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THE PRINT-COLLECTOR'S QUARTERLY

EDITED BY
FITZROY CARRINGTON

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LECTURER ON THE HISTORY AND PRINCIPLES OF
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Jean-François Millet

(1814-1875)

"In these days of 'ists' and 'isms' it is refreshing to turn aside for a time to the contemplation of these drawings. Their sane and classic serenity is reassuring, as we experience again the pleasure and profit that communion with the genius of this 'Michael-Angelo of the glebe' always affords."

Robert J. Wickenden.

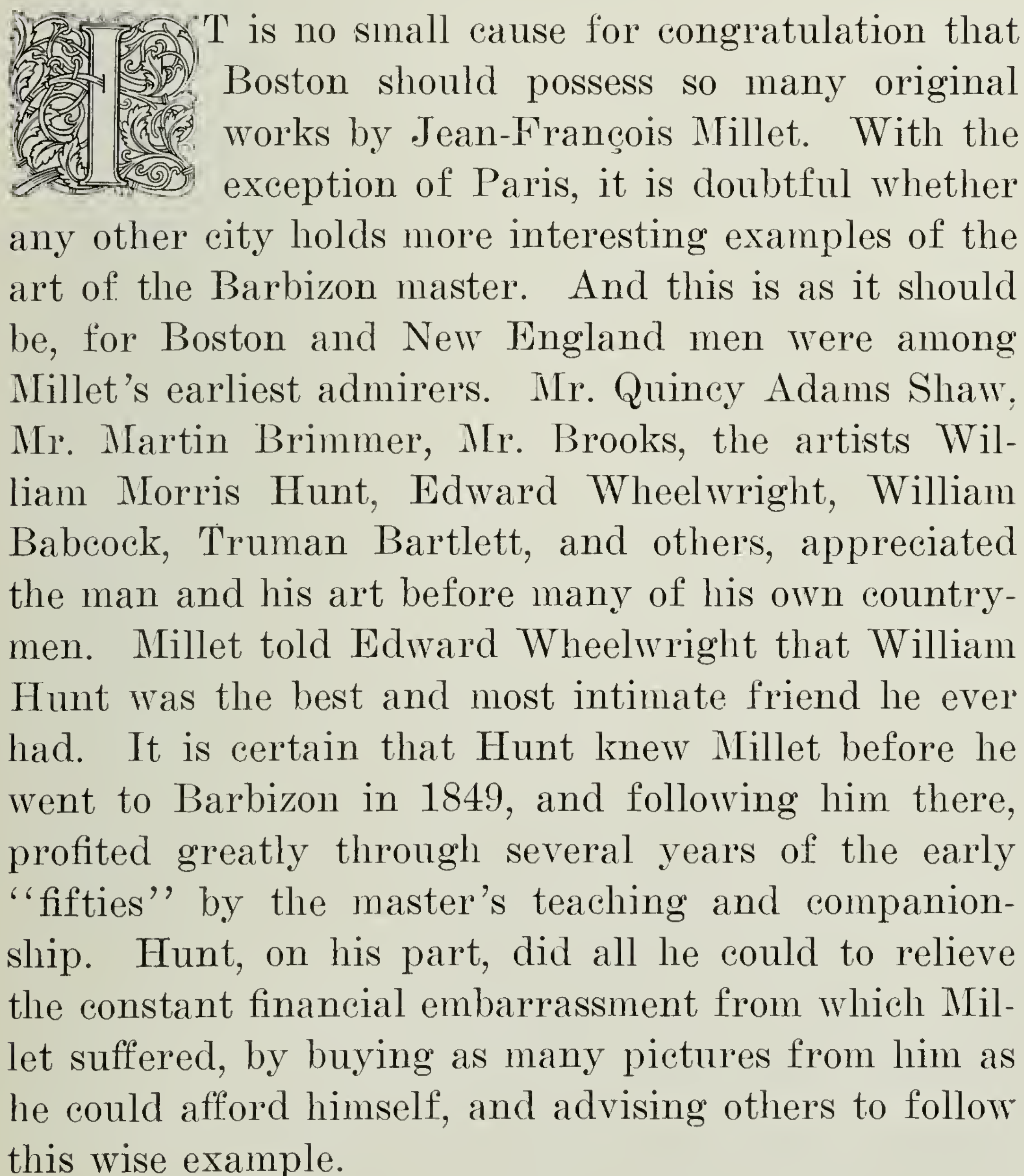
MILLET. SHEPHERDESS KNITTING

Size of the original drawing, 13 × 8½ inches

MILLET'S DRAWINGS AT THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON

By ROBERT J. WICKENDEN

Author of "Charles Jacque," "Jean-François Millet," "Le Père Corot," "Charles-François Daubigny," "The Men of 1830," etc., etc.



IT is no small cause for congratulation that Boston should possess so many original works by Jean-François Millet. With the exception of Paris, it is doubtful whether any other city holds more interesting examples of the art of the Barbizon master. And this is as it should be, for Boston and New England men were among Millet's earliest admirers. Mr. Quincy Adams Shaw, Mr. Martin Brimmer, Mr. Brooks, the artists William Morris Hunt, Edward Wheelwright, William Babcock, Truman Bartlett, and others, appreciated the man and his art before many of his own countrymen. Millet told Edward Wheelwright that William Hunt was the best and most intimate friend he ever had. It is certain that Hunt knew Millet before he went to Barbizon in 1849, and following him there, profited greatly through several years of the early "fifties" by the master's teaching and companionship. Hunt, on his part, did all he could to relieve the constant financial embarrassment from which Millet suffered, by buying as many pictures from him as he could afford himself, and advising others to follow this wise example.

It might be advanced that Millet's art, by its independence of academic restraint and pure devotion to nature, had an especial attraction for artists and students from the New World. At about the same time that Millet sought the fields of Normandy and Barbizon, Henry Thoreau had gone to live at Walden Pond, and Emerson opened his essay on "Art" with the lines:

> "Give to barrows, trays, and pans
> Glint and glimmer of romance."

The spirit of a return to first principles was "in the air" on both sides of the Atlantic, and if Europe had its Barbizon, America had its Concord. We might trace similar tendencies in the production of Emerson's essays and of Millet's pictures. Both were the concrete results of much original observation tempered by deep thought, and the best part of both men's lives was spent in the country, in constant contact with nature. Emerson's material needs forced him into the lecture field, where, *viva voce,* he perfected the form of his essays till they became models of sententious brilliance. So Millet's needs forced him to make many sketches and drawings of his various ideas, that, thus chastened and purified, became *chefs-d'œuvre* of pictorial expression.

The simplicity and restraint of Millet's designs might deceive a novice, and his suppression of irrelevant detail was sometimes considered a defect by those demanding the pretty accidentals of a less serious art. In expressing his ideas a severer choice was made, and surfaces for him were symbolic of the informing spirit that energizes nature. He painted but few

portraits, and his best pictures rarely represent any particular person or place, because his genius tended toward the creation of types that human needs and functions have made universal. True it is that he usually clothed his figures in the simple garb of the French peasantry, yet this never distracts from the dominant *motif,* nor does it conceal the modeling or movement of the forms that lie beneath. He would have desired, as he wrote of Michael-Angelo, to be able "to personify in a single figure the good and evil of humanity." A subjective intention qualifies all his work, and lends interest to the slightest line from his pencil. Even the pastels done at the suggestion of his friend Marolle, with a view to supplying his family's needs during the dark early days at Paris, often possess qualities as serious as their subjects may have been trifling; but this temporary phase soon passed, and having decided, at all risks, to be true to his best instincts, he never afterward swerved from this supreme resolve.

Beside the paintings by Millet belonging to the Boston Museum, or exhibited on its walls as loans, it possesses also about thirty of his drawings. Twenty-one of these were presented by Mr. Martin Brimmer in July, 1876, some seventeen months after Millet died at Barbizon in January, 1875; and another was added to these by the bequest of Mrs. Brimmer in November, 1906. Four were given by the Rev. and Mrs. Frederick Frothingham in December, 1893, and another was lent by Mrs. Frothingham in 1894. Two were lent by the estate of Mr. Edward W. Hooper, through Mrs. Potter, in 1912, and one was purchased out of the Lawrence fund in 1905.

The larger picture of *The Buckwheat Harvest,* presented by Mr. Martin Brimmer, is drawn in colored crayons, and having been carried to the effect of a completed painting, finds its place among works of similar size and importance. A particular interest, however, attaches to a number of the other drawings through their relation to some of Millet's representative subjects and as preparatory studies for several of the rare etchings and prints that have placed him among the masters of *estampe* of the nineteenth century.

These drawings shed light on the thorough preparation that underlies his apparently spontaneous work with the needle. He left nothing to chance, and though he may have treated the subjects before in various ways, when he came to etch them special drawings were made, often of the exact size of the plates, to which the general outlines of the design could be transferred by tracing. In these drawings the figures are carefully composed and constructed, with the outlines so firmly indicated that, were they not so expressive of form, and did we not know the use for which they were intended, they might be considered heavy. But Millet's intention was to make the boundaries of his masses "tell" through all the subsequent work, and to emphasize the value of the lines, on the effective use of which the force of his etchings principally depends.

Another important object the artist had in view was to be able to present his subject unreversed in the final print, and facing in the same direction as did his primary conception of the subject. This necessitated the reversal of his tracing on the copper and drawing

MILLET. FEEDING THE CHILD

Millet's daughter, Mme. Heymann, and her baby were the models for this drawing

Size of the original drawing, 6 × 5 inches

the design backward with the needle, which could be better done by placing the preparatory drawing before a mirror and referring to it as the work proceeded—another example in "the art of taking infinite pains" so often practised by those most capable of working impromptu.

We wonder, in seeing these careful preparations, how the final work can appear so spontaneous; but once the design was properly "placed," Millet, as was his wont, drew in an expressive rather than an imitative way, keeping the drawings by him for comparison without exactly copying them. The remarkable economy of line in his etchings, so often noted by connoisseurs, may be in part due to the freedom of choice which this careful preparation permitted.

Among the drawings at the Museum are found such representative subjects as *The Sower, Shepherdess Knitting, The Gleaners, Woman Feeding the Child, Peasant with a Wheelbarrow, Woman Churning, Woman Emptying a Pail, Women Sewing,* beside other subjects, both figures and landscapes, in crayon, pen and ink, and water-colors. Most of them have been drawn in black chalk—*crayon Conté*—on a roughish hand-made white or slightly tinted paper. Millet liked nothing garish or too new, and sometimes chose a tint of gray or buff, on which he could add white chalk in the highest lights. Now and then the presence of holes made by the binder's needle along the edge indicates the extraction of an especially well-toned piece from some ancient book. In his chalk-drawings, after having sketched in the ensemble of the movement and general form with light touches, his touch became gradually more definite and precise

as he advanced in perfecting the forms, till at last the heaviest and darkest markings were added to strengthen parts to which he wished to attract particular attention, or to increase the perspective effect and relief by accenting the depressions nearer and parallel to the eye. Nothing seems to have been effaced as the work proceeded, and any slight deviations from the lines first drawn were added frankly without erasures.

As such drawings were done principally for his own instruction and use, independently of any other consideration or criticism, they permit a more intimate view of the artist's intentions and method than works made to order or for exhibition. They reveal Millet at moments when, absorbed by his idea, he was least conscious of outside observation, and are all the more precious as unqualified expressions of his personality.

His thorough knowledge of human anatomy permitted him to build his figures from the bone and muscles up as did Michael-Angelo, Leonardo, and others of the old masters, and I have seen studies, notably the figure of Boaz for the *Ruth and Boaz*, sketched as a skeleton in the same position as shown in the finished painting. This analysis of the play of the articulations and muscles proper to the movement of the figure, before clothing it, is one of the secrets of his power.

Having inherited the peasant's virtues of patience and continuity, when he had clearly conceived his idea of a given subject he never tired of perfecting its form, and, with this object in view, repeated essays were made till he had attained what seemed to be the

best possible manner for its final presentation. Among the Museum drawings, *The Sower* agrees in its general movement and lines with his well-known paintings and unique lithograph of the same subject. It was probably done after some fresh observation of nature, and the movement, especially that of the right arm swung back to the momentary point of rigidity that precedes its rhythmic return as it flings the grain, has been expressed with marked intensity. The arm, as it is drawn here, might seem almost too large and heavy, but Millet felt that it was the most important agent in sowing by hand and sought to give it a maximum of strength. This drawing was probably an early essay of the subject, for though the hillside at the back is suggested by a few lines, there is no indication yet of the man and team harrowing-in the grain that appear in later versions. A few free touches indicate the flock of crows in the sky to the left, symbols of the dependent and opposing forces that generally accompany the bread-winner's toil. The figure is clothed as an ordinary Barbizon peasant, with the drapery less tightly drawn to the body than in the well-known paintings and lithograph of the subject, and which lends to these a more sculpturesque and archaic air. This drawing was used also in Millet's pastel showing the plain of Barbizon and the Tower of Chailly in the distance as a more ample background to the sower, and of which an engraving in facsimile has been published.

The drawing of the *Shepherdess Knitting* was made from nature, and bears a direct relation to Millet's etching of the subject. It was a study of certain facts necessary for his final composition of *La Grande Ber-*

MILLET. THE SOWER

Size of the original drawing, 8¾ × 6 inches

gère. The kerchiefed head, and the hands knitting, are very carefully drawn, while the lower parts of the figure are treated more summarily. In the etching, Millet made some picturesque breaks and changes in the lines of the *capeline,* or hooded cape, and placed the shepherdess with her back against a rock, instead of leaning her shoulder against a tree as indicated in the drawing. This change improved the position, by bringing the feet forward, and giving to the figure a firmer poise. A few lines to the left suggest a sheep's head and some saplings that reappear more developed in the etching.

Such drawings as this, done directly from nature, differ materially from those in which the artist was working as it were from an interior vision. In these more purely imitative drawings, the accidental features of the model are noted with less severity in the choice of lines and forms. As notations of facts, done for reference and comparison, they must be looked at from the point of view that controlled their production. Another *Landscape with Shepherdess and Sheep* is more complete in its composition. Here the shepherdess leans back against a bank such as often replaces fences between fields in Normandy. The figure is in the shadow of an overhanging bush, and this, with the group of sheep scattered to the left, again recalls the etching, in which elements of the two last-mentioned drawings are combined.

As already stated, Millet sometimes would draw figures from life of the exact size and with the same surroundings as in the completed picture. The *Water-Carrier* is a counterpart of the heliograph on glass entitled, in Le Brun's catalogue, *Femme vidant un*

Millet. Landscape with Shepherdess and Sheep

Size of the original drawing, 7½ × 12 inches

Seau. Millet painted this subject and the picture was lately seen at the Metropolitan Museum, New York, in the Vanderbilt Loan Collection. A woodcut engraved by his brother Pierre on Millet's design also repeats it. A young peasant woman has just drawn a bucket of water from the rustic farmyard well, and has turned to empty it into one of the two *cannes* of antique Norman form that stand on the ground before her. The modeling of the trim, compact figure as she bends forward, and the drawing of the strong arms and hands that balance the pail, are marvels of just observation; while the heavier touches of black crayon about the sabot-shod feet call attention to the fixed points that bear the weight and strain, and from which the movement of the upper part of the figure radiates.

Millet made but two heliographs on glass, by the method invented by Cuvelier *père,* and used more frequently by Corot, Daubigny, and Jacque. Proofs of these are extremely rare, and the Museum is fortunate in possessing one. This reveals in its outlines an exact tracing of the drawing just mentioned, to which there were added details as the work proceeded; but in the heliograph the design is shown reversed, due perhaps to Millet's inexperience of the photographic printing-process or because he considered its reversal in this case unimportant.

Close observation of the interplay of muscular effort and the force of gravitation is made evident in the drawing of a *Peasant with a Wheelbarrow,* which is a preparation for the etching of similar title. The heavily loaded barrow pulls the arms down in a vertical direction to their extreme limit, as the hands

Millet. Woman Emptying a Pail

Size of the original drawing, 11½ × 7¼ inches

firmly grasp the handles, but the muscular legs and shoulders react against this, and furnish the propelling force. The suggestion of movement is increased by the slight bow of the left leg, with its contracted muscles and tendons, contrasted with the relieved tension of the right foot as it is about to leave the ground. These qualities have been conveyed to the etching as far as the bitten line would permit, and if the subtle suggestion of movement in the figure, possible only in an original drawing, has been somewhat modified, this has been compensated for by an added charm of detail in the rustic surroundings.

A *Woman Churning* is the drawing from which this subject also was etched, though Millet has treated the same general design in various media. Here the buxom housewife seems as solidly planted on the ground as the huge churn itself, while agitating the dasher with her muscular arms. The cream-loving cat that rubs against her skirts is a subtle touch of humor. The lines of the shelves, with their perspective of cream-pots and utensils, and the sacks on a stand at the back, correspond to the same details in the etching, which was executed, as was also the *Peasant with a Wheelbarrow*, in 1855.

Feeding the Child is the title of one of the more carefully finished drawings corresponding with the etching done in 1861, and published in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* in September of that year, for which Millet's daughter, Mme. Heymann, and her baby were the models. It is on a buff-toned paper, with every detail of the figures and drapery composed and modeled in a manner that betokens the artist's intimate and paternal interest in his subject. One feels that Millet en-

MILLET. PEASANT WITH A WHEELBARROW

Size of the original drawing, 6 × 4⅝ inches

joyed depicting the vigorous little limbs and figure of his grandchild. The baby's arms and hands are held back under a sort of napkin tied round the waist, preventing their interference with the transfer of a spoonful of *bouillie*—which the young mother is cooling by blowing upon it—to the pouting and expectant mouth.

Millet's painting of *The Gleaners,* presented to the Museum of the Louvre in 1889 by Mme. Pommery, shares with *The Angelus* and *The Sower* the highest place in the estimation of many who delight in comparing and classifying the artist's works; and this appreciation is justified by the beauty of the subject, the strength of its composition, and its solid execution. His final conception of the subject was the culmination of many studies that, commencing with a single figure bending to pick up an ear of wheat, grew into two and at last to the three women grouped as we see them in the painting mentioned and in the well-known etching. The drawing which the Museum possesses represents one of the stages in this progression; and while the general form of the grouping corresponds to that of the Louvre picture and etching, there are certain differences of detail. The shape, too, is "upright" in the drawing in order to give place for the monumental stacks that are being built in the background, contrasting their opulent growth with the rarity of the stray ears of wheat the women are gathering near by. Millet made a cabinet-sized painting of this form of the subject, but in the larger work first shown in the Salon of 1857, besides altering the shape to a more horizontal form, he placed the stacks and other details much farther back, so that

Millet. Woman Churning

Size of the original drawing, $7\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{7}{8}$ inches

the women's figures should dominate the composition. When he was completing the picture he wrote to Théodore Rousseau: "I am working like a slave to get my picture of *The Gleaners* done in time. I really do not know what will be the result of all the trouble I have taken. There are days when I feel as if this unhappy picture had no meaning. In any case, I mean to devote a quiet month's work to it. If only it does not turn out too disgraceful!" It was recognized at once as the best thing Millet had yet done, though some critics, particularly Paul de Saint Victor, called the figures "the three Fates of pauperism." Such an epithet seems less applicable to the Louvre picture and the etching, where the women suggest a certain well-being and contentment with their lot, than to the figures in the Museum drawing, forcibly sketched in the heat of inspiration, where an evident leanness in the foreground gleaner and the hurrying movement of the other two betoken need. Thus often do these initial expressions of the artist's idea, especially in the case of Millet, convey a more powerful impression to the discerning eye and mind than works in which the first bright flash of inspiration may have been modified by long periods of toil.

A small drawing, *Women Sewing,* is the preparation for his etching *La Veillée,* sometimes called *The Watchers,* but which might be better translated *The Evening Task.* The outlines of the two figures bending over their work in the drawing, would suggest a daylight effect if we did not notice the stand holding an antique lamp that is placed between them. In the etching, which was made on zinc, and of which—it having been over-bitten—but few proofs were made,

MILLET. THE GLEANERS

Size of the original drawing, 10¼ × 6⅞ inches

masses of surrounding shadow enhance the mystery of the effect caused by the feeble and flickering light, though the general outlines still correspond to those in the drawing. This is made on a smooth yellowish half-transparent paper that has taken the crayon less easily than would have been the case with a rougher surface. One interesting note is the indication of the base of the lamp-stand by a black dot where it touches the floor, without regard for the intervening figure, so that all the shadows cast on the floor might be placed in their true perspective forms as they radiate from this point.

The drawing of the head of a peasant half shaded by a hat, with a blouse tied round the shoulders, over which a sickle fits, is a study for the head of Boaz in the painting which Millet first called *Ruth and Boaz,* but which appeared at the Salon of 1853 as *Le Repas des Moissonneurs.* It was bought by Mr. Martin Brimmer and presented to the Museum, and his widow, Mrs. Brimmer, bequeathed the present drawing. Millet's first idea was to follow the biblical narrative, while clothing his figures in the dress of French peasants. The moment chosen was when Boaz recommended the young Moabitess to the good-will of his harvesters while inviting her to join in their midday repast. Corresponding in its general form, the head of Boaz in the sketch turns rather more to the right than in the painting. *The First Step* and *The Reading Lesson* are two subjects typical of important moments in child-life. In the first-named the father has thrown down his spade and is crouching with extended arms, encouraging the little child to take its first step from the arms of the mother, who is bending down to sup-

MILLET. WOMEN SEWING

Size of the original drawing, 6½ × 4¾ inches

port it. In *The Reading Lesson,* a few strong strokes depict the dutiful attention of a little girl, as she seeks to spell out, word by word, the contents of an open book that the mother holds on her lap. These sketches were the *points de départ* of several other drawings and pictures.

The *Shepherd with Flock* and *Twilight Landscape* have this in common, that the first-named subject forms a background for the second composition. The dark-cloaked figure of the shepherd, followed by his flock, appears in silhouette against the evening sky as they pass over the brow of a hill toward some woods at the left; and this group again appears in the *Twilight Landscape,* though a crescent moon is now added to the slightly clouded sky, and a group in the foreground shows a laborer putting on his coat after work, while his wife, near by, ties up some sacks of potatoes—the day's harvest—that a waiting donkey with panniers will soon carry home.

Such subjects recall the intense pastoral poetry and rustic charm of Virgil's "Georgics." These were written, as we know, with the intention of recalling the Roman people to the charms of country life; and who knows how great an influence of the same salutary sort some of Millet's pictures may have exerted in modern times?

Contemporary critics often accused Millet of revolutionary intentions in presenting certain rustic types as he saw them, unrelieved by any affected prettiness or gaiety. Such an intention never entered his thoughts. Coming of peasant stock, he himself had taken part in the work of the fields, which he loved to represent and found beautiful in all its phases, though the graver side appealed to him most of all.

Millet. The Reading Lesson

Size of the original drawing, 7⅛ × 5⅜ inches

In the forest of Fontainebleau and other parts of France permission is given on certain days of the week to gather the broken branches and twigs that fall from the trees, and it is usually the women, often aged ones, who, after the work of the open fields ends in the late fall and winter, gather this harvest of fuel. Often in groups of two or three, they glean the forest, and make huge fagots, sometimes much larger than themselves, under which they bend their backs to bear them home to the village. In straightening themselves the end of the fagots touches the ground, and they are thus enabled to rest from time to time.

Millet had often seen these heavily loaded figures come mysteriously and silently out of the forest in the gloom of the evening, and the two drawings of *Fagot Gatherers* at the Museum convey an impression which he carried out in several larger works. One of them depicts a vista of forest with large tree trunks near the foreground, between which the fagot-laden women are seen descending the hillside from the thicker woods of the middle distance; while in the other drawing the hooded figures dominate the composition, and the woman nearest us has picked up an extra branch which she drags after her with her left hand while supporting the fagot with her right.

In a letter to Sensier, written in 1850, Millet recalls a similar impression:

"You are sitting under a tree, enjoying all the comfort and quiet which it is possible to find in this life, when suddenly you see a poor creature loaded with a heavy fagot coming up the narrow path opposite. The unexpected and always striking way in which this figure appears before your eyes reminds

MILLET. FAGOT GATHERERS

Size of the original drawing, $10\frac{5}{8} \times 18\frac{1}{8}$ inches

you instantly of the sad fate of humanity—weariness. The impression is similar to that which La Fontaine expresses in his fable of the wood-cutter:

> "'Quel plaisir a-t-il eu depuis qu'il est au monde?
> En est-il un plus pauvre en la machine ronde?'"

And he remarks later in the same letter: "Nevertheless, for me it is true humanity and great poetry."

A sketch in red chalk is an early essay of *Carrying Home the New-born Calf.* It is composed with the same elements—two men carrying the calf on an improvised litter, the mother-cow following closely and a woman near by—as in later compositions of the subject. Here, however, they move from right to left, instead of from left to right as in the painting shown in the Salon of 1864 and other versions.

Millet's close observation of precise movement is expressed in a letter written to Sensier as a reply to certain criticisms that appeared ridiculing the steady way in which the men walk, keeping step while carrying the calf:

"As to what Jean Rousseau says of my peasants carrying a calf as if it were the Holy Sacrament or the bull Apis, how does he expect them to carry it? If he admits they carry it well, I ask no more, but I should like to tell him that the expression of two men carrying a load on a litter naturally depends on the weight which rests upon their arms. Thus, if the weight is even, their expression will be the same, whether they bear the Ark of the Covenant or a calf, an ingot of gold or a stone. And even if these men were filled with the most profound veneration for their burden, they would still be subject to the laws

of gravity and their expression must remain the same. . . . Any one can notice how they keep step. Let M. Jean Rousseau and one of his friends carry a similar load and yet walk in their ordinary way! Apparently these gentlemen are not aware that a false step on their part may upset the load!!"

This respect for the primal law of gravity is shown also in a small crayon drawing, *The Water-carrier.* Its beauty depends principally on the graceful, sinuous movement of the woman's figure as she ascends a pathway with her back toward us. The slight turn of the body on the hips and the careful placing of the feet in walking are consequent to the weight of the pail of water poised on her right shoulder. The remaining drawing in black chalk, a *Woman Tending a Cow,* recalls by its solid sculpturesque construction and bucolic strength the painting of the Salon of 1859, which was bought by the Emperor Napoleon III and presented to the museum of the town of Bourg-en-Bresse.

Ten drawings in pen and ink and water-colors recall the journey Millet made to Vichy and Cusset during the summer of 1866, accompanied by Mme. Millet, and which he mentions in several letters. The outlines are carefully traced in brown ink, with a view to the large expression of form and the just proportions of perspective planes. Most of them are retouched with water-colors, of which the chromatic gamut is restrained to various tones of blue, brown, green, and gray. Two of the smaller water-colors, only about two by four inches in size, have qualities that evoke souvenirs of Rembrandt and Claude Lorrain. They all suggest the quaint beauty of the French country-

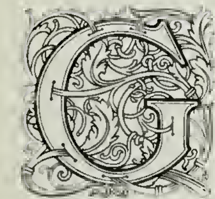
side, depicted with Millet's characteristic strength and precision.

In these days of "ists" and "isms" it is refreshing to turn aside for a time to the contemplation of these drawings. Their sane and classic serenity is reassuring, as we experience again the pleasure and profit that communion with the genius of this "Michael-Angelo of the glebe" always affords.

THE WOODCUTS OF ALBRECHT ALTDORFER (1480?–1538)

By WILLIAM M. IVINS, JR.

I



GERMAN art of the Renaissance must be looked at through quite another pair of spectacles than Italian. The things that the artists knew, the things in which they were interested, were so diverse that a completely different set of critical standards must be brought into play. As compared with the Italians, they knew little of formal beauty, of composition, or of color, and Mr. Berenson's tactile values and movement were to most of them a sealed book. But they had other qualities and a naïveté that to some extent are recompenses for their failures in these respects. Many of them were good illustrators, not so many of them good draughtsmen, and two of them at least really great ones. All of them had a certain almost journalistic feeling for the little details of the immediate life about them that many of the Italians lacked, and that lends to their work much of the charm and interest that inheres in crotchety memoirs and old letters. Properly speaking, their study probably belongs more to the history of manners than the history of art, and it has to be approached in a correspondingly different way, for,

on the whole, even though we know them only through their work, they are far more interesting as men than as artists. And so, he who would study them and get pleasure from them must, like Montaigne on his travels, be more interested in whether his hosts took water in their wine than in their theories of salvation, ethical or æsthetic. And of them all, Albrecht Altdorfer was probably the one who took most care of the water that he mixed with his wine.

II

Albrecht Altdorfer was born about 1480, certainly not much later; and although there are records of an earlier Altdorfer—in his time also a burgher of Ratisbon—who may have been Albrecht's father, we know nothing of his family or where he was born. There are theories about travels that he may or must have made in the Tyrol, perhaps to Vienna and to Northern Italy, and conjectures that Michael Pacher may have been his master; but of his early life nothing appears to be known. Otherwise the facts of his career are simple and straightforward. He acquired the franchise at Ratisbon in 1505, had public contracts, and bought houses in 1513 and in 1518; in 1519 he was a member of the lower branch of the town council that ordered the expulsion of the Jews and the razing of the synagogue; in 1526 he was not only a member of the inner council but also town architect; in 1527 his wife Anna died, though what her surname was or when he married her seems to be unknown; a little later he declined the mayoralty because of the stress of work that he was under for Duke William IV of

Bavaria; in 1532 he bought another town house, in 1534 he became warden of the Austin Friary, and in 1537 he bought a large country house with a garden. Early in 1538 he made his will, and in February of that year he died. His will tells us that, in addition to two sisters and a brother, he left two town houses, a country place, much plate, some jewelry, a few books, a horse, and a cellar full of wine.

There are several portraits of him, of which two do not appear to be over veridical, while another, a reproduction of which may be seen by the curious in the "Repertorium," at page 458 of Volume XXXI, shows him to have been a large man with a fancy for striking dress, but it gives us no idea whatever of his features or of the way in which he held his head. Fortunately for us, who are thus driven back upon his work for his picture, there have been few men who have left behind them a more striking record of their expression than he, his every plate and block speaking volumes of his good humor and his keen kindly eyes, and assuring us that he relished a good story well told. We are sure that he loved small children, that he took great delight in fine raiment and beautiful silver, and that he was an ardent devotee of the Virgin Mary.

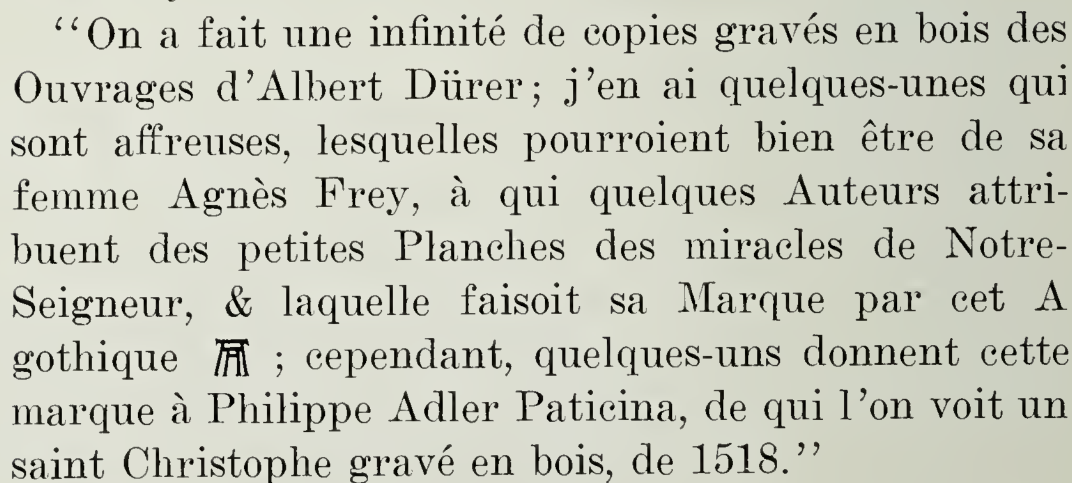
Some of his architectural work, such as the market-tower, the slaughter-house, and some of the fortifications that were hurriedly thrown up against an anticipated invasion of the Turks in 1529 and 1530, survived until comparatively recently. He seems to have painted and drawn all his life, and charming works from his hand are in many of the German galleries and print-rooms. For us, however, the most im-

portant part of his work is his prints, which the experts tell us fall into periods about as follows; from 1506 to 1511, engravings; from 1511 to 1517, woodcuts; about 1520, engravings, etchings, and woodcuts; from 1521 to 1526, chiefly engravings; and after 1530, etchings.

Perhaps the best way to place his time is to recall that Dürer died in 1528, just ten years earlier than he did, that Holbein's "Dance of Death" was first published in 1538, the year of his death, and that 1511, the first date to appear on any of his woodcuts, was the same year as the publication of Dürer's "Life of the Virgin," and three years after Burgkmaier and Jost de Negker together produced the first chiaroscuro woodcut.

III

As a designer of woodcuts, Altdorfer is hardly known in spite of the historical and artistic importance of that part of his work, which seems to have been forgotten or disregarded soon after his death. So low did his esteem fall that Jean Michel Papillon, in his great "Treatise on Woodcutting," published in 1766, could say:



"On a fait une infinité de copies gravés en bois des Ouvrages d'Albert Dürer; j'en ai quelques-unes qui sont affreuses, lesquelles pourroient bien être de sa femme Agnès Frey, à qui quelques Auteurs attribuent des petites Planches des miracles de Notre-Seigneur, & laquelle faisoit sa Marque par cet A gothique ; cependant, quelques-uns donnent cette marque à Philippe Adler Paticina, de qui l'on voit un saint Christophe gravé en bois, de 1518."

However this may be, and though there are doubtless those to-day who still see through Papillon's eyes, there are others who believe that Altdorfer was one of the three or four great European masters of the woodcut. Of all that wonderful group who designed woodcuts in the first third of the sixteenth century, he was the sweetest and most lovable, making happiness for others, like a happy child, untroubled by theory or dogma. Nervously higher strung than any of his contemporaries, his work has perhaps a correspondingly stronger human appeal, for what he drew he dramatized and gave life to, at times forcing action to the verge of caricature, but always conveying a feeling of emotional vitality. However impossible the subject or the action, he somehow managed to make it appear true, and so it happens that neither his naïveté nor the great beauty of his draughtsmanship is a necessary factor in our enjoyment of his work, for if taken only as romance it is good.

As an artist, more than any other of his time and country he was preoccupied with the problems of space and light. Whereas the landscape of his contemporaries is conceived as a series of contours lying in one plane, his, whether in those etchings that are the first landscapes in the modern sense of the word or when incidental and serving as background, is almost always built of distances, as if, rather than looking at it, he had looked over and through it, so that his prints are full of space, and usually contain vistas down which the eye can travel for relief. Although the feeling for space did not show itself as markedly in his woodcuts as in his etchings and engravings, it is nevertheless one of their chief charac-

teristics, and its corollary, the interest in light and shade, is to be seen only in them at its highest development. He was able to make of lights and shades living things with emotional values, and to handle them with greater dramatic effect than any black-and-white man prior to Rembrandt.

Although his prints never have the ideal content that so often marks those of Dürer, it is probably true that he had a more intelligent appreciation of the relative values of idea and technical virtuosity than any other German. And this is particularly noteworthy when we consider that his work is cast physically in a small mould, a trait that is almost universally combined with an overwhelming interest in the cookery of things. One of the great technical masters, he was restless and was never content to repeat his trick of the hand, constantly attacking new problems and invariably attacking them with a view to greater emotional expressiveness. I doubt whether a single instance of technical parade can be found in his work, and I am sure that none of it is finer as engraving than as an intelligent work of art; yet from the historical point of view it is perhaps on the technical side that his woodcuts are the most interesting.

In Altdorfer's time the woodcut was much what it had been in the beginning, so far as the methods of preparing the block for printing were concerned. In fact, it was only within the few years preceding the turn of the sixteenth century that the woodcut had first been used as a means of personal expression; for however much charm and beauty the earlier cuts—particularly the Italian ones—had, Dürer's cuts were the first in which a well-defined personality can be

seen. The quickly formed German tradition, doubtless largely because of the custom of turning the drawn blocks over to professional cutters, was entirely linear; and the beauty of the flowing cursive line became so highly developed, at the expense of other and more important things, that interesting as they may be as examples of calligraphic virtuosity, many of the cuts are rather sorry pictures. Partly in the endeavor to break away from this strictly linear method, Cranach and Burgkmaier, before 1511, had worked out the device of printing their cuts from two or more blocks, the black line block and supplemental tint blocks printed in flat tones like washes. This method gave some charming and often very decorative results, particularly in the hands of Ugo da Carpi and other Italians; but in the North, aside from the magnificent *Death as Throttler* of Burgkmaier and Baldung's tragic *Crucifixion*, it can hardly be said to have produced any results of great value. Certainly it was not capable of rendering light and shade adequately. This problem Altdorfer was the first to solve on a wood block, and he did it by using only the black block, but so completely subordinating the individual line to the mass of shade that at times we are hardly conscious of the line. So great an advance was this that I am not at all sure that on the technical side he was not the most important innovator before the time of Kirkall—if Kirkall it was who first engraved a block cut across the grain. There is an old tradition, supported, we are told by those competent to judge of such things, by the internal evidence of the cuts, that Altdorfer cut many of his own blocks,

and it may have been due to this fact that the discovery was made. Certainly, there is in Munich a partly cut block with one of his drawings on it, which has been so erratically attacked by the cutter that it would hardly seem possible for the cutting to have been the work of a professional, and therefore probably more or less methodical, cutter.

IV

THE date of Altdorfer's earliest woodcut is uncertain, some little round cuts that are quite tentative in design and of no great interest evidently antedating by some time the first dated prints. When he began to design cuts seriously, however, it would seem as though he had already in large measure formed himself, for the four cuts dated 1511 show no marks of the novice in spite of the rapid development that was to come in the next few years. In these, *The Massacre of the Innocents* (B. 46), a *Judgment of Paris* (B. 60), a *Saint George and the Dragon* (B. 55), and *The Lovers in the Wood* (B. 63), the line is markedly calligraphic, and in its boldness and frankness quite charming and naïve. The most delightful of them is probably the *Saint George,* in which the towering hills of the background, echoing the gaily caparisoned and many-plumed knight, are closely related to the ducks and swans that our great grandmothers' writing-masters were wont to make without taking pen from paper. The *Massacre,* too, is interesting, because in it the composition is balanced by a ruined building, perhaps the first ruin to be introduced into a woodcut simply for its beauty and picturesqueness; for it

ALTDORFER. ST. CHRISTOPHER

From the collection of Paul J. Sachs, Esq.
Size of the original woodcut, 6⅝ × 4¾ inches

should be noted in passing that Altdorfer was one of the earliest masters to show any decided interest in the picturesque as such.

The next year—1512—he produced the *Beheading of the Baptist* (B. 52) and a *Resurrection* (B. 47), not only two of the largest cuts that he made, but also among the most interesting since they show him almost at his best as an illustrator, although they are not so successful as some of the later ones as reasoned works of art. In the first of them the scene is laid outside a ruined building, one of whose crumbling, vine-covered arches, stretching boldly across the print, bears at its apex a clump of well-grown trees, one of which throws its dead and naked branches to an unclouded sky. The grouping of the figures is masterly, and their varying expressions and gestures, from Herodias, holding her voluminous gown from the earth with her elbows, while she reaches out her platter for the severed head, to the woman in the background bending forward to see, with muscles nervously contracted and one clenched fist pressed against her lips, are quite remarkably dramatic.

The Resurrection, in its way, is perhaps even finer, with its sleepy soldiers, particularly the one who blinks as he turns his lantern upon the risen Christ, and the childish play of the little angels in their delight at the escape and the outwitting of the enemy. Technically it is interesting as the first or one of the first woodcuts in which a deliberate and intelligent effort was made to render artificial lighting.

The Resurrection, unless seen in a perfect impression, is apt to leave one cold, as much of the play of fancy and charming detail is lost in the gray muddi-

ALTDORFER. THE RESURRECTION

From the collection of Paul J. Sachs, Esq.
Size of the original woodcut, 9 × 7 inches

ness produced by poor printing and the wearing of the rather elaborately designed and finely cut block. Mr. William Bell Scott, in his book on the Little Masters (among whom he included Altdorfer), stated that he had in his possession an impression of this print which convinced him that Altdorfer knew the technical trick of overlaying; but when this impression was exhibited last spring in New York, it was apparent that what Mr. Scott took for skill in the printer was only the result of careless inking and bad wear, while the paper was undoubtedly of the eighteenth century.

Shortly after these come two cuts of the Christopher legend, both departing from the more or less hallowed tradition according to which the saint is seen in the middle of the stream. In the undated print (B. 54), Christopher, crouching at the river-bank and firmly supporting himself with a freshly cut sapling, is preparing to swing the Christ Child to his shoulder before crossing the river. In the print dated 1513 (B. 53), the river has been crossed and Christopher is about to pull himself and his precious burden up on the far bank. It would be difficult to find two so nearly contemporaneous prints of the same subject from the same hand showing greater differences of conception and technique than these two; for while the undated one is rather muddy and confused, the work being very fine and attempting shadow only to result in blotches, the other, depending entirely upon the beautiful spacing and laying of a few simple and open lines, is perhaps the boldest and freest of all Altdorfer's cuts, and has a lovely cool silvery quality that is almost unique among early woodcuts.

ALTDORFER. THE ANNUNCIATION

From the collection of Paul J. Sachs, Esq.
Size of the original woodcut, 4⅞ × 3¾ inches

In the same year that saw the blond and gossamer-like *Christopher,* Altdorfer produced a remarkably lovely *Annunciation* (B. 44), the second of his woodcut studies of artificial light, and so far the most imaginative of his cuts. From a brilliantly lighted hall the angel of the Annunciation leads us into a room where, at a little table between her bed and the closed window, the Virgin is praying, her hands together over an open book on which the light falls from a candle standing beside a goblet full of posies and a little screen to shade her eyes. The strong light from the hall falling across the floor gently illuminates the darkness of the room, while the flicker of the candle lights the Virgin's face and hands and catches points on her gown and on the pillows piled high on the bed behind her. The figure of the angel dominates the scene, and so gentle is his approach, and so great the power that shines forth from him, that we can readily believe that Altdorfer had in mind the

> Mittit ad Virginem
> Non quemvis angelum
> Sed fortitudinem
> Suam, Archangelum
> Amator hominis

of the mediæval church. As for the management of the light and shade, nothing further remained to be done on a wood block cut by a *formschneider* save Altdorfer's own *Saint Jerome in the Grotto* and his *Death of the Virgin.*

The *Saint Jerome in the Grotto* (B. 57), of which I have just spoken, appears to follow the *Annunciation* in chronological order and was probably produced in 1515. Here Jerome, a lean and gnarled old man,

Altdorfer. St. Jerome in the Grotto

From the collection of Paul J. Sachs, Esq.
Size of the original woodcut, $6\frac{11}{16} \times 4\frac{13}{16}$ inches

prays before a crucifix at the entrance to a deep and winding cavern. Our eyes are led back from the light-flooded foreground through the dim cave, now opening high overhead and again so low that a man must needs stoop would he pass, until they find a little opening through which can be seen a hillside and some houses on the opposite bank of a river. The composition, depending entirely for its effect on the massing of the varying lights with which the mouth and the broken sides and jagged roof of the cavern are filled, was as bold a thing to try one's hand at as could well be found; but the thing was done, and so well done that from a technical point of view this is one of the most remarkable of all German Renaissance woodcuts.

About this time—probably in 1515—comes the magnificent set of forty little prints known as the "Passion Series" (B. 1–40), which contains an epitome of all that Altdorfer knew and was. They measure about seventy-two millimeters in height and about forty millimeters in width, and save for Holbein's "Dance of Death," are probably the smallest set of woodcuts that was made at the time of the Renaissance in Germany, except of course for initials and printers' ornaments. Not nearly so famous as the "Dance," they are in the eyes of some people just as great works of art; certainly they have a romantic appeal which the rather didactic subjects of the "Dance" lack. It would be interesting to know whether they were that "book illustrated with woodcuts" which figured in the inventory of the bankrupt Rembrandt.

It is quite possible that the idea of the series may be due to Dürer's "Little Passion" on wood of 1511, although the general scheme of the two sets of prints is

quite different. Each artist, as established tradition demanded, began with Adam and Eve, and went on through the scenes of the Life and Passion. But while Dürer practically never introduced the Virgin save as a secondary figure, Altdorfer introduced her so constantly, and devoted such a large share of his pictures to her story as distinct from that of her Son, that in his set she is a very real protagonist. And what is even more remarkable, in many of the pictures in which both Son and mother figure, it is the mother who is the emotional center of interest.

Moreover, in addition to the fact that the two artists frequently chose different subjects, when the subjects were the same they were seen from such completely different points of view that the results have little in common. The Altdorfers have a swing and movement that is quite intoxicating, while the Dürers, however beautiful, often seem to smack a little of the set scene before the drop curtain. Altdorfer, the architect and builder, had come into frequent and intimate contact with laborers and artisans, with the result that in his work there is rarely to be seen any gesture or movement that is not muscularly effective and that does not bear the imprint of practical observation. As an example of this practical point of view the picture of *Christ being fastened to the Cross* is typical. It would be difficult and impractical to fasten the body to the erected cross, so it lies on the ground, and a workman, kneeling on one knee and holding the outstretched arm of the Saviour firmly in place with his left hand, drives the nail home with vigorous and well-directed blows of the hammer, much as a carpenter lays a plank in the floor. The

succeeding print in the series is an even more remarkable instance of this convincing illustrative skill, and when one has once seen it one cannot but think that all other representations of the subject rather fail as imaginative transcripts from real life. Here nobody weeps, and nothing is measured or quiet; the captain of the soldiers, like the foreman of a construction gang, gives orders to his men, and they run the cross up on the points of their pikes with all the swing and gusto and exactly the movement with which telegraphmen rush a pole into place at the side of a country road.

It is this quality of keenly expressed movement that is the distinguishing mark of this set among German woodcuts, the forty little blocks containing more real movement than can be squeezed from the entire work of any two of Altdorfer's contemporaries. Probably the most intense instance of it is to be found in the *Christ carrying the Cross,* where our Lord has fallen to his knees in the hooting crowd while one Roman soldier roughly shakes him and bids him be on, and another with his right hand raises a loose coil of rope to strike. The moment is so intense and the movement so insistent that one instinctively turns away lest one hear the thud of the rope as it falls. *The Flogging of Christ* and *The Crowning with Thorns,* absolute masterpieces of observation and invention, are almost as fine.

A detailed comparison of one of these prints and one of the more celebrated Dürers is interesting not only because it shows the difference between the two men, but because it indicates as clearly as anything can that even then the line between the classic and the romantic was well drawn, a fact we are rather apt to forget. Each of the two masters made a woodcut

Altdorfer. Christ carrying the Cross

From the collection of Paul J. Sachs, Esq.
Of the same size as the original woodcut

Altdorfer. The Elevation of the Cross

From the collection of Paul J. Sachs, Esq.
Of the same size as the original woodcut

of the *Angel appearing to Joachim,* Altdorfer's not much more than two inches in height, Dürer's a large in folio. The big print is carefully and conscientiously worked out with the greatest beauty of detail and draughtsmanship; the folds of the floating angel's robe are charmingly elaborated, the figure of Joachim is erect and dignified, while the drawing, especially in the hands and the sleeping dog, is really quite extraordinary even for Dürer himself. But while all is decorous, nothing moves, there is no emotion, and we can turn aside from it in the full consciousness that however long it may be before we return to it, we shall find the angel's robe in just the same elaborate folds, and that Joachim's little finger will cut across the patiently wrought foliage in just the same place that it did when last we looked at it. In the Altdorfer all is different. There is nothing surprising or wonderful about the rather ragged little print, which almost verges on caricature and in some respects is quite foolish, save the wizardry of it; for a really hurried and quite undignified angel tumbles headlong from the sky, to place a large and silly legal document with a dangling wax seal in the hands of an excited and frowzy old man who has stumbled to his knees in the frenzy of his excitement. Yet we dare not look away for fear that something will happen in the moment that our attention is diverted. One man has given a learned dissertation in carefully chosen and arranged words, in which the words and their arrangement were the all-important thing; the other stumbled in his talk, his words were not always well chosen, and his enunciation was sometimes vulgar and often bad, but he had actually seen something that he was com-

ALTDORFER. THE ANGEL APPEARING TO JOACHIM

From the collection of Paul J. Sachs, Esq.
Of the same size as the original woodcut

ALTDORFER. THE DEATH OF THE VIRGIN

From the collection of Paul J. Sachs, Esq.
Of the same size as the original woodcut

pelled to tell us, and that he did tell us simply and directly.

In the same way the little cuts of *The Visitation* and *The Meeting at the Golden Gate* are full of life and actuality. The embrace in each case is a real embrace full of emotion and love, the one at the gate reminding us, in its fervor, of the way in which, according to Sir Thomas North, Pompey "ramped" his mother about the neck on his return from a long absence, with the result that it is one of the most satisfying masculine representations of the Immaculate Conception that we have.

The Mary cuts—if they may be so distinguished from the others—are marked by their greater gentleness and charm; and although they have not so much power and vitality, are probably the most attractive and lovely part of the series. To say that in large measure they realize the opportunity that the texts give them is sufficient criticism when we stop to realize what those texts are,—the story of the Presentation, for instance, as given in the seventh chapter of the Protevangelion, being that "when the child was three years old, Joachim said, Let us invite the daughters of the Hebrews, who are undefiled, and let them take each a lamp, and let them be lighted, that the child may not turn back again, and her mind be set against the Temple of the Lord. And they did thus until they ascended into the Temple of the Lord. And the high priest received her, and blessed her, and said, Mary, the Lord God hath magnified thy name to all generations, and to the very end of time by thee will the Lord shew his redemption to the children of Israel. And he placed her upon the third step of the altar,

and the Lord gave unto her grace, and she danced with her feet, and all the house of Israel loved her,''— to which tradition added that Mary ran up the steps of the Temple without once looking back.

In the *Death of the Virgin,* Altdorfer again reflects the legends and the speculations of his time; for while most of the representations of the scene show the Virgin lying on her bed, in his, she who was the mother of God, who had borne her child without pain, and who had stood at the foot of the cross, dies standing upright before her Maker. At the third hour of the night, when the candles were lit, and surrounded by the apostles, who had been miraculously brought together, she died and gave her soul into the hands of her Son, while heavenly choirs chanted canticles and praises. In obedience to John's behest, ''Take care, my brothers, and weep not when she shall be dead,'' the apostles showed no sign of sorrow, and with their strong arms supported her lifeless body gently, so that, in the words of the Golden Legend, it might be ''surrounded with roses and lilies, the symbols of martyrs, of angels, of confessors, and of virgins.'' The woodcut is as fine as its opportunity, the drawing of the figures and the superb massing and lighting combining with intense emotion to make it one of the most moving and beautiful of all German prints.

Just about this time Altdorfer was busy playing his rather minor part in the making of the several great series of woodcuts commissioned by the Emperor Maximilian. There seem to be only twelve cuts from his designs, two architectural details and ten scenes from the Kaiser's life which were used in the ''Triumphal Gate,'' and which, while carefully drawn, are not

particularly interesting. These twelve cuts, however, are the smallest part of his work for the several great series of vainglorious woodcuts, as it seems that the preliminary series of miniatures for the "Triumphal Procession" were prepared by Altdorfer and his pupils, one of whom, known to us only as the Master of the Tross, made the drawings for a number of the blocks that go at the beginning and the end of the "Procession" and for thirty-two of the intermediate blocks. These miniatures are the only ones of all that were prepared for the several series of Maximilian cuts that have any artistic value, as, for the greater part, the others were done by hack draughtsmen, and worse, under the supervision of the imperial secretaries, the miniatures for the projected Freydal series having actually been turned over to the court tailor to prepare! It is possible that this work accounts for the fact that there seems to be only one cut from Altdorfer's hand in the interval between 1515 and about 1519 or 1520, a not very interesting *Beheading of the Baptist* (Schmidt 54), dated 1517, of which the only recorded copy is in the Albertina at Vienna.

There are two prints that were probably done about 1519 or 1520, an *Abraham's Sacrifice* (B. 41) and the *Return of the Spies* (B. 42), the latter being one of the most charming of the master's works. In it the spies are returning from the land of Canaan laden with fruit and leaves, some piled high on platters held overhead, and some woven into a great wreath carried on a sapling slung from shoulder to shoulder. Of all the German woodcuts in which the Italian influence is strongly to be seen, this, in its simplicity and freshness, is surely one of the most delightful.

The remaining woodcuts that deserve particular mention are all connected with the apparition of the "Schoene Maria von Regensburg." This incident is one of the most interesting of its kind, because there is an unusually complete record of what took place. Early in 1519 the Ratisbon synagogue was razed to the ground and the Jews were expelled from the town by order of the town council, of which Altdorfer at the time was a member. Before it was razed, however, he seized the opportunity to make two etchings of the interior, which are interesting as the first etchings of actual architecture as distinct from the architecture of fantasy. On the site of the destroyed synagogue there was erected in March, 1519, a little wooden chapel in which was installed a wooden figure of the Virgin that soon acquired a great reputation for the miracles that it worked. The result was that pilgrimages from the country round rapidly sprang up, the peasants coming directly from the fields with their rakes and sickles to have their ills cured. The situation soon got so scandalous that many protests were made by the Protestants, even Dürer himself writing on the margin of his impression of Ostendorfer's woodcut of the scene about the chapel (Passavant, iii, 312, 313): "1523. This spectre has set itself up at Ratisbon against the Holy Scripture, and by decree of the Bishop, for reasons of temporal benefits, it has not been abolished. God help us that we should not so dishonor His precious mother but (honor her) in Christ Jesus. Amen." Altdorfer himself actually contributed a banner painted in the image's honor, which can be seen hanging from the steeple of the chapel in Ostendorfer's print. More than this, he turned the occasion

to one of personal profit by preparing and putting on the market a number of woodcuts of the wonder-working figure.

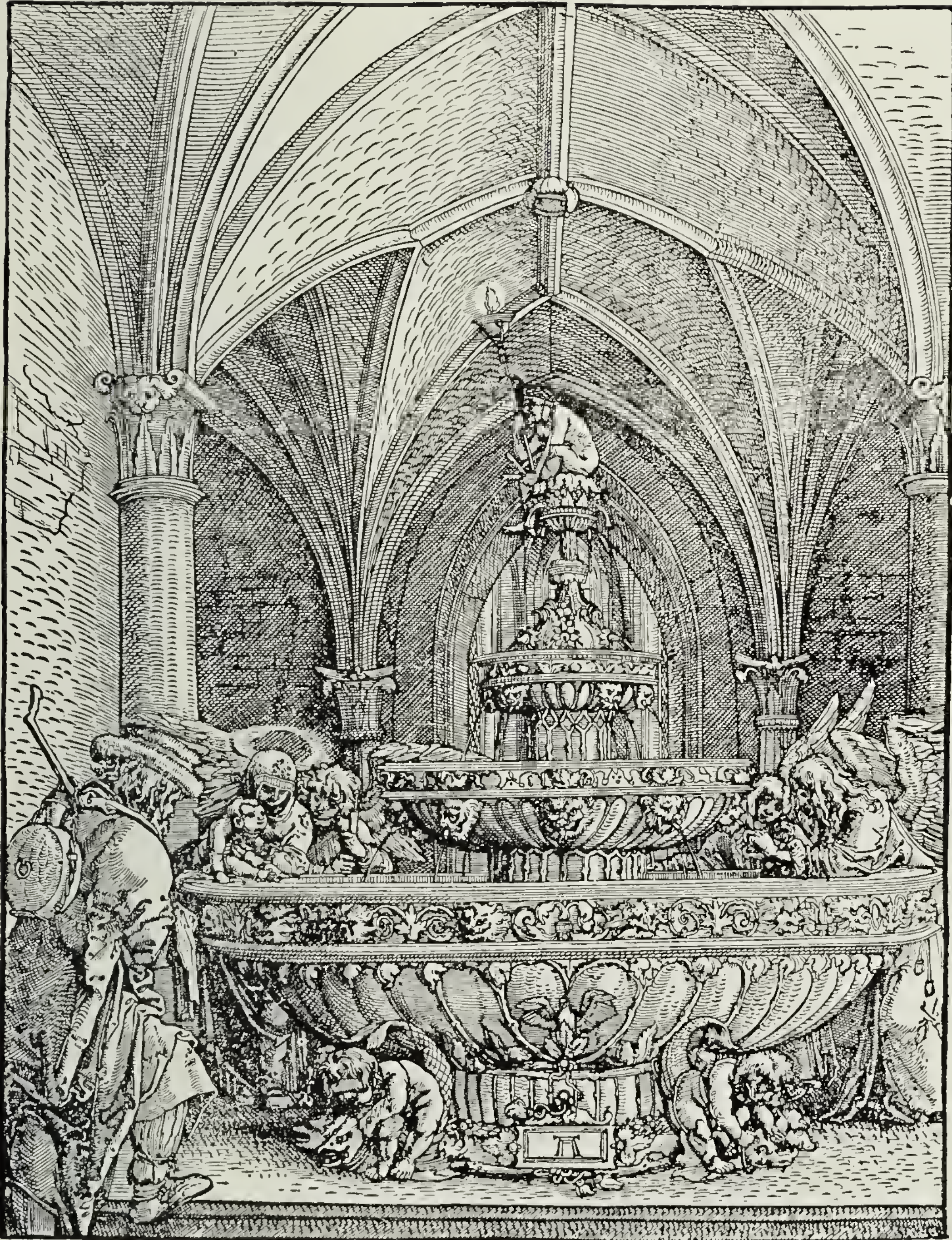
The most important of these prints, historically, is the one that is known by the name of the image itself, *Die Schoene Maria von Regensburg* (B. 51). It is one of the largest of his woodcuts, and although not a chiaroscuro, is none the less a highly developed example of color-printing, as impressions are known in which there are five printed colors in addition to the black key-block. As a work of art it has little enough value, but as the most ambitious of all the early attempts at color-printing it has its historical interest, and for the curious-minded it is one of the first fully fledged examples of the printed religious chromo that we have.

Of the remaining four woodcuts devoted to the "Schoene Maria," one is a rather large design for an altar and reredos (B. 50) that would seem to have been prepared for the new stone church erected in place of the wooden chapel where she was originally installed. This and the small figure of the Virgin (B. 48), which seems to be the earliest of the "Schoene Maria" cuts, are not especially interesting, but their failings in this respect are more than atoned for by the great beauty of *The Virgin and Suppliant* (B. 49) and *The Rest at the Fountain* (B. 59), in each of which the Virgin is quite evidently the "Schoene Maria." These two prints are technically much alike, being marked by a gentle suavity of color, composition, and movement that distinguishes them among all the master's woodcuts. In each of them the cutting is extraordinary, the wall back of the Sup-

ALTDORFER. THE VIRGIN AND SUPPLIANT

From the collection of Paul J. Sachs, Esq.
Size of the original woodcut, $6\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{11}{16}$ inches

pliant's head, for instance, being a quite authentic example of white-line cutting, if I remember correctly the only one that occurs in Altdorfer's work. While the *Suppliant* is beautiful in its sentiment and its carefully planned spacing, it is not so fine as *The Rest at the Fountain,* which I think is probably, all things considered, the most successful of Altdorfer's woodcuts. In it the Holy Family is to be seen in a chapel off some large church or building, standing by a fountain to the designing of which Altdorfer brought all his great knowledge and love of the silversmith's art; for, with its beautiful design, intricate ornament, and fluted sides, it resembles far more some great silver ornament than a stone fountain, its sides being literally ribbed with fancy. The Virgin holds the infant Christ on the edge of the basin, while an angel peeps over her shoulder and two more at the opposite side of the fountain are intent on the splash of the water that falls on their hands from one of the spouts. Above and over all is the complicated vaulting of the chapel roof, whose ribs, converging down the center of the picture, make a delightful linear web. The cutting is probably more sensitive than in any of the other large Altdorfer cuts, really approaching in delicacy the work of Dürer's cutter Andrea, and giving a quite marvelous facsimile of the pen line. As illustration the print is not so moving nor so able as a number of the others, but in its quiet dignity, lovely spacing, and delightful play of fancy it is surely one of the finest compositions that Renaissance Germany has to offer us.



ALTDORFER. THE REST AT THE FOUNTAIN

From the collection of Paul J. Sachs, Esq.
Size of the original woodcut, $8\frac{15}{16} \times 6\frac{3}{4}$ inches

V

Altdorfer's woodcuts constitute all but the smallest part of his artistic baggage, and, from his own point of view, probably the least important, since however deliberately and seriously done, they have an experimental quality which indicates that they were produced in the interludes of a busy and worldly life. To the fact that they represent asides in his career we may attribute, in a measure, the surprising development of the medium displayed in the cuts, for in changing his task the busy architect and builder undoubtedly carried with him not only the thoroughness and inventiveness demanded by his regular calling, but also his ready grasp of the nature and capabilities of materials. In the same way, disciplined by the everyday necessity of making things that "worked," he wasted no effort in pretty tricks or temperamental attitudes, and confined himself cheerfully within his well-recognized limitations. But, just as his art gained in "workability," sureness, and poise from the practical necessities of his life, so also it suffered, for with all its beauty and resource, like the artistic work of all professional men, it shows a lack of high seriousness of purpose—an accusation that in its implications is only short of the highest praise.

Yet if Altdorfer, in his woodcuts, failed to reach the heights at times achieved by Dürer and Holbein, he is nevertheless the only German who can aspire to be remembered with them, the qualities of his defects making of him not only the most charming and delightful of all German artists, but one of the great illustrators of all time.

DAUMIER. "ALWAYS PRETTY!"

From the Museum of Fine Arts collection (Babcock Bequest)
Size of the original lithograph, 9 × 12 inches

DAUMIER. THE END OF A BACHELOR'S DAY

From the Museum of Fine Arts collection (Babcock Bequest)
Size of the original lithograph, 9¾ × 7¾ inches

DAUMIER'S LITHOGRAPHS

By HENRY L. SEAVER

I

HONORÉ DAUMIER was born at Marseilles, February 26, 1808, the son of an improvident glazier of Béziers, a mediocre poet unappreciative of his son's talent. From the age of seven Daumier lived in Paris, where happily he nourished in the antique, and later in the Dutch galleries of the Louvre, the artistic aptitude he had already shown in promising drawings. Discouraged, however, by his father, he began as a bailiff's errand-boy, and was later a bookstore clerk, till the archæologist Lenoir persuaded the parents to let the boy begin an education in art. In this training, chiefly in the academy of Boudin, he made a particularly minute study of artistic anatomy, and by a young friend he was initiated in the technique of lithography.

Just as Daumier's power was maturing, the opportunity was ripe both for a great lithographer and for a great satirist. Lithography, still a young art, had quickly established itself as the favorite medium of the Romantic temperament, which it served so admirably because of its swift and spontaneous character, its capacity to record immediately and supplely the most intimate impulse of the artist's fancy. Lithography seemed to the young generation of Daumier's time to have, over the superbly trained and formal

copperplate as exemplified by Robert Nanteuil, all the advantages that Romantic lyric and drama had, in their opinion, over the literature of the school of Corneille. Its capacities, as applied to the nascent Napoleonic legend by Charlet and the Vernets, were already familiar.

Political satire, too, had just found voice in illustrated journalism, in the brief and stormy career of Philipon's *La Caricature* and its successor, *Le Charivari.* For the service of these journals Philipon gathered a gifted group of young artists, including Gavarni and "Cham." The earlier periodical, founded in 1831, had a tempestuous life, exposed, because of its political audacities, to all the severities of the censorship,—for instance, within the limits of a single year, to no less than twenty-two lawsuits and fines. *Charivari,* begun in December, 1832, remained for a generation a storm-center of the electric public life of the Orléans monarchy and the Second Empire, and suggested the establishment of its London namesake.

Entering Philipon's group of young caricaturists, Daumier made an immediate success in 1832 by a series of satiric portraits of public men (of which doubtless the most skilful is the mordantly ironic Guizot), drawn after preliminary studies in clay, modeled and colored from memory, after observation in the legislative chambers. Six months' imprisonment at the end of his twenty-fifth year, for a political cartoon, *Gargantua* (of the monarch represented as devouring the wealth of the nation), secured for Daumier signal publicity and kindled in him a savage indignation which never afterward spared, while political satire was at all permitted in France, the

DAUMIER. "SPEAK . . . EXPLAIN YOURSELF . . . YOU ARE AT LIBERTY TO DO SO!"

From the Museum of Fine Arts collection (Babcock Bequest)
Size of the original lithograph, 8⅛ × 11 inches

Daumier. The People, Referee

(Napoleon III, Louis Philippe, and Thiers)
From the Museum of Fine Arts collection (Babcock Bequest)
Size of the original lithograph, $10\frac{1}{8} \times 8\frac{5}{8}$ inches

DAUMIER. "POUR LES FRAIS DU CULTE, S'IL VOUS PLAIT?"

The Napoleonic subscription, as the members of the Society of the Tenth of December would have understood it
From the Museum of Fine Arts collection (Babcock Bequest)
Size of the original lithograph, 10 × 8 inches

oppressive quietism of ministers or sovereigns. A law of 1835 suppressed, for the rest of the Orléans régime, this vivid and irritating form of unparliamentary opposition. A vigorous revival at the Revolution of 1848 was in turn ended by the repressive Second Empire; and political satire became again possible only when the "terrible year" of '71 had finally discredited even "liberal" despotism.

Except during these three periods, therefore, Daumier was forced to confine himself to social satire, to which he devoted a gigantic volume of work,—the Delteil catalogue lists 3958 prints, of which the Boston Museum possesses about 3000. He lived simply and quietly in the heart of Paris, with friends among the artists who through the mid-century were giving new modes of expression to French art. His personal interests shifted more and more to oil and water-color painting; he said to a friend in 1856: "I have for almost thirty years been thinking that each lithograph would be my last." Indeed, from 1860 to 1864 he freed himself from any contractual obligations to *Charivari*. But not till after his death did the public realize the power of his other work, and held him to his traditionally comic career until the end. To the relief of the last years, darkened by increasing blindness, the state contributed a small pension, and his closest friend, "Père" Corot, a little home at Valmondois, the rent of which Daumier found himself unable to pay. Here he died in 1879, a year after the first, and gratifyingly successful, general exhibition of his work.

DAUMIER. "THAT ONE COULD BE SET FREE . . . HE IS NO LONGER DANGEROUS"

Louis Philippe and the chief justice at the bedside of a political prisoner
From the Museum of Fine Arts collection (Babcock Bequest)
Size of the original lithograph, 8¾ × 10 inches

II

In the immense production of Daumier there is much that is trivial in subject, of evidently perfunctory interest and careless execution; yet his work would be important, if for nothing else, as the completest picture of the *petite bourgeoisie* of Paris in the mid-century. His picture of French life is in many respects similar to the kindly yet uncompromisingly comic picture drawn by Charles Dickens of a similar social class in English life. In French literature there is perhaps no parallel as close. Here and there in its more farcical vein the Théâtre Libre has Daumieresque touches: indeed, Guinon's "Seul" is a typical Daumier scene transported into the atmosphere of the stage. Or, if one sought by another comparison with literature to define the field of Daumier's satire, it would be by a fine scene in "La Douloureuse" of Maurice Donnay: a man and a woman, in a mood of dissipation at the daylight hour of a ball, suddenly quickened into seriousness and sympathy as they notice from a window, while luxuriating in the fresh air of dawn, a Paris laborer going forth to his task, to which, as they to pleasure, he is born as the sparks fly upward.

III

Certain artistic limitations in this immense output are so obvious as to repel many who may examine it. There is here almost nothing beautiful for its decorative sense, for its quality of making a lovely pattern. There is here almost nothing picturing beautiful scenery or forms or faces. There is little delight in ex-

DAUMIER. "THEY WOULD EXTINGUISH EVEN THE SUN"

"Sometimes his mood was hilarious burlesque, as in the plate of Veuillot, supported by Molé, trying, after extinguishing education and the press, to snuff out also the sun,—a masterpiece of graphic satire."

Henry L. Seaver.

From the Museum of Fine Arts collection (Babcock Bequest)

Size of the original lithograph, 10½ × 8⅞ inches

pressing—as lithography in the hands of Gavarni could so charmingly do—the brilliance and subtle variety of textures. There is rarely the delight of truly studied light and shade—representation, that is, so sensitive in chiaroscuro that evidently "the light is the principal personage in the picture." Except in political cartoons, there is not even the literary or historical interest of portraiture, as in the work of Devéria and Gigoux. Intense animation and expressiveness in rendering both bodily movements and facial expression are the key-notes of Daumier's work, which is guided not by a sense predominantly of beauty, but rather of character. This we may see by considering briefly his topics and his technique.

IV

Two allied subjects inspired the more serious satirical lithographs of Daumier: he hated political oppression; he hated also pretense, rhetorical or theatrical, —the quality for which one thinks of French phrases, "le beau geste" or "emphase,"—a national weakness, as Daumier felt, that exposed French taste to the absurdities of Romanticism, and French national life to the political *poseur*. Perhaps two details in his own experience had thus especially directed his satire.

As bailiff's boy he had conceived an angry contempt for the profession which too often sacrificed justice to eloquence. In many plates of more than one series devoted to the *gens de justice* he pictures the chicanery of the avocat who enjoys his own bombast; who perverts justice by theatrical "tirade," strong in that discouraging fact that juries can be moved by irrele-

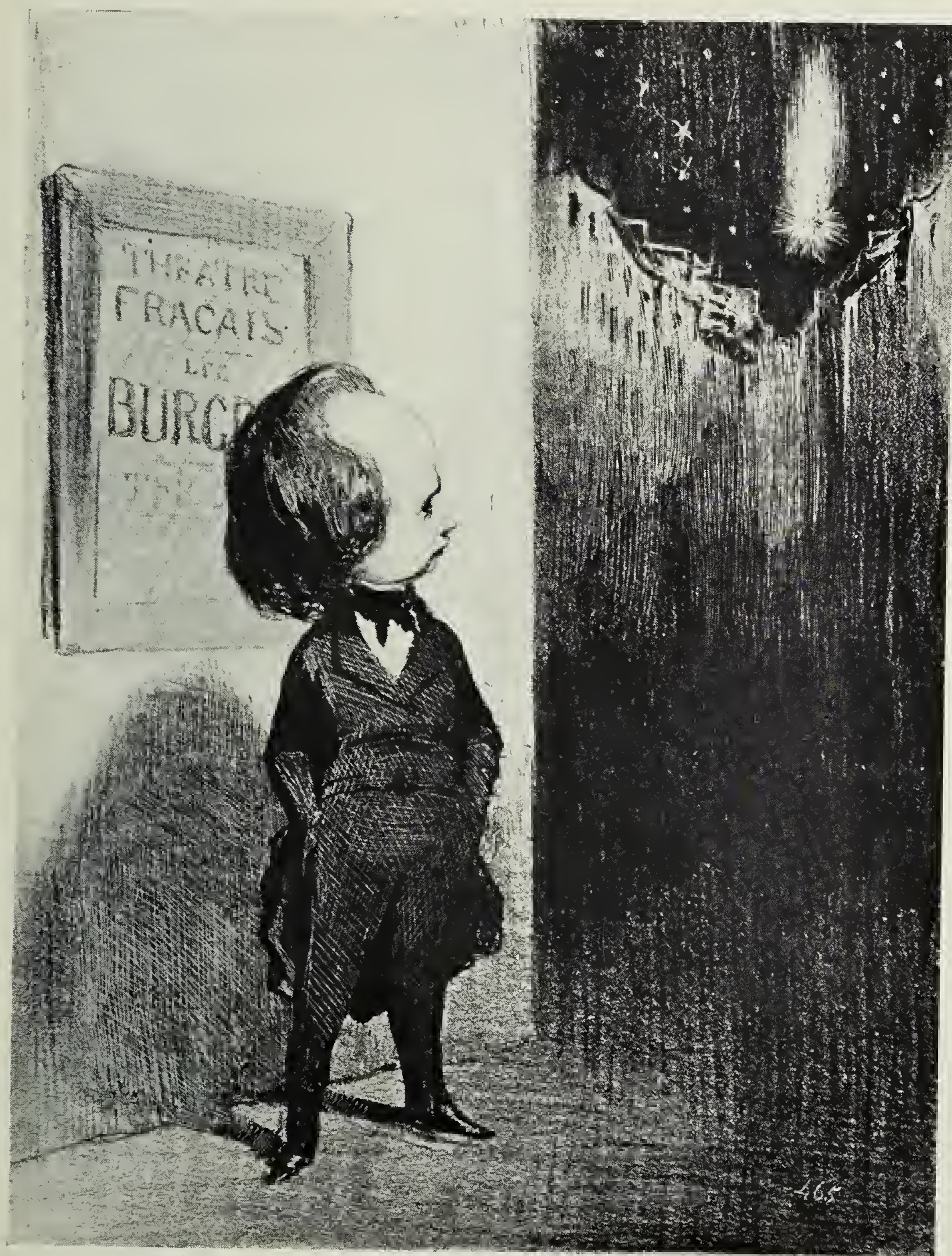
Daumier. The Public Letter-writer

"Shall we write him a letter to soften him?"
"Soften a bailiff! You can't be a Frenchman, then, my good fellow!"
From the Museum of Fine Arts collection (Babcock Bequest)
Size of the original lithograph, 9¼ × 7⅜ inches

vant sentimentalities; who hobnobs with rival pleaders in a good-fellowship quite oblivious of the victims that pay the costs of the intellectual game. Daumier's plates are never more sympathetic than when presenting the helpless in the hands of their lawyers,—such, for an example, as a little scene slipped so vividly yet so quietly and affectionately out of life, which pictures the frightened and futile ingenuities of the peasant tangled in a lawsuit, the sullen scepticism of his angry "bourgeoise," and the superiority of the public scribe who even in that outskirt of the profession has learned the common helplessness of those who are sued and those who bring suit.

Against the same quality of pretense was directed the series narrating the career of a character essentially of Daumier's creation, *Robert Macaire,* master swindler in palmy days of speculation. "Bluff" in politics is similarly ridiculed in that other creation of Daumier, *Ratapoil,* "ragged political bully or hand-to-mouth demagogue," with "the swagger and pose of being gallant for the people," as Mr. Henry James describes him. Even the prestige of Victor Hugo did not exempt him from Daumier's pencil, which drew in 1843, at the failure of Hugo's preposterous drama, "Les Burgraves," a wonderful bit of satiric portraiture.

Himself a victim of obscurantism, Daumier always ridiculed the efforts of politician or priest to put out all the lights. Sometimes his mood was hilarious burlesque, as in the plate of Veuillot supported by Molé, trying, after extinguishing education and the press, to snuff out also the sun,—a masterpiece of graphic satire, amusing, specifically aimed at comically recog-



DAUMIER. VICTOR HUGO

"Hugo, lorgnant les vautes bleues,
Au Seigneur demande tout bas
Pourquoi les astres ont des queues
Quand les Burgraves n'en ont pas."

From the Museum of Fine Arts collection (Babcock Bequest)
Size of the original lithograph, $9\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{8}$ inches

nizable individuals, independent of any explanatory text. It was in this manner that he commonly conceived his lithographs, not as illustrations of a given text, but as scenes evidently amusing in themselves. The text printed in *Charivari* was always supplied by members of the staff. Sometimes his mood was tragic, notably in the famous *Rue Transnonain,* one of a series of extra issues of exceptional size, .30 m. by .43 m., published to meet the journal's expenses of litigation. This ghastly scene of cruel repression, perpetrated by the police in April, 1834, was worked out by Daumier through six months of merciless deliberation. The print, which ranks by general appreciation first in his work, appeared in September. It is almost unique among his plates in that it shows no trace of caricature. A tremendous reserve of power aims here to tell only a truth, before which, though men held their peace, the very stones cried out. At the other extreme of Daumier's career, and in a style as curt as the early plate is complete, are a few prints of bitter comment on the Franco-Prussian disasters; and *La Paix—Idylle* remains the most adequate reply ever made to that glib political catchword of the imperial fakir: "L'Empire, c'est la paix!"

V

The contrast between these two drawings is in epitome the story of Daumier's technique. His earliest manner is one of explicit finish, whether he present a portrait like the *Guizot* or a scene like the *Rue Transnonain.* On a very few stones he seems to have been interested in attaining the richest effects of illumina-

DAUMIER. RUE TRANSNONAIN

"This ghastly scene of cruel repression, perpetrated by the police in April, 1834, was worked out by Daumier through six months of merciless deliberation. The print, which ranks by general appreciation first in his work, appeared in September. It is almost unique among his plates in that it shows no trace of caricature." Henry L. Seaver.

From the Museum of Fine Arts collection (Babcock Bequest)

Size of the original lithograph, $11\frac{1}{2} \times 17\frac{5}{8}$ inches

tion and "color." Of these probably the masterpiece is the concluding number of the series *La Journée du Célibataire.* Even here, however, the treatment of the face, an amazing bit of modeling, reminds us that Daumier's great gift was expressive line. This he more and more emphasized, though he combined with it again and again use of the velvety blacks which only the mezzotint disputes with the lithograph, as, for example, in the absurd scene at the "Zoo." A good example of his more exclusively linear manner is his little picture, also at the "Zoo," of withered gentility rubbing elbows with vulgarity, a typical bit of Daumier's quieter comment on social contrasts. The aggressively nervous quality of Daumier's line is evident in the unfailing animation of all his figures. Attitudes, though merely of standing, are made quiveringly alive, as in the figure of *Ratapoil,* who, as his comrade levies political toll, also ominously serves, though he only stands and waits. In his most hasty and extravagant caricature, wherein every accessory element is eliminated, leaving only essential line, the effect is supremely of animation. The little figures, who have almost lost human semblance, yet show a nervous vitality, a sudden alertness like insects: one expects to see them dart or leap.

Most characteristic is Daumier's treatment of human features, his amazing distortions of the facial mask, which, after all, rarely seem merely capricious but rather extravagances conceivably possible in natural growth. Noses, eyes, lips, cheek-bones have perhaps never happened to be so; but such comic disproportions are not prohibited by any essential relation of bone and muscle. Daumier's oddest faces are not

DAUMIER. LA PAIX—IDYLLE

"At the other extreme of Daumier's career . . . are a few prints of bitter comment on the Franco-Prussian disasters; and *La Paix —Idylle* remains the most adequate reply ever made to that glib political catchword of the imperial fakir: 'L'Empire, c'est la paix!' "

Henry L. Seaver.

From the Museum of Fine Arts collection (Babcock Bequest)

Size of the original lithograph, 9¼ × 7¼ inches

a defiance of cranial anatomy, but ingenious and intelligent developments from it.

In European art perhaps the nearest parallel is with the *Caprichos* of Goya, the difference being that in the Spaniard's work, as never in Daumier's, there is a bestial quality, elfish or monstrous, and sometimes a malignity almost satanic. A remoter comparison, but an interesting one, is with the superb masks carved by the Japanese for the Nō dance. There, also, is the same contortion that in its most farcical extreme never ignores the structural facts of the human skull: but in the Oriental work with a difference. The decorative sense of the Japanese usually makes the contours, the wrinkles—exploited as expressively as Daumier's—also beautiful. Further, there is in the Nō masks, whether serious or comic, a largeness of aim, an attempt to express essential character and universal emotions, and to ignore the incidental, so that some of the masks approach beautiful, conventionalized symbols. It is in his deft capture of every flicker of the incidentally amusing, in its practically endless variety, that Daumier is most a master.

A suggestive comment upon Daumier's quality is the fact that upon the wall of Corot's studio there hung no pictures, but a print or two by Daumier; and that Delacroix constantly copied Daumier's lithographs (chiefly the merciless nudes of the *Baigneurs et Baigneuses!*) as a cure for his own vagueness of drawing. Corot and Delacroix, juxtaposed with Daumier, are amazing, but significant of Daumier's proper rank in French art during the July Monarchy and the Second Empire.

DAUMIER. UNE ÉMOTION AU JARDIN DES PLANTES

"Help, wife, help! he 's eating me!"
"Don't be afraid . . . look him in the eye. . . . Anyway, why put your nose in an elephant's face?"

From the Museum of Fine Arts collection (Babcock Bequest)
Size of the original lithograph, 9⅜ × 7½ inches

DAUMIER. SUNDAY AT THE JARDIN DES PLANTES

From the Museum of Fine Arts collection (Babcock Bequest)
Size of the original lithograph, 10¼ × 8⅜ inches

DAUMIER'S "ROBERT MACAIRE"

By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

From "Parisian Caricature," first published in the *London and Westminster Review* for April, 1839 (Volume 32, No. 2, pp. 282-305)

MONG the various characters of roguery which the French satirists have amused themselves by depicting, there is one of which the *greatness* (using the word in the sense which Mr. Jonathan Wild gave to it) so far exceeds that of all others, embracing, as it does, all in turn, that it has come to be considered the type of roguery in general; and now, just as all the political squibs were made to come of old from the lips of Pasquin, all the reflections on the prevailing cant, knavery, quackery, humbug, are put into the mouth of Monsieur Robert Macaire.

A play was written, some twenty years since, called the "Auberge des Adrets," in which the characters of two robbers escaped from the galleys were introduced —Robert Macaire, the clever rogue above mentioned, and Bertrand, the stupid rogue, his friend, accomplice, butt, and scapegoat, on all occasions of danger. It is needless to describe the play—a witless performance enough, of which the joke was Macaire's exaggerated style of conversation, a farrago of all sorts of high-flown sentiments such as the French love to indulge in—contrasted with his actions, which were philosophically unscrupulous, and his appearance,

which was most picturesquely sordid. The play had been acted, we believe, and forgotten, when a very clever actor, M. Frédéric Lemaître, took upon himself the performance of the character of Robert Macaire, and looked, spoke, and acted it to such admirable perfection, that the whole town rung with applauses of the performance, and the caricaturists delighted to copy his singular figure and costume. M. Robert Macaire appears in a most picturesque green coat, with a variety of rents and patches, a pair of crimson pantaloons ornamented in the same way, enormous whiskers and ringlets, an enormous stock and shirt-frill, as dirty and ragged as stock and shirt-frill can be, the relic of a hat very gaily cocked over one eye, and a patch to take away somewhat from the brightness of the other—these are the principal *pièces* of his costume—a snuff-box like a creaking warming-pan, a handkerchief hanging together by a miracle, and a switch of about the thickness of a man's thigh, formed the ornaments of this exquisite personage. He is a compound of Fielding's "Blueskin" and Goldsmith's "Beau Tibbs." He has the dirt and dandyism of the one, with the ferocity of the other: sometimes he is made to swindle, but where he can get a shilling more, M. Macaire will murder without scruple: he performs one and the other act (or any in the scale between them) with a similar bland imperturbability, and accompanies his actions with such philosophical remarks as may be expected from a person of his talents, his energies, his amiable life and character.

Bertrand is the simple recipient of Macaire's jokes, and makes vicarious atonement for his crimes, acting, in fact, the part which pantaloon performs in the pan-

tomime, who is entirely under the fatal influence of clown. He is quite as much a rogue as that gentleman, but he has not his genius and courage. So, in pantomimes (it may, doubtless, have been remarked by the reader), clown always leaps first, pantaloon following after, more clumsily and timidly than his bold and accomplished friend and guide. Whatever blows are destined for clown, fall, by some means of ill-luck, upon the pate of pantaloon; whenever the clown robs, the stolen articles are sure to be found in his companion's pocket; and thus exactly Robert Macaire and his companion Bertrand are made to go through the world; both swindlers, but the one more accomplished than the other. Both robbing all the world, and Robert robbing his friend, and, in the event of danger, leaving him faithfully in the lurch. There is, in the two characters, some grotesque good for the spectator —a kind of "Beggars' Opera" moral.

Ever since Robert, with his dandified rags and airs, his cane and snuff-box, and Bertrand, with torn surtout and all-absorbing pocket, have appeared on the stage, they have been popular with the Parisians; and with these two types of clever and stupid knavery, M. Philipon and his companion Daumier have created a world of pleasant satire upon all the prevailing abuses of the day.

Almost the first figure that these audacious caricaturists dared to depict was a political one: in Macaire's red breeches and tattered coat appeared no less a personage than the King himself—the old *Poire*—in a country of humbugs and swindlers the *facile princeps;* fit to govern, as he is deeper than all the rogues in his dominions. Bertrand was opposite to him, and

having listened with delight and reverence to some tale of knavery truly royal, was exclaiming, with a look and voice expressive of the most intense admiration, "Ah vieux blagueur! va!"—the word *blague* is untranslatable—it means *French* humbug as distinct from all other; and only those who know the value of an epigram in France, an epigram so wonderfully just, a little word so curiously comprehensive, can fancy the kind of rage and rapture with which it was received. It was a blow that shook the whole dynasty. Thersites had there given such a wound to Ajax, as Hector in arms could scarcely have inflicted: a blow sufficient almost to create the madness to which the fabulous hero of Homer and Ovid fell a prey.

Not long, however, was French caricature allowed to attack personages so illustrious: the September laws came, and henceforth no more epigrams were launched against politics; the caricaturists were compelled to confine their satire to subjects and characters that had nothing to do with the State. The Duke of Orleans was no longer to figure in lithography as the fantastic Prince Rosolin; no longer were multitudes (in chalk) to shelter under the enormous shadow of M. d'Argout's nose; Marshal Lobau's squirt was hung up in peace, and M. Thiers' pigmy figure and round spectacled face were no more to appear in print. Robert Macaire was driven out of the Chambers and the Palace—his remarks were a great deal too appropriate and too severe for the ears of the great men who congregated in those places.

The Chambers and the Palace were shut to him; but the rogue, driven out of his rogue's paradise, saw "that the world was all before him where to choose,"

DAUMIER. ROBERT MACAIRE, CONNOISSEUR

"Monsieur Daumier, your series of *Robert Macaire* is charming. It is an exact picture of the knavery of our time."
(The seated figure is the artist himself)

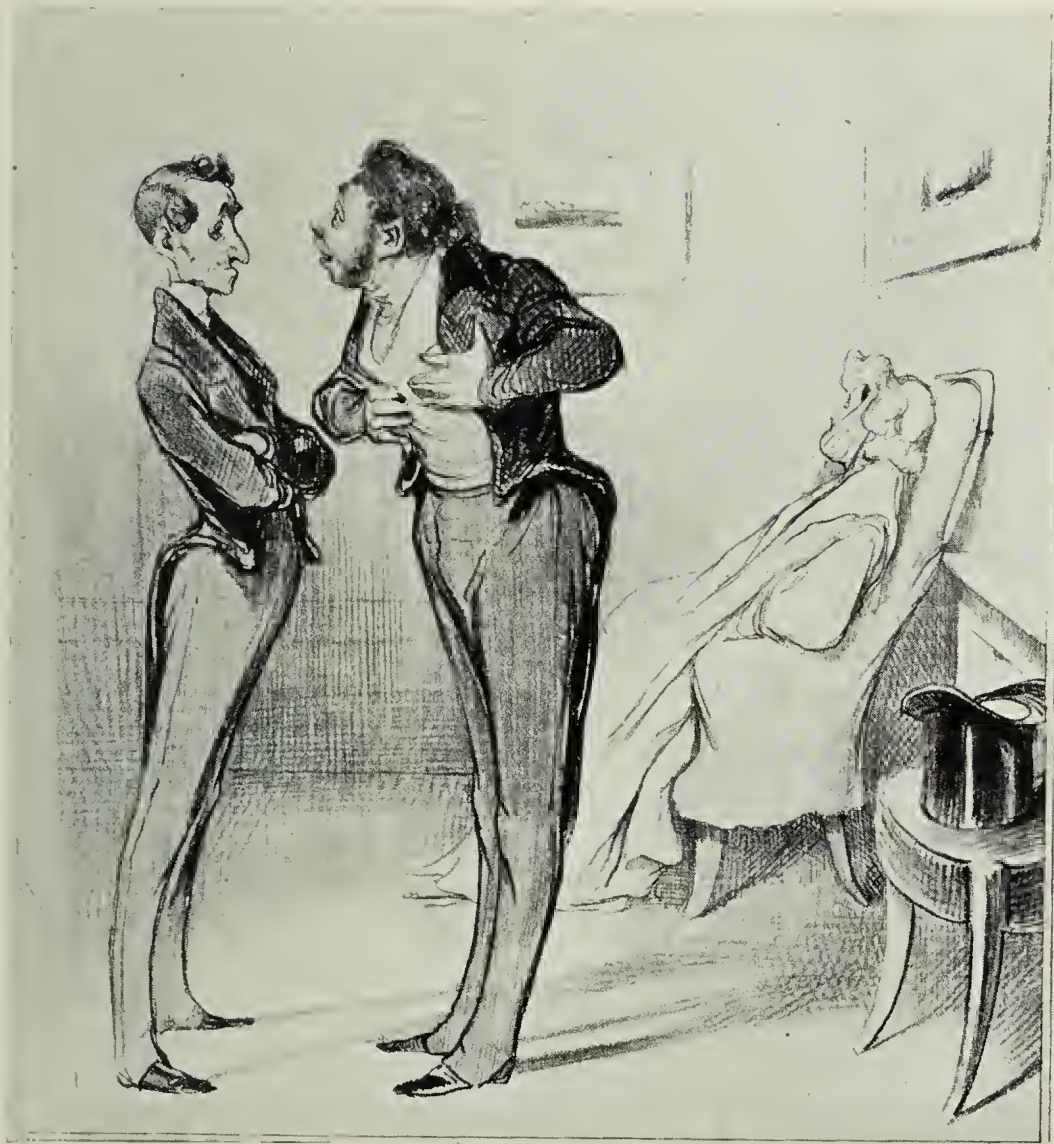
From the Museum of Fine Arts collection (Babcock Bequest)

Size of the original lithograph, 9 × 8⅞ inches

and found no lack of opportunities for exercising his wit. There was the Bar, with its roguish practitioners, rascally attorneys, stupid juries, and forsworn judges; there was the Bourse, with all its gambling, swindling, and hoaxing, its cheats and its dupes; the Medical Profession, and the quacks who ruled it, alternately; the Stage, and the cant that was prevalent there; the Fashion, and its thousand follies and extravagances. Robert Macaire had all these to *exploiter*. Of all the empire, through all the ranks, professions, the lies, crimes, and absurdities of men, he may make sport at will; of all except of a certain class. Like Bluebeard's wife, he may see everything, but is bidden *to beware of the blue chamber*. Robert is more wise than Bluebeard's wife, and knows that it would cost him his head to enter it. Robert, therefore, keeps aloof for the moment. Would there be any use in his martyrdom? Bluebeard cannot live for ever; perhaps, even now, those are on their way (one sees a suspicious cloud of dust or two) that are to destroy him.

. . . .

Not being endowed with patrimonial wealth, but compelled to exercise their genius to obtain distinction, or even subsistence, we see Messrs. Bertrand and Macaire, by turns, adopting all trades and professions, and exercising each with their own peculiar ingenuity. As public men, we have spoken already of their appearance in one or two important characters, and stated that the Government grew fairly jealous of them, excluding them from office, as the Whigs did Lord Brougham. As private individuals, they are made to distinguish themselves as the founders of journals, *sociétés en commandite* (companies of which



DAUMIER. LE DÉBUT

BERTRAND: "Oh! no; she is too weak, she would succumb,—the operation is impracticable. . . ."
MACAIRE: "Impracticable!!! There is nothing impracticable for a débutant. . . . Listen! we are unknown. If we fail we remain in obscurity, but we lose nothing. If, by chance, we succeed . . . it is done, we are launched, our reputation is made. . . ."
TOGETHER: "Allons! Pratiquons!"

From the Museum of Fine Arts collection (Babcock Bequest)
Size of the original lithograph, 9¾ × 8¾ inches

the members are irresponsible beyond the amount of their shares), and all sorts of commercial speculations, requiring intelligence and honesty on the part of the directors, confidence and liberal disbursements from the shareholders.

These are, among the French, so numerous, and have been of late years (in the shape of Newspaper Companies, Bitumen Companies, Galvanized-Iron Companies, Railroad Companies, etc.) pursued with such a blind *furor* and lust of gain, by that easily excited and imaginative people, that, as may be imagined, the satirist has found plenty of occasion for remark, and M. Macaire and his friend innumerable opportunities for exercising their talents.

Accordingly Messrs. Macaire and Bertrand are made the heroes of many speculations of the kind. In almost the first print of our collection, Robert discourses to Bertrand of his projects. "Bertrand," says the disinterested admirer of talent and enterprise, "j'adore l'industrie. Si tu veux, nous créons une banque, mais là, une vraie banque: capital cent millions de millions, cent milliards de milliards d'actions. Nous enfonçons la banque de France, les banquiers, les banquistes; nous enfonçons tout le monde." "Oui," says Bertrand, very calm and stupid, "mais les gendarmes?" "Que tu es bête, Bertrand: est-ce qu'on arrête un millionnaire?" Such is the key to M. Macaire's philosophy; and a wise creed too, as times go.

Acting on these principles, Robert appears soon after; he has not created a bank, but a journal. He sits in a chair of state, and discourses to a shareholder. Bertrand, calm and stupid as before, stands humbly behind. "Sir," says the editor of *La Blague*, journal

DAUMIER. ROBERT MACAIRE, JOURNALIST

"Sir," says the editor of *La Blague*, "our profits arise from a new combination. The journal costs twenty francs; we sell it for twenty-three and a half. A million subscribers make three millions and a half of profits; there are my figures; contradict me by figures, or I will bring an action for libel."

From the Museum of Fine Arts collection (Babcock Bequest)

Size of the original lithograph, 8½ × 10½ inches

quotidienne, "our profits arise from a new combination. The journal costs twenty francs; we sell it for twenty-three and a half. A million subscribers make three millions and a half of profits; there are my figures; contradict me by figures, or I will bring an action for libel." At Plate 33, Robert is still a journalist; he brings to the editor of a paper an article of his composition, a violent attack on a law. "My dear M. Macaire," says the editor, "this must be changed; we must *praise* this law." "Bon, bon!" says our versatile Macaire. "Je vais retoucher ça, et je vous fais en faveur de la loi *un article mousseux.*"

When he has done with newspapers, Robert Macaire begins to distinguish himself on 'Change, as a creator of companies, a vendor of shares, or a dabbler in foreign stock. "Buy my coal-mine shares," shouts Robert; "gold mines, silver mines, diamond mines, 'sont de la pot-bouille de la ratatouille en comparaison de ma houille.'" "Look," says he, on another occasion, to a very timid, open-countenanced client, "you have a property to sell! I have found the very man, a rich capitalist, a fellow whose bills are better than bank-notes." His client sells; the bills are taken in payment, and signed by that respectable capitalist, Monsieur de St. Bertrand. At Plate 81, we find him inditing a circular letter to all the world, running thus: "Sir,—I regret to say that your application for shares in the Consolidated European Incombustible Blacking Association cannot be complied with, as all the shares of the C. E. I. B. A. were disposed of on the day they were issued. I have, nevertheless, registered your name, and in case a second series should be put forth, I shall have the honour of

DAUMIER. ROBERT MACAIRE, PROMOTER

"Sir,—I regret to say that your application for shares in the Consolidated European Incombustible Blacking Association cannot be complied with, as all our shares of the C. E. I. B. A. were disposed of on the day they were issued. I have, nevertheless, registered your name, and in case a second series should be put forth, I shall have the honour of immediately giving you notice. I am, sir, yours, etc., the Director, Robert Macaire."

From the Museum of Fine Arts collection (Babcock Bequest)

Size of the original lithograph, 9¼ × 9 inches

immediately giving you notice. I am, sir, yours, etc., the Director, Robert Macaire."—"Print 300,000 of these," he says to Bertrand, "and poison all France with them." As usual, the stupid Bertrand remonstrates: "But we have not sold a single share; you have not a penny in your pocket, and—" "Bertrand, you are an ass; do as I bid you."

When Macaire has sufficiently *exploité* the Bourse, whether as a gambler in the public funds or other companies, he sagely perceives that it is time to turn to some other profession, and, providing himself with a black gown, proposes blandly to Bertrand to set up—a new religion. "Mon ami," says the repentant sinner, "le temps de la commandite va passer, *mais les badauds ne passeront pas.*" (O rare sentence! it should be written in letters of gold!) *"Occupons-nous de ce qui est éternel.* Si nous fassions une religion?" On which M. Bertrand remarks, "A religion! what the devil—a religion is not an easy thing to make." But Macaire's receipt is easy. "Get a gown, take a shop," he says, "borrow some chairs, preach about Napoleon, or the discovery of America, or Molière—and there 's a religion for you."

The above is the Reverend M. Macaire's solitary exploit as a spiritual swindler: as *Maître* Macaire in the courts of law, as *avocat, avoué*—in a humbler capacity even, as a prisoner at the bar, he distinguishes himself greatly, as may be imagined. On one occasion we find the learned gentleman humanely visiting an unfortunate *détenu*—no other person, in fact, than his friend M. Bertrand, who has fallen into some trouble, and is awaiting the sentence of the law. He begins:

DAUMIFR. ROBERT MACAIRE, ARCHITECT

"How now, M. Macaire? This house, which, by your estimate, was to cost me only 70,000 francs, now stands me in 300,000!"

"That is n't my fault. You have a window opening to the south instead of to the north, you want four stories instead of five, and have changed the roof from slate to shingles. I can only be responsible for my original plan. You change it—that 's *your* affair."

From the Museum of Fine Arts collection (Babcock Bequest)

Size of the original lithograph, 9½ × 8¾ inches

"Mon cher Bertrand, donne moi cent écus, je te fais acquitter d'emblée."

"J'ai pas d'argent."

"Hé bien, donne moi cent francs."

"Pas le sou."

"Tu n'as pas dix francs?"

"Pas un liard."

"Alors donne moi tes bottes, je plaiderai la circonstance atténuante."

The manner in which Maître Macaire soars from the *cent écus* (a high point already) to the sublime of the boots, is in the best comic style. In another instance he pleads before a judge, and, mistaking his client, pleads for defendant, instead of plaintiff. "The infamy of the plaintiff's character, my *luds,* renders his testimony on such a charge as this wholly unavailing." "M. Macaire, M. Macaire," cries the attorney, in a fright, "you are for the plaintiff!" "This, my lords, is what the defendant *will say.* This is the line of defence which the opposite party intend to pursue; as if slanders like these could weigh with an enlightened jury, or injure the spotless reputation of my client!"

M. Macaire is more skilful in love than in law, and appears once or twice in a very amiable light while under the influence of the tender passion. We find him at the head of one of those useful establishments unknown in our country—a Bureau de Mariage: half a dozen of such places are daily advertised in the journals: and "une veuve de trente ans ayant une fortune de deux cent mille francs," or "une demoiselle de quinze ans, jolie, d'une famille très distinguée, qui possède trente mille livres de rentes,"—continually, in this kind-hearted way, are offering themselves to

DAUMIER. ROBERT MACAIRE, AVOCAT

"Dear Bertrand, give me a hundred écus and I 'll have you acquitted in a wink."

"I have no money."

"Oh, well . . . give me a hundred francs."

"Not a sou."

"You have n't even ten francs?"

"Not a liard."

"Then give me your boots—I will plead extenuating circumstances."

From the Museum of Fine Arts collection (Babcock Bequest)
Size of the original lithograph, 10 × 7¾ inches

the public: sometimes it is a gentleman, with a "physique agréable,—des talens de société"—and a place under Government, who makes a sacrifice of himself in a similar manner. In our little historical gallery we find this philanthropic anti-Malthusian at the head of an establishment of this kind, introducing a very meek, simple-looking bachelor to some distinguished ladies of his *connoissance.* "Let me present you, sir, to Madame de St. Bertrand" (it is our old friend), "veuve de la grande armée, et Mdlle. Eloa de Wormspire. Ces dames brûlent d'envie de faire votre connoissance. Je les ai invitées à dîner chez vous ce soir: vous nous menerez à l'opéra, et nous ferons une petite partie d'écarté. Tenez vous bien, M. Gobard! ces dames ont des projets sur vous!"

Happy Gobard! happy system, which can thus bring the pure and loving together, and acts as the best ally of Hymen! The announcement of the rank and titles of Madame de St. Bertrand—"veuve de la grande armée"—is very happy. *"La grande armée"* has been a father to more orphans, and a husband to more widows, than it ever made. Mistresses of *cafés,* old governesses, keepers of boarding-houses, genteel beggars, and ladies of lower rank still, have this favourite pedigree. They have all had *malheurs* (what kind it is needless to particularize), they are all connected with the *grand homme,* and their fathers were all colonels.

The male beggar of fashion is not so well known among us as in Paris, where street-doors are open; six or eight families live in a house; and the gentleman who earns his livelihood by this profession can make half-a-dozen visits without the trouble of knocking

from house to house, and the pain of being observed by the whole street, while the footman is examining him from the area. Some few may be seen in England about the inns of court, where the locality is favourable (where, however, the owners of the chambers are not proverbially soft of heart, so that the harvest must be poor); but Paris is full of such adventurers,—fat, smooth-tongued, and well dressed, with gloves and gilt-headed canes, who would be insulted almost by the offer of silver, and expect your gold as their right. Among these, of course, our friend Robert plays his part; and an excellent engraving represents him, snuff-box in hand, advancing to an old gentleman, whom, by his poodle, his powdered head, and his drivelling, stupid look, one knows to be a Carlist of the old régime. "I beg pardon," says Robert; "is it really yourself to whom I have the honour of speaking?"—"It is." "Do you take snuff?"—"I thank you." "Sir, I have had misfortunes—I want assistance. I am a Vendéan of illustrious birth. You know the family of *Macairbec*—we are of Brest. My grandfather served the King in his galleys; my father and I belong, also, to the marine. Unfortunate suits at law have plunged us into difficulties, and I do not hesitate to ask you for the succour of ten francs."—"Sir, I never give to those I don't know."—"Right, sir, perfectly right. Perhaps you will have the kindness to *lend* me ten francs?"

In speaking of M. Macaire and his adventures, we have managed so entirely to convince ourselves of the reality of the personage, that we have quite forgotten to speak of Messrs. Philipon and Daumier, who are, the one the inventor, the other the designer, of the

Macaire Picture Gallery. As works of *esprit,* these drawings are not more remarkable than they are as works of art, and we never recollect to have seen a series of sketches possessing more extraordinary cleverness and variety. The countenance and figure of Macaire and the dear stupid Bertrand are preserved, of course, with great fidelity throughout; but the admirable way in which each fresh character is conceived, the grotesque appropriateness of Robert's every successive attitude and gesticulation, and the variety of Bertrand's postures of invariable repose, the exquisite fitness of all the other characters, who act their little part and disappear from the scene, cannot be described on paper, or too highly lauded. The figures are very carelessly drawn; but, if the reader can understand us, all the attitudes and limbs are perfectly *conceived,* and wonderfully natural and various. After pondering over these drawings for some hours, as we have been while compiling this notice of them, we have grown to believe that the personages are real, and the scenes remain imprinted on the brain as if we had absolutely been present at their acting.

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