

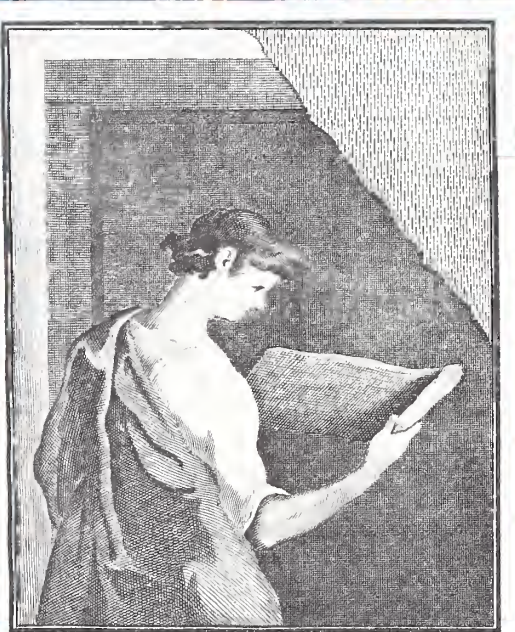
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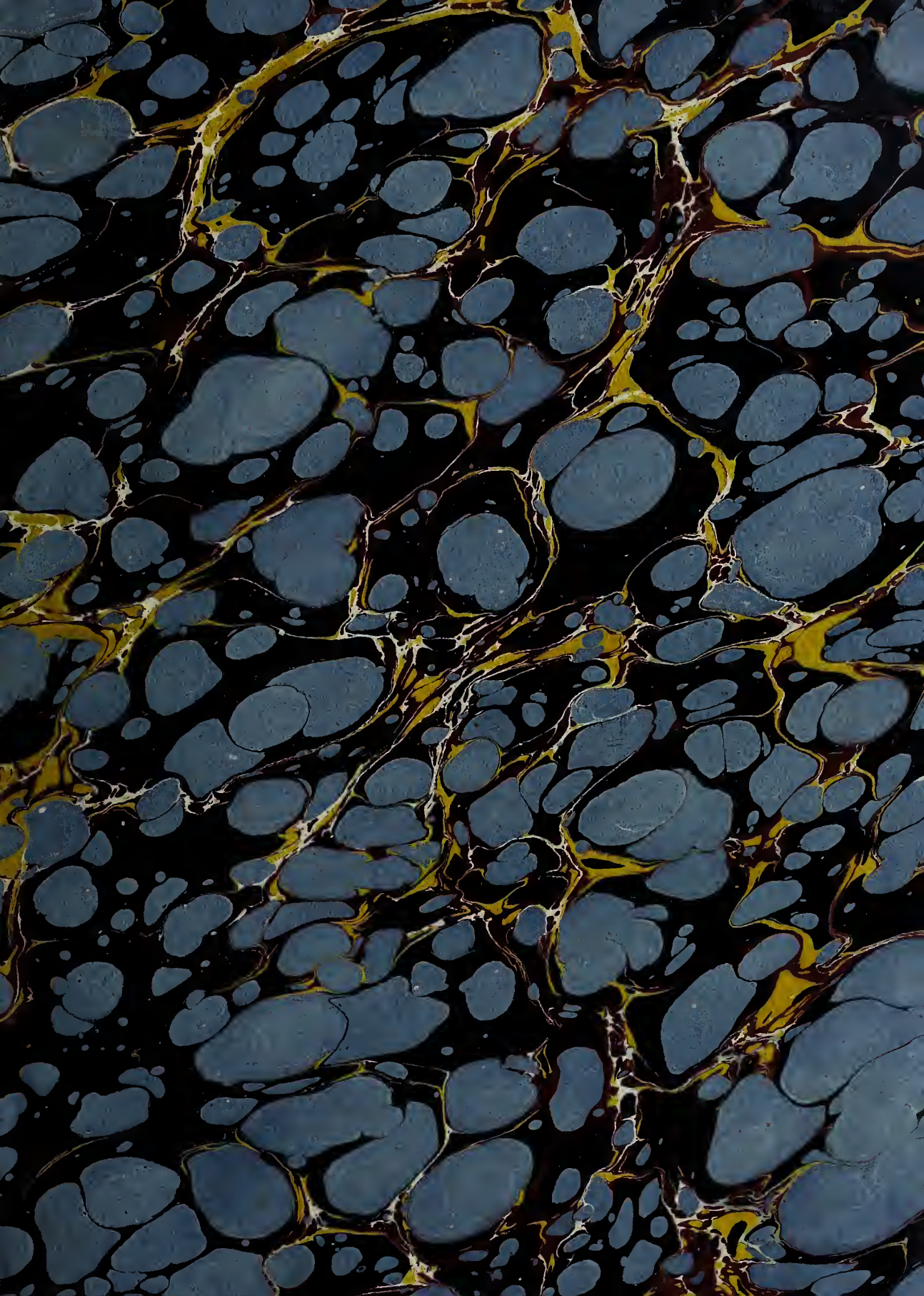
ART



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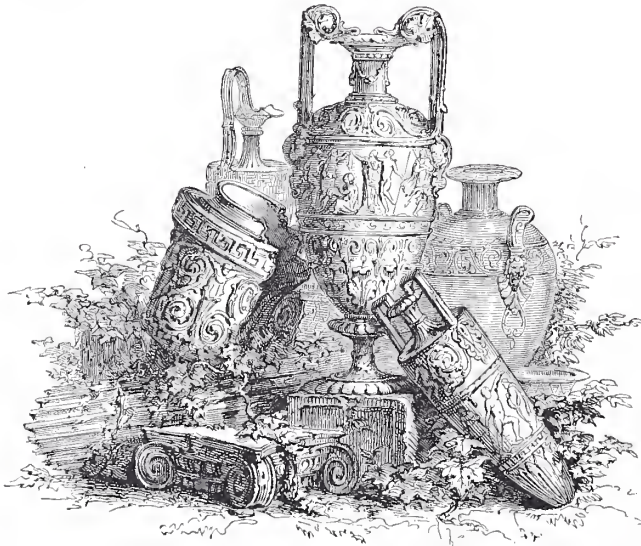
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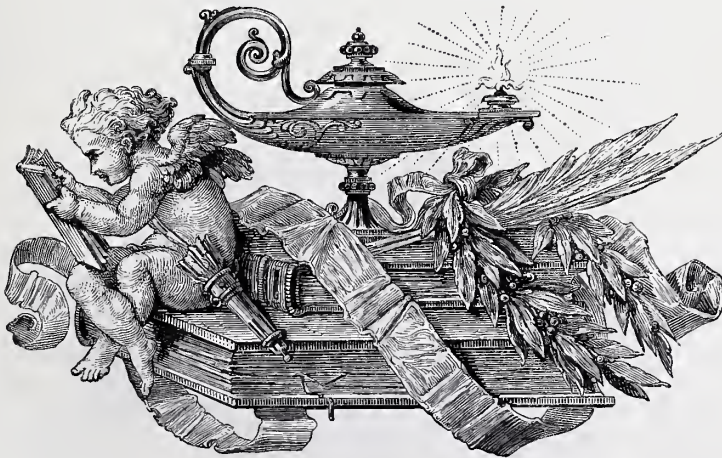




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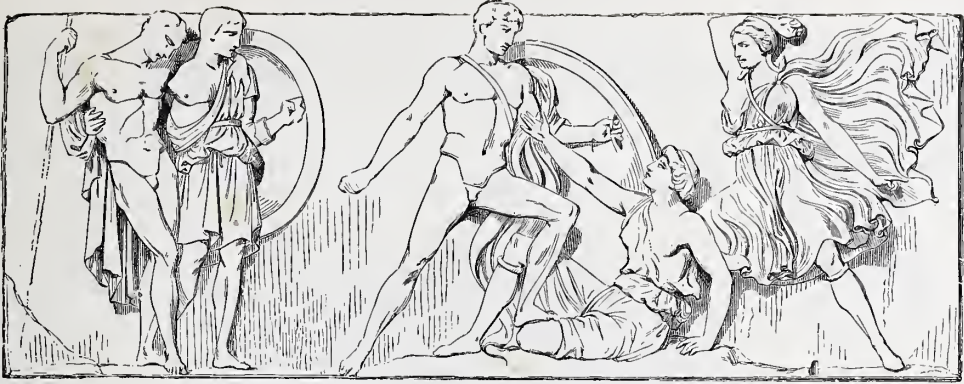
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GREEK ART OF THE MIDDLE OF THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C.
 (Groups from Marble Bas-reliefs of the Temple of Apollo Epicurius, at Bassæ, in Arcadia.)

THE MAGAZINE OF ART.



INTRODUCTION.



THE meaning of the word *Art* is said by etymologists to be “a preconception of anything which lays down certain ways and rules for doing or making it;” an idea formed in the mind, from which definite laws can be deduced for carrying it into execution. To conceive the shape and quality of many things that must be made, and to provide for making them, is necessary to the life and well-being of man. Other creatures have their summer and winter clothing ready made, and food fit for them at hand. They make their nests, their holes, their water-side huts, and lay up their winter stores, knowing food from poison, and forecasting the changes of the year. Their knowledge of these things comes to them without effort, and they use it without consciousness: for these reasons we call it instinct. This knowledge suffices to supply their wants, but it begins and ends with this sufficiency. Man, on the other hand, has to provide his clothing, to find out what is good for his food, and to make his house out of his

own resources. All that he does for himself he must do *secundum artem*. All nature is at his command, yet he has to change and prepare even his natural materials; nothing lies ready to his hand. Corn must be sown and ground, wool spun and woven, trees felled and rent, stones quarried and squared, before he can make even a beginning of his proposed work. All these labours, though preliminary, are done according to known principles and special rules. As societies grow and wants increase, they have to devise machines and engines, which they set going by air, water, or steam—powers of movement which they can use according as they have one or other of them at hand. With these they multiply the productions of human labour, men’s hands being too few for the quantity of the things required. We call these various operations industrial or mechanical arts; even though the machinery necessary for them is often only produced by astonishing ingenuity, calculation,

and dexterity. As societies or nations make greater use of these arts, we say they become more and more *artificial*. But in the pages of this magazine, when we enlarge on the theme of *Art*, we shall mean conceptions of a higher order, and carried out by more subtle skill: art which provides not what is agreeable to eat, soft to wear, or convenient for daily uses; but recreation and enjoyment for the mind. And as we reach the mind through the doors of the eye and

the ear, so these works of art must be good to look at or sweet to hear. They are produced by painting, sculpture, and music. Putting aside the last, we may affirm that the mind takes pleasure when the two former arts are shown on buildings, furniture, or dress. These arts we properly call *fine* or *beautiful* arts. The knowledge of history, of the laws of nature, of the many subjects which are reduced to sciences, enlarge the mind, give it method, and store it with treasures new and old. Art gives it play and recreation. Nature itself, besides its provision for the life and well-being of living animals, is clothed through its wide extent with attractions that smile everywhere to the eye. This attractiveness, which we call its beauty, is to be taken in and tasted by man alone. Birds eat the fruits, and beasts the herbs, but they care nothing for the landscape, and the dog or the ass elings to his own master, though he be debased and repulsive to his fellow-men.

As we find the materials for our useful arts in or on the earth, so, for our fine arts, models and motives of conception are found in the outward beauty of created things. Nature, so seen, is the great book of imagery from which the artist gathers his materials. As his knowledge of it is wide and deep, his grasp sure, and his hand skilful, so he will be powerful in his art. He will *know* what he intends to represent, and will be complete and perfect in his execution. Nothing whatever that he has learned by observation, comparison, or training of hand, is without its place in his mind; all will be brought to bear on his work in due season. The great text-book remains always open, by which he measures, proves, and corrects himself.

If art, then, has this close relation to nature, what, it may be asked, is the utmost excellence in the portrait, if we compare it to the original? Can it seize the splendour, or follow out the fulness of that which it imitates?

If nature is the original, and art a transcript or a portrait, do not natural agencies, such, for instance, as light in photography, answer better than human fingers? Furthermore, may we not in all cases, by a simple comparison with nature, decide on the merits of art, each one for himself? In answer to this, it must be said, first, that to see outward nature—men, landscapes, and so on—and to *observe* and *study* them, not broadly only, but in detail, are widely different actions. Even the persons and faces we live with, and see oftenest, have sometimes beauties or defects, unknown or never seen till a strange eye notices them. Seeing, we do not always see; and knowing, there is much that we do not understand. But even the most exact observation of the surface of nature is not enough to make a judge of



GREEK ART: THE VENUS OF MILO, IN
THE LOUVRE.

(Discovered in 1820.)

art. Art is not a mere transcript of nature. It is something more, it is the embodiment of a conception of the mind. Its operations are as subtle as the power from which it has its first origin.

Over and above the faculty of remembering, reasoning, and deducing, the mind has that of producing. It receives impressions, and quickens them with life. Its highest faculty is that of



RAPHAEL: FROM THE MADONNA DI SAN SISTO, IN THE DRESDEN GALLERY.

seizing the centre and core of difficult questions, the very form and fashion of things or of persons of which reason leads us only to the qualities, signs, and attributes. We call this imagination. With imagination the man of science cuts Gordian knots. He seizes hold of a cause, or finds a key to marvels round which a learned generation has wandered wondering. Its conclusions are so simple, so unmistakable, that the wonder is they have not been found out before. Well, this gift of imagination is the quickening power of art. It sees visions, it dreams dreams, it brings forth images. The artist who has this gift schools himself by reference to material nature. He tests his works by comparison with it, but he figures *the impressions that nature gives him*. He represents by his signs what natural appearances signify to him. The outward loveliness of creation is a mystery. It discloses much; it seems to hide still more. It is harmonious, complete; yet, closely as we look at it, it is seen but dimly and in part. And the artist can

but use his slender means as fully as their limited nature will enable him. What had Phidias, or the sculptor of the Venus of Milo, or Raphael, or Michael Angelo, beyond chisels and brushes, coloured dust and blocks of marble? What had they for models? Common men, daily actions; a graceful walk, a tender look of devotion or compassion, caught in passing through the crowd; sudden sights, momentary impressions, giving wings to their imagination as sparks

to fire ready to be kindled! How immense has been the result—what majesty, what tenderness, what a touching irresistible grace, never to be lost till time or violence destroy their works!

To understand art we must take account of this royal faculty. The great works of great masters, though simple, are not easy to understand. Their language must be studied as carefully as the language of Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare. Many men of great attainments in other respects, not giving themselves this necessary trouble, judge of art with the minds of children; often drawn by what is homely, soft, or sweet, and offended by the refinement and severity of proved excellence. There are, doubtless, many kinds of art, as there have been many artists, each endowed with gifts distinct, and his own. But all have their proper excellence, and about this excellence there is a unity of law in no way affected by the manifold instances of its application.

To this excellence, in many forms, we shall revert from time to time. It is enough for the present to have set forth the great cause we shall have to plead in future pages, and, with all diffidence for our own shortcomings, in describing

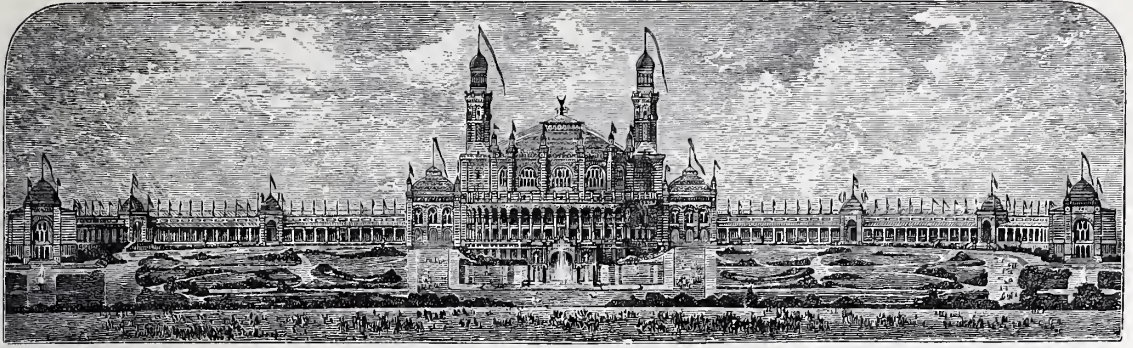


CUPID: FLORENTINE SCULPTURE, END OF FIFTEENTH CENTURY;
WORK OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

(From the Original in Marble in the South Kensington Museum.)

works of art and venturing to form our judgment upon them, to beg for the patience, and claim the sympathy of our readers.

The criticism of art, indeed, has grown into a special province of literature, with technical terms, almost a language of its own. And if we are right that great masters express themselves in characters only to be understood by study and experience, we cannot wonder if descriptions and decisions are often unsound and clothed in words borrowed but not mastered. We claim the sympathy then of our readers, not because we shall be doubtful of the conclusions we may have to express, but because we desire to share with them all the knowledge we have when we are forced to stop short of conclusions.

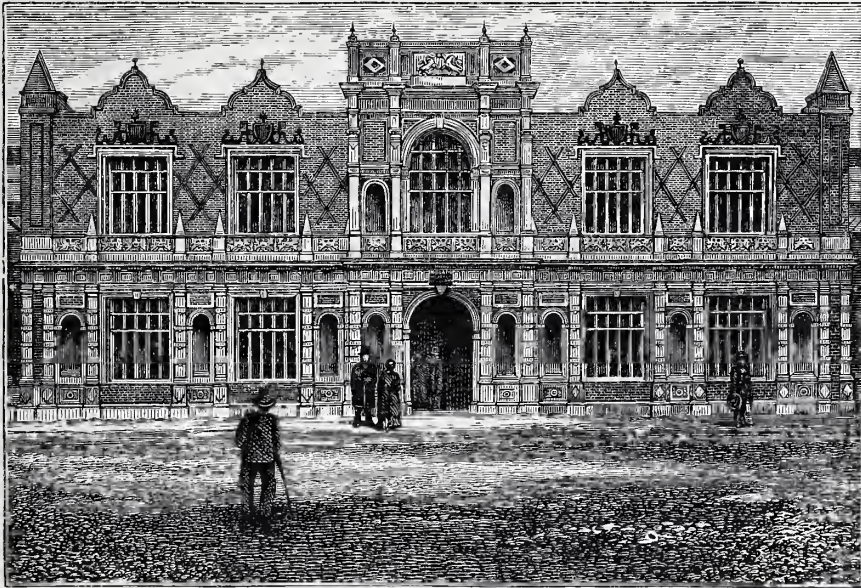


THE TROCADERO BUILDING.

THE PARIS UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION.—I.

AFTER the Exhibition of 1851—which attracted more than six millions of visitors from every quarter of the globe to Hyde Park—had established the success of these great “world’s fairs,” France was the first

Consort, and the darling wish of the promoters of the first great international gathering, was that such friendly competitions should bring about universal peace, the Crimean War was raging throughout the whole period of the first



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S PAVILION.

country to emulate our example upon a similar scale, and in a strange group of buildings clustered around the Palais de l'Industrie, and stretching far away along the Seine, Paris welcomed the world in 1855. It will not be forgotten by croakers and the believers in ill-omens that, although the idea of the Prince

Paris Exhibition, while now on the eve of another Exhibition at Paris the war-clouds again hang heavy over the East. The Paris Exhibition of 1867, held upon the same site as the present one, was the first of these great displays to pass away leaving no lasting record of its existence, and no permanent building to remind

us of its successes or its failures. The glass palace of 1851 still flourishes at Sydenham; one of the domes of Captain Fowke long crowned the summit of Muswell Hill; the Palais de l'Industrie will for many a year usefully maintain the reputation of the first Paris Exhibition; but after all was over in 1867 the Champ de Mars was again converted into a sandy plain, and the huge gasometer-like structure wholly vanished.

The Exhibition of 1878, if it serves no other purpose and achieves no greater success, will ever be held in grateful remembrance by Parisians as having given them the stately and enduring monument which now crowns the Trocadéro, and which will doubtless rank as one of the grandest public edifices in the world. The architect, more than any of his brother artists, owes everything to position, and surely never was there a finer opportunity afforded for a noble building than is presented by the site which the first Napoleon selected for a palace for his son, the Place du Roi de Rome, on the topmost slope of the Trocadéro. The Palais du Trocadéro, designed by MM. Davioud and Bourdais, is in its main features, as will be seen by our illustration, a central hall flanked by two lofty towers, with a semi-circular colonnade sweeping up to it in well-rounded curves on either side. The style of architecture is Byzantine, with a dash of Lombardic Gothic in the enrichments; the material is the beautiful cream-coloured Parisian stone, with belts of red sandstone judiciously introduced so as to give an air of richness, while avoiding the streaky appearance of those buildings where colour is thus used in Italy. Polychromatic decoration has further been attempted by the insertion of coloured mosaic-work in the frieze and over some of the arches. In the towers to the right and left of the great hall, vast lifts have been designed capable of ascending with sixty passengers at a time, and as the summits of these buildings soar far away above every other elevation in Paris, the view thus afforded is indeed magnificent. From an arched opening beneath the centre of the great hall upon the summit of the hill issues one of the largest artificial waterfalls ever constructed; a constant stream

of water pumped from the Seine dashes over a series of rock-cut steps, each of which has a fall of from six to eight feet, and thus finds its way back to the river, to be again lifted by steam-power to the level from which it originally started.

The slopes of the Trocadéro are quite alive with buildings. As we stand on the Jéna bridge, which has been cleverly widened to accommodate the vast increase of traffic, we see a strange medley of structures crowding in on every side. To the extreme right a curious castellated enclosure, with a boldly-designed square tower, has been erected by the Algerian Government for its collections, while a smaller building on the far left has been fitted up by Persian decorators sent over expressly by the Shah. The Persian house, all the fittings in which have been forwarded from Teheran, contains in one of its upper rooms a most marvellous and elaborate work, whose equal it would be difficult to find in Europe. It consists of a ceiling formed of an almost infinite number of pendentives, each of which is composed of innumerable small facets of looking-glass. The interior of such an apartment when lighted up at night must be dazzling beyond description, and recalls some of the stories of the caverns into which Aladdiu descended with the wondrous lamp. Among the most noticeable of the buildings before us is the pavilion erected by the French Department of Forests, which contains specimens of nearly every variety of native building-woods. The design, which is from the hand of M. Etienne, is extremely graceful, and the building is most characteristic. It is impossible, much as we may admire these various buildings, not to be struck with the fact that their presence before us is unquestionably a sad mistake, for they shut out, from the best place from which to view it, one of the finest edifices in the world.

The great central hall of the Trocadéro is about thirty feet smaller in each direction than the Royal Albert Hall, though it greatly exceeds the latter in height. An organ has been constructed for it similar in every respect to the one recently sent to Manchester for the New Town Hall, and manufactured by the same

firm, Messrs. Cavailé Coll. The hall can seat in comfort 5,000 persons, and a truly international series of concerts is promised us during the exhibition time. The choice of Mr. Arthur Sullivan to represent English music will ensure the due share of notice for the works of our own countrymen, and it is hoped that each Commission taking part in the Exhibition will give the Parisians a chance of judging of the skill of its native performers. In the galleries forming the wings to the main building is now gathered, under the superintendence of M. de Longperrier, the most valuable collection of archæology and art-history which could be obtained, by bringing together to one spot the choicest specimens of nearly every great museum and private cabinet in France. This so-called "retrospective" exhibition alone affords a sufficient inducement for a visit to Paris, and will be generally appreciated; but in all we have said hitherto we have not touched upon the Exhibition proper, which occupies a far humbler site, stretching away as she does at the feet of her proud sister-palace on the opposite bank of the river.

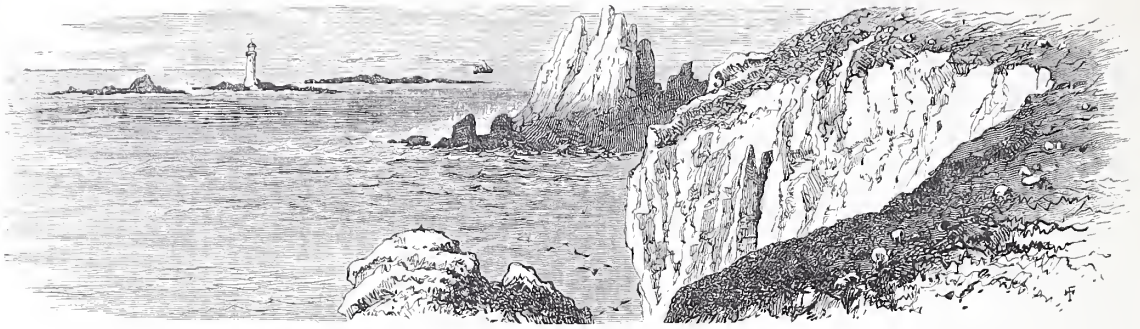
Between the Seine and the main building of the Champ de Mars, a wide space has been retained which has been marvellously converted into flower-beds, greensward, and quiet woodlands, in the manner so well known to French landscape gardeners. Where six months back we stumbled over a huge gravel-heap, we now find a charming wooded glen, whose sloping banks are shaded by trees, the growth, surely, of half a century. Where only last autumn we saw them spreading layer after layer of

rubbish, there is now quite a poetical little pool, issuing from a rocky cavern grown over with ivy and climbing plants, and promising to be graceful with ferns. It is sad to think that in a few more months this charming landscape will all be swept away for the dull, tame level of the review-ground. Want of space has, however, caused this much-needed garden to be terribly built over, and quite a little town of châteaux, kiosks, and pavilions has risen up between the river and the Exhibition building; a repetition of the same fault we have had to censure across the Seine.

The iron and glass palace of M. Hardy has small claims to architectural merit. It has many very excellent features, and it is most conveniently placed and arranged for exhibition purposes. Externally, its tame and commonplace character is emphasised rather than otherwise by the trumpery plaster and zinc enrichments with which the façade has been bedizened: the glaring tile-decorations and the carton-pierre shields are worse than failures. It is much to be regretted that an attempt should have been made to convert honest iron construction into a semblance of solidity by such shams, and with the really fine permanent building opposite to them, the sheds on the Champ de Mars should have been left to tell their own tale. Every precaution should, in fact, have been taken to avoid most scrupulously all appearance of rivalry with the Trocadéro Palace, which cannot fail to be regarded by all the visitors to Paris in 1878 as the chief feature of the Exhibition.

(To be continued.)

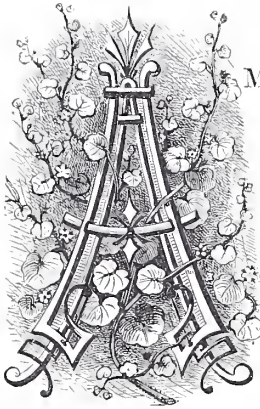




THE LAND'S END AND LONGSHIPS LIGHT.

ARTISTS' HAUNTS.

I.—CORNWALL. THE CLIFFS. THE LAND'S END.



AMONGST the artist's many desiderata is a good sketching-ground—good not only in *esse* but also in *posse*—scenes which are not only beautiful or terrible in themselves, but which, from some peculiarity of position, or some historic or legendary associations, will yield artistic results comparable to those which the hand of a master musician educes—under *all* most favouring conditions—from a well-tuned instrument. For though there be no “rift within the lute,” and though it be ever so rightly tuned, yet time, circumstances, and perhaps, above all, associations, are as important elements in the development of music, as they are in the production of the poem, or the picture. And we are bold to say that, for the latter, all the required conditions may be found in that land of old romance, Cornwall,—the “land of the giants.”

It is proposed to deal with the attractions of Cornish landscape under three different divisions—the Cliffs, the Moors, and the Woods. And it may be at once admitted that in Cornwall the first of these is pre-eminent for the purposes of the artist. Let us avail ourselves of the luxurious Great Western rail, and in about twelve hours we shall reach Penzance, the starting-point for the Land's End district. In this charming sub-tropical climate, tall heliotropes, scarlet geraniums, fuchsias and camellias grow in the open air all the year round; some

filling the air with their rare perfumes, and others almost dazzling the eye with the profusion of their brilliant blooms.

But Penzance itself, though in view of Milton's “guarded mount,” need not detain the artist. He should endeavour to find quarters either at one of the little inns at Sennen, St. Just, or Treryn, or at humble lodgings, which are sometimes to be obtained near Whitesand Bay. A glance at the map will show the relative positions and advantages of these places as head-quarters. Sennen and St. Just command the district between the Land's End and Cape Cornwall (said to be the only “cape” in England); whilst Treryn is a good base of operations for the coast scenery which lies between the stern granite headland of Tol Pedn Penwith and once beautiful Lamorna Cove. Whichever point he selects will afford subjects innumerable for that

“Soul-soothing art which morning, noontide, even,
Do serve with all their changeful pageantry.”

Miles of grey and purple cliffs, cushioned with sea-pinks, and bordered with golden furze and crimson heath,—stretches of yellow sands lining the “emerald crescent bays,”—the silver sheen of the Atlantic,—and a changeful sky,—everywhere await his pencil. Should the day prove very calm (as indicated in this slight sketch of the Land's End and Longships Light) he can hardly fail to recall Wordsworth's exquisite lines, familiar, but ever welcome to all true artists:—

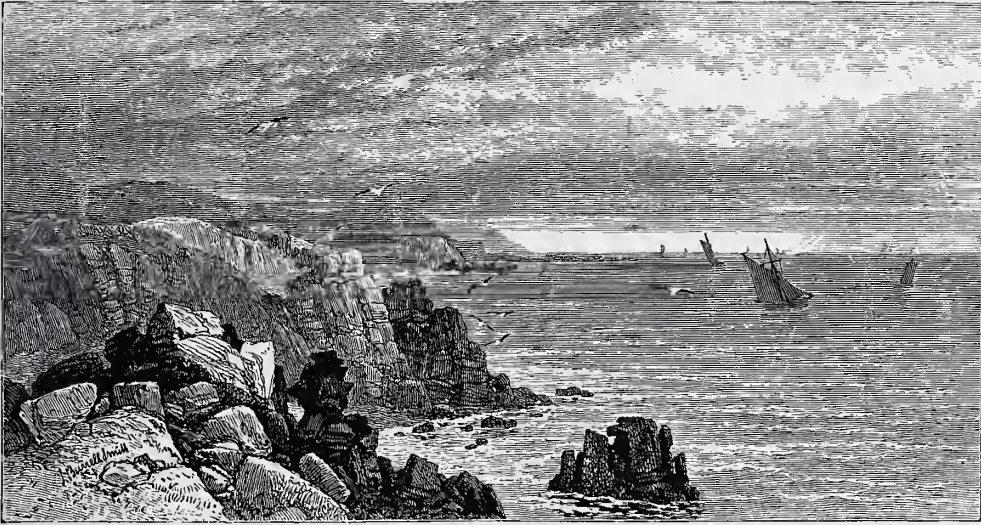
“How perfect was the calm! It seemed no sleep,
No mood which reason takes away, or brings:
I could have fancied that the mighty deep
Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.

Ah ! then if mine had been the painter's hand,
 To express what then I saw ; and add the gleam,
 The light that never was on sea or land,
 The consecration, and the poet's dream."

At such a time the tempest-scarred cliffs of columnar granite smile in the sunshine, decked in that subtle harmony of tints which grey moss and golden lichen afford, relieved by shadows of a purer purple than was ever spread on palette ; whilst, as Charles Kingsley says, at their base rolls in "the smooth Atlantic

Fortunate is he who has an opportunity of enjoying a storm at the Land's End, when
 "The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves"

are at work, seeming maliciously bent on destroying the great breakwater which the God of Nature has placed here to guard the southern Cornish coast. At such a time, when the storm continues, the tenants of the Longships Light cannot be relieved for weeks ; and *even in calms* it is sometimes dangerous for



PRADNACK POINT.

swell, as if curling itself up to sleep at last within that sheltered nook--tired with its weary wanderings." Here is ample field for any "Prince of Chlorists !"

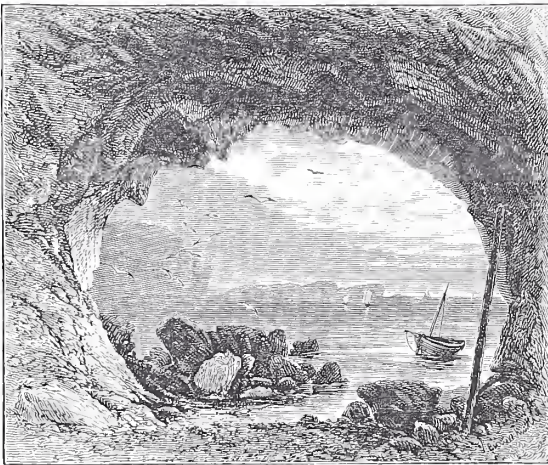
How a breeze changes the scene ! Red-sailed fishing-boats put out from the little cove on a "whiffing" expedition for mackerel, and dance light-heartedly over apple-green waves, whose tints and forms compel an exclamation in praise of the fresh and cheerful truthfulness with which Hook has depicted many such a scene : the breeze has hardly arrived before a ground swell rises, telling of an Atlantic storm, which may have taken place days ago and hundreds of miles away ; and the waves--though there is still but slight motion in the air--break upon the vanguard of England in "measured cadences of thunder."

them to go outside the lighthouse door, lest the "cruel, crawling foam" lick them off the slippery rocks on which the men seek to exercise their cramped limbs. Now the artist perceives how no trees grow on the wind-whipped moorlands in the rear of the cliffs ; or, if some stunted thorn has dared to assert its existence amid such furious blasts as here sometimes prevail, see how it piteously flings its arms towards the east, as if appealing for deliverance from its tyrant !

The Land's End is a wonderful place for studying what our greatest of word-painters finely calls "the disorder of the surges." Here, says Ruskin, "every one of them, divided and entangled among promontories as it rolls, and beaten back post by post from walls of rock on this side and that side, recoils like the defeated division of a great army, throwing all

behind it into disorder, breaking up the succeeding waves into vertical ridges, which, in their turn, yet more totally shattered upon the shore, retire in more hopeless confusion, until the whole surface of the sea becomes one dizzy whirl of rushing, writhing, tortured undirected rage, bounding and crashing, and coiling in an anarchy of enormous power, subdivided into myriads of waves, of which every one is not, be it remembered, a separate surge, but part and portion of a vast one, actuated by eternal power, and giving in every direction the mighty undulation of impetuous line, which glides over the rocks and writhes in the wind, overwhelming the one and piercing the other with the form, fury, and swiftness of a sheet of lambent fire."

One feature of especial interest on this part of the English coast should not be overlooked:



CAVE AT MULLYON.

—it has been seized and turned to good account by the late Samuel Cook and by J. G. Philp, who have perhaps rendered more truthfully than any other artists the cliff scenery of Cornwall. That feature consists of the numerous islets, often bearing fantastic forms, (and names as grotesque and suggestive as their forms,) which fringe the coast and tell of days that are no more, when they themselves were parts of the mainland, portions of that legendary, submerged "sweet land of Lyonesse" where, in Arthur's last fight—

"All day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the western seas."

This is now a great tract of water, still bearing the name of "Lyonesse" or "Lethowstow," and lying between the Land's End and the Scilly Isles, which—though twenty-five miles off—are to be seen from the mainland in clear weather. The Scilly Isles do not afford good sketching-ground, though very interesting in many other respects.

Descend into Whitesand Bay and a fresh set of subjects invite the sketcheder's skill; some of the best points are near Vellan Dreath, "The Mill on the Sands," where a gallant old miller and his boys once beat off the crew of a Spanish privateer. But it would be well to commence this expedition at Sennen Cove, about a mile from the "Church Town," passing the little "town place" of Mayon; then there are nearly two miles of beach before you, and the only difficulty as to subjects will be to know on which of the many to begin. A different variety of rock comes in at this part of the coast—viz., slate—a ridge of which runs out from the cove to the Longships, and the junction of this rock with the granite will afford an interesting study to both artist and geologist. Nor can the unusually fine examples of raised beaches along Whitesand Bay fail to attract the attention of the latter.

On no account should any one who is in search of the beautiful omit to delight his eyes with the glimpses of Fairyland to be found in some of the rock-pools at low water. There are some capital lines of Southey's, in his "Curse of Kehama," which give a faint notion of these dainty sea-gardens:—

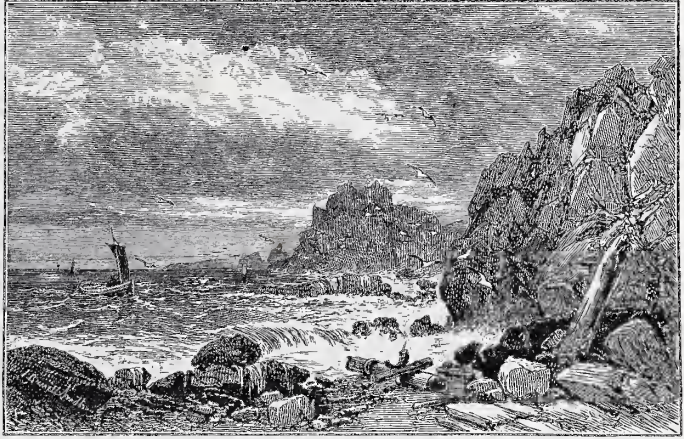
"And here were coral bowers,
And grots of madrepores,
And banks of sponge as soft and fair to eye
As e'er was mossy bed
Whereon the wood-nymphs lie
With languid limbs in summer's sultry hours.
Here, too, were living flowers
Which, like a bud compacted,
Their purple cups contracted,
And now in open blossom spread."

No attempt seems ever to have been made to depict on canvas these marvellous lovelinesses; yet there can be little doubt that, if adequately treated, the innovation would soon find a permanent place amongst the representations of

fruits, flowers, birds' nests, and fungi, with which we are so familiar.

The finest *cliff* scenery proper, however, remains to be seen. It lies southward and eastward of the Land's End, and the finest part may be said to commence at Pradanack Point, whose basalt-like granite rocks so enraptured Turner. This is barely a mile from Sennen village. Clambering along slippery sheepwalks, whilst the startled seabirds scream as if trying to frighten you into a false step and a plunge into the abyss, Nanjizal Bay is soon near at hand, with beauties all its own—a falling stream, and a rent in the cliffs of Pendour Point which is sometimes called "The Song of the Sea." Next in order, surmounted by its "peculiar diadem," is "Tol Pedn," the holed headland of *Penwith* (as this division of Cornwall is called); best seen from its base, which can be easily reached by a moderately good climber at any time of the tide. Having reached the bottom of the cliff the eye is surprised by the stupendous masses of rock, crowned with granite pinnacles that pierce the sky; or, to use another comparison, like gigantic organ-pipes whose music is the whistling of the wild west wind and the diapason of the waves. Picture after picture is seen, each more beautiful than the last. Round the headland lies the picturesque little "Cove of Shelter," Porthgwarrah; and then comes Porthcurnow, with its magnificent rocks and fine view of the famous Logan Rock on Treryn (pr. *Treen*) Dinas, "the fortified site," four

miles from Sennen. Here the unusually bright colour of the rhomboidal blocks of granite which build up the great headland—"tempest-buffed, citadel-crowned"—covered in parts with byssus, afford fine studies; whilst the waves, viewed under favourable circumstances from above, seem composed of huge moving sapphires and emeralds. Between this point and Penzance



LION ROCK, WITH MULLYON IN THE DISTANCE.

the coast-line diminishes in interest, although the views across Mount's Bay eastward are varied and extensive.

But, attractive as the Land's End undoubtedly is, we must not forget the serpentine cliffs and the splendid scenery about Mullyon, in the Lizard district (which we have somewhat anticipated in this paper); the tremendous precipices of Bedruthan; and the iron-bound coast which stretches northward from Trebarwith Strand and Tintagel. These must, however, be reserved for another article.

WALTER H. TREGELLAS.

THE DUDLEY GALLERY.

WE cannot call to mind a more uniformly excellent gathering on these walls than the present fourteenth general exhibition of water-colour drawings. In landscapes the collection is unusually strong. Starting with the two works of Mr. Tom Lloyd, it will, we think, be found that the true principle of landscape is

always aimed at, if not always attained. The poetic side of a scene has been taken and presented to us, filtered through the mind of the artist, neither idealised out of all knowledge, nor reproduced with a crudeness Dame Nature herself never manifests. "Fast Falls the Eventide" is an idyl of home. In an English cottage

garden sits a grandam with a little child. The sun has westered, but there still lingers in the sky the pale primrose twilight known only to these islands, and by its light we see two lovers looking over a landscape as wide as their hopes, as pleasant as their thoughts. There is no sound in the air save the prattle of the child, the murmur of the lovers' voices, or the whirr of the swallows as they wing their flight homewards through the clear sky, or twitter round the cottage eaves. There seems to us a rare charm in this landscape as English as the word of words—Home. "Up the River" is a transcript of many a bit on the Thames, with the towing-path and the pollards. A boat is moored to the bank as two dainty girls, in coquettishly cool muslins, stand waiting for the rapidly approaching figure in flannels, which comes on to carry into practice the pleasant line, "Youth at the prow and Pleasure at the helm."

Mr. Ernest Waterlow contributes five works, the most prominent of which are "A Riverside House," red-tiled and picturesque, reflected in the cool river, on which a punt lazily floats; haggard and house throw their shadows on the waters, and the time is the gloaming; and "Henley-on-Thames," a charming version of a charming scene. "The Moon is up, and yet it is not Night," with its two figures strolling homewards through the meadow path, is a very tender little gem, by Miss Alice Havers (Mrs. Morgan). Mrs. Helen Allingham in "The Robin," gives a cottage scene, Meissonier-like in its microscopic minuteness, with yet some touches that recall Birket Foster. In the foreground are the cottage, an old woman and child, a blaekbird in a cage, and the red-breasted hero of the painting. In the distant fields are seen sheep browsing, and a man and dog coming along the path that leads both to home. All Mrs. Allingham's *verve* is preserved, writ small. "Saving the Turf, Co. Mayo," by Mr. Albert Hartland, is a study in browns. The melancholy dreary bog for once in the year is instinct with life, as the farmers and peasants who have the "privilege" are cutting and "stacking" the peat for themselves and "the agent." It must have been from such a scene as this that the Premier drew his ideal of "The Island by

the Melancholy Ocean;" bleaker than a highland moor, more weird than a Devonshire tor, it is the very dreariness of desolation.

Widely varying from this is "Under the Bridge of the Baretiri, at Venice," by Vicenzo Cabianca, with the dull green sluggish waters, the greenish weather-worn bridge, the black gondola, and the light green boat-posts, relieved by the patch of sunshine that falls on the water door-way of the house by the canal. Another contrast is "The Back Gate of the Puerta de Justicia, Granada," by Gustave Gillman, with its strong sunlight beating on the worn and fissured brick-work, executed with marvellous detail, on which only a fragment of the blue arabesque tiles remains to tell of its ancient splendour. "Gathering Clouds, January, 1878," by Mr. Walter Severn, is a seascape with a moral—grey sky, grey sea, and the Channel fleet ready, if need be, to show that though our ships are iron-clads, our sailors are still hearts of oak. Mr. Arthur Severn furnishes three works:—"Boulogne Boat entering Folkestone Harbour in a Storm," fighting its way through the grey driving sea, with still greyer clouds overhead, is a painting that grows on one from its very truth. "Cromer after Sunset," with its blending of ruddy light and grey shadows, and its wet sands, recalls the scene in "Enoch Arden." Space will permit but a few words for Mr. Poynter's exquisitely finished "Moonlight in Funchal Bay, Madeira," and Mr. G. A. Storey's sketch, "On the River near Guildford," which we trust to see reproduced on a larger scale.

We can but note amongst the landscapes "Blooming Gorse on a Surrey Common," by Mr. F. Slocombe; "Bury, near Arundel," by Mr. W. F. Stocks; "An Ancient Cinque Port," by Mr. J. L. Henry; "Tween Strath and Moor," and "Autumn Mist," by Mr. Henry Moore; "The Lions of the Capitol," by Mr. John Fulleylove; "Lawn Market, Edinburgh," by Miss Louise Rayner; "A Breezy Day on the Maas," by Mr. G. S. Walters; "A Moorland," by Mr. W. P. Burton; and a work with a similar title, by Mr. Joseph Knight; two scenes in Lincoln, by Mr. John O'Connor; "The River Blyth, Suffolk," by Mr. G. F.



"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

(Drawn on Wood by Louise Jopling, from her Picture in the Dudley Gallery, 1878.)

Glennie ; and a little sketeh, "Near Cranleigh, Surrey," by Mr. Charles Rowbotham.

Foremost amongst the figure pieces we must place the subject of our illustration, "It might have been," by Mrs. Louise Jopling. The colour is charming in the strong black, white, red, and greens, that tell against the golden background. There is tenderness and thought in every touch of this exquisite work, from the pale, pretty face, with half-parted lips, that leans wearily against the Japanese cabinet, the gift, perhaps, of him whose letters remain as the sole relies of "what might have been." Has he gone down to the sea in ships? The accessories of quaint Eastern jars and screen would say, "Yes." Will he return, will the sea give up its dead? The mourning-dress would say, "No."

Another tale of the sea is "Will any Man give me any More," by Mr. Hamilton Macallum. A brawny fisherman kneels on the beach beside his basket, the fish are spread daintily out to catch the purchasers, and behind, the boat rocks easily on the dancing waters. In "A Seaweed Boat," you see it held down astern by the rope that is towing the dead weight of "vraick" for the seaside farm. "Making it Hot," with the melancholy clown, his friend the property man, and the little fairy queen, by Mr. J. A. Fitzgerald, is a well-told story of the birth of a pantomime-poker, of poor Paillasse, and the business of pleasure. Mr. John Tenniel

furnishes the finished sketch of his "Lighting the Beacon;" and Mr. Stacy Marks the quaint "The King was in his Counting House." Mr. Dollman in "The Canine Esculapius," and Mr. Poney in "The Queen of the Den," give the humorous, as Mr. Percy Macquoid, in "Faithful unto Death," gives the tragic side of poor doggie's story. Wonderful in the colouring and texture of the groups of vegetables, and wooden in the figures, is "Gardner's Shop," which many will recognise as by Mr. W. Hough. Mr. John Parker presents a foreible likeness of Mr. E. J. Gregory, and Mr. Walter Crane in his portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Lyulph Stanley, in her amber dress and statuesque *pose*, recalls to mind Alfred de Musset's lines on the Marchesa d'Amegui:—

"Au sein bruni,
Pâle comme une belle nuit d'automne."

Mr. Frank Dillon is an Orientalist to the end of his nails, and his "Japanese Arrangement," with the storks on screen, the flowers, the *cloisonné*, and the blue Kago ware is of the East, Eastern; whilst the work of a young lady, daughter of a great sculptor, Miss Constance Philip, "Yellow Chrysanthemums," boldly pitted against a golden background, is as strong in colour as marvellous in relief. With this brief summary we must conclude our remarks upon a gathering over which we would willingly have lingered longer. H. W. S.

OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

EDWARD MATTHEW WARD, R.A.



It was Macaulay who realised the great fact that history is not made up of the prominent events of sieges and treaties, of coronations and royal marriages, but of the rehearsals of all these behind-the-scenes of the tragic-comedy of *La Vie Humaine*. From broad-sheets and ballads, from little known books by less known authors,

who were honest enough to speak their mind because they had nothing to hope from dishonesty, he wove the magic cloth of England's history. And as we learn more of a country from the narrow byways than from the broad highways, so do we gain from the great men and women of other days, unwigged and slippered, the picturesque prospects of a sometimes prosaic past.

The subject of our little monograph, when he had ranged himself, for, like all artists,

he had made tentative efforts in various directions before he found his groove, read history by a similar light, and from the boudoir, the ante-room, and the poet's attic gleaned materials for the series of historico-genre pictures which are identified with his name. Like Joseph William Mallord Turner, Mr. Ward is a

His father, too, early recognised the art proclivities of the lad, and fostered his inclinations by procuring for him lessons in oil painting.

The natural result of this playing pieces when he should have been practising scales, was that young Ward spoiled many canvases



THE LAST SLEEP OF ARGYLE.

(One of the Frescoes in the House of Commons Corridor.)

native of the Bailiwick of the city of Westminster. Born at Pimlico in the lull that came after the great storm, the year 1816, little Ward early developed a taste for drawing, which taste his parents, with rare sense, encouraged. "Mother," says Thackeray, "stands in the place of God with the little child," and in a letter written many years since to the veteran editor of the *Art Journal*, Mr. Ward feelingly alluded to the dawn of his art life. It may be here said, "natural good taste" was what might only have been expected from the sister of Horace and James Smith, of the "Rejected Addresses" and "Brambletye House."

and wasted much colour. At this time, fortunately, Chantrey stepped in to the rescue, and by his advice the young student was set down to the alphabet of art, the study of the antique, and the dry labour of anatomical drawings. In 1834, young Ward, then in his eighteenth year, was received into the Royal Academy as a student, Wilkie standing as his art sponsor. In the same year his first exhibited work was hung on academic walls, the portrait of Adelpi O. Smith in the character of Don Quixote. In 1836, he betook himself to Rome, the Mecca of all young artists, where for three years he devoted himself to the

drudgery of art. Returning to England, and taking Munich on his way, he studied under Cornelius, a fortunate omen for his future success in frescoes. In 1838, he received the distinguished honour of "The Silver Medal" in the class of historical composition, from the Academy of St. Luke, and in the same year he painted his "Cimabue and Giotto"

and "La Fleur's Departure from Montreuil." In 1845, he exhibited his very fine "Dr. Johnson in the Ante-room of Lord Chesterfield," which conveys to the full the insults that prompted the indignant refusal of a dedication to the courtly Chesterfield, which now forms a prominent feature of the Vernon Gallery, and which we think it is not breaking confidence



Very sincerely yours
E W Ward

(From the Portrait by G. Richmond, R.A.)

exhibited at the Royal Academy on the return to England of the artist in the following year. For two or three years it was a question of *reculer pour mieux sauter*, little being produced but the "Napoleon in the Prison of Nice," purchased by the Iron Duke for the gallery at Apsley House. Five years later came the first of a long series of artistic successes in the "Dr. Johnson Reading the MS. of the 'Vicar of Wakefield.'" From this time Mr. Ward has rarely been an absentee on Academy walls. 1844 saw his "Goldsmith as a Wandering Musician"—

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
 Now by the lazy Scheldt, or wandering Po"—

to mention will be reproduced from the burin of Mr. Lumb Stocks, as the Art Union Engraving of 1879. In 1846, Mr. Ward was elected an Associate Member of the Royal Academy, and in this year was exhibited "The Fall of Clarendon," a reduced copy having been made for Mr. Vernon. The next year saw the "South Sea Bubble," a marvellous photographic version of one of the most prominent instances of human credulity, vivid as a page of Dr. Charles Mackay. From this time it is but necessary to catalogue the more pronounced works of the artist: "Highgate Fields during the Great Fire of 1666;" the



THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA AND NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

(*Mr. Ward's Academy Picture, 1877.*)

“Interview between Charles II. and Nell Gwynne”—

“Pretty and witty,
And with much that was good in her,
Poor Nell Gwynne”—

“De Foe and the MS. of Robinson Crusoe,” written in the old house in Church Street, Stoke Newington, improved off the face of the earth by the enterprise of modern builders; and “Young Benjamin West Drawing the Baby in the Cradle,” an event, we may here say, which took place in a house still standing in the pretty county of Chester. Pennsylvania. 1850 saw the “James II. Receiving the Intelligence of the Landing of the Prince of Orange;” and in 1851 were produced “The Royal Family of France in the Prison of the Temple,” and “Charlotte Corday led to Execution.” This has not been the only incident in the life of the fair young Normande, Marie Anne Charlotte Corday d’Armans, Mr. Ward has illustrated, for his “Last Toilette of Charlotte Corday” stands among the most tender of his works. The scene is the prison cell of the Conciergerie. Monsieur de Paris, with his fatal shears, hacks away at those bright tresses, lest they might dull the edge of “the people’s razor,” and with the cold steel foreshadowing its sharper presence, Charlotte Corday sits as M. Hauer gives a last look at the fair young face he has limned. The descendant of Corneille furnished in her own person an ending far sadder than any of his histrionic heroines, and Charlotte Corday shares with Beatrice de’ Cenci, as M. Hauer with Guido Reni, the sad honour of a prison portrait. In fact, in most of Mr. Ward’s works there is a tone of sadness, and, in evidence, we would but note two of his well-known frescoes in the Palace of Westminster, “The Execution of Montrose,” in which the last scene is portrayed with all the *verve* that distinguished the pen of the last of the Cavaliers, Professor Aytoun, and “The Last Sleep of Argyle,” his deadly enemy.

The March of 1855 saw Mr. Ward’s elevation to full Academic honours, in succession to Mr. J. J. Chalon, and from that period to last year were produced the two water-glass frescoes we have named, as well as “Alice

Lisle,” “Landing of Charles II.,” and the “Acquittal of the Seven Bishops,” as well as the oil “Marie Antoinette Parting with the Dauphin in Prison.” “The Visit to the Tomb of Napoleon,” and the Nephew of his Uncle Receiving the Order of the Garter, were painted for Her Majesty in 1859, as well as “Marie Antoinette Listening to the Reading of the Act of her Accusation.” “The Ante-chamber at Whitehall while the Second Charles lay Dying,” a fine satire, with something of Swift’s mordancy in the brush, was given in 1861; and in the year 1863 “Foundling Orphans in Hogarth’s Studio,” looking at the likeness of their benefactor, brave, single-souled, warm-hearted Captain Coram. “The Night of Rizzio’s Murder,” and “Jeanie Deans and the Duke of Argyle and Greenwich,” saw light in 1865; “The Earl of Leicester and Amy Robsart,” in 1866; “Grinling Gibbons’ First Introduction at Court,” in 1869; “Baxter and Jeffreys,” and “The Daughter of a King,” in 1870; and “Doctor Goldsmith,” in the immortal plum velvet, in 1871. 1873 witnessed renewed energy in “The Eve of St. Bartholomew,” and “Charles IX. and Admiral Coligny.” “Charles II. and Lady Rachel Russell,” and the powerful “Last Sleep of Marie Antoinette,” belong to 1874. In the latter the daughter of the Habsburgh and the wife of the Bourbon lying pale, worn, and wearied on her poor pallet in her poorer robes, with prison fare untasted by her side, is the realisation of brave Raleigh’s lines:—

“Sceptre and crown may tumble down,
And in the grave be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.”

“The window that looks into eternity” will be indeed a release for the Widow Capet.

This year Mr. Ward does not exhibit, his three large cartoons for the Royal Tapestry Manufactory at Windsor occupying his entire attention.

In conclusion, it is but necessary to note that the two last frescoes in the House are from Mr. Ward’s hands, “Monk declaring for a Free Parliament,” and “William and Mary receiving the Houses of the Lords and Commons.” We have engraved two representative

works of Mr. Ward's earlier and latest manner, "The Last Sleep of Argyle," and the "Queen Louisa and Napoleon," in last year's Academy. At all banquets the toast of "The Ladies" is held over till nigh the end, possibly as a *bonne bouche*, for which reason the writer has

refrained till now from any allusion to Mr. Ward's marriage with a lady whose canvases divide honours with those of her husband, and who can boast of being the granddaughter of our English Paul Potter—James Ward.

HUGH WILLOUGHBY SWENY.

VICISSITUDES OF ART TREASURES.

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



THE interest of vicissitude! Who is there insensible to the spell which vicissitude, with its almost inevitable yoke-fellow mystery, exercises on the imagination?—whether it be some restless career of human destiny; "the battles, sieges, fortunes that I have pass'd;" the "most disastrous chances, the moving accidents, by flood and field;" and all that won fair Desdemona. Or the still more potent vicissitudes of ancient families; as of that race represented by Sir Thomas Holte, who lorded it in the seventeenth century at Aston Hall, near Birmingham, and entertained King Charles in stately fashion. So high did the old baronet hold himself that he could scarcely, even by royal intercession, be persuaded to admit the daughter of John King, Bishop of London—James the First's "King of Preachers"—as fit mate for a son of his house. Yet, but a little time since, the heir to that ancient name and title wrought as a common blacksmith. Those men of Birmingham, whom his haughty ancestor hated and despised as turbulent Roundheads, had literally entered into his inheritance—Aston Hall and Park are the property of the town of Birmingham.

The pathos or the moral of such vicissitudes needs no enforcement; and thus, perhaps, enlarging the boundary of this sympathy we extend it to inanimate things, and view with interest such as bear upon them the memorial of many generations—"steps worn by the feet that now are silent;" treasures once of priceless worth, next spurned and forgotten, again recovered and enshrined with reverent care.

The great diamond, which was east aside as a common stone by an ignorant soldier after the fatal Battle of Morat, in which Charles the Bold of Burgundy was overthrown, found its way again to a princely treasury, after having helped the fortune of more than one keeper, and caused the death of at least one faithful guardian. The gold ring which belonged to the Princess, sister of King Alfred the Great, turned up not long since in a field near York; was hung by the farmer round his hound's neck; and, having survived the rough adventures of a farm dog, fortunately fell into the hands of a skilful antiquary, who has deposited for the present this curious memorial in the secure resting-place of the British Museum.

But it is not alone on battle-fields or remote farmlands that chance has abandoned such relics; still greater treasures of art have from time to time been disinterred from the forgotten hiding-places of ancient country homes.

Circumstances strange enough, moreover, have occasionally attended the finding of such things. Take the following as an example:—In one famous historic house, Hatfield, in Hertfordshire, still the home of a family that had already risen to greatness in the time when Elizabeth "*fut roi*," some rooms, at least, must long have escaped search; for in a disused chamber, beneath the bed, there was discovered, not many years ago, a chest, old and worn and of mean appearance. When it was opened, a case or large casket was found within, elaborately ornamented, bound with silver, and of old Spanish workmanship. On lifting the lid of this second case, it revealed what proved indeed a treasure-trove: vessels of engraved rock-crystal, mounted in gold and enamel; spoons and forks of the same, jewelled with

pearls and rubies and sapphires—all of exquisite Italian work, of the age of Benvenuto Cellini—unharmful, beautiful as ever, safe in their quiet resting-place, while centuries had passed, and not only the skilful hand that had fashioned them, but those for whom they were wrought with such luxury of cost and refinement of art,

long familiar with the antiquities of Italy, was surprised to observe the effect produced on an accomplished and learned American by the first sight of a fragment of Roman ruin. The travelled Englishman had seen such fragments in his own country and Gaul; in Spain, in Africa, on the Rhine, in Dacia,



ROCK CRYSTAL CUP, MOUNTED IN GOLD AND ENAMEL; SPOON AND FORK, GOLD MOUNTED AND JEWELLED, ITALIAN, SIXTEENTH CENTURY; PRESERVED IN HATFIELD HOUSE.

and those also who had laid them in this forgotten security, were remembered no more.

Were they spoils from the Spanish main? Were they some royal gift: for their value and splendour are princely? Did the owner say, "I will take them out to-morrow," and had no to-morrow? What was his secret? and did it die with him?

No doubt, other interests, and those of various kinds, eling round works of art; and most of us are ready, in theory at least, if not in fact, to acknowledge some of them. A friend of the writer who had himself been

in Greece, and throughout Italy; but the stranger from a new country was now for the first time brought face to face with a tangible record of the dominion of that stern race whose power exceeded all that was ever known by the name of power upon earth, and suddenly and deeply he realised the full meaning of such a record.

That power of vivid realisation is not granted to all, but for the most part some degree of interest is acknowledged. The sculpture that we are assured is ancient Greek; the carving which is proved to be early Florentine; the

painting that belongs to the Venetian, the Roman, the Bolognese, or any other famous school: these works boldly lay claim to our admiration, and are expected to command our interest.

Not less do we grant the claim that antiquity alone confers; a brick from Egypt or Babylon, a potsherd from a Phœnician tomb, a clay vessel thought to be as old as Troy, seem entitled to respect. Once more, the claim of intense interest is advanced for objects not necessarily either artistic or very ancient—Charlemagne's sword, Nelson's coat, and, could it be found, the pen with which Shakespeare wrote *Hamlet*! All relic-worship hangs on this interest, and those who trade on it will continue to furnish, to the end of time, food for the credulous and point to the satirist. The notable American showman had his jest about it, and got his answer, when his countryman asked to see, in Barnum's Museum, "the spear that killed Captain Cook." "Oh! you will find it in the next room." "Guessed

as much," retorted the shrewd Yankee; "never knew a respectable collection that didn't own it." However, putting aside these imaginations, we confine ourselves, in the history of art-treasures, to that which is perhaps the most varied, certainly the most full of human sympathy—the interest of vicissitude.

It may well be imagined that, just in proportion to the antiquity of an object of art, so the likelihood of its having to endure much vicissitude is increased—unless, indeed, it be as immovable as a pyramid of Egypt. Unfortunately, the long history too often fails to unfold itself, and we find we have to deal with a literally

immemorial antiquity. Nevertheless, striking examples do occasionally occur; and in their presence we cannot but acknowledge how impressive to the imagination is the moment when we vividly realise all that is implied by "the lapse of many generations." It is to Egypt we seem to turn instinctively in order to find such examples—to Egypt, whose antiquity had run its course before that of other famous nations had begun; and one of her most ancient works—and that truly a work of noble art—was seen but a few years ago under circumstances of strange vicissitude.

In the Great Exhibition at Paris, in 1867, was shown a seated figure of heroic size, representing the monarch Shaf-ra—the Kephren of Diodorus Siculus—founder of the second pyramid. It is sculptured out of a block of very hard dark stone, of somewhat crystalline texture, known as diorite, is in almost perfect preservation, and of contemporary workmanship: that is to say, it is one of the oldest statues known to exist in the world,

for Kephren was the most important of the monarchs of the fifth dynasty, and reigned 4,000 years ago.

It was found at the bottom of a sacred well in the ruined temple of Horem-Khou, near the group of great pyramids, opposite the Sphinx; and it was lent by the Khedive from his museum at Cairo—the most striking among many extraordinary illustrations of the arts of Egypt as they flourished in remotest antiquity.

As a piece of sculpture, it is an amazing performance; the artist seems to have played with the difficulties of his stubborn material, so entirely are they subdued to his purpose.



STATUE OF SHAF-RA, FOUNDER OF THE SECOND PYRAMID:
ANCIENT EGYPTIAN.

The modelling of the squared chest and shoulders, the steady poise of the erect head, the vigorous face—a portrait with a soul vivifying it—the kingly enthroned attitude, the admirable detail of the limbs and feet, truthful and nervous, yet magnificently idealised: all this, and more that needed to be seen in order to know and feel its power, stamped this almost primeval work as a triumph of the art of its nameless and forgotten sculptor.

It represents the monarch seated in majestic and living repose, in the attitude even then established as a tradition of art; his form rigid, his hand resting on his knee, his gaze fixed and intent—a truly marvellous ideal of human majesty. In presence of this proof of the genius of a perished race one felt humbled; its sway was undisputed, its impressiveness was almost terrible. Before this stately and impassive image one seemed to see the kings of the earth rise up from their thrones and bow down to do homage to one greater than they. His toils were ended, and he had been triumphant; his battle of life was fought, and his was the victory; judgment was past, immortality won, and he had entered on an "everlasting passionless repose."

But in strange contrast to all that his living eye had looked upon was that scene to which this, his imperishable monument, had been transported. At the feet of the stern colossal image surged the feverish life of Paris in the nineteenth century—haste and unrest, intense realisation of the present; the stirring of the turbulent tide of eager existence; but where is the heed of futurity and immortality, and of that just judgment to which even the kings of remote Egypt were trained to bow?

One might fitly quote here the story of that last Egyptian art monument which has at length found its way to our shores; but it is perhaps needless to do more than sketch the wonderful history of "Cleopatra's Needle," when 30,000 copies of the well-told narrative are already in circulation.

Nearly a thousand miles up the Nile, at Syene or Assouan, are the great quarries where the obelisk was, so to speak, born; hence its stone is called Sycnite: a splendidly compact, hard, and durable variety of granite. The vast

rocks in which these quarries were worked, extending in rugged ledges beneath the broad stream of the Nile, form what is known as the first cataract, after which the abounding river flows placidly on for its thousand miles till it enters the sea at Alexandria.

From Syene, about 3,500 years ago, the monolith was borne to the Greek "Heliopolis," the City of the Sun, called by its name "On" in the story of Joseph in the book of Genesis, and was placed, with three others, in front of the great temple of that sacred city. The life of many ancient nations began and ended while the massive column set up by the Pharaoh Thothmes III. bore witness to his glory and that of his race. For 1,600 years it stood, till the all-conquering Roman bore it with its fellows to Alexandria, and re-erected two of the splendid monoliths in front of the "Cæsarium," or temple in honour of the Cæsars; every vestige of which seems now to have disappeared. This was under the reign of Augustus, twenty-three years before the birth of Christ; and Cleopatra's memory being fresh in the land which she so fiercely strove to rule, men called them "Cleopatra's Needles." One still stands, and its bronze supports bear the inscription which has revealed the date of their erection. For centuries the other lay prostrate on the sands, but its vicissitudes were not over; another 3,000 miles of journey has transported it to our shores, after a terribly narrow escape of finding a grave in the stormy Bay of Biscay. What may await it in the future in these restless days, when decades of years seem to produce more changes than ancient centuries, who shall say?

But not alone have these great works of Egyptian art, their statues, and their vast obelisks, been subjected to vicissitude; the minuter treasures of their goldsmiths and their gem-engravers afford scarcely less curious examples. An ardent and successful explorer was carrying on his researches some years ago in the great necropolis near Thebes. He found in a tomb the remains of a very ancient mummy, in a state of unusual decay and dilapidation; the wooden outer case was almost wholly fallen to decay, the inner "carton" cover was also greatly injured, but still on both were traceable

the skilfully drawn and carefully-finished hieroglyphics of one of the best periods of ancient Egyptian art.

The mummy belonged to the period of the eighteenth or nineteenth dynasty, and as workmen proceeded to remove the coverings, almost crumbling to dust, they summoned him to note a discovery. Round the neck, down to the breast, hung a necklace of beads, carved in stone and covered with symbols, and from it depended the sacred scarabæus resting on the breast, the emblem of immortality; the necklace had forty-nine beads, and as he tried to lift them the thread on which they were strung gave way and the whole fell asunder. All were carefully gathered and treasured, with many another curious and valuable relic.

Ultimately his collection was conveyed to France, and thence to London; and not long since, while minutely scrutinising these interesting beads, he discovered engraved on one of them the "cartouche" of Thothmes III.—that is, the seal-shaped or oval figure within which are enclosed the hieroglyphic characters indicating the title of that Pharaoh. Thus, after a lapse of some 3,500 years, this elaborately wrought decoration of one who, it may be, was among the officers of a royal palace, has revealed in a strange country the name and title of the monarch whom he served.

Among the many arts in which the ancient Egyptians were proficient must be reckoned that of the goldsmith. They were among the most skilful artists in gold that the world has seen at any period: in some special processes they were unsurpassed either by Greeks, Etruscans, or by the Celtic workmen; notably in their soldering and chasing of the precious metals. It will, there-

fore, be readily understood that any memorials of their gold-work are eagerly sought and keenly appreciated by experts.

Some forty years ago, when the exploration of Egypt was not quite so common, nor access to the country so easy as at present, an English traveller, endowed with an intuitive perception of excellence in art, had the good fortune to acquire a splendid gold signet ring. It had then but recently been discovered, and it proved to be the signet of one of the early Pharaohs. Unwilling to expose so precious an object to the risk of being carried about with him while pursuing his journey through Syria, he packed it in his heavy baggage, and shipped it to the port which was his ultimate destination. The vessel fell into the hands of pirates, and all that he had collected, including the ring, disappeared. As it was a signet of pure and massive gold, the chance of its escaping the melting-pot seemed so small that he naturally gave up all hope of ever again seeing it.

It had, however, happened that while in Egypt he had taken the opportunity of showing it to another traveller, an English artist, learned, moreover, in the antiquities of the country, who thoroughly understood its interest and value. Some years passed; the artist was then resident in London, and known as an Egyptologist. One day a foreign dealer in curiosities called upon him, and, to his astonishment, offered for sale the identical ring that had been shown to him in Egypt, and that he, of all men, was perhaps most competent to identify. He secured it, and it became once more the prized possession of its original purchaser, in whose hands it still remains.

(To be continued.)

HALF-HOURS IN THE STUDIOS.

NOW that Nature, discarding the sober hues of winter, fills her palette with primrose yellows, and shades of violet, decorating the squares of our grey city with marvellous dainty pink of almond blossoms, so that they look for all the world like Japanese fans of huge design. Now that London is struggling hard

to be beautiful, our thoughts naturally turn to art, and we long for a sight of the studios from whence emanate the productions that genius and labour have succeeded in creating. So we wend our way to artistic quarters, where the artists, a kindly race, permit us to spend a pleasant half-hour in their society.

MR. F. LEIGHTON, R.A., whose studio in its arrangement is a picture in itself, has completed a large work, the subject of which is taken from Holy Writ. It represents Elijah in the wilderness, ministered to by an angel. The prophet, half sitting, half lying, with arms stretched wearily above his head, is sleeping, dreaming strange dreams perhaps, whilst at his side, stranger than any dream, is the fact of the heaven-born messenger bringing to him food and wine. The fair form, whose strong pinions, opened wide, seem eager to bear her away from the earth and its miseries, stands gazing with pitying eye upon the sleeping figure of the man of God. In her raiment and her wings she has brought colours from her celestial home. Clad in roseate hue, bathed in a sunshine of light, she is in delightful contrast to the half-nude grey figure of the man beside her. The composition is beautiful, and the drawing by the hand of a master. On a neighbouring easel, two graceful figures of girls charm our eyes. Upon a terrace overlooking the blue Mediterranean, and the deeper blue of the hills beyond, sits a girl with white arms stretched to hold the skein of wool that a child is gravely winding into a ball. On the ground near the tender pink of the younger girl's feet, are completed balls of various colours. The whole design and colouring of this fascinating picture is of a most decorative character. It is to be finished for the forthcoming Paris Universal Exhibition. A third picture represents Nausicæa, standing in pensive beauty on some steps, down which she is slowly descending.

There are also two little pictures of beautiful female heads.

To the Grosvenor is going a picture, small in size, but replete with the peculiar charm of the artist's manner, a young girl seen in profile, clad in a harmony of red.

MR. VAL PRINSEP has arrived from the East, where he has been for nearly twelve months, gathering material for the large picture which is to be presented to Her Majesty the Queen, by her faithful subjects of the Civil Service in India. The subject to be painted is the Durbar, which met to proclaim the Imperial dynasty that India was on the eve of entering.

No better painter could have been chosen than Mr. Prinsep, whose peculiarly original and harmonious colouring felicitously lends itself to depicting scenes of Eastern splendour.

Mr. Prinsep, whose sketches we have been privileged to see, is thoroughly at home in the land where he was born. His sure eye and strong hand seem to revel in depicting the marked characteristics of those proud natives, who trace their origin back to the sun itself; whilst the gorgeousness of their dresses, the tints of which may be matched in no European dye-vat, with the brilliancy of the priceless jewels strung in glittering rows around their necks, give every scope for indulgence in rich and beautiful colouring. Across the shoulders of those favoured with it, and amongst ornaments that are strikingly Oriental, ripples with telling effect the broad light blue ribbon of the Star of India. Less enhancing, however, is the medal presented by the Prince of Wales. Amidst so much that is beautiful of native design, the bald-looking medal shows like a blot, attracting the eye by its ugliness. Alas! that what we call civilisation so wilfully dispenses with beauty. Mr. Prinsep has enlarged his studio, for the new picture is to be 30 feet long by 10 feet in height. It will be the work of a couple of years. In the meantime we hope that the walls of the Academy will not remain unornamented by specimens of Mr. Prinsep's vigorous style.

MR. MILLAIS seems bent upon having placed around his brows an even yet heavier wreath of laurels than he has already won. His autumnal visits to Scotland have imbued him not only with the spirit of its scenery, but with the romance of its literature. Again, as in the hapless and beautiful "Effie Deans," exhibited at Mr. Marsden's, King Street, he has recourse to the magical pen of Sir Walter Scott.

Now we have embodied for us the luckless "Lucy Ashton, the bride of Lammermoor." She has met with Edgar Ravenswood for the first time, and these two scions of contending families, like a second Romeo and Juliet, reckon but little of the tragic ending of their mutual love. Yet the painter with true art makes the spectator feel, in gazing at the picture, a presentiment of the coming doom of the youthful pair.

If the story had never been written, you would know that these two were fated to love not "wisely but too well." On another canvas in Mr. Millais' studio we see a beautiful representation of the two ill-fated brothers, surnamed through all time, "The Princes in the Tower." Dressed in black velvet, with fair hair falling upon their shoulders, the boys stand at the foot of a winding stairway. The younger, whose childish spirit must have been quelled by the gruesome dullness of the gloomy Tower, looks around him with a startled air, laying his hand, as if for protection, on his bolder brother's arm, who, every inch a king, rears his head proudly and defiantly at the unknown dangers the poor child dimly feels are gathering for them in the future. Mr. Millais cannot be too highly congratulated upon his return to what is designated the "Romantic School," and in which he first won his laurels. One of his charming child-pictures represents a little girl amusing herself with putting her doll's boots upon a long-suffering kitten. It is called "Puss in Boots." This artist will exhibit also a landscape, a study of strong colour. In the foreground is a still pool, beyond a splashing Highland spate. Mr. Millais has also painted a fine portrait of Thomas Carlyle.

We regret that the large picture upon which MR. LUKE FILDERS is working cannot be finished in time for exhibition this year. This clever artist, whose works are so deservedly popular, will therefore be unrepresented at the Academy.

IN MR. PERUGINI'S studio we are glad to notice that he has again given us this year the half-length life-sized figures of girls, whom he has the secret of making so beautiful. He has two pictures. In one, a girl is seated in a garden watching with amused interest two butterflies of golden hue, that seem undetermined upon which beautiful rose they shall choose to settle, in the basket full of them the young girl holds in her hands. The other has a simpler motive. A girl, with a book upon her knees, is reading with indolent grace, no doubt a love poem, for she is of the age when "maidens' thoughts do run on love." Her arms are bare, and beautiful in their graceful pose.

MRS. PERUGINI, the youngest daughter of Charles Dickens, inherits from her father the

subtle and delicate humour which characterised him. A picture near completion, charming in colour and feeling, represents a dainty little lady seated on a bench in a garden, with finger uplifted, reading to, or cross-examining, a grown-up peasant girl, with hands held in orthodox fashion behind her back. On the seat at the child's side are an attentive group of dolls, amongst them a quaint Japanese. The picture is humorously entitled, "A Competitive Examination."

MR. ELMORE this year sends three contributions. One is a graceful love scene, taken from "The Courtship of Miles Standish." The girl is bashfully advising her lover's delegate to "speak for himself."

MR. E. CROFT has a military subject, entitled, "On the March from Quatre-Bras to Waterloo." The sky is rainy, but one gleam of sunshine falls upon the Scots Greys, who are drawn up in a body on the left, saluting with upraised sword their gallant commander-in-chief, Wellington. To the right are the French prisoners of war trudging wearily along under the escort of the 79th Highlanders. The picture is well composed, and grouped with considerable artistic feeling.

IN the studio of the late Birnie Philip MR. CECIL G. LAWSON has pitched his art-camp. His pictures this year are intended for the Grosvenor Gallery, where he will divide the *place d'honneur* with Mr. Burne-Jones. His two principal canvases are "The Minister's Garden" and "In the Valleys—a Pastoral." In the first we have the wild, sweet-flowered plot of the good man "passing rich on forty pounds a year." This work will, we predict, be one of the principal landscapes of the year. "A Pastoral" is a charming harmony in blue, in which the eye takes in the billowy hills of the Principality, growing fainter and fainter till sky and land are one.

MRS. LOUISE JOPLING has painted some excellent portraits for the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. Those who remember her charming picture of a child in last year's collection will be gratified now with another little girl equally fresh and radiant. The accompanying flowers repeat the rich colours of a young and healthy complexion. The portrait of the Hon.

Mrs. Eliot Yorke (*née* de Rothschild) is an excellent likeness, which will be recognised by the many who know and respect the amiable and talented original. The picture of Mrs. Tomkinson will attract many admirers, not only for the beauty of the face and gracefulness of the figure, but also for the natural pose of much elegance of a lady receiving her visitors. A portrait of Sir Nathaniel de Rothschild is another work by this lady, who does not disdain to portray the sterner sex. This, however, is not intended to appear on the walls of the Academy, but is to find a home in the collection of Lord Beaconsfield. Besides these portraits, Mrs. Jopling has painted a peasant girl, with a sweet pathetic face, seated beside a trickling rill of water, her water-pot, more than full, standing neglected, whilst she is lost in memory of past days :

“The village girl, who sets her pitcher underneath
the spring,
Musing on him who used to fill it for her,
Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.”

In the background and drapery there is an exceedingly pleasant harmonising of blues and greens, which satisfy the eye without any trickery of violent contrasts. This artist also contributes to the Grosvenor the portrait of a little child, Miss Evelina de Rothschild, and a picture entitled “Pity is akin to Love.”

MR. EDWIN HAYES, R.H.A., has several marine pieces for this year’s Exhibition. One represents Gravesend, with some of the multitudinous shipping one sees on the Thames, a river, which we are inclined to think, has a character of its own in the play of the water, and this character Mr. Hayes seems to have caught very happily. Another view is called “The Lively Polly entering Harbour,” and lively the East-coast fishing-boat certainly is likely to be in such a sea as is here depicted. The swell of the waves is truly refreshing in its breezy freshness.

MR. LENNARD LEWIS (who must not be confounded with his cousin the late J. F. Lewis, R.A.) has a view of the Cathedral of Chartres, and another at Dinan. These water-colours show much delicacy of colour and tender treatment of architectural detail.

MR. WATTS, R.A., sends two important works to the Grosvenor Gallery, one of them an allegorical subject of great beauty.

MR. MARCUS STONE, A.R.A., contributes three pictures to the Royal Academy. Two of them tell a story of which we never tire. “The Time of Roses” is poetically conceived. A young girl lets her hand lie in her lover’s, whilst he places upon her finger the ring, which is a symbol of their love, which “knows no ending.” In point of colour, the smallest of the three pictures, a young girl seated behind an orange stall, is most to be admired. The face has a wistful pathetic beauty, which is very touching. The third, and most ambitious one, is called “The Post-bag,” the contents of which give Mr. Marcus Stone an opportunity of portraying the different emotions awakened by their perusal.

AMONG MR. CHARLES LUTYENS’ productions of the year mention should specially be made of the dogs in his picture of “Major Brown and the Northumbrian Hunt.” They are painted with admirable skill, worthy of the friend and pupil of Sir Edwin Landseer.

MR. T. F. DICKSEE sends to the Academy a picture of the “Lady Madeline,” from Keats’ *Eve of St. Agnes* :—

“Out went the taper as she hurried in ;
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died :
She closed the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air, and visions wide.”

The lady stands in a stream of moonlight, with her outer dress just falling from her. The timid figure is very graceful, as “pensive awhile she dreams awake.”

MR. R. BEAVIS has a scene near the field of Cul-loden, immediately after the battle. The Prince, in retreat, has just crossed a little stream, and is listening to the anxious report of a grey-haired adherent, whilst an attendant on horseback, probably O’Sullivan, is consulting a map, and referring to a mounted companion. Wounded men are coming up and are getting relief, whilst solitary riders are making the best of their way across the country. The cold, raw sky, in accordance with the feeling of the scene, indicates weather in which a night surprise was well-nigh sure to fail.

THREE pictures are in the studio of MR. A. C. Gow. The two finished ones are well suited to the times, for they speak of rumours of war. A well bespattered estafette arrives at an hôtel-de-ville with despatches. His appearance in the streets has collected a crowd, who demand of the select body within the purport of the news. One of the number mounts on a chair, and from the window makes the best account he can of intelligence not altogether favourable. The other budget of war-news—"News from the Front"—is being read out by an invalided soldier to two of his companions as they sit on a bench outside a military hospital.

SCULPTORS' STUDIOS, 1878.

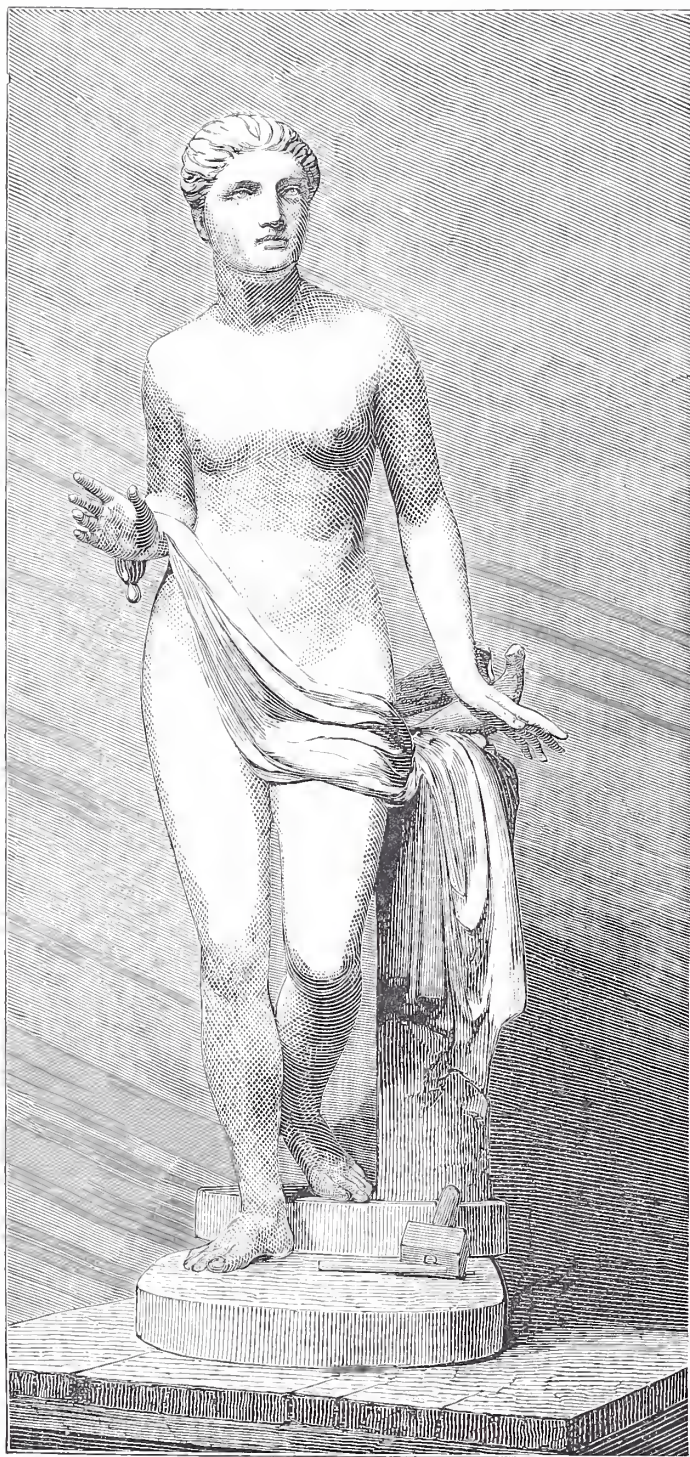
MR. J. E. BOEHM, the new Associate, will probably this year contribute no very important work to the Exhibition, his time having been principally employed upon colossal statues of the Prince of Wales and Lord Northbrook, both intended for India. The model of the former of these will be exhibited in Paris, a much smaller model of the same figure appearing at the Royal Academy. We may hope besides to see here marble busts of Colonel Arthur Ellis, and Sir John Cowell. A model for a large statue of Sir William Gregory, to be sent hereafter to Ceylon, is also intended for Burlington House. The finest piece, however, of Mr. Boehm's work is a bust of a beautiful American lady. The fair, pure marble seems to blossom forth with the delicate anatomy of a beautiful head and neck; and we hope that the Grosvenor Gallery, for which it is intended, will afford facilities for a proper appreciation of such delicate chiselling. In all that this artist executes there is an absence of conventionality and a strength of purpose that is decidedly exhilarating after the feebleness of the majority of our national sculpture. This strength is especially visible in a portrait-statue which, we fear, will not appear in public. Whilst using the most every-day materials and the unpicturesque drapery of modern fashion, he has succeeded in causing the lines to fall in a natural manner into very pleasing and graceful variety. We have, in this statue, carefully and conscientiously portrayed—but yet not so as to interfere

with or to attract attention from the main subject of the work, all the accessories of drapery. The texture of silk, and felt, and lace, are there, if we choose to look for them, but they do not obtrude themselves.

THE difference of the problems that modern artists set before themselves is well indicated by the work to be found in the studios of Messrs. Boehm and Marshall. Whilst the new Associate has taken the people of the present generation, dressed in the clothing in which we are accustomed to see them, and has succeeded out of these uncongenial materials in making pleasing and artistic works, the Academician has chosen his subjects from periods in the dim past, and has endeavoured to set before a generation tightly confined in highly artificial dress, what a race free from these trammels might have been. In a piece which may be called "Early Troubles," MR. MARSHALL represents Eve restraining the impetuous temper of Cain, whilst Abel clings to his mother's knees for protection. The sturdy figure of the rebellious child contrasts both with the timidity of his brother, and with the gentle firmness of the mother. A rising serpent, and a broken lily about to be crushed by the foot of the struggling boy, elaborate the main idea. In a smaller work we have a nymph-like shepherdess of Grecian times, bending in lissom gracefulness and whispering vows of love into the cold and stony ear of the head of a sneering Pan. Offerings of fruit suspended in a fold of goat-skin, show that some shepherd is a devout worshipper at the same shrine. Nausicæa, about to step into the water after the lost ball, has a place in the same studio:—

"The nymph stood fix'd alone,
By *Pallas* arm'd with boldness not her own."

ON visiting the studio of MR. THOMAS WOOLNER, R.A., a short time since, we found some excellent specimens of this artist's work. A head of Mr. John Simon is intended to be exhibited in the Academy, and then to be placed in the College of Surgeons. The easily recognised features of Professor Huxley compete with this in intellectual activity and acuteness. Mr. Woolner has also completed, for the



"FROM STONE TO LIFE."

(From the Statue by W. Calder Marshall, R.A.)

in 1562-63. A bust of Ophelia, enlarged from a statuette not yet completed, is also intended for Burlington House. The conception is that of a mind distraught, gazing with happy smile back into the past, rational beauty still lingering in a charming face, as though reason were not yet wholly dethroned. A statuette of Lady Godiva shows the generous impulse of a noble heart to do a daring action, checked at the moment of its execution by the natural modesty that shrinks from nakedness, even when no eye is near. The momentary pause between conflicting feelings gives the rest that allows the representation in sculpture.

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 "FROM STONE TO LIFE."

By W. CALDER MARSHALL, R.A.

PYGMALION has cast aside mallet and chisel as the marble on which he has wrought so long, the child of his brain, wakes to life in answer to his prayer. The eyes have all the dreamy, far-looking forecast of the babe; the limbs, formed and shapely, seem in their motion to feel as yet all childhood's dread of peril; but under all one can see the dawn of self-consciousness in the woman. Mr. Calder Marshall recalls in this admirable statue, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1877, the lines of Wordsworth:—

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar."

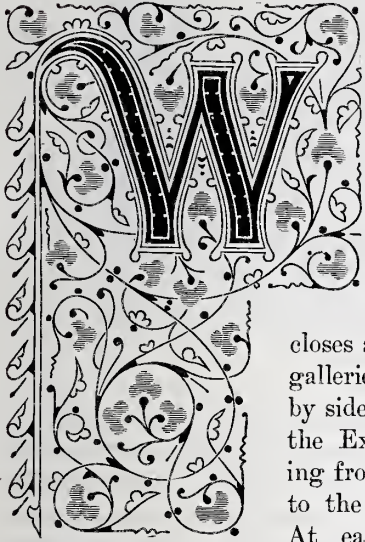
Merchant Taylors' Company, a colossal statue of Sir Thomas White, Lord Mayor of London

gait, steps forth the creation of the old and the ideal of the modern sculptor.



FRESCO BY GUIDO, REPRESENTING AURORA WITH THE HOURS.
(From the Rospigliosi Palace, at Rome.)

THE PARIS UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION.—II.



It may briefly describe the buildings of the Champ de Mars as follows:—A vast parallelogram, composed of four spacious galleries, en-

closes a series of smaller galleries running side by side the long way of the Exhibition, extending from the river-front to the École Militaire.

At each of the four angles are towers surmounted by depressed domes, and in the centre of the main façade, nearest the Seine, is an entrance vestibule, crowned by one of the most singular compound domes ever attempted since architecture became a science. This central entrance defies description, and must surely have been a species of nightmare of some overworked designer of iron construction. Along the centre of the building, and separated from the covered areas to the

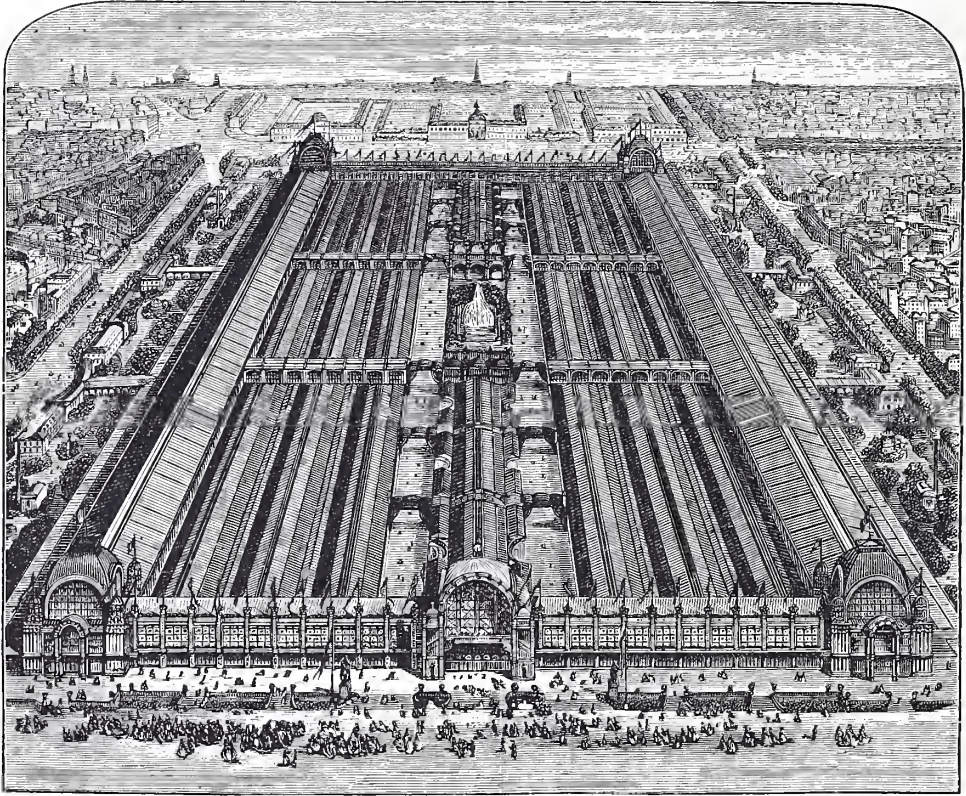
right and left of them by open spaces fifty feet in width, are fire-proof stone buildings, destined for the Fine Art Galleries. By entirely isolating these structures from the remainder of the Exhibition, the utmost immunity from danger in case of fire is secured, and the premium for the insurance is proportionately reduced. The outer enclosing galleries are in every case wider and more lofty than those to which they give access, and the important architectural principle that we should ever pass from the minor into the chief apartments on entering a building has been completely ignored. This departure from a well-established precedent is certainly to be regretted, for the visitor cannot fail to be impressed with the fact that the whole of the Industrial Section of the Exhibition is wanting in height, and out of scale with the more spacious galleries from which it is approached.

One half of the building is devoted to France and her colonies, and the remaining half has been allotted, in narrow zones crossing the Exhibition parallel with the Seine, to each of the various foreign countries which are represented at Paris. By this method of division the visitor passing down the central open avenue

traverses in succession the spaces set apart for each nation. If he begins at the Grand Vestibule and walks towards the Military School, he will find that Great Britain occupies the first section he encounters, and that she has the lion's share of the foreign side. Next to us come the United States of America; then Norway and Sweden, Italy, Japan and China,

cause a typical and distinctive frontage to be erected before its own section of the Exhibition, and, as the idea has been cordially received and acted upon by each of the countries, this strange *vue internationale* has become an accomplished fact.

England, owing to the great length of her space, has no less than five houses in her share



THE BUILDINGS OF THE CHAMP DE MARS.

Spain, Austria, Russia, Switzerland, and Belgium. The last block is occupied by a number of smaller countries, prominent among which are Portugal and Holland, which latter is the whipper-in of the foreign side.

Doubtless the most novel and attractive feature of the display on the Champ de Mars is the International Façade, extending the entire length of the open avenue along the centre of the building, and presenting us in succession with characteristic examples of the architecture of each country. This curious collection of buildings has arisen from a request on the part of the French Commission that each Government would

of the frontage, and of these we have engraved an illustration of the principal one—a pavilion for the Prince of Wales, in the Elizabethan style of architecture. The remaining houses consist of one with a red brick façade of the Queen Anne period, designed by Mr. R. Norman Shaw, R.A.; a terra-cotta house, exhibited by Messrs. Doulton, of Lambeth; an old English half-timber house, sent by Messrs. William Cubitt and Co.; and a country-house of the period of William III., contributed by Messrs. Collinson and Lock. Each of these houses is separated by gardens, but beyond the English space the street-front is continuous throughout

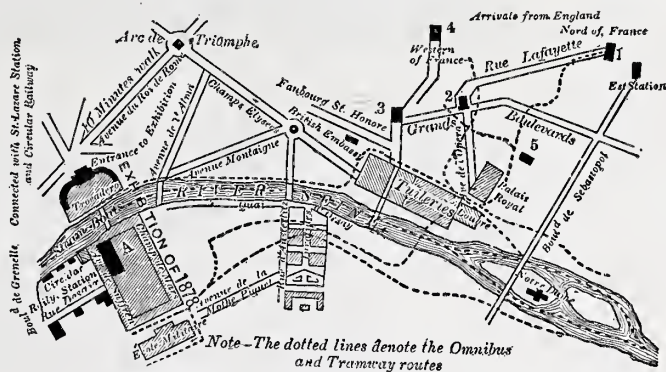
its whole length. The erection of such a frontage as the one we are describing presents many difficulties, where the work has to be executed in the cheapest possible way, and to remain only for a few months. Such an international façade affords grand opportunities to the jerry-builder, and many of the solid-looking structures now receiving their final touches on the Champ de Mars are more wholly rotten at the core than the "attractive" and "substantially-built villas" springing up by wholesale round our London suburbs. A good scene-painter could, perhaps, have produced, with canvas and boarding, a better European street-front than has been obtained in the manner we have described; but some of the buildings are genuine constructions, produced at very great cost, and built as if to last for a thousand years. Foremost among the latter class is the Belgian façade, a most imposing elevation, which has been selected by public competition among her architects, and for which the materials are contributed by many of the chief quarry-owners and marble-merchants of Belgium. The mere erection of the building has cost over £6,000, and the materials must be worth many times this sum. Holland, again, is represented by an old red-brick house, all the materials for which have been brought here at great cost to prove the superiority of Dutch brickwork.

The French Commission, when they issued invitations to the various foreign countries to take part in the grand façade we have been describing, intended, on their own side of the avenue, to represent a complete history of the evolution of their national domestic architecture, from the 10th to the 17th century, exemplified by a series of models to scale of some of the most notable and interesting buildings in France.

The estimated cost of this undertaking—three millions of francs—so much alarmed the Commissioners that the idea was promptly abandoned, and thus the different foreign governments have alone perfected the original intention.

The Exhibition building is symmetrical on either side of the fine art galleries, and the

three tiers of industrial courts, the machinery hall, and the food galleries are repeated to the right and left of the open avenue. All the buildings to the left of the avenue being reserved for France and her colonies, and all the buildings to the right being, as previously stated, divided among the different foreign nations represented on the Champ de Mars. The industrial galleries are very plain iron and glass structures, with no attempt at a decorative treatment; the avowed intention of their designer being to make a covered space of large area, which could be broken up by means of partitions and false ceilings into a series of courts, suitable for the display of every kind of industrial produce. On the French side this treatment of the space has been rigidly adhered to, but foreign countries have, in most cases, followed the lead of the British Commissioners. It was felt by our own people that the roof was already low, and that the sub-division of our space into an infinite number of small courts would entirely do away with the impression of size, and render our display undistinguishable from that of the smallest country taking part in the Exhibition. The British section is therefore treated as a whole, the bare unfinished



1. English Section. 2. New Opera. 4. St. Lazare.
3. Nord Railway. 5. Place de la Madeleine. 6. Bourse.

SKETCH-PLAN SHOWING POSITION OF EXHIBITION IN PARIS.

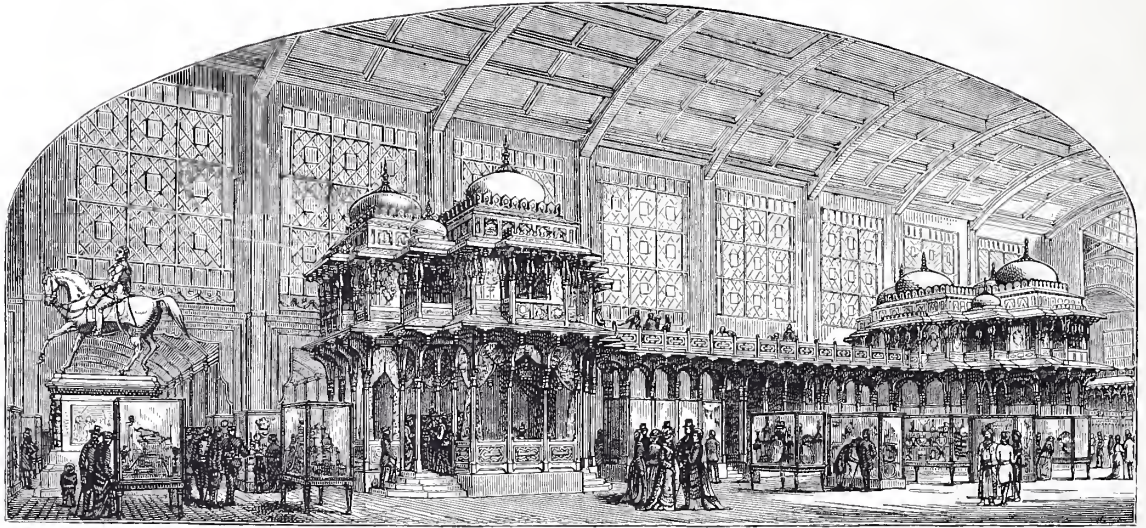
roofs have been concealed by an ornamental ealico covering, which is continued over the skylights to prevent the glare of the sun's rays, and the result has been that our English space has been converted into a vast tent, wherein the light is diffused in an agreeable manner, the utmost height has been retained,

the ventilation provided by the architect has in no way been tampered with, and the large area which we occupy can be fully realised. This mode of dealing with the space has been productive of the happiest results, and our example has been approved, as above stated, by many of our neighbours.

Beyond the industrial section are the vast

of annexes, erected by the different countries, to provide additional exhibiting room for their manufactures.

In the very centre of the building, on the Champ de Mars, it was at first intended to have an open garden profusely ornamented with statuary, and filled with a succession of flowers and bedding-out plants. Want of



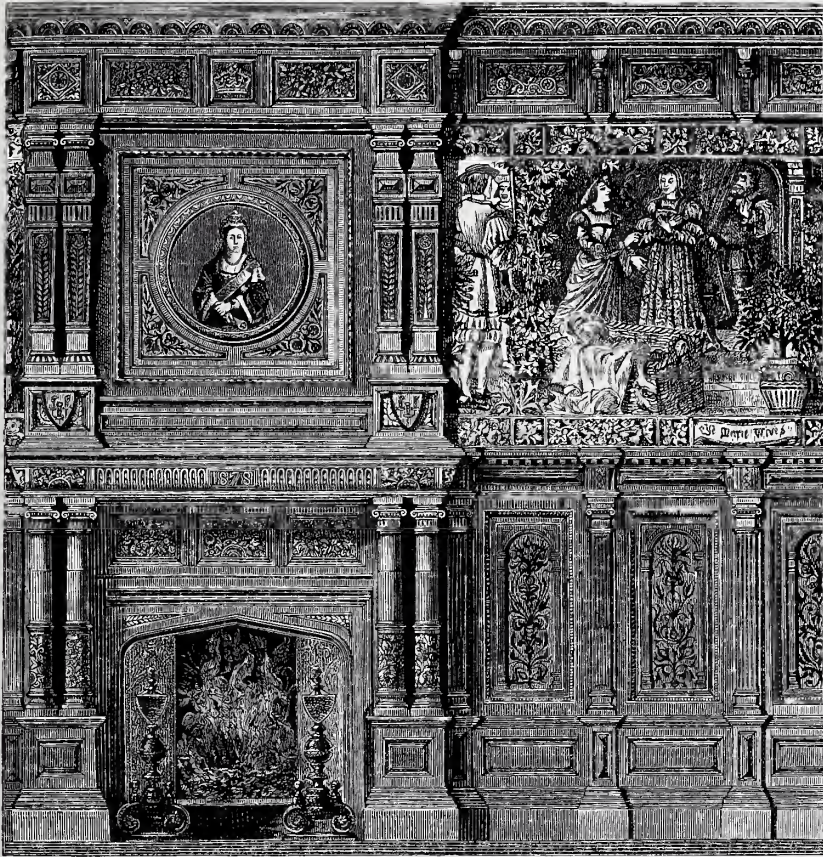
THE INDIAN PAVILION.

machinery galleries, nearly a thousand yards in length, with a span of 115 feet. The design of these roofs is, perhaps, one of the happiest features of the whole work, the system of wide intervals between the principals, with trussed purlins, while it is economical in the use of material, gives an air of lightness, and has a grace which is quite peculiar to it, and in the French agricultural annexe, where a similar roof has been adopted, the effect produced is in every way pleasing. Beyond the machinery section there is a range of small galleries, 35 feet in width, for the food and raw products, and outside the food galleries, surrounding the entire building, is a broad awning, or verandah, which will afford a very pleasant walk in the heat of summer. In the spaces between the covered walk and the Avenue de La Bourdonnaye on the French side, and the Avenue de Suffren on the foreign side, are the boiler-houses for the supply of steam to the machinery, and a formidable array

space, however, again in this case has prevented the realisation of what would have been a most charming feature of the Exhibition, for there was nothing pleasanter in the old 1867 Exhibition than to emerge from time to time from the heated and crowded passages into the brilliant central garden. In place of the garden we now have the Grand Pavilion erected by the authorities of the city of Paris, as a glorification of their activity and enterprise in all those different departments in which they hold sway. The waterworks, the drainage, the lighting, the cleansing of the streets, the gardening and the care of public squares, the restoration of ancient buildings, and the formation of new streets and public improvements: an exhibition, in short, of the municipal government of the most perfectly governed city in the world. This building is undoubtedly full of interest, and we shall return to it more in detail hereafter. We can only now mention the entrance vestibule, one half of which is

devoted to the Indian collections of the Prince of Wales, specially lent by His Royal Highness

The central feature of the Indian Court is the graceful and elegant pavilion, erected from



PORTION OF THE INTERIOR OF THE DINING ROOM IN THE PRINCE OF WALES' PAVILION.
(Designed by Mr. H. Henry, and manufactured by Messrs. Gillow and Co.)

to the Exhibition, and to the characteristic trophies of our colonies; while the treasures of Sèvres and the Gobelins occupy the French side of this grand hall.

the designs of Mr. C. Purdon Clarke, a good idea of which may be gained from the illustration on the opposite page.

(To be continued.)

THE COLOURS OF PRECIOUS STONES.

BY PROFESSOR A. H. CHURCH, M.A.

THE analysis of beauty is seldom perfect in method or useful in result. The artist, be he painter, sculptor, poet, or musician, is inclined to resent the intrusion of science into his domain. Science, he thinks, with her cold, unsympathetic touch, can neither explain nor enhance the beauties of art—can, indeed, if active at all, act only so as to dissipate the poetic elements. Though this is not the place

to discuss and defend the general position that reason and imagination, that science and art, rightly working together, must be mutually helpful, yet the subject we have selected for study in the present paper may afford a special case, illustrating and confirming such a view.

We proceed, then, to inquire what special elements of beauty are combined in the colours of those minerals to which the name of gems or

precious stones is usually applied. But we must not lose sight of the fact that these materials are endowed for the most part with those physical properties of hardness and permanence which render them pre-eminent amongst substances possessing beautiful colour. Other coloured materials may be characterised by transparency, or by brilliant lustre, but are usually deficient in durability. Soft, or amenable to ordinary injurious influences, or lacking in stability of constitution, many a substance of lovely hue, perhaps a pigment or glass or tissue, perishes with all its charms. But with gems such a fate is in most cases impossible. Gems are prized, and rightly prized, not only because of their rarity, but also by reason of their concentrated and durable beauty. This being granted, we may now investigate the peculiarities which their colours present.

It will be convenient to group precious stones, for our present purpose, after the following manner:—

GROUP I.—Transparent stones, homogeneous in colour and structure, and belonging to what is called the cubical or monometric system of crystallisation. Examples of this group are furnished by the garnet, the spinel, and the diamond.

GROUP II.—Transparent stones, belonging to any crystalline system other than the cubical. This group includes the ruby and sapphire, the emerald, the tourmaline, the topaz, and other well-known gems.

GROUP III.—Translucent and opaque stones, some crystalline and some amorphous. The cat's-eye, the opal, and the turquoise are included in this group.

In Group I. the colours of the various stones are not marked by many distinctive characters—they closely approach in quality of colour the imitation gems made of glass, or paste, as it is often called. There is a great range in the hues which these stones exhibit; but an individual specimen seldom shows any irregularity in the tint or distribution of the colour. Why are the stones of this group more beautiful or more covetable than the most successful imitations of them which have ever been made? Because of their surface-lustre, or polish, which, especially in the case of the diamond, is more intense or perfect than that of the imitation

materials; because, too, of their superior hardness and consequent durability; and, again, because of certain optical qualities which are possessed by some at least of the members of this group. The red garnets, for example, present a curious collocation of red and blackish red, due in part to a peculiar absorption of light in a transparent medium, and not to the presence of an opaque substance. Then, again, the diamond shows not only an intense reflection of light from its external surfaces, whether natural or artificial, but also the phenomenon of total internal reflection; while much of the light thus reflected within the stone is also at the same time refracted and dispersed, thus causing the appearance of those brilliant prismatic hues known to jewellers as *fire*. Such optical effects as these are, it is true, imitable in some degree, but they cannot be combined in false gems with the essential quality of hardness. And, moreover, the exact hues presented by some garnets, spinels, and diamonds, have not been reproduced with exactness, and perhaps could not be secured with certainty. Some of the hues of the spinel are rare: we have a deep amber yellow, an aurora red, a puce, a lilac, a lavender, and an indigo blue. Usually these stones are valued only when their colours are such that they can be used to replace or simulate the pink or red of the true ruby. The range of colour in the different kinds of garnet is less extensive, but it has been recently enlarged through the introduction of a green variety of this stone from the Ural. These green garnets occasionally assume the hue of the emerald, but their usual colour contains more yellow; sometimes, indeed, verging upon olive-green and brownish-yellow. This gem is not in reality a true garnet, but a different, though allied, species of mineral. Unfortunately it is but little harder than glass, otherwise it would prove a very welcome addition to the series of precious stones, its "fire" being very conspicuous, and the quality of its greenish-yellow hue very lovely. That variety of the true garnet, called correctly *essonite*, or cinnamon stone, and incorrectly *jacinth*, has a fine watery or wavy texture, combined with a rich and deep amber colour, verging upon the red of glowing

charcoal. The red of those garnets which are used, under the deceptive name of "Cape rubies," as substitutes for the true ruby, is very nearly pure, while the almandine garnet sometimes has so much blue or violet in it as to approach the amethyst in hue. As to the diamond, the most precious of all the stones in this Group I., the colour is rarely pronounced, very often being a straw-yellow or faint brown; blue, red, or green hues of any depth being of rare occurrence. But the surface-lustre, almost metallic in intensity, of the diamond, combined with its extraordinary *fire*, makes up for any deficiency in richness of colour.

To Group II. all stones possessing the more interesting qualities of colour belong. We cannot do more than indicate the direction in which the chief peculiarities in the colours of those stones must be sought. Undoubtedly their most notable property is that to which the name of *pleochroism* has been given. Without entering into a scientific disquisition as to the causes and exact nature of this phenomenon, we may present in a few sentences an epitome of its main characteristics. In order to make our explanation as clear as possible, we will take the case of a particular precious stone—the emerald. Now the emerald, which crystallises in the form of a six-sided prism, is distinctly *dichroic*—that is, it shows two colours. These colours originate thus:—When a beam of white light falls upon an emerald at right angles with any of the faces of the prism and traverses the stone, that light is in part resolved into two pencils polarised in different planes. These two pencils of light are also differently coloured, the elements of the original beam of white light being in part distributed or divided between them. In colourless crystals belonging to this group of precious stones, the white beam of light is, indeed, divided, by double refraction, into two beams, but both of these are colourless; in coloured stones, however, such as the emerald, which we are now considering, the beam of white light is not only divided into two beams of different colours, but these colours are so distinct and definite that there can be no question but that their presence in the cut specimens of the emerald imparts a richness

and rareness to the hue of this gem which no imitations exhibit. If a small parcel of cut emeralds be examined, it will be noticed that their colour varies between two hues of green, one with more blue in it than the other. An emerald may be so cut as to show a preponderance of one or other of these two greens—the pure green or the bluish green; or it may show, by the internal reflections from some of its lower facets, one hue, and from other facets the other. But although this dichroism as seen in cut emeralds widely separates this stone from its imitations, yet there is a little instrument, known as the dichroscope, which enables us to discern this characteristic property of the stone with greater distinctness, even in the palest beryls and aquamarines. The dichroscope separates the two oppositely-polarised and differently coloured beams of light perfectly from each other, and presents them to the eye in two small contiguous squares. Thus examined, a bit of green glass or paste shows two squares of green absolutely identical in colour. All coloured precious stones of this group show some difference between the two images of the square opening in the dichroscope; the sapphire, for instance, giving a pale yellowish green, or straw colour, with a deep velvet blue; the ruby shows two reds, one verging upon red-purple or violet, and the other nearly pure; the topaz, when of the usual sherry colour or warm amber hue, exhibits a pale ochreous tint and a delicate rose-pink, the latter colour almost alone surviving the treatment known as "pinking," in which the stone is strongly heated. The chrysoberyl is another gem which is strongly dichroic, so also is the amethyst. But the most characteristic species of the whole group is certainly the tourmaline. This stone occurs in a great variety of colours, though brown and green are the most usual; a lovely pink is also found, though rarely of perfect transparency. A good notion of the twin colours shown by individual specimens of this mineral may be gathered from the following list:—

PREVAILING COLOUR.	COLOUR 1.	COLOUR 2.
Leaf-green.	Pistachio-green.	Bluish-green.
Sienna-brown.	Greenish-yellow.	Reddish-brown.
Pale red.	Rose-pink.	Salmon.
Dull violet.	Pale umber.	Almandine red.

It may be imagined what a play and variety of hue is shown by properly cut specimens of tourmaline when the same stone, as it is turned about, sends out from the same facet first a greenish-yellow, then a brown, and, lastly, a brownish-red beam of colour. From other facets come simultaneously all these hues, which are the more widely different from one another in the case of the tourmaline, because this stone enjoys beyond all others the polarising power. Indeed, a green tourmaline, when viewed from end to end of the crystal, along and not across the principal axis, is often absolutely black and opaque to light. In order, however, to develop its dichroic effect to the full, it is a good plan to give the cut stone somewhat the form of a brilliant, that there may be a greater fluctuation in its hues. And here it may be proper to remark how great a mistake is made by a clique of writers on art who deprecate the cutting or rather faceting of precious stones, and would have them all, without distinction of species, made tallow-topped or *en cabochon*. The inherent characteristic qualities of the stones of the second group can be developed only by a plan of cutting in which small planes suitably disposed as to angle, shape, &c., form surfaces for the reception and emission of the incident light. Thus alone can the refraction, pleochroism, and surface lustre of these gems be shown to perfection.

We must not give an exhaustive account of the other gems of this group, but we cannot refrain from mentioning the zircon or jargoon, a somewhat neglected precious stone, though it is interesting from many points of view, and is, moreover, often very beautiful. It is hard; its surface-lustre and refractive power give it a brilliancy and fire second only to that of the diamond, and it is singular on account of its composition, for it contains the rare element zirconium, present in no other gem. Moreover, its weight or specific gravity, between $4\frac{1}{2}$ and 5 times that of water, is greater than that of all other precious stones. Its range of colour is extensive, while some of the hues it presents are peculiar to this stone. A pale sepia hue lighted up by prismatic fire is very beautiful, so also is a clear yellow like transparent gold, with

the faintest suspicion of opalescence within it. Many of the colours shown by the jargoon or true jacinth may be lightened or discharged by heat, the aurora-red variety from Espaly, in France, and from Mudgee, in New South Wales, being specially susceptible of such change, becoming straw-yellow and gaining in brilliancy. Other kinds, as the greenish stones from Ceylon, become paler when strongly heated, shrinking at the same time so as to acquire an increased specific gravity. This constitutes another interesting feature in the history of this stone, and so also does the singular series of black absorption bands which many of the Cinghalese and other zircons exhibit. These black bands interrupt the continuous spectrum of a beam of light transmitted through the stone, and indicate that it is opaque to rays of certain degrees of refrangibility.

We must not dwell on the colour characteristics of the stones which belong to our third group. The *chatoyant* effect seen in the true or chrysoberyl cat's-eye, a floating line like a silver wire, is due to an internal reflection of light arising from the minute structure of the substance of the gem itself. So also is the white beam of the moonstone, or adularia, a variety of felspar. In the softer cat's-eye we have threads of asbestos or other minerals, and sometimes even the spaces they have left, regularly arranged in transparent quartz and reflecting the light from minute parallel striæ. In star-sapphires and rubies a combination of minute striæ with a structure formed of six triangular prisms forming the hexagonal crystal gives rise to a six-rayed star, the centre of which lies in the intersection of the three secondary axes with the primary axis of the prism. Of the opal with its internal fissures too minute to reflect the complete ray of white light, and so breaking it up into the hues of the rainbow; of the soft sub-transparent blue of the turquoise, and of the hues and textures of the chaledony, the onyx, and a multitude of other beautiful or curious stones we must refrain from speaking now. We trust that enough has been already said as to the colour of gems to justify to some extent the estimation in which they are held, and perhaps to render that estimation more intelligent.

ARTISTS' HAUNTS.—II.

PRAGUE.



PRAGUE, the picturesque. "Places enough are in remote Bohemia," and yet in poetical charm none can compare with the many-spired city in the pleasant valley of the Moldau.

Standing by the Altstädter Brückenthurm, the Old Town Bridge Tower, and

looking over to the Hradschin, centuries of German story pass in array before one—again

"The lonely hills re-echo with the tramp of armed men."

You seem to hear the rush across the bridge, the hurried call to arms, the boom of cannon, and the beat of drum, and as a phantom host sways in wild conflict, the shade of the Jesuit novice again bolts and bars the gate, and saves the honour of his well-beloved Prague.

Looking from this standpoint across the Moldau, taking in the palaces of the Kleinsseite, as the sun sets in his regal shroud of purple and gold behind the Hradschin, and the spire of Saint Vitus stands clear

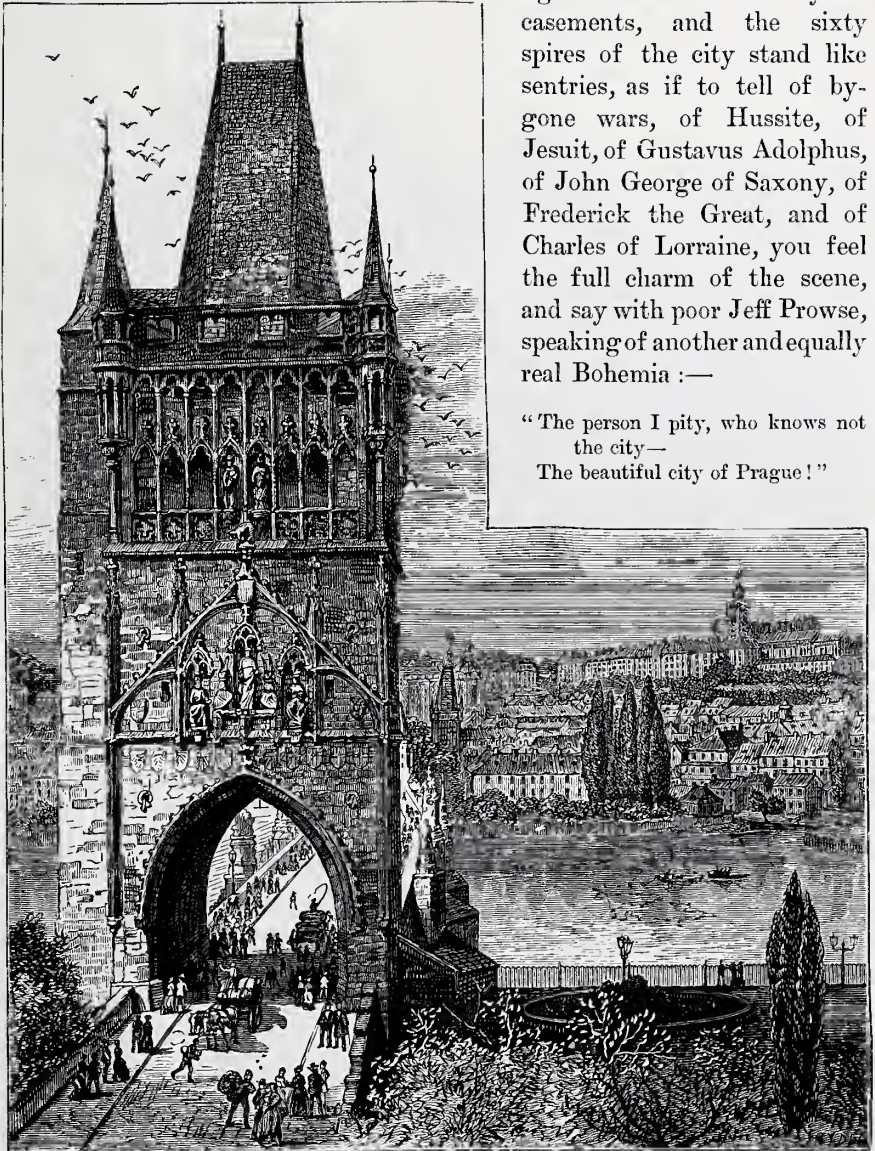
against the celadon sky, one realises the words of Longfellow:—

"Hold your tongues, both Suabian and Saxon,
A bold Bohemian cries,
'If there's a heaven upon this earth,
In Bohemia it lies.'"

Again, when you look down from the castle-stairs as the moon silvers the river flood, as

lights stream from myriad casements, and the sixty spires of the city stand like sentries, as if to tell of bygone wars, of Hussite, of Jesuit, of Gustavus Adolphus, of John George of Saxony, of Frederick the Great, and of Charles of Lorraine, you feel the full charm of the scene, and say with poor Jeff Prowse, speaking of another and equally real Bohemia:—

"The person I pity, who knows not the city—
The beautiful city of Prague!"



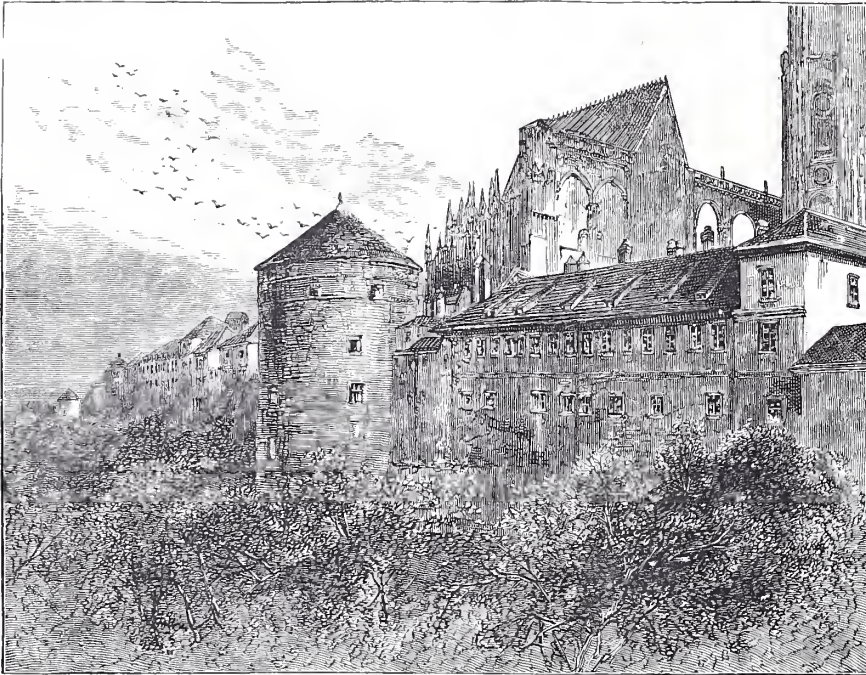
CARLSBRIDGE AND TOWER.

To speak commercially, Prague, *en gros et en détail*, is a very elysium of sketching grounds—do you admire “looped and windowed raggedness,” the beggars on the steps leading to the Hradsehin will furnish you with as many picturesque subjects as even the Nix Mangiare stairs of Malta. In the cathedral of Saint Vitus, to say nothing of its glorious exterior, battered by shell and siege, its Selavonie dome, spiralets, and spires, there are “bits” without

exercises so strange a fascination over so many brilliant spirits; the reigning king of the land of Bohemia is an uncrowned monarch. Near is the royal mausoleum with its recumbent effigies, its figures grouped around, some the captives of their bows and spears, whilst, in advance of all, Christ the King, banner in hand, meekly bows, as if saying humbly, “I, too, serve.” The artist who designed all this was a true poet. The chapel of Saint Wenzel, with its

door to which the ring is still hanging whereon the martyrking clung, as he fell the victim to fratricidal blows, with its walls inlaid with jasper, onyx, and amethyst, is a glorious bit of colour. In this same cathedral of Saint Vitus you have the tomb of Saint John Nepomucene, with its silver sarcophagus and figures of guardian angels floating over the shrine of the guardian saint of Prague.

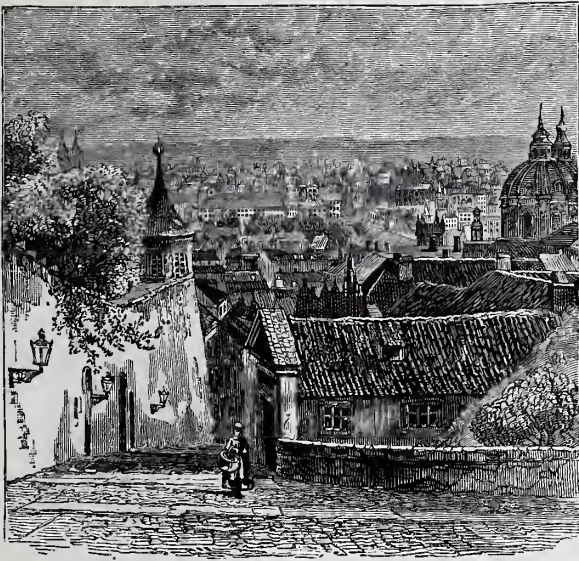
There is the Karlsbrücke, flanked by its twin towers, with its twenty-eight statues,



HRADSEHIN, AND CATHEDRAL OF ST. VITUS.

number; the oratory of the successor to the blind old king who charged our ranks and “foremost fighting, fell”—Francis Joseph, King of Bohemia—with its lattices, its richly carved gallery with strange stalactite pendent eaves, the kneeling figure of John Nepomuc, which seems in its humility to incessantly repeat the old motto of the kingdom, “Ich Dien” (I serve). Francis Joseph may be Emperor elsewhere, Apostolic King, or Archduke, here he is but King of Bohemia. And to carry out still further the simile to that other realm of Bohemia which has so many subjects, the land of so many painters, and poets, and musicians, of which Henri Murger wrote so charmingly in his “Scènes de la Vie de Bohème,” and which

prominent amongst which is that of the Saint John Nepomuc, with its altar and the five stars on the parapet that recall the legend of the lights that hovered over the spot where the À Becket of Bohemia lay at rest beneath the waters of the Moldau. There is the Tynsky Chrám, the Teynkirche, with its two steeples topped by spires, with spiralets grouped around them, unique amongst the churches of Christendom. Without is the quaint porch, a very gem for the sketcher; within, the red stone tomb of Tycho Brahe, “the Dane who read the stars.” What can make up such a picture as the Prasná Brána, the Pulverthurm, so similar in main features to the heathen towers of Nürnberg and of Aix-la-Chapelle?

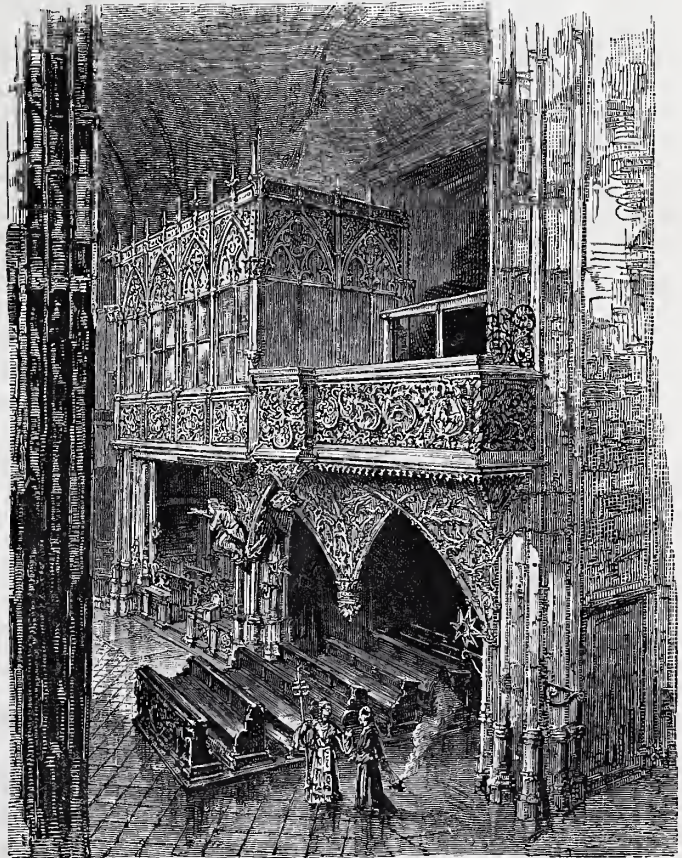


VIEW FROM THE CASTLE STAIRS.

Then, again, where, save in the valley of Jehoshaphat, will one find a sanctuary of the chosen people as venerable as that of the old Judenfriedhof, the House of Peace of that wandering race, some of the tombs of which date back even to the days of King Stephen of Hungary? Beeches centuries old start out from the fissures of tombs, and as you walk beneath the shadows of living trees, the shades of dead and gone Hebrews, whose very names are forgotten, repeat in mute eloquence in the inscriptions on their tombs the old story of the Mount of Hermon, "Vanity of vanities." For "bits" of light and shade the Jews' Burial-ground of Prague is, indeed, a mine to sketchers too little worked.

Good Master Hanuscht in his astronomical clock, the crowning glory of the Rathhaus, for nearly four centuries, at sundown, has marched his proession of the Twelve Apostles before the windows that open but for them. Apart from this transient interest, the old "Astronomische Uhr," and the old Town Hall itself, are in their many-sided towers and turrets, their nooks and

corners, their bits of light and shadow, very incentives to pencil and palette. Amongst interiors are the strong contrasts of the old Crown Chamber, with its floors of polished oak, its minstrels' gallery, its many-coved ceiling, and the low-browed room of the senators with its red brick floor and diminutive closet, and its windows that look far over city and plain. It is a very quiet old-world scene this, peaceful and slumbering, but there was a time when mobs surged and fought within its precincts, and from the very window in the centre of the room the Imperial Councillors Martinitz and Slawata, with their secretary Fabricius, took an involuntary "header" of some eighty feet. It is a dizzy height to look on, and yet they escaped unscathed, save for a shaking. Their eminences alighted on an unsavoury midden, kindly breaking the fall of Fabricius in their distinguished persons. For



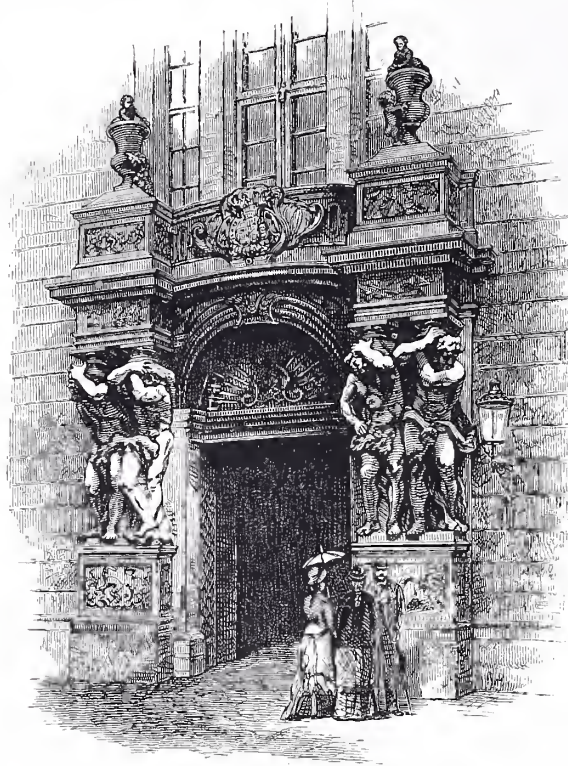
EMPEROR'S ORATORY—CATHEDRAL OF ST. VITUS.

this the Emperor, who had a pleasant humour, created the secretarial martyr Graf von Hohenfall, in plain English, Count of Somersault. Great events from trifling causes spring, and this very scene led to the Thirty Years' War, the siege of the Elector of Saxony, and the subsequent capture and plunder of the old city by the Swedes, which closed the long chronicle of war. In the court of this same palace is a superb remnant of the art of the Renaissance, the great portal with its cyclopean caryatid figures that bear on their brawny shoulders the weight of the overhanging porch. In the Kleinseite is the palace of Albrecht von Wallenstein, hero of the Thirty Years' War and of Schiller's drama, and in his garden is a quaint rock-work

grotto that seems designed for no other earthly purpose than to be sketched. The Judengasse cannot compare in picturesqueness with even what remains of the old Judengasse of Frankfurt, and yet there are many "bits" in it which would have charmed Prout, taking in as they do the spired tower of the old Jewish Rathhaus. The statues are in keeping with the traditions

of the city—there are no classical monstrosities to jar with their mediæval surroundings. Saint Wenzel on horseback with lance at rest, has carried himself proudly for centuries in the

place that still bears his name, whilst the Karl's monument down by the river, though but a thing of yesterday—it was erected in 1848 to mark the quin-centenary of the University—is one of the most perfect Gothic statues in all Europe. These are but a few of the many beauties of old Prague, to exhaust them one would require a volume, not an article. In the broad noontide, in the pale moonlight, in the summer's heat, or when the ice dams up the current of the Moldau, Prague is equally enchanting. A landscape artist from the Hradsehin will find



PORTAL OF THE PALACE COURT.

an unequalled panorama for his canvas, the sketcher will discover gems at the corner of every street of the only city that can compare in picturesque interest with the

“Quaint old town of toil and traffic,
Quaint old town of art and song,”

Imperial Nürnberg!

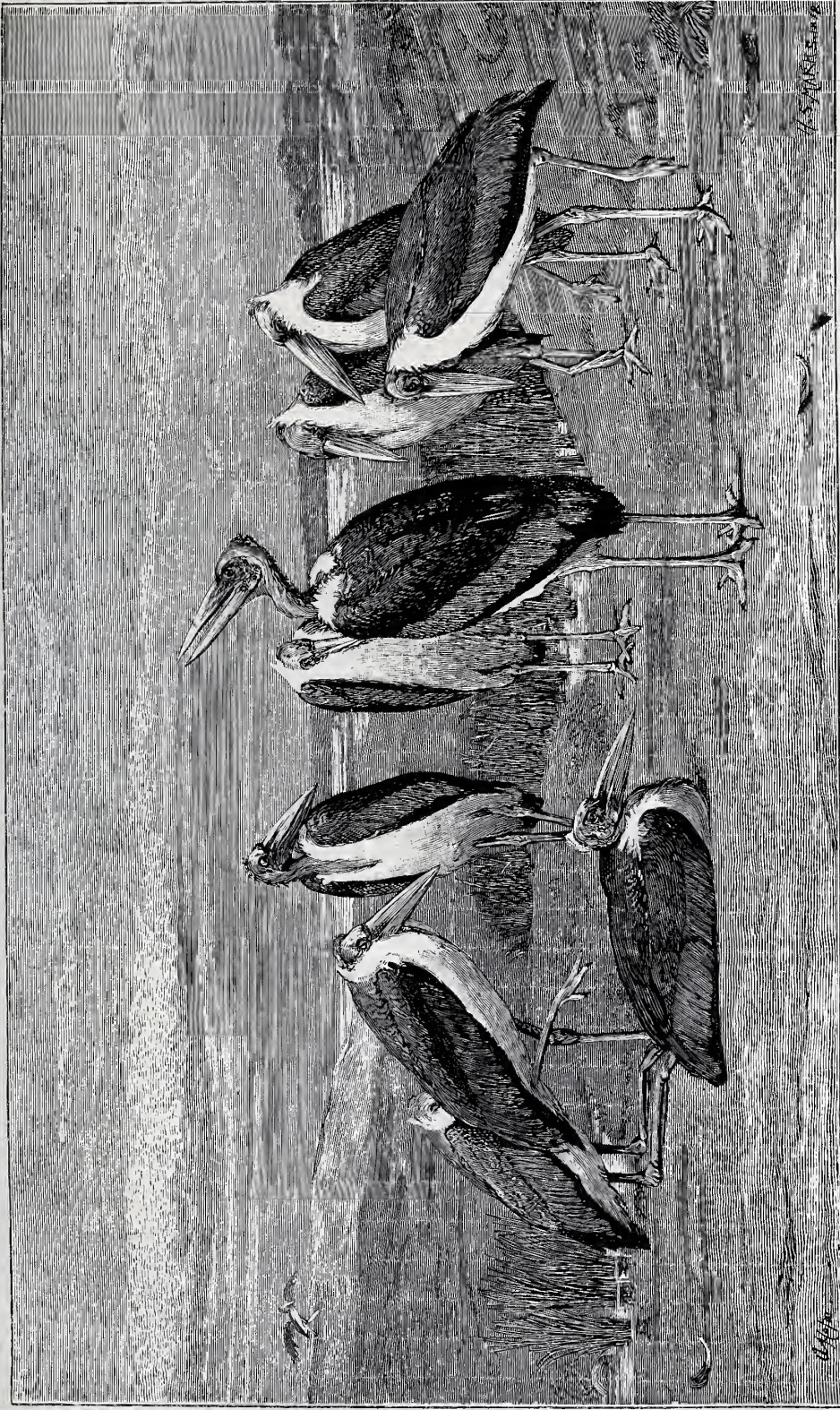
HUGH WILLOUGHBY SWENY.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

FIRST NOTICE.

AS far back as memory reaches, the yearly show at the Academy has been pronounced by a majority of critics to be “on the whole below the average,” though, if the depreciation be just, what this mysterious average must long ago have sunk to, it would be hard to say. The truth is that, apart from the master-

pieces which every May discovers in about equal numbers, the general character of the works exhibited has slightly, but steadily, improved of late years, and we are not inclined to believe that the canvases now covering the walls of Burlington House are any exception to the rule. Without attempting, however,



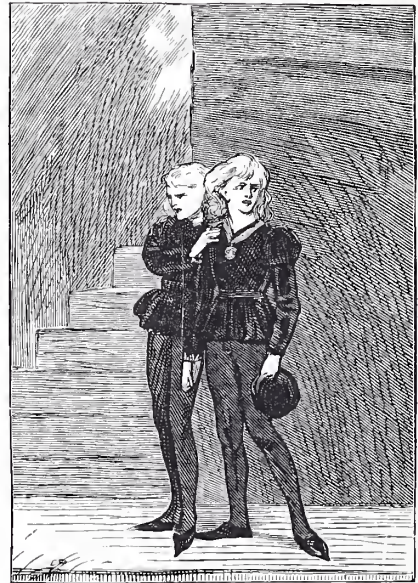
“CONVOCAATION.”

(From the Picture in the Royal Academy, by H. Stacy Marks, A.R.A.)

in the space at our disposal this month, to institute comparisons with the past, or to estimate the general scope of the present Academy exhibition, we proceed to speak of a few of the most important pictures of the year.

Mr. Millais has painted very few subject pictures of late; he has shown us how even a high inventive and romantic faculty finds in time its best satisfaction—if we may be pardoned the seeming paradox—in the state of abeyance, in the production of literal natural transcripts. Portrait and landscape, of all arts the most humbly reproductive of nature, of the characteristics—nay, the accidents—of an individual scene or an individual face, give him more to feed upon, as art and years reveal their riches, than he can altogether assimilate. Mr. Millais finds that his highest invention cannot produce anything better worth labour and love than the mixed colours on a woman's or a child's cheek, or the broken depths of tint and tone in foliage, and the bark of trees. Even the charming human interest, which a painter's characteristic way of looking at nature and of rendering it gives to a landscape, is unnecessary to this painter's enjoyment; he is, to our mind, too prosaically literal to convey that full enjoyment to his critic, who seeks in art something even more precious than nature—human thought. His return to historical painting will probably be welcomed more warmly by the general public than by the dilettanti; and we remember many a picture in which he has exhibited more mastery and knowledge in painting than his work contains this year. In the landscape, "St. Martin's Summer," the grey weather which he has so often chosen gives place to an effect of light and colour. A pool in the foreground has about it some delicate transparent browns and greys, beyond are some rich purplish rocks, and considerably further back is the waterfall. The foliage on either side is most dexterous in execution; its colours are warm greens, yellows, and greys, somewhat hot in certain passages. The sky has not that undeniable poverty which has been so often noticeable, and its tint is rather warm and broken. The composition does not strike us as

happy; it is too equally balanced, and too directly divided by the cascade. The artist's "Bride of Lammermoor" is not on the Academy walls, and so does not call for notice here. His important contribution, "The Princes in the Tower" (which has been placed by its fortunate possessors, the Fine Art Society, in the hands of the eminent engraver, Samuel Cousins, R.A.), has great merits, with some weak points. The black in the costumes is treated with a fine reticence of tone, the artist has kept well within the force at his command; more black paint, however, and



THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER.
(J. E. Millais, R.A.)

less red and blue in the composition of the black, would, it appears to us, produce a more satisfactory result. The boys' legs are excellently well drawn, and the faces full of good painting. The treatment of the gold chain is an example of Mr. Millais' mastery of the brush. Of the portraits, that of Lord Shaftesbury will be found the most easily intelligible in manner; the face is strongly modelled and painted; the hands seem somewhat careless. In the portrait of Mrs. Langtry (the "Jersey Lily"), the simple grey tone of the background is happy; but the light side of the face has a violet tinge, and in the whole technical manner of

treatment, we find tentative touches which cannot be pronounced masterly; the effect which the painter aims at is obtained, but not with directness.

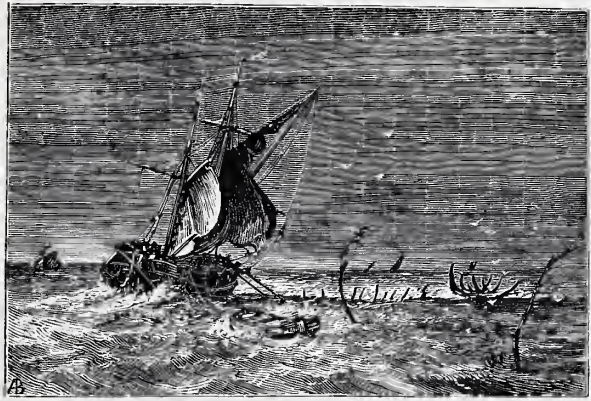
Mr. Leighton paints trivial subjects for his admirers, and great ones for the love of art. The public accepts him purely as a decorative painter, yet we detect far loftier aims than the ends of decoration in some dozen works of noble interest which he has given to the world, among which the diploma picture of "St. Jerome," a most pathetic "King David," exhibited some thirteen years ago at the Academy, the "Clytemnestra," of four years ago, and the "Elijah" of the present season occur to us as examples. We think that this slight misunderstanding arises from the artist's quasi-decorative manner, and his persistent improvements on the human subject. "Elijah and the Angel," a picture originally destined for the Academy, was at the last moment dispatched to Paris, and the purely ornamental composition, entitled "Winding the Skein," reserved for Burlington House. The landscape of this classical subject was studied in the island of Rhodes, and is only slightly idealised; the colour plays on rose and violet without any marked accents, and is somewhat insipid. The tints of the white draperies are without charm, and chilly, though the artist escapes the positive coldness of a bad colourist. The studied triviality of the motive is rather out of harmony with the somewhat heroic treatment of the principal figure, which has colossal shoulders. Mr. Leighton's single figure of "Nausicæa" is full of unconscious and maidenly charm; the green of the upper drapery is excellent, but the under garment is disagreeably abrupt and opaque.

Of the three canvases by one of our best-known marine painters (E. W. Cooke, R.A.), we have chosen for the subject of a sketch a Dutch galliot aground, which has great facility and movement.

Of Mr. Long's work, whether in composition or portrait, only one opinion will be held this year, probably, and this will pronounce that the artist, after the slight weakness of last year's

work, has put out all his power of drawing and modelling, and has gained greatly in sureness. The extreme refinement of colour in "The Gods and their Makers" is very pleasing; different tones of flesh are relieved only by darker or lighter blue-greens, except in the case of the negress, who wears a red necklace, the only bit of primary colour in the picture. This group of Egyptian girls is full of fun and charm; the background tones are delicately varied. "Mr. Irving, as the Duke of Gloucester," is altogether a noble portrait.

Mr. Calderon's subject picture—though its story is clearly told and without sentimentality—is artistically the least interesting of his canvases this season, the happiest being a female portrait, which is admirably painted, lighted, and composed. The colour is unusually good, comprising the rich plum-colour of the dress, a yellowish hat, and some fine tones of white, against a tapestry background, which retires well. The chemisette makes a happy mass of light near the face, and the high light strikes down the figure, bringing out the gold design on the dress, and helping the modelling; the hat, which is held in the hands, has been boldly



DUTCH GALLIOT AGROUND ON A SANDBANK.
(E. W. Cooke, R.A.)

painted, somewhat more strongly than the head, from which, however, it in no degree detracts. The whole picture is broad and masterly. Another portrait, that of an elf-like little girl sitting on the grass near a camp-kettle, preparing for gipsy tea, has also excellent points; by means of the copious steam of the kettle the artist has filled up the background so as to

produce a felicitous tone; there is plenty of white drapery, a red sash, and some turquoise blue in the tea-cups—the whole being pleasingly

in her Academy picture this one temptation is resisted; the funeral gondola is luminous by the effect of air and distance. The drawing—architectural and otherwise—is executed with a peculiar elegance of hand; the composition of form, of colour, and of comparisons, is entirely masterly.



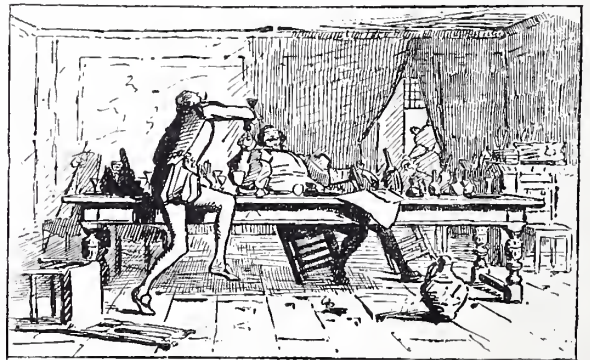
THE "PREMIÈRE COMMUNION," DIEPPE.
(P. R. Morris, A.R.A.)

combined. A third canvas—a girl selling flowers—is brilliant and striking; the figure is light against a light sky, the head with its black hair alone telling dark; the arms are powerfully foreshortened. A portrait of the Marquis of Waterford, in his robes as a Knight of St. Patrick, is strongly painted.

Amongst outsiders, Miss Clara Montalba has made the finest success of the year by her Venetian scene, "The Last Journey." The manner of her work is full of individuality and character; she paints with that *parti-pris* which makes the human interest of art, but she is as true to nature as to herself. Her brushwork is altogether as un-English as is her interpretative reading of nature. The danger of such a character as that of her art is manifestly mannerism, and in a few of her water-colour drawings a certain insistence on the charm and effectiveness of black—that precious colour which English art entirely neglects—had almost become a beautiful trick in her composition of colour. Her black was sometimes too positive to hold its right "value," considering the modifications of atmosphere and light. But

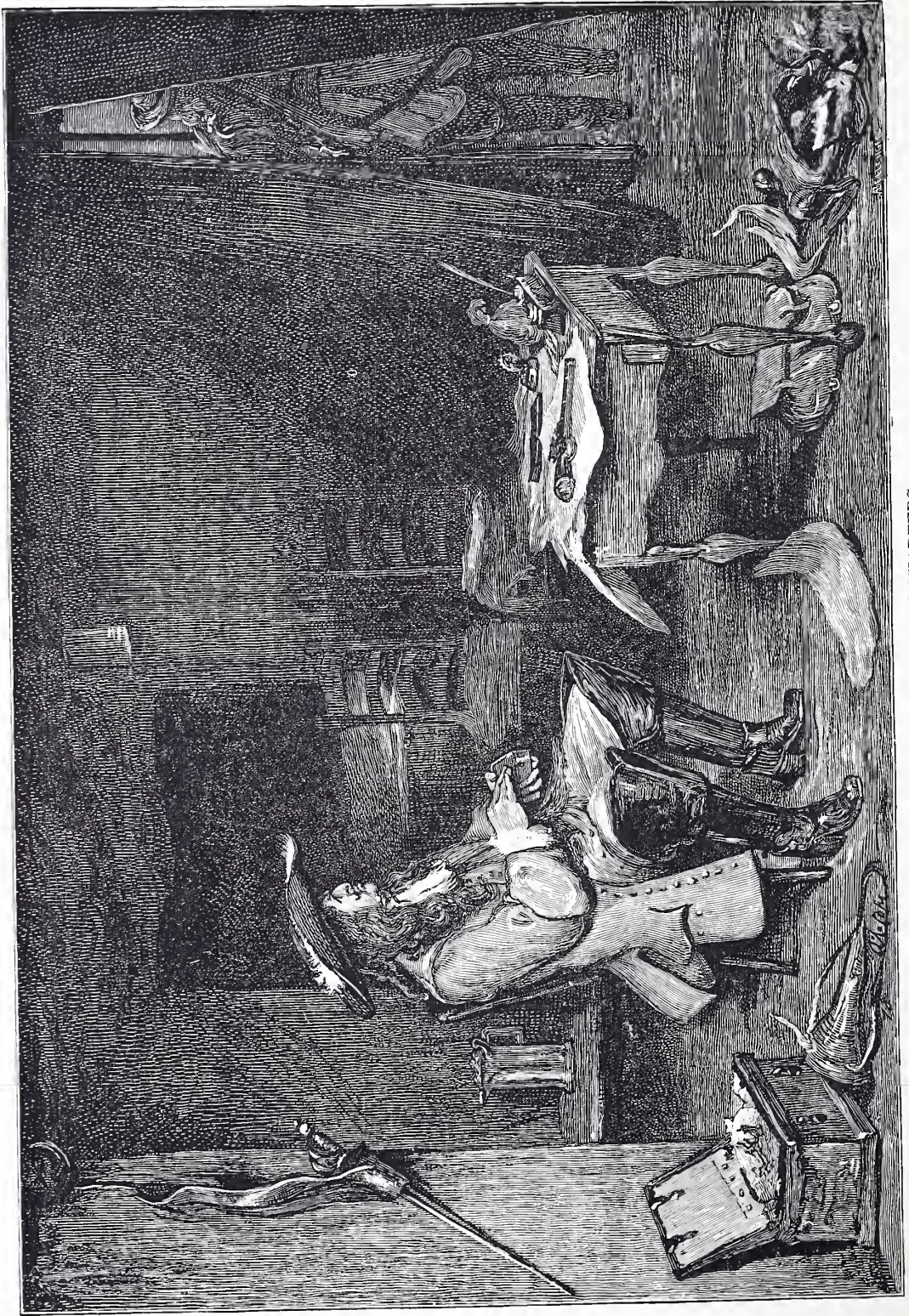
French girls are too cold; the lightness of texture is, however, good.

Mr. Alma Tadema is the most enthusiastic of antiquarians, and his principal subject this year is characteristically realistic of the past. Struck by the beauty of form and action of the statue known as the Esquiline Venus, he has imagined the group of the unknown sculptor and his unknown model, whose arms he props



"TO OUR NEXT MERRIE MEETYNGE."
(J. Watson Nicol.)

in the *pose* of the marble. The figure is marvellously painted in a subdued and diffused light, which leaves only the gentlest contrasts,



THE GENERAL'S HEAD-QUARTERS.
(From the Picture by J. Pettie, R.A., for the Royal Academy Exhibition.)

or rather differences, of light and dark at the painter's command; yet it is on the exquisite



EVENING.
(R. Ansdell, R.A.)

justice of these delicate comparisons that the modelling, solidity, and finish of the flesh depend. In this art—the important art of values and relations—too much neglected in England, Mr. Tadema is a true master. In the matter of beauty, we may venture to criticise this figure as too narrow across the pelvis and inelegantly heavy towards the ankles. A small subject—a Roman girl preparing to throw through an opened window the love-letter which she has weighted with a bunch of pink and crimson roses—is still more original and learned in its realisation of the past. The window consists of a heavy slab of marble which, swung open on a pivot, lets the Roman sunshine into the cool room; the girl is robed in a dull and subtle warm green, her hair is flame-coloured, and her face is an extreme example of the coarse type so prevalent in this artist's pictures. The painting throughout, and especially in the bunch of roses, is a

triumph of learned technical skill; it has the appearance of minute finish, although the work is large and the touch full.

Mrs. E. M. Ward is represented this year by a single picture, "One of the Last Lays of Robert Burns," in which the simple, cottage home-life of one of the most tender song-writers that ever lived is very charmingly suggested; and Mr. Ansdell by animal pictures, of one of which we give here a slight illustration.

Mr. Marks has done full justice to the odd humour of nature in his "Convocation," the subject of our large engraving; the drawing of the birds is excellent, and the tone pleasing, though somewhat smooth and level.

In our next notice we propose to refer, among other works, to the brilliant picture by Mr. Watson Nicol, of which we now give a sketch; and to the canvases of Mr. Pettie, whose "General's Head-quarters," represented in our last number as the frontispiece, was not finished in time for the exhibition.

We would only add that the small sketches we have given in this, and propose to give in



ONE OF THE LAST LAYS OF ROBERT BURNS.
(Mrs. E. M. Ward.)

following papers, are intended merely as indications of the composition of certain pictures, and in no sense as artistic reproductions.

OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

SIR FRANCIS GRANT, P.R.A.



HE office of President of the Royal Academy is a post of high honour, but of small profit. It has been successively held by nine eminent painters since the memorable day in 1768, when King George III. nominated the first thirty-six Academicians, with Sir Joshua Reynolds at their head. At no succeeding epoch of the Academy's history has its body included more noted names than those which, in the order of time, stand at the head of its roll. Some of the number are now, no doubt, forgotten; but indelibly stamped on the annals of English art is the work of Thomas Gainsborough, Paul Sandby, Richard Wilson, Nathaniel Hone, Francesco Bartolozzi—great among engravers—and Benjamin West, not forgetting Sir Joshua himself, by whom, far more than by the royal founder, these inaugural nominations were made, as is possibly evidenced by the fact that this first list contains the name of Angelica Kauffman, whose gentle beauty was not without its influence on the heart of the greatest of English masters. Greatest of English teachers also, in some ways, he was; and we may be pardoned the suspicion that to his helping hand this lady, who, in conjunction with Mary Moser, monopolises the Academy honours accorded to women, owes the masterly touch that is found on some of her canvases and is missing in others. Sir Joshua's presidentship was a long one, lasting from 1768 to 1792, and his successor Benjamin West's, was even longer, closing in 1820, when Sir Thomas Lawrence entered on a rule of ten years, to be succeeded by Sir Martin Archer Shee, after whom came Sir Charles L. Eastlake, whose death in 1866 brings us down to the date of Sir Francis Grant's accession to the honours he still holds.

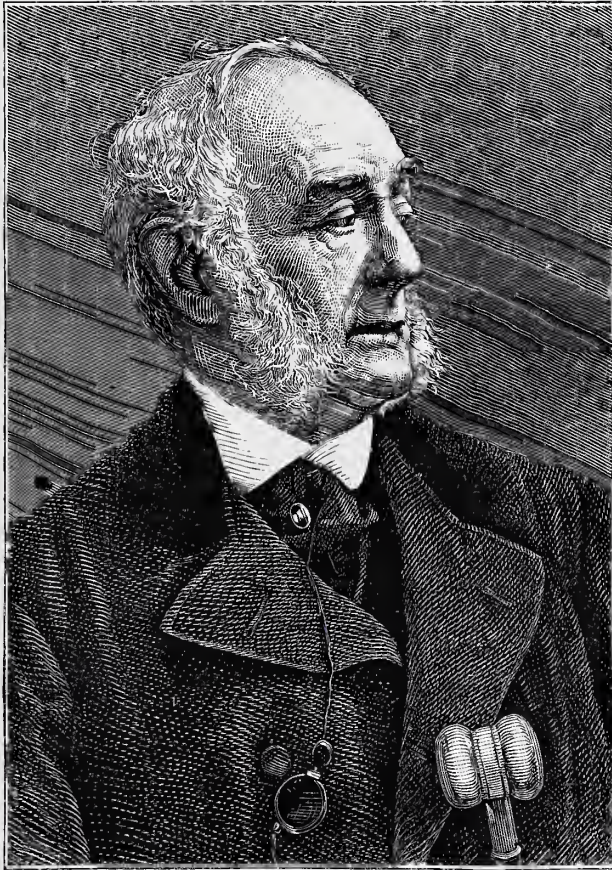
The position of a President is peculiar, and requires a combination of talents not frequently to be found together, for it demands an established standing as a painter combined with general urbanity and social rank. There is certainly no necessary connection between

the study of art and Bohemianism; nevertheless, a large proportion of young artists have at all times delighted in defying popular prejudice and revolting against convention; and beyond this there has been, from time to time, considerable difficulty in an artist taking much of a position in what is called society. Nor was it until very lately that the immense patronage flowing from the increased wealth of the country has enabled any number of our painters to build for themselves miniature palaces, attached to which are studios, adorned with curiosities from all parts of the world, with miscellaneous works of various and quaint kinds of beauty, with carved furniture, luxurious, or simply useful, and above all, with rich and precious gems of genius in various stages of perfection. Now, at last, society reckons artists among some of its richest and most useful members, because they can minister in many ways to its gratification; the man with taste in colour and in ornament can suggest decoration and variety of adornment, and can assist in choice of artistic embellishment in days when taste is a necessary element of refinement. When, therefore, the time comes, which we trust is far distant, for a new election, there will be no lack of candidates fully qualified as to the two main requirements for the office of President. There are many men now who possess well-marked and recognised ability as painters, and also a knowledge of, and acquaintance with, the round of fashionable society; but when Sir Francis Grant was elected, the choice was not so extensive. It is no disparagement to the President to say that we think that he obtained his post as much by his social as by his artistic qualities. He is a gentleman as well by birth as by education, and his tact and manliness have assisted him greatly in an arduous and rather thankless task of representing a great and influential body in its dealings with the State and with the outside world.

Sir Francis Grant is the younger son of a Scottish laird, the late Francis Grant, of Kilgraston, in Perthshire, and the elder brother

of General Sir Hope Grant, G.C.B. He was born in 1803, and married early Miss Farquharson, sister of James Farquharson, of Invercauld. Being left a widower he married Isabella, the third daughter of Mr. and Lady Elizabeth

came here. Frank will, I believe, if he attends to his profession, be one of the celebrated men of the age. He has long been known to me as the companion of my sons, and the partner of my daughters. In youth, that is in extreme youth, he was passionately fond of fox-hunting and other sports. He had



*per Scott & Co
London & New York*

Norman, thus allying himself to the noble house of Manners, the portraits of not a few of whose members he has since painted. The tale of his early life may be best told in the words of Sir Walter Scott, as recorded in his diary, given in Lockhart's "Life" (vol. vii., 1st Ed.) :—

"March 26th, 1831.—Frank Grant and his lady

also a strong passion for painting, and made a little collection. As he had sense enough to feel that a younger brother's fortune would not last long under the expenses of a good stud and a rare collection of *chefs-d'œuvre*, he used to avow his intention to spend his patrimony—about £10,000—and then to begin to make his fortune by the law. The first he soon accomplished. But the law is not a profession so easily acquired, nor did Frank's talents lie in that

direction; his passion for painting turned out better. Connoisseurs approved of his sketches, both in pencil and oil, but not without the sort of criticisms made on these occasions: that they were admirable for an amateur, but it could not be expected that he should submit to the drudgery absolutely necessary for a profession, and all that species of criticism which gives way before natural genius and energy of character. In the meantime Frank saw the necessity of doing something better to keep himself independent, having, I think, too much spirit to become a *Jock the laird's brother*, drinking out the last glass of the bottle, riding the horses which the laird wishes to sell, and drawing sketches to amuse the lady and children. He was above all this, and honourably resolved to cultivate his taste for painting and become a professional artist. I am no judge of painting, but I am conscious that Francis Grant possesses, with much cleverness, a sense of beauty derived from the best source, that is, the observation of really good society, while in many modern artists the want in that species of feeling is so great as to be revolting. His former acquaintances render his immediate entrance into business completely secure, and it will rest with himself to carry on his success. He has, I think, that degree of force of character which will make him keep and enlarge any reputation which he may acquire. He has confidence, too, in his own powers, always requisite for a young gentleman trying things of this sort whose aristocratic pretensions must be envied.

"March 29.—Frank Grant is still with me and is well pleased, I think very advisedly so, with a cabinet picture of myself, armour, and so forth, together with my two noble stag-hounds. The dogs sat charmingly, but the picture took up some time."

In these early days, Mr. Grant received much encouragement and assistance from the Earl of Elgin, who probably had a clearer perception of pictorial talent than Sir Walter Scott, and who lent him pictures from his valuable collection. To a Velasquez, a portrait of the Due d'Olivarez, which he thus had an opportunity of studying, the young artist acknowledged that he owed much of his after success. This is one of the instances, not uncommon we believe, of a single picture, thoroughly mastered, having a great influence in the training and development of artistic excellence. As the reading and re-reading of a single book will sometimes reveal powers of thought in a literary student, so the really great work of art of a master will some day, perhaps, after having been gazed at, admired and passed by amateurs of the more thoughtless

crowd, awaken a latent fire in an enthusiastic breast, and encourage some late unknown after-comer to cry out, "I, too, am a painter."

In Edinburgh, Mr. Grant made many friends, amongst whom one of the most distinguished was Sir Watson Gordon, afterwards President of the Royal Scottish Academy. It was one of his friends in this capital—the President told the story when addressing the students of the Academy on the necessity of studying everything from nature as it really is—who once induced his brother (who must have had a very warm admiration of his art) to stand for two hours with a wet garment about him, which, when the painter perceived the linen to be getting dry, had a fresh sprinkling from a watering-pot!

Mr. Grant began to exhibit in the Royal Academy in 1834, and at various intervals he produced some large works, principally pictures of various hunts. Amongst these are "The Meet of Her Majesty's Stag-hounds" (1837), "The Melton Hunt," "The Cottesmere Hunt," "A Shooting Party at Ranton Abbey," "The Melton Breakfast," "The Belvoir Hunt" (exhibited in 1869, but painted between 1845 and 1855), "A picture of the Queen on horseback in Windsor Park, attended by her suite," and "Viscount Hardinge with his staff, after the battle of Ferozeshah."

It was not long before Mr. Grant was recognised by the Academy: in 1842 he was chosen an Associate, and in 1851 he became an Academician. On the death of Sir Charles L. Eastlake, in 1866, he was elected to the vacant presidential chair, and he has filled that high office with dignity and grace. In accordance with the usual custom, he was knighted; and he has since received the degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford.

The annual dinners previous to the opening of the exhibition have always been some of the most select and interesting gatherings of the kind during the year, and certainly under Sir Francis Grant they have lost none of their rich and special character. When some of the greatest speakers in church and state, in politics and in literature, are vying with one another in graceful and

good-humoured eloquence, the voice of Sir Francis is always listened to with interest and attention, and he never fails to look the President. But though he is thus alive

hung on the walls. A very large proportion of these works are life-size, and many of them equestrian portraits, very often presentation testimonials to members of Parliament,



LORD GOUGH.

(From the Portrait by Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A.)

to the social demands of the Academy, and is no less active in attending to the interests of art in its schools, and in its contact with other bodies, he has not neglected the pursuit of his own profession. Since his election to the presidency, he has sent six works to the public exhibition every year, with but two exceptions, and then he had five

popular landlords, and successful directors. Sir Francis has kept up his early taste for sport, and paints horses and dogs as one who knows their points.

It is impossible to give anything like a complete list of the President's exhibited works, of which there are five, of very equal merit, in the current Academy.

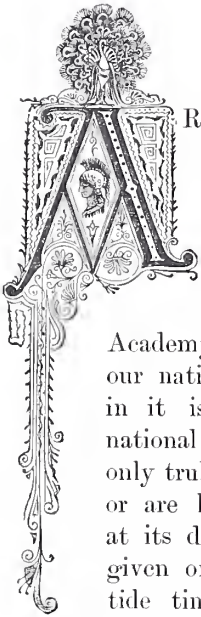
“TWO FAIR MAIDENS.”

SINCE the days when Mr. Millais worked so constantly as a draughtsman on wood, the world has not had any opportunity of seeing his power in black and white. His influence on the art of drawing on wood has been, perhaps, greater than is generally supposed. Unconventionality of composition, with little fear of unfilled spaces and still less of repetitions of attitude or action, is one of the main characteristics of his drawings, and of those of his followers. Among the young artists who formed themselves on Mr. Millais was Frederick Walker,

in the early days of his work in black and white, when he appeared as a fresh and graceful draughtsman in the magazines; his first illustrations were somewhat tentative in style, though he subsequently carried the art further than Mr. Millais himself has had leisure or inclination to do. Our frontispiece, “Two Fair Maidens,” has, among its other beauties, the fresh feeling of work done from life, and it gives pleasant evidence that the hand of the artist has not, in this or any other range of his art, forgotten its old cunning.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

FIRST NOTICE.



ARTISTS who, from their eminence, are free to choose, hesitate between the advantages offered to them by the rival exhibitions of the Academy and the Grosvenor.

Nothing can take from the Academy its historical prestige; it is our national gallery in its own sense; in it is written the history of the national school of the last century, the only truly national school we have had or are likely to have; it has honours at its disposal which, however lightly given or unworthily worn in the ebb-tide time of English art, have never lost their distinction or, at least, are certain to recover such measure of it as they have lost; it has a hold on the conservative opinion of the English public which no rival can divide; and lastly it cannot be denied that pictures which have passed the ordeal of judgment by the Royal Academy have gained a more worthy victory than those which have pleased the taste of one connoisseur and his personal friends. The disadvantages are of the most practical kind, comprising the necessary tyranny of discipline in the matter of punctuality, and the loss of effect caused by over-crowding, by inharmonious neighbours,

bad hanging, and very often indifferent light. The Grosvenor Gallery gives the artist the unparalleled privilege of hanging his own pictures on the space of wall accorded to him, so that the light shall suit his effects; his pictures are together, and the proximity of no other painter's discordant manner exaggerates or kills his own; the absence of a crowd, though it may not give the proprietor complete satisfaction, affords the artist and the critic a certain calm of contemplation; the disadvantages consist in a personal instead of a national interest, in the atmosphere of *clique*, and in public indifference. Both exhibitions share, in almost equal degrees—though it might have been hoped that the less general collection would be free from it—the reproach of admitting mediocrities and bad pictures.

Mr. Watts gained the principal honours of the Grosvenor last year by his noble allegory, “Love and Death,” in spite of the want of beauty in its colour, and some rather amateurish passages of drawing. Never had his genius appeared more lofty and more human. This year we are again bound to declare a reverential admiration for the genius of thought and feeling which has produced in the large allegory of “Time and Death,” a work so simple and great. It cannot be said to be original any more than originality can be predicated of many of the



TWO FAIR MAIDENS.

most living works in all arts; the picture merely gives the simple imagery of ages, but it is instinct with present feeling. Mr. Watts's "Death" is pitiful and pensive; his "Judgment" has a touch of emotion in the swift turn of the figure as she blinds her eyes; "Time," with his vivacity of look and action, would seem rather to personify Life. A portrait—that of "W. Strickland Cookson, Esq."—is executed with a far different hand; here the colour, though sufficiently broken, falls into the necessary mass and unity, and the surface is pleasant; there are fine greys in the forehead, with a general solidity of modelling. The "Ophelia" is more mannered, and the drawing of her arm and wrist is questionable.

Mr. Millais, in "A Good Resolution," shows the single figure of a Scotch girl, who stands turning down a corner of her Bible. The reds and yellows are treated patchily in the flesh, without harmony of effect or purpose. There is fairly nice colour in the blue and white dress, and the grey background is good and well varied. The same artist's portrait group, called "Twins," however, is in his best and happiest manner. The flesh painting is quietly good in handling, the character of the heads well marked, and there is a fine rough mastery in the treatment of a lace *jabot*. The painting of the dresses is invisible owing to the glass, which converts into a mirror all the dark passages in almost all the pictures. The glass may flatter the artist with a fictitious depth and richness, but its use is altogether illegitimate in the case of oil paintings.

It is more than five years, if we mistake not, since Mr. Whistler ceased to exhibit at the Academy, but he has been visible in the meanwhile at the Dudley and at M. Dechamps' Gallery in Bond Street, now closed, where he was

in company with one or two members of the Impressionist school. Three of the small canvases are clever renderings of various effects of London fog, works full of intelligence, and quite subtly adroit in some passages, as in the value of the floating bank of smoke in one of the "Nocturnes," and in the comparison of the lights in the "Harmony in Grey and Gold," a clever street snow scene. We emphatically protest, however, against the truly vulgar delusion that there is beauty in the smoke effects of London; "tone," indeed, is precious in nature, and all but indispensable in art, but the rich darkness of age and weather is in no way akin to the poor and grimy darkness of soot. Mr. Whistler's "Harmony in Blue and Yellow" is as much more beautiful than the others as the sky of nature is lovelier than the sky of commerce; this little sea piece is well combined as to its colour and light, but the foreground and figure contribute the inevitable element of grotesqueness. Two life-size full-lengths are called respectively, "An Arrangement in White and Black," and "An Arrangement in Blue and Green." The first is a monochrome sketch, full of cleverness in the indication of form and action, but vulgar in subject; the second has some really fine and finished texture-painting in the blue velvet dress, which is imitatively treated, while the face is purely impressionary—a queer combination.

Mr. Cecil Lawson's landscapes, "In the Minister's Garden," "In the Valley—a Pastoral," and "Strayed—a Moonlight Pastoral" (these idyllic names savour too much of literature to suggest very painter-like work), are, in spite of evidences of much separate study of details, distinctly studio landscapes; the compositions lack a leading purpose, and the colour is somewhat heavy and unintelligible.

ART IN METAL.—I.

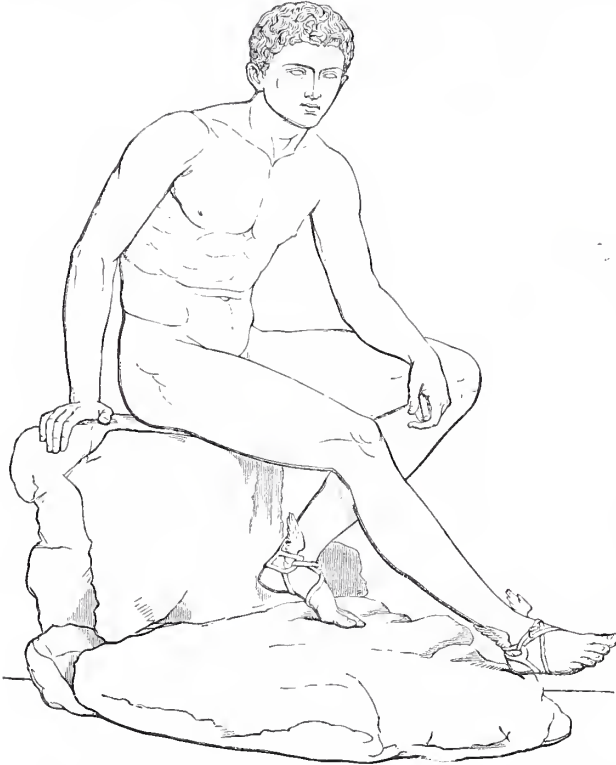
BY J. HUNGERFORD POLLEN, M.A.

METALLURGY means the art of smelting and preparing metals, and working them into objects for use or ornament. The art, in one form or another, is as old as human society. The Scripture speaks of Tubal-Cain

as the father of metal-workers. Pliny, the natural historian, calls Lindus of Scythia the earliest known smelter of metals. Many archaeological collections contain tools and weapons, some considered to be of pre-historic antiquity.

All authorities agree that it is the earliest art on record.

The most primitive examples of metal-work we know are of alloyed metal, generally copper, tin, and other metals variously mixed. One of the countries from which these materials were first obtained, in bars or ingots, and



SEATED MERCURY—A BRONZE STATUETTE (GRÆCO-ROMAN).
(From the Naples Museum.)

probably also made up into various utensils, was our own. The Phœnician merchants, the earliest navigators of whom we have any record, sailed through the Straits of Gibraltar, coasted round Spain and Gaul, and traded with the British tribes of Cornwall, Devon, and the Scilly islands. They brought tin—perhaps also copper, and alloys of both metals—from those coasts to the cities and states that bordered the Mediterranean basin. Copper is a metal of very wide geological distribution—the island of Cyprus has its name from the Greek word *kupros*, copper, which abounded there—but tin was more difficult to get. The two metals, when alloyed or mixed together, make the Greek *chalchos*, Latin *æs*, which is sometimes translated,

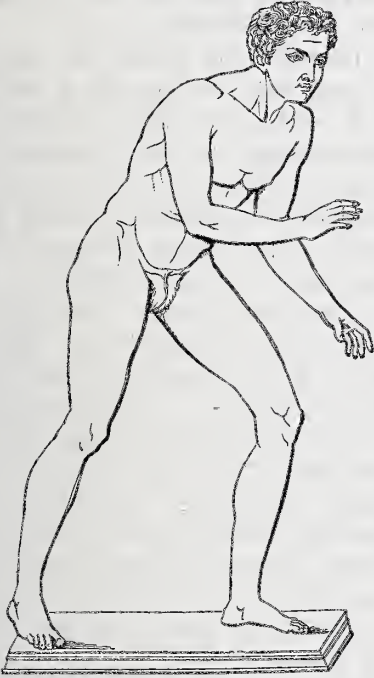
brass; but is more properly, bronze—the metal in general use by the ancient nations. What we call brass is an alloy of copper and zinc, a beautiful metal, but not so hard as bronze. The colour of bronze is a rich golden brown, varying according to the proportions of the metals composing it, usually from eight to twelve per cent. of tin. Other metals, in small quantities, were used in some kinds of bronze; sometimes, no doubt, because found in one or other of the two component materials, from which they were not removed in smelting; sometimes added purposely, in order to improve the colour or the quality and fusibility of the alloy.

The earlier smiths and artists made most of their bronze-work with the hammer. They had admirable methods of tempering the alloy. The furnaces of the ancients were heated by wood or charcoal, and the metal was slowly smelted, so that it was tough and dense. If allowed to cool slowly it became very hard, if more quickly it would be softer; and, as some bronzes would have small quantities of other metals in them as well as tin, the workman could keep some for tools, knives, daggers and swords, and other kinds for armour or ornaments. All sorts of tools for working wood or metal, as well as arms of every description, were made of bronze by the Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Hebrews,

and the Greeks. The British Museum, the Louvre in Paris, the armoury of the Tower of London, and many other collections contain good examples. Sword-blades were hammered to the sharpest cutting edge, the metal being laminated and tempered so as to be equal to good blades of iron and steel. Two beautiful shoulder-pieces, representing Amazons and Greek warriors, part of a suit of armour, may be seen in the British Museum. They were found in Italy in 1820. The metal is as thin as paper, but exquisitely modelled and tempered. It has, perhaps, lost much of its thickness by time. According to Sir G. Wilkinson, Egyptian arms and tools of admirable hammering have been found of the date of 1800 to 2000 years B.C.

Axe-heads and various other weapons have been excavated at Troy, by Dr. Schliemann, at a great depth below the present surface of the ground, and may be of the date usually given to the Trojan War—eleven to twelve centuries B.C.

Mr. Layard discovered various utensils in



DISCOROLUS—BRONZE STATUETTE.
(Excavated at Pompeii.)

Nineveh in which the bronze had an inner core of iron, and were slighter and stronger than if they had been made of the former only. We believe these are rare examples.

Besides tools, arms, and armour, these ancient nations made much of their furniture, thrones, beds, and other things not often moved about, of bronze. An infinite variety of small objects, such as buckles, clasps, ornaments for the harness of horses and carriages—for shields and dress and accoutrements, not themselves made of metal, were of bronze-gilt—and wooden chairs, couches, and other furniture had pins, knobs, and ornamental pieces, not to speak of hinges and locks, of bronze.

According to Mr. Layard, much ornamentation, called generally gilding, was done at Nineveh by thin plates, or by washes of the dust of this metal.

Hitherto we have treated of metal-work exe-

cuted on the anvil by hammering. There seems no evidence that casting bronze was practised till long after the Greeks had become great and powerful. The means for treating large masses of molten metal were wanting. Even in smelting it, probably only small quantities were produced at a time. A curious female bust of hammered work, with sphinxes on the base that supports it, is preserved in the British Museum. A hammered statue of Jupiter, by Clearchus of Rhegium (in Italy), is said to have stood near the temple of Minerva, in Sparta.

Glaucus of Chios, in the seventh century B.C., is said to have invented soldering—*i.e.*, uniting bronze by means of softer metal which is easily fused, and fastens two pieces as by glue or cement. The early Tuscan metal-work, of which there are examples in the British Museum, shows no use of this method. Plates of hammered bronze could, by means of soldering, be made into statues of the size of life, or larger. And the practice of casting came into use (invented, it is said, by Theodoros and Rhoecos) about the same time. It is to be observed, however, that the great sculptors made statues great portions of which were of hammered gold, also in plates, riveted to each other over a core of wood. We shall speak of some of these works later.

All the bronze-workers of antiquity seem to have been accustomed to ornament their productions with gold and silver. They did this in several ways. The simplest was to gild it all over or on parts. Gilding was executed during these ages as it is now. Mercury, or quicksilver, has an affinity with gold, with which it forms what is called an amalgam. In this state it is laid over the metal to be gilt, and the whole is baked in an oven or heated chamber in which the



BRONZE STATUETTE, NAMED
"NARCISSUS."
GRECO-ROMAN WORK.
(Excavated at Pompeii, 1865.)

mercury is evaporated, leaving the gold firmly united to the bronze. Another method of decoration was that to which we give the name of damascening, or inlaying in patterns with small quantities of solid gold and silver. This process has continued common in India and the East generally, and is practised with extraordinary skill and much beauty by the Japanese. In damascening, a design or pattern is traced on the surface of the hard metal, and dug out carefully with a tool, leaving the bottom of the channels rough. Into these hollows a wire of pure gold or silver is hammered, so that it fills the space and takes firm hold of its rough sides. The gold or silver is often left of some thickness above the bronze surface, and it is then modelled by the hammer and graver as the artist chooses. Another method of damascening on softer metal is to dig out slightly the lines of a given design, to lay thin gold or silver leaves in them, and to hammer down the rough edges of the metal again over the edges of the plates, and so fasten them firmly to the ground. Or, again, gold and silver are sometimes let into holes of such thickness as to require to be fastened firmly into the solid metal by pins or plugs of gold or of silver. All these methods seem to have been in use amongst ancient nations.

In treating of casting, we should remember that small ornaments, and, perhaps, some tools and instruments, were probably at all times made by casting; but casting on a large scale was not in use till the age of the great Greek sculptors. The earlier cast statues were of solid metal; but when sculpture in bronze came to be more widely practised they were cast hollow, and in the following manner:—A model is first prepared round a core made of clay, pounded brick, and plaster of Paris, or other such substances, strengthened with bars of metal. Over this the artist works his model in tempered wax, an inch in thickness. Round the wax model a mould is made up of plastic clay-sand, such as will stand the heat of melted metal, and which is fine enough in texture to take the impression of the most delicate lines and surfaces of the wax. As soon as the mould is hard it is baked in a furnace, and the melted wax allowed to escape through holes prepared

for it. In this way the mould remains entire, and an absolute counterpart of the artist's work. The molten metal is then poured into the mould, and allowed to cool gradually. Lastly, the sculptor finishes his work with the graver. In this process there has, probably, been no variation from the time of the ancient Greeks to the Renaissance.

The treatment of bronze in this simple manner put into the hands of sculptors a means of working up their conceptions with a common wooden tool in a material so soft, and yet so tenacious, as wax, and afterwards of producing the same figure in a metal that can be finished to the utmost delicacy of surface, and that does not corrode with time. A great period of art was at hand. The reign of the famous sculptors of Greece began. The master or trainer of the greatest of these sculptors was Ageladas of Argos. From his school came Pheidias, Myron, and Polycleitus. His date is the latter part of the sixth and the first year of the fifth century B.C., and his great pupil Pheidias lived through most of the fifth. All these artists worked in bronze as well as in gold and silver. In the British Museum the reader may see the frieze, metopes (or sculptures of the entablature), and the figures that filled the two pediments of the Parthenon, the temple of Minerva, in Athens. These are the work of Pheidias and his pupils in marble. Nothing in metal-work by his hand has survived the sacks and plunderings of the capital cities of antiquity. The Romans carried away his bronze statues for the sake of their beauty, and the Huns and tribes of northern Europe broke them up for the value of the metal. We can, however, form a judgment of what these works must have been from what we see in marble. The marble statues and groups, which have been unburied in Rome and various parts of Italy, and which form the glory of modern museums of sculpture, are generally considered to be models or copies of some of these famous works. The quantity of statues alone made by the Greeks was enormous. Three thousand statues, most of them in bronze, are said to have been preserved in Delphi, and as many in Athens and in Rhodes.

The temples of Greece of the date of Pheidias

had many ornaments, such as the crests or finish of the pediments, ornamental gratings, doors with decoration on them in relief, of bronze and gilt. The treasuries of great shrines, or places of special religious resort, contained (besides other precious objects of which we do not treat at present) chariots, candelabra, and offerings in a hundred shapes, of bronze—cast, tooled, and chased. In Athens a street was known as the “street of tripods,” from the range of altars of bronze gilt kept in it. Pheidias, besides his skill in statuary, used to make bees, flies, and small animals, and other objects in gold, silver, bronze, inlaid and damascened, which he finished with the utmost delicacy. Perhaps we can trace the sort of small work in which these great artists took such pleasure in some of the delicate inlaid bronze-work of the Japanese. These objects were finished with chasing and, very probably, with many metals and bronze of various alloys and tones of colour.

It is probable that many of the bronze statues of antiquity, perhaps most of them, were gilt, and the gilding would preserve the bronze from the green “patina” or rust which forms on it when buried *for a very long time*.

Comparatively few ancient Greek bronzes remain. Antique bronze statues of the Etruscans, a people of Eastern origin, who held the centre of Italy till late in the history of Rome, are to be found in the galleries of Rome, Florence, Paris, and other capitals. In the British Museum, for instance, the reader will see several small figures, vases, chests, and

other vessels with sculpture and chasing upon them of old Etruscan or Greek workmanship. Of small objects by which we may judge of the skill and grace of Greek and Etruscan metal-work we have none so numerous, so well preserved, and of such excellence, as the mirror cases or covers. These have been found in large numbers in many parts of Italy, and can be seen in most large public collections of classic antiquities.

The period of this great excellence of sculpture, as well as of other art, did not last long. The immediate successors of the artists named maintained an astonishing skill in metal-work, especially in jewellery, gold and silver vessels, drinking cups, and other utensils; of these artists and their productions we must treat at a future time. The genius and power for conceiving vast groups and compositions, and colossal statues, cannot outlive the great men with whom such gifts are found under certain happy conditions of time and opportunity. The schools founded by them, however, last long, and produce scholars and workmen who have a wonderful skill, great copyists and imitators, and often admirable designers of sculpture or other kinds of art on a small scale. Such was the case with the schools founded by the sculptors in metal and marble of what we have spoken of as the great age of the Greeks. Many names belonging to it have come down to us. Only the very greatest are here named, but there must have been thousands of whom there is no record whatever. The great age may be said to have passed away with the death of Alexander.

“CHARITY.”

IN the Salon of 1876 was the subject of our engraving, “Charity,” together with a companion work, “Military Courage.” These, with “Faith” and “Meditation,” are intended to stand as sentries at the four angles of the tomb of General Lamoricière. The sculptor, M. Paul Dubois, will see his completed work at the Paris International Exhibition. His “Charity”

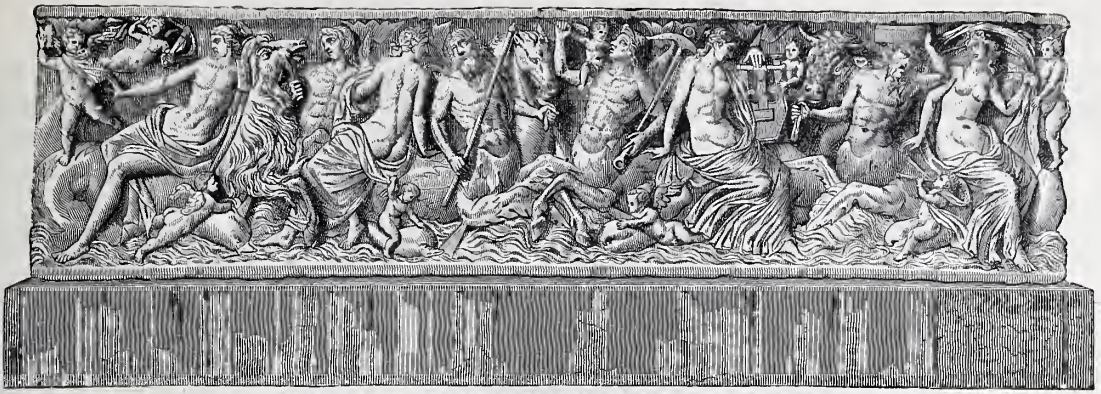
is no sentimental nymph. She is strong and brave, and the mother of men; her broad breasts feed not only her own sturdy child, but also the poor pining waif which depends on her for life. In all these figures M. Dubois has well symbolised the character of the brave soldier whose memory they are destined to symbolise.



SCULPTURE FROM THE PARIS EXHIBITION OF 1878.

I.—"CHARITY." BY PAUL DUBOIS.

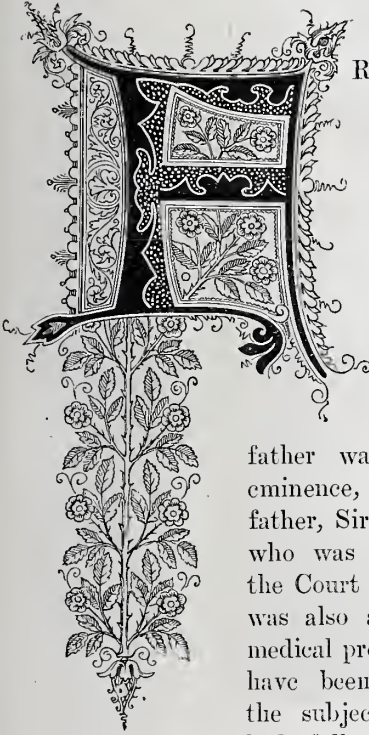
(A Group for the Tomb of General Lamoricière.)



SCULPTURE OF THE GRECO-ROMAN PERIOD. THE NEREIDS.
 (From an Antique Sarcophagus in the Louvre Museum.)

OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

FREDERICK LEIGHTON, R.A.



FREDERICK LEIGHTON, member of our English Royal Academy, and one of the great painters of Europe, was born on the 3rd December, 1830, at Scarborough, in Yorkshire. His

father was a physician of eminence, and his grandfather, Sir James Leighton, who was long resident at the Court of St. Petersburg, was also a member of the medical profession. It would have been only natural if the subject of our memoir had followed in the steps

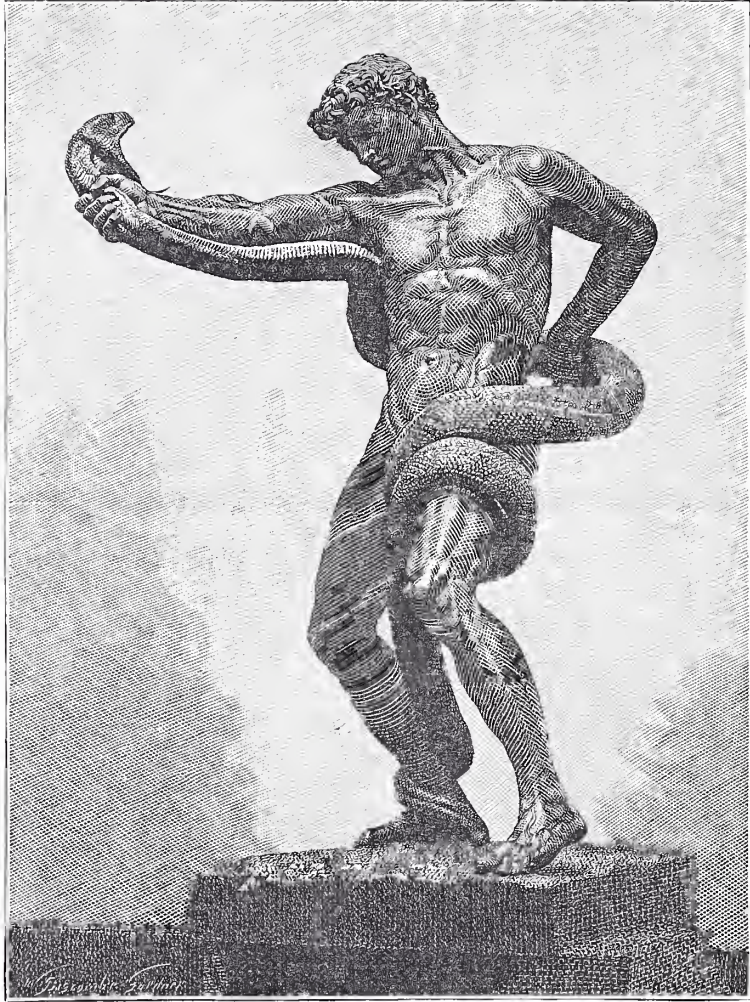
of two generations of ancestors; but Mr. Leighton was a born painter, and succeeded ultimately, in spite of all obstacles, in adopting the career for which he is so eminently gifted. The record of his life is the story of a painter's studies, struggles, successes. We find him, at the age of eleven, already studying art under Francesco Meli, in Rome; and we trace him next to the Academy at Berlin. The lad was ardent in his aspirations,

and devoted to the study of the art that he loved so well. The turning-point in the choice of his profession occurred at Florence. His father was willing to allow the young student to become a painter, if it should appear that he was likely to attain to real eminence; but the sensible parent would not sanction the adoption of a profession in which his son might only be second-rate. Mediocrity has, indeed, but little business in art. The decision upon this important question was referred to Mr. Hiram Powers, the American sculptor. On one memorable day, father and son, the latter accompanied by a bundle of his sketches, went to the sculptor to ask his opinion and advice. The boy, who knew how much depended upon the answer, was anxious and tremulous. The sketches were exhibited. The father stated his views, and said that, if his son had powers that would lead to eminence in art, he might pursue it as a career; but that he (the father) could not approve the choice of such a profession if his son could only remain a mere mediocrity. The oracle, after due examination of the specimens produced, answered decisively, "Your son may become as eminent as he pleases." I can fancy the delight of the aspiring youth, dimly conscious of his own rare powers, at this wise answer, which, indeed, decided his career. With the full consent and ready help of his intelligent and kindly father, the young Leighton entered at once upon the severe and serious

studies which are necessary to ripen earnest longing into practical power.

We next find Mr. Leighton hard at work at Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, under Professors Becker and Steinli. The latter belonged to the school of Overbeck, and the young painter,

youth of seventeen. In the winters of 1852-53, 1854-55, Mr. Leighton, with powers then highly trained and finely developed, painted that well-known and most successful picture, now the property of Her Majesty the Queen, which depicts for us the carrying in procession, through



AN ATHLETE STRUGGLING WITH A PYTHON (BRONZE).

with his strong individualism compressed into a special groove, became rampant in the mannerisms of the particular school of his teachers. After brief visits to Brussels and to Paris, our student returned to Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, and to Steinli. In Frankfurt-on-the-Maine he painted his first oil-painting—"Giotto found by Cimabue among the Sheep." This was, I am assured, a work of rare promise from a

the streets of Florence, of Cimabue's Madonna. "In front of the Madonna, and crowned with laurels, walks Cimabue himself, with his pupil Giotto; behind it, Arnolfo di Lapo, Gaddo Gaddi, Andrea Tafi, Niccola Pisano, Buffalmacco, and Simone Memmi; in the corner, Dante."

This picture was sent, with some fear and trembling, to the Royal Academy, where it

was exhibited in 1855. Its success was signal. All London flocked to see and to admire it, and it was generally recognised that the world had gained another great painter. At this point of his career, Mr. Leighton settled for a time in Paris; and he always speaks with gratitude of the art sympathy and advice that he received from Ary Scheffer and from Robert Fleury. In the year 1866 he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, a recognition which was specially won by his "Syracusan Brides." In 1869 he was elected a full Academician, and henceforth the history of his life, for any public purpose, is the history of his art progress and of his art works. Of these works I here subjoin a list:—

1855.—(No. 569) "Cimabue's celebrated Madonna is carried in Procession through the Streets of Florence."

1856.—(508) "The Triumph of Music.—Orpheus, by the power of his art, redeems his Wife from Hades."

1857.—Nothing.

1858.—(501) "Goethe's Angler;" (598) "Count Paris" (see *Romeo and Juliet*, act ii., sc. 5).

1859.—(32) "Pavonia;" (118) "Sunny Hours;" (281) "La Nanna."

1860.—(322) "Capri : Sunrise."

1861.—(128) "Mrs. S. O."—portrait; (276) "Paolo and Francesca;" (399) "A Dream;" (550) "Lieder ohne Worte;" (587) "J. A."—a study; (645) "Capri" (Pagani's).

1862.—(120) "Odalisque;" (217) "Star of Bethlehem;" (237) "Sisters;" (292) "Michael Angelo Nursing his Dying Servant;" (308) "Duet;" (494) "Sea Echoes."

1863.—(382) "Jezebel and Ahab met by Elijah the Tishbite;" (406) "Girl with Basket of Fruit;" (429) "Girl Feeding Peacocks;" (528) "An Italian Crossbow-man."

1864.—(194) "Dante in Exile;" (217) "Orpheus and Eurydice;" (293) "Golden Hours."

1865.—(5) "David;" (120) "Mother and Child;" (305) "Widow's Prayer;" (309) "Helen of Troy" (*Iliad*, bk. iii., l. 166—173); (316) "In St. Mark's."

1866.—Associate.—(4) "Painter's Honeymoon;" (7) "Mrs. James Guthrie;" (292) "Syracusan Brides leading Wild Beasts in Procession to the Temple of Diana."

1867.—(34) "Pastoral;" (405) "Spanish Dancing Girl: Cadiz in the Old Times;" (500) "Knuckle-bone Player;" (574) "Roman Mother;" (589) "Venus disrobing for the Bath."

1868.—(227) "Jonathan's Token to David;" (234) "Mrs. Fred. P. Cockerell;" (328) "Ariadne abandoned by Theseus;" (449) "Acme and Septimius;" (522) "Actæa, the Nymph of the Shore."

1869.—*Royal Academician*.—(377) "St. Jerome" (*Diploma work*); (469) "Dædalus and Icarus;" (705) "Electra at the Tomb of Agamemnon;" (864) "Helios and Rhodos."

1870.—(163) "A Nile Woman."

1871.—(215) "Hercules Wrestling with Death for the Body of Alcestis;" (567) "Greek Girls picking up Pebbles by the Sea;" (1118) "Cleoboulos instructing his Daughter Cleobouline."

1872.—(171) "After Vespers;" (202) "Summer Moon;" (381) "Right Honourable Sir Edward Ryan, Secretary of the Dilettante Society;" (518) "A Condottiere."

1873.—(261) "Weaving the Wreath;" (1270) "The Industrial Arts of Peace" (South Kensington Museum).

1874.—(131) "Moorish Garden: a Dream of Granada;" (303) "Old Damascus: Jews' Quarter;" (348) "Antique Juggling Girl;" (981) "Clytemnestra watching for the Beacon-fires which will announce the Return of Agamemnon."

1875.—(215) "Portion of the Interior of the Grand Mosque at Damascus;" (307) "Mrs. W. E. Gordon;" (345) "Little Fatima;" (354) "Venetian Girl;" (398) "Eastern Slinger scaring Birds: Moonrise."

1876.—(128) "Portrait of Captain Burton;" (241) "The Daphnephoria;" (926) "Teresina;" (970) "Paolo."

1877.—(209) "Music Lesson;" (268) "Study;" (612) "Miss Mabel Mills;" (1466) "An Athlete struggling with a Python" (bronze).

What a long and sumptuous list of high and noble art endeavour! As we read it, many a delight, awakened in the past by a sight of these paintings, is recalled to the memory. The list must, I should think, stir some pride in the artist himself.

Mr. Leighton's pictures of 1878 comprise "Nausicæa," and "Elijah Sleeping in the Wilderness," with the ministering angel standing by. The angel brings for the weary prophet "a cake baked on the coals and a cruse of water." This work is the greatest and the grandest of this painter's contributions to the year; but the third picture, of "Two Greek Girls winding a Skein by the Sea-shore," is, both for form and for colour, of quite ineffable loveliness. Two pure young virginal figures, utterly delightful in their tender grace, stand beside the purple Rhodian sea. Behind them, long ranges of low mountains, with a sky-line of wavy beauty, stand out against a serene and sunny heaven. The "Elijah," as also the well-known "Portrait of Captain Burton," goes to Paris; the others, to which has been added

“Serafina,” and a study head, may be seen in the Royal Academy. I have had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Leighton’s early studies and

was carefully mastered. The skeleton was drawn from models until it could be correctly drawn from memory; the muscles of the



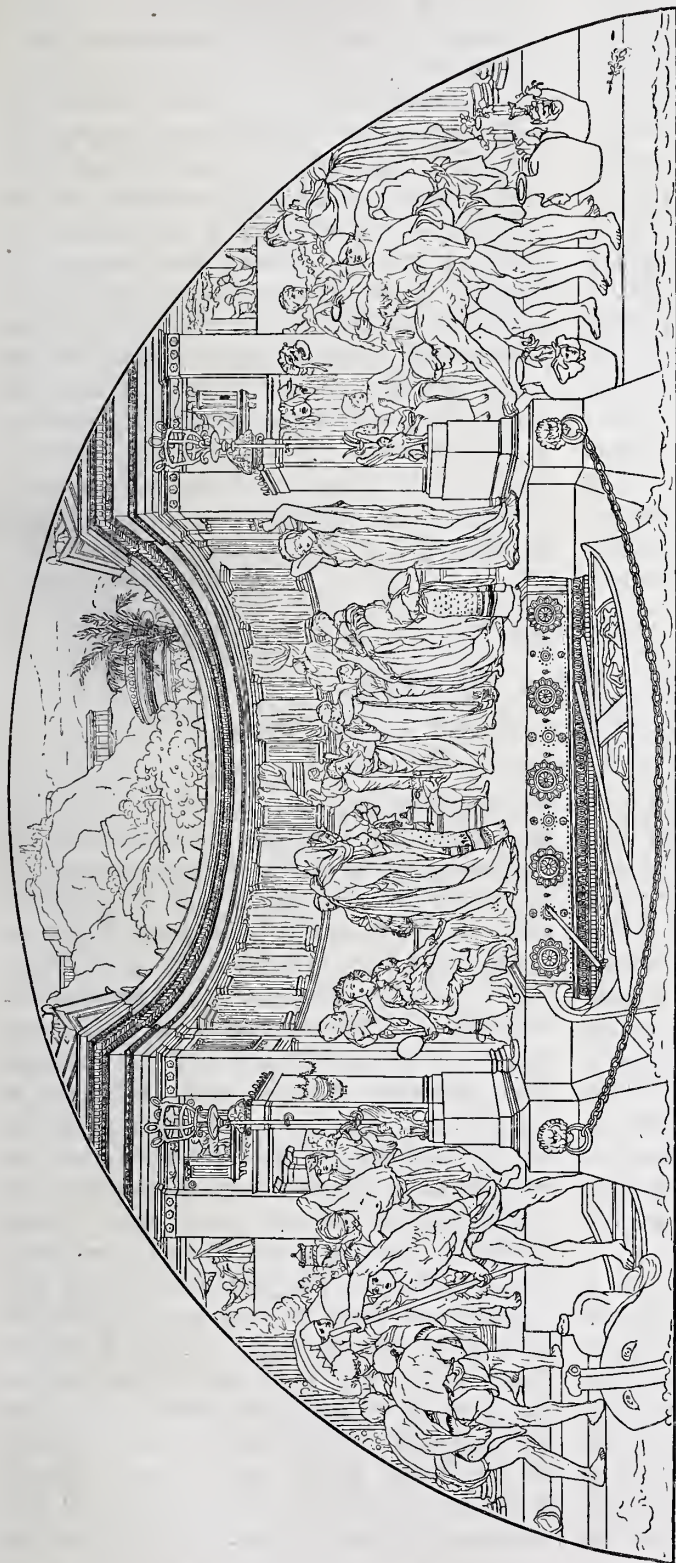
Green Fairbank
February

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

sketches, including the very earliest, or those made at the age of eleven years. It is interesting to note how thorough and conscientious his youthful studies were. Anatomy

human figure were depicted again and again, until they, too, could be correctly reproduced by a mere effort of the memory.

The natural gift for drawing is slowly



THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS OF PEACE.
 (From the Original Cartoon, in the South Kensington Museum, by Frederick Leighton, R.A.)

trained towards mastery and power. The study of the figure reveals an ever-growing purity and firmness of outline. The artist evidently neglected no labour that could contribute to realise Mr. Hiram Powers' prophecy. To art-students a sight of these early sketches is a study of singular interest.

Mr. Leighton is, it may be added, a gentleman of many-sided culture, of great accomplishments, and of a distinctive charm of courteous manner. Earnest in his love for his noble art, he is always generously and gladly helpful to young painters. He speaks several languages fluently and well; and, even apart from the easel, he is one of the highest ornaments of his profession.

A striking instance of this painter's manifold gifts and usefulness may fitly be recorded here. The committee of the Artists' Benevolent Institution, wisely ignoring for such a purpose mere rank, or even the attraction of royalty itself, selected Mr. Leighton as their chairman at the dinner at Willis's Rooms, on Saturday, 11th May, 1878. He pleaded, with noble and with moving eloquence, the claims of those who mistake a desire for a power; of those who, disabled by sickness, or crippled by misfortune, need from their happier brethren the help of delicate and high-toned charity. I am happy to be able to state that Mr. Leighton's most generous advocacy was as successful as it deserved to be.

It may be well to add a very

few critical words upon the subject of Mr. Leighton's characteristics as a painter. His work is always of a fastidious but faultless elegance. He exhibits a profound sentiment of loveliness in colour, and an ideal grace of classic purity of form. His sense of beauty leans rather to the graceful and the soft than to abstract strength or dramatic intensity. Pathos is not included amongst his aims; nor—though Dante's "Paolo and Francesca" here rise to my thought—is passion his forte. His pictures are often poems; and remind us, in their finish and sweetness, of an Italian sonnet. He has never painted for popularity; but remains always centred upon his own ideals. Scenes of domestic life, or homely pathos, lie wholly outside the range of a painter of such abstract ideality. He has wrung from the best Italian schools their secrets of colour; and has won

from classic sculpturesque art the calm ideal of its matchless grace: but this painter's subtle art conceals successfully the appearance of art. His "Athlete and Python" proves conclusively that as a sculptor he might have been, and yet might be, "as eminent as he pleases." His work contains always for the student and the critic the charm enfolded in the mystery of mastery; and it possesses that rare quality which is given by a sense, awakened in the beholder, that the painter has been sustained through his labour by an emotion of art delight. His severe and earnest study has been continuous; and his seeming facility has been gained by work. He competes with the great artists of Europe, and is, incontestably, one of the brightest ornaments of the English School of Painting.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

THE PAINTER'S REWARD.

A STUDY FROM THE LIFE OF DAVID COX.

BY WYKE BAYLISS, F.S.A.

TO one who had never seen a rose, the most learned definition would not give so exquisite a sense of the loveliness of the flower as would the simple act of presenting one fresh gathered from the tree. And yet definitions are not without value, but they should follow, rather than precede, some general knowledge of the subject under consideration. True definition is like the perfect focussing of a glass when the star to be examined has been discovered; but the star must first be brought within the field of the instrument. When the rose has been gathered, it is time enough to tear it petal from petal to see the tender calyx and delicate stamen.

I propose, therefore, to define only as I go on: to look at a star here, and a flower there, striving to learn from each what it can tell me of the Higher Life in Art. The grievous thing is that the rose has so often to be torn petal from petal before we realise its full beauty, and that the star so often wanes to its setting before we have learned to rejoice in its light. The painter or the poet spends his whole life in mastering his

art, and when he has mastered it—it is time for him to die. And we meanwhile look on, wondering at his strange doings—his seeming failures—questioning much what he is striving after—where he can be leading us. I am not going to tell over again the old story of Milton and his critics—who could see nothing remarkable in "Paradise Lost" except its great length—or of Keats and the others who have been avenged. But I wish to make a careful study of one or two incidents in the life of a great painter—incidents that are still fresh in the memories of many of us, and the consideration of which may be very helpful to some who are at this time sorely discouraged. In the year 1841 David Cox may be considered to have attained his full strength as a landscape painter. It is certain that within a few years of this date he produced many of his finest works, both in oil and water colours. If he ever knew anything of the Higher Life in Art he knew it then; if his works are manifestations of it at all, they were full of it then. In that year he sent two of his paintings to the Society of

British Artists—"A Heath Scene" and "A Watermill." There is no reason to suppose that these pictures were not well placed; though the painter himself appears to have been a little doubtful as to his mastery of the material, which was comparatively new to him; for, after seeing them in the exhibition, he wrote to a friend that they "looked chalky for want of glazing, which could not be done, as the day appointed for touching, &c., was during my short visit to Birmingham." Next year, however, he was again a contributor; but his works were either rejected or hung less favourably. Whether they were again sent in an unfinished state, and the Committee hesitated a second time to incur the risk of their remaining so throughout the season, there is no evidence to show; but the loss to the Society was irretrievable; under the urgent advice of a friend, David Cox resolved to send there no more. He then painted for the British Institution, another well-known London exhibition; but the treatment he received there appears to have been still more unfavourable. His pictures were again and again rejected. Thus he wrote, "I suppose David knows that my picture is rejected at the Institution," and again, "I am sure there must be worse there." His friend, who resented so deeply his disappointment at Suffolk Street, was equally indignant with the Hanging Committee of Pall Mall. But the advice "to send no more" was not so easy of application; it would simply have had the effect, as we shall see presently, of shutting out from every exhibition in London the paintings of one of the greatest of England's landscapists. As for the painter himself—generous, courageous, large-hearted—he was content to say, in the sweet humour so characteristic of him, "I begin to feel quite furious, and therefore hope to succeed much better." Nevertheless, we do not wonder when we read a little further on that he did not send much more to the British Institution.

Of course there remained the Academy—a society greater than them all—and to the Academy David Cox turned. In 1844 he sent two pictures. In 1845 he wrote to his son, "I am finishing one (kit-cat size), which

you saw (mountain, rather dark), which I intend for the Royal Academy." In 1846, "I have begun a large oil-picture, 4½ feet by 3. I hope to get it finished for the Royal Academy." Yes, David Cox knew the Royal Academy. Elected from the flower of the land, *it* could make no mistake—*it* could at least discern where honour was due in Art. And so we read, year after year, the record of his plans and hopes over the paintings he sent there. But the Royal Academy did not know David Cox. We search his life in vain for a single instance in which a picture of his found a place upon its walls.

What does this mean? These men—who could not find a place upon their walls for the works of David Cox—were they simply incompetent to judge of the merits of a landscape? To name them only is sufficient answer to such a suggestion. Holland and Pyne, Linnell, Stanfield and Turner—these are the men against whom the charge of incompetency would have to lie, since they were the leading landscapists in these Societies. Did they, then, knowing what was right, deliberately choose the wrong, abusing their trust by uniting in the worst spirit of trades-unionism to punish, as a professional rival, one who was a member of a Society in which they had no interest? I cannot believe it. No one can believe it who knows anything of the inner working of Societies like these—the care that is needed to secure a good exhibition season after season, or the strength of generous sentiment that tramples down the frailty of individual jealousies. There is no vice more rare in the studio than that of envious detraction. The painter, busy with his own dreams, may fail to see the splendours after which other men are striving; but, seeing them, he never fails to give them the tribute of his honour. No one can be so wide of the mark as the man who fancies that his pictures are rejected lest they should outshine inferior work. But let us look a little closer into this matter. David Cox was a member of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours. For more than a quarter of a century he had been a constant exhibitor. The Society had no choice but to hang his drawings whether

they liked them or not; but still we can judge a little of the estimation in which his works were held by the position given to them in the exhibitions. In 1845 he wrote, "‘The Garden Terrace, Haddon,’ is on the row above the line; ‘Kenilworth’ up quite at the top, consequently only a bold sketch, and I have put prices accordingly; ‘Knaresborough’ is in the next place; ‘Brough’ next. My ‘Haddon’ is my best work. If it could have been hung upon the floor it would have had the light falling upon it, and would have looked—I was going to say—beautiful." It seems strange now to think of this man mildly suggesting that his best work might be placed upon the floor! In 1853 he wrote again, "The Committee forget they are the work of the mind. I certainly said I would remain with them as long as I am able to paint for them; but perhaps I may not live to paint any more, and if I should be spared, I think I shall not be able to contribute much." Thus it seems that only a promise, which to him was sacred, restrained him from withholding his drawings from the Water-Colour Society, as he had withheld his paintings from the Society of British Artists. And yet, in this case at least, there arises no question of professional rivalry; while De Wint and Cattermole, and the others who were leading men in the Society, and of whose works David Cox himself speaks with generous warmth, were surely men of some judgment and knowledge of Art. What, then, does it mean?

Does it mean that the artists are a "bad lot" altogether? Then let us turn to the critics. *They* know everything, and are they not agreed that David Cox was a great painter? They are agreed—but since how long? In 1847—a few years only, that is, before he laid down his pencil for the last time—he wrote to a friend describing what he had done to his drawings during the few days usually allowed to a member of a society while the catalogue is being prepared:—"The members were very anxious I should do but little—do nothing indeed to my ‘Bolton Abbey’—which they all seem to agree is the very best drawing I have ever made; and they have used the most expressive words of praise I have ever received. I do

not expect the newspapers will have the same feeling." So that, however slow his brother painters may have been in learning the lesson he was teaching them, they *did* learn it, from the master himself, without waiting for the intervention of the critics. It would be an endless as well as a graceless task to cite from the reams of newspaper articles in which he was assailed. It is sufficiently known that the writers of the Press were all too late in their discovery of his transcendent genius to do more than crown his head with laurels a little while before it was time for him to lay it down for his last sleep beneath the turf of the village churchyard, steeped in the sunshine or shadowed by the clouds that he had loved to paint.

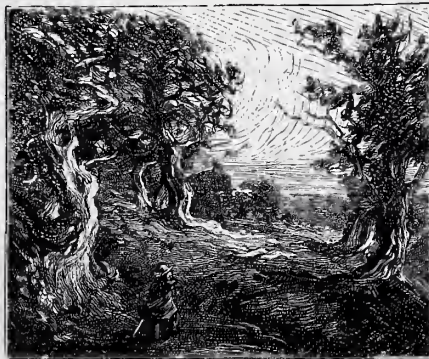
Let us pass to the grand, the final, the monetary test. It is notorious that the British public did not understand his pictures, and would not buy them. A few, indeed, of his friends bought them for a few shillings or a few pounds—and hastily sold them again the moment their market value increased, not guessing that the increase was the incoming of a tide that should sweep away all the old landmarks of the Societies' catalogues, or the picture-dealers' price-lists. Many of his choicest works hung through the season without finding a purchaser, or were taken reluctantly as Art Union prizes. The sale of a picture for twenty pounds was to him an event. In 1846 he wrote:—"You must know that with the sales of my drawings, my July dividends, and the sale of my ‘Green Lane’ altogether make me able to buy £200 stock." Did he write this in irony? Read a little further:—"The parting with the ‘Green Lane’ was the most unpleasant part of the transaction, but I hope to do better things some day." Thus we come at last to his own judgment upon his own works. He had sold them by the score for a few shillings each. He had given them as presents to children, and had been troubled to find they were not deemed gay enough in colour. He had exchanged them with a brother artist for a tube of colour worth sixpence; with a colourman for half-a-dozen canvases; with a frame-maker in payment for the trouble of mounting a drawing. And yet

he knew, as no one else knew, that what he had done was right, was right as no one else's work was right. But this knowledge was mixed with such tender humility. Standing before one of his own works, he had been heard to say, softly, "Not so bad, David, not so bad." And in the letter I have last quoted, after summing up the mighty product of £200, he adds: "The parting with the 'Green Lane' was the most unpleasant part of the transaction." He did not like parting with the "Green Lane." He hoped to do better things some day. That is to say, he had eyes to see and a heart to love. His pictures are, indeed, after the pattern of his life, a singular blending of truth, modesty, courage, tenderness, and depth of feeling. He did not like parting with the "Green Lane," not through conceit in his own work, but because it was a reflex of the light upon a face which he had seen, an echo of a voice which he had heard. He hoped to do better things some day. And so he parted with the "Green Lane," as one is content to turn from the likeness of a friend when one hears his footstep at the door.

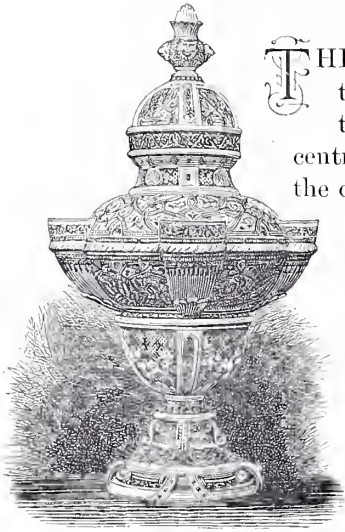
My purpose is not to write a panegyric on David Cox. I am dealing with a few incidents in his life only as they bear directly upon the subject before me. The position is substantially this. The Royal Academy, within a period commensurate with the life of this man, had given us a roll-call of names that shall never die. Its catalogue had begun with a "Landscape in Human Hair," it ended with Turner's painting of "The Old Temeraire Tugged to her Last Berth." It began with "Two Birds in Shell-work on a Rock decorated with Sea Coral," it had passed to Landseer's "Sleeping Bloodhound." Half-a-dozen years before the birth of David Cox it was content to exhibit "A Frame of Various Devices, cut in Vellum with Scissors, containing the Lord's Prayer in the Compass of a Silver Threepence;" half-a-dozen years before his death so great a company of artists were knocking at its

doors that even David Cox could find no standing-room amongst the crowd. And the lesser Societies, the British Artists and the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, they also had done true and loyal service to Art. The one giving hope to the young painters, against whom the doors of the Academy were too fast shut; the other building up a school of water-colour painting that has become an honour to our country. The one graced by its Holland, its Pyne, its Hurlstone; the other by its Cattermole, its Fielding, its De Wint. And the Press was doing good service, too; for Ruskin, the greatest writer on Art that has ever lived, was beginning to make his voice heard. And the people were willing to be taught—Vernon, and Ellis, and Sheepshanks, were filling their galleries with the prudence of merchants and the liberality of princes. And yet with all this comes out another truth, as clear as it is strange, that of all these contemporaries of David Cox none knew until the close of his long life how great a genius they had amongst them. Let no man therefore be discouraged because the patient labour of his life finds no immediate recognition. What more shall the Painter ask than to spend his life in mastering his Art, except only that he may have time to master it before he dies. This is the Painter's true reward. And David Cox received it to the full,—he had time, and he did master it. That his companions should have watched him doubtfully, as the Philistines watched the departing of the Ark "following it even to the border of their land, not knowing whither it would go," matters but very little. What does concern us greatly is, that "the kine which bore it took the straight way, and went along the highway, lowing as they went, and turned not to the right hand nor to the left. And we reaping in the valleys, have lifted up our eyes and have seen it, and have rejoiced to see it."

As for the kine, they were offered as burnt offerings unto the Lord.



THE PARIS UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION.—III.



1.—MINTON'S "HENRI DEUX" WARE.

THE chief interest of the Industrial Section, without doubt, centres in the furniture, the china, and the glass.

At no previous Exhibition have our great manufacturers made such efforts, and in these classes the display, as far as England is concerned, is all but perfect.

Referring here in the first instance to the ceramic wares, we find even more than ever to interest us in the splendid collections of Messrs. Minton, Doulton, Wedgwood, Copeland, and a host of other well-known names. We cannot say that in this section of our manufactures the Exhibition of 1878 has evoked many startling novelties. Messrs. Minton's case, or court, is, perhaps, the most novel feature in the display. This elaborate court has been designed by Mr. R. Norman Shaw, R.A., with especial reference to the objects it has to contain. The colouring is in two shades of green, whereof the lighter, an apple-green, is predominant. It abounds with little niches and bay-windows, with quaint recesses and angle-pediments, and though it is at first sight rather startling, we are bound to confess that the china it enshrines looks well in it, and this is the chief test of merit in a case for an Exhibition. In manipulative excellence in our china modelling and painting we have long been behind the more skilful French potters. Indeed, Messrs. Minton were formerly compelled to recruit their best hands from Sèvres, but a careful examination of the collection they have here brought together, will show that Messrs. Minton's china painters have now little to learn from their quondam teachers. We remember, as long ago as 1871, to have been greatly delighted with the *pâte*

sur pâte work produced by this firm, and some of the vases here decorated in this style are of the highest excellence. We believe Mr. Solon is the artist to whom is due the decoration of a magnificent vase of Etruscan form, which was modelled for Messrs. Minton from the Museum at Naples. The subject chosen for illustration is "Cupid Lecturing," and it is certainly in every way worthy to rank as a *chef-d'œuvre*. We saw this vase before it was fired at the China Works, at Stoke, and were much impressed with the great technical skill evinced in its production. It must be remembered that in this *pâte sur pâte* decoration the artist works in a thin semi-fluid porcelain paste, which he applies to the dark body of the ground on which he is producing his design with more or less relief, or *impasto*, as a painter would say. He models this clay-slip with a



2.—MINTON VASE, DECORATED BY MR. PILSBURY.

series of dainty little tools, leaving the clay thick for his high lights, and scraping it almost down to the dark ground for his shadows. His work is completed by giving to

the whole a coating of rich glaze which imparts a most delicious transparency, and a most delicate tone to the design. The ground of this vase is olive-green—Cupid is represented standing on a tribune, while grouped around him is a series of fair maidens modelled in the most masterly way; the entire subject being specially remarkable for the skill shown in obtaining an appearance of depth due to the excellence of the perspective. Among other noticeable objects in the display of Messrs. Minton we may mention a pair of fine celadon green vases, having decorations in *pâte sur pâte* on a wide blue belt, which encircles the upper part of them. These vases, which we illustrate (3), are richly gilt, and are each supported by four Amorini in oxydised silver.

From among smaller works of *pâte sur pâte*, we may single out for especial praise a small tray on which a girl is seen jumping over ropes held by cupids; in this case the *pâtes* have been slightly tinted. Messrs. Minton have some fine examples of underglaze painting; their leading artist for this kind of decoration is Mr. Mussill. To his hand we owe the large central vase nearly five feet in height, richly painted with birds, orchids, and other tropical plants on a red body. Mr. Pilsbury has decorated for the same firm a pair of large turquoise vases (2), and we again find our old friends, the Prometheus vases, which are among the noblest pieces ever produced in porcelain.*

* Messrs. Minton have been eminently successful in the reproduction of some of the scarcest examples of ancient manufactures, and their revival of the rare Oiron faïence known as "Henri Deux" ware is, perhaps, their greatest triumph. We have engraved (1), as an example, a vase in this style. Messrs. Minton's case at Paris, with all its precious contents, has been purchased by Mr. Goode, of South Audley Street.

In their efforts to uphold the fame of our English potters, Messrs. Minton, though they are pre-eminent, are ably supported by other firms, and in the point of absolute novelty we are bound to give a foremost place to Messrs. Doulton, for in the quaint and clever pottery which they have introduced they are without rivals. The so-called "Doulton ware" (4 and 5) is a stoneware body with a salt glaze, and its manu-

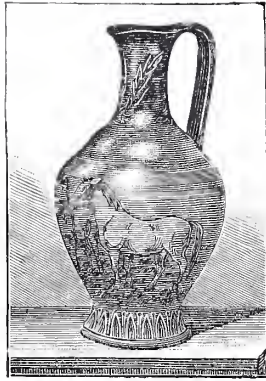
facture represents an art which had so nearly fallen into abeyance, that it was relegated to the production of the coarsest kinds of pottery, and Messrs. Doulton deserve all praise for its revival, and for having trained up a special band of clever decorators and designers, who have contributed so ably to their success. A considerable share of the praise for what has been effected by this firm appears to be due also to the students of the Lambeth School of Art, who, under their late head master, Mr. Sparkes, have ably seconded Messrs. Doulton's efforts. In addition to the terra-cotta façade in the central avenue, which contains numerous specimens of



3.—AMORINI VASE, MINTON.

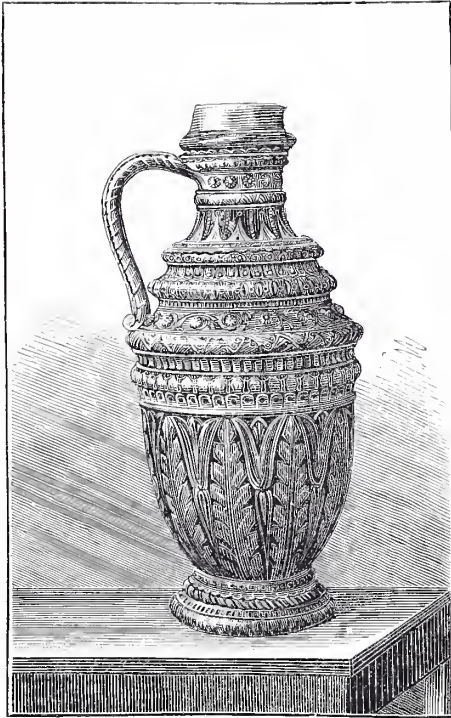
the new ware used for structural decoration, we find in the Prince of Wales's garden one of Mr. Tinworth's masterpieces in the shape of a fountain of very quaint design. The subject, or rather subjects, illustrated are scriptural, and the spiral watercourse down which flows the rill of water is bordered by a series of panels illustrating all the instances where water is mentioned in Holy Writ. Perhaps Mr. Tinworth's best production is the terra-cotta group entitled "The Football Players," but his alto-relievo of "The Descent from the Cross" is a work of great merit. The vase bearing a series of panels representing the doors and windows of the Bible, is a

marvellous specimen of the new ware, and of the style in which Mr. Tinworth has executed



4.—VASE IN DOULTON WARE.

some of his best work. Another kind of pottery in which Messrs. Doulton excel, is the "Doulton faïence," which is an earthenware with a frit glaze. They generally choose for the decoration of plaques and vases in this material very sombre and quiet tones of colour, in which blue and brown predominate, but latterly they have achieved great brilliancy and admirable colouring, of which we find several instances among the objects in the present exhibition. There are two magnificent circular dishes painted with birds and foliage, and a pair of vases, perhaps the largest specimens of



5.—VASE IN DOULTON WARE.

earthenware ever produced. The most recent improvement made in "Doulton ware" is the introduction of a mode of enrichment which, we

think, has never been attempted before in salt-glazed ware, viz., a true *pâte sur pâte*. Something very similar was found in some of the old Flemish stoneware, and the stamped appliqué ornament of the early English salt-glazed ware may have suggested this mode of treatment. There are two cases of specimens of this new pottery in Messrs. Doulton's court, in which the lighter coloured *pâte* has been skilfully employed on a dark background. The chimney-piece in which "Doulton ware" is judiciously used for decoration, though a trifle heavy, has many points of merit, and the balustrade which surrounds Messrs. Doulton's court is a good example of the architectural use of the material.

Perhaps in no other branch of the ceramic arts are English manufacturers more entirely successful than in tile-making. The art of making encaustic tiles is one especially our own. On the exterior walls of the Prince's Pavilion, on the side towards the Industrial Galleries, Messrs. Minton, of Stoke, and Messrs. Maw, of Brosely, make a splendid show of wall-

decorations. The majolica-ware of the latter firm is particularly good. The fireplace of Messrs. Minton, which is the central feature of their display, is a little weak in art-power, more especially in the execution of the figure-subjects for the painted panels. We illustrate (6) one of the decorative panels by Messrs. Maw and Son.



6.—WALL TILES.
(By Maw & Co.)

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

SECOND NOTICE.

FOLLOWING the order of the numbers, the first picture that calls for special commendation is Mr. Sant's "Portrait of Mrs. Surtees," where the work in the accessories, the lace and flowers, is finely executed, and most refined in colour. Mr. Aumonier has less than his usual repose in his minutely elaborated "Waste Land," where the detail is pre-Raphaelite, and executed with some effort. Mr.

Pettie's work is unequal; he has never painted more powerfully than in his two striking canvases, "A Member of the Long Parliament," and the "Portrait of S. Taylor Whitehead, Esq.," which is strongly influenced by Rubens. In the former, everything is masterly except the handling, which has more than manner—mannerism. The latter shows a

greater mastery of *painting* than any portrait we have seen of recent years; the moist life of the flesh and eyes, the life, also, which is in the hair and the moustache and beard, the knowledge which is shown in the treatment of the greys of the flesh, and in the lost and recovered outlines against the background, and the quiet and subtle differences of colour and tone in the rich draperies, place this work among the masterpieces of art schools.

Mr. Edgar Barclay has caught a habit of painting in a coppery colour, which almost emulates that of Mr. Poole; we are disappointed at the turn he has taken; in his

"Women moulding Water-jars, Algeria," he has also repetitions of an action which does not explain itself. "A Summer Flood," by H. R. Robertson, is a bold and ambitious but conscientious landscape, in which the large piled horizon clouds are facing the west and in the full flush of sunset. The artist has not feared colour, but his harmony and repose are preserved. We have only to find fault with the painting

of the hay; we do not ask for details, but we do desire correct indications. Mr. Oules's several portraits are not so striking in their realisation of character this year as they were last; but his painting is always workmanlike, and his drawing occasionally surpasses that of any other Englishman in a quality which is more than the indispensable correctness of forms and of perspective—a sureness and solidity of which the Italians say *gira*, "it turns round." The "Portrait of J. D. Dent, Esq.," is quite magnificent in drawing, though it has not the rich



A REMOVAL OF NUNS FROM LOUGHBOROUGH CONVENT.

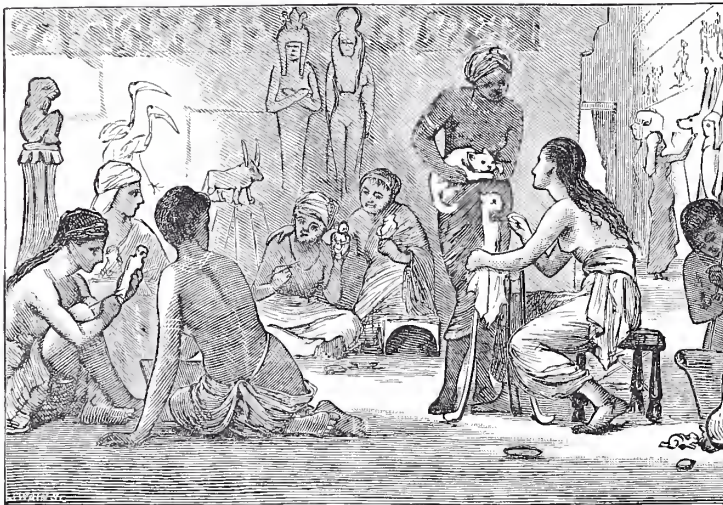
(By P. H. Calderon, R.A.)

painting of Mr. Pettie's work. Mr. Oules insists upon outlines, while Mr. Pettie draws by means of colour and values. Both portraits are invaluable to students. Mr. Marcus Stone has lately adopted a general leaden greyness, which he combines chillily with cool pink. There is pretty work in the accessories of all his pictures this year, and everything he does is careful in the extreme; he shows more care, indeed, than dexterity or definite manner, beautifully fine as is his painting of foliage. We find the hand of Mr. W. B. Morris, which has hitherto worked so intelligently and exquisitely on Spanish subjects, in an "Evening by the Old Mill," which has a sky of great sweetness, and

much beauty of touch throughout, though in the matter of touch he seems to us more literal and less clever in this English picture than in former work. Of Mr. Davis's canvases, we select for special notice his "Evening Light," one of the first pictures in the large room. He has here achieved a brilliant success in the painting, lighting, and colour of the cattle. His anatomy and his knowledge of motion are also admirable. This is in every way excellent work of a literal kind; perfect, yet, if we may be permitted the paradox, scarcely masterly. A most suggestive comparison of this with Van Mareke's cattle (a specimen of which may be seen at the French Gallery, in Pall Mall) may be made, as of the best English with the best Continental method. Mr. Davis's manner in the landscape is not so good.

Of Mr. Watts's portraits, the finest is that of "H. H. Gibbs, Esq.," in the tenth room; it is assuredly one of the artist's masterpieces; the character is fine, and the quality of painting admirable. "Carrying Hay," by Mr. J. W. B. Knight, has a fine, free, out-of-door light and atmosphere; it is broad and large

is excellent in the characteristic movement of the lions. In "An Anxious Moment," the versatile artist takes a humorous subject, and treats it with a great sense of fun. A flock of geese waddling through a narrow gateway are astonished by a battered black hat lying in their path; the action of the birds as they crowd against the wall to avoid the portentous hat is exceedingly good; but there is something a little too human, perhaps, in the farcical character of individual geese. In the same artist's "Sympathy," the painting and anatomy of the dog are excellent, and his expression most touching. Mr. Farquharson's twilight cattle-piece is a strong work, and shows a fine feeling for colour, even in its almost monochrome, as was also the case in his snow-piece last year. In Mr. Armitage's "Cities of the Plain," the unfortunate effect of toy towns is not prevented by the perspective of the foreground hills; the colour is, we think, too violent. "One Step More," by Mr. Adrian Stokes, is hung too high for the merits of a brilliantly painted and well-drawn picture, fresh and true in the flesh, and artistically delicate in the accessories. A new marine painter, Mr. W. Shaw, has done strong and faithful work in his "Stepper Point, Padstow, Cornwall;" also in his storm scene in the fifth gallery. The former has an exceedingly luminous sky, and spirited wave drawing, the latter a truly living sea. "After Sunset, Brittany," by Mr. Leslie Thomson, has the artist's characteristic repose and breadth, with a sweet, brilliant, and broken sky. Perhaps the most beautiful of his canvases is "Hennant, Brittany," hung in the lecture-room; here he has lovely greys and lights, and quiet yet strong darks; but two trees of the same size and shape are too naïf for artistic composition.



THE GODS AND THEIR MAKERS.
(By E. Long, A.R.A.)

in colour and manner; with plenty of variety, the sky is an atmospheric sky, and keeps its relation well with the colour of the landscape. Mr. Briton Riviere exhibits four canvases. His larger composition of the "Courts of Jamshyd"

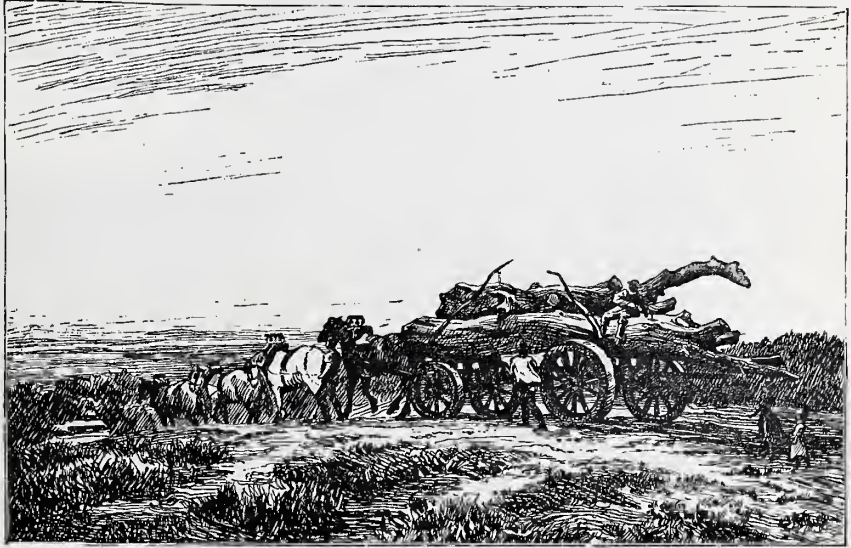
The principal work contributed by Mr. Peter Graham is "Wandering Shadows," a beautiful painting in a literal manner; the floating lights and darks are certainly extraordinarily real. Of the three canvases which Mr. F.

Goodall exhibits this year, we have chosen one which is in every way a characteristic representative of his work for the subject of our large illustration (p. 73). Good character and life are to be observed in Mr. Poingdestre's "Buffalo Carts," and in "The Timber Wagon," by Mr. C. E. Johnson, of which we here give a sketch. After a passing glance at the series of the "Road to Ruin," there is nothing but Mr. Orchardson's "Social Eddy" remaining to notice in the large room. This artist has facility in a certain combination of pearl tints which is a very charming one, and he gives himself plenty of wall-space in this picture for its display;

but he does not hesitate to leave out a shadow entirely where he thinks it would break his light masses.

In the fourth room is one of Mr. Thornely's monotonous but pleasant little grey pictures, "A Dutch River Scene;" he has too often a heaviness in his clouds, which does not keep a right relation with his delicate land. Mr. Joseph Knight's "Conway Marsh" is very broad and powerful, but the manner is somewhat hard. Mr. W. F. Yeames has found an interesting incident for the subject of his picture, "Where did you last see your Father?" Puritan soldiers are cross-examining an undaunted little boy, while his sister, in tears, awaits her turn. "Chalk Cliffs, coast of Sussex," by Mr. J. Cassie, is very good, especially in the painting of the water, but for some heavy colours and tones in the sky. Many a canvas is from the hand of Mr. Elmore, and in each we perceive his accustomed characteristics. In "Green Leaves among the Sere," by Mr. Boughton—a group of young girls and children under autumn trees—the figures, refined

of feature as they are, and attired in the quaint bonnets and tippets of the First Empire, have a charm; this composition has little of the beautiful colour of the artist's Grosvenor picture, but the tone is good. Mr.



THE TIMBER WAGON

(By C. E. Johnson.)

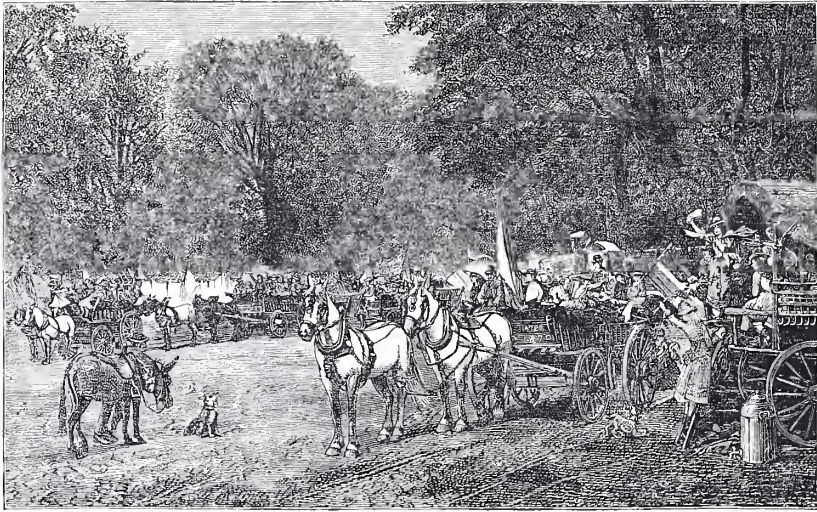
Hamilton Macallum, having found out his own special way of painting water—and a very good way it is—is determined that we shall see a great deal of it. "Shrimping" and "Waiting for the Ebb" are marked by his usual success; they are luminous, and full of air and distance. Quite supreme among flower painters is M. Fantin, who paints with a certain severity of colour, but with an assurance, a mastery of touch, which we seldom see applied to this subject; his "Roses" are full, large, and brilliant in execution.

We have already emphatically expressed our admiration for the fine qualities which are to be found in "The Gods and their Makers," by Mr. Long; and also for the character and absence of sentimentality with which Mr. Calderon has portrayed "A Removal from Loughborough Convent of Two Nuns," whose friends Cromwell had forewarned that his soldiers were to sack it. Of each of these we now give a sketch (pages 69, 70), as well as of Mr. Eyre Crowe's "School Treat," a work which must have proved very suggestive during this summer

weather to the hundreds of clerical and thousands of juvenile visitors to the Academy.

To our mind, Mr. Goodall's portrait group, which he calls "Palm Sunday," is quite the best of his works this year; the motive is charming, and the drawing excellent. We are sorry to see that Mr. Walter Horsley's picture in this Academy in no way bears out the excellent promise of his *début* last year; his "Shopping in Constantinople," although an attractive

subject as usual. If this artist has ever painted a man, we do not remember it; but the pictures he paints find general favour in these elaborately idyllic days of ours. The best thing in his picture this year, which gives a group of school-girls singing to a spinet accompaniment, is the composition of tones, which is uncommonly happy; the lighting is also good. A girl to the left is in every way the strongest figure in the group; indeed



SCHOOL TREAT.
(By Eyre Crowe, A.R.A.)

picture, has faults which can well be excused in the work of so young an artist. Another of Mr. Oules's portraits—that of Sir William Wright—has his usual masterly power of drawing; yet, fine portrait-painter as he is, he has something to learn from the great masters. M. Josef Israels has but one picture, "Returning from the Field," thoroughly artistic in grouping and movement, and, as usual, solemn in feeling. "A Highland Harvest Home," by Mr. Small, which presents to us a Scotchman dancing in a kilt, is a somewhat disappointing one, after the strong work which this artist has done at times; his figures here are one and all motionless in the attitudes of dancing. The yellow lamplight may, or may not, be true, but its effect in bringing out all the faces as patches of orange-colour is very unfortunate.

Mr. G. D. Leslie chooses a purely feminine

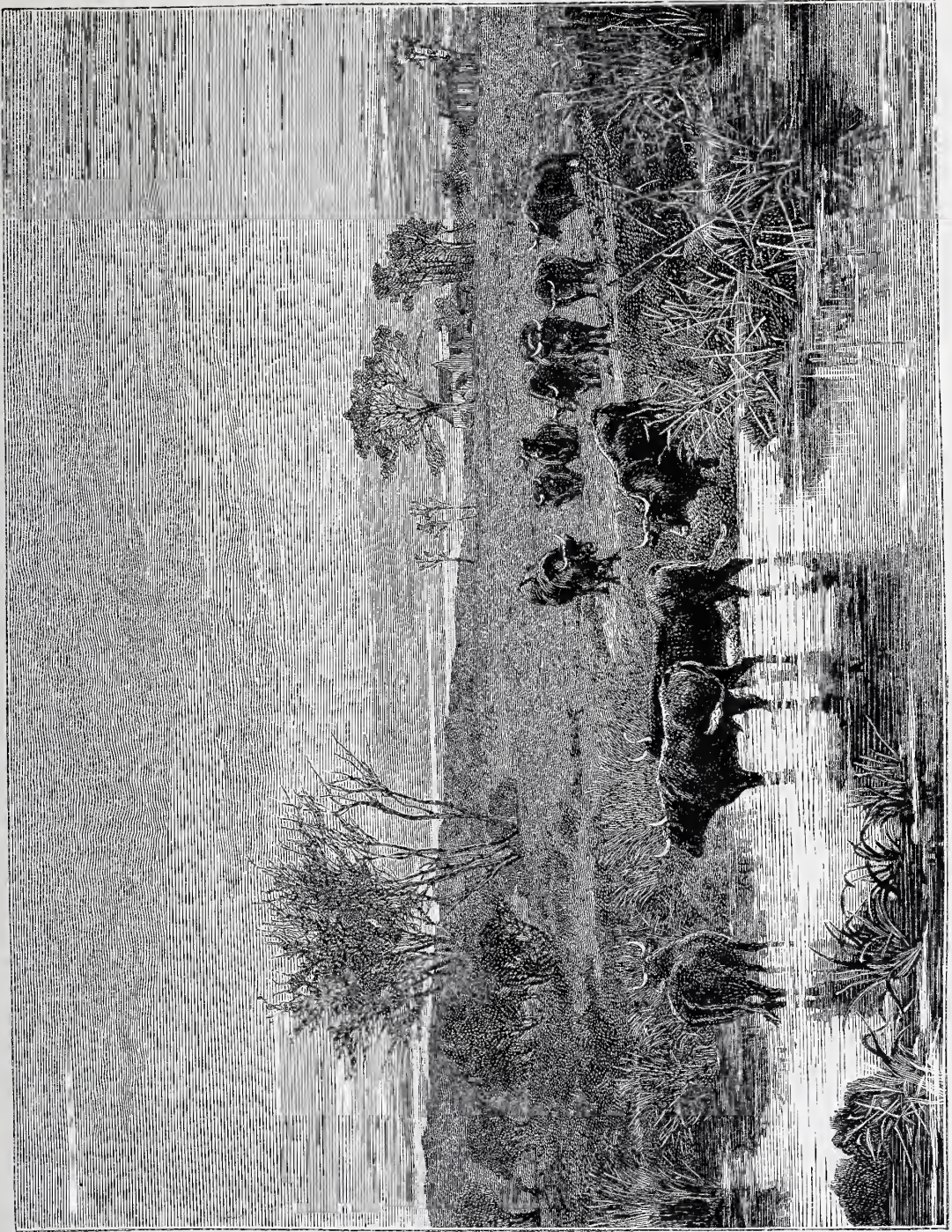
the painting here overpowers the treatment of the rest.

"To our next Merrye Meetyng," by Mr. Watson Nicol, of which we gave a thumb-nail sketch on page 44, is unusually full of impulse and nature; the actions are excellent, and the accessories brightly painted.

There are few ladies who have won so many Academy honours as Mrs. Jopling. Last year she had four canvases at Burlington House, and this year she is represented by the same number. Of these, three are excellent portraits, and the fourth is "A Village Maid"—

"Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,
Musing on him who used to fill it for her,
Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow."

In all these works—which have hardly, by the way, had justice done them in the hanging—the artist gives us her bold, free, masculine, and even masterly painting.



OXHEY PLACE, HERTS.

(From the Picture in the Royal Academy, by F. Goodall, R.A.)

SUGGESTIONS FROM GROWING PLANTS FOR ART DECORATION.

BY G. MCKENZIE.



AMONG the sources from which the various races of mankind have gathered materials for the ornamentation of their buildings, their utensils, and their persons, none has been more drawn upon or yielded more copious results than the vegetable kingdom.

From the gigantic pillars of the ancient Egyptian palace temples, modelled after the fair forms of lotus and of papyrus plants, down to the little trefoil emblem of our sister island, so elegant when applied to the decoration of a lady's gown, we find a long succession of floral and of leafy forms that have been appropriated by different peoples as materials for making beautiful and attractive the things they have most highly valued.

Sometimes the originals have been followed with as much fidelity as the nature of the material wrought upon or the skill of the workman would admit of, at others they have been so altered and conventionalised that the original type from which the resultant form was first suggested is a matter of insoluble doubt. From the marked differences of manner among the nations whose works are looked upon as exemplars for the people of the present day, there has arisen much controversy as to the true principles by which we should be guided in our works; some advocate the conventionalising of all forms whatever before using them as decorations, while others hold that no greater change should be made, than is necessary to fit them into their appointed places. But there is one common ground on which all can meet and agree, that it is necessary to study form from the living organisms before we can hope to find new materials fit to be applied to the purposes of the ornamentist.

Eloquent and distinguished writers have in our day given much time and study to clearing away the difficulties that beset us in our efforts to arrive at sound principles for our guidance

in the application of decoration to building and manufacturing. Our literature has been enriched with works which are as remarkable for beauty of expression as for soundness of teaching, and the careful perusal of those must result to the student of nature in a sharpening of the mental vision by which we perceive the real bearings of objects presented to our eyesight. If any one will look through a good collection of standard ornamental forms, whether in books or in museums, and then betake himself to a collection of plants, native and foreign, such as may be met with in most, and probably in all large towns, he will find new forms, analogous to, yet different from, the old examples, and quite as well fitted to suggest new and beautiful combinations of form and colour as anything the world has yet seen. Our woodlands, heaths, and hedges are now, as heretofore, sources from which each new generation will gather the old familiar favourites that are endeared to us by associations which no new importations can ever supplant; but there will be found among the strangers from warmer climates a rich suggestiveness, so many of those before unthought of freaks and turns of nature which, when we first see translated into stone or metal-work, we are apt to regard as having proceeded from the inventive imagination of the designer, but yet are only the outcome of intelligent and careful observation.

Some years ago the writer, after studying the invaluable treatises of Mr. Ruskin on curves, and on the growth of plants, in the "Modern Painters," determined to set aside as much time as he possibly could for the study, in the living plants, of the principles so elaborately and so carefully worked out by the learned and eloquent professor. At the end of two years of study in the admirably-kept botanical gardens of Sheffield, and through the great facilities accorded by Mr. Ewing the curator, there had been accumulated several hundred separate studies of growing plants, the subjects selected solely from an ornamentist's point of view, the draughtsman being

himself a handicraftsman in an ornamental trade.

It is proposed, under the valuable advice of Mr. George Wallis, the curator of South Kensington Museum, to publish a short series of papers, illustrated from those studies with a special view to their suggestiveness for actual application, and especially as showing in what direction rich stores of material are awaiting the careful student. To carvers of wood and of stone, to workers in iron, in brass, and in the precious metals, to illuminators and designers in general, it is believed these studies will prove useful, not only in themselves, but as evidences that the men of former days had no sources of information from which we are shut out, but on the contrary, that the labours and researches of the botanist have enriched our collections with thousands of beautiful and suggestive forms, of which our predecessors had no knowledge.

It was soon found that one class of plants far transcended all others in furnishing peculiarly varied and well-defined forms of leafage. In the ferns, Nature would appear to have compensated for the absence of diversity in colour, by concentrating in the tribe almost every beautiful form of foliage that may be found throughout the vegetable world; and as the Sheffield collection then included about three hundred varieties, there was ample opportunity for the writer to observe and study the peculiar mode of growth in these plants.

Mr. Smith, formerly the curator of Kew Gardens, in his standard work on ferns says:—"When young, the fronds (leaves) are involutely coiled in the manner of a watch-spring, and gradually uncurl during the period of growth;" but this is only a very imperfect and unsatisfactory description of a process in which lies a great part of the beauty and usefulness of fern growth to the ornamentist. A better idea of the changes the fronds go through may be got by comparing the newly-sprung frond to a closed fist, and the developed leaf to an open hand. It is clear that while the member changes from one form to the other many views may be made of it, all differing in appearance, as you bring the various divisions into different perspective. We have here four studies of

Allosurus crispus, or mountain parsley, in different stages of development; it is a fern native to these islands, and presents forms of



Figs. 1-4.—STUDIES FROM *ALLOSURUS CRISPUS* OR MOUNTAIN PARSLEY.

leafage which would be of much use to the carver. In studying from this plant much care and perseverance are needed; the practice followed was to detach the frond to be copied from its neighbours by means of a piece of black silk, which formed a perfect background for the bright green leaf; and then, as in the case of the object Fig. 1, which was really no larger than a moderate-sized pea, the detail was made out by means of a good magnifying glass, an instrument which must be used by every one who would profit by the study of small plants, as in these are often to be found the most valuable lessons. Fig. 2 is a more advanced frond of the same. Fig. 3 is yet more expanded; the whole of the detail of this drawing was found in an object no larger than one's thumb-nail. Fig. 4 is the fully-opened leaf. Figs. 5 and 6 belong to a species kindred to the first, and illustrate in a very marked manner the wide difference between the two extreme stages in the growth of these plants.



Fig. 5.

In Figs. 7 and 8 we have two studies of *Cystopteris fragilis*, also a British fern; in these we may see the utmost freedom in growth co-existing with the most perfect subjection to law. To the carver these are noteworthy lessons

in the distribution of leafage on similar architectural features.



Fig. 6.

manner peculiar to this among all the examples studied; in instances like this there must be no hesitation in copying, it must be done without delay; a few hours of absence and the forms will have changed, as their growth is rapid during the proper season; it was only after repeated trials that the detail was made out in this instance, and after all the result gives a very inadequate idea of the beautiful original; yet how suggestive to the carver in stone, who needs do little more than increase



Fig. 7.

stall-heads and In Fig. 9 we have a striking instance of the beauty that may lurk in minute things—it is the opening frond of a very small and delicate tropical fern; in the lateral leaflets the mid-rib is waved in a

the size, in order to find a design well fitted for his purpose.

One word on the importance of nature studies. In looking through a number of standard works, including among others those of Mr. A. W. Pugin, Sir M. Digby Wyatt, M. Viollet le Duc, Mr. Waring, and Mr. Ruskin, it is instructive to note the difference of the spirit with which foliated subjects are copied by the different masters; in some there is no evidence of acquaintance with natural forms, except as seen through the works of their predecessors; in others it is easy to discover that the draughtsman has looked through and beyond his model to the natural type that first suggested it; in the second division are found those who by precept and example have taught with iteration and earnestness, that it is not by using the eyes of others, but by employing our own, we can make any mark in life by which the world will set store.



Fig. 8.



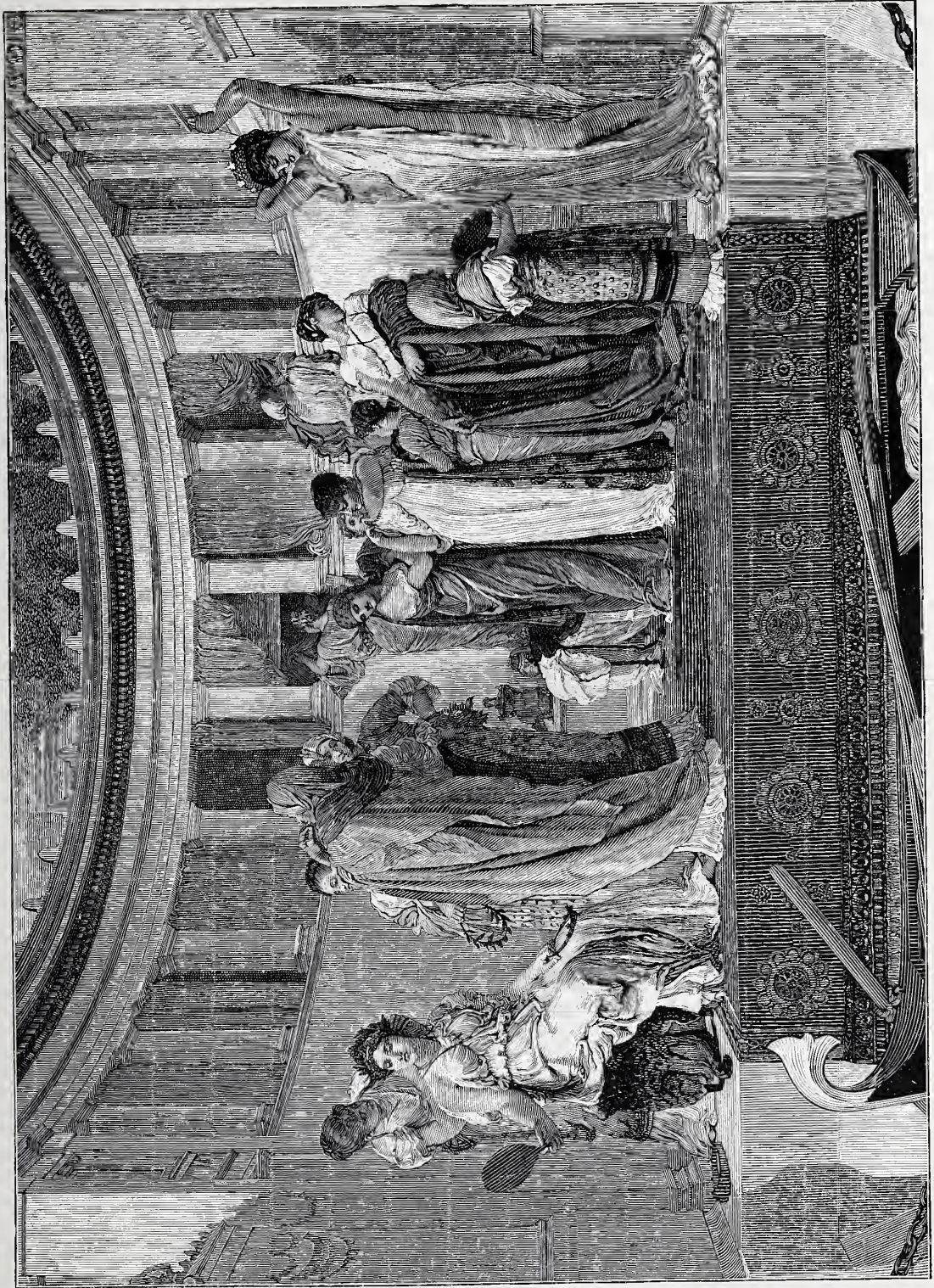
Fig. 9.

(To be continued.)

MR. LEIGHTON'S CARTOON, "THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS OF PEACE."

WE give a representation of the central group from Mr. Leighton's admirable design for a lunette, illustrating "The Industrial Arts of Peace." The work is intended to form the principal decoration of one of the courts of the South Kensington Museum, and our illustration of it is taken from the artist's cartoon at present shown in the gallery of the court. The composition, which has an architectural setting, is arranged with the formality befitting a typical and allegorical, rather than realistic, subject; but the figures themselves are drawn with a fine freedom and originality, and, while their grace has a monumental repose, it is entirely free

from conventionality. Nowhere, perhaps, has Mr. Leighton's feeling for beauty been more charmingly exemplified, nor has his drawing ever shown a surer hand; the draperies are particularly well studied. The grace of the central group is balanced on either side by masculine figures in vigorous action. In the background is seen a classical landscape, which fitly aids the sense of artistic repose which belongs to the whole work. The companion lunette, dealing with "The Industrial Arts of War," contains some of the finest groups as well as single figures which the accomplished artist has ever conceived.



GROUP FROM "THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS OF PEACE."

(Design for a Mural Painting by Frederick Leighton, R.A., for the South Court of the South Kensington Museum.)



THE TRIUMPH OF SCIPIO.

(From the Painting by Pierino del Vaga, in the Doria Palace, Genoa. Italian, Sixteenth Century.)

VICISSITUDES OF ART TREASURES.—II.

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



HERE is a mouldering arch spanning a still-used track that leads to the centre of ancient Rome—to what was the Capitol. No one of any pretence to culture who passes for the first time beneath that arch, can fail to be arrested by the records, worn

and half-obliterated though they are, which still are visible on its side piers. They have a pathetic interest. Eighteen hundred years have passed, and the tooth of time has gnawed them little by little, and the fiercer stroke of the hand of barbarism has shattered them; yet these worn sculptures on the Arch of Titus still bear their witness, once triumphant, now sorrowful, to that terrible catastrophe when the doom of fallen Jerusalem was accomplished, "they shall lay

thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee."

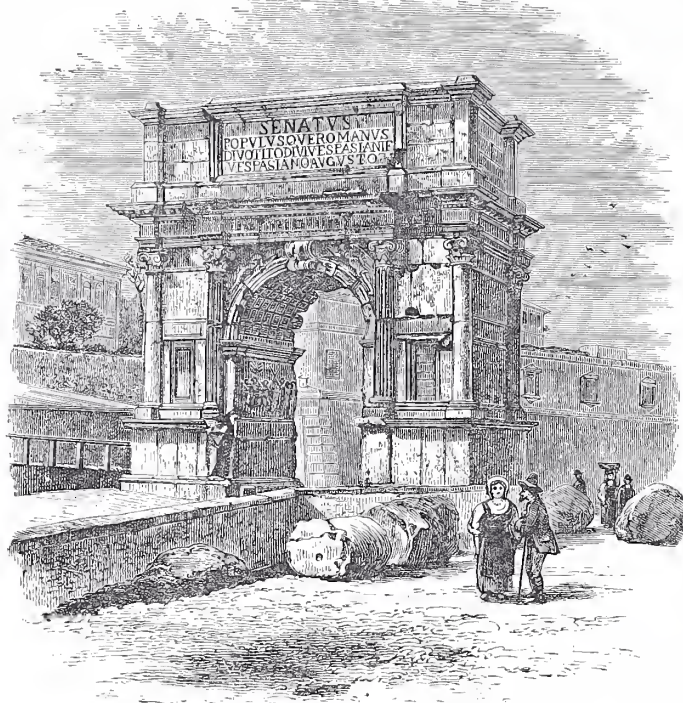
Eighteen hundred years have passed. Along that track, then an imperial highway, there went up the pomp of a Roman triumph. Has the world seen pomp to compare with the lavish splendour of those tremendous displays? when all that was then known of wealth, when the resources of the universe were taxed that fitting homage might be paid to the victor,—

"Along the Sacred Way
Hither the Triumph came, and winding round
With acclamation and the martial clang
Of instruments, and cars laden with spoil,
Stopt at the sacred stair."

Thither he that was mightiest among the mighty of men, Julius Cæsar, went up; and to enhance the barbaric pomp of his triumph, the steps of the Capitol were lighted by forty elephants bearing torches on the right hand and on the left, while the spoils of conquered nations were borne aloft on ivory cars. When Aurelian triumphed after the fall of Palmyra,

the procession was opened in such fashion as might please a populace sated with sights of

Temple in flames, the Holy of Holies entered by the Gentiles, and the ancient and most sacred vessels in the hated hands of the spoiler.



ARCH OF TITUS AT ROME.

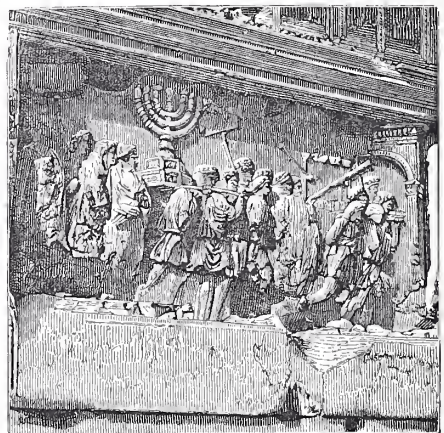
(Erected after the Triumph, in A. D. 71, of Vespasian and his son Titus, for their victories in the East.)

gorgeous extravagance. Twenty elephants, four royal tigers, above two hundred of the most curious animals of all climates were there, besides sixteen hundred gladiators; while, before her conqueror, fettered with gold, and almost fainting under the intolerable weight of jewels, the beautiful Queen of the East, Zenobia, "preceded on foot the magnificent chariot in which she once hoped to enter the gates of Rome."

Splendid, but pitiful and sad, were those sights; long ranks of chained captives, heart-broken, desolate, doomed to death or slavery; spared for a moment to grace the conqueror's chariot-wheels, but where the road divides they parted, the victor and the vanquished, "he to the festal board and they to die." Chief among those on whom the doom of hopeless exile fell, was that strange race scarcely subdued by famine or pestilence, by fire or the sword—the Jews had been crushed rather than conquered, they had seen their

Then it was they felt that Jehovah had abandoned His people, and fiercely cast themselves down to die; yet were thousands made captive, so that no purchasers were found for them—outcast, despised and spurned. These, fettered and goaded, passed painfully along that triumphal path, "while each street, each peopled wall, and each insulting window, pealed forth a brawling triumph o'er their heads;" and this Arch of Titus still stands, with its sculptured bas-reliefs, an unanswerable witness to the truth of the record which tells of those golden treasures of the Temple.

What vicissitudes can surpass theirs? that seven-branched candlestick plainly delineated among the spoils, was in accordance with the type of the original candlestick fashioned by the instruction of Moses, preserved with the ark, probably deposited in Solomon's Temple; lost sight of with the treasures carried to Babylon, replaced after the original design, and again reverently used in the



BAS-RELIEF ON THE SIDE PIER OF THE ARCH OF TITUS.
(Showing the Seven-Branched Candlestick.)

Temple rebuilt by Zerubbabel, after the captivity; still secure in the Temple as restored by Herod,

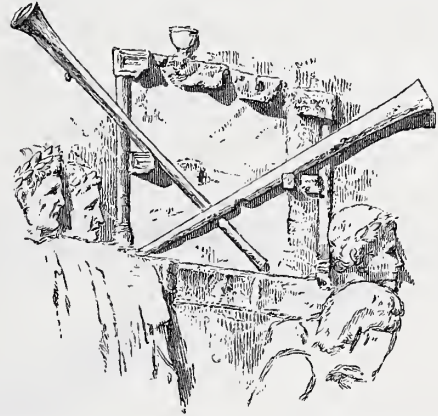
till the fatal ruin came, when the Jewish nation, as a nation, perished, and their glorious and sacred vessels, and this ancient symbol of God's presence fell into the hands of those who had no pity, and were paraded to make a Roman holiday.

The subsequent story, as far as it is known, may be briefly told. After the triumph which had been decreed by the Senate to the Emperor and his son Titus, for that success which had left the remnant of the Jews outcasts on the face of the earth, Vespasian built a temple to Peace, which aimed at being the largest and most beautiful structure in Rome, and also the most richly endowed. There he deposited, among other trophies of his conquests, the sacred vessels that had been taken from the Temple. The Book of the Law and the veils or curtains of the Sanctuary he placed in the imperial palace. This great temple of Peace was burnt to the ground about a century later, in the reign of Commodus, but it was believed that the Jewish spoils were saved.

There was a story long current, and still repeated, that the golden candlestick was lost in the Tiber. It was said that Maxentius, the Roman emperor, possessed himself of these treasures, and when, after his overthrow by Constantine in A.D. 312, at Saxa Rubra, he perished in attempting to cross the Tiber by the Milvian bridge, the candlestick and other objects were lost in the river. There is no certain authority for this story. On the other hand it is stated by Theophanes, that Genseric the Vandal, when he entered Rome, on the death of Maximus, in A.D. 455, carried off "the Hebrew vessels which Titus, the son of Vespasian, had brought to Rome after the taking of Jerusalem," and sailed with them to Africa.

Some fifty years afterwards, Belisarius having conquered the Vandals in Africa, carried the spoils to Byzantium, and presented them to the Emperor Justinian. Finally, it is related by Procopius that a Jew, seeing these sacred objects, warned one near the emperor that destruction would overtake the palace if they were carried thither, as it had done all those who had hitherto possessed them, and that the emperor, being alarmed, thereupon "sent them away in all

haste to the holy places of the Christians in Jerusalem." Beyond this, nothing is known; their chequered history is untold further; whether they reached Jerusalem is not certain, nor can it be shown to what Christian holy place they were sent.



PORTION OF THE BAS-RELIEF ON THE SIDE PIER OF THE ARCH OF TITUS.

(Showing the Jewish Silver Trumpets.)

Turning then from these treasures surrounded by Sacredness and Mystery, whose material, itself imperishable, perhaps prompted ignorant or fanatic avarice to their destruction, we take our next example from the most lowly substance which art has lifted into beauty—potter's clay. The durability of treasures in crystal, or monuments of granite, such as we have dwelt upon in our former paper, will be readily understood if they escape the zeal of some fierce iconoclast, but it may surprise not a few readers to be told that the works of the potter are among the most durable of all things: not always, alas! in their original symmetry, but as regards their material almost imperishable. Thus it is that they guide the archæologist in so many of his investigations,—whether pre-historic remains occupy him, or explorations at Troy, Mycenæ, or Cyprus; whether he traces the wanderings of the Phœnicians, the graves of the Etruscans, the colonies of Greece, or seeks to define the limits of Roman dominion.

They have, therefore, their vicissitudes. Take the following as an example. There is an old Greek tazza, a *cylix* in thin red earthenware, of the exquisite form which those ancient potters knew how to conceive, made some 500

years before the Christian era; it is boldly painted, bearing beneath the spreading bowl two quaint eyes, designed in Egyptian fashion: thus carrying one's thoughts back, on the one hand, to an emblem of the most ancient of nations used in the remotest antiquity, and on the other to a superstition of the present day; for a Chinese junk even now needs two huge eyes on its prow to see its way over the ocean. These eyes on the Greek bowl should have seen strange changes. Treasured it must

a hungry Italian artist—one of that tribe who by the strange revolution of fate, now represents in modern London the "Greenius esuriens" whom Juvenal sneered at amidst the luxury of ancient Rome.

The precious spoils of the artistic world of Greece have passed even farther; to lands that would have seemed to that fastidious race unfit for human habitation. We have seen an exquisite specimen of antique goldsmith's work exhibited at Edinburgh: a Greek work finding



TAZZA.

(Antique Greek Pottery, Sixth Century B.C.)

have been, and long preserved. At length it reached Roman hands, and some household slave, perhaps as careless as a nineteenth century housemaid, "had a misfortune" with it; no doubt, in the phrase reserved for such accidents, it merely "came to pieces as he held it." We hope he was only scourged—not "in cruce suffixus"—for the crime. At all events, the vessel was deemed important enough to have its injury skilfully repaired: it has been riveted with a bronze rivet, and this secured has come down to our time, passing from its native country to that far-off barbarous isle of Britain—"in ultimos orbis Britannos."

Connoisseurs and collectors, once rife in imperial Rome, are now well represented in the city that spreads where lay a half-desolate swamp in the days of the Augustan poet, and so the bronze-riveted tazza found a London home with one of these. It was in the well-known Hertz collection; and passing the usual ordeal of sale at Christie's, came into the hands of another lover of ancient art. After a few more vicissitudes it rested with its present possessor; not without some skilful reparation of

its way to the modern Athens! It represents the head of a goddess—the Tauric Diana; a little fragment, indeed: perhaps the pendant of an earring, but instinct with the subtle life of ancient Hellenic

art. It was found at Kertch, in the Tauric Chersonese, where so much wealth of classical art has been disinterred. It is injured and partly crushed, but not deprived of all its beauty: the lines of the head admirably conceived, the hair delicately wrought and wreathed with skilful ornament, contrasting by its antique grace and dignity with the often grotesque head-dress of our nineteenth century fashions. Here, surely, has been a strange vicissitude: the gold perhaps of Philippi, the skilful labour that came, it may be, from Corinth, preserved in this tiny jewel for more than 2,000 years, to be gazed at in a land that its original wearer would have shuddered at as though shut out from the limits of life; and this in the midst of security and wealth such as no Greek colonist ever knew! Yet who is there now among us to rival this triumph of art workmanship? *(To be continued.)*



GOLD ORNAMENT: HEAD OF DIANA.

(Antique Greek, Fourth Century B.C.)

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

SECOND NOTICE.

MR. BURNE JONES retired a few years ago like Achilles to his tent. His finest work, in this his second season of reappearance, is undoubtedly "Le Chant d'Amour," in which his beauty of colour, of dreamy suggestiveness, and of heart-piercing pathos are carried to their utmost point. The indescribable sadness in the small light eyes of the principal figure is, however, precisely the same look as that which appeared in the foreboding "Angels of the Creation" last year, and which can be seen close by in the maidens of the "Laus Veneris;" such a meaningless repetition is suggestive of manufacture; and, indeed, spiritual as is Mr. Burne Jones's poetical art in the first conceptions, it has a tendency to become little more than a trick produced by the point of the brush. As to the value, in a larger sense, of this art, and of the poetry which is its companion, we most seriously protest against it (with a reverence for its genius and a tenderness for its beauty) as unmasculine, and—what is worse from a purely artistic standpoint—self-consciously imitative; nay, unintelligently imitative, for this is not classical, this is not mediæval, feeling and thought; it is fresh strenuous paganism, emasculated by false modern emotionalism. These archaic affectations are more modern, more entirely of the nineteenth century, than is a factory or a Positivist.

The disciples of this master of the emotions—Walter Crane, Spencer Stanhope, Evelyn Pickering, and Melhuish Strudwick, may be dismissed in fewer words. Mr. Walter Crane is, perhaps, the most self-conscious and the most inexpressive; Mr. Spencer Stanhope the best, while Mr. Strudwick and Miss Pickering are the weakest, in draughtsmanship. Mr. Stanhope, indeed, in his "Morning," has a certain touch of inspiration, and a feeling of fresh air, which is reviving after a series of love-sicknesses. His "Shulamite," however, is altogether beyond grave criticism.

To a more purely decorative school—for

he banishes emotion altogether—belongs an exquisite artist, Mr. Albert Moore, who has studied the treatment of draperies in the Greek rather than the Italian school, and who works in a key of colour, or rather of tinting, all his own. He has a way of throwing his flesh into half-shadow, whilst the accessories are brilliant, and the colour of this half-shadow is objectionable—heavily grey with a tinge of violet; this is his one flaw as a colourist, and we have long remarked it. He draws very sufficiently well, but no more than that; and he has an intelligent energy of action which does not mar decorative repose; of this his "Birds" is an example. His play on yellows is exquisitely fanciful and inventive, and in these fine variations he uses, as his strongest accent, orange-colour—the one hue all but universally avoided in art—with happy effect.

Mr. Boughton has a habit of exercising so much self-denial in the matter of colour, that we were hardly prepared to find him so true and fine a colourist as he shows himself to be in "The Rivals." The sky, with the distant foliage in sunshine, and the dark mass to the right, forms a passage of exquisite tints, and the execution is charming, especially in the small sun-lighted trees. There is surely too much of the foreground of quarry, as the stone in flat-shadow is necessarily monotonous, and we heartily wish for a little more sky instead of it. Near this exceedingly pleasing picture hangs Mr. Phil Morris's "Michaelmas," in which the light is good, but the sunshine cold in passages; the whole canvas is unpleasantly spotty, but it has a grateful freshness, and some expressive motion. Mr. Edgar Barclay belonged some years ago to a knot of dexterous young artists, who made open-air lighting their special study, and who were dignified by their admirers by the name of the Capri school, after the chief scene of their charming labours. A fine quietness of colour and manner characterised his work at that time, but this has

given place of late to something like extravagance. In his "Bay of Algiers" (hung in the Vestibule), "Peach Blossoms," and "Moorish Villa," the colour shows fine feeling and rich suggestiveness, with some oddities of composition—as in the absence of skies; but in his larger canvas, "The Olive Harvest," the combinations are out of harmony and out of truth; passages of cold green foliage jar with a general hot brassy tone, which reminds us of Mr. Poole. A few mediocre works of the most "philistine" quality are curiously sprinkled among the artistic "developments" of the Grosvenor Gallery. The more legitimate art of the collection occupies a part of the west room.

M. Heilbuth is also a faithful open-air painter. He fails in the matter of colour, for which he has no fine feeling, his skies especially showing his incapacity for understanding blue, but his manner is eminently delightful; he has also a capacity for expression, that high and difficult quality of art, which the purely "idyllic" artists, who paint for the eye only, conveniently forget. The faces of his boys in "Roman Orphans" are consummately clever in this respect, and in this little composition the figures far and near are put in with an exquisite adroitness. Each of this painter's canvases is well handled everywhere, but nowhere is his charm of hand finer than in the wild field-growth of his foregrounds. His

skies are lightly vaporous, and admirably free in the cloud-painting.

M. Tissot has carried the study of light so far that he aims at nothing less than the abolition of the studio with its artificial *chiaroscuro*. He paints either in the diffused and general open-air light, or in the gentle and natural shadows of a room; in the former case, a certain sacrifice of colour in flesh is inevitable, and he makes it cheerfully in deference to truth. Warm flesh tints, more especially in a fair complexion, are impossible out of doors, except in an evening effect. One noticeable result of M. Tissot's mastery of "values"—*i.e.*, of the inter-comparison of the degrees of lights or shadows on objects, which is quite a distinct study from that of *tone*, or the relative depth or lightness of their local colour—is the perfection of his rendering of surfaces, without laborious imitative effort; the fan of the lady in "Spring," and the window-seat cushion in "July," are excellent specimens of this quality. This artist's types have invariably a certain inferiority, mixed with a trick of pose and a sort of mastery of millinery, so that in spite of their immense conscientiousness and great technical perfection, his canvases can never be attractive. With regard to manner, his handling is clever, never blunt or inelegant, but not so full of charm as that of his most distinguished countrymen.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

THE members of this society are for the most part such old friends and old favourites with the constant public, that the manner of working, and the special class of subject of each, are known by heart. One Richardson, one Davidson, one Paul Naftel, is so much like another, that criticism or description is rather a work of supererogation. It is, therefore, to the drawings by younger members that we shall chiefly confine the brief remarks for which we have space. We may, however, observe that the repeated exhibitions of years have made it evident that in no other

London gallery do the distinctively English faults of colour appear to be so systematically reduced to a rule and principle of art. We allude particularly to that habit of violence and excitement which some aquarellists seem to consider the true artistic temper; grey, above all, is never left to its natural purity and repose, but adulterated with a kind of violet which, being a vicious colour in itself, sets the whole scheme wrong. We have much to learn from the modern French and Dutch schools of landscape in this respect.

The first drawing on the walls is by Mr.

Thorne Waite, an artist who possesses the rare quality of luminosity, a quality which depends not on brilliancy of colour, but on learned and fine relations: his manner in this work—“The Fen Country in Harvest Time”—is rather opaque and dry, but the composition is pleasantly broad. He has pure true evening light in “The Old Swan, Uffington, Bucks;” in “Dale Park, Sussex,” he has chosen an unfortunate subject, a composition of round sponge-like trees, but here also the light is excellent.

Neither in these, however, nor in his other drawings does he surpass, or perhaps equal, the consummate judgment and delicacy which delighted us in his work last year. Several landscape studies by Mr. Stacy Marks, A.R.A., are admirably powerful, and in manner curiously unlike the clean painting of his oil pictures.

Mr. Alfred Hunt is a disciple of Turner, but it seems to us that his sky in “Whitby Harbour” is distinctly *not* Turneresque, inasmuch as it misses that truth and fine realisation of the smaller cloud-forms, which is one of the characteristics of the great master’s work. Mr. Branwhite is very unequal; among some specimens of a discord of colour, too common with him, we come now and then upon a very solid and brilliant drawing in the literal manner. There is a certain stamp of talent upon all Mr. Albert Goodwin’s works: “The Fisherman’s Chapel” is original, and has an exquisite

passage of colour in the sea, with which, by the way, the cold blue sky is out of all harmony. Mr. Tom Lloyd’s labourers returning from the field at night are excellent. Notwithstanding a certain amount of studio work in his intensely elaborated landscapes, he has caught a habit of very charming evening colour, and his handling in the treatment of wild field-grasses and foreground growth of all kinds is far in advance of that of any other contemporary English landscape-painter. Mr. Arthur

Glennie’s “View in Rome,” ingeniously fails to be, in any particular, Roman; an appreciation of the character of inanimate objects is a most necessary quality for a painter who chooses Italy with her strong individuality of tree, of road, and of stone. Among Miss Clara Montalba’s drawings the most beautiful, as



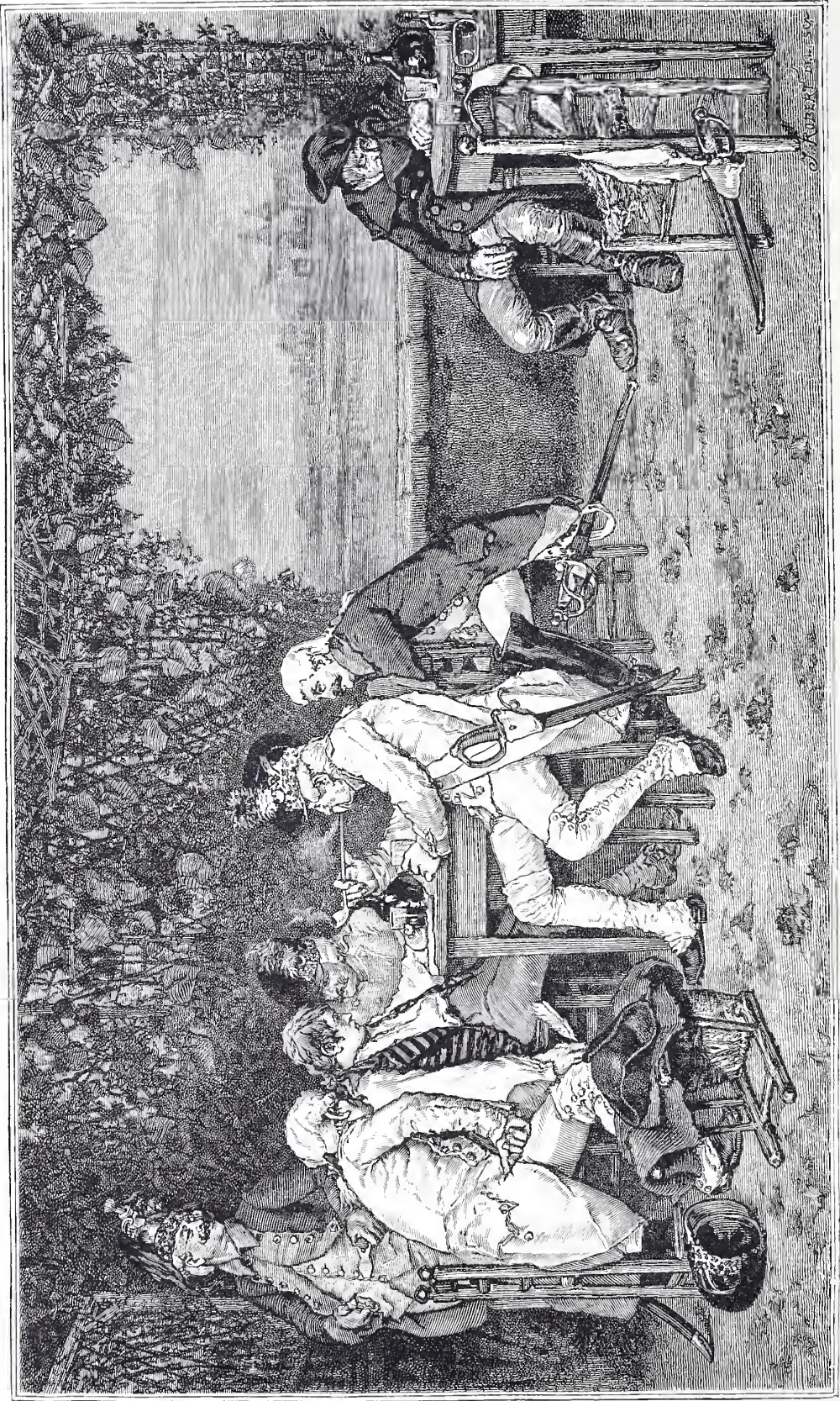
THE MOLO, VENICE.
(By Clara Montalba.)

well as the largest, is her Venetian view before sunrise in summer, entitled “The Molo, Venice,” of which we give a slight thumb-nail sketch by the artist. For exquisite truth, learning, and charm of manner and colour, this picture is unsurpassed among her works, though it has less of that premeditated effectiveness of which she is fond. We have only space for a word of praise for Mr. Walter Duncan’s graceful and truly idyllic “Jardin d’Amour,” and for Mrs. Allingham’s works, equally refined in colour and in manner, the most beautiful, to our mind, being the “Old Bridge in Wales,” which has quite a charming tone and attractiveness.

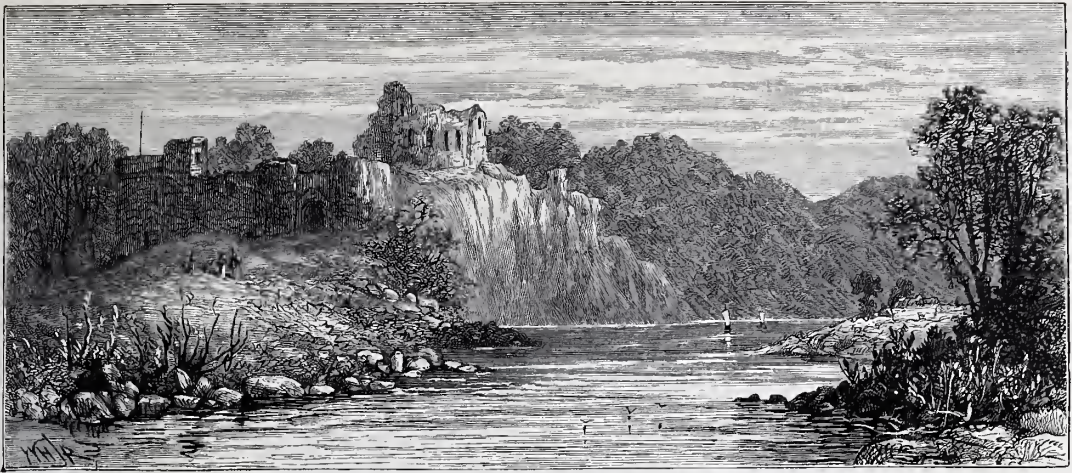
“RECRUITING SERGEANTS.”

WE propose to give in these pages, month by month, some engravings in illustration of contemporary French art. For the first of the series we have chosen M. Le Blant’s “Recruiting Sergeants”—a work which many of our readers may remember in a recent Salon,

and which represents that military and historical *genre* school in which the French so eminently excel. It will be followed in due course by engravings of some of the most important works—of which there are the startling number of 5,000—on exhibition at the Salon of the present season.



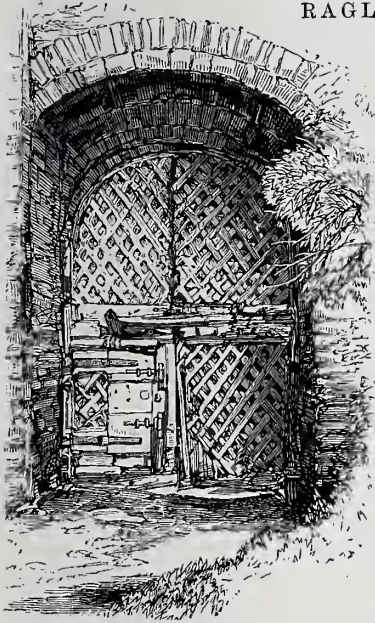
RECRUITING SERGEANTS.
(By Le Blanc.)



CHEPSTOW CASTLE, FROM THE RIVER.

ARTISTS' HAUNTS.—III.

RAGLAN CASTLE AND THE WYE.



GATEWAY, CHEPSTOW CASTLE.

RAGLAN Castle is always associated with the Wye, but for what reason I am somewhat at a loss to imagine. It is eight miles from the nearest point of the river at Monmouth. But the Wye tourist will certainly have no cause for regret if he

I was quite at a loss to know, until I reached Monmouth, how I was to proceed to Raglan.

The results of the information I obtained in the birthplace of Henry V. are here recorded.

The best plan is to leave Monmouth by the early morning train at about a quarter to eight. You then have time to see Raglan and get back sufficiently early to pursue your journey down the river, either to Tintern or Chepstow, the same day. There is a station at Raglan, and from near the station a pleasant footpath across the fields leads you straight to the castle. This was the route I adopted.

I could hardly say with Scott, that

“The gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins grey;”

for as I approached the venerable pile the black north-easter, which had been blowing keenly all the morning, brought with it some lowering rain-clouds, and presently the rain itself came on with a steady downpour which seemed likely to interfere very materially with the day's enjoyment. The cold, grey sky, however, was perhaps more in keeping with the sadness which one associates with these relics of bygone splendour. At any rate it could not detract from the impressive grandeur of the ivy-clad gateway, the flanking bastions, and the unrivalled “yellow tower,” which still

decide on visiting this magnificent relic of bygone days, for Raglan is deservedly considered the finest ruin in the kingdom.

Guide-books, as a rule, are singularly deficient in the little scraps of information so necessary to a tourist with regard to locomotion. The renowned Baedeker is the only man who is thoroughly satisfying in this respect. In spite of the “Descriptive Sketch of the Picturesque River Wye,” which I had secured at Chepstow,

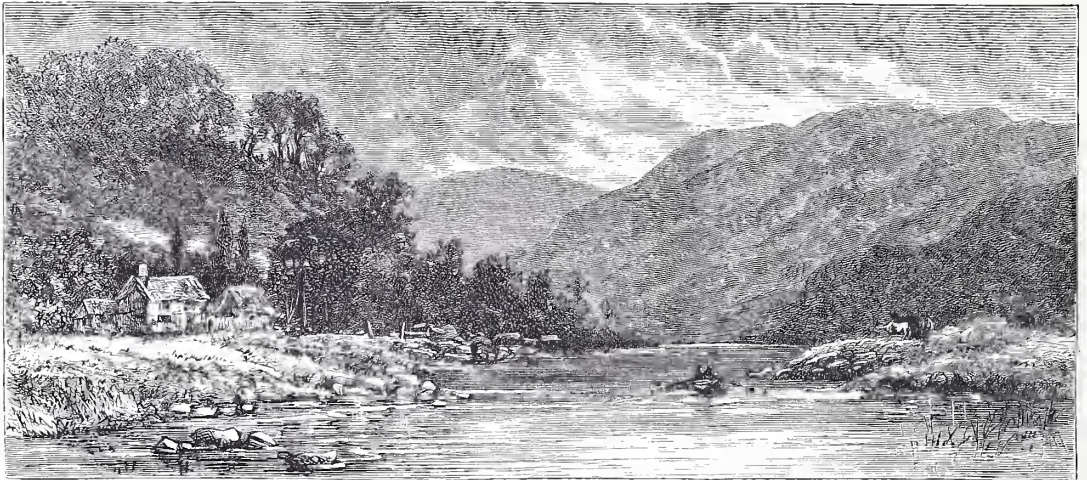
uprears its solid walls apart from the rest of the building, surrounded by its picturesque moat. The vandalism of Fairfax has deprived it of two of its six sides, but perhaps the artist will feel rather under an obligation to the Parliamentary general than otherwise, for nothing can exceed the beauty of the shattered fragments, surmounted by the solid structure of the uninjured sides. To those who love to employ their pencils on

“Battled tower and donjon keep,”

Raglan offers the rarest advantages. A dozen

sustaining the siege against the Parliamentarians at the age of eighty-five is in itself sufficient to invest the ruins with interest. My “Descriptive Sketch” informs me that the marquis was taken prisoner to London, where he lingered for a few months. When told that Parliament would permit him to be buried in the family vault at Windsor, he cried, with great sprightliness of manner, “Why, God bless us all! I shall have a better castle when I am dead than they took from me when I was alive.”

But if I would reach Chepstow by the end of my article, I must quit Raglan at once, though



A BEND OF THE RIVER WYE.

effective sketches could be made from the moat alone, and the castle is surrounded by elm trees of unusual beauty of form. Great care has been displayed in preserving the ruins from further decay. The judicious erection of wooden platforms and staircases here and there, which in no way detract from the beauty of the ruins, enables you to traverse the circuit of half the battlements, and it is said—though this in my case was a matter of faith—that the view of the mountains of South Wales from the summit is quite unrivalled.

In spite of the weather, I lingered long among these grand old ruins. They are so vast, so massive, so beautiful in their decay, so full of stirring associations with the long, dim past, that they cannot fail to move even the minds of the most unimpassioned. The one association of the old Marquis of Worcester

I do so with great reluctance. To my infinite joy I found on reaching Monmouth by the twelve o'clock train that there were signs of a break in the weather. An actual gleam of sunlight was seen on the slope of the “Kymin,” the high hill which overlooks the town, and from which a magnificent panorama may be enjoyed. Hastening to the Wye Bridge, I secured the services of a boatman named Monnington, who had been strongly recommended to me by a young Welsh gentleman with an unpronounceable name whom I had met at the hotel. I may here mention that there are plenty of boats to be had at Wye Bridge for the trip down the river, the fare being about ten shillings to Tintern and fifteen to Chepstow. We got away at two o'clock, the weather by this time having much improved. Broad patches of blue were visible in the

sky, and the cold wind of the morning had died away. There is a strong current in the Wye, here and there breaking into actual rapids, where the river flows over the remains of old weirs, which for some reason or other have been long since demolished. There is a small excitement in shooting these rapids which gives a piquancy to the trip. At some of the weirs below Tintern, when the tide is out, considerable care is required, otherwise there is a chance of being stranded on the one hand, or swamped on the other.

I should almost recommend the early spring time for a trip down the Wye. I am writing of the end of April, and I can hardly imagine anything more beautiful than the aspect nature then presented. From the railway bridge just below Monmouth, where we shot the first rapid, a succession of lovely scenes opened to the view at every bend of the river. The trees were clothed in that delicate green verdure which gives sufficient colouring to the woods, but which is not yet dense enough to hide the exquisite tracery of the branches. It was the interval between

“—— the time that goes before the leaf,
When all the wood stands in a mist of green,”

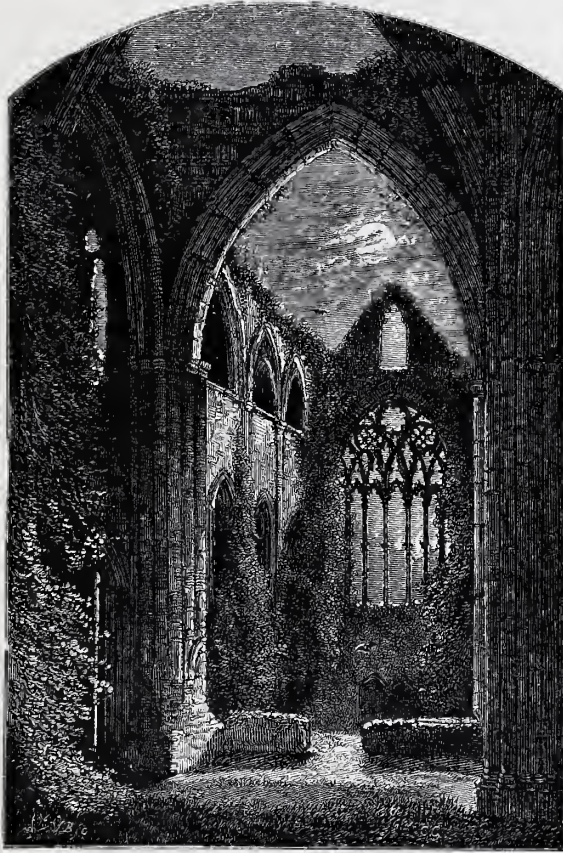
and the luxuriant summer prime. There is nothing in nature so pure and refreshing as this early spring green. It harmonises so perfectly with the grey undergrowths of the woods and hill-sides. It even tells well against the blue of the sky, and it gives a tint to the

middle distance like the blue of the hedge-sparrow's egg. Wild cherry-trees here and there varied the spring foliage with their pure white blossom, which broke like spray through the ocean of greenery around. On the nearer banks the primrose and cuckoo-flower gave a new charm to the scene, while, in some nooks of the hills, beds of wild hyacinth seemed to reflect the blue of the far-off sky.

Space does not permit me to dwell on the many charming subjects for the pencil which this portion of the Wye presents, but some points must be noted in passing. At Redbrook, some three miles from Monmouth, there is a charming bend of the river, where the hills are clothed in verdure. Some white cottages here border the shore, whose chimneys, tipped with red, stand out charmingly against the green leafage behind. The water takes the colour of the wooded heights near the shore, and in mid-stream the warm grey of the middle distance. The white

foam-bubbles from the rapid above give a surface to the otherwise transparent stream, and the eddies break in long, sweeping curves from the velvet softness of the grassy banks.

A few miles lower the dark, precipitous slope of Wye Wood seems to present an impassable barrier to the stream. It rises to the height of several hundred feet, and presents a fine study of brown and grey distance. By-and-by, we come to Bigges Weir. A dark cluster of pines slopes to the river on the right, beneath which we shoot another rapid. And now the



WEST WINDOW, TINTERN ABBEY.

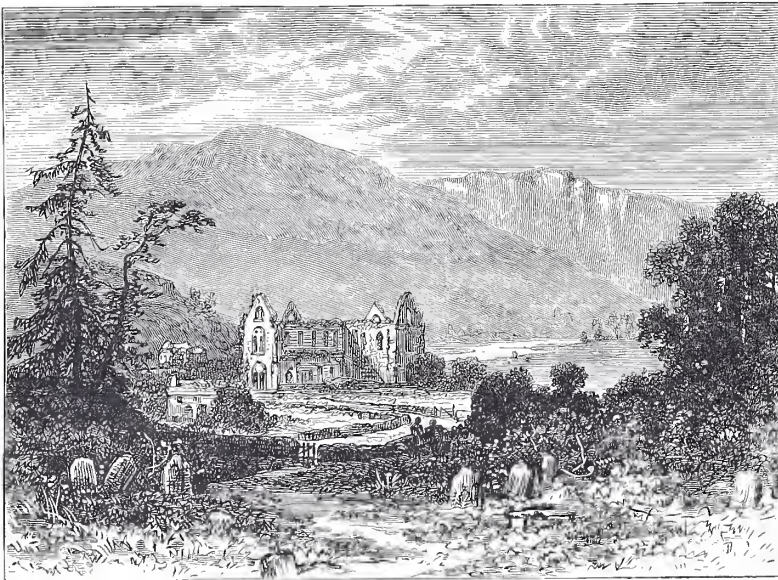
curiously situated village of Llandogo comes in sight, with its white cottages perched on the side of a hill so steep that it reminds one of the slope of a Swiss mountain, with its châteaux perched in almost impossible nooks. This spot has a melancholy interest from the fact that the lamented Lord Amberley here drew his last breath, and closed abruptly a life of singular promise. This steep hill-side upon which Llandogo stands, sweeps round in an amphitheatre of wood and rock, with the river close at its foot. High up near the summit is a curious cascade just visible from the river. A closer acquaintance with it may be made by means of a circuitous path leading from the village.

A short distance below Llandogo we come to the Moravian settlement of Brockweir, a village with quaint old houses and shipping of a larger character than we have hitherto encountered. This village presents another charming picture. There is a green meadow beyond, rising steeply to a hill crowned with dark foliage. This slope of grass forms a pretty background to more white cottages and red chimneys; the boats lie moored to the

upon the strand, and there, at the door of the old house with the carved front, is a woman with a child in her arms, and a kerchief of vivid crimson round her head, giving a keynote of colour to the scene.

The relentless current, however, is still sweeping us onward, and now, as we approach Tintern, a new interest is awakened, for Tintern is undoubtedly *the* point of interest *par excellence* of the whole river. We shoot another weir, however, before we reach it, sweep round a sudden turn of the river with a grand precipice of intermingled wood and rock to the left, pass the village of Tintern Parva, and then the grey walls of the abbey break upon the view, rising in the midst of a valley as lovely as any in all the fair realm of England.

Tintern stands within a few yards of the river. Between it and the shore are several cottages which somewhat detract from the effect on the river side. Cottage gardens, indeed, steal up to the very walls, and there is a pear-tree full of snow-white blossom within the walls themselves. The most effective view of the ruins is from the little churchyard on the hill-side above. From this point the precipitous slope of Shornecliff, almost mountainous in its proportions, forms a magnificent background to the old grey walls of the abbey. These walls possess an additional charm to the artist from a peculiar warm tone in the grey stones of which they are composed, and also from the fact that the ruins are not kept in such a painful state of neatness as some ruins are. The magnificent pile of Fountains Abbey is utterly spoiled from a picturesque point of view by this excessive neatness. A whole



TINTERN ABBEY, FROM THE CHURCHYARD.

banks with their masts dark against the grey hill-top, and a solitary poplar with its yellow spring foliage stands out well against the blue distance. Children in picturesque groups play

tribe of women is kept perpetually at work sweeping the lawns and pathways to the primness of a drawing-room carpet. Not a dead leaf is allowed to remain on the ground for a moment,

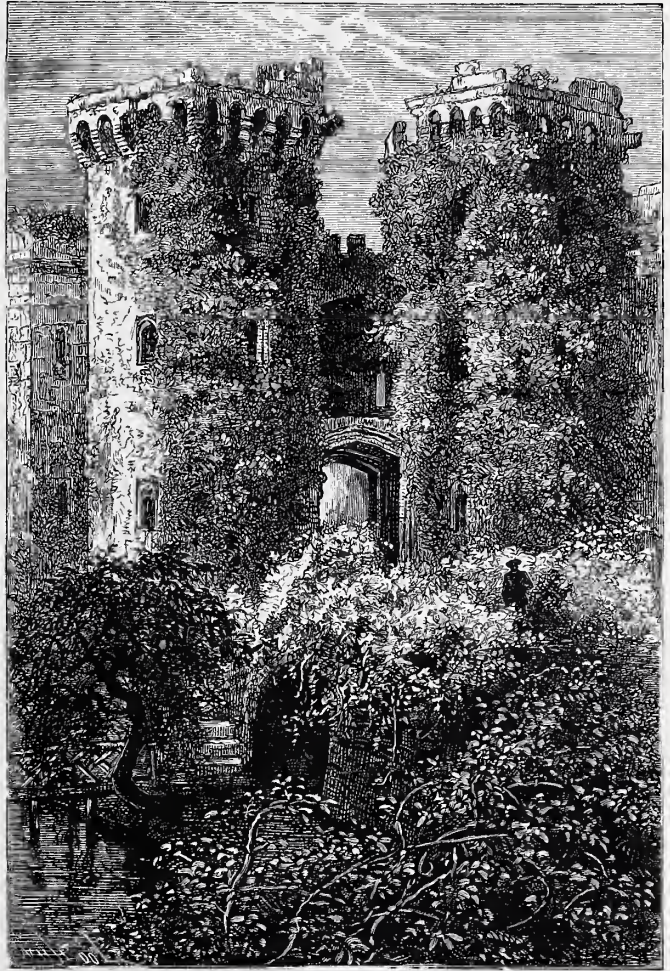
not a blade of grass is out of place, and the surrounding woods and gardens are of such an artificial character, that all sense of the picturesque is lost.

The surroundings of Tintern, I am happy to say, are somewhat of the tumble-down character. The building is, however, carefully preserved. Both interior and exterior are very beautiful, and in the pure Gothic style. There is an exquisite symmetry in the arches and fluted columns, and the west window is still almost perfect. A winding staircase leads to the summit, whence a lovely view is obtained of the river and surrounding hills.

Below Tintern the scenery of the Wye changes to a character of almost savage grandeur. The rapids become wilder, the banks rise abruptly, and by-and-by we come to the perpendicular precipices of Walweir Slades, soaring to the height of several hundred feet straight up from the luxuriant woods that fringe the eastern shore. Beneath this magnificent amphitheatre the river sweeps round in a horseshoe curve, and from this point all the way to Chepstow the scenery gains a peculiar character of gloomy grandeur from the presence of innumerable yew-trees among the lighter growths of the hill-sides. This is especially the case at the foot of the Wynd Cliff, which now rises in majestic beauty on the right to the height of nearly a thousand feet above the river's bed. From the summit of the Wynd Cliff there is a view quite unsurpassed in this district; indeed, it is one of such startling grandeur and beauty that it could hardly be exceeded anywhere. The climb would be long and steep from the river, and it is better to make it the object of a separate excursion from Chepstow, as the beautiful grounds of Piercefield can then be taken in conjunction with it.

We were at the foot of the Wynd Cliff before six o'clock, thanks to the exertions of Monnington and his active little son, who, with

the exception of short intervals when I had taken an oar myself, had pulled the whole way from Monmouth, and would have to pull and punt back with the next tide. Below the Wynd Cliff our course lay beneath a curious succession of verdure-crowned rocks called the Twelve Apostles, which rise perpendicularly from the



RAGLAN CASTLE.

water's edge to the luxuriant woods of Piercefield, before mentioned. But our voyage is coming to an end. The grand cliffs and quarries of Llancaut rise on our left; another bend of the river is passed, and then Old Chepstow Castle breaks upon the view, perched upon a precipice of white limestone which almost overhangs the river. It was a lovely scene. The castle cannot boast of the magnificence of Raglan, but for picturesque effect it

is in no way inferior. A softened beauty was given to the rugged cliffs and old grey walls by the evening light which glowed beyond the castle woods. Festoons of the richest ivy hung in folds like drapery down to the water's edge. Amber-tinted wallflowers grew in profusion in the crevices of the old ruin, and even low down on the cliff itself. A flight of jackdaws went wheeling into the still evening air as we sped swiftly beneath the walls. The ebbing tide bore us onward towards the tubular bridge where the railway crosses the river. In five minutes more I stepped upon the landing-place at Chepstow, and my voyage was at an end.

After a quiet meal at the hotel, I strolled down to the bridge and crossed to the side

opposite the castle. The sunlight was dying behind the castle woods, which lay in dark purple masses beyond the ruined towers. The golden light danced upon the waters below, where the eddies of the returning tide curled through the piers of the bridge. A small boat with a man and a boy was speeding swiftly up with the tide into the shadow of the woods. A wave of the hand, a shout, and a "Good-bye" were answered cheerily by Monnington and the boy. As they swept round the bend of the river that hid them from view, I turned back to the hotel alone, well satisfied with the service they had rendered, and with my afternoon trip down the Wye.

SYDNEY HODGES.

SINCERITY VERSUS FASHION.



VEREXES is said to have offered a reward to any one who would supply him with a new pleasure. Many persons have suggested that he who invents a new topic for conversation is no less entitled to the gratitude of mankind, and especially to that portion of mankind which goes to dinner-parties.

There mankind is thrust upon womankind—that is, a gentleman is required to entertain a lady for a period of at least an hour by his comments or conversation. What is the opening gun to be? "Hot weather" leads to little; "Cold weather" to little more. In May the opening gun was, till last year, always the same—"Have you seen the pictures yet?" *Pictures*, of course, meant the Royal Academy Exhibition. A very good start, but one became tired of it after years of use. Last year, as we said, a new topic was provided. Instead of the Academy, or, rather, in addition to the Academy, there was the Grosvenor Gallery to inquire about, a very convenient approach to a subject of real

interest to the talkers. How much they, or those whom they typify, really cared about the pictures exhibited may be gathered from a remark which one of the artists used to declare had been several times made to him—"How beautifully your pictures set off the red walls!"

This shows quite clearly that we cannot say that art is popular because thousands of persons flock to the two great galleries, which are at present, to most of those thousands, duties to be "done," like leaving cards after dining out.

It is rather curious, after being at the Royal Academy, or at the Grosvenor, to go to the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square. No carriages are waiting in long file outside; you have not to wait before your umbrella is duly ticketed and put away; no crowd of bonnets and lorgnettes is before the Gainsborough which you want to see. The distinguished foreigner is in some force, and the undistinguished foreigner in still greater, a few lively American damsels, and a few English people of the middle and lower classes—these, plus a few country cousins, make up the congregation. That society which spells its name with a capital "S," is, in fact, conspicuous by its absence. Why? "Well, you see," says Audley Drawler, "the National Gallery is

always there." But, my dear Audley, does not the same remark apply to Rotten Row, where your manly figure may be seen always six days in the week, and often seven?

The real object of picture galleries is not to furnish a topic for conversation, nor even to supply people with new things to look at. Their object for the artist world is to set before them, as far as possible, great and noble work—to unfold the ideals to which other works are to tend. Their object in relation to the great outside world—that is, the non-artists—is to provide them with that repose and pleasure which ought to come, when, after seeing for weeks nothing but the uglinesses of the streets, one is shown again fair visions of brighter scenes. There are some few people who can use picture galleries in this way. Hard working men may be seen at Trafalgar Square, sometimes just able to come in to look for a few minutes at the work of him who has been called so happily "our own gentle Reynolds," or at those clouds that seem to be ever moving and ever glowing in the immortal landscapes of Turner. He who can carry away from a picture gallery the vivid memory of what he has seen, and can conjure up before his eyes fair images, when the realities around him are bleak or hideous, he has truly learnt how to make art a practical part of his daily life.

But our subject has a wider scope than that which relates to galleries alone. Let us consider the art which people use for their own homes.

Let us fortify ourselves, and prepare for a grim and horrible sight; let us enter the drawing-room of a fashionable lady. We need not enumerate the whole catalogue of abominations, the appalling white walls with the thin gold line, the fearful red silk curtains, the jingling chandelier, the ceiling either bare with ghastly bareness, or uglified by grinning cupids, the cornice resembling precisely the top of a birthday cake; these are but a few of those things most of us know so well and hate so much. Why are they there? The owners themselves do not think them pretty; some of the things—the highly-elaborated cornice, for instance—they

have hardly ever noticed. They have understood that decoration was necessary—was required by society, so they bade a man decorate for them. But the real purpose of decorating one's room is not to make it like other rooms, it is to make it as much as possible express one's own self, and to make it for oneself as habitable as possible. Go into the box of a pointsman at a railway station, you will find it covered inside with bits of pictures from the *Illustrated London News*, the *Graphic*, or any other illustrated journal that comes to hand. The pointsman has decorated his little den because he feels it will be the more comfortable for him to live in when the walls are not bare and black. No one has advised him to put this scrap there, or the other elsewhere; he has done it as he thought best—as it best pleased him. That pointsman is nearer a knowledge of what art is than the lord to whom, as has been most happily said, the silk curtains in his drawing-room are no more art than is the powder in his footman's hair.

If you are wise you will imitate the pointsman, and make your room habitable for yourself. As to glitter, if you are as the Orientals, and like glitter, cover your room with mirrors and bits of gleaming metal, but if you have no real love for bright things by all means avoid them. Don't put a large silver waiter on your sideboard simply to show that you had some perfectly tasteless rich relation, who was stupid enough to give you such a hideous present when you took unto yourself a wife. If you like white walls have white walls, although your neighbours prefer blue walls, and if you like dark walls don't be afraid of having them, because you hear that a drawing-room should be furnished in the French style. Be selfish, be thoroughly selfish in the matter of decoration—be as selfish in your choice of pictures. See as many as you can of what you are told are the best, and that will possibly train you to like something which is good. Perhaps it will be of the Botticelli type; much more probably of the Greuze order—no matter. When you buy pictures, big or little, engravings or photographs, or even, if you like such strange things,

oleographs, or what not, buy only what you like. Choose your picture, not because you hear it is a good thing of its kind, not because it is cheap, and not because it is dear—and this is the reason for which pictures are bought by the thousand at the present day—but because it gives you real pleasure, because you think it is the sort of face, group, or landscape, you would like to see continually, that would give you always a sense of relief from the necessary uglinesses everyone has to see, a sense of repose, a sense of hope.

The selfishness we have advocated may surprise some of our readers. But what is it really? It is really a selfishness that means sincerity. In art, be sincere. The great artist himself is the sincere artist. He must not paint as he is told it is right to paint—he must paint as he feels things are. “Look at nature,” says the greatest art teacher of our time, “and see how she affects your mind.” So he who visits picture-galleries must certainly seek at first to educate his eyes by the sight of what has been pronounced to be good and right, just as the painter must begin by studying and copying the works of masters in his art; but after a time artist must paint from nature, and paint as he feels, and looker must look at what gives him joy, and not at what other people tell him is fine. And the buyer must buy with equal honesty, buy for his intellectual health, and regard in no way the dictum of the critic, but only the desire of his own eyes, and that which his soul feels to be good. Nor can art ever find strong hold in the national history, nor attain to high excellence, until people come to it honestly to seek not fashion, but happiness.

There is no reason why all people should not in time attain to this uprightness in saying and choosing what they really care for. And then

the dream of artists will be fulfilled. “I do not want art for a few,” says a great artist and poet* of our own time, “any more than education for a few, or freedom for a few.” He has a hope, he tells us, that art may be in time the happy heritage of all mankind:—“I hope that we shall have leisure from war, war commercial, as well as war of the bullet and bayonet, leisure from the knowledge that darkens counsel; leisure, above all, from the greed of money, and from the overwhelming distinction that money now brings. I believe that as we have even now partly achieved liberty, we shall achieve equality, and best of all, fraternity, and so have leisure from poverty and all its grasping sordid cares. . . . Men will then assuredly be happy in their work, and that happiness will assuredly bring forth decorative, noble, popular art. That art will make our streets as beautiful as the woods, as elevating as the mountain sides; it will be a pleasure and a rest, not a weight upon the spirits to come from the open country into a town. Every man’s house will be fair and decent, soothing to his mind, and helpful to his work; all the works of man that we live amongst and handle will be in harmony with nature, will be reasonable and beautiful. Yet all will be simple and inspiring, not childish or enervating; for as nothing of beauty and splendour that man’s mind and hand may compass shall be wanting from our public buildings, so, in no private dwelling will there be any signs of waste, pomp, or insolence, and every man will have his share of the best.”

This is indeed a happy dream; each of us can by his honesty alone do something towards its fulfilment.

PHILOSTRATE.

* William Morris, in his Lecture on “The Decorative Arts.”

OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

THOMAS FAED, R.A.

SCOTLAND has produced not only an extraordinary number of painters, as compared with Ireland, and—taking the difference of population into account—even with England, but also a school of painting most distinctively

national, with characteristics exclusively its own. The roll of her great names in the realm of art reaches far back into the past. Jameson was a pupil of Rubens at Antwerp in 1616, and is commonly known as the Scotch

Vandyke. At a later period we have in Sir Henry Raeburn a painter who magnificently illustrates that force and largeness of treatment distinctive of Scotch portraiture. The beginning of the present century introduces us to Sir William

up almost simultaneously, winning Academic honours and taking the art-loving public fairly by surprise. John Pettie, W. Q. Orchardson, Sir Noel Paton, Peter Graham, J. MacWhirter, and Hamilton Maccallum are only some of



*I am yours
Thomas Faed*

(From a Photograph by Dore and Co., Baker Street.)

Allan, whose paintings of "The Battle of Waterloo" from two points of view—the English and the French—were criticised for that fault of cleanness, so common to canvases of the kind, by the Duke of Wellington, who, nevertheless, bought them; and to David Wilkie, of living memory. But it was not until our own day that a whole company of Scotchmen rose

these, even after we have added the name of Thomas Faed, the subject of the present sketch.

This sudden torrent of artistic power is, perhaps, capable of an easy explanation; the tide of a great national talent, which had long been pent up in obedience to an icy creed, at length, under the liberating rays of an enlightened culture, expanded, and burst forth

in majesty and splendour. The divines of the Covenant, as Allan Cunningham tells us, regarded both painting and poetry as matters idolatrous and vain; they not only dismissed from their public worship all external pomp, but adopted a dress and manner of life almost ostentatiously plain and homely. Succeeding pastors, however, softened these asperities; the sense of the beautiful grew by slow degrees less and less darkened, until at length nature asserted her own dignity, and from the very bosom of the kirk there came forth a painter no less eminent than Wilkie. Born in a manse, whose domestic arrangements, both of necessity and on principle, made it "an example of thrift to the parish," the little David, when scarce escaped from his mother's bosom, loved to draw such figures as struck his fancy on the sand beside the stream, on the smooth stones of the field, and on the household floors; and when his fame was high he often declared that "he could draw before he could read, and paint before he could spell." From this healthy, though rough, Academy of the way-side and the fields, where, like Giotto, he lovingly made his first studies, he passed to a grammar-school, where he worked at more finished sketches; and as he grew up—though he lived in a land where, beyond a stray portrait by Sir Joshua, there were no fine examples of painting, and no friendly interpreters of the young enthusiasm which made him feel restless unless he had a pencil in his hand—his art grew with him. The relations between a young man of genius and his family are rarely satisfactory; his elders cannot see that the light which leads him comes from heaven, and they naturally shirk the responsibility of allowing him to turn from the beaten path that leads to a respectable competence, in order that he may venture on the untrodden ways of fame. This was David Wilkie's case; but at last, with fear and trembling, his father resolved to allow him to follow his bent; therefore, at the age of fourteen, he set off for the Edinburgh Academy in November, 1799. How he inhabited a little room in Nicholson Street, and there set up his easel; how he was punctual as time itself to the hours—some ten or twelve—allowed for study in the Academy every day; how he

made almost unexampled progress; how he painted and sold pictures for a title of their value, and, finally, how he made a reputation that will never die—all this has been told over and over again, and we are only led to refer to it here because, in the hero of it all, we have a thoroughly typical Scotch artist, in the history of whose early struggles we read that of many others who have followed, with more or less distinction, in his steps.

One of this number, John Faed—our Academician's elder brother—must certainly be counted. Born in the parish of Girthon, Kirkcudbrightshire, when the century was some twenty years old, he came from a family which had lived about the Borders for three hundred years, and which has, we believe, an exclusive monopoly of its probably Celtic, but possibly Danish, name. Like David Wilkie, he had given promise of artistic excellence at the age of twelve, and proceeding to Edinburgh in 1841, there began to win a public reputation which he continues to extend at the yearly exhibitions of our own Academy.

Following in his brother's footsteps, on what had consequently become a comparatively easy path, Mr. Thomas Faed also went to Edinburgh, and while a pupil of Sir William Allan's at the School of Design carried off many prizes which, though they may perhaps be smiled at now, were doubtless of paramount importance then. His earliest exhibited work was a water-colour drawing of "The Old English Baron," and from water-colours to oils was a step which he was quick to take, and with so much success that he was elected an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy at the age of twenty-three. These early canvases were almost all representations of some phase of Scottish life. Beginning with draught-players and shepherd boys, the artist went on to more ambitious subjects, such as "Scott and his Friends at Abbotsford," until his reputation was so far established that in 1852 he settled in London, and began to exhibit regularly at the Royal Academy, of which he became an Associate in 1859, and a Member in 1864. He is also a member of the Royal Scottish Academy, and of the Imperial Academy of Vienna.

It is commonly said that an age may be

judged by its literature; and painting is almost equally expressive of the mental and physical conditions under which it is produced. The religious fervour of the Middle Ages made itself felt in such works as those of Fra Angelico, Perugino, and Francia; the prosaic character of the Dutch is written on Dutch art, just as the elegance of Italy is evident in Italian art, even in its days of decadence; the artificial courtliness of France in the last century stamped a contemporary school of painting, even infecting the religious canvases of the time; and future historians who write of the present century as a distinctively military one for France, will be able to confirm their words by pointing to the fact that her contemporary military art was the greatest in the world. Coming to the Great Britain of to-day, we find her to be before all things domestic. The people live, not in churches, nor courts, nor camps, but in their homes, which they have filled with household gods, and made, in the language of Wordsworth, "kindred points with heaven." We are told that those poets are the greatest who best embody in verse the spirit of their age, and if the same rule applies to the work of the artist, assuredly Mr. Faed holds a foremost place among painters. No other has told domestic stories upon canvas so often and so well, and his popularity proves how thoroughly he is in harmony with the temper of his time. As early as 1855 his "Mitherless Bairn" was the Academy "picture of the season," and has been followed up, as all the world knows, by a succession of canvases of an equally pathetic interest, and an even greater technical excellence. In 1856 came the "Home of the Homeless," now in the possession of the Baroness Burdett Coutts. A few years later—each year being marked by the appearance of characteristic works which it is unnecessary to name—a sensation was made by the "Sunday in the Backwoods," a large representation of Scotch emigrants who break the silence of the forest by reading the Bible aloud, while a dying lassie leans against

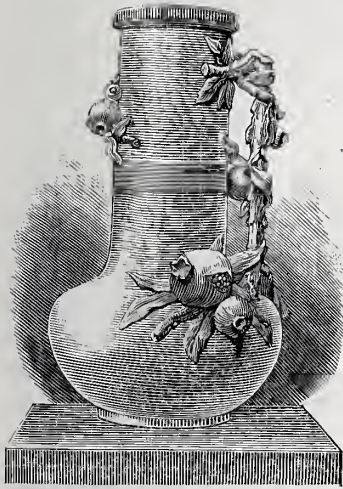
her old mother and plays with a pet bird—a reminiscence of the far-away land she loves, but will see no more for ever. Another sensation was made by "From Dawn till Sunset," a picture which shows the interior of a cottage containing the various stages of life, from the unconscious baby at its mother's breast to the old grandmother whose hand, worn by the touch of death, falls on the coverlid. Of attractiveness equal to either of these was the beautiful "Evangeline," which has already been made familiar by many engravings and lithographs, and is especially a favourite in Evangeline's own land and with the poet whose genius gave her birth. In "Worn Out" we have perhaps the best picture for colour and for feeling that Mr. Faed has painted; it represents a middle-aged workman—a widower—watching his sick boy through the night; the weather is cold and the father has taken off his coat and covered the lad with it; an old bit of rug is placed to keep away the draught; the lamp is set where the light will not get into the child's eyes; his hands clasp his father's shirt-sleeve, lest he should leave him; and so they have fallen asleep, "worn out" as light is just slanting in at the garret window. "Only Herself" is another of the artist's best works, and when it was sold, along with "A Wee Bit Fractious," at a public sale, nearly £4,000 was realised by the two. The picture we have selected for an engraving represents Mr. Faed in the character he has made peculiarly his own—that of the delineator of homely Scottish life; nor has he ever, even when in this favourite mood, chosen a happier subject than that afforded by the pathetic incident to be found in one of the most popular of national ballads.

In this year's Academy our readers will note that Mr. Faed has put some of his best work into his solitary representative there, "Maggie and her Friends," and for next year's exhibition it is said that he has now in progress a picture larger than any he has hitherto painted, and which will probably be called "Hard Cash."



“ Oh! wad buy a silken gown
Wi’ a pair broken heart,
Or what’s to me a siller crown
Gin frae my love I part.”

THE PARIS UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION.—IV.



VASE IN MINTON'S MAJOLICA.

is no English manufacture which has progressed during the past thirty years so much as our glass making, and when we look back upon what were considered the masterpieces of 1851, there is much to be proud of in the present display. In the art of glass-making we had many treasures of past ages, and many beautiful antique specimens, the processes employed in the production of which were lost to us, and as these choice examples of the labours of the glass-blowers in bygone times became more widely known and appreciated, the desire to emulate the skill of their producers has enabled our manufacturers to present us with works which rival the best specimens of the artists of Venice, of Flanders, and of Germany. Another great stimulus to exertion was, doubtless, the revival of the Venetian works at Murano, by Salviati, and the establishment of an English company, mainly owing to the exertions of Mr. (now Sir Austen) Layard, for the introduction of decorative works in glass mosaics. The taste for collecting Venetian glass ten years ago was a very fashionable one, and as the supply of such glass was small, and the value thereof very large, there was a great inducement to try and copy successfully some of the ancient examples, and there can be but little doubt that at this time some of the forgotten processes of decorating glass

ON revisiting the pottery court and the glass, after an absence of some weeks, we find every space filled, and are able to supply many gaps in our previous brief notices which we based mainly on notes taken immediately after the opening. There

were seriously studied. At the present time, at the Murano works, there are few kinds of the fine old glass which cannot be most faithfully reproduced, and English manufacturers are rapidly learning the secrets of the glass-workers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Then the art of toughening glass, said to have been known to the Romans, has been re-learned, and by this means the whole nature of glass appears to be at once changed, while by a still more recent invention, we are able to produce at will, upon the bright surface of the glass, all the tints of the rainbow. The finest display of English glass is that made by Messrs. Thomas Webb and Sons, of Stourbridge, who, by the aid of the clever workers and the skilled artists they have educated for the manufacture, are in a position to challenge a competition with any of the best known works on the Continent. In high artistic merit also, an important place must be assigned to Messrs. James Powell and Sons of Whitefriars, who have manufactured the glass dessert service for



WALL TILES.

(By Maw and Co.)

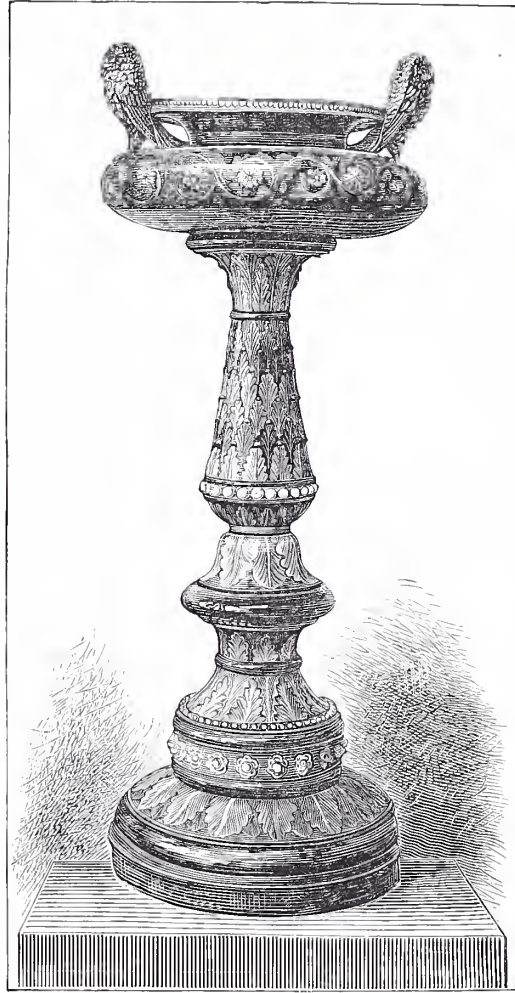
the Prince of Wales's Pavilion. For the delicacy and beauty of his blown glass, and for the excellence of the engraving, we are able to speak most favourably of the works of Mr. A. Jenkinson, of Edinburgh, whose speciality of "muslin glass" is a most astonishing instance of the glass-blower's skill. We regret to see, from the many examples of cut glass to be found among the English works, that this kind of glass threatens to drive out of fashion the more delicate blown glass which was preferred until recently in this country. It is impossible to deny the beauty of good cut glass, or to forget the excellence of some of the old Dutch specimens of the art; but the lightness and elegance of the thin blown glass, the manner in which it lends itself to a suitable style of decoration by means of engraving, and the use of *appliqué* enrichments in coloured glass, all combined to make the employment of this kind of glass preferable to that in which the material had to undergo, as it were, additional stages in its manufacture. The beautiful process of producing an iridescent surface, which has for some time been carried out with white glass, has recently been applied most successfully to dark green, or almost black, glass, by Messrs. Webb in the production of their so-called "phosphorescent bronze glass." Among new inventions, we have also the beautiful opal glass of Messrs. Powell, in which material some most delicate and refined specimens of

glass-blowing have been produced, and last, but not at all the least interesting, we have the reproductions of ancient Egyptian, Roman, and Venetian glass by the Aurora Glass Company, of Litchfield Street, Soho. This company has obtained the most delightful

effects by melting thin gold, silver, and platinum leaf in the glass which, when it is expanded by the blow-pipe, produces the appearance of fine metallic dust incorporated throughout the entire substance of it. The forms chosen are good, and the specimens will be much sought after by connoisseurs, as they rival the work of the best periods of glass-making.

Messrs. Hodgetts, Richardson, and Son have a large collection of "sculptured glass," being basso-relievo subjects carved in white glass raised over a dark background. A pair of small vases, decorated with cameos of cupids and panthers, are good examples of this process. This firm also shows a correct copy of the famous Portland Vase, in which the entire design has been wrought in glass after the same

manner as that by which, according to the most approved authorities, the vase was at first produced. The original in the British Museum is formed of dark-blue semi-transparent glass, on which a layer of opaque white glass has been applied, and cut as a cameo with the marriage of Peleus and Thetis. In the same case are some specimens of the "patent threaded glass," which is a revival of an art of which the early workers were very fond;



JARDINIÈRE IN "DOULTON WARE."

rings of various coloured glasses being applied to vessels made of clear glass.



NOX

WALL TILE.

(By Maw and Co.)

have an important collection of glass here; notably a magnificent chandelier over the centre of their court, and a fine show of cut glass, very good in colour and design. On the whole, however, the most ambitious works in crystal glass are to be found in the specimens which are exhibited by Messrs. F. and C. Osler. They have a glass sideboard, wherein glass not only takes its usual important place in the mirrors, but is used also for the constructive forms, and with an effect which we regret to be unable to speak well of. Their glass chair of state appears to us also to be an instance of a wrong



WALL TILES.

(By Maw and Co.)

use of glass, which, when employed in cases where strength and solidity are necessary, seems ill-adapted for the purpose and out of

place. The cut glass of this firm maintains its well-known excellence, though Messrs. Osler appear to have made less progress than some of their younger rivals in the trade. The description of the English pottery in our last number lacked all reference to many important exhibitors. We had alluded briefly to the wall tiles of Messrs. Maw, and are now able to add several illustrations of their clever enamelled and encaustic wall tiles.

When speaking of the collection of tiles on the exterior of the Prince of Wales's Pavilion in our last article, we should have attributed them to Messrs. Minton, Hollins and Co., while the vase in our illustration was painted by Mr. Green and not Mr. Pilsbury. The Campbell Brick and Tile Company have some excellent examples of works in this class displayed on the exterior of Messrs. Minton's court. Their glazed earthenware and majolica tiles are greatly used at the present time for mantel-pieces and fireplaces. Messrs. Craven, Dunnill, and Co., of Jackfield, exhibit also largely in this class. They have two fireplaces made by the



WALL DECORATION.

(By Maw and Co.)

Coalbrookdale Company for the display of their tiles. Some good painted panels for wall decoration, of which, perhaps, the best are the large subjects of musicians, and some smaller slabs painted with birds. They show also some capital reproductions of mediæval fourteenth century floor-tiles, in which the colour has been

well copied, and which are among the most successful efforts to imitate ancient tiles that we have seen.



WALL TILE.
(By Maw and Co.)

The earthenware of Messrs. Pinder, Bourne, and Company is substantial and good, notably their toilet sets and sanitary ware. Messrs. A. B. Daniell and Son, though not, we believe, manufacturers, have an important show of china and glass. We cannot compliment them upon the design of their case, or rather court. They show some admirably-painted plates, comprising a dessert service, decorated in the Sèvres taste by Mr. Seiffert, and some handsome specimens of majolica. Messrs. Thomas Goode and Co., who are likewise not producers, have some fine specimens of china, mostly, we believe, manufactured by Messrs. Minton. Mr. William Goode has some clever etchings on china, and there are also some first-rate copies of children's heads on earthenware plaques. The splendid red Watcombe clay is seen to great advantage in the terracotta and fine art pottery manufactured by the Company, who have established their works there to avail themselves of this naturally-prepared potter's material. We have selected three additional specimens of Messrs. Doulton's pottery for illustration. The collection contains so many interesting examples that it is difficult with our limited space to do

justice to their exhibits. Messrs. Stiff and Sons are following in the footsteps of Messrs. Doulton, and show some good "Lambeth ware," decorated after the manner of the old *grès de Flandres*.

After all the brightly-painted china and pottery, it is quite a relief to encounter a case full of pure white "granite" ware. This kind of earthenware has a great sale in America, and for that market the unprinted earthenware is preferred. The Brownhills Pottery Company, of Tunstall, have some excellent dinner and dessert sets, and some good vases and plaques. We hardly expect such artistic workmanship from this part of the Potteries, which is chiefly famous for its



PLAQUE.
(Doulton and Co.)

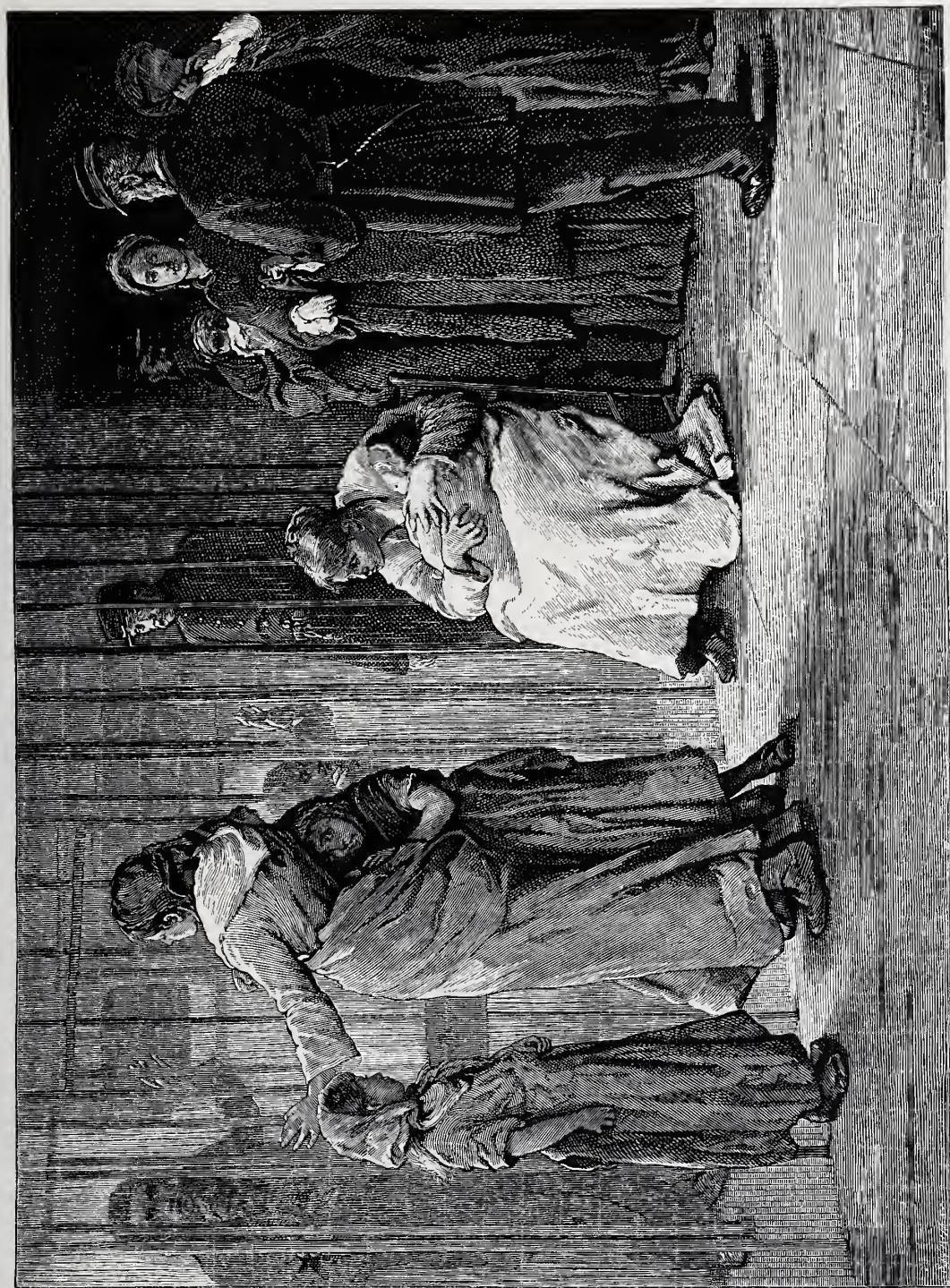
blue bricks and tiles. We propose to illustrate some specimens of this company's manufactures.

(To be continued.)

"NEWGATE: COMMITTED FOR TRIAL."

THE subject about which Sir Edwin Landseer long dreamed, and which he was accustomed to commend to young artists as one that was full of living tragedy, has at last been treated by a master's hand. Mr. Frank Holl, in his Newgate scene (see frontispiece), has given us a work equalling in pathos and surpassing in dramatic power any past performance of his brush. He has caught with great fidelity the characteristics of the place and people he delineates; the attitude of the seated listening woman is

especially a truthful study of English lock-up life; yet, on the other hand, he has avoided anything like an inartistic squalor—even to the absence of a ragged founce, such as that which distressed some of the more fastidious critics of his "Gone." Of the technical merits of the work we need not speak; they have already won, not only popular applause, but official recognition, for the Academy Associateship of Mr. Holl will always be connected with his Newgate picture of 1878.



"NEWGATE: COMMITTED FOR TRIAL."

(From the Picture in the Royal Academy, by Frank Holl, A.R.A.)

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

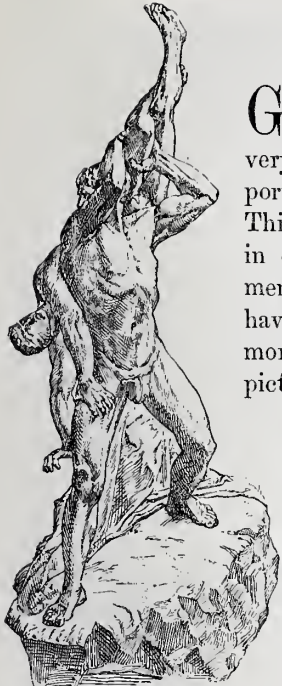
THIRD NOTICE.

GALLERIES No. 6 and No. 7 are not often very attractive by the importance of their contents. This year several works in each call, however, for mention besides those we have already noticed in our more general review of the pictures of some of the prominent painters. Mr. Cooke's "Fishing Lugger Coming Ashore in a Gale," has all his usual marine and artistic knowledge; and one of Mr. Sant's portrait groups, "Theresa, Evelyn, and Mabel, daughters of the late Col. John Towneley," has the life and the

brilliant manner which are never absent from his canvases. Mr. E. M. Busk gives us in "Psyche" a work which we should have more readily expected to meet with on the walls of the Grosvenor Gallery. We give a slight sketch of this on page 103. "The Quest: from Shelley's 'Alastor,'" by Mr. G. Wilson is a painting of the poetical order, which insists upon the spectral appearance of the unearthly hero in the manner of what is known as the "loathly school," but it shows a knowledge of anatomy and a correctness of drawing for which we might seek in vain among that school's more celebrated examples. In our opinion, by opening its space more freely to pictures of this thoughtful class, when, as in the present case, they merit admission by honest technical merits, the Academy would do much towards drawing to itself the young talent which at present finds readier

appreciation in the haunts of eccentricity. "The Moon is up, and yet it is not Night," by Miss Alice Havers, is pleasantly remarkable for the conscientious care with which a double effect of light has been studied and rendered. This lady's work has the valuable qualities of thoroughness and research into nature, with an agreeable tone and repose of treatment. "June" is another picture by the same hand. Sir John Gilbert, in "May-dew," returns to the graceful subjects of fairy, or at least feminine, interest, which he has lately abandoned for military mediæval compositions. In the sixth room, also, one of Mr. J. W. B. Knight's truthful and breezy landscapes, "A Village on the Cliff," must not be overlooked.

The subject of our second thumb-nail sketch takes us back to the *Salle d'Honneur*, containing the most popular pictures of this year's Academy. To Mr. Frith's "Road to Ruin" series has been accorded the distinction of a guardian policeman, in accordance with the precedent long ago established in favour of one of the canvases of Wilkie, and confirmed in the



HERCULES AND LICHAS.

(By W. Tyler.)



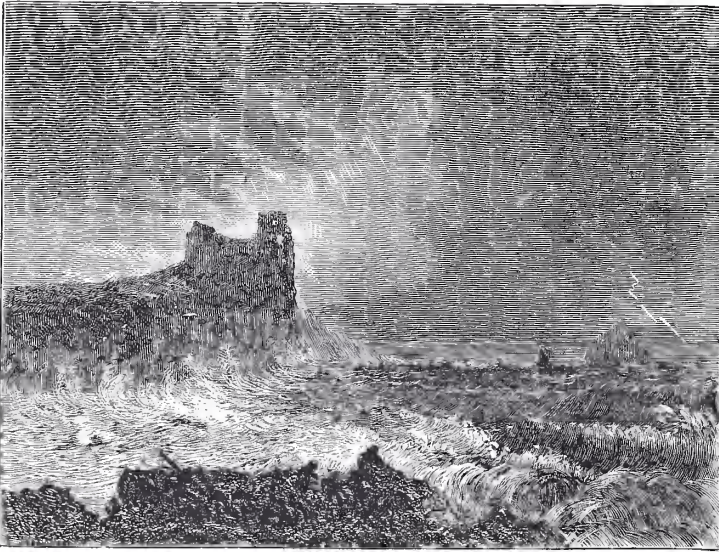
THE LAST OF THE "ROAD TO RUIN" SERIES.

(By W. Frith, R.A.)

the young talent which at present finds readier

case of the "Roll Call," four or five years ago. There can hardly, we suppose, be a single

country cousin who is not by this time familiar with the fact that these celebrated canvases are five in number, and that they tell the tragic, and perhaps occasionally true, story of a young man who, beginning by playing cards at college, goes on to gaming at Ascot, until his fortune comes to an end, and who, after an arrest, and various unsuccessful struggles to earn a livelihood for himself and his young wife and children, is finally shown in the closing scene (of which we give a sketch) in the act of locking himself into his garret to commit suicide.



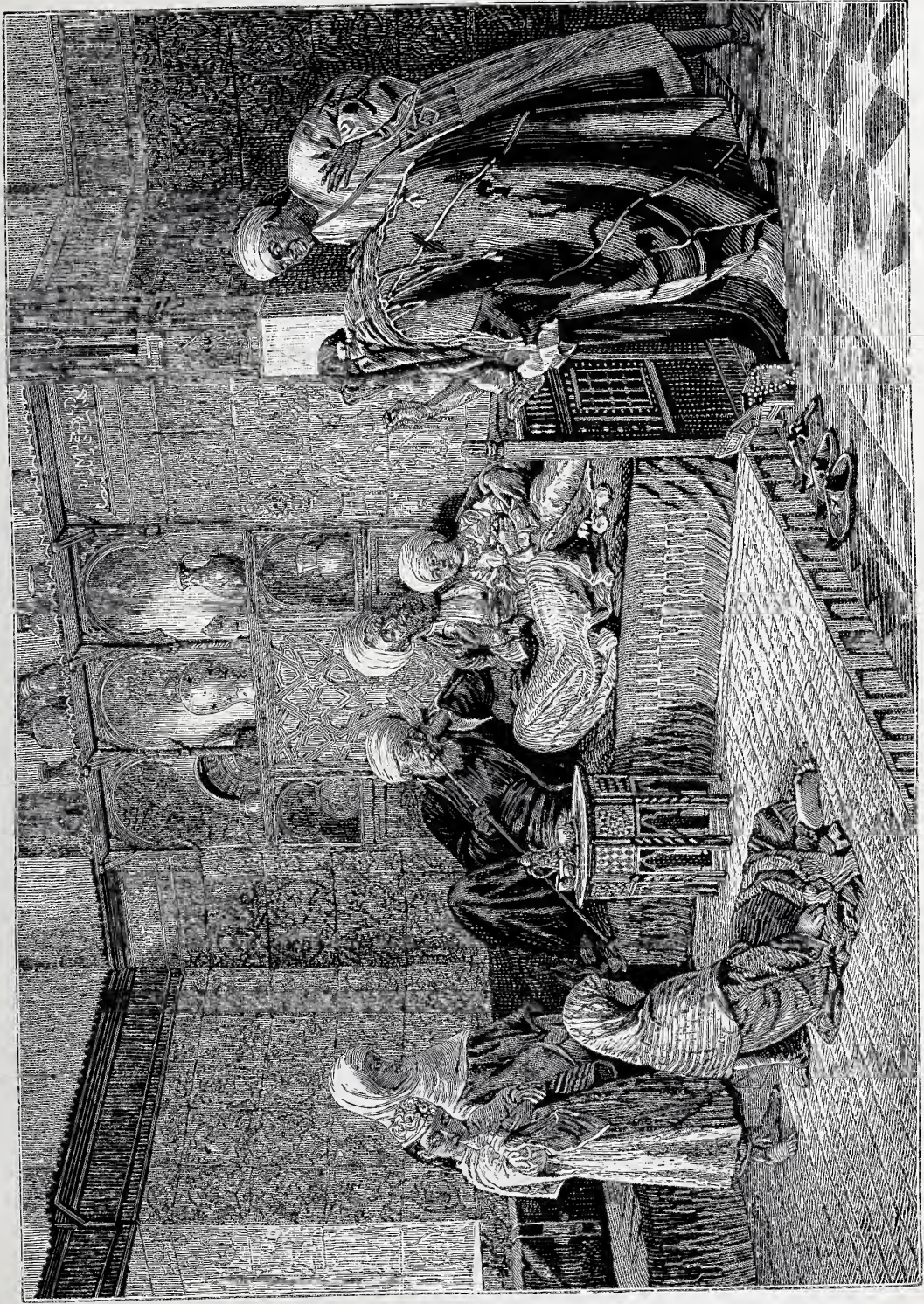
DIRTY WEATHER ON THE EAST COAST.

(By J. W. Oakes, A.R.A.)

Mr. Brett's "Cornish Lions" hangs in the second room; it is a canvas of large proportions, and renders with characteristic boldness one of those prismatic effects of light and colour which this artist has made peculiarly his own. As was the case in the famous "Boulders" of some four years ago, the imitative painting of surfaces is wonderfully exact. In no detail has labour been spared, and this picture may be taken as perfectly typical of the modern development of English landscape painting—of a school, that is, which is as freely independent of the art of Gainsborough, Constable, and the Norwich painters, as it is of contemporary Continental work. Our third sketch, Mr. J. W. Oakes' "Dirty Weather on the East Coast," illustrates the fine landscape

of one of our most legitimately established painters in this branch of art. This artist combines breadth of conception with attention to detail, and his freshness of colour never reaches the point of coldness. Mr. Horsley devotes his veteran pencil to those subjects of domestic, and generally also of playful interest, which have so long occupied him. We do not remember that this genial artist has ever attempted the tragic or the melodramatic, and in keeping to the light comedy of painting, he has no doubt wisely appreciated the character of his powers, and has achieved a more general popularity than might otherwise have fallen to his share. In "Cupboard Love" (page 106), we have chosen for illustration the most spirited among the compositions which he exhibits this year, and the one which shows most pleasantly his turn for the production of pretty and smiling faces.

To return to the order of numbers. We must give strong praise to Mr. Henry Moore's "Highland Pastures," a picture which unites with the artist's invariable mastery of hand and knowledge, a repose and reserve of colour which are less usual in his works. This must be pronounced quite one of the finest landscapes of its class in the Academy. Edouard Frère's "La Lecture" is a charming example of beautiful composition, and it has that unconsciousness and naturalness in the expressions which is the great attraction of domestic subjects when treated by French artists of talent; somewhat austere in colour, M. Frère's work has always a true harmony of tint and tone. Mr. Cyrus Johnson shows thoroughly clever painting in his "Portrait of Mr. George Fownes Luttrell." The only picture exhibited by Mr. Burgess is one of pathetic interest—"Childhood in Eastern Life." Without any straining for effect, the artist has drawn the painful contrast between a pampered little lord of the creation, beaming with smiles under the caresses



"CHILDHOOD IN EASTERN LIFE."
(From the Picture by J. E. Burgess, A.R.A., in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1878.)

of his father and his father's friends, loaded with fruits and presents, and served by salaaming servants, and two melancholy little daughters of the house, who stand wistfully and wearily by, utterly disregarded.



PSYCHE.

(By E. M. Busk.)

All the actions and expressions of this group are delicately true to nature. "The Tomb," by Mr. P. R. Morris, contains a fine study of young fawns, most gracefully drawn. Mr. Clarence Whaite exhibits a view of "Thirlmere, Cumberland," which, showing as it does the gentle yet wild beauty of this

little lake, ought to bear its part in the discussion, not yet at an end, of the proposed plan for turning Thirlmere into a reservoir to supply Manchester with water. "Autumn," by Mr. Orchardson, is painted with an exquisite delicacy of tint in the pearly passages. This colour, of which Mr. Orchardson is particularly fond, is combined with a somewhat excessive yellow, not unpleasant as a colour, but, perhaps, rather doubtful as regards its truth—at least, in the present open air scene. Nothing, however, could be more charmingly tender than the painting of the girl's muslin dress. In "Wellington's March from Quatre Bras to Waterloo," Mr. E. Crofts, the newly-elected Associate, renews that military interest which so few English artists attempt. In this able picture the Scots Greys, drawn up in line, are saluting the Iron Duke. French prisoners of war, under escort of the 79th Highlanders, go wearily by. The sky is lowering, and charged with rain clouds, but with great effect the artist has lighted up his picture with a few rays of sunlight.

The grouping is very excellent throughout. Certainly no better antidote to the too

effeminate and idyllic art of the day could be desired than a healthy and vigorous school of military painting. The "Prince's Choice," by Mr. T. R. Lamont, is a very elaborate composition of vaporous manner and excessive delicacy of colour, which seems to have beauties, but they are hardly discernible at the height at which it is placed.

Mr. E. H. Fahey has seldom done more charming work than in "All among the Barley," of which we publish a sketch; the sweet and mellow luminosity of this picture is in pleasant contrast to the strong peculiarities of colouring which have hitherto distinguished his always clever and well-painted landscapes. It is a sincere pleasure to welcome one of Mr. W. Bright Morris's Spanish subjects in "The Fair at Seville;" these exquisitely executed little pictures are always peculiarly instinct with the genius of the place, and we hope they will never be entirely abandoned for the English farm scenes, which, being within the experience of all, require less subtle appreciation and study. Another work of Mr. Henry Moore's, which may take rank as one of the finest he has ever produced, is a magnificent "Moonlight," a sea piece, in which we do not know whether to admire most the evanescence of the distant sea, or the variety of tone in the admirably studied sky; the artist has also preserved in his colour



"ALL AMONG THE BARLEY."

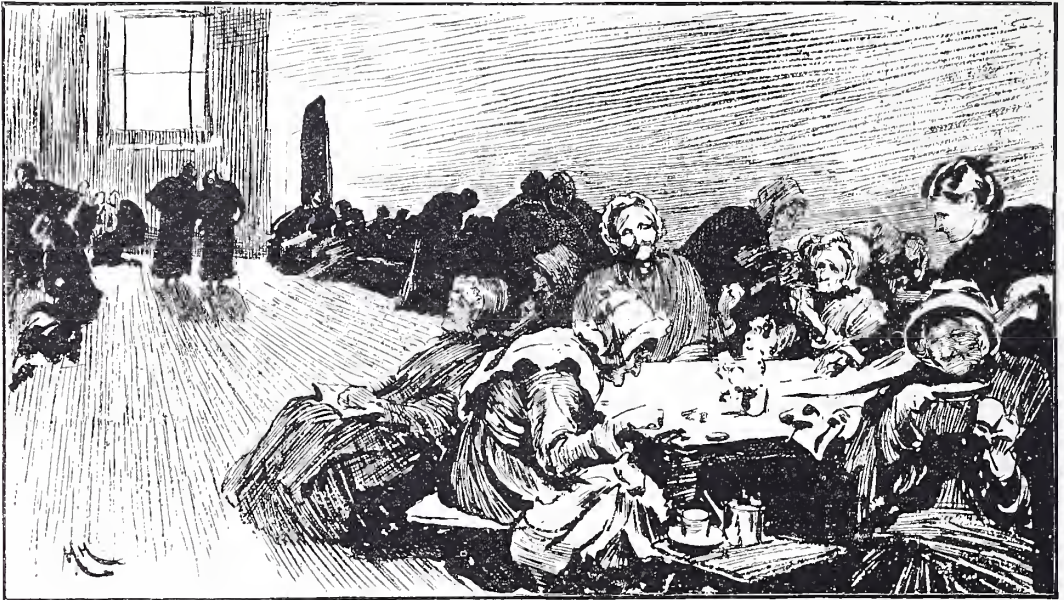
(By E. H. Fahey.)

that circle of tender red which is to be observed in the clouds nearest to a full moon; in composition, colour, and execution, this is a masterly

sea-piece. Mr. Hodgson's "Loot," of which we give an illustration on the opposite page, has the artist's usual extreme richness of colour, with that suggestion of humour which first delighted us all in his memorable "Rusty Gun."

In the Lecture Room are several works of considerable note, and foremost among these must be ranked Mr. Hubert Herkomer's "Eventide: a Scene in Westminster Union," which gives a group of aged pauper women at afternoon tea in the bare long room of a

in his "Chelsea Pensioners." Among those painters who have distinguished themselves particularly this year, must be placed Mr. Keeley Halswelle, who has never done more truly dramatic work than in his large "Play Scene in Hamlet." Unfortunately a slight garishness or conventionality of colour combines to prevent this powerful and intelligent composition from receiving full attention and justice. The artist has been particularly happy in his indication of the barbaric splendour of Elsinore, and the actions are throughout



EVENTIDE: A SCENE IN WESTMINSTER UNION.

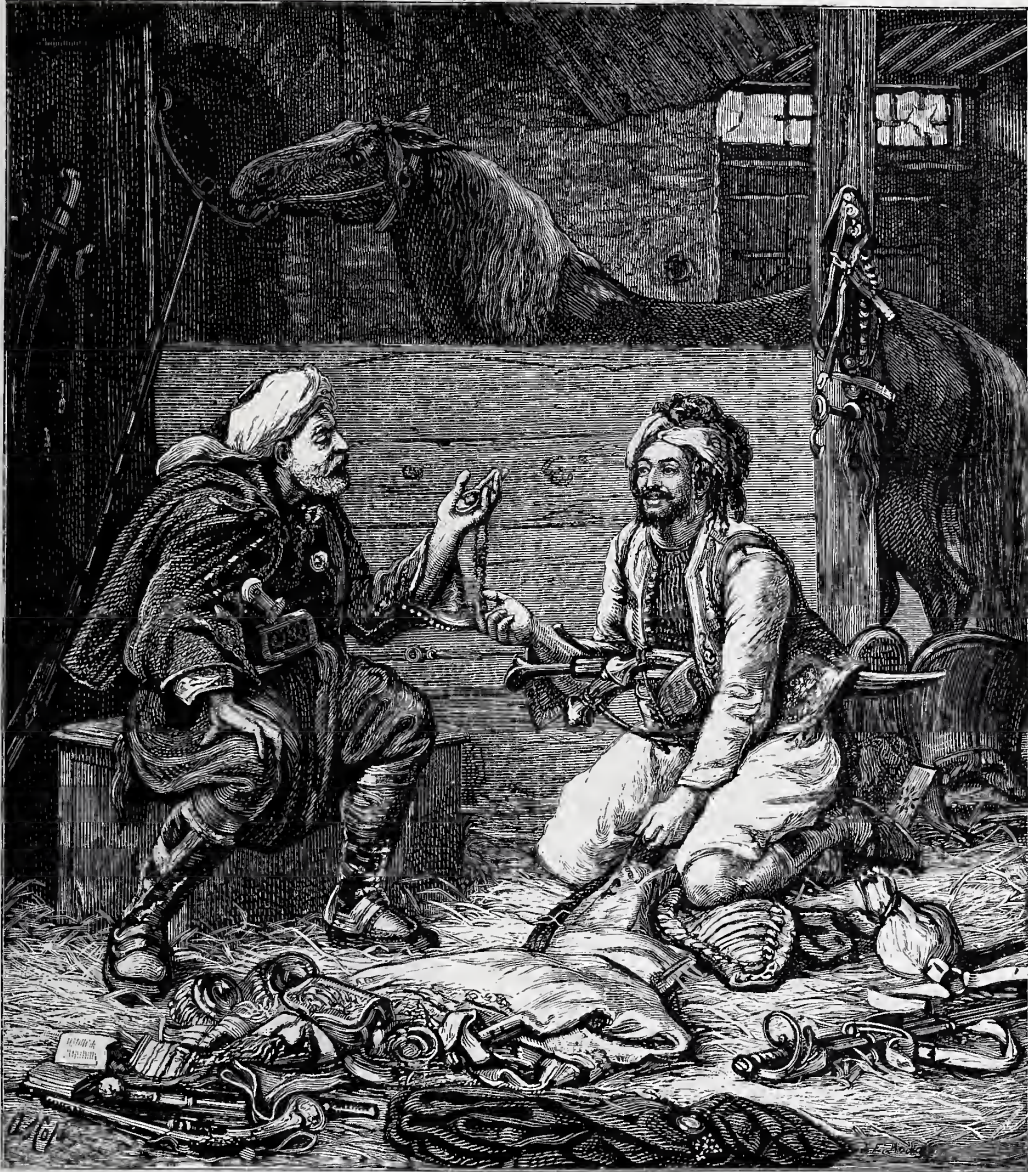
(By Hubert Herkomer.)

workhouse. Every figure has been studied from the life, with a rare truthfulness and appreciation, the general type and the individual character being equally well represented; and if in one instance the character is horribly disagreeable, the conscientious skill of the artist is no less evident there than in the old faces that are perfectly sympathetic. They are all drawn with that real power which shows itself in the treatment of the soft, feeble, and unknit forms of extreme old age more triumphantly than in the firm lines of young and masculine features. Though less ambitious in size and subject, this picture is a worthy companion of the other realistic, yet more heroic study of old age which the artist made

energetic. Mr. Tristram Ellis, whose broad, harmonious, and artistic sea-piece, "The Sunrise Gun, Castle Cornet, Guernsey," is hung in the large room, has another clever canvas, "The Haunted House," in the Lecture Room. "Au Revoir," by Mr. Fred. G. Cotman, though a figure subject, has a most elaborately studied and painted landscape, full of peculiarly charming execution and feeling, more especially in the passage to the right. "The Silent Highway," by Mr. W. L. Wyllie, has something of Mr. Whistler's flat and opaque masses of tone, notwithstanding that closer scrutiny discovers a certain subdued variety; its touch of talent and power is marred by obscurity of executive expression. Also a

clever landscape is Mr. G. C. Kerr's "Corney Reach;" and near this hangs Mr. Armitage's "Pygmalion and Galatea," in which the novel device of showing the actual transition from

we fear, in the fact that the poet had not studied from nature his beautiful description of the transmission of the colour of stained glass by means of moonlight; Mr. Dicksee, it is



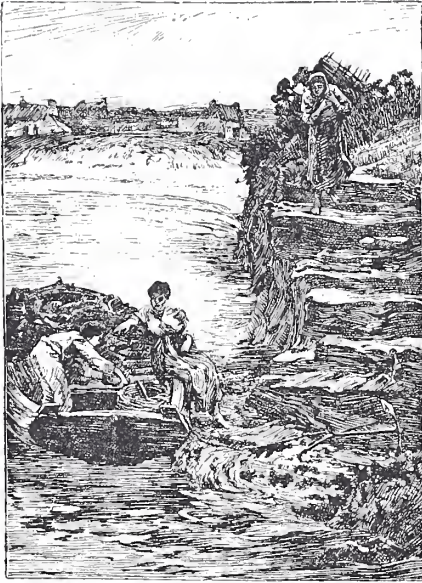
LOOT.

(By J. E. Hodgson, R.A.)

marble to flesh is resorted to. Mr. George Cook's "Afternoon Tea" is exceedingly clever in tone, and very broad. Mr. T. F. Dicksee has made one more attempt at the difficult subject of Keats's "Eve of St. Agnes," in his "Madeline;" the difficulty really consists,

true, has been more faithful to facts than to his text, for he has preserved very little of the gules and vert. Mr. R. W. Macbeth paints the picturesque, but sad and unhealthy, life of rural England, with something apparently of a philanthropic intention. His "Lincolnshire Gangs"

of two years ago, and more cheerful "Potato Harvest" of last year, are followed by "Sedge



STORE FOR THE CABIN.

(By Colin Hunter.)

Cutting in Wicken Fen, Cambridgeshire," in which he shows the labourers wan and weak with the fever and ague generated in that country of bog and water; his colour, as usual, is rich and harmonious. "Our Poor," by Mr. J. Charles, comes unfortunately near to Mr. Herkomer's picture in its subject, consisting as it does of a group of old women in an almshouse; but it is a thoroughly clever canvas, notwithstanding a general blue tint which is not quite intelligible.

In the tenth gallery we are first attracted by Mr. Henry Hume's exceedingly sunny little landscape, "Harvest Weather," which is strong and brilliant. Two excellent works, by Mr. Robert Collinson, have scarcely won the places they deserved; his "Butter Burs" especially contains some admirable painting of large leaves in the foreground; both as painter and teacher this artist has long held a position which might well ensure him readier recognition from the Academy. The single piece contributed by Mr. Albert Moore, whose larger works are at the Grosvenor, is a small study entitled "Garnets," which has the artist's usual scheme of colour, or rather of tinting, in its perfection. No more exquisite combination of yellows and pearl-colours could be

imagined, but the painter's habit of keeping his flesh brilliantly surrounded in a purplish half-shadow is persevered in. We are glad to note the long study from nature which must have produced the "Salmon Leap, Cenarth Falls, Cardiganshire," of Mr. Frank Miles, an artist whose aptitude for drawing pretty faces won him a sudden popularity which he seems determined to confirm by worthier work. "Store for the Cabin," by Colin Hunter, is painted with a bold and skilful hand, and is a good specimen of the work of this artist. "The Fruit Seller," by Charles Gussow, belongs to a school of painting little known in this country. The hardness of manner in the flesh-painting of this figure is almost startling at the first glance, but the masses are fine, and the modelling is quite a triumph of solidity.

The water-colours at the Academy, and the architectural black-and-white drawings must be left for mention until a future notice. The sculpture, though it contains the usual examples of well-known artists, cannot boast any such special attraction as, for instance, Mr. Leighton's "Athlete" of last year. We have chosen for a sketch at the commencement of this article



CUPBOARD LOVE.

(By J. C. Horsley, R.A.)

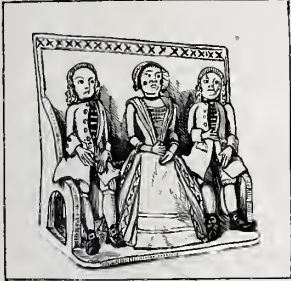
the spirited group in bronze of "Hercules and Lichas," by Mr. William Tyler, a young sculptor of great promise.

(To be continued.)

NOTES ON REMARKABLE KINDS OF ENGLISH POTTERY.

SALT-GLAZED WHITE WARE.

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



I.—GROUP IN SALT-GLAZED WARE.

(Early Eighteenth Cent. Willett Coll.)

THERE are few kinds of pottery more attractive to the English collector than that known as salt-glazed white or cream-coloured ware. This is partly due to its excellence, as regards material or body, the skill of its

wood's cream-ware, in Leeds, and several other white varieties of pottery, as well as in the celebrated Oiron faience, or "Henri Deux ware" of the sixteenth century.

Salt-glazing.—The method of salt-glazing is to throw common salt into the kiln towards the end of the firing, when the temperature is very high. This is immediately volatilised, and its thick white vapour surrounds the vessels which are being baked. The result is that "a sodium silicate is formed of great tenacity and hardness, and the ware is thus most effectually protected from absorption of liquids or mechanical injuries by an impenetrable and unattackable coating. (A small proportion of red lead seems to have been occasionally used with the salt.) This glaze or coating is often harder than felspar, and is only just scratched by quartz (rock crystal), though the body itself is abraded by felspar."*

manufacture, and the frequent quaintness or even beauty of its forms and decoration; and partly because, in addition to these real merits, it has been accredited with other qualities apt to be over-estimated by collectors. It has been prized from a somewhat exaggerated idea of its early date, being incorrectly described as "Elizabethan" ware, one piece, at least, having been associated with the name of Shakespeare; and it has been also sought in consequence of the comparative scarcity of the finer specimens. Thus the two attractions which most of all mislead unwary collectors—namely, supposed antiquity and rarity—have combined to enhance its value in the eyes of those by whom its real interest and merit were perhaps little heeded.

Manufacture.—The ware was fired in saggars, the sides of which were perforated with holes through which the vapour of the salt could find its way. One of these saggars is shown in the Geological Museum, Jermyn Street, and a large number of them were employed to build a fence round a cottage garden near the spot where the ware was originally made.

Definition.—This ware may be defined as of hard, compact white body, so tenacious that it can be worked very thin, sometimes approaching porcelain in fineness of grain and semi-transparency, capable of very delicate modelling or moulding, and showing great sharpness of outline. It is composed of pipe-clay and flints, the latter being heated in a kiln, thrown into water, and then crushed to an impalpable powder. Its glaze is a colourless, transparent, tenacious, and extremely hard soda-glass, formed, as Professor Church describes it, "by the action of the vapour of common salt" (chloride of sodium) "at a high temperature on the silica of the paste." Thus the white body of the ware shows through the glaze, as is the case in Wedg-

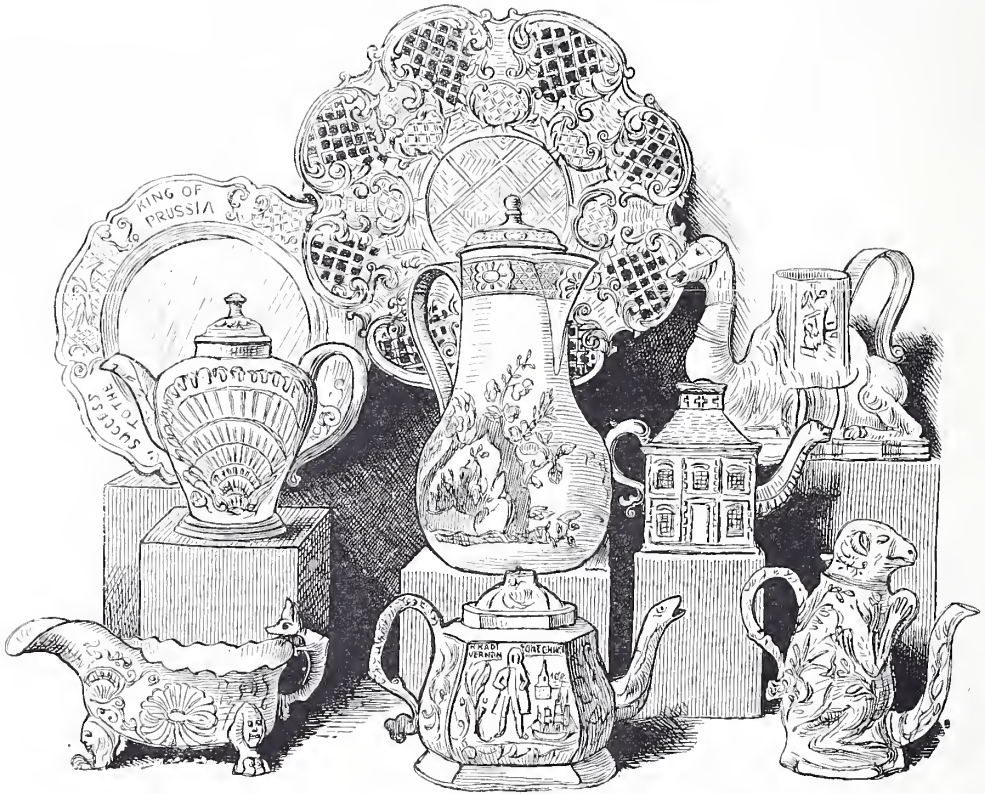
In the manufacture of the ware, moulds were much used, and these, for the finer pieces at least, were formed of metal; one such mould, a rare object now, is shown in the collection at Jermyn Street. Besides these, from which a complete object could be turned out with its surface enriched by various embossed designs, small portions of ornament were separately applied from special moulds and caused to adhere to the surface by the glaze. Thus flower and leaf decoration, portions of scroll-work, &c., previously moulded, are added to vessels thrown on the wheel, and often with excellent decorative result. A small teapot given to the writer by Mr. G. R. Redgrave,

* Church, "Catal. of Pottery," 1870.

is a good example of this method, having miniature figures of Bæchus holding a wine-cup, with grapes and various ornaments applied in the manner described; this piece is enriched with vivid colours which must have been fixed by a second firing, as some of them would not have stood the great heat necessary for the salt-glazing.

History.—The history of this ware com-

suited to the manufacture of red pottery, they established themselves there, and erected a pottery for the production of their ware." They sold their pieces at Dimsdale, near Burslem, and also "in the Poultry in Cheapside."* Besides the red pottery known by their name, as "Elers' ware," and a black body similar to Wedgwood's Egyptian basalt, they seem to have originated the salt-glazed white ware.



2.—SPECIMENS OF SALT-GLAZED WHITE WARE, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

(From the Collection of Henry Willett, Esq.)

meenes in England at the works carried on by two brothers of German family, John Philip and David Elers, who are stated to have accompanied the Prince of Orange to England in 1688. They were men possessing knowledge, taste, and great skill in the manufacture of pottery, and the fine red ware made by them has not since been surpassed in its kind by European potters. This red ware was obviously made to rival the Japanese red pottery, with which the Dutch trade had doubtless made them familiar, and "finding at Bradwell Wood, about two miles from Burslem, an ochreous clay, well

In its manufacture they appear not unfrequently to have used the actual moulds employed by them for the red ware, and in consequence the details of ornament are brought out with the same precision and delicacy so notable on the other material, and which caused Dr. Martin Lister to commend their work as surpassing that of the Chinese.

Two triangular pickle-trays, part of a set of six formerly in possession of Professor Church, illustrate in their minute scroll and spray

* See "Catal. of British Pottery and Porcelain in Museum of Practical Geology," second edition, p. 95.

ornament this excellent quality of early Elers' work; they bear each the profile head of Queen Anne, and belong to the period just antecedent to the breaking up of the Elers' whole establishment in 1710.

A curious and beautifully moulded toy or child's service of tea-things, of the finest quality of white salt-glaze, belonging to Mr. A. W. Franks, should also be referred to this early period. The moulding is as clean as possible, and the body is so fine as to possess somewhat the character of porcelain, and in some of the pieces to become even semi-transparent.

It may generally be observed that the sharp-moulded and very highly-finished specimens of this ware belong to the period when it was turned out by the Elers themselves—the repetitions and imitations that followed from Astbury and others are for the most part poor in comparison, both as to body and execution, though often very ingenious in design.

In tracing the history of white salt-glaze it is necessary to bear in mind that the pottery known as Crouch ware had been manufactured in Staffordshire in the latter half of the seventeenth century, and that it is also salt-glazed; moreover, that Dr. Dwight, of Fulham, who in 1671 possessed a receipt for making porcelain, produced a very fine stone ware, thinly glazed with salt. This, however, is a grey, and sometimes brown, very hard ware, and there is no evidence to show that its existence was known to the Elers, or, if it were, that it could have aided them in their experiments. In itself it was, however, one of the most remarkable efforts in pottery made in this country;—some of the pieces, as the portrait statuette of Lydia Dwight, a daughter of the inventor, who died in childhood, are works of considerable artistic merit; this, with other specimens, is now in the South Kensington Museum.

The Brothers Elers seem to have been little popular in the neighbourhood where they had so secretly and perseveringly wrought. Thus it happened that their secrets are said to have been dishonourably acquired by a clever potter named Astbury, who, feigning idiotcy, obtained employment in their works as a labourer. This occurrence led to competition that interfered with

their business, and seems to have caused the abandonment of their works. Whatever the cause, they left Staffordshire in 1710, and withdrew to the neighbourhood of Lambeth or Chelsea.

Astbury, who lived to 1743, and others continued the manufacture of various wares on the lines indicated to them by those whose secrets they had acquired, and thus both the red ware and the white and cream-coloured were produced, but not with the excellence of the original inventors. As late as 1784—87 the Elers tradition seems to have lasted, for during that period Wilson and Astbury, Burslem, are stated to have supplied red china ware.* In the meantime, however, the production of white salt-glaze pottery had probably been taken up by others, and in other localities; it was certainly produced at Liverpool, fragments of the ware having been found on the site of pot-works there, and the bird known as the "Liver," the cognizance of Liverpool, appears on specimens of early salt-glaze.

Several dated pieces serve more or less to mark the history of the ware. Two specimens mentioned below (see illustration on opposite page) show the manufacture existing in the time of George I.; and that it was popular in the reign of his successor is proved by the occurrence of specimens made to commemorate the success at Portobello, by which Admiral Vernon suddenly became a popular hero. A drinking mug and two teapots are in the Willett collection bearing the name of Vernon, and the former giving the date, Nov. 2, 1739. In the Wisbeach Museum another teapot, of similar character, is preserved. In the collection of Mr. and Lady Charlotte Schreiber are several pieces, which also aid by their dates in carrying on the history. Among these may be mentioned a large jug, with portrait of Prince Charles Edward enamelled in colours, and lettered "P. C.;" the date of his rebellion being 1745; plates with portrait of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, of the same model as some mentioned below—these give the date 1757; also a quart mug enamelled with flowers and a portrait of the same

* Owen, "History of Bristol Porcelain and Pottery," 1873, p. 344.

king; also a large cider mug, bearing the inscription—

“This is Tom Cox’s cup
Come my Friend and Drink it up
Good News is come’n the Bells do Ring:
& here’s a Health to Prussia’s King”

February 16th 1758.

In the same collection is a bottle of this ware, rather cream-coloured, with applied ornaments of festoons of flowers and birds in sharp relief, stamped underneath “D. K., 1759.” A good punch-pot, with a group of figures in colour, belonging to Mr. Willett, is of nearly the same period; a jug with pattern of incised lines coloured blue, in the writer’s possession, is dated 1767. Aaron Wood, about 1750, was engaged

in the manufacture, and his son, Enoch Wood, who was a skilled modeller, appears to have employed the ware successfully. He lived to the year 1840, and his work carries up the history as far as is requisite for my present purpose.

It may, however, be added that a whitish salt-glaze ware was made at Lambeth by Stephen Green, and a statuette representing Queen Victoria at the date of her Majesty’s accession, 1837, is in possession of Mr. Willett. At the present day the well-known works of Messrs. Doulton have brought the manufacture of variously-coloured salt-glazed wares to great perfection, and they also produce excellent and highly-finished white pieces.

(To be continued.)

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

CONCLUDING NOTICE.



ART of the inequality of Mr. Herkomer’s always clever work is to be attributed to the water-colour painter’s manner, which clings to him more noticeably in some of his works than in others.

The method of one art is never pleasing when imported into another, and we cannot too strongly insist on the importance of execution. His “Richard Wagner” is fine in its masses, and the expressions in his study of peasant life, “Who Comes Here?” are admirably life-like. Mr. R. C. Costa’s four Italian studies, although they undoubtedly have the charm of sun, and intense local feeling and expression, may be characterised as unequal. His figure subject, “A Portrait, Capri,” has a somewhat strange look, because the artist, painting a face in the open air in the evening, has realistically given the cold and warm—eastern and western—lights on the flesh. Mr. Mark Fisher exhibits two sweetly treated cattle pieces, both of which are inevitably, after the taste of the day, called “Pastorals.”

Mr. E. J. Gregory’s “Portrait of Mr. W. T. Eley,” is freely painted, and one of the most living of modern English portraits, in spite of his having contrived to give his subject the air of a very rough day-labourer. Velasquez’s “Grandee of Spain,” exhibited at Burlington House last year, would compare cursorily with this English “Esquire.”

Mr. Alma Tadema shows all his invariable skill and knowledge in his six subjects. His management of light is consummately learned, and as a colourist he is, if not always delightful, always subtle, inventive, and characteristic; his originality, indeed, in this respect has enriched the art of colour with a dozen new and delicate surprises. In texture-painting, the marvellous imitative power which he gains by a close study of the relations of light and dark, is kept in check by a reserve of effort. The subjects chosen by this finished master are intended to interest by their antiquarian knowledge and realisation, so that he does not trust to technical and artistic attractions only in making his appeal to the public. “Hide and Seek” is a masterly out-door study, in which we only regret a tinge of coldness in the blue of the sky, and in the foreground sunshine; but the distance is exquisitely brilliant, and charmingly

handled, while the long column, with its terminal bust against the light of the sky—brightness against brightness—is one of the artist's *tours de force*. “Architecture,” “Sculpture,” and “Painting,” are three typical though not allegorical antique groups of unequal merit in the matter of drawing.

Mr. W. Maclaren shows a feeling for sunshine in “Coming Home with the Goats,” and Mr. Boughton gives us his usual fine execution in the rather too dismal “March Weather.” In spite of an excessive coolness of tone, and a certain poverty in the actions of the figures, M. Carl Schloesser's “Carriage Accident, Bordighera, Italy,” is made attractive by the admirable execution, of the distance especially. Mrs. Louise Jopling's “Evelina, daughter of Sir Nathaniel de Rothschild,” is a well-painted and thoroughly life-like portrait; and we must particularly call attention to the masterly and massive treatment of the flesh in Mr. John Collier's “Study”—a piece of work which it is a pleasure to praise warmly.

There is not much in the vestibule to arrest attention, besides Mr. Burne Jones's monochrome drawing of “Perseus and the Graiaë,” in which the draperies and armour are put on in solid silver and gold. The combination of the positive metal with the conventional and interpretative method of linear art or of colour is a barbarism which shocks the

eyes—which interests, indeed, historically, when we come upon it in the early Japanese art, but which can have no interest when deliberately assumed by modern knowledge. Not the least mischief of such affectations is that they destroy history, and the charm and meaning of its ages of development. A series of clever dry points by M. Tissot are full of character, and brilliant in execution.

In the Water-Colour Gallery Mr. Richard Doyle's fairy subjects are, as last year, of leading importance. The manner of execution is not always attractive, but there is not one of these most original and fancifully humorous compositions which does not repay examination. “Manners and Customs of Monkeys,” which shows these animals being captured in various stages of intoxication by the negroes, whom they are not able to distinguish from their own kind, is irresistibly grotesque; and almost equally funny is the “Witch Driving her Floek of Young Dragons to Market.” Mr. Poynter exhibits a number of powerful and carefully truthful drawings of the “Bay of Funchal, Madeira.” Mr. Preseott Hewett is, as usual, quietly artistic; and Mrs. Angell vigorously delicate in her flower-drawing.

On the whole, the Grosvenor Gallery sustains the interest of the previous year. All will allow that it is full of character, though of a character which all will not equally appreciate.

“THE AFRICAN.” STATUE BY EMANUELE CARONI.

CONTEMPORARY Italian works of sculpture have attracted considerable attention at the Paris International Exhibition, and, indeed, they are specimens of a school which is yearly gaining in power. The striking and masterly statue of which we give an engraving is the work of Emanuele Caroni, a sculptor of singularly versatile talent, Ticinese by birth, but long settled and well known at Florence, where “The African” was exhibited and greatly appreciated last year. He has been peculiarly successful in modelling the difficult and undeveloped forms of childhood with poetry of sentiment and truth of execution, but the well-accentuated limbs of his present subject

show him to be equal to bolder labours. In this figure, whose posture—seated as she is on the bare earth—is suggestive of her barbarism, the artist has so well studied the type and its characteristics that, in spite of the whiteness of the marble, the eye of the spectator instinctively supplies the dusky flesh-tones of the race. As a piece of modelling, the work is excellent; the parts are well studied, the flesh is living, and the face expressive. Signor Caroni is not classed among the more distinctively realistic of present Italian sculptors, though his productions have never been charged with lack of truthfulness.



SCULPTURE FROM THE PARIS EXHIBITION OF 1878.

II.—"THE AFRICAN." BY EMANUELE CARONI.

THE PARIS UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION.—V.



VASE.

(Brownhills Pottery Company.)

at Paris, and is shown in a way which is admirably calculated to display it to the best advantage, namely, in rooms completely fitted up, having, as it were, one side removed to enable the spectator to view the combined effect of carpets, hangings, and furniture, each in their proper places, and having their proper relations the one to the other. One enterprising firm, Messrs. Collinson and Lock, of Fleet Street, have, as already stated, constructed an entire house for their furniture in the central avenue.

The Indian Vestibule (a general view of which we have engraved on page 115) is separated from the Industrial Galleries by a series of lofty square openings, and opposite to these openings we find the leading manufacturers of furniture have been placed. Among the more conspicuous objects in this section we may name the cedar dining-room of Messrs. G. Trollope and Sons, a most beautifully executed piece of woodwork in the style of Queen Anne, the decorations in painted tapestry being illustrations of the "Rape of the Lock," while the carved chimney-piece enshrines the bust of Pope. The next bay to Messrs. Trollope's is occupied by Messrs. Collinson and Lock. They have covered their whole area with a panelled ceiling, the small

IN our previous notices we have confined our observations to English manufactures, and we propose to continue our survey of the Exhibition in the same way, passing through each country in succession, in lieu of contrasting the same class of objects as exhibited by each of the foreign sections. Furniture is extremely well represented

square spaces in which are each filled by conventional roses. Their exhibition is divided up into a series of rooms by means of dwarf partitions, which are covered with russet-green cloth, and form an excellent background for the furniture, which is nearly all of dark woods with little gilding, and extremely neat and simple in its design. Furniture of this kind is admirably adapted for the display of china, and many choice specimens of the favourite old blue and white ware are dotted about the rooms. Messrs. Holland and Sons contribute a most sumptuously furnished bed-room in the style of the Adams' period. They have so arranged it that the exterior towards the two principal passages presents a handsome arcade, through the arches of which the spectator looks into the room. The walls are hung with blue and gold, and the slanting cove has white stars on a blue ground. The furniture is of satinwood, richly mounted with ormolu, and painted with arabesques. The hangings of the bed are of blue satin, and the coverlet is a rich maroon red. Opposite the bed is a wing-wardrobe, with a centre mirror, and this and the toilet-table are beautiful specimens of cabinet work. There is a delicacy and refinement about the exhibits of this firm with which it is impossible to avoid being impressed. The next space is occupied by Messrs. Jackson and Graham, and this they divide, by the means of a partition,

into two rooms which, if anything, are a trifle too lofty. The light here is hardly sufficient to do justice to the furniture, which is extremely elegant. The inlaid cabinets are



PILGRIM BOTTLE.

(Brownhills Pottery Company.)



VASE.

(Brownhills Pottery Company.)

among the most elaborate works in the Exhibition, and the work of this firm approaches nearer to that of the best French manufacturers than anything else of this class in the English section. In the same compartment with Messrs. Jackson and Graham we find Messrs. Gregory and Son, who exhibit an old English drawing-room with some well-made furniture, and Messrs. Howard and Sons, who have also adopted a threefold division of their allotment. The centre room is an old English dining-room, with a deeply recessed fireplace in unpolished oak. The style is Jacobean, and the very effective brass fireplace is by Messrs. Verity.

The mantelpiece of this room was made by machinery in solid wood, and inlaid by a patent process. One of the smaller rooms is a bed-room and the other a sitting-room, with some effectively made furniture, and many specimens of the Patent Parquet carpet, which is a speciality of this firm.

Messrs. Henry Ogden and Son, of Manchester, have sent a cabinet in rosewood, designed by Mr. Batley, which shows that the provinces are in no way behind the metropolis in excellence of style and workmanship. Mr. Batley's designs are a trifle mannered, and he has a tendency to break up his surfaces into an infinity of minute parts, but it is impossible to do otherwise than praise both the design and execution of this work. Messrs. Ogden send also a pianoforte case of inlaid satinwood, which is an admirable bit of workmanship. Mr. Harry Hems has also two specimens: a statue of Our Saviour in English alabaster, and a magnificent coffer of carved oak, made from some of the old beams of Salisbury Cathedral, A.D. 1216. The chest contains some excellent and characteristic foliage and details of the Perpendicular period. The artistic decorations of Messrs. Young and Whitburn may be said in their present stage to be merely tentative. This firm

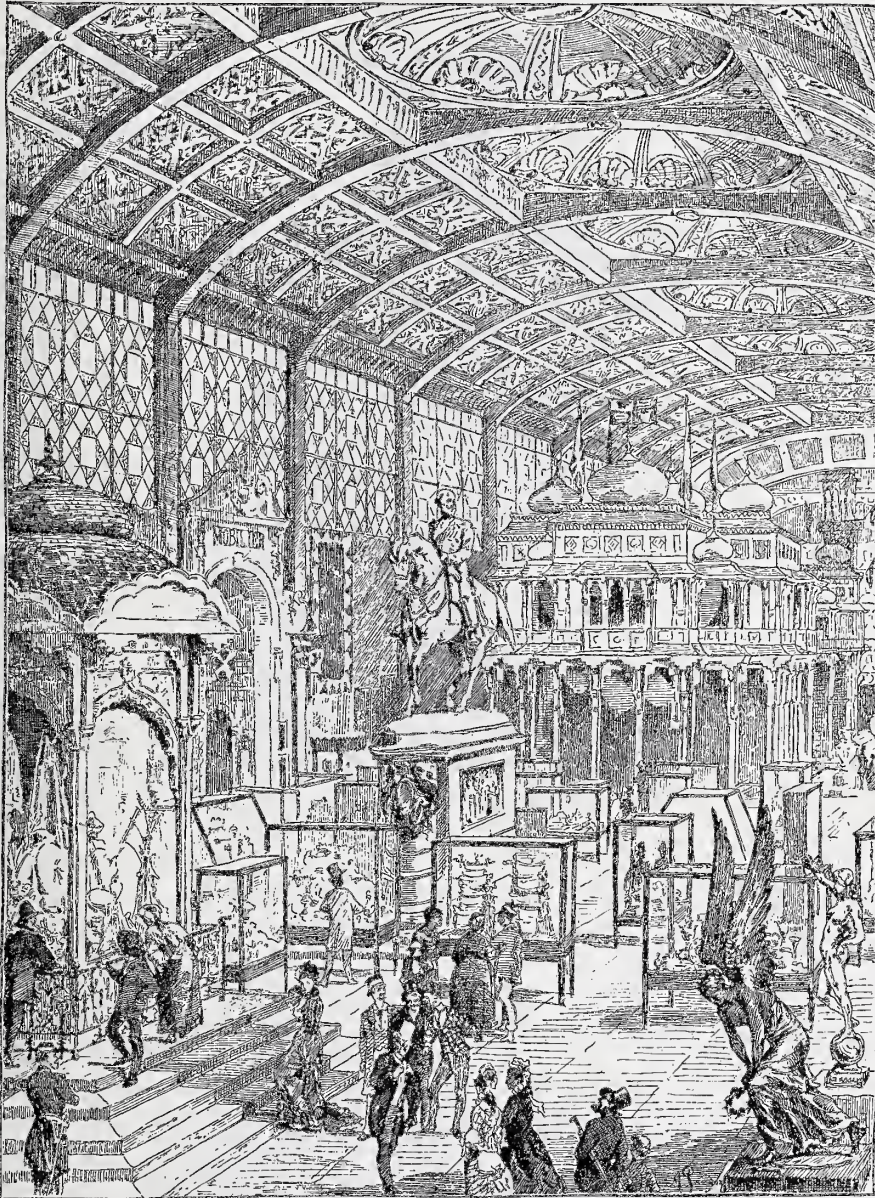


TWO-HANDLED VASE.

(Brownhills Pottery Company.)

shows two small rooms with panelling, doors, and mantelpieces decorated by means of their

new process of Xylography. The process is really a species of printing upon soft wood, whereby an impressed pattern can be produced executed. We fear that for the cabinet-maker and the decorator, the invention will scarcely realise the anticipations of the patentees.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE INDIAN COURT.

in any desired colour from prepared metal blocks. For repetition of simple border-patterns, and for covering great lengths of narrow bands, the process has much to recommend it. It can, of course, only be applied to flat surfaces, though it can be very cheaply and expeditiously

The furniture of Mr. W. H. Lascelles has a character all its own. Some of it, notably the bed and the wardrobe, remind us of the designs of the elder Pugin. The canopy of the oak bedstead is substantial, and is supported in a very firm manner; the owls at the foot are

emblematical of sleep. The doors in wood, stained of a deep green colour, with raised enrichments in gold and colours, are designed by Mr. J. Aldam Heaton. The flooring of this space is remarkable as illustrating an entirely new mode of dowelling, by which the process of nailing down is avoided.

We think that, on the whole, the furniture of Mr. William Watt, of Grafton Street, is the quaintest we have hitherto described. It is designed by Mr. E. W. Godwin, and the painting is due to Mr. Whistler. The endeavour has been to attract attention by the use of various shades of yellow, though the accomplished artist consulted by Mr. Watt would hardly venture to call this group a "symphony in yellow." The background is primrose yellow, and the carpet is a shade of yellow ochre. The furniture is of bright mahogany of light grain, and the seats and couch are covered with a pale citron yellow. The background is the side of a room with a panelled dado, against which is a fireplace and mantelpiece, the fireplace being of polished brass, and a considerable amount of

brasswork is introduced into the furniture, which is of the Japanese type affected by Mr. Godwin. Mr. Whistler has painted a kind

of scale ornament, intended possibly for clouds, on the wall and the mantelpiece. For its startling mode of attracting the attention of the visitor, the work of Mr. Watt is unrivalled. We cannot say that we should care to be surrounded in our homes by this "agony" in yellow. The form of the couch is novel and good, though some of this furniture seems rather slight for everyday use. Messrs. H. and J. Cooper are near neighbours of Mr. Watt, and their chief work is a rosewood cabinet rather hotly painted by Mr. Lewis Day. The subject is from Tennyson's "Princess." We cannot commend the



VASE: "CUPID'S LECTURE ON LOVE" (MINTON).
(Decorated by M. Solon.)

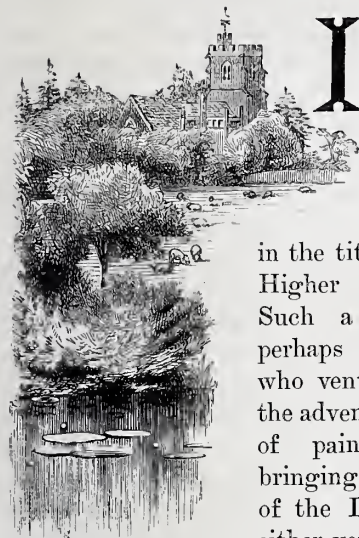
highly illustrated furniture of this description, as we conceive that the decorations for furniture should be specially treated in simple colours, and that works of art should be very sparingly introduced. We have given in this paper some further illustrations of excellent pottery by Minton and the Brownhills Pottery Company—and in our next propose to refer further to the furniture in the Exhibition.



PANEL IN DOULTON WARE.
(By C. Tinworth.)

THE HIGHER LIFE IN ART.

BY WYKE BAYLISS, F.S.A.



IF any justification is needed for the use of the simile with which I closed my last paper, it will be found in the title of this, "The Higher Life in Art." Such a justification is perhaps necessary. He who ventures to compare the advent of a new school of painting with the bringing back of the Ark of the Lord, must think either very highly of Art,

or very lightly of the sacred narrative. But then, he who believes, and dares to express his belief, in anything in Art worthy to be named the Higher Life, is already vindicated from the alternative charge of irreverence.

The simile was not indeed lightly chosen, nor has its full significance been exhausted. Before laying it aside I would even suggest one more analogy. The measure of the value of that which was brought back was not the four rings, nor the crown of gold, nor the thickness of the pure gold with which it was overlaid. Apart from the occult presence which went with it, these things were as nothing. And in like manner, the measure of the value of Art is not to be found in the preciousness of the artist's work as merchandise, nor in its beauty for purposes of decoration, but rather in an occult presence which goes with it—a communication of mind with mind through which we gain a wider range of vision, a deeper penetration into the mysteries of life, a truer perception of our relationship with each other and with the world which is our home. It is this occult presence which I have called "The Higher Life in Art."

And it is my purpose to show that this Higher Life is not limited to certain schools of art, or choice of subject, or style of treatment.

There is indeed a term which is thus limited in its use, a term which has become so familiar to us in its narrow application, that it is possible for a reader coming upon the words "The Higher Life in Art" to assume that they are only changes rung upon a theme which has already been debated in every artist's studio since the days of Phidias. And if it were my desire simply to entertain the reader with a dissertation upon Art, I should be content for such an assumption to remain unchallenged. It is so easy to go on in a well-beaten track. It is so much more formidable to strike out a new path. And, moreover, in keeping to a subject already familiar and of known interest, I should at least have been sure of some sympathy, whatever views I might have expressed. But my purpose is much more than this. It is to break clean through all the old distinctions between "High Art" and "Low." It is to substitute, or rather to place side by side with the old, a new formula of expression, that shall direct our thoughts into a broader channel, and yield us at last a better standpoint from which to judge what are the noblest conditions and highest purposes of Art, and where we may look for their fulfilment.

Let me say at once, then, that High Art and the Higher Life in Art are subjects entirely distinct from each other. The one divides the schools, the other binds them together in a common purpose. The one deals with the choice of subject, the other with the spirit in which the subject is handled. The one is eclectic, the other is catholic. The one is the casting out of all things that are common or unclean, the other is the finding that all things have been cleansed by God.

The Higher Life in Art is that element in æsthetics which brings us into direct and sympathetic relationship with Nature.

Are we not, then, always in contact with Nature without the intervention of Art? Yes, as a ship is in contact with the sea, out on the Atlantic; and with the air, as the fresh breeze fills the sails; and with the rocks, too, as it

lies dashed in pieces in sight of the haven where it would be. There is no mistake as to our contact with Nature, or the close grip with which she holds us to her. But, close as is this grip, it is all on one side. She seems to understand us—that however is another question—but what do we, of our own individual experience, each for himself, know of her—as represented for instance by the world in which we live, or the great family of which we form a part? A few voices speak to us out of the throng—but the many are dumb. A few eyes kindle as they look into ours—

“Stars, stars,
And all eyes else dead coals.”

A brother, a sister, a wife, two or three friends; this is, to most of us, the sum of our knowledge of mankind. It is as though we laid our finger on the keyboard of an organ, touching a note here and there. A flute voice answers us, or a vox-humana, perhaps even a vox-angelica; but we do not know the instrument until the master musician sits down before it and we hear the thunder of the diapason, the rush of mighty harmonies, the tender strains of melody. And Art is our master musician. Erase from our lives all that we have received only through books or pictures, leave us each to our own personal experience of life and manners, of the surroundings of our homes, of the countries we have visited, of the vicissitudes and mysteries of the natural world, and very little will be left to tell us what man is, or whether God has been mindful of him at all. The books we have read and the pictures we have seen have, indeed, become part of our lives. They have become so identified in our imaginations with the things they represent to us, that we forget sometimes that we see with the collective vision of many eyes, and think the thoughts of many minds, that in Art we live and move and have our being.

This is what Art is to us, because it is the greater, and we are the less. It is one of the environments that is daily shaping our lives to fair or foul issues. We cannot escape from it even if we would, any more than we can escape from Nature. *It* also has its grip upon us, and we—like Frankenstein—are at the mercy of an image made by our own hands. The sky-

line of our streets that crushes our eyes as with a weight, forbidding us to lift them from the mud upon the ground;—the blank walls and ungainly furniture of our dwellings that make mud in our minds;—it is we who have made them, and cursed them with ugliness; they only return to us the curse, in mental depression, with its inevitable tale of physical suffering. A French critic of English manners states that in London a row of houses has been built along the river-side of the Strand, with the view of guarding the inhabitants from the danger, annually recurring, of joining hands and rushing down together to drown themselves in the Thames. And he assigns as the cause of this terrible temptation to self-destruction the dulness of the weather that prevails here in November. Of his facts I will say nothing, but I hesitate to accept his reasoning. If the temptation does really exist, it is the effect—not of the much maligned month of fogs—but of the despondency deepening into terror arising from the thought that turn which way you will there is no escape—to the east, Temple Bar*—to the west, the cupola of the National Gallery. It may be difficult to measure the amount of evil, but it is not difficult to see that only evil can come of such environment. But then there is environment of another kind, the effects of which are still more difficult to measure, because good is stronger than evil, as much stronger as God is stronger than the devil. Charles Kingsley, writing to his wife, says of Salisbury Cathedral, “That wonderful grey Alp amongst the trees. It is like a great mountain with its strata, and secondary ridges, and spurs, and lower peaks, all leading up to that great central aiguille which rushes up into the highest blue, till you expect to see the clouds hanging round its top, and fancy the jackdaws are condors round the peak of Chimborazo. It awes you, too, without crushing you, you can be cheerful under its shadow, but you could not do a base thing.” Charles Kingsley could not have done a base thing anywhere, whether under the shadow of Salisbury Cathedral or in Fleet Street; but that does not lessen the force of the inference

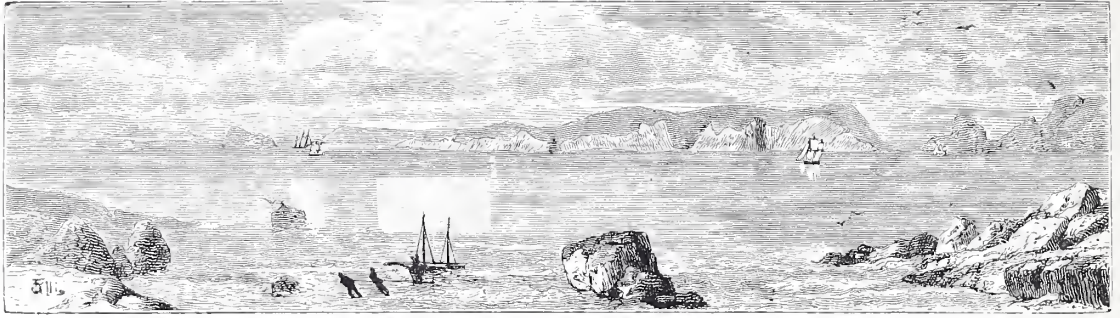
* Since this article was written, the stones of Temple Bar have been carted away.

that the environment of "sweetness and light" was good for him. The erection of a fine edifice on the north side of Trafalgar Square, and the transfer of the Arch of Titus to the east end of the Strand, might not efface the calendar of crimes to be tried at the next assizes; but because Art cannot do everything it is unreasonable to conclude that it can do nothing. This, at least, it can do. It can so transfigure a little colour that lies inert upon the palette—a little grey, and brown, and white—into a living presence, that our hearts shall beat faster only to look upon it. It can so link thought with thought, and put them into grave or sweet words, that we may look through Shakespeare's eyes upon an English garden of three hundred years ago—or hear the storm-shaken pines which make music in the Volkslied—or see the shadow that lay dark on Dante's life as lies the shadow of the cypresses upon his grave at Ravenna. It can so build stone upon stone, and shape them into beauty, that Richard of Salisbury of the thirteenth century, shall speak to Charles Kingsley of the nineteenth, making him stronger for his duty, and happier in performing it. And the force which can do these things is surely one of which it is well for us to take account. Nor is this all; for, whatever Art can or cannot do, it is quite certain that *we* cannot so much as live our lives without it, any more than the bees can build their cells without the fine instinct which controls their labour,—only we sometimes go wrong, while they always go right. It is a question of degree. Whether we build well or ill—we build. Every picture that the artist paints or the merchant hangs upon his walls, every statue we set up in our midst, every book we read, every song we sing, as surely as every roof-tree that shelters a hearthstone, is a chamber in the great palace of Art in which some soul shall for a time dwell. Let us see to it that the chambers are at least clean and full of light. Such chambers have been built by those who came before us. Salisbury Cathedral is one of them. And there has been one also, for centuries, in every village in England where an ivied tower or a simple chancel arch has touched the hearts of priest and squire and people with a sense of

beauty even when they least knew it. And we are the better as a people for these things; better for the peals of bells that have clashed out their chimes from the church towers, raining music on thatched roofs—like Danaë's gold, only that it does not corrupt—and on the labourers at their toil, and on those who are at rest, making the heart soft as the furrows are made soft by the drops of rain. Better, as really—though not in the same measure—as we are for the faithful service that has been ministered within the churches' walls. For whatever else is true about Art, this is true. Art is always and everywhere "filling our eyes and fulfilling our ears" with the knowledge of good and evil. Desdemona, accused of treachery which her soul abhors, says in her innocence—"Are there such women?" What does she know? What do any of us know of a thousand things which exist around us? I do not say the knowledge is good for us. I say only that it comes to us through Art. The simplest form of words cannot be put together without Art, any more than can the stones of the chancel arch. Whether it be "a woeful ballad made to our mistresses' eyebrows," or a cry of battle, or a hymn for our Sunday-school—it is the poet who measures out for us what we shall say. In the theatre, in the drawing-room, and in the choir alike—it is the musician who makes us dream, following his spells. In the senate, on the platform, in the pulpit—it is the rhetorician who stirs us to action. So that bad Art means much more than bad artists. It means dreary surroundings in our dwellings, ignoble buildings in our streets, evil questionings in the exercise of our religion. It means everything between the idle stagnation and the ultimate corruption of faculties which should be clear and fertilising as the waters of a running brook.

Against forces like these the old distinctions between "High Art" and "Low" are charms that will not conjure. The question is not what is elegant to paint, or pleasant to write about. It is rather—how shall we, as artists, get a little closer to Nature?

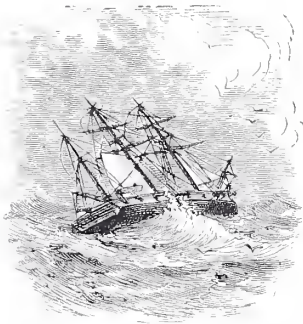
This closeness to Nature is "The Higher Life in Art." Through it only can Art be the means of raising us ever so little towards a more perfect manhood.



SARK: VIEW FROM THE WEST COAST.

ARTISTS' HAUNTS.—IV.

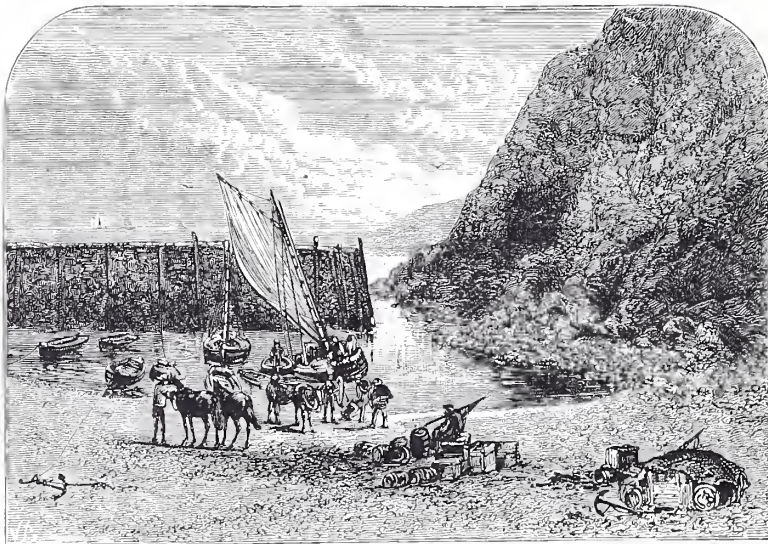
SARK.



IT was on a bright morning in the spring of the present year that I stood on the deck of Captain Guille's lugger as it entered Le Creux harbour, on the western coast of Sark. Favoured

which is surrounded by a lofty amphitheatre of preeipice and rock. On a nearer approach, however, a small inlet becomes visible on the left, through which the vessel passes to the inner harbour. Yet even then a stranger to the island might still wonder how he was expected to proceed to the interior from the cliff-encircled shore. The momentary problem—which the reader will better understand by referring to our two illustrations of Le Creux Harbour—is easily solved by the sight of a large tunnel at the pier-head, and a smaller

one to the left, both of which lead to the valley beyond, whence a road winds up to the top of the island—a tableland about three miles long and one mile broad, over which are scattered the cottages of the tillers of the soil and the "toilers of the sea" straight against the vertical wall of a jetty, which rises at low tide to a height of some fifty feet, and stretches across the little bay,



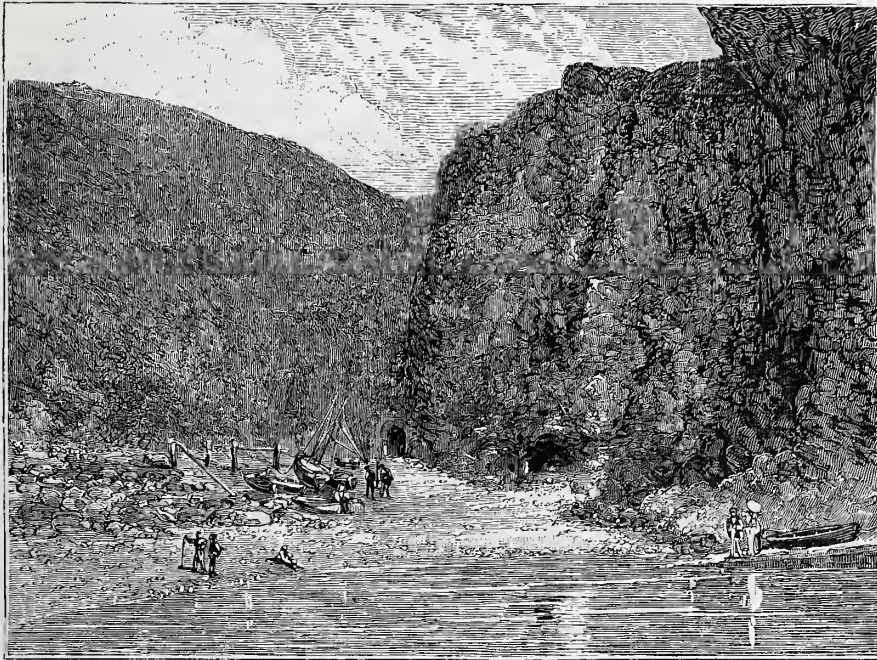
LE CREUX HARBOUR, FROM THE OLD TUNNEL.

who, with their wives and families, some six hundred souls in all, form its primitive population. The type is a hardy rather than

a handsome one ; but the men, who are mostly fair, and always wear the blue jacket which takes its name from the neighbouring island, make picturesque models ; there is, however, a difficulty in getting them to sit, except when bad weather interferes with their ordinary work.

Descent from the table-land to the sea by any path but that which passes through the tunnel is dangerous and difficult where it is not impossible. This inaccessibility gives the

board, besought permission to bury him in the consecrated ground attached to the chapel on the island. This was granted, on condition of the Flemings making certain presents to the French, and promising to land entirely unarmed. Whereupon — says Sir Walter Raleigh, who was governor of Jersey about fifty years later, and who made a record of the popular memories—a coffin, not containing a dead body, but swords, targets, and arquebusses, was put into the boat. The French



LE CREUX HARBOUR, FROM THE JETTY.

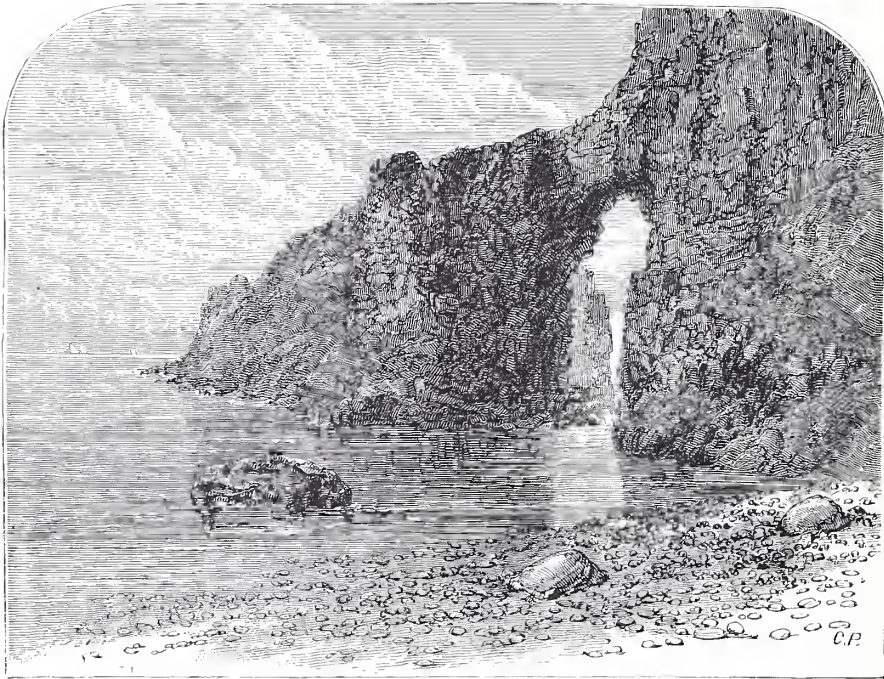
island a certain wildness and isolation all its own, of which the artist is not the last to feel the charm ; and renders it, besides, a naturally impregnable position. As an appanage of Duke William of Normandy, it became a portion of the British dominions in 1066, and was principally inhabited by monks until, in 1549—when it was almost deserted—it was captured and garrisoned by the French. Its recovery to England, effected by our allies the Flemings, is recorded in one of the most romantic passages of modern history. A gentleman of the Netherlands anchored in the roads with one ship, and, pretending that the merchant who had freighted it had died on

received the mourners on their landing, and searched every one of them so narrowly that they could not have concealed a pen-knife. Some of the French, meanwhile, took the boat of the Flemings and rowed to their ship to receive the promised presents ; but as soon as they got on board they were seized and bound. The Flemings on land, after they had carried the coffin into the chapel, shut the door, and, taking out their weapons, fell upon the French, who ran down to the beach, calling on their companions on board the vessel to return to their assistance ; but when the boat landed it was filled with Flemings, who, uniting with their countrymen, effected the complete

capture of the island. Ever since this achievement, rivalling that of the conquerors of Troy, Sark has been an English possession, and under the conditions now attached to its government by a Seigneur, an English possession it is likely to remain until the end of the chapter.

The island is unequally divided into two parts, Great and Little Sark, which are connected together by a narrow isthmus, known as "The Coupée," a side view of which is given in the accompanying sketch. Artists in search

friends in the larger division of the island. The sittings were usually long, and his legs in consequence becoming shaky (cramped, perhaps, by the sitting posture) he deemed it prudent, before crossing so narrow a bridge, to test his capacity for walking straight. An old cannon lying on the near side answered his purpose; and if his legs would satisfactorily keep his body perpendicular while walking backwards and forwards on this, he ventured across; if not, he lay down and slept, and



NATURAL ARCH, PORTE DE MOULIN.

of the terribly grand will find few things better suited to their purpose than this natural bridge, which is 600 feet long, never more than eight feet wide, and nearly 300 feet above the sea even when tides are high. It is an Alpine pass with the added glory of the waves beneath; and on each side the rock leads almost perpendicularly down to the abyss of blue, with its breakers of white. To this unique passage belongs, not only an old legend that need not be related here, and a record of accidental death, but also an anecdote which the local worthies love to tell. Once upon a time there lived in Little Sark an individual who was fond of passing convivial evenings with his

on waking always before crossing tried the same experiment successfully. Thus the possession in such an eminent degree of one cardinal virtue, prudence, counteracted the evils which might naturally have attended the absence of another—temperance; and our not very heroic hero lived, it is said, to a good, or rather a bad, old age.

There are two hotels, of course of a primitive kind, on the island; and, besides these, there are spare rooms to be had in the cottages of fishermen and others, who will gladly board visitors in simple but pleasant fashion. They fare in Sark to-day very much as they fared there two hundred years ago,

when a gentleman wrote "to his friend and kinsman in London" a letter quaintly descriptive of some of the habits and products of the island. "Our soil," he says, "is excellent for bearing all kinds of roots, as parsnips, carrots, turnips, &c., and very well stored with fruit trees, furnishing us with cyder. Our pasture is short, yet exceeding sweet, and therefore we have rare mutton. . . . Our firing is for the most part furzes, and sometimes turf, for we have no timber at all growing.

. . . For belly timber, our three staple commodities are fish, fowl, and rabbits; of the first a little industry will furnish us a hundred sorts, particularly a large shell-fish, taken plentifully at low tide, called an ormer; it is much bigger than an oyster, and infinitely more pleasant to the gusto, so that an epicure would think his palate in Paradise if he might but always gormandise on such delicious ambrosia.

For fowl, your city cannot be better furnished with woodcocks or widgeons, besides the abundance of duck, mallard, teal, and other wild fowl, with cliff pigeons, with which at some seasons almost the whole island is covered. Of conies we have everywhere exceeding plenty, and yet, lest we should want, nature has placed at a small distance an island which is inhabited by nothing else, whither we commonly go a ferreting. If all this rich fare will not content you, we have a most excellent pottage made of milk, bacon, coleworts, mackerel, and gooseberries, boiled together all to pieces, which our mode is to eat, not with the ceremony of a spoon, but by the more courtly way of a great piece of bread furiously plying between mouth and kettle." The visitor to Sark in 1878 will

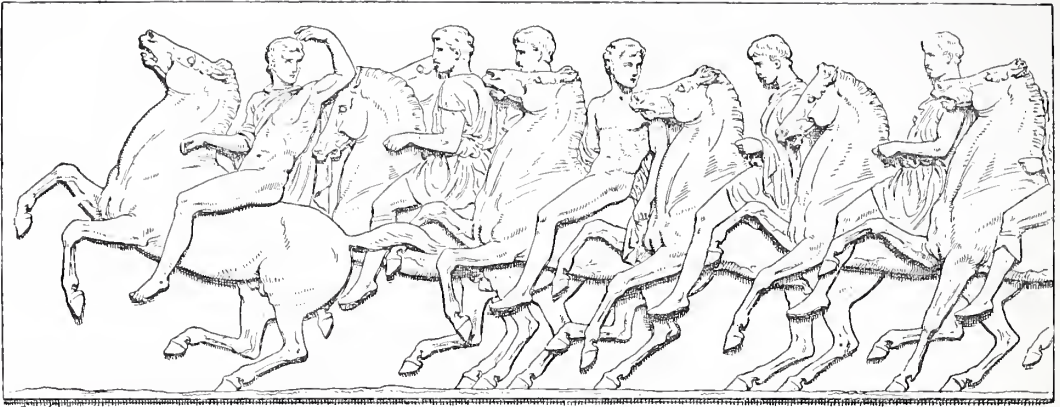
hardly complain if he nowhere discover the dish described with such characteristic relish in 1673. The birds, however, are as numerous as ever. Sea-gulls, cormorants, and curlews literally cover some of the rocks, and fill the air all day with their calls and cries.

As an artist's sketching ground, Sark has this great advantage—it has not yet been overdone. It is true that pictures of Les Autelets—the three grand outlying rocks seen in our illustration below, and of the Natural Arch which we also engrave—are tolerably familiar,



LES AUTELETS.

but the island still affords many a telling and unhackneyed subject. Its caves, even if Les Boutiques were left out of the question, are the finest to be found in the Channel Islands; and it presents a general variety of scene seldom to be met with in so small, and therefore so convenient, a space. Especially does the western shore offer to the sea-painter the advantage of a beautifully-indented coast, with island rocks rising in the midst of the many miniature bays to give completion to the scene, and—thanks to the enormous fluctuations of tide—a splendid expanse and variety of sea-weed, extremely useful for studies. We have only to add that it is a view from this western coast with which the skilful pencil of Mr. Tristram Ellis fitly introduces this paper to the reader.



GROUP OF HORSES, FROM THE PARTHENON.

HORSES IN RELATION TO ART.



WHEN we consider that the horse has always been so faithful a servant and friend of man, and that in England especially he is so generally appreciated

that there are few men who would not feel aggrieved if ignorance of horseflesh were imputed to them, it is curious what very scanty justice has been rendered to him by our artists; for while Englishmen are especially a horse-loving nation, English artists, as a rule, fail more completely in representing him than those of most Continental schools.

It is possible that this partly arises from this country being more given to sport than any other, so that the horse is apt to be regarded principally from a sportsman's point of view, rather than from that of the naturalist or the artist; and hence, perhaps, his por-

traiture has been relegated in great measure to a quasi-technical category. So that while there are many painters who have done justice to him in an exclusively sporting aspect, these pictures belong to the class of specialities, and are analogous to the representation of buildings made by an architectural draughtsman, the studies of flowers made for a work on botany, and the portraits of ships made by exclusively naval, in contradistinction to marine, painters, where every detail is technically and somewhat obtrusively accurate, but by the sacrifice of largeness of pictorial treatment, and of all the poetical, and much of the artistic, element, so that these works respectively appeal to a limited and, as it were, a professional circle, and from the narrowness of their treatment take but a very humble place in the wider ranks of art.

But while artists like J. M. W. Turner, Clarkson Stanfield, Samuel Prout, William Hunt, and others have, among their larger aims, done technical justice to marine, architectural, and botanical subjects; and, at the same time, have produced the best pictures of the time in a wider sense, comparatively few English painters of eminence have made the horse, in his nobler aspects, their special study, and raised him from the category of the sporting picture; and many who, without so

doing, have introduced him into their pictures, have shown such entire want of sympathy with this part of their subject, that any one who duly appreciates the animal is apt to wish the attempt had not been made.

Before we notice the treatment he has thus received, let us consider what are the salient characteristics of his nature and structure. His nature is eminently courageous, without ferocity, generous, docile, intelligent, and, if allowed to be so, almost as affectionate as the dog. In his structure, the ruling characteristic may be said in one word to consist in obliquity, —all the leading bones in his frame are set obliquely, or nearly so, and not at right angles. His head is set on with a subtle curve of the last few vertebræ of the neck, which, at the shoulders, take another subtle curve before they become the dorsal vertebræ, or backbone; which end, in their turn, with another curve, forming the tail. His shoulders slope back more than those of other quadrupeds, the scapula, or shoulder-blade, being oblique to the humerus, which, in its turn, is oblique to the radius, or upper part of the fore-leg. So, again, in the hind-quarters, the haunch is set obliquely to the true thigh, the thigh, at the stifle joint, to the upper bone of the hind-leg, which at the hock makes another angle. The fore and hind quarters form so large a portion of the entire length that a horse, though a lengthy animal from the front of the chest to the back of the haunch, is, comparatively, very short in the actual back or "saddle-place." Then his hocks are much bent, and his pastern joints are rather long, and again are set at an angle, succeeded by a slightly different angle in the firm but expanding hoof, thus completing the beautiful mechanism, which preserves the limbs from jar, and ensures elasticity in every part of an animal destined to carry weight and to undergo rapid and continued exertion—a combination not existing in any other quadruped to anything like the same degree, and fitting him precisely for the purposes for which he was given to man. At present we have said nothing about his head, every part of which is equally characteristic. His well-shaped, delicate ears are capable of being moved separately in every direction, and every movement is full of

meaning and in sympathy with the eye. The eye is prominent, full, and large, and placed laterally, so that he can see behind him without turning his head, his heels being his principal weapon of defence; his nostrils are large, open and flexible, and his lips fleshy, though thin, and exquisitely mobile and sensitive. The large, open nostril is essential to him, as a horse breathes solely and entirely through it, being physically incapable of breathing through his mouth, as a valve in the throat actually precludes him from so doing; hence the mouth of a horse, without a bridle in it, is opened only for purposes of eating or biting, but never from excitement or from exhaustion, like that of most other quadrupeds, except the deer species. The lips are, perhaps, even more characteristic; they are his hands as well as part of his mouth, and the horse and others of his family alone use them in this way. The ox, the sheep, the goat, the deer, the giraffe above all, and, in fact, we believe all graminivorous animals except the horse, either bite their food directly with the teeth, or grasp and gather it with the tongue, which is prehensile, and gifted with more or less power of prolongation; but the horse's tongue has no such function, and, therefore, no such powers, as these services are all performed in his ease by the lips; and no horseman, who has let a favourite horse pick up small articles of food from the palm of his hand, can have failed to be struck with the extreme mobility, and also the sensibility and delicacy of touch, with which the lips are endowed.

Now, all these physical characteristics are patent, without any knowledge of anatomy, to any one who applies intelligent observation to an animal which he sees daily; but in pictures both by mediæval and modern painters what wonderful libels on horse nature do we perpetually see. He is commonly represented as an animal either with human, or else with small, piggy eyes, with a blunt, solid nose, with two small round holes for nostrils, with an open, foolish mouth, with a long body like a bolster, straight shoulders, and round, shapeless legs, and this not only in the case of the old Italian masters, who seem to have lost, with the loss of Greek tradition, all sympathy with,

and appreciation of, the horse, but also in the case of English painters of eminence of the present day in this horse-loving country. Let the reader, for instance, turn to the large illustrated edition of Tennyson's poems, and to other books illustrated by leading artists, whom it would be invidious to mention, and then let him say whether the above description is an exaggeration of what he generally finds,

when a horse is introduced into the pictures of those otherwise entitled to rank among the first artists of the day.

In our next paper we propose to glance very hastily over ancient art, to see how the horse has been treated there, and also to notice among modern artists the exceptional few who have done justice to him.

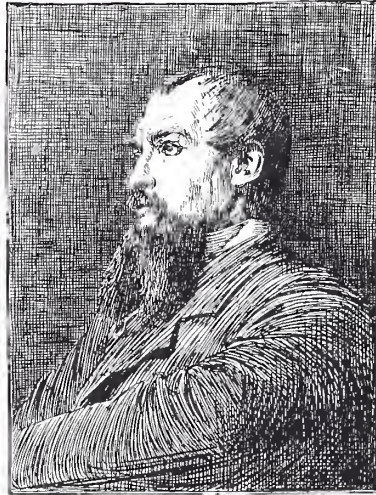
(To be continued.)

PICTURES AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

THE BRITISH SCHOOL.

THE collection of English pictures which has attracted so much attention in Paris, though scarcely an adequate representation of British Art—many well-known painters, such as Hook, Faed, Poole, Horsley, Ansdell, Nicol, Long, and others being absent—must be pronounced a great success. In the five galleries devoted to oil paintings, there are 283 works by contemporary artists. The most prominent exhibitors are J. E. Millais, G. F. Watts, W. P. Frith, the late Sir Edwin Landseer, Sir John Gilbert, L. Alma-Tadema, P. H. Calderon, G. D. Leslie, John Pettie, and F. Leighton, the latter exhibiting his latest picture, "Elijah," which was described in the *MAGAZINE OF ART* for July. The great personal exertions of the Prince of Wales in endeavouring to render this collection worthy of the nation, and the liberality of the owners in lending their works, have a great reward in the interest which attaches to the "*Ecole Anglaise*," in 1878; an interest far exceeding that of former exhibitions on the Continent, not excepting that of Paris in 1855, when the list of exhibitors included Herbert, Dyce, Poole, Maelise, Mulready, the elder Leslie, Roberts, &c., and, amongst the younger men, the names of Holman Hunt, and F. Maddox Browne.

In the large room, nearly the whole of the east wall is occupied by Millais' paintings, "A Yeoman of the Guard" (better known as the "Beefeater" in the exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1877) occupying the central position. This powerful picture, being placed under glass for protection, is looked upon, and criticised in France, as a painting in water-colours. On either side are the two large and admirable landscapes, "Chill October," and "O'er the hills and far away;" near them "The North-west Passage," and some of Millais' well-known portraits; and, a little removed, in another part of the room, an earnest and pathetic work, "The Gambler's Wife," which many will consider his *chef-d'œuvre* in this exhibition.



CAPTAIN BURTON.
(By F. Leighton, R.A.)

The *technique* and masterful skill of L. Alma-Tadema, who exhibits in all ten pictures, next command most attention in France. Here are two large works, remarkable for the dexterous employment of low tones, for the painting of textures of robes and marble surfaces—the "Picture Gallery" and the "Sculpture Gallery,"—exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1874-75; "The Audience at Agrippa's;" "After the Danee" (of which we give a thumb-nail sketch on page 127); and "A

Roman Garden," one of Alma-Tadema's latest works, lent by Sir Henry Thompson. In the



DAWN.
(By E. J. Gregory.)

Exhibition. The crowd that throngs this gallery throughout the day is only exceeded in the adjoining gallery, where Mr. Orchardson's pictures (especially his "Queen of Swords," of which we give an illustration below), and Mr. Herkomer's "Last Muster" (which has won for the artist a *medaille d'honneur*), attract great attention. The latter, which was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1875, represents a group of old soldiers in the chapel of Chelsea Hospital—the last act of the drama of war, a quiet Sunday service under the tattered flags—one of the pensioners evidently at his "last muster." In the absence of many large works of high



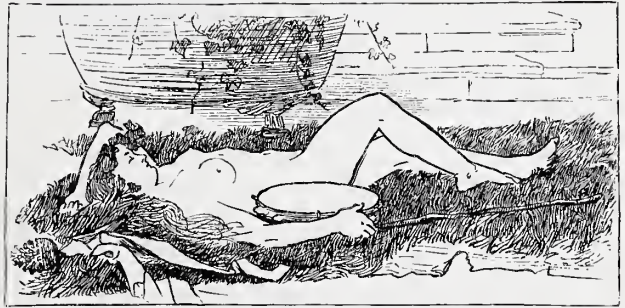
THE QUEEN OF SWORDS.
(By W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.)

same gallery are Mr. Leighton's "Portrait of Capt. Burton" (see page 126), "The Music Lesson" (exhibited in 1876), and the "Elijah," the last and most important of the works sent by this painter to the

aim or marked dramatic interest in the English collection, this picture has created unusual attention. Mr. Herkomer has been more fortunate than some of his brother artists, in being able to send to Paris the work that represents him best.

It is satisfactory to be able to record that the expression "*Ecole Anglaise*" (so often repeated in former years with satiric emphasis) is heard in this gallery, coupled with remarks of admiration and delight. The qualities of work of Orchardson, Pettie, Boughton, Gregory (of whose "Dawn" we give a thumb-nail sketch), Armstrong, T. Graham, and Chalmers, in *genre*, and Aumonier (see illustration, "Toilers of the Field," on page 130) and J. Macbeth, in landscape, are especially noticed.

Returning to the gallery in which are



AFTER THE DANCE.
(By L. Alma-Tadema, A.R.A.)

the paintings of Millais, we find two walls almost entirely devoted to Frith and the late Sir Edwin Landseer, both of whom were prominent contributors in previous Paris Exhibitions. Mr. Frith sends five pictures, the first four being well known, "Charles II.'s last Sunday at Whitehall," "The Salon d'Or, Hombourg," "The Derby Day" (a replica of the picture in the National Gallery), "The Railway Station," and a later work exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1876, "Under the Doge's Palace, Venice," a fair girl appealing through prison bars to a priest holding a crucifix. Of the examples of the late Sir Edwin Landseer, the most esteemed is "The Sick Monkey;" great interest is also taken in the

artist's own portrait with his two dogs, called "The Connoisseurs." The other paintings, by Sir Edwin Landseer, are "The Indian Tent," lent by the Prince of Wales, "Man proposes and God disposes" (Polar bears); "The Ptarmigan Hill" and the "Swannery Invaded by Eagles." Three brilliant and elaborate Eastern scenes, by the late J. F. Lewis, and four Spanish subjects, by the late John Phillip, fairly exhibit the opposite styles of these painters. Sir John Gilbert is represented by "Richard II. Resigning his Crown to Bolingbroke," "The Arrest of Hastings," "Doge and Senators of Venice in Council," and "Cardinal Wolsey at Leicester Abbey;" and H. S. Marks, by "St. Francis and the Birds," "What is it?" and "The Apothecary" (see thumb-nail sketch above), all of which may be remembered in late exhibitions of the Royal Academy.

On the opposite side of the adjoining gallery are crowded together the works of painters of a different school, of whom Messrs. Watts and Burne-Jones may be said to be the head. Here are "Israel in Egypt," and "The Catapult," by E. J. Poynter; "Medea," by F. Sandys; "The Renaissance of Venus," by Walter Crane; "Love and Death," by G. F. Watts, and "The Beguiling of Merlin," by E. Burne-Jones; the two last of which will be well remembered as being very conspicuous features of the Grosvenor Gallery Exhibition, in 1877. In the same company are two very small works, delicate harmonies in blue

and gold, by Albert Moore; also seven pictures by the late G. H. Mason, and one example only of the late Frederick Walker. The strength and originality of our younger school of painters is further asserted by R. W. Macbeth's "Potato Harvest in the Fens," and by a powerfully passionate picture of the "Wreck," by W. Small, a painting (exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1876) which, by some strange mischance, has always been hung aloft and out of sight, both in England and France.

Mr. Armitage's "Serf Emancipation," a large historical painting, showing an Anglo-Saxon noble on his death-bed, surrounded by his family and friends, performing his last act, that of giving freedom to his slaves, is much

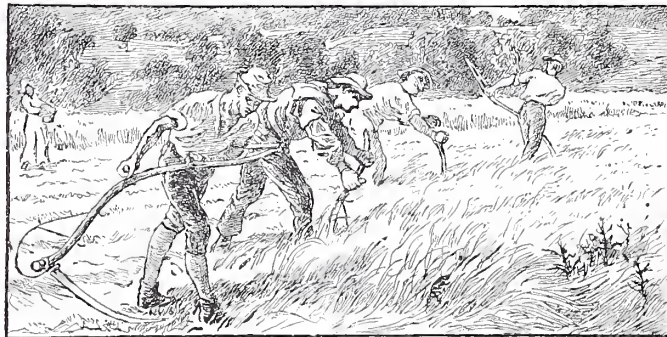
admired. This picture was in the place of honour in the large room of the Royal Academy, in 1877. In the same gallery are two important battle-pieces, by Miss Thompson (Mrs. Butler), and Ernest Crofts, the new Associate of the Academy. Mrs. Butler sends "The Return from Inkerman," which was lately exhibited by the Fine Art Society in London, and Mr. Crofts, "The Morning of the

Battle of Waterloo." In the latter the day is breaking on a weary, wounded, mud-stained company; some lying on the bare ground with knapsacks for pillows, some up and preparing to march. The artillery are on the move, and the

note of preparation is sounding. The tone and treatment of this picture are in the manner of the French school; some of the individual



THE APOTHECARY.
(By H. S. Marks, A.R.A.)



THE MOWERS.
(By P. R. Morris, A.R.A.)



SNOW IN SPRING.
(By G. H. Boughton.)

studies of the men of the Old Guard are excellent.

We must not fail to mention a portrait-picture, which attracts attention from all classes of visitors, "Selecting Pictures for the Royal Academy," by C. W. Cope, R.A. Here also are the works of Calderon and Leslie, the former represented best by his picture of a great lady "On her way to the Throne," receiving the last touches to her powdered curls and silken train; a work full of humour and vivacity, exhibiting qualities in this painter's work, which it is pleasant to be reminded of after a lapse of years. Mr. G. D. Leslie sends four of his best paintings, including "School Revisited," a London belle (say a century ago) sitting by a sunny wall, talking over old times with her former playmates.

Mr. John Pettie occupies an important place with seven pictures; in the centre, his "Terms to the Besieged," a small work of extraordinary power and emphasis, which may be said to have made a mark in Paris. The faces of the five besieged seated in conclave, and the grim figure in armour raising his defiant hand, form a group of dramatic interest, which will surprise those who only know this artist by his later works. Mr. Pettie's portraits, as well

as those of Millais, G. F. Watts, W. W. Ouless, and E. J. Gregory, are the strongest in the English section. Mr. Hodgson sends three Oriental scenes, "A Modern Actæon," "The Armourer's Shop," and "The Needy Knife-Grinder," the two latter especially noticeable.

Amongst the English painters who are prominent, but whose works we have not space to refer to in detail, are Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A., E. M. Ward, R.A., T. S. Cooper, R.A., Alfred Elmore, R.A., F. Goodall, R.A., J. Sant, R.A., H. W. B. Davis, R.A., W. F. Yeames, R.A., Marcus Stone, A.R.A., G. A. Storey, A.R.A., Briton Rivière, A.R.A. (of whose artistic "Daniel in the Den of Lions," we are enabled, by the courtesy of Messrs. Agnew and Sons, the owners of the picture, to give a thumb-nail sketch), P. R. Morris, A.R.A., Vicat Cole, A.R.A., Eyre Crowe, A.R.A., F. Holl, A.R.A., F. Morgan, G. H. Boughton (we give here an illustration of a characteristic work of this artist, "Snow in Spring"), Heywood Hardy, J. MacWhirter, John Brett, E. H. Fahey, Colin Hunter, C. N. Hemy, Val Prinsep, C. E. Perugini, &c. We should not omit to notice some works, scattered through the galleries, which have been singled out for notice by our French neighbours, such as F. Sandys' "Medea," Morris's "Mowers" (see page 128), Holl's "Leaving Home," Albert Moore's "Beads,"



DANIEL IN THE DEN OF LIONS.
(By Briton Rivière, A.R.A.)

F. Walker's "Old Gate," and Mrs. Louise Jopling's "Modern Cinderella;" also the paintings of Luke Fildes, C. Calthrop, W. B.

Richmond, C. Green, Mark Fisher, Henry Moore, Joseph Knight, C. E. Holloway, and A. W. Hunt.

No part of the British Fine Art section is more interesting than a small side room containing the WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS. This very complete collection, representing the peculiarly English art of water-colour painting, will assuredly not be quickly passed over by visitors, who have a rare opportunity (as in 1855 and in 1867) of seeing examples of the

best English painters in water-colours, side by side—a list which includes not only the veterans of the art, such as Sir John Gilbert, Duncan, Dobson, S. Evans, Carl Haag, Bircket Foster, &c., but the best of our younger men, including the beautiful drawings of J. F. Lewis, G. F. Pinwell, and F. Walker, lately deceased. The many American readers of the *MAGAZINE OF ART* may be glad to be reminded of this unique collection.

In black and white, the prominent exhibitors are John Tenniel, G. Du Maurier, Charles Keene, and Linley Sambourne, members

of the staff of *Punch*; also W. Small, H. Herkomer, E. J. Gregory, R. Caldecott, and others, whose works are exhibited by the proprietors of the *Graphic* newspaper.

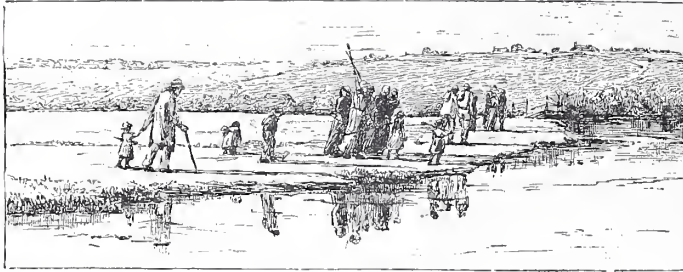
In sculpture, J. H. Foley, R.A., W. Calder Marshall, R.A., E. B. Stephens, A.R.A., J. E. Boehm, A.R.A., F. Leighton, R.A., G. F. Watts, R.A., George Simonds, A. Bruce

Joy, and Lord Ronald Gower are amongst the contributors, the last sending his striking figure in bronze, "La Garde meurt et ne se rend pas."

Altogether it may be said of

the British Fine Art section of the Paris Exhibition of 1878, that, notwithstanding the regretted absence of many well-known names, English art is better represented and better appreciated on the Continent than in any previous international exhibition. In spite of considerable difficulties in regard to space and arrangement, the pictures are, for the most part, well hung and well seen; the Fates pursuing a few young artists here, as in the Royal Academy in London, bearing their works aloft, out of sight and out of mind.

HENRY BLACKBURN.



TOILERS OF THE FIELD.

(By J. Aumonier.)

“AT THE MASQUERADE.” BY W. C. T. DOBSON, R.A.

MR. DOBSON has always delighted in the softest, gentlest, and most innocent types of feminine beauty in childhood; he has made a *spécialité* of those rounded forms which demand the greatest power as well as delicacy of drawing. Impartially an oil and a water-colour painter, he was represented by both branches of his art in this year's Royal Academy. The original of our illustration is an oil painting of a little girl whose type is

more English than her dress, though the large eyes, set far apart, might suggest some affinity with the charming Eastern costume, which is becoming in form, rich in colour, and unequalled, among Western fabrics, in texture. Peacocks' feathers, whether on the bird or on a fan, have, from time immemorial, been a sort of godsend to the painter, and Mr. Dobson presses them into service very happily in the work which we have engraved for our frontispiece.



AT THE MASQUERADE.

OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.

THERE is not a single frequenter of picture-galleries who is unfamiliar with that of the old Water-Colour Society, in Pall Mall. Its exhibitions do for lovers of the aquarellist's art

happily exempt from that decrepitude which has fallen on several exhibiting associations of a similar kind. It need not refer to the past to prove its right to exist, nor go back to its early



John Clay
 J. M. J. Clark

(From a Photograph by Done and Co., Baker Street.)

what the Academy's do more especially for the admirers of paintings in oil—they bring together the very best collection of the year. A long-established institution—as the “old,” which common consent prefixes to the original title, denotes—the Water-Colour Society is, however,

archives in search of names eminent in art; in claiming our highest consideration, it has nothing to do but point to the works which every season brings together on its walls, or to the list of those whom it now claims as its members and associates. First of all, in



THE FIRST PRINCE OF WALES.

(By Sir John Gilbert, R.A.)

honorary membership, is John Ruskin, the greatest living artist in words; then, among those regularly of the craft, are Alma-Tadema, whose water-colours are often more charming, if

less learned, than his oils; William Dobson, the Academician; Birket Foster, with a reputation difficult, from its very greatness, to sustain; Carl Haag, Alfred and Holman Hunt, Frederick



THE RETURN OF THE VICTORS. (By Sir John Gilbert, R.A.)

Taylor, Arthur Hopkins, R. W. Macbeth, and Stacy Marks. Nor is there here in Pall Mall, as at Burlington House, a sort of masculine monopoly, for the Water-Colour Society has Clara Montalba and Helen Allingham, among other ladies, on its list. And over all this brilliant company Sir John Gilbert most fittingly and most worthily presides.

Born at Blackheath, in 1817, he was destined for a mercantile career. But he found no resting-place nor scope for his healthy ambition in a city counting-house, where he was constantly caught sketching on the "business-paper," just as Giotto long before him had neglected his sheep to draw on the ground,

and Wilkie his lessons to decorate his slate. Forsaking, therefore, the pursuits for which no amount of training could give the qualifications which nature had denied, he began a sedulous study of art. Failing to obtain admission into the Academy schools, he became his own teacher; and, with the exception of a few lessons from George Lance—famous in his day as a fruit painter—he may be said to have learned his art by quite unaided labour. Book and newspaper illustration opened in those days a splendid field for the exercise of talent and industry such as Gilbert possessed. He soon obtained so much facility in that branch of his art, that he was able to draw direct on the wood, without any previous study. Besides being a regular contributor to the *Illustrated London News*, he drew for another pictorial paper, and illustrated, as all the world knows, hundreds of our English classics, from "Pickwick" up to "Hamlet" and "King Lear." He has told, pictorially, a large proportion of the stories that our greatest bards have made familiar by their song; and, as if inspired by his text, he has, with happy fittingness, put his very best work between those pages that, of secular writings, are perhaps the most immortal of all. We doubt whether even the artist himself could tell the number of the illustrations to which, all the world over, his initials are attached.

Of oil paintings, he has not been nearly so prolific in proportion. In 1836 he had his first canvas in the Academy—then quartered at Somerset House; and he began to exhibit regularly at the British Institution, to which he continued to contribute until its close. But, altogether, his oil-paintings, both at the British Institution and at the Academy, where they still make yearly appearance, must, in number, fall short of a hundred. Those among them which have either deserved or attracted most attention are a "Convocation of the Clergy," a group of mitred and coped prelates, very rich and deep in colour—exhibited in 1871, and now the artist's representative work in the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy; "The First Prince of Wales," which shows the king presenting his child to the Welsh princes—exhibited in 1873, and reproduced in one of our engravings (page 132); "The Field of the Cloth of Gold,"

a gorgeous historical piece, exhibited in 1874; and "Wolsey at Leicester Abbey," a large and crowded composition, where, amid contending moonlight and torchlight, the life-weary cardinal says, "Father Abbot, I have come to lay my bones among ye"—exhibited in 1877. Sir John Gilbert was elected an Associate of the Academy in 1872, and a Member in 1876. We are happy to be able to engrave, on page 133, that fine painting, "The Return of the Victors."

Sir John had abandoned wood-drawing for painting in oil, because he found the former a profession altogether too exacting; and now, at what may be called the third stage of his artistic life, whether with any special motive we do not know, he turned his attention very particularly to water-colour drawing. In 1852 he was elected an Associate, and in the following year a Member, of the Water-Colour Society, to whose exhibitions he has ever since annually contributed. A mere perusal of the titles of Sir John's works, whether in oil or in water-colour, gives a clue to the artist's characteristics and manner. His fancifulness, his festive imagination, his fertile grace, free handling, and charm of colour, are too familiar to be dwelt on here. "John Gilbert," wrote an eminent art critic, some years ago, "is not an imitator—scarcely a revivalist; and yet there can be little doubt whence he borrowed many of his ideas; sometimes he is indebted to Rubens, often to Rembrandt, occasionally to Velasquez. In some sense his method is eclectic; and he is identified with styles the most diverse, mainly because he understands the principles that underlie *all* styles."

Sir John Gilbert is represented at the Paris International Exhibition by an oil-painting of "A Doge and Senators of Venice in Council," and by a water-colour drawing of "Othello and Desdemona before the Doge;" nor will the medal there awarded to his work be deemed an insignificant recognition, even by one whose art has already made him a Royal Academician, the head of the old Water-Colour Society, and a knight. No man ever worked harder for his honours, and few men have so many qualifications to enjoy them.

JOHN OLDCASTLE.



POMPEII, A.D. 79.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

CONCLUDING NOTICE.

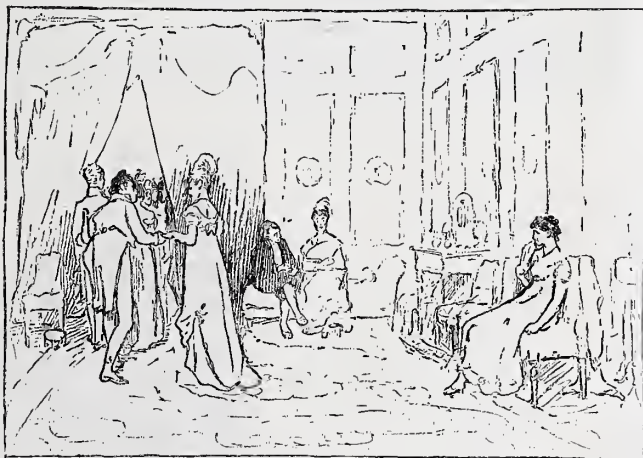


THE TIME OF ROSES.
(By Marcus Stone, A.R.A.)

PROBABLY the most careful inspection of so large a collection as that exhibited at the Academy will overlook many pictures, great and small, which deserve notice; this is especially likely to be the case when good work is not combined with any manner distinctive enough to catch the eye, or with a gift of colour marked enough to arrest attention. We do not mean, of course, that it is brilliance or conspicuousness of tint that commands notice; in any assembly of English pictures the eye is taken far more quickly by the rare examples of quietness and reserve of tone or colour. In order to make amends for the unintentional neglect of which we have ourselves been guilty, we propose to take in this article a last look round, and to glean good grain that was left ungarnered in our previous papers, although it will not be digested by the reader until after the doors of Burlington House are closed for the season.

An excellent landscape of its class is "Fallen," by Mr. A. Parsons, of which we give a slight sketch on page 136. The pleasing key of colour, however, needs to be conveyed by description; sage greens and greys predominate, and the tones, especially of the latter colour, are remarkably well varied; all is harmonious, while in the middle of the picture the light of the sky is concentrated. Near this canvas hangs Mr. Claude Calthrop's "Meeting of Scottish Jacobites," a naturally posed and decisively

drawn group of conspirators round a table. "The New Toy," by Mr. C. N. Kennedy, contains good drawing, good lighting, and pleasing colours. The subject is an interior, nicely treated, and a group of girls playing with a transparent balloon; throughout the composition we notice a careful study and artistic cleverness. Mr. Carl Rodeck's "Forest Scene" is good in tree-drawing, and in the skilful carrying through of the light. Another excellent canvas of the same class is "A Grove," an elaborate study of trees by Mr. C. H. H. Macartney. Mr. E. J. Poynter's "Zenobia Captive," while it might, perhaps, have been more heroic in type, contains strong painting, especially in the jewels and other accessories. Among the pictures which have received less than justice at the hands of the hanging committee, must be mentioned Mme. Courtauld-Arendrup's "Nubian Captives in Egypt," of which it is difficult to judge as to technical merits. A charming pathos of suggestion seems, however, to be conveyed by the group in the background, of a little child bending over her monkey. The lioness in the foreground is



A SOCIAL EDDY--LEFT BY THE TIDE.
(By W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.)

very well drawn, and if there is, as we think, something equivocal about the relative scale of the figures, this may be due to the loss of

perspective, owing to the height at which the picture is placed. If we remember rightly,



SYMPATHY.

(By Briton Rivière, A.R.A.)

Mme. Arendrup made a striking success some years ago as Miss Courtland, by her thoughtful and religious picture, "The Evening of the First Palm Sunday," and by other compositions of the same class, each one full of a rare fervour and religious reverence. The general appreciation which she gained at that time will not, we trust, be lessened by the unfavourable hanging of her Academy work. A portrait-painter of unusual merit is Mr. Blake Wirgman, who exhibits four canvases, among which "Mrs. Thornycroft," and the "Portrait of a Lady" are particularly good. The latter is painted in a solid, honest, straightforward way, and at the same time with artistic reserve, and with no attempt at effect for its own sake. The last pictures in the first room of which we must make favourable mention are Mr. Vincent P. Yglesias' "Midsummer Moonlight," and "Old and Young," by Mr. J. White.

In the second gallery, Mr. J. Hanson Walker, whose name has not hitherto attracted much attention, has a remarkably well-painted "Portrait of Colonel Davies." "A Summer Sea: Scilly Islands," by Mr. John G. Naish, is

admirable in rock-drawing, and altogether an excellent piece of work. Next to this hangs one of the best pictures Mr. Armitage has painted for some years—"After an Entomological Sale: 'beati possidentes.'" The group of savants, one the fortunate owner of a minute beetle, and the others his baffled competitors, contains good portraits of the painter himself, Mr. Calderon, Mr. Hodgson, and others, and is full of character and humour. Mr. W. J. Muckley's "Night-blowing Stock," is one of the best English flower-pieces of the Academy. If genius be in any degree hereditary, the son of the Brownings will certainly not fail in the art which he has adopted. Mr. Robert Browning is a painter, and still more a musician, in his sympathies, as well as a poet. His son exhibits promise and something more in "A Worker in Brass: Antwerp," where the face shows force in the treatment of character, and the painting has breadth of style throughout. We give, on page 138, an illustration of the sea-piece which public opinion has emphatically pronounced to be one of the pictures of the year—Mr. Brett's "Cornish Lions." Having already noticed this work, we wish only to add a word of admiration for the wonderful drawing and perspective in the sea, which, if it fail at all, perhaps slightly fails in movement. The canvas is full of atmosphere and sunshine. The only subject contributed by Mr. G. Clausen, whose little works have strongly attracted us of late years by a peculiar fineness, conscientiousness,



FALLEN.

(By A. Parsons.)

and freshness, is a "Study" of a single female figure, of which the pose is very simple, yet subtle; the turn of the waist is delicately felt,

as the shoulders are directed a little away from the position of the hips. The tones somewhat suggest those of Mr. Whistler, being a composition of grey, black, and silver. Mr. F. D. Hardy has treated with artistic skill a somewhat trite domestic subject in his "Fairy Tale," a group of mother and child seated in an interior, of which the *chiaroscuro* is cleverly rendered, and the transparent darkness especially happy. Mr. Boughton's "Waning of the Honeymoon" is an amusing and sweet-toned little canvas,

cannot help thinking that he has missed their rich secret of latent colour, and that he denies that which they only reserve.

Mr. Marcus Stone's "Time of Roses," which we engrave at the head of this paper, is the most attractive of his canvases this year; there are a gentle passion and a refined earnestness in the two beautiful young faces; the colour is in the key of rather leaden grey with pink, which this artist much affects. Not without charm, owing to the simplicity of its subject, and the har-



FOLK-LORE.

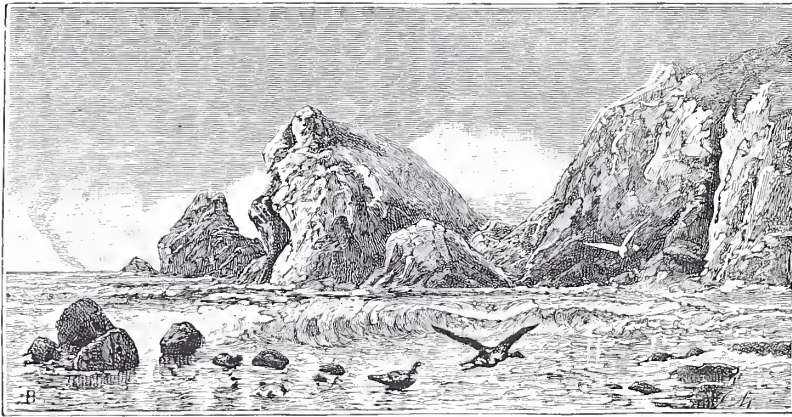
(By Charles Gregory.)

showing a young couple filled with unavowed *ennui*, both with each other's uninterrupted society, and with the rustic scenes in which they are compelled by custom to spend the first month of marriage. Husband and wife are seated at the foot of a tree, with averted faces, and actions as expressive as they are elegant. Mr. Boughton has so strong and so refined a faculty of colour, that we are inclined to quarrel with the blighted and malaria-stricken effects of dismal atmosphere to which he so often condemns himself; if, in pursuing this course, he intends to model his manner upon that of the great French landscape painters, we

many of its colour, is Mr. Brewtnall's "Blind Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green," which shows the pretty and demure damsel passing along at her father's side under the distant but admiring glances of many a suitor. Our second sketch illustrates Mr. Orchardson's exquisite little picture, "A Social Eddy: Left by the Tide," of which we have already, in a former paper, made some mention. Mr. Orchardson's comedy is exceedingly quiet, and none the less charming for that reason. He illustrates one of the minor miseries of social life—the solitariness of a young girl who happens to be a supernumerary in the pairing

off before a dance, and who sees herself left in a room where her presence only mars the *tête-à-tête* of an ancient couple, powdered and rouged, who are exchanging compliments upon an ottoman. The last century action of the daneer, who is escorting his partner to the dancing-room, is most cleverly given. But, as we have already said, the chief beauty of the picture lies in its lovely delicacy of pearl-like colour.

In the fourth gallery, one of Mr. Andrew Gow's pictures, "News from the Front," strikes us as full of clever character. French soldiers of the time of the First Empire, or thereabouts, are excellent pictorial subjects, and the artist



THE CORNISH LIONS.
(By J. Brett.)

has, in this case, intelligently given them distinctive expressions. A landscape in Mr. Cecil Lawson's best manner, is "The Wet Moon, Old Battersea," a canvas harmonious and luminous in effect, and showing a mastery of the brush; we greatly prefer it to the more ambitious compositions exhibited by this artist elsewhere. "Beauty and the Beast," by Mr. C. Burton Barber, hung close to the above, is an admirably clever study of animal life; a peacock is exhibiting his beauty before a terribly cynical old pig, whose expression is most excellent; a group of homely little pigs is also full of humour. Next to this, again, is "Fallen among Thieves," by Mr. L. J. Pott, in which a young victim is shown at a gambling table surrounded by deeply experienced villains, who seem to be offering frank and honourable explanations of the turn of the game; one of

them has taken off his wig, which hangs with his sword on the back of his chair—this figure is very good. The young fellow is evidently "cleaned out," and has a hopeless expression. Mr. F. W. Meyer's "Aid at Last" is an artistic sea-piece under moonlight. The sky is very good, the clouds keeping their places well, and, indeed, the relations throughout the sky and sea are admirably preserved. The best of Mr. Richmond's portraits this year, and the best we have seen from his hand for some time, is that of the late "Sir George Gilbert Scott, R.A." Besides its technical merits, it has the important virtue of being a striking likeness.

In the sixth gallery hangs "Llanberis Pass,

North Wales," a fine bold composition, by Mr. S. R. Perey. Of Mr. Briton Rivière's "Sympathy," the thumb-nail sketch on page 136, gives us an excuse to reiterate our admiration. Mr. Rivière's subject leaves much to conjecture, no hint being given as to the story of the trouble which afflicts the little maiden, with whom the wonderfully painted, wonderfully drawn and modelled dog (of no choice breed)

is sympathising so loyally and so sweetly—the "gentle beast!" We must not omit to call attention to the merits of one of the few pictures of a classical, scholastic, or academical character, to be found in an English collection—Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's "Remorse of Nero after the Murder of his Mother." The composition is simple, and, as we have said, scholastic; Nero is resting on a couch meditating on his crime, with no expression save one of pure remorse; the face is young, and contains no augury of the cruelty which is yet to be developed. Nothing in this work is exaggerated, or produced for the sake of effect. In the seventh gallery we have only one work left to notice—Miss Alice Havers' rich landscape, entitled "September," which contains good composition of sky and trees.

The Lecture Room holds the original of our

sketch on this page, "An Ambuscade, Edge Hill," by Mr. Seymour Lucas. We are inclined to apply the title of military art only to pictures which treat of the contemporary soldier, or of the soldier of very recent times, because a new and fresh and peculiar realism ought to attach to that art, as the French have established it. Mr. Lucas's work, therefore, which is what would be called in the studios a costume picture, must be classed rather as historical than as military art. The story is remarkably well told, and all the actions and expressions are excellent. We wish also to add to our former notes on the contents of this room, a word of commendation of Mr. G. W. Joy's "Laodamia."

One of the best portraits by the less known artists in the whole exhibition, is that by Mr. Cyrus Johnson, of "Mr. W. H. Chichele Plowden" — a refined and characteristic work, finely drawn and modelled. "Folk-lore," by Mr. Charles Gregory, which we engrave on page 137, is a cottage scene full of spirit and homely interest; a very witch-like old dame, seated near her distaff and spinning-wheel, and surrounded by all the accessories of cottage life, is relating a thrilling story of the people to a semi-circle of little maidens, who hear it with varied expressions, the light from the attic window shining through their fair hair. "Come along, Beauty; come, Spot and Daisy!" is the title of a remarkably good cattle-piece, by Mr. F. E. Bodkin; his composition shows cows coming, in their leisurely manner, through a gate at the call of their keepers; except Mr. Davis's work, the Academy can show no better cattle-piece in the way of modelling, and of the painting of surfaces. Mr. A. Davis Cooper is also much to be commended for his dogs in "Rejected Addresses;" both execution and expression are good in this little group of a friendly and a coy

dog, whose actions and character are true to life. Passing Miss M. D. Mutrie's beautiful "Wild Rose," we make a special note of a cleverly realised passage of modern Italian life, Mr. F. W. W. Topham's "Drawing for Military Service;" we are struck by the accurate way in which the various "arms" of the service are rendered—Bersaglieri, the Line, &c., the special stamp, so distinctive of each in real life, being thoroughly well studied. The incidents are of a rather trite order, inevitably; one young fellow, who has drawn a good number, for instance, is receiving the joyful congratulations



AN AMBUSCADE, EDGE HILL.

(By Seymour Lucas.)

of his womankind; but all is freshened by the spirit and vigour which study from the life alone can give; and all the accessories are also rendered most intelligently. "The Introduction of Christianity into England" is the work by which Mr. J. E. Christie won the Academy gold medal at the last competition. Its best point is probably the good dramatic conception of the subject—no easy merit to attain when that subject is none of the artist's own choosing. Mr. Christie represents the sudden interruption of a human sacrifice by the rushing in of the Christian priest, and he has seized that thrilling moment with real energy. We have only space to mention by name the following works as meriting praise: "A Salmon Pool on the Aune," by Mr. George Harvey; "An

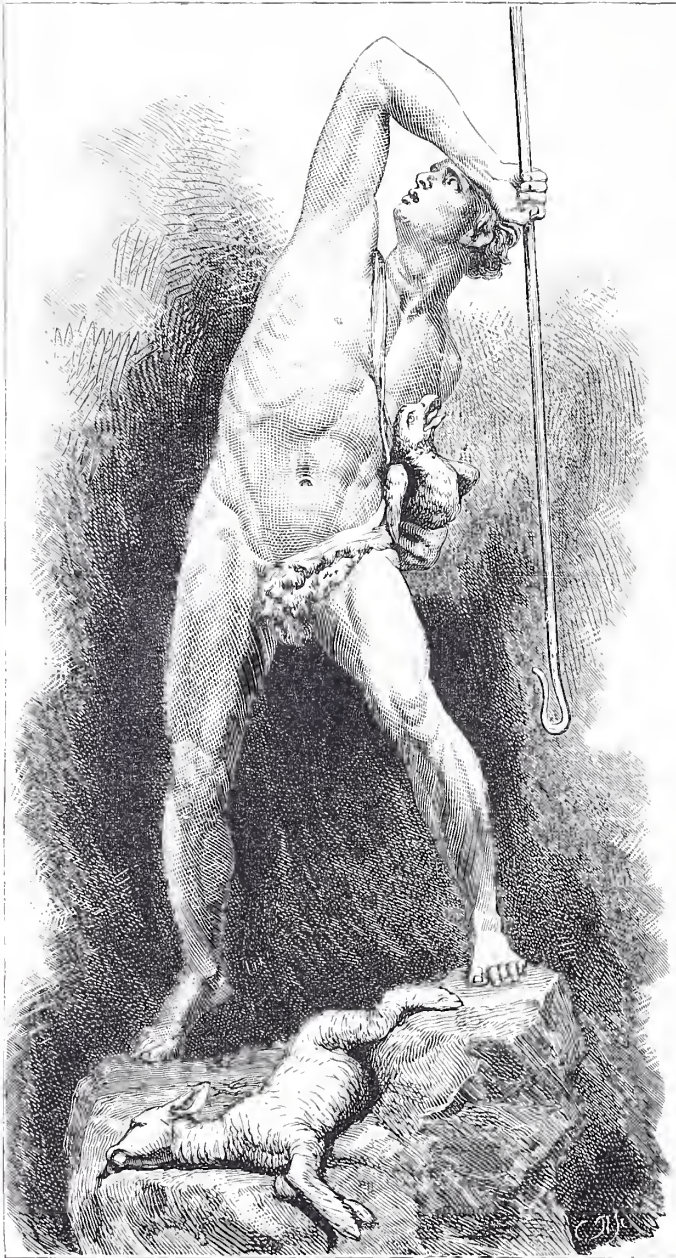
Autumn Noon," by Henry Gibbs; "Down by the River Side," by C. W. Wyllie; "A Summer Morning in Dutch Waters," by G. S. Walters; "Faithful to Spring," by Miss A. F. Mutrie; C. P. Knight's "Cawsand Bay: Trawlers returning to Plymouth;" "Reflections," by Ernest Parton; "Gentleness and Courage," by A. F. Grace; "Art Critics," by Frank Nowlan; Basil Bradley's "July on the Thames;" and "Jealousy," by Fred. Morgan.

The collection of water-colour drawings at the Academy can never compete with the exhibitions of the Water - Colour Societies; but we must not omit to mention the following works, as possessing some very exceptional qualifications: "An Every-day Scene in Brittany," by Yeend King, which

has a finely studied effect of light; "The Loiterers," by Claude Hayes, remarkable for delicate tone; "The Millhead," by Alfred

Parsons, and a "Portrait of Miss Flo. Scott," by J. D. Watson, both very good; "Neighbours," by Miss Marcella Walker, fine in colour; and "Old Books," by Owen Dalziel, an excellently realistic drawing.

From the works of sculpture we have chosen for illustration this month Mr. C. B. Birch's "Retaliation," a very carefully studied, energetic, and powerful figure of a young shepherd, who, in revenge for the loss of a lamb which he has traced to an eagle's eyrie, has robbed the bird of her young one, and stands defending himself, with no weapon save his pastoral crook, from the talons and the beak of the angry bird, which hovers, unseen, and threatening, above his head. The statue, as our engraving



RETALIATION.

"The eyrie reached; with eager grasp
He seized the callow brood,
And, reckless of maternal wrath,
The fierce assault withstood."

(From the Statue in the Royal Academy, by C. B. Birch.)

well shows, is a bold and very successful attempt at the most difficult complications of anatomy and action.

ARTISTS' HAUNTS.—V.

CORNWALL: THE CLIFFS (*continued*). THE LIZARD.

SHAKING THE LOGAN ROCK.

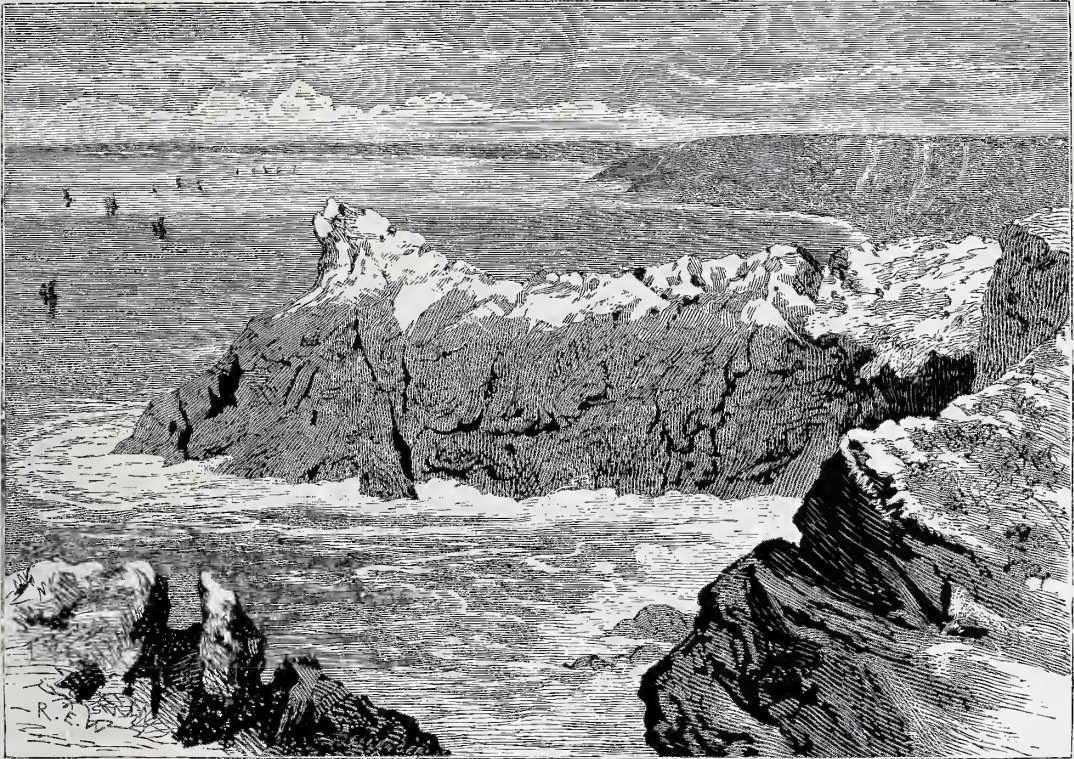
line are for the most part more fully disclosed on a day of sunny calm. Then only is it prac-

IF it be true that the stern granite cliffs of the Land's End are seen to the greatest advantage in a storm, it is at least quite as true that the many beauties of the Lizard coast-

excited to fury under a south-westerly gale—when haply some wreck, so many of which occur along the shore of this embayed district, may lend woeful interest to the scene. Yet, after all, the fairy-like charms of the serpentine or hornblende cliffs and coves require a softer setting: they are best to be enjoyed on some “perfect day,” such as that of which the poet sings:—

“Oh, gift of God! oh, perfect day!
Wherein may no man work but play;—
Wherein sufficient 'tis for me
Not to be doing, but—to be!”

Seen from Penzance the Lizard district—some

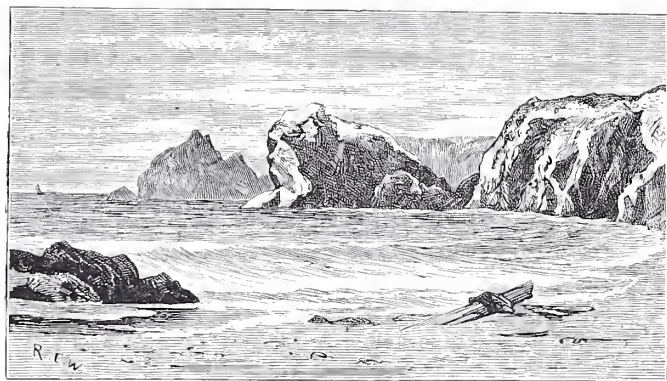


THE HORSE.

ticable to thoroughly examine certain of their finest features—which can be seen from the water alone. Doubtless, grand subjects are to be found along the coast when lashed by waves

fifteen miles off, as the crow flies—appears to promise little to the artist. It looks like “some vast wilderness”—though certainly the reverse of a “boundless contiguity of shade”—

for it is absolutely treeless. The great promontory stretches southward into the haze with a sky-line as flat as the top of Table Mountain; and it is evident that, to vindicate her reputation, the genius of "the Cornish Chersonese"



KYNANCE, FROM CAERTHILIAN.

must be wooed more nearly and closely before her loveliness is revealed.

Looking at the map of Cornwall, and comparing it, as has often been done, with the map of Italy, it will be seen that the Lizard district is the heel of the boot;—this heel is mostly hard serpentine, which protects the softer stratifications of the shores of Falmouth Bay from the south-west storms, just as the granite headlands of Penwith shelter the northern and western shores of the bay of famed St. Michael's Mount—beloved of artists from Turner and Creswick downwards.

Hornblende cliffs, pierced with dykes of granite, are to be found on the coast between Mullyon Cove and the Rill Head; but near the latter the serpentine commences, and gives to the Lizard scenery much of its own peculiar attractions. Save one little patch at Clicker Tor, near Menheniot, it is the only specimen of true serpentine that we have in England.

The most convenient way of approaching the Lizard from the west is by way of Marazion and Helston;* and we shall now assume that Mullyon Church Town is selected as headquarters for at least a day or two. And

* The reader may be referred, for an itinerary through Cornwall, to a small guide-book, by the present writer, published by Stanford, Charing Cross.

more enviable quarters than "The Old Inn, by Mary Mundy," with its whitewashed walls and thatched roof, it were difficult to find. Hear how enthusiastically Professor Blackie wrote its praises, in sprightly jingle, in the visitors' book:—

*"Laudes Hospitii Veteris et Domine
Marie Munde.*

" I.

" Many bright things on the earth there be
Which a pious man may enjoy with glee
On Saturday or Sunday;
But the brightest thing that chanced to me
In Cornish land, was when I did see
The 'Old Inn' by Mary Mundy."

He then goes on to describe the attractions of the little hostelry and its surroundings, and thus concludes—

" XIV.

" And so if there be on Cornish cliffs
To swell his lungs with breezy whiffs
Who can spare but only one day,
Let him spend it here—and understand
That the brightest thing in the Cornish land,
Is the face of Miss Mary Mundy."

At Mullyon Cove, a mile and a quarter south-west of the village, good sketching-ground begins. First note some picturesque cottages backed by a rock-scarred hill on the left as you approach the beach. When there, at low water, a capital subject for a picture will be found in the great cavern—with its huge black walls reflecting dazzling lights, the yellow sands, and white-fringed blue waves beyond. Certainly the best general view of Mullyon Cove is to be had from the high ground about Pednerifton; and from this point an effective self-composed picture presents itself. The Lion Rock, which forms a natural breakwater for the little harbour, lies nearly in the centre of the composition; whilst, beyond, Belurrian and Poljew Coves trend inwards on the right, and Gunwalloe with its "castle mound" appears in the middle distance. Further away the sandy beach of Loe Bar, and the low cliff-line between it and Porthleven melt in the silvery grey mists of the distance. On such a spot, and on such a day as we have pre-supposed as necessary to seeing this part of the coast to

the greatest advantage, lying dreamily on the cliff summit, one recalls the lines which Raven adopted as a descriptive motto for one of those interesting landscapes of his, lately collected for temporary exhibition at the Burlington Fine Arts Club—

“The south wind bears me in its flight
Where the great clouds are floating white,
And, while the fair earth rests below,
My grave sweet fancies upward go
Over—far over the *rock-crowned* height.”

But we cannot afford to linger longer here. Under very favourable circumstances of sea and wind, arrangements may be made to take the water at the little beach of Gue Graze, where the *Stromboli* now lies wrecked—some three miles to the south. Thence the beauty of the cruise of about two miles to Kynance Cove is, probably, not to be surpassed in any part of England. The strange, wild grandeur of such rock-forms as the “Cathedral” precipice and cavern, and the serrated headland called “the Horse;” the infinite variety of tints which adorn such cliffs as the stupendous Pigeon Ogou; * and that galaxy of beauties which together make up the renowned *ensemble* of Kynance Cove, have kept at least one artist engaged for the chief part of his life. We allude to Mr. Thomas Hart, whose studio near the Lizard Lighthouses is, when not denuded of its transcripts of local scenery, well worthy of a visit. But even if the not improbable contingency should arise of the visitor's being prevented from making the tour of this part of the coast by sea, he may chance to be compensated by one of those days which, for artistic purposes, are highly valuable, and in Corn-

wall especially, bring boons to the artist. We mean one of those days of intermittent cloud

* Ogou, or Ogof, locally called Hugo, signifies in old Cornish, a cave

and sunshine, which are rarely unaccompanied by a breeze, and in a county of diversified surface and changeful skies like this, produce glorious effects. Then we see gliding shadows upon the hills (albeit of no great elevation)—

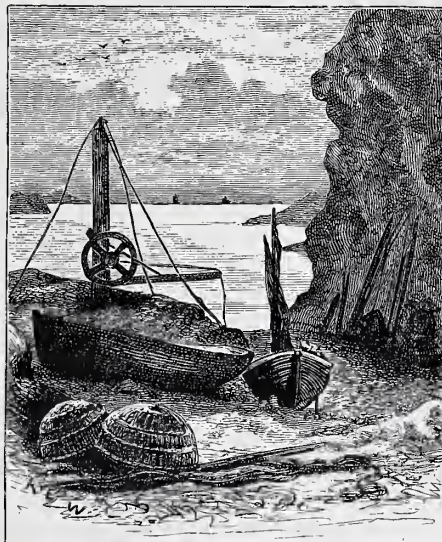
“On whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest.”

And anon, after the darkened sky and falling showers, the blue, empty firmament, like a pause in great music:—

“And lo! above the hill tops, white and slow,
Immaculate, unshaking, undelayed,
In form an Alp, * * *
* * * * a great cloud majestic
Into the unpossessed and favouring heaven
Rises to occupation, like the grand
New life.”

On such a day the ramble along the cliffs from Gue Graze to Kynance, will be found replete with interest. A peep into the appalling but unpaintable chasm of Pigeon Ogou is, perhaps, the grandest feature; but the view of “the Horse,” looking northwards, lends itself readily to the pencil. Our sketch

on page 141 gives a slight idea of its beauty. Colour, it need scarcely be said, is an all-important element in this case: the reader must imagine the ridge itself to be a fine violet black, its base fringed with the lace-like foam “which mermaids weave, and hang around our shores.” On the right the shattered masses of rock are tinged with orange and warm browns, relieved by scanty patches of pale green pasture, and dotted with sheep, scarcely to be distinguished amongst the chaotic blocks around them—in



POLPEER.

the castellated rock on the left, in the shade, olive-green and neutral tints are intermingled; whilst in the deep cove beneath, the restless waves flash with the colours and lustre of

emeralds. As the sea recedes from the eye it gradually becomes more and more like the sky which it reflects, till at last they blend so as to

is an un pitying foe to any shipwrecked crew:—

“Where the seas, worn out with chasing, at thy dark feet sink embracing, thou still sittest—coldly facing, Facing, *gazing*, seaward ever on each weak or strong endeavour, but in *grief* or *pity*—never!

Eagles, sea-gulls round thee flying—land-birds spent with speed and dying; even man to *thee* outcry!”

And vain must ever be the outcry of any man whose ship is dashed on a stormy night against this black headland of “the Horse.”

From the Rill Head many fine bird’s-eye views are to be obtained; but none of them is finer than that which looks down into Kynance Cove. With its details we shall presently make acquaintance; but it will be convenient now to assume that the day is fine, and exceptionally calm, and that the cruise already described has been found possible; and has been accomplished.

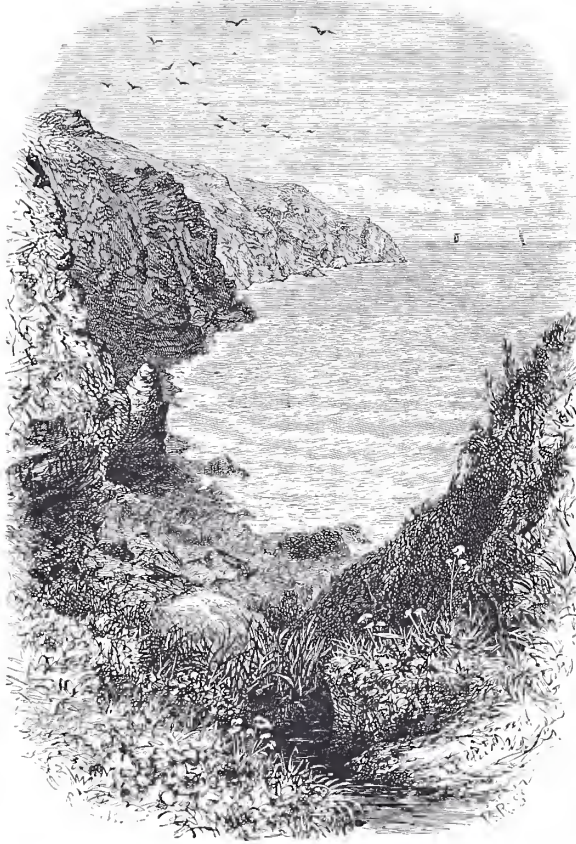
Rounding the Kynance Gull Rock, and landing on some rocks on its eastern side, one’s attention is first arrested by the extreme beauty of the rock-pools to be found here:

“Deep in the wine-dark depths of the crystal, the gardens of Nereus,

Coral and sea-fan and tangle, the blossoms and palms of the ocean,”

are to be seen in as great perfection at Kynance as in any other part of the English shores—except, perhaps, in the caverns of Lydstep Haven, near Tenby. But, not for all their microcosmic beauties, will the eye dwell long on them when the velvety purple and crimson and olive green masses of serpentine—dashed with white streaks of steatite—starting more like huge *flowers* than rocks from their golden bed of purest sand, come into view. The artist will be in danger of feeling so absorbed by the rare beauty of the scene, that he may forget altogether sketch-book and colour-box. Kynance looks its best at low water on a bright summer day:—from late autumn to early spring the beach is robbed of its yellow sand, and the shore is strewn with boulders; but the summer never forgets to replace the soft carpet, as if desirous that everything should always be harmonious at beautiful Kynance.

The place somewhat reminds one of those Shakespearian plays which—having often read



PENOLVER, FROM HONSEL COVE.

be indistinguishable from each other. To-day indeed, we may quote

“ . . . ποντίων τε κυμάτων
ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα . . . ”

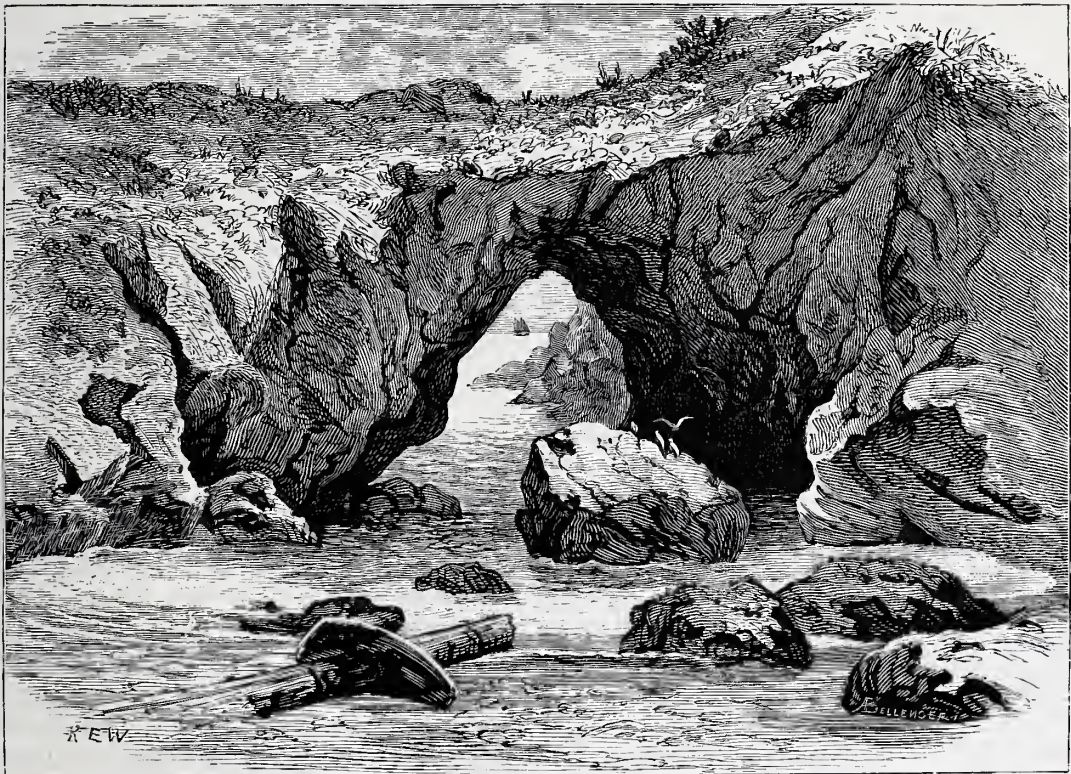
and think of Keble’s paraphrase—“the many-twinkling smile of ocean;”—but the caverns and ridges of “the Horse” are terrible to gaze at from the sea, even on a calm day, and have a strange remorseless look.

Many a good ship’s ribs “the Horse” has crushed; and, jammed up into the very roofs of its caves, are still to be seen masts and spars and keelsons—even masses of iron-work—that the sea has flung up in its rage thirty or forty feet above the level of the boat from which we gaze into these grim dens. Yes, “the Horse”

—we are almost sorry to see played; even ever so well—it is a place to be enjoyed rather than to be transferred to canvas. The great Steeple Rock, from its various points of view, never tires the eye, but loses all its grandeur and airy grace when reduced to outlines and masses of light and shade. Who can ever hope to paint the iris which decks for half a second the jets of foam that dart at certain states of the tide from the black orifice of the Bellows Rock, and then, like the jewelled flash of the kingfisher, are no more seen for awhile? or who will be bold enough to choose for his subject the terrible, boiling chasm which separates Asparagus Island from the Gull Rock, and which is locally known as Hell's Throat? True, there are bits quite sketehable; as the Bathing Pool, which, in constant but unseen communication with the tide, is ever restless, heaving like a troubled sleeper;

unaccountable failures. A short distance up the valley by the side of a little stream ("Kynans" means the brook of the dog), then a sharp scramble up a cliff path on the right, and we again look down from the opposite side upon the exquisite little Cove—Yellow Carn being our stand-point, with the lofty islet of Innis Vean, or the Lion Rock, on our left. Picture after picture opens up. Perhaps one of the pleasantest is the view looking towards Kynanee from Caerthilian (see page 142), but here again colour is all important; the tints of Innis Vean in the right middle distance are especially fine. Brett's "Cornish Lions" in this year's Academy is a noble attempt to portray the scene; and, were it not for the whiteness of the cliffs, the picture would, in our opinion, be faultless.

Three-quarters of a mile from "Lizard Town,"



THE DEVIL'S FRYING-PAN, CADGWITH.

but its quiet beauties are tame by comparison with those which surround it; and many who visit Kynanee for sketching purposes will, we fear, come away humbled by their not

is the little capital of the Meneage, or "Stony" district, where the artist should establish his head-quarters; a reliable guide and boatman will be found of great assistance here, and it

would be impossible to find one more intelligent and obliging than John Johns. Plenty of subjects for sketching will be found at Polpeer (see page 143)—the little harbour (if such it may be called) of the Lizard—notably there are small fishing-craft, spars, sails, and crab-pots inviting the pencil; and a pretty cavern—but the smell of the sea-weed here is often so offensive as to drive away even the most enthusiastic votary of art.

On the eastern side of the Lizard Head the cliff scenery is not on the whole so fine as that which we have just described; but the headland of Penolver is a grand point for setting up the easel, and a charming *general* view of it may be obtained from Honsel Cove, where the Spanish telegraph cable climbs up the English rocks (see page 144).

The distinctive artistic beauties of this part of the coast may be said to lie in the caverns, notably those of Dollah and Raven's Ogous, with their dark yawning portals reflected in the inky sea: they can, however, only be approached in the calmest weather, and the boatmen lie to their oars ready to give way at a moment's notice should there arise one of those unaccountable heavings of the sea which are sometimes met with here even on the brightest days, undisturbed by a breath of air. The Devil's Frying-pan (see page 145), a little nearer the small fishing village of Cadgwith,

offers a good subject both from land and sea. In this case the whole of the roof of a cavern has fallen in except the entrance; whilst the sea, "strong as youth and uncontrolled," lashes the massive blocks which it has wrenched from their old abiding-places since the foundations of the world were fixed. Between Cadgwith and Poltesco there are some magnificent dark precipices, especially at Ynys Point and Killdown Point; but these are seen to best advantage in a raging storm from the south. Oftentimes in the dark nights the coast-guardsmen have heard screams louder than the artillery of the tempest, and have shuddered as they thought how utterly helpless on such a coast was the fate of those from whom the cries proceeded.

The cliff scenery now declines in grandeur and beauty; and indeed we have already, so to speak, said good-bye to the Lizard. We need not go an inch beyond its limits, for, though they do not exceed eight or ten square miles, they afford materials for many years' study to any artist who finds his subjects in sea, and cliff, and sky; and these materials are withal so beautiful, as well as so strange and numerous, as to remind one of George Herbert's sweet verse to the spring-day, and to cause one to exclaim that *it* too is

"A box where sweets compacted lie!"

WALTER H. TREGELLAS.

ETCHING IN ENGLAND.—I.



IN these days of universal knowledge, it may, perhaps, be considered an audacity to commence an article with definitions, and to start with explaining what an etching really is, and in what its merits consist. But as there is no

word in the language of art which is more misapplied, and as assuredly there is no branch of art which is more rapidly forcing its way into the notice of the English art-loving world, than etching, the liberty will, we trust, be condoned.

No clue to the origin of the word is to be found, either in the hand-books, or the more elaborated works, on etching; its derivation is undoubtedly German, being found in *aetzen*, to feed, corrode, macerate; representing the feeding of the aquafortis on the copper, where it is exposed through the varnish being removed by the needle: thus a real etching is an engraving on a plate of copper made by means of the surface—first covered with varnish—being exposed by a needle, and eaten into by acid. This being so, neither a pen-and-ink drawing, nor what is known as a "dry point" etching (being an engraving made by a series of furrows

cut with a needle, or burin, into a plate of metal), can with any degree of rightness be classed under the heading of etchings.

And now as to the qualities which must be inherent in an etching, if it is to be a good and enduring work.

First and foremost, every line must evidence *thought*, artistic thought, thought in selecting only what an etching can properly interpret, and leaving all else; remembrance that there is no repentance, that the line once made must endure for ever, as perpetual evidence either of rightful precept, or of useless work.

Next, the lines must show *power*—athletic power, knowledge of subject, indications that the whole has been grasped and comprehended before it has been entered on, the power, however, remaining obedient, the facile hand and supple wrist following as the servant of the brain.

Still further it must possess *individuality*, no servile following in the wake of a master.

Lastly, at every point it must blossom with *truth*, every line must show that no fancy, no endeavour at pleasing the beholder, has been sought after, but that a fearless and conscientious following after truth has been the sole and only aim.

Having thus distinguished between what is etching, and what is not, and having ascertained the virtues which go to make it everlasting, we at once proceed to trace the growth of English etching, and shortly review the present conditions of the art in this country.

To arrive at its founders does not require a prolonged survey of the past.

If Hollar and Vandyke, who really were not Englishmen, be excepted, the commencement of the present century may be taken as its starting-point. Turner was almost the first to attempt it, but it was only his rivalry of Claude and his "*Liber Veritatis*," and as a consequence his issue of the "*Liber Studiorum*," that made him employ it. Of course he succeeded magnificently, and his etchings have, so far as landscape is concerned, never been surpassed. Though they were intended merely as foundations for a superstructure of mezzotint, many of them are more highly prized in their early condition than in the finished state of the plate. Amongst such may

be mentioned "*Æsacus and Hesperie*," "*The Stork and the Aqueduct*," and "*Jason*."

Wilkie and Geddes are the only etchers of note who connect Turner's work in the early years of the century, with 1840, when the Etching Club was formed. That club had its origin more in conviviality than in any earnest desire to foster the art. Its efforts, and those of the Junior Etching Club, resulted only in the production of a volume now and again, combining the fatal errors of being prettily got up, and appealing to popular taste. Would space permit, it could be shown how the very smallness in the size of the volume inflicted a mortal wound on its authors, just as the exaggerated size of the publications of the French Club has been a source of much weakness to them.

The most noteworthy of the Etching Club issues were: "*The Deserted Village*," 1841; "*Etched Thoughts*," 1844; "*Gray's Elegy*," 1847; "*L'Allegro*," 1849; "*Songs of Shakespeare*," 1852; "*Volumes of Etchings*," 1857 and 1865.

Scattered throughout the pages of these volumes will be found the products of artists of such household names as Millais, Cope, Ansdell, Frith, Fred. Taylor, Redgrave, Samuel Palmer, and Hook—all the etchers of the day, with the exception of Ruskin and Cruikshank.

The majority of these etchings will at once impress, even the eye uneducated to the art, with the palpable attempt of the artist to convey in his etching a similarity to his painted work, an endeavour to imitate, with considerable labour, by means of the needle on the plate, the effect of the brush and the paint on the canvas, little witting that by so doing he transgressed the first rule of etching, and may be said, at the outset, to have ceased to be a true etcher.

Ruskin speaking of three engravers representative of the early, the central, and the modern school, says:—

"Botticelli wants with as little engraving as much Sibyl as possible. For his head is full of Sibyls, and his heart. He can't draw them fast enough: one comes, and another, and another, to be engraved for ever, if only he had a thousand hands and lives. He scratches down one, with no haste, with no

fault, divinely careful, scrupulous, patient, but with as few lines as possible. Another Sibyl—let me draw another, for heaven's sake, before she has burnt all her books and vanished.

“Dürer is exactly Botticelli's opposite. He is a workman to the heart, and will do his work magnificently. But anything will do; a Sibyl, a skull, a Madonna and Christ, a hat and feather, a pig with five legs. But see if I don't show you what engraving is!

“Beaugrand wants as much Sibyl and as much engraving as possible. He has no ideas of his own, but deep reverence and love for the works of others, and will give his life to represent another man's thoughts.”

These forcible distinctions between the different methods of engraving are still more applicable with regard to etching, which, as the same master says, “can never but be comparatively incomplete; for it must be done throughout with the full force of temper, visibly governing its lines, as the wind does the fibres of clouds.”

But to return to our subject. It can well be imagined that the spasmodic efforts of the etching clubs were futile to raise any interest in the English branch of the art. The etchers of the day could not, with justice, quote the unheard-of prices that were then being given for works of the great foreign masters—eleven hundred guineas for the hundred guilder print, and a hundred and twenty pounds for a Rembrandt that thirty years before had fetched but thirty shillings—and say that a prophet is not without honour save in his own country—for they themselves were producing nothing of any worth.

In what way, then, was the public interest in etching awakened? By the Academy, the national training school for art? Mr. Hamerton, in his “Etching and Etchers,” shows the assistance accorded to it in 1868 by the Royal Academy. He describes how in the least corner of the least room in Trafalgar Square, the great art obscurely dwelt. How a placard with the word “Engravings” was posted up outside, lest visitors should miss the room altogether. How one day the words “and Etchings” appeared, in pencil, written underneath the big black printed word

“Engravings;” and how touched he was by this tardy recognition of his beloved art, until he found that it had not been added by academical authority, but by a lover of etchings and hater of academies, just to let the people know that the art was in existence. And as the same treatment has been pursued down to the present day,* the Academy clearly has had nothing to do with it. Whence, then, has it sprung?

It may, probably, be traced to a twofold, or perhaps a threefold source.

First, the appearance about the same time of two thorough etchers—James Abbott Maeneil Whistler, and Francis Seymour Haden.

Secondly, of an advocate able to impress upon the world the value of theirs and such-like work, the advocate being Philip George Hamerton.

Thirdly, but in a less degree, by the institution of an Exhibition—“The Black and White.” This Exhibition has done much, and, we hope, will in the future do still more for English art. It has opened an outlet for the sale of the black and white studies which should be the forerunners of every picture, but which, so long as he could find no market for them, the English artist was fain to forego. Still we are obliged to say that the Exhibition has only assisted etching in a *less* degree, for this reason. In the Egyptian Hall etchings have to scramble for position with demonstrative efforts of every hue, the products of the crayon, the brush, the pencil, and the pen. Diminutive in size, through the teachings of their school, and delicate in treatment, they so shrink away amongst their more forcible comrades that they are never seen save at a disadvantage. And so one searches in vain for the works of the best etchers on the walls.

We purpose hereafter to give a detailed account of the works of Mr. Whistler and Mr. Haden, and of those less known etchers, Mr. Cruikshank and Mr. Ruskin, touching also on Mr. Tissot and Mr. Legros. Also of the work “Etching and Etchers,” and of *The Portfolio* magazine, in whose pages Mr. Hamerton has so ably and unceasingly pleaded the cause of etching.

M. B. H.

* In this year's Exhibition, out of a total of 1,547 works, but seventy-five are etchings and engravings.

OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

VICAT COLE, A.R.A.

MR. VICAT COLE, one of the most eminent of English landscape painters, is, at present, an Associate only of the Royal Academy. He was brought up in a studio, received his early instruction in painting from his father, who, while the son was yet young, moved from Portsmouth to London. At the period in which Mr. Cole's youth fell, there were no schools of art in the provinces; and Mr. Cole, branches he achieved considerable reputation, and rose to the position of Vice-President of the Society of British Artists. Mr. Cole,



Yours ever sincerely
Vicat Cole

(From a Photograph by Dore and Co., Baker Street.)

Academy. He was born at Portsmouth in 1833. Mr. Cole inherited the pursuit of art. His father, who is still alive, was a painter before him. The father was known as a very successful portrait painter; but turned later to animal and landscape painting. In these

brought up in a studio, received his early instruction in painting from his father, who, while the son was yet young, moved from Portsmouth to London. At the period in which Mr. Cole's youth fell, there were no schools of art in the provinces; and Mr.

Cole's early efforts at self-culture were mainly devoted to copying, in black and white, Turner prints, and works by Constable and Cox. These three artists had the greatest hold upon the admiration of young Cole, and largely influenced his early studies. When about sixteen, Vicat Cole exhibited his first work, a landscape in oils, in the old, now extinct, British Institution in Pall Mall. Cole's first picture was, to the young artist's great delight, hung upon the line; but his later works were, for five consecutive years, either "skied," or otherwise badly hung, at the Institution. Mr. Cole still speaks with delight of a fine painting, by Linnell, which was exhibited, in 1852, in the British Institution, and of a noble Cox which appeared in the same year in the Old Water. Mr. Cole had, happily, his youthful time of up-hill, arduous, wholesome struggle. He had not many friends to help him onwards in his career. He himself has won his own honours. Mr. Cole states that he was for the first time well hung in the Academy when Mr. Millais generously interfered to serve an able young painter of whom he knew personally nothing. Price and value are, especially in connection with painting, by no means synonyms; and Mr. Cole tells me that in the years 1852 to 1856, he painted a vast number of pictures which sold at prices which never exceeded forty shillings. These early works would command now a much greater price. In 1853, or 1854, the young artist sent, with the usual fear and trembling, his first contribution to the Academy. His reputation and success were steadily on the increase, and, as a merited reward for a probation of seventeen years, and for a long series of able and honest works, Mr. Vicat Cole was, in 1870, elected an Associate. The next step cannot now be very far off.

Descending to classification, Vicat Cole must be called a naturalist. He is as little encumbered by theories when painting as a bird is when it sings; but he is by no means a bald and barren literalist: art instinct gives him true art power. A painter who, working simply and honestly, without theories, but with loving vision, succeeds in rendering nature faithfully and skilfully, gets, unconsciously, latent secrets of nature expressed through work

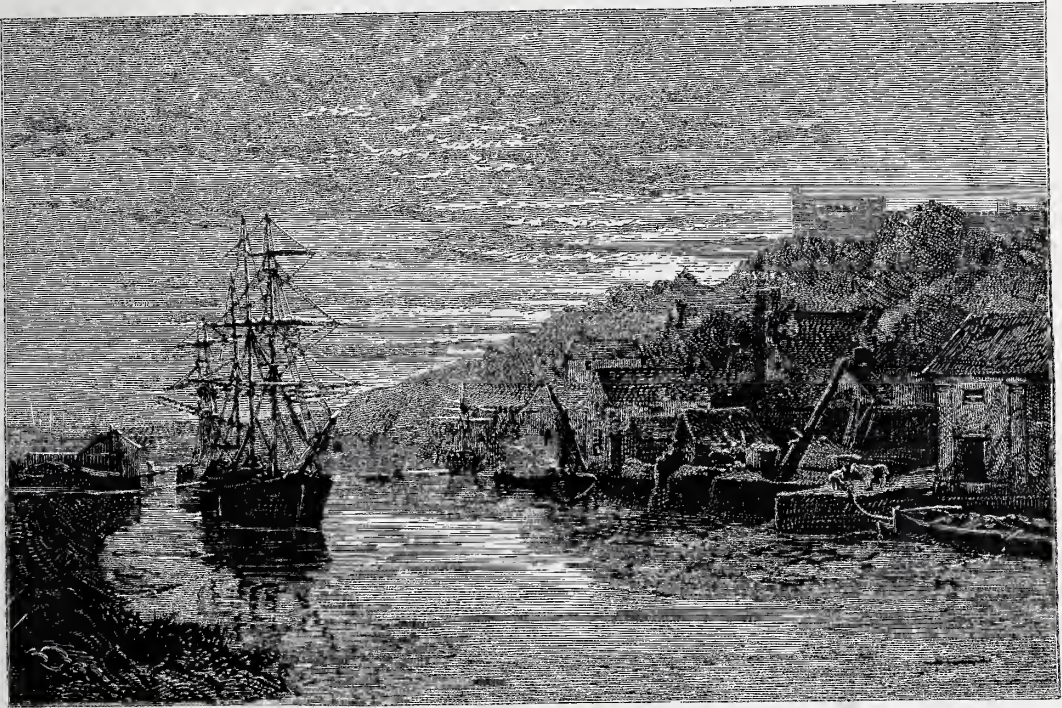
which may be realistic in its conscious aims and aspirations. Such a painter may even be surprised when criticism detects in his work subtle secrets which the painter himself had only dimly suspected. Art, when of really high executive power, includes within itself the faculty of embodying the majesty and the mystery of nature. As Polixenes says (wisely getting his friend Shakespeare to express his thought for him):

"Yet nature is made better by no mean
But nature makes that mean; so, o'er that art
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes."

It is a canon of art that it shall sublimate fact to truth; that the mere local, temporary, accidental fact shall be idealised to imaginative truth, which is art beauty; nor is this law superimposed by criticism from outside, since every born artist must instinctively idealise. The true ideal, as Goethe teaches us, is ever based upon the real; but the real may be used as a basis for nothing. The superficiality of a small fact may strike upon the superficial portion of a poor and trivial mind without producing any art result. A somewhat morbid development of recent landscape painting has been the school technically termed that of the "impressionists;" a school which not unfrequently includes incapacity shading off into affectation. Such painting sometimes affords instances of shallow self-complacency, setting up the limitations of a very small *Ego* in the place of nature: as it is easier for a little man to render his little self than to really see, love, observe, and render nature. The art nobleness of selection, or of sacrifice, may be degraded to evasion. A few rare men, as, for instance, Turner, may be wholly above direct rendering. Such men can give to their art-work a higher value through the personality given to them by the Deity, than the Deity has given to inanimate creation; but this truth, which is true of the few, is liable to degradation through the egotism of the small. From very opposite standpoints artists may aim at the same end; as men at the antipodes alike look upward when they pray. In dealing with nature there are different attitudes, as well as differing powers of mind; the question being, whether nature

or art be the predominating love in the painter's mind. The positive and negative poles of these divergences being (1) reverence for nature, or (2) enthusiasm for art. The one tendency may degenerate into timidity, and the other quality may revel in wantonness. There is an abstract beauty in landscape, independent of any importation of human meanings. Millais stands before nature in the simple grandeur of awed reverence and profound love. To this

study of, and community with, nature. Many mouth about the ideal who have no faculty by means of which they can realise the real. And this landscape art, in its integrity, is a wholly modern thing. Humboldt says, "The feeling for the picturesque beauty of scenery was unknown to antiquity, and is exclusively of modern origin." He adds that the "historical paintings of the brothers Hubert and Johann van Eyck present (early in the fifteenth century)



ARUNDEL.

(From the Painting by Vicat Cole, A.R.A.)

mental attitude he adds his intense mastery of painting. He feels, but he never theorises. In his landscapes the human element always recedes or disappears; nor has the conventional, pastorally picturesque, any place in his scheme of landscape art. He paints nature in sincerity as in humility. Mr. Cole belongs to the same school; which is properly no school, but merely the conscientious and unconscious art of competent artists, who are not doctrinaires. He is content to render through beauty that which he really sees in nature. He is a sincere and strenuous student, painting, not under borrowed ideas, but as inspired by serious, earnest, loving

the first instances of carefully executed landscapes." The art tendency of the Van Eycks became transplanted to Venice and to Florence; and Titian presents us with the "earliest evidence of freedom and of grandeur" in landscape art. He knew that the external creation "must be fertilised by the powers of the mind, in order to be given back to the senses as a free work of art." There is a very different philosophy of art in landscape treated as a mere background and accessory to humanity, and in landscape treated as an independent art, with humanity made subsidiary to inanimate creation.

Were I to give a list of Mr. Cole's works, that list would be a long one. It may be sufficient for our present purpose to refer to one or two of his more recent paintings. In 1870, his picture of "Evening Rest" was exhibited at the Academy. In the present Paris International Exhibition are three of his well-known works, "Summer Rain," "Autumn Gold," "The Day's Decline," which were in the Academy in 1873, 1871, 1876. In 1877 he exhibited "Arundel" and "Summer Showers;" in 1875, "Richmond" and "Loch Seavaig;" in 1874, "The Heart of Surrey," and the very remarkable "Misty Morning," in which the frost of an autumn night, melting and sparkling in the grass under the sun of morning, was most admirably depicted. In 1872, he sent "Noon" and "Dewy Eve."

Mr. Cole is emphatically an English landscape painter, and he has rendered for our delight many a lovely and characteristically English scene. He dwells with exceeding love on the effects of atmosphere and of light; and he joys in painting a summer day in fair Surrey, what time the lark is quivering in the air and all the blue is resonant with song. In wet and cloudy Skye, gloom descends in grandeur upon his canvas. He does not seek to suggest to the spectator hidden or mystic meanings latent in nature, but is content to present storm or calm, form and colour, with the picturesque charm which lies upon the surface. He has a special skill in painting vacant, smooth water; trees, with sun-smitten leaves; and clouds, with

"Sky-robcs spun out of Iris' woof."

Owing, perhaps, to his care for atmosphere, the blues in his distances are sometimes a little crude, and hue outweighs colour.

As a man, Mr. Cole is emphatically manly and kindly. As a painter, he stands quite independently, and is not a member of any of our art *coteries* or *cliques*. I have been with him on his own loved Arun, the river that he has painted for ten years, and have noted his warm, keen sympathy with every phase of nature's loveliness. Man, like a kettle, must become warm before he begins to sing; poems and pictures must be written and painted with

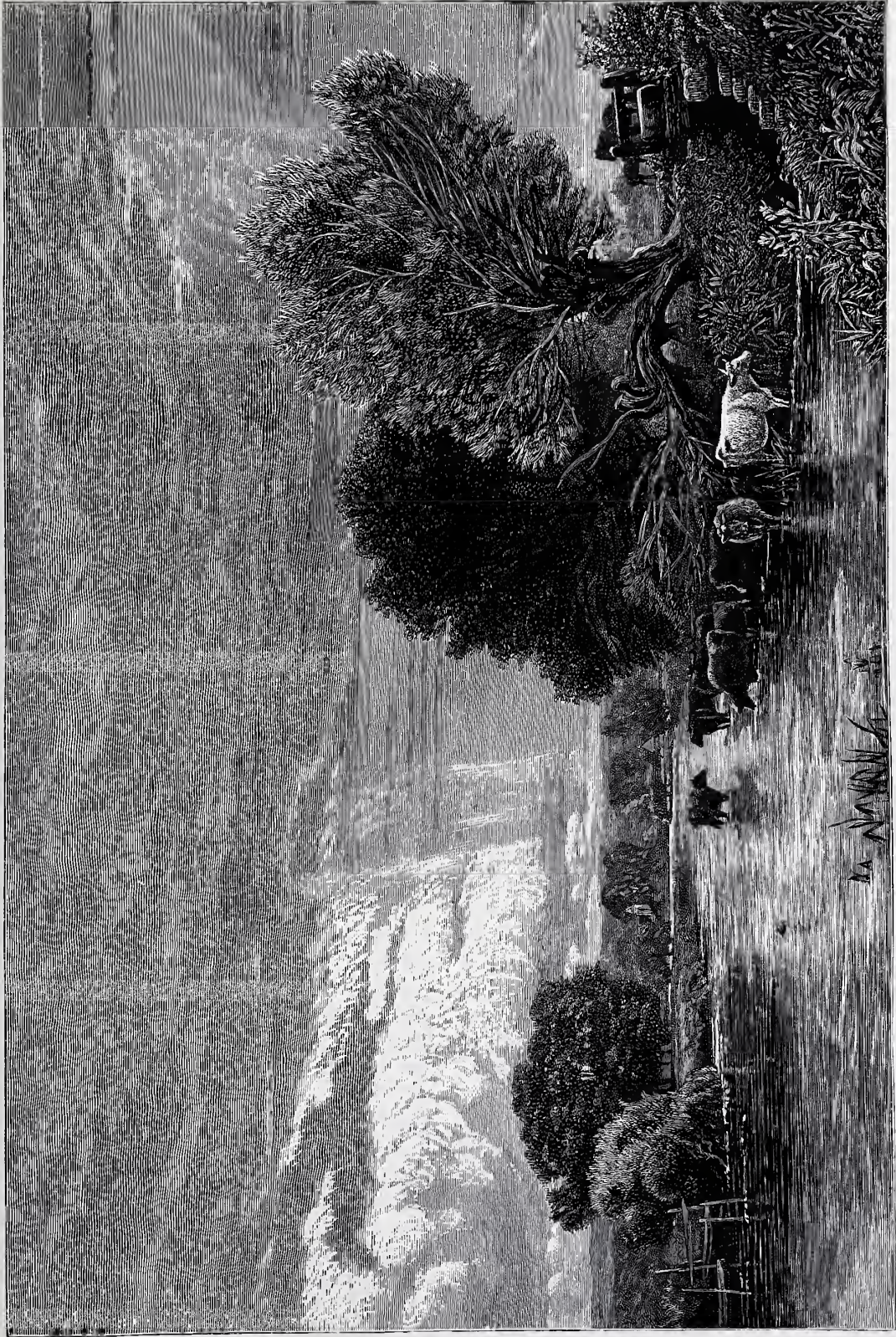
a certain excitement of emotion, and Mr. Cole always begins his work with real enthusiasm. Once, and only once (so far as I know) he has quitted our English landscape. Last year he went to Switzerland, and in this year's Academy he exhibits "The Alps at Rosenlani." This picture is a work of happy promise, though it is not, and could not be, a work of perfect performance. No man can become Senior Wrangler as a result of one month's work, and no man can paint the high Alps during a first brief visit to the mountains. Only long acquaintance with and profound study of rock and snow mountains can enable a painter adequately to depict such grand and *almost* impossible subjects. Mr. Cole has, probably, never set foot on glacier or on ice-fall. He paints his glacier as if it descended in a living, leaping stream. He has missed the glacial characteristics of stillness and of steadfastness; its blocks standing there immovably like "tombs in a buried city." He cannot yet paint the upper snows; and his ice blues are somewhat wan and weak. Snow is not "painty," or opaque; sun-kissed, it sparkles and it glows. It is firm, but not hard, to the eye. On sunless days, it is like soft, feathery down, lightly compacted and compressed.

The foreground of this picture is painted with all the artist's accustomed mastery; but the snow mountains are only tentatives in painting; tentatives which will, I hope and believe, lead in the future to Swiss, which may rival Mr. Cole's English, work.

His "Showery Day," in this year's exhibition, is a noble study of a vaporous, huge, *nimbus* cloud up-towering across the pale, watery grey of a moisture-veiled sky; and down-streaming over wide and smooth blanched water, just crisped on one point of its surface by the ruffle of a creeping breeze.

I have left to the last that work of Mr. Cole which is (as I think) his best and noblest. I allude to the "Arundel" picture, which was exhibited last year (see page 151).

The golden blood of sunset flames and burns upon the glowing clouds. "And the sight of the glory of the Lord was like devouring fire." The glory of the colour is splendid and is sad; is mournful and is menacing. These



SUMMER RAIN.

(By Vicat Cole, A.R.A. Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1873.)

scarlet and crimson skiey war-flags threaten wrath, woe, destruction; fiery harm to man; and yet through their stern terror shines most awful beauty. We know, as a matter of literal fact, that the gloomiest grey of the dullest sky is as much the work of the Creator as is the tenderest loveliness, or the most sumptuous

splendour, of the colour-glorified and sanguine heavens; but we also feel, as an imaginative truth, that out of every flame-tuft of the "golden blood" of clouds touched to such hue of glory, God speaks to man in colour, as erst He spoke in words from out the Burning Bush.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

NOTES ON INDUSTRIAL ART AT THE MIDLAND COUNTIES
MUSEUM, NOTTINGHAM.



OR some time past our contemporaries have kept us informed of the gradual conversion of the Castle at Nottingham into a Midland Counties Fine Art Museum. The conversion has been formally completed and duly inaugurated by a Royal Ceremonial, in which

their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales took the leading part. His Royal Highness is ever forward to do the right thing at the right time; and certainly the public inauguration of a museum of fine art, destined to infuse a new life into the manufactures of the midland counties of England, is a very right work for the eldest son of our Gracious Sovereign to undertake, not only out of respect to the revered memory of his lamented father, but also as promoting a material and important interest of this country. The establishment of local museums for instructing the people, and for supplying manufacturers with a means by which they may acquaint themselves with good examples of artistic works, was a favourite idea of the late Prince Consort. Since the formation of the Central Museum at South Kensington, the idea of helping various localities to hold

exhibitions has always been kept in view by the different ministers who have administered the State funds apportioned to the national cultivation of the arts and sciences. And now, instead of relying in chief upon the aid which the mother institution in the metropolis could afford to give, Nottingham has, at a single stride, outstripped all the towns in the United Kingdom in the race to provide themselves with local museums. How Nottingham has accomplished this feat is fully recorded in the various handbooks and catalogues now on sale in the Castle Museum. Let those who are prepared to cavil at the above-made statement point to any similar provincial museum in the United Kingdom which is comparable with the New Nottingham Museum, either for permanency in establishment or for importance in structure. The far-sighted initiator of this Nottingham scheme is now, alas, no longer alive. For years he worked steadily and surely, always progressing to attain that success which has crowned his posthumous child. The name of the late Mayor of Nottingham, William G. Ward, will always live in connection with his latest public achievement—namely, the founding of the Midland Counties Art Museum.

We must now, however, commence our task of briefly noticing the contents of the Nottingham Museum, and of describing some few of what we imagine will be held to be the principal objects of industrial fine art. The collection of paintings occupies the splendid rooms and galleries on the upper floor. The rooms and

halls of the ground floor are entirely devoted to the exhibition of various classes of fine art works, which are admirably arranged in convenient plate-glass cases, made on the pattern of those so familiar to visitors to the South Kensington Museum.

In commencing a museum of fine art, to be devoted to the elevation of national taste, and the improvement of the "social and moral tone of the people," Mr. Ward wisely determined to follow the example which he found to hand at South Kensington. Accordingly, loans of beautiful and precious objects of industrial fine art were sought for, and for the present, at least, it is obvious that the Corporation of Nottingham intends to rely upon the goodwill of possessors of such objects. At the same time, we must not overlook the nucleus which is forming of the permanent collections. This nucleus has an undefined character, being composed of pieces of armour, a Sèvres vase or two, one or two specimens of porcelain, earthenware, and glass, a group of sculpture, a few paintings, some Egyptian antiquities, and an inevitable South Sea paddle. Into what, from these materials, the collection is eventually to develop who can say? Its growth is an object of close attention on the part of the Corporation of Nottingham, and no doubt the permanent collections of the museum will, under a judicious administration, become as valuable, instructive, and carefully-selected as is the present loan collection.

The largest room on the ground-floor—Room I.—contains a large collection of Wedgwood, Turner, and Adams ware. There are upwards of 254 specimens of the white *appliqué* decorations on delicate grey, green, and ochre grounds. Almost every example teaches the same lesson of minute delicate modelling of classical figures and ornament, a style highly esteemed in the early part of the present century as being the style of decoration *par excellence* to be adopted in the adornment of all kinds of articles of use. The increase of the national desire for changing styles of ornament has, however, lowered the copies and adaptations of Greek art to their present and probably more legitimate level.

Mr. Felix Joseph is none the less to be congratulated in having successfully brought together this complete series of the class of works which originated in the brain of old Josiah Wedgwood. By dint of competing at an auction with the Duchess of Portland he succeeded in obtaining the loan of the famous Barberini vase from the Duchess, who purchased this gem of classical art for a thousand guineas; and from the period of Wedgwood's reproduction of this vase dates the production of the quasi-classical ware so fully exemplified in Mr. Joseph's collection.

We are tempted to dwell upon the beautiful Spanish embroideries lent by Mr. J. C. Robinson, exhibited in cases near those containing the Wedgwood Collection. To designers of embroideries, and machine-made imitation needleworks, these examples of refined, well-composed flowing ornaments will be of great service. The delicate golden thread patterns upon ecclesiastical vestments, such as the dalmatians in Case X., are especially remarkable, on account of the simplicity by which graceful decoration may be obtained. But we shall be making our cursory notice too broken up and inconsequential if we do not deal with the various loans, class by class. We therefore return to the Pottery. This term is sometimes applied to earthenware objects only; but we propose to use it here in respect of the various productions of the potter, be they of earthenware, stoneware, or porcelain.

A melancholy interest attaches to the collection of pottery lent by the late Mr. W. G. Ward. Here we have examples of many well-known English and Welsh centres of ceramic manufactures, such as Worcester, Bristol, Derby, Swansea, Nantgarw, and Chelsea. As teaching lessons of the phases of such manufacture, this collection is valuable; but when one comes to appraise the artistic qualities, what can one say, but that the designs and methods of execution are scarcely such as we could desire to have perpetuated? Is the application to vases, tea-pots, cups, saucers, and plates, of floral sprays and ribbons, of landscapes, and such-like vehicles for polychromatic effects in decoration, the lesson which we wish our

fine art industrial workers to accept? There is a place for all things, undoubtedly. But in avoiding the dullness of monotony, it cannot be necessary, or right, for designers to rush to the opposite extreme, and without rhyme or reason bespatter articles of use with microscopic diagrams of natural subjects which invest such articles with no intelligible value in respect of their construction or use. We gladly admit, and admire, the patient labour bestowed upon the drawing and painting of these specimens of English potting; but we cannot uphold, as a good style of decoration, the result of this patient labour.

It is to our thinking far more satisfactory to turn to the deep plate of Castel Durante Faience, lent by Mrs. Henry Hope (No. 2 in case No. XIV.). Here are a well-planned arrangement of decorative details, and a rich harmony of the familiar Italian faience deep blues and yellows, which stands out as a beacon of good artistic designing. Close to this plate are specimens of the iridescent lustre ware of Maestro Giorgio, in whose footsteps, earnest, artistic decorators, like Mr. de Morgan, of Chelsea, are treading. In the whirl of vagaries—we were nearly saying monstrosities—which crowd the counters of fashionable pottery vendors, in London and at International Exhibitions, it becomes a delightful privilege to catch glimpses of the

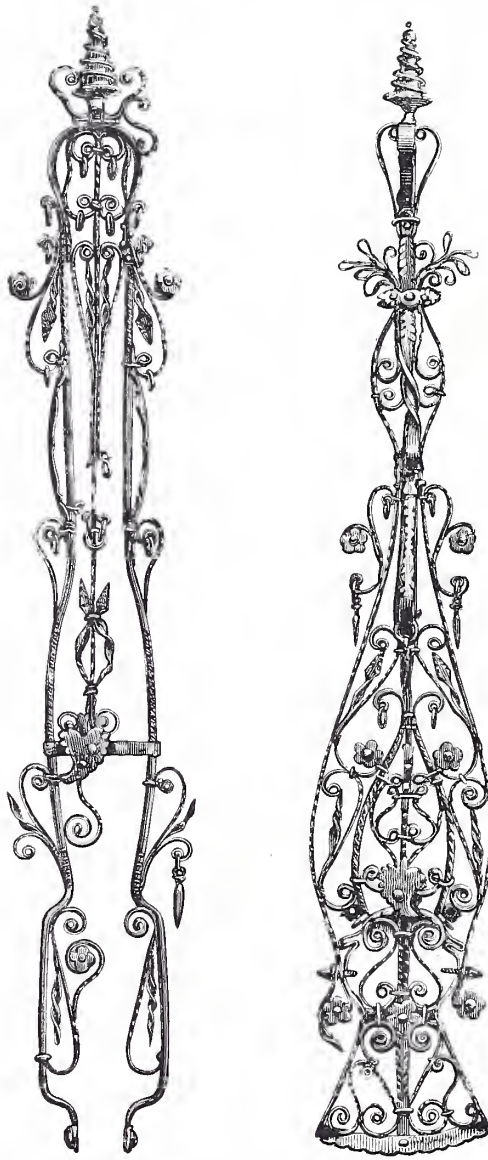
designs, by men like Messrs. Moody and Gamble, of South Kensington, executed in the lustre glazes of Mr. de Morgan.

It would be ungracious to omit mentioning the specimens of Sèvres porcelain, contributed by Mr. T. B. Hildyard, M.P., the Duke of St. Albans, Mr. Pfungst, and Mr. Edward Joseph, or the Dresden porcelain of Mr. Pfungst, or the miscellaneous selection lent by the Duke of Newcastle. Here we have examples of the gorgeous "gros bleu," the tender "Rose du Barry" and the delicate "turquoise"—to say nothing of the fine qualities of white paste and even films of brilliant glaze. These points, however, are of a restricted interest. They appeal to colourists and people well versed in the *technique* of potting, and notes like the present cannot be extended to include a discussion of such points.

From potting we may pass to carving in various materials. Mr. Harvie Farquhar lends an interesting series of Italian wood-carvings, by Bonzaniga, which are remarkable for their delicacy and high finish. We cite in particular a set of three medallion portraits, in low relief,

of General Kleber, his wife, and daughter, as an example of the artist's skill in carving wood.

Of ivory carvings there are many kinds, such as Mr. Greville Chester's collection (Room 1, Case IX.) of Virgins, saints, and other figures,



PAIR OF FIRE-IRONS, WROUGHT-IRON. ENGLISH.
SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

(Lent by E. W. Cooke, Esq., R.A.)

which have, in earlier times, probably, adorned reliquaries and other such ecclesiastical objects.

recalls the finesse of workmanship, on account of which a celebrated chalice, in the South

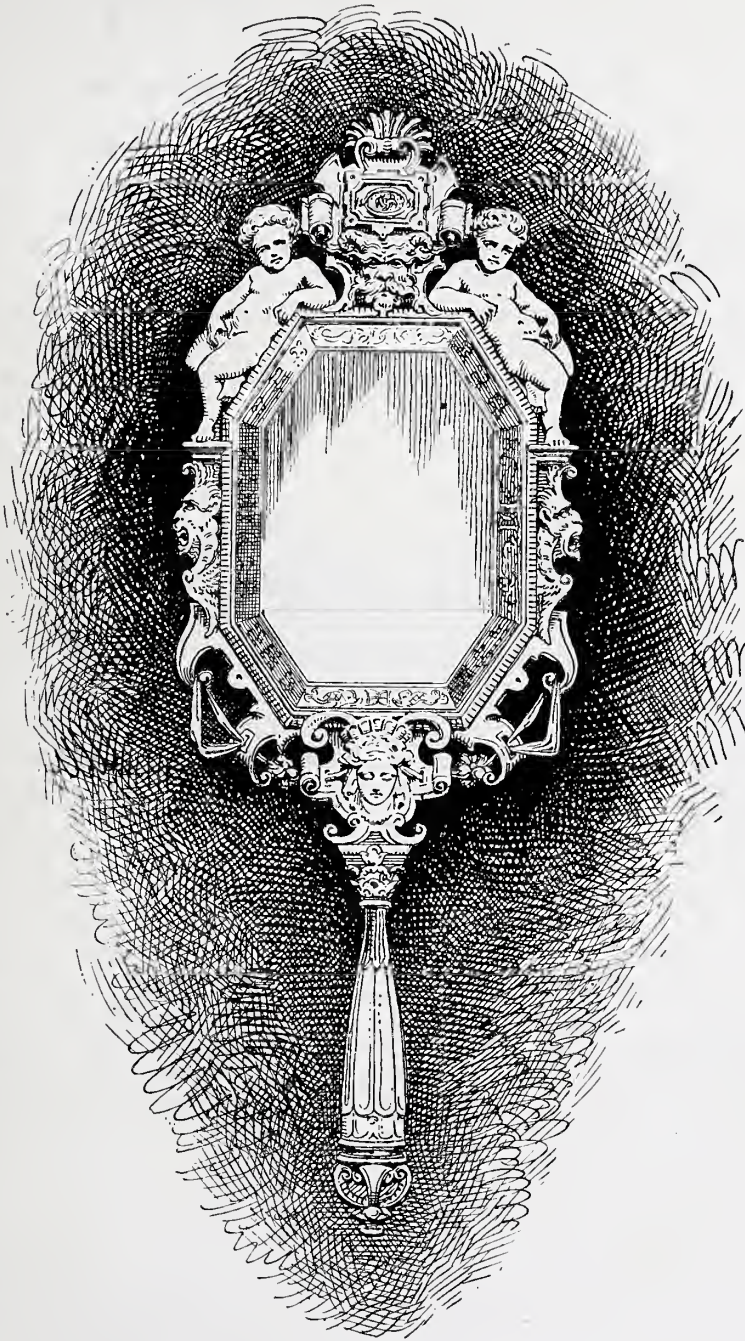
One Virgin and child, in ivory, has an antique Byzantine appearance. In the same case is a finely carved Indian casket (No. 1), lent by the Duke of Westminster. But an example of well-adapted design is an ivory hand-mirror (of which we give an illustration) lent by the Duke of St. Albans, on which appear the crescents, the device of Henri II., and the cypher of Henri II. and Catherine de Medici. This carving is stated to be French, 1555.

Of crystals, there are one or two tazzas and jugs, lent by Mr. H. Durlacher, and an important Italian casket contributed by the Duke of Westminster.

The metal-work section is well represented. A Gothic shrine—probably of German, fifteenth century, work—the property of Mrs. Hope,

1695. We give an engraving (page 156) of Mr. E. Cooke's wrought iron fire-irons. Of cast iron painted works, there are two striking

Kensington Museum, was acquired by the nation for eight hundred pounds. Lady Dorothy Nevill lends a silver toilet service, of English, 18th century, work, and a casket containing tea bottles, sugar tongs, &c., mounted in silver, which are said to have been the property of the renowned Nell Gwynne. But of more direct interest to the people of Nottingham are the specimens of wrought iron work. The fine iron gates of Hampton Court Palace, at present exhibited at the South Kensington Museum, are the handiwork of one Huntington Shaw, of Nottingham, who wrought them about



HAND MIRROR (CARVED IVORY). FRENCH, 1555.
(Lent by the Duke of St. Albans.)

figures of a Fifer and Drummer of the Army of the Moselle, 1792, signed by "Poitevin," a French metal-worker and modeller of the eighteenth century. Smaller metal works are represented in Mr. Soden-Smith's collection (Case XV.), which includes an interesting series of old English, Flemish, and other foreign spoons.

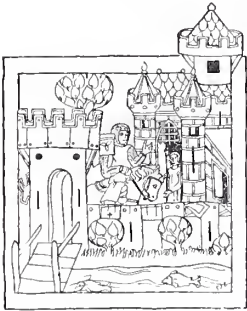
It will not be taken that these scanty notes are in any sense a treatise on the many examples of ancient and modern industrial fine art comprised in the loan collection. We have attempted merely to notice a few of the more striking art-objects. There are several others, however, which, from an historical point of view, take us into periods of history replete with incidents to which time seems to accumulate

additional interest—such, for instance, as Mr. Hines' "Relics of Nottingham Castle," and the "Civic Insignia" of the city of Lincoln. Amongst these last named we find fourteenth and fifteenth century pear-shaped pommel swords—not to mention in greater detail a broad-brimmed cap of maintenance—very unlike the conventional heraldic device associated with that name.

In concluding this first notice of the contents of the Nottingham Museum, we call attention to fine examples of Limoges enamels, lent by Mrs. Henry Hope, and the large oval dish, or salver (No. 25, in Case XIV.), painted in enamel, perhaps by one of the well-known Limousins.

(To be continued.)

ON SOME PICTORIAL ELEMENTS IN ENGLISH SECULAR ARCHITECTURE.



IT is an obvious truth that the architecture of any age or country is the expression of the social condition of the people; but, like many other truths which command universal assent the full meaning thereof is seldom realised. In our own country there is a close and complete analogy between the progress of the people from barbarism to civilisation, and the development of their secular architecture. The progress of ecclesiastical art is quite a different matter, marking out, by distinctive and easily definable stages, the growth of an ecclesiastical system. But the secular architecture of our country is a record of the various phases through which the body politic has passed, its struggles and its triumphs: a record, nevertheless, which only an expert can rightly interpret; for, to the majority of Englishmen, it is as inscrutable as the inscriptions on the Egyptian needle.

Educated men often entertain the vaguest ideas as to the *real* age of old buildings, and

speak of the works of the Middle Ages as Norman, Saxon, and so forth, in entire disregard of their actual date and chronology. Hallam, with all his learning and power of patient research, felt embarrassed in dealing with the subject in his remarkable "View of the Middle Ages," and left it with a sigh that so little was really known of so interesting a subject. "No chapter," he writes in 1818, "would illustrate so well, if duly executed, the progress of social life as that dedicated to domestic architecture:"—and again: "Every change in the dwellings of mankind—from the modest wooden cabin to the stately mansion—has been dictated by some principle of convenience, neatness, comfort, or magnificence." "Yet," he adds, "this most interesting field of research has been less beaten by our antiquaries than others comparatively barren." He saw clearly how valuable an aid to the right conception of the history of the people would be afforded by a more exact knowledge of their progress in art; but no materials for such knowledge were to his hand. More than a quarter of a century later the historian, no less distinguished, who first of set purpose bent the conventional "dignity" of history to an investigation of the daily lives of the people, and

sought "to trace the progress of the useful and ornamental arts," had but little to say upon so important a subject as domestic buildings. In that remarkable picture of the country at the accession of James II., architecture scarcely finds a place. Every conceivable subject was brought within the compass of that canvas—agriculture, population, the growth of wealth, modes of locomotion, and what not? The author's reading had been immense; his memory nothing escaped. But the fine arts are dealt with *en masse*, and architecture is disposed of with a few lines of sonorous commonplaces about Wren and his works.

The field of research to which Hallam referred has been explored since his time by many: by Britton, Turner, Parker; and to their labours therein is mainly due our present knowledge of the chronology of English architecture. Its successive periods are now distinguishable with precision, and can be traced with the same certainty as the orderly sequence of geological strata. From its inception in the twelfth century to its almost complete extinction as an art in the eighteenth, its course follows with undeviating correspondence the vicissitudes of the State. The castles of the age following the Conquest are eloquent of the turbulence and insecurity of the times. The manor-houses of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries (following the lead of the religious establishments, whose comparative exemption from assault induced the growth of some refinements of plan) mark the aspirations of their owners for some less dismal abode—at least during quiet times—than that afforded by the castle keep—

"Grated, grim, and close,
Hemmed in by battlement and fosse,
And many a darksome tower."

The "Hall" of the fifteenth century, and the "Mansion" of the sixteenth, keep pace with

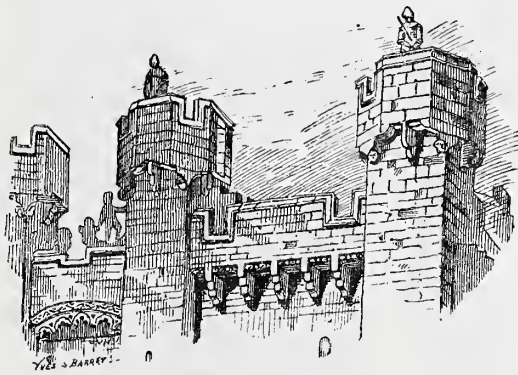
the progress of the nation in wealth, power, and security, till

"Like the swell of some sweet tune,"

the art of stately building culminated in the magnificent dwellings of the Elizabethan nobles, not the least among the crowning glories of that majestic age. With the Stuarts, and the universal passion for travel, came the Italian element, and what was native in the art declined under the burden of the fashionable innovations, and proceeding downwards with accelerated speed through "the pigtail and periwig period," as it has been irreverently, but not inaptly, termed, it perished altogether. The mansion of the "fine old

English gentleman" was replaced ("Oh, heavy declension!") by the "seat" of the last century, the embodiment of pompous inanity.

I purpose, in the following essays, to deal with certain types of English secular art in its pictorial aspect—the castle, the manor-house, &c., and although it is not easy for an architect



TURRETS, HYLTON CASTLE.

to address himself solely to this side of the subject, I will endeavour to steer clear of all unnecessary technicalities.

Domestic architecture proper may be said to have commenced with the fifteenth century. Until then it was almost literally true that every man's house was his castle. Every secular dwelling of any importance was built for at least occasional defence, and its arrangements were subordinated to that governing consideration. The houses of the great nobles were fortresses into which the family and retainers were crowded, as it seems, with little or no distinction of rank or sex. It is only in almost royal palaces that the luxury of a separate chamber for the lord was found. The severity of this mode of life was represented by the external aspect of the building. There was little sign of the graces of life. The castles built in the era

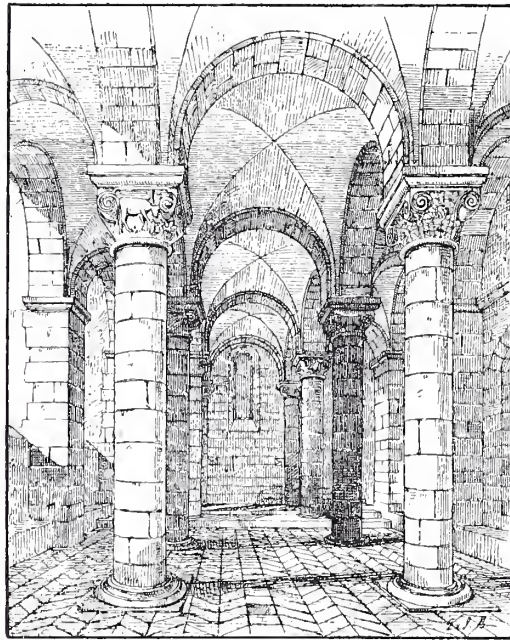
immediately following the Conquest were very numerous, and, considered in connection with the enormous number of religious foundations, which date from the eleventh and twelfth centuries, the building activity of that age was, perhaps, unexampled. In their construction, everything was sacrificed to military necessities, without the slightest concession to any rival consideration. Not a stone was laid except in the strictest conformity with the conditions of the problem, and every inch of the structure, from basement to battlement, was the expression and result of a single purpose. The very profiles of the copings were devised to deflect or check the flight of the arrow, and indeed every part of the work bears testimony to the overruling sway of an iron age. The rough fancy of the Norman breaks out here and there in the ornament he loved so well, and with which the ecclesiastical buildings of the age abound, but never to the prejudice or even to the apparent weakening of the main purpose of the building. Cushioned capital, and zig-zag, billet and chev-

ron are found, but only in the crypt, or on some inner gateway, or for the adornment of the little oratory—seldom absent—nestling in the thickness of the mighty walls. Yet, in spite of the absence of deliberate artistic aim, the art instinct of their builders is everywhere felt. By fortuitous combinations of line and mass, the picturesque grandeur of the early castles is not exceeded by any of the works of man, nor is there probably any class of building the world over which has afforded the artist such universal aid and delight. To the novelist and the poet they are a never-failing source of inspiration. Need I mention Scott? The sight of a castle stirs his heart like the sound of a trumpet.

He is never weary of them. If they were all to be swept from the face of the earth to-morrow the type could be reproduced from his works alone. From their ensemble to their minutest detail they afford him continual pleasure, and he lingers with an almost childish delight over

“The bannered castle, keep, and tower,
With battled walls and buttress fast,
And airy flanking towers that cast
Their shadows on the stream.”

There is a naïve simplicity about the structures we are describing which commends itself to one's common sense. They always “look right.” A modern antique is detected at once. They possess that property of size and massiveness which has no competitor for effect, “mass of everything, of bulk, of light, of darkness, of colour; not mere sum of any of these but breadth of them; not broken light, nor scattered darkness; but solid stone, broad sunshine, *starless shade.*” They have, moreover, in full measure the incomparable gift of age. “A thousand years their shadowy wings expand



CRYPT, DURHAM CASTLE.

around them,” and invest them with poetic glamour. Time has stained their stones with that mysterious tint which has no name, a delicate *bloom* of many-coloured moss and lichen. This, too, is

“Their necessity in being old.”

Their situation is invariably grand; even now when much has happened to lessen their effect, when the necessities of an advancing civilisation have partially removed the dense woods which surrounded them and hid their tortuous approaches, or drained the morass which was their first line of defence. They rise sheer from the precipitous cliff, their roots running down into the rocky base, half con-

cealed by hazel-bush and ash; they crest the darkly-wooded promontory which overlooks the winding river and the "level waste, the rounding grey;" or, alone in the wild Yorkshire moorland, they rear their purple mass against the amber of the evening sky.

Our English painters—except in those dreary days when all feeling for natural scenery was diseased or dead—bring a universal tribute of admiration to the numerous charms which the structures of that age present, and the point of interest in many a picture is the turreted castle from which the gay hawking party in the foreground has issued, or to which the belated traveller is hastening.

Amidst a wealth of examples scattered all over the land, from "Warkworth, and Naworth, and merry Carlisle" to the extremest West, it is difficult to select one for illustration. My sketch gives some idea of that remarkable castle at Durham, in many respects the most interesting of its class. It was commenced in 1072, and only completed in the seventeenth century, and although it has suffered by conversion into modern uses, its native grandeur seems to be beyond destruction. It is probably the most elaborate example of the kind in existence, and whether as a whole or in detail—in the exquisite decoration of its Norman gateway, in the proportion of its crypt (see illustration on page 160), or the picturesque medley of its courtyard—it affords the artist almost unlimited scope for his pencil.

This noble work rises crag-like from its rocky base,

"Encircled by the winding Wear,"

and breaks into a fretted sky-line of turret and battlement.

The massive base, unpierced by loop, and the receding planes of rampart now in full light, half tint, or deepest shade, make up a picture of incomparable majesty.



DURHAM CASTLE.

"Broad lights and shadows fall on front and flank

Where tower and buttress rise in martial rank,

And girdle in the massive donjon keep."

In some of the later works—chiefly in the northern counties—as at the gates of York, at Alnwick, at Brancepeth Castle, and elsewhere, the conceit of carving statues within the battlemented parapets gives a peculiar interest to the sky-line. Pictorial effect was probably never dreamt of by their rude sculptors;

yet for artistic purposes these

"Fixed Warders on the turrets high"

are of the utmost value. (See rough sketch of the turrets of Hylton Castle on page 159.)

It would be difficult to bring within reasonable limits a catalogue, even, of the castles, whether intact, or in ruin, with which our country abounds. Our own White Tower,

"Four-square to all the winds that blow,"

yields in interest to none. Its massive form, its turrets, crowned by Wren's incongruous but effective eupolas, are familiar to every

Englishman. Of all the remains of this class of structure, Bramber is amongst the most attractive artistically, partly from the strange figure of its principal mass rising from its luxuriantly wooded base, the homely village nestling under its shadow; partly from the contrast it forms with the quiet mead below, dotted with cattle, and intersected by the lazy river. This is, however, "but one out of ten thousand." Every one can call to mind examples of the class, so numerous, so varied, so picturesque—each having some special claims upon our reverence

and admiration. There is a nobility in their decrepitude which appeals to every heart. No one is beyond the influence of their silent spell, and the universal sentiment is truly formulated by the poet:—

"Out upon time! that for ever will leave
But enough of the past for the future to grieve.
Out upon time! that will leave no more
Of the things to come than of those before;
Remnants of things that have passed away,
Fragments of stone reared by creatures of clay."
E. INGRESS BELL.

(To be continued.)

PAINTING ON GLASS.—I.

By N. H. J. WESTLAKE, F.S.A.



FAITH.

(From Glass Window in Chapel of St. Ferdinand.)

A TREATISE on Painted Glass may be summarily divided into three parts—the material, the painting on the material, and the history of the art. On the material and methods of painting on glass very few works have been published in England. Painters in oil and water-colours have every facility for obtaining knowledge about the materials they use. Numbers of cheap elementary books, treating of the various pigments and preparations for painting upon, are easily

he does not know sufficient of the materials he is using to choose the best for colour, and the stability of his work. It is his interest and his duty to use the most durable pigments. The purchaser has a right to expect a work that will as nearly as possible remain as he purchased it. A picture is not like a piece of music which, however beautifully executed, passes away immediately whither we know not, the melodious tones, as they cease to vibrate, existing only in our memory, and in the written score. The painter's work is score and performance in one. It is the drama and its reading together. Were a beautiful sonata to cease for ever when the first performance had terminated; had our knowledge of one of Shakespeare's works been confined to traditions of its first reading, what should we not have lost? The painter ought then surely to be careful over the materials which give his work durability, in whatever branch of art he may work. It may be copied or engraved, useful mementoes of its greatness, but these can never be such performances as those of the painter himself.

procured. The opportunities of seeing experienced men use paint and brush in the numbers of academies and schools are abundant. Again, the general intercommunication of students is another great means of obtaining knowledge in these two very popular branches of art. The painter has, therefore, only himself to blame if, on arriving at eminence in his profession,

The artist's colourman has taken much of this responsibility in oil or water-colour, and, provided he is clever and trustworthy, the painter can lay some of his burden upon him in these days when society is so exacting, when leisure can be no longer conveniently spent in

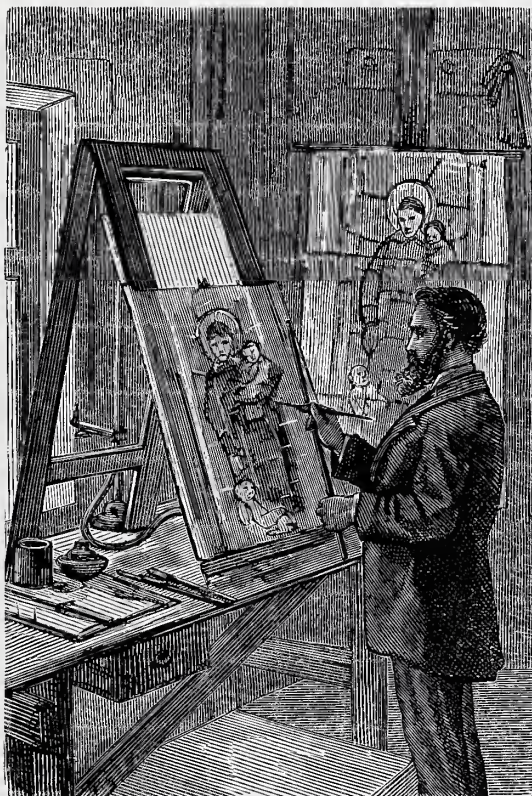
the pleasure of learning slowly and quietly what were at one time called "the secrets of art," as did the old masters, the originators of oil-painting, in their quaint sober towns and villages.

The artist designing for painted windows, however, must still to a great extent work like these old men, although much more is now efficiently done for him than he could unaided achieve in long years of study. His glass is made in beautiful colours with multitude of chemical combinations, and the pigment to paint with is ready for him; but that is nearly all, only a series of experiments and failures can teach him their varied properties, and nothing but practice will teach him to overcome the difficulties of making his pigment adhere to the glass, and work it in an effective way. To assist the beginner, or add to the information of the practical painter and amateur, as well as to show to the cartoon-draughtsman as clearly as possible how he must work if his work is to be effectively rendered, will be my object in the first chapters of this treatise.

We know from old examples how durable a painted window is and should be, if care is taken on these points; for although the cartoon remains after the execution of the window, the window outlasts it by many years eventually. To revert to my comparison with music, in glass the "performance" outlives the "score;" and often the artist's cartoon is worked to suit certain special pieces of glass, which can never again be exactly reproduced.

The methods of painting on glass are broadly divided into two great branches—one, painting with brown enamel on coloured sheets of pot-metal, &c. (see illustration below), and the other, using coloured enamel on white glass. This latter process is termed, for distinction, "enamel work" (see page 164). It is not in great demand, and we are not particularly successful with this class of work. It is unfashion-

able, and, I suppose, consequently very little attention has been given to it, especially in England: perhaps from the revival of glass here being principally in works of an ecclesiastical character of a large scale; for enamel colours, when used in masses, have a flimsy and gaudy look, and are more suitable for small works, especially the windows of dwelling-houses. My principal remarks will be, therefore, at first directed to a description of the material and workmanship on "pot-metal;" and as my readers will often have to read that phrase, I shall in due course describe its meaning. First, then, I shall treat of the



THE GLASS PAINTER COPYING, FROM THE CARTOON, THE HALF-TINTS, &c., IN "ENAMEL BROWN," ON THE PIECES OF COLOURED "POT-METAL."

foundation of the painter's work in a good window—that is, the glass. Secondly, the pigment and the method of painting on it.

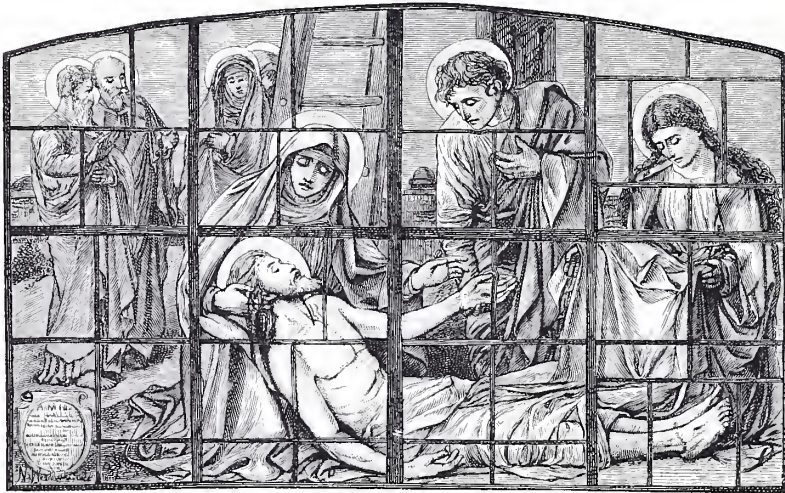
I am thus led, without further prelude, to describe the various characteristics and colours of the glass called pot-metal, the enamels, and the other materials in their order; the painter at work, the kiln, the lead-work and soldering, the cementing, and the iron-work.

Material.—The glass of which the oldest windows are made is the best, and capable of the most effective work with the simplest

means. After the fourteenth century there was a gradual deterioration in its character, which was nearly lost by A.D. 1600. The glass now used for the best windows is very much a revival of the original manufacture, which has only been recovered during the last quarter of a century. It is a thing for us to be proud of, that as far as material is concerned, England has in this revival ever been in the van. The Royal Factory of Munich at one time enjoyed a high reputation for design. Unfortunately, the designers knew little of this material, and there has grown up therefore in Germany, from very lack of this knowledge, a

Colour, in importance, is inseparable from quality. White owes its chief beauty to its quality. Whites in glass are variously tinted, and might come under the denomination of pale tints of colour, excepting the pure silvery white which is so beautiful in old windows. This, on its edge being examined in segment, shows only a faint trace of green, almost imperceptible.

The size of a sheet of "pot metal" varies slightly in different manufactures, the usual size is about 24 inches by 12 inches. It is generally inadvisable to use complete sheets at any time; therefore, compositions to be rendered in this glass must have the size of the



THE CENTRE WINDOW IN THE CRYPT OF ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.

(Specimen of a "Subject" in modern "Grisaille.")

most false system of design and painting on glass, which is very unpalatable to the real lover and student of painted glass, as it was in its best periods, and one has only to look from the north to the south side of Cologne Cathedral, to see the result of cartoons more fit for paper than for glass.

The necessary properties of a good piece of glass for a picture-window are brightness, a reasonable thickness, a variety of tone, and a proper texture to receive and hold the flux-pigment; brightness like crystal—not clearness, not transparency, but having and holding, as it were, an internal sheen, which it is impossible to describe; an appreciation of this quality can only be obtained by examining and comparing various specimens.

pieces between the leads regulated by these exigencies. The use of small pieces unnecessarily, by reason of the weight of lead involved, makes the window to hang heavily on the iron-work and liable to bag in curves, whilst, if the pieces are too large, the action of the wind causes them to ricket in the lead, displacing the cement, and in course of time allowing air and water to pass through the joints.

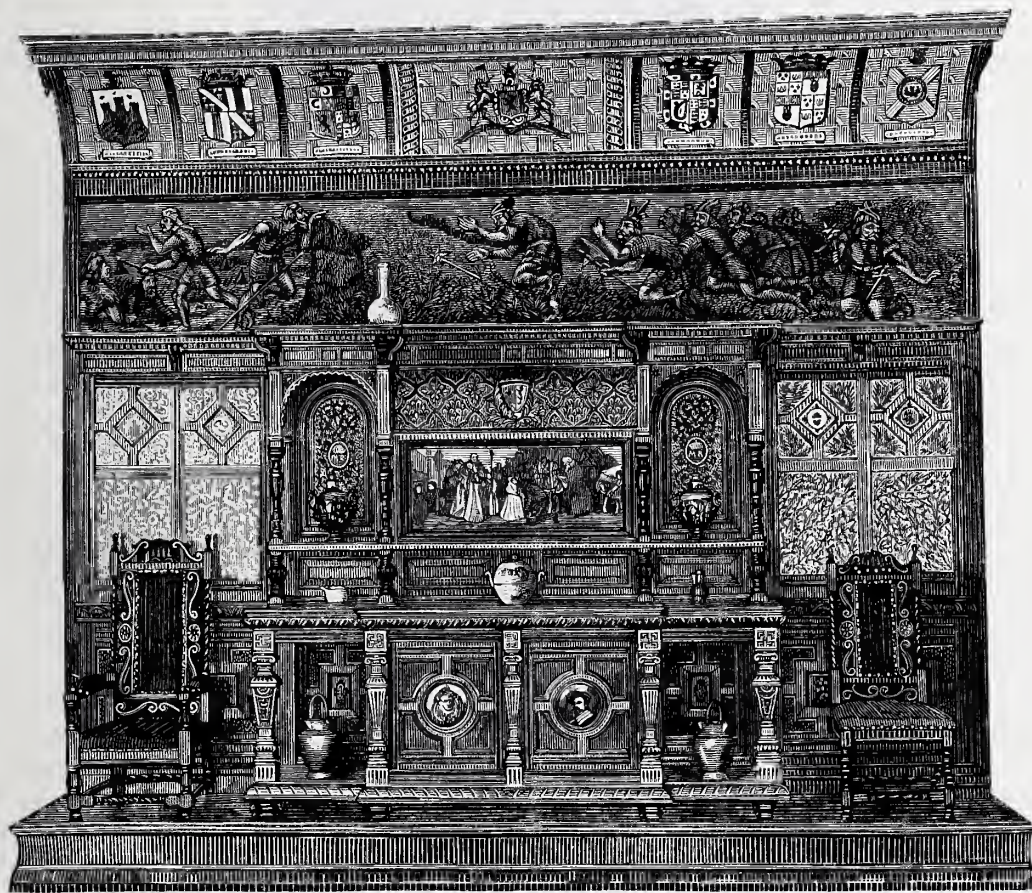
The thickness varies in nearly every sheet from $\frac{5}{16}$ to $\frac{1}{16}$ of an inch. This variation renders the glazing more difficult, but is necessary, as it gives gradations of tone. The weight per foot may be reckoned from sixteen to twenty-six ounces.

(To be continued.)

THE PARIS UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION.—VI.

AS we have already pointed out, the division of the spaces into several rooms is very prevalent, and this arrangement has been most effectively carried out by Messrs. J. Shoolbred and Co., of Tottenham Court Road. Their rooms are a library, a dining-room, and a bed-

room, in which teak has been used with excellent effect, is a very pretty little apartment; the angle washhand-stand and the shortened bed are good examples of the clever way in which a small allotment of space may be utilised to advantage. Undoubtedly the best of Messrs.



FURNITURE AND WALL DECORATION.

(By Mr. T. Hall, Edinburgh.)

room. The furniture of the library is of rose-wood and walnut, and a recessed window with stained glass has been most admirably introduced into this room. The furniture, the hangings, and the decorations have all been specially designed by Mr. H. W. Batley. In the dining-room the furniture is of oak; the fireplace is very well arranged, and the style has been most conscientiously studied as a whole. The bed-

Shoolbred's furniture is to be found in the house they have erected behind Messrs. Doulton's façade in the central avenue. Here they have fitted up two elegant rooms, the lower one a dainty little lady's boudoir, the furniture of which is of satin-wood, the colouring of the silken walls with a delicious pattern of pine branches, the blue curtains, the carpets, and the decorations, is most charming; and we think

we must give the palm for English furniture to this firm. Mr. Batley's designs are evidently inspired by Japanese art; but he is not servile, and there is a refinement about his work for Messrs. Shoobred, and a harmony in all the colouring which is most laudable where he has had so many inducements to work in a higher key; for it is a tradition among designers that exhibition work must necessarily be *prononcé*. The cameo decorations of the furniture of this room are very delicate and beautiful. A light wood is glued over a darker one, and an ornamental pattern is then carved in the light wood, cutting down the interstices to the dark wood, which forms the background. On the upper floor, Messrs.

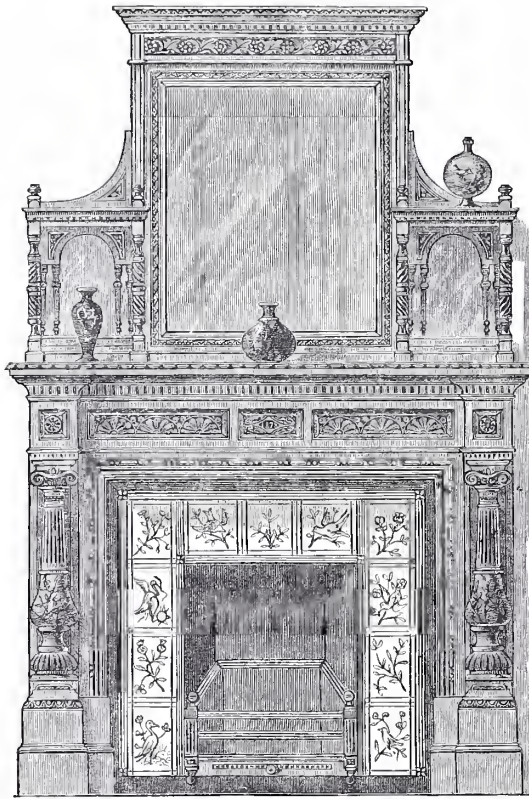
Shoobred have fitted up another room as a board-room, and this they have lent to the Royal Commission for the use of the President.

Having reached the central avenue, we must now describe the pavilion of the Prince of Wales. The whole of the fittings and furniture of this suite of rooms have been designed and executed by Messrs. Gillow and Co., but with them have been associated a number of our chief manufacturers, who have consented to produce the carpets, the glass, the china, the silver-plate, the tapestry, and the hangings, from the designs of Messrs. Gillow's artists. Entering the pavilion from the avenue, we come into a lofty hall of panelled woodwork, painted of dark green colour, from which access is gained into the dining-room, and the offices for the secretary and superintendent; on the right, a staircase, with massive turned balusters, leads to the apartments on the upper floor. Before us is

the dining-room, which, when needs be, can be shut off from the hall by a pair of magnificent embroidered *portières*.

Opposite to the spectator, on entering, is the grand chimney-piece, in carved black walnut-wood. It is in two stages or storeys—the upper one contains, in a circular panel, an admirable likeness of the Queen after the portrait by Angeli. This portrait has been wrought in English tapestry at the newly-established factory at Windsor, of which Mr. Henry is the director. From the same establishment we have the series of illustrations from the "Merry Wives of Windsor," which appropriately surround the room, filling up the space above the elaborately-panelled dado.

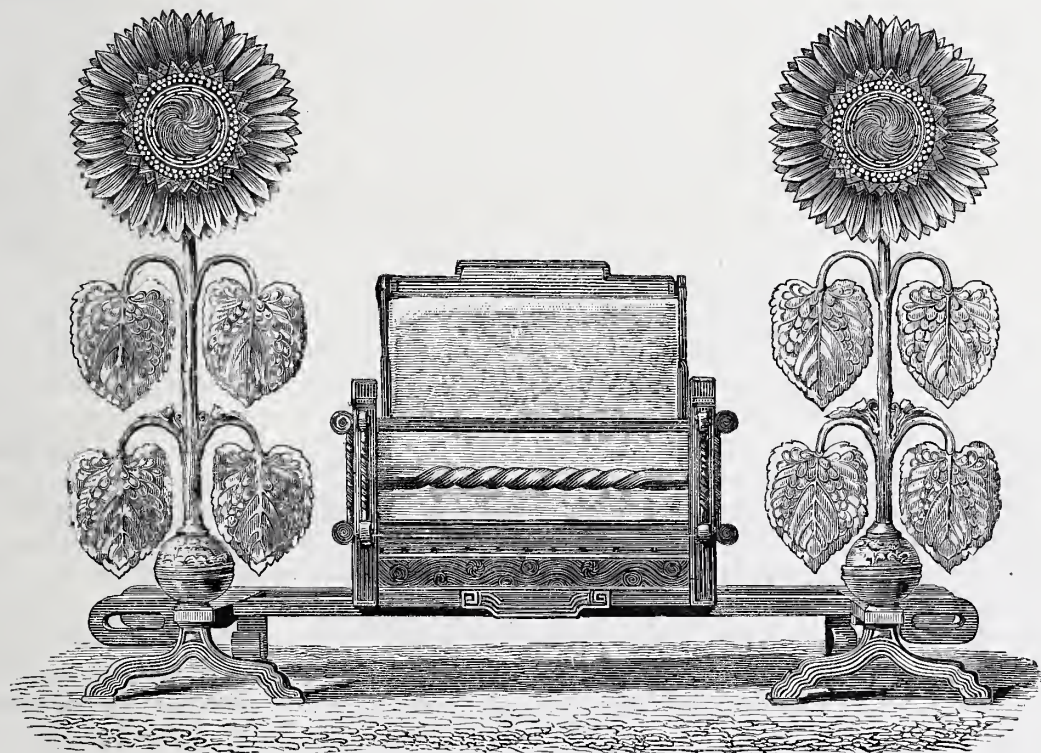
The panelling which surrounds the apartment is also of black walnut, and is enriched with inlaid designs in ebony and ivory, which produce a very rich effect. We illustrated this room in our first number. The light enters through the ceiling, from a skylight which has been filled by Messrs. James Powell and Sons with stained glass, made as a sort of glass mosaic. This is done by fixing various pieces of coloured glass with a transparent cement to a sheet of plain glass. By this process the use of lead in the joints is unnecessary, and a very brilliant effect is obtained. The dining-table is set out with a magnificent dessert service in *repoussé* silver, supplied by Messrs. Elkington and Co., while the dinner and dessert services in porcelain have been specially manufactured by Messrs. Mintons. On the right of this room is the beautiful little boudoir for the Princess of Wales, all the decorations of which are in the Adams style. The



EARLY ENGLISH MANTELPIECE.
(By Messrs. Brown Brothers, Edinburgh.)

walls are hung with blue silk, and the panels are separated by delicate maize-coloured pilasters, on which some graceful arabesque ornaments have been painted. The general colouring of this room, which is very quiet, reminds one of Wedgwood ware. The *carton pierre* enrichments have been carried out by Messrs. G. Jackson and Sons, and the work is very successful—the fireplace being extremely characteristic. The hangings between the dining-room and the drawing-room were embroidered at the Royal School of Art Needlework, of which the Princess Christian is the President. The ceiling of this little boudoir is eoved and filled with delicate arabesque ornament in low relief. The shape of the room is octagonal. In what would otherwise be the window-opening, a charming little grotto and fernery has been arranged by Messrs. Dick Radelyffe and Co. As specimens of delicate and beautiful cabinet-

coloured woods. On the left of the dining-room is a room, also octagonal in form, more especially prepared for the use of the Prince. This room is hung with green plush, the dado being dark maroon. It is surrounded with a frieze of *appliqué* embroidery, representing Japanese hunting and fishing subjects. The furniture is of rosewood, with panels of fine old Japanese gold lacquer upon ivory. The embroidery for this room was executed by the Ladies' Work Society, presided over by the Princess Louise. Behind these reception-rooms are dressing-rooms for the Prince and Princess, which have been most luxuriously furnished in the old English style. Messrs. Gillow are to be congratulated upon the success of their idea, and for their enterprise in undertaking a display on so important a scale. Nowhere else in the Exhibition has a similar design been carried into execution; and we are convinced that this



GRATE AND BRASS FIRE-DOGS.

(By Messrs. Barnard, Bishop, and Barnards, Norwich.)

work, we cannot omit to notice the doors of this apartment, which are most gracefully decorated with carving, and inlaid with variously

unique set of apartments will convince our French rivals that taste and skill in the decoration of our homes is not so wholly wanting

across the Channel as they have sometimes been led to imagine.

There still remain many excellent specimens of furniture to describe, and we must pass on rapidly, as we have numerous other subjects which claim our attention. Messrs. G. S. Lucraft and Son, who claim to be "manufacturers to the trade," show an elegant sideboard in satin-wood, and some good chairs, the latter made after the models which Chippendale delighted in. This firm sends some charming little hanging cabinets in ebony, and a useful bed-table and screen combined, called the "Sybarite." Mr. C. Green, sculptor, Sheffield, exhibits a very massively designed cabinet in ebony, with boldly modelled bronze mounts; also a china cabinet, treated in the same style. The teaching of Alfred Stevens is very manifest in these works. Messrs. W. Walker and Sons send a grand sideboard in the Moorish or Saracenic style, with decorations in light wood which contrast well with the background in darker wood. They have also a buffet and two chairs similarly treated. As exhibition furniture these works possess considerable merit, though we cannot express much sympathy with the style for the purposes of the cabinet-maker.

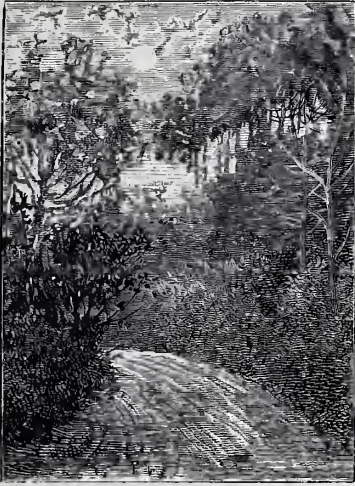
The furniture of the Misses R. and A. Garrett appears at first sight to be intended as a joke, but on second consideration we feel that it is an earnest endeavour to represent in all its gaunt discomfort the awkward and ill-contrived furniture of the beginning of the present century. Nothing could be more hideous than the slant-backed couch and the angular arm-chair. The chimney-piece is replete with all the errors of the early Georgian period. The common-place, ugly angle-cabinet and the ill-glazed hanging cupboard have surely little to recommend them to the present generation, and have no sufficient merit to render their reproduction in a modern drawing-room desirable. There is, however, a quiet unaffected tone about the grey wall decoration and the greenish coverings to the furniture which is pleasant, after the gay tints which are indulged in by some of their neighbours. The furniture of Messrs. Johnstone, Jeanes, and Co. is substantial and good. They have a well-made buffet of walnut-wood, with excellent carved

decorations of flowers and fruit, an oak chimney-piece of Jacobean character, in brown oak, with ebony mouldings, and a china cabinet in the Adams style, the marquetry work, fluted pilasters, made by inlaying mahogany into solid wood, and subsequently cutting out the hollows, are specimens of sound and good workmanship. One of the best things exhibited by this firm is the patent expanding dining-table, which differs from all similar inventions in being a circular table, which can be increased at will from 5½ feet in diameter to 8 feet, by simply turning the table top. This is made in segments, which open out and permit of the insertion of additional intermediate segments. Even when the table is closed to its smallest size there is no noticeable angularity about the circumference, a fault we should have expected from this mode of enlargement. Messrs. Waugh and Sons' Jacobean sideboard is a very good specimen of furniture of this type. Messrs. W. and S. Smee send a very fair collection of furniture, which is decorated mainly with incised and gilt outlines. They show a walnut toilet-table, an ebony cabinet, a well-designed oak sideboard, and some chairs, all of which are enriched in this way. Messrs. Brown Brothers, of Edinburgh, have some good furniture in the early English style, and also of the Adams period. Their best specimen (an illustration of which we have engraved on page 166) is the mantel-piece and glass in black and gold, with inlays of walnut judiciously and artistically introduced. The shelf is supported at either side by turned pillars, richly and delicately carved; the frieze panels in walnut are also good specimens of carving. Another Scotch exhibitor, Mr. Thomas Hall, sends a cleverly-executed arrangement of furniture for a dining-room. His works, which we illustrate on page 165, consist of a carved oak buffet, decorated with painted panels representing episodes from the life of Mary, Queen of Scots. On either side of the buffet are chairs of the same period, and behind them are some wall decorations in imitation of leather and painted tapestry; the subject of the principal panel being the legend of the symbol of Scotland—the Danes betrayed to the Scots by their leader stepping on a thistle.

(To be continued.)

ARTISTS' HAUNTS.—VI.

PORLOCK.

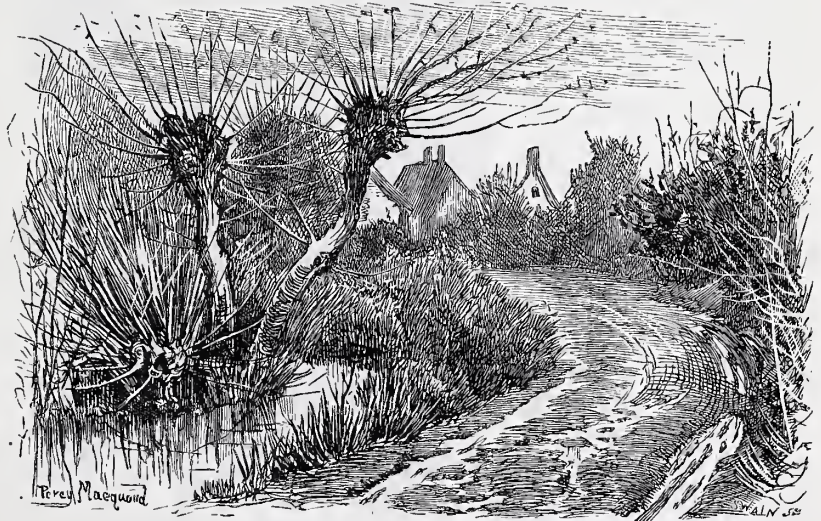


ROAD TO THE WEIR.

PORLOCK is a small and extremely picturesque village on the borders of North Somersetshire, facing the sea, but some little distance from the actual coast. Minchhead is the nearest railway terminus, and thence the visitor to Porlock

must engage whatever vehicle looks strong enough in the springs to carry him seven miles over a rough road. The coach only runs twice or three times a week in the summer, therefore it is as well to be prepared to go in any vehicle that is handy. The drive to the village of Porlock is delightful. The road runs through the most lovely part of Somerset, hills and valleys alternating, covered with the luxuriant foliage which is only found in the southwestern counties. As one nears the sea, the trees become scanty, growing in weird and twisted shapes, the work of the storms and sea winds; Porlock itself is sheltered by high hills, and the tops of these form a plateau, that undulates for miles, extending to the wilds of Exmoor. One is surprised at having to make a rapid descent to the village through the most lovely woods and stone-

cumbered streams. Here and there on the hill-sides are curious old mills turned by the moor streams, which rush with great force down to the sea. In the heat of summer the wild red deer come down from the moor to shelter amongst the luxuriant growth of underwood that covers this approach to the sea. Here at every corner of the road an artist finds work for his pencil or brush. In the autumn (and this is the best time for North Somerset and Devon), the sides of the descent glow with golden bracken, and the apples gleam like jewels in their rich setting. Nature is here so irregular, and apparently uncultivated, that there is an endless variety of colour and form. On arriving at the entrance to the village one passes several little inns covered with roses and myrtles—the latter, in fact, seem to form the ordinary garden hedge of most of the cottages, and these hedges in full bloom have a very charming effect. The best accommodation is found at the Ship Inn, at the extreme end of the village.



ROAD OUT OF PORLOCK.

Here, on a wet day, a sketch can be made of the curious old kitchen, with its large, old-fashioned fireplace. The rooms are all panelled,

and in one of the fireplaces is a curious little window which looks out on to the garden. Amongst the features of the inn is a queer little terrier, who accompanies visitors about the place, and who is exceedingly fond of artists, and recognises an easel with the same alacrity that most dogs do a gun.

The first walk from Porlock should be made to Porlock Weir, which is about a mile and a half down hill to the sea. On the left the hills rise to the moor; on the right is a flat marsh, a mile in width, reaching to the beach. The first thing that strikes one in the little village on the Weir is the old tumble-down cottage, surrounded by a beach of curious round grey stones. This beach forms a most admirable foreground, looking on the Weir from the sea. The principal fishery here is oysters, which are plentiful and very cheap. The sailors are fine, handsome men, with bright chestnut-coloured beards, and clear blue eyes. From the Weir may be seen the Welsh coast, about fifteen miles off. Large ships are continually passing up and down the Bristol Channel, and they help to break the otherwise rather monotonous line of river and sea. Round the point of the Weir, towards Lynmouth, the coast entirely changes; it is much grander in character, rising into precipitous cliffs.

The fern-lover can here break his neck without any difficulty in pursuit of *Marium* fern, and the maiden-hair, which in places grow luxuriantly on the face of the cliff. We recommend the artist to leave the coast alone after he has passed Porlock Weir, and to come back to the Anchor Hotel. In its immediate neighbourhood he will find plenty of work

of every description for his brush; and even from the inn windows several capital subjects may be sketched.

Lynmouth is a twelve-mile walk across the moor, and though, of course, extremely beautiful, is not so attractive from a sketching point of view as the Weir and its surroundings. We looked very hard for the "Weir" itself for several weeks, and came to the conclusion that it consists of a couple of old lock-gates which never seem to be used. Anything more unlike a "weir" in the common acceptance of the term cannot well be imagined. Though the neighbourhood of the Weir is very picturesque and full of subjects for the artist, Porlock itself is the best place to stay at; the uphill walk from the Weir to Porlock in the moonlight is a great treat.

Bossington is a charming little village about two miles from Porlock, and it forms the opposite extremity of the bay to Porlock Weir. It would be difficult to find a more picturesque road than the one that forms the village. Enormous walnut trees, hundreds of years old, alternate with the cottages, and occasionally grow in the middle of the road—in fact, a brook which runs across the road, the trees throwing their limbs all over it, the numerous ducks and children, and above all the road's exceeding narrowness, make it something like that street in Damascus which is called "Straight." The walnut trees form an especial feature of the place; there is a serpentine twist in the limbs of this tree which is very special.



IN THE WOODS—PORLOCK WEIR.

The tree represented in the sketch (page 172) had been struck by lightning during our stay, and had the appearance of some

frightful dragon. The tree had been torn up from the ground, and among the roots was a huge cavity, the numerous fibres within this representing rows upon rows of horrible teeth.

trees, which line the road on either side, like the walnut trees, are twisted into the most extraordinary shapes by the wind; they tell a rich black against the purple moor, and with



OLD COTTAGE, PORLOCK WEIR.

The appearance the walnut trunks assume in autumn may be likened to delicate silvery scales, which helps the dragon idea. There is a row of these monsters at the bottom of a steep hill, which is covered with heather and golden bracken; the effect of this must be seen, for it cannot be described.

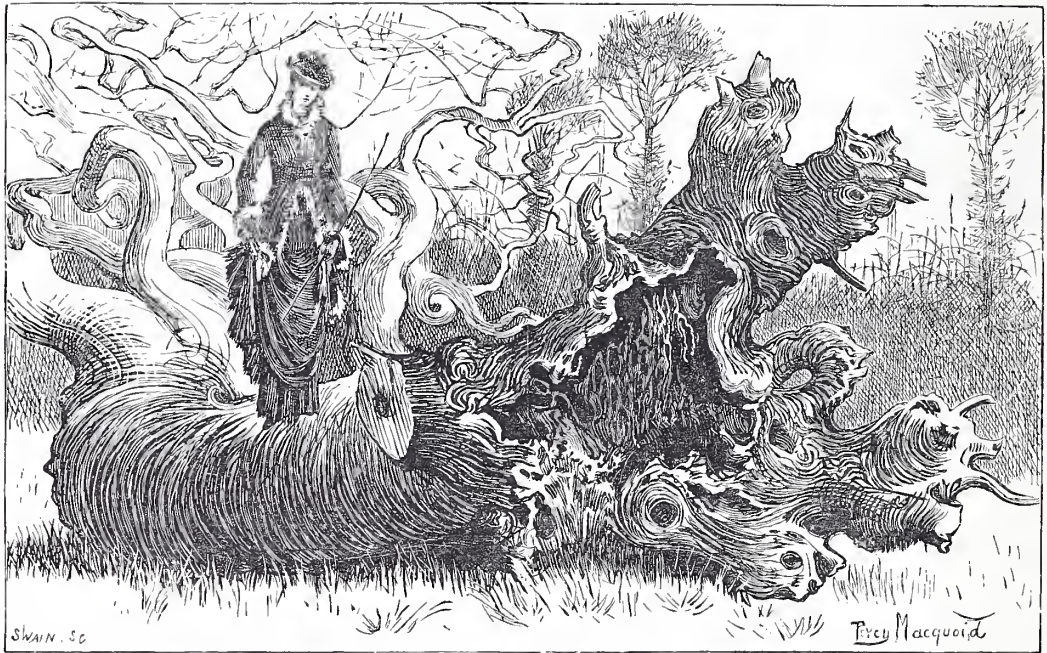
The chief products of Bossington are not calculated to suit a delicate digestion, being walnuts and "scald cream:" their consumption together is certainly to be avoided. There is a kind of river here, but after much rain do not walk to Bossington, for, as is usual with this part of the country, the roads and rivers get confused; this, however, in an artistic point of view, has its good results, as in the sketch, "Road out of Porlock" (page 169), the puddles form a beautiful foreground. Bossington is in a valley. If one walks back at sunset to Porlock, across the hill, a splendid effect is formed by the background of Exmoor, all shades of purple; the holly

the pools in the road which reflect the delicate tints of the sky, make up a beautiful picture. Towards the moor a delightful stroll may be taken from Porlock. One can inspect on the way the quaint old church, founded in 1150, by a certain Simon Fitzroger. The entrance is under an old arch, through a private house. A grand yew tree, probably planted by the aforesaid Fitzroger—hooped with iron bands and propped on all sides—is the unique ornament of the churchyard. This fine old tree will well repay a careful sketch. Inside the church is a very curious canopy of stone and wood, underneath which repose the effigies of Fitzroger and his wife (presumably), in pure white marble, or alabaster; their noses are knocked off. The monument is called "the Knight and the Lady," and that is all that can be found out about it. The carving of the figures is very careful, and possibly of foreign workmanship, and were it not for the idiotic people who have cut their autographs all over the poor gentleman

and his wife, they would be in perfect preservation. In one of the side aisles are some low round arches, which would seem to prove that the original floor of the church was a great deal lower. Underneath one of these arches is the effigy of another warrior, but very inferior in workmanship. The church has the old wooden roof remaining, and is altogether a most interesting little structure.

Coming out of the church, and following the road beside the river to the woods, one

dodging backwards and forwards across the little river to puzzle the hounds. If he fails in this he wheels round and makes for the sea, running across the village, very often down the whole length of the village street, over the hedges, and across the marshy fields to the water. His object is to get round either Porlock or Bossington Point—the two heads of the bay. Should he gain the water, the roughness of the sea is no obstacle; boats are put off at the Weir, and then there is a most exciting race between



VEGETABLE MONSTER.

finds curious old mills, situated on the side of a fern-covered hill; down this hill the water dashes in numerous streams, on its way to the sea; silver birches and pollard willows grow up the hill side. Further on, where the river winds between banks covered with ferns, the woods appear. Here, twice a week, the hunt meets, and it is an interesting sight to go up and see the red deer put up in his native lair. It is a splendid subject for the artist, and we wonder it has not been more often painted. Here there is no turning out of a cart, and running over straight fields, but a legitimate "find." Away goes the deer in the direction of the moor,

the boats and the deer as to which will get round the point first. The deer generally beats, if the tide is not too strong for him.

The pack is a very fine one. We regret to hear that hydrophobia has been amongst them, and twelve couple of hounds have had to be killed. As such dogs are very difficult to replace, the hunting this season will probably not be very good. Still for any one who likes a rough wild ride, a gallop through the woods, and over Exmoor, it is thoroughly enjoyable. We would recommend the visitor to Porlock to read Major Whyte Melville's "Katerfelto," the scene of which is laid in that village.

There are several delightful little villages

beyond Bossington and towards Minehead, but as one approaches the latter place the rugged grandeur of the country is rather modified. Subjects of every description for an artist's pencil and brush abound, and much amusement can be had in the shape of hunting and fishing. Porlock,

in a few years, will probably become more civilised, the red deer will gradually die out from their last home in England, and the rivers will cease to meander down the roads. But the formation of the country can never lose its charm. M.

NATIONAL POLICY IN RELATION TO ART AS APPLIED TO MANUFACTURES.



WHATEVER may be the opinions held by a considerable number of persons, by no means undistinguished in position and general intelligence, as to the effect of the last quarter of a century of art education in this country, by means of schools of art and museums,

the Paris International Exhibition of 1878 has afforded unmistakable evidence of the value put upon the results by the several Governments of Continental States. They see an enormous progress in the industrial arts in this country, which it was the fashion thirty or forty years ago to declare impossible, from the alleged fact that Englishmen had no capacity for art; and it is not at all unusual to find echoes of this opinion, even at the present day.

The progressive development of art power and good taste in relation to manufactures, whatever may be the cause, is clearly attributed by our Continental neighbours to the art instruction now given so generally throughout the United Kingdom, and to the establishment of the South Kensington Museum as a centre to which students, designers, and manufacturers, can resort for information derivable from the works of the past, collected by that institution. Whether we in England fully recognise the action of our schools of art and the Central Museum, or not, it is perfectly clear that their beneficial effect is

largely recognised on the Continent, to an extent of which not over-wise critics amongst ourselves have no conception.

Certainly many foreigners are better judges of the value of this museum than the majority of those for whose benefit the museum was founded and is kept up; for they have availed themselves of its advantages to a very large extent, and in a manner which comparatively few of our own manufacturers out of London itself have done. It has been no uncommon thing, for several years past, for French and German houses of business to send draughtsmen and designers to London, keep them there for weeks at a time, making drawings and studies from the various examples, notably of textile fabrics collected in the museum; and the students of the school at South Kensington have, on more than one occasion, had commissions to execute such studies under the superintendence of a master who guarantees the accuracy of the copies. The benefit was mutual. The student was encouraged in a useful and practical work. The foreign manufacturer obtained examples of immense value to his trade; not to copy absolutely, which is the only notion some people appear to have of utilising a museum, but as lessons in style and treatment, and pure indications of principles to be followed and wrought out, not in the precise method of the old workers, but properly adapted by the designer of to-day to modern means, chemical and mechanical, and the domestic wants of modern every-day people. Many of the latter have taste enough to desire good ornament in preference to the gauds and nonsense of an uneducated manufacturer, led by an equally ignorant middle-man, who fancies that because

he buys from the producer to sell to the consumer, he is thereby qualified to decide what shall alone *sell* in the market.

The French have still a lively recollection of the large sums of money which English manufacturers formerly paid for designs and models suitable for reproduction in various industries. The Manchester calico and mouselines de laine printers formerly paid about £30,000 per annum for the privilege of getting French designs, either primarily executed on paper to suit their wants, or patterns collected by agents to show the latest novelties produced. The question of originality rarely presented itself, so long as the wholesale system of dependence upon the originality of others prevailed, and could be carried out with impunity.

To-day, we see a very different state of things, and the lesson we ought to learn as to the future, to be based on the experience of the last quarter of a century, is, not by supineness, or raising the notion that we have done enough, but by at least equally active, and, if possible, more intelligent measures in the future, to keep the advantages we have gained, looking to the action of our friendly rivals and competitors in the race of excellence. The pride of a supposititious perfection is always an evidence of weakness, either in individuals or in nations. It effectually stops the way to future progress.

The International Exhibition at Paris has brought out one significant fact, of which we shall do well to make a record. It is that the choicest objects in the Exhibition have been diligently sought after and bought by the representatives of the various Continental Governments, and in going over the details of those classes of manufacture into which art enters, we find that a very large number of objects have been purchased for the art schools and the museums being established in the great Continental cities, in avowed imitation of South Kensington Museum, and for the declared purpose of enabling art students, designers, and manufacturers of each country, to have the same advantage which the promoters of these museums consider our producers have had through the above-named institutions.

In France, with all its supposed advantages of art education, the decided step is about to be taken to found a museum on the model of South Kensington; and a temporary museum of retrospective art, consisting largely of loans from eminent collectors, was opened on 8th June in the Palace of the Trocadéro, by the Minister of Public Instruction.

This is the real commencement of a permanent Museum of Decorative Art, which is about to be established in the restored "Pavillon de Flore" of the Tuileries. The true practical object of this new department which the French Government have had in view, as one of the results of the Exhibition now open, is, undoubtedly to encourage and sustain the systematic study of art in its application to manufactures, and to take care that these arts, as practised in France, should not be less progressive in proportion to the advances of other nations, and especially England, than they were some years ago.

That France holds her own, but chiefly in the old lines of thought and practice, is proved by the Exhibition and the remarkable display of French skill and ingenuity it contains. But the taste and character of design suitable for nearly all demands made in France twenty years ago, is decidedly out of date now, and the French themselves, in comparing the productions of England, as exhibited on this occasion, with the works of the same class as shown in 1855, and even 1867, are compelled to come to the conclusion that the English are no longer under French tutelage, and that from some cause or other, and by some special means, English artists and manufacturers have come to think more for themselves, and that the result is so far satisfactory.

Whether the doubters in England will be convinced or not, as to all this, or a fair proportion of it, being the result of our art education directly through schools of art and in a degree indirectly through museums of industrial art, matters little. Our Continental neighbours attribute the success achieved mainly to this cause, and on this conviction they act.

In the Exhibition they purchase largely suitable objects, for the purpose of adding to collections already begun, or to form the

beginning of future museums of industrial and decorative art.

Whether we rest content or not with our present means of instruction, is of no consequence to our rivals; but a word of friendly warning may not be altogether thrown away, if that warning calls attention to the intelligent appreciation of our present position by those who can have no special motive to overrate anything England has done in the past, but who have every reason to care for what she may be able to do in the future.

We hear constant complaints that foreigners are treading upon our heels. Of course they will do so unless we quicken our pace in proportion, at least, to what we acknowledge to be their activity, as our rivals. If the facts we have endeavoured to bring out are true, and no really observant person can doubt them, it must be perfectly clear that the reason of our success during the last twenty-five years ought also, by increased efforts in the same direction, to insure equal success in the future. What then ought we to do? Simply increase, by every means in our power, the sources of higher and sounder instruction to our artisans, and especially to those who direct them. Any falling off in the maintenance, for instance, of the South Kensington Museum at the standard to which it has reached, will be simply a species of national suicide in relation to art as applied to manufactures. The direct teaching in our schools of art should be made to tell more and more in this direction of industry. Above all, our manufacturers should associate themselves together very much more than they have ever done as yet, for the encouragement of the art workman. Let them in their respective industries associate after the manner of the *Société des Fabricants de Bronze*. The chiefs in each industry are the best judges of the technical skill required in their respective trades, and in reality they have the greatest interest in rewarding and encouraging excellence. Governments and corporations would fail in comparison with the united action of the manufacturers themselves. Attention was called to the action of the bronzists of Paris, in the official report on Bronzes, Art

Casting, &c., in the Paris Exhibition of 1867; the special action of this society being the encouragement and reward of technical and art skill in their application of this great industry, this action being directed, not by amateurs, however intelligent, but by "those who are best acquainted with the special wants of the industry which it is the purpose of that association to foster and encourage."

Let any one take the trouble to see the result of this association in the Paris Exhibition of to-day. The bronze industry of Paris stands far a-head of anything else of the kind, as a widely spread art manufacture absolutely unrivalled in extent.

Nothing of the kind exists in England in relation to any of her industries, artistic or scientific, except the Whitworth Scholarships. We "potter" in our city companies, and talk diletantism about "technical education," as if this could be obtained anywhere worth speaking of, except in the manufactory.

These bronzists once had (1844-1846) a special school for their young people. They abandoned it, relying for the elementary art training upon the art schools of the municipality. They developed and encouraged the application of the art power there gained, in the foundry, the modelling-room, and at the chasing-bench. In short, they retained the ability developed in the art schools by proper encouragement, and did not desire the young student to apply his art knowledge in other directions, notably to painting pictures, as we in England are constantly doing with the best and most promising pupils of our schools.

It is useless to educate our young art workmen, unless we can retain them for their special work; and it is perfectly clear that in a very large degree we have not learnt how to do this as the French have.

After the Paris Exhibition of 1867 we had a great "scare" as to the progress made on the Continent. Meetings were held, speeches made, and nothing done! The whole action was characterised by Mr John Bright as "spasmodic." The few practical suggestions made were utterly neglected. Since then a good deal has been done in an unsystematic way, frequently in spite of the manufacturer, rather

than by him, the results of which we have already shown. The question now is,—Shall we adopt more systematic action in the future,

by similar direct means to those of the *Société des Fabricants de Bronze?*

GEORGE WALLIS.

THE EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS ON CHINA.



BABELLE.
(By Mrs. Mallam.)

ings on pottery by artists and amateurs, brought together in their admirable galleries in Regent Street. A very large proportion of the art workers are ladies, and the present exhibition, which is the third of the series, is in every way vastly superior to its predecessors. The reason of the favour which has been accorded to these gatherings is not far to seek; for, while an evident want has been supplied in the provision of a suitable gallery for the display of the china painter's art, a real benefit has been bestowed on numerous lady artists seeking a channel for remunerative and suitable occupation for their leisure. China-painting has for far too long a time been neglected, and while to artists of every degree have been accorded numerous facilities for displaying their works to the public, painters on china have hitherto found really no opportunity of bringing their productions into notice. Now, however, all this is changed, for there is at present a great "rage" for ceramic art; and Messrs. Howell and James can complain of no lack of "Royal and distinguished" patronage, while members of the Royal Academy come forward to act as judges. It is not our province to determine the exact reason for the recently developed taste for painting on china and porcelain; enough it is to

AT a time when most people are beginning to rather tire of exhibitions, a decided success has been attained by the Messrs. Howell and James in the annual collections of paintings

know that it exists, and we have only to pass briefly in review the works, nearly a thousand in number, constituting the present exhibition. We cannot do better than follow the order of the neat and well-arranged catalogue, giving the names of the artists and the prices of their works, the latter averaging little more than two guineas, or about the amount we should have to pay for a good specimen of an old blue and white Oriental plate. The contributors to the exhibition have, in addition to the opportunity of disposing of their works, the chance of obtaining some valuable prizes; among others, a gold medal, presented by the Crown Princess of Germany, for the best work by an amateur (lady), which on the present occasion has been awarded to no less distinguished a lady than the Countess



BLACKBERRYING.
(By Mrs. Sparkes.)

of Warwick, for an excellent portrait-head, nearly life-size, of the Lady Eva Greville (see page 177); and two prizes of ten guineas and five

guineas, which have been carried off by Miss Ada Hanbury and Miss Edith Hall, the former

being for the best work by a professional artist, for three admirably painted panels of fir - cones and horse - chestnut blossoms and fruit ; while the prize of five guineas, for the second best amateur work, is gained by a well-designed conventional arrangement of wild roses. The series of prizes, as is most fair, is strictly divided between the "amateurs" and "professionals,"

Now the advantage of such a collection must be to show what is good and correct in pottery-painting ; what constitutes a true mode of decoration, and what a false one ; and, in short, what is right and what is wrong in ceramic decoration, for this art, like all others, has its limits and its possibilities. It is somewhat strange that so few of the artists in the present exhibition have been inspired by the grand works of the Italian majolica painters, so few have founded their decorative treatments upon the beautiful examples which we owe to the artists of China and Japan, so few have felt, or have shown that they have any perception of the difference which exists between a plate and a canvas. The only other fault which we will single out is the prevalence of "prettiness" in the work. It is still rather too "young-ladyish ;" and to become real and lasting the work must acquire more firmness and vigour. We are not aware whether any powers of selection or rejection are claimed by the promoters of the gathering ; but we are convinced



VASE IN TERRA-COTTA.
(By Mr. Lewis F. Day.)

though, we imagine, there must be some difficulty in arranging these two categories.

The influence of Lambeth teaching is strongly felt in many of the best works ; and this is as it should be, for it is to this school that we owe in a great measure the revival of a love of the natural and simple artistic decoration of some of the lower qualities of ceramic ware. It would be unfair, while endeavouring conscientiously to do our duty in criticising so excellent a collection as the present one, not to point out what we consider the failings as well as to seek out the merits of the display ; and we may at the outset discharge the former part of our task very briefly. The chief fault is the weakness in drawing evinced by some of those who have striven after the most ambitious effects. We find attempts at portraiture and figure drawing by students who can scarcely draw a simple outline, and entire compositions are exhibited by ladies who are probably the merest tyros in art.



LADY EVA GREVILLE. (GOLD MEDAL WORK.)
(By the Countess of Warwick.)

that for the good of the remaining exhibitors, and even for the education of the public, such powers might be exercised with advantage.

Having said so much by way of blame, it

becomes our more pleasant duty to point out some of the many excellences of the work to be found here. The flower paintings are, on the whole, the best group of works; and, indeed, we should expect that lady artists would excel in this branch of art. The ornamental designs are next in merit, and some really admirable specimens of flowers, conventionally treated, are to be found here. The tile painting is also very good, and especial mention should be made of the small panels intended for clock-faces; clocks with china dials mounted in dark wood cases being among the specialties recently introduced by Messrs. Howell and James.

The judges, Messrs. E. W. Cooke, R.A., and F. Goodall, R.A., must have found it a task of some difficulty to allot the numerous awards offered by the promoters of the exhibition. We have already alluded to three of the chief prize-winners, and we have illustrated the gold medal work (page 177). Among the prizes offered to amateurs for "Subjects," under which term is included heads and landscapes, the first falls to E. Langstaffe for a very clever plate, which we illustrate above, entitled "The Angler Caught," showing us an angler-fish which has fallen into the clutches of a sea-devil. A circle of smaller fishes surround the principal group, and the plate has a well-designed border of sea-weed. The colour is a delicate blue, and both in design and execution the work leaves little to be desired. The second prize in this group is awarded to the Lady Augusta Cadogan for a charming little landscape entitled "The Repose of the Reapers," and the third to Lady Willoughby for a portrait of her daughter. For "ornamental designs," by amateurs, the first prize is taken by Miss C. H. Lee for a dish

decorated with conventionally treated everlasting flowers and heliotrope, the arrangement of the ornament being extremely well considered, and reminding us of Persian decoration. It is very important in pottery painting to secure a good balance of the ornament; that is, to distribute the masses and spaces evenly over the object to be decorated. The ancient Chinese artists of Kiang-te-chin were most perfect masters of this branch of the art, and many an old blue and white plate is faultless in the manner in which the sprays and flowers are spread over its surface.

The second prize is awarded to Miss Shepherd for some rhododendrons, and the third to Miss E. Green for a charming little study entitled "Tomtits and Blaekthorn." Mrs. Talbot Coke's vases secure the special prize, and a special prize for a set of clock panels falls to Miss Anderson.

Similar groups of prizes are open to professional artists, thus in "Subjects" the first prize is carried off by Miss Linnie Watt, whose art reminds us of Mrs.



THE ANGLER CAUGHT.
(By E. Langstaffe.)

Sparkes, for a highly meritorious landscape entitled "The Way to the Woods." Mrs. Mallam gains the second prize for one of her clever heads of children (see page 176), and the third is secured by Franz Dange. In prizes for ornamental designs competed for by professional artists, the first prize goes to Miss Charlotte Spiers for her boldly-painted group of irises; the second prize falls to Miss E. Kennard for a group of thistles, and another study of irises by Miss F. Lewis gains the third prize. The special prize for the decoration of a pair of vases is awarded to the same clever artist; while there is, in addition, a long list of amateurs and professional painters who are commended, and obtain diplomas for their work.

A few of the foremost artists who contribute to the exhibition abstain from competing for prizes; in this class is Mrs. Sparkes, who has a delightful little country scene of some children in a rustic landscape, entitled "Do you like Butter?"—a little girl trying the chin of a companion with a butter-cup. We illustrate (page 176) a plate painted by Mrs. Sparkes, now being exhibited at Paris. To remind us further of Lambeth we have some of Miss Hannah Barlow's spirited etchings of animals on stoneware, and Mr. Landry's vigorous flower subjects. Some door-plates decorated by Mrs. North Crealock furnish us with an idea that, in this branch of work, ladies capable of painting on porcelain rapidly and well, might find ample employment by arranging with some of the large producers of these useful, but, as a general rule, badly-decorated articles. The conventional designs of Miss Dymock and Miss Duff show a praiseworthy endeavour to avail themselves of Japanese examples. Mr. Haines sends a well-treated arrangement of conventional ornament, and Miss Davidson's daisy patterns are pretty and appropriate. Miss F. Willis proves by her simple and naturally painted spray of larch how easy it is to please with an unaffected transcript of nature. Miss Busby has copied one of Walter Crane's picture-book illustrations, which are well adapted for ceramic decoration. A good set of such plates would do well to hang up round the nursery. Mr. Lewis F. Day is quite a master of the necessary mode of treat-

ment for painting on china, and his works may be studied with advantage by those who aim to succeed in this kind of work (see illustration on page 177). His heads of Raphael and Dante are first-rate, and his grasshopper plate is very satisfactory as an ornamental arrangement. The Lady Augusta Cadogan has chosen a charming old type of plate to decorate; the old-fashioned plates with perforated borders seem admirably fitted for the china painter. It is perhaps as well to remember that there is an infinite variety of delightfully shaped dishes and plaques to select from, and we fear, from the fact that circular plates of stated sizes are kept in stock by Messrs. Howell and James, that artists and amateurs may lose sight of the charm often to be attained by the adoption of some quaintly-shaped dish on which to display one's ornament. Plaques for furniture, decorated in a simple way, should meet with ready purchasers. We noticed a little oval panel by Miss Emmet, of the kind we mean.

The exhibition is full of suggestions, and we think that amateur china painting has a great future; nothing looks better on the walls than a well decorated plate or plaque. It is an ornament which is perfectly permanent, which does not fade, crack, or tarnish, and which can be readily washed. In conclusion we may state that our visit to the Exhibition of Paintings on China was productive of much pleasure to us, and we can promise the same to those of our readers who may try the experiment.

LACE.

(THE LAST PAPER WRITTEN BY THE LATE MRS. BURY PALLISER.)



For all beautiful objects for personal decoration, there is scarcely one which appeals more to the imagination than lace. Made, as it were, out of nothing, of no worth in the material, its value consists entirely in the beauty of its workmanship. Who invented lace no one can tell. Women had embroidered from the earliest times, and embroidery, *point coupé*, and lacies

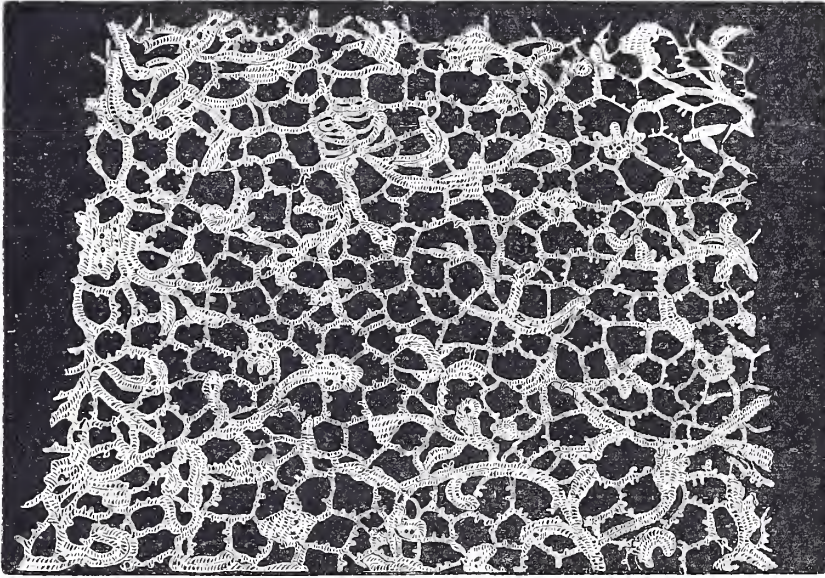
were no doubt suggestive of lace; but to what dreamy enthusiast or ecstatic recluse it at first occurred to turn the monotonous embroidery into an independent creation, and work the filmy threads together with nothing but the air for a background; to emancipate the first piece of cut-work from its linen cerements, must ever remain a mystery.

During the early ages, lace was entirely made in the convents, exclusively for the Church and its ministers, and little of it therefore was known by the laity; indeed, severe were the restrictions

imposed by the bishops on the nuns who worked for other than ecclesiastical purposes.

At the period of the Renaissance, when art was gradually emancipating itself from the Church, the making of lace still remained in the convent, but the nuns teaching the art to their lay pupils, the knowledge soon spread to the outside world, and lace-making formed the principal occupation of the ladies of the day. In feudal times it was the custom for knightly families to send their daughters to the castles of their suzerain lords, there to be

circulation was that of the Venetian Vinciolo, to whom some say Catherine de Medicis, whom he accompanied to the French Court, granted in 1535, the special privilege of making and selling the ruffs she had herself introduced. At this period, when art and industry were so identified that great artists did not disdain to direct the public taste, and to furnish ideas to even the humblest industries, the lace-maker's art was not excluded from the general movement, and the pencils of renowned masters among the Italian artists were called into



VENETIAN POINT.

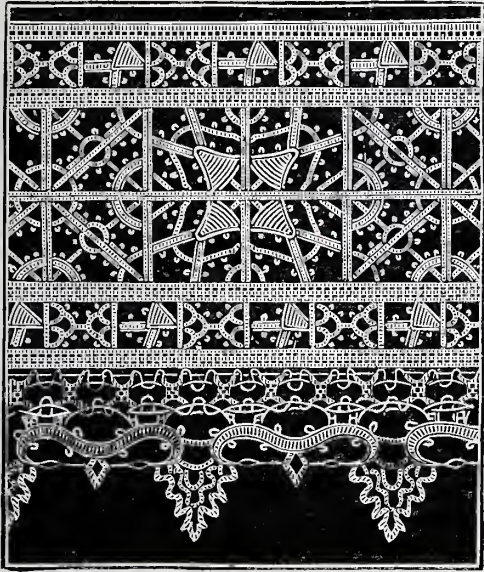
trained in all female accomplishments. Here the lady *châtelaine* presided over the work, and taught the "maidens" who surrounded her the gentle and noble art of the needle, their labours beguiled by the "chansons à toile," as the ballads composed for the occasion were termed. Thus Scotland's Mary, under the guidance of Queen Catherine de Medicis (herself an unrivalled needlewoman), learnt her proficiency in cut-work, which formed her solace during her after years of captivity.

Lace-making was then no vulgar trade, and no doubt the many collections of designs for lace and embroidery published in the seventeenth century were executed for those noble workwomen. The volume most generally in

requisition for the production of beautiful designs for laces and cut-work. The richness of the complicated patterns, the dedication of the books to queens and other high-born ladies, prove they were for the use of such as these rather than for manufacture, and confirm the conclusion that lace was not then a commercial speculation, but an agreeable occupation in which ladies employed their hours of leisure, and at the same time provided themselves with a new ornament for their dress.

About seventy of these pattern-books have come down to us, one-third of which were published at Venice, the great lace school of the period. These books have now become scarce, for being designed for patterns traced with a

metal stylus, or pricked through, many perished in the using, and they are now much sought



RETICELLA, OR GREEK LACE. (FROM ZANTE.)

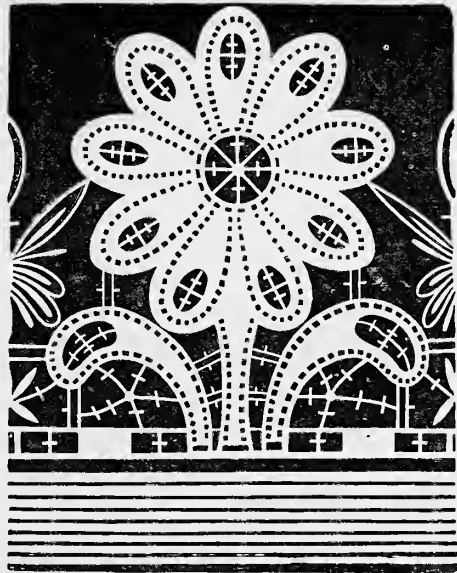
after by collectors as specimens of early wood block printing.

To give a sketch of the history of lace, it must be traced through its several gradations from open-work embroidery, which, though comprising a wide variety of decoration, went, in the seventeenth century, under the general name of cut-work.

The fashion of adorning linen prevailed from the earliest times. Either the edges were worked in close embroidery, the threads drawn and fashioned with a needle into various forms, or the ends of the cloth unravelled and plaited with geometric precision. To judge from the description of the linen grave-clothes of St. Cuthbert, the noted Bishop of Lindisfarne (who died in 685, and whose body was transferred to Durham, to save its spoliation by the Danes—Reginald, a monk of Durham, was an eye-witness to his disinterment in the twelfth century), they were ornamented in a similar manner to that we have described. "There had been," said the chronicler, "put over him a sheet . . . This skirt had a fringe of linen thread of a finger's length; upon its sides and ends were woven a border of projecting workmanship, fabricated of the thread itself,

bearing the figures of birds and beasts, so arranged that between every two pair there were interwoven among them the representation of a branching tree, which divides the figures. This tree, so tastefully depicted, appears to be putting forth its leaves." There can be no doubt that this sheet, for many years preserved in the cathedral church of Durham, was a specimen of drawn, or cut work, which, though at a later date it came into general use, was at that period used for ecclesiastical purposes alone, and was an art looked upon as a Church secret.

Cut-work was made in various ways. In one process, a network of threads was attached or gummed to a piece of linen cloth, and the pattern formed by sewing round the pieces of cloth that were to remain with button-hole stitch, and cutting away the rest—hence the name of cut-work. At other times, no cloth was used at all, the foundation threads were arranged in a frame or on a parchment pattern, radiating from one centre, and the pattern wrought by the needle into geometric forms. In the cathedral at Prague is preserved a



PASSEMENT AU FUSEAU. (VINCILO, EDITION 1623.)

priest's robe, executed by Queen Anne of Bretagne; a curious piece of embroidery.

Cut-work still lingers on in the north of Europe. The Swedish housewives pierce and

stitch the holiday collars of their husbands and sons; and some twenty years ago the white smock-frock of the English labourer might be

linen were drawn, retaining the design and forming the threads into a square network, rendered firm by a stitch at each intersection; the design was then embroidered, often in colours. The lace also of Central and South America consists chiefly of darned netting and drawn-work, and the tissues of Persia and China are similarly decorated. In Russia the use of embroidered linen is widely spread. The figured towels decorated with drawn-work and darned netting are associated with all the events of the peasant's life. On days of *fêtes* they are hung round his dwelling, decorate his carved chest and the images of his saints. The



POINT COUPÉ. (VINCILOLO.)

seen ornamented with an insertion of cut-work running from the collar and the shoulder.

Not many years back, when present at a peasant wedding at the church of St. Lo (Dept. La Manche), the *toile d'honneur*, which, according to custom, was extended over the heads of the married pair while the priest pronounces the blessing, was of the finest cut-work; and a splendid cut-work pall still covers the coffin of the fisher-tribe when borne in procession through the streets of Dieppe, a votive offering worked by the hands of some lady saved from shipwreck, and presented as a memorial of her gratitude.

Lacis consists of a network of square ground "rezeuil," upon which the pattern was either darned or worked in with counted stitches. It was also called "spider-work," or *opus araneum*.

A most important piece of lacis, belonging to Mrs. Hailstone, was exhibited at the Art International Exhibition of 1874, an altar-frontal, fourteen feet by four feet, executed in *point coupé*, representing eight scenes of the Passion of our Saviour, in all fifty-six figures, surrounded by Latin inscriptions. It is assumed to be of English workmanship of an early period.

Coeval with lacis and *point coupé* was drawn-work, in which the woof and weft thread of the

peasant girl passes her time in accumulating a store in anticipation of her marriage, when they are distributed among the guests, twisted round the harness of the horses, and ornament the wedding sledges.

Cut-work was produced by cutting the pattern out of the solid linen. In Reticella (see illustration on page 181) the design was formed by arranging a network of threads upon a small frame, and crossing and intersecting them into various complicated geometric patterns, the crossings secured, and then all the foundation threads either covered with an evenly-twisted thread, or worked over with the button-hole stitch. When in the end of the sixteenth century a desire was felt to make this embroidery movable, then detached lace was introduced with designs of endless variety, segments of circles, and infinite geometric combinations. This was the favourite work of the Medici ladies in France and Italy, of the court of Philip of Spain, and of Queen Elizabeth. The ruffs of the period were made of the finest reticella combined with cut-work. Of these finer laces little remain. Starch and old age were their destruction, and only the coarser descriptions, used for altar-cloths and shrouds, still exist in the Ionian Islands under the name of Greek lace.

OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

WILLIAM C. T. DOBSON, R.A.

HALF a century ago, Sir Walter Scott, judging the pictorial art of the day from his own standpoint as an artist in words who knew how to touch the hearts of millions, charged it with what appeared to him to be legitimate end to affect the human passions—to excite wonder, or terror, or pleasure, or emotion of one sort or other; and this they often do in their rude beginnings, with more power than when, after long training on the



W. C. T. Dobson

(From a Photograph by W. H. Tuck and Co.)

grave faults. "It strikes me," he said, "that the direction given by amateurs and professors to their *protégés* and pupils, who aspire to be artists, is upon a pedantic and false principle." And to this uncomplimentary conclusion he appears to have been led by a train of thought somewhat similar to the following. All the fine arts have it for their highest and most

part of their professors, great technical excellence has been attained. There is a painting of the lily that disfigures it, a gilding of gold that almost makes it appear to be counterfeit, a sophistication that, with all its finish, is far less pleasing and less telling than even the ruggedness of original simplicity. Of this there are many illustrations. Poetry becomes

complicated in its rules, music intricate in its cadences and harmonies, and painting subtle in its technicalities. There is more labour given to the execution, and less to the popular effect produced. Thus it happens that pictures may often be too *recherché* for public recognition; and that art critics adopt a style of comment resembling that which led Michael Angelo to call some Pope a poor creature, when, turning his attention from the general effect of a noble statue, his Holiness began to criticise the hem of the robe. A still better illustration of our meaning is afforded by the story of M. Falconet and the horse of Marcus Aurelius, in the Roman Capitol. Falconet had just completed his equestrian statue of the Czar Peter, now at St. Petersburg, when he delivered a lecture on sculpture, in which he pointed out a hundred faults in the celebrated antique. But, vain as this sculptor was, he could not help exclaiming at the close of his harangue, as he eyed his own faultless model, "All the same, gentlemen, it must be owned that that ugly beast is *alive*, and that mine is *dead*." It was precisely a feeling that contemporary artists were playing the part of Falconet, and contemporary critics repeating the language of the captious pontiff, that seems to have taken hold of the mind of the author of "Waverley," after attending an exhibition in 1826. He expresses a regret that the noble art has degenerated into "a mystery, the secret of which is lodged in a few connoisseurs, whose object is not to praise the works of such painters as produce effect on mankind at large; but to class them according to their proficiency in the inferior rules which, though most necessary, should yet only be considered the steps by which the higher and ultimate object of a great popular effect is to be attained." In short, he complains that hardly one of the pictures moved him.

The spectator at the great picture exhibitions of more recent years has no ground, in a general way, for a similar complaint. It is not that there is less technical excellence, but that there is more human interest than there formerly was in the subjects chosen for delineation by the masters of the brush. The proverbial "touch of nature" is now reproduced

on a hundred canvases, and the deepest emotions of the heart are eloquently stirred by those who are at once artists in their conceptions, and in their method of carrying those conceptions into effect. And emphatically one among this honourable company is the artist whose name stands at the head of this article.

Born in 1817, at Hamburg, where his father was a resident at the time, William Charles Thomas Dobson came to England when nine years of age, and subsequently, after drawing a little at the British Museum, he entered the Royal Academy as a student, and was also able to further his art education under the personal direction of the late Sir Charles Eastlake. In 1843, Mr. Dobson was appointed head master of the Birmingham School of Design—a post which he held with great pleasure to himself and profit to the students, who, on his leaving them at the end of three years in order that he might prosecute his studies in Italy, presented him with a testimonial in the shape of a silver palette and a *porte-erayon* set with jewels, which are still among the most treasured studio gods in the artist's Hampstead home. That Mr. Dobson had been a frequent and successful exhibitor at the Royal Academy, was sufficiently indicated in 1860, by his election in that year to an Associateship; and he became an Academician in 1872. Two years earlier, he had entered, as an Associate, the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, of which also he was elected a member in 1875. Mr. Dobson, as will be gathered from these dates, turned to water-colours comparatively late in life, and, when he did so, it was for a special and a public reason. He saw that the most suggestive and artistic features of this beautiful medium, which is nothing if not transparent, and the very name of which suggests unsophisticated washes, were being manipulated away by a new school of aquarellists, who had little or nothing in common with the old; and he therefore determined, like a true follower of David Cox, to wield his brush in this noble branch of his art, without the use of body-colour. Imbued with the conviction that body-colour implied a denial of all those charming qualities peculiar to water-colour drawings, and in order to show that strength of effect is



LIGIA.

(From the Water-Colour Painting by W. C. T. Dobson, R.A., in the Royal Academy Exhibition, 1873.)

not necessarily dependent on it, he produced those practical illustrations of his principles, and of the skill which requires no adventitious aid to back it up, which have been for the last few years familiar to the public on the walls of the most important water-colour exhibition of the year. Of his works in this medium, we need only name three, as possessing peculiar merit, namely, "The Camellia," "The Flower-Stall," and "Ligeia"—a drawing which is full of the artist's characteristics, and which is here reproduced (see page 185).

Those characteristics may be summed up in a few words: a loving reproduction of feminine beauty, in which we never remember to have seen a harsh feature or a hard type; a roundness and sweetness, which is never sensual; a delicacy of colour; a refinement of finish; and a manipulation which only comes after long and patient practice. Of his choice of subjects, we have already spoken. They are always those that, apart from the technical excellence of their treatment, affect the feelings—as the following titles of some of his principal paintings in oil sufficiently indicate. In the year 1855, he exhibited "The Alms-deeds of Dorcas," which was painted by command of the Queen. In 1857, appeared, "The Child Jesus going down with His Parents to Nazareth," and "Reading the Psalms"—both in the collection of the Baroness Burdett Coutts. Later works were "Fairy Tales;" "Peace be to this House;" "The Widow's Son raised to Life;" and, last of all, as visitors to the bygone Academy exhibition will remember, "Mother and Child," representing a young mother looking wistfully into the eyes of the child on her lap, and suggested by the lovely lines in one of Shakespeare's sonnets:

"Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime;"

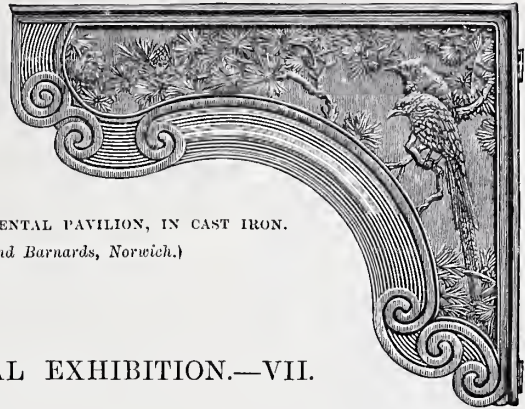
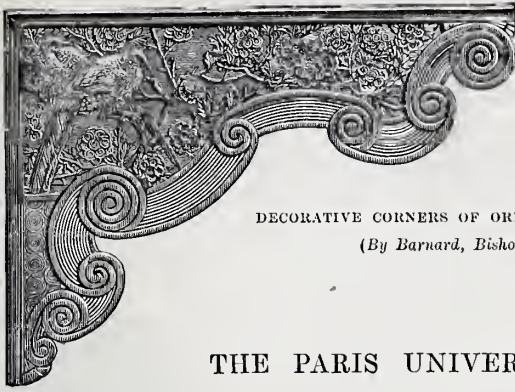
an idea on which the great master harps again and again in most fanciful fashion throughout a section of his sonnets; but which, so far as we know, Mr. Dobson was the first to give expression to in pictorial art.

The most important exercise of Mr. Dobson's influence has probably been the partial revival of a taste for religious art which he effected in the earlier part of his career. In no country and at no time have scriptural subjects been so

neglected as they now are in England. The Divine literature which contributes so much to every Englishman's earliest education, and which is supposed to form an important part of his studies in after years, has now little share in the inspiration of his fancy or the formation of his æsthetic taste. Mediæval Italians painted from the Scriptures as a matter of course; so much so, indeed, that their subjects bore the inevitable character of manufacture, after the Renaissance had deprived the artistic mind of that sincere simplicity which found the group of the Holy Family as fresh and unwearysome in pictorial composition as the Lord's Prayer in its daily orisons. In austere Spain, if they searched the Scriptures less for subjects, theology and monastic religion supplied the painters with matter more distinctively picturesque than will ever be found again. Even in later France, it was *de rigueur* for a Philippe de Champagne to paint a scene which realised Milton's quaint phrase of a "courtly stable," and the "order servicable" of "bright-harnessed angels." England alone, even in the time of her artistic greatness a hundred years ago, has found little or no attraction in religious art; and yet, so strong is the impression produced on all young painters by the example of the old masters whose works are their school of study, that hardly one figure-painter, even now, starts on the first steps of his career without some intention of making Biblical scenes sooner or later his artistic study. The inexorable law of supply and demand soon checks the aspiration, except in those rare cases which will occur to the mind at once; and Mr. Dobson has certainly been one of the most persevering of the few.

Mr. Dobson was appointed a juror for the Fine Art Department of the present year's Paris International Exhibition, where, owing to difficulties in obtaining the loan of any of his important paintings in oil, he was only represented by water-colour drawings. The following of his works in this medium were to be found in the English department's picture-gallery: "Una Fascina di Olive," "Waiting," and "A Capri Peasant Girl;" all life-sized heads, and typically representative of those qualities of the painter which we have already named.

JOHN OLDCASTLE.



DECORATIVE CORNERS OF ORNAMENTAL PAVILION, IN CAST IRON.

(By Barnard, Bishop, and Barnards, Norwich.)

THE PARIS UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION.—VII.

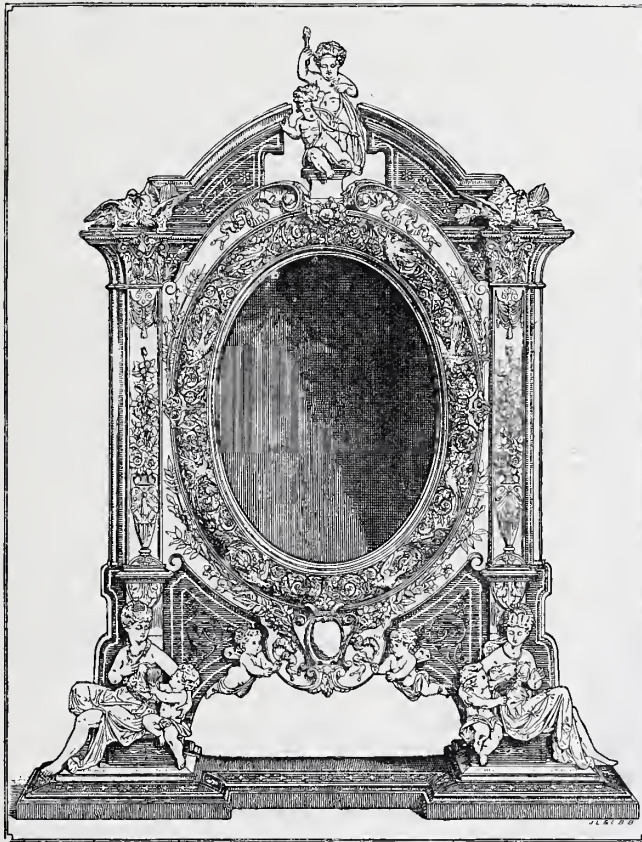
ENGLISH metal-workers are not by any means numerously represented at the Paris Exhibition, and considerable difficulty seems to have been experienced by the few who have contributed specimens of their art, to decide under what class to include art metal-work. Some of the best wrought iron-work is to be found in Class 25, which is entitled "Bronzes and Various Art Castings and Repoussé-work," and in Class 24, "Goldsmiths' and Silver-smiths' work;" but metal-work is also found in Classes 17, 51, and 66. The forged work of some of our English manufacturers takes a very high place among similar industries exhibited by other Euro-

pean nations. There is nothing to excel the wrought iron-work of Messrs. W. Cubitt and Co., Messrs. Barnard, Bishop and Barnards, and Messrs. Jones and Willis. The

castings in iron, though perhaps scarcely so delicate as the almost lace-like work of some Belgian and German manufacturers, are admir-

able in their way. Messrs. Elkington and Co. have a most splendid show of repoussé works, damascened work in various metals, silver castings chased and electro-gilt. We have selected for illustration a fine mirror in silver repoussé work. Their electro-deposited reproductions of famous art treasures and ancient metal-work have attained a world-wide fame, and they have made marked progress in their *cloisonné* and *champ-levé* enamel-work.

A revived love of ecclesiastical ceremonial, and the desire in this country for a more ornate form of religious service, has encouraged a taste for church decoration and restoration, and much of the metal-work sent to Paris by English exhibitors



MIRROR.

(By Messrs. Elkington and Co.)



WALL PAPER.

(By Messrs. Jeffrey and Co.)

has been inspired by this movement, and takes the form of utensils for the service of the church. Messrs. Jones and Willis, of Great Russell Street, London, have a fine brass lectern, the book-rest being supported by an eagle: they show also a good collection of altar vessels, alms-dishes, and ornamental objects in brass and metal. For excellence of workmanship we must specially refer to the entrance gate in wrought and hammered iron-work, and these seven-branch sanctuary standards in brass. The same firm has also a carved oak reredos, designed by Mr. Champion, and some good church needle-work—notably an altar-frontal, richly embroidered. Messrs. Hart, Son, Pearl and Co., have also a fine collection of metal-work, chiefly of an ecclesiastical character, and inspired by mediæval art. We can only mention the other principal exhibitors in this class, Messrs. J. Hardman and Co., of Birming-

ham, and Messrs. Singer and Son, of Frome. The latter firm deserve especial praise for the excellence and originality of their designs, and for the admirable execution of their vessels in silver, copper, and brass. The gates of Messrs. W. Cubitt and Co., designed by Mr. E. M. Barry, R.A., which are exhibited in the Rue des Nations, are magnificent specimens of hammered work in wrought iron. The style is Elizabethan, intended as they are for the entrance to the park which surrounds the fine old Tudor Hall of Lord Crewe. The armorial bearings have been painted in heraldic colours, and the scroll-work has been slightly relieved by gilding. The gate piers in concrete are fac-similes of the actual work in stone. Messrs. Barnard, Bishop, and Barnards excel both in their cast and wrought iron-work. In the former material they show a kiosk or garden pavilion, most delicate and refined in the treatment of the cast metal. The style is Japanese, and a good idea of the ornamental details may be obtained from two of the brackets which we have engraved for the heading of this article. The best specimens of the wrought work in iron contributed by this firm are to be found in the central avenue, namely, the gates in the chief entrance to the Prince of Wales's Pavilion (see our illustration on page 189), and the garden gates and railings to the enclosures separating the Pavilion from the houses on either side of it. Messrs. Barnards have also supplied the beautiful stove and fire-dogs in the dining-room of the Pavilion, an engraving of which appeared in our last number (page 167). While on the subject of stoves it would be unfair to forget the work of Messrs. Mark Feetham and Co., of Clifford Street, London, whose designs are excellent, and whose wrought steel stoves in the apartments of the Prince of Wales have been deservedly admired. Messrs. Longden and Co., of Sheffield, have also some good works in this class. They show a fireplace in the style of the seventeenth century, with hearth, fender, and fire-irons, and a magnificent carved chimney-piece, carried up to the full height of a lofty room; also a dog-grate with tiled sides, and a brass grate with fire-lump interior. This kind of stove is again coming into fashion among us, and much can be said in its favour when contrasted

with the conventional fire-grate in which three-fourths of the heat goes up the chimney. Before passing from our metal-workers we must not omit to mention the splendid display of Messrs. R. W. Winfield and Co., of Birmingham, whose collection presents us with every

in which the latter so greatly excel, viz., in mural decorations, paper-hangings, and wall furniture. Very creditable displays are, however, made in this class by two English firms, Messrs. Jeffrey and Co., paper-stainers, of Essex Road, Islington, whose wall papers,



WROUGHT-IRON ENTRANCE-GATES TO PAVILION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES, PARIS EXHIBITION.

(By Messrs. Barnard, Bishop, and Barnards, Norwich.)

imaginable kind of manufactured brass-work. Their brass bedsteads are most artistic in design, and their gas chandeliers, pendants, and brackets, and metallic furniture generally, also their mediæval and ecclesiastical metal-works are first-rate.

Few English manufacturers have ventured to compete with the French in the class of work

designed by Walter Crane and B. J. Talbert, deserve especial notice (see our illustrations, pages 188 and 190), and Messrs. William Woollams and Co., of Manchester Square, London, whose embossed flock papers and embossed leathers deserve honourable mention. We have already spoken of the process of Mr. J. Aldam Heaton, who produces decorative

panelling for the walls of rooms by gilding and colouring various ornamental designs, produced in a raised surface of composition or "gesso," which is subsequently painted in transparent oil-colours. Messrs. George Jackson and Sons show some well-designed wall and ceiling decorations in *carton-pierre* and *papier-mâché*; they produced in this way the enrichments for the Princess's boudoir in the Prince of Wales's Pavilion. Messrs. Pitman and Cuthbertson have a good show of what they term "London painted tapestry," which consists of coarse jute canvas, painted by hand in encaustic colours. Messrs. Wirth Frères and Co., of Regent Street, contribute also some excellent artistic decorations.

Stained glass windows are included by the French classification with the bottle glass. Our English show is by no means extensive, and the position in which it has been displayed is far from satisfactory. Engineers in designing exhibition buildings do not as a rule consider the necessity for providing suitable spaces for the arrangement of stained glass windows, carpets, and wall decorations, and in the Paris Exhibition manufacturers in these classes have been obliged to make great shift to find any places at all for their goods. Thus the French carpets are mainly shown in the carriage department, exposed to all the risk of splashing and dirt from the washing and cleansing of the carriages. The English carpets are hung up under the roofs of the industrial galleries, and the stained

glass is shown against the outer screen, towards the central avenue. Messrs. Lavers, Barraud, and Westlake have some excellent grisaille windows for the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, a three-light window for St. Chad's, Manchester, and some domestic glass, painted with a subject from the Armada. Messrs. J. Hardman and Co., of Birmingham, have some good ecclesiastical stained glass, Messrs. Pitman and Cuthbertson send a window for an entrance-hall, painted with a peacock, a new feature in which is the use of Venetian roundells. Mr. F. Holt has a stained glass window representing St. Cecilia, treated in light tints of glass, and the figure of St. Nicholas under a canopy more fully coloured. Messrs. Camm Brothers, of Birmingham, have a good show of glass in various styles, and Messrs. Ward and Hughes, of Soho, send a memorial window for Braybourne Church, Kent.

English carpet manufacturers complain very bitterly of the space allotted to them, and it is certainly difficult to judge the effect of the carpets in the position in which they are hung. Messrs. John Brinton and Co., of Kidderminster, send many choice specimens of Melton velvet pile carpets in numerous styles. Messrs. J. Templeton and Co., in addition to providing the carpets and curtains for the Prince's Pavilion, from the designs of Mr. Henry, have some excellent Axminster carpets, rugs, and hearthrugs. The Brussels carpets of Messrs. Woodward,



WALL PAPER.

(By Messrs. Jeffrey and Co.)

Grosvenor, and Co., are good in colour and design. Messrs. Cooke, Sons, and Co., of Friday Street, London, have a good display of Brussels tapestry and felt carpets. Messrs. Thom and Lawson show specimens of their patent "Oriental reversible" carpets, and Messrs. H. Widnell and Co., of their velvet pile and tapestry carpets and moquettes. In other classes of floor coverings we find the Linoleum Manufacturing Company have some capital designs in their patent material, which it may be interesting to know is a woven fabric, on which is rolled a compound of solidified or oxydised linseed oil, mixed with powdered cork; the surface then receives a printed pattern, and the back is coated with waterproof. The Boulignon Floor-cloth Company send specimens of their patented material; and the Corticene Floor Covering Company have many good samples of their floor-cloth. Messrs. Treloar and Sons, who have furnished the cocoa-nut matting for the picture galleries, made in an entirely new style, show many excellent specimens of their manufactures. The spaces on either side of the Prince's Pavilion have been fitted up to receive the pianos of Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons, and Messrs. J. and J. Hopkinson. The instruments of the former firm well deserve a place in an art history of the Exhibition, owing to the taste and beauty displayed in their cases. Many English manufactures of an art character merit a brief description, but we have left ourselves only a few lines for India and the Colonies, and have still the larger portion of the Exhibition to explore and describe.

The Indian section richly deserves a chapter to itself, and the collection is infinitely the best we have ever seen at any previous exhibition. The splendid presents made to the Prince of Wales on the occasion of his visit to India, have been largely supplemented by loans from private collections. Thus Lord Northbrook lends many fine specimens of metal-work and armour, and Mrs. Rivett Carnac contributes 6,000 objects of Indian peasant jewellery. The Indian

Government has forwarded a fair collection of the raw products of the country. Many native princes have also sent over specimens of Indian produce and manufactures; and importers of shawls, carpets, and Indian goods have united to render the display as complete as possible in every department. In those cases where it would have been difficult otherwise to procure characteristic examples of native workmanship, the Indian Committee has requested the governors of the different provinces to expend for them small sums of money upon the purchase of such objects as were needed. In this way good specimens have been obtained of the pottery of Bombay and Sind, of Madras and the Punjaub, of the metal-work of Tanjore, Madura, and Benares, of the painted chintzes of Masulipatam, and the muslins of Lucknow.

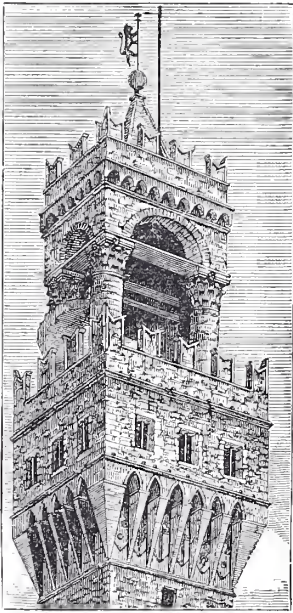
The displays made by our English colonies and dependencies are highly creditable, and in many ways extremely interesting. The Canadian section has a character of its own, from the fact that the show cases, made of different varieties of native woods, are all uniform in design. In the north-west dome, moreover, a lofty trophy has been erected, further to demonstrate the applicability of Canadian timber for structural purposes. An excellent collection of coloured photographs is sent by the Government of Queensland, showing the chief geological and physical characteristics of the colony. The cabinet of minerals, and the specimens of wool, serve to illustrate very completely the chief products of the country. Victoria, South Australia, and New South Wales, are all well represented at Paris, and trophies at each angle of the dome, to which we have before alluded, serve to point to the chief native productions. Gigantic obelisks bring vividly before the eyes of the visitor the amount of gold or copper raised in the different colonies, while ingots of tin, copper, and antimony are piled up in profusion to remind us of the great mineral wealth of Australia.

(To be continued.)



FLORENCE, FROM SAN MINIATO.

MODERN ART IN FLORENCE.



THE SUMMIT OF PALAZZO VECCHIO,
FLORENCE.

MR. J. H. BRADLEY, well-known in England as an exhibitor of charming landscapes in water-colour, has lately turned his attention to oils, with equal, if not greater, results. The true spirit of Italian landscape has entered into his paintings. The clear stillness of the hot noon-day, when nature lies breathless beneath the fierce sun; the golden and rosy mists of evening

shrouding the distant hills; the dreary picturesqueness of a marshy *maremma*, lying in fruitful verdure and human loneliness under a tawny sky; the rich life of a warm-blooded southern people crowded noisily beneath the shadows of their quaint old buildings—all these things speak to us from the many canvases on the walls of Mr. Bradley's studio. There is a splendid view of Florence from San Miniato, in which the domes and towers of the city gleam through a pale golden mist. Near this are some bits of nature from

the lagoons of Venice; one a calm, in which the ruddy sails of the fishing-boats are reflected still and deep in the waters, while Venice rises in the background like a *mirage* against the sunset sky; another a brisk wind, in which the clouds, the waves, and the swift boats, with their full sails, seem chasing one another. On the easels are two pictures, of which the motives are just touched in, and a fine contrast they form. In one the Bridge of Sighs frowns across from its heights between the palace and the prison; but the artist having chosen a different point of view from the usual one, has got a good circular perspective beneath the bridge in the background, and a charming effect of sunny light slanting across the houses to the waters of the canal, which contrasts well with the severe architecture in front. The second painting is one of those peculiarly lively Italian crowds, which form a mass of colours in the ancient Florentine market-place. The variegated costumes, the scarlet fruits, green vegetables, ruddy tiles, warm old time-tinted buildings, make a veritable furnace of colour in the foreground, while behind, against a cool sky, Giotto's Campanile and Brunelleschi's Dome rise up like molten silver. The effect of this picture on the mind is as when one stands on a summer evening between a rich sunset and a pale moonrise. But perhaps the most characteristic specimens of Mr. Bradley's many styles of art are his wonderful etchings. They are chiefly reproductions of the motives of his paintings, and

are full of effect, force, and feeling. Besides the bold freedom and intense chiaroscuro, there is in many of the more delicate subjects a tender softness that would seem impossible to obtain in an etching. Mr. Bradley has had pictures this year in the Royal Academy and the Dudley Gallery.

From here it is but a step to the studio of the sculptor, Professor Vincenzo Consani, whose colossal statue of the priest-philosopher, Antonio Rosmini, is completed, and on view in the artist's studio previous to being erected at Rovereto, in the Tyrol, the commission having been given by the municipality of that city, Rosmini's birth-place.

For inspiration, the sculptor had only a plaster mask, a photograph, and a knowledge of the philosopher's mind through his works. With these materials, and his own genius, which grasps a truth in whatever form it is presented to him, Signor Consani has made not only a perfect likeness, but a noble statue. Whatever was great in the mind of the philosopher, whatever was deep in the soul of the thinker, whatever was noble in the lineaments of the man,—is indelibly portrayed in this most grand figure. The attitude is at once majestic and reflective. The hands—precisely the broad, firm hands of a deep thinker—are crossed, bringing his wide ecclesiastical cloak into rich classical folds. This mantle has been cleverly utilised by the sculptor to obviate the disadvantage of modern dress, and give added grandeur to the figure by a drapery as classical as the toga of a Cicero. The *paneggiamento* is indeed wonderful; it has an antique grandeur and religious solemnity not often met with except in the works of the early Italian school.

The eminent sculptor Dupré lately expressed himself in these terms regarding this last work of one who might be called his rival.

"Consani," writes he, "has not a few enemies, because he knows how to rise; and he rises because he is a fearless priest of art, an incorruptible interpreter of its eternal laws. In this it is we who should come nearer to Consani, and not he to us in our works."

Consani is a true artist, in that he is a lover of truth, and his art is sacred to him. He has never worked without a direct inspiration, and never for mere gain or emulation. In his hands sculpture is what its name imports, and what it was in the hands of "fierce-hewing" Michael Angelo, not the mere modelling in clay which it becomes in the studios of many modern artists. Consani's mind and chisel are in the marble from first to last. He hews and sculpts with his own hand, and brings from the marble the soul which he has moulded in the clay.



THE AMAZON.
(By Professor Consani.)

Professor Consani is represented in England by two groups in the possession of the Queen at Buckingham Palace; one, a marble group of two princes of Parma; and the other, a statue of the "Genius of Sacred Music," which were presented to the Queen through the hands of the artist by the Duchess of Parma in 1854. A charming statuette of an Eros, weeping over a dead bird, was purchased last year by the Marquis of Salisbury.

A bust, larger than life, of the poetess Sappho, is at present in the Paris Exhibition. It is, with some slight alterations, a replica of the one which was exhibited at Vienna, where it gained a medal, and was bought by the late King Victor Emmanuel. In this bust, the Greek character is exquisitely maintained in the severe simplicity and delicate nobility of feature.

In the Pitti Gallery, in Florence, is a fine and very graceful statue of "Victory," by Consani. It was presented to the late king by the combined municipalities of Tuscany. But

perhaps the two most beautiful of all this artist's works are still in his studio: "The Amazon" (see the slight sketch on page 193), and "The Tomb of Countess Matilda." The Amazon is a partly-draped figure, crouching half kneeling, to swing her battle-axe above her head with both hands. The modelling of the strained limbs, powerful, yet never losing their feminine roundness, of the swelling muscles of the uplifted arms, of the delicate little bended foot, are all perfect; while the face, in which horror seems to blend with shrinking, and fierceness to mingle with tenderness, has the ideal expression of a woman warrior. In the tomb of Countess Matilda, who is looked on as the founder of the Commonwealth of Florence in 1100, Consani has preserved the mediæval type in the composition, but the execution bears the stamp of his own fidelity to nature. The countess lies at full length in royal brodered robes, a graceful wimple beneath her crown, and is a perfect type of noble old age. The strife and turmoil of her warlike life are told in the lines and furrows of her cheeks: firmness and dignity are set in her proud mouth and profile, repose and peace after all are expressed in the slight smile and quiet crossed hands, all veined and seamed with age, yet still shapely.

From modern studios we will pass to more ancient art treasures, thinking that it may be interesting to art patrons to know of the existence of a veritable and *disposable* work of Garofalo (Benvenuto Tisio, sixteenth century). The painting in question is mentioned by Miss Horner ("Walks in Florence," vol. ii., p. 105), as being, *pro tem.*, in the gallery of the Panciatichi Palace. It is now in the salon of its possessor, the Cav. Ferdinando Marsili, No. 9, Via Cavour. The painting, a large altarpiece on wood, is signed by the artist's rebus, a *garofalo*, or carnation flower. It represents a Madonna and child, enthroned amid the clouds in a golden sky. A group of lovely angels surrounds her, two of which, undraped, are crowning her with flowers, while two perfect little cherubs peep from the clouds above. Below is a "Santa Compagnia," consisting of St. John, with the eagle at his feet, and St. Petronius, patron saint of Bologna, presenting

the city of Bologna to the Bishop. The composition is intensely Raffaelesque, with a certain traditional reminiscence of the manner of Perugino, especially in the landscape and attitude of the full-length figures. The graceful composition and harmonious colouring prove it to be of the artist's later style, when from the more crude old Ferrarese school he had passed into that of Raffael. This fine work came originally from the church of the Frate Corla, at San Martino in Argine, in the province of Bologna. Cav. Marsili also has a most exquisite collection of cinque cento and Renaissance art, *cammei*, *intagli*, jewellery, and *tazze*, &c., in rock crystal.

Anyone who wishes to judge the merits or demerits of the modern Italian school of painting, should visit the gallery of the Artistic Society of Florence, where the best works of the highest masters are collected. As in England, art has undergone a great revival in Italy during the nineteenth century. Sabatini and Benvenuti, who both lived in the beginning of the century, may be said to have been the founders of modern Italian art, and now we are not one whit behind other nations, although, perhaps, less known by them. The Italians are not fond of Universal Expositions, and the specimens which form the Italian Gallery at such collections, are neither numerous nor meritorious in comparison with the works which seldom leave the studios, except for the salons of purchasers. Until lately there was no worthy exhibition-room in Florence for the finished works of masters; there existed only the yearly exhibition of the works of students at the Belle Arti. The Società Artistica has well remedied this want by opening its beautiful rooms, and no other argument is needed to disprove the criticism of M. Albert Wolff in *Le Temps*, that "Italy does not inspire her sons to art," than a glance on these walls. Why, Italy is everywhere! In Marko's landscapes, in Cassioli's Roman and Etruscan classics, in Becchi's delightful *genre* subjects of home life, in Costa's lovely southern pieces, in Bellucci's grand historical paintings! *La Patria* has inspired them one and all. In the present Exhibition, Professor L. Becchi, who is the Joseph Clarke of the Florentine School, has several good paintings. He delights

in cottage interiors, with their picturesque poverty, and suggestions of human affections blossoming more fully in adversity. In “Una Scena Domestica,” is a rich-complexioned Roman mother, twirling her idle spindle to make a toy for a chubby baby in a wooden cradle. A tiny, barefoot boy, in the shapeless garments common to his kind, stands on tiptoe, leaning over to laugh at his baby brother’s antics. There is a strong focus of light on the group of bright figures, while the dark background is full of characteristic detail in the shape of shelves of brown earthenware utensils; *tegami* lids in a row on a string; a basket of grapes with their leaves; and the frugal table set for a meal, with its brown loaf and bowl of salad.

“The Caresses of a Grandfather,” by the same artist, is a clever example of the amount of feeling and life which can be put into a picture almost without colour. A child, in his shirt, is standing between his grandsire’s knees playing with the old man’s wrinkled features. The motive is full of humour and expression, there is good strong chiaroscuro, and yet the only bit of positive colour in the whole piece is the man’s green waistcoat.

In Professor Becchi’s “Return from Reaping,” we have an Italian summer day in all its glow, warmth, and colour. The deep blue sky, the golden corn with its rich shadows; a youth and maiden with bright Neapolitan costumes and brown faces, dance laughingly down the half-reaped fields towards the shadow, she beating the tambourine high in the air, he

with his reaping-hook on his shoulder, singing as he goes.

Carlo Marko (père) is represented by two fine landscapes, which serve as settings to scriptural subjects. They are “Ruth and Boaz,” and the “Samaritan at the Well.” “Ruth” is an especially bright composition of a graceful group of reapers in flowing Eastern garments or girded skirts in a corn-field; the cool blues and greys of the distance are a delicious contrast to the golden grain and the many-hued group of human life among it.

Andrea Marko (fils), faithful to his Apuan Alps, has several large views of the mountain scenery he delights in. He may be called the Prophet of the Apennines, for no one interprets their peculiar beauties so well. The wonderful purple blue shades that lurk in the ravines clad with chestnut foliage, the pink and golden mists that wreath the distant hills at sunset, the rugged cliffs and dark ravines, the patient oxen toiling up a winding precipitous road with their heads bowed beneath the yoke, the little shepherdess who sits and spins on a rock among her mingled flock of sheep and goats, the curling smoke-wreaths from the charcoal-burners’ fires among the woods,—this artist is familiar with them all.

There are some fine Florentine views also, by Herr Heilmayer, who has become by adoption almost an Italian artist. He is a master of misty effects, and his landscapes are peculiarly soft and harmonious.

We propose to treat further of the pictures exhibited by this eminent Florentine society.

“DR. JENNER INOCULATING HIS SON.”

A STRIKING example of realistic modern sculpture is the group by Professore Monteverde of Rome, which we engrave on the next page. The Italians of to-day may be said to have instituted a new school of the art, which, setting aside classical traditions, has compassed a fresh and surprising kind of excellence. Nothing could be more strongly energetic or

more subtly true than the dramatic expression and action of these figures, the turn of the child’s feet and hands being especially admirable. Among antiques the “Listening Slave” is no doubt dramatic, but it is also monumental; Professore Monteverde’s work is life itself, seized with an intense intelligence. The group is in the Paris International Exhibition.



SCULPTURE FROM THE PARIS EXHIBITION OF 1878.

III.—"DR. JENNER INOCULATING HIS SON." BY PROFESSORE MONTEVERDE.

OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

PHILIP HERMOGENES CALDERON, R.A.

A WRITTEN sketch of an eminent man must, like all sketches, be made up chiefly of leading features and salient lines. We do not,

was not very different from that of many another young aspirant to the noble art of painting.

Writing to me of himself, he says :—" I was



Juan F. Calderon
Philip H. Calderon

(From a Photograph by A. E. Fradelle, Regent Street.)

however, come upon many of these in following the life of Philip Hermogenes Calderon, R.A., only son of the Rev. Juan Calderon, from his birth at Poitiers, in May, 1833, up to the spring of 1852, when his name first appears in our Royal Academy Catalogue. His career so far

very fond of drawing from my earliest years, but did not begin studying art till 1850, when I was sent to Mr. Leigh's, in Newman Street. After painting from the life for some time there, I went to Paris, and was admitted to the *atelier* of Monsieur Picot (*Membre de l'Institut*), where

I studied for a year. Before that time I had scarcely ever *drawn* from the life, but always *painted* (often by gaslight); but at Picot's, I was not allowed to use my brush at all, and was rigidly kept to drawing carefully from the model, Picot insisting upon the drawing being an exact portrait of the model, from the head down to the toes. On my return to London I painted my first picture, 'By the Waters of Babylon we sat down and Wept,' which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1852; after which I painted chiefly portraits for some time, and only began exhibiting regularly in 1857."

The canvas which in that year came from Mr. Calderon's hand at once established him as a favourite with the public. Those who had missed seeing the picture, entitled "Broken Vows," in the Royal Academy, were speedily made familiar with it by the engraving, which appeared in the chief printsellers' windows; and the tall, graceful figure of the girl, with her hand pressed to her heart, in an agony of despair, as, leaning against some rustic palings, she overhears her lover on the other side breathing tender words into the ear of a rival, is still, after twenty-one years, a prominent object of interest with a certain class of the picture-loving multitude. Sterner critics would declare, perhaps, that it displayed merely an aptitude for expressing the more exquisite and refined characteristics of women. This aptitude, however, has since been finely and thoroughly developed, for no painter in the present day has ever brought out more fully upon canvas all that is best in the gentler sex, his later work showing that, whether peasant or duchess, he can imbue them alike with that grace which is never absent from the highest type of their individual classes. Succeeding pictures began also to show that with this specialty was combined the kindred one—that for painting child life.

After exhibiting successively in 1858, 1859, and 1860, "The Gaoler's Daughter," "Flora Macdonald's Farewell to Charles Edward," "Man goeth forth to his Work and to his Labour until the Evening," "French Peasants finding their Stolen Child," and "Nevermore," our young painter scored another very palpable hit of a most telling and enduring sort. In 1861 he produced the "Demande en Mariage"

and "Releasing Prisoners on the Young Heir's Birthday;" this latter work manifesting to the full his exquisite fashion of dealing with womanhood and juvenile humanity.

It was, however, in the following year, 1862, when "After the Battle" was exhibited, that Mr. Calderon earned, and received, his full meed of praise. Very rare indeed was the happy combination, to be found in this picture, of beauty, pathos, individuality of character, and delicate humour. The scene lies in the interior of a village-home, from which the inmates have fled before an invading soldiery. In the flight has been left behind an unlucky little urchin, some four or five years old. He is seated upon a table in helpless fear, mingled with open-eyed, tearful wonderment and interest, whilst the soldiers, headed by their drummer-boy, cluster round, stirred by curiously varied emotions; their angry passions half-subdued by the sight of the lonely and deserted child—this unexpected phase of the cruelty of war. Few people could gaze upon this picture unmoved, nor, once seen, could it be easily forgotten.

In addition to this example of the painter's "historically domestic" and dramatic power, he had another picture that year on the walls of the Academy, giving a very broad hint that he could deal with a so-called higher class of historical subject.

"Katharine of Arragon and her Women at Work" was but the precursor of the picture which next year established beyond all doubt Mr. Calderon's claim to be one of the leading painters of the day. It is doubtful whether he has ever exceeded the dramatic strength which, in 1863, he put forth in "The British Embassy in Paris on the Night of the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew." His election as an Associate of the Royal Academy, the following season, was mainly due to this picture, which, in conjunction with a very charming canvas, in a totally different key, called "Drink to me only with thine Eyes," exhibited at the French Gallery, proved that the artist's range was wide and versatile. Holding his ground with "The Burial of Hampden" and "Les Arlésiennes," at the time (1864) that this first honour was conferred upon him, we do not find his name in the Royal Academy Catalogue again until, in 1866, he

once more came out with his full strength in those qualities by which he had first made his mark. "Her most High, Noble, and Puissant Grace"—the picture of the stately little lady marching proudly onwards, preceded by her

near Poitiers," and "Pyrenean Women Spinning, and Driving Turkeys," completed that year's contributions, leading, in conjunction with a very noble work, entitled "Home after Victory," in the spring of 1867, to his election,



CONSTANCE.

(From a Painting by Philip H. Calderon, R.A., in the possession of G. C. Schwabe, Esq.)

trumpeters and heralds, and followed by a bevy of fair dames and gallant courtiers in fifteenth century costume, must still be fresh in the memory of all who care to remember excellent work, and won for our artist, at the International Exhibition at Paris, in 1867, the only gold medal granted to an English painter. Two other pictures, "On the Banks of the Clain,

at that date, as a full member of the Royal Academy. The choice of the Academicians was fully justified, in 1868, by a charming picture, entitled, "The young Lord Hamlet riding on Yorick's Back," an illustration of what may be called one of the by-ways of Shakespeare. Very touching and beautiful was this illustration of a hitherto untrodden region of the drama;

and it is to be regretted that the success then obtained by the artist did not lead him to follow it up by more labour in the same field.

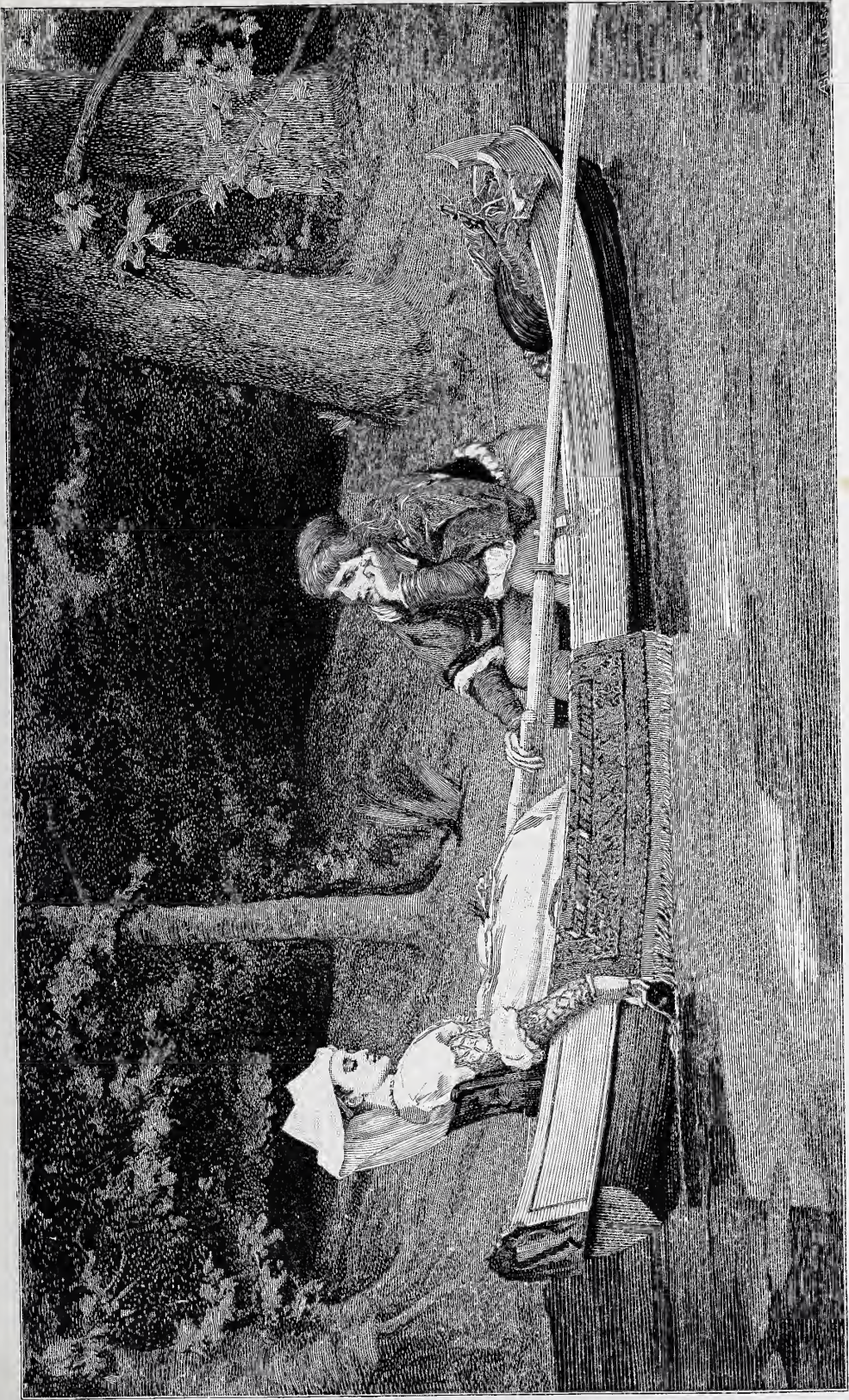
We are happily enabled to put before our readers, on the opposite page, an engraving of the picture by which Mr. Calderon was represented in 1869, "Sighing his Soul into his Lady's Face." It is an admirable example of the manly, chivalrous spirit he bestows upon so many of his conceptions, and which distinguishes him *par excellence* as a painter of true knighthood no less than of true womanhood and childhood. This picture, together with the head called "Constance," also accompanying this article (page 199), and five others, is now at the Paris International Exhibition, Mr. Calderon having been one of the artists selected to send an extra number of works; and it will be well to name them here, since they have won for him for the second time the honour of the gold medal (*rappel de première médaille*). They are, "Home they brought her Warrior Dead," "On her Way to the Throne," "Victory," "Margaret" (a head), and "Catherine de Lorraine urging Jacques Clement to assassinate Henri III." This last-named picture was also exhibited in London in 1869.

Following in their chronological order the painter's works, is, after all, following the painter's life, for his work is his life, or should be: his brush tells his story. Hence, we see in Mr. Calderon's contributions to the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1870, that with "Spring Pelting away Winter with Flowers," he is striking into an allegorical vein, which, let it be said in passing, he does not appear to be quite so happy in, as in others. Again, though we have seen, by his own account, that for some years in his early career he devoted himself to portraiture, we have not until this period found him exhibiting a portrait. But having broken ground in this direction with a head of "Mrs. Bland," he henceforth scarcely ever quits it. In 1871, under the title of "The New Picture," he showed in a very original fashion the counterfeit presentment of a well-known picture-collector and his wife examining a newly-purchased work of art, as it stands on a chair. Again, in 1872, he has "Mrs. Cazalet" (portrait), and a very striking

and vigorous head of his friend and brother-artist, H. Stacy Marks, A.R.A. In 1873, in addition to a "Portrait of Mr. W. R. Elwyn," there is another very recognisable one in the picture entitled, "Good-night," of a young mother, ready dressed for a ball, giving a farewell kiss to her little one. "Cynthia" and "Half-hours with the Best Authors," three girls asleep over their books on a hot summer's day, serve to keep our painter's name before the public, in 1874, as a skilled portrait painter; whilst, in 1875, "Great Sport" (two children up to their knees in flowers and long grass, chasing butterflies, the youngest carrying a large basket to put the butterflies into) again gives him an opportunity which one can see he thoroughly enjoys, of recording in a fascinating fashion the likenesses of a brace of his own children. To set down merely the titles of some of the canvases which in 1877 and 1878 bear the signature of P. H. Calderon in the Royal Academy Exhibitions, is enough to show that he does not slacken in the pursuit of this high, but too often slighted line of art. From his hand we have "The Marchioness of Waterford," "Mrs. Bayley Worthington," "Miss Mabel Bowring," and "The Marquis of Waterford;" and when I add that he tells me his studio at the present time is "full of portraits in progress," the artist's professional life up to the present date is pretty clearly described.

It must not be supposed, however, that he has in any way neglected of late years those regions of *genre historique* and the domestic life of the past, whence he drew his first and most successful inspirations. Contemporaneously with the portraits which it has been thought well to enumerate, have appeared since 1871 many important works, nearly in the following order:—

"On her Way to the Throne" (a hairdresser giving the last touch to the coiffure of a graceful young queen, about to pass from the corridor into the presence-chamber), "Summer" (a modern picnic on the banks of the Thames), "Take, O take those Lips Away" (lovers, of course), "Victory," "The Moonlight Serenade," "The Queen of the Tournament," "Les Coquettes" (girls walking arm-in-arm, with one young admirer following them with a conscious smile of triumph), "Refurbishing



"SIGHING HIS SOUL INTO HIS LADY'S FACE."

(From a Painting by Philip H. Calderon, R.A., in the possession of G. C. Scutche, Esq.)

in the Cloisters of St. Trophyme" (servant-girls cleaning up a silver saint on the eve of a Church festival; two curés looking on—a simple old one, with unmixed delight, a younger and cleverer one, quite conscious of the situation), "Toujours Fidèle" (French girls with a wreath of *immortelles*, going towards a little churchyard in a valley in the background), "His Reverence," "The Nest," and "Margaret."

One of our artist's noblest pictures, "Home they brought her Warrior Dead," was exhibited in 1877. The moment chosen is that in which, as Tennyson has it,—

"Like summer tempest came her tears."

The widowed mother clasps her child, and for the first time lifts her gaze from the outstretched, lifeless form of her knightly lord, and weeps. The "Gloire de Dijon," and especially the "Nuns of Loughborough," in the Academy Exhibition of 1878, fully maintain the artist's reputation.

The most cursory peep into this pictorial career will yield abundant evidence that Mr. Calderon, like his great ancestor, the mighty Spanish playwright of that name—the man who wrote more plays than ever came from any other single pen—is a great producer. Enough has been said incidentally of the spirit which animates his work. He is essentially a painter of chivalry; and no one can gaze upon his knights and dames without feeling that he is impressed by a high and noble reverence for woman, and that he strives to inculcate the same regard for her in all who look upon his work. Manifestly, this is the high purpose with which he paints, whether he is aware of it or not. Of his *technique* one may say that,

in addition to admirable colour, it displays the best traditions of the French school, grafted on to the originality of the English manner: that originality which comes, as it were, of the absence of any school at all. He paints like a Frenchman, and thinks like an Englishman. Were there an adage to the effect that, "Those who paint the spirit of chivalry should themselves be chivalrous," one glance at Mr. Calderon himself would be enough to show that in him the adage was borne out. The portrait which accompanies this memoir will convey to the reader this fact as far as face and expression go; whilst to those who have ever seen him, his tall, wiry, upright figure and quiet bearing carry out the idea, as the saying goes, down to the ground. He reminds one eminently of some Spanish knight of old. The chimney-pot hat and frock coat of modern morning dress, or the white tie and tails of evening attire, fail to destroy the picturesqueness of his appearance, and, in the easier, pleasanter garb of the studio, the illusion is complete; we are struck, as it were, by his likeness to somebody we have seen before, and thinking for a moment, we say to ourselves, "To be sure, Velasquez!" We can recall half a dozen knightly figures from the great Spaniard's brush, for any one of which Mr. Calderon might have sat. As an example, in the picture of the "Lances," or "Spears" (as the "Surrender of Breda" is sometimes called), in the *Museo*, at Madrid, his prototype is very conspicuous. Nor is it to be supposed that this personality in any way belies or overpaints the character of the man; the outer is but the reflex of the inner nature, as all who have the good fortune to call Mr. Calderon their friend can testify.

W. W. FENN.

AN AMERICAN'S TALKS ABOUT ART.

THE Talks about Art of which this article treats, took place in an American class-room of female artists; the talker was Mr. W. M. Hunt, a painter well known on the other side of the Atlantic; and his wise, incisive remarks taken down at odd times on scraps of paper or

the backs of canvases by one who heard them, and now published, with an introductory letter from Mr. Millais, by Messrs. Macmillan, form a practical handbook and hint-book which the English artist has long needed and has never before obtained. The advantages of impulsive, unprepared teaching

taken down from the teacher's mouth are obvious; in reading such talks, we catch something of the life and influence of the voice; but drawbacks must be allowed for; the instruction of various pupils and the correction of various faults, elicit sayings which seem, if they are not actually, contradictory; repetitions are scattered through the pages, and there is nothing of sequence or connection in the subjects treated. It is, indeed, no slight merit of such a collection of scraps that it should be in any degree readable, and Mr. Hunt's "Talks" are eminently so.

We wish to draw especial attention to the volume, because we know of no book whatever which is so exactly fitted to the guidance of the students of our day. Mr. Hunt was, we gather, a pupil of Couture, that great artist who is probably only known to Englishmen as the painter of the "Romans of the Decadence" in the Luxembourg Palace, but whose influence as a teacher of a distinctive method of painting, called technically "*frotté*," has passed beyond the many pupils who year by year thronged his studio; Mr. Hunt apparently not only studied under Couture, but he worked with Millet, whom he rightly esteems one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of modern masters, and with Corot whom he, not alone among Americans, keenly appreciates and loves; it is worthy of note that the American genius, which bears in the purer forms of "transcendentalism" so fine a "flower of the mind," has a perfect affinity with the genius of the spiritual Corot. It is therefore the best teaching, the best traditions, the best principles of French art that Mr. Hunt brings to his pupils, and nothing is more necessary than the dissemination of these among ourselves; they not only correct the faulty tendencies which have marked English painting since the decline of our great national art of the last century, but they supplement in a remarkable manner the defective teaching of the Art Schools of the day. What we possess of good and sound principle and practice will not be disturbed; but our national want of artifice, in the noblest sense of that word, our national lack of that simple yet subtle mastery of the handicraft of art which the Latin races—the intelligent

rather than intellectual races—possess in so great perfection, these wants cannot be better supplied by living teachers than by the French, and in no easier and brighter form can such teaching reach our schools and studios than in these pages of weightily suggestive scraps. For instance, to pass at once to a practical matter, nothing, to our knowledge, is more utterly neglected among us than instruction with respect to the due study of the relations of values. It is not too much to say that our artists do not teach this at all. In France (and France in this follows the example of the great Dutch masters), the preservation of values forms both the foundation and the finish of the technical method. Mr. Hunt teaches and paints little else than values. He says, "If you represent values faithfully you will have the picture;" "I started with the idea of drawing by representing values, and I have stuck to it ever since." The English student who has hardly heard the word, will find in Mr. Hunt's chat not only energetic precept, but a practical lesson on the subject, which will serve him almost as well as though he were at the easel of the master. The important principle that values are dependent on relations—*i.e.*, that they may be as truthfully preserved in a light as in a dark toned picture—is thus well expressed: "You spread your fingers over the keys of a piano and strike a chord. If too high or too low, you need not try again, but play on in that key. So in painting. Remembering that it is easier to transpose in painting than in music."

To pass to another matter, secondary only in gravity to this, and more readily intelligible to the lay reader; crisp and elegant drawing is a characteristic of fine Continental art; the English draughtsman has usually a certain roundness and bluntness, not of form but of handling. This is a distinction which is observable not in art only but in every kind of decorative work. And we would particularly emphasise the fact that we are speaking less of shape and line than of the treatment of shape and line; an ungraceful or quite indifferent form may be drawn with exquisite elegance of hand, and a graceful form without elegance.

Mr. Hunt does not directly allude to this, but in speaking of the roundness of the forms of a particular model who was at the moment the subject of study, he says: "Seek for an opposite, and find all the straight lines and sharp angles. In that way vitalise your work! Look for the round! but look for the square within the round! Chop it out with an axe, and sand-paper it afterwards." This is a way of drawing which would not only "vitalise" the work, but which would give it a *graceful* vitality, a *netteté* which is in drawing what a charming manner of handling the paint is in painting. We beg our readers to note, by the way, the angular pupils, and the angular lights in them, of the eyes in Sir Joshua Reynolds' portraits.

Some of the best sayings in this little volume refer to the desirability in a painter of that simplicity of eye which is the only simplicity which can and must be learnt. Intelligent simplicity seems indeed to be the attitude which the learner of the art and handicraft of painting must needs assume. "Think all you can! Put in as little hand-work as possible, and as much intelligence. Permit yourself the luxury of doing it in the simplest way!" "Put down frankly what you believe. Put it down as you think it is, and it will be a great deal nearer right than if done in any other way." Another very apt remark is, "Scientific scrutiny may take things to pieces, but it can't put them together again."

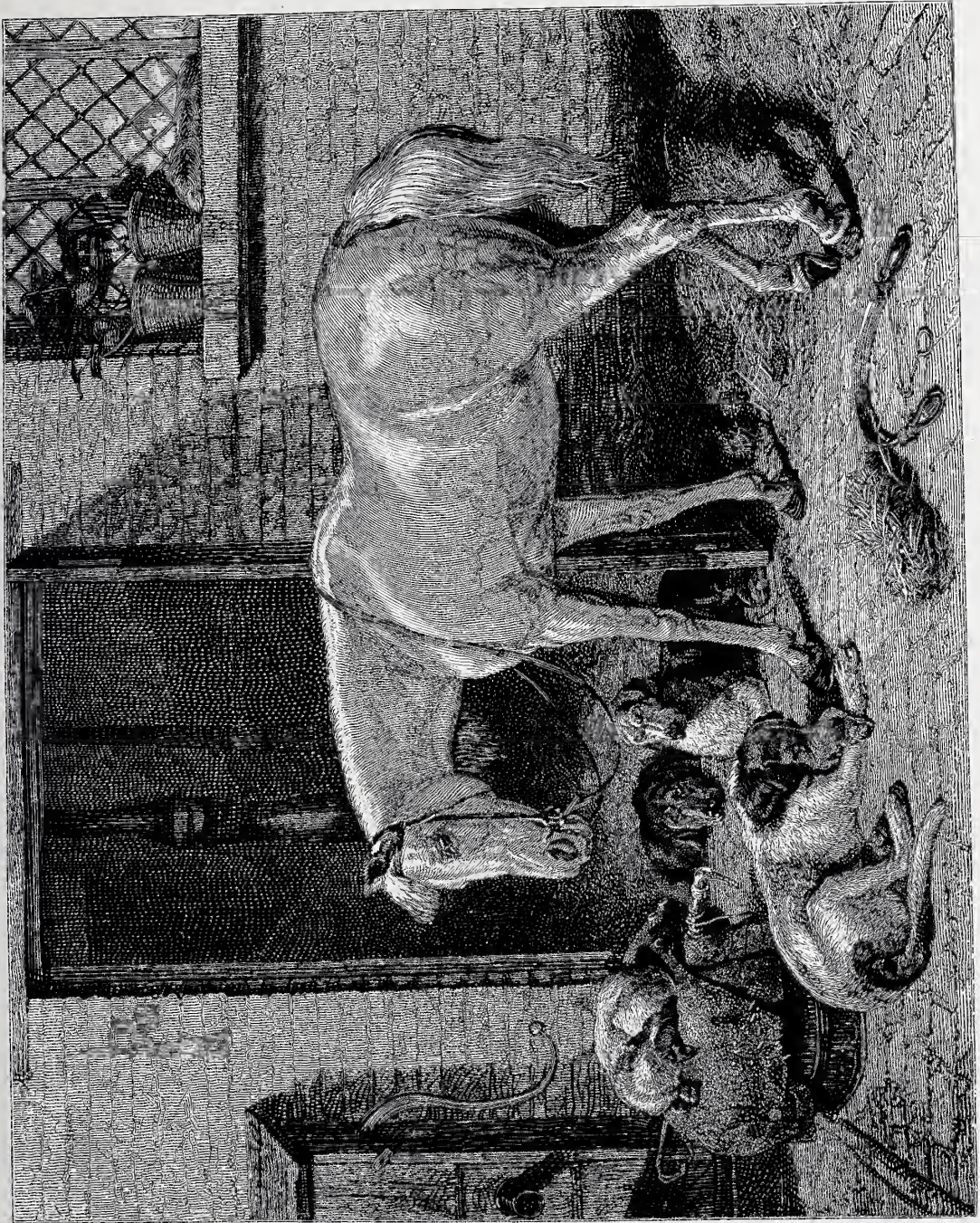
Many sayings on the subject of finish, a sore subject with every teacher, and especially with every teacher of young ladies whose parents are ignorantly and anxiously on the look-out for evidences of elaborated and accomplished work, have not only the truth of wisdom and knowledge, but a strong touch of American wit and humour. "This much admired finish," says Mr. Hunt, "is like the architecture that the countryman said was going to be put on his house by a Boston man—*after it was built.*" Elsewhere he says with equal pith, "Real finish must be of the same quality as real beginning," and again, "A truth is complete."

To English art he barely alludes, save once,

when he laments our tendency to accumulate facts rather than to paint impressions; but it is worthy of note that he quotes no theorists, no critics, save our own; Mr. Hunt tells his pupils that they should have seen Millet paint, but he urges them to read Hazlitt, Blake, Browning. And this confirms our own conclusion that it is in the literature of art that modern England is pre-eminent. Hers are the un-simple, contemplative, intellectual eyes that look through and beyond; paradoxically (at the first glance) this most spiritual mood produces the most prosaic art—which a little thought explains; dramatic singleness of character produces the only possible poetical art.

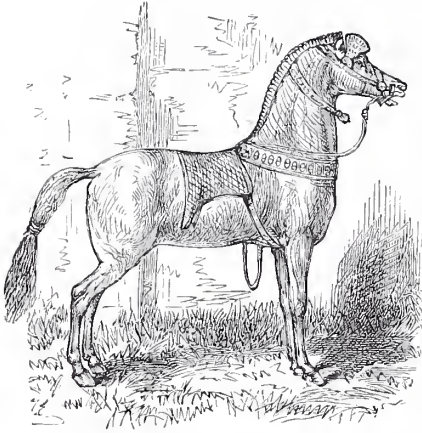
Very little is known here as to the progress of painting in America; we have often heard of the wide appreciation of French work, and which, in the case of rich New York collectors, is probably as merely a matter of fashion as is the feminine dressing of the year. French landscapes hang in all well-appointed houses; American aspirants to professional work and fame study in France, and in Paris the latest perfections of the latest developments of French and Spanish cleverness and manipulative exquisiteness find their most advanced and enthusiastic patrons among American millionaires; but what results follow in the United States we have few means of judging. Church's panoramic landscapes, Mignot's scenic effects with their occasional odd crudities, are the best known specimens, in England, of Transatlantic work, if we except the original designs of photographs representing women clinging to cross-shaped rocks in the middle of the sea, which had lately a certain popularity in England. But Mr. Hunt's "Talks about Art" reveals to us that there is an artistic America which has little in common with such things—an artistic America which can help us to much practical progress, in return for that education in art-literature which we have given her. Her wealth buys French work, but far in the West, where the aspect of a picture is scarcely known, young men and girls owe their whole æsthetic life—and a vivid and ardent life it often is—to John Ruskin.

A. C. MEYNELL.



THE OLD COVER HACK.
(From the Painting by the late Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.)

HORSES IN RELATION TO ART.—II.



BEFORE we turn to ancient art for the treatment of the horse, let us glance at a few ancient authors, and begin with a description of the war-horse,

written some 3,400 years ago. In the Book of Job we find (chap. xxxix. 19—25), “Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? . . . The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men; he mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted, neither turneth he back from the sword: he smelleth the battle from afar off, . . . the thunder of the captains and the shouting.”

We know of no grander description of the horse than this, but scattered through the pages of classical writers are various allusions to him, which are enough to show their appreciation both of his form and character; of these we will only take Virgil, in his 3rd Georgic, as being some fourteen centuries later than the Book of Job, and written in a different country, and from a somewhat different point of view. Speaking of a colt of good stock, he says (we use Dryden’s rendering)—

“Upright he walks, on pasterns firm and straight;
His motions easy; prancing in his gait;
The first to lead the way, to tempt the flood,
To pass the bridge unknown, nor fear the trembling wood;
Dauntless at empty noises; lofty necked;
Sharp-headed, barrel-bellied, broadly backed;
Brawny his chest, and deep; his colour gray;
For beauty, dappled, or the brightest bay:
Faint white and dun will scarce the rearing pay.

The fiery courser, when he hears from far
The sprightly trumpets, and the shouts of war,
Pricks up his ears; and, trembling with delight,
Shifts place, and paws, and hopes the promised fight.”

Virgil’s line—“*Altius ingreditur et mollia crura reponit*”—exactly expresses the high action combined with the elastic step so appreciated by horsemen, while much of the rest reads almost like a translation of the Book of Job; nor was Virgil an exception among his countrymen, for the coins of the Roman Emperors, in the British Museum, which extend over several centuries, show considerable general appreciation of the horse’s form.

Now let us glance at the Greeks—a different country again, and at an intermediate date—and see what records of the horse have been left us by the school of Athens in the fifth century B.C. In their coins, sculptures, and especially in the fragments of the frieze, commonly known now as the Elgin Marbles, horse nature, in its noblest form, is admirably given. The horses, while they fulfil the highest ideal, are evidently studied closely from life, as all Greek art was—we do not remember any mediæval horses equally true to life, though many of the old masters (but oftener of the northern schools) have shown considerable appreciation of the animal in his more massive and somewhat “lower picturesque” aspect, this being, for the most part, probably, the stamp of horse before their eyes. Reminiscences of the Velasquez in our National Gallery occur to us, and also of Albert Dürer, Rubens, and Vandyck, and also in a more conventional way the grey horse of Wouvermans, with his hind-quarters towards us, and generally occupying much the same place in all his pictures.

Coming down to our own times again, we fear we must admit that with horses in action, and carried further than slight sketches, the Continental school far surpasses our own. Victor Adam’s horses, for instance, are well drawn, and full of vigour, though of the exaggerated and glorified type, with impossible tails and incredible action. Jerome, Veyrasset, Decamps, Schreyer, Prehn, Theodore Horseheldt of Munich, and others, have all given us horses drawn with much skill and knowledge, while

Otto von Thoren has overcome the artistic difficulties of highly groomed horses, with plain bridles and saddles, and nineteenth century riders in ordinary dress, and made his pictures satisfactory to the lover of art, as well as to the lover of horses. The horses of Rosa Bonheur, judging from her well-known "Horse Fair," with all their unquestionable merit, are to us rather wanting in individuality, a quality possessed to the greatest degree by Otto Weber, a German by birth, trained partly in Paris, and now settled in London, and an exhibitor in the galleries of the Royal Academy and the Old Water-Colour Society. In one large picture of his, exhibited in the London International Exhibition of 1862, there are more than thirty horses, yet nearly each one looks as if he had been studied from a different animal, while the spirit, and the variety of most difficult attitudes, are highly successful. He has also represented the pastoral and reposeful aspect of horses admirably, and has succeeded in making portraits of hunters, and men in modern hunting dress, thoroughly satisfactory as works of art.

Taking our English school of animal painters, we will begin with those who were painters of horses from the sporting point of view. Among these George Stubbs was really an artist, as well as a faithful painter of horse-portraiture; Sawrey Gilpin followed in the same footsteps, and with considerable success. Later, two generations of Herrings—and three, we believe, of Alkens (of whom the elder Herring and the second Alken were excellent in their own lines)—have all given us good work from the sporting side, and C. C. Henderson also, especially from a coaching point of view, but with much artistic merit—some of his drawings and etchings of old French *diligences* are admirable. There is considerable "dash" about Hablot Brown's horses, and John Leech's are better still—slightly sketched, but often beyond all praise. Passing from these to the more generally artistic treatment, we come to the horses of George Morland and of the late J. Ward, R.A., which show much knowledge and appreciation of the animal. Thomas Bewick, in his woodcuts, has left behind him some admirable studies, and Robert Hills, one of

the original members of the Old Water-Colour Society, is not to be surpassed in his drawings and well-known etchings of the picturesque side of horses; such as cart-horses at rest, or at slow work, ploughing or harrowing, mares and foals out at grass, or reposing under shady trees. Frederick Tayler always makes his horses graceful and beautiful in colour, but they are apt to be exaggerated, and inaccurate in drawing and proportions. Some of his engraved works, such as "The Morning of the Chase," one of the best, leads us up to very similar subjects by Sir Edwin Landseer, whose "Hawking" picture is also engraved, and very like the last in treatment. The horses in this are not quite Landseer's best, being rather "characterless" animals—we much prefer his horse in "Taming the Shrew," or the "Old Cover Hack." This latter (of which we give an illustration on page 205) is excellent from a horseman's point of view; he quite looks the active little animal capable of doing his twelve miles in the hour with ease, and he is equally good in an artistic sense—he looks high-couraged and docile—his quick ears and intelligent eyes and open nostril, his wiry flat legs, his sloping fine shoulder, and muscular haunches, are all portrayed with a sympathetic hand; it is evidently a portrait of a really "good bit of stuff," and he is lucky to go down to posterity under such auspices—

"Before Atrides men were brave:
But ah! oblivion, dark and long,
Has lock'd them in a tearless grave,
For lack of consecrating song."

The dead and wounded horses in Landseer's picture called "War," are finely drawn and very pathetic. The horses in his "Field of Waterloo" are less successful, either not entirely painted from life, or the originals not very characteristic examples. There is a peculiarity in their pastern joints, which are unusually oblique, more the characteristic of the mule or ass than of the horse. Again, in his picture of the "Farrier's Shop," the horse is almost impossibly long in the leg, according to all ordinary rules of horse measurement; but these are comparatively slight blemishes, and in this latter picture the horse is otherwise admirable;

well modelled, the texture excellent, and the expression in the animal's eye very true. There is an anecdote connected with this picture which may not be out of place here. The horse belonged to Landseer's friend, Mr. Jacob Bell, and when the artist was in weak health, and recommended horse exercise, his friend lent him this one, in return for which his portrait was painted. We have heard the picture criticised because the horse's head was loose during the operation of shoeing; but we believe this was a fact; he was unusually troublesome to shoe, and the only conditions upon which he would consent to undergo the process were, that he went to the forge accompanied by two personal friends, a donkey and a dog, and then was *trusted* by having his head loose. Treated in this way he was perfectly well behaved.

In this very slight notice of the horses of the principal animal painters in our day, we must not omit those of one or two other artists. The late Sir Francis Grant's equestrian portraits are too well known to need any word of commendation. In their way his horses are very good indeed, and he could make both them and their riders look highly bred, by no means a common power in either case. We remember, also, a portrait of a lady standing by the side of her horse, by Mr. Val. Prinsep, as well as some horses introduced in the distance in his picture of the "Gipsies going to Newmarket," which were quite enough to show how well he would paint horses if he seriously turned his attention to them; but there is one more artist, Miss Elizabeth Thompson (now Mrs. Butler), who has evidently studied horses thoroughly, and who has as thoroughly succeeded. Her horse in the "Roll Call" is admirably drawn, and perfectly true in its action, notwithstanding the discussion raised at the time because both the legs on the same side are off the ground. In trotting, of course, all horses, with a few exceptions, move simultaneously a fore and hind leg on opposite sides, but in walking each leg moves at a separate time, so that four distinct steps are audible, and it is as true to represent him at the moment when two legs on the same side are off the ground as at the next moment when two legs on opposite sides would be in that position. The horses in "Quatre

Bras," "Inkermann," and "Balaklava," and in her numerous sketches, are equally good; they have individuality and great spirit, show knowledge and a most acute observation, and seem to us to be thoroughly well drawn in the most difficult attitudes. We know of no other English painter of whom so much can be said.

Space does not allow us to touch upon sculpture, but we have now among us an Englishman by adoption, though a Hungarian by birth (a nation of good horsemen and lovers of horses), Mr. Boehm, A.R.A., whose horse statues are unrivalled for anatomical knowledge, as well as modest truth of action and movement, without any of the exaggeration which generally mars equestrian groups, however good they may otherwise be. All we have seen by him are excellent in their different ways, but one especially, his rearing cart-horse, seems to us to combine all the qualities which could be desired in a work of art of this sort. The equestrian statue of the late Lord Hardinge, by the late Mr. Foley, R.A., was very grandly conceived, and full of life, but the raised foreleg extending far beyond the nose, is known both to the anatomist and the horseman to be an impossible position, while Baron Marochetti's horses, judging from his *Cœur de Lion* and Charles Albert groups, fail in their hindquarters, which are not sufficiently under the horse for the attitude represented, and consequently suggest weakness, if not paralysis. Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., is reported to have in hand an equestrian statue, and we look forward to it with much interest. It is sure to be largely and grandly treated, and we know he has always had an Englishman's hearty sympathy with the animal, as well as an artist's admiration for him, and it is a good augury that artists of this calibre are beginning to turn their attention to him, and we hope that the day may not be far distant when he will be rescued from the monopoly of the merely sporting painter, and while he is portrayed with a fidelity that will disarm the cavils of the "horsey" man, and satisfy the requirements of the anatomist, his nobler and more picturesque aspects will be also more generally appreciated than hitherto has been the case among English artists.

ARTISTS' HAUNTS.—VII.

OFF THE TRACK IN SCOTLAND.



WATERFALL IN INVERARNAN.

WHY do tourists, who are out purely for enjoyment, adhere so rigidly to the beaten track? They can have little idea how much additional pleasure may be gained by a divergence of an hour or two here and there.

Even on the hackneyed route by the Trossachs and Loeh Lomond to Glasgow, this fact impressed it-

self most forcibly on my mind. In company with a friend who, like myself, had been in the habit of giving his museles an autumnal braeing in some mountain district, I arrived at Callander on a certain evening in August some three years ago. We were travelling with knapsacks, and were consequently enjoying that entire sense of freedom which is induced by the fact that all one's baggage is on one's back, and "the world before one where to choose."

In the cool of the evening we sauntered down to the little bridge which spans the Teith at about a stone's throw from the hotel. The moon was rising above the dark trees which overhung the river, and the lovely orb was reflected in the rapid waters below

"Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea."

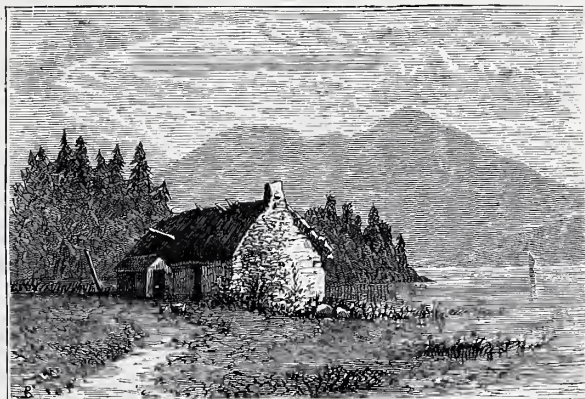
Looking westward, the huge form of Ben Ledi rose dimly through the mist; and we forthwith resolved to see what the view from the summit was like the next morning, instead of going on with the stream of tourists to the Trossachs.

Awaking at about six o'clock, after a good

night's rest, I looked from my bedroom window and found that the sky was without a cloud. The keen, fresh morning air was exactly the thing to induce an early start, and we were soon trudging briskly on our way. Following the well-known road to the Trossachs for about two miles and a half, and passing Coilantogle Ford, where Roderick Dhu encountered his gallant adversary Fitz-James, we reached a farm-house a little to the right of the road, at which point we were directed to diverge for the ascent of Ben Ledi.

A grand slope of bracken and heather, interspersed with brown rock, was before us. There was no track visible, but the grey-headed farmer who emerged from the house at our approach, surrounded by his sagacious colleys, pointed out one or two objects in the way of a "bit brae," or a "grey stane," to guide us in our course to the summit.

We were soon across the pastures, and pushing our way upwards through the heather, where the little path dwindled to a sheep-track, and at last was lost altogether. As we rose higher, some gathering clouds in the direction of



COTTAGE ON LOCH LOMOND.

Edinburgh warned us to hurry on if we would obtain a clear view from the summit, which was, of course, the chief object of our climb. Presently we reached the "breezy braes" above

the heather, but working here too much to the left, we found ourselves, in the course of half an hour, entangled in an extensive moss, seamed in every direction by gullies of black peat eight or ten feet deep, amongst which it was somewhat difficult to keep our course. Once over it, however, we came upon some slopes of steep but tolerably firm rock and grass, and in about two hours from the time of our leaving the farm-house, we reached the cairn on the highest point of the mountain.

The view from the summit amply repaid us for our climb. The clouds to which I have before referred had fortunately dispersed, and the sun was shining with unusual splendour over the greater part of the landscape. We saw completely across Scotland: the Firth of Clyde and the Firth of Forth being both clearly visible. The hills of Arran rose grandly in the south-west, and Arthur's Seat, in close proximity to Edinburgh, in the south-east. Northward, Seehallion and Ben Lawers were conspicuous objects on the far horizon. Ben Cruaehaun loomed away to the west, while Ben Lomond and its adjacent mountains rose in our immediate vicinity. A dozen lochs were distinctly visible, including Aehray, Vennaehar, and part of Loch Katrine, which were immediately beneath us, while far away in the south a low range appeared, which we concluded was the Cumberland hills. The windings of the Firth of Forth, with Stirling Castle and Wallace's monument, were lying, as on a map below, together with the village of Callander, so prettily situated beneath the fir-clad heights which shelter it from the north.

But for some clouds which hung over the hills immediately to the north, Ben Nevis would, I believe, have been visible. I never saw the atmosphere so clear on any mountain height as it was looking south on this occasion, and the shadows from the few clouds which hung about the sun caused an exquisite play of light and shade among the mountains and lakes. We enjoyed, too, that rare sensation in the day-time, *perfect stillness*. In almost all situations by day there is something to break the silence. The rustle of leaves, the sound of waters, the roll of a vehicle, the footsteps of man, the hum of insects, the bark of a dog, or the lowing

of kine. Here there was a cessation of all this. We were too far above the valley for ordinary sounds to reach us. We were alone on the summit; not an insect winged its course through the air, and there was not sufficient wind to stir the scant herbage on the bare hillside. It was indeed a spot in which to hold

"Commune with Nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled."

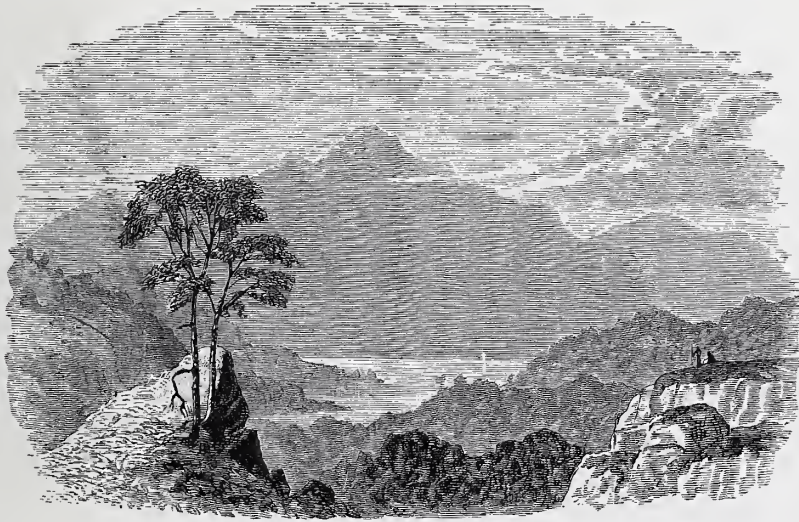
We resolved to vary our route back to Callander by descending the steep northern face of the mountain towards Loch Lubnaig. The slope is so steep that we had to pick our way cautiously. After a descent of about twenty minutes, we came upon a little beck issuing from its mossy bed, which we resolved to make our guide to the valley below. The steepness of its course rendered this at times somewhat difficult, but in about half an hour we reached a more gradual slope, where the beck descended, with a succession of miniature leaps, into a larger stream, which came down from the hollow grassy basin formed by the range of hills that runs on from the crest of Ben Ledi towards the north-east. At the junction of the two streams we found an uncommonly pretty fall, which immediately called forth our sketch-books. On descending the bank of the larger stream, we came upon another fall, still more picturesque, and this was followed by another, each one exceeding the last in height and beauty. Going on our way, rejoicing exceedingly that we had made this our route, we presently descended into a little glen, into which the stream fell from a height of about twenty feet. It was a perfect amphitheatre of rock, and fern, and moss, overhung with exquisitely graceful boughs of the mountain ash and silver birch. Another scramble over the rocks, still lower down, brought us to a point where the water made a clear leap of fifty feet or more to a deep gorge below, which was inaccessible from where we stood. The rocks and falls still increased in wildness and beauty until we reached the bottom of the valley, where, with a final leap among the ferns and trees, which here overhung the brink, the stream flowed away down to the pastures bordering Loch Lubnaig. I have endeavoured to avoid exaggeration in describing

this exquisite glen, but I have never in my life beheld any similar scene which attracted me so much, and it is a matter of profound astonishment to me that there is no mention of it in any of the guide-books. Even the landlord of the hotel at Callander seemed to have but a hazy idea of the locality, although he had been long resident in the district. Our course down the mountain had certainly been somewhat erratic, but it is one I should most strongly recommend to any lover of the picturesque.

We reached the shores of Loch Lubnaig, just where the stream flows out of the lake on its

the lake, thus adding much to their picturesque effect. It has the advantage also of being more wooded, and affords a greater amount of shade to the pedestrian. The carriage road, however, terminates at the commencement of the grounds of Invertrossachs, and a wild mountain track must be followed which leads from a lonely farmhouse, close by the north end of Loch Drunkie, and thence by a route somewhat difficult to find, to the Brig of Turk. Thence we followed the coach road to the Trossachs Hotel.

While strolling up the hill at the back of the hotel after dinner, we caught sight of the pre-



LOCH KATRINE, FROM THE SLOPE OF BEN A'AN.

course through the pass of Leny. We attempted to ford the stream so as to reach the main road which runs on the other side of the lake, but the current was so strong that we should have been inevitably swept away had we persisted. We were compelled, therefore, to follow the line of railway which runs under Ben Ledi, until we reached a bridge crossing the river to the main road, and thus pursued our way back to Callander.

The road over the bridge at Callander leads along the south side of Loch Vennachar, and we resolved to follow this instead of keeping to the usual route by the north side of the lake. We started early the next morning, the day being as fine as its predecessor. This southern route is far finer than the northern. It commands views of Ben Ledi and other mountains, which are seen across

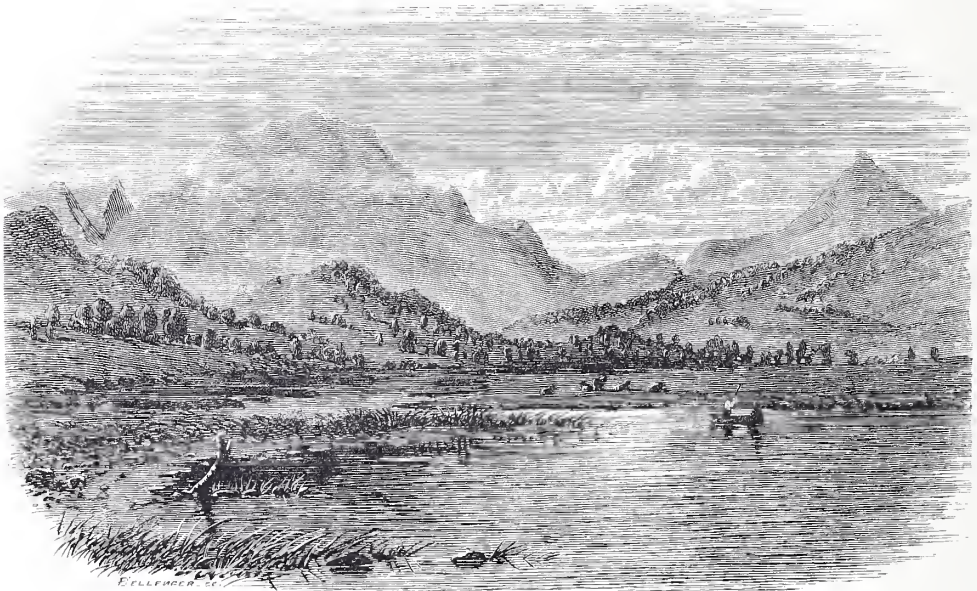
the precipitous rocky summit of Ben A'an, in the dip of the nearer hills to the west, and we resolved to ascend it the next morning before crossing Loch Katrine.

Starting after an early breakfast, we entered the wood at the back of the hotel, and made our way with some difficulty up the rocky bed of a stream overhung with a thick growth of trees and bushes, until in about half an hour we came to a more open space, where our course lay through rich bracken and over grey rocks for some distance further. Here again we were completely off the track, and were guided by the bare rocky summit of the mountain we were bent on scaling, which was now straight before us. A scramble of another ten minutes brought us to a knoll which commanded an exquisite

view of the east end of Loch Katrine, with Ben Venue rising beyond, and a perfect wealth of foliage at our feet. I never saw a more enchanting scene than this, and I cannot help thinking that it is the one which Scott must have had in his mind in the opening scene of "The Lady of the Lake." Not one tourist in a hundred probably visits this spot, although there is nothing finer in the whole district, and it is not more than three-quarters of an hour's scramble from the high road.

From this point to the summit of Ben A'an

were back at the hotel within two hours from our departure, including half an hour spent on the summit of Ben A'an. Having picked up our knapsacks we started for Loch Katrine, which we crossed in a perfect deluge of rain. On arriving at Stronaehlaeh we found the one little hotel of which it boasts literally overflowing with tourists. The two sitting-rooms were crammed to suffocation, and every bedroom engaged. The landlady offered to make up beds for us in the coffee-room, but as the clouds broke towards evening, we preferred



BEN VENUE, AND BEN A'AN.

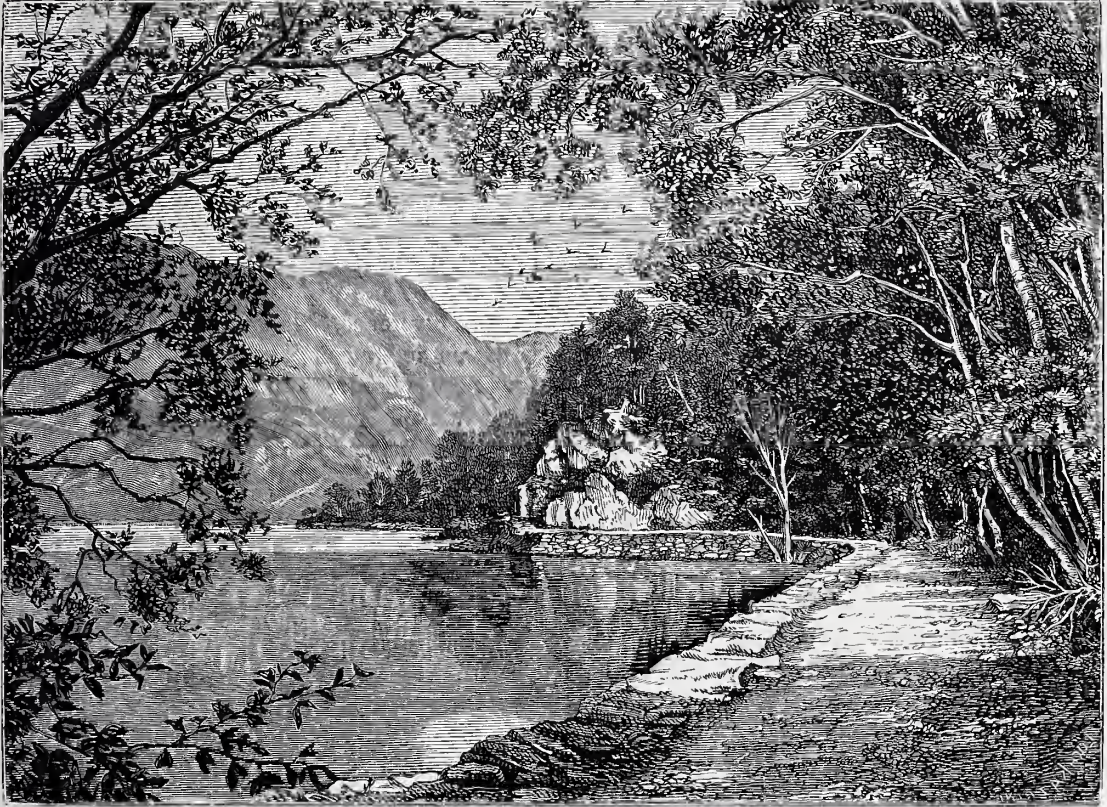
is a climb of a few hundred feet up the precipitous rocks which form the crest of the mountain. There is no danger except from foolhardiness, and it is sufficiently steep to give it a zest, and to afford satisfactory exercise to the stoutest legs and lungs. There is no finer view of Loch Katrine than from the summit of this mountain. The lake lies some eighteen hundred feet below, and is visible from end to end. The southern face of the mountain drops at an abrupt angle to the eastern shore, which appears almost beneath one's feet. The view to the east is also fine, but the gathering clouds slightly obscured the scene in that direction.

Making a somewhat precipitate descent, we

pushing on to Inversnaid. The recent rain brought down a fine body of water at the falls close to the hotel. Standing on the rustic bridge immediately over the principal fall we observed an effect of a very peculiar character. The particles of water which flew off the edge of the main sheet as it curled over to the depths below, were annular; perfect rings of water from half an inch to two inches in diameter, which preserved their form intact for several feet below the ledge from which they fell. As they descended in a horizontal position, this peculiarity could only be observed from above: and it was the fact of the bridge being placed so immediately over the fall, which enabled us to discern it.

We took the steamer up the lake the next morning, the scenery between Inversnaid and the head of the lake being much finer than the lower portion, though the latter is more frequented. The captain—a "braw Scotchman"—pointed out a spot on the mountain-side far above the lake, where a huge mass of rock had been struck by lightning on one occasion when the steamer was passing. The mass came

ridge, and fell sheer down into a gorge full eighty feet below. A most luxuriant growth of ferns fringed the sides of this gorge, and hung in graceful patches upon the edges close by the fall itself. Quite a small forest of silver birch and mountain ash overhung the rocky cleft. The rich, deep, velvety mosses which completely clothed the rocks on either side of the fall caused the clouds of spray to appear of



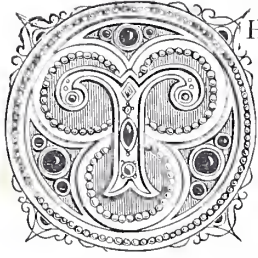
SHORES OF LOCH KATRINE.

thundering down the mountain side, sweeping everything before it, and leaving a streak of bare rock from base to summit. Between Ardlui—the farthest point to which the steamers ply—and Inverarnan we observed, some distance up the mountain to the left, what appeared to be the head of a waterfall, the lower part of which was hidden by an intervening shoulder of the mountain. A scramble of a quarter of an hour through the thick bracken brought us to the spot, where a surprise was in store for us. A fine body of water came over a dark, rocky

of a dazzling whiteness, the whole forming one of the prettiest pictures it is possible to conceive. I have an especial fancy for waterfalls, and am well acquainted with the Rhinefall at Schaffhausen, the Reichenbach, the Staubbach, and indeed most of the Swiss falls; but I never before saw one that conveyed such an idea of beauty and grace as this. Yet it is not even mentioned in the guide-books, although not more than a quarter of an hour's climb "off the track."

SYDNEY HODGES.

THE UNIVERSITY GALLERIES AT OXFORD.



HERE are all sorts of anecdotes relating to the building known in Oxford as the Taylorian, one part of which contains a library of foreign books, and class-rooms for lectures on subjects connected with French, German, Spanish, and Italian literature, and the other the galleries which we are about to describe. The anecdotes are, no doubt, all inventions, but one is too lively to be passed over in silence. It relates that the sum which made it possible to the University to found the Taylorian building, came into its hands by a will which imposed on the son of the testator, marriage within six months of his father's decease as the necessary qualification for his inheriting the fortune which was otherwise to pass to the University of Oxford. The son found no lady who had sufficient personal attractions until seven months after the death of his father. Accordingly the fortune went to the University. It should be added that the story finishes by declaring that the son never regretted his Fabian policy of delay, for compared—

“To the winning such a bride
All seemed trifle light as air;
Who could think of aught beside
One so noble and so fair?”

Leaving our story-teller, and entering the gallery, we walk up-stairs with gods and heroes in marble coldly saluting, while a copy of the coy Venus of Medici exasperates us still more, because it makes the first impression a hackneyed one. Just outside the gallery is a group by Westmacott, “Horace's Dream.” The tutelary goddesses defending the poet in his hour of peril, are, however, not attractive, so we advance to the pictures.

“This is startling,” says somebody, as he looks at a sketch executed by the pupils of Raphael. A vigorous head, in tremendously strong colours, looking as determined as disagreeable. To escape from its gaze, turn to

the right, and find yourself surrounded by the landscapes of Turner. What place is this—and this—and this? Venice, Margate, Amboise, Christ Church Meadows. What matter what they are called? The same delicious dreaminess is over them all; the same gentle voice speaks in each of them, “Here is beauty—here is peace.” “This is not the water of Venice,” says one critic, “it is too clear.” “Nor the cliff of Margate,” says a second, “it is too curved.” “Nor the bridge of Amboise,” says a third, “it is too high.” Again, what matter? Turner was a painter, dear critic, not a photographer. The places he portrayed are to bring the same sense of subtle enjoyment to you as erst they brought to him: if you only will gaze in reverence, then in time “your eyes shall with his judgment look,” and nature will be to you idealised, as it was to him, and the landscape of England, France, or Italy, shall remain in your mind, not a piece of geography, but a recollection of Eden.

There are some Turners here, which Mr. Ruskin tells us are too delicate to suffer the continual exposure to light. These are contained in a locked-up chest. The custodian of the galleries is always glad to show them to anyone who cares to see them. And here it must be remarked that the Taylorian is fortunate in *one thing which it has not*. There is no custodian of the same type as he who figured at the Doré Gallery at the first and last time we visited that singular exhibition, who points out how enormous would be the advantage to his listener if that unwilling person were to subscribe to the engraving about to be made of one of the painter's latest productions.*

The great prizes of the Taylorian are the sketches by Raphael and Michael Angelo, usually simple outlines made for studies or for the engravers, or for instruction to pupils. Where

* It is fair to say that our visit to the Doré Gallery was made some years ago. Perhaps by this time the nuisance complained of in the text has been done away with.

every one is intensely interesting from its own beauty and force, it is difficult to individualise. Still, one may point to the amazing drawing of the man about to drop from a wall—a rough study for a picture of the fire in the Borgo. We give an engraving of this on page 216. The

agony of fear of the man as he looks to see how far he has to fall if he lets himself drop; the strength shown in his arms, and the tension of his whole body—all these are absolutely bewildering. One cannot imagine how so much can be indicated by a few strokes of the pencil. But, alas! on many of these drawings damp is beginning to tell. In the winter the sun scarcely ever shines into the windows of the gallery, and the fires are not sufficient to keep the foe away. There are ominous horrible patches, telling of a gradual destruction which is certain soon to be a complete one, unless speedy measures are taken to

prevent further mischief. If the picture of the agonised man is too terrible, let us turn to something of another kind. Here is a study, also by Raphael, of a mother trying to comfort a weeping child. The drapery is so soft and folding: it might have been sketched but yesterday. How intense is the look of the mother—the look that speaks of the joy she feels in enduring any

sorrow and pain for the petulant, helpless child, whose struggles and tears are to her so full of wonderful meaning.

Next look at a sketch of a woman's head by Michael Angelo. It might be called a study of refinement. Nothing can be imagined more

gentle than that mouth; the lips seem to tremble as we look at them; nothing could be sweeter than those clear-cut, down-cast eyes, every line round which seems to speak a subtle language of its own.

Now for a study of grouping. It is the "Last Judgment," by Michael Angelo. Charon with his boat is in strong relief at the bottom of the picture. The heavenly host, with the spirits approaching and receding from them, on the sides. As a grim joke, Michael Angelo is said to have represented several persons he disliked among those who are banished from the regions of the blessed.

For another ex-

ample of grouping let us examine Raphael's sketches of the "Judgment of Solomon." It will be interesting for the amateur artist to ask himself how he himself would set about to portray the scene. Where, above all, should the child be which Solomon is to adjudge to the one woman or the other? Probably few painters would have dared to deal with the subject with the fierce boldness



REDUCED FAC-SIMILES OF STUDIES BY MICHAEL ANGELO.

which Raphael has shown. In his sketch, the king brandishes with one hand the naked sword, and with the other he holds the child up by its legs in the air.

It is time now to leave the Italians for a little while, and to turn to another of our own masters. Sir Joshua is well represented in the Oxford Gallery. Here is a strong portrait of a man with yellow hair and piercing eyes, and another still more attractive of Paine the architect and his son. Then there is a study of the picture which may be seen in a glass window in New College Chapel. It is an allegorical representation of "Charity." Charity is personified by a female figure, tall and graceful, bearing on her shoulder a tiny child, while another, clinging to the right hand, toddles by the side of the protecting goddess. The dignity and gentleness which Reynolds gives to his women were never displayed more happily than in this one. Close to it is a picture of another kind. "*Bon jour, Mrs. Meyrick,*" says a voice close to us. It is the voice of

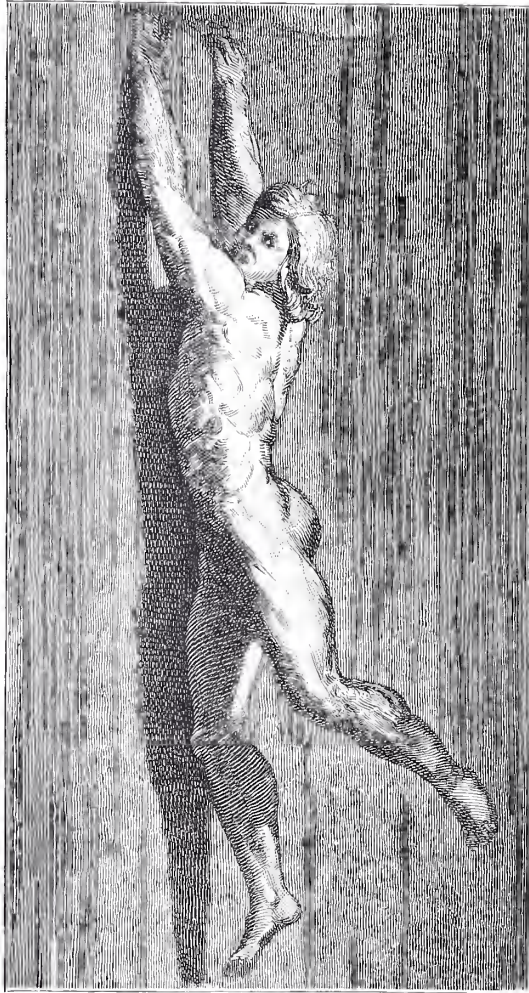
a delightful Balliol undergraduate whom we have the pleasure of knowing well. He shall tell us what has brought him here; you will see very few undergraduates, by-the-bye, in the galleries, unless they are accompanied by sisters or cousins, who have to be shown the pictures as they have to be shown the chapels, the Bodleian, the Museum, and the rest of the Oxford lions. "I have come," says he of

Balliol, "solely to look at Mrs. Meyrick. I continually come to have a peep at her. I don't look at anything else, but I do like to see this lady. You see at Oxford we most of us feel rather seedy, especially at examination times. Now Mrs. Meyrick looks so deliciously

well that it makes one feel all right again when one says 'How do?' to her. It is ever so much better than taking quinine, and pleasanter besides." The undergraduate is right; Mrs. Meyrick, in her black and grey garb, with her big hat, putting on her long gloves in a vigorous way, looks most uncommonly well. And in good spirits, too, as if she were about to start for a long walk which she meant to enjoy very thoroughly indeed.

"The feminine form," said a learned German professor, "although it has certain inevitable drawbacks, is nevertheless on the whole a more interesting subject to most spectators than the articles of the table, which are capable, unfortunately, of little idealism in treatment."

"The articles of the table" have, however, found their admirers in art as well as in life. Here is a picture, by Snyders, of a richly spread banquet with no single human figure to give it interest. The nearest approach to a human thing in the picture is a musical instrument. The peaches look delicious, the bread might be real bread—all the viands are tempting enough. But why paint them? The reader will perhaps



MAN DROPPING FROM A WALL.

(From a Drawing by Raphael.)

recall the lines written impromptu by the poetess who was asked to make muffins the subject of her muse:—

“Well might my lines declare
All their attractions rare,
But oh! to eat them were
Better for me.”

Representations of Venice are to be found in every gallery, and here, too, they are not wanting. Fortunately, Guardi is in the ascendant, and there are several of his pictures. To us he is always far more attractive than Canaletto: he is more ideal and poetic, less architectural.

The visitor to the Taylorian Galleries must not leave without looking long at the works of the early Italian masters. The peculiar gentleness of the faces, and the “sweetness and light,” which no later school ever even attempted, gain upon one more and more the longer one looks.

Nothing can be more beautiful than one of the angelic saint faces that seem to be fitted so appropriately with a background of gleaming gold. And the painters also of the early schools are well represented here. Look at the “Hunting by Moonlight” of Benozzi Gozzoli. Could anything be funnier than the open mouths of the hunters who all, no doubt, are shouting the mediæval Italian equivalent

for “Tally-ho!” as loudly as ever they can? Observe, too, the attitude of the man tugging at his horse, which is curvetting a little. And the horses themselves! Their shape is odd, their pose is odd, their colour is odd, but what a sense of reality they convey nevertheless! One is reminded of the story of the sculptor who, in showing his pupils an antique model of a horse, remarked, “It has every conceivable fault, and yet it is alive.”

Many of the drawings in the Taylorian Galleries have been reproduced line for line by the autotype process. In several cases the autotype has been placed by the side of the original, that one may compare the two. Truly the success is great, but it is not complete; indeed, how could it be? The lines grow hard, the shadows thick, the pose or attitude lacks an indispensable something which can only come from the artist's own hand. It will be found interesting to note, as carefully as we can, what has been possible to the autotype process, and how much has proved beyond its powers. Probably everyone will feel with ourselves, after making the investigation, that although it is a great boon to have such wonderful copies, it is a still greater boon that till our own time, at least, the exquisite originals have been preserved.

PHILOSTRATE.

ETCHING IN ENGLAND.—II.



It will be remembered that we have already treated of English etching down to what may be termed the Renaissance of its school; we stated our opinion as to the causes to which this revival should be set down, and we then promised that we would in a future number touch upon the life and works of Mr. Whistler, Mr. Haden, and the publications of Mr. Hamerton.

Mr. Whistler, an American by birth, com-

menced his art career in the studio of Gleyre at Paris. Whilst there he published his first etchings in November, 1858, under the title “Douze Eaux Fortes d'après Nature, par James Whistler,” dedicated “à mon vieil ami, Seymour Haden.” They show much careful work and honest etching, “La Marchande de Moutarde” and “The Kitchen” being pre-eminent. The title-page represents the artist himself, engaged in making the drawings from which the series were executed, and surrounded by *gamins* doing their best to render his task an impossibility. These and some score of others, amongst which may be named “Little Seymour,” and a portrait of his printer,

A. Delâtre, were the sum of his labours in and prior to the year 1859, when he came to England. Once here, he took up his residence upon,* and on the banks of the Thames, and produced the series of etchings upon which his fame as an etcher will rest.

From Battersea, in full view of which he occupied until very recently a house (it forms the subject of one of Mr. Haden's best etchings), down to Wapping, Mr. Whistler etched the river at every turn. Chelsea Bridge, Cadogan Pier, Vauxhall, the Houses of Parliament, Old Westminster and Hungerford Suspension Bridges—these were amongst his subjects above bridge; whilst below he drew in an inimitable manner every nook and cranny of the quaint old warehouses and wharfs at Limehouse, Rotherhithe, Billingsgate and the Pool. Sixteen of the foregoing subjects were published in 1871, by Messrs. Ellis and Green, the issue being limited to 100 copies of each.

During the years 1860-2, he principally, so far as etching was concerned, directed his attention to making etchings from sketches, previously made, of Breton and Parisian life. He was at this time an exhibitor in the Royal Academy, his "Lady at the Piano" being much commented on in the former of these years. A visit in 1863 to Holland in company with Mr. Haden, resulted in but two etchings, one of the river at Amsterdam, entitled, "The Tolhuis," the other of two figures: neither of them have been published.

A collector of his works anterior to this time has not been able to find more than seventy etchings, and that number would include everything up to the year 1872, since which date Mr. Whistler has almost exclusively confined himself to "dry points," executed more as illustrations of the "harmonies" which at the Grosvenor Gallery and elsewhere, have excited more varied criticism than aught else. The last year or two have seen him occupied amongst other things in the decoration of Mr. Leyland's magnificent house, and his own newly erected one near the Chelsea Embankment, and in illustrations of the London streets for the pages of *Vanity Fair*, and the

* For some time he actually lived in a boat on the river.

defunct *Piccadilly*. The acquisition of the majority of Mr. Whistler's etchings has always been a matter of some difficulty, the following being the only ones that have been really published:—The French set of twelve and a title; the sixteen Thames etchings before-mentioned; Billingsgate, issued in the *Portfolio*, January, 1878; Limehouse, published 1878.

Mr. Haden was born in the year 1818. Educated at the London University, he in his twentieth year was studying medicine at the Sorbonne in Paris. In 1839, he attached himself to the hospital at Grenoble. In 1840 he was again at Paris, and having in 1842 become Medallist of the University of London, and member of the College of Surgeons, he passed the years 1843-4 in Italy. On his return to London he soon acquired a considerable and rapidly increasing practice as a surgeon. In 1851 he was instrumental in founding the Hospital for Incurables, and at the Great Exhibition in that year, and again in 1862, he was a juror.

It may well be asked, How was all this compatible with success as an etcher? It came about thus:—When at Grenoble he had paved the way for future distinction as a draughtsman by a lengthened study of the human body. This had been followed up by the advantage when in Italy of a close acquaintance with a French artist of note, under whose tutelage many a drawing in water-colour was undertaken. But above all, during these years, Mr. Haden had been an admirer of the works of Rembrandt, and a collector, not for the sake of mere acquisition, but for the purpose of information and comparison. So that when, in the year 1859, the tension of a heavy practice broke down his health, and necessitated a lengthened rest, what more natural than that the student of Rembrandt, and the relative of Whistler, should, during his abstention from work, take up the needle and try his hand on the copper. The result was the "Études à l'Eau-forte." Published in Paris and in London, both there and here the highest praise was meted out to them, and according to Mr. Hamerton, to this work alone is to be ascribed the revival of the interest

in etchings. Mr. Haden writing of them, describes how they were produced: "tout était fait dans un accès, une fureur de plaisir, et était fini le soir même." With renewed health the etcher terminated what he termed as "une courte et délicieuse vie d'artiste, un fort petit épisode, un jour de fête, pour ainsi dire, dans une carrière longue et laborieuse;" and until the issue some three years back, of the magnificent plate of "Calais Pier," no further work of any importance was undertaken by him. Quite recently a set of twelve plates have been published, but several were executed some years ago.

The total of Mr. Haden's etchings are between seventy and eighty, the most noteworthy being "The Calais Pier" (after Turner), "The breaking up of the Agamemnon," "Shere Mill Pond," "Battersea Reach," "A By-road in Tipperary," and "The Berthe Laure of Paris," a rare proof of which sold for £22 at a recent sale. The "Etudes," however, are the most characteristic illustrations of his work. The 250 sets which were published were originally issued at fifteen guineas. They now command at least double that price, and will probably continue to rise in value.

It will be seen from what we have said, that neither of these etchers have in any way intruded their works upon the public—nay, rather the reverse—for Mr. Whistler plumes himself upon his works being "ungetatable" and rare; probably from the very proper notion that that which is easily procurable is not valued; and Mr. Haden is beyond measure particular that nothing of his shall be promulgated except what is first-rate, not only as to work, but condition.* Therefore, were it not that Mr. Haden has, by loans to exhibitions of his Rembrandts and valuable treatises thereon, imparted much information on the subject of etchings, it might with truth be said that in no way save as producers of good work have either assisted in forwarding the English school of etchings. Its rise in popularity may therefore to so much the greater extent be attributed to Mr. Hamerton.

His first work, "Etching and Etchers," is

* Both print every copy of every etching they issue themselves.

too well known to need extended comment here. The fact that, originally published at a guinea and a half it is not now easy to obtain at four times that amount, speaks as to the value set upon it by the connoisseur. "A Manual on Etching" was quickly followed by the first number of the *Portfolio* magazine which, devoted almost exclusively to the editor's favourite branch of art, has during its ten years' life, been instant in promoting and extending the limits of its popularity. It is a daunting fact, however, and one not easily explained, that whilst it has succeeded in increasing the love for etchings, it has as yet entirely failed to raise up a school of etchers in England. At the outset, each successive month saw an illustration of an English etcher's work. But less than a year sufficed to run through the cycle of their number, and when it is proposed to reproduce by etchings the principal pictures in our National Gallery, the task is entrusted to foreigners, and very recently a Frenchman has been selected to illustrate the life of Turner! Nor is this exclusion of Englishmen confined to the *Portfolio*. Etchings of several Academy pictures and portraits have of late years been published, but invariably the work has been handed over to foreigners, testimony of the most impartial kind that if in England the taste for etchings has increased, the etchers themselves have not. There is probably no branch of art in which such an opening exists as in that of figure etching, for at present we do not possess a single etcher in that line.

The forward march of etchings was for a considerable period hampered by the action of the printsellers themselves. By a rule of the Association under which they are banded together, they were prohibited from selling any proofs above a certain value, unless such proofs were the property of one of themselves, had been stamped with the stamp of their Association, and had been printed by one of their number. An etcher of any standing naturally revolted against such restrictions, for thereby not only was the printing, but the control of the issue of his productions taken altogether out of his hands. After a lengthy struggle, in which the etchers were

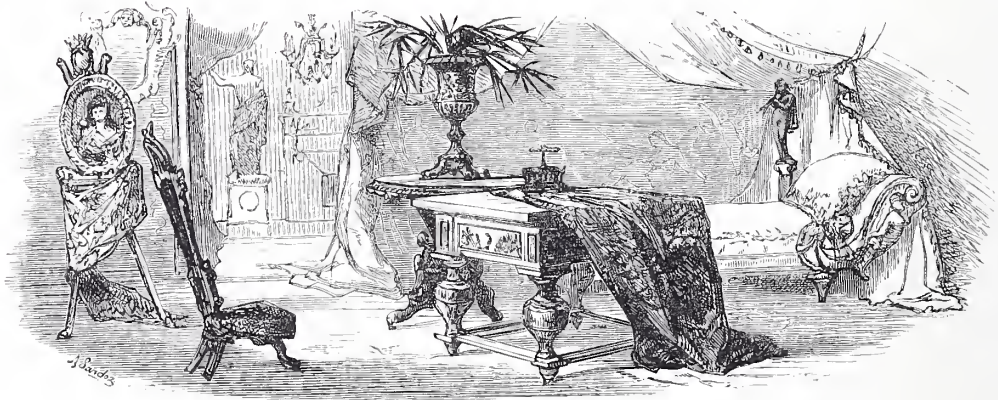
aided by the principal houses in the trade, the rule has been annulled, so far as etchings are concerned, and we may, as a consequence, expect material improvement in the prospects of this branch of the arts, from the greater publicity that will now be afforded to it.

A few words of warning to the would-be collector may well close this article. In etchings, more than in aught else, it is the fashion to pay extravagant prices for rare states. An example of this was seen some years ago in the case of Rembrandt's "Sleeping Dog." Originally etched in the corner of a plate, he afterwards cut it down. Only one impression of this early state is known, and for this the British Museum gave £120; the only difference between it and an ordinary copy being six square inches of white paper, which Rembrandt considered injurious to his etching. The same system is occurring every day. At a sale a few months ago, what was described as a unique trial proof of "Egham Lock,"

by Mr. Haden, sold for nine guineas. It had, as a foreground, troubled water. The artist in this case at once thought the plate would be improved by quieting the water, and a second impression showed the improvement; but this decidedly superior etching fetched but three pounds. If a collector of etchings will but remember that an etching is not good, or a desirable possession, because it is rare; if, before he purchases, he bears in mind, looks for, and insists on having, the qualities we have shown to be a necessity to lasting work; if he will learn to value his etchings because they possess these qualities, and not because he has what his neighbour has not, he will become a benefactor to art, and a true connoisseur, and he will leave the ranks of those foolish ones who rush in and buy a work, either because it is the fashion, or because it has a name, without waiting to examine into its merits, or even troubling to seek out what they possibly are.

M. B. H.

THE PARIS UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION.—VIII.

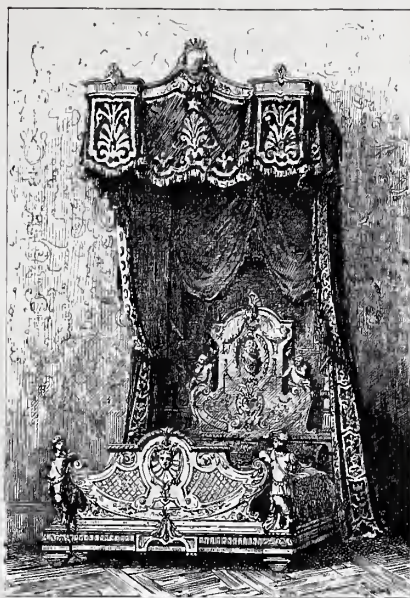


GROUP OF FURNITURE.

PASSING from the English section, in which our space warns us that we have lingered far too long, we come to the display of our cousins across the Atlantic. Small as it is, the American collection is a very characteristic one. The objects are mainly exhibited in trophies, for the space is held relatively by fewer exhibitors than is the case, perhaps, in

any other country. Is it because they are used to so much elbow-room in their own land that American exhibitors like to pile up their wares in such profusion? The silver and goldsmith's work of Messrs. Tiffany and Co., of New York, the watches and chronometers of the American Watch Company of Waltham, are found side by side with innumerable hatchets, axes, and

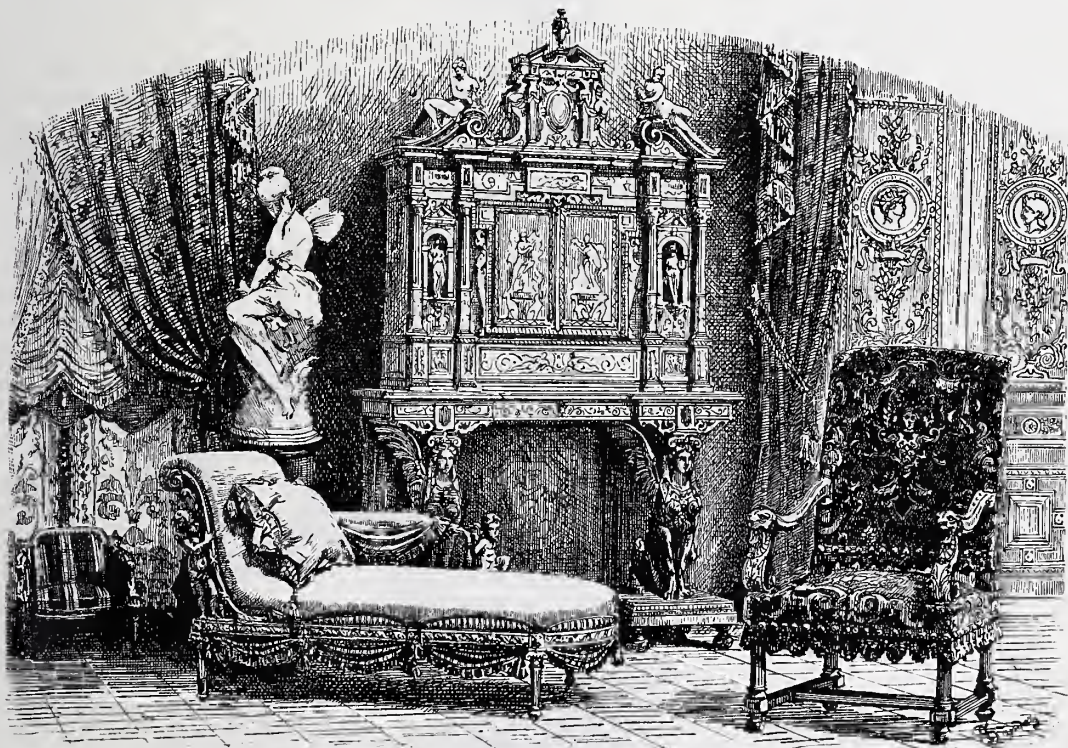
locks and keys, ornamentally arranged, on one great trophy, and every variety of nails, fashioned into all kinds of fancy devices on another. Of course, the main strength of the American section is to be found in the machinery department, and this, from the art point of view, does not so much concern us; but great as is the mechanical skill of the Americans, we must not allow ourselves to forget that they are making vast progress also in many branches of art with which they have hitherto supplied themselves from Europe, and there are unmistakable signs in the present collection that American manu-



HEDSTEAD. (By Schmit & Piollet.)

Norway and Sweden, the next countries to America, show but little to interest us from our special standpoint. Much of their cut and carved wood-work is excellent, and they have a splendid collection of minerals, and of raw and manufactured iron and steel. A characteristic little annexe contains a large collection of every appliance for fishing, and specimens of the fish preserved in every conceivable way. Great taste is shown in the arrangement of their various collections, even the lucifer matches are set out in artistic designs, and the cases containing the

produce are marvels of ingenuity as specimens



GROUP OF FURNITURE. (By H. Fourdinot.)

facturers are rivalling us in arts wherein we have fancied we had little to fear from them.

of fret-work and wood carving. Passing one of the main passages of the building, we reach

the Italian Court, filled with some of the choicest treasures of art manufacture. The works in glass shown by the Venice and Murano Company comprise reproductions of all that is most admired in the best period of the great factories which long flourished on the shores of the Adriatic; and the masterpieces of Salviati leave little to be desired when placed side by side with the choicest treasures of former times. There seems to be scarcely a form or a tint which has ever been produced which cannot now be reproduced in all its delicacy and beauty; and glass is such an unchanging material that it is difficult even for the connoisseur to distinguish between the old and the modern work. It is impossible to deny that, much as Italy has fallen off in the department of fine arts, she still maintains her supremacy in the art handicrafts in which she ever excelled.

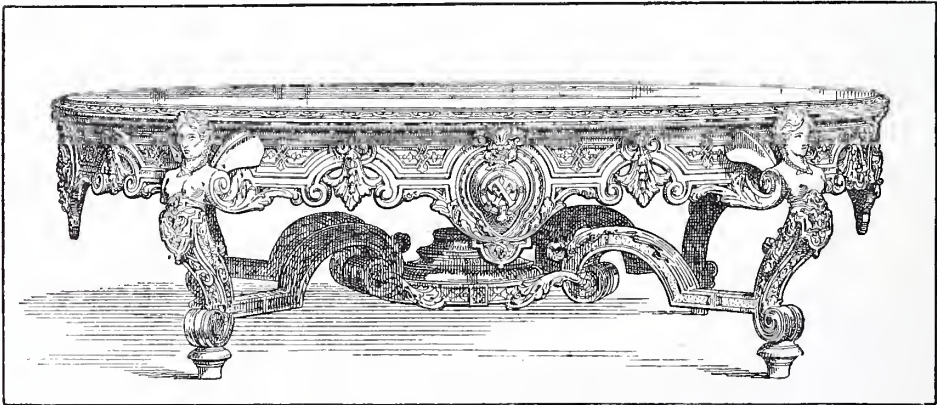
From Italy to Japan seems a strange transition, far more wondrous even than that from the Scandinavian metals to the art treasures

interest and value in the eyes of every lover of art. Each time we have seen the produce of this marvellous country brought together at exhibitions we have noticed the most marked and important changes, and the more closely we study the art industries of Japan, the more strongly must we feel that she is suffering deeply and severely from contact with European civilisation. In some of her arts, porcelain painting and bronze working, for instance, the present display, in spite of its vastly increased importance over any we before remember, is lamentably inferior, and shows signs of sad falling off. The lacquer-work of the present day cannot be compared with the work of thirty years ago, and even the taste in garment fabrics seems likely to lead to the disuse of the former quaint patterns, while aniline dyes and coal-tar colours have played sad havoc with the grace and harmony of the paintings of Japan. It seems, however, almost impossible for a Japanese artist to be wrong



GARNITURE DE CHEMINÉE.

(By Susse Frères.)



RÉCHAUD, OR DISH-WARMER.

(By E. Philippe.)

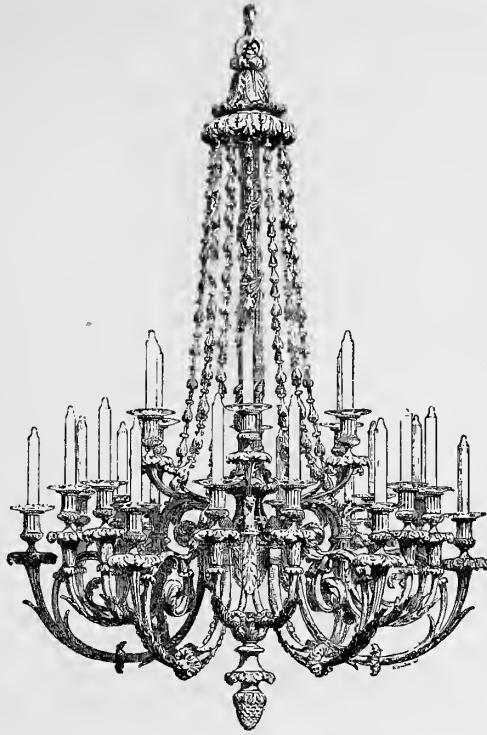
we have just been describing. Japan, however, is the next country upon which we enter, as we continue our walk, and here we would fain linger, for the objects from Japan have a peculiar

in any combination of colours he may attempt; his eye is so accurate in the discrimination of complementary harmonies, and he has such a truthful and just appreciation of the balance

of quantities, that it is rare indeed that we can find fault with his work.

China naturally follows Japan, and is resplendent in her gorgeous show-cases, her embroidered silks, and carved wood-work. The Chinese collection presents us with a strange mixture of old and modern work. Here we have some enamel vases, glaringly modern in the force and brilliancy of their tints; in the next case is a collection of porcelain, much of which bears the reputed age of from three hundred to four hundred years, and none of which is, perhaps, less than half a century old. If such a comparison is allowable, we think that Japanese workmanship comes nearer among European nations—some of the best mediæval art of Germany; while Chinese workmen never seem to get beyond the glitter and unreality of the pretentious period of the French workmanship of Louis XIV.

Austria and Hungary fill a large slice of the building, and much of their work is extremely good. The glass, in the delicacy and beauty of workmanship, runs some of our best manufacturers very close. If anything, there seems to us to be a tendency to exuberance of painted enrichments on the glass, which are surely out of place, and the forms lack the purity so essential for this material. The Austrian metal-work is admirable, some of their



LUSTRE. (By Fontaine.)

iron-work is the best modern wrought forging we have hitherto examined. Austria is separated from Russia, her neighbour, here, as territorially, by another of the broad cross-passages to which we have alluded, and the Russian display is an extremely creditable one—far beyond our expectations indeed. There is some well-designed furniture, some beautiful works in malachite, many cases full of exquisite furs, an important educational collection, containing all the appliances for teaching in elementary and advanced schools, and some admirably designed jewellery.

Switzerland, one of the earliest of the foreign countries to arrange her display at Paris, has, perhaps, one of the best-selected and most characteristic representations of her various industries at the Exhibition. Everything is admirably arranged, the different courts have been fitted up, decorated, and lighted with special reference to the goods they were to contain; and her jewellery, watches, philosophical instruments, and textiles are unrivalled.

Belgium occupies the largest space, after England, on the foreign side. Her courts are tastefully arranged, and her productions deserve a much more extended notice than our space permits of.

France, with a full half of the building, has naturally done her utmost to shine on the present occasion. Not

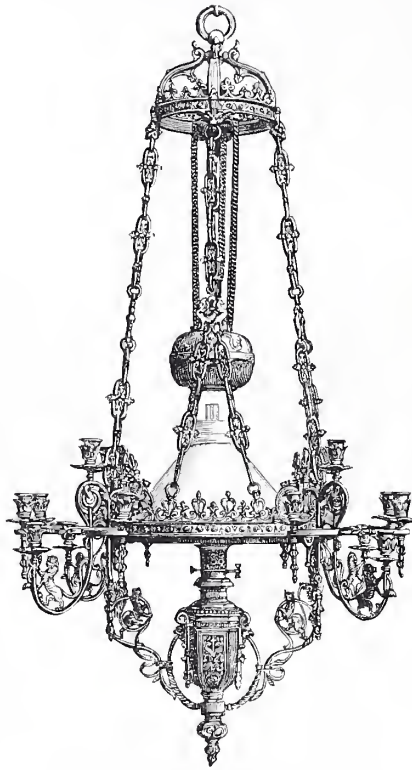


ELEPHANT CLOCK.

(By Susse Frères.)

only has one of the finest collections of pictures ever seen in France been arranged in the central galleries, for which the Luxembourg Palace has been stripped of some of its chief treasures, and many of the best known and richest collections have been laid under contribution, but her largest manufacturers have been preparing for years to secure honourable notice in the great competition. Among so much that we should like to figure and describe, it seems hard to content ourselves with a few illustrations, but we must strive to select such as will be representative of whole classes of work. The French furniture has a character so entirely different from our own, which we were at some pains to describe thoroughly, that it would seem worth while to try and discover the reason, and determine which country is on the better track. English furniture design has changed greatly since the 1851 Exhibition, French furniture scarcely at all. All our best English work is now of the class known as "constructive furniture"—*i.e.*, that in which the materials are employed as the necessities of workmanship dictate, while the French cabinet-maker generally ignores entirely the

nature of the material he makes use of. French furniture, moreover, is much more the furniture of luxury and grandeur than of utility. See our illustration of a bed by Messrs.



HANGING LAMP. (By Buffet and Co.)

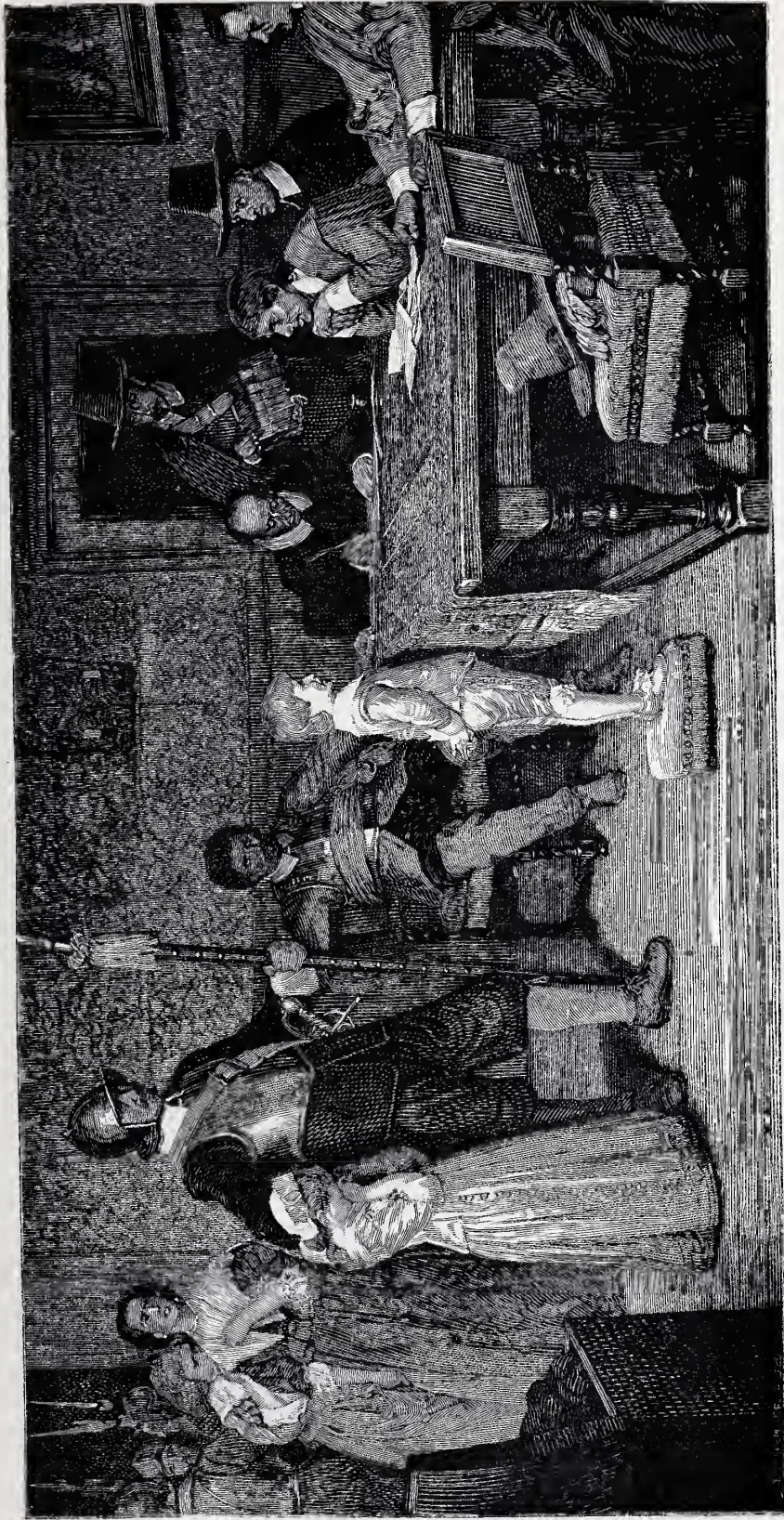
Schmit and Piolet, shown on page 221, and the group of selected furniture from various exhibits, which serves as our heading. The exquisite furniture by Fourdinois (page 221), again, could only be placed in a palace. In beauty and refinement of carving, and in excellence of inlaid work, we cannot compete with the French, but a good sign of the estimation in which our English furniture is held by the French themselves, is the fact that so much of it is purchased for France.

No other country can approach the manufacturers of France in bronzes and ornamental metal-work. Manufacturers like Barbedienne, Fontaine, and Lemaire, have made world-wide reputations by their beautiful productions. We have selected from some of the best works in this class a lustre by Fontaine (page 223), a well-designed hanging lamp by Buffet and Co., which is shown above, a *réchaud* by Philippe (page 222), and some quaint ornaments by Susse Frères, engravings of which we give on pages 222 and 223.

TWO ACADEMY PICTURES.

LAST month we gave, as a frontispiece, Mr. Burgess's only representative in the Academy of 1878, illustrating, painfully enough, under the title of "Childhood in Eastern Life," the distinction between the treatment of the sexes, a distinction altogether in favour of the juvenile lords of creation. The truth of the actions and expressions was spoken of in our

notice of the Academy, where also we made reference to the clever picture of Mr. Yeames, which forms the frontispiece of the present number. The subject explains itself at a glance, and the expressions of the Parliamentary commissioners as they question the little Royalist about his father are as full of character as anything ever produced by Mr. Yeames's brush.



"AND WHEN DID YOU LAST SEE YOUR FATHER?"

(From the Picture by W. F. Yeames, R.A., in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1878.)

ARTISTS' HAUNTS.—VIII.

LYNTON AND LYNMOUTH.



TOWER ON THE BEACH, LYNMOUTH.

LYNTON is a perfect paradise for the artist. This will be admitted by all who have had an opportunity of enjoying its remarkable beauties. I cannot recall any other place where, within the

compass of a few miles, one may find such an infinite variety of subjects for the pencil. Exquisitely wooded valleys, foaming torrents, broad, open downs, rocky bluffs, lone hill-sides, dark moorlands; these constitute the treat which is in store for those who choose to visit this enchanting spot.

There are various ways of getting to Lynton. You may go either by South Western or Great Western to Barnstaple, and thence by a well-horsed coach, which runs three times a week, all the year round. The drive is about twenty miles, and passes near the skirts of Exmoor. You may go to Minehead by the Great Western, and thence by coach, *vid* Porlock, which takes you over a glorious line of coast; or you may go by steamer from Portishead which, to those who are fond of the sea, is the pleasantest and most convenient route. The 9 a.m. train from Paddington gives you ample time to catch the train from Bristol to Portishead at 12.45. This train is in connection with the steamer which leaves for Lynmouth and Ilfracombe at 1.30. The approach by steamer is by far the most impressive. You take in all the beauties of the spot at a glance, and nothing can be more lovely than the little bay in which Lynmouth is embosomed. To the left the grand slopes of the Foreland—the

eastern boundary of the bay—rise precipitously from the water to the height of 1,100 feet; Hollardy Hill, 900 feet high, shuts in the view on the right, while behind the picturesque village the heights of Lynn Cliff form a magnificent background to the view. The valleys between these huge hills are filled with a profusion of vegetation rarely equalled; and Lynton itself—some 400 feet above Lynmouth, on the steep slope of the hill—peeps out here and there from amidst the trees that are scattered so thickly around.

As soon as the steamer rounds the Foreland a boat may be seen putting out from the quaint little harbour for the purpose of landing the passengers for Lynmouth, and to put on board others who wish to proceed to Ilfracombe. The approach to the harbour is very picturesque. The channel is marked in a primitive fashion by irregular posts driven into the beach, and at the end of the pier stands a quaint tower, built some years ago in imitation of one on the Rhine. The utter absence of straight lines is a characteristic of Lynmouth, which will at once charm the eye of the artist. The pier and harbour are constructed of boulders, which are fitted together in the most irregular fashion. The cottages beyond seem to straggle up the hill promiscuously. The village street, if such it can be called, follows the windings of the Lynn, which here comes tumbling and foaming over huge rocks, down into the harbour itself, until its voice is hushed in the broad sweep of the breakers that roll in, blue and bright, from the sea. Over the cottage walls, and on their very roofs, the red and white valerian flourish in unwonted profusion, and we have but to ascend a few yards from the quay to find ourselves in a perfect paradise of wild flowers, ferns, and an endless variety of creepers of the most lovely description.

The "Lyndale" is the principal hotel of Lynmouth; but the artist would not be far wrong in taking up his quarters at the little "Bath Hotel," near the quay. It is remarkably clean

and comfortable, and from the window you may sit and watch the most wonderful effects of light and shade on the old tower and boats in the harbour, and the ever-changing cloud effects over the sea.

From Lynmouth, steep zig-zag paths, cut in

large hotels, the church, a few shops, and innumerable lodging-houses, most of which command fine sea-views. For convenience of access to the far-famed Valley of Rocks, to Ley Bay, and the walk by the coast to Ilfracombe, Lynton is more favourably situated than Lynmouth ; but



THE CASTLE ROCK, LYNTON.

the hill-side, conduct you to Lynton. That which commences by the cottages near the pier is perhaps the most picturesque, as it commands an unrivalled sea-view. The banks which border the path are clothed with most luxuriant growths of ferns and flowers. They are, however, on the seaward side, not more than breast-high, and do not obstruct the view, which, as you mount higher and higher, reveals the village and harbour below, the magnificent coast-line beyond, and the broad expanse of the Bristol Channel, stretching away to the mountains of South Wales, which lie like a bank of cloud on the far horizon.

A stiff climb of a quarter of an hour brings you to Lynton, which consists chiefly of two

for the other attractions of the neighbourhood, and for picturesque effects of wood and water, Lynmouth is to be preferred. Both places, however, are full of interest, and offer every accommodation to visitors. Artists' materials may be obtained at Lynton.

The Valley of Rocks will, in all probability, be the first point of attraction. The best way to approach it is by what is called the North Walk, which is cut in the steep slope of Hollarly Hill, on the seaward side. This is at all times a most delightful ramble. The sea lies far below ; the slopes above stretch upwards to a crown of rocks called the Ragged Jacket. The huge limestone blocks which border the path are clothed with the richest lichens ; the

ubiquitous ferns spring from every crack and cranny of the rocks, while

The foxglove clusters dappled bells”

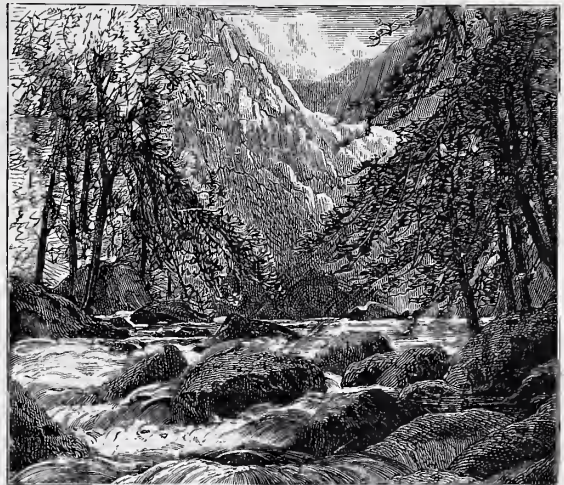
even on the very verge of the precipices that overhang the sea.

A walk of a quarter of an hour brings you to a turn of the path, whence you get the first view of the Castle Rock (see page 226), a huge mass of limestone, perched on the summit of a precipitous hill which shuts in the Valley of Rocks on the right. This rock is a most striking object. On the north side it drops perpendicularly to the sea, which lies at a depth of some 400 feet below. On the south side it may be ascended by a rugged path. The climb should by no means be omitted, for the view from the summit of the highest rock is truly magnificent. According to the Guide Book, Southey seems to have indulged in a considerable amount of sentimental musing on this spot; and, indeed, some amount of romance may be pardoned, for it is a scene to awaken enthusiasm in the most matter-of-fact mind. The celebrated Devil's Cheese-wring lies on the opposite side of the Valley of Rocks. It makes an effective sketch (see page 228). The road through the valley leads to Ley Bay and Abbey, and to some lovely coast scenes beyond, on the route to Heddon's Mouth, some five miles away towards Ilfracombe.

The artist whose desires tend towards foaming waterfalls, huge boulders, and overhanging woods, should certainly take up his quarters at Lynmouth, for here he may find innumerable studies within five minutes' walk of his hotel. The East and West Lynn unite in the village itself, at a distance of about 100 yards from the beach. By following the East Lynn any number of subjects may be found. In fact, every turn of the stream reveals some new beauty. Some two miles from Lynmouth we reach the far-famed Watersmeet, a very lovely spot, but hardly so well adapted for a sketch as some of the bolder points of the river below.

There is one peculiarity connected with both Lynton and Lynmouth which must strike every visitor. The place is pervaded by associations with Blackmore's story of "Lorna Doone." The scene of the story, as we know, is laid not far from Lynmouth, and an excursion to

the Doone Valley should certainly not be omitted. The route lies in the direction of the Watersmeet, which you pass on the left, and continue on the same road as far as the village of Oare. A short distance beyond this the entrance to the Doone Valley commences, and here an entirely new class of scenery is entered upon. Indeed, it is so unique that no artist should fail to visit the spot. The brown slopes of Exmoor stretch before us in barren grandeur. The stream—here called Bagworthy Water (see page 229)—comes tumbling over magnificent boulders, its banks fringed with luxuriant growths of ferns and heather. Not a habitation is in sight. We are in the home of the red deer, which here finds its only abiding-place in England—that is, in its wild state. Mr. Blackmore has, however, drawn largely on his imagination in his description of the Doone Valley. In no part are the slopes inaccessible, and the renowned water-slide, which is seen coming down from a valley on the right, is only a few yards in length. The spot, however, abounds in beautiful subjects for the pencil, and the streams being full of mountain trout, afford capital sport for the fisherman. Some distance up the valley, near the banks of the



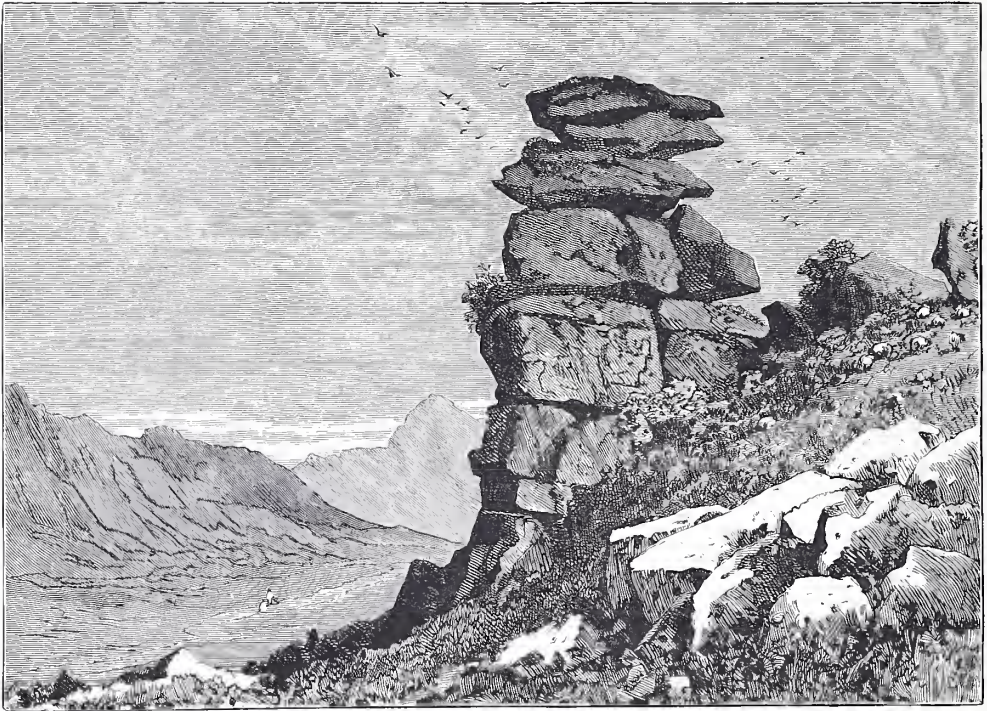
VIEW ON THE EAST LYNN.

river, the remains of rude habitations are to be seen, which are pointed out as the former dwelling-places of the Doones. It is, no doubt, true that a set of robbers of that name once

infested these valleys, and on this fact Mr. Blackmore has founded his most delightful story. All must admit that the author has invested the locality with a new interest; like that, in fact, which Sir Walter Scott imparted to Ellen's Isle and other spots round which the magic of his pen has thrown such a halo of romance.

There is a point of view near the ruined dwellings of the Doones whence a very characteristic sketch of the moor may be secured. It

gravel shines up with an added lustre from beneath the shallows of the river's bed, while the shimmering sunlight, reflected from the rippled surface of the stream, plays upon the under sides of the rocks in an exquisite filagree of golden lines and curves. The moor stretches away into the distance broad and brown. The heathery slopes are varied here and there by patches of purple shale, the reeding bluffs are broken into changing light and shade as the cloud shadows flit across the moor. Now a



THE DEVIL'S CHEESEWRING, VALLEY OF ROCKS.

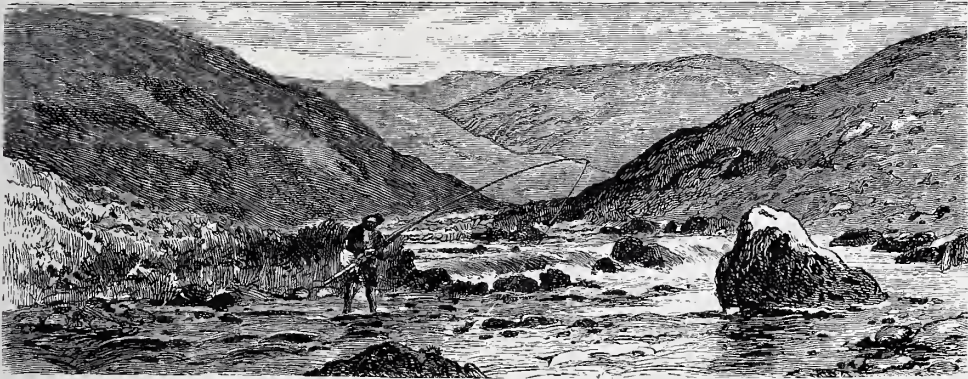
is as well to take one's seat upon the lichened boulders, quite in the bed of the stream, which may here be done without difficulty, as the water flows over a comparatively level bed, and is not rushing, tumbling, and leaping, as in other parts. There is a fine purple light upon the surface in summer weather, which contrasts beautifully with the brown hill-sides on either hand; and, early in the season, the young green bracken springing up from amid the dead brown heather has a most striking effect. Rich mosses clothe the rocks in mid stream—so rich, indeed, that they defy the powers of the palette to compete with their lustrous hues. Golden

whole broad sweep of hill is immersed in deepest gloom—anon, it is resplendent in golden light, intensified by the grey gloom of the hill beyond, which in turn has taken the shadow. Sheep are dotted here and there amid the rich herbage of the valleys, or on the far hill-side. But for these, there is no sign of life over all the wild moorland slopes.

There are certain show places at Lynmouth which should be seen, although the artist will not find much therein to employ his pencil. Glen Lynn, through which the West Lynn comes foaming over innumerable moss-grown

rocks in the midst of an abundance of ferns, is, perhaps, the most beautiful. There is also a magnificent walk by the coast to Glenthorne, the residence of Mr. W. H. Halliday. The route leads you near the summit of the Foreland, from which there is another glorious panoramic view, embracing all the country round Lynton, as well as the unrivalled coast-line. A walk to the furthest point of the Foreland should not be omitted. I myself visited it in the afternoon, which is the most favourable time. I had left the beaten track far behind. Only the narrow sheep-paths cut the slopes of grass, which fell abruptly away on three sides of where I stood. The sea lay so far

Do not lament if, during your stay, you are in for some rainy days. Considering the proximity to Exmoor, the event is highly probable. Put on your macintosh and thickest boots, and walk up the valley towards Watersmeet. You will be amply repaid. The stream rapidly rises and comes down in foaming torrents of rich brown water, which remind one strongly of the streams of Scotland. If you are persevering, you will take your box of colours, and try and hit the tint from under your umbrella. It is a mixture of brown pink and burnt sienna, with a fine cream-white foam playing over it in every imaginable curve. You may also employ your rainy days by



BAGWORTHY WATER.

below that the waves seemed like the ripples of a lake. Away to the right was the bold coast between me and Porlock, and, beyond that again, the shadowy hills about Clevedon. In front, on the far horizon, the low line of the Welsh hills was seen, and above, piles of whitest cumuli, soaring like snow mountains into the blue ether. To the left lay Lynmouth, almost hidden in its wealth of foliage. The broad slopes of the hill-side, between me and the harbour, were varied with patches of gorse and heather, and such depths of sunlit ferns that the sheep wandered among them almost unseen. The afternoon sun was declining behind the dark mass of Hollardy Hill. A broad glory lay upon the water, stretching from the verge of the horizon to the silvery beach below, where the waves broke upon the shingle

“Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown.”

exploring the recesses of the coast-line between Lynton and the Foreland. This must, however, be done on a receding tide, or you stand a chance of being cut off by the waves. There are some delightful caverns opening from the beach, where one may set up one's easel in defiance of the weather, and secure some capital studies of wave-worn rocks, richly tinted seaweed, and rock-pools of exquisite clearness. Should you, by chance, linger too long in your cavern, and find your retreat disputed by the hungry waves, you may make for a steep zig-zag path which leads to the upper slopes of the cliffs, at a few hundred yards from the extreme point of the Foreland. As this, however, is easily missed, it is better to proceed along the beach the moment the tide is sufficiently low, in which case you may secure two or three hours' uninterrupted possession of Nature's studios.

SYDNEY HODGES.

PAINTERS, PAINTING, AND PORTRAITS.



WHEN visiting a gallery or exhibition of pictures, the thoughtful spectator is struck and touched with wonder and with gratitude by the vast variety of subjects which occupy the minds, the skill and cunning, of the many painters whose works are contained in one, it may be fugitive, collection. Many men of many minds have been moved by the Unseen Powers to depict, for the joy of æsthetic mankind, an immense variety of subjects of beauty or of interest. One painter—a very rare one—is inspired to paint religious subjects, while many others, working from the same standpoint, succeed only in proving that they are worthy to see merely the back parts of divinity. Some few reveal the possession of the vision and the faculty divine, while the spectacle of the mass of commonplace is like a surfeit of *vin ordinaire*. Some painters are stirred to paint for us history, *genre*,* portraits; others delight us with quaint old cities and mediæval architecture; some occupy their business in the great waters, while many others rejoice us with the charm and loveliness of landscape art. In landscape itself there are infinite gradations. You have imagination and you have realism. You have the painter of breadth and grandeur, and the one who delights in realistic transcripts of the idyllic, of the fragment, of the “bit.” The swift and many-sided mind, which finds pleasure in so many and so widely differing things, is touched by the various gifts of painters, by the versatility of the wonderful objective art which, out of colours and of lines, can create or depict such manifold types of beauty and of charm. This variety of subject, as of tastes and powers, is found also in other arts—as literature or music;

* *Genre* bears the same relation to historical painting that anecdote does to history, the same relation that Horace Walpole bears to Gibbon.

but a picture gallery affords within four walls a compressed and pregnant example of the many-sided faculties of the wondrous and mysterious mind of man.

The life of the painter who has found in art his true vocation, who is gifted with art power, and therefore with art enthusiasm, is, compared with other human careers, distinctly a happy life. Perhaps the happiest lot of all, even among painters' lives, is that of the art and nature loving landscape painter. The wand of such an artist points to beauty with the same infallible certainty with which the hazel-rod, the *virgula divina*, of Dousterswivel pointed to water amid the ruins of St. Ruth. The landscape painter works for the most part in the open air, amid the sweetest or the grandest beauties of nature; he anticipates his delightful daily occupation with the longing of love and with the tenderness of memory. Day by day his work grows in beauty. His pursuit is natural and is noble; the life he leads is pure and calm and joyous. In his branch of art success is sure to follow merit. I have been with landscape painters at their beautiful work in beautiful scenes, and I think that few human lots can compare with the career of the sincere, the able, and the successful landscape painter.

Let me repeat it—surely no pursuit can be more delightful than that of painting, to a born painter. Thackeray, who, both from experience and from sympathy, knew the craft well, writes of it:—

“Their work is for the most part delightfully easy. It does not exercise the brain too much, but gently occupies it, and with a subject most agreeable to the scholar. The mere poetic flame, or jet of invention, needs to be lighted up but very seldom, namely, when the young painter is devising his subject, or settling the composition thereof. The posing of figures and drapery; the dexterous copying of the line; the artful processes of cross-hatching, of laying on lights, and what not; the arrangements of colour, and the pleasing operations of glazing, and the like, are labours for the most part merely manual. These, with the smoking of a proper number of pipes, carry the student through the day's work. If you pass his door you will very probably hear him singing at his easel.

I should like to know what young lawyer, mathematician, or divinity scholar, can sing over his volumes, and at the same time advance with his labour?"

The manuscript of the writer grows slowly in solitude, but as its bulk becomes bigger the manuscript does not grow in beauty. The early struggles of all artists are a hard battle to fight, but the author, far more than the painter, is "chilled by disappointments and vexed by injustice." The strong transmute all suffering into strength.

A great artist paints portraits in the sense in which Tennyson sings of such painting:—

"As when a painter, poring on a face,
Divinely thro' all hindrance finds the man
Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
The shape and colour of a mind and life,
Lives for his children, ever at its best
And fullest."

And what a relief it is when visiting some huge collection of pictures to come upon a fine portrait—say by Rembrandt, Titian, Holbein, Raphael, Velasquez, Reynolds! Amid the "acres of mythological smearing;" the too often weedy classical allegories; the flayings of St. Bartholomew, or Marsyas; the Romulus suckled by the wolf; the pipings of goat-footed Pan—the "coreggiosity of Coreggio,"—it is a joy to turn to the counterfeit presentments of "human realities who have sprung *not* from the idle brains of dreaming dilettanti, but from the head of the Almighty to make the earth a little memorable for us, and to do a little work that may be eternal there." Poor, thin, insincere fancies, much that is fabulous, distant, unimportant, ugly, unworthy, all shrivel up so soon as the mind is arrested and laid hold of by a noble, masterly portrait of the lovely or the great.

We gladly leave the bulk of the so-called "religious art"—the emaciated, ill-drawn, cadaverous figures, mean and miserable conceptions of the spiritual life, or of sacerdotal legend, for the noble human life, once so vitally living, now so spiritually alive on the canvas of genius. Not every so-called "religious" work is any product of art born of religion. The painter's aim, which was often only to satisfy priest-pressure, or to caress superstition, did not include a sacred inspiration

or an art end. It is a mistake to suppose that every very fat man can play Falstaff; it is error to believe that every saint and martyr picture is spiritual. Many persons, especially when influenced by certain mental fashions, of a passing day, admire, without distinction, all work that merely calls itself religious. They worship blindly, without well knowing what they worship.

"Often have I found a portrait superior in real instruction to half a dozen written biographies, as biographies are written."

Sir Joshua Reynolds, for instance—and this is true of all great portrait painters—wrote or painted biographies. Photographs of two of his portraits—those of Laurence Sterne and the Earl of Mansfield—are now lying before me, and they prove the insight with which Reynolds saw into the inner character of his sitters; they are biographies in themselves, and are almost indispensable adjuncts to writers of written biography.

In portrait painting, as compared with historical or poetical pictures, profound insight takes the place of working invention. Claude Mellot said that he would never paint a man unless he had known him a year. The portrait painter must discern the subtle sources of expression in eye, in mouth, in feature; must see what traits indicate character, temperament, will; and must be able rapidly to generalise, and permanently to idealise.

The State should cause all great men, who vitally affect the life and thought of the nation, to be painted, for a true national gallery, by the greatest portrait painter of the time. The greatest painter, in this sort, of our time is Millais; and he ought to be restrained to painting only the great, the noble, or the lovely. He can choose his sitters, and should now never paint a portrait that is not, in the true sense, historical. He should work for the aftertime. A great portrait painter may be exposed to the fine old conventional laudation of such critics as the late F. Bayham, who wrote, in Thackeray's original *Pall Mall Gazette*, of a portrait:—

(1906) The McCollop of McCollop,—A. McCollop,—is a noble work of a young artist, who, in depicting

the gallant chief of a hardy Scottish clan, has also represented a romantic Highland landscape, in the midst of which, 'his foot upon his native heath,' stands a man of splendid symmetrical figure and great facial advantages. We shall keep our eye on Mr. McCollop."

But such a painter as Millais is left wholly

untouched by the criticism which is a product of insincere incompetency speaking in the Jargonese tongue. The great portrait painters of this day should do as great a service to the future as Van Dyck, Reynolds, and others, have done for us.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

THE PARIS UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION.—IX.

SOME of the chief treasures of the great manufactories carried on by the French Government at Sèvres, Beauvais, and St. Cloud, are to be found in the Grand Vestibule opposite to the Indian Collection, and here a magnificent tribune has been erected, in order, perhaps, to form a pendant to the Oriental pavilion designed by Mr. Purdon Clarke, which we illustrated on page 32. The Sèvres porcelain hardly, we think, maintains its position as chief of the great art manufactures of France. It is true that every vase we find here is a triumph of decorative art, but the forms of the vases lack grace and refinement, and the enrichments lead us to consider more of the great skill displayed in their production than of their beauty as works of art. Each object is in itself so much of a *tour de force*, that we lose the art value in the technical excellence. The tapestries are unsurpassed, and are seen here to the

utmost advantage. No other factory can compete with the Gobelins for the finer description of tapestries, owing to the marvellous assortment of tints and shades of colour, which long study and research has enabled successive directors of the establishment to bring together. The best artists of France furnish designs for the works, and the workmen, who spend their lives in steady Government employ, attain to a degree of skill and excellence in their work to be found in no other country.

Moreover, the ordinary laws of supply and demand, and even the exigencies of fashion and public taste, have little influence upon these privileged workers, whose productions are rarely, if ever, thrown upon the market, but are absorbed for presentations

and royal or public uses.

We briefly referred, in our last chapter, to the bronze-work, and to the beauty of the French display in this section. The tradition



NECKLET.

(By Messrs. Rouvenat and Lourdel, Paris.)

of the French bronzists seems to lead them to cling most strongly to the period of Louis XIV.



CARRYING OFF A SABINE WOMAN.
(By L. Gregoire.)

and XV., perhaps the best time for what we may term domestic bronze-work, such as clock-cases, ornaments for the mantel-shelf, candelabra, and the many beautiful works in ormolu. The art of Gouthière remains as an incentive to a host of followers, who can rarely do more than imitate his masterpieces at a humble distance.

In the work of the jeweller and the goldsmith the French have made a splendid display—and one which defeats all comparison with that of any other country taking part in the Exhibition. The system of collective exhibitions, which has been followed without exception by all the different classes of French exhibitors, is admirably adapted for those classes of goods wherein the objects are relatively small in themselves, and rely much for their effect upon the skill with which they are set out and displayed before the spectator. French jewellers are exceedingly clever in arranging their exhibits in the most attractive way, and the Jewellery and Silver Courts are worthy of study. The

black show-cases, with rich velvet linings, and the beautiful gems they contain, are seen to the greatest advantage. It is almost impossible, by means of any illustration, to convey to our readers the richness and charm of the splendid jewels to be seen in the Exhibition. We have engraved (page 232) a necklace, by Messrs. Rouvenat and Lourdel, of Paris. This firm contributes many elegant and graceful objects, and the necklet which we illustrate is partly of silver and partly gold, and is set with rose diamonds, emeralds, and cameos, the pendants being very fine pearls, and the principal pendant set with brilliants and emeralds, and surmounted by a crown set with brilliants. The setting is Italian in design, and is



STATUETTE IN GOLD, SILVER, AND PRECIOUS STONES.
(By Messrs. Rouvenat and Lourdel, Paris.)

admirable in the taste of the mounts and in the choice of jewels. The same firm shows a beautiful little statuette, designed by Carier Belleuse, in mixed metals and enamel. We

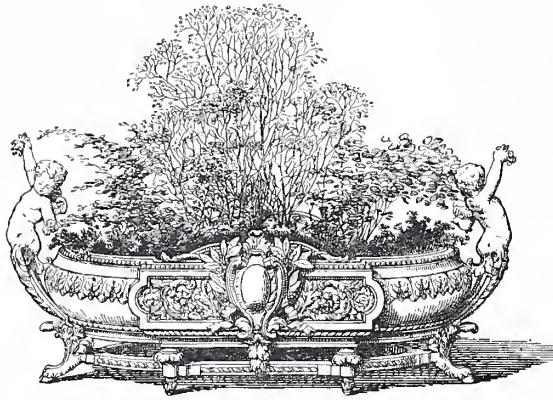
have selected this figure for an engraving (see page 233) as an excellent specimen of this class of work. The combination of the arts of the goldsmith and of the bronzist has been carried out in this statuette to the extent of the insertion of real jewels for the ornaments, which is done with very good effect; thus, while the figure is of bronze, the drapery is of silver, looped up with turquoise; the flowers of gold, set with brilliants, and the bird is entirely composed of precious stones. The enrichments on the drapery and the head-dress are also of gold, and the serpent is of gold, richly covered with green and brown enamel.

As illustrations of the art of the silversmith, we have engraved (page 235) a racing-eup by Odiot, and above, a goblet by Adolphe

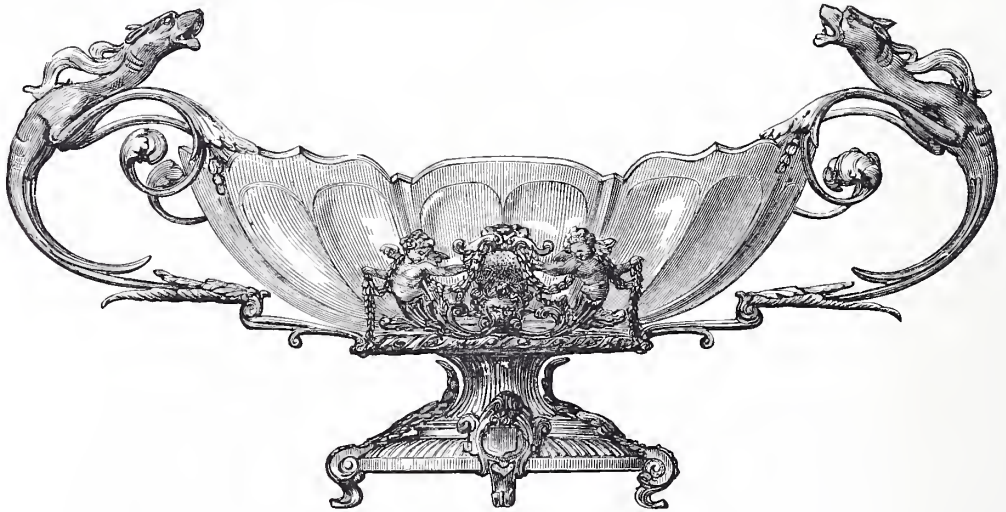
a most successful example of the decoration of silver by varied treatments of the surface. The design, which partakes of the character

of the best work of the Renaissance, has been partly executed by chasing and partly by *repoussé* work—the mouldings are everywhere burnished, all the principal surfaces being very effectively frosted. The goblet by Boulenger consists of a ruby-glass eup, cut into bold facets, and mounted in silver, with silver-gilt handles and base—the surfaces of

the gold being frosted. The actual processes of manufacture in a great many branches of goldsmith's work and jewellery are to be seen in operation in the extremely interesting and instructive "Galerie du Travail," at the end of the Exhibition building nearest the Military School.



JARDINIÈRE. (By Fontaine.)



RUBY GOBLET SET IN SILVER.
(By A. Boulenger, Paris.)

Boulenger. We may here mention that the firms just referred to are two of the most eminent in Paris. The racing-eup was won by "Nougat," at the Paris races in April, 1876. It is of silver, on a base of black marble, and is

Much excellent workmanship is expended in the production of false or imitation jewellery; indeed, personal ornaments and trinkets of this kind must be very extensively made in France, to judge by the many vendors who announce

the nature of their goods, as they are, we believe, by law compelled to do, by the single word "imitation." There is much more taste in this kind of jewellery, as we see it in all its splendour in the Exhibition, or under even better conditions in the Palais Royal, than is to be found in our own cheap trinkets, which seem seldom to avoid coarseness and vulgarity. Much of the French imitation jewellery can scarcely, except by the expert, be detected from the real, and the best skill and the most artistic design is displayed upon the setting of the pastes and crystals which take the place of real stones.

The Ceramic Courts of the French section are also characterised by an amazing number of reproductions of old faience, and even of the porcelain of China and Japan. The fondness for the pottery of Gien, Rouen, and Marseilles, and the eagerness of collectors to possess specimens of this ware, doubtless encourages manufacturers to aim at imitating, not only the coarse and crude style of the decoration, but even the clumsy, ill-shaped forms of the pottery, for which these works were famed. Some of the leading French manufacturers are, however, pursuing a more original path, and Deck makes an excellent show of majolica ware and faience, beautiful both in form and decoration. The painted plaques are admirable, and the colouring is extremely rich. M. Deck has contributed two of the grand arcade enrichments to the northern portico of the fine art galleries, from the designs of M. F. Jaeger; the third arcade, also designed by M. Jaeger, having been executed by Messrs. Boulenger and Co.,

of Choisy-le-Roi. These three arcades, which typify Architecture, Painting, and Sculpture, are, perhaps, some of the most important ceramic decorations ever attempted. The three southern archways have been filled with similar decorations by Messrs. Virebent Brothers, of

Toulouse, M. Læbnitz, of Paris, and M. Gillet. These porticos lead from the French picture galleries to the central garden and the Pavilion of the City of Paris—which latter should be specially mentioned, while we are on the subject of ceramic decoration, for it owes much of its effect to the large use of enamelled earthenware slabs fitted into wrought-iron framing. The Pavilion is an interesting example of the mode of construction much in vogue abroad, though but little practised in our own country, of employing iron for the main structure, and filling it in and enriching it with fancy brickwork, tiles, and slabs, in painted pottery or majolica. Terracotta work, both plain and enamelled, is well illustrated at the Exhibition, and this material is used much more freely when coloured than it is with us.

Passing from the Pottery Court we enter the section devoted to watch and clock-making, and find much to interest us, though little to

illustrate. The importance of the French trade in clocks and watches may be estimated from the fact that the annual value of these articles, manufactured in France, is set down at two and a half millions of pounds sterling. Besançon, Morez in the Jura, and Montbéliard, are the great centres of the trade, though Paris itself contains the principal manufactories for clocks. Of course, we find here the usual marvels in the



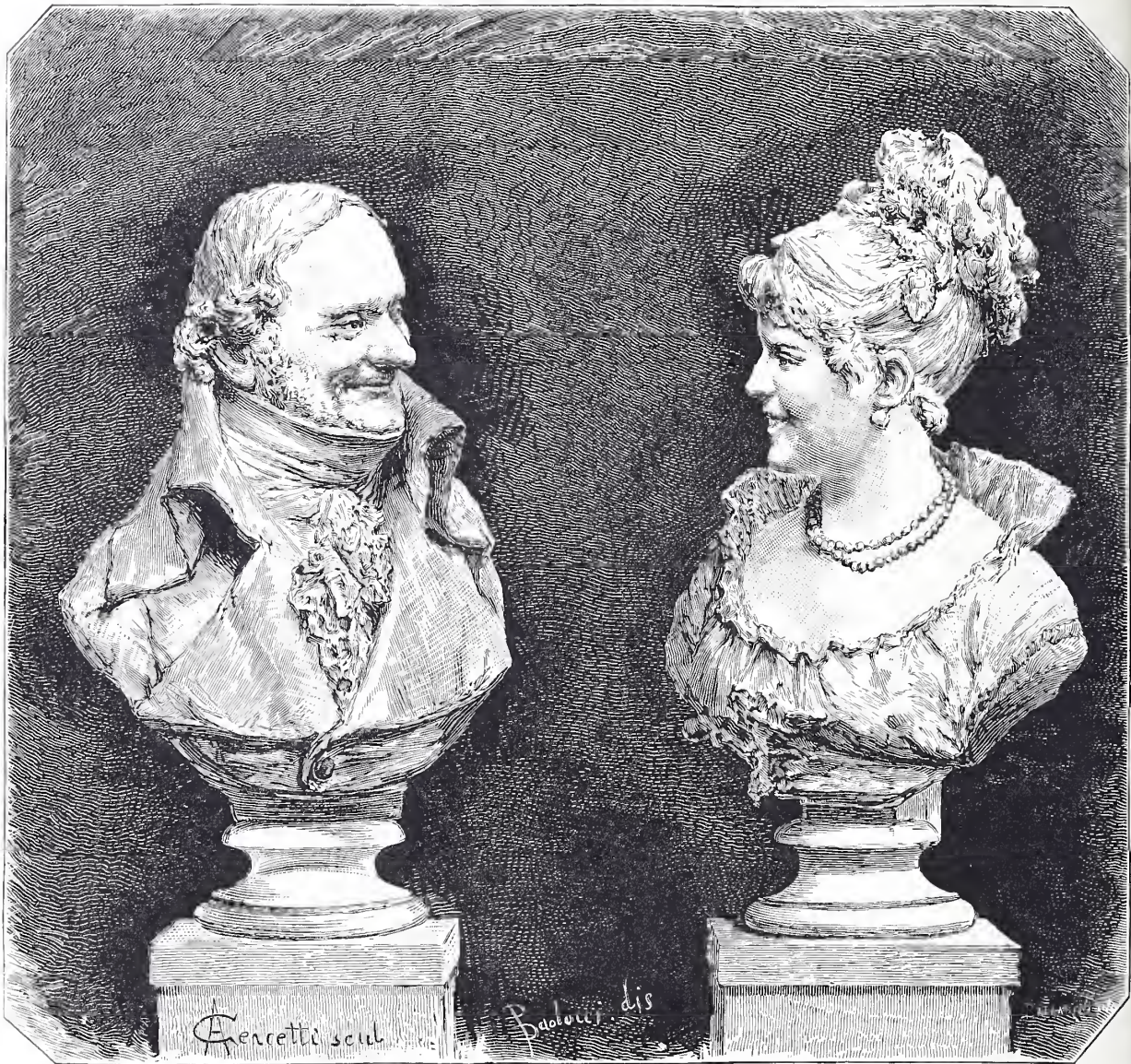
SILVER RACE CUP.

(By Odier.)

shape of minute watches, which possess so little value beyond the fact of their smallness, that one wonders why they are made.

The Toy Court has much to attract and amuse

cats, and monkeys. Dolls that can walk about, move every limb, and speak, are quite commonplace individuals, and the latest specimens of the doll-tribe, on being plunged into a vessel full



MARBLE BUSTS IN THE ITALIAN COURT.

(By A. Cencetti.)

the visitor; toys are getting so complicated and so replete with mechanical wonders, that the children of the next generation will not think anything of the old-fashioned playthings which delighted us in our younger days. We noticed under many of the show-cases complete galvanic batteries to set in motion the performing soldiers,

of water, strike out at once vigorously, and swim to the opposite shore. But we have said enough of the wonders of the Paris Exhibition, and cannot more fittingly come to an end of our rambles than among the toys—for Exhibitions are themselves vast toys, whatever high purposes their first projectors may have had, and

the Paris Exhibition of 1878 is a very excellent plaything for France and her visitors.

Though we are now compelled to bring our series of articles on the Paris Exhibition to a close, we hope from time to time to revert to certain special subjects, on which our notes are far from exhausted, and which deserve more extended notice than we have been enabled to devote to them in this brief review. Thus we trust we shall shortly be able to glance at the French pictures, and at French and foreign

sculpture, and to present our readers from time to time with some of the characteristic examples we have secured for illustration. As an earnest of our intentions, we submit an engraving of two admirable little marble busts, by Cencetti, in the Italian Court. The idea is somewhat novel: an elderly gentleman in the dress of the Empire period, attracted by a pretty coquette; the two portraits thus presented to us combining to form the subject, which the sculptor calls "Une Tentation."

NOTES ON INDUSTRIAL ART AT THE MIDLAND COUNTIES MUSEUM, NOTTINGHAM.—II.



OUR remarks on the objects exhibited at the Nottingham Museum have been confined hitherto to works of European art: we now propose to notice the collection of Oriental works

which are shown in the spacious room on the south-east of the building. The chief contributions have been made by the India Museum, Major Walter, Mr. J. L. Bowes, and Mr. Arthur Wells. From the India Museum we have a decorative display of embroidered textiles, kineobs, shawls and such-like. The resplendent effects of woven and brocaded kineobs are tolerably familiar with the art-loving public, and although the number of such works is not great at the Nottingham Museum, still there are some few examples of the finest workmanship, especially those exhibited in Room H, by Mrs. Alfred Morrison.

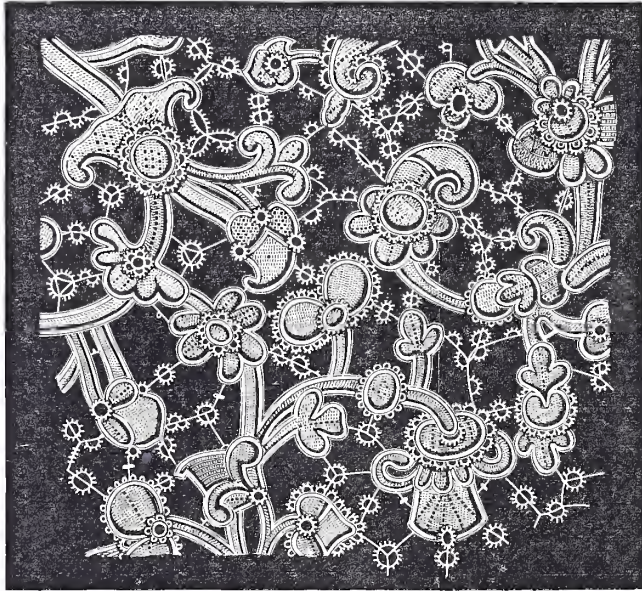
It is interesting to note, *en passant*, the fact of the metropolitan India Museum being a contributor to a provincial museum. This is clearly a satisfactory indication of a spirit of co-operation, of which, without offence, we may say that we should like to see further evidences; for instance, in respect of the hoarded, hidden treasures, both at Bloomsbury

and at Trafalgar Square. Major Walter's collection in Room L consists entirely of Japanese pottery, of Satsuma and Kioto manufacture. Unfortunately the numerous specimens are not catalogued piece by piece. Certain labels attached to the various vases, groups, bottles, &c., furnish information which we desire to see considerably amplified for the benefit of the students of these Oriental works. In spite of the grotesque spirit pervading Japanese paintings and drawings, no one can fail to observe the action and life infused into the different representations of living creatures. Moreover, the certainty of the drawing and the completeness of minute details all prove the inherited, in distinction from the cultivated, artistic power of the Japanese artist. In the large oblong case of Satsuma ware nearest the south side of Room L, are a pair of fine vases, and we would recommend them to the particular study of those who may wish to acquaint themselves with the delicate pencilling in colour and gilding which gives a characteristic feature of decoration to the fair, cream-coloured Satsuma ware. One of these vases is described on the manuscript label attached to it as coming from the palace of the Ikam-mono, a celebrated family in which the regency of the empire was hereditary. The members of successive generations of this family acquired several religious or temple vases, and the vase now in question was painted by an artist

much esteemed by the priests. Unfortunately, the name of this artist and the time when he lived are not stated. The work seems to have undoubted evidences of considerable age. Age generally invests a work of art with a demand for respect, but in considering artistic merits the sentimental qualities of history and age, if we may so term them, are possibly more misleading than instructive. The incidents depicted on the outside of the temple vase which belonged to the Ikam-mono family are evidently of a religious character. There are three or four quaint male figures, the head of each of whom is surrounded with a nimbus; one figure holds a cup of fire, another a cup of water, from which springs a fountain. Here we have two sacred emblems, objects of primitive worship—fire and water. On a vase forming a pendant to the one alluded to is a figure of Buddha. The style of design of these is perhaps suggestive of being Indian in origin. Again, in other specimens, we meet with a group of a mother and child, or what might be taken to be a Japanese version of the Assumption of the Virgin. This may be either the corrupt rendering of some Christian tradition, or the ever-recurring myth of the Virgin Mother so familiar to students of religious history.

Near the Satsuma ware are the Japanese *cloisonné* enamels lent by Mr. Bowes, the fortunate possessor of perhaps the most important collection of such works in the kingdom. Besides his contribution to Nottingham, Mr. Bowes has a number of exceptional pieces of *cloisonné* enamel in the South Kensington Museum. It is with no spirit of decrying

the merit of these works as works of delicate and superior handicraft that we criticise the design of them as showing a want of variety in invention. The Japanese enameller is obviously conscious of the restrictions which the materials he uses place upon the free development of his inclinations towards depicting all and any kinds of incidents and ornamental themes; but the monotony of design, which mainly consists of groups of small geometric figures, and thin floral forms, is somewhat oppressive when one finds oneself in the presence of a collection such as that of Mr. Bowes. Nos. 14 and 15 are large and very important flower-stands, one of which we illustrate on page 239. They bear representations of very boldly drawn three-clawed or imperial dragons. These works are assigned to the middle period of the manufacture. No. 13 is of most delicate workmanship: the *eloisons*,



PORTION OF ROSE-POINT COVERLET.

(Belonging to the Duke of Devonshire.)

or wires, are thin, and therefore capable of being twisted and shaped into the daintiest geometric and floral forms. Though manufacturers of smaller works than those produced by many of the Japanese enamellers, Messrs. Falize of Paris are probably foremost in producing modern *cloisonné* enamels. They certainly appear to be ahead of any of the enamellers in this country, with the exception, perhaps, of Signor Giuliano of London. Objections are taken sometimes to naming those who are classed in commerce as manufacturers. The reasons which can be urged for such objections might apply with equal cogency to the system of naming picture painters, who live as much by their

art as the manufacturer does by his manufacture. In the case of the two art-workers just mentioned, M. Falize and Signor Giuliano, we may say that, in our opinion, both stand, in relation to the fine art of metal and enamel work, as high as any two well-known painters do in respect of their art of painting. It is an especial object of this magazine to take advantage of every available occasion of bringing under public notice points such as these, which relate to the present phase of the industrial fine arts of the world.

Mr. Soden-Smith lends a small and instructive collection of Japanese bronzes. Why is it that the Japanese bronze-worker is alone to possess the secret of fashioning this material so skilfully that he can give us a thoroughly artistic rendering of plumage, of foliage, of the horny back of a tortoise, of the interlacements of wicker-work? There is a truth of texture in all such works which our European metal-worker seems unable to approach. An important feature in this room (L) is Mr. Wells's case of Oriental carvings in jade, agate, crystal, and lapis lazuli. Amongst them we find a few richly jewelled specimens of Indian production. For the lapidary and one versed in the technical difficulties of selecting and carving jade and agate, the collection has peculiar interest. It appears that certain effects of colouring are obtained by artificial means. In the figure of Buddha, carved in the white vein of a large carnelian pebble, such artificial means have not been resorted to, and, apart from the magnificence of this single pebble, the use of the white vein by the stone-carver is a point worthy of attention.

We must now take our leave of this room full of Oriental art-works, and retrace our steps to the collection of lace and embroidery displayed in Room H. The Introduction of the "Catalogue of the Special Loan Exhibition of Ancient Lace and Fine Art Embroidery,"

compiled by Mr. Alan S. Cole, informs us that the late Mayor, Mr. W. G. Ward, conceived the idea of making this special exhibition a feature of the Museum at Nottingham. The British centre of machine lace-making is obviously the place at which such an exhibition should be of essential value. Merely to display fine specimens of art-work without precise information about them is insufficient, when the object sought to be obtained is the influencing of modern manufacture. Hence we find that the contributions of lace have been arranged on a different plan from that which has been followed as respects other contributions. Classes of lace have been kept together, and the specimens have been arranged with the view of showing the progress and development of lace-making. Broadly divided, ancient lace belongs to two divisions—pillow and needle-point. These divisions are sub-classed by countries of production. The collection commences with sixteenth century Italian pillow lace. Closely following these are specimens of seventeenth century pillow lace, and eighteenth century Valenciennes and Mechlin laces. Valenciennes laces are termed *vrai*



JAPANESE FLOWER CYLINDER.

(true) and *fausse* (false). These terms indicate that the former class was made in the town of Valenciennes, and the groundwork or *réseau* is their distinctive mark. The latter class was principally made outside the town in the adjoining villages, and in lieu of the *réseau*, a mixture of ornamental devices formed the groundwork. It is not, however, to be assumed from this fact, that the Valenciennes laces with the mixed grounds were not also sometimes made in the town. Indeed, there is evidence to show that they were. Still, the classification *vrai* and *fausse* has been adopted to prevent the frequent mistake of calling a piece of Valenciennes lace with a mixed ground "Mechlin." In the Nottingham collection the section of Brussels laces is

strongly represented. Nothing perhaps can be finer in pillow-lace workmanship than the pair of *jabots* lent by Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford, or the flounce lent by Mr. Montague Guest. It is satisfactory, after the recent publications we have seen on the subject, to find that the earliest piece of needle-point lace at Nottingham is a sixteenth century English sampler with open-work stitches, after which follow Italian and German darned netted works, "reticella" work, and "punt in aria" also of the late sixteenth century. Many of the various catalogue entries are supplemented by notes explanatory of the features of certain laces or of historical incidents connected with the establishment and growth of a particular kind of lace-making, as in the case of the Countess of Charlemont's needle-point lace flounce. This specimen is described as being Venetian (seventeenth century), and we are told in a note that it "is of the period when the French Government, at the instigation of Colbert (Minister of Louis XIV.), were working to establish a lace manufactory at Alençon. The first instructors in point-lace making at this celebrated French centre were Venetians." Of the rarer and most delicate Venetian laces there are many exquisite specimens. We select (page 238) as a characteristic example of well-known rose-point lace, a small portion of a coverlet or hanging, lent by his Grace the Duke of Devonshire. The hanging is three feet broad and twenty-one feet in length, and appears to be as fresh and as complete as it was on the day when it left the hands of its producers, possibly assiduous nuns. Our engraving is taken from the Arundel Society's publication, "Ancient Pillow and Needle-point Lace."

We must content ourselves with a passing

reference to two pieces of point d'Alençon, one belonging to Mr. E. Dresden, the other to Mrs. Enthoven. The explanatory catalogue note of the former is as follows:—"This very fine strip of lace should be studied on account of the variety of *modes* displayed in it; the designs of many of them may be traced in the early Italian pattern books. The device, which seems to suggest a cobweb, is a kind of *réseau rosace*, which was the essential feature of the so-called *argentella*." Of the latter (Mrs. Enthoven's specimen) the catalogue states, "in this specimen the alternation of the open hexagonal groundwork (point d'Argentan) with the fine *réseau* (point d'Alençon), together with the various ornamental *modes*, characteristic of point d'Alençon, may be sufficient evidences that there was no real difference between the work which was commercially known as point d'Alençon and point d'Argentan."

We now turn to the embroideries, but in the few remaining lines at disposal we cannot do justice to this fine display of works of the needle. For popular interest, a cap, a toilet cushion, a *vide poche* and such-like, said to have belonged to Queen Elizabeth, and of undoubted, quaint English workmanship of the sixteenth century, claim a foremost place, whilst for splendour of colour, design, and materials we find ecclesiastical vestments lent by Mr. P. H. Howard, the Marquis of Bute, St. Mary's College, Oscott, and gorgeous coverlets and hangings contributed by the Duke of Westminster, the Countess of Brownlow, and Mr. Alfred Morrison. We must also call attention to the funeral pall, used at the funeral of Sir William Walworth in the time of Richard II., which has been most generously lent by the Fishmongers' Company.

"THE FOOL." BY FRANZ HALS.

(FRONTISPIECE TO VOLUME.)

IT would be difficult to find among all the works of Franz Hals, the great Dutch master who flourished two centuries ago, a face more full of character, and more quaint in expression than that which is reproduced in the etching which forms our frontispiece.

The distance between the eyes, the flat nose, and the free humour of the facial lines, are all of them instinct with an individuality which the etcher has successfully caught, and has interpreted with singular strength of effect and charm of tone.

OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS, R.A.

NOW is not the time, and here is not the place, for anything like an attempt at a biography of the artist whose name stands at the head of the page. We can merely essay to throw

Born in 1820, Mr. Watts was represented at the Academy so soon as 1837, and his earliest efforts appear to have been successfully devoted to portraiture, that branch of his art



*James A. H. Murray
G.F. Watts*

(From the Portrait by himself.)

together, with some regard to the sequence of dates, and with such personal references as are necessary to our purpose, a few of the thoughts most obviously suggested by a study of some of the works which Mr. Watts has, for the last forty years, submitted from time to time to the judgment of the art-loving public.

with which his name will probably be most widely associated, because he has painted nearly all of his contemporaries whose faces posterity will most care to remember, and painted them with a mastery which makes even such subjects, as apart from the treatment, sink into secondary significance. In addition to portraits in those

early years, he painted historical pictures; at Westminster Hall, in 1843, his cartoon of "Caractacus led in Triumph through the Streets of Rome," obtained one of the three highest prizes—worth, pecuniarily, £300. A

living at Florence with Lord Holland, who was our *attaché* there, and whose name and that of Mr. Watts have many associations in common. A portrait of Lady Holland, by the artist, was exhibited in the Academy Exhibition



PAOLO AND FRANCESCA.

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

little later he again received highest honours at a similar competition, obtaining a prize of £500; and the Commissioners purchased his large canvas, entitled "Echo," and also the "Alfred Inciting the Saxons to Prevent the Landing of the Danes," which is now in one of the committee rooms of the Houses of Parliament. Mr. Watts spent the greater part of the years 1844, 1845, and 1846 in Italy,

of 1848; Holland House contains some of his finest works; and his own residence lies close to the historic red-brick mansion of the Foxes, and with "Little" for a prefix, bears the same name. "Life's Illusions," exhibited, among other works, shortly after his return from Italy, was followed in 1853 by the "Good Samaritan," a subject painted in honour of a philanthropist of Manchester, and presented to its town-hall

by the artist. Amongst other important labours Mr. Watts executed for the Poets' Hall at the Houses of Parliament, the Spenserian fresco entitled "St. George Welcomes the Dragon," about 1853; and painted in fresco an end of the hall at Lincoln's Inn. Mr. Watts, if report speaks truly, is not only Michael-Angelesque in his design, but also in the way in which he sets to work. For instance, in the case of the hall at Lincoln's Inn, he laboured, we believe, for the simple equivalent of his daily expenses, an experiment almost unique in a money-loving age, and one that, from many points of view, is unfortunately out of harmony with the temper of our times. He was elected an Associate of the Academy in 1867, and a Member almost immediately afterwards.

Artists—those who merit the name to the full—may be divided (among many other methods of division, according to the train of thought which occupies us) into the two classes of experimenters, and of those who are satisfied with their method. The latter need not be stationary—that is not our meaning; they advance and attempt always, but according to one method; the experimenters change and explore methods. To the latter class Mr. Watts belongs more emphatically than any of his contemporaries; and this fact is a key to his canvases, without which it is impossible to understand their scope. From the first his work has been remarkable for dignity and refinement of style. A great colourist always, to our mind he was, perhaps, greatest of all some ten or fifteen years ago; more recently, in accordance with that experimental character to which reference has been made, he has evidently aimed at other effects than those produced by the lovely colouring that characterised such works as belong to the period we have named. In his portraits he endeavours to represent things not as they appear to be, but rather as they are. His painting seems to be half way between sculpture and the painting of others. A first-rate French painter would put a head in certain light and shade, and get tones as right as ever he could, with due attention to touches and expression—trying more for strength and relations and relief. But Mr. Watts would

put the same head where it had a strong effect of light and shade, and get the most beautiful forms, outlines, and edges, so as to obtain the purest contour; then he would model it almost like a sculptor; seeing infinite beauty in the forms and structures of the bones, he would be literally true in his delineation of all the natural formations; and he would care less for massive or general effect than for small and refined beauty. Among the most exquisitely characteristic of his portraits, that of the late John Stuart Mill may be named as one in which the artist has excelled even himself. Also his own portrait, painted by himself, and now in the possession of Mr. Bowman, possesses the beautiful, full, low-toned colour, the transparency, and the fine drawing which will mark an era in the history of English portraiture. Another point to which Mr. Watts, we may infer, has devoted a period of especial study, is the quality of his colour—by which we do not mean mere pretty combinations. The French fashion of putting on colour straight and then leaving it, in most cases makes a surface patchy and slaty. But Titian's blue, for instance, comes up *through*, and it is this effect of glowing up that Mr. Watts has mastered. If you look close to the canvas, every particle appears subtly and slightly different, and you might cut a piece from it, as from a Titian, and wear it for a jewel. The Sir Galahad, in the Grosvenor Gallery's summer exhibition, will be remembered by our readers as an illustration of some of these inadequate notes, and the studies in his studios supply many more.

The magnificent canvas of "Time and Death," with the thoroughly felt and distinguished movement of the two figures, over whom Judgment hovers holding the scales of justice, also formed a feature of the exhibition just named, and its points are too fresh in the public recollection to call for further mention now. The "Paolo and Francesca," all grey and brown, is also engraved (see page 242). The love and the pain and the hopeless, helpless motion of the figures in dim smoky cloud, have been expressed with great and extraordinary sentiment. It is quite impossible—though Mr. Watts probably would be the last to admit it—to look at any of these



TIME AND DEATH.

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

canvases without feeling that the artist's aims are far higher than those of the Burne-Jones school, with which he has something in common. There is a healthier atmosphere about them—a manliness that strengthens, and a joy that makes itself known, as well as a love that moves and a magic that melts. In a word, Mr. Watts has caught on his canvas the feeling for which we can find no closer resemblance than that of the Elgin Marbles.

And we must not come to a close without speaking of Mr. Watts himself as a sculptor. It was his "Clytie" that first drew general attention to him in this capacity. His large

"Venus," his monument to the young Marquis of Lothian—cut off in the full flower of a brilliant promise, and his other well-known works, are chiefly characterised by a great simplicity, and by a grandeur that eclipses though it does not neglect prettiness, or even, we might almost in some cases say, elegance. Sure, fine modelling is also there, the result of a long and patient labour which would carry us back some centuries for its parallel. Indeed, if we were asked to describe Mr. Watts whether as painter or sculptor in a phrase, we should say he was the old master in the modern man.

WILFRID MEYNELL.

FURNITURE EXHIBITION AT BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM, 1878.



BELLOWS.
(Italian, 16th Cent.)

A COLLECTION of furniture belonging to various periods is now in course of exhibition in the Museum of the Science and Art Department at Bethnal Green. It has the merit of not being excessive in extent; being, in fact, mainly made up by a selection of choice objects forwarded from the Kensington Museum. This is so far an advantage that we can see these various pieces again at leisure; but there is the corresponding disadvantage of an exhibition containing

only examples in which the Department is strong, while periods and designs of great interest and excellence in shape, decoration, and workmanship are very inadequately represented. Invitations have been issued in various directions requesting loans; but these proposals seem to have met with indifferent success. The fact is, that furniture can be but ill spared from the house; the cost of packing and carriage is serious; and the risk of moving heavy constructions, often covered with delicate decorations, and the best of them no longer in their first condition, is one not lightly to be incurred by any owner who cares for such property. The exhibition is incomplete in that very aspect in which the present fashion leads us to wish to

see it abundant, viz., the ingenuity, the variety, and the beauty of the furniture produced during the eighteenth century.

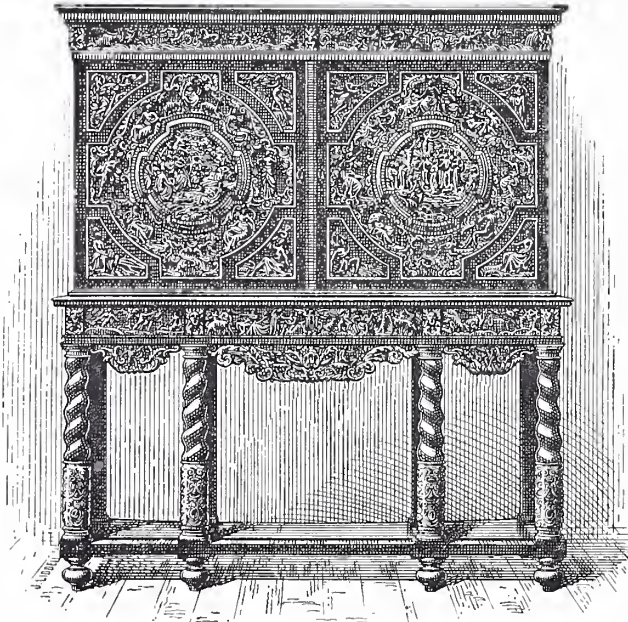
The collection is catalogued and arranged from the printed descriptions already published by the Department, with the addition of such exhibited objects as have been lent by independent contributors. Amongst the curiosities of furniture there are to be seen two casts of *bisellia*, or double seats of bronze, from Pompeii (Nos. 1, 2). Such seats were carried behind their patrician owners, and set down in places of public resort, lecture halls, baths (the clubs of ancient Rome), and other assemblies, too often to the annoyance of the poorer public—*Othone contempto*—for it was contrary to police law. A curious chair of gilt bronze, of the early middle ages, known as the chair of Dagobert, a folding seat, with animal headed and footed supports, is preserved in the Louvre, in Paris. It is of the seventh century; and a cast of it is exhibited (No. 3). Such seats figure in old Byzantine diptychs, in the Bayeux tapestry, and in early MS. illuminations. The back and sides of this chair are twelfth century additions. The same folding shape (a pair of curved XX's, connected by fixed or movable bars) is to be seen in many of the chairs of the fifteenth century in the museum, some made for the dukes of Urbino, and coated with marquetry of Persian design, such as is

still produced in Bombay. Nos. 7-10 are chairs of this shape, but of late date, and decorated with carving only. They are of chestnut, generally mistaken for oak. Other Italian chairs, made with one front and back support, and one back-piece, planks of wood, are represented by Nos. 11, 12, &c. They are of the shape of old-fashioned hall-chairs. The front leg or support, and the raised back of these chairs are carved with bold acanthus work, armorial bearings, &c., and richly gilt. We give an illustration taken from a photograph of one of them (page 248). These chairs were made to stand against the walls of the large halls or corridors of old Italian houses. With these we may notice the great chests; sarcophagus shaped in the sixteenth century, flatter and more simple during the fifteenth and earlier times. Some perhaps may still be seen, as we have seen them thirty years ago, ranged along the central halls of the houses in Venice. They are often in pairs, or even sets of four.

The sides are carved in relief, the angles supported by terminal or other figures, or by acanthus work, and cartouches and medallions filled with excellent relief carvings on the sides and ends. Generally these chests are set off with gilding—*e.g.*, Nos. 165 and 166 in this exhibition. We describe these various pieces together because they belong to one time and class of furniture. Old Italian houses contained in the larger rooms only a few pieces of rich workmanship; and the smaller rooms, in which families sat or familiar visits were paid, had tables, coffers, cabinets, and other repositories according to the wants and uses of the family. But this is a digression. The older flat incised cedar

chest, raised on rows of short reels of turned wood is represented only by two fragments, panels belonging to Mr. J. C. Robinson (No. 230). An admirable example is to be seen complete at South Kensington. The decoration, bold scroll leaf-work, with figures, animals, and heraldry, is incised with the chisel, the spaces between cut out where they are widest, and these spaces and the lines of the design filled in with a composition of coloured wax. Unfortunately Mr. Robinson's panels have been varnished. But these chests were not

panelled, properly speaking, but made up of boards decorated in the way described. Other fifteenth century chests, later in date, are flat walnut-wood coffers, often inlaid with dies and lines of ivory, after the Persian fashion. This decoration has received the name of "certosina," from work of the kind in the sacristy of the Certosa of Pavia (see No. 159, on which there is a chessboard). Chests of the earlier periods were occa-



EBONY CABINET.
(Dutch, Seventeenth Century.)

sionally—indeed, very often—painted in *tempera* and varnished, with borders of carved willow and other soft woods, richly gilt. Many of these chests having been made to hold the dresses, treasures, fans, &c., which have been the outfit of a bride, are called marriage chests, and the paintings on the insides are occasionally coarse.

The handsome walnut furniture of the sixteenth century in Italy is further illustrated by carved frames containing burnished metal mirrors—of one of these we give a wood-cut (page 247), and by several pairs of bellows, carved and gilt (see illustration on page 245 for a specimen of these).

Cabinets, all over Europe, were originally such chests as have been described. Some

interesting fragments, under the name of panels, are exhibited by the president of St. Mary's, Oscott (No. 244). They belong to French, or Flemish, chests, of the late fifteenth century, of which there remain examples at South Kensington. They are carved with flamboyant tracery in relief, often of extremely delicate and light execution. A tall, carved, tabernacled shrine of the same date, elaborately composed, is exhibited

by St. Mary's College (171). Fragments are also exhibited by the South Kensington Museum. As most mediæval furniture, north of the Alps, was movable from one castle, or manor, to another, chests were only temporarily mounted on trestles, or separate supports. They grew into the cabinets of later times, when their continual movement was no longer so necessary. Very curious and interesting examples of travelling chests, or cabinets, mostly German or Spanish, of the fifteenth century, are to be seen in the South Kensington Museum. No. 120 in this exhibition is a good example; the rich carved and gilt work of the drawers is protected by a plain polished wooden flap, or front, that falls

down. Of the cabinet on legs, there is a very fine example of English make, No. 118. It is of the sixteenth century, and both the little drawer fronts inside, and the outer doors, are elaborately carved.

As examples of seventeenth century oak-carving, such pieces as 25 and 26, heavy bed head-pieces of the time of James I., should not have been admitted as they are now, clumsily made up into benches. Nos. 185 and 186, exquisitely carved boxes, are of this period, lent by Mr. A. Franks. It was during the seventeenth century that the admirably carved ebony

chairs and caskets, sometimes seen in old houses, found their way from the Portuguese settlements in India to Europe. The use of that wood came into fashion, but as a rarity, for it is only imported in small scantlings. No. 128, from the Kensington Museum, is an ebony cabinet with doors, delicately carved with mythological subjects in low relief. It is Dutch, but probably the work of French artisans settled in

the Low Countries after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. We give a woodcut of this piece (page 246).

Another rich and costly kind of work, belonging to the age of Louis XIV., is that made of tortoise-shell and brass, invented, or perfected, by André Charles Boule, whose name ("Boule") it has retained. The museum is poor in this kind of furniture, but a beautiful example has been lent to the exhibition by the Queen. It is a small *escritoire* supported on two sets of legs, one at each of the sides. The brass is varied by plates of white metal, and others enamelled blue. The ornament is made up of scrolls, leafage, dancing figures and animals, with massive gilt metal mounts

on the angles. The proportion of shell to metal varies in different parts. It belonged to the Duc de Retz, and bears his arms, with a double E monogram in the corners of the table. "Boule" was sometimes made with darker shell, and called "old Boule," sometimes with ebony. As the thin veneers were in layers, and both metal and shell sawn through at one cutting, there remained a ground and a pattern of each material, and these were made up for two pieces of furniture, the ground alternately in either material. These duplicates are known as *Boule and counter*. There are no two such



MIRROR.
(Italian, Sixteenth Century.)

examples, unfortunately, in the exhibition. Another splendour of the seventeenth century was the silver furniture. Tables, mirror frames, toilet services, and many other objects, were made in massive silver—a fashion originated, most probably, by the Spaniards, who imported silver in great quantities from their American possessions. They introduced it into Italy during their government of Naples, and other Italian states. It was largely employed in the palaces of Louis XIV., and of the Stuart princes. Nos. 258 and 263 are casts from the silver furniture of Knole Park. There are many pieces of this kind at Windsor Castle. No. 91 is a cast from a table in that collection.

Much of the furniture of the last century was ornamented with marquetry—a mosaic, or coloured surface, made up of very thin slices or veneers of wood laid down with glue and heavy pressure on oak, mahogany, and other woods. No. 97, called Italian, is probably Spanish. It represents a fanciful interior, the design made of white wood, shaded by burning.

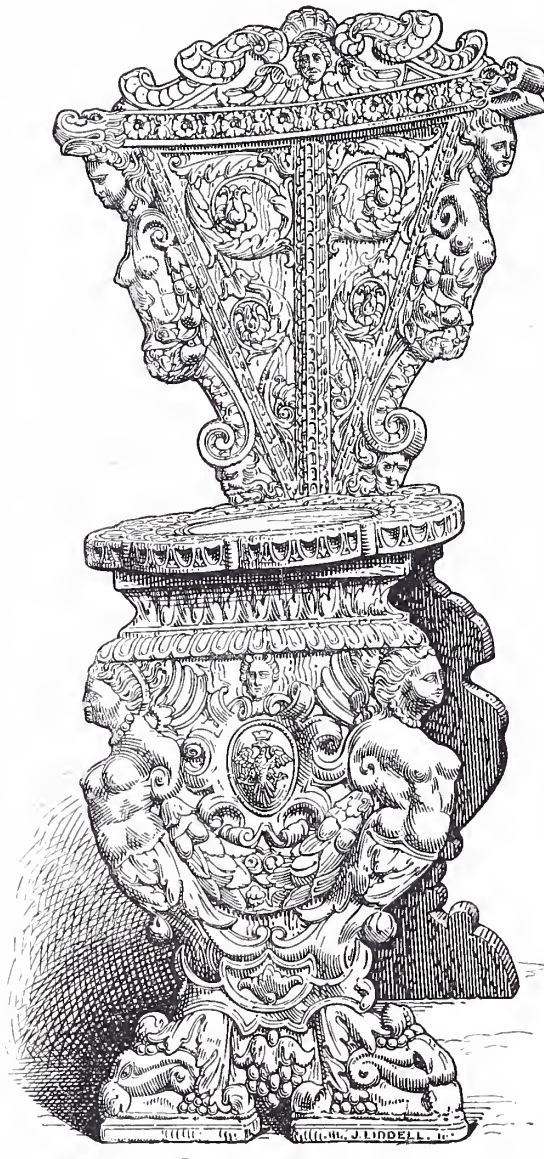
98 and 99 are English, of later date. The finest work of the kind belongs to the age of Louis XVI., in whose time Riesener and David were famous producers of marquetry, occasionally made of several woods of different hue, some stained blue or green to make up leaves, flowers, and

the like. The best Riesener work, however, is in one or two hues only, tulip-wood, maple, pear, lime, palm, or walnut. Much of his work is flat reticulation. His designs, heads, &c., are

generally drawn with great simplicity and grace, with delicate shades, imparted by slight burning, by means of heated sand. David and Riesener both used the delicate bindings, handles, and edge mounts of brass or bronze, cast and then chiselled and gilt, so well designed and carried out in France a hundred years ago. Indeed, the French have great skill in this work at the present day, but their modern designs are apt to be overloaded with ornament. The most famous maker of these mounts was Gouthière, contemporary of the two named. There are a few specimens of this kind of furniture at Bethnal Green, but we should be doubtful if anything now there could be attributed to either of these great makers.

The Brothers Adam (not Adams, as they are called in the catalogue) designed furniture about the same period to suit the "Louis Seize" style,

which they professed to carry out in England. The style of the Adams, however, is distinct. Some furniture, *e.g.*, No. 140, can only be attributed to the brothers as *designers*. Sheraton, Heppelwhite, Chippendale, and other makers produced, about a century ago, the pierced and



CHAIR.
(Italian, Sixteenth Century.)

carved chairs now becoming so popular. There are a few good examples at Bethnal Green. Nos. 69 and 70, fine examples lent by Lord Hampton, are of earlier date, but 57, 58, and 59, of the later period, belonging to Lord Dartmouth, deserve close attention.

Some interesting pieces of fifteenth century Arab wood-work are contributed by the South Kensington Museum.

A large Japanese cabinet (146) covered with plain and coloured straw, a complete marquetry, is charming in colour, as it is ingenious and effective in arrangement. One of the most beautiful examples of Japanese lac ornament is No. 149, a corner-piece, fitted with small shelves and receptacles, and inlaid with little

figures, birds, and a great abundance of ornaments in variously coloured mother-of-pearl. The work is delicate, and the general effect unusually tender and effective. There are various specimens of coloured lac work, *e.g.*, Nos. 327-332, very curious, and worth studying as motives of wood decoration; but the small corner cupboard just described is so delicate, complete in minute construction and arrangement, and so perfect as an example of this class of Japanese productions, that we will close our notice of these interesting objects with an exhortation to the reader to study carefully a specimen of old-fashioned lac work, that we shall not live to see followed or reproduced in future times.

J. H. P.



THE ARCHITECTURAL DRAWINGS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

HERE is a "story told in French chalk," which, although no doubt familiar to many of the readers of this magazine, one may yet be excused for translating thus:—A group of workmen surround a buxom female who, in the early morning, is dispensing cheap soup for their refreshment. One of them, diving into the depths, or rather shallows, of his tiny basin, in quest of something solid as well as savoury, brings up—a piece of an old shoe! There is no mistake about it. There he is, holding up the fragment for the confusion of the vendor of culinary comfort, and making such a grimace as only a French caricaturist could depict. "Eh, well?" says the lady, composing herself, "M'sieu was not *always* so particular." "Particular!" he replies, "I'm not in the least particular; but just look at the *room* that this takes up." The bearing of this observation, as Captain Cuttle says, "lays in the application of it."

The annual exhibition at the Royal Academy is supposed to comprise works of art under the

following heads—viz., painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving. It does exhibit the works of the painter, the sculptor, and the engraver; but it does not, and from the nature of things *cannot*, exhibit, in the same sense, the works of the architect. A sculptor does not exhibit sketches for statues, although he might with greater reason do so than the architect who exhibits technical and semi-conventional drawings of his buildings. A picture is painted and hung on the walls. A statue is modelled and placed on its pedestal. But a building to be properly seen *must* be seen *in situ*. Its effect *cannot* be expressed upon paper.

Further, a new building—and Academy drawings always give the latest architectural thing out—whatever its merits may be as a work of art, will not bear a faithful representation *while new*. The crude contrasts between brick and stone, and slate or tiles, are at first, and for years remain, more or less unpleasant. One must be content to wait for the softening and harmonising influences of time before it is a fit subject for portraiture, although, in the actual building, its size, proportion, and promise may be felt.

Now an Academy drawing is nothing if not attractive, and a desire to make it attractive has

led to every form of pictorial misrepresentation. The pen-and-ink sketches, now so fashionable, are no doubt clever; but clever at the expense of all architectural truth, and in the water-colour department the "agony is piled on" until the effect is that of—and in many instances inferior to—the manufacturer's show-card.

Long experience proves that it is futile to attempt to interest the British public in the ghostly diagrams or gaudy water-colours with which that lonely room at the Royal Academy is annually garnished. The effective sketches of Mr. Shaw, and the really charming architectural drawings of Mr. Waterhouse even, cannot hold their own when in competition with the works of the best painters of the day—nor is it to be expected that they should. The isolation of that dreary chamber, the horror with which it is shunned by the public, or the blank amazement with which they meet its calls upon their admiration, are matters too notorious to be dwelt upon, and have at last become a recognised ground of humour with the "comic" periodicals. At the old room in Conduit Street, where architecture was the only refreshment, the desolation was simply awful, and the exhibition died of inanition. There is no escaping from the fact that architectural drawings will not "draw" when exhibited by themselves, and when they are exhibited with the works of the painter, are not looked at.

What infatuation is it, then, that leads architects year after year to place themselves in this false position, this hopeless rivalry with painters upon their own ground? The architect has all the while another and a wider field for the exhibition of his works—his *real* works—where their grandeur and impressiveness may be felt and seen, so to speak, "full size."

In these days of perpetual motion, when everybody travels, the actual buildings upon which an architect's fame should rest are themselves *en evidence*, and may be seen by everybody. Of the thousands who have admired, say, the Manchester Town Hall, how few have seen Mr. Waterhouse's beautiful sketches, or could have understood their "points," having seen them. It is probable that Lowther Lodge

has done more to extend and consolidate Mr. Shaw's artistic reputation than all the pen-and-ink perspectives he ever drew; and so of Mr. Street, and others. I doubt whether there is an instance in which an architectural reputation has been made by exhibition drawings; but I know many architects of established reputation, and one, as I and many others think, "chiefest of them all," who never sent a drawing to the Academy. And yet the exhibiting architects go on making drawings, and framing them in gold, and dangling them before the eyes of those who will not look at them, or who look only to jeer. "I marvel you will still be talking, Signor Benedict, nobody marks you."

It is, of course, fit that a due proportion of Academicians should be architects, as heretofore; and the diploma pictures or, better still, models of important architectural works might properly find a permanent place in the Academy. This would afford a recognition of the claim of architecture to the position of a Fine Art. But what is most required is that our claims to be considered artists should be based, not upon an array of bad pictures, but upon the buildings, which these in one way or another so grievously misrepresent.

It may, perhaps, be thought that this counsel is in effect that of the "happy dispatch." I do not think so. The connection between the art and the Academy would still be kept up, only the real architectural exhibition would be out of doors. In any case, it is plain that the present state of things is not conducive to the best interests of the art, and it is time we should withdraw from an assembly where our presence is *de trop*, and no longer "make ourselves a motley to the view" for a public who will not even look at the performance—"playing," in fact, to "empty benches."

Surely this is not a dignified position for the professors of a Fine Art. Architects are not profited, nor is architecture advanced, by this annual display of drawings, hung only to be avoided or flouted, defrauding the public who pay their shillings so freely, and injuring those artists whose superfluous works are every year rejected in greater numbers. In short, "taking up room."

E. INGRESS BELL.



"SUE STUART."

(From an Unpublished Sketch by the late John Phillip, R.A.)

THE LATE JOHN PHILLIP, R.A.

A REMINISCENCE.

THIS distinguished artist made in the Highlands, shortly before his first visit to Spain, rapid oil sketches of "Sue Stuart" and "Effie Stuart," two sweet Scotch lassies, their faces full of expression, dashed in with marvellous facility, and charming in colour, rarely—if ever—surpassed by him in his later manner. We are glad to have had the privilege of engraving one of these admirable sketches. "Effie Stuart" will grace THE MAGAZINE OF ART early in 1879. With the artist himself the sketches were special favourites, and he had fully purposed retaining them in his possession. Refusing to sell them to a friend, he undertook to make copies of them; his projected visit to Spain, however, interfering with the execution of this arrangement, very reluctantly he parted with the originals.

Up to this period, Scotland had furnished him with a variety of subjects chiefly of a domestic or social character, and in him the peasant life of his native soil had found a faithful and intelligent delineator. By art judges and by his brother artists, he was generally looked on as a man destined to take a lofty position. It is a matter of history how far and fully these predictions were fulfilled.

On his return to England, his wonderful Spanish figures, with all their accessories of picturesque costume and glowing colour, created quite a sensation in the fine art world; he found himself suddenly famous, and henceforth was to be known as "Spanish Phillip," a

title he maintained by subsequent tours through Spain, and a series of works that stamped him not only as a magnificent colourist, but as possessing a keen perception of character, and a matchless power of execution.

He was equally at home with the gipsy with all her rude belongings, as with the sparkling beauty on the Prado with her fan and mantilla; with the grave and portly priest and the gay cavalier; with muleteers, water-carriers, fruit, flower and vegetable vendors, and all the varied characters that go to make up the Spanish national life. Successive exhibitions not only confirmed, but added to his fame, and rarely has the English school of painting sustained so great a loss as when he died in the prime of his years and the fulness of his powers.

It will be in the recollection of our readers, that in the gallery of the Albert Hall a few years since, there was exhibited a large and representative collection of his works, in connection with those of his friend, the late T. Creswick, R.A. Such pictures as the "Prayer in Spain" (his diploma work) and "La Gloria," a Spanish wake, cannot fail to be remembered. These have been admirably engraved by his friend and executor, Mr. T. O. Barlow, A.R.A., who has further distinguished himself by his admirable translations into monochrome of many of the great master's works, notably the "Prayer in Spain," which ranks amongst the foremost productions of the engraver's art.

 " CONGRATULATIONS."

IN this splendid composition, something like a fresh truth and interest have been given to the somewhat hackneyed Spanish bull-fighter, whose gorgeous "make-up" is generally more suggestive of the stage or the studio than of real life. Mr. Haynes Williams, besides treating his subject with animation, has drawn his group with uncommon solidity and sureness.

Especially good is the balance of the grand figure of the successful *matador*, also the action of the friend who presses his hand. All the incidents of the picture are intelligent and true, and we say so with all the more pleasure because, by some accident or other, it was among the rejected of last year's Academy.



CONGRATULATIONS.
(From the Picture by Haynes Williams.)

ART NOTES FOR MAY.

TREASURE-TROVE AMONG PICTURES.

THE picture galleries at the South Kensington Museum have been lately enriched by the loan of an early Florentine portrait, perhaps the most remarkable picture of its period and school that has been seen for many years in this country. It represents, in profile, a lady with a young, fair face, in the simplest possible position—a half-length figure, the hands gently laid together in front—quiet and earnest in expression, standing in front of a recess or cupboard, the lines of which serve to vary the background; richly dressed, indeed, as becomes her rank, but still and reposeful, unconscious or forgetful of portraiture or beauty, or of gorgeous apparel. And thus, after nearly 400 years, we behold her, in the freshness of her young beauty, spared by time to charm stranger-eyes with the pure and maiden-like dignity of her native Italian loveliness.

In what then consists the undefinable charm of this portrait, so simply posed and so simply painted, without any effort to add a fictitious interest to the young, unconscious figure? It is well to consider this question; and perhaps it might not be amiss, if such a portrait were hung once more on the walls of our Academy—this time among the modern masters; to mark by its contrast the point—a sort of high-tide line—to which art was already advancing in Florence 400 years ago, and thus more clearly to define the position in which the reflux tide has left the English school of portraiture in the nineteenth century.

Whatever answer we may care to give to the questions which arise as we study this picture, and are conscious of the spell exercised by early Florentine art, for the present we put the inquiry aside, in order to tell the brief story of the treasure itself, as far as it is known. About a year ago, an English amateur, travelling in France, heard that a few objects worth seeing remained in a private family, one of whose members had been a notable collector. Without difficulty he found an opportunity of visiting the modest country house indicated by his informant. In the sitting-room hung this picture, prized indeed, and with a tradition of value attached to it, but unknown—an inestimable art-prize, lying within easy reach of some of the best-informed and wealthiest collectors in Europe. Struck by its excellence, but somewhat distrusting his own judgment, and not unnaturally surprised at so unlikely a discovery, he waited until he could have a sure opinion.

Accordingly he induced the keenest judge he knew of early Italian art to visit his treasure-trove. No second glance was needed to convince the practised critic of its superlative excellence. Forthwith he bought it for his friend, and brought it home in triumph. This was only a few weeks before the

exhibition at the Royal Academy opened, and it was felt to be the gem of the early works gathered there.

Two questions of paramount interest arise as one contemplates such a portrait: Who was its painter? and whom does it represent? With respect to the first question, it was at once pronounced to be the work of Sandro Botticelli by the skilled critic who secured it for its present owner; and, although the tradition of its authorship was lost in the family from whom it was purchased, it is now known to have left Italy reputed to be by that artist, and it appears to have been engraved as his work. On the other hand, careful investigation may be considered to have proved that it is the original from which was painted one of the most attractive figures in the famous frescoes, by Domenico Ghirlandajo, in the choir of the Church of Santa Maria Novella, at Florence. These frescoes, the chief works of the great artist who was Michael Angelo's master, represent scenes in the life of Christ; and in one of them, the Nativity—that in which the portrait of a person of chief importance or interest in the family who commissioned their execution was most likely to be introduced—there is seen this young Florentine lady, in the most prominent position, and waited upon by two female attendants.

It is not only that the fair face is the same, but the fresco exactly reproduces this picture, except that the lower drapery necessary for a full-length standing figure has been added. In every minute detail—the hair; the jewels; the peculiar pattern on the rich dress, together with a monogram and various badges woven upon it—the fresco follows the portrait. Now these frescoes were finished by Ghirlandajo in 1490, and the portrait was painted in 1488. It was, therefore, antecedent to this work on the walls of the chapel, and Ghirlandajo must have had it by him to copy when executing the fresco. It may be possible, though unlikely, that he made an exact copy of the work of a living artist, who was in some sense a rival. Unless we can believe that he did so, we are compelled to think that this easel-portrait is by his own hand, not less than the fresco which reproduces it. The simplicity of the treatment, the repose of the attitude, the exactness of finish, and the absence of that somewhat fanciful idealisation which marks the hand of Botticelli, combine to afford internal evidence of authorship which has weighed with many.

As to the second question—who is represented in this beautiful work? The lady has been called Ginevra de' Benci, and is traditionally known to students of the fresco by this name; but Ginevra had been married some sixteen years at the date of this picture, which represents a maiden of a little past twenty, so that theory must be abandoned.

Sufficient evidence has been lately adduced to show that this portrait is that of a lady allied by marriage to the Tornabuoni family, just about the time when the head of that house was employing Ghirlandajo to enrich the walls of this Florentine chapel with his immortal work.

It has not, however, needed antiquarian and artistic discussion to lend interest to this picture, admirable in its art, and happily preserved intact to prove to our age what really could be done, and was done, by those whose patient, exquisite labour led up to the crowning glory of Raphael and the undisputed sway of Michael Angelo.

MR. RUSKIN is, we are happy to say, recovering from the attack from which he has long been suffering.

WE are glad to hear that Mr. Holman Hunt is returning to this country, with a picture said to be worthy of his powers.

A PLEASING experiment was made at the close of the Winter Exhibition in the Grosvenor Gallery. On one day—a Saturday—the public were admitted free, when some 8,000 people availed themselves of the privilege; and after the general public were excluded, on another day, the art-students of the principal London schools were admitted by themselves—a real boon to many who can ill afford to pay for the instruction that they are especially qualified to gather from these collections.

THE ladies of the Royal School of Art Needlework have placed upon view at their show-rooms in Exhibition Road, South Kensington, certain examples of their skill; and prominent among these are a set of curtains embroidered for *portière* hangings in the Royal Pavilion, at the Paris Exhibition. They are made of grey-blue satin with a border of deep cream-colour, defined by lines of dark blue. A glance through the rooms now filled with art needlework will show how firm a footing the school, which is barely six years old, has taken, and how well it has adapted itself to the revived forms of furniture and domestic decoration. The school has met with warm supporters among ladies of the highest rank in society; but beyond these it can count on the assistance of distinguished artists, such as Mr. F. Leighton, R.A., Mr. Val Prinsep, and Mr. Bodley; while inventors like Mr. Walter Crane are closely followed by pupils who promise high excellence in ornamental art.

It is proposed to open an Exhibition of Water-Colour Drawings by recognised masters during the present spring, at the Museum of Science and Art at Edinburgh.

WE are glad to learn that the classes established by the principal and staff of King's College, at Kensington, for the higher education of ladies, have met with such success; the number already attending is 620. We hope to hear shortly that these ladies have secured a house of their own, and that the promised

art class for advanced drawing and painting will have a good studio.

THE Annual Exhibition of the Manchester Academy of Art is now open. The Manchester Brazenose Club have collected for exhibition a large number of the works of Mr. J. D. Watson, and issued an illustrated catalogue of the same. The Royal Manchester Institution announce their Autumn Exhibition. Works from London intended for exhibition are to be sent to Mr. W. A. Smith, 13, Charles Street, Middlesex Hospital, before the 6th of August.

THE Corporation of Nottingham have a large permanent Fine Art and Industrial Art Exhibition rapidly approaching completion, which it is hoped will be opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales in June next.

AN autumn exhibition at Newcastle-on-Tyne is also in process of arrangement.

HER Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to direct that a selection from the furniture of the royal palaces shall be included in the forthcoming Exhibition of Mediæval Furniture at the Bethnal Green Museum. This will be a great advantage to the numerous artisans employed in this region in the manufacture of upholstery to be sold much further westwards; but we fear it will be necessary at the same time to educate the eyes of their customers to an appreciation of what is truly beautiful, and to induce people to believe that they cannot have really good work unless they pay enough to encourage the making of individually-designed articles, and avoid as far as possible goods manufactured by the score or the hundred.

Two fine bronzes have been discovered in Venice. They represent a satyr or faun resting on a panther, and are said to be very graceful. They are about five feet in length, and are attributed—on what authority we do not hear—to Michael Angelo. They have been purchased by the great admirer of Venetian work, Baroness Adolphe de Rothschild, for their weight in gold, a sum amounting to about £14,000.

SEVERAL of our manufacturers and sellers of artistic productions have been inviting their friends to inspect collections that have been prepared for the Paris Exhibition. Messrs. Robinson, of Wigmore Street, have acquired some rare specimens of Oriental carpets and other curiosities, amongst which the shutters from the tomb of the great Saladin are not the least interesting. Messrs. Doulton, of the Albert Embankment, held lately three show-days at their new buildings, which are themselves worthy of note. It has long been known that this firm has encouraged art-students to design for them, and that many young women of artistic powers have been enabled to make a competent living in this manner. The recent result of this system was shown. There were terra-cotta bas-reliefs, chiefly taken from sacred subjects, and an

assortment of ornamental vases and vessels, of the peculiar embossed and coloured ware for which this firm is celebrated, and also a very choice collection of artistically designed and beautifully coloured vases having a smooth surface. We were greatly struck by the painting, both on tiles for mural decoration and on ornamental plates. A Renaissance wall-panelling, with figures intended to represent Venice, a beauty such as Titian might have seen, and Florence, a youth with an expression both of culture and of grim Florentine humour, especially pleased us. The combination of tiles, portraying scenes from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, with carved oak, formed a most satisfactory chimney-piece. A new kind of ware, resembling *pâte sur pâte*, deserves attention. It possesses a delicacy which suggests a comparison with the Wedgwood ware.

SCHNORR-EXHIBITION AT BERLIN.—A very interesting exhibition of oil-paintings, water-colours, drawings, sketches, and studies by the late German master Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld was opened in January last, in the Berlin National Gallery. This exhibition comprised about 450 specimens. There were about 150 original drawings for the well-known Bible illustrations which have made Schnorr's name familiar in many an English home.

THE death has been announced of—

Lawrence Macdonald, the sculptor, in Rome.

Alexandre Jean Antigua, *genre*-painter, in Paris, Feb. 27th.

Alexandre Viollet-le-Duc, landscape-painter and art-critic (brother of the writer on architecture).

Sir G. Gilbert Scott, R.A., architect, March 27th.

ART SALES.

MESSRS. SOTHEY, WILKINSON, and HODGE were employed for eight days in selling Greek coins belonging to Subhi Pasha. They realised altogether £2,475 4s. 6d.

THE same firm sold a collection of drawings of old masters, belonging to Mr. Barron Grahame, which on the whole fetched considerable sums. There were drawings stated, with more or less of probability, to be by A. Cuypp, Berghem, Carlo Dolci, Albert Dürer, Rembrandt, Van der Velde, Ostade, Watteau, and others.

A LARGE collection of etchings and other works of art, made by the late M. Poulet-Malassis, have been sold by the above auctioneers. There were a very great number of the efforts of the needle of F. Bracquemond and A. Legros, but the prices varied scarcely according to the value of the etchings.

MESSRS. CHRISTIE and MANSON lately sold an important collection of modern English paintings. There were works of T. S. Cooper, D. MacIise, F. Goodall, T. Faed, G. Lance, W. P. Frith, W.

Linnell, and H. W. B. Davis, and other artists of the same period.

THREE collections, belonging to the late Mr. T. G. Graham White, the late Mrs. Edward Romilly, and the late Lady Anne Baird, were sold on one day for the moderate sum of £8,873 10s. A Rembrandt, a portrait of his wife, sold for £472 10s.; a portrait of Lady Smyth and her children, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, £1,312 10s.; the Marquis of Granby, by the same painter, £173 5s.; a portrait by Greuze, £304 10s. Other pictures by celebrated artists brought but very moderate prices. There were works by J. F. Herring, sen., R. Wilson, Turner (£37 10s.), Hogarth (£152 15s.); Opie, G. Mieris, D. Teniers, A. Cuypp, Mirevelt, and other Dutch artists; and water-colours by Copley Fielding (£262 10s.), Stanfield, F. Taylor, P. De Wint (£761 5s.), J. J. Danby, and Sir A. W. Callcott. The Winn-Ellis, so-called Murillo, "The Coronation of the Virgin," was valued at £84.

AT the Hôtel Dronot there have been the customary sales of works of art. In one sale there was tapestry from the designs of F. Boucher, busts of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette in silver, two terra-cotta busts by Roland, &c. In another sale a large number of eighteenth century engravings were disposed of.

AT the Arosa sale in Paris, works by Corot, Courbet, Delacroix, and Meissonier were sold. "Le Liseur," by the latter, fetched £1,080. The whole proceeds amounted to £4,000, for works that were mostly modern and slight.

THE sale of the Novar collection, formed by the late Mr. Munro, which but a short time ago took place at Christie's, sufficiently proved that when works of art of paramount excellence appear, purchasers are still to be found even in the midst of the uncertainty and depression which have told so plainly on all ordinary transactions. The works by Turner, consisting of nine oil-paintings and thirty-two water-colour drawings, some of these being small vignettes, were sold for upwards of £60,000. They were for the most part in perfect condition, and the extraordinary excellence of some of the specimens made it difficult to put any money value on them. One water-colour drawing, "Zurich," produced in the great artist's period of chief power, was so marvellous a work, that the 1,200 guineas given for it did not excite surprise. It is to be hoped that it will be as reverently preserved as heretofore, the utmost care being needed to prevent injury to the surface of these wonderful productions, every minute portion of which is elaborated in a manner undreamt of by other interpreters of the poetry of nature. The paintings by Ety, in the same collection, sold for the most part at low prices; the glowing colour of the flesh-tints in many of them, such as should have made them, to artists at least, coveted possessions, being marred by the vulgarity of the female heads, and a coarseness of conception too common in his works.

Foreign Art Publications.

Alt-Orientalische Teppichmuster, nach Bildern und Originalen des XV.—XVI. Jahrhunderts gezeichnet von JULIUS LESSING. Fol. Berlin (E. Wasmuth). Parts I, II., per part, 20s.

A SELECTION of beautiful carpet patterns. They have for the greater part been copied, or reconstructed, by Dr. Julius Lessing, Keeper of the Berlin Museum of Industrial Art, from early Flemish, German, and Italian pictures, in which the carpets laid down at the feet of the enthroned Virgin are most elaborately painted. A few patterns only are taken from old Oriental carpets still existing in public and private collections. These rare original pieces date from the middle and end of the sixteenth century; but Dr. Lessing has not been able to find a complete specimen that could be assigned to the fifteenth century.

476 *Ornamenti vari per servire a diverse arti riprodotti con la Fotografia dai disegni originali e dalle stampe rare della R. Galleria de Firenze.* Fol.

A SERIES of photographs of ornament from original drawings and prints in the collection of the Uffizj. It is published by the Cavaliere Carlo Pini, the Curator of the Prints and Drawings in the Royal Galleries at Florence. The masters of the fifteenth century are represented by numerous designs and sketches for the decoration of walls and ceilings.

Griechische Thonfiguren aus Tanagra . . . herausgegeben von REINHARD KEKULÉ. Three parts. Fol. Stuttgart (W. Spemann), 1878. 180s.

THE precious Greek terra-cotta statuettes discovered in tombs at Tanagra (a town of Bœotia) have been assigned to the times of Alexander the Great. This truly magnificent work contains a selection of the most beautiful and characteristic female figures and Cupids which have been found. There are twelve chromo-lithographs, and five etchings, from drawings by Ludwig Otto, who visited Greece in company with Professor Reinhard Kekulé, of Bonn, the author of the text. The etched plates have been executed by J. F. Deininger, of Munich, and printed by A. Salmon, of Paris.

Raffael und Michelangelo. Von ANTON SPRINGER. Erstes Buch: Bis zum Tode Julius II. With engravings on wood. 4to. Leipzig (E. A. Seeman). 14s.

DR. ANTON SPRINGER'S critical and biographical essay, in which the lives of the two great Italian masters are interwoven in a single account, forms part of a collective publication—*Art and Artists of the Middle Ages and Modern Times*, edited by Robert Dohme, and has also been issued separately. Dr. Springer is Professor of the History of Art at the University of Leipsic, and not a few of his younger art-loving countrymen, therefore, will look up to him as a privileged authority on matters artistic. In this essay, however, he displays more stately eloquence than profound knowledge of his subject. Among the

earlier works of the great Florentine Dr. Springer describes the marble figure called "Cupid," belonging to the South Kensington Museum, which is believed to have been executed in Michael Angelo's twenty-fourth year (A.D. 1497), and during his first residence in Rome. Dr. Springer can hardly have seen this statue, for he speaks, p. 20, of a *black pedestal* ("schwarzen Sockel") upon which the quiver of the kneeling youth and some drapery are resting. Neither, of course, can he have had before his eyes that delicately finished marble head of a woman in the South Kensington Museum, which has been labelled "Ascribed to M. Angelo," although he alludes to it, p. 27, in his peculiarly ambiguous manner, as having been regarded as a model for the head of the Madonna at Bruges; and even the Bruges Madonna itself seems only to be known to him from a photograph.

Die Mosaiken von Ravenna. Beitrag zu einer kritischen Geschichte der altchristlichen Malerei. Von DR. JEAN PAUL RICHTER. With four photo-lithographic plates. 8vo. Wien (Braumüller), 1878. 5s.

AN important contribution to the history of Early Christian Art. The learned writer gives the most complete account of the mosaics in the churches at Ravenna that has yet appeared, based upon careful critical research, and a close examination of these celebrated ancient mosaic pictures. His concluding chapter on the general character of early Christian representations is of especial interest.

XVIII^{me} Siècle. Lettres, Sciences et Arts. France, 1700—1789. Par PAUL LACROIX (*Bibliophile Jacob*). Royal 8vo. Paris (Didot), 1878. 30 francs.

AFTER having depicted the arts of the Middle Ages and the period of the Renaissance, the veteran Librarian of the Arsenal issued in 1875 a work on the French Institutions, Customs and Costumes of the eighteenth century; a handsome volume full of amusing, picturesque and instructive details, and embellished with curious and dainty illustrations. He now presents the "general reader" with a companion volume of 600 pp., containing a vivid, if not an exhaustive or original, description of the literature and sciences, the industry and arts in France up to the days of the Revolution. This new volume is illustrated with fifteen chromo-lithographic plates, and 250 engravings on wood after Watteau, Vanloo, Boucher, Lancret, Chardin, Greuze, and other well-known artists of the age of powder and hoops. We suppose this latest work of the Bibliophile Jacob will soon be translated into English, as has been its predecessor.

Alpine Ascents and Adventures, by H. SCHÜTZ WILSON, (Sampson Low,) deals delightfully with the "land of health, and joy, and mountaineering." The book glows with the enthusiasm of the athlete, and the vivid word-painting cannot fail to realise to the reader in some degree, at least, the pictures which the author so keenly enjoyed.

ART NOTES FOR JUNE.

THE Exhibition of the Society of Lady Artists will probably close about the time this page appears in print; and we will, therefore, only mention, as the most noteworthy of its works, Miss Kirschner's two admirable cattle pieces; "The Inattentive Pupil," and a portrait by Mrs. Jopling; the small canvases of Miss Linnie Watt; and the water-colour drawings, broad and delicate, of Miss Kate Macaulay.

PROFESSOR OTTONI, the Roman artist, has very infelicitously depreciated his own not inconsiderable academic learning and skill by associating them with a trick quite unworthy of all serious art. Some years ago, a crucifix in a little modern German Gothic church at Remagen attracted much popular admiration by a device which gave the face the look of life or death, according to the point of view of the spectator. Herr Gabriel Max repeated the effect in his "Head of Our Saviour," and we are sorry to be called upon a third time to feel astonished, at what is in no way astonishing, by Professor Ottoni in his "Christ Dying on the Cross," which is at present on view at 48, Pall Mall. The trick in question is played by means of a false shadow on the upper eyelid. Somewhat chalky in colour, this figure is effectively lighted; the anatomy is careful without pedantry, but the type is not divine nor even spiritual, and in spite of the elaboration of painfulness, the expression fails in pathos.

THE Forty-fourth Exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours is not remarkable for its excellence. Out of a crowd of bad and mediocre works, however, we are able to select for frank praise, a drawing of those "Fisher Girls" (28), with which the genius of Josef Israels has made us familiar; "The Way to the Boats" (65), "Milking Time" (150), and "Walberswick, Suffolk" (171), all three by J. Aumonier, and all containing his characteristic breadth of treatment and effect, his well-managed detail, and his colour that is never crude; "Widowed and Fatherless" (37), by T. Walter Wilson; "A Norfolk Common" (53), by E. M. Wimperis, in the manner of David Cox; "Waiting to Confess" (103), and "Gossip" (108), by G. Clausen, whose truth of treatment has gained for him a well-earned distinction in exhibitions at the Academy; "An Old River Bed" (132), by R. K. Penson—a trifle too purple; "A Musical Party" (136), by Towneley Green; "Will He Come?" (142), by Edwin Bale, who gives us also some good cloud drawing in "The Reader" (166); and other drawings by Walter W. May, J. G. Philp, J. Syer, H. G. Hine, J. H. Mole, E. Hayes, Helen C. Angell, F. J. Skill, and William L. Thomas.

THERE are few more intense and perfect poems in the English tongue than "The Blessed Damozel," by Dante Gabriel Rossetti; and there must be thousands of persons who feel something more than mere curiosity to see the picture, founded on the poem and bearing its name, painted by the poet himself for Mr. William Graham. An opportunity to do so is not, however, likely—at least, for some years—to occur; and all but a favoured few must be content to know it only by inadequate verbal description. The damozel is leaning "from the gold bar of heaven," surrounded by groups of happy reunited lovers. Below, in a predella just added by the artist, the bereaved lover stands amid the fall of leaves with his eyes fixed on heaven. The cerulean, rose, and delicate green tints of the upper canvas are brought out into beautiful contrast by the autumnal tints, and the black greys of the predella. Mr. Rossetti has more than one new work in hand.

A SET of very eminent names is becoming familiar to us year by year at the French Gallery in Pall Mall; some of the artists represented there come and go, but a larger number are constant, and among these are some of the brightest of contemporary reputations. We do not remember any work of Meissonier in which he shows a quieter mastery than in "The Savant," painted in the larger manner of his later canvases; the head is perfect in drawing, and in the moderation and repose of the expression; it is remarkable that at so advanced an age so great a master should not have escaped the fascination of Fortuny's manner, for the changed style of Meissonier, though it bears little perceptible resemblance to that of the brilliant Spaniard, is said to be due to the hours spent by the former in watching at its work that delightful hand, every touch of which had the indefinable charm of manner. L. Jimenez has a perfect piece of comedy, touched with the point of truth, in "A Musical Jury;" some of the actions raise a smile of keen pleasure by their "moderation of nature," for art has too long deluded us with a far weaker violence. De Neuville, the vivid battle painter, who, himself a soldier, has studied the soldier in life and death, exhibits his important work, "A Struggle at a Railway Station," admirable in the reality of movement and gesture, but too quickly painted, and with a mannerism which is unattractive. A small but fine example of Diaz, "A Rocky Glen," contains depth in depth of tone. "La Charrette des Volontaires Hongrois," by Pettenkofen, is the most vigorous piece of intense action we have seen for a long time; it is full of rush and noise, and wonderfully intelligent in every detail. We have only space

left to call attention to the exquisitely clever colour of Mayr Graz, who is a master of black painted *with* black.

A PICTURE exhibited at the Belgian Gallery, in Bond Street, impresses the mind in a manner not easily forgotten. This is the "Landscape in the Moon," by Herr Winkler—wonderfully clever as a work of art, but having its chief interest in its subject. The black airless sky is full of stars; and the earth—three-quarters full, with the continents of America vaguely traced on its luminous surface—sheds a soft, reddish light (which may, indeed, be seen in clear weather on the dark side of the moon from our globe), over a horrible landscape of precipitous rocks and exploded craters. Owing to the absence of atmosphere the shadows are perfectly black. In the distance a range of huge and jagged mountains catches the indescribably intense full sunshine, which makes the peaks leap out as they disappear from view beneath the horizon. It is a truly terrible prospect.

IF Mr. Burton, the energetic director of the National Gallery, can only, in the report recently issued, congratulate the public on the single gift to the gallery in 1877 of "The Inside of a Stable," by George Morland, he must, true artist and lover of art as he is, be immensely gratified to announce that over a million and a quarter of people visited the gallery during the 190 public days in the past year, showing a daily increase of a 1,000 a day since the issue of the last report. On students' days over 20,000 visits were made, with the result of a multitude of studies, and 345 oil copies from the works of 73 old, and 428 copies from the works of 34 modern masters.

MR. MILLAIS' "Bride of Lammermoor," bought by Mr. Marsden for £3,000, was bound to draw a throng of admirers to the King Street Galleries. The public has always made a favourite of this artist and believed in him even when his talent was employed on what interested it least; when, therefore, he has chosen the most romantic passage from Scott's most romantic novel for illustration, the general favour must needs be great. The picture is brilliant in execution, with a manner much modified from the handling of some of Mr. Millais' late canvases. The drawing of Edgar's hands is, perhaps, the strongest passage in the work.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT is one of our most deliberate artists. His last picture, like most of his pictures, is the result of years of patient labour and study. It represents the "Flight into Egypt," and has received the finishing touches during a hasty visit to England, whence Mr. Hunt will almost immediately return to his home in Jerusalem.

A COLLECTION of interest to ethnographical students was sold lately at Mincing Lane, City. It illustrated very fully the life of the natives of the Solomon Islands, and of the Fiji Group, and included, in addition to a large series of spears, clubs, and paddles, examples of the objects they use in their feasts and in their daily life, and specimens of their somewhat scanty apparel. A chief's "full dress," as by a somewhat violent figure of speech it may be called, was among the objects sold, and "the chief god of the Solomon Islands" formed one of the "lots;" he, to use Mrs. Barrett Browning's words, like "old Pluto, deaf and silent," seems to have been "cast out into the sun." The collection from the Solomon Islands was purchased from an adventurer who dealt in "black-birding"—*i.e.*, slave-dealing, and was originally shipped on board the *Anna*, whose crew, excepting two sailors, were murdered by the islanders who had been kidnapped; these two blew up the deck with all the natives on it, and succeeded in bringing the ship, "curios" and all, to Tahiti. The Fiji specimens were the collection of Dr. Macgregor, and some of them were actually taken at a cannibal banquet, when Sir Arthur Gordon's men surprised the natives.

SEVERAL important canvases, unfinished on the inexorable date of the Academy sending-in-day, remain this year in the studios. Among these is a work by Mr. Fildes, who has chosen, as his wont is, a subject of pathetic interest—the return of an out-cast woman to her native village, where, on finding the house of her parents deserted, she sinks down on the doorstep, and is regarded by the gossips of the place with unsympathetic wonder.

MISS ELIZABETH THOMPSON (Mrs. Butler) also holds back her still incomplete Irish composition, "Listed for the Connaught Rangers," until next year's Royal Academy, notwithstanding a courteous invitation from the directors of the Grosvenor Gallery to exhibit on its walls, with liberty to finish the work at leisure. She is, perhaps, one of those artists who think—as we certainly do—that some loyalty is owed to the national and historical institution, great as are the attractions of considerate treatment, excellent light, and beautiful surroundings elsewhere. The separate exhibition of her picture last year was owing to her inability to complete it in time for the Academy. Her new work has few figures, painted with a masculine vigour of quiet action; the landscape is intense, yet harmonious in colour and light; in technical charm of manner and in command of the brush, the artist has made manifest progress.

THE Society of British Artists is fifty-five years old, and it appears to suffer from the decrepitude of age. In the past, we believe, its exhibitions were

spoken of with respect, but it must be ten years since the *Times*, fairly representing public sentiment, expressed a most uncomplimentary opinion of the works on the walls of the gallery in Suffolk Street, and since that day the leading organ has passed over the successive shows with silence. The recent removal of the Society from Suffolk Street to Conduit Street raised in the minds of its well-wishers some hope that a new era of excellence might be inaugurated in 1878; but, as far as the present exhibition is concerned, these hopes are certainly not fulfilled. As long as among the members themselves are to be found the contributors of such canvases as Nos. 42, 58, and 106, to name no more, the probability of any permanent improvement in the character of the works on view seems remote, unless, indeed, the present body of members nobly neutralise their own influence by the addition to their number of new names representative of better training and traditions. However, to turn to the exhibition in question, it is pleasant to be able to speak with praise of the nice daylight and open air in "The Village on the Cliff" (32), by J. W. Buxton Knight; of the good tone and values of "When the Day's Work is Done" (142), by A. H. Marsh; of "The Favourite Seat" (231), and other works, by H. Caffieri, who always gives us nature in look and attitude; of "The Letter" (275), clever and true, by C. N. Kennedy; of the character and movement in "Mandra di Cavalli" (379), by G. Raggio; and of the light of "A Misty Morning" (392), by J. H. Sampson. There is also pleasant work done by L. Rivers, J. E. Grace, W. L. Wyllie, F. G. Cotman, and W. Bromley; and three honorary members, Sir Francis Grant, Sir John Gilbert, and Mr. Leighton, have contributed respectively two portraits, an equestrian group, and a couple of rapid but refined sketches of Spanish landscape.

ENGLISH art, and especially the art of landscape painting, is, in our day, indefinite in character, undecided in aim, and receptive in its attitude towards Continental masters. Sincerely indeliberate in its manner, it is, as art, inartificial. From this results an uninteresting character, in its most skilful efforts to imitate nature, and, where artistic deliberation is lacking, there lacks also the human interest—the chief, if not the only legitimate human interest of landscape—the artist's individuality. For this is substituted the fictitious human interest of sentimentality at once strained and trite, in subject and incident. An art in this condition is, as we have said, receptive—and fortunately so. Under what influences it shall fall is, therefore, a question of importance for its history, and that they should be those of the French school, or of the schools which have followed French teaching, is to be desired, because in them is found the supply of our present national deficiencies. The influences of such art as that of certain Scandinavian painters, on the other hand,

should be avoided; for this school, in spite of its many merits, places its interest in subject, and mixes and confuses that art for the artist, which is the leading principle of landscape painting, with facts in meteorology, natural history, and geography, for the student. In the same way do our *genre* and landscape painters confuse art with domestic sentiments, poetry, humour, and a hundred half-hearted and facile interests. An exhibition, therefore, like that on view at Goupil's Gallery, in Bedford Street, affords important opportunities to the young talent of England, and ought to be one of its schools of training. Prominent in interest, as the last work of Daubigny—one of the three great landscapists who have died within a year or two—is "Homeward Bound," a full-coloured late moonrise over a wide grassland. The tone and distance of the ground are admirable, the warm, blue sky is full of atmosphere, and a yet greater repose is given to the impressive scene by the contrast of the movement of a flock of sheep across the foreground. Trite as is the incident of labourers and cattle returning home, in paintings of evening landscape, the reserve, sincerity, and power of its treatment by Daubigny give it a perfect freshness. We cannot too strongly deprecate the *insistence* which is one of the chief weaknesses of all art poorer and more popular than the highest. Corot, Diaz, and Troyon are represented at this exhibition by fine examples. Of the Italian school we have only space to instance the wonderful sunshine and the originality of Campriani's "Going to Market, Rome," and the power of Pasini's "Dervish Beggar at the Door of a Mosque;" and, among the Spanish works, the character, truth, and out-of-door painting of "Waiting for the Cardinal," by Jimenez. The young Dutch school is rising into such eminence, under French inspiration, that we cannot pass it by without a mention of the works, here on view, of J. Maris, who is an absolute master of colour and manner; and of Mauve, who has a quieter power of tone, with a noble sureness of drawing and truth of action in men and horses. "Bringing in the First Crop," by Israels, a composition skilfully grouped and excellent in drawing, is one of the most elaborate of this artist's canvases we have ever seen. By R. Wylie—a lamented artist of good promise, who died young, and who was the only American who ever obtained a medal at the Paris Salon—there is a well-painted picture, called "The Clever Dog."

AMONG recent additions to the pictures at South Kensington Museum is a "Portrait of a Man" (lent by Mr. Henry Willett), by no less a hand than that of Rembrandt. It was found in a public-house in Sussex; the thick panel warped, and the face begrimed with dirt; but it was untouched, the fatal hand of the restorer had passed it by, so this vigorous sketch was spared to be a study that may well profit the very first of those who are believed

to stand high in art at the present day. This burly old Dutchman, in his wide-flapped hat, might belong to our own time, and the portrait painters of to-day will be wise to look at him. More than one critic has said "Frank Hals," when he looked at this vigorous face; but the subtle refinement of the wonderful colour is beyond even him. Rubens and Vandyke have been named, but only to feel that a power different from theirs is here. Rembrandt alone seems to have dashed in, in a few hours, upon this panel the lifelike image, with such strange mastery of his art that the slightest sweep of his hand seems to have evoked life, and the seeming accidental touch of his colour has made the flesh glow with robust health. A Dutchman, beyond middle age, in a full white ruff, this merely sketched, but as

expressive as possible; quaint humour, though serious withal, about the eyes, and a yellow moustache and small tuft of beard swept in with a magical touch. How trained and true the hand was that obeyed the subtle eye and sure interpretation of life with such ease and speed! Weather-beaten, no doubt, the face is, and the roughened complexion has seen service, and was originally made out of a rather tough bit of nature's stuff, but one likes the sturdy Dutchman for all that, and one does not expect him to be handsome. His panel has been straightened and his face cleaned; no more—not a touch of colour has been added, no tampering with the free, bold passes of the master's pencil, where every slightest tone, curiously harmonised, aids the sense of freshness and healthy life that marks the whole work.

ART BOOKS.

Keramos, and other Poems. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. (George Routledge & Sons.)

OUR contemporary poets are certainly prolific. Few, like Philip Bailey, the author of "Festus," or Coventry Patmore, whose "Angel in the House" has delighted thousands, have been content to make no effort to follow up and corroborate a first brilliant triumph by a series of similar successes. There are others, it is true, who err on the other side, relying on the excellence of popular early works to pass off the hasty efforts of a less vigorous maturity; and even where, as it happens in other cases, the first excellence is maintained, it is often destined to receive less recognition from the public. The original freshness of the handling has passed away; and the reader himself, having lost some of the young enthusiasm which he threw into the perusal of the earlier production, pronounces the later one to evidence a falling off in the author, to whom, and not to himself, he attributes all the change. But there will not, we believe, be any large class sensible of such experiences as these among the readers of "Keramos," by Mr. Longfellow—most prolific of poets. Never, to our mind, has he been more happy in his subject, or more harmonious in his rhymes.

The poem opens with a description of a potter working at his lathe beneath a hawthorn tree, and singing the while a simple melody about his wheel and his clay, the words of which become intermingled with the listening poet's thought,—

"As bits of coloured thread are caught,
And woven into nests of birds,"

and he passes, as in a trance, to the far separated centres, ancient and modern, of the potter's art. At Delft

"Each hospitable chimney smiles
A welcome from its painted tiles;

The parlour walls, the chamber floors,
The stairways and the corridors,
The borders of the garden walks,
Are beautiful with fadeless flowers
That never droop in winds or showers,
And never wither on their stalks."

The poet in fancy passes

"O'er desert sands, o'er gulf and bay,
O'er Ganges and o'er Himalay,
To flowery kingdoms of Cathay,
And to the town of King-te-tehng,
A burning town, or seeming so—
Three thousand furnaces that glow
Incessantly, and fill the air
With smoke uprising, gyre on gyre,
And painted by the lurid glare
Of jets and flashes of red fire."

Here he sees, among more splendid wares,

"The willow pattern that we knew
In childhood, with its bridge of blue
Leading to unknown thoroughfares;
The solitary man who stares
At the white river flowing through
Its arches; the fantastic trees,
And wild perspective of the view;
And intermingled among these,
The tiles that in our nurseries
Filled us with wonder and delight,
Or haunted us in dreams at night."

Other scenes the poet visits, other sights he sees; but we have no further space to quote from "Keramos," which is, indeed, a complete and most fascinating compendium of the potter's art.

WE heartily welcome a second edition of "The Witness of Art," by Wyke Bayliss (Hardwicke and Bogue). It is impossible to peruse this book without the keenest pleasure. A vein of rich imagination runs through it. The style is exceedingly graceful and refined, and the tone of thought fervent with a high spirituality.

ART NOTES.

OF royal authors there are, and always have been, many; but of royal artists we can recall few that are worthy of the name. The Princess Louise is certainly among the number, and she is not the only one of the children of the Queen who possesses executive artistic power. One of the latest specimens of her skill—a piece of sculpture founded on some lines in Mr. Tennyson's "Geraint and Enid"—occupies a place at the Grosvenor Gallery. Her Royal Highness's graceful illustrations of some of her husband's verses will be remembered by our readers; and we are glad to note that within the last few weeks she has been elected an honorary member of the old Water-Colour Society, on whose walls we hope she will exhibit some of those drawings which may otherwise be seen only by a friendly circle from whom that discriminating yet courteous criticism, so essential to the progress of a young artist, can hardly be supposed to come.

APROPOS of Art and royalty, Mr. McLachlan's large picture of the "Royal Family" has been exhibited at Agnew's Gallery in Bond Street, and is about to be engraved. The work, which is executed in monochrome, is of interest, not only as an achievement of art, but as a piece of often excellent and always painstaking portraiture. The Queen, her children and grandchildren, and her sons and daughters in law, are all included in the canvas, and in some instances the likenesses have been studied from the life. Feeble drawing, and an absence of anything like charm or originality of manner, will not, we suppose, in the least interfere with the general popularity which the personal interest of the subject ensures for pictures of the kind.

WHETHER it was the absence of the Prince of Wales, who was in Paris, or of the President, through illness, some cause or other made the Royal Academy banquet this year not quite so brilliant an affair as usual. Even Lord Beaconsfield was behindhand in giving a happy point to the proceedings. His remarks about the state patronage of art were strangely inadequate, and his attempt to show that the national imagination would sooner or later find expression in the national art was more complimentary than conclusive. As a matter of fact, no nation—with the single exception of ancient Greece—has ever been paramount in art and in literature at the same time; and it is in our literature—the greatest in the world—that the English gift of imagination has always found expression.

THE annual dinner of the Artists' Benevolent Fund was, on the other hand, a thorough success. The

extraordinarily large sum of £3,122 was the satisfactory result of Mr. Leighton's eloquent appeal from the chair on behalf of those of the profession who, though they had "set forth in the morning of their life with hopes as bright and courage as high as the more fortunate," had been baffled and beaten in the race, either from failure of health, or by revolutions in the public taste, or by general indifference to certain forms of art, or because they belonged to that class of "youths and girls who, embracing the career of art in complete delusion as to their capabilities, stimulated, no doubt, by an artistic temperament seeking some mode of expression, fired by the success of some gifted person, and delighted by the flattery of their parents and relations, find themselves lured on by the most fascinating of all pursuits, only to realise when it is too late that they have nursed a vain delusion, have mistaken wishes for gifts, and have written power where Nature has only written desire." Mr. Millais, who does not much affect public speaking, hoped to be permitted to give only a silent support to the chair, and taking advantage of the presence of Mr. Armitage he deputed to him the task of replying to the toast of the "Academy." The company was not, however, quite content with this arrangement, and later on, in answer to loud cries for "Millais," the popular Academician rose and paid a tribute to Mr. Leighton's oratory, which evidently came direct from the speaker's heart; and Lord Elcho and Mr. Barry, R.A., followed with similar sentiments. The joke of the evening was scored by Mr. Val Prinsep. "There was once a sailor," said the stalwart artist, "who came on shore to hire a horse. 'I'll give you one with a nice short back,' said the man at the stables. 'You'd better not,' retorted Jack, 'for it's to carry eight.'" The story as applied to the position of the speaker, who as a mere volunteer had to answer to the toast of "Army, Navy, and Reserves," was very much to the point.

THE establishment of the Midland Counties Art Museum is one of the most important efforts yet made by municipal authorities in any part of the kingdom to create and foster local artistic taste. The Town Council of Nottingham could not have begun better than by securing their historic castle as the permanent building for the exhibitions; and the magnificent space afforded by its thirteen galleries will allow the pictures to be hung without any crowding, and will, besides, afford room for specimens of sculpture, carving, bronze-work, tapestry, pottery, and other objects of an educational character relating to the Fine and the Industrial Arts. Every possible

care has been taken to ensure the collections that may be brought together against injury of all kinds. The services of Mr. George Harry Wallis, late of the South Kensington Museum, have been secured as director and curator; the co-operation of many eminent men and owners of famous collections has been enlisted; and it only remains for the committee of management to show a broad discrimination in the works accepted for the exhibition, to make it one of the most useful and attractive features of the town.

THE ARTS ASSOCIATION formed, or in course of formation, at Newcastle-on-Tyne also bids fair to be a success—not so much because some dozen noblemen connected with the neighbourhood have become its patrons, as because the committee of leading local merchants and others who have taken the affair in hand includes several men of both taste and munificence. The Assembly Rooms have been secured as the place of exhibition, and they will be opened as such in the first week of September. Works intended for the show must be sent in not later than the 20th of the previous month.

BAD times, commercially and politically, have produced little or no depression in the world of art. It is possible that artists, hearing gloomy rumours, place lower prices on their works than they would in more prosperous times, and that capitalists, knowing this, seize the opportunity as a favourable one for enriching their collections. Certain it is that the proportion of works sold at galleries like the Dudley, and that of the old Water-Colour Society, is not less this season than it has been in the past. Nor can it be said that the more important canvases of the year have realised smaller sums than former works by the same hands. We hear, for instance, that Mr. Millais has received £3,000 for his "Bride of Lammermoor," Mr. Long the same sum for his "Gods and their Makers," and Mr. Herkomer £750 for his "Scene in Westminster Union."

IN the public auction-rooms pictures, old and new, have been sold in great numbers, and for an aggregate of several hundred thousand pounds, during the last few weeks. More Turners have been in the market, and the drawings and sketches of the late George Cruikshank attracted great attention, and were disposed of for £2,000. Several of the works of John Phillip have been bought beneath the hammer, and the sums they fetched prove that the greatest English painter of Spanish life has not lost his hold on the public. His "Aqua Benedita" realised £1,470; his "Uvas Maduras," £1,249; and his "El Cigarillo," £1,596. Mr. Millais's "Joan of Arc" from the collection of the late Mr. F. Turner, fetched £735; and Mr. Peter Graham's large landscape with spate in the Highlands, exhibited at the Academy of 1873, was disposed of, among Mr. Brogden's collection, for

£798. We are glad to think that on the whole neither the artist nor the dealer can complain of the present season.

THE great collection of manuscripts and books brought together with patient care and curious knowledge by M. Ambroise Firmin Didot, the well-known publisher, was sold in Paris from June 6th to 15th. English collectors have had the advantage of examining the manuscripts at their ease, these costly treasures having been in charge of Mr. Quaritch for two days. Among them are a few, important, not alone for rarity, but also for art excellence, and for historical or antiquarian worth. There is the "Livres des trois Ages," by Etienne Porchier; a folio on vellum of about 1470-80, with illuminated capitals and miniatures, some nearly full-page size. Of these some are excellent, especially a battle-piece. This is a composition somewhat in the spirit of Jost Ammon's woodcuts, full of interesting detail of armour, costume, and fashion of life at a stirring period—that of Louis XI. of France; such a picture as would have been invaluable to Walter Scott when writing "Quentin Durward." Another represents Louis himself playing at chess in the presence of four courtiers, probably in one of the halls of Plessis-Tours. The details are delicately shown, and the style is of the school of which Jean Fouquet was the chief, though the work is not equal to his. Another important MS. is the "Chroniques de Normandie," also having large miniatures. They commence with an illustration of Rollo's descent upon Neustria, in the time of Charles the Simple; five of them illustrate the story of William the Conqueror; and the last gives the siege of the Castle of Chalus, where Richard Cœur-de-Lion received the fatal shot from the cross-bow of Bertrand de Gourdon. Of Bookbindings, the most important in the collection is a specimen, gilt, jewelled, and inlaid with enamels, and dating from the end of the twelfth or beginning of the thirteenth century; it has in the centre a carved ivory plaque of Merovingian work, probably of the end of the eleventh century, representing the crucifixion, with the Virgin, St. John, and the holy women, and two groups of soldiers. This is framed in a gilt metal border of stamped work, surrounded with four narrow plaques of Limoges Champlévé enamel, divided by ornaments of filigree set with Oriental carbuncles. Four antique intaglios, but of poor execution, are inserted in these filigree settings; the corners have the usual large cabochon crystal bosses. The MS. thus elaborately bound is an epitome of Justin, but of later date than the cover, which has probably been taken from a missal. The sale of these MS. treasures, and of the books, many of them rare and admirable, which are to be dispersed at the same time, has been looked forward to with interest by many others besides mere bibliomaniacs.

IN the old graveyard at Cannstadt, near Stuttgart, a monument of the German poet Freiligrath, who lived for many years as an exile in London, was unveiled on the 17th of June, the late poet's birthday. It is a colossal bust of Freiligrath, cast in bronze from a model by Adolph Donndorf, said to be one of the best works of this German sculptor.

BERLIN has added to the treasures of its National Gallery two memorable portraits, one by the exaggeratedly graceful Bronzino, the other by Botticelli; and the Museum of Sculpture, in the same city, has acquired a bronze statue, half life-size, of John the Baptist, by Donatello, the Berlin casts of whose bronzes in the Santo at Padua are, we are glad to see, about to be photographed and published.

As many as one hundred and thirty thousand persons have visited the Paris Exhibition in a single day.

LORD BEACONSFIELD inherited from his father considerable treasure in the way of interesting literary relics; and he has formed, by his own judgment, a goodly collection of works of art. Of his paintings the majority are portraits of his friends, and the latest addition to the number is that of Sir Nathaniel de Rothschild. It is strongly and truthfully painted by Mrs. Jopling, and has been presented to the Premier by Sir Nathaniel himself.

DRAWING-ROOM concerts and dramatic entertainments, in aid of charities, are common enough—perhaps too common to be altogether efficacious. But an exhibition of paintings and drawings by amateurs, held in a private house, is a more novel means of attaining the same benevolent end. Lowther Lodge—that very artistic red-brick house in Kensington Gore—was the appropriate scene of a show of the kind on three of the closing days in May. To judge by the number of visitors, the proceeds must have been such as to add a nice little sum to the funds of the Parochial Mission Society, and to encourage others, in London and elsewhere, to organise similar exhibitions, with an equal excellence of execution and of aim.

THE exhibition of Sir Henry Thompson's large and fine collection of Nankin blue and white porcelain, in Messrs. Marks's Rooms, Oxford Street, has attracted the attention of all lovers of this most artistic and popular ware. There are at present in England some half-dozen collections of Nankin china, which rival, and, in some respects, even surpass this of Sir Henry Thompson; but it is the first that has been honoured by having its contents illustrated in a thoroughly worthy style. The only catalogue in which the marks on Oriental porcelain are given with accuracy

is that prepared by Mr. A. W. Franks, of his important collection now shown at Bethnal Green Museum; from this the author of the present work has drawn various particulars. With the help of the sumptuous volume written by Mr. Murray Marks, and embellished with twenty-six plates of autotype reproductions of drawings by Mr. James Whistler, and the accomplished collector himself, the student of Nankin blue and white may agreeably acquire some valuable information. The oldest pieces in the collection are a couple of large aster-flower bottles, of compressed globular shape, which bear the mark of the double ring, and Ta Ming Suen-tih Nien Chi, and therefore date between the years A.D. 1426 and 1436. These bottles display that delicacy of colour and beauty of flower-drawing which are characteristic of this period. There are ten ginger jars of the hawthorn pattern, or "the ice-plum" pattern—as we have been recently told that this design should be called, and is called in China and Japan—and two of these jars, formerly belonging to the late Mr. Samuel Redgrave, are among the finest and most perfect pieces of Nankin ware in this country. The covers of both these jars are uninjured, and in this respect the pair has an advantage over that which brought 1,340 guineas at Captain Lukis's sale a few weeks ago. There is a remarkably fine tobacco-jar, with bell-shaped cover, surmounted by a button-shaped knob, also covered with stemless hawthorn, on a ground of very brilliant and translucent blue. This is fairly depicted in the plate illustrating the ginger jars, already mentioned. The collection comprises several rare garnitures, the most notable, perhaps, being that in the "Lange Lÿsen," or "Long Eliza" pattern, as the Dutch terms have been freely translated in this country. These five pieces are remarkable for a quaint picturesqueness of design, for intensity of colour, and for good drawing. A large and important cylindrical vase, marked 206, with a design composed of medallions with flowers, supported by dragons, is a fine example of that beautiful grey-blue so highly prized by artists and connoisseurs. The free-hand drawing on this vase is exceedingly artistic, and gives us a high opinion of the skill which the painter who decorated it must have possessed. Sir Henry Thompson's collection is exceedingly rich in oviform vases, with dancing-boy tops, attractive to connoisseurs. The well-known banner groups and warrior groups are all represented, and others illustrate various domestic incidents. A pair of vases bearing the mark, "Ta Ming Ching-hwa Nien Chi," and dating A.D. 1465-1468, one with a band of six musicians, and a female dancing on a small carpet before a lady of rank, and the other on which a mandarin is seen addressing a sage who is writing at a table, deserve mention, on account of the admirable manner in which the richly-wrought flowers with which they are decorated have been executed. The exhibition of this choice collection is likely to increase the present rather fashionable appreciation of old Nankin blue and white porcelain.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Promenades Japonaises. Texte par EMILE GUIMET, Dessins par FELIX REGAMEY. 4to. G. Charpentier, Paris, 1878.

THE title of this pleasant book is no deceptive misnomer; it really tells you what you may expect if you are at all reasonable, and undoubtedly gives you what it promises. You enter the country hand in hand with companions, one of whom is overflowing with keen enjoyment of all its amazing novelty, and has a delightful sense of fun; while the other takes out the readiest of pencils, and while you are passing catches the very life of some quaint group, but sees the pleasant side of it, and you feel happier for your glance at his dexterous sketch. You are in Japan—but stay, that is a Chinaman that passes by. “He is solemn and preoccupied, the colour of his wide easy dress is soft pearl grey, tender blue, and white; of course it is summer, and his dull complexion, not really yellow, blends with his dress. But among these quiet tints are just three touches of ink: his black satin shoes, squared and turned up; his skull-cap, also of black satin, but with a red button, and telling well on the pale and shaven skull; and above all his long plaited tail twisted with black silk, which hangs to his calf. Look at him from behind, he seems cut in two by a long note of admiration—a delicate but prolonged one to mark the astonishment which his wonderful costume excites in outside strangers.” The illustrations—some in colour—are charming; turn to p. 23, a Japanese woman with the inevitable baby—they all have babies, and always on their backs—beside her is such a dear little child, no doubt very like one of the dolls we all know now, with its quaint round bead-like eyes, and little half-opened bud of a mouth, and a dot where nature forgot to develop a nose, and its little fat hands folded, while the wondering look shows that it was watching the strange man who made this most delightful remembrance of itself, its mother, and the baby.

“Where do all the children come from?” he asks, and so explains to us the surprising supply of dolls. On every page one finds oneself sympathising with a writer and his companion who make you note “at each moment a look, a pose, a group, a view which you have already seen on china or in a picture; but it is now real, the group smiles on you, the pose is not an invention, the look is not a dream. You waken out of a Japan which you thought a mere conventionality, to live and walk and act in a Japan which is real, undoubted, which receives you as a friend; but for all that is just the same as your dream.” The authors have truly made a most readable book, and the writer pleasantly twits his sketching comrade with the result, “Et Regamey a encore tant de croquis à exhumer de ses cartons! Aussi c’est sa faute. Il a fait trop de dessins.” And thus

while saying farewell, he gives hope that we may meet his friend and himself again.

Reise der Oesterreichischen Fregatte Novara um die Erde in den Jahren 1857–59. (Illustrated Edition.) Gerold, Vienna, 1878.

THE Viennese publisher, son and successor of Carl Gerold, has brought out in two volumes an illustrated people’s edition of the voyage of the *Novara* round the world. This Austrian frigate, elaborately equipped by the Government, performed her voyage during the years 1857–59, and the account of the expedition was compiled, and its various scientific results summed up by Dr. Karl von Scherzer. Five thousand copies of his work were sold within a year, so keen was the interest of the German nation in this naval scientific undertaking. The vast field traversed, the variety of interests illustrated, the care of the investigations and the skilful manner in which the results were presented combined to ensure this popularity. Now the publisher has brought out a cheap issue well calculated to be a favourite with a very wide class of German readers; and, although we cannot greatly commend the art of many of its illustrations, they are at least abundant, and aid in realising not only scenery, topography and architecture, but the ethnology, costume, and the coast life of many of the countries visited. The vessel, commencing her voyage from Trieste and touching at Gibraltar, visited among other places of note or interest Madeira, Rio Janeiro, the Cape, Ceylon, Madras, the Nicobars, Singapore, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Sydney, Auckland, Tahiti, Valparaiso, &c., circumnavigating the globe, and in doing so she traversed 51,686 geographical miles, spending 551 days at sea and 289 on land, so that the field of observation was indeed a wide one.

China-painting. A Practical Manual for Amateurs, in the Decoration of Hard Porcelain. By M. LOUISE McLAUGHLIN. Robert Clarke and Co., Cincinnati, 1877.

THIS little book, printed in excellent, even elegant type, on toned paper, though a slight contribution to a subject on which a good deal has been written of late, shows that the practical interest taken by American lady-artists in this attractive art, is on the increase. In the Centennial Exhibition, at Philadelphia, a large number of specimens of amateur china-painting was shown, and among them some fair examples. Since that period progress has, we understand, been stimulated in America, as it has notably been in our own country, and the present publication will be of undoubted service.

ART NOTES FOR AUGUST.

THE sixth exhibition of Works of Art in Black and White at the Dudley Gallery is greatly superior in average merit to all its predecessors. It is very gratifying to see such unmistakable evidence as the present exhibition contains of the progress made by many of our artists who have only within recent years betaken themselves to the production of works of this class. The foreign contributors, probably, still have the advantage, upon the whole, of their English competitors, and yet several of the drawings and etchings of the highest merit, now displayed in the gallery, are the work of English artists. Among the landscape drawings in the exhibition, there are certainly none that excel, or, we might even say, rival, Mr. Joseph Knight's deeply impressive twilight scene, "O'er the Moor;" Mr. J. Aumonier's "Easton Broad, Suffolk;" Mr. F. Powell's "Loch Fyne Herring Boats;" Mr. J. W. B. Knight's "Chester City Towers;" and Mrs. Allingham's "The Harvest Moon," which last is very charming in sentiment. All of these works manifest artistic qualities of a rare and noble order, and there are several figure subjects and drawings of animals that are little inferior to them. Mr. Heywood Hardy's lioness and cubs, entitled "Disturbed," and Mr. B. Goddard's "Tigers" in a jungle, are in every respect worthy of these artists; but we cannot think that Mr. H. S. Marks has been particularly successful in his sepia reproduction of his deservedly popular picture, "Convocation." Mr. E. J. Poynter's "Jael," and "Study for a head of Perseus," are both fine drawings, especially the first-named, and his studies for figures and groups in "Atalanta's Race" deserve the most careful examination. There is truth, sentiment, and attraction in Mr. E. K. Johnson's highly-finished drawing in lamp-black, entitled "Barbara;" but it is hardly a great work; and Mr. Bewt'nall's drawing of his Academy picture, "When Love was Young," is very satisfactory, but does not call for any further remark. Mr. T. Graham's sketch for "The Philosopher's Breakfast," and Mr. R. W. Macbeth's etchings of "A Lincolnshire Gang," "Bait Gatherers," and "In a Fishing Village," are noteworthy contributions to the exhibition. Nearly the whole of the forty etchings by which Mr. Edwin Edwards is represented are clever and highly artistic productions, and many of them, such as "Devonport," "Blythborough," "Pardenick," "Plymouth," and "Old Inns, Shepton Mallet," are exquisite in sentiment and masterly in execution. Miss Hilda Montalba and Mr. Tuke contribute drawings that deserve especial attention, and those by the artistic staff of *Punch* will not escape observation. Of the six drawings representing M. Leon Lhermitte, the most important are "Femmes des Pêcheurs en Prière," "Une Rue à

Landerneau," and "Chapelle de Pont-Christ," which are all singularly effective works, although exception might be taken to certain details in each of them. For instance, the priest at the altar in the last-named drawing is surely too small when compared with the big women kneeling near him. M. A. Legros has sent nothing to the exhibition from his own pencil, but two or three disciples exhibit works strongly marked with the characteristics of their master. "Un Jour d'Automne à Arteman" is the solitary etching by which M. C. Appian is represented, but this is a very fine example of the artist's work. None of the five etchings contributed by M. Paul Rajon can be pronounced to be a fine example of his style, and yet they are all meritorious productions. "Old Woman Reading" is a fine dry-point drawing by Mr. H. Herkomer, and "Storm and Calm" are, perhaps, fair specimens of his allegorical studies in brown; but this able artist is not well represented. He has recently produced etchings of a far finer quality than any displayed on the walls of the Dudley Gallery. The same remark might be applied to the contributions of M. J. Tissot, another artist who has lately been making manifest progress as an etcher. "How Happy could I be with Either," is the title this artist gives to an *eau-forte*, representing a soldier sitting between two girls in a boat that is being rowed towards two large vessels. In the "Organ-Grinder" he is far more successful. The few pieces of sculpture exhibited possess merit and attractiveness. Mr. J. Lawlor's marble bust, entitled, "'Nobody ax'd you, sir,' she said;" and Miss Alice Chaplin's cats and dogs, in terra-cotta, are full of life and vivid expression.

POETRY and painting have always been called sister arts; and it is pleasant to recognise in the Miss B. Patmore, who exhibited in this year's Academy a charming water-colour drawing of "A Sussex Home," the daughter of Mr. Coventry Patmore, author of the "Angel in the House;" and in the Mr. R. B. Browning, whose Belgian "Worker in Brass" was excellently hung in Gallery II., the only son of Mr. Robert Browning, and of the greatest of our English poetesses. By the way, the rumour that the latter picture has been sold for £300 suggests the query whether Mr. Robert Browning ever received such a sum for any one of his volumes, and opens out the whole question of the relative influence and market value of literature and art.

TALKING of literature and art, another link pleasantly connecting them together is the series of

drawings published in Dr. Samuel Smiles's Life of Robert Dick, baker, botanist, and geologist. The pen which writes the narrative, and the pencil which illustrates it, are wielded by the same gifted hand.

A GREAT deal of interest was excited in art circles by the sale of the Novar Collection of Old Masters, including works by Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Annibal Carracci, Murillo, Hobbema, Van der Velde, Watteau, and Claude, which was brought to the hammer by Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods on Saturday, the 1st of June. This interest culminated in one particular work, the "Madonna dei Candelabri," familiarly known as the "Novar Raphael." It was the last lot offered in the sale, and most of the papers were content to record that it was bought in by the owners for 19,500 guineas. The *Times*, however, gave further details which render the transaction quite a unique one in its way. "After a round of applause," said the leading organ, "when the picture had been placed on the easel, Mr. Woods proceeded to say that for a work of such importance it was not expected that many persons could compete, and that this was the only picture in the sale upon which any reserve had been placed. He was, therefore, instructed to offer it at 15,000 guineas. The naming of this large price was received with no small surprise, and the audience seemed to consider that this was a tolerably safe limit, beyond which there would be no further advance; but after a grave pause, amid the breathless suspense of his audience, the auctioneer, as if looking at some bidder before him, said, 'Fifteen thousand five hundred guineas' to the surprise and astonishment of most persons. But no sooner had this surprise been got over than another announcement was given of 16,000 guineas, amid quite a buzz of excitement, while several persons rose to see, but were unable to discover, where the advances came from. This state of wonderment was kept up while the auctioneer proceeded with perfect gravity to name prices increasing by five hundred guineas, pausing between each, till he arrived at 19,000 guineas, when he quietly said, 'The picture is not being sold, gentlemen,' and then naming the last sum of 19,500 guineas, the hammer fell, and the auctioneer said, 'The picture is bought in, gentlemen.' There was a general rising and burst of mingled disappointment and excitement, with a few hisses, such as we never in many years' experience witnessed in these rooms. The general impression which we gathered was that the 15,000 guineas first named was taken to be the reserve price, but it was now evident that the real reserve was some sum above 19,500 guineas, and the presumption is that there was no *bonâ fide* advance over the 15,000 guineas at which it was put up." The disagreeable inference from this report is that the "Novar Raphael" was only placed on the catalogue in order to attract a larger number of dealers and *virtuosi* to increase the competition

for the other works on sale. These were not, in most cases, very remarkable for their merits. By far the best was a "St. Helena"—the mother of Constantine—by Paolo Veronese, and it was purchased for the National Gallery by Mr. Burton, its discriminating director, for 3,300 guineas. This was the largest sum, out of a grand total of 46,000 guineas, realised by any one work. As an instance of the mistakes which amateurs make, who trust themselves to buy supposed works of the masters, we may mention that the "Venus Reclining," described in the catalogue as a Titian, and sold for thirty-eight guineas, had originally been purchased in Italy by the Marquis of Buckingham for £1,000.

ONE of the greatest obstacles to contemporary art lies in the fact that under the conditions of to-day it is no longer possible for our public buildings to be decorated by the masterpieces of the age. The decoration of his home, not of his town-hall or his church, is what the average Englishman now desiderates; and this fashion of the time does great injustice to painters who, like Mr. Watts, for instance, are decorative on a magnificent scale. We hail, therefore, the rumour that Mr. Leighton and Mr. Poynter are about to design mosaics for the dome of St. Paul's, even though their handiwork will necessarily supersede a good deal of painting from Sir James Thornhill's brush.

MR. WILFRID LAWSON has made himself distinctively the artist of the "Children of the Great City." In past years he has shown us at the Academy one canvas in which the little street arabs are making themselves as merry as may be with shadow-figures on the walls, and another in which a boy and a girl of the same pathetic race are looking up wistfully at a tree, whose blossoms, guarded by the iron railings of a garden, suggest, like the children's city bound lives, "Imprisoned Spring," the title of the work. This year the artist exhibits a third of the series in Pall Mall. "Dawn" represents the interior of a wretched room in a London slum, where a dying girl, supported by her brother's arm, is lying on the floor watching through the window the first gleams of light breaking on the city—symbolic of the heavenly dawn about to beam upon her soul. This picture, like its predecessors, proves that Mr. Wilfrid Lawson is not a mere sentimentalist, but a painter who is also a poet.

A MAN who is true to an ideal of art, and gives his life to its embodiment, is at least worthy of respect as a sincere artist. Such a patient, faithful worker was the late Joel Hart, the American sculptor, whose posthumous work, "Woman Triumphant," put into marble by his executors, has lately been exhibited in Florence. Mr. Hart conceived the idea of this, his favourite statue, twenty years since, and at his death,

in 1877, it was still in the clay. Other works came to maturity, and were sent to their destinations, but this never left his hands. Friends and critics came and praised, but he was never satisfied—like Michael Angelo, his “ideal” was always beyond his “real.” The figure is that of a maiden who has stolen the arrow from a weeping Love, and dances along holding it triumphantly above her head. Eros, standing on tiptoe at her feet, stretches his hands imploringly to reach it, but in vain. The moulding of the figures is excellent, the child’s being especially lovely. The face of the girl is very expressive, although the artist himself was wont to say he “would not let it leave his hands till he had given it the subtle mixture of maiden purity and arch triumph which existed in his mental ideal.” The arch triumph is certainly there, and great sweetness, and his executors—one of whom, Mr. Saul, is a good English sculptor—have done well to have this work, which bore more impress of Mr. Hart’s own mind than any of his published ones, preserved in marble.

THE French have made up their minds to establish in Paris a permanent school and exhibition of Industrial Design, on the model of our own Museum at South Kensington. If imitation be the best of all flattery—and in this case we think it certainly is—the directors of the latter institution have every reason to be gratified.

THE public has so few opportunities of seeing the handiwork of Professor Ruskin, in the way of art, that the forty drawings of his exhibited at the galleries of the Fine Art Society, in Bond Street, have an increased interest. The few contributions of slight architectural sketches, which he has occasionally sent to the Water-Colour Society’s Exhibitions, seem to have ceased of late years. The great critic’s exquisite delicacy of feeling and of touch is shown in a variety of subjects—studies from the “Old Masters,” notes of buildings, and those outlines of flowers, in the happy production of which he has told us, in one of his works, that his hours would be more fittingly and congenially spent, than in the discussion of the painful social problems which distract from artistic studies.

THE popularity which has been created in England of late years for etchings—to say nothing of etchers—is extending into Germany; and we are glad to hear that a society has just been established in Weimar under the patronage of the Grand Duke, for the development of this most poetical and too long neglected branch of art.

It was prophesied during the early days of this year’s Academy exhibition, that Mr. Frank Holl’s Newgate picture, which we have engraved as a frontispiece for this part, would not go without official

recognition, and we congratulate both him and his *confrère*, Mr. Crofts, on the result of the voting, which has raised them to the rank of Associates. The election of Mr. Yeames to the one vacant membership has given his many admirers a pleasure all the greater because it was also something of a surprise.

THE Academy *soirée* is always an event of the season, and this year, even the fire of a thousand gas-burners, added to the intense dog-day heat outside, did not deter as large a crowd as usual from accepting the invitation issued by the Academicians for one of the last evenings in June. Among the many representatives of the Fine Arts, Literature, the Church, and the State, we noticed Mr. Millais, Mr. Horsley, Mr. Ward, Mr. Calderon, Mr. Alma Tadema, Mr. Fildes, Mr. Robert Browning, Mr. Matthew Arnold, Dr. Samuel Smiles, the Archbishop of York, the Rev. Stopford Brooke, the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, Mr. and Mrs. Jopling, and many more. One of the features of the evening was the presence of Mrs. Langtry in the rooms which contain three of her portraits; and another, less noticed but more noteworthy, was the large number of young artists who were there in virtue of the hanging of their works—a fact which speaks well for the future of British Art.

OF all our artists at the Paris Exhibition, Mr. Millais appears to have made the greatest impression on the French. One reason for this, perhaps, lies in the fact that he is better represented than any of his English brothers—and, let us add, sisters—of the brush. His ten canvases include “Chill October,” “The North-West Passage,” “The Beef-eater,” and some other of his finest works. The art of Mr. Alma Tadema, Mr. Oules, and Mr. Herkomer, is also excellently illustrated. Among ladies, Miss E. Thompson, Miss Clara Montalba, Mrs. Jopling, Mrs. Allingham, Mrs. Angell, Mrs. Alma Tadema, and Miss Mutrie, have sent characteristic works. Mr. Long was unfortunately unable to borrow any of his pictures for the exhibition, and other artists, who, for the same or other reasons, are quite unrepresented, are Mr. Faed, R.A., Mr. Herbert, R.A., Mr. Horsley, R.A., Mr. Poole, R.A., Mr. Peter Graham, A.R.A., and Mr. E. Nicol, A.R.A.

THE Exhibition of Art Needlework at the Royal School, South Kensington, was rendered doubly interesting this year by the addition of a magnificent collection of ancient work. The pupils of the school are educated on the best possible traditions, Oriental and Occidental, and their taste is never allowed to run into eccentricity, or to lose pure principles. Whatever faults of design, or colour, therefore, are to be found in the popular *soi-disant* art-needlework of the day, are never traceable either to the teaching, or to the example, of this admirable school. Whether

in reproducing the caprice of composition and harmonious brilliancy of colour of the Chinese and Japanese designs, or in imitating the formal Gothic work of mediæval Europe, or in carrying out the original suggestions of revived English taste in the present day, the school has never done anything that has not been charming and correct according to its canons. In giving the public an exhibition

of the beautiful antique models on which they have founded their teaching, the directors have provided a most instructive and attractive show. The rooms have been a school for the eye. Among the more precious curiosities, we may cite some old Jewish work, surrounded by Hebrew characters, embroideries from Crete and the Grecian Isles, and Persian and Indian pieces of very high antiquity.

ART BOOKS.

The Picture-Amateur's Handbook and Dictionary of Painters. By PHILIPPE DARYL, B.A.

THIS volume, published by Messrs. Crosby, Lockwood and Co., and evidently compiled with care from the best sources, supplies the public in a pleasant and portable form with a handbook, by the help of which the amateur of ordinary intelligence may in common cases ascertain the authorship, quality, and approximate value of a picture. The various methods of painting are explained; an historical sketch is given of the principal schools; and to these important items are added a glossary of technical terms, instructions for cleaning and re-lining canvases, and a dictionary of painters. The latter is the most complete thing of its kind we have ever seen, and will prove a valuable work of reference, not only for the number of obscure as well as famous artists named, but for the critical remarks which accompany the mention of those whose works are widely known. We should be glad, in some future edition, to see the list made even more complete by the insertion of eminent contemporary names, and also to note the removal of a biographical discrepancy—somewhat suggestive of insular prejudice—by which less space is devoted to Michael Angelo than to Wilkie, and even West.

Die Erde und ihre Völker; ein geographisches Hausbuch. Von FRIEDR. VON HELLWALD. Spemann, Stuttgart, 1878.

“LANDS and their Inhabitants” means a geographical rather than an art book, but the abundance of the illustrations of this popular work brings it within the scope of our notice. The second volume is now issued, and sustains its character for conveying information in a ready form, with maps of convenient size for reference, and wood-cut illustrations, both interesting and effective. It takes in Europe, Asia, and Australia, gives tables of the length of rivers, the population, and other statistics, and a copious index. Japan claims an interesting notice, and the bronze colossus at Kamakura, that vast seated figure, known as the Dai-bout's statue, is among the illustrations, and, of course, the famous volcano Fusi-yama. Some of the views in China, and the figures, strike one as rather Europeanised by the clever artist, and are thus deficient in local colouring.

Paris Originals. By A. EGMONT HAKE. C. Kegan Paul and Co., London.

PARISIAN life presents many extraordinary types of character. In this volume it has been Mr. Hake's object to describe, for the benefit of English readers, peculiar developments of humanity which can scarcely be appreciated and understood without considerable study. It is true that many of the words which form the titles of his chapters are to a certain extent familiar to English readers, but of the habits and peculiarities of the individuals themselves we are for the most part very largely ignorant. Mr. Hake has produced a delightful volume, while he has at the same time enlightened our ignorance. After reading his work, we feel that we know all about the *chiffonier*, the *mouchard*, the *brocanteur*, the *chevalier d'industrie*, the *flâneur*, the *badaud*, the *blagueur*, and many other human growths which are indigenous to the modern Lutetia. Nor is this all. The work—admirable as it is for the graphic and entertaining nature of its matter—derives half its value from the series of capital etchings by M. Léon Richeton. In one or two instances, perhaps, M. Richeton's drawing might be nearer perfection, but all his work is very forcible and spirited. It is surprising that this fascinating art of etching should not be more widely cultivated in England. Our æsthetic tastes would receive a great impulse, as well as a pleasing gratification, if we could see more volumes published in our midst as beautifully illustrated as the one now before us.

WE have also received for notice a “Handbook to the British Indian Section of the Paris Universal Exhibition,” in which the well-known hand of Dr. George Birdwood, C.S.I., learnedly describes the enamels, the inlaid work, the jewellery, the carvings in stone and ivory, the embroideries, the pottery, and the thousand-and-one other specimens of the commerce and handicraft of our Imperial Eastern possession. The little volume is one of the series of official catalogues published in Paris and in London for the benefit of the bewildered millions who go to the International Exhibition of this year, and it would be impossible to meet with a more complete and pleasantly arranged guide.

ART NOTES FOR SEPTEMBER.

OWING to the exigencies of printing a large edition, it is necessary to prepare these notes some little time before the date of their actual publication. They contain, therefore, from month to month, items of artistic information, which might certainly be considered behindhand as appearing in a mere chronicle of current news, but which, in view of the *MAGAZINE OF ART* becoming important in the future as a work of reference, it is necessary to record. One such item is the award of medals to English painters who exhibited at the Paris International Exhibition, which has been published since our last number went to press. We stated then that Mr. Millais and Mr. Herkomer appeared to have made the greatest impression on the French; and to these two artists have been given the *médailles d'honneur*. The recipients of the first-class medals are Mr. Watts and Mr. Alma-Tadema; of the second-class Mr. Oules and Mr. Calderon; and of the third-class Sir John Gilbert, Mr. Orchardson, Mr. Pettie, Mr. Leslie, Mr. Rivière, and Mr. Green. The direction in which these honours have been bestowed is interesting, and ought, perhaps, to be instructive to the English public as an indication of the prevailing Continental taste.

It will be seen that in some cases Paris has ratified the judgment of London; in others it has made transpositions in that order of merit which public opinion here has pretty generally ordained; and in one case it has given a medal to an artist whose name is hardly familiar even to many of his brothers of the brush. We refer to Mr. Green, whose water-colours at the Institute have long attracted our attention; and we are glad that the generous discrimination of the French will secure a more general recognition at home for his solidly-drawn and very expressive work.

A CAREFUL study and comparison of the details contained in the official catalogues show us that thirty countries have competed in the Art Department at the International, and that the proportion of the exhibits (to use a word coined in 1862) which they contribute illustrates their relative standing in the world of art, except, perhaps, in the case of France, which, being on its own ground, has fuller opportunities of representation. The total number contributed by the thirty countries is 5,864; 2,071 are French; England takes the second rank with 720; Italy the third with 431; and Belgium the fourth with 422. All the other competing countries send fewer than 200. Mexico sends but one, and that one takes the objectionable form of an oil-painting.

THERE are five classes of art exhibits, taking rank as follows:—1, oil paintings; 2, water-colour and black

and white drawings; 3, sculpture and medallions; 4, architectural drawings and models; 5, engravings. In Class 1, France leads with 861 paintings, then follow Belgium with 300, England with 283, Italy with 191, and Germany with 159. Austria, America, Spain, Russia, and Holland contribute fewer than 150 each of this class. The Argentine Republic, Mexico, Venezuela, and Persia send no oil-paintings at all. In Class 4 (architectural drawings and models) France heads the list with 379, Italy alone contributes 180, and all the other nations come below 50.

WITH regard to the arrangement and "get up" of the picture galleries at the International, the palm must be given to Germany; England comes next with her artistic and restful decorations; the rather fluffy matting in the English rooms, though somewhat hot in the present weather, is excellent in tone. France, Italy, Spain, and Belgium are about equal in taste, and the United States, which boast the most comfortable houses in the world, have managed to produce the most utterly comfortless, as well as the ugliest of all the galleries at the Exhibition; an uninviting concrete floor is bordered by a poverty-stricken scrap of matting, and the room contains but two chairs, on one of which a clerk is seated permanently, while the other is a bone of contention to weary visitors at the rare times when it is not occupied by a policeman engaged in conversation with the said clerk.

THE Fan-Makers' Company of the City of London have given good evidence of the existence and renewed vitality of the guild by holding an exhibition of fans in the hall of the Drapers' Company, Throgmorton Street, during the end of June and beginning of July. By way of stimulus, and with a view to ensure a good exhibition, the Fan-Makers' Company offered a series of prizes, the programme of which proved very attractive, alike to fan-makers and amateur collectors of fans. The nature of the prizes will be seen on reference to the list of awards which concludes this notice. The exhibition was most attractive in every way, and Drapers' Hall afforded excellent exhibiting space for the competitors. Some of the modern fans were superb specimens of the fan-maker's art, and the collections sent by M. Duvelleroy and M. E. Rimmel, neither of whom entered the competition, were remarkable alike for excellence and extent.

The revival of the art of fan-making in England is well worth attention at the present time, and the Fan-Makers' Company having taken the matter up so successfully, it is to be hoped that the result of this exhibition will encourage the guild in future efforts. As a means of employment for women of taste and

skill, it presents a wide and appropriate field, since, with the exception of the "sticks," every portion of a fan may be considered to be women's work, and we are glad to see that in the awards for English fans the ladies took the leading prizes.

The collectors of old fans liberally contributed examples of the work of the past. Many of the specimens were exceedingly curious and interesting, and some of them of great merit as works of art of the period. The old Spanish, Italian, and French fans took the lead. The lace mounts of some of the modern fans were excellent in the design of the leaves, and a specimen or two exhibited by the School of Art Needlework showed the applicability of certain methods of embroidery to the decoration of "leaves" or "mounts." The most promising phase of the modern work were the examples of Irish lace fans, with carved bog-oak sticks. These present a wide field for profitable industrial operations in Ireland, since the combination of lace, either white or black, with the bog-oak sticks, is one which, in the hands of enterprising people possessing educated taste, could scarcely fail to produce satisfactory results.

The prizes were awarded by a jury composed of members of the Fan-Makers' Company, and experts not connected with that body. Mr. Under-Sheriff H. H. Crawford, Master of the Fan-Makers' Company, acted as chairman, and he was assisted by Mr. John Sugden, Mr. W. Aubert, Mr. George Wallis, F.S.A., South Kensington Museum, M. Tournour, and Lieut.-Col. J. Britten.

The awards were as follows:—Mounted fans, being completely made in Great Britain and Ireland—1st prize, gold medal, and freedom of the Fan-Makers' Company, and 25 guineas given by the Worshipful Company of Drapers: Miss E. Laird, of Dublin; 2nd prize, silver medal, freedom of the Company, and £10 10s., to Miss Charlotte Radford; 3rd prize, bronze medal, and freedom of the Company, Mr. L. J. Juchan.

For unmounted fans, which included leaves painted or embroidered on suitable material, and leaves made of lace—1st prize, gold medal, freedom of the Company, and £10 10s., Miss Charlotte J. James, Downer Villa, Drayton Park, N., for a painted mount, silk; 2nd prize, silver medal, freedom of the Company, and £5 5s., Miss Emma Radford, Crew Street, Sidmouth, for a Honiton lace mount; 3rd prize, bronze medal and freedom of the Company, Miss J. R. G. Pitman, Basford Vicarage, Nottingham, for a painted mount, silk.

For fan-sticks—1st prize, gold medal, freedom of the Company, and £10 10s., to Mr. Robert Gleeson, for carved ivory fan-sticks; and 2nd prize, silver medal, freedom of the Company, and £5 5s., to the same exhibitor for carved ebony fan-sticks; 3rd prize, bronze medal, and freedom of the Company to the maker of a series of fan-sticks exhibited by the Crown Perfumery Company.

For modern European fans of the present century,

not made in Great Britain or Ireland—1st prize, gold medal, Triefus and Ettlenger; 2nd prize, silver medal, Marshall and Snelgrove; 3rd prize, bronze medal, Crown Perfumery Company. Ancient fans, ancient European fans, exotic fans, and collections of fans of not less than twelve in number, were also recognised by silver and bronze medals awarded to the exhibitors of the best and second best in each class, a gold medal being awarded to the Marchioness of Bristol for the best collection, a silver medal to Lady Musgrave for the second best, and a third collection belonging to Mr. John C. Foster took a bronze medal. Honourable mentions were awarded in all the classes in addition to the medals. The Fan-Makers' Company have done a really useful thing in promoting this exhibition, and the Drapers' Company have done well to help them in such a marked and effective manner.

A STATUE of Dr. Chalmers has been unveiled in Edinburgh, and one of Lamartine in wine-making Macon.

A MARBLE relievo, representing the return of Wellington and his army, has been purchased by the Corporation of London, and placed in the Guildhall. The work is executed by Mr. J. Bell, whose "Eagle-Slayer" in the grounds of the Kensington Museum is quite one of the best bits of out-door sculpture which London possesses.

THE winter exhibition of the Albert Gallery, Edinburgh, will be opened in November. Particulars can, of course, be obtained from the Secretary.

THE Duchess of Galliera has announced her intention to bestow the whole of her splendid collection of paintings, sculpture, and other works of art, on the city of Paris, together with a museum to hold them, which the duchess is about to have constructed at her own expense.

INDEED, the spirit of generosity seems to be abroad among owners of works of art. Mr. Wilson is evidently anxious to be to the capital of Belgium what Sir Richard Wallace has long been to the capital of France. A few years ago his splendid collection of pictures was exhibited for the benefit of the poor in Brussels, and he has now presented to the city twenty-seven of his works, including Holbeins and Snyders.

THE excellent example set by Mr. Wilson in raising money for charitable ends by means of his pictures is one which has just been followed with great advantage in Glasgow. From depression of trade and other causes, subscriptions to the Royal Infirmary of that city recently suffered a fall; and it occurred to some that by means of a Loan Collection the

deficiency might be met. The idea was at once taken up, and has been worked out with energy and complete success. Several of the principal citizens of Glasgow formed themselves into a committee, having the Lord Provost at its head, and including such well-known patrons of art in the West of Scotland as Mr. John Graham, Mr. John M'Gavin, Mr. A. B. Stewart, Mr. James Campbell, and the Messrs. Houldsworth. Application for the loan of pictures was made to all the art collectors in the neighbourhood, and the appeal was most generously responded to. The exhibition contained 450 works, including twelve Turners, Gainsborough's "Two Sisters," and examples of Sir T. Lawrence, Etty, Constable, Sir David Wilkie, David Roberts, Frederick Walker, and a number of contemporary men. The exhibition, which closed at the end of August, not only materially aided the Infirmary funds, but from the uniformly high character of the pictures must have had a powerful effect in promoting art education in Glasgow.

THE authorities connected with the Edinburgh Museum of Science and Art—the South Kensington of Scotland—have shown themselves fully alive to the importance of educating the art taste of the public in the north. In 1877, they held within the Museum an exhibition of a loan collection of art-needlework, in the beginning of this year an exhibition of fans, and at the end of May last a most interesting loan collection of water-colour drawings—a branch of art which has not hitherto received in Scotland the attention and the appreciation it merits. At the annual exhibitions of the Royal Scottish Academy and the Glasgow Institute, a portion of the wall space was, it is true, always set aside for water-colours, but they occupied a subsidiary position, and artists did not receive sufficient encouragement to devote themselves to water-colour work. Of late years, however, there has been an improvement in this respect. A few good men, such as Mr. Samuel Bough, R.S.A., and Mr. W. E. Lockhart, R.S.A., are coming to the front as water-colour painters; the public are showing a growing interest in their labours; and a "Scottish Society of Water-Colour Painters" has been formed. Its head-quarters are in Glasgow, but it has received every encouragement from the members of the Royal Scottish Academy, most of whom have joined the young association. The president is Mr. Francis Powell, and the vice-president, Mr. Samuel Bough, R.S.A. The members now number thirty-four, and the associates ten, and there are, at the time we write, vacancies for six members and ten associates. Ladies are eligible for election as associates. The Society has secured premises in West Nile Street, Glasgow, and the first exhibition will be held in October.

NEXT to a good collection of paintings—which is not always accessible in country towns—the very best

thing for art-students is a collection of really good engravings from the works of great masters. Such a one is now temporarily in Taunton, where nearly 2,000 line engravings, etchings, mezzo-tints, and aquatints have been borrowed from local collectors, and brought together in an exhibition ostensibly opened to raise funds for the purchase of Taunton Castle, and its transformation into a museum. Educational ends have not, however, been forgotten, and the works are arranged in an order which marks the history and progress of the graver's art from the fifteenth century till now. Of course, the work of Albert Dürer, and other pioneers of the art, is duly represented, and there is a sufficient, though not large, show of contemporary engraving. No English name appears on the list before that of Fairthorne, the portrait engraver, but he is followed, in the early half of the eighteenth century, by Sharp, Woollett, Sir Robert Strange, and Hogarth. The formation, up and down the country, of such collections as this happily renders the dictum of the late Mr. Leslie, R.A.—that the works of any student unfamiliar with good paintings or engravings would be unworthy to be called pictures—unlikely, if not impossible, of application.

THE lady amateurs, who follow, under the auspices of Messrs. Howell and James, the lately-revived and charming art of painting on china, have gained a new patroness in the Grand Duchess of Hesse, and also the promise of an annual medal for competition. Messrs. Howell and James have done much to encourage, or rather to create, a new industry, by lending their easily accessible galleries for the annual exhibition, and we noted with pleasure, in this season's collection, a decided progress both in design and in executive skill. We purpose in our next number to refer to this collection at greater length, and to give illustrations of some of the principal works exhibited.

M^{LE}. SARAH BERNHARDT, the great French actress, to whom Victor Hugo sent "a tear" of gratitude for her rendering of his "Hernani," has been commissioned to execute some groups of sculpture for the Casino, at Monaco.

A LARGE picture of the Berlin Congress is to be painted by Herr Arnold for the Emperor of Germany.

ROME and Melbourne—two cities seldom named together—promise to compete with each other as places for an International Exhibition at the beginning of the next decade. Preparations for the construction of buildings for the purpose are already on foot in Carlton Gardens, Melbourne, and there is no doubt that the capital of our great colony will be a profitable field for the display of English works of art, a goodly number of which have already found their way thither through the English market.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Illustrated Catalogue of the Exhibition of Drawings by Old Masters, and Water-Colour Drawings by Deceased Artists of the British School at the Grosvenor Gallery. Winter Exhibition, 1878. With Introduction by J. COMYNS CARR.

THIS is an interesting and attractive record of an exhibition, the importance of which was recognised not alone by artists and trained students of art, but by that public to whom such works as were here shown are by some supposed to be a sort of caviare.

The accomplished editor takes just occasion, in his excellent introduction, to comment not more severely than is deserved on the practical exclusion of the public from the treasures of similar character, which are hid away in the print-room of the British Museum. Sir Coutts Lindsay may congratulate himself if the exhibition which he organised, and this durable record of it, hasten the time when the accumulated portfolios of that great store-house at length begin to be useful. Some fifteen years have elapsed since the gathering on loan, at the South Kensington Museum, of priceless treasures of original designs, and the interest then excited by the gems from the Oxford Collection, and from that of Mr. J. C. Robinson (since become the Malcolm Collection), sufficiently proved that these first thoughts of the greatest artists that ever lived were actually capable of being appreciated by the much maligned British public. The judiciously chosen and skilfully executed illustrations of Mr. Comyns Carr's volume, together with the appreciative comments of his introductory pages, would, if sufficiently known, do much to aid the untutored judgment of many who are, at least, fortunate enough to admire, though they may fail to give even to themselves altogether intelligent reasons for their admiration. The catalogue not only commemorates in a worthy manner, but also emphasises by discriminating criticism, the art-lessons of an exhibition which afforded for only too brief a time—as is unavoidable where loans are in question—an opportunity of careful study of works which may never again be seen side by side.

The Civilisation of the Period of the Renaissance in Italy. By JACOB BURCKHARDT. Authorised Translation by S. G. C. Middlemore. (C. Kegan Paul and Co.)

THE period of the Renaissance is one of perennial interest. The mighty movement which eventually spread over France and England, had its origin in Italy, where a succession of illustrious men raised art and culture to their greatest elevation. If, as Dr. Burckhardt reminds us, in consequence of the Renaissance, Europe for the first time became sharply

divided into the cultivated and uncultivated classes, we must also remember the vast spiritual influence which was the result of the movement, and became the breath of life for all the more instructed minds of Europe. We may well listen to and admit the force of minor objections to a civilisation which gave to Italy and the world Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Savonarola, and a magnificent brotherhood of artists who have conferred splendour and immortality upon modern Italy. Mr. Pater, Mr. Symonds, and others, have recently written with much freshness and eloquence upon the period of the Renaissance; but in point of practical importance Dr. Burckhardt's work must take precedence of all others. English writers, in fact, have been much indebted to it for its luminous statement of the origin, progress, culmination, and decline of a movement which is, perhaps, the most fascinating that could demand the attention of a student. He who thoroughly masters the German author's history of the Renaissance, will be enabled to enjoy other works as an adjunct, while they add little to the absolute knowledge thus gained. By this we do not mean that all further study of the period from the point of view of other writers will be wholly superfluous, but that the reader will gain a clear insight into the broad principles which lie at the root of this extraordinary growth of culture. Dr. Burckhardt first deals with the State as a work of Art, showing the political condition of Italy in the thirteenth century, and glancing at the tyranny of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the greater dynasties, the rise of the Republics of Florence and Venice, the foreign policy of the Italian States, and the Papacy and its dangers. The second part of this work is devoted to the development of the individual; while the third part is concerned with the revival of antiquity. In this division, after showing the wide application of the word "Renaissance," Dr. Burckhardt treats of the rise and fall of the Humanists; and he also glances at the general Latinisation of culture. The fourth part of his essay relates to the discovery of the world and of man, the thirsting after natural science and natural beauty being embraced in the former; and the second division being devoted to spiritual description in poetry, biography, life in movement, &c. The fifth part glances at Society and Festivals, and the sixth, and concluding part, is a comprehensive survey of morality and religion as affected by the Renaissance. Dr. Burckhardt's treatise has long been known to the cultured few. The importance of the movement itself, and the renewed interest taken in it, fully justified the publication of this translation; and for these reasons, as well as for its own intrinsic merits, we can cordially wish it every success.

ART NOTES.

AT the last general meeting of the Royal Academy, Messrs. Barry and Marshall were re-elected to the professorships of Architecture and Anatomy for another year. The professorship of Sculpture is still vacant. The receipts from the public during the recent Academy Exhibition have been about £500 in excess of last season, which was, however, considerably below some former years. The sales this time have been much under the usual mark—nearly £5,000 less than during a good year. Many of the leading Academicians, moreover, who generally rely upon the certainty of selling their works before they leave their studios, will have had their pictures returned to them at the close of the exhibition. It has been one of the worst years we remember for artists, and we fear that it will be some time before picture-buyers regain their former confidence. We have not seen that it has been noticed by art critics generally that a change in the scheme of hanging was adopted by the council during the recent exhibition. It was formerly the practice to collect all the most important pictures in the great room, more especially the chief works of Academicians; but on this occasion an attempt was made to disperse the most attractive pictures throughout the galleries. The result has been, on the whole, we think, an improvement, though it has had the effect with some people of giving an impression that the collection was hardly up to the usual mark. This can be easily understood, as the great room has, this year, been so denuded as to appear almost, we think, deficient in works of the highest class, and with the dispersion of these pictures through the other rooms, the general effect of the exhibition to one not acquainted with the alteration has seemed less satisfactory than under the old arrangement. The council of the academy have not thought it advisable this year to exercise their powers, under the will of the late Sir Francis Chantrey, of spending the annual sum arising from the interest of his bequest upon the purchase of modern works of art, but have determined to allow the money to accumulate for another season, trusting that works of more importance may thus come under their notice. The purchases that have already been made out of this fund will, it is understood, be temporarily exhibited at the South Kensington Museum.

THE studios of London are still pretty generally deserted, and their owners scattered over the three kingdoms and the Continent in search of subjects for the Academy of 1879. One brother of the brush, even more energetic than the rest, has found his way to Cyprus, and the results of his expedition—in the shape of water-colour drawings—will probably be

separately exhibited in London during the winter or the spring season. Others have pitched their tents or their umbrellas nearer home. All over England, fields, forests, and sea-beaches have been converted into studios; and, while Ireland remains too much neglected, Scotland still holds her own as a favourite field of labour. Its scenery has a special advantage, which we have heard Mr. Millais illustrate by a very happy comparison. A wet pebble is more beautiful by a hundred shining tints than a dry one, with its cold and lifeless colour. The scenes of Scotland, with its almost unintermittent showers are—says the popular Academician—the wet pebbles of landscape-painting.

MR. LONG, A.R.A., has satisfactorily completed a large picture of Queen Esther, who, with the assistance of two handmaidens, has arrayed herself to the best advantage before going in, at Mordecai's command, to plead for her people before the king. By going unbidden into the royal presence she runs the risk of her life, according to the current law; and her struggle between fear and hope and sorrow has been wonderfully rendered by the artist in the expression of the lovely face. Mr. Long has given us many types of beauty, but none more bewitching than this; and we regret to learn that there is some doubt whether the work, which is certainly in all respects a masterpiece, will be exhibited at the Royal Academy. The admirers of Mr. Long's "Irving as Richard Duke of Gloucester" will be glad to know that he has in hand another portrait—this time of a Bishop.

WORKS intended for the winter Dudley Gallery Exhibition of paintings in oil must be sent in on the 4th of November, the gallery being open to the public on the 25th of that month.

THOUGH the Royal Academy Exhibition is over and gone until another May comes round, Burlington House still offers to visitors a great attraction in the shape of the Diploma and Gibson Galleries, which have been closed only for the month of September. A correspondent of a weekly contemporary did good service not long ago by calling attention to these galleries, but, to judge by the number of visitors, the public does not appear to be yet alive to the importance and interest of the works there placed gratuitously on view. The Diploma Gallery is in itself a history and compendium of British Art for the last century. Every school, except one which has recently become important by its eccentricity, is represented; and a comparison between the works of the first

Academicians and of their successors of to-day—between those of Reynolds and Gainsborough, and those of Millais, Leighton, and Watts, for instance—is full of interest. But, leaving the Diploma pictures and the Gibson sculptures out of the question, there still remain at Burlington House some noteworthy treasures of art. A smaller room contains the early and most faithful copy of Leonardo da Vinci's fresco of the "Last Supper," made by his pupil, Marco Oggione, at Pavia, in 1510; also Maclise's original cartoon for the fresco of "Wellington and Blücher" in the House of Lords—most interesting as one of those experiments in wall-painting made in our own days with as little success as were others in the days of Leonardo. Besides these, there is a marble Virgin and Child, presented by that munificent patron of the arts, Sir George Beaumont, and generally admitted to be Michael Angelo's; to say nothing of a cartoon of "Our Lady and St. Anne," which in the city of Florence was once on a time a two-days' wonder, and which, scarcely less than its fellows, deserves a better fate in London than neglect.

MUCH has been said about the ruin wrought in old Florence by modern Italian taste, but the mischief at work in Genoa has received less notice; there it is no mania for flimsy and vulgar "improvements," but a sudden passion for straight lines which has taken possession of the municipal authorities. Florence is laying out her vine-covered hills in zig-zag walks which would rejoice a cockney; Genoa carries straight steep streets, contradicting every characteristic Genoese charm by a width which deprives the passenger of the necessary shade and by a totally indistinctive architecture, from her centre up the spurs of the mountains at her back. Whatever comes in the way, historic gate or frescoed palace, is ruthlessly cut through. Purposes of commerce are naturally dear to the local mind, and the travelling dilettante must try to persuade himself into some sympathy with it, but utility is decidedly *against* this "Haussmannisation;" the increased steepness of straight lines renders traffic difficult, and the struggles of mules, shod with long curled-up shoes, up the interminable pavement, are as tedious as they are painful to witness. These great cities, once more beautiful in themselves than even in their art treasures, are becoming mere museums without life or present beauty.

MR. RUSKIN, whose recovery from his recent illness is more nearly complete than the most hopeful of his many friends anticipated, is yet obliged to abandon those labours in the cause of charity and of public economy which he undertook in a spirit of intensity and earnestness too great for the health and happiness of a sensitive nature. The keenness and fineness of feeling which infinitely enhance his joy in art and in nature can only be a cause of mental suffering when

it is human sorrow, poverty, and error which are the subjects of his study. To art and nature, therefore, he is obliged to restrict himself now in what we trust will prove to be but a temporary weakness; he leaves behind him, nevertheless, in the sadder fields of his labour those generous gifts and that high teaching of which the operation will not end with his activity, nor indeed with his life. In the province of art-criticism we have reason to hope that the voice of the master will soon be again heard.

WE hope there will not be an end of public interest in a subject much discussed some months ago—the use of art in hospitals. First mooted, we believe, by Dr. Lawrence Hamilton, the question became afterwards complicated by the curious exaggerations of the ultra-æsthetic. No one who has any knowledge of our London hospitals can fail to appreciate the immense charity which an interest and a beauty lent to the utterly dreary walls of a ward confer on the most pitiable of the sick and poor. Pictures, though pictures should form only a part of the proposed decoration, ought to be carefully chosen as to their appropriateness, especially in the two respects of subject and colour; the more or less of fever which accompanies all disease gives infinite importance to these. The agitating effects of hot colouring, and the depressing effects of cold tints, are experienced by the sensitive even in times of perfect health, whilst good colour, whether cool or warm in tone, has the power of perfectly delighting or soothing the nervous system; and science has given her sanction and proof to what might otherwise have seemed an over-fanciful estimate of the influence of colour. It has been suggested that there may be many canvases lying in studios which, for one reason or another, are not destined for sale, and which, either as loans or gifts, would do great service to the sick. We hear that in the children's ward of King's College Hospital, a number of works have been placed by Mr. Major, whose example is so good that we shall not be sorry to see it widely followed.

A BUST of Isaac Walton, of "the gentle craft," has been unveiled in St. Mary's, Stafford. It is one of the many excellent specimens of Mr. Richard Belt's handiwork.

THE same sculptor has also turned out an admirable bust of the late Earl Russell. A mask of the great statesman's features, taken after his decease, has helped to guide Mr. Belt in the production of a work which has the great merit of being a faithful likeness.

THE collection of drawings by students who entered into the national competition in connection with South Kensington shows that artistic merit is at a very high pitch, as well as a tolerably equal one, all

over the three kingdoms. Dublin, which has not given us many great names in art, comes in for its share of honours—carrying off one of the nine gold medals, the other eight going to the schools of Nottingham, Bloomsbury, Westminster, Hyde Place, City and Spitalfields, Edinburgh, Brighton, and Sheffield. There were also thirty-seven silver medals awarded—all of them honourably won.

THE marble bust of the late Earl Stanhope given by his son, the present Earl, to the National Portrait Gallery, is a copy, made by Mr. Armstead, A.R.A., from one originally executed at Rome, in 1854, by Laurence Macdonald.

THE internal decoration of the dome of St. Paul's is under the consideration of a sub-committee, who have the large sum of fifty thousand pounds at their disposal for the work. Mosaic, as the most ancient and most appropriate material for the chromatic and pictorial decoration of architecture, has been fixed upon, and Mr. Leighton and Mr. Poynter, our best masters in the art of decorative design, have been commissioned to furnish cartoons. In face of the admission made by the sub-committee itself that "the extreme darkness of the dome will render it difficult to distinguish clearly any decoration with which it is adorned," we are inclined to agree with those critics who deprecate the adoption of the subjects chosen for treatment, *i.e.*, a number of groups from the Apocalypse, as necessitating a certain amount of detail which the lack of light will render invisible, and who recommend a series of colossal figures of angels, or cherubim, on a gold ground, in the manner of the magnificent decorations of St. Sophia, at Constantinople. If the sub-committee change their mind, as we believe they are somewhat apt to do, and abandon the Apocalyptic groups for the far simpler designs suggested, where, in England, will the trial cartoons of Messrs. Leighton and Poynter, which we would not willingly lose, find a resting-place?

WITH the exception of two portraits, one of James II., and the other of Cardinal Erskine, the whole of Sir Thomas Erskine's valuable collection of pictures perished in the recent fire at Campo House, Fifeshire.

THE two works of Sir John Gilbert, R.A., which were engraved in last month's number, namely, "The First Prince of Wales" and "The Return of the Victors," are respectively in the possession of Mr. Edwin Lawrence, and Mr. John Henderson, by whose courtesy we were enabled to publish them.

THERE were lately sold at Messrs. Sotheby's a few water-colour drawings, one or two of which

were marked by a kind of power which is of the rarest, and these were by the hand of an inmate of Bethlehem Hospital. In one of them the conception of the subject, the treatment of it, and the manipulative dexterity of the execution are alike remarkable—"Christ Walking on the Water." The majestic figure stretches an arm, not to grasp, but to touch, the uplifted hands of the sinking apostle. The head expresses gentle compassion, mingled with reproof. The divine power of God-head asserts itself; that figure rests *on* the water, not above it, nor does the troubled sea venture to cast one ripple upon those sandals. Beyond is the boat—a galley, wonderfully and splendidly drawn—and, in the far distance, hills tenderly touched with soft, luminous tints. Surely the mind, although unbalanced, had its period of hopeful, restful imagination when the vision of such a scene flitted palpably before it, and this striking conception of the mysterious narrative was realised. It is upwards of thirty years since the painter, after a terrible tragedy, was classed among the hopelessly insane. While yet a student there were indications in his unequal work, through which some saw the promise of a conspicuous future; but the mind was overwrought; and at length an effort, which can only be characterised as furious, proved too much for the heated imaginative brain. He wrought for thirty-six hours without pause, in order to place his competition cartoon in Westminster Hall. Thus far he accomplished his object; but the result was fatal, and, after a very brief interval, it was necessary to place him in the Asylum, where he still lives. The work above alluded to, and a few others by his hand, of which notice may hereafter be taken, have become the property of the South Kensington Museum.

WITHIN the last month several highly interesting pictures have been added to the Scottish National Gallery. Among them is the *chef-d'œuvre* of the late R. T. Ross, R.S.A., "Sunshine," representing the brightness which illuminates a happy household; also a drawing in oil by Paul Veronese, "The Pool of Bethesda." The Royal Association for the promotion of the Fine Arts has presented four water-colours by the late James Drummond, R.S.A., of scenes in old Edinburgh. We learn that the same association has applied 500 guineas of its funds to the acquiring of "The Legend," by the late G. Paul Chalmers, R.S.A., one of the artist's most successful efforts, which will also soon be hung in the gallery.

THE second Summer Exhibition in the Albert Gallery, Edinburgh, has been as successful as last year. In addition to the works of native artists, an extra attraction was given to it by two remarkable works from the pencil of the eminent German painter, Gabriel Max.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Tent Work in Palestine. By C. R. CONDER, R.E. With illustrations by J. W. WHYMPER. Bentley and Son. 1878. Price 24s.

LIEUT. CONDER has considerable grace and facility as an artist, as well as being a writer of excellent narrative. Exploration in Palestine, during the last few years, has progressed at a rapid rate; so rapid, in fact, that we now know all that can be ascertained in the way of geographical survey. The author of the present work was for three years in charge of the field operations under the Survey conducted by the Palestine Exploration Fund Committee. The operations were not prosecuted without great dangers; but most of these were successfully overcome. Lieut. Conder describes many of the districts traversed by his party; and there is a picturesque sketch of the Valley of the Jordan, which formed a perfect contrast to the scenery of Samaria and the vicinity, the latter land being described as "stony and colourless, dried up by the sun, the flowers long dead, and the glare from the white rock very trying." The writer believes the Samaritans to be the only true descendants of Israel, and the only remnant of the ten tribes, with the exception of those still dispersed in Assyria. Bad government, decay of cultivation, and decrease of population, are assigned as the causes for the present lamentable condition of Palestine. Many sites of ancient cities have been laid bare, and these especially illustrate the journeyings of David. The artistic portion of this work is well done. Lieut. Kitchener has contributed photographs, and Lieut. Conder drawings, from which Mr. Whympier has supplied a series of admirable illustrations. Those who are interested in Palestine exploration—and their number is legion—will find great entertainment and instruction in perusing these volumes.

Pottery: How it is made, its Shape and Decoration. By G. W. NICHOLS. Sm. 4to, 142 pp. New York: Putnam. 1878. Price 5s. 6d.

THIS volume, well printed, got up with cleverly designed covers, and having attractive, if not always very accurate, illustrations, has also the advantage of being small. Part of its object is "to show that the manufacture of pottery may become one of the great art industries in the United States." This is a proposition that no man who knows anything of the natural resources of the country or of the enterprise and energy of its people, will for a moment doubt; whether the little work before us is fit to aid such a development is another question. No doubt it contains information often drawn from trustworthy sources, but there is a frequent crudeness in the suggestions and in the treatment of the rather wide range of topics attempted to be embraced which seems to indicate a very slender basis of actual know-

ledge. The volume concludes with what is called a "full Bibliography" of the works upon ceramic art. This list includes perhaps a fourth of the books which ought, with such a title, to come within its scope.

Histoire Générale de la Tapisserie. Par J. GUIFFREY, E. MUNTZ, et AL. PINCHART. Fol. Paris: Soc. Anonyme de Publications périodiques. 1878.

PART V., "Tapisseries Italiennes," sustains the character of this valuable publication on a subject of great interest in art, respecting which comparatively little has been written. The "Handbook of Tapestry," one of the series of art handbooks published by the South Kensington Museum, is excellent, as might be expected, from its accomplished author, M. Alfred de Champeaux, of the Bureau des Beaux Arts (Luxembourg), Paris; but it is necessarily brief. The present work is on a large scale, and aims at treating the subject exhaustively. The part, No. 5 (pp. 16), recently issued, takes in a very interesting epoch, forming a portion of Section III., in which the Italian tapestries of the sixteenth century are dealt with; the influence of painting, as then developed, is touched upon, especially that of the Roman and some of the North Italian schools. An enumeration of the principal centres of production of tapestry in Italy is commenced, and very curious facts respecting their works are brought out, pains being taken to present these accurately and to rectify current errors. The whole is illustrated with full page photochrome plates and many woodcuts.

Muster altdeutscher Leinwandstickerei, gesammelt von JULIUS LESSING. 4to. Berlin: Franz Lipperheide. 1878.

IN Germany, as well as in England, much has been done of late years to revive a more artistic style of needlework and embroidery. Schools of art-needlework have been established in Vienna, Munich, and some smaller towns, and the productions of the needle begin to be better valued. Dr. Lessing's cheap and prettily got up work will, therefore, be most welcome to ladies who deign to ply their needle for the adornment of their homes. It contains 242 patterns for embroidery upon linen, dating from the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, and selected with great taste and care.

WE have also received for notice the first five numbers of the "Keystone" (178, Strand, W.C.), a monthly journal of architecture, which seems to consist, after the manner of "Public Opinion," of extracts from all that is most worthy of attention in the many technical papers published week by week on the subject of which it treats. It is a nicely printed, prettily covered journal, and to every one interested in building and architecture it will be a boon.

ART NOTES FOR NOVEMBER.

GENERAL regret will be felt at the death of the accomplished President of the Royal Academy. Sir Francis Grant, of whose life we gave a sketch in Part II. of this magazine, died suddenly of heart disease on the 5th of October, at the age of 75 years. Urbane and courtly in manner, a successful painter of the celebrated characters of the generation now passing away, Sir F. Grant will be long remembered as having fitly and gracefully occupied his presidential chair.

It is perhaps premature to speculate upon the character of next year's Academy, but we already hear rumours which lead us to suppose that it will be a singularly good exhibition. Among works already in hand or completed, and likely to appear on its walls, are magnificent portraits of Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Carlyle, by Mr. Millais, R.A.; a Biblical subject, finely treated, by Mr. Edwin Long, A.R.A.; and a large military picture by Miss Thompson.

A SCHOOL of Science and Art has been opened at Falkirk by Lord Rosebery.

EXHIBITIONS of pictures—all more or less successful—have been held during the last few months in many of the more important towns of the United Kingdom—among the rest, at Brighton, Manchester, Liverpool, Stockport, Kirkcaldy, and Birmingham, where, according to the *Times*, "purchases were made on a fairly liberal scale, considering the general depression of trade."

THERE is still hope for the recovery, some day or other, of the "missing Gainsborough." Another stolen treasure, in the shape of a beautiful picture, which formerly hung in the cabinet of Napoleon III. at the Tuileries, and which disappeared on the downfall of the Empire after Sedan, has been recognised in a shop at Brussels by a former chamberlain of the imperial court. Another discovery, under rather different circumstances, has been made by the Roman police, consisting of paintings and tapestries of great value, which had been hidden away by the members of a religious community when their convent was despoiled in 1873.

THIS year's Triennial Exhibition of Works of Art at Brussels, containing over 1,000 paintings in oil, 200 drawings and water-colours, and 158 pieces of sculpture, bears striking testimony to the great excellence of the modern Belgian school. Among the English works in the collection is a storm scene on the coast of Cornwall, from the easel of Sir Savile Lumley, Her Britannic Majesty's Minister at Brussels.

THERE are many lady artists who go to Rome for the purpose of pursuing art studies; and, perhaps, still more who would go, were it not for the difficulty and expense of making a home alone in a foreign country. To such it may be useful to know that a Home for Lady Artists already exists at No. 38, Via degli Artisti. The scheme was originated by the lady who has carried it out, and superintends it, Miss Mayor, who, being struck by the number of Englishwomen, many quite young, who seemed almost homeless, was anxious, being herself a lover of art, to do something for her fellow-countrywomen of the same tastes. Many of the best artists in Rome have assisted her generous scheme, and the home has become an institution. Ladies are received on the lowest terms possible to be remunerative; a pleasant society is formed, the superintendent giving receptions once or twice a week, so that the inmates may gain good introductions, and during the summer months excursions are made to some of the many art shrines in Italy.

THE rage for exhibitions—which, by the way, has now spread into Central Asia—is at least equalled by a rage for memorials, the exercise of which at once gratifies private feeling, and confers a public boon. Among the many pictorial and monumental mementos which have been projected or executed during the past few weeks, we must specially mention the statue of Lord Falkland, for Newbury; a painted window, representing the sanctity of domestic life, placed in Gloucester Cathedral in memory of the wife of one of its canons; a statue of Victor Emmanuel at Monza, representing the deceased king in the uniform of a general, and holding a scroll containing the Constitution given by Charles Albert; a statue at Plymouth of Mr. Rooker, late Mayor of the town, executed by Mr. E. B. Stephens, A.R.A., at a cost of £1,500; a monument to the late Lord Lyttelton, in Worcester Cathedral, the joint work of Mr. James Forsyth and the late Sir Gilbert Scott; a statue of M. Thiers at St. Germain; and last, but not least, a memorial placed in Playford Church in honour of Thomas Clarkson, the strenuous advocate of the abolition of slavery.

A NEW lifeboat has been added to the number of those already in use at Dover, purchased out of a sum of money presented to the National Lifeboat Institution by Mr. Pickersgill, R.A.

LORD HENRY LENNOX, M.P., has written the following letter to the widow of the late J. D. Crittenden, the sculptor:—"I have inspected, with much interest, the bust of the Earl of Beaconsfield, the work of the

late Mr. Crittenden, and which is now in the Carlton Club. The likeness is very good, and as it appears to be the only one that our illustrious statesman has sat for in recent years, I should think there must be many of his friends and admirers who would gladly avail themselves of a chance of obtaining a cast of the work." Mr. Crittenden, who was a pupil of Foley, was the sculptor of the Lady in "Comus," and other works exhibited at the Royal Academy. Not long before this artist's lamented death, the Earl of Beaconsfield gave him several sittings for the bust which has recently been exhibited at the Carlton Club. These are the only sittings the noble earl has given during this generation. After a prolonged and painful illness, Mr. Crittenden died, leaving a widow and a large family in straitened circumstances. Casts of the Beaconsfield bust, or reproductions in marble, can be had on application to Mrs. Crittenden.

THE Newcastle-on-Tyne Arts Association held their first exhibition with entire success. Nearly 800 pictures were exhibited, embracing a few of the very highest class. Amongst the artists represented were Watts, Orchardson, Alma-Tadema, O'Neill, Faed, Cooke, MacWhirter, and F. W. Lawson. The last-named artist contributed three pictures, one of them being "The Imprisoned Spring," which attracted so much notice at the Royal Academy a year or two ago. Birket Foster, Pellegrini, J. D. Watson, Herring, Dicey, Aumonier, and Paton were also represented. The exhibition will be continued annually.

MR. DANTE G. ROSSETTI, who sold his picture of "Venus Astarte" for two thousand guineas before it was out of hand, has just completed another important work, the subject of which has been suggested by Boccaccio. The picture gives Mr. Rossetti's reading of a sonnet by the great Italian writer, and it represents Fiammetta as a lady in a flame-coloured dress, standing before the spectator, and holding a scarlet bird on her finger above her head.

THE first edition of the excellent "Dictionary of Artists of the English School," by the late Mr. Samuel Redgrave, being now out of print, Messrs. Bell and Sons have in course of preparation a second edition, which has been carefully revised and continued to the present date. It is preceded by a short memoir of the accomplished author, by his brother, Mr. Richard Redgrave, R.A.

THE city of Exeter, which has a treasure-house of art in its cathedral, has had one of its squares embellished by a fine colossal group of a Highland deer-stalker with a deer-hound, executed by Mr. E. B. Stephens, A.R.A. Exhibited in the Academy of 1876, it took the fancy of several eminent Devonians,

who, proud of their fellow-countryman's success, purchased the work, and presented it to his native city. The Earl of Devon unveiled "The Deerstalker," and presided at a luncheon in honour of the occasion, where the sculptor was present, and where, among other speeches, there was one by the widow of the late Sir John Bowring, in response to the toast of the ladies

JAN VAN EYCK, the old Flemish artist who first brought oil painting into practical use, has been commemorated at Bruges this autumn, on a rather magnificent scale. The King and Queen of the Belgians assisted at the unveiling of a monument erected to his memory. The ceremony, which was conducted with a display of music and oratory, ended in a little misadventure to the individual who, of all others, of course considered the event "the proudest of his life." For apparently his Majesty's cordial and well-merited praise of the statue literally turned the head of the artist, who, in retreating from the royal presence, fell down some steps, calling forth from the crowd a burst of merriment, in which the royal party reluctantly but irresistibly joined.

ART and charity have gone hand in hand with signal success in the case of the Fine Art Loan Exhibition, which Glasgow recently held for the benefit of its Royal Infirmary. The collection, which was the finest of the kind ever brought together in Scotland, was visited by 70,000 persons during the first few days on which it was opened to the public in the spring. And when it was closed, towards the end of August, Lord Rosebery, on behalf of the committee, handed over to the Infirmary no less than £3,500, the sum realised during the season. The catalogue of the exhibition deserves a special note of praise, because, unlike most catalogues, it has a permanent interest and value, owing to the biographical notices of the exhibitors, which comprise nearly every celebrated name in contemporary art.

THE Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts is at last to have a proper habitation of its own. The new gallery, designed by Mr. J. Burnet, will cost about £14,000, and is expected to be completed in eighteen months. An endeavour is at present being made in the city to organise an Industrial Exhibition on a large scale for 1880. If the idea is carried out, it will be the first exhibition of the kind that has been held in Scotland.

A WRITER, bearing the well-known initials of "G. A. S." asserts in a weekly contemporary that the works of the old masters, when placed in the auction room, fetch figures amazingly below their worth, as compared with modern works. "I would sooner," he

says, "pick up a Raphael Mengs or a Carlo Vanloo for twenty pounds than half ruin myself by becoming the possessor of a 'Spodge, R.A.,' from this year's Academy, a masterpiece which in 1898 may not fetch so much as a five-pound note at Christie's."

BUT there is another side to this picture, and certainly a brighter one for the purchasers of contemporary works. Many of our living painters—who are not even members of the Academy—have sold canvases for a tithe of the sum they are now actually worth in the market. Take, for instance, the case of Mr. Henry Dawson. He sold his "Wooden Walls of England," in 1853, to Mr. Coppeck of Birmingham for £75, and it was re-sold at Christie and Manson's, in 1876, for £1,400; another of his works, for which he obtained £40, afterwards fetched £650; while a third, "Waiting for the Tide," painted for £75, has since realised £1,085.

By the way, the career of this same Mr. Dawson is another great example of the power of talent and industry to carry out a scheme of noble ambition. Born in 1811, and beginning industrial life as what is technically termed a "twist hand" in a Nottingham lace factory, he painted in spare moments, selling his canvases chiefly to a hair-dresser for sums ranging from half-a-crown to a pound. Thus encouraged, in 1835 he adopted Art as a profession, and after a nine years' struggle in Nottingham he migrated to Liverpool, where, in the second year of his residence, he had the good fortune to sell a picture for £40. Three years later he moved to Croydon, and painted "The Rainbow," "London at Sunrise," and other works; but at the age of forty he was so far disheartened at the small success he had attained, that he purposed opening a shop for the retail of earthenware to augment his scanty revenues. In 1872, however, Mr. Dawson was attacked by a dangerous disorder, and while he was prostrate and hardly hoping to recover, a sudden and extraordinary rise took place in the price of his pictures. Two important works which he had vainly tried to sell before his illness for £300 and £400, now fetched £800 and £1,000. Happily the artist recovered to enjoy to the full his new measure of success, which remains unabated, and which has been pleasantly enhanced by the compliment which Nottingham has paid its quondam resident by devoting one of the galleries at its Exhibition exclusively to the specimens of his skill.

THE reproduction, by photography or painting, of living creatures is, as every one knows, forbidden in the Koran. But the Shah of Persia's European travels seem to have shaken his allegiance to some of the decrees of his country's religion. He has made many presents of his portrait to a number of the distinguished ladies whom he has met in England and on the Continent; and he is about to combat the

prejudices of his countrymen at home on the subject by exhibiting his likeness in public places, and by the distribution of medals bearing his bust. By the way, it is curious to observe how, one by one, the precepts of the Oriental religions are coming to be considered more honoured in the breach than in the observance.

A SHAM is hateful in art as in everything else, and surely Mr. John Bell's clever bas-relief, recently purchased for the Guildhall, deserves a better fate than to be framed in a painted wooden imitation of Sienna marble.

By the way, talking of inartistic accessories to works of art, we are reminded of the huge bronze chandelier which formed a centre in one of the Royal Academy's galleries at Somerset House. It was so ugly that even the taste of the Prince-Regent, afterwards George IV., for whom it was made, could not endure it, and he magnanimously gave it to the Royal Academicians to grace one of their saloons. A royal gift could not, of course, be criticised or declined; and the great mass of burners, weighing three or four tons, was duly suspended, though not, as it turned out, too securely at first. For at the Academy banquet of the year, when Benjamin West was proposing toasts to 150 guests, there was heard an awful, ominous noise, like that which precedes an earthquake, and it was found that the massive links of the chain by which the bronze horror hung had begun to give way, and the chandelier, slowly descending, annihilated with a tremendous crash a table below, which was piled up with crockery and glass. After sinking several inches, the immense mass luckily came to a standstill, and was pronounced to be thoroughly safe. Had it entirely given way, the unsubstantial floors must have gone too, and the whole company would have been carried down to the cellars below. The rest of the evening's proceedings passed off pleasantly enough, but the gigantic object which was very nearly the cause of so profound a misfortune, has now been lost to sight. Perhaps, when the royal donor passed away with his generation, it was itself stowed away in the lower regions to which it threatened to consign the brilliant company at the banquet. As a relic of the barbaric taste of a past day, and a relic which has such a chequered history of its own, we may be pardoned some little curiosity as to its present whereabouts.

THE splendid equestrian statue of the Prince of Wales, executed by Mr. Boehm, has been followed to India by four panels to decorate its pedestal, designed by the same artist, and presented, as is the statue, by Sir Albert Sassoon "to his fellow-townsmen of the loyal city of Bombay." No better illustration of European sculpture could have been sent to represent contemporary art in our Eastern dependency.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Manuel du Collectionneur de Faïences Anciennes. Par RIS-PAQUOT. Fifty-six Coloured Illustrations and upwards of 90 Woodcuts. 347 pp. Price 25 francs. 8vo. Amiens and Paris, 1877-8.

THE "faïences anciennes" spoken of in the title of this book are chiefly the French glazed earthenwares of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. These are treated with considerable fulness of detail and with the knowledge of an experienced collector, and their relative importance in the eyes of the author may be judged of from the fact that, while he devotes 230 pages of his book to them, he disposes of the "Fabriques d'Angleterre" in two pages and a half. Nevertheless the English potter, Wedgwood, to whom he incidentally alludes, invented and perfected more varieties of pottery than all the French potters put together. In these two and a half pages almost every sentence contains some ludicrous error, and scarcely less absurd inaccuracy is noticeable whenever the author travels out of France. He should have restricted his work and its title to his own country and its productions in pottery. Respecting these he has gathered interesting and useful particulars, and in the collection of the wares of the various districts which he has described, his great experience makes him a safe guide. A glossary of technical terms is judiciously added, as well as a good index.

A Familiar Colloquy on Recent Art. By W. H. MALLOCK. (*Nineteenth Century*, for August.)

MR. MALLOCK'S magazine article is, as such contributions to current literature from his pen are apt to be, of more than transitory interest. The result of thought, labour, and time, it ought to have, in spite of the slightness of its form, more than the tenure of life which an essay on the books and pictures of a season can usually claim. He does not write as an art critic, we need hardly say, but as an observer of the ethics of his time—as one who is essentially *de son siècle* in the character of his mind, but who pauses to collect and remember himself while the rest go with the tide. Certain developments of our present æsthetic life have caused him to pause in some dismay, and ask his contemporaries whether they know the end of their own tendencies. The dismay is no matter of surprise to us; it is rather a matter of surprise that so little comment should have been made upon the moral of modern art; that so little serious thought should have been given to it even by the moralists, teachers, and art critics.

Mr. Mallock's speculations upon ethics bring him inevitably to at least the confines of theology. In reaching towards these he passes over far too lightly, in our view of the artistic importance of this phase of the subject, the *æsthetic* sin of deliberate, elaborate, self-conscious archaism—the enormous sin of insin-

cerity, in a word—by which the art of Burne Jones, of Swinburne (to take types), has fallen. An imitation Renaissance—a second sham, which has missed the impulse and vigour that prompted the first sham—this, apart from more solemn considerations, will never produce an art which the future will acknowledge as classical. The effeminacy which has originated nothing, but has receptively pondered the thoughts of more effective times, is surely also a portentous fact of recent art, but this has not attracted Mr. Mallock's special attention.

Here is one of this writer's strongest passages:—

"That great art preaches no particular moral, very likely is true enough; but that does not prove that it is not full of morality. On the contrary, good and evil are the two great colours that it paints with; and when one says it is not didactic, one means only that it shows these colours so clearly to us, that there is no need to label them. But our modern painters seem to me spiritually colour-blind. They paint evil with no consciousness of sin, and good with no admiration of virtue."

As to the sadness of modern pre-Raphaelite art, Mr. Mallock shows why this quality does not contradict his conclusion that happiness in this material life is the one object of its pursuit, in these words:—

"The sorrow Burne Jones paints is the shadow of happiness, and shows us the shape of the thing as well as the thing would itself. The happiness his people follow is a happiness not fit to be painted. It can only be shown in the wake it leaves behind it."

Lighter touches, sometimes of very fine satire, relieve the seriousness of a very thoughtful and valuable paper.

Histoire du Luxe, Privé et Public, depuis l'Antiquité jusqu'à nos jours. Par H. BAUDRILLART. Vol. I. (552 pp.) Hachette, Paris, 1878.

THE work, of which a first volume is before us, results from a series of lectures given by the author at the "Collège de France." The subject grew under his hand, and proved more fascinating and engrossing than he expected. He found the topic of luxury perpetually being discussed, but the results were commonly satires or apologies. To a philosophic mind and to a well-informed student of history, such exaggerations, wrong in both directions, proved eminently unsatisfactory. He has, therefore, set himself to consider the theory of luxury; the instinct towards it implanted in human nature; the effect of the instinct among primitive peoples and among the greater nations of antiquity; the development of it throughout Oriental races; and he closes this first volume with Livre III., "Le Luxe Hellénique," an extremely interesting essay on the origin, progress, and excess of luxury among the ancient Greeks. We shall look forward with pleasure to his further treatment of his attractive theme.

ART NOTES FOR DECEMBER.

MR. MILLAIS has either completed, or almost completed, several important portraits for the exhibitions of next year. Among them that of Mr. Gladstone will command attention as one of the artist's most characteristic works. It is, we venture to say, the most distinctively Millais-like of the artist's portraits; he seems to have worked at his subject with a peculiar and happy sympathy. The ex-premier has, as is the case with most men whose faces depend rather on character than on regularity of feature for their interest, grown decidedly more pictorial with the advance of years. No more thoroughly intelligent study of his head has ever been made than this of Mr. Millais, and the technical execution is as fine as the intelligence of the reading. The figure is in three-quarter length, and the face almost in profile, in full light, with dark decided touches here and there; the drawing shows a rough mastery of hand. Every touch is full of meaning. A dark blue coat is harmonised by the warm colour of the background. The work has been bought by the Fine Art Society, who will exhibit it in their galleries in Bond Street, and engrave it. A companion portrait of Lord Beaconsfield is on the easel, and one of Mr. Carlyle is already finished; in the latter work the philosopher is taken seated, with his hands on the top of his stick, and the shoulders somewhat raised; the face has the characteristic high colour, which no other artist, of the many who have attempted the same subject, has preserved, except Mr. Legros.

MR. WILLIAM BLACK's wonderful power of raising a picture before the minds of his readers by a few happy descriptive touches of his pen, makes him more independent of the artist's aid in illustrating his volumes than perhaps any other writer of the day. Yet hardly any other author has ever enlisted the skill of so many eminent artists on one story, as Mr. Black has been able to do in the three volumes of "Macleod of Dare." The limners, in some if not in all cases, worked, it is understood, for love and not for money, and the novelist gracefully acknowledges the service, by dedicating the book to its illustrators, Messrs. Millais, Faed, Pettie, Orchardson, Peter Graham, Boughton, M'Whirter, Colin Hunter, and one or two more. Art and literature have rarely been more happily united.

MANY important works of painting and sculpture and glass-staining have been either placed or projected during the last few weeks in commemoration of men and women who have deserved well of their neighbours or of the community at large. Among the rest we may name: a statue of Humboldt, which

is going to the United States as a present from Mr. Henry Shaw; a stained glass window, which has been placed in Rochester Cathedral in memory of the late Bishop Murray; a statue, executed for Dublin by Mr. F. Farrell, R.H.A., of the late Sir Alexander MacDonnell, Bart., who was for many years the Commissioner of National Education in Ireland; a memorial, surmounted by a life-size medallion profile, of the late Miss Mary Carpenter, in recognition of her labours in the cause of social science, to be placed in Bristol Cathedral; an excellent portrait of the Rev. Dr. Bailey, painted by Mr. Sydney Hodges for the hall of St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, where the Doctor has been warden for twenty-eight years; and, finally, a monument on the tomb of Charles Mathews in Kensal Green Cemetery, bearing the great actor's name, the date of his birth and death, and an inscription which ends with the exclamation, "How good, how kind! and he is gone."

AMONG recent artistic gifts and acquisitions, we must also note the presentation to the Peel Park Museum, by Mr. Bancroft, of an oil painting by Mr. Pickersgill, R.A., the subject of which is, "Robert, Duke of Normandy, at his first interview with Arlotta;" the gift of a stained glass window to Antwerp Cathedral by the King and Queen of the Belgians; the addition to the Scottish National Gallery of a study of the "Pool of Bethesda," by Paul Veronese, and a painting called "Sunshine," by the late R. T. Ross, R.S.A.; a bequest to the town of Dijon of the magnificent collection of pictures formerly owned by Mme. Trimolet, widow of the artist of that name, who, by the way, has also left her whole fortune, £32,000, for charitable purposes; and the discovery, in the *depôt* of the Naples Museum, of the long-lost portrait of Cardinal Bembo, by Titian.

THE Royal Academy and the Grosvenor Gallery, which open this month with valuable collections of works by old masters, offer to the students of England privileges which we hope will be as highly appreciated as ever. Sir Coutts Lindsay brings the history of British water-colours further down towards our own day than he did last year, and the beauty of the collection cannot but suffer from the advancement of date. An exhibition which displayed modern opaque water-colour work in its greatest perfection, side by side with the loveliest drawings of the primitive aquarellists, would be keenly interesting, and would, we venture to say, make converts to the old transparent manner of manipulation. Of both exhibitions we shall speak at greater length at the proper time.

THE fourth centenary of the birth of Giorgione, sweetest and most sympathetic of the Venetian masters, has been celebrated at Castelfranco, his birth-place, where a statue has been erected in his honour. The festival was celebrated a year after date, as was that of Michael Angelo's fourth centenary at Florence. Italy cannot be accused of neglecting the memory of her great men, and it is pleasant to see honour paid to him who was one of the teachers of the most incomparable school of colour in the whole history of art.

LADY amateur painters on china will be glad to hear that Messrs. Howell and James have made arrangements to hold their next annual exhibition in the early summer. The last collection was visited by ten thousand persons, among the rest by the Grand Duchess of Hesse and the Princess Louise; and the prize work was taken to Windsor Castle for the inspection of the Queen. Any ladies who may be desirous of taking part in the forthcoming exhibition have only to apply to Messrs. Howell and James, in order to obtain full particulars.

MISS HOSMER, the distinguished American sculptor, so well known in Italian art circles, has completed a model in wax of a figure to be entitled, "The Pompeian Sentinel."

IRELAND has not produced many great painters, and it is therefore all the more surprising that the single city of Cork is the birthplace of Barry, Maclise, Ford, Hogan, and Elmore. These great names have all flourished, while the city held out few incentives to the student of art; but its first exhibition, which we hope will be an annual occurrence, ought to be productive of even greater results. If, as Lord Rosebery says, every town of 10,000 inhabitants should have its free library, surely every town of 80,000 should have its yearly exhibition of pictures. At Norwich and Reading, also, successful exhibitions were held in the autumn, that of the latter town containing works by Vandyck, Titian, Rubens, Gainsborough, Millais, and Briton Riviere.

A PROJECTED memorial to Earl Russell, probably to take the form of a statue in the City, is being subscribed for by men of all shades of political opinion, Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone among others. Another statue in honour of one who deserves it hardly less, Mr. Robert Raikes, the founder of Sunday schools, is to be executed by Mr. Brock for the Thames Embankment. A medal of Adam Smith, author of "The Wealth of Nations," is being engraved for the French Society of Political Economy.

Considerable public advantage would result if the unanimous wish, at any rate on the part of visitors to London in the autumn, that the National Gallery

should no longer be closed during the whole month of October, as it is now every year, could be complied with. The only reason for the custom seems to be that the gallery officials demand an annual autumn holiday—no unreasonable requirement certainly—but surely the Government will not refuse to grant a supplementary staff to relieve guard. Not only country cousins are debarred from the enjoyment of our national collection, but the foreigners, who come over during October in troops, proclaim the same grievance.

It is said that Focardi's original marble of the celebrated statuette, "You Dirty Boy," has been purchased by some well-known soap manufacturers for £500. It made a sensation at the Paris International Exhibition, and is probably destined to attract crowds, by way of an advertisement, round a shop window.

MR. WHISTLER is said to have received £1,000 for his portrait of Thomas Carlyle, exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery last year; and Mr. Frank Miles £100 for his portrait of Mrs. Langtry—a sketch which bore, we believe, the name of "The Jersey Lily," before Mr. Millais began the large portrait which has since been so much talked about under the same name. Prince Leopold was the purchaser of the former, and the latter has already passed, through the Fine Art Society in New Bond Street, into the hands of the engraver.

TALKING of Mrs. Langtry, that lady is likely to be yet further commemorated in contemporary art. It has fallen to the lot of few of our celebrities to be portrayed by two artists so eminent as Mr. Millais and Mr. Poynter; but, in the case of Mrs. Langtry, the canvases of these Academicians are likely to be followed by a bust from Mr. Watts, and a portrait from the brush of Mr. Leighton.

ANOTHER instance of that Hebrew pre-eminence in art for which Lord Beaconsfield contends in some of his novels:—Moses Antokalski, a Russian Jew, has obtained the first prize for sculpture at the Paris Exhibition.

THE twenty-sixth annual winter exhibition at the French Gallery opened at the end of October. The collection is always good, and generally contains some canvas of specially attractive interest. Of this exhibition, the most sensational picture is "Le Bourget," by M. de Neuville, which has been much talked of in Paris. This clever artist works as usual, with a facility, not fatal in his case, but dangerous. "He paints a picture as other men write a letter," says one of his most eminent French contemporaries, and these characteristic and brilliant autographs certainly leave something to desire as painter's work.

MIDDLE ROSA BONHEUR'S work commands steady prices in the French market, where the love of novelties never swamps the general appreciation of well-established art. At a sale at the Hôtel Drouot the other day, her "Oxen at Pasture" realised 18,000 francs, and her "Heather Land" 20,000.

APROPOS of this artist, we remember that some years ago she was engaged on a *magnum opus* which was shown to her friends in the studio at her country house, and promised to be the principal picture by which her name should be remembered. It was to be a work of years, and we are not aware whether it has yet been completed or not. The studio itself was worth visiting; it is an immense room, reaching in height from the *rez-de-chaussée* to the roof of the house, and the principal canvas it contained was of proportionately gigantic size. The subject was more full of action and movement than any composition yet given to the world by this masculine and powerful genius, and the artist was full of buoyant hope and interest in her work. Her habit, by the way, of working in the dress of a French *ouvrier* (the best working dress in the world), is far removed from the affectation of her imitators, who cannot draw or model among the luxuries of their own boudoirs without donning a fantastic boy's attire, in which they are invariably photographed. Middle Bonheur simply declares that she never from her childhood felt easy in feminine apparel, and though she wears it on occasions of ceremony, she wisely consults her own convenience at home.

ALTHOUGH Sir Francis Grant had long been in failing and even precarious health, his death, briefly recorded in last month's magazine, came suddenly and unexpectedly at the close, and he had ridden on his pony with the Melton Mowbray Hunt so lately as the day before his decease. The career of the late president has been so recently sketched in these pages, that we need not further allude to it than to say that the Academy has lost in him a leader singularly fitted for the difficult and delicate position he filled for so many years. His funeral, which took place at Melton Mowbray on the 12th of October, was conducted by the Archbishop of York, and was attended by Messrs. Poynter, Faed, Dobson, Horsley, Frith, Cope, Redgrave, Calder Marshall, Pickersgill, Woolner, Wells, Leslie, Calderon, Armytage, Street, Norman Shaw, Alma-Tadema, Marcus Stone, Oules, Phil. Morris, Stacy Marks, Peter Graham, Briton Riviere, J. E. Boehm, W. F. Yeames, Eyre Crowe, Mr. Bierstadt—a representative of American art—and many more. The little hunting town probably never contained so many artistic notabilities before; and the relatives and friends of the deceased painter, including the Duke of Rutland, Lord Kinnaird, Mr. Grant of Kilgraston, Viscount Hardinge, and Colonel Grant,

greatly augmented the mournful funeral train. The coffin bore the simple inscription:—"Sir F. Grant, President Royal Academy. Born January 18, 1803; died October 5, 1878."

ALL the awards of the Paris Exhibition were officially published in the middle of October, and the most important of those belonging to the British section of the Fine Art Department deserve a place of permanent record in these pages. Either Medals of Honour or First Medals have been given to Messrs. Millais, Watts, Herkomer, Calderon, Leighton, Alma-Tadema, and the late Sir Francis Grant. Second Medals have been won by Messrs. Boehm and Oules; and Third Medals by Sir John Gilbert, Mr. Briton Riviere, and Mr. Orchardson. Mr. Leslie, Mr. Pettie, and Mr. C. Green, have obtained Honourable Mentions. The list is certainly full of surprises, and in cases such as Mr. Pettie's seems to suggest that a very inadequate representation of the artist's work came under judgment of the jurors.

THERE was also a tribute paid at Paris to the memory of the most distinguished British artists lost to us by death during the last few years. Among these, the names of Sir Edwin Landseer, John Phillip, and Frederick Walker will be recognised by everyone as deserving the distinction of the diploma which France has laid on their tombs.

THE receipts at the Paris Exhibition have far exceeded those of the International of ten years ago, and have probably fulfilled the most sanguine hopes of a most sanguine nation.

IT will hardly be difficult for the Royal Family to supply from among themselves a new tenant for the studio built in the garden of Kensington Palace for the use of the Princess Louise, before it was known that she would leave us. There is scarcely one of the Queen's children who does not possess, not merely a cultivated taste, but also an executive skill in one branch or other of the arts. The Philadelphia Exhibition in itself, as some of our readers may remember, went far to illustrate this creditable fact. Among the contributions to it were a series of etchings by the Queen, and one which was the joint work of Her Majesty and the Prince Consort. The Princess Louise of Hesse and the Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein sent an embroidered table-cloth; the Princess Louise an embroidered banner screen, and the Princess Beatrice some water-colour drawings of flowers. The Princess Louise has, perhaps, made a more professional study of art than the others—with what success the piece of sculpture, for instance, executed by her chisel, and exhibited last summer at the Grosvenor Gallery, sufficiently attests; and she takes with her to her new home the good will of many artists.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Sciography, or Radial Projection of Shadows. By R. CAMPBELL PUCKETT, Ph.D. Bonn. Third Edition. Chapman and Hall. 1877. Price 6s.

ANY work which tends to give precision to our art teaching, if really progressive in its arrangement, and simple in its illustrations, ought to be welcomed alike by teacher and student. The laws which govern the projection of shadows are next only in importance to those of linear perspective, which undoubtedly they ought always to follow in any systematic course of art instruction. Dr. Puckett, the head master of the Watford and St. Albans School of Art, has here produced a satisfactory text-book, well calculated, if progressively followed by the student, to give a very distinct foundation for the treatment of the shadows of objects, however complicated in appearance to the uninitiated, and to render even the folded screen and the step-ladder illustration of Malton's able work of a century ago, perfectly intelligible to those who desire to understand it, as a means to working out all equally exhaustive lessons. The "Problems" given at the end of the book as a means of further exercise, add to its value as a preparation for examination in sciography.

Notes of the Walker Art Gallery. Liverpool. 1878.

THE fashion of illustrated catalogues has become fully established, and it certainly adds much to the pleasant reminiscence of an exhibition, and even enlists the interest of those at a distance. In the present instance, a very good collection of quite recent pictures has been illustrated and commented on in a full but portable pamphlet. A large number of the leading pictures of the past season's Academy and Grosvenor found their way into the Walker Gallery; among the rest, Mr. Watts's "Time and Death," Mr. Leighton's "Nausicaä," and his graceful group, with its background of Rhodian coast, called "Winding the Skein," "The Sculptor's Model," by Mr. Alma-Tadema, one of Mr. Cecil Lawson's large "Pastorals," and the principal works of this year from the brush of Mr. Calderon, Mr. Herkomer, Mr. A. C. Gow, Mr. R. W. Macbeth, and many others. As a rule, the thumb-nail sketches are good, and the letter-press pleasantly comprises criticism and description.

Peter Vischer's Werke. Mit text von Dr. WILHELM LÜBKE. Fol. (With illustrations in permanent photography.) Nürnberg: Soldan. 1878.

PARTS IV. and V., completing the work, are now published. By means of a large series of photographs it illustrates the varied productions of one of the very notable artists who wrought in

Germany in the end of the fifteenth century and during the beginning of the sixteenth. He was contemporary with Dürer, dying within a year or two of that greatest German master; and his home for the last years of his life was likewise at Nürnberg. There he lived in patriarchal fashion, with his five sons and their wives and children, and there he accomplished, with the aid of these sons, his greatest work—the bronze shrine of St. Sebald, for the church dedicated to that saint in the city where he had made his home. The text of Dr. Lübke's work is fluent, and generally well informed, as may be expected from his practised pen, and contains much interesting matter. But the value of the work is mainly due to its series of photographic plates on a sufficient scale to enable the works represented to be studied with advantage, and the remarkable and complex style of the laborious artist to be discriminated. Thus the publication is a really important contribution to the means of studying German art at the most influential period of its development.

The Picture Gallery of Modern Art: containing twenty-four permanent photographs (by the Woodbury Company) from Original Paintings; with biographical notices of the Artists. Imperial 4to, price 31s. 6d. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington. 1878.

THESE photographs—though of unequal excellence—are in the main admirable. A wise discretion has been shown in the selection of the graceful sketch of a female head, by Calderon, as the frontispiece. This has been photographed with really exceptional skill. "A Daughter of Toil," W. A. Bouguereau; "For My Sister," Pierre Auguste Cot; "The Lively Polly," Edwin Hayes; "Summer," "Winter," Frédéric Henri Kaemmerer; and "The Orphan," Emile Auguste Hublin, may be mentioned as successful photographs from good pictures. The lives of the artists, though but slight sketches, are well written. The pictures photographed have been selected with judgment, and the book forms not only a handsome Christmas gift-book, but serves also as an artistic record of no slight value.

WE have received from Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode specimens of Christmas and other illuminated cards, which have been designed for that firm, with great delicacy and artistic feeling, by Mr. Albert Warren. These specimens of printing in colours by Her Majesty's Printers are as much distinguished by the admirable manner in which the artist's sketches have been reproduced, as they are, on his part, by rare refinement and good taste.

ART NOTES FOR JANUARY.

NEXT year's picture season promises to be exceptionally strong in portraits. Besides those of Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Carlyle, to which we have already alluded as likely to come from the studio of Mr. Millais, we hear with great pleasure that the faces of Mr. Bright and Dr. John Henry Newman are to live on the canvases of Mr. Oules, a portrait painter of whose brilliant performance and still more brilliant promise there can be but one opinion.

THE subject of the nude in art has been prominently raised of late by the exhibition in Liverpool of the "Sculptor's Model," a picture by Mr. Alma-Tadema, which was hung at the last Royal Academy. At the recent Social Science Congress the subject was brought under discussion by Mr. P. H. Rathbone, who read an able paper before a large audience. He contended that a false tone towards representations of the kind had been imported into England from the East, and that the nude figure, male or female, was not only a fit subject for art, but the most elevating and the noblest of all the subjects art can treat. In the earliest Christian Church, as well as in ancient Greek art, urged Mr. Rathbone, true reverence for the human form was shown by its complete representation, and he referred to the Asiatic who complained to Michael Angelo of what he did on this head, and whom the painter, by way of reply, introduced into a corner of his picture, as in the lowest depths of the Inferno, with ass's ears, and a serpent coiled about his body as a symbol of sensual corruption. The speaker did not, and indeed could not with any truth, deny that the prejudice against the exhibition of the nude was shared by many pure-minded and, let us add, common-sense people, but he maintained that it was necessary for the future of English art and English morality that the right of the nude to a place in our galleries should be boldly asserted. If, according to Mr. Rathbone, the ideal beauty of the human form were made familiar in works of art, all such habits of unhealthy labour, tight lacing, and the like, as destroy shape and proportion, would be abandoned. We cannot help thinking that the argument on this head is a little far fetched, and it certainly is not one which meets the possibly too prudish objections made against works of this class on the score of morality. However, even on that ground Mr. Rathbone was emphatically in favour of their public exhibition, and he backed his opinion, if not by an argument, at any rate by a pointed illustration. As a father with sons growing up, he declared that he would take them to see the really artistic nude, and would be ashamed if the sight of it were a temptation. The question is a wide and difficult one; it has caused controversy for

centuries past, and will probably continue to do so for centuries to come; nor must national traditions and early associations be forgotten in any consideration of the subject which is likely to lead to its satisfactory settlement.

"THE ROLL CALL" was, from one cause and another, too distinctively the pictorial sensation of the year in which it made its debut at the Royal Academy to be forgotten even in a city proverbial for its nine-days' wonders. But from any oblivion into which it could have fallen, it would certainly be rescued by the engraving which, under the auspices of the Fine Art Society, has just appeared. The exact reproduction of every detail of the famous canvas—including, of course, the living expression of the faces—is a triumph of the engraver's art which has rarely, if ever, been outdone.

THE Rothschild family has an hereditary love of art, and almost every member of it has a collection of paintings and sculpture which, put together, would furnish a gallery of which any nation might be proud. The latest considerable addition to the family treasures consists of a great part of the celebrated collection of works of art made by M. Onghena of Ghent, which has found a purchaser in Baron Adolphe de Rothschild.

THE interest of the French Gallery's Exhibition centres—as we briefly observed when notifying that it was open—in "Le Bourget," the magnificent military painting by A. de Neuville. With two or three exceptions, the canvases which are its companions in Pall Mall do not possess any extraordinary merit, and, therefore, in a short notice such as this is, must go unmentioned, especially in the present case, when we wish to devote some attention to points which other critics have overlooked, in the *magnum opus* of the exhibition. First of all, however, let us name with passing but emphatic praise, a little "Study in the Port of Naples," by J. Ruinart, rich in colour; Mr. J. B. Burgess's "Church Catechism," with its six pretty faces, prettily painted; "A Halberdier," by Meissonier; "An Eastern Woman," by Gérôme; "Clearing the Customs," and "On the Lagoons," two of Miss Clara Montalba's masterly canvases, both of them Venetian in sun and colour as well as in scene; and, finally, "Returning from the Rialto," by Miss Hilda Montalba, destined, like her elder sister, for a noble fame. And now for M. de Neuville. His picture takes its name, "Le Bourget," from a French village which, attacked by a whole division of the Prussian Guard during the Franco-German War, was occupied

by the enemy. About eight French officers and twenty men took last refuge in the church, still resisting when all the rest was over. Artillery was brought up to storm the improvised citadel, shots were fired through the windows and through holes in the walls, and the remnant of the brave band was forced to surrender. The painter represents the scene following the surrender; the Prussian soldiers form a line facing the spectator, while the dead and wounded are being borne down from the church; the artillery is being removed; a row of dead bodies is laid out; and some of the French wounded are standing guarded or supported by their victorious foes. The picture is a perfectly rational one, which all military pictures are not; there is no single improbability in any of the incidents represented, the work being, in respect of truth, intelligence, and reality, that of a soldier as well as a painter. This truth does not, however, apply to the faces of the Prussian soldiers, in which the painter, who has patriotically designed to make them brutal, certainly lays himself open to the charge of caricature. The variety of the type of heads is a great merit of the work; there is an individuality which puts to shame the conventional soldier who, strange to say, awakened the enthusiasm of past generations both in England and France, and who—the more's the pity—is not altogether unfamiliar to our own. This canvas is decidedly better in colour than anything that M. de Neuville has yet done; the hot, disagreeable, reddish tones which used to offend us in his works are here pleasantly conspicuous by their absence. Before leaving this extraordinary picture, we must add that a careful study of it confirms us in an opinion formed from some of the artist's previous works—viz., that a great danger besets him in the shape of mannerism, or, as the French say, *chic*. It is to be hoped, for the sake of a splendid reputation, that M. de Neuville will steer clear of what is evidently a rock a-head.

It is much to be desired that English art will be well represented at the Australian International Exhibition which is to be held in the August of next year. It is true that Melbourne has a picture gallery containing good specimens of modern English work, but many of our great artistic names are yet unknown even to the more art-loving public of the Antipodes.

THE recently discovered "Portrait of a Man" by Rembrandt, which was noticed in one of our early numbers, has been etched by Mr. C. P. Slöcombe. We are glad that a further publicity will thus be gained for so excellent a work, than even that already obtained by the exhibition of the original at the South Kensington Museum.

MR. C. B. BARBER has been engaged at Osborne in painting for the Queen. Mr. Barber hails from

Reading, and perhaps he is destined to redeem his native town from the fate of being known to the public mainly by its biscuits.

FRANCE has lost a very meritorious sculptor, by the death of M. Victor Leharivel-Durocher. The work by which he will probably be longest remembered is a "Wandering Jew"—that favourite subject of the French, whether in literature or in art.

MR. FOLEY'S equestrian statue of Lord Gough will be erected on Carlisle Bridge, Dublin, some time during the spring or early summer of next year. A movement is on foot in France to place a monument over the tomb of Théodore Barrière. The bust of John Simon, C.B., lately exhibited at the Royal Academy, has been presented by the subscribers to the Council of the Royal College of Surgeons. The Queen intends to erect, at Balmoral, a Celtic granite cross in memory of her late faithful friend and servant, Sir Thomas Biddulph.

WE learn from Florence that Mr. Maclean, the Scottish sculptor, has finished his statue of "Ione," or "Io." It is a very charming classically-draped figure, the face being exquisite in its antique simplicity. Mr. Maclean has evidently taken his inspiration from Io, the maiden of Argos, rather than the mysterious Isis of her later days. There is no grandeur or mystery about this simple Greek maiden, with her fillet bound around her tiny head. The only clue to her identity is the Egyptian seat, with its bronze claws, on which she rests. The moulding of the arms is good, but in the shoulders he has carried the idea of her youthful slightness almost too far.

ALBERT WOLFF, the Parisian art critic, makes certain sweeping assertions regarding modern Italian art as seen in its section of the late Exhibition. He says that "Italy has no national art," that "the modern school does not carry the impress of its race," and that few, if any, Italians dedicate their talent to the glory of their national story life or scenery. One has only to study the modern Italian school on its native soil, and in its studios, to know that M. Wolff's criticism is not quite fair—or, at least, given on insufficient grounds. The greatest modern artist, Ussi, has, with one exception, entirely dedicated his genius to Italian history. The walls of the Società Artistica, and Belle Arti, teem with national subjects, and Professor Bellucci has added another to the list of great works, in his "Recognition of the Body of Manfred," now on view at the Academy of Fine Arts;—a work which ensures to the artist his already high rank in the modern Florentine school. The composition, grouping, and style are all grand; the colouring has a certain sombre richness well suited to the subject.

The scene is the interior of the castle-fortress of Benevento ; the time, the 27th February, 1265, three days after the battle gained by Charles of Anjou ; the subject, the captive barons, partisans of the excommunicated King Manfred, brought in chains to identify the corpse of their monarch before his conqueror. The group of prisoners is especially well painted. The centre, a proud, majestic figure, gazing down with a face of stern sorrow, which refuses to weep before his conqueror ; two others, one wounded, the other a yellow-robed Saracen, weeping in his enchained hands, stand on each side ; on the right is the contrasting group, the mailed and blue-robed usurper, his prelate and partisans, gazing triumphantly on the ex-king and his mourners. The corpse is lying on a rough bier, as Dante describes him—

“ ———— pierced in battle
By two mortal blows ”

(*Purg.* iii. 118)

—nude, except for a rough blanket flung across it. At his head, his beloved follower, Giordano Lancia, grovels in the dust, his fettered hands writhing in the impotence of his grief. The artist has attempted the difficult task of foreshortening the body of Manfred, on a background in oblique perspective, and the result is not wholly successful, though he painted and re-painted that figure during the seven years of study he has given to the work. In another experiment he has been entirely successful. He has given a background of solid grey masonry, twice the height of the group of life-sized figures, without at all dwarfing the subject. In his studio, Signor Bellucci has a charming cabinet painting of the youth of Dante in the loggia of his house.

ARTHUR TOOTH'S Gallery in the Haymarket contains, as usual, works of great excellence among the one hundred and fifty pictures which form its Winter Exhibition. The first, in the order of the catalogue, to attract special attention, is “In the Conservatory,” by J. J. Tissot, a little work in which the pre-eminent painter of frills and fashions gives himself the congenial task of depicting a Japanese lady, the colours of whose elaborate costume are, of course, charming and effective. L. Munthe exhibits one of those “Winter Scenes,” of which, if they were painted with less sincerity and truth, we should say he had given us too many. “Happy as the Day's Long” is a subject such as Mr. Faed, R.A., loves ; a young wife and mother sitting knitting at her cottage door, with her baby cradled at her side. Another Academician, Mr. Pettie, has a hastily, but powerfully painted figure of “The Leader” of some guerilla warfare ; and, near to this, hangs “The Letter-bag,” by Marcus Stone, A.R.A., which forms one of the more pleasant reminiscences of the last Academy. “The Look-out” is a little military picture, with a rather clumsy horse, but good action in the rider, by Mr. E. Crofts, A.R.A. ; and as a clever picture of the

same class, by a less known name, we notice “The Scout,” by H. Lang. There are also works by Frank Holl, A.R.A., J. W. Nicol, Otto Weber, F. Goodall, R.A., P. F. Poole, R.A., J. M'Whirter, Peter Graham, A.R.A., E. W. Cooke, R.A., and Hamilton Macallum ; but want of space compels us to pass these over without comment, and merely to allude to the splendid “Saints' Day” of Mr. J. B. Burgess, A.R.A., as a work which rightly holds the place of honour in an honourable collection.

THE Belgian Gallery in New Bond Street still retains Winkler's “Evening in the Moon” as its principal attraction. Beyond this impressive picture, there is hardly a single work in the Winter Exhibition of any special excellence.

THE exhibition of etchings by Rembrandt and others at the gallery of the Fine Art Society will give place to an equally interesting one of the sketches and drawings of Prout, lent by various owners, and catalogued and criticised by Professor Ruskin, who has long held up Prout as a master and model for the student.

MR. HUBERT HERKOMER has made a proposition which, if it were carried into effect, would make Liverpool the head centre of art teaching in the kingdom. He suggests that a Painters' Festival should be held in the city once a year, and that eminent artists be invited to spend eight or ten days in the town to paint in public from living models in the presence of advanced students, the pictures so produced to be placed in the Liverpool Art Gallery. A charming proposition as regards the said gallery and the said students ; but what will the “eminent painters” say to it ?

MR. FREDERICK LEIGHTON, as President of the Royal Academy, satisfies all the requirements—social, personal, and artistic—of his high position. That the occupant of Sir Joshua's chair should be a fine artist is a matter of no small importance in view of our relations, yearly extending, with foreign nations, slow to understand a system of selection simply on grounds of social precedence. As a painter, the new president may best be described by the word *complete*. He is no experimentalist, no tentative worker ; he is sure of his aims, and attains them perfectly. That these aims should be almost always limited to decorative art, informed by beautiful and unemotional sentiment, is the result of the painter's deliberate choice ; that he might be, and is, a master of passionate action and of realistic individual character, is proved by his “Orpheus and Eurydice,” his “St. Jerome,” diploma picture, and his “Portrait of Captain Burton.” Equally for his qualities as a painter and a man, the appointment of Mr. Leighton to be the officially recognised head of English art is a matter for congratulation.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Our Village. By MARY RUSSELL MITFORD. One Vol. Illustrated. Price One Guinea. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1878.

WHEREVER the English tongue is spoken, Miss Mitford's idyllic sketches have long been a delight, and the appearance of this edition of "Our Village," in which the illustrations show so much refined appreciation of the beauties of the text, will be widely welcomed. In some cases the figure drawing is open to criticism, but the woodland scenes throughout the book are full of beauty, and the little engravings at the beginnings and ends of chapters are especially delicate and refined. Artist, engraver, and publisher have alike been imbued with the feeling and tone of an exquisite English classic, and have produced an art book which merits a decided tribute of approval.

The Student's Manual of Artistic Anatomy. By WILLIAM J. MUCKLEY, Principal of the Manchester School of Art. London: Baillière, Tindall, & Cox. 1878.

IT would be quite possible to have a more complete handbook of artistic anatomy than the one before us; indeed, we possess such in the works of Knox and Marshall. But we have never seen a manual at once so complete, so portable, and so inexpensive as this volume of Mr. Muckley's. It is obviously true that a course of lectures, such, for instance, as that given so ably at the Academy by Mr. Marshall, and in which the actual bones, their structure and their movements, are brought under the notice of the audience, will do more in this matter than any number of treatises, even when, as in the present case, the letterpress is lucid, and is effectively illustrated by more than twenty plates. But if Mr. Muckley's manual were only treated as a supplement to verbal lectures and as a work to refer to on doubtful points, it would still be a serviceable addition to the book-shelf of every student of art.

THE sixth and seventh parts of the valuable *Histoire Générale de la Tapisserie* (see Notices of Art Books, page xxiv.) have been issued, and sustain the character of the work. Part VI. contains "Tapisseries Flamandes," by M. Al. Pinchart, continued from a previous number. The history is carefully given of the manufacture in the Low Countries during the time of Jean Sans Peur, Duke of Burgundy, and also a notice of the tapestries which he ordered to be made at Paris. The manufactures at Arras, during the reign of Philippe le Bon, are spoken of in detail,

a valuable list of the names of tapestry workers is given, and the history is further carried on to the time of Charles the Bold. The illustrations include two very curious and interesting subjects taken from the "Roman de la Rose," the "Siège du Château d'Amour," and the "Bouche d'Or," part of a series belonging to Sir Richard Wallace. Part VII. continues the story of "Tapisseries Françaises," by M. Jules Guiffrey, giving an account of the art from the time of Charles VII. to that of Francis I., an important period, including the greater part of the fifteenth and the commencement of the sixteenth centuries, when some of the most excellent and effective work was produced. Three of the illustrations are from tapestries of great value belonging to the Cathedral of Rheims; these were shown among the treasures gathered for the unrivalled exhibition of ancient tapestry in the Palais d'Industrie, during the autumn of 1876.

Les Figurines Antiques de terre-cuite du Musée du Louvre. Par LÉON HEUZEY. 1^{ère} Liv. 4to. Price 15 fr. Paris: Morel. 1878.

THIS first number of a work to be completed in four parts, with sixty plates, gives careful engraved representations of sixty-five antique terra-cotta statuettes from the collection in the Louvre. The Assyrian and Phœnician commence the series, and are more or less grotesque—others of early Greek work follow, and then some of the charming figures from Tanagra in Bœotia. The recent exhibition, at the Trocadéro, in Paris, of a splendid series of these latter works, has awakened a fresh interest respecting them, and, in fact, made them known to the non-collecting world. The present representations, however, fall far below the beauty of those given in Kekulé's fine work mentioned in our notice at page iv. There the colour and the gold, which fitly enriched the graceful little conceptions of old Greek fancy, are skilfully reproduced—here the colourless representations look somewhat poor and cold; nevertheless, the work will be of much value, especially if the text, as is likely to be the case, well supports the illustrations.

Poems of the Months. By M. A. BAINES. London: Sampson Low & Co.

THESE are a series of little verses about the flowers of the different months of the year. Each verse has an ornamental heading and an etched embellishment of leaves or flowers. Both the verses and the illustrations contain pleasing sentiment, with pretty if not quite professional execution.

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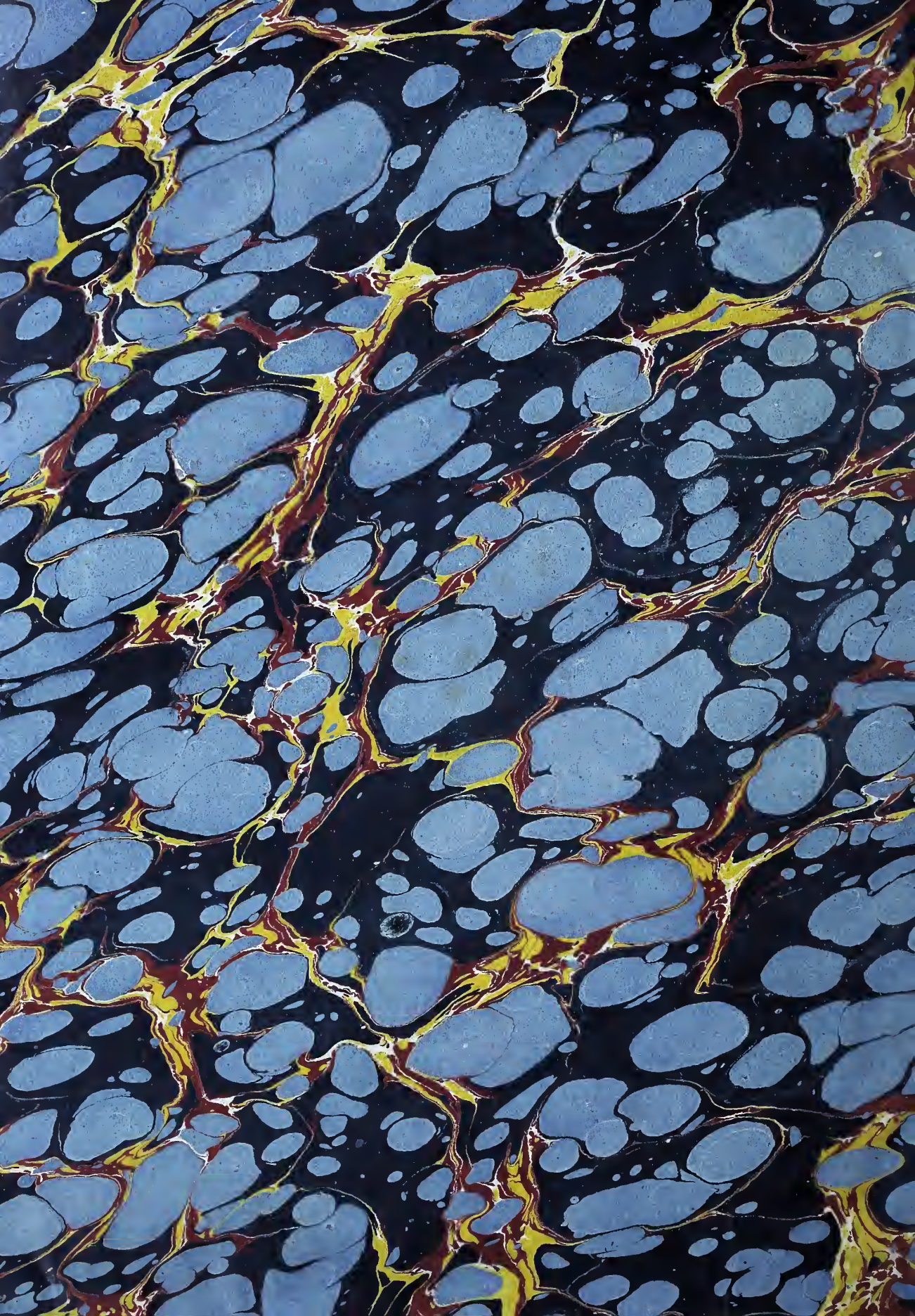
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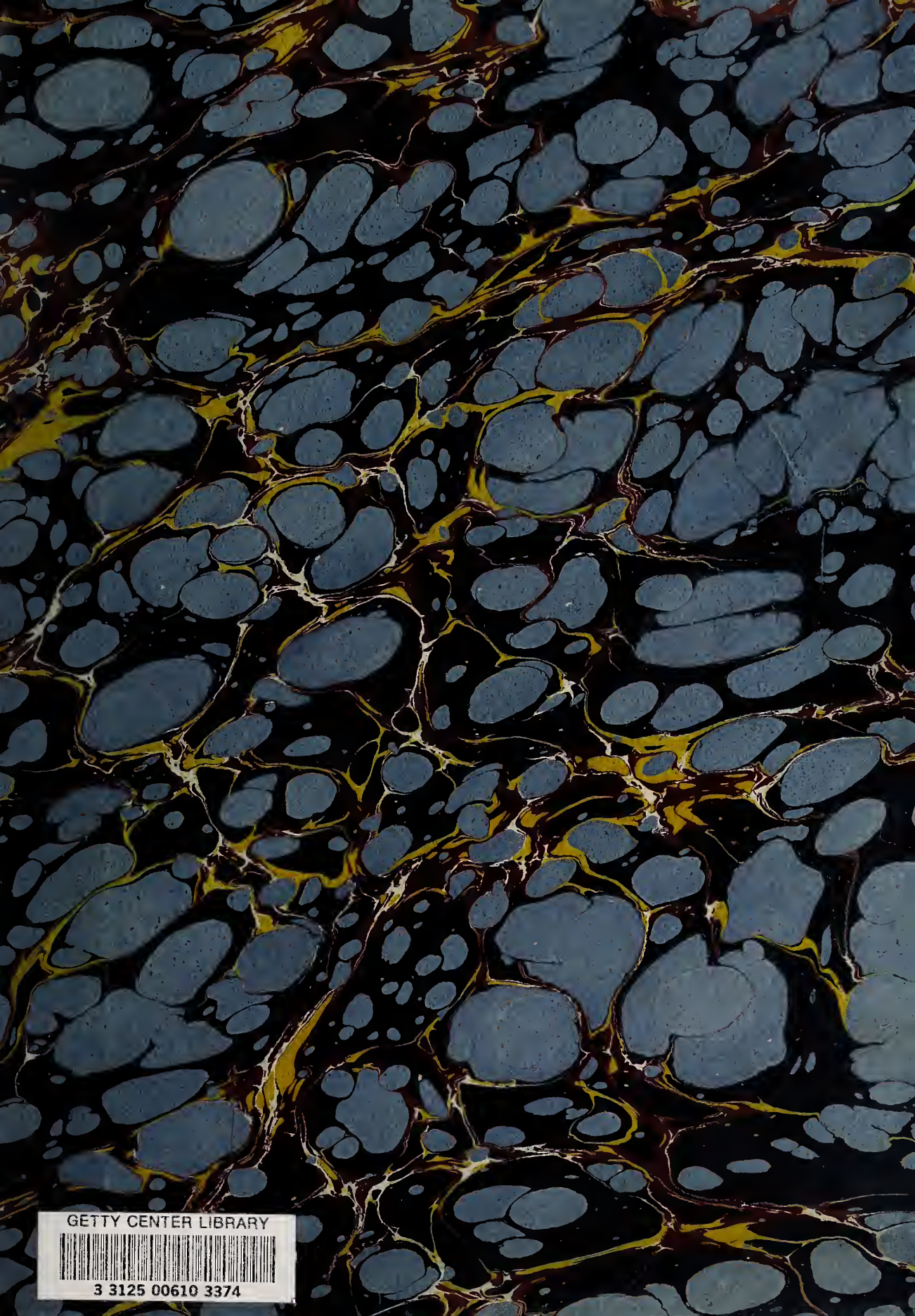
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