

Sea," covered with ships of war, merchantmen, elegant yachts, barques, long-boats, and light gigs; £200; "A Shore in Holland," low water; the ebb of the tide has left a boat stranded on the beach, which some fishermen are striving to launch; two fishermen on the shore, a dog barking, and a man dragging a piece of wood which has been thrown up by the sea; £60.

The Duke de Berri's sale, 1837. "The Sea in a Calm;" several boats, one of them with a great number of men on board setting out for the herring fishery, a ship of war, fishermen launching a boat; £92 10s.

Heris de Bruxelles sale, 1841. "A Calm;" a group of boats in the Zuider Zee—a frigate at anchor, a small boat with fishermen, and a boat sailing towards the other vessels scattered along the coast; £390. "The Zuider Zee;" a calm, a frigate setting sail, and making towards the offing; two fishermen near a boat preparing to draw their nets; in the background a three-decker at anchor; £235.

Count Peregaux's sale, 1841. "A Sea Fight;" three fleets,

the English, French, and Dutch engaged; sailors in one place hauling at the ropes or shifting the sails, men in the water struggling for life, a boat rowing towards the admiral's vessel; on some of the decks the combatants are engaged hand to hand, smoke and shot are issuing from the port-holes, and some of the vessels are on fire. This is one of Van de Velde's finest works. It was sold for £800.

Tordien and Heris sale, 1843. "A Fleet Setting Sail;" the sea covered with ships, vessels of war, merchantmen, boats, &c.; £340. "A Calm;" two ships and a boat—the sailors on deck variously occupied; to the right two fishing-boats near the shore, two ships of war, and sails in the distance; £400.

Van de Velde never engraved, but he has left several drawings executed with great skill, both with the pen and with wash,—outlines sufficient to show him the state of the sea, the shape of a ship, or the appearance of the clouds. There are two of them in the Louvre.

"LA RENAISSANCE" (REVIVAL OF ART).

"La Renaissance" is a term which is now exclusively applied to the revival of art, the return to Greek and Roman ideas of beauty as displayed in the ancient statues, and the general diffusion of better taste in matters of art, which took place in the fifteenth century. It was in Italy, that mother and nurse of modern art, that this movement took its rise. It must not, however, be supposed that there were no painters there during the dark ages; not only history, but pictures still extant, testify to the contrary; but they were hardly worthy of the name of artists. None of them were scholars, and they followed their calling rather as a trade than as a profession. Their art was a sort of stupid mechanism stupidly followed, in which nature was not even imitated, but distorted. This state of things continued till the middle of the thirteenth century; and the first symptoms of a change appeared in the marked improvement of sculpture amongst the Tuscans. Byzantine rules had hitherto completely enchained the Italian artists, but they now turned from the works of the modern Greeks to those of their ancestors. There was in Italy a very good collection of ancient statuary, but it was not until now that they began to be studied. Niccola Pisano took the lead in this great work, and in various works, particularly bas-reliefs on the outside of vessels and ornaments, showed the Italian artists how much still remained to be achieved. His associate, Andrea Pisano, was the founder of that great school which produced Orcagno, Donatello, and the celebrated Ghiberti, the maker of the Florentine gates, which Michael Angelo pronounced worthy of forming the entrance to Paradise. The improvement in sculpture was followed by that in mosaic, the school of which had existed in Rome so early as the eleventh and twelfth centuries; but for want of specimens for study, painting long remained in a more incomplete state than either of the foregoing branches of art. The revival in painting is due to Florence, and the genius which presided over it was Cimabue. He appears to have learnt the art from some Greeks who had been invited to Florence, and painted in the chapel S. Maria Novella. The essential and fundamental principle of the Greek art, however, was a fixed and unalterable adherence to established rules, so that, every artist copying his master, no change, and, consequently, no improvement, could ever be effected. Cimabue, however, like most other Italian artists, got the better of his Greek education, threw off the yoke, and went straight to nature for instruction. "But his talent," says Lanzi, "did not consist in the graceful. His Madonnas have no beauty; his angels in the same piece have all the same form. Wild as the age in which he lived, he succeeded admirably in heads full of character, especially in those of old men, impressing an indescribable degree of bold sublimity which the moderns have not been able greatly to surpass. Vast and inventive in conception, he executed

large compositions, and expressed them in grand proportions."

Giotto made another step in advance, by giving greater chasteness to symmetry, more pleasing effect to design, and greater softness to colouring. The meagre hands, the sharp-pointed feet, and staring eyes of the Greek style all disappeared under him. This gradual transition was due wholly to the study of the antique. It was to this that many of the greatest geniuses of Italy owed their development. In 1349 we find the Florentine painters, who had now become a numerous body, forming themselves into a fraternity, which they styled the Society of St. Luke. Many similar ones were formed in other parts of Italy, particularly at Venice and Bologna. Those associations, however, did not include painters alone, but were open to all who worked at the various trades requiring most skill and dexterity. Painting was not yet looked upon in the light of a liberal profession, but still the *esprit de corps* was growing up amongst those who practised it. Giotto's discovery of oil-painting, towards the middle of the fifteenth century, was the crowning step in advance. The rest was left to genius; and how nobly genius did its part, it is not necessary here to relate. The beginning of the sixteenth century was styled the Golden Age of Art, though much remained to be achieved.

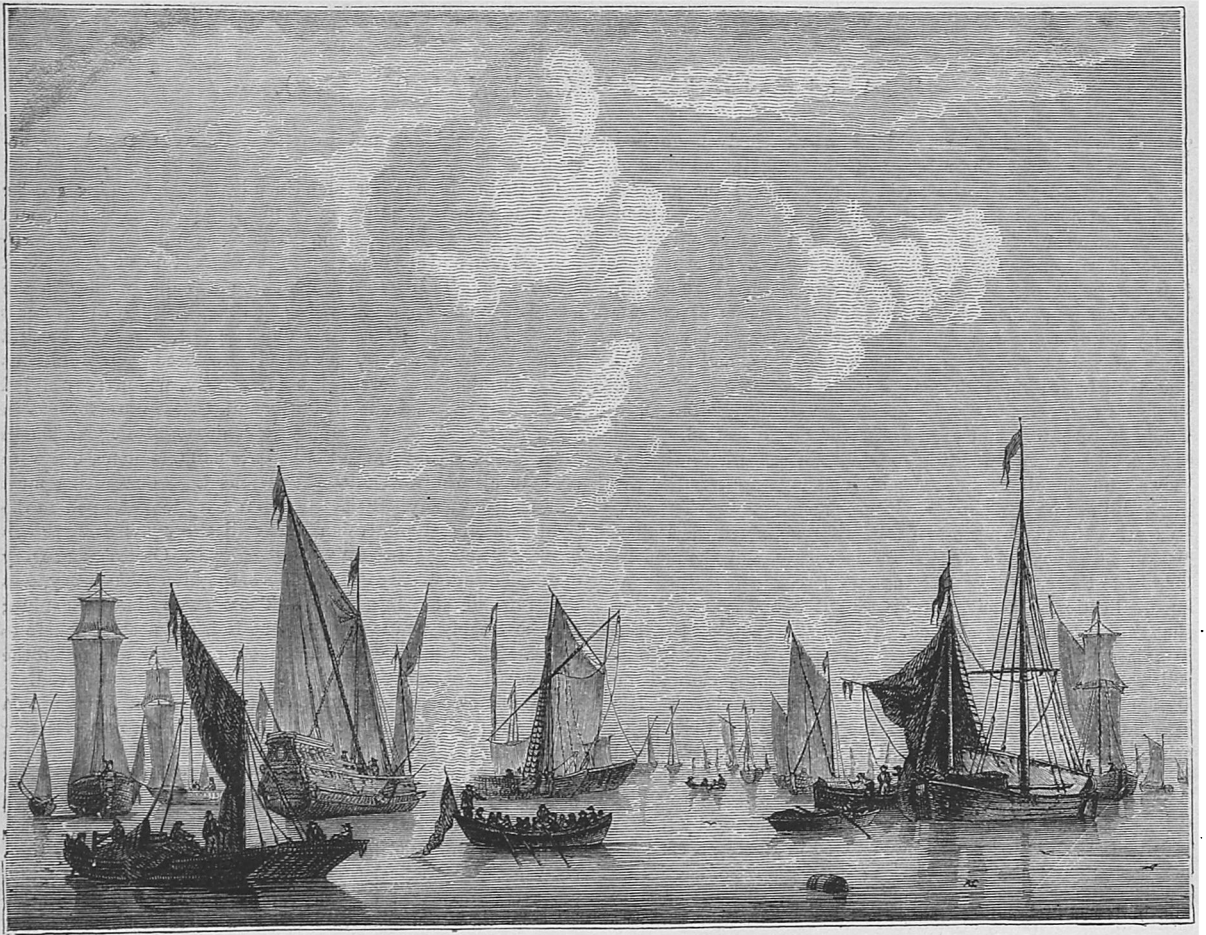
It was not, however, until the appearance of Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo that the Renaissance made its way beyond the Alps, and spread its blessings over France and the north of Europe generally. These great men belonged to what is called the Florentine school—a school which, though wanting in power of relief in drapery, in beauty, in grouping, as well as in many other points, yet always excelled in design. Da Vinci and Michael Angelo were its two great masters, and when they appeared they inaugurated a new era by pointing out the immutable characteristics and established laws of nature, thence deducing rules which their successors have since followed with great effect both at home and abroad. The history of the former of "these grand old masters" is a series of triumphs of the highest order, in which art seemed almost to have attained to perfection. We all remember the pleasing story which illustrates so strikingly the splendour of the ideal to which he strove to attain, and the indomitable patience with which he laboured in pursuit of the great object of his ambition. He laboured for four years at a portrait of a Florentine lady named Mona Lisa, but was never able to complete it to his own satisfaction, and at last relinquished the attempt in despair. Francis I. of France saw at Milan one of the finest of his works, "The Last Supper," and endeavoured in vain to saw it from the wall. Failing in this, he invited the artist, now in his sixty-third year, to accompany him to Paris. Da Vinci complied, and although he no longer continued to follow his calling, his presence in the

French capital gave an impulse to French art, to which it is indebted for all its subsequent successes.

It is owing to this circumstance that a French artist, M. Landelle, in a painting, representing the Renaissance under a symbolical form, which he has this year exhibited at the Louvre, and an engraving of which we here supply, places him in so prominent a position amongst the authors and promoters of the Renaissance. This picture, which is to form part of the new decorations of the Louvre, contains several exaggerations and peculiarities of a former age. The artist has introduced into it all the characteristics of the sculpture, as well as many of the paintings of the sixteenth century; the slender eyebrows, removed far from the pupils; the high forehead, the elegant, but almost disdainful features, all remind us of the proud beauties of the French court at that period. The length of the arms, legs, and fingers, and various other details, belong to a type well-known to

by an examination of any of their works in the palace at Fontainebleau. The huge mass of drapery is another characteristic also, which shows that the artist has been careful to avoid all appearance of anachronisms, and the figure generally is distinguished by the dignity of the attitude, the elegance of the features, and the fineness of the outline.

At her feet are two little cherubs; one, resting on a medalion of Francis I., the great patron of the arts in France, raises his head, and contemplates the Renaissance apparently with unmixed satisfaction. This is the genius of the approaching good time, full of faith and hope, and gladly hailing the transformation then taking place in the arts. The child's head displays great feeling and power of thought and observation. Infantine simplicity and artlessness together with the intellect and forethought of a more advanced age breathe from every feature. The other cherub reclines in a sorrowing attitude, and with a very sad expression of countenance,



A FLOTILLA.—FROM A PAINTING BY W. VAN DE VELDE.

those who are familiar with the different schools and different epochs in the history of French and Italian art. These proportions, no doubt, give a certain air of nobility to the figure, but many of the artists of the Renaissance have exaggerated them, and M. Landelle has intentionally copied this exaggeration, in order to indicate the taste of the period, and give an appearance of chronological accuracy to his work. If we suppose the woman in this painting to stand up, it will be found that the different parts of her body are not in the proportion laid down by rule; for instance, her length will be greater than ten heads. But we must not characterise this as a fault, because it is in reality an historical trait. It was thus the artists of the time drew their women, as may be seen

against a beautiful enamelled vase. Though the character is not here so well marked as in the other figure, it is not difficult to perceive that this symbolises middle-age art,—Christian inspiration mourning over the triumph of pagan art and Græco-Roman traditions.

There is one man in England, however, whose dicta in matters of art are yearly acquiring additional force and authority, because he supports them by eloquence of passing brilliancy, by all the weight of personal conviction of no ordinary depth and fervour, and by a passionate devotion to the subject on which he writes—we need hardly say we mean Mr. Ruskin, who looks upon the Renaissance as an unmitigated calamity. Short as is the space in which we are compelled to

notice the subject, in connexion with a work of art which has attracted considerable attention in the French capital, it would be unpardonable to pass from it without alluding to the views propounded regarding it by one whose study of it has been so profound. In his recently published work, "The Stones of Venice," treating of the various kinds of architecture which adorn the "city of the sea," he bestows almost unmixed praise upon those of the two first periods, the Byzantine and the Gothic, and almost unmixed censure upon that of the latest—or, in other words, upon the architecture of the Renaissance; and to it, also, he assigns all the unsightliness and deformity which meet our view in modern houses and public edifices. He draws glowing pictures of the contrast between the rich quaint picturesqueness of the streets in Nuremberg and other old mediæval towns of the Continent, and the bald flimsiness of our present streets and squares. The fact is by everybody admitted, though there is a wide

difference of opinion as to the cause; but on this we cannot dwell. As to the difference in the spirit which animated early Christian art, and that of the Renaissance, his statements, though not so lengthy, are certainly clearer; and according to him, the Renaissance owed its origin to the revived study of the ancient classics, of the works of the heathen philosophers. The Christians, by imbibing pagan morality, began to lose sight of Christ, and fix their thoughts more on themselves, and consequently to analyse instead of believing. It is a return to that early subservience of art to simple and undivided faith and undoubting hope—to make it a veritable form of worship, and not merely a source of amusement for *dilettanti* and connoisseurs—that Mr. Ruskin professes to aim at. Judging from the wide difference in the *morale* of France and England, we suspect his views will make little way in the former country. The spirit of pure devotion is not there racy of the soil.



A FRESH BREEZE.—FR. M. A. PAINTING BY W. VAN DE VELDE.

JEAN BAPTISTE MONNOYER.

THERE are two kinds of flower-painters. Some paint them for the love of the flowers themselves, others for love of the painting. The former see nothing in a bouquet, except a happy mixture of striking hues, which surprise and delight the eye. If the rose sheds its sweet colours on their canvas, if the carnation opens out its dazzling mosaic, if the drooping peony displays its large carmine petals, or the tulip exhibits its golden rays, it is not so much for the purpose of delighting the botanist, or calling to his recollection all the beauties that crowd the genus or species to which they belong, but to give

the artist an opportunity of entering into competition with nature for the production of striking effects. The flowers serve as a sort of excuse or pretext for the execution of a painting containing a glittering gamut of chosen colours, rising in the hyacinth to the hue of ivory, or in the lily to the whiteness of porcelain, and descending in the scabious to dark violet. Each flower is thus a sharp note, soft or deep, in this music of hues, and if the painter succeeds in pleasing the spectator he is content.

In the latter, on the other hand, the artist is lost sight of in



“LA RENAISSANCE” (REVIVAL OF ART).—SYMBOLICAL FIGURE BY M. CHARLES LANDELLE.