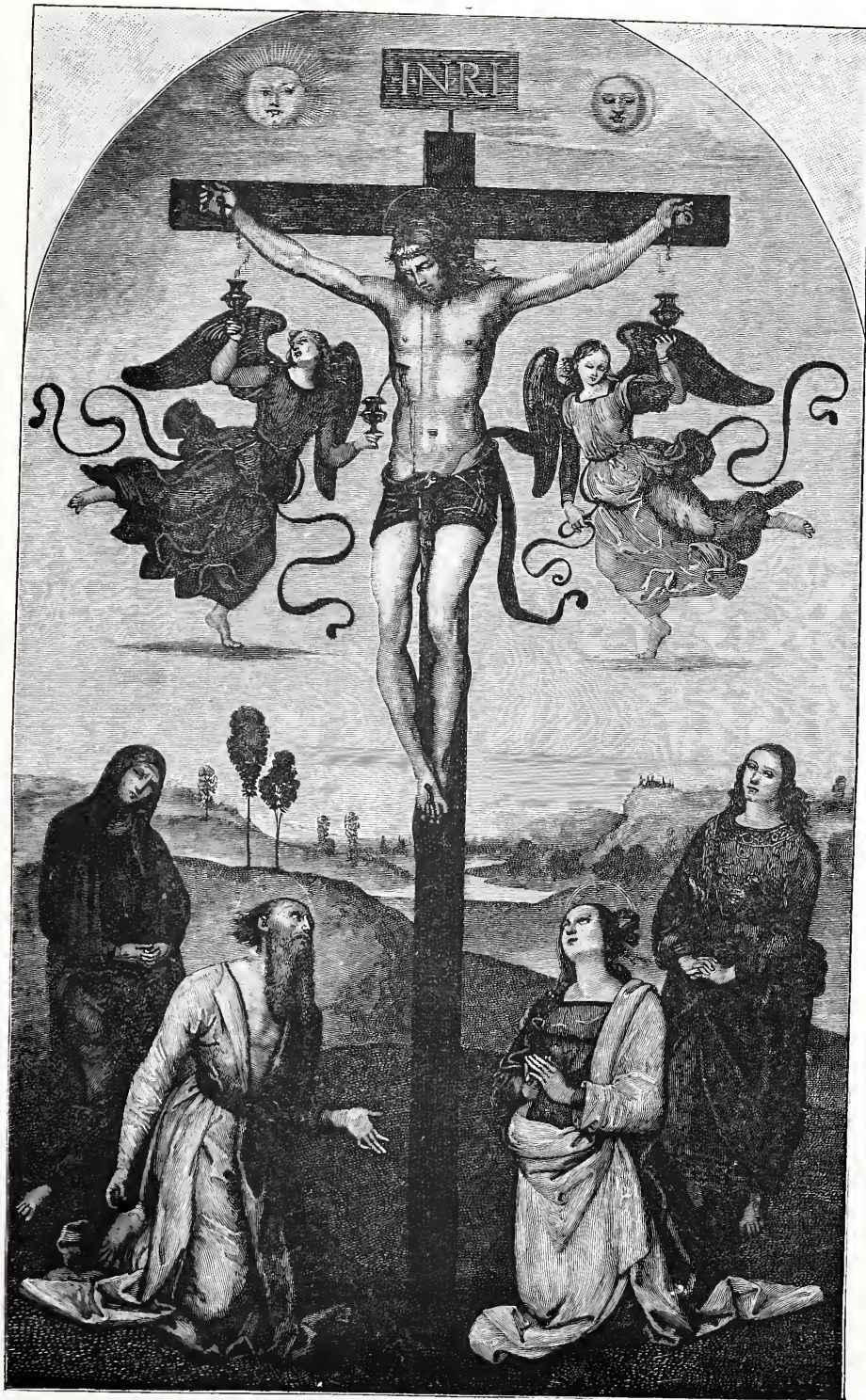
and it has remained down to the present year a chief ornament of the picture gallery at Dudley House.

In the midst of a bare, but nevertheless lovely Umbrian landscape, of the type perfected, if not invented by Perugino, is erected the Cross bearing the emaciated yet noble form of the already dead Saviour; the composition attains to an added solemnity by the omission, after the example of the *caposcuola*, of the crosses bearing the two thieves. Flying angels hover on either side, holding chalices to catch the divine blood, which flows from the pierced hands and the breast of Christ. At the foot of the cross kneel St. Jerome and St. Mary Magdalene, while on either hand stand the Virgin and St. John. The composition is not exactly a copy of any extant original by Perugino, yet it depends in every detail on the example of the master. It bears much the same relation to the magnificent fresco of the latter in the convent of S. Maria Maddalena dei Pazzi at Florence as does the 'Sposalizio' of the Brera to the altar-piece of Perugino at Caen. The composition of the elder painter is divided by architectural framings, the central compartment containing the crucified Saviour, with the Magdalen kneeling at the foot of the cross, while on the left hand appear the Virgin and St. Benedict, on the right St. John and St. Bernard. The St. John of the pupil's 'Crucifixion' comes, too, very near to the figure of the saint in the great 'Deposition,' painted by Perugino for S. Chiara at Perugia, and now in the Pitti Palace; while the floating angels are a common formula in the Perugian performances of the period.

The colouring of Raphael's altar-piece is gayer in the local tints, and in a somewhat higher key than the best work of his master, but it is far less rich and forceful in tone than are the typical performances of the latter; moreover, the blue, vaporous Umbrian prospect is here vaguer and more generalised. Some eminent critics—and among them the late Anton Springer—have been so far fascinated by the magic of the great name as to convince themselves that they find in the 'Crucifixion' a deeper expression in the Peruginesque heads, a more delicate modulation of gesture than are to be discovered in the prototypes of Perugino himself. Our own opinion inclines, we must own, in an opposite direction.

In the still timid and anxious endeavour to conform to the Peruginesque precept and example, the youthful Sanzio has, as we think, preserved more of the outside of his master's art than of his dreamy tenderness, of the contemplative quality of his holy personages, so fastidiously disdainful of things human and earthly, so rapt in mystic self-communings, as to be only half connected with the dramatic motive of the scenes which they people. Who will seriously come forward to assert that this 'Crucifixion' is equal in sacred passion or in pictorial beauty to the great fresco at S. Maria Maddalena dei Pazzi, to the 'Deposizione' in the Pitti, to the 'Virgin appearing to St. Bernard' in the Munich gallery, to the altar-piece with the Virgin and Child between Saints at S. Agostino in Cremona, to our own magnificent triptych from the Certosa of Pavia (National Gallery)? A little later on, in the lovely 'Sposalizio' of the Brera (1504), in the 'Madonna of the Nuns of S. Antonio' (now at the South Kensington Museum) (1505), in the 'Madonna Ansidei' (1506), the pupil unfolds his wings and takes a higher flight. Still the 'Crucifixion' is a notable work, not only in virtue of its exceptional dimensions among the early works of Raphael, but as an historical landmark, and a surprising instance of the power of self-metamorphosis exhibited by the radiant youth of less than twenty years.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.



The Crucifixion. By Raphael.

HARGROVE'S MADONNA.



OW what do you think of it?" said Hargrove, stepping back from his easel and looking critically at the canvas thereon, while his friend knit his brow and pursed up his lips in irritating silence.

It was the study of a head; the face very beautiful in form and colouring, but with something unaccountably repellent in its expression. The gravity of the mouth looked unreal, and a certain slyness about the eyes made one feel they were more used to flash with anger or twinkle with merriment than to look forth so sedately.

"That is to be the Madonna in your 'Flight into Egypt,' is it?" said Conyers, R.A., in whose presence many artistic lights burned dim, and some were totally extinguished. "I see--little Ross again. She sat for your Carmen last year, did not she? Yes, of course, there she is"—glancing towards a large picture at the farther end of the studio—"and a very good Carmen she makes too."

The slightly patronising tone of this remark was not resented by the younger man; Mr. Conyers' observations were invariably received with respect by his brethren, and when, as in the present case, he condescended to commend, even with gratitude.

Hargrove flushed a little as he too turned towards the work in question, whence the face before-mentioned laughed down at him with roguish eyes; the lips dimpled into charming curves, every line speaking of youthful frolic and mischief. "Yes, your model was quite at home there, evidently," pursued the great man. "As a Madonna—h'm! We artists are obliged to Nature for many useful hints—has it never struck you that she does not make her Madonnas of the same materials as her Carmens? Your head is a very pretty head, Hargrove, but it is not a Madonna."

Louis Hargrove was crestfallen; Mr. Conyers was distinctly in the right, and had in fact merely put into words an impression against which he himself had been secretly struggling. He stood gloomily surveying his work for some time after his friend had departed, finally dashing a great dab of white on to it with his palette-knife.

"It is all very well to talk!" he broke out impetuously. "Where am I to find a ready-made Madonna? They don't frequent the studios in these days, and yet—fool that I am! unless I find one cut out for me it seems I can't paint her."

Yes, this was Hargrove's misfortune; he could portray, but he could not create. Rigidly faithful to nature, conscientious as to the smallest detail of his work, graceful and even powerful in his method, he yet lacked this essential to the great artist. He could indeed conceive a picture in his mind, but when it came to painting—he must have the model before him. Line for line, curve for curve, the face grew upon his canvas only as he saw it in the flesh; he could not make it convey his thought, he could not endow it with any expression but its own. This was perhaps the reason why, passionately devoted though he was to Art, many as were the years which he had spent in its service, he had as yet accomplished nothing really great,

nothing that would stir men's hearts, or make his name endure. Yet it was the purpose of Louis Hargrove's life to achieve a masterpiece which should be famous for all time; and to this purpose he set himself with a dogged determination which countless failures could not overcome. And now for the twentieth time he had set about a work with high hope and stern resolution—*this* should be his *chef d'œuvre!* It was a sacred piece—it being this man's characteristic to aim ever at the highest—"The Flight into Egypt." Hargrove had been bold enough to discard the traditional donkey, and the two noble figures were represented on foot; the Patriarch Joseph, one step in advance of his companion, looking steadily forward as became the pioneer; but the Virgin-Mother—the form of whose divine charge was just discernible under her mantle—had turned to bid a last farewell to her own country. The painter had been well content with his first draft of the work, and even with his more finished studies; he had secured a very venerable Saint Joseph, and the figure and attitude of the Madonna were all that could be desired—but the face! Ah, if he could only reproduce it as he imagined it, its youthful purity and grace ennobled by the majesty which befitted the Mother of God! He could see this face when he closed his eyes, the face as of a child in its unspeakable innocence—the Virgin Mother was, at the time he represented her, little more than a child in years, as he remembered—of an angel—more than an angel—in its dignity, of a woman in its pain. Had there ever been such a conception of the Madonna before? he had thought many a time, a certain rapture struggling with his despair—and he could not render it!

He laid aside his brushes and went out, walking moodily along the streets, with an occasional stare into the faces of the women who passed him that would have been rude had it been less preoccupied. He was looking for his Madonna; could he but catch sight of any face remotely suggestive of his ideal, be it that of duchess or orange-girl, the possessor thereof must become his model. If money or persuasion could not procure her services in that capacity he would exact them by sheer force of will—he must, he should, or he should go mad. Presently, some one jostling him in passing, his foot slipped off the pavement to the gutter, and the disagreeable jar awoke him to a consciousness of his surroundings.

"I am afraid the Brompton Road is not a place for Madonnas!" he said to himself, smiling, and resolved to betake himself to his club like a sensible man. There was a short cut through a certain cemetery a little farther on that would speedily lead him to his own quarter of the town. Yes, this was the turn, close to the Brompton Oratory—how brilliantly lighted up the entrance was this afternoon! Hargrove walked idly up to it, though in so doing he was obliged to go a few steps out of his way. Great red curtains draped the three doors, and each time that they opened a burst of music greeted the artist's ears. He had not entered a Catholic church since his student days in the Eternal City, but now, "for old sake's sake," he began to ascend the steps.

The church was ablaze with light, and densely packed with people; a boy's voice soaring up into the dome in silvery exquisite cadences, joined at intervals by the full notes of the adult choristers, and supported by the deep rich tones of the organ. Hargrove stood still for a moment, dazzled and a little confused; the glare of the light, the rich colours of the draperies, the sheen of the vestments were almost painfully bright to one thus stepping out of the dusk. But presently, recovering himself, he made his way quickly through the crowd, looking round him with a certain melancholy pleasure. Everything, from the forest of wax lights on the high altar to the great baskets of white flowers on the railings which sur-

rounded the Lady-chapel, reminded him of the ceremonials in Rome. Why, the mere pungent scent of those sprigs of box and myrtle with which the ground was strewn carried him back to that far-away student-life of his as though it were yesterday! What a happy time it was; how full of hope, of noble ambition he had been then! And now he was no nearer the realisation of his dreams, his success had been—not yet. Perhaps it would never be.

Suddenly he started, and a smothered exclamation broke from his lips. Was he dreaming, had his over-wrought fancy conjured up that kneeling figure yonder? Or was it a living being? For a moment he could not say, but of one thing he



"Mary," said Hargrove at last, and, stepping quickly up to her, he laid hold of her arm.

was certain—vision or reality, there was his Madonna! Holding his breath he drew a step nearer; yes, he could see now, the figure *was* that of a living woman, or rather of a girl, for perhaps the most noticeable thing about her was the extreme youthfulness of her face coupled with its sorrowful expression. The dress, too, though somewhat unusual, was not that which one would expect a vision to adopt. The long cloak of dark cloth fell in superb lines about the kneeling form, and the plain bonnet of black straw had slipped back from the uplifted head, exposing hair of dazzling gold. The eyes seemed to be dark, as brows and lashes undeniably were, and the complexion flawless, even in the brilliant light; but these were

accidents for which Hargrove cared little. It was the purity of the face, the noble innocence stamped on every line, and above all, the expression, which transfixed him with wondering delight. Truly the very expression he had pictured to himself so often—a sort of trustful pain, of submissive sorrow, such a look as might be worn by a soul in that Purgatory in which this girl and her co-religionists believed, could it appear in tangible form.

Louis never knew how the time passed which elapsed before the great doors were thrown open and people began to pour out. His Madonna waited a few minutes, still absorbed in prayer, after the Benediction was over, but at last rose and

slowly made her way to the door, closely followed by Hargrove. He noticed now that she was poorly clad, the hem of a faded cotton gown appearing beneath her cloak, while the latter was itself patched and darned in many places.

At last they both stood outside in the December night, and Hargrove gently touched his companion's arm.

"Don't be frightened!" he cried hastily, but laying a detaining hand on her cloak; "I have followed you out of the church. I saw you there."

"My mother tould me niver to spake to annywan in the sthreet," she stammered, looking at him doubtfully.

Hargrove smiled. So this was an Irish girl, and apparently one who had not long left her native isle. Well, all the better perhaps for his purpose.

"Your mother was quite right," he said gravely, "but I think in my case she would excuse you. I am an artist—a man who paints pictures, you know—and I want to find some one who looks like the Mother of God, for I am painting a picture of her. Now, when I saw you in church just now, I thought your face would do, so I want you to let me paint you."

"God bless us!" said the girl; "me like the Mother of God?" She spoke with a distinct brogue, and ungrammatically, yet nothing in her speech jarred unpleasantly on Louis, fastidious as he usually was; her voice was so soft, her manner so modest, her astonishment so unfeigned.

"If you would come to my house now and then, and let me paint you, I should be very grateful," he said; "and you would like to help me to make a picture of the Blessed Virgin?"

"Ay," she answered, "I would so. I'd be proud an' glad to do it. But ye see, sir, I dunno if I'll have the time to go. I'm lookin' for a place, an' I do have to be walkin' about nearly all day."

"As to that," said Hargrove eagerly, "I should make it worth your while. I should pay you well. Come, promise me."

He hung breathlessly on her answer, unprepared for the sudden joy on her face, and the incoherent flood of thanks which burst from her lips.

"May the God in Heaven save yer honour," she said at last, "I b'lieve it was the Holy Mother herself sent ye to me. Sure I was nearly starvin', an' the woman where I'm lodgin' tould me she'd turn me out on the sthreet if I did not pay her this evenin'. I didn't know where to turn, yer honour, but I just went an' axed the Blessed Virgin to help me—an' ye see she did."

The simplicity of her faith, the intensity of her delight, touched Hargrove; he began to feel an interest in the girl other than the purely artistic one with which he had hitherto regarded her.

"So, it is settled," he said contentedly; "here is my card; you must find your way to this address to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. What is *your* name?"

"Mary Fitzpatrick, sir."

Hargrove smiled again. Mary Fitzpatrick, a typical name! He was glad that she was called Mary.

Hargrove could hardly sleep that night, so great was his fever of anticipation, and he was astir early on the following morning preparing for the advent of his model. Slowly the queer little time-piece chimed out the hours—and yet no ring at the bell, no footstep on the stairs. The minutes crept past and Hargrove felt his heart sink—what if she should fail him after all? No, thank Heaven!—there she was at last.

"You are late," said Hargrove, still tremulous from his recent disappointment.

"I ax yer pardon, sir," with her little respectful "dip." "I did not think it 'ud take me so long to get here, an' I had to walk slow because my feet was painin' me."

The artist smiled—he could scarcely refrain from smiling whenever he heard her speak. Was there ever such an anomaly as this Madouna of his—a Madonna with a brogue!

"Ah, I suppose you are not used to walking so far"—he was beginning when she interrupted him with a soft little laugh.

"Troth, I am well used to it, sir. Sure it is not walking that far that 'ud kill me. No, it's the boots, I think"—glancing down at her stout, ill-made clod-hoppers—"they do be hurtin' my feet. I never wore wan at all at home, an' I used to walk to Mass ivery Sunday, six mile over the hills, an' six mile back, an' never thought to feel tired."

"Well, you can rest your feet now," said Louis; "you had better take off your bonnet and loosen your cloak."

He was eager to get to work, so eager that he did not pause to marvel at the splendid physical strength that thought nothing of a twelve-mile walk barefoot over the hills—Irish miles, too—or the faith that deemed such a proceeding necessary "every Sunday." Mary obeyed his injunctions, Hargrove gazing at her in rapt admiration.

Her eyes were, as he now saw, blue as sapphires, though the thick fringe of black lashes caused them to seem darker; her hair, which made a sort of halo round her face, was intense in its radiance, exquisite in its growth, each little shining ring about the temples and at the back of the neck a study in itself. As for her complexion, seen now in broad daylight, Hargrove thought he had never beheld anything to compare with it. A bloom "like a peach," as the conventional phrase goes, but in reality far more delicate, underlying a glow like that of newly-ripened corn in the sunshine. Mary bore his ardent gaze with perfect composure, too innocent to be dismayed by it, and was presently installed in the sitter's chair.

Hargrove worked eagerly for some time, dashing on the colours with a swift precision which astonished him, for he was generally rather slow in his method. After awhile, however, he laid down his brush, an expression of discontent puckering up his brows. Mary's blue eyes, which had been wandering admiringly round the room, met his inquiringly—a placid smile hovered over her parted lips.

"That won't do," said Louis to himself, and then suddenly aloud, "Mary, you must not look so happy."

The colour leaped to the girl's face, and tears gathered in her eyes; she did not understand, she was startled, alarmed—a troubled cherub for the moment, not a Madonna.

Where was that expression which had captivated him in the Oratory, and haunted his thoughts waking and sleeping ever since?

"Listen," he said, laying aside his palette and coming close up to her, the better to fix her attention. "I don't want you to cry, child; I want you to think. This picture is to represent the Blessed Virgin when she fled with her Son and His foster-father into Egypt. Well, naturally she was very sad—was not she? But she was happy, too, and submissive; for God was with her."

"Ay, indeed," assented Mary, her eyes lighting up, and turned towards Hargrove in reverent admiration. "Ah, then, are ye not the good holy gentleman!"

Hargrove stopped, unaccountably abashed. After a pause

he went on, "Now you must try and feel for a little time what *she* felt. Think what it is to have to say 'Good-bye' to your own home, it being God's will, and therefore not to be murmured at. But still, to leave the land where you were born, the places you knew from the time you were a child; and to go to a strange country where no one knows you, or cares for you, where you do not know how you may live, or what may happen to you."

Alh, who would have thought the child had so much dramatic instinct in her? There was the look just as Hargrove desired to see it; he had succeeded beyond his hopes.

He hurried back to his post again, but, before he could seize his brush, a long-drawn sob broke from Mary, and then another, and another, and, finally covering her face with her hands, she burst into tears.

Louis paused, startled and at first perplexed; but realising after a moment that he had with unconscious cruelty described the girl's own predicament, he went up to her and spoke such kindly and encouraging words as occurred to him. When she grew calmer he drew her on to talk about herself and her home, thinking thus to comfort her, and being also more interested in this unsophisticated creature—as a human being and not as a model—than a little while ago he would have deemed possible.

In a short time he learned all her simple history. How her mother's cabin was near Bally-something-or-other, on the top of Slieve-something—the Celtic names did not dwell in Hargrove's memory—a village on the top of a hill, that was enough for him, and "a very lonesome place," Mary said. Mary was the eldest of a tribe of Fitzpatricks, and assisted their mother to support them, the father being dead. She had never had any schooling to speak of, and had worked in the fields "a bit," cultivated their own scrap of potato-ground and cabbage-garden, cut bracken on the hillsides for fodder, and heather to be used as thatch. Then, just as the children—God bless them—were growing up, bad times had come, the pig had died, a catastrophe of which the girl could hardly speak without fresh tears, though she hastened to add that "it was the will of God"; and altogether the little household which had hitherto only just managed to keep alive was reduced almost to starvation. Some friend who could read and write had seen an advertisement in a newspaper from "a lady in London" who wanted an under-housemaid, and had answered it in Mary's name, the girl being now "goin' on seventeen." The priest had given her a "c'racter," and helped with her outfit, her mother had made over to her "the cloak" (a garment which had apparently done service in the family for several generations), her new mistress had paid her journey, and so she had left home.

"Why did you not stay in your place?" inquired Hargrove, a little sternly.

Mary blushed violently, and her eyes drooped.

"I'd have been glad enough to stay in it, sir, on'y the mistress wouldn't let me."

"What! You had been misbehaving yourself, had you?"

"Bless us! no, yer honour"—the beautiful eyes suddenly raised again and gazing at him with a directness which confounded him—"on'y I couldn't get on with the work. Ye see I had niver been used to them coal fires, an' I couldn't get them to light for me; an' I'd niver seen a sight of a carpet, nor been up a stairs, nor scrubbed a floor. Ours was on'y mud, ye know, not the same as them boards. An' the mistress said she niver seen the like o' me for breakin'."

This confession tickled Hargrove immensely, both in its nature and in the frank humility with which it was delivered. The revelations, too, as to Mary's former mode of life denoted a state of things which he could hardly have believed possible. He threw back his head and laughed aloud. Mary laughed too, a little wonderingly, but presently became grave, even sad.

"So I was turned away," she said in a low voice, "an' the mistress said she couldn't in justice to herself give me a c'racter, because I was fit for nothing but breakin', an' I couldn't get another place. I thried an' thried, an' wint here an' there an' no wan 'ud take me. An' my bit o' money was all gone; I don't know what 'ud have become o' me on'y for you, yer honour."

Hargrove's face softened. A generous impulse made him for a moment forget all personal considerations.

"Child," he said, "you should go home; your mother should make you go home. London is no place for you."

"Sure me poor mother doesn't know what a poor case I'm in; I wouldn't tell her for the world. It 'ud break her heart, so it would. Why thin, yer honour, where 'ud she get the money to pay for my journey? an' if I were to go tell her an' she not be able to help me, she'd go wild, I think."

"Surely some one would advance you the money, your priest or some one? As far as that goes I will—when I have done with you. That reminds me—we had better get to work again. Time is passing. Sit down, Mary, and turn your head—so."

He released her therefore after a short time, impressing on her his desire that she should come early on the morrow (to which she joyfully agreed), and paying her handsomely for her services that morning, thereby earning many expressions of gratitude.

Hargrove was more than commonly thoughtful that day as he went about his usual occupations, though it would have been patent to any one who knew him that his meditations were of a pleasant order. He saw himself great, famous, beloved as only men can be whose work exercises a lasting influence over their fellows. He had hitherto been a mere copyist of nature, now he was a creator. Yes, a creator, for though he was to be indebted for the rendering of his idea to the extraordinary accident which had thrown Mary in his way, it was his very conception which she personified—here he threw himself back in his chair and laughed long and loud—she was absolutely necessary to him, this ignorant Irish peasant girl, whose mistress would not recommend her because she was "good for nothing but breakin'."

"I should think she would make a precious bad servant," thought Hargrove. Her place was on the mountain-side. He could fancy her *there*, with shapely bare feet treading down the heather, a heap of bracken, green or golden-brown, piled on her shoulder, the wild birds circling round her, the fresh breezes stirring her yellow hair, God's sunshine over all. She belonged to these things and they to her. Her innocence and spirituality had been fostered doubtless as much by the free open-air life to which she had been used as by her intensely vivid faith: to that life he would restore her as soon as he could spare her. The wild flower of the hills should take root afresh in its native soil, there to bloom and fade, unconscious that its subtlest aroma, preserved by his hand, would throughout years, ages perhaps, be deemed sweet and rare by the world.

If any one had inquired after Hargrove's well-being when he

went to bed that night, he would have avowed himself the happiest of men, yet before twenty-four hours had elapsed there was not a more miserable being on the face of the earth. And the reason was that Mary Fitzpatrick had failed to keep her appointment. He had been so confident that she would gladly continue in an employment so profitable to herself

at home on the look-out for his recreant model, and devoting the afternoon to weary pacing of the localities in which he deemed he might possibly come across her. Meanwhile, no words can describe his state of mind.

One day, as he suddenly raised his eyes from the ground on which they had been moodily fixed, they were met by a pair of terrified blue ones, the eyes of Mary Fitzpatrick herself.

Artist and model stood gazing at each other for a full minute in silence. The girl was looking worn and ill, her pallor being perceptible even through the sun-gilding that London fogs had not yet obliterated from her skin.

"Mary," said Hargrove at last, and, stepping quickly up to her, he laid hold of her arm—this time at least she should not escape him—"Mary, why did you break your promise to me?" Her eyes fell before his, but she did not answer.

"Why did you not at least tell me that you could not or would not come?" pursued Hargrove. "Why did you let me wait for you so long? It was not fair—it was deceitful."

"Yer honour, as sure as I'm standin' here I did not mane to lead ye asthray. I had the intintion of comin'. I'd come now, an' welcome, if ye was niver to give me another hapenny—on'y for the priest."

"The priest!" echoed Hargrove angrily. "What do you mean? What has any priest to say to this?"

"I met him, yer honour, comin' down the chapel after Mass the very mornin' I was goin' to you, an' he axed me if I was in a place, an' I tould him no, but I had other work. 'What work?' says he, an' I tould him, an' he bid me give it up at wanst. 'It's not fit work for a young girl like you,' he says. 'It 'ud be dangerous for you to go on with

that sort of life. Niver go to that gentleman's house again, he says. So what could I do?"

"Did you tell him you were starving," put in Hargrove, with angry sarcasm.

"Ah no, sir; I would not like to be throublin' him. He has plenty comin' to him without me."

"You have not got a place yet, I suppose?"



"I met him comin' down the chapel after Mass."

that he had taken no precaution to prevent her escaping him. He did not know the street nor even the neighbourhood in which she lived. He must now either wait patiently on the chance of her choosing to appear, or enter on a search about as likely to succeed as the proverbial hunt "for a needle in a bundle of hay."

He tried both: spending the greater part of every morning

"No, sir."

"Nor heard of one?"

"No, indeed, yer honour, but——"

"Then you should thank Heaven I chanced to come across you. Come back with me at once, and be grateful that you are enabled to earn an honest livelihood without being beholden to your priest or any one. Pooh! I never heard such rubbish in my life. Not fit work for you, indeed! I should like to know what work you *are* fit for, you helpless child! Dangerous, too! I wonder is it safer for you to be trudging about the streets?"

Mary gazed at him as if scarcely comprehending his meaning.

"Come *now*," repeated Hargrove sternly. "You shall not escape me again."

"Shure how can I, sir, whin the priest bid me not?"

"I tell you, you *must*," said Louis, vehemently; "you shall. I will not be baulked by a child like you. Do you know you will ruin me if you refuse?"

"But I can't, sir"—with sudden piteous sobbing. "What's the good of axin' me when I can't? I'd be on'y too glad to do anythin' for ye, an' ye such a good gentleman, an' so kind. Oh, my heart's broke!" cried Mary, wringing her hands.

"Why are you so unreasonable then?" said Hargrove, softening as he saw her grief, "so cruel, both to yourself and me. You cannot understand what this is to me, Mary; you are doing me a wrong that can never be repaired."

She was silent, and, thinking she was relenting, he continued earnestly pleading with her, finally speaking of herself, of the good she could do her family by accepting his offer, of the desolation which awaited her if she persisted in her refusal, of the fearful risks she ran—

Here she threw out her arms with such a passionate gesture of entreaty that he paused for a moment, but then went on doggedly:

"You must think of it all the same. There is no use in walking into danger with your eyes shut. What is to become of you if you are turned into the streets?"

Her eyes, which had been clouded with horror, suddenly cleared, and she looked at him resolutely.

"The Lord will take care o' me," she said. "And now I'll say good-bye to ye, sir, for there's no good in talkin'. You ax me to do what wouldn't be right, an' I can't do it."

He caught hold of her almost brutally, but she wrenched herself free. "If ye were to drag me there, sir, I'd run away agin—God forgive ye, sir!" For Hargrove had sworn a furious oath.

"Go then," he cried, "go. When you are quite starving—when you have sunk to the *very* lowest, perhaps you'll be sorry for this."

She made the sign of the cross, and drew the folds of her cloak close around her; then, turning without another word, was soon lost to Hargrove's sight.

He went home, rushed up to his studio and locked himself in. On the easel was the sketch of Mary's head, which was always placed in readiness, so that, in the event of her appearing, he could fall to work at once. Hateful sight! he would destroy it, as he would fain destroy the girl herself, in the paroxysm of his rage. That she should dare to withstand him, that his whole career should be blighted because of her foolish scruples! He ground his teeth at the thought, he felt dizzy and sick with impotent anger. He seized the canvas and took up a sharp knife, but his hand fell, and presently a

groan burst from him. No, he could not destroy it! Unfinished, useless as it was, it contained the germ of all he held precious, it was the foundation of his dearest hopes. He took the canvas to the light and gazed at it critically: a soft face, in spite of its clearly-cut outlines; the eyes gentle, the mouth tender—was it possible that this was the creature who had so persistently withstood him?

Suddenly he struck his forehead: an idea had come to him. Why had he not ascertained the priest's name and address, so that he might work on him? Surely if he once realised the artist's motives, and received his solemn promise to take every care of Mary, and to send her home as soon as he could dispense with her services, the reverend gentleman would withdraw his objections.

"What a fool I have been! What an utter fool!" ejaculated Hargrove. "Only let me get at his reverence, though, and I think I shall be able to bring him round to my views, and yet I will give any pledge of good faith he may be pleased to exact. If he chooses to send a chaperon with Mary he may."

Yes, but how was he to get at him? The artist did not know his name, much less his address. "The priest," Mary had said, as though speaking of her pastor at home. Why had not Hargrove confronted the girl with him a little while ago, and struck the bargain then and there?

He groaned to himself in despair.

He had lost her, and Heaven knew how, or where, he should find her again. His weary search must begin over again, and though he could indeed—as the thought just occurred to him—apply to the police, or employ some private detective agency to assist in tracing her, it might be a considerable time before they succeeded, and meanwhile what would become of her? Penniless, friendless, homeless, with a beauty so unusual, an ignorance so childish, an innocence—almost culpable, as he said to himself, considering her circumstances—what would become of her? "The Lord will take care of me," she had said. Poor child!

"As well throw a lily in the streets and trust that it may not be crushed or sullied!" he sighed.

She had looked pale and ill when Hargrove had met her just now; why had he not given her a little money, or at least satisfied himself that she was not in actual want? Instead of this, he had spoken to her with so much scorn, so much brutality, that she would never think of applying to him again, even in direst necessity. Gradually his own disappointment faded into the background, and throughout the weary hours of that night it was Mary's face which haunted him; it was the dread of misfortune for her, coupled with his self-reproach, which kept him tossing feverishly on his pillow till the late December dawn.

About two o'clock on the following afternoon, as he was wandering about his studio without sufficient energy to settle to work, the door opened, and Mr. Conyers hastily entered.

"Well, Hargrove, how are you, old man? No, I don't want any lunch, thank you—I must be off directly. The fact is I am rather upset; I had what servants call 'a turn' just now—came in for a nasty accident!"

"Hurt yourself?" said Hargrove, trying to get up a show of interest.

"Oh no, I'm all right. It was a street accident which I just happened to come across. A poor girl run over by one of those odious omnibuses. Of course she was killed on the spot. Such a lovely creature, too!"

"When did it happen?" asked the other, in sudden alarm. How careless these drivers were! Why, they might run over an inexperienced girl like Mary any day. What a pity he did not warn her to be careful in crossing the streets!

"Not far from here; close to Hyde Park Corner, in fact. I saw the whole thing, you know," said Conyers, with a certain melancholy pride in having witnessed the tragedy. "The girl was standing on the pavement waiting to cross over; she made two or three little runs forward and back again, as women do, got half-way across, stopped, and then, just as the great blundering thing came dashing up, dropped right under the horses' feet. I never saw such a thing in my life! She must have turned faint, or dizzy, or something of that sort, I think. I noticed that she was looking very pale as she was standing there—it was a face you could not help noticing."

"Poor creature!" murmured Hargrove, who looked startled and preoccupied. Why had he not lectured Mary?

"There was something unusual about that girl, too," pur-

sued the other, "something dignified, almost noble, though she was evidently quite poor. Of course it may have been partly her dress which produced that effect—she had a long black cloak which covered her all over."

Hargrove said nothing. He was sitting with his face a little averted, one hand covering his eyes.

"There was a general groan from the crowd when she was lifted up from under the wheels," pursued his friend. "I don't wonder—I could have groaned myself. Such a face—and such hair! Like threads of gold."

Without turning his head, or removing his hand, Louis stretched out his free arm, and drew his easel forward so that the canvas which rested on it could not fail to attract attention. There was a moment's silence in the room, and then an exclamation from Mr. Conyers.

"By Jove! the very face! How on earth did you come across her? Yes—I can't be mistaken. That's the girl!"

Hargrove's Madonna!

M. E. FRANCIS.

A PROVINCIAL SCHOOL OF ART.

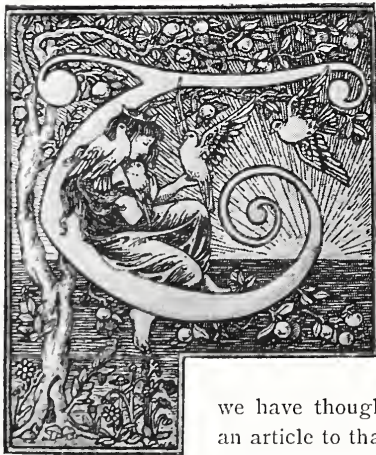


Fig. 1.—Initial Letter. Designed by Winifred Smith.

HOUGH it has been our custom in past years to give a notice of the National Competition of the Science and Art classes as a whole, the Birmingham School has so decidedly taken the lead, and its students have carried off so many prizes this year, that

we have thought it advisable to devote an article to that school alone.

That city is beyond others an enterprising one which conducted an exhibition of pre-Raphaelite paintings and invited William Morris to lecture on the movement; which commissioned Burne-Jones to paint them a picture, giving him what was practically *carte-blanche* in the matter; and which sent a qualified agent to Italy and Sicily, with the requisite funds, to gather together a collection of decorative iron and other metal-work for their Industrial Museum. Satisfactory evidence are these things that the governing body of Birmingham set store by the Art of the past and of the present. But to possess, and look upon and hear about beautiful things were not enough, if that were all. What is of very practical importance is the maintenance of the Art school, which shows that the city has a care for the training of the generations on whom shall depend the Art of the future. Not many years ago a movement was set on foot to hand over the old School of Art at Birmingham to the corporation, and the transfer was accomplished, the working classes of the community—to their credit be it said—combining to support the scheme. The hopes then entertained for the progress of the Art life of the place have been fully realised. The advantages of autonomy for the local schools—so far as may be without severing their connection with South Kensington—are obvious; and the

example of Birmingham has already been followed elsewhere, for the success of the methods of Art education in that city is now established. Indeed, so efficient is the Birmingham school that it is second to none in the kingdom, the only local schools that can compete with it being those of Glasgow and Manchester. Although the Birmingham school possesses but two buildings of its own, viz., the head-quarters in Margaret Street and the branch in Vittoria Street, an arrangement has been made with the School Board by which the whole of the Art teaching of the boys in the schools throughout the city is under the supervision of the officers of the municipal school. Fifty-two Board schools are under the direction of the School of Art in this department. The Birmingham school holds



Fig. 2.—Border for Stained Glass. Designed by Mary J. Newill.

thus, in the extent of its organization and influence, a unique position in the country.

The beneficial results of such a system on the Art manu-

factures of the place are already making themselves felt, and are bound to become more and more apparent in process of time. Not only is there a considerable number of young students every year, who, having passed through their training in the Art schools, enter into some or other of the various industrial employments, but many of those who have been already engaged for years in their trades, like that of Messrs. Hardman & Co., the well-known metal-workers, after their day's work is over, make a point of attending the evening classes of the School of Art. That mechanics should find it worth their while to do this shows that the school is no mere recreation for the amateur, but of real service to such as may desire to become more proficient in the several arts. By far the greatest number of the students are persons who purpose seriously to turn their school training to account, and to earn their livelihood in some branch or other of the Art industries. This is highly

gratifying, and reflects great credit on the head master, Mr. Edward Taylor, and his able staff of assistant teachers.

The corporation may well be proud of their school, as indeed they are. They have recently given practical recognition of the fact in entrusting the decoration of the wall panels in the interior of the Town Hall to the School of Art, under the direction of a committee, of whom Mr. Taylor is a prominent member. The corporation might of course have adopted the common plan of holding an open competition.

That they have not chosen to do so is due to their foresight. Those whom they are employing to-day, being comparatively unknown, are consequently not in a position to demand extraordinary terms for their work. But they are certain, some of them at any rate, to make an artistic reputation beyond their present sphere. The city of Birmingham will find then that it has made a good bargain. The compositions, about eighteen in number, are to illustrate the chief events of interest connected with local history, by different students. The earliest completed of the series represents the escape of Priestley during the Birmingham riots. A photograph and coloured sketch by the artist, Charles Gere, were awarded a gold medal at the national competition this year.

The impress, which every school bears in some degree, of the personality of its master, is conspicuous at Birmingham under the presiding genius of a man of strong characteristics, as Mr. Taylor is, full of energy and enthusiasm,

keen to observe and swift to elicit the individual capacities of his pupils, as also to comprehend the wants and tendencies of the times. He does not shrink from accepting, with the youngest and most independent thinker, the probability of the United States being the soil on which the architecture of the future, on the lines of the original efforts of Richardson and other American architects, may be destined to develop. If such is to be, it is quite in the natural order of things; for an infant people, if their Art is to have any vitality, must

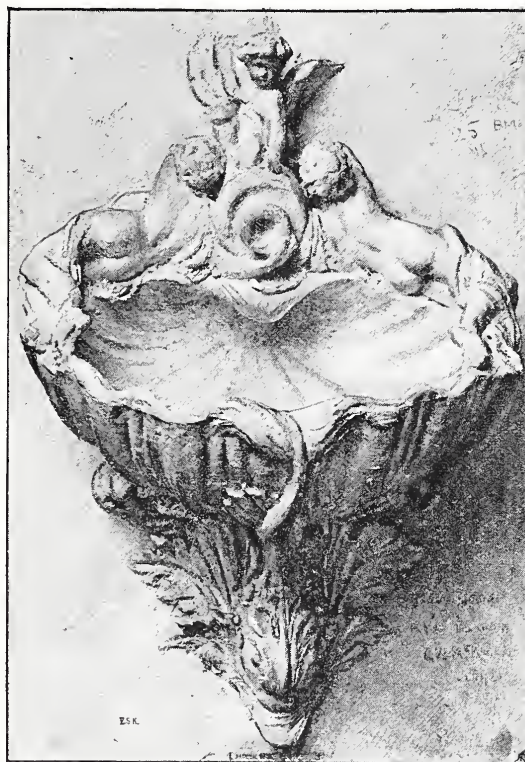


Fig. 3.—Modelled Design for a Fountain. By C. W. McKechnie.

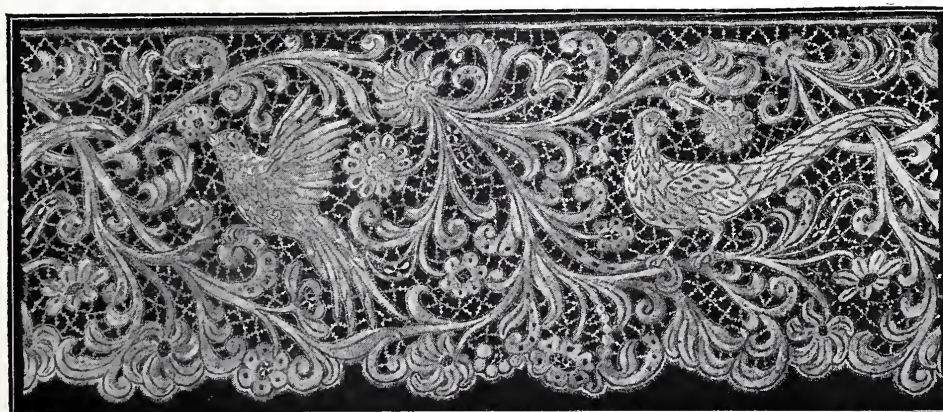


Fig. 4.—Design for a Lace Border. By C. B. Davies.

begin at the beginning. Before they can properly produce objects of accessory Art, they must be the architects of build-

ings to hold them. The proposition, on the face of it, does not admit of dispute. Nevertheless it is not every man in an

official position who has the insight to perceive, or the generosity to acknowledge it, or to apply the principle of the



Fig. 5.—Design for a Goblet. By Charles R. Warren.

infant state to the incipient draughtsman. It is because he is fully persuaded of the paramount claims of architecture as the art of arts that Mr. Taylor requires that a course of lessons in that science should form part of the training of every student who passes through his hands in the School of Art. All sound ornament, whether or not employing architectural forms directly, is at least allied to architecture, and therefore the surest way to success in any branch is to acquire a knowledge of that which bears the relation of parent stock—of that which is alike the foundation and the crown of all the other arts and crafts.

The besetting sin of the Art student is picture painting, of which sin the Birmingham School is—*Deo gratias*—almost guiltless. The authorities do not regret the fact. Far from it. They intend to devote the new extension premises, at present in course of erection, solely to technical work. Indiscriminate fostering of the ambition of picture producing has brought about the lamentable result that, while the walls of our exhibition galleries are crowded year after year with ephemeral canvases, fine Art, so-called, anything like a living art of the English people, simply is not. It is no good grumbling at the unsatisfactory state of things. *That* will not mend it. We have put the cart before the horse, and shall we turn upon the poor animal and kick him because the irrational mode of procedure we have chosen does not answer? Let those of us, then, who are wise, abandoning picture painting for the time being, devote ourselves to the applied arts. On all sides are industries pinched with æsthetic starvation. The range of choice is not narrow. On the contrary, so vast is it that the difficulty is to determine where in all the desert area to begin; where an artist's work withheld can best be spared

for the present, and where, on the other hand, there is most urgent need of it. No artist should deem beneath his notice even the lowliest craft where design can be of avail. The shapely fashioning and the decoration of the most ordinary objects is the art which will penetrate to the East-End dwelling of Lazarus; and the Lazaruses are, after all, it is well to bear in mind, more numerous than the men who answer to the description of Dives. Thus the talent that else had been fruitlessly perverted can be employed in an apostolate of culture, and that too with profit, for it will be entering a market numerically superior far to that which is open to oil-painting. Some such considerations as the above, no doubt, have prompted Mr. Taylor to develop among the Birmingham students the faculty for the several branches of Art-work which, like book illustration, for example, have become specialities in his school. The demand for such is constant and is not to be expected to diminish with time.

The importance of the art of book illustration at the present day can scarcely be overrated. Among other members of the Birmingham municipal school who have attained success in this line may be mentioned A. J. Gaskin, now on the staff of assistant teachers. He has won the approbation of so exacting a critic (exacting because of his own high attainments, coupled with a thorough acquaintance with the best work of the old craftsmen) as William Morris, and has been commissioned by him to prepare a set of designs for a new edition of "The Roots of the Mountains." Mr. Gaskin is a graceful and accomplished draughtsman, who sees the commonest objects with the eye of an ornamentist, and commits them to paper with a delicacy of touch and refinement of feeling of which none but a genuine artist is master. Gold medals were awarded in the national competition to two other students,

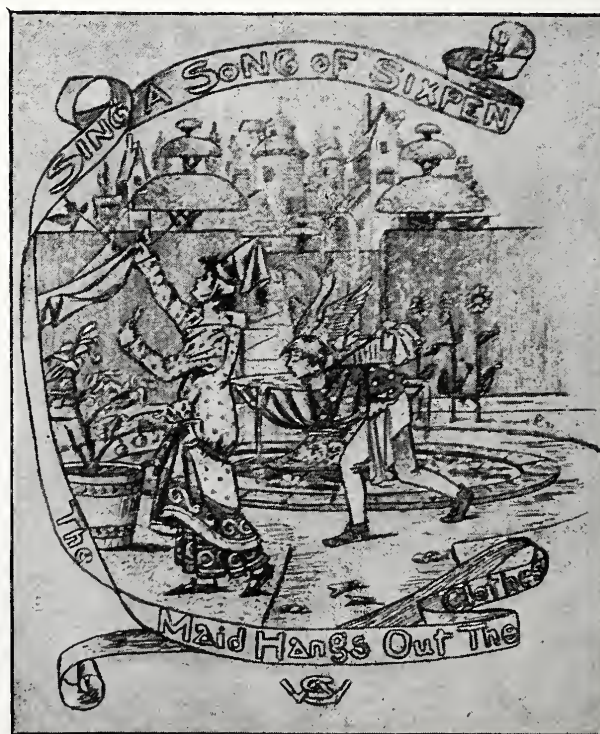


Fig. 6.—Design for Book Illustration. By Winifred Smith.

viz., Gertrude Bradley and Winifred Smith. The work of the former is a little disappointing this year. Her last year's



Fig. 7.—Top of Modelled Casket. By E. J. Phipps.



Fig. 8.—The Babes in the Wood. Design for Stained Glass. By Mary J. Newill.



Fig. 9.—Modelled Design for a Panel. By Georgie France.

exhibit gave promise of a higher type of ornament than is to be found in the present set of drawings, an element indeed which in her floral borders is conspicuously wanting. On the other hand, Miss Smith has made a most satisfactory advance (Figs. 1 and 6), and will do better work yet.

Another feature of the Birmingham school is the modelling. In this department the head master has secured the services of Mr. Benjamin Creswick, the happy result of whose tuition may be gathered from the fact that, in the national competition, three silver medals for modelling, and eleven other awards, were gained by pupils of the Birmingham school. The panel by Fred. Mason (Fig. 10) is bordered by a scroll with a series of animals well drawn and carried out in uniform style. The foliage, however, should have been accentuated in stronger relief, leaving the animals to take their place as incidents merely of the pattern. For a panel of this size and description some sort of setting of an architectural character is distinctly to be desired. The fountain by C. W. McKechnie (Fig. 3), an architectural modeller by profession, is a fine piece of work, the figures on either side of the water-spout being well balanced and very artistically posed, in spite of the fact that an averted face, as a rule, diminishes the attractions of a design. Georgie France's panel (Fig. 9) is a careful study in line, which gained a silver medal. The top view only of the casket by E. J. Phipps (Fig. 7) is here shown, because the front is spoilt by an ugly device, which is neither shield, shell, nor vase. For the rest, the design is neat, but a trifle commonplace. C. R. Warren's original design for a tankard (Fig. 5), accompanied, on exhibition, by drawings of existing vessels of other shapes, afforded thus an excellent example of the adaptation of old designs to modern requirements. It is ingenious, though not exactly beautiful.

It remains to notice Mary Newill's designs (Figs. 2 and 8) for stained glass border and panel; the last of three illustrating the story of the Babes in the Wood, the best of the set, as being more monumental and less dramatic than the others; and, lastly, C. B. Davies' design for a lace border (Fig. 4), remarkable as the work of an elementary student. Beginners in the Birmingham school are often set to design lace, which affords a capital exercise in the balancing and disposition of sharply defined masses of black and white.

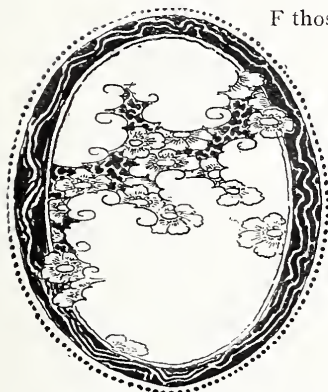
Comprehensive as is the work that has hitherto been carried on in the Birmingham school, it will be further augmented, when the new buildings furnish the necessary space, by many branches, such as repoussé, enamelling, fresco, sgraffito, etc.; and we may look forward with confidence to the school achieving fresh success before long in these arts. The school's ideal, as set forth by Mr. J. Thackray Bunce in an address delivered in the capacity of chairman of the management sub-committee, is a lofty one, and we sincerely trust with him that, thanks to the good work of the Art schools, not only at Birmingham, but throughout the length and breadth of the land, resuming the bent of our own national genius, and emulating the works of our countrymen in bygone days, we may yet revive the spirit and repeat the triumphs of those who, beneath the clouds and snows of our native land, reared churches and palaces fit to rank amongst the glories of the world; of those whose dwellings, in manor-house and in town street, were perfect in grace and stateliness; of those whose workers, masters of the hammer, the forge, and the chisel, created in iron and brass, in gold and silver, in glass and jewels, examples of craftsmanship worthy to stand in the presence-chambers of princes, and to be kept in the treasuries of kings.

AYMER VALLANCE.



Fig. 10.—Modelled Design for a Panel. By Fred. Mason.

THE MURAL PAINTINGS AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.



F those privileged to visit the Prince of Wales' London residence but few are acquainted with the singular history of the mural paintings which adorn the walls of the staircases and saloon. They were first discovered in 1861, when Marlborough House was being renovated for the occupation of the Prince of Wales. Their restoration was then entrusted to the

late Mr. Henry Merritt, the chief restorer of paintings of his day, who, in conjunction with Mr. Richmond, R.A., achieved the marvellous restoration of the portrait of Richard II. in Westminster Abbey, as recounted in "Observations on the Westminster Abbey Portrait, and other representations of King Richard the Second," by Mr. George Scharf. On October 29th, 1861, the present writer went to Marlborough House, being invited by Mr. Merritt to see these then much discussed paintings, and also to see the Prince Consort, who, always interested in Art matters, was coming to inspect the progress made in their restoration, and who died six weeks after. The Prince Consort possessed a considerable and practical knowledge of Art matters, and the much-wanted impetus which he gave to Art education in those days has been benefiting Art ever since. Marlborough House at the time referred to was unoccupied, and the grounds, since the scene of royal garden parties, were full of ragged bushes and netted grass, which had been growing unchecked for years, and amid which reposed the remains of deceased cats and mutilated bottles, etc.

It is now thirty years ago since it was first found that the walls of the grand staircase, the second staircase and saloon were covered with historical paintings illustrating the principal campaigns of the great Duke of Marlborough. These pictures, the existence of which was totally unsuspected, were elaborately papered and painted over, and ingeniously and deceptively intersected by ornamental frames, so as to give the whole the appearance of woodwork, and no one would have surmised that beneath were concealed some five hundred square yards of paintings of the highest importance, not only in an historical sense, but also for their genuine artistic excellence. Mr. Merritt, assisted by Signor Pinti, now too no more, patiently and perseveringly recovered the pictures, inch by inch, from the oblivion of years, by the removal of the outer incrustation of common house paint and paper.

Marlborough House was built in 1710 by Sir Christopher Wren, for the victor of Blenheim, Ramillies, and Malplaquet. In 1817 it became Crown property, and was tenanted by the unfortunate and unhappy Princess Charlotte. At her death her husband, Prince Leopold, continued to inhabit it for several years, and on Her Majesty's accession to the throne it was occupied by Queen Adelaide, until 1849, as a Dowager House. It then passed to other uses. Who among the occupants was responsible for the act of Vandalism which

obscured and nearly destroyed these valuable pictures was never ascertained. It is to be hoped that it did not occur when the place was used by the Government for an Art department. When the restoration, a long and laborious process, was completed, there were disclosed several portraits of Marlborough and his staff and the principal officers of the allied armies, whose brilliant military achievements are also depicted, in a series of interesting views of cities, battles, and sieges. The battle-pieces delineate in a masterly manner the glorious circumstances of war, and exhibit the various combatants in the proper costume of their time, and with the arms and accoutrements which they wore accurately represented.

Louis Laguerre, the painter of these pictures, was regarded as a very simple man in the ordinary matters of life, but the Marlborough paintings show him to have been no mean proficient in his art, and well qualified to portray the military exploits of that "warlike lord," John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough. Laguerre, it would appear, was content to let others take the credit of his labours. Some years ago certain notorious legal proceedings revealed the fact that there were "ghosts" in the Art world—unfortunate artists of the brush or the chisel, who silently worked in unhonoured obscurity whilst their employers, welcomed guests in the mansions of the nobility, received unblushingly the honours due to successful genius. Laguerre was apparently a "ghost" of the period in which he lived, being chiefly employed by the Neapolitan painter, Verrio, in whose company he has been immortalised by Alexander Pope, in the line—

"Where sprawl the saints of Verrio and Laguerre,"

written in reference to the pictures on the walls of Hampton Court Palace. Whatever share Louis Laguerre might have had in the production of the "sprawling saints" thus satirised by the poetical friend of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, his pictures in the palace in Pall Mall were considered to be of superior merit. The portraits, which are numerous, were of life-like appearance, a few of them being equal, in the late Mr. Henry Merritt's opinion, to the majority of the portraits by Kneller. The skill of Laguerre as an artist received recognition at the hands of Sir Geoffrey Kneller, who selected him to decorate the staircase of his mansion at Witton. It is a great pity that the mural paintings at Marlborough House were ever defaced and concealed. Lord Macaulay, while writing the history of the famous general's times, would have contemplated them with interest and advantage, painted as they were under the direction of those who were able to judge of the accuracy of the representations, more especially of the features of the eminent military personages portrayed, of those stirring times of England's history. Two or three years ago these paintings were again restored during the absence of the Prince of Wales on the Continent. Their restoration was effected by Mr. Richards, whose task, however, could hardly have been as arduous as that of Mr. Merritt's, thirty years ago, though Time's effacing hand had again obscured them to such an extent that Mr. Richards found it necessary to consult old engravings preserved at Windsor Castle and elsewhere.

MALTUS Q. HOLYOAKE.

A Burgandy Folk Song:
Done into English by E. F. Strange:
Designed by A. B. Woodward.



Jean Renaud came home when war was oer.

Halting wearily wounded sore

Good morrow mother Good morrow my son,
The wife hath borne thee a little one



Go my mother my wound is deep

Lay out my bed for I would sleep.

Make it softly and whisper low.

The wife in her weakness must not know.

Or ever the midnight hour is past

Jean Renaud hath sadly breathed his last.

Priez pour lui :



Ah tell me truly my mother dear

Sure it is weeping that I hear.



Daughter it is but the children's cry.

As sick in the darkness awake they lie.

Ah. tell. me. truly. my. mother. dear
Strange. sound. of. hammers. doth. reach. mine. ear.



Only. the. carpenter. good. my. love.
Who. worketh. apace. in. the. loft. above.

See. my. mother. am. I. not. fair.
What. robe. on. the. morrow. may. I. wear



Dream. thou. never. of. rose. nor. gray.
Black. is. thy. wear. for. many. a. day.



Dear. one. the. truth. must. needs. be. told:
Jean. Renaud. is. dead. ere. night. was. old.



Mother. dear. tell. them. that. dig. the. grave.
That. space. for. a. woman. they. well. may. save.

And. space. in. the. coffin. so. easily.
They. may. lay. my. baby. along. with. me.



Riez. pour. elles.
Desi- by.  quod. 

ART GOSSIP AND REVIEWS.

MR. HENRY TATE has purchased for his collection Sir John Millais's 'Ophelia,' which was lately seen at the Guildhall Exhibition, and first exhibited at the Academy of 1852.

It is proposed to establish a Saxon and Celtic Museum. The old Ashmolean building at Oxford has been suggested as a home for these examples of pre-Norman ornament and architecture.

The report of the British Museum for 1892 mentions the additions in the Egyptian Gallery of a fine monolithic column from Heracleopolis Magna, of the time of Rameses II.; of various antiquities from Cyprus; of a gold torque found at Dover; of a large collection (more than eleven hundred in number) of etchings and drawings in various modes, by George Cruikshank, the gift of that artist's widow; of a collection of historical fans; and of the rearrangement of the print collection after Reynolds, which is the finest in the world, according to Dr. Hamilton's elaborate catalogue. Five thousand three hundred and seventy visitors to the Print Room during the year are recorded; 16,687 prints and drawings have been acquired during the same period.

Every effort is being made to worthily represent the Royal Academy at the Chicago's World's Fair. Promised contributions include the President's 'Perseus and Andromeda' and 'The Garden of the Hesperides,' Mr. G. F. Watts's 'Love and Life' and 'Love and Death,' Mr. Alma-Tadema's 'A Dedication to Bacchus,' Mr. W. P. Frith's 'The Race for Wealth,' Mr. F. Goodall's 'By the Sea of Galilee,' 'The Church Doors' by Mr. J. B. Burgess, 'Summer Roses' by Mr. Dobson, the 'Hen and Chickens' of Mr. G. D. Leslie, Mr. Stacy Marks's 'Gentle Craft,' Mr. Pettie's 'Traitor,' Mr. Marcus Stone's 'Passing Cloud,' Mr. Briton Rivière's 'Requiescat,' Mr. Seymour Lucas's 'Louis XI.' and 'St. Paul,' Mr. Leader's 'Conway Bay,' 'The Home Light,' by Mr. Boughton, 'A Highland Summer,' by Mr. Brett, Mr. McWhirter's 'The Fairy of the Glen,' Mr. Henry Moore's 'Westward,' and 'The Rapids of Niagara,' by Mr. Colin Hunter.

REVIEWS.—"ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES OF ORNAMENT," by James Ward, headmaster of the Macclesfield School of Art, in its revised form (Chapman and Hall, 1892), has received the valuable addition of an introductory chapter by Professor Aitchison, A.R.A., and so warrants the more ambitious title of "THE PRINCIPLES OF ORNAMENT." Although it is true that ornament, like poetry, is a gift which cannot be attained by learning, there is yet much usefulness in a book like this, which presents to the untrained ornamentist some idea of the several historic styles of decoration, and at the same time deduces from them the sphere, and what is equally important, the limits of the proper exercise of the ornamental faculty. From the bias of the author it is evident that his own training has been strictly academic. He invariably refers to Greek and Roman work for examples, and betrays a scant appreciation of the "Mediævals," whose

mouldings, for instance, owing to the fact that "they lived in misty climates with little sunshine," he pronounces to be wanting in refinement, and treats as hardly worth consideration. Now, seeing that some authorities (whether rightly or wrongly it is not our present purpose to discuss) have maintained Gothic architecture to be *par excellence* the science of mouldings, no ornamentist dealing with the subject can afford to dismiss the entire group of Gothic mouldings in so summary a fashion, without laying himself open to the charge of one-sidedness. And what is the use of leading English students to copy architectural forms admittedly unsuitable for the conditions of our country? We cannot alter our climate and make it like that of Greece or even Rome, and such being the case, it is time to abandon the futile endeavour to transplant exotic styles, however beautiful in themselves, to an uncongenial soil. He is a pessimist as regards the future of ornamental Art, who believes that no vegetable form is likely to be found to rival the hackneyed acanthus. Mr. Ward falls into the old mistake of supposing that the religion of Mahomet forbids its members to introduce any of the works of creation in Art. The representation of the human figure is indeed forbidden, not from fear of idolatry, but on the singular ground that the body so formed might come at the Last Day to claim a soul. Again, is it safe to be so dogmatic as to the derivation of diaper from jasper, when there is equal authority for supposing it to be cloth d'Ypres, just as damask is the stuff of Damascus? The Glossary at the end of the book is capable of much improvement, not only by way of addition, but by a certain weeding out. We do not need to refer to a glossary for the meaning of the word colour, or variety or fantastic; but it would be as well to have a concise explanation of such technical terms, for example, as arris, fillet, fimbriated, gadroon, ogee and ogival, and volute, or at any rate to have the words included in the glossary, with a reference to the text. In a work of uniform mediocrity the above defects would scarcely have signified, but we have recited them at length because we are assured that there is so much real good in Mr. Ward's volume that, with more care, it might become one of the standard books on the subject. It is plentifully illustrated, as such a work should be, although the author modestly disclaims for his drawings any other quality than that of mere blackboard diagrams.

Owners of collections of water-colours too often know little or nothing about the artists who have created them. Especially is this the case with the older men whose works are now deservedly coming into fashion. Possessors of these pictures may perhaps have a vague idea as to the date of their births and deaths, but of their surroundings, and their method of work, and where it was undertaken, they know but little. The principal volume to instruct them in this respect is of course Roget's "History of the Old Water-Colour Society," but as this does not deal with any outside its pale, and is a ponderous work, a handbook such as that before us, namely, Gilbert Redgrave's "WATER-COLOUR PAINTING IN ENGLAND" (Sampson Low & Co.), should certainly supply a demand.



PAINTED BY ERNEST PARSON

THE ART JOURNAL.

ETCHED BY C. O. MURRAY.

WHEN DAYLIGHT DIES.

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ERNEST PARTON.

IT is a significant fact that America, alone of modern civilised nations, encourages extraneous rather than native Art. We say this in the teeth of prohibitive protection tariffs, for the whole blundering scheme for the taxation of foreign pictures is as clearly an illustration of the case in point as it is in itself a colossal, a national confession of weakness. Laws, as a matter of fact, are powerless to affect questions of

taste, while obstruction, as an astute home-ruler truly, if somewhat ungratefully, remarked, is as apt to provoke as impede. Now we have used the word foreign Art in connection with the United States, but truth to say, the adjective might readily be translated into French Art, so little is any other equivalent in demand with our cousins west of the great seas. In New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, French methods and French



The Thames Valley.

methods only obtain, the gospel according to Manet and Monet is the sole one debated, and the Champ de Mars the solitary goal to which good artistic Americans aspire.

The consequence is obvious. The Yankee aspirant to fame has little prospect but the dubious one of starving, if he stick to the home country. He is, perforce, then obliged to quit it. Willy-nilly he must pack his portmanteau, and, journeying forth, must spend the fine, enthusiastic, impressionable years of youth in forgetting his nationality, and along with it what is

racy, special, and peculiar to his nationality, while he laboriously acquires the *argot* of the Passage des Panoramas, the cant of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts.

Can an art flourish under like conditions? The critic must be hopeful indeed who imagines it. For what is the upshot of this enforced extraneous teaching, these drastic edicts concerning foreign methods and foreign means? Obviously it is this: the American student is driven to Paris, and there acquires a certain smattering, a certain superficial proficiency

in the technique of an alien school. He returns to the mother country, tries to sell his Yankeeised reproductions of Besnard and Monet; invariably loses, as the years go on, his touch with Paris, as he, in his years of study, lost his touch with native things; and finally, disheartened and disillusioned, sinks into an uninspired imitator, a mediocrity of the helpless and hopeless kind. With men of parts it is naturally otherwise. Artists with any grit in them, with any of the keener perceptions and intuitions of their trade, know the all-powerful influence of environment. They choose the better part, and elect to stay where they have been trained. They elect to breathe something of the atmosphere which has contributed as much as mere rules and precepts to the form and substance taken by their art. Storey, the elder, lives in Rome. Storey, the younger, as far as we know, has hitherto divided his time between the Boulevards and the Eternal City. Mr. Sargent, Mr. Whistler, and Mr. Harrison are in Paris when they are not in England, and in England when they are not in Paris. Mr. Abbey has acclimatised himself on English soil. Mr. Millet spends half his year at Broadway, and Mr. George Boughton the whole year in his studio on Campden Hill.

The subject of this article, Mr. Ernest Parton, then, resembles many of his countrymen in abiding, if not wholly with us, then near about us. In France and in England he has dwelt for twenty years, choosing the former country for passing visits, and Wargrave-on-Thames and St. John's Wood for the scene of his more arduous labours. It is in the latter, the London studio, that the artist's work can be most conveniently studied. For does not 'When Daylight dies,'* a picture which found its way to the New Gallery in 1890, again to the old Salon in the Champs-Élysées this spring, and which is destined to go a-journeing to Chicago early next year, occupy the principal easel? Does not the thumb-nail sketch of one of Mr. Parton's very finest efforts, to wit, 'The Close of the Day,' hang conveniently over against it? We mention these two works advisedly, for it is precisely these canvases which the artist has chosen to represent him at the Great Exhibition of '93, while they illustrate, and happily illustrate, the painter's two manners. For the first is as typically English in its subject matter, its colour, its treatment, its sentiment, as the other is characteristic of that great school of landscapists which hails from across the Channel. The statement may seem like impugning native taste, for in 'The Close of the Day' the painter, disdainful of all catchpenny efforts or ordinary bids for popularity, has given the world little short of a masterpiece of tonality and aerial perspective.

The scene depicts one of those great grey plains of France, a plain stretching forth under boundless skies to the boundless, dim horizon. Dim, too, and solemn is the gathering night, unspeakably solemn the unswerving lines of the landscape. The very smoke from kindling fires which rises column-wise in its midst seems to loom like some fantastic omen in the well-nigh motionless air. The work is large in conception. It is at once individual and imaginative in treatment. That 'When Daylight dies' says more to the ordinary public is indisputable, but then the ordinary public is a sentimental one, or, at any rate, favours the picture of sentiment. With these and such as these the human interest of a canvas is its chief, its dominant interest, and undoubtedly the last-named work presents just that combination of glowing sunset time, of wistful maiden and wooded glade, which speaks most readily to English tastes and prejudices.

* This work is etched for our frontispiece.

But that the artist can speak in another and subtler tongue needs no telling. At his best Ernest Parton has a poetry, a grace, a tenderness of conception which has little to do with the more obvious order of sentiment. 'The Night Ferry,' to take one of his latest efforts, was, as we all know, instinct with delicacy and charm. The simplicity, the beauty of 'Eventide' spoke to the rudest understanding, while it no less appealed to the difficult eye of the critical. To regard alike efforts, in short, is to be forced to the conclusion that the painter paints now and again to please the public, and then again, as in the canvases, 'The Close of the Day,' 'Eventide,' and 'The Night Ferry,' to please himself. Now the critics are at one with Mr. Parton in his artistic predilections. They are, to be sure, a graceless race. Were it left to them there might possibly be an end of all love-sick damsels, of glades and trysts and stiles, of honey-sweet skies, of sighs and sunsets in the realm of pictorial things. And, in sooth, Mr. Parton deals little enough with these, the picture-maker's impedimenta. Look at the composition, or, in the new parlance, the "placing" of 'The Thames Valley,' reproduced on p. 353. Can a less conventional, a more dainty, a more veracious portrayal of things familiar be conceived? The delicate tracery of the winding river, now broad like a mirror, now fine as a silver thread, the warm yet humid atmosphere, the very breath of an English summer expanding in field and tree: such presentments we would surely all possess, or failing possession, at least carry away with us in grateful recollection. No trickery, no extraneous appeal is seen in such a canvas; and assuredly no trickery it needs, for it possesses the magic which belongs to all delicate perceptions, all right observation and frank delineations of nature.

In a more familiar vein, for it is one to which the artist has accustomed us, is the picture named 'Summer-time on the Kennet' (p. 356). In it Mr. Parton employs methods which have brought him many imitators, though few, perhaps, of his followers have succeeded in presenting scenes at once so luminous, so graceful, so brimful of the sunshine and flowering plenteousness of midsummer. The central object, as is so often the case with the landscapist, is a delicately modelled birch, or more accurately speaking, a group of birches, which flaunt their fairy-like foliage over the lily-bedecked stream. The same tree figures to even greater advantage in a 'Misty Morn,' where a carpet of bracken serves for foreground, and distant bank and river loom phantom-like in the eerie vapours of early day.

Ernest Parton, as his more facetious countrymen would put it, took the trouble to be born amid beautiful surroundings. We do not know whether Mr. Parton the elder, a Birmingham man who early went to push his fortunes in America, was a student of Buckle, and the famous theory of the influence of the lay of the land on the budding mind, but in any case he happily selected the town of Hudson when he came to face the business of life in the United States. Now forty-six years ago the Hudson River was one of the most beautiful rivers to be found in the known world; small wonder, then, that its allurements beckoned first one and then a second of the Parton youngsters away from mercantile pursuits.

Not that this consummation was readily or easily compassed—not at all; though, in this regard, the history of one ambitious boy is the history of all. Had he not to encounter hardships, snubs, difficulties, it would scarcely be this tough world of ours, but some pleasing Utopia in which he had to

sojourn ; had he, the ambitious one aforesaid, not grit enough to encounter these, and still greater disillusionments, we should probably in no way, and at no time, be troubling ourselves with his history. Ernest Parton, then, probably encountered just the requisite amount of parental opposition to make the artistic "call" irresistible. For harking away to the Catskill Mountains, or stealing from his bed at sunrise, and climbing to the vantage ground of the roof of the house, the same

problem seems to have been ever before the boy's eyes. How to focus on canvas the ever-shifting beauties of river, cloud, and sky ; how to catch the flush of autumn on the mountains, or in the valleys the wondering surprise of spring—these were the riddles of the lad's waxing years. The answer, as we all know, is not to be had for the asking. There is no royal road, but, alack ! many prickly paths to the goal of artistic achievement. Yet persevere the boy would. Indeed



Misty Morn.

so preoccupied was he at this period with his self-imposed labours that it is matter for little surprise that the painter's father (as Mr. Ernest Parton now modestly puts it) began to see that his son would be but of scant use to him in his business.

Mr. Ernest Parton's "business," in good sooth, was to be of a different sort and kind. To equip himself for its special furtherance he was suffered to join an elder brother in New

York, a brother who had already left the Hudson River to set up a studio in the Empire City. Yet even here his eyes were turned elsewhere. The very conceivable affinities of his English blood, nursed into something like a passion by a juvenile worship of Birket Foster, made Ernest Parton early seek English shores. Arriving at Glasgow he scoured the Scotch Highlands, dropt down to the more placid beauties of the Lake district, and presently found himself in Wales, every-

where busied with the making of sketches intended for New York audiences. But the painter was destined to take neither himself nor his wares to an American market. His predilection for England was as marked as his success with us was immediate. Yet it was with no little trepidation that the young man submitted a canvas to an Edinburgh jury, happily to find it not only handsomely treated by the authorities of the Scotch Academy, but sold on the opening day. Nor was Burlington House behindhand in offering the painter wall space, or indeed other, and perhaps no less, satisfactory rewards. Mr. Parton's exhibit of 1879, called 'The Waning of the Year,' a picture in which he first

announced himself the laureate of the birch, was bought by the trustees of the Chantrey Bequest, while not to be outdone by a mere London rival, the Liverpool Walker Art Gallery next year secured the painter's 'Woodland Home.'

The artist's successes, indeed, have in no wise been confined to English and Scottish Academies. An exhibitor at the Salon, at the Grosvenor Gallery, the New Gallery, the Institute of Painters in Oil, Mr. Parton's popularity has been still further attested by an honourable mention awarded him at the last great International Exhibition in Paris. That he has been etched goes without saying, for the reproductions of 'The Waning of the Year,' published by Tooth and Sons,



Summer-time on the Kennet.

and the more recent 'Wargrave on Thames,' issued by Lefevre, are too well known to need description or praise of ours.

And the artist's rank and place among the landscapists of his time? Of these things it is more hazardous to speak, though the modern passion for classification has ticketed and docketed Mr. Ernest Parton no less than each and all of his fellows. Only the other day Mr. Madox Brown was dubbed an "impressionist" by a French critic. When one of the mandarins of French criticism falls to blundering in this quaint fashion, it is perhaps not wonderful that we should find a contemporary gravely informing the world that Mr. Poynter, Mr. Roche, and Mr. John Brett are "symbolistic," Mr. Lavery "naturalistic," and that Constable, Alfred East, Corot, and

the subject of these lines are "romanticist" painters. Such classifications surely make confusion worse confounded. For if the aim of the classifier be to simplify and elucidate, then do the labours referred to resemble those described by Tenyson, in writing to Monckton Milnes, "like milking he-goats, without honour and without profit."

Yet the coupling of Ernest Parton's name with that of the great master-landscapist of our time, reminds us that the author of 'The Night Ferry' has not only sojourned in Corot's country, but at his best walked in his footsteps. In 'Eventide' Mr. Parton rightly employed French methods in a characteristically French theme, and in it we have focused something of the tender frailty, the exquisite wistfulness of those landscapes we wot of in the more sombre half of France.

'At the Close of the Day' is as emphatically Gallic in technique as the foregoing effort. And this work is no less a picture conceived and painted in the Barbizon country than it is one, as has been already indicated, which stands at the head and front of the artist's achievements.

To recognise these things is to see that the landscapist has done wisely in so often crossing the Channel for his themes. Nor should it be forgotten, in anything like an adequate summary of the painter's life, that the means and methods he brought us from over the Narrow Seas make him one of the chief pioneers of a technique which now counts hundreds of exponents. For those who like Ernest Parton's art the least, who complain in some sort of its hardness, its formality, its fatal dexterity, must needs put such epithets in their pockets in presence of a picture like 'At the Close of the Day.' As a matter of fact, such criticisms can

be applied to one of the painter's manners only. For, perversely enough, and in spite of Mr. Parton's love of the land of his adoption, there would seem to be something too luscious, too unctuous, too florid, in the British landscape to adapt itself to the artist's dominant mood. Air more rarefied suits him better. At his happiest the painter comes to us on lighter wings. "Tout paysages," said the pessimist philosopher, Amiël, "est un état de l'âme," and, in the light of the Genevese professor's saying it is not difficult to see why, in Ernest Parton's more restrained canvases, there is also more harmony, more atmosphere, and more coherence.

In them, moreover, there is to be found delicacy of drawing, subtle suggestions of sentiment, and a charm which lifts us from the prose of every day as into some green night of whispering thickets, into some world of crépuscule dreams.



Ernest Parton.

RECENT FASHIONS IN FRENCH ART.—II.

WERE I asked to set forth in a phrase the salient defects of Gallic Art, I should say that the French have too little imagination and too many ideas. The sentence may smack of paradox, but translated into other language means little but that the prosaic and negative spirit is ever paramount in that centre which M. Paul Bourget has happily dubbed "la capitale de l'Esprit Latin." True, even in Paris we hear, and have heard since the moment when Madame de Staël went a-journeying across the Rhine, of "l'Esprit Germanique," of the peculiar and romantic genius of the North. Even in Paris there have been moments when fleeting snatches have been caught from the Northern lands of song. But they have been snatches and catches only, for Parisians have been busied with other and more mundane things. In "la capitale de l'Esprit Latin," classicism has prevailed, has reigned, indeed, with but few interruptions, from the days of the pseudo-classic David; the more ardent modern spirits being content to express their modernity by an audacious plunge into naturalism.

A necessary sequence was the glorification of the more primitive animal in man. Mere earthly appetites began to be as passionately chronicled as were, heretofore, tortured heavenly aspirations. Men, with one hand, so to speak, on their throbbing pulses, revelled in the sensations of the hour, the moment, and for a couple of decades Paris, modern, bustling, dusty, noisy Paris, has been sung by a phalanx of writers and painters. Indeed, not only in the Third Empire, but in subdued, Republican France, we see the worship of material forms, the worship of the natural aspect of things. We see the body exalted in a very ecstasy of what was presumed to be the final triumph of matter; we see such consummate but avowedly naturalistic artists as MM. Zola and

Guy de Maupassant proclaiming what was supposed to be the last word in their own sphere of letters.

All, painter and writer alike, were occupied with actual things, with the wants, the whims, the caprices, the fashions of the instant, and were proud as chroniclers of the very limitations of their self-imposed task. Manner and not matter was the cry no less of the study than the studio; technique was pronounced the sole concern of the painter and the painter's day.

Now far be it from us to enter into the doubtful domain of metaphysics, into the vexed question of man's dual nature, or the dual expression such a nature may demand. Fortunately the problem is none of ours. Such riddles may be left to the schools. The case which seems proved is, that naturalistic theories, though they make many and brave disciples, and conquer, or nearly conquer, a couple of continents, carry the seeds of their own dissolution within them. Reactions, it would seem, follow anything like an apotheosis of the flesh. A violent reaction, at any rate, is manifest when Parisians announce themselves weary of the portrayal of the hospital ward, the *café chantant*, the undraped Baignolles model. Yet this astounding state of things has come to pass. The cry this two years has been for something new, and lo! to the astonishment of the outside world, the demand is answered by a plunge into religiosity, mysticism and symbolism.

M. Jean Béraud, indeed, the most noteworthy exponent of the new school, may be said to have stepped out of the *Café Riche* on to Mount Calvary, so sudden has been his conversion, his regeneration. I use the word regeneration, for with this delineator of the boulevard and the *bal de l'opéra* a kind of conviction makes itself felt, though the conviction would

seem to be political and ethical rather than properly religious. This sounds like impugning M. Béraud's orthodoxy, which may be, for aught I know, of the transcendental kind; but the modernity of his pictures is established in my eyes by nothing so much as by his earthly, as opposed to the ordinary spiritual, view of the great Nazarene. 'Christ as a Social Reformer,' the first of M. Béraud's much-discussed canvases might have been called; 'Christ as a Socialist,' the second.

With any description of the first-named work I have now nothing to do. All the world, if it has not actually seen, has heard of this most modern Magdalen—a Magdalen who,

turning from what the halfpenny papers call "a sumptuously appointed dinner-table," and a crowd of ill-conditioned, ill-favoured *viveurs*, prostrates herself before the all-compassionate One. For the rest the picture was illustrated in the *Art Journal* last year (p. 243). The second and later of the painter's larger works, called 'La Descente de Croix,' takes us into another world, and presents us with a wholly different problem. Here, in the workman's quarter of Paris, even on the summit of Montmartre, the Saviour has been crucified; and here on Montmartre, surrounded by the toiling, moiling people of the quarter, the body is being lowered into its winding-sheet.



La Descente de Croix. By Jean Béraud.

Here Mary Magdalen, blond, frail, emotional, with her past written on her face, and a very present agony in her swimming eyes, kneels before her Lord; here the Virgin, with scanty, grizzled hair, and worn, pathetic mien, is supported by some compassionate artisan. The skies are grey, and promise nothing by way of recompense in any future, remote or near; while below, the sordid lines of a great city—a city with its grime and dirt and din, is seen between the flare and flow from a myriad chimneys. One figure only stands apart, modern in motive as he is in aspect. It is the stern figure of a blue-bloused workman, who fiercely menaces the city below for its sacrifice of the innocent. Communist, anarchist, so-

cialist, the avenging figure is assuredly no other than the modern Demos, who, it would seem, is not above appropriating to itself and specialising the divine story.

Technically M. Jean Béraud is on the side of the angels. He paints as well as preaches. Crisp, forcible, dramatic, yet with scarce a strain of melodrama, the artist's dexterous draughtsmanship and pleasing yet sober colour schemes lend weight, nay, even probability, to his bizarre realisations. Cleanly and clearly conceived, well gripped and ably handled, there is a suggestion of restrained force in M. Béraud's precision of hand. His very anachronisms breathe the reserve of a man who knows his own powers, uses them adroitly, and

is determined neither to tax them unduly nor ever step beyond them.

An admirable temper this, but one obviously little cultivated on either bank of the Seine. Take M. Gaston La Touche, for instance, who exhibited in the younger, but curiously enough the less audacious, and, let it be said, the less exasperating of the two great Paris exhibitions. M. Gaston La Touche is an impressionist of a splashy order of mind, an impressionist who presumably imagines he is gifted with the rarest of all gifts, imagination. A like preconception, wedded to like defects, would be in result comic did not the painter make us shed tears—tears born of wrath, bewilderment, and headache. Picture, then, hells of crimson lake and cadmium, hells in which Dantes soar, and the lost wave wild disjointed hands

in vicarious supplication. Picture Last Suppers in glaring, flaring sunlight, in which the central figure wears an expression of boozy sentimentality—to picture these things, if nothing else, is to see what the modern Parisian can compass in the way of stirring and riotous incapacity. But M. La Touche is not alone. An excellent and no doubt well-satisfied band bear the gentleman company on his way. Was there not hanging over against M. La Touche's "impressions" a canvas labelled 'L'Education Divine,' with its foolish, flaccid, mauve-robed Divinity haranguing priggish little bourgeois in the Parisian highways? Was there not M. Sarsand with his 'Tentation,' with his bewildered and distracted ecclesiastic and his somewhat fully-developed and wholly undressed Vices disporting themselves with flowery



L'Ami des Humbles. By Lhermitte.

abandonment on the very altar of the Virgin? Had not M. Montenard lent all his dexterity (the dexterity which he has hitherto exercised on the delightful but rather mundane South) to give reality, as he no doubt thought, to sacred figures and to holy scenes?

Alack! to glance at these pictures is to be assured that it is neither in the Rue Ampère nor in sunny Toulon that we are to catch re-inspiration of the most beautiful, the most simple of all stories: nor is it, as these naïve gentlemen seem to imagine, by the primitive device of setting a hoop behind a draped figure's head that we can lend it aught of mystery or divinity. Brush power and a happy sense of the brilliance of Southern sunshine may belong to M. Montenard, and these qualities are aptly illustrated in his many representations of

Provence and the neighbourhood round about the ports of Toulon and Marseilles, but of what we call religious sentiment is there a particle or a tithe? In this respect the artist is only removed by technical qualities from such poor insincerities, such obvious "picture-making," as were to be seen on neighbouring walls, where one painter complacently exhibited a Christ and a Pierrot, a Mount of Olives and a Parisian battle of *confetti* side by side.

Such inadequate attempts, such lame and halting performances, would not deserve mention did they not illustrate and furnish an example of modern fashion in French Art. I mention them advisedly, for once let a man of talent—and M. Montenard, with all his fatal facility, can claim to be such—once, I say, let a man of talent adopt a fashion, and

it is the talent rather than the insincerity of the adopted vogue which speaks to the generality of men. This is true, in a large sense, of painters other than those already touched on. It is true, though it is less transparently evident than in the case of M. Montenard, of such artists as M. Dinet, M. François Flameng, and M. Paul Albert Laurens. Now M. Flameng and M. Dinet exhibited in the rival exhibitions, the Champs-Elysées and the Champ de Mars, and both commanded, by right of acknowledged powers, an audience for their religious pictures. But was there, we may pertinently ask—though we have asked the question before—in either

painter's effort a trace of genuine beatific feeling? Was there in either canvas that something, impelled and inevitable, without which no work of Art worthy the name exists or has its being? I am afraid not. Ungrateful it may seem in any way to condemn two such fairly commendable pictures; more than ungrateful, it may seem, to say that they smelt of the lamp. Let me say, then, of these works, what is true of the new movement in its entirety, that in so much as it emanates from, so it speaks to, the head rather than the heart.

Possibly this state of things is inevitable and, for the mo-



Le Golgotha. By Dinet.

ment at least, unalterable. The "simple faith" extolled by the great poet so lately passed from us would seem to be not for our tortured and decadent day. Look closely around at any assemblage of modern people, or at any faithful representations of them as exhibited on the walls of a modern picture gallery. Shall we find anywhere the detachment, the subservience, the acceptance, that we find written so legibly on the face of every saint and angel—and be sure of it on the models—of the Early Masters? Such subservience was then the attitude, not merely of this or that individual, or indeed of a class or even a nation, it was the attitude of all Europe. M. De Goncourt, if I remember, speaks somewhere of a virgin's forehead

"bombé d'innocence," a quaint but very meaning description of a mediæval type of head, and one, moreover, which happily illustrates my argument. The modern visage expresses anything we will, but hardly innocence or subservience. Shrewd, alert, self-sufficient, we may seek in vain in the countenance of the youngest girl for that unquestioningness which was certainly one of the dominant qualities of the Middle Ages.

To realise that not only the artist who conceived a picture, the model who sat for it, but the spectator who afterwards regarded it, were one in belief and in attitude of mind, is to come at the root and heart of the matter. For let us look to

it, and we shall see that the Church, with all its arrogance of being the sole and absolute source of inspiration, even in matters of Art, induced, may be by its very tyranny, a unity of thought, and consequently a unity in its pictorial presentments, which is now sadly to seek. What we dub the "unity" of a picture nowadays, has been brought to mean something widely different. It has been brought to mean something mainly and merely technical. A something which yesterday, perhaps, was expressed in a trick of the atelier Julien, or which to-day may unfold itself in a theory, a manner of the so-called "vibristes."

To look, then, for unity in the initial idea, in the fundamental conception of a religious picture, such as we find on every hand on mediæval canvases, is to look for the undiscoverable. Not for the French, at any rate, who embody the very essence of a brilliant and exquisite materialism, who delight, and delight so intelligently, so scientifically, in their own palpi-

tating modernity, not for them was it to reconceive and represent to us a mystic and miraculous faith. In France we may search ever in vain for a Rossetti, for the glow, the glamour, the passionate intensity which belongs to our sensuous painter-poet. The genius which breathes from at any rate one of his canvases, 'The Annunciation,' is the very antithesis of Gallic inspiration, and in sheer inspiration, in the exaltation, the white heat of its conception, is equalled by only two other modern pictures I can call to mind.

Small wonder, then, that the majority of contemporary Parisian painters have barely touched the respectable in their new and hazardous adventure — an adventure none the less hazardous from its being gratuitously taken in hand. Fashion, in a word, is so all-paramount with the French, that I marvel not at all when I see it not only invade, but triumphantly capture the arts. With the Parisians novelty is a passion, a new idea more captivating than a vice.



Le Repos en Egypte. By François Flameng.

They have little love, as we have, of things for old sake's sake. Thus so consummate a master, so forcible and virile a painter as M. Lhermitte must needs follow this poor fashion, born of a reaction. M. Lhermitte, with all his strength and breadth and stirring individuality, must needs serve us up with this quaintest of new dishes, religiosity *à la mode*. True, with this master nothing is touched in vain. As it is with M. Laurens the younger, and M. François Flameng, so it is with this other deft exponent of what we understand by the French school of painting. Not for them are the machinations of the newly-created "vibristes." If they have consented to adopt a modern mode in the matter of subject, their brushes have played them no tricks. M. Flameng's 'Le Repos en Egypte,' no less than M. Dinot's 'Golgotha' and M. Laurens' 'La Fuite en Egypte,' are fairly, squarely, and solidly painted; M. Lhermitte's 'L'Ami des Humbles' is, in

its own way, little short of a *tour de force*. The composition of the latter picture, it is true, boasts of nothing new. An earnest, white-robed Saviour sits in a squalid French tenement, breaking bread at the sparsely-furnished table. The good housewife and her child enter with the mid-day meal, while two excellently portrayed artisans listen, engrossed by the words of their Divine visitor.

To read, then, between the lines of the new movement as expounded by its two ablest exponents, is to read one thing writ large. It is to see that the so-named religious Art movement in France is a theory rather than an inspiration, a critique rather than a confession of faith. A statement which, nicely considered, should astonish no one — no one at least who has studied the main spring of inspiration as understood in the Champs-Élysées and the Champ de Mars.

MARION HEPWORTH DIXON.

DOGS OF WAR.

THE images of dogs, graven in stone, crouch at the feet of crusader knights to show that their lords followed the standard of Christ as devotedly as a dog follows the footsteps of his master. Many a hound has gone to battle with his master, and proved himself a valiant soldier. Rosswall, in "The Talisman," who so gallantly defended the banner, was a veritable crusader. Border dogs acquired a taste for war when many a hunting or reaving expedition ended in a foray, as on that woeful day when Earl Percy and Douglas met at Chevy Chase.

But scant record from the days of yore comes to us of these four-footed soldiers, except in the "Heimskringla" we read of two distinguished canine warriors: one a king in his own right, and as his time and country demanded, a fighting king; the other a king's dog, which fought alongside his master.

It is curious to read of the regal dog. A king Eystein having subdued Drontheim, put his son to reign over the district; but his subjects, disliking his rule, killed him, and Eystein, asserting his authority by the usual force of might, offered them as a ruler his slave or his dog, whose name was Sauer. "They preferred," says the "Heimskringla," in its dry way, "the dog, as they thought they would sooner get rid of him." Sauer was given a collar of silver and gold, "and his courtiers

carried him in their hands when the weather was foul." He had a throne on which he sat, and he dwelt in Indroen, "and his mansion is now a place called Saurshoug." We wonder if this unique King Sauer, after the manner of his species, was inclined to attach himself to one of his courtiers, or, if aware of his kingly station, he held aloof, accepting adoration from all as he sat upon his high seat, somewhat galled by his too magnificent chain and collar. He must have paid a heavy penalty for all this greatness, for a dog's rôle is to serve, not to reign. His death befitted the warful era he lived in, and proved he was royally courageous. Wolves attacked his cattle. His courtiers stirred him up to defend his property in person. King Sauer, hampered with his regal collar, leapt from his throne and flew at his enemies. His treacherous human servitors gave him but scant assistance, for having flattered and persuaded

him to go to battle, they let their liege lord be torn to pieces by his too numerous opponents.

The other Norse dog of war was born and bred in Ireland, and finally Olaf Trygvesson, that Admirable Crichton of a king, became his owner. Olaf was foraging in "that most distressful country" of ours, and requiring food, sent his men a-reaving. They returned to the coast with a goodly herd of cattle. A poor peasant came and besought Olaf to restore to him his cows, which had been taken, and were to him an irreparable loss. Olaf said if he could distinguish the animals and extract them from the herd, he was welcome to them, but the march was not to be delayed. "The peasant," says the chronicler, "had with him a large house dog, which he put into the herd of cattle, in which many hundred heads of beasts were driven together. The dog ran into the herd and drove out exactly the number which the peasant said he

wanted, and all were marked with the right mark, which showed that the dog knew the right beasts, and was very sagacious."

Olaf then asked the peasant if he would sell him the dog. With his impulsive Irish nature the man replied no, but he would *give* him to Olaf. The king took off a golden torc he wore and presented it to Mr. Paddy. "This dog," we read, was "called Vige and was the very best of dogs, and Olaf



Vige.

owned him long afterwards." His portrait, believed to be authentic, is given on this page. Vige, we presume, from the ability he displayed in finding his master's cattle, must have had a vein of collie blood, for Louis Stevenson, in his "Memories and Portraits," tells how a Pentland shepherd's dog of his acquaintance picked his master's sheep from out of a flock, as cleverly as did the Irishman's house dog nine centuries ago.

As Olaf Trygvesson was a mighty man of valour, triumphantly victorious in all his enterprises, including the subjection of all Norway, Vige must have seen a deal of fighting. Olaf, as Carlyle explains, "went over Norway with the rough harrow of conversion," and in so doing was opposed by one Thorer Hiort, "an idolater and very skilful in witchcraft."

Olaf pursued with the sword those who would not bow to the cross. Thorer fled, and being "fleeter of foot than any man," he even outstripped the athletic Olaf, who chased him

"with his dog Vige." "The king cried, 'Vig, Vig, catch Horten.' Vige ran straight in upon him, on which Thorer



John Harrison. Died on the road to Candahar.

halted, and the king threw a spear at him. Thorer struck with his sword at the dog and gave him a great wound, but at the same moment the king's spear flew under Thorer's arm and went through and through him, and came out at his other side. There Thorer left his life, but Vige was carried wounded to the ships."

We have searched diligently, but can find no more of Vige in the "Heimskringla," but from these brief references regarding him, we learn that instead of remaining a canine bogtrotter, he was promoted to laurels and renown, as the warrior dog of the most gallant king of Norway, whom Carlyle describes as "the beautifullest man in body and soul that one has ever heard of in the North."

Only now and again have historians thought fit to record the dogs of war, which, no doubt, like William of Orange's alert spaniel, which roused his master when menaced by treachery, and saved the "life of him upon whose shoulders the whole weight of his country's fortune depended," by its timely warning, have proved themselves heedful sentinels and fearless soldiers. We know certainly of three dogs

which had gone to battle in Napoleon's time. He saw one pitifully mourning over its dead Austrian master, and called the attention of his generals to the loyal beast. "Voyez, messieurs," he said, "ce chien nous donne une leçon d'humanité." The other Napoleonic dog was named Moustache, and his portrait, reproduced here, was in the Salon of 1890. He was present at the battle of Austerlitz. He had been attached to the colour-sergeant, and took a pride also in his regimental colours, and when the former was killed he rescued the latter. He is portrayed with the broken staff in his wolf-like jaw, and the colours he saved waving over him, as he fled on away from the fatal field where many of his comrades lay dead. Moustache was decorated for this deed, and being a Frenchman, full of vanity, no doubt was flattered and appreciated the honour.

Wilkie, in his famous picture, the 'Chelsea Pensioners reading the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo,' introduces at the feet of a sergeant of the Oxford Blues the "Old Duke," a dog which had followed its regiment through the wars. When the Duke of Wellington came to see this picture, which he had ordered Wilkie to paint, the artist mentions in his journal how His Grace took notice "of the black dog which followed the Blues in Spain." If Moustache and this English warrior were contemporaries, and, no doubt, if they had met, their instincts would have told them that there was no love lost between their French and English masters, so they would have engaged in a duel in the midst of their biped comrades' battle. Art has, we see, in the case of these three last dogs, preserved the memory of their faithfulness and pluck.

A dog of war in the present day figures in a picture of one of our African campaigns—a fox terrier. It is standing bravely in a hot corner by its besieged comrades, who are fighting a desperate fight against great odds.

Dogs attach themselves very readily to a regiment. The



Moustache. From the Picture by A. Bloch.

Scotsman lately recorded the death of "Dyce," a spaniel who belonged to a private in the 13th Hussars. It was born

in Lucknow eleven years ago, its mother also belonging to the Army. Dyce went with his regiment to Afghanistan, and



Fox.

once was given up for lost, having fallen out of a military train; but, being unhurt, followed the train for six miles, and was warmly welcomed by his fellow-soldiers after his brilliant race.

A wise old black retriever, "John Harrison" (p. 363), who had grown grizzled in the service of his colonel, was in the march to Candahar, but being up in years and too heavily clad, was unfit for such a march in such a clime. John could not keep up with his regiment. His death warrant had to be ordered to save him from coming to a cruel end by stranger hands.

In the burying-ground of animals at Edinburgh Castle, on a shelf of rock just below "Mons Meg," there lie a host of regimental pets, their names, species, and merits all engraven on stone. Lately, another dog was buried there, "Pat," who belonged to the Seaforth Highlanders. In his obituary notice in the daily paper his biographer says he was of quaint appearance, extreme intelligence, and full of funny tricks. He served throughout the Afghan and Egyptian campaigns, and was frequently under fire. His first master, a captain in this regiment, was killed in battle. Pat became the property of another officer, and went with him to Egypt. He, like John Harrison, shared

in the march to Candahar, but, being younger and lighter, survived its fatigues. Being in danger of losing his eyesight through ophthalmia in Egypt, he was sick-listed home. As a retired soldier in failing health he lived but a brief space among attentive friends in Midlothian. When death claimed him, they who had soothed his latter days wrapped him up in his regimental tartan coat (a gift from the soldiers), laid him in a snowdrop-lined coffin, and, by order of his late commander, he was buried in Edinburgh Castle.

There are many war-dogs of fiction. Whyte Melville, in the "Interpreter," has introduced one which dies from a Russian bullet in Crimean trenches. He was an elderly warrior, had seen much service, and died a soldier's death. Different was the fate of the lovable poodle "Fox," of Bulwer Lytton's creation. He comes to a most pathetic end during that stern winter when the Prussians were without the walls of Paris. The gay "Fox" first appears beside its light-hearted, dandified master when Paris and "The Parisians" are replete with wealth and feasting. It reappears towards the end of the siege along with its owner, emaciated with hunger and cold. His master's fidelity, his friend's greed, and finally, Fox's end, are told in this last work of Bulwer Lytton's.

In future annals of history, the dogs of war will not pass through centuries with their constancy unrecorded. Their usefulness and their integrity has now been recognised on the Continent, and a canine Army Corps formed to act as messengers and sentries. Staunch, beyond all suspicion of bribery, these four-legged soldiers will prove themselves valuable allies. When there is a cry of "Havoc," and the order is passed to "let slip the dogs of war," willingly will they obey commands, uncomplainingly do their duty, never deserting or demanding pay for their alert services. True to his word, "Katmir," the dog of the "Seven Sleepers," devotedly kept watch and ward over his long-slumbering masters; and future commanders, guarded by wary, wakeful canine sentinels, will be able to rest in security, for, like Katmir, the dogs



Pat, of the 72nd Highlanders.

of war will say to their biped comrades, "Go, sleep. I will guard you."

EVE BLANTYRE SIMPSON.

CONCERNING A REVIVAL OF ART GUILDS.



VERY spring, when thousands of painters let loose their work upon the world, and scores of well-organized exhibitions are opened to the public, European critics begin to grumble in their respective languages at the universal sameness of modern Art. And there is every reason for this critical grumbling, it seems to us, for in all the inter-

national exhibitions that have

come under our notice we have been struck by an absence of anything like a marked national individuality among the minor artists of the various countries. To put the matter plainly, a Parisian training is much too obtrusively evident in the work of most young painters nowadays, whether of English, Belgian, German, or Swedish nationality, and, when examining the pictures or the sculptures at some international exhibition, it is usually difficult enough to find even two or three examples of a really native art amid so many vigorous young scions of a modern French stock.

We remember the time, however, when—to give only one example—there was a Liverpool school, with so distinctive a style that any picture belonging to it was known at a glance. And although this once-energetic band of artists has now dwindled down to one stubborn member, Mr. W. J. J. C. Bond, we somehow cling to the hope that Liverpool will one day take a real pride in encouraging a local school possessed of living characteristics: then the Walker Gallery will certainly lose something of its present resemblance to a Paris salon in miniature. But, before English Art can possess a really national spirit—a spirit akin to that which lives everlastingly in the historical plays of Shakspeare, the grandest monuments of poetical patriotism that any country can boast—it will be necessary for all our industrial centres to take some such pride in promoting the interest of their local schools, as many Italian and Flemish cities took in theirs during the fourteenth and fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Then, may be, the passions and the needs of the hour will inspire the painter; and then we shall see fewer sunburnt Breton peasants and smirking Venetian lovers, and so forth, in our picture galleries, and a good deal more of the various and the varied features, not only of English landscape, but of English life and English labour, than we see at present.

We cannot, however, expect that our industrial centres will help those who will not help themselves. But if our Art workers were to band themselves into guilds or clubs, with the twofold purpose of offering reciprocal relief in times of distress, and of establishing such well-constituted schools as might eventually lead to a permanent localisation of a variety of distinctly characteristic styles in divers branches of Art work—then, we believe, our industrial centres would give their support in an open-handed and steady manner.

It was the Art workers of Italy and Flanders, not the townships, that started the Renaissance Art Guilds. The old

Flemings and Italians, in truth, had too strong a belief in themselves to ask their communes for pecuniary assistance; and it is a remarkable fact that, in order to preserve their strength and freedom from dependence on external aid, they so formed their Art associations as to allow no professional jealousy among the members of the guild to weaken their ranks. Each guild supported itself, until its firm independence and its steady industry attracted the attention of the clergy, the nobility, and the town authorities, who then gave their patronage. And (what is even more noteworthy as a pattern to ourselves) each guild handed down its own special Art traditions, one set of guildsmen, the Italian, taking pains to frame such regulations as would deter foreign artists from settling among them. Before, however, entering further into these details it will be convenient to give a sketch-history of the rise and the power of the Renaissance Art Guilds.

The sculptors of Ghent founded the first guild in Flanders, in 1337—1338, the year in which the gusty-tempered Flemings signed the treaty with England that assured their commercial liberty and neutrality. Tournay had a similar association in 1341, Bruges in 1351, Louvain about 1360, and Antwerp towards 1382. The tapestry weavers of Arras, of Tournay, of Brussels, and of Valenciennes, the illuminators of Bruges and of Ghent, next united themselves, and Brabant, Artois, Hainault, and Flanders were soon well provided with semi-artistic, semi-industrial guilds.

The tapestry weavers were the proudest of all the guildsmen, partly because the great Jacques Van Artevelde, the popular leader and brewer of Ghent, belonged to one of the most notable families of their guild, and partly because their tapestries had even then acquired an enviable reputation throughout Europe. They showed their pride by excluding from their corporations all men unconnected with their trade; whilst those who used the brush or pencil often united with other bodies, such as the goldsmiths, and imagers, and gold-beaters.

“The Art guilds,” says Monsieur A. J. Wauters, “rapidly became centres of activity, always restless and struggling, and at times egotistical and troublesome. Their organization was not irreproachable; on the contrary, it frequently put obstruction in the way of genius and precocious talent; but in spite of this, taste gradually developed itself within these associations, and, without any painful shock, the way was prepared by which the artisan became an artist.”

In short, from the date of the first Flemish picture—‘The Martyrdom of St. Liéven,’ painted by Jean Van der Most for the Abbey of St. Bavon, near Ghent, in 1353—to the coming of the Van Eycks, it was the guild system that fostered the growth of an art which, as Henri Taine says, had its origin in the national character itself. No Flemish painting of that early period has any resemblance to the Byzantine and symbolical Art which was then extending its influence over Italy and Germany, and of which the paintings in the old Romanesque cathedrals in Germany and the Madonnas of Cimabue in Italy are the chief monuments. The earliest Flemish painters give us instead a naïve and original expression of

their religious ideas, a quaint and careful representation of the things they saw about them. And even when, in the sixteenth century, John Gossaert and Bernard Van Orley and many another Flemish painter went to prosecute their artistic studies in Italy, returning home after a time with the worst, because most readily adopted, methods of the illustrious Italian masters, the Art guilds did manage to keep a few men faithful to the tender and naïve traditions bequeathed to them by Hans Memling and John Van Eyck. Still much of the work of that period has an exaggerated Italian aspect, just as English paintings nowadays have an exaggerated French *allure*.

Turning to Italy, the first Italian guild of which we have any authoritative evidence is that of Verona. It dates from the beginning of the fourteenth century, when Verona enjoyed the wise and peaceful government of the Scaligeri, and when the Italian painters, to use Goethe's words, "were swerving away from their allegiance to the still respectable, but, in many later instances, mummy-like, withered-up Byzantine style," to find a new inspiration and a new art in nature herself. Forty years before, Ezzelino Romano was in power, and Art had nearly perished in the city of Verona, for the despotic laws and the capricious persecutions of this dread Ghibelline chieftain had bowed down the Veronese race under a cruel yoke, generating many an abject vice in those who plaintively submitted to be misruled, and many a ferocious vice in those who tempestuously refused. And the Art workers, being men of peaceful minds and gentle hands, seeing that because they painted for the churches they were persecuted as followers of the detested Guelph or Papal party, fled precipitately from their homes, and sought work and quietness elsewhere. Nor did they return until their tyrannical and inexorable foe had been some while dead, and the Scaligeri's peaceful government had brought prosperity to their city. Then back they trooped, many stranger artists following gladly at their heels. These stranger artists soon became too numerous, and the native artists "felt the necessity of forming an association with the object of guarding reciprocally the interests of the profession." So one day they all met together, and, after long deliberation, the following statute, composed of twelve paragraphs, was agreed upon:—

1. That no one shall be allowed to become a member without having practised the arts for twelve years.
2. Twelve artists to be elected members, and this number is not to be exceeded.
3. In case of a vacancy, the new member to be the senior on the list of those awaiting admission.
4. The members are obliged in the winter months to take upon themselves the common instruction of the pupils in turn.
5. Members are liable to be expelled on being convicted of theft.
6. Fraternal assistance to be given in necessity of whatever kind.
7. General agreement in artistic controversies to be maintained.
8. Hospitality to be observed towards strangers passing through the town, as thus information may be obtained about artistic matters which it may be useful to learn.
9. Relief and assistance to be given to any member incapacitated for work.
10. Members to follow the funerals of fellow-members with lanterns and burning torches.
11. The president of the company to exercise supreme authority in respect to the regulations.
12. The president to be that member who has been in the company the longest time.

This statute, the manuscript of which Dr. J. Paul Richter found in the Italian archives, is interesting from beginning to end. But paragraphs 4, 6, and 8 are particularly worthy of attention. From the earliest times, youths who wished to become painters were placed under the care of the masters, and parents paid for the instruction their sons received. Now this instruction embraced, in the beginning, the washing of the masters' brushes and the mixing of their pigments; then came the setting in of a background or a piece of subordinate drapery, and so on in progressive stages. But paragraph 4 introduces us to an established school of Art apprentices. This was probably started by the Veronese artists with three objects in view: to advance the local Art as practised by themselves, to save the time that was formerly spent in giving separate lessons to their pupils, and to give their pupils and assistants the benefit of a thorough technical training in the winter season, at which time but little fresco painting in the dark churches was done. Now, as all the members bound themselves to teach in the school in turn, the students had the great advantage of comparing the styles and the merits of their various masters. Thus there was but little likelihood of one man's mannerisms affecting the work of the whole class, and every chance of the fundamental principles and methods of the school being thoroughly explained and as thoroughly understood. This, surely, is the very ideal of a school of Art, providing, of course, that the system of teaching be sound, and broad, and thoroughgoing, and that it teaches the beginner to look upon Art as a noble and serious business, requiring a mind commensurate to the extensive greatness of the particular province of Art he hopes eventually to explore. Nowadays, unfortunately, Art schools develop far too much feeble and effeminate dilettantism, far too many vain amateurs, and—" *Qui dit amateur, dit ignorant.*"

In paragraph 8 we see that the Veronese painters of that early period did not object to entertain foreign members of their profession, as long as they were only passing through the town. Still the entertainment offered had decidedly a special motive, for visitors were only seized upon and feasted hospitably by the guild for the sake of the artistic knowledge they might have to impart.

The statute of another association—the Siennese—was agreed upon about the year 1355, and in it we read that strangers were received with scanty welcome in Siena. For instance, they had to leave one gold florin at the office of the brotherhood before they began any work; in addition to this, they had to make a deposit of twenty-five lire. Nor could any Siennese painter employ a foreigner—and an Italian from any neighbouring town was considered as such—without having himself fulfilled these stipulations. And the Paduan guild, instituted a century afterwards, was just such another little democratic republic as the Art association of Siena. In short, throughout the history of the painters' guilds in Italy, we find that each separate town patronised its own Art workers, and that these Art workers by starting their own guilds gave the township a chance of encouraging local Art. We believe, also, that Dr. Richter is right when he calls these guilds the givers of that great individualism which divides Renaissance

painting into so many clearly defined schools. For in them Art was firmly localised as well as monopolised, and in them the inborn and inherited artistic gifts and dispositions of the races were fostered in a systematic manner, till at last they were brought to the highest development of which they were capable.

Turning then to the main object of this article, how could Art associations be revived? The first step, as we have said, would have to be taken by our own Art labourers. Once taken, however, we believe good would soon come of it; for if "our own world is too near us, too raw, too undigested, too formless for poetry," as Mr. Andrew Lang suggests, and as Walt Whitman, like Goethe, vigorously denied, it is very certainly beautiful enough, characteristic enough, and definite enough in all its aspects for the modern painter to draw from it an inexhaustible supply of subjects. Indeed, it is partly from the industrial life and the physical appearance of each district that the guild belonging to it would have to obtain a distinctive character. A modern guild ought, in its Art work, to be the mirror in which the scenes and people of a given district would be clearly pictured—pictured with a fond and genial enjoyment of real life, as Shakspeare, in his historical plays, pictures the humours and manners of the people in the market, the inn, the country, and the battle-field.

Of course the peculiar exclusiveness in the organization of the old Italian guilds could not be one of the strong points of a modern Art association. But if the Art workers—the painters, architects, and sculptors, and all indeed who follow any art or trade of which the basis is design—in one of our large towns, or in one of our rich counties, were to bind themselves into a brotherhood to-morrow, then they could not do better than adopt paragraphs 4, 6, and 9 of the statute of the Guild of Verona. Nor would there be any difficulty on the ground of their own interests not being furthered, if they had a gallery for exhibition purposes. For this gallery would accomplish much of the work that falls at present to the lot of the picture-dealers' prehensile talents; the commission charged on works sold would help to make it self-supporting; and as the members of the hanging committee would naturally do their utmost to advance the reputation of their own guild, it would set the best pictures, and drawings and statues of the year before the public in the best possible way. Further, in such a guild gallery a certain portion of the wall might be allotted to each member, no difference whatever being made between a youthful struggler and a successful veteran. This is not a new idea, for the "Twenty Club" in Brussels opens an exhibition of this kind every year, the fame of which has spread throughout Europe. In it the pictures are not hung on the line, as in England and elsewhere generally, but on a level with the eye, and no picture, however bad, is ever skied.

With regard to a guild academy, in which, let us suppose, all branches of artistic work would be taught in day and evening classes, we will only say that there is an almost lost

art, that of stucco-work, and a much-neglected art, that of broad decoration, into which such an institution—if wisely directed—could breathe a new life. For we have little to hope in this direction from our present dainty system of technical and artistic training, which produces few good decorators, but an almost incalculable number of certificated drawing-masters. And if you call to mind what constant practice with the decorator's pound brush did for the Old Masters, then, probably, you will agree that some change in the timid and dainty Art education that England provides for our painter sons is requisite. Some few there are among our leading living painters who have certainly employed their fine talents in the past in decorating the rooms of private houses and those of public buildings; and this fact should encourage young men to follow an art that is quite as "gentlemanly," and quite as profitable, as the painting of easel-pictures.

In conclusion, we plainly recognise, of course, that the sphere of Art is altogether different now from what it was in the days of the Renaissance guilds, and that the measures adopted would have to be in keeping with the temper of the country in which we live; but, after granting all this, we do not see any insuperable difficulty in our proposed revival of Art associations. Once revived, they would thrive, like the Twenty Club in Brussels, and we might reasonably expect in them to get such wise systems of teaching as would foster the growth of individualism, by directing the students' attention towards the powerful sources of inspiration which positively do exist in our scientific, industrial, and political life. There are some artists, perhaps, in whom no chord will be moved by the contemplation of the fashions and foibles of society, of the sittings of our Houses of Parliament, of the concerts and meetings of our working-men's clubs, of the trials which magnetically draw the attention of the reading public to our courts of law. But what a wealth of varied life, on the other hand, and what an exhaustless supply of artistic resources, may really be found in our dockyards and collieries and potteries, in our factories and near our furnaces!—in all of which busy centres of English industry there is a religious art of the best kind—the art of the religion of daily toil. And indeed, the late George Mason proved what English collieries might become to the insight of real artists of generations to come. All who have watched with interest the course of Art during these latter years will remember the sensation caused by Mason's 'Evening Hymn.' The picture's severe purity—its holiness, in fact, made its influence felt in all who approached it; and as those singing colliery girls came with their long, labouring stride up the hill to us out of the dark valley, we silently acknowledged that there is a great soul even in the Black Country, and we have never since ceased to wonder at the English artist's perverse choice of foreign subjects for his pictures, at his perverse blindness to the fact that each workshop and foundry and colliery at home might be teacher as well as a studio to him.

WALTER SHAW SPARROW.



Bolton Abbey.—The Ruin.

BOLTON ABBEY IN THE PRESENT TIME.

THE genius of Landseer has made of Bolton Abbey a household word, and we have all some idea of the splendid picture, 'Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time.' The stern-featured monk in the background, the dainty maiden with her tray of fish, and the wild profusion of game exquisitely delineated are tolerably familiar.

A childish memory recalls a prim and antiquated governess, who filled educational intervals by reproducing this *chef d'œuvre* in cross-stitch. It was in ante-æsthetic days, and probably crude and inartistic, but I can yet remember the thrill of admiration as the neck and proportions of the wild duck, in a glowing scale of green and crimson, gradually developed. Beyond these elementary impressions, Bolton Abbey remained as mythic lore: but the Master's hand immortalised the spot, and a short account of its surroundings and existing conditions may not be uninteresting.

A romantic legend ascribes the foundation of a Priory of Monks, of the order of St. Augustine, or rather their transference to Bolton, to a certain Lady Adeliza, married to a nephew of David, King of Scotland. She possessed an only son called "The Boy of Egremont," and this youth tried to cross the river Wharfe at a difficult spot, called the Strid or Stride. The water, confined by a natural rocky chasm for some distance, is turned into a fierce, swift torrent, and immersions are apt to prove fatal. Innumerable latter-day tourists have successfully leapt across, as the channel is not more than four feet wide. Though we have advanced in civilisation, athletic prowess was much the same in the twelfth century; but when "The Boy of Egremont" attempted this feat, he was handicapped by a greyhound in leash hanging back at the critical moment; and after a few desperate plunges the lad was drowned in the surging whirl of waters. The poets Rogers and Wordsworth have felt this episode worthy of their muse, and told the story in eloquent verse. A countryman who witnessed the disaster hastened to poor Lady Adeliza, and asked, "What is good for a bootless bene?" The mother, divining a tragedy, answered, "Endless sorrow," and in commemoration of the terrible event, transferred the Priory of Bolton from a village a few miles distant.

Whether this legend be founded on fact signifies little, but the situation of Bolton Abbey gives us yet another proof of the

extraordinary taste and skill displayed in the choice of monkish sites. In all parts of the world we find abbots and priors annexing the most picturesque spots and favoured corners, and on the breezy gleaming afternoon, at the end of the nineteenth century in which we first visited the spot, it was easy to picture the enjoyment of

"The holy men in cowl and hood
A-wandering up and down the wood,"

The original Priory is supposed to have been of vast extent, and its boundaries are still disputed. The ruins of the church are remarkably perfect, standing in bold relief on a grassy eminence, with a stern background of rock, and surrounded by pasture, wood, and water in subtlest combination. The low range of hills in the foreground are covered by deciduous trees, and splendid specimens of oak and ash and elm are to be seen far as the eye can reach. The Wharfe runs below,



The Strid.

and taking a wide curve at this spot, flows round three sides of the Abbey. This river is not a smooth, well-regulated stream,

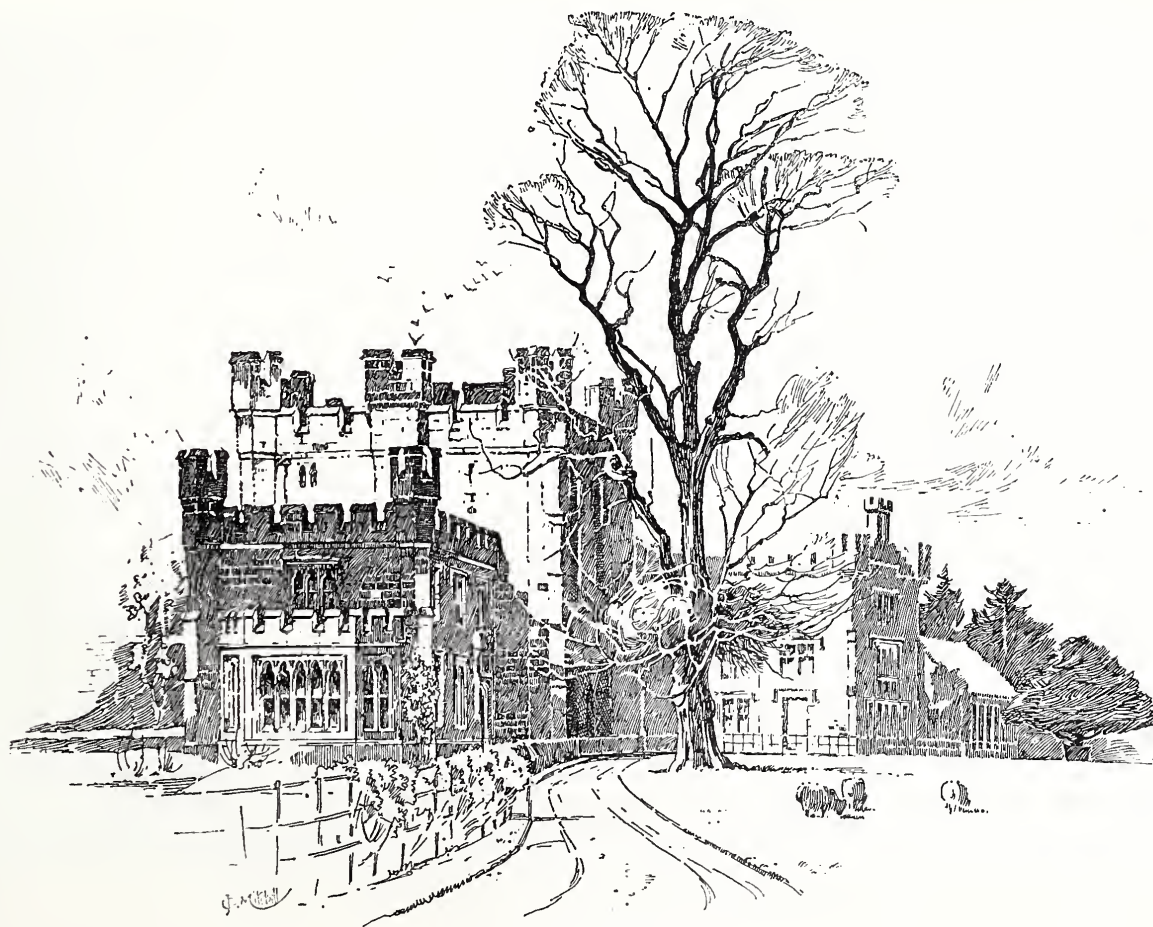
but in a thousand foaming eddies leaps into noisy currents, as it whirls past the grass-grown walls, which have watched its progress through the changing centuries.

Of the archæological perfections of Bolton Abbey we do not venture an opinion, but we believe it to be a mixture of Saxon and Norman styles. The most ignorant can appreciate the splendid east window, which serves as a frame for one of nature's glowing landscapes. Time has clothed its form in a dress of darkest green, while graceful ferns and waving grasses have crept into each recess and cranny, and moss and ivy throw their caressing arms around the old walls. The nave forms the modern church, and is connected with the ruin. Its hideous lead roof, obtrusive heating apparatus, and glaring doors, are a shock to artistic sus-

ceptibilities, and it is rare to see an existing place of worship in such close juxtaposition with crumbling masonry—

"In the shattered fabric's heart
Remaineth one protected part."

If these anachronisms can be forgiven, the sacred edifice is worthy of its companion, and owns an identical antiquity; indeed, the natives of Wharfedale boast that divine service has been held continuously in this church since the thirteenth century. This fact derives additional interest from the pretty legend of the "White Doe of Rylstone," which tells us that after the dispersal of the monks, a white doe was constantly found in the Abbey churchyard during divine service, upon the conclusion of which the animal returned home with the rest of the congregation.



The Residence, Bolton Abbey.

This doe was given by a brother to a sister in the reign of Elizabeth, and soon after the ill-fated brother was overtaken and killed as a rebel. The sister, accompanied by the white doe, came every week to pray at her brother's grave. And then the sister also joined the majority; but still the doe arrived at the usual time, returning sorrowfully alone.

The interior of the church we were unable to see, for the doors were locked and tightly barred, and we were fain to be content with wandering in the lovely "God's Acre" which surrounds the hoary buildings. Most of us, sooner or later, have come across a consecrated spot of satisfying beauty: a spot we feel to be a perfect resting-place when we have shuffled off this mortal coil. It may be an Italian Campo Santo with its marble glories, or the solemn simplicity of an English "Garden of

Sleep," but the ideal graveyard ever haunts our imagination. It would be hard to find a fairer dream of peace than in the rural cemetery of Bolton Abbey, which contains monuments of all ages, from the crumbling sepulchre to the newly-turned mound of yesterday. There is a stern absence of floral decoration, and most of the tombstones are oblong slabs of stone, placed horizontally a foot or so from the ground, and generally commemorating the death and virtues of an entire family.

Some of the older stones bore quaint and half-illegible lines, such as—

"He suffered long, but murmured not;
We watched him day by day
Grow less and less, with aching head,
Until he passed away."

Further afield we happened on the curious name of "Vashni Elisha Moon," and were inclined to quarrel with the perpetrator of a glaring granite structure, injurious to the sense of the fitting and picturesque. The scene was of striking calm, the deep lush grasses covering our feet, gleams of autumnal sunshine casting distorted shadows over the grey-green tombs, and slowly we sauntered towards the one ambitious effort of the place. A cross seventeen feet high in white freestone, in a corner apart from the primitive peasant graves, had been erected by the Duke of Devonshire's Bolton Abbey tenantry to the memory of Lord Frederic Cavendish. On the pedestal was the following inscription :—

"To the Beloved Memory of Lord Frederic Charles Caven-

dish, son of William, 7th Duke of Devonshire, and of Blanche Georgina, his wife, born November 30th, 1836.

"He went out as Chief Secretary to Ireland Full of love to that country, Full of hope for her future, Full of capacity to render her service, and was murdered in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, within twelve hours of his arrival, May 6th, 1882."

The Lord grant thee thy heart's desire and fulfil all thy mind.

We perused these terribly grim lines, and felt again a thrill of the horror that rushed wavelike through the country, as the tidings of Lord Frederic's brutal assassination passed from mouth to mouth. The words in inverted commas were addressed to the House of Commons by Mr. Gladstone, when, in the midst of a grief-stricken assemblage, he communicated



Bolton Woods. From a Drawing by Sutton Palmer.

the intelligence. The cross is placed under a large weeping ash, and loving hands have planted a strip of "purple black" heather. Quitting the churchyard and following the high road, we arrived at the memorial fountain to Lord Frederic Cavendish, erected by "The Electors of the West Riding of York, of which he was Parliamentary representative, as a tribute to his memory."

This fountain is a six-sided structure in the form of a huge stable lantern, approached by an imposing flight of steps. It is forty feet high, and occupies a commanding position at the top of the hill, but it is sufficiently ugly to startle the veriest Philistine. Leaving the high road and following a by-path we found ourselves at "Hartington Seat." This rustic shelter, ingeniously composed of dried heather, is in the most romantic position, and commands a glorious view of the

Abbey. There is a peculiar fascination in the sound of rushing waters, and from our coign of vantage we dreamily watched the stream, gurgling and flowing round that greenest horseshoe of pasture. When the present Duke feels bored with the eternal mill of politics, does he renew that celebrated imperturbability of demeanour in this semicircular bower? The influence of "Hartington Seat," in the bosom of Bolton woods, must be far more soothing than can possibly await the owner of Hartington's seat in the fierce arena of debate.

But shortening days compel us to retrace our footsteps, and having left the house till the last, we find ourselves gazing over the wire fencing into the Duke's garden, an unpretentious wilderness of fragrant cottage blossoms. A row of hollyhocks, in varied shades of pink deepening to cherry, grow to their proudest height, against a background of creeper-covered

rocks. Old-fashioned flowers, past their summer glory, nod to us over the sweet-briar hedge, the nasturtiums straggle gaudily, and the sweet scent of mignonette is faintly traceable, as we idly watch the operations of a gardener who is uprooting the plants. This work of destruction is not to our taste, and we hurry on and ask admittance. Bolton Hall was formerly the gateway of the old Priory, and for a few weeks the Duke of Devonshire and his family take up their residence there during the shooting season.

The housekeeper, who was an excellent type of her class, and spoke of her employers with that bated breath of respectful adoration peculiar to servants who have passed a lifetime in the service of the great, first showed us the kitchen, and an enormous stock of shining copper stewpans were ex-

hibited with a pride which greater works of Art failed to elicit. A singular gloom hovered about the house, situated in a damp hollow. For eleven months it is relegated to servants, and then, like the castle of the Sleeping Beauty, the thick walls echo and re-echo with the voices of fair ladies and lusty sportsmen. As the housekeeper remarked, "We are terribly busy while it lasts." The dining-room is roughly and plainly furnished, and derives its chief interest from the fact that the architectural portion of Landseer's picture was obtained from the arch of the ancient gateway in this room.

"He stood just *there*," apostrophised my friendly guide, pointing a dramatic finger, "when he was a-taking of it off."

Mounting the gloomy stone spiral staircase, we were shown a carved oaken bedstead, boasting an antiquity of five hundred



The Abbey, looking across the River Wharfe. From a Drawing by Sutton Palmer.

years, and quite anticipated an introduction to the inevitable ghost. Bolton Hall, far from being a show place, is a mere shooting-box: but, after centuries of habitation, the subtle essences of love and life whisper thrilling messages to living pilgrims, and deep human interest clings to these caskets of the past. The finest pictures, including the famous 'Bolton Abbey,' are at Chatsworth, and in the drawing-room, with its old-fashioned primness and stiff Queen Anne furniture, the works of Art are probably of no great value. There was a quaint picture, dated 1567, of a dreadfully stern Lord Cobham, with his wife, sister-in-law, and seven children, seated at a nondescript meal. This pre-Raphaelitish family had the oddest inclination to be exactly the same size, though the peculiarity was partially accounted for by three bald bullet-headed little creatures proving triplets.

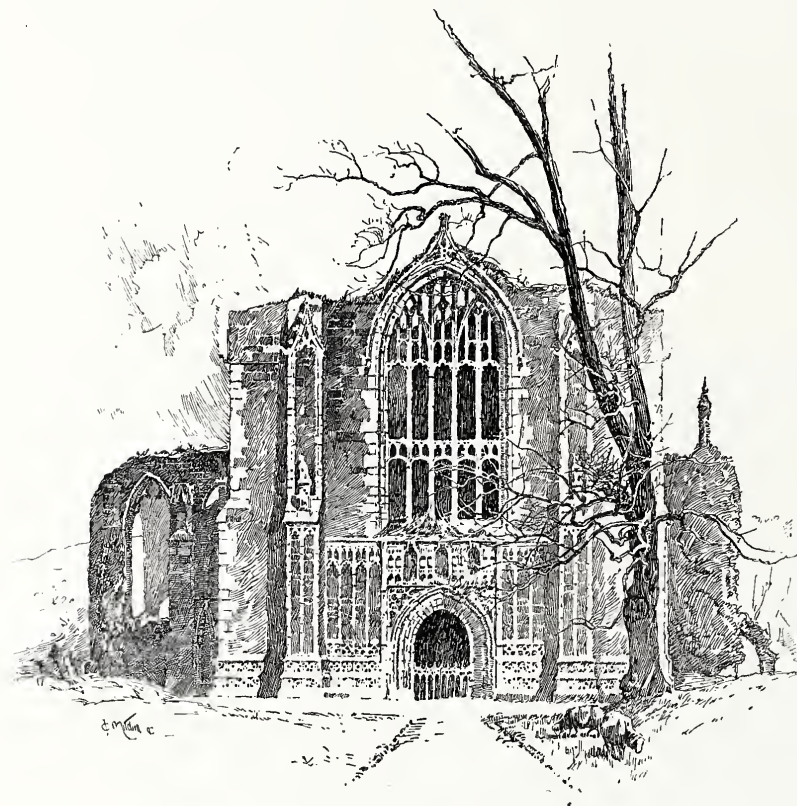
Wandering through the narrow passages, we next examined a primitive bonnet, worn two hundred years ago by the then Duchess of Devonshire. The straw was closely woven, and the shape grimly foreshadowed the hideous coal-scuttles of a later date. Its Spartan simplicity was a mute reproof to the wearers of the extravagant headgear of the present, and a sharp contrast to the lady's own descendant, the Duchess of Devonshire, whose hat of enormous proportions has been immortalised by Gainsborough.

We bid adieu to Bolton Hall thinking much of the family, whose hands and brains have helped to tell the tale of our rough island story, and were glad to emerge from indescribable gloom into the fresh light and glory of an autumn afternoon. The Rectory—close to the Hall—was hermetically sealed and its inhabitants evidently absent. We paused to

admire its typical gables and rose-covered walls. How easy to roll away a hundred years, and from just such a dwelling picture lovely Olivia Primrose tripping forth in fichu and flowered chintz to meet her worthless lover. With a parting

glance at the radiant landscape we turned away, and primed with romantic lore were borne from Bolton Abbey by the rushing breath of the iron horse.

LOUISE BERENS.



The Great Window,

THE FURNISHING AND DECORATION OF THE HOUSE.*

VI.—WINDOW-BLINDS, LIGHTING, AND ACCESSORIES.

BEFORE we pass on to the subject of lighting and the minor accessories of furnishing, it may be as well to say something about those very necessary articles, window-blinds. There is a species of blind, popular with ladies, but utterly unpractical and unsuited for our smoky atmosphere. It is called the festoon blind, and is formed by running vertically through the length of the stuff so many parallel lines of gathers, which, being drawn up, produce a collection of baggy flounces; dressy-looking, no doubt, but very cradles for cherishing dust and dirt. On reflection, it would be difficult to conceive anything more ridiculous for the purpose. An enterprising manufacturer, conscious of the many objections that may with reason be urged against this useless piece of millinery, and yet enamoured of the appearance of the thing, has actually produced for roller blinds the "new imitation festoon window-holland," a printed counterpart, with lines and shading to represent the gathers of the actual thing; the bottom, moreover, of each blind cut into scollops to complete the resemblance. There is no need to condemn an object so thoroughly vicious in principle. All blinds with a printed pattern in imitation of stained glass, of Venetian

blinds, lace curtains, etc., are bad; not so much on account



Fig. 1.—Minton's China Aster Pattern. Printed Plate.

of the defects of the originals from which they are taken as

* Continued from page 311.

because they are themselves shams. It is easy enough to get blinds with conventional floral diaper, though the style of

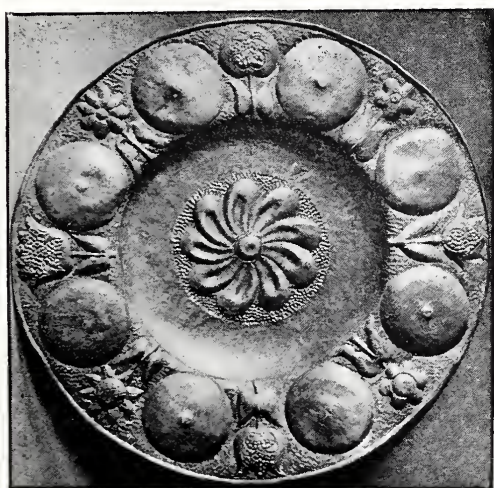


Fig. 2.—*Repoussé Metal Dish. By the Guild of Handicraft.*

design in this class of goods is far behind that of printed cretonnes. In default of suitable floral patterns, vertical lines and stripes are inoffensive; but, after all, there is nothing so satisfactory for roller-blinds as plain self-colours. The proper material for this purpose is made in plenty of artistic shades. A safe colour is buff, because it goes well with everything. Tea-colour again is good; and another colour that resembles chocolate with milk. In sitting and dining-rooms the blinds should be just so dark as to tone down the sunlight when required, but not so as to darken the room altogether. On the other hand, bedroom blinds should be dark enough to exclude daylight, an indispensable condition of sleep to many persons, especially nervous and delicate people, as they can testify whose nights, while stopping at hotels and other strange houses, have been spoilt for want of the dark blind to which use has accustomed them at home. A host will not knowingly provide his guest with an uncomfortable bed, but, if he is fortunate enough to be a sound sleeper himself, he is apt to overlook the fact that a dark blind may be just as essential as a proper bed for his guest's repose. Roller-blinds should be finished off square at the bottom, without any fringe or fancy shapings of any kind. Venetian blinds are a cumbrous contrivance at the best. However, if by the help of patent ladder tapes, or other means, they can be secured from getting out of order, they do well enough in the country in places exposed to strong sun. But in London and towns they are undesirable, as providing a series of ledges for dust, more or less out of reach of the broom.

For the lower part of windows there are blinds to be had of Bohemian glass beads, strung and hanging in a fringe, or of coloured bamboo and beads made in the same way. Both are picturesque when new and in good condition, but with wear they quickly get broken and untidy. More durable blinds of somewhat similar appearance might possibly be made of coarse macramé string work, a broad band along the top and fringe below hanging

down to the window-sill. Macramé is an effective material, but, made as it is with a fatal facility and commonly misplaced as mantel borders or edgings for wall-brackets and fancy tables, it has not hitherto been taken seriously nor turned to the best advantage.

Darned-netting, real or imitation, is a popular tradition for window blinds; and specimens here and there in cottage homes may yet be found, in which, though the decorative faculty is wanting, the choice of subject, a peacock maybe, or other device, is enough to indicate the taste that once existed. Darned-netting is in fact an art of respectable antiquity, with a pedigree dating back to the fifteenth century. In the following century a number of pattern books for this and other kinds of needlework were published. The original works, and even reprints, are costly, but examples selected from one or other are reproduced now and again, and sheets of German cross-stitch designs, equally suitable for the purpose of darned work, are to be had at almost any fancy-work shop; so there ought to be no difficulty in reviving the art. It is exquisitely simple, and at the same time capable of producing most beautiful results. Madras muslin again is a suitable material for short blinds; and so also is the plain self-coloured muslin which can be had in a variety of artistic



Fig. 3.—*Picture-frame. Designed and painted by Aymer Vallance.*

colours, and is so cheap that, if it does not wash well, it can be replaced at trifling cost.

Then there are the more substantial varieties of blinds, such, for instance, as bent cane, a greater eyesore even than

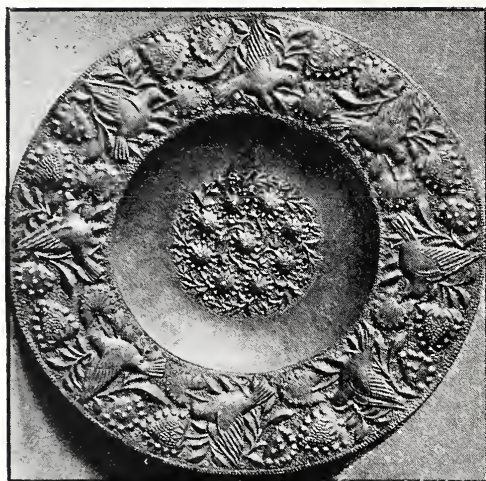


Fig. 4.—*Repoussé Dish of Sterling Silver. By the Guild of Handicraft.*

wire net. Handsome as Saracenic lattice-work is, it somehow does not seem to amalgamate happily with its surroundings in the windows of our western homes. Furthermore it is disquietingly suggestive of loot. Japanese wood blinds are free indeed from the last objection, but they are rather too frail, and, unless a plain geometrical pattern is chosen, too pronouncedly strange for this country. On the whole the best thing is glass. If that in the lower part of the window is of the ordinary sort, a framed glass panel may be provided to fit inside the window. With sliding bolts it should be fastened to the wood-work securely, but not so as to prevent its being removed for cleaning. As to the kind of glazing for the panel, what is required is glass which shall be of such substance as to afford a screen without materially diminishing the light. Ground glass, alternating with plain, might be made in good patterns, though as a matter of fact it never is. Hence it is obliged to be excluded from the artistic home. For the purpose leaded roundels are the most simple and satisfactory thing, or quarries, which, if greater elaboration be desired, make a beautiful ornament decorated with conventional designs painted in outline and yellow stain. There are many other suitable varieties of ornamental leading and glazing, with plain and rolled glass. Such terrible blues and pinks sometimes find their way into this kind of work that it is safest to keep to white glass, relieved perhaps at intervals with pieces of the very palest sea-green or amber.

Next in order to be considered is artificial lighting. Of the older methods, gas may be tolerated on the score of convenience in offices, passages, etc., but it should generally be avoided in living-rooms, on account of its injurious effects upon the air we breathe, as also upon the surfaces of walls and ceilings, upon metal-work, pictures, embroideries and other works of Art. The odious gas chandelier, depending from the rose in the ceiling with chains, and weights, and pulleys, that quite as often as not refuse to draw the apparatus high enough to spare one's head from being knocked, would surely not be missed. It is fair to say, however, that design in gasfittings has immensely improved of late years, and there are now gas lanterns and brackets which, in iron, with

Powell's and other artistic cylinder-shaped glass shades, look quite ornamental.

Oil gives a far more agreeable light than gas; and in duplex lamps, fitted with Hinks's or Messenger's patent lever for raising globe and chimney together, without actually removing, the trouble of lighting the wicks is reduced to a minimum. Unhappily it is the fashion to use elaborate shades of silk or lace and ribbons, or of crimped paper ruffled like a lady's skirt. Such things savour too much of Parisian millinery, and moreover are liable, if left for any length of time unwatched, to become scorched and to catch fire. Messrs. W. A. S. Benson & Co., of New Bond Street, supply a handsome and perfectly safe shade, composed of plates of burnished metal, something after the appearance of the screw of a steamer. The same firm have contrived another ingenious arrangement—for a pendent lamp this—in which the flame is entirely hidden with a metal basin in place of a globe, the light diffused by reflection from a shaped disc attached to the chains above the lamp. It is quite easy to get glass globes of sufficient depth of colour to require no additional shade. The best kind is of diagonally waved or lozenge moulded glass with crimped edges, rather wide at the top, such as that shown in Fig. 9. The one illustrated is of rich amber shading into red, like a sunset. This pattern of



Fig. 5.—*Hanging Lamp for Electric Light, in Silvered Metal, pierced and repoussé. By Messrs. Graham and Biddle.*

hanging lamp, which is founded in general outline on old Venetian lamps, is more suitable for use in a vestibule than

for a reading lamp, because the container is wide and casts a shadow underneath. The tall lamps so much in vogue for



Fig. 6.—Table Lamp for Electric Light. By Messrs. Shirley & Co.

standing on the floor are not nearly so secure as table lamps. The danger of overturning the standards is increased by the shifting of the balance when the lamp is raised on the telescope plan. Lamp-stands of combined metals, *e.g.* iron and copper, or iron and brass, are patchy. Those are in better taste which are made all of one metal throughout.

In view of the enormous strides that have been made of late in lighting by electricity, it is scarcely too much to assume that it is on that system that the principal part of the artificial lighting of the future will be carried out. The Electrical Exhibition at the Crystal Palace in the summer of 1892 was a good opportunity for comparing the various appliances for the purpose. The problem is not so much how to decorate the incandescent lamp itself, nor how to mitigate its excessive brilliancy, but rather how to deal with the connecting wire as a fact that demands recognition. All of us are familiar with the electric light fittings of former years, when the lamp, surrounded by copper petals, was converted into a luminous water-lily; and we can afford now to smile at such jejune experiments. We remember also the attempt to utilise the old gas brackets and chandeliers by fixing the electric lamp in the place where the gas jets used to be, at the end of the vacant tube leading from nowhere to nothing; and how the wire, twisted round the gaspipe, and winding in and out among the branches, seemed always in the way. The truth is, the requirements of the electric light are quite different, so that the old gasfittings will not serve. The wire cannot be dispensed with, and no arrangement therefore is satisfactory which does not provide for it as a structural feature in the plan. The conditions of the case should be fairly met, as Messrs. Shirley & Co. have done with singular success. They are fortunate in having secured the services of an able

designer in Mr. Thomas Spence, whose decorative perception is in no way impaired by the fact that he is also a painter and exhibitor of pictures at the Royal Academy. Messrs. Shirley & Co. have devoted particular attention to suitability of purpose in their electric fittings, as will be seen from the examples here shown (Figs. 6 and 10, 11). In the two pendants the wire, so far from being ignored, is actually turned to account as a chain to carry the lamps, and is moreover adorned at intervals with ornaments resembling the links of a chain of Venetian bent iron-work. The same principle is adopted in the beautiful little lamp by Messrs. Graham and Biddle (Fig. 5). However, in the case of large and heavy lamps, the electric wire needs to be supplemented by extra supporting chains. No plan could be worse or more meretricious than making the electric cone issue from the top of candle-stocks. Placing it behind mother-of-pearl shells is pretty to look at, but questionable in point of taste. It is again a poor expedient to veil the light in coloured silk bags. There are globes and shades made in great variety, of matted, crinkled, diamond-moulded, or of Clutha glass, in which it can be suitably enclosed. Messrs. Rashleigh, Phipps, and Dawson's ray diffusers of cut-glass beads, strung and fitting close over the cone of the incandescent lamp, answer their purpose fairly well, but recall too closely the glass lustres of

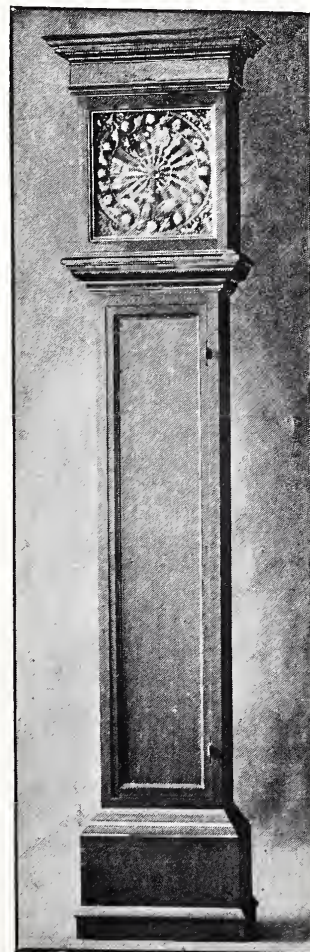


Fig. 7.—Grandfather's Clock, with Gesso Face, in Green-stained Wood Case. By the Guild of Handicraft.

the beginning of the present reign to be altogether pleasant. A great improvement is the same firm's shade, consisting of

a fringe of Bohemian coloured glass beads. There are two sizes of beads used, either of which is appropriate, but the larger and coarser beads are more artistic in appearance than the smaller ones. It is much to be wished that manufacturers would rest content with good things like the above, when once they have invented them, and not suffer novelty-seeking imagination to run riot. What sober-minded person could commend extravagant and pretentious devices such as monkey-brackets representing the dawn of the intellect; owl-lamps, representing wisdom derived from light; or Atlases, angels of light, vestals, cupids, tritons, etc., all emblematical of some idea or other connected with illumination? Of course the British Philistine, with whom sentiment is everything, and intrinsic quality counts for little, whose instinct is for having a tale tacked on to everything, says, "How interesting! How charming they are, to be sure!" But the function

of lamps is only the humble one of giving useful light, not preaching sermons; and common-sense folk do not want philosophical or other truths, however sublime, enforced with the use of electricity. The only way to insure its general adoption is for the electric light to commend itself to the public on its own merits on the score of practical utility. But, if the system is to be identified with foolishness of the kind named, there is more prospect of its being voted a common nuisance.

The clock is a feature of no inconsiderable importance in furnishing, and should be an ornamental one too. Grandfather's clocks are always dignified objects, provided they are severe in line and construction, like the example illustrated (Fig. 7), which has been specially chosen because it is free from fulsome excrescences, having neither pilasters, pediment, nor finials. Where there is a narrow recess, say be-

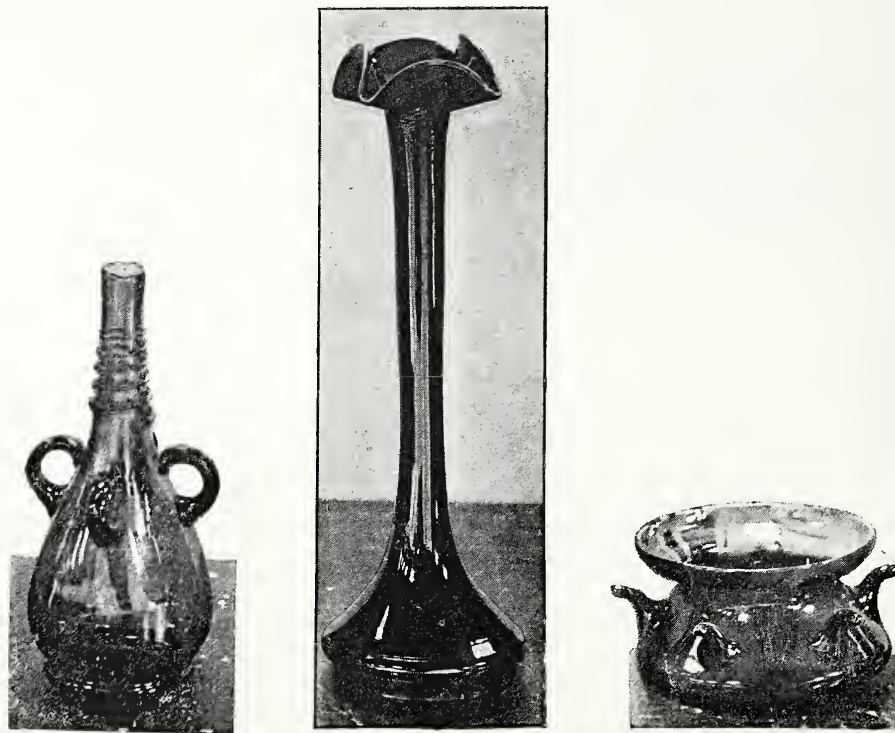


Fig. 8.—Vases of Clutha Glass. By Messrs. James Couper and Sons, Glasgow.

tween the chimney breast and side wall, the clock with its weights might be made to occupy the space, its front being flush with the wall surface, its door and dial-plate treated as panels in the structural woodwork of the room. The marble timepiece, prescribed by conventionality, is a thing to shudder at, hard and ponderous and cold as a sarcophagus. In the internal mechanism of clocks and in the production of rich-toned chimes we have attained something very near perfection; but, for all our modern progress, we have never yet evolved any form of external casing to compare with what is variously known as a Charles I., Oliver, or Dome clock, in appropriateness and beauty.

Another essential item is the crockery for the table and other domestic uses. With all deference to the opinion of so weighty an authority as Mr. William Morris, it is not sufficiently clear why, if books may legitimately be multiplied

by printing to save copying in manuscript, pottery may not be printed as well as painted by hand. For ordinary use the old willow pattern will probably long continue in favour, but there is another oriental design, the aster, reproduced some years ago in Minton's ware (Fig. 1) which even surpasses the willow pattern. There is nothing else so decorative to be got for the low price at which the china aster pattern service is supplied. It is printed in blue and also in red, but the blue is the better. Another good pattern, also of oriental origin, is supplied by Alfred Pearce of Ludgate Hill. It bears the number 1,052, and is printed in a combination of colours. For a dinner set, however, nothing lights up better than white or cream, without any design, save, perhaps, a small crest or monogram. The set of white china entails a heavy outlay at the beginning, but it proves the most economical in the end. For it is a simple matter, by

comparison, to renew what is missing in a plain service ; whereas in the case of goods with a printed ornament, when, in the course of years, they have ceased to be produced as a stock pattern, and have to be made to order, the broken pieces can only be replaced for a fabulous sum. Dessert and other fancy plates, pierced after the manner of old Leeds ware, are often very attractive to look at, but they are necessarily more fragile than solid discs, and, though they answer well enough for biscuits and other dry goods, they are worse than useless for fruit. For instance, one happens to be eating strawberries and cream off a plate of this description, and suddenly finds half the juice run through the holes on to the tablecloth, an accident annoying at any time, but doubly embarrassing if it occurs in another person's house.

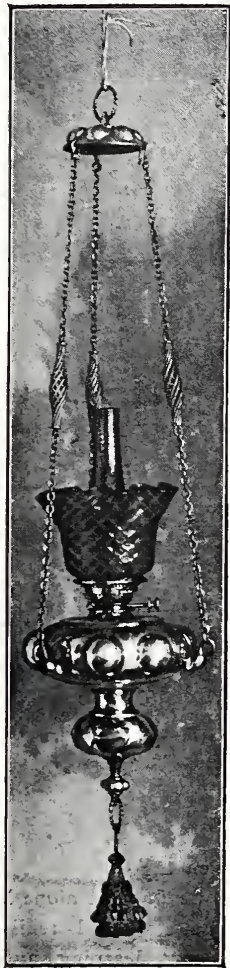


Fig. 9.—Hanging Lamp of Copper. By Messrs. Blunt, Wray & Co. Designed by Aymer Vallance.

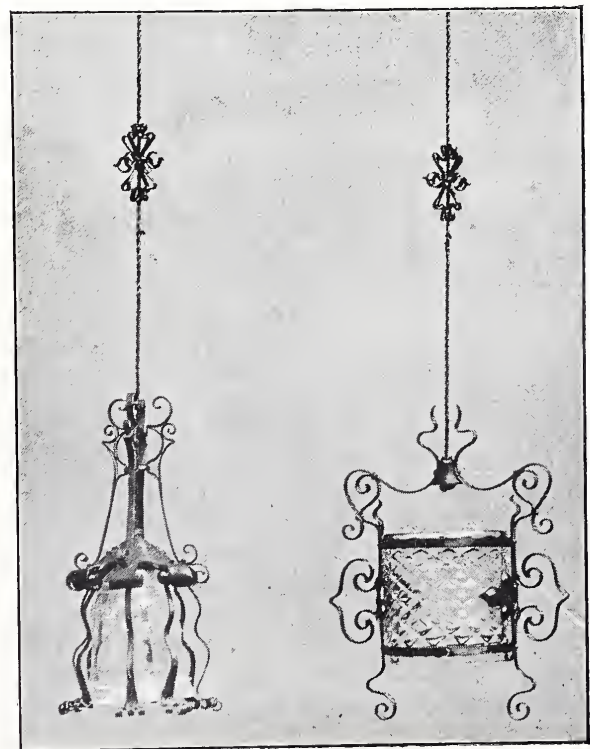
The false principle that, as the bedroom is not usually seen by visitors, its furnishing and decoration are of no particular consequence, has hindered any drastic reforms taking place in the matter of so-called toilet sets. The smarter and more elaborate the more hideous are these things. The studied refinement and finish about them is detestably vulgar. It is a calamity indeed that we have no native pottery corresponding to the brown ware of Thun or Bavaria, to *Grès de Flandres* or Rhenish stoneware, with its moulded ornaments and dashes of blue colour. Everybody admires these picturesque vessels when they see them abroad, and they are only deterred from bringing home a cargo of them by the consideration of the trouble of so much extra luggage or by the fear of breakage. There was once an industry of Dutch or Fulham ware in this country. Is there no one enterprising enough to revive it, or, on similar lines to the foreign ones, to start a fresh manufacture which shall supply the public, at a moderate cost, with jugs and basins that may not offend good taste? Something might be done with the rough brown lustre of Staffordshire, which one hardly meets except in out-of-the-way places, or among the cheap stores of hawkers and gipsies.

In table glasses there are many beautiful shapes now made ; but we have yet to throw off the shame we evince at the fact of glass being blown and moulded by hand, and to learn to welcome the accidental effects which are the natural property of the process of glass manufacture. A slight tint, says Mr. Morris, is an advantage in the metal. So are slight specks and streaks, for these things make the form visible. On the other hand German green glass, which is so justly admired,

1892.

is too dark to look well at night. By artificial light the colour seems quite dingy. Engraved and cut glass are generally objectionable. This is the place to remark that cut flowers look best as a rule in glass vessels ; and further, that similar flowers or varieties of the same family, such as daisies, marigolds, and chrysanthemums, may be mixed ; but distinct species, like daisies and roses, for instance, should not be placed together in the same vase. This statement may sound arbitrary, but if those who think so will only test it, they will find it justified by experience. Messrs. James Green and Nephew, of Queen Victoria Street, have brought out the "Munstead" flower-glasses, designed by Miss Jekyll, who has made a special study of the different shapes suitable for holding different sorts of flowers. This firm also manufacture some beautifully formed vases in olive green glass, called the "Balmoral." Somewhat similar to the last is "Hibernian" glass. And there is yet another kind, named "Aerial," which is made in artistic forms, not only in white glass, but also in pale heliotrope and apricot tints. The above, though by different makers, are all produced at Stalbridge, in Dorset. "Clutha" glass (Fig. 8), so named from the river Clyde, is conspicuous for beauty and quaintness of form, as well as for richness and variety of colouring. It has, moreover, the little specks and bubbles which, as already remarked, help to emphasise the shape of glass vessels.

It is not my purpose to discuss how far pictures may or may not be admissible in a systematic scheme of decoration, but assuming that we do elect to have them, to say a few words about picture-framing. Years ago it struck me that beautiful



Figs. 10 and 11.—Hanging Lamps in Wrought Iron, for the Electric Light. By Messrs. Shirley & Co.

pictures were often ruined by being unbecomingly set amid gilded eyesores in discordant mounts, and I made a regular

hobby of the subject. The conclusions at which I have arrived are, first, that the wide white margins which it is customary to leave round etchings and engravings are fundamentally wrong. The only result of them is that the plate remains a sombre patch in the middle, the proper value of the high lights having no chance of being appreciated, on account of the overwhelming candour of the surrounding space. No white at all should be left showing round any picture. The next conclusion is that if we have only reproductions in black and white, something chromatic is needed to relieve their monotony. For this purpose coloured paper should be employed; it may be only brown paper, or end papers of books, or wall paper, with or without a pattern. Whatever it be, it is pasted on to a sheet of cardboard, from which the mount is cut. Care must of course be taken to provide for the frame being not unsuitable to the picture, though it need not have so definite a relation to it as the example illustrated (Fig. 3), in which the title of the picture is painted on the frame. In this particular instance the mount is olive green, the frame blacked wood, with the design upon it in yellow and deep orange. One of my examples is a frame for an autotype of Holbein's portrait of Erasmus in the Louvre collection, the mount of which is of Silurian grey card, while the frame is of flat oak painted, so as not to conceal the grain, with a thin coat of Venetian red. I men-

tion this, as it would be suitable for so many autotypes. Another picture is a reproduction of Sir Frederick Leighton's 'Captive Andromache,' which is mounted in pale green right up to the photogravure, and framed in a light oak frame, in which are two parallel grooves, painted chocolate. Whether the wood of the frames be left in its natural colour, or stained, painted or blacked, it must be always real, by preference oak, walnut, or mahogany. Even when gilded entirely, or in part, the wood should not be prepared with any composition, but the grain should be allowed to show through the gold leaf. Composition is apt to chip off with the slightest blow, making a frame look shabby at once.

It is a common fault in hanging pictures to place them too high. They ought to be opposite to the eye of an average-sized person. Thus they are high enough if the bottom of the frames is four feet above the floor.

Want of space unfortunately does not permit me to do more than mention the beautiful repoussé metal-work, so suitable for decorative purposes, which is executed by Mr. Pearson and other members of the Guild of Handicraft under the guidance of Mr. C. R. Ashbee (Figs. 2 and 4). For the same reason I am unable to treat of the large class of articles which fall under the head of metal-work, such as bronzes, arms and armour, or to say a word about ornaments in china and faience.

AYMER VALLANCE.

THE NEW GALLERY: AUTUMN EXHIBITION.

THE autumn exhibition of pictures at the New Gallery can hardly be described as epoch-making. The exhibits that are new are not important, and those that are important are for the most part not new. Still, credit is due to the exertions of Mr. Hallé and Mr. Comyns Carr in bringing together a fairly interesting show of work in a dead season, and, more than all, for giving the London public a second view of such virile and wholesome essays as Mr. Watts' portrait of Mrs. Percy Wyndham, Mr. Clausen's rustic picture, 'Labourers after Dinner,' and Mr. Onslow Ford's finely poetic, yet strenuous recumbent figure of the dead poet Shelley. The latter work, indeed, is seen for the first time in marble, though the presentment of the great "singer" is, for the nonce, divorced from pedestal, mourning muse, and other accessories belonging to the monument in its entirety. Mr. Watts' superb portrait of a most superb woman has, in the meantime, lost nothing by the passage of years, so large is it in conception and so glowing and so harmonious in its colour scheme. It is a picture of which any age might be proud. Of Mr. Alma Tadema's 'Hadrian in England' it is more difficult to speak, if we would speak honestly, yet with any show of graciousness. The canvas, always strained and uncomfortable in design, has now lost what charm of colour it originally possessed when it issued from the painter's studio. It is pleasanter to turn to Professor Costa's 'First Steps on the Pontine Marshes,' to Mr. Philip Burne-Jones' 'Unpainted Masterpiece,' a canvas which stands at the front of the young artist's achievements (and which certainly puts to shame so ill-considered an attempt as 'The Shadow of the Saint'), and to Mr. Burne-Jones' finely-conceived design for a mosaic, a work destined for the church of St. Paul at Rome.

Passing to the North Room, in which the interest of the exhibition may be said to be focussed, we find not alone Mr. Watts' portrait and Mr. Clausen's powerful and realistic 'Labourers,' a canvas charged with *verve*, learning, and a singularly felicitous rendering of open air, but works by Mr. Edward Stott, Miss Flora M. Reid, Mr. W. H. B. Davis, Miss Clara Montalba, Mr. J. P. Beadle, Mr. Raphael Jones, Mr. Alfred East, Mrs. Adrian Stokes, Mr. William Logsdail, Mr. Mouat Loudan, Mr. David Murray, Mr. Adrian Stokes, and Mr. Ernest Parton. Of these works, all worthy of notice, we can notice but a few. To say that Mr. Edward Stott's 'Bathers' is distinguished by spontaneity and a subtle sense of tonality, that Mr. Davis is happy in 'The Valley of the Liane—Pas de Calais,' that Mr. Raphael Jones is sound and dexterous in his 'Cutting Weeds,' and Mrs. Adrian Stokes quaint and whimsical in 'The Princess and the Enchanted Prince,' is to give these able but widely different painters but their due. In 'Driving the Cows—Hampshire,' Mr. David Murray exhibits, we believe, a new canvas, and one which, from its attractive composition, luminosity, and stirring life and movement, does justice to his reputation. Mr. Adrian Stokes is more impressionistic in 'The Lock' than he has accustomed us to of late, but the "impression" is nevertheless a conscientious study of river vapours and pinkish sunset effects; while on a neighbouring wall Mr. Ernest Parton is characteristically represented by his autumn-tinted 'Flowing to the Seine.'

In portraits the gathering is not strong. Mr. John Collier's likeness of Mr. Alma Tadema, and Mr. Percy Bigland's 'Looking Back,' being among the few that carry any weight, or in any way dwell in the memory.

A NEW ILLUSTRATED RABELAIS.*

THERE is, of course, only one English edition of Rabelais possible, and that is Urquhart's version, with Motteux's additions. In truth, the English is often better than the French Rabelais. The translator had not his master's mighty genius, but he was more of a literary artist, was more careful, more perspicuous, and for us at least, on the whole better reading. Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen have given us here a most admirable reprint of the first edition, of the various parts

of the rendering.

Paper, text, binding, printing, are alike excellent.

Then there is an essay on the great Frenchman by M. Anatole de Montaignon, who is a well-known authority on the subject:

and the whole is beautified by a series of oil-colour illustrations painted by M. Chalon. Three of these illustrations we reproduce.

From these it will be seen with what a thorough understanding of his subject the artist has worked.

He has caught the reflection of the boisterous life of the period of the revival of letters, with its background of the dark and mysterious yet romantic and fascinating age that preceded.

The rich variety, the wild wit of Rabelais are reflected in pictures, some-

times grotesque, but never hideous, and in everything the limitations prescribed by good taste are rigidly observed. If it be permissible to illustrate Rabelais at all, it could not be better done. As to that question, it is not possible to give a decided answer. Some hold that a great classic ought to be left to tell its own story. Coleridge went so far as to object to the stage presentation of *Lear*. It seemed a de-

gradation of the piece. And can any picture rise to the height of such a tragedy?

Pictures tell but the same story, but they tell it in an inferior way. And has Gustave Doré degraded or ennobled Milton and Dante by his attempt to give life and bodily shape to the vague, majestic figures that pass over the stage of their great poems? On the other hand it may be urged that illustrations both explain the text and deepen the impression.

Many people find this to be so, else

why the popularity of the illustrated edition? Now the works of Rabelais are full of many strange and striking incidents specially suitable for pictorial reproduction.

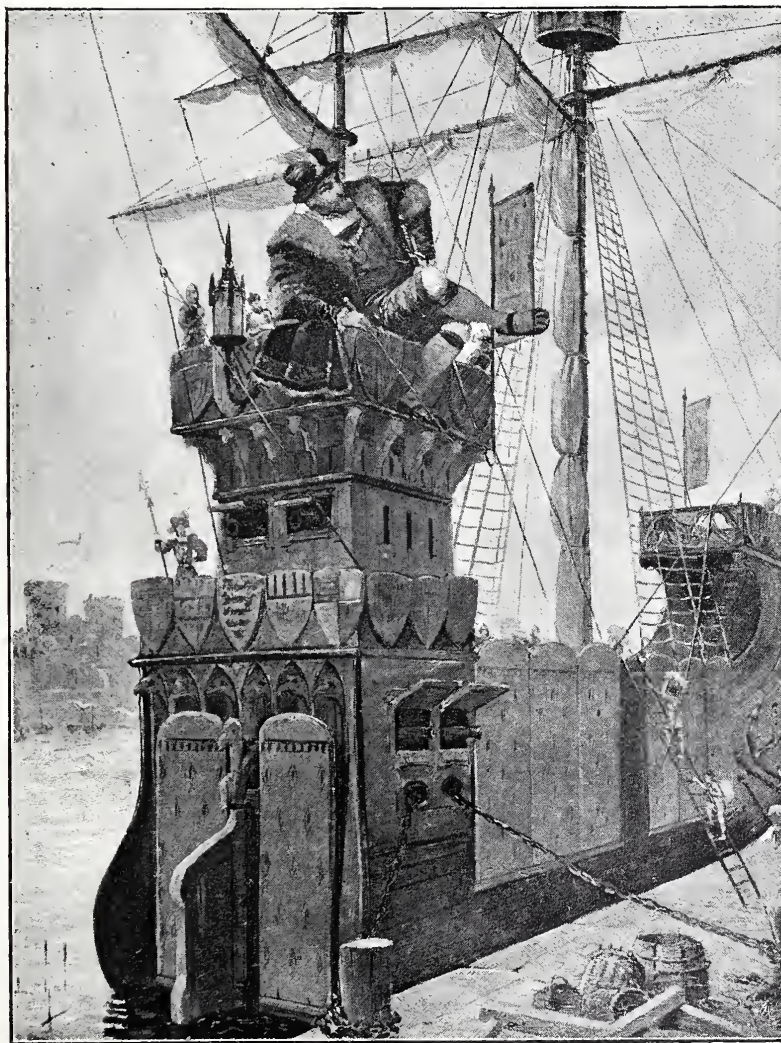
But then a special difficulty meets us. "Alone among the great writers of the world," says Mr. Besant, "Rabelais can be appreciated by students only.

To the general reader, to the young, to women in all ages, he is a closed book. For very shame he must be hidden away.

His real features are only revealed to those who lift the veil with serious intent to study and not to laugh."

This is bad enough, but, in truth, it is perhaps too favourable. Rabelais was one of those men for whom cer-

tain sides of life, that all ages have agreed to hide away, had a peculiar attraction. To say that he had a message to deliver, and delivered it in such terms as kept him from the faggot and the rope by bedaubing him with the renown of a buffoon, is absurd. His own day was not very particular, but even then there were limits, and the outcry against him in his own time was as much on account of his manner as his matter. After all, what was his message? He made a fool of the monks, he had certain theories of education. So had



How Pantagruel put himself in readiness to go to sea.

* "The Works of Master Francis Rabelais, translated by Sir Thomas Urquhart, of Cromarty, and Peter Antony Motteux." London: Lawrence and Bullen.

the Protestant reformers, but they were as much against him as the Catholics, perhaps more so. The reason he kept clear of offence was because he managed his worldly career with commendable prudence.

There have been several attempts to illustrate Rabelais, but they belong almost altogether to our own time, and they are all by French artists. Under the title of "Rabelais analysé," a book containing a number of sketches by various hands was published at Paris some half century ago. They were fairly well done, but in no sense remarkable. Then M. Bolvin put forth a few attempts in the same direction. These are slight, but very fairly executed. Much better known are



Gargantua resting on the Towers of Notre-Dame.

Gustave Doré's illustrations. They have the characteristic manner of that artist. They are very fantastic, and though Rabelais is fantastic, he is something more. Now Doré is very much the same in them all, he is fantastic without variety. He did not, nor did the others, in any way outrage the laws of good taste in what they did. M. Garnier was bolder, he set himself faithfully to reproduce in paint what he found in print. The pictures, it will be remembered, were exhibited in London. A prosecution was the inevitable result, and part of the collection was on the point of being destroyed. In some respects it would not have mattered had the order been given. They who had the conduct of the show must

have known very well, one would think, that legal proceedings were sure to be taken. For objects best known to themselves, they chose to run the risk. There does not seem to have been any attempt to reproduce M. Garnier's pictures in book form.

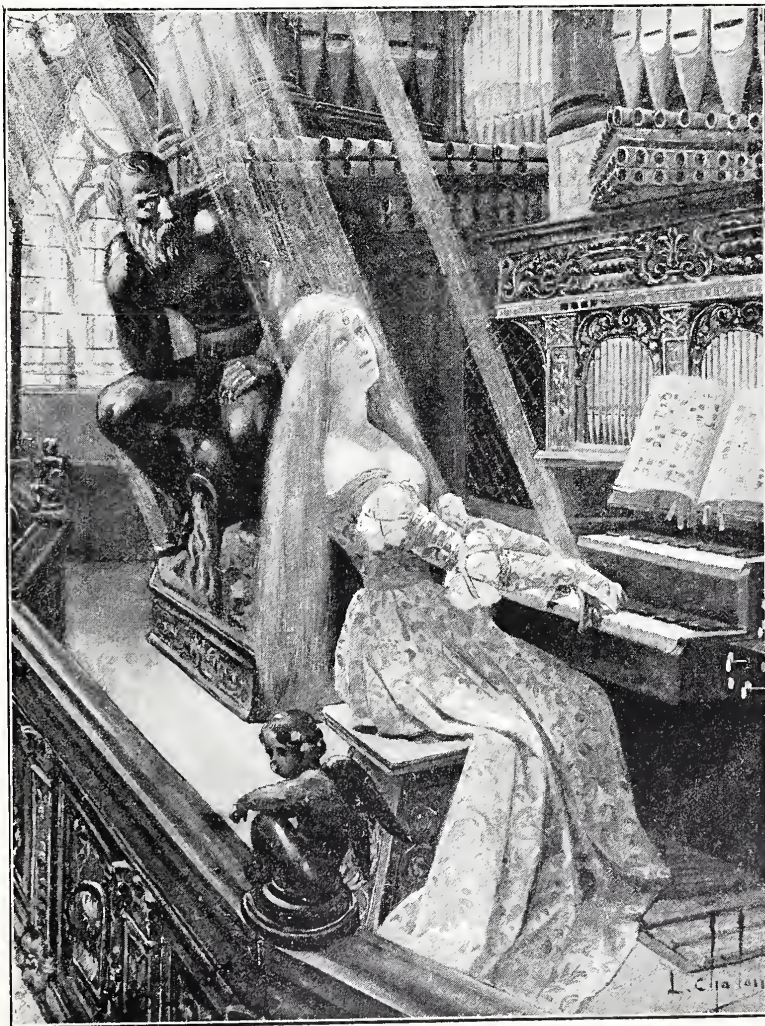
In M. Chalon's illustrations now before us, there is no violation of good taste; the treatment of the subject is not prudish, but it is decorous.

The translator of Rabelais was in some ways as remarkable a person as Rabelais himself, and as he is little known, it will be useful to give his biography in some detail. Sir Thomas Urquhart, of Cromarty, was descended from an old family; he carefully deduces his origin from Adam and a mighty host of intermediate ancestors scarce less illustrious, but that is but one of the many strange pranks he played. His people had been of reputation in the north for generations, which fact ought to have sufficed him. He was born about 1605 and educated at King's College, Aberdeen, of which place and its professors he talks in terms of extravagant encomium. After the university came a course of foreign travel. He made a peregrination through France, Spain, and Italy, he learned to speak strange tongues "with the liveliness of the country accent"; he was trained to fence in a most admirable manner, and ever stuck up for the honour of his country, "which did countervalue the riches and fertility of those nations by the valour, learning and honesty, wherein it did parallel if not surpass them." One suspects he was of a rather bumptious disposition. He fought three duels, and was, he tells us, successful on each occasion. When Urquhart returned to Scotland he found everything in confusion. Royalists and Covenanters divided the nation, and one understands that his sympathies were entirely on the side of the former. He fought with some success in the north; but finally proceeded to England, and on 7th April, 1641, was knighted by Charles I. in the gallery at Whitehall. The same year he published at London his "Epigrams Divine and Moral," and soon after was called home by the death of his father, to whose estate he, as eldest son, now succeeded. But the property was heavily encumbered, and his troubles in connection therewith were sufficient, he assures us, to "kill a very Paphlagonian partridge, that

is said to have two hearts," so that "obliged as I had done many times before, I betook myself to my hazards abroad." On his return he settled down in Cromarty, and gave himself to study and composition. He soon published the "Trisoteras," a mathematical treatise with a title of most preposterous length, much too long indeed for quotation. But his creditors pressed him terribly. As they are only known by his mention of them, he has now the upper hand. One, he points out, is third in descent from a murderer of a famous cardinal, of another he affirms no good can be spoken, but that he is dead. He felt most the seizure of his library, "compiled (like to a compleat nosegay) of

flowers which on my travels I had gathered out of the gardens of above sixteen several kingdoms." But political events called him away awhile from his studies and difficulties. The Civil War must have seemed a far-off affair from a Cromarty point of view, but the news of Charles I.'s execution excited horror and indignation, and when Charles II. made his dash into England, Sir Thomas, like a loyal cavalier, marched with him and fought with him at Worcester. We all know how disastrous for the royalists went the fortunes of that day, but our knight was most unfortunate of all. He had carried (extraordinary man!) heaps of his work in MS. along with him, "seven large portmantles," as he piteously says, "full of precious commodity." These he left in Worcester, and after the combat they were seized upon by the victorious Cromwellites, who proceeded to ignite their pipes therewith. An officer of Colonel Pryde's regiment fortunately intervened, and restored at least one of his works to the author. "To what base uses do we come, Horatio," must the learned Sir Thomas have reflected, as he half joyfully, half sadly, clasped his recovered MS., and thought of the other ninety-and-nine. Taken captive, our knight was shut up as a prisoner of war in the Tower of London. His misfortune was a not unmixed evil. The confinement was not too strict, he could compose, arrange, and publish book after book; chief of these, in 1653, the first two books of the "Works of Mr. Francis Rabelais, Doctor in Physick." The third book did not appear till 1693, thirty-three years after his death. It was edited by Pierre Antoine le Motteux, commonly called Peter Motteux, and he (unfortunately) "thought it necessary to make considerable alterations"; the fourth and fifth books are entirely the work of Motteux, but he followed Urquhart's manner as closely as he could. It seems as little use to criticise the translation as its original. Urquhart, like his master, was a fantastic person of genius. He knew the world, and thoroughly enjoyed its rough side. Where did he, you often ask, get that vocabulary? He had the literary artist's appreciation of a word and a phrase. He knew society in London, Edinburgh, and Paris, from the court to the tavern, and we suspect that with the dissolute wits of the day he must often have heard the chimes at midnight, even in a Puritan metropolis. And then what store he must have picked up on his travels! Not merely courtier and roysterer, he had been scholar and soldier, he had tried to square the circle and discover an unknown language, and he had pinked his man. If his portraits are to be trusted he was very handsome and very fond of fine dress. What of the life of the time did he not touch? The religious, it may be answered. Frankly we must confess he was something of a pagan; but was not his master the same, priest though he was? He dwells over and amplifies some of the most characteristic (and grossest) passages with a relish there is no mis-

taking. It is the very spirit of Rabelais in an English form, that same strong grip on every form of human thought and activity, that same wild mirth that joyously bespatters everything, that same delight in dreams and fancies and figures, that same gift of the strange, the grotesque, the monstrous. Urquhart needed the magic of dreams to gild his fallen fortunes. He was very poor, and probably exasperated his creditors; for, though a prisoner of war on parole, they were ever trying to arrest him. Finally, he escaped or was allowed to go abroad. He died suddenly in a fit of laughter on hearing of the Restoration of Charles. So goes the vague



How the Quintessence cured the sick with a song.

tradition. An oddly appropriate ending for so strange a character; but he could not describe his own death, and almost everything we know of him is told by himself. Oh! that he had had a Boswell! Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen have reproduced Urquhart's rendering as exactly as possible. There is in truth no other; one hopes there never will be, even in this age of pedantry and verbal accuracy; but Sir Thomas's work has been often tampered with, and one cannot be too grateful to have the early text once again faithfully set before us.

FRANCIS WATT.

ART GOSSIP AND REVIEWS.

IT is expected that by the beginning of next year the Wellington memorial by Alfred Stevens, in St. Paul's Cathedral, will have been removed from the side chapel to the arch on the north side of the nave of the cathedral, where it will be possible to see and appreciate this splendid design. This tardy justice to the memory of Stevens is due to Sir Frederick Leighton, who has guaranteed the cost of

the removal, if sufficient subscriptions should not be forthcoming. It is hoped that the memorial will be completed by the addition of an equestrian statue after the artist's original design.

The work of preparing the dies for the new coinage is now nearly finished, and by the beginning of the new year the



From Quevedo's "Pablo de Segovia." Illustrated by Vierge.

coins, it is hoped, will be in the hands of the public. Two of the reverses are by Mr. Brock—the "St. George and the Dragon" for the sovereign, and the crown and the heraldic shield, with Gothic ornament around, for the florin. The reverses for the other coins are from Mr. Poynter's designs.

At the exhibition of the Camera Club opened last month, Mr. Van der Weyde showed, for the first time, an invention which he has called the Photo-corrector. As the name implies, this interesting discovery enables the operator to correct errors in photographs, without the necessity of taking another negative. Thus, if the hands or feet, or any portion

of the figure, or the figure itself, appear too large or too small in the photograph, as often happens, it is now practicable to bring these features to their proportionate size, at a slight extra cost. The danger of the invention seems to be that sitters will be tempted to order idealised representations of themselves, rather than the appearance they really present.

"PABLO DE SEGOVIA," by Quevedo, illustrated by Daniel Vierge (London: T. Fisher Unwin). It should be a flattering reflection to Englishmen, who are always being abused for their inartistic instincts, that it was left for an English publisher to bring out the completed series of Vierge's illustrations to "Pablo de Segovia," and moreover, to publish



VIERGE

From Quevedo's "Pablo de Segovia." Illustrated by Vierge.

these for the first time in a size and form worthy of them. Probably no modern drawings have been more talked and written about, and yet probably none are really less well known. They first appeared in Bonhure's edition of the old *picaresque* novel, issued in 1882, and though in this they were

reproduced on far too small a scale, they at once made Vierge's reputation, and the edition has long since been exhausted. In the new English edition there is far less reduction—the photo-engraver has done his best; the printers, Messrs. Unwin Brothers, have evidently done their best too.

We think that the colour of the ink could have been better; the reds and blacks in many cases are not as strong as they might be. But these minor defects cannot lessen the perfection—there is no other word for it—of the illustrations. There is no one who has such complete command of line as Vierge, or who can express as much with the same simplicity and directness. His figures are full of character and action; his simplest landscape is wonderfully suggestive, and his rendering of architecture is a model for the architectural draughtsman. He also understands that in pen drawings for illustration, tone must at times be sacrificed in order to concentrate interest upon the event or incident illustrated. We wonder, however, that in several of the designs he has allowed his photo-engraver to reproduce his effects by that unpleasantly mechanical dotted surface, which is, so far, the most objectionable feature in process work. The book also contains a photogravure of Velasquez's portrait of Quevedo, which serves as frontispiece, while additional literary flavour is given to it by Mr. Henry Edward Watts' "Essay on the Picaresque Novel."

MISCELLANEOUS.—From Messrs. Longmans we have received the third of the Fairy Books, this time "The Green Fairy Book," under the editorship of Mr. Andrew Lang. Mr. Ford's illustrations show an excellent inventive power. We can only mention the other books on our table—Mr. George Meredith's "Jump to Glory Jane," with quaint illustrations by Lawrence Housman (Swan, Sonnenschein); "Historic Houses" (Cassell & Co.), an excellently illustrated record of the stately homes of England; "Cairo," by Stanley

Lane-Poole (Virtue & Co.), dealing with its history, monuments and social life; the first volume of the Dryburgh edition of Sir Walter Scott, "Waverley," illustrated by Charles Green (A. and C. Black); and four capital books for boys and girls from Messrs. Blackie and Son—"Condemned as a Nihilist" and "Beric the Briton," by G. A. Henty, "The Thirsty Sword," by Robert Leighton, and "A Very Odd Girl," by Annie E. Armstrong—all well illustrated.

OBITUARY.—We regret to record the death of Thomas Woolner, R.A., at the age of sixty-seven. This well-known sculptor produced a great number of excellent works—the statues of Prince Albert and Bacon for Oxford, Macaulay for Cambridge, Palmerston and Peel for Palace Yard, William III. for the Houses of Parliament, with busts of most of the eminent men of the day, and several ideal works, many of which were inspired by Tennyson, whom he survived only a few hours. If of late years Mr. Woolner's name has not been so prominent before the public, it was owing to the achievement of the remarkable group of younger sculptors, whose claim to the highest places could not be denied. Mr. Woolner was the oldest member of the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and it was in the *Germ*, the short-lived periodical published by the Brotherhood, that the first version of his poem, "The Beautiful Lady," appeared, with an etching by Mr. Holman Hunt. He was extremely popular, and in the course of his long, useful life, which included the experiences of a gold-digger in Australia, made troops of friends. Mr. Woolner was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1871, and Academician in 1875.



From "The Green Fairy Book." Illustrated by H. F. Ford.

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