

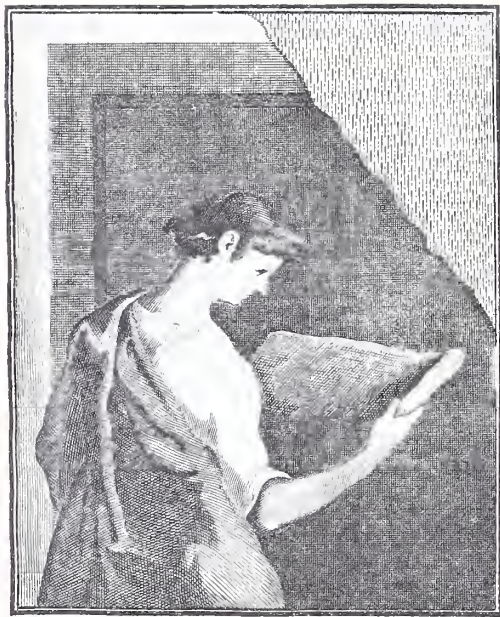
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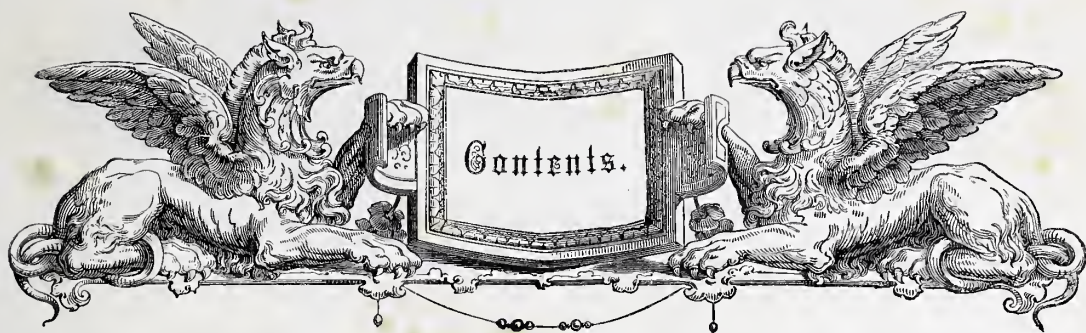
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FACSIMILE REDUCTION OF A STUDY OF DRAPERY, BY SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.,  
FOR TWO OF THE FEMALE FIGURES IN HIS PAINTING OF THE "DAPHNEPHORIA"  
EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN 1876.

ALBERTOTYPE BY J. ALBERT, MUNICH.





# THE MAGAZINE OF ART.

## THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



It is not often that the elections at the Royal Academy can be regarded with unmixed satisfaction by those who are interested in the welfare of the Institution, as the representative artistic society of Great Britain, and when the President's chair became vacant, much anxiety was felt as to who would succeed Sir Francis Grant.

In selecting Frederick Leighton for this important post, the Royal Academy has fulfilled the hopes of almost the entire artistic public. Never, perhaps, has public opinion been so unanimous as it has shown itself in this subject during the period of suspense which elapsed between the death of the late President and the election of his successor. Wherever the question was mooted, so far as our experience goes, but one answer was suggested. Other members of the Institution were named as having, some one qualification and some another, but Frederick Leighton was all that could be wished. Whether the elective body felt the influence of this exceptional pressure from without, or whether the Academic mind really saw what everybody else saw, it would be ill-natured to inquire. Rumours were at one time afloat which made one shudder (let us hope they were unfounded), but "All's well that ends well" is never so true as when the end is in reality a beginning. We may reasonably hope that this is signally so in the present instance. It is remarked that Sir Frederick is unusually young for a President of the Royal Academy; so much the better, he is more likely to have time for the maturing of such schemes as

his single-minded devotion to his art may suggest.

If one thing has contributed more than another to the universal satisfaction with which this appointment has been hailed, it is perhaps the sincere devotion to his art which is unmistakably evident in the President's pictures. Opinions may differ about his merits as a painter, as they differ about those of every other distinguished artist living, but no one can look at the works of Sir Frederick Leighton without feeling that they are thorough, that they are elevated, and that their author reveres his art.

In addition to this, the new President is eminently qualified to fulfil the social duties which belong to his post, for reasons obvious to those who know anything of him personally, but which he would be the last to wish to see too obtrusively particularised in print.

We are glad to be able to offer to our readers a fac-simile of a drapery study for a group from the "Daphnephoria," one of this painter's finest works, as it is one of the most important in scale. Few things show so surely of what stuff an artist is made, as his draperies, and such an array of noble lines as are exhibited in those of the "Daphnephoria" can only come from a painter of rare power and almost rarer culture.

One thing Sir Frederick Leighton will find difficult, and that is to satisfy the expectations even of the more reasonable of his admirers. Those who imagine that he holds despotic sway over the Royal Academy, and can sweep away every abuse with a word, are doomed to certain and speedy disappointment, but others who know how limited the actual authority of the President

is, and what untold difficulties of prejudice and interest must be overcome in order to effect any reform whatever, know also that the new President of the Royal Academy possesses the will to do all, and the energy

and ability to do much, perhaps more than any other member of the body over which he presides. Since the time of Reynolds the Royal Academy has not had such reason to be proud of its chief.

### THREE ENGLISH PORTRAIT PAINTERS.—I.

#### GAINSBOROUGH.



REYNOLDS had a great contemporary, if not a rival, in Thomas Gainsborough. Both painters devoted themselves to the task of portraits. Between them they have left a life-like record of

their generation—a worthy enterprise, if the painters could have understood the full value of the work they were about to leave behind them. Such a task, however, is often undertaken without consciousness of its importance. A portrait painter cannot choose his separate subjects, nor does he foresee how wide his popularity is likely to be. He lives his painter's career, as it were, from hand to mouth, without presuming beyond the present year or season. It is not till late in his career, when he can command the "fashion," that a portrait painter is likely to think of his work as something definite and complete in itself, and not the chance course of a profession exercised for his maintenance.

Thomas Gainsborough was four years younger than Reynolds. He was born at Sudbury, or Ipswich, in 1727. His father was a clothier. As he showed a desire to learn painting at an early age, and made landscape studies for himself, he was sent to London. There he was introduced to Gravelot the engraver, and acquired some practice in engraving. He then studied under Hayman, and became a student at an academy of painting then popular in St. Martin's Lane. There was little that could be called real training to be had at this school,

though it seems to have been the resort of the great bulk of the profession. It incurred the contempt of Hogarth, who abused in round terms the whole establishment, teachers, pupils, and the notions and proprieties as to painting adopted within its walls. Gainsborough may be said to have been practically self-taught.

Young artists of that day had not before them anything resembling the National Gallery. Out of private collections, or the circuit of the walls of corporations and particular institutions, pictures of great painters were not to be seen. Gainsborough had never travelled. He made, however, some studies from Vandyck. Neither, again, had he the advantage of such an apprenticeship as that of Hogarth, nor would he take hold of the skirts of any great man who might have pushed him forward, and given him the benefit of the judgment of history by showing him the works which the past had agreed (and very justly) in calling masterpieces. Patronage may not sound very promising in our times, but it was something in those of Gainsborough. The noblemen who furnished so many palaces all over England with the works of Italian and Flemish painters, whose fathers had employed Vandyck, and who travelled with money in their pockets, and bought all good paintings that could be had as they went along, might be followed without meanness. Their manners might have been pompous, but they had not learnt the modern vulgarity of *patronising*, and could help a rising student without reducing him to tameness.

Gainsborough married a woman with an annuity of £200 a year, and thus, according to the cost of living in his time, had what was considered an independence. He lived for four-and-twenty years at Bath, from 1750 to 1774.



He came to London, and settled in part of Schomberg House, in Pall Mall, now occupied by the War Office. He had a great practice from this time. He was one of the foundation members of the Royal Academy, and this distinction had been given to him before he left Bath. But he does not seem to have had any high opinion of the institution, and did not trouble himself to teach, or to partake in the Academy dinners. He had a quarrel on the occasion of hanging one of his most beautiful paintings for the exhibition. It was a portrait group of three of the princesses, daughters of George III., and he insisted that it should not go above the eye-line. The council or committee would not yield this point, the picture was withdrawn, and he never sent another to the Academy. This picture survives, but has, unhappily, been cut into an "overdoor" panel. It represents the Princess Royal, Princesses Augusta and Elizabeth, daughters of George III.

Reynolds held Gainsborough in high esteem; toasted him at one Academy dinner as the best landscape painter of the day, a compliment ill seen by Wilson, who added, "and portrait painter too." Sir Joshua sat once to him for his portrait, but had to discontinue the sitting from illness, and Gainsborough never gave him another opportunity. He is said to have been fond of music, particularly of musical instruments, which he bought and sometimes painted. But he had not the application necessary for learning even his notes. He was generous to profusion, but his prices for portraits were very small during his life at Bath—four to eight guineas for a head. They were higher when he had removed to London. Sir Joshua gave him a hundred guineas for a landscape, for which the price asked had been eighty. He died, leaving but a modest fortune, in 1788.

The moral qualities of an artist are noticeable so far as they affect his art. Gainsborough had much of the sensitiveness to which artists are liable. One sees it in his quarrel with the Academy and the coldness he seems to have felt towards his generous contemporary, Reynolds. This fineness of nerve kept him alive to minute indications of character in his portraits and in his finer landscapes,—the expressive lines, *e.g.*, which he drew about the

mouth and eyes in such heads as those of Mrs. Siddons (in the National Gallery), and Lord Grosvenor (Duke of Westminster's collection). So, too, in his landscapes, *e.g.*, No. 925, in the National Gallery, "A Wood Scene," the variety of ground, fulness of incident, and the freshness and tenderness of the foreground and distance, bear witness to a tender appreciation of nature rare in his day. He has been compared to Rubens as a landscape painter, but he is fresher and more alive to nature in the wood scene and in several of his other works. The little figures and animals are admirably drawn and painted. As for the animals he painted, they have not been surpassed by subsequent English painters,—he is not here compared with Landseer.

He drew with his brush, working up his picture in black or grey of thin consistence, with a long-handled brush, standing at a distance, and setting his canvas near the sitter, so that he could keep comparing them. The head-dresses of the day, and the general use of powder, led him to leave the hair often with little more than a few light touches added to this preparatory work. The flesh and dresses are massively treated; of bright silvery tone; and they remain uninjured, seemingly scarcely darkened by time. We may refer to the portrait of Mrs. Siddons, engraved on the following page, in illustration; a picture of which the power can be judged, if seen from the utmost distance to which the spectator can retire from the wall on which it is hung.

He painted with decision, often with astonishing rapidity. Four head-portraits of princesses, daughters of George III., were lent by the Queen to be exhibited in Burlington House in 1876. (We engrave on page 5 that of Princess Elizabeth.) They are life-like, and of astonishing brilliance in colouring, evidently executed quickly. Mr. Redgrave ("Century of Painters") speaks of seventeen of these portraits still at Windsor, all dated within a month, and executed during a stay he made at Windsor Castle for that purpose. Small figures, of miniature size, *e.g.*, "Rustic Children," in the National Gallery, are finished like miniatures. Perhaps one of the loveliest sketches that survives by any master of that period is a small full-length sketch





MRS. SIDDONS.

(By Gainsborough. In the National Gallery.)



portrait of Mrs. Robinson, done probably in an hour. It is at Windsor Castle, and was exhibited at Burlington House in 1876. His well-known "Blue Boy" may be called a study in the manner of Vandyck. The dress of the ladies was difficult to deal with in his day, but in the portrait of Mrs. Siddons, in the full-length of

esteem Dutch landscape painters were held in Gainsborough's time, we might suppose that landscape subjects were then but little thought of in this country. It was Sir Joshua who called public attention to his merit in this respect. Landscape and animal painting may seem to have no direct bearing on portraits,



PRINCESS ELIZABETH, DAUGHTER OF GEORGE III.  
(By Gainsborough. In the Collection at Windsor Castle.)

Queen Charlotte, and in a hundred others, this part of his work is treated with great power.

He tried few experiments in colours or vehicles, and his paintings have not suffered like those of Sir Joshua. His landscapes were but little appreciated in his day. Sitters saw them in great numbers in his house, of which they lined the walls and passages, but he seems to have been thought of as a painter of portraits only. If we did not know in what

but the breadth and diversity of knowledge gained by the practice of varied accomplishments—not to speak of the sense of beauty of a thousand kinds lying beyond the walls of the studio or the limits of the gallery, acquired by the study of out-door nature—added to the power of every line that Gainsborough drew, and to the certainty, the fulness, and the grace of his productions.

J. H. P.

(To be continued.)

## PONT-AVEN AND DOUARNENEZ.

## SKETCHES IN LOWER BRITTANY.



PEASANTS OF FINISTÈRE.

scenes of pastoral life. Rougher and wilder than Normandy, more thinly populated, and less accessible to the tourist, Brittany offers better opportunities for outdoor study, and more suggestive scenes for the painter. Nowhere in France, perhaps in Europe, are there finer peasantry; nowhere do we see more dignity of aspect in field labour; nowhere more picturesque ruins; nowhere such primitive habitations and such dirt.

Brittany is still behindhand in civilisation, the land is only half cultivated and divided into small holdings, and the fields are strewn with Druid stones. From the dark recesses of the *Montagnes Noires* the streams come down between deep ravines as wild and bare of cultivation as the moors of Scotland, and the hill sides are clothed thickly in summer with ferns, broom, and heather. Follow the streams southward in their windings towards the sea, where the troubled waters rest in the shade of overhanging trees, by pastures and cultivated lands, and we shall see the Breton peasants at their "gathering in," reaping and carrying their small harvest of corn and rye, oats and buckwheat; the women with white caps and wide collars, short dark skirts and heavy wooden sabots, the men in white woollen jackets, breeks (*bragon bras*), black gaiters, and

broad-brimmed hats—leading oxen yoked to heavy carts painted blue. Here we are reminded at once of the French painters of pastoral life, of Jules Breton, Millet, Troyon, and Rosa Bonheur; and as we see the dark brown harvest fields, with the white clouds lying low on the horizon, and the strong, erect figures and grand faces of the peasants lighted by the evening sun, we understand why Brittany is a chosen land for the painter of *paysages*. Low in tone as the landscape is in Finistère, sombre as are the costumes of the people, cloudy and fitful in light and shade as is all this wind-blown land, there is yet a clearness in the atmosphere which brings out the features of the country with great distinctness, and impresses them upon the mind. The sides of the valleys are set with granite rocks, and the fields slope steeply down to the slate roofs of the cottages built by the streams, where women, young and old, beautiful and the reverse, may be seen washing amongst the stones.

Follow one of these streams still further southwards, until it enters the last deep valley a few miles from the sea, passing under the stone bridge of the little village of Pont-Aven,\* making its winding way between granite boulders and water-wheels into the broader waters of an estuary where fishing-boats come up with the tide. Pont-Aven is an "artist's haunt" *par excellence* and a *terra incognita* to the majority of travellers in Brittany. Here the art student who has spent the winter in the Quartier Latin in Paris, comes when the leaves are green and settles down for the summer to study from Nature undisturbed. How far he succeeds depends upon himself; his surroundings are delightful, and everything he needs is to be obtained in an easy way that will sound romantic and impossible in 1879. Pont-Aven is in a valley between thickly wooded hills, opening out southwards to the sea; the climate

\* Pont-Aven, Finistère, is twelve miles west of Quimperlé, a station on the railway between Nantes and Brest. It is easily reached from England *via* St. Malo and Rennes.



is generally temperate and favourable to outdoor work. In the centre of the village is a little triangular *place*, and at the broad end, facing the sun, is the principal inn, the "Hôtel des Voyageurs," which, at the time of writing, has an excellent hostess who takes *pensionnaires* for five francs a day, *tout compris*, and where the living is as good and as plentiful as can be desired. This popular hostelry is principally supported by American artists, some of whom have lived here all the year round, but many English and French painters know it well, and have left their contributions in the shape of oil paintings on the panels of the *salle*

wide-spread magazine will not alter its character for years to come.

We have mentioned the "Hôtel des Voyageurs," but there are other inns; there is the "Hôtel du Lion d'Or," also on the *place*, frequented principally by French artists and travellers, and down by the bridge, a quaint little auberge (with a signboard painted by one of the inmates), the "Pension Gloanec." This is the true Bohemian home at Pont-Aven, where living is even more moderate than at the inns. Here the panels of the rooms are also decorated with works of art, and here, in the evening, and in the morning, seated round a table in the road,



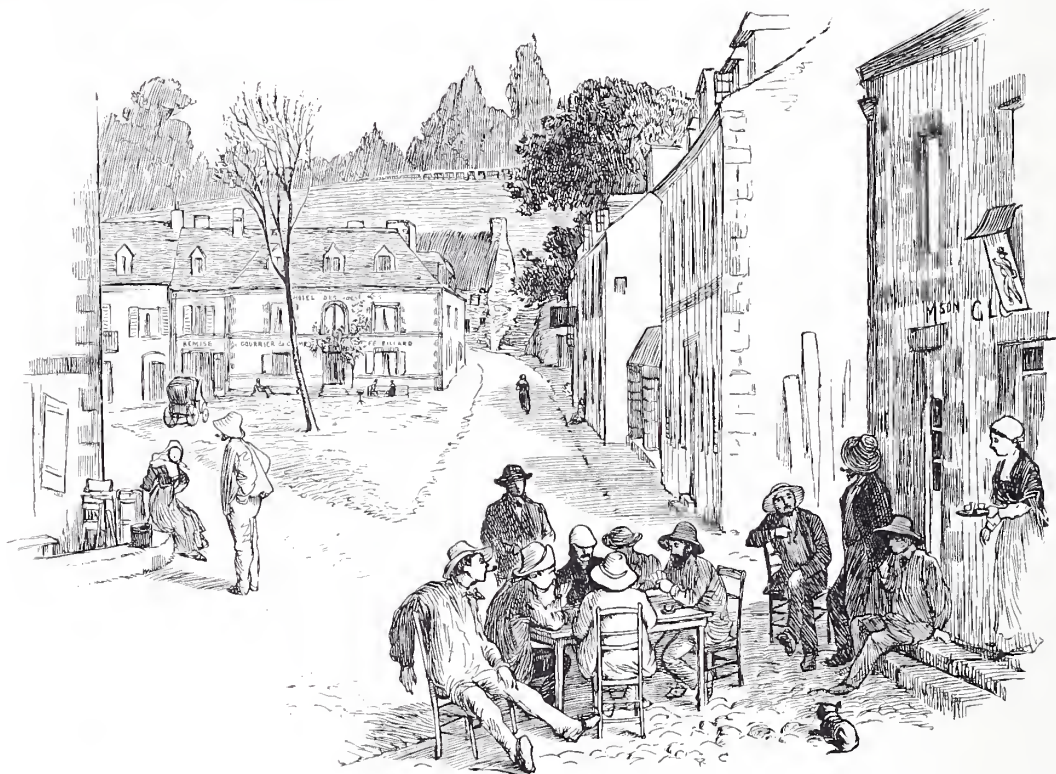
HARVEST IN FINISTÈRE.

*à manger*. There are landscapes and figure subjects by well-known painters—French, American, and English, and the panels are added to every year, forming a collection that will one day be a sight to see. But happily for the peace of its present inmates, of which there are about twenty, including some lady *pensionnaires*, the Englishman's Guide to Brittany—"Murray's Handbook"—passes Pont-Aven by with the line, "a very primitive Breton village on the road to Concarneau;" and the Frenchman's Guide—"Joanne"—describes it thus:—"chef-lieu de canton, 1,131 habitants; pittoresquement situé sur la rivière dont il a pris le nom, au pied de deux collines qui portent d'énormes blocs arrondis de granit." Let us hope that the mention of this place in a

dressed in the easy bourgeois fashion of the country, may be seen artists whose names we need not print, but many of whose works are known over the world. The resources of these establishments are elastic, accommodation being afforded, if necessary, for fifty or sixty *pensionnaires*, by providing beds a few yards off in the village. The cost of living, board, and lodging at the "Pension Gloanec," including two good meals a day with cider, is *sixty francs* a month! When we add that the bedrooms are clean and bright, especially those provided in the neighbouring cottages, we have said enough about creature comforts, which are popularly supposed to be unknown in Brittany. The materials for work, and opportunities for study, are similar to those in Wales, with fewer

distractions than at Bettwys-y-Coed. There are no high mountains, but the views in the neighbourhood are beautiful, and the cool avenues of beeches and chestnut trees—a distinctive feature of the country—extend for miles. From one of these avenues, on the high ground leading to an ancient chapel, there is a view over Pont-Aven where we can trace the windings of the river far away towards the sea a few miles off, and where the white

for the greater part of a day; it is only at harvest time, when field labour is searee, that the demand may be greater than the supply, and recruits have to be found in the neighbouring fishing villages. Once or twice a week in the summer, a beauty may be seen coming in from Conearneau in a cart, her face radiant in the sunshine, the white lappets of her cap flying in the wind. Add to the opportunities for the study of peasant life and



ARTISTS' LEISURE HOUR, PONT-AVEN.

sails of the fishing-boats seem to pass between the trees. Here we may wander away for the day, and work without fear of interruption.

Pont-Aven has one advantage over other places in Brittany, its inhabitants in their picturesque costume (which remains unaltered) have learned that to sit as a "model" is a pleasant and lucrative profession, and they do this for a small fee without hesitation or *mauvaise honte*. This is a point of great importance to the artist, and one which some may be glad to learn through these pages. The peasants both men and women, are glad to sit for a franc

costume, the variety of old buildings, and the brightness and warmth of colour infused into everything under a more southern sun than England, it will be seen that there are advantages here not to be overlooked by the painter.

We have mentioned Pont-Aven first because it is the artists' home; but if we wish to study life in the fishing villages of Brittany, we should make a tour of this rocky corner of Finistère, visiting, one by one, Conearneau, Fouesnant, Pont-l'Abbé, Pont Croix, Audierne, and Douarnenez. At the latter place we shall come upon another little colony of our artist



friends, and be able to study the phases of a very primitive sea-coast life. Concarneau and Douarnenez are the head-quarters of the sardine fisheries on this dangerous, rock-bound coast; the bays are dotted with a fleet of fishing-boats, the shores are covered with fish, and the flavour of sardines is everywhere. Concarneau, an ancient fortified town, almost surrounded by sea, is not very attractive excepting for costume, but Douarnenez, from its situation in a deep inlet of the bay, with high rocks and overhanging trees, has physical beauties and attractions above any place of the kind in Brittany.

There is no prettier sight than to watch the arrival of a fleet of several hundred fishing-

bodices of the women; the fishermen also wear blue jackets of a scanty formal cut peculiar to this part of Finistère. There are two good inns at Douarnenez, and there is plenty of accommodation to be found in the town.

The central or radiating point, from which the places we have mentioned are most easily reached, is Quimper, the capital of the department of Finistère, a town containing about 14,000 inhabitants, and a pleasant resting-place for those who are not busily inclined.

A glance at the map of Brittany will show that we have spoken only of a small portion of Finistère, in which Pont-Aven and Douarnenez are the two places most frequented, and most worth frequenting, by artists. At



WATCHING THE RETURN OF SARDINE BOATS AT DOUARNEZ.

boats rounding the last promontory, racing in between the islands whilst they are eagerly watched from the shore. At the point where the above sketch was taken, the little fleet divides to come to anchor at different inlets of the bay. Of the scene down at the port, the massing of the forest of masts against an evening sky, with rocks and houses high above as a background, space will not permit more than a mention in the present article.

Here, as at Pont-Aven, living is cheap, but Douarnenez, it must be remembered, is not a quiet hamlet, but an important and bustling seaport with about 8,000 inhabitants, most of whom wear sabots which are rattled down the paved streets at all hours, according to the tide. At Douarnenez and at Pont-l'Abbé, the costume is different from Pont-Aven, and there is an infusion of colour and sometimes of gold in the embroidery of the head-dresses and

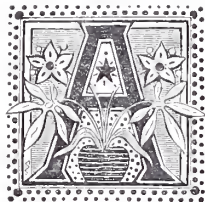
the "Hôtel du Commerce" at Douarnenez, and at the "Hôtel des Voyageurs" at Pont-Aven, the traveller should not be surprised if the conversation at table is of the *Salon*, or to find bedrooms and lofts turned into studios, and a pervading smell of oil paint. It is said of Pont-Aven that it is "the only spot on earth where Americans are content to live all the year round;" but perhaps the kind face and almost motherly care of her *pensionnaires* by Mademoiselle Julia Guillou, may have something to do with their content.

The sketches—*dessins à la plume*—are by Mr. Randolph Caldecott, and reproduce with great fidelity the every-day aspect of Pont-Aven and Douarnenez; the group round the door of the "Pension Gloanec," sketched on page 8, may recall some pleasant memories of the summer of 1878.

HENRY BLACKBURN.

## OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

JAMES CLARKE HOOK, R.A.



ARTIST, farmer, and fisherman—in these three words we have the subject of this sketch.

A public cultivated enough to recognise the honesty, intensity, and thoroughness of Mr. Hook's work with his brush will not need to be told that the same qualities are displayed by him in every pursuit, study, and occupation of his life. It will readily credit him with being able to guide a plough, wield flail, axe, sickle or scythe, haul on to a rope, shoot a net, take a turn at the tiller, or pull an oar, much as if his duties in life had led him to do these things and nothing else. That he is a good seaman there can be no doubt, and that he knows all about fish, whether from the fresh or salt water, and how to catch them. A man who paints fish, flesh, and fowl, earth, sea and sky, as he does, must be naturalist, botanist, geologist, sailor, and much besides. Touching farther upon the practical side of his character, one might guess that he would be a competent architect, engineer, shipwright, and carpenter, and that there is scarcely a tool belonging to any handicraft, of the trick of which he has not an inkling. There is evidence of all these facts in what he paints, and the way he paints. The poetic element of his nature is shown, too, by his intense appreciation of the open, and the humanity which he puts into his vivid presentments of the rough and honest folk who live and breathe upon his canvases. His poetry is essentially the poetry of the real, the true source of his ideal, the fountain-head, as it were, to which he goes for his inspirations. It has become proverbial to say, whilst standing in front of Mr. Hook's pictures, that one scents the salt spray; or the wild-thyme and clover-laden air, which seems to sweep through the bright intense daylight pervading most of the scenes he represents, whilst his fishermen and labourers and their wives and children, look as if they had simply stepped from the beach or the country-side, bodily into our

presence. They are no mere studio models, they are the people themselves—life-like portraits.

Needless to say that a triumph of power like this has not been reached in a day, for it is as far back as the year 1839 that we first find Mr. Hook's name in the Academy catalogue. Unlike many lads with a natural bent towards art, he met with no opposition from his relatives in his choice of a career, although none of them in any way had shown a like predilection.

His mother was the second daughter of Dr. Adam Clarke, the great Biblical commentator, and his father—a member of a Northumbrian family—was one of the judges of the mixed Commission Court of Sierra Leone. He, being a man of very refined taste, encouraged his son to cultivate the marked love he had for drawing, and when young Hook left the North Islington Proprietary School he studied at the British Museum until he was admitted a student at the Royal Academy in 1836.

Then only seventeen (for he was born in London, November 21, 1819), he made such good use of his natural powers, and of the curriculum of the Academy, that he succeeded in carrying off most of its medals and prizes. After exhibiting his first picture, "The Hard Task," in 1839, he did not appear again in the catalogue until 1842, when, besides winning the first medals in the Life and Painting Schools, he exhibited a portrait. The series of Italian pictures by which he gained his early honours was commenced in 1844, with a subject from the "Decameron;" and in 1845 he won the gold medal of the Academy for the best original historical picture, the theme given being the "Finding of the Body of Harold." By his "Rizpah Watching the Bodies of the Sons of Saul" he secured the travelling studentship, and in 1846 he went to Italy.

Sunlight and colour, with their reflex, which he found upon the canvases of the mighty masters of the Venetian School, from Carpaccio to Titian, thenceforth gradually developed the fruit of the young painter's genius, and led



to that perfect ripening of it which we see at the present day. Venice became the background, and, as it might be said, the backbone of the work he now produced. We had in succession, from 1847 to 1853, amongst many others, "Bassanio Commenting on the Caskets," "The Chevalier Bayard Wounded at Brescia," "The Defeat of Shylock," &c.

As he was elected an Associate in 1850, no doubt could exist that the travelling student-ship had been bestowed upon the right man, notwithstanding that his Italian pictures, admirable as they were, failed to establish him at his proper value in the eye of the general public. It was not until 1854 that Mr. Hook struck into the path which was to lead him to fame. That year saw the first of what may be called his English pastorals, and in "A Rest by the Wayside" all the world recognised the stamp of original genius. It was a new phase in landscape painting, the combination of important figures with it not a little adding to its claim to originality; and the application of what he had learnt in Italy—especially in the way of colour—to homely scenes of every-day life in our own land at the present time, still farther aided the establishment of his reputation. Not quite abandoning yet, however, the sort of theme which he had hitherto treated, the artist gave us, in 1855, in conjunction with the "Birthplace of the Streamlet," &c., a picture entitled "The Gratitude of the Mother of Moses," the last, probably, he painted with his old feeling. Such titles as "The Bramble in the Way," "A Passing Cloud," "Welcome, Bonny Boat!" are sufficient to record how, in 1856, he devoted all his energies to his newly-found line.

How much more fully this was developed the following year, any one will recognise who can remember that most pathetic work, "A Widow's Son Going to Sea," and the graphic representation of a group of Clovelly fisher-folk, men, women, and children, looking out to sea, and called "A Signal on the Horizon." These two coast subjects found their proper context in the inland scene of the "Ship-boy's Letter," where John Dibble listens as he is hedging and ditching, to his wife's reading of the missive she has just received from the walking postman.

"The Coast Boy Gathering Eggs" was the next great hit of our painter; and it is doubtful if, in many respects, he has ever surpassed this triumph of 1858. Few who have regard to these matters can forget the lad suspended by a rope over the face of one of the most precipitous of the Lundy Island cliffs. They will recall how, hanging in mid-air, in a fashion that makes one's blood ereep, his naked feet seeming to be feeling for a foothold, he gathers his spoil into a net, which he holds at the end of a pole. The scared and angry gulls, that "wing the mid-way air," swoop with wide-spread pinions around him, whilst at a giddy depth below lies the sea, with its fringe of foam sluicing against the cliff's base. The truthful intensity of the rendering of its varied and glorious hues, the sunlight, the effect of height, and the beautiful harmony as well as strength of the colour of the whole, live in the memory to this day when one looks at the powerful etching made of this work by Mr. Hook himself. Then came, in 1859, "Luff, Boy!" the picture which evoked from Mr. Ruskin, in the "Academy Notes," which he then published annually, the words, "Thank you, heartily, Mr. Hook!" "The River," one of his most suggestive and beautiful inland subjects, with "The Skipper Ashore," and "A Cornish Gift," were also of that same season.

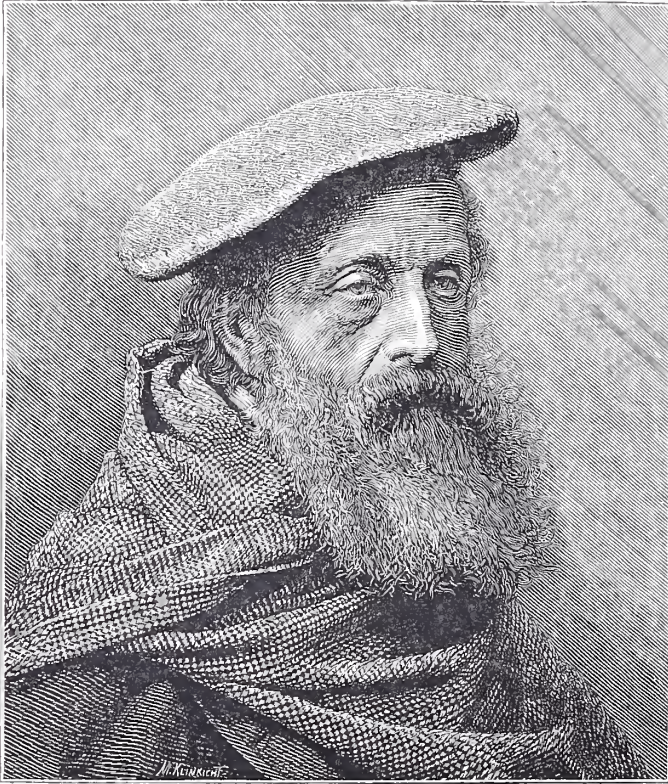
The following year the full honours of the Academy were conferred on our painter, he more than justifying his election by "Whose Bread is on the Waters," "Oh, well for the Sailor Lad!" and "Stand Clear." This last once more showed him at his best, and represented an incoming fishing lugger, rising on the crest of the last wave which is to lift her on to the beach, her crew preparing to land, with the youngster in the bows just about to fling the coiled rope straight over the heads, as it were, of the spectators, who for the nonce play the part of their mates waiting to receive them.

Impossible is it in this limited space to comment on a tenth part of the prolific productions of Mr. Hook's brush. To name them, even, would occupy columns, but it may be said that in all and every one he advanced on the road he had chosen. A few milestones,

however, must be noted in his wanderings through Devon and Cornwall to Scilly, such as "Compassed by the Inviolable Sea," "The Trawlers," and "From Under the Sea" (an especially splendid work).

Brittany for the next two years became the

tion. "The Lobster Catcher," "The Morning After a Gale," and a host of other sea and landscape subjects, including "A Cowherd's Mischief," and "Cottagers making Cider," impossible to catalogue here, bring us to 1870, when Holland opened up fresh ground, or



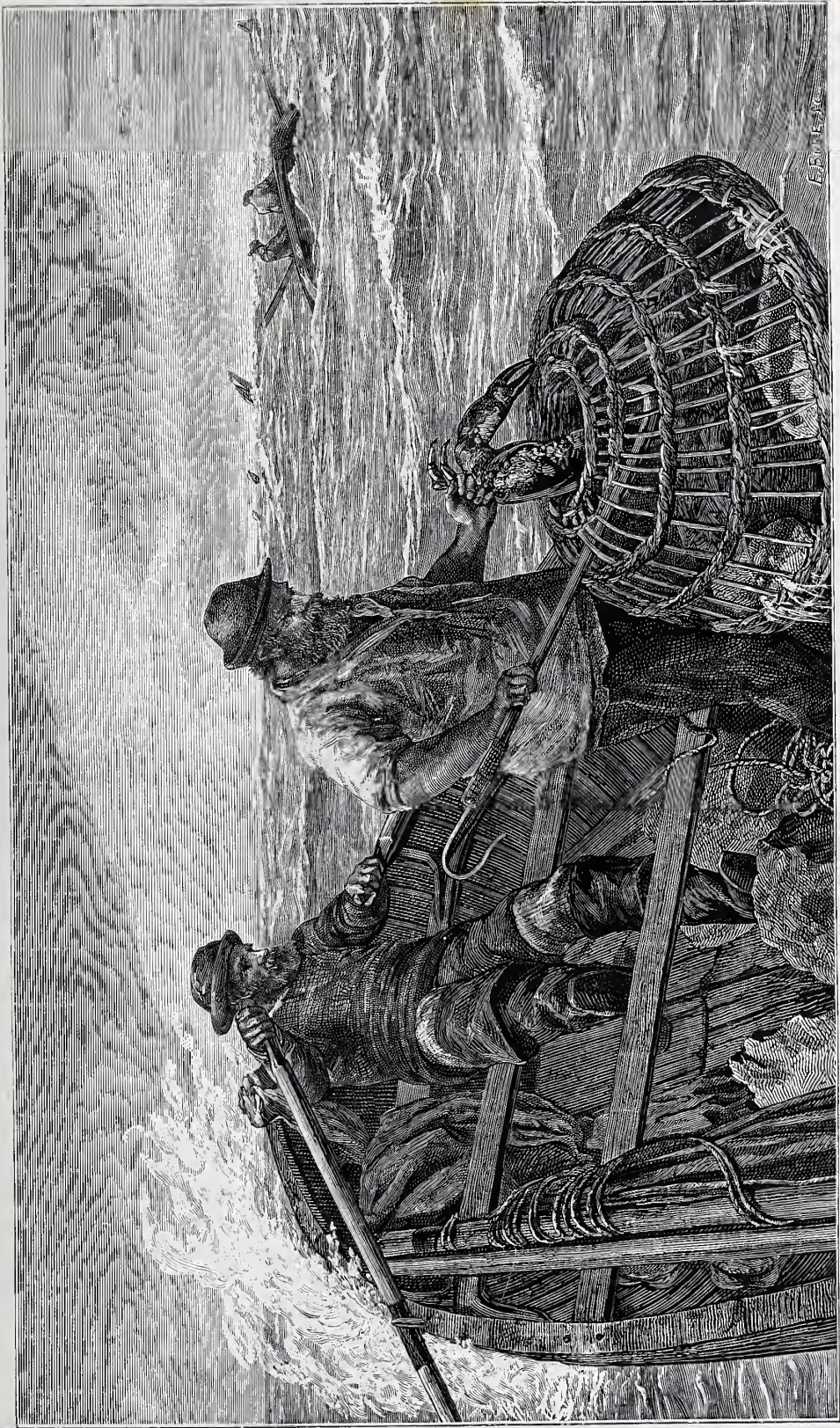
*Yours faithfully*  
*J. M. Hook*

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott & Fry.)

land of his love, and his increasing power was shown in "Breton Fishermen's Wives," "The Mackerel Take," "The Sardine Fleet," &c. Harking north after this, "The Herring Fishery," on the coast of Banfi, and the incidents belonging thereto, such as "Fishers Clearing their Nets," "Mother Carey's Chickens," &c., occupied our painter's atten-

rather water, for our indefatigable artist. "Fish from the Doggerbank," and "Brimming Holland," are among the most noteworthy canvases of this period. Then a trip to Norway resulted in many new, vigorous, and characteristic pictures, shown in 1871; 1872 brought us back to our own land, with, amongst others, "Gold from the Sea," and one of the





"CRABBERS."  
(From the Painting by J. C. Hook, R.A.)



subjects engraved for this article, "Jolly as a Sand-boy" (given on this page). Once more to the north, and this time as far as the wild and craggy coast of Shetland did Mr. Hook journey for his inspiration, finding amongst the habits of the natives several novel subjects.

From 1875 to 1877, his early loves, Devon and Cornwall, supplied him with material out of which he wrought fine stuff, as usual, including the first subject engraved for this

become, so to speak, almost as self-contained as if it were in the baekwoods. The streamlet, even, flowing through a bosky dell, or hanger, has been coaxed and made so much of that it turns a water-mill, which the owner built, and thus he not only grows his own corn, but grinds it.

A trifle above the middle height, his spare and wiry figure clad in workmanlike homespun, he looks, every inch of him, the thoroughly capable man that he is, and were it permissible



"JOLLY AS A SAND-BOY."

(From the Painting by J. C. Hook, R.A.)

article, "Crabbers" (page 13), until, by one of his last exhibited pictures ("The Coral Fisher, Amalfi"), we see that Italy has been revisited.

But little space is left to add that for those privileged to get a glimpse of Mr. Hook in the retirement of his own country home, there is ample confirmation of all that has been here suggested of him. Seven miles from a railway station, in a wild, heather-clad, fir-bedecked part of the country, on the confines of Hampshire, he built his own house, himself making the design and the working drawings down to the smallest detail, and personally superintending and assisting in its erection. The very utmost has been done with the little estate, until it has

to dwell upon what could be found still deeper down, many a page might be filled with the record of the pathetic, tender, and affectionate traits in his character. He has not lived amongst the honest coast and country folk as he has done without becoming a sympathiser in the sorrowful and tragic side of their lives. What Charles Kingsley knew, felt, and wrote about the fishers and their fates, James Clarke Hook knows, feels, and paints, whilst the quiet humour which he mingles from time to time with the pathos, is probably an instinct inherited from his ancestral relative, Theodore of that ilk.

W. W. FENN.

## FRENCH FINE ART AT THE LATE PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.



UNE EXÉCUTION SANS JUEMENT.

(By A. Régnault.)

to furnish their quota of treasures, and the authorities of the city of Paris, in the handsome pavilion they erected in the central garden, brought together during the period of the Exhibition many of the masterpieces which had previously been placed in their churches and municipal buildings. Among the works in the central pavilion, few attracted greater notice than the "Christ on the Cross," by Bonnat. A terribly realistic painting of our Saviour's last agony—the artist has aimed rather at painting the anguished and thorn-pierced brow and the throbbing vein, true to every minute detail, than to invest his subject with any dignity and grandeur, or to show us glimpses of the divine nature of Christ. He has, in fact, painted the limbs of a common labourer, the brawny sinews, and the boot-deformed feet; wonderful, no doubt, in their intense accuracy and truth to nature, but deficient in the high qualities the artist should have impressed upon such a subject. Such, however, is Bonnat's art; his portraits are admirable, and his mastery of his materials most complete, but he fails in the creative part

of his art. Our thumb-nail sketch on page 17 will recall the picture we have been describing. The French pictures at the Exhibition of last year was probably the most perfect we are ever again likely to witness. Wonderful efforts were made to secure the due representation of every artist of eminence, and no cliquism, or professional jealousy, led, as in our own case, to the exclusion of some of the most honoured names. All the great collections, and even the public galleries of Paris, were called upon

of his art. Our thumb-nail sketch on page 17 will recall the picture we have been describing.

The practice of devoting annually large sums of Government money to be expended upon the fine arts, of placing important historical pictures in public buildings at the cost of the city of Paris, or of the State, and of rewarding by prizes and medals any art works of special importance, has undoubtedly been highly beneficial to French art. Our illustration of one of Régnault's best works, "Une Exécution sans jugement," which was exhibited in London at one of the International Exhibitions, gives us a case in point. This has been purchased for the Luxembourg. The picture is thoroughly characteristic of M. Régnault's too bold and vigorous execution, and, apart from the horror of the subject, it is in every sense a grand work. A Moor, standing on a flight of steps with a headless trunk at his feet, wipes his scimitar



BAIN TURC.

(By J. L. Gérôme.)

in his cloak. The head has rolled to the bottom of the steps, and the blood from the severed neck trickles down them. The colour is brilliant and forcible, and the attitude



of the figure extremely grand, but the subject is so repulsive as to cause us to wonder what could have led to its selection. Régnault's early death on the battle-field was a great loss to French art, and since the last great Exhibition many illustrious artists have passed away. At the opening of the 1867 Exhibition, France mourned the recent loss of Delacroix and Ingres, two of her greatest artists, and in the decade which has elapsed between the two Exhibitions, during which her territory has been ravaged by a cruel war, she has lost among other illustrious painters, Théodore Rousseau, Corot, Millet,

engraved one of his works, "La Fontaine," charming alike in the richness and beauty of its colouring, and in the simplicity and refinement of the actions both of the girl who carries the water-jar on her shoulder, and of her companion who leans forward to fill her pitcher at the spring. Refinement of quite another sort, and arising from an entirely different mode of approaching nature, exists in the work of Bouguereau, who had no less than twelve pictures in the Exhibition. He is one of the



EN 1795.

(By J. Goupiil.)

most classical of French artists, and there is a delicacy and finish in his work wholly wanting in the art of Breton. His work charms us from possessing many of the same qualities we admire in Breton's work, the same grace and poetry, and the same ease and simplicity in pose, but with the superadded merit of almost faultless execution. If we may use such a comparison, Breton reminds us of Hook, Bouguereau of Leighton. We have engraved a slight sketch of the "Flore et Zéphire"



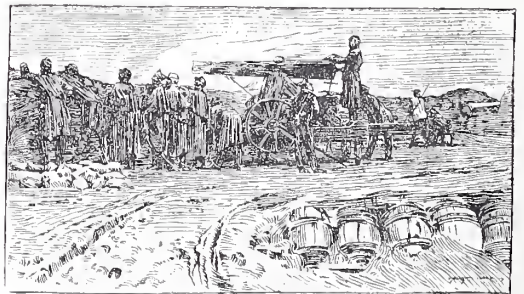
FLORE ET ZÉPHIRE.

(By W. Bouguereau.)

Boulanger, Ricard, and Pils, and, last of all, Daubigny.

Corot, one of the ablest of French landscape painters, was represented by ten works in the Exhibition: his art was truthful to nature; his country scenes are full of beautiful atmospheric effects, and he realised more, we think, than any other artist of the modern French school, the poetical beauty of natural scenery.

Another artist, who feels intensely the poetry of country life, is J. Breton. He paints peasant girls and fisherwomen, but they have no awkwardness or uneasiness in their attitudes; his "Gleaner" was a true country maiden, but she was perfect in the ease and grace of her pose. We have



UN COUP DE CANON.

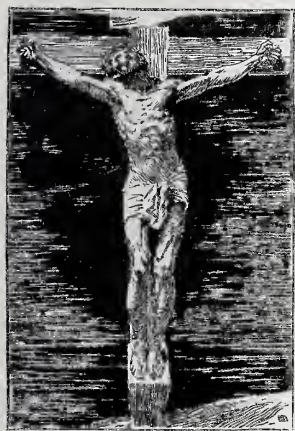
(By E. Berne-Bellecour.)

of the latter artist, which is often looked upon as his best work.

Another great master among the modern



figure painters is Gérôme, the best pupil of Paul Delaroche, who possesses in a most marked degree the power of telling his story vividly



LE CHMIST.  
(By L. Bonnat.)

and impressively in his pictures. He is essentially a fine colourist, but in some of his works he is open to the reproach of bordering upon the sensuous in his art. We like him best when he is giving us the results of his Eastern travels. He is unrivalled in such works as "Santon à la porte d'une Mosquée," and the "Retour de

la Chasse." In his flesh painting, his modelling is most beautiful in the voluptuous rounding of the form, but his flesh-tints remind us more often of ivory than of the female figure. One of his best studies of the nude is the one we here engrave (page 15), the "Bain turc;" the contrast between the flesh of the negress and that of the lady who is about to bathe is admirably rendered.

Among the younger artists of the French school few have achieved a greater reputation than J. P. Laurens, a most forcible painter, whose choice of subject, moreover, accords with French taste, and who has shown great skill in dealing with the technical difficulties of his art. Laurens delights in horrors, and his picture of "L'Interdit," showing us the blocked-up entrance to a church, with the unburied corpses around in all stages of rotteness, was very terrible. The fault of this work was, perhaps, the large stretch of canvas to let. Another horrible subject was furnished by "Francis of Borgia before the coffin of Queen Isabella of Portugal." It is stated that after the funeral ceremonies at Granada, Francis caused the coffin to be opened to gaze upon the decayed features of his mistress. Another most able artist who deals in a similar way with subjects of horror is Becker. His largest picture shows us Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, pro-

tecting the bodies of the sons of Saul from the birds and beasts of prey. The figures hang naked side by side, mouldering on a gibbet, and Rizpah is depicted beneath them in the act of driving off a vulture with the bough of a tree.

The Paris collection was strong in the works of Meissonier, who has achieved a European celebrity. Most of his pictures are very minute, and they were seen at Paris spread somewhat widely apart, and having the wall behind them gilt. Meissonier excels in delicate and accurate finish, his detail is excessive, and but for his exquisite and skilful manipulation, his work would appear harsh and crude, as we almost invariably find the art of his imitators to be. We liked best his largest work, "Cuirassiers—1805." The painting both of horses and riders is most masterly; the long, even line is regular, without being monotonous, and the mastery over detail is most complete. It is undoubtedly this power of minute painting which had led him to work upon the almost microscopic scale he has made his own, and which, when imitated by less gifted artists, invariably results in failure.

In a brief glance such as this is, at the Paris pictures, we must necessarily omit all reference to many important men. A very striking work, most dramatic in its conception and also admirable in its execution, was the "St. Sebastian" of Boulanger, another pupil of Delaroche. In this picture we see the martyr hardly recovered from the wounds received in his first conflict, appearing before the Emperor Maximian. His thin, pale face and scanty clothing, and the wounds still visible, render him more like a visitor from another world than a living being, and he is thus said to have suddenly presented



LA FONTAINE.  
(By J. Breton.)

himself before the emperor, and to have informed him that he had issued from the tomb to announce to him that the day of divine vengeance was at hand. A small work by Berne-Bellecour, which we have illustrated (page 16), pleased us much. It shows us the discharge of a monster cannon, with the soldiers looking

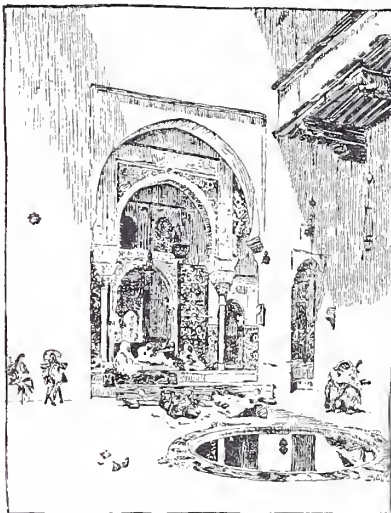
over the ramparts to see the effect it may produce. The picture is admirable in composition and colouring. Goupil's works are more attractive from the quaint costumes he chooses for his sitters, than from their art power. The picture of a lady in one of those outrageously large hats worn at the end of the last century, which he calls "En 1795," was very favourably noticed at the Salon in 1875, and we have engraved it (page 16) as characteristic of the work of a school of rising young painters. Though our space warns us to be short, we must

not forget Robert-Fleury, one of the most important historical painters of the day, and also an extremely clever portrait painter. His grand picture of "Le dernier jour de Corinthe," from the Luxembourg, as also his fine work, showing us Pinel in the Salpêtrière, were both in the Exhibition. Courbet, the mad Republican who destroyed the Vendôme Column, was represented by a single picture, "La Vague," which well represents the limits and scope of his art.

Cabanel's monster work, setting before us some of the chief events in the life of Saint Louis, King of France, which is destined for the church of St. Geneviève, filled the whole side of one of the galleries. His portraits please us more than his subject pictures, and to our English eyes his painting appears thin and tame.

Whether it was the mode of lighting the galleries, or whether it is due to some quality in French art itself, we cannot say, but a stroll through the French galleries, after passing through our own picture gallery, and that of Italy, produced upon us a certain feeling of sadness and depression, and led us to form a sweeping conclusion that modern French art is sombre, gloomy, and black in its shadows.

The works of the talented Spanish artist, Fortuny, were shown in a gallery by themselves, and attracted great attention at Paris. To recall



MOORISH INTERIOR.  
(By Fortuny.)

some of the features of his style, we have engraved his "Moorish Interior." His art will not, however, bear translation into black and white; he was gifted with a sense of colour such as has been vouchsafed to no other modern painter, and, together with a rapid and vigorous execution, he possessed the rare power of representing, with the smallest possible amount of detail, any object he desired.

G. R. R.

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### THE DUDLEY GALLERY, 1878.

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THE gradual change which is working in English art—a reform in favour of quiet tones and mild mannerisms in landscape-painting—is far more observable in the Dudley Gallery than at the Royal Academy or at the water-colour exhibitions, and it is more striking at the Dudley this year than ever before. A general glance round the walls, before the

eye attends to detail—and every critic ought to acquire the habit of making this survey, if he wishes to take note of the tendencies of the time in the two particulars of colour and manner—gives us almost, if not quite, the impression of gentleness, of softened outlines, and of repose, which we receive in a *good* French collection. In one respect, our young



artists show an inclination to go beyond their models, inasmuch as there is more absence of colour in the works, for instance, of Mr. Waterlow, Mr. Boughton, Mr. Marks (in landscape), than in the French work they are emulating. The latter is seldom colourless; it has, on the contrary, depths within depths of latent or reserved colour. In the case of Mr. Boughton, we cannot but regret the rigidity of rules which, when they are relaxed (as in his "Rivals" at last year's Grosvenor



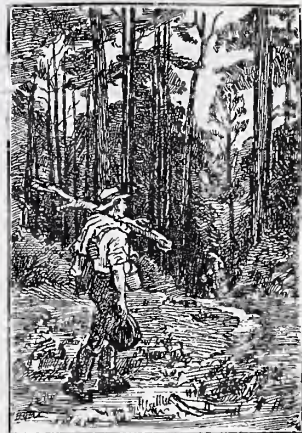
"HERE'S A HEALTH TO THE KING!"  
(By G. C. Hindley.)

Gallery), show us of what refined and brilliant harmonies he is capable. We would not discourage the movement, as we lose far more pain than pleasure by it, but we would remind these artists that there are other phases of nature besides the grey and gloomy phases which they paint so unanimously, and that nature is *always* "artistic."

The first picture we have marked is Mr. R. C. Woodville's "Turkish Reconnoitring Party in the Balkans," a cleverly sketched effect with truthful and characteristic figures; the horses are also well-studied, and all the accessories are intelligent. Mr. Hamilton Macallum's work is always of a high order of merit; his limited choice of subject is not unnatural in an artist who has made one combination of light and water peculiarly his own by excellent treatment; his single canvas at the Dudley, "Meadow Hay," is an admirable specimen of his skill. Mr. H. S. Marks, R.A., sends two works utterly unlike each other in method and treatment. The interior, "Peace with Honour," is painted with the *net* and even hard precision to which we are accustomed in his figure subjects. The other picture, "An August Morning," is, on the contrary, pleasingly vague; the tone is remarkably sweet, and there is a charming suggestion, but only a suggestion, of colour. Miss Beatrice Meyer, whose remarkably intelligent work at

the British Artists' Gallery we have noted in other years, is not quite worthily represented by a little classical composition, called "A Message;" the draperies are good in painting and in colour, but we wish the drawing of the hands showed more care. M. Léon Lhermitte is, perhaps, the freshest of out-of-door painters, and the truest in the matter of lighting and open-air tone. His little French street scenes have a *cachet* of truth, which no exercise of science and memory in the studio, but only quick work on the spot, can accomplish; he sends "Marehande à Morlaix" and "La Rue de St. Malo." Without richness of colour, his pearly lights have great charm. Mr. Val. Prinsep's "Bianca" is very perfectly drawn, but painted in an unsympathetic manner.

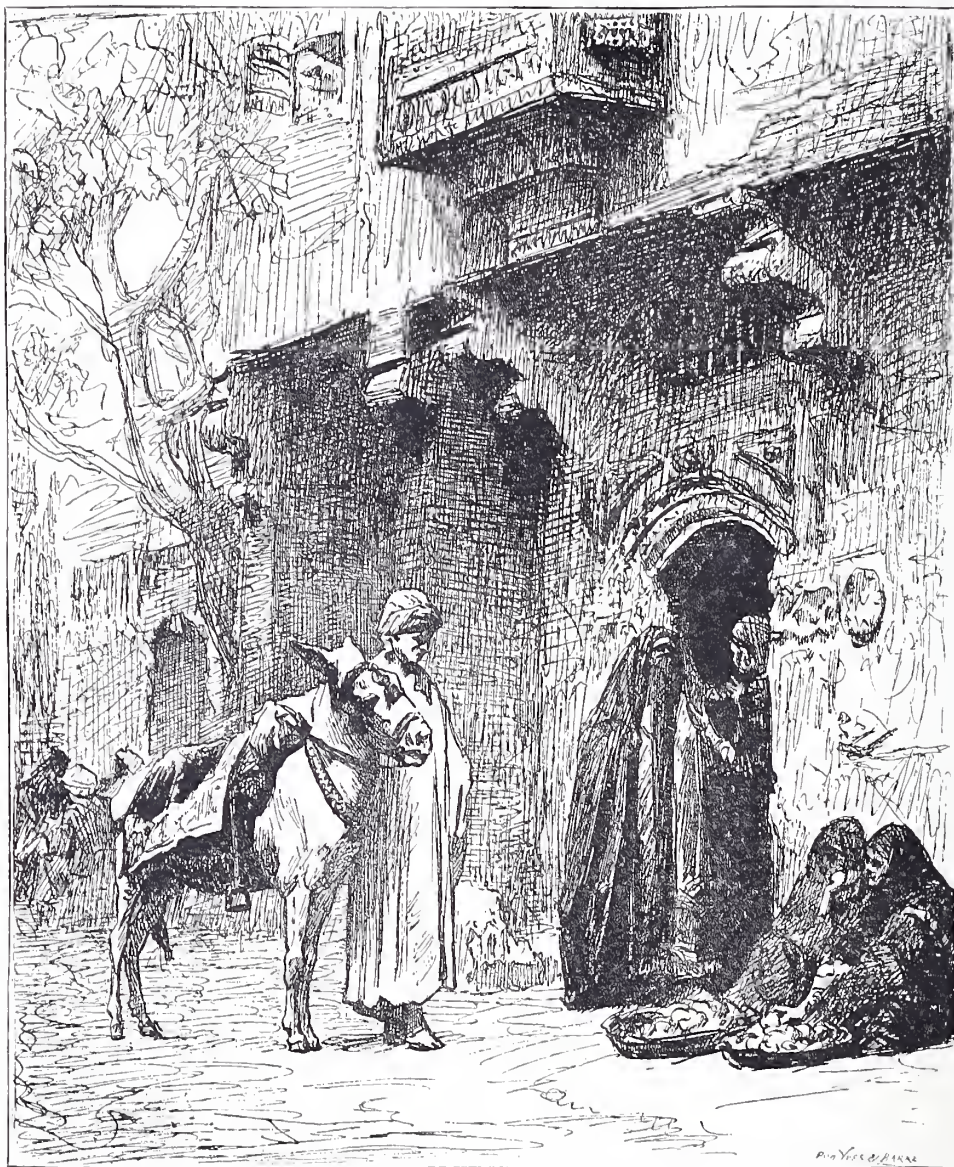
Among the beautiful pieces of colour in the exhibition must be noted "In Flanders," by Mr. G. A. Scappa, and Mr. Albert Ludovici's "Walton-on-the-Naze" is broadly and effectively sketched. Mr. James S. Hill has a method of his own, by which the immediate foreground is treated with the vaguest unfinished, and the middle distance brought out with force of tone and effect; the artist chooses only to accentuate that part of the landscape which attracts the attention, he ignores what is of little interest or too near the eye to form an important part of the composition. His "Study on a Tidal River" and "Rye, Sussex," are both clever and full of force. Mrs. Jopling shows versatility in her two contributions, a "Portrait," and a sunny little bit of landscape, "From the St. Aubin's Road, Jersey." Miss Clara Montalba's "Canal of San Giorgio, Venice," is a most lovely specimen of those qualities of colour, manipulation, and composition in which she is so rich. Her work shows more



HOME THROUGH THE WOODS.  
(By F. Morgan.)



*decorative* beauty of colour than is consistent with perfect truth, but even this little blemish adds to the distinctness of her personality, charm. Her sister, Miss Hilda Montalba, in "A Quiet Morning," carries decorative beauty of colour still further; the tints of a tree in



A LADY OF CAIRO VISITING.

(By F. A. Bridgman.)

and therefore to the interest of her work. The green of her skies, for instance, is a most truly exquisite colour, and fulfils the harmonies of her chord, yet her invariable use of it does some little violence to nature. Miss Montalba's execution is peculiarly full of mastery and

full blossom, by the side of dark cypresses, are perfectly lovely, but the hues of the sky are chosen arbitrarily. Both ladies are incapable of *bad* colour, even if they are capable now and then of *untrue* colour. Mr. Napier Hemy has achieved a notable success by his "Fishing for




Smelts." His work is so true a transcript of nature, that its unobtrusive science may chance to be overlooked. Mr. Fred. Morgan sends one of the more important works of the exhibition, "Home through the Woods," a charming sylvan subject, of which we give a sketch (by the artist)—as also of Mr. Hindley's spirited "Here's a Health to the King!" "A Covert Side," by Mr. Val. Davis, is an exquisitely painted bit of landscape under a cloudless blue sky, which is finely gradated and full of atmosphere; whether the artist has solved the difficult problem of the combination of intense colour with light, is open to question; nature's dark blue sky is full of blinding light, but the artist is obliged to sacrifice either colour or light; and, to our mind, Mr. Davis has in a measure sacrificed the latter. Mr. F. A. Bridgman is one of the many American artists of merit who exhibit among us, and of his two very clever canvases at this exhibition, "First Steps," and "A Lady of Cairo Visiting," we have selected

the latter for a sketch. Mr. F. Barnard, whose thoroughly original and strikingly powerful drawings are familiar to us in the *Graphic*, and whose "Saturday Night" at the Academy a few years ago was the most remarkable picture of its class which we remember in England, exhibits "Lord Hategood," a subject from the "Pilgrim's Progress," as excellent in colour and execution as his work always is in character and energy. Mr. Phil. Morris has two most dissimilar works. "Changing Pasture" is as excellent as "A Storm in Harvest" is the reverse. "In Search of Sea-drift" is an admirable study of sea and shore, by Mr. Colin Hunter, freshly and powerfully painted. Sweetly toned and artistically executed especially in the tree-painting, is the little landscape, called "Homewards," by Mr. Adrian Stokes; there are touches of remarkably fine colour in the sky of Mr. R. Gay Somerset's "Lane Scene," and one of the best sea-pieces in the Gallery is Mr. Pownall Williams' "A Canal in Venice."

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## AMERICAN ARTISTS AND AMERICAN ART.

### A HISTORY OF BEGINNINGS.



THE history of a nation's art finds a parallel in the history of an individual artist. The man makes archaic beginnings, so does the nation; after the lapse of a few years both may be thoroughly ashamed of the child's art which once inspired pleasure and pride; or they may, on the other hand, treasure it unduly, rating it at a biographical and not a merely artistic value. The young painter will instinctively reproduce the manner of his master, and many phases must be passed through before he attains to that dual power of creation and manipulation which marks the

culmination of genius; so, also, the art of a young nation is almost necessarily a reproduction of the art that is elsewhere already old, and what are decades in the life of a man are centuries in the life of a nation when we estimate its movement towards the maturity of a national school. Moreover, just as the artist must have a heart at rest, and long leisure, to pursue his craft, so a nation makes progress in the fine arts in proportion as she has peace from foes outside her border, and has settled government within. The analogy in its present application amounts to this: that the art of the New World was imported by Watson, Symbert, and the rest from the Old World, and that it had all the Old World's vices to get rid of as time went on; that the Americans have since produced painters whose works must needs throw them out of love with the canvases their fathers worshipped, though for them those untaught canvases have still an historical—almost an

autobiographical—value which time, notwithstanding its progress and its disclosure of infinite possibilities, will enhance rather than destroy; that young America, when she had her land to plant, her laws to make, and her cities to build, perforce put the fine arts to one side until a more convenient season; and that when that season came (just as the Wars of the Roses among ourselves made a blank page of the fair-promising history of our own art), the War of Independence impeded America's progress towards that artistic greatness which she undoubtedly is destined to attain, and to which all that she has already done is only what the first dim streak of dawn is to the mid-day sunshine. That America is not ready to admit that in painting as in poetry her greatness is not in the Past, nor in the Present, but in her inevitable Future, is no more surprising than is the impatience with which the young artist, full of genius but failing in execution, listens to the prosy suggestions of commonplace proficiency. The young nation is in a hurry to be great; it hails its versifiers as very Shakespeares, and even its beginners in art as matches for the immortal masters. But while we point to America's future, we do not imply that her past progress has been slow. How can we, if we measure it by our own, and count the centuries of toil that culminated in the "Canterbury Tales," and, later still, in the canvases of Gainsborough and of Reynolds? Nor must it be forgotten that our fathers, too, made idols which we have dethroned, and that we are now making others which will suffer at the hands of our posterity the same fate. Nay more, England and America have shared with each other the self-same illusions—have suffered the same disillusion; for was not their Benjamin West the President of our own Academy, the successor of Sir Joshua and a forerunner of Sir Frederick? and if the America of to-day regards him as a less illustrious painter than did the America of a century gone, England, too, must make the retraction, and does make it, in the most practical manner possible, as was shown some years ago by the sale, for £42, of an "Annunciation," for which West himself received £800. However, the opinion that America has not yet fulfilled the

mission to which she is destined in the art annals of the world—that she has as yet barely laid the foundations of the school which must, in the process of evolution, one day exist as an outcome of the distinctive characteristics of her scenery and her people, does not lessen the interest which attaches to the history of her art in its beginnings.

"The arts," wrote Franklin, in 1771, "have always travelled westward, and there is no doubt of their flourishing hereafter on our side of the Atlantic, as the number of wealthy inhabitants shall increase, since from several instances it appears that our people are not deficient in genius." At that date, therefore, we may infer the fine arts were not flourishing in America; yet they had long been in the field fighting against a combination of foes. So early as 1715, a Scotchman named John Watson arrived in the colonies, and established himself as a portrait painter at Perth Amboy, where he opened the first picture gallery of America. Watson found portraiture pay so badly that he combined with the practice of his art the profession of a money-lender; and when he died, at the age of eighty-three, he left his pictures to a nephew, who was obliged, by the fortune of war, to fly the country in 1776, when they were all distributed or destroyed. Another Scotchman, John Symbert, was a pioneer of painting in America. He began life as a house-painter, came to London as a coach-painter, obtained admittance to the Academy, subsequently went to Italy, where he spent three years in copying the works of the masters, and then, in 1728, went to the New World to be, in some senses, the father of its art. His picture of the Berkeley household has the reputation of being the first that was there produced containing more than one figure! It was Symbert's copy of a Vandyck that gave some of his immediate followers the Correggio-like intuition that they too were painters; and his name, as that of a legitimate forerunner, may head the roll of honour on which is emblazoned a whole string of eminent names, from Copley to William Hunt. Gradually a desire for the possession of pictures took hold of the young community; and the fact that Trumbull told a student that



“he had better learn to make shoes, or dig potatoes, than become a painter,” instead of proving, as some suppose, that the cultivation of art was still at its lowest ebb, probably only indicates that the painter was convinced the boy had none of the genius that is a *sine quâ non* of the true artistic vocation, and that he gave him accordingly the counsel which Mr. Millais, for instance, must often have reiterated here at a time when art patronage is universal.

In 1839, American painting received an impetus by the establishment of the American Art Union, which distributed annually, for upwards of ten years, several hundred works of art. The institution, notwithstanding that it palmed off upon an ignorant public wretched copies of the old masters manufactured in Belgium and Italy by the dozen; and although it undoubtedly belonged to a system which Professor Ruskin would consider more “corrupting” and degrading than even the educational organisation of South Kensington—did, nevertheless, some practical service to the cause of American art in its crude beginnings, until, at the end of ten years, it came into conflict with the State legislation about lotteries, and was broken up.

In 1801, an association of artists was formed under the name of the New York Academy of Fine Arts. Seven years later its scope had so far extended that it took the name, not of a city merely, but of the nation; and as the American Academy of Fine Arts, it had Chancellor Livingston for its President, and Colonel John Trumbull, De Witt Clinton, David Hosack, John R. Murray, William Cutting, and Charles Wilkes among its prominent members. Its struggling existence was aided by a gift from Napoleon of statues and prints, by the temporary accession of Vanderlyn’s “Ariadne,” and by the exhibition of pictures by West in 1816. A school of instruction was organised in connection with it, but failed for want of funds, and in 1828 a fire destroyed a great part of what models and drawings there were, and the American Academy of Fine Arts came to an end. But it had not existed in vain. Upon its grave, as on a foundation, was built up a structure

of greater strength, the National Academy of Design—an institution that almost tallies with our own Royal Academy, and that had for its first President, Professor Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph. After a nomadic existence, the new society found a permanent habitation at the corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, New York, in a marble building in the rather barbaric style of the Ducal Palace at Venice. The citizens of New York, at any rate on this occasion, splendidly fulfilled Benjamin Franklin’s prediction of the patronage which America, when it acquired wealth, would bestow on the interests of art, by their munificent contributions towards the Academy building fund; and the first exhibition was held in its six galleries in the spring of 1865.

Like their brothers at Burlington House, the American Academicians are criticised in certain circles for their conservatism—a charge not easily escaped by those on whom devolves the unpleasant task of every year rejecting a large number of works destined by their senders for a place in the exhibition; and, just as we in London have now our Grosvenor Gallery, so over there a body of seceders from the Academy has established a new society, which contains much young talent, and ought to thrive without injury to the other.

Long before the New York Academy established itself in its permanent home, Philadelphia had formed a similar academy, of which Benjamin West, though then settled in England, was elected an honorary member, and which held its first exhibition in 1806. It would be interesting to read contemporary criticisms of those early exhibitions. But the race of critics had then hardly sprung into being, and probably no record of their opinions of those first-fruits of American art is in existence, at any rate none is referred to by Mr. S. S. Conant in an excellent article on the progress of the fine arts, which appeared a few years ago in an American magazine. We may fairly conclude, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, that the works which graced the walls of the American galleries at the beginning of this century were not of a startling order of merit; that they were,

in fact, as great bogies as at that period were the majority of our own.

Before and immediately after the Revolution, portraiture was the branch of art which was carried on in America more successfully than any other. John Singleton Copley is considered the greatest painter produced by America prior to the Declaration of Independence, and he is principally known by his portraits, the possession of any of which is considered the best title of an American family's nobility. Other portrait-painters of the era were Wollaston, Charles Wilson Peale, Chester Harding Newton, and Gilbert Charles Stuart. The end of the last and the beginning of this century, introduce to us, among American portraitists, John Vanderlyn, William Page, celebrated for his colour, Henry Inman (who has also the reputation of being the first of his countrymen who was successful at *genre* painting), Charles Goring Elliot, Huntingdon, Le Clear, and Oliver Stone. Colonel Trumbull was an historical painter, whose style was formed in London under Benjamin West; he painted a great many scenes in the War of Independence, and the patriotism of their motive probably permits American eyes to pass over their artistic defects. An Englishman, however, will feel in looking at them something of what has been recently felt by Frenchmen in looking at the masterly canvas, "Le Bourget," in which De Neuville morally defeats the Germans, while representing them in a moment of material victory.

Nature and its operations are on so sublime a scale in America, that we naturally look to landscape for art which shall be distinctively American—an art inspired and informed by the nature which it studies. Landscape-painting of the scenic or panoramic order is to be expected from artists who have Niagara, the Mississippi, the Yosemite Valleys, for their subjects; and it may be remarked that this line of art would lead its students to revolt against the methods and manners of schools: in Europe, landscape-painting tends more and more to a reliance on the human interest of artistic and scientific work, and to a carelessness of subject, in a word, "bits" are taking the place of "views." Very probably the one school will hold the other in check, and indeed, in the New World, two distinct camps seem to be formed. Church and Beirstadt may be taken as representatives of the purely American art, while a younger school have assimilated the diametrically opposite principles taught in the French studios.

But the subject of American art is almost as large and panoramic as her scenery, and we shall try to atone for the incompleteness of this introductory view of it, by recurring in future papers to some of the pictures and painters that have made American art memorable in the past, as well as by noticing her contemporary artists and their works in oil, in water-colour, and in marble.

(To be continued.)

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## "JOSEPH MAKING HIMSELF KNOWN TO HIS BRETHREN."

By D. W. WYNFIELD.

THE historical treatment of Biblical subjects, in which modern learning has carried accuracy of detail so far, would have greatly surprised the painters of earlier times: they had not the knowledge, and probably would in no case have had the inclination, to represent realistically what were to them more or less abstract devotional scenes. Mr. Wynfield's

Arabs, on the next page, are severely true to fact; and it requires some courage to combine figures which seem modern to our eyes, with scriptural tradition and ancient architecture; this he has done successfully. The monotony of the group, both in type and in costume, has also been very well mastered in this simple and skilful composition.





JOSEPH MAKING HIMSELF KNOWN TO HIS BRETHERN.  
(From a Picture by D. W. Wynfield, in the Royal Academy Exhibition, 1878.)



## WOOD ENGRAVING.—I.



THE history of wood engraving is a singular one. The art has waxed and waned with no little fitfulness since its first invention, and it is difficult to say whether, even now, it has taken its proper place.

Looking at the vast number of woodcuts produced every year in this country alone, at the excellence of the designs made for many of them, and at the skill shown by the engravers, it would seem that wood engraving must have reached its zenith, and that only the irreconcilables in art could expect more than is actually found in the best woodcuts of the present day.

Ought we to expect more, and if so, in what direction? The present essay is an attempt to answer these questions.

With this object in view, I propose to sketch briefly the past history of the art in so far as it bears on the subject, in the belief that this history teaches a distinct lesson, in the belief also, that the lesson has not been learnt, at any rate has not been inwardly digested by the present generation of artists and engravers; that the high class of many modern cuts is due to the ability of the artists, and the care and skill of the engravers, but that a yet higher standard is attainable, and may, I trust, before long, be attained.

Before entering on the proposed retrospect, it will be advisable to say a few words about the process of engraving on wood, and to show how it differs from engraving on copper, that what follows may be intelligible to such readers as are not already familiar with the subject.

In working on metal, the lines that are intended to appear black are incised, and the plate thus cut is covered with ink, which is then cleaned off, so that the paper when pressed firmly on to the plate, only receives impressions from the engraved lines, the ink

having remained in these, while it disappeared from the smooth portions.

With wood the process is reversed, the lines that are to print black are *left*, the white spaces only are cut away, leaving the lines prominent, which, when inked with a roller, are transferred under the press to the paper. We have here two absolutely opposed methods. The copper-plate before the engraver has begun his work, would print white if treated by the printer in the regular way. The wood-block before the engraver has begun his work would print black.

The copper-plate engraver, starting from pure white, proceeds to darken this white by drawing black lines upon it, or by cutting lines which print black.

The wood engraver starting from pure black, proceeds to lighten this, by taking out lights, or by cutting away spaces which print white.

Thus details of execution which are easy to the one are difficult to the other, and *vice versa*. Black lines, however fine, are readily produced on copper, whereas on the wood-block they can only be obtained by cutting away

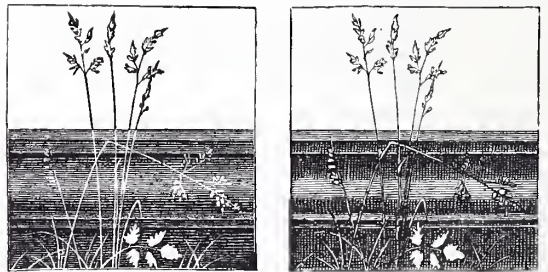


Fig. 1. A. B.

the wood on each side, and leaving the line. White lines, on the other hand, and white details generally on a dark ground are cut with ease on wood, but on copper the dark spaces must be filled in with lines, the lights being carefully left. Fig. 1 is an attempt to show this diagrammatically, though necessarily executed entirely on wood: A represents the



woodcut, in which the leaves on the dark ground are cut direct with pure lines; B is the engraving on copper, in which the lines against the sky are more delicate, but those against the stone being expressed by the indirect process of filling the intervening spaces with shading, are less clear.

Such difficulties are overcome by practice, and are thought little about by engravers on either material, but the difference in the quality of the work always remains visible to the eye of an artist. A line, whether black or white, will always be a better line if drawn or cut direct, than when obtained by the comparatively artificial process of cutting away,

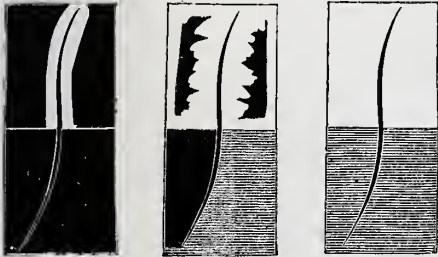


Fig. 2.

or filling up the surrounding space so as to leave the line.

From this point of view the wood-block has rather the advantage. The engraver cuts a trench on each side of his outline, and in gouging away the adjoining wood, works only up to these trenches. Fig. 2 shows a line in three stages, the upper part of the line on a white ground, the lower on a tint. In this lower part, the "trench" is reduced to an almost invisible incision. The line is thus obtained by a nearly direct method. In the first incision, the engraver is free to make as good a line as the etcher's needle, and though the quality of this line is slightly endangered by the necessity of making another incision in close proximity, in skilful hands this risk is inappreciable, and the consequence is, that most wood engravings are full of black lines, executed with vigour and decision.

I have before me the extremely beautiful engravings of the vases from the collection of Sir Henry Englefield, executed on copper, by Mr. Henry Moses, (published by H. G.

Bohn, 1848,) in which nearly all the figures are white on a black ground. The plates show plainly that an engraver on copper aiming at



Fig. 3.

this effect, works at a greater disadvantage than that under which the wood engraver labours in producing black lines.

The cut, Fig. 3, will show that the engraver has had to obtain his contour by stopping every line of the cross-bar shading, exactly at the right point, a highly artificial process, and the outline thus produced is often imperfect, although where the background is dark, he has been able to assist himself by cutting a strong line round the figure. In Fig. 4, where the light lines lie across a tint, the difficulty has been greater, as the outlines on each side of the lights have the effect of making them appear darker than the surrounding tint.



Fig. 4.

On wood no outline would be needed, and the cutting of the figures or of fine lines on a black or grey ground would be perfectly simple. Fig. 4 is like Fig. 3, an accurate fac-simile

of the original copper-plate. Fig. 5 is the same, in which the engraver has availed himself of the facilities offered by the wood-block. The cutting in the little mirror and similar parts is much simpler, and the white lines on the grey drapery across the knees of the figure are obtained with perfect facility. They are not good lines in themselves, but are copied exactly from the original. It will appear from this, that on copper, the difficulty is not confined to the execution of fine white lines, but occurs whenever white meets black, however broad the white space may be, while on wood the very slight difficulty above described, applies only to fine



Fig. 5.

outlines, and disappears in the cutting of black objects of any sensible breadth on a white ground, as, for instance, branches and leaves against a bright sky.

In representing a grey tint by means of parallel lines, the two materials meet on equal terms, and it matters little whether the engraver cuts the white lines or the black, so long as they lie

close together, the difference being merely this, that on copper the artist presses lightly for a pale tint, and harder for a dark one, in other words the more he presses, the thicker are his black lines, while on wood by increasing the pressure, the white lines are made wider, and the tint paler.

It appears then, in the cutting of lines and tints, first that copper has a slight advantage over wood in the execution of the fine black lines, second that there is little to choose between the two materials in the cutting of tints, and third that in cutting of white lines or spaces and in all cases where white meets either black or a tint, wood has greatly the advantage over copper. Keeping this in mind, let us consider how these conditions will affect an artist in imitating the effects of nature.

The comparative inferiority of quality in the black lines of wood engravings is often urged by etchers as a sufficient reason for placing wood engraving below etching as an art. I contend that this conclusion, based as it is upon a false assumption, falls to the ground on examination, and here we come to the heart of our subject.

If we are to assume that the only duty of the wood engraver is to execute fac-similes of drawings made with the pen or pencil, then the art (if it could under such circumstances be called an art) would certainly be inferior to etching.

Wood engravers can, no doubt, do wonders in this way, and it would be easy to call to mind works of the kind which would make one unwilling to see the practice wholly abandoned.

If any one will examine some twenty of Mr. Charles Keene's drawings for *Punch* (especially those with landscape backgrounds), I think he will be convinced of two things—first, that the artist has an extraordinary power of rendering his effects with a very few lines; and, second, that the engraver has cut the drawings with great skill, preserving much, if not all the vigour of the originals. But there can be no greater mistake than to suppose that fac-similes of pencil drawings are specimens of what can be done in wood engraving as an art proper. In this case the engraver is merely performing the modest but in some cases useful service of imitating the works of another art, and in so doing, is foregoing all the advantages peculiar to his own materials.

Here nature is interpreted by two processes each antagonistic to the other. The artist employs a method consisting wholly of drawing black lines on a white ground, and the engraver copies it by a method consisting wholly of taking whites out of a black ground. That this should be possible proves that wood is a very elastic material, but it is no example of what may be done, and by one man has been done, in wood engraving.

Invert the process, and beginning with a woodcut by one who understood the material, let an etcher try to copy it. What would he make of the egret in Bewick's inimitable



“British Birds,” giving it line for line as a wood engraver is expected to do when executing a pen-and-ink drawing. With six times the labour he might produce a respectable copy, though I suppose it would be impossible to render some parts literally.

Instead of imposing this ungrateful task on the etcher, let us take our wood-block direct to nature as the etcher does his copper, without allowing any antagonistic interpreter to come between, and examining the capacities of the two materials in this, the only fair way, let us see what will become of the charge, that wood engraving must take the lower place, on the ground that its fine black lines are inferior to those of the etcher, remembering that its white ones are superior.

Where do we find black lines in nature, and why must an art stand or fall by its ability to render such lines? Leaving colour out of the question, we find in nature surfaces and tones but no outlines.

What lines do we find in a painting, whether in colour or monochrome, or what artist uses lines where his material does not render it necessary? An outline is, in fact, a purely conventional way of indicating the form of an object, and in all finished work where the artist approaches as near to nature as possible, it is carefully excluded, the objects appearing light on dark or dark on light, as the case may be, so that their forms are shown by the limits of the surfaces, not by any black lines circumscribing them. In etching, or in drawing with pencil or pen and ink, the artist first indicates his forms by means of outlines, and the extent to which he depends on these outlines is determined entirely by the degree of finish he intends to bestow on his work. If it is to be a slight sketch, the out-

lines are put in vigorously, and remain with perhaps only a few indications of shadow to assist them. But if the work is to be highly finished the outlines are kept faint, and finally lost in the tints or rather tones of which they only represented the limits.

In wood engraving, outlines are only needed in this latter sense, as a guide, and are not wanted as a method of work any more than in a sepia drawing, and we may look in vain through Bewick's “Birds” for an outline, except in the rare case of a white object being seen against a light ground, as, for instance, a bird's white neck against the sky.

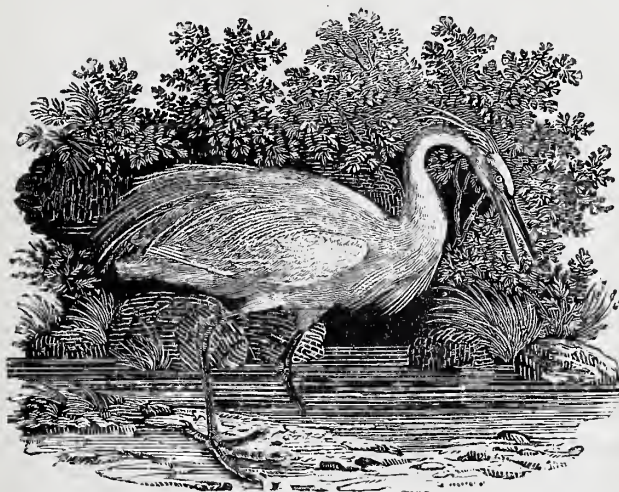
But if all the outlines in the book were set together end to end, I doubt if their united length would amount to three inches.

In this respect, wood engraving, dealing as it does with tints, not lines, approaches more nearly to nature than an art in which lines are the essential principle. It will, of course, be un-

derstood that by lines, I mean single detached lines, as distinct from a close series such as are employed to give the effect of a tint.

In a later chapter, I propose to examine in detail the technical capabilities of wood, and to inquire into the best means of exploring and developing them. For the present, and until I have offered the reader a sketch of the history of the art, I will content myself with the above brief account of the process, though it may be convenient to call attention to a certain general advantage, which will be possessed by an art in which lights are taken out of a dark ground, when compared with one which proceeds by the opposite method of drawing black upon white.

(To be continued.)



BEWICK'S EGRET.

## WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS AT THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.



It is impossible to bring the charge of exclusiveness this year against an exhibition which comprises specimens of the works of all the early schools, and a most eclectic gathering of modern English water-colours, in the selection of

which no individual taste, nor even the collective taste of any school has been exercised, but which shows only the proprietor's intention to make an historical survey of the art. We defer until next month any notice of the magnificent drawings of the Old Masters, and confine our attention at present to the brilliant exhibition of water-colours by living English artists, which occupies

the great Western Gallery.

Last year the public was delighted at the opportunity of observing a phase of the national art of water-colour drawing which has entirely passed away. The first aquarellists, whose simple and suggestive work was then exhibited, seemed scarcely to have practised the same art as the painters of our time. In the infancy of water-colour, slight pencil sketches, washed freely with transparent colour, which was not even intended to conceal the pencil marks, gave little more than hints or impressions of natural effects; by degrees the work became a little less naïf and inartificial, and the perfection of suggestive beauty was attained; then followed the somewhat heavy though splendidly powerful manner of David Cox, in which a nearer approach to *painting* was made; and finally, in our day, the original genius and intention of water-colours have been forgotten, and a beautiful, minute, imitative art has been evolved, which contests the distinctive merits of oil-painting. It has, indeed, been rather revolution than evolution, and the whole change may be ascribed to the use of opaque white—"body-colour"—the intrusion of which in a system of transparent tinting leads inevitably to solid and realistic painting. We consider

it very probable that the study of the exquisite pure drawings on view at the Grosvenor Gallery last year may induce a return to what must certainly—in spite of the fascination of stippled work—be held as the more legitimate method. The public showed a striking interest and pleasure in the early water-colours, and it has now an opportunity of comparing the impression they made with that produced by the very different contents of the same gallery this year.

Sir Coutts Lindsay has, as we have said, opened his rooms to all notable artists. Among those most largely represented is Mr. Poynter, R.A., who sends twelve drawings of figure and landscape, excellent in draughtsmanship and quietly powerful in treatment; his manner is entirely his own, and is well marked in two Venetian scenes, "Venice—Moonlight," and "The Dogana." Mr. Millais (hardly known in water-colour) exhibits one slight drawing of a girl leaning from her window, entitled, "A Dream at Dawn." One subject alone represents Mr. Alma-Tadema also; he gives us, as usual, an antique composition, in "An Interesting Scroll," a single figure with an architectural background; the tones here are pleasant, the quiet effect of light and shadow being scientifically studied, while the colour is exceedingly beautiful in its combination of refined and harmonious tints. Mr. Boyce, recognisable among a thousand by his peculiar soft dappled greys and greens, contributes seven beautiful pieces, and the other familiar names of the old Water-Colour Society are represented in considerable force—the Brothers Fripp, Mr. Birket Foster, Sir John Gilbert, Mr. E. K. Johnson, and Mr. Naftel, among the number.

Mrs. Allingham, whose style is a happy combination of some of the characteristics of the late Mr. Frederick Walker, and of Mr. Boyce, and who has carried finish to a remarkable degree of minuteness without loss of breadth or of aerial effect, has three works, "The Brown Girl," "Near Titsey, Surrey," and "Dangerous



Ground.” Mr. Donaldson’s drawings combine a somewhat perilous eccentricity with a remarkable effectiveness and force; they are among the most striking works in the collection, and will probably command the more interest as the artist is, if we mistake not, hardly known outside the gallery of the British Artists in Conduit Street, where his peculiarities are the more salient from the somewhat conventional tone of the surroundings.

Mr. Arthur Severn exhibits “Waves by Moonlight,” “Florence from the Albergo d’Arno,” and “A Ray of Hope,” in all of which he works with great conscientiousness and science, if also with a certain hardness and lack of charm. Mr. J. Skill is, as usual, full of tender refinement. Mr. J. W. North has been too generally absent from the London exhibitions of late—owing, we believe, to indifferent health, and to his prolonged residence at Algiers—not to be welcomed, more especially in such masterly examples of his skill as are the five drawings in the present collection. Mr. North has a manner of generalising landscape and foliage which gives the greater prominence to passages of peculiar attractiveness in the scene before him; these he accentuates with a touch full of charm. His way of insisting upon the beauty of certain chance wild flowers, while the grass and brambles are vaguely intimated, is entirely his own. Mr. Albert Goodwin, on the other hand, is so singularly versatile that his work never bears his sign-manual in its execution; his four drawings exhibited here show different phases of his skill. Mr. A. W. Hunt is represented by

no less than seventeen pieces, some of them drawings of great beauty. Sir Coutts-Lindsay himself contributes one drawing, “Mount Athos,” and Lady Lindsay five, showing her varied power of portrait and flower painting; her “Orchids” are remarkably good for their force and colour. Among Mr. Jopling’s three works, we have noted for special praise his “Young Widow,” a portrait study full of charm.

Miss Clara Montalba is inimitable for a certain beauty of colour, and her science and mastery are worthy of this great gift; most remarkable, also, are the infallible artistic instinct which guides her compositions, and the exquisite elegance of hand with which she draws every form and line. Her study of nature is close, humble, and unremitting, while her artistic manner is decided. Mr. Buckman continues his decorative treatment of subjects from modern life—an experiment more or less successful; his colour is often fine, in the purely ornamental manner, but he lacks energy in action—a quality which he, perhaps, does not think necessary in decorative art; this want is specially felt in his “North Country Wrestling.” In spite of contributions from Mr. Macbeth, Mr. Walter Crane, and one or two others, the eccentric element finds little representation in the gallery.

We may be excused for having passed over in silence this winter’s exhibitions of the two Water-Colour Societies, as this single room of the Grosvenor Gallery contains so many drawings from the members of each, with much besides, and thus comprises the principal achievements of the time in the aquarellist’s art.

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“ LA PÈCHE.” BY M. BUTIN.

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IN giving another illustration of contemporary French art, we have only to go back to the *Salon* of 1877 for the original of the striking picture by M. Butin reproduced on the next page. Everyone familiar with the almost endless galleries of the great annual Parisian Exhibition, probably remembers turning with a sense of relief from the crude academic

studies of the nude, which do duty for Cupids and Venuses at every corner, to look at the more healthy, out-of-door representations of sea and land, which are never treated with more mastery than by the French school of painters, whose work is worthily represented by the broad and beautiful picture of “La Pêche.”





LA PÊCHE. (By Butin.)



## OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A.

JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS was born in 1829, in Portland Place, Southampton. It is to chance only that Southampton owes the Hampshire port. His ancestors had for generations their seat at Tapon, in Jersey. The painter's grandfather was an *avocat*; his father,



*John Everett Millais*

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

honour of being the birth-place of this great painter. The Millais are an old Jersey family, and John Everett was born during a merely temporary sojourn of his parents in the great

who is still alive, and of whom his son speaks with warm admiration and affection, was an officer in the Jersey militia. Jersey men hold that the militia of the Channel Islands is a

peculiar body, which approaches more nearly to the character of the "regular" than to militia of the ordinary type. The boy, John Everett, evinced a singular childish aptitude for drawing, and was an infant artist at the early age of five. His earliest clear memories are of Dinan in Brittany, where his family were residing when the boy was about six years of age. He still speaks with keen delight of the picturesque old tower on the *fosse*, in which the family was living; and Millais is a pregnant instance of the influence upon the imagination of a gifted child of romantic mediæval architecture. Mozart composed at six; Millais painted at the same age; and the singular precocity of these great masters did *not* indicate a power forward, but not lasting. Dinan was, of course, full of soldiers, but Millais has evidently been most strongly impressed by the artillery. His early tentatives in art were, naturally, pictures of soldiers; and he tells, still with a certain sense of triumph, a little anecdote connected with his childish drawings of the showy heroes in their splendid uniforms.

The boy's military drawings, which were, as I am told, and as I believe, altogether surprising performances for a child of six, fell into the hands of an artillery officer, who, in his delight at the powers of the precocious artist, showed them about to his brother officers. These latter wholly refused to believe that such work was the production of the bright little stranger in Dinan; and their incredulity led to a memorable wager. This wager was one of a dinner. The friendly officer produced his evidence, and won his bet. Some thirty were present at the lost wager dinner; and one of those present—the infant artist—remembers vividly the pride and pleasure which thrilled his childish bosom at this early recognition of his power in art. I add one other anecdote.

We now shift our scene from quaint and charming old Dinan to the studio of a then President of the Royal Academy—Sir Martin Archer Shee. Art has progressed in the meantime with the juvenile but ardent student, who has reached the ripe age of eight or nine, and his mother is bringing him to the President to ask advice about the lad's future studies and career. The awe-inspiring President, speaking

(but without looking at the boy's drawings) from his sumptuous altitude of position, says, coldly, "Better make the boy a chimney-sweeper than an artist!" Fancy the little, widely-opened ears that heard this crushing statement. However, the great President unbends, relaxes, becomes human, and actually consents to inspect the drawings. A sight of these wholly changed his tone, and he passed into warm admiration, and bestowed kindly advice. The President expressed his opinion that it was the duty of the friends of such a boy to give him every opportunity of studying and pursuing art; and this needful opportunity was sought in the art school of a certain Mr. Sass. At the age of eleven, Millais studied in the Academy; but he never had any Continental training—a matter, perhaps, of little moment to a man of such originality and power. At the age even of ten, young Millais had already won a prize—the first medal of the Society of Arts; but those noble upward struggles, which, though they seem so hard to bear at the time, yet make a strong man stronger, began early for the ardent and determined youth. He had a long and fierce fight with fortune. Success did not come to Millais until he had overtaken it and subdued it to his will.

There were years during which he did paintings—mostly portraits—for £3, or, sometimes, £5; and made drawings of actors for 10s. each. He was trained, also, in the noble school of book illustration. The hill was high and hard to climb, but the born painter worked ever steadily onward and upward, until, at twenty-two, he was elected A.R.A. His first election had, however, to be cancelled, because Millais was too young, according to the regulations then in force, to be properly elected; but his case led to the limit of age for election being altered. Notwithstanding his early election, he met with opposition and with oppression in the Academy. For a long time he remained an Associate; and inferior men who were elected Associates after him were made R.A.'s before him. The fact was, that the great young painter excited jealousy, unworthy but not quite unnatural, among the "old fogies" of the Academy. Millais still retains a strong sense of the enmity which embittered his working at that time. Men who become the victors



and the lords of fortune retain a keen memory of the spurns which, in their struggling youth, their patient merit of the unworthy took. At last, however, the highest step in the painter's career of worldly advancement was achieved, and, at the age of twenty-nine, Millais became a full Royal Academician. He tells me—and this fact should encourage young painters of a certain order of merit—that there were years during which he was contented with earning by his brush an income of £120 or £130 a year. Considering his rare ability—partly, perhaps, as a consequence of it—Millais had a hard upward fight during his strenuous and straining youth. His memorable early work, "Pizarro seizing the Inca of Peru," which was recently exhumed and re-exhibited, appeared at the Royal Academy in 1846.

It is a fact noteworthy in any biography of Millais, that for the immortal "Huguenot" he only received £150, and that this small sum was paid in instalments, which spread over a long period. When the fortunate possessor had gained thousands by the work, he paid to the painter an additional £50. In Millais' early manhood, while his native art ardour outstripped his knowledge of the aims for which he should specially strive, he joined the pre-Raphaelite School—that school of which Ruskin says that it "has but one principle, that of uncompromising truth in all that it does." It endeavours "to conceive a fact as it really was likely to have happened, rather than as it prettily might have happened." Any school that Millais might join, he would head, as he did that of the pre-Raphaelites; which was, in essence, a protest of burning honesty against conventionalism and unveracities. The tendency was based upon a love of truth so passionate in its reactionary excess that it excluded the love of beauty; and therefore the school could not live. Nevertheless it had a beneficial influence upon art, and it afforded to Millais a training of special value. It was one of those insurrections which in art, as in politics, must from time to time break out. As well try to plane the waves in order to make the ocean smooth as seek to repress the forces which rise up in revolt against the false in art, as in other forms of life. The short-lived *Germ*, which

appeared in 1850, was the voice with which the school sought to speak through literature. It was a movement which passed, and which deserved to pass away; but its aims were genuine, and its results have been lasting.

There is in Millais such decisive strength, such passionate ardour, and such vital force, that to name a work of his raises up a full image of the picture. It will be enough if we recall here a few only of his leading works. Painting is a language for the expression of thought; a great work of art must be the product of a great mind. Millais' work is instinct with passion and with romance. Its human interest is always deep and moving. As I cite a few of his paintings, the works themselves rise vividly before the mind's eye, and I see them once again. In 1852, appeared the "Huguenot" and "Ophelia;" in 1853, the "Order of Release" and the "Proscribed Royalist;" in 1856, "Autumn Leaves;" in 1860, the "Vale of Rest;" in 1861, the "Black Brunswicker;" in 1864, "Charlie is my Darling;" in 1865, the "Romans Leaving Britain;" in 1868, his diploma picture which—not without meaning—was a "Souvenir of Velasquez;" 1869 saw the "Gambler's Wife" (shown in Paris); 1870 gave us the "Boyhood of Raleigh;" 1871 the "Chill October" and "Yes or No;" 1874 the "Scotch Firs," "Winter Fuel," and the "North-West Passage." Later works are perhaps too recent, and too fresh in public memory, to need mention here.

We have to acknowledge the kindness of Messrs. Graves and Co., for permitting us to engrave "Awake," and likewise beg to thank Mr. Carl F. H. Bolekow, of Marton Hall, for leave to produce the well-known "North-West Passage."

Ruskin, the greatest of our art critics, the only one who has seen and taught the spiritual significance of art, tells us that "mere cleverness or special gift never made an artist. It is only perfectness of mind, unity, depth, decision, the highest qualities, in fine, of the intellect which will form the imagination." In Millais we have thankfully to recognise our greatest painter. He works with as much power as reticence of power. His works have firm hold

of all that can feel nobly or deeply. Hamlet can be played by strollers to boors in a barn, and its humanities will yet appeal to the heart of man, while the same play exercises the highest critical intellect of a Goethe. And so with Millais; he delights a people and rejoices criticism. His works are praised by

"A people's voice,  
The proof and echo of all human fame."

The certainty and directness of the means that he employs imply absolute grasp of the whole subject that he paints; and great subjects admit of the greatest painting.

Millais has more of the virile force of Velasquez than of the chivalrous grace of Van Dyck. He has intense insight, clearness, vision. That which Carlyle says of Burns is true of Millais, "how he fixes, as it were, the full image of the matter in his eye, full and clear in every lineament, and catches the real type and essence of it. . . . The describer [painter] saw this thing; the essential feature and true likeness of every circumstance in it; saw, and not with the eye only." He has also passion, pathos, poetry. The technical part of a picture is only a means to an art end; technical criticism, therefore, should exist chiefly for artists, and not for a public. "By far the greater number of living artists are men who have mistaken their vocation;" but in Millais we have a man supremely gifted for the art that he pursues.

Note, too, that he is the first great painter who has greatly painted *love*—deep, earnest, tender, loyal love; the love of man and woman when they love their closest and their best. He is the poet-painter of the noble love-duet. He can depict soul looking into soul through tender human eyes. The painters of old, even Titian, saw in love mainly sensuality, and depicted amatory sprawling—god and goddess fashion—on clouds or otherwise, rather than sentiment. Millais' women are always ideal. His philosophy of art makes the men always their inferiors—a sort of peg on which to hang the rich mantle of a noble woman's love. What a happily-chosen subject is that of the "Huguenot!" Every one can feel its story. The white scarf of the *Ligue* is the only

problem in it. How is such pathetic yearning expressed in the pale, sad, upturned face of the fair girl? There are no lines in it. All is done by the droop about the tender mouth; by the light in the wistful earnest eyes. All that can feel or imagine nobly can love this work. A photograph of it has hung for years in my room—is before me now—but no acquaintance with the picture produces weariness. Again, in "Yes," look long at the woman's face, which in its modest earnestness, in its superiority to all bashful cunning, wears a flush but not a blush. She is giving her whole heart, and can look fixedly into the eyes of the man to whom she gives the gift. "Autumn Leaves," with its smoke trailing across the sky of evening, with its figures in the sadness, not the gloom, of shadow, was the inspiration of many pictures, and its influence may be traced in Frederick Walker's "Gipsies." As a drama, the "Order of Release" is a great success. The "Vale of Rest" has a deep, sad poetry in its essence. Beneath the pale, "daffodil sky" of a serene evening, there, among the long lush grass, in the deep shadow of the convent, women—women who have foregone womanhood—dig joylessly their loveless graves. Millais' mere painting is marvellous. Go close to one of his later pictures and his work is inexplicable; give the work its distance and the result is magical. He always paints ideas. Millais is his own severest critic. Great artists always see an ideal above them which transcends their power of realisation. Shakespeare, after writing "To be, or not to be," may have laid down the pen in despair from this very cause.

The children of Edward IV.—the picture is sometimes called the "Tower Hamlets"—is not one of Millais' great successes. The drawing is subtle and admirable; but the dramatic moment is ill-chosen. Lucy Ashton is delightful. All the permanent characteristics are shown through the temporary emotion. Her firmness can only aet when she is driven to madness; but her stupor of clinging faintness is exquisitely rendered. Edgar pleases me less. Millais has missed something of the dark, doomed beauty of the fated last heir of Ravenswood. His Edgar is something too fierce and



haggard; looks too much like a Covenantor, or man made stern by devotion to an oppressed cause. Hunger, raggedness, squalor, should never, I think, enter into any imaginative conception of Edgar Ravenswood. Millais can

figure; he neglects that expression in the face of which Millais is so great a master.

His "Effie Deans" ranks, in my mind, with the "Huguenot;" and I may, I trust, be pardoned if I venture to reproduce here some-



"AWAKE."

(From the Painting by J. E. Millais, R.A. By kind permission of Henry Graves & Co., Pall Mall.)

depend upon a sufficient knowledge of Walter Scott on the part of every spectator for whom a painter paints; hence the subjects of this and of the "Effie Deans" picture are well chosen. Sir. F. Leighton paints always with the Greek, or pre-Christian feeling of aiming at the beauty shown through the physiognomy of the whole

thing that I said about it at the time of its production:—

"Before this picture, whole galleries, all mere faculty and skill, shrink into plausible mediocrity. A glance of a moment satisfies us that we are in the presence of a supreme achievement. We are hushed and awed, even before we are delighted, by

a sense of the glamour of genius. Here, realised for us for ever by deeply imaginative art, and by the very mastery of art power, are the ideal creatures whom we have known so long and loved so well in Scott's peerless tale; and the magic of the painter is felt to be equal to the magic of the poet novelist. We stand before one of the highest, purest, noblest productions of modern art. The technical mastery of the painter is so great and thorough that his excellence of execution is subdued to the design, is half hidden by the poetry of the painting; it never obtrudes itself, but has to be looked for after we have been affected by the essence and poetical power of the picture. This is a note of great art.

"The picture would be painful in its pathos, as would be the tragedies of Lear or Othello, were not pain arrested by true art at the point of pathetic beauty and delight. Geordie Robertson and Effie Deans—hapless lovers, whose sin is partly atoned for by the Nemesis of such suffering—who can imagine them better, or other, than the creations that Millais has depicted for us? Sympathetic insight and creative power have enabled one great genius thus worthily to incorporate, through pictorial art, the ideal conceptions of another great genius working through another art. Geordie Robertson (as Scott tells us) seemed to Reuben Butler to be about five-and-twenty years old. His dress was 'such as young gentlemen sometimes wore while on active exercise in the morning. . . . His carriage was bold and somewhat supercilious, his step free and easy, his manner daring and unconstrained. . . . His features were uncommonly handsome, and all about him would have been interesting and prepossessing but for that indescribable expression which habitual dissipation gives to the countenance, joined with a certain audacity in look and manner.' Has not Millais seized the 'indescribable expression?'—indescribable in words, but capable of depicture in painting—has he not realised the essence of Scott's character?

"And then the Lily of St Leonards, the partner in that dangerous tryst, at which the erring lovers meet beneath the shadow of the danger of violent death—has poet painter ever more exquisitely realised the conception of poet writer? Face and figure, and the conflict of emotions which they express, are of ineffable loveliness, and of a sadness as deep as the beauty is great. Her crown, her honour, are removed and lost, and in one hand droops the maiden snood. An actress of the finest instinct—say Miss Ellen Terry—could scarcely have hit upon a *pose* of figure more dramatically conveying the terrible emotions of that sad, dark hour. The magical human eye itself has not more depth of feeling, more intensity of meaning, more fulness of expression, than Millais can convey through it by his painting. The eye, dry and tearless from very agony, and the unspeakable pathos of the pale, numb, weary, hopeless face—a face too young to look worn even by poor Effie's fears and sorrows;—these subtle things are so painted by Millais as to

form a triumph of imaginative and emotional art, such as may well move a strong man to tears.

"It is indeed a delight to turn from the affectations of ineptitude, from the unvirile sciolism of a sickly school of the hour, to the permanent truth and beauty, to the passion, pathos, poetry, of the sane and manly art of Millais as shown in his noble 'Effie Deans.'"

The chief fault that can be attributed to Millais is, that he has sometimes painted what he ought not to have painted, and has sometimes left unpainted that which he ought to have painted. His great facility of brush power may have led him to paint too much and too fast. It is difficult to conceive that the subjects of some of his later Academy portraits can have had any inspiration for Millais; and yet the temptation to do such work, and the pressure put upon such an artist to do such work, are great. When will painters learn the lesson taught by the old Greek myth of dart-bearing Atalanta—the lesson, viz., that a race may be lost by stooping to pick up golden apples? Want of space only restrains me from speaking of Millais as a landscape painter. It must be sufficient just to mention his "Chill October," lately in Paris—where, by the way, Millais was scarcely adequately represented.

His portraits rank with his poetical-subject pictures in excellence. They are distinguished by insight into character and by magnificent painting. When the great painter of any day paints the great men of his day he is painting history; and Millais is, I am delighted to hear, now painting Carlyle—that is, our greatest thinker is being painted by our greatest painter. It takes, however, two to make a good portrait—sitter as well as artist; and the grand old writer is, I am assured, not a little troublesome as a sitter.

And here I must, unwillingly, conclude this too brief and necessarily imperfect sketch of a painter whose importance merits larger treatment. A glory to art and to England, a living bulwark against that "windy gospel" of art, so-called, which is addressed very blantly to "our poor century;" a noble protest against all the sickly shams of the fleetly passing hour are the permanent and perennial truth and beauty of the art of John Everett Millais.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.



## LAMBETH FAIENCE.



INCE the middle of the seventeenth century potteries have been continuously carried on in Lambeth. In the reign of Charles II., some Dutch potters who had settled here, applied for

and received letters patent for the manufacture of earthenware or faience by methods not before employed in this country, and for many years they, their successors, and their rivals, continued to produce various kinds of pottery both for ornament and use. Tiles with landscapes and figures in blue on a white ground are now the best known productions of this earlier period. At a later time more than twenty potteries were at work, and artists of considerable ability found employment here. In 1755, the celebrated sculptor, John Bacon, afterwards a Royal Academician, was articled to Mr. Crispe, the owner of a pottery in Lambeth, and for several years he continued to furnish designs for earthenware painting, and to model in soft or artificial porcelain, and other materials, figures of shepherds and shepherdesses, to meet the taste of the time for these and other fanciful representations of country life.

Towards the end of last century the production of decorated earthenware gradually declined in Lambeth, owing, probably, to the competition of the Staffordshire and Worcestershire manufacturers, and also, perhaps, to the preference generally shown for various kinds of porcelain, and especially after Cookworthy's discovery in Cornwall of china clay or kaolin, and china-stone—which are the indispensable constituents of true or hard porcelain—had been turned to account at Bristol, Worcester, and elsewhere. Whatever the cause may have been, it is certain that for many years nothing was manufactured by the Lambeth potters but acid vats, drain-pipes, ink-bottles, and other stoneware articles

of mere utility. Now, however, artistic work has been revived, the revival being due, in the first place, to the establishment of the Lambeth School of Art, where all the artists at present employed at Messrs. Doulton's have been educated, and where the truth has been known and acted on, that only in the high art school of the painter and sculptor can a designer of ornament be formed; in the next, to the good fortune by which the co-operation of a great local manufacturer, possessing energy, culture, and love of art, was secured.

The first step taken was to introduce and develop a method of ornamenting ordinary stoneware which had been employed by the potters of the Rhineland in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, for the decoration of the ware called *grès de Flandres*. It was the success of this attempt at applying art to common material that determined Messrs. Doulton in 1872 to manufacture a finer kind of ware, suitable for under-glaze painting, to which the name of Lambeth faience has now been given from its partial resemblance to the older faience of France and Italy.

The exact composition of the body of this faience cannot be stated, but it seems to consist



Figs. 1 & 2.—CYLINDERS.

(With Japanese Design of grasses and purple flowers on a ground the natural colour of the ware. Height 14 inches.)

of plastic Dorset clay mixed in varying proportions with kaolin, china stone, and ground flints. The colour of the body after firing is warmer in tone than that of the Staffordshire and other earthenwares of the same class, and this warmth of colour, augmented by the glaze, is one of the

pleasantest characteristics of the finished ware. Of this material, vases, cups, pilgrim bottles, covered tazzas, and many other objects, are



Fig. 3.—PLAQUE.

(About 18 inches in diameter, with painting of Mountain Scenery of a deep purple tone.)

being produced in countless variety. With the obvious exception of the flat, square tiles used for large paintings, which are made by pressing dry powdered clay in a steel die and firing at once, all the forms are hand-work, being "thrown on the wheel," not moulded, some being afterwards "shaved," as it is technically termed, in a lathe, when a particularly true or polished surface is required. As soon as they



Fig. 4.—VASE.

(Ten inches high, with Persian Design, blue-green leaves and purple flowers on light yellow ground.)

are properly dried, the forms are fired for the first time without any glaze or added colour. Upon the smooth and slightly porous surface of the ware, now called "biscuit," the design is

painted with vitrifiable colours, fusible at a rather lower temperature than the glaze, which in its turn must, of course, melt with a less degree of heat than the body. For these colours, besides other substances, almost all metallic oxides can be taken, those being excepted which would decompose by contact with the lead in the glaze. In applying the colours, either oil or water mediums may be used, but the former is generally preferred. On the painting being completed, the vase or other



Fig. 5.—VASE.

(Height about 18 inches. Persian Design, with traces of the influence of Indian ornament; leaves and stems light blue and brown on a ground the natural colour of the ware.)

object is dipped into the fluid mixture which forms the glaze, and is then fired a second time in a "muffle," that is, a kiln, in which the ware is protected against the direct action of the fire, so as to prevent the sulphur and other products of the combustion of the coal from destroying or changing the colours. Great care has to be taken that the colours and glaze employed expand and contract equally at different temperatures, both with one another and with the body on which they are placed. If they do not, ridges or crackle lines are formed on the surface when the body contracts more than the glaze or colour, open cracks being left in the glaze, when this shrinks more than the body.



These are not the only difficulties to be overcome, and the artist has some to struggle with



Fig. 6.—VASE.

(With Indian Design in reddish-brown and purple on a ground the natural colour of the ware. Height about 14 inches.)

as well as the potter. Several colours undergo a considerable change in the firing, and as the ultimate effect of these cannot be seen, but has to be realised mentally while the picture or design is being painted, the artist must be gifted with more imagination, and have gained more technical experience, than is required by the ordinary painter on canvas or paper, who can judge of the effect of his work as he goes on.

The methods of ornamenting the faience are extremely varied. There is in no case any mechanical reproduction, and but few duplicates are made, vases in pairs constituting almost the sole exception to the rule. The artists, who are nearly all ladies, have been allowed, and indeed, to a certain extent encouraged, to develop in their own way whatever gifts for colour or design they may possess. The different wares of Persia, India, and Japan, the Italian majolica, and other productions of ceramic art have been closely studied, and there is a constant striving to rival the excellence of this older work, not by making mere copies of the specimens which have come down to us, but by comprehending and applying the principles that guided the creators of it. We have accordingly, together

with large compositions on tiles, paintings of heads, landscapes and figures, representations of birds, insects, flowers, and foliage, both natural and conventional, what may be called revivals in the spirit of old Persian, Indian, and Italian work.

The under-glaze paintings on tiles placed side by side—"Spring-time," and "The Pilgrim Fathers," by Mrs. Sparkes, "Philosophy," by Mr. Bone, and other figure subjects by different artists—must be considered as the highest developments of faience. In some the figures are nearly life-size, the drawing being excellent and the composition good. Since they are not affected by damp, and are almost imperishable, these tile-paintings form admirable wall decorations, particularly for churches and public buildings. In the paintings of heads and figures on plaques, vases, and other forms, broad and simple effects are obtained, harmony of colour being generally more noticeable than accuracy of drawing. Some of these heads, painted in monochrome, or rather in different shades and tones of the same primary colour, almost repel at first sight by their strangeness,

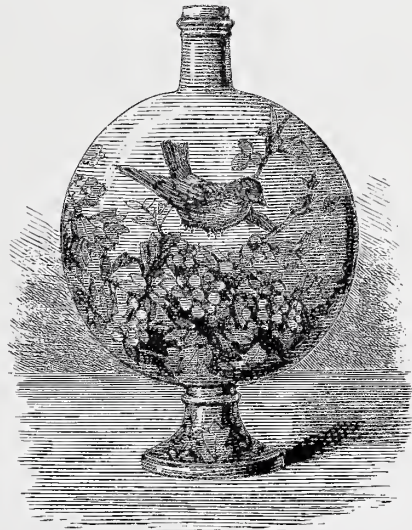


Fig. 7.—PILGRIM BOTTLE.

(Fourteen inches high, with painting of bird and flowers on each side. Japanese in character.)

but soon win upon one by a softness and quiet beauty which could scarcely be produced except on pottery, and often there, perhaps, by chance. In the landscapes, there is usually a pleasant

sunny effect over the whole picture, and a certain lightness also about the trees and hedge-rows. Here, again, the colour is in advance of the drawing, which is, perhaps, to be expected, seeing that the same remark would apply with even more force to nearly all other English pottery painting of the present day. The most successful of these landscapes and figures, and those which reveal the greatest sense of beauty, are by Miss L. Watt, although there is considerable merit and much promise in several by other artists. But taking the whole range of the faience, with the exception of the tile pictures, the most beautiful and most satisfactory work is to be seen in some paintings of mountain scenery, by Miss Esther Lewis. All technical difficulties appear to have been overcome, and the exact effects of colour, light and shade, sought by the artist, successfully obtained. The solemn grandeur and repose of the mountains seem to be intensely felt, and adequately rendered, while the contrast with them of the bridges or other buildings usually introduced in the foreground, gives just that touch of human interest without which no landscape, however beautiful, ever deeply affects us. A woodcut, taken from one of these works—a plaque about eighteen inches in diameter—is given among the accompanying illustrations (Fig. 3).

Some trace of the influence of Japanese art may be discovered in several plaques and vases decorated with representations of birds, grasses, and flowers (Figs. 1, 2 and 7). Much greater progress in this direction, however, has yet to be made before there can be said to be an approach to the perfect beauty, simplicity, and refinement of Japanese pottery painting. A large plaque, about three feet six inches in diameter, with a brilliant painting of a wild drake, about to drop among some rushes and other water-side plants, the work of Miss F. Lewis, was one of the most admired productions of its class in the display of pottery prepared by Messrs. Doulton for the Paris Exhibition. In the same collection, a pair of large vases were charmingly decorated by delicate paintings of leaves, blossoms, and fruits, in very pale yellow, with a greenish tinge over it, shading into grey, the ground being of an intensely dark blue. The rich and harmonious colouring

of these vases, their great size and perfect form, ought certainly to raise the reputation of our English potters. A pilgrim bottle (Fig. 7), about fourteen inches high, ornamented on each side with a bird and flowers on a bright yellow ground, the bird's plumage being of a reddish-brown and black, is one of the most showy specimens of the ware. Somewhat more sober in tone, but with effective contrasts in colour, is a vase with white flowers on a mottled brown ground. In some cases the colouring is natural and the arrangement conventional, in others both are conventional. A plaque, about sixteen inches in diameter, has flowers and grasses arranged naturally in the centre, a border about three inches deep being formed by the same plants arranged symmetrically.

Of all the methods of conventional floral decoration, however, the revival of old Persian is as yet the most successful (Figs. 4 and 5). The secret of the beauty and grace of this style has been found out by Miss Crawley, who has made it her special study, and who covers the surface of her plaques and vases with the thread-like stems and small leaves and flowers of twining plants of the most delicate form and colour imaginable. All the colours are good, the light blues and greens being particularly harmonious and beautiful.

Another revived method, but not yet developed to the same extent, is that of Indian ornament (Fig. 6). This, though it produces a rich and striking effect, and exhibits a deeper tone of colour, has not quite the freedom and grace of the Persian. The design is arranged evenly over the surface, covering it more completely than is usual in other styles of pottery decoration, and resembling in this respect the ornamentation seen in textile fabrics.

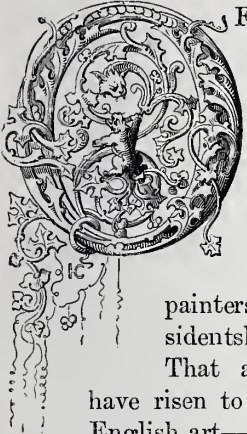
Many other modes of decoration have been studied and developed, and unceasing efforts are being made to increase the artistic value and beauty of the ware in every way. Judging by the progress made during the comparatively short time that this art work has been carried on here, we may confidently expect that these efforts will not be unsuccessful, and that the Lambeth faience is destined to hold a high place among the art productions of England.

W. H. EDWARDS.



## AMERICAN ARTISTS AND AMERICAN ART.—II.

BENJAMIN WEST, SECOND PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



Of all the American names famous in art that of Benjamin West stands out pre-eminently in this particular—that he alone, among painters of the New World, held the highest position possible among the painters of the Old—the Presidency of the Royal Academy. That an American should ever have risen to the throne, as it were, of English art—and a throne, too, that has only had eight occupants in all—is a sufficient testimony to the estimation in which his works were held by his contemporaries in England, and is a tribute to American painting which constitutes the strongest link in that chain of Anglo-American limners pleasantly uniting the art of the two peoples. If his works are no longer regarded on either side of the Atlantic with the enthusiasm they once evoked, his reputation is only paying the penalty consequent on its having been obtained at a time when the general artistic taste was progressive rather than perfect.

West was descended from the Lord Delaware who distinguished himself in the battle of Crecy, under the command of the Black Prince. His more immediate ancestor, Colonel James West, the companion in arms of John Hampden, embraced the tenets of Quakerism, and a few years later, in the days of the painter's grandfather, the family emigrated to America. About the birth and early life of Benjamin West there are, of course, the customary legends, with which we are familiar in the biographies of almost all our celebrities. At the time of his birth, in 1738, his mother had been greatly exercised by a stirring Quaker preacher, who, when the event was announced, prophesied that "the child would prove no ordinary man;" and there is a story about his

making a portrait of a little niece when he was only six years old, and about the satisfaction of his mother on the discovery of the juvenile delineation. As time went on, the boy's drawings attracted the attention of his neighbours, and he committed depredations on the hair of the family cat to provide himself with his first brushes. The arrival of a box containing paints, pencils, and canvases—a present from a relative—marked an era in the boyhood of West, the more so because, among the implements of the art, there were also some examples of it, in the shape of six engravings by Grevling; and these were the very first pictures, save his own, the young aspirant had ever seen. How he was enamoured of the gift, how he rose at dawn to make use of it, how his ordinary lessons were neglected, and how the vexation of his mother was turned into surprised delight when she saw his handiwork, it would take too long to relate. Nor can we linger at length over the story of the Quaker opposition raised against the boy's purpose of devoting himself to the fine arts, and how it was changed into approval; nor dwell upon those early studies at Philadelphia and at New York, where a Murillo and a Flemish picture were an education and a revelation to him. We hasten on to a date memorable in the life of West—July 10th, 1760, the day of his arrival in Rome, where he excited an amusing degree of curiosity. The ecclesiastics of the Pontifical court seem to have had vague notions as to America and the Americans. Even the cultivated and art-loving Cardinal Albani, to whom the young Quaker was presented, asked, being blind, whether West were white or black; and on being told that he was very fair, exclaimed, "What! as fair as I am?" to the mirth of the bystanders, who contrasted the swarthy face of his Eminence with a countenance as blonde as those of the little Britons who were the first of their race in Rome.

His *début* in the Eternal City abounds in anecdotes as piquant as the above. For instance, the principal Roman nobles and many of the strangers of distinction formed an escort to the young artist on his first visit to the galleries, promising themselves an instructive study of the effects of the "great antique" upon a young savage from the wilds. What follows gives brilliant proof of the discerning

"I have often seen the Indians," said West, "standing in that very attitude, and pursuing with an intense eye the arrow which they had just discharged from the bow." The point of the story, by the way, is somewhat blunted by the probability—discovered by modern criticism—that the Apollo is *not* in the act of shooting with the bow; nor, indeed, does the serene and radiant look of the face suggest to our mind



*Benj<sup>l</sup> West*

faculty, which, though untaught in the academies of Art, had been trained to good purpose in the academy of Nature. The first work exhibited to his eyes was the "Apollo Belvedere." Expecting some mysterious art in which he would feel himself uninitiated, and finding naturalistic truth, he exclaimed, startled, "My God, how like a young Mohawk!" Mystified at first, the Italians soon learnt from West what were the natural beauty, the fine bodily elasticity, the free and graceful movements of the Mohawks, and the apparently barbarous criticism was appreciated at its full value.

anything akin to the "intense eye" of the savage; and it is now generally acknowledged that the statue does not belong to the noblest time of antique art.

West's initiation into the treasures of Rome left him in the free exercise of his own judgment as to the merits of the old masters. He is said to have been, like other great critics easy to name, heterodox on the subject of Raphael, but only for a time. His small estimation of Michael Angelo, however, continued. It is characteristic of a man brought up in the then universal prosperity of Pennsylvania that





THE DEATH OF WOLFE.  
(From the Painting by Benjamin West, F.R.A.)



the works of the great painters did not move him so much as his first glimpse of the poverty and beggary of the Old World. He tells us that they "smote upon his heart," and that he was scarcely able to stand. Mengs, then the leading painter of the city, took a special interest in West, and gave him advice which was followed with conscientious care. Mr. Robinson, afterwards Lord Grantham, was his friend and companion, and his sponsor in Roman society while he needed one, but an excitement of the nerves, not difficult to realise, cut short his residence. He travelled, but was crippled and weakened by illness, and it was then that Philadelphia, hearing of the artistic talents and progress of her distant son, sent him the generous monetary aid, for the want of which genius has so often languished. After his Roman studies, the great school of Florence came under his notice, then that of Bologna, and, later on, the secrets of Venetian colour were the object of his researches, as they have been of those of generation after generation of artists.

West returned to Rome and painted a "Cimon and Iphigenia," and an "Angelica and Modero," after which he travelled slowly to England, in 1763, pausing particularly in Paris, where French art failed to impress him greatly. In England thenceforward he lived, and in England he died. His life was a brilliant one. The court and society welcomed him no less warmly than did the art-loving world of Rome. Artistically speaking, he came among great contemporaries. Reynolds became his friend. Garrick and Goldsmith, Johnson and Burke were known to him. A curious incident is related of his first introduction to the great orator. West's observant artist's eye was surprised by the striking resemblance between Burke and a far-off face which lived in his memory—that of the chief of the Benedictine monks at Parma. And, in fact, the monk and the orator were brothers.

In 1765 Dr. Newton, Bishop of Bristol, gave West a commission for the "Parting of Hector and Andromache;" also for a portrait. The Bishop of Worcester, Dr. Johnson, engaged him to paint the "Return of the Prodigal," and Lord Rockingham offered to retain the artist, at a salary of £700 per annum, for the

execution of historical pictures. West, however, preferred seeking freely the suffrages of the public to working for a single patron, and declined the proposal. In the same year his father escorted to England the old love who had been left behind in Pennsylvania, and the young couple were married.

Archbishop Drummond proved a generous and judicious friend to the painter; not only did he engage him to execute a picture "Agrippina Landing with the Ashes of Germanicus," but he did all in his power, though unsuccessfully, to rescue West from the "drudgery of portrait-painting," and to enable him to devote himself to history.

In 1766, the plan in which West and Reynolds joined, of decorating gratuitously with their pictures the interior of St. Paul's, was perforce abandoned, owing to the peculiar views of Dr. Terriek, the Bishop. Henceforth, however, West's works, sacred and secular, became too numerous to be mentioned here. It was Archbishop Drummond who procured for the artist an introduction to George III., and a most friendly reception, upon which ensued the first of an immense number of royal commissions, comprising orders for the decoration by painting of the Chapel at Windsor, of the state rooms in the Castle, and of the Queen's Lodge, and for twenty-one easel pictures. The institution of the Royal Academy is said to have been first planned in West's conversations with the king. At the first exhibition of this historical society was shown West's "Regulus," and at about the same time the artist's principal *chef-d'œuvre*—the "Death of Wolfe"—was painted. This picture, which we engrave, was the first which gave realistic costume, instead of the conventional antique garments, to modern personages; and the innovation caused much controversy.

On the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in 1791, West was elected the second President of the Royal Academy. At the Peace of Amiens, he, like all the world, visited Paris, then enriched with the artistic spoils of subjugated nations. His friendly relations with the French statesmen are said to have given offence at the English court; however this may be, he was on his return to England deposed from the



presidential chair, to which Wyatt, the royal architect and an obscure artist, was temporarily elevated. West's favour with the king decreased, and the pictures in progress at Windsor were suspended, probably without the knowledge of George III., whose mind was then affected.

In 1802, “Christ Healing the Sick” was painted. As it had been originally destined for

a hospital in Philadelphia, West only consented to receive three thousand pounds for it from the British Institution on condition that he might make a replica for America; and the gift founded the fortunes of a magnificent hospital. In the year 1803, West was re-appointed President; in 1817, he lost his wife—a blow from which he never recovered; and in 1820, he closed a long career of honourable labour.

“ TUSSORE.”

THE WILD SILKS AND NATIVE DYES OF INDIA.



VERY unpretending, at the same time very practical, exhibit in the Indian section of the Paris International Exhibition, 1878, is deserving of special notice in the interests of the future of certain phases of decorative and industrial art. Within the last few years attention has been directed to the special character of the silk produced by the tasar, tusser, or tussore worm, and its application to the manufacture of a certain class of fabrics for the European market, or rather its adaptation to European processes of silk manufacture.

This “tussore” silk is a wild silk, the food of the worms being of a very varied kind, and instead of being entirely dependent upon the mulberry tree, the leaves of a considerable variety of plants are available. The silk, according to a statement made by Mr. Thomas Wardle, F.C.S., a member of the jury, class 34 (silk and silk fabrics), in a monograph recently printed on the “Wild Silk Industry of India,” &c., “is found from the north-west range of the Himalaya, south as far as Midnapore, in Bengal, and through the north-east range to Assam, and southward to Chittagong, and probably further. It is found also in the presidencies of Bombay and Madras. It is also abundant in Bhagulpoore, in Bengal. It abounds chiefly in the eastern districts of Chattisgarh, namely, Raipur, Bilaspur, and Sambulpur, in the Chanda district of the Nagpore provinces, and the Leone district.”

This evidences a very extensive field of

supply, the practical value of the material being proved, as it certainly is, in a remarkable degree in the illustrations we propose to call attention to, in their application to decorative manufactures in silk.

The most important lesson in decorative art, given in 1851 to the designers and manufacturers of Europe, came from India. The fabrics of silk and gold tissues exhibited on that occasion were a revelation to Western minds, and have influenced every sphere of textile design during the last quarter of a century, yet in spite of the lesson and the facts realised in the fabrics of India, the weavers of the West have never done more than make a mechanical approach to the wonderful treasury of colour, and, so to speak, the repose of tint invariably found in the native products of Cashmere and other famous localities. Endless experiments in dyeing have been made, and the combinations of colour carefully studied, and followed almost thread by thread, yet the subtle harmony of the native designer and weaver has never been attained. All seemed simple enough, and yet the secret, which, after all, was on the face of the result, could not be penetrated.

Now the advent of this “tussore” silk, and in conjunction with it the native dye-stuffs of India, appear to reveal the whole matter, and the various illustrations exhibited in the collection under consideration, all go to prove that it is in the use of native silk in combination with the native dyes, with, of course, an artistic, almost an instinctive, perception of the true harmony of colour, and the relation of one tint to another, that has made the

coloured fabrics of India at once the wonder and envy of Western weavers.

Small as the collection really is, it covers practically all the ground needful to a full exposition of the importance of the silk as a filament, and the dye-stuffs as a means of imparting colour. The exhibit has been arranged by Mr. Thomas Wardle (from whose monograph on the subject we have already quoted), of the firm of Messrs. Wardle and Sons, of Leek, Staffordshire, to whom the commissioners for India entrusted the experiments in the dyeing, &c., and they appear to have gone into the question *con amore*, judging by the results and the practical information conveyed in the monographs on the silks, dye-stuffs, and tannin matters of India, by Mr. T. Wardle.

The dyed skeins of silk show a remarkable beauty of tint, soft and subdued, as compared with the vivid colours of the ordinary mulberry silks. When brought together, even in contrast, the colours seem to glide into each other and blend together, yet there is no lack of true brilliancy: it is simply glare and violence of tone which is absent.

In the printed and dyed examples of fabrics, the same quality is seen. In short, to use a painter's phrase, everything is the result of a well-ordered palette, with which the artist goes on with his work by a species of intuition. Thus violent contrasts, and sudden fantasies of colour are avoided, in fact, become almost impossible; unless the designer, or weaver, goes out of his way to produce them.

It must be at once evident that with artistic materials like these, alike for printing fabrics and dyeing thread, or yarn, for weaving, the future of the decorations of our silk fabrics will be very different from the past, and that

with an abundance of comparatively cheap material, like this "tussore," and other wild silks of the East, a material which can be unwound from the cocoon, woven and spun, when the worms receive proper culture and attention, or which can be spun like cotton when the cocoons have been rendered unwindable by neglect and other causes incidental to the growth of wild silk, a very wide field of art industry will be opened.

We have said nothing about the quality of this "tussore" silk, because this is a technical rather than an artistic matter. It is stated, however, that its wearing qualities are very great, and that plain fabric woven from the yarn spun by the hand, like cotton, and woven into a garment, will last an ordinary life-time. This would go to prove of what value such a fabric must be for decorative hangings of all kinds.

One quality, however, of this silk must not be overlooked, because it probably has much to do with the remarkable homogeneous character of the tints, however varied, when the thread is dyed. The natural colour of the silk when wound off the cocoon is greyish drab, or a cool fawn tint, very pleasing in itself, and no doubt the undyed fabrics when made up have a very satisfactory appearance. The natural tint must no doubt influence that which results from the dyeing, and subdues the colour without interfering with its purity and true brightness.

It is satisfactory to know that the interesting series of illustrations, as exhibited at Paris, will be permanently placed in the Bethnal Green Branch Museum with the collection of silks, &c., as the commissioners for India have presented the whole to the South Kensington Museum. GEORGE WALLIS.

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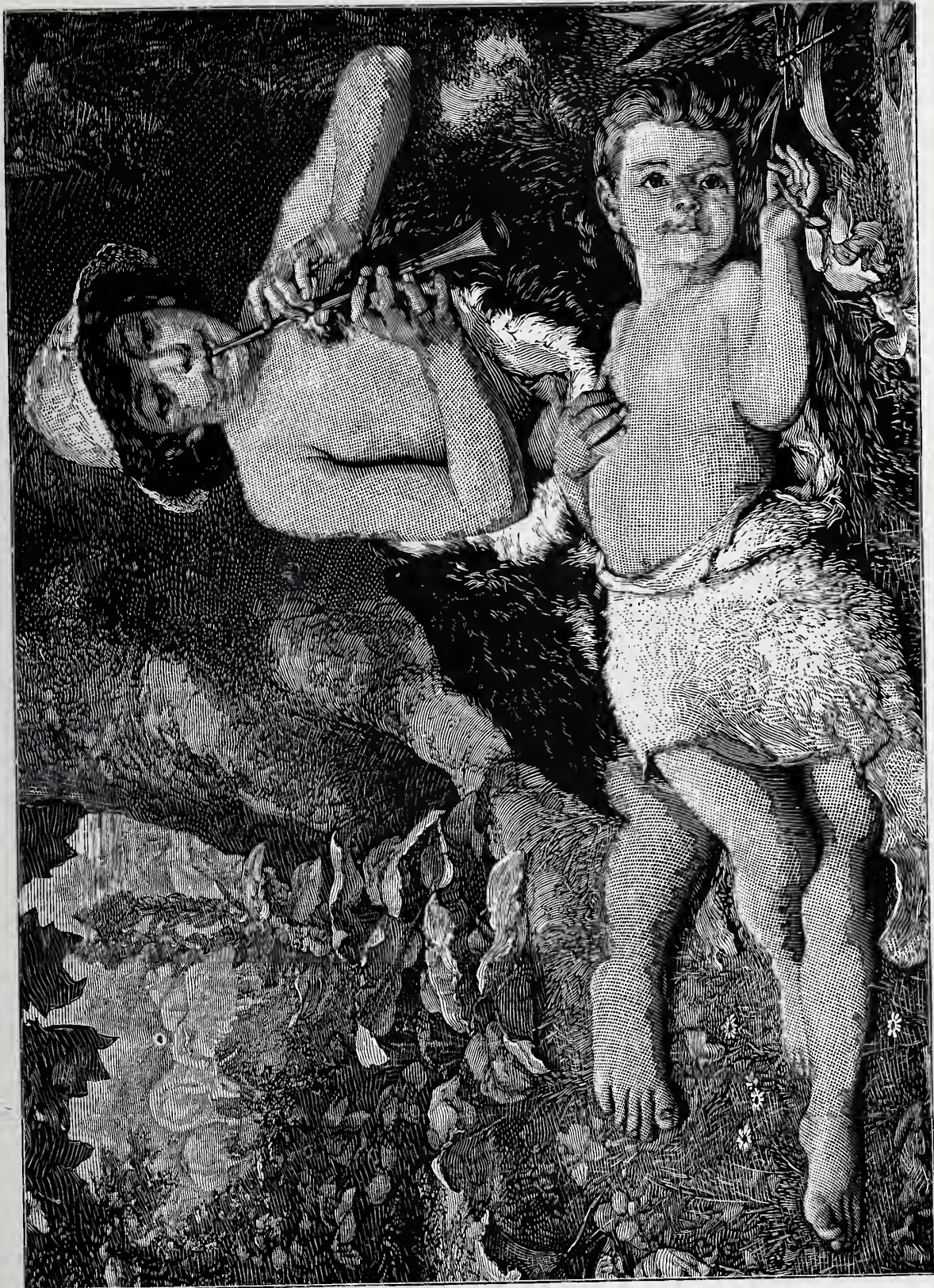
#### "AN IDYLL."

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THE idyllic is as much in fashion with us in this generation as it was with our great grandfathers in the early part of the last century; with them the taste was a more or less graceful conventionality, with us there is more

of sincere search after nature and happiness. Especially in painting does the fashion prevail; and the "Pastoral" has become a commonplace in the catalogues of our galleries, as the "Idyll" has done in those of the French





AN IDYLL. (By Oscar Mathieu.)



exhibitions. Oscar M. Mathieu, who has painted the charming picture which we engrave, has certainly chosen as sweet a scene of shepherd life as heart could wish. The period is probably the Golden Age, the scene some Arcadia of the fancy; while the sheep are browsing in the sun, a shepherd boy and his little sister have found a thick shade of trees, carpeted with eool leaves, with a brook running by. He plays to her on his pastoral pipe; she lies with an absent, happy expression in her childish eyes, toying with the fleur-de-lys. The study of infantine forms in the nude is much practised by French

artists; nothing is more difficult than to preserve power of drawing and modelling among all those rounded *contours*. The faces are very successful in their joyousness of expression and beauty of type; the elder child, especially, has the large eyes set far apart, which give the distinctive character to the faces of the peasantry among the villages on the Riviera. The accessories—trees, foliage, and flowers—are painted with a broad, yet careful touch. The picture was exhibited in the *Salon*, where it pleased very greatly, both by its execution and its sentiment.

## NOOKS AND CORNERS OF THE DEVONSHIRE COAST.

### DARTMOUTH AND THE DART.



WE had run down from Portland during the night with a light leading wind, and at sunrise found ourselves about two miles off the beautiful harbour of Dartmouth.

I had never seen this gem of the coast of Devon under an aspect more peculiarly calculated to awaken the enthusiasm of the artist. The breeze had dropped almost entirely. With the exception of a light puff—a mere cat's-paw—which now and then lifted noiselessly the yacht's sails, we were at the mercy of the tide, which, however, was setting in the right direction. The rugged Tors of Dartmoor—the first objects seen on approaching this coast—had sunk behind the precipitous cliffs which flanked the harbour's mouth, now right before us. Dimly shrouded by a low line of gauze-like mist which hung across the river's mouth, the town lay sleeping at the foot of the steep slope of Crowder's Hill. The surface of the sea was just stirred by some long low undulations, which could hardly be termed a ground swell, otherwise it was what Tennyson calls "oily calm," and reflected in lustrous hues the sunlight which was now breaking in bars of crimson through the low clouds away to the eastward. Where the regular undulations of

the surface sloped at an angle away from the sun, the rich tints were replaced by that cool, delicious grey which seems to come only at early morning, and has in it something which not only charms the eye, but in some indefinite way refreshes the inner spirit as well with its promise of re-awakening life and beauty.

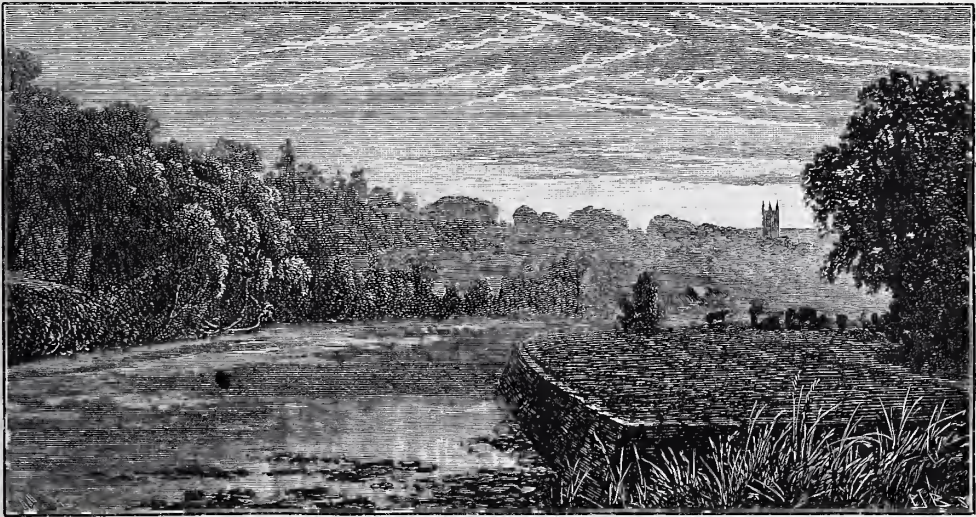
The flowing tide brought a light breeze with it as we entered the narrows near the harbour, and before long we were between the castle of Kingsweare on the one hand and Dartmouth Castle with the old church of St. Petrox (forming one block of buildings), on the other. That peculiar feature of the South Devon coast—the verdure-clad cliffs—was here seen in all its beauty. Green slopes mingled with rocks and luxuriant growths of wild flowers, ran down even to the pebbly beach, while on the right the wooded slopes of Brook Hill—whilom the residence of the Holdsworths—dipped their foliage into the flood itself.

Interesting associations are connected with Brook Hill. From a rock at the bottom of the grounds, the chain which in olden days guarded the mouth of the harbour, was stretched across to the old castle opposite. In these days of horrible torpedoes and iron rams, one almost longs for the time to come back when so innocent an expedient was considered a sufficient protection for this renowned little harbour, whence a gallant fleet sailed away to join



Drake and Hawkins against the great Armada. Arthur Holdsworth, sometime governor of Dartmouth Castle, was the last member of the family who dwelt at Brook Hill. He was a friend of Brockedon, who has left us a record of his artistic skill in the altar-piece in Dartmouth Church, and of his literary ability, combined with a knowledge of landscape art, in his elaborate volumes on Alpine scenery. Governor Holdsworth was an active member of Parliament, representing Dartmouth for many years. He was also an archæologist, and had gathered around him at Brook Hill many

the remains of an old rood-loft in the church of St. Saviour's, and the screen in the same church is renowned throughout the country. The former vicar, the Rev. John Tracey, once told me that when he first came to the parish the screen was whitewashed, and its hidden beauties entirely unsuspected. Rubbing off a portion of the whitewash one day with his finger, he came upon a bit of gilding; whereupon he instituted a general scrubbing, and eventually brought out the entire screen in all its pristine splendour of crimson and green and gold. Another relic of the remote past is the



ON THE DART—EVENING.

curious relics of antiquity, the most interesting of which, perhaps, was the carved mantel-piece, taken from the old house at Ridgeway, beside which, it is said, Sir Walter Raleigh smoked the first pipe of tobacco in England—Ridgeway being then the residence of his connections the Gilberts.

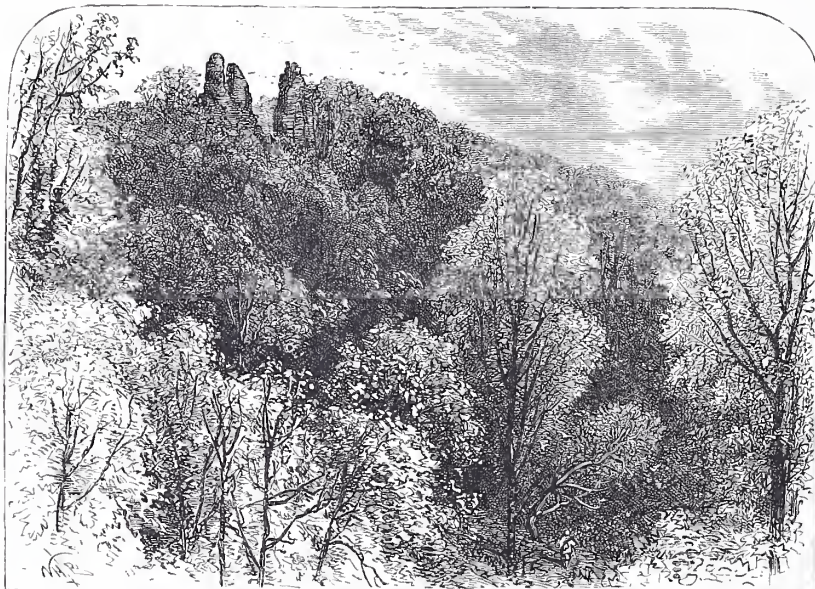
Dartmouth is a rare place for the archæologist as well as the artist. Perhaps I should rather say *was*; for, with the exception of the old Butter Walk, there are but few of the picturesque gabled houses now left. Some years since the Town Council thought fit to pull down whole rows of them, before they were in a position to rebuild, so that the centre of the town is now a howling wilderness. There is still much to interest, however. There are

curfew which "tolls the knell of parting day" from the tower of St. Saviour's every evening at eight o'clock.

Of late years the *Britannia* training ship has been stationed at Dartmouth, having its moorings just above the town, beyond what is called the "Floating Bridge," a ferry worked by chains, which crosses the river on the route to Torquay. Above the *Britannia*, again, on the right, is the steep slope of Long Wood, running up at an abrupt angle to the height of three or four hundred feet. Here I was once witness of a most singular effect; so singular, indeed, that I have never even heard of a similar phenomenon. I had been cruising about the Dart in a small open boat with a lug-sail. The wind had, however, died entirely away, and without

troubling myself to take down the sail, I was lolling idly in the stern of the boat, allowing myself to drift on with the flowing tide. The sun was high up in the heavens on my left, the steep slope of Long Wood, with its even

procured a small looking-glass to represent the glassy surface of the river, and upon this I placed a small paper boat with a sail. I then placed the glass horizontally against the plain wall of a room, and held a



BERRY POMEROY CASTLE.

surface of summer foliage, was on my right; the water was perfectly calm, and the sun was consequently reflected with an almost unbroken image. Suddenly I became conscious of the shadow of *two* boats, one upright, the other inverted—or, in other words, keel to keel—gliding along the bank at an elevation of about twenty feet above the water. Boat, sail, and my own shadow in the stern-sheets, were distinctly visible, and the shadow moved as I moved. It was, to say the least, startling. I, however, immediately saw that the reflected sun in the water was sufficiently powerful to cast a shadow of the boat up on to the bank; but how was the inverted shadow caused? This puzzled me exceedingly. Some sages to whom I have described the phenomenon have immediately exclaimed, “Ah, the shadow of the reflection!” as if a reflection could cast a shadow. Being at the moment quite at a loss to account for it, I reduced my experience to the test of experiment the same evening, and, happily, with signal success. I

lighted candle opposite the wall at an angle of about  $45^{\circ}$  above the glass, the candle representing the sun, and the wall the slope of Long Wood. Instantly I got my effect of the double boat on the wall, and even more distinctly than I had seen it by day. I now discovered that the second, or inverted shadow, was caused in the following way. The sail of the real boat of course cast a shadow on to the surface of the water, or, to speak more correctly, it prevented the direct rays of the sun from reaching the surface in that particular spot. From this portion of the water, therefore, no rays were reflected up on to the bank, while all the rest of the bank was illuminated by the *double* sunlight; hence the second shadow. Anyone can reproduce the effect in the manner I have described, and by simply placing the finger on different parts of the glass, to intercept the rays from the candle, can at once confirm my solution.

About a mile above the spot where I



witnessed this peculiar effect, lies the village of Dittisham, renowned for its cockles and its plums. If the lover of the picturesque can manage to visit this spot when the multitudinous plum-trees are in blossom, he will be enchanted with the aspect they present, rising, as they do, on the steep slope of the hills at the back of the village like a faintly tinted snow scene. Those who have time to loiter about this locality should ascend to the high plateau called Fire Beacon, which lies above Lord's Wood, to the south of Dittisham. From this point the view is magnificent. Immediately below is the village with its plum orchards and white cottages, close upon the border of the river, which here opens out into a broad reach like an inland lake, stretching across as far as the rocks and woods of Watton Court and the village of Galmpton. Far beyond this, however, the eye roams over the neck of land which lies between the Dart and Torbay. Beyond the bay, again, the white houses of Torquay itself are seen, and still further away another stretch of sea, until the view is bounded by Exmouth, the estuary of the Exe, and the coast-line trending away towards Portland, which is sometimes visible.

There is no point of view in all the district finer than this for panoramic effect, for the river can also be traced away to the north-west for many a mile, until it seems to melt into the grey slopes of the Dartmoor range, where the cloud shadows may be seen

flitting over the granite-crowned heights of Haytor and Rippon Tor.

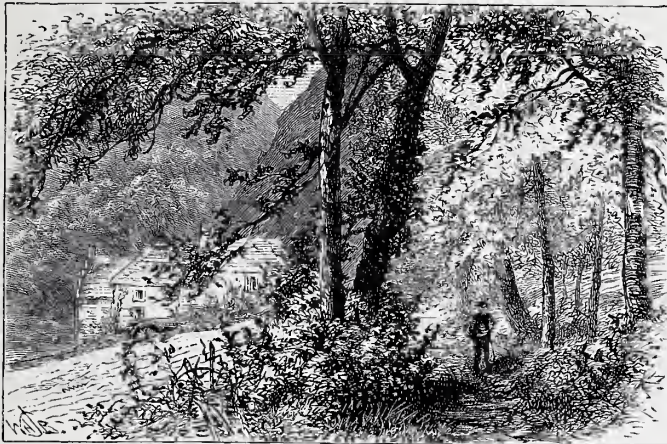
As the object I have in view is to present the Dart more in its artistic than its topographical aspect, we may take a leap of some three miles from Fire Beacon, and alight at

the exquisite woods of Sharpham, higher up the river, where it narrows again to a width of some fifty yards. These woods of Sharpham present an exquisite amphitheatre of over-arching trees, which rise in masses of foliage from the bosom of the water to the height of several hundred feet. At high tide the graceful boughs lave in the water itself, and the tide-marks may be seen on the stems of the trees—so closely do they border the flood. There is an abrupt and awkward bend in the river here, far more appreciated by the artist than by those who navigate the small steamer that plies between Totnes and Dartmouth, for at certain times of the tide careful steering is imperative. There is ample employment for the pencil at every bend of the river between Sharpham and Totnes, and the first view of Totnes itself—especially if seen at evening—is very striking. At that time the tower of the church comes up in clear relief against the evening sky, and its shadow shimmers down into the depths of the river below. To the left some portions of the Sharpham Woods still form a framework for the distance, while to the right are flat green pastures, where the red cattle browse, and send out their fragrant

breath on the still evening air.

It seems to be wandering far from one's subject to describe Totnes in connection with "Nooks and Corners of the Devonshire coast," but as the tide flows up to this old town, we may in this manner consider it in connection with

the coast. There is not much to interest one in the town itself. There are some fine old ruins of a castle, supposed to have been built by Judhael de Totnes, about 1085, and there is the race-course bordering the river, where the most popular steeplechase of this district is held in the autumn.



A LANE BELOW BERRY POMEROY CASTLE.

Beyond all dispute, however, the most interesting spot in the vicinity of Totnes is Berry Pomeroy Castle, distant about two miles. For splendour of autumn tints, the sloping woods that surround this most picturesque ruin are quite unrivalled. I have never seen anything to equal them except the woods which border the Meuse, between Namur and Dinant. The ruin itself rises from an abrupt rocky bluff

Holne Chase, it presents a succession of scenes of beauty, which an artist might well travel far to see. Beyond Holne Chase its course, ever varied and beautiful, lies amid the rocks and morasses of Dartmoor, until, in the far off desolate pool of Cranmere, it finds its source.

The Dart has over and over again been compared to the Rhine—indeed, in its own district it is called the “English Rhine.”



TOTNES, FROM THE RIVER.

in the midst of these magnificent beech woods. There is an old tradition that Henri de Pomeroy, who had espoused the cause of the usurper John, when summoned to surrender, rather than do so, rode his horse over the precipice, upon the summit of which the castle stands, and was dashed to pieces on the rocks below. The ruins are clothed in a rich mantle of ivy, and form a most picturesque object from a point in the valley below, where the little stream flows by a stile, and breaks away from the wood into the open meadows.

The Dart is only navigable to Totnes. Above this it becomes a rocky stream, a favourite haunt of the fisherman, and still further towards its source, where it flows through the renowned

There is no possible ground of comparison. The Dart has a soft peculiar beauty of its own. It has no precipitous rocky bluffs, no vine-clad slopes, and above all, except at the entrance, it has no castles. The comparison reminds me of a story I once heard of the late Bishop of Exeter. The view from his beautiful residence, Bishopstowe, overlooked the romantic inlet of Anstey's Cove. A lady was one day looking at the view from the windows at Bishopstowe. “Dear me!” she said, “how very lovely. It is like Switzerland.”

“Yes,” responded the bishop with his accustomed courtesy; “only this has no mountains, and Switzerland has no sea.”

SYDNEY HODGES.









THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE; OR, "IT MIGHT BE DONE, AND ENGLAND OUGHT TO DO IT."

(From the *Painting* by J. E. Millais, R.A. By kind permission of Mr. Carl F. H. Bolekow of Marlon Hall.)

(See pages 33 & 35.)



“THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE: ‘IT MIGHT BE DONE,  
AND ENGLAND OUGHT TO DO IT.’”

THIS is one of the largest and noblest portrait-compositions executed by Mr. Millais, and in the opinion of many judges the finest work he has painted for some time. The subject treated is the quiet old age of a weather-beaten sailor who has come to anchorage in some little English sea-port. Memories of the sea surround him—an old engraving of Nelson hangs close to his easy chair, the flag droops at the corner, and his window looks out on a free expanse of sea. Youth and the spring are present with him also; daffodils

are on the table among his sailor’s gear—the map, the telescope, the brandy and water (a marvellous piece of painting, by the way)—placed there by the hands of a young girl who sits at his feet and reads to him the records of Franklin or Ross, or some other explorer who went in search of the North-West Passage—the way supposed to be practicable between the two worlds through the Arctic floes. The narrative of enterprise and valour stirs the sailor’s heart, and he utters the memorable words, “It might be done, and England ought to do it.”

PICTURES AT THE MIDLAND COUNTIES FINE ART EXHIBITION,  
NOTTINGHAM.

AS a collection of the art treasures of this kingdom, there has, probably, been nothing of equal importance to this Exhibition since that at Manchester in 1857.

The well-known and oft-exhibited works of Rembrandt, Rubens, and Guido, Canaletto, Claude, Murillo, Teniers, Cuypp, Titian, Lely, Vanduyck, Reynolds, and Gainsborough, which occupy one of the stair-cases and part of the principal gallery, we must pass thus briefly, for a closer inspection of modern art.

One living and two deceased painters—H. Clarence Whaite, E. J. Niemann, and H. Dawson—have each a room allotted to their works. And high honour though this may at first appear, it is one which to many a well-known name would be anything but an unmixed good, and would in some cases be perfectly disastrous. There is, perhaps, no more crucial test of power than the placing of a large number of one

man’s works in competition with each other—it is a trial which to the trickster, the unfortunate colourist, the mannerist, and the tautologist in art would be fatal. Only few men, of rare force and creative power, may essay this pathway to an extended fame. Such men are

the trio whom this exhibition delights to honour.

We come first of all to the works of Henry Dawson. The largest painting here is, “The Houses of Parliament.” It is of fine quality. In the foreground runs the Thames, with its crowds of busy craft, taking in or discharging cargo; in the distance loom the towers of the seat of British legis-

lation; and hard by, suffused with almost blinding sunlight, is that great mausoleum of valour and intellect, Westminster Abbey. “The Rainbow” (see page 56) is a very bright and sparkling picture. A river view, with sombre, showery-looking sky, across which is stretched a rainbow; some cattle stand in

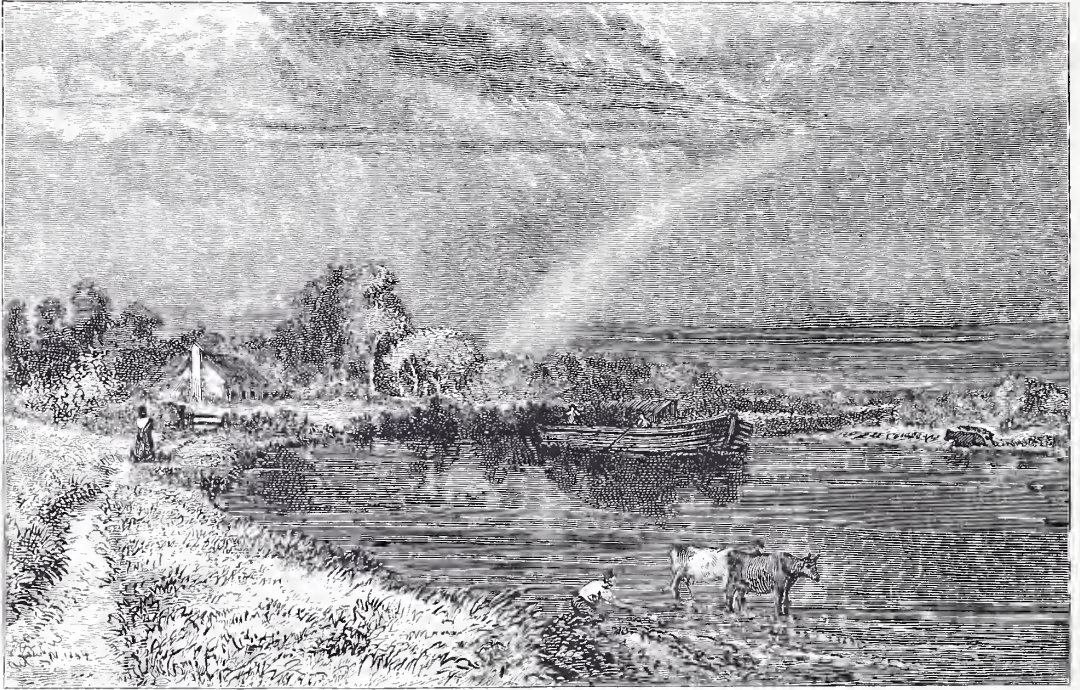


READING THE BIBLE.  
(From the Painting by T. Faed, R.A.)

the water in the foreground. This charming work is the property of Mr. Horace Woodward. "A Landscape in the Dukeries" is remarkable for its breadth, masterly handling, forcible yet harmonious colour, and true poetic feeling; it is one of Mr. Dawson's finest works. The scene is a pastoral one: to the right hand are several colossal Sherwood trees, touched with great spirit; in the foreground, a herd of cattle, put in with a masterly hand. On the left, a spire

coming ashore. Very brilliant sunset effect through the masts and rigging. "Durham," "St. Paul's," "The Custom House," and many other canvases upon which we could dwell, go to make up a collection of Mr. Dawson's works which cannot but extend his already wide reputation.

Coming to the Niemann Room, and looking around us upon other canvases which glow with "the touch of a vanished hand," we are im-



THE RAINBOW.

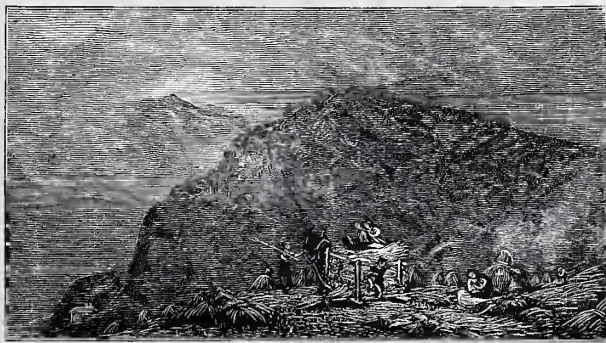
(From the Painting by the late Henry Dawson.)

rises from a cluster of distant trees. This vigorous picture was painted in 1850. "An Old Cromwellian," a picture of a man in the dress of that period, is really the likeness of an old personal friend; it is a rare gem, and from the energy it contains it might be mistaken for a Rembrandt. Great was our dismay on finding it utterly skied. "The Keeper's Pool," is a lurid effect of sunset in a piece of water, the foliage being charmingly reflected in the pool: a very daring and successful essay in colour. "British Bulwarks" is large and fine. In a river lie several men-of-war, from the nearest of which a score of Jack Tars are

pressed with the versatile genius of the man. Here are rare combinations of skill, variety without discord, harmony without dullness, and strength without violence. "Deer Stalking in the Highlands" is of colossal size. Two sportsmen are cautiously preparing to take aim at a herd of half-suspecting deer, which stand amid huge rocks, shut in by cloud-draped mountains. This work is sufficient in itself to form the basis of a reputation. "Trampers Crossing a Moss:" the moor lying in an almost straight line across the canvas in the subdued light of an autumn evening, is in admirable perspective. The lowly forms of the



trampers, as they trudge over the broken ground, are very picturesque, and in colour most effective. "The Wreck:" noticeable, not so much for the foundering ship in mid-distance, as for the terrific aspect of sea and sky, which have wrought this mad ruin. The elements are surcharged with an angry violence. The giant wave which rolls towards the spectator, in the foreground, is very powerfully rendered. "A Westerly Gale off Dover"—a perfect gem of purity—glitters like a pearl amid its more sober surroundings. Shakespeare Cliff, sun-bathed, gleams in the mid-distance. A heavy wind and rain storm is clearing off, and the fitful sunshine is coquetting with the watery atmosphere. A craft in the far distance running with the breeze, a huge fragment of wreckage tossed by the waves, a train fighting its way along the marine railway, through a perfect storm of spray, and a few gulls, on the wing, impart a thrilling sense of movement to the scene. In "Scarborough: The Evening Hour"



WHEAT HARVEST IN THE MOUNTAINS.  
(From the Painting by H. Clarence Whaite.)

the feeling of a marine sunset is well conveyed. Over the Castle rock and the quay is flung a sense of dreamy quiet, which is not unpleasantly broken by a group of fishermen who drag their nets to a boat in preparation for an evening's toil. "Richmond Force: Twilight"—a rather dark painting, and probably somewhat difficult to hang so as to bring out its fine qualities to the hasty observer—is yet teeming with true art-feeling. Nothing in the gallery is wealthier in this respect. A lingering sunset-gleam flings itself over the hill brow, lighting up the foam of the river as it runs brawling over the breakwater.

One of the brightest spots in the exhibition is the room devoted to Mr. Clarence Whaite's pictures. The twenty works which it contains are ample evidence of Mr. Whaite's keen appreciation and mastery of colour. And though

most of these canvases are transcripts of actual scenes, no natural insipidity, nor man-made ugliness is allowed to blot the fair and beautiful landscapes here depicted. Some will say of one or two of these paintings, "I never saw colour like that in nature." Quite true. Many of these works are not servile nature-copies, they are inspirations, under which the canvas glows, with "the light that never was on sea or land, the consecration and the poet's dream." Mr. Whaite shows clearly here that he has the power to elevate the subjects of his pencil, and to imbue the commonest objects with so much loveliness that they are transfigured; making the artist a poet, and his picture a psalm of life, touched with infinite sweetness. "Christian's Dream," and "Ancient Britons Surprised by Roman Soldiers," manifest great power. "He watereth the Hills from Above," and "Wheat Harvest in the Mountains"—which latter we engrave—are splendid works, showing, in one case, exceptional power of

colour. Our engraving is from the picture which was the property of the late Mayor, Mr. W. G. Ward.

"The Rainbow" is a grand mountain view, intersected by a stream, which for miles runs glittering over its rocky bed; in the foreground are three beautiful peasant children, with a pet lamb, and a dog. The rainbow, which stretches its luminous arch across the scene, may well give the picture its title, so ably and faithfully has the artist rendered that phenomenon. "The Coming Storm:" trees borne down by wind, gulls swinging to and fro, the fast-travelling clouds, and the shepherd holding on his cap as he drives the half-scared flock, all fulfil the title of this powerful picture. "A Leaf from Nature's Book" is a rare combination of breadth and microscopic finish: fine in colour. "The Young



Shepherd" is in many respects the finest work in the gallery. It would be difficult, however ample the material or romantic the spot, to produce in landscape art a fairer scene than Mr. Whaite has placed before us in this charming glade.

"Enid and Geraint at the Castle of Limours" is as chaste and beautiful as the poem from which the scene is derived. In the left-hand portion of the picture, within an avenue, halts the small mounted party—the grouping of

which impress us greatly, as the works of a man who has probably before him a great future. "His Highness in Disgrace" has no equal in the gallery for brilliant colour. "Charles I. leaving Westminster Hall"—which we engrave—is a picture with a great and subtle mastery of motives. The pale, dejected face, the sad, half-crushed dignity with which the king comes forth, followed by the Cromwellian guard; the motley group which crowds around him as he walks, the mock homage, the loudly-spoken



CHARLES I. LEAVING WESTMINSTER HALL.

(From the Painting by Laslett J. Pott.)

which is excellent, and with a fine classic feeling, which well becomes the theme.

"Reading the Bible"—of which we give a small engraving (page 55)—one of the finest works in the building, is by Mr. Thomas Faed. It represents a working man's home at the devotional hour: the biggest boy of the house is reading from the family Bible, and, judging by the satisfied, complacent faces of the father and grandmother, he is doing it well. The whole scene has imparted to it an air of solemn quiet. This picture belongs to Mr. G. B. Davy.

Mr. Laslett J. Pott is here in considerable strength, being represented by six pictures,

snear; even a common soldier shakes his fist at his fallen lord, and a ragged costermonger puts his hand aside his mouth and howls coarse ribaldry into his ears. One or two refined figures, with tearful, unspoken sympathy, relieve the monotony of vulgar scorn. All this, and much more, is here told, with that marvellous power by which, sometimes, the eloquence of the painter is greater than that of the historian. This powerful work is the property of Mr. C. J. Lambert. "The Coming Shower," by J. W. Oakes, is a most artistic canvas. Across the moor a shepherd drives his flock, the fitful character of the weather, and the rapidly approaching storm, being very powerfully



depicted. In "From Darkness into Light," Josef Israels describes the simple burial of a peasant, who is being carried in a rude coffin, amid great grief, to his last resting-place. In point of pathos, this is the greatest work here. WILLIAM G. BEARDMORE.

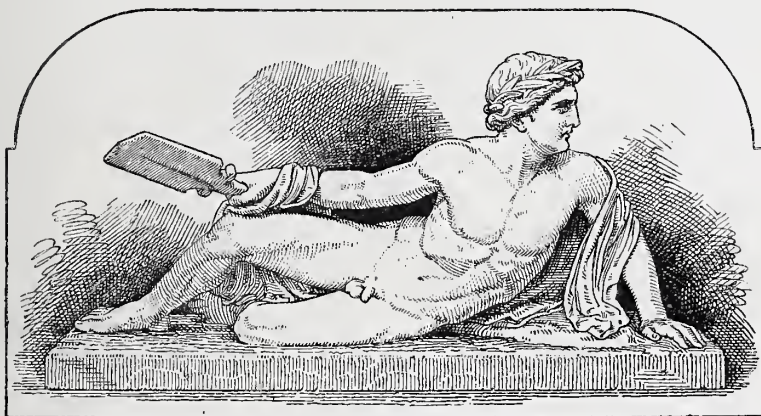
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THE ROYAL ACADEMY SCHOOLS.

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IN these days everybody draws. The amusement of the nursery becomes the accomplishment of the school-room, and, in thousands of cases, the professional occupation of later life. In thousands of other cases, where the natural talent turns unmistakably towards art, it is never cultivated, because practical difficulties lie in the way, and there is ignorance as to the means by which these

statue, may be either eight or eighty. Whatever his age, he states it when forwarding this specimen drawing, which is also accompanied by a testimony to its genuineness from "a person of known respectability." If it come up to the qualifying standard, and the number of students be not complete, the candidate is admitted to the Schools as a probationer for three months, during which period he must



ULYSSES.

(By A. G. Atkinson.)

difficulties are to be overcome. For the benefit, therefore, both of those who mean to make art their profession, and of those who would like to do so if they knew how to set about it, we give a short account of the Royal Academy Schools.

Entrance to these schools is an easy matter; no qualifications of wealth, social position, or general learning are called for, and there are none of the provoking limitations of age which hedge in the examinations preliminarily necessary to so many of the professions. The applicant—who writes to Burlington House for information as to how he must proceed in order to obtain admission to the Schools, and who is told, in reply, to send in a drawing of given dimensions, say two feet high, from an antique

make a drawing of a statue, and anatomical studies of the same figure, showing the position of the bones and muscles; and if these prove satisfactory, the probationer becomes a student, entitled to make use of the Schools for seven years. He goes into the antique room first of all, and stays there until he can draw figures and limbs well enough and rapidly enough to pass into the preliminary painting room, there to work at drapery and still life, to paint a bust in monochrome, to copy a picture, and, most important of all, to make drawings of the nude from the life. Simultaneously with the study in the preliminary school he attends the famous night school, and draws from the nude. These five studies are sent up, and if they pass, the student devotes his day to the life-school, where

male and female students draw together from the draped figure, and separately from the nude. Whether the entire separation of the sexes would not be conducive to the best interests of those who really desire to work, and not merely to amuse themselves, is a question which, sooner or later, is likely to be raised. Gold medals and a travelling studentship for historical painting and sculpture are only awarded biennially; but a stimulus to exertion is every year held out to the students in the shape of prizes, for which there is open competition in the respective Schools; and it may not be inopportune to refer in detail to the occasion of the last awards, made early in December. A tumult of applause welcomed the President's entrance to the lecture room. The first burst over, "Three cheers for Sir Frederick, and long life to him!"—called for by a well-known student and exhibitor—were responded to so enthusiastically, as to leave no doubt about the popularity of the new President amongst those studying at Burlington House. In a few well-chosen words, Sir Frederick told his audience of the great pleasure, yet great responsibility, he shared with the other members of the Academy, in directing aright the instruction of so many. Then touching with the hand of a master a sad chord, in recalling the memory of his predecessor, he passed, "as he of whom he spoke would have wished him to pass," to the business of the evening.

Of the successful works—though a high standard of excellence was maintained through-

out—we can notice only the most prominent. A silver medal was awarded to A. G. Atkinson for a restoration of the "Ilyssus," a piece of sculpture of which we give a copy (page 59), and which deserved the praise of the President, who said that "the majority of votes was greatly in its favour." The Armitage competition for excellence in composition, a handsome prize given by the Academician whose name it bears, was taken by H. A. Bone, and the illustration we give of the design speaks for itself. A careful cartoon, in chareoal, life size, of "St. Paul before Agrippa," gained a silver medal for A. Hacker. The best among a good set of drawings from the head was made by W. Wontner. E. Blair Leighton was successful with a very carefully finished study from the life, and Miss E. Drew carried off two prizes for drawings from the antique.



THE ARMITAGE COMPETITION.

(H. A. Bone.)

Returning to the general history of the Schools, it must not be forgotten that in addition to the regular masters employed to give instruction, a certain number—selected every year—of the Academicians themselves come into the classes, and by their personal interest in the work of the students, as much as by their practical advice, materially aid in the education of the embryo masters and mediocrities of English art. That this education is, from first to last, given freely to all applicants who comply with the simple conditions already stated, is a fact that must surely be overlooked by those who chatter idle charges of do-nothingness and obstruction against the great limning corporation of Burlington House.

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### "BRITOMART AND HER NURSE."

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THOSE who think that the "Faërie Queen," with its seventy-nine cantos, is written for a race of longer life than ours, may need to be reminded that Britomart, in Spenser's great poem, is the warlike heroine who was nourished by her nurse, Glauce, with chivalric tales. Her

father possessed a magical mirror, the work of Merlin, into which the maiden looked, and saw the knight who became the hero of her love-sick dreams. In Mr. Watts's noble composition, Britomart's face is almost severe in its regularity of feature; her large powerful hand expresses





BRITOMART AND HER NURSE.

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



her valour and strength; her draperies are heavy and massive. In her eyes there is more of the Amazon's courage, mixed with a certain mystical seriousness according well with the poet's solemn intention, than of the tenderness of a girl. The action of the nurse is eloquent with that love which makes this episode one of the most humanly beautiful in the poem. Close beside blooms the lily, which is so fit an emblem of her, of Una, and of the other exquisite heroines of the "Faëric Queen." In the original, the artist has by no means aimed at pleasing the eye by a combination of agreeable tints; but there is a severer excellence of colour which he has kept in mind. The genius of Mr. Watts has a peculiar affinity with the grave spirit of Spenser, who had weighty moral meanings in all he wrote. It has been smartly and characteristically said by a French thinker that taste is literary conscience, and

taste is generally accepted as artistic conscience by the merely executive artists of the day. Spenser had a different code of ethics, and Mr. Watts, though never obviously didactic, vivifies his work, nevertheless, with that lofty and noble thought which is perhaps the rarest of all qualities that can be sought for in modern art. He has also the uncommon power of filling, with meaning and with interest, a composition almost monumental in its form, and quasi decorative. There is just as much impulse and emotion about the secondary figure as will not mar the sculpturesque repose of the whole. The love of allegory is another bond between artist and author. The ingenuities and the strongly realised images of this form of literary and artistic expression, are not more apparent in the "Faëry Queen" than in such magnificent conceptions as Mr. Watts's "Love and Death," and "Time, Death, and Judgment."

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## BEFORE THE COUNCIL.

BY WYKE BAYLISS.



AN amusing incident, well worth recording, has just occurred in a village on the outskirts of London. The parish is a large one, and very populous, so that it is customary in our church, when the minister says, "Here endeth the second lesson," for the congregation to arrange themselves still a little more comfortably in their seats, in anticipation of hearing a long list of candidates for the "holy estate of matrimony." On this occasion, however, our little world was startled from its usual placidity. The curate read indeed the banns, *but for one couple only*, and then after duly closing with the exhortation, he passed to the order of the day. What could this mean? Had every Phillis turned refractory, or every Corydon proved faithless? Not so; the explanation was much more simple than that. The curate had read the banns for himself and his beloved, and then, absorbed in the contemplation of his own happiness, or being a little absent-

minded, he honestly forgot the rest. Now I do not say that some ecclesiastical Robin Goodfellow had anything to do with this little episode—my subject is Art—I simply record the story as something which may explain what often seems inexplicable to many artists, in some of the sharpest, as well as commonest disappointments of their lives. *They* have their little love affairs—with the public—and they desire above all things that no impediment shall stand in their way. They entrust their pictures to the tender mercies of a Hanging Committee, as the simple villagers render their names to the parson. And then—but suppose the parson himself has a little business on his own account, is it not possible that theirs may take a second place in his mind? Suppose that every member of the Hanging Committee is himself striving—striving nobly—for fame. Absorbed in the pursuit of his own visions of what is beautiful in Nature and Art, he also has his life to live and his race to run; if he is ahead of others in the race, that means only that with him



the running is more swift. It needs no harsh construction to account for many an apparent injustice or oversight. I, perhaps, have been spending a year of my life in working out what seems to me a noble thought. He, who will have to judge my work, has been spending his life—a better life than mine—in working just the other way. Is it wrong of him that he does not, the moment my picture comes before him, possess himself of my spirit, and see with my eyes? The error he makes, if it is an error, is an error inherent in the finite. There is nothing in it for me to resent, nothing even for me to blame.

And yet while this is true, we do well to remember that these disappointments are not only very keen, and very common, but very serious also. The curate, so soon as his own honeymoon is over, may find leisure to think once more of Corydon and Phillis, and they may be happy too. As a matter of fact he did not wait so long, the banners omitted in the reading-desk were proclaimed a few minutes later in the chancel. And at the worst such a mishap could only be occasional, since the curate does not publish his own banners annually. But the Academicians have every year the same difficulty recurring: of being judges in a contest in which they are themselves competitors. Everything, therefore, that gives them a better chance of judging righteously must be worth consideration. Probably no exhibition has ever yet been hung, without the unfortunate exclusion of some true work of art. Certainly the one hundred and ten seasons of the Royal Academy have been one hundred and ten chapters of a story of suffering, not yet completed, that would startle many of us if we could only read them. So long as ruined hopes, and wasted lives mark the path of our great Juggernaut of Art, it is the duty of everyone, whether painter or writer, within the Academy or without, to strive to do something to lessen the evil. Let one, therefore, who has himself no grievance or discourtesy to complain of, and who is yet intimately acquainted with the elements of the question, venture to make one or two practical suggestions.

The evils, and the remedies suggested may be briefly stated.

1st. The enormous number of works from which selection has to be made. Last season there were said to be 8,000 paintings sent in. Until the selection is made, the hanging cannot so much as begin. Suppose that the committee sat for a whole week, eight hours each day. The result would have been that each work must have been placed before them, examined, voted upon, and its fate sealed, in the average time of twenty seconds. The tendency of this high pressure, is not only to produce individual cases of injustice, but also distinctly to lower the standard of English Art. It is a well-known fact, that the very greatest works of art do not, as a rule, make their full impression upon the mind at a first glance. A picture of the highest order therefore—one, that is, in which the gradations of tone are almost infinitely subtle, is robbed of its best qualities by being rapidly passed before the eyes, in an oblique position, scarcely held stationary for a moment by the carpenters who carry it, and pitched forward or backward, perhaps, in a false or harsh light. If a thousand hobgoblins danced before the eyes of the Council, they could scarcely make the task of judgment more difficult or uncertain.

Now although it is well-known that there is a limit to the number of works that may be exhibited by any one artist, there is no limit to the number he may submit for exhibition; and it is customary for men to send a large number, in the hope that one may be hung if another is rejected. *A stop should be put to this at once. Why should the Academicians sit in council to consider which of half-a-dozen works by a painter would represent him best?* Let the painter do that for himself in his own studio, and send the *two* works upon which he would build his reputation. Let instructions be given that under no circumstances shall more than two works be received from any one artist not being an Academician. This alone would sift the 8,000 to less than half that number, and the difficulty of selection would be lessened in proportion. But it would do more

than that; it would remove one of the most serious evils incident to the present system, namely:—

2nd. The great inequality in the justice distributed to artists. It is not at all uncommon at present, to find that one painter has five or six canvases hung, while another who is known throughout the profession to be at least his equal, has only a letter to say that “the Council regret that want of space prevents his picture obtaining a place.” If the rule I suggest had been in force last year, there would have been room for 180 more pictures by artists whose works were rejected solely on the ground of insufficient space.

3rd. The great uncertainty of reward with which an artist works. For ten or twenty years his pictures may have been favourably received, until he has begun to feel that he has fairly earned a recognised position in the Art-world. Then suddenly, with no reason assigned, with no explanation offered, they are cast out altogether, and he receives a blow which few men are able to bear without staggering under it. At the same time another painter, sending perhaps almost for the first time, is astonished to find everything hung that he has sent. Elated with his unlooked-for success, he also feels that his position is made. Friends crowd round him, generously eager to see what their young genius is doing. It seems a long time to wait—till next year—but the time does come at last; and then—why then, and for many a year afterwards his pictures are found to be uniformly rejected, and as much attention is drawn to his failure as was at first directed to his success—a success which will have left an injury behind, from which recovery is slow and difficult.

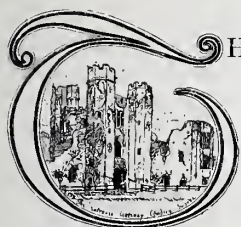
I would very earnestly suggest that a list should be prepared annually of those artists who, for a certain number of years (say five or seven years) have sent works worthy of being placed; and that all the works contributed by those artists should be examined by the Council *apart from the rest, with the knowledge of the claim they have to consideration, and with the understanding that they should not be rejected except after grave and special deliberation, and by a vote nearly approaching to unanimity.*

I do not claim for this suggestion the magic of a panacea; I put it forward only as one thing among many that would mitigate a great evil. There is no parallel in any other profession to this terrible uncertainty to which artists are subjected. The barrister may have to wait long for his brief—the physician for his practice—the soldier for his promotion—the curate for his preferment—but *they are not brought up annually for examination with the chance of forfeiting the honours they have already won, and being proclaimed dunces because the examiners were pressed for time.* Some of our young painters, buoyant with hope and of good courage, may not know how great the strain will become; some of our veterans may have schooled themselves into indifference; nevertheless the system is eating the strength out of the work done year by year in England. Originality of style or independence of thought are scarcely possible to those whose success depends on the suffrages of an average committee. To be in advance of the age as was David Cox, or to dare to think for oneself as does Rossetti, is of necessity to be driven out or to be classed as eccentric. The true remedy would be for every artist, besides sending to the Royal Academy, to become a working member of some lesser society—not antagonistic but supplementary to the Academy—a society where he should have the right to exhibit, even though he ventured to do something that his fellows might not at first quite understand; where he could appeal to the Art-world and to the public without considering whether his works would attract the instant attention and win the immediate approbation of a hanging committee; and where (if by mischance he were unfavourably treated in another place) his pictures, well placed upon the line, would be witnesses, at least to all who can discern, on his behalf.

But this opens out another and a wider question. In the meantime I am quite sure that if the simple suggestions I have made were carried out, they would bring happiness to the minds and courage to the hearts and firmness to the hands of many of our artists—who now work with anxiety and hesitation—and that in doing this they would go far to strengthen and raise our English school.



ON SOME PICTORIAL ELEMENTS IN ENGLISH SECULAR ARCHITECTURE.—II.



HERE is, perhaps, nothing which so broadly distinguishes the Norman castle from the fortified manor-house which succeeded it as its situation.

The castle is almost always a prominent feature in the landscape. Its site was determined upon Imperial con-

warriors "trained to strike the foe, to sleep on the bare ground, to bear hunger and cold, and to fear nothing but (what they understood by) ill-fame." The structure "looked its part," and bore upon its front the assurance that it was placed there for defiance as well as for defence. The name given in sport by the Lion-hearted Richard to his "child of one year," "The *Saucy* Castle," might fitly be applied to



ROCHESTER CASTLE.

siderations,—to guard an important point upon the coast, or to deny to an enemy a main line of entrance, by road or river, to the interior of the kingdom. It was essentially a fortress, and every line in its composition proclaimed it the stronghold of doughty

the Norman castles as a class, of which Rochester and Richmond are famed examples.

The site of the manor-house was selected upon quite opposite principles, and in compliance with merely local requirements. It usually occupied the most central or most

convenient spot within the chase or manor whose lord it was built to lodge and protect. As, however, precipitous rocks are not found in the centre of every manor, a change in the plan of the house as a defensible residence became necessary. In place of the steep escarpment, natural or artificial, a wet ditch or moat was opposed to the assailants. Every one will at once call to mind Shakespeare's lines describing the silver sea as serving the kingdom "in the office of a wall, or as a moat defensive to a house."

For a moat a level site is necessary, and a level site suggests a building of regular, or, at least, not necessarily irregular, figure. Thus the pictorial character of the whole was changed at a stroke. The long lines of embattled walls crowning the steep, following with quaint regularity the changeful contour of the rocky base, and broken here and there by watch-towers of varying form and height, disappeared as no longer the natural outcome of a compliance with the conditions imposed by the site.

The mighty keep—the distinctive feature of the age—to which in their last extremity the beleaguered garrison sullenly retired, was no longer reared. The whole plan had undergone a radical change, and in place of a grand irregular mass standing high above the horizon, broad and solid against a luminous sky, we get a square, compact structure, of regular figure, low down in the picture, and backed by the sombre tints of forest-trees.

In many instances the new residence was built within the castle enclosure or bailey, and new and old buildings existed side by side—the new for occupation, the old for defence—until, from the altered circumstances of the time, the old, as we learn from ancient records, were allowed gradually to fall into decay.

Many of the later castles partook of the characters of both classes of building above adverted to—the Norman fortress and the moated grange or manor-house—and between the two types various compromises were effected, dictated mainly by the conditions of site. In the Border counties and Welsh marches, however, other considerations prevailed, and the older type long held its ground in consequence of the unsettled state of those districts.

When the activity of the castle-building era had spent itself, the rectangular house, enclosed by embattled walls or a lofty palisading, surrounded by a moat, and entered over a drawbridge, and through a gateway closed by a portecullis and defended by flanking turrets, became the accepted design. In one angle of the structure a tower, the mark of a noble, rose above the parapets and broke the sky-line.

Such an arrangement is well, and no doubt quite truthfully, shown by the initial to the first paper of this series (Vol. I., page 158), which was reproduced from a MS. in the British Museum. The mediæval artist has contrived to show, in a small compass, all the principal characteristics of a house of the noble of his time. The moat or wet ditch, unmistakably indicated by the fish swimming therein; the palisading on its inner side; the gateway with embattled summit; the loopholes flanking the approach, and, in the palisading, commanding the crest of the counterescarp; the holes through which the chains were attached to the movable portion of the bridge, are all most faithfully rendered. The knight, returning from the wars or tourney, is crossing the outer courtyard, to be welcomed by his "ladye" at the entrance gateway, in which the raised portecullis is clearly seen, and behind which the hall and tower appear in due order. It is altogether a most beautiful and exact little drawing, and enables us to realise fully the pictorial aspect of a manor-house of the fourteenth century.

To build or fortify such a house the royal licence was required, and the records of such licences, kept in the Close Rolls, give particulars of the manor-houses built in each reign, from Henry II. to Henry VII.

The rapacity of the first Tudor monarch imposed a check upon domestic architecture just when its revival, on the conclusion of the Wars of the Roses, might have been hoped for, and when the energies of the nation should have been devoted to the arts of peace. The Statute of Liveries, the compulsory dismemberment of the military households, and the system of forced loans or "benevolences," as they were called, were effectual checks to the progress of the art. When those who "lived handsomely" were heavily fined, on the score of their "evident



wealth," handsome living and handsome houses were not likely to be very popular.

In the following reign many causes concurred to give an impulse to the building of stately houses, and to this period must be ascribed the last and finest examples of the fortified house, amplified to meet the requirements of a higher civilisation, and new ideas of domestic life.

The growth of the English manor-house, from the semi-fortress of Henry II. to the merchant's hall of Henry VIII., was, however, a very gradual process. The habits of the nobles for four hundred years after the Conquest appear to have been almost as fixed as they were primitive, and furnished but few opportunities for the display of architectural skill—

“*Their sober wishes never learnt to stray.*”

Nescham notes it as a piece of effeminacy that the nobles of his day would plaster the walls of their houses or line them with smooth mortar; and Piers Plowman regards it as an innovation that the lord and lady of the period dined in an apartment separate from the hall occupied by their riotous retainers, where “the lord ne the ladye lyketh not to sytte,”

“Now hath eche ryche [man] a rule to eaten by himselfe  
In a privee parlour, and leave the chief hal.”

The establishment of a nobleman of that time was indeed a simple affair, and comprised only a hall, a parlour, perhaps a chapel or oratory, a kitchen, a cellar, a buttery, and one or two bedrooms. The floors of the rooms were not boarded, but were formed of mud, and an open channel of filthy water ran down the middle of the hall. At night the inmates slept all together in the hall, upon boards laid on trestles. So late as the time of Henry VIII., in some of the chief halls in England, “the bones from many a dinner lay rotting in the dirty straw which strewed the floor, the smoke curled about the rafters, and the wind whistled through the unglazed windows.”

I have said in a previous paper that the social condition of a people is expressed by their domestic buildings. It was scarcely to be expected that, under the circumstances of life above adverted to, any great attention should have been paid to niceties of the outward

appearance of buildings the interiors of which were so destitute of grace or comfort.

To this, however, there is one notable exception, and one characteristic of the age was stamped upon the domestic buildings in a remarkable manner. I refer to that passionate love of *colour* which seems to have been universal in the Middle Ages. The great Puritan movement of the seventeenth century took all the colour out of English life,

“And the world has grown grey at its touch;”

but in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries an intense love of colour was one expression of the gaiety of the time, and was exhibited in the lavish decoration of their buildings both inside and out. Paint, the horror of the modern purist, was the delight of our ancestors, who painted everything pertaining to their buildings that they could afford to paint, and what they could not paint they whitewashed.

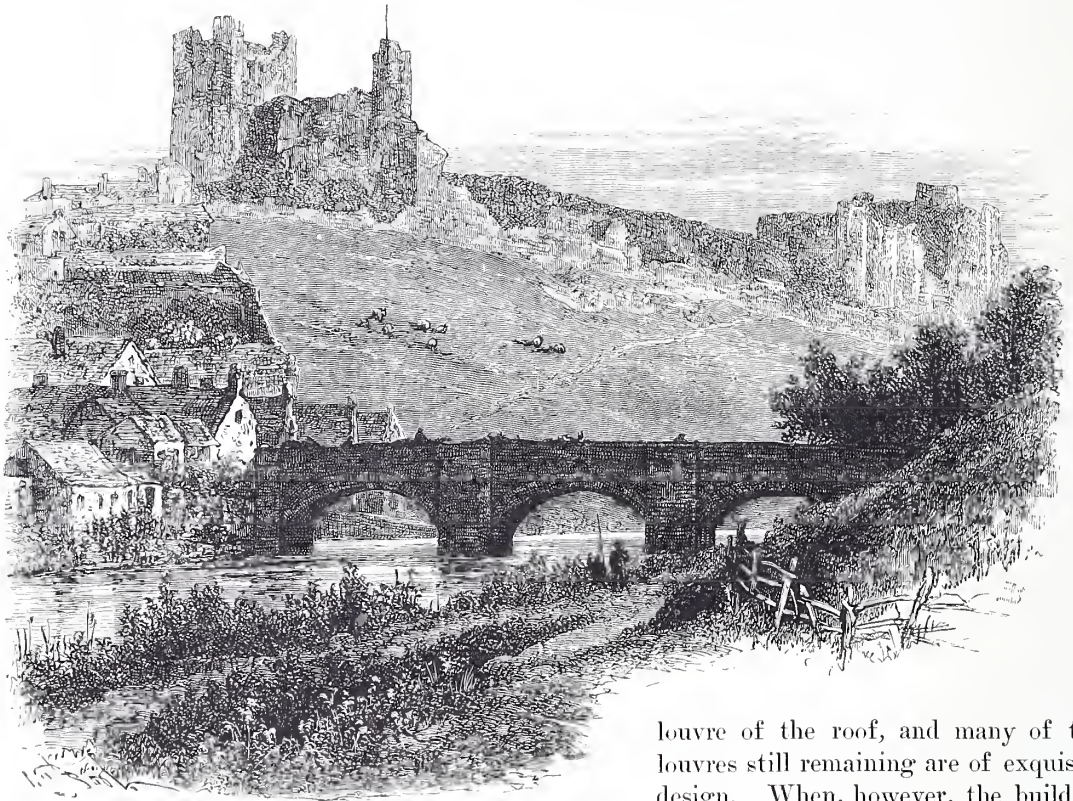
There is no greater mistake than to suppose that a delight in colour was the prerogative of Eastern or Southern nations. Early records show that with the English of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries it was an absorbing passion. Many of their buildings were resplendent with gold and colour, indications of which still remain.

The Round Tower at Windsor, “La Rose,” was painted externally, in imitation of the flower whose name it bore, by one William Burdon, at an immense expenditure of “white lead, red lead, verdigris, paint, oil, and 1,400 leaves of gold.” Moreover, a singular love of whiteness seems to have possessed the minds of the good people of those days. Where painting was an unattainable luxury, periodical whitewashing was resorted to in its stead. Our own White Tower is an instance of, and took its name from, the practice. In the “Romance of the San Graal,” one of the beauties of the castle is the “chalky whiteness of its walls.” The citizens of London objected to the introduction of sea-coal mainly on the ground that the whiteness of their houses would be impaired by its smoke. Rubble-stone buildings were plastered over outside, and—shade of Pugin!—coursed and jointed in imitation of ashlar, and—whitewashed!

The large wall spaces of domestic buildings afforded ample scope for this form of "surface decoration," and, while it satisfied the taste of their builders, no attempts at breaking up the surfaces of the buildings by the arcading, panelling, and other permanent architectural embellishments were likely to be made.

The only deliberate efforts at architectural art in the fabric itself were imported direct

counterpart in ecclesiastical art proper, but comes to us through the semi-ecclesiastical priories, abbot's lodgings, &c. The chimney-flue terminating in an isolated shaft, though found in early Norman work, was not generally adopted until the fifteenth century. Until then it was thought sufficient if the smoke from the great wood fire in the centre of the hall found its tardy exit through the



RICHMOND CASTLE.

from the ecclesiastical structures which were rising around them. The designs, details, and ornamentation of doorways, traceried windows, open-timbered roofs, and other essentials of the church were repeated in the houses, and the "drain" in the hall was a counterpart of the "piscina" in the sanctuary.

When, however, any special requirements gave them an opportunity, the architects turned it to splendid account, as witness their treatment of distinctly secular features, such as the great bay window of the hall and, especially, the chimney-shaft. This feature finds no

counterpart in ecclesiastical art proper, but comes to us through the semi-ecclesiastical priories, abbot's lodgings, &c. The chimney-flue terminating in an isolated shaft, though found in early Norman work, was not generally adopted until the fifteenth century. Until then it was thought sufficient if the smoke from the great wood fire in the centre of the hall found its tardy exit through the

louvre of the roof, and many of the louvres still remaining are of exquisite design. When, however, the builders took up in earnest the treatment of the chimney-shaft, it became in their hands one of the most artistic and telling features in the whole range of secular architecture. Their admirable grouping, the exquisite grace and delicacy of their design, especially in those districts where brick was the common building material, and the charm they gave to the sky-line of the houses they adorned have compelled universal admiration, and still remain unequalled.

And let us note, to the further credit of their designers, that the artistic treatment of this homely feature was in their hands quite compatible with the complete fulfilment of its



proper function as a chimney-flue. It is true, the shafts were not always built at first sufficiently high, for we learn from the Liberate Rolls that many directions for raising them were given; but no mediæval smoke-doctor was called in to coax the sluggish current along its destined course.

That the loosely-fitting joinery, and unglazed windows, may have assisted the action of the flue is most probable—our ancestors were not very careful about draughts—but still, those who remember the day, not so long past, when the houses of the wealthy were built in the “Greek taste,” and can call to mind the devices to which *their* architects resorted to hide the unwelcome chimney-stack—only to be dragged into frightful prominence by the inevitable “cowl”—will fully appreciate the constructive skill and true artistic instinct of the earlier builders which, boldly grappling with a new condition, made of it “a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.”

I can only barely allude, in passing, to those beautiful examples of the use of brick in domestic architecture which the eastern counties of England afford, the scarcity of stone presenting new problems to the builders, which they surmounted with their accustomed skill.

Of the half-timbered houses of the period we are dealing with, many, happily, remain, and their picturesque qualities are patent to all—their projecting upper storeys carried on boldly curving brackets; the quaint disposition of ties and struts; and their carved and traceried barge-boards, protecting the ends of the plates and purlins while they adorn the gable, are all constructive requirements turned to pictorial account by those incomparable artists.

Before taking leave of this part of my subject,

I will refer to one or two typical examples of the fully developed English house before the fortified dwelling gave way to the mansion of the Elizabethan era.

Many of the houses of that period have, alas! disappeared; of many but mere fragments remain. Some are falling fast into irretrievable ruin, and others have been so modified to meet the needs of later times that but few traces of their original character are discernible.

Of the ruined houses of that time, the magnificent example at Cowdray, in Sussex, has—for me at least—an irresistible charm. Built in the reign of Henry VIII., by William Fitzwilliam, Earl of Southampton, it was one of the

most splendid and sumptuous houses of its kind. The outer gateway is still standing, and enough of the structure to enable one to admire its vast extent, its noble proportions, and the beauty of its every detail, the magnificent “Buck Hall,”



HENGRAVE HALL.

and the chapel, still bearing traces of the painted decorations of a later date.

Of the houses of the same date which are still intact, I may mention Hengrave, in Suffolk, as a brave specimen. Built in 1525–38, by Sir Thomas Kytson, a London merchant, it is one of the most complete examples of the residence of a prosperous trader of the time. “A stately pleasant house, among its shady lawns and expanses.” The elaborate gateway, the magnificent hall, and suites of stately rooms enclosing the courtyard are not excelled by any civic structure of the reign. The sketch will, I fear, give but a poor notion of the grandeur of this noble pile.

There are many others, scattered over the length and breadth of the land, having equal claims on our attention—grey with weather stains, rising from level stretches of velvet

turf (never trampled now by hostile hoof), and sheltered by "immemorial elms," tenanted by the garrulous rook. Close to some of these halls of our forefathers, and within the park enclosures, stand the churches they built and endowed, wherein masses for their souls were to have been sung *for ever*, and in the now silent chantries of which, the great canopied tombs, in solitary state, guard the dust of the founders, and keep their memories green.

With the reign of Henry VIII. was closed

a long chapter in the history of domestic architecture, and the fortified and gloomy manor-house gave place to the lightsome and courtly mansion. With the reign of Elizabeth a new departure was taken, and the architectural traditions of five hundred years were finally abandoned. In a subsequent paper I purpose offering some remarks upon the distinguishing characteristics of the edifices of that remarkable epoch in English history and English art.

E. INGRESS BELL.

### THREE ENGLISH PORTRAIT PAINTERS.—II.

#### ROMNEY.



GEORGE ROMNEY, the last of the fashionable portrait painters of the eighteenth century, was born at Dalton-le-Furness in 1734, and lived till 1802. His father was a cabinet-maker, but the son showed some leaning to the art of drawing in childhood. A sketch of a visitor to those parts, on the walls of the parish church, seems to have shown the general current of his thoughts, and he is said to have had some early instruction under a certain Williamson, the general sage and universal referee of the village. A painter of the name of Steel, a Cumberland man, took him as an apprentice, and whatever he learned from a teacher must have been from Steel's instruction. Of him we cannot say anything. Romney distinguished himself in his master's service, in a way less unusual a century ago, perhaps, than it would be now. Steel made a run-away marriage, as Hogarth had done a generation earlier. In offering his friendly help for this proceeding, Romney caught a severe cold, and was laid up with a long fever. A young country girl nursed him through his illness, and shortly after his recovery Romney made her his wife. As soon as Steel and his wife had settled at Kendal, he followed them, and went on with his apprenticeship. His master released

him from further service in 1756, and he returned to his wife. A child was born of the marriage. Romney afterwards started on a long ramble over the neighbouring counties, painting heads at two guineas, and small full-length portraits at six, till he had saved a hundred pounds. He then returned home, gave his wife seventy pounds, and started for London with the rest, leaving the young creature and his child in Lancashire; he reached London in 1762. He took part in a competition, for which prizes were offered by the Society of Arts, and painted the "Death of General Wolfe." He was at first awarded the second prize, but this judgment was disallowed by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and twenty-five pounds were awarded to him for his merits. This decision of Reynolds rankled in his heart, and was, perhaps, not forgotten when his popularity rivalled, though scarcely with justice, that of the older master.

Romney must have started with some reputation, and earned money by his portraits, for in 1764 he was able to make a journey to Paris. Whether he studied in Paris is not certain. He returned in the year following, and again obtained a prize from the Society of Arts—this time fifty guineas. He now settled in Newport Street, Long Acre, with an established reputation, and began a large practice, making, it is said, already as much as twelve hundred a year—a large income for a painter a century ago.

Romney was at this time by no means



satisfied to confine himself to portraits, as we see by the competitions in which he was engaged. It was, however, by his portraits that he was building up his reputation. There was neither power, imagination, nor elevation of thought enough to give life to his historic compositions. But he painted the learned and the lovely of his day. He seems to have rarely visited during these years the young wife whom he left, faithful and devoted to him, in Lancashire. This went on till 1773, when he made a journey to Italy with Ozias Humphrey. During the journey he was the prey of continual fear of robbers and assassins, and when they reached Rome kept apart even from his friend. It is probable that he gave some time to study during his stay in Rome, and that he saw all he could of such sculpture and paintings as were then to be visited in the churches, museums, and palaces of the Eternal City. But his biographers speak of this visit as one during which he was weighed down with morbid fear of personal violence. Reynolds returned from Italy certainly very much changed and influenced, and all his thoughts and desires stimulated (not always with good results). And it would not be reasonable to doubt that Romney also made some growth during his second, as he had probably during his first, foreign journey. A certain excitement and activity will be imparted to the imagination of every artist by the mere comparison of himself with strangers, and the works of strangers with his own. This is especially the case with the study of galleries and works of extraordinary merit, in which the painter measures all he has proposed to himself, and the modesty of his achievements, with what has been done by the masters of his art. Romney could hardly have seen any large number of first-rate paintings in England. He would have had better chances of doing so, when his reputation was really wide and undisputed, and access to great houses was easy to him.

He returned to England without meeting any sort of misfortune, and took a house in Cavendish Square in the year 1775. From this time his reputation as one of the fashionable portrait painters of the day could not

be disputed. He must have painted with great rapidity. He was much employed by the lawyers of fortune of that day, and by persons of distinction of every class. He was considered, and certainly seems to have considered himself, a rival of Sir Joshua Reynolds, whom he outlived as a painter. This practice lasted for three-and-twenty years.

Romney continued, as at the beginning of his career, to paint historical subjects, but without the courage and determination needed to carry well-considered compositions to completion. Few of his pictures of this description are worth studying now. The number projected was, however, very large, and many sketches for them are now preserved in the Fitzwilliam Museum in Cambridge, and in the Royal Institution of Liverpool. He was not "man enough" to paint such works from beginning to end, but he had a lively fancy, and sketched out fresh subjects with amazing rapidity. Probably his Italian travels quickened this faculty. A favourite model, whom he has painted often, was a woman whose history was remarkable—Emma Lyon, or Harte. She takes so prominent a part in the annals of the painting of Romney, that a word or two may be given to her history. She was a girl of extraordinary beauty, had been in service in various parts of England, and was for some time a barmaid; then she became popular as a painter's model, and was exhibited (dressed in transparent gauze) as "Hygeia." Romney drew and painted her in all sorts of mythological parts, as a muse—a Bacchante, of which there is a beautiful head, No. 312, in the National Gallery, a copy of which we engrave. A beautiful full-length portrait of her in white, spinning at a wheel, was exhibited at Burlington House in 1876. It belongs to Lord Normanton. She was taken to Naples by a Mr. Hamilton, where she became the wife of Sir William Hamilton, then ambassador at that court. It was then that her beauty, her voice, and her accomplishments captivated the King of Naples, and that she persuaded him to do good service to the British fleet. She took possession of the heart of Nelson, who spoke of her as "his saint." "If there were more Emmas, there would be more heroes." She died in poverty and neglect



in Calais in 1815 or 1816. She had no small influence over Romney, both in her younger days and when she returned to England as Lady Hamilton.

During the years of his success and pros-

perity, Romney only twice found time to visit the faithful wife and children whom he had left in the north, nor were they ever called to share his glory in London. A certain vacillation and morbid timidity seem to have smitten with weakness an artist who, with much promise, never grew to the proportions of his contemporaries—Reynolds and Gains-

borough. He seems to have had some jealousy of the former, and he never would exhibit at the Royal Academy: for which soreness with the president might not improbably have been one of his reasons. He was, however, so well



EMMA HARTE (LADY HAMILTON) AS A BACCHANTE.

(From the Picture by Romney in the Vernon Collection, at the National Gallery.)

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borough, so entirely the fashion during the last years of his career, that he would have gained little by showing his pictures at Somerset House. In 1793 his heads cost thirty-five guineas, and larger pictures more in proportion. His annual income is said to have been nearly—if not quite—four thousand pounds.

He seems about 1790 to have become a prey





LADY WARWICK AND HER CHILDREN.

(By Romney. From the Picture in the Collection of the Earl of Warwick.)



to continual melancholy. He took a house at Hampstead, coming daily into his studio in Cavendish Square to paint. At last, in 1798, he determined to visit his family. He returned, and found additions, a gallery to his house, and a studio in Cavendish Square—ordered when he went away—finished. But the meeting with his family seems to have determined him to retire from the profession. He sold his house in Cavendish Square to Shee (afterwards president of the academy), and retired. He died in 1802.

Romney had a *vates sacer*—a poet, Hayley, who wrote his life. Perhaps a less flattering friend might have done more for him and for his art. He had not the power of Reynolds, nor the higher gifts of Gainsborough. His works will not bear a comparison with either. Yet he painted many beautiful portraits, and those of children have a real charm about them. Several have been exhibited during the last five or six years, notably a group of five children of the first Marquis of Stafford, belonging to the Duke of Sutherland, lent to Burlington House in 1876. His portraits of ladies are full of grace; but there is neither the solidity nor the rich Rembrandt light of Reynolds, nor the tenderness and sensitive handling of Gainsborough about any of them. They have a coldness and a flatness of surface which seem to show a want of grasp of shape and colour. They are, however, solidly painted, cold as they are. There is, too, a certain smiling serenity which marks the beauties of the day, treated by Romney with some remnant of the old manner; with a remnant only, for Romney pretty well exhausted it. Down to the end of the century the beauties of the age "reigned." They were in a certain sense "enshrined" in the enthusiasm of their generation. The beauty of a county was the "toast," when gentlemen filled (and emptied) their glasses. Great divinities—as, *e.g.*, the Miss Gunnings—were mobbed when they went out, and had escorts of soldiers when they walked in the park. Dukes and earls defied the proprieties of an age still rigid in questions of prerogative, to make love-matches, even run-away marriages, with the reigning beauties. The world pardoned these wild acts;

the extravaganees of dukes are perhaps more condonable than those of lower persons. But the enthusiasm for beauty was universal, and this admiration was shared by all ranks of the people. The lovely creatures posed, and painters painted them not uninspired by this generous sentiment. As much as this can hardly be said of us now, notwithstanding the photographs of modern beauty in albums and shop-windows. It is not the same kind of enthusiasm, though we have as much personal beauty amongst us as ever.

Besides this general sentiment, or perception, or enthusiasm, or whatever we like to call it, the dress of the last century lent itself to portraits. The powdered hair; the fantastic compositions of the head-dresses; the dainty hats, frills, furbelows, bodiees, hoops, skirts, &c., set off the faces of women with an indescribable splendour. As to the velvet coats, large sleeves, and stately wigs or wig-like hair of the men, whether natural or not, there cannot be a doubt that they were becoming. Romney then and his contemporaries had certain broad lines ready drawn for them, and portraiture that would not always have counted for much, had it belonged to the nineteenth century, was at a real advantage in the eighteenth. Neither of the portrait painters we have discussed aimed at originality in his work, that is, such originality as seems to be aimed at now. Such a quality is, in fact, always put in action unconsciously, and it may be said that Reynolds and Gainsborough were both original, though the former studied diligently the methods and the manner of older masters. As much cannot, perhaps, be claimed for Romney as for the other two. He has, however, left a large number of pictures. Cart-loads of vast sketches of historical subjects were removed after his death from the house at Hampstead. It is not of these but of his portraits that one must say, he has left us many pictures that are treasures; faithful likenesses of the men and women, and real transcripts of the dress and manners of his day. With him we take leave of an old society about to suffer shipwreck on the Continent, and, all over Europe, to undergo a vast and most momentous change.

J. H. P.



## O L D   K E Y S .—I.



AMONG the varied imple-  
ments of daily use which  
have lived and flourished  
in the world, it would seem  
that few can lay claim  
to greater antiquity than  
that important and trust-

bearing object—the key. Few things, also, furnish so striking an example of the changes and caprices of men's tastes, from the great diversity of form exhibited in their descent through different ages and in different countries. In these utilitarian times, who would think of expending time, thought, or money on the ornamentation of such objects of use, and only use? The mind of the locksmith is directed solely against thief and burglar, and little he cares for the beauty of his workmanship, be it only proof against insidious attacks. But it has not always been so.

The history of keys abounds with interesting matter, and takes us back almost to the beginning of civilisation. The exact place and date of their first use has not yet been determined, but their origin has been variously attributed to Egypt, Phœnicia, and Greece. We find in Homer's "Odyssey" a simple appliance in the shape of a leathern thong, inserted through a hole in the door, which, with the help of a ring or hook attached to it, would fasten or unfasten from the outside a bolt within. This



Fig. 1.—ROMAN  
BRONZE LATCH-  
KEY.

was probably the precursor of the key. Those who have examined Dr. Sehliemann's famous collection will not have failed to notice a very ancient fragment of bronze, somewhat in the form of a key, which is supposed to have secured nothing less than the Trojan treasure itself. But when we come down to Roman times, we arrive at a period in which locks and keys were established in constant use. It was a general custom for a Roman bride, on first entering her

husband's house, to be presented with the keys of the household, except that of the cellar, which, prudently or imprudently, was always left in the custody of the husband. The museums of Europe possess manifold specimens of this epoch, which all bear a strong antique character, though differing in many varieties of pattern. They are generally made of bronze, but sometimes occur also in iron—or



Fig. 2.—ROMAN  
BRONZE  
KEY RING.

rather, perhaps, the former metal has lasted the longest. Unfortunately, the locks to which they belonged, having been made chiefly of iron, have not withstood decay, and so do not enable us to judge of their mechanism. But the bronze keys are not unfrequently found in a very perfect condition, and the evidence of their construction is sufficient to show that the handiwork of the Roman locksmith was not unworthy of comparison with that of our own time. Many have been discovered in London itself, some of which may be seen at the Guildhall Museum, and specimens have not been wanting among the *scavi* at Pompeii and Herculaneum.

It may not be generally known that the modern latch-key traces its ancestry directly to a Roman origin (Fig. 1), and its descent is steadily kept up through the Middle Ages, as the specimens found at Salisbury and other old English towns abundantly testify.

It must be borne in mind that the key consists of three distinct parts—the handle, or "bow;" the "pipe," or "stem;" and last, but not least, the "wards."

The Roman key has most commonly a handle in the form of a ring, sometimes of a loop, and its general construction is remarkable for



Fig. 3.—ROMAN BRONZE KEY.

plainness and solidity. Sometimes, also, the stem is so short that the key could be worn as a ring on the finger, and was, in fact, designed for that purpose (Fig. 2). Specimens also occur in which the bow is fashioned in the form of a hand, or some such artistic device, just as figures of animals were used by the Romans to ornament the handles of their knives. There is another curious type of Roman key in which the wards are made like a claw or rake, and these were probably used to perform some such simple purpose as the latch-key (Fig. 3).

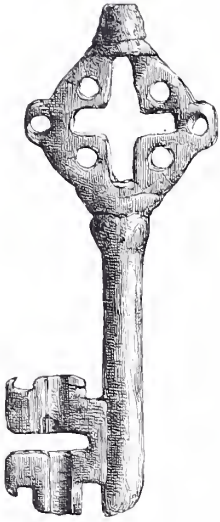


Fig. 4.—MEDIEVAL BRONZE KEY.  
(From *Mettingham Castle, Suffolk.*)

The comparative rudeness of their workmanship points to an early date in the progress of the art, and they make a fair starting-point for the study of the gradual development of their more scientific and ornamental successors.

Having, then, traced the pedigree of the key to its earlier origin, we will now pass on to consider its further progress through the Middle Ages, till it arrives at its culminating point of beauty in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

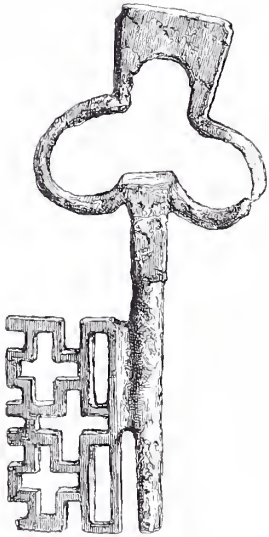


Fig. 5.—IRON KEY.  
(*Fourteenth Century. From Netley Abbey.*)

of the Trocadéro, a most interesting collection of some forty keys of this obscure period was exhibited, in the "Salle du Moyenâge."

They were one and all of bronze, for this material seems not to have been generally superseded by wrought or hammered iron in the manufacture of household utensils till the fourteenth century. They seemed invariably to arrest the attention of the visitors, and the exclamation most commonly to be heard among their French admirers was, "Voilà les clefs de Paradis!" This exactly suggests their general character. No earthly gates, one would think, could need to be opened by such poetical and fantastic passports. They have lost the solid Pagan look of their Roman prototypes, and have assumed an ecclesiastical, pious, and Christian, though still primitive, appearance. A cross, a trefoil, or some such religious device has been woven into the bow, and now complicated wards or their ornamentation recalls the graceful outlines of a portion of Gothic architecture. It is well known, indeed, that in such early times it was part of the architect's study to design even the metal-work of his buildings, and so small an object as a lock and key did not escape his all-pervading craft. Thus it happened that the art of the locksmith went hand-in-hand with that of the builder, and the date of either can often be determined with equal certainty. Such keys seem to be truly the proper belongings of friar or abbeſs, if not of knight or crusader. One sees them depicted in missal and tapestry, or carved, as heraldic emblems, on the tomb of bishop and cardinal. The very rust and decay of their material add greatly to their picturesque quaintness, and the charm of their unmistakable antiquity carries them at once from the

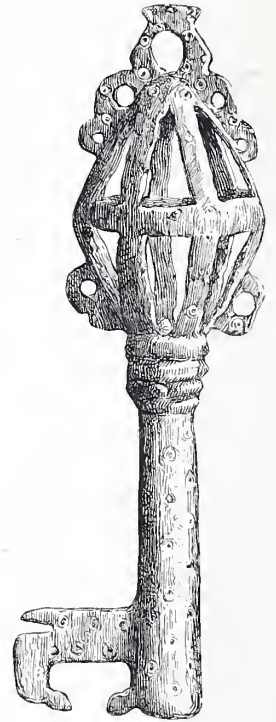


Fig. 6.—MEDIEVAL BRONZE KEY.



sphere of the modern world to the distant shadows of a remote past. They suggest the idea of simple, pure, spiritual, and refined beauty, without any admixture of the pomp of worldly and luxurious adornment. They exhibit every variety of design, and every token of originality, bespeaking the workmanship of honest and careful hands. It is true that in

the earlier centuries of the Middle Ages they do not acquire a really artistic character in point of elaborate finish, but they unfailingly illustrate the progress and development of their stern originals towards the attainment of perfect beauty. The work of the cinque-centists in this branch of art must be reserved for a further paper.

T. W. GREENE.

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DUALISM IN ART.—I.

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HE way into the Higher Life lies through the Truth. But Art to be true must be true to something. And that something is Nature. This seems so very simple that I hesitate even to write it down. And yet it is only by perpetual recurrence to such first principles as these that we gain strength for real work. They are to the poet or the painter what his mother Earth was to Antæus. Standing upon this ground he is a giant; lift him from it but for an instant and it will not need a Hercules to slay him; the conditions will be changed; it will be no more giant against giant; the queen's dwarf will be quite strong enough to take him by the middle and drop him into the nearest silver bowl of cream. Happy will it be for him if some kind Glumdalitch be at hand, to run to his relief, and to put him to bed with no further damage than is recorded of the adventurous Gulliver.

And I have put the proposition in these words because they contain three terms, a perfect understanding of which is essential to our subject. These three terms are Nature, Art, and Truth. Let us consider them for a moment separately.

And first, as to Art. We have seen that Art is of the nature of a translation. Of all the little-lying Hobgoblins which infest the Higher Life there is none more dangerous than that which is perpetually whispering to the artist that his power is creative. There is no such thing as creative power in Art. The poet and the painter can no more create a subject than they can create the colours with which they

paint it, or the ink with which they write about it. The beautiful hues of Nature are the painter's, from which to select and arrange, but he cannot go beyond them. The universe is the poet's, but he cannot go outside it, any more than he can add to it a single atom. And yet the lie meets us everywhere; and in the Higher Life we cannot take a step without giving it trial of battle.

I do not wish to play upon words. If the term "creative" be limited in use to its secondary sense—the shaping, or arranging, or combining, or investing these combinations with new forms—the word may stand as well as any other to distinguish the works of an original thinker from those of a transcriber or copyist. But when we are speaking about Art, and striving to understand something of the Higher Life, it is essential that we should be clear in our use of terms. Let it be understood, then, that Art is not creative in the sense of adding anything to Nature; that it is a shadow which cannot exist without a substance, and that its substance is Nature; that it is an evolution of which the primary is Nature; that if it is self-evolved, if it seeks to be a primary itself, it ceases to be Art, and becomes only a phenomenon.

And now as to the meaning of the word Nature. It includes more than the visible fabric of creation; it includes the inner life of which the things we see are but the manifestation. It includes all that emanates from the Creator: in a word, it includes body and soul. There is this Dualism in Nature, and we must take account of it here, for it is the foundation of the Higher Life in

Art. But it is not to be confounded with what in Art is called the Real and the Ideal. It is rather the differentiation of the objective and the subjective. Both are real. The eyes that flash intelligence or love are not more real than is the intelligence or love which they express. Courage, is it not a reality? But so also is Achilles on the field of battle. Fear, will it not blanch the cheek? But the cheek which is blanched is real, too, and has its own beauty. Sorrow, will it not whiten tresses, black it may be now as the raven's wing. But a mother's hair may be white, yet not through sorrow, and its silver threads may be as soft to the touch as when her child, tired with play, first laid his face against them.

The silver whiteness is the objective—that which it expresses, whether it be age or sorrow, is the subjective beauty; but both are real, and both are Nature. And though in Nature we see sometimes these two knit together in indissoluble unity, yet they are not always so united. Of this we shall see more as we advance: it is sufficient now to make clear the comprehensive meaning of this second term of our proposition.

For out of these two terms will grow the third. Truth in Art is the perfect correlation of Art with Nature. We have seen that Art is a language. Whatever language we speak we must speak the truth in it. If Nature gives to every kind of tree a different foliage, and to every cloud a different shape, shall we belie all this, and make studies of clouds from cotton-wool? or float pink rose-leaves on a basin of water tinged with Prussian blue, and call the painting that we make of it an Italian lake? Truth in Art begins with reverence—reverence for all that is beautiful in Nature, or that bears any impress of the Divine hand; reverence also for the genius of other men, regarding it as an emanation from the Giver of all good. Art without truth is only fit to ornament a tea-tray. Art without reverence is too contemptible even for that. And reverence leads to sacrifice. For truth in Art has two sides—the one will not permit any deviation, however slight, from the message to be delivered; the other will not suffer the messenger to be honoured before the message. Sacrifice is the

subordinating of everything, even though beautiful in itself, that would interfere with the chief interest of the theme. Let the subject be sunrise. Every instant a new object of loveliness becomes visible in the landscape; the trees take on their colour like garments of russet or green; the mists clear from the valley; the corn-field changes from tender grey to the deepest gold; the poppies and corn-flowers at our feet, alike in colour an instant ago, are now crimson and blue: what shall the painter do without the truth which comes of sacrifice? The colour must go from his landscape or it will be daylight, not sunrise. He must choose between the distant village and the rising mist; between the wild flowers blue and red, and the grey twilight of early morning. Then there is the sacrifice of self-assertion. It is no business of the painter to exhibit his own dexterity, any more than it is that of the poet to talk about himself. Some, indeed, of the old painters used, instead of signing their names, to paint their own portraits in miniature, with their children kneeling beside them, in the corner of their pictures; but that was an act of reverence, as we may see by the meek hands folded in prayer. But never should the artist thrust either himself or his workmanship between us and his theme. Let his subject be the Madonna. If to show his dexterity he paints every thread of her garment, it will add nothing to the glory of his work. When we look into the face of the Virgin Mother, we do not care to see how the painter can imitate silk or linen, we look for a higher beauty—the tender eyes that bent over the cradle at Bethlehem, the neck round which the Holy Child once clasped His arms.

It comes then to this, not only that there are two kinds of beauty, the objective and the subjective, but that of these two the subjective is the higher, and that its realisation should be the aim of Art. If the painter cannot paint love, he has no right to paint a woman with a baby at her breast. And the same thing is true of Art in all its forms. It is the realisation of this subjective beauty that has made great landscapists. See how Turner and Cox invariably sacrificed the lesser to the greater. The work of one was a mighty protest against the



materialism of topographical draughtsmanship—it was not Ehrenbreitstein that he saw, but the flash of sunlight that fell upon it fresh from the hand of God. The work of the other was a mighty protest against the traditional notion that fine scenery makes fine pictures—Lancaster sands were good enough for him if God passed over them in a storm. And this sacrifice of the lesser for the greater is apparent not only in their choice of subject, but in their method of painting. There is a beauty in smooth surface and fine texture and delicate handling, but if these were only to be attained at the cost of any higher beauty—that of light, or movement, for instance—these men would discard them in a moment. This is the secret of their rough handling and coarse texture. Their theme was the subjective beauty of a landscape, the blaze of sunshine flashing down on a city of palaces, or the drifting of rain-clouds across a hay-field. And what had smooth paper or varnished paint to do with these things, except to be themselves forgotten in the glory that should come upon them? But see what followed. A herd of imitators, quick to observe how Cox and Turner splashed their colours on the canvas, in their turn splashed accordingly. But out of their splashes came splashes only. That which to the masters had been the end, they lost sight of altogether, and that which to the masters had been the means had become their end.

For there is no more inherent beauty or merit in painting with great dabs of colour *à la* David Cox, than in tickling a picture to death with small touches *à la* Birket Foster. It is not because of their peculiarities, but in spite of them that men are great. The characteristic of Turner was not that he painted roughly, but that he painted light and colour. The characteristic of Cox was not that he blotted in his forms, but that the forms he blotted in represent Nature—Nature alive and awake, and with a temper. The characteristic of Birket Foster is not that he paints minutely, but that his skies are colossal in splendour, and that in the narrow space of a hand's breadth he puts more subjective beauty than we find upon the yards of canvas of other men. It is all very well for the painter to study every touch and process by which such men produce such results, just as

the scholar should study the language of a great author. But to know such men by their processes is the same as to know Goethe only as a writer of German, and Dante only as an Italian.

It is the custom of painters to live much together, and to see much of each other's work. No doubt they gain by such intercourse, at least in the mastery of the material elements of their craft. But how much better it would be if painters and poets could thus be associated—if every Giotto could have his Dante, and every Dante his Giotto—that they might together work out their "Paradise," each in his own way, but each strengthened by what his friend could teach him. The dangers that beset the painter and the poet are very different in kind. The one begins with the objective beauty of some material form, into which he has to breathe a living soul. The other begins with the subjective beauty of life or passion, for the incarnation of which he must find a material form. It is the glory of the painter to be a poet; it is the glory of the poet to be a painter. But the difficulty of the painter is to tell us what he thinks; the difficulty of the poet is to show us what he sees. When Cowper wrote—

"The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower,"

he may have had the most distinct perception of the subjective beauty of his theme—the unfolding of the purposes of God through the mysteries of creation—but of the objective process of the growth of a bud into a flower and its results he appears to have lost sight altogether. When painters club together to buy a costume or a suit of armour, and set it up in their midst, and paint it, with *something* inside it, they may have a keen appreciation of the effect of light on polished steel, or the blending and contrast of colour; but of the hearts that should beat within that armour or that costume they are content to tell us—nothing.

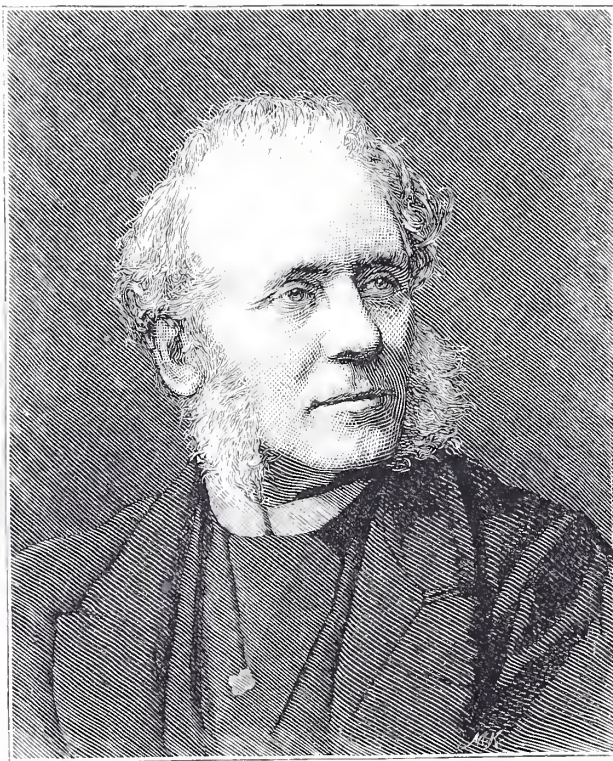
Thus we have pictures without souls, and poems without bodies; as though it were impossible in Art for the material and the spiritual to exist together. In Art, however, it is possible to "serve two masters." And Dualism in Art is, as we shall see, the serving of them both faithfully. WYKE BAYLISS.

## OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

WILLIAM POWELL FRITH, R.A.

TO tell the tale shortly of a long life-journey, early stages cannot be dwelt on when, as in this case, midway and onward the road is crowded with points of interest, constituting the landmarks of the professional career.

picture there in 1840 ("Malvolio before Olivia")—hung, by the way, at the very top of the architectural room—we must push on to the first notable milestone. This was reached in 1845 by the young painter in a succession of



*Just published  
W. P. Frith*

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott & Fry.)

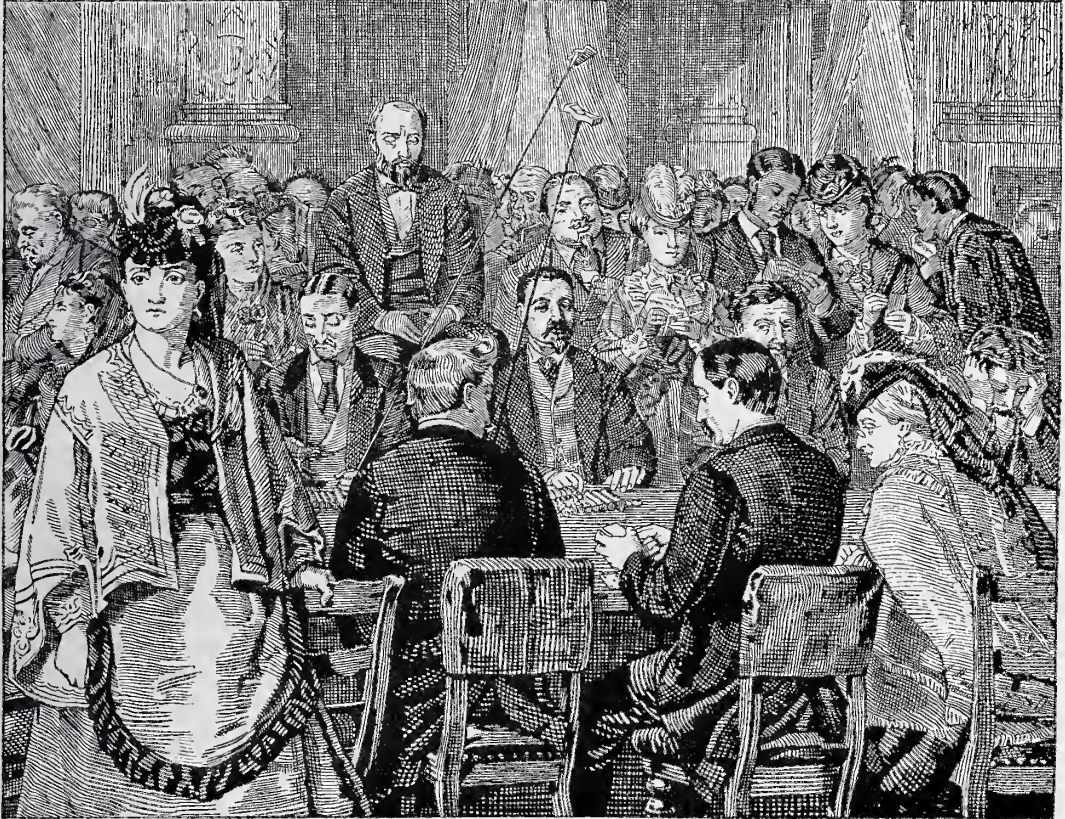
Hence, having said that Mr. Frith was born at Studley Royal in 1819, that he received his earliest art education at the establishment (immortalised by Thackeray) of Mr. Sass, of Bloomsbury, entered as a student at the Royal Academy in 1837, and exhibited his first

ever-increasing strides, through the domains of Shakespeare, Sterne, Scott, the "Spectator," Molière, and Goldsmith; his illustration of "The Village Pastor," from the latter's "Deserted Village," securing him his associate-ship in the November of that year. Halting,



and looking back for a moment hereabouts, an incident occurring in 1842 deserves record, as indicating the progress of the times. Charles Dickens commissioned the artist to paint him pictures of "Dolly Varden" and "Kate Nickleby," at the price of £20 apiece; and when, after the great author's death, his relics were scattered by Christie's hammer, "Dolly Varden" was sold for over £1,000. This

discontinued. The following year he still further justified his election by "An English Merry-making a Hundred Years Ago." This and its companion, "Coming of Age in the Olden Time" (exhibited in 1849), show, from the wide popularity they have received through the engravings, how firmly established our painter's reputation was at this period. Mention, too, must not be omitted of the intermediate picture



GROUP IN THE "SALON D'OR."

(From the Painting by W. P. Frith, R.A. By kind permission of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co.)

"Dolly," however, is not the "Dolly Varden" of the Forster collection, now at South Kensington; that was bought by Mr. Frank Stone, R.A., of his rising young brother of the brush for £15, and presented to the eminent biographer, who treasured it highly.

An augury of the Academic honours awaiting him was received by Mr. Frith in the May of 1845, whilst "The Village Pastor" was exhibiting, by the picture gaining for him the Liverpool £50 prize, a prize unfortunately since

in 1848, for it is seldom that such an admirably dramatic subject from the byways of history offers itself to a painter of Mr. Frith's peculiar powers. Its exact title escapes us, but the scene represents a country court of justice in the time of James I. An old woman is accused of witchcraft by the mother of the girl said to be bewitched, who cowers before the gaze that is turned upon her, whilst in the background stands the young swain, the real agent in the bewitchment. Full of character, and



with all details and accessories wrought out with the utmost care and perfection, it can be easily understood that this was a very remarkable work. "A Scene from 'Don Quixote,'" and another from "The Good-natured Man," now in the Sheepshanks collection, bear the date of 1850; "Hogarth Arrested as a Spy at Calais," that of 1851; and "Pope Making Love to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu," and "Bed Time," that of 1852.

Again looking back at the amount and quality of the work turned off from Mr. Frith's easel since 1845, it is not wonderful to find the full honours of the Academy bestowed upon him in 1853, notwithstanding the absence of his name from the catalogue of that season. That he was not then an exhibitor is due to the fact that he was solely engaged upon the picture which was to carry his name and fame to the farthest corners of the civilised world. "Rams-gate Sands" burst upon the public in 1854, and immediately found a purchaser in the Queen; it did not, however, pass into Royal hands direct from the Academy walls. Through some unaccountable blindness on the part of several gentlemen anxious about this time to possess a work by Mr. Frith, and to whom he gave the refusal of this one, they did refuse it, and he sold it finally to Mr. James Lloyd, the dealer from whom Her Majesty obtained it; yes, and obtained it for the price paid to Mr. Frith, with the understanding that it should not be delivered for three years, in order that it might be engraved, Mr. Lloyd making his profit out of the copyright. This he sold to the Council of the Art Union of London, who placed the picture in the hands of Mr. Sharpe, the engraver, whose splendid reproduction of it must be well known to all.

Naturally, after this effort, the painter's contributions for a year or two were comparatively unimportant. Resting upon what he had done, and girding himself up for another great stride, he was hardly prominent again until 1858. But here he reached a milestone on his journey not readily to be forgotten. To mention "The Derby Day" is to mention at once, perhaps, one of the most universally popular pictures ever painted; so universally known is

it, that any additional comment here, where space is limited, would be superfluous.

A pause once more was to be expected after this triumph, but a portrait of Charles Dickens in his study, taken whilst he was writing the "Tale of Two Cities"—now in the Forster Gallery, South Kensington—was the small but highly interesting contribution of 1859, whilst "Claude Duval" (an engraving from which is given) the following year showed that our artist did not mean to abandon his old love for a period of costume more picturesque than our own. The reputation, however, which the "Derby Day" had won for him was too potent, and he was immediately called upon to give us another microcosm of contemporaneous life, which he did in the "Railway Station," exhibited by itself in the Haymarket in 1863, and afterwards engraved. Renown bringing with it, like riches and nobility, its own obligations, Mr. Frith was after this commanded by Her Majesty to paint the "Marriage of the Prince of Wales," and on this large and important work he was occupied till 1865.

Feeling galled, perhaps, by the trammels which modern garments and accessories had imposed on him in these last two works, he was impelled to throw them off, and plunging into a more picturesque period, immediately set about the painting which perhaps more than any other embodied all his characteristics in the most favourable light. "Charles the Second's Last Sunday," exhibited in 1867, may be said to show Mr. Frith at his very best. Passing on now to other works of a like calibre, we can only glance at such intermediate canvases as appear to demand especial attention. One of these was "Dinner at Boswell's Lodgings," containing portraits of Johnson, Garrick, Reynolds, Goldsmith, &c., exhibited in 1868, and which, when it came to the hammer at the sale of the Mendel collection, was knocked down for the extraordinary price of £4,567, one of the largest sums ever paid for a work by a living artist, and being an advance upon what the painter originally received for it of £3,067. In 1871 there was a return to modern-life, in the "Salon d'Or" at Homburg, a group from which forms the subject of the engraving on page 81. A summer





CLAUDE DUVAL.

(From the Painting by W. P. Frith, R.A. By kind permission of the Art Union of London.)





sojourn at Boulogne resulted, in addition to some small local subjects, in another important graphic presentment of national life and manners. "Blessing Little Children, a Procession in honour of Our Lady of Boulogne," which takes place annually at the French sea-port, offered in 1874 a theme in which the artist found himself thoroughly at home, and in which he fully maintained his pre-eminence. Again, amongst smaller canvases exhibited between this period and 1878, two are especially deserving of mention, inasmuch as they display Mr. Frith evidently revelling with matured powers in a return to the class of subject in which he won his earliest honours. They were respectively a scene from "The Vicar of Wakefield," and one from Molière's "L'Amour Médecin," his contributions in 1876.

Whatever merits may exist in the various modern schools of art which are daily putting forth claims upon public attention, and however greatly they may differ from that in which Mr. Frith was educated and has worked, it will be many a long year, we take it, ere it will be necessary at a public exhibition to protect from admiring and interested crowds by a railing any specimen of the new æsthetic principles. Yet we know that this has been necessary with almost every one of our painter's important pictures, from the "Derby Day" down to the "Road to Ruin" of last year. It has been maintained, and with some truth, that it is the finest music which is always the most popular. Upon what showing is this argument not to be applied to the sister art? Especially when we remember that, however critics may differ as to the class of subjects and phases of life sometimes selected by Mr. Frith, there can be no question that in themes where these objections do not obtain, his merits as a painter are beyond dispute. In conscientious and elaborate completeness in the smallest details, in a masterly command of dramatic arrangement, and an almost unequalled knowledge of light and shade, and of the way of bringing a picture with countless figures and incidents together in one harmonious, comprehensive, and complete whole, he is perhaps unsurpassed; whilst the

quality and method of his painting, from the point of view of his school, are as near perfection as can be. Full recognition, we are happy to know, of these facts is not confined to his own country and to the crowds that have, season after season, made it a difficulty even to get up to the rail in front of his notable pictures. Wherever these have been exhibited—in Paris, in Vienna, in Brussels, in Philadelphia—they have procured for him but one result, and were it the fashion for Englishmen to display their decorations, his broad chest would be all too narrow to afford space for the crosses, medals, and ribbons which have been bestowed upon him in recognition of the peaceful victories he has won; to say nothing of his having been created a member of four or five foreign Academies.

With such results before us we will conclude this sketch with an anecdote which Mr. Frith tells of himself, with all the quiet, sarcastic, but good-natured humour which distinguishes him; begging leave at the same time to demur entirely from his own final comment. Here it is:—

"When my father brought me to London, a boy of sixteen, he brought also a folio of chalk and pencil drawings, copies of engravings, and showed them to Chalon, R.A., who thereupon advised that I should be an artist (if his opinion had been adverse I was to be an auctioneer); and I was accordingly made one. Many years afterwards, when I was myself R.A., I tried to recall this incident to Chalon, but he had totally forgotten it. I then showed him the drawings, and he exclaimed, 'You don't mean to say that I advised you should be made an artist after seeing those things only!' 'You most certainly did,' said I. 'Then I was very wrong,' said he, 'for they contain nothing that would warrant my doing so;' and he was right."

We say we demur to this, for those drawings of a certainty must have contained visible germs of the latent power which, through steady perseverance, determination, and untiring energy, has led to a success, the popularity of which is remarkable even in the history of British art.

W. W. FENN.





BUST OF AN ITALIAN PEASANT.

(In Terra-cotta. By Belluzzi.)



## AN ITALIAN PEASANT.

THE passion for extreme realism which the modern Italians have carried so far, and which is accompanied in their works by so much extraordinary cleverness, finds peculiarly ready and fitting expression through the medium of terra-cotta; this material is almost seductive in the facility with which it lends itself to the imitation of flesh; and the executive skill acquired in its manipulation needs rather to be kept within limits than increased.

The bust which we engrave is by Signor Belliazzi, one of the leaders of the school of literal and naturalistic sculptors. It represents a type familiar to all who know the Italian peasantry; the ruggedness and irregularity of this individual face have been insisted on with an almost fanatical love of truth. Among the most striking features of the late International Exhibition at Paris were the remarkable works of that Italian School to which this bust belongs.

## WOOD ENGRAVING.—II.



LITTLE reflection, or, what is better, a little observation, will show us that nature, as a rule, exhibits objects light on a dark ground. Abundant exceptions will be found, but they are exceptions. The cause of this is sufficiently

obvious. Those objects which project most, naturally receive most light, while those which lie deep, will as a rule be in shadow.

I must note here the case of objects seen against the sky, as a very important exception, but nevertheless one which only in rare instances qualifies the general advantage above named. If we look round us at any ordinary scene, we find the foremost trees in a glade standing light against the deeper ones, the most projecting branches of a tree standing light against the inner ones, the most prominent leaves being the brightest of all. In grass, the bright projecting tips of the blades, in architecture, the tracery of shafts of windows seen against the gloom of the interior, present examples of the same general law of light on dark. In painting it is equally easy to paint light on dark, or dark on light; but in engraving, where we must choose one or the other, but cannot have both, it will be evident that that process will oftenest have the advantage in which lights are taken out with the greatest ease, *in which the objects*

*are drawn with light instead of being drawn with darkness.*

I hope it has been rendered clear, that the process of wood engraving, from the first touch to the last, is absolutely opposed to etching, or drawing on paper with pen or pencil, and that it will not be necessary to go back to first principles to convince the reader that any school of wood engraving *must* be wrong which does not recognise this fundamental difference, and which accepts as its legitimate field of labour the fac-simile imitation of drawings produced by the other and antagonistic method.

In the ensuing chapter we shall have an opportunity of inquiring to what extent in the past history of the art this all-important principle has been recognised, and it will, I think, be found to have been fully and consistently recognised by one man, and that man was THOMAS BEWICK; which brings us back to the opening statement of this chapter, that the history of wood engraving is a singular one.

Since writing the above, I have read with much pleasure and interest Mr. P. G. Hamerton's comparison between etching and other arts in his "Etching and Etchers," and find that his views correspond precisely with my own. They are forcibly expressed in the following passage:—"So the wood engravers have all along been laboriously cutting out bits of white to make us feel as if they

had engraved the black lines, and every hasty scrawl of the draughtsman has had to be cut round by them. Hence wood engraving has not been a genuine art except in a few instances, nor have its natural powers been duly cultivated. It has occupied the position of some man of great natural ability, who has had the misfortune to be bred to a profession for which his faculties were always unsuited, who, by dint of long study and patience, has taught himself to do what was required of him, but who has left his true self uncultivated and unexpressed." From some expressions previously used, it may be thought that I rate wood engraving above etching. To prevent misapprehension, I must remind my readers that I have barely space to exhibit the capacities of the wood-block. Those of copper are well known, and by none more appreciated than by myself. Let those who wish to see them eloquently enlarged on read Mr. Hamerton's work.

There is a disagreeable sameness about the opening sentences of all histories of art. Who could not foresee that the first words of this historical sketch would be "The origin of wood engraving is enveloped in hopeless obscurity," or "lost in the mists of antiquity," or words to this effect? Let not the reader, however, despair; there are gifted writers who can penetrate these mists. Mr. Joseph Strutt, for instance, published in 1785 "A Biographical Dictionary containing an account of all the engravers from the *earliest period* of the art of engraving to the present time," and, being a conscientious writer who felt bound to fulfil in his book the promise of his title, he begins thus:—"There is no art, that of music excepted, which can positively claim a priority to that of wood engraving, and though its inventor cannot be discovered, there is little doubt of its existence long before the flood. . . . The immediate descendants of Tubal Cain may lay a claim to the invention of the art of engraving, which appears to me to be well founded and certainly prior to any exhibited in profane history, unless the Grecian Vulcan really was, as some have thought, no other than Tubal Cain, distinguished by another

name. To what length the exercise of this art was carried by our antediluvian progenitors is totally unknown." This is unfortunate, but so scrupulous a writer is Mr. Strutt, that he proceeds to "pass over the old Greek and Roman writers concerning the history of these early periods," *i.e.*, when Vulcan was following the profession of engraver, on the ground that "the facts as related by them are not only exceedingly doubtful in themselves, but convey no certain intelligence." Fortunately we have a less fastidious author to whom in this difficulty we may turn. A work entitled "Traité historique et pratique de la Gravure en Bois, par M. J. M. Papillon, graveur en bois, et ancien associé de la Société académique des Arts," opens as follows:—"Chapter I.—On the Origin of Wood Engraving.—Although it seems impossible to say anything very positive concerning the origin of wood engraving, yet we may rest assured that it was the first art which appeared in the world" [he does not except music]; "for if it is true that the children of Seth engraved on stone and on brick, it may be inferred that before this they had engraved upon wood, since this material is softer than the others, and consequently more likely to have facilitated the invention of engraving."

Since, then, lithography, &c., were practised by the children of Seth, and wood engraving must have preceded these more difficult arts, it becomes logically certain that Seth himself must have been a wood engraver. M. Papillon is doubtful whether Moses and Mercury are identical or two distinct persons, but arguing first on one hypothesis, and then on the other, leads the reader in each case to the same satisfactory conclusion. "These passages of history establish the high and remote antiquity of wood engraving and its use from the earliest ages of the world."

The art, however, would appear to have fallen into disuse for about forty-five centuries, as we meet with no authentic evidence of its existence between the period of these well-founded claims, and the year 1423, the earliest date on any known wood-cut. But here again, if we are to trust M. Papillon, we must believe that engravings on wood were executed more



than a century earlier. This writer gives an account, very singular, but very circumstantial, of some wood-cuts he had seen, and which were completed in 1284 or 1285. Unfortunately, the cuts are not forthcoming. M. Papillon is the only authority for their existence, and the story is accepted by some writers, and discredited by others. Here it is put as briefly as possible.

Papillon states that when young he saw, at the house of a Swiss captain in the village of Bagneux, a book consisting of a title-page and eight subjects, with explanatory verses at the foot of each, in Latin, all printed from wood-blocks. The title-page, "in bad Latin or ancient Gothic Italian," runs as follows:—"The chivalrous deeds, in figures, of the great and magnanimous Macedonian king, the courageous and valiant Alexander, dedicated, presented, and humbly offered to the most holy father, Pope Honorius IV., the glory and stay of the Church, and to our illustrious and generous father and mother, by us Alexander Alberic Cunio, knight, and Isabella Cunio, twin brother and sister; first reduced, imagined, and attempted to be executed in relief with a little knife, on blocks of wood, joined and smoothed, by this learned and beloved sister, continued and finished together at Ravenna, after eight pictures of our designing, painted six times the size here represented; cut, explained in verse, and thus marked on paper to multiply the number, and to enable us to present them as a token of friendship and affection to our relations and friends. This was done and finished, the age of each being only sixteen years complete." The subjects are—(1) Alexander on Bucephalus; (2) Passage of the Granicus; (3) Alexander cutting the Gordian knot; (4) Alexander in the tent of Darius; (5) Alexander presenting his mistress, Campaspe, to Apelles, who was painting her; (6) The battle of Arbela; (7) Porus vanquished is brought before Alexander; (8) Alexander's triumphal entry into Babylon.

To each subject Papillon gives some critical remarks of his own, as to the relative excellence of the designs, and he mentions that in some of the white parts the block had not been cut away deep enough, so that it had received

some of the ink and left marks on the paper, in consequence of which one of the youthful engravers had written a note in the margin, that the wood must be cut deeper in these parts. Then follows a long history of the Cunio twins, highly romantic and improbable, contained in a manuscript professing to be written by one Turine, not many generations after the events, and to whose grandfather the copy in question had been given by a Count Cunio.

The history relates, among other things, how the gallant young Alberic at the age of fourteen had led a body of twenty-five horse, with which he had routed a body of two hundred, and was knighted for the exploit, and how the twins and Isabella's lover all died young, as was the duty of such prodigies; but I refrain from giving even a summary of the story, because the authenticity of the book seems to be entirely unaffected by that of the romance attached to it.

Those readers who wish to learn more particulars will find the original story in French in the above-named "Traité historique," &c., by Papillon, or literally translated into English at full length in Ottley's voluminous "Inquiry into the Origin and Early History of Engraving on Copper and Wood" (London, 1816, two vols., 4to); or, in Italian, in Pietro Zani's "Materiali per servire alla storia dell' origine, e de' progressi dell' incisione in rame e in legno" (Parma, 1802, 8vo).

This story, as I have said, is variously regarded by different writers. Zani, for instance, accepts it, candidly admitting that as Italy gains credit by it, he may not be an impartial inquirer, and he cannot conceal his satisfaction, when with his mind's ear he hears the howl of outraged German critics at the audacity of an Italian in daring to doubt that Germans were the first wood engravers. The reader will appreciate Zani's candour, and will probably agree with him that Papillon could not have "dreamt" the ancient book of wood-cuts "non potendosi credere che quel Professore siasi sognata una tal cosa," but may perhaps demur to his somewhat startling conclusion, that to doubt Papillon's story is to "deny the existence of light on a fine sunny day."

Zani, however, took some trouble to sift the matter, and found in the indicated neighbourhood historical evidence of a noble family of the name of Cunio that was in existence in the thirteenth century, and that Alberic was a name which occurred more than once in its annals.

Mr. Strutt rejects the tale, but states as his reason that "Papillon gives the story upon the sole evidence of the Swiss officer, *and had never seen any part of the engravings.*" He must have read the passage very carelessly; it runs thus:—"One afternoon he found me occupied in reading a book, which induced him to show me several very ancient ones which had been lent to him by a Swiss officer, a friend of his, to examine at leisure, and we discussed together the illustrations they contained and the antiquity of wood engraving. The following is the description of these ancient books, just as I wrote it before him." He may have been deceived by a later paragraph—"The death of M. de Greder, which occurred many years ago, prevents my ascertaining now where this book might be seen, so as to render its authenticity evident to the public, and to confirm what I have just written."

Baron Heineken is quite incredulous, but having examined Papillon personally, declares himself convinced of his veracity, and that the book must have been a forgery, or of later date than supposed. It must be remembered that Heineken was a German.

Ottley accepts the story, and attaches much importance to the local confirmatory facts brought to light by Zani.

The most formidable opponent of the account is Mr. Chatto,\* who treats it with ridicule, but on examination his grounds for doing so do not amount to much. He makes the mistake of confounding the book and the history, as if the fabulous nature of the one affected the genuineness of the other—in my opinion, a perfectly baseless assumption; and he considers

\* In his "History of Wood Engraving," illustrated by Mr. Jackson: quite the best English work on the subject.

the use of the words "pinxit" and "sculpsit" as almost a proof that the book was a forgery, because the custom of so distinguishing the painter and engraver of a design did not obtain earlier than 1590.(?) But it must be remembered that the twins have wished to show in each print what share they had had in the production, the brother having painted and then engraved some himself, while the sister engraved others from the brother's painting, and as they described all their work in Latin, there seems nothing strange in their having used the most natural words to express their meaning, even though they may not have been habitually so used till a later date.† If the work was a forgery, with what object was so much ingenuity expended, as it was never brought before the public, and merely by chance fell into the hands of a boy?

The date 1284 or 1285 is shown by the dedication to Pope Honorius IV., who reigned those two years only. Of course every fifth-form boy knows that there was no later Pope of the name, but if the reader, like the writer, has long past that brief period of omniscience, he can, by referring to a list of Popes, satisfy himself that the difficulty is not to be explained away by assuming that IV. should be V., and that the book is of later date. On the whole, the evidence, limited though it be, seems sufficient to justify further search on the part of those who may have leisure for such inquiries. Readers are referred to the above-quoted authorities for further details, and I must proceed to better established facts, my reason for giving so much space to this story being that upon it depends the answer to these two questions: 1, Was wood engraving invented in Italy or in Germany? 2, Was it invented late in the thirteenth or early in the fifteenth century?

HENRY HOLIDAY.

† Is not *sculpsit* the form usually found under engravings, and would not the use of *sculpere* (which seems to be the common form in Roman Latin) be evidence rather in favour of the book than otherwise?





## COSTUMES AND CHARACTERISTICS OF SOUTH BRITTANY.



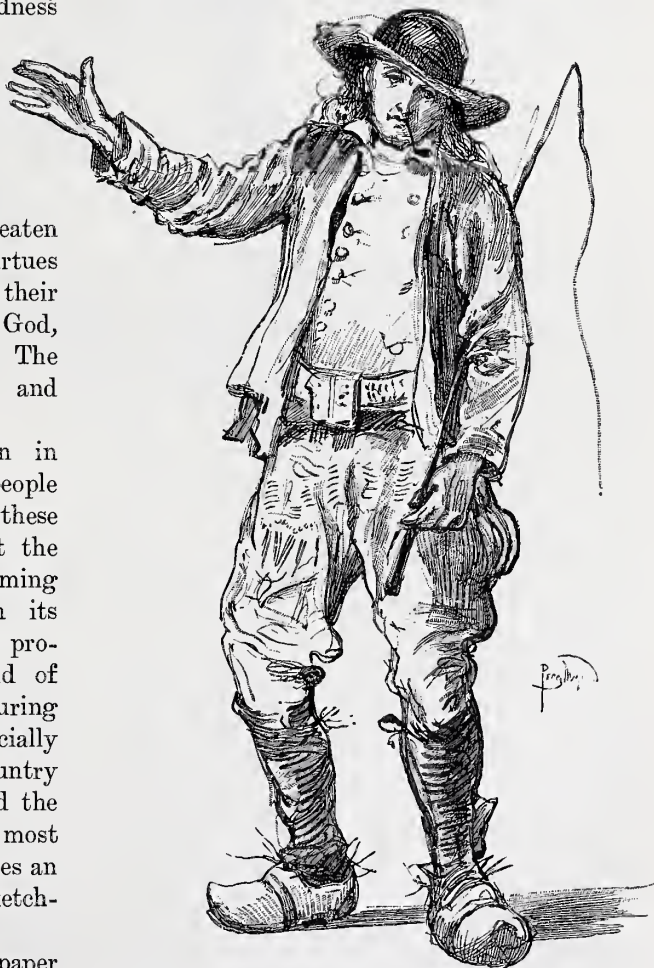
THE province of Brittany is remarkable for its scenery, its buildings, and its costumes—all of a quaintness special to themselves—and I can promise to any one on sketching thoughts intent, an abundant harvest of work. One thing is to be noted, however, that spite of the brilliant sun of Brittany, there is much sadness

of colour over people, buildings, and iron-bound coast; there is not the sparkle of Italy, or the rich colouring of Spain. The inhabitants of the province are as remarkable as their country—as wild and sombre as their stone-covered heaths and storm-beaten shores. Bretons are said to have five virtues and three vices. The virtues are love of their country, resignation under the will of God, loyalty, perseverance, and hospitality. The vices—avarice, contempt of women, and drunkenness.

There is enough costume still worn in Brittany to show how picturesque the people must have been some years ago, when these quaint dresses were common throughout the country, but, alas! costume is fast becoming modernised, and only to be found in its ancient integrity in certain parts of the province. The south is still the stronghold of costume; in Quimper and the neighbouring towns it is to be seen in perfection—specially on a fête or market day, when the country people throng in from far and near—and the great Place beside the noble cathedral is a most interesting and lively scene. At such times an artist may, if he please, soon fill his sketch-book with picturesque subjects.

The illustrations which accompany this paper represent some of the costumes of this part of

South Brittany, as they now exist. They are from sketches by Mr. Percy Macquoid; the originals sat and stood to him for their portraits. Perhaps one of the most extraordinary gatherings of Breton costume and character is to be seen at the Fair of St. Nicodème (Morbihan), a pardon or pilgrimage, which is held once a year amid the noble chestnut trees that surround the beautiful church. The groups of men, women, and children are unending in their variety. Most interesting specimens of the farmer abound; he stalks about in his wide-brimmed black hat, long hair, *bragous bras*, embroidered jacket and waistcoat, his broad



A FARMER (FINISTÈRE).

buff leather belt with quaint metal clasps; gaiters, and sabots stuffed with straw; or he



A PEASANT (RIEC).

may be seen engaged in selling his beasts, or in seriously enjoying his cider in the open air, under the trees or in booths, the men and women sitting drinking on opposite sides of long tables, reminding one of interiors by Dutch masters.

At this pardon of St. Nicodème a peculiar incident called "the descent of the angel" takes place towards the end of the day. The little figure of an angel descends on a rope from the church tower and sets light to some fireworks, amid the most intense excitement of the crowd.

The patron saints of the churches in Lower Brittany—in the popular belief—still work miracles for the faithful, and have the power to procure pardon for sinners. Some saints are famed for their protection of men, others of women, others of children—others again of cattle. Great pardons generally last three days. At these pilgrimages pardons are obtained by the pilgrims for past offences. Dancing is an indispensable part of the proceedings, and is conducted after a wild and excited fashion,

often leading to bad results. Wrestling for prizes, and horse-racing, are also frequent.

The most notable of the pardons are held at St. Anne la Palue, Locronan, Sainte Anne d'Auray, and Rumengol. There are three pilgrimages or pardons of Rumengol in the year: at the Annunciation, the Assumption, and the Nativity of the Virgin.

The Pardon of St. Anne la Palue is very remarkable, on account of the local scenery where it takes place. It is held on the downs overlooking the sea, round the lonely chapel dedicated to St. Anne. At the epoch of this pardon, Chateaulin and Douarnenez, the two nearest towns, are crowded with pilgrims; numbers sleep in tents on the downs, and in the open air. The dress of the matrons who carry the image of St. Anne round the chapel is magnificent—scarlet, fringed with gold. Thousands of gay costumes spreading over the green downs, and with the broad expanse of sea beyond, make this festival on a fine sunshiny day a sight never to be forgotten. A great variety of costumes is still to be seen at any of these fêtes. Travellers in Brittany should make a point of being present at a



A BEGGAR.

pardon; almost every town or large village has its fête or fair, and this has always a religious beginning.



The farmer represented in the illustration (page 89) is typical of Finistère, especially of the men of Pont-Aven and its neighbourhood. A great gathering of farmers is to be found at Quimperlé on market-day; both men and women may be seen chaffering over pigs and fowls, or trying to depreciate the value of a cow, while its possessor, probably a wrinkled, sunburnt (and if truth must be told), very dirty old woman, enlarges on the animal's good qualities with much noise and gesticulation. The scenes that take place among the pigs are amusing and characteristic; men and women haul them in and out of the carts, and pull them about the market-place by their tails in a ruthless fashion.

Quimperlé is soon reached from Quimper by the rail, and is a delightful little town placed in a valley at the junction of two rivers. The river scenery is charming, and the trout-fishing excellent; so that occupation for rod and pencil, or brush, may be pleasantly blended. Just outside the town a view of an old bridge, with women washing on the river-bank, is very good. The environs of the town are singularly pretty; indeed, its position has obtained for it the name of the Arcadia of Lower Brittany. A few miles above Quimperlé is a most picturesque valley among the rocks, called La Roche du Diable; the river here seems to end in a sort of lake. On the south side of the town is the forest of Carnoët, one of the largest forests in Finistère. Here is held a very curious pardon—"The Pardon of Toulfoen," or "The Pardon of the Birds." Every year in the month of June thousands of peasants flock to the Church of Lothéa, in the heart of the forest, bringing all kinds

of birds in cages. The only drawback to Quimperlé is that the accommodation at the inns is poor.

Within an easy drive of Quimperlé is another little town, much frequented by artists, Pont-Aven, "La Ville des Meuniers," as it is called, from the number of mills on the river.

Several of the personages represented in the illustrations are dwellers in Pont-Aven. The young girl with the bundle of sticks (page 92) is Marie, a *bonne* at the Hôtel des Voyageurs; she is a very good-looking specimen of a Bretonne. As a rule, female beauty is not abundant in Brittany. The Bannalec women have a reputation for good looks; indeed, I saw some handsome girls from this town in the market-place at Quimper. Marie seems to show a little of her hair, contrary to the usual custom which compels the women to conceal their hair under their caps. They have often a great quantity of fine hair, which they sometimes part with for a trifle. The men, as has been already said, wear their hair very long—quite falling on their shoulders. The girl with her hands clasped round



A BONNE (PONT-AVEN).

her knee is another *bonne* of a less sentimental type than Marie. The deep plaited collars that both these girls wear are charming in effect, and when raised by the wind assume the character of an Elizabethan ruff. These collars are laboriously "goffered" by the help of straws. The Pont-Aven cap is also very pretty. I shall not forget my delight when I first saw the Pont-Aven costume at the table d'hôte of the Hôtel de l'Épée at Quimper. The five waitresses wore it; most of them were "fair and colourless, and the style of face went admirably with their quaintly cut black dresses and snowy-winged caps, and their large, white, plaited collars, sleeves,

and bibbed aprons; some of them wore gilt crosses and large ear-rings." The women of Pont-Aven are reported to be the best dancers in Brittany.

About four miles from Pont-Aven, at Tregune,

The peasant at work in the field (page 90) is from Rice, near Pont-Aven. As a rule, the women in Brittany do field-work far more than the men; indeed, in all departments of



MARIE: A BONNE.

is a famous rocking stone. There are several of these stones in Brittany; this is the second in size. It is ten feet long, and about seven feet in height and breadth. It lies on another stone sunk in the ground, and can only be moved by pressing at one particular point.

life the female peasants are the hard workers. The beggars are a very special feature of the country. The mendicant in the illustration (page 90) is a well-dressed specimen of his class, for these folk are generally "things of rags and patches," their clothes, like



Joseph's coat, of many colours. Brown as mahogany, their faces are wonderfully picturesque and ugly, wrinkled like the hide of a rhinoceros, and, as they appropriate more than their share of dirt, one instinctively gives them a wide berth. Their wallets are generally very capacious, calculated to hold all sorts of forage, and they always carry a rugged stick. They have a peculiar, whining way of asking alms, and indulge in long prayers for and blessings on behalf of those from whom they beg; but if no attention is paid to their solicitation, they will shake their fists, and rain down a shower of curses on the head of the uncharitable traveller. These beggars are often excellent story-tellers, and by them the legends and ballads of Brittany are handed down from one generation to another. Whenever they come, to rich and poor alike, they are made welcome; the best place beside the fire—in manor, farm, or cottage—is given to the beggar, who eats, drinks, and sleeps, and goes away next morning with a well-filled wallet. In return he or she has retailed all the gossip picked up since the last visit, and also has told some thrilling love story for the benefit of the "pennherez," as a rich farmer's daughter is called, and her stout serving-maid. If the beggar is able to sing the tale, so much the better, for the Breton has a great passion for legendary songs.

The influence of ballad poetry upon the mind of this people was shown at a time when Brittany was seriously visited by cholera some years since. "The authorities printed and circulated thousands of placards throughout the towns and villages, advising the inhabitants how to act: in vain; the instructions were treated as waste paper, and the disease was spreading fast, when a bookseller, who knew the power of ballads on the people, happily hit on the expedient of turning the advice of the medical men, as set forth in their grave placards, into jingling rhymes, which were speedily circulated

through Brittany, and with such good effect, that the cholera, to use their own words, was 'chansonné hors de la Bretagne.'"

The tailor, or Bazvalan, is another feature of Brittany. He goes from house to house, helping to make the cloth jackets, waistcoats, and the baggy breeches worn by the peasants. In some districts, especially near Scaër and the wild country of that region, he is still the go-between, or "marriage-maker." On the wedding morning a series of rhyming couplets is interchanged between the Bazvalan and the Brautaer, or friend, of the bride. The Bazvalan is decidedly of the "Artful Dodger" species. But the marriage customs among the Breton peasantry are as peculiar and characteristic as the other ways of this original and unsophisticated people.



A BAZVALAN, OR TAILOR.

It will not be out of place to say, in an article on Brittany, which the writer hopes may induce many of his readers to visit the province, that the real way to enjoy the country is to avoid the railway and the public conveyances as much as possible, for a great deal that is interesting and "out of the way" is lost by the rapid transit and impossibility of divergence of the first, while the dawdling and discomfort of the second is very trying to the temper. "Go leisurely," a well-known writer says, "over hills and between ditches, instead of through tunnels and between banks." To use one's legs, knapsack on back, is good; and when legs are weak, and time is wanting, a vehicle, hired at so much a day (ten or twelve francs a day will do it, the driver keeping himself and his horse), will be a delightful and reasonable way of seeing the highways and byways of Brittany.

Two cautions, and I have done. Make sure your driver is intelligent, and that he understands French as well as Breton; and before starting each morning look well to the carriage springs.

THOMAS R. MACQUOID.

## AMERICAN ARTISTS AND AMERICAN ART.—III.

JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY, R.A.

THE father of John Singleton Copley, though of English extraction, resided for a long time in Ireland, where he married a daughter of the soil—Mary Singleton by name; and shortly afterwards he emigrated to Boston, where the painter was born in 1737. The boy, in common with Benjamin West, had little or no art education. His only teacher was his own observation, his only class-room the fields and lanes around his parents' house. While still young he lost his father; and the fact that his mother's second husband was an engraver may have done something to strengthen and to train his artistic instincts, and to prepare the way for their ultimate gratification. At any rate, we find that he was trying his hand at his step-father's craft at the age of fifteen. He was seventeen when he fairly embarked in his profession, and about this time he painted a portrait of himself, which is still preserved as one of his earliest efforts. In 1760 he began to send pictures—mostly domestic in subject—to London; and seven years later he was elected a Fellow of the Society of Artists in Great Britain. At this time he was principally engaged in portrait painting; and the fame of his proficiency in this noble branch of his art was soon noised abroad. The heads of many of the leading families of New England, and the wealthiest residents of Boston—the Greens, the Hubbards, the Broomfields, the Inches, the Pepperells, the Sargents, and the Murrays—sat to him. In many an ancestral dwelling in Massachusetts

his canvases may be found encrusted with the dust of a century; and it has been said that the possession of them is an American's best title of nobility.

Of the domestic history of Copley there is little to record. In 1769 he married Miss Clarke, the daughter of a Boston merchant; and in their comfortable Boston home was presently born the future Lord Lyndhurst—one of England's foremost Chancellors, and among the ablest of her lawyers. We do not remember any other instance of a great artist giving to the world a great son. It is true that another celebrated American artist, G. R. Leslie, R.A., was the father of the painter of that name who holds an honourable place in the world of art to-day; that Wilkie Collins, the novelist, is the son of Collins, the artist; that a son of Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., worked neatly



JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY.

and prettily with his brush; and that the son of a living Academician, Mr. Horsley, has given promise in his "Turkish Man of War" of a brilliant career. But the case of the Copleys is the only one we can recall to mind in which the first order of excellence in any career has been attained by the son of one whose position was pre-eminent in the world of art.

It is very difficult to realise the dearth of good pictures—indeed, of any pictures—which existed a century ago in the America that is now so plentifully stocked with the best works that can be bought in the markets of



Paris and of London, to say nothing of the productions of her own eminent artist sons. In the biography of Benjamin West we remarked that until his boyhood was merging into manhood, the young Quaker never set eyes on any pictures at all, except his own; and of Copley it has been said by Lord Lyndhurst that he never saw a *good* picture before he was thirty years of age, and had had fifteen years' practice of his art. With so many artistic deficiencies, America was not at that time a congenial home for her artists; and we find that they turned their eyes towards Europe, and in many cases, after study in Italy, found a profitable and pleasant field for the practice of their profession in England. Copley was no exception to this rule. So early as 1760—at the age of twenty-three—he was making as a portrait painter at Boston an income of 300 guineas a year—a sum then equal to three times that amount at the present day; and he resolved to save whatever he could with a view to crossing the Atlantic. But economy was less his characteristic than was a contrary tendency to extravagance; and it was not until he was over thirty-five that he set sail for Italy, where he stayed for a year or two studying the old masters—especially Titian and Correggio. In 1775 we find him settled in London, where more orders presently came to the studio in George Street, Hanover Square, than its owner could execute. Among his English portraits those of Earl Spencer, Lord Sidmouth, and Richard Heber are perhaps the best known. But the most celebrated of all his works is “The Death of Chatham in the House of Lords,” a canvas which is now in the National Gallery. The likenesses of the leading peers, as well as that of Chatham himself, are said to be excellent, and they excited an immense amount of contemporary interest. Copley refused an offer of £1,500 for the picture, and it must have been worth a much larger sum, if only for its copyright, when we remember that of its reproduction by engraving no fewer than 2,500 copies were sold in a few weeks. Besides attaining popularity here, the work was hailed in the painter's native land as a proof of American genius, and the heart of his aged

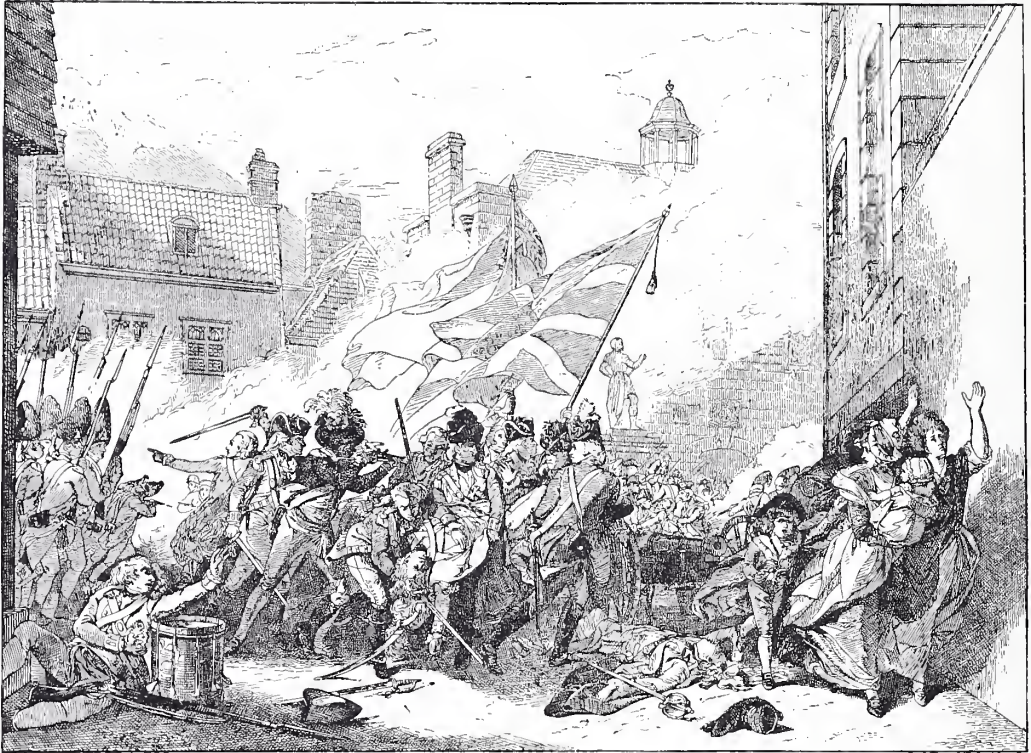
mother was made glad by the praises which everywhere greeted the name of her voluntarily exiled son. Not that certain clouds of criticism did not float over this heaven of popular acclamation. Certainly the picture was not an illustration of that realism which West, Trumbull, and Copley—an American trio—introduced into military painting. There were many defections from historic truth in the design and detail of the great work; for instance, Chatham did not die, but only fainted, in the gilded chamber; the peers were not really in robes, as they are represented; nor were the sons of the intrepid orator, whose lips had declared for the last time that England could not conquer America, really present on the floor of the House, though the artist placed them there. However, the work is that of a portrait painter, and as such it will live in the admiration of many generations. But though free from scruples on the score of literal accuracy when nobility of meaning and a larger historical interest demanded a certain licence, Copley was, as we have already mentioned, a co-reformer with West and Trumbull in the matter of realism of costume in the treatment of modern subjects. Witness the “Death of Major Peirson,” his military masterpiece, which we engrave (page 96), and the original of which is also in the national collection in Trafalgar Square.

Copley was elected a Royal Academician in 1783. Some years later he visited Hanover, where he painted several of his most famous historical canvases. We owe to his brush a few religious works, “The Resurrection” among the number. His later years were somewhat embarrassed, partly owing to the dilatory production, by Bartolozzi, of the engravings of his works—an old complaint between him of the brush and him of the burin, of which none of us is likely to hear the last. Copley died, full of honours as he was of years, in 1815; and his body lies in the burial-ground of Croydon Old Church.

Copley worked with great deliberation. It is said that on one occasion he required sixteen sittings of six hours each when painting a single head—but then the sitter was a lady! and she may have had one of those faces the expression of which eludes effort after effort

of the artist's brush. None but the portrait painter himself can realise the difficulty of reproducing on canvas the mood of the models' faces most representative of their character and thought. Sir Thomas Lawrence, for instance, used to describe his attempts to keep Sir Walter Scott from talking upon commonplace topics which extinguished the life and fire of his face; for poetry, and poetry alone,

sitter, and in such untoward occurrences as the following, which actually came within the experience of Copley. He had a commission to paint a family group for a gentleman whose wife died before it was completed, and who, marrying again shortly afterwards, wished to have the second and not the first object of his affections holding the place of honour by his side. The latter lady, therefore, was furnished



DEATH OF MAJOR PEIRSON.

(From the Picture by Copley in the National Gallery.)

brought into the eyes of the great novelist the look which the painter had determined to immortalise. In all cases the study of the living face reveals more to the true artist than even the study of history or of a poem; and no intelligent lover of painting would ever regret the devotion of the finest geniuses in the history of art—Velasquez, Rembrandt, Reynolds—to the pursuit of portraiture. But there are difficulties peculiar to this branch of art that are less noble than the ones to which we have adverted, and, among the rest, those which have their source in the whims of the

with a pair of wings, and in angel's guise occupied an elevated position on the canvas; but it happened that, before this arrangement was finally carried out, the second wife also died, and had to be relegated to the skies, where she could join the second, and hover over a third. A unique family group indeed!

In his historical subjects—according to the critic Redgrave—Copley was original and simple in composition and correct in drawing, while in his best portraits he showed a nearer approach to Gainsborough and Reynolds than any of his contemporaries.



## OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

HENRY STACY MARKS, R.A.

IT is doubtful whether, but for Mr. Henry Stacy Marks as the precursor of the modern return to the quaintly decorative as and only one to be applied to the illustration of our books, comic or serious, for young or old, and to a large extent to the adornment



*Faithfully yours*  
*H. S. Marks*

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott & Fry.)

well as the pictorial art of the Middle Ages, we might not still be languishing on in the clumsily humorous or sickly sentimental style, which for so many years was thought the fit of our houses. It is Mr. Marks who has introduced, and made familiar to us, the delightful blending of colours and quaint delicacy of form and design pervading the fashion of

the day in the thousand and one matters that can be affected by such art as his; and for the welcome reform he has brought about in all these respects he deserves our warmest thanks. Distinctly one of the most representative of representative men, his election on the 19th of December last to the full honours of the Royal Academy must be a matter of profound congratulation to all concerned.

But when we remember that in his pictures, properly so called, as distinct from the illustrative and decorative work on which he is so largely engaged, he has displayed powers as a painter pure and simple, of the first class, and that he has given us for the last five-and-twenty years some of the choicest bits of character and humour that have ever appeared upon the walls of our Royal Academy and other exhibitions, we may surely regard him as one of the most original and distinguished artists of the English school. Contriving not unfrequently to weave a strong thread of pathos into the fabric of dry fun in which he revels, painting landscape as well as he does humanity, and birds and beasts as well as either, he may be quoted as an eminently and thoroughly versatile artist, whilst the speciality which he seems of late to have developed for himself as a "bird faneier" on canvas, puts him far ahead of all rivalry in what may be described as pictorial and humorous ornithology. Most steady and legitimate has been his progress upwards since the days when "Toothache in the Middle Ages" (1856) first attracted attention from the originality and quaintness of the mere notion. Not, however, that this was by any means the picture with which he commenced his public career at the Royal Academy. Turning to the catalogues, we see in his earliest exhibited works that the "Dogberrian" side of life had from the first an especial attraction for him. It has never been quite absent, and still forms the leading sentiment in some shape or other in nearly everything he produces, albeit latterly it has cropped up in the guise of his remarkable long-legged, long-necked, long-beaked birds. In 1853, Mr. Marks submitted to the council of the then existing British Institution his first attempt in oil; but the "lay" element in that body rejected the "Dogberry

examining Conrade and Borachio," which, nevertheless, found a good place just below the line and beside Holman Hunt's "Strayed Sheep" on the walls in Trafalgar Square, and from that day forth (1853)—as he himself puts it—"H. S. M. has been represented in the Royal Academy Exhibitions—sometimes on the ground—sometimes on the ceiling—but 'all there' somehow."

Such characters as "Christopher Sly," "Bardolph," "Slender," "Francis Feeble," "Bottom," &c., have supplied him, together with their like in more modern guise, with never-ending themes. Subjects in which these personages figured conspicuously carried him prosperously onward till 1861 when the most ambitious and complete work he had yet produced clenched the good opinion the judges had formed of his powers. "The Franciscan Sculptor and his Model" embodied in a high degree all his excellences, and the sly fun, originality, and freshness of the idea, as well as its admirable execution, must be still in the memory of most who saw it.

Between this date and the removal of the Royal Academy to Burlington House, amidst a succession of pictures never varying in their general merit, may be enumerated, as especially striking, the following:—"How Shakespeare Studied" (1863), "Doctors Differ" (1864), "Beggars Coming to Town" (1865), "Falstaff's Own" (1867), "Experimental Gunnery in the Middle Ages" (1868), and "The Minstrels' Gallery" (1869), an admirable work, the first exhibited by our artist at Burlington House. In 1870 was given us the first taste in oil of Mr. Marks' quality as an ornithological painter, and with what had gone before, his "St. Francis preaching to the Birds" (see accompanying engraving), landed him, in the January of the following year, most justly and safely into the haven of an Associateship. Always conscientious and trustworthy to the highest degree, his "Book-worm," in 1871, by its thoroughness and completeness, setting aside its technical and other merits which were perhaps beyond any yet displayed in the painter's work, fully warranted the choice of the Royal Academicians. Again in 1872, "Waiting for the Procession," and in 1873 "The Ornithologist," and a







THE APOTHECARY.

(From the Picture by H. S. Marks, R.A. By kind permission of Mr. H. J. Turner.)



remarkably quaint bit called "What is it?" steadily kept the artist to the front. "Capital and Labour," "A Page of Rabelais," "The Latest Fashion," and "Winter" (the latter an important decorative work), were the four contributions from Mr. Marks in 1874, and the largest number he ever exhibited in one season at the Royal Academy. That prosperity and success were in no way going to check the energy of the artist was proved indisputably by each succeeding effort. "The Jolly Post-boys," and "A Merry Jest" (1875), as examples, were in all respects in his best manner. No less so was "The Apothecary" (our full-page illustration), of 1876, "The Spider and the Fly," and "A Bit of Blue" (1877), whilst in "Convocation" (1878) we had another of his remarkable "bird fancies," more than enough, in the opinion of many judges, to have ensured the final honour afterwards conferred on him.

It will be seen that though never an absentee from the great annual picture show, he has been seldom represented by more than one or, at the best, two works per year. This is, of course, partly due to the large claims which are made upon his time for the production of a variety of decorative work painted *in situ*, or at any rate painted only to adorn the houses of those who, by their employment of Mr. Marks, show themselves to be endowed with as much good taste as money. The "Winter," just mentioned, is a case in point, being one of a series representing the seasons, designed, we believe, for the decoration of a large billiard-room in a country house. Moreover, Mr. Marks was elected in March, 1871, Associate of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours; and though, beyond some quaint studies of birds, he has not hitherto been a prominent contributor to the gallery, the public have had many an opportunity of judging how masterly is his work in water-colour, from the numerous examples (*vide* "The Princess and the Pelicans," "Thoughts of Christmas," &c.) exhibited at the General Exhibition of Water-Colour Drawings, Dudley Gallery, a member of the Committee of which he was elected in 1867. Add to these facts the books which he illustrates, his drawings

on the wood, his designs for stained glass, and other work, and it can be understood why, in spite of his being one of the hardest workers in the profession, he is not so great a producer in oil as some of his contemporaries. Indomitable energy, diligence, and perseverance have ever distinguished our artist: even in those early times when he was engaged all day in business with his father, his enthusiasm for art made him devote his evenings to the study of it at Leigh's school in Newman Street. Here he formed the friendships, continued up to the present time, of such men as Calderon, Hodgson, Storey, Joseph Clark, and others who also have since made a mark in life; and the smouldering spark of his genius having been fanned into an unquenchable flame by these surroundings, he determined, when he came of age (1850), "to burn his boats," and striking out manfully, make for the shore on which we have so lately seen him land in safety.

He was born in Great Portland Street, London, in 1829, and he himself declares that, although always fond of drawing as a child, some of his early productions still in his possession display nothing remarkable or promising; they are exactly like what other children of six or seven delight in drawing. With the modesty about his own work which still distinguishes him, he further declares that his earliest studies from the antique and the life, both at Leigh's and at the Academy (into which he was admitted a student 1851), were far from meritorious. The first real spurt he seems to have had was in 1853, when, at the instigation of his friend Calderon, he scraped funds together and went to Paris, where he studied for five months in the *atelier* of M. Picot, the result very soon being, as we have seen, the picture of "Dog-berry examining Conrade and Borachio."

It has been well said that "it is in the art we love that the truest and deepest emotions of our nature—our true selves—find expression," and that, in short, a man is like his pictures. This certainly is the case with Henry Staey Marks. He is essentially the man you would expect to be the producer of such work as his. Not only is his personal appearance, with his sedately humorous expression, the

quiet twinkle in his bright eye, and the sly fun playing about the corners of his mouth, suggestive of it, but in a deeper sense than this he is like his pictures. In their honesty, thoroughness, and conscientious painstaking

possible to meet. With Shakespeare at his fingers' ends, with an inexhaustible fund of anecdote at his command, an able versifier, a singer of a good song, a teller of a good story, he is indeed hard to match; and looking



ST. FRANCIS PREACHING TO THE BIRDS.

(By the kind permission of Mr. Angus Holden, of Bradford.)

completeness, they are but the reflex of his character. All who enjoy the pleasure of his friendship will endorse this statement to the letter, whilst those less fortunate will not be surprised to hear that, in addition to these qualities, socially he is one of the most amusing and delightful companions that it is

back over the brief outline we have here traced of his life and career, and remembering that his success has been reached through no path of roses, but across many a rough and stony bit of road, it will be readily admitted, as we said at starting, that he is a thoroughly representative man.

W. W. FENN.



## RECENT ILLUSTRATORS OF NEW AND OLD VERSE.



AMONG the recently elected Associates of the Royal Academy occurs the name of Mr. John MacWhirter, who worthily represents landscape art; we are therefore glad to show in our accompanying illustrations

some of the work of his skilful hand. These are from a series of upwards of thirty drawings contributed by him to a beautiful volume lately published by Messrs. Nimmo, and entitled "Caledonia." It was fitting that a Scotch artist should be called upon to illustrate the poetry of his native land by his effective realisations of her lakes, and heaths, and mountains; and well he has fulfilled the congenial task. Our little introductory thistle even is not to be overlooked, for the most practised artist will not disdain the difficulty of the leafage of the "Noli me tangere" emblem. The deep hazel shade and the silvery birch-trees, which for feminine grace might well be sacred to Diana and her nymphs, are seen in that peep of a mountain glen which the artist has used to illustrate an exquisite passage of the "Lady of the Lake." The loneliness of the rugged mountains is there, and that undefined poetry of form to which the dwellers from childhood among such scenes are often unconsciously, perhaps, but very deeply sensi-

five. Wordsworth was wont to criticise Scott's descriptions of scenery—possibly his own less vigorous temperament could scarcely enter into them; they have a power peculiar and characteristic, resembling the effect of the broad bold sketch of a great master seizing the salient points of his subject, and kindling as it were by sympathy the imagination of others.

Our second illustration shows the lake placidly expanded to reflect its mountain barrier, while its waters

"Kiss, with whispering sound and slow,  
The beach of pebbles bright as snow."

It is but a poor compliment to man and his works to say that their intrusion into such scenes almost invariably mars the whole—yet not so the *ruins* of human labour; these



OLD EDINBURGH BY MOONLIGHT.



add pathos and loneliness to the view, as no one felt more than Scott himself; witness his lines to "fair Melrose." Here he makes Fitzjames exclaim—

"And what a scene were here, he cried,  
For princely pomp or churchman's pride!  
On this bold brow, a lordly tower;  
In that soft vale, a lady's bower;  
On yonder meadow, far away,  
The turrets of a cloister grey."

Had his hero's wish been realised, Scott would scarcely have found the inspiration with which the untamed picturesqueness of that wonderful scene filled him, and if Loch Katrine had become famous it would have been for attractions very different from such as it presents now. Every year unhappily lessens the field over which the lover of nature can roam without encountering some hideous intrusion of miscalled art, or the contrivances of some money-making speculation.

A view of old Edinburgh by moonlight

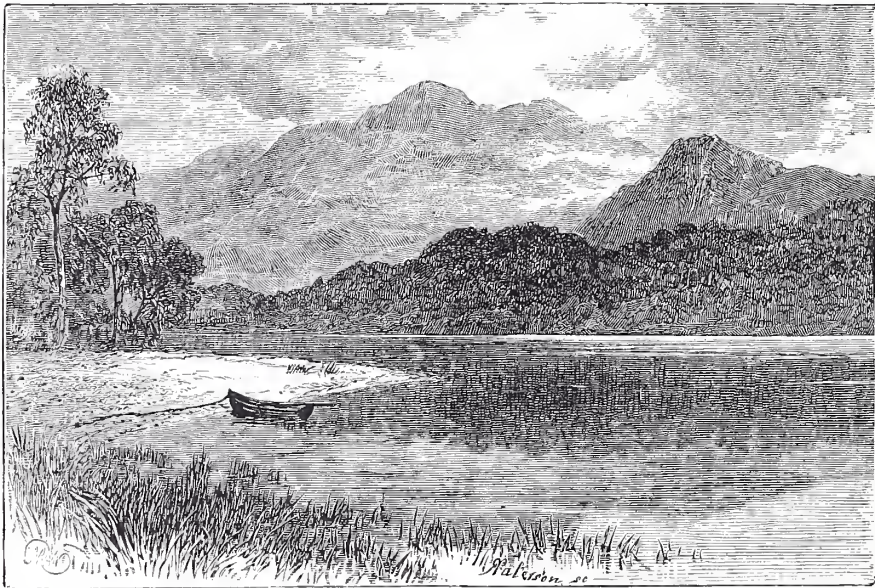
illustrate the following lines of Burns' address to Edinburgh:—

"There, watching high the least alarms,  
Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar;  
Like some bold veteran, grey in arms,  
And mark'd with many a seamy scar:  
The ponderous wall and massy bar,  
Grim rising o'er the rugged rock,  
Have oft withstood assailing war,  
And oft repell'd the invader's shock.

"With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,  
I view that noble, stately dome,  
Where Scotia's kings of other years,  
Famed heroes! had their royal home."

An art of another kind, more ambitious perhaps in its aim, but less sure in execution, has chosen "The Epic of Hades" as a subject of illustration. Mr. George Chapman has contributed seventeen designs reproduced in photo-mezzotint to enrich the handsome volume in which the poem is re-issued.

One may fairly apply the epithet "graceful" to the illustrator's share in producing this attractive book, but we have willingly allowed



A MOUNTAIN LAKE.

furnishes another example of the artist's sympathy with the scenes made immortal by his country's "poetic children:" this shows "Edina! Scotia's darling seat" with the rugged Castle Rock in the distance, and serves to

ourselves to be led away from consideration of his part of the work by the enticement of the ancient and immortal tales which belong to the poet's theme. They are clothed in verse, often forcible and always refined, where Tantalus



and Phædra, and the wearied Sisyphus, and the young Marsyas, “overbold and rapt in his new art, who dared to challenge Phœbus’ self,” and others long renowned in story, appear like friends of youth to claim instant and familiar recognition.

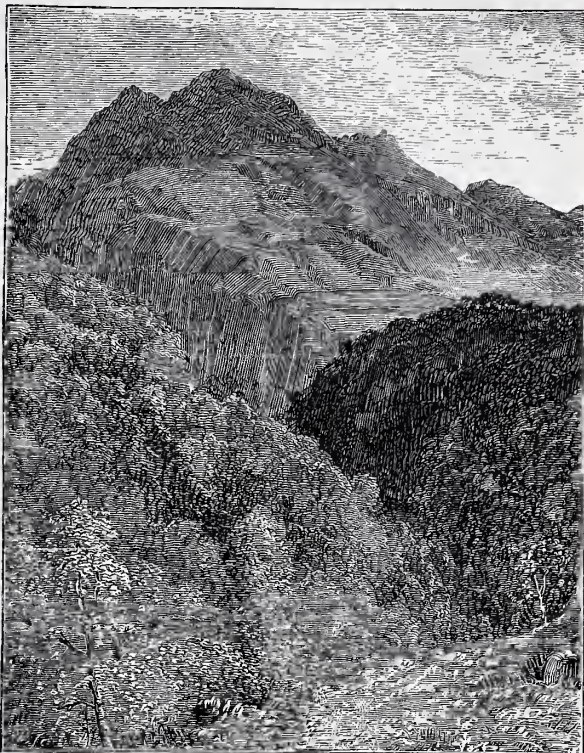
The artist’s conception of some of his subjects is very happy, notably in the youthful faun-like figure of Marsyas holding with scarce conscious hand his slender pipe, and dreaming with his dark lustrous eyes of some “tender music like the Æolian chords”—a fitting rival even for Phœbus Apollo.

“First I saw

A youth, who pensive lean’d against the trunk  
Of a dark cypress, and an idle flute  
Hung at his side. A sorrowful sad soul,  
Such as sometimes he knows, who meets the gaze,  
Mute, uncomplaining yet most pitiful,  
Of one whom nature, by some secret spite,  
Has maim’d and left imperfect; or the pain  
Which fills a poet’s eyes.”

Again, in the illustration to the poem of “Aphrodite,” the grace of the female figure and her beauty are conspicuous, though the artist unfortunately has not been successful in the drawing of the youthful figure who is contrasted with her soft alluring form. Other subjects also give promise, but a surer hand as a draughtsman must be attained by the designer. The subjects are printed in a bistre tone, and come out, as the descriptive title of the

process implies, somewhat like mezzotints, or more perhaps like the Bartolozzi prints in



A MOUNTAIN GLEN.

brown of the latter years of the last century, which are favourites at present among many collectors.

“MEMORIES.”

MR. LINTON has given in “Memories” so much real energy to the action of his figure that the picture entirely escapes the lifeless effect which a subject composition without any visible face is so apt to produce. The woman he has drawn is not posed in any graceful attitude; she leans aside in an *abandon*, which we wish painters and actors, especially, would oftener try to catch from nature; too much grace bids fair to destroy emotional art as it has already weakened female acting in England. The light of this little picture is excessively clever and true; it falls from the

high window on the outline of the figure, on the prominent points of the dress, on the hair and hands, and elsewhere in more subdued tones. There is great breadth in the treatment of the draperies, which are not complicated with creases and folds; the colour is admirable for its power and harmony. The “Oil Dudley” of 1878-9 was an excellent collection, so that it required no ordinary merit to enable a picture exhibited there to stand out memorably. Though landscape is generally the *spécialité* of the gallery, figure-subjects are not neglected, and amongst these “Memories” was remarkable.





"MEMORIES."

(By J. D. Linton. From the Picture in the Dudley Gallery Exhibition of Oil Paintings, 1878-9.)



## WOOD ENGRAVING.—III.



**W**HETHER Germany was first in the field or no, of this there is no doubt, that the earliest forthcoming woodcuts are German, and belong to the early part of the fifteenth century. It is also

pretty clear that playing-cards were among the first things (probably *the* first) printed from wood-blocks, and that to these the art may be said to owe its development, if not its origin.

The Church, while fulminating against cards and card-players, showed its practical wisdom by enlisting in its own service the new art, and issued prints of saints, the earliest one extant being a St. Christopher, bearing the date 1423, which was found by Baron Heineken pasted inside the right-hand cover of a manuscript in the convent of Buxheim in Suabia, and of which we give a reduction. The critical reader will no doubt think that in his laud-

able desire to give prominence to the saint, the artist has permitted himself undue latitude in the matter of perspective; but the spirit and vigour of the design will atone for this. The original is  $11\frac{1}{4}$  inches high by  $8\frac{1}{2}$  wide.

The fullest account of the early history of playing-cards, and its connection with wood engraving, is that by Mr. Samuel Weller Singer (London, 1816, 4to), most interestingly illustrated.

Zani, the Italian, quotes, as showing the

antiquity of playing-cards, an edict of St. Louis on his return from the Holy Land in 1254 forbidding their use, with other documents indicating their existence in Italy in 1299, in Germany in 1300, in Spain 1387, &c., all connected with the prohibition of card-playing, and in particular refers to a certain Fabbro Ferraro in Sienna, who was "castigato da

Dio," because he was a "pessimo giuocatore di carte," but does not describe what is the nature of the divine chastisement which befell this heinous card-player.

The only case, however, among these, which gives any clue as to whether the cards were printed or painted by hand, is an account of one Jacquemin Gringonneur, who in 1392 received fifty-nine sous for three packs of cards in gold and colours. The low price would seem to indicate that though the cards may have been coloured and gilt by hand, the outlines must have been printed. The proba-

bility is that at first they were altogether done by hand, but that as the demand increased printing was introduced, whether then invented for the purpose, or merely applied. In the existing specimens the outlines were printed, and the colours stencilled in afterwards.

Before the invention of movable type, the first printed books were cut entirely in wood-blocks, both drawings and text, and are known as block-books. Among the earliest are the "Biblia Pauperum," the "Historia Virginis



ST. CHRISTOPHER.

(Reduced from the Original Engraving executed in 1423.)

ex Cantico Canticorum," and the "Apocalypsis, seu Historia Sancti Johannes," all probably earlier than 1500. The annexed illustration is from the first page of the "Biblia Pauperum."

Sameness pervades the series. The passages on the labels in the illustration are in our version rendered:—"I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey; I have drunk my wine



ENGRAVING FROM THE "BIBLIA PAUPERUM" (ONE OF THE EARLIEST BLOCK-BOOKS).

It will be seen that it consists of little more than outline, the shadows being purely conventional. The next cut is from the Canticles, in which the designs show a slight advance in grace, though very little in technical qualities. The groups of female figures in most of the cuts are agreeably conceived, though a certain

with my milk." . . . "Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honeycomb; honey and milk are under thy tongue; and the smell of thy garments," &c.

The separation of the art of wood engraving from that of cutting letters, by the invention of movable type, is too interesting to be passed



over, but is too indirectly connected with our subject to justify more than a very brief notice. Curiously enough, it is the subject of a controversy which, like that raised by the story of the Cunio twins, has lasted to the present time, but I cannot feel that it leaves a similar sense of doubt on the mind. It may with perfect confidence be stated that printing by means of movable type was invented by Gutenberg at Mainz, about

Laurence Coster or any one else ever complained of such a theft.

Though the separation thus established was doubtless instrumental eventually in raising the character of wood engraving as an art, there does not appear to have been much advance till the time of Albert Dürer, and even under the influence of this great man the technique of engraving made no important progress. The difference between his wood-



FROM THE CANTICLES. (AN ENGRAVING OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.)

1540-50, who, in partnership with John Faust, produced the first books printed in this manner.

The story of its having been invented by one Laurence Coster of Haarlem, who produced books so printed, which commanded a great sale, and that his types were stolen by a workman who carried them to Gutenberg, rests upon the absolutely unsupported assertion of Hadrian Junius. Not one fragment of evidence is forthcoming that such a printing establishment ever existed, that any book was ever so printed at Haarlem, or that

cuts and those which preceded them lies in the immense superiority of his designs over those with which earlier wood engravers had had to deal. There is no evidence to show that Dürer ever cut a single block himself, and though his drawings, besides being far superior as works of art, were larger in scale and more elaborate in detail than the earlier ones, they made no other demand on the engraver than mechanical precision in cutting away the white portions of the block. Doubtless Dürer, by jealously watching this cutting of a block, would bring the mechanical precision



to greater perfection, and by employing wood for the reproduction of such splendid imaginative works as his "Apocalypse," "The Two Passions," &c., he greatly enhanced the reputation and dignity of the craft, for art

entirely in the hands of the engraver. His frequent use of cross-hatching is an evidence that Dürer merely accepted the wood-block as a means of reproducing his pen-and-ink drawings. So far as I have observed, he



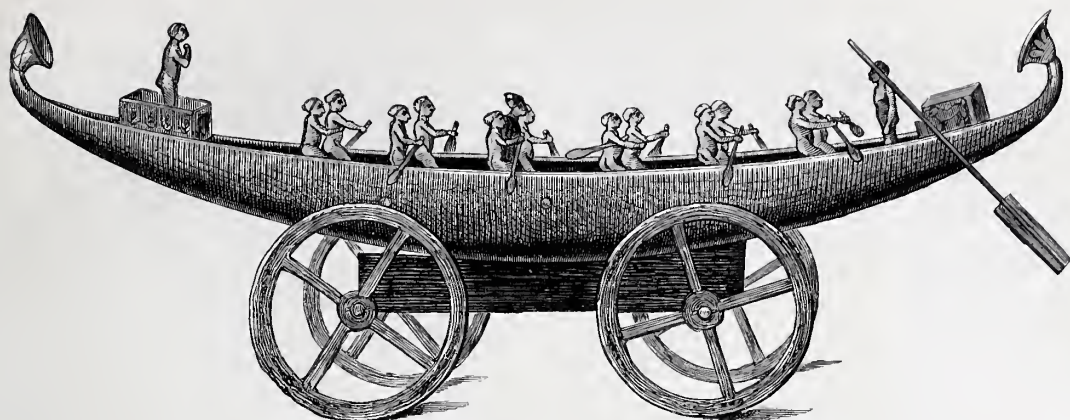
FAC-SIMILE OF A PORTION OF AN ENGRAVING FROM  
THE APOCALYPSE (DÜRER).

it cannot be called while mechanical accuracy is the *only* quality displayed; but an examination of his engravings on copper executed with his own hand, which remain unsurpassed and well-nigh inimitable at the present day, will leave a feeling of deep regret that where the wood-block was concerned, he was content to leave the execution

has not, even for particular effects, made use of the unequalled facility presented by the wood-block for taking out lights, that is to say, for *drawing in white*.

The accompanying illustration, reproduced full size from one of the cuts in the "Apocalypse," is a fairly typical specimen of Dürer's style, as shown in his wood-cuts. HENRY HOLIDAY.





MODEL IN GOLD OF AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN TWELVE-OARED WAR-GALLEY.

(Found in the Tomb of Queen Aah-Hotep—about B.C. 1800.)

### VICISSITUDES OF ART TREASURES.—III.

BY R. H. SODEN-SMITH, M.A., F.S.A., &c.

**T**HERE is a valley forming part of perhaps the most wonderful City of the Dead which exists in the world—it is known as the “Valley of the Tombs of the Kings,” and is included in the vast necropolis that extends beyond the ruins of Thebes, in Upper Egypt. Here for countless generations that ancient people laid up those “statues of flesh, immortal of the dead,” into which their process of embalming converted the otherwise frail and perishable tabernacle of man’s body.

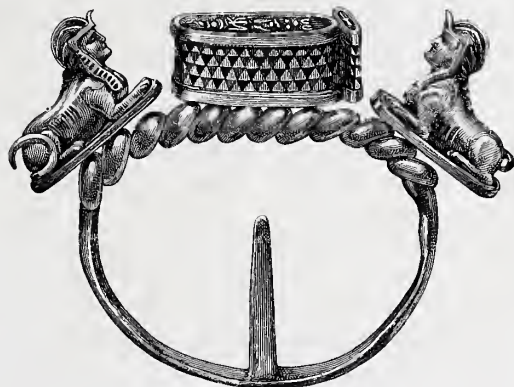
The desolation of that valley is rendered not more impressive but only more palpable by the fragments of wooden cases—coffins, in truth—which are strewn wherever mummy-pits have been discovered and plundered.

Those poor human remains which were treated with such reverent care and such strange and scrupulous ceremony—remains which for thirty centuries had defied corruption—have at length fallen into the hands of the spoiler, often of such as reverence neither God nor man. Their skilfully constructed cases have been broken in

pieces, their elaborately moulded coverings cut asunder, their cerements rent away, and the seared and shrunken limbs cast out into the sun.

Near the entrance of this long valley—a portion of the modern Arab village of Gournah, which occupies a section of the great necropolis—there was found just twenty years ago, buried

at a depth of about fifteen to eighteen feet, but not in one of the customary pits, a large and remarkable mummy-case. It was splendid externally, and interesting from its obvious antiquity, but this circumstance did not give assurance to the practised explorers who discovered it of any great treasures within. These elaborately gilt and painted cases do not commonly contain im-



DIADEM OF GOLD, LAPIS-LAZULI, ETC.

(Ancient Egyptian. Found in the Tomb of Queen Aah-Hotep—about B.C. 1800.)

portant or valuable mummies. In this instance, however, the usual experience of the Arab diggers for treasure was singularly contradicted by the result.

\* The exploration was conducted by the eminent archæologist, M. Mariette himself—Mariette Bey, according to his rank in the

service of the Khedive; for he had observed at this spot a strip of earth composed of fragments of stone and broken pottery, which revealed to his trained eye a place of very ancient sepulture. It was on the 5th of February, 1859, that the gorgeous coffin above mentioned was exhumed. It resembled in form those of the kings of the eleventh dynasty, being shaped like a mummy, and hollowed out of one piece of wood. It was painted in brilliant colours and gilt; and on the flat base or foot of the case were represented the divinities Isis and Nephthys kneeling and adoring the monarch. It came out fresh from that wonderful soil, the gold and colours having apparently lost nothing of their brilliancy, despite the lapse of ages during which they lay in direct contact with the covering of earth around them. Great indeed was the astonishment of the fortunate explorers when the contents of the splendid case were revealed. It contained perhaps the most remarkable treasure of ancient Egyptian art that has ever been brought to light.

Within it lay the great Queen Aah-Hotep, and royal jewels of gold were buried with her. For more than 3,600 years they had remained undisturbed in the absolute security of their strange and admirably wrought receptacle—deposited with what reverence who can tell, by that ancient race who had thus confided to the custody of the dead those costly treasures for which the living strive.

When the bandages of the usual mummy cloth—a linen, but not of fine texture—were removed, M. Mariette found the body of the queen literally covered and surrounded with objects of gold and silver; many are unique and of a workmanship so exquisite that they rival and even surpass anything previously discovered in Egypt, and some of them have not been excelled by the work of the goldsmiths of any period or any nation.

They consist of two classes of objects: first, those that are personal ornaments, that is, jewels for actual wear, or mortuary decorations similar to objects worn during life; secondly, symbolical objects, such as ornamental daggers, axes, &c., also two war-galleys, one of which forms our first illustration.

Of the former class of objects, the diadem engraved in the second illustration is one of the most remarkable. At first sight it presents rather the appearance of a bracelet, but it was found on the head of the queen, and a thick band of hair was passed through it, so no doubt could exist as to its use. It is of gold; in front is a sort of box of beaten work bearing the "cartouche" of the King Aahmes, the son of the queen, by whose command these jewels were placed on her body and in her tomb: the hieroglyphics give the title of the monarch "The Son of the Sun, Aahmes, living for ever and ever," inscribed in gold on a ground of lapis-lazuli.

The chequered ornament on the box is composed of red and blue triangular pieces of vitreous pastes fixed in delicate partitions of gold, and the encrested ornament on the exterior of the flattened pin is similar in material and workmanship. On each side is a sphinx wearing the usual Egyptian head-dress, also enriched with inlaid work, and having in front the uræus serpent, the emblem of royalty; the golden band completing the fore-part of the circle of the diadem, represents a plait of hair.

This most striking object is of admirable workmanship, and its study, taken together with the other personal ornaments of this ancient queen, raises many questions of curious interest: the mechanical perfection to which the jeweller's art and others allied to it had arrived at a period so remote that we have difficulty in realising it, the landmarks of ordinary history not having been set up till ages subsequently; the still more remarkable fixity of traditional types of ornament already determined, and with an absolute symbolical meaning definitely established; the couchant sphinx, the uræus serpent, the scarabæus, and all the complex structure of a hieratic system and dominion not only built up but apparently petrified into unchanging forms; all this and much more is forcibly brought before the mind while studying these strange treasures of a perished race.

Bracelets, finger-rings, chains, armlets, and anklets were included among the personal



jewellery discovered; one golden chain, itself a piece of most delicate work of the pattern known now as Trichinopoli, had suspended from it three large golden bees or flies. These are conventionally represented, but exhibiting all that singular knowledge and subtle art with which the ancient Egyptians knew how to treat animal form. Each fly—the large eyes, thorax, and wings only being employed to typify the insect—is upwards of three inches long, formed of pure gold; and the whole has been thought to form a special decoration, or “Order of the Fly,” such an order seeming to be alluded to in hieroglyphic inscriptions found elsewhere.

We cannot now dwell on the details of the other pieces of personal jewellery, however curious or interesting, but must pass to some notice of the other objects buried with the queen. Remarkable among these were two models of war-galleys already alluded to, one of which is figured at the head of this article. It is formed of gold mounted on a carriage—the oldest representation of a wheeled carriage known to exist—with wheels of bronze and a body of cedar—probably cedar of Lebanon. At either extremity is an expanded lotus flower; at the poop is a small raised deck having engraved on the sides a lion passant, and the hieroglyphic prenomens and name of Kames, the husband of Aah-Hotep and father of Aahmes I.: these are in microscopic characters. The figures of the rowers are in silver; that of the officer standing at the prow, who gave the time to the rowers and the steersman, is in gold, as well as the central seated personage. This last holds in his right hand a stick of authority and a hatchet in his left, and may represent the monarch himself; the hatchet in his hand being of the same form and type as a golden one buried in the coffin.

This central figure has been thought by some to represent Death, and the boat that which conveyed the dead to the other world; however this may be, it must at least be remembered that the ancient Egyptians were steadfast believers in a future life, in the immortality of the soul, and in the certainty of judgment. This most remarkable object has therefore been imagined to bear

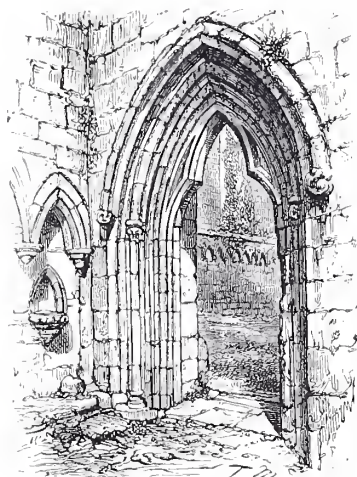
allusion to these tenets of the Egyptian creed; it may, however, possibly refer not to matters of religious belief, but to some triumph of the monarch in a naval action in the great war against the Shepherd Kings.

We have not space to notice all the other objects of curious interest included in this royal coffin: one, however, as an example of the splendid character and workmanship of the rest, may be mentioned—a poniard of singularly artistic design. The handle is of cedar-wood sculptured in shape of four human heads in relief, and overlaid with gold; the blade and scabbard of solid gold; the handle, moreover, is incrustated with small triangular pieces of red and blue vitreous pastes, the colour of jasper and turquoise, forming an elegant pattern, and down either side of the blade is a narrow band of similar material, bright blue, inlaid with delicately formed hieroglyphics and emblems in gold. The hieroglyphics give the prenomens of Aahmes and his titles; among the emblems is seen a lion chasing a bull, as this monarch was “The Lion among the Shepherds,” and four locusts or grasshoppers, alluding to the king’s prowess; it being said of another king, “he goeth over their hills like a grasshopper.”

Thus the secrets of the forgotten grave have been rendered up. These strange and surprising monuments of the perfection of art in the remotest time were displayed to tens of thousands in Paris and in London, and the results of the patient researches of the Egyptologists of the present day were brought to bear on them. The mystery of their inscriptions has been interpreted and the significance of their emblems perceived, and thus the fortunate discovery, which made so sudden a vicissitude in their buried existence, has thrown light on a long-forgotten history, and added new emphasis to our admiration of the knowledge and skill of the most ancient of nations.\*

\* M. Daly published, in the *Revue Générale de l'Architecture*, &c., vol. xviii., 1860, an excellent account of these treasures, with coloured illustrations taken from photographs; and when in London, in 1862, Mr. Kiddle made accurate coloured drawings of them which were shortly afterwards published in fac-simile, with a learned notice by Dr. Birch.

## BOLTON ABBEY AND THE BOLTON WOODS.



GATEWAY IN THE PRIORY.

ONE of the most interesting and delightful drives in the West Riding of Yorkshire is a drive in early autumn (on a four-horse coach) from Ben Rhydding, or from Ilkley, to Bolton Abbey, and through Bolton Woods.

Keeping the left bank of the

Wharfe, instead of crossing Ilkley Bridge, which is just outside the town—and is in itself a charming picture, while the little

fast losing its primitive look, for new houses extend on all sides; three miles further on we reach the straggling village of Addingham. The quaint stone building on the right is Hollin Hall, said to have been the birthplace of Bishop Heber—it is now a farmhouse.

As we go quickly on through the exhilarating autumn air, the glorious moors are around us; Beamsley Beacon on our right towers darkly above the rest; now a fine view of the valley presents itself, with Beamsley Hall in the foreground, and in the distance a lofty hill, with a second hill behind it, showing the rough edge of rocks on the summit. This double hill is called Simon's Seat. The road now ascends Lobwith Scar; and we see, between the trees that rise up from its bank, the strong sparkling river far below us. The coach stops, and we get out and pause at a wider opening between the trees, for here is the first view of the distant Priory,



THE CHURCHYARD.

street leading to it has some very quaint houses—past the churchyard, in which stand three Saxon Runic crosses; through Ilkley,

Bolton Bridge forming a prominent object in the foreground. The old grey ruin stands beside a beautiful curve of the “Strong



Wharfe," in a deep valley shaded by lovely trees; further off, and a little to the right, is the Valley of Desolation, and the woods of Bolton. This first sight of the Abbey and its surroundings is an enchanting picture. Some years ago this part of the road was very dangerous, as there was no barrier on the side next the river; a very bad carriage accident caused a proper safeguard, in the form of park palings, to be put up. When we have "satisfied our eyes," we descend the hill, and at the bottom we again mount the coach.

Just over the bridge is the "Red Lion Inn," where good accommodation may be found. Leaving the bridge on the right, we soon after reach the "Devonshire Arms," where an excellent dinner may be ordered. Less than a mile further is the Abbey or Priory. On the road, between the inn and the ruins, a very curious excrescence on an elm-tree is pointed out: it is like a lion's head.

The old stone wall at the side of the road, a little further on, is the boundary of the Abbey grounds;

passing through a door in this wall, a few hundred yards from the road, brings us to the ruins of the Priory.

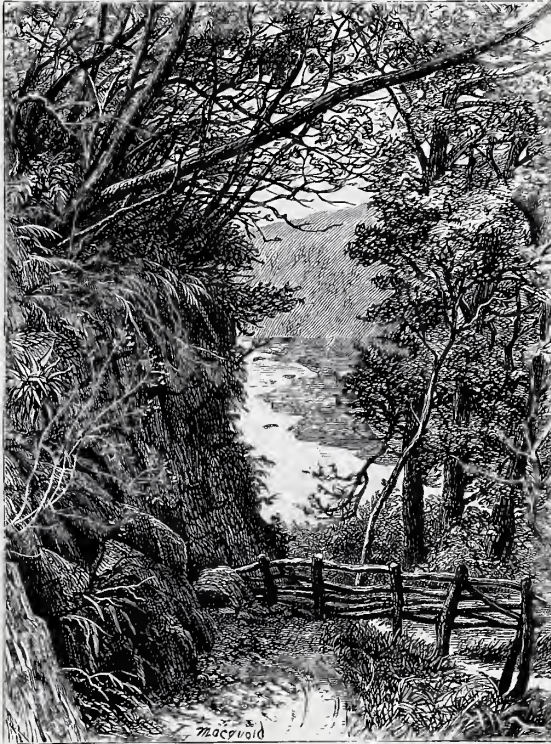
The architecture of the Priory is of various styles. The present west front, a fine specimen of the architecture of the reign of Henry VIII., serves as a porch to the more elaborate doorway of the old west front, which is thirteenth-century work, although it somewhat conceals it; the colour of the stone of this latter is very beautiful. The nave and north aisle—there is no south aisle—are roofed in, and serve for the parish church. This roof injures the general effect of the ruins.

There is little of interest to be seen within the church; the east end of the north aisle is divided from the nave by an old wooden screen, so as to form a Chantry Chapel. We were told that below this is the vault of the Claphams and the Mauleverers. Some years ago, when some repairs were made to the flooring, the coffins were found to be standing upright.

"Through the chinks in the fractured floor,  
Look down and see a grisly sight,

A vault where the bodies  
are buried upright;  
There face by face, and  
hand by hand,  
The Claphams and Mauleverers stand."

Going through the churchyard, in which are some very quaint gravestones, we wonder which of the grassy mounds marks the grave that the "white doe of Rylstone" visited every Sunday. Let us enter the ruins by the north transept; this transept is in good preservation, except the eastern wall. Pausing for a few moments to look at the picturesque view from the western corner, we go through a round-headed doorway into the choir. The first



VIEW ON THE WHARFE FROM THE PRIORY.

thing here that attracts the eye is the beautiful arcade of the transition period, running along the wall, exquisite alike in design and in the colour of the stone. Through an arched opening and a low doorway under this arcade, a charming view is obtained. The river is seen winding through a green meadow "bordered by trees, which dip into the stream, and by green banks crowned with wooded hills, which rise one behind another, the most distant veiled by soft mist rising from the valley between. The exquisite grey river is luminous as with the glisten of a salmon."

The ruined portions of the Priory offer several good subjects for brush or pencil; the colour of the stone is very fine, specially in the choir—grey, rose, and creamy hues mingled. The initial illustration represents a delicious little bit both in colour and architecture.

The view of the "Stepping Stones" is extremely picturesque, with the bold background of red-brown scur crowned with trees, down which a cascade falls some eighty feet. As has been well said, these views form "the centre of a landscape comprising every feature which can be required to make a perfect picture."

Bolton Hall is opposite the west front of the church. It was the ancient gateway of the Priory. It is now used by the Duke of Devonshire for the shooting season. There are in it a few pictures, chiefly portraits, which are interesting, and which the tourist will do well to see.

From the Priory a delightful walk may be taken through the woods to the famous "Strid," about two miles distant. There are many special points of view by the way, where seats are placed. The view from Hartington Seat is very perfect. This seat is on a precipitous bank, at a considerable height above the river, which here expands, and becomes a wider stream, washing the base of a wood-covered rocky bank. The river then makes a turn at nearly a right angle to the east, and runs at the back of the abbey churchyard. The eye takes in the stepping-stones with their noble background; to the south all is soft and luxuriant, rich pastures, and the beautiful woods of Lobwith crowned by the verdant summit of Haw Pike; Bolton Bridge appears in the middle distance, and the view is terminated by the purple summit of Rombald's Moor.

As we go on through the woods we get enchanting peeps of the rock-umbered river; of romantic glens; of banks richly carpeted with ferns and mosses, mingled with the bilberry, numerous ereepers and wild flowers. The colour on the rocks and on the moss-grown tree-trunks is very rich. Near the Strid the valley narrows, the dark mysterious woods—mingled with perpendicular masses of grey rock—overhang the rapid stream, which dashes and foams against the boulders that obstruct its course.

At length we come to an open space or clearing; near this the lower part of the Strid appears through the foliage, and the noise of the rushing, falling water strikes loudly on the ear. A path now leads down to the bed of the river, a platform of large blocks of moss-covered stone, in which the fury of the water has scooped basins and fissures. The noise here is almost deafening, and we see the contracted river rushing wildly between the masses of dark rock; this narrow channel is some sixty yards in length. As the water enters the trench in the rocks it falls about ten feet, and then rushes on to the point called the Strid, where the space across is under five feet, seemingly an easy jump, but from the peculiar position of the slippery rocks, and, above all, from the confusing noise of the furious, rushing water, a dangerous leap—

"This striding place is called 'the Strid,'  
A name which it took of yore;  
A thousand years hath it borne that name,  
And shall a thousand more."

Here the "Boy of Egremont," young Romilly, was drowned. The story of his death is told by Wordsworth in his poem "The Force of Prayer"—

"Young Romilly, through Barden woods,  
Is ranging high and low,  
And holds a greyhound in a leash,  
To let slip upon buck or doe.

\* \* \* \* \*

"He sprang in glee—for what cared he  
That the river was strong and the rocks were steep!  
But the greyhound in the leash hung back,  
And checked him in his leap.

"The boy is in the arms of Wharfe,  
And strangled by a merciless force;  
For never more was young Romilly seen  
Till he rose a lifeless corpse."

To commemorate the tragic end of her only son, Lady Adeliza de Romillé is said to have transferred the Priory for Augustinian canons from its bleak position at Embsay, near Skipton, to the sheltered banks of the Wharfe at Bolton, A.D. 1150.

We should be sorry to discredit this charming legend, but the awkward part is, that the only son of the Lady Adeliza (according to the "Monasticon") was himself a witness to the charter of translation.



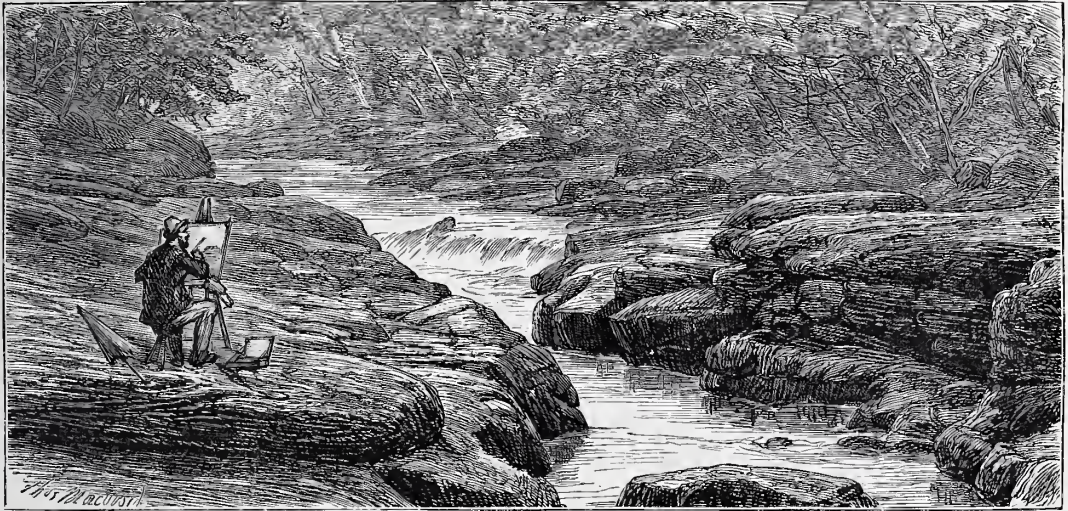
Beyond the Strid is the Pembroke Seat, an arbour commanding the finest view in the woods. In the foreground is the long line of the Wharfe, with a stretch of green meadow-land wooded at the water's edge; beyond is the ruin of Barden Tower, embowered in trees, the broad back of Barden Fell filling up the distance.

Barden Tower is only a mile from the Strid, and there is a great deal to be seen on the way to it. This tower, so picturesquely placed, was built by Henry, one of the ill-famed Clifford race, when his estate and title were restored to him.

To the left of the tower, at the distance of half a mile, going over Gilbeck Bridge, is the

water-fall" is an interesting spot, and the way to it, up Possforth Gill or Glen, is most picturesque. At the top of this glen is the Devonshire Seat; from this seat you descend a few hundred yards to the cascade; the fall of water is between forty and fifty feet. A semi-circular wall of rocks, covered with ferns, ivy, and long grasses, surrounds the fall, and trees overhang it.

The Valley of Desolation is a short distance from this waterfall. The foliage in the lower part of the valley is luxuriant, but higher up the trees are stunted and weird, looking as though struck by blight or lightning. Possforth Beck



THE STRID.

picturesque waterfall called Gilbeck Force. This fall, hidden in the wood, and bounded by banks of luxuriant ferns, is well worth a visit. From the summit of Storith's Hill, on the right bank of the Wharfe, a very fine view of the surrounding country is obtained—on a clear, bright day, a glimpse is caught of Pendle Hill, in Lancashire. Embsay Hump, the termination of Barden Fell, is seen; near this stood the Abbey, from whence came the monks of Bolton. Near the centre of Barden Fell is a rocky mass, the site of Rylstone, from which place the "white soft-paced doe" is said to have gone to the Priory churchyard. Beamsley Beacon, Rombald's Moor, Haw Pike, the bold peak of Skipton Rocks, and Flasby Fell all appear in this view. What is called the "lower

forces its tortuous way through the valley over broken fragments of rock, torn from their native beds by violent storms. The "upper fall," though smaller than the lower one, is almost as picturesque in its surroundings. Ascending the hill above the fall, and keeping by the stream through the wood, the ridge of rocks called "Simon's Seat" is reached. This point is 1,593 feet high, and rises abruptly from the face of the moor.

We have not nearly mentioned all that is to be seen in the picturesque woods of Bolton—day after day may be spent there with keen enjoyment, and summer evenings there are delightful. But we have said enough to prove their claim to a high place among "Artists' Haunts."  
THOS. R. MACQUOID.

## SCULPTURE IN GOLD AND IVORY.



IF all the sculpture of the Greek artists of antiquity none was more remarkable than the chryselephantine statues. The Greek words *chrusos* (gold) and *elephantinos* (of ivory) indicate the costly material of which such sculpture was made. We have not so much as a fragment of any of these statues remaining, nor have we more than scanty notices of how they were put together, and what they were like. But they were the most renowned, the oftenest seen, and the most carefully tended among thousands of objects of public and religious veneration.

The materials are so precious that we should naturally expect to hear of such statues having been on a small scale. Ivory might have been obtainable from mammoth tusks by the Greeks, and a good deal larger than those of the elephant in the Middle Ages and modern times. Such tusks were, perhaps, to be dug up in various parts of Europe, as they are still found in Russia; but still any objects sculptured in ivory we should conclude must have been of small dimensions. This, however, was not the case. Gold, again, could not have been very abundant in Greece; nothing like what it became in imperial Rome and in Constantinople. But these famous statues were the largest known (out of Egypt).

The general tendency of modern theories leads to the conclusion that though the materials of which sculptors make use should be of fine grain and pure whiteness, such as Pentelic or Parian marble, yet that little reliance is to be placed on the splendour of mere material, and that the mind should be directed rather to the deep and imaginative beauty which the artist has embodied in his sculpture. Statues of gold and ivory are to some extent in contradiction to such teaching, true as it is when broadly stated. Some great authorities of our day have gone so far as to think but little of the reputed beauty of

these pieces of sculpture. Except for the preciousness and splendour of the materials, these authorities do not consider that they were by any means the masterpieces of Pheidias and the other sculptors, by whom they were executed. The marbles that have survived to our days, such as those of the Parthenon, have lost any colouring material that may once have graced them, and their beauty is such, and so perfect, that we find it difficult to imagine it as greater by any additions of colour. It remains, nevertheless, true that the greatest sculptors made gold and ivory statues as their masterpieces; expended all their art upon them; and these productions were accepted during many centuries by the most critical of nations, not only as the most precious, but also as the most beautiful examples of sculpture in the world.

As to the materials, ivory from the earliest records of history seems to have been set apart as the material specially devoted to state and royal use. Sceptres, thrones, and seats; tables, caskets, and chests for the preservation of sacred objects, were made of ivory as a sort of kingly material; and it was mounted, inlaid, and in many other ways decorated with gold; enriched, too, when that was possible, with precious stones. It was therefore a natural desire among the Greeks to make objects of the highest public veneration in those costly, rare, and precious materials. It is by no means improbable that statues of gold, or great parts of which were gold, had been seen amongst the great monarchies of the East. Herodotus speaks of a statue of solid gold in Babylon, twelve cubits high, carried off by Xerxes. It was not till the long struggle with the Persians was over that the Greeks set about making anything so precious, but the idea gained ground, and bore its fruit just in the highest and grandest period of Greek art.

There were many chryselephantine statues in ancient Greece. We shall speak only of one or two. The most famous were those





STATUE OF THE OLYMPIAN JUPITER IN GOLD AND IVORY.

(The Work of Pheidias—about 433 B.C. From the Restoration by M. Quatremère de Quincy.)



of Zeus (Jupiter), at Olympia, of Here (Juno), at Argos, and of Athene (Minerva), at Athens. They were of colossal size. That of Zeus was from fifty to sixty feet high, on a pedestal of twelve feet. That of Athene was perhaps forty feet (twenty-six cubits). They have been described but vaguely by various authors—by Pausanias, who saw these as well as many others in the second century of our era. But they were works of art, and indeed religious shrines, so widely known and venerated that no writer would have thought of sitting down to give a minute and detailed description for the information of nations to whom they might one day be a remembrance of the past, and nothing more. The faces, arms, legs, and all uncovered portions of the limbs were of ivory; the dresses which hung, in the case of the Athene, in straight but ample folds to the feet were of gold, the borders and edges were highly wrought. The Zeus sat in a chair (such, probably, as some seated statues in the British Museum are provided with) made with massive square bars and backs; at the four supports of which stood four Victories. In one hand he held a life-sized Victory, in the other a tall sceptre surmounted by his emblematic eagle. The sceptre was of various metals; the throne, or chair, was of cedar-wood, inlaid with ivory, ebony, and precious stones, and had on it figures and groups in relief. The footstool of the god stood on four lions, and the pedestal on which the whole was raised was covered with figures in relief.

The Athene in the Parthenon was standing. The face, arms, and feet were of ivory. The eyes were of marble, or *pietra dura*. On the head was a helmet, surmounted by a sphinx in the round, with griffins on either side in relief. Contests with centaurs were executed in relief on her Tyrrhenian sandals. She held a spear in one hand, and a life-sized Victory, considered a work of extraordinary beauty, in the other; and had a shield and a serpent at her feet behind her. She wore an ægis, or breast-plate of gold, on which was a Medusa's head of gold, replaced, when Pausanias saw it, by one of ivory. The shield had the battle of the giants on the inside, that between the Greeks and the Amazons on

the outside; and in this part the portraits of Pericles and Pheidias himself were ingeniously introduced. This fact led to a subsequent accusation of impiety. On the pedestal was the birth of Pandora.

The gold on these statues was hammered, and of no great thickness; said to be "a line"—perhaps as thick as the eighth of an inch. The throne of Zeus has been already said to have been of cedar. An olive-wood and cedar frame was the structure on which the Athene and other such statues were made up. There remain on coins various typical representations of the Zeus and of the Athene, and there are in the Museum of Naples, and the Vatican, antique statues considered to represent them (see "Museo Borbonico," vol. iv., plate 7, for instance), and the Pallas of the Villa Albani. A bust of Zeus, with huge locks of hair, in the Museum of Naples is also considered to represent the head of the colossus at Olympia. A modern writer, Quatremère de Quincy ("Jupiter Olympien"), has attempted a restoration of these and other gold and ivory statues, with careful plates and descriptions. Our wood-cut is copied from his work. All the great artists who were contemporaries or pupils of Pheidias worked at the statues we have described, or took special parts, such as the inner and outer sides of the shield, the sandals, pedestals, and so on. The golden drapery of the Athene seems to have been so laid on that it was movable; at any rate, the artist had it taken off and weighed when accused of peculation. The entire weight of gold was about forty talents, and the value in our money about £120,000 sterling—a great sum in those days.

The question will naturally be asked, how such surfaces as a face nearly five feet high—or in the case of the seated Zeus twice as large—the arms, and limbs could possibly be made of ivory? The material was laid on olive-wood, and was probably glued down with excellent animal size (in the opinion of De Quincy, pegged down to the wood). However large the teeth at the artists' command, the pieces must have been joined. The ancients are said to have been acquainted with methods of softening the edges and joining together slices or slabs of



ivory something in the way in which tortoise-shell is still joined. According to Seneca, Democritus was the inventor of such a process. Possibly the Chinese have some similar way of joining the material. Various receipts, indeed, for doing so, supposed to have come from the ancients, have been tried in recent times, but hitherto without success. In any case, the Greeks joined their slabs with great nicety, laid them on beds of wood not likely to dry or crack, and probably treated the surface with some preparation of size to prevent drying and cracking. Oil was constantly rubbed or poured over the Zeus to preserve the ivory, and the vapour of water had a similar effect on the Athene in the Parthenon. It must be remembered also that, in consequence of the immense scale on which these statues were made, the lines or cracks that might be seen on small carvings close to the eye would not be generally perceptible.

There remains one more question regarding these sculptures: was the ivory left white or painted? We know that the architecture, probably also the sculpture, of the Parthenon was painted and gilt. Were not most of the statues of the Greeks painted also? If the eyes of the Athene were inlaid in marble, or lapis-lazuli and other stones, was her face left without colour? We have no definite information on this point, but there is some probability that even the ivory may have been treated with colour laid on with size or wax. Such a treatment would tend to preserve the material, and we know that these large statues remained entire in the second century of our era, and were, probably, not taken to pieces till the fourth.

The example set by the artists of the time of Pheidias was followed in a number of sacred places in Greece, and it became a sort of fashion to have such statues in the rich temples of the Roman dominions. Numbers are said to have been made in Athens, Corinth, and other wealthy Greek capitals for exportation long after the loss of Greek independence.

We must not omit a notice of an effort, the only one that can be mentioned in modern times, to revive this costly kind of sculpture. The late Duc de Luynes had a statue of

ivory, silver, and bronze, a Minerva, made by a French sculptor, M. Simart. It was exhibited in Paris in 1855. It measures nearly ten feet in height. The face, neck, arms, and feet are of Indian ivory, as well as the torso of a small Victory held in her right hand, and the Medusa's head on the ægis. The spear, shield, helmet, and serpent are of bronze; the drapery and the ægis, or breast-plate, are of beaten silver, carefully chased with the graver.

We have no record of any similar attempt during the Italian renaissance, that period so fruitful, not only in excellent sculpture of bronze and marble, but in the production of carved ivory, intaglios and gems, in every kind of costly and precious material. But it must be remembered that the Italian renaissance had but few remains of Greek workmanship as examples for the artists of the day. The excavations and discoveries then made were of Roman art. The Romans of the empire were rich and luxurious, and employed Greek artists and workmen, who copied and reproduced in countless quantities the famous works of an earlier period, many of which, no doubt, were brought to Rome, but were in the possession of the emperors; or were given by them as public monuments to the temples; or were erected to adorn the *fora* and other public places of the city. A statue of Minerva, for instance, all of ivory, the work of Endœus, which had been long preserved at Tegæa, was placed by Augustus in his new forum. Statues of this perishable material left uncared for, or exposed to violence in the troubles which brought the empire to ruin and disruption, could not be expected to survive. Nor has anything of the kind been brought up hitherto from the buried cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

It must be observed, in conclusion, that it would be an error to suppose that the excellence of the art was in any way lost in the splendour of the substances used in these statues. On the contrary, the great artists contrived to make their material set off the grandeur of the general design. The face and arms of the Zeus—vast surfaces—and distant portions, such as the hair, were broadly treated; some of the locks, according to Lucian,

weighing six minæ, valued at "300 louis d'or." On the other hand, the bars of the seat, the sandals, footstool, and pedestal were covered with small, even minute work, and finished like jewellery; golden drapery being painted or enamelled with flowers. These parts came close to the eye, and being under cover could be examined thoroughly. Such small and elaborate details in the first place, and then the life-sized figure of Victory, would give some measure of the colossal scale of the rest. Contrasts of this kind fill up the idea of completeness and finish which we so often miss when we come near, or close under, pieces of colossal sculpture.

It is difficult for the mind to call up for itself anything like a graphic vision of glories so utterly gone, and of which some few of the details only have been mentioned, but mentioned as matters supposed to be well known, and not therefore carefully described. We want Michael Angelo, Cellini, the jewellers whom he taught, and the minute skill of Japanese metallurgists to work together in order to give us some just notion of such perfect art. The great men of the sixteenth century attempted no such cycles of sculptured completeness. We can only find some sort of parallel to them in the great shrines and churches of the Middle Ages and the sixteenth century. J. H. P.

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### AN ARTIST'S INDIAN TRAVELS.\*

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NO picture ever painted has required so much trouble, so much travelling, and such an indefatigable pursuit of models as the immense canvas commemorative of the Proclamation of the title of Empress of India, on which Mr. Val Prinsep, A.R.A., is now, and will be for months longer, at work. From Bombay, across the vast continent eastward to Allahabad, northward through Rajpootana and the Punjab into the high valleys of Kashmir, down through the plains of Southern India

servant often knows nothing of India outside his presidency, the soldier's knowledge is confined to one or two stations, but this artist over-ran the whole country. Mr. Prinsep is probably right in his opinion that no one man has seen so much of India as himself, and he has certainly done well to give us the result of his experiences in a book.



SIR SALAR JUNG.

to Madras and Mysor, went the artist commissioned by the Indian Government, in pursuit of Rajah and Maharajah and Nizam. The civil

\* "Imperial India." By Val C. Prinsep. (Chapman and Hall.)

On his arrival he proceeded at once to Dehli (we adopt the new spelling), where he witnessed the Durbar—the ceremony which he was to paint.

After which, the potentates who attended it having dispersed to their own dominions, he occupied a year in following them up into the recesses of the country. The place of the ceremony was badly chosen as regards historic interest and



artistic beauty at any rate; and as to the building itself, the artist's heart sank within him when he found that he was expected to paint an ugly erection of glass and iron—red, blue, and gold—and this in a land where architecture combines felicities of colour and form which might have appealed to any senses, except those of a purely practical engineer.

Mr. Prinsep very frankly tells us that the ceremony was no more picturesque than the site; surrounded by bad taste and "shrieking" colour, Oriental magnificence must needs lose its effect of harmony. So hopeless, indeed, was the whole thing from an artist's point of view, that Mr. Prinsep very wisely determined, with the Viceroy's acquiescence, to aim at a more or less imaginative commemoration rather than at a reproduction of a scene which had neither dignity nor distinction.

The great day over, we follow the artist through months of difficult and disheartening work. Painting Rajahs in intricate costumes, by the utterly insufficient light of their palace chambers, in the "prickly heat" which torments new-comers to India, and amidst the incessant and irritating din of horns, tom-toms, yells and shouts, was no easy task. The Rajahs, besides, did not always keep their appointments; they wasted Mr. Prinsep's

time, or obliged him to take supplementary journeys.

Agra, so often written about, is re-described in "Imperial India" with an artist's freshness, but we do not find much enthusiasm in Mr. Prinsep's word-painting until he comes to his memorable journey to the Himalayas. It is rather a shock, by the way, to find that our old

friends should be pronounced with the first a long and a short penultimate. Meantime, he sketched portrait after portrait; among them that which represents His Highness Mangol Sing, Rajah of Ulwar, which we engrave. "He is a good-natured, good-looking little chap," says Mr. Prinsep. In April of 1877—the artist's journey to India having taken place towards the end of the previous year—he went northwards into the country of those great mountains, the "back-bone of the world."



HIS HIGHNESS MANGOL SING, RAJAH OF ULWAR.

"There they were, blue against the early dawn, sharp cut as though all those jagged peaks were equally distant, while the foot-hills (considerable mountains anywhere else) showed a darker blue, and the foreground was a sea of yellowing corn, with here and there a dark tree in the distance. It was a simple harmony of colour—one of those things that every artist has essayed; but for delicacy of tone and wonderful limpidity, I never saw anything to match it. Meanwhile, the sunrise quickening, one or two thin streaks of cloud shine golden on



the delicate yellow. The distant snow-peaks are gradually fused in the golden sky, becoming an extraordinary tender yellow lilac; and then, bright and hot, up leaps the sun!"

We hardly need that the scene should be painted for us with colour; these simple and vivid words almost suffice. The description of the valley of the Jhelum—the strong and narrow mountain stream which roars continually through days and days of difficult travel—is admirably given; the valley of Kashmir is described as partly enchanting, partly disenchanting. Though no one, probably, ever pinned much faith on Tom Moore's flowing platitudes in "Lalla Rookh," few have fully realised the truth as to the inhabitants of the place. Mohammedans under a Hindoo rule, the people are oppressed with a grinding taxation, their religion is persecuted, and every detail of their lives is tyrannically ordered. A fine race, and clever, they are yet degraded below the level of brutes. As to their

terrific hints; his bed at Kashmir was certainly not one of roses. At Srinagar the artist was to have caught a Maharajah, but the stars being unpropitious to the entry of the potentate into his capital, Mr. Prinsep was obliged to meet him near Islamabad; the journey was made through valleys and hills of flowers.

Leaving Islamabad on the 12th of June, Mr. Prinsep crossed the mountain, Pir Punjab, to Gugerat, the usual route out of Kashmir being occupied by the journey of one of the Maharajah's wives. Intrusion on that lady's line of march not being permissible, the artist started,

with some coolies for the transport of his baggage, on the most adventurous trip which he records. Without roads, here and there plunging up to the girths in snow, rolling off a plank-bridge into a mountain river, obliged to lead his pony over boulders, climbing, struggling, and jumping, "skipping ponderously along, and feeling about as agile as a show bullock"—as the almost gigantic artist describes himself—he at last surmounted

the Pir Punjab and reached a land of roads, and even railways. The worst of it was that he was obliged to take such constant heed to his footing, that he could hardly spare his eyes for the scenery; he records, however, the delightful zones of vegetation which mark the different climates of that immense mountain. At the top, nothing grows; a little lower, a few birch-trees, "scarred and stripped by the avalanche," hang on to the mountain-side; then comes the pine; then a region of flowers, roses climbing up the tall trees, and all the blossoms of the tem-

perate north; then pomegranate and peach and pear; and finally towards the plain, cactus and palm begin, and all is sub-tropical again.

We wish we could in our space follow the interesting author and artist to holy Benares, which he describes very freshly. His journey to South India is less interesting. He went to Haidarabad to paint the young Nizam, and made at the same time the admirable sketch of Sir Salar Jung—the Nizam's minister, so well known in London—which we reproduce. Sir Salar has justly the reputation of being the most polished of native gentlemen, and, indeed,



DAUGHTER OF THE MAHARANEE JUMNA BAE.



the well-cut and refined features compare most advantageously with the fat, uninteresting faces of most of the Rajahs. Out of the many excellent illustrations of Mr. Prinsep's book we also give a pretty sketch of a little girl, daughter of a beautiful Maharance whose

portrait he took for the Durbar picture. On the last day of 1877, the wearied artist, having caught and painted his last Rajah, set sail from Bombay. We shall all be eager to see the picture; in the meantime we are delighted and amused with the book.

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### MRS. JAMESON: A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

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IT was time that a life of Mrs. Jameson\* should be given to the world. She had the rare union of pure and fastidious artistic taste with a popular simplicity and directness which have caused her books to penetrate into every reading household in England. Other writers on art have appealed to a class, but her *clientèle* is found everywhere; and she was not so much the most popular writer upon a certain class of subjects as the originator of a new kind of art-teaching. Artists—and art-critics so well versed in the technicality of painting as to speak with the knowledge and authority of artists—have before and since her time written learnedly of style and manner, colour and draughtsmanship; the literary school of critics, on the other hand, have explained to us the meaning of the great masters of art in the way of spirituality, thought, and symbolism; the historical essayist has described for us their lives, their ages, and their schools; Mrs. Jameson, combining much from all these writers, has also applied herself in a distinctive manner to *subject* in ancient painting, to the tracing of legends, and the elucidation of that traditional hagiology which was of vital interest in the times of the purest art, but which is often a sealed book to the modern dilettante. "Sacred and Legendary Art," "Legends of the Madonna," and "Legends of the Monastic Orders" were something very different from the mere compilation with which literary connoisseurship in art generally busies itself. Personal research was indispensable to their production; and how sincere and living was her interest in that research is evidenced by the tears with which she is recorded to have

spoken of the beautiful legends she studied. All she wrote, indeed, was written out of the fulness of the heart, and her contemplation of the great works of the great schools was more intelligent than that of men in many ways more learned than she, insomuch as she could trace the artist's intention, and explain the reason of his combinations, his groups, and incidents; she could read the story of the picture, entering the while, by this peculiar warmth of heart, into the very feeling which dictated the work. Without her explanations, such things would remain a secret to many. Not that she is ever led into that pseudo-priesthood of criticism which professes to discover occult ideas and symbolism—of which it alone has the key—in the works of the masters; her far more modest labour is to explain the always explicable and scientific legendary subject of a picture.

Anna Jameson was the daughter of an Irish miniature painter, whose large family early learnt the anxieties and trials of poverty. The eldest girl, she earned her bread at sixteen as a governess, and it was as a governess that she first left England to make what was then still called the *grand tour*. Like all idle or thoughtful ladies of her time, she kept an elaborate journal of her travels; melancholy from the suspension of an engagement with the young barrister, Robert Jameson, whom she afterwards married, she writes with something more than the usual sentiment, or, as it was then called, sensibility, of young ladies in her day; but this is always counteracted by her enthusiasm, her observant and bright intelligence. The journal was afterwards published, with a fictitious ending, as the "Diary of an Ennuyée." In 1825 her broken engagement was renewed,

\* "Memoir of Mrs. Jameson." By her niece, Gerardine Macpherson. Longmans, 1878.

and in that year, at the age of thirty-one, she made the unhappy marriage which, being afterwards dissolved by mutual consent, condemned her to a life of comparative solitude. After four years of union, the husband, whose professional success in London was not great, accepted a post as judge in the Island of Dominica. Thither he went alone, parting with his wife in amity, if not in great affection, and both probably intending to re-establish their home together in more favourable circumstances. Meanwhile, Mrs. Jameson made a second tour abroad, this time with her father and Sir Gerard Noel; and of this journey also she afterwards published a description. These literary labours won her a renown difficult to realise in these days, and when she published her charming "Characteristics of Women" her fame became confirmed. Mr. Jameson returned from Dominica in 1833, his appointment there having proved unsatisfactory, and in a few months set out for Canada on another venture. His wife, now in full literary career, took a lengthened tour in Germany, halting principally at Dresden and at Weimar, the then artistic and literary capitals of the country, where her society comprised all that was great in the intellectual German world. One of her characteristics throughout her life was a proneness to enthusiastic female friendships. No school-girl ever poured out her heart with more loving and impulsive confidence, and among the chosen ladies, Ottilie von Goethe, the poet's charming daughter-in-law, held for thirty years a foremost place; the friends corresponded constantly, and met, whenever it was possible, in Weimar, Vienna, Dresden, Venice, or Rome.

In 1834 her father's dangerous illness recalled Mrs. Jameson to London. The publication of her works proceeded apace; and some German sketches, which she wrote at this time, synchronising as they did with Carlyle's introduction of Goethe to the homage of England, did much, in a modest way, to open the world of German thought to her countrymen. But society caught her about this time, and sought to make a lion of the woman who loved thought and hard work. "I never liked London," she writes, "and now I hate it absolutely." It must be owned, however, that

complaint and discontent were somewhat her habit. Apparently in the enjoyment of every blessing (except the companionship of a husband, for whom she does not seem to have professed much attachment), she continually recurs in her letters to her griefs and the hardness of her lot; and she seems also to exaggerate the enmity of such press-writers as criticised her work unfavourably. In the same year (1834) began an extraordinary friendship with Lady Byron, which lasted, at a pitch of intense enthusiasm, for many years, and the cessation of which, for no clearly assignable reason, was something like her death-blow. "Lady Byron has broken my heart," she said at sixty-five. Among her friends in England were Harriet Martineau, Mrs. Opie, Fanny Kemble, Mrs. Procter and her daughter Adelaide, Joanna Baillie, and, in fact, all the literary women and many of the literary men of the time. While this circle of acquaintance was increasing round her, her husband was writing affectionate, pressing, and almost reverential letters to his wife to induce her to share his exile. These letters she seems to have read with a cool incredulity, which probably was the result of her experiences; nevertheless, she yielded at last to his repeated requests, and set sail for Canada in 1836. The visit was disastrous; she disliked the country, suffered keenly from the winter climate, and found her domestic life utterly uncongenial. During the following summer, a long tour through Canada seems to have softened her distaste, and it supplied her with materials for another book; but early in 1838 she finally and irrevocably parted from her husband, by no wish of his, as he declares, and carrying with her his "most perfect respect and esteem." He remained in Canada as Attorney-General, universally well regarded, and died there.

It was late in life that the authoress entered upon the works by which her name will live. Art had for some time employed her thoughts more and more, and she had published a "Companion to the Private Galleries," and several separate papers on painting in various periodicals. Social subjects—especially the employment of women—were much in her mind at times, and in her philanthropic labours she



was the collaborateur of Lady Byron, who had social reforms much at heart. But her plans for the "Sacred and Legendary Art" were gradually maturing themselves, and she was only waiting for the opportunity for another visit abroad to finish the collection of her materials. In 1845 that opportunity came; she made some stay in Germany, in Bavaria, and in Italy, and later she prolonged her studies in all the principal Italian cities, but especially in Rome, where a knot of German and English

friends—almost all of whom bore well-known names—formed her society. Her love for Rome is expressed in the truly beautiful description she gives of the solitary churches in the less frequented of the Seven Hills, where she wandered in search of art.

Old age came upon the gifted woman in the midst of her labours, and death in 1860 cut short the "Legends of Our Lord and of St. John the Baptist," which were to close the series of her essays on legendary art. ALICE OLDCASTLE.

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PICTURES OF THE YEAR.—I.

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FROM several causes this picture season will be an exceptionally good one; there is

Mrs. Butler's "'Listed for the Connaught Rangers," which are, properly speaking, the



THE REMNANTS OF AN ARMY.

(By Mrs. Butler.)

no competing Paris International Exhibition to make large claims and to offer more than insular honours; and it happens that several important pictures, as, for instance, a "Queen Esther," by Mr. Long, A.R.A., "The Return of the Prodigal," by Mr. Fildes, A.R.A., and

labours of the previous year, but the completion of which was delayed beyond the sending-in day of 1878, take their place among the canvases of 1879. At the Academy the President will be represented by a larger number of more important works than was the case last

year. His "Elijah and the Angel," a picture heroic in inspiration and in proportions, was his principal contribution to Paris, and will take a leading place at Burlington House. This *magnum opus* of Sir Frederick Leighton's genius is painted in one of his lightest and brightest moods as a colourist; the soft tints are relieved from insipidity by their perfect harmony; and the most striking characteristic of the scheme of colour is its curious originality—misty gold and rose predominate. The prophet sleeps in an attitude rather more suggestive of the schools than of the abandonment of nature; this is, nevertheless, an heroic figure. The angel, who has a slightly feminine character (proved by the persistent way in which careless spectators speak of this figure with a feminine pronoun), has just alighted, the magnificently-coloured plumed wings are still open, the drapery floats upwards from the descending feet with a pleasant mixture of naturalism and of the familiar Old-Master treatment of angels' robes. A strong contrast is probably intended between the heavy repose of the man and the buoyant movement of his heavenly visitant. The fine sky is also half realistic, half decorative; it has an epic splendour and meaning, and is strongly suggestive of a misty heat and drought. Sir Frederick Leighton seems, in deference to the now prevailing opinions as to the aims of art, to have banished emotion and passion from his pictures; he paints year by year beauty in negative repose; and even here, where his pencil has aimed at a nobler and more significant theme, expression has been studiously avoided—the man is asleep and the angel is serene. Yet the glorious "St. Jerome," among the Academy diploma pictures, proves that the President is above all things a master of dramatic emotion; and we call to mind with deep delight other examples—the weary face of a "King David" meditating on the dove's flight to a haven of rest, an "Orpheus and Eurydice," full of intense expression; and these are only a few out of many.

Second in importance to the "Elijah" is the same artist's full-length portrait of Lady Browlow, a charming work, in which the *tour de force* of relieving a white dress against a white sky has been skilfully performed. This

beautiful, elegant, and artistic portrait will do much to leaven the mass of the inevitable Academy full-lengths. A very masterly portrait of Signor Costa (the clever landscape painter), executed far more smoothly than the memorable portrait of Captain Burton, yet masculine and strong in modelling; two beautiful "Capri Girls;" and two studies of heads, complete the list of the President's works.

If we leave Mr. Davis, R.A., out of the question, Mr. Briton Riviere, A.R.A., is certainly without an equal as an animal painter; and, unlike Mr. Davis, he combines with his technical artistic merits the faculty of storytelling in a delightful degree. This year his three pictures are as imaginative as ever. The most important is entitled "*In manus tuas, Domine,*" and it represents a young knight riding through an enchanted forest, holding up the cross of his sword with a calm, confident expression, while his steed and his three bloodhounds are overcome with fright. A smaller work, entitled "A Winter's Tale," shows a little girl lying in the snow, where she is discovered by two collie dogs; and a third depicts a "Poaeher's Widow," seated in the moonlight, just over a field of barley, her head bowed down, and her hands clasped. In the words of the late Charles Kingsley, quoted by the painter—

"She thought of the dark plantation,  
And the hares, and her husband's blood;  
And the voice of her indignation  
Rose up to the throne of God."

A fir wood, with pheasants and rabbits creeping about, complete the accessories of an impressive and pathetic work.

Mr. Marcus Stone, A.R.A., has studied out-door effect with conscientious care and to good purpose in his three graceful works—"Discord," "In the Shade," and a study of a girl in a summer garden. In the first of these a girl is leaving her lover after a passing quarrel. The second shows us a last century damsel sitting in literal and metaphorical shade, while a rival is being wooed in the sunshine; the scene of the little comedy is a garden. There is a fineness, finish, and completeness about this artist's later work which would be difficult to parallel in contemporary English



art. In this respect his manner has changed greatly since he painted the roughly energetic "Soldier's Return" some years ago.

Mr. Oules, A.R.A., sustains, by five magnificent portraits, a reputation which is becoming classical. As a draughtsman he has hardly a rival now in England, and his execution with the brush, if a little hard and insistent, is remarkable for power and truth. In these days, when so much effect is produced by an easy eccentricity, the merit of work so sincere as Mr. Oules's is doubly precious. His likenesses are intense and faithful; if they have not that poetic insight into the whole character of a subject which distinguishes such masters as Rembrandt, they are yet invariably intelligent. Dr. Ridding, Sir Thomas Gladstone, Mr. Malcolm (the owner of the collection of drawings by Old Masters which was lately exhibited at the Grosvenor), Mr. John Bright, and Mr. Edmund Yates are the originals of his portraits this year.

Mr. Yeames, R.A., sends a portrait group of the children of Mr. W. R. Moberly, at play on the sea-shore. The expressions are vivid and child-like, and the whole picture is full of cheerfulness and fresh air. A second work (the artist's diploma picture) shows a Venetian water-carrier at one of the white marble wells so familiar to travellers—a girl clad in the dark rich-coloured petticoat, white bodice, and yellow handkerchief, which render so artistic a popular costume in Venice; the background is a good brown, and the whole scheme of colour pleasingly harmonious.

Mr. Long, A.R.A., has completed his "Esther," begun last year, and he has supplied this work with a pendant, and a probable rival in popular admiration—"Vashti." Both pictures are eminently attractive studies of feminine beauty, with which is combined much emotional expression. Esther is the more solemnly heroic, Vashti the more majestic. In both pictures the careful study of all authorities has given archæological interest to the decorative part of the subject; and the colour is exquisitely tender and harmonious. Queen Esther, arrayed so that her beauty may touch the heart of the tyrant, is on the point of entering his presence unbidden, at the risk of her life,

in order to plead for her people. Vashti has just dismissed the messengers who had summoned her to "show her beauty to all the princes and the people." Her dignity as an Eastern woman, who has never been seen unveiled, is outraged; but a knowledge of the full consequences of her act is seen in her eyes. She is excessively fair, and her rival and successor is a Jewess of the dark type. Mr. Long has also painted excellent portraits of Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, Bishop of Lincoln; of Mrs. Hannah Brown, the blind and aged lady who was so long the friend and companion of Lady Burdett Coutts; and of Mr. Irving in the character of "Vanderdecken."

Passing to outsiders, Mrs. Butler (Miss Elizabeth Thompson) pursues military art with a healthy energy rare in these days of "exquisite idylls." One of the greatest tragedies in the history of English arms has supplied her with the subject of her largest work, "The Remnants of an Army." Dr. Brydone, the only man who escaped from General Elphinstone's force of 16,000 men, defeated and massacred in 1842 by the Afghans, reaches the walls of Jellalabad, which is under siege and garrisoned by the English. An anxious look-out has been kept day by day for tidings of the army, but in vain, until one evening a solitary figure is discerned upon the plain—one white man, fainting, clasping the neck of his miserable pony, which stumbles among the briars and stones of the rough road. The artist has shown the fugitive raising himself with a final effort to look towards the friendly walls in sight at last. An intense expression, in which there is nothing of the theatre—nothing overstepping the modesty of nature—has been given to the face and action of the man; the spectator feels, as indeed he should feel before such a subject, that he is in the presence of one of the tragedies of the world. This picture, of which we give a thumb-nail sketch, represents the outcome of war; its beginnings the artist has shown in her Irish recruiting subject, "Listed for the Connaught Rangers." Her two young peasants leave their native glen with a regret which they conceal with masculine reserve; their type and the character of the scenery

and of the climate are distinctively Irish; the colour is subdued but intense, and the group

Mentioning the great American poet reminds us that excellent work has been done this year, as usual, by the little group of American painters who have made England the country of their adoption. Prominent among these is Mr. Boughton, who has painted three subjects in the key of flat, sad colour which has become habitual with him. His self-denial in this respect strikes us as somewhat to be regretted in view of the beauty of colour which we remember in his "Rivals" a year or two ago. The first of his new compositions shows a group of tramps at rest under a tree by the wayside; the second, two women, browned and hardened

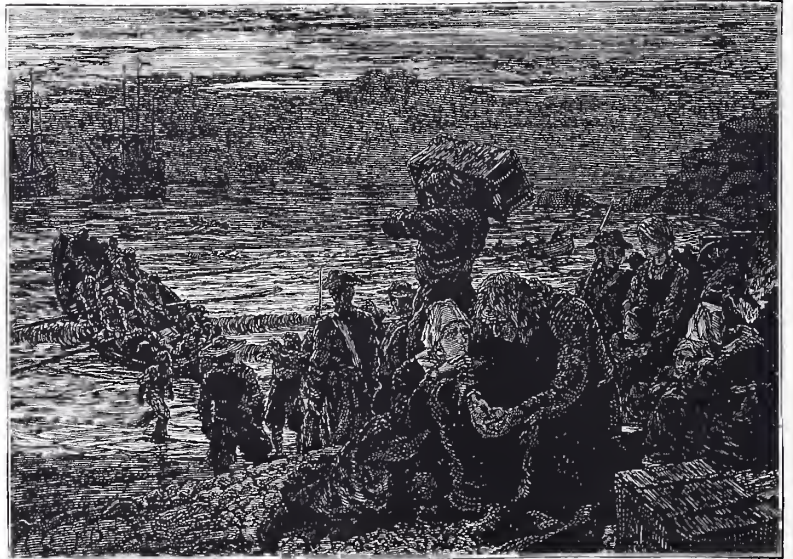


IN THE SHADE. (By Marcus Stone, A.R.A.)

marches with steady if somewhat melancholy spirit. Another outsider, whose career has opened with great promise, is Mr. Dicksee, and he has this year added to the reputation won with his popular "Harmony"—which the Academy recently purchased from the funds of the Chantrey bequest—by the scene from "Evangeline," here reproduced. It represents, as will be seen at a glance by those who are familiar with Mr. Longfellow's poem, that passage which deals with the destruction of the village of Grand-Pré, and the removal of its inhabitants:—

"There disorder prevailed, and the  
tumult and stir of embarking.  
Busily plied the freighted boats;  
and in the confusion  
Wives were torn from their husbands,  
and mothers, too late,  
saw their children  
Left on the land, extending their  
arms with wildest entreaties.  
So unto separate ships were Basil  
and Gabriel carried,  
While in despair on the shore  
Evangeline stood with her father.  
Half the task was not done when the  
sun went down, and the twilight  
Deepened and darkened around;  
and in haste the reflux ocean  
Fled away from the shore, and left a line  
of the sand-beach  
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp  
and the slippery  
sea-weed."

by wind and weather, tilling with their own hands the "widow's acre" by the sea-side; the third, a young girl in Puritan costume making her way to "meeting" through deep snow. This picture is a combination of delicate drabs, the girl's locks sharing in the general tint—the clipped and somewhat coquettish hair, by the way,



EVANGELINE. (By Frank Dicksee.)

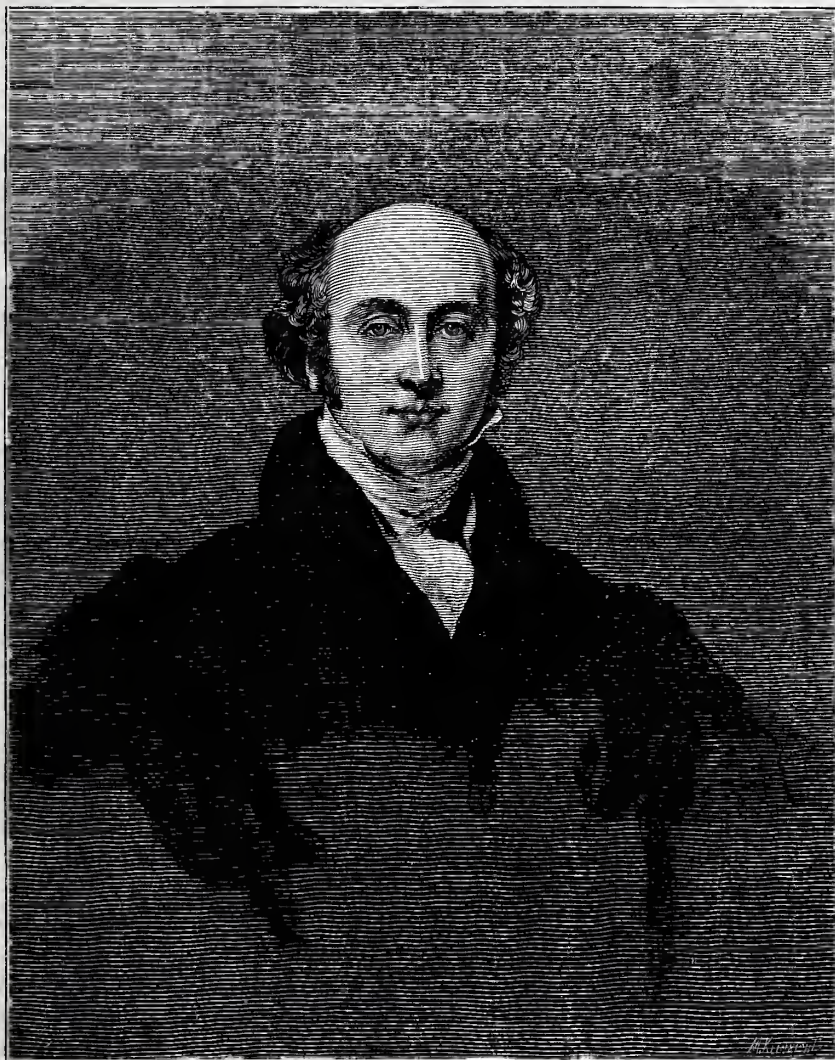
being the only point which is out of keeping with the character of this demure "Priscilla."



## THREE ENGLISH PORTRAIT PAINTERS.—III.

## LAWRENCE.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE was born in Bristol in 1769—a period, if not the actual year, of the birth of many men who took days of Charlemagne, has Europe gone through such struggles and changes as those in which the generation of Lawrence took part; and he



SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

(From a Portrait painted by himself. By kind permission of Messrs. H. Graves & Co.)

prominent parts in great events. Napoleon Bonaparte, Arthur Wellesley, Daniel O'Connell, Mohammed Ali, all came into the world about the same time; Nelson was then a boy of twelve. At no time, perhaps, since the

prominent men of his time, both in England and abroad. Doubtless, with the temper of the times, the character and expression of men change too, as well as the fashion and cut of

their dresses. The temper of the times did undergo a change during the last years of the century, the influence of which was felt, in one way or another, by all classes of society. The subjects of Lawrence's pictures, therefore, may lead us to expect a series of portraits in many ways unlike those of Gainsborough, Reynolds, and Romney.

Up to the great French Revolution, Europe had seen little change of manners for two centuries—England, since the Restoration; France, since the accession of the Bourbons; Italy, since the reign of Leo X.; Germany, since the peace of Westphalia. A certain remnant of the old feudal system prevailed in all these countries, much modified, but still enough to mark out broadly one class of society from another; to keep social ranks distinctly recognised, and, in consequence, to stamp on each class its own special character and expression. A splendour and supremacy of air are noticeable about the portraits of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney that we look for in vain in those of Lawrence, after making all allowances for his inferiority as a painter.

The father of Lawrence had been educated for a solicitor's office, tried the stage and various occupations, ending in that of an innkeeper at the "Black Bear," in Devizes, a house that still remains the principal inn of that town. His wife was Lucy Read, related to the Powis family, of their connection with whom both husband and wife were proud. Thomas Lawrence was a beautiful child, with a pretty voice, and was encouraged by his father to recite poetry before strangers. Indeed, the father was said to be fond of showing off his own gentility, and rather given to intrude upon his guests. David Garrick, on one occasion, heard the child's recitations, and took notice of him as showing promise for future power as an actor. Some pains were taken to get him instruction in grammar, but his education was but partial, either at Bristol or Devizes. Prince Hoare took much notice of him, and a Rev. Dr. Kent, a neighbouring clergyman, lent him Rogers' "Lives of Foreign Painters," advising his parents to bring him up as a painter. Mr. (since Lord) Methuen's house at Corsham contained several good pictures, and he was allowed

to go over and see them. Rubens seems to have made the greatest impression upon him. Mr. Hamilton, of Lansdowne Hill, had pictures by Daniel of Volterra, and Lawrence was allowed to make studies from that master. As a child he had a facility for painting eyes, and some notion of hands. He could "hit off" a likeness happily and very quickly. Mr. (afterwards Lord) Kenyon and his wife were staying one night in the hotel, when the father offered to bring the child in to recite. They were about to refuse this offer, being tired, when the child ran into the room riding on a stick, and both were so delighted with his beauty that he was allowed at once to draw likenesses of each of them. This seems the earliest effort of his precocious genius that has been recorded. Then he made a drawing of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, and another of Mrs. Siddons, as Zara—or as Aspasia in the "Grecian Daughter." He was then taken to Oxford, and at ten years old began regularly as a portrait draughtsman in crayons, getting a large practice amongst the residents in the university. He left Oxford with a considerable sum of money, and the family went to Bath, where he put his sisters to school.

In 1787 he went to London, and was entered as a student of the Royal Academy, which was then fully established in working order. The teaching, however, can hardly have been of a very full or satisfactory kind. He settled with his father in lodgings in Duke Street, St. James's, having arranged a painting-room close at hand in Jermyn Street. He visited Sir Joshua Reynolds, to whom he showed his picture of Mrs. Siddons. The great President, after some judicious snubbing of so early a prodigy, was kind to him, and allowed and even invited him to come often to his painting-room, where his earlier portraits, perhaps, received some wholesome criticism. The one piece of advice Sir Joshua was never tired of repeating to him was to study nature, and we may regret that such advice was not more honestly followed. For a young man who had begun life as an infant phenomenon, and was already known and in practice, to return to the school of nature, and keep continually referring to its teaching, was



difficult; and it was, probably, a counsel that bore no fruit. Nevertheless, without such continual reference to that true and unchanging standard, no man ever has been a great painter.

Lawrence was introduced to George III., and painted Queen Charlotte and the Princess Amelia. In 1791 he was elected an Associate of the Academy. He had failed in securing his election the year before, and Reynolds, West, and others in the court interest were lampooned for their share in pushing him forward. For even in 1791, Lawrence was under the legal age of admission, and was only taken as a supernumerary, to be put, at the first vacancy, into the regular number of Associates.

The way was now gradually being cleared for the full success of the rising genius. Reynolds had given up painting, and died in 1792. Romney was drawing to the close of his career, and Lawrence got into full practice as the portrait painter of the new generation. He was appointed painter in ordinary to the crown in succession to Sir Joshua. In 1795, when in his 27th year, he became a full Academician, and he was from this time a constant exhibitor at the Academy. After the death of Hoppner, in 1810, he became court painter to the Prince of Wales.

Lawrence made some effort to paint ideal compositions, and in 1797 produced "Satan Encouraging his Legions," inspired, probably, by the passages of Milton, recited before visitors in his early childhood. One or two such subjects have been engraved, but they will hardly raise the reputation in which future generations may be inclined to hold him. His portraits will always remain his proper boast, and he would have done better to have left a portrait of one of the celebrities of his day as his diploma picture in the Royal Academy. One of the few "ideal" portraits he has left behind him (mindful, perhaps, of Mrs. Siddons as the "Tragic Muse," by Reynolds) was that of Grattan amongst clouds. He had great trouble in getting any definite pose from the witty and excitable Irishman, and after many sittings caught the likeness which has been engraved. Lawrence found it difficult to arrange the first plan or scheme of his portraits. All he attempted usually at a first sitting was an outline chalk sketch. The

sketch was afterwards transferred to the canvas. He painted standing, and at some distance from the sitter; then placed the sketch close to the original, continually walking to a distance to see and compare the two. His carpet was worn into a regular pathway along this track so often used.

The number of portraits painted by Lawrence before 1814 must have been very great. Three or four hundred were sent to the Academy. In 1814, Lawrence rose to the highest position as a court painter, such as has not been held by any artist in England since Holbein. The peace then lately signed was commemorated by a memorable visit of the allied sovereigns to this country. All London was on tiptoe in expectation of this visit. Among other intended honours and compliments to be paid to them by the Prince Regent and the English public, the former proposed to form a gallery of their portraits, all to be painted of the same size by Lawrence. Several were painted, but the visit was short, and filled up, as might be supposed, with festivities and public honours. The Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, the Prince Blucher, the Hetman Platoff, were to have been painted. But this could scarcely be in the limited time that was available for sittings.

Lawrence was knighted in 1815. About this time he painted the Duke of Wellington, on Copenhagen, the chestnut horse that carried him at Waterloo. This is said to be the only equestrian portrait painted by Sir Thomas. The introduction to the reigning potentates led to many compliments and honours from other countries. Diplomas were conferred on him by the Academy of St. Luke, in Rome; by the Academies of Florence and Vienna; and by one or two in America.

In 1818 the Conference of Aix-la-Chapelle again assembled the sovereigns of Europe. This time the Prince Regent determined to set Lawrence seriously to work. It was a really royal conception, that of commemorating a great epoch, by gathering together a collection of authentic portraits of the chief personages of the day, to be done by one painter, and so as to be arranged together in one gallery, as they now are in the Waterloo Gallery in Windsor Castle. Few kings, since Henry VIII., who





LADY BLESSINGTON.

(From the Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence. By kind permission of Messrs. H. Graves & Co.)



had at his court a painter of world-wide fame, have thought of such a way of handing down himself and his friends or contemporary brother kings to posterity. And such a bold conception did not enter Henry's head, though exchanges of portraits were made between him and his contemporaries. Prince George engaged Lawrence for this service. He was to receive a thousand pounds, besides the price of each portrait he painted. A wooden studio, 50 feet long by 18 feet broad, was prepared in England, and was to be sent out in pieces, to be set up in the gardens of the hotel in which Lord Castlereagh was lodged. By some accident this piece of construction was delayed on the road, and either never reached Aix-la-Chapelle, or was not in time to be of use. A large room was, however, set apart for the painter, and here his serious work was carried on. Compliments such as kings and emperors had paid to great artists of a former age were repeated in favour of the English painter. The Emperor of Russia put the pegs into his easel; other potentates were equally gracious. The King of France sent him the Cross of the Legion of Honour, which the Prince Regent allowed him to wear. When the Conference was over he went on to Vienna. He painted the Emperor Francis, the Princes Schwartzburg and Metternich, and made other portraits and drawings. From Vienna he travelled with much pomp to Rome, where he was lodged in the Quirinal. He painted portraits of Pope Pius VII.

and Cardinal Gonsalvi for the Prince Regent, besides many drawings of heads, backgrounds for finished works, and studies of all sorts; receiving many honours and compliments. He returned March 30th, 1820. Benjamin West, the President of the Royal Academy, was dead, and Sir Thomas Lawrence was elected to succeed him on the very night of his return.

From this year his reign was supreme. He had rooms in Bond Street sumptuously furnished. His prices rose in proportion. He did not paint heads under two hundred guineas, half-lengths under four hundred, or full-lengths under six hundred. For some of his portraits much larger sums were given. For that of Master Lambton he received six hundred guineas, and that of Lady Gower and her child fifteen hundred. He had not the perception of the grace and beauty of children, for which his greater predecessors earned just praise. A picture called "Nature" is amongst the best. It represents two little girls, children of Mr. Calmady. They are pretty, smiling, open-mouthed little creatures, taking rather after the affectations of the school of Greuze than the tender and graceful seriousness of the children of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney. His ladies are affected, and schooled into attitudes, rather than dignified or easy. That of Lady Blessington, which we have engraved, is among the most successful and one of those least open to this reproach. *(To be continued.)*

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## THE STORY OF A DADO.

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HOW could it have entered into the mind of anybody, at any time, under any circumstances, to imagine that mischief could lurk hidden in a dado? Shakespeare, indeed, conjures up many a fantastic trick of Robin Goodfellow—

“He  
That frights the maidens of the villagery,”  
and jests to Oberon—but whatever form that

mischievous Hobgoblin takes, from a “filly foal” to a “three-legged stool,” there is some life and movement in it. But a dado!—It is such an innocent thing. See it as it lies quietly against the wall at Burlington House, taking upon itself nothing more than to be a gentle amplification of a skirting-board; content to be unseen; content to be brushed during the season by the dresses of many thousands of ladies, and then—to be forgotten, even by the few visitors who might by chance have been aware of its existence.

And yet no trick ever played by Master Puck in the "Midsummer Night's Dream"—from the squeezing of the juice of "the little western flower" into Lysander's eyes, to the translation of Bottom—ever led to such momentous issues as did the appearance of the real dado of which I would tell the story. It has simply revolutionised the school of English painting.

The intelligent foreigner is, indeed, fond of telling us that we have no school at all, but only an aggregation of individual fancies. As I am not at this moment, however, concerned with foreign opinion, but only with a very serious matter affecting the interests of my own countrymen, I will tell my story my own way, and will assume that the *drift*, or general direction that Art takes, in England, has some of the distinctive characteristics of what may be called a school. This drift, I say, has changed. I do not say whether for the better or the worse, but it has changed, and the change dates from the dado, and the dado is the cause of the change.

Consider for a moment the circumstances under which the dado made its appearance, and what it displaced. The custom of the Royal Academy, for nearly a century, had been to hang the chief works upon what is called *the line*, to fill the vacant spaces under the line with comparatively choice pictures of a cabinet size, and to relegate to the higher regions of wall-space such paintings as had no special claim to be brought near to the eye for close inspection. The very first result, therefore, of the introduction of the dado, was *the forfeiture of space for at least one row of cabinet pictures from end to end of the exhibition*. And what did this mean? There were, no doubt, many disadvantages arising from the old arrangement. Small pictures were often lost amongst the voluminous folds of many dresses, like violets hiding from the sun. Many backs ached with bending to discover little gems upon the floor; and perhaps a frame or two might have been damaged. But still the thing worked tolerably well; the gems could be picked up; the violets could be gathered; and the frames could be re-touched with gold. Moreover—and this is the point to which my story is addressed—there was a very

strong inducement for the painter to put all the good work of which he was capable upon canvases of very modest dimensions. For men like Mulready, Bonington, Wilkie, and many others, whose works cannot be fairly judged at a great distance from the eye, there would have been no chance at all if their pictures had been placed at first as high from the floor as the sky-sail of a frigate from the deck, and had remained there until they won their way to the favour of a discerning public. For, let it be noted, bad hanging always seems to justify itself. A picture painted for close inspection, and relying on reticence of expression and subtle gradation of tone, will always run the chance of looking weak when placed high up above the line. The public must be discerning indeed if they succeed in recognising the merits of a picture in such a case. But the same picture placed *under* the line, however near the ground, can with a little trouble at least be seen, and if it has merit may win its way, and in time rise to its true level. The dado, however, came—and to make room for it three or four hundred cabinet pictures were swept away. And with what result? Will three or four hundred painters be content to be quietly effaced? Not if they are Englishmen. Their pictures may sink down to the cellars, or rise to the coving of the ceiling, but the painters will paint on, to the bitter end; and if they find that the only approach to the public eye is from a distant height, they will so paint that from a distant height they shall be seen. Whether this system is good for the painter or for the public—whether, if you cannot get near enough to a man to talk to him in a natural voice, it is well to attempt to converse with him by shouting—are questions which, for the moment, I do not attempt to answer. I am only making notes of the case. But it will not be out of place to draw attention to one or two matters that will certainly affect the answer ultimately to be given.

Note then first, that the fault of the English school has never been a too great reticence of colour. Anything, therefore, that tends to a greater straining after effect in this direction must be, if not distinctly evil, at least of doubtful advantage. Consider also the purpose



for which the pictures that cover the walls of our exhibitions are painted. They are, for the most part, destined for the walls of our houses, where they will be placed opposite, and very near to the eye. Will the scale of colour and vigorous handling which please when viewed, as are the scenes of a theatre, from a distance, afford abiding satisfaction when they become our elose and constant companions? Is not the distance from which a picture is to be viewed, indeed, a very important question for the painter's consideration? If Quentin Matsys had painted for the ceilings of the Ducal Palace, and Tintoretto for the homely parlours of northern burghers, should we not have seen a difference in their methods of handling? In *very* old-fashioned houses I have witnessed what must seem to some of us strange scenes. I have heard a guest say to his host, "Ah, you have something new there—I should like to look at it after dinner;" and after dinner accordingly, when the time has come, I have seen a group of two or three, with carefully shaded candle, peering into some small canvas, finding in it some loveliness, or skill, or tenderness, or subtlety of effect that did not cry out to be admired like brass instruments in a band. *When the time has come*—the time is past for that sort of thing—the time coming seems to be when our kind host shall be fairly startled at such a request—when, indeed, such a request would be altogether unnecessary, since everybody shall be able to see all that is to be seen without rising from the table, if he will only take the trouble to glance over his shoulder.

And all this out of a dado? Yes, and much more. For I have spoken so far only of the exaggeration of *force* to which men are driven by the certainty that, failing to obtain a place on the line, their pictures can find no refuge below it. But there is the exaggeration also of *size*. A canvas to be seen at all above the line must be of considerable dimensions; and to make any mark must very often be of much larger proportions than the painter's better judgment would have chosen for his subject; and oftener still proves to be a great deal bigger than he can deal with successfully. For the "largeness" which is "great" in Art is not measured by feet or inches—

it is largeness of conception. Some of Meissonier's pictures, a hand's-breadth in size, are more colossal than the mighty canvases of Rubens in the Louvre. But recall any of our recent exhibitions, and think of the acres of painted surfaces they represent. Two yards for a morsel of seaweed; three yards for a barn or stable; seven feet for the spar of a wrecked ship and half a wave; ten feet for a pony. We are reproached sometimes for a too rapid Americanisation of our institutions, and this love of big things is said to be a manifestation of it. If so, it is as vain as it is objectionable; we cannot bring Niagara over to England. People will always dispute, however, about the origin of things. Let them dispute. In this case, at any rate, it was *not* the kettle—neither will I be told what Mrs. Peerybingle said. I know better. Mrs. Peerybingle may have left it on record to the end of time, that she couldn't say which of them began it. But I believe it was the dado.

Whether it was the dado, however, or not, the movement has begun, and we are drifting. The utter hopelessness of painting small pictures to be hung in high places cut us adrift. The necessity of *dash* gave us the impetus; and we now are in waters, broad, if not deep. But shallow waters are not safe. I may be mistaken in my diagnosis of the case. It may be well to magnify the scale of our productions, in the hope that the bigger they are, the more impression they will make upon the beholder. It may be well to paint so that our work will be seen best from a distance through an opera-glass. It may be well to substitute great prisms of strongly coloured glass for jewels—which after all are but insignificant little things, and not half so showy as they should be. But if it is *not* well—if a return to a simpler and more normal scale would be good for us and for Art—the remedy is not far to seek. *Let one or more of the smaller rooms at Burlington House be specially reserved for cabinet pictures of choice quality.* The effect would tell beneficially both on the large and the small canvases. It would give an additional charm, a very special attraction, to the exhibitions,

advantageous alike to Academicians and to artists generally. It would encourage artists to make an unbiassed choice of the scale upon which they would work, without fear of being driven or enticed to exaggeration either in size or handling. And the dado? Well—that would be a matter for Robin Goodfellow to consider; but at least we may be

sure the dado would tell no more stories. What would really happen it is not very difficult to surmise. The “little western flower” would once more come into play: Lysander would no more run after a “painted maypole,” but would be content with Hermia; the dado would remain a dado; and Bottom would be himself again.

WYKE BAYLISS.

## A HISTORY OF CARICATURE.—I.

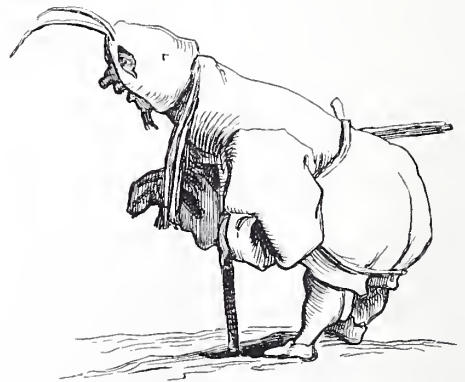


A BANJO-PLAYER (JAPANESE).

“BUT the most extraordinary property of the papaw-tree,” says a botanical writer, “is that animals which are fed upon the fruit are found, when killed, to be peculiarly tender.” What connection, you ask, can be discovered between this interesting fact of natural history and any of the properties or attributes of caricature? It is a simple question of etymology. The word *caricatura* has been, by almost universal consent, referred to the Italian verb *caricare*, signifying to load in the sense of overloading or overcharging (charge is another form of the same word) by exaggeration, which means heaping up. Let it be so, by all means; and yet we may as well recognise the existence of a South American word, the name of a tree—“*carica*.” This is no other than the parent of that strange fruit, the papaw, which yields a milky juice, used by the natives in many ways. It is a cosmetic; it is a medicine; it is a detergent, and is sometimes used instead of soap. But the most peculiar of its qualities is that which is described in the words quoted at the beginning of this paper. And we may say of caricature as we say of the *carica*, or papaw-fruit, that those who devour it readily are oftencst found to be over-sensitive in their own much-prized persons.

Under their Italian title, what the *Spectator* described as “those burlesque pictures, which the Italians call *caracaturas*,” have a history

of two hundred and fifty years—a little more or a little less; but in some shape or other the custom of exaggerating likenesses, in a spirit of mockery, may with good reason be assigned to the remotest ages. This is no more than to say that a feeling for humorous distortion, and for those ludicrous and extravagant irregularities in form which are called “grotesque”—because their eccentricities, compared with the ideal symmetry of design, are just what the wildness of a *grotto* is to regular architecture—seems so natural to mankind that we can hardly imagine any state of society in which that feeling would be unknown. At the same time let us be careful, in attempting a history of caricature, to avoid any straining of the sense in which that term is commonly used and understood. It is true, beyond all doubt or question, that



A CRIPPLE. (After Callot.)

the oldest relics of design afford examples of this practical species of parody; that the Egyptian sculptors introduced it, sparingly



but unmistakably, on their monuments; that it was more freely used by the Greeks and Romans, who sometimes adorned their pottery



THE DEMON-TILTER. (After Callot.)

and the walls of their dwellings with ridiculously vulgarised versions of mythological and heroic subjects; that, after the fall of the Western empire, it was revived—with an altered purpose and significance, be it said—by the masons and sculptors, in their designs for the details of Gothic architecture; that it entered largely into the pictorial embellishment of Saxon manuscripts, and is not absent from the monkish illuminations of the Middle Ages; that the subject, as grim as it was popular, of the Dance of Death, was treated in a spirit by no means free from a certain conventional kind of caricature; and that Sebastian Brandt's "Ship of Fools" contains vigorous pictorial satires of contemporary follies. But, for all this, the claim of political and personal caricature (such as we generally accept under that definition) to ancient lineage is debatable. It is almost essential to the very spirit of the thing that some speedy and facile means of dissemination should accompany its practice. Where the power of multiplying and spreading this form of satire did not exist, the material difference must in effect have been so great that we may well pause before granting that the form itself existed; and at any rate we cannot fix the origin of occasional caricature at an earlier period than that of some rough method of engraving and printing. For this reason, the antiquity of burlesque limning can

receive only so much notice here as it would seem to demand by virtue of a remote connection with fully developed caricature. This, if it really can be traced back farther than such point of time as we have indicated, must be pursued in other hunting-grounds than those of beaten history. And, indeed, it will be a part of the task upon which we now embark, to take a retrospective as well as a general glance at the caricature-art of far Cathay.

Japanese and Chinese caricature is eminently deserving of attentive consideration, and will receive it here in its proper course. That it is vastly older, in its unchanged traditions, than any European school of pictorial drollery, there is little need to say; and that it does not suffer by comparison with the best fruit of comic genius afforded by France, Italy, or England, we may perchance be constrained to admit by-and-by. The antiquity of Japanese caricature, as of Japanese art generally—until its recent days of doom—is discernible in modern instances. That is to say, there is no distinction between the old and the new; nor could any person, looking for the first time at the examples here presented, say with certainty whether they are the one or the other. As a matter of fact, they belong to the present century, but not to the present generation. For any visible sign that they present, the period might be that of Prester John. Nor would it be safe to predicate from any such incident as a pair of spectacles, or other object of modern association, that the picture containing it belongs to the new rather than the old world; for it is notorious that many things which have been "invented" by Europeans in epochs comprised within the certain



A CRIPPLE (JAPANESE).

grasp of history were known, ages before, to civilised Mongol nations. Confucius—who "flourished," as the phrase is, considerably more than twenty centuries ago—might have worn "goggles;" and it would be almost imperative

on the orthodox caricaturist to endow that immortal Chinese moralist with a portentous pair.

With regard to European caricature, it is perhaps not unreasonable to question any such venerable antiquity as that which may justly be accorded the same extravagant form of art in China and Japan. Those who rely solely on the hypothesis that the ancient Greeks and Romans, who, as we have already observed, did undoubtedly admit the character of humorous burlesque into their arts of design, would have been actual caricaturists in the modern sense, if circumstances had

favoured the practice of graphic drollery or satire, might as well argue the antiquity of the three-volume novel from the assumption that *if* the dramatic poets had been differently conditioned—*if*, that is to say, the art of printing had been invented, and the great body of the people had prepared themselves for the studious enjoyment of narrative fiction—tragedy and comedy would have been conducted in story-books for the house, rather than in plays for the public stage. It is impossible to deny that comic limning, as well as comic writing, is a thing of all times. But comic limning is not all that is implied in the term caricature. To have enjoyed the luxury thus designated as modern nations have enjoyed it, the classics of ancient Greece and Rome must have conceived something of that wild spirit of invention from which arose Romance. That they did so, historical criticism has denied; but nobody who bears in mind the Athenian comedy, or the Roman saturnalia, can possibly doubt that the humour of caricature, which is itself a kind of romance compounded of personal fact and fictitious fun, existed in those ages, as indeed in every age to which the eye of history can even dimly penetrate.

The origin of that peculiar and arbitrary species of fable, the romance of the Middle

Ages, is traced back by Thomas Warton to the Saracens, who brought their fictions of Arabian imagination into Europe when they entered Spain about the beginning of the eighth century. Much that is grim as well as fanciful in true caricature consorts with the pitiless playfulness of Arabian story-telling; and at any rate we have here an apparent consanguinity of ideas which vanishes the moment we turn to classic times, and to a people and literature entirely innocent of the romantic mode of fabling.

Nor, putting aside all such considerations as the foregoing, were those old-world conditions favourable to the existence of anything which, in the modern significance of the word, we can assimilate to political or personal caricature. Written satire has this all-important advantage over the pictorial kind, that it can be orally repeated; for never yet was earthly tyrant who could quite succeed in the suppression of whispering. But a ridiculous portrait of

Ptolemy or Cæsar was not so easy to “put about.” We have all seen the picture of the pedagogue stealthily entering the school-room, cane in hand, just as a knot of his hopeful scholars are laughing at the uncomplimentary profile sketch that has been made, from recollection of his prominent features, by a budding Gillray of the band. Had the young gentleman been what the late Lord Lytton once called an “artist

in words,” he could have vented his personal witticisms at the expense of his pastor and master with safety in the play-ground; whereas it was decidedly dangerous to aggravate the



A MENDICANT (JAPANESE).



A JUGGLER (JAPANESE).



aquiline peculiarities of nose and chin on the tyrant's very rostrum. But only fancy, should Agamemnon himself take to caricaturing noses and chins! It is told of Frederick the Great that he did a little in this way; notably that he was wont to reveal the whiskered face of Leopold, Prince of Anhalt-Dessau—"the old Dessauer"—under the figure of a cat's head.

Political caricature, antedating its Italian history and nomenclature by a hundred years or more, made its first appearance towards the end of the fifteenth century in France.

An engraving called the "Political Game of Cards" was published in 1499, when Francis Rabelais was a young pickle of a monk, getting into scrapes with the Franciscan brotherhood in Lower Poitou. In 1506 the "Conspiracy of Fools," a satire of greater artistic merit than pertained to Brandt's "Ship of Fools," of which it was an imitation, was produced by Thomas Murner, on the side of Papal authority, and in ridicule of Luther and his proposed reforms. In retaliation the Protestants quickly had recourse to caricature; and a collection of their many pictorial squibs, extending in time to the year 1545, is preserved in the British Museum. In the latter part of the same century arose the grotesque genius, Jaques Callot, in whose person French caricature took at once its highest position. All

who have seen his nightmare phantasy on the subject of St. Anthony's Temptations, or his picturesque series of tatterdemalions, "The Beggars," or his minutely etched set, "The War," detailing all the horrors of a campaign, with unsparing truth and vigour, will be disposed to rate him high in the first class of caricaturists. He was one of those whose choice of art as a profession had not met the approval of discreet friends, and in order to pursue his studies uninterruptedly he fled to Rome. Meeting there some friends of his father, he was compelled to return home; but he again decamped, and was again brought

back to the parental authority. Then, like Laertes, he wrung from good Polonius Callot "his slow leave by laboursome petition," and went a third time to the capital of the fine arts, where he worked with great industry and success. Callot's lively and fertile invention was happily allied with a wonderful power of enriching a small space with a multitude of figures, and a dramatic diversity of action. He engraved both with the burin and the needle, his best effects being attained with the latter implement; and, indeed, his free etchings have scarcely been excelled. Callot died in 1635, at the very height of his fame and in the prime of his powers, he being but forty-two years of age.

Shortly after his death, the custom of caricaturing took fresh hold of the English people, though there were few capable artists at the time to dignify that custom by any noteworthy skill. About the year 1640, and later, caricature was in use with the Puritan party to ridicule their opponents; while, after the Restoration, in 1660, the Cavaliers in turn took up the weapons. Romain de Hooghe, a Dutch artist, who published a series of engravings in 1672, proved a formidable censor of Louis XIV., and by the vigour of his graphic personalities made Holland for some years peculiarly famous as the country of caricature.



A BALANCER (JAPANESE).

In 1710 the art was extensively applied in England; and about 1728 William Hogarth opened a new and grand epoch of caricature, and became (in 1754) a frequent subject of the satirical pencils of Paul Sandby and others. Bunbury's period, from birth to death, was between 1750 to 1811; Rowlandson's was from 1756 to 1827; and Gillray's from 1757 to 1815. We shall, in due course, deal with these representative men and their works; and meanwhile this preliminary sketch, in panoramic fashion, of the general outline-history of caricature, may be useful as a reference in considering the subject. GODFREY WORDSWORTH TURNER.

## TREASURE-HOUSES OF ART.—I.

THROUGH the kindness of Mr. Alfred Morrison, we are enabled to present to our readers an account of the decorations of his mansion in Carlton House Terrace as well as of some of the works of fine art in his collection. House decoration—a familiar term—conveys perhaps a predisposition towards pleasant colouring and moulding, which, with most people, pass as the standard realisation of what house decorations can only be. In the case of Mr. Alfred Morrison's house, we wish at the outset to clear away from our readers' minds any such predispositions. Those who have had a privilege like that accorded to us, of inspecting the rooms and halls of 16, Carlton House Terrace, will be enabled to verify or correct impressions by this account; and those who have not been so fortunate may perhaps experience some difficulty in accepting as possible what we will try to tell them in as simple a manner as the exceptionally rich character of the subject of this notice permits.

In the first place we should say that the decorations of Mr. Alfred Morrison's house were designed by the late Mr. Owen Jones, and were carried out under his direction by the best known art-workmen and manufacturers without any restrictions as to cost. But before dealing with Mr. Owen Jones's designs, it will, we think, help our readers to form a better

idea of his work, if we briefly allude to the principles of the composition of ornament which he laid down. They may furnish us with an explanatory key. In all works of nature,

Mr. Owen Jones observed first, beauty of form, and secondly, suitability of that beauty of form to the work which it adorned. He says, "We always find construction decorated, decoration never purposely constructed;" and then proceeds to show how Egyptians, Greeks, Arabs, Moors, Indians, and even Chinese appear to obey this law in the decoration of their architecture. The Romans, the artists of the Renaissance, and of the later decorative period, according to Mr. Owen Jones, however, disregarded it. He then leads us on to certain axioms in regard to the composition of forms and

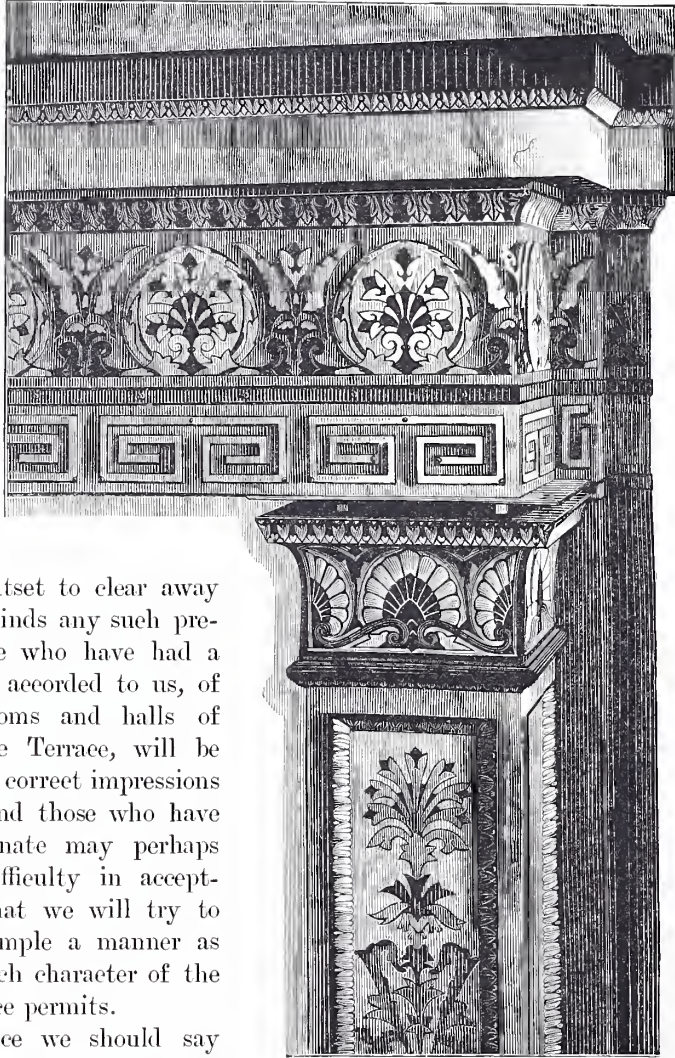


Fig. 1.—PORTION OF ENAMELLED ALABASTER CHIMNEY-PIECE.

lines, and shows how Nature teaches us that lines in construction may all be traceable to some parent stem; consequently, every ornament, however distant, should always be traceable to its root or branches. Nature



is said to abhor a vacuum, and Mr. Owen Jones considers it may equally be said to abhor an angle. Harmony in composition—obtained by uniform obedience to laws, in respect of proportionate division and subdivision of ornamental masses, by radiation from a parent stem, and, in fine, by symmetry in detail and in mass—seems to be the bull's-eye which Mr. Owen Jones's principles were destined to hit. We shall overtax our readers' patience if we dilate any further upon these too cursorily mentioned principles of ornament. The result of them may perhaps be said to be geometrical symmetry in detail and distribution of all ornament. Fixing, then, in our minds that, so far as the decorator, the creator, so to speak, of the work under discussion was concerned, geometrical symmetry was an uppermost consideration, we will proceed to give a description of the rooms, ornamented in this house by the late Mr. Owen Jones.

We commence with a study or morning-room, the door of which opens on the right of the umber-toned entrance-hall. The room is lofty and rectangular. No obtrusive ornamental forms break up its main constructive lines. The colouring of the walls seems to be of a kind of reddened gold and blue steel hue, whilst overhead is a massive Oriental arrangement of beams, golden crosses, and grooved golden cupolas, each set in a bright blue ground. We tread on a finely-woven carpet, made softer by its greenish-yellow hue. No one colour can be said to predominate in the scheme of decoration; those colours which are employed are so balanced and cunningly arranged as to produce hues, from which we derive a sense of sobriety. But a kind of cold splendour seems to accompany this sobriety, an effect due to the geometrical formality of

the ornamental details, to the precisely finished and highly polished woodwork in the room, and to the occasional steel, and other metallic effects, of the glistening silk walls and curtains. These latter, under certain lights, seem to suggest a species of watery fish-scale hue. Around the room runs a dado of ebony, edged with a honeysuckle border of inlaid satin-wood. The woodwork, adjacent to the golden red silk hangings of the walls immediately above the dado, is of inlaid work done in rosewood, ebony satin-wood, and a delicate grey, watered wood.

The doors are of ebony, the handles to them of ivory, and the keyholes, of a cruciform shape, of ivory enriched with fine outlines, almost like hairs, of red wood, satin-wood, and grey wood. On examining this luxury of marquetry work, the most casual and least-informed observer cannot but be impressed with the intense accuracy with which it has been done. To Messrs. Jackson and Graham belongs the credit of having secured the services of workmen who, by mechanical agencies, were able to cope with the difficulties of the

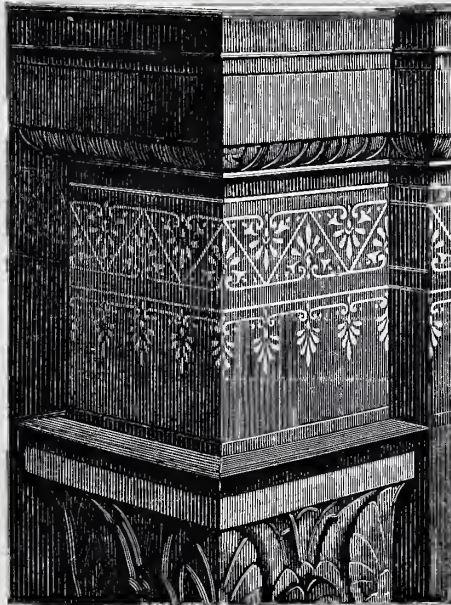


FIG. 2.—PORTION OF MARQUETRY CHIMNEY-PIECE

intricate task set by Mr. Owen Jones. The quality of handiwork, remarkable in early inlaid woodwork, naturally does not exist in this marquetry. It has a character of its own, and is possibly the apotheosis of machine-made marquetry. It is so accurately produced as to almost overpower one with a sense of hopelessness of escape from never-changing precision. We may search for some flaw, some mistake; we can find none. But we must not stand still at the dado and door; other important works of this precise character are the mantelpiece and the glazed marquetry cabinet opposite to it. On the mantelpiece is set an oblong mirror, flanked on each side by tall cylindrical columns of

grey wood, topped with carved and gilt boxwood capitals, on which rests a superstructure of marquetry, crowned by a succession of inlaid Greek honeysuckles. The lower parts of the drums of the columns are inlaid in a wonderful manner with a recurrent symmetrical fan-like pattern done in rosewood, mahogany, satin-wood, and a greyish wood. Beneath the mirror and this elaborate framework just described comes the shelf, the face of which above the fireplace is decorated with alternating panels of honeysuckle and circular patterns done in inlaid ivory and satin-wood and grey wood. In all this work there is no unevenness of surface, actually or decoratively; all is rigidly flat and exquisitely polished. The blinds or window screens, too, are of pierced woodwork, elaborately inlaid with grey, red, and yellow woods. So, too, are the ebony shutters with their ivory handles. From the marquetry fixtures of this room, we may turn to the marquetry furniture, which is in point of workmanship none the less astounding. The shapes of the legs, arms, and the backs of the chairs all show evidence of Mr. Owen Jones's immovable faith in gentle flowing lines, and excepting where the exigencies of utility assert themselves in respect of flat and straight surfaces for tables and such-like, curved lines are always employed. But in making this perhaps too general statement as to the employment of curved forms, we must not allow any one to form an idea that constructive requirements have not been considered and attended to; on the contrary, the legs of the chairs curve outwards with a classical firmness, and are elegantly proportioned, and every part has its obvious constructive use. In speaking of constructive proportion, we may be permitted to say that the feeling for such proportion seems to have been a special gift in Mr. Owen Jones. In respect of proportion in ornament, he was perhaps at times a little unsuccessful; and this, we imagine, is more or less exemplified by the heaviness of the gold crosses, and ribbed cupolas in the ceiling of the morning-room; and yet when we pass into the dining-room—a long and spacious oblong room—we fail to find any similar defect in the proportions between ornamental details. In the dining-room, which is treated after the model of that which we

have just left, *i.e.*, with panelled inlaid dado, doors, and shutters, and silk hangings to the walls, the general tone of colour is rather warmer and more golden. The ceiling is of a pure Moresque type, consisting as it does of interehanging star-shaped forms of deep red ornament on a golden ground, and of deep blue ornament on a golden ground. The dado is of polished ebony, with symmetrical garlands inlaid as a border in grey-green and orange-brown woods. This pattern very clearly demonstrates Mr. Owen Jones's principle of flowing lines, which are traceable to a parent stem. Mr. Jones certainly possessed the genius of closely conforming to his announced principles of decoration.

The mantelpiece and fireplace in the dining-room are enriched with grey and green marbles. The lower portions of the marble columns on each side of the mirror on the mantelpiece are encased in bronze-work, done by Barbedienne of Paris.

The library, a room leading out of the principal hall, is brilliant with the golden-green silk hangings, which form a rich contrast to the most elaborately inlaid ebony book-cases, placed against the walls, and so forming a handsome dado of ornate panels of marquetry, alternated with glass shelves, on which one sees ranks of books, miniatures, and occasional groups of precious objects in metal, in pottery, and in jeweller's work. The ceiling of this room is of a most intricate Arabic design, the analysis of which is interesting if not puzzling. White stars, with gold tracery on them, reveal themselves between the delicate woodwork or beams, which are picked out with gold painted on to grounds sometimes red, sometimes blue, and sometimes yellow. Standing with one's back to the window, a new shimmer or hue seems to diffuse itself from the silken walls. In the place of the gold and green which we saw on entering the room, we have a silveryness with bluish forms coming through it. The variations in the way the light strikes certain portions of the silken hangings produce in every room striking differences of colour and even of ornamental forms, so that one is fain to disbelieve that one system of colour and ornament has been



employed in the production of any one set of wall hangings and curtains.

We must not forget to mention that the patterns adopted for each carpet are similar to those of the ceiling above the carpet. The material quality of the carpet invests this repeated pattern with a totally distinct character, so that at first one hardly recognises that any decorative relationship exists between the carpets and the ceilings.

We have undoubtedly omitted to describe certain delicate features of ornamentation in the rooms we have passed through, but we must not pause or attempt to rectify these omissions. There is much before us, and our readers must kindly bear in mind that, besides the luxury of decoration which appertains to the apartments, in each room there are many almost priceless works of art of modern fine art handieraft. With these objects we shall deal separately in a further article. However, let us mount the

sombre-coloured deep-welled staircase, with its heavy piled carpet stretched across broad steps rising between a polished ebony and ivory and rosewood balustrade, a marvel of cabinet-maker's work, and a dado of the same wood, and so reach the reception or drawing-rooms. Oil paintings, chiefly modern, adorn the walls of the staircase. We must not omit to speak of the superb softness of the carpets, of the perfect fitting of the doors, the opening and shutting of which, by means of their sumptuous solidity, convey to one's senses an effect of films of air passing

in a compressed manner one against the other; and of the somewhat obscured lighting of the staircase, all of which strike us as very important and noteworthy elements in describing the almost stern luxury of this portion of Mr. Morrison's house.

We now come to the suite of reception rooms, and here we find ourselves in a further evolution of Mr. Owen Jones's principles, and Messrs. Jackson and Graham's marquetry work. For the present purpose it must suffice to say

that the general effect of the drawing-room figured satin walls is opalescent; the ceiling is of fine Arabic golden ornament, the carpet soft-feeling, and of delicate-looking arrangements of light tones of the three primary colours. The general plan of this arrangement is indicated by means of umber or golden lines, and, as we have said of all the carpets throughout the house, the design of the carpet is a repetition of that of the

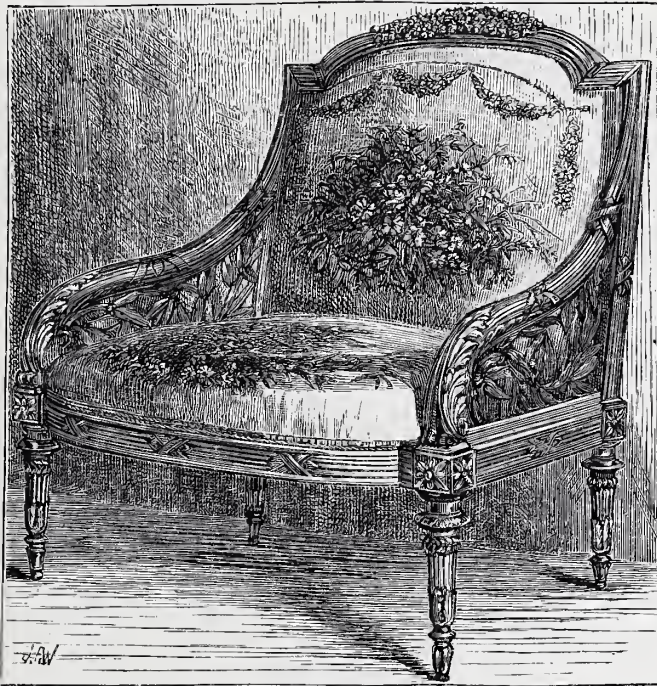


Fig. 3.—SATIN-WOOD AND EMBROIDERED CHAIR.

ceiling immediately above it. From the cold yet luxurious opalescence and pale orange-wood marquetry, we pass into a yellow satin-hung or golden room, and thence into a silvery-blue room, and so pass out on to the landing of the first floor. Here virtually the elaboration of decoration ceases, and here then we propose to draw the limit of our description.

We have selected for illustration one or two examples of the marquetry work, with the view of showing its character, which is uniform throughout the rooms mentioned. Fig. 2 represents a portion of the inlaid mantelpiece

in the golden room on the first floor, and is comparatively simple in design. The mantel-pieces in the lower rooms are more elaborated in ornament. Fig. 1 is of a portion of an alabaster chimney-piece in the opalescent drawing-room. The ornamentation is rendered in surface enamels—of opaque and translucent character: the white portions in the engraving are chiefly of opaque light

enamels, whilst the darker portions are of ruby or emerald translucent enamel. The richness of effect is striking in the extreme. This work was executed by M. Le Pec, of Paris, and was carried out in accordance with the suggestions of Mr. Owen Jones. It is presumably a unique example of so costly an application of this kind of art-workmanship to a fireplace. (*To be continued.*)

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## OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

PETER GRAHAM, A.R.A.

WHENEVER a controversy has chanced to spring up upon the relative claims and merits of landscape and figure painters, it has not seldom been asserted that, as a rule, the one knows little or nothing comparatively of the other's art, and that often, so far from being able to practise it, the former could no more make a presentable study of the nude than the latter could represent the effect of a passing shower upon a mountain-side. In the face of a slur upon the universality of art, as such an assertion as this assuredly is, it is gratifying to come upon a notable refutation of it, and this is to be found in the person of Mr. Peter Graham. He, it is pleasant to know, won his first honours in his native Edinburgh as a figure painter. Born there in 1836, the son of an accountant, he was placed, at the age of fourteen, at the School of Design in that city, so evident had the youngster's bias become even at that early time of life. Passing through the successive stages of the curriculum, including the "antique" and the "life," he painted and exhibited figure pictures till he was four-and-twenty (1860); and he was elected an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy in that year. One of these works, indeed, "Fra Angelico before his Easel preparing for Work by Prayer," received the honour of being engraved for the Scottish Association for the promotion of the Fine Arts. Always deeply impressed and affected by the sentiment of nature, it was while painting out of doors an important background to a figure subject that he first

began to think of giving his chief attention to landscape.

The significant result of the next few years' exclusive devotion to this branch of art was, that in 1866 he came to London and exhibited at the Royal Academy the picture which at once established him as a landscape painter of no ordinary powers. "A Spate in the Highlands" created much excitement amongst those who are interested in such matters, whilst its supreme merit was acknowledged by all who saw it. Immediately purchased by a dealer, it was re-sold, doubtless at a large profit, within a few days.

Considerable talk was going on just then among artists about the systematic neglect with which the Royal Academy was treating landscape art, chiefly, it was said, because there were no landscape painters (with what justice everybody knew), and it was foreseen that the advent of Mr. Graham's picture would put an end at least to this plea. At any rate, it had the effect of drawing public attention to the state of things in Trafalgar Square, the result being that within a very short time a hitherto overlooked though highly gifted landscape painter was elected an Associate. Mr. Graham, however, as was perhaps reasonable in the case of such a new-comer, had to wait some years before a similar honour was conferred on him; and it was not until 1877 that he could append the magic initials A.R.A. to his name. He reached this distinction through a succession of highly meritorious works, though not always, it was said, by a sequence of



continually developing power. But when an artist makes a great hit with his first picture, it is almost impossible for him immediately to advance the reputation which that has gained for him; indeed, he will be lucky if he can

had prophesied for him. The former picture particularly displayed him at his best again, and when having found its way into the Gillott collection it some years later came to the hammer with the rest of the great pen-maker's effects,



*James Faithful  
Peter Graham*

(From a Photograph by A. E. Fradelle.)

sustain it. Thus, although Mr. Graham never went back, we had no work for a year or two demanding especial mention. In 1869, however, the public readily discerned that he did not intend to be a man of one picture. "On the Way to the Cattle Tryst" and "Autumnal Showers" fully bore out all that his friends

it reached a price far beyond what the artist had originally received for it; whilst its companion of the year, "Autumnal Showers," was carried off as a trophy of English artistic prowess to the National Gallery of Melbourne.

After this there was once more a short pause of expectation. "Afternoon Clouds"

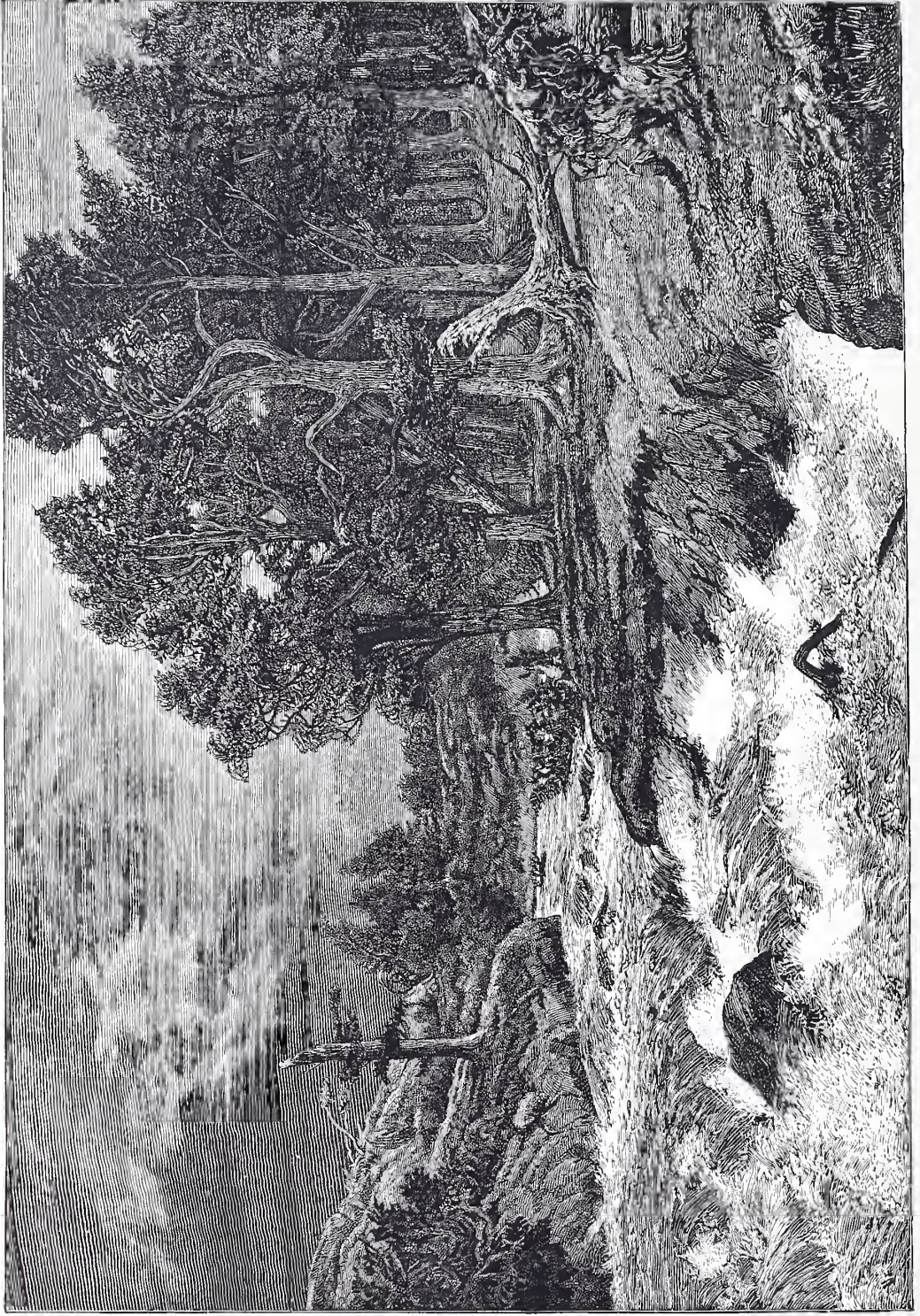
and "Among the Hills," in 1870, kept the painter favourably before the public, but the following year everybody was talking about, and rushing to see, "A Rainy Day." This remarkable work expressed more completely, perhaps, than had ever been done before on canvas, the aspect of wet weather in the Highlands. There never was anything *wetter* seen—it was a sensation, but one attained by legitimate and consummate art. Every feature and every incident which could help to bring home to the spectator's mind the general unpleasantness and hostility of the elements was carefully thought and worked out. The long straggling street of the village; the soddened thatch of the roofs; the dripping eaves; the foliage heavy with moisture; the splash of the pitiless downpour in puddles and gutters; the effect of the wet on the colour of the unprotected backs of the poor nags about to be tied up to the door of the little inn; the general aspect of a day on which the rain had been falling for many hours with no promise of cessation—all conducted most efficiently to the portrayal of the fact represented, no less than to the expression of the sentiment intended to be conveyed by the scene. We are fortunate in being able to present our readers with an engraving of this picture, by the courtesy of the owner, Mr. Thomas Taylor.

It has been said that the sentiment of a landscape is the element of it which chiefly inspires Mr. Graham's genius. The titles of his pictures show this usually in a marked degree, and the poetic ring they always carry with them is amply justified by their treatment. This is large, sober, and grand, the work always of a conscientious student of nature in her varied aspects, and is never disturbed by the way in which the detail is expressed. Amidst many pictures claiming attention principally on these grounds, there appeared in 1873 another canvas from the painter's hand, having like "A Rainy Day" an objective interest in addition to the subjective one always pervading Mr. Graham's work. "The Cradle of the Sea Bird" was, of course, eminently poetic, the very title—conveying as it does a wealth of associations in a few words—would indicate this. The majestic cliff scenery of the

Island of Handa, off the coast of Sutherlandshire (which was the locality depicted), was invested with an overwhelming effect of size and height. The grim face of sheer perpendicular rock, rising straight from the ocean's bed, almost made one shudder to look upon—so forbidding, so awful was it in its stern supremacy. The heaving, treacherous motion of the calm sea, too, was admirably given, whilst the remnant of wreckage floating upon its oily, glassy surface told significantly and pathetically of what such a region would be when within the wild embrace of storm and tempest. But what especially attracted and fascinated the mind was the contrast which this fair, calm weather and the circumstances which gave the name to the picture presented to the terrific feature of the frowning cliff. Thousands of sea-birds, gulls, guillemots, razor-bills, puffins, cormorants, &c., swarmed in all directions; the air was alive with them; every ledge and shelf of rock was occupied; the sea was crowded with them—swooping, floating, diving. One could almost hear their cries as plainly as behold their motion, for it was breeding-time; the cradle of fluffy fledgelings being literally nothing more than the hard, bare rock. Upon this—upon every available ledge, cleft, or cranny of it—the mother lays her eggs, hatches and brings up the brood, no soft nest being constructed wherein to cradle these hardy Vikings of the air and sea, and this is the objective ornithological fact that was turned to such good and poetic account in this remarkable production. It might be called an historical picture, from the way in which the true, the actual, were portrayed, just as the "Rainy Day" was an historical record of certain meteorological conditions. The thoroughness and extent of Mr. Graham's knowledge of matters which are supposed to come more within the province of the figure than the landscape painter of course are of the greatest advantage to him when landscape has to be illustrated with life. Hence his birds are as well drawn and painted as his skies, seas, cliffs, or moorlands. The same may be said of his cattle and figures, so that when these take prominent places on his canvas they are obviously the work of an accomplished animal and figure







"WIND."

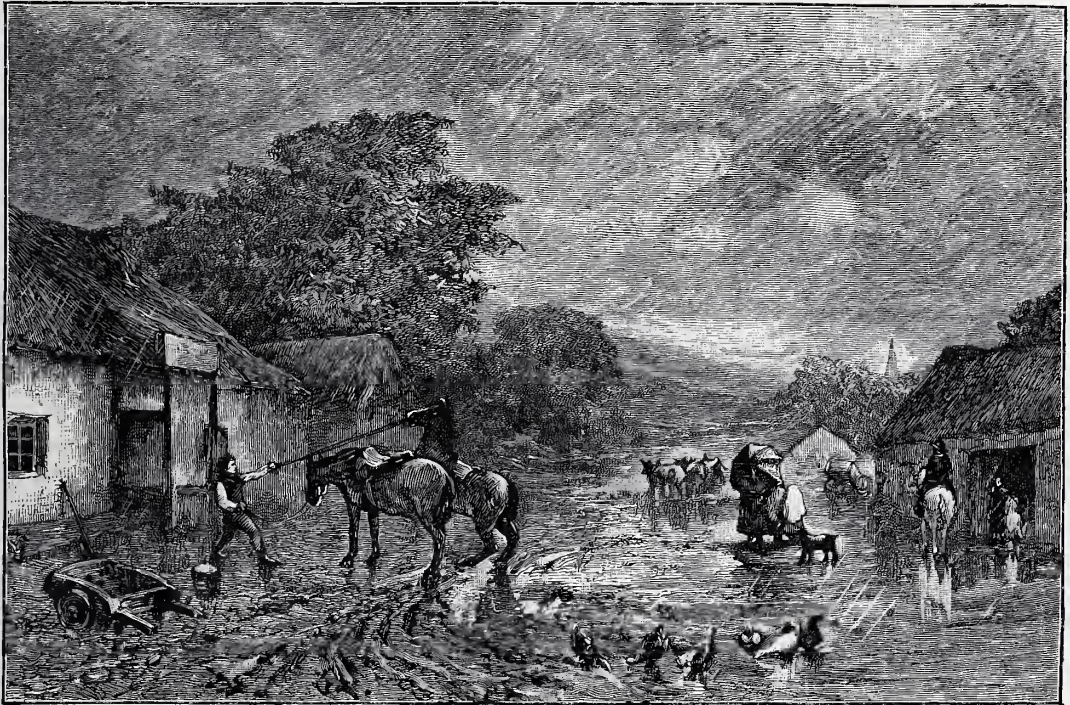
(From the Picture by Peter Graham, A.R.A., in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1873. In the possession of J. K. Cross, Esq., M.P.)



painter; indeed, were they simply relieved by a plain tone of colour, or a slight conventional bit of background, they are of sufficient excellence to stand alone as remarkable works, without the additional interest and value which is lent to them by the beautiful landscape itself. They are good enough to be regarded as the principal features of the subject—as the subject itself, if we please—but as mere adjuncts their excellence is rare, and far beyond

hinted, the incident is the picture; to wit, “On the Way to the Cattle Tryst,” “Crossing the Moor” (1875), “Moorland Rovers” (1876), &c.

In January, 1877, the subject of our memoir (as has been said) was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy as a just recognition of the powers above referred to. Whilst he continues steadily advancing on the path he has marked out for himself—albeit it may in some sort appear to lie but in one direction—there



A RAINY DAY.

(From the Picture by Peter Graham, A.R.A., Royal Academy Exhibition of 1871, in the possession of Mr. Thomas Taylor.)

what is usually looked for in landscape. Thus, as a whole, Mr. Graham's work gives us a sense of completeness which might be taken as a lesson by all students—a lesson teaching the fact that art is universal and unlimited, and that he who aspires to be an artist in the widest and completest sense of the word should be competent to delineate with equal skill, force, and fidelity all objects upon which his eye may rest. Scarcely any of Peter Graham's pictures represent merely inanimate nature; they are generally lighted up by some telling rural incident, whilst in some cases, as we have

can be no doubt that he will, before many years are over, fully deserve the higher honour which it is in the power of the Academicians to bestow on him. The quality of his work is notable for its subtle delicacy of tone as well as for its strength and harmonious completeness, and the way in which he forces, by most legitimate means, an effect of brilliant colour into it, notwithstanding the prevalence of grey, is magical. Conspicuous, too, are the boldness and dexterity of his handling, and until we discover, through the pleasure and privilege of personal acquaintance, with how much nervous energy he is endowed,



a feeling of astonishment must arise at the large scale on which he usually paints, and at the remarkable vigour with which the broad features of his subjects, no less than the smallest details, are laid in.

“Wind” (of which we give a full-page illustration) and “The Restless Sea” (1873); “Our Northern Walls” and “The Misty Mountain Top” (1874); “Highland Pasturage,” “Crossing the Moor,” and “Twilight” (1875);

“The Gently Heaving Tide” (1877); and “Wandering Shadows” and “Gusty Weather” (1878), are, together with many of the works previously mentioned, striking illustrations of what has been just remarked; and, of course, now that he claims, by right of his Associateship, space on the line, his work is not likely to diminish in those characteristics which have brought Peter Graham to the front rank of landscape painters.

W. W. FENN.

## PICTURES OF THE YEAR.—II.

MR. WATTS' work, always noble in quality, has this year a special element of success; his refinement, purity, and loftiness are more distinctly intelligible than usual, perhaps because his subjects are peculiarly felicitous. The portrait of Sir Frederick Leighton, for instance, which is too unfinished for exhibition, shows evidence of the pleasure with which the artist has studied his subject; the pose has been chosen in order to show the broad and massive throat, rare in the English race; and the face, with its masculine and elegant turn, is drawn with an extraordinary power. The difference between the types chosen by Mr. Watts in his exhibited portraits is so marked that no artist who sincerely appreciated character could possibly treat them with any mannerism of his own. In this way a great master deliberately subjects himself to a very salutary discipline; the worthy part of his individuality—his principles of art—will remain, but all obstinate peculiarities must be sacrificed. The portrait of Colonel Lindsay is as unlike that of Sir Frederick Leighton as the latter is different from that of Sir William Armstrong. The first-named is one of the finest works which Mr. Watts has painted of late years; the

drawing of the face is excellent, and the brown eyes are full of intelligence and life. In the portrait of Sir William Armstrong, also, the modelling and colour are instinct with subtle character. With peculiar thoughtfulness Mr.

Watts has brought out the gentlest aspect of a face which will ever be associated with the destructions of war. At the opposite pole of humanity is the little girl “Dorothy,” whom the artist has drawn in three-quarter length, almost full face, with the vivid and unconscious look of childhood on her delicate features, while the loose waves of light brown hair flow down to the shoulders; the small figure, with its grace and infantine slenderness, is especially charming. The portrait of Mrs. Hichens is a piece of perfect refinement, whilst that of Lord Cadogan is an interesting study of a face remarkable for firmness and finish of feature, and for the intellectual suggestiveness of the upright brow. Mr. Watts exhibits a rich and representative collection of his larger works at the Grosvenor Gallery. Two compositions show his genius in its most dramatic form, to which a portrait of Mr. Gladstone, a small head of a child, and the portrait of the little girl already mentioned, form a strong contrast.



VENETIAN WATER-CARRIER.  
(By W. F. Yeames, R.A. Diploma Picture.)



“Paolo and Francesca,” a design which is familiar to the readers of the *MAGAZINE OF ART*, having been engraved on page 242, vol. i., is as powerful as it is pathetic; the two hapless lovers of Dante’s “*Inferno*,” driven on the eternal gale, cling together with an action from which remorse and suffering have almost banished the expression of love. An endless companionship in punishment has turned passion into a solemn and austere tenderness which is indescribably painful. In this work there is not a turn, not a line of face, figure, or drapery that has not been studied with thought and deep artistic purpose. The second composition,

Orpheus is a *tour de force* in its sudden, violent, and complicated action; not less immense was the difficulty of treating the female figure in its new but entire abandonment to death. These are not works to which justice can be done by a mere hasty inspection. The portrait of Mr. Gladstone is out of date, but perhaps has an added interest on that very account. It is a somewhat fixed and stony reading of a notably changeable face, and presents, therefore, a contrast to Mr. Millais’ more modern rendering of the ex-Premier at the Academy, of which we shall speak in another place.

Mr. Orchardson, R.A., is represented at the



A DGLE.

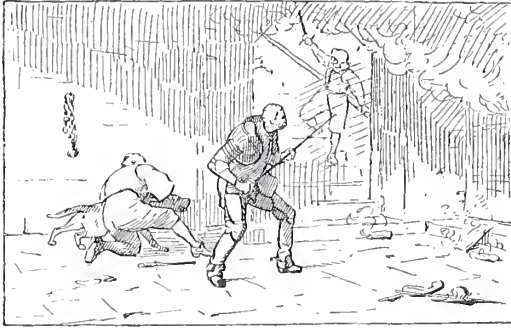
(By Charles Gregory.)

“Orpheus and Eurydice,” is even more dramatic. The scene is instantaneous; Eurydice has followed her husband to the confines of the living world; one step more, literally one step, would have brought her out of the languid atmosphere of the world of spirits into the keen air of life; she has passed one light hand round the neck of her deliverer; thrilled by the touch of his wife, Orpheus has turned, only to clasp the figure of a woman who is not only dead, but spent, gone, faded, fallen away. The all-conquering lyre, fallen from his hand, the lily dropped by hers, have not had time to reach the ground, but Eurydice has slipped irrevocably and for ever into the land of shadows. All seems to be acted in the comprehensive moment of the artist. The drawing of the figure of

Academy by only one work—a last century gambling scene—having his usual elegance and refinement of colour. A similar subject has often been treated—by M. Meissonier, and by Mr. Pott last year, among others; but Mr. Orchardson gives it freshness by the originality and charm of his manner. He has seldom drawn a more elegant figure than that of the young victim retreating at the door; the character of the group of gamblers is excellent; several packs of cards, charmingly painted, have been thrown on the floor, where they lie with a flatness which calls for special remark. The pearly tints, which have so long distinguished his work, are as beautiful as ever.

Mr. Stacy Marks, R.A., repeats the peculiar humour in the character of strange birds, which

has taken his fancy so much of late. No one who has lingered among the collections at the Zoological Gardens can wonder at his



NO SURRENDER.  
(By J. Watson Nicol.)

choice; many of these creatures in their pose, expression, and character are even more acutely comic than Mr. Marks has made them; indeed, one charm of his work is that while it is suggestive, it is free from the slightest exaggeration. In his "Science is Measurement," of which we give a sketch on page 151, the expression and suggestion are conveyed by means of a skeleton, with the quaintest possible effect. Mr. Marks' *finesse* has never been more successful. His "Old Friends," a couple of veteran pensioners, looking up with feelings of fond regret at the huge figure-heads which have breasted the waves for so many years, and which have even in their idle retirement a look of strength and dignity—is a picture which fails to interest greatly, on account of the excessive reticence which the artist shows in the matter of dramatic expression. The composition, too, with the two little figures dotted down in the lower part of the picture, will probably be objected to as inartificial.

The "idyllic" school of the day—the school that proclaims the renaissance of Venus, delights in nothing save effeminate emotions, and never paints men (partly, no doubt, because it has not strength enough to draw them with character)—receives no more direct contradiction than in the healthy and honest work of Mr. Luke Fildes, A.R.A. Such a picture as "The Penitent's Return" revives one like the pure air of country meadows after the atmosphere of a perfumed hothouse; the languid Art-world

of London must needs be refreshed by it, at least for a moment. His work, in spite of the sentiment of the title, is principally a picture of the character of a country village, and a most faithful and excellent study of out-of-door evening light and tone. The leading figure of the subject is by no means the central figure of the composition, for the returned penitent, a forlorn young woman, has fallen on the steps of her old home to the extreme left, while the accessory personages occupy the rest of the picture, a large cart-horse, and a carter with his children forming the middle and prominent group. Mr. Fildes has in no way idealised the loiterers in this straggling village street; he has aimed at the literal reproduction of character—an aim which cannot be attained without an almost subtle intelligence; witness the action and expression of the old woman who is gossiping over the matter in the middle distance, biting her nails with a thoughtful twist in her face. A little nearer, a group of urchins fresh from their tea peer at the girl round the corner of a house with boyish curiosity. One of them holds a thick slice of bread and butter, a mouthful of which he is in the act of eating; his thumb turns back in mechanical avoidance of the buttered surface—an incident which we mention as an example of Mr. Fildes' veracity and thoughtfulness in small things. The English peasant is now little else than a rustic townsman, and his dress and manner have a sordidness which cannot appear charming in art. Mr. Fildes, however, in the treatment of his figures, has borne in mind the excellent counsel given by Newton, the American artist, to his compatriot and brother of the brush, Leslie—"A painter cannot do better than attend to the advice of Polonius: 'Be thou familiar but by no means vulgar.'"

In spite of delays caused by painful family affliction, Mr. Millais has done himself no great injustice this season. If signs of haste and distraction are noticeable in one or two works, the painter of the portraits of Mr. Gladstone (at Burlington House) and of Mrs. Stibbard (at the Grosvenor) cannot be said to have fallen short of his highest powers. The first-mentioned is distinguished by an almost



religious nobility of expression, while the drawing and modelling and brushwork are alike masterly. The execution about the forehead, especially where the frontal bones are somewhat prominent, is wonderfully good; the handling is indeed brilliant throughout; and we should be inclined to choose this picture, with its strong square drawing, as worthily representative of Mr. Millais' latest and most easily complete manner. The portrait at the Grosvenor is also most excellently drawn, perhaps with less intense animation of execution, but with a power which would be hard to match in modern English art. These truly great works lose a little in attractiveness owing to the cold and even rather chalky tints of the flesh; for Mr. Millais paints in an almost overpowering volume of hard and chilly north light, in which all the warmer and softer passages of a complexion are lost.

And *à propos* of portraits, one of the most striking and novel successes of the year has been made by Mr. Frank Holl, A.R.A., who appears unexpectedly as a master of this branch of art. The portrait of Samuel Cousins, R.A., is an excellent example, in which not only the treatment of the head, but the delicate and true relations of tone in the treatment of the engraving of Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Strawberry Girl," introduced as an accessory, call for special praise. Equally good is the portrait of Signor Piatti. "The Daughter of the House" is a remarkably veracious study of light. The little maiden, surrounded by her books, toys, and flowers, is bathed in the full light of the window, in which the colour of the hair is almost lost; the white bed-clothes are admirably well studied in effect; and the light from the open book is cleverly reflected in the child's blue eyes. The execution is strikingly free, strong, and workmanlike. We congratulate Mr. Holl on his change of subjects as well as on the extraordinary strides he has made as an artist. In portrait painting he will probably take rank with Mr. Oules and Mr. Pettie—masters of whom we may well be proud.

Mr. Prinsep's attention is mainly occupied, it is well known, by his picture of the Durbar held in India on the occasion of the proclamation of the Queen's new title of Empress. The work

is one of innumerable difficulties, the subject being in every way unwieldy and unmanageable in composition. Nevertheless, all that Mr. Prinsep has yet achieved towards the completion of his great labour is full of promise. His task will only end with the current year; and in the meantime he exhibits a fanciful subject suggested by the tradition that the Emperor Akbar had among his wives a European who lived apart in a pavilion of her own at Futteypore-Sikri. Mr. Prinsep gives a group of this forlorn princess and her black attendant, who fans her as she reclines on her cushions. The lady is a lovely blonde, with a sympathetic face expressing a reserved sadness. Mr. Prinsep also exhibits a portrait of Mr. Hare, the actor, and the original of one of the sketches which we engraved as an example of the illustrations in his volume on "Imperial India."

Mr. Poynter's large picture of "Nausicaa and her Maidens Playing at Ball" can scarcely be pronounced worthy of the painter of "Israel in Egypt." Not to dwell upon its manifest unfinish—the crude green with which it has been "put in" remaining over grass and rocks



"SCIENCE IS MEASUREMENT."

(By H. Stacy Marks, R.A. elect. Diploma Picture.)

alike—the figures are models of ungracefulness, although well drawn and full of movement. The draperies are imitatively Michaelangelesque.

We engrave sketches of Mr. C. Gregory's remarkably clever picture, "A Dole," the subject

of which speaks for itself; Mr. Watson Nicol's "No Surrender;" and Mr. W. F. Yeames' "Venetian Water-Carrier."

Want of space compels us to defer to a future number our notice of many important and interesting pictures of the year, including the works of several ladies, which we shall mention together, not, however, from any wish to consider their claims apart from those of men. There is no sex in art; and those ladies

who have sent in their pictures to the Royal Academy have submitted, by the act, to a fair and equal judgment. Their difficulties, it can scarcely be denied, are greater than those of the hardier sex, but neither on this ground nor on any other do they desire or obtain favour at the hands of the selecting committee. It would, therefore, be less than just were a critic to affect to change his standard of judgment in treating of their efforts.

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#### AMERICAN ARTISTS AND AMERICAN ART.—IV.

CHARLES ROBERT LESLIE, R.A.



LESLIE'S father and mother were natives of Cecil county, in the State of Maryland, where their ancestors had settled as farmers early in the last century. Leslie himself was born in London on

the 19th of October, 1794. His father, who had settled in Philadelphia in 1786 as a clock and watch-maker, came to England, with his family, about a year before the painter's birth, to be the agent for his prosperous trans-Atlantic establishment, which was left in charge of a partner. But his return to America was soon rendered necessary by his partner's death, and after a voyage made memorable by a desperate engagement with a French privateer he arrived at Philadelphia in the spring of 1800, accompanied by his little son, who was then five years old. Four years later the father died, leaving so little property that his widow opened a boarding-house, and his elder daughter became a teacher of drawing. Through the kindness of friends, Charles received a good education, being sent to the University of Pennsylvania, which then occupied the splendid house in Ninth Street, Philadelphia, originally built by the citizens for General Washington. From his infancy he had been fond of drawing, and when old enough to think of a profession he wished to be a painter. There seemed little hope that the wish would ever be fulfilled; his mother's means were too limited to obtain

for him a higher vocation than trade, so he was apprenticed to a bookseller. His tasks were not congenial; and, when he varied them by making chance sketches, his master, a kind but exacting man, was so displeased that the boy must often have been near relinquishing for ever the dream of his heart. But a better destiny was in store for him. George Frederick Cooke, the celebrated actor, came to America, and all Philadelphia was in a *furore* to see his Richard III. Charles Leslie went, among the rest, and afterwards painted Cooke's portrait with so much success that it not only attracted a crowd of admirers in a coffee-house, but it so far altered the sentiments of his master that he became his first patron, and was instrumental in raising a fund to enable Leslie to study painting for two years in Europe.

The boy had hitherto learned but little of his art. True, he had studied the pictures in Peale's Museum, and he had never passed the door of Mr. Sully, the best painter in Philadelphia, without running up to his show-room, which was open to all. The windows of the print shops, too, had been so many academies to him, often detaining him so long when sent on errands that he was obliged, on leaving them, to run as fast as possible to make up for lost time. But now his art education was to begin in earnest, and after a few initiative lessons from Sully he sailed for England at the end of 1811, arriving in London with a letter of introduction to





THE RIVALS.  
(From the Picture by Charles Robert Leslie, R.A.)



Benjamin West. The amiable old man received him kindly; and the impressionable boy of seventeen thought, as in later life he confessed, that the venerable President was superior to Raphael; nor can he have heard without a shock, on the occasion of his first visit to Paris, a Frenchman's opinion: "I like your Vilkes [meaning Wilkie], but I don't like your Vest." Young Leslie shared lodgings with his distinguished countryman, Morse, with whom he also painted during the day in the same room, drew in the evening at the Academy, and, early on summer mornings, copied the Elgin marbles. That great artist, Fuseli, was one of his earliest patrons and preceptors; and the circle of his acquaintance included, among others, Allston, Coleridge, Constable, Washington Irving, Newton, Landseer, and Charles Lamb. Two silver medals soon rewarded Leslie's Academy labours; and his first large picture of "Saul and the Witch of Endor," though it was rejected when sent to the British Gallery, sold for one hundred guineas. A visit to Paris in 1817, in company with Allston, gave him an opportunity of making studies in the Louvre. On his return to England he painted his "Sir Roger de Coverley going to Church, accompanied by *The Spectator*." This was his first striking success; it attracted general notice at the exhibition, and Lord Lansdowne ordered a replica.

Hitherto Leslie had followed the fashion of the day which affected a spurious high art, and despised everything that was not classic and conventional. The domestic school had not then had its innings, though Gainsborough had already ventured on "A Girl with Pigs," and Wilkie's "Blind Fiddler" had taken the town by storm. Leslie had gradually become disenchanted with the old order of things, but not till now, when he had painted and exhibited for about six years, did he dare to undertake, on an important scale, a subject to which his heart really warmed. Its success determined him to proceed in the same path. The following year produced "Londoners Gipsying," also a portrait of his dear friend Washington Irving; and in 1821 his "May Day in the Time of Queen Elizabeth" fairly and firmly established

his reputation as the master of a class of subject which, in the opinion of Tom Taylor, "none of our painters has treated with so fine a hand as he." This work won him great honour at the year's Exhibition, and had among its warmest admirers Sir Walter Scott, whose praise was, of course, very pleasant to Leslie, though, by the way, it is curious to remember that when the painter visited Abbotsford he was convinced by the daubs which hung on the walls there that the master novelist had not any real artistic taste, but only valued a picture for its subject and associations. Another friend, and a most generous patron, found by Leslie about this time was Lord Egremont, with whose name and his splendid collection at Petworth the name and the works of Leslie will always be connected. It was in the year of his "May Day" success that he was elected an Associate of the Academy. "I was," he writes, "much elated with this event, one of the great advantages resulting from which was the opportunities it afforded me of frequent intercourse with the best artists—with Wilkie, Stothard, Flaxman, Chantrey, Lawrence, Turner, Chalon, and Smirke." Five years later he was elected an Academician.

The next few years were occupied with the production of a good many subjects from "Don Quixote," some historical works, and several portraits, including one of Sir Walter Scott. In 1833 Leslie re-visited the great country of which he was a son by descent, though born, as will be remembered, on English soil. His brother wrote to him, from the other side of the Atlantic, to say that he had obtained for him the appointment of teacher of drawing at the Military Academy at West Point, on the Hudson River. The inducements to remain in England were many, but those to go to America were more—so, at least, thought the painter, after anxious consideration; and in the September of that year he and his family (he had married Miss Harriet Stone in 1825) set sail. But the new berth was a failure. All the advantages which it had seemed to hold out proved in the event, as is so commonly the case, to be far less than they had appeared in anticipation. He found that his duties occupied more time than he had understood it would be necessary to



give; that the accommodation, especially as regarded the exercise of his art, was bad; that the expenses of living were almost as large as in England; that his wife's health suffered by the climate; and, finally, that his children had not, as he had fondly hoped would be the case, any better careers open to them on that side of the Atlantic than on this. In view of all these discouragements, together with an encouragement on the side of a return to England, which he had received at the last moment before leaving our shores, in the shape of a letter from Lord Egremont, offering him £1,000 for a companion picture to his "Sancho and the Duchess," Leslie once more said good-bye to America, leaving West Point in April, a wintry scene, and finding England clothed in foliage and blossom—a transition which he says was very striking, and which was certainly symbolic of the change of feeling which the return to London occasioned in the heart of the painter's wife, if not in his own.

Of the well-known works which he gave to the world from the summer of 1834 to the date of his death, which took place in the spring of 1859, the most famous, perhaps, is that of "The Queen Receiving the Sacrament after the Coronation," painted for Her Majesty. A list of these works would fill several columns of this magazine. In 1848 he was elected Professor of Painting at the Royal Academy. His admirable lectures were published some years later, with additions, as a "Handbook for Young Painters;" and he also contributed to art-literature a biography of his friend Constable.

It is impossible to put down Leslie's "Autobiographical Recollections" without feeling that he was not more graceful, refined, and sentimental—in its sweetest sense—as a painter

than as a man. They are a wholesome antidote to those of his unfortunate contemporary, Haydon; and they are the charming and modest records of, perhaps, the happiest artist life that was ever lived. In one of his latest letters to his sister, dated Hampton Court, July, 1857, occurs this passage: "George is a very good boy, and is getting on well as a painter. He sold a little picture lately to Monckton Milnes [now Lord Houghton], who has taken a good deal of notice of him; and he is going in a few days to Bristol, to copy a picture for an American gentleman." That son is now, as every one knows, not only a resident among us, but a Royal Academician; and he himself has given us a glimpse of his father's home and studio life, as he knew it in his early years. "He worked," says his son, "very steadily and cheerfully, keeping up a sort of whistling at times. . . . He had a pretty habit of going into the garden before breakfast and picking either a honeysuckle or a rose—his favourite flowers—and putting them in a glass on the mantle-shelf in his painting-room. . . . He would rise about eight o'clock in the winter, and about seven in the summer, when he would walk in the garden before breakfast. He always read a chapter in the Bible to us all afterwards, and then, about half-past nine or ten, he would commence work, sometimes being read to at the same time. He did not object to the presence of any of his family in his room. . . . He was never irritated at anything whilst at work, but was always calm and happy." We have chosen the most characteristic passages, and the last word is the most characteristic of all. It is the adjective which, better than any other, belongs to Charles Robert Leslie, as a husband, a father, an artist, and a man.

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## THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

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FOR more than half a century the Society of British Artists has held a position and has done a work the importance of which can scarcely be estimated too highly. In its galleries young painters have been trained—to

pass in due time to the highest rank in the Art-world. Within its ranks veterans have been content to remain, preferring to pursue their art in quiet confidence rather than to engage in the exciting contests of a wider arena. There

is, perhaps, scarcely a first-rate private collection of pictures in England but is enriched by some works by Holland, or Stanfield, or Roberts, or



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. REMY, RHEIMS.  
(By Wyko Bayliss.)

Hurlstone, or Pyne, or Vicat Cole, or Dawson, that have been purchased from its walls. How many of these names, which are as familiar in our mouths as household words, have become so only through the Society of whose fifty-sixth annual exhibition we now propose to give our readers an account.

Our first duty is the pleasing one of congratulating the Society, not only on its return under very favourable circumstances and with permanent possession to its spacious and handsome galleries in Suffolk Street, but also, and in still stronger terms, on the considerable accession of strength recently made both in members and exhibitors. Since the last exhibition of the Society was held in Suffolk Street, Messrs. W. H. Bartlett, Horace H. Cauty, Sir R. P. Collier, Bernard Evans, H. G. Glindoni, James E. Grace, L. C. Henley, W. Holyoake, Yeend King, Stuart Lloyd, A. Ludovici, Jun., P. Maenab, F. H. Potter, Carlton A. Smith, and F. J. Wyburd have been elected members; while amongst the exhibitors we find the names of James Archer, John Faed, Keely Halswelle, C. E. Johnson, Seymour Lucas, Miss Meyer, John Pettie, J. D. Watson, and many other well-known favourites of the public.

In entering the large gallery we come at once on a painting by Mr. Glindoni, "Arming the Household." The retainers, young and old, furbished up with all manner of quaint and ill-fitting armour, are being drilled or inspected in the courtyard of some manor-house by the

lord and master, aided by a grim old sergeant, who surveys the motley group with a very dubious countenance. The subject is droll in the extreme, but its humour is of the polished kind that never transgresses against good taste. The colouring is subdued and yet subtle, and there is much artistic feeling in the variety of attitude, for the sake of which one servitor is stooping to adjust or give a finishing touch to the accoutrements of a companion. "Dropping down with the Tide, on a Summer's Evening," by G. S. Walters, is another of this painter's sunny effects from Holland. The moist atmosphere seems charged to the full with golden light. Mr. Walters has a firm, strong touch, and deals with a large canvas successfully. The picture is luminous and powerful, and agreeable in tone. With the "Music Lesson," by H. Caffieri, it is impossible to be quite satisfied. Skill there is in the handling, and it shows a delicate sense of colour; but we miss one element, without which no representation of girlhood can be complete, and that is the simple element of beauty. Does Mr. Caffieri despise this element? or is he unconscious of its absence from his picture? It is a great thing to paint light and colour, and to paint skilfully. But it is not enough. A sweet smile, an innocent grace, a tenderness of expression, that an English painter need not go far to seek, would be worth more than any technical excellence of brushwork.

We do not say that these things can be attained without technical excellence, but only that unless they are attained technical skill goes for very little. Will not Mr. Caffieri some day show us that he can paint the face



A SUMMONS TO SURRENDER.  
(By Charles Cattermole.)



of a beautiful woman? Sir John Gilbert contributes one of those brilliant *coups* that a master painter only can put upon canvas.



MY UNCLE TOBY AND CORPORAL TRIM.  
(By Sir John Gilbert, R.A.)

“My Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim” live again in this picture. It is not an elaborate work—elaboration would not enhance the subject—but the figure of the modest gentleman blushing scarlet at the compliment which is nevertheless dear to his heart, and the faithful corporal, seem just to have slipped from Sir John’s brush without any trouble on his part, and with a naturalness that is without artifice, and yet is the consummate mastery of art. “Manorbeer Castle, near Tenby,” by J. W. B. Knight, raises again the question whether beauty should not be considered an essential element in a picture, as much in landscape as in figures. We would not limit the painter’s conception of beauty to a narrow type, nor do we ask for mere prettiness: let the type be as wide as the wide world, and let mere prettiness give place to truth. Mr. Knight appears to value truth above all things, but he would scarcely be content to feel that his picture was truly ugly. We doubt whether anything will compensate for the absence of beauty. The little study of a girl’s head, by Sir Frederick Leighton, illustrates what we mean. It is full of a tender regard for—a seeking after—something which dwells in, but is not of the nature of the physical substance which is represented. The features of Sir Frederick’s model are not in themselves beautiful, but they take on a loveliness from that which is in the girl, instead of degrading our conception of her

to their level. Small as is this study, there is enough in it to teach us a great lesson. We have seen landscapes by Mr. Knight of which the same might be said, but the one element seems missing in the picture we have criticised. “Fairy Tales,” by W. H. Gadsby, represents two children poring over the same story-book. For brilliancy of handling and colour, as well as for simplicity of treatment and completeness of design, it could scarcely be surpassed. If, as we are informed, Mr. Gadsby is a young painter, there should be for him a noble future. “When the Kye Come Hame,” by J. D. Watson, like his other painting in the south-east room, is little more than a sketch, but it is full of tender feeling, and is finely characteristic of the artist. “Looking to Windward” is a *tour de force* by John Pettie, R.A., daring and masterly in the extreme. A bluff sailor, his face scarlet with the cutting blast, gazes steadily out to sea, his tattooed arms quietly folded, and his keen eye steady and ready as the eye of a sailor should be. Close to this picture, as if to draw attention to the extreme contrasts which exist in Art, is a delicate cabinet picture by Haynes King. It is refined in colour and expression, graceful in design, and it tells its story with effect. We consider it one of Mr. King’s choicest



MONSIEUR COULON’S DANCING CLASS.  
(By A. Ludovici, Jun.)

works. Then comes a dashing study of hounds at “Feeding Time,” by J. S. Noble; a silvery landscape, “The Last Swallow of the Season,” by W. Gosling; and a grand sunset effect by George Cole. It is a view

of Pembroke Castle. Mr. Cole never errs on the side of choosing an unpleasing subject; with him beauty *is* an essential element, and if pictures are intended not only to be seen at a gallery, but to be our constant companions, we cannot doubt that he is right. The "Pembroke Castle" is full of luminous quality and delicate finish; note the transparency of the water and the delicate drawing of the surface. But the picture is painted, not for the purpose of showing this dexterity of workmanship, but evidently for the sake of the loveliness of the scene, which has filled the painter with love and reverence for nature, a scene upon which we would gladly linger. "A Forage Party," by E. Ellis, is as successful as it is daring, though we could have wished for a more refined sense of grace or a little more flexibility of shape in the "awkward squad" who give the title to the picture.

Before Mr. Burr's work, "Words of Comfort," we must make a pause. If originality counts for anything, we have it here. But Mr. Burr's work is not original only—it is so excellent in its way, that of the few painters whose style bears any resemblance to it, it would be difficult to name one who can fairly be placed in comparison for transparency, tone, quality, power, character. Mr. Burr contributes four works, of which our favourite is perhaps "Polly," a strong-limbed fisher-girl, such as Burns sang about and Kingsley loved to describe. It is not every one who will realise at first the splendour which underlies this apparently rough work. To some, indeed, it will always seem *caviare*. But Mr. Burr's painting is not only what David Cox called "the work of the mind"—it is the work of a master's hand, and it is the expression of the heart also. If any visitors to these galleries do not understand this, let them give a little patience to the study of these four pictures, and they will gain a new insight into the possibilities of Art.

And now we come to the poet-painter of the Society. Mr. Woolmer's genius is not to be measured by the rule of commonplace. His work also may be *caviare* to some, but if so, we can only say so much the worse for them. If men and women slip from the pencil of

Sir John Gilbert, opals and pearls, rubies and emeralds slip from the brush of Mr. Woolmer. He is alone in his world—a world created by himself, a world of which he is master. Of Mr. Woolmer's two pictures we prefer his "Susanna;" it will be found in the south-east room. The next painting of note is "French and English," by John Morgan. Two groups of village school-boys are tugging vigorously at a rope stretched between them. In his way Mr. Morgan is as great a colourist as Mr. Woolmer, but everything is on the tenderest scale, and subtle in the extreme; every boy has his own complexion, every coat or bit of linen its own degree of discoloration. But this is a slight thing compared to the variety and distinctive individuality of each face. One can read a dozen different characters in these simple village children as one would in real life. "A Summons to Surrender," by Charles Cattermole, of which we give an outline, is a spirited representation of a troop of warriors halting before a well-defended gateway, from the battlements of which the defenders are hurling down defiance. Mr. Cattermole always has a scheme in his pictures, and works it out with much artistic feeling. The "Interior of St. Remy, Rheims," by Wyke Bayliss, represents Vespers in one of the grandest of the continental cathedrals; the afternoon sun streaming through the great west window, and scarcely reaching to the chancel arches, which are half in darkness. The grey light of the north transept contrasts with the dusky glow of the evening. The words of the "Golden Legend" express the motive of the picture—

" Shafts of sunshine from the west  
Paint the dusky windows red;  
Darker shadows, deeper rest,  
Underneath and overhead;  
Slowly, slowly, up the wall  
Steals the sunshine, steals the shade."

As in passing from the blinding sunshine of the streets to the dim light of a cathedral, so in passing from other pictures to this it is necessary to let the eyes get a little accustomed to the change of atmospheric effect before the intention of the painter can be fairly judged. Like Mr. Woolmer, Mr. Bayliss also stands alone. He is the only painter of these subjects



who seems to think it necessary to distinguish between the splendour of noble architecture and the picturesqueness of meretricious decoration, treating the former reverently as the subject of his picture and the latter only as accessory. A picture like this, full of a thousand details, cannot be understood at a first glance, any more than could the cathedral it represents, and it is undoubtedly one of the finest pictures in the Exhibition. “An Anxious Question,” by R. J. Gordon, is a delicately painted group; a youth and a maiden—a question—a clasped hand—and the story is told. It is told gracefully and with refinement in this picture. “Eagle’s Crag, Borrowdale,” by James Peel, is beyond question the grandest landscape in this collection of pictures. It is worthy to be compared with the great “Durham,” by H. Dawson, which hung in the same room a few seasons ago. Mr. Peel is to be congratulated on having realised so fine a conception, with such subtlety of gradation, and brilliancy and vigour of effect. In “A Scene in North Wales” Mr. Cobbett is as sunny and picturesque as ever; and in “Past-times and Times Past” Mr. Holyoake is both scholarly and imaginative.

We have thus far passed through only the great room, but the four smaller galleries are scarcely less interesting. In a collection of nearly 800 works, however, it is impossible to do more than glance at a few of the most representative. It would be easy enough to draw up a black list of pictures unworthy of their companionship, but we do not know that such a list would serve any good purpose. From no Society can such works be altogether excluded.

Besides, there is still so much excellent work that we have yet to name that we cannot find space for a black list at all. We must draw attention, before we conclude this brief notice, to A. F. Grace’s fine picture in the first room, “Where the Wild Thyme blows.” Since Mr. Grace carried off the gold medal at the Aeademy we doubt if he has done anything to surpass this. The play of sunlight and shadow, the rising mist, the undulation of the meadow foreground, and the wild flowers are redolent with country life. In the same room also will be found Mr. Macnab’s “The Way Home”—some rustic figures moving towards us through a cornfield at evening time; it is full of tender beauty. “The Abbey Trees,” by Stuart Lloyd, a pleasant river scene, and a little sparkling gem by Albert Ludovici, called “Seaside Bagatelle,” are well worthy attention.

Returning once more to the south *suite* of rooms, the visitor should not fail to see “Monsieur Coulon’s Dancing Class,” one of the most charming works in the exhibition, by A. Ludovici, Jun. It is a picture rich in promise for the future of this young painter. A sketch of it will be found on page 157.

Another word should be added. Under the liberal management by which the Society appears to be governed of late, the old system of hanging pictures far up out of sight of poor mortals who only stand five or six feet from the ground is absolutely abolished. Notwithstanding the extraordinary number of pictures sent in, none have been hung except in places where they can be fairly seen. We think this is one of the most valuable steps in advance that the Society has yet effected.

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“THE FIFE-PLAYER.”

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**T**HIS graceful work, by Signor Giovanni Emanuelli, a native of Brescia, was adjudged to be worthy of the “Prince Humbert” prize, at the Brera Gallery, in 1875. Its author is a sculptor who has never relaxed his labours during some forty years, and his productions are usually bought by the connoisseurs of his country before their completion.

The figure in question is idyllically simple, and in graceful repose; nevertheless, the learning and power of the anatomical treatment are plainly perceptible. Just now, when Italian sculptors are so audaciously running counter to the traditions of their art, any fine work of the more legitimate and classical school calls for special recognition.





"THE FIFE-PLAYER." (By Giovanni Emanuelli.)



## PICTURES OF THE YEAR.—III.

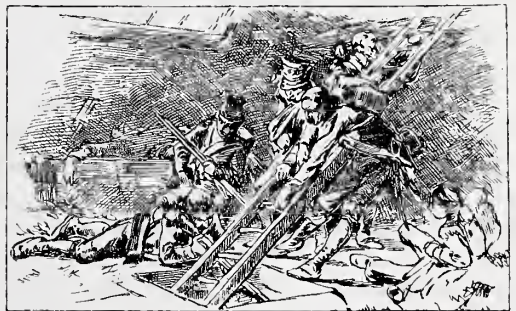
IF we mention the works of several ladies together, it is for convenience sake, and from no wish to make distinctions in criticism where none have been made either in



THE GIFTS OF THE FAIRIES.  
(By F. Holl, A.R.A.)

the excellence of the work or in the judgment it has received from the Academy. Two Venetian subjects are from the hand of Miss Clara Montalba—the one is contributed to the Royal Academy, the other to the Grosvenor Gallery. The latter picture contains an element new in this artist's work—the study of the figure. A procession of Dominican friars occupies the centre of the composition, advancing over the bridge that spans one of the smaller canals. Miss Montalba has devoted some thought to the attainment of technical exactness, not only in the details of the costume, but in the monastic east of countenance. Her scene is laid in spring, and to the right of the picture is a row of trees in blossom, or in the tender foliage of the opening year—a charming bit of nature, the light detail of which contrasts happily with passages of repose in the blank surface of the garden wall enclosing these "fruit-tree tops." The sky is of a very subdued blue, suggesting a day of slightly overcast weather, without full sunshine or accentuated shadow. The colour has that eon-

summate tastefulness, that perfect felicity in the choice and combination of beautiful decorative tints, which distinguishes this artist. Such a gift constitutes her an exquisite colourist; yet we should not be sorry to see her somewhat more true, more studious, and less insistent on her own individual taste. And as to the drawing of her tree-branches, we may point out that Mr. Ruskin long ago corrected the commonly-conceived idea of a branch—that it was a form tapering towards its extremity; he drew attention to the fact, which had been awaiting observation during all the previous ages of art, that a stem or a bough only decreases by precisely the bulk of the twig which it throws out, and that when it throws out none it does not decrease at all. Miss Montalba's Academy picture has for subject a minor canal in Venice; the familiar form of Santa Maria della Salute appears in the central distance; water, painted with all the artist's customary lucidity and luminousness, occupies the foreground, and on its surface float a number of baskets for catching crabs, excellent in colour. To the left the walls of some buildings are in a half shadow full of reflected light, of very pleasing effect. Miss Hilda Montalba, her younger sister, exhibits a piece of forest scenery containing a good effect of light. From the brush of Mrs. Jopling



NO SURRENDER.  
(By Andrew C. Gow.)

we have a very vivid and artistic portrait of "The Hon. Mrs. Romilly," in which the life-like and speaking face is set in cleverly harmonised surroundings of blue-green.

Mrs. Perugini, the daughter of Charles Dickens, exhibits a single work, called "A Little Woman," of which we give a sketch, and which shows that she possesses some of her great father's appreciation of the charm, innocence, and quaintness of childhood. The child here drawn is German, if we are to judge by the more than Anglo-Saxon fairness of her complexion, the plaited pigtail, and homely yet picturesque attire; the modelling of the delicate face has both fineness and force, and the painting is remarkably finished. Miss Alice Havers exhibits some charming scenes of peasant life, "Peasant Girls, Varengeville," and "Stonepickers." These works are well executed, and brilliantly harmonious. Mrs.

Christiana Thompson contributes a little garden scene, entitled "Sunshine," which is hung, as it chances, close to her daughter Mrs. Butler's Afghan picture, and which justifies its title by the intensity of the sunshine, which fills the blue sky, and floods the formal little garden—an unconventional subject freshly and elegantly painted. We engrave a thumb-nail sketch of Miss Macgregor's "May Morning" (p. 164), a bright picture, of which the composition is of that always attractive form—the processional.

Our principal engraving illustrating this paper is of one of the pictures bought by the Royal Academy under the terms of the Chantry bequest. "The Swineherd: Gurth, the Son of Beowulf," is principally a landscape, and secondarily a figure and animal picture. This work can best be described as belonging distinctively—without compromise or half-heartedness—to the modern English school, yet as being free from the distinctively English faults. It is literal and honest, yet neither insistent nor *gauche*; in colour it of course avoids the common fault which slightly mars the most magnificent French work—that too obstinate individuality by which all nature is compelled to strike the chord of harmony

which specially delights the painter; but, on the other hand, it happily escapes that entire absence of choice, preference, or tact which is so noticeable in any English collection. For these reasons the selection of Mr. Johnson's work for purchase by the national Academy is peculiarly apt. Mr. A. C. Gow's "No Surrender" (page 161) is one of the most spirited pictures of its kind which the Academy has had for some time. A knot of French soldiers is at bay in the loft of a house; the enemy are approaching by a ladder; not one will leave the place with his life, yet there is no melodramatic emotion about them. In "Toil and Pleasure," by Mr. John R. Reid, the contrast lies between a group of farm-labourers

chained to their work, and happier men trotting past in all the keen pleasure of a hunting morning. The painting is clever.

The most attractive of Mr. Boughton's delicate works this year is "A Resting-place." His colour is arbitrary, though his execution is charming; seen in conjunction with other pictures



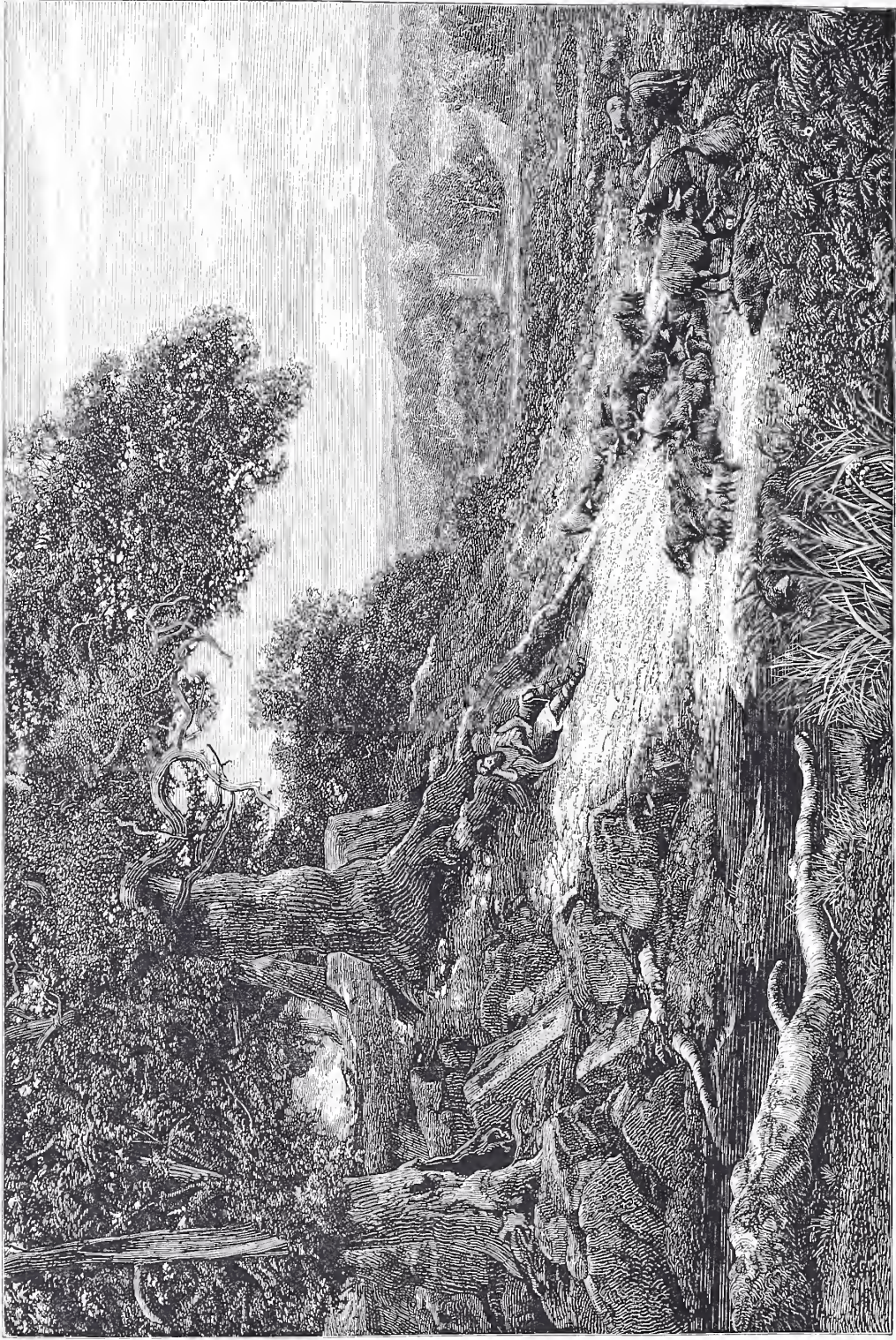
RUTH AND BOAZ.  
(By D. W. Wynfield.)

painted under so many different schemes of colour, the effect strikes the eye as several instruments played in different keys would strike the ear—an inevitable disadvantage, but Mr. Boughton's prevalent tint of somewhat languid green is less obtrusive in this picture than in others by the same hand, and it is fine in composition.

The real and solid excellence to which British work has attained in its best representatives after a sufficiently long period of weakness can be gauged in the Academy exhibition of this year by remarking the number of first-rate canvases which come together at one place on the north wall of the large gallery. On the line are Mr. Millais' incomparable Gladstone; Mr. Peter Graham's "Cloudland and Moor," with its blue and white summer sky of exceptional beauty in colour, composition, and light; Mr. Pettie's "Death Warrant," which, however







THE SWINEHERD: GURTH, THE SON OF BEOWULF.  
(From the *Painting* by C. E. Johnson, in the *Royal Academy Exhibition of 1879*.)



disappointing it may be in the expressions, has splendid painting in the several heads; and "A Midsummer Night," by Mr. H. W. B. Davis. This last work is so delicate and quiet in tone as easily to escape notice; with regard to the effect, a night-scene is difficult to judge of in broad daylight, but the drawing of cattle is, as usual with this artist, admirable. Above these four notable pictures hang three more, as beautiful as they are dissimilar—Mr. Albert Goodwin's "Sindbad the Sailor," Mr. Aumonier's "Suffolk Marsh," and "The Land of Argyle," by Mr. James Macbeth. The first has an almost unearthly light, appropriate to the magical subject; it is coloured like a group of pearls exquisitely and delicately graduated; some oranges in the foreground relieve the colour with charming effect, their brilliant hue being cleverly subdued in tone; no more original picture is at Burlington House. Mr. Aumonier's landscape has a lovely sky with low and high clouds, and flat country partly in cloud-shadow, all fine, ærial, and distant. Mr. Macbeth's "Land of Argyle" is cruelly hung immediately above, and it is only at certain times of the day that it can be seen at all. It is a late evening effect among mountains, intensely powerful, broad, and full in colour.

In the sixth gallery is a charming little cattle picture, "A Stranger in the Field," by Mr. Robert Meyerheim; it glows with a golden light, the calves are drawn finely and with a delightful frolicsome humour; the long grass is full of flowers, through which a little black pig advances with inquisitive snout, which one of the calves stretches forward to meet. Tender in colour; happy in manner, and most luminous in effect, this unpretentious picture must by no means be overlooked. Another work, of which the great merits are

not of that obtrusive order which commands attention, is Mr. W. L. Wyllie's "A Land Lost between Sky and Water." This excellent study may best be described as being the artistic truth of those vague effects of nature which a certain well-known "impressionist" merely pretends to render. This is legitimate and honest work, though no "symphony" or "arrangement" was ever dreamier or more evanescent.

Mr. E. J. Gregory is a young painter of very extraordinary individuality. Too rugged, too uncompromising in the way he lights an uneven

face so as to bring out all the furrows it possesses, and too much devoted to the masterly painting of obtrusive boots and rucked-up trousers he may be; but he possesses a power and intelligence, a vivid vigour, which ought to make him one of the leaders of portraiture. He exhibits this year at both galleries—"The Rev. Thomas Stevens" at the Academy, and "Mr. Thomas Chapman" at the Grosvenor. In both we are compelled to notice a certain lack of dignity commonly observable in this painter's work; not that the extreme of roughness and ease is



A LITTLE WOMAN.

(By Kate Perugini.)

inconsistent with high breeding, but Mr. Gregory's reading of character has something "rowdy"—though nothing vulgar or mean—about it. The mention of the Grosvenor Gallery brings us to the pictures by which it makes its distinctive mark. Among these Mr. Burne Jones' works of course claim first attention. About this artist we come to the conclusion that he is an imitator—a painter purely receptive in character—and that this very attitude of mind forbids his imitating to the full those masters on whom he has moulded himself. It is essential of weakness that it cannot imitate strength; if it could do so it would be strong. The Greeks were men, and did man's work; Mantegna was essentially

masculine; even Perugino, gliding as he did now and then into feminine tenderness, was virile; the timorous, small, and pious talent



SHOPPING.

(By Laslett J. Pott.)

of Fra Angelico was yet not effeminate. Mr. Burne Jones is purely and altogether effeminate in his imitations of all these, and naturally so, imita-

tion being entirely opposed to the originative masculine temper. Mr. Burne Jones gives us an "Annunciation" this year. We might, by the way, have desired that the pencil which drew the "Laus Veneris" and the "Chant d'Amour" should spare the Virgin. The angel Gabriel (a girl, as this artist understands him) is clad in insincere draperies copied from we know not what quaint mediæval work. The face of the Madonna wears that penetrating and beautiful look of sorrow which Mr. Jones has shown us in so many dozen pairs of eyes, *à propos* and *mal à propos*, that it becomes a grimace and a manufacture. The "Pygmalion" series are

this kind of art is, to say the least, unpleasant.

But what shall be said of the imitators of the imitator? They are harmless enough; but the quality of their work is of extreme feebleness, its two great merits being negative ones—freedom from bread-and-butter sentiment, and freedom from violent crudities of colour. As to their appreciation of that Greek feeling which they profess to be reviving, we would only remark that Mr. Matthew Hale gives us as "Psyche" a belle of the London streets with canary-coloured hair and blackened eyelashes, Sir Coutts Lindsay exhibits an Ariadne of a strangely unrefined type, and Mr. Crane paints a group of dreary and ill-drawn sirens of wretched physique.

When we come to the landscapes exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery, the work is far better. Sir Frederick Leighton exhibits a number of sketches in oil, in which the exquisite drawing of natural forms is specially to be noted, with the lovely colour; Mr. Mark Fisher is at his best in a number of monotonous but delicately pleasing cattle pieces; Mrs. Gosse paints finely and brightly, almost in the manner of Mr. Alma Tadema; Mr. Cecil Lawson re-exhibits "Hop-gardens in Kent,"



MAY MORNING.

(By Miss Jessie Macgregor.)

positively disagreeable in colour, two of the designs being disfigured by that cold blue with an inclination to violet which is impossible to a fine colourist—it does not exist on his palette. The vague but undeniable suggestiveness of

recently hung (and badly hung) at the Academy—a tormented and spotty work, in which the effect of chaotic perspective is helped by the absence of any trustworthy horizon—and several smaller works of a contrary—nay, opposite—



school of painting, several of them being of striking beauty and power. "The Morning After," a lurid sunrise on a subsiding sea, is a truly noble work. This young artist should beware of too much heaviness and coarseness in his lower skies, also of too much colour about his sun, for red and yellow are dark colours on the painter's pencil; in nature alone can they shine so brightly that the artist's highest light—white—looks dark beside them. Nothing here of Mr. Albert Moore's approaches the beauty of his small picture at the Academy, "A Workbasket." This artist paints nothing but women, as being best adapted for the mere decoration at which he aims; he does not therefore come under our condemnation of the effeminate school; he draws also solidly and strongly, and with a pencil dipped in liquid jewels.

Our remaining sketches are from Mr. Pott's "Shopping," Mr. Wynfield's "Ruth and Boaz,"

and Mr. Hindley's "After the Duel." The first is a bit of last century life, in which the artist has drawn the picturesque and elegant female costumes with evident pleasure. Two ladies have sorely tried the patience of the shopman, while the master still chatters and smiles as he unfolds roll after roll; but a pug, who is seated on the train of his mistress, looks out of the picture with an expression of the utmost weariness. The second is one of the few Scriptural pictures in the rooms. Boaz is in the act of pouring parched corn into the hands of Ruth, who looks up gratefully. Mr.

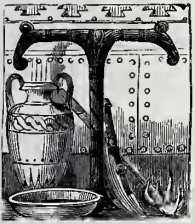


AFTER THE DUEL.  
(By G. C. Hindley.)

Hindley's little work has the advantage of a good *genre* subject; his swash-buckler is meditating with calm satisfaction over his late encounter; he has laid aside his boots, hat, and cloak, and stands in his stockings before his fire smoking the pipe, if not of peace, at least of satisfied honour.

## DUALISM IN ART.—II.

BY WYKE BAYLISS, F.S.A.



HE first essential for the poet or the painter is a thorough understanding of the original conception with which he has to deal, an understanding so complete that it shall differentiate the subjective beauty of it from the objective. Without this, if he sees at all, it will be with a confused vision, he will see only "men as trees walking." A cathedral church or a chimney-corner; a queen upon her throne or an outcast shivering upon a doorstep; a landscape with broad river and mighty trees or a violet hiding from the sun; nothing is too great, nothing is too lowly to be the theme of Art, and to lead us into the Higher Life.

But poets and painters fail in this—that they do not or cannot impregnate their minds with

a living sense of the subjective beauty of that which is their theme. The subjective beauty of Strasbourg Cathedral is its magnificence; of Amiens, its symmetry; of St. Mark's, Venice, its richness. Amiens Cathedral is so colossal that Westminster Abbey, the loftiest of our cathedral churches, would stand inside it and still leave room to build another church upon its roof—it is so exquisitely proportioned and of such delicate workmanship that every line is full of grace, and every stone a work of art; and upon all this has come the splendour that time alone can give. Yet artists go there, and after much patient search succeed in finding out some bit of upholstery with which in a corrupt age some ignorant chapter has desecrated it, and will paint the wretched morsel, thinking that they have painted a cathedral interior. St. Mark's is one of the wonders of the world,

a church of which the pavement is of precious stones, the walls are hung with jewels, mosaics designed by the hands of Titian and the other giants. Yet the pictures we see of it are holes and corners, scraps and "bits," as artists call them, for the sake of colour, that are as much like St. Mark's as gilt gingerbread is like kings and queens, or as a yellow petal dropped upon a sanded floor is like a field of buttercups. Why are these things done in Art? The historical painter, fired by the passion of some great action, gives us his record of it. Some, who are called "figure-men," cannot paint an historical group, but at least they aspire to paint a single figure. Others, who cannot even do that, are content to go on for ever painting "heads." But no one is content with "tails." It would be a poor soul who never rose above an eye, or a nose, or a finger as the subject of his picture. Yet that is what they do who, having no thorough understanding of the original conception, the subjective beauty, of a cathedral church, slink into the holes and corners of it and carry away only "bits" and scraps.

But it may be said the dual splendour—the subjective and the objective beauty of these cathedrals are coincident. The stones of Venice are rich, and the effect is richness; the tracery of Amiens is elegant, and the effect is elegance; the proportions of Strasbourg are magnificent, and the effect is magnificence. This, however, is not always the case. In Treves Cathedral the stones are rough and unpolished, with jagged lines of Roman brickwork showing red amongst them, the piers are rude and unshapely, there are no delicate shafts or fine tracery, there is no objective beauty in it at all. Yet it is one of the noblest cathedrals in the world, for its subjective beauty is strength.

Barbaric strength, perhaps, but strength. The first impression as we enter is that of desolation. *We realise the strength, but it is against us.* It is as though a child had placed its tiny hand for the first time in the strong grasp of a man. But presently this feeling changes to one of trust and reverence: *the strength is not against us after all.* It is as though the child looked up into the man's face and found only kindness there. And finally the

trust gives place to love: *the strength is on our side;* and we find that through the gates of Treves we have passed into the Higher Life.

Let us take another example of this Dualism in Art. The subjective beauty of a cottage interior is the tenderness and pathos of home life. There is an objective beauty also in the sweet girl who is the light of it, and in the children who are its laughter, and in the mother's face and the old man's which are its wisdom and strength. But he who crosses the threshold, if it is to be to him the threshold of the Higher Life, must have keen eyes and fine susceptibilities. The true poet or painter, Burns or Burr, it does not matter which, will render all the passion of the scene, showing us the loveliness of it and yet showing us the poverty too, the worn garments and poor furniture. Even the pots and pans may all be there, painted for the sake of the subject, not the subject painted for them. But it is not enough, as so many seem to think, to paint pots and pans, and candlesticks, and kettles, and pussy-cats in the corner, and ragged coats, unless some reasonable care be taken that the ragged coats cover true flesh and blood.

If it is asked which is the nobler theme, the fretted vaults of the many-aisled cathedral or the narrow rafters of the cottar's cabin, the answer is not far to seek. That is the nobler which holds most of human life and passion. The question is not whether the garment is ragged, but what it covers. What does the cathedral cover in our thoughts?

Strong with the savage splendour of rude walls,  
 Yet with the memories of a thousand years  
 Tender as the first flush of dawn that falls  
 Silver and crimson on the massive piers,—  
 That is the vision—sounds are in my ears  
 As of a river's tide—Beautiful Treves!  
 'Tis the Moselle that thus doth lingering stay  
 To kiss thy feet and cool its restless wave  
 Beneath the shadows of thy towers to-day.  
 O treacherous stream! to flatter and pass by,  
 Nor whisper how the ancient gods were hurled  
 From the strong altars of the Pagan world,  
 And now forgotten in thy bosom lie.

This is what a cathedral means to some of us, and it is in such meaning as this that we find the Higher Life.

And we find it in the rustic scene as well, in its picturesque beauty and tender pathos.



We find it in Murillo's Spanish boys, where intense humour gleams through the brown eyes, and lurks in every shred of the tattered garments. We find it in some of the pictures of the Dutch School, and in those of the early English painters, Hogarth and Wilkie. There is an exquisite instance of it in a painting by W. Hunt called "Love at First Sight," where a stable-boy comes upon a vision of beauty, a little girl asleep upon the straw, and he, leaning upon his pitchfork, gazes upon her with his eyes as wide open as his heart. We find it again in the works of our living painters, who have made rustic life their theme, their favourite theme perhaps. Who has ever told more tenderly or faithfully than has Faed such stories of lowly life, or quiet heroism, or tender affection that its lowliness cannot hide? Think of any of these pictures, and then test them as we have tested Treves. What do they mean to us? What do they cover in our thoughts? They cover human life and passion. They mean love, and hope, and tenderness, and patient forbearance, and brave endurance, and faithful service.

Or rather this is what they should mean—this is the subjective beauty by virtue of which alone they can claim a place in the Higher Life in Art. If they do not mean this, they are only the tricks of expert painters who would take us by guile of clever mimicry of material forms—they are like those verses of Charles Kingsley's of which he wrote to a friend that he had "laid a poem which wouldn't hatch."

Once more—just to gather these few thoughts together. *The way into the Higher Life lies through the Truth.* For the creations, so called, of the poet and painter are translations; and translations to be worth anything must be true. They need not be complete—they may be fragments only, but the fragments must be true. They need not tell everything—that indeed might be impossible—but what they do tell must be the truth. There is much that they may fail to do; but failing in this they fail altogether; not only of the Higher Life in Art, but of any kind of life at all. For Art is not the tickling of a piece of paper with a point of chalk and calling it doing "heads," or staining it with blue and green

and yellow and calling it painting "landscapes." This is part of the mechanism of Art, but Art is much more than this. The Higher Life in Art can, indeed, be lived by men and women who have never learned to handle brush or pencil. The Higher Life in Art is not an abstract symbol, but a very concrete presence, and its formula is this—*Art to be true must be true to something. And that something is Nature.* Nature, not only in the metonymic but also in the primary sense of the word; not only as comprehending the things we see but as the first cause of them. Art stands alone in this, that it engages not some, but every faculty of our being. Faith, reason, affection are alike exercised in its mission. Theologians might dispute for ever without the aid of the geometrician, but without his cobweb of fine lines Art could not have built the temples, the firmaments of stone, beneath which they worship. Mathematicians might still be analysing triangles and spheres if Christ had not died; but without the hope of life of which He came to assure us, Art would have built no temples at all. Like the summer clouds which fill the sky Art sweeps across our world, drawing into its bosom all our religious aspirations, all our scientific attainments, every tender emotion of our hearts. How beautiful are these summer clouds! now ranged in lines like the battlemented walls of a distant city; now massed together like an army with banners; now drifting through the azure in a myriad of ethereal shapes like a company of angels looking down on us from heaven. How beautiful is Art! in the splendour of its imagery; in its storms of passion; in its serene contemplation of things divine. But they are only clouds! But it is only Art! And yet "Thou sentest a gracious rain upon Thine inheritance and refreshedst it when it was weary." So, then, the clouds are of some account. And Art? No tender thought, or noble aspiration, or high enterprise is lost to us because Art fashions them into beautiful shapes. They come back to us, as the rain comes from the clouds, and they make our lives fruitful in faith, and wisdom, and love. For the artist lives, and works, and dies; but Art, in its Higher Life, is immortal.

## VICISSITUDES OF ART TREASURES.—IV.

BY R. H. SODEN-SMITH, M.A., F.S.A., &amp;c.



FRESH vicissitude in the history of a very celebrated art treasure which has but recently been carried away from this country, renders it desirable to allude to its singular story, and to

illustrate for the benefit of lovers of the goldsmith's art the beautiful and elaborate workmanship of which it is a type. The famous cup or vase, known as the "Cellini Ewer," for two generations the possession of the Hope family, has returned to France; unfortunately not as public property to be seen by thousands in the Louvre or the Cluny Museum, but purchased by a private collector, and so lost to England, and for the present, at least, to the public. For more than sixteen years, by the liberality of its late owner, it formed one of the attractions of the Loan Collection at South Kensington, and was even noted in foreign guide-books as a treasure not to be overlooked by the visitor to the Museum: we must only hope that its present possessor may be liberal in like manner, if not with like success; for it would not be possible perhaps to place it anywhere else visited by such numbers as during the last sixteen years have poured through the galleries which it aided to enrich.

The opposite illustration shows the general form of this elaborate and splendid work—a magnificent specimen of the costly productions in precious materials for which the Italian cinque-cento period is justly famous. It has been long associated with the name of Cellini, though differing from his style, while in excellence it may vie with any work authenticated as from the hand of the famous Florentine.

In form it is a cup with flattened sides carved out of two portions of a magnificent Oriental sardonyx of a fine umber hue variously shaded in parts. The surface of the rich-coloured stone is convexly fluted from the

centre and polished, while the framework uniting the two surfaces of sardonyx, as well as the lip and high curving handle, are of gold. These are gorgeously enamelled and jewelled with rubies, emeralds, opals, and diamonds. The foot is an oval piece of striated onyx, set in a border of enamel leaves, enriched with emeralds and rubies. High above the body of the ewer rises the handle in form of a grotesque winged monster such as Adam van Vianen—the Dutch designer of a later period—was fond of imagining. Brilliant enrichments of enamel, translucent and opaque, give superb colour to this portion of the work, and to the small figure of Cupid seated between the wings of the monster; while jewels are freely employed wherever their use enhances the splendid and artistic effect of the whole work.

It is not, therefore, art alone which is lavished upon it, but the most costly materials, while art increases their value; the reverse truly of what too often prevails among ourselves, where lumps of gold have jewels thrust into them and then are praised for being massive—perhaps the last quality that goldsmiths' work should exhibit. Manufacturers—artists are not to be thought of—are well supported by the incorrigibly bad taste of wealthy purchasers, who carry away these links and fetters, horse-hoofs and horse-shoes of clumsy gold, with immense satisfaction at their ponderous strength: they would indeed outweigh whole tiaras, bracelets, and brooches of ancient Greek or Etruscan workmanship.

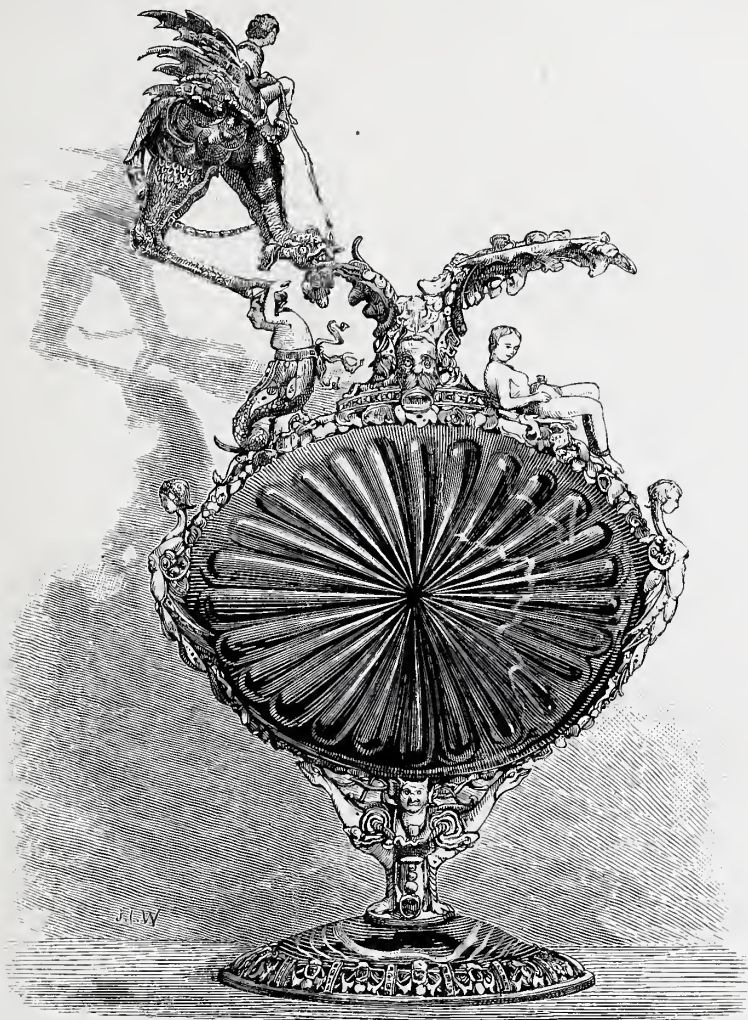
But to return to our ewer: it seems wonderful that, elaborated out of such marketable commodities as gold and precious stones, it should have survived the chances of three hundred years. It was originally made in the early part of the sixteenth century, for Francis I. of France, whose royal love of magnificence extended beyond gold-inlaid suits of Milanese armour and glowing Flemish tapestries to more delicate treasures of art. Thenceforward it seems to have been laid up



among the crown jewels, escaping the rapacity of some of Francis's successors and the financial embarrassments of the Grand Monarque.

When the Revolutionary Convention had possessed itself of the inheritance of kings, an inventory was ordered to be made, in 1791,

made by King Charles himself before the Commissioners laid hands on the spoil: 20,000 ounces of plate at one time, and 10,000 at another, and so on, sent away from the Tower to raise money for the Court, showed how quickly the accumulated treasures of our kings dis-



EWER IN SARDONYX, MOUNTED IN GOLD, ENAMELLED AND JEWELLED.

(Italian, sixteenth century.)

of the spoil. It must be admitted that the manner of the work showed more appreciation of the art value of the royal treasures than was exhibited when, in the days of Cromwell, the goods and pictures of "the man Charles Stuart" were appraised by the Commissioners of the Parliament. In those earlier days, however, a pretty clean sweep had been already

appeared when the ancient goddesses, Poverty and Necessity, knocked at the palace doors. The Convention was more successful. In the inventory already alluded to the ewer is carefully described, but afterwards it is lost sight of for a time; fortunate, however, in escaping the destruction that overtook many a splendid memorial of a history which it did not suit

the "Citoyens" of the day to remember. At length it re-appeared in Paris, and was secured by an English collector well able to appreciate its exquisite workmanship—the late Philip Henry Hope; from him it was inherited by its recent possessor, Mr. Beresford Hope, not to be hidden away, but rather by its ready loan to great gatherings of art objects to be seen by more than ever looked upon it during the previous three centuries of its existence. Alas! that it should be now lost to us, instead of finding a final home among the treasures of a British national collection.

Such an abiding resting-place has, we may hope, been found by an art treasure of a different character, although not far removed in date of its origin from Mr. Beresford Hope's "Cellini Ewer." This is a splendid specimen of another cinque-cento art, at length, after many a vicissitude, securely laid up in the South Kensington Museum. It is a work in painted enamel on copper, the masterpiece of one of the chief artists of the Limoges school in the sixteenth century. Limoges had been famous as far back as mediæval times for work in enamel, but of the kind which was mainly, if not wholly, executed in the *champ-levé* manner; that is, the materials for the enamel were melted into depressions produced on the surface of the metal plate, and afterwards ground smooth. Towards the end of the fifteenth century, and during the continuance of the sixteenth, a totally different method was in use, and in the hands of a few considerable artists reached extraordinary perfection. In this latter process, the surface of the copper—the metal usually employed as being preferable to either gold or silver—was entirely covered with a coat of thin enamel fired on, producing a smooth vitreous surface; upon this the painting was executed in especially prepared colours, and the work fired again and again till the final effect was gained.

It adds not a little to our appreciation of the skill of the artist to know that these delicately coloured pictures have been submitted, each of them, many times to a temperature sufficient to fuse the colours, and in some degree to blend them with the prepared vitreous surface on which they were painted. We

can therefore well imagine the anxiety with which the result of the last firing was watched by the artist who had bestowed the riches of his imagination and skill on one of these elaborate and wonderful works. The colours might prove false, owing to a slight variation of temperature, or fuse too slowly or too quickly, or the metal ground might cast, and all his labour be in vain.

There is a curious and early little print designed by one of the masters of delicate design for metal work, who flourished in Germany and France, representing an artist in enamel—a goldsmith in this case, for they also wrought in enamel—attending to his oven; and, judging from the style of his costume, a very courtly personage he appears to be, with high-crowned hat, slashed doublet and ruff, but earnest at his work and anxious withal. An accurate copy from an original impression of this print, now by no means common, furnishes the illustration (page 172), in which various interesting details may be noted, the young attendant with the pair of bellows under his arm, apparatus, tools, &c.

Among the artistic families of Limoges—for the enameller's art or mystery was in some degree an hereditary craft—that of Penicaud was famous, and Jean, the second of the name, was the greatest artist of his race. It is of a *chef-d'œuvre* from his hand we would speak; and although we cannot trace all its chequered story, the final episode, curiously illustrating the chances to which such objects are exposed, is worth relating.

The work consists of eighteen variously shaped pieces or plaques of copper painted in splendid colours on enamel. They are, for the most part, uninjured, and as vivid in tone after more than three hundred years as when they left the artist's hand, and are now united according to the original design. Fortunate it is that the whole eighteen have been preserved and kept together, for the framework or altar-piece that first held them has long disappeared.

Some fifty or sixty years have elapsed since they were "picked up"—to use a collector's phrase—in London by an old gentleman who was sufficiently before his time to perceive and appreciate their excellence. Such enamels



were then disregarded; they were not the fashion, and the dealers, who are not apt to be in advance of public taste, would perhaps have given little beyond the weight in copper for these precious examples of a beautiful and, at that period, a lost art. A pair of blue porcelain cats, even denuded of the diamond ear-rings which once graced them, aided, however, by their respectable history—they were the gift of a reprobate to a disreputable woman—would doubtless have brought nearly the £350 for which they were sold not long since in London. But these delicate paintings, intense in colour, elaborate in execution, triumphs of patient technical skill, and more than that, solemn and earnest in their sacred subjects, and full of the artist's deepest thought and most anxious labour—these had no attraction; there was no market for such things.

Some advance in knowledge at length took place, and fashion moved forward. A dim perception of the merit of these sixteenth century works dawned on the public mind, and the keen eye of trade marked the change and noted it for future profit. Meanwhile the enamels, with other possessions of their fortunate owner, had been carried by him to a remote spot in his native country of Wales, and there he died, and a sale of his accumulated treasures was announced.

Certain London dealers of the keener sort had never lost sight of the old man; they heard of the opportunity, and descended to divide the spoil. The country auctioneer was not likely to have had much experience in valuing Limoges enamels—in fact, he did not know what they were—so he put up, with as little comment as possible, the eighteen pieces of painted copper wrapped in brown paper; the rustic buyers could not comprehend them—the dealers keeping prudent silence. At length one of the London gentlemen “did not mind giving ninepence apiece for the lot,” and was thanked by the auctioneer for his offer. Some bystanders took heart; the extraordinary excellence of these pictures must have dawned upon them, and the conspirators were compelled to go as far as £25 before one of their number secured the coveted prize.

Forthwith these last decamped to their

inn, and there arranged the terms of the “knock out,” as this kind of business is called; practically another auction took place among themselves, and the enamels were sold for £450; for this sum—not a bad advance on the £25 of a few hours previously—certain partners in the transaction carried them away.

In due time, when judiciously made known in London, they were sold to a private collector, and, at the price of £800—a sum much below their value now—the Museum was given the opportunity of purchasing them. The authorities did not allow the occasion to pass, and this true art treasure has thus found rest, it may be hoped, from vicissitude, and is worthily placed among the works of other chief artists of Limoges, the splendid triptych of Nardon Penicaud, the portrait of Cardinal Guise by Leonard Limousin, the Valois casket, together with the beautiful examples in *grisaille* of Pierre Raymond and of others.

We have said that this admirable work consists of eighteen distinct portions, enamels of this class being usually painted on variously shaped and rather small plaques of copper, afterwards so framed together as to balance each other and to form an harmonious whole; while the carved and gilt wood frames in which they were sometimes set were not less excellent examples of art of another class than the objects which they support. In the present instance the work has originally formed an altar-piece, for which destination the character of its subjects indicates its fitness. The story of the life of Christ is the artist's theme, and with much quaint detail it is told in this series of skilfully designed and highly finished pictures—miniatures, indeed, they may almost be called, for the largest is not twelve inches high, and others are only three or four inches in diameter.

The subjects chosen commence with the Annunciation; next in order are the scenes connected with the Birth of the Saviour most in favour with artists; then the call of St. Peter and St. Andrew; passing from this to the closing events, the Last Supper, the Passion, the Resurrection, and the Descent into Hell. The treatment has none of the ascetic character which marked an earlier period, and at times is more

conventional than earnest, for the artist was conscious that his force lay in splendour of colour, and that the resources of his special art permitted him to be prodigal of his power.

The whole is crowned by a long, lunette-shaped picture, in which Christ is seen in glory with cherubs and angels attending, holding an orb and an open book with the motto "Data est michi omnis potestas in celo et in terra." But the eye rests chiefly

on the large central plaque. In it the ascension of the Saviour is represented, and all the intensity of the artist's rich but harmonious colouring is lavished on this chief subject; the disciples and two angels appearing to them are grouped below, and the skilful disposition and balance of the powerfully contrasted tones are worthy of study. In the centre rises the Saviour, a figure nearly undraped but having a robe of deep crimson enriched with gold floating behind, so that the tints of the flesh are made

to tell vividly on this glowing background. The sky is of an intense blue, darkening towards the upper portion, but relieved by flecks or clouds of gold; while towards the distant horizon it softens, and there a gleam of vivid light appears like the breaking of the dawn, carrying the gaze onward and filling the imagination with a mystical interpretation of the solemn scene.

A few other works rivalling this in size and importance are known to have been executed by the same master of enamel painting, and

are happily preserved. One is in the museum of the Louvre, Paris; another was a chief treasure of the Soltikoff collection, and was purchased for about £1,200 by a London expert; another is in the collection of Count Basilewsky, and was exhibited in 1878 in the wonderful gathering of treasures accumulated in the Trocadéro galleries of the Paris Exhibition. This last is signed in full by the artist.

None of these quite equal in splendid harmony of colour the magnificent specimen whose rescue from a country sale-room we have just related. In it all the eighteen plaques of which the subject is composed are the work of Jean Penicaud himself, and there is scarcely any appreciable disparity of excellence between them.

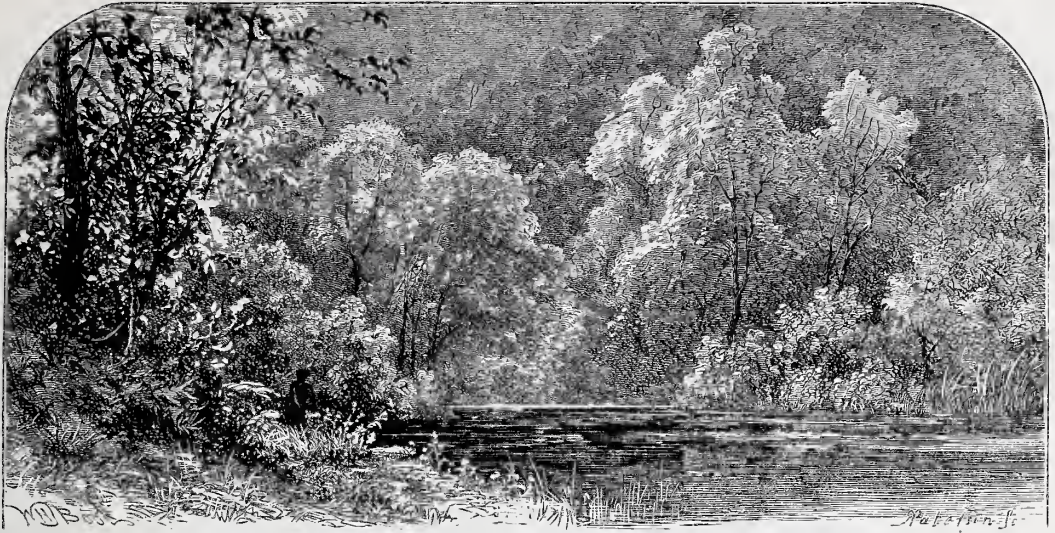
Its general preservation is, as we have already noted, remarkable, a circumstance of chief importance in the case of painted enamels. They cannot be repaired or restored in any manner that is



FAC-SIMILE COPY OF EARLY ENGRAVING REPRESENTING AN ARTIST IN GOLD AND ENAMEL AT HIS FURNACE.

quite satisfactory. A skilful workman may accomplish a restoration which, when still fresh, is of almost deceptive excellence; but in a year or two the colours change, the lights deaden, and the surface chills. And yet the surprising and durable brilliancy of the melted vitreous material of the original has stood the severe test of more than three hundred years, and no mimicry of pigments merely laid on but unfired will ever be able to rival the effect of its unchanged and apparently unchangeable splendour. *(To be continued.)*





BANKS OF THE DOVE.

## SKETCHING GROUNDS: THE PEAK.

BY EDWARD BRADBURY.

IT is uttering a commonplace to say that the joys of anticipation are almost as

great as those of actual realisation. Pleasant it is to look through a dreary vista of work to coming leisure days of bright sky and breezy sea, and mountain and moorland and wooded glen, each week bringing the dream nearer and nearer of fulfilment. But, perhaps, the rapture of retrospect is the more enjoyable sensation. Experience sometimes belies expectancy; but reminiscence yields no such disappointment. Time tints with rosy colour, and cunning touch, the pictures of the past, and "distance lends enchantment to the view." We do not appreciate what is bright and beautiful in scenery at the time when we first behold it with the relish we do months afterwards, when the picture is reproduced far away from Nature's walks, and amid scenes that are repellant and unpicturesque, and under circumstances that are depressing. Then

"They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the gift of solitude;  
And then the heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils."

How gratifying is the task, when the nights are long, and the skies luring and ragged, and the wind moans amid naked trees, and the streets are misty and muddy, to recall the summer shimmer; to look back upon the sunny



DOVEDALE: THE STRAITS.

road of recollection, and check off the "Artists' Haunts" by the way; to count over the bright beads on the thread of memory; to pull out the slides at will in the mental magic-lantern; now a glancing landscape, now a ruined tower, now a moss-grown tree, now a mountain peak. I have been wandering this dismal wintry night to a certain Derbyshire Gallery, in my Royal Academy of Reminiscence, and I propose to show you one or two of my Peak pictures.

Behold Dovedale! It is a summer day, and I am resting by the side of the Dove. Bars of radiant light and purple shadow chase each other along the river banks, where Jean Jacques Rousseau was wont to walk in solitude. Listen to the concert of the eurrent, a music as sweet as the stream is silvery. This wild and beautiful "princess of rivers," the daughter of the grim mountain-king Axe Edge, is full of melody. Her voice is never silent. Sad is the chant she sings at this turn of the dale where the valley is wild, and the mountain slopes are cold and lifeless, as if she were mourning the loss of her companion, Wordsworth's Lucy, who

"Dwelt among the untrodden ways,  
Beside the springs of Dove;"

boisterously merry is the song there where she hastens down in cascades of waving white; dullest is the air where her coy presence is sheltered by hanging trees, and she kisses the water-lilies, and whispers her secrets to the silent and listening reeds and rushes. She joins in a duet beyond with a mountain rill, whose hand she takes, and the two skip down the valley together. With what "poetry of motion" does this wild and winsome water-girl dance along! Now gliding along with gentle grace, a turquoise and pearl, stolen from the sky above, jewelling her fair breast; then hurrying in a mad race past bold moss-grown rocks that vainly essay to check her headlong pace; anon recovering her breath again, and loitering with listless laziness, and wandering into wayward paths of her own selection. I have been keeping company with this pretty Princess Dove since early this morning, and she has been laughing and chattering and singing to me all the way. And through what scenes we have wandered! Rock and

river, waving wood and jutting crag, and higher mountain, are blended in a poet's inspiration of fairy-land. Dovedale is a painter's paradise, an artist's Arcadia, a picture by Nature when she was in a romantic mood. The scenery changes every few yards through a winding course of four or five miles, and fresh "bits" are constantly challenging each other for the prize of beauty. I walked from Beresford this morning, where, on the shaded banks of the Dove, is the famous old fishing-house built by Charles Cotton for dear old Izaak Walton. The inscription on the door (*Piscatoribus Sacrum*, 1674) addresses all anglers. Underneath this dedication the initials of Cotton and Walton are entwined in a monogram. The memory of both "Compleat Anglers" haunts and hallows Dovedale. Here they communed heart with heart, a piscatorial Pylades and Orestes, an aquatic Damon and Pythias. Izaak fished in its waters in his eighty-third year, and his "dear son," Charles Cotton, has celebrated the scenes in verse as flowing as the river. Charles quaintly describes the little fishing sanctum, and Izaak adds this postscript: "Some part of the fish-house has been described, the pleasantness of the river, mountains, and meadows cannot; unless Sir Philip Sidney were again alive to do it." Sir Philip Sidney! Yes, this is surely his "Arcadia." I stroll down the Dale, here winding, there contracting; but everywhere full of graceful curves. Here limestone rocks spring sheer out of the silvery sparkle of the river in fantastic pinnacles, such as "Pickering Tor," and "Tissington Spires" (page 177). Upon some of these equally fantastic names have been bestowed, such as the "Sugar-Loaf," the "Dove Holes," the "Twelve Apostles," "Dovedale Church," and the "Watch Box." In what romantic shapes the Almighty Architect has hewn these rifted rocks. Castle and cathedral, tower, spire, and minaret, face the river, with a background of luxuriant green, which the travelling sunshine now renders radiant, and now dark and retiring. At this point modern "Piscators" and "Viators" are misplacing the confidence of plump trout of three or four pounds; at the next turn a careless artist has erected his easel, and is sketching a pinnaele of rock that rises out



of the river, with the grey of the lifeless limestone brightened with the green of clinging ferns and foliage and flowers, but he must

the water margin, and search is being made for the inevitably missing salt and absent corkscrew. Comes Reynard's Cave, a natural



PICKERING TOR, DOVEDALE.

be a deft painter who would catch the subtle spirit of the fleeting colours which come and go on rock and river; further down the Dale there is the blue smoke from a gipsy fire, where a merry picnic party are grouped by

*Arc de Triomphe*, crowning an ascent of two or three hundred feet. A stiff climb with the assistance of a rope up the steep and stony path, and then the glory of the view from the opening of the cave of water and wood,



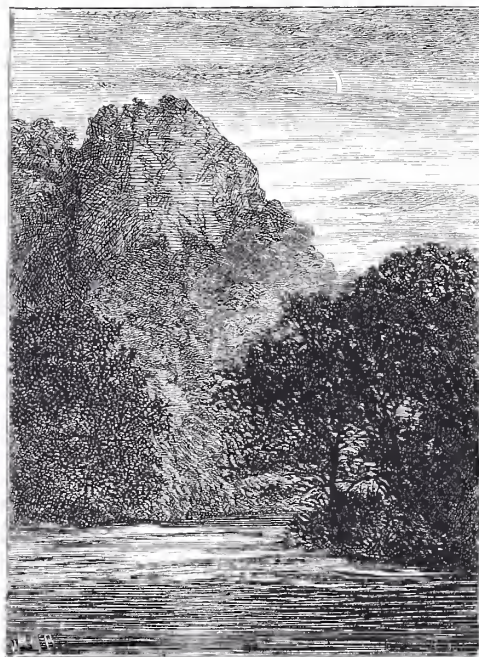
and mountain and moor, in a fairy-land combination which can only be expressed in exclamations. Comes the sugar-loaf form of Thorpe Cloud, sentinelling the opening of the Dale, and the bare bastions of moorland slopes, one side Staffordshire, the other Derbyshire, acting as fortifications to the passage of the valley. Dinner at the "Izaak Walton," if you please, and then we will proceed to Ilam Church, where there is a marble monument by Chantrey to the memory of Mr. Pike Watts. Artists give this a very prominent place among the best work from the chisel of the great sculptor.

By the Dove to Ashbourn, as the westering sun is reddening the ripples of the river, to quaint, quiet Ashbourn, as old-fashioned and sleepy now as when Princee Charlie was proclaimed King of England in its market-place in 1745. The glory of Ashbourn is the church, in whose old belfry are now swinging "Those Evening Bells" that inspired Tom Moore at Mayfield Cottage, two miles away, where he wrote those tales so gorgeous with Eastern imagery, "Lalla Rookh." Inside the church are some fine monuments, the most notable of which is one by Banks to Penelope, only child of Sir Brooke Boothby. Wrought in the purest Carrara marble, both in conception and execution this monument is enchanting. The little sufferer reclines upon a mattress. The fevered arms are drawn up and rest gently near the head, which reposes on a pillow. The face wears an expression that is angel-like in its surpassing tenderness. It is said that Chantrey stole into the church, to study and admire this work of art, and the result of his visit was the "Sleeping Children" in Lichfield Cathedral. Here

is the inscription on the pedestal supporting little Penelope:—

"She was in form and intellect most exquisite. The unfortunate parents ventured their all on this frail bark, and the wreck was total."

Here is another picture of the Peak. The Peak of Derbyshire is a misnomer. It applies to no particular hill, but to a far-reaching radius of romantic country, bounded by Staffordshire and Cheshire on one side, and Nottingham and Yorkshire on another, which loses itself on the confines of these counties. The Peak scenery does not lack in landscape variety. It would be difficult to determine whether its dells and dales, with their overhanging tors and singing streams, or its lonely mountain-moorlands, appeal the strongest to the artistic eye. The moors! We are knee-deep in the heather this September afternoon. We left the Matlock valley, and toiled up the steep back



HIGH TOR, MATLOCK.

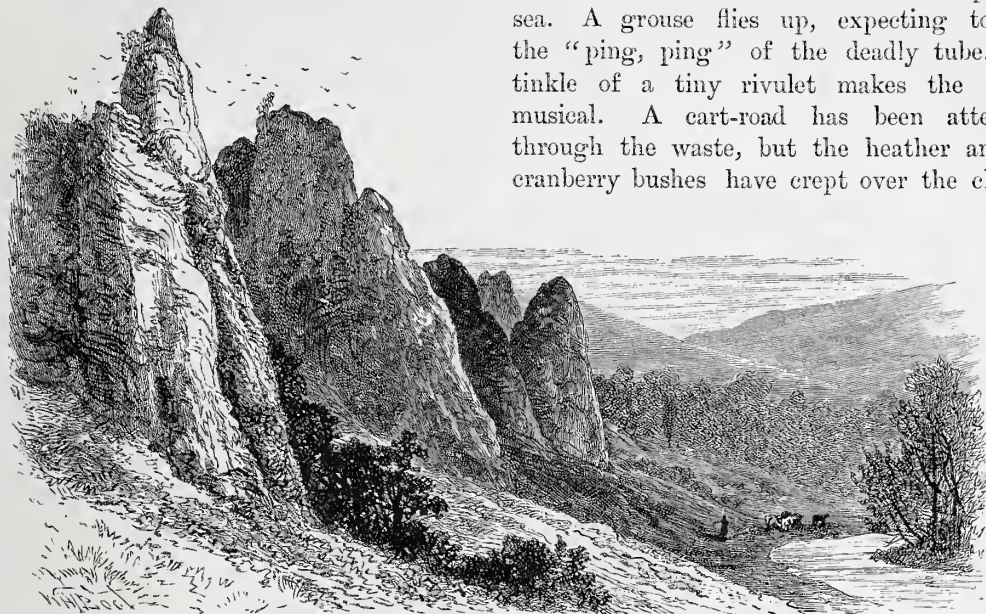
of the High Tor—the great mass of grim, grey limestone rising with imperious sternness high above the festooning foliage and ferns and braids of ivy that cling and climb round the feet of the flinty-souled giant, as if to soften his frowning face with their beautiful appeal of green, and above the Derwent, that also seems to try to reach the heart of the majestic monarch with its sympathetic song—reaching at last the eminence known as Matlock Bank, where we looked down upon the High Tor as if that matchless cliff were but a mole-hill in the dale

below. Then higher still to the "cheerful silence" and freer horizon of the Moors. Now a blackberry bush is affording us refreshment after a long tramp in a deserted world whose solitude is sublime. Darley Moor and Beely Moor are the ordnance map descriptions for this wild



desert, but these topographical expressions are no index to the subtle spell of the heathery ocean whose waves meet the clouds on the

its side, conveys the suggestion of a snowy sail; a distant farm, where the patient plough has reclaimed a few niggard acres from the wilderness, looks like an island in the pastoral sea. A grouse flies up, expecting to hear the "ping, ping" of the deadly tube. The tinkle of a tiny rivulet makes the silence musical. A cart-road has been attempted through the waste, but the heather and the cranberry bushes have crept over the clearing



TISSINGTON SPIRES.

horizon line. A sable sea with the sunbeams travelling over the purple plain in fleeting lines of light and shadow. Across the great breadth of billowy heather, the Darley hills rise like dark ocean cliffs; a far-off hunting tower supplies the illusion of a lighthouse; here and there a block of pale limestone, rising from the dusky waves, with the sun catching

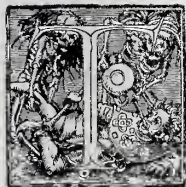
again. There are narrow paths, but they are not for patent-leather boots. Over there lies Sheffield, and we are some miles from anywhere, and anywhere for us to-night is the "Peacock" at Rowsley, concerning which picturesque hostelry, as well as of Haddon Hall and its surroundings, I propose to treat in a further paper.

*(To be continued.)*

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#### WOOD ENGRAVING.—IV.

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THESE brief papers do not attempt to give an account of all the artists who have drawn for wood, and it would answer little purpose to give lists of names; it must, therefore, suffice to mention one or two of the more important.

Lucas Cranach, born 1470, died 1553, a charming painter as well as designer on wood. Hans Burgmair, born at Augsburg about 1473, died 1559, who produced a great many designs

for wood, and is chiefly known by his "Triumphs of Maximilian." Hans Schüuffein, born at Nuremberg in 1483, died in 1539, who designed "The Adventures of Sir Theurdank." Lucas Van Leyden, born 1496, died 1593, and others. There is no evidence that any of these engraved their own designs, while there are good grounds for concluding that they did not. Hans Holbein was no exception to this rule, and increased finish and delicacy seem to be all that the art gained under his hands. If here and there we find some indication of objects being cut

light against a dark ground, it is something gained, but the instances are too slight and casual to imply the recognition of a principle. Unlike Dürer, who was fond of employing wood for large drawings, Holbein's cuts are usually small, sometimes very minute. His most important work is the "Dance of Death," the accompanying examples from which will show that, although the material remains still undeveloped, Holbein's artistic instinct has led him to a style of execution which, so far as it went, was suited to it, and the result is unquestionably interesting. After the time of Holbein, if we except the chiaroscuro engravings of Italy printed in tints from several blocks, some of which possess much beauty, the art seems rather to have declined than advanced. It had never possessed a *technique* of its own, and while the reproduction of black line drawings was its only recognised function, one in which it was far surpassed by etching, it is hardly strange that artists whose original works on copper are amongst the most precious possessions of the artistic world, should have neglected the comparatively coarse and clumsy material which the wood-block seemed to be, from the then point of view.

Papillon, the French wood engraver, was an enthusiast about his art, and did all in his power by writing and his own labours on the block to magnify it; but his cuts possess little interest, and though it must be admitted that they are above the average excellence of his time, this is but moderate praise.

Through the three centuries and a half which elapsed between the "S. Christopher" and the time when Bewick began his artistic career, there is no sign that any artist who dealt with wood engraving recognised that the process consisted in cutting out lights, and that by confining it to the imitation of black

line drawings, they weighted it hopelessly in its competition with other arts.

If the views already expressed be correct, wood engraving proper commenced only with Thomas Bewick, the work of this remarkable artist being in no sense a development of that of his predecessors, to which it is throughout opposed. And yet, if we say it is opposed, what word shall we find to express the antagonism between Bewick's wood-cuts and the great mass of modern wood engraving so called? The defect in principle was the same then as now, but was exhibited

in practice, for the most part, in a negative manner only, whereas now it is developed to the wildest extreme. The early engravers on wood left undone that which they ought to have done; the moderns have, in addition, done much which they ought not to have done. The former left the capacities of wood absolutely undeveloped, but the drawings which they reproduced demanded so little in the way of execution that they cannot be said to have forced the material into an unnatural service; but the latter, by attempting the imitation of sketchy drawings filled with

confused cross-hatching, have so alienated the material from its true work that, where Bewick had to explore and discover, we must now revolutionise if we would have a real school of wood engravers. Happily many important exceptions exist to the too generally prevailing modern custom, but they are exceptions, as will presently be shown, and their existence forms a curious subject for inquiry.

Accepting as the obvious and unquestionably characteristic peculiarity of the wood-blocks, its unequalled power of giving clearly drawn whites on a dark ground, as contrasted with engraving on copper, which proceeds by engraving black lines on a white ground, we find, first, that the early engravers ignored



THE NUN.

(From Holbein's "Dance of Death.")



this capacity, but attempted such simple work only, that it was always easy to execute, though quite uninteresting when done. Where they had such designs as those of Dürer and Holbein to cut, the result was highly valuable; but inasmuch as the engraver's work was purely mechanical, and left the resources of his material wholly undeveloped, his craft cannot be called an art. He was sure to lose some of the perfection of the artist's drawing, while he gave in return nothing of his own. Instead of cultivating an art proper, he was imitating another art (that of pen-and-ink drawing) on a material indifferently adapted to the purpose, the sole object being the production of many copies. It is quite clear that it never occurred to either artists or engravers that wood was capable of more than this. Secondly, we find that Bewick discovered the true powers of the wood-block, and gives us for the first time engravings in which white is cut out of black, and where we find no attempt made to force the material into the unnatural imitation of scratchy cross-hatching, or any other mode of execution for which it is un-

fitted. And thirdly, we find that a great number of modern artists who draw for wood, and engravers who cut the drawings, pass over Bewick's work, and, recurring to the old false and hopeless principle of imitating other and antagonistic arts, aim exclusively at qualities in which wood is infinitely surpassed by etching, and leave untouched those in which etching would be as completely outstripped by wood engraving. If an eagle, whose real powers are shown on the wing, were placed in the charge of some one who confined it in a low cage, where it had room to exhibit its ungainly walk, but could not fly; if it then fell into kinder hands, and for the first time enjoyed free movement in its own element; and if, finally, it were captured by one more perverse than its

first possessor, who confined it again, but this time in an enclosed pond, where the poor bird, by force and maltreatment, was compelled to flounder in miserable attempts to imitate the swimming of aquatic birds, the three stages would fairly represent the three periods into which the history of wood engraving may be divided. Compare a modern "fac-simile" wood-cut with the true wood engraving of Bewick on the one hand, or with an etching on the other. It is like comparing the eagle floundering in the water with itself in the air, or with the swan on the water. These remarks refer only to

"fac-simile" wood-cuts—that is to say, to cuts which follow line for line pencil or pen-and-ink drawings—and the exceptions referred to above include all wood-cuts in which the engraver has followed his own methods, doing that which suits the material, unfettered by forms of execution which belong to another art. So many of these are produced in the present day that it may seem arbitrary to call them exceptions. They are so nevertheless, inasmuch as it will be found that they appear usually where speed or cheapness is a necessity. If a book

is to be illustrated in the "best" style, some artist of eminence is invited to make drawings on the blocks, and a skilful engraver carefully cuts round every line of these drawings so as to obtain a fac-simile of the original. If, on the other hand, a large cut has to be produced rapidly, it is common to obtain from the artist a spirited sketch washed in in Indian ink and white, and this is cut in the quickest, and therefore the most direct and the best way, by the engraver. Thus it often happens that the most highly finished illustrations to books are laborious exhibitions of a false method, and some of the best specimens of genuine wood engraving are to be found in the comparatively ephemeral pages of our journals and magazines.

HENRY HOLIDAY.



THE ABBOT.

(From Holbein's "Dance of Death.")

## OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

ERSKINE NICOL, A.R.A.

THE early days of Mr. Erskine Nicol form a striking example of the overwhelming divine fire is inborn, it is impossible to quench it, and how, in spite of every obstacle and



*Your truly  
Erskine Nicol*

(From a Photograph by A. E. Fradelle.)

influence which a deep-seated and sincere instinct or love for art has on the character. The story of his youth shows how, when the

all opposition, it is sure to assert itself in the end. Our present subject's success illustrates in a remarkable degree the fact that the spark





UNWILLINGLY TO SCHOOL.

(From the Sketch by Erskine Nicol, A.R.A., in the possession of Mr. R. G. Cooper.)



once kindled will maintain its glow in the face of the most chilling and damping circumstances, that the fire is still there in all its intensity, although it may be hidden from the sight of the world, and that it will finally leap up into a bright burning flame under the influence of the favourable breeze which is certain to blow sooner or later.

Erskine Nicol was born in Scotland, at Leith, in 1825, and displayed, from childhood, the strongest possible predilection and aptitude for drawing, and he admits himself that he lost no opportunity as he grew up of indulging his favourite pursuit, even at the sacrifice of all other studies. Remembering that fifty years ago the career of an artist was looked upon as one of the most precarious a young man could adopt, it is not wonderful to hear that his father did all he could to discourage his boy's enthusiasm for the all-absorbing pursuit. When it is also remembered that the elder Nicol's means rendered it necessary for the younger to set about earning his own living as soon as possible, we shall find no difficulty in understanding the opposition that was made by his parents to the lad's strongly-expressed wishes, and in excusing the evident blindness which existed to the fair promise doubtless given by his earliest efforts.

He was not to be put off from his love, however, and as a compromise he was at length apprenticed to a decorative painter, only quitting this but partially congenial occupation as he gradually found means of earning something by his pencil. A pretty just idea can be formed of the precocity of his talent, and his general determination and independence of character, from the fact that he managed to get admitted a student of the Trustees' Academy, Edinburgh, then under the sway of the late Sir William Allen and Thomas Duncan, before he had completed his thirteenth year.

About the age of twenty, young Erskine Nicol went to Dublin, where he remained some four years, and then it was that during his rural rambles he formed that acquaintance with Ireland and the Irish which led to his adopting the life and character of the country as his principal study. It was in the year 1851,

after his return to Edinburgh, that he made his first impression on the public by exhibiting, in the Royal Scottish Academy, six subjects illustrative more or less of Hibernian individuality, especially from its humorous and laughter-loving side. Settling down in what may be called his native city, he became a constant exhibitor, success rapidly following success at such a pace that he was soon elected Associate, and ultimately a full member, of the august body which regulates the destinies of art in the northern capital.

True to the instincts of his countrymen, it was not long ere he found his way to London, and, from the year 1863, he has seldom or never failed to be represented most creditably upon the walls of Trafalgar Square and Burlington House, the ever-increasing merit of his work very justly leading, in the year 1866, to his election to an Associateship in the Royal Academy.

Such art as Mr. Nicol's can never fail to be highly popular; the keen incisive observation of character which it displays will unceasingly appeal to a very large audience, and when, as in his case, it is combined with the highest artistic qualities, the discriminating few are ready to render equal homage with the less thoughtful many. If any proof were needed in confirmation of the above statement, it can be found in the eagerness to possess engravings from his pictures which is shown by the same class of collectors who, not in a position to acquire the pictures themselves, gather together and highly prize the replicas in black and white of the works of such masters as Wilkie, Webster, &c. What these latter have done in the way of portraying the homely, familiar, every-day side of English life, Mr. Nicol does for the Irish, whilst in giving every phase of humour, from the quiet, puzzled expression of the countryman, in "Among the Old Masters," down to the raucy fun and boisterous mirth of a Donnybrook Fair, he is not to be excelled. As examples, we may quote "Both Puzzled," "Steady, Johnnie, Steady," "Always Tell the Truth," "The Sabbath Day," and "Looking Out for a Safe Investment," as being amongst the most popular of the



very numerous engravings "after Erskine Nicol."

There is no need to go much farther back over his artistic career than 1869 (the year in which the Royal Academy moved to Burlington House) in order to recall to the reader's memory the steady progress of the artist in the estimation of the critical public. Besides

Merchant," "The Cross Roads"—all notable pictures; "The Disputed Boundary," exhibited in 1869; "The Fisher's Knot," in 1871; "Pro Bono Publico" and "Past Work," in 1873; "The New Vintage," in 1875; "A Storm at Sea," in 1876; "His Legal Adviser," in 1877; "Under a Cloud," "The Missing Boat," and "The Lonely Tenant of the Glen," in 1878.



AMONG THE OLD MASTERS.

(From the Sketch by Erskine Nicol, A.R.A., in the possession of Thomas Faed, R.A.)

the pictures just mentioned, and that of which we are fortunate enough to be enabled to give a full-page engraving (page 181), visitors to our annual exhibitions will readily remember the following as specimens of his prowess:—"Did it Pout with its Bessie?" "The Hope of the Family," "The Renewal of Lease Refused," "Waiting for the Train," "A Deputation," "Missed It," "Paying the Rint," "A Country Booking-office," "A China

At the present moment, in this year of grace 1879, the crowd of amused and admiring faces turned day by day to "Interviewing the Member," hanging on the line in the large room at Burlington House, bears witness more than can any comment to the increasing hold which the subject of our memoir is hourly gaining upon the British public. Some of the severest critics, too, proclaim this work as possessing in a higher degree than usual all those



meritorious qualities which have brought its painter to his present conspicuous position amongst the portrayers of domestic and humorous life. It is teeming with every shade of racy fun and quiet sarcasm. The "Member's" careless and but half-concealed indifference to the claims of his constituents, when placed beside the immediate business of "the meet" which he has in hand, is admirably given, and contrasts capitally with the anxiety and quaint plaintiveness of the aggrieved natives, who, finding their mission is in vain, nevertheless see no way out of their mistake; for it is very evident, from the expression on the face of the gentleman in pink, that he knows he has the whip hand, and that he means to keep it. One of the critics aforesaid declares that "Mr. Nicol has never painted a better picture than this;" we should be inclined to say, never so good a one at all points. It is thoroughly representative, and cannot fail to have its due effect on the position which the artist must ultimately hold in the Academy.

If, as may be fairly inferred, his election as

an Associate in 1866 was mainly brought about by the two pictures exhibited in that year, viz., "Both Puzzled" and "Paying the Rint," it will not be too much to predicate that his most recent effort will be vividly remembered when future vacancies occur amongst the "Forty."

One can readily imagine, from the subjects which he has made his own, and the thorough way in which he has understood and thrown himself into, as it were, the true spirit and character of the Irish people, that the experiences of Mr. Nicol during his long acquaintance with the Emerald Isle must have given him a store of anecdote, almost unequalled, perhaps, for its peculiar fun by any that may have been laid up by other explorers of the highways and byways of the "ould country." Very enviable would it be, we take it, to hear him recount the stories and sayings of his models, for it is clear that making them speak to us, as he all but does, from his canvas, he must have a peculiar faculty for drawing them out, if it were only for the purpose of creating the especial expression which he requires at the moment.

W. W. FENN.

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## ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY AND GLASGOW INSTITUTE EXHIBITIONS.—I.

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SCARCELY, if ever, have the Royal Scottish Academy and Glasgow Institute opened their doors under less favourable auspices than in the season of 1879. With the money market at its lowest ebb, bankruptcy looming on almost every side, and that great financial octopus, the Glasgow City Bank, clutching in its victims from all classes, the look-out for the devotees of the brush seemed gloomy enough. As it is, however, neither of the exhibitions has suffered appreciably from this concatenation of adverse circumstances. The Glasgow one, indeed, is decidedly in advance of the last few

years, and is especially rich in contributions from well-known English artists. By way of novelty, it has a goodly sprinkling of Grosvenor Gallery pictures, among them specimens of Tissot, Boughton, Rossetti, Albert Moore, and Whistler. Your princes of jute and lords of cotton are great patrons of art, and Glasgow has a famous reputation as a picture market, if its aesthetic calibre is not of the highest. The Royal Scottish Academy, on the other hand, is more level in its degrees of merit, and still remains thoroughly characteristic of its leaders—Raeburn, Allan, John Thomson, the Nasmyths, and the Lauders. Here Scottish art is to be seen at its best, and—to unmask the truth—its worst.

During the past year, however, death has



been playing dire havoc in the ranks of the Academy, and there have passed away some of its more prominent members. Chief among these was Mr. G. Paul Chalmers (a fellow-student and intimate friend of Mr. Pettie), who was earning for himself a position in the front rank among living colourists. An ardent admirer of the school of Josef Israels, he united with much of the delicacy and depth of the great Dutch colourist a fine feeling for landscape, and much poetry and suggestiveness in its treatment, such as we have in the fairy-like canvases of Corot or Daubigny. With a certain

use of those greys, and browns, and blues, which are seen by the non-artistic eye in mass only. Another work by Chalmers, which since his death has received its finishing touches from Mr. Pettie, is "Monastic Study," a firmly-drawn monkish figure, dozing over a huge MS., whose dry details have proved very treacherous to wakefulness. Among other Scotch artists, dead since last exhibition, must be mentioned the name of Mr. Sam Bough, a painter bearing a strong resemblance, in point of dexterity, to the late David Cox. Like Stansfield, Roberts, and



CHARLES EDWARD SEEKING SHELTER IN THE HOUSE OF AN ADHERENT.

(By Robert Herdman, R.S.A.)

impression of unfinish, the result of being unable to convey all the colour that he *felt*, his work bears no resemblance to the Academy of which he was a student. In many ways he had originality enough to have revolutionised a school, and genius enough to have won it a reputation. A very notable example of his brush (in an unfinished state unfortunately) is exhibited, "The Legend." The subject represented is a humble interior, in which an old woman relates some strange border tale to a circle of awe-struck children. The effect of the shadowy light, out of which the little figures stand in strong relief, is handled with wonderful intensity, and the depth and transparency are attained by a dexterous

many others, Bough began life as a scene-painter. Much of the vigour of his style and breadth of handling was the outcome of his early training, and he never lost the faculty of producing effective work, if it was not always true in colour or subtle in composition. His water-colour drawings undoubtedly form his best claim to remembrance, and some of them, since his death, have fetched extraordinary prices. Of his more important oil paintings, eight or nine examples have been collected in the present exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy, one or two of which were painted when the artist was at his best. The chief of these is a striking view, from the sea, of the little Fifeshire fishing

village of St. Monance. The centre of the picture is the old Gothic church, a cruciform



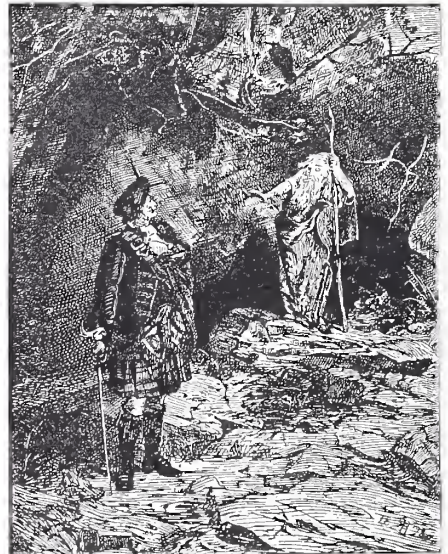
THE SHOWER.  
(By E. Hume.)

edifice of the twelfth century, which stands upon a rock projecting into the sea, and over which, when the sullen easterly gales drive up the long, white-capped billows from the German Ocean, the wreaths of spray fly up, almost to the dilapidated old edifice itself, while the waves surge and wash all day long within earshot of the humble worshippers. Another is a view of Edinburgh at daybreak on a hazy morning. Here the artist has followed the Turner precedent, of subordinating the topographical to the pictorial, and has produced an effective composition, strong in manipulative power, if weak in other qualities. In Glasgow, Bough's work is represented by another early morning effect. A herd of rough cattle on the mountain-side—dark against a vivid sunrise—a perfect paraphrase of Browning's lines—

“At Aerschot up leaped of a sudden the sun,  
And against him the cattle stood black every one,  
To stare through the mist at us galloping past.”

After all, however, it must be acknowledged that the works from London artists monopolise a large share of interest in both Exhibitions. The place of honour in the Edinburgh one is accorded to a new picture by Alma Tadema,

sent as a recognition of his recent election to an honorary membership of the Scottish Academy. It is entitled “After the Audience,” and has been painted as a pendant to the well-known “Audience at Agrippa's,” exhibited at the Academy of 1876. As its title implies, the audience is here represented as over, and Agrippa, in a trailing crimson robe, is ascending the spacious flight of stairs, conversing the while with his secretary, and preceded by a crowd of victors bearing aloft their fasces. At the foot of the stairs a group of supplicants yet lingers around the statue of the Emperor, and two scribes bend lowly over their table as the great man passes them. Beyond is a view of pillared apartments stretching towards a distant courtyard, from whence comes a bright glimpse of blue sky. As in the former picture, the composition is set in a framework of marble pillars and tessellated pavements painted with wonderful breadth of effect, combined with exquisite minuteness of detail. In Glasgow, Alma Tadema is represented by one little picture, “A Peep through the Trees,” a classical female figure reclining in a wooded glade,



LOCHIEL'S WARNING.  
(By Robert Herdman, R.S.A.)

beyond which is a delicious vision of fairy landscape.

In both Exhibitions Mr. Orchardson's “Queen of the Swords” figures prominently. The



finished study for the picture hangs in Glasgow, while the picture itself, along with "The Social Eddy" of last year, is in Edinburgh. Taken together, they offer an interesting and instructive study of the progressive stages of the composition, and confirm the impression, derived from his completed works, that Mr. Orchardson's colour is purest in its earliest stages. Mr. John Pettie also sends some of his chief Academy pictures. In Glasgow we have his vigorous and brilliant study of "Rob Roy," while the Scottish Academy has "The Laird" of last year

heroines as if he were in love with them." In the Glasgow Institute the positions of honour are given to two old Academy favourites, Mr. William Small's "Wreck," and Mr. Thomas Faed's "Cold Tooties;" the last a homely idyll, telling its story with a directness and simplicity worthy of Scotland's bard, Robert Burns. Also in the Institute is Millais' well-known "Scotch Firs," painted in the same year as "Winter Fuel," and bearing a marked resemblance to it in the dashing handling and brilliancy of method. Among other familiar



"LEO."

(By Gourlay Steell, R.S.A.)

—a picture to be remembered for its delightful landscape of waving cornfields and hedgerows sloping onwards towards the distant hills. Here also are Mr. Pettie's portrait of his countryman and brother artist, Colin Hunter, and a small replica of the gaudy "Hunted Down" of 1877; the latter a distinct improvement on the original, with its unequal amount of red hair and glaring tartan set against a background of green foliage. The feature of the Scottish Academy's Exhibition, however, so far as popular criticism can be gauged, is Mr. Leslie's "School Revisited," that fresh and pleasant canvas, sweet with the aroma of honeysuckle and roses, which called forth the criticism that "Mr. Leslie paints his

pictures are Mr. MacCallum's "Waiting for the Ebb," Mr. Hodgson's "Loot," Mr. Wynfield's "Joseph and his Brethren" (the two latter of which have been illustrated in these pages), and Mr. Beavis' "Threshing Floor at Gilgal." Mr. John R. Reid also sends his "Rustie Cricket Match," a picture which created a favourable impression last year. In Glasgow also is a tender little picture "The Shower," by E. Hume, the graceful design and colour of which—not easily to be forgotten—are very inadequately conveyed in the accompanying sketch (page 186). Among animal painters, Mr. Gourlay Steell, R.S.A., Her Majesty's animal painter for Scotland, occupies a foremost position. His chief and most characteristic

contribution to the Academy is a firmly-drawn portrait of a mastiff, "Leo" (sketched on page 187), the head of which is a specially noticeable example of Mr. Steell's knowledge and appreciation of animal character.

Mr. Herdman's pictures, "Charles Edward Seeking Shelter in the House of an Adherent," and "Loehiel's Warning" (illustrated on pages 185 and 186), will be referred to in our concluding paper. GEORGE R. HALKETT.

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### MR. SEYMOUR HADEN ON ETCHING.

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It will be remembered that, towards the close of last year, two articles on "Etching in England" appeared in this magazine. In these, after an introduction in explanation of the art and its

merits, we dwelt at some length upon the history of English etching, from its founders downwards to its present upholders, amongst which latter class Mr. Seymour Haden stood forth prominently. That gentleman having recently delivered, at the request of the Royal Institution, a course of lectures on his favourite art, we have thought it not improbable that our readers would wish to be furnished with a *résumé* of them, especially as, besides dealing with the history of the art, he entered at considerable length into the practical teaching of etching.

In the first lecture, which was devoted to the origin and *raison d'être* of etching, Mr. Haden said:—"My reasons for being here are, naturally first, the advancement of art, then, the wish to share with others the pleasures which I now derive from what to the majority is a sealed book, but principally the desire to put right what has gone wrong for two centuries past, getting from bad to worse. I am glad to have the opportunity of doing so before a scientific rather than a professional audience, meaning thereby either one of my own profession, or of the profession of art which I have adopted. For this reason. In the profession of art, perhaps more than in any other, we are hampered by what is termed 'professionalism'—an indisposition to move, or at the best to movement in a groove—which means limitation of view, a wish to be, as it were, on one's back in a ditch, without any longing to see

what is over the hedge. From a desire to get myself and others out of this, I come into the open, and mount on this high plateau.

"I had intended to tabulate the principles on which my lecture should be based, but time and other circumstances have prevented it. It will be sufficient, however, if I state that in my view—

"1. Art faculty is innate: it cannot be acquired. It is a moral and intellectual force which may be enhanced by cultivation, but cannot by any such means be created.

"2. It may be debased by example or by wrong teaching.

"3. The action of any academy, founded and carried on with certain set doctrines, has no other effect than to assimilate artists.

"4. I attach no value to technical superiority, or to what tradition teaches.

"5. Too minute a rendering in matters of art is bad. Such a process means an extension of the work over long passages of time, which must tend to weaken the primary ideas and conceptions of the artist. The great masters knew this, and worked rapidly, knowing full well that if the sacred fire once languished it could not be re-illuminated.

"Lastly, the best art is conventional—that is to say, suggestive rather than imitative. In nature, for instance, there is no such thing as a line; and it has been often said, in depreciation of etching, that it is 'merely suggestive,' because it is an art which expresses itself by lines. But is it not the same in every branch of art? The painter, with the relatively coarse materials at his disposal—his canvases, his hog-tools, and his battery of opaque pigments—does not seek to reproduce the morning mist and noonday haze; he only seeks to suggest it. The sculptor does not



make his statue of marble because it is like human flesh, but because marble, while it permits perfection of form, suggests for human flesh a purity which it is the province of art to claim for it.

"Hence, to my mind, imitative, or, as it has come to be called, realistic art—that is to say, an art which undertakes to reproduce objects as nearly as may be in their verisimilitude—is, strictly speaking, and as compared to fine art, which depends mainly on suggestion, no art at all. To say then of the etched line that it is merely suggestive is to acknowledge its power, and to pay it an involuntary compliment of the very highest order. And I affirm that the artist who wishes for the greatest amount of suggestiveness must use the point, which has an incisiveness and a directness which appertain to no other instrument.

"This brings me to the main object of my task—namely, the restoration of painter's etching to its proper place in the scale of art—the position which it once occupied and no longer occupies. How is this to be attained?

"First, by a better understanding than exists at present as to what painter's etching is, both in theory and practice.

"Secondly, by discovering the causes which displaced etching, and which are still in operation to prevent its restoration.

"Thirdly, by finding out a remedy for these causes.

"If we search into the history of engraving, we shall find that at first there were no such persons as copyist engravers. The painters, when they wanted one of their works reproduced, did it themselves as best they could, and this continued even after the date when chemistry showed them the way of delving copper without the labour of the tool.

"Engraving proper, as we understand it, did not appear until the decline of art, on the death of Charles I. and the advent of the Commonwealth, when Royal collections had to be sold, and even Vandyck could obtain no employment. I have, in my 'Notes on Etching,' shown the difference between etching and engraving, but it may be worth while to quote a short passage from it:—

"'If we take the great rôle of engravers on

copper, from the invention of the art in the fifteenth century to its decline in the nineteenth, we find that, with the exception of a few men who interposed and for a time practised a novel method, it consisted entirely of workers with the burin, or graver. Secondly, that these burinists divide themselves into two classes—those who were original artists and engraved their own works, and those who copied or translated the works of others. The first of these groups, which may be designated that of the painter-engravers, and which represents the use of the burin in its simplest and purest form, begins with Martin Schöen, and has its perfect type in Dürer. The other, that of the line engravers, commonly so called, takes its impulse from Goltzius, Cornelius Cort, and Agostino Caracci, and brings their innovations, with but slight modifications, down to our time. The etchers and the mezzotinters appear to have come in somewhat, as it were, *ex contumace*, the first to protest, with the early engravers, in favour of greater liberty and a more natural treatment; the last, with the mechanical engravers, for a more painter-like quality. We find, as might be expected, little bond of union between these two main groups beyond the plate they worked upon. The early painters, with their imperfect chemistry, appear to have been content to use the graver as the only tool known to them capable of ploughing the copper, and some of these, being great masters, so far triumphed over the instrument as to produce work with it which excites even wonder and admiration to this day. But the moment the possibility of acting upon the plate by an implement used like a pencil was shown to them, the burin fell from their hands and they became etchers, while the graver descended to a class of men who thenceforth undertook, by a slow and laborious process, to reproduce the works of the others; and no sooner had they obtained possession of it than they seemed bent on showing to what extravagance its use might be carried, and how independent it might be made of the painter's art. Ridiculing the attempts of Marc Antonio to make it effective as an agent of expression, they proceeded at

once to show how tones might be rendered by lozenge-shaped intervals, with or without a dot in the centre of each; the bursting rain-cloud by an arrangement of concentric curves, not unlike the engine-turning at the back of a modern watch; atmospheric backgrounds by a sort of tooling having something the effect of watered silks, and skies by a machine. There is not, and therefore there never was, anything that could be called a rivalry between the etchers and the later engravers. They represent distinct classes—the class of the artist and the class of the copyist—a distinction to be firmly insisted upon, partly because it is a radical distinction, but principally because it is difficult to invent with the graver; and that the adoption of the tool, except in the case of the painter-engraver, who, it is to be remembered, is an original artist, implies the practice of a secondary art.’

“It is not to be wondered at that the painters preferred the etching needle to the burin—it is the comparison of the pen to the plough—in one case a finely-pointed style obedient to every movement of the sentient hand; in the other a sort of chisel, with a handle to fit the palm of the hand, driven by the elbow against the plate, which is brought to meet it half-way by means of the other hand: in the one case suppleness, liberty, rapidity, and directness of utterance; in the other the combined action of two hands and the active opposition of two forces. What wonder that the line described by the one should be free, expressive, full of vivacity—by the other cold, constrained, and uninteresting; that one should be personal, as the handwriting, the other without identity.

“And with all this marked superiority, how do we find that the art has been treated in this country? Whilst engravers are elected to the honours of the Royal Academy, no etcher has ever been taken the slightest notice of—in fact, they are not eligible. The etchers are outwardly uncomplaining, and merely hold this tacit indictment against that body; but they do deem it hard, for they know that they have one amongst them—the veteran Samuel Palmer—whose works should long ago have received recognition at the hands of the

Academy. But how is this to be expected, so long as it is considered just that the engravers who are members of the Royal body should be the persons selected to judge of the etcher’s work. Good etching may easily be distinguished from bad etching by remembering that none is good which is not simple in execution, and which does not show a power of selection. It is quite wrong to suppose that an etching is good because it is elaborately worked up; generally, the more lines the worse the work. This is abundantly visible even in the work of so great a man as Rembrandt. His portrait of Clement Yonge, and Saskia, are comparatively worthless in the second state, where they have been worked upon, in comparison to the first state, where the first conception only has been recorded.

“I now pass on to the second and far more important part—namely, the causes which displaced etching, and which are still in operation to prevent its restoration.

“These causes began, as I have before stated, in the time of the Commonwealth, and they have lasted down to the present time. The growth of commercial speculation brought about the advent of the engraver and the dealer. First came the engraver on the scene, and we may imagine him addressing himself to Vandyck, who was just about to issue a work consisting of the portraits of the 100 greatest men of the day, ‘*Icones principum Virorum*’ (he had already etched twenty of the heads), and saying to him, ‘What is the use of your going on with it now the king’s dead, and the collectors are fled, and Hollar is dying in prison? \* Let me do them for you; they will be good enough for the public.’ Thus etching died, for Vandyck gave in; and whilst nothing can be finer than the portion of the work that he did, nothing can be worse than that the engravers undertook. After this the engraver became no mean man, and, save for its want of originality, engraving was well done by Strange, Woollett

\* It has since the lecture been pointed out in the *Times* that Mr. Haden’s enthusiasm on this subject has somewhat blinded him to matter-of-fact history, the truth being that Vandyck died eight years before the king, and that Hollar’s extreme indigence belongs to a later time. Mr. Haden has replied, stating that he mentioned this as a mere hypothetical instance.



and Sharpe, and still better by that greater class of men, the mezzotinters, whose work was so admirable that we nearly forget that they were not original. Still, we find that when Hogarth and Turner conceived the idea of engraving their own works, they did it themselves, else they felt that their productions would be deteriorated. The difficulty that Turner had with engravers is manifested by the corrections that he made time after time in their proofs; but no stronger argument in favour of the superiority of etching over engraving could be adduced than this, that he, like the two other greatest geniuses of the past 300 years, did all that he could—namely, etched his own work, and only gave it to the engravers to do that part which he had not the knowledge or the patience to undertake. And, if this was the case when engraving was as a rule so good, what must it be now, when it is almost universally bad? The last cause for the displacement of etching is the dealer. His operations are usually confined to the classes who have no refinements, the *nouveau riche*, who are implicitly credulous. To these he gives the steel plate of the present day, with proofs in varied states to suit their different degrees of credulity. Thus he becomes *arbiter elegantiarum*; and as neither he, nor the Printsellers' Association who are at his back, looks with favour on aught else than the engraver and his steel plate, the etcher gets no support from the large class for whom he caters, and his plate, with its forty or fifty

impressions, cannot stand against the steel plate with its hundreds or thousands.

“Another cause is one of which it is very awkward for me to speak, but without doubt one of the reasons of the difficulty of reviving etching is the badness of amateurs' etching. An attempt was made some years ago to revive painters' etching by the formation of an etching club, with the result that every one thought he could etch, and every one had etched, and has given the Academy every excuse for systematically refusing to recognise etching as they have done.

“Lastly, as to the remedy. This rests with the Royal Academy and its members. They may revive the art, which I have shown to be not only a painter's but a master painter's art, by etching themselves, not in the manner of the etching clubs or as amateurs, but seriously and as a distinct branch of their art. Then let them give to original etchings a separate place on their walls, and not mix them up with comicalities from *Punch*, engravers' copies, and wood-cuts. Let them further exhibit at their Winter Exhibitions etchings of the Old Masters, and, above all, let them elect etchers into their body *pari passu* with painters, sculptors, architects, and engravers.”

That portion of Mr. Haden's lectures upon the practice of the art will be referred to in another paper.

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“MOTHERHOOD.”

FROM THE STATUE BY AMBROGIO BORGHI.

IN our engraving of this peculiarly fresh and real piece of sculpture we illustrate another of the many Italian successes in this branch of art at the late International Exhibition. The sculptor is young, and, like some of the young sculptors among ourselves, he gives unusual promise. There is a certain homely and essentially modern elegance in the mother's figure, and her action is admirably well felt. As usual in Italian works, a great deal of facial expression has been given

to the marble, and the features are by no means regular. So real is the effect of look and movement, so sympathetic is the execution, that the marble cheek seems actually to feel the little marble kisses that are touching it, and the mother's shoulder appears almost to yield beneath the pressure of the tiny fingers of her child. The group is characterised by a simplicity that is full of dignity, and an intelligence that is not wanting in repose.





"MOTHERHOOD."

(From the Statue by Ambrogio Borghi.)



## OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

LAURENS ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.

**B**ORN in Holland, but a naturalised Englishman, and a master in the English school, Mr. Alma-Tadema occupies a position entirely peculiar to himself. Original in all

from tragedy and comedy and morals and religion, which have legitimate expression in other ways—he seems to have sought out a time and a country in which life as it passed



Your faith fully  
 J. Alma-Tadema

(From a Photograph by A. E. Fradelle.)

else, he is original also in this. Moreover, a Dutchman by birth, an Englishman by adoption, he belongs by his art to a third nation—Rome, and to a far-distant century. Professing the doctrine of art for art's sake, and desiring apparently to free his own art from all the adventitious literary interests—

on made pictures for the eye alone. Ancient Rome, with its Italian sun, with the gaiety of its out-door life, with its freedom from the ascetic abstraction of after ages, with its refinements of dress and of manners, and the invariable beauty of its daily details, offers an infinity of such pictures. Greece was beautiful,

yet Greece was too serious for the mood of Mr. Alma-Tadema's art; the human type, moreover, which he has made peculiarly his own has nothing of Greek severity or regularity; and from the little visits which his brush has paid to Greece, to Egypt, to modern Holland, and elsewhere, it returns always with renewed delight to the gay brilliance of classic Rome. The scholarly knowledge which this choice of subject requires is no child's play. Yet Mr. Alma-Tadema never wearies us with pedantry; he may intentionally raise an occasional smile by quaint insistence upon some scholarly detail, but his science is never obtrusive, for he often elects to spend his greatest learning on some half-comic and wholly commonplace passage of the buried past.

That Mr. Alma-Tadema should unite with English artists in representing the English school abroad and at home is a fortunate chance, which has strengthened our hands in the emulation of nations, giving us adventitious honours which we have not merited before, and can only deserve now in one way—by sedulous study of that refined, learned, and exquisite work which has power enough to leaven the English school of colouring. Mr. Alma-Tadema is not ours by birth nor by training, he will never become ours by the conversion of his talent to British tastes and habits of art; but he can be ours, and is fast becoming such by the conversion of the national tastes and habits to *him*—to his science, his original, nay, creative gifts of colour, his practice of that art of valuing the lights and darks of a picture by which the effect of atmosphere is produced. Since the decline of the immortal school of portraiture in the last century, of which Sir Joshua Reynolds was the master and the noblest example, and since the complete conclusion of that almost equally noble art of landscape painting, the masters of which are remembered as the "Norwich School," English work has taken a way of complete change, of revolt from the national traditions, and, at the same time, of independence of contemporary schools. Much freshness of thought, freedom of manner, and originality of aim has been unquestionably produced amongst us by this general attitude. But no one who has watched the progress of matters

during the last few years will be disposed to doubt that it is being quickly abandoned. On all hands a disposition is showing itself to assimilate our practice to that of the scientifically trained and systematically taught schools of France, South Germany, Holland, and Belgium. Mr. Alma-Tadema, working in our midst and as one of us, has done more towards this change than any other artist or any art critic.

Mr. Laurens Alma-Tadema (the Alma, by the way, was added by the artist to make his name euphonious to English and to his own musical ears) was born at Dronryp, in the Netherlands, on the 8th of January, 1836. His early training took place at the Royal Academy of Antwerp, and his maturer studies were prosecuted in the studio of Baron Leys. Our readers need scarcely be told that the great difference between a foreign and an English art education lies in the fact that whereas the student in our country works in a Government school under the intermittent teaching of a number of first-class artists of many minds, or else engages the private services of a tenth-rate painter, whose profession is that of copyist and teacher, the foreign art student passes from the class of an academy to the care of some leading artist of his country and time, part of whose ambition it is to found a school, it may be, and at any rate to hand down the traditions, habits, and *technique* which he has himself successfully observed to the young talents whose future triumphs will each and all add a specially noble glory to his own renown. It is not sufficient for a French master, for instance, to succeed in the few great pictures which he can achieve in his own life-time; he wishes in addition to bear a part in the living history of his country's art, to pass on for further development some view of nature, some little piece of technical science which he has himself developed from the teaching of his own early instructor. Nor would a *débutant* on first exhibiting be received with much respect unless he announced himself as the pupil of such or such an artist. The technical difficulties of painting are well known to be so enormous that a self-taught artist must needs waste half his youth in puzzling out what his master could tell him in an hour; besides which the discipline of



learning is considered necessary for the right prosecution of scientific and legitimate art. No French painter, therefore, exhibits at the *Salon* without the addition of his master's name to his own; he may be a well-known and successful artist, but he appears in the catalogue at the same time as a pupil. That in this system mannerisms should be caught and (as mannerisms always are in the imitation) exaggerated, is undoubtedly one of its dangers. And Baron Leys was almost professedly a mannerist. Far more scientific as a draughtsman, he was as archaic as our own "pre-Raphaelites" of some thirty or forty years ago; he also had a curious habit of binding his figures with a hard dark outline; nevertheless, his distinguished pupil has caught nothing of these peculiarities save perhaps an extreme precision in details. Least of all has he carried out the dry and ascetic spirit of Baron Leys, whose inspiration came from the early Flemish masters. Mr. Alma-Tadema seems, in a word, to have assimilated only and exactly what suited his individual artistic constitution; nor could the relations of master and pupil have a more fortunate outcome than this.

The young artist began to be known about the year 1863; the remarkable qualities of his work were not long in exciting interest in all lovers of new and exquisite colour. In the following year he obtained the distinguished honour of a gold medal at Paris, and thenceforward recognitions came thickly. At the Paris International Exhibition of 1867 (the most brilliant and triumphant of all the internationals, when the second empire was at its brightest, richest, and gayest, no cloud even of the size of a man's hand appearing above the horizon) he gained a medal, and another at Berlin in 1872. To complete his foreign honours, let us say at once that he is a Knight of the Order of Leopold, of the Order of the Dutch Lion, and of that of St. Michael of Bavaria; Chevalier of the Legion of Honour; and member of the Amsterdam and Munich Academies. From such different schools has he received rewards! The pedantry of modern Munich, the mediocrity of modern Amsterdam, the *savoir-faire* of modern Paris—all have offered him homage. And to these is to be

added the sincere, and indeed grateful, recognition of London.

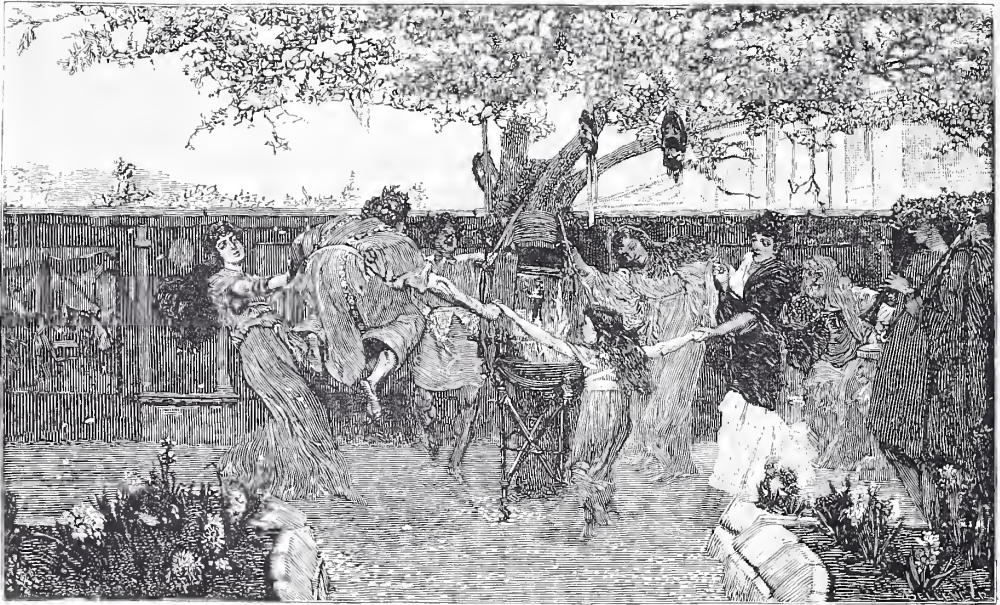
For, all this time, Mr. Alma-Tadema was exhibiting year by year at our Royal Academy. His pictures have been "a feature" there for some fifteen years, during which his style has never altered, although his delicate power has increased. His painting of surfaces—of marble, stone, bronze—is what has principally taken the eyes of the million. This is a form of excellence readily intelligible; fewer, perhaps, recognise the means by which this perfection of representation is obtained; it is not by the minute imitativeness of miniature-work, which is industry rather than art, but by a bolder science; and especially is it to be noted that Mr. Alma-Tadema generally exercises an artistic self-command, denying himself all the cheaper triumphs; he paints marble without reflections, armour without high lights, yet both illusory in their astonishing reality. Season by season he has not forgotten to gladden and even to astonish us by that shibbolth of colourists, which none pronounces more perfectly than he—the painting of white. Season by season also he has delighted London eyes by one of the most characteristic and individual devices of his art—the introduction of a little space of the free blue sky, palpitating with the light of the shining Italian weather. Be the subject a cool interior or an overshadowed garden, in which the differences of tone lie between narrow limits, through the corner of a high window or between the trees shines the illimitable azure. An artist who can paint the sky with the noonday sunshine in it by means of a little scrap of blue has mastered his art in a way that is given to few. To paint the "live air"—this is a triumph. A painter of atmosphere is generally understood (or so it seemed at a recent trial) to be a painter of fog. To represent air when it is so mixed with palpable particles as to be scarcely air at all is no difficult matter; but Mr. Alma-Tadema paints, or rather implies, the pure free atmosphere of lucid day. And to these victories over the technical difficulties of his art Mr. Alma-Tadema has added yet another—his victory over the prejudices of the ordinary picture-loving English public.

As a rule, the common run of visitors to the

Academy demand stories, illustrations, and emotions. A little easily-understood allegory, well explained, such as a pretty composition of an old woman watching the ebbing tide, is the most universally attractive subject; second to this comes the direct illustration of a familiar incident in history, and third, perhaps, a scene of domestic modern life. That a picture should have a story to tell, and should tell it unmistakably, is an irrefutable title to general favour. Now Mr. Alma-Tadema will not humour the public in this respect; he denies

tion; and in 1876 the Academy awarded him the official recognition which had long been due by electing him to the Associateship. On the 19th June, 1879, he obtained full Academical honours.

As a colourist this artist stands completely alone. He shows evidence of having studied all the great schools, but he belongs to none. He is inventive, inasmuch as by the power of his altogether exceptional gift he brings tints, unimagined before, out of the narrow and short little gamut of colours that lies in the artist's



THE POMONA FESTIVAL.

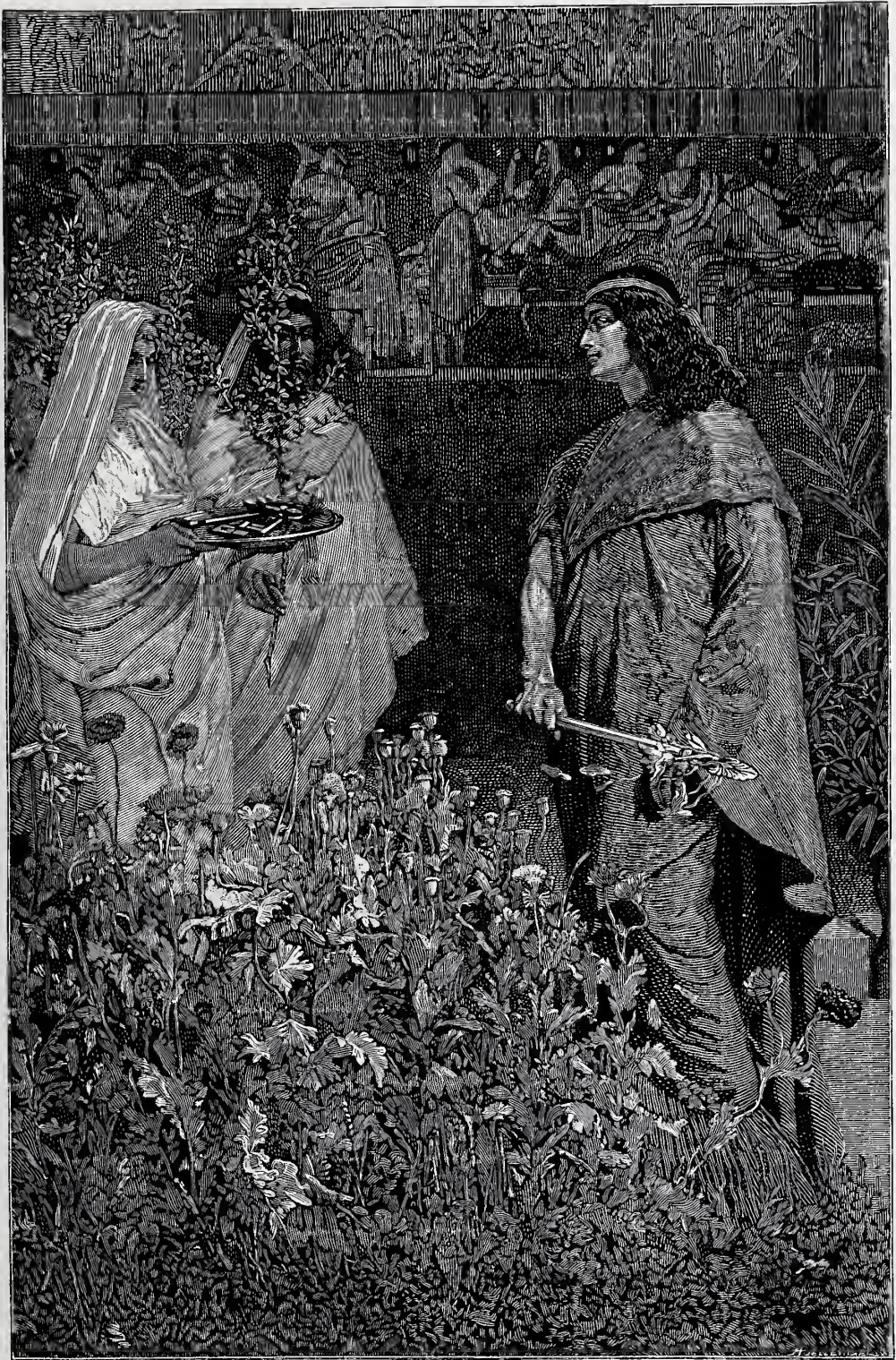
(From the Painting by L. Alma-Tadema, R.A., in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1879. By kind permission of Messrs. Agnew & Sons.)

them flatly; he specially, deliberately, and firmly refuses and resists them; and yet in spite of this he is not caviare to the general. Indeed, he has few rivals as the object of a solidly established popularity.

Mr. Alma-Tadema drew closer the ties that bound him to England by marrying, in 1871, an English lady, Laura, youngest daughter of Dr. Epps. Her own artistic power is exceptionally great; she has apparently studied colour in her husband's school; nor could he, in this respect, have found a disciple of finer eye and purer taste. It was in 1873 that Mr. Alma-Tadema became legally an Englishman by naturalisa-

tion. Furthermore, it must be remembered that the colourist who has the taste to put tints together with pretty effect has only a low degree of the delightful talent; colour is an expressive thing, noble, tragic, or gay in its significance according to the character of the painter's work. Mr. Alma-Tadema uses his colour with full intelligence of this expressiveness, and it is distinctively that of happiness. Banishing, as he does, the emotions from his art, his subjects are in no sense connected with the feelings; they are the learned revivifications of the past, delighting only by their scholarly accuracy; but if the subject be so reserved in





TARQUINIUS SUPERBUS.

(From the Picture by L. Alma-Tadema, R.A., in the possession of Sir Henry Thompson, by kind permission of Messrs. Pilgeram and Lefevre.)





its aims, there is one emotion—that of delight—which is never absent from his work, and its presence is attributable entirely to his light and colour. It is not too much to say that no other colourist has ever produced such a sense of joy. The Venetians' colour was otherwise expressive, so was that of Rubens and the Flemish school, so is that of the modern French masters; joy is not their aim; but we cannot believe otherwise of the subject of this sketch than that he holds delight of heart in view as the object of his work. A list of his pictures is not dry reading, for it recalls touch after touch of light, colour, and pleasure which all who love such things would not willingly forget. The following are his principal works known in England:—"How they amused themselves in Egypt 3,000 Years Ago," 1863; "Egyptian Game," 1865; "The Soldier of Marathon," 1865; "A Roman Dance," 1866; "Tarquinius Superbus," 1867, which we engrave; "Phidias and the Elgin Marbles," 1868; "Flower Market," 1868; "A Negro," 1869; "The Vintage," 1870; "A Roman Emperor," 1871; "The Mummy (Roman period)," 1872; "The Siesta," 1873; "Joseph, Overseer of Pharaoh's Granaries," 1874, a very curious realistic picture, as unlike the conventional treatment of Biblical subjects as it was probably like the real scene; "On the Steps of the Capitol," 1874; "The Sculpture Gallery," 1875, in which the painting

of marble, in a quiet subdued effect, without accentuated lights or shadows, is a triumph of science; "The Painter's Studio," 1875, where the interior of the room shows exquisite mellow yellows with cool passages, while through a little window appears one of those glimpses of unrivalled blue sky of which we have already spoken; "An Audience at Agrippa's," 1876, containing a memorable pavement and tiger skin, besides exquisite colour in the draperies; "Cleopatra," 1876, in which the artist has given an Egyptian type to the daughter of the Ptolemies, the modelling and painting of the flesh and the painting of a black pearl that hangs in the queen's ear being astonishingly fine; the lovely series of "The Seasons," 1877, three of which—the Spring, the Summer, and the Winter—seem to surpass each other in beauty and significance of distinctive colour; "Between Hope and Fear," 1877; "A Sculptor's Model (Venus Esquilina)," 1878; "A Love Missile," 1878; "The Bridge," "The Pomona Festival," "In the Time of Constantine," and "A Hearty Welcome," one of the most masterly works from the artist's brush, all of this year. We are compelled to leave out of consideration those equally beautiful and refined works which Mr. Alma-Tadema has contributed to the gallery of the Water-Colour Society, of which he has for many years been a member.

WILFRID MEYNELL.

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## FORTUNES LOST AND WON OVER WORKS OF ART.

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It may be true, as has sometimes been asserted, that the successful painter makes a larger income than can be earned by equal efforts in any other profession; nevertheless the artist, of all workers with body or brain, is perhaps the least mercenary in the motives of his toil. His labour is the labour of love; the exercise of his art is the delight of his life. Not less surely than the poet "sings because he must," and speaks "in numbers, for the numbers come," the painter paints because it is his passion, and because his mental conceptions

and the beauties he sees around him would be a burden to him unless he put them on his canvas. What the public pays for the result of his toil is nothing in one sense, though much, of course, in another; for, whether he be bankrupt like Rembrandt, and unable to pay his wife's debts like Andrea del Sarto, or whether he can build red-brick mansions in which every room is a dream of beauty like a score of our living artists, still he exists equally and only for his art, and measures his happiness by the height of the place in his profession to which he attains. To him, if he be worthy of his name, his art

is, as a great German poet has expressed it, a goddess fair, not a mere cow, valued only for the milk it yields. Come riches or come poverty, he espouses her service. Perhaps he is happiest if he attain of this world's goods the golden mean; for, as a rule, there is less work done in the studio of luxury than in that of penury; and it often happens that the hope of fame is not sufficient to lead a man on to heroic effort, unless he have also the practical necessities of life to goad him on.

An artist at the outset of his career always feels a difficulty, and has days of hesitation when he comes to put a price on his picture. It is worth what it will fetch, and what it will fetch is entirely problematical. Two pictures may hang together at an exhibition, over each of which the same amount of time has been expended and the same amount of money—let us say £100 for canvas, paints, studio-rent, models, and frame; yet one may fetch in the market £3,000 and the other only £30. And more startling still, the profitable work, which perhaps owed its popularity to some passing interest of subject, or went at a high price because it was painted by a great Academician who was, nevertheless, a very small painter, may in the course of years fall in value till it fetches only £30, while the work which went at so modest a sum, because the painter was then young and unknown, may rise in value at an equal inverse rate. And this is why there can be introduced into picture-buying a speculative element which sometimes lands the unwary buyer in a loss and the lucky buyer in a gain, and which reminds one rather of a lottery than of a sober purchase regulated strictly by the law of supply and demand.

Considerably less than a century has elapsed since Horace Walpole said that Sir Joshua Reynolds in his old age had become avaricious, because he asked 1,000 guineas for the picture of the three Ladies Waldegrave! Formerly his prices had been lower—only 200 guineas for a whole-length portrait, 100 for a half-length, and seventy for a “kit-cat.” It is needless to say that no one would part with the portraits for such a figure now. In 1774, for instance, Lord Carysfort gave Sir Joshua fifty guineas for the “Strawberry Girl,” which

Lord Hertford paid £2,205 for at Samuel Rogers' sale in 1856. The great name of Gainsborough reminds us of a still more conspicuous instance of the same kind. The celebrated “Duchess of Devonshire” (we need not for our present purpose enter into the controversy as to whether it was really his) was bought by Wynn Ellis for £65, and was re-sold, as every one knows, to Messrs. Agnew for 10,000 guineas. After this extraordinary illustration of the fortune found in a work of art, which was worth nearly as many pounds as it was originally sold for pennies, others less startling seem to lose something of their point. Yet it ought not to go unmentioned here that Greuze's famous “Broken Pitcher,” which must now be worth several thousands of pounds, was painted by the artist (who, by the way, died in poverty) for something like £150—the sum it realised at the Marquis de Verri's sale in 1785; and that the “Chess Players,” which Müller sold for seventy-five guineas in 1843 (and did not think his labour of only two days ill-required), fetched, thirty years later, £4,153. Over the water-colour drawings of David Cox, even those, perhaps, which were rejected from the Academy, comparative fortunes have been lightly won. When Mr. Vokins gave him £50 for “The Hayfield” in 1850, the great artist was so pleased with what he thought a liberal price that he insisted on presenting a second drawing to the purchaser, little dreaming that, at Mr. Quilter's sale in 1875, there would be a spirited contest as to who should take it—as Mr. Agnew did in the event—for £2,950. The profit was not in this case, nor is it in many others, made by the first purchaser; for Mr. Vokins sold “The Hayfield” with two other sketches by David Cox for 110 guineas to Mr. Cumming, who re-sold them to Mr. Quilter for 1,250 guineas, and the total sum realised by the three at his sale was no less than £6,047 10s. Of Turner's water-colours the same story could be told; and should the “Vesuvius Calm” and the “Vesuvius Angry,” for each of which Turner got fifteen guineas, and which Mr. Ruskin secured some time ago for 550 guineas, ever come into the market, it will be curious to note how enormously their value has been increased.



Coming nearer to our own day, Sir Edwin Landseer painted "Titania and Bottom" for £450; but when it was re-sold it realised for the family of its purchaser, Isambard Brunel, more than six times that sum. And, to take the case of another artist, Henry Dawson, who died only a few months ago, it has already been noted in this magazine that his "Wooden Walls of England," which was sold for £75 in 1853, was re-sold at Christie and Manson's in 1876 for £1,400; and that his "Waiting for the Tide," which was painted for £75, subsequently realised more than that amount by a clear thousand. Nor need we go into the tombs to prove that the discerning buyer of really meritorious work by a hand still comparatively unknown may make a golden bargain. Our living artists afford numberless examples. Samuel Carter Hall holds among his reminiscences the memory of a commission he gave in 1840 to six young artists for fancy portraits—among the six were Frith and Elmore—and the little canvases they then parted with for ten guineas apiece are, according to Mr. Hall, worth, all together, 400 guineas now. About twenty-five years ago Mr. Millais painted, for £400, "The Order of Release," which was lately sold for a little over seven times that sum. "The Roll Call" was a commission for £100; and only a year before it took the town by storm, its painter had sent another canvas to Burlington House, entered in the catalogue under the name of "Missing," and in the price-list at a similar sum; but it was skied in a back room, and an offer of £80 which was made for it Miss Thompson did not refuse. That £80 had risen to £2,000 when last we saw the work for sale. Nor will the 1879 Exhibition at Burlington House fail to afford similar illustrations. The portrait of Mr. Gladstone by Mr. Millais may already be taken as a case in point. It was painted, we believe, for £1,000; the dealer who gave the commission re-selling it to the Duke of Westminster for 1,200 guineas, but retaining the copyright, which, in the case of so noble and memorable a work, must be worth some thousands of pounds. So that if the picture had still been in the hands of the artist, there is

little doubt but that he could sell it for at least four times the sum it actually brought to him. Like all the greatest efforts of genius, however, it was spontaneous and unstudied. The artist was unconscious of having excelled himself until the public told him he had done so; and by that time the canvas had passed out of his possession. Also, among the works of young painters, the Millais and the Leightons of the future, there are many—skied, perhaps, or placed in dark corners this year—that will some day see the light, and realise comparatively large prices. Of course, it would be invidious to mention names; but, speaking generally, one may say that an excellent monetary investment may be made by persons of judgment and taste in the young work at the Academy year by year. On the Continent many similar circumstances may be met with in the records of contemporary art. "A few years ago, when at Seville," says a distinguished connoisseur, "I could have purchased a very spirited sketch in oil by Fortuny—it represented some muleteers drinking in a *posada*, I think—for twenty duros, or £4 sterling; but there was a microscopic sketch by the same master at the Paris Exhibition for which the owner disdainfully refused 25,000 francs."

Hitherto we have spoken only of what may be called the premeditated buying and selling of pictures; but there are also chance sales, over which money has often been accidentally made. Not long ago a case of the kind was recorded. A working man in a London street was carelessly carrying a little picture under his arm, and a passer-by, who caught sight of it and liked it, asked its price, and readily obtained it for five shillings. It turned out to be a Teniers, and was subsequently sold for £165. Then there are the accidents of the sale-room, by which, as Burne Jones recently said, a Titian "worth many thousands to him" might go for £40. Happy accidents, indeed! by one of which Lord Elcho, we believe, actually came into possession of an excellent Titian for about £25. But, talking of Titian, we may safely say that, for every genuine work of his which has been disposed of at a trifle, ten spurious ones have been sold

for sums far in excess of their value. And this brings us to the other side of the question.

For another side of the question there certainly is. There is hardly a large town that does not afford some melancholy instance of a rich man nearly or quite ruining himself by the purchase of manufactured "Old Masters," which, when they come to be converted into money again, at a time of commercial depression perhaps, turn out to be worth something less than the canvas they are painted on. Almost every nobleman's collection which comes into the market contains specimens of spurious art, such, for instance, as that so-called Titian for which the Duke of Buckingham originally gave £1,000, and which, at the Novar collection sale in 1878, fetched only a twentieth of that sum. The National Gallery itself has not wholly escaped the dangerous pitfalls which await the unwary, and sometimes even the wary, purchaser of works of art; for it possesses the "Christ in the Garden" which Mr. Angerstein bought as a Correggio, paying several thousands for it if we remember right, Sir Thomas Lawrence having staked his reputation on its genuineness; whereas it turned out that the original work was all the while in the Duke of Wellington's collection at Apsley House, and that the picture at the National Gallery was only a copy. As an instance of the depreciation in the value of works which have a contemporary sale, less on account of their merits than because they are executed by a widely known or officially recognised artist, we may mention that an "Annunciation," for which Benjamin West, P.R.A., received £800 in 1817, was sold, not without difficulty, in 1840 for ten guineas. And there are similar instances of a later date which now and here it would be invidious to name.

It is well, perhaps, that the hope of gain which any buyer of pictures may cherish should be counteracted by a corresponding chance of loss; for we would not wish to see the spirit

of commerce invading with anything like system the realm of art. The painter must paint what he feels the most sincerely—what, in fact, "lies nearest" to him, whether or no it will be the most successful in its pecuniary results; and the buyer ought to buy the canvas which touches him most intimately and teaches him most truly, whether or no he can make an honest penny by its sale. The mission of the true artist is not to accumulate money, but, as the Bishop of Peterborough put it at the last banquet of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, to make the lives of all of us "pleasanter, happier, more gracious, more refined." Nor could the picture-purchaser have a better example as to the spirit which ought to animate his choice than that afforded by the eloquent prelate himself. "Allow me," he said on the occasion to which we have already alluded, "to speak of my own personal enjoyment of a work of art. It is some years since I carried off from the walls of the Academy in a moment of impulsive self-gratification—for which I received a domestic rebuke—what seemed to me a very charming little painting. It was by an artist of no great repute. It was but a few trees and a glimpse of a stream and a bit of sunset, taken on the banks of the Thames; but it had an air to me of exquisite repose and peace and rest. And I assure you that sometimes when I am wearied with work, vexed, perhaps, by a correspondence with some clergyman who is not blessed with a sense of implicit obedience to his bishop, I come out and look at this picture, which seems to me to mirror the stream of life as it draws peacefully towards its evening. There is something in it that rests and suits me, and, if you will believe me, at that moment a curate might play with me with safety." Such a picture, and so appreciated, is, in truth, invaluable—a fortune far greater than can be expressed in terms of pounds, shillings, and pence.

JOHN OLDCASTLE.





## AN ARTIST'S TRIP TO THE BAHAMAS.



FORT FINCASTLE, NASSAU.

although the Bahamas form part of his empire—has no such refuge within such easy reach; nevertheless, so delightful is the place, that a winter there is worth a voyage into the New World in this day of Cunard steamers—safe, swift, and well-appointed. Especially is it to be recommended to artists, for in no other part of the world are the beauties of quasi-tropical nature and climate within such easy reach; and the painter who has never seen the colours of the South has a world to learn and enjoy. Every one who determines to try the Bahamas will, I take it for granted, be tempted to spend a few days in the pleasant city of New York. The interest of landing on a new continent, bright, sunny, and foreign-looking, with its eager, wide-awake people, must infallibly detain the traveller. With the voyage down the coast of the United

States come the pleasures and wonders of southern nature. The peculiarly warm air that accompanies the Gulf Stream brings with it a sense of English June in the Transatlantic November. The flying fish and porpoises are a constant amusement and interest as they play within sight of the steamer. Near New Providence, wonderful effects of colour surprise and delight the eye by their brilliancy and novelty; curious, for instance, is the combination of an azure sky with the most delicately tinted green water, while the colourless sand far below looks so near that it seems easy to stretch down a hand and take up one of the tiny fish skimming across the clear depths of the ocean. The voyager can hardly realise that he is not floating in a shallow stream.



NASSAU HARBOUR.

Bewildering—deafening—incessant, is the noise by which the negroes, congregated in large numbers at the wharf, hail the arrival of the steamer at Nassau, the capital of New Providence in the Bahamas. They all talk at once, and the contrast between their dusky complexions and white glistening teeth, generally perfect in shape and colour, is something uncommon and picturesque. It is scarcely necessary to say that since the era of emancipation, to talk and not to work is the rule of life which the negro has made for himself; but where existence is so easily sustained, where idleness is so full of pleasure, and where there are no ambitions or cravings, it is rather hopeless to expect or demand from the African the energetic activity of the dissatisfied Anglo-Saxon. After this digression, I will suppose the traveller landed on the shores of Nassau, the little town which is spoken of with much respect by the "Out Islanders" as the "*City*." Hog Island is a long, narrow piece of land about a mile away, and the harbour is indebted for its safety to this natural breakwater, on the other side of which the waves dash with great violence and throw their spray into the air, giving the effect of a fountain in full play. No more fairy-like sight can be imagined than that of a spray fountain, east up at times thirty or forty feet, and glittering like little snowflakes in the sunshine.

The first morning at Nassau brings the delightful surprise of a breakfast of fruit—pine-apples, grapes, and water-melons; after which the warm weather and the comfortable rooms of the Royal Victoria Hotel invite to the indulgence of a siesta. The pleasure of a walk of exploration will probably follow, in the course of which the new-comer will feel a sincere mystification as to the month of the year in which he has lighted on Nassau; he will wonder also in what distant period he was familiar with snow and east wind. He will be much surprised at the absence of chimneys; and the extreme whiteness of the houses is at first rather trying to the eyesight. Oleander-trees in full bloom, roses and other sweet flowers grow in wild, uncultivated profusion. The thermometer generally marks 74 degrees Fahrenheit, and varies very little during the winter

months. A thin layer of soil is enough for nature to work marvels upon in this land of surprises. Large trees appear to grow out of rocks, and at some distance from the town a beautiful specimen of one of the wonderful banyan trees is to be seen. No traveller should quit Nassau without visiting it. The big trunks in the middle and tiny ones of varied sizes shooting from the branches above form natural arbours of the greatest beauty. One of the most extraordinary productions of nature is the "life plant." It grows low on the ground, and if a leaf or two be gathered and fastened on the wall of a room, without water and without soil, tiny shoots will spring from the parent leaf, and in time the marvellous little plant will multiply itself and spread until all the walls will be lined with it, as by a thick velvety green paper. The creepers cannot be surpassed for variety and beauty. Nothing is easier than the floral decoration of a dinner-table or a ball-room in the Bahamas, and this in spite of the entire absence of gardens, as we understand the word. Every flower that blooms in England is to be found side by side with the blossoms of a sub-tropical vegetation.

After feasting his eyes upon the beauties of the southern flora, the traveller will probably bestow his attention on the calm and glittering waters of the southern sea. A sail from the harbour of Nassau may be safely undertaken under the auspices of a local celebrity—an intelligent and obliging coloured man, who goes by the name of Captain Sampson. He thoroughly understands the management of his boat, and navigation among these islands and coral-reefs (there are about five hundred of them) is no easy matter. Down in the clear water grow and float the wonders of the deep, dark sky-blue fishes, orange-coloured fishes, coral, submarine plants, sea fans, all at a distance of sixty feet or perhaps more.

Fort Montague will probably be one of the points of the first sail, as it is one of the show-places of Nassau. It is about two miles distant from the town. In the blockade time, when Nassau was in the zenith of its prosperity, and people made so much money they scarcely knew how to spend it, Fort Montague used of



an afternoon to be crowded with fashionable equipages; dinner-parties and balls were of daily occurrence; but the place passed through an unhealthy phase of fictitious excitement and speculation, only to lapse immediately afterwards into great depression and want of enterprise.

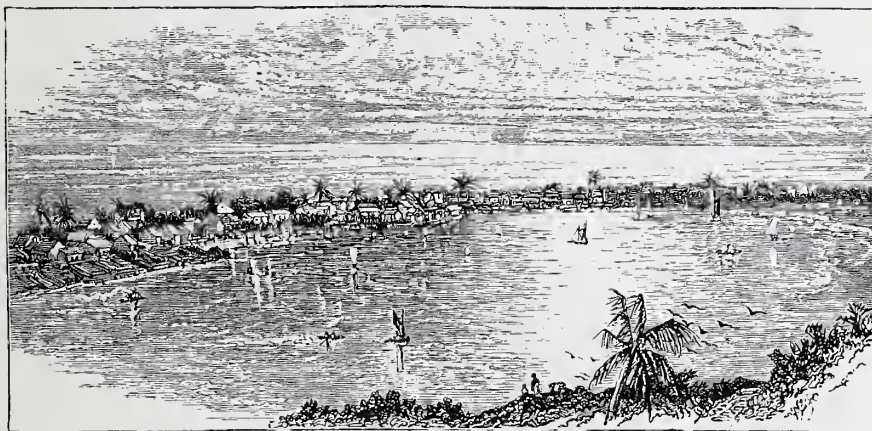
To return to Fort Montague as it is *now*. The visitor will be surprised to see several little green edifices on wheels, which, I regret to say, will remind him of Margate or Brighton; these are bathing-machines which have been constructed on a plan similar to the English by a clever Nassau carpenter, who can make anything with a pattern. An

with them a substantial supply of good things, so that an impromptu *déjeuner à la fourchette* may be instituted and partaken of on the sand after the bathing is over.

Most memorable is the return from a sail when the sun is declining. The wonderful effect produced by a gorgeous Bahamian sunset I fear it is beyond my power to describe, so varied are the delicate tints and so short is the time in which it can be enjoyed, for the great ball of fire has disappeared from the gaze almost before its descent can be realised.

“At one stride comes the dark.”

Less delightful is the night at Nassau, except



HOPETOWN HARBOUR, ABACO, FROM THE LIGHTHOUSE.

enterprising gentleman has invested in these machines as a speculation, and with good chance of success, for Fort Montague, with its charming position, and the white sand and clear water which surround it, is well fitted to become a bathing resort.

As I have said, Americans flock to Nassau in the winter, and I cannot help mentioning in this paper what a great acquisition to the society of the place they are, with their national virtues of hospitality, friendliness, and kindness of heart. A bathing picnic in January or February has all the charm of perfect novelty. It is the commonest amusement in the Bahamas, where the water is deliciously clear and invigorating, but warm throughout the winter.

The ladies and children who join in these bathing picnics generally start early, taking

to a sound sleeper, for there is a perpetual concert kept up between Bahamian dogs, cats, and cocks which crow with the striking of every hour. This is not conducive to sleep, but it is surprising how soon custom makes the noise tolerable. In the winter at Nassau it rarely rains; if, therefore, a picnic be planned two or three days before the time, the usual “weather” need never be feared as a marplot.

I should urge the traveller to devote one day to visiting what I consider one of the gems in Bahamian scenery. This is a little island called Salt Cay, the property of the same gentleman who inaugurated the bathing-machines at Fort Montague. It is only accessible (for ladies at least) in tolerably calm weather. The owner has planted it from one end to the other

with cocoa-nut trees, and has built himself a lovely little country-house fitted up with the greatest taste. Many are the pleasant afternoon entertainments he provides for his friends there. He is literally "monarch of all he surveys," for with the exception of a "shanty" he has built for his labourers, there is no other habitation on this little isle. And more welcome than any other tourist is the artist, Mr. Bierstadt, the well-known American painter, has discovered the love-

And then begins one of the most wonderful experiences to be related in after-times in quiet England when dark days will be lightened by leisurely memories of the "summer world." Moonlight at Nassau is different from moonlight in England. It is so brilliant there that print can easily be read by it. Add to this the phosphorescent light on the lucid green water and the brightness of innumerable stars. Although the Bahamas lie outside the tropics and in the northern hemisphere, the southern



SILK-COTTON-TREE, NASSAU.

liness of Salt Cay, on behalf of the world of art.

On one side of this island the mighty waves of the Atlantic rage and foam, almost bewildering a spectator with their impetuosity and majestic beauty; on the other side lies a smooth silvery lake, and on its placid surface wild duck and other sea birds enjoy life in safety. The sky is azure-blue, and the waves are a delicate apple-green. The visitor who may happen to be personally acquainted with the hospitable owner of this island will, I can answer for it, leave with mind and body both seasonably refreshed. As the sun sets the boatmen give warning that it is time to think of returning.

constellations appear at times over the rim of the horizon. Fortunate is the traveller who there catches a glimpse—a never-to-be-forgotten glimpse—of the southern cross. Should the wind be favourable the little boat glides rapidly through the "Narrows" to the monotonous song of the dusky boatmen. These are exquisite moments which the mind would willingly prolong indefinitely.

"How sweet it were . . .  
With half-shut eyes ever to seem  
Falling asleep in a half-dream."

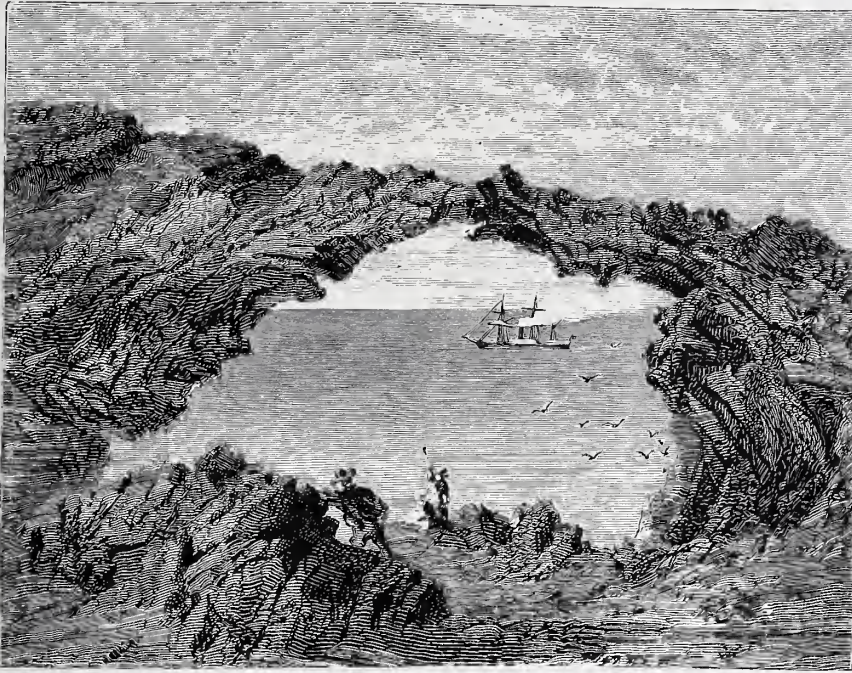
Government House is a most agreeable country residence, having doors and windows everywhere, and good reception-rooms. The



present governor commenced his duties at Nassau in 1875, and has entirely devoted himself to the interests of its very mixed population. The island has passed through many reverses, but under Governor Robinson's successful management it is rapidly regaining prosperity. No one could have more at heart than his Excellency the development of agriculture and popular education. In 1866 the island was devastated by a hurricane. Most of the inhabitants were ruined. The good

and this gives a feeling of safety to invalids obliged to leave their native land. The drainage is particularly good, and the water sweet and wholesome. In the rainy season rain-water is collected in large tanks to supply the wants of the inhabitants during the winter.

During my stay at the Bahamas I made so many pleasant friends that I cannot help hoping any one who proposes to visit Nassau may be fortunate enough to know some of



THE "GLASS WINDOW," AS SEEN FROM HARBOUR ISLAND.

Bishop Venables gave up the whole of his yearly income to repair the loss. The colony was then bankrupt, for the expenditure amounted to £50,000, and the income only reached £40,000. Since that year, however, there has been a happy change for the better.

During the winter months, green peas, French beans, potatoes, onions, lettuce, beetroot, and tomatoes grow to perfection. Many of these vegetables are exported to America, with which country there is a gradually increasing trade in comestibles of the kind.

It is rare to find so many experienced medical men away from England as at Nassau,

the residents, as he would meet with much kind hospitality from his countrymen and countrywomen there. The Saturday afternoon water picnics are amongst my pleasant recollections.

I will end by repeating my advice to the reader. Go to the Bahamas if you can, but go between November and April. From May to September the climate is one carefully to be avoided; and as I wish all travellers to find Nassau the delightful place that it was to me, I will content myself with a winter description, and preserve a discreet silence upon Nassau in the summer.

R. J.

## TREASURE-HOUSES OF ART.—II.



ALTHOUGH the decoration of Mr. Alfred Morrison's house is, as we pointed out in a previous article, circumscribed in character, the fine art works exhibit diversity of styles in design, combined, however, with a precision of workmanship. This is particularly the case as regards the numerous works the designs of which are of an Oriental description. Our expression "precision of workmanship" requires, perhaps, a fuller explanation than that which our readers may possibly be inclined to give to it. This precision of workmanship may be more correctly termed an exorciation of workmanship; and yet "exorciation" may convey to some minds an impression of fulness in display of ornamental detail. The terms "precision" and "exorciation" we apply, in the first place, in respect of the quality of handiwork involved in producing the various objects, whether they be metal works, glass works, pottery, pictures, or wood-work. The greater portion of the works are of modern date. Conspicuously in Mr. Morrison's collection are a number of metal works by Zuloaga, of Madrid. This handiworkman adopts various styles of design, but inclines principally to the Moresque. His smaller works, such as ink-stands, boxes, trays, and so forth, are executed sometimes in a classical style; the great care bestowed in the finish of workmanship, especially in the case of his damascened works—gold and silver forms let into dark toned steel—gives them a distinctive character. Neither in England nor France—indeed, in no other country save Spain do we know of metal works which could be mistaken for Zuloaga's. His works stand by themselves, and the labour and patience bestowed in their execution take

one into an era of art when the fine art-work producer devoted himself solely to the cause of his *métier*, apart from the commercial considerations of time, trouble, and expense. Of another style, but of the same degree of fine handiwork, are Zuloaga's caskets and chests. These are chiefly of an Italian renaissance style of design. Floral arabesques, with delicate stems intertwining amongst cupids, escutcheons, and such-like devices, are wrought in *repoussé* work upon gold ground. The largest of such works is a cassone, which occupies a central position in the opalescent drawing-room at Carlton House Terrace. In producing this extraordinary chest—extraordinary on account of its size, some five feet long by three high—Zuloaga has put forth a combination of his many methods of work in damascening, beating, and chiselling metal. To our thinking, however, his smaller casket is a better achievement from the pleasure-giving point of view. On seeing the cassone, one is amazed at this marvel of modern workmanship, and the utilitarianism of the time urges one to puzzle oneself as to the use of such a work. Undoubtedly it is a triumph of skilled workmanship. The ornament is elegant and delicate, but has no symbolism. It consists of a graceful flow and growth of leaves, and dolphins and griffins. The cassone asserts itself as a chest, and this being so, we are forced to consider whether it can be useful. The lid is ponderous, and cannot be easily lifted by one person; the sharply defined mouldings project with a certain amount of stateliness, but could inflict a severe punishment on any one who by accident came into contact with them. Undoubtedly this important piece of fine art metal-work is primarily to be gazed at—to use it would entail much trouble on the user. The sixteenth century wooden marriage chests of the Italians were more usable, and recalling them to mind impresses us with the superiority of wood over iron or steel as a material for such articles of furniture. However, Señor Zuloaga is a metal-worker, and not a wood-carver. As a king of



his art—he may have a right to depart from conventional ideas on the appropriate uses of materials, if only to show to the world that, however beautifully a piece of furniture may be embellished, its *raison d'être* and legitimate

character assert themselves.

It may sound ungracious in us to

suggest that any of Señor Zuloaga's

works, evidently intended for useful

purposes, are failures in respect

of utility. They are of such fine

and delicate workmanship that

the use of them would endanger

them. The surfaces of the damascened

work would become scratched, and the

*repoussé* work become rubbed, and,

without constant watching, perhaps

rusty and indented. As extraordinary

feats of working in metal, these objects

find a fitting home in the house

of a modern Mæcenas, who places

no limitations upon the art workmen

he employs

to do their best. As we have before

hinted, the jewel casket is perhaps one

of Zuloaga's most satisfactory productions.

It is sumptuous with its beaten steel

ornamentation, in a Giulio-Romano

style of scroll work, on a granulated

dull gold ground. To attempt to

balance the qualities of design and

workmanship of Zuloaga's works, and

of similar Italian cinque-

cento work, would lead us into a

lengthy statement. All who are

acquainted with the last-named

kinds of work will possibly be

ready to admit that there is in

them a freedom of execution and

a quality of design which, while

placing them as examples to

Zuloaga, do not bring them into

competition with his productions.

There is room in the world for

each, and each teaches its own

lessons.

We give an engraving (Fig. 1)

of one of a pair of tripod stands

surmounted by small vases. These

stands are about five feet high,

and are executed in dark blue

highly-polished steel, ornamented

in silver with inlaid honey-suckles

and other Greek ornamental

forms. In a measure they remind

one of the period of Etruscan

bronze inlaid tripods, but the

precision of the workmanship is

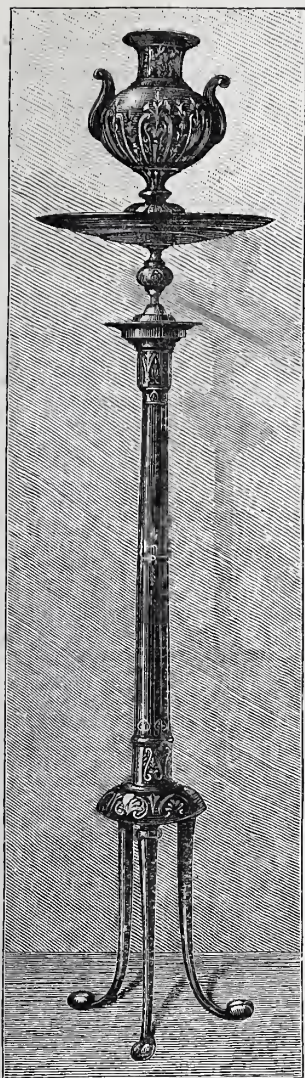


Fig. 1.—STEEL TRIPOD, INLAID WITH SILVER, BY ZULOAGA.

of a pair of golden Moorish amphora-shaped vases, some three feet in height, by Zuloaga. Those specimens of his latest feat in metal work are now in Mr. Morrison's dining-room. On entering the house, one is impressed by the sight of a pair of gold and dark steel vases, placed on a hall table, which are damascened and engraved in the sumptuous, elaborate Moresque manner for which Zuloaga's work is notable. We have engraved a salver, between four and five feet long, done in this manner (Fig. 3). Our illustration can, however, be accepted merely as a gentle suggestion of the actual work itself. Still, the engraving shows indications of an elaboration of workmanship which, when carried out on the undulating surfaces of large vases, is all the more surprising. In the dining-room is a second pair of elegantly proportioned vases, which, if possible, outvie those already mentioned in the hall. The extraordinary fineness of golden threads or hairs, and ingeniously engraved golden Arabic forms let into a bed of blackened iron, reveals itself the longer one examines these vases, and an examination, from which one may derive an approximate idea of the dexterity of the workmanship employed, must be made with the aid



of a magnifying-glass. These are the vases from the Paris Exhibition, which we have already mentioned. It is easy to expatiate upon the marvellous skill involved in these modern Spanish metal works, but we fear that no description can convey an adequate idea of the skill of the handiwork displayed. Our remarks, however, may serve to awaken in people a desire to become acquainted with these masterpieces of modern fine art handiwork.

Of other modern metal works of an ex-

ceptional character, Mr. Morrison possesses some by a well-known French enameller—Lepee—who has striven to make something original. A startling work by him—startling in its unlikeness from what we might expect of him—is a tall, black, ebony clock, about nine feet high, ornamented in a Franco-Moorish manner with brass-work, steel-work, and red stained ivory. The lines of the constructive features are purely Oriental. They curve and twist about, and seem in a way to be related to those of the conventional Egyptian lotus flower. The dial is ornamentally lettered instead of numbered, and forms the flower or surmounting development of this fanci-

ful construction, so that at first glance one scarcely knows it to be the face of a clock. This curious piece of furniture stands on the corridor outside the drawing-rooms, and the like of it is to be seen nowhere else. By the same handiworkman—Lepee—is a pair of ormolu pilgrim bottles, about three feet high, rich with an Oriental profusion of conventional flowers done in opaque and translucent red, blue, and green enamels applied to the surface. Here again, in the effort to be

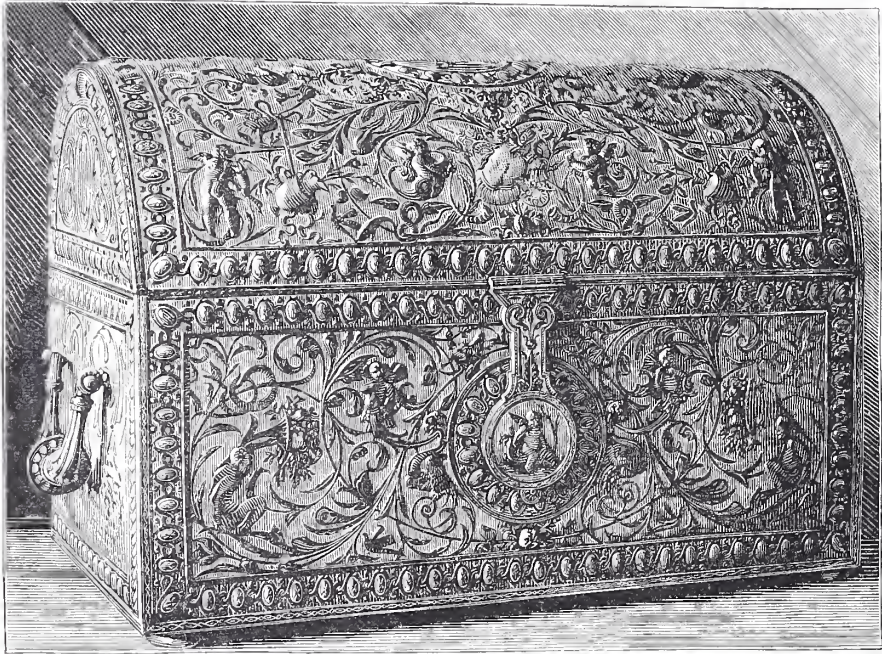


Fig. 2.—COFFER OF STEEL REPOUSSÉ WORK ON A GOLD GROUND, BY ZULOAGA.

original, subservience of decoration to construction or utility would appear to have been set aside by the producer. On reflection, this disregard of utility is an element in these *articles de luxe*. It occurs to one that they must solely be regarded as precious and costly works of modern art. The fashion to esteem and collect what is hallowed by time in preference to what is hallowed by handiwork leaves the field clear for any one who appreciates dexterity of existing workmanship for its own sake. Of the making of beautiful objects—not trade productions—who are the patrons and encouragers?

There are other brilliant works by M. Lepee,



such as a golden oblong casket decorated in an Indian style, the details of ornament radiating from centres in fan-like groups, done in rich translucent enamels of red, blue, and green. This casket is in the dining-room; but after all it is but a comparatively small item in the blaze of gorgeousness which pervades the room. Other specimens of enamel work, but of a different class of enamel, are

covers of the Gospels in the sacristy of St. Mark's, at Venice.

In the golden-green library we have a quantity of delightful works to look at, such as Japanese lacquer works, Chinese vases, rich embroideries, miniatures, modern Venetian revivals of classical glass, and many other objects of great value. Some curious silver utensils come from New York, where a clever gold

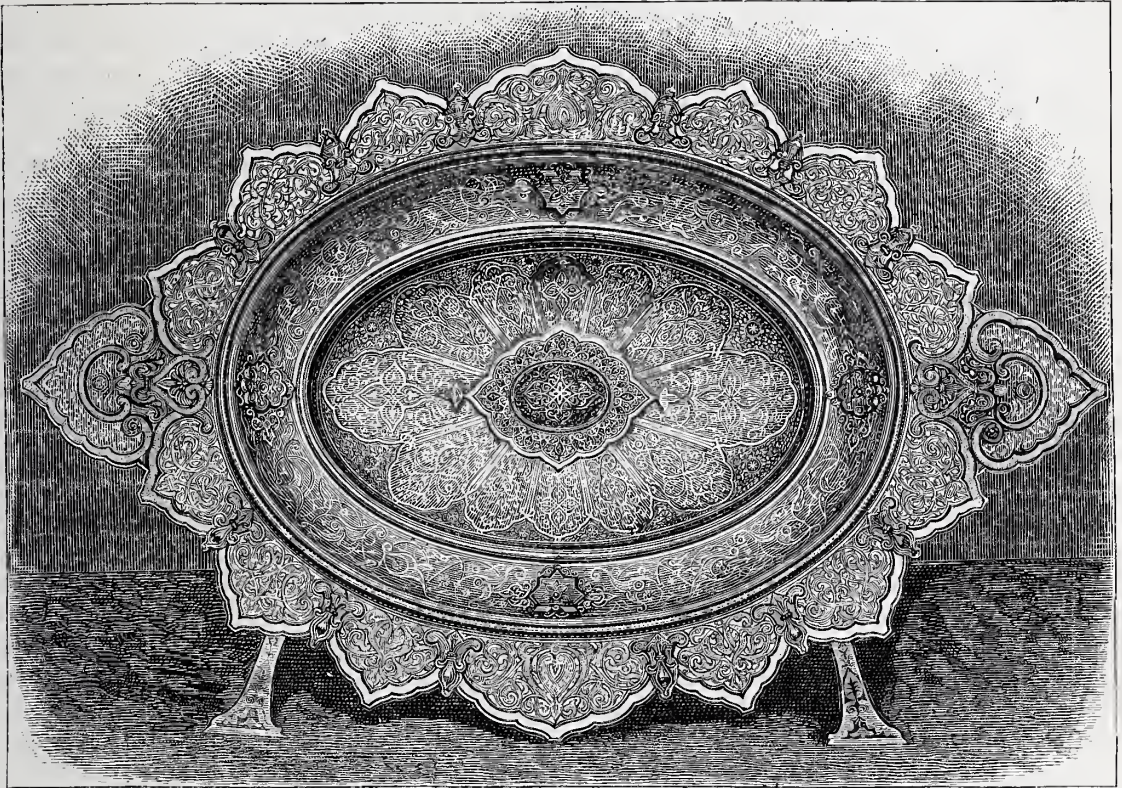


Fig. 3.—DAMASCENED AND CHASED SALVER, BY ZULOAGA.

some ancient Japanese and modern Russian enamels. These latter are of a very finished workmanship. The objects consist of a flask and appurtenances for liqueur-drinkers. They are lightly wrought in reddish-gold, enriched with surface-enamelled modern Byzantine or Russo-Greek forms, in reds, blues, greens, orange, white, outlined with a small beaded thin thread. For fine workmanship and brilliancy of colour these modern works would hold their own in the presence even of such extraordinary rich and delicate work as the enamelled St. Michaels, which blaze on the golden book-

and silver smith competes with the Japanese. We allude to Mr. Tiffany, who last year exhibited in Paris remarkable specimens of silver-work, such as tea-kettles, milk-jugs, &c., tinted with a grey cloudy tone. Other decorative effects on the surfaces of his metal works—little ewers and pitchers of silver—Mr. Tiffany obtains by means of orange-coloured and black tints. His niello work is also remarkable for the delicacy of the design and minuteness of work. Mr. Morrison possesses specimens of all these classes of works produced by Mr. Tiffany. Amongst other gems of manufacture,



Mr. Morrison has collected some drawerfuls of the smallest, most cunning, and most rare of dainty metal and lacquer works by Japanese artists, the equal to which we do not remember to have seen in any public museum. In the South Kensington Museum there is a considerable gathering of Japanese artistic objects, but there are, we fancy, no minute works such as Mr. Morrison's niello-boxes, and gold and silver incrustations worked into landscapes, which adorn a black metal surface of about a square inch. Mr. Morrison's collection includes what to us seems like final fairy-like freaks of the dextest and most practised metal workers. These rarities, and valuable gauges of art workmanship, are not unfrequently referred to, and brought into the presence of the works of American and European jewellers and metal workers, as measures or tests of the skill displayed in these last-named works.

We must not omit to mention some admirable examples of French enamelled glass, done in patterns of Oriental character, by M. Brocard, of Paris. These are elegant, delicate objects, and are precisely the reverse of those fusions and blendings of colours, in the accidentally pleasing effects of which the Romans and Venetians so much delighted. M. Brocard's work is evidently inspired by Arabic enamelled glass of the sixteenth century. In the *embarras de choix* in which we find ourselves—a situation made all the more pressing by the limits of this notice—we scarce know what object we shall next select for brief description, whether it should be the rococo Boule desk in the blue and silver boudoir—one of the largest, if not the largest, specimen of tortoiseshell, silver, and brass inlay we have seen—or the marvel of cabinet work, by Messrs. Jackson and Graham, in the opalescent drawing-room.

Perhaps a work which will be least familiar to our readers is a circular oil painting by Dadd, a man who seemed to defy all principles of composition, proportion in drawing the figure, accuracy based upon a study of nature, perspective, and, in fact, well-known principles laid down by the great masters. Dadd, according to the example of his work—one of many in Mr.

Morrison's possession—has painted unhealthy nightmares of grey, ghostly hues, with a dexterity of finish which might have delighted a Van Eyck, and with a wildness of conception of which a Blake might have been envious. Elves, fairies, goblins, bits of architecture, clusters of jewels, pale grey and green fleshy foliage, drops of rain, an Oriental prince crowned with a Burmese crown, toads, frogs, sprays of unclassifiable flowers, a Bacchanalian procession, are in the work before us all grouped together more or less like the confused details of a "scrap" screen, but as far removed from such work, in point of artistic interest and value, as a painting is from a lithograph. This eccentric painter, who in the first half of the present century illustrated many books, has contrived ingeniously to blend his forms together so that there is a pleasing composition of lines; the ideas, however, with which the composition of lines is inevitably associated are unquestionably weird, if not hideous and inexplicable. The latter days of Richard Dadd have a tragical interest. Considering the merits of his genius, it is somewhat surprising to find his name omitted in recent standard dictionaries of English painters. He appears to have had a Catholic admiration for works by various painters, and to have been delighted as much by a Titian and Tintoret as by a Guido.

We can now do no more than mention the large vases (probably of the finest quality of the Kien-long period of manufacture), covered with enamels of exquisite tones of colour, purple-pink, pale-canary colour, soft turquoise—a kind of marine cerulean effect. Very slightly embedded into these backgrounds of delicate sweet colour lie convolutions of floral ornament, and chrysanthemums, insects, butterflies, &c. Throughout the lower rooms these vases are distributed. Made for the Emperor Kien-long, they are of a period when Chinese ceramists appear to have attained to perfection in producing gorgeous subtleties of coloured enamels on porcelain. And whilst we have in our mind's eye these glories of polychromy, we may pass on and refer to an extraordinarily fine Persian carpet of the sixteenth century, the weaving of which is as close and precise as that of the most refined Jacquard production



of the present day. The rich red and sombre colouring of this carpet or rug has a distinctive hue, a softness, and glow, which seem to defy repetition. To touch the texture gives an impression of some extraordinary close, delicately soft, short-cut fur. Mr. Morrison recently purchased this precious textile fabric from the treasury of the Sultan. Of a different character is a hanging or rug, but too delicate to be trodden on, by Haas, of Vienna, wrought, after an Oriental design, with chenille forms of blue and green and yellow on gold and silver cloth. This specimen of modern weaving—which one is inclined to regard as a piece of embroidery—with a foundation of unusual stout silken warp and woof, was shown in Paris last year, and is remarkable not only for finish of work and almost inexplicable manufacture, but also for the changing sheen of the various coloured chenilles employed.

Our readers will, perhaps, perceive the difficulties which beset us in our attempt to describe the treasures in Carlton House Terrace, and, as we said above, all kinds of art work in all kinds of materials are represented there. A predominating feature of these works is, as we began by saying, the surprising finish and quality of workmanship, to which ornament of an early Arabic character lends itself appropriately. The more perfectly the curved forms and the enriching details can be rendered, the

greater the success of the workmanship. Oriental ornament of this kind has no soul and life such as that which seem to be infused into a Florentine frieze of cherubs and floral garlands or birds—and, being soul-less and life-less, extraordinary finish of workmanship perhaps enhances its value. In respect of the Florentine cherubs and so forth, in which an essence of beauty is the animation depicted, it can readily be understood that a laborious mechanical finish might be the very means by which that tender life would be extinguished, and one would consequently regret the in-artistic and unfeeling application of such a kind of work.

In conclusion, the finish of workmanship, on which we have laid so much stress, is not to be confounded with mechanism—a quality of necessity devoid of feeling. In almost all the many works to which we have so inadequately referred, the “feeling” of the handicraftsman is to be discovered. It is not so immediately apparent as seems to be the case in less formal and rigidly designed works. Nevertheless, we think that no one would assert that, however mechanical and finished-looking these works may appear at first, there do not subsequently reveal themselves a conscientiousness, a laboriousness, and completeness which are unquestionably elements in the productions of handicrafts of men possessed and animated by an artistic zeal.

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“EPPIE GRANT.”

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WE fulfil in this number our promise of engraving another of the late John Phillip’s splendid sketches of Highland peasant girls. “Eppie Grant” is a companion to the “Sue Stuart” which we published last year; she is by far the less well tamed of the two little maidens; her serious eyes have the *farouche* expression so common and so charming in mountain children, and it is difficult to imagine by what arts, threats, or promises so rebellious a model could have been induced to submit her wild hair, broad brows, and strong yet childish rounded face to the

steady gaze, and still less to the pencil, of a stranger. Though belonging to an early period of his brilliant career, there is nothing of the beginner in the perfect drawing of forms, and in the facile and masculine power of execution in these sketches. In the colour, which cannot be reproduced here, they have that rare combination of richness and coolness which is peculiar to Phillip, and not found elsewhere in the English School, save perhaps in the works of Etty. John Phillip had this quality of genius—that his work was origina- tive; he laid the foundation of excellence



"EPIE GRANT."

(From an Unpublished Sketch by the late John Phillip, R.A.)



to be afterwards, and by others, developed, imitated, and followed out in many directions. One little school was founded on his colour, another on a merit to the full as admirable as his colour—his keen appreciation of character. So far as we remember, no one before him had studied the humours of a foreign race and country with keen and dramatic appreciation. The English peasant had been reproduced *ad nauseam* in English art—a certain violence being done to his undemonstrative nature in order to fit him for interesting pictorial treatment; while in Italy and Spain dwelt that exuberant life which certainly needed no exaggeration to give it expressiveness, vivacity, or colour.

Phillip discovered Spain in this sense; and since his day not only that country, but all lands which are made picturesque by the life of the light-hearted Latin race, have been opened to the watchful and analytical observation of English artists. Not one, however, has rivalled Phillip in his large-minded, generous, and complete enjoyment of life and character alien from our own. He painted Spain with love, sympathetic to the tragedies of her people's lives, but even readier to laugh at their comedies; for in him is to be found a bright example of that important truth—that no genius of a high order has ever been deficient in a sense of humour.

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## NEW FORMS OF PANEGYRIC.

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**A** WELL-KNOWN proverb suggests the propriety of doing what the Romans do when you are at Rome. Supposing, however, that a Roman comes to you, are you still to think of him as a Roman, or are you to give him a chance of following your own precept, and doing as Londoners do, now that he is in London? Are you to say to him, "What a fine city Rome is!" or "What sort of cabs do you have in Rome?" or are you to sail on another tack, and to ask him how he likes London hansoms and four-wheelers? The Roman will probably be grateful to you, if you will occasionally ignore the fact that he is a foreigner, and talk to him as you would to any one else—that is to say, to a fellow-Englishman. Now, there is the same question about professional men. Is it necessary to talk to professional men about their profession, continually and invariably?

This question people seem to answer differently in different cases. When they meet a stock-broker at dinner, or a doctor at a party, they do not ask at once what the price of Consols may be, or what has been lately found to be the best remedy for the measles. But with an artist the thing is different. Given an artist, and most people will open fire on him by some

remark about pictures or painting. Has he not noticed that the Academy gets worse and worse every year? Doesn't he think no one paints portraits like Velasquez and Mr. Lordslupho? Has there ever been any one since Sir Joshua who understood the expression of children's faces so wonderfully as dear Mr. Duccadilly? The poor artist solemnly answers that he thinks there is much to be said for all these opinions, but that it is impossible to say absolutely yes or no off-hand. "No, I suppose not," says the questioner; and then he proceeds to pour on the unhappy painter a new volley of perplexing interrogatories.

Art-talk of another kind is to be heard when the dilettante goes to a studio. Here, of course, being so to speak at Rome, it is proper to do as the Romans do; not being able to do—that is, to paint—one can at least talk, though, to continue the metaphor, one talks a very queer sort of Italian. Once it was the custom in visiting a studio to use nothing but interjectionary phrases. You went up to a picture, looked at it for a time in absolute silence, then sighed, threw up your head, sighed again, and solemnly spoke as follows:—"Well, well!" "What a picture!" "What go! what life! what expression!" This was a very easy sort of language, which any one could acquire after once or twice seeing, or rather hearing, professors in

the art. It admitted of little variety as far as words themselves went, but a skilled master of this school would by inflections of tone imply different degrees of superlative. It need scarcely be said that the consummation of the art consists in bringing an ever-increasing amount of interjectionary agony to bear on each succeeding picture, and to keep the final outpouring of frenzied admiration for the last work to which one was taken up. You begin *piano*, you go on to *mezzo-forte*, and with carefully planned *crescendo* pursue the theme until the time has arrived for *fortissimo*.

This sort of criticism is now dropping out of fashion, but it is not yet quite gone. Few professors of it remain, but it has still many professoresses. It is, in fact, the criticism which comes still most frequently from the lips of young ladies. Some vary it slightly, and prefer to prefix adjectives to substantives. Instead of "What go! what life!" etc., the line they pursue is to apostrophise the pictures with those choice words which are equally applicable—so, at least, we presume from the frequency with which they are applied—to novels, balls, partners, or lawn-tennis: "How awfully jolly!" "How quite too much more than most awfully nice!" Or pictures are praised in exactly the same tone as though they were strawberry ices, and then we get, "Dear! how delicious!" or some modulation of the phrase.

But all things advance, or change, at least, and the art-criticism of studio loungers has changed too. The old phraseology has gone, and a very wonderful one has taken its place in the mouths of all those who want to pass as persons of real artistic sensibilities. To begin with, you don't now call a picture a picture, any more than you call a spade a spade. You call it a *thing*. Rather a vague word, perhaps, but then remark what familiarity it shows with the object spoken of. "That *thing* of the sharp profile on the grey background was the thing I liked best of all your *things* last year." What artist does not hear phrases of this kind every time an amateur visits his studio? But that is only the beginning. To proceed: you must make up your mind what to single out and praise in every picture you see. This you do, of course, before you go to the studio—

what you say has really nothing whatever to do with what you see. You are going to see portraits—then you say, "It's not only as a portrait that I like that, it's such a delightful *thing*" (not picture, remember) "of itself." Or, "How happy you always are in catching a man's expression!" Remark how safe this is. If you praise the nose, the artist will tell you that he or the sitter thought it was just that which was wrong; and if you say the mouth is to the life, you will be told that the mouth is going to be altered, as at present it is not absolutely right. When you go up to a group of figures, no matter if the subject be historical, religious, or domestic, you use a remark for the invention of which the new school of criticism deserves great praise, as it is infallibly gratifying to the artist: "What I like is the *tout-ensemble*." Is this not ingenious? In praising thus you seem to be praising no single bit of the picture, and yet it will invariably make the artist think with joy of the particular inches of his canvas with which he is especially in love.

Change the scene. Let us turn to a landscape. The new school of art-criticism can give you a splendid hint as regards landscape. Don't say you never saw such a lovely oak, because the painter may have meant it for a fir-tree; don't praise the hill in the background, perhaps it was meant for a pond. No; there is a much safer and a much more knowing remark to be made. You simply say, "*What wonderful atmospheric effects!*" If any one look puzzled, you can add, "The thing shows one what sort of a day it is." You will then carefully ask what month the artist had in mind when he painted the picture, and if he says July, you will say, "How hot it all looks!"—if December, "Why, one shivers as one looks at that grey, angry sky." This is a policy which never fails to win the heart of the artist, and the amazed admiration of by-standers.

This school of art-criticism, which we might call the vague school, is one which has always plenty of disciples. Any one who takes the trouble to listen to the remarks made by visitors to the two great annual Exhibitions will not have to wait long before he hears plenty of examples. Critic number one is



standing in the Royal Academy, along with critic number two, before Mr. Calthrop's "Attempted Assassination of William the Silent." "Capital," says critic number one, whom we will call Davus. "Excellent," says number two, whom let us entitle Geta. Davus now looks at Geta, and Geta at Davus, for a remark which is to betray the professional critic, for we all might say *capital* or *excellent*, you know. "*The tone is a success*," says Davus. Geta nods his head, and adds in solemn voice, "And how well the whole thing is *put on the canvas*." They pass on to Mrs. Butler's admirable "Remnants of an Army," and say it is "realistic and very solid;" and, looking below it, desery Mr. Nettleship's "Golden Age." Davus kneels down, and pokes his face right on to the canvas; Geta follows suit, and seems to rub his nose up and down it—nothing the professional critic likes better than peering into a minute canvas. "Clever," says Geta. "Oh, yes," says Davus, "treatment is nice." "Just conventional enough," says Geta. "Not a bit strained," says Davus, craning his neck down again. At the Grosvenor they hear four phrases, which are used indiscriminately for all the pictures—poetic, imaginative, creative, and decorative. The last is the pet word, and the amount of pathos to be obtained by gazing long at Mr. Burne Jones' Pygmalion series, and then sighing, "How decorative," is really astonishing.

Our readers may possibly like to know what kind of persons they will find Davus and Geta to be if they should be so fortunate as to make their acquaintance. They will find both Geta and Davus exceedingly affable, and most willing to give any information that is desired. Only let our readers beware of one thing—one slight thing we had nearly said, but it is not a slight thing. Let them not ask, "What do you think of that picture?" because to a question put in such every-day language the art-critic would vouchsafe no answer. Let them say, "What do you think are the *technical qualities* of that work?"

There is yet another tack on which to sail—by no means an easy one, but invariably effective. It might be called the musical tack. It consists

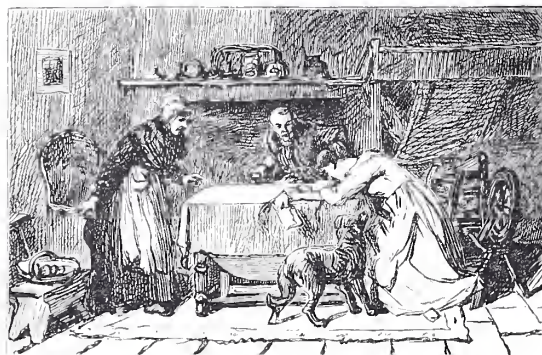
in applying—cautiously at first, and, when you have warmed up to your subject, vigorously—the terms of music to painting. Some people think that Mr. James Whistler taught the critics this mode of expression from his habit of calling his works harmonies and nocturnes, which are *en règle* musical terms; but Mr. Whistler himself would be the first to declare that he desired to teach the critics—a race of men whom, if report be true, he neither loves nor reverences—nothing, and that they have developed their new phrases, as their old ones, from their own ingenuity. And *harmony* and *nocturne* give little notion of the new vocabulary's infinite richness and none of its surpassing peculiarity. Some examples of it will show that we are not throwing away our own terms of wonder in calling it by such terms.

Given a picture of an Italian lake with a mountain as background, and a bench, with a lover and his lass sitting on it, as foreground, and a gipsy standing near, about to tell the fortunes of the youth and maiden; sky red; sea ditto by reflection. Now hear the critics who delight to revel in the new musical vocabulary. First, the figures: "Curious *staccato* face, that gipsy," says musical critic number one. "I like the lovers," says number two; "their very pose is *adagio*." "As for the lake," says number one again, "it's just loud enough; its little waves are beating a sort of march, and its whole look gives you the sort of notion of *molto cantabile*." "And do look at the sky," chimes in number two; "how I like that noisy treble red; how those laughing clouds up in that left-hand corner are playing a sort of *allegro* leap-frog!" "But now as to the tone of the whole thing," inquires number one, "would you call it *andante* or *allegretto*?" "Oh, neither," says number two; "I should call it *andantino e molto cantabile; il tempo ben marcato*;" and then the two agree that this exactly describes the picture before them. For our own part, we believe the description will sound exceedingly well if applied to most pictures, and it is with great confidence that we recommend it to our readers for general use at the Royal Academy, at the Grosvenor Gallery, and at all other art collections which they may chance to visit.

PHILOSTRATE.

## PICTURES OF THE YEAR.—IV.

THIS season, as usual, the remote interest of Classical times has inspired little English work. Mr. Alma-Tadema, almost alone at the



NEWS FROM THE CAPE.  
(By Haynes King.)

Academy (and this artist not only paints in England, but does his adopted country the honour of placing himself in her school), goes to the youth of the world for subjects and for inspiration. He has made it his own; he paints it as an eye-witness rather than an antiquarian; we know no more curious instance of self-translation into another phase of the world's history than is observable in Mr. Tadema's art. His choice of familiar subjects, of every-day passages of old Roman life, increases the effect of this peculiarity. "Down to the River," for instance, his principal work this year, is more like a reminiscence of a scene witnessed yesterday, and repeated to-day, than the outcome of museums. The composition is altogether unconventional and odd. A narrow strip of blue sky is cut off by the frame; a yellow bridge, strongly foreshortened, runs across the canvas towards the right distance, spanning the swift waters of the Tiber; the figures in the immediate foreground—uncom-

fortably close, indeed—are cut off by the frame at the head, the half-head, or the waist. These figures belong to a lady and children descending a stair to the landing-place, and to Roman boatmen who are touting for their custom. The drawing is good, the execution solid yet smooth; but the blue of the sky is perhaps too intense for its position near the horizon, and it is a blue that is violet in its tone. "A Hearty Welcome," by the same artist, is a perfectly charming study of a Roman garden in cool shadow. Two little girls are receiving their father and mother, who enter from the sunshine beyond the portal; deliciously painted flowers divide the interest with the figures, which form, by the way, a little group of family portraits.

For light and colour, "In the Time of Constantine" is Mr. Alma-Tadema's most exquisite achievement. Never, perhaps, have the learning and skill by which he expresses sunshine through the medium of mere unluminous colours been more triumphantly successful. Mr. Tadema's fourth Academy work, the "Pomona Festival," we refer to, and, by



TOIL AND PLEASURE.  
(By J. R. Reid.)

courteous permission of Messrs. Agnew and Sons, illustrate at page 196.

All Mr. Colin Hunter's works are good. He is making a *spécialité* of one of the



familiar aspects of the English sea; within the narrow limits which his choice allows, he is a fine and fresh colourist. "Their Only Harvest," bought by the Academy, is one of his admirable marine pictures. "A Royal Pastime at Nineveh," by Mr. Bridgman, is full of learning, and more beautiful in the execution of the details than appears at the first glance; the pastime consists in the killing of lions in a noble amphitheatre. One by one, as the majestic beasts stride into the arena, the long arrows of the magnificently-clad hunters lay them low. The king and the court watch the game from above. Mr. Dollman has made the most of a happy subject in

is as renowned a character as the Bourgeois-gentilhomme. "And when I say, 'Nicole, bring me my night-cap and slippers,' is that prose?" asks Molière's immortal Jourdain. "Learn that I never preached a better sermon!" thunders Le Sage's archbishop. These are among the proverbs of literature. Mr. Lockhart's ecclesiastic is dignified; the unfortunate Gil Blas descends the steps discomfited; the composition is good and the colour brilliant—a little licence having been taken in giving the Archbishop a Cardinal's scarlet instead of the purple properly belonging to his rank.

A grim and a great animal-picture is Mr.



A WATER FROLIC.

(By Hamilton Macallum.)

his "Table d'Hôte at a Dog's Home." The variety of types, characters, expressions, and actions in the poor little crowd that throngs the dinner-trough is wonderful. Mr. Herbert Johnson, in "Crossing the Sarda," has attacked a formidable subject—the procession of 700 elephants across that river on the occasion of the Prince of Wales's visit to India.

"Gil Blas and the Archbishop of Granada," a very well-painted picture, which we illustrate (page 219), is a somewhat serious reading of one of the memorable jokes of literature. The Archbishop of Granada, who exacted a promise from Gil Blas that any deterioration in the Archiepiscopal sermons should be at once sincerely pointed out, and whose indignant dismissal of the young man is the result of a too literal obedience to his own command,

Bouverie Goddard's "Struggle for Existence." It illustrates a law of the community of wolves, who, it seems, engage every year in a deadly civil war whereby all the weaker members are slaughtered, while the "fittest survive." Malthus would recognise in the social economy of these hungry tribes the ideal of his system. Mr. Goddard's work is full of the spirit and vigour of the scene.

"News from the Cape," by Mr. Haynes King, is one of those domestic pictures which are invariably popular for their subject. It represents a cottage interior; a girl in a rose-coloured dress has fainted on receiving the news of her lover's death, and lies with her head fallen on her hands; her parents start forward to console her; the dog bears his part in the family trouble. The story is well

told (see page 216). We are, however, struck by the comparatively small number of pictures



“UNTIL DEATH US DO PART.”

(By E. Blair Leighton.)

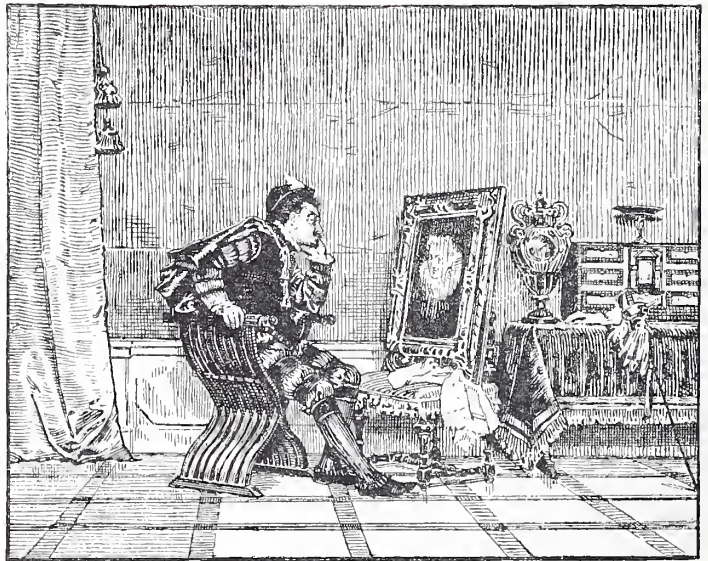
dealing with the rural domestic interest which the present year has brought forth; nor has the nursery inspired as many painters as usual. Mr. J. R. Reid's "Toil and Pleasure," an illustration of which is also given on page 216, pictures with a peculiar quietness and naturalness a group of labourers in a turnip-field watching the hunt go by. It is in every sense a thoroughly honest picture. The shyly eager faces of the boys are particularly good; and, as we have often noticed in Mr. Reid's work, his out-door tone is exceptionally true; he is not afraid of the somewhat opaque and grey effect which is inseparable from work done in the open air, but which is far pleasanter to the practised eye than the mellow decorative tones of conventional landscape-painting.

Great praise is due to both these pictures, which treat of sport as we would recommend artists to treat of war, *i.e.*, in its accessory

incidents. It must be allowed that Mr. Reid has chosen a more pleasing subject than the painful "Kill" which another artist has detailed in the fifth gallery. "Toil and Pleasure" has been bought by the Academy under the Chantrey bequest.

Of Mr. Robert Barrett Browning's two works, the "Fish-stall" is, perhaps, too unattractive in subject to be a commendable picture; it is far otherwise, however, with his beautiful landscape, "Dimant, on the Meuse." A certain lack of atmosphere, consequent probably on a too great insistence upon the dark touches of the distance, is its only defect; and it is a pleasure to record that the son of two immortal poets has painted the finest sky which we remember to have seen for many years. That this young artist has only studied painting for four years, sacrificing to it poetical and musical faculties of no mean order, makes his solid success the more surprising.

Painter, composer, singer, and man of fashion, the gallant and courtly "Salvator Rosa" (see page 220) has been painted by Signor Francesco Vineca with a surrounding of



DUK D'ANJOU CONTEMPLATING THE PORTRAIT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

(By Tito Conti.)

accessory "properties" expressing his versatile talents with quaint completeness. Mr. Blair Leighton's scene (see illustration above) is



from the usually more dressy than picturesque incidents of a modern wedding; he has, however, given his bride the graceful contour of a classic figure; she walks down the aisle on the arm of her moneyed lord and master, whose prosperity and respectability are well expressed without caricature; while a former admirer stands up in his place in the church to reproach the faithless fair with a look.

A young landscape-painter whose work is



GIL BLAS AND THE ARCHBISHOP OF GRANADA.

(By W. E. Lockhart, R.S.A.)

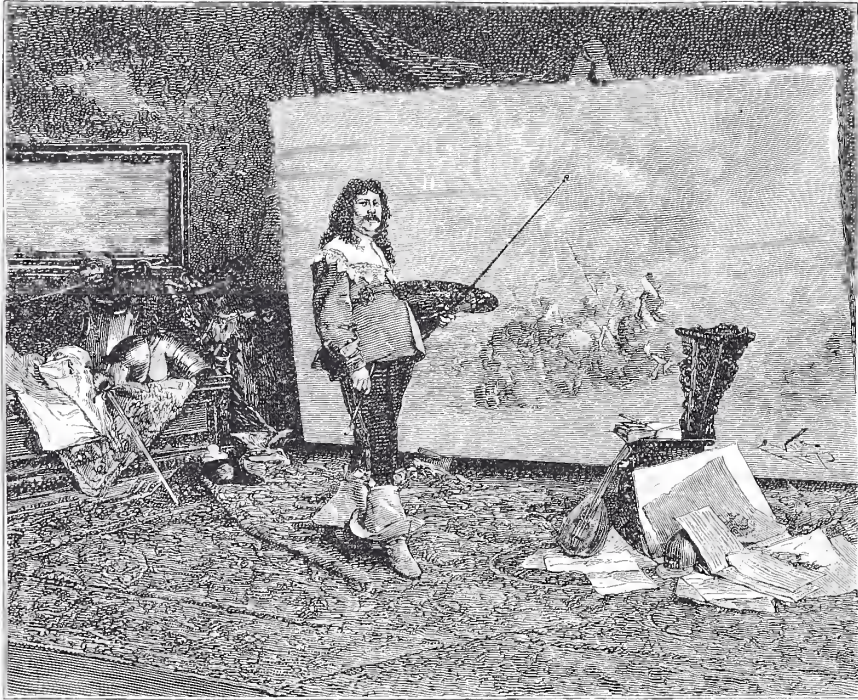
marked by its own *cachet* of elegance, harmony, and charm is Mr. Leslie Thomson, who is represented this year by several quiet and tender little landscapes. Mr. Adrian Stokes—also among those painters in whose hands lies the immediate future of English art, and whose work the President desires should be distinctive of this year's Academy—exhibits a strongly drawn and well-painted single female figure, illustrating Ben Jonson's lyric, "Drink to me only with thine eyes."

There is a great deal of quiet humour with good technical execution in Signor Tito Conti's

"Duc d'Anjou Contemplating the Portrait of Queen Elizabeth" (page 218). The suitor sits at his ease meditating on the features of the lady, with a mixed expression on his own face which is very well rendered. Mr. Ernest Parton's "Waning of the Year" (bought by the Academy) has taken rank as one of the landscapes of the season; it is singularly refined. In the same room, "The Gordon Riots," by Mr. Seymour Lucas, should be remarked for its sound drawing of the figure; the character of the heads, especially that of the mayor who holds the Riot Act, is very intelligently studied. Mr. Basil Bradley's "Blossom" is one of the most attractive works which we have seen from the brush of this accomplished artist; it represents an orchard in full flower, and the scene has a subdued brightness and charm of spring which are uncommonly pleasant. And one of the most excellent pictures of its class in the Academy is the "Water Frolic" of Mr. Hamilton Macallum, surprisingly luminous in tone, exquisite in colour, and having the figures of the bathing boys put in with the happiest skill. Of the many brilliant sea and shore pieces of this artist this delightful work is perhaps the best. In "Summer Breezes" Mr. Calderon has carried the cool, fresh, and positive colour which he has lately affected to a higher point than ever. The village girl whom he shows us buffeted by a strong sea-wind, with the colour in her cheeks, and her hair loosened, is a very pretty damsel indeed. The other examples of this artist's work are far slighter this year than usual. Mr. Robert Collinson is very badly placed. This is a misfortune which must be accepted by most of our artists now and then with what cheerfulness they may; but, considering that Mr. Collinson's "Light in the Cottage" belongs to that domestic school of which the Academy has made a *spécialité* ever since its foundation, and that it contains in its title that allusive double meaning which has always been found so attractive to the English public, and seeing that it shows executive qualities of a high order of imitative skill, it is hard to understand why it should be relegated to the sky-

line. If we remember right, the last time Mr. Collinson's pictures were hung within sight they were so greatly distinguished by Mr. Ruskin's praise that the matter is the more unintelligible. "Light in the Cottage" is a village interior; an old man reads to his old wife from that Sacred Page which sheds light into their home, while the rays of the bright daylight stream over the red-brick floor from the open doorway—all the excellent painting

flickers with it, all the foreground foliage is in the golden blaze; down below, the jetty of a little town and the few houses have taken that dark liquid tint which occurs so often in extreme light; and beyond stretches the expanse of sea, with a broad shining road of light sweeping away leagues upon leagues to the horizon. The execution is broad, yet full of charming detail. The fourth room contains a fine work by Mme. Henriette Browne, in



SALVATOR ROSA.

(By Francesco Vinea.)

of these bricks and of the other accessories being, of course, out of sight. Mr. Herbert Schmalz, a young artist and a late student of the Academy, contributes two pictures—"I Cannot Mind my Wheel, Mother" and "Light and Shade," both careful and full of promise and conscientiousness.

In our final glance round the large gallery we must pause awhile to note the quiet and beautiful work in Mr. Val Davis's "Mirror of the Woods;" also a splendid landscape by one of the younger associates, Mr. MacWhirter, "A Valley by the Sea." The sunshine of this beautiful work is simply intense; the air

which the drawing and painting are quietly excellent. In "A Student in Disgrace at Salamanca," Mr. Burgess has found a good subject. The dons of the Spanish university are sitting in conclave to judge the misdeeds of a good-looking young culprit, who looks seriously penitent or seriously afraid of the consequences; through a high window the austere chamber is effectively lighted. Mr. Burgess is the only painter who clings to that Spain which Phillip opened up to English art. For some time Mr. Long worked vigorously in the same field, but a fear of hackneyed repetitions caused him to forsake it.



## MR. SEYMOUR HADEN ON ETCHING.

WE are now enabled to give a *resumé* of Mr. Haden's second lecture on etching at the Royal Institution, the first of which has already appeared in this magazine. We also, with his permission, present our readers

"2. The chemistry of etching.

"3. The mechanics, or natural result of the process of etching.

"Engraving on copper may be subdivided into—



*S. Haden*

with his portrait, engraved from a photograph taken about the year 1875. If the reader will refer back to page 219 of the first volume of this magazine, he will there find a short and accurate sketch of his life.

"My second lecture divides itself into three heads:—

"1. The art of engraving etching on copper.

"(a.) Engraving *proper*, where a portion of the metal is removed by directly delving into the surface of the plate with a triangular tool known as a burin.

"(b.) Etching *proper*, where the metal is removed by a mordant.

"(c.) Dry-point etching, where an effect is produced by incising, roughing, and disturbing

the surface by a sharp style, but without removing any portion of its surface.

“As I showed in my first lecture, I am no advocate of engraving, a laborious, slow, and inartistic method, even when used by such men as Dürer, Marc Antonio, or Lucas Van Leyden. I shall therefore, for the present, leave the first and third processes, and confine myself to ‘etching *proper*.’ Even as regards that, my object in coming here was not to describe or eulogise the ordinary process, but an unknown one, of which I, with some truth, might be called the inventor.

“In the ordinary process the results are produced by first drawing the whole of the desired object on a metal plate, previously protected by a resinous coating, taking care that the needle does not wound the copper; then, as a second stage, removing portions of the copper so laid bare, by an acid capable of biting—usually hydrochloric acid. This may be called the ‘interrupted’ method—as contradistinguished to mine, which I call the ‘continuous’ method—and which consists of drawing in and biting at one and the same time.

“The ‘interrupted’ process takes place thus:—The drawing upon the plate is made in its entirety with lines of equal thickness, the strokes in the extreme distance being of equal thickness to those in the foreground; the plate is then placed in the mordant bath, and when one part, say the extreme distance, is thought to be sufficiently bitten, it is taken out of the bath, and protected from further biting by a coating of varnish of Brunswick black, and so on by interrupted bitings until those parts which require to be most enforced are bitten sufficiently. It will be apparent what a delicate and hazardous process this is.

“The ‘continuous’ process is the entire reverse of this. The plate is inserted in a glass bath, with four bits of wax in each corner of the bottom to fix it, and the whole etching is done, or can be done, without removing the plate from the bath. The lines which require to be the broadest and deepest are drawn in first, and so are longest subject to the action of the mordant; these generally represent the foreground; then the middle, then

the extreme distance, and lastly the sky is drawn. Thus the picture is carried through in successive planes, and a gradation of values and aerial perspective is obtained by the action of the mordant. It will never be found difficult to draw in the mordant in the open air or in an ordinarily lighted room.

“Opinions differ as to what is the best metal on which to etch. Steel is never used by etchers; it is entirely an engraver’s material. It makes too strong and wiry a line for etchers. Copper is usually used, but I prefer zinc. Copper is sometimes soft, sometimes hard, and this very materially affects the execution, the biting in, and the endurance of the plate. An etching on copper is perhaps more delicate and refined, but one on zinc gives a more painter-like and artistic impression, is richer in colour, and is bolder and bigger; it has besides the advantage of being more easily bitten.

“Then as to the mordants.

“The following are what I recommend:—

“FOR COPPER.					
(a) Nitrous acid	...	33½	(b)	Hydrochloric acid...	20
Water	...	66⅔		Chlorate of potash...	3
		100		Water	77
		100			100

1. Dissolve the chlorate of potash in 38 parts of boiling water. 2. Mix the hydrochloric acid with remaining 39 parts of cold water. 3. Add the two solutions together.

“FOR ZINC.”					
(a) Nitric acid	...	25	(b)	Hydrochloric acid...	10
Water	...	75		Chlorate of potash...	2
		100		Water	88
		100			100

Make the solution as for copper.

“The ‘biting in’ of the etching is, though it may hardly be thought so, the most important part of the whole process; it corresponds to the painting of the picture—on it depends all the colour and effect of the work. It is astonishing how few of our etchers possess the two essentials to a good etching—the power of drawing and ‘biting in.’ Many have one without the other. Samuel Palmer and Meryon, Herkomer and Hook, combine both. Turner possessed the power of ‘biting in’ to a



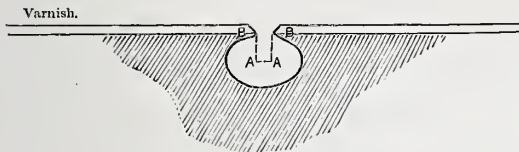
marvellous degree. His biting of some of the plates of the *Liber* is a thing to be studied as a model of power and mastery. They should also be most carefully examined for another remarkable trait, that they never have a line too much or too little.

“Passing on to the mechanics, or the natural results of the process of etching, first on the plate, and secondly on the impression taken from it, I have been at the trouble to make some long, and I believe accurate, investigations on the subject, with the result of showing the great difference made upon the plate by the etched, the engraved, and the dry-point lines.

“The engraved line cut out by the burin makes a trench in shape like a **V**, separated by untouched portions of the flat metal, thus—



“The etched line, or rather the *sulcus* formed by the mordant, is very different in shape. The copper is attacked by the mordant at first vertically to the extent of the dotted lines **A, A**; it then eats round until it forms an almost circular hole, leaving above it on either side a narrow and thin pent of copper at the points **B, B**.



“The dry-point line, on the other hand, is similar to that produced by a plough in a furrow, thus—



a certain portion of the copper being tilted over in the same way as the earth by the action of the ploughshare.

“Two things will at once have been seen from an inspection of these diagrams—

“1. That the impressions produced from *sulci* such as the foregoing must vary very considerably one from another.

“2. That the durability of plates acted on in these different manners must vary very considerably.

“As to the impressions. A cast of the line produced by the engraver is naturally merely the reverse of the **V**-shaped trenches, thick at the bottom, thin at the top; that of the etched line is very different, coming out in form like the round head of a nail, thus—



whilst the dry-point line catches and retains a certain portion of ink under the lee of its ridge, thus—



“It must be remembered, too, that the effect is not confined to the impression of the cast of one line, but to the shadow of that cast. Such a thing is apt not to be thought of, but it adds very considerably to the effect. In fact, much of what may be termed the colour of the picture arises from the shadow.

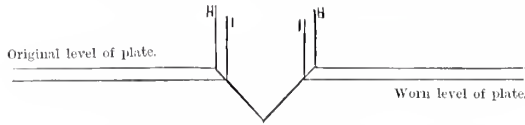
“The variety in the shadow cast by the three forms just described are very varied, being rich and great in the etching, thin and grey in the engraving, rich at first but soon effaced in the dry-point.

“Before passing on to the durability of plates acted on in these manners, I should like to add a word as to the effect, so little thought upon, of pressure when brought to bear on these delicate casts.

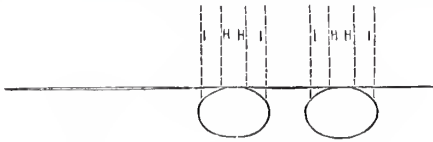
“In the ordinary printing of engravings they are, as they come from the press, superimposed in a wet condition one on the other, oftentimes to the extent of hundreds. It can readily be imagined what the effect upon such fine-pointed casts as those I have pointed out would be. When we come to the printing of etchings I shall show how the old printers avoided this injury to their work, and how it can be as easily avoided now.

“And now as to the durability of plates. The effect of printing upon the engraved plate, in spite of the rough handling of the printer, is infinitesimally small compared with that in the case of the other two processes. The *sulcus*

is merely encroached upon, and the cast produced is narrowed and it gets paler and more wiry, the breadth of the cast being narrowed, say from  $\Pi$ ,  $\Pi$  to  $I$ ,  $I$ , by considerable wear.



But in the etching the exact reverse is the case; the pents being weak at last fall in, and blackness and muddiness are the result of the casts becoming larger and nearer together.



$\Pi$ ,  $\Pi$  being the original breadth of the base of the line,  $I$ ,  $I$  the breadth after wear.

“Dry-point is by far the most delicate of the three methods, and the durability of dry-point plates is extremely small. The ridge which is the product of the incision of the style into the plate soon yields to the friction and wear caused by the lightest hand, and the ridge once broken away, the ‘burr,’ a velvety deposit of ink, disappears, and the plate becomes grey and worn out. This oftentimes occurs before a dozen impressions have been taken off.

“It is curious to trace the history of dry-point. Dividing Rembrandt’s art life into three decades, it was evident that in the first he had no knowledge of that branch of etching, in the second period he mixed the two styles, and in the third he never troubled to bite a plate at all; he attacked the plate at once, his mind being made up. As examples of this may be noted the last but two of his etchings, “The Presentation to the People” and “The Crucifixion”—a gigantic labour, the means used showing the great force of his character no less than the power of his hand.

“No one in France practises dry-point; it is not understood. In England it was first used by Wilkie, but he had no success with it. In a pecuniary sense it was never again taken up until of late by Whistler, but in startling

contrast to Rembrandt—the one carrying out his idea from end to end, the other’s attempts being only fragmentary and disconnected. Still, what there is of Whistler’s work is artistic, and even fine.

“The following tables give the material and artistic properties of the three lines—the engraved, the etched, and the dry-point—and the variations in their form, their capacity, and their durability:—

“MATERIAL AND ARTISTIC PROPERTIES OF ENGRAVED, ETCHED, AND DRY-POINT LINES.

“1. ENGRAVED LINE:—

As to *Form*—follows the shape of the instrument that produces it—it is *V-shaped*.

*Capacity* for containing ink—exemplified by the cast it gives: *A—moderate*.

*Colour*—depends on the shape and volume of the cast and on the shadow projected by it—*grey*.

*Durability*—depends on form and extent of metallic surface left to resist the forces employed to wear it, which are, inking of plates, friction of printer’s hand, action of press—*great*.

*Sum of Artistic Properties*: greyness, constraint.

*Sum of Physical Properties*: great durability.

“2. ETCHED LINE:—

As to *Form*—determined by action and strength of mordant—*irregular*.

*Capacity* for holding ink—exemplified by cast it gives—*great*.

*Colour*—depending on shape and volume of cast and on the shadow it gives—*considerable*.

*Durability*—depending on form and amount of metal left to resist wear—*small*.

*Sum of Artistic Qualities*: colour, accent, freedom.

*Sum of Physical Properties*: low degree of durability.

“3. DRY-POINT LINE:—

As to *Form*—depending on action of style and direction of impact—*flat and extended*.

*Capacity* for holding ink—depending on force employed, the burr raised, and depth of *sulcus* made—*great only at first*.

*Colour*—depending on cast of *sulcus* and extent of surface disturbed by style—*rich at first, but soon grey*.

*Durability*—depending on power of resistance to pressure and friction—*extremely small*.

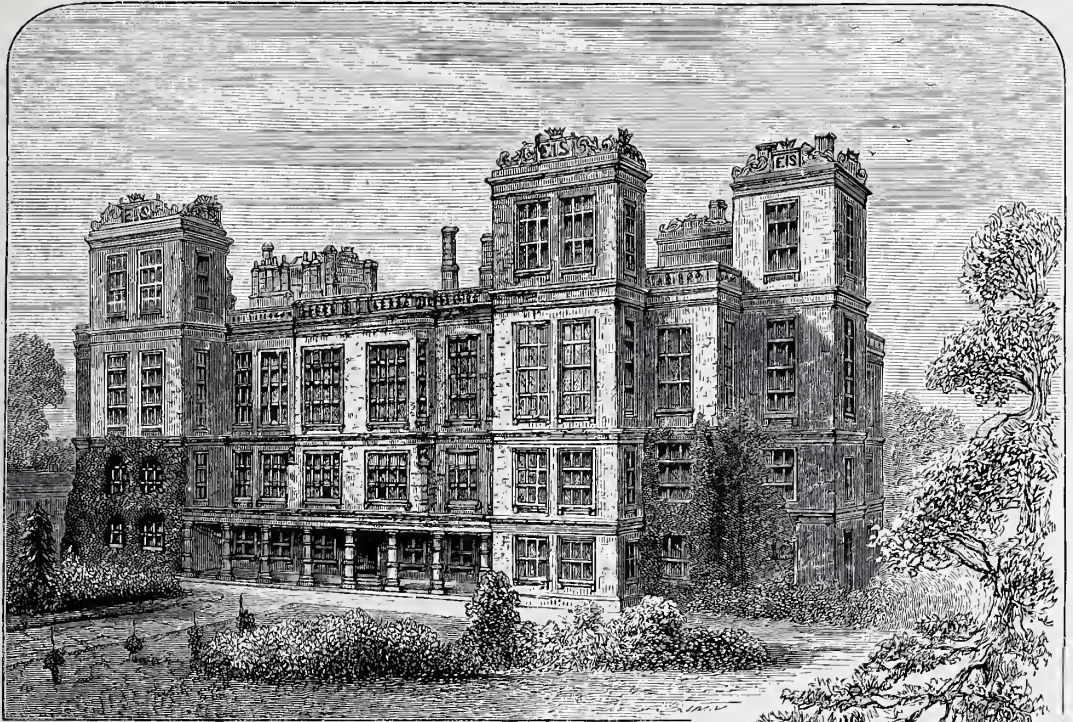
*Sum of Artistic Properties*: richness of colour, suggesting velvet pile, absence of freedom.

*Physical Properties*: no durability.”

We shall hope to give Mr. Haden’s third and concluding lecture next month.



## ON SOME PICTORIAL ELEMENTS IN ENGLISH SECULAR ARCHITECTURE.—III.



HARDWICKE HALL.

IT is difficult to bring within the compass of a magazine article a reasonably complete treatment of the domestic architecture of the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., looked at from its pictorial side alone; and it is impossible to treat of the subject at all, without a glance at the idiosyncracies of the age of which it is so eloquent an exponent—an age so versatile, so intensely active, so grandly serious, so passionately gay, expressing itself unconsciously in an architecture so fantastic, so dignified, and withal so pre-eminently picturesque, an architecture which is, moreover, distinctively and peculiarly English. It had absolutely no counterpart among the Continental nations of Europe. It rose spontaneously on the ruins of an older system, and although indebted in great measure to foreign artists and foreign influences, it preserved to the last its identity with the country of its birth;

and after holding unchallenged possession for three-fourths of a century, it disappeared silently, but completely, before the imported art of Italy.

By one of those paradoxes with which history abounds, we owe the development of this, our distinctively English style, mainly to an Italian, John of Padua, and for the Italian mode which displaced it, an Englishman, Inigo Jones, is responsible. The subject presents endless sources of attraction, but a consideration of the many phenomena involved in its study would lead one into by-paths of history, politics, religion, and philosophy, whither I have no skill to follow it. I can but throw together a few random notes upon its more prominent and obvious characteristics, and only hint at those lines of inquiry which point to the subtle

but close connection between the last phase of our national architecture, and the strange intellectual and social activities of our English Renaissance.

The latter half of the sixteenth century passes across the stage of history like a splendid masque or pageant—a set scene in the world's drama, luminous and clear, in which the characters stand out sharply with the form and lineaments of familiar friends. We see the noble of the time “in his habit as he lived,” and note his tricks of speech and manner, the affected gravity of his behaviour, the elaborate magnificence of his attire; Sidney, Spenser, Raleigh, the courtly Leicester, the “civil demeanour” of Shakespeare, the stately gravity of the “young Lord Keeper.” At no period has the national life been brought out by contemporary literature into higher relief. The past and present were focussed for us, so to speak, into one incomparable whole, and the fictions of the great dramatist take their places beside the statesmen and poets, who are to us scarcely more real than they. It was a halting-place between the old order of things and the new, between an effete mediævalism and an incipient classicism, equally removed from the austere asceticism of the one and the pedantic formalism of the other, but reflecting some features of both. It was a time of uncertainty, of experiment, of lingering traditions of an older world, and of earnest yearnings for a new one, of which glimpses only were revealed.

The distinguishing note of the period was restlessness and affectation, and in nothing was this more clearly apparent than in its domestic buildings. The traditions of centuries had worked themselves out. The mediæval builders had pushed their constructive principles to the extremest limits. In the decline and decrepitude of their art, they amused themselves by a display of mechanical dexterity, and sought to astonish by *tours de force*. But the vital principle which informed the older work had departed never to return. Church building was at an end. The legacy of churches left by the preceding ages was in excess of the nation's wants. The destruction of the monastic system had enriched the courtiers. The

queen's habit of making “progresses” through the country rendered it imperative upon her hosts to make provision for a worthy reception of the royal guest. The wealthy nobles responded to the call, and rivalled each other in the magnificence of their displays. Domestic architecture in England received a new and unprecedented impulse; and well did the architects of the day use their opportunity. The fortified manor-house, with its primitive system of defence, was powerless against the artillery of the time—toys and playthings though they appear now to us. The builders promptly realised the fact, and the feudal character of the English mansion was at once and for ever abandoned. No longer were the windows of its halls and bowers turned inwards upon the dreary court, stealing but furtive glimpses over the open landscape. The restraint and solitude of the quasi-castle was a thing of the past. The light of day was let into the dwelling, and the house was literally “turned inside out.” Its solid and gloomy walls became, by a natural reaction, so full of glass, and the intervening supports were so attenuated, that Bacon's well-known complaint that “one could not tell where to come to be out of the sun or the cold” was not without reason. Nevertheless our English idea of comfort dates from this time. The ascetic theory of life was gradually laid aside, and whether men strove “to make the best of both worlds” or no, they at least flung themselves with excessive earnestness into making the most of the possibilities of the present. Then rose in quick succession, “as by the stroke of an enchanter's wand,” that lordly series of English mansions unsurpassed for stately grace, for homely charms, for varied if fantastic beauty—Longleat, Wollaton, Burleigh, Audley End; Hardwicke and Aston Hall (of which illustrations are here given); and many others too well known to every Englishman to need minute description. The awakening of the nation's life found expression in an architecture which reflected its earnestness, its gravity, its passionate gaiety—and with traces of an obsolete past gave glimpses of a dawning future.

One evidence of the spontaneity of this new phase of our national architecture, and



its identity with the idiosyncracies of the age, may (I think) be found in the fact that the noble buildings which were rising in such numbers over the length and breadth of the land at such a prodigal expenditure of wealth, awoke no feeling of surprise or admiration in the writers of the day. They seem to have taken it all as a matter of course. No doubt the buildings we admire, invested with all the adventitious charms of age, and hallowed by the associations of three eventful centuries, told with diminished effect when new and crude they left their builders' hands. It may be that they were felt by the builders to fall short of the models upon which much that characterises them was based. In any case no admiration of them is traceable in the literature of the age at all commensurate with the complacent satisfaction with which the writers of a succeeding century beheld the realisations of their efforts.

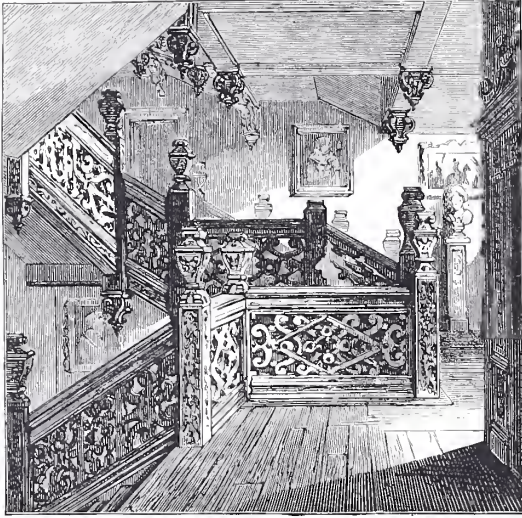
Shakespeare, whose life is almost contemporary with the great house-building movement above adverted to, is silent on the subject of architecture, or nearly so. So far as one can gather from his writings, he was destitute of any feeling, certainly of any enthusiasm, for the art. It is the only subject, perhaps, upon which some theory as to his personality has not been based. Volumes have been written to prove, from the internal evidence afforded by his works, that he was a lawyer, a doctor, and so forth. A recent effort has been made to show, from his intimate and varied acquaintance with the sea, and the lore of those that "do business in great waters," that he must have been a sailor. But of all the crowd of speculators on the ever-new problem of his identity and career, no one has claimed him as an architect. Prospero's solitary reference to the "Cloud capp'd towers and gorgeous palaces" is a mere flight of rhetoric, and in spite of stray allusions to the internal decorations and fittings of those great mansions with which he must have been familiar, one is compelled reluctantly to conclude that the glorious achievements of the builders of a past age, and the lordly piles which his contemporaries have left for our admiration, alike failed to awaken any response in that capacious and many-sided genius.

If we look a little closely at the principal characteristics of the buildings under notice, we shall see at once the fundamental differences which distinguish them from the structures of preceding ages. Before the commencement of the sixteenth century the mere appearance of a building may be said to have been—in a certain sense—a matter of accident. It was the natural outcome of an exact compliance with given requirements of plan, and a vigorous application of settled principles of construction honestly worked out by an artistic instinct, which touched nothing which it did not adorn. It charmed us by a naïve simplicity, which may be likened to the unstudied graces of childhood, and its comeliness was mainly due, so to speak, to a healthy constitution and an entire absence of affectation. The Elizabethan and Jacobean architects "changed all that." They were nothing, if not affected. Their buildings possess distinctively pictorial excellences of the highest order, but they were arranged on quite different principles. A desire to produce an attractive exterior holds the first place in the mind of their designers, or takes equal rank with some childish conceit, such as that of Thorpe's in making the initials of his name the ground-plan of his own house. This kind of conceit was rampant in the literature of the day, which, like the architecture, was full of "quips and cranks and wanton wiles."

In direct contravention of the wholesome mediæval rule so aptly formulated by Pugin, construction was disguised or falsified, and ornament and ornamental features were *constructed*. The simplicity of childhood—to use a former figure—had given place to the conscious arts of the maiden, or the airs and blandishments of the coquette.

Another noticeable point in the work of the period is that absence of all evidence of "man's delight in God's work," in which Ruskin sees—and no doubt rightly—all really fine and great art. The loving skill with which the mediæval mason traced in the hollows of his mouldings every flower of the field finds no place in the Elizabethan scheme. The cunning of the carver had disappeared with the love of natural beauty. The art of the sculptor had fallen in England beneath the level of contempt, while in Italy it

was compelling the admiration of the world. We must go back to Chaucer for this intense feeling for the beauties of inanimate nature.



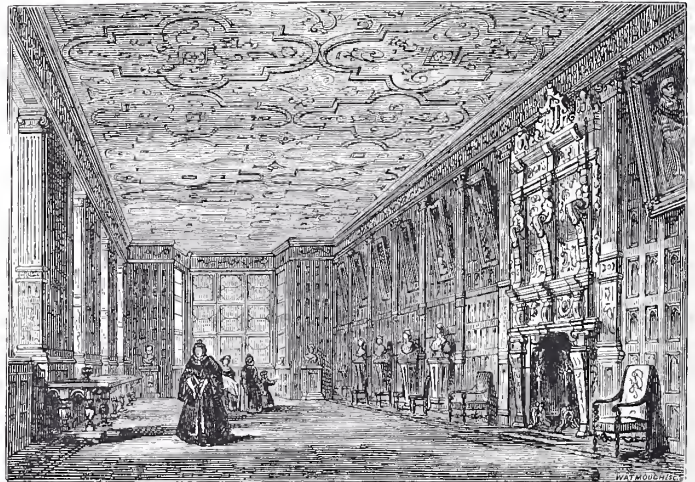
STAIRCASE, ELIZABETHAN PERIOD.

It breaks out in Shakespeare now and then in a stray song or allusion, but only as accessories to his main figures; with him and his age "the proper study of mankind was man." The architecture, according to rule, reflected the temper of the time. It was scenic, dramatic, artificial; built, as the scenes of a theatre are, for effect, and unable like them to bear a scrutiny in detail. It lacked the loving skill with which the likeness of natural objects was reproduced in the discarded mediæval system, and it had not acquired the precision and perfect finish of the monotonous ornamentation of the Italian types which it emulated. Ornament of a kind it had in abundance, and must have to satisfy the absorbing craving for effect, but in all things it strove to "catch the nearest way;" and its long array of pierced parapets, the terminals which mark the broad flights of steps, its grotesque alcoves and summer-houses, and the involved medley of stone twists and tangles which crown its pavilions and give piquancy to its sky-lines, are coarse

and mechanical in design and workmanship, and give no hint of the individuality or delight of the workman.

Still, in spite of this, nay, perhaps because of this, the class of buildings we refer to are in a special and peculiar sense picturesque and suited to the purposes of the painter, until, indeed, one is tempted to conclude that the pictorial quality in architecture is inversely as its structural propriety and its conformity with the requirements of good taste.

Never had the science of building been so bent to the exigencies of a mere longing for display; never had the purely pictorial side of building been so persistently pursued. Yet, notwithstanding their absurdities, their many conceits and caprices, their indefensible solecisms, their cumbrous and ridiculous classicalisms, and the grotesque feebleness of their sculpture, they form a series of mansions of incomparable and unique magnificence. "And still," to use the appropriate and appreciative words of a modern historian—"still we gaze with pleasure on their picturesque line of gables, their fretted fronts, their gilded turrets and fanciful vanes; the jutting oriel from which the great noble looked down on his new Italian garden, its stately terraces and broad flight of



"THE GALLERY OF THE PRESENCE," ASTON HALL.

steps, its vases and fountains, its quaint mazes, its formal walks, its lines of yews cut into grotesque shapes in hopeless rivalry of the eypress avenues of the south."



The most rigorous purist must allow that there is about these odd, incongruous, charming buildings an air of decorum, of lordly gravity, of "cultivated leisure," which goes far to restrain and harmonise their freaks and caprices, their wild outbursts of erratic ornamentation, and their fantastic attempts at adornment. The dignity of Malvolio is triumphant over the foppery of his yellow hose and cross gartering.

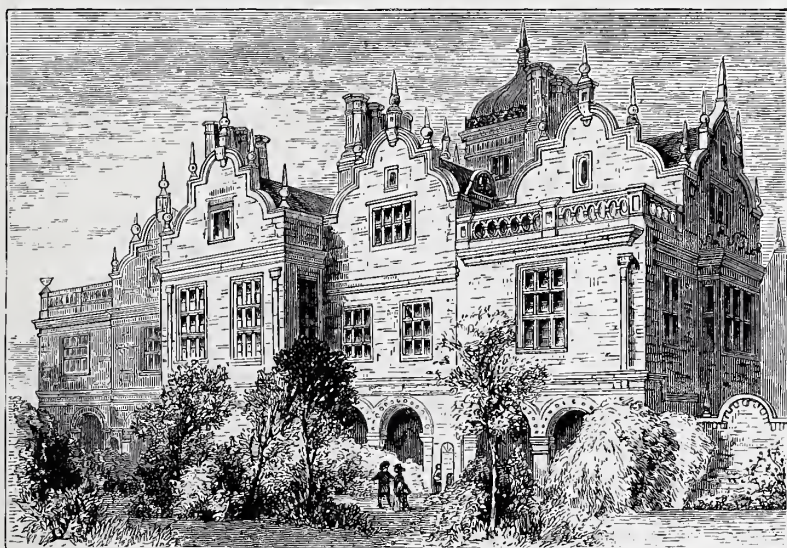
It would be foreign to my present purpose to enter into the question of the cause of that alteration in the Elizabethan plan, which gave to the houses of the time one of their distinctive charms; I refer to the removal of the principal apartments to an upper floor, and the consequent development of the staircase, which became in the hands of their builders one of the

most successful features of the designs (see staircase on page 228). Nor need I dwell upon the abandonment of the "great hall," consequent upon the decline of feudalism, and the substitution for it of that specially Elizabethan feature, the "gallery of the presence," of which Aston Hall furnishes a noble example. Long, broad, illumined by windows along one side, deeply embayed for retirement and conversation, the walls lined with wainscot and embellished with portraits of "Lord, or squire, or knight of the shire," and the frequent fireplaces adorned with quaint armorial devices, and the ceilings studded here and there with quaintest monograms and rebuses. An apartment of singular charm, suited not only to those stately dances for which it was origi-

nally designed, but for conversation and all social purposes.

During the closing years of Elizabeth's reign an important change was silently taking place in the temper of the people, and the distinctive architecture with which her name is associated gradually gave way before a more and more exact imitation of the Italian palace, a model with which the rapidly developing passion for foreign travel had made the wealthier part of the nation familiar. The older mode still lingered in outlying parts of the kingdom, but the force of the current was steadily onwards. The

change had been fore-shadowed not alone by the revival of classical learning, but also in the writings of Bacon. Six years before the death of the great queen, he drew with a firm hand his ideal structure. "You cannot," he says in his



GARDEN FRONT OF ASTON HALL.

"Essay on Building," "have a *perfect* palace, except you have two several sides: a side for the Banquet as it is spoken of in the *Book of Esther*, and a side for the Household. I understand both sides to be not only returns, but parts of the front, and to be *uniform without, though severally partitioned within*, and to be on both sides of a great stately tower in the midst of the front. Further, I would have on the side of the banquet, in front one only good room above stairs some forty foot high," and so on. The above receipt for a perfect palace strikes at the root of the national and indeed of all *rational* systems of design. "To be *uniform without, though severally partitioned within*." As Petruchio says, "There's the villainy."

Two points in the quoted passage seem especially noteworthy—first, the evidence afforded of the growing tendency to look for sanction and direction for every article of human conduct in the Scriptures; and secondly, a proof of the maturing of a foreign system of design, an architectural prescription, so to speak, for a building in which a symmetrical exterior with balanced wings and a central feature is to be devised on fixed rules—a mask, in fact, behind which the several rooms are to be adjusted as best they may, the “one good room forty foot high” being undistinguishable in that outward uniformity with which all was to be clothed.

There is no need to insist upon the wide departure from the mediæval system of building which this arrangement suggests, where the one good room, the hall, stood out clearly in the design, its accessories falling into their respective places in due subordination. The superior pictorial value of the older plan is too apparent for comment. Bacon bequeathed his name and fame to the next age; and thoroughly indeed did the next age adopt his precept and better the instruction, until at last the outward uniformity system was given to us in such perfection that—in the case of Holkham, to wit—we are, as Fergusson says, “left to conjecture whether the noble host and hostess sleep in a bedroom forty feet high, or are relegated like their guests to a garret or out-house, or perhaps may have their bedroom windows turned inwards on a lead flat.”

Such houses were said to be “monumental,” and so perhaps they were, but I for one should think a monument the *last* thing to associate with the notion of a home.

Thackeray has sketched for us one of these monumental achievements, “the upper part by Inigo Jones, the lower part altered by the eminent Dutch architect, Vanderputty,” and has hit off with two or three masterly touches “the dismal old place,” with its moss-grown steps, and its “*vast, melancholy portico.*”

With the Italian mode and the monumental theory of house-building, the pictorial element in our architecture ceased; and for a hundred years no secular building of any importance was erected in England which could by any stretch of the fancy be called picturesque.

I have no heart to follow them through their various manifestations of ugliness. There are plenty of them, staring blank and comfortless out of the setting of dark elms. They look like strangers and aliens in the land, and have no affinity with the sweet English landscape. No artist would ever think of trying to get a subject out of them. But I will not loiter over them to call them names.

I propose in another paper to trace the revival of the earlier manner, and see what of the picturesque is left for us in the village almshouse, the wayside inn, the peasant's cottage, and the never-failing charm of the quiet English homestead. E. INGRESS BELL.

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### THREE ENGLISH PORTRAIT PAINTERS.—III.

LAWRENCE (*continued from page 133*).



LAWRENCE painted for George IV. the “First Gentleman in Europe,” a master of pomposity and—though we must never forget that he had some great and noble purposes to which we have borne witness—the professor of “deportment” in his day. Lawrence appreciated and admired these signs of greatness. Much of this appreciation is

discernible in his portraits. As he proposed to paint people either wearing their company smiles, or in attitudes becoming “full dress,” or state occasions, he took great pains to study his subjects in lighted rooms, where few or no shadows fall upon the face, to show either the ruggedness that is natural to it, or that which has fallen on it from age. He went much to evening parties of all kinds, showing himself off as a master of the proprieties which



became a court painter to whom emperors and kings had sat. He dined out often, and rarely entertained his friends at home, saying he had no wife, and no one to do the honours of his house or his table.

He painted slowly. The early ease with which he had seized likenesses as a child did not remain when he had to master laboriously the technical difficulties of his art. Such a gift requires an early, careful, and systematic course of study to give it real strength and bring it to maturity. This was what Lawrence never really had. Some of his sitters sat very often; the Emperors of Russia and Austria, for instance, seven times, the King of Prussia six, Pius VII. nine, and the sittings were ordinarily of two hours each. One distinguished sitter sat forty times. George IV. had twenty sittings for his legs alone. His Majesty was proud of those members, and it may safely be gathered from that alone that Lawrence could not draw well.

Some of his men are better paintings than others—notably a half-length of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, belonging to Lord Aveland, and exhibited at Kensington in 1868. There is power in the drawing, and some fire and nobility in the eyes and the intensity of the expression. One might see it without recognising it as a picture by Lawrence. Generals, lawyers, and divines fared well in his hands. The wig, a stiff but not an unbecoming head-dress, saved the latter class of personages from the mannerism of the painter. The three heads of the Barings, those of Sir Walter Scott and of Abernethy, of the Duchess of Richmond, of Lady Peel and of Lord Melbourne, are among his best heads. The full-lengths in uniforms, naturally stiff and conventional dresses, are not the least successful, those in the Waterloo Gallery especially. A small painting of the Duke of York in uniform, reading a dispatch, is an excellent likeness, well posed and drawn. So is the head of the Duke of Wellington writing his Waterloo report. Unfortunately, owing to the glazing of the dark parts of this picture with bitumen, nothing but the head of the duke remains. No portrait remains by him of the Duchess of York, so far

as we know. Mr. Greville, in his memoirs, declares that in that ill-managed household there was not the means to pay for one. The gardeners at Oatlands, the servants, physicians, and tradespeople were unpaid; and a party of gentlemen on a visit to that house, Mr. Greville amongst them, subscribed their names to pay for a portrait of the Duchess by Lawrence, but we believe she did not live to sit for it. The portrait of Cardinal Gonsalvi is more popular than the portrait of Pius VII., but not with justice. A fine head of Sir John Moore, the hero of Corunna, has been engraved.

Lawrence fell into ill-health at the close of 1829. He wrote to his sister at Bath, whom he loved tenderly, promising to spend the Christmas of that year with her. The visit was put off from day to day by unavoidable delays. He was invited to dine with Sir Robert Peel on the 2nd of January, 1830. He hesitated, but at last accepted the invitation. It was there remarked that he looked wretchedly ill. Whether the exertion had been imprudent, or the weather too severe for his condition, we are not told by his biographers; but he went home shattered and exhausted, and died the following day.

Large as the sums were which Lawrence received for his pictures, he did not die rich. He lived expensively, though not in giving entertainments to his friends. He bought drawings by Michael Angelo, Raphael, and other old masters, and left a large and very valuable collection behind him. Many of these may have been bought during his visits to Germany and Italy. It is said that he spent £60,000 upon them, and that they did not fetch more than £20,000 after his death. Many of these drawings, however, have since been bought by the King of Holland, by King Louis Philippe, and other royal persons, and at large prices. Efforts were made some years after his death to buy for the country, and at the public expense, the finest of those not already sold, but the consent of the Government could not be obtained. At length a number of them were bought, partly by subscriptions raised in the University of Oxford, partly by the generosity of a single contributor, and this remnant of the collection is now in the





MASTER LAMBTON.

(From the Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence. By kind permission of Messrs H. Graves & Co.)



Randolph Gallery, at Oxford. The rest have been dispersed.

Altogether, it may be said of Lawrence that he was the painter suited to his generation—a generation changing its manners, somewhat boastful, unsettled, and ill at ease. The dignity and simplicity of the last century, with its old-world notions and principles, were gone. Half the countries of Europe had been turned upside down. Nothing had yet become stable or quite natural. The old nobility of France had been impoverished, and then decimated on the scaffold; the century had neither the grandeur of the days of Louis XIV. nor the brilliance of those of his two next successors. Our own aristocracy was crazed by the fury of political factions and by the military spirit, which enlisted the able-bodied of every county in the kingdom either in the army, the militia, or the volunteers. Noise, swagger, and coarseness were pardoned, if not encouraged, by society as the harmless extravagances of martial ardour. If the wildness of ideas and manners to which the French Revolution had given rise excited horror and sometimes ridicule north of the Channel, it influenced manners in England notwithstanding, and not favourably. George IV., as king, had changed his politics, and tried, under a pompous exterior, to put out of sight qualities and conduct for which he was held in contempt by a large majority of his subjects. He and the society of his day had to bear the burden of greatness which the glories of a successful war and the position of Englishmen in Europe entailed. These honours sat awkwardly, in some instances, on the society of the time. Manners were artificial, and Lawrence had no gifts by which he could hide or refine the popular sentiments of the day as they found expression on the faces of his sitters.

It would be unjust to the painter to lose sight of the great disadvantage with which he was forced to contend in the dresses, male and female, of his day. The men who had brought about a new order of things were not attractive in their costume. In Lawrence's day this aspect of mankind had become outrageous. Never since the days of Richard II.—and not then—had both sexes contrived

such wonderful clothing. The *Incroyables* of Paris, the indecent feminine classicalism of the Empire, and the sporting costume of our own island, borrowed mutually from each other. Leather breeches, top-boots, and "riding-coats" (or "redingotes") found their way to France; turbans, waists under the armpit, Cossack pantaloons, furred collars, frogs, and Brandenburs were adopted in England. A glance at the caricatures of the Regency and the fifteen years succeeding the peace of 1815 will give the reader some notion of the absurdities of these fashions. There remains plentiful illustration in more formal diagrams of the actual oddities which furnished matter for those lively satires. In its most sober form dress was ugly. High, tight cravats were introduced by the king to cover unsightly defects of the neck; coat-collars were raised in proportion. French *citoyennes* of the beginning of the century adopted the short waist for a patriotic "idea," but it hardly added to the dignity of the ladies whom Lawrence painted. As regards men's dress, we doubt whether portrait painters have yet mastered the ugliness of it, except in rare instances. Hunting-coats and shooting-jackets are a refuge for despairing artists of our own time. Lawrence had an exceptional dictatorship as the portrait painter of his day, but he could make no impression on this capital difficulty. Perhaps he was not aware of how greatly it might stand in the way of his future fame. His contemporaries were not, probably, inclined to regret, as we do, the suits of silk and velvet, the lofty powdered head-dresses, the swords and pigtails of an earlier generation; and perhaps Lawrence was not inclined to look beyond his immediate surroundings.

In this respect some of his most happy efforts have been his portraits of children. Costumes that sit awkwardly enough on full-grown men and women are quaint and becoming to children. The simplicity and grace that are natural to their years are not easily hidden, even under absurd feats of the scissors, nor do children often put on affectations, nor when they do is affectation in children what it is in the full-grown. Children were not altogether ill-dressed in his time; and the velvet suit, frilled and turn-down collar, and neatly

brushed hair help to make up a very charming picture of Master Lambton, of which we give an engraving.

The picture of the king, of his wig, and of the legs, for which he gave so many sittings, is perhaps, after all, the truest expression of Lawrence's powers as the diligent painter of

the fashionable world round him. He saw his subjects in drawing-room attitudes and "company" smiles, as the aristocratic world saw them; he could see no deeper. He painted conscientiously what he saw, but it is not probable that his reputation will maintain hereafter the grandeur it reached during his life. J. H. P.

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## MODERN ART IN FLORENCE.—II.

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HERE are yet a few more paintings to be noticed in the *salone* of the Società Artistica before we leave it for private studios.

Signor Cassioli, the Alma-Tadema of the Florentine school, has two or three light Pompeian subjects. In one is a lady on a classically formed chair, playing with a rabbit to amuse two lovely children. The drawing of the human form is singularly good, the flesh-tints soft and round, the colouring peculiarly cool and bright, being chiefly confined to rose tints and creamy white, with cool shadows. The second is also a Pompeian interior, two young girls and a pet peacock. The details of the bedroom furniture, the standing bronze lamp, &c., are all in perfect keeping, and the painting is highly finished.

Signor Tito Conti, though a very clever painter, has got into a mannerism that palls on one's taste after constant repetition. His subjects always seem to be suggested by his store of Cavalier and Roundhead costumes. From this era he never departs, and the "Going out" now before us is no exception to the rule. It represents a Cavalier, in all the glories of plumed hat and buff doublet, drawing on his gauntlet glove as he goes out, followed by a staghound. The handling is artificial, like the subject, and shows more high finish than artistic freedom.

Signor G. Costa is particularly happy in his "Last Flowers of Spring." It is only the half-length portrait of a girl holding some flowers in her hand, but the feeling is intense. As you recognise that the flowers are full-blown to the verge of falling, so you feel from the

thoughtful face of the maiden that she is leaving young girlhood behind her.

Signor Chierici has a large painting called "The Veteran." It is a home scene—a child playing at soldiers, and his grandfather, an old soldier, is looking on, and fighting his battles again for the benefit of a group of grandchildren round his knees. The motive is good, though not original, but the composition and *chiaroscuro* are alike wanting. Though the detail is good, yet the effect, as a whole, is crude, spotty, and inharmonious.

In another work, "The Spinner," this artist is more successful, perhaps because the subject is more simple. It is a young girl sitting at her hearth watching the *pentola* on the fire as she spins lazily, the kitten meanwhile playing with the thread.

Herr Laevering, an Italo-Tedesco painter, has a delicious bit of peasant life, entitled "A Family Bath"—an elder sister with a crowd of younger children at their ablutions. A chubby baby is splashing delightedly; another, in his little shirt, with pretty dimpled feet, is eager to enter too. The traditional naughty boy stands aloof, crying at the prospect. Every child is a study both of form and of character.

Signor Saltini is also good in domestic subjects. His "Family Joys" is truly Tuscan in motive. A mother holds a bunch of grapes as an inducement to a tiny child, in one of those "walking cages" of wicker-work which are a speciality in Tuscany. It is prettily drawn, the half-tints extremely well managed.

We have left Professor Ciseri's "Entombment" till last; it is the most telling picture in the room. Joseph of Arimathea and three disciples are carrying the Saviour to the tomb,



followed by the group of Maries. The conception is quite unconventional, and though so full of nature, is most intensely religious. The painting of the corpse, which, though in perfect death, yet seems to have the idea of life in it; the earnest faces of the men in which hope and sorrow are mysteriously blended; the noble womanly form of the Madonna with her face of anguish not bowed down as usual, but uplifted to heaven, as though she feels He is there; the dishevelled figure of the Magdalen with her yellow robe falling off her shoulders, and her wavy hair veiling her face, which is half hidden in her hands, are all most eloquent. The handling is masterly; the figures stand out full in a flood of pure moonlight, which brings out the delicate features of Mary with a sharp light, and casts the more heavy countenance of Joseph into a stern shadow. The drawing of textures, too, is very clever; the sheet in which the body is carried, with the moonlight shining through its strained folds, has a most transparent effect.

Professor Ciseri is a bold and earnest artist. In an age when religion, once the life and soul of Italian art, has entirely vanished from it, he has set himself to restore it, and in his devotion has produced works which must impress even the most unthinking. There are in his studio at present three great pictures, intended for the Church of the Foundlings. In the largest, a nun adoring a vision of the Saviour, he has tried the experiment of simplicity on the grandest scale. The painting is thirty or forty feet high. There are absolutely no accessories save the book of the nun thrown on the ground, as if useless in the presence of the Great Teacher. The full-length Christ, draped only in a floating cloud-like garment, appears with outspread hands against a background of yellow light. Expression and attitude seem to say, "I give myself wholly for you." The second subject, "The Madonna of Lourdes," is exquisite for the purity of exaltation in the face of the Virgin, and the simple awe in that of the peasant girl. In the third, "The Conception," Professor Ciseri has treated an old subject in quite a new manner. The Madonna, robed in blue, stands on the world, the serpent coiled in the

shadow at her feet. A faint crescent moon, rising beneath her, gives, in conjunction with her figure, the suggestion of an anchor, symbol of hope. The crescent is repeated more strongly above by a circle of angels' heads in the celestial background. In all three compositions the feeling and colouring symbolise heavenly light above earthly shadow.

An interesting studio has been lately open to the public, that of Ferdinando Andreini, a young sculptor who has, as it were, risen from the ranks. The son of a workman in artists' studios, his talent was recognised and encouraged by some English artists with such success that he has won prizes and found purchasers in several exhibitions. There is in his studio a charming little blindfolded Eros, well modelled and graceful, the groping attitude being especially suggestive. A pair of statuettes of Neapolitan children, bought by an English patron at the Paris Exhibition, are very spirited, the dancing girl full of vivacity, and the flute-playing boy very truthful. The hands of the latter are remarkably beautiful. Signor Andreini has a career before him if he keeps steadfast to true art, and does not debase it by pandering to false taste, in which rank might be placed the mincing little girl going to school in a long-waisted dress and knitted shawl.

A great deal might be said of American art, which has taken a high standing of its own in Florence. Mr. Ball has several very beautiful statues in his tasteful studio. Mr. Gould has made his name by a lovely airy "West Wind," so light and floating that he seems to have taken all sense of weight out of the marble. His "Timon of Athens" is a fine and grandly modelled statue, while the medalion "Head of Satan" is a masterpiece, with its wonderful blending of beauty and wickedness.

Mr. Craig has some charming pictures, of which "The Easter Hymn" and "Peace" are careful studies of child-life, while in "Isaac Meditating in the Fields" we have a more suggestive motive truthfully worked out—a warm Eastern figure standing up rich and dark against a sky from which the after-glow is just beginning to fade. The landscapes of this artist in *chiaroscuro* are very free and forcible.

LEADER SCOTT.

## SKETCHING GROUNDS: UMBRIAN VALLEYS.

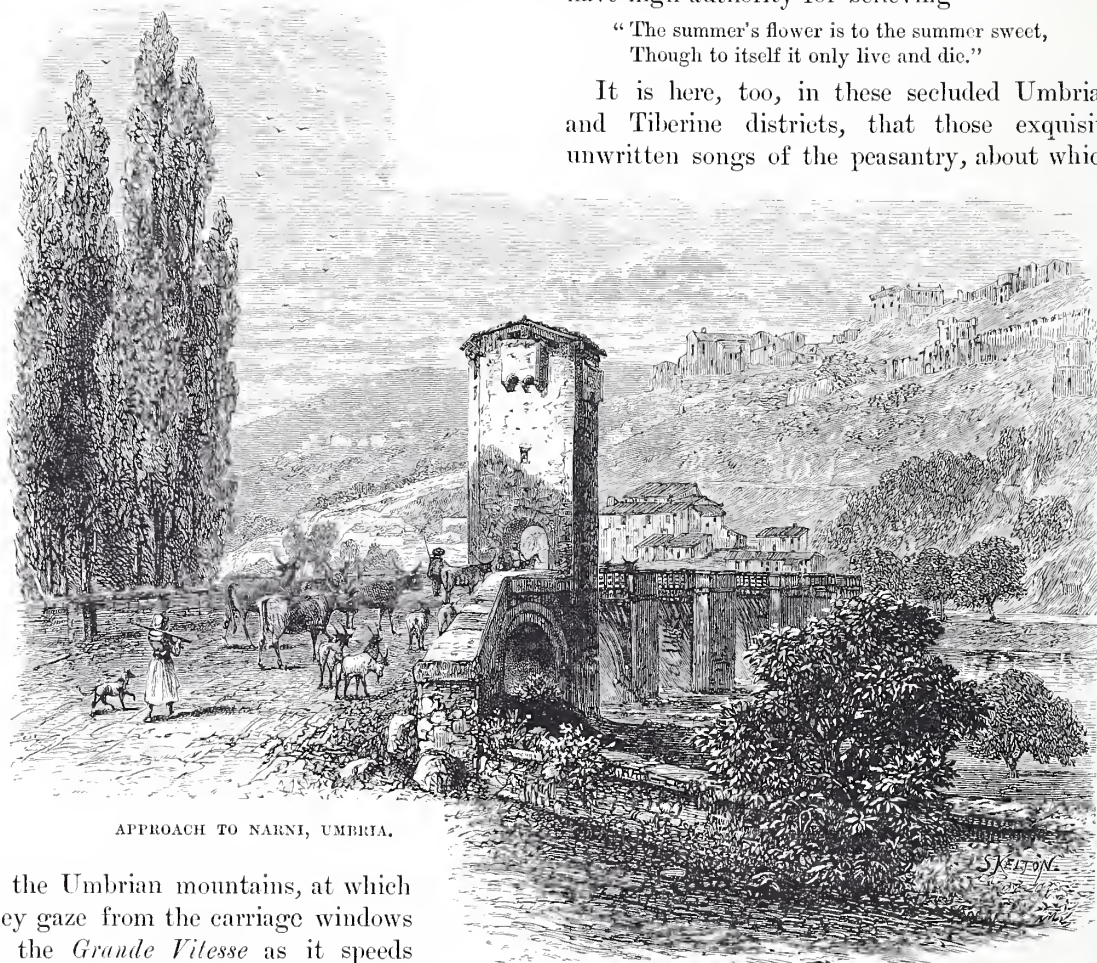
BY STEPHEN THOMPSON.

HOW many of the numerous travellers who, in the chill October days, hurry by railway through Florence to Rome, dream of the world of beauty hidden among the slopes

are fewer of the discordant associations and other evils which seem to accompany the advent of tourists in these almost untrodden ways. Self-sufficing is the beauty of nature, and we have high authority for believing

“The summer’s flower is to the summer sweet,  
Though to itself it only live and die.”

It is here, too, in these secluded Umbrian and Tiberine districts, that those exquisite unwritten songs of the peasantry, about which



APPROACH TO NARNI, UMBRIA.

of the Umbrian mountains, at which they gaze from the carriage windows of the *Grande Vitesse* as it speeds on past remains of old Etruscan towns, and square mediæval towers, to the Eternal City—the lovely country intersected by the Velino, the Nar, the reaches of the upper Tiber—the vast forests, the wealth of vegetation and richness of colour, the fruitful farms, stately cattle, and all the finest and most characteristic features of Italian scenery which flourish unheeded in the central provinces?

Perhaps it is better thus. At least, there

we have heard so much, had their birth. Songs, so delicate, so tender, so sweet, that one is beyond measure startled by hearing such “native wood-notes wild sung” by peasant-lovers in words they cannot write or read. It is the home of the *improvisatore*, who, in the midst of these natural beauties, cannot choose but sing—what wonder!—blossoming into verse as spontaneously as flowers into bloom. Love-songs breathing a refined delicacy of sentiment,



pure as the sunshine, the soft wind, or the fresh wild flowers, though oftentimes contrasting strangely with rude domestic surroundings. Far behind in all that pertains to modern civilisation, they yet are an old race; the descendants and inheritors of an earlier civilisation than ours, for the country around is pre-eminently the Italy of classical times. What may we say to an unlettered peasant girl who can thus address her lover—

“O bocca d'oro fra  
pomi d'argento,  
Ora lo vedo ehe tu  
vuoi partire,  
Partine pure, e vat-  
tenè contento;  
Ricórdati, idol  
mio, del ben  
servire;”

rendered by the author of the “Pilgrimage of the Tiber” into

“O golden mouth in  
silver apples set,  
I know the time is  
come when you  
must go.  
Go, then; your part-  
ing with con-  
tentment met;  
Remember, dear,  
the service that  
you owe;”

or do aught but listen to such a lyric as that commencing, “Vanne, sospio mio, vanne a trovare,” of which we can only give a portion—

“Go forth, my sigh, go sadly forth, and find  
Her who doth feed my heart with sorrow's flow,  
And if thou reach her tell her all my mind,  
Recount my griefs, and paint my wasting woe”?

When you have heard many of these compositions, it is easy to understand that in mediæval times “spirituality” and “deep religious feeling” were the characteristics of Umbrian Art.

One sultry day in full summertide, when Rome, deserted by even the most case-hardened, seemed to be handed over to burning fire, I found myself threading the rocky gorge through

which the heat-wasted Nar—the sulphurous Nar of Virgil—whose source is at the foot of Monte Sibilla, after flowing through the plains, joined at one point by the Velino, forces its way to a junction with the Tiber below Orte. It is some fifty miles from Rome. Hills clothed with the ilex, the chestnut, and the olive fill up the distance; around, upland slopes of yellow corn stand ready for the reaper's hand, and bullocks yoked to rudely-fashioned

country carts dawdle down dusty roads, shaded by tall trees, between which the fierce sun darts slanting wedges of dazzling light. On the summit of a lofty hill, past which the river flows, stands the old Umbrian city of Narni, the Narnia of the Romans. Across the stream rest the grand ruins of the Roman bridge, built by Augustus for the purpose of continuing the Fla-



CONVENT OF SAN CASCIANO, FROM THE LEFT BANK OF THE RIVER.

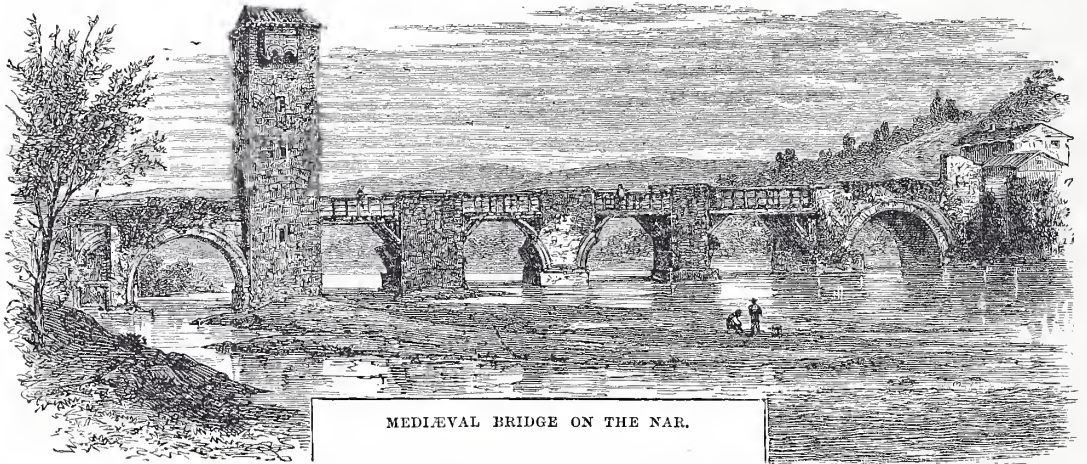
minian Way. Its massive fragments—one arch still entire—span the river at the foot of the precipitous steep on the least assailable side below the old towers and castle. Few things are finer, in their way, than this noble relic of imperial times.

Sixty years ago, Turner, at the height of his great powers, sat down before this opening of the defile through which the Nar flows, and made a finished drawing of the scene. That drawing (the property of Professor Ruskin) has recently been made familiar to the art-loving public at the exhibition of Turner's works, by their appreciative possessor. So

close is its topographical accuracy, that we can to-day be almost certain of the exact spot where Turner pitched his tent, or sketching-stool, by the river-side in those bygone days when Italy was yet a geographical expression, and no railway had invaded these solitudes. But the single line of Roman railway is almost hidden by the inequality of the ground, and scarce alters the landscape, or betrays its presence, except by a few puffs of smoke twice or thrice each day. How unaltered the subject is may be seen by our illustration made on this occasion. The mediæval bridge close by, old as it is, seems but of yesterday beside the huge relic over which the Roman legions

life in the way he leads the eye by the bright trees to the convent on the hill, seen through the ruined Roman arch."

There are many other subjects worthy of the pencil along the banks of the stream, and you will certainly be quite alone. The old city, seemingly so far away on the lofty elevation above, appears to have done with the world. Not a sound, or any indication whatever of interest or connection with the earth below, is to be heard or seen. So far as outward appearances go, it may be still asleep, as when surprised by the Consul Apuleius (B.C. 300), who introduced his legionaries by a subterranean way, and made it henceforth a Roman city.



MEDIÆVAL BRIDGE ON THE NAR.

passed. The sandy river-bed glows white in the hot noonday sun, and long-legged Tiberine sheep cluster together here and there, as though to present as little surface as possible to the untamed rays. Perched on the well-wooded hill above peeps out the picturesque convent of San Casciano, but no vesper-bell may be heard at close of day as in Turner's time, for the conventual establishment has been suppressed.

Of Turner's drawing, known as "The Bridge of Narni," Mr. Ruskin writes, "Turner's mind at this time was in such quiet joy of power, that he not so much wilfully, as inevitably, ignored all but the loveliness in every scene he drew. This river is, in truth, here neither calm nor pure. . . . Assuming, however, that the stream is to be calm and clear, a more lovely study of water-surface does not exist. Note, again, Turner's sympathy with monastic

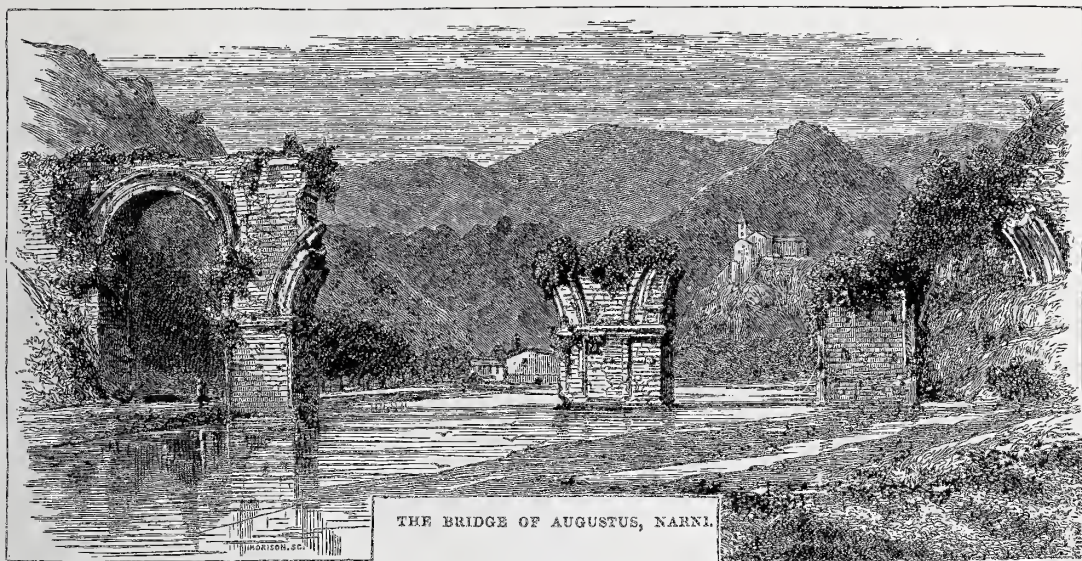
But there *is* life in the aged city—such lethargic, unambitious existence as is too common in old Italian towns far removed from the great centres of business—and on festivals all the picturesque finery of the surrounding district may be seen converging to the zigzag slopes leading to the curious narrow streets, above which stands the ancient cathedral. To-day, however, it makes no sign; all is stationary, save the moving shadows of the great white clouds sailing overhead. All silent but the shrill rattle of the *cicala*, the murmur of the shallow stream, and the echoes of the songs of the reapers in the distant harvest-fields. There is an idyllic charm spread over all this which "leads the hours in dance," and the ray of a bright sun can make sufficient holiday.

The day wears away, until the lengthening shadows remind one that it is time to seek



some shelter for the night, or, satyr-like, be content with a hollow tree; for we know, by past experience, that it is useless to make the toilsome ascent to the mediæval city above in search of the Albergo, which exists only in the pages of Murray as "good, but dear." It has long since been closed for want of guests. Come, then, in imagination, with me, and let us see what the interior of an Umbrian *Osteria* is like. We turn our back upon the fading magnificence of a sunset all living purple and gold, plunge into the deepening gloom of a path along which the heavy acacias droop

is surrounded by *contadini*, playing dominoes. The *zuppa minestra* and macaroni, accompanied by native wine, exhaust the resources of the innkeeper; and when the eggs, that I had ordered to be boiled, at length appeared, no egg-cup or wine-glass was procurable; but a hole scooped in a hunch of bread soon disposed of the difficulty, and formed the necessary support. Italians rarely use eggs except for frying. Later in the evening, one by one, all the occupants of the inn found their way outside, and sat about in the bright moonlight, smoking or chatting. Even the corpulent landlady, who



THE BRIDGE OF AUGUSTUS, NARNI.

in the heated air and the fire-flies dart in eccentric flight. The gleam of a bright light through the trees indicates the way. It is only a roadside *Osteria*, primitive enough, but profoundly welcome. Such humble fare as the place affords is soon in preparation. One is not perplexed with choice, and while it is cooking we can survey our halting-place for the night. Mother Earth, in picturesque undulations, composes the floor, and a wooden stool has to be made usable by the levelling aid of a wedge of red tufa. In one corner is stacked the stock of carbon, the other is filled up with a similar one of wood. The farther end of the apartment is partially screened off for the mysteries of the cuisine. One wooden table is appropriated to the *forestieri*; the other

had all the evening been energetically driving her two black-haired and almost equally fat domestics, at length commanded a halt. "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat!" we mentally exclaimed, as she seated her too-expansive person on a wooden settle beneath a tree outside, and drawing from her pocket a handful of cigars, lighted one of the largest, and smoked herself into the repose of a *Vere de Vere*. Knowing beforehand that my bedroom would probably be little better than a kind of *caravansera*, ascended by a ladder, and of which I should not be the only occupant—for the pursuit of the picturesque "acquainteth a man with strange bedfellows," yet that it would not be the less necessary to have a clear understanding as to the tariff as in all out-of-the-way travelling



in Italy—I carelessly inquired of the *padrone* the price of my sleeping-place. “*Dicci lire, Signore*” (ten francs), he at once answered. Playfully complimenting him on the modesty of asking a higher price than that of the best hotel in Rome, both he and the *padrona* replied in one breath, without any consultation, “*cinque lire*” (five francs), to which I still objected, as too high for such an establishment. “*Due lire*” was the unhesitating response, in which sum I acquiesced. These pleasant

people have their “ways,” but when one is familiar with them—well, it doesn’t matter.

The room proved to be better than I anticipated; the refreshing coolness of the still night air effaced the memory of the sultry hours; the full moon shone through the open casement, and flooded the chamber with light. From a neighbouring villa came the sound of a mandolina exquisitely played by some deft hand, and so closed, not unpleasantly, a sketching day in Umbria.

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### STREET SKETCHES.

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THE charming illustrations that we reproduce in this number are scraps from the portfolio of a German artist, who might aptly be called a peregrinating philosopher. Such infinite variety of observation and subtle sense of humour (witness the boy tickling with a straw the ear of the unconscious sleeper on the bench) are seldom found in the artist *pur et simple*.

Hugo Kauffmann must have travelled much, and with eyes that knew how to see.

So many benighted mortals go through the world with eyes wide open, and yet, alas! they see not. Ask them about their wanderings; what they have seen. They are non-plussed. They have retained absolutely no impression of what has passed before their eyes. The year in its changing beauties tells no stories to them. The tender green of spring, the grey heats of summer, the fall, rich colouring of autumn, do not penetrate to their inner sense of vision. They know it is winter because the ground is white, but can they perceive the subtle beauty that lies hidden in the snowy covering; the delicate tracery of the leafless branches, “bare, ruined choirs where once the sweet birds sang,” against the leaden sky; the sky whose neutrality of colour frames so perfectly the vivid,

intense streaks of yellow-red the sun in his setting leaves across his path? Mr. Kauffmann cannot be ranked amongst such Philistines as



A BIT OF MISCHIEF.

these. With quick appreciative glance he has noticed the blind man under the portico, with hand outstretched to prove by sense of touch whether it be fair o’er head or not. Rain!



It is still raining, so the well-worn umbrella



“DOES IT RAIN?”

carefully held in the other hand must be again unfurled. Notice the *seeking* look the blind so often have impressed upon their countenances. How well one perceives that he does not see. We cannot help regretting that in the composition of the groups a greater sense of proportion had been observed. The heads and figures of all the children placed in the foreground are far too small. Nevertheless there is a surprising amount of animation and “go” in the scenes depicted—scenes at which we feel assured the artist was an on-looker. Can you not see the poor organ-grinder with the dancing figures that the children know so well shut up in the box behind him? He also is blind.

Mr. Kauffmann, no doubt, because he can so well appreciate the blessings of sight, seems to possess a delicate sense of sympathy for those whose enjoyments in this world are even sadly curtailed. How tenderly the “guid wife” leads with gentle touch the poor man’s steps. She, trudging by his side, carries the camp-stool that represents may be all their household goods. What do they want with more? Do they not often get a night’s lodging free at the village inn, where the dancing marionettes have attracted a large audience, who gape and wonder, and then moisten their open mouths with the landlord’s watery beer? And the poodle demurely walking by the side of his master, calmly disdainful of the yelping attentions of the stranger dog, who vainly endeavours to attract his notice. To see him now, with tongue hanging loosely out, and sober, measured tread, you would scarcely recognise him as the whilom “observed of all observers.” Ah! he is a sly dog. He knows he can afford to wait; his time will come. Then he will proudly exhibit all the tricks his master is never tired of teaching him; for to the odd couple this dog is as their child. Then there are the



A STREET CORNER.

bewildered country people lost in the mazes of a large city. How often one has seen them at the corners of streets, helplessly listening to the voluble string of directions

to the left," and so on, until their poor tired brains get more addle-pated than before, and one is induced to wonder whether they really will ever reach their destination.



WELCOME ARRIVALS.

the good-natured passer-by pours in a volley upon them. They are too timid to ask for clearer directions, and so we are safe to meet them at the further end of the street again listening to the intricate instructions of how "to keep straight on, taking the third turning to the right, and then the fourth

Mr. Kauffmann's portfolio teems with clever and characteristic drawings, of which the four we have selected may be taken as fair specimens. It will repay a careful observation, and nothing more interesting and diverting could be found to while away a wet afternoon in a country house.

L. J.

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PICTURES OF THE YEAR.—V.

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ONE of our large engravings this month (page 245) reproduces Mr. S. E. Waller's striking and pathetic picture, "The Empty Saddle." War is best treated in its accessory incidents. It is not the clash of armies, or a column on the

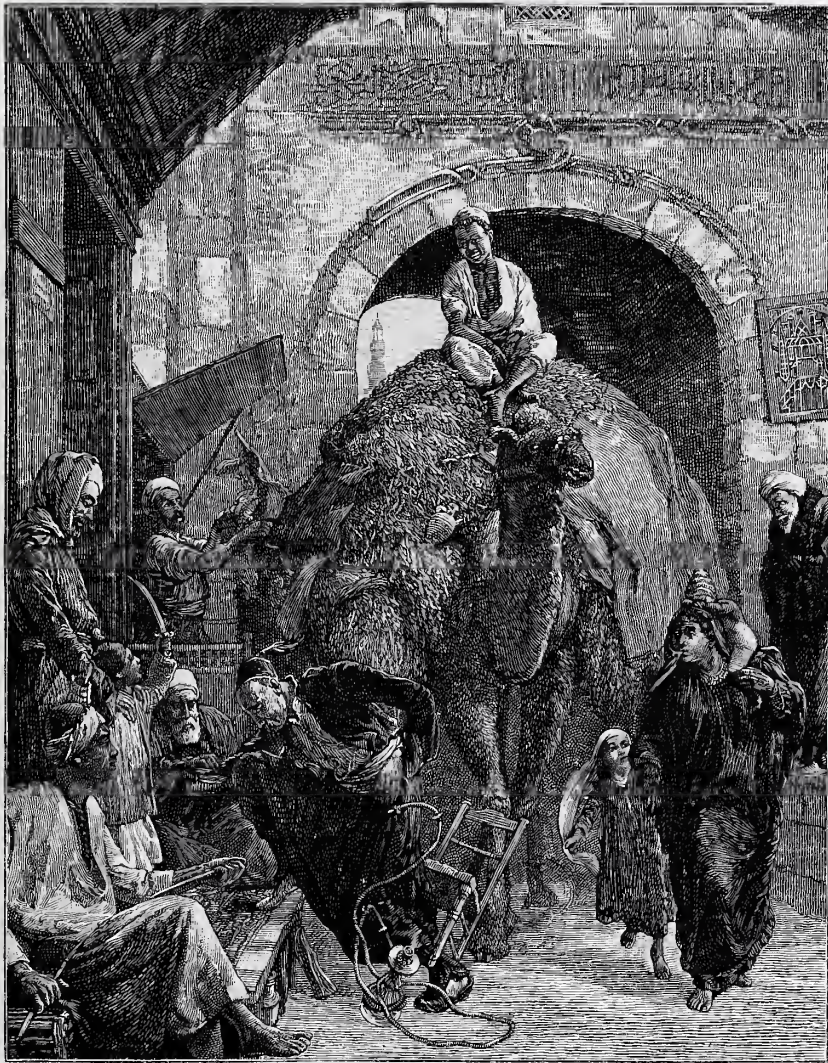
march, or the *pêle-mêle* of flight and pursuit, which supplies the artist with subjects for his pencil, for there the human interest is lost by diffusion; the machinery of an army is more apparent than the soldier. It is in the side-scenes,



in the before and after of a battle, in the wake of an army, and in the soldier's home, that the heroism, the pathos, and the humanity of war offer their inspiration to the artist. War is not picturesque on the field in time

the beautiful old country-house of his picture and the last century costumes lend a grace to the conception.

"Fear," by Mr. J. T. Nettleship, is a work of very remarkable power (page 246). The



A NARROW WAY, CAIRO.

(By Walter C. Horsley.)

of action, but infinitely so in the pauses, in the accessory episodes, in that circle of ever-widening emotions which spreads through the people of a country at war, as the ripple from a fallen stone widens through the waters of a lake. Mr. Waller has hit upon one of these side-incident, as suggestive as it is simple ;

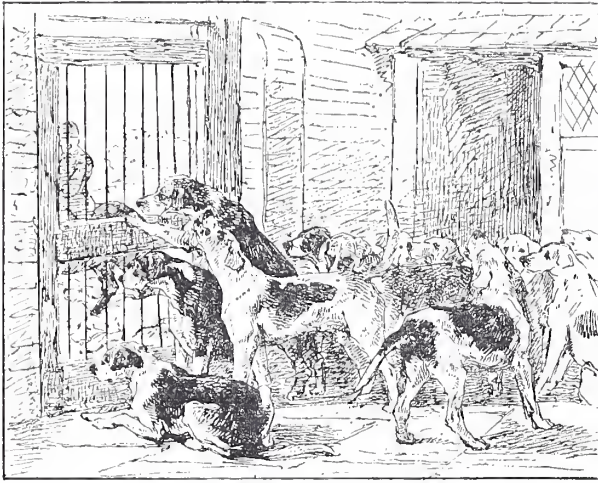
scene is apparently from the Biblical deluge. On a floating log a tiger and a serpent find refuge together in the friendship of a common terror ; a waste of waters stretches to the horizon ; the expression of the tiger's face is forcibly pathetic.

Mr. J. S. Noble's "Freedom and Im-



prisonment" (page 244) is an admirably painted study of harriers—an important pic-

a serious insult between adults, is now confined to "vulgar little boys." The protruded tongue of Signor Chierici's capital urchin needs no explanation, being a sign of derision and defiance in universal use.

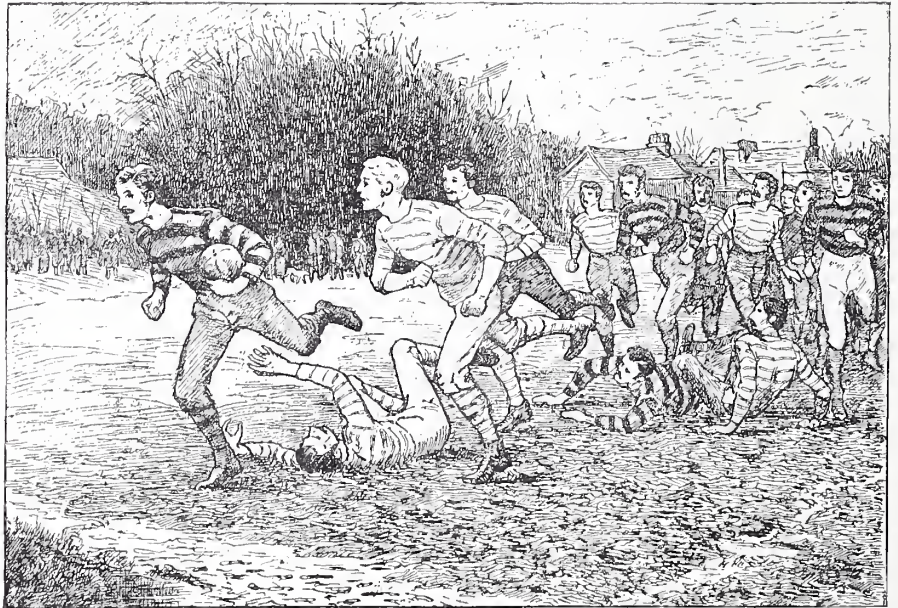


FREEDOM AND IMPRISONMENT.  
(By J. S. Noble.)

ture of large size, in which the wild impatience of the dogs imprisoned in the kennel on a hunting morning is excellently rendered.

Signor Gaetano Chierici has this year a little bit of quiet humour, thoroughly Italian in character, "Adding Insult to Injury" (page 246). The action of the boy who is defying the cat to attack the little downy chickens feeding from his plate is fully intelligible to those only who know the children of Italy and Switzerland well. In both of these countries no greater insult can be offered than that of "making horns," which is done by extending the index and the little finger, and closing the rest. This action, once

Mr. J. E. Hodgson, R.A., in giving a quasi-comic reading of a passage in the Old Testament, has, with questionable taste, made a hazardous experiment. His "Gehazi, the



FOOTBALL.  
(By W. B. Wollen.)

Servant of Elisha," is a very realistic and very modern rascal, gloating cunningly over the good idea of embezzling the two talents



of silver and two changes of garments; his expression is decidedly funny, and no better picture of a roguish Oriental could be imagined.

Mr. Crofts returns to the ever-interesting

a habit, which was observable in Maclise, of giving the eyes a circle of white all round the pupil by way of conveying emotion.

Such a device cannot take the place of true



THE EMPTY SADDLE.

(By S. E. Waller.)

Waterloo. He shows us the defeated Napoleon in the act of quitting his carriage to take horse. It must be owned that, though the canvas interests from the multitude of figures in action, there is throughout a certain lack of expressiveness. The artist has rather caught

expression, and it weakens rather than assists the dramatic effect. Mr. Crofts always composes well and paints with facility, and his picture has been one of the marked attractions of the year. Further on in the same room is another Waterloo incident, treated in



this ease by a French artist, M. Philippoteaux. placed a knapsack under his head and gave him a drink out of his own flask. These are the incidents of war which, as we have already said, are more glorious in history and more beautiful in art than panoramas of battle in the "grand style."



ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

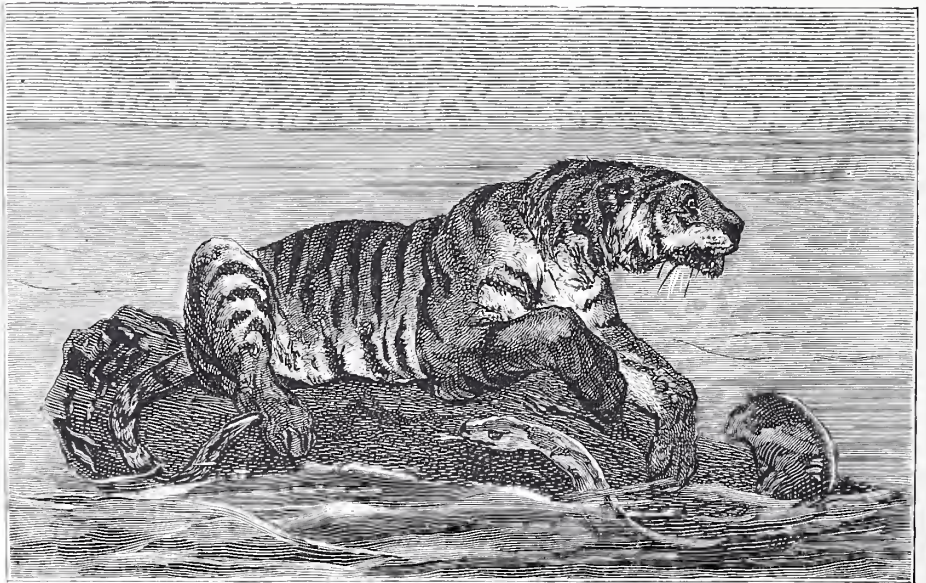
(By Gaetano Chierici.)

Work from his brush always shows a thorough training, and the drawing is more complete than can often be found in an English gallery.

The passage of the great battle which he illustrates is a peculiarly noble one. Sir Frederick Ponsonby, the Colonel of the 13th Light Dragoons, relates how, wounded in the head and both arms, he was carried by his charger into the ranks of the enemy, where he was again severely hit and laid half dead on the ground.

He was succoured in this terrible strait by a French officer, who has never been identified, and who

the Penitent" of Mr. Fildes and "The Return of the Penitent" of Mrs. C. Amyot (*née* Engelhart), the latter of which forms the frontispiece

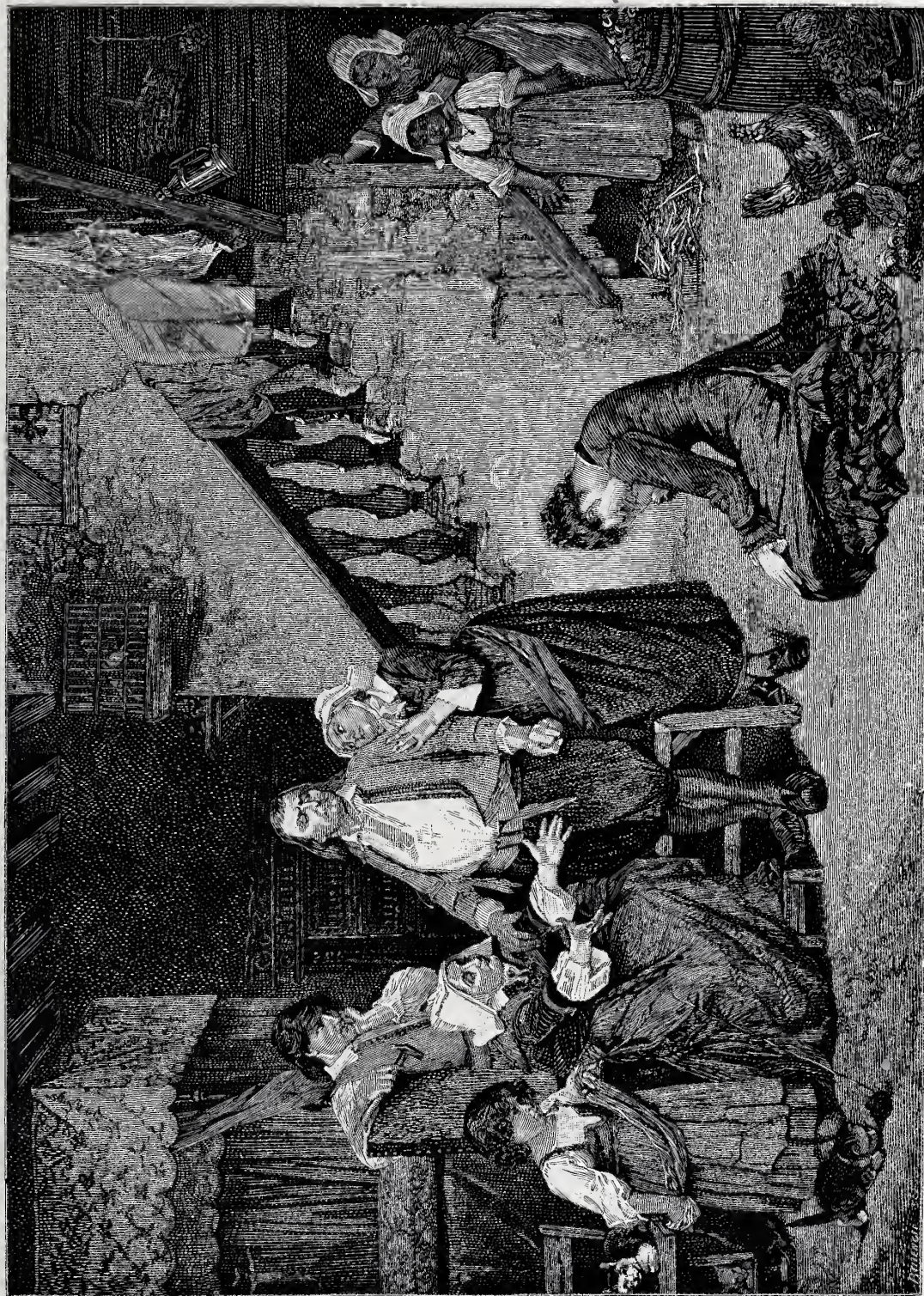


FEAR.

(By J. T. Nettlehip.)

to our present issue, are alike, however, only in the leading motive; the incidents are totally





THE RETURN OF THE PENITENT.  
(From the Painting by G. Amyot, in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1879.)





dissimilar, and it is to be noted that the lady's intention has been to convey a meaning entirely contrary to that of the couplet quoted by Mr. Fildes in the Academy catalogue:—

“Every woe a tear may claim  
Except an erring sister's shame.”

In Mrs. Amyot's composition the women are all forgiveness and compassion. The mother stretches out her hands eagerly to the kneeling daughter, the sister hangs entreatingly on her father's arm; but he is obdurate, and the

Mrs. E. M. Ward has painted this year, quite against her usual custom, a picture of a single figure—a young lady in modern “æsthetic” attire playing the violin. The figure is remarkably pleasing and graceful, and accords so well with the idea of music that it is appropriately named “Melody.” In the execution, this work is at variance with the artist's habitual and well-known manner. The subject is so excessively simple that it cannot be expected to excite any such public interest as did the “Mrs. Fry Visiting Newgate,”



THE GORDON RIOTS.

(By Seymour Lucas.)

brother hesitates to forgive and be reconciled. The poor girl's city dress is an offence to the simple household of peasants to which she has wandered back; it makes a striking contrast to the homely garments of her virtuous sister; yet this prodigal meets no jealous rivalry on her return. The grouping of this striking picture is uncommonly good, the accessories are picturesque, and the low tone of the colour is pleasant. The latter peculiarity and the quality of the painting give it a somewhat foreign aspect. “The Return of the Penitent” has been exhibited in the Paris Salon as well as at Burlington House.

exhibited a few years ago—a memorable work, an engraving of which, executed by Mr. Atkinson, has just been published by Mr. Edmund Hewson, and dedicated by command to the Queen. If Mrs. Ward never before aimed at so elaborate a work as the last mentioned, she certainly never had such an inspiring subject. The incident as it actually occurred was characterised by Sidney Smith as “the most solemn, the most Christian, the most affecting, which any human being ever witnessed. . . . This is the sight,” he adds, “which breaks down the pageant of the world; which tells us that the short hour of life is passing away,

that we must prepare by some good deeds to meet our God." These are solemn words spoken



IONE.

(By J. N. MacLean.)

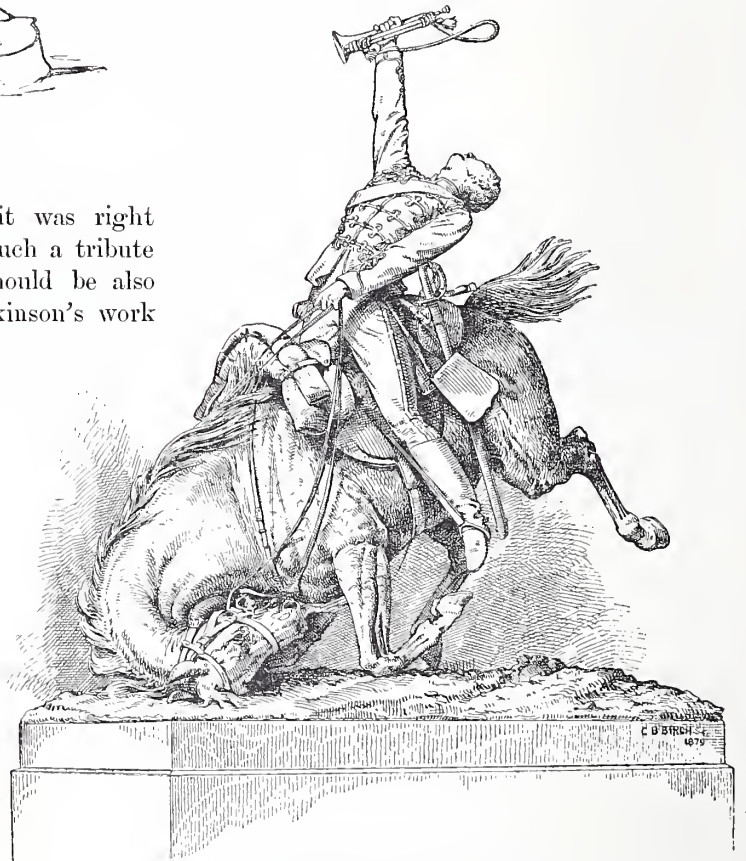
straight from the heart; and it was right that a good deed which earned such a tribute of enthusiasm from literature should be also commemorated by art. Mr. Atkinson's work is an admirable specimen of the engraver's art, and it may well be classed with "pictures of the year"—others in black and white we hope to notice in a future article.

Before closing this notice of the Academy pictures of 1879—a notice which is now a reminiscence—we have attempted to retrieve our almost inevitable neglect of canvases of great merit, but of lesser note—bearing names which have not escaped the unprejudiced critic in former years, but which are not on the lips of the crowd. Among these we desire to give our closing praises to Mr. F. Barnard's clever "At the Pantomime;" to Mr. R. W. Macbeth's shining "Sardine Fishery;" to Mr. William Bright Morris's "Temptation,"

which represents with exquisite touch a Spanish courtyard, where a seller of silks is exhibiting tantalising wares to two ladies; to two sea-pieces, by Mr. Walter Shaw, "On the Doombur," and its companion, admirable for the quite exceptional excellence of the wave-drawing; and to Mr. Eugene Benson's "Sunday Morning in Titian's Country," an original and very charming little work representing a procession entering a church door in the cool-coloured yet intense sunshine of early morning, while the mountains are still quite blue, without details, and the heads of the people are shining in the light.

#### SCULPTURE.

Leaving pictures behind, we give sketches of two pieces of sculpture of a very dif-



THE LAST CALL.

(By C. B. Birch.)

ferent subject and character—the "Ione" of Mr. MacLean, and "The Last Call" of Mr. C. B. Birch, whose "Retaliation," which



we engraved last year, has gone to represent English sculpture at Sydney. The commendable ambition which led the last-named sculptor to choose this year one of the most difficult subjects within the reach of art has been rewarded with an astonishing success. Mr. Birch has seized one of those instantaneous and intense actions which are hazardous to treat in the monumental calm of marble or bronze; but the event has proved that he has not attempted too much. One shell has simultaneously struck man and horse, the "last call" of the dying trumpeter is still ringing

suspended in the air like a man's soul in the act of flight; very finely has the sculptor combined the images of vivid movement and of the pause of death. Whether "Ione" be intended as a fancy figure or as an illustration we know not; we imagine the latter to be more probably the case, the only Ione popular in fiction being Bulwer Lytton's stately Greek, who would be hardly realised by the charming young maiden of Mr. MacLean. He gives us great ease and repose, and the face, though regular, is not severely so—nay, it inclines to the more piquant modern type.

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## L A C E.

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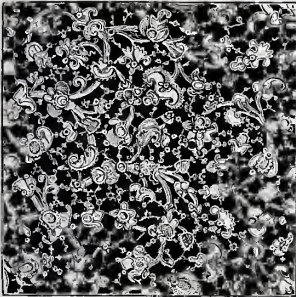


FIG. 1.—ROSE POINT, NEEDLE-POINT LACE. VENETIAN, 17TH CENTURY.

A GOOD many books have been written about lace and the incidents of its history and manufacture. Some are considerable in size, and some comparatively small. The illustrations are often numerous and attractive-looking; they are generally successful in showing the picturesque appearance of lace. It is to be feared, however, that amateurs rely to too great an extent upon them. The knowledge picked up from the study of such books cannot, on the face of it, result in a real acquaintance with the materials used, or with the way in which they are used. On this account we propose to say a few words on the importance of studying actual specimens—that is, if a real knowledge of methods of lace-making be desired.

Everything has its proper use, and the more intimately acquainted a wearer of lace becomes with the facts concerning its production, the more will she be influenced to put lace to its proper use. She will be able to understand how discordances arise when machine and hand-made laeces are mixed in the adornment of a *coiffure* or a *fichu*; or when, say, needle-point

lace is mixed with pillow-made lace in the ornamentation of a *polonaise* or *corsage*. She will not be at the mercy of the vendor of laeces, who blandly declares that such and such a specimen is a splendid "Point de Malines," or such a one is a rare piece of "Point de Neige." She will learn to be wary of full-sounding, well-rounded forms of lace nomenclature. She will

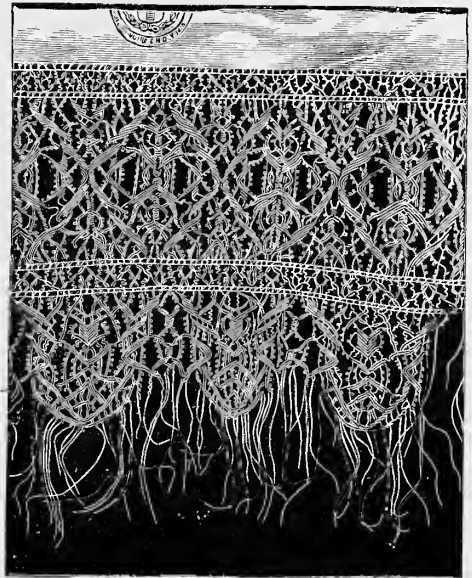


FIG. 2.—MACRAMÉ OR PUNT A GROPPA TWISTED THREAD LACE. ITALIAN.

reduce the mystification of varieties of laeces to some simple matter-of-fact classification. Arrived at this stage of knowledge, she finds

herself privileged to turn her attention to the historical and romantic side of the question, and to learn how to soften her unimpeachable utterances upon the twisting or looping of threads with anecdotes of the convents and churches of Italy and Spain, of the Court of Louis XIV., with appropriate references to portraits by Holbein, by Franz Hals, by Vandyck, or with happy reminiscences of delicate sculptured tracery on rarely mentioned ancestral tombs, to say nothing of apt quotations from the gentle-minded poets who have extolled the art of fairy-like works inherited from Arachne.

Unfortunately, it is frequently the rule to reverse this order of things, and glib talk about the designs of Vinciolo, the intrigues of Colbert in the establishment of the great Alençon lace manufactory, the successful feats of smuggling lengths of lace wound round a Dutch boer's body, or packed inside the cranium of some plaster of Paris Venus, passes for knowledge about lace.

To one who wishes to know certain distinguishing features of lace, a magnifying-glass of pretty high power is necessary. As a preliminary practice in the use of the glass, it will be well to try and trace the course of a single thread in a piece of work, and to find out by this means if the thread be merely twisted and plaited, or if it be looped up, twisted, looped up again, and so on. In suggesting what may seem to be a rather tedious process, a caution is necessary against the insidious fascination of tracing the course of a single thread in a complex weaving, which so infatuated some unfortunate creature as to drive him or her into a condition of melancholy, because the end of the thread could never be discovered.

Twisted or plaited threads are a chief feature of pillow-made lace; recurrent loopings-up, twistings and loopings-up, &c., of needle-point lace. But ladies accustomed to use their

needles would instantly find out what sort of stitch is employed in such a work, as, say, the thick white filling-in of flowers and stems in a piece of Venetian point lace. And having once fixed a fact of this kind in their minds, the

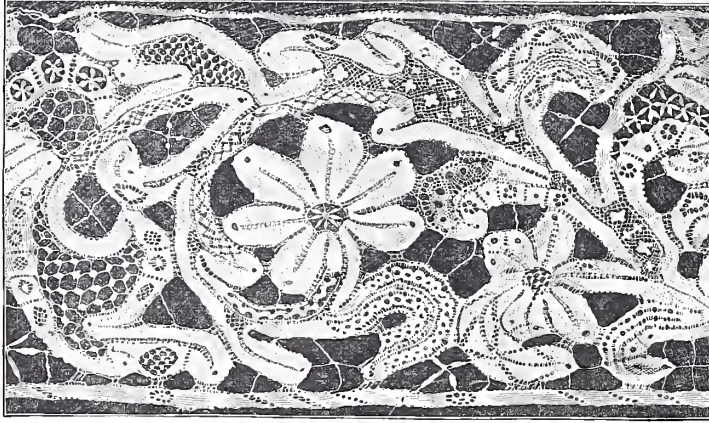


FIG. 3.—TAPE LACE, WITH FILLINGS-IN OF NEEDLE-POINT WORK. ITALIAN, 17TH CENTURY.

detection of points of difference between pillow and needle-point laces would soon become a matter of certainty. The next step to be taken might be to examine under the glass a piece of pillow-made lace and a piece of machine-made lace. In the latter would be discovered, as a rule, a wiry, hard regularity of appearance, very unlike the soft lay of the threads intertwined on the pillow. From this stage one might proceed to studying the sorts of ground net-works, or, as they are technically known, the *réseau*. Here would be found two kinds of workmanship, the one resembling the twistings and plaitings, the other the loopings-up and twistings already mentioned as characteristics of the two broad classes of lace. Varieties in grounds arise from the use of one, two, three, four, or more threads, looped-up or plaited to form a single mesh of the groundwork. Each variety belongs to a certain section of lace. Thus the mesh in the needle-point lace, known as "point d'Alençon," is composed of a series of single-thread loops, east on to one another, and kept in position by lines of thread running transversely to the loops; in fine Venetian laces, with a *réseau*—which, by the way, are rare—the *réseau* is made in the same way, but the loops of the meshes are arranged perpendicularly to the length of the piece of lace,



whilst in point d'Alençon they are horizontal—that is, parallel to the length of the piece. In pillow lace one finds many fanciful varieties of twistings to form the *réseau*. Lille lace has the simplest form of *réseau*. The most elaborate *réseaux* are those belonging to the class of Valenciennes laces, which is called “fausses Valenciennes” in contradistinction to that of the “vrais Valenciennes;” though amongst the buyers and sellers of lace these works are as often as not called Mechlin laces. Mechlin, however, has a perfectly distinctive *réseau*, and so has Brussels. The relationship existing between these finer laces and the coarse provincial laces may easily be traced. As soon as it is apparent that laces have a rational development to be traced more easily than those of various natural growths, the interest in acquiring definite knowledge on the subject increases.

Of the four specimens selected to illustrate this paper, two are of kinds of lace which are often worked successfully at the present day. Fig. 2, of twisted thick threads (cord may be used with equally good effect), passes under the name of “Macramé work;” an earlier name dating from the sixteenth century is *punt a groppo*. Effective mantelpiece borders and fringes may be made in this manner. Although the name implies an Italian origin for this lace, the twisting of coarse threads in this fashion was as likely as not to have been known to the earliest fine art practisers of whom we have any history. Fringed cloths of the

Egyptians were ornamented in the manner of this *punt a groppo*, though not in the same pattern. The plaited fibres of South American and African workmanship are analogous to the *punt a groppo*. Fig. 1 is a reduced copy of some delicate Venetian rose-point lace—a needle-point lace which was developed from handsome, flat, needle-made lace, figured in pattern books of the sixteenth century under names such as *punt in aria*, *punto tagliato a foliami*. Fig. 3 is a mixed lace—Italian, seventeenth century. The main stem is a

woven tape, whilst the filled-in ornaments are worked with a needle. This is a lace which is still made, and in the execution of which there are no such subtle difficulties to overcome as would be found in the production of such a lace as that of Fig. 2. Fig. 4 is a piece of Flemish pillow lace, with a groundwork of two sorts of devices in the plaiting of the threads.

These few remarks on characteristics of certain laces may, it is hoped, sufficiently interest the readers of them to cause them to adopt the use of a magnifying-glass as a means of ready detection between needle-point and pillow-made lace. Engravings of lace specimens are useful to the student of design in lace.

Design, however, is an important branch in the general study of the subject. Its study involves more time than the acquirement of skill to distinguish the comparatively few kinds of workmanship employed in the production of lace.

ALAN S. COLE.

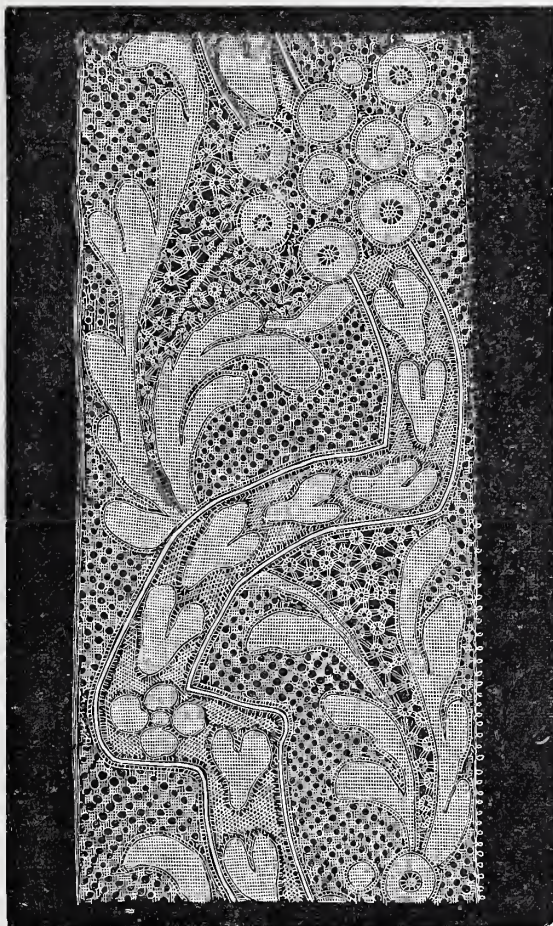


Fig. 4.—FLEMISH PILLOW LACE. 18TH CENTURY.

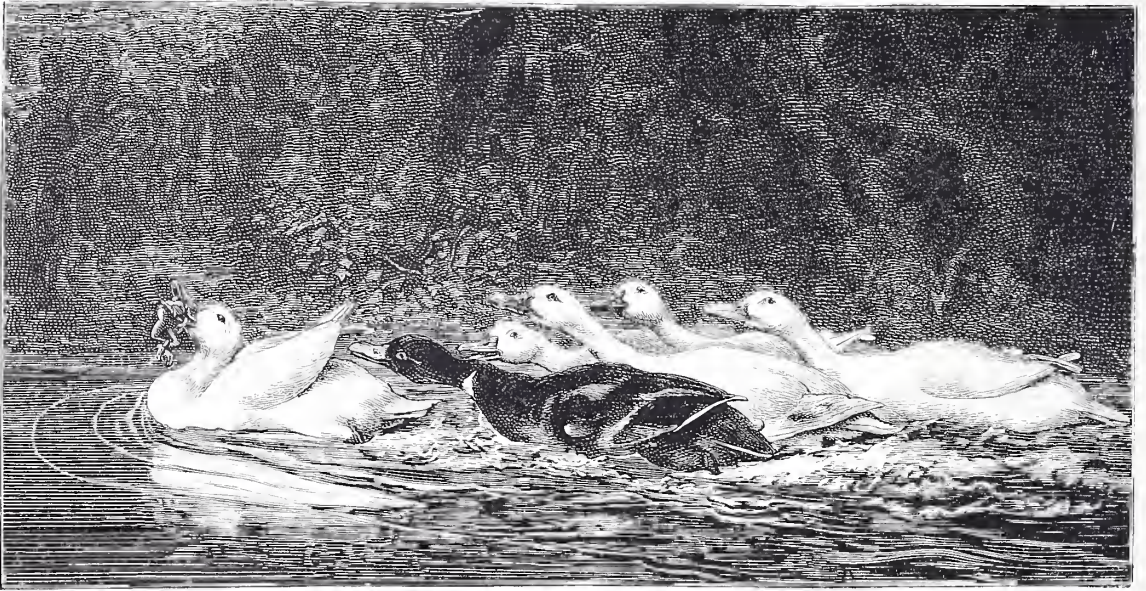


## OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

BRITON RIVIÈRE, A.R.A.

THAT the name of Briton Rivière should suggest to some minds that our present subject is a Frenchman is not strange. It has, however, only the remotest foundation in fact, and it would perhaps be difficult to find a better or more thorough specimen of an Englishman than the eminent artist himself. The circum-

footsteps of his sire, eventually became the head of the drawing school at Cheltenham College, and later on, by his zeal and energy at Oxford, managed to get art introduced into the curriculum of the university. Prior to this he had been favourably known in London through his works for the competition for decorating



“A STERN CHASE IS ALWAYS A LONG CHASE.”

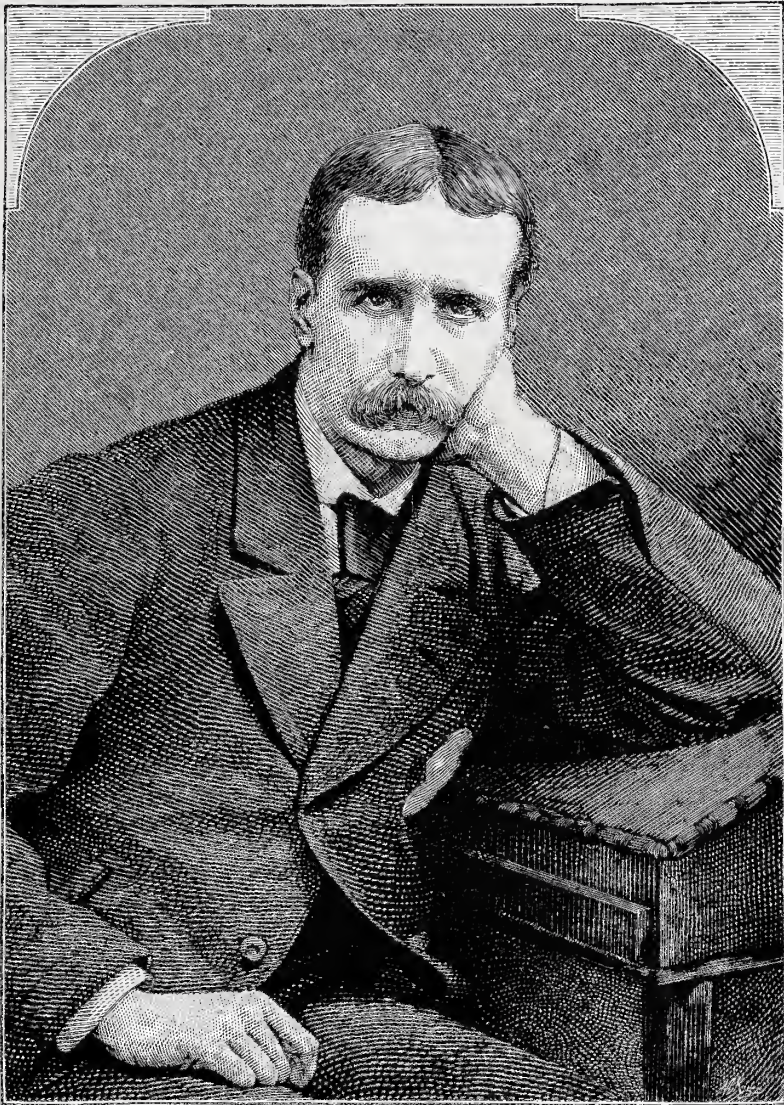
(From the Picture by Briton Rivière, A.R.A., in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1876. By kind permission of Messrs. Agnew & Sons.)

stance that he is a descendant of an old Huguenot family, which emigrated to and settled in this country two hundred years ago on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV., is the whole and sole plea that could be set up by France for claiming him as her son—a plea surely entirely invalid. His grandfather, Mr. D. V. Rivière, was a student at the Royal Academy, where he gained a medal, and exhibited later on many works of great merit in water-colour. William, son of this gentleman (and brother of H. P. Rivière, of the “Old Water-colour”), born in London in 1806, and father of Mr. Briton Rivière, following the

the Houses of Parliament. Thus the present inheritor of the honoured name found in his father the most natural and the fittest of masters, and he tells me that from an early age (he was born in London, August 14th, 1840) he studied drawing and painting; first during the nine years he was at Cheltenham, and then at Oxford. The classic influence of the latter place was not without its effect on the young artist. He became a member of the university, graduating B.A. in 1867, and M.A. in 1873. This distinction, however, in nowise tempted him from his devotion to art, nor did it at first lead him to search, as might have



been expected, in the pages of Greek and Roman literature for his pictorial themes. In the Road to Gloucester Fair," but it was not until 1866 that his work obtained much recog-



*I am your truly  
Briton Riviere*

(From a Photograph by A. E. Fradelle).

the years 1858 and 1859 he exhibited at the Royal Academy pictures entitled "Rest from Labour," "Sheep on the Cotswolds," and "On the Road to Gloucester Fair," but it was not until 1866 that his work obtained much recognition, or was so hung as to allow of its critical examination. "The Poacher's Nurse," a dog licking his sick master's hand, was sufficiently

well placed to show the excellent promise which its execution gave; and in the following year, 1867, one at least of the compositions exhibited by the artist fulfilled this promise, and at once gained for him a large meed of public approbation. It was entitled "The Long Sleep" (hung at the oil exhibition of the Dudley), and though extremely painful in sentiment, it left no doubt of his powers. An old man, having died sitting in his chair, is watched with wondering disquiet by his two faithful dogs, whose intelligence, displayed in the expression of their eyes, already evidently divines that all is not right, and hints plainly at the depths of sorrow into which they will be plunged when they have realised the sad truth.

A water-colour drawing, now in the collection at South Kensington, called "A Game of Fox and Geese," originally exhibited at the Dudley Gallery in 1868, carried Mr. Rivière's reputation prosperously on, until the Royal Academy's first year at Burlington House in 1869 found him represented again by a pathetic subject simply named "Prisoners," a dog and his master with the indissoluble bond of sympathy between them under misfortune being the prominent sentiment expressed. An important engraving by Staepoole has made everybody familiar with the chief work of the painter in 1870. We have all been touched by "Charity," and have regarded, with a lump in our throats, the outcast child upon the street-doorstep sharing her last crust with two equally outcast dogs. This picture was awarded a medal at the International Exhibition of Vienna. Continuing to devote some time to water-colour, Mr. Rivière showed, as in the "Fox and Geese," that, notwithstanding his tendency to the pathetic, he could still on occasions be mightily humorous, and in "Suspicion," two sparrows in the snow eyeing doubtfully a fallen apple, hung at the Dudley in 1871, we had a rare specimen among others of this side of his genius. The first classical theme which he treated was also the one with which he made his first unmistakable score, and "Circe and the Friends of Ulysses" (1871) may be said now to be world-renowned, having obtained for its painter a medal at Philadelphia, and having been engraved, as he himself declares,

"by Staepoole, in a manner to give me the greatest delight." "Come Back," likewise exhibited in 1871 at the Royal Academy, offered a striking contrast to the "Circe," being again a domestic drama in which a prodigal daughter, returning to the home whence she has strayed, is recognised by the old dog. "Daniel," in 1872, offered an entirely suitable subject, and the large and original treatment of it won for our artist a vast increase of renown, as may be imagined from our engraving.

The climax of Mr. Rivière's pathos was perhaps reached in 1873 in "All that was left of the Homeward Bound;" and if I were criticising instead of recording, I might be induced to question whether it is fair for an artist, endowed with powers like his, so to wring our hearts, as he does, by the perpetuation of such a scene as this, of the young shipwrecked girl lashed to a spar floating with a starving dog clinging to her away upon the wide world of waters.

A contrast to this picture was offered in the very noble canvas of "Argus"—a most happy combination of classic lore and animal painting. Induced, no doubt, by the success attending his efforts in the region of ancient literature, the painter next caught a suggestion from Euripides. In 1874 "Apollo" became one of the pictures at the Royal Academy, and admirably adapted was the situation selected for exhibiting the cunning of our artist's hand. Very apt too were the lines from "Alcestis" taken for the catalogue description, and in reprinting them we shall convey perhaps the best idea of the picture possible where space is brief:—

"Apollo's self  
Deigned to become a shepherd in thine halls  
And tune his lays along the woodland slopes;  
Whereat entranced the spotted lynxes came  
To mingle with thy flocks; from Othry's glen  
Trooped tawny lions; e'en the dappled fawn  
Forth from the shelter of her pinewood haunts  
Tripped, to the music of the sun-god's lyre."

The sleeping lioness at the mouth of her cave, under the name of "Genius Loci," was the second canvas of that year. Alternating his mood once more to modern tragedy and everyday life, the limner in 1875 gave us "War Time," "The Last of the Garrison," and a portrait, "E. Mansel Lewis, Esq." (life size,



with horse and dogs upon the sea-shore), familiar doubtless in the memory of most observers of art progress. The first of these three took a medal at Philadelphia.

Versatile always, the very humorous picture which we reproduce, of "A Stern Chase is always a Long Chase," was one of the most striking of Briton Rivière's works in 1876, and it came in charming opposition to the second of the same year, "Pallas Athene and the Swineherd's Dogs."

"A Legend of St. Patrick" spoke for itself, and in 1877 added another commentary on the versatility of the artist's mind. "Lazarus," exhibited the same season, was a further mark made by the rising tide which bore onward our subject's fortunes and lifted him into his Associateship (January, 1878).

So little time has elapsed since, in 1878, everybody was commenting with admiration on the work described in the Royal Academy catalogue as—

"They say the lion and the lizard keep  
The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep—

that I may be forgiven for not drawing the reader's attention more directly to such a noble and remarkable production.

Animal painting will ever claim in this country a high regard from all classes. The Englishman's love for dumb creatures (as, in our arrogance, we are pleased to call them) is certain in itself to secure a fair field for the artist who makes them his study; and we may assuredly congratulate ourselves that, conspicuous in the front rank of the able and talented successors to the honoured—I had almost written deeply revered—position held by Edwin Landseer, we can number so entirely original a genius as Briton Rivière.

Each mood of mind to which he gives expression tells how capable he is, for it would be difficult to say in which he shows at his best, and whether we see him dealing with such subjects as that just mentioned, or with the three others from his brush that same year, viz., "An Anxious Moment," "Sympathy," and "Victims," we discover him to be equally at home.

In passing, for instance, in the present year of grace, 1879, from, say, "The Poacher's Widow" to that picture of his hung in an adjacent gallery called "In Manus Tuas, Domine," there was something very significant in the large range of thought and idea which they indicated on the part of the artist. One was struck instantly by the fact of what inestimable price to a painter are high culture and a wide and liberal education. By their means his natural gifts are increased a thousand-fold in value, and his mind stored with poetic and classic memories and associations.

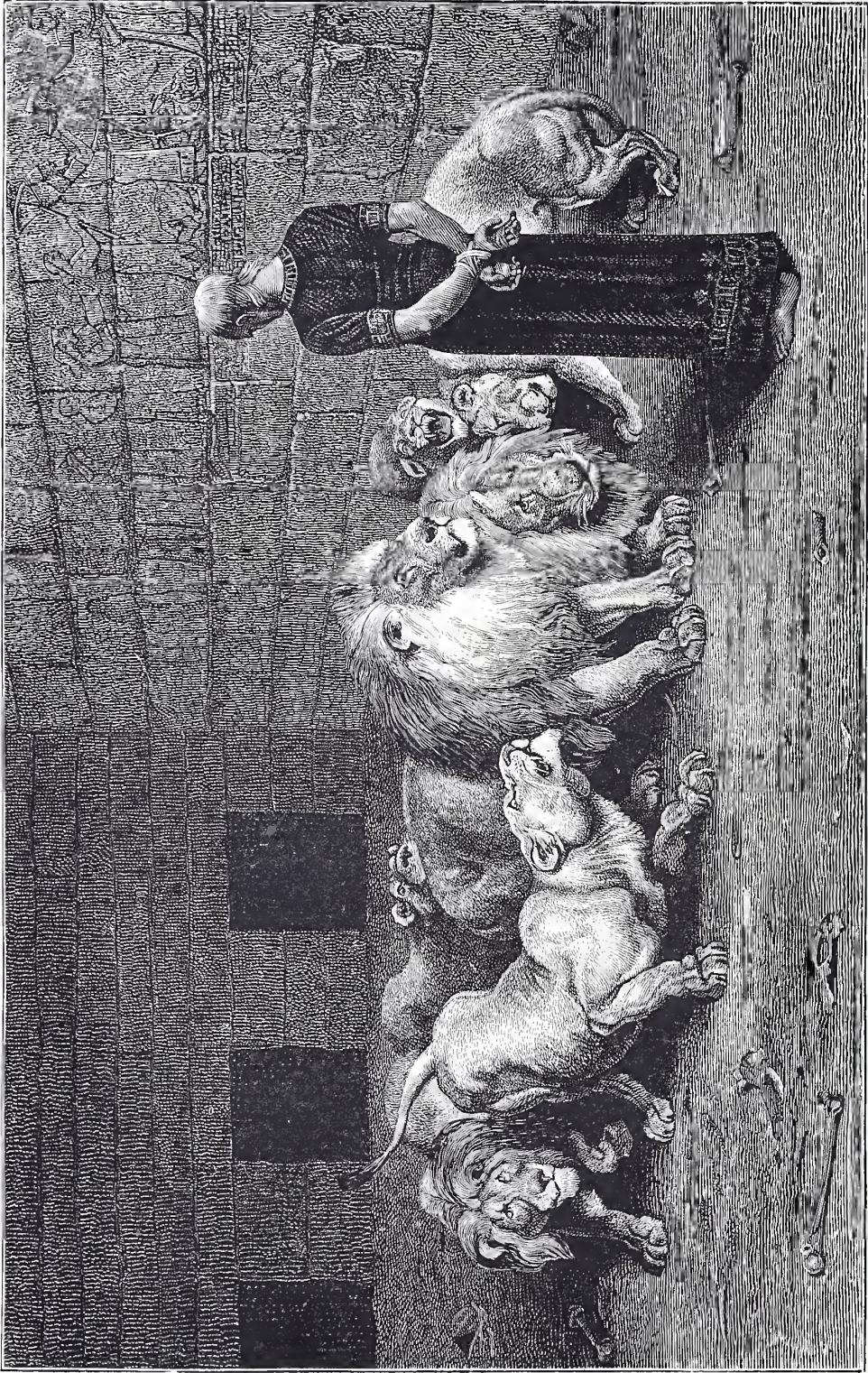
Briton Rivière's scholarly attainments tell with marked effect in the practice of his profession. But for them his genius could scarcely have been developed to its full capabilities; and though, no doubt, he would always have made his mark as an artist no matter what his early surroundings had been, it is surely quite clear that to the cultivation of his mind is due, in great part, the completeness and refinement which, amongst other qualities, especially distinguish his work.

Who shall say how much more elevated and noble might not be the English school of painting were a university education (or something approaching it) considered as indispensably requisite to fit a painter for his career as it is for those who follow medicine, law, or divinity?

W. W. FENN.







DANIEL.

(From the Picture by Briton Rivière, A.R.A., in the Royal Acad. my Exhibition of 1872. By kind permission of Messrs. Agner & Sons.)



## OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

ELIZABETH BUTLER (NÉE THOMPSON).



Very. Pr. cordly yours  
 Elizabeth Butler

(From a Photograph by Messrs. W. and D. Downey).

MRS. ELIZABETH BUTLER undoubtedly owes her exceptional success not only to her abilities as a painter, but to

that felicitous perception (itself an accompaniment of the more effective order of genius) by which the right, opportune, and successful

course is seen, understood, and energetically pursued. Such a course was a battle-painter's career at the time this lady resolved to follow it. She might have confined herself to animals, or historical works, or portraits, or she might have indulged all the  *finesse*  of a woman's taste in the fascinating pursuit of  *genre*  painting; but there was one field which had remained in England absolutely empty of worthy labourers—the field of military painting. Miss Thompson saw at a glance that by the good luck of genius this field lay awaiting her; and this perception has undoubtedly been the foundation of her successes.

A little knot of painters in France, among whom the names of De Neuville and Detaille are the best known here, though it comprises others of almost equal distinction, had recently revolutionised military painting in their native land. From the most conventional, heartless, insincere, and inhuman of arts they made it the most human, the most intensely true, the most realistic. And nowhere is realism better placed than on the canvas of the battle-painter. The situations and emotions of history, of romance, and of actual life need idealising; but the situations and the emotions of war, on the contrary, are so great, so dramatic, so strong—being matters of life and death—that they only need realisation to be the highest objects of the highest art. Elsewhere give place to the illusion, the dream, the convention if you will; in military painting make way for the man. You cannot go beyond the man—noble, devoted, wretched, pathetic, commonplace even. All the little every-day physical miseries of a campaign are supreme in interest, provided they be given as they are—not smuggled away in unrealities. "All the glories of France," rampant in the halls of Versailles, are not so glorious as a group of De Neuville's soldiers keeping one another warm under a bank of snow. If art thought proper to go further (but it is right that she should pause), and show us the dead as they really die on the field, with their undignified attitudes "*like broken marionnettes*," as M. de Neuville has described them to the present writer, there would be more pathos, and probably even more dignity, in the half-grotesque truth, than in the heroic

poses of conventional death—but the painfulness would be too great. And to these young French reformers—men eminently of their age—the English lady joined herself in aims and method. She threw off falsity, and studied the soldier for herself, with the aid of an almost Shakespearean dramatic imagination. Animal painting, landscape, and portraiture became for her accessory arts, to be loved and sedulously cultivated as her military subjects should require them, but no longer to be pursued for their own sake. There is no probability that her resolution, wisely and firmly taken, will ever be east off.

Miss Thompson was born at Lausanne, on the borders of the Lake of Geneva. Her mother, during the winter of her daughter's birth, cultivated her favourite art of landscape painting, and the natural pictures of the snowy mountains and the ice-bound lake, set as they often were in magnificent sunsets, were the first objects that caught the child's eyes. Charles Dickens, the close friend of Elizabeth Thompson's father, was the companion of this Swiss sojourn. All her early years were divided between Italy and England, the almost uninterrupted sunshine of the Eastern Riviera of Genoa brightening her winter quarters, while the heart of the English country was usually her summer residence. Country life, with the companionship of a sister, and with perfect freedom to run about on the hills of Nervi, or in the fields of Kent, to watch the horses at their farm-house work, and even, it is whispered, to play cricket on the village green, formed a healthy contrast to the studies which were vigorously pursued from the age of five to that of seventeen, under the sole tutorship of Mr. Thompson, who (himself educated at Cambridge, and possessed of an independent fortune) entirely devoted himself to the training of his two daughters. That they should be good swimmers, good billiard-players, and good markswomen with a pistol, entered into the scheme of "accomplishments" which he resolved to give them. The familiarity with animal life was peculiarly favourable to the Rosa-Bonheur aspirations of the little girl, while the free, demonstrative, and expressive character of the Italian peasantry stimulated



her singularly keen power of observation. Her father was early struck by this power, and developed it watchfully and constantly, drawing the child's attention especially to outward manifestations of character. There is much that is dramatic in Italian life, and nowhere could the faculty peculiarly belonging to the artistic, as apart from that which pertains to the more meditative literary talent—the faculty of objective observation—find greater scope than there. The dramatic power which was afterwards shown in the faces of the men in "The Roll-Call" and "Quatre Bras" germinated in those early days.

Drawing was the child's daily occupation. While history was read aloud by her father in the school-room, she worked with her pencil. Steeplechases, battles, and stampedes of wild horses were her constant subjects at the most tender age—not that she had ever seen any such incidents, but descriptions fired her young imagination. This distinctive taste was constant and undeviating. Happily there was no one to be shocked at this natural tendency as "unladylike;" so sketch-book after sketch-book was filled with childish drawn horses, which nevertheless ran with an unmistakable motion, and by soldiers engaged in deadly warfare, who somehow seemed to fight with a will. Intensity of action and firmness of bearing were always found in these early attempts; anything might be remarked in them *except* weakness, uncertainty, and infirmity.

The united family life continued from year to year; at the age of fifteen the young artist of the little circle, whose future success was already foretold by dozens of friends, first took lessons in painting. A short trial of the elementary rooms at the South Kensington art-schools persuaded her that the routine of "design" was not fitted to her development. She therefore took instruction in oil-painting during one winter from her first master, Mr. Standish. Then came a residence of three years at Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight, after which the travels of the family, irresistibly attracted to the countries nearer the sun, began again. Later, during a rather lengthened sojourn in London, Miss Thompson re-entered South Kensington—not as an "elementary"

student, whose daily task would be the copying of equal-sided scrolls—but as an advanced draughtswoman in the "life-class." This wise suspension of the usual regulations was the work of Mr. Burchett, the late lamented headmaster, whose wide culture, benevolence, and conscientiousness endeared him to the little knot of pupils in whom he saw evidences of power and goodwill in art. Miss Thompson impressed him by her industry, thoroughness, and perseverance; and she also gained distinction in a sketching-club got up among the students. Indeed, nothing in the shape of amusement or distraction had power to wean her from the delights of daily work.

During this time her first attempts at exhibition were made—and unsuccessfully. Her first water-colours were rejected by the Society of British Artists; but a year later the Dudley Gallery accepted a spirited water-colour, "Bavarian Artillery going into Action." It won a good word from a writer, who, long before the days of "The Roll-Call," never failed to encourage the young aspirant's efforts—Mr. Tom Taylor, the art-critic of the *Times*. From this date she continued sending her military drawings to the water-colour Dudley. At the age of two-and-twenty the training to which she attributes the most solid successes of her art began at Florence, under the eye of a masterly draughtsman and a great teacher, Signor Bellucci. With zest and delight the young pupil worked in his studio in one of the quietest paved streets of the incomparable city—Via Santa Reparata; and occasionally she copied the fine frescoes of Andrea del Sarto and Franciabigio, in the cloisters of the great popular church, the Santissima Annunziata. In the following autumn Miss Thompson completed at Rome her first subject picture in oils. It represented the "Visitation," and when exhibited in that city received "honourable mention." Its after-adventures were noteworthy. Being sent in the following year to the Royal Academy, it was rejected, and not only rejected, but returned with a hole through the sky. Nothing daunted, the young artist tried Burlington House again on the succeeding year, and was again unsuccessful; the next season saw her third attempt at obtaining an

entry at the obdurate Academy, and this time her picture, "Missing" (which forms the subject of our full-page engraving), was hung almost out of sight. Meanwhile the press had by no means overlooked her work; and those who speak of the sudden fame of "The Roll-Call" are apt to ignore the fact that several of the leading critics spoke with even greater warmth of the military water-colour drawings which she produced before 1874 than they did afterwards of her popular *chef-d'œuvre*. The art-patrons of the North were especially quick to recognise the new military painter, and it was from the North that she received her first commission—the commission for "The Roll-Call."

The acceptance of a commission by a young lady marked what she had always intended, and her father had freely permitted—the frank adoption of painting as a profession. That a woman, whatever her station in life, should utilise her talents, and should enter into that equal competition with other professors of her art which can never be attained by amateur aloofness, was a principle dear to her heart. It was only, she felt, by entering simply and ingenuously into the market of sale and purchase that she could fairly measure herself with her brothers of the brush; besides, though never an advocate of women's right to vote or to legislate, Miss Thompson has always strenuously upheld women's right to work; and though personal conspicuousness and public appearance have always been repugnant to her nature, she confesses to the nobler ambition of fame through her labours.

The subject of "The Roll-Call" was of course the artist's own choice. It had long been in her mind, it was painted in buoyant confidence and hope, sent to the Academy, and—the rest is history. So far Miss Thompson's relations with Burlington House may be thus succinctly described:—First year, rejected with a rent in the canvas; second year, rejected without a rent; third year, skyed; fourth year, "The Roll-Call" on the line. The first intimation received by the artist, in her suspense, of the astonishing success of her work, came from the interior of the Academy. The selecting committee had hailed the picture on its presentation for judgment with a round

of cheers—a generous and cordial recognition which took the artist fairly by surprise. Then came the Royal speeches at the banquet, then the newspaper shout of congratulation, and then the "public" spoke. It is not given to many, even among great geniuses, to move the heart of the million. Masters in literature, in painting, in music, have been fain to content themselves with an audience "fit though few." But an audience of the whole people listened to this young girl's story of "Calling the Roll after an Engagement in the Crimea." The people, by the way, would have none of this Academy-catalogue title; as usual with the things it really cares for, it gave the picture a name of its own. During the excitement created by the work, and literally unparalleled since Wilkie's "Blind Fiddler" occasioned a similar *furor*, the artist who had set the town in a ferment never relaxed labour for a week. Yet she had not only public applause, but the caresses of London society to tempt her from her easel. The public press was full of her. Wild stories were set afloat as to her origin and history; a quarter of a million of her photographs were sold within a few weeks; the retirement and quiet of her private life fostered the public curiosity, and she became, in spite of herself and wholly through her work, a lion. An incident without precedent in the annals of the Academy occurred: her picture was removed from its place on the walls in the height of the season by the Queen's command, and taken to Windsor for her inspection; and so greatly was Her Majesty, whose interest in her army is intense, pleased with the work, that she intimated her wish to become its purchaser. The owner, whose happy commission had given it being, loyally ceded it to her supreme claim.

In 1875 "Quatre Bras" was exhibited at the Academy—a picture containing perhaps more of the artist's dramatic imagination in the realisation of masculine character than any of her works. This season it chanced that Mr. Ruskin resumed the "Notes" on pictures of the year, which had been so important a feature of the artistic seasons of the past. Of "Quatre Bras" he wrote:—"I never approached a picture with more iniquitous prejudice against it than







"MISSING."

(From the Picture by Mrs. Elizabeth Butler.)



I did Miss Thompson's, partly because I have always said that no woman could paint, and secondly because I thought what the public made such a fuss about *must* be good for nothing. But it is Amazon's work, this, no

left, where the cuirassier is catching round the neck of his horse as he falls, and the convulsed fallen horse, seen through the smoke below, is wrought through all the truth of its frantic passion with gradations of colour and shade



A GRENADIER GUARD FROM "THE ROLL-CALL."

(By permission of the Directors of the Fine Art Society.)

doubt of it, and the first fine pre-Raphaelite picture of battle we have had, profoundly interesting, and showing all manner of illustrative and realistic faculty. The sky is most tenderly painted, and with the truest outline of cloud of all in the Exhibition; and the terrific piece of gallant wrath and ruin on the extreme

which I have not seen the like of since Turner's death." In 1875, too, Miss Thompson used her peneil—which had already contributed occasional sketches to the illustrated papers—to illustrate with six drawings the volume of poems published by her younger sister under the title of "Preludes." More recently Miss

Thompson has illustrated several ballads of Thackeray's; and ever since the exhibition of black and white opened at the Dudley Gallery she has been among its contributors.

"Balaklava"—the return of a handful of the Light Brigade up the brow of a hill after the famous charge—was her next picture; upon this followed "Inkermann," which was exhibited at the Paris International; one year's interruption, in 1878, was compensated by the exhibition of two works in the present season. Miss Thompson's marriage with Major Butler, C.B., which took place in 1877, only served to stimulate still more her attachment to military

art. She learnt to love with even greater fervour the soldier whose humanity she had so intimately understood, and whose sufferings, sorrows, and valour she had drawn with so much insight. The high poetic imagination of the author of the "Great Lone Land" gives her the sympathy of a different yet kindred art. Her career is still in its early stages; with every year technical improvement in the methods of her work is observable, and we are certain that if she wields the brush at sixty, as we hope she may do, she will be then, as she is now, and as she desires to be always—a student.

JOHN OLDCASTLE.

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### MR. SEYMOUR HADEN ON ETCHING.

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E now present our readers with Mr. Seymour Haden's final paper on the subject of Etching—dealing as it does with the more matter-of-fact processes of printing and its auxiliaries.

"As to the printing of etchings. It resembles in no respect the printing of steel plates—indeed, a steel-plate printer cannot print an etching, for he has been educated to handle everything with roughness and without delicacy, and so he soon loses any artistic feeling that he may have for his work. As an instance of this, the most exquisite series of plates which Whistler ever did—his sixteen Thames subjects—were originally printed by a steel-plate printer, and so badly, that the owner thought the plates were worn out, and sold them for a small sum in comparison to their real worth. The purchaser took them to Goulding, the best printer of etchings in England, and it was found that they were not only perfect, but that they produced impressions which had never before been approached, even by Delatre. I need hardly here impress upon the etcher the advisability of printing his etchings himself. It is at first a troublesome process, and the expense at starting is considerable, but in the end it effects a saving of time, and

the work becomes much more genuinely the etcher's own, as no one who has not seen the improvements a good printer can make in the appearance of an impression could believe what a difference can be effected by skilful printing. If, however, he cannot print his own works, he should choose a finely organised man, with the palm of a duchess, to do it for him, first showing him a specimen proof. Under any circumstances he should never let the plate go out of his sight, but, standing by the press, watch every impression as it issues from it, for he may rest assured that hardly a single one will be passed by without its conveying suggestions, which then and there resolve themselves into imperative alterations, probably very slight, but still of a beneficial character. It is these alterations, often merely a single scratch, which are ferreted out by ingenious persons, and forthwith exalted into states—of which hereafter. I well remember that this occurred to me during the printing of my large plate of 'Calais Pier' (an etching after the Turner in the National Gallery). Were the impressions of that plate compared, hardly half a dozen would be found to be alike, so often did I feel called upon to make amendments. Considerable importance attaches to the *paper* upon which etchings should be printed. Most of the paper made now-a-days is full of lime



and plaster of Paris, and so is sure to come out sooner or later with spots. The finest paper is old vergé paper, which can only now be collected sheet by sheet, seldom quire by quire, and very rarely ream by ream, in Holland and Spain. Old French paper is very good, and Turner used it for the 'Liber Studiorum.' Rembrandt used old 'papier du soie de Japan,' but it is not to be had now. There is a moderate Japanese paper now procurable, the colour of which is good, but it takes dry impressions. It is made of the fibre of the *Broassonetra papyrefere*, and the whole process of its manufacture may be seen depicted on Japanese drawings which have come over here. Lastly, there is a good paper called 'vellum,' made by Whatman, its thickness being its only disadvantage.

"As to ink. Old Frankfort black is the best; when too cold, tempered by burnt sienna, umber, or sepia. These should be mixed with oil, strong or weak, according as strength or the reverse is required. The selection of ink is as great a part of the art of the printer as the biting-in of the plate is to the artist, his object being to get the paper to quit the plate easily without too much friction.

"As to the press. The one now exhibited is an old one, and the same as was in use in 1600, as we may see from the old engravings by Abraham Bosse of 'The Engraver's Studio' and 'The Printing House.' In these, too, you will see the correct way of drying etchings after printing, not by superimposing them as the printer does, and thereby flattening the pyramids caused by the ink, but by hanging each separately over a pole, or over a string—the old etchers used a string, and their etchings generally show the mark of it. I use a series of horizontal racks one above another, and over these I lay the impressions side by side.

"Lastly, I would say a few words as to 'proofs' and 'states,' their nomenclature and their comparative value. If I had my way I would do away with the word 'proofs' as regards etchings. In deference to usage, however, I will retain the name, and tell you what I would call 'proofs.' From time to time in the course of taking the first trial impressions from his plate, the etcher discovers conditions which require amendment

or alteration; so he probably takes from five to ten impressions before he considers it satisfactory enough for him to inscribe on the last the words 'bon à tirer.' These trial impressions he calls his 'artist's' or his 'trial' proofs. The 'bon à tirer' is then handed to the printer with instructions to print the number of good impressions that the artist thinks the plate will bear. These, if dry-point, never exceed twenty-five; it cannot possibly be more, unless the plate is steeled—of which hereafter. These twenty-five then would be called 'proofs,' and if any more were subsequently printed they would be called 'prints;' but the etcher does not usually recognise any difference between the two, but calls them all 'impressions.' As to the word 'states,' of which so much is made, it is simply this—a 'state' is the condition in which a plate happens to be at each printing. Between the 'first' and 'second' state of an etched plate, a distinct interval of time must be supposed to have elapsed, during which the spirit on which the work was undertaken must have had time to cool, or at all events undergo a change. The earlier the state, as a rule, the better the impression, but not necessarily so, and upon this I wish to lay particular stress. As a practical etcher and printer of etchings, I should like to impress upon every purchaser and collector of etchings this much, that it is not every addition to a plate which properly constitutes a 'state.' What really happens when the etcher either takes his plate to the printers, or prints from it himself, is this—let us take the case of Rembrandt and his portrait of the Burgomaster Six. He strikes, or has struck, off an impression, or possibly two, when it appears to him that the height of the window-sill comes too near the shoulder of the Burgomaster, and its so doing affects unfavourably the freedom of the picture, so—the plate being a 'dry-point,' which will yield but few impressions, and perhaps a precious plate on other accounts—he takes it home at once, removes the objectionable window-sill, as well as a false line on the contour of the face, and adds his name and the date in the corner. This done, he goes again with it to the printer, and while at the press-side he

rectifies first a misplacement of one of the numbers comprising the date, and, after an impression or two, thinks he should have added the name and age of Six, the subject of the portrait; and this he does. Now, Rembrandt would tell us, as I have myself ventured to suggest to the collector, that these four or five unsettled impressions, anterior to the main tirage, were but *trial* proofs, and the printer will go further and state that they were not *good* proofs. But two or three centuries later come the biographers and the cataloguers, and they tell us something quite different, and endeavour to persuade us that all these alterations, never mind how slight they are, constitute different 'states.' Ignorance or wilfulness in regard to this has made catalogues of great etchers' work a mass of confusion. My hearers may rest assured that the really good impressions do not begin until the plate has, in technical phrase, 'begun to print;' that is to say, not until the ink has fairly begun to enter the deeper lines, and the printer has had time to get acquainted with his plate, and this will not usually happen until towards the eighth or tenth impression.

"The steeling or acierage of a plate is the depositing thereon of a hard coating of steel

by means of a galvanic process. Thus the printer is enabled to take off a large number of impressions, and at the first blush it would seem to furnish the etcher with new powers; but it has one great objection, the ink quits a plate so treated too easily, with the result of making the impressions dry, hard, and cold; besides, an etcher does not want a large number of impressions, for he has no market for them.

"Lastly, the profession of art, for it is but a profession, and not a learned one, is too closely allied to trade and combinations in connection therewith; and whilst it is thus trammelled it will never regain its independence and self-respect. At present its gains are even out of all proportion to those of other learned professions. When I hear of £2,000 for a portrait, and £3,000 for a landscape, I rub my eyes and ask myself whether I ought not to receive £4,000 for curing a fever, £10,000 for a pleurisy, and £50,000 for saving a life. Depend upon it, such a state of things is not normal, is not right, and I am told that it cannot long go on, and that the bubble, now so inflated, wants but a touch to be gone. I would that these words could supply that touch, and that the days of art, for art's sake, were back with us again."

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### "TOUCHED."

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"Mournfully twangs the youth the low-toned strings of the zither.  
Surely 'tis nought but Love can give such skill to his fingers."

*Franz Von Kobell.*

DRAWN AND ETCHED BY HUBERT HERKOMER.

MR. HERKOMER, in the etching which forms our frontispiece, has sought a subject once more among the hills and valleys of that beautiful Bavaria which his pencil has so often illustrated. Nowhere, probably, in this hackneyed world is the dignity of labouring life so unimpaired as in those happy islands. There is also to be found among such primitive peasants as those who have so often served Mr. Herkomer for models a peculiar harmony with their surroundings which is eminently

picturesque. Type of face, build of figure, quaintness of costume—all are in exquisite keeping with the gabled roofs, the mountain distances, the hill-side vegetation. The love of music adds also a charm, otherwise unattainable, to the people's simplicity; and their music is eminently characteristic of them and their surroundings. No wonder, then, the maiden's heart is touched by the tones of the zither, through the sweet notes of which the young peasant is wooing a charming bride.



ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY AND GLASGOW INSTITUTE  
EXHIBITIONS.—II.

IN examples of the artists who have in recent years become identified with the Grosvenor Gallery, the Institute was, as we have said (page 184), especially rich. Among those the interest naturally centred in a "Nocturne in Snow and Silver," by Mr. Whistler, representing a stretch of the river Thames, with shipping and boats looming out darkly against a reach of frozen snow. In the background the lights of the houses glimmer and dance in the water like will o' the wisps. As usual, the picture was a somewhat puzzling one. Form was quite sacrificed to the colour-effects, and Eddy's *dictum*, "drawing is the soul of art," was neglected, along with all the other conventional rules. A direct contrast in aim and treatment to Mr. Whistler's picture is seen in the canvases of his friend, Mr. Albert Moore. The specimens of the latter's work consisted

of two of the exquisitely graceful figure subjects to which he has, in recent years, confined himself. The design was not, in either case, strikingly original—indeed, they were mere variations of the Venus of Milo—but the perfect simplicity of style and delicate harmonies

of colour were sufficient in themselves to make the little pictures objects of special attraction. Mr. Tissot, that prince

of frill and flounce painters, sent his "Gala Day," in which a young lady, in very wonderfully painted muslin costume, marches homeward, her purchases on her arm, casting reluctant glances the while at the temptations offered in the shop windows which she passes. The picture is a curious and original one, though it has faults both in colour and drawing, and deserves more than passing notice. Even more curious and original, not to say eccentric, was Mr. Rossetti's "Spring," a water-colour study of a quaint female figure culling spring flowers. The subject is treated decoratively in colour of singular depth and strength, but the little picture generally is too "imperiously original" to be very pleasant.

Despite Mr. Rossetti's reputation as poet and artist, he walks in the crooked paths of painting. His work impresses us with an affectation of archaism, which takes from it all its subtlety. On the same wall as Mr. Rossetti's study were a few specially delightful little water-colour



"THE ADVERSARY."

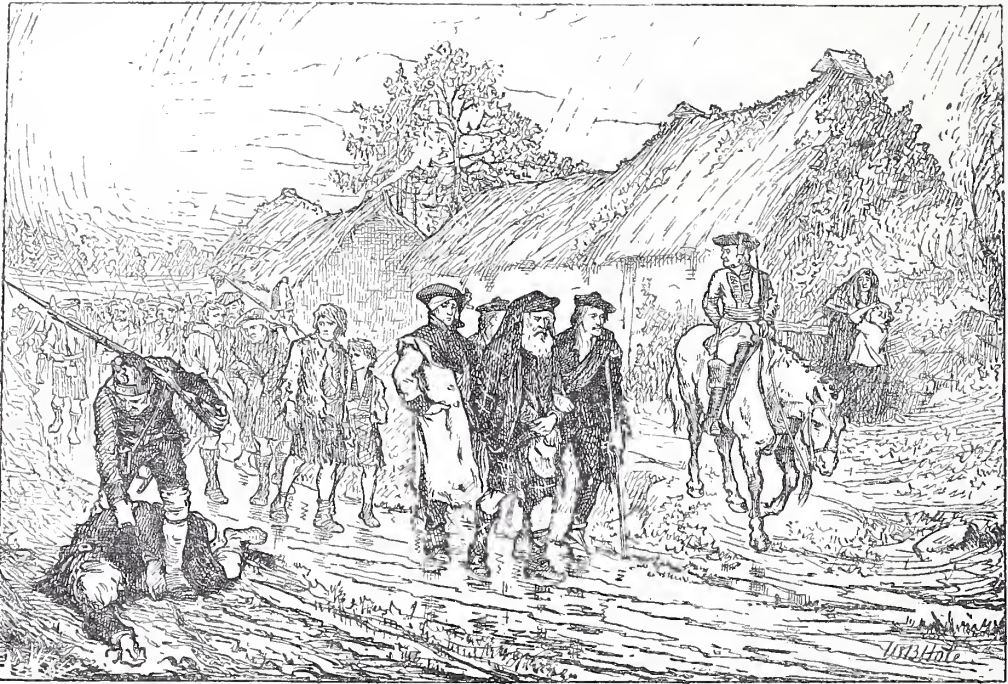
(By Sir Noël Paton, R.S.A.)

drawings by a young Edinburgh artist, Mr. Robert Anderson, one of which we illustrate (page 267).

To turn to works more particularly the product of native genius. The Scottish Academy has never been very strong in figure-drawing, though it has had its David Scott (whom Rossetti classes amongst the greatest of painters), its Dyce, and its Lauders, and naturally enough for a school nurtured in "the land of the

"Charles Edward Seeking Shelter in the House of an Adherent," we have already illustrated (page 185).

Mr. Herdman further exhibited four canvases, painted for the Glasgow Art Union—two in each exhibition—illustrative of the poems of Robert Campbell, himself, by the way, a native of Glasgow. Of the most striking of these, "Lochiel's Warning," we gave a small engraving on page 186.



"THE END OF THE '45."

(By W. B. Hole, A.R.S.A.)

mountain and the flood" has been instinctively moulded to landscape. The rugged mountaintops and fertile straths and glens offer too favourable inducements to the painter to be lightly passed over, and a great proportion of the Scotch school is absorbed in their representation. At the same time the picturesque annals of the country also furnish favourable materials to the figure-painter. In the latter class, Mr. Pettie is the acknowledged chief, though, in different styles, there are others who occupy positions very close to his. Among those is Mr. Robert Herdman, R.S.A., whose chief work this year at the Academy,

Another episode of the rebellion, painted by a young artist who has recently been elected to the Academy, was "The End of the '45," by Mr. W. B. Hole, A.R.S.A. Here we have a batch of Jacobite prisoners, of various degrees of importance, marching under guard along a wet roadway.

Were it necessary to select from the Academy a successor to the late G. Paul Chalmers, the choice would probably fall on Mr. William McTaggart, R.S.A., and after him on Mr. W. D. McKay, A.R.S.A. The former is a painter of breezy sea-pieces and sunny peeps of homely cottage life, brightened by the



presence of childish figures, and echoing almost with their innocent prattle. His chief work



THE WRECK.  
(By William Small.)

at the Royal Scottish Academy, "The Bait-Gatherers," showed us a stretch of glistening water in which some fisher-children waded in search of bait. Mr. McKay also deals largely in the representation of child-life, but he wanders, too, among the pasture lands of the south country, and now and then gives us a glimpse of the quiet homestead, or the labourers at work in the harvest-field.

The popular painters of representative Scottish scenery, however, are Mr. Waller Paton, Mr. John Smart, and Mr. Alexander Fraser. Each of these has thoroughly identified himself with his theme, all are alike in subject, and yet it would be difficult to find painters more dissimilar. When the crimson light of sunset is stealing over the landscape, and hill and dale are dyed in one rich purple hue, Mr. Waller Paton gives us a pure, if in some respects idealised rendering of his landscape, such as "The Dhulochan—on the Black Water," notable for the absence of local colour, but true still to Nature in this her most romantic mood. To Mr. John Smart, again, the landscape is most attractive when the coming storm rustles among the leaves, when the cattle cluster below the trees, and the heavy rain mists creep up the valley, and hide the mountain tops from

view. Mr. Alexander Fraser sees none of these effects, but chooses, as his time, the glitter of a bright summer's sunlight, when the landscape lies still beneath the sweltering heat of a noonday sun, and the glassy river reflects back each leaf and branch upon its banks. Sir Noël Paton's only contribution to the Academy, "The Adversary," is illustrated on page 265.

Space prevents the mention of numerous other works, in both exhibitions, worthy of detailed notice. The rising generation of artists is especially full of promise, and many young men—Mr. David Murray, of Glasgow, and Mr. Lawton Wingate, and Mr. Robert Gibb, of Edinburgh, for example—show work which ensures a future for Scottish art as notable as its past. Blemishes and shortcomings it may have; narrow aims and want of catholic sympathy are still apparent, no doubt; but the present tendencies of the school all point to a time when it shall be broader and more liberal in its principles and its practices,



THE EVENING OF LIFE.  
(By Robert Anderson.)

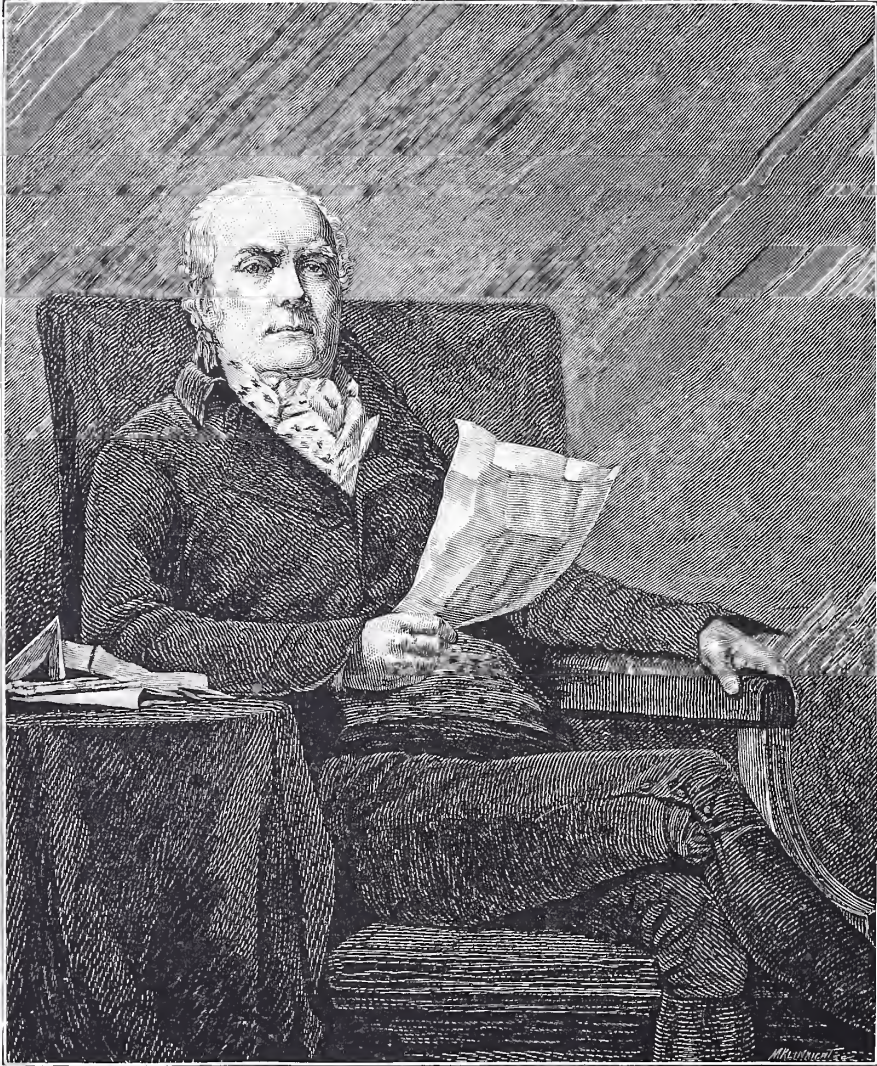
and shall partake more of the freedom of the mountain air in which it has its life and being.

GEORGE R. HALKETT.



RAEBURN'S PORTRAIT OF MR. ALLAN.

IN the Royal Academy's Old Master Exhibition of 1879, foremost among the works of extraordinary excellence was Sir Henry effective. Although it does not aspire to be a brilliant masterpiece of colour, yet in this respect, as well as in its draughtsmanship and



PORTRAIT OF MR. ALLAN.

(By Sir Henry Raeburn. From the "Old Masters' Exhibition," Burlington House, 1879.)

Raeburn's portrait of Robert Allan, one of the finest specimens of the noble Scotch school of portrait-painting to be found in any collection. Nothing could exceed the solidity of the modelling of this head—a sculptor could make a bust from it—and the light and shade are sharp and

lighting, it is admirable. Its colouring, indeed, is exactly such as dignified portraiture demands—strong, reserved, harmonious; a golden-brown background is relieved by the cool passages of the accessories. Nature and science, and the artist's honesty, combine in this masterly work.



THE FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS ON CHINA

IT is a gratifying task to us who are deeply interested in the success of a branch of art, which has only recently taken root in this country, to have to chronicle so decided an

now disappeared, and that a marked numerical increase in the objects exhibited is accompanied by a most real and decided improvement in the quality and execution of the works.



Fig 1.—CHRYSANTHEMUMS.  
(By Miss Florence Lewis.)

advance in the present exhibition over that of last year. We were compelled, in our notice on a previous occasion (vol. i., p. 176), to point out many faults and imperfections both in design and workmanship, and to show how we believed it was possible that improvements might be introduced; and we were agreeably surprised, on our recent visit to Messrs. Howell and James's galleries, to find that many of the weaknesses we had formerly to signalise have

Ladies and amateurs have, indeed, every reason to strive for the numerous and valuable prizes freely offered by royalty, and for the opportunity of having their works so admirably displayed as they are in the well-arranged galleries in Regent Street. The list of patrons on the present occasion includes nearly every member of the Royal family, and Messrs. E. W. Cooke, R.A., and F. Goodall, R.A., have again acted as judges. The works of the principal

amateur prize-winners have been separated from those of their companions, and are shown in a gallery on the first floor. The gold medal presented by the Crown Princess of Germany, a most zealous supporter of the exhibition, has been fairly earned by the Viscountess Hood for two clever portraits of her children. The Hon. Mabel Hood is a well-posed and graceful figure, inserted in a square panel in the centre of a willow-pattern plate; the painting is very quiet in tone, and there is a quaintness both in this plate and in the plaque containing the portrait of the Hon. Neville Hood (Fig. 2), which cannot fail to attract attention. There must, we think, have been a strong competition for the chief prize, as the portrait-painting is excellent, and in painter-like qualities



FIG 2.—THE HON NEVILLE HOOD  
(By the Viscountess Hood.)

Lady Nicholson's charming head of a girl, entitled "Flowers in Winter," leaves little to be desired. Lady Rawlinson sends an admirable portrait of Sir Henry Rawlinson, and a pair of plates the decoration of which is founded upon Persian examples. The ornament has been adapted with great skill, and the beautiful blending of the different shades of blue, so characteristic of Persian work, has been well attained. A "Classical Head," by Mr. Percy Anderson, a swarthy beauty holding a fan, secures the first prize for heads (amateurs).

The flower-paintings constitute, as they always have done, the great strength of the exhibition. We hardly know whether to award the palm to plants treated naturally, or to the many graceful and elegant conventional arrangements of flowers and foliage to be found in the collection. Miss Edith S. Hall has been awarded the Princess Alice prize for her "Daffodil" plate, an example of a simple

conventional treatment excellent both in colour and design. Miss Hall has two other plates which are included in the award. Mrs. Bourdin's "Mountain-ash Berries" are well handled, and the "Sunflowers" and "Nasturtiums," by Mrs. G. Stapleton, are boldly and vigorously painted on a dark ground. Messrs. Hancock, of Worcester, have offered a series of prizes, and the chief of them, a five-guinea box of colours, falls to Miss E. Loeh for a most beautifully painted "Cardoon Thistle." Nothing could be better than the series of tiles decorated with naturally treated "Lilies," by Miss Ada Beard, who has received for this work and for another study of lilies the silver badge designed and presented by the Princess Christian.

There is much freshness and originality in the work of Mme. Camille Moreau, who for her two plates has been awarded the first prize for ornament (amateur). The former plate, the motive of which is Japanese, is admirable in point of colour, and the other, which represents some little birds quarrelling "under the mistletoe," is cleverly painted. Miss Everett Green groups her birds and flowers very prettily, and for her two plates, "Birds of a Feather flock together" and "Is he Dead?" she has obtained the prize offered by Lady Olive Guinness.

The prizes are divided into two series, so that amateur works may be kept distinct from those by professional artists. There are many reasons in favour of this course, though we should like to see a few prizes thrown open promiscuously to both ranks of competitors, for we can confidently predict that in not a few of the subjects the works of amateurs would fairly hold their own. The



first prize for heads by professional artists falls to Miss C. H. Spiers for a well-painted study entitled "Diana Vernon," and the same talented artist has secured the first prize for ornaments for her two plates painted respectively with "Chrysanthemums" and "Hollyhocks." The former subject is admirably handled, and is an excellent example of flower-painting. Perhaps the most successful specimen in this class in the exhibition is a plateau painted with Chrysanthemums by Miss Florence Lewis, which, in addition to gaining her a Princess Alice prize, has been purchased by the Empress of Germany (see our illustration, Fig. 1). The silver medal presented by the Crown Princess of Germany is worthily awarded to Miss Linnie Watt for one of the most charming little pictures in the collection, entitled "Gathering Spring Flowers." It will be remembered that Miss Watt obtained the first prize last year, and her little rustic scenes have a grace peculiarly their own. We have selected this plate for illustration (Fig. 4). The second prize for heads competed for by professional artists falls to Miss Ellen Welby for a well-modelled and expressive portrait on a background of apple blossoms. For perfection of workmanship and complete mastery of her art, Miss Ada Hanbury has few rivals, and the special prize of ten guineas for the best professional work has been awarded to four studies of "Sycamore," "Apple Blossom," "Portugal Laurel," and "Plane," which remind us of the delicate paintings by this lady in last year's exhibition, on which occasion she also secured the special

prize. The second prize for ornament goes to Miss Kate Hammond for two plates painted with "Almond Blossoms" and "Jonquils."

The list of prize works is such a lengthy one that the mere enumeration of the awards absorbs the chief part of our space, and, in addition to the prizes, we find a list which occupies three pages of the handy little catalogue containing the names of amateurs and professionals, divided into the three categories of "Very highly commended," "Highly commended," and "Commended," to each of whom a diploma is awarded.

In addition to the works competing for prizes there are a number of paintings of rare merit by foreign artists, and by professionals who do not compete, but whose works support and enhance the efforts of their amateur rivals. Some of these artists are already well known in this country. M. Leonce, who is a large contributor, is a prince among flower-painters; and for the beauty of his portraits and landscapes, M. Clair is a great acquisition to the ranks of the exhibition.

It is somewhat surprising to find how large a proportion of the ladies have attempted portraiture, by far the most difficult branch of art be it remembered; it is not to be wondered, therefore, that in the works of this class there are many failures. There are so few animal-paintings in the collection that it is only just to praise the large measure of success attained by Miss E. O. Verner, whose "Tiger's



Fig. 3.—TIGER'S HEAD.  
(By Miss E. O. Verner.)

Head" (Fig. 3) has been thought worthy of being commended. The tile-paintings and plaques contain a number of works of great merit, and there are signs that some of our

manufacturers are alive to the advantages of art workmanship in ceramic decoration. Many of the tiles are painted with subjects from some of the familiar nursery story-books, and the illustrations of the old nursery rhymes have inspired not a few of the amateur tile-decorators. Miss Isabel Rogers sends some tiles of admirable design.

We find it impossible to mention all the works we had noted, but we must not forget to call attention to the cleverly-designed figures by Mr. H. Thomas, the studies of heads by Mrs. Bristowe, the "Pompeian" design by Mr. C. E. Willis, which seems to be founded upon some old Flemish example, and is novel and praiseworthy. A

portrait of G. Startin, Esq., by Miss A. Saltmer, is excellently painted. Mrs. Shearman sends a well-executed panel of "The Christian Martyr." The two figure subjects, "Peter Snellinx" and "Helen Fremont," by Miss C. Haucke, are well painted. Among the flower-paintings we noted were M. Leonce's "Group of Sunflowers, Pansies, &c.;" "Ox-eye Daisies," by Miss H. S. Bishop; "Chrysanthemums," by Miss G. Swears; and "Dog Roses," a pretty design in blue and white, by

Miss M. Voss. Among so many works of great merit it seems invidious, however, to single out thus only one or two for special mention. The collection is full of interest and promise.



Fig. 4.—GATHERING SPRING FLOWERS.  
(By Miss Linnie Watt.)

## AMERICAN ARTISTS AND AMERICAN ART.—V.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.



It would be impossible in these papers to treat the history of American art with anything like that particularity or completeness with which, for instance, the history of American literature has recently been treated. In the space at our disposal we have only been able to glance cursorily backward at the beginnings of the cultivation and practice of the Fine Arts on the other side of the Atlantic, and to pick out from the roll of America's past painters a few names, known equally both here and there, as belonging

to representative men, whose individual history is, in some measure, the history of the profession they adorned. Before finally taking our leave of the past in these sketches, it is not necessary to say that no disrespect has been intended towards great reputations, which we have been obliged to pass over without a word, or with only a word, but which are indelibly chronicled on the art annals of the world; nor could we, in coming down to the present, write at the head of our initiatory article the name of an American artist more widely interesting than that of William Wetmore Story. Born at Salem, Massachusetts, he is one of the



brilliant company whose achievements have done New England honour. Genius, rare in the middle States, in the West, and in the South, is strangely common in the rugged and simple north-eastern country. Where life is perhaps less graceful, less easy, less characteristic, less

to the strict definition, a New Englander, having sprung from the oldest stock in the young country—that of the earliest colonists. And proud of his country and her achievements we know the great sculptor to be, in spite of the fact that Italy is emphatically the land



“THE SIBYL.”

(From the Statue by W. W. Story.)

interesting than elsewhere in the great continent, there the divine spark is most rife. No wonder the true “Yankee” is proud of a race which, if, in comparison with others in the same country, it is less fully coloured in character and somewhat English in its reserve, is so active, original, and fresh in its intellectual life. Mr. Story’s father was, according

of his adoption. Whatever he does in art comes, he tells his friends, from his American blood; and not even long exile has weakened the instincts of his patriotism.

Several of Mr. Story’s ancestors were well-known and eloquent jurists; and his father—whose biography was written by his son in 1851—was Judge of the Supreme Court. The

future sculptor also was destined for the bar. After leaving the University of Harvard, he studied with his father and Professor Greenleaf for three years; and then taking his degree of LL.B., he entered on the practice of his profession at Boston. For five years he devoted himself with that wonderful assiduity, which is the keystone of success, to his legal labours, becoming a Commissioner in Bankruptcy, a Commissioner of the U.S. Courts, a Reporter of the Circuit Court, arguing cases, compiling many volumes of treatises on such matter-of-fact mundane affairs as "contracts" and "sales;" and, as if all this were not enough, composing poems and contributing stories and essays to the magazines. A complete breakdown of health was not unnaturally the result of effort and assiduity out of all proportion to the strength of one man. The busy young lawyer was the victim of a violent typhoid and brain fever, from which he had only just recovered when his father died; and here follows one of those little incidents which are so often recorded as turning-points in the history of men of genius. Had Judge Story lived longer, his son would have grown up a lawyer, learned perhaps, and famous in his own land, but a sculptor for ever in embryo. It so happened, however, that the bar determined to erect a statue to his father, and they commissioned the son to execute the work. Hitherto he had handled the chisel only as an amateur, in the early morning and the unoccupied evening, when painting and modelling and music divided his leisure. But now he undertook a serious task, making the condition that he should first qualify himself for its performance by a visit to Europe of two or three years' duration, in order to study great works of art. His health, no doubt, was a consideration in making this change, which entailed at any rate a temporary abandonment of a profession in which he had established himself with success; but, in spite of this success, his heart, as he acknowledged to himself, was not in the law, but in art and letters.

His first visit to Rome was an important event in William Story's career, for it decided for ever the place, nature, and pursuits of his after-days. Rome is a powerful enchantress;

every one who has known her has known more or less of her spell. Somewhat disappointing for a few first days, more melancholy, damper, darker, less southern as to light, life, and colour than the shining cities of Tuscany and the Lombard plains, more silent and less intense as to the disposition of her people, Rome seems to many of us; we hesitate for a month whether she will ever appear as charming as Genoa, Florence, Siena, Parma. Florentines, indeed, are amusingly perplexed that any one who has ever enjoyed the supreme antique elegance of their "gentle" city should find fascination in the mildews of Rome. What would Rome be, they ask besides, without the Neapolitan Bernini, the Florentine Michelangiolo? Rome without her monuments and her St. Peter's! Insensibly, however, the potent charm begins to work; it is more or less irresistible as it asserts itself in different natures—it is most irresistible to the artist. And for the artist who had lived, though in his native land, yet expatriated, whose early years had not even been blessed with such participation in the life and art of the great past as belongs to an Englishman, the spell was at its strongest. William Story once in Rome, never forsook it again for any length of time.

The changes which have passed over the eternal city during his habitation there can but be estimated by comparing the place and the life described in his own chatty Roman books with the aspect of things to-day. It had begun even before the adoption of this capital of the world as the capital of a kingdom; the extreme quaintness of the state kept up by the Cardinals and other grandees of the Papal Court had already given place to something more modern and less barbaric; the Cardinals' carriages and the Cardinals' servants, so dear to the humorous intelligence of M. Heilbuth, and so familiar in his pictures, were fast disappearing, and since the final unification of the country and the establishment of Rome as the seat of government, the modernisation of manners has been completed. Mr. Story, however, has done his best to secure to himself at least something of the past by fixing a delightful residence in the historic palace of the Barberini. *Quod non fecerunt*



*barbari fecerunt Barberini*, ran the saying in mediæval Rome, for the family house was built of stones filched from the ruins of the Cæsars. High on one of the seven hills, perhaps the freshest and sunniest of them all, with the whole city in front, the pleasaunces of the Pincian to the right, and the grand solitudes (or what were a few years ago the solitudes) stretching away towards the Lateran on the left, the Palazzo Barberini is situated ideally well. One of the most celebrated galleries in Rome, moreover, is contained within its chambers; the Beatrice Cenci of Guido Reni is there, haekneyed by copies and engravings, so that the traveller fancies he is weary of it before he sees it—yet the first sight of it is a fresh, unexpected, and pathetic pleasure; there also is a very different and equally renowned work, attributed to Raphael by all except a few—and those few the greatest lovers of Raphael—the coarse, hard, and repulsive Fornarina. In the courtyard of the palæe plays one of the fountains which make Rome so peculiarly a city of living waters; this one is of very grand and noble renaissance design. Above the galleries, in the sunniest apartments, Mr. Story has made his happy Roman home.

All England, as well as all America, read Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Transformation" when it appeared some twenty years ago; and all marked with keen interest the words describing a great statue—the Cleopatra attributed in the novel to the young American sculptor, Kenyon. "The sitting figure of a woman was seen. She was draped from head to foot in a costume minutely and serupulously studied from that of ancient Egypt . . . Even the stiff Egyptian head-dress was adhered to, but had been softened into a rich feminine adornment, without losing a partiele of its truth. Difficulties that might well have seemed unsurmountable had been courageously encountered, and made flexible to purposes of grace and dignity; so that Cleopatra sat attired in a garb proper to her historic and queenly state, as a daughter of the Ptolemies, and yet such as the beautiful woman would have put on as best adapted to heighten the magnificence of her charms, and kindle a tropic fire in the

cold eyes of Octavius. A marvellous repose . . . was diffused throughout the figure. The spectator felt that Cleopatra had sunk down out of the fever and turmoil of her life, and for one instant . . . was resting throughout every vein and muscle." Happy the artist, whatever his art, who has so sympathetically enthusiastie an interpreter! When the writer goes on to describe not only the repose of the statue, but the latent and potential "energy and fierceness" which the sculptor has included in it, the reader feels that he has before him, for once, criticism which is fulfilling its true end—the aid supplied by literature, which "looks before and after," to art which can only show the moment.

Spoken of wherever "Transformation" was read, the great statue had been eagerly expected in England when the International Exhibition of 1862 gave it to the public of London and of the world. The "Cleopatra" drew all who entered that brilliant place to the quiet "Roman Court," devoted amid a very world of noise and colour to the silenee, whiteness, and repose of sculpture. The companion statue to the "Cleopatra" was the "Sibyl," which also bears it company in the illustrations to the present article. The motive is somewhat similar in these works. In both are expressed repose and thought; in both the Greek ideal is entirely set aside, and in both the features are massive and the forms full in flesh, and large in bone. There is a peculiar solemnity in the meditative Sibyl's face and pose which renders this a more effective work than the more celebrated statue, and would have made it, we imagine, a more popular one, had not the pen of the great writer been devoted to the "Cleopatra."

We have lingered long over these celebrated figures, but Mr. Story's life has been and is full of work, and the catalogue of his labours is a long one. Ideal groups, portrait-busts, and portrait-statues have by turns occupied his chisel. Among these are a "Saul," a "Sappho," a "Delilah," a "Judith," a "Medea;" statues of "Edward Everett" and of "George Peabody," the latter executed for the Corporation of London; a colossal "Jerusalem in her

Desolation," exhibited in London in 1873; and a "Sardanapalus," which was modelled only last winter. Let it also be remembered that it was not for art only, but for letters, that the young William Story left the law. "The

Figure," in 1866, and in 1869 a volume of verse about Italy, entitled "Graffiti d'Italia." In poetry his labours have been strikingly varied. Fugitive lyrics, antiquarian tragedies, poems of modern life have, by turns, occu-



"CLEOPATRA."

(From the Statue by W. W. Story.)

Life and Letters of Joseph Story" dates as far back as 1851. Some ten years after followed the best known of the great sculptor's literary works, "Roba di Roma," and the "American Question," written in the midst of the Civil War. Versatile beyond all common versatility, William Story next produced a purely artistic book, "The Proportions of the Human

pied his many-sided mind. A life so full of beauty and of work can hardly fail to be a happy one. Art is happy and labour is happy. William Story has chosen for himself constant and full labour in the loveliest arts, and in the city of the ages. In so choosing he has done wisely and well, as many millions can aver.



## SKETCHING GROUNDS: THE PEACK (continued).

BY EDWARD BRADBURY.



THE "PEACOCK," FROM THE ROAD.

**T**HE famous "Peacock" at Rowsley is no gay and showy building, like the priggish bird to which it is indebted for its sign. It is an ideal hostel, old, picturesque, sequestered. With its projecting porch and high Elizabethan gables, its quaint mullioned windows, its wealth of glossy ivy, tapping at the diamond panes; its clustering

beyond the sturdy stone bridge that admires its own old grey-grown outlines in the clear water—the Rowsley hotel is simply a picture in architecture, framed with wooded hills as poetical as itself. It bears the ancient repose of a roadside inn stolen from one of Sir Walter Scott's romances; or it is Charles Dickens's "Maypole," transported from the borders of Epping Forest, and you half expect to see John Willet and Tom Cobb talking about Lord George Gordon and "No Popery" in the porch. Its sign might be the "Tabard." Half a dozen writers have called it the "Bear and Ragged Staff," and pictured a troop of Leicester's parched cavaliers quaffing nut-brown ale at the door. The "Peacock" is no mediæval pretender. It is genuinely old. It dates back to the fifteenth century. The name of a bygone Boniface, "John Stevenson," is carved over the portal, with the date 1652. Above the inscription is a stone peacock, the crest of the Manners family. The house is loved by artists and



HADDON HALL, FROM THE WYE.

chimneys; its green lawn stretching down a gentle slope to the Derwent, that is in a hurry to embrace the Wye, which is waiting for it

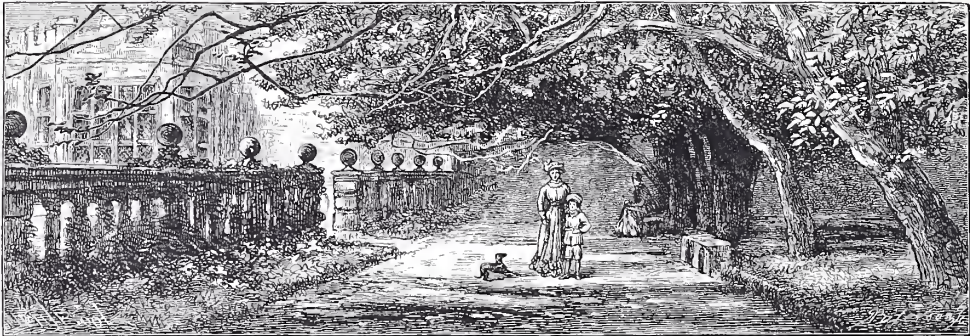
anglers. Landseer, Stanfield, Cattermole, Creswick, Oakley, Nash, and other men of repute were wont to meet in its old-world rooms.



The porch this summer's morning is a Penelope's web of fishing-nets, an armoury of rods, a piscatorial panoply. Chatsworth, with its art-glories, is near. Haddon Hall is about a mile and a half away, but it is only a yard off in our private gallery, being the very next picture.

Haddon Hall! The Peak district is rich in historie piles. If it be true that Mr. Ruskin said he could not get along in a country where there were no castles, Derbyshire should be his delight. There is William Peveril's crumbling fortress at Castleton; the old abbey ruin at Deepdale; while Hardwicke Hall, Bolsover Castle, and Wingfield Manor may be said to be neighbours. But Haddon Hall stands pre-eminent among these histories in stone.

itself is almost as perfect now as in the feudal days of chivalry, when its walls echoed the noisy revelry of retainers, and the wassail-cup went its merry round. The place seems as if Sir George Vernon, "the King of the Peake," and his retinue had just left it for a day's hunting in the woods, and would be back again anon. The marks of their whittles, and the stains of their trenchers, are on the massive tables in the old banqueting hall. One of the huntsmen has left his horn behind him in yonder little room. The modern tourist could no more sound it than bend Ulysses' bow. There are also a gigantic pair of jack-boots, and a thick leathern doublet, should you wish to follow Sir George's party into the forest. That fireplace in the kitchen, with its incal-



THE TERRACE, HADDON HALL.

Behold its grey battlements and turrets and towers, half-smothered in fading foliage, looking over the windings of the Wye. It is a September afternoon, and the autumn-time is, perhaps, the best of all periods of the year to see Haddon Hall. The colour of the woods is now in harmony with the pensive grey stone of the baronial battlements. The foliage is a study of intense tints. The tresses of the lady-birch are spangled with yellow. Bronzes and russets and coppery reds are mixed up with the dark green of the solemn yews. The beech-trees gleam with rose-colour. The woods are silent. A solitary robin's note on the terrace intensifies the stillness. Faded leaves fall at our feet with a musical sigh. The river is running away with argosies of yellow leaves. The autumnal sadness suits the deserted old towers of Haddon. The castle

culable capacity for fuel, is ready to deal summarily with a fat stirk, but coals are now, alas! twenty shillings a ton, and steaks are at famine price. In the state bed-room, where Queen Elizabeth slept, the bed seems to have just been made. The old ball-room, with its oaken floor and big window recesses, is deserted; but it does not need a wild imagination to people it with the guests of the past. I can hear the echo of the bygone revelry. The minstrel is tuning his harp in praise of a "ladye faire." Young squires and country belles are dancing, who have been dust these two hundred years. The sun shines on the silent terrace, where the mind's eye sees a peacock spreading the rainbow glories of its tail, and beholds a garden party that might have lent inspiration to Watteau. In the quadrangle yonder, to which that vassal in buff jerkin is hurrying,



is a hunting group that Wouvermans might have immortalised. Dorothy Vernon has just stolen past to have a whispered interview with John Manners. Here is the spreading elm, under whose leafy gloom he used to wait at night for a hushed word of love, or a warning wave of the hand, from the little oriel window in the tower above. He is cutting her initials on the bark, just as Rosalind's name was carved on the trees by a man who haunted the forest.

A pretty "bit" for an artist is Dorothy Vernon's doorway from whence she escaped.

"Into the night, and the arms of love." A painter has placed his easel in front of it, and the heavy old oaken door, and eleven worn stone steps, are having their picturesque sadness thrown on the canvas. Haddon Hall is indeed

haunted by painters. I never pay it a visit but some artists are breathing the ancient air of the place. To-day, a lady of the easel has found a fascinating study in the old tapestry of "My Lady's Chamber;" another artist is sketching an old doorway, with quaint stone carvings, and bleached timber, studded with nails red with rust. A third painter is in love with the avenue of lime-trees forming the upper terrace, and known as "Dorothy Vernon's Walk." Haddon Hall does not depend upon a love legend for its fame, but the story of Dorothy Vernon gives it a human

interest that still more endears the baronial mansion to followers of the picturesque. We are told that there is no foundation for the tender tradition; and even so respectable an antiquarian as Mr. John Charles Cox is of opinion that Dorothy "never eloped at all, but was married after the usual humdrum fashion." This is the age of unbelief. Robin Hood is regarded as a myth; Shakespeare is voted a humbug; and, of course, the sweet

old romance of Haddon Hall must be duly dispelled, Mr. Gradgrind, by "facts, sir, facts." But, nevertheless, the archæological Goths and Vandals will not quite destroy the old romance. It is one of the poems we must not willingly let die. Three hundred equequered years have passed, but still the legend is charming and



PEVERIL CASTLE, CASTLETON.

new; and many budding springs shall bloom into summer, and the summers soften into autumn, and the autumns wither into winters wild and cold, before we discredit the sweet story of John Manners donning the woodman's garb, and sleeping with the hinds of the forest, in order that he might be near his Dorothy; of the midnight elopement from the brilliant ball-room; of the runaway ride through the black night, and of the marriage in Leicester Forest, where Dorothy's heart promised far more than was demanded by the Prayer Book.

Before we say good-bye to Haddon, let us leave our cards at the picturesque cottage adjoining the Hall. We may there behold some of the finest old carved oak furniture to be seen in a long day's march. Among other relics appealing specially to the artistic eye is an oil-painting of Dorothy Vernon. The Duke of Rutland—a direct descendant from Dorothy—in a letter to the present writer, regards this picture as the only authentic portrait of the heroine of his noble house. It is evidently a contemporaneous likeness.

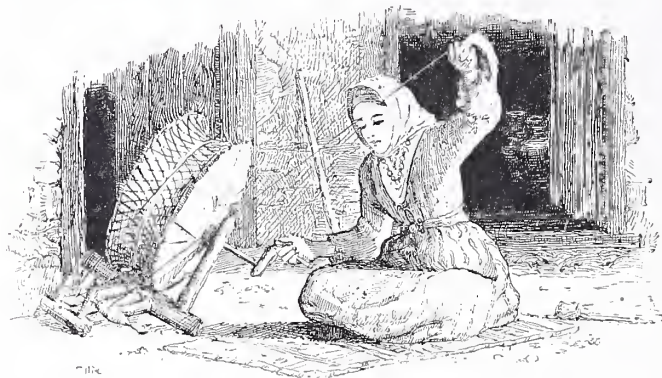
Dorothy has here noble features, but the Elizabethan dress does not increase her beauty.

It is a pleasant walk by the Wye side to Bakewell. In the fine old church Dorothy Vernon sleeps. Sir George Vernon, and his two wives, the Dames Margaret and Maud, are buried together, and beside them are "Sir John Manners, of Haddon, Knight," and "Dame Dorothy, his loving wife." The runaway daughter awaits the Resurrection morning at her father's side, and the proud step-mother and the proscribed lover are reconciled in death.



#### PICTURES OF THE YEAR.—VI.

OF the Royal Academy of 1879 we give this month a final reminiscence in our full-page engraving, "A Justice in 1500." Mr. Chester Loomis is happy in his subject. There is something especially pretty and pleasant in certain anomalies, and the anomaly of a child bearing the dignities of majesty and power is perhaps the most takingly quaint of all. Mr. Calderon took the public fancy captive some years ago by a fascinating picture, "Her Most



A SPINNING WHEEL IN CYPRUS.  
(From the Sketch by Tristram Ellis.)

High, Mighty, and Puissant Grace," in which a solemn little queen of four years old was seen on her way to her throne, while the bowed heads of the entire court, their sweeping reverences and supple backs, lined her passage. The idea has since been repeated with still fresh variations; and to Mr. Loomis has occurred the thought of adding the terrors of

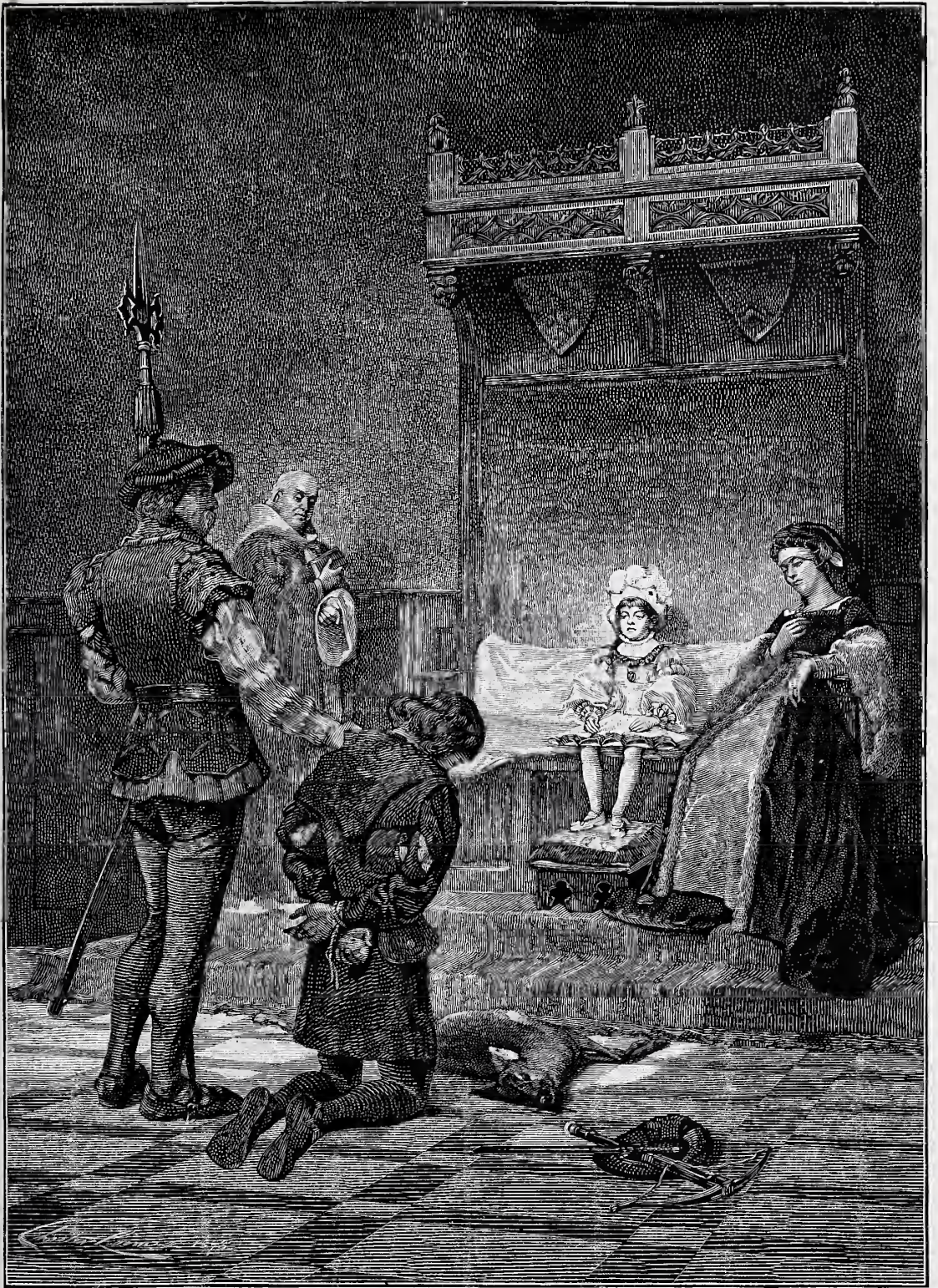
justice to the awe of royalty on a childish brow. The perfect seriousness and good faith of all concerned, including the well-drilled infant himself, form an important part of the little drama, which is nothing if not ingenuous.

It is to be hoped that the counsels of this young lord of the soil, assisted as they are by a lady and a priest, will be tempered by mercy; for the potentate's mother sits on the left side of the throne, and to the right stands a white-haired friar, the

keeper probably of the little judge's conscience. The crime, besides, is comparatively a venial one—venison is plentiful, and a cross-bow enhanced to be in a needy hand.

Among the fugitive exhibitions of the year, a special and lasting remembrance may well remain of a series of military pictures painted by Mr. Basil Vereschagin during the disastrous





A JUSTICE IN 1500.

(From the Picture by Chester Loomis, in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1879.)



and sanguinary Russo-Turkish War, and particularly illustrating the siege and the fall of Plevna. Mr. Vereschagin paints war literally;



NICOSIA.

(From the Sketch by Tristram Ellis.)

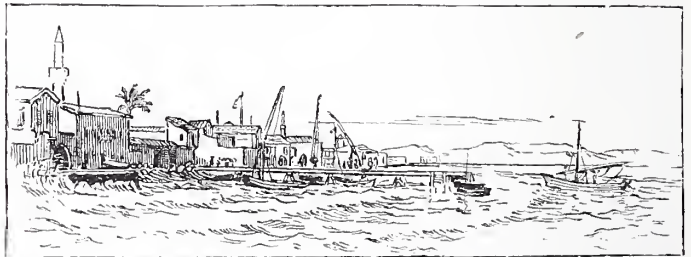
if field operations were—as they so frequently are—enveloped in a smoke which rendered the fortunes of the day a mystery to all but the initiated, he frankly painted them so, and obtained a far more moving and vivid impression of the truth than if he had brought out every manœuvre with the knowledge of after-study. If after the fall of the unfortunate fortress a long road of monotonous snow was lined with two rows of slowly-freezing Turkish soldiers for miles, the artist painted the ugly, miserable, unpicturesque, and unvaried scene exactly as it was, introducing no melodrama, nothing of the theatre, no incidents save those utterly unimaginable touches of fact in which consist all that is valuable, all that is precious, in pictures of war. Mr. Vereschagin had the inestimable advantage of taking a personal part in the campaign; he has the soldier's feeling joined to the artist's eye, and with these a rare and simple intelligence. His power as an artist is of very fine quality; some deficiencies, especially in the matter of colour, his warmest admirers allow him. With these pictures of the war he exhibited a large number of Indian subjects painted during the visit of

the Prince of Wales to the East; these betray an extraordinary inequality, some of the passages of architectural painting being admirable in light and shade, and even in colour, while sunshine and a blue sky seem to contain an unpronounce-

able Shibboleth for the Russian artist. Even, however, where defects appear, they are always atoned for by some unmistakable bit of intelligence and truth. He possesses humour also, as well as the quiet pathos shown in so many of his works, some sketches among the remoter inhabitants of the regions between Tartary and India—people whose customs are as curious as their faces—being full of amusing character. This exhibition was not by any means the first held by Mr. Vereschagin in England; a number of his pictures were collected at the Crystal Palace some time ago.

The occasion of a national war, however, has given his latest works an added interest.

M. de Nittis, a well-known painter of Neapolitan birth, also united a large number of his finished pictures, sketches, and studies in a separate exhibition. He is as realistic in treating the events of every-day street life as the artist above mentioned is in depicting the incidents of a campaign. M. de Nittis is nothing if not true, but he is also an elegant draughtsman and a skilful composer. So literally, indeed, are his street groups arranged that all seems as accidental as the composition of a photographer's instantaneously taken "picture." It is only the artist's technical eye which can detect with how much more than fortuitous felicity that truck of oranges lights up the little grey street,



THE MARINA, LARNACA.

(From the Sketch by Tristram Ellis.)

or that lady's blue draperies flash a response to the summer sky, or the white of that omnibus horse accentuates the light of a carefully arranged scale of "values." The incidents are all such as have been, and will be again, selected

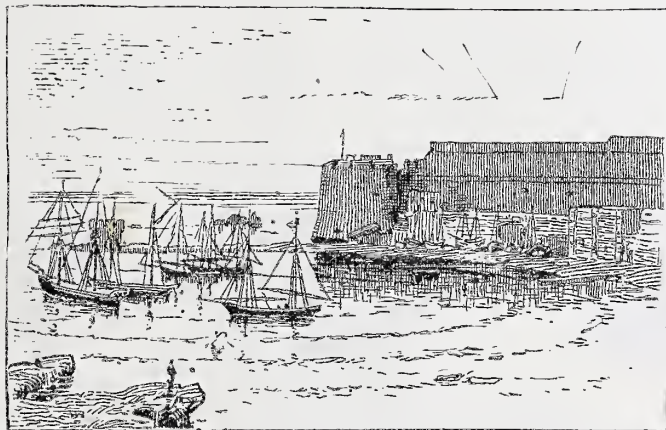


a thousand times; they are all in truth and in nature; the artist has merely chosen them, and has chosen them with inimitable skill. Art was never more quietly or more completely veiled by art.

Turning to the light and attractive regions of water-colour art, we have to record a season productive of the usual excellence in the principal exhibitions of the year, and enriched by a very unique and memorable little show—that of Mr. Tristram Ellis's Cyprus drawings at the Belgian Gallery in Bond Street. Artistic work, which is aided by the adventitious interest of subject—whether as illustrating literature or memorable scenes of nature—runs some risk of losing that recognition which is due to it as art. If such has been the case in the present instance, Mr. Ellis's work has suffered a grievous injustice. It is to be hoped that of the many who were interested in seeing pictures of Famagusta, Larnaca, and Nicosia, and

fine forms of the mountains being the best feature of the place; yet the scenery is nevertheless singularly paintable; for it is by no means the most conventionally fine landscape which makes the most charming picture. Water-colour art especially is more felicitously suited with accidental passages of nature or architecture, happily lighted. The buildings in Cyprus are full of suggestions of Italy; so are the multitudes of olives which temper the intense and vivid green of the caroub trees. The sketches we engrave convey mere suggestions of the originals. Kyrenia, as Mr. Ellis explains in his catalogue, is the northern port and town of the island. It was once the scene

of considerable commercial activity, and has still a fair trade as an export harbour for caroubs (locust beans) and olive oil. Our third sketch illustrates the charmingly fresh drawing of the Marina at Larnaca, which is the principal port of Cyprus, and in direct



THE PORT OF KYRENIA.  
(From the Sketch by Tristram Ellis.)

the other often-mentioned places of our latest national acquisition, some were even more keenly concerned with the painter-like and executive merits of the sincerest, freshest, and most attractive water-colour art that has been seen in London for some time. Mr. Ellis works with sufficient individuality, but with the single purpose of fidelity to nature. His science is considerable, but perfectly unobtrusive, and he has especially well conquered the difficulty, not to be shirked in such a climate, of combining light and colour; his suns shine, not with the easier brightness of white, but with the full tints of golden noon and rosy evenings. The views are thoroughly representative, the artist having chosen to paint all the diversities of a very various country. Nowhere is natural beauty particularly striking—the abrupt and

communication with Nicosia, the inland capital. The countless minarets of the latter city, interspersed with palms, appear in our second sketch. Mr. Ellis has a peculiarly fine and firm hand in the drawing of delicate forms; in the lines of perspective he is exquisitely accurate. Historical and legendary interest of no slight kind attaches to the drawings of the great Christian ruins of Famagusta, and to the ancient port of Paphos with the perpetual white foam upon its shore, for it was from this foam rose Aphrodite, the goddess of love and beauty. Some characteristic figure sketches vary the delightful panorama of nature—one of them is the drawing of the spinning-girl, from which our first illustration is taken. Mr. Ellis went to Cyprus immediately on the annexation, and worked there for several months.

## WOOD ENGRAVING.—V.

IT is time to enforce these remarks by some examples, and a comparison of a small piece of Bewick's foliage with corresponding pieces in the fac-simile style may not be uninteresting. Fig. 1 is a portion of the background to "The Hart and the Vine," from Bewick's "Æsop's Fables." Figs. 2 and 3 are from fac-simile cuts of drawings by two artists of deservedly high reputation, who have drawn perhaps more for wood than any others in this country.

It can hardly be necessary to say anything as to the respective merits of these three fragments; and if the reader will remember that in all three the white spaces have been cut away and the blacks left, it will not surprise him

number of small white triangles, rhomboids, &c. &c., so disposed as to present the *appearance* of cross-hatching. What is there in cross-hatching so valuable that we should go out of our way to produce this elaborate and yet clumsy imitation of it? In Washington Irving's "Knickerbocker," the Dutchman, landing on a low swampy shore, remarks to his companions what a beautiful place it is for making dams and dykes. The cross-hatchers on wood go further; they make imitation dams and dykes on dry land rather than go without them. On the whole, no simpler and truer test than this can be offered for distinguishing wood engraving proper from imitations on wood of



Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.

to learn that the Bewick actually costs less time to execute than the other two. The time which Bewick spent in cutting his exquisite leaves, grass, umbelliferous plants, &c., is in the others spent in cutting out minute triangles, rhomboids, squares, trapezoids, and all kinds of polygons—these being the forms of the interstices produced by the cross-hatching.

In working with the pen, the obvious way of darkening the white ground is by series of lines, and, if the tint thus given must be still further darkened in parts, this is most simply effected by crossing these lines with others—*i.e.*, by cross-hatching; but on wood the engraver starts with pure black, and has nothing whatever to do with modes of darkening. With the pen cross-hatching is a means to an end; on wood it is by fac-similists regarded as an end in itself, which, being quite unattainable on their material, is to be simulated at great cost of labour by the execution of a sufficient

something else. No wood engraver in his senses, unless fettered by the necessity of imitating another art, would express a tint by the cutting out small white triangles, rhomboids, &c. &c., with the childish object of making the result resemble cross-hatching. Let the reader remember, therefore, at what time he sees the cutting of small triangles, rhomboids, squares, trapezoids, and all kinds of polygons, *not* to fall down and worship, for it is a false image that has been set up. I hope we may here write *Q.E.D.*, and, having cleared away this cross-bar work in which the engravers had imprisoned us, we can now get at nature, and see what can be done with white lines and spaces cut on a black ground.

This lovely drawing of the yellow-hammer is a copy from Bewick, and, thanks to the skill of the engraver, is no whit inferior to the original. Examine this carefully, and see how nature is here immediately interpreted



on the wood-block, and what astonishing capacities the material possesses for the purpose, so soon as the artist abandons the imitation of black-netting and gives himself a chance of imitating natural objects, whether these be birds, feathers, twisted fences, branches with their delicate foliage, weeds, or grasses. These are all here to the life, and withal a general silvery effect delightful to look on. As a contrast to this drawing we give one of Bewick's tail-pieces, also from the "Birds"—two horses standing in a field in the rain. Here he has,



TAIL-PIECE FROM BEWICK'S "BIRDS."

with singular felicity, conveyed the misty effect of the rain by cutting the tint right across the block, expressing the various depths of tone only by the varying thickness of the lines, so that the objects seem to have no defined outline. As a method this has become common recently. It has been much used by French wood engravers, especially in the cutting of many of Doré's drawings, and often where there seems no particular reason for its adoption, unless that it offers an easy mode of cutting a sketchy drawing washed in in water-colour. But in Bewick's time I do not suppose such a thing had been tried, and here it is no question of sketchy

drawing, the indistinct outlines have a meaning, and, if we look carefully, we find an amazing amount of detail included in what seems at first to be a nearly flat tint. The body of the windmill is scarcely visible, and yet light and shade on it can be detected; the sails present their surfaces at different angles to the light, and differ in depth accordingly. If I mistake not, the small revolving vanes which

cause the top of the mill to turn with the wind are just discernible between the two upper sails. The drawing of the two horses is full of character, and in the gate we detect the diagonal bar and the bent upright to which it is attached. Tints are often cut now consisting of finer and more regular lines than Bewick seems to have attempted, but it would hardly be possible to express a subtle natural effect with greater delicacy than Bewick has done in this instance by means of simple tint cutting.

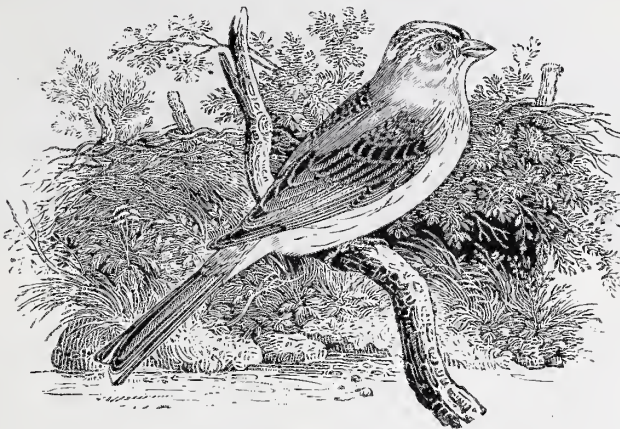
If these examples have interested the reader in their gifted author, it may be convenient here to say a few words about Bewick's career, but space will allow only a very few.

Thomas Bewick was born in August, 1753, at Cherryburn-on-the-Tyne, near Newcastle.

It is said that he sometimes as a boy worked in a coal-pit rented by his father. He was

sent to school to the Rev. Mr. Gregson's, at Ovingham, on the north side of the river—Cherryburn being on the south—in the neighbourhood of which school may be found many scenes which Bewick has introduced into his drawings. In the year 1767 he was

apprenticed for a term of seven years to Mr. Ralph Beilby, an engraver, but one whose work was not exclusively artistic, as it included the engraving of names on brass plates for front doors, of numerals on brass clock-faces, &c. Bewick's first attempts on wood were the illustrations to a work on mensuration, about 1768, when he was fifteen years old. When he returned to Cherryburn, on the expiration of his appren-



THE YELLOW-HAMMER, AFTER BEWICK.

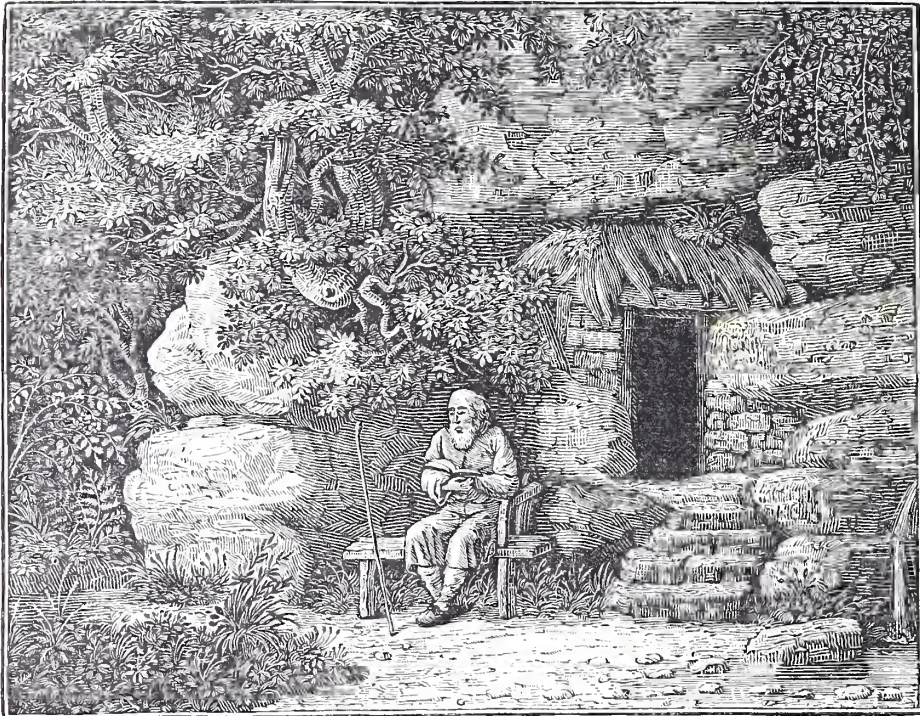
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ticeship, he began to devote himself to wood engraving, and in 1775 he executed a small cut of "The Huntsman and the Old Hound," for which he obtained a prize of seven guineas from the Society of Arts.

In 1776 he visited the Lake district of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and in October of the same year went to London, where he stayed about a year; but with regard to his occupations during that year he always main-

the latter he began to show his originality by the simple and direct way in which he obtained his effects, but the cuts are hardly comparable to his later work. In 1789 he engraved "The Chillingham Bull," one of his largest cuts, a fine and spirited work, in which his characteristic excellences appear in a very marked degree. He never perhaps surpassed the drawing of the grasses and weeds in the foreground, and the foliage is excellent, though not



WOOD-CUT FROM PARNELL'S "HERMIT," AFTER BEWICK.

tained a certain mystery. Whatever he may have done in London, he did not like living there, and declared he would not live in London, although for doing so he were made premier of England. Any one familiar with Bewick's works, and the evident delight in the country which they evince, will easily believe in the genuineness of this sentiment.

Returning to Newcastle in 1777, Bewick and Beilby entered into partnership, and took John, the younger brother of the former, as an apprentice. In 1779 Bewick executed the cuts for an edition of Gay's "Fables," and in 1784 for one of "Select Fables." In

equal to that of the later "Fables" (1818) or of the "Birds." The chief superiority of the later works consists in their greater refinement and delicacy of execution. The principle is clearly established in this Bull of cutting out lights so as best to express that which he is representing, without any foolish attempt to make it look as if it had been executed in another material.

After taking six impressions, the block warped and split, owing to some careless workman having left it on a window-sill in the sun, and it remained useless till recently, when it was clamped together in a frame of gun-



metal for Mr. Robinson, of Newcastle, who had some fine proofs struck off, one of which I obtained from him. The split shows slightly as a white line across the bull.

Bewick's next work was his "General History of Quadrupeds," which appeared in 1790, and was a great success. A second and a third edition appeared in the two succeeding years.

In 1795 was published a quarto volume, consisting of a few selected poems by Goldsmith, Parnell, and Somerville, illustrated by cuts, all of which are by Thomas Bewick, except those in the "Deserted Village," which are by his brother John.

All the blocks of this book are in the possession of Mr. Robinson, of Newcastle, a great collector of Bewick's work, who was kind enough to show them to me, and thus I was enabled, by comparing each block with the proof, to see how certain effects were obtained, and especially to how great an extent Bewick sometimes lowered the surface

of his block, by scraping it down before he engraved, so as to make the lowered part print lighter in colour from its being more lightly pressed upon the paper. On page 286 is a fac-simile of the first cut in Parnell's "Hermit," executed by Bewick from a drawing by J. Johnson, in which the reader will perceive some foliage which can hardly be excelled for delicacy. Take the bank of grass and weeds in the left-hand corner, the ferns and wild rose above it, the grass in half tone under the hermit's seat, or the bramble overhanging the rock in the upper right-hand corner. What can be more perfect than these passages?

We seem to see the leaves themselves, and hardly miss the colours. But if the beauty of the actual result is very striking, surely the simplicity of the means by which it is obtained is hardly less so. It is scarcely necessary to point out, what must be evident at a glance, that each leaf is cut out of the block in the most direct manner, and I think it will be felt that the peculiar charm of this work is not to be imitated in any other material. If the black had to be filled in and the white left, many parts would be impossible, and none could be even approximately rendered except at a far greater expenditure of labour. Other advantages may be claimed by the etcher, and it will not be questioned that certain inimitable beauties belong to copper, and copper only; but this of cutting lights of unequalled delicacy out of dark grounds, a power of such infinite value in representing foliage, belongs to wood, and to wood only. It is a matter for wonder



THE OWL, AFTER BEWICK.

that this was not discovered before Bewick's time, but it is something more than wonderful that, when the discovery was once made, wood engravers should ignore it and go on executing cross-hatched lines, as though everything in nature consisted of fishing-nets and cobwebs.

The rocks in this drawing are not particularly interesting, and it must be remembered that the design was not his own, though, for reasons to be given presently, I think we may fairly ascribe the beauty of detail to Bewick rather than to Johnson.

To go on with the brief memoir. In 1797 appeared the first volume of the famous

“Birds,” and the second in 1804. This must be considered as the greatest of Bewick’s many and admirable works. To those who have not examined the work itself, the specimens already given, namely, “The Egret” at the commencement of this essay, “The Yellow-hammer,” and the tail-piece of the two horses in the rain, will give a fair idea of the extreme beauty of the execution.

To these I now add “The Owl” (page 287), as a contrast to all three. In “The Egret,” the manner in which the graceful form of the bird, with its snow-white plumage, is relieved against the deep shade of the foliage overhanging the pool, forms the most striking feature in the drawing. In “The Yellow-hammer,” the eye is chiefly caught by the bright, fresh, crisp character of the whole (I am not now speaking of the truth of detail, which is so abundant in all the drawings), while in “The Owl” the manner in which the soft downy texture of the bird is conveyed is truly wonderful. The coarseness of the bark of the tree may be exaggerated, but at any rate it has the effect of enhancing the marvellous softness of the bird’s plumage.

Before leaving “The Birds,” I give one more of the tail-pieces, which contrasts well with that of the “Rainy Day.” In his representations of the sea, Bewick’s execution was often coarse, but

they were always full of life, and here there is no lack of delicacy. In 1818 Bewick published his “Æsop’s Fables,” from which is taken the piece of foliage at the beginning of this chapter. I have no space for any other specimens from this charming work, and must content myself with saying that, if Mr. Chatto is right in supposing that the cuts are mostly engraved by Bewick’s pupils, W. Temple and William Harvey, it shows how completely he had imbued them with his own spirit.

Bewick died November 8th, 1828, at the age of seventy-five, leaving unfinished a fine cut of an old horse, “Waiting for Death,” as he entitled it. He had intended engraving this on two blocks, in order to obtain some new effects unattainable on one, but the first block was unfinished when he died. On seeing the first proof from this block, he said, “I wish I was but twenty years younger”—conveying certainly the idea that he anticipated important results from the experiment. Bewick’s daughters have been so kind as to show me some of his original drawings for his wood-cuts, and to these I shall have to refer in my next paper, in which I hope to commence some practical conclusions from the considerations that have already occupied us, with a few critical remarks on specimens of wood engraving of the present day.

HENRY HOLIDAY.



TAIL PIECE FROM BEWICK'S "BIRDS."

\* \* \* The Editor has much pleasure in informing his readers that the success of *THE MAGAZINE OF ART* has been such as to justify its enlargement, which the Proprietors have determined to do without increase of price. Full particulars will be found in the Announcements.









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