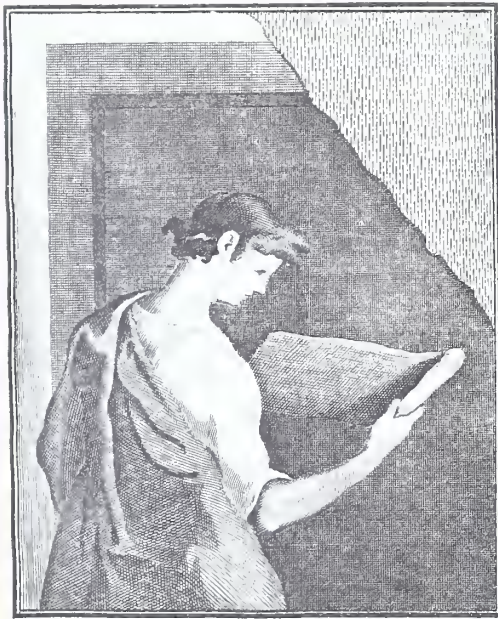




THE
MAGAZINE
OF ART



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THE
MAGAZINE
OF
ART



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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
ABBAY, R.A., EDWIN AUSTIN. By M. H. Spielmann	145, 193, 247	GOthic IN TYROL, THE. By W. A. Baillie-Grohman	299
ALLINGHAM, MRS., THE WORK OF. By Alfred Lys Baldry	355	GREAT DECORATIVE ARTIST, A: ALPHONSE MARIE MUCHA By Frederic Lees	272
ANATOMICAL NATURE CASTS. By H. W. Armistead, F.R.C.S.	210	"GREAT FIRE OF LONDON, THE." Note on the Picture by Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A.	321
APPLIED ART IN LIVERPOOL	519	GUILDHALL EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF TURNER, THE. By A. G. Temple, F.S.A.	403
ARCHITECTURE. RECENT BOOKS ON:—		GUILD OF WOMEN-BINDERS, THE. By D. M. Sutherland	420
"ARCHITECTURE OF THE RENAISSANCE IN ITALY." By W. J. Anderson	217	HATÉ, GEORGE C., DESIGNER AND PAINTER, THE WORKS OF. By Walter Shaw-Spartow	325, 416, 447
"HISTORY OF RENAISSANCE ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND, 1500-1800." By Reginald Blomfield, M.A.	214	HERKOMER, PROFESSOR HUBERT, AS A PAINTER IN ENAMELS. By the Editor	105, 163
"THEATRES AND OPERA-HOUSES." By Edwin O. Sachs	508	HOUSE IN TOWN, THE. By Halsey Ricardo	457
ART IN SCOTLAND: THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY	328	HOUSE FURNISHING, STYLE IN. By Aymer Vallance	183
ART SALES OF 1898, THE. By W. Roberts	351	HOUSMAN, LAURENCE, THE WORK OF. By the late Gleeson White	199
ARTISTIC COPYRIGHT, THE LAW OF. By Edwin Bale, R.I.	262	INQUIRY INTO TWO PICTURES RECENTLY ACQUIRED FOR THE NATIONAL GALLERY, AN. By Herbert P. Hoine	241
ASBESTOS CEILING DECORATION	522	INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY OF SCULPTORS, PAINTERS, AND EN- GRAVERS, THE. By Alfred Lys Baldry	391
BARUM WARE, ROYAL	568	IS PHOTOGRAPHY AMONG THE FINE ARTS? A SYMPOSIUM. By Robert de la Sizeranne; Fernand Khnopff; Alfred Lys Baldry; H. P. Robinson; and G. A. Storey, A.R.A.	102, 156, 206, 253, 369
BEAUTY OF THE SILVERSMITH'S ART, THE	377	JEWELLERY, ARTISTIC, OF M. WOLFERS. By Mrs. J. E. Whitby	515
BENJAMIN-CONSTANT, THE WORK OF. By Émile Vedel	468	JUBILEE, A WOVEN MEMENTO OF THE	330
BIBLE PICTURES BY A CHINESE ARTIST. By Charles E. Benham	513	JUBILEE, MR. JOHN CHARLTON'S OFFICIAL PICTURE OF THE QUEEN'S DIAMOND	312
BRITISH MUSEUM AND THE MARLBOROUGH GEMS, THE. By W. Roberts	552	KEENE, CHARLES, A MEMORIAL TO	66
BUILDINGS FOR THE PARIS EXHIBITION IN 1900, THE. By Henri Frantz	265	KEMP-WELCH, MISS LUCY E. By Marion Hepworth Dixon	481
BUNNY'S OIL DRAWINGS, MR. RUPERT	376	KLINGER, HERR MAX, THE ETCHINGS OF. By the late Gleeson White	58
BURTON, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. By E. Rimbauld Dibdin	289	LANDSCAPE-PAINTERS, A SOCIETY OF. By Arthur Fish	218
CANDELABRA FOR ST. PAUL'S, NEW	475	LAW OF ARTISTIC COPYRIGHT, THE. By Edwin Bale, R.I.	262
CHARLTON'S (MR. JOHN) OFFICIAL PICTURE OF THE QUEEN'S DIAMOND JUBILEE, 1897	312	LEAD-WORKING. By J. Starkie Gardner	488
CHRONICLE OF ART 43, 91, 141, 187, 235, 283, 332, 382, 427, 477, 525, 570		LEIGHTON'S, LORD, HOUSE AND WHAT IT CONTAINS. By Mrs. Russell Barrington	529
CHURCH ART IN WESTMORLAND	280	LEONARDO, MONSIEUR MÜNTZ'S NEW LIFE OF. By Sir Walter Armstrong, Clement Millard, and Eugène Müntz	466, 547
COLLECTION OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, FOR THE	181	LIMOGES ENAMELS. By Rev. S. Baring-Gould, M.A.	394, 440
COTTON DESIGNING, THE QUIAINT AND CURIOUS IN. By Frederick Dohman	34	LIVERPOOL, APPLIED ART IN	519
CURIOSITIES OF ART:—		LONDON SKETCH CLUB, THE	228
COINCIDENCES AND RESEMBLANCES IN WORKS OF ART. By M. H. Spielmann	16, 70	LUCCHESI, A. C. By C. C. HUTCHINSON	24
PICTURES WHICH HAVE BEEN DESTROYED. By W. Roberts	494	"MAGAZINE OF ART, THE": ITS MAJORITY. A RETROSPECT By W. Roberts	552
CURRENT ART:—		MEACCI, RICCIARDO. By Helen Zimmern	158
INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY OF SCULPTORS, PAINTERS, AND ENGRAVERS. By Alfred Lys Baldry	391	MEDALLIST'S ART IN FRANCE, THE EVOLUTION OF THE. By Henri Frantz	373
NEW GALLERY, THE. By the Editor	342	MEISSEN PORCELAIN. By Paul Schultze-Naumburg	278
ROYAL ACADEMY, THE. By the Editor	337, 385, 451	MEMORIAL TO CHARLES KEENE, A	66
DAMPT, JEAN. By Henri Frantz	307	MENPES, MORTIMER, AS A PORTRAITIST. By M. H. Spielmann	97
DECORATION OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE, THE	88	MEUNIER, CONSTANTIN, PAINTER AND SCULPTOR. By Emile Verhaeren	496
DECORATIVE ART, AN UNUSUAL FORM OF. By Mrs. J. E. Whitby	83	"MRS. MARK CURRIE." Note on the Picture by George Romney	298
DECORATIVE NEEDLEWORK	475	MODERN DECORATIVE DESIGN AND COLOUR. By A. Rott- mann	179
DECORATIVE WORKS IN THE PARIS SALONS OF 1899, SOME. By Henri Frantz	503	MODERN ITALIAN SCULPTOR, A: DOMENICO TRENTACOSTE. By Helen Zimmern	399
DOMUS DOMI: THE HOUSE IN TOWN. By Halsey Ricardo	457		
DRAPER, HERBERT J. By Alfred Lys Baldry	49		
ENAMELS, LIMOGES. By the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, M.A.	394, 440		
ETCHINGS OF HERR MAX KLINGER, THE. By the late Gleeson White	58		
EVOLUTION OF THE MEDALLIST'S ART IN FRANCE, THE. By Henri Frantz	373		
FLORIAN WARE	232		
FLOWERS AND FANCIES: FROM THE GARDEN TO THE STAGE. By C. Wilhelm	1, 121		
FURNISS, HARRY. By M. H. Spielmann	345		
GLADSTONE, MR. TOFT'S BUST OF MR.	39		

	PAGE		PAGE
MOSTYN, THOMAS. By Maxwell Reekie	129	RECENT ILLUSTRATED VOLUMES (<i>continued</i>):—	
MUCHA, ALPHONSE MARIE. By Frederic Lees	272	“ROYAL GALLERY OF HAMPTON COURT, THE.” By	
NATIONAL ART COMPETITION, 1899. By Aymer Vallance	564	ERNEST LAW	281
NATIONAL GALLERY, AN INQUIRY INTO TWO PICTURES		“SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES.” By Malcolm Bell	324
RECENTLY ACQUIRED FOR THE. By Herbert P. Horne	241	“THEATRES AND OPERA-HOUSES.” By E. O. Sachs	508
NATIONAL MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES, OUR:—		“WILLIAM MORRIS AND HIS ART.” By Aymer Vallance	29
OUR RECENT ACQUISITIONS: THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND		“WORKS OF CHARLES KEENE.” By Joseph Pennell	66
THE MARLBOROUGH GEMS. By W. Roberts	552	REMBRANDT: AMSTERDAM AND LONDON. By Sir Walter	
SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM	555	AIMSTRONG	222
NATIONAL GALLERY AND THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT		REMBRANDT EXHIBITION AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM, POINTS	
GALLERY, THE	555	ABOUT THE. By R. A. M. STEVENSON	510
NEW BUILDINGS AT SOUTH KENSINGTON, THE	423	RÉPIN, PROFESSOR. By Prince Bôjidar Karageorgevitch	78
NEW CANDELABRA FOR ST. PAUL'S	475	REVIVAL OF THE HANDICRAFTS: LEAD-WORKING. By J.	
NEW GALLERY, THE. By the Editor	342	STARKIE GARDNER	488
NEW HUMORIST WITH A NOVEL METHOD, A	40	RICHMOND, SIR WILLIAM, K.C.B., R.A., NOTE ON THE	
NEW SYMBOLIST, A: SASCHA SCHNEIDER. By Paul Schultze-		PORTRAIT OF	446
Nürnberg	9	RIVIÈRE, THEODORE, THE STATUETTES OF. By Henri Frantz	136
NEW WINDOW AT ST. HELIERS, JERSEY, A	37	ROBIDA, ALBERT: ILLUSTRATOR, ENGRAVER, ETCHER, LITHO-	
NOTES AND QUERIES 42, 90, 139, 186, 234, 282, 331, 380, 426, 523		GRAPHER, AND WRITER. By Octave Uzanne	535
OFFICIAL PICTURE OF THE DIAMOND JUBILEE, 1897, MR.		ROMNEY'S "MRS. MARK CURRIE." Note on the Picture	298
JOHN CHARLTON'S	312	ROSSETTI (CHRISTINA) MEMORIAL, THE	88
OIL DRAWINGS, MR. RUPEIT BUNNY'S	376	ROYAL ACADEMY, THE. By the Editor	337, 385, 451
OUR GRAPHIC HUMORISTS:—		ROYAL EXCHANGE, THE DECORATION OF THE	88
HARRY FURNISS. By M. H. Spielmann	345	ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY, THE	328
W. M. THACKERAY. By George Somes Layard	256	SARGENT, MR. JOHN S., AS A PORTRAIT-PAINTER. By	
OUR RISING ARTISTS:—		Marion Hepworth Dixon	112
DRAPER, MR. HERBERT J. By Alfred Lys Baldry	49	SCHNEIDER, SASCHA: A NEW SYMBOLIST. By Paul Schultze-	
KEMP-WELCH, MISS LUCY E. By Marion Hepworth		Nürnberg	9
Dixon	481	SILVERSMITH'S ART, THE BEAUTY OF THE	377
LUCCHESE, MR. A. C. By C. C. Hutchinson	24	SOCIETY OF LANDSCAPE PAINTERS, A. By Arthur Fish	218
MOSTYN, MR. THOMAS. By Maxwell Reekie	129	SOUTH KENSINGTON, THE NEW BUILDINGS AT	423
PARIS EXHIBITION IN 1900, THE BUILDINGS FOR THE. By		SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM, ACQUISITIONS AT	555
Henri Frantz	265	SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM INQUIRY: A STRANGE DEFENCE	
PARIS SALONS OF 1899, THE. By Henri Frantz	409, 433, 503	EXAMINED	362
PERVERSION OF THE INFANT MIND IN MATTERS OF TASTE,		SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM SELECT COMMITTEE, A SIDE-	
THE. By Prince Bôjidar Karageorgevitch	119	LIGHT ON EVIDENCE BEFORE THE. By the Editor	152
PHOTOGRAPHY AMONG THE FINE ARTS? IS. A SYMPOSIUM		SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM, TWO ORIENTAL CARPETS IN	
102, 156, 206, 253, 369		THE. By A. B. Skinner	296
PICTURES WHICH HAVE BEEN DESTROYED. By W. Roberts	494	STATUETTES OF THEODORE RIVIÈRE. By Henri Frantz	136
POINTS ABOUT THE REMBRANDT EXHIBITION AT THE BRITISH		STYLE IN HOUSE FURNISHING. By Aymer Vallance	183
MUSEUM. By R. A. M. STEVENSON	510	TEXTILE FABRICS, SIR THOMAS WARDLE AND THE DECORA-	
PORTRAIT OF A LADY BY REMBRANDT. Note on the Picture	304	TIVE TREATMENT OF. By W. Shaw-Spartow	133
PORTRAIT OF A MAN BY REMBRANDT. Note on the Picture	246	THACKERAY, W. M. By George Somes Layard	256
PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG LADY BY LUCAS CRANACH. Note		TRENTACOSTE, DOMENICO. By Helen Zimmern	399
on the Picture	217	TURKISH ARTIST-SCRIBES OF TO-DAY. By Harry O. Dwyer	63
PROFESSOR HUBERT HERKOMER AS A PAINTER IN ENAMELS.		TURNER, J. M. W., R.A., THE GUILDHALL EXHIBITION OF	
By M. H. Spielmann	105, 163	THE WORKS OF. By A. G. Temple, F.S.A.	403
QUAINT AND GROTESQUE IN COTTON DESIGNING, THE. By		TURNER, J. M. W., R.A., THE "VAN TROMP" PICTURES	
Frederick Dolman	34	OF. By C. W. Carey	173
QUEEN, FOR THE COLLECTION OF H.M. THE	181	TWO ORIENTAL CARPETS IN THE SOUTH KENSINGTON	
"RANSOM, THE," NOTE ON THE STUDY FOR	155	MUSEUM. By A. B. Skinner	296
RECENT ILLUSTRATED VOLUMES:—		UNUSUAL FORM OF DECORATIVE ART, AN. By Mrs. J. E.	
"ARCHITECTURE OF THE RENAISSANCE IN ITALY." By		WHITBY	83
W. J. Anderson	217	VAN DYCK: THE THIRD CENTURY OF: THE PROCESSION: ART	
"BASES OF DESIGN, THE." By Walter Crane	168	THROUGHOUT THE AGES. By Octave Maus	560
"BOW, CHELSEA, AND DERRY PORCELAIN." By William		"VAN TROMP" PICTURES OF J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., THE.	
Burns	32	By C. W. Carey	173
"DUTCH PAINTERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY." By		VEDDER, ELIHU, AND HIS EXHIBITION. By Ernest Radford	364
Max Rooses	407	VERESTCHAGIN, VASSIL. By Prince Bôjidar Karageorgevitch	176
"FASHION IN PARIS." By Octave Uzanne	323	WARDLE, SIR THOMAS, AND THE DECORATIVE TREATMENT OF	
"FREDERIC, LORD LEIGHTON." By Ernest Rhys	167	TEXTILE FABRICS. By Walter Shaw-Spartow	133
"HISTORY OF DANCING FROM THE EARLIEST AGES TO		WINDOW AT ST. HELIERS, JERSEY, A NEW	37
OUR OWN TIMES." By Gaston Vuiller	170	WOLFERS, M., THE ARTISTIC JEWELLERY OF. By Mrs. J. E.	
"HISTORY OF RENAISSANCE ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND,		Whitby	515
1500-1800." By Reginald Blomfield, M.A.	214	WOMEN-BINDERS, THE GUILD OF. By D. M. Sutherland	420
"HOLLAND AND THE HOLLANDERS." By David S.		WORK OF LAURENCE HOUSMAN, THE. By the late Gleeson	
Meldrum	408	White	199
"LIFE OF LEONARDO." By Eugène Müntz	466, 547	WORK OF MRS. ALLINGHAM, THE. By Alfred Lys	
"LIFE OF WILLIAM MORRIS." By J. W. Mackail	507	Baldry	355
"LITHOGRAPHY AND LITHOGRAPHERS." By Joseph and		WORKS OF BENJAMIN-CONSTANT, THE. By Émile Vedel	468
Elizabeth Pennell	406	WOVEN MOMENTO OF THE JUBILEE, A	303

DRAWINGS (continued):— PAGE

Leighton, Lord (continued)—
 Study for "The Bath of Venus" . . . 531
 Study for "Lachrymæ" . . . 531
 Study for the "Cimabue Madonna" . . . To face 532
 Study for "Summer Slumber" . . . 532
 Study for "Flaming June" . . . 532
 Study of a Tree . . . To face 534

Leonardo da Vinci—
 Study of a Tree . . . 166
 "H Cavallo" . . . 519

Lucas, Seymour, R.A.—
 Study for "The Gordon Riots" . . . To face 38
 "Mrs. W. Kerr Smith" . . . To face 311

Mallows, C. E.—The Hall, 15, Melbury Road . . . 164

Mompes, Mortimer—
 Miss Pamela Plowden . . . 97
 Lady Edward Cecil . . . 97
 Sir H. Irving . . . 98, and to face 100
 Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour . . . 98
 Mortimer Mompes . . . 99
 Miss B. Johnson . . . 100
 M. H. Spielmann . . . 101
 Miss C. Collier . . . 102
 Miss Constance Collier in "One Summer's Day" . . . To face 102

Mucha, A. M.—
 Studies for the "Médée Poster" . . . 273, 275, 276
 The Four Seasons . . . 277
Osipow, Henry—Dedicatory Page . . . 131
Penberton Hilda—Designs for Poster . . . 566

Phoenix, George—Sir W. B. Richmond, K.C.B., R.A. . . . To face 416

Répin, Professor—
 "A Peasant" . . . 80
 "A Bishop" . . . 82
 "Rubinstein conducting an Orchestra" . . . 83

Robida, Albert—
 "The Enemies of Polichinelle" . . . 535
 "Hercules travelled," etc. . . 536
 Tailpiece . . . 536
 "The Tower of St. Jacques" . . . 537
 "Hotel de Beauvais" . . . 538
 "King Polichinelle on the Battlefield" . . . 539
 "The Baron had led an Exhausting Life" . . . 539
 "The Frightful Cause of the Queen's Decline" . . . 539
 "Hamlet" . . . 540
 "Hotel de Ville, Saumur" . . . 541
 "He sometimes went to cut wood" . . . 542

Robinson, Charles—"Waltraute" . . . 143

Ronner, Alfred—"An Address of Congratulation" . . . 10-11

Simpson, Janet—Design for Book Illustration . . . 565

Stern, A. E.—"A Study" . . . 107

Thackeray, W. M.—
 From "Vanity Fair" . . . 256, 259, 260
 "Love in Fetters" . . . 257
 "Braham, the Singer" . . . 257
 "King Glumpus" . . . 257
 "Ludovicus Rex" . . . 258
 From "Sketches and Travels in London" . . . 259
 From "Lovel the Widower" . . . 261

Turner, Charles—J. M. W. Turner, R.A. . . . 331

Vedder, Elitha—
 "The Throne of Saturn" . . . 365
 "The Muse of Tragedy" . . . To face 368

Wilhelm, C.—
 The Lilac . . . 2
 The Carnation . . . 3
 The Daffodil . . . 4
 The Orchid and the Lily . . . 5
 The Snowdrop . . . 6
 The Scarlet Runner . . . 7
 The Iris and the Rose . . . 8
 Sketch for the *Misc-en-Scene* of the "Alaska" Ballet . . . 92
 Headpiece . . . 121
 Violet, Pansy, Poppy, and Fuchsia . . . 122
 Mushroom, Butterfly, Spider . . . 123
 Wild Hyacinth . . . 124
 Chrysanthemum . . . 125
 Scotch Thistle . . . 126
 Cornflower . . . 127
 Ripe Corn . . . 128

Williams, James R.—Design for Book Illustration . . . 565

ETCHINGS AND ENGRAVINGS:—

Naish, C.—Bookplate . . . 287

Klinger, Max—
 From the Series "Eve and the Future" . . . 58
 "Death on the Railway" . . . 59
 "Death: Sailors" . . . 60
 Brahms' Fantasie: "Titans" . . . 60
 Dramas: "The Barricade" . . . 61

Rembrandt—
 "Jan Six" . . . 510

ETCHINGS AND ENGRAVINGS (cont.):— PAGE

Rembrandt (continued)—
 "Six's Bridge" . . . 511
 "Christ presented to the People" (2nd State) . . . 512
 "Christ presented to the People" (5th State) . . . 513
 "The Raising of Lazarus" . . . 514
 "Christ healing the Sick." . . . To face 514

METAL WORK AND ENAMELS (Antique):—

Bronze Balls and Clock Base . . . 571
 Iron Gates—All Souls, Oxford . . . 216

LEAD WORK:—
 A Lead Dragon . . . 488
 Rainwater Head at the Birmingham Law Courts . . . 489
 Lead Window Box . . . 490
 An Inlaid Lead Monument . . . 490
 Vase in Lead (Melbourne House) . . . 491
 Cupids (Melbourne House) . . . 491
 Statue of an Indian Slave (Melbourne House) . . . 492
 Mercury (Melbourne House) . . . 492
 Ventilating Quarries . . . 493

Leather-covered Watch case, studded with Silver Pins . . . 479

LIMOGES ENAMELS:—
 Merovingian Ornament . . . 391
 Panel in Cloisonné Work . . . 395
 Angel with Enamelled Eyes and Wings . . . 396
 The Eternal Father . . . 396
 The Crucifixion . . . 397
 Enamelled Plaque . . . 398
 "Sol" (by PIERRE COURTEYS) . . . 411
 "April" (by PIERRE COURTEYS) . . . 411
 "Jonah" . . . 445
 "Wine" (by J. LAUDIN) . . . 445
 Louis XIV's Watch . . . 353
 Louis Seize Casket . . . 354
 Striking and Alarm Clock . . . 479

MISCELLANEOUS:—

ACQUISITIONS AT SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM:—
 Detail of Brocade . . . 556
 Linen Tunic . . . 556
 Detail of Lace Flounce . . . 556
 Detail of Lace Borders . . . 556
 Spinet . . . 556
 Casket . . . 559
 Door of Ambry . . . 559
 Egypto-Roman Bowl . . . 559

ANATOMICAL NATURE CASTS:—
 Cast of a Foal . . . 210
 Cast of a Cat . . . 211
 Cast of a Dog . . . 212
 Muscles of a Cat . . . 213
 Asbestos Ceiling Decoration . . . 522
 Chintz-Printing Room, Merton Abbey . . . 507
 Chairs, Old . . . 521
 Fashion in Paris . . . 323

GOthic IN TYROL:—
 Gothic Chest . . . 299
 Parts of Gothic Ceiling and Paneling . . . 300
 Marble doorway . . . 301
 Duchess Margaret of Tyrol's Bedroom . . . 301
 Gothic Panelling in a Peasant's House . . . 302
 Part of the Hall in Schloss Tratzberg . . . 303
 One of the Rooms in Schloss Tratzberg . . . 303

HOUSE FURNISHING, STYLE IN:—
 Chimney-piece for Dining Room . . . 183
 A Hall Stand . . . 184
 Library Fireplace . . . 181
 Flemish Dining Room . . . 185

MARLBOROUGH GEMS:—
 Omphale and Hercules . . . 553
 Didius Julian and Manlia Scantilla . . . 553
 Lucius Verus . . . 554
 Claudius and Phocion . . . 554
 Marciana in Apotheosis . . . 555
 Agrippina . . . 555
 Oxenbridge Memorial Tablet . . . 240
 Professor Herkomer's Enamelling Studio . . . 164, 165
 Rossetti (Christina) Memorial . . . 88

TURKISH ARTIST SCRIBES OF TO-DAY:—
 1. Arabic Phrase: meaning "Mercy, O Ali" . . . 63
 2. Arabic Phrase: meaning "Oh Preserver!" . . . 63
 3. Arabic Phrase: meaning "God is beautiful: He loves Beauty" . . . 61
 4. Turkish Proverb: meaning "Tell not your state to him who knows not grief: from him who has no pluck seek not relief" . . . 61

MISCELLANEOUS (continued):—

TURKISH ARTIST SCRIBES OF TO-DAY (continued):—
 5. Arabic Phrase: meaning "In the name of the Merciful and Compassionate" . . . 61
 6. Sentence: "The Mahomedan Confession of Faith" . . . 65
 7. The Monogram or Cipher of Sultan Abdul Hamid Second . . . 66

Two Oriental Carpets . . . 296

Vandyke, The Third Centenary of. The Procession:—
 "Egypt" . . . 560
 "Greece" . . . 561
 "Rome" . . . 562
 "Italy:" The Michael-Angelo Carverrio Room at Hampton Court . . . 571

WOVEN MEMENTO OF THE JUBILEE, A
 Jubilee Table Damask . . . 330
 Initial Table Damask . . . 330

PAINTINGS:—
Abbey, E. A., R.A.—
 "Richard Duke of Gloucester and the Lady Anne" . . . 145
 "Beatrice" . . . 118
 "The Jongleur" . . . 194
 Design in Pastel . . . 197
 "The Child Galahad and the Holy Grail" . . . 219
Adams, J. Clayton—"Going Home" . . . 452
Aldin, Cecil—"Cook-a-doodle-doo" . . . 229

Allan, R. W., R.H.S.—"Through Wind and Rain" . . . 219

Allingham, Mrs., R.H.S.—
 "Thomas Carlyle" . . . 356
 "Confidences" . . . 357
 "Through the Wood" . . . 360
 "A Cottage, Isle of Wight" . . . 361

Ambrogio de Predisi—"Angels" . . . To face 140
 "Portrait of a Young Man" . . . 281

Appleyard, Fred—"Bridge over a Stream" . . . 189

Auburtin, J. P.—"Fishing in the Gulf of Marseilles" . . . 431

Ammonier, J., R.L.—"Sussex Brooklands" . . . 219

Bacchiacca—"Adam and Eve" . . . 19

Battoni, Pompeo—"The Penitent Magdalene" . . . 71

Becchey, Sir W.—"A. P. Johnstone" . . . 285

Benjamin-Constant—
 A Study . . . 469
 "Delaborde, M. le Comte Henri" . . . 470
 "Chaplain, Monsieur" . . . 471
 Ceiling for the Opera Comique . . . 472
 "My son André" . . . 473
 "Dufferin, The Earl of" . . . 474

Bérard, Jean—"The Comedy Class at the Conservatoire" . . . 435

Borgognone—"The Virgin and Child, with St. John the Baptist and St. Ambrose" . . . 297

Bouguereau, W. A.—"Admiration" . . . To face 408
 390

Bramley, F., A.R.A.—"Gossip" . . . 180

British School, 18th Century—"St. Paul's from the Thames" . . . 180

Brough, Robert—"Kathleen, Daughter of Theodore Crombie, Esq." . . . 93

Burne-Jones, Sir E.—
 Panels on the Christina Rossetti Memorial . . . 89
 "The Feast of Peleus" . . . 324

Burton, W. S.—
 "An Uninteresting Nové" . . . 290
 "The Antio da Fé" . . . 292
 "The World's Ingratitude" . . . 293
 "The Painter's Daughter" . . . 294
 Italian Study . . . 295
 "The Wounded Cavalier" . . . To face 288

Cameron, Miss M.—"At the Starting Point" . . . 329

Canaletto—
 "Interior of the Rotunda at Ranclagh" (National Gallery) . . . 244
 Ditto (Engraving by PARR) . . . 245

Cole, Ficat, R.A.—"The Summons to Surrender" . . . 381

Correggio—"The Repentant Magdalene" . . . 70

Cranach, Lucas—"Portrait of a Young Lady" . . . To face 216

Davis, H. W. B., R.A.—"On the French Coast" . . . 453

Draper, Herbert J.—
 "Spring" . . . 49
 "The Sea-Maiden" . . . 50
 "The Vintage Morn" . . . 52
 "Calypso's Isle" . . . 53
 "The Golden Chain" . . . 54
 "The Lament for Iaruns" . . . 57

Fildes, Luke, R.A.—"Violet Stern" . . . 341

Forbes, Stanhope A., A.R.A.—"The Great Fire of London" . . . 321

PAINTINGS (continued):— PAGE

Foster, Birket, R.H.S.—"Gleaners resting on a Stile" . . . 335

Fould, Conuelto—"A Risky Passage" . . . 412

Fragonard—"Le Chiffre d'Amour" . . . 23

Francesco di Giorgio—"Virgin and Child" . . . 559

Fuger, F. Heinrich—"The Reading Magdalene" . . . 71

Gainsborough, T.—"Lady Clarges" . . . 352

Gilbert, C.—"The Angel disturbing the Waters" . . . 41

Giotamo dai Libri—"The Madonna and Child" . . . 297

Goetze, Sigismund—"The Crown of England being offered to Richard, Duke of Gloucester" *To face* . . . 62

Greuze, J. J.—"La Petite Mathématicienne" . . . 430

Hallé, George C.—"On the Road" . . . 228

"Washing the Milk Cans" . . . 447

"In the Time of Lilies" . . . 448

"The Jubilee Procession passing the Houses of Parliament" . . . 449

"Storm" . . . 450

"For we must Toil" . . . 450

Harcourt, George—"Forgiven" . . . 342

Hardy, Dudley, R.I.—"The Sign" . . . 231

Hassall, J.—"The Charm" . . . 229

Hayes, Edwin—"French Fishing Luggers off Margate" . . . 388

Hayler, Sir George—"Her Majesty the Queen" . . . 557

Hemy, C. Napier, A.R.A.—"Plymouth Hookers" . . . 338

Hemmer, J. J.—"An Idyll" . . . 166

Heushall, J. H.—"Alice in Wonderland" . . . 190

Herrera, P. de—"Christ disputing with the Doctors" . . . 427

Hill, James, R.I.—"Bosham" . . . 218

Hiscox, G. D.—"The Home of the Queen at Windsor" . . . 181

"Burnham Beeches in Winter" . . . 182

"Golden Autumn" . . . 182

"The Royal Mausoleum, Frogmore" . . . 182

Hogarth, W.—"Mrs. Salter" . . . 284

Holbein—"Anne of Cleves" . . . 77

Hunter, J. Young—"My Lady's Garden" *To face* . . . 390

Jones, Charles, R.C.A.—"A Hard Chase" . . . 191

Joy, George W.—"Pamela's Birthday" . . . 411

Karel du Jardin—"Portrait of a Man" . . . 478

Kemp-Welch, Lucy E.—"Gipsy Drovers" . . . 481

"Colt-Hunting in the New Forest" . . . 483

"A New Forest Foal" . . . 484

"To Arms" . . . 485

"Foam Horses" . . . 487

Landseer, Sir E.—"Nell Gwynne" . . . 73

Lappard, M.—"The Angel disturbing the Waters" . . . 41

La Thangue, H. H., A.R.A.—"Harrowing" . . . 386

Laurence, Samuel—"Jane Welsh Carlyle" . . . 334

Laurens, J. P.—"The Contest between Toulouse and Montfort" . . . 415

Lawrence, Sir Thomas, P.R.A.—"Master Lambton" . . . 74

"Sir Samuel Romilly" . . . 426

Leonardo da Vinci—"The Virgin of the Rocks" *To face* . . . 140

"The Virgin of the Rocks" . . . 467

"Madonna holding a Rose" . . . 549

Lucas, Seymour, R.A.—"William the Conqueror granting a Charter to the Citizens of London." *To face* . . . 88

MacGeorge, W. S., A.R.S.A.—"Nutting" . . . 329

Marinus van Romerswalc—"The Money-Changers" . . . 19

Martin, Henri—"Serenity" . . . 410

Massys, Quentin—"The Misers" . . . 18

Macci, Riccardo—"A-Maying" . . . 159

"The Marriage" . . . 160

"The Christening" . . . 161

Meissonier, J. L. E.—"La Rixe" . . . 75

Meunier, Constantin—"Going to Work" . . . 497

"The Black Country" . . . 499

Michael Angelo—"The Creation of Eve" . . . 20

Michie, J. Coulls, A.R.S.A.—"A Golden Homestead" . . . 94

Millets, Sir J. E., P.R.A.—"Nell Gwynne" . . . 73

"The Hon. Neville Manners" . . . 75

Moir, Gerold—"Pellican and Melisande" . . . 393

Monet, Boutet de—"Joan of Arc at Chinon" . . . 433

PAINTINGS (continued):— PAGE

Mostyn, Thomas—"The Sisters" . . . 129

"Red Riding Hood" . . . 130

"The Cloud" . . . 131

"The Dreamers" . . . 132

Mucnier—"The Halt" . . . 439

Murray, D., A.R.A.—"The Don about Balgowrie" . . . 456

Murray, George—"Design for a Public Building: 'Harvest'" . . . 188

Olsson, Julius—"Frosty Evening" . . . 392

Orchardson, W. Q., R.A.—"The Queen of Swords" . . . 172

Peppercorn, A. D., R.I.—"The Pool" . . . 221

Perugino—"Apollo and Marsyas" . . . 18

"The Baptism of Our Lord" (National Gallery). . . . 242

"The Baptism of Our Lord" (Rouen) . . . 243

Piffard, Harold H.—"Execution of the Duc d'Enghien" . . . 385

Pontorno—"Marcello Cervini" . . . 298

Popper, Sir E. J., P.R.A.—"The Duchess of Somerset in Fancy Dress as Lady Jane Seymour" . . . 77

Prinsep, V. C., R.A.—"A Versailles!" *To face* . . . 188

Rembrandt—"Man in Armour" . . . 222

"Shepherds reposing at Night" . . . 223

"Man in a Helmet" . . . 221

"Portrait of a Boy" . . . 226

"Joseph's Coat" . . . 227

"Portrait of a Man" *To face* . . . 246

"Portrait of a Woman" . . . 301

Répin, Professor—"Answer of the Saporog Cossacks, etc." . . . 79

"Arrest of a Nihilist" . . . 80

"Count Tolstoi" . . . 81

Reynolds, Sir J., P.R.A.—"Mrs. Lloyd" . . . 22

Rochegrosse, Georges—"Murder of the Emperor Geta" . . . 411

Roll, A. P.—"Reminiscence of the Laying of the First Stone of the Alexander III Bridge" . . . 437

Romney, G.—"A Lady and Child" . . . 43

"Lady Hamilton" . . . 142

"Lady Craven" . . . 192

Rubens, P. P.—"The Emperor Theodosius refused admission into the Church by St. Ambrose" . . . 21

"Le Chapeau de Poil" . . . 72

Sargent, John S., R.A.—"Portraits of Children" . . . 113

"The Misses Vickers" . . . 114

"Mrs. Asher Wertheimer" . . . 116

"Asher Wertheimer, Esq." . . . 117

"El Jaleo" . . . 171

Sauber, R.—"A Pleasant Pastime" . . . 231

Schneider, Sascha—"The Anarchist" *To face* . . . 8

"The Helplessness of Man against Destiny" . . . 10

"One is not" . . . 11

"Judas Iscariot" . . . 12

"In Contemplation of Eternity" . . . 13

"The Second Meeting (Christ and Judas)" . . . 14

"Christ in Hades" . . . 15

Shepard, W.—"The Flight" . . . 230

Shepperson, C.—"The Flight" . . . 230

Solomon, S. J., A.R.A.—"Laud Deo" . . . 389

Somerscates, Thomas—"Off Valparaiso" . . . 337

Speed, Harold—"The Girl with a Rose" . . . 343

Tallegrain, E.—"The Town of St. Quentin taken by Storm" . . . 113

Ter Borch—"La Rixe" . . . 74

Thomson, Leslie, R.I.—"The Bathing Place" . . . 220

Troyon, C.—"The Dairy Farm" . . . 430

Turner, J. M. W., R.A.—"Four 'Van Tromp' Pictures" . . . 174

"Mercury and Hércules" . . . 403

Unknown Painter—"The Exodus" (?) . . . 234

Uwins, Thomas, R.A.—"Le Chapeau de Brigand" . . . 72

Faulkner—"The Emperor Theodosius refused admission into the Church by St. Ambrose" . . . 21

"Charles I" . . . 73

"Cupid and Psyche" . . . 282

Van Eyck, Jan—"Virgin and Donor" . . . 16

Vedder, Eliba—"A Decorative Panel in the Walker Memorial Art Gallery, Bowdoin College, Maine" . . . 66

"Luna, accompanied by Night and Sleep" . . . 367

"Love ever Present" . . . 368

Verschuagen, V.—"The Victors" . . . 177

Waterloo, E. A., A.R.A.—"The Old Bridge" . . . 221

PAINTINGS (continued):— PAGE

Watteau—"The Dance" . . . 170

Watts, G. P., R.A.—"Dedication" . . . 314

Weissenbüsch, J. H.—"On the Beach" . . . 408

Weyden, Roger van der—"St. Luke drawing the Virgin" . . . 17

PHOTOGRAPHS:—

Alexandre—M. Ray-Nyst . . . 157

Day and Soas, E.—"Companions" . . . 206

"The Gentle Art" . . . 207

"The Queen of the Glade" . . . 208

"The Goddess of the Grove" . . . 209

Demachy, R.—"In the Garden" . . . 103

Evans, Frederic H.—"Entrance to Bishop West's Chapel, Ely Cathedral" . . . 371

"Great Gable" . . . 372

Hannon, E.—"Horse's Head" . . . 156

Pygo, C.—A Decorative Panel . . . 104

Robinson, H. P.—"First Negative for 'At sunset leaps,' etc." . . . 254

"At sunset leaps the lusty trout." . . . 255

PORCELAIN, etc.:—

Barum Ware . . . 568, 569

Bow Vase: Figure of a Girl and a Dog . . . 32

Derby Statuette for Clocks . . . 32

Derby Bisque Group . . . 33

"Florian" Ware (by W. R. Moorcroft) . . . 292-3

Hispano-Moresque Bowl . . . 500

Italian Maiolica Dish . . . 572

Meissen Porcelain . . . 278, 279

PORTRAITS:—

Abbey, E. A., R.A. (by J. S. SARGENT, R.A.) . . . 145

Allingham, Mrs. (by HERSELF) . . . 356

Alma-Tadema, Sir L., R.A. . . . 428

Armstrong, Sir Walter . . . 428

Bale, Edwin, R.I. . . . 320

Balfour, Rt. Hon. A. J. (by M. MENPES) . . . 98

Bates, Harry, A.R.A. . . . 240

Benjamin Constant . . . 168

Bernini (by HIMSELF) . . . 48

Bonheur, The late Rosa . . . 432

Bretton, Jules (by HIMSELF) . . . 238

Burton, W. S. (by HIMSELF) . . . 289

Calderson, P. H., R.A. (by DOMENICO TRENTACOSTE) . . . 400

Carlyle, Thomas (by MRS. ALLINGHAM, R.W.S.) . . . 356

Carlyle, Jane Welsh (by S. LAURENCE) . . . 334

Charles I (by VANDYCK) . . . 73

Cope, A. S., A.R.A. . . . 236

Damp, Jean (by AMAN JEAN) . . . 207

Draper, Herbert J. . . . 49

Duiferin, The Earl of (by BENJAMIN CONSTANT) . . . 474

East, Alfred, A.R.A. (by ARTHUR HACKER, A.R.A.) . . . 237

Foster, Birket, R.W.S., The late . . . 336

Galpin, Sydney C. . . . 319

Gladstone, W. E. (Bust by ALBERT FORT) . . . 39

Gladstone, W. E. (Bust by J. RHIND) . . . 110

Gulich, John P., R.I., The late . . . 192

Henley, W. E. . . . 317

Irving, Sir H. (by M. MENPES) *98 and facing* . . . 100

John, W. Goscombe, A.R.A. . . . 236

Lucchesi, A. C. . . . 24, 25

Mans, Jacob, The late . . . 572

Menpes, Mortimer (by HIMSELF) . . . 99

Morland, George (by HIMSELF) . . . 429

Puvis de Chavannes, The late . . . 96

Queen, H.M. the (by SIR GEORGE HAYTER) . . . 557

Répin, Professor . . . 78

Richmond, Sir W. B. (By GEORGE PHENIX) *To face* . . . 416

Robertson, Eric, M.A. . . . 317

Robida, Albert (by HIMSELF) . . . 535

Romilly, Sir S. (by SIR T. LAWRENCE) . . . 426

Sargent, J. S., R.A. (by HIMSELF) . . . 118

Schneider, Sascha . . . 9

Spielmann, M. H. (by M. MENPES) . . . 101

Spielmann, M. H. . . . 320

Trendell, A. J. R., C.B. . . . 317

Trentacoste, Domenico . . . 399

Turner, J. M. W., R.A. (by C. TURNER) . . . 331

Webb, Aston, A.R.A. . . . 332

White, Gleeson, The late . . . 96

SCULPTURE:—

Ataphippe, M.—"Cain" . . . 15

Babb, Stanley N.—"Endymion" . . . 188

Barge—"An Arab on a Dromedary" . . . 76

Bernini—"Oliver Cromwell" . . . 18

Botte—"Calais Harbour" (medal) . . . 373

SCULPTURE (continued):—	PAGE	SCULPTURE (continued):—	PAGE	SCULPTURE (continued):—	PAGE
<i>Chaplain</i> —Portrait Medallion	374	<i>Lucchesi, A. C.</i> (continued)—		<i>Rivière, Theodore</i> —	
<i>Daupt, Jean</i> —		“The Mountain of Fame”	26	“A Carthaginian Girl”	137
Statuette in Ivory	308	“Soft Eyes looked Love”	27	“Ultimum Feriens”	137
“St. John”	308	“A Valkyrie”	27	Ivory Statuette	138
Bust in Wood and Ivory	308	The Statue used in “His Excel- lency”	27	“Salambo in the presence of Mathó”	138
“The End of the Dream”	309	“A Vanishing Dream”	28	“Fra Angelico”	138
Fireplace in Stone	310	“The Crash of Doom”	28	<i>Roty, O.</i> —	
“Raymondin and Mélusine”	310	“For though encircled round, etc.”	29	Marriage Medal as Cloak Clasp	191
<i>Della Quercia, Jacopo</i> —		<i>Lutiger, Frank</i> —“Pre-historic Bil- iards”	333	Design for Silver Money	375
“The Creation of Eve”	29	<i>Ménier, Constantin</i> —		<i>Thorncroft, W. H., R.A.</i> —Statue of H.M. the Queen for Durban	239
“Adam and Eve”	77	“A Glass Blower”	496	<i>Toft, Albert</i> —“W. E. Gladstone”	39
<i>Dubois, Alphonse</i> —“Music” (medal)	375	“Puddlers”	500	<i>Trentacoste, Domenico</i> —	
<i>Dubois, Daniel</i> —“Horticulture” (medal)	375	“The Collier”	500	“P. H. Calderon, R.A.” “Pia” and “Figure for a Memorial”	400
<i>Fir-Masseau</i> —Statuette: “The Open- ing Flower”	501	“The Prodigal Son”	501	“Reliquary” and Detail	401
<i>Ford, E. Onslow, R.A.</i> —“The Gordon Memorial at Chatham”	76	“Autwerp”	502	“The Disinherited”	402
<i>Gardel, M.</i> —Groups for the Alexandre III Bridge	269	<i>Patey</i> —“The Savings Bank Medal”	375	<i>Wade, George S.</i> —“Memorial Statue to Tiruvavur Muthuswamy”	95
<i>Lucchesi, A. C.</i> —		<i>Pegram, H.</i> —Candelabra for St. Paul’s	476	<i>Williams, G. A.</i> —	
“The Flight of Fancy”	24	<i>Pérez, Victor</i> —“Puits de Chavannes” (medal)	374	A Door Plate	520
Sketch Model for “Prince Michael”	25	<i>Rhind, John</i> —“Bust of W. E. Glad- stone”	140	Lite Study	520
“Destiny”	26			Design for Wall Fountain	521

LIST OF PLATES.

		PAGE
A SUMMER SHOWER	By C. Wilhelm (Colour)	<i>Fronispiece</i>
THE ANARCHIST	By Sascha Schneider	<i>To face</i> 8
THE FLIGHT OF FANCY	By A. C. Lucchesi	21
A STUDY FOR “THE GORDON RIOTS”	By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A.	38
A STUDY	By J. L. Gérôme	42
THE FOAM SPRITE	By Herbert J. Draper (“Rembrandt” Photogravure)	48
STUDY FOR “THE SEA MAIDEN”	By Herbert J. Draper	52
STUDY FOR “THE VINTAGE MORN”	By Herbert J. Draper	56
THE CROWN OF ENGLAND BEING OFFERED TO RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER	By Sigismund Goetze	62
WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR GRANTING A CHARTER TO THE CITIZENS OF LONDON	By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A.	88
BY THE WATCHMAN’S FIRE	By Thomas Mostyn (“Rembrandt” Photogravure)	132
SIR HENRY IRVING	By Mortimer Menpes	109
MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER IN “ONE SUMMER’S DAY”	By Mortimer Menpes (Colour)	102
“THE HOUR IN ALL ITS GLORY SHALL BE LED AWAY EVERLASTINGLY”	By Professor Herkomer, R.A.	106
THE VIRGIN OF THE ROCKS	By Leonardo da Vinci	110
STUDY FOR “THE RANSOM”	By Sir John E. Millais, P.R.A. (Colour)	114
A STUDY	By Edwin A. Abbey, R.A.	146
A STUDY OF A SLEEVE	By Edwin A. Abbey, R.A.	152
“À VERSAILLES”	By Val C. Prinsep, R.A.	188
THE BRIDGE	By Edwin A. Abbey, R.A. (“Rembrandt” Photogravure)	192
SKETCH FOR “REGAN”	By Edwin A. Abbey, R.A.	194
STUDY FOR GOWN, COURT OF HENRY VIII	By Edwin A. Abbey, R.A.	198
PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG LADY	By Lucas Cranach	216
A WINDMILL, “A STUDY IN BLACK AND CHALK”	By John Constable, R.A.	231
PORTRAIT OF A MAN	By Rembrandt	246
SKETCH OF AN ARRANGEMENT OF DRAPEY FOR “GALAHAD”	By Edwin A. Abbey, R.A.	252
SUMMER	By A. M. Mucha (Colour)	276
THE WOUNDED CAVALIER	By W. S. Burton	288
MRS. MARK CURRIE	By George Romney (“Rembrandt” Photogravure)	298
STUDY OF THE QUEEN’S CREAM COLOURED HORSES	By John Charlton	316
MRS. W. KERR-SMITH	By Seymour Lucas, R.A.	344
THE COTTAGE DOOR	By Mrs. Allingham, R.W.S. (Colour)	354
THE MUSE OF TRAGEDY	By Elihu Vedder	368
CAPTIVE CUPID	By T. Blake Wirgman (“Rembrandt” Photogravure)	384
MY LADY’S GARDEN	By J. Young Hunter	390
ADMIRATION	By W. A. Bougnereau	408
SIR WILLIAM BLAKE RICHMOND, K.C.B., R.A.	By George Phoenix	446
A SKETCH AT WALBERSWICK	By George C. Haité	450
THE DIVER	By H. S. Take (“Rembrandt” Photogravure)	456
STUDY FOR “COLT-HUNTING IN THE NEW FOREST”	By Lucy E. Kemp-Welch (Colour)	480
PENCIL STUDY OF AN APPLE TREE	By Lucy E. Kemp-Welch	482
CHRIST HEALING THE SICK	By Rembrandt	514
STUDY OF A TREE	By Lord Leighton, P.R.A.	528
PENCIL STUDY FOR “CIMABUE’S MADONNA”	By Lord Leighton, P.R.A.	534
THE PRODIGAL SON	By a Chinese Artist (Colour)	541

THE MAGAZINE OF ART.

FLOWERS AND FANCIES:

FROM THE GARDEN TO THE STAGE.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY C. WILHELM.



SHAKESPEARE it is— and in connection with flowers and fancies what name more magical to conjure with than his who sang of “Daffodils that come before the swallow dares, and take the winds of March with beauty”?—Shakespeare it is who asks “Tell me, where is fancy bred?” A consideration of this question will prompt various replies according to the significance of the appeal to natures of widely

differing perceptions and sympathies. For myself, I will make so bold as to answer “In flowerland.” Flowers indeed seem to be “expressed in fancy” beyond all other created things, and are fruitful almost to the verge of embarrassment in suggestions of form, colour, and composition. In attempting to transplant them into the realms of Spectacle, as has often been my pleasant task, and in endeavouring to convey from the fields to the footlights an impression of their subtle charm, I have found myself at times almost overweighted with an exuberance of material, though the glamour is elusive of imitation to the point of despair. It is quite impossible to resist the claim made by Nature’s exquisite hues on the allegiance of the artist and the lover of flowers. It would almost seem as if in one and the same breath they invited and defied imitation; and when one has succumbed to their fascination so far as to attempt a travesty of their translucent colour, absolute success seems to slip through

one’s fingers—much in the same way that the art of colour-reproduction in a limited number of printings will, in its turn, sometimes fall short in presenting a facsimile of the exact tints and delicate gradations in a water-colour drawing. Science and perseverance allied, however, have done wonders in this direction, as the accompanying reproductions of my sketches go far to prove.

I have been invited to supplement these illustrations with a running commentary, as it were, on the difficulties besetting the artist who is bold enough to try to filch from Nature some of her secrets of beauty, though I may have to repeat something I have already had to say on a similar theme in earlier pages of this Magazine, in connection with the subject of “Art in the Ballet.” I have, at any rate, but little to add to the experiences I there recounted; whilst as to the veritable *modus operandi*, it is necessarily so modified by the circumstances of requirement and selection as to make well-nigh hopeless any attempt to point out a royal road to the attainment of a proficiency in an exercise which is as tantalising as it is undoubtedly attractive.

Other labourers in the same field of Flowers and Fancies have been tempted by the possibilities of the combination. Mr. Walter Crane’s charming volume, “Flora’s Feast”—ably uniting his rare qualities of earnestness and imagination—on the one hand; as well as a recent Alhambra *divertissement* of roses and butterflies, and the ingenious embodiment of orchid growths in the latest Drury Lane pantomime, on the other—will suggest themselves at once as examples to anyone interested in the subject.

Of flowers as incentives to decorative art, and as inexhaustible sources of design and ornament, it is surely needless to quote many instances; but where, it may be asked, would our wall-papers be,

our brocaded fabrics, our silversmith's work, and the thousand and one elegances to which we accustom ourselves in our everyday surroundings, without the refining influence of floral forms? Look at the conspicuously delightful

as "notoriety at any price;" their quest—wilful ugliness and distortion, occasionally as unclean and morbid as it is certainly insane. That it is often merely incoherent, to call it by no worse name, is amply evidenced in the irritating



THE LILAC.

posters of M. Mucha; what does he not owe to the flower-growths pervading all his work with dainty colour, fantastic form, and lovely line?

In art, as in literature, we seem to hail a revival of the romantic element—of the sentimental, if you will—that is welcome, at any rate, as leavening the productions of the decadent school, who in deeds (one might truly write "misdeeds"), if not in words, proclaim their mission

whimsicality and crudity of much of our latter-day advertisement and pseudo-decorative work. The success that is worth achieving is not to be purchased so cheaply—a mere affectation of singularity will not suffice—for unconventional art makes no appeal unless its apparent vagaries spring from a source of sincerity. This applies rather to decoration pure and simple than to the pictured presentment of an event, or to a more or

less faithful transcript direct from Nature. There is this at least to be said for the practice of a long contemplation and study of flower-life—it does not debase one's ideas, it offers to the student pure colour and gracious line; its glamour may

languors of virtue” and “the raptures and roses of vice,” that the associations of flowers are ennobling. One links them with the countries they spring from, the legends that entwine around them; the national and poetic symbolism attaching to



THE CARNATION.

intoxicate, but it is the intoxication of beauty, and can any one of us absorb too much of that?

Nor need we go far afield to sit at Nature's feet: the “meanest weed that grows” can teach us lessons of infinite wonder and charm. From Chaucer to Burns and Tennyson, the modest little daisy has always found a poet to sing its graces. Few will deny, in spite of Mr. Swinburne's somewhat arbitrary classification of “the lilies and

their names. The vine, the wheat, the “Madonna” lily, and the passion-flower are the accepted quartette of ecclesiastic floral emblems. Who that holds dear the history of his England can forget its Wars of the Roses? Nor are the lilies of France less familiar. Will the question ever be decided which blossom may claim to have originated the heraldic *fleur-de-lis*? Surely it must be the “flower de luce”—the golden flag-

flower that fringes the stream—not the garden lily, that the city of Florence specially appropriates as her badge. We all of us know the pomegranate of Spain, the thistle and shamrock of Scotland and Ireland, the maple of Canada, and the lotus and the chrysanthemum of Japan. The name of

tions. To the wanderer in many climes what scenes and associations will not the sight of a particular blossom conjure up? A flowering heath in a conservatory will suffice to recall the stretches of the South African veldt—an orchid, the moist warmth of a tropic jungle, where the golden sun-



THE DAFFODIL.

Holland conjures up a vision of acres of tulip and hyacinth bloom. Indian temples reek of the chaplets of marigolds that are sacred to their gods, whilst the laurel of fame and the bridal myrtle link the mystic rites and legends of ancient Greece with modern thought and life.

In the traveller, the botanist, the poet and the gardener, flowers inspire varying ideas and ambi-

shafts, scarcely able to filter through the dense canopy of foliage, glance brilliantly on these gorgeous parasites that would seem to link the floral with the insect world—a rhododendron in a London park, or maybe solitary on a dingy window-sill, will perchance carry his thoughts away to the forests of blossom that clothe the slopes of the distant Himalayas. Sicilian fields,



THE LILY.



THE ORCHID.



THE SNOWDROP.

the Roman Campagna, the Riviera, spring irresistibly to the recollection at the sight of the narcissus, the cyclamen, and the anemone: whilst the azure glory of the gentians in Swiss pasture lands is an unforgettable revelation. And when far away from the English home, what traveller, remembering the pale primrose by contrast with the flaunting, scentless blossoms of the Equator, or the flowerless desolation of the desert, but shall find his pulse quicken with a longing for a glimpse of the pale sulphur clusters that lie scattered in spring under the shade of stately elms and star themselves along the hedgerows of familiar roads.

How perfectly Nature always arranges her combinations and contrasts of colour in leaf and blossom! The plum-like bloom on the dull green discs of the nasturtium leaves is the most piquant of harmonies with the paler citron of its tendrils and the flame and orange and copper of its flowers; the almost steel-grey of the blades that are ranged

in the service of the carnation family; and the shimmering network of frosted silver, that makes the thistle with its crown of glowing purple such a thing of beauty. Take a flowering branch of the Gloire de Dijon rose; is there anything in nature more beautiful than the gleam of the sky reflected in its glossy leaves, as opposed to the golden green of the light shining through them. the deep ivory of the flower that blushes into peach and apricot tones in the recessed and crumpled petals of its heart, and then, tapering off on the thorny stems, beyond the sturdy buds, comes the delicate rose-brown of the tender shoots and leaves to be developed in their turn? Note how the waxen texture of the flowers of the camellia and the orange is repeated in their leaves, and how it differs from the gradations of burnished bronze in the off-shoots of the vine. One might go on multiplying instances *ad infinitum* culled from the field and the hedge, the garden and the



THE SCARLET-RUNNER.

greenhouse: but considerations of space stay one's hand. What variety of character, again, apart from colour, in the actual growth of flowering trees and plants! the mantles, as it were, of snowy blossom that would seem to weigh down the branches of the may-trees, the garlands of clematis and bramble, the standards of larkspur and hollyhock, the defiant assertiveness of the great sunflower, the tassels of laburnum and wistaria, the spires of chestnut bloom, the tangle of jasmine, or the plumes of lilac tossing on the scented air—small wonder it is that the decorative artist finds this wealth of suggestion almost embarrassing in its prodigality. And yet its ever-ready response to his requirements stimulates him to fresh endeavour, and provokes in him an intense longing to solve the secrets of the bewildering beauty of the colour and form that challenge at once his admiration and his powers of imitation.

Yielding to the spell thus powerfully exercised, over and over again have I found myself saying,

“If (always a big “if”!) one could only get that effect on the stage, what a triumph of colour it would be!” The wish is father to the attempt, and very full of interest it becomes. To some it may appear that where the flower is in itself such a perfect thing—and does there exist one that is not?—a positive desecration to pick it to pieces, so to speak, to supply a motive for design, or a scheme of decoration for spectacular purposes. To evolve skirts and sleeves from its petals and leaves, a cap, say, from its calyx, and sashes and belts from its stems and tendrils, savours almost of impertinence. Fortunately such objectors are rare, and are at any rate deficient in the saving grace of fancy, which admits of no such restraints.

In adapting, then, these fancies, provoked by floral example, to costume purposes, there are, broadly speaking, three ways of setting to work, limited only by the possibilities of the flower selected and the nature of the effect one may



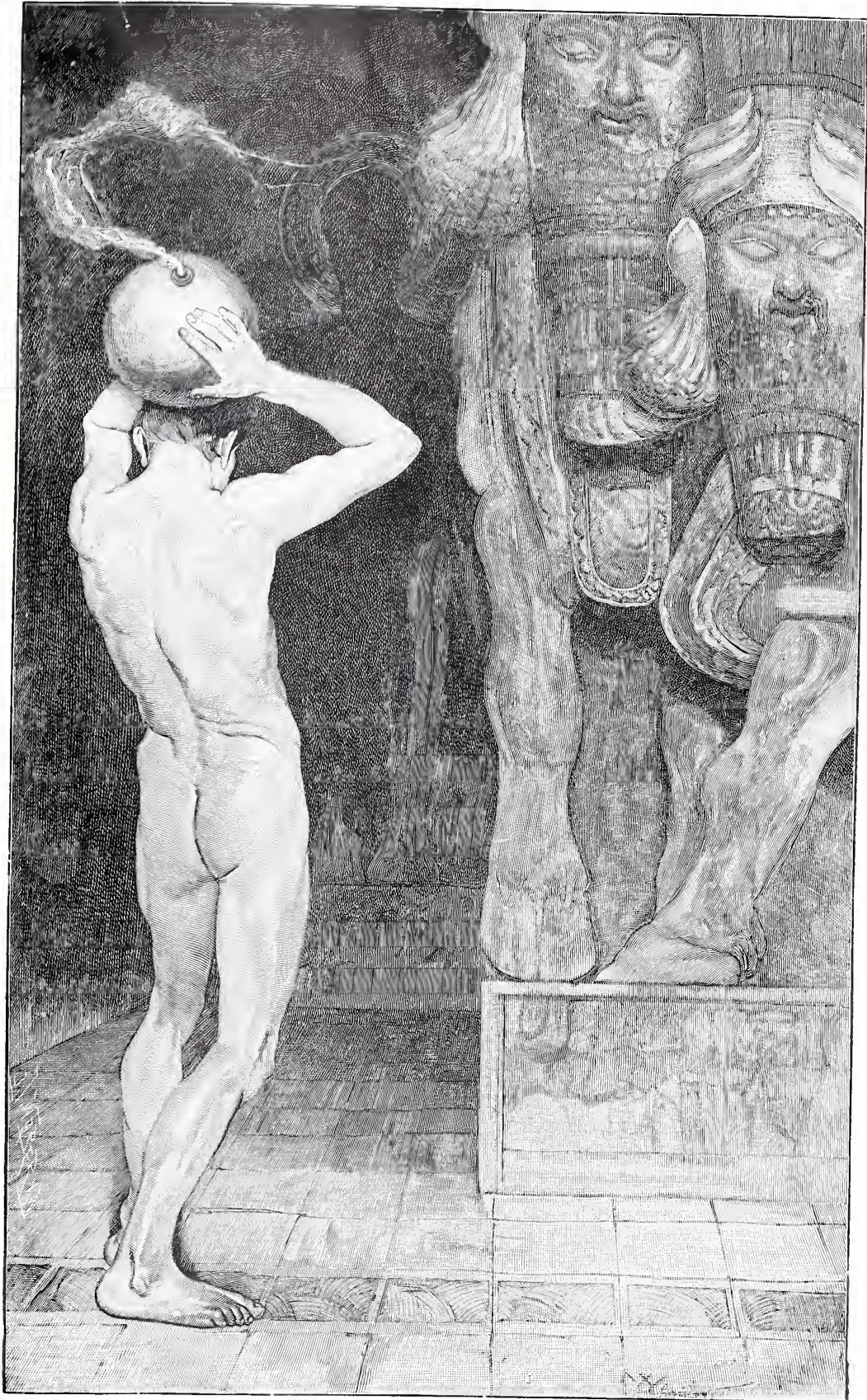
THE IRIS.

wish to produce. Supposing one desires to make the flower itself live and move in human form without sacrificing its outward proportions, one may arrive at a result such as is shown in the daffodil and snowdrop dresses; and in the suggestion of an orchid costume, based on one of the best known and most easily recognised varieties. This method naturally implies the difficulties of its limitations and narrows one's freedom of treatment. Some flowers are, of course, absolutely impossible of reproduction on these lines, and call for a system of adaptation which constitutes a second method of dealing with the subject; and necessitates a dissection, as it were, of the flower, so as to build up from its component parts a dress that shall utilise their various forms without resulting in an actual blossom. Such a method enables one to present the carnation, for example, as the very pink of politeness in a costume that is, in a sense, the quintessence of the Louis Quinze period. The rich clove-scented flower adapts itself very happily to the form of the *chapeau-tricorne*, nor are the white picotee petals less accommodating as a *jabot*. A group of these "exquisites" figured originally in a flower-ballet,

"*Rose d'Amour*," which I designed some years since for the Empire Theatre; joining an equal number of ladies in Court minuet dresses founded on the lilac—not the "lilac" here reproduced, which belongs to a more recent spectacle, the "Fête des Fleurs" in "*Monte Cristo*" at the same house, and is appropriately attired more in the mode of the Consulate. The ballet "*Rose d'Amour*" just alluded to, was instrumental in raising quite a crop of floral fancies, a veritable *parterre* of colour and design; where the reigning divinity was Queen of All the Roses, with a bevy of rose-bud train-bearers. The stately lily acted as Lord Chamberlain in the attire depicted in these pages. Geraniums provided the military scarlet, and the monkshood the ecclesiastical purple; the fuchsia, in the guise of a jester, directed the follies of the court, and the convolvulus (of our frontispiece), the poppy—scattering the influence of sleep; the violet, shyly sheltering under her leaves the censer of perfume she carried, the pansy, and many others found more or less ideal representatives. Naturally a paradise of flowers has other denizens, and the unmusical grasshoppers and the butterflies were not out of place. A similar license introduced on another occasion a *Midsummer Night's Dream* scene—designed for Mr. Oscar Barrett at the Lyceum—a weird group of spiders and quaint mushroom sprites as a contrast to the delicacy of the animated blossoms.



THE ROSE.



THE ANARCHIST.

(From the Cartoon by Suscha Schneider. Engraved by J. F. Weber.)

A NEW SYMBOLIST: SASCHA SCHNEIDER.

By PAUL SCHULTZE-NAUMBURG.

FOR the last year or two the cartoons of a young Dresden artist have been the subject of much discussion. In the first place their

are to be regarded as black-and-white work, the smaller form of engraving or lithography would have been more fitting. And apart from this, in



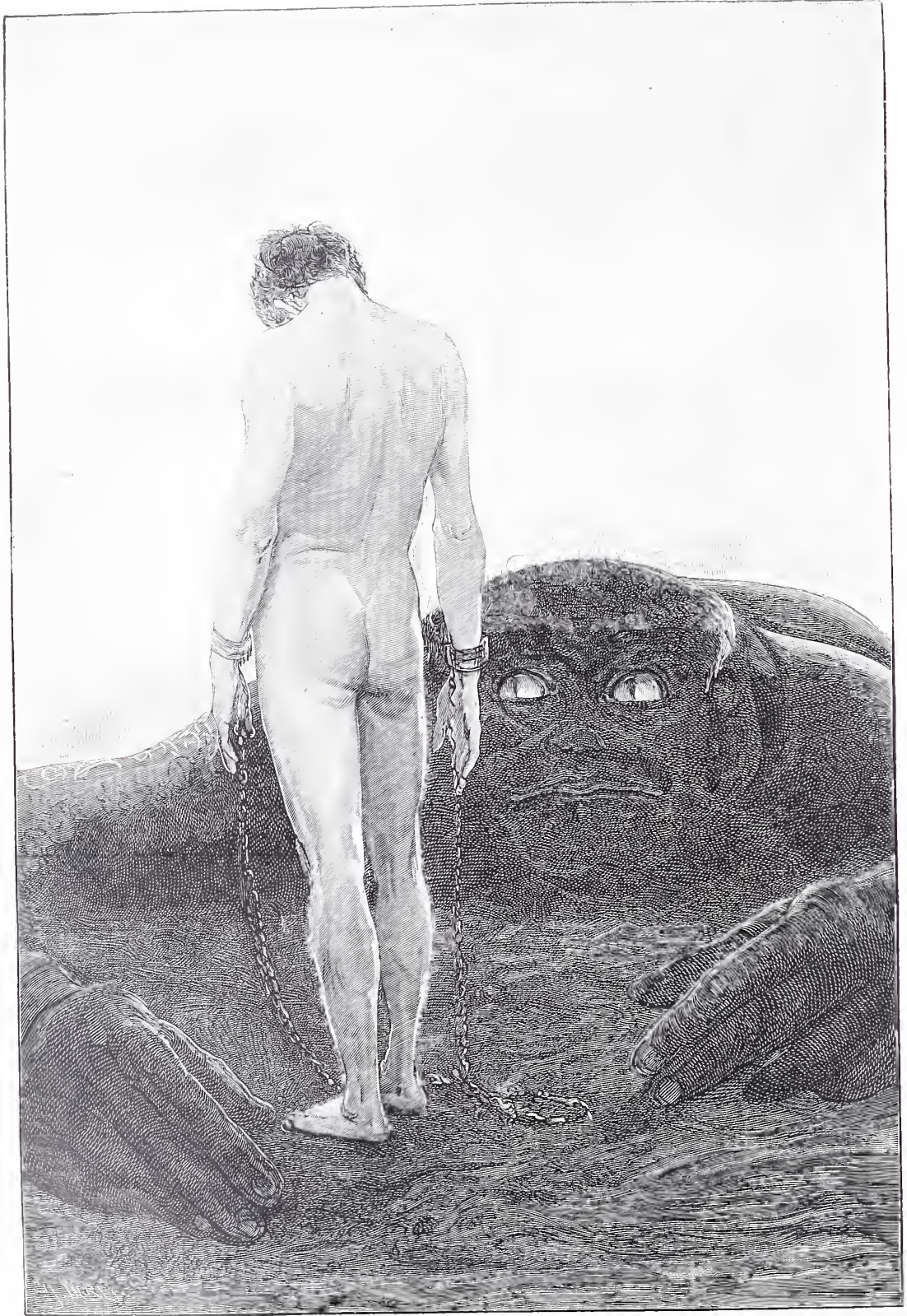
SASCHA SCHNEIDER.

novelty of treatment was startling, for it was long since anyone had attempted to treat the cartoon as an independent work of art, as anything indeed but a preparatory study for painting. And, added to this, such strange and often grotesque ideas found expression in these drawings on a colossal scale, that this, too, attracted attention. Finally, the draughtsmanship was broad and solid and the vast surface filled with evident power.

For my own part, I could not in the first instance think them of such high merit as did many of my contemporaries. To begin with, I was struck with the incongruity between the pictures and their presentment. If they are intended for mural decoration the most important factor—namely, colour—is wanting; if they

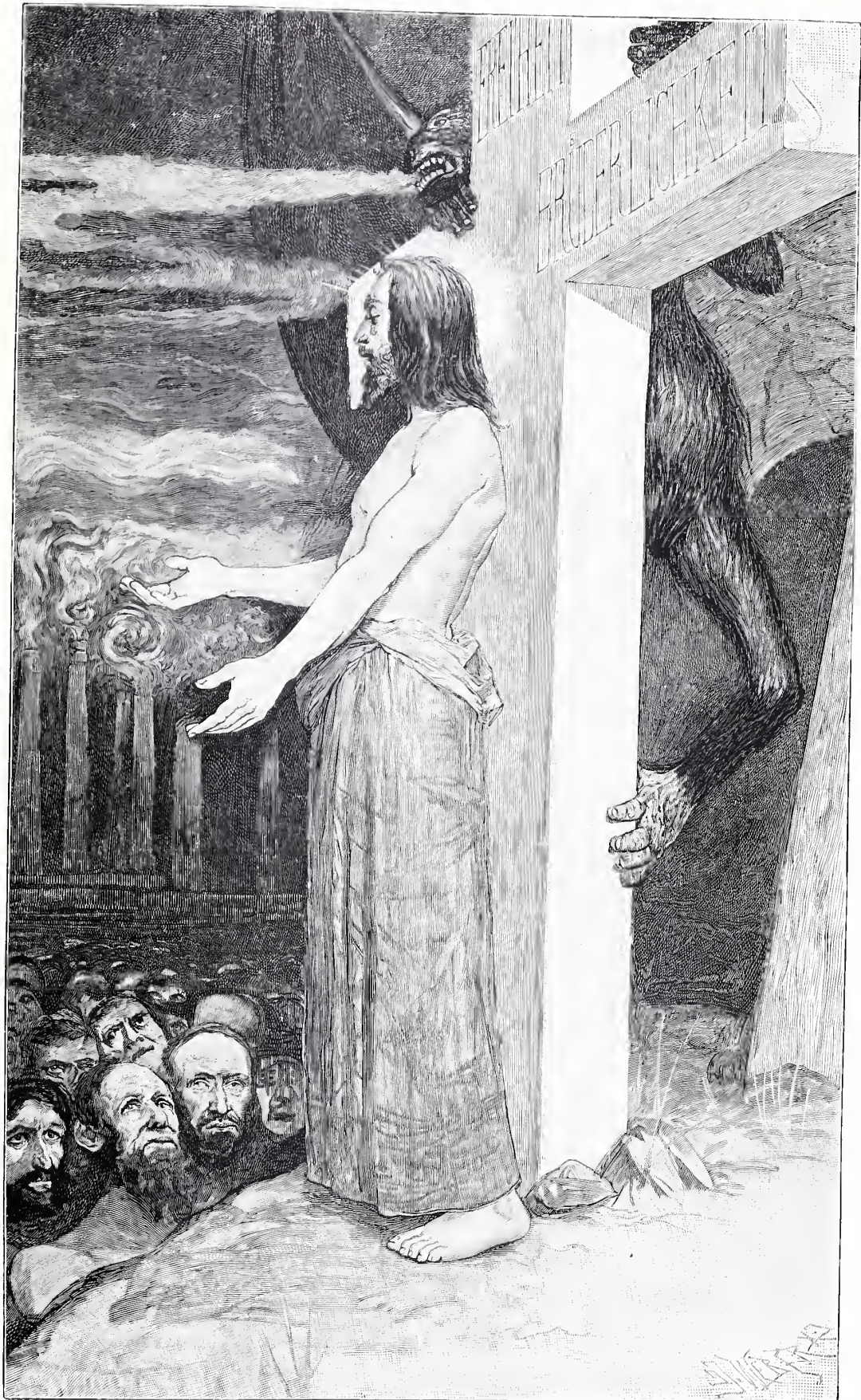
both drawings we found rather an elaborate composition, worked out with very adequate skill, rather than such an inspiration as we feel in the works of our really great designers, among whom Klinger is no doubt pre-eminent. The subjects indeed verge on the pictorial riddle, and rarely suggest the impression of a vision actually seen in the mind's eye of the artist. Nor does the introduction of the Slav element, which we discern in these drawings, mend the matter, for nationality has nothing to do with the question of inspiration or invention.

Serious critics in Germany have lately come to the same opinion, and from over estimating Schneider they have lapsed into overlooking him. But it would be wholly unjust not to recognise the talent that is to be discerned in Schneider's



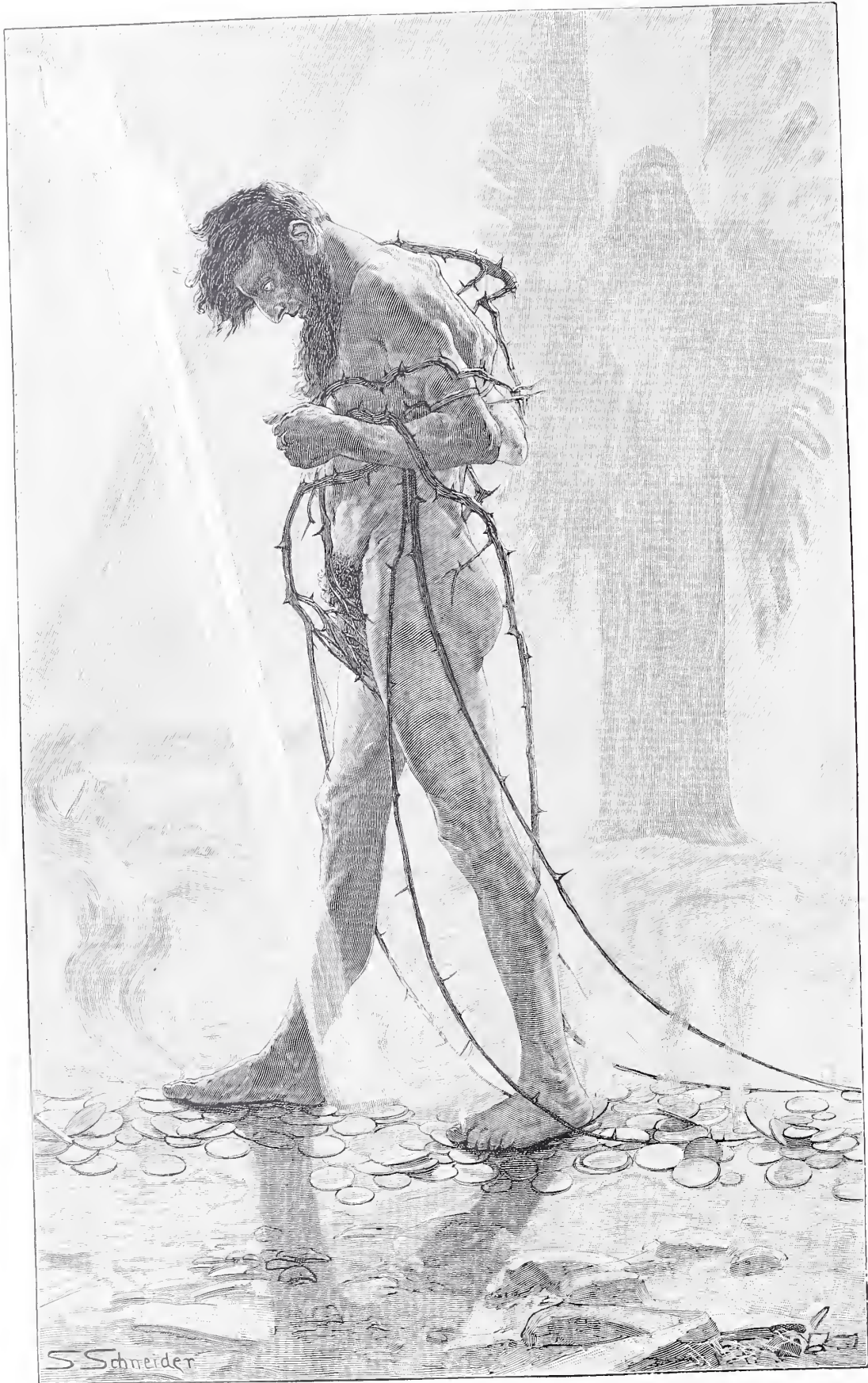
THE HELPLESSNESS OF MAN AGAINST DESTINY.

(From the Cartoon by Sascha Schneider. Engraved by J. F. Weber.)



"ONE IS NOT."

(From the Cartoon by Sascha Schneider. Engraved by J. F. Weber.)



JUDAS ISCARIOT.

(From the Cartoon by Sascha Schneider. Engraved by J. F. Weber.)

work; only we must hope, for the artist's sake, that he may soon display it in a purer and sincerer choice of subject. It is evident in all he does that he has great gifts as a draughtsman, and perhaps as a painter, and if he did not attempt to solve

Sascha Schneider was born in St. Petersburg, and is now six-and-twenty. He spent his youth in Russia, Switzerland, and the Tyrol, and then went to Dresden, where he was powerfully influenced by Leonhard Gly. After studying a short time in

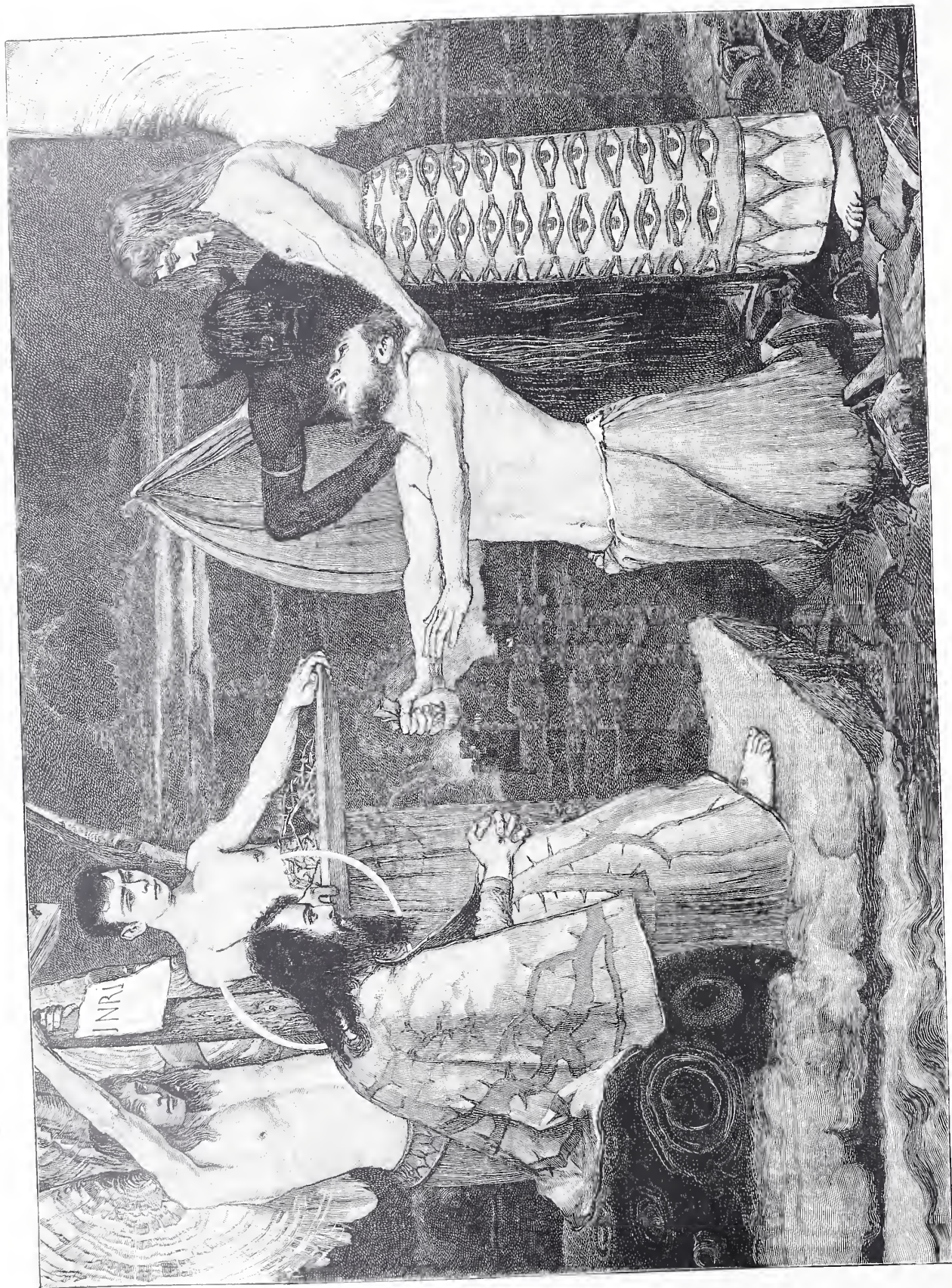


IN CONTEMPLATION OF ETERNITY.

problems that are far beyond his powers he would doubtless develop his talents to the highest advantage; whereas, as matters stand, he is sacrificing his prospects as an artist to a brief and spurious success.

That Schneider should have achieved great popularity with the public is not surprising. The crowd seldom recognises what is truly and intellectually great as such, but rejoices all the more in what is put forward as a substitute.

the Dresden Academy he left it to devote himself to working on his cartoons, exhibiting for the first time in 1895. Success is all the more encouraging for the young artist because he had long to struggle with pinching poverty, and it is hoped that he will soon find himself in a position to allow his taking up works which will appeal not merely to a sensational taste, but reveal themselves as the undisguised expression of his marked individuality.



THE SECOND MEETING (CHRIST AND JUDAS).

(From the Cartoon by Sascha Schneider. Engraved by J. F. Weber.)



CHRIST IN HADES.

From the Cartoon by Suscha Schneider. Engraved by J. F. Weber.

CURIOSITIES OF ART.
COINCIDENCES AND RESEMBLANCES IN WORKS OF ART.

BY M. H. SPIELMANN.

IT is, after all, not so much the intentional or unintentional coincidence of resemblance in pictures or sculpture that constitutes one of the

philosophic thought or scientific discovery may be taken up by new writers, new teachers, and new inquirers, and treated afresh by them and carried



VIRGIN AND DONOR.

(From the Painting by Jan Van Eyck, in the Louvre.)

Curiosities of Art—it is the blindness of the public that affords the more extraordinary phenomenon. The world that admits that the result of men's

further and further towards perfection, utterly fails to understand that the same licence may be the birthright of the artist. To the public mind

the ethics of imitation and repetition are clear enough so long as art is kept out of the field. About the privilege of men of science the public entertains no doubt at all; there can be no vested interest or proprietary rights in discovery and

But when they reach the Arts, men's minds become strangely clouded; they cannot see that here, too, the human intellect demands means for gradual advance from the good towards the excellent, and that subjects—which are the art-



ST. LUKE DRAWING THE VIRGIN.

(From the Painting by Roger van der Weyden.)

exploration. In the matter of literature the world is not so sure; and, unheeding of the abandonment of their position, would rather that Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, had invented entirely new and original plots and problems for themselves, than raised those of forerunners to sublime heights.

form of ideas—are as capable of being further dignified and perfected by progressive treatment, as the problems and researches of the scientific inquirer.

For the mere dishonest copyist there is nothing to be said or hoped: he is a hack for whom there

is no salvation. He cannot improve what he touches—only degrade. As Michael Angelo said when he was told that some whipper-snapper of the arts was imitating his work: "Who is satisfied to follow me will never see but my back." He is a mere plagiarist or common thief—and as such may be dismissed. For it must be borne in mind that it is not the act of absorbing an idea already treated by another that is the main factor in the case; the gist of the matter lies in the ability of the man who deals with it. If the result is improvement it may be held to be justified; if not, the deed is its own condemnation.

Putting aside, therefore, flat plagiarism—the moral theft that demonstrates the robber's own deficiency—and with it mere copying, comparatively or superlatively dishonest (which is forgery)—we find three classes of Resemblances, distinct and well-defined:—

- (1) Intentional adoption, with a view to improvement or other valid reason;
- (2) Unintentional adoption, the result of unconscious recollection; and
- (3) Accidental coincidence.

Instances abound of these three sorts of resemblance, and as I lean back, watching the blue cigar smoke rise and float away in streaky vagueness, examples—interesting, admirable, curious—crowd upon the recollection.

I dismiss at once the subjects which inevitably suggest conventional repetition rather than imitation—the Madonnas, Annunciations, Adorations, Pietàs, and Holy Families, the Ios and Jupiters, Ledas, Danaës, and Recumbent Venuses, and the rest, of Italy and Spain; the St. Huberts and Dances of Death of the Germans; the Temptations of St. Anthony and Incantation Scenes, the Dutch Ladies ill, or, clad in satin, receiving music lessons, and the Church Interiors and tavern carousals, of the Dutch; and the Court Ladies *à la déesse* and the Fêtes Champêtres of the French. We know them all so well; when we meet them we realise that we expected nothing else, and it seems the most natural thing in the world that Rubens's famous "Descent from the Cross" was followed by Rembrandt's, and Rembrandt's by Jean Jouvenet's. But the point to which my memory is directed is rather the unexpected similarities—subjects, generally, which are, or should be, personal to the painter.

The first such resemblance, perhaps the most inexplicable, is that which we find in Jan van Eyck and Roger van der Weyden. Van Eyck painted his masterpiece, known as the "Vierge au Donateur," for the Chancellor Rolin, whom the "Donateur" is supposed to



THE MISERS.
(By Quentin Massys.)



APOLLO AND MARSYAS
(From the Painting by Perugino, in the Louvre.)



THE MONEY-CHANGERS.

(From the Painting by Marinus van Romerswale.)



ADAM AND EVE.

(From the Painting by Barchiacca.)

represent—though, by the way, I have always been struck by his extraordinary resemblance to his contemporary, William Juvenal des Ursins, Baron of Trainel, and Chancellor under Charles VII and Louis XI—whose portrait, by Jean Fouquet, is now hanging in the Louvre. The landscape of this picture (which Napoleon captured from the church at Autun) is supposed to represent Lyons, although the bifurcation of the Rhone and Saône—the feature of the district—is not even suggested; yet some sort of resemblance to the St. Stephen's Cathedral is thought to be traced. We see here the Virgin and Child, and facing them (if the identity be accepted) the devout Chancellor Rolin. We have a tessellated pavement, a window on one side and above, three openings facing the spectator; beyond which, a flowering garden, a low *estrade*, on which stand a diminutive man and woman looking over a battlemented parapet at the river scenery beyond.

Compare with this Roger van der Weyden's picture of "St. Luke drawing the Virgin." The general design of Van Eyck's work is simply reversed; look at it in a mirror and the motive of the whole is the same. The patron-saint of artists takes the place of the "Donor;" we have the same tessellated pavement, the same window lighting, the same three openings at the back, the same flowering garden, low *estrade*, tiny man and woman looking over the castellated parapet at the river scenery. Could there have been accident in this resemblance? I think not. We may not nowadays believe Vasari when he says that Roger was the pupil of Jan, who was senior by twenty years; but at least we know that Roger—who was a man of wealth—painted his picture for the Chapel of the Guild of St. Luke at Brussels, probably about the year 1450, and it is perhaps a fair inference that I hazard, that he wrought it as a pendant to Van Eyck's work which was, perhaps, already hanging in the same church. In any case, both pictures are of such supreme excellence and mastery that plagiarism becomes a thought unworthy of them.

The resemblance of Raphael's "Expulsion from the Garden of Eden" to that of Masaccio—who had died two-score years before the greater man was born—lacks the interesting uncertainty attaching to the pictures already mentioned. Raphael in his "Expulsion," which, it will be remembered is one of the series at the Vatican known as "Raphael's Bible," aimed simply at



THE CREATION OF EVE.

(From the Bas-relief by Jacopo della Quercia.)

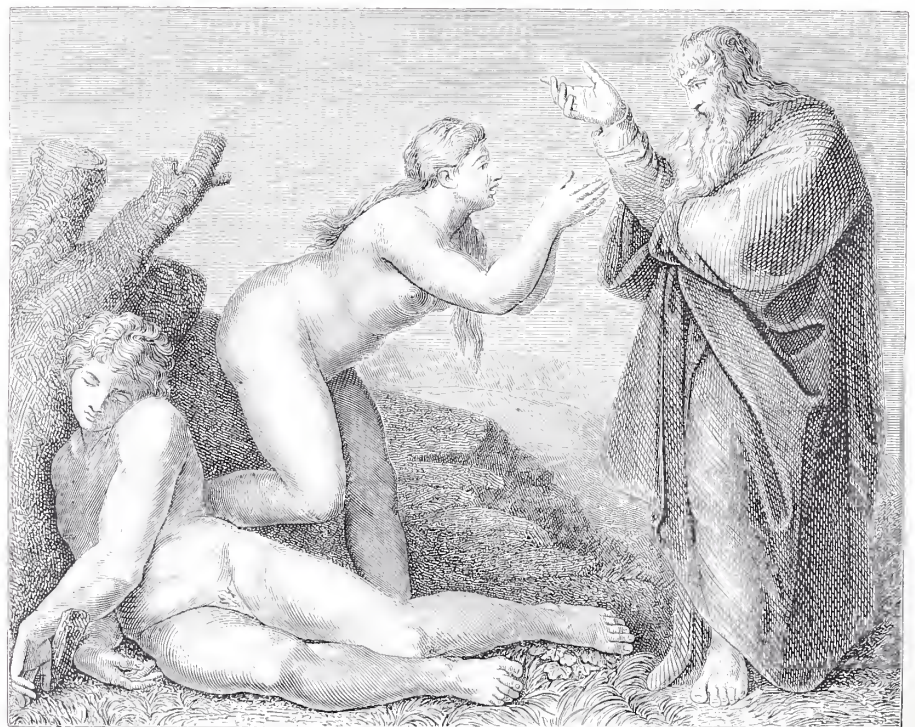
improving on Masaccio's conception. He takes the Avenging Angel from the air in which he is hovering in the elder artist's work, and sets him on his feet on the doorstep to Paradise. But the figures of Adam and Eve are practically identical, though greatly improved in detail of composition: for Raphael was doubtless greatly struck—as all intelligent beholders must be—by the skill with which Masaccio has shown, from the gestures of the two, how Adam's shame is moral while Eve's is essentially physical.

A far more curious example is the surprising adaptation by Bacchiacca of Perugino's painting of "Apollo and Marsyas" in the Salon Carré, in the Louvre.* Bacchiacca was the pupil of Perugino in 1515 and afterwards of Francia Bigio, and his

* I adopt the ascriptions of Morelli here. The first-named picture used to be attributed to Giulio Romano and the latter to Raphael.

conversion of the characters of classical mythology into "Adam and Eve" is more interesting, more amusing, and ingenious than successful. From Perugino's picture (at one time known as "Morris Moore's Raphael," and before that as a Mantegna) Francia Bigio has taken the main lines of his composition and his forms. Apollo becomes Eve, the attitude of the uplifted arm being employed to hold Abel: his lyre is turned into Cain, and the presumptuous satyr is transformed into Adam—the attitude of the arm being so far retained that the change in that of the hand gives a curious ungainliness to the gesture. It can hardly be said that conversion of design is here justified by its success.

It is not long since that there was demonstrated in these pages the closeness of the manner in which Marinus de Zeeuw, or Van Romerswale, repeated, with modification of detail, the pictures of "Money-Changers," or "Misers," by his master, Quentin Massys. There is so much mystery in the circumstances of the production of these curious works, and so much obscurity about the life of Van Romerswale, that it would be a mistake to set it down as either imitation on one hand or resemblance on the other, what may have been repetition by authority or by the commercial demand of fashion. The sentimental Massys—whose epitaph upon his monument, "Pictorem ad fecit amor," perpetuates his passion for his wife, Ayt van Tuyt, for whose sake he gave up



THE CREATION OF EVE.

(From the Fresco by Michael Angelo.)



THE FLIGHT OF FANCY.

(By Andrea C. Lucchesi.)



THE EMPEROR THEODOSIUS REFUSED ADMISSION INTO THE CHURCH BY ST. AMBROSE.

(From the Painting by Rubens, at Vienna.)

smithery and studied painting—executed many such pictures. They are to be found at Windsor Castle, at the Louvre, at Madrid, and, in a bad example, at Stockholm. In *Marinus* we have, says Miss Evans, a mere imitator; but we know so little—nothing, indeed—of his life that judgment must be withheld. We know, indeed, that his “*Money-Changers*” in the National Gallery, which is probably his best work, was up to recent years attributed to Massys himself; but all are of a certain standard of quality, and seem to me so strangely to suggest a moral intent that there is more of the preacher than of the artist in these works, which, as Mr. E. T. Cook points out, remind us of Ruskin’s “*new Beatitude*”: “*Blessed are the merciless, for they shall obtain money.*” Who knows that the idea was not suggested to Massys himself by his *predikant*?

It is not necessary to draw afresh a comparison between the intellects of Michael Angelo and Milton; but the

reader must be reminded of the opinion they held in common—that it was their right, whether as men or artists, to gestate (so to speak) the ideas of the past and to magnify and dignify them into mighty conceptions of their own. It was thus—as Mr. Claude Phillips remarked in this Magazine years ago—that Milton took the unimpressive Fiend of Calderon’s “*El Magico Prodigioso*” and transformed him into the awful Lucifer; and it was thus that Michael Angelo borrowed from Jacopo della Quercia (whose death dates a hundred and twenty years before his own) for his impressive “*Creation of Eve*” in the Sistine Chapel. It is not only that he has borrowed the conception from Della Quercia’s panel-relief on the portal of San Petronio of Bologna, but he has obtained from it his type of the Almighty, of his Moses, and of the Prophets, Jeremiah in particular. Yet who will say that his “*Creation of Eve*” is not a noble improvement on Della Quercia’s noble design? This sculptor has been a quarry to a succession of distinguished artists; and Michael Angelo was educated—perhaps more than most painters of his day—on the principle of copying; indeed, his very first



THE EMPEROR THEODOSIUS REFUSED ADMISSION INTO THE CHURCH BY ST. AMBROSE.

(From the Painting by Van Dyck, in the National Gallery.)

picture was a painted version of Martin Schon-ganer's print of "The Temptation of St. Anthony." The main circumstance, therefore, appears to arise in the natural course of events. Similarly, his "Last Judgment" is believed to have been inspired by Signorelli's, and to have suggested that of Rubens's.

A far more deliberate transcript is that here illustrated of Van Dyck after Rubens. The latter, it will be remembered, had produced his great picture of "The Meeting of Abraham and Melchisedek" which, the property of the Duke of Westminster, now hangs in the great gallery of Grosvenor House. The group of the two chief figures so pleased the painter that he repeated them in "The Emperor Theodosius refused admission into the Church by St. Ambrose," now in the Belvedere Collection in Vienna. Van Dyck—who was his pupil from 1615 until 1620, when for a year he became his assistant—painted the pseudo-copy which is in our National Gallery, and which many consider to be superior to the original work. It cannot be pretended that this is a mere school copy; the modifications are so numerous, the handling so free, and the improvements so unquestionable, that the performance should be ranked rather amongst repetitions for sake of perfection. Nevertheless, the amelioration is not at all in the idea, but wholly in respect of the composition and treatment. He has extended the architecture, and avoided the false perspective which is so noticeable in Rubens's picture; to some of the men he has given beards, and from other chins removed them; he has altered attitudes and draperies, and introduced a dog just where it was wanted; besides placing his much-loved master's head upon the shoulders of one of the supporters and adherents of the Church.

The Dresden Gallery affords the next example which comes to mind of a close resemblance of subject though not of arrangement. Among the masters of Holland, a curiously large proportion were famous for being *bons vivants*; and many of them celebrated upon canvas their rollicking tastes, not carousing merely, but drinking merrily in the company of their wives, toasting them with all amiable jollity as affectionate and thirsty husbands. Rembrandt, as we all know, took the utmost pride in his wife Saskia Uylenburg, the country girl of Ransdorp, who most nearly approached his ideal of feminine beauty, and who, for eight years the delight of his domestic life, sat for many of the finest pictures in his early period. Of all his portraits or portrait groups, none is more joyous than that which shows the lady seated on her husband's knee, her back to the spectator, towards whom her face is turned, while Rembrandt raises his

glass of sparkling wine as if asking the on-looker to be a good fellow and toast her with him. Metz, though a younger man, was Rem-



MRS. LLOYD.

(From the Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P. R. A.)

brandt's contemporary; but it is likely that his picture of a like character was painted after that just named. He, too, laughs as he raises his slender glass and drinks to his wife, whom he clasps lovingly round the shoulder. Rembrandt depicts himself in his own home, and the peacock on the dish emphasises the luxury of his surroundings. Metz, with more humility, sits in the tavern kitchen, and his fair wife, as she eats her cherries, looks somewhat dismayed as the hostess in the background chalks up the increasing score. We have resemblance here, perhaps mere coincidence; but we have no right to assume a closer imitation.

Pursuing my meditation in order of date (that is to say, by the death-date of the later of each pair of artists), I come to Watteau and Gainsborough. Watteau's "Diane au Bain" is, through the engraving, among the best-known

of his pictures, though by no means one of his most graceful. The nude figure is seated at the river-bank; her draperies are fallen from her;



LE CHIFFRE D'AMOUR.
(From the Painting by Fragonard.)

close by her side lies her quiver at which she looks; and she rests the foot she dries across her knee. Gainsborough, who was born six years after Watteau died, has taken his figure of "Musidora" from the French painter's "Diane;" but from a subject of little charm has produced a figure instinct with grace and elegance, of which Watteau's conception gives scarcely a

hint. A portion of this greater air of distinction is obtained by the elongation of the forms, by turning the nymph's head towards her occupation, and by shaping his picture an upright oval. While conceding to the English painter all the credit of his great improvement, the spectator cannot doubt the origin of the conception.

It is not sufficiently recognised that English and French painters of the eighteenth century were apt, as in these latter days, to study each other's work with a view to self-improvement, and a happy idea or felicitous arrangement would be accepted without any suspicion of plagiaristic taint. Of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Fragonard, the former was the elder. I know not the relative dates of "Mrs. Lloyd" and "Le Chiffre d'Amour." The two are here reproduced, the former from the engraving of Graves, and the latter from that of de Launay. The subject-motive is the same, and if one be reversed will be seen to present still greater points of resemblance. But the fact that each is absolutely and wholly representative of the handling and the characteristics of its painter, raises these two pictures beyond the realm of adverse comparative criticism.

Lastly, Watteau's "L'Amour Désarmé," which the Duc d'Angule recently bequeathed to France in his collection at Chantilly, is based upon a similar design by Paul Veronese; but it is hardly necessary to say how individual is his work, how utterly apart from Callari's feeling and manner. But strongly suggestive of these are "L'Amour Blessé" (1859) and "Jeune Fille se défendant contre l'Amour" (1880) of M. Bouguereau—the former, more particularly, in pose, and the latter in idea.

It would be easy to continue the list of Old-Master coincidences, but those here set forth are enough for the time and occasion. I shall return to the subject soon, to show how modern artists also have been indebted to, or have coincided with contemporaries as well as with the painters of past time—thinking thoughts that have been thought before, and painting scenes which have charmed generations of art-lovers in the centuries that have gone.



OUR RISING ARTISTS: MR. A. C. LUCCHESI.

By C. C. HUTCHINSON.

"In Art there is but one taskmaster—God Almighty;
And there should be but one idea—Nature in every thing."

ANDREA CARLO LUCCHESI was born in the year 1860, in that old part of the City of London formerly called "the Tenter-ground."

His father was a Tuscan, who came over to England at an early age, and eventually attained some considerable celebrity as a sculptor's moulder, being employed in that capacity in moulding and casting most of the works of the well-known British sculptors during the last forty years. His mother was an Englishwoman, from whom, no doubt, Mr. A. C. Lucchesi has inherited much of that poetic feeling which is the leading theme of his well-known works.

While still a child Mr. Lucchesi commenced the struggles of life, for at the age of twelve he began to earn the means of existence by becoming his father's assistant, to which fact must be largely ascribed the rich technical knowledge of all details of the sculptor's art and craft for which he enjoys so much esteem amongst his brother artists. The mere mechanical reproduction of the ideal works of others failed, however, to satisfy the artistic appetite of the young moulder, and quickly recognising that, even where genius holds the sway, systematic art-training must be an all-important element, the courageous lad made up his mind to obtain the advantages of such a training. Without hesitation he therefore denied himself many of the pleasures of youth, and at once devoted his scanty means, and still scantier moments of leisure, to a course of systematic study at the West London School of Art. His contemporaries there well remember the fevered haste with which the youthful artist utilised the opportunities which he thus managed to snatch; and his work, even at that early stage, gave rich promise of the imaginative character of the future work to be created by his hands.

But as in life, so in art; the devious tracks which lead to the summit of "the mountain of fame" have many obstacles. The rugged path is

not only difficult, but often treacherous; the crags to be scaled are jagged and slippery; and the topmost peak is frequently obscured by the mists which hide the coveted summit from the range of vision of the climber. So the young sculptor found that if he would attain his ideal he must encounter and battle with many sacrifices and hardships. Long before he had reached the age when most youths are but leaving school young Lucchesi, in order to attain his object, applied himself to earning money at tasks which most budding artists would consider derogatory. Many a smartly lined and painted cart and carriage, which rolled along the streets of London, was "picked out" and decorated by his



ANDREA C. LUCCHESI.

(From a Photograph by W. R. Rastain and Sons.)

hands; many an enticing "window ticket," artfully proclaiming the description and price of the article to which it was attached in the shop window, was the work of his deft fingers; and with the means so bravely won the boy artist managed to procure the opportunities for study he so hungered for. It would, indeed, be difficult to recite the whole of his self-imposed tasks, so many and so varied were they. Moulding, pointing, carving, and modelling were but a few of them; indeed, for some considerable time he earned the means of existence by colouring plaster-casts so closely to resemble bronze, silver, terra-cotta, etc., by a process invented by his versatile brain, as to defy detection; and when all other means failed, at one time, he went so far as to pose as a model for a well-known English sculptor, whose name is one of the chiefest ornaments of the roll of Royal Academicians. The effect of this period of Lucchesi's existence, there is no doubt, was deeply to furrow



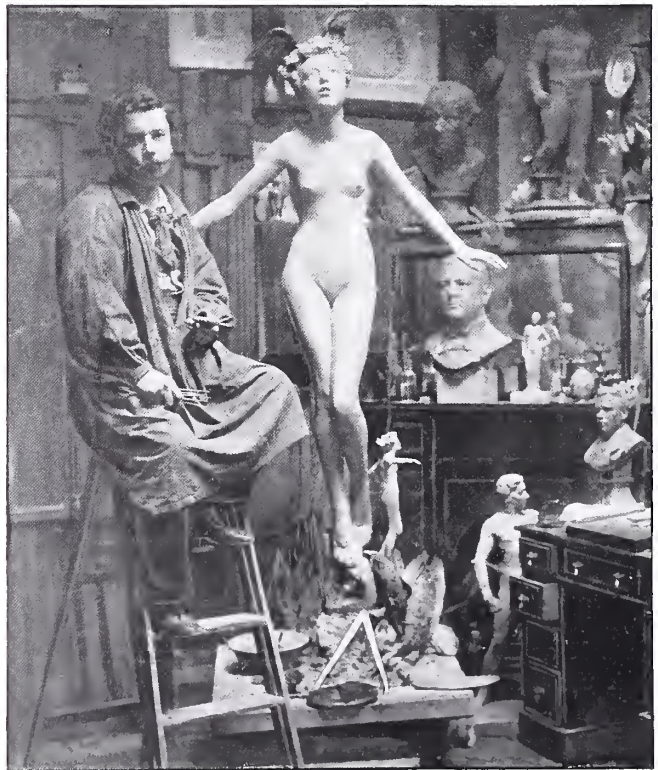
SKETCH MODEL FOR PRINCE MICHAEL, USED IN
"FOR THE CROWN."

Then followed the next stage of upward progress; still but a youth, the distinctive character and boldness of execution of his work was so marked that, for over two years, he was entrusted by leading silversmiths—such as Garrards and Elkingtons—with the modelling of their most distinctive productions. Ambition still, however, prompted him; and so, during the hours snatched from his occupation, young Lucchesi began to try his hand upon works of an original character. In the bedroom, which also did duty as his studio, in the year 1881, his first original conception saw the dawn of existence, and, with a boldness equally worthy of commendation, he submitted it to the judgment of the Royal Academy, with the result that it was not only accepted, but well placed in the Academy exhibition of that year. From that time up to the present every Royal Academy exhibition, with but one exception, has contained prominently-placed works from his hands.

In 1882 the exhibition of "The Waif" was a determining point in his career, for shortly after, having succeeded in obtaining admission to the school of the Royal Academy as a student, like many another true-born artist, he resolved to burn his boats by abandoning his occupation as a modeller and moulder, so as to be able to consecrate his future to ideal sculpture.

the mind of the man produced by it, and to it must be ascribed many of those too truthful reflections of the sorrows of life which so often plainly show from beneath the mantle of the sculptor's poem produced by him. But the rewards of the privations endured, surely, even if but slowly, gathered themselves, and from the work of the moulder the young man struggled to a slightly higher plane. The decoration of furniture and graining pedestals and columns was relinquished for carving; and in one capacity or another Lucchesi worked in the studios of most of the leading English sculptors, not even omitting the ecclesiastical sculptors, where at times he carved conventional figures without even models or drawings. Every branch of the sculptor's art seems to have been studied and mastered by him, and there is no doubt that the work he executed in the studios of such gifted artists as Mr. Onslow Ford and Mr. H. H. Armstead has largely influenced the striking character of his own ideal productions; indeed, he himself feels that he owes much to the years of association which he enjoyed under the direction of both of these well-known sculptors.

During the five years which followed, his



IN MR. LUCCHESI'S STUDIO.



DESTINY.

career in the Academy schools as a student-sculptor was an unbroken record of success, for he not only obtained that coveted distinction the Landseer scholarship, but carried off the two principal silver medals, and upwards of £200 in other prizes, and at the same time the studies he produced found a ready sale. But perhaps the best testimony to the high rank of his studentship is afforded by the remarkable fact that during the whole of these five years his works were exhibited in the Academy galleries, year after year, alongside the works of the very masters of the art under whom he was then studying, an incident which speaks for itself as evidence of the artistic genius with which they were marked.

From that time the career so boldly embarked upon has fully justified the rich promise the years of labour and preparation indicated, and Mr. Lucchesi's name has stamped itself

upon the imperishable records of the development of British art; and his works are eagerly sought for in the annual exhibitions of such art centres in this country as The New Gallery, Liverpool, Leeds, Glasgow, and Cardiff; whilst the Continental galleries of Munich, Dresden, and Venice have, by exhibiting his art creations, fully demonstrated that his fame as a representative of the distinctive school of "nature in everything" has travelled far indeed.

The sturdy characteristics of Mr. Lucchesi's work are the boldness of execution, the truthfulness to nature with which it is endowed, and the poetic feeling with which it is invested, strikingly telling without words the poetic story which the mind of the artist has pictured. These qualities are all apparent in his earlier as well as in his more recent works. But

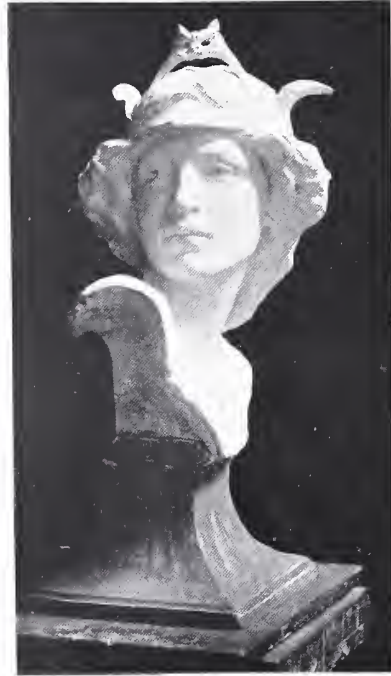


THE MOUNTAIN OF FAME.

perhaps this can be better expressed in the sculptor's own words. In a recent conversation the most striking examples of an artist's productions, and how much more difficult this task



"SOFT EYES LOOKED LOVE."



A VALKYRIE.

with the writer he said:—"My idea is, nature for everything. I consider that there ought to be only one idea in art and that is nature, and but one taskmaster, God Almighty. When art is closest to nature to me it is at its best, and when it diverges from that course it goes into the wrong path, and ought to be brought back. I am sure you will find this marks the true course of art for many years past. I also consider the female figure nature's masterpiece, and the fact that I have so often used it, to endeavour to convey or symbolise a poetic thought, shows how strongly I feel this." One has but to examine Mr. Lucchesi's well-known works to appreciate how truly the artist has expressed, in the words given above, what he feels to be the ideal in art and the perfection of symbolism.

Every art critic knows, however, the difficulty there is always experienced in selecting

becomes when the range from which they are to be selected is a wide one, and when the artistic merit leaves little differences of level. But there can be at least this one thing said in the present instance, that during the past eighteen years no British sculptor has exhibited works of a wider artistic range, or those which appeal more to the imaginative faculty, than the ideal figures and groups which have had their origin in the studio of the subject of this sketch.

In 1889, for instance, the beautiful bust of "The Puritan" won the admiration of all visitors to the Academy gallery. The purity of mind, the innocence of heart, and the maidenly modesty, which the mind instinctively attributes to the subject, were all eminently expressed. In 1893 the ideal figure "Oblivion" appealed equally to the poetic mind, and the beauty of proportion of form and figure



THE STATUE USED IN "HIS EXCELLENCY."



A VANISHING DREAM.

"THE TENDER BLOOM OF HEART IS GONE, ERE YOUTH ITSELF BE PAST."

seemed to endow with life and breath the hesitating maiden, trembling with suppressed nervous emotion on the unknown brink of futurity. Surely the artistic fancy was truly vivid, even to the verge of mysticism, when in a single figure it could picture the abyss of oblivion which lies buried in the dimness of futurity. The mind, indeed, turned with relief to the brighter and more fanciful ideal bust in marble at the same exhibition "With modest eyes downcast."

The female figure "Destiny," exhibited in 1895, called forth perhaps even higher artistic encomiums, for the delicacy of treatment, and the versatility of imagination, which the mind of the artist possessed, were so easily recognised. It is, indeed, a tribute to, and indicative of, the high artistic merit of this production to say at once that it received the flattering award of the gold medal at the Dresden Art Exhibition in 1897.

"The Mountain of Fame" is an allegorical group, which occupied a much coveted position in the Royal Academy of 1897, showing a boldness and vigour of treatment which came as a surprise from his hand, and formed a striking contrast to the bronze female head, "A Valkyrie," exhibited at the same time. In fact, both of these works alone showed that the artist's grasp of subject and strength of conception were indicative of rare talent, highly cultivated by an artistic training, going hand in hand with the one mistress of art—nature.

The Academy of the present year contained a bold classic male figure "The Crash of Doom," and an ideal conception in marble called "Innocence," the diversity in ideas between these two works showing the remarkable versatility of artistic imagination with which the mind of the artist is endowed.



THE CRASH OF DOOM.

As a portrait sculptor Mr. Lucchesi enjoys a high reputation; animation and peculiarly life-like expression of features are the distinctive elements of all his portraits. It is worthy of notice also that a commission was recently executed by him of a marble bust of Her Imperial Majesty the Queen, which met with the highest praise from members of the Royal Family.

Realism in scenic effect on the stage has opened up quite a new field for the sculptor, and the lay figure type of statue in the style savouring of Cremorne no longer finds favour with artistic and realistic stage managers. Mr. Lucchesi's experience in this kind of work is quite unique; in fact, we believe it is due to the methods of producing artistic effect in stage statues used by him that their present high level of excellence is demanded. The first real statue ever specially conceived and executed by a sculptor for the British stage was that of Mr. Rutland Barrington as "His Excellency," in 1894, and even the hypercriticism of the author of that

play, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, resulted in nothing but well-merited appreciation of the sculptor.

This was followed by the equestrian figure, Prince Michael, in "For the Crown," a production almost as wonderful for the ingenuity of construction for transportation, as for the vigour of treatment and the boldness of execution. Mr. Hayden Coffin, as "Eros" in "The Greek Slave," also recently sat to Mr. Lucchesi, and the statue of him used in that play, produced at Daly's Theatre, is a marked success.

It would hardly be practicable to give a complete list of Mr. Lucchesi's leading works; where the sculptor's art is known and valued they are known for the qualities I have already mentioned, and their merit is of such an order that I am bold

enough to say that, in due time, the portals of the Academy will be opened to admit the subject of this sketch, an honour which will be as well won and merited as by any artist upon whom the coveted distinction has been bestowed.



"FOR THOUGH ENCIRCLED ROUND BY WINDING COILS OF SIN
THE SOUL OF INNOCENCE DOTH TAKE NO TAIN'T WITHIN."

RECENT ILLUSTRATED VOLUMES.

WILLIAM MORRIS AND HIS ART.*

By LEWIS F. DAY

MR. AYMER VALLANCE has not, perhaps, introduced into his "record" very much more about William Morris than was already familiar, or which, to quote the author, "could not just as well have been strung together by

* "William Morris and His Art." By Aymer Vallance. (George Bell and Sons, London.)

anyone who knew where to find the scattered references in Mr. Morris's own writings, and various publications." He often, indeed, prefers to use the words of others; but he may claim that he has put his information together in such a way as to give one a more comprehensive view of the man and his art than memory, even the memory of those who knew him, could easily of itself recall. And what a man it was! Socialist, indeed! Why, he was an individual of individuals.

so much so that the socialism of many of his friends amounted simply to a profound admiration of William Morris.

The survey which Mr. Vallance gives of his life more than accounts for the strong influence he exercised over his generation. The mere record of the way he sailed, as it were, victorious through the realms of art, gives one a quite tremendous idea of his inexhaustible energy. From poetry, we read, he turned early to decoration, and thence into the byways of glass-painting, tile-

progressive. No sooner, in fact, was he proficient in a craft than he was restless to try something else. What matter that he had everything to learn in it? That was the attraction! And he entered into it with innocent and boyish impatience. If there happened to be too much borax in the flux he used in tile-painting, that was, of course, all the fault of "commercialism," not of his inexperience! But he managed always to worry through, until he got to know the technique of the thing he was



ANGELS IN ADORATION.
(From "William Morris and His Art.")

painting, wall-paper design, cretome printing, silk, carpet and tapestry weaving, and eventually typography and book printing. And all the while he had time to write poetry and prose romances, to lecture all over the country, to study Icelandic literature, to fight the demon of "Restoration," and to take a strenuous part in socialistic propaganda. He himself explains how division of labour thwarted him, and stood in the way of his getting men to do what he wanted, and so compelled him to learn many crafts, and "belike" forbade him "to master any." Here, of course, he does himself injustice: he mastered many; but it was his own insatiable energy which moved him to attack problem after problem in the application of art to purposes more or less useful.

The author gives somewhat minute particulars of the dates at which the artist took up the various industries with which he was connected; and it is thus seen that, although they were eventually carried on together, the periods during which he devoted himself to them were

doing; and what he did was always individual and always interesting. For his thoroughness Mr. Vallance claims perhaps rather too much: he was as thorough as his temperament would let him be; but he was never the man to revise, to polish, to perfect. He used to say he liked things rough. And it came easier to him to do a thing again than to correct what he had once done. Those who knew Morris know that that was so, and those who did not might infer as much either from his verse or his ornament. His work was always direct and "frank," to use a word he was fond of; he was always himself convinced, and for the time convincing; it seemed as if he were unconscious of any point of view but his own—in which perhaps was his strength and his limitation. The youthful ardour which urged him every few years to enter upon a new trade, encouraged him also to conceive a real hope, we are told, of the realisation of his socialistic ideal—an ideal which many a less hopeful man cherishes, without any great faith that it will soon take practical shape.

Mr. Vallance tells a grimly pathetic story; how certain "comrades" of the League appropriated, when Morris refused to follow them into militant anarchism, the plant and copyright of "The Commonweal," which for years had been produced at his cost, and partly written by him. A delightful trait in his character is revealed in the incident of his afterwards going bail, in the sum of five hundred pounds, for the proprietor of the said "Commonweal," when the intemperance which had been the cause of Morris's secession from it led to the inevitable arrest of those responsible for its conduct. He was a man with a large heart.

It is too soon to pronounce yet awhile anything like final judgment upon Morris or his art, and Mr. Vallance is too much his disciple to make even the pretence of doing so. One gathers that he would endorse the most disputable dicta of his master, when he says that "if a man nowadays wants to do anything beautiful he must choose the epoch which suits him and identify himself with that; he must be a thirteenth century man, for instance." Nor does he seem to see, any more than Morris did, the incongruity between unsparing denunciation of mechanism in art and rapturous admiration of the mediæval printed book, or between the assertion that all art is bound up in architecture (wherefore Japanese art is not art), and a preference for the book beautiful because it is "self-contained." Morris's mediævalism shines, accordingly, conspicuous in the book. To the reviewer it is a curious thing that a man so much himself as Morris should have had such a curious twist backwards. His belief was in the past. His poetry, his art, his political aspiration, looked that way persistently. The subjects he chose, the words he used, the character of his design, the very type in which he printed, all went back. And it was no affectation in him, but the genuine Morris all the while; strong, outspoken, fearless—all a man; keen, enthusiastic, passionate—all an artist.

There is only one real fault we have to find with Mr. Vallance, and that is one which his admiration for his subject explains, though it cannot quite excuse: he rather overshoots the mark of admiration. Morris is not magnified by the reduction of all about him to insignificance. We are the creatures of our conditions. The most independent of us is not *all* himself. Mr. Aymer Vallance does not belong to the generation of juvenile critics who have so much to teach their grandfathers; but he is not old enough to know, of his own knowledge, the state of things between 1860 and 1870—to have felt, that is to say, in the art about him at that time, the awakening interest in decorative art

which Morris "voiced" so magnificently but did not implant, single-handed, in his generation. As in the case of poets all, he did not so much say any quite new thing, as he said plainly, nobly, and in many respects perfectly, what others about him, and before him even, more or less dumbly felt. Some of them were by no means dumb. Ruskin, for example, to whom Morris himself always acknowledged his deep debt; and Pugin, and Owen Jones again, who, because his style was mannered, and his bias too much in the direction of Alhambresque art, does not get the credit which belongs by right to him as a reformer of Victorian taste: it was he who cleared the ground of quasi-natural floral design, and made room for the more conventional floral growth of Morris and others. Then there was William Burges, and E. W. Godwin, and T. Jeckyll, and B. J. Talbert, and many a craftsman unknown even by name beyond the confines of the workshop, who did good service in the cause of that revival of which Morris, the strongest character, the lion of them all, took the lead. In one case he took the lead demonstrably long after the movement was afloat, namely, in the case of "Arts and Crafts." To say that "the whole movement owes its being to him," and to speak of Mr. Walter Crane as carrying on "the traditions of their late president," is to confess ignorance of the fact that the prime mover in the scheme, and first president of the society, was no other than Mr. Crane himself.

On points of technique Mr. Vallance betrays at times imperfect knowledge: in the case of textiles, for example, "delicate underprinting of white" is not within the compass of the cretome printer; and, with regard to stained glass, the reason why the finer details of Morris's painting have perished is not "delicacy of handling," but because, in attempting to get that delicacy without risk in the fire, he used soft flux, and did not properly fuse his metallic oxide with the potmetal on which it was painted. Furthermore, stained glass is not painted "in sepia."

The "process" plates do not, of course, vie with the coloured ones in the larger quarto: but they represent the artist fairly well, and better still, perhaps, the firm of Morris and Co.

What is here for the first time said about poetry, prose writings, and politics, covers almost as much space as was in the first instance devoted to art: but all that comes less within the scope of this Magazine than the "Art of William Morris," under which title the author's earlier volume was published.

Those who knew Morris will be interested in Mr. Vallance's book about his work: those who

did not can hardly rise from it without admiration for the artist and respect for the man. He was one of those whom it was a privilege to know.

BOW, CHELSEA AND DERBY.*

BY COSMO MONKHOUSE.

MR. BEMROSE has been fortunate enough to come into possession of some old deeds and documents which throw new light upon the

history of the porcelain factories at Bow, Chelsea, and Derby, and his new volume with its interesting illustrations will be welcomed by all lovers of English china. If we have any quarrel with him and his book, it is that he has not stated shortly and clearly the net additions to existing knowledge which are made by the documents in question, and that we can only learn how much we are indebted to him by the laborious process of comparing what he has now given us with all that has



DERBY STATUETTE FOR CLOCKS.

been previously written on the subject. It is true that in his preface he shows that there was a considerable manufacture of Derby porcelain before Duesbury started his works in 1756, but this information is derived from an advertisement which has already been reprinted by Mr. Nightingale in his privately printed "Contributions towards the History of Early English Porcelain."

Nevertheless we should be well satisfied with this book and pleased that these documents should have come into hands so well able to prize them and edit them for publication, for Mr. William Bemrose is a well-known collector and connoisseur especially of Derby china, and has a special interest in and knowledge of all that relates to that town, and its china factories, not excluding the present works, a worthy revival of the old industry with which he is intimately associated. Although the main part of this volume is taken up with reprints of old documents and quotations from other books, his taste and knowledge come out in his too rare comments, as when he describes the peculiarity of Bow modelling, and the style of Billingsley

and other china painters at Derby, of whose drawings he has an unique collection.

Certainly the most amusing and not the least valuable of the documents now printed for the first time are some pages from the work book of William Duesbury, who is the hero of this volume and whose portrait (taken apparently from a black silhouette cut in black paper) appropriately faces the title-page. His was a very different career from that of William Billingsley, the hero of the porcelain factories of Swansea and Nantgarw, of which some account was given in my paper on Mr. Turner's book recently published in *THE MAGAZINE OF ART*. Duesbury might have stood for the model of Hogarth's "Industrious Apprentice," but not so Billingsley, for though the latter was industrious also and had more genius than Duesbury, his want of ballast made his life a comparative failure. He died as he began, a mere painter of china; but Duesbury, beginning in the same way, lived to buy up the factories at Bow and Chelsea, and amalgamate them with his own



BOW VASE FIGURE OF A GIRL AND A DOG.

(From Mr. Hawkins' Collection.)

works at Derby, of which he died possessor in 1786.

These leaves from his work book show clearly his industry and also his want of education. The first entry in the book is 1742, but the

* "Bow, Chelsea and Derby Porcelain," by William Bemrose, author of "Life of Joseph Wright of Derby," etc. etc. (Bemrose and Sons, London.)

leaves, of which facsimiles are given, commence with the year 1751, when Duesbury was twenty-six years old. At that time he was working as an enameller in London, and the entries in his book show that he was employed by the china trade to enamel figures and other pieces purchased in white from different factories. This alone is a valuable piece of information, as it shows that colour by itself is not always a sufficient guide to allocate an early piece of English porcelain to a particular factory. Duesbury enamelled, or as he wrote it, "in-hameled," "Stafford Shepards," "Darby figars," "Bogh figars," "Chelsay birds," "Chellsey Hars," "Chines men," "Groops of birds," "Grups of goats," besides "dosans" or "doussons" of "flowers," "playts," "bearas," and other pieces too numerous to mention. But at this time, or soon after, he was evidently an employer of labour, as he could not personally have executed all his commissions. It will be regretted by some that these new documents throw no light upon Billingsley's connection with the Longton Hall works, where he was employed before he came to Derby in 1755-6. Mr. Bemrose appears to think that Duesbury was the proprietor of the Longton Hall works also, but the evidence in support of this theory is not convincing.

Some of the most important of the old documents now printed by Mr. Bemrose are the leases of the site of the Chelsea works to Sprimont, and the deeds transferring the property to James Cox, and from him to William Duesbury and James Heath. Mr. Bemrose gives a copy of the plan of the premises on a deed of 1779, and an enlargement of a piece of an

ordnance map showing exactly the site of the Sprimont-Duesbury works at the south-west corner of Lawrence Street, Chelsea.

Leaving the reader to discover for himself what other additions these documents have made to existing knowledge, I would point out that

this volume contains much matter which, if not quite new, is not easily accessible. The author has, for instance, given a good many valuable extracts from Mr. Nightingale's unpublished, but not unknown, "Contributions towards the History of Early English Porcelain," and has reprinted a catalogue or list of Duesbury's Chelsea-Derby products belonging, according to Mr. Bemrose, to about 1774-5. This list contains one hundred and twenty-three items; and as they are all additions made "this year," and the groups, figures, etc., are all minutely described, it will be invaluable to collectors. Also very valuable is the list of moulds, models, etc., belonging to William Duesbury (the second) in 1795,



DERBY BISQUE. TWO VIRGINS AWAKING CUPID BY TICKLING HIS EAR WITH A STRAW.

(After Angelica Kauffmann. Modelled by J. Spengler. In the Author's Collection.)

when he entered into partnership with Michael Kean, the extracts from sale books (1791-9), and the list of the goods bought by or for George III and Queen Charlotte (1776-86), from which it is clear that their Majesties did not give way to extravagance in this particular direction.

The illustrations to the volume are numerous and well chosen. Many of the specimens come from the author's collection. But he has also borrowed from the Schreiber, the Franks, and the private collections of Mr. Hawkins, Mr. C. Wentworth Wass, and others, and amongst the illustrations from these sources are the famous "Kitty Clive" (Bow), and the Roubiliac "Music Lesson" (Chelsea).

THE ART MOVEMENT.

THE QUAIN AND GROTESQUE IN COTTON DESIGNING.

BY FREDERICK DOLMAN.

THE British manufacturer in relation to foreign markets is often accused nowadays of lethargy. It was, therefore, very instructive to find on a recent visit to Manchester that in the highly important industry of cotton printing he is devoting, with the co-operation of the artist, an amount of attention to the tastes of some of his foreign



FOR INDIA

not visited their warehouses and *ateliers*.

These designs are entirely the work of English "artists." The French designer is supreme in his own sphere—that of the highest European taste; and to some foreign countries, such as Argentine, only fabrics which bear the *imprimatur* of Paris, so to speak, can be sent. But his hand is said to lose its cunning when dealing with the brilliant colours and grotesque, bizarre fancies that are called for by the great markets of India and Persia, Turkey, China, Japan, etc. The work of furnishing fresh patterns for these Eastern customers of Cottonopolis is practically all done on the spot, in and around Manchester. Mr. Joseph Waterhouse, to whom I am much indebted in preparing this article, is in this way one of the bulwarks of the calico-printing trade. His studios, which have at the Cheshire town a better atmo-

sphere and a clearer light than could probably be obtained anywhere else so near Manchester, give



FOR CONSTANTINOPLE. (*Living Creatures not being allowed.*)

employment to over forty draughtsmen of various ages and abilities. For their home trade—which does not represent, however, more than ten per cent. of the whole—cotton printers rely greatly upon designers whom they specially retain in their own works; but to provide fully for the more varied requirements of foreign markets they



FOR NORTH PERSIA

must have recourse to many men's talents. Mr. Waterhouse, who is a member of the Manchester Municipal Art Committee, puts great faith in

special training and skill, and in looking through his studios you make the acquaintance of one designer whose *forte* is in the Indian trade,



FOR SOUTH PERSIA.

another who has been particularly successful in pleasing the fancy of the Persians, a third who is very familiar with the whims of the semi-savage African, and so on.

Commercially speaking, India is the most important of these Eastern markets for the cotton designer and his work; for India is, in some respects, comparatively easy. Ancient native art gives him a multitude of beautiful forms and fine studies in colour to choose from. For all classes of the people are very conservative in their taste: the ideas of ancient Indian art must be adhered to, although their application must be sometimes modified in accordance with the sentiments and



FOR SOUTH PERSIA.

feelings of different sections of the immense population. But, on the other hand, the artist is

seriously handicapped, as a rule, by the knowledge that the fabric must be produced at the minimum of cost. It has been observed by visitors to India that English cotton goods are often artistically inferior to the fabric of native production. But these English goods are much cheaper than the cheapest of those produced in India: if it were not for the manufactures of Lancashire, indeed, the masses of the people, wretchedly poor as they are, would have to go unclothed. Price for price, the fabric of English design compares most favourably with the home-made article from the artistic point of view, and the success of such a pattern as is illustrated on the former page indicates how well the Lancashire artist now understands Indian taste.

A man's figure, it will be noticed, is an important feature in this design. This fact would render the fabric quite unsaleable in Turkey and the Levant, supposing that any merchant were



FOR CHINA.

foolish enough to send it there. For the Turks, under the influence of their religion, will not wear apparel on which life is depicted—whether it be in the form of birds, animals, or human figures. In these circumstances the artist, it may be supposed, will fall back upon floral designs. But floral designs are not enough to satisfy the Oriental love for colour and picturesque effect. So the hapless artist is obliged to introduce into his pictures such grotesque anomalies as boats without oarsmen, balloons without aëronauts, engines without drivers, and so forth.

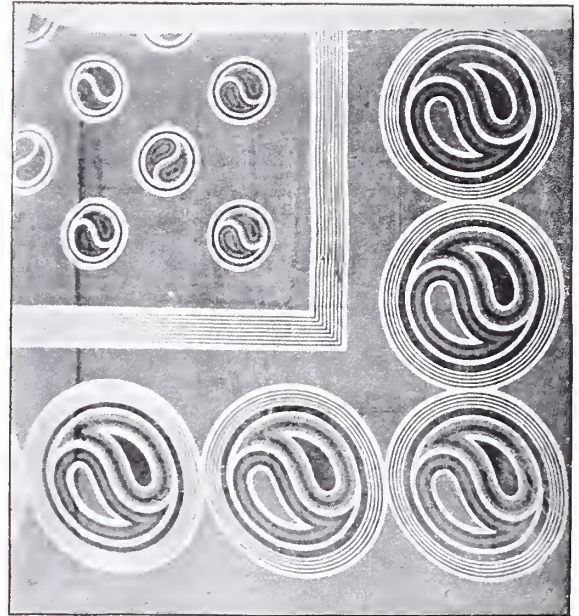
This embarrassing restriction—for the designer—does not apply, however, to the whole of the Mohammedan cotton-wearing world. The Persians, as followers of Abulika, instead of Ali, the cousin and son-in-law of the Prophet, whose cause was espoused by the Turks, are not bound by this, among other religious tenets, although they are

just as much opposed to the pictorial representation of anything in the shape of a cross. The embodiment of life in design, on the contrary,

At one time China and Japan were regarded as practically one market as far as the English cotton manufacturer and designer were concerned;

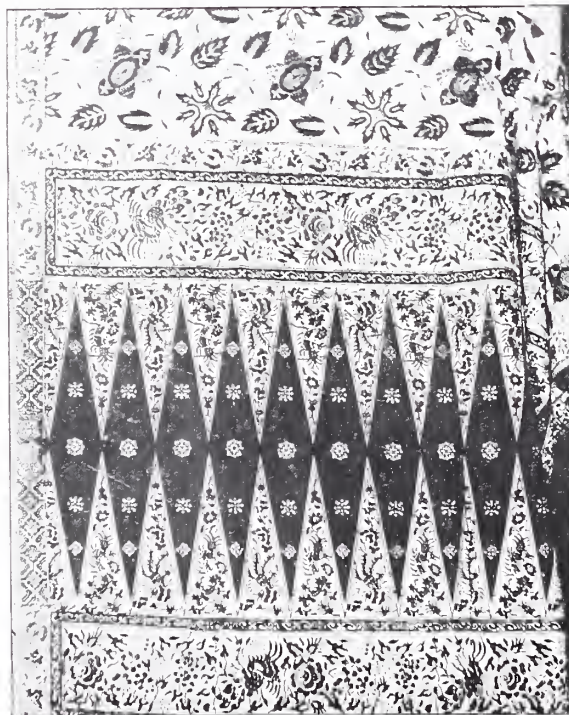


FOR ZANZIBAR



FOR ZANZIBAR

when carried out in certain ways, find much favour in their eyes. The picture which contains such incongruous features as flowers and foliage, a lion and a peacock, a hunting scene and a railway, may be said to typify a large part of the popular taste. Even in simple floral designs, the Persian women like to have the flower grasped by the human hand. It may be added that in preparing their patterns the Manchester designers have derived great assistance from the old Persian shawls, which in some cases have been very successfully imitated. Probably the most gorgeous of all these Persian designs represent banquet scenes. In other parts of the Orient, notably in Syria, the common people of both sexes delight to don fabrics depicting architectural and scenic magnificence, such as towers, palaces, gardens, and fountains, and of their weakness in this respect English manufacturers have taken full advantage,



FOR JAVA.

but the important difference between the two, which always existed, is now recognised. I was told in Manchester, however, that the manufacturers found that they could best cater for Japanese taste by procuring, through their agents in the land of the Mikado the designs of native artists, although these had often to be revised in

Manchester studios to render them of practical use for the looms. To China, on the other hand, it is found inadvisable to continue sending cotton goods having patterns that are simply based on the tastes of the Japs and their fondness for the chrysanthemum and the butterfly. The real taste of the Chinese people is still rather a doubtful quantity, I suppose; but in working for the Chinese market to-day the Manchester artist endeavours, at any rate, to close his eyes to the art of Japan, with what result may be gathered from the accompanying illustrations.

In catering for new markets opened up by British enterprise the designer has at the outset to work in the dark, so to speak. In course of time, however, he obtains some conception of what will most appeal to semi-savage taste from specimens of native cloth, rudely made from fibre, or of rough wooden carving of heathen gods and other objects.

At first nothing but the crudest forms and the most brilliant colours are required, but in course of time the savage eye is cultivated to higher things. Two designs, reproduced on the previous page, for fabrics which will be distributed from Zanzibar exemplify the most advanced art education of the West African natives. Their colours would be red and yellow, which are almost in-



FOR CHINA.

to the cotton trade on its artistic side. By training artists specially with a view to the curious diversity of designs which the Eastern markets demand it has done much to enable the Manchester manufacturers to maintain the wonderful supremacy which Board of Trade returns reveal. The Altrincham studios are almost entirely recruited from the Manchester school.

Mr. Waterhouse himself claims it as his *alma mater*, although at the time he attended its classes it was not under municipal control. At that time there were but thirty or forty students, young men in situations, who worked in the class and the *atelier* from eight to ten every morning and seven to nine every evening. The students under Mr. R. Glazier, A.R.I.B.A., the head



FOR SINGAPORE.

variably the most favoured when a coloured race first acquires the habit of wearing clothes.

The Municipal Art School at Manchester has rendered, and is rendering, very valuable services

master, are now to be numbered in hundreds, and probably in no sphere do they promise to be more successful than in giving the necessary artistic support to Manchester's commerce with the Orient.

THE NEW WINDOW AT ST. HELIERS CHURCH, JERSEY.

INTEREST has been aroused in St. Heliers by the beauty, both of design and colouring, of the new window recently placed in

the parish church of that town. The artist, Mr. H. T. Boslet, has treated his subject—"The Annunciation"—in a manner at once

delicate and expressive, and, while following the general character and sentiment of fifteenth-century work, has not adopted the squareness of fold and angularity of drawing which characterises the work of many of our designers in stained glass. The figures of the Virgin and the Angel are, on the contrary, drawn with a graceful, flowing line, and an additional interest is lent by the fact that Mr. Bosdet has departed from the conventional pose of the former. It will be remembered that in most representations of the subject the Virgin is kneeling to receive the message from her Divine visitor—here she is seated at a spinning-wheel.

The colour-key is low and rich—warm, olive greens; deep broken rubies, dashed with purple; brown and orange, and soft varied blues giving added lustre to brilliant iridescent whites, broken and mellowed with yellow stain, and gradated into many tints of pale grey where prominence is not desired. The treatment of the dove is noteworthy, being drawn with acid upon a flash blue.

Mr. Bosdet received his early

art training at the Lambeth School of Art, and acquired his knowledge of stained-glass designing under the late Mr. Phil. Westlake. He was for several years Director of the School of Design

at Islington, and is now a member of the teaching staff at the Royal Academy. He has already acquired considerable reputation; among his principal works being a window executed for C  tel Church, Guernsey, having "The Crucifixion" for its theme; one, representing "The Sower," at Eastbourne Church, Sussex; one for the late Earl of Egmont; another at Midhurst, in the same county, of "St. Cecilia;" and a large mural painting of "Ecce Homo" at St. Saviour's Church, Sunbury-on-Thames.

Ecclesiastical decorative work has for so long been under commercial control that it adds to our pleasure in calling attention to Mr. Bosdet's work, to record as a sign of the times that there is a growing tendency to place commissions of this kind in the hands of skilled artists, rather than those of mere manufacturers of conventionalities of decoration.



NEW WINDOW AT ST. HELIERS JERSEY.

(By H. T. Bosdet.)



*Study for Preparation of
the Gordon Riots. 1879
Seymour Lucas.*

A STUDY FOR "THE GORDON RIOTS."

(By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A.)

MR. TOFT'S BUST OF MR. GLADSTONE.

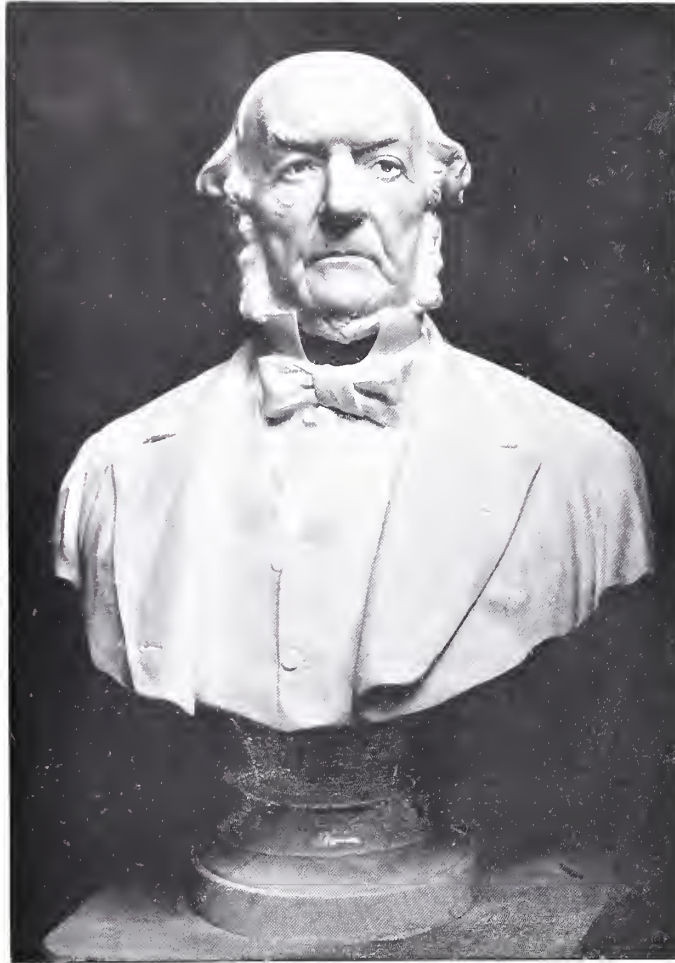
APART from its intrinsic merit as a work of art, further interest attaches to the work which we illustrate herewith, from the fact that it was modelled direct from life, and that the marble bust has been acquired by Mr. Herbert Gladstone. In the former respect it is almost exceptional, as, though Mr. Gladstone gave sittings to numerous portrait-painters, we do not remember that he sat to any sculptors other than Thomas Woolner, R.A., and Miss Mary Redmond; and it is matter for surprise that the many committees which have commissioned memorial busts of the deceased statesman should have overlooked this important fact when placing their commissions.

The difficulties connected with the production of a good portrait-bust when the artist has to depend only upon photo-

points of detail naturally bear a most important part in the making of an accurate portrait, and add to the value of Mr. Toft's work, im-

parting to it as they do the touch of authentic personality, which distinguishes it from the photographic productions of artists who did not have the indispensable advantage of special sittings.

Mr. Toft's work at Hawarden roused keen interest in the family, in none more than Mrs. Gladstone, who, when criticising the clay model, complimented the artist upon its success. "I am so glad," she said, "to see that you have not given him a high forehead, as most artists do; he has a forehead rather low but broad." In connection with this remark we would recall the fact that Mr. Woolner erred in this respect when modelling his bust.



W. E. GLADSTONE.

(From the Bust by Albert Toft.)

and it lends additional value to Mr. Toft's work as an accurate portrait of the statesman. When the model was finished, and was being packed for removal, Mr. Toft relates that "it was rather amusing to see the whole of the members of the family who were in the castle at the time, including my distinguished model, standing round and offering their assistance, Mr. Gladstone himself exhibiting wonderful energy with a screwdriver." Mr. Gladstone signed his name upon the clay.

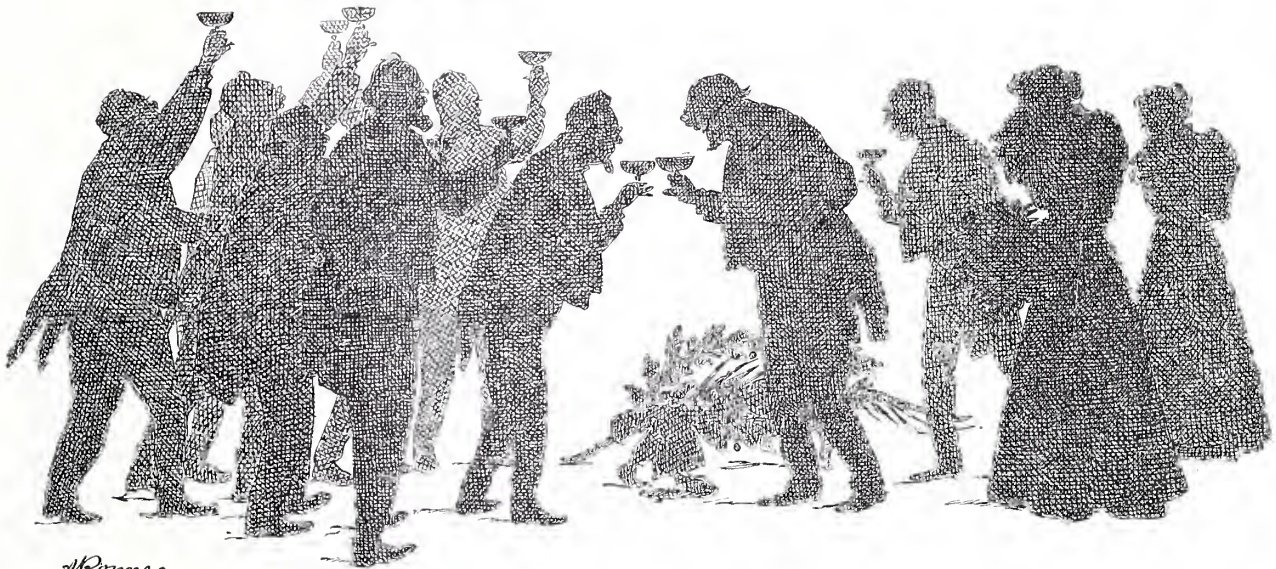
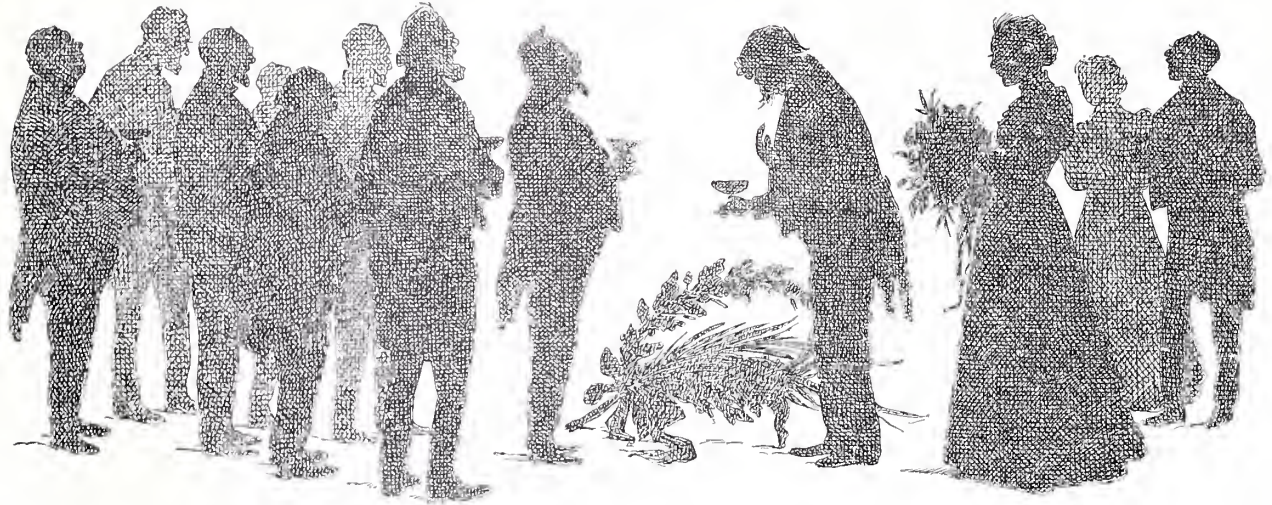


AN ADDRESS OF CONGRATULATION.—1 AND 2.

A NEW HUMORIST WITH A NOVEL METHOD.

WE have pleasure in laying before our readers a set of drawings of a humorous character, which possess considerable interest of a technical kind. M. Alfred Romer—the son of Mme. Henriette Romer, the celebrated animal-painter—is a draughtsman singularly gifted. As a pupil of the Brussels Academy he succeeded in carrying off all the first prizes, but his subsequent ill-health prevented him from carrying on continuously his profession of oil-painter. In search of change of artistic occupation he has from time to time altered the character of his artistic work. Lately he has given rein to his humorous faculty and has produced a considerable number of pictorial jokes, of which an excellent example is now before the reader.

The method adopted pretends to no particular dexterity; but its remarkable novelty consists in the combined advantages of silhouette and variation of plane among his figures. This elaborate and intelligent system of cross-hatching was invented by M. Rouner (we say "invented" for it was an original device, whether or not some one, unknown to him or us, may have adopted it before)—as the result of an accident. He had been sketching as usual one day, when it occurred to him to scribble hatched lines across his outline; this repeated upon another figure gave an effect of planes and distances that must have struck the artist with the extraordinary suggestiveness of the result. He saw at once how he could improve upon the arbitrary spotty



Romer

AN ADDRESS OF CONGRATULATION.—3 AND 4.

blackness of the silhouette as hitherto practised—how the range of representation was extended beyond anything hitherto known in this kind of draughtsmanship. Never before had distance and atmosphere been accurately suggested in silhouette; so that the artist was encouraged to carry on his experiments in a long series of drawings, more or less comical in subject, and always artistically interesting.

M. Romer's artistic virtues are obvious. All his stories are told without words; the dramatic instinct is strong with him, and no more printed explanation is needed to set out the signification

of all the shades of his moving scenes than is required in the drawings of such past masters as Caran d'Ache. His power of characterisation is not less notable; so much may be gathered from the drawings here shown; and his composition is not less admirable than his draughtsmanship. The subject of these sketches, an incident common enough abroad, has little in common with English life; nevertheless it appeals clearly to the spectator, chiefly owing to the individuality and character with which every figure is invested. We may give a more elaborate example on a future occasion.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[128] **ORLOFFSKI, POLISH ARTIST.**—Can any of your readers inform me where I may be able to find a biographical account of this artist? I have searched all through Bryan, Pilkington, Redgrave's and other "Dictionaries of Painters," and cannot find anything about him. In an article in the "Saturday Magazine" (viii., p. 49) for February 6, 1836, there is an account of "Winter Travelling in Russia," in which it states that "the annexed engraving of winter travelling in Russia was taken from a painting by Orloffski, Polish amateur artist of distinguished talent, whose pencil was devoted exclusively to subjects connected with the peculiarities of Russian costume and scenery. At his death the pictures forming his gallery, as well as a splendid and unique collection of costumes, arms, and armour of Ancient Russia and of the nomadic tribes subject to her dominion, were purchased by the Emperor, and now adorn the Hermitage of one of the Imperial Palaces in St. Petersburg." A friend of mine has bought two of his pictures, which are painted upon tin, and would like to know if there are any further particulars respecting this artist?—W. G. B. PAGE (Hull).

* * * There are two Polish artists of this name—more often spelt "Orlowski." Among the best-known works of Alexander Orlowski is the "Album Russe, or Fantaisie Dessinées"—twelve plates of Russian costume which were published in folio size at Munich in 1826. Seven years earlier he issued at St. Petersburg a "Collection of Lithographed Drawings." G. Orlowski published, here in London in 1809, "Russian Cries," in correct portraiture from drawings done on the spot by G. Orlowski, and now in the possession of the Right Honourable Lord Kinnaid. There were nine coloured plates, folio size. Neither artist ever exhibited in Paris.

[129] **G. CLARE, A. HULK, AND G. HAMPT.**—Some paintings from a private collection have come to my hands, and I am very anxious to learn something regarding them—George Clare, G. Hampt, and A. Hulk. Any knowledge of them would be of interest to me.—B. D. CHILSON, 14, Post Street, San Francisco, Cal.

* * * George Clare was a Birmingham artist, who from 1864 to 1873 contributed to the London exhibitions, his speciality being flower-painting. Within those years he sent three works to the Royal Academy, seven to the British Institution, and thirty-two to the Society of British Artists in Suffolk Street.

A. Hulk, senior, a landscape-painter of London, began exhibiting in 1875, and between that year and 1890 contributed three pictures to the Royal Academy and fifteen to Suffolk Street. A. Hulk, junior, also a painter of landscape, is better known in the Royal Academy, to which, since 1876, he has contributed something more than a score of paintings to Burlington House. With G. Hampt and his work we are not acquainted.

[130] **WHO WAS "G. J. V. O.?"**—I have an oil-painting signed "G. J. V. O.," a Dutch subject: on the left are trees and buildings, a foot-bridge crossing a stream, and a boy in a red shirt on the bridge feeding ducks; on the right are cottages with a woman looking out of the upper door, and trees close in the back. The size is 23 inches by 15 inches. Could you tell me the name of the painter?—GEORGE DYER CARELESS, Arundel Street, Landport.

* * * There are two painters whose names correspond with these initials, the first, Gaspar Jacobus van Opstal of the Flemish School, who was born in Antwerp in 1654, and died there in 1717. He was, however, a portrait and history painter, so that our correspondent's picture evidently purports to be by Gregorius (or Georgius) Jacobus van Os, the second son of the more celebrated Jan van Os, the great Dutch flower-painter. Georgius, who was born at The Hague in 1772, and died in Paris so lately as 1861, was a landscape, flower, fruit, and still-life painter. He emigrated to Paris in 1812, and was much employed at the Sèvres porcelain factory. About 1827 and onwards, he painted many scenes in the Forest of Compiègne, which Mr. Careless's picture may perhaps represent.

[131] **A SEA-PIECE BY LINNELL (?)**.—A picture signed "Linnell" is in my possession. It is a hulk of an old two-decker moored at Rochester, with figures in boats and other craft. In the foreground a soldier is on guard, together with an old cannon, chains, etc. It is a sunset scene. Size 32 inches by 21 inches. Could you inform me if this picture is likely to be by John Linnell?—G. D. CARELESS.

* * * In the earlier part of his career John Linnell painted a number of pictures about the mouth of the Thames, but we find in Mr. Alfred T. Storey's "Life of John Linnell" no special reference to this picture, although, except for size, there are several vaguely



قصيدة العمارنة
ghesim el amamein

حسن
كفالة
Assan. Allah-dlat

A STUDY.
(By J. L. Gérôme.)

titled works which might possibly include this amongst them.

[132] **BUST OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.**—Can any of your readers inform me of the history and whereabouts of the above bust by Gibson, R.A.? Did it ever belong to Charles Dickens? Has there been any reproduction of it, and, if so, where is such to be found?

[133] **CHESS PICTURES.**—Can any reader tell me the name of the artist who painted a picture of the "Devil playing Chess with a Man for his Soul," where this picture is, and where an engraving or etching of it can be got? I should also be glad to hear of any other pictures on the subject of a game of chess.—JAMES MIDDLETON (Kilmarnock).

REPLY.

[126] **THE DIPLOMA GALLERY AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.**—It may interest "A Provincial Amateur" to know that as long ago as 1889 I was in like manner so struck by the lack of interest shown by the public in the above most instructive exhibition, that I approached Lord Leighton on the subject of stimulating such interest by a detailed description in one of the magazines. I quote from his final letter to me on the subject,

dated from Edinburgh, June 19th, 1889:—"I laid, last night, your courteous letter of 3rd May before the council of the Royal Academy. The members of that body appreciated the spirit by which it was prompted, but have asked me to inform you that the very matters alluded to by you will form the subject of a section of a work now already appearing in the 'Art Journal,' dealing with the history of the Royal Academy, and due to the practised pen of Mr. J. E. Hodgson, R.A., our librarian, and Mr. Eaton our secretary. They will thus, you see, obtain that wide publicity which I agree with you in desiring for them.—I am, yours faithfully, FRED. LEIGHTON."

The articles to which Lord Leighton referred were entitled "The Royal Academy in the Last Century." These have since been supplemented by articles on "The Royal Academy in the Present Century," which are still appearing; but no article has, I believe, yet appeared dealing with "The Diploma Gallery," as such. The result is that I can add my own experience to that of "A Provincial Amateur" to the effect that not one person in a hundred is even aware that there is such an exhibition in London permanently and gratuitously on view.—G. S. LAYARD.

THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—NOVEMBER.

South Kensington
Again.

SIR JOHN DONNELLY'S official reply in defence of the Art Library is a document which more than ever weakens the position of the Department. It was well, of course, to explain that the absurd mistakes and the ignorance which the Library catalogue displays are not to be laid at the door of the present staff of the Library, but are the doing of a previous staff, especially of what he incorrectly calls a "committee of English and foreign experts" also under the ægis of South Kensington. But his statements are not trustworthy. As the two catalogues in the Library contain many errors, he implies that there is a third, a correct one, called the "Inventory Catalogue," which is "for the use of readers." If he really means what he says, it must be replied that this is a pure fiction, for the inventory catalogue is a private document, and that incomplete, refused to the public. He excuses the blunders of the "Universal Art Catalogue" on the ground that it is in the condition of "first proofs under revision." But he

does not say that these *first* proofs were printed by "Notes and Queries" before being issued in volume form, so that his "strong committee of experts"—nearly 400 of them—might have been afforded opportunity of putting blunders right. In order, apparently, to deny Mr. Weale the credit of discovering the ridiculous inclusion in the catalogue of "Deel" (Dutch for "volume") as a man's name, Sir John Donnelly draws attention to the fact that the mistake "had been struck out in Mr. Soden Smith's time"—but he does not go on to say, as, of course, he ought, "at Mr. Weale's suggestion." It is amusing, in connection with this point, to read in Mr. J. Hungerford Pollen's introduction to the incriminated catalogue, which he edited, with Sir Philip Owen and Dr. Appell as assistants: "The one simple and sufficient object of a catalogue of books is to give, in the smallest space, a faithful description or title of each book, accurately copied from its title-page"—a very proper principle insufficiently regarded by himself and his contributors. This defence in respect of only three or four



A LADY AND CHILD.

(By George Romney. Recently acquired by the National Gallery. No 1,667, Room XVIII.)



THE ANGEL DISTURBING THE WATERS.

(From the Painting by M. Lappard. Awarded the Prix de Rome. Photographed by A. Barrier.)

of the vast number of cases brought against the Art Library and the Museum at large will not raise the public opinion of the soundness of administrative procedure, or create a better impression of General Sir John Donnelly's accuracy or memory.

DURING
Art in the the past
Theatre. few weeks
 several

pieces of more or less artistic pretensions have appealed to the suffrages of the Metropolitan playgoer; and first in importance, though not in order of production, must be considered Mr. Forbes Robertson's revival of *Macbeth* at the Lyceum. Mr. HANN's introductory picture of "The Heath," especially in its earlier stages, recalls Mr. MacWhirter's familiar effects of mountain summits against bars of light sky. Here, the disappearance of the weird sisters in a burst of smoke is too

ground are blended with singular success. Mr. CRAVEN contributes only one picturesque but relatively un-

reminiscent of a ventilator on the Underground Railway. Somewhat clumsily contrived, too, is Banquo's Ghost later in the play. Mr. RYAN'S "Court within Macbeth's Castle" is commendably simple in construction, but is on too dwarfed a scale to be impressive. Mr. HELMSLEY supplies the *mise-en-scène* of the last two acts: his architectural interiors are on conventional lines, but his "Cavern" lacks only the substitution of a cold bluish gleam for the crude green light on the rocky stairway, to be quite the most striking picture in the production; and in the delightful landscape he has provided for the final battle scene, the built-up and painted portions of the fore-



THE ANGEL DISTURBING THE WATERS.

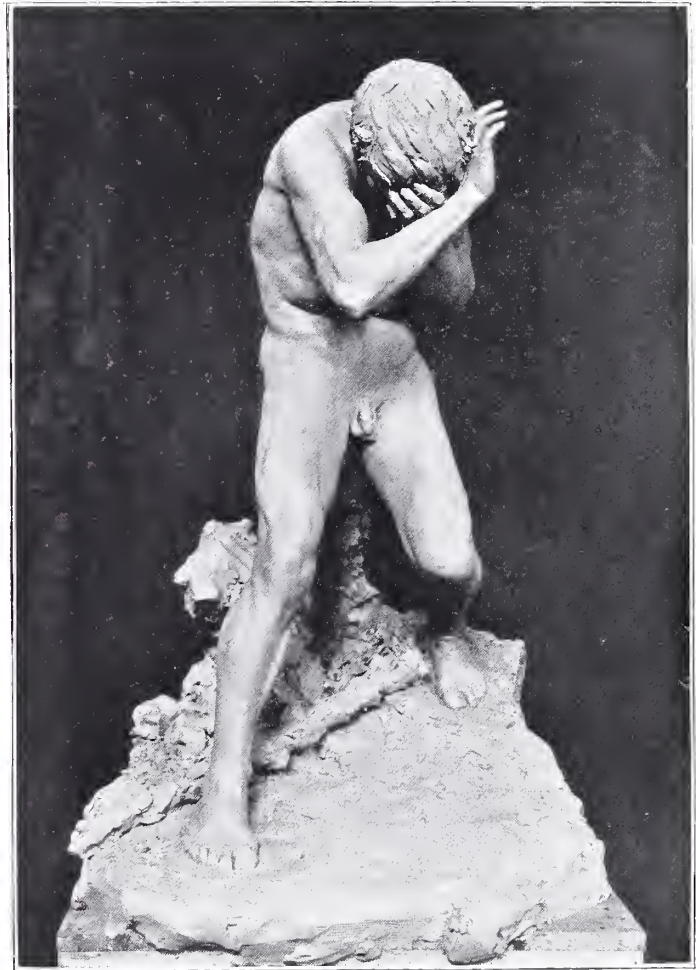
(From the Painting by C. Gilbert. Awarded the Prix de Rome. Photographed by A. Barrier.)

important scene. The costumes are adequate and as ornate as need be; a glaring exception being Mrs. Campbell's attire in the "Banqueting Hall," which would be over-jewelled even for a Zenobia. As the heroine of *The Termagant* at Her Majesty's Miss Olga Nethersole appears a trifle overweighted by her sumptuous robes, and her entrance, in which she is compared to the rising sun, is ineffectively stage-managed. Mr. PERCY ANDERSON has made good use of his opportunities in dealing with Spanish costume in 1493, and his gallants and minstrels are exceptionally happy in colour and style. Mr. HANN makes of the "Court of Love" a pretty fantastic picture, his other scene, however, requires some explanation to account for its eccentricities of composition. At Drury Lane *The Great Ruby* scarcely eclipses its predecessors in the matter of stage-surprises, and the success of the opening scene in the Bond Street jeweller's shop is due rather to the incidents than to their setting, though the latter is excellently managed. Mr. CANEY'S "Village Street" is capitally put together; and Mr. PERKINS' front scene "On the road to Lord's" is a quite admirable study of foliage. Ambitious, but far from convincing, is the much-advertised balloon scene, and the military tournament "set" at the finish is somewhat ineffective. Mr. BRUCE SMITH'S "Flat in May-fair," decorated in white and silver and amply upholstered in two shades of heliotrope, is original in conception, but too extravagant for anything save an Oriental pantomime. The modern dresses throughout err on the side of exaggeration. The contrasted snow and gold of an idealised Alaska is to supply the motive for a ballet which Mr. WILHELM has designed for the Empire Theatre; and, pending its production, Mr. TELBIN'S artistic series of Thames pictures (with some added new features), now entitled "Our River," is afforded a renewed lease of popularity. The transitions from one view to another are none too skilful, the lighting is unequal, and one may be permitted to point out the incorrectness of the double rainbow in the "Oxford" subject. Still, when all is said, it cannot be disputed that the paintings—notably those of Windsor, Richmond, and Westminster—are of unusual accomplishment and distinction.

THROUGH the generosity of Colonel F. R. Waldo Sibthorp the South Kensington Museum has recently become possessed of a large collection

of silversmiths' work, chiefly German, ranging in date from the sixteenth century to the present time. These specimens are very varied in form, and include tankards, flagons, beacons, and salvers, decorated in repoussé and by engraving with flowers, scroll-work, and figure subjects; there is also a considerable collection of spoons. Among the pieces of historical interest is a standing cup and cover surmounted by a bust of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, and with an inscription in his honour. There are a number of specimens of the work of English silversmiths, the most important being two Communion cups of Queen Elizabeth's reign, one of which retains its patent cover. The series of English spoons covers a considerable period of time; they are interesting on account of the hall-marks, the decoration of the

handles, and the shapes of the bowls. The handles of some terminate in figures of Apostles, others are seal-topped, whilst others are of the plain "sleppe endyd" form. A set of teaspoons in the form of shells, with dolphin handles, formerly belonged to Lord Nelson. Colonel Sibthorp has included in his gift a small collection of snuff-boxes of the last century, two of which are specially deserving of notice; the first is of tinted gold set with diamonds and other jewels, the second is of enamel,



CAIN

(By M. Alaphilippe. Awarded the Prix de Rome for Sculpture. Photographed by A. Barrier.)

and has inside the lid a portrait of Peter the Great, painted by Crodowiezky.

Acquisitions at the National Gallery.

THREE excellent examples of ROMNEY'S work have been hung in Room XVIII.—"A Lady and Child" (No. 1,667), "A Sketch Portrait of Lady Hamilton" (No. 1,668), "Portrait of Lady Craven" (No. 1,669). The first two were bequeathed by General J. Julius Johnstone, and the third was presented by Colonel the Hon. F. W. Stopford. In Room XX. have been hung two portraits by Sir W. BEECHER—"Mr. James P. Johnstone" (No. 1,670) and "Mr. Alexander P. Johnstone" (No. 1,671), both bequeathed by General J. Julius Johnstone. The "Portrait of a Young Man," by AMBROGIO DE PREDIS, has been hung in Room IX. (No. 1,665).



DESIGN BY M. CHIFFLOT. (Awarded the Architectural Prix de Rome. Photographed by Pourchet.)

The Rembrandt
Exhibition.

THE bringing together the works of REMBRANDT in order to celebrate the accession of the Queen of Holland is a noble tribute to one of the glories of the country, and a welcome homage to the arts. The willing co-operation of the public galleries of that country and of most of the great private collectors of Europe has secured an exhibition of extraordinary completeness and beauty—a display which, while hardly increasing the painter's reputation for the reason that it hardly admits of an increase, affords the spectator the opportunity of making a better acquaintance with the development of his art and with pictures not hitherto accessible to the public, than has ever been offered before. From England there have been sent masterpieces belonging to the Queen ("The Lady with the Fan" and the incorrectly-named "Burgomaster Pancras and his Wife"), the Duke of Westminster ("The Salutation," "Young Man with a Hawk," "Berghem and his Wife"), Lord Iveagh ("Lady pointing to the Right," "Portrait of a Lady," "Portrait of the Artist"), Captain Holford ("Maarten Looten," "The Wife of Sylvius," "The Artist's Son, Titus"), the Duke of Portland, the Duke of Buccleuch ("Old Woman Reading"), Lord Crawford ("Portrait of the Artist's Son, Titus"), Lord Spencer ("William III"), Lord Derby ("Joseph's Coat brought to Jacob"), the Duke of Devonshire ("The Jewish Rabbi"), Lord Wantage, Mr. Heseltine, Mr. Cartwright ("Dead Peacocks"), the Glasgow Corporation ("The Man in Armour" and "The Dead Ox"), and others. The Emperor of Germany lends his "Capture of Samson," and the collectors of Germany, France, Russia, Belgium, Denmark, Galicia, Poland, and elsewhere, lend pictures, many of which, always worthy of Rembrandt's genius, also in many cases have the further charm of being unknown to most visitors. The energy of Dr. Hofstede de Groot and Dr. Bredius has been splendidly rewarded, and the present display of any one master's work that has ever been brought together.

THE Autumn Exhibition at the New Gallery, consisting Exhibitions. for the most interesting part of modern French paintings,

has practically brought a French Salon in a condensed form to an English gallery. It is a fairly accurate reflection of the general average of an annual display in France, and while a vast number of first-class names are absent, a still vaster number of third-rate artists have been eliminated. A considerable number of these pictures have quite recently been seen in Paris. It is not necessary to refer to the failures which have courageously been included, nor even at length to the pictures themselves, the best of which have already been dealt with in our Salon reviews. We would, however, draw attention to the conclusions which are to be drawn from the juxtaposition of such pictures as "The Bravo" by M. ROYBET, and the portrait by JEAN PAUL LAURENS of his son. The spirited, not to say flashy and superficial, brilliancy of M. Roybet in a picture which to some extent imitates Franz Hals without giving a hint of the fine colour of this master, sinks almost into insignificance beside the extraordinary vitality of M. Laurens's representation of an extremely affected, neurotic, and uninteresting young man. M. Roybet's head is like painted tin, M. Laurens's is of flesh and blood. There is a touch of true Italian style in the head by M. AGACHE, which is called "A Phantasy;" and M. RAPHAËL COLLIN'S "Awakening" and "In the Country," the somewhat fussy but still brilliant figures by Mdlle. ROMANI, and the portraits by M. BENJAMIN-CONSTANT of his aunt and of M. Hanotaux, are all typical of the better class of figure-painting. In landscape we have the beautiful "Moonshine on the Canal of St. Denis," by M. RENÉ BILLOTTE, as well as his "Vineyards at Croissy;" M. ADRIEN DEMONT'S "Wreckage" shows a noble composition of the seaboard and great piled-up clouds of lurid red and sulky grey, which constitutes a very considerable achievement. Mme. DEMONT-BRETON'S "In the Azure Sea" is well known to the readers of this Magazine, and M. MARCHÉ'S "The First Quarter," and M. BERNER'S "Pool in Brittany" are admirably painted landscapes likely to be better understood in this country than M. BOUCHÉ'S "Moonrise" or M. RAPIN'S "Autumn." These pictures, along with M. ÉMILE RENARD'S portrait of his father, and "The Angelic Choir" by M. MAX-ANCE, comprise the chief artistic contributions. With M. GÉRÔME'S unfortunate "Diana" it is hardly necessary to deal, out of respect for the greatness of the artist; while M. TATTEGRAIN'S "Herrings," charming

in colour and altogether admirable as to light direct and reflected, misses its aim for want of true knowledge of sea drawing and sea movement. Yet these pictures should be by all. To the fine *objets d'art* and jewellery by M. FOUQUER, M. FOY, and M. FEUILLÂTRE we need call attention if only in the hope that they may prove to our art-craftsmen—whether conventional or members of the Arts and Crafts Society—how perfectly grace and elegance may be wedded to logical design and perfect construction. M. LALIQUE'S work had not yet arrived. There is included in this exhibition a collection of pictures and objects of art sent by Signor BARDINI, the well-known dealer of Florence; with this commercial undertaking we can necessarily have no concern.

We have received a copy of the catalogue of the first exhibition of the Yarra Sculptors' Society, which was held recently at Melbourne. It appears to indicate that a steady advance is being made by Australian art.

Pippa Passes. A Drama. By Robert Browning. With drawings by L. Leslie Brooke, London: Duckworth, [1898.] (5s. nett.)

This is a pretty edition of Browning's poem in which the seven drawings by Mr. BROOKE, reproduced in "Lithographiegravure"—a special class of photo-gravure—display the artist's pleasant feeling for pure line. Pippa is not exactly a charming piece of characterisation by the artist, nor does the drawing of "Ottima and Sebald" impress one with a sense of its elegance, but the atmosphere in "Monsignor and the Intendant" is well rendered.

The Arabian Nights' Entertainments. With sixteen illustrations by Fred Pegram. Service and Paton, [1899.] (2s. 6d.)

THE ease with which the excellence of the "Illustrated Library" is maintained is really remarkable. Mr. PEGRAM'S drawings show not only the fancy of the artist but the great proficiency with the pen which he has attained. The art of illustration, as we have often said, is one of the chief artistic features of the present century; and the beauty, daintiness, and charming technique of these drawings are an additional proof of the truth of this statement.

The Blithedale Romance. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. With an introduction by Moncure D. Conway. Service and Paton. [1899.] (3s. 6d.)

THIS the third volume is a tasteful and well-printed edition of Hawthorne's works, and has been illustrated by Mr. F. H. TOWNSEND with a delicacy of hand, grace of eye, and appreciation of character which recalls some of the best work of the older illustrators. Mr. Townsend has humour as well as artistic ability, and his pen-drawings are really embellishments. These illustrations, and the rest of their class, will assuredly be collected in the future as delightful evidence of one of the most complete evidences of English art in what is practically a modern expression.

The Old Chelsea Bun-shop. By the author of "Mary Powell," and ten illustrations by John Jellicoe and Herbert Railton. John C. Nimmo. [1899.] (6s.)

THIS story—which is, we believe, the last of the series

of reprints from the work of the late Miss MANNING—deals with a later period than is touched in her previous books. The book has that delicious flavour of the past of which Miss Manning was a mistress, and is hardly less worth reading for its own sake than her other books which the publisher has done so well in replacing upon our shelves with the literary masterpieces of their time. Mr. RAILTON'S drawings are more acceptable than those which he has latterly provided; they are for the most part drawn in pencil, and avoid the more recent mannerism of his pen-work. The greater part of the responsibility falls upon Mr. JELICOE, whose figure-drawings adequately illustrate the entertaining text.



MEMORIAL TABLET IN THE WHITGIFT GRAMMAR SCHOOL, CROYDON.

(By Gilbert Marks. See p. 48.)

Notices et Discours. Par Eugène Guillaume, Membre de l'Académie Française et de l'Académie des Beaux-Arts. L. Henry May, Paris. [1898.] (3 fr. 50.)

M. EUGÈNE GUILLAUME is, perhaps, the closest French prototype of Lord Leighton—at once a distinguished artist, a wide scholar, and a born and successful administrator. In this volume are brought together eloquent and extremely readable essays upon Charles Blanc, his predecessor in the Chair of Ethics at the Collège de France; upon Paul Baudry, perhaps the greatest French decorator of the century; upon Jean Alaux and Antoine Barye, together with the discourses he delivered before the Académie Française, and a funeral oration upon Jean Idrac, the young sculptor who was cut off at the beginning of what would have probably been a most brilliant career. Perhaps the most interesting section is the address upon Jean Alaux, who—one of the learned and classic members of the band that included Cogniet, Picot, and Drolling—was one of the most able and inspiring Directors which the French Academy in Rome has ever been able to boast. M. Guillaume here becomes not merely eloquently demonstrative and argumentative, but extremely interesting in historic narrative in the luminous description which he gives of the life and teaching of the fortunate Prix de Rome students. As in most French treatises, an index is lacking; and

lovers of books will resent the fact that no date appears upon the volume.

The City of Gloucester. Illustrated. The Gloucester Traders' Association. [1898.] (3d.)

This little handbook to the interesting and picturesque city of Gloucester is profusely illustrated and well printed. The excellent blocks devoted to the cathedral give considerable distinction to the *brochure*.



OLIVER CROMWELL
(From the Bust by Bernini.)

MR. **Miscellanea.** HOLLIMAN HUNT and Mr. ALFRED GILBERT, R.A., have been elected honorary members of the Royal Society of British Artists.

We illustrate in these pages the works which have gained the Prix de Rome at the *École des Beaux-Arts*, Paris. In the section of painting, the prize—we believe for the first time—has been awarded to two artists.

We reproduce on this page the bust of Oliver Cromwell by BERNINI, which has recently been presented to the House of Commons. As a matter of interest we also reproduce an autograph portrait by the sculptor. Bernini was born in Naples in 1598, and was celebrated as a painter and architect as well as a sculptor. He died in Rome in 1680, leaving a fortune of over £100,000.

The City Art Gallery, Birmingham, has received an important addition to its permanent collection by the presentation of several works of Sir EDWARD BURNE-JONES's. The painting "Elijah" has been given by Sir John Holder, Bart., and Messrs. John Feeney and J. T. Middlemore. Three cartoons in water-colour and pastel of "The Last Judgment," for windows in East Hampstead Church, have been presented by Mr. Alderman Kemick and Mr. J. R. Holliday; Mr. Fairfax Murray has also given four cartoons. These gifts, with the three cartoons purchased by the trustees, will form a good nucleus for a Burne-Jones collection. Other acquisitions are a small collection of Indian brasswork, and one of Indian armour—the latter presented by Mr. G. A. Meakin.

The memorial tablet illustrated on p. 47 is the gift of the artist Mr. GILBERT MARKS to the Whitgift Grammar School, Croydon, of which he is an old pupil. The panels and lettering are in beaten copper, and the orange trees, symbolical of generosity, are in cast bronze, the stems and foliage being greened and the fruit left the plain colour of the metal. The scroll round the stems of the trees is also in beaten copper, and bears the school motto—particularly applicable to the circumstances—"Vincit qui Patitur." The metal work is mounted on a dark oak framework with a

simple curved top. The whole memorial, indeed, is severely simple but in excellent taste, and is quite worthy to rank with the silver work for which the artist has acquired so extensive a reputation. The outside measurement of the work is 45 inches wide by 36 inches high.

THE death has occurred of M. HENRI MARIUS Obituary. DING, French sculptor, at the age of fifty.

He was born at Grenoble, and became a pupil of MM. IRVOY and HÉBERT. His chief works are two monuments to commemorate the Revolution—one at Vizille, and the other at Grenoble. At the unveiling of the former in 1888 by President Carnot, the artist was created a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

Another French sculptor, M. JEAN ALEXANDRE PÉZIEUX, has died at the age of forty-eight at Lyons. A pupil of JOUFFROY and M. TONY NOËL, he was the author of several works which gained him honours at the Salon. In 1894 he received a first-class medal for "Daphne," and his "Virgin" is at the Luxembourg.

M. CHARLES LIUILLIER, painter, and Director of the Museum and School of Fine Arts at Havre, has died at the age of seventy-four.

We have also to record the deaths of Mr. WILLIAM GRAHAM DEWICK, sculptor, who executed a portion of the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park; of Mr. THOMAS KERSHAW, who gained the prize of honour for decorative Art at the Exhibition of 1851, and who executed some of the decorations at South Kensington Museum; of Mr. NORMAN-NERUDA, son of Lady Hallé, who was killed in an Alpine accident; of M. A. M. LAUZET, French painter and engraver, at the age of thirty-three; of Herr KARL GEHRTS, historical painter and professor



BERNINI.

(From a Drawing by Himself. In the Possession of M. H. Spielmann, Esq.)

at the Academy of Fine Arts at Dusseldorf; of M. FÉLIX BERNE-BELLECOUR, son of the well-known military painter, at the age of thirty-one; of M. PHILIP WORTMAN, Dutch sculptor, at the early age of twenty-two, who gained the Prix de Rome and a gold medal at Amsterdam last year; and of the Belgian painter, M. LÉONARD VAN DEN KERCKHOVEN, at the age of seventy.



THE FOAM SPRITE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY HERBERT J. DRAPER. IN THE POSSESSION OF E. S. JENKINS, ESQ.



SPRING (1887).

(From the Fresco at Guy's Hospital.)

OUR RISING ARTISTS: MR. HERBERT J. DRAPER.

By ALFRED LYS BALDRY.

THERE is, in the case of Mr. H. J. Draper, a curious negation of the theory, which is rather widely held, that heredity plays an important part in the development of artistic capacity. It cannot be said that he owes to inheritance any of the remarkable ability that has already, in the very brief period covered so far by his professional career, won for him a distinguished position among our younger painters. None of his ancestors had given evidence of any special bent towards practical æstheticism, nor has there been in his family any marked love of art which has in him culminated in exceptional fitness for the profession. He really provides an example of the spontaneous growth of the painter's instinct, and may be quoted as an instance of the development of a special capacity under conditions and among surroundings apparently unfavourable.

No idea that he would ultimately become an artist entered into the scheme of his training. He showed signs, it is true, even in his childhood, of the tastes and inclinations which have since shaped his existence, and was constantly making attempts to express his pictorial imaginings; but meanwhile he was preparing for quite another career. With so strong a love of

art implanted in his nature he had also, curiously enough, an unusual aptitude for mathematical study, and a definite liking for scientific research. It was this side of his capacity that seemed to those about him to be most worthy of encouragement, and to promise the most considerable success in after-life. So for nearly three years his time was taken up with experimental practice in chemistry, acoustics, optics, and other kindred branches of science, always with the intention that he should later on turn his knowledge to account in some post at home or abroad as a Government analyst.

But his own view about the use he was to make of his powers was taking a definite shape, and his maturing conviction was leading him more and more away from the direction that had been planned for him by others. Fond as he was of science, he felt that art interested him more deeply, and before long this preference became so strong that his

choice of a new profession could not be resisted. It was obvious, indeed, that the change was not the outcome merely of a restless impatience of what had been laid down for him. Science was not distasteful to him; on the contrary, it appealed strongly to his reasoning



HERBERT J. DRAPER.

(From a Photograph by Lavender.)

powers, and, as far as it went, suited the analytical bent of his mind; but in art he found satisfaction not only for his reason but for his emotions as well. He was able to apply in it much of what he had learned in the way of exact comparison: it was possible to use his close study of details, and to turn to account his skill in reasoning step by step, and part by part. The charm of creative work seemed to him infinitely more engrossing than the pleasure derivable from

admission to the Royal Academy Schools, where he felt the fullest opportunities would be open to him of acquiring the right kind of experience; and after a brief period of preparatory study at the St. John's Wood School, he was able, in 1884, to commence the congenial labours at Burlington House, which were destined during the next few years to bring him many well-earned distinctions. In 1887 he was awarded a prize of £40 for a design for a wall decoration, the composition represent-



THE SEA-MAIDEN (1894).

(By Permission of the Fine Art Society.)

tracing things to their beginnings and classifying their component parts.

There was much more significance in this departure of his than is usually to be found in the decision of the average youth to become an artist. He was not affected by surroundings which accustomed him to the idea of art practice as a natural form of occupation; he was not persuaded out of his earlier views by influences which came unexpectedly into his life; on the contrary, the change was brought about by the working of his own mind in a direction apparently contrary to that fixed by circumstances. His choice was a sincere one, the result of irresistible conviction, and it was made at an age when he was well able to appreciate the importance of the step to which he was committing himself. The extent of his sincerity may be judged from the indefatigable energy he displayed in his preparation for his new profession. He lost no time in getting to work to qualify himself for

ing "Spring;" and he was commissioned by the Royal Academy Council to execute this design in fresco at Guy's Hospital, this being the first occasion on which such a commission had been given. He took also the Landseer scholarship of £40 a year, tenable for two years; and the silver medal for drawing from life. The most gratifying success of his student days was, however, scored in 1889, when he gained the chief award that the Academy has to offer, the gold medal and the travelling scholarship. He could have given no better proof of his industry during the half-dozen years of his preparation for the artistic profession; and no stronger evidence could be quoted in support of his judgment in deciding to make the practice of art the pursuit of his life; for there is no distinction accessible to the art student which is competed for so keenly, and needs for its attainment so rare a combination of capacity and energy.

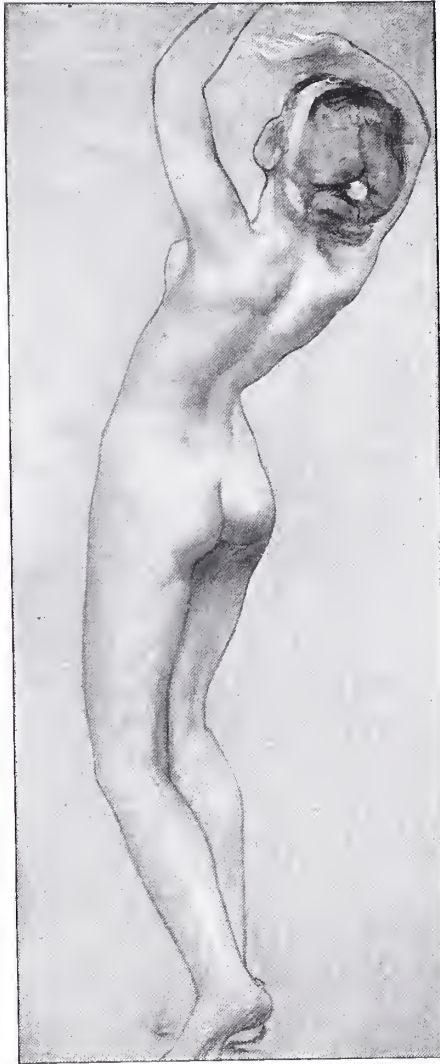
The manner in which Mr. Draper turned to account the opportunities afforded him by

the period of foreign residence, which the conditions of the scholarship obliged him to undertake, was thoroughly characteristic. The analytical turn of his mind asserted itself very plainly, and the essentially scientific craving for observation and comparison entirely dominated him. He did not follow the example of other students, and betake himself at once to one of the recognised centres of art teaching, there to spend in close study the year for which he had to hold the scholarship; he did not even devote himself, as many men in his position have done, to a course of copying the works of the masters whom he particularly preferred. Instead, he started on an extensive tour through the countries and places where he knew he would find admirable art examples to examine, or where he would be brought in contact with Nature in her most attractive aspects. He began in Spain, and travelled in succession through Tangier, Morocco, Italy, Paris, Holland, and Belgium, making the longest stay in Italy. All this while he scarcely painted at all; but made elaborate written notes, jotting down at considerable length the many points of artistic interest which occurred to him. In this he was following out a particular conviction, working on a system designed especially to meet the views which he holds about art training, and planned to give him the widest possible insight into the principles by which his great predecessors were controlled.

One result of his Continental experiences was seen in the year that followed his return to England. He had been so fascinated by the charm of Italian light and colour that he began seriously to consider whether he should not take up his abode in that country, and set to work there, under what he felt would be the most favourable conditions and amid the most appropriate surroundings. As a step in this direction he took a studio at Rome for the winter of

1891-2, and painted there a picture which appeared in the 1892 Academy; but before coming to a final decision on the question of life abroad, he sought the opinion of Lord Leighton

on the wisdom of the course he contemplated. The letter which his query drew by way of answer from the President was characteristically considerate and straightforward, and expressed strongly the view that neither a permanent residence in Italy, nor even Mr. Draper's alternative scheme for wintering abroad and spending the summer in England, would prove really advantageous. Lord Leighton held that any attempt to carry on serious work in two places was unlikely to be successful, and opposed even more definitely the notion that an English artist would do himself justice under conditions of existence necessarily unlike those to which he had been accustomed. "Brace yourself, therefore, my dear fellow," he wrote, "and stick to your own country, where, though the conditions of light are unfavourable in the winter, in the summer, on the other hand, they are peculiarly favourable. There is no light for painting like the light of an English summer." Guided by this kindly advice Mr. Draper took the studio at Kensing-



STUDY FOR "THE VINTAGE MORN."

ton in which, until his migration to St. John's Wood in the present year, all the works by which he has established his reputation have been produced.

At first he had an idea of dividing his time between painting and black-and-white work, and in 1892-3 he actually produced several drawings for illustration. Fortunately, however, circumstances soon operated to lead him away from a course of artistic practice which, great as were its chances of profit to him, would certainly have diminished his opportunities of gaining a reputation as a painter. In 1894 he scored an instantaneous success of the most convincing kind with his picture, "The Sea-Maiden," which was placed

in one of the places of honour on the Academy walls, and was hailed by the public as one of the cleverest works of its class that had been seen in London for many years. At a single bound he sprang into the front rank of the younger men and established himself among the most conspicuous of the contemporary painters of imagin-

The pictures which he has shown annually at the Academy and other exhibitions have been distinguished by notable qualities of consideration, by their deliberate intention to make understandable certain pictorial facts and to illustrate certain phases of thought. They have asserted quite consistently the particular conviction that

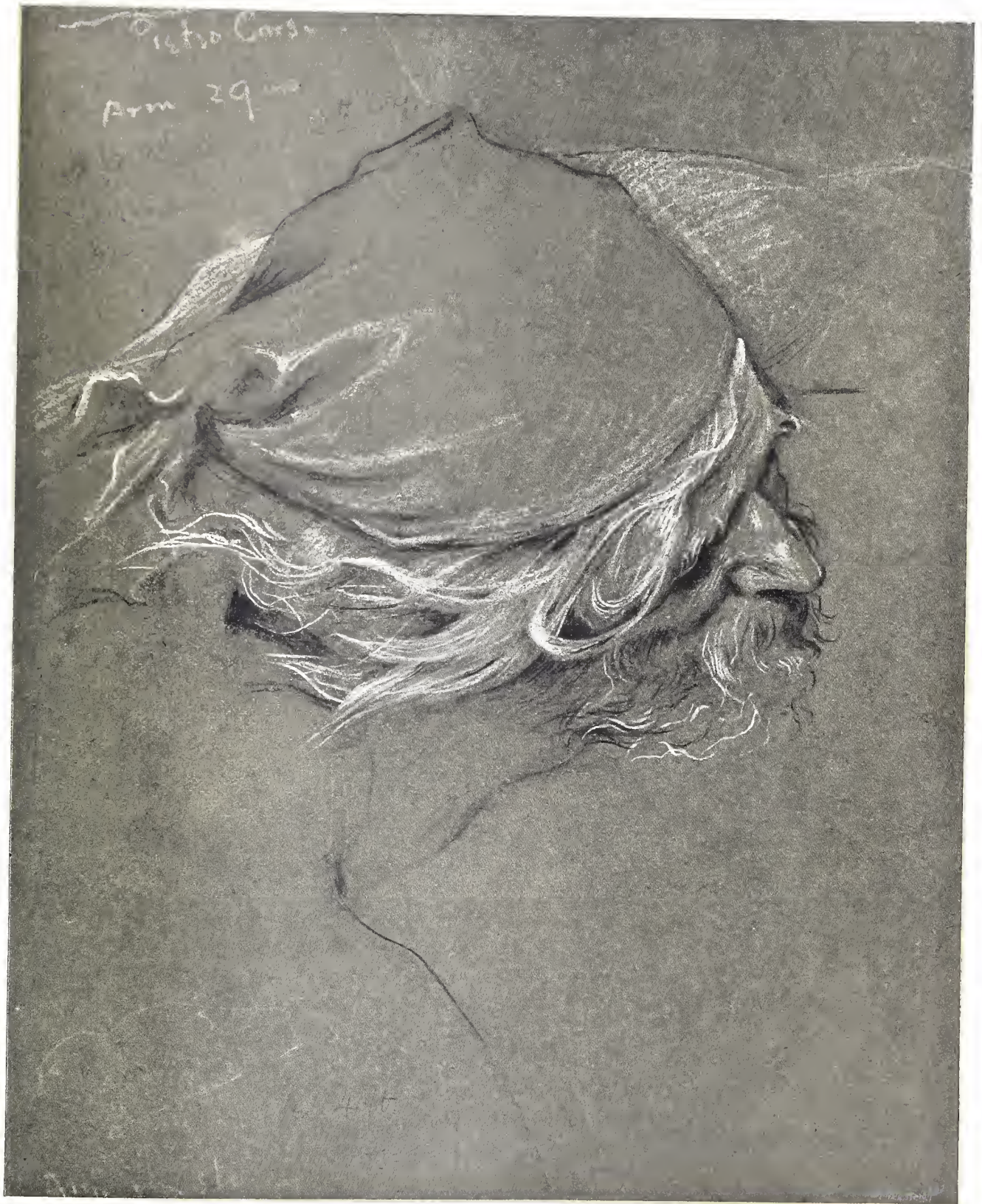


THE VINTAGE MORN (1896).

ative subjects. The splendid vigour of his design, the robust expressiveness of his manner of handling, the rich variety of his colour, and, above all, the admirable realisation of the true spirit of romance which gave to "The Sea-Maiden" its most persuasive charm, appealed vividly to the many people who are always ready to recognise commanding merit. There was something dramatic, too, in the suddenness of his transformation from a clever student promising interesting developments to an artist of apparently well-matured powers. He gripped the public in the right way, and settled off-hand the question which he had been debating as to the particular branch of art which it would suit him best to follow.

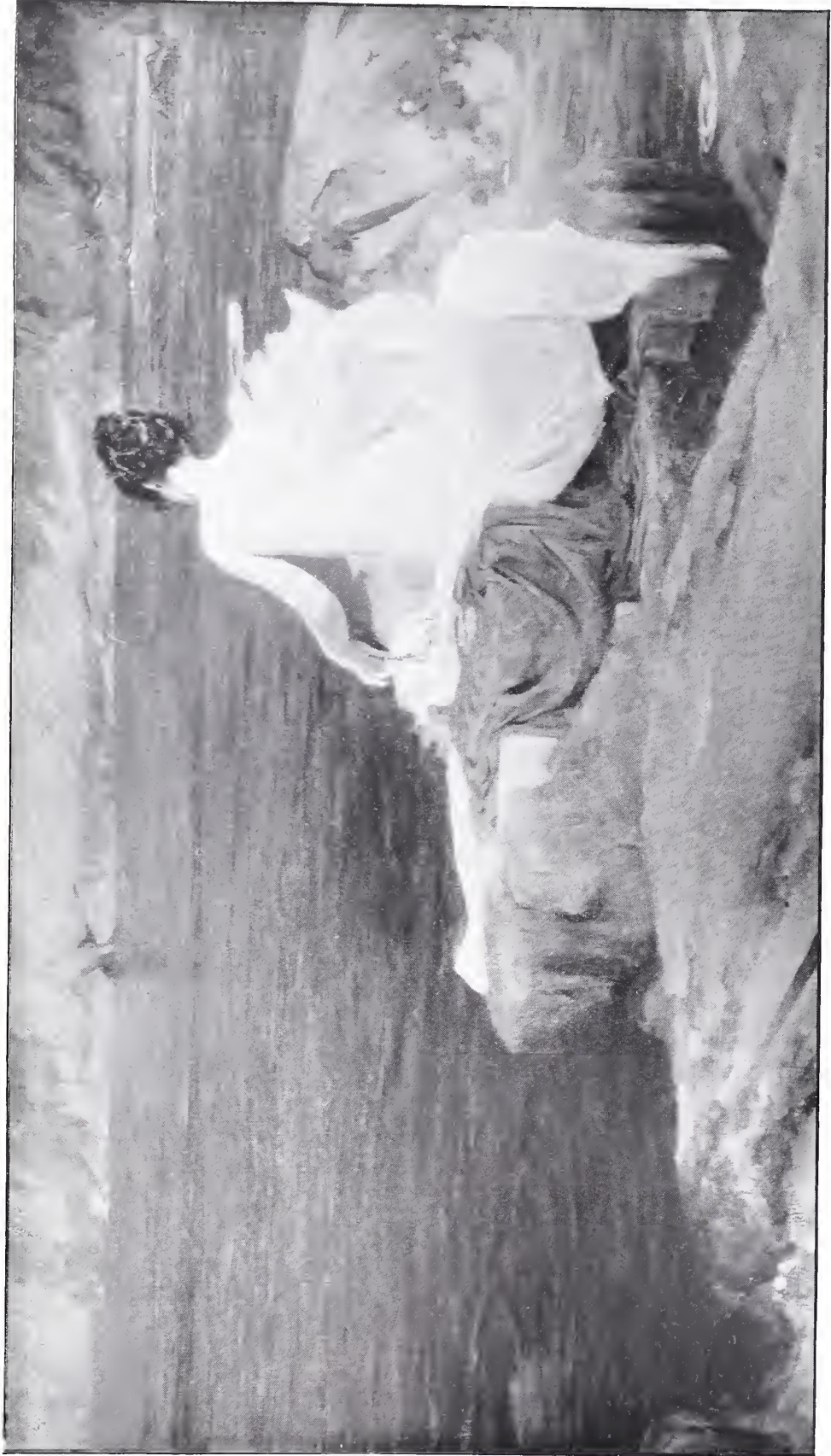
Since 1894 he has been busy working out his obvious destiny, and has settled down into the steady practice of his profession as a painter.

he holds concerning the mission of the art worker, and have been logical enough in their explanation of the ideas which control in his mind the tendencies of his effort. This consistency has done much to make permanent the good impression created by his "Sea-Maiden," and accounts very considerably for the steadiness with which he has gained ground in the estimation of many types of art lovers. He has made clear to people who are observant in artistic matters that his first public success was not a happy accident nor the result of circumstances which he had little power to influence, but a very definite step in a direction purposely selected and plainly fixed upon as the one from which he did not propose to deviate. Fixity of purpose such as this, especially when it is supported by proofs of real ability, has a most persuasive effect; and so far



STUDY FOR "THE SEA-MAIDEN."

(By Herbert J. Draper.)



CALYPSO'S ISLE (1897).

(From the Painting by Herbert J. Draper, in the Possession of E. Galloway, Esq.)

he has no cause of complaint against the public on the score of inattention to his assertion of his individuality.

At the Academy he showed in 1895 a picture,

attendants of the god of wine dancing through the woods in the first light of the dawn. The subject was one that gave him many opportunities for technical expression, and the picture,



THE GOLDEN CHAIN (1896).

"AND IF YOU WEAR IT IT SHALL SIGNAL 'AYE.'"

(By Permission of the Autotype Company.)

"The Young Ulysses," which was much more purely classic than the "Sea-Maiden;" but in 1896 he reverted, in "The Vintage Morn." to the freer treatment of mythical motives which suits him best. He chose again the poetic side of tradition, and illustrated a legend which links the imaginings of antiquity with the sober matter of fact of the present day. His subject was the fabled return to earth of the Bacchanaal nymphs on the morning of the vintage day, and he painted the joyous procession of the laughing

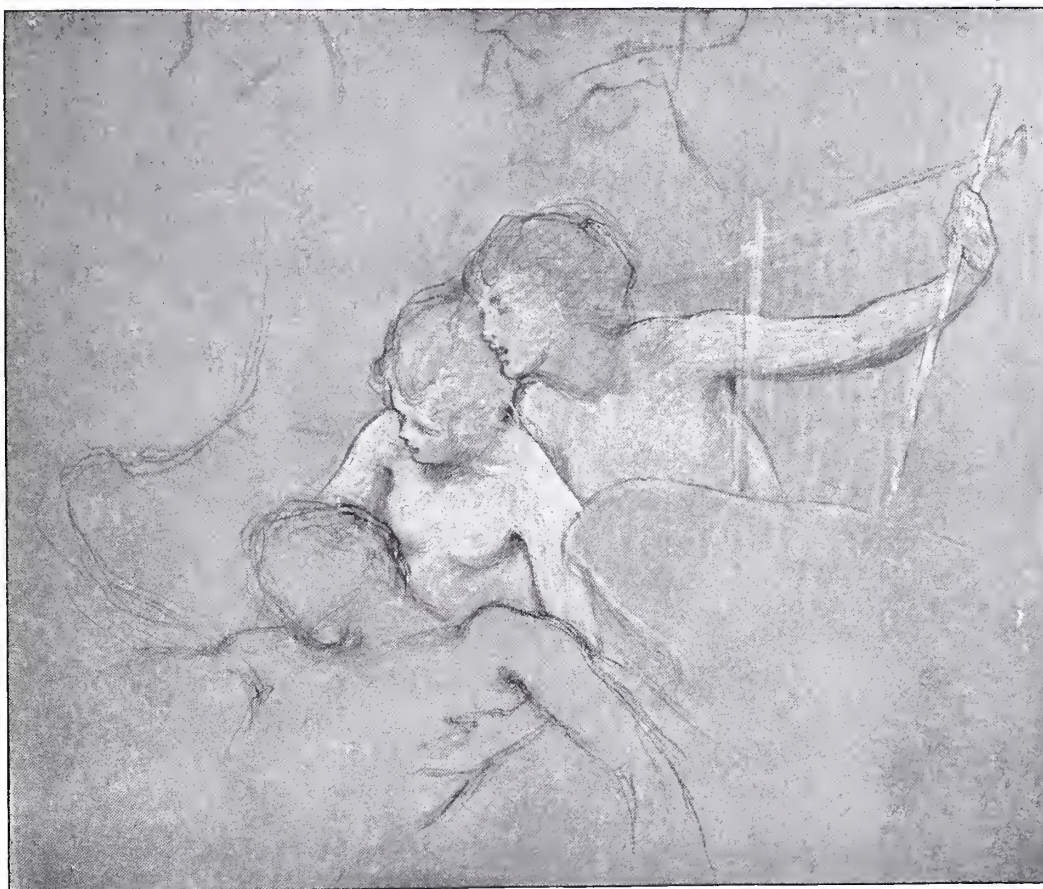
as he painted it, was memorable especially for the vigour of its action and the force of its colour. To the same year belongs "The Golden Chain," a piece of carefully studied grace, very decorative in its lines and arrangement, and full of the charm of dainty personality. "Calypso's Isle," another astonishing exercise in brilliant hues, and a persuasive demonstration of his romantic tendencies, followed in 1897, and with it he sent to the Academy a dainty little subject "Pot-pourri," and a three-quarter length

figure of a girl in Elizabethan costume, "Qui sait où s'en vont les roses?" Two years ago he also exhibited at the New Gallery a small canvas, "The Foam Sprite," which was in technique and colour-statement, and in its striking vivacity of movement, one of the best things he has done since the "Sea-Maiden."

Of the pictures he exhibited in the spring of this year it is hardly necessary to say much; there is little likelihood that the force and originality of his "Lament for Icarus," bought by the Trustees of the Chantrey Fund, will be forgotten. As a typical example of his manner of selecting from Nature just those facts which he requires to fill up the framework of his story, and as an excellent instance of his method of adapting to pictorial exigencies purely realistic details, it is, perhaps, as good a demonstration of his artistic creed as could be desired. It expresses his views with singular completeness,

tend. The influence that is strongest upon him is not that of any of the foreign schools, nor is he affected by any of the movements which are powerful to control so large a section of our younger school. He is frankly taking up the part which was played with such consummate skill by Lord Leighton, and is fitting himself to carry on the work to which the late President devoted his life.

His creed is by no means a complex one, for it may be summed up in the statement that the function of the artist is essentially to create, to produce work which is not only imaginative in itself but calculated also to stimulate the imaginations of the people to whom it may be presented. His endeavour should be to suggest to thoughtful minds something which has never necessarily been seen, and never may be; but yet would, if it were possible to see it, remain through life in the memory of the beholder as an abiding and



SKETCH FOR "THE LAMENT FOR ICARUS."

and marks definitely enough both the accomplishment and the tendency of his art. It is instructive, too, because it reveals obviously enough what is the direction in which his sympathy for the work of his predecessors is most likely to

incurable impression. Such a power of vivid suggestion is only within the reach of the painter who has the courage to avoid mere realism and the literal transcription of Nature, and has taken infinite pains to understand her so thoroughly



FIRST SKETCH FOR "ICARUS."

that he is able to translate her subtleties without losing the grace and character of her special idioms. What she suggests to the artist, rather than what she shows him, he should strive to transmit to the picture lovers, persuading them by the extent of his understanding rather than by the greatness of his imitative skill. In his way of carrying out these beliefs Mr. Draper is entirely logical. A realist he certainly is not; but yet in all his work the influence of minute observation and elaborate selection is very strongly felt.

It will be interesting to see what will be the nature of his progress in coming years. At present he is working a vein in which the romance of history and the romantic aspects of nature are very happily blended; but whether this will continue to satisfy him as he approaches middle age must necessarily depend very largely upon the extent of the encouragement he continues to receive. It may be his good fortune to permanently secure and retain recognition so intelligent that he will be allowed

the fullest scope for the development of his imaginings, or he may find himself limited against his will by influences against which he will be powerless to struggle. Concerning his capacity as an inventive painter of imaginative subjects he has left no doubt, but latterly he has also proved himself to have peculiar qualifications as a portrait painter. He is a fine draughtsman, an able manipulator, and is particularly fitted by his analytical habit to observe and appreciate those details of character which have so much to do with the correct realisation of an interesting personality. Whatever he does is likely to be done well; he has laid too secure a foundation for after-work to fail for want of proper contrivance.



STUDY FOR "ICARUS."



STUDY FOR "THE VINTAGE MORN."

(By Herbert J. Draper.)



THE LAMENT FOR ICARUS (1896)

(From the Painting by Herbert J. Draper, in the Chantrey Collection).

THE ETCHINGS OF HERR MAX KLINGER.

BY THE LATE GLEESON WHITE.

IN common justice to the form of expression which Herr Max Klinger has adopted for his etchings—before studying them—we must in fairness recognise that while using the same language of line through which Rembrandt spoke and Mr. Whistler speaks, he chooses a different vocabulary to express facts often but

notto. But who shall decide whether a certain subject could be better expressed in words? Words by their nature reveal ideas in sequence; a picture can express them simultaneously. To convey the message of Mr. Watts's "Love and Death" as irresistibly as he has expressed it in paint, so that all classes of men could grasp its significance at a



FROM THE SERIES OF "EVE AND THE FUTURE" (OP. III).

distantly related to common nature. He is far more concerned with ethics than æsthetics, and has a right to be judged by his own canons. To state this aspect of the case at once is not to offer it as an apology, nor to claim that the ideal it champions is either best or second best, but merely to recognise facts. A triumph of technique and virtuosity which is worthily ranked as an addition to the world's masterpieces may have nothing more to convey than the joy of the workman in his work. It is right that the interest of the "subject" should never be relied upon as an excuse for slovenly, inefficient craft; but the converse statement of the case, which would rank allegory and anecdote alike unworthy of pictorial treatment, reveals an equally patent fallacy if pushed to its logical conclusion. "Never paint what can be better expressed in words" is a motto popular to-day; on the whole, an admirable

glance, would be a hard task. If the statement were reduced to a phrase as simple as that wonderful word-picture "green pastures by still waters," the few would understand its amazing power, the many would rank it commonplace. Perhaps no faith ever produced a more perfect statement of its creed than in the over-hackneyed text "God is Love;" yet we know (without any theological aspect of its message being brought into consideration) that the motto has become well-nigh a meaningless formula by over-repetition; even as the piously intended "D.V." has scarce more vivid force than the commercial "P.T.O."

But if we accept the theory that painters may preach through the medium of pictorial allegory, we soon find that their vocabulary of symbols understood of the people is more limited than is the vocabulary of the writer; and on this ground a logical objection might be raised if the appeal

they would make by this method is frankly an appeal to the whole world. A few recognised allegorical figures—a winged cupid for Love, a skeleton for Death, a blindfolded figure with scales for Justice, an old man with an hour-glass for Time, and one or two more, well nigh exhaust the list. Mr. Watts's "Hope" has often been mistaken for "Despair;" and the painter's own interpretation—"Hope" strives to get all the music possible out of the last remaining string"—proves that those people who mistook what the world calls "a forlorn hope" for resigned despondency were not so far out of the track as we had hitherto thought them.

It is quite conceivable that many students of Herr Max Klinger's mystic compositions may have worried out for themselves an interpretation he had never intended; but if they are mistaken it may not be always the artist's fault, possibly it arises from insufficient attention to his pictured message; or from the fact that his allegorical fantasy is that of a Teuton, which cannot be translated literally to British understanding any more than can the poems of Heine. Music, as we know, is far more vague in its appeal. To take the commonest example, some publishers have entitled a certain "Lieder Ohne Worte" by Mendelssohn "A Drinking Song," while others have dubbed the same composition "A Funeral March;" yet the music itself is neither better nor worse because it is liable to misinterpretation. Would "Der Ritt der Walküre" suggest the ride of the wish-maidens to one who knew not its title and heard it for the first time detached from the opera? The better one knows "Der Ring des Nibelungen" the more one doubts it. If music with a definite

programme is thus allowed to be so vague in its statement, is it not possible that the art of pictured parable and allegory can also be attained to appeal to the emotions rather than to the intellect, and arouse abstract feelings of things

unseen even as it arouses concrete emotions concerning things seen?

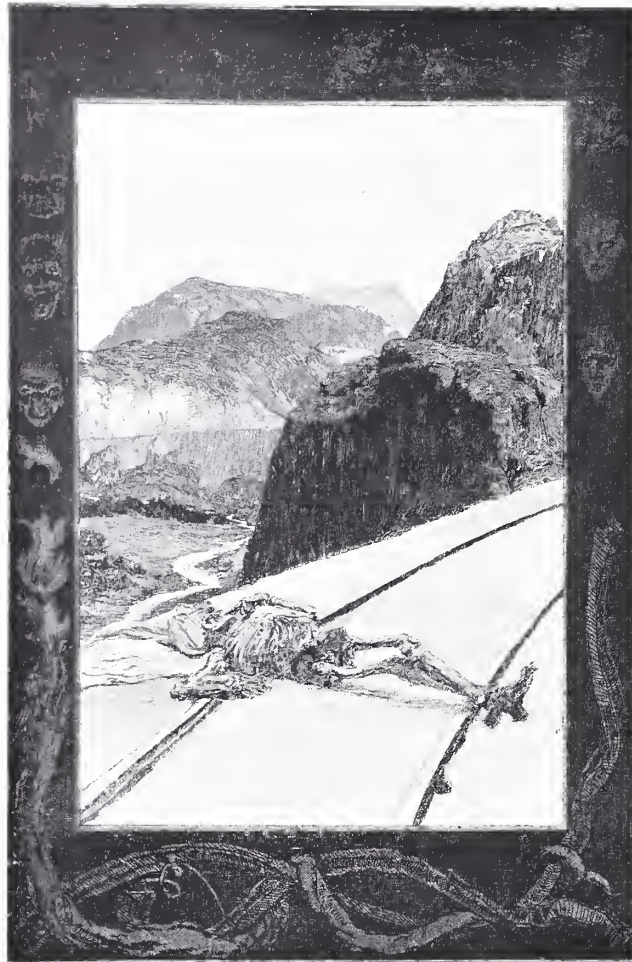
A great Italian critic has said, "Italians are singing-birds, Germans are birds of prey." So that we find, looked at from the South, the art of Klinger seems stern and cruel compared with that of the sensuous, unquestioned ideals of the Latin races.

In a work on "Painting and Design" Klinger has formulated a creed we have all felt, which is that "colour is for realistic art, and for that chiefly, and that Wonderland is far better depicted by the art of black and white, which has its convention so far removed from Nature that it sets one's imagination at play to complete the impression it

has conveyed by hints and suggestions more than by direct statement."

Klinger has not only dared to treat his drawings in this way, but has attempted, in a series confessedly put forth as pictured comments on Brahms' music, to shadow in figures the emotions raised by the music itself. Such an effort is, as a rule, more dangerous than an attempt to picture a poem. Whose painted Isabella satisfies a lover of Keats? Whose Ophelia at any time satisfied *all* lovers of Shakespeare?

It would be a thankless effort for a Briton to supply a book of the words to Max Klinger's etchings; besides, one already exists in German. Max Klinger's "Griffeelkunst," by Fred Avenarius, an illustrated pamphlet of sixty-four pages, published by Amsler and Ruthardt (Berlin), will be to



DEATH ON THE RAILWAY ("VOM TODE," OP. XI, NO. VIII).



DEATH: SAILORS ("VOM TODE," OP. XI, No. II).

the taste of many who wish to grasp the meaning of each allegorical subject. It is true that it is possible to regard them as picture-puzzles, to enjoy unravelling the easiest, and to leave those insoluble for future study. For no art critics, amateur or professional, care for a ready-made solution to a problem: the pleasure lies in solving it. Should pictures be puzzles? The query is apt, but the obvious retort is that pictures intended to be wholly naturalistic are very often genuine puzzles to average people. A certain painting which had lost its label, and had no title on the back, was once brought before a jury of selection; it chanced to be square, and the jury (including several of the most important living painters) turned it this side up and then the other, and did their best to discover if it represented a breakwater in a storm, a fireside interior, a wet street with umbrellas, or a hay-field at twilight. "Which was which they could never make out, despite their best endeavour." So it was rejected. As it happened, its painter (a well-known exhibitor) revealed to one

of the jury later on his own interpretation, which had not been guessed by any of the rest. If mere naturalistic impressions of a commonplace scene, under certain less commonplace conditions of light and atmosphere, could thus confuse specialists, is it likely that one who places visions on paper will find every spectator ready with the right interpretation?

It is true that several numbers of the two series "Vom Tode" (Death) are obviously representations of themes in that "Dance of Death" which has so often attracted German artists, since the times of Dürer and Holbein down to those of Rethel, Joseph Sattler, and the "Jugend" illustrators. "Death and the Ploughman," "Death and the Railway," "Death and the Child," and the rest, are, in a sense, only variants of the "Danse Macabre" that has inspired German artists for centuries, and is likely to continue to do so. Yet, although the King of Terrors is in many of them represented



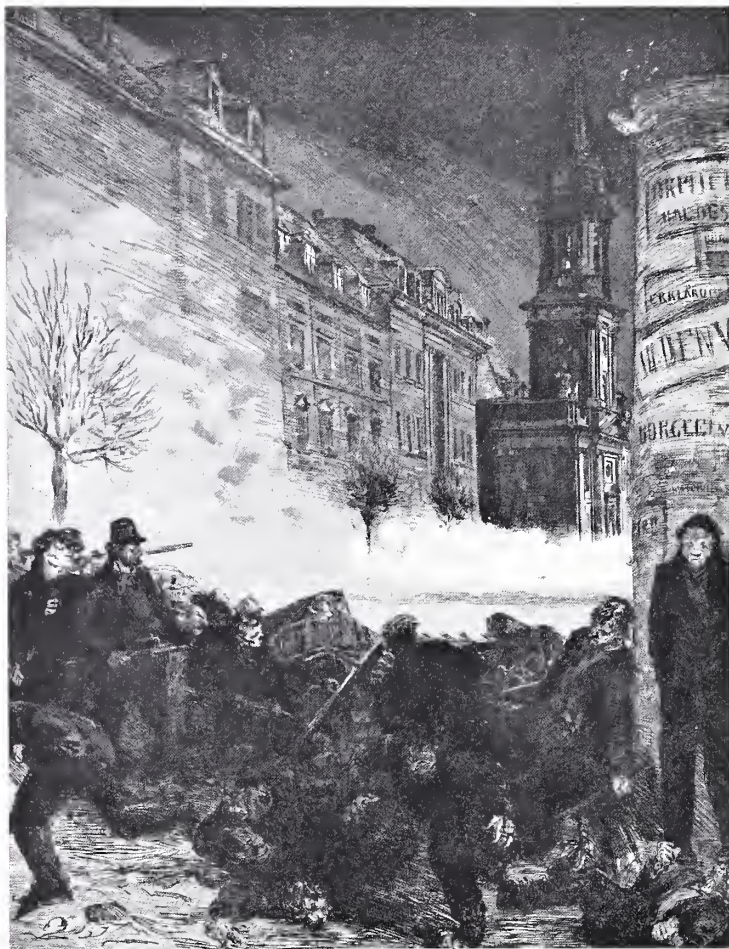
BRAHMS' FANTASIE: "TITANS" (OP. XII No. III).

by a mere skeleton, it is not as skeleton imbued with life and action, but as a mere dead symbol.

To comment upon Herr Klinger's etchings at some length would be very pleasant, for they suggest endless divagations; but all the same the gain would be doubtful. For the message each conveys is its own, and should not be paraphrased. In Brahms' series there is a double pleasure in finding the dreams of the musician interpreted by the draughtsman. In one case, a passage from Goethe's "Gesang der Parzen," the dream of the poet, which has been annotated upon by the musician, is again commented upon by the artist. "They stride over height unto height thro' the heavens, from earthly abysses arises the groaning of long smothered Titans." This, entitled "The Titans," refers to that wonderful poem "In fear of the gods shall you dwell, sons of men," which Brahms has made still more wonderful by his superb music—music that can only be paralleled by some of the finest scenes in Wagner's operas—if, indeed, it be not clothed with a certain prophetic, supernatural utterance beyond anything even in the "Gotterdammerung" itself. To know the poem, the music, and the etching thoroughly, is a sensation that would balance that derived from many years' study of other poems, music, and etchings—a three-fold pleasure which is possibly unique; for where else shall we find a Goethe-Brahms-Klinger trinity, each helping towards the fuller interpretation of a poetic idea?

It would be useless to describe in detail the etchings not illustrated here, yet one, the Evocation to Opns. xii, "Brahms' Phantasies," is, in a sense, an epitome of the artist's manner. On a balustraded terrace sits a man at a grand piano facing you, with his hands poised above the chords, turning his head to look at a nude female figure with hands uplifted as if to strike great chords on a huge harp before her. The pianist is in modern dress, albeit with a clean-cut profile, like a bust of one of the Roman Cæsars; and, beyond, the tossing sea, with a great stretch of cloud-filled sky. It is decorative and, in a way, daring, this combination of morning dress, grand pianoforte, and the genius of music; it is also German, and should (as it probably does) appeal far more deeply to a fellow-Teuton than to the world at large. A strikingly different

treatment of modernity occurs in another melodramatic and powerful work, also not represented here, one of the "Dramen" (Op. ix), where a jealous husband, surprising illicit lovers, shoots the interloper. It is the "Francesca di Rimini" motive, set in florid modern surroundings, yet in it, as in others of these "dramas," the normal



DRAMAS (OP. IX) "THE BARRICADE."

force of the theme is intensified by its vivid realisation in picture.

A series of purely classical subjects, "The Rescue of Ovid's Victims" (Op. ii), and a notable triptych (issued in an early number of the Berlin art quarterly, "Pan"), show the artist, as a decorator, filling spaces happily and lightly, and re-telling humorously and pleasantly incidents of old-world myths. But this is not the Max Klinger that stays in one's memory; it is the legitimate follower of Holbein, Rethel, the artist who uses his craft didactically and at times mystically, who abides, but never becomes the maker of parables in pictures (like George Cruikshank's "Temple of Bacchus," or Mr. W. P. Frith's "Road to Ruin" series). In the Klinger

etchings, the Fates and Death, genii, and unreal personalities play the heroic parts. A man, indeed, is portrayed, a puppet in the hands of destiny, who comes into the drama, but as the victim. The new-born child seated like a vampire astride the breast of its dead mother, lying in her coffin beneath a cloistered arcade, with restful glades beyond, may represent Fate; or, in the "Eve" series, the first man may represent the cynically disinterested embodiment of Destiny, as he looks knowingly at his help-mate, on whose shoulders he will lay for ever the blame of the burden that both incurred. So in the "Death" series, Klinger has not merely repeated Holbein's forty-eight variations of the arrival of Death "to all, to each," sooner or later: he has played on the different aspects of the visitant, now as a redresser of wrong, now as a vengeful judge, now as a grimly-ironic emissary of Fate. For, whatever point one selects whence to interpret Max Klinger, it is the recognition of impotence against Fate that reveals its presence ultimately.

In a prefatory note to the catalogue of an exhibition of Max Klinger etchings, held during the early part of 1898 at Messrs. Obach's Gallery, we find it stated that "in England the mysticism of to-day means misery, sorrowfulness, and sadness; in Germany idealism, which is the same thing, means gladness, life, and gaiety." This may be quite true of German idealism as a whole, but it hardly applies to most of the etchings in question. Here and there, indeed, are idylls restful, beautiful, and at times humorous; but not in the great "Death" series, nor in the "Intermezzi," "A Life," "Eve and the Future," or the Brahms sets, is it easy to discover much gaiety or light-heartedness. In almost all, the ever-present note is tragedy, or at best a Pagan content with the hour that "heeds not the rumble of the distant drums." Possibly, different impressions are produced by the same work, for the many-sided aspect of a distinct creation sends each honest student away having found within not so much *its* message as his pre-conceived expectation. That the realism of handling inspires Herr Klinger, even in his most imaginative work, is true enough; the artist's reverence and knowledge of his knowledge would win an applause if bestowed on far less imaginative work. The writer of the note already referred to further says, "It is not for the subject that we value his work, it is not because

of the moral lesson that we object to it; but it is because of the intenser dramatic feeling, the wonderful imagination, the beautiful realism, and the remarkable technical accomplishment, that one pronounces these etchings to be great works of art." Here most people will agree, albeit a doubt will creep in whether many of us may not be witched more than we care to own by their preaching and moral aim. This is a minor matter; and the main lesson, that no amount of good intention can atone for faulty technique, stands out as one clear moral of Max Klinger's work, whether he be optimist or pessimist who stands amazed at its fulness. That the artist does not falter in his utterance is beyond dispute; but that he expresses his ideas in the simplest way, with economy of line and suppression of detail, could not be maintained. He is Tautou to the core, and, unlike certain Latin nations, the Tautou never tries for, or obtains, classic simplicity of statement, any more than the average Anglo-Saxon prizes that quality in art when he meets it. To be a little flamboyant, and discursive, if not actually prolix, belongs to the Anglo-Saxon stock. Hence, English people should find the art of Klinger more to their taste than they find the art of many French masters. It would be folly to insist that either one or the other is absolutely finer. The one appeals to the trained intellect, the other to more normal emotions. And even the most highly-trained intelligence has a certain frank delight in fairy tale and folk lore, as long as they escape being bored by them.

Of Max Klinger the man and his many-sided efforts in painting and in sculpture, as a writer and critic, much might be said. For his personality seems to impress his fellows no less than his singularly individual art has impressed them; but here space fails. The etchings, of which over a hundred plates were exhibited, are more than sufficient for discussion in ten times the space here available. Fortunately, the selection reproduced will convey some idea of their amazing interest as "moralities;" and to artistry that would command applause for its own merits Max Klinger adds poetic invention and an ideal presentation of common facts that appeal to all who can interpret the idiom he employs so felicitously.

[NOTE.—The illustrations to this article are reproduced by the courtesy of Messrs. Obach and Co.]



THE CROWN OF ENGLAND BEING OFFERED TO RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, AT BAYNARD'S CASTLE. IN 1483.

(From the Wall Painting in the Royal Exchange, by Sigismund Goetze. See p. 88.)

TURKISH ARTIST-SCRIBES OF TO-DAY.

BY HARRY O. DUYLER.

ON a wide street in Constantinople, which leads southwards from the great gate of the War Department, are the little stalls which contain the remains of the once famous guild of Calligraphers. Their work is interesting, if



FIG. 1.—ARABIC PHRASE: MEANING
"MERCY, O ALI."

only as the survival of an art slowly falling out of practice through the development of the printer and the process-worker in photography. Their stalls are large if they are eight feet by ten. On rugs upon the floor of each stall sit two or three men dressed in flowing robes of the old Turkish fashion, engaged in laboriously copying manuscripts in gracefully-flowing

characters, or illuminating the borders with brilliant colours and with gold leaf, or burnishing the finished page with the agate burnisher. These men work entirely with reed pens. Several of these pens, differing in breadth of stroke, lie on the little tray which carries the inkstand. The whole equipment has an attractive suggestion of antiquity. The pen-knife is a short blade of fine steel fixed in the end of a handle six inches long, and inlaid with coral or delicately carved. The inkstands are built on the plan of the cycle lamp, which is filled with some fibrous material in order to keep the fluid contents from spilling out. The pen is to appearance such an invention as one might expect to have appeared in Asia a thousand years ago. Yet it is better than it seems to be; for the reed is the only material yet discovered which lends itself with docility to the curious backward stroke necessary to those nations who insist on writing from right to left. One is accustomed to find the attention called to the persistence with which the Turk thinks his thoughts, shapes his conduct, and does his work in a way exactly the reverse of that commonly chosen in the Western world. This peculiarity is emphasised here. These men, slowly producing artistic manuscripts, make the sweeping strokes in their writing with the thrust of the pen, and, wholly indifferent to the

European's notion of what is best or even possible, they work with one nib of the pen shorter than the other. Where a quill would stand and splutter, or a steel pen would pierce the paper, the skilfully fashioned reed glides smoothly along its unnatural course, leaving lines carefully balanced in their swell, and often beautiful in the proportions of their curves. He is a poor writer in these stalls who cannot make a manuscript of the Koran which will sell for five pounds, or, rather, for which he will receive that amount. The Koran, being the Word of God, cannot be sold; the scribe merely receiving a present for his services. The professional modesty of the scribes on this point is something like that of a medical man respecting his honorarium.

It is not the Koran alone which occupies the time of these calligraphers. The walls of the little shops are hung with inscriptions or mottoes curiously designed to make picturesque groupings of line and curve, and used for the decoration of the walls of rooms in Turkish houses. The first example here given (Fig. 1) is intended for use in the house of a Dervish. It entreats the mercy of Ali, the son-in-law of Mohammed.* The symmetry of the motto is produced by the device of writing the phrase on one side of the tablet, and repeating the same letters in reverse upon the other side. The second picture contains one of the "beautiful" names of God: The Preserver (Fig. 2). Symmetry in this instance is produced by surrounding the name with the invocation "Ya," composed of two letters, which are distorted to meet the needs of the case. The motto as a whole ("Ya Hafiz") beseeches God to preserve the household. It is



FIG. 2.—ARABIC PHRASE: MEANING
"OH PRESERVER."

* By an act of artistic licence the last letter of the

name Ali is bifurcated, in order to suggest the sword of Ali, which, according to tradition, was forked, to the confusion of his enemies. The battle-axe, for which one of the letters is made to serve as a handle, and the crown, and the many-sided stone seen below the Bektashi order of Dervishes,

a motto often hung on the outside of houses in Constantinople, at a corner of the roof, in order to ward off trouble, on the principle of a talisman. In the third example (Fig. 3) the artist relies entirely on the sweep and purity of his curves to please the eye. This motto is the



FIG. 3.—ARABIC PHRASE: MEANING "GOD IS BEAUTIFUL; HE LOVES BEAUTY."

severely simple style of the fourth illustration (Fig. 4), as befits a less refined language. This motto is in the rhymed prose which always tickles the palate of the Eastern connoisseur. It is a Turkish proverb which may be freely translated "Tell not your state to him who knows not grief: from him who has no pluck seek not relief."

The Arabic alphabet comes to the Turk with his religion as an inheritance. It brings with it the theory of ornamentation without recourse to natural forms, which the old Saracens and Moors constructed around the written form of the sonorous verses of the Koran. On the walls of his rooms, in the place where a Western lover of beauty would hang a choice painting, the Turk arranges a piece of fine writing by an artist as talented as his purse will command. The demand for chastely decorative writing has developed precise rules of proportion for the letters and for the relation between the length of their curves and the thickness of the lines which compose them,

and there are regular canons of criticism in calligraphy. A European student of Turkish sometimes pleases himself with the thought that his ability to write the language is of a praiseworthy degree. But any Turk will at once toss the writing aside with the remark "Giaour Yazisi" (Infidel's writing). No foreigner can hope to detect the precise quality in the writing of the true believer which warms the cockles of the heart of every

beholder, while of his own achievement he is told "it is cold;" nor yet can he fully share the enthusiasm called forth by the masterpieces of the great calligraphists. For the names of the masters of this art are handed down from generation to generation with almost the renown which in the West follows the names of the best interpreters of artistic ideals in painting or sculpture. Many stories are told of the

prices paid for the authentic work of the old artists in Arabic chirography. One of these great writers of the early days of this century, with artist's heedlessness, was no economist. This trait left him sometimes in straits for bread. But when he found himself really compelled to face the emptiness of his purse, he would take up his pen and write on a piece of paper a single letter (the letter "vav," for instance, which looks much like an overgrown comma). The beauty of his work was such that he could take it to the market with a certainty of receiving a pound for it at a moment's notice.

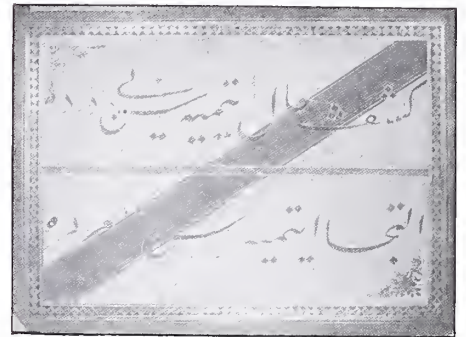


FIG. 4.—TURKISH PROVERB: MEANING "TELL NOT YOUR STATE TO HIM WHO KNOWS NOT GRIEF: FROM HIM WHO HAS NO PLUCK SEEK NOT RELIEF."



FIG. 5.—ARABIC PHRASE: MEANING "IN THE NAME OF THE MERCIFUL AND COMPASSIONATE."

Visitors to the mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople at once observe the immense green disks which bear in letters of gold the name of God, of Mohammed, and of the early Caliphs. No Turk looks at these disks without admiration for the skill of Ibrahim Teknevizade, whose delicate touch formed the flowing curves and fixed the elegant proportions of the letters on these disks. In the same way the names of Yakout, of Ali ben Hilal, and of Mehmed Rasim are treasured with a respect which a Western lover of art gives to Rembrandt and Michael Angelo.

The calligraphists sometimes give full rein to their fancy in devising novel arrangements of the letters of a motto. The combination of letters is made to resemble some natural object. In the picture here given (Fig. 5) one feels on the point of discovering the likeness of an unearthly

sort of a bird. But it is merely the Arabic phrase, "In the name of the Merciful and the Compassionate." It is the phrase which begins each chapter of the Koran, and which devout Mohammedans recite as grace before meat, or in commencing the pillage of a Christian village, or at the beginning of other undertakings where it is appropriate to invoke the Divine blessing. In spite of the distortion of the letters in this example, the motto is plainly legible. This is more than can be said of another specimen of this kind of work (Fig. 6) which contains the Mohammedan confession of faith: "There is no god but God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God." The letters used in this instance are the ancient Cufic form of Arabic letters. The man who built this pious sentence into a rude resemblance to a ship of war was a prisoner in jail, who gained a pittance to ease his lot by making such mottoes for the wall, to be sold in the market by his friends.

The monogram or cipher of the Sultan used on official documents in Turkey partakes of the nature of this class of writings. It is familiar to all who have bought Turkish embroidery, for it is constantly parodied upon tablecloths and cushion covers prepared for the foreign market. The example here given is no parody, however (Fig. 7), but the actual official monogram. To all who know beforehand what it contains it is perfectly legible. It consists of the words "Abd ul Hamid Khan, Second, son of Abd ul Mejid Khan." The smaller monogram by the side of the main structure contains the words "El Ghazi" (Warrior for the Faith), a title assumed by the present Sultan after several successes of the Turkish army during the last war with Russia. The shape of the Sultan's monogram is said to be intended to copy the form of the signature of the first Sultan; not being gifted in the matter of calligraphy, he used to bring his five fingers together and press them upon the paper after having inked their tips. The modern discovery of the individuality of the markings on the skin of the fingers, makes this form of signature deserving of more respect than it first seems entitled to claim. Patriotic Turks decorate the walls of a room with this monogram done in gilt and carefully framed. In this case, the name of the sovereign always before their

eyes takes the place held by the portrait of the emperor in Russia or Germany.

Purchasers of Turkish embroideries, in which the decoration is formed by letters of the Arabic alphabet, often ask to have the words translated; and quick-witted guides commonly gratify the wish of their patrons by offering an appropriate sentiment as contained in the curious medley of curves. But, alas! the embroideries prepared for sale in the market commonly carry no words,

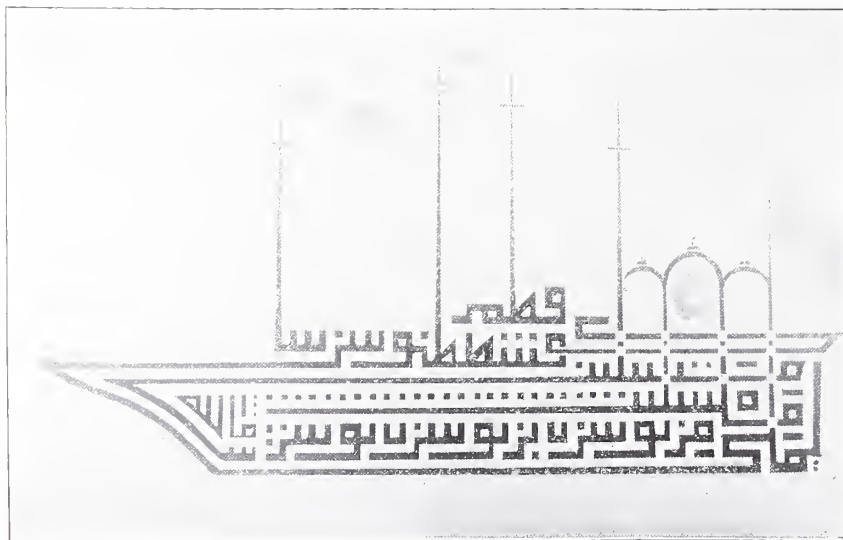


FIG. 6.—ARABIC SENTENCE: THE MOHAMMEDAN CONFSSION OF FAITH.

The Turk does not relish having sentences which bear a religious significance go into the hands of the infidel. Fear of confiscation by the police therefore leads the makers of these embroideries to group the most decorative of the Arabic letters arbitrarily and without forming words upon their delicately-wrought fabrics. Rarely only do they combine with skill in embroidery the literary ability to compose secular phrases which shall contain pretty groups of letters, and at the same time pass the censorship for exportation. Sometimes one finds a gorgeous tablecloth decorated in gold with the words "Ah, Felek!" which may be freely translated "Oh, what luck!" Or with a sense of humour whose flavour is lost on the ladies who wear the goods, a gown will be ornamented with the graceful Arabic letters composing the phrase "Yahoo, bou da gecher!" And the workmen who make the beautiful fraud chuckles over the translation thereof, which is, "I say, old chap! this will pass also!"

The Turk is of the same stuff as his Western contemporaries. He loves beauty; he basks as in sunshine in its soothing presence. He loves the flowers, the trees, the rolling grassy sward, the cloud masses piled on the impenetrable blue. He loves the tumbling brook, the sweeping river,

the tossing sea (when he is not on it), and the stern majesty of the mountains, which lift his soul in awe as they tower above his lowly dwelling. He loves beauty of form with that love which Islam has carved in stone upon impressive monuments, from Spain to Hindostan. He loves beauty of colour, and knows many a subtle secret of its harmonies and its contrasts. Nevertheless, from a religious hatred of idolatry, he denies himself to this day the pleasure and the satisfaction of expressing his ideals of beauty upon canvas or with the chisel. Idolatry died a thousand years ago in all the centres of the Moslem power. Yet the Turk, to his own hurt, conscientiously resists the impulse to reproduce the things in nature which move his soul. And he does this in the face of a growing knowledge that all the rest of the world is the better for cultivating this branch of the art of expression. Surely there is heroism in the steadfastness of such self-denial, because of acceptance in the literal sense of the Divine command that men shall make no likeness of anything that is in heaven above nor in the earth beneath nor in the waters under the earth!

The Arabic letters lend themselves, as no other alphabet does, to the uses of the artist. They are quaint, beautiful, majestic, according to the mode of treatment. But it is only from the æsthetic point of view that the Arabic letters surpass those of other alphabets. From the standpoint of practical utility, those letters are a snare and a weariness to the flesh. A blotted dot may change the meaning of a sentence. The story is not unfamiliar of the sovereign who sent one of his courtiers to Egypt with a letter of introduction written by his own hand. A dot fell above and one below the line,



FIG. 7—THE MONOGRAM OR CIPHER OF SULTAN ABD UL HAMID SECOND.

in a place where there ought to be a dot either above or below only. The word was read "Kill him" instead of "Receive him." Through this ambiguity, the unhappy bearer of the letter never had opportunity to test its value as an auxiliary to his own efforts to find a livelihood; and posterity still wonders whether it was the Caliph or some vagrant fly that made the dot which caused that summary execution at Cairo. Such an alphabet can never serve commercial purposes. It is for the use of poetic dreamers and of jugglers with the witchery of forms and shadows.

A MEMORIAL TO CHARLES KEENE.*

NO draughtsman, surely, who has been born to England to delight the critical and amuse the pleasure-hunter and the thoughtless, has better deserved such a monument as that which is here raised to the memory, artistic and humorous, of Charles Keene. Keene himself, doubtless, would have protested, and, more than likely, would have declined the attentions of Mr. Pennell if he was sincere—as there is

* "The Works of Charles Keene, with an Introduction and Comments on the Drawings illustrating the Artist's Methods." By Joseph Pennell. To which is added a bibliography of the books Keene illustrated and a catalogue of his etchings by W. H. Chesson. T. Fisher Unwin and Bradbury, Agnew and Co. London. (Illustrated. 73s. 6d.)

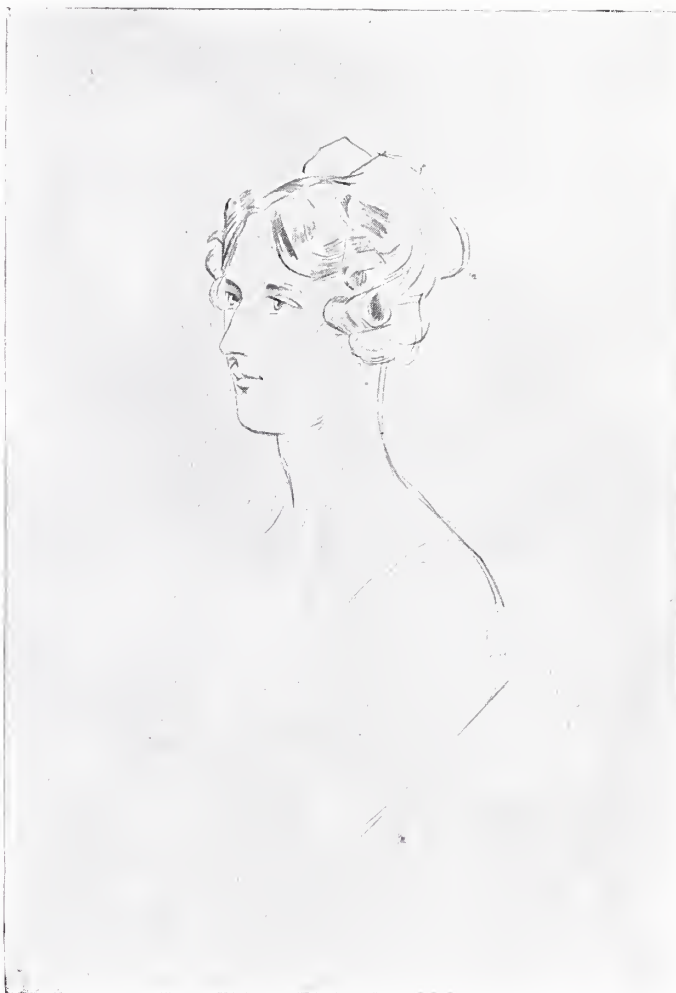
every reason to believe—in calling in his friend, Mrs. Edwin Edwards, "to choke the French biographer off" when a person so distinguished as M. Beraldi sought to include him in his "Graveurs du XIX^e Siècle." But the public is not to be put off with modesty; it demands to know all it can of the personality of its great men, and challenges their right to remain hidden and concealed to all eternity. Thus in the fulness of time we may expect to have a full biography of Thackeray, and the facts of Hutton's life will be pieced together. Certain it is that Keene entertained a morbid horror of the interviewer, the biographer, and the critic; yet we already have the admirable

"Life and Letters of Charles Keene" by Mr. George Somes Layard—in which the draughtsman's art was not neglected; and here we have what perhaps may be the final tribute to the man's genius—an album of reproductions from his etchings, sketches, drawings, and wood-prints, with a thoroughly workmanlike bibliography of the books he illustrated and a *catalogue raisonné* of the etchings he wrought.

Charles Keene's humour was always good humour. His genius permitted him to deal with every depth of vulgarity and sordidness without ever becoming vulgar or sordid himself—*pace* Mrs. Meynell, who has roundly denounced some of his comic "drunken" pictures as "obscene." Yet, probably, no purer-minded man or artist ever lived—more tactful in his life, or more delicate or more gentle in his art. It is, therefore, the more to be regretted that Mr. Pennell has seen fit to adopt a tone so querulous and ill-tempered as that which disfigures his literary contribution. His attitude is one of defiant resentment against all and sundry for their alleged lack of appreciation of Charles Keene in his lifetime. This is the burden of his whole essay. Yet it is not easy to understand; for in his other book—"Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmen"—which appeared originally in 1889, and of which the third edition has only lately been issued—there appeared, and has always been retained, a statement to the effect that Charles Keene was above all fortunate in this, that he always enjoyed the appreciation that was due to his ability!* We have special cause for complaint against Mr. Pennell inasmuch as he here selects, from a long and enthusiastic article published in this Magazine when Charles Keene died, a minor qualification relating to Charles Keene's treatment of female beauty; this sentence or portion of a sentence he detaches from the rest of the warmly appreciative article, and quotes it as an example of British ignorance, or hostility to Keene's genius, as if it were a sample of wholesale condemnation. The author's attitude towards those whom he considers to be adversaries in opinion appears to us to be lamentable, and yet he seems to extend little more geniality towards some of those who did appreciate Keene as he deserved. He attacks Mr. Ruskin for lack of sympathy,

* "There are very few men in this world about whose work everyone has a good word to say. But Charles Keene was and deserved to be one of the few."

reminding his readers of what he calls a "conveniently forgotten passage" in "Art in England"—which surely a generous opponent would have permitted to remain forgotten. Yet when Ruskin does praise Keene Mr. Pennell is angry still, and denounces English art criticism



A STUDY (PENCIL ON WHITE PAPER)

(By Charles Keene.)

as the laughing-stock of the world. Yet, despite his hysterical praise which proclaims Keene a greater artist than Reynolds, Gainsborough, Turner, Constable, and "probably" Hogarth, he is not altogether kind to the artist neither, for he "cannot help thinking" that Keene's indifference to critical non-appreciation was "pose." Now nobody was freer from affectation and pose than Keene, who himself set up no monstrous claim on his own behalf; and if he were not indignant that all the art critics of England did not equally rank him above the masters we have named, he was probably sincere and unaffected, and entertained none of the rancour which Mr. Pennell seems to consider natural.

There are statements in Mr. Pennell's album which must not be taken too seriously—errors of fact, or suggestion. He tells us that "the chances are he [Keene] knew Rossetti," but he offers no authority for his statement. As a

original drawing. There is what the reader would take to be a suggestion that the chief painters amongst the Pre-Raphaelites might have seen, and been influenced by, Keene's early work; but anyone conversant with the dates



DURING THE CATTLE SHOW.

OLD FARMER WUZZLE (*reading the Bill of Fare*): "DINNERS HAR LAR CART! WHAT DOES THAT MEAN, POLLY?"

MISS WUZZLE (*who has been to a fashionable Boarding School to be finished, who has been taught French and "how to spank the Grand Pinner," and who is never at a loss*): "ALLER CART, FATHER? WHY THAT MEANS A SMALL SIMPLE DINNER. IF YOU WANT SOMETHING HEAVY AND FIRST-RATE YOU ORDER WHAT THEY CALL A DINNER-WAGGON!"

matter of fact, such evidence as may be said to exist is the other way, for in none of his writings or letters which have been published, as far as we are aware, does Keene ever even mention him. We are told that Keene's last drawing in "Punch" was made at Paris; it was not—Keene was prevented by illness from going to Paris, and he made the drawing at home. The "study" for this drawing, as Mr. Pennell calls it (on p. 96), is not a study at all, it is the

of the draughtsman's work and of the painters' will recognise this as an unlucky shot. It is hardly necessary to pursue further these remarks lest our motive be misunderstood; but we may be permitted to draw attention to a point on which Mr. Pennell lays great stress. The world has always been convinced by the proofs under its eyes that Charles Keene did not appreciate female beauty, and has reproduced it so rarely, that either such a display of

female charm was accidental (which is hardly likely) or he cared little about it. Certain it is that the extreme rareness of the occasions on which he gives us pretty women, accentuates with curious emphasis the prevailing plainness of his other women—even when, according to the subject, they should be most beautiful. It is on this point that Mr. Pennell has attacked the writer in *THE MAGAZINE OF ART*. Yet it is a point upon which there is a consensus of opinion founded on plain and abundant evidence. Mr. Layard bears witness to it; Du Maurier, in his lecture recently published under the title of “Social Pictorial Satire,” bears witness to it; Keene’s own work bears witness to it; the volume under review bears witness to it. Even Mr. Pennell himself is forced unconsciously to concede the point more or less fully, for he refers in terms of warm approval to the artist’s truthful representation of what he calls “the real early Victorian woman, innocent of all elegance and grace and distinction,” and he describes one of Keene’s frequent models as “a plump, heavy, ungraceful, clumsy sort of feminine animal, sagging and flopping and sprawling about.” This, surely, is hardly the sort of model habitually chosen by an artist with a lively and sensitive appreciation of female beauty.*

Of course, one who was so perfect a magician of the pencil as Keene could draw what he pleased; and one of the illustrations, here borrowed from

* In another glaring instance Mr. Pennell is inconsistent. He refers now to the “tight” character of Keene’s early work—but, unhappily, reproduces none of it here. Yet when in *THE MAGAZINE OF ART* some years ago we referred to the self-same work as “tight,” Mr. Pennell wrote to the “Daily Chronicle” in complaint against so grave a charge against Keene’s genius, and against so absurd a term to apply to it.

the book, is so charming that it looks suspiciously like a copy from a head by Lawrence, or a reminiscence of that worshipper of the beautiful, rather than an original conception or choice, so unlike his general work is it, whether in subject, manner, or spirit.



STUDY IN PEN AND WASH FOR THE SCHOOL-MASTER'S FIGURE IN "PENNY-WISE."

(“Punch,” Feb. 15, 1873.)

One other point that gives proof, in our opinion, of the author’s lack of judgment is in the terms with which Mr. Pennell alludes to the work of the wood engraver in relation to that of the process-man. He refers to “the brutal point of a graver”—to us one of the most sympathetic implements that ever was devised and placed in artist’s hand—and he is vexed that this graver gives not the same effect upon wood as pen upon paper. Of course it does not; materials differ, and results as well. “Had he [Charles Keene] worked for the photo-engraver,” Mr. Pennell thinks there would have been obtained still finer results from his work. Perhaps; but Charles Keene did not work for forty years for the wood-engraver without knowing exactly what the block would give. It was for that method of reproduction that he laboured, and there is nothing to show that a facsimile reproduction would have suited him better, not in rendering his drawings (which we admit) but in obtaining the results he wished. Indeed, so far as existing drawings are concerned, there is proof that

the power of interpreting on the wood-block is far more tender and sympathetic than that upon the “zinc”—where, after all, retouching is nearly always required in the case of such technique as Keene’s. Mr. Pennell insists that Keene’s style of work was not most suitable for cutting on the wood; had Keene thought so too, he might have made his method easier for the engraver. If he did not make the slightest effort

in this direction there is at least *prima facie* evidence that he was not at heart altogether discontented with what so fine a wood-cutter as Swain could do with his work. This album is, in a sense, a proof of the adequacy of the wood-block printed on damp paper. The velvet coat in the drawing on p. 73 (which, by the way, is better and more convincing than that by which Mr. Pennell sets so much store on p. 183) is not to be compared for velvety richness with the impression in "Punch" itself. In fact, generally speaking, the illustrations we have here do not, from their rendering upon modern paper, give anything like so tender and sympathetic an impression as may be found in "Punch's" pages.

Leaving Mr. Pennell and turning to the main interest of the book, we greet Mr. Fisher Unwin's collection of Keene's work, here brought together, as a delightful and valuable service to all who are interested in the genius of the man who was the most accomplished draughtsman with the pencil or the pen whom England has produced:

and we would urge those of our readers who may feel with us in respect to Mr. Pennell's matter and manner not to be deterred from acquiring it on that account. We cannot say that it adds much to our knowledge of Keene as an artist, for the ground has been pretty well covered by Mr. Layard, whose artistic biography is not likely to be superseded by any subsequent writer. But we here have multiplied examples, and we are offered an opportunity for further if not for deeper study. For many the most interesting of the reproductions will not be those from "Punch" or other well-known works, but those studies from life of which we are enabled here to reproduce one or two. These the reader will doubtless regard with us as revealing the true source of Keene's astounding ability—for the drawings display not only a perfect eye but that wonderful hand which surmounted all difficulties—the hand, in fact, which carved a reputation that is honoured and cherished by a wide circle, safe from foolish patronage or exaggerated laudation.

CURIOSITIES OF ART.

COINCIDENCES AND RESEMBLANCES IN WORKS OF ART.

BY M. H. SPIELMANN.

IF the masters of the past inspired themselves by the work of their fellows and predecessors, or by sheer coincidence happened upon the

same ideas or the same arrangement, in these latter days the same course is pursued, or the same phenomena occur, even more frequently; for

so it is ordained by the law of chance. It is common enough to see a man of commanding ability reproduce the work of one perhaps less skilful than himself, and improve it in the process; or a painter of inferior ability repeat, to his own betrayal, the creations of one far greater than he. An example of this is afforded by the case of one of the most widely-known pictures in the world—Correggio's "Repentant Magdalene" of the Dresden Gallery.

Of all the popularly-favourite pictures ascribed to Correggio, none perhaps is more universally admired than "The



THE REPENTANT MAGDALENE.

(From the Painting by Correggio, in the Dresden Gallery.)

Reading [for The Penitent] Magdalene." Raphael Mengs, who, with all his narrowness, was a shrewd and keen-eyed critic, declared that whoever had not seen this picture was ignorant of what the art of painting could achieve. The work was executed for Donna Briseide Colla, a rich widow of Parma, and a fair paymistress for those days, for the painter is said to have received from her in return for his picture eighty scudi (equal to about £120 of our money), two cartloads of fagots, several bushels of wheat, and a pig. Coxe

tells us that the work was originally in the possession of the Dukes of Modena, who always took it with them in their carriage when they travelled; that it passed into the collection of Augustus III, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, who paid for it twenty-seven thousand Roman crowns (about £5,000 of our money) in its jewelled silver frame; and that at his death it passed into the Dresden Collection, whence it was stolen by an undiscovered thief, and



THE PENITENT MAGDALENE.
(From the Painting by Pompeo Battoni.)

restored on payment of a great reward. Now, Morelli states that the thief was Wogaz, and that the robbery took place in 1788, when the malefactor at the same time carried off Van der Werff's "Judgment of Paris." This is important, if it be true, as it is Morelli's opinion that the picture in Dresden is by none other than the last-named master (or some Netherlander of his style); and, as many others now consider that the Dresden picture

is a copy, the question arises whether the original picture was not exchanged by the thief for a copy by Van der Werff which Wogaz, an expert in the works of this master, already had in his possession. I throw out the suggestion for the consideration of those who are more particularly interested in the matter.

So enthusiastically admired is this picture that "Repentant Magdalenes" — wittily, and perhaps not untruthfully, called a "Jesuit rendering" of the Venuses of the Venetian painters — became multiplied in the laud, often nude, and for the most part reclining in caves beside a skull and deeply immersed in scrolls or books. But not until the Italian decadence — a



THE READING MAGDALENE.
(From the Painting by F. Heinrich Füger.)

hundred years after the Carracci had ceased to be the dim particular stars of the Italian firmament—does it seem to have occurred to painters to repeat Correggio's conception; to which, however, they were hopelessly incompetent to add any attraction of colour, form, or grace. Pompeo Battoni, who had Mengs for an only rival, executed his "Penitent Magdalene," here shown, with such slight modifications as the reader may

were those who, like Lady Hamilton, fell into the quaint fashion—persuaded thereto by painters of the time—of letting themselves be drawn in a series of *poses plastiques*. Among his several works of this nature, then, are his two "Magdalenes"—one of which is in the Belvedere Collection in Vienna, and the other at Munich. Füger, in 1806, was appointed Director of the former gallery, six years after the production in that city of his portrait of Admiral Nelson.



LE CHAPEAU DE POIL.

(From the Painting by Rubens, in the National Gallery.)



LE CHAPEAU DE BRIGAND.

(From the Painting by Thomas Uwins, R.A. in the Sheffield Museum.)

see. Its success with the public, nevertheless, was startling, and Frederick II, King of Prussia, was so fascinated by it that he had it copied by Dietrich, directing, however, that the skull should be omitted. After the king's death the picture, along with the keys of the gallery, was presented to the Electoral Prince. Battoni was commissioned to paint a replica of the work, which was undoubtedly his masterpiece, and this repetition now hangs in the Hermitage.

Friedrich Heinrich Füger, who was thirty-six years old at the time of Battoni's death, was a painter, and lawyer, much admired and patronised by Maria Theresa. He was fascinated by the somewhat vapid charm of Mengs and Battoni, whom he persistently studied and copied. It was thus that he produced his "Reading Magdalene," so that his presentation was but the echo of an echo. Yet he had a very distinct and personal idea in these imitations; mere repetition was not his object. His notion was to present to the public the society (and half-society) beauties of his day in such a manner as to suggest famous masterpieces of the past—his worship of beauty being half-artistic, half-human, and—according to him—wholly reverent. The ladies whom he selected

love with a young lady, who rejected his advances. He called in his art to his aid, and, concealing himself in the garden where his love was sitting reading, decked in a straw hat, he produced the famous picture known as "Le Chapeau de Paille"—more correctly known in Holland as "Het Spaansch Hoedje" (The Spanish Hat)—and offered it to her in proof of his affection. In token of forgiveness for his presumption, Mdlle. Lamden accepted it; but soon after she sickened and died, and the artist, for reasons of association, begged back the picture from her mother on condition of presenting her with a copy of it, but the finest work of which his brush was capable. This picture, of course, is that which is now in the National Gallery, and which, in consequence of the artist having rendered the hat as of beaver, instead of straw, should be called "Le Chapeau de Poil." It remained in the Lamden family until the early part of the century, when it passed through one or two hands into those of Sir Robert Peel, who paid £3,500 for it; and in 1871 it took its place with the rest of the superb Peel collection, on the walls of the National Gallery. This was the picture which, two hundred and fifty years later, Uwins set himself to emulate, as in her

straw-hat portrait Madame Vigée Lebrun had already tried to emulate it, and as James Ward, with his great Bull picture, strove to measure his strength with that of Paul Potter. In 1843 he painted for Mr. Vernon, the great Mæcenas of his day, what he called "Le Chapeau de Brigand"—a successful and clever picture of its kind—which for a long while was exhibited in the National Gallery as belonging to the Vernon collection, presented in 1849, but which is now in Sheffield Museum, lent by the Trustees on a long lease.

A double coincidence if it is nothing more,

descendant of the Dutch painters Meissonier "never imitates—he re-creates." One would say that neither he nor Meissonier himself had cognisance of Ter Borch's "La Rixe;" indeed, while the French artist deals with his painting in the autobiographical notes or diary he left behind him, he speaks of the trouble the wall gave him, his delight in the quality of silk and velvet in the costumes that he obtained, and so forth, but not a word does he utter of any source of inspiration of the subject. Yet, the great Ter Borch, about two hundred years before, painted a similar scene, with a



CHARLES I.

(From the Painting by Van Dyck.)



NELL GWYNNE (ORIGINALLY INTENDED AS A PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN).

(From the Painting by Sir E. Landseer, R.A., and Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A.)

distinguishes the celebrated picture by Meissonier known to the world as "La Rixe" (The Brawl). This work, it will be remembered, was exhibited at the Exposition Universelle of Paris in 1853, where the Queen and Prince Albert saw it and expressed themselves so warmly in admiration of it that the Emperor Louis Napoleon presented it to them, and it now figures in the collection at Buckingham Palace. It is generally understood that Meissonier painted this remarkable little work in order to silence those of his critics who, while admitting his power and brilliancy, pointed out that up to that time the young artist had not shown himself able to represent rapid movement or violent action. Théophile Gautier, on seeing this picture, probably had no *arrière pensée* when, loud in praise of the artist, he declared that although the

similar object, and with the same name; and, curiously enough, it was with him, also, a unique thing that he, a painter of repose, should launch out suddenly into the rendering of a brawl in order to prove that he too could paint sudden movement and violent action. The coincidence here is very striking: for the cards on the floor, the overturned table, the drawn knife, the would-be assassin held back, the open door on the right, and the alarmed onlooker are to be found in each. It is true that Meissonier's heads are all in a line, and that Ter Borch's composition, more learned and artistic, is on quite a different plan; the idea remains the same, and the comparison of the two works is highly suggestive and instructive.

The practice of Sir John Millais gives us

several examples of absolutely deliberate imitation with a wholly innocent motive—a sort of self-schooling and a desire for introspection, which are not the less serious because the painter thought it rather fun to make his very obvious although very earnestly-meant *rifacimenti*. As I have written elsewhere in dealing with the artist's works, "Millais's object in experimenting upon the masters was twofold; in the first place, his constant desire was ever to increase his width of artistic view, thus choosing models too widely-known to expose him to the mean suspicion of secret imitation; and, in the second place, to afford him the advantage and practice of copying the various masters of the brush—not only their arrangement but their effects—while retaining his entire independence as to model and to colour."

It would not be fair to attribute wholly to Millais the picture now called "Nell Gwynne." It was planned by Landseer, who began it, not by Millais who completed it, and it certainly appears as though the former deliberately intended it as a companion to the great equestrian portrait of Charles I at Windsor Castle, wherein the king in armour, attended by the Duc d'Épernon (or M. de St. Antoine) is shown riding through an archway towards the spectator. The latter picture, of which some fine replicas are known, is that for which £100 was paid to Vandyck, and for which at the sale of Charles's collection in 1651 M. Van Leemput paid £200. This collector allowed himself to be persuaded at the Restoration to forgo his purchase. I am acquainted with a series of rough pen-and-ink sketches by Landseer for his picture—evidently experimental notes—which were actually intended to represent her Majesty the Queen leaving Windsor Castle by the great gateway: on one of them he has specially written that for this portrait "Her Majesty did not sit." In 1882 he left the large canvas unfinished, and Millais, with Landseer's warm approval, took it up. He set his own daughter on the horse's back, put in the page and dog, and the canvas was transformed into "Nell Gwynne," now



LA RIXE.

(From the Painting by Ter Borch.)

at the National Gallery of British Art—an anonymous gift to the nation.



MASTER LAMBTON.

(From the Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.)



LA RIXE

(From the Painting by J. L. E. Meissonier.)

The resemblance between Millais's "Clarissa" and Gainsborough's "The Hon. Mrs. Graham"



THE HON. J. NEVILLE MANNERS.

(From the Painting by Sir J. E. Millais, P. R. A.)

is still closer and more entertaining—not only is the pose very like, but the manner of dressing the hair, the dress and its trimmings and its general arrangement are almost confusing in their likeness. The Hon. Mrs. Graham, it will be remembered, was the Mary Cathcart who married Thomas Graham, the pupil of MacPherson, of "Ossian." She was painted by Gainsborough in 1778, and in 1791 she died, to the inexpressible and inextinguishable grief of her husband, whom fate compelled to mourn for her through a widowhood of fifty years. He had sought to quench his sorrow in action and had thrown himself into the wars, earning such distinction on the battlefield that he became Wellington's glorious lieutenant, who was thrice thanked in Parliament, who was created Lord Lynedoch of Balgowan, to whom a pension of £2,000 a year was voted and was refused by him, and who, known as the "Hero of Barossa," was perhaps the most popular man of his day. But to the moment of his long-yearned-for death—he was ninety-four when he passed away—he never forgot the memory of his departed wife, whom Burns, fascinated by her, had called the "*belle et amiable*," who for sixteen years was the belle of every ball and the heroine of every hunt, and who left such memories of happiness behind her at Balgowan that her husband could bear to go there never again. The place was shut up and neglected, and, by his order, the picture was hidden away; but he could not as easily put away the bitter-sweets of remembrance. As it happened, the work was preserved by his action as few other, if any, of Gainsborough's canvases have been; and when, in 1843, Robert Graham came into possession of it he bequeathed it to the Scottish people. They inherited the portrait in 1859, and it is now one of the most admired and celebrated of the pictures in the National Gallery of Scotland. Millais's "Clarissa" is supposed to represent Richardson's unfortunate heroine. The picture, which was painted in 1887, and was exhibited at a private gallery, belongs to Mr. J. S. Forbes, and was finely etched by M. Laguillermie in 1889.

Reynolds's "Penelope Boothby" became the model for Millais's "Cherry Ripe" through a fortuitous circumstance. Little Miss Edie Ramage was the belle of the fancy dress ball given by the "Graphic" in 1879, the year in which Millais's work was produced. She impersonated the celebrated little artistic personage, and was judged so charming that she was

similarly dressed next morning and carried off to the artist's studio in a cab. Sir John agreed upon the spot to paint the pretty child, and within a week his thousand guineas was well earned, for not even he had experienced such popularity as the reproduction of the picture called forth. His own private opinion, as he himself confided to me, was that his picture was as fine as, if not finer than, the original. The brilliant technique, the firm touch, the rich transparent colour, the character in the young face with which is infused more *espèglerie* than is to be found in any other of Sir John's child-pictures, gives it claim to superiority that must be well weighed. It is



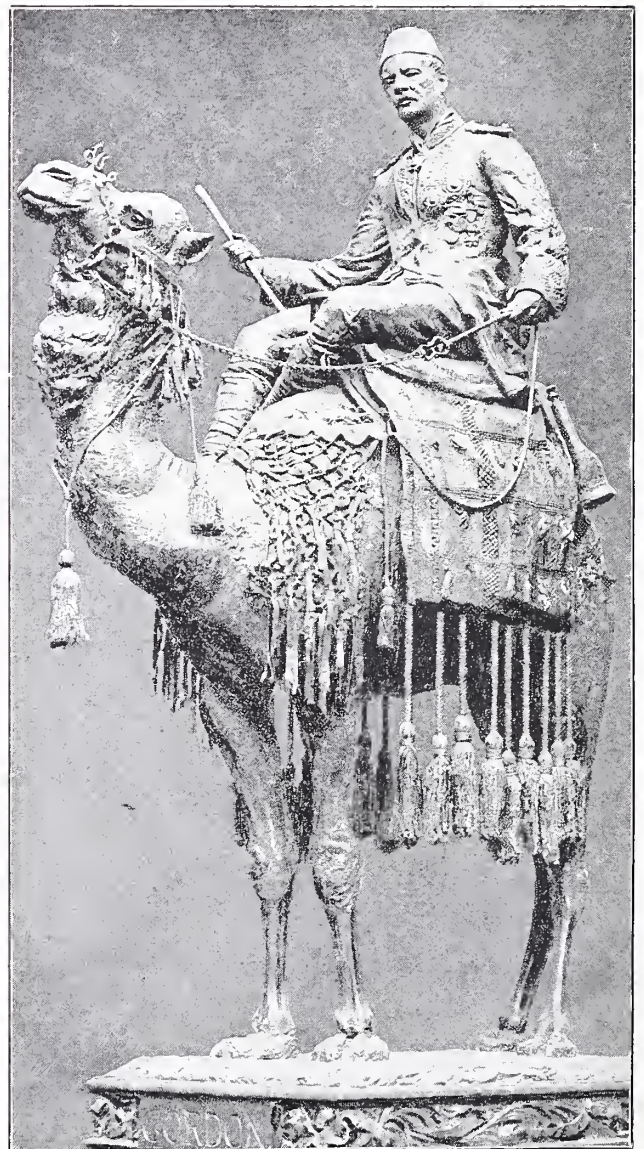
AN ARAB ON A DROMEDARY.
(By Barge.)

strange that to these two children—so much alike on canvas—fate so different should have been dealt out by destiny. Sir John's little model in due course was happily married, and the newspapers of the day, recognising the event, conveyed to her the public's congratulations. Poor little "Penelope Boothby," who was painted by Sir Joshua in 1789, died while she was yet a child. In the words of the inscription upon her monument: "She was in form and intellect most exquisite. The unfortunate parents ventured their all on this frail bark and the wreck was total"—an inscription, it is said, that moved the tender-hearted Queen Charlotte to a fit of weeping when her eyes fell upon it. Little Penelope was a restless sitter and had little sympathy with the painter's work; but on one occasion she fell into the attitude which Sir Joshua seized, with her hands together and her whole pose instinct with childish grace. So late as 1851 the picture was sold to Mr. Windus for 290 guineas; and eight years later Lord Dudley acquired it for 1,100 guineas.

The group of "Hearts are Trumps" is often quoted as closely following "The Ladies Waldegrave" of Reynolds. But as Mr. Walter Armstrong, the brother of the ladies represented, has told us, the late Lady Waldegrave kept a print

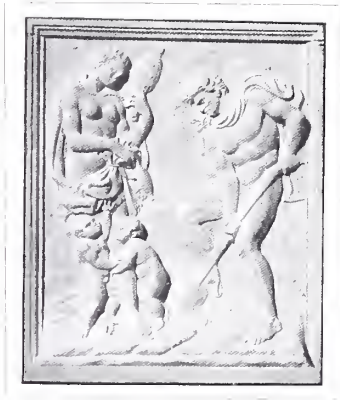
of this picture hanging close to the picture of Sir Joshua in order to show how little real resemblance there is between them. No doubt, the earlier picture was present to Sir John Millais's mind when he posed and arranged these three young ladies, and perhaps he wished to show his talent alongside that of the earlier master. But it is to be observed that *his* young ladies are at play, while Reynolds's are at work, and that Sir John's brush dealt as carefully with Mr. Armstrong's daughters as Sir Joshua's dealt summarily with the nieces of Walpole. There is, nevertheless, so much originality of conception in "Hearts are Trumps" that its debt to the Waldegrave sisters is in reality slender enough.

The last of the Millais examples to which it is needful to call attention is that of "The



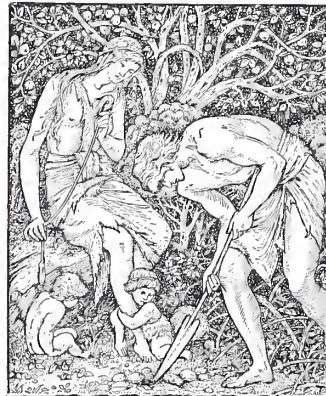
THE GORDON MEMORIAL AT CHATHAM
(By E. Onslow Ford, R.A.)

Hon. J. Nevile Manners" which, in 1896, directly challenged the "Master Lambton" of Sir Thomas Lawrence, in conception and arrangement, if not in firmness, assurance, and surface brilliancy. The artist might indeed have selected a pose less affected and more sincere; but he evidently wished to try his hand rather on Lawrence than on the boy; and it must be admitted that the attempt, made when the great painter was already descending into the grave, was a failure, unworthy of his splendid hand and his fine eye for colour. Like little Miss Boothby, Master Lambton died in childhood. The picture, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy of 1825 as the "Son of J. G. Lambton, Esq.," is charming, despite its artificiality, and is probably as delightful a bit of child-painting as Sir Thomas Lawrence could show.



ADAM AND EVE
(From the Bas-relief by Jacopo della Quercia.)

literature and art, digest them in his mind, and then recreate them when he had, as he thought, forgotten all about them. In this manner he brought forth in a frontispiece to a work by



LABOUR
(By Sir Edward Burne-Jones.)

William Morris, and again in the "Daily Chronicle," a drawing entitled "Labour," which is the "Adam and Eve" plaque in the afore-mentioned portal—as anyone may see who cares to examine the great east in the South Kensington Museum, or make himself acquainted with Herr Carl Cornelius's "Kunsthistorische Studie"

on the sculptor, which was here reviewed in the year 1896. Della Quercia, even more than his contemporary Masaccio, gave Raphael the conception for his "Expulsion from Eden" and "Cain and Abel"—the latter of which might also be the source of Burne-Jones's inspiration: he was, indeed, the great parent of greater sons.



ANNE OF CLEVES.
(From the Painting by Holbein.)

On a former occasion I have referred to the indebtedness of some of the greatest artists to sculptures of Jacopo della Quercia in the portal of San Petronio of Bologna, Michael Angelo himself inspiring his mind with great conceptions somewhat narrowly carried out by the man who imagined them. That Sir Edward Burne-Jones should



THE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET IN FANCY DRESS
AS LADY JANE SEYMOUR.
(From the Painting by Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A.)

have gone to the same source is not surprising; he lived greatly in the past, and, in his own words, as recorded already in this Magazine, "I re-make my pictures from vague impressions left by poems which I have forgotten." That is to say, he would study fine examples of ancient

In respect to sculpture, what is considered a very daring conception on the part of Mr. Onslow Ford, R.A., when he designed his fine group of General Gordon mounted on his camel, which now constitutes the "Gordon Memorial" at

Chatham, follows quite unconsciously the group by Antoine Louis Barye of an "Arab Mounted on a Camel"—one of the master's less known bronzes, but one of his truest transcripts from nature. The sentiment of Mr. Onslow Ford's work is different, but it is equally sincere; and the desire to show the Christian hero as he rode across the desert upon his last mission brings him inevitably into collision with the artist who had no thought but of bringing together the man and beast of the dark continent.

One of the latest coincidences was provided in 1898 by the President of the Royal Academy. It is evident that his task of representing the Duchess of Somerset in the dress of the Lady Jane Seymour, the ill-starred wife of Henry VIII, might bring him into line with Holbein's portrait of Anne of Cleves, now in the Louvre. That picture was executed before the lady who was to become Henry's fourth wife had been seen by the tyrant, in order that he

might judge of her appearance; for the English Ambassador had written, "The Duke of Cleves hath a daughter, but I hear no great preas, neyther of her personage nor beawtie." When the king married her he made Cromwell (who had proposed the match) Earl of Essex, and when, a few months later, he divorced the lady, he straightway beheaded the counsellor. The picture was executed in 1539 and is painted on vellum glued on to canvas; it came from the collection of Louis XIV. It is only natural that, in painting a lady in a dress contemporary with Anne of Cleves, and designed for one in a similar station, considerable resemblance would naturally result. We find here that Sir Edward Poynter has treated his portrait with Holbeinesque conscientiousness, simplicity, and breadth, together with a Mabuse-like accuracy of detail. The lady stands full-faced, with well-restrained emotion, her hands folded across, and neither in type nor expression much unlike the original.

PROFESSOR RÉPIN.

BY PRINCE BOJIDAR KARAGEORGEVITCH.

OF all Russian painters, Répin was the first to act on an impulse of romanticism, and break with the artificial setting, the conventional grouping, the extravagant gestures, and theatrical properties in general which at that time were regarded as the indispensable *impedimenta* of talent. He turned out the big drum, cleared away the stage storm, and turned to scenes of real life, and passages of history worked up from genuine authorities, with startling and original modern feeling. There are at the Hermitage two or three unfinished sketches by Rembrandt of a violence and crudity of colour which always reminds me of modern impressionism. The backgrounds are laid in with the palette knife,

and against them the figures stand out in strong contrast, though merely suggested; the carna-

tions raw, the cheeks laid on with a mere twist of the brush, the eyes and nostrils touched in with neutral shadow, the lips indicated with a single stroke of vivid carmine. And the impressionist character of these sketches by Rembrandt is exactly what I find in Répin's painting; not an impression of unfinished work—indeed, Rembrandt's seem unfinished only by comparison with the fine finish of his other pictures, and give us a high and complete impression of art—but the impression of mastery which grips the spectator who sees for the first time a work of art which is at once new, full of individuality, and unconventional.



PROFESSOR RÉPIN.

(From a Photograph by Denier, St. Petersburg.)



ANSWER OF THE SAPOROG COSSACKS TO THE THREATENING MISSIVE OF THE SULTAN MAHMOUD IV

In his very first efforts we discern this individuality and determination to take a loftier and simpler view of Nature than he found in the painting of the schools (*peinture au bitume* is the French students' slang word for it). By degrees he gained breadth of style; his colouring became more luminous, and by large and simple treatment he achieved some remarkable pictures, never to be forgotten by those who have once seen them.

Répin was born in 1841, at Tschengujewo in the government of Char-kow; in 1865 he entered as a student in the art schools at St. Petersburg, where he worked till 1871. In 1869 he won the smaller gold medal in the competition, to which he sent a painting of "Job and his Friends;" and subsequently "The Daughter of Jairus raised from

reward of the medal with a travelling scholarship, enabling him to study for some years in western Europe.

He visited Paris, where he pursued his studies, and then went to Rome, whence he sent several pictures to Russia. And the subjects Répin sent home from abroad were no less Russian than those he had painted there. It was in his native land that Répin grew to be a painter, and his art, suddenly evolved almost in its full perfection, has been singularly little modified by teaching, or by the study of the masterpieces he saw in the galleries of Europe.



AN ETCHING BY RÉPIN.

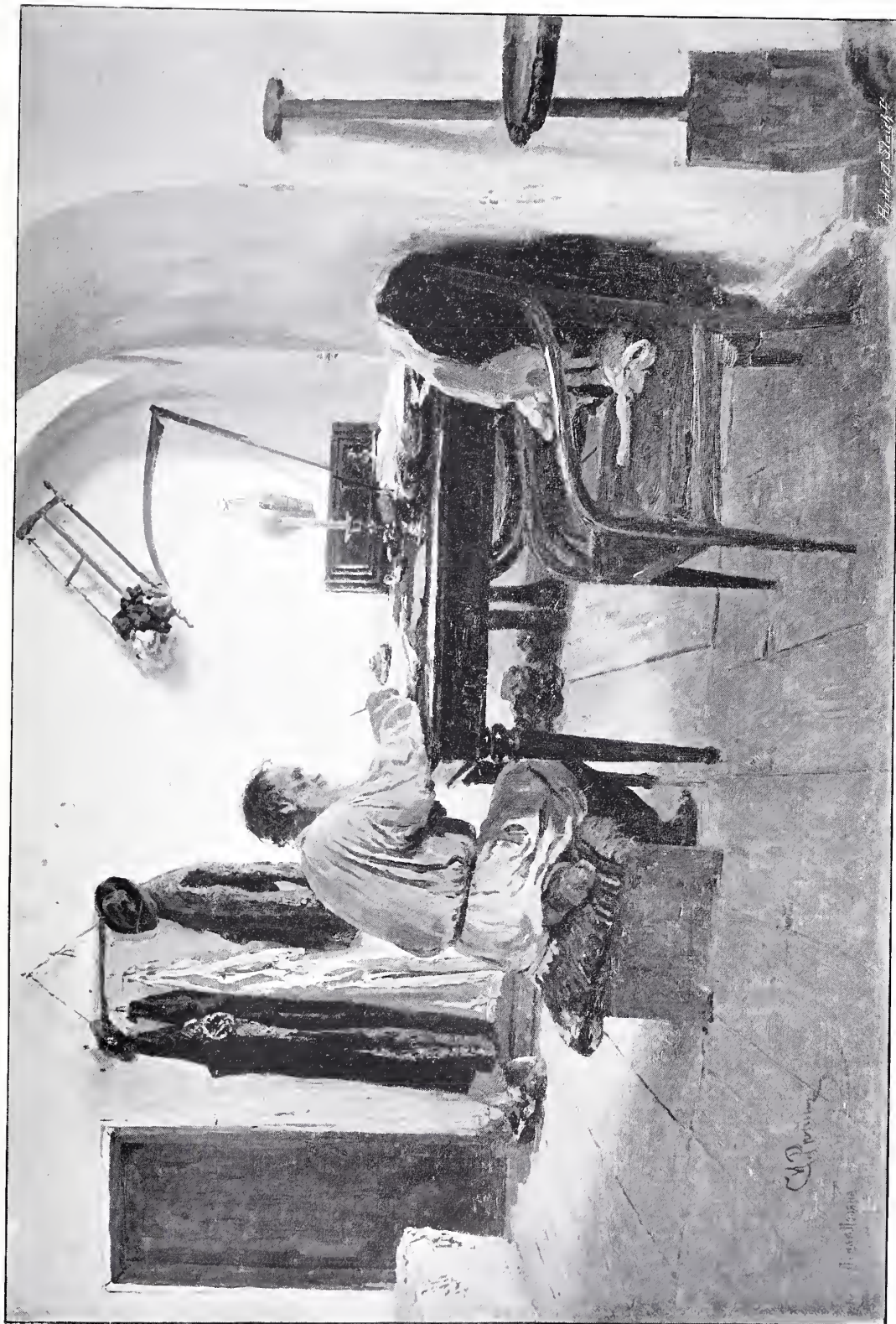
Répin's pictures are jealously treasured in Russia. The Tretyakoff collection in Moscow contains no fewer than fifty-four examples of his work, paintings, water-colours and drawings in



ARREST OF A NIHILIST.

the Dead" won him the large gold medal. This work so clearly revealed the young painter's originality, marked individuality, and masterly accomplishment, that the jury supplemented the

charcoal. Here are "The Burlaki," boatmen pulling heavily-loaded barges down-stream; "The Warrior's Return;" "The Tzarevna Sophia watching the Execution of the Strelitz" from



COUNT TOLSTOI

her chapel window; and "An Evening Fête in a Village of Little Russia," which is to me a typical work of Répin's talent: the figures, colouring, and atmosphere are all essentially Russian, and essentially festive, the clothes new, the faces

picture which in Russia is regarded as Répin's masterpiece, "The Murder of the Tzarevitch Ivan Ivanovitch by his father, Ivan the Terrible." Mention must also be made of "The Conscript's Farewell," "The Return of the Dying Soldier,"



A BISHOP: AN ETCHING.

radiant, the action eager; and yet the pale twilight atmosphere, in which we seem to hear the notes of the harmonicas, expresses all the peculiar melancholy of the Slav race, the poetical pathos of an evening after a day of festivities, of the summer to be remembered through the long winter, and sunshine which must cheer the gloom of months of snow. Here, too, are the "Answer of the Saporog Cossacks to the Threatening Missive of the Sultan Mahmoud IV," and the

"The Return from Siberia" of a political offender, "St. Nicholas interposing to hinder an Execution"—in all of which Répin combines great knowledge of his art with intense loftiness of conception, absolute truth without any trickery of imitation, and conscientious application of technical mastery.

Many persons, nevertheless, prefer Répin's portraits to his subject pictures, admirable as they are in truth, style, and execution. The most famous

are those of the Baroness Uxküll, of the poets Aksakoff, Pisenski, and Tolstoi. For it has been the fortune of the great painter of the soul of Russia to transmit to posterity the image of the great poet of the Russian nation. In this severely simple portrait of the recluse of Tasmaia Poliana, and the faithful presentment of the poet's features, we have the far-away expression clearly and unaffectedly set before us. The genius of the painter interprets the genius of the poet, and this calm and simple picture dwells in the high places of memory of those who have looked upon it, in the lofty sphere where the beautiful alone is loved and cherished.

Again, he has drawn "Rubinstein conducting an Orchestra;" Rubinstein as he lived, his action steady and alert, seen from behind, the face in profile merely, standing facing the instrumentalists. A few pencil strokes indicating a chandelier suggest the concert-room and a compact crowd in the blank space in front. To me this is a magical resuscitation of Rubinstein as I saw him at St. Petersburg in the zenith of his fame. The music, the applause of the public—all this is embodied in that little sketch by Répin.

"A Bishop" leaning on his staff, is a heavy, massive figure, with one hand spread out and supported by the girdle of his dark prelatie habit; and in the face, framed by the flowing white beard and silvery hair, there is a look of calm strength and faith, and the penetrating gaze of a father-confessor who can forgive.

In "The Arrest of a Nihilist," the man, who is being held by a police-agent and two moujiks, has the glare of a hunted animal; his face is pale and rigid, nothing seems alive but those eyes, fierce, but not gazing at his gaolers, seeking rather for liberty and vengeance. In the background a group of peasants look on, vaguely placid, while in front two police sergeants are examining the papers they have found in a box, and a third triumphantly brandishes the incendiary proclama-

tions he has discovered. The scene takes place in a low room, and every detail, from the most trivial object to the expression of the faces, is finished with perfect care. Each thing has its value, and the simplicity of the accessories and the place seem to add to the horror of the drama.



RUBINSTEIN CONDUCTING AN ORCHESTRA.

(Sketch by Professor Répin.)

THE ART MOVEMENT.

AN UNUSUAL FORM OF DECORATIVE ART.

OF the many women who have done much in needlework to further the cause of decorative art, a first place in her particular branch, that of decorative appliqué, must be assigned to Madame de Rudder. This lady is a Belgian, born at Ypres, and she has brought her art of overlaying—if thus it may be called—silk and other

materials to a pitch of perfection almost incredible. By this means she forms pictures of life-sized figures, which are in many cases afterwards embroidered. This is done with such skill that several of the principal public buildings in Belgium are decorated with work from her hands. She is not only an artist of high standing as

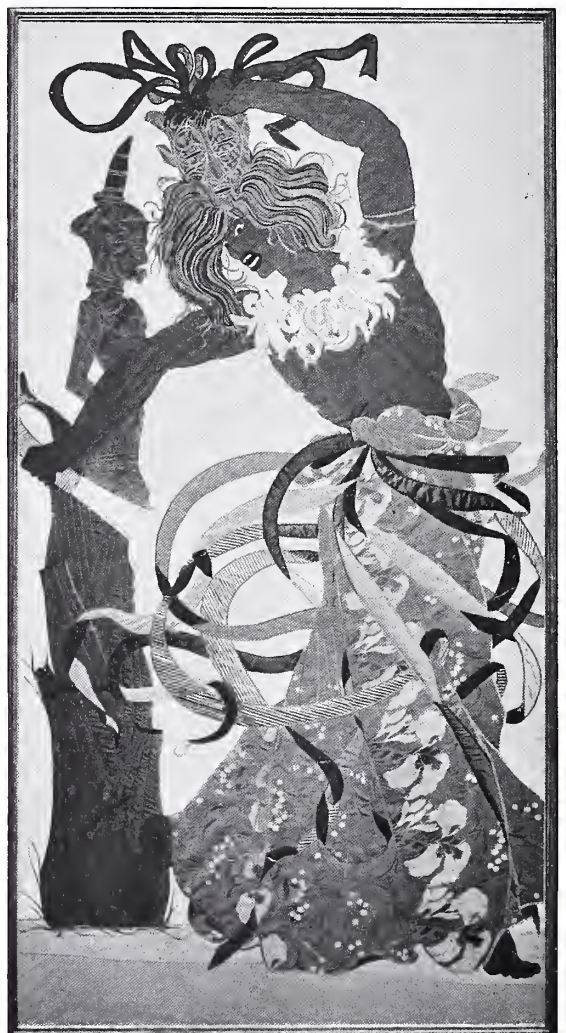
regards her clever treatment of this form of decorative art, but she has a profound knowledge of the technique required for it; for she has made a special study of drawing, and thoroughly



"HOME LIFE."

understands the embroiderer's cunning. She is greatly aided in the designs by her husband, a sculptor of renown in Belgium and a prize-winner in Paris. Few visitors to Brussels, who inspect its magnificent Hôtel de Ville, fail to be struck by the beauty of the candelabra for the electric light which adorn the "Hall of Marriages" and represent St. Michael, patron saint of the town, with spread wings, vanquishing Evil in the form of a dragon. These are the work of M. de Rudder, and he has just finished for the same Hall two bronze inkstands, one surmounted with a figure of St. Michael, and the other with St. Gudule, to whom the cathedral of Brussels is dedicated. The Hall of Marriages also contains some very fine examples of Mme. de Rudder's skill.

The Hôtel de Ville of Brussels was the first public building in which this form of appliqué and embroidery was employed for decorative purposes; tapestry has hitherto been preferred. The result of the new work has been so successful that various municipal and other large buildings are being adorned in the same manner. On either side of the raised platform, or dais, on which the bridal parties take their places before the mayor for the performance of the ceremony of civil marriage, are two large hangings, worked by Mme. de Rudder from the designs of her husband. Each contains an allegorical figure, representing respectively "Affection" and "Conjugal Fidelity." Behind the mayor's seat are two more embroidered panels, portraying "The Law" and "Love;" while above, "Hope" is depicted. "The Law" is presented in the form of



"SUPERSTITION."

a young woman of noble appearance carrying a branch of olive and of holly, as exemplifying the double characteristics of the law—its gentleness

and severity—though it might also be taken to illustrate both the smooth and thorny hours of married life; while, as if to warn those starting on the matrimonial road of the annoyances likely to be met upon it, a thistle is depicted at her feet. "Love" is a charming young girl, full of grace, curiously examining a nest of little fluttering birds, which she holds in her hands. The word "Spes" is embroidered on a ribbon, with which gambolling cupids are playing on the *lambrequin* overhead. These figures are executed in the most happy manner by means of many-hued silks and brocades, appliqués on a dull red silk background; and these silks and brocades are in their turn, in many places, finely embroidered. The whole has the most sumptuous appearance, giving, with the richness of effect obtained, a harmonious *ensemble* that

allegorical figures illustrating "Fortitude," "Prudence," "Justice," "Eloquence," "Truth," and "Wisdom."

But it is with a series of eight pictures (five



"CIVILISATION."



"SLAVERY."

of which we reproduce) that we are more especially interested. These were ordered by the town of Brussels from Mme. de Rudder to adorn the entrance-hall of the Congo Exhibition, which was opened in 1897 in connection with the Exposition of Brussels. They are supposed to represent scenes of Congo life, and are entirely made up in the patchwork or appliqué style. At first sight they resemble frescoes, but no paint has been used; only pieces of materials of different kinds have been employed. As in this case the panels are some six feet from the ground, and a certain boldness of effect was desired, comparatively little needlework has been added; only those outlines necessary to hide the joins and define the subject, and the various lines and marks

leaves nothing to be desired. Mme. de Rudder has in the same manner beautified the walls of the Hôtel de Ville at Ghent with six pictures of

required to delineate folds, muscles, hair, feathers, etc. On the draperies there is also a slight embroidery. How effective such a simple treatment can become in the hands of an artist may be partly seen in the illustrations, though, naturally, they suffer from the loss of colour.

The first shows a picture of "Home Life." The hunter has returned, and is exhibiting his spoils to his dusky wife, holding up a large white bird. The swarthy skins are admirably suggested by the dark material, upon which the muscles are well marked; while the folds of the hunter's blanket, the woman's drapery, and the feathers of the bird all stand out in a striking manner.

The second picture is entitled "Superstition." It represents the religious practices in vogue among the inhabitants of the Congo. A witch-doctor stands before his idol god: in one hand he holds the mask with which these witch-doctors usually cover the face when performing a religious ceremony; and in the other a curious looking weapon, with which he evidently intends to inflict upon himself those cuts and slashes which he supposes to be pleasing to his god.

The third is intended to represent "Christianity." Here we have a mission-sister pointing out the Cross of Christ to a kneeling Congolese and her child. Number Four is an illustration of "Barbarism." Two men struggling together are designed to show that savages, without a humanising influence, strive to obtain by violence that which in a civilised community they would secure by the law. The third figure, the victim, a woman hanging to the tree, represents the weaker individual, and at the same time the cause of the dispute. The fifth is one of the most graceful and charming of the series. It is entitled "Civilisation," and expresses the advantage of learning.

In this a lady, in a dress of most exquisite brocade, is teaching a young heathen to read and write. In her hands are a book and an olive-branch, to demonstrate that the arts bring peace. The lad at her feet is engaged in tracing on stone the word "Lex."

"Slavery" is the subject of the sixth panel, and in it we find a slave-owner who, from the violence of his attitude and his upraised weapon, is evidently about to strike his slaves. The two are manacled together, and from the position of the chain on the arm of the left slave it may be supposed they form part of a gang.

In the seventh panel we have "Freedom." This is another charming study, showing the graceful figure of a woman wreathed with olive, and attired in a dress of beautifully embroidered silk, bestowing the priceless gift of freedom on an overjoyed slave, while behind rises the sun of light and liberty.

The eighth and last of the series exhibits a group representing "Polygamy." The husband, evidently a mighty chief from his

feathered head-dress and necklace of teeth, sits surrounded by his wives, and holds a curiously-shaped musical instrument. The head or principal wife stands beside her husband on the raised steps, as though to mark her superiority over the others at his feet.

This picture is the last of a set of panels which is most remarkable both from the style of the designs, the treatment they have received, and the medium employed. For background, Mme. de Rudder selected a dull, grey moiré, which harmonises well with the colourings chosen, and serves to throw up admirably the dark skins of the Congolese. All the pictures are still to be seen at Tervueren, about an hour by steam-tram from Brussels. They are framed in Congo wood



"FREEDOM."

of a bright chestnut brown, and are surrounded by specimens of mats, woven by the natives, in an infinite variety of patterns. The work took Mme. de Rudder and four girls, whom she has trained, two years to complete.

Besides these pictures, this lady has also worked a most striking panel, for the forthcoming Paris Exhibition, of the "Three Fates," and intends doing another for the same "World's Fair," representing "The Four Seasons." The former has already been exhibited in Brussels at the Cercle Artistique, where it met with marked success. Since then, however, Mme. de Rudder has greatly added to its beauty, by embroidering nearly the whole of it. Every inch of the faces, hands, and minor accessories, as well as the designs on the dress materials, is now worked over in the most marvellous manner. She has also added a fine border, and by working over the supposed woodwork of the frame, through which the three figures are apparently appearing, has vastly improved its appearance.

As has been said, it is to her husband that Mme. de Rudder is indebted for her designs. When he has decided on a subject, he makes a coloured drawing of it, quarter-size, by the aid of which his wife selects her stuffs, brocades, and embroidery silks, of which the richest quality and most artistic shades are used. When these have been chosen, M. de Rudder makes a full-sized drawing of the picture, from which Mme. de Rudder cuts out her materials. These are then sized to prevent fraying. A frame is used for working, in which is stretched the linen or canvas used for a foundation. There are two ways of affixing the silks to the basis; the choice of that which is used depends entirely on the

amount of rigidity required in the material when in its place. The background of a picture, leaves, or the drapery of a figure, would not require the same firm fixing as would the silk intended to represent face or hands, for instance. To insure this extreme flatness and rigidity, a



"THE THREE FATES."

thin sheet of indiarubber is laid between the material and the foundation. This is rapidly ironed on the wrong side, thus melting the indiarubber, and firmly securing the silk in its place. In the other case, the stuff is simply tacked down and secured by the outlining which hides the joins. This outlining must be closely done, otherwise the edges show; sometimes a narrow braid is used to conceal the joins, which is worked over. After this the embroiderer's art begins, and for this silks of different sizes are employed.

It will be seen from the above description that the work, to anyone accustomed to art-needlework, is not difficult, while the results obtained are excellent.

J. E. WHITBY.

THE DECORATION OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

THE scheme for the decoration of the Royal Exchange—one of the first organised attempts to beautify a public building in London—is being steadily carried out. Two additional panels have been unveiled, making five out of the twelve required to fill the spaces at disposal. Mr. Seymour Lucas, R.A., exhibited at the Royal Academy this year the painting of "William the Conqueror granting a Charter to the City of London," which was commissioned by the Corporation. The other painting—"The

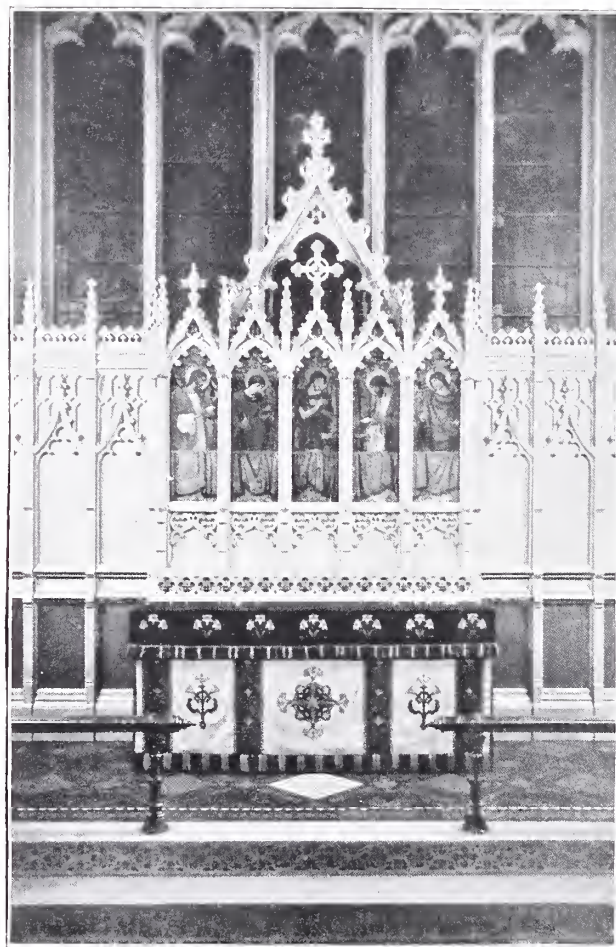
Crown of England being offered to Richard, Duke of Gloucester, at Baynard's Castle in 1483"—is the work of Mr. Sigismund Goetze, and is the gift of Mr. Carl Meyer. Of the other seven panels, Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A., is engaged on one dealing with "Queen Elizabeth and Sir Thomas Gresham opening the first Royal Exchange;" three others have been promised by the Grocers', Skimmers', and Merchant Taylors' Companies, and one by the Sun Insurance Company, representing an incident in the Great Fire of London.

THE CHRISTINA ROSSETTI MEMORIAL, SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES'S LAST WORK.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI attended Christ Church, Woburn Square, for nearly twenty years, and a memorial has been recently erected there to her memory. It consists of a richly carved reredos, 16 by 14, harmonising with the architecture of the church, designed by the vicar, the Rev. J. Glendinning Nash, M.A., which contains, in its five central panels, highly wrought paintings of our Lord and His four Evangelists, designed by the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones, which display the characteristic genius of the artist in originality of treatment, beauty of pose, richness in colour, and exceptional sweetness of devotional expression. The Saviour is crowned with thorns, and stands with crossed arms and closed eyes, whilst St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke, and St. John in re-

verent attitude are near, each with a stylus and parchments in ready binding to write the words which fall from the Master's lips. Before them is a low table with a magnificently diapered cloth in bronzed gold, in the centre of which are chalice and paten; behind are folded draperies in subdued and shaded gold, and above them the dark green foliage of the olive trees of Gethsemane. The paintings are on mahogany and were wrought by Sir Edward and his friend and assistant, Mr. T. M. Rooke.

Beneath the reredos in the pavement of the sacrarium is placed a marble slab of a cloudy green, from one of the ancient quarries recently discovered in the island of Enboea, on which have been carved letters copied from Queen Eleanor's tomb in Westminster Abbey, filled with



THE CHRISTINA ROSSETTI MEMORIAL.
(From a Photograph by Frank Steele.)



WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR GRANTING A CHARTER TO THE CITIZENS OF LONDON.

(From the Wall Painting by J. Seymour Lucas, R.A., in the Royal Exchange.)



PANELS IN THE REREDOS IN CHRIST CHURCH, WOBURN SQUARE, IN MEMORIAL OF CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

(Designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. Painted by the artist and T. M. Fother, Photographed by Frank Steele.)

imperishable lead, and forming the following inscription:—

THE ABOVE PAINTINGS,
DESIGNED BY THE LATE SIR E. BURNE-JONES, BT.,
ARE DEDICATED TO THE GLORY OF GOD
AND IN LOVING MEMORY OF
CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI,
WHO WORSHIPPED IN THIS CHURCH, AND FELL ASLEEP
IN JESUS
DECEMBER 29TH, 1894.
"GIVE ME THE LOWEST PLACE."

The quotation is from one of her devotional poems, and sets forth the humility which was one of the most distinguishing marks of her blameless life.

Near the marble tablet placed in Christina

Rossetti's memory, another will be fixed to commemorate her mother and aunts, which will bear the following inscription:—

IN LOVING MEMORY OF THREE SISTERS
WHO WORSHIPPED IN THIS CHURCH,
MARY—WIDOW OF GABRIELE ROSSETTI
AND MOTHER OF DANTE GABRIELE AND CHRISTINA
GEORGINA ROSSETTI,
DIED APRIL 8TH, 1886, AGED 85;
CHARLOTTE LYDIA POLIDORI,
DIED JANUARY 8TH, 1899, AGED 87;
ELIZA HARRIETT POLIDORI,
DIED JUNE 4TH, 1893, AGED 83.
"LOVELY AND PLEASANT IN THEIR LIVES."

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[134] JOHN PHILLIP'S PORTRAITS OF ARTISTS.—I am attempting a list of the likenesses of English painters by their colleagues, and find some difficulty with the works of John Phillip. Can you inform me how many portraits of artists by him exist?—J. BARKER (Wolverhampton).

* * * The artist-portraits by John Phillip are included in the list of the painter's works in the life by James Dafforne—a list, it should be noted, however, only of the pictures by Phillip which appeared in the International Exhibition of 1873. Of himself there are four: (1) The first boyish portrait; (2) an ideal portrait—both of these early and before 1839; (3) with a palette in his hand (1839); and (4) at the age of twenty-three (1840). Then there are: (5) J. E. Millais, P.R.A., as a Highland page, 1843; (6) Sam Bongh, R.S.A., (7) R. Ansdell, R.A., (8) T. O. Barlow, R.A., all in 1856; (9) John Thomas, sculptor, 1858; (10) J. E. Millais, P.R.A., (11) W. Brodie, R.S.A., and (12) Augustus L. Egg, R.A., all 1859; (13) H. O'Neil, A.R.A., 1860; (14) W. B. Johnstone, R.S.A., 1865; and (15) J. Cassie, R.S.A., 1866. In 1863, Phillip also executed a copy of Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait by himself.

[135] AUTHORSHIP WANTED.—Can you tell me what English artist painted a picture—exhibited, I think, in the Royal Academy within the last twenty years—representing, unless my memory is deceptive, Preciosa, a character in Longfellow's "Spanish Student," dancing before some high ecclesiastics?—WALTER ROWLANDS (26, Webster Avenue, Allston, Mass., U.S.A.).

* * * Is not our correspondent thinking of the picture by Edwin Long, R.A., entitled "A Question of Propriety"? This picture—now in the Latrobe Gallery of the National Gallery of Victoria, Australia, for which it was bought in 1871—representing the Board of "Censores y Veadores," corresponding to our dramatic censor, looking sternly on, though with marked interest, while a Spanish dancing girl performs before them with the object of obtaining their permission or licence to carry on her trade while travelling through the country. The Board exercised control over dancers, actors, dramatists, painters, and sculptors alike, and rigorously made their influence felt if any of the "proprieties" were, in their opinion, outraged.

[136] M. BOUGUEREAU'S "NOTRE DAME AUX ANGES."—Would you kindly tell me the whereabouts of Bouguereau's "Notre Dame aux Anges"?—R. E. (Ross-on-Wye).

* * * Our correspondent is not sufficiently explicit, or confuses two pictures. In 1881 M. Bouguereau painted "La Vierge aux Anges," and in 1888 "Notre Dame des Anges." Which does R. E. mean? Perhaps the quickest way to obtain the information he desires would be to write direct to the artist, Rue Notre Dame des Petits Champs, Paris, when a reply would doubtless be immediately forthcoming.

[137] ETCHINGS BY BURNE-JONES?—Can you inform me if the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones had ever etched any plates, and, if so, what these subjects are and where they can be procured?—Q. SLADDEN.

* * Although, practically speaking—that is to say, so far as Mr. Sladden's motive for inquiry is apparently concerned—Burne-Jones did not practise as an etcher, he did actually etch a couple of "plates." These two coppers—or, rather, "bronzes"—consist of pennies (literally "coppers," after all) ground down on one side, on each of which Sir Edward etched a comic portrait of himself for the delight of little Miss Dorothy Menpes, daughter of Mr. Mortimer Menpes. We believe that these etchings were duly bitten not by the draughtsman but by Mr. Menpes. We may add that Sir Edward once tried his hand at dry-pointing, and that a proof from the plate is, or was, in the possession of Lord Carlisle.

[138] **A QUESTION ON ENGLISH CUSTOM.**—Do women artists in London ever live in their studios, as is so often done in the Art sections of our large cities here in America? I ask for an artist who is thinking of going to England to live for a few years, and who does not understand English customs, and who would not like to make a mistake. If it were convenient, I think an article on the customs of English art-life would be of interest to your many readers living outside of England.—AN OLD SUBSCRIBER (Waverley, Mass., U.S.A.).

* * We are scarcely justified in giving names, or we could mention several lady artists living at their studios in Chelsea and other artistic quarters of London. It is more common for two friends to live together than for one to live alone, for the simple reason that it is pleasanter; but artists of either sex claim a liberty in their lives that is common to all countries.—E. B.

[139] **ENGRAVINGS OF "THE PRODIGAL SON."**—I have five quaint old prints illustrating the story of the Prodigal Son. I should like to know, through the medium of *THE MAGAZINE OF ART*, by whom they were engraved; if the set is complete; and if it is of any value. The plates are a small oblong with the picture oval, a background imitative of bricks filling up to the margin. Dress and details are eighteenth century; and each print is inscribed: "Published as the Act directs, May 17th, 1791, by C. Sheppard, No. 15, St. Peter's Hill, Doctor's Common, London."—LEX.

REPLIES.

[133] **CHESS PICTURES.**—I possess an engraving by Moritz Retzsch, entitled "Die Schachspieler," which is undoubtedly that referred to by Mr. James Middleton. Satan is playing chess with a man for his soul. The arch of the vault under which they are seated is formed by two lizard-shaped monsters, whose heads, half-bird half-locust, seem to threaten the players. Between the two players, in the background, an angel stands, watching the game with pity. As regards the pieces on the board, on the Devil's side the King is a muffled figure of Satan himself. The Queen is a voluptuous female with unveiled bosom, holding in her hand a cup of wine. The officers are six vices—Indolence, with a swinish head; Anger, a threatening turkey-cock; Pride, a naked figure with peacock's head and tail; Falsehood, with a dagger hidden behind his back; Avarice, bearing a casket under his arm; and Unbelief, kicking over a cross with his foot. The eight pawns represent Doubts. On the Human Being's side, the King is represented by a winged figure of himself. The Queen is Religion. The officers are Hope, Truth, Peace, Humility, Innocence, and Love. The pawns are winged cherubs. The Human Being seems to be losing the game. Love, Innocence, Humility, and Peace have been taken. All that he has managed to secure from Satan are Anger and one small Doubt. The board is placed upon a splendidly-carved sarcophagus, over the edge of which crawls a spider. The engraving has many other allegorical details, which it would take too long to enumerate. It is signed on the seat upon which the Human Being rests, "M. Retzsch fecit 1831." I shall be happy to forward it to your correspondent, if he would care to see it.—G. S. LAYARD.

What is described as "the oldest print of chess-play," is the fine copper-plate by "the Master of 1466," the earliest engraver of the German School. In this plate, beside a chess table erected in a garden by the water's edge, and within the shadow of a tree in which a dove is perched, stand a lady and gentleman—smart, highly-affected people, both of them—playing chess; while two other couples pursue their harmless flirtations, uninterested in the game that proceeds.—S.

THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—DECEMBER.

Museum of Arts and Crafts, Manchester. **T**HE Jubilee Exhibition held at Manchester in 1887 was so successful that a profit of £43,921 accrued to the promoters, and this satisfactory sum has been applied to the extension of the various or-

ganisations for the advancement of art and industry existing in the city. £20,000 went to the Whitworth Institute, for the purchase of works of fine and decorative art to be placed in the galleries or the museum building to be erected in Whitworth Park;

£10,000 to the Manchester School of Art, for the erection of a new wing, to be known as the Royal Jubilee Wing; and the balance to the building and equipment of a new technical school. In 1892 two of the principal functions of the Whitworth Institute—the School of Art and the Technical School—were taken over by the Corporation, with a sum of £10,194 to be applied for the purposes of the Art School. In 1896 the Technical Instruction

endorse the artist's theory that a successful stage-picture should be a "one-man" conception. This scene of the new Eldorado is equally happy in its breadth of effect, as well as in its detail; and Mr. HARKER has loyally and skilfully seconded the designer's intentions through the various stages of snow-storm and starlight to the development of the golden treasure guarded by the ice-fairies. The icicle-harps



SKETCH FOR THE MISE-EN-SCÈNE OF THE "ALASKA" BALLET: FIRST TABLEAU.

(Drawn by C. Wilhelm.)

Committee of the Corporation determined, with the funds at its disposal, to erect a Museum of Arts and Crafts, immediately adjoining the School of Art, for the display of (1) casts of architecture and monumental art; (2) a collection illustrating, by original examples or by good copies, the best obtainable designs in the chief branches of art workmanship; and (3) a selection from the Boeck collection of textiles belonging to the city; thus giving the students of the School of Art immediate access to material likely to be of great service to them in their studies. The building was entrusted to Mr. J. GIBBONS SANKEY, and has just been opened for use. Among the principal objects shown are the celebrated MORRIS-BURNE-JONES tapestry, "The Adoration of the Magi" (the gift of Councillor W. Simpson), casts of examples of DONATELLO'S "St. George," Ghiberti's "Shrine of St. Zenobius," etc. Among the modern works are examples by MESSRS. FRAMPTON, CRANE, DE MORGAN, and a collection of Della Robbia ware.

THE reproduction of Mr. WILHELM'S original sketch for the *mise-en-scène* of his latest Art in the Theatre. Empire Theatre ballet "Alaska," will have an interest for those of our readers who

and spades of the gnomes are ingeniously devised, and in the costumes Mr. Wilhelm finds a congenial field in which to exploit a refined and original scheme of colour and decoration. The dusky purple of the Amora dresses, powdered with stars and suffused with delicate rose and rainbow tints, and the faint green, steel-blue and silver of the ice-vestment, being the sole relief of colour to a succession of groups that range from the purest snow-white into many tones of gold. A singular freedom from monotony is, however, achieved. Special mention should be made of the dignified and characteristic garb of Avarice, which is represented as a potent spirit of evil, luring the explorers to their doom. In the variously-arrayed denizens of the snow and gold-fields of this fantastic Alaska a North American Indian element is felicitously suggested. "Alaska" is one of the most exquisite and refined achievements ever seen upon the stage.

OF the Royal Institute of Painters in New Members. Water-Colours: MESSRS. BYAM SHAW, ROBERT MEYERHEIM, HENRY RYLAND and J. S. CROMPTON. Of the Society of Portrait Painters: MESSRS. CHARLES H SHANNON, J. ROCHE, and R. SAUTER.

THE place of honour in the Suffolk Royal Society of Street Galleries is occupied by Mr. HOLMAN HUNT's highly-wrought study for his "May Morning; on Magdalen Tower, Oxford." Worked out in every detail in the artist's characteristic manner, the "study" is as complete as the picture itself—a beautiful reminder of a phase of art which compares curiously with that of the modern school, some examples of which are hung in the same Gallery. From the Mr. Holman Hunt of Pre-Raphaelite days to Mr. MANUEL is a far cry—and the interval is occupied with the ordinary productions which cover the greater part of the walls of the British Artists' rooms. Mr. RUPERT BUNNY is always interesting; his "Returning from the Rose Garden" does not fail in its special charm of colour. Mr. HAL HURST's "The Royal Standard"—a really clever canvas strongly suggestive of Mr. E. A. Abbey—and "A Portrait" by the same artist, a charming and dignified arrangement; Mr. SHEARD's "And behold, two blind men sitting by the roadside"—a successful rendering of glaring Oriental sunshine; Mr. LEE HANKEY's "The Tangled Well;" and Mr. ABBEY ALTSON's "Paradise Lost," are the figure pictures which form the strength of the exhibition. Among the landscapes are Mr. ARTHUR MEADE's "A Summer's Morn;" Mr. GILBERT FOSTER's "The Dewy Morn;" Mr. BOROUGH JOHNSON's "Evening Effect;" Mr. WRIGHT BARKER's "Maternity;" Mr. E. F. FULLER's "Porthmeor Beach, St. Ives;" and Mr. SPENLOVE-SPENLOVE's "The Haven under the Hill," stand pre-eminent for their excellent qualities. SIR WYKE BAYLISS contributes a series of studies—carefully and lovingly drawn—for nearly a score of his cathedral pictures.

Other Exhibitions.

The point of difference between the two great photographic exhibitions is not so marked as in previous years. There is less eccentricity at the Dudley Gallery, and the fact that about half the number of pictures are hung there as at the Pall Mall exhibition renders it less monotonous than the rival show. The portraits by Mr. CRAIG ANNAN, Mr. FREDERICK HOLLYER, Mr. RALPH W. ROBINSON, and Mr. W. CROOKE still claim chief attention in this branch of work. The landscapes of Mr. HORSLEY HINTON and Mr. ROBINSON stand out prominently for their beauty, both of point of view and execution. Mr. F. HOLLAND DAY's "Beauty is Truth" once again points the moral of the limitation of the camera. The representation of the dead figure with the halo round its head—is it meant for the dead Christ?—is ghastly. At Pall Mall there are as usual some charming landscape "studies," among which may be mentioned "Woodland Graces," by Mr. W. THOMAS; "Hill Top," by Mr. HORSLEY HINTON—curiously following one of T. HOPE McLACHLAN'S

pictures—and "On the Wey," by Viscount MAITLAND, a contributor to both exhibitions. Mrs. ANNIE E. BLAKE'S print of "Iris-Flower Study" is one that compares in an immeasurably superior way with Mrs. CADBY'S affectations of decoration. The architectural photographs of Messrs. CHARLES H. OAKDEN, ERNEST H. LAMB, and EUSTACE YOUNG are perfect.

The Winter Exhibition at Messrs. Shepherd's Gallery contains several works of great interest. A "Landscape with Cottage" and "Cottage with Figures" are charming examples of VINCENT'S art; and four little studies by CONSTABLE are characteristic works of the great landscapist. Two landscape sketches by Sir EDWIN LANDSEER, and a little interior by Sir DAVID WILKIE, with a figure added by Mr. T. FAED, R.A., claim attention. Among the works of modern artists are an early painting by Mr. G. A. STOREY, A.R.A., showing the influence of the Pre-Raphaelites; one or two good examples of Mr. CLAYTON ADAMS; and a delightful little view of "Staithe," by Mr. BLANDFORD FLETCHER.

The exhibition of work by the pupils of the Royal Female School of Art shows that the standard maintained by this institution is not lowered. The principal national rewards gained are silver medals by Miss BERTHA SMITH for a design for a linen damask tablecloth, and Miss ELIZA M. BURGESS for a water-colour drawing of iris blooms, etc., two bronze medals, and thirteen book prizes. The national Gilchrist Scholarship is gained by Miss MARIANNE EDWARDS, and the Queen's gold medal—a local prize—by Miss BERTHA SMITH for her design for a calendar in colours. Miss EVELINE M. J. HOWELL gained the Queen's Scholarship of £60 for a study of a head from life. The designs sent in for competition for local prizes were not very noteworthy, among the best being Miss ISABEL CHILD'S for printed dress silks. The black-and-white work, too, is not strong.

An interesting feature in connection with the Biennial Exhibition now open in the Art Galleries, Aberdeen, is the fact that the Town Council intimated its intention of expending the sum of £500 in the purchase of a picture to add to the permanent collection now being formed in the Granite City. It would be idle to deny that the intimation of the purpose of the Corporation has not had an immense effect for good on the character of the exhibition. The committee have, as a matter of fact, been able to get together one of the best collections of modern art ever seen in the North; there being on the walls a goodly representation of the pictures which were seen last May at Burlington House and other London art-centres. On turning the pages of the catalogue it is apt to raise a smile to see the number of works which



KATHLEEN, DAUGHTER OF THEODORE CROMBIE, ESQ.
(From the Painting by Robert Brough, at the Aberdeen Exhibition.)

are entered at £500, or about that figure; and, locally, considerable speculation is indulged in as to who the fortunate artist will be. Apart from this competition, several North-country painters show works which greatly enhance their reputation. Chief among these may be mentioned Mr. COUTTS MICHIE, Mr. ROBERT BROUGH, and Mr. FIDDES WATT. Among other exhibits, Mr. Coutts Michie sends a beautiful landscape called "A Golden Homestead;" while Mr. Brough adds to his growing reputation by a very stylish portrait of a child the dominant colour note in which is a scarlet cloak in which the pretty little maiden is enveloped.

At the Sandeman Public Library, Perth—recently opened by Lord Rosebery—a loan exhibition of about one hundred and fifty pictures has been brought together. The works include examples of REX-BRANDT, VELASQUEZ, REYNOLDS, ROMNEY, GAINSBOROUGH, TURNER, WILKIE, and RAEBURN. Contemporary

art is represented by paintings by, amongst others, Sir JOHN MILLAIS, P.R.A.; Mr. ORCHARDSON, R.A., Mr. G. F. WATTS, R.A., Mr. MACWHIRTER, R.A., Mr. JOHN SWAN, A.R.A., Mr. BRITON RIVIERE, R.A., Mr. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A., Mr. ARTHUR MELVILLE, and Mr. J. MCNEIL WHISTLER (Portrait of Carlyle).

No previous collection of painting, exhibited at the City Art Museum, Nottingham, has afforded more diversified interest than the one which occupies its Galleries at the present time, and Mr. Wallis's efforts to obtain important loans have been most successful. To the art student, perhaps, the collection of paintings by masters of the Dutch, Flemish, and Early English Schools, contributed by Miss Cavan Irving, will be found most interesting. Locally, the greatest interest will be centred in the admirable collection of paintings by deceased Nottingham artists. There are several fine portraits by R. HUSKINSON; other contributions, suggestive of Dawson, are painted by R. BRADLEY; and CLIFTON TOMSON and T. W. BRETLANDS, students of animal life, H. SMYTH and JOHN HOLLAND, landscape painters, complete the list of artists represented. The collection of modern pictures cannot fail to receive the admiration it deserves.

Cranford. By *Mrs. Gaskell*. With a preface by *Reviews*. *Anne Thackeray Ritchie*; with forty coloured illustrations and sixty pen-and-ink sketches by *Hugh Thomson*. Macmillan, 1898.

THE feature of this charming edition consists in the greater number of the illustrations (all those printed on the "outer" side of the sheets) being delicately tinted. This is done with great effect, although the register is not invariably true; and it is very rare that the colour emerges from its modest and subordinate rôle to

add anything original to the designs. It is so pleasing and dainty a book that the six editions through which it has run will certainly be greatly increased by public favour being extended to this one. (6s.)

The Madonna in Art. By *Estelle M. Hurll*. David Nutt, 1898.

THIS pretty book appeals rather to the religious than to the scientific lover of art, for the authoress has sought to deal with her great subject by quaintly classifying the pictures involved in it, by subject and sentiment. We have "The Portrait Madonna," in which for the most part heads only are painted; "The Madonna Enthroned," "The Madonna in the Sky," "The Pastoral Madonna," and "The Madonna in a Home Environment;" and then "The Madonna of Love," "The Madonna in Adoration," and "The Madonna as Witness;" with some thirty plates illustrating the sections. There are some strange omissions, how-

ever, as we have not a single illustration of that popular view with the Old Masters of the maternity of the Madonna—"The Madonna as Nurse." We may also express surprise that no Madonna by Reynolds, Van Dyck, and certain other painters of equal eminence, has been included; and we must draw attention to such errors as the alleged fact that "The Ansidei Madonna" was purchased for £72,000. The book is chatty but not well written; and we are, moreover, rather startled at coming across sentiments so original as this: "So long as we have mothers Art will continue to produce Madonnas." The threatened outlook here suggested is so alarming that we can only earnestly urge our readers to go on having mothers, for the contingent loss in what the authoress calls "Madonna Art" would be intolerable. The Preface informs us that the lily on the cover is the Virgin's flower, and that "the gold border surrounding the panel is copied from the ornamentation of the mantle worn by Botticelli's Dresden Madonna"—but, alas, there is no border. Yet, in spite of absurdities, the book is a pretty one.

Sacred Art: The Bible Story pictured by Eminent Modern Painters. Edited by *A. G. Temple, F.S.A.* Cassell and Co. 1898. (9s.)

THIS is an extremely happy idea well carried out. The extraordinary variety of the pictures is of advantage to those who would know how the same story or similar events have affected different minds of vigour and imagination, and how art is able to stimulate belief in the spectator by poetic thought in the painter. It is easy to believe that such a book as this will become the constant companion of every Bible reader. We have here examples of the art of about a hundred painters, British, French, and German,



A GOLDEN HOMESTEAD.

(From the Painting by J. Coutts Michie, A.R.S.A., at the Aberdeen Exhibition.)

from Hyppolite Flandrin and John Martin to Leighton, Millais, Burne-Jones, Puvis de Chavannes, and to a man still so young as Mr. Harold Speed. The Old and New Testaments are vividly pictured, and as a record of art these representations of Bible scenes and thoughts, from Genesis to Revelation, render this handsome volume welcome for the information it gives and the memories it revives. As an example of process printing it is remarkably successful. The book, which has for its frontispiece a coloured reproduction of Mr. HOLMAN HUNT'S "Light of the World," is curiously inexpensive in relation to the excellence and the number (nearly two hundred) of the plates.

Forgotten Children's Books, brought together by Andrew W. Tuer, F.S.A. 400 illustrations. The Leadenhall Press, London, 1898-9. (6s.)

It is obvious that within the compass of five hundred pages children's books to the number of more than a hundred could not be dealt with at any length. Mr. TUER'S method has been to reprint the title-page (not in facsimile) and reproduce one or more characteristic pages from the books themselves. It is a good service that he has done, not merely from the point of view of the lover of the curious or of the historian of youthful society, but equally in the interest of those who concern themselves with the illustrative arts. We have here reproductions from woodcut, lithograph, copperplate, and "process," and the result is alike curious and valuable. These illustrated chap-books, while demonstrating the efforts that parents once made to bring up their children as prigs on a dull diet of bombastic virtue, show clearly the standard of the art, good and bad, that was instilled into our grandparents and great-grandparents. We are somewhat puzzled by two amongst the many sets of illustrations. In the first place, there are the drawings ascribed to Rowlandson, published by Leigh in 1820; but certain of the plates are so poor as to be an insult to his pencil. Again, amongst the "odd blocks" there are several which strike us strongly as having been recently produced; they almost suggest to us a hand that we know. And why does the editor not indicate that "Prince Dorus" is by no less eminent a writer than Charles Lamb?

The Blessed Damozel. By Gabriel Dante Rossetti. With decorations by W. B. Macdougall. Duckworth and Co., London. (6s.)

THE re-issue of this poem as it originally appeared in "The Germ" is an interesting event, but it is matter for regret that each delicate stanza should have been placed within the unsympathetic and inappropriate "decorations" of Mr. W. B. MACDOUGALL. The lack of beauty in these borders is emphasised by the gracefulness of the frontispiece—a photogravure of Rossetti's crayon study for the head of "The Blessed Damozel."

WE would draw the attention of artists to an announcement respecting a Poster Competition promoted by the municipal authorities of Scarborough. Prizes are offered to the value of £60.

After an absence of eight years in America the collection of the works by GUSTAVE DORÉ has once more been placed on view in their old home in Bond Street.

We illustrate on this page a statue which has been executed by Mr. GEORGE E. WADE, for the High Courts of Madras, of the late Tirvarur Muthuswamy. This distinguished Indian lawyer, the first of his race to occupy a seat on the High Court Bench of Madras, belonged to a poor Brahmin family, and was educated at the Presidency College. He entered the public service in a subordinate position, but soon displayed such capacity that he was promoted to a judgeship in the Madras Court of Small Causes, and afterwards selected to fill a vacancy in the High Court. A sound lawyer, patient and painstaking almost to excess, he died in harness, so universally regretted that a subscription was raised to erect a statue to his memory. A plaster cast of Mr. Wade's work was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1897.

By the death of M. PUVIS DE CHAVANNES French art sustains a severe loss. As President of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, he was an official leader of the art movement of his country; but by right of merit his claim to that position was even greater. Severely restrained though it is, his work has a beauty which appeals to the poetic

nature. As Mr. Hamerton justly observed: "His art is a poetical abstraction; the region that he paints is not the world, but a painter's dreamland; and the figures that dwell in it are not men and women, but the phantoms of a powerful yet tranquil imagination." Refined and gentle in manner, he yet pursued his course steadily and persistently against a scornful opposition, ultimately compelling recognition of his talents from all sections of his countrymen, and gaining a foremost position among the great artists of the world. Born at Lyons in 1812, he began his career as a painter under the direction of COCTURE and HENRI SCHEFFER—as he himself said on one occasion, "Scheffer did not take pupils, but confined himself to giving one advice from time to time"—for about a year. Devoting himself from the beginning chiefly to mural decoration, he acquired in this direction the fame by which his name will live. His Salon exhibits include the following:—in 1850, "The Dead Christ;" in 1859, "Return from the Hunt"—a

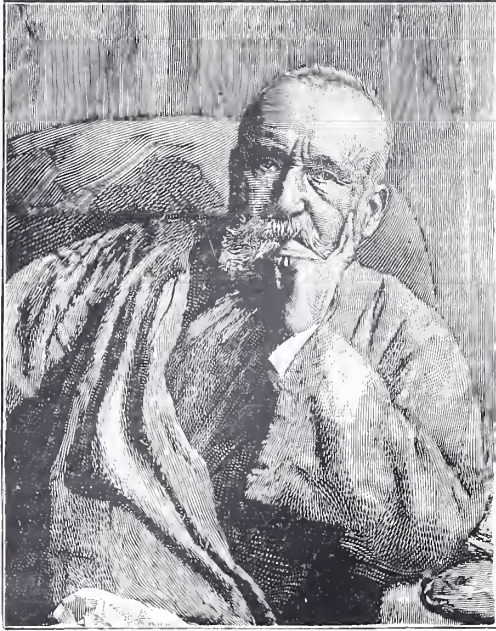


MEMORIAL STATUE TO TIRVARUR MUTHUSWAMY
AT MADRAS.

(By George S. Wade.)

mural painting now in Marseilles Museum; in 1861, two large paintings, "Bellum" and "Concordia," intended for the Museum at Amiens; in 1864, "Autumn" (Lyons Museum). In 1865 he executed for Le Cercle de l'Union Artistique at Amiens a large work, "Ave, Picardia

natrix," which is in the Museum of that city. In 1867 he exhibited decorative pictures, "Peace" and "War" (small sketches of the Amiens pictures), "Labour," and "Rest"—also for Amiens. Two years later he painted for the grand staircase of the Museum at



THE LATE PUVION DE CHAVANNES.

Marseilles a large figure [of "Sport," "Massilia, a Greek Colony," and "Marseilles, the Gate of the Orient." At the Salon of 1870 he exhibited "The Beheading of St. John the Baptist" and "Mary Magdalene in the Desert;" in 1872, "Hope;" in 1873, "Summer;" in 1874, "The year 732—Charles Martel saved Christianity by his Victory over the Saracens near Poitiers," and a design "The Sixth Century—Radeconde, retired to the Convent of Ste. Croix, gives an asylum to Poets, and Protects Letters from the Barbarity of the Age" (both of these subjects being for the decoration of the Hôtel de Ville at Poitiers). In 1876 he began his great work of "The History of Ste. Geneviève" for the Panthéon; in 1879 he exhibited "The Prodigal Son;" in 1881, "The Poor Fisherman" (now in the Luxembourg); in 1882, "Pro Patriâ Ludus" (for the Museum at Amiens), for which he was awarded the Medal of Honour, and "Doux Pays," a decoration for M. Bonnat's house; in 1883, "The Dream;" in 1884, "The Sacred Wood dear to the Arts and the Muses" (Lyons Museum); in 1885, "Autumn;" and in 1886, "An Ancient Vision," "Christian Inspiration," and "The Rhône and the Saône"—all for the Lyons Museum. In 1889 his large decoration for the Sorbonne was shown; and in 1891-2, the "Spring" and "Winter," for the grand staircase of the Hôtel de Ville, Paris; followed in 1894 by the ceiling picture for the same, "Victor Hugo offering his Lyre to the City of Paris;" in 1895-6, "The Inspiring Muses," and figures of Virgil, Æschylus, Homer, "History" and "Astronomy," for the Boston Library. The decoration for the Panthéon—"The History of Ste. Geneviève"—occupied his attention in 1897-8. He received, in addition to the Medal of Honour in 1882, medals at the Salons of 1861, 1864, and 1867; was made an Officer of the Legion of Honour in 1877, and Commander

in 1881. For further details of his career and illustrations of his works we refer our readers to articles which appeared in THE MAGAZINE OF ART for 1885, p. 60; Jan., 1894, p. 73; and October, 1898, p. 659.

We very much regret to have to record the death of Mr. GLEESON WHITE, the gifted and genial writer and designer, at the comparatively early age of forty-seven. Well known as a valued contributor to our pages, he had been associate editor of the New York "Art Amateur," and afterwards became the first editor of "The Studio." He was also editor of "The Pageant," and of the Ex Libris and Connoisseur Series. His knowledge of art matters was wide and diversified, his taste was fine and unerring, and there were few subjects pertaining to art or literature upon which he could not write or talk with knowledge and interest. His illness was contracted during a brief visit to Italy, and his death will be regretted not only by a large number of friends, but by that wider circle of admirers to whom he appealed, and charmed, with his writings.

The death has occurred of M. JULES-EUGÈNE LENEPVEU at the age of seventy-nine. The work by which the artist is best known is the series of paintings dealing with the life of Joan of Arc on the walls of the Panthéon, which he undertook upon the death of M. Baudry, to whom the commission was originally given. A pupil of Picot and of the École des Beaux-Arts, he obtained the second Grand Prix de Rome in 1844, and in 1847 his "Mort de Vitellius" was rewarded the Grand Prix. He gained a medal of the second class in 1855 for his "Martyres des Catacombes"—now in the Luxembourg. He has decorated many churches in France, among which are the chapel of St. Denis at the church of St. Louis en l'Isle and the chapel of St. Anne at St. Sulpice, Paris. He also painted one of the ceilings at the Opera House. He was a member of the Academy of Fine Arts and an Officer of the Legion of Honour.



THE LATE GLEESON WHITE.

(From a Photograph by F. Holzer.)

Mr. JOHN RITCHIE FINDLAY, one of the proprietors of "The Scotsman," has died at the age of seventy-five. He was the donor of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery; and, besides bearing the original cost of the building, £70,000, he subsequently spent large sums upon its decoration. Mr. Findlay was a member of the Board of Manufacturers, which controls the National Gallery of Scotland and other public institutions in Edinburgh, and an official of the Scottish Antiquarian Society.

MR. MORTIMER MENPES AS PORTRAITIST.

BY M. H. SPIELMANN. ILLUSTRATED WITH A SERIES OF STUDIES BY THE ARTIST.



MISS PAMELA PLOWDEN.

THE versatility and adaptability of Mr. Mortimer Menpes's talent have been a factor in the art-world of London for some years past. Curiously enough, these qualities appear to have had an irritating effect upon a certain coterie of artists who might be said to correspond in England to the eccentric inner circle of *les jeunes* in France:

men who are satirically called "*chercheurs*" because they are always seeking after something new, and rarely finding anything worth the trouble, and because they never seem to emerge from the carefully thought-out thoughtlessness of youth. From the first, Mr. Menpes has shown the strength of his individuality and that accentuated independence which have led him to practise many sections of his art in many mediums and methods, and in many lands; and that he has succeeded so well has only added to the resentment of the unhappy coterie.

Mr. Menpes, not less than the others, has a passion for novelty—a passion only equalled among artists in this country, probably, by that which animates Professor Herkomer. But he has presumed to think that the primary condition of the much-lauded "novelty" is the artistic character of the work when it is done, and that an essential quality in all art is that it should please. But with these latter-day *précieux ridicules* of the art-world—(oh, that Molière were here to see and enjoy them!)—to please is to "play to the crowd;" to respect the traditions of art is to be dull and "a mere copyist;" to practise art in its various expressions (as the Old Masters did) is to be "Jack of all trades;" and, worst crime of all, to succeed, is—most withering abuse of all—to be "*suburban*." To this have we come in this day of grace; and the mischief done by such detractors to artists whose ability has placed them in a commanding position would be lamentable—likely enough fatal—did sensible people pay the slightest attention to them. The fact that Mr. Menpes has painted Japan, India,

Spain, Mexico: painted them, drawn them, etched and dry-pointed them—them and most striking things of beauty that they contain—hardly appears to call for censure; nor is the skill with which he has practised copperplate-printing as a fine art, nor the invention of a special and beautiful method of executing etchings for printing in colours, likely to be denounced by the majority as reprehensible to any unforgivable degree. The world judges by results; and when a man produces work that is at once artistic and charming, novel and refined, it gives little heed to the grumbling of the disappointed, or to the jealous hatred of a small, and relatively, perhaps, an incompetent, cabal.

Now within the past few months Mr. Menpes has broken out afresh. He has become a portraitist, a portraitist on a small scale; and if he carries out the promise of his initial efforts, there is no reason, for all that I can see, why he should not become a distinguished follower of Gonzales Coques. Mr. Menpes can draw with delicacy, beauty, and power—qualities which are none too



LADY EDWARD CECIL.

common in England; his sense of colour, whether delicate and tender or powerful and rich, is, as all men know, of singular refinement; and he

has the gift of taste and of insight into character, as well as of likeness. Here, then, we have the principal qualifications of the successful portrait-painter; and by the work he has already executed, Mr. Menpes once more shows himself as unconventional in his view of the portraitist's craft as he is in method of procedure.

There is, I imagine, not a little of the Japanese method in Mr. Menpes's operations, as the reader may judge for himself, not only by the remarks here following, but by the numerous studies—(and they are *all* studies, be it noted, for later use, nothing more)—which, with the artist's courteous consent, are reproduced in these pages. We have here a wide variety in class and type of sitter—the statesman, the actor, the *littérateur*, the society-lady, the beauty, the actress, in characteristic pose, with changing expression, and in varying humour; their features and their moods struck off with no little sureness, skill, and, what is perhaps more important still, with intelligent sympathy, in a few simple outlines or delicate stump-work: simple, yet scholarly and subtle, too—the work of a nervously eclectic draughtsman. Inasmuch as the present writer has seen Mr. Menpes at his work and recognised

his method of procedure as somewhat unusual, he here sets down some description of the method by which these characteristic and suggestive studies have been obtained.

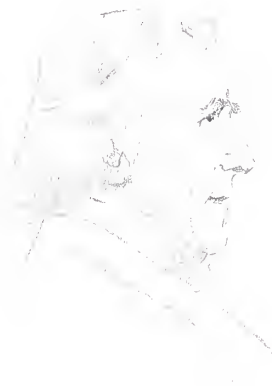
To one of Mr. Menpes's temperament, the reproduction of the set pose, and still more of the set expres-

sion, of the conventional portrait is not a task of alluring promise; to demand it of him would doubtless be to paralyse his hand and to banish from the work all living interest. It is the life and character of the man, the beauty and grace of the woman—not the material side, so to speak, of the sitter, that interests him. So when that sitter enters the studio—an exquisite bit of far Japan which seems by a miracle to have been snatched from under the shadow of Fusi-Yama and dropped daintily on the confines of Mayfair—he feels that he has called for a chat rather than for the sake of the portrait. He may take such pose, and as many, as he pleases; he may talk of any subject that interests or bores him; he may laugh or frown or remain placidly serious; he may talk or be silent. And all the while the artist adapts himself to the mood of the sitter; and while apparently working himself into the humour for work—whether standing a distance off, or squatting on his Japanese mat, “studying” the preliminaries, he is all the while working at his little sketches. There may be a whole row of them—they may be

dotted about the bit of Bristol board which the painter holds lightly in his left hand—each representing a different expression. As the sitter, encouraged to animation by the artist's talk, flits unconsciously from one topic of conversation to another, and from one expression to another, the draughtsman follows him about the page, touching here, retouching there, adding first to one and then to another—for all the world like Mr. Maskelyne as he keeps a dozen plates a-dancing on a table. So we have Sir Henry Irving listening, Sir Henry smiling, Sir Henry lifting his eyebrows, lowering his chin, darting a keen glance from under the bushy brow, frowning, laughing, yawning (was Mr. Menpes still talking, I wonder?)—each sketch worked up as the willing victim passed and re-passed from mood to mood. Then the artist, having treated his sitter as Landseer used to deal with his dumb models, selects the most characteristic and favourable of his collected

sketches, and from that he works up a carefully elaborated study, when the final picture is blocked in and then finished from life so that more action and more life may be obtained, each feature being studied separately. It is a complicated and an unusual method, this; but every man must adopt that best suited to his temperament, and for Mr. Menpes it must be said that he does not spare himself.

An example may be quoted of a particular



SIR HENRY IRVING.

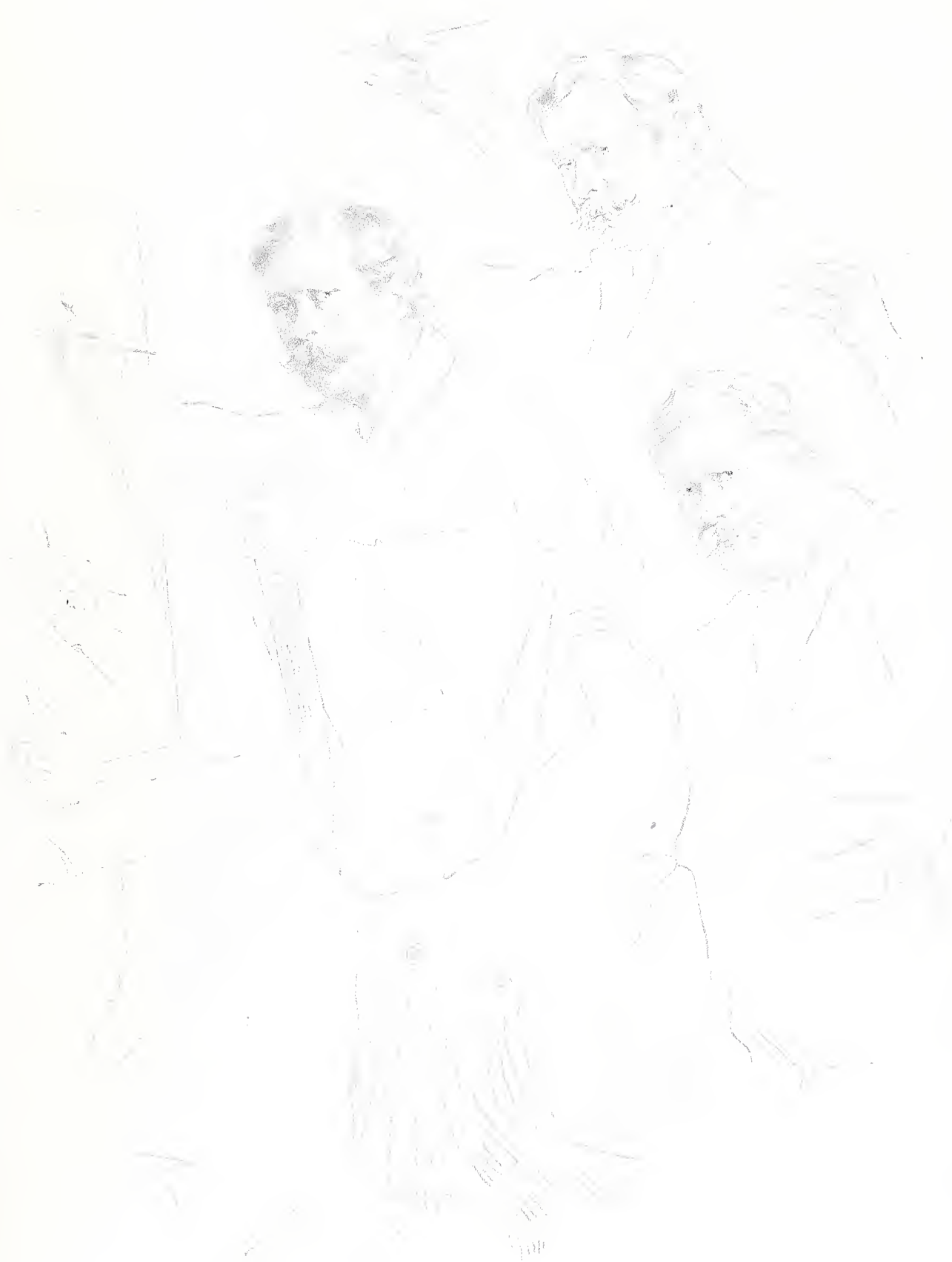


RT. HON. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P.



RT. HON. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P.

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MORTIMER MENPES.

Sketched by Himself.

sitter, of whom a couple of rapid yet life-like sketches here appear. Mr. Arthur Balfour after entering the studio fell into a chair naturally, without the suggestion of a set pose, while Mr. Menpes moved around so as to get the best line, together with the best decorative arrangement—a sort of artistic stalking of the quarry. With Mr. Balfour, as most men know, expression is everything; so long as he is talking or listening, usually twisting his glasses the while, his face is full of character; but as soon as he is at rest or bored, he is a changed man. In the present instance a lady—a friend of the statesman and of the artist—was present and stimulated the flow of conversation, and the result upon the two men was what was hoped: the statesman was animated, and the painter jubilant.

According to the character of the sitter's head the artist selects the method whenever the choice is left to him, and already he has executed portraits in oil and water-colour, in miniature, etching (in black and in colours), black-and-white, and pencil-point or stump. In the case of an oil-colour Mr. Menpes first makes his study, on panel or canvas,

in monochrome—a mere film of transparent colour, in order to “learn” the picture. He uses no white. Then, eschewing turpentine and petroleum, he mixes enough of Blockx's colours with simple poppy-oil, which is the best medium, and leaves the colours exposed to the air for two or three days before use, so that they may obtain the right consistency. By these means, a touch placed upon another will remain crisp, and not oily; the colour does not dry too quickly, and will never crack. There is thus a great gain of brilliancy, and as Blockx's amber varnish is a slow drier and does not crack, but remains over the picture like a sheet of glass, the efficacy of the process for such a climate as that of England is sufficiently obvious. There exists, no doubt, in some quarters, an objection to varnish; but in small

pictures brilliancy is a necessity. In large canvases, where considerable surfaces are covered with rich colour, the need of varnish is not felt; but in panels of small size it is indispensable.

The highly-finished pencil drawings are extremely delicate or simply vigorous: the command of the point is absolute, and the “lost” lines very suggestive. The artist works with a very soft pencil and plays delicately on the paper, as with a hard lead the surface is apt to be lost. For studies an ordinary paper is used—whether Bristol board or rough transfer paper

which will break up the lines into spots, and give them a quality not otherwise obtainable. For the final work Mr. Menpes uses old Dutch papers or Whatman a hundred years old—of which he possesses perhaps the finest collection in the country. Or else he employs a modern very thin paper which, when it is mounted, allows the white of the Bristol board to shine through, or which permits the artist to work in colour upon the back, in the manner of Downman. When, however, he draws on the panel for subsequent painting in oil—which he does with great elaboration so as to avoid

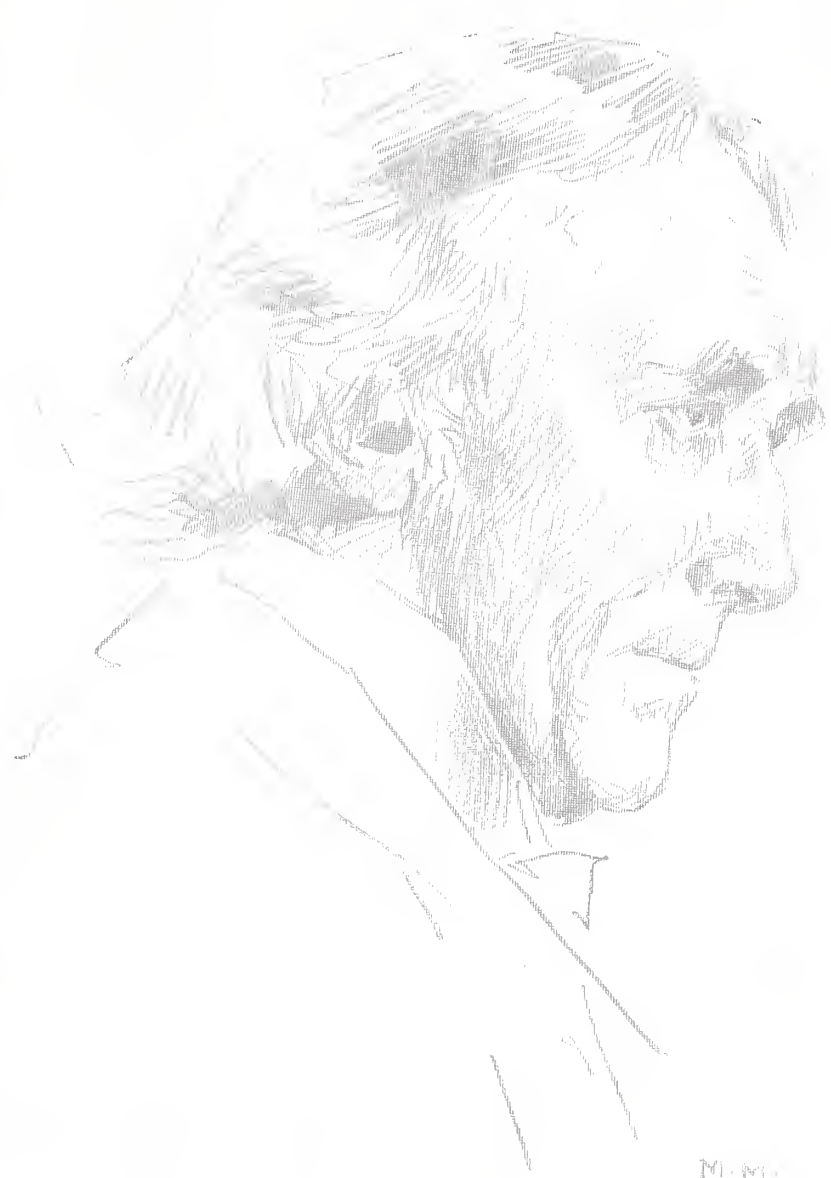


MISS BARBARA JOHNSON.

degeneration into “sloppy” work—he uses the hardest pencil made—the H H H H H H: that which Sir John Tenniel employs for drawing his *Punch* cartoons upon the wood.

With the pencil-point the artist often mixes the stump, which, however, is an extremely dangerous tool if injudiciously handled. If soft pencil be used stump-work can be kept loose and open and pearly; but unless the whole be drawn in stump (as in the portrait on p. 101), it should be only used to bring—one might almost say, to caress—the lines together as in the portrait of Miss Barbara Johnson on this page.

In the water-colour portraits, Mr. Menpes employs transparent colour on dry paper for small work, for the sake of the crispness obtainable by this method. But in the case of large heads, the drawing is made on wet paper



M. M. C.
-1898-

and body colour is used—like tempera laid on with hog brushes. It need hardly be said that for this work the careful sizing of the paper is a matter of the first importance.

The etching of portraits on a smallish scale



SECOND SKETCH.

is almost to be regarded as a revival, as it is now some years since M. Alphonse Legros made his series of serious etched portraits from life, and few artists of ability besides Mr. Strang have since adopted this method. Mr. Menpes has been at work upon etched portraits, printed both in black, in the classical way, and in colours—with the truth of local colour of which he has proved his system to be capable. In the former case he has produced black, rich pictures; himself of course printing the plates, which are destroyed after the limited number stipulated for have been struck off. Drypoint is regarded by the artist as a relatively primitive process; but the effect of the needle upon ivory is extremely charming. Of course, in this case the “plate” is the picture and there is no printing.

Finally, Mr. Menpes has executed a number of portraits in lithography, employing the novel transfer paper, which Mr. Goulding invented a few years ago, and which was thought likely to revive the appreciation of the public for the beauties of this process when artistically and intelligently employed. Many of our better-known artists have experimented with the method, and every hope

that benefit may result from the essay is not yet lost.

It will be seen, therefore, that, as I implied at



FIRST SKETCH.

the beginning, Mr. Mortimer Menpes is a man of striking resource. Energetic and full of enthusiasm for his art, he has long since escaped from the fatal attraction of the vortex down which so many promising artists have been snaked, who, delighted with the rapidity with which they



M. H. SPIELMANN ESQ.

were spinning round and round, mistook the swift movement for straight progression. But this is nothing new. It has long been the habit of the clever *gamins* of the art-world to turn cartwheels beside the coach of art, and then fancy that it was art that was in the state of revolution. These are the men who try to enter the Royal Academy, and when they are rejected denounce it as an institution unfit for artistic consideration: these are they who, when their pictures are refused admission to its exhibitions, advertise



MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER.

in the public Press that they have had "the honour of rejection." Mr. Menpes is none of these. He has turned to portraiture as the severest schooling through which a man can pass—for he, obviously, cannot agree with the foolish tenet of certain lights among the associates of his early days, that the features in a portrait are merely "an incident." His work is serious, honest, and earnest, implying sustained effort and severe self-restraint, so that the success of the present is of such a sort as to merit, and haply to ensure, the success of the future.

IS PHOTOGRAPHY AMONG THE FINE ARTS? A SYMPOSIUM.

I. BY ROBERT DE LA SIZERANNE.

THIS question is the outcome of circumstances. For some years we have seen in most great cities, and especially in Paris, a number of exhibitions designated as "Exhibitions of Photographic Art." Periodicals also deal with this "Art," and ere now tribunals have been called upon to decide whether certain photographs taken in the Vatican, for instance, were to be classed and pay duty as works of art. Finally, in exhibitions of black-and-white, hitherto exclusively confined to drawings in pencil, wash, charcoal, etc., the new intruder Photography has tried to find a place. It is necessary, therefore, in the interests of true art to put the question plainly and answer it dispassionately.

In the first place, to put it plainly, the point in question is not whether photography is the *same* art as painting, or sculpture, or music, or landscape gardening. Is it an art at all? If it is to be compared to any other form of art it can only be to drawing, etching, chalk, or charcoal drawing. Again, we are not called upon to say whether it is "high art," fitted to stir such emotions as

may arise before an etching by Rembrandt, or a drawing by Raphael, for we give the name of "work of art" to many things which produce no such effect. Besides high art we recognise the art that is merely pleasing, suggestive of familiar facts or the smaller beauties of Nature, the art of daily life. This, indeed, is not the art of Michael Angelo or Velasquez; still, it is art. When Ruskin wrote, "All great Art is Praise," he gave utterance to a very true thought; but we have only to omit the word "great" and say "All Art is Praise" to turn his dictum into nonsense, for it is hard to discover the "praise" in a picture by Terburg or Teniers. Hence it would be absurd to ask, "Is Photography a *great* Art?" or even "Can Photography fulfil the same ends as painting?" or again, as has been asked, "Can Photography destroy Art?" But there is no absurdity in asking "Has Photography any qualities worthy of comparison, worthy to compete, with other processes for the artistic use of black-and-white? Are its methods so far ductile and manageable that an artist may interpose and



MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER IN "ONE SUMMER'S DAY."

By Mortimer Menpes.

impress his individuality on a photographic pre-
sentment; in short, produce—and not merely re-
produce—the subject photographed? In fact, is
there any sufficient reason why an artist should
not avail himself of photography as a means to
art, in the place of those other methods of black-
and-white which have yielded so many master-
pieces?" These are the exact points to be cleared
up, and the subject of this article. All else is
beside the question, mere waste of
rhetoric and argument.

I who pen these lines have no bias
in favour of photography. I have
never hidden my head under a black
cloth; never in my life clasped a kodak
to my heart. Since I reached man's
estate I have never sat to a photo-
grapher, for I have always begun by
fierce discussions with the practitioner
as to attitude and lighting, invariably
ending in a rupture between us. Finally,
no less than six years ago, I raised an
energetic protest* against the pretensions
of the chrono-photographer, who, like
Mr. Muybridge and M. Marey, wanted to
teach artists how a horse trots or a bird
flies. It would be hard to find any
writer less disposed to hold a brief for
photography.

At the same time, when new facts
throw fresh light on any discussion, old
arguments must be strictly revised, if
not altogether discarded. And it is be-
yond dispute that a *new fact* has arisen
in photography. At the Paris Photo-
Club, for instance, among hundreds of
commonplace pictures we have met
with a few which had all the quality
of etchings, red chalk or charcoal
drawings, inferior in some respects,
but superior in others. They were the
work of various Englishmen—Mr. Craig
Annan, Mr. Maskell, and Mr. Horsley
Hinton among others; of two French-
men, M. Demachy and M. Puyo; and
of some Germans and Austrians, Messieurs
Kühn, Watzek, and Henneberg. In front
of these photographs an uninformed
spectator would exclaim, "Ah! red chalk!"
or, "A charcoal study!" Typogravure,
unfortunately, cannot reproduce such
examples as these; only heliogravure
could give an idea of them. So I make
bold to refer such readers as wish for
further evidence, to a recent book, which
contains seven such plates from the
photographs of Messieurs Craig Annan,
Maskell, Demachy, Puyo, and Kühn.† Many of

* *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Février 15, 1893.

† *La Photographie est elle un Art?* One vol., quarto.
With 40 illustrations. Hachette and Co. 1899.

these gentlemen, as members of the "Linked
Ring," or elsewhere, had exhibited similar
examples, and the pronouncement of the
impartial public was, "They are like works
of art!"

How is such work done? How can a
senseless machine produce representations
in which we feel the express intention of
bringing out certain features, and
suppressing others; in which we discern
a scheme of synthetical lighting, and
clearly



IN THE GARDEN.

From a Photograph by R. Demachy.

perceive a human mind at work in the
composition of the lines, nay—the very
mood, cheerful or sad, enthusiastic or
half-disdainful, of the operator who
has touched the spring?

Well, in point of fact, the machine
did not do the work *all alone*; no more
all alone than charcoal, chalk, or Indian
ink work alone. Three times has the
photographer intervened in the process,
and impressed his personality so strongly
on the operation that the result is
completely transfigured.

He intervened: First, in the choice
of the subject and the grouping of the
figures. When Aligned, Bertin, and
Corot went out together to

paint a landscape from Nature it was Bertin so Corot was wont to say, who best knew where to

best, and whence the general effect was most suggestive.

When figures are introduced skill consists in placing them well, that is to say, in grouping, animating, and directing them. Can this be called nothing? I defy any art-critic to say that it is nothing, since I am certain beforehand of finding among their writings many passages wholly devoted to the consideration of the manner in which the artist has apprehended his subject, distributed his figures, and selected their gestures and attitudes.

Secondly, in developing the negative. When the glass plate, on which lies the latent image of the object photographed, is placed in the liquid which will reveal it, the photographer is not a mere passive promoter of the process. Just as he selected from Nature the time, the hour, and the effect, he can choose for developing the plate from a certain scale of tones. By modifying the chemical composition of the liquid he can get a harder or a softer image, in which light and shade appear in violent contrast, or, on the contrary, in the subtlest gradation. He can even bring out one part of the negative more strongly than another—the sky, for instance, darker than the landscape—and thus systematically alter the relative values in the image. He influenced Nature by selecting his composition; he influences the negative in the course of its development; but, above all, he will influence the picture.

Thirdly, while printing it. Here the direct intervention of the photographer is so predominant, especially when he employs the gum-bichromate process, that the old-fashioned process of photography is no longer recognisable. It is well known that the paper used in printing photographs is of three kinds: (1) White papers, such as albuminised papers, which darken on exposure to the light. With these hand-work has little to do. (2) Bromide papers, which are at first feebly developed in a bath and then intensified in places with a brush dipped in a stronger developing fluid. (3) The carbon and gum-bichromate process, for which the paper is



A DECORATIVE PANEL.
From a Photograph by C. Puyo

seat himself; that it is to say, who discerned the precise point of view where the lines composed

stronger developing fluid. (3) The carbon and gum-bichromate process, for which the paper is

tinted to Vandyke brown, for instance, or burnt sienna. After exposure to light under the negative it remains uniform, no image being visible. To develop the image it must be gently and carefully washed in cold, warm, or hot water, or delicately brushed over with a camel's-hair brush; this removes all the colour from the parts unaffected by the sunlight. Thus more or less colour may be washed out at will; the sheet of paper is laid, wet, on a board, and the operator practically washes out the picture with clean water in the Vandyke brown surface, as he might wash-in a sketch with Indian ink. He works over it for an hour, for two hours; perhaps it is a failure and he throws it away. He begins on another, and fails again. He takes a third. At last he hits on the right touch, the exact degree of tone. He has worked all this time in the spirit in which a water-colour painter works with his washes and touches. The picture is a success. And it so truly reflects an individual mind that in these days we no more mistake a photograph by M. Demachy for one by M. Le Bègue than we should fail to distinguish a drawing by Burne-Jones from one by Leighton.

Now, do you still term this photography? I know not; but, for my part, I see in this the *homo additus naturæ—et machinæ*; and if the result is artistic I cannot but admit that the process is an art.

Still, it is not under any circumstances an art superior to the other methods of black-and-white. Though an artist may impress his

individuality on the gum-bichromate process, he cannot do so with such cogent effect as when he simply uses a stick of charcoal or a wash of Indian ink.

Why, then, should he employ this method in preference to the simpler vehicles with which Ingres and Rembrandt achieved such fine results? Admitting that in some cases, and in some hands, photography becomes an art, is it not a very unnecessary one?

No; I, for my part, do not think that a new method should be scorned merely because it is more technical and more complicated than others, nor even because it gives less trouble. We ought not to scout the facilities afforded by scientific discovery. Art will always be hard enough! It would be absurd to prohibit the use of tinted paper for drawing on, drab, grey, or blue, only because it provides a ready-made middle-tint. Equally ridiculous is it to forbid the use of the stump in drawing with chalk, just because it facilitates the production of soft gradations, *dolce e sfumose*, as Leonardo would say. Consequently, if the lens enables us to seize some graceful movement as brief as a flash of lightning, some exquisite but fugitive effect of light as transient as a falling star, or a myriad leaves in a forest, why refuse to accept it among the methods of art?

So long as man could set no stamp of mind or individuality on the picture we were fully justified in answering "No" to the question at the head of this article; but now it is wiser to wait and watch events, and to say meanwhile, "It may be."

PROFESSOR HUBERT HERKOMER AS A PAINTER IN ENAMELS.

I.—THE SHIELD.

BY THE EDITOR. ILLUSTRATED WITH STUDIES BY THE ARTIST.

THERE is a belief abroad that the art of painting in enamels—as it was practised by the artists of Limoges—is "lost." In reality, it is nothing of the kind. The early methods are fairly well known to many, perfectly well known to a few, and in one case, at least—that of Professor Herkomer—it has now been legitimately carried to a point far beyond that at which the great enamellers of old felt, or thought they felt, that they could proceed no further.

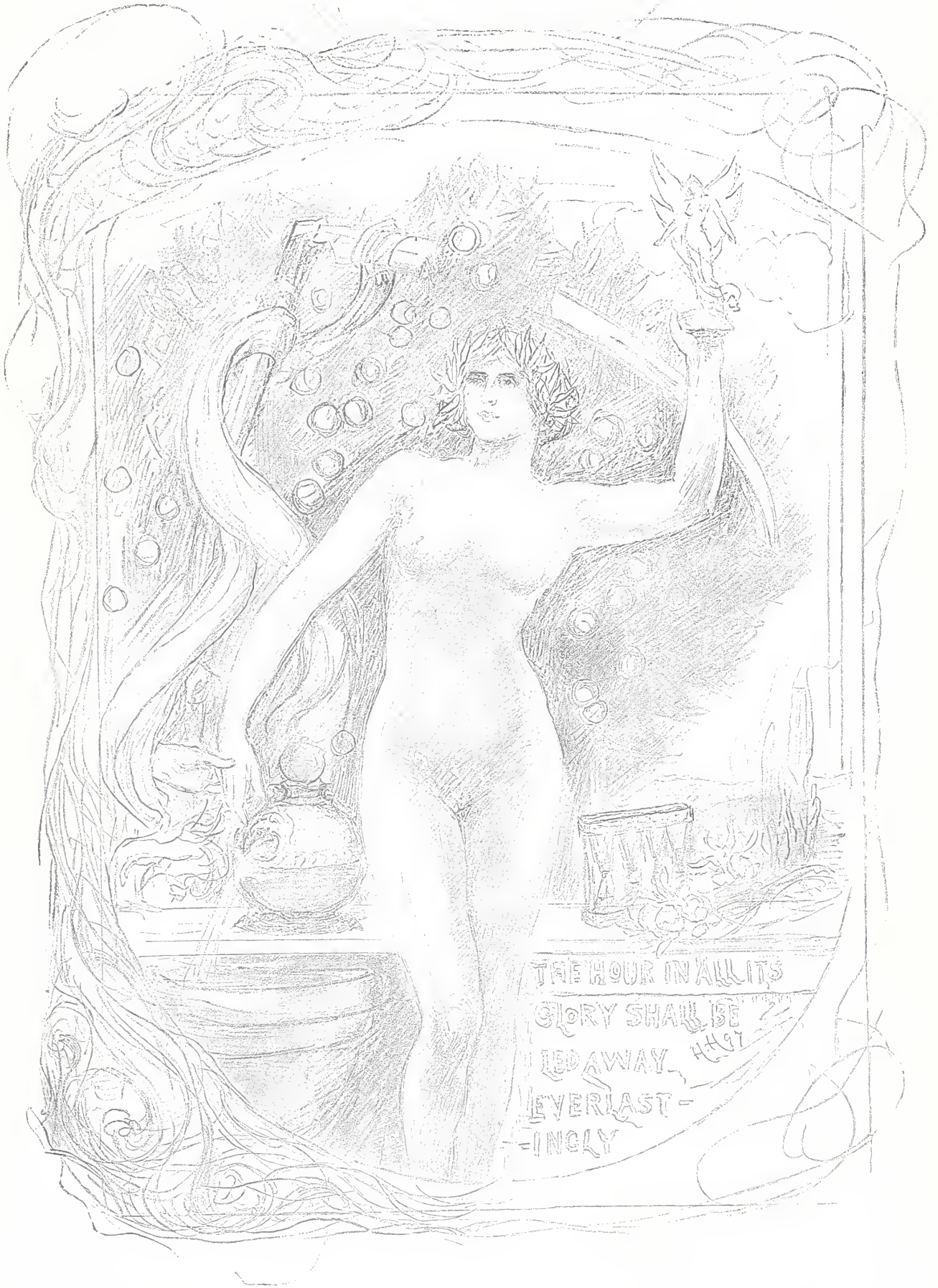
By "enamel" I do not here mean that exquisite degeneration to which the over-refinement of French taste has brought the art as it is esteemed at the present day. The best practitioners are undoubtedly in France, and the best of them, almost as undoubtedly, is M. Grandhomme. But one and all these—so far

as can be discovered—have adopted the art from the point of the old limitations; and in spite of the dexterity with which they handle it, have in no way advanced it in a purely artistic sense.

Now, the laboriously elaborated method whereby Professor Herkomer has, after a careful apprenticeship and intensely-concentrated attention on this wonderful art, produced the superb shield which is the primary motive of the present article, is in great measure to ignore the character of past work—looking upon the material as an unequalled "palette," and producing flesh-painting according to the painter's vision. I shall deal fully with the technique a little later on, but it may briefly be stated that his method is to put transparent enamel on the white under-painting—that is, to tint



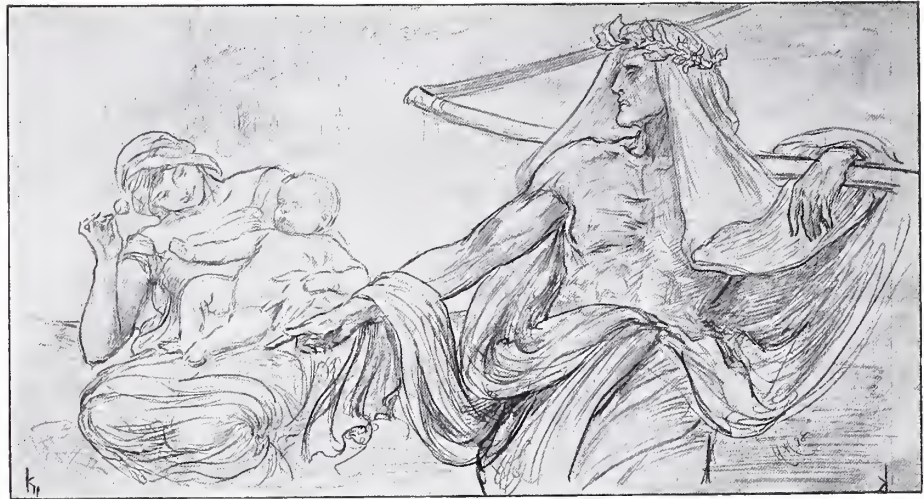
SILVER AND ENAMEL SHIELD "THE TRIUMPH OF THE HOUR."
By Professor Herkimer, R.A.



FIRST SKETCH FOR THE ENAMEL "THE HOUR IN ALL ITS GLORY SHALL BE LED AWAY EVERLASTINGLY."

By Professor Herkimer, R.A.

a black - and - white ground, commonly known as "grisaille," and so to obtain beauty of colour without the tinsel, while the light falls on the objects, and not through them. He does not, of course, eschew translucent effects where such are useful and logical; but they are rejected, upon principle, as a general and unjustifiable scheme.



"LOVE SHALL SUFFER."

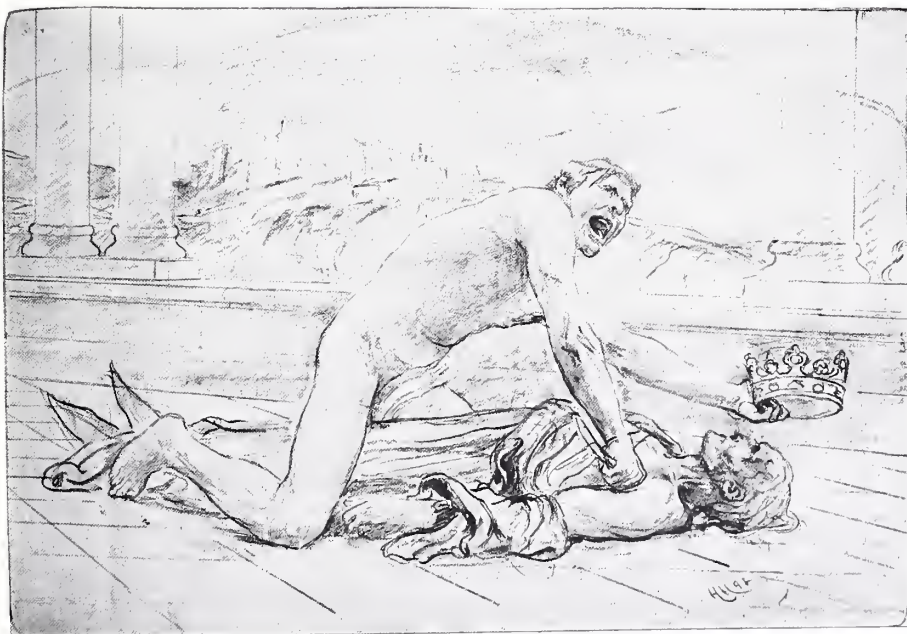
THE SHIELD.

This enormous jewel—for such it may be considered—is not less than seven feet in width; and not only does it demonstrate the artist's ability as a decorator of high development, but it also crystallises certain of his reflections on life. These views are broadly simple, almost archaically poetical—and seem, indeed, to illustrate Tolstoi's argument, that the sincerest and the truest art must inevitably come from the educated, intelligent peasant. Such is Herkomer—the Bavarian peasant, lover of the soil and of all those who spring from it; unspoiled by the over-refinement of the city-born; saying what he thinks, whether for good or evil; laying bare his heart and its private emotions in a manner often misunderstood by more

reticent Englishmen; a man who, not literary by temperament, has force of character, real originality (even though others may have done and thought the same things before), vigour of imagination, and a genius for practical manipulation and execution. In this shield we find united the best he has to give of artistry, craftsmanship, and emotional thought; and the result of these qualities is a work that is, and must remain, one of the great achievements of his life—presenting, in imperishable material, design, colour, draughtsmanship, and symbolic arrangement, by which he must be content in the distant future to be judged. Of the general effect the reader may form some notion by the illustration here given, and of the design of the enamels by the original pencil-studies made for them, which, by the courtesy of the artist, are here also reproduced.

The subject of the shield is "THE TRIUMPH OF THE HOUR," and the enamels show each separate phase of the whole conception, while the silver setting carries it on and, so to speak, rounds it off. Let us now proceed to examine the subjects of these enamels.

(1) The centre plate is entitled—"The Hour in all its Glory shall be led away Everlastingly." The passing of Time—more particularly



"THE LOWEST SHALL DESTROY THE HIGHEST."



"THE MISTAKEN SHALL FAIL."

indicated by the scythe and hour-glass—is pictured in a very opulent picture, opulent alike in colour and arrangement. We see the fulness of the hour illustrated by the fruition of the orange-tree, while its perpetual change is indicated by the running water, and the lovely type of humanity is being led away by the mysterious hand of a hidden power that knows no resistance.

(2) On the left-hand side is "The Lowest shall destroy the Highest," typified by the howling destroyer of all that is best—by the creature of brutal instincts, he who is guilty not of personal violence alone, but who, out of malignant mischief, seeks to undo the work of the constructive statesman and philosopher.

(3) In "The Greatest shall touch the Least" the highest and purest lady in the land tenderly raises her fallen sister—"fallen" not so much as the outcome of special sin, as the victim of the general frailty of her sex.

(4) "Love shall Suffer" appears twice. In the first, the legend upon the dial—"Heu! querimus umbram"—gives the clue to whom would seek the artist's definite meaning here. For myself, I read in this beautiful, if somewhat cryptic, picture the contest in which love suffers, between

the preponderance in these two symbolic figures respectively, that is to say, of animal and spiritual emotion.

(5) "Love shall Suffer," in its second aspect, illustrates once more how Time may bring the highest joy to the mother—the purest of all happiness—and even at the moment of the most radiant delight gives no hint of the danger that is ever present.

(6) "The Despairing shall become Blind"—which is to say, that

through hopelessness humanity is led to the brink of destruction. The reason and the perceptive faculties may be dimmed and blurred and blinded, and the victim only saved by lack of opportunity. There is, in the attitude of the figure as she turns away from the chasm—that is to say, from the terrible opportunity—the suggestion that the blindness may pass away and clearness of vision return.

We now turn to the right-hand portion of the shield.

(7) "Faith shall engender Hope"—for without faith, of whatever kind, and fixed on whatever ideal, hope cannot be; and the world without hope is plunged into darkness. Man is here linked with Nature—the purest, gentlest, and humblest life—and the type of such is the Shepherd.



"THE HOUR SHALL BE RECORDED."



"THE RAISED SHALL TOUCH THE FALLEN."



"THE GREATEST SHALL TOUCH THE LEAST."

(8) "The Mistaken shall Fail" illustrates the folly of man in imagining that the anger and justice of God can be appeased, propitiated, or avoided by human sacrifice—or any other form of sacrifice more civilised but not more sane in its essence. Such a superstition, for example, in the artist's mind, is the cruel one



"LOVE SHALL SUFFER."

of "sacerdotal ostracism," which is but a modern refinement of the human sacrifice of the savage. The picture thus touches upon one of the saddest and most terrible errors in the history of the development of man.

(9) "There shall ever be the Unknowable"—which man in his pride will not admit, as he painfully struggles up the heights of scientific philosophy. He forces himself up and up until, at last, his head rises into the very mists of the unsolvable, and yet ever finds that, between him and the sphinx of Mystery who sits so calmly in her inaccessibility, there yawns the unpassable and unfathomable abyss of the Unknowable.

(10) "The Raised shall touch the Fallen." The man who raises up his fellow-man is only great when he extends his hand and touches his poor brother in love and affection. The "Fallen" here are those whom the curse of

here lity in all its fearful phases—in disease and mental ill-balance—has smitten down.

(11) In "The Hour shall be Recorded" we have the poetry of the "Passing." Knowing nothing of Death, we, who live on, speak of those who have passed up beyond our knowledge. Such speech, the artist would have us know, is music; at all events, that history is the music of Time.

All these enamels, together with the circular "bubbles" of the same material (which are supposed to illustrate the brief reign of the brilliant Hours), are framed in the great silver setting which constitutes the shield. The general design of it signifies the fierce unrest of flowing Time, in continuation of the idea of mutability that inspires the pictures themselves. The allegory is followed out here as well. The two bound figures personify the



"THE DESPAIRING SHALL BECOME BLIND."

Divine law by which man is bound—the law that exists without our sanction and that is



"THERE SHALL EVER BE THE UNKNOWNABLE."

beyond our control; the outspread wings above denote power, while on the centre frame they are folded. On either side are the enforcing, resistless, yet pitying spirits that carry out this ordained law; and, below, is Time. "The Old shall ever ring in the New" peals the bell announcing the new birth—the Child. This, the artist would have us remember, is the most wondrous fact of creation—that within the protoplasm that is the essence of human life there is arbitrarily implanted Greatness on the one hand or Criminality on the other. And, moreover, he would remind us that in the joy of each new birth is buried the sorrow for the departed which it replaces, just as the new life springs from the soil through the sad carpet of the last autumn's leaves.

This metal shield was originally modelled in wax and deposited in sections in copper. The surface was then worked over, filed, and polished where necessary, and, when put together, electro-silvered. The centre frame in which the key enamel, so to call it, is set, is also of copper deposit, electro-gilt. The two floating figures were deposited in pure silver from a modelled surface. The dark frames that hold the subjects in place are in silver; they fit naturally, alike in the uneven surface of the enamel and in the thin openings of the plaque.

Such is the description of this remarkable and beautiful work, which, for novelty and for importance in its own way, is unprecedented in this country. Not only in sympathetic range of thought and conception is it unique, not only in arrangement, but, what is of more interest to us for the moment, in the artistic excellence of the paintings themselves. To what has hitherto been considered the limited art of the enameller, Professor Herkomer has brought the whole range of his painter's knowledge and experience—a knowledge governing in its scope the pictorial arts, with their methods and processes. To this equipment, which includes the skilled craftsmanship of the workman, the artist has been quick to add modern advantages—for never had the chemist so many beautiful colours as



"FAITH SHALL ENGENDER HOPE."

now. The little bottles full of ground up greyish-looking powder—each firing into a different colour—offer the whole gamut at the

command of the palette, and, in the hands of a practised figure-painter, allow of the rendering of local colour—whether of flesh or what not—as realistically or idealistically as the artist may please, and that without loss of the decorative quality which cannot, fortunately, be eliminated from this material.

Professor Herkomer has not only conquered a difficult and complicated craft, he has succeeded beyond any other enameller, ancient or modern, that I know of, in modelling flesh and preserving every gradation of tint, with absolute truth and with absolute certainty and success. It requires such a temperament as his; for infinite patience, ingenuity, closeness of observation, and quick decision are essential qualifications, and perfunctoriness of any sort at any stage is absolutely fatal to fine work. His main improvement seems to be in the rendering of

the flesh-tones and the modelling of the forms. Otherwise, the method appears in the main identical with that of the few French art-craftsmen who produce “substantial” enamels, but wholly dissimilar in respect to *treatment*, with which a servile race of enamellers of the “biscuit-box” order have pandered to a degraded taste for the finicky, the superficial, and the “exquisitely pretty.” It is Professor Herkomer’s superlative merit that quality of colour and atmosphere are aimed at and nearly always obtained, so that instead of making indulgences for the unavoidable limitations of an art supposed to be only capable of conventional suggestion, we find ourselves admiring works that aspire to as much completeness as a picture, and that are proved to spring from a material which, in capable hands, is not less pliable and faithful as oil- or water-colour itself.

MR. JOHN S. SARGENT AS A PORTRAIT-PAINTER.

BY MARION HEPWORTH DIXON.



THE first blush, it would seem difficult to explain why the quality we call talent is so easy to estimate, while genius, for the most part, refuses to be ticketed or tabulated. I am speaking, of course, of the case of the living craftsman. The dead, as

we know, have a sphere of their own in the common judgment of the world, and are approached more or less through the medium of their own atmosphere. The living artist has continually to combat the prejudices of his time. The very newness of his vision, the directness of his method, prove but a source of irritation and bewilderment to dull audiences. Nor are such prejudices easy to controvert or gainsay. An opinion on such matters—even the crassest and most perverted—may have taken centuries to formulate. Art, it must be remembered, is but a symbol; and by what means can “the man in the street” understand its significance if the very signs and signals hitherto agreed upon are ruthlessly altered by the innovator? This obvious truth probably explains the mystery of Mr. Whistler’s occasional difficulty in communicating with his public; it explains the little-creditable attitude of the world of Paris in the case of Mr. John Sargent’s famous portrait of Mme. Gauthereau.

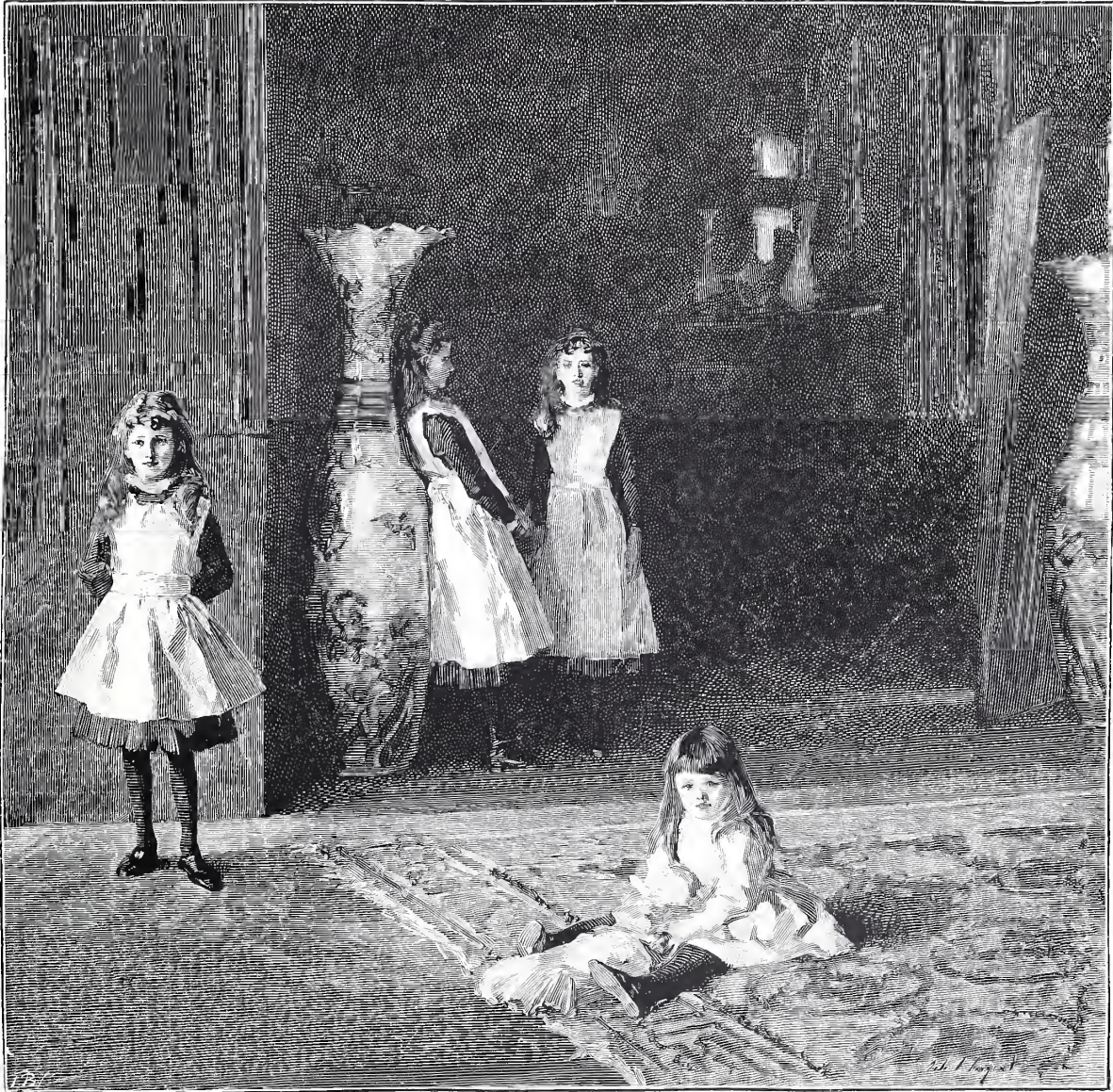
Now, the mention of this passionately-discussed canvas brings to mind a certain critical, an almost

disdainful bias commonly ascribed to Mr. Sargent. There is a story current, and may be taken for just what such stories are worth, that few sitters leave the well-known studio in Tite Street without a feeling of resentment against their portrayer. The statement, made in all probability by the artist himself, is just one of those jests which contain a fraction of the truth. There are critics, for instance—critics, moreover, of a nice understanding in matters more immediately discernible—who see a positively hostile quality in Mr. John S. Sargent’s outlook on men and things. I think it was Mr. D. S. MacColl who recently averred that he found something “cold and accusing” in the eye of the American painter.

To such a critic, then, as well as to a host of people who know little about the matter, Mr. Sargent’s portraits would seem to suggest more a criticism than an appreciation. The painter, in a word, is roundly accused of envisaging his model as from a vast height, and employing in his rendering of an object analytical qualities rather than any other. The sitter is at once a problem and a “subject,” a subject out of whom the artist must needs wring the most vital confessions. Not that there is anything intrusive or familiar in Mr. Sargent’s pictorial intimacies. Quite obviously, his attitude is cool. It is discretion itself. One might say it was Olympian in its detachment. As a matter of fact, the artist’s eye, though so alert, is tempered by a curiously sobered judgment. The hand, so audaciously dexterous at moments, is

restrained by the nice eclecticism of the stylist. To make a somewhat ungainly comparison, it might be said that Mr. Sargent makes a point of taking up and digesting his matter before he writes it down on canvas, the process of

flattering version by the merest mediocrity, the first popular painter that comes to hand. It will probably be urged that Beauty is the test of what is vital and permanent in portraiture. But we have merely to conjure up the name



PORTRAITS OF CHILDREN.

Reprinted from "The Magazine of Art," 1883.

digesting being indispensable to a craftsman who will set down nothing but what is vital and essential to the immediate task before him.

Do such methods count, we may ask ourselves, or do they not count, for righteousness? It is true that the answer may be difficult to come by without asking a still further question—the question, what is the primary business of the portrait-painter? A faithful rendering, it is obvious, can be obtained in a photograph, a

of any really great portrait-painter—take, say, Holbein or Velasquez at a venture—and it is at once patent that the Beauty-test (beauty, that is to say, conventionally considered) cannot be relied on. If the end and aim of portraiture were merely to please by prettiness, we should lack the canvases that immortalise Philip IV of Spain, and Rembrandt would have had to select other subjects than his "Rabbi" and his "Old Woman." If conventional beauty were a test



THE MISSES VICKERS.

Reprinted from "The Magazine of Art," 1885

at all, we should hasten to acclaim M. Carolus-Duran's recent attempt to render the Countess of Warwick; and, in thinking of Millais, we should recall his "Mrs. Samuel Beddington" and his "Duchess of Westminster," rather than such a masterpiece as his "Mrs. Perugini."

Quite clearly, then, the object of the greatest painters has not been to please by presenting us with objects of conventional beauty. Their aim has been to portray character, and the beauty they have evoked has come by reason of their penetrating analysis. To create a type, a permanent type, by the nervous—I had almost said the impassioned—rendering of a living type: this surely has been the endeavour of the Great Masters; and that the result was also a study in tone, an essay in lighting, and a score of other things besides, merely means that such portraits were painted by painters—painters who delighted in their craft and who revelled in the surprise and mystery of handled pigments.

Now, the case of the Masters is the case of Mr. Sargent, if I may venture to place a still youthful Academician in line with his spiritual forebears. But, in truth, he seems to have kept resolutely in touch with them from the very first.

To begin with, in 1856 he was born in Florence—a circumstance so congruous that we must almost feel grateful to his American parents for their timely foresight in the matter. For an original, sensitive child to have grown up in the Tuscan city was clearly a discipline in itself—a certain sense of austere beauty, the beauty latent in the city of his birth, being found in the most audacious of Mr. Sargent's early canvases. It was, indeed, in some sort as a disciple of Botticelli and a devout lover of Titian and Tintoretto that the boy of nineteen turned his face in the direction of Paris and knocked at the doors of Carolus-Duran's studio on the Boulevard du Montparnasse. Looking back, one finds oneself wondering what such a student had to learn from such a master, so immediate was the development and so brilliant the accomplishment of the new-comer. What he learnt is to be seen in the portrait of the *patron* himself—a portrait something too exclusively Gallic in its mannerisms, but a work, at the same time, so full of dexterity, dash, and character as to be fairly astonishing in a lad of barely twenty-two. As a matter of fact, it was a *tour de force* such as might have emanated from the French painter's own studio. But once having arrived at a knowledge of his powers, having proved his technical abilities, it is small wonder that Mr. Sargent found himself longing to sniff the outer air. A sense of stuffiness and stagnation may be no necessary part of the atmosphere

of Montparnasse, but it is possible, all the same, for an energetic and expanding young painter to require more space to breathe. It is true that a Frenchman, under such circumstances, requires incredible courage to pack his valise. To the cosmopolitan, a journey means little more than the effort of getting into a train. Now, the train Mr. Sargent was at business to take carried him into Castile, and in the ample spaces of the Prado the young man found room enough even for his stature.

At the same time, it is easy to exaggerate Mr. Sargent's indebtedness to Velasquez. His debt, I take it, is chiefly that of acquiring a certain sobriety and dignity. I am not forgetting that Mr. Henry James has amused himself by conjuring up an ineffaceable picture of his brilliant compatriot, exhibiting him more or less supine before the great master. It is a picture, it will be remembered, in which the young impressionist is seen awaiting the supreme revelation in the museum of Madrid, and awaiting the revelation on his knees. Well, I will concede that the "Portrait of a Young Lady"—a young lady dressed in black satin and holding a single flower in the upraised hand—which was exhibited in 1881, may have been painted in some such posture. It is delicate and stimulating enough, at any rate, to have been directly inspired by the master.

This delightful work, I should not forget to say, was preceded in the Salon by the little picture called "En route pour la Pêche," by the "Carolus-Duran"—awarded an honourable mention—by the portrait of the wife of M. Pailleron, a further picture of the Pailleron children, and the famous canvas "Smoke of Ambergris." In 1881 Mr. Sargent was already *hors concours*. A year later, on his return from Spain, when that astounding piece of realism called "El Jaleo" had finally arrested an astonished Parisian public, we find the artist moving from his studio in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs to a larger one on the Boulevard Berthier. It was here, if I mistake not, that he painted the picture which was, in a sense, to make his fortune. The large canvas called simply "Portraits of Children," but which is often, for purposes of identification, referred to as "The Hall of the Four Children," does, in fact, represent a rich, shadowy ante-chamber, where tall screens and monster Japanese vases mirror themselves in the vast face of a shining floor. Four slim-legged, white-pinafoored children group themselves with naïve spontaneity about this happy interior; they are seen, that is to say, as if caught unconsciously at play, the absolute unconventionality of their attitudes, added to a certain distinction of lighting, constituting one of the picture's chief and foremost merits.



MRS. ASHER WERTHEIMER.

From the Painting by John S. Sargent, P.A. By Permission of Asher Wertheimer, Esq.



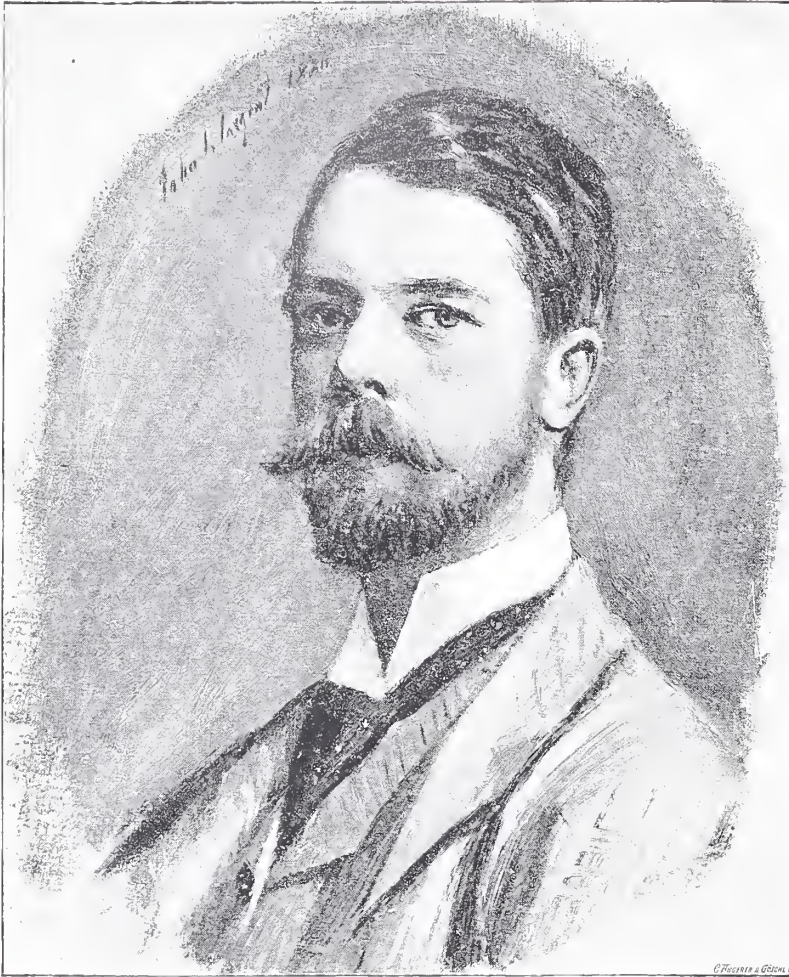
ASHER WERTHEIMER, ESQ.

From the Painting by John S. Sargent, R.A. By Permission of Asher Wertheimer, Esq.

Painted at Houlgate the same summer was the portrait of Mme. Gauthereau, a famous Parisian beauty whose charms the painter was unlucky enough to associate with Botticelli. At any rate, the severe drawing of the lady's head in profile, the sensitive modelling of the all but undraped bust (the lady, I should hasten to say, is represented in a ball-gown), conducted little

foreign pictures, a certain feeling of reluctance on the part of the painter to compete with his master Carolus, these and many other things are supposed to have given London the happy opportunity of acquiring Mr. Sargent. Incidentally, the commission to paint the portrait of the Misses Vickers may have helped to bring about so desirable a result. At any rate, from the moment of painting this well-known group, we find Mr. Sargent more or less located in London, the Royal Academy marking its sense of indebtedness to the painter by electing him an Associate in 1891 and a full member three years later.

In the meantime, or, more strictly speaking, in 1885, we find Mr. Sargent spending his holiday at Broadway, and here, in the bewitching twilight of the long summer evenings, came into existence the picture known to the world as "Carnation Lily, Lily Rose." Its wide acclamation, its purchase by the Chantrey Fund, could be nothing less than gratifying to the painter, who, setting up a studio in London, devoted himself anew to painting portraits. He was not, however, forgetful of the mother country. Two visits in succession were paid to the United States. The first, beginning at Newport, resulted in the fine study of Mrs. Henry Marquand; the second and later visit—a visit of a year's duration—saw Mr. Sargent attacking such widely different subjects as the portraits of Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, the "Carmencita" (now in the Luxembourg), the spirited kit-kat of Mrs. Manson in a Watteau dress, and the less well known but wholly delightful "Beatrice."



JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A.

From the Painting by Himself in the Kepplestone Collection.

to either her own or her friends' satisfaction. Delighted to profess itself scandalised, an ignorant public hastened to prove itself a Philistine one. The Botticelli divinity was accordingly roughly handled, and the critics, as Philistine as the public, joined issue with the clubs and coteries. The noise was prodigious, the scandal proving something of a rehearsal of the recent storm that has raged round Rodin's statue to Balzac. Not that the painter was driven from Paris by any such foolish misunderstanding. There were pothers of many sorts besides. The friction caused by the newly-imposed American tariff on

I must pass over much important work; such work as the highly imaginative decorations for the Boston Public Library, which were painted at Fairford in a vast studio erected on purpose by himself and Mr. Edwin Abbey; the portraits of Mr. Coventry Patmore and the full-length, life-sized representation of Mr. Graham Robertson. In either case I do not know if virile characterisation can farther go. Without the smallest accent of exaggeration—indeed, with a reticence which seems to make us hold our breath and listen—we have two men presented to us so diverse, so opposite, and yet so typical of our

present civilisation, that both the strength and the weakness of that civilisation seem mirrored in Mr. Sargent's creations. An even more strenuous grip of subject and material is seen in the study of Mr. Wertheimer. Fastidious, swift, and incisive, the artist shows himself in these canvases so capable of subtle distinctions, that, in Mr. Henry James's admirable phrase, "perception" seems "a kind of execution."

But of all the technical qualities that remain to be described; the brush power, the handling, the sense nearly always conveyed of a certain magnificence of line—these things can barely be touched upon in a sketch necessarily so brief as the present one. And yet it is impossible to look at such portraits as those of the Misses Vickers, or, again, at such others as Mrs. Hammersley or Mrs. Carl Meyer, without seeing the daring originality which lies at the very root of Mr. Sargent's sense of design. With conventional perspective, the perspective of the usual portrait-painter, it is clear the artist will have no sort of parlance. Take the portrait of the Misses Vickers, or, rather, take the portrait of the particular Miss Vickers who sits detached from the interlaced couple in the centre of the picture, and we shall see a young lady foreshortened in a manner in which, probably, no young lady (sitting for her portrait) was ever foreshortened before. But that she is actually in perspective as she is drawn, and, moreover, absolutely vital to the balance of the picture in the place and at the angle in which you find her, any expert can see at a glance. The cunning, indeed, with which the artist uses natural lines in the arrangement, the pattern of his composition, would need a paper by itself to explain; for nothing with him is left to haphazard. The pattern may come by a happy chance, or it may be, and more probably is, sought for with an infinitude of care. For with Mr. Sargent the pious formulas of Academic composition do not exist. How could they? His sense of the balance and

sway and rhythm of a design is as special as his sense of style.

Seldom, indeed, is the output of an artist at once so restrained and so explicit. The creator of "Mrs. Manson" and "Lady Agnew" may generalise and adapt his material. He may swamp and omit the unessential. These things are only as much as saying that accent or emphasis is as much a pre-occupation with him as his colour-scheme, and that the actual nervous grip of his tools is as engrossing as the technical problem of his values. There are subjects, of course, which appear to act as a direct nervous stimulus to the painter. For in each fresh portrait Mr. John Sargent would seem to see the great inexorable riddle. It is in suggesting the potentialities of his sitter that the artist differs so widely from the portrait-painters of the last century, to whom he is sometimes ignorantly compared. In the eighteenth century, no doubt, Romney and Reynolds were fully able to realise the dashing and buxom young matrons who came to pose to them as Hebe or Flora, but it is useless to suppose that the tense, "prickly," and complex woman of our present era could be summarised in any such off-hand way. Ladies no longer play at being goddesses; they have, possibly, even a sense of remoteness from the gods. A thousand perplexities and anxieties loom up before the contemporary man and woman, and, be sure of it, every man and woman bears something of the uneasy presage in his or her face. And this clearly Mr. Sargent has realised. A student of character, he remains a modern of moderns. With all his affiliation to the Great Masters, he reveals himself the sharpest, the most precise instrument the century has forged. We may congratulate ourselves that it is so. Every age has its characteristics, special, subtle, and intangible; lucky is the age that has also its painter, for it is he who is left to settle the visible terms by which his century shall hereafter make itself known.



THE PERVERSION OF THE INFANT MIND IN MATTERS OF TASTE.

BY PRINCE BÖJIDAR KARAGEORGEVITCH.

IN a corner of the drawing-room, as I write, a little girl is playing with her doll—to say she is playing is, perhaps, to put it too strongly; she has the doll in her arms—a huge doll—dressed out like a lady in the latest fashion, its hair dressed, shoes and gloves, and a china head with preposterous eyes, set in darkened circles, as large as those of a real woman, and looking like black holes in the

pinky-white face with scarlet lips. To the child this doll is an ideal of beauty, a miracle of loveliness, at which she is only allowed to gaze for a few hours in the week, when she has been very good, and which, with secret but cherished pride, she hopes she may some day resemble, when, like her mother and the other women she sees, she may heighten her own good looks with the help of cosmetics—a first æsthetic

concept to be realised in a painted face, with the carmine gash of the lips, unnatural hair dyed red or gold, with a dark growth at the roots, hardening the rigidity of features loaded with powder and rouge. Can we wonder that the women of our day look alike—all have a face which, by uniform colouring and dyeing, is more or less the same in every lady of fashion? Shall we blame them if they hide their natural complexion under cold cream and powder, if they do not think it white or pink enough, or quite so lovely as that of the unnatural doll which is their first ideal of beauty? In young girls and women it would be unpardonable, were it not that in their earliest youth their taste is vitiated by the doll, almost human in its imitation of all that is most false in such a caricature of humanity.

It is against this doll, which leads our modern women to vie with actresses behind the foot-lights, that I here wish to enter my strongest protest, in the name of sincerity and human nature. Other mischief, too, is engendered by the gorgeous modern doll: idleness, the absence of inventiveness and initiative, may be traced to its influence. Children who can really play with these almost too lofty beauties are, in fact, few, and those who can are hardly ever allowed, as a reward, to handle the hideous, costly object, or take it out to excite the admiration and, above all, the envy of their companions. Nor would they dare to dream of altering a thing in that splendid apparel, the master-work which is *almost* as good as that of a first-class dressmaker. They waste their time in gazing at it, hardly venturing to handle it, well aware of the respect in which the idol is held, and of the severe reprisals that would ensue if it should be damaged.

Now, the other doll, the doll of our sister's childhood, made of painted wood, or clumsy china, or even of a roll of rag—the little girls of my day could love such dolls—was the object of constant care and attention; and the childish owners grew up to be fairies of ingenious industry, whose clever fingers could extract adornment from a few remnants artistically and daintily puckered.

Real playthings, providing the children with endless amusement; their red cheeks might lose all their colour from the too fervent embrace, and their limbs be broken, but still, to the last stump of their former selves, they were cherished, dwelling in a halo of dreams and fancies. In spite of everything, they will still be the best-beloved; for children in the first bloom of genuine feeling, not yet enslaved by fashion, will always keep a warm place for them in their hearts.

How many a time when, soon after a Christmas Eve or a birthday, may we find a little maid clasping to her heart some fondly-loved but

crippled doll, sovereign still and supreme, in spite of newer gifts. No matter whether it is pretty or ugly, it is the treasure that appeals to a child; the intuitive instinct that will never prefer one of those modern monsters, even though the debasing influence of her surroundings may make the thing seem beautiful to her vitiated taste.

In the days when those old dolls were young a woman who wore paint was rarely seen; indeed, I have a vivid reminiscence of my childhood bearing on this matter. We were staying in a hotel somewhere in Switzerland. Among the latest arrivals, a lady berouged, dyed, and re-dyed, excited the curiosity of our infant minds. We boys of six and seven thought the name of "the horrid painted lady" too long for practical purposes; so we called her "the caricature." Now only yesterday a little niece of mine, very modern, and the owner of a magnificent doll, said to me: "When I am grown up I will have light hair, and eyes as large as hers, with painted black lashes all round!"

To carry the question to a higher level, it may quite seriously be pointed out that it is but natural that they, accustomed to the chalky colouring, the rouge and the bistre of their dolls' faces and their mothers', should also seek in paintings and in every product of art exaggerated effects, dazzling variety, works designed for reproduction by the vile process of chromo-lithography; for it would be impossible to explain to one of these young creatures that, though Botticelli and Velasquez are magnificent painters, such and such great artists, whose subjects seem to have been studied from an ideal highly-finished woman of fashion, are nevertheless painters of merit though they are the antipodes of those Old Masters. Again, it is too much to expect of a child to whom the modern doll is the epitome of luxury and taste, that, as she grows up, she should see that the combinations are hideous of blues and greens and violent reds and violet, or even the tone in itself of certain crude blues and harsh pinks which fashion forces from time to time on the tolerance of persons of taste.

I will go even further. I am of opinion that this first vitiation of taste, this first conception of beauty based on what is least lovely and least aesthetic, permanently debases taste; and that, in spite of subsequent education and an effort to appreciate what is pronounced to be real beauty, the indelible mark of this first stain still survives and starts up like a Jack-in-the-box; so that a pretty woman's dress, or the arrangement of her drawing-room, far from delighting us, leads us almost involuntarily to glance round in search of some hideous or pretentious blot, some fashionable toy or glaring work of art, recalling the first ideal of beauty.



WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY C. WILHELM.

A COMPARISON of the convolvulus—caught in “a summer shower”—in the frontispiece to the November Part of this Magazine, with the suggestion in the heading above of her field-relative attired as a herald, will serve to illustrate the possibility of treating a single flower in more than one fashion. Attention, too, may be called to the little differences in the costumes assigned to the similar blossoms of the scarlet-runner and the sweet-peas, the former of which has done good service in more than one version of *Jack and the Beanstalk*.

The Scottish thistle, member of a national flower trio, to which the English rose has lent her countenance only; and the Japanese chrysanthemum, reproduced from my original design in Mr. Barrett's *Aladdin* at Drury Lane, provide further instances of what I have styled the second method of evolving a fancy dress from a flower. These latter were presented in a harmony of four characteristic colours—the apricot of the sketch, a deep coppery-chestnut, a peachy-pink, and a pale canary—in every case associated with white. In the same pantomime a dance of cranes amongst lotus and iris flowers, designed on the lines of the conventional cloisonné decoration, permitted the legitimate accentuation of the flowers with gold, and added considerably to the richness of the effect. The wild hyacinth is directly responsible for the colouring of the classic attire shown in the little maiden from the ballet of *Orfeo*; the difficulties of attaining that particular effect in a single material, led me, after sundry experiments, to veil the azure silk of the underdress with a robe of lilac gaze, which resulted in a gratifying resemblance to the exquisite broken hues of the flower.

A third method, calling perhaps for less ingenuity and resource, is to devise a costume of

the requisite period or character in such a way as only to suggest—in its colouring, and to some extent also in its details of embroidery and so forth—the particular flower in one's mind. This admits of the introduction into a more or less prosaic scene or crowd of a scheme of colour directly inspired by Nature herself. The little sketch of a child in a fanciful early English dress of cornflower-blue will illustrate my meaning. These children in blue, white, and red frocks of varying design, with garlands of cornflowers, daisies, and poppies, typified the flowers that spring up amidst the growing corn; the reapers and gleaners in their garb of russet and maize colour and buff and brown, supplied what I may call the wheatsheaf “motives” in an ensemble that was founded on the recollection of a field of harvest gold. The single central figure of the dancer, as ripening corn, being in a sense an epitome of the whole effect.

The imitative quality in flowers is, if any proof be needed, demonstrated in the fanciful popular names assigned to many of them. The monkshood, with its sombre cowl-like blossoms, the columbine, with its supposed resemblance to a brood of doves, the butterfly and lady's slipper orchids, the plant named love-lies-bleeding, and the cockscomb, to recall only a few; so it is not strange that the flowers which suggest such names to the observant should lend themselves easily to a fantastic decorative treatment. There lives, indeed, in every flowering-plant a far deeper beauty and significance than lies on its surface, patent to all who have eyes to see. Not until one sits down, pencil in hand, to study the intricacies and surprises of its growth, its development, its transition from bud to blossom, does one realise how inexhaustible are Nature's resources. Take, for example, the fair and stately calla, or arum lily; try and draw it from every possible standpoint, and revel in the ever-changing suavity of its lines, the strength of its simplicity; and note how these differ from,



THE VIOLET

Professor Ruskin says—"It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him; than in any other of her work." It has always seemed to me that these words might, with equal truth and force, be applied to the wealth of form, colour, and perfume that the varying seasons spread alike in remote and in frequented spots for the delectation of the more or less indifferent passer-by. In our own fair garden of Britain alone, think of the flush of colour that the blossoming of the year brings to the orchards and the hawthorn glades; the sheets of buttercup-gold and daisy-silver, the cinnamon-tinted grasses, and the reeds and meadowsweet that fringe the water-courses and willow-bordered brooks in our pasture-lands; the waving green of the wheat fields, passing in time to the grey-gold of the harvest; then, again, the berried coral in the hedges, the ruddy mountain heather, and the glory of the gorse-blossom on the thyme-scented verge of the cliffs; to say nothing of the exquisite contrasts in the differing shades of our oaks and elms, our aspens and our beeches, from the time "when all the wood stands in a mist of green," with its blue-bell carpet spread beneath; throughout the opulent



THE PANSY.

let us say, the spiral arrangement of the saxifrage blossoms, or the apparently irresponsible inter-twinings of the honeysuckle.

In a convincing passage on the changeful beauties of the sky and clouds,

summer "with verdure clad," and especially when the mellowing autumn enriches Nature's palette with the most gorgeous of hues, and the evening sun and the rising mists combine to dazzle the sight almost with the flaming gold of the illuminated foliage and the hyacinth glow of the shadows.

So far I have spoken only of the difficulties in connection with the designing of dresses founded on flower-forms, and it may readily be understood how these same difficulties are enhanced when the actual making of the costume is undertaken. As a matter of fact, perplexing as it may be to decide how most effectively to dispose and arrange the flower in a fancy-sketch, it is as nothing to the uncertainties that crop up when one approaches the test of its practicabilities; even where—as is always advisable—these have been carefully considered in advance. The unexpected complications that persist in presenting themselves would almost seem to point to a mischievous thwarting of one's

plans by offended Nature! The prettiest fancy possible—on paper—is worth but little unless it be backed up by a very practical acquaintance with the adaptability and limitations of the various fabrics into which the component parts of the design must be translated



THE OPIUM POPPY.

before a realisation of one's idea is attainable.

A combination of colours that is not only perfectly permissible, but wholly admirable, in associated flowers, as for instance in the marvellous pyramids of azalea and rhododendron blossom that



THE FUCHSIA.

one sees in perfection in the great horticultural displays, becomes quite a vexed question of possibility when one has to deal with the very different texture of silken or other fabrics to represent the desired effect. The wonderfully-skilled industry of artificial-flower making is scarcely equal to the demands of producing petals and leaves on a scale sufficient to clothe a human figure, so that the ingenuity of the designer and costumer has to be called into play to supply a method of representing the flower under consideration



THE MUSHROOM.

in some fabric that will convey an impression of the delicacy, it may almost be the flimsiness, of the original. But how is one to replace, or at least to simulate, its buoyancy, its vitality, so to speak? Fine wire, which naturally occurs as a hopeful solution of the difficulty, proves a very inadequate and untrustworthy substitute; though it has its uses, especially in the construction of head-dresses, or where the flower is worked into a collar or epaulets. Not infrequently has the representation of special flower-effects



THE BUTTERFLY.



THE SPIDER.

on the stage necessitated the fabrication of expressly dyed and woven materials. Some velvets imitate very fairly the bloom-like surface and rich deep colouring of certain flowers, the pansy and wallflower, for example; and the sheen of satin

trumpet portion of the flower was carried out in fluted satin, with silk of a rather paler tone for the outer petals. The calyx of green satin forming the "pepper-castor" head-dress, supported a veil of brown silk crape which sup-



THE WILD HYACINTH.

may be advantageously employed to represent the glossy surface of petals akin to the lily-tribe. The lighter textures of thin silks and gazes must be called into requisition for blossoms less formal and severe. A shot-silk of petunia-pink and bluish-mauve tones was used with great success for the kilted skirts of the thistle dress illustrated in these pages; and for the daffodil costume shown in our preceding article, the

plied a familiar feature of the flower-stalk, and went far to complete the resemblance to the original. An essential feature of certain flowers and leaves lies in their "twists and turns," and these, with their graceful informality, always present a formidable difficulty in their adaptation to costume; but much has been accomplished in the course of sundry experiments in the cutting and seaming of their imitations. To



THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

attempt, however, a travesty of some of Nature's masterpieces in this direction is simply to court failure, and it is as well to recognise this at the outset. Occasionally hand-painting of no mean skill and perception has to be

unimportant part in my costume studies, where they have in themselves proved invaluable as an added note of colour or as an accessory of character and locality; for example, the cowslip-ball or the daisy-chain for the little



THE SCOTCH THISTLE

called in to assist the more precise art of embroidery, and, though the brilliance of the natural hues can only be approached, some very creditable successes have been achieved by a combination of various crafts, working together in harmony and controlled by a fixed plan of campaign.

In addition to making use of flowers as incentives to design, it is perhaps superfluous to say that they have also played a by no means

mistic maid, the pomegranate blossom nestling in the raven tresses of the Spanish gipsy, the azure chalices of the Nile lotus borne in procession by the priestesses of old Egypt, the rose-coronals of Roman revelry, the palm-branch of the martyr, and the sceptred lily of the saint.

Experts in flower-cultivation have worked wonders in the production of velvety anemones, superb pelargoniums, and dahlias flawless in

their formality; but one could wish they had not pursued their enthusiasm to the point of evolving a pansy so absolutely black as to resemble nothing so much as a scrap of burnt and shrivelled paper; the identity of effect being

here such schemes of colour and design as I have in reserve for future use on the lines I have attempted to describe. Fortunately for my floral fancies the source is practically inexhaustible, and the interest ever-existent; so that



THE CORNFLOWER.

indeed as remarkable as it is undesirable. It has been said, how truly I know not, that the goal of the horticulturist's ambition is a blue rose. Alas for such a perversion of ingenuity! it is on a par with the detestable vogue of the "green carnation." It is not in freaks of this reprehensible pattern that one seeks a renewal of inspiration for the artistic fancy.

It would be admittedly indiscreet to disclose

I need not fear my opportunities outlasting my material.

To some it may appear that such a deliberate grafting of artificiality on the flowers of the field and garden is altogether a misuse of the dower of fancy, a caprice that requires at least an apology; but I think none is needed. Surely an honest effort to show—even though it may be with maimed rites and before the footlights'

glare—something of the beauty of form and colour with which the contemplation of Nature's influences that most readily kindle his invention and appeal to his sympathies cannot be long



RIPE CORN.

choicest gifts stimulates a jaded imagination, is not really blameable. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that in any artist's work, the in-
concealed. And if to confess that one is a "devout lover" of flowers be an apology, then let me say "Mea culpa" with all possible goodwill.

OUR RISING ARTISTS: THOMAS MOSTYN.

BY W. MAXWELL REEKIE

THE frequent visitor to the picture galleries during the last few years cannot have failed to be struck by the vigorous efforts put forth by our younger artists in their endeavour to reach the truth. Many seem to have felt that the old routes led nowhere, and by taking

of his inspiration have been Nature, along with the personal ideal which every artist feels in the depths of his own mind. When commencing a picture, Mr. Mostyn brings to his work a thoughtful and poetic spirit, enriched by the labours of others, yet retaining a clear definition of his own ideal.



THE SISTERS.

From the Painting by Thomas Mostyn, in the Possession of R. H. Edmondson, Esq.

new and circuitous ones they have given us pictures which, striking, clever, and often wonderful as they are, give little satisfaction. They are seen, marvelled at, and forgotten; their authors have a certain following among a *dilettante* and indifferent circle, some of whom, perhaps, see things in the same eccentric way, and others feel that they should; but the true picture, that which we grasp and which permeates our being, is not there. The subject of the present sketch is not of these; he has taken no round-about course. By long and careful training, and by hard work, he has reached the plane on which true artists are to be found. The best sources

He was born in Liverpool in 1864, during a temporary visit there of his parents, who returned shortly after to their Manchester home. When a boy of sixteen he had drawn a seven foot black-and-white landscape, which was considered worthy of a place in a Manchester exhibition. His father encouraged his tastes, yet feared that the difficulties which beset the early career of most artists would prove too great an obstacle for his son, and consequently apprenticed him to a firm of lithographers. But nature would out; every spare minute was devoted to art; Mr. Mostyn studied at the Manchester Academy of Fine Arts,

where he took the first prize for drawing from life.

It was about this period that he exhibited his first picture in the Royal Academy: a landscape called "February," delicate both in colour and treatment: and we know him for the next few years as exhibiting a number of pleasing compositions, of which "Summer-time," "Even-tide," and "God's Acre" are among the best.

There is always a time when one who is deeply engrossed in any pursuit or profession feels the need of more light and instruction. So Mr. Mostyn gave up business and went to Bushey, placing himself under the tuition of Professor Herkomer.

For a free and enthusiastic spirit like his the atmosphere and surroundings there proved very congenial. His own inclinations were fostered, and every facility given to cultivate and train them in the right direction; while he, recognising the lateness in his seeking tuition, made full use of both time and opportunity.

This capacity for hard work is still one of his most marked characteristics. In the spring of 1895 he exhibited a portrait and a landscape in the Royal Academy, and it may be said that his reputation began with that portrait. The subject was a dignified little maiden, treated in a manner which may have appeared at first sight to be only clever, but on examination showed careful modelling, combined with a keen appreciation of the delicate flesh tones of youth. Though fresh from Bushey Mr. Mostyn showed, as other pupils

had done before him, an absolute freedom of style, entirely untrammelled by any imitation of his master.

When an artist paints a child well, the public expect nothing but portraits of children from his easel, but Mr. Mostyn disregarded expectation, as his next work of importance, "By the Watchman's Fire," was quite different from anything he had yet attempted. It was hung in the New Gallery in 1897, and is a good example of his feeling for composition by lines as well as masses.

A characteristic feature about all his work is the feeling that breathes from the canvas. No matter what the subject may be, there is always a dominant spirit which seizes the onlooker. "The Dreamers," for example, is a canvas almost completely filled by two female figures. The old woman faces the spectator and is gazing into the dying embers of a fire, the bright light of which is seen on her face and dress, gradually losing itself in the shadows of the room. She

dreams of "the memory of what has been and never more shall be;" while the young woman, with full light on her face, gazes out of the window and dreams of the bright and hopeful future, to be seen in the dancing sunbeams.

By this time Mr. Mostyn had gained some reputation as a portrait painter. His work in this direction has not so much of the severe actuality characterising portrait-painters of today; he aims rather at producing a pleasing composition of free artistic treatment and



RED RIDING HOOD.

From the Painting by Thomas Mostyn, in the Possession of E. Hulton, Esq.



THE CLOUD: "I LAUGH AS I PASS IN THUNDER."

From the Painting by Thomas Mostyn.

resemblance. His poses are free, often original, and show an affinity for sweeping curves in composition when the subject permits.

All this time, one could never tell in what special direction his chief gift lay. He had learnt

sympathy of her younger sister. A note of tragedy is struck, but it is the pictorial, and not the anecdotal, idea that guides the painter. He is an illustrator of ideas and a painter of emotions, dealing with them with a firm-



THE DREAMERS.

From the Painting by Thomas Mostyn.

a good deal, and was proving his learning by experiments. He took nothing for granted, and consequently tried a variety of methods and effects. Some of these he wisely laid aside, for, though they taught a lesson to himself, they could not be held worthy examples of his powers.

"The Sisters," painted in 1896, is a rendering of a well-known theme, the *motif* of which is the return of the erring one to her home, and her confession. In this instance, the penitent, instead of being despised, has the loving

ness betraying a real knowledge of human nature.

Last year he sent to the Royal Academy "Red Riding Hood." Free and unconventional, it shows his faculty of seizing movement. M. Aman Jean classes this work among those "which appear to have been produced in all sincerity, and under the influence of genuine emotion."

Mr. Mostyn's artistic temperament occasionally causes him to leave his work when it has somewhat of a haphazard appearance. His



BY THE WATCHMAN'S FIRE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY TOM MOSTYN, R.B.A., IN THE POSSESSION OF J. BRERLEY, ESQ.

freedom with the brush is daring, and sometimes more vigorous than careful. One often hears it said that every draughtsman has his own graces and beauties of form, as each colourist has his own particular hues. So far it would be difficult to express the exact tendency of Mr. Mostyn in these matters, but we may see in his studies the delightful "sword-play of the pencil," of which Constable speaks. They show an elegant and refined touch and equal facility with brush and crayon; they display, too, a sense of style, and it is noteworthy that the influence of Mr. Watts is felt in his best work, "Gethsemane."

This is a large canvas, twelve feet by nine, representing the solitary figure of Christ in a moonlit landscape. There are no disciples, or advancing crowd, or city lights, only a simple background of gnarled olive trunks and mysterious distance. In looking at the picture you are unconscious of anything but that marvellous face; one seems to accept it in a moment as embodying something that one's imagination had constructed as

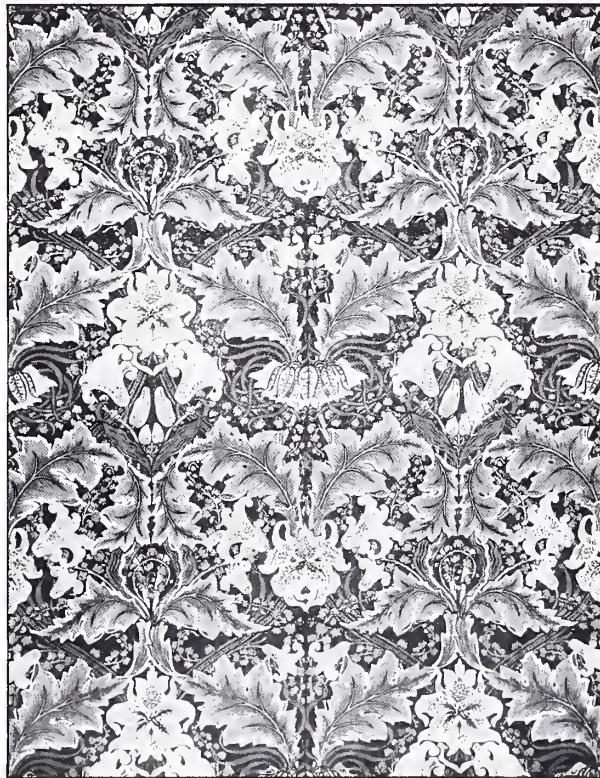
the possible countenance of the "Man of Sorrows." The features are of the regular Hebrew type, of a highly-intellectual cast, and do not differ materially from those examined by Sir Wyke Bayliss in the January, 1898, number of this Magazine, though there is more manliness and resolution in the face than one usually meets with. He has painted eyes of the deepest penetration and with an expression of unspeakable pity; in short, it is an interpretation for us of our modern thoughts of Jesus.

Since "Gethsemane" Mr. Mostyn's work would appear to be more experimental than ever: consequently, not much has been allowed to leave his studio. A large landscape, "The Cloud," well placed in the Academy of 1898, deserves more than passing notice, for it is the result of an emotion produced by the line, "I laugh as I pass in Thunder," in Shelley's poem. It is broadly conceived and vigorously executed, retaining a freshness, as well as a classic realism, that are unusual in these later days.

THE ART MOVEMENT.

SIR THOMAS WARDLE AND THE DECORATIVE TREATMENT OF TEXTILE FABRICS.

IN the revival of the art of dyeing that began about twenty-one years ago William Morris and Sir Thomas (then Mr. Thomas) Wardle were mutually helpful; and each in his own way infused new life into the neglected art, bringing it back to its first principles of decorative truth and beauty. Morris, socialist though he was in theory, held himself aloof from the main current of national events, making his appeal to those wealthy classes that treated his genius either as a toy, or else as a sort of aeolyte in their idolatry of mere physical comfort. Sir Thomas



THE "LILY" PATTERN.

Designed by T. Wardle, jun.

Wardle, on the other hand, while going to the past for his inspiration, kept a tightening grip on the present and its stern necessities. For we must bear in mind that every art, as Coleridge has pointed out, should be an ingredient in, and not a superfetation upon, the national character and life.

The aim that Sir Thomas Wardle set before himself was to improve the dyed and printed goods familiar to the general public. It was a bold thing for the aniline dye-stuffs were in those days even more popular than, say, Lord Kitchener is now. He who spoke of their metallic lustre, of



DESIGN IN OUTLINE FOR EMBROIDERY

By permission of Messrs. Liberty and Co.

their violence, their "horrors," was scorned as an enemy to the progress of true civilisation. Even in India, the home of the dyer's art, not a few native workers showed their loyalty by pandering to the bad new taste of their English customers. I have read, indeed, of one Englishman who found in Cashmere only two or three shawls which were not vulgarised with the aniline pigments.

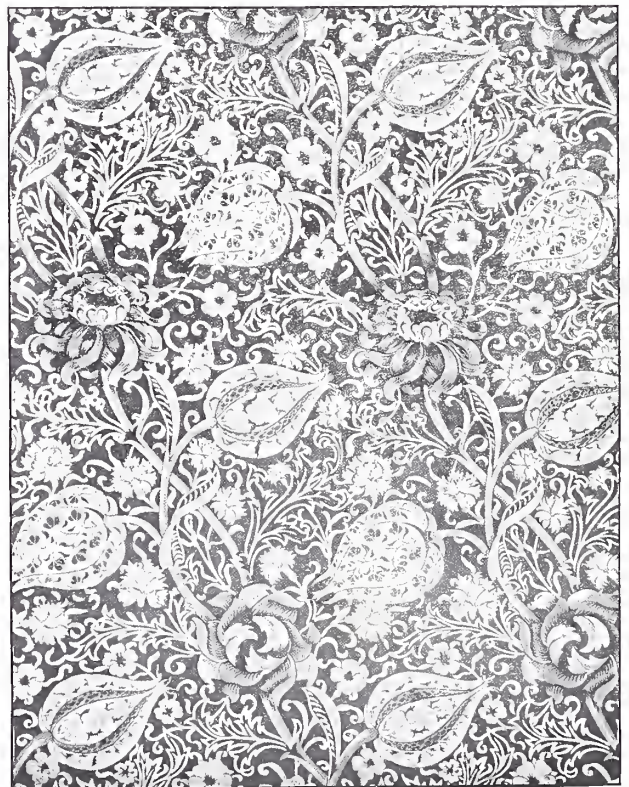
It is true, nevertheless, that these products of the chemical factory had not a fair chance given them. They were much too popular to be used carefully by "the trade." This fact struck the attention of Sir Thomas Wardle, who thereupon began to prove that a man might take part in the fierce competition of trade rivalry and yet not work for the mere love of gain. What he did was to make innumerable experiments with all the artificial dyes employed by himself at Leek, so that even the cheapest work he turned out might be as good in quality and as beautiful in colour as was possible in the circumstances. And from this ideal of thoroughness he has never swerved.

The high value which Sir Thomas Wardle has always attached to good colour—colour, that is to say, as pleasing in tone as it can be made for a given price and with certain dye-stuffs—is a point to which I desire to call special attention, because there is great danger in our time that we fall into error by under-estimating the importance of

bringing bright and beautiful colours into every home in England. The colour-sense is an inestimable gift to us all, and yet we are apt to forget that its sensibility is now being dulled in the whole nation by the tyrannous browns, blacks, and greys which the eye rests on everywhere in the streets. Baudelaire, struck by the grimness of our life, said, "Nous célébrons tous quelque enterrement;" and it must be admitted that ours is the age of smoke-blackened towns and cities. If I may use the expression, the industrial civilisation of our time has put the national colour-sense into the deepest mourning.

But there is, happily, as painters know, an education for this sense in the individual: and surely this education ought to be extended, in some form or other, to the whole generation now at school. I will not go so far as to say, like some writers, that nations have always been at their best, most vigorous and most light-hearted, when their favourite colours have been the most luminous of all—scarlet and crimson. But I do say, and everyone of us must feel, that all beautiful bright colours have a gladdening influence, like good news that comes to us unexpectedly.

It is to be feared, however, that the finest colours which dyes yield will never be so



THE "SYDNEY" PATTERN.

Designed by S. G. Mawson.



THE "RED ADMIRAL" PATTERN

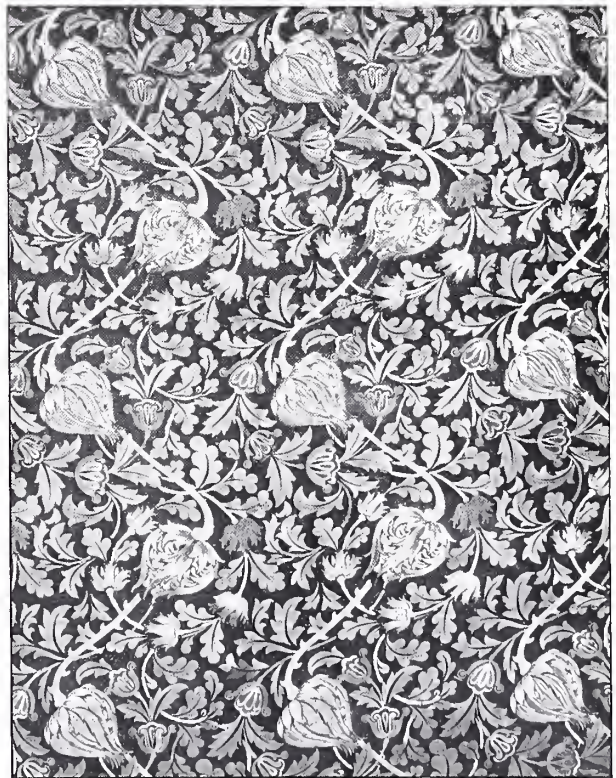
Designed by T. Wardle, jun.

popular as we should like to see them, for they chance to be a great deal more expensive than colours of inferior charm and power. The best of all dyes are natural products, mostly vegetable; and their superiority over the artificial dye-stuffs is due, not only to their greater permanence, but also to the tenderness and repose of tone by which they are characterised. They have, also, other virtues; but I must refer you for information to Sir Thomas Wardle's monographs on the dye-stuffs, tannins, and silks of India.

An intimate practical acquaintance with the art of dyeing in India and in Persia has been of incalculable service to Sir Thomas Wardle. It has introduced him to many valuable methods, to many beautiful dyes; and it has enabled him to gather together a rarely fine collection of useful fabrics, Oriental designs, and ancient and modern blocks for printing purposes. By this means he has enriched the art of dyeing in this country; for we must remember that Sir Thomas Wardle has always appealed to the cultivated few as well as to the general public. In one dye-house he has worked to please himself; in another, and much larger one, the production of more popular goods has been attended to. Each dye-house has a special interest of its

own; and to me it was most instructive to compare the old designs with those from the pencils of Lewis Day, John Sedding, Thomas Wardle, jun., W. R. Lethaby, Walter Crane, and other artists of well-known ability. As a general rule, I confess, the old designs seemed less self-conscious in their treatment than the new. The men who drew them worked, I should think, under an intuitive, rather than technical, guidance. Our own designers have usually an excellent technique, but it is sometimes laboured, and now and then mannered and mechanical. This it assuredly is not in the illustrations to this paper: the "Lily" design and the "Sydney" pattern being especially clever in conception and in execution. A little repose may be wanting in the second; but the absence of anything in the least degree pictorial in a design so full of leaves and flowers merits high praise.

From Sir Thomas Wardle's third son, Mr. Bernard Wardle, who is now superintending the well-known print works at Leek, I have received an interesting letter concerning the actual processes both of dyeing and of wax-printing on silk. The object aimed at in the process of wax-printing is to get a white design or a white spot on a coloured ground. The first step is to print the design on the white silk



THE "TIGER LILY" PATTERN.

with a "resist paste," composed of bees' wax and resin. This prevents the colouring matter from getting to the parts so printed, the wax not being soluble in cold water. The "resist" is allowed to harden for a day, and then the silk is taken to the dye-bath and dyed to shade. When this is done, and the wax has been removed by passing the silk through a large tank of benzine, the parts which were covered with the "resist" appear as a white design. The material is then taken to the clearing-room, where the remaining benzine is evaporated.

I should like to say much more about this technical side of the art of dyeing; but the limits of my space compel me to pass on at once to a subject of much greater importance to the reading public. It concerns the deplorable influence which the modern mania for cheapness has had on the decorative manufactures in silk. When we consider that 1,600 cocoons yield only 1lb. of silk, it seems incredible that any sane person should expect to buy pure dyed silk for next to nothing. Yet this expectation really is common everywhere; and for this reason, says Sir Thomas Wardle, "no dyer's education is complete without a large command of the domain of both organic and inorganic chemistry, not so much for tinctorial purposes, but for swelling the fibre of silk by chemical means." This is done by causing metallic salts in solution either to combine with the silk fibre, or else to surround it with a brittle crust. Each of these results is determined by the manner in which the silk is prepared for its bath of chemicals. If you leave the silk more or less in its raw state, without getting rid of its gum or

sericine, then the metallic salts combine with the gum, transforming it into a crust which breaks very easily, and which, when magnified 400 diameters, "resembles bobbins on a thin rod, set at intervals with each other." But this is a clumsy way of adulterating silk. The best thing you can do is to dissolve the sericine in a bath of boiling soap and water, so that the metallic salts may come in contact with the silk fibre itself. Thus, as Sir Thomas tells us, "the weighting matter is in direct chemical union with the fibroin, and is part and parcel of its substance, becoming a new and another product." And we are told, too, that the silk fibre absorbs the chemicals, expanding as a dry sponge does with water and acquiring a permanent increase of bulk and weight. Clearly, then, the heavier and the thicker the silk becomes, the less of it is required in weaving a generous-looking yard of fabric.

In a treatise on this important subject, published in 1887, Sir Thomas Wardle says that he is dealing with "deception the most refined, and of unspeakable fraudulent intent." His theme is "chemistry as misapplied to the industries," for he has to speak of "the application of chemical science to the opposite of economical purchasing." Since these words were written, I must add, the adulteration of silk has in some towns been modified. It is still greatly misused; and yet, for all that, it is much less dishonest than it was two years ago, when "silk was a mere conglomeration of mineral matter." In one case, according to Mr. J. Carter Bell, the dyer had weighted the silk so heavily that 100 lbs. of it had been made into 1,000 lbs.!

WALTER SHAW SPARROW.

THE STATUETTES OF THÉODORE RIVIÈRE.

By HENRI FRANTZ.

THOUGH Théodore Rivière has risen to eminence while still a young man, and is indeed regarded as a past master in the delicate art of the statuette, the outset of his career was beset with difficulties and his early progress slow.

He first studied sculpture in Paris in 1875 at the studio kept by Jouffroy and afterwards by Falguère; he thus came under the influence of both these masters. He also worked under Mercié. From 1885 till 1889 he exhibited at the Salon without attracting any great attention, or perhaps attracting too much attention—which is no less fatal—as an artist addicted to innovations. Hence, in spite of dreams and promises, he was awarded no more than a third medal in 1889. This was

fatal to Rivière's hopes; he determined on leaving France, and set out for Tunis. There he taught drawing for his daily bread, and was quite captivated by Carthage, of which the reality was vividly restored to his fancy in Flaubert's fine novel. This author's picturesque phrases, and certain more learned works that he studied, gave birth in Rivière's mind to a new æsthetic type. He planned his first masterpiece, "Salammbô in the presence of Mathô," which he brought to Paris a few months later.

This little group was an immense success, and secured Rivière's reputation; it is now in the Luxembourg. It is a composition full of life and power, revealing not only the art of the sculptor

and the learning of the archaeologist, but keen sensibility and passionate emotion; in fact, no work inspired by Flaubert's novel—and they

bronze-casters, who thus degrade works beautiful in themselves. Rivière, on the other hand, models his little statues as independent works, with a perfect sense of fit proportion; he has, in fact, revived the ideal of the statuette as distinct from the statue, which prevailed in Egypt and Greece.

In fact, his truly classic, his Attic, mind not unfrequently leads him to a direct rivalry with those antique masters of the statuette; but always with marked originality, assimilating their spirit without servile imitation of form, attitude or gesture. Neither the little "Egyptian," exhibited in the Salon of 1898, nor that other "Egyptian girl," running with a palm branch in her hand, is an imitation. The costume, indeed, is antique: the feeling, essentially modern.

Théodore Rivière has retained from his sojourn in Tunis a strong love of things Eastern, past and present; he has returned more than once to drink of the spring which first inspired him with the "Salammbô."



A CARTHAGINIAN GIRL. FIRST SKETCH AND MARBLE.

recur by dozens year after year—gives a more perfect expression of the poet's purpose and feeling.

Since then Théodore Rivière has been a constant exhibitor at the Salon, and has had a crowd of imitators who strive in vain to vie with the perfect finish of his handling and his skilful combinations of material: costly marbles, ivory, and gems, harmonised with an exquisite sense of colour. Rivière is indeed difficult to imitate!

As we look at a statuette by Rivière we are at once charmed by the perfection of its proportions; we feel that what we see is the final and complete expression of an idea. We have been too long accustomed in France to adorn our homes with reductions of well known works; we fail to see that by reducing a statue, however fine it may be, we tend to eliminate the harmony and fitness of its proportions. This obvious and indisputable truth is constantly defied by reproducers and



"ULTIMUM FIERIENS."

In the Luxembourg.

He lately exhibited at Vienna a head of "A Woman of Tunis" in ivory, her heavy Arab head-dress wrought in marble. And again, he is just now at work—between two journeys to Algeria—at a statuette of a "Carthaginian Girl," of which our readers may here see the first sketch, to be executed in pale-pink-tinted marble.

An interesting fact in regard to Rivière's work is that he carries every piece through with his own hand from first to last. At first he allowed some of his statuettes to be reproduced by "the trade," the publishers of works of art; but he now absolutely restricts the *édition* to three examples, each one of which is wrought by himself, in marble, bronze, silver, or ivory. This is



IVORY STATUETTE.

a determination that does honour to the man as much as to the artist.

POSTSCRIPT.

It will be of interest to give some particulars of Théodore Rivière's career beyond those recorded in the foregoing sketch. He was born in Toulouse in 1857, and received his first art-education at the *École des Beaux-Arts* in that town. His first success in the Paris Salon was in 1885, when he gained an honourable mention for his "Djinn." In 1891 came his "Bust of the Bey of Tunis," which is now in the Marsa Palace in Tunis. "Ultimum Feriens," now in the Luxembourg Museum, obtained a third-class medal in 1894; "Salammbô," a second-class medal in the following year; and a "Dancing Girl," in 1896, was acquired for the Dresden Museum. The Bey of Tunis conferred upon the artist the Commandership of the Order of Nichan-Iftikhar.



SALAMMBÔ IN THE PRESENCE OF MATHÔ.
In the Luxembourg.



FRA ANGELICO.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[140] **ENGRAVING BY LIGNON.**—I am curious to find out what information I can concerning a copper-plate engraving entitled "Le Christ au Roseau," by Frédéric Lignon, 1819, after Guido, and published "À Paris, chez l'Auteur," etc. I know that Guido painted a large number of works under the title of "Ecce Homo," and I imagine this is a copy of one of them, with an engraver's title instead of the artist's. The print is well preserved and full of colour, but, unfortunately, the margin has suffered in the usual way by having been cut, but not severely. As an example of copper-plate line-engraving it is one of the finest I have ever seen, and is really a gem of the engraver's art. I should be glad to know where the original painting is.—J. H. ALLCHIN (Maidstone).

* * Etienne Frédéric Lignon, who was born in Paris in 1779, and died in the same city in 1833, was the pupil of Morel. In 1819 he exhibited at the Salon a frame containing five engravings, of which two were after Guido—"La Madeleine" and "Le Christ au Tombeau." But there is no accessible record to prove that he ever exhibited his "Ecce Homo" there. This is certainly one of his very finest plates. The picture in question is in the Dresden Gallery, which greatly resembles that in the Louvre, after which Lilhol engraved his plate.

[141] **OWNERSHIP OF HOGARTH'S "THE LADY'S LAST STAKE."**—I should be glad to know to whom "The Lady's Last Stake," by Hogarth, now belongs.—C. R. (Long Aere).

* * When the picture was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1888 it was lent by Mr. Louis Huth, and we have not since heard of its changing hands.

[142] **PICTURES TO IDENTIFY.**—I have a pair of oil paintings on which I should be glad of your opinion. They measure 8 in. by 6 in., and are on thin sheets of white metal, zinc, or tin, about $\frac{1}{64}$ of an inch thick. The painting is good, very detailed, and bears close examination. The figures and features are stout and heavy, obviously Dutch. The dress is of about 1600. I enclose rough sketches, showing the grouping, etc. There is no signature, but perhaps the fact of their being painted on metal would enable you to give me some idea of their age, etc.—S. W. (Melbourne Road, Leicester).

* * The pictures from which the accompanying sketches are made are two of the most celebrated of the Dresden Gallery. The first is "Der Ordonanz" ("The Ordinance"), by G. Metz, which, in the inventory of 1782, was mentioned as "the only Metz" in the

collection. It is one of the "reserved pictures" of 1855. There has been doubt expressed as to the correctness of the ascription to Metz; and, indeed, it so much resembles the work, in almost every particular, of Ter Borch, that many are inclined to attribute it to the latter master. By Ter Borch is the original of our correspondent's other sketch—"Der Trompeter" ("The Trumpeter"), which was also in the old inventory of 1722, and which, together with the former, was obtained through Count Wackerbarth. The Metz is painted on wood, and the Ter Borch on canvas; the pictures in S. W.'s possession are evidently reduced copies on metal. The Ter Borch ought to be signed with the master's usual monogram.

[143] **FERDINAND PAUWELS.**—I have in my possession a plate from a picture painted by Ferd. Pauwels, representing the figure of Christ in a cloud of light bending over a soldier on the field of battle. I should be much obliged if you could give me any information about the painter?—R. CHAPMAN.

* * Herr Ferdinand Pauwels was born at Eckeren, near Antwerp, in 1830, and has latterly made Dresden his home. Though, perhaps, best known to Englishmen as the teacher of Herr Max Liebermann, he is a distinguished member of that school which developed under Baron Wappers, and which united the historical motive with the modern spirit of representation. The picture our Querist refers to was painted in 1893, and was called "Christus Consolator." We would refer him to the "Encyclopædia of Painters and Paintings," "Das geistige Deutschland," Dr. Müller's "Biographisches Künstler Lexikon," "Artists of the Nineteenth Century," and to the works of Kaulen, Riegel, and other writers, as well as to reference books for such further information as he may desire.

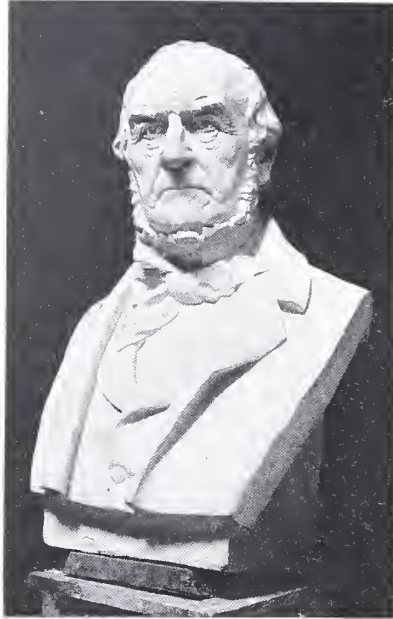
REPLIES.

[132] **BUST OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.**—This marble bust of Landor by John Gibson, R.A., was given to Charles Dickens by the poet himself. At Dickens' death it was sold at Christie's (9th July, 1870), along with the novelist's other works of art, and was purchased by John Camden Hotten for £23 2s. When the publisher died the bust found its way into the possession of the late Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, and was by her removed from her London quarters to the house—Brougham House—at Malvern where she passed the last three years of her life. It was

latterly sold, at her mortuary sale, along with a couple of casts which had been taken from it, and was knocked down to Mr. George Somes Layard (Charles Keene's biographer) for a few shillings. It is said that Dickens' signature upon paper is affixed to the bust.

[133] **CHESS PICTURES.**—Permit me to say that in "The People's Journal," No. 60, February 20, 1847, page 100, is an engraving entitled "Satan playing with Man for his Soul," a "sketch, by Theodore von Holst," and that on the following page is a short account of Von Holst's career, with some description of his works. Possibly this suggestion may enable you to put your correspondent on the way to the information he seeks.—ALFRED DYSON, 290, Albert Road, Heeley, Sheffield.

* * Theodore M. von Holst—whom Sir Thomas Lawrence unavailingly desired to assist—contributed fifty pictures, for the most part of a symbolical, mythical, or allegorical character, to the public exhibitions between 1827 and 1845; of these twenty-four were at the Royal Academy. So far as can be judged from titles, the picture in question was never exhibited at the Academy.



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.
From the Bust by John Rhind, A.R.S.A.

NOTE.

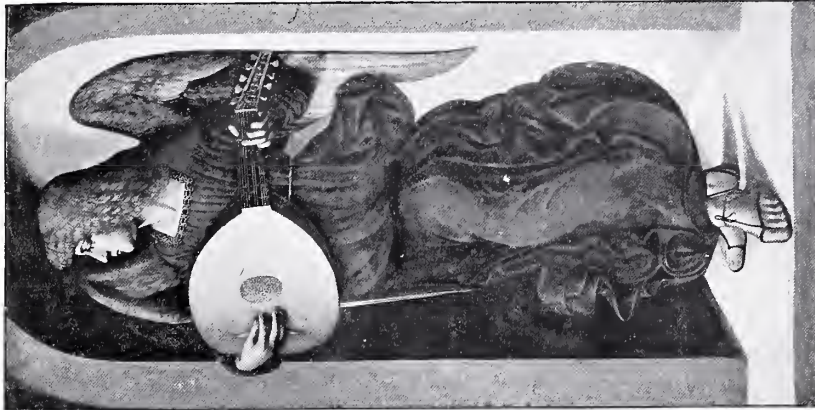
BUSTS OF MR. GLADSTONE.—Mr. Birnie Rhind, A.R.S.A., draws our attention to the fact that his late father, Mr. John Rhind, A.R.S.A., executed the bust of Mr. Gladstone which is now in the Scottish Liberal Club at Edinburgh from personal observations of the great statesman. In 1885, when Mr. Gladstone was conducting the Midlothian campaign, Mr. Rhind asked for sittings from him for the purpose of executing the bust, and received the following reply from Dalmeny Park:—"I regret to say that my occupations do not permit me to give you sittings, but if (as various artists have done in London and as Mr. Böhme (*sic*) did here) you like to come over to-morrow, soon after ten, measure and then inspect me at my work, I have no doubt Lord Rosebery will freely allow it." From this it will be seen that some qualification is necessary to sculptors who had sittings from Mr. Gladstone, contained in our notice of Mr. Albert Toft's bust in the November number of this magazine. Mr. Onslow Ford, R.A., also modelled his bust from life, and the sitter signed the clay.

THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—JANUARY.

Public Benefactors and Provincial Art Galleries. **I**MPORTANT gifts and bequests have recently been made to several of the provincial Art Galleries. At Birmingham, in order to hasten the erection of a new Gallery, which is an urgent necessity, Mr. J. T. MIDDLEMORE has offered to present to the Corporation Mr. Watts's "Aspiration," Mr. Holman Hunt's "Triumph of the Innocents," and several important works of the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones, among which are "The Merciful Knight," "The Garden of the Hesperides," and the four pictures comprising the Pygmalion series. The gift is made conditionally that there should be no undue delay in proceeding with the Gallery. Should the Trustees accept the offer, Lady BURNE-JONES has promised to present the portrait by Mr. Watts of her late husband. Under the will of the late Mr. J. PYKE THOMPSON the Cardiff Museum and Art Gallery becomes possessed of pictures, prints and porcelain to the value of £4,000. The gift includes eighty-eight water-colour drawings, twelve oil paintings, eight pastels, forty-three etchings and engravings, and sixty-four

pieces of porcelain. Among the oil paintings are "The Bleaching Ground," by George Romney; "Cardigan Bay," by David Cox; and "Gipsies Resting," by P. F. Poole, R.A. Eight sketches by Cox and a drawing of "Ewenny Priory" by Turner, are the principal of the water-colours. The Norwich Castle Museum benefits considerably under the will of the late Mr. J. J. COLMAN. From his collection of oil paintings and water-colour drawings by Norwich and Norfolk artists, maps, drawings, sketches and etchings, a selection to the value of £5,000 is to be made by Mr. CHARLES CLOWES and the Curator of the Museum. Mr. JOHN WHITEHEAD has presented to the Manchester Gallery Lady Butler's "Balaclava;" and Sir FREDERICK MAPPIN has given to the gallery at Sheffield that bears his name Mr. Val Prinsep's large painting, "À Versailles."

Art in the Theatre. **V**ARIOUS versions of Dumas's immortal "Musketeers" have recently been exploited on the London stage; but only those presented at the Globe and Her Majesty's need be considered here. To the first-named production



AN ANGEL.
By Ambrogio de Predis.



THE VIRGIN OF THE ROCKS.
By Leonardo da Vinci.



AN ANGEL.
By Ambrogio de Predis.

The Two Wings of this Altar Piece have only recently been acquired by the National Gallery, and the Pictures are now once more hung together. In the Milanese Room.

must be adjudged the palm for artistic achievement, the more especially in view of its limited area and fewer pretensions. The scenes in the Queen's apartments are excellent pictures, and the back-cloth of "The Pré-aux-cleres" is by no means an ineffective piece of work; whilst Mr. PERCY ANDERSON has skilfully contrived to invest his costumes with a sense of actuality lacking at the larger house. Mr. Tree enlists the aid of noteworthy scenic artists, no one of whom, however, is seen at his best. Mr. TELBIN'S "set"—"An Inn near Paris"—reveals impartially his growing faults as well as his familiar excellencies. Mr. HARKER'S treatment of the moonlit "Courtyard of the Louvre" deals broadly and effectively with its architectural features, but is otherwise a little unsatisfying as a composition. Mr. JOHNSTONE is responsible for the remaining tableaux, excepting the final one of the "Ball-Room at the Hôtel de Ville." This, by Mr. WALTER HANN, seems wanting in distinction, and is, indeed, not wholly free from the reproach of looking "stagey," alike in the handling of the crowds and more particularly in the costumes—attributed to "Karl"—of which the majority appear tawdry and ill-chosen. Truth to tell, the "Musketeers" at Her Majesty's scarcely rises to the level of attainment hitherto associated with the present management.

THE name is changed but the spirit of the Institute of Oil Painters still lingers in the Piccadilly Galleries, and it is to the work of most of the men who were the makers of the old society that we turn for interest.

Mr. ALFRED EAST'S "A Grey Morning;" Mr. F. G. COTMAN'S "Morning Mist and Sunshine: Lowestoft Ness;" Mr. GEORGE WETHERBEE'S "Echo;" Mr. J. AUMONIER'S large "Sunrise: View from Primrose Hill;" Mr. YEEND KING'S "Half Afraid;" Mr. ALFRED WITHERS'S "In Whittinghame Woods;" Mr. JOSEPH KNIGHT'S "Hill and Dale," are the chief landscape pictures, and each is good in its own way. Mr. T. AUSTEN BROWN'S "On a Potato Field: October Evening" is a work which proclaims once more the devotion of its author to Nature, and which will greatly enhance the reputation he already holds as an artist of power and truth. Mr. G. F. WATTS sends a noble, characteristic picture entitled "In the Land of Weissnichtwo"—a representation of two chubby children painted in his well-known manner—a fine symbolic work, admirable in quality of style, which holds like an Old Master among the moderns; and prominent among the other figure-subjects are Mr. GEORGE JOY'S "Pamela's Birthday," and Mr. CECIL REA'S "Echo and Narcissus,"

THE present exhibition of the New English Art Club is remarkable for the excellence of the drawings exhibited, including examples of Mr. H. B. BRABAZON, Mr. ROTHENSTEIN, SIR WILLIAM EDEN, Mr. LAURENCE HOUSMAN, and others, and, above all, for Mr. C. H. SHANNON'S portrait of Mr. Charles Ricketts ("The Man in an Inverness Coat"). There are here dignity, reticence, simplicity, vigour, and character, allied to beautiful drawing and fine quality of paint. The picture is, no doubt, too low in tone for posterity to

enjoy Mr. Shannon's work as we do; but as it stands the picture is a notable achievement. There is nothing here to take place beside it, but we observe the fussy landscape, "Flitting Showers," by Professor FRED BROWN, in which sunshine, but neither atmosphere nor sky drawing has been the pre-occupation. Mr. WILSON STEER'S "Ludlow Castle" appears somewhat as a caricature of Mr. Brown's work, being spottier in the lights, and, as it appears to us, forced and untrue in the shadows. That Mr. Steer can be as commonplace in his view of life as anybody, his portrait of Mrs. Walter Winslow is sufficient proof. Mr. WILLIAM STRANG sends an Hogarthian picture of Death, entitled "The Drummer." There is a charming presentation of "The Maas of Dordrecht," by Mr. MOFFAT LINDNER, and another of "Richmond-on-Thames," by Mr. GEORGE THOMSON—classic, perhaps, in feeling, but certainly not in execution; while Mr. BERTRAM PRIESTMAN has based an



PAMELA'S BIRTHDAY.

From the Painting by George Joy at the Society of Oil Painters' Exhibition.

effective picture, called "The Double Lock," upon Old Crome. Miss HARRISON'S portrait of Mrs. Hugh Chisholm is notable for its Holbeinesque conception, earnest in workmanship and good in modelling, but lacks alike life and luminosity. The chief note of the exhibition this year seems to be Constablesque landscape, full of jumping lights and spottiness, as if the outcome of an unintelligent, yet a very praiseworthy, enthusiasm for that master.

Lithographs at South Kensington Museum.

MR. E. F. STRANGE and his collaborators have brought together a collection of lithographs on which they are warmly to be congratulated. It aims at covering the whole ground historically and artistically, and, arranged chronologically, it must be admitted that it is wonderfully complete. It would be easy to point out the lacunæ, or to say that one or other artist is not adequately represented, or that certain famous plates and epoch-making achievements are absent; but, in view of what has been done, it would be ungenerous to dwell upon deficiencies, and we are happy to record

that the fulness and thoroughness of the collection is marvellous. The idea has been to show the development of lithography—to trace its growth and its spread among the nations in all its numerous sections of method, both in black and white and in colour; and, while setting before the spectator the most interesting lithographic works which are even now being produced chiefly in France and Germany, and in a less degree in England, the possibilities of the art, its beauties and capabilities, are always insisted upon. Many of the originals of those plates which were reproduced in THE MAGAZINE OF ART about two years ago, in the series of articles upon lithography, are here to be seen; and the spectator will find pleasure also in not a few works which have a special and fortuitous interest—such as the famous "Blue Lights," by Mr. CAIRICK, or the "Portrait of the Princess Royal," by her Majesty THE QUEEN. It is a pleasure to compliment South Kensington on an admirable and highly intelligent piece of work. Energy and success such as these will go far towards softening the anger of the public raised by the Report of the Committee.

Charles Green
and
Mr. J. F. Sullivan.

AN exhibition of the remaining works of the late CHARLES GREEN has been held at the Galleries of the Fine Art Society. It would not, of course, be fair to judge his artistic capacity by the works left on his hands, or by such works as the artist kept secret from all eyes, never intending them to be seen. It is therefore to be regretted that such drawings as the so-called studies from the nude should, for the most part, have been included—they do more harm to Green's reputation than any amount of critical attack or even neglect. The finest drawings, beyond doubt, are the more spontaneous of the sketches and studies; for in his latest work the artist came to niggle so much of the life out of his figures and faces—out of respect, it is said, for the "process" by which they were to be reproduced. Moreover, a large oil painting was infinitely less admirable than the sketches and studies made for it. Nevertheless, Charles Green was here again revealed as a master of his craft, full of humour and quaint grace; as a frequently delightful colourist; and as an extremely careful student of landscape-nature, equally at home with the brush, the pen, and the pencil, whether as a sketcher or an illustrator.

In an adjoining room the contributions of Mr. SULLIVAN to "Fun" proved how great a humorist and caricaturist, in the finer sense, this draughtsman is. Pure fun, exaggeration, grotesqueness, quaintness, farce, and comedy, sometimes with a suggestion of tragedy too, are to be seen in drawings which are not yet as much appreciated by the public as they certainly will be some day. Mr. Sullivan is a thinker as well as an artistic comedian, and his drawings—which sometimes are side-splitting as jokes or biting as satire—reveal a mind so rare in England that the

marvel is that Mr. Sullivan has not yet been fully acclaimed. There is no doubt, however, that had "Punch" been the paper for which he had worked instead of "Fun," his genius as a humorous draughtsman would long since have been acknowledged.

A HUNDRED
Mr. Alfred East. landscape drawings by
Mr. ALFRED EAST bear testimony once more to the artist's extreme facility with water-colour, and to his adaptability to the scene he depicts and renders with such sense of beauty and of poetry. If the scene is Corotese, he too is Corotese; and a subject which has suggested Turner to his mind is made to suggest Turner in manner of realisation. Yet he never loses his individuality, nor is it for lack of personal feeling that he touches his drawings with the memory of the great masters.

MR. BUNNY
Mr. Rupert Bunny. has devised what he calls "oil drawings," which appear to be a development of the monotype. The subject is painted in oil colours



LADY HAMILTON.

By George Romney. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.
(Room XVIII, No. 1668).

upon a copper plate, and this is then printed upon paper. The result is extremely charming and highly decorative. These designs are so pleasing and luminous in colour, so opulent, and at the same time so graceful in conception and arrangement, that it is easy to foretell a great artistic success. We propose to return to this subject later on.

THE winter exhibition at Messrs. Agnew's Gallery affords a treat of the most unusual and the most exquisite character. It consists in the series of pictures painted by FRAGONARD for Mme. du Barry on a subject entitled "Roman d'Amour et de la Jennesse." The series, increased from four to five by the addition of "L'Abandon" (though, according to a belief entertained in more than one quarter, this picture was the first), and, further, by five playfully amorous decorations to accompany them (all having been intended for du Barry's "Pavilion" of Louveciennes), were taken by the artist to his native town of Grasse on the approach of turbulent times. There they remained in the house of his descendants, who declined all offers of purchase, until the cheque-book of the English dealer—enabling the owner to make good financial losses—brought them to England, and here, re-lined and framed, they appear resplendent—the brilliant masterpieces of French art of the end of the brilliant eighteenth century. Delightfully affected, exquisitely graceful, brilliantly painted, harmonious, delicate, tender, and sometimes even opulent in colour, these *chef-d'œuvres* present to us the very spirit of the elegance and beauty which ruled French taste when it played in its most innocent mood at "Love as felt at Sèvres." These famous pictures are, of course, (1) "La Poursuite," (2) "Le Rendezvous," (3) "Les Souvenirs," (4) "L'Amour Couronné," and (5) "L'Abandon." None of our readers who reads these lines should miss seeing these pictures.

WE have always recognised in Mr. **Mr. Oliver Hall,** **HALL** one of our leading original etchers and a lithographer of extraordinary taste and ability in the rendering of silvery landscape. Many examples of his later work have been shown at the Dowdeswell Galleries, but added to these are a series of oil paintings which, if they are not very profound, are extremely acceptable by reason of their being founded upon the landscape masters of style. As an oil painter of, we believe, recent development, Mr. Hall is distinguished by breadth and fine imagination and selection, and, above all, by a sense of colour so fine as to be exceptional. We see echoes of other painters from time to time, but there is here enough to show that some of Mr. Hall's most remarkable work will have henceforward to be sought rather on the walls of the Academy than on those of the Royal Painter-Etchers.

Mr. H. B. Brabazon. FEW men are blessed with so exquisite a colour-sense as Mr. H. B. BRABAZON, the "amateur" so long known and so highly esteemed. No doubt the insistence on the definition "amateur" is due either to the painter's consciousness that he cannot draw a complete picture, or that he does not choose to satisfy public expectation when work as of an "artist" is put before them. These "notes" of his are extraordinarily delightful, sensitive, and tender; but we regret to find that Mr. Sargent, who comments upon them, is guilty of exaggeration such as is natural only to an admirer not gifted with sound critical judgment. No doubt Mr. Sargent appreciates and applauds in Mr. Brabazon the very quality in which he himself is lacking, and at the same time (quite naturally, also) neither asks for nor deplors the absence of that merit which he himself possesses in so amazing a degree: we refer to drawing and sense of form.

Other Exhibitors. THE annual exhibition of the Oxford Art Society again showed a marked improvement in the quality of the work as a whole, and this, combined with important contributions of several artists of note, served to make the exhibition the best in the history of the Society. The President, Professor HERKOMER, R.A., sent one of his new enamel paintings, "Day;" and Sir E. J. POYNTER two water-colours, "After Rain" and "Glycea." Messrs. ORCHARDSON, R.A., ALBERT GOODWIN, JOHN FULLEY-LOVE, and ALFRED DRURY were represented by characteristic works.

The winter exhibition of Messrs. John Harris and Son's embroidered linens contained several new examples of this class of work. Among the best was the bed spread with a design based on the carnation, worked in cream flax thread, and edged with blue and white flax lace. Some cushion covers of white Roman satin, with appliqué designs in different colours of Empire satin, were excellent, both from the point of view of design and colour. This appliqué work is also used with good effect for table centres, two designs based on the sunflower and daffodil being especially striking. The flax linen and thread are being used for many smaller objects of household use, but in all the results are pleasing, the designs, as a rule, being simple adaptations of floral forms, and the colours harmoniously combined.

Dickens and His Illustrators. By *Frederick Reviews.* *Kitton.* London, George Redway, 1899. Illustrated. (£2 2s.)

FOR five-and-thirty years Dickens and his illustrators

were topics of the utmost interest to millions of English readers, and the subject has been treated more than once since the novelist's death. Now, however, nearly thirty years after that sad day in 1870 when the world was startled with the news that Dickens was no more, Mr. Kitton—that profound student of Dickensiana—has taken up the subject with characteristic thoroughness, and has produced a handsome volume, which, from the artistic as well as the literary point of view, is one of the best monuments to the novelist's memory. For here we see Dickens perhaps more *intime* than in any of the other books which have been written upon him. Biographies nowadays admit us more often to the salon than to



From "Der Ring des Nibelungen."

the parlour of their subjects; and it is often difficult to imagine that the majority of Dickens' letters were not written with some sort of consciousness that they would some day appear in print. But in his intercourse with his authorised illustrators—that is to say, with Cruikshank, Seymour, Buss, "Phiz," Cattermole, Leech, Doyle, Stanfield, Maclise, Tenniel, Frank Stone, Landseer, Palmer, Marcus Stone, and Luke Fildes—he revealed himself entirely: showed not only practical criticism, but a power of dramatic arrangement which was often adopted by his artist. The interest of this book is, of course, at once literary and artistic. In the story of the illustration we have sometimes the story of the book itself, and Mr. Kitton once more goes over, with thoroughness and judicious moderation, the ground which was for so long a time occupied by

the claims of Cruikshank to have originated "Oliver Twist" and of Seymour to have invented the "Pickwick Papers," and he deals with the matter, it must be believed, finally. Besides collecting a vast amount of material from the aforementioned illustrators, and especially from the survivors of them, Mr. Kitton gives us three appendices, which, to the Dickens connoisseur and collector, are invaluable. In the first, the illustrators of the cheap editions are dealt with in great profusion; in the second, those who produced "extra illustrations" are fully set out; and in the last—"Dickens in Art"—there is a list of the most striking pictures shown at the public exhibitions, which have been inspired by scenes or characters in Dickens's books. From these, the only one of importance which is missing is the picture unexhibited in England—Millais's "Little Nell and her Grandfather." The great interest of the book lies in its illustration; for here, apart from numerous portraits, we have colotype facsimiles of seventy original drawings for the illustrations which we all know so well—and yet not all known neither, for not a few of these consist of studies for plates that were never etched, or, if executed, that were never used. These drawings and studies are of perennial interest, and make us, perhaps, understand Dickens's character better by showing us from what first originals the etched figures were subsequently evolved. On setting down the volume we seem to have entered on a greater degree of intimacy with the distinguished men whose work embellished his own, which adds not a little to the value of this most pleasant and imposing volume.

Elementary Perspective. By *Lewis R. Crosskey*. Blackie and Son, London. 1898. (3s. 6d.)

THE subject is well treated, and the book should be useful to the student preparing for the science and art examinations. There are some special notes at the end of service to architects.

Der Ring des Nibelungen. By *Louis N. Parker*. Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. 1898.

THIS little "Souvenir of three Wagner cycles at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, 1898," is chiefly interesting for its illustration and decoration by Mr. Charles Robinson and Mr. P. J. Billingham, which have been produced under the superintendence of the Studio of Design, of Effingham House. In the illustrations proper there is considerable reminiscence of the influence of Aubrey Beardsley in the decorative handling and in the appreciation of masses of black-and-white, but the drawing is far more correct even in such a design as that of Siegfried, wherein the landscape is treated with some touch of archaism.

Index to the Periodicals of 1897. "Review of Reviews" Office. 1898. (10s.)

OUR sense of appreciation of this remarkable Index to the current literature of the year has been so emphatically expressed in our reviews of previous issues that we can say little more in its praise. We have in this new volume an exhaustive, and we may add an intelligently classified list of everything that has been said about art, usefully indexed for easy reference. It is difficult to overstate either the merit or the utility of the work.

The Troubles of Tatters, and other Stories. By *Alice Talwyn Morris*. Illustrated by *Alice B. Woodward*. Blackie and Son, London. (3s. 6d.)

A CHARMING collection of stories for children, charmingly illustrated. While adhering faithfully to the text for her subjects, the artist has imparted a dainty

fancifulness to her drawings which will make for her a reputation as an illustrator of children's books.

We have received from Messrs. Blackie two wholesome and interesting volumes from the versatile pen of Mr. G. H. HENTY: "*At Aboukir and Acre*" (5s.), which is illustrated in a spirited manner by Mr. W. RAINEY, R.I., and "*Both Sides of the Border*" (6s.), which contains twelve clever illustrations by Mr. RALPH PEACOCK.—"*Photograms of '98*" is an excellent record of the progress of photography (Dawbarn and Ward, London. 2s. net).—"*The Singers*," by H. W. LONGFELLOW, has dainty and suggestive etchings by ARTHUR ROBERTSON (Elkin Mathews, London. 2s. 6d. net).—"*The Spirit of Sæctwater*," by HAMLIN GARLAND, is a dainty little volume, illustrated with photogravures (Service and Paton, London. 2s. net).—"*The History and Antiquities of the Collegiate Church of St. Saviour, Southwark*," by the Rev. CANON THOMPSON, M.A., D.D. (Ash and Co., London), is an interesting record of one of London's most famous churches. It is adequately illustrated with plans and views.—The "*Catalogue of the Northern Art-Workers' Guild Exhibition*" at Manchester contains not only the list of exhibits, but a series of useful essays on art and craft matters by competent authorities. Mr. WALTER CRANE contributes some "Notes on Needlework in the Present Century;" Mr. LEWIS F. DAY, on "Cotton Printing;" Mr. REGINALD BARBER, on "The Relationship between the Pictorial and the Decorative Arts;" Mr. WILLIAM BURTON, on "Modern Pottery;" Mr. HENRY CADNESS, on "The Craft of the Weaver;" Mr. H. C. D. CHORLTON, on "Printing;" Mr. EDGAR WOOD on "From Nature to Design," etc. etc. The little volume is printed in an admirable manner, and is tastefully bound in a cover designed by Mr. Chorlton.

SIR EDWARD POYNTER, P.R.A., has been elected corresponding member of the Paris Academy of Fine Arts, in succession to the late Sir EDWARD BURNE-JONES.

MR. E. J. GREGORY, R.A., has been elected President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, in succession to Sir J. D. LINTON, who has resigned. The final figures of the ballot were: Mr. E. J. GREGORY, 37; Mr. EDWIN BALE, 32. Mr. WIMPERIS was elected Vice-President.

The following have been elected members of the Society of Oil Painters:—Messrs. BYAM SHAW, R.I., CECIL W. REA, MORTIMER MENPES, R.I., CHARLES L'ANSON, and ALFRED HARTLEY. Sir GEORGE REID, P.R.S.A., and Mr. E. A. WATERLOW, P.R.W.S., A.R.A., were elected honorary members.

THE death has occurred of M. LÉON LOIRE, **Obituary.** late Professor of the Municipal Schools of Paris, at the age of seventy-seven. He was a pupil of David d'Angers for painting, and of Emile Lassalle for lithography. He exhibited uninterruptedly at the Salons from 1848 to 1898.

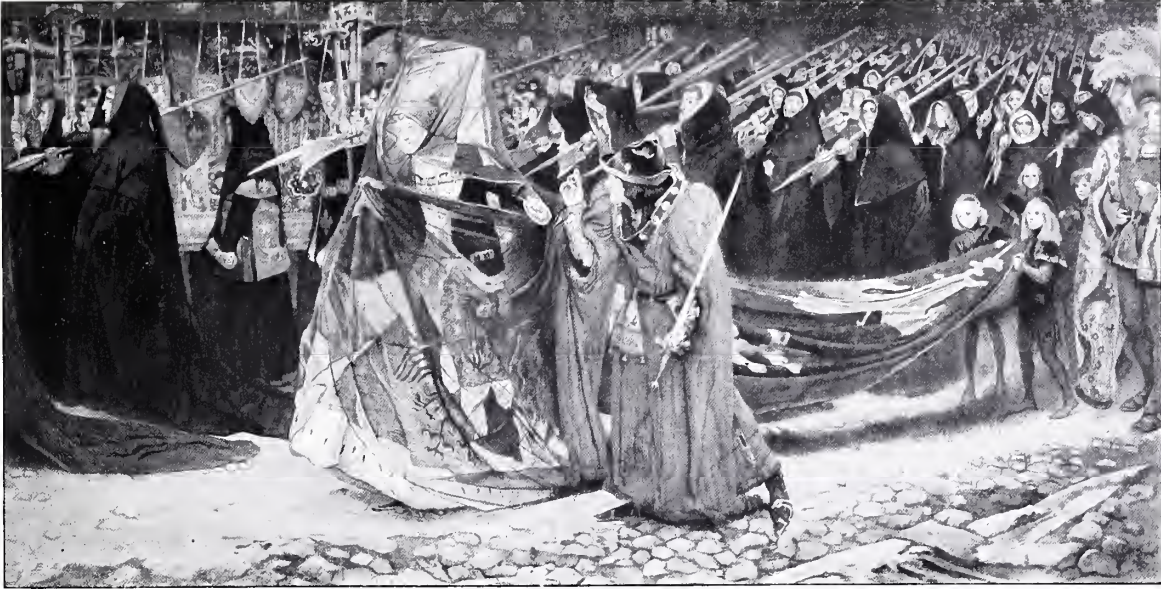
M. JEAN J. FRANÇOIS BELLEL, landscape-painter, has died at the age of eighty-three. Two of his works, "Solitude" and "A Spindle-Tree Valley of St. Amé," are in the Luxembourg. Bellel gained a first-class medal in 1848, a bronze medal at the Universal Exhibition of 1889, and was appointed to the Legion of Honour in 1860.

We have also to record the deaths of M. HENRI PLUCHART, painter, and Director of the Museum of Lille; and of M. CHARLES JULES ROBERT, the well-known wood engraver, at the age of forty-seven. He engraved the last Bank of France note for one hundred francs, and his signature appears thereon side by side with that of Baudry.



STUDY FOR "THE RANSOM"

BY JOHN E. MILLAIS, P.R.A., IN THE POSSESSION OF THOMAS BROWNING, ESQ.



RICHARD DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AND THE LADY ANNE. (ROYAL ACADEMY, 1896.)

Reproduced, with the Consent of the Council of the Art Union London, from the Etching by L. Flameng.

EDWIN AUSTIN ABBEY, R.A.—PART I.

BY M. H. SPIELMANN.

FROM the stool in the draughtsman's room of Harper's New York office to Fairford Hall in Gloucestershire and the Royal Academy of London is a long step. Between the early, almost hopeless, ambitions of the lad, to their almost complete realisation (one would think) before the man has reached the prime of life, there lies a world of strenuous effort, of earnest labour, and practical sincerity which alone gave opportunity to the genius that is within him to speak and make itself felt and heard. The boy had been much like other boys—a little less promising, perhaps, than most: though bright and intelligent enough, he seemed unable to fix his ambitions with much success on any important objects in life or formulate any plans, much less to aim at any ideal. When he peered into the future he could see there no goal towards which he might preferably travel; nor even succeeded in recognising any path by which he should set out towards the Unknown Land. Father and son debated the point and discussed the parental desire that the lad should go into the Church. But an unerring instinct in the boy's heart stood like a barrier in the way; it declared with clearness that Nature had not intended him for such a destiny, and hazarded the suggestion, while hardly insisting upon it, that Art offered far greater attraction to his taste, if not to his ability and sense of judgment. And so it came about that the pursuit was determined on.

Accordingly, Mr. Abbey began his education

at the Academy of Fine Arts of Philadelphia. A patriotic American notwithstanding, the study of the art of his own land did not suffice for him. He kept his eye, as far as circumstances allowed, upon European work, and "Punch" and the "Graphic" had no inconsiderable share in his instruction in the use of the pencil. In 1871—when he was nineteen years of age—his father required him to adopt a profession that was to be a livelihood; whereupon the young Philadelphian took the decisive plunge and obtained employment in the office of Messrs. Harper. There he had for fellow-workers lads who have since made their names famous beyond the confines of the art-world, such as Reinhart and Mr. Alexander. There was here every encouragement to the earnest draughtsman; the work was cheap enough for the most part, but the variety was great and merit was appreciated. Even the boys who swept out the office were not without their chance and hope of reward, and one of them—there is no need to mention whom—has become one of the most successful Franco-American painters now practising in Paris.

So in the month of February Mr. Abbey became one of Harper's young artists, and his first drawing, if I remember aright, represented in "Harper's Weekly" the demolition under the Commune of the Vendôme Column. His University education did not perhaps help him much during the first seven years of his apprenticeship, during which no subject, whether

pictorial, illustrative, or reportorial—he was for a time one of those war-artists who never left the office-stool—came ill to his hand; but we were soon to see its influence in what I do not hesitate to call the immortal drawings with which he soon began to illustrate the classic literature of England. Hither, indeed, his eyes had as a boy's been turned: and the fact that one of the fairest of English counties is now his home is proof, if need be, that that affection for the gentler side of English life and genius is

not yet dead. His love of Goldsmith, and, consequently, of Knickerbocker, struck a vibrating chord in his heart while he was still a lad; his devotion to the other poetic writers of prose and verse was merely a matter of time.

In point of fact, it was decided in 1878 that Mr. Abbey should illustrate Herrick for "Harper's Magazine" with a view to ultimate publication in volume form, and in order to carry out the work he came to England and sojourned for two years in Worcestershire, in the most picturesque part of one of the loveliest of the shires. In 1880 he went back to the States, but only for eight months; he returned to England for good, and transferred the word "home" from the New World to the Old.

His reputation, meanwhile, had become assured. His subtle and fascinating use of water-colour had already won him membership of the American Water - Colour Society, and not only the charm but, so to speak, the authority of his work was now accepted by an ever-increasing class. The beauty and originality of his pen-work were already a feature of American periodical literature. Not on account of the pen-work alone: *that* was a style in the appreciation of which—at least, as to the beauties of its technique—the general public had to be educated. But the pictorial and what I would call the human qualities of the designs needed no introduction, no explanation, no persuasion. He was accepted at once, and



EDWIN A. ABBEY R.A.

From a Crayon Sketch by John S. Sargent, R.A., 1889. From "Harper's Magazine." Copyright, 1889, by Harper and Brothers.



A STUDY.

By Edwin A. Abbey, R.A.

long before he knew it; and while he was still regarding himself as a student a vast section of the intelligent judges of his art proclaimed him master. And so he has proceeded from step to step—to oil-painting and pastel and decoration in the great sense—and proceeded successfully; for, prolific though he is, he maintains a surprising degree of excellence. Touch what he may, his work is never second-rate, though it cannot always be his very best. There is the character of the man as well as of his subject in all that he has done. He is sometimes open to criticism: so are the great Masters; but a superlative merit of his work—be it pen-and-ink drawing or vast mural painting—lies in this, that it breathes forth the individuality of the painter and the personality of his outlook. You feel the strength, the very soul of the man, as you feel the men themselves in the works of Watts, Burne-Jones, and a very few others among our painters, and you realise that, almost invariably, his taste is as fine as his art and execution. This, of course, is at the root of his success and the reason why, in 1883, only two seasons after he took up his abode in England, he was elected member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours,* why in 1889 he received a first-class medal at the Paris Universal Exhibition, in 1896 obtained the Associateship of the Royal Academy, and only two years later—Mr. Sargent, his close friend and fellow-countryman, was made to wait for three—he was promoted to full membership. On that occasion he succeeded to the vacancy left by Philip Calderon, and in the final ballot won by a majority of six votes (28 to 22) over Mr. E. A. Waterlow.

It is doubtless to his American stock that Mr. Abbey owes the extraordinary degree of comprehension and receptivity which are such striking qualities of the national genius. Oil, water-colour, pen-and-ink, pencil, chalk, pastel—these mediums and methods are used by him with almost equal ease and practically with equal effect. Period, as affecting subject, sentiment, or costume, offers no difficulty to so well-stored a mind—subjects from the Bible, from any play of Shakespeare, from Herrick and the rest of the English classics, of the gallant eighteenth century, or from Arthurian legend, are treated with equal power to convince. What more can one say—what higher praise could be uttered? It may at least be averred that never, to my knowledge, in any details of fact, of costume or custom, of architecture or accessory, has Mr. Abbey ever been challenged. When he has not been actually accurate, he has always

* In 1894 Mr. Abbey resigned from the Royal Institute, and in the following year was elected an Associate of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours.

secured so. In these ultra-critical days, when men measure the historical-painter by dates—by the correctness of the patterns of his painted materials, by the very flowers that grow by the castle walls, or by the shape of the gorget on his knight's armour—this is no small thing to assert. Moreover, in figures, incident, landscape, townscape, Mr. Abbey is equally practised, and, manifestly, equally self-reliant. But it is evident that scholarly ability and intense application would have gained the artist scarce a step in reputation had they not seconded a talent of most unusual order, and an individuality so personal that it is impossible to point to another painter whose work Mr. Abbey's may be said to resemble, unless it be that of some imitator or follower. And it was his drawings, as I have said, that nurtured his art-faculty in its early development.

THE DRAUGHTSMAN IN BLACK-AND-WHITE.

In 1882 Mr. Abbey illustrated "Selections from the Hesperides," and "Noble Numbers of Robert Herrick;" in 1887, "She Stoops to Conquer;" in 1889, "Old Songs;" in 1885 he had, along with Mr. G. H. Boughton, R.A., made drawings for "Rambles in Holland;" and in 1890, in collaboration with his old friend, studio companion, and particular crony, Mr. Alfred Parsons, "The Quiet Life"—a collection of verses by Marvell, Pope, Cowley, and Mr. Austin Dobson. But a greater task than all these, one that points to the high-water mark of technical and intellectual accomplishment in this branch of his art, is the great set of illustrations to "The Comedies of Shakespeare," which Harpers have republished in three noble volumes that are in themselves a splendid memorial of the artist's power.

It is hardly necessary to analyse the merits of Mr. Abbey's drawings, so well are they known and so highly esteemed. But I would point out, lest I should appear to ignore a phenomenon in his work which is its leading characteristic, that the drawn line, keenly as its beauty appeals to the artist, is not his final aim. He sees his subject, so to say, in masses, not in lines—as a painter rather than as a draughtsman. In fact, he paints with his pen—nay, he almost succeeds in giving us colour: he certainly suggests it. Yet no one can draw a sweeter line than he. But by sacrificing it he gains what is of very much greater value. Observe the fine, almost noble, line of Mr. Phil May and Mr. Linley Sambourne; compare it with the "fudged" or broken line of Mr. Abbey—and what do we find? We find that Mr. Abbey's figures are *of* his scene, while that of the others are usually in or on it. By his method of thus

melting his figures into their surroundings, instead of silhouetting them, he succeeds in imparting a sense of atmosphere to the drawing, as well as softening the arbitrariness of that conventional outline which does not exist in Nature, till we are filled with gratitude and admiration for the work, almost without asking ourselves what it is that so awakens our sympathy.

From the time that Mr. Abbey first drew

“I have a house and lands in Kent,
Twopence-halfpenny is my rent”

he has gone on improving. His studies are rigidly made, and when he proceeds to the drawing itself he advances, as I have seen, by well-defined stages. He first touches in with the pencil—then more or less tentatively, yet deliberately, in ink, carefully working up the drawing, and aiming still more carefully to retain the grace, delicacy, spirituality, and feeling of the first conception. Indeed, the delicacy usually increases as the work proceeds. Masses are dealt with, and lines are mainly cherished not for their charming selves but for their use: each touch is regarded as a soldier in a regiment—of least importance when employed singly, but magnificently effective when used collectively. The draughtsman will give whole days to a drawing, beginning over and over again until he is fairly satisfied; and even then, if he does not quite like the result, he will often put it on one side. In this way, a whole play of Shakespeare has been practically re-drawn: and the great series of designs for “The Deserted Village” advances with stately leisure and deliberateness towards its long-wished-for close.

Mr. Abbey does not elaborate “for the fun of it,” and rarely touches his drawing after the action and disposition of drapery are caught. But the drapery-drawing in a design must be considered the final stage: the first is the establishment in it of the character, humour, verisimilitude of the subject (any one of these qualities or all, according as the subject may demand): the second, the dignity, elevation, poetry, colour and line, the decorative sentiment, and general *maintien* and gesture. And so he enters into the life and character of his subjects and figures, male and female. He gives us humour and grace of man and woman, makes these intelligent or beautiful, with the masculine pose of the one and the feminine charm of the other. He can flood these little pictures with sunlight, give us chiaroscuro, suggest texture, and render with consummate draughtsmanship whatsoever he please, be his subject trees or flowers, costume or furniture, cottages or marble palaces. He may delight us with dainty fancy

in “The Midsummer Night’s Dream,” or with romantic beauty in “The Merchant of Venice,” or with the joyousness of “Twelfth Night”—three of his most successful works. But even in these little masterpieces he makes us feel, even in his most delicate work, that sort of power which we recognise in Mr. Kipling’s; and we cannot withhold applause from the man who, from a mere stage direction, can evolve a fine composition full of suggestion while unswervingly loyal to the word and spirit of the text. Indeed, it seems to me that his work not only evokes the admiration, but, in curious degree, invites the personal friendship of the spectator.

Although his pen-and-ink work and wash drawings have been admirably rendered by the wood-engraver, the craftsman has had no easy task, for Mr. Abbey has always thought too highly of the translator’s skill to modify his method for the latter’s sake—as draughtsmen were forced at one time to do in this country. “The interpreter must look after himself; every man to his own art and craft,” was his principle. The event proved that the interpreter has “looked after” both. Of course, great reduction from their original size and rapid printing have robbed the drawings of no inconsiderable portion of their beauty, but enough of this remains to justify the critic in acclaiming Mr. Abbey as one of the most gifted pen-draughtsmen who ever lived, whose name will be remembered and honoured so long as the art is appreciated.

THE WATER-COLOUR PAINTER.

As I have already suggested, Mr. Abbey’s range is wide and his technique is invariably charming. Sweetness of sentiment and expression characterise his water-colours, not less than their fine quality, their breadth, and delicious sense of colour. His chief works in this medium are, “The Stage Office” (1876), which was exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1878, “The Evil Eye” (1877), “Lady in a Garden” (1878), “A Rose in October” (1879), “The Sisters” (1881), “The Widower” (1883), “The Bible-reading” (1884), “An Old Song” (1886), “The March Past” (1887), “Visitors” (1890), and “The Jongleur” (1892). There are not many more—nor likely to be. The public demands other work from his hand, so that those who own his water-colours are fortunate in possessing examples of what must in course of time remain among the rarest of his works.

Even in these drawings Mr. Abbey, like Baron Leys, can make the period he deals with live for us again. There is in them, too, a flavour of that “grand style” which gives a dignity to his most intimate scenes; and the



BEATRICE.

From the Pastel by Edwin A. Abbey, B.A.

grace of his women and ease of his men lend an added beauty to the free handling and delicate force of the treatment.

THE PAINTER IN OILS.

It frequently occurs, among the painters of our day as among the older masters, that the practice of oil-painting is a section of art assumed after a reputation has been made in other directions. Mr. Abbey was known throughout two continents for his black-and-white and his water-colours before he took the hog's-brush in hand. The result is obvious, and, by the thoughtful, not to be regretted. The mind is the mind of the accomplished artist—the man who is accustomed to see and conceive things as art, and can arrange them accordingly; but the actual handling betrays, not any lack of sympathy with the material, nor any crudity, nor any quality nor lack of quality inconsistent with the noblest work, but some absence of that dexterity of brush-work which the modern painter, who has been taught to cultivate "execution" from his youth, is apt to consider, if not the main, the leading excellence of his craft. Mr. Abbey gives us, therefore, no painter's acrobatics: untempted by what I would call the *bravura*-faculty, he aims at seeking compensation in drawing, colour, composition, sentiment, charm, and nobility. He succeeds, and the public is the better for it; for those who can recognise this fatal dexterity are apt to accord to it far too great an importance, and those who cannot are equally ignorant whether it is there or not.

So it came to pass that Mr. Abbey's first public appearance with oil-colour was in the "Mayday Morn," exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1890. This picture was the outcome of a charming *cul-de-lampe* with which he illustrated Herrick's "Corinna's gone a-Maying." He chose to represent the scene at dawn—and, accordingly, became the victim of the tyrant hour. For every day during the month he obliged himself to rise before the sun, and to be with models and paraphernalia in his place in the garden before the sun had risen to whiten the spring air—a sacrifice to his Muse the full import of which only stay-abed sympathisers can properly estimate. I shall not forget the effect of this picture upon the walls of the Academy. It was the only picture before which one could stand and fill one's lungs with the early-morning air and feel invigorated and refreshed. Since then, in 1894, the artist painted out the cock crowing lustily upon the wall, and the garden-path disappeared as well. The picture, as it now stands, loses much of its significance and charm; and the hope—of one, at least—may be expressed that the painter

may at some time revise his revision and restore the picture to its original aspect.

In 1894, too, there appeared "Fiametta's Song"—an Italian scene, eloquent of romantic poetry and dignified ease, ennobled by the lissome grace of the classic giant cypress, a place wherein to study Petrarch or dally with Boccaccio, undeterred by the stately beauties that here people it. The picture proved the pliability of Mr. Abbey's genius, for he displays in it the ability of applying with ease the decorative quality he sought to the characteristics of Italian landscape, as revealed by the country itself and seen through the eyes of her poets. It is not without interest, as illustrating the painter's conscientiousness, that when the picture was first finished and the extremely elaborate tiled pavement seemed to him to be slightly false in perspective, Mr. Abbey scraped the whole of it out and began it all over again.

His greatest success was to come in 1896, when at the Royal Academy he exhibited "Richard Duke of Gloucester and the Lady Anne"—a picture here reproduced, and well-known through the admirable etching of it by M. Leopold Flameng, issued by the Art Union of London to its subscribers. It was characteristic of his courage that he boldly tackled one of the most difficult, though doubtless one of the most dramatic, episodes in the whole of Shakespeare. He has even selected the psychological moment when the widow, by the very coffin of her slain husband, is being wooed by the murderer himself and is on the point of yielding to the specious pleader. The character of the heads is rendered with rare power, ability, and knowledge of expression, and in its decorative aspect the picture is a triumph. The boldness and richness of arrangement and costumes contrast with the extraordinary delicacy and tender treatment of the lady's face; and the scheme, though perhaps slightly theatrical—as such a procession so treated must always be—is entirely free from any taint of staginess. It is interesting to observe with how much relish the artist has treated the pikes and lances, which are always accessories of curiously pictorial value, as artists have felt from the beginning. We have them in the ancient mosaic pavement of the "Alexander's Battle," and in Velasquez's "Surrender of Breda," in the Prada of Madrid; we have them in our Ucello's "Battle of Sant' Egidio," in Rembrandt's so-called "Night-Watch," and in Aman-Jean's "Joan of Arc" in the Orleans Museum, and always with appreciation; and Mr. Abbey has treated them with not less force and independence.

(To be continued.)



PORTIA: "THE QUALITY OF MERCY IS NOT STRAINED."

From a Pen-Drawing by Edwin A. Abbey, R.A., in "The Comedies of William Shakespeare." Copyright, 1895, by Harper and Brothers.

A SIDE-LIGHT ON EVIDENCE BEFORE THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM SELECT COMMITTEE.



THE SIDE ENTRANCE TO THE MUSEUM
(Architect not stated.)

MARCH 12th, 1897:—
(136) *Chairman* (SIR JOHN GORST): Have you had any serious loss?—
GENERAL SIR JOHN DONNELLY: No.

(137) You have had losses, I suppose? No—not that I know of.

(138) SIR HENRY HLOWORTH: Not from fire or theft? No.

In the course of the Inquiry lists of thefts and fires, and of objects lost through both, were

duly demanded and put in by Sir John Donnelly.

March 30th, 1897:

(1835) MR. JOHN BURNS: Is there any truth in the allegation that the only serious act of theft was by some privates of the Royal Engineers?—I never heard of any act of theft by some privates of the Royal Engineers.

(1836) The allegation is as I have said; I only asked about it for it to be dispelled, if it is not true.—When was this?

(1837) It appeared in a number of papers that the only act of theft committed at South Kensington was an instance of a case of antique watches being broken open by some of the soldiers?—When?

(1838) I want to know when was it?—I say, first of all, I know nothing about it; and then you say an allegation is made, and I ask when. This will go out, and we ought really to be able to trace that a little further. These are a respectable body of men.

(1839) Well, there is no truth in it, so far as you know?—I think we should go a little further. When was this, when it is alleged that this happened?

(1840) I saw it in the newspaper; I have heard it several times. I do not attach any importance to it. You do not know anything about it?—No.

I should have been willing to let bygones be bygones, but that the Chief of South Kensington expressed himself so keenly desirous for further information upon the subject, and, moreover, has shown a memory so faulty in respect of matters (such as theft, fires, the damage to the Emperor of Austria's cnp, and other incidents); and in this very instance to which attention is here specially drawn, when the circumstance has been unmistakably brought home, has suggested—as will be seen later on—that it was merely a matter concerning the Patent Museum. The interesting report and letters that follow, by Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen and Sir Henry Cole, will establish the facts and will serve to show how difficult it is for a Parliamentary Committee to obtain information from a Department on its trial, unless it is primed beforehand.

We have here, in the first place, Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen's report upon the theft, as to the

inquiry into which Sir John Donnelly was in the course of his duties actually employed; in the second place, Sir Henry Cole's comment upon the same; and, thirdly, Sir Philip's freely expressed letter to Mr. Richard Redgrave, C.B., upon the whole matter. The reader will perceive that, although the watch robbery is in itself a small thing, the incident was considered to be of the first importance; and, in fact, did lead to the substitution of police for the sappers of the Royal Engineers. As will be seen, the chief anxiety of the principal gentlemen concerned in making the inquiry was, while improving the state of efficiency, to smother publicity:—

On Monday morning, the 27th inst., Inspector Forman came to me at 9.30 and informed me that a watch had been stolen out of the Patent Museum, between the hours of 5 p.m. on Saturday and 6 on Monday morning, when it was discovered to have been lost by Hayles, the carpenter attendant.

The watch was exhibited by Adams, and was of gold. It was placed under a bell-shaped glass, and the stand (of iron) was firmly screwed to the counter. This was the way in which I have often observed it, and in which several persons report having left it on Saturday morning.

The case was placed at the angle of the counter, which stands immediately on the right of the partition door between the museum on entering the Patents from the General Museum.

When first called by the inspector of police the only things left in the counter were two screws. One of them had not been drawn, and to it a piece of the mahogany bottom remained attached; the other screw had been taken out and replaced. There was not a sign of broken glass either on the counter or under.

Mr. Forman was instructed to give orders to two policemen to go in different directions and visit all the pawn-brokers.

In the meantime, an active search was made in the Patent Museum, in the presence of the inspector. The metal stand was found on one of the bookshelves, behind two piles of specifications. It had all the appearance of having been wrenched off with considerable violence. A little later, on the opposite side of the Patent Museum, several pieces of broken glass were found under the gratings and between the water pipes. The glass, of which only a few pieces were found, certainly formed part of a bell-shaped globe, but only having a portion of the glass, there is not the same certainty as to its being part of the missing shade, as with the iron stand, about which there is positive proof. The evidence which there seemed to be that the robbery was committed after 5 on Saturday naturally pointed out the sappers on guard as the persons in *the first place to be examined*.* Lt. Donnelly [at my suggestion]† examined the men who had been on guard, in presence of Mr. Shaw and myself. Both his Guard Reports, from Corporal Snelling, on guard from 6 p.m. on Saturday to 2 p.m. on Sunday, and that from Corporal McLaren, who relieved him on Sunday and remained till Monday at 6 a.m., were signed by them, and "ALL CORRECT" reported by them against the question, "*Any occurrence of importance?*"

The sapper who was on guard between 5 and 6 on Saturday was first examined—W—— by name. He reports that

* These words replace "all probability implicated." erased in original.

† These words erased.



STUDY OF A SLEEVE.

By Edwin A. Abbey, R.A.

on going into the Patents at five minutes after 5 he found Hayles, the carpenter attendant, and another painter in Mr. Kelk's employ, engaged in cleaning the glass shades. That at half-past five he first missed the case in question, but that it [*sic*] not occur to him that any violence had been used, but that simply it had been removed. He, however, does not report anything either to the corporal or the next sentry, who, when examined, says he thought the case had been wrenched off, but still does not report it. The sentry at 10 o'clock—being, perhaps, an older soldier—reports to his corporal having missed the watch. Corporal Snelling, when asked why he did not mention it, says that it was given over (the Museum) as "all correct." He did not consider that it was his duty to report it, although he believed it had been wrenched off. So all the sentries up to Monday morning all remark its being gone, including Corporal McLaren, and yet not one word is said or reported.

W— reports having first missed the watch at half-past 5, and also that at five minutes past 5 he found the workmen. Now I was able to prove by a severe cross-examination of Suthers [?], the two men alluded to, and the other persons engaged in the Patent Museum on Saturday afternoon, that these two workmen left off work on Saturday afternoon at half-past 3 o'clock, in order that they might be at Mr. Kelk's before 4 o'clock for payment. W— is therefore convicted of having told a lie. Then comes the evidence of the policeman specially attached to the Patent Museum. He states that after seeing all the visitors out of the Museum he left the building and locked the door after him. Before leaving he went round the Museum four times, and is ready to swear that the case in question (with watch) was in its place. It was five minutes after 5 when he locked the door, and he remained at the central gate until half-past 5 o'clock, when he took the key to Mr. Beck (Weekes' son) and reported himself at the station. The boy in the Museum says the case was safe at five minutes to 5 p.m. Mr. Nasmyth himself saw it at half-past 4 o'clock. The suspicions, therefore, rest between the policeman and one of the sappers having access to the building, and specially the sapper on guard (W—), who missed the case, did not report it, and was convicted of a lie in endeavouring to throw the blame on two men who were not present.

The policeman, who has been employed on the premises for more than eighteen months, has been fourteen years in the service, has never had one single report made against him of any kind, has been twice selected for promotion, which he has steadily refused, and when application was made for a well-conducted, honest man to take charge, Sir R. Mayne specially recommended Stamford to the Patent Commissioners. So much for the policeman's character. Had he committed the robbery, it is proved that he must have done it all in ten minutes, with the immense risk of the sentry detecting him; and in the short space of time he would have had to wrench the iron stand off, place it behind two piles of specifications, which it must have been necessary to remove, the globe must have been broken in the violence of wrenching the glass, and all the pieces put out of the way, and supposing the glass now in my possession to have formed part of the shade, he must have further lifted up the grating and put the glass down, and then put the grating in its place again—all this in ten minutes—and then he is proved to have remained at the central gate until half-past 5 o'clock. I mention merely these suspicions against the policeman as really being the only circumstance

which stands between more probable suspicion and circumstantial evidence of guilt against the sapper, W—, or one of his colleagues. Lt. Donnelly himself agrees that, but for the possibility of the policeman having committed the robbery himself, the blame altogether lies at the sapper's door.

The grounds have been carefully searched. Every effort is being made by the police. The watch has been described in the pawnbroker's list. It is possible that, through associations of some of the sappers, we may [words erased here] be able to find out some clue to this robbery. The watch must have been one of about 25 to 30 guineas.

[Two lines erased here.]

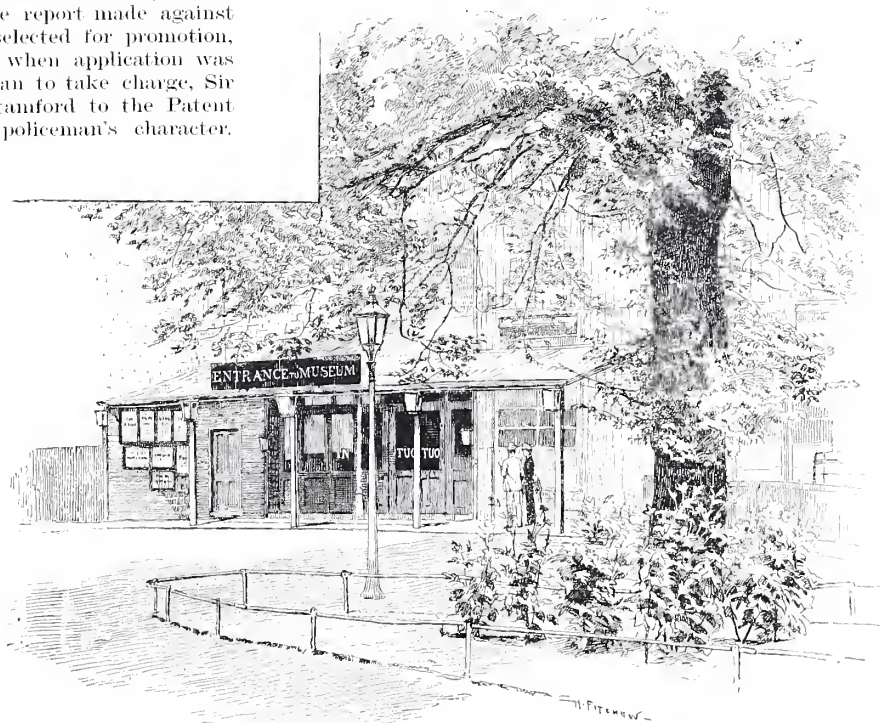
The feeling towards the sappers by the civilians is anything but satisfactory, and one which does not at all do justice to that high character which the corps has always held.

It must be remembered that this Museum is the only example in which soldiers—sappers or line—have been placed as guardians of public property. In the British Museum it is the police; the police, I believe, at the Tower; again, the police at Crystal Palace. At the dockyards, where there is always a full guard of men, the police have undivided charge. At the Exhibition of 1851, I believe, the *police* alone were responsible for the articles exhibited. In all public places where *property* is concerned it will be found that the police have the custody. The police are carefully recruited, with this very view; the sappers are recruited without any reference to character, but for their artisan qualifications; in the line the only qualification is height and soundness of body.

Again, the Police Commissioners always carefully select men for public buildings, where they are entrusted with property, who have been a certain time in the service, and have given proofs of honesty and exemplary conduct.

(Signed) PHILIP CUNLIFFE OWEN,
South Kensington Museum, Dept. Genl. Superintendent.
29th September, 1858.

I have read the above. I think that it or some similar report, to be made *official*, should be prepared by Mr. Owen, and referred to Lieut. Donnelly for his observations, and reported to the Board.



THE GRAND ENTRANCE TO THE MUSEUM. (Architect not stated.)

I think the custody of the *inside* of the building should be transferred *wholly* to the police at night, and at all times when the public are not present. [*sic*], and to the police and attendants in the day, if the attendants alone are not sufficient. If any sappers are employed in the Museum in the day time, they should be as *attendants*, and the same man kept to the same duty always. The sappers would continue to clean and light the building. But at *all* times, when the public are not in the Museum, the watching should be done by the police. What number should be thus engaged I cannot say, but I think not less than three, who would watch the schools also. I do not think it would be necessary to apply to the Treasury unless our funds were too low to pay the extra police. When the Museum opens or closes daily, Mr. Weekes and the Superintendent of Police should mutually act. Each attendant should report to Mr. Weekes on a piece of paper that all was "correct." Then the police would take charge, and afterwards give up custody to Mr. Weekes or other civilian. This process and the mode of locking would have to be arranged by Mr. Owen.

I think the whole of the *outside* watching, including the gate, perhaps, should be handed over to the sappers. And perhaps by reducing the whole force somewhat, or not keeping up the full number, funds may be provided to pay the additional cost of police. As the police will thus take the watching instead of the sappers, the additional cost for this year can be charged on No. XII., the Watching Vote.

Whatever is done should be done in concert with Mr. Donnelly, and Capt. Fowke should concur in it. When the course is decided upon, I should be glad to have the paper describing it sent to me before it is confirmed by the Board, unless the present document is used.

Berne, (Signed) HENRY COLE,
5 Oct, '58.

I think Mr. Donnelly should take serious notice of the laxity of the sappers' reports.

(Signed) H. C.

[*Private and Confidential.*]

South Kensington Museum,
29th September, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,—I send you the accompanying report about this most distressing affair. Mr. MacLeod is aware of my doing so, and considers I am right to ask you to get Mr. Cole's opinion and wishes on the subject of the custody of the building being left any further in the hands of the sappers. I am talking of the interior of the building. I feel the responsibility which is placed upon me; and even all the desire and anxiety I have had of continually being alive to this responsibility, of what avail has it been? On going round, as I do, at all hours, it is true I have often had cause to complain of the want of attention and military duty on the part of the sappers. The conviction has daily grown upon me that they were not the proper guardians of the property which we are entrusted with. This is the second robbery of watches. In the first instance—although there were strong suspicions that the sappers were implicated—it was impossible to trace the time when the watch was first missed. The inquiries, therefore, resulted in nothing tending to clear up that affair. This time the police, and especially Mr. Shaw, who has been of the utmost use to us, are of opinion that the sappers are implicated; the civilians about the building are also convinced; the sappers amongst themselves believe the black sheep is in their own body. Donnelly, Mr. MacLeod—all cannot deny the evidence, which amounts nearly to a positive charge.

The honour of the corps is compromised.

Having a brother in the Engineers, being on good terms with many officers, I cannot be suspected or suspect myself of having any ill-feelings against the sappers. It is on public grounds, and having to heart the interests of the Museum and the proper carrying out of the duties entrusted to me, that, after most serious reflections and consultations with Mr. MacLeod, I have come to the following conclusion. I perhaps ought to say that I *privately*

spoke to my brother yesterday, and as [*sic*] [he has] a sapper's feeling for his corps, I asked him his opinion. He assured me that, if they get any rumour at the War Office of the accusations against the sappers, they may be altogether removed; but as for fire, etc., they are so useful to us, the course he would propose would be that, without any allusion to the past, Sir John Burgoyne should write to Fowke, and say that he has heard that the sappers are employed as police, that this was never intended, and that it was against all orders; that they might do guard duty outside the buildings, but that the custody should be placed in other hands than those of the sappers. This was (2) Henry's opinion, *privately* expressed to me, and he begged me to mention it to Mr. MacLeod.

Mr. MacLeod thinks that there is reason in it, and he wishes to know whether Mr. Cole *clings very* much to the sappers continuing in charge of the interior of the building. I know from several conversations that I have had with Mr. Cole, that he does not, and would consider the building safer under the care of the police. The difficulty would be to arrange matters so that no slur should be put on the sappers as a corps. Perhaps my brother's suggestion would be the best, the letter would be then submitted to the Board, and would thus relieve the Department of the necessity of taking such a disagreeable step.

I feel strongly and thoroughly convinced that for the reputation of the Museum—and, above all, for the valuable amount of property concerned—that the police must be put in charge. I would propose the following arrangement for the sappers:—

The night guard should be continued as at present. One man being posted at the entrance of the refreshment corridor, another outside at the back of Sheepshanks.

That they should act as attendants in the daytime as heretofore; clean the Museum; light and put out the gas.

That the doors leading to the refreshment corridor from the Museum—those under the verandah; that one at the north end of Museum, and the folding-doors leading from Engraving Corridor to Central Office Hall—should all have Chubb's locks above Parnell's.

That four policemen, in addition to the three men now usefully engaged outside the premises, should be carefully selected by Sir R. Mayne, and put under Mr. Forman's orders. That these men should come on and be posted a quarter of an hour before the Museum closed to the public; should go round—one in the galleries, the other on the ground floor; take possession; and see, before the attendants, that everything was left in its place.

When the Museum closes at 4, the police would be at their post at a quarter to 4. At 4, when the public were all out, the doors should be all Chubb'd and left under the charge of the two policemen. If an open night, at half-past 6 the doors should be open for the admittance of the sappers to light the gas; the police leaving the interior of the buildings at 7, and coming in again at a quarter before 10 and going round, they would again receive charge from the attendants. The gas would be put out by the sappers. The Museum then *Chubb'd*, and only open at 8 in the morning to allow of cleaning, the police would leave at 10 o'clock. In other buildings the best course would be to close the Museum entirely, after the public were out; but from the temporary nature of these buildings, the large amount of space, and from the fact of its being open of an evening, it would not, I consider, be safe to allow the Museum to remain without the police inside. Of course this would demand an increased expenditure. The four policemen, in addition, would be about £230 a year, and putting *the responsibility* upon Mr. Forman, and making it obligatory that, whether on duty or not, he should visit the Museum at least twice every night, would necessitate giving him a salary of £40, which would make an expenditure of about £300 a year, in addition to the present three men. The saving would be in the man employed always at the Museum gate: when the Museum is open, this duty could be performed by the proposed four additional men, and a saving would be made of nearly £80 a year, allowing for additional men on special occasions of large crowds, etc. The additional expense, stated at about £300, would be reduced to £220. This is large,

and, I suppose, application would have to be made to the Treasury. But it must be remembered that the value of the two watches was about £80, and this in about six months.

You will be tired of this letter, which I have been obliged to make longer than I could have wished. I have read it and the report to Mr. MacLeod, to hear from him whether I had said more than he intended. He authorises me to say that I have correctly stated his feelings and opinions. The only subject he considers which might require a good deal of consideration, would be the one as to *the mode* of getting rid of the sappers as guardians of the property, and casting as little slur as possible upon them. I have given you my brother's opinion, which may be useful as an officer of Engineers.

I have had a conversation on the subject with Donnelly, who cannot deny the reasons I have of thinking it unfair towards men who were never intended for police to place them in charge of property.

Perhaps you will then kindly read this letter to Mr. Cole, and learn his opinions and wishes. I am sorry Fowke is still away. I have only been able to tell him of the robbery, but I believe he would agree with me and my brother as to the sappers.

I have not been [*sic*] talking about this affair more than has been necessary; it is public and notorious enough. But since I have been writing in your room for quietness, Richard Thompson for the first time mentioned the subject to me, and I told him of what I have proposed; and he says that he has always thought in the same way as I do, but that on such a delicate point he did not like to speak even to me about the subject. [?If (paper torn here)] he says what is true he might be accused of ill-feeling towards the sappers.

Begging you will consider my anxiety that matters should be placed on a proper footing, as an excuse for troubling you at such length,

I remain, my dear Mr. Redgrave,
Yours most truly,
(Signed) PHILIP CUNLIFFE OWEN.

RICHARD REDGRAVE, Esq., R.A.
Etc. Etc. Etc.

A final extract from the evidence may close this illuminating episode. In reply to a question upon the subject, when it was made clear that some accurate knowledge had been communicated to the Committee, Sir John Donnelly said (March 21st, 1898):

The only thing that I can call to mind that has the least approach to likeness to that, was a watch that belonged to, or was certainly exhibited by, the Patent Commissioners in the Patent Museum, the Patent Museum being under them, which was stolen. Whether he got any compensation from the Patent Commissioners or not I really do not know, and I never heard of a Private W—— having had anything to do with it. I know some people were kind enough to say that the sappers who were there had stolen the watch, but I am perfectly certain that it was never brought home to any soldier; and the sappers said the police had as much to do with it, and looked after the place as much as they did.

And again (March 29th, 1898):

The "Times" has been searched, and there is no trace of any Sapper W—— or anyone else being charged with the theft. The superintendent of police made inquiries for me at Walton Street, Westminster, and Scotland Yard, and there is no trace of any such charge. . . . I was the officer in charge of the sappers at that time, and I think if any of the sappers had been charged with this theft I should have remembered it, and I do not.

The contemporary statement of the facts proves the untrustworthiness of Sir John Donnelly's memory on the point, while the documents are a sufficient reply to the characteristic defence that it is, after all, merely a Patent Office matter.

THE EDITOR.

A STUDY FOR "THE RANSOM"

BY SIR JOHN E. MILLAIS, BART., P.R.A.

"THE RANSOM" may be said to mark the abandonment of clearly defined Pre-Raphaelism by its greatest exponent; for it was painted in 1862, and the following year brought forth "The Eve of St. Agnes," with its greater breadth of treatment and its concession to the more widely accepted view of art. The picture, as has been said in "Millais and his Works," is one of the few elaborate figure compositions of the painter. The story is manifest enough, but, except in the touching attitudes and figures of the two little girls, the drama is unmoving and unconvincing; almost as much of a "costume-piece" as the "Mersey" at Millbank. Moreover, the figures seem too big for the frame, so that they appear like actors on a drawing-room stage. But the painting is superb, with just as much Pre-Raphaelism left in as may fill it with the interest which, save for the children, we might not otherwise feel.

There is a suggestion about it of the work of Baron Leys, which is extremely agreeable. Millais did not care for it; he referred to it as "the picture with the dreadful blue-and-white page in the corner."

This study for the head of one of the little girls—it is said, of the lady who became Mrs. Aitken, wife of Captain Aitken, Mrs. Stibbard being the other—is reproduced here through the courtesy of the owner, Mr. Thomas Browning, of Ashton-on-Mersey. It should be observed that the colours are not, as might seem, over-forced in the reproduction. The plate is produced by the three-colour process, and is the result of care and pains, and may be fairly claimed to be a facsimile of the original. At that time, Millais's full vigour was to be found on his palette: and we believe that students of his art will be interested to see how he proceeded then in his painted studies.

IS PHOTOGRAPHY AMONG THE FINE ARTS?—A SYMPOSIUM.

2.—BY FERNAND KHNOFF.

SO long ago as 1882, an article in *THE MAGAZINE OF ART* announced to artists that photography could supply them with some valuable methods of record; a few months later the pictorial representation of the action of the horse was contrasted with its actual movements as shown in the instantaneous photographs taken by Mr. Muybridge. Again, in 1891, in a paper entitled "The artistic aspects of figure photography," Mr. P. H. Emerson discussed and studied with much judgment the individuality and limitations of the photographer as an artist. And now, within the last few months, there is not an art-review, whether illustrated or not, which does not contain various articles on the subject.

The greater number of these lucubrations are of the nature of electoral manifestoes or statements of claim expressed in high-flown language, the usual style of sentimental phraseology by which non-professionals try to prove their passion for art. But this is all "leather or pruella"!—the soul of Nature, the sentiment of art in photography—*lachrymæ rerum*.

But, in truth, it may be asked, Why should there be no really artistic photography now that we have art-pottery, art-advertisements, art-lead-casting, art-stoneware, to say nothing of art-furniture, artistic dress, and the rest; now that artists, mere painters of pictures, mere sculptors of sculpture, are being classed by some persons as useless individuals, rather in the way, unworthy of "our day," and fated ere long to disappear—with the rhinoceros, the dodo, and the ornithorhynchus?

May I be allowed to reply?

Well, then, I would point out with due diffidence that the designers of artistic advertisements are too often misled into aiming at producing a cartoon, a work for the print-collector's gallery rather than a conspicuous object on a wall by the roadside; that the potters—art-potters, of course—try to decorate their pots, but more often overload them with statuettes and other work in relief; that their vases will not always hold water, and often scarcely stand up; that corresponding facts are to be found in every branch of art industry, and that this kind of applied art may be summed up and symbolised by the famous parasol—an art-parasol, no doubt—which was of a very, *very* sweet colour, but much too delicate to stand exposure to the open air.



From a Photograph by E. Hannon.

In all these more or less courteous discussions the question is, in point of fact, merely one of "the frontier line," as diplomatists say; and in this, as in many other cases, a "buffer State" is sometimes desirable. What is most interesting in all this campaign in defence of "art-photographers" is to see their pretensions so warmly upheld by that highly-competent critic, Monsieur R. de la Sizeranne, a man as well known in England as on the Continent. He defended their case with all the brilliancy of his pen and elegance of literary style in a long article contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in December, 1897.

The conclusion to which he came was "that artists would do well to admit to their exhibitions of 'black and white' those unpretending but enthusiastic seekers who, travelling by a different road, aim at the same ideal."

The ideal is the same, no doubt: the present-

ment of Nature (with the largest possible N). The roads are indeed different—utterly different; and I may add, for my own part, that the countries traversed are altogether distinct; they may touch at certain points, but they must never be confounded.

I have no prejudice for or against photography: the photographer may facilitate the mere notation of facts for the artist; the artist may refine the taste of the photographer. As to the technical side of photography, my ignorance is far greater than M. de la Sizeranne's; but what he puts forward as a new fact seems to me no more than a reaction—the other extreme of the swing of the pendulum. The influence of photography on art had been too marked, and an excessive influence of art on photography was bound to follow. Such reaction is inevitable; and in proportion as we had at one time, in every exhibition, epileptic horses, impossible perspective, and microscopical details, so we now see in exhibitions of photographs (I apologise—of art-photography) imitations of charcoal-stump work, sham red-chalk studies, sham washed drawings, as well as the most palpably made-up compositions, or rather compilations, of figure and landscape subjects.

Happily, with these we still occasionally find specimens produced by photographers of sound taste; and quite lately at Brussels, in the twenty-fifth anniversary exhibition of the Belgian Society of Photographers, M. Alexandre and M. Hamon contributed excellent work, not to mention several others.

The bichromate-gelatine process, regarded as the most *artistic*, allows, we are told, of the direct intervention of the art-photographer at three different stages, thus influencing the results mechanically produced.

First, when the subject is selected and the figures grouped; and here, with reference to the anecdote quoted, it is

worth noticing that though Bertin chose the best point of view, it was Corot who painted the finest work of art. The importance of the composition of a picture is undeniable, but this particular influence of the artist's mind ought to be felt in all—absolutely *all*—the details and elements of the composition. For the oversight of a single line, of a single spot of light here or there, at the last moment is enough to destroy the effect of the whole; and all the more effectually in proportion as the work has been laboriously elaborated. Thus the direct influence of the "art-photographer" is the most to be commended when it is of the least importance and has had to deal with only a very limited number of details.

During the second stage of the operation the interference of the "art-photographer" is restricted to tampering with the light and shade; this is not much—but it is too much.

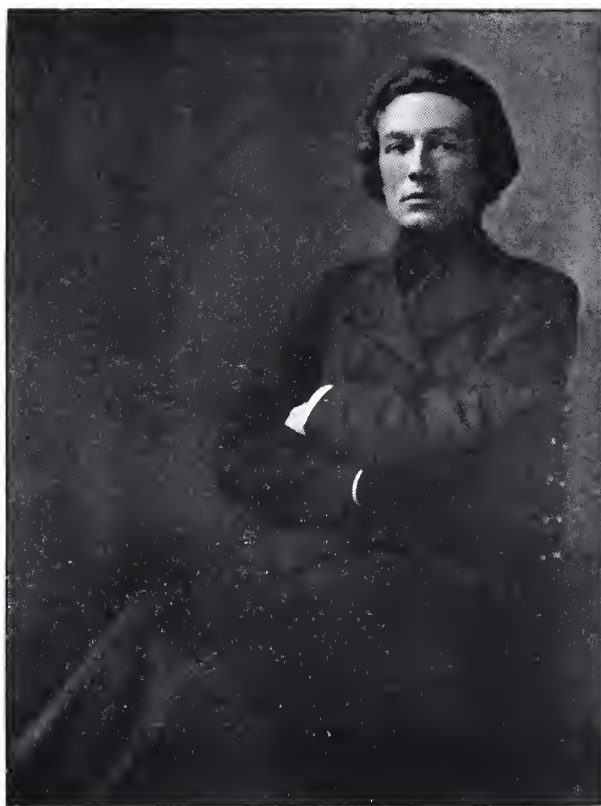
Then comes the third stage—the printing. This is the climax. After minutely describing the process and, as he asserts, its advantages, M. de la Sizeranne exclaims: "Is this mere photography? Surely not!"

No, this in fact has almost ceased to be photography; but is it painting or drawing? Surely not! Then what is it? Well, possibly

it is no more than a pleasing occupation for an amateur, such as painting a "picture-book" is to a child.

It will be necessary, therefore, once more to set forth what are the potentialities of the artist and what the pretensions of the "art-photographer;" for there is in this matter, as I must reiterate, nothing but a vain question of frontier-line.

The artist creates. He is the master of his work in the strictest sense; it is his creature. He can do what he pleases with it—improve it and alter it to the last moment, in obedience to his personal impulse. The photographer, on the



M. RAY-NYST

From a Photograph by Alexandre.

contrary, finds in the subject he borrows from Nature a far from submissive co-operating factor, whose co-operation is, in fact, far more potent than his own from the point of view of art. The intervention of the "art-photographer" consists for the most part in reducing his figures to machines fixed in stiff attitudes, like *tableaux vivants*: then in confusing the lights and shadows, mixing up their relations, destroying the modelling, and making the whole effect heavy; as is amply shown by the prints before and after the gelatine treatment which certain manipulators have rashly and vaingloriously exhibited. But the most skillful "art-photographer," do what he will, can never eliminate the line or the spot; he is to the end the slave of his model, and finds himself in the predicament of the soldier who called out to his captain that he had taken a prisoner. "Bring him here, then," said the captain. "I can't," replied the soldier; "he will not let me go!"

As Professor Fred Brown wrote in reply to an open question proposed for discussion in another Magazine in 1893, "Art and photography run on entirely different lines." And these lines are surely Realism for photography, and Idealism for art. Realism, with its superficial aspect of life in action; idealism, with its personal interpretation of the deepest dreams.

In cinematography we may see rapid processions of cavalry really artistically finer than this or that famous battle-piece, which is positively irritating in its transfixed vehemence. This, in fact, is the exclusive province of photography.

On the other hand, there is, for instance, in the Louvre a head of Christ by Rembrandt of which the *real* expression of profound and far-away vision could never be achieved by the most ingeniously "made-up" living face, reproduced by the most docile co-operation of the most bi-chromatised gelatine ever invented. Only an artist can do this—an independent artist, alone with himself, the absolute master of his work and of his art.

I will conclude these brief remarks by quoting

two passages, one from the article alluded to above, by Mr. P. H. Emerson:—

"Every reader with a slight knowledge of photography will have gathered from what I have written that, in all probability at no very distant date, the taking of a perfectly satisfactory negative will be a matter of scientific certainty and accuracy—in short, a science easily learned. Such is the truth, unwelcome as this truth may be to the photographer; all that will be left to his 'taste' will be the selection of the view, for even the printing-papers will be scientifically adjusted to the negatives. That knowledge which proclaims the true artist—viz. analysis, omission of certain details, emphasis of tones or details, the adjustment of harmonies, etc.—is, and will always be, quite beyond his control. In fact, all his medium will prove is that he has 'good taste,' such as any tourist may have who does not take a photograph at all. If a photographer with 'good taste'—there are a few—wishes to become an artist, he must learn one of the graphic arts, and use his 'tasty' photographs as hints for movement, and as the raw material for his art."

And, finally, the close of an address by M. Davanne, President of the French Photographic Society, at the dinner given after the late exhibition at Brussels commemorating the twenty-fifth year of the Belgian Society:—

"The application of photography to what are called artistic purposes is only one aspect of photography; it has many others at least equally important: and since it does not lend itself to every fancy, it must not be diverted from its own line of work, which is accuracy, authenticity, perfection of detail, and truth with beauty. Photography has won such wide recognition in the world that it has every right to be itself, without attempting to ape anything else. We should be the first to forgive its mistakes and caprices, but it must not sacrifice what ought to be its very essence, its life, its one superiority over any work done by hand—that is, its literal truth."

RICCIARDO MEACCI.

BY HELEN ZIMMERN.

THE dictum that a prophet arouses no appreciation in his own land holds good at times also for artists, and is forcibly brought to mind in the case of a certain Florentine painter. Ask one of his fellow-citizens or artists if he knows Ricciardo Meacci, and he will look puzzled and assure you that some mistake

has been made and that there is positively no such person in Florence whose pictures are bought almost exclusively by the Queen of England, the royal families of Europe, and art-loving Americans. The ordinary Florentine ignores that at one side of a modest little court, opening out of an unpretentious street which

has not yet been favoured by passing omnibuses pursuing their endless journeyings, or the clatter of cabs, but so near that the distance would be no plea for not visiting his retreat, up a narrow pair of stairs, there is a little room hardly worthy of the name of studio, not even dignified by a skylight or a glass side, with merely a medium-sized window giving to the interior the ordinary amount of light, and a priceless old guitar as the only adornment. I met the artist himself below; and he led me up the narrow broken stairway, to his domain, doing the honours with a simplicity so child-

striking being the representation of Youth endeavouring to choose his destiny. A young man is about to take the first step upon a bridge. His head is turned backward, his face tells of uncertainty and indecision, an arm is extended to one side as though drawn by some force, while on the other side, and at the back of the figure, stands a girl, evidently watching the decision with absorbed interest. Passing on to middle life and old age, upon the opposite bank of the river stands a man with the same expression of irresolution, but to it is added one of care and sorrow. He is at the



A-MAYING.

From the Painting by Ricciardo Meacci.

like that I felt embarrassed at being so modern. On a stand rests a portfolio, and upon the walls are hung a few sketches and drafts. From the portfolio, after much persuasion, Meacci allowed me to draw out photographs of some of his paintings; and so low does he estimate his ability that I had continually to beg him to show me yet more. He invariably insisted that the photographs were bad, but not nearly so worthless as the originals. Finally, becoming interested himself, he told me that at a certain time every year he sends a picture to Queen Victoria, and then, seeming to forget that he was not alone, he began to muse aloud upon an idea for the symbolie representation of Life and Death.

Interested in this, he dived into a dusty corner, and brought forth two canvases—one "A Story of Life," beginning with infancy at the left and passing to youth, prime, middle and old age. The story carries several figures through all these stages, one of the most

separation of two roads, and looks back upon the picture of his youth, trying to gain knowledge from experience. Once again we see him in a despairing attitude gazing upon a mass of broken shafts, unfinished beginnings, and shattered monuments, symbolical of the ruins of his life. This picture needs no name: it tells its story and teaches its moral so vividly that we almost forget that we are looking at a piece of canvas, but rather seem to see a life laid bare before us, with its trials and sorrows exposed and its destiny seized and made to tell its tale.

Asked about the number of pictures he has painted, this man of such fervid imagination and unusual skill answered that it was impossible to tell, that when they were finished they were sold immediately, and, though sometimes he obtained photographs, very often he did not, and so they passed out of his reach and memory. In answer to a request to be allowed to reproduce some of the photographs,



THE MARRIAGE.

By Ricciardo Meacci. Commissioned by Her Majesty the Queen as a Wedding Present to the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt.

he gave his permission readily, but they are mostly photographed so carelessly that only a few are capable of reproduction. The nature of the paintings adds to the difficulty, for so much of the work is delicate and fine that it shows to great disadvantage, or not at all, when reproduced.

"The Marriage" was ordered by the Queen of England as a bridal present to the Grand

Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt; and its companion, "The Christening," was ordered by himself at the birth of his first child. "A-Maying" is a beautiful spring idyll that seems to breathe the freshness of the budding trees, the trilling birds, and the wakening flowers. Thoroughly characteristic of the artist are the three which are here reproduced. There is a spontaneity about the treatment which reveals how Meacci's art is entirely subject to that of the Italian *quattrocentisti*, and in marked contrast to the obviously studied and forced character and individualism that constitute the salient note of our English Pre-Raphaelites.

Ricciardo Meacci is Siense by birth; his master was the late Professor Mussini, from whose studio many of the most eminent modern Italian painters and sculptors have issued. When Meacci left his master, he groped blindly to find his true path. At this juncture he met Mr. Fairfax Murray, who first imbued him with the idea of painting in the style of those mediæval artists to whose work his own is so much allied. He had always admired the work of these mediæval *quattrocentisti*, but he had still to learn the methods by which they arrived at their results. As soon as he had mastered this, led by the hand of Fairfax Murray he felt that he had found his path and he soon attained to eminence therein. Indeed, Meacci's work shows no trace of modern influence or of the trend of modern thought. Realism, *plein-air*, and all the other modern principles might never have existed, for all he is concerned. Many of his pictures deal with religious subjects, intended

for churches, triptychs, altar-pieces, and the like. He throws into them all the naïve fourteenth-century feeling of unconscious religion. His imagination being quite of the mediæval type, he is naturally drawn to allegory; hence his pictures deal with allegorical scenes from human life, vices, virtues, and other representative personages of morality.

He is always surprised when anyone admires

his work; for he continually insists that he is simply a plagiarist, taking a special face from this master, a trick of light from that, the fall of a piece of yellow drapery from a third. This last item he introduces, in some form, in nearly all of his pictures: in the fold of an angel's white robe, shone upon by a strong yellow sunset, or the underlining of a heavy velvet Court costume. He has worked in tempera, crayons, water-colours, and oils. Of the former there is but one specimen in his studio, a jewel casket beautifully decorated after the method of the old masters, with a bridal procession winding around its whole surface, while the panels are bordered by Hymeneal symbols connected by chains of orange-blossoms and roses. Meacci, as might be expected, is deeply versed in mythology and old traditions, and he uses this knowledge, in some form or another, in all his pictures. An example of this is a picture he painted for the Queen of England in memory of Prince Henry of Battenberg, in which the principal figures are the angels of Life and Death. This is a water-colour, and is said to be a favourite with the Queen, who herself roughly suggested the design. Indeed, our Queen frequently sends to Meacci some of her poetical artistic fancies for his elaboration.

Meacci has done some beautiful frescoes for the grand Town Hall of his native city, Siena, representing the various provinces of Italy. That of Piedmont is specially fine and strong—a typical Piedmontese female figure of giant proportions and sturdy limbs, combining the passions of the South with the activity and force of the North. Reclining at one side is the figure of Time, dark, hoary, and seamed; from a vessel in his arms flows the River Po. Piedmont is clothed in rich fabrics, products of her industrious territory; she proudly holds a shield that shows the evident traces of sharp conflict. Another fine specimen of the same work are the representations of Sardinia and Liguria. Sardinia, dressed in peasant costume, is a dark native

woman, wrinkled and bent, but showing the evidences of the beautiful form and grace of the daughters of that unhappy island. The eyes are especially fine; they start from the sombre face, like stars speaking of misery, and tell the romance of the fair Sardinia wooed by the gallant lover who left her just as her hills were beginning to blossom and her stores of wealth to be



THE CHRISTENING.

By Ricciardo Meacci. Commissioned by the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, as a Pendant to "The Marriage."

developed so as to bring peace and happiness to her people. She stands gazing at the younger woman, Lignria, who, while attentive to the warnings and precepts of the miserable Sardinia, looks out at the future with questioning eyes as she reposes in her glistening draperies, too languid to seize the sword and buckler lying at her head and contend for her rights. These frescoes are among Meacci's best works. Here he has allowed his ideals and patriotism full play.

"A Garden of the Hesperides" pictures a stream in the foreground. On the further bank stand two figures tending the flowers which grow in that mystic soil. One lifts an urn of water to pour it over the roots of a tree; the draperies hang from shoulder to ground in severe folds, which seem to be illuminated from one side by a pale yellow light. The other figure stoops to refill her vessel; and, almost too dark to be seen, so far is he concealed behind a pillar, amid this peaceful scene there gleam the wicked eyes and treacherous claws of the guardian dragon.

Perhaps one of Meacci's prettiest fancies is a picture painted as a Christmas gift for an English lady. Through Gothic arches, which divide the canvas into four panels, are seen, on one side, a group of choir-boys, with open mouths, and books in hand, singing "Peace on earth, goodwill to men." On the other side, a boy sits at an organ; his fingers rest idly on the keys, but, overcome by sleep, his head has dropped upon the sill. His face is turned to the light, and the dreams that course through his mind part the lips and radiate the countenance. At the top of the picture are seen a company of angels leaning on the beams and poising on the windows. One whispers a message to the chiming bells, so full of gladness that he smiles and dimples as the words fall from his rosy mouth.

The Queen of Italy recently commissioned from Meacci a picture in memory of the soldiers slain in Africa, but this commission is not executed yet. He is now at work at pictures for the Marchioness of Lorne, Princess Beatrice, Lord Lothian, as well as many other English notabilities. The last picture finished is an illustration of the "Lost Chord" for Queen Victoria, after her own suggestion. We see the interior of a convent; at an organ is seated a woman; her hands have dropped listlessly into her lap, as the sound of memory's music vibrates and echoes through her heart. Amid the piles of scattered music-sheets runs a filmy ribbon bearing the last two lines of Adelaide Procter's beautiful poem; while through the

windows, faintly delineated upon the light clouds that cover the blue vault of heaven are seen to float a celestial choir of angels singing the notes that are lost for ever to this earth.

Another most interesting work is a series of four canvases, painted for a Scotsman, representing the story of St. George. The canvases are of the same proportion as those well-known Carpaccio's, in the church of S. Giorgio dei Schiavoni in Venice, but the treatment is entirely different. Like many of the pictures done by artists of the same school, they are divided in the centre, thus relieving the monotony of so large a subject. The first begins with the taking away of the princess, attended by weeping crowds. In the second St. George is to the rescue: his noble steed tramples the dragon, from whose jaws protrudes the broken spear. The figure of the youthful saint is strong; the landscape is wild and devastated; the poor little princess crouches at the mouth of the cave, terror depicted in every line of her shrinking body. The third brings the conqueror home, with the rescued princess and the dragon, not dead, but vanquished. The daughter is clasped in the arms of her venerable father, while her faithful steed stands close by. There is universal rejoicing, and the same faces are recognisable which occurred in the first picture, but drawn and thin from the continual fasting which was practised during the exile of the beloved princess. The fourth and last of the series ends the tale by the baptising of the king by St. George: the dragon writhes, tied to the railing of the church. Here the surroundings are decidedly Florentine, the gate and tower of the Porta Romana of that city being reproduced with exactness. These are not so archaic as the pictures by Carpaccio, but they show the same strong religious feeling.

It is impossible to judge this man by the standard applied to modern painters. His work is of another age and atmosphere; it springs from other ideals, and plays upon a chord of whose music in these modern days we are wont only to hear the echo. He is no militant artist, and his is no militant art. If he pursues art for art's sake only, he does so all unconsciously. To gaze at his works, to be in his presence, evokes a sense of withdrawal from the daily life of our own century, with its social questions and its vexing problems. Meacci is not married; he says he has too much respect for women to ask any of the sex to bear with his musty and bygone sentiments and his hermit habits. Art, and art only, fills all his life and thoughts.

PROFESSOR HUBERT HERKOMER AS A PAINTER IN ENAMELS.

II.—THE TECHNIQUE.

BY THE EDITOR.

“IT is two years ago, now,” Professor Herkomer tells me, “that I paid a visit to my old friend, Edward Taylor, of the Birmingham School of Art. When looking at some of the students’ enamelling I asked the question, ‘What is enamel?’ The moment had arrived—the ignition took place in a mind ripe for the new work, and there and then I arranged for his teacher of enamelling to pay me a visit at Bushey from a Saturday to a Monday. Meantime a muffle was put up, and this teacher brought me a ‘rig out’ in colours and materials. From him I learned the rough rudiments of preparing the plate, the grinding of colours, and a few technicalities of that sort. I had looked very little at old enamels up to that period, being dissatisfied with the drawing and designs of the old work; but the moment the ‘palette’ was shown to me I saw possibilities. The hopelessness of flesh-painting, as seen in old and new work, made me experiment first in that direction. I groped and blundered along, until I had hit upon the system I have now perfected, which enables me to do flesh-painting with the certainty of water-colour painting. By this method I produced flesh practically with ‘substantial’ enamel—as distinguished from ‘superficial’—a vitrified yellow being alone used, slightly, for the under-painting, with a black for the outline.”

Professor Herkomer is not a man who makes experiments without some worthy object in view. He therefore designed his seven-foot shield, with its eleven enamels, in which he might set down his “Thoughts,” and return to the subjects of abstract import to which at one time—before he turned to realism—he devoted his youthful energies. He was prepared, in learning the technique, to do these subjects over and over again, and, in point of fact, he has done them two, three, and in some cases four times over before he was satisfied and before he could feel a certainty in the handling. He has consequently secured accuracy in the technique; but the treatment of such plates is necessarily a matter of much reflection and calculation before the work can be begun, or before the artist can be sure of the procedure required for a successful realisation of any artistic aims.

A PARTICULAR SCHEME OF COLOUR AND DESIGN.

It is to be noted that, contrary to the vast majority of his predecessors in the art, Professor Herkomer works, so to say, with the wide vision

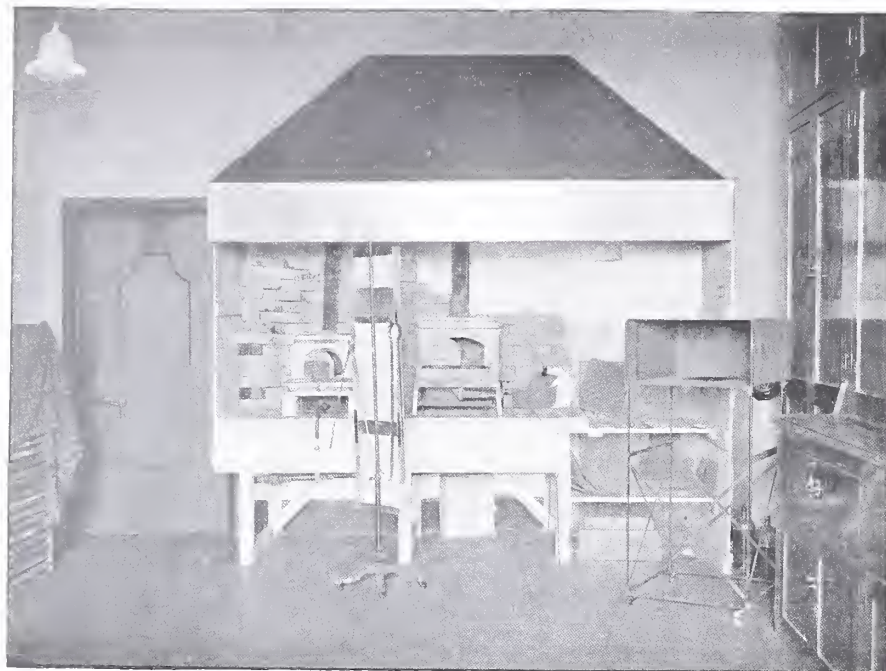
of a painter of experience, not, primarily, with that of the jeweller or decorator. It is the character of the man to look at Nature and design from a standpoint very different to that of the latter two, who are more or less petrified in their attitude towards their art. In France, where enamelling has been revived almost to the point of prosperity, they merely repeat the same effects again and again—always, with a quaint and touching but wholly uncalled-for respect for tradition, and invariably come to a full-stop when the limitations of the Old Masters are reached. These limitations are re-insisted on with the utmost technical dexterity; but that was not what Herkomer had in view. He wanted to bend the process to express *his* feelings in art and nature, and not conform to the narrow limits to which the employment of the art was arbitrarily restricted. He therefore could obtain little real help from Paris, and had to learn it all for himself—a priceless lesson, as it turned out, for he soon found out that as he improved in technique his older work failed to reach the standard of the newer. So one by one, as better enamels were produced, the previous ones were ruthlessly destroyed—for none but the best could be allowed to exist. But a single example of the original plates, kept for the sake of reference and comparison, remains. It was in just such a spirit that the artist once acquired, at considerable sacrifice, one of the important pictures of his earlier years which had changed in colour, and destroyed it with the greatest satisfaction and equanimity.

It is hardly necessary to insist upon the fact that there is probably more actual craft called for in this than in any other of the pictorial arts. Now, Professor Herkomer is primarily—and in all probability will remain to the end—a craftsman. He springs from a race of craftsmen, and his training has been in accordance with its traditions. The art of painting in enamels, therefore, suits his temperament curiously well. Moreover, no doubt, advancing age—which in the artistic nature usually intensifies the love of colour—has brought with it a greater longing for the subtleties and richnesses of tone and hue. Nature herself appears as colour, and the limitations and restrictions of pigments and palettes become more and more disheartening—to what point, Turner’s technical makeshifts and subterfuges which the world deplores bear eloquent testimony at this day. But in enamel we have a material that

can almost be said to approach Nature with less humiliation, for purity and brilliancy are its vital elements and essential qualities. It is, therefore, obvious that the jeweller and the decorator have not the slightest chance beside

It is an art of knowledge and experience—of experience dearly bought; but when he has once realised for himself the cause and effect of the practical stages of the art, the manipulator has all the variations easily within his grasp. All, then, that is required is a pilot plate kept going, in order that the feasibility and practicability of such technical experiments as may be necessary may be tested. "Flukes" must never be relied upon. From stage to stage everything must be right.

A technical and practical description of the process—especially of that adopted by Professor Herkomer (as to which the present writer has had the advantage of making himself acquainted with the details)—will, it is thought, be of interest to the general reader and of value to the student. The latter, of course, can hardly hope to have the conveniences—to call them by a modest term



IN PROFESSOR HERKOMER'S ENAMELLING STUDIO.

the genuine, educated artist-craftsman in realising from the material all its potentialities, and, equally obvious, that being unable to obtain the greater effects they should have been content to accept and perpetuate the limitations set down by the enamellers of old. They could not implant in it the true ring of art in all its fulness, and they therefore saw, with some surprise, but without suspicion of the real cause, the decay of an art which, rather through the curiosity than the appreciation of the present age, is now being revived. Indeed, it would be difficult to name any artist with a reputation as a painter already made who, besides Professor Herkomer, has ever seriously adopted painting in enamels. Henry Bone, you may say; but he belongs to the copyist class, whose work consisted in *superficial* enamelling—which, as has been said, is, in truth, practically china-painting.

The difficulties are evident enough, for primarily the faculties of the enameller must be dual. He must have the artistic instinct and the technical equally developed. He must combine artistic spontaneity and cold calculation. Yet it must be remembered that in practised hands a result may be calculated and obtained with a far greater degree of accuracy than in some of the other arts—in etching, for example,

—enjoyed by Hubert Herkomer. Such plates or moulds or tongs as the artist may want are quickly made by his smith; his metal-worker and carver has been taught to shape the plates; another is employed to "pickle" and polish the plates ready for use; while yet another workman has learned to grind the colours, which are kept in stock, and afterwards to wash them ready for use. And even his wife has turned her bright intelligence to helping him in the mechanical preparation of the first processes. How many other artists are so favoured in their assistants?

The shape of the copper-plates is a fairly easy task. The plates are placed on moulds, but as the sides invariably go down in the course of the firings, and the corners rise up, it is wiser to begin with the sides up and the corners down; for while they are hot they are as limp as putty, and can be corrected into shape. As to the first annealing and "pickling" of the coppers in acid, and the scrubbing of them (on wooden moulds, so as not to lose the shape), nothing need here be said.

Now, *substantial* enamel is, roughly speaking, glass as a basis, with certain mineral oxides fused into it; but as certain oxides require softer glass than others, it necessarily follows that when these are again ground up for artistic

use and applied to the copper, they will fuse sooner than those oxides that have harder glass as a basis. That is to say, some colours are hard, and some are soft, so that the result is a rather baffling scale of character for manipulation. It need hardly be said that the hard must come first, and the soft last; yet many a hard enamel is of a colour that the artist feels he would like to use last, and not first, in the making of his pictures. Calculation must come in here. Professor Herkomer usually works out his entire manipulation of a design upon paper before touching a plate, carefully writing out what he intends to do for every one of the eight or twelve firings to which the plate must be subjected. The secret of success lies in gradually fusing the hard enamels through the *light* successive firings, the first firing of the clear flux (known equally by the French name of "*fondant*") on the copper alone requiring a sharp heat—as otherwise it would not result in a clear transparent "salmony" colour. It is imperative for the brilliancy of the after-colours that may be laid on it that it shall be perfectly clear. This beautiful, translucent, salmony colour has misled some enamellers into the belief that it ought to be a good foundation for flesh. This is not so. It is a foundation for colour where colour requires little, if any, modelling—an outline as a rule sufficing. But flesh requires every gradation of modelling, from the deepest tones to the highest lights—solid and true modelling.

Whenever such modelling is needed, the basis must be a *dark enamel*, preferably the deep jewelery blue, which is practically black, and will bear any amount of firing. When modelling is necessitated through drapery or a nude figure occurring in the design, this blue must be accurately laid on to the tracing that is made on the clear *fondant* after the first firing. For a most accurate drawing has first been made, from which the artist has produced the tracing now to be transferred to the plate. With a brush the blue can be laid accurately to any outline, and then flattened down with a palette-knife. If there is to be any laying on of hard enamels,

it can be done at the same time; indeed, two enamels can be applied, side by side, wet—like mosaic—without a hair's-breadth of the line being moved. This outline is made with a vitrified black, mixed with spirits of lavender, drawn on the clear *fondant*; but it is not necessary that this should be fired separately. It can be dried, and the enamel can then be put *over* it with perfect safety. The great object, it must be borne in mind, is to keep down the number of firings to an irreducible minimum.

The plate has now had two firings—the first a very sharp firing for the clear *fondant* on the copper, and the second, not so severe, for the dark blue on the flesh parts, the draperies, and such other objects demanding much modelling. These two firings are the most severe. Now an oxide of tin—called by the makers "*blanc Limoges*"—of a slightly yellow tinge, is mixed with spirits of lavender, and with this the figure is roughly modelled. This thin white is very difficult to lay on to a shiny enamel surface, for it cannot be gradated with a brush. It must be "blobbed" on with a brush, and then spread and gradated with a needle. By "roughly modelled" is meant the putting on of more white in the lighter parts, and less where the shadows come, without much reference to drawing, only keeping within the



IN PROFESSOR HERKOMER'S ENAMELLING STUDIO: GRINDING COLOURS.

outer lines of the figure. When this is done the plate is subjected to some indirect heat in order to dry the white, or, rather, to allow some of the oil to evaporate. It will then look a dense yellowish white, without any modelling to speak

of; and in this state it will bear some fingering. The artist now traces his drawing once more with completeness in the figure—which was not done when only the lines *outside* of the figure were required for laying on the blue. When the outline is traced with black-lead transfer paper on to this dead white surface, the enameller goes over the lines with vitrified black and oil, making a good outline, with artistic feeling. Some enamel colours slightly less hard can be put into the background and, indeed, worked right up to this white on the figure; and it is no matter if the water of the enamel soaks into the white. The artist fires again, but very gently; and at these subsequent firings the worker must not be alarmed if the background enamels are not fused; they will go by degrees. The great object must be to save the modelling of the figures, which will be lost if the firing is too heavy. At this stage we have had three firings.

The modelling of the figure and drapery is next proceeded with in the same way, again with spirits of lavender and a Limoges White that is without yellow—that is to say, colder or bluish. This is very agreeable work, and by no means difficult to the artist who can draw. (But then no man or woman who is not a good draughtsman should attempt to paint in enamels, for there is no excuse for bad draughtsmanship in this art.) This work must be repeated twice, if not three times, in order to get the lights as white as possible, if the most brilliant tones are required in the after process. Meanwhile the landscape background advances. We have now had six firings.

The figure, it will be seen, is by this time fully modelled, with very white lights, but the whole bluish in tone, and cold. Two vitrified yellows are now taken (*jaune clair* and *jaune doré*) and mixed with the same oil, and the figures are painted up with these two yellows in such a way that one single coating of red afterwards will produce all the most delicate *nuances* of flesh. This so-called “under-painting” is an entire matter of artistic experience, and no enameller who has not painted a great deal from the living nude is likely to use this method intelligently; most painters, however, will “feel” what is required. Firing this yellow stage, with equal care and moderation, we have reached a minimum of seven firings.

We now come to a difficult part of Professor Herkomer’s particular method in flesh-painting, on which he justly prides himself. Over the yellow figure a finely-ground transparent, so-called, “silver flux” (of course, with water) must be spread very equally. This flux must be half-fired; that is, fired only sufficiently to become transparent and show the modelling

through, but not enough to cause a glaze. The surface must be “mat.” It is necessary to watch this delicate process with the muffle doors open. This half-firing has hardly affected any of the background colours.

We have now arrived, in what may be called the Herkomer method, at the final red, which is to give the ultimate colour. He takes the richest enamel red, made of gold, and known as *rouge or* (marked No. 20 by the Geneva maker, Millinet), which has been ground excessively fine. This he mixes in water and floods it over the half-fired flux surface—which is perfectly transparent when made wet—as if he were painting in water-colours. Now the painter’s experience comes into full play, as the yellow and grey under-painting must be utilised artistically. Whilst the red is wet the colour can be fairly accurately gauged, and it is kept moist by the artist breathing on it. Finally, as it dries, a needle can be used to separate any little uneven patches of red, whereby the painter is enabled to produce the most subtle gradations of tone, and of infinite finish.

Nothing but experience will show how much the plate at this stage—the last—has to be fired. It is, however, a considerable firing, during which the glaze must be watched for. This firing causes the transparent flux to flow and take up all the particles of red, without, however, if the firing is properly executed, displacing a single touch. It will at once be seen that a quality in flesh-painting is produced which in enamel-painting has never before been obtained. It must be owned that the method needs great experience and dexterity. The amount of yellow used in the under-painting, of flux, and of red used finally, materially affects the quality and tone of the flesh; but these factors are not only under perfect control, they immeasurably enlarge the field of operation in the realisation of what has practically never before been done with “substantial” enamel—that is to say, flesh-painting.

Here then the true artist—if only he be a craftsman as well—has at hand the noblest material he could wish if he would perpetuate his name and his skill beyond all mischief of the centuries. His oil pictures are at the mercy of what Millais called the two greatest of the Old Masters—Time and Varnish—which might improve, but which are far more likely to ruin, them. Sunlight and damp and heat and a thousand accidents may destroy a picture painted in oil-colour upon canvas. But, short of actual violence, nothing can ever change the colour, the quality, or the appearance of the true enamel—and a new generation, a new civilisation, may examine the artist’s work in all its original



STUDY OF A LEMON TREE.

By Lord Leighton, P.R.A. From "The Life of Lord Leighton."

beauty, as it left his hand. Is this not a process, then, to claim the artist's deepest gratitude and admiration—and is it not an object worthy

of a man of Professor Herkomer's enlightened enthusiasm, to spread the love and practice of it among his brothers in art?

RECENT ILLUSTRATED VOLUMES.

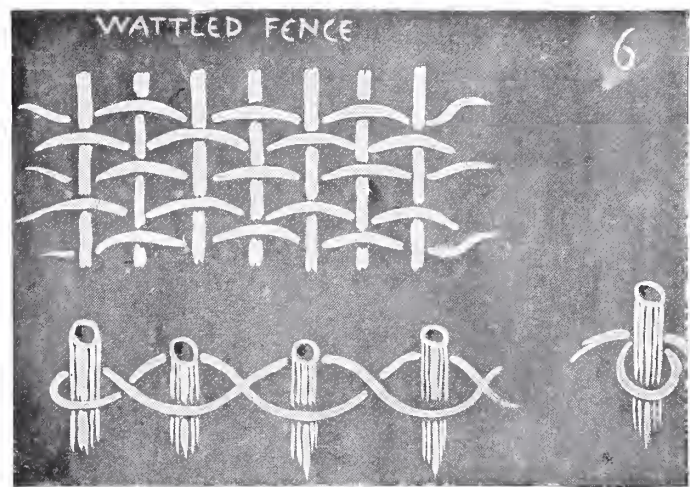
THE WORK OF LORD LEIGHTON.

THIS volume, well written, profusely illustrated, and admirably printed, is an adequate record of the art-life of the master who is gone, and a perpetual witness to that fine artistic and scholarly genius and to that loving labour well applied, which have endeared his art to us and exhorted our respect in spite of limitations and his minor defects. The book is in its second edition, and is now produced at a price that places it within the reach, doubtless, of the majority of our readers.

There is nothing of Leighton's inner life here: that is reserved for the biography which is to reveal the man. But the artist is shown in his fullest power—in all, that is to say, save in colour, which sometimes was the least satisfactory part of his work. But in a dozen photogravure plates and in four-score excellent reproductions, we are enabled to take a comprehensive view of him as draughtsman, figure-painter, landscape-painter, portraitist, fresco and mural designer, and sculptor, as well as art historian and critic. We have so often reproduced the pictures and studies of the late President that our readers are familiar with his work; nevertheless, they will be infinitely impressed by seeing all these fine illustrations together, and will be led to think more highly than ever of Leighton's power. They will learn, upon which we have already insisted, that he was far greater as a landscapist than he himself had any notion of; and, on the other hand, they will realise that, although always a correct, he was not invariably an elegant, draughtsman. In one particular this is seen here more than once—we mean in the drawing of the leg from the knee downwards. Alike in "Helen of Troy," "The Juggling Girl," "A Contrast," and the turning youth in "The Daphnephoria," the same heaviness of limb, of ankle, and even of proportion is manifest. But there

is hardly another fault. Those who would appreciate the painter at his full worth—after studying in this book the growth of the pictures from the studies, developing, through many stages, to the finished canvas—should then proceed to Lord Leighton's house, which, through the generosity of his sisters, is now arranged as a museum for the public benefit. There they may see, in hundreds of well-nigh perfect drawings, in what manner the painter rose on solid labour to the high place he conquered, and with what constancy he held before him this lofty ideal of beauty. The book is, in an educative sense, complementary to the exhibition in the House, and none should see the one and be content to remain in ignorance of the other. Mr. Rhys has done his work well. The generous illustration includes the finest work of Leighton's hand at every period of his career, and the final lists of his principal works and of his little landscapes complete the usefulness of the book.

We borrow the famous drawing of "A



From "The Bases of Design." Drawn by Walter Crane.

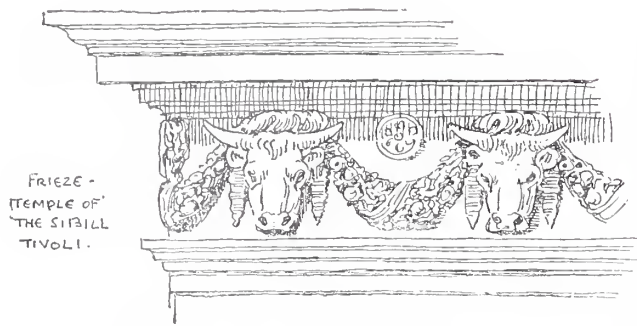
Lemon Tree" which, though here diminished in size, displays Leighton's wonderful draughtsmanship, more especially the extreme intelligence with which, while still a lad, he would shrink at no task, whatever demands it might make upon him. This tree and leaf

* "Frederic, Lord Leighton: Late President of the Royal Academy of Arts. An Illustrated Record of his Life and Work." By Ernest Rhys. London: George Bell and Sons. 1898. (25s.)

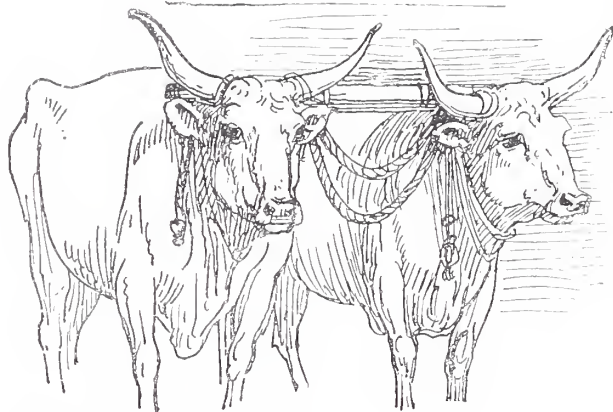
drawing has been excelled by no artist we know of.

MR. CRANE ON "DESIGN."

THE plan of Mr. Crane's book* is indicated not only in the table of contents but in the imagery upon the title-page and cover. The



FRIEZE -
TEMPLE OF
THE SIBILL
TIVOLI.



YOKE OF OXEN - CARRARA.

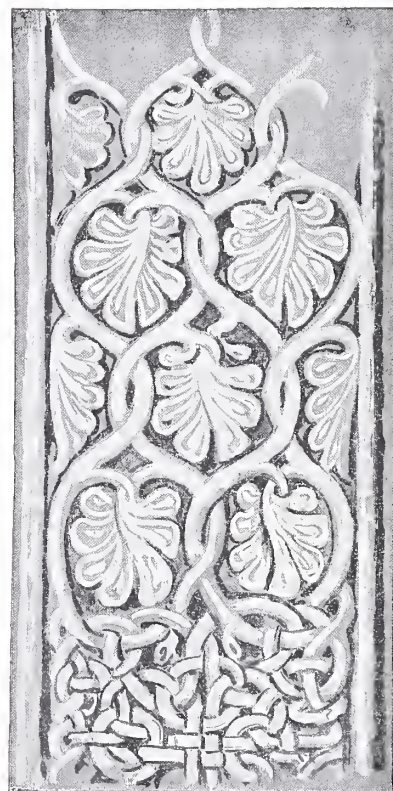
Drawn by Walter Crane.

deepest roots of design are there seen to grow out of architecture; utility and material are the soil from which it next draws nourishment; it is further sustained by the conditions of climate, race, and so on; whilst the top soil is dressed, so to speak, with the influences of symbolism, the graphic impulse, individuality and collectivism; the heart of the tree is a winged figure uplifting high the lamp (presumably) of art. To the plan thus hieroglyphically sketched the author adheres strictly enough. A chapter is devoted to the consideration of each separate influence above enumerated. But it is impossible to keep them separate, any more than the roots of a tree, which naturally mingle more confusedly than those figured in the author's ingenious device. Symbolism, for example, could not well be left out of account until towards the end of the book, where a chapter is devoted to it; and elsewhere the threads of the argument are interwoven, if

* "The Bases of Design." By Walter Crane. London: George Bell and Sons. (18s. net.)

not entangled; still the issue is clear enough, and the doctrine of the teacher sound. And it is the teacher who speaks; for the book is a *résumé* of lectures delivered to the students of the School of Art at Manchester during a period of directorship there. It includes among its illustrations a number of diagrams, sketched by the artist in black-and-white on brown paper, to illustrate what he had to say; and those who have seen him draw on the blackboard, and wondered at his facility, will not need to be told that these are among the most interesting of the many interesting illustrations to the book. The rough drawings, for example, in which the primitive rush mat is compared to an incised Assyrian floor pattern, or those illustrating the rhythm of the ornamental lines in the frieze of the Parthénon, and the pattern-like spacing of the design in one of the metopes, are object lessons in design so easy as to be learnt at sight; and there are other appeals to the understanding through the eye no less convincing.

Mr. Crane considers "figure sculpture to be the ornament of the Greeks," whose art, he thinks, "represented the love of beauty as distinct from ornament." That may be so; but the beauty of their ornament is none the less undeniable, cold as it may appear to the ardent devotees of Gothic who do not see in the "fanciful treatment of architectural forms" reproduced in furniture, textiles, painting, metal-work, glass, and other material with which they have nothing to do, any lack of originality and invention.



CELTIC CROSS AT CAMPBELLTOWN.

Drawn by Walter Crane.

Apropos of the influence of climate upon

design, it is happily suggested that "if we were to endeavour to mark upon a chart in some bright colour . . . all those countries where . . . bright sunshine was the rule, and indicate proportionally its lesser degrees in others, we should get a vivid notion of the general distribution of the colour sense," since "it is to the influence of sunlight . . . that we may attribute the differences of taste and feeling for colour and pattern which mark the different quarters of the inhabited earth." But whilst attributing to the brilliant sunshine which is the rule in Egypt the character of Egyptian art, Mr. Crane commends to the student, as corrective of an "overdone flamboyance of curvature" or of "a straining after a forced and inappropriate naturalism," the study of the severe simplicity, restraint, and abstract treatment of form by which it is characterised. This looks almost as if climate had, after all, not so much to do with it. The light of an Italian sky explains, no doubt, the tolerance by colourists of the rank tinting of Della Robbia ware, but the palette of these crude colourists was actually not so much chosen to suit the circumstances of climate as dictated by the method employed by the potters; it was the best they could get by means of the tin enamel they employed. It is suggested, with regard to the prevalent use of blue in pottery, that "it may be because of the adaptability of the metallic oxide colour to firing," and the famous old Nankin blue of the Chinese is referred to as a case in point. The fact of the matter is, cobalt was practically the only colour upon which the Chinese pot-painter could rely: so fierce was the heat of his kiln, that other pigments were apt to be fired away. Climate and race had always, of course, very considerable effect upon design. Another powerful influence was the religion of the people, which not only determined the form of art to be adopted, but also the forms which should be rooted out by persecution, if need be. But then religion itself is very much a matter of race.

The consideration of the racial influence in design leads naturally to the influence of race upon race; and the resemblance of the Greek anthemion to certain flame-like forms in Indian art is pointed out (a resemblance is quite obvious once it is pointed out), and the persistence of more or less anthemion-like shapes in the art of Western nations. This last is demonstrated by a pattern from a Celtic cross at Campbelltown, Argyllshire, in which "the rayed flower or leaf form" is clearly a con-

ventional vine-leaf, not greatly differing from many a Byzantine rendering of that symbolic form.

The characteristics of various forms of national art are cleverly ticked off by Mr. Crane: Persian, rich in colour and fantasy; Indian, rich also, but more mechanical, intricate but calculated; Greek, in which the elements of Asiatic art are absorbed and fused; Italian, the halfway house between East and West; French, cold in colour and correct in form, eager always for some new thing; German, with a more dominant military and religious note, fantastic, melancholy, grotesque. In our own sober English art he traces the native "love of domesticity and indoor comfort;" it seems to him "our houses are built more to live in than to look at," that our interiors re-echo the colours of the landscape, and the patterns of our fabrics recall the flower-garden and the meadow. Certainly the average Britisher has no great love of ornament pure and simple.

The line of cleavage between graphic and decorative design is firmly drawn: "the main difference seems to be that in purely graphic or naturalistic drawing individual characteristics or *differences* are sought for; while in ornamental or decorative drawing typical forms or *correspondences* are sought for." Every sincere artist, it is contended, desires to "realise his conception to the best of his ability;" the difficulty is in reconciling this realism with the conditions of art. Mr. Crane points out the realism pervading Gothic, Greek, and even Egyptian art; but it is realism with a difference—not by any means the absolute naturalism of the modern. He refers also to the prehistoric scratchings of the cave men, but does not attempt to account for the curious fact of their distinctly graphic instinct, whereas savage tribes all the world over find vent for their artistic energy in pattern of the most formal description. There could be no better illustration of Mr. Crane's saying that "out of necessity springs construction; out of construction springs ornament" than the art of the Polynesian islanders. That saying is really the text on which the book is written. Scattered through its pages are all manner of reflections on which it would be interesting to dwell, did space permit. Mr. Crane sees with his own eyes, thinks with his own brain, and is always suggestive. The general reader will be no less interested in what he has to say than the student and designer, to whom he more specifically addresses himself.

LEWIS F. DAY.

DANCING IN ART.

IT was a happy thought to produce an exhaustive and picturesque survey of the history of dancing throughout the ages.* The theme is an animated one, and lends itself to quite a continuous panoramic series of pictures throughout the centuries; for artists of every time, from the ancient Egyptians, Etruscans, the Greeks, and the nations of antiquity, to the foremost painters of our own era, have delighted graphically to depict the poetry of motion. Fruitful are the sources of illustration, and the enterprising publishers have availed themselves of these resources on a generous scale; a work of this description, as it can be realised, must be produced on a lavish artistic scale to warrant its appearance. The choregraphic art, rhythmic evolutions and the jubilation of a free use of the limbs obviously date back to time immemorial. It has been pointed out that the earliest inspirations of mankind impelled the race to execute concerted movements. The usages of religion and of war were equally associated with dancing; all antique rituals included processions, in which the fervour of the followers was expressed by the activity of their steps and gestures; while the training of warriors to feats of strength and agility led to the institution of the Pyrrhic martial dances, and the great dances of war, daily practised. When one thinks of the universal impulse for dancing, of one kind and another, in the earlier conditions of society, the reflection arises, in how large a measure the history of dancing is interwoven with the story of the human race; as Rousseau has averred, from the first gregarious instincts of mankind song and dance became the amusement, if not the occupation, of every order of society. Certain it is that dancing is coeval with races of mankind, and that, from the beginning, gesture and dancing were allied. Dancing, pre-eminently an art, has afforded endless opportunities for the employment of graphic art, and it is in this relationship that the theme has an interest for our readers.

The pictorial illustrations begin with the Hebraic dances bequeathed by the priests of ancient Egypt, equally held in honour by the ancient

Hebrews; we are told that Moses instituted a jubilant dance after the passage of the Red Sea. The illustrations to the introductory chapter comprise reproductions of a fragment of an Egyptian fresco in the British Museum, showing a dance of slim and mobile Egyptian sylphs, and sculptured representations of Egyptian figure dances; there is a procession of Apis as delineated by Bridgman. Then we arrive at Hebrew dances, with players of timbrels; there is "David dancing before the Ark of the Covenant" after Domenichino, and "Dancing round the Golden Calf;" there are Etruscan versions of classic dances, and dancing nymphs, as displayed on a vase in the Louvre; a



From a Painting by Watteau,

dance of classic nymphs after that graceful delineator Ch. Eisen; "A Ring Dance" after Gérôme; "Terpsichore" by Schützenberger (from the Musée du Luxembourg); "A Rustic Dance" by A. Kirsch; "A Pastoral" by Bouguereau; "The Greek War Dance;" "Armed Dance of Corybantes;" "Nymph Dancing" after Raphaël Collin; "Classic Dance" by Agostino Veneziano; "Dance of Apollo"

after Giulio Romano; "Classic Dances" after Mantegna and Batista Franco. There is a beautiful "Dance of Nymphs and Cupids" after a drawing by Domenichino, another by Romanelli, and "Nymphs and Satyrs" by Cipriani, all three precious examples reproduced from originals in the possession of Mr. Heinemann. In plastic art there are charming statuettes of dancing nymphs, found at Myrina, now in the Louvre; delightful Tanagra figurines of dancers from examples in the Louvre and the Janze collections; a bas-relief from Athens of dancing nymphs, the original in the British Museum, abundantly rich in similar treasures of art; the Borghese vase from the Louvre; "A Bacchanalian Chorus" from the Bibliothèque Nationale; and "Dance of Nymphs" from a relief in the Louvre; "A Feast at the House of Lucullus" after Boulanger; "A Classic Dance" after Gaspard Crayer; and others after N. Poussin, Mortimer, Kauffman, and so on down the stream of time, after a sufficiently liberal series of excerpts from classic sources.

Then we arrive at the Middle Ages, with its religious dances, its chivalrous dances, its gruesome "Dances of Death" after Holbein and other masters; contrasted with the "Dance of the Redeemed," from Fra Angelico. Joyous groups of dancing angels from relievos by Donatello; "Dancing Children" by Luca della Robbia; glad-

* "A History of Dancing from the Earliest Ages to Our Own Times." From the French of Gaston Vuiller, with a sketch of Dancing in England, by Joseph Grego. With twenty plates and four hundred illustrations. (William Heinemann.)

some treasures from mediæval Florence; a marvellous version of a ball after Israel van Meckenen; "The Ball of the Magdalen" according to Lucas van Leyden; "Procession of Els Cosiers," and the most elaborate and refreshingly literal versions of mediæval dancing-scenes from superb illuminated MSS. in the Bibliothèque Nationale, invaluable epitomes of manners, customs, and costumes; "The Vigil of St. John;" "Shepherd's Dance" from the "Calendar;" "A Fourteenth Century Ball" as quaintly set down by the contemporary illuminator; the fearsome "Ballet des Ardents" from the Froissart MSS. (Bibliothèque de l' Arsenal, Paris), another vivid picture of the tragic termination of one of the early masquerades, the direful consequences of which one might have expected to suppress these amusements for ever, but had the contrary effect. It will be remembered that the Duchesse de Berri invited the Court to a masquerade ball at her house in Paris; King Charles VI and his boon companions arrived disguised as "savage men," clad in hemp and pitch. The Duke of Orleans, taking a torch to examine the newcomers closely, fired the tow which adhered to the tar forming their attire; all blazed up like brands for the burning. Comte de Jouy and Bâtard de Foix were burned to death; the king's life was saved, but the fiery ordeal cost him his reason.

Morris-dancers and Ballets des Ridicules,

character *Le Roi Soleil* in the "Ballet of Night" (1653). There is life-like Clouet, with an epitome of the French Court, in his precious portrait-group, "The Duc de Joyeuse's Ball;" there are similarly faithful portraiture of the times, the Court of Albert and Isabella of the Netherlands by Porbus; with "Charles II dancing with Mary of Orange at the Hague" by G. Janssens (Windsor Castle); courtly balls of the epoch Louis XIII by that faithful authority Abraham Bosse; other versions by Theodore de Bry, Crispin de Pas, Callot, Codde, Aertzen, Sebastien Le Clerc, Tiepolo, and contemporary authorities, who delineated the "actualities" of their time. Of modern exponents there are Jules Garnier's joyous "Farandole;" "Tsigane Dance" by Adrien Moreau; "Kermess," "Rural Dancing," and "Minuet" by the same graceful artist; Aimé Morot's comprehensive fresco *La Danse* throughout the ages, from the Hôtel de Ville, Paris; "The Minuet," and "Rustic Pleasures" by Toudouze; Roybet's "Saraband," and others of like excellence. While the Flemings, like Jan Miel, and especially Teniers, have realised the peasant dances, the graces and elegances of more courtly measures found congenial exponents in the sprightly art of Pesne, Longhi, and, *par excellence*, Watteau, and his pupil Lancret; there is reproduced quite a gallery of these masterpieces—the apotheosis of the *Théâtre Français*—



EL JALEO.

From the Painting by John S. Sargent, R.A.

grotesque masquers galore, are given from the original illuminations and authorities of the time, ranging from the Anglo-Saxons to the Grand Monarque, with Louis XIV in his favourite

including portraits of the winsome dancer, Made-moiselle Camargo.

The traditions of the *spirituelle* Watteau are worthily continued by Saint-Aubin, Eisen,

Moreau, Fagonard, and "the elegant school." There is Marie Antoinette figuring in ballets; fair professional and society dancers from Louis XIV to the Revolution, when the "Carmagnole"

the many pearls of this order one of the choicest will be recognised in the incomparable sylph-like grace of a ballerina by Degas. Nor are Chéret and his spirited "posters" lacking. Of course



THE QUEEN OF SWORDS.

From the Painting by W. O. Orchardson, R.A.

violently ousted the gentler evolutions, and a carnival of frenzy and blood-hunger transmogrified dancing into a saturnalia of fury. Then came more social extravagancies with the fall of the "Terror," and Débucoart and Tannay, former exponents of the more Arcadian symposia of Louis XVI's time, were joined by Carle Vernet, Bosio, and the delineators of *Incroyables* and *Le bon genre*; followed by Raffet, Vernier, Bellanger, Henri Monnier, Gavauni, Eugène Lami, Guérard, Daumier, and so on.

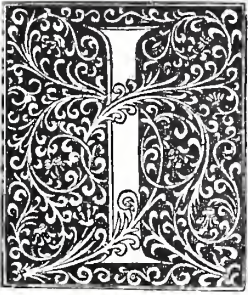
To Spanish dancing the bewitching Fandango, the Galligade, the Bolero, Seguidillas, the Jota, the Jaleo de Jerez, and the Cachuca, a profusely illustrated chapter is devoted, from which we have borrowed "El Jaleo" by Mr. John S. Sargent; there are "La Carmencita" by the same artist (Luxembourg), and wonderful pictures by Worms, Puebla, Rubio, Moreno, A. Zô ("Before the Bull Fight"); while Goya and Gustave Doré have expressed the true passion of Spanish dancing. There are Italian dances, the Neapolitan Tarantella for choice, Bayadères, Oriental dances, and aborigines' dances, such as are seen in the balmy Otaheite and the South Sea Islands. Among the modern artists who have mastered the pictorial aspects of the ballet and the poetry of frilled skirts, we have quite a group of masterpieces by Renouard, by Carrier-Belleuse, Palmari, Desrousseaux Clairin Bertier, etc. Among

we are taken through the history of the ballet, and of dancing saloons; with the pictures of the eminent performers, and of the distinctive humours and characteristics of the places on a profuse scale.

The history of dancing in England forms the concluding portion. We are conducted with great skill, knowledge, and charm to Court, and shown pictures of Royal balls, stately minuets at the Palace of St. James's, and "Royal Birthday Balls;" we visit Bath in the palmy days of Beau Nash, and view the amenities of its Assembly Rooms; see something of the King's Theatre and the ballet there for a couple of centuries. We attend the diversions of "the quality," and pass through the agreeable fever for masques and masquerading which dominated the best English society in the livelier eighteenth century; and we are afforded glimpses of Madame Cornely's too-seductive masquerades at the fairy palace, Carlisle House. We assist with pretty Sophy Baddeley and her escort of drawn swords at the opening of the stately Panthéon; are taken to similar diversions at Vauxhall and Ranelagh Gardens, the exclusive Amack's Club and Willis's rooms in the days of high-bred patronage; and pass a review of operatic stars, and the pride of the ballet, from Vestris *le grande* to Kate Vaughan, and the perils of modern stage-dancing.

THE "VAN TROMP" PICTURES OF J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

BY C. W. CAREY, CURATOR OF THE ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE GALLERY.



T seldom happens that so much confusion exists in regard to the titles of a series of pictures as is the case with the "Van Tromp" subjects painted by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

Turner painted four "Van Tromp" pictures, the titles varying, as may be seen by the

following extracts from the Royal Academy Catalogues of the years in which the pictures were respectively exhibited:—

- Exhibited
R.A.
- 1831. "Admiral Van Tromp's Barge at the entrance of the Texel, 1645."
 - 1832. "Van Tromp's Shallop at the entrance of the Scheldt."
 - 1833. "Van Tromp returning after the battle off the Dogger Bank."
 - 1844. "Van Tromp, going about to please his masters, ships a sea, getting a good wetting."

With regard to the first picture, exhibited 1831 (see illustration, p. 174), there is no uncertainty. It was purchased from the artist by the late Sir John Soane, and has since his death remained in the Soane Museum, Lincoln's Inn Fields. This article has to deal with the other three works.

Now, there are in existence the following three "Van Tromp" pictures by Turner, all of the same size (three feet high by four feet wide), bearing the same title, and claiming to be the one exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1832:—

- (1) One in the Royal Holloway College Gallery, Egham.
- (2) One in the collection of Sir Charles Tennant, Bart.; and
- (3) One in the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield, on loan from the National Gallery. Illustrations of all these are given on p. 174.

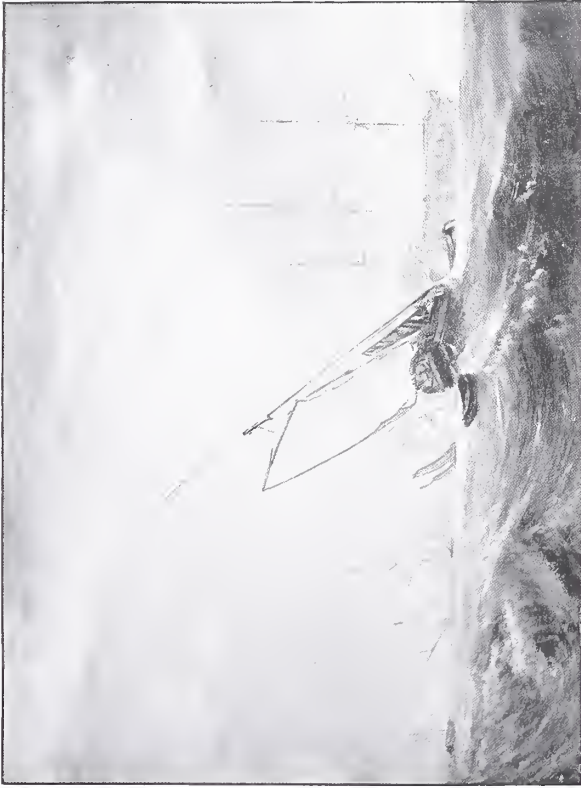
When I first saw the Holloway College picture in 1883, I doubted the correctness of the title, my conviction being that its "manner" was of the artist's *third* period. Some years later it occurred to me that a good purpose might be served if this doubt could be cleared up. The marketable values of each of the existing pictures referred to would be depreciated by the doubt as to its identity raised by the existence of the other two. For instance, the sale-room competition for any work of art would be seriously interfered with by a

statement that two rivals claimed its particular title and pedigree.

But to return to the exhibited "Van Tromp" pictures. There appear to be no works in existence bearing the dates and titles of those exhibited by Turner in 1833 and 1844. Inquiries and research have failed to furnish any clue to the titles of these two subjects. The conclusion I therefore came to, was, that the 1832, 1833, and 1844 exhibited pictures, are the three at present bearing the same (1832) title, and that two of them have been wrongly described.

Information already published did not serve to lessen the confusion. John Burnet, in "Turner and his Works," published 1852, gives the National Gallery picture as the one of 1844. Thornbury, in his later "Life of Turner," refers to the same picture merely as "Van Tromp," with no date; and the early catalogues of the National Gallery mention it as the 1832 picture, the later ones "Van Tromp" only. The Catalogue of the Art Treasures Exhibition, Manchester, 1857, contains "No. 282. 'Van Tromp,' exhibited R.A. 1844. Lent by John Miller, Esq." Handbooks to the same exhibition speak of this clearly as being in the third manner of the painter. However, subsequently to the sale of Mr. John Miller's collection at Christie's, on May 20th, 1858, when Mr. Gambert, the picture dealer, purchased this "Van Tromp" for £567 5s., all trace of it is lost; and it is unfortunate for the present investigation that the books of this gentleman's business have been destroyed. It is evident that if Mr. J. Miller's picture *was* the one of 1844, the title of that belonging to the National Gallery, as quoted by Burnet, was wrong. And the uncertainty felt by the authorities of the National Gallery about it is shown by the fact that the title was afterwards changed, though I fail to see why, to that of 1832. This (1832) title refers to a "shallop," and the description of a "shallop" is "a broad, open, schooner-rigged boat, with two masts." It will be readily seen from the illustration that the boat in the National Gallery picture has *one* mast, and is, moreover, an admiral's barge, with a high poop, similar to the "barge" in the Soane Museum picture. The boat in the Holloway College picture can also be seen by the illustration not to be a "shallop." Sir Charles Tennant's picture has a "shallop," a two-masted, schooner-rigged ship, sailing up the Scheldt, with a glimpse of Antwerp in the right-hand distance.

In order to avoid unnecessary confusion I will now state that the late Mr. H. A. J. Mimmro of



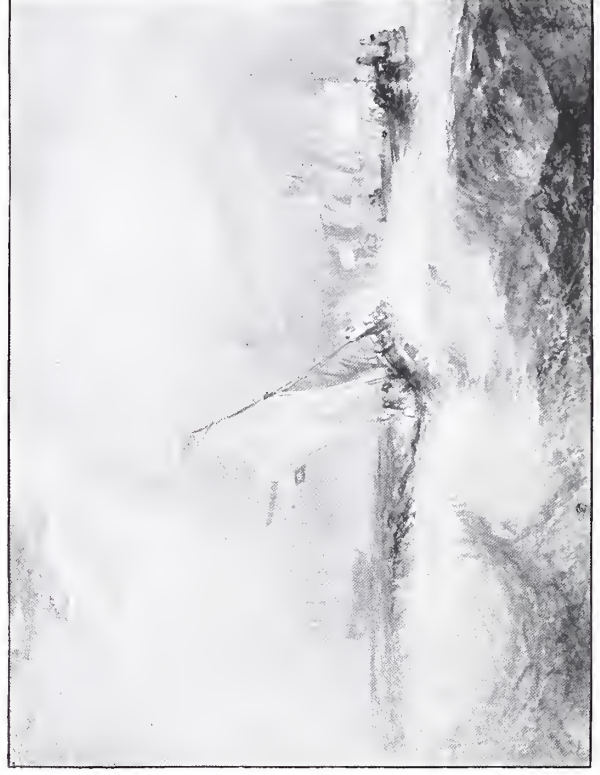
In the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield.



In the Soane Museum.



In the Collection of Sir Charles Tennant, Bart.



In the Royal Holloway College.

Novar, Scotland, the intimate friend and executor of Turner, bought from the artist, for £500, a picture entitled "Van Tromp's shallop at the entrance of the Scheldt," exhibited R.A. 1832. At the dispersal of Mr. Munro's collection, at Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods', on April 6th, 1878, this picture was sold to Mr. Kirkman D. Hodgson, M.P., for £5,460, and from his collection it passed, through Messrs. Agnew and Sons' hands, to the collection of Sir Charles Tennant. This is the "Van Tromp" picture referred to above as being at present in Sir Charles's possession.

The first definite result of my inquiries thus arrived at, and my doubt as to the correctness of the title of the Holloway College picture justified, the question still remains which of the two later works, 1833 and 1844, belongs to the National Gallery, and which to the Holloway College? There is no certain information concerning the former. The one in Holloway College gallery was bought at Christie's, May 5th, 1883, from the collection of the late Henry Woods, Esq. No knowledge appears to exist as to where Mr. Woods bought the picture, or from whom he acquired it. So that this absence of any conclusive information as to the histories of these two pictures makes it necessary to provide a reasonable argument which will supply the place of direct testimony.

The title Turner gave to his 1844 canvas plainly shows that he was illustrating the well-known story of Admiral Van Tromp after defeating Blake in the Downs on November 29th, 1652, and thus acquiring a brief supremacy of the sea, having ordered a broom to be fixed to the mast-head of his ship, saying he would "sweep the British seas of all English men-of-war."* The broom is shown at the mast-head of the boat in the Holloway College picture.

Van Tromp was most anxious to acquire public favour and obtain the applause of the populace, and it seems as though, in using the words "going about to please his masters," Turner wished to show that the great admiral's "masters" were not those responsible for the government of Holland, but the Dutch people. The assemblage of crowded boats can be seen in the reproduction. The waves breaking over the boat, and the figure on the bow, explain the last part of the title, "ships a sea, getting a good wetting."

I must here interpose an extract from a description by a contemporary critic in the "Art Union" of 1844, in which, referring to Turner's "Van Tromp" picture of that year, he says:—

* Professor Laughton tells us, in his article on Blake in "The Dictionary of National Biography" (vol. v., p. 176), that the story was probably invented as a joke in the fleet, and has not a shadow of foundation.

"We see here a boat carrying a full spread of canvas going so many knots, and with certain indications of shipping a sea at her quarter, where we must suppose Van Tromp to be standing. We cannot admit Mr. Turner's accuracy here; he ought, for the sake of general probability, to have placed Van Tromp at the bow of the boat."

Now, except for the presence of the figure on the bow, the Holloway picture answers to this description, and I cannot but think that Turner saw the criticism, took the hint, and painted in the figure of Van Tromp as the critic suggested. This conclusion is strengthened by a well-finished figure seated in the "waist" of the vessel, which probably was, in the first instance, intended by Turner to represent Van Tromp. But to my mind, the fact which establishes most conclusively that the Holloway picture is the one of 1844, is the "Venetian" aspect of the colour of the sea and sky. This indisputably connects it with the last style of Turner, commenced about 1840.

Considering the uncertainty as to the former history of the Holloway picture and the obscurity following the purchase of Mr. J. Miller's picture by Mr. Gambart, it is fairly easy to believe that they are the same.

If my arguments with regard to the Holloway picture are correct, then the title of the National Gallery picture should be "Van Tromp returning after the battle off the Dogger Bank," exhibited R.A. 1833. In confirmation of this, its technicalities, as well as those of Sir Charles Tennant's picture, prove them to be of the same period as "William of Orange landing at Torbay," exhibited R.A. 1832.

The Director of the National Gallery thinks that this opinion is the right one, and I am informed that instructions have been sent to the curator of the Sheffield Gallery to alter the title of the picture accordingly. The Governors of the Royal Holloway College have also authorised the title of their "Van Tromp" to be changed to that of 1844.

A point of additional interest is the curious resemblance of the Sheffield picture to that known as "Beginning of a Storm," by William Vanderveelde, in the Old Stafford Gallery, Bridgewater House. Turner was not above borrowing an idea, probably on account of his early copying practice; and it is quite possible that having admired the Dutch sea-painter's picture, the composition clung to his mind, and he worked it into his own subject.

I should like to express my thanks to Sir Charles Tennant, to Mr. Howarth, of the Mappin Art Gallery, and to Mr. Birch, of the Soane Museum, for the facilities they have afforded me.

VASSILI VERESTCHAGIN.

BY PRINCE BOJIDAR KARAGEORGEVITCH.



VASSILI V. VERESTCHAGIN was born in 1842. From his youth his life has been a succession of totally discordant and disconnected scenes, strange in themselves, but always coming back to art, his only love. He has been called a soldier-painter, a

traveller whose notes are recorded in colour, a humanitarian who has used his palette in the service of his humanitarian notions. But Verestchagin is neither more nor less than a painter, and his travels and the battles he has fought in, and all his ideas and reflections, have, in fact, been pressed into the service of his painting.

The man is never to be caught—he is in Persia when he is looked for in Paris, in Paris when he should be in St. Petersburg, always wandering. As a child Verestchagin was placed in the corps of naval cadets. He left school with credit and entered the service, but before he had even tried on his uniform he threw up his commission to go into the Academy of Fine Arts. There he became a great favourite with his teachers, A. T. Markof and A. E. Beidemann. One of his sketches gained him the silver medal and the approbation of the authorities; but this did not hinder Verestchagin from rushing abroad before his training was ended. In Paris, at the *École des Beaux-Arts*, he studied under Gérôme.

Two years later, after spending some weeks at St. Petersburg, he set out for the Caucasus, and was for some time drawing-master in a girls' school at Tiflis. From the Caucasus he made a jump back to St. Petersburg, where he exhibited some drawings, which were reproduced in the magazine called "*Le Tour du Monde*;" in 1864 he went to the Danube. Thence, after a visit to St. Petersburg, he proceeded to Paris, where he remained a whole year, exhibiting his first picture in the Salon.

After this Verestchagin, attached to the suite of Governor-General Kaufmann, set out for Turkestan. He fought so bravely before Samarkand that he was rewarded with the rare and highly honorable distinction of the Order of St. George. Then, a painter once more, he came back to Europe, and divided his time between Paris and Munich, where he recorded his memories of Turkestan. As soon as he had finished this series of pictures he exhibited them at Munich, in London, 1873, and, finally, in St. Petersburg; and in every city they at-

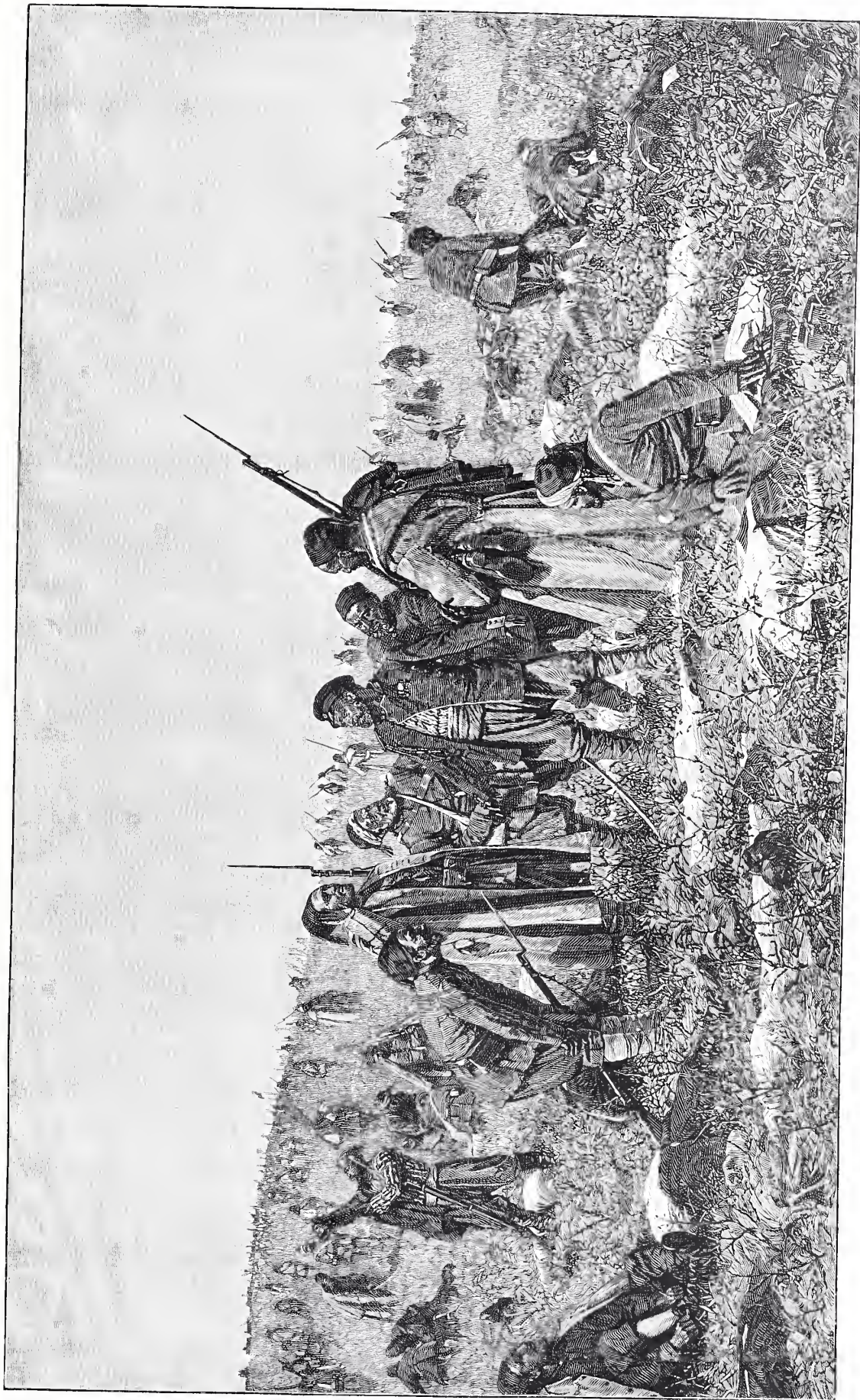
tracted crowds by their amazing power, their intensity of imagination and startling vitality. "After a Success," "After Defeat," "The Opium Eater," remain stamped, I should imagine, on the memory of all who saw them.

While the exhibition at Munich was still open he took a dislike to one of his pictures, "The Worshippers of Batcha"—or, at any rate, some criticism displeased him—and he destroyed it. Then, stricken perhaps by remorse, he hung a photograph of the picture in its place.

The exhibition of his pictures in St. Petersburg was, by the artist's express desire, free to the public. The Council of the Academy there, amazed at the immense mass of work it represented and the painter's remarkable talent, agreed to appoint him Professor, and officially notified him of his election with due ceremony. But Verestchagin refused, being of opinion that all awards or honours are a mistake in art as tending to intervene class distinctions among artists. The Council, in consequence, struck his name off its list of members.

Possessed by a sort of nostalgia for light and glow, Verestchagin next went to India, where he sketched and noted all he saw, and, at the end of two years, returned to Paris with materials for a series of pictures. Then the Russo-Turkish War broke out. Verestchagin, remembering that he was a soldier, went to join Skobelev and Gourka. He was wounded in the course of an expedition in a torpedo-boat, but soon recovered, and was present at the glorious fight at Plevna; during the cavalry charge at Adrianople he held the appointment of Commandant on the Staff.

In the intervals between fighting he was always busy making sketches and studies, and he brought back to Paris the materials for his Russo-Turkish War pictures, of which the superb realism raised a cry of horror against the war so realistically depicted by one who had taken part in it. One of the pictures of this series, entitled "The Victors," is reproduced on the next page. The scene represented is a gruesome one. The victorious Turks are actively engaged in the task of spoiling the dead: tearing the clothing, boots, and other wearing apparel from the bodies. In the principal group one of the soldiers has arrayed himself in the uniform of a Russian officer and is receiving the mock salutes of his comrades. Verestchagin then made a selection of his Indian pictures and sent them



THE VICTORS.
From the *Painting by Vassil Verestchagin.*

with those of the war of 1877 to be exhibited in the principal cities of Europe.

The wandering mood and thirst for sunshine came upon him again in 1883. This time he went to Palestine and Syria, where he worked with frenzied industry, bringing home with him not only studies for future use, but some pictures painted there, in spite of immense difficulties in the open air and light. The subjects were taken from the New Testament. In spite of a great deal of religious feeling, and an admirable sense of drama, in spite of great skill in composition, these pictures, when first exhibited, were startling from their intense realism and their total scorn of conventionality. Verestchagin, who had seen war as a scene of horror, murder, and carnage, saw the Bible in its native land; the Saviour and the Holy Family in the garb and colouring of real life; and just as the painters who represent victorious generals smart and smiling, with standards lying at their feet, white plumes floating in their hats, and mounted on well-groomed horses, had organised opposition to Verestchagin, so did the makers of religious subjects full of flowing draperies of plush and brocade. But for my part I do not think that criticism has said its last word about Verestchagin.

Verestchagin is not satisfied to be only a painter and a very brilliant officer; he has brought home from some of his travels, written narratives, which, independently of their indisputable interest, have considerable literary merit. Among these may be named: "Notes, Silhouettes et Souvenirs," "Voyage à l'Himalaya," "Mon Journal," and, in a Russian periodical "L'Artiste," a masterly article on "Realism," which has given rise to much discussion.

NOTE.—We print in the present part Prince B. Karageorgevitch's article in his short series on the modern Russian painters, in order that our readers may be reminded of the character and career of the painter whose exhibition is now being held in the Grafton Gallery. Those of our readers who remember the discussion which took place in this Magazine at the time of M. Verestchagin's last exhibition in England, 1887, will realise that, while fully appreciating his force as a dramatic painter, they should not place too implicit faith in the historical motive of some of the designs. They will bear in mind that

we challenged the truth of M. Verestchagin's "Blowing from Guns in British India"—in which perfectly respectable Hindus were represented as being blown from the guns' mouths by English soldiers in present-day uniform!—and that, in defending this picture, which was among those painted of subjects and scenes that the artist claimed to have witnessed, M. Verestchagin wrote to us a political rejoinder, but utterly failed to justify his gross libel upon British rule in India. Similarly disputable was the picture of the corpse of a British soldier lying deserted in the jungle—though the uniform was said to have been originally Russian; and the great canvas of the joyful entry of the Prince of Wales into Jey-pore in the brilliant morning sunshine—though the artist on the Prince's staff assured us that the entry was made by night. These matters, small in themselves, become important when the pictures are put forward as historical documents, in which truth of detail is the main virtue. The fact appears to be that M. Verestchagin has the defects as well as the merits of the traveller and journalist, and a great deal of the showman. He is not of those who send their pictures to the exhibitions and await the verdict of the public: he paints collections of his pictures, travels with them about the Continent and America, organises the show, "works the press," and, on occasion, sells the works by public auction. Yet, although his methods, like many of his pictures, are melodramatic, he is not to be adjudged a Barnum of art and nothing more. His judgment may not always be sound; but it appears to us that he is carried away by his intense energy and enterprise. When he has been truest to himself he has occasionally produced pictures which might take their place in the collections of those who buy pictures for quality and even for their colour. To this side of his artistic character Prince Karageorgevitch has done full justice; but when the painter beats the showman's drum, so to say, or mounts the rostrum to declaim against wars, the scenes of which he paints with so much relish, he is apt to display his worst faults—faults of taste, of colour, as well as of history. This is M. Verestchagin's fourth visit to London; the last occasion was at a time when he had been made the victim of a ridiculous religious persecution, and his vogue was the greater for it. It is necessary to recall these facts, not in order to detract from such reputation as M. Verestchagin may legitimately enjoy, but rather to urge the reader, while according all admiration due to the artist for his originality, to be circumspect in forming a judgment on a class of art that, by its very attractiveness of subject and novelty, may easily mislead the unwary. Truth forces us to say, in justice to the painter, that his present exhibition is far worse than the former one. We have here scene-painting of a very poor kind, theatrical, unconvincing, and very inferior in handling. There are not many, we believe, in all these scores of pictures that would gain admittance to the exhibition of the Royal Academy.

THE EDITOR.



FRIEZE FOR A BILLIARD ROOM.

Designed by A. Rottmann.

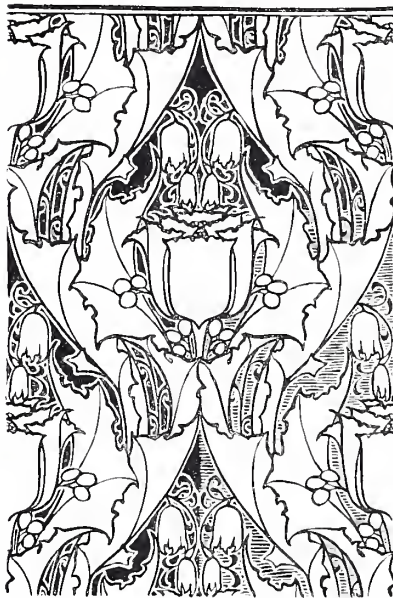
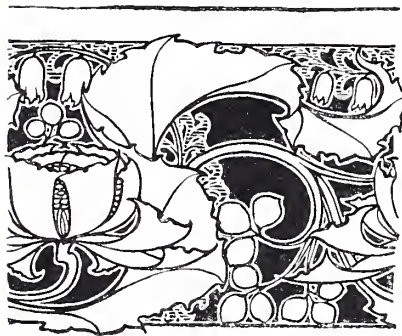
THE ART MOVEMENT.

MODERN DECORATIVE DESIGN AND COLOUR.

IN considering the characteristics of the latter-day tendencies in decoration in England we have to recognise the fact that it is distinctly national: the outcome of national feeling and thought; and as such it holds the foremost place, for no Continental country has at present what can be termed a genuine national style of its own. Of course, it is fully recognised that it is impossible to create an absolutely new style; the work of preceding designers is bound to influence those who follow them. And so in this present style of British decorative art Eastern influence is strongly marked. Through our wide commercial connections in the East, the art of the Orient reached our shores far in advance of other countries. The beautiful renderings of floral forms expressed by the Japanese appealed to our artists and designers. They came at an opportune moment, when designers had begun to be no longer content with arranging plant and flower forms in evenly-spread patterns; or to squeeze certain floral motives into classic frames and to assimilate them to their proportions. They wanted something better, something more poetical; instead of turning all their attention and skill to

the details, they began to devote their energies to the *ensemble*; the design was realised as an entire work before the detail was considered.

Designs were laid out firstly with a rough conventional treatment; a more or less architectural basis penetrated them. Proportion was studied; the beautiful rendering of the line was considered indispensable. The line became a "living" line, a rhythmical movement; and, finally, details were added as less important factors. By this means the sense of beauty found expression in the arrangement of lines and masses. Geometrical precision was no longer part of the designer's creed; the new lines very often refused to follow in the track of the planet; they preferred, rather, the course of the comet, describing eccentric sweeps, disappearing suddenly, or turning back in a parallel direction. No longer were the designers expected to cover every inch of space allotted to them. The expression of the late Gleeson White that "the secret of decoration is to leave sufficient blank space" was exhibited in the work, and it is a fact, without doubt, that rich lines and masses can only be appreciated when surrounded by blank spaces that rest the eye,



FRIEZE AND FILLING.

Designed by Harry Napper for A. Rottmann.

just as the true value of strong colour is better understood when a contrast is presented in quiet surrounding tones.

The change not only affected the designer, for



CEILING PAPER.
Designed by A. Rottmann.

the manufacturers, too, quickly recognised its import, and began to explain what they wanted to suit their particular requirements, processes, and materials. It was customary before this movement commenced for artists to take their designs round indiscriminately among the paper-staining districts of Manchester, to the carpet looms of Kidderminster, and from thence to the cretonne and muslin printers of Glasgow. All this is changed: the designs have to be produced for the material, and many a manufacturer is able to give with his own pencil a rough idea of what he wants.

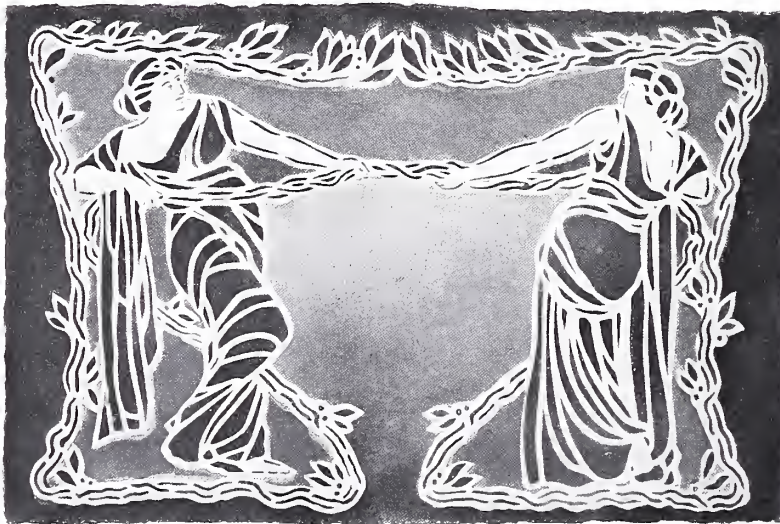
But it is not only in arrangement that the modern British designer has struck out independently; it is also in the choice of subject that a radical change has taken place. Thus, for instance, the tree is being used to a great extent. The ship, too, is another conspicuous feature; and ships call to mind breaking waves and winding streams, which lend themselves to excellent treatment of movement and grace. Landscape friezes and wall-papers, too, afford good opportunity for line treatment and massing of colour. In floral designs again many flowers that were prohibited in the old days find a place in the new treatment. The floral growths of our ditches

and highways, hitherto neglected of the designer, have been elevated to adorn the boudoir and the drawing-room.

The "grotesque" subjects, though playing but a minor part in the productions of the new school, must not be omitted. Where this grotesqueness has confined itself to the living line or frame; where, in fact, it is used for a purpose, it helps to enhance the beauty and originality of a design; but where it calls to aid the human form it often presents to us the extreme tendency found in Oriental grotesques, and becomes less admissible as an English subject.

Although it is chiefly in design that the new English tendency is pronounced, colour plays no less an important part, and here, again, the influence of Eastern art, particularly Persian, is visible. The new designs are clothed in pure colours; we are beginning to prefer colour contrasts to colour harmonies; colours that were supposed to clash with each other appear now as good friends. Prussian blue goes hand in hand with verdigris, indigo with emerald green, violet and puce with geranium lake. Now that no code of laws binds the decorator, he is allowed to study the conditions and proportions of the room he is to decorate; and, if necessary, he may reverse the old order of things by rising from a light basis into a dark-coloured frieze.

And who are the designers to whom we are indebted for this departure, for this gradual development of a national style? Amongst them are Messrs. Crane, Voysey, Gwatkin, Arthur Silver, Harry Napper (who have turned their attention principally to wall-papers and fabrics); Messrs. Selwyn Image, Charles Ricketts, Anning Bell, C. R. Ashbee, Heywood Sumner, Nelson



STENCILLED INVITATION CARD.
Designed by A. Rottmann.

Dawson, Stephen Webb, Gerald Moira, and Mrs. Edith Dawson, among general decorators. To confine ourselves to designers of wall decoration would be an error; we cannot now keep them distinct from the general designer for applied art: they have one idea in common, and must necessarily work, in a measure, in unison.

But with all this movement is it a fact that, in time to come, this "new style" will be recognised as that of a distinct period—as we now do that of Louis XIV or XV? On the Continent, it is true, our productions are known as "English decorations," and in many cases the admiration is followed by imitation. MM. Charles Plumet and Felix Aubert in France, Serrurier-Bovy in Belgium, Berlepsch and Professor Eckmann in Germany, have built up, under the influence of English models and ideas, furniture and wall decorations for which is claimed that they have not the stiffness of our work; but whatever their merit may be, they can only be termed the descendants of English thought and English art.

Where Paris had it all its own way, London has begun to attract those that are eager to see and possess something new and original. Is it not therefore worth while to encourage this tendency, to strengthen our position? With perseverance, this should not be a difficult task. Of course, our public will have to be educated up to it. The young designers working in our numerous municipal art schools should be encouraged to

follow their originality, and not be driven to take refuge, for lack of demand for "new" work, in antiquated styles. Let manufacturers bring before their clients examples of the new designs, and they will soon find a demand for them.

The Japanese artists have associated every tree and flower with a bird or an animal, and the observant visitor to Japan can easily conjure up such a bird and place it on the branch covered by the blossom of the early peach, plum, or cherry. Our young students, too, should be taught to observe Nature more closely: there are beauties at their hand in their own land just as Japanese artists have discovered them in theirs. It is this study of his own surroundings that has given the Japanese artist his originality. And so it is the study of our country's charms that has given and will give English decorative art originality, not only in design, but in colour. Where are to be seen finer sunsets than on the English coasts, and more deeply saturated tints than those produced on the meadows and pastures of this country? At harvest-time, a few miles inland from the northern shores of Norfolk, there is a palette laid ready by Nature: the deep green pines standing out against the gentle slope covered with puce-coloured heath, and a poppy-laden cornfield forming a brick-red and golden-yellow line in the foreground. Surely such a composition presents a picture which claims the decorator's attention!

A. ROTTMANN.

FOR THE COLLECTION OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

THREE out of the four drawings which we illustrate herewith have passed into the private collection of her Majesty at Windsor, all of them the work of Mr. G. D. Hiscox, an artist living and working within the royal borough. Since 1889 the Queen has shown an interest in his work, and on several occasions it has been duly recorded in the Court news that her Majesty has inspected sketches and drawings from his hand. In 1897 the quaint

view of Windsor Castle, entitled "The Home of the Queen," was acquired for the Royal collection, and last year the two drawings of "Burnham

Beeches" were also added. These picturesque bits of woodland scenery are two of many which Mr. Hiscox has painted in the district of "The Beeches." Living in close proximity to it, he has made it a special study, and under all the aspects of the varying seasons has found it a fruitful source of



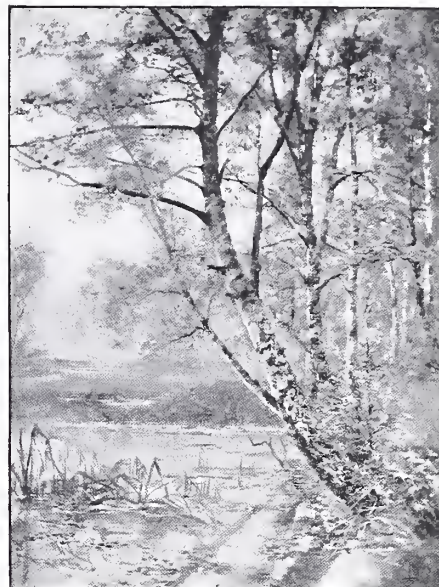
THE HOME OF THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR.
By G. D. Hiscox. In the Possession of H.M. the Queen.

inspiration for his brush. The view of "The Mausoleum at Frogmore" was painted in 1889, upon the progress of Continental art. In 1867



BURNHAM BEECHES IN WINTER.

By G. D. Hiscox. Recently Purchased by H.M. the Queen.



GOLDEN AUTUMN.

By G. D. Hiscox. Recently Purchased by H.M. the Queen.

and by special permission of her Majesty it was exhibited in that year at the New Gallery.

Mr. Hiscox was born at North Wootton, near Wells, and received his early education at St. Mark's School, Windsor. After studying at Oxford with a view to entering the Church, he became a student in 1860 of the Bristol School of Art. He there gained five medals from the Science and Art Department, and afterwards studied at the Bristol Academy of Fine Arts, where he exhibited his first efforts in landscape painting. For three years he was a teacher of drawing at the Bristol School of Art, and in 1862 was selected by the Science and Art Department to be one of the representative art masters sent to the

he established himself in Windsor as an art-teacher in connection with South Kensington,

and has met with unvarying success in this direction. Though devoting all his spare time to sketching and painting in both water-colours and oils, it was not until 1884 that he exhibited his work at the Royal Academy. In that year he had a water-colour drawing hung upon the line, and has since been a regular contributor to the Burlington House and principal provincial exhibitions. In 1891 his Academy picture — an oil-painting, "O'er the dark forest peers the setting sun" — was selected as a prize for a contributor to the Art Union; and many of his principal works have passed into private collections in the Liverpool district.



THE ROYAL MAUSOLEUM, FROGMORE.

From the Water-Colour Drawing by G. D. Hiscox.

“STYLE” IN HOUSE-FURNISHING.

THE historic faculty whereby we are able to discern between the various styles is, as it has been truly said, a new sense—such that did not become matured until the passage of the present century was considerably advanced. Not very long time since pointed forms in general were indiscriminately labelled “Gothic.” Thus, the rebuilt chancel of the parish church at Dover presents the extraordinary spectacle of lancet and traceried windows alternating with one another, as though the two several types could by any possibility have formed integral parts of one and the same design and have been constructed side by side contemporaneously! Yet no doubt the “restorers” of St. Mary’s were quite unconscious of the architectural anomaly they thereby perpetrated. And if, at the present day, we are not responsible for anything so ridiculously bad, it is because the gift of knowledge of past styles has been vouchsafed us, as it were, to compensate

us for losing the power to produce any distinctive style of our own. We have thus learned somewhat—enough, at any rate, to enable us to detect inconsistencies when present flagrantly before our eyes—yet it is a question whether the majority of people are adequately equipped for exercising the needful forethought over details of furnishing and decoration. In vain does a man possess a house that as regards externals be the production of never so learned and correct an architect, if the interior furniture and fittings be not in keeping with either the building itself or with one another. And while the public is not sufficiently well trained in the matter of styles and furnishing, it does not invariably meet with the assistance it is entitled to require of those who profess to minister to its wants in this regard. One of the main difficulties in making an appropriate selection arises from the too general practice of tradesmen to overcrowd the objects they offer for sale. They ought, instead, to aim at

displaying and disposing them in a manner designed to help the unimaginative public to form a tolerably fair idea of the effect of a room furnished with this or that suite, or these and those individual articles. For surely it is demanding too much of the average purchaser to expect him, after having been conducted through a bewildering series of show-rooms, stocked with all conceivable shapes and kinds of chairs or tables or cabinets, to pick out from amidst this unsorted medley the precise objects that shall not fail to produce a harmonious and attractive *ensemble*. On the other hand, the practical utility of arranging furniture, as some of the best firms are beginning to do, on what may be called the principle of the living-room as distinguished from that of the mere sale-room, is so obvious that the wonder is that it has not been universally adopted. The kind of thing, then, that has been done already, and can with advantage be



CHIMNEY-PIECE FOR DINING-ROOM.

done again, is to treat the furniture-supplying premises, as far as may be, as though they were a dwelling-house, with entrance-hall and main staircase, with drawing- and dining-rooms, library and bedrooms, floor above floor, each apartment complete and showing the carrying out of a consistent scheme of decoration in all its details. It is a plan which involves, indeed, a certain amount of enterprise and judgment to develop; but it need not be beyond the capacity of furnishing firms of even moderate resources, and any additional outlay incurred on the part of its promoters ought in the end to be justified by the achievement of a higher standard of household taste, stimulating in its turn a demand for a superior class of wares to those with which the generality of the public has hitherto been content.

On the other hand, the community at large will be sure to include among its members some whose taste and knowledge of art, as compared with the average, are far in advance. These, if

they wish the trade to accept their aesthetic point of view, must not begin by exacting too



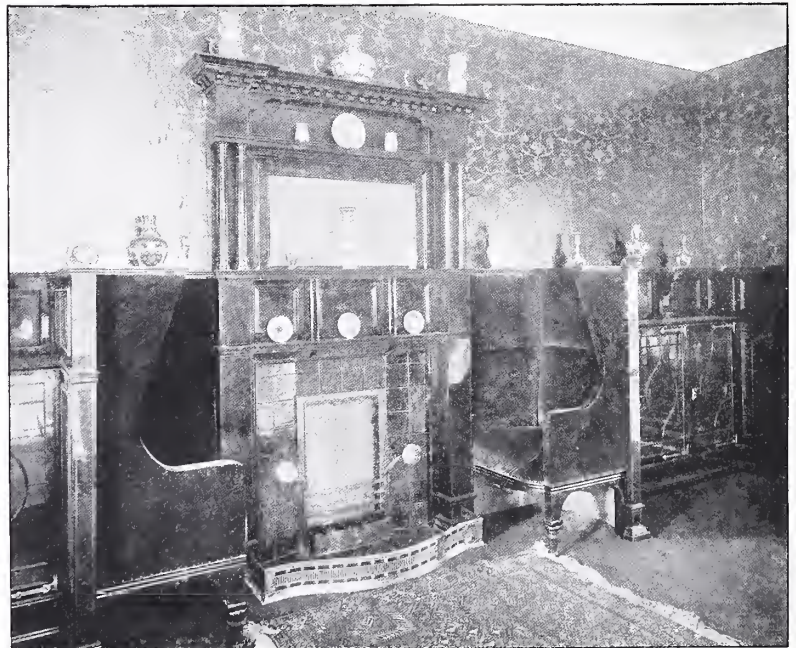
A HALL STAND.

much and decriing the manufacturer whenever he falls short of their high ideal. On the contrary, the artist should welcome every effort of the manufacturer in the right direction, and second him whenever possible; always bearing in mind that the trader is not, and does not pretend to be, a philanthropist; that whatever his personal inclinations—and they may not, perhaps, be very different from the artist's, if the latter only knew—he cannot, from the very circumstances of the case, afford to leave commercial considerations out of account, but must in his business be guided in great measure by the taste of the public, whose servant he is. If the general body of consumers, following the mandate of fashion or any other fallible influence, demands this or that particular type of decoration, the manufacturer can scarcely refuse to supply it, however deplorable it may happen to be from the standpoint of the artist. And so, even in the work of good firms of decorators, certain forms inevitably recur, to the chagrin of

the artist, while other forms, which he would gladly recognise, are absent or to be met with but rarely. Thus, for example, while picturesque green-stained wood is acceptable enough for bedroom use, the experience of a great firm like Waring and Sons goes to prove the futility of attempting to employ this class of furniture for more important purposes. Again, it is a significant fact that whereas in halls and studies, in which masculine choice presumably determines to a great extent what shall be, quaint and artistic forms, evolved from Elizabethan and other antique periods, find favour; in the rooms which are peculiarly the ladies' domain, the drawing-room and the boudoir, but little originality is observable. For these rooms a close and literal reproduction of some late French fashion—that of Louis Quinze, or of his predecessor and successor on the throne of France—is usually selected. It cannot, indeed, be on the ground of the decorative merit of any of these styles, but rather because there is a sort of conventional belief current that they are light and dainty, while other styles are supposed to be too severe and massive for feminine surroundings. Notwithstanding, to the artist the more interesting features are necessarily those which show

a free and intelligent personality to have been at work, rather than those which, however delicate and skilful in execution, are, after all, simply lifeless imitations of bygone fashions.

In the accompanying illustrations, suggestive



LIBRARY FIREPLACE.

as they are, it is unfortunately impossible to convey the beauty of the colouring, which (if the forms, as has been said, are not invariably of sufficient individuality to satisfy the requirements of the critic) is yet a sure and constant source of pleasure. In the library, for example, the woodwork is mahogany, the rich effect of which is heightened, in the panels and other parts, by beautiful inlay; and this, together with the wall-surface of red and gold leather-paper, and the bright green velvet upholstery, produces an admirable combination of colour-tones. Again, the so-called "Chelsea" bedroom affords an agreeable harmony, the dominant note being pale green, with which the woodwork is painted in a uniform flat tint. The "fitments" of this room are arranged to allow ample space for hanging-cupboards, etc., while all round the upper part runs an open shelf for the display of pottery and other ornaments. Green and rose are the prevailing colours of the cretonne hangings; while a small quantity of wrought ironwork in black, in the opinion of some, tastefully and judiciously introduced, serves by contrast to accentuate the delicacy and lightness of the remaining portions of the room.

Space does not permit of particular notice being given of the many different parts of the house, as suited for a modern dwelling, but this much may be laid down as applicable in all cases: Since we ourselves, as human beings, are not all alike cast in one common mould, so neither ought we to strive to make the habitations we occupy conform to one set, stereotyped pattern. Neither, again, is it in reason for us, who, born in the present, must live the existence of to-day, to turn our homes into archaeological museums. For, however much we may prefer some epoch other than our own, *laudatores temporis acti*, we cannot bring back the ages that are past; and therefore to ensconce ourselves amid the properties of the life of another age, however accurately we may succeed in reproducing the outward aspect of our favourite period, is egregious affectation. Indeed, it is not feasible to carry

out consistently the life of any generation of our forefathers. For, early or late, we are certain to arrive at the point where we find we must choose between fidelity to history on the one side and modern comforts on the other. Nineteenth century habits necessitate the employment of many things—table-forks, for instance—for which there is no ancient precedent; or electric lighting, for which there is no precedent at all. Not even the most rigidly



FLEMISH DINING-ROOM.

scrupulous, then, can avoid admitting some modifications into any scheme of antique revival he may entertain. On the other hand, it painfully affects anyone if merely he has a limited acquaintance with history and ethnology, to enter a dwelling-room which might rather be a curiosity shop of all sorts of furniture and ornaments, incongruously mixed together, irrespective of origin, widely divergent as to time and place. All sense of restfulness and coherence is destroyed by such a heterogeneous collection. The most pleasing and home-like habitation is always that in which a living brain, having conceived some main idea—not necessarily an elaborate one, but very simple, it may be—has worked out that idea with unity of purpose, with straightforwardness, as thoroughly as the present age and the particular circumstances of the individual permit.

AYMER VALLANCE.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[144] **OLD SAND PICTURES.**—I have a very fine old landscape, 36 by 21 in., with sheep and goats, in the style of "Rosa de Tivoli," signed $\frac{M}{\square}$; it is on millboard: the sand on all the high lights is raised; it is a fine example of such work. Can you or any of your readers give information as to the names or dates of workers in this branch of art?—S. J. W. (Southampton).

* * The invention of this "art" has been attributed to Benjamin Zobel of Bavaria, and several attempted revivals of it have failed. Haas, a German, at one time confectioner to George III., retired to Bristol, and there decorated ceilings as well as plateaus for the royal table. It is not known whether he preceded Zobel at Windsor Castle or succeeded him. Haas certainly was extremely skilful at his craft. He kept his marble dust of every shade of colour in the classified compartments of a large box, as carefully as a pastel-painter keeps his chalks: and these sands he would apply to the picture by letting them run through the opened ends of small paper cones. Zobel's method was to cover his picture bit by bit by some sticky substance, and then apply the sand from a piece of cord. Haas is said to have dropped the sands from his cones on to the dry panel and then "fixed" them. During his work he dreaded above all things a draught, and doors and windows were securely closed until his picture was "fixed." It is claimed for his sand-pictures that their effect was extraordinarily brilliant—that they far surpassed oil painting in that respect, while their relief added greatly to their truth to Nature; especially was this so in respect to the landscapes and rocky scenery, in which the foliage was exquisitely finished. Haas kept a whole collection of his sand-pictures, but at his death they were dispersed, remaining for years in and about Bristol. He claimed the invention of sand-painting (or, as he called it, "Marmortinto"), and that it arose through an exclamation of the king, who entered as he was ornamenting a tableau, and exclaimed, "Haas! Haas! you ought to fasten it!" It is thought that the secret died with Haas and a contemporary artist (probably the M. B. of S. J. W.), a friend of his, who, while the former was sprinkling landscapes, produced cattle-pieces. Haas excelled in Welsh scenery, but in his place in Regent Street, London, he exhibited portraits, that of himself being his masterpiece. He died at his

birthplace, Bibrach. The drawback to this work is that the sand is apt to fall from these "paintings" at contact of moisture, it holds the dust, and cannot well be cleaned. Yet the work was capable of extraordinary vitality and delicacy of colouring.

[145] **WHO WAS THE LANDSCAPE PAINTER "W. B.?"**—Who is the painter of a landscape, signed "W. B., 1828," representing a sunset scene, with mountains in the distance, with cattle (cows and goats) being driven across a wooden bridge in the middle distance, with a temple or coliseum in ruins, while in the foreground are large trees? The picture is thinly painted in warm colours, and, apparently, with bituminous paint. The work looks older than the date implies.—D. WALLER.

* * Little can be done in the way of help from a mere description, for in or about the year 1828 many artists bearing the initials W. B. were at work upon cattle and landscape. Among the exhibitors of that year may be mentioned W. Barry, W. Baikdon, W. Bone, W. Bright, and W. Bromet; and there were, moreover, at about that period, the following: W. Bach, W. Brooks, W. Bacon, W. Burchell, W. Barnes, W. Bennett, W. Bartlett, W. Beaumont, W. T. Bayne, W. P. Bayne, W. Bayne, W. M. Bayne, and W. Bayley. Mr. Waller will see the difficulty of determining, in the circumstances; but these names may help him on the path of his inquiry.

[146] **"THE REPENTANT MAGDALENE."**—In *THE MAGAZINE OF ART* for December, in an article by M. H. Spielmann, on pages 70 and 71, are some reproductions of pictures representing "The Magdalene." I have always understood that the one attributed to Pompeo Battoni was painted by Correggio, and not the one therein given to him. I should be pleased to know which is correct.—M. A. LAWMAN (Wickham Road, St. John's).

* * Our correspondent may take it that the ascription in the article referred to is correct.

[147] **EARLY EDITION OF "THE MAGAZINE OF ART."**—In the early 'fifties, the firm of John Cassell published a series of *THE MAGAZINE OF ART*, extending, I believe, to several yearly volumes. Having the whole of the present series, 1878–98, I should be glad of any particulars relating to this former issue. The volumes are probably now out of print.—D.

* * The publication referred was issued first in 1851, under the title of "The Illustrated Exhibitor." The following year it was altered to "The Illustrated Exhibitor and

Magazine of Art," and in 1853 "The Magazine of Art" appeared in weekly numbers. It was only published, however, for a short time, and was not revived until 1878, when the present series commenced. These early editions are, of course, quite out of print.

[118] **THE WALLACE COLLECTION.**—As it seemingly will be many months yet before the Wallace Collection is ready for the public, I shall be glad if you could give in your Magazine a list of those pictures in this collection which were either not exhibited at the Bethnal Green Museum in 1873 and onwards, or have been added to the collection by the late Sir Richard Wallace since the exhibition at Bethnal Green. In almost every case the descriptions of the collection, which appeared at the time of the bequest by Lady Wallace, appear to have been based upon the Bethnal Green catalogue. The additions seem to have been anything but unimportant, as Dr. Bode and M. Michel mention two Rembrandts ("Portrait of a Boy," and "Portrait-study of an Elderly Man"), apart from the eleven canvases in the catalogue. Mr. Claude Phillips, in his "Later Work of Titian," speaks of a "Perseus and Andromeda" in the collection, which may be the original mentioned by Vasari. De Waagen, in his "Art Treasures," mentions a portrait of an "Old Man" by Rubens, which he eulogises as one of the finest by the master known to him. I give these as a few instances that I have come across of pictures not mentioned in your article on the Wallace Collection.—E. D. (Streatham).

* * All the information our correspondent asks for will be embodied in the provisional catalogue of the Wallace Collection, which is now being prepared, and in a volume on the

collection which is being written by Mr. Claude Phillips. As the pictures are not yet available to the public for reference, we are unable to give official information in reply to this query, but we have reason for stating that besides the Titian very few pictures, if any, will be found in the collection bequeathed to the nation other than those that were shown at Bethnal Green.

[149] **BUSTS OF NAPOLEON.**—Could you inform me what busts exist of Napoleon I. as First Consul, or before that date? I have lately seen a small and well-executed, but unsigned, marble head of about the above date, and should like to know if it is the copy of an existing one.—E. C. M. (Bradford-on-Avon).

REPLY.

[134] **PHILLIP'S PORTRAITS OF ARTISTS.**—In the list appended to this query in the November number, there appears "(11) W. B. Johnstone, R.S.A." Mr. Barker may not be aware that there are two portraits of Mr. Johnstone, one of which—a bust, size of life, seen between profile and three-quarters—hangs in our library here; the other a small three-quarter length, seated, is downstairs in the National Gallery. Mr. Barker says he is attempting a list of the likenesses of English painters by their colleagues. We have in this room something like a score of very fine portraits suitable for such a list, including—Clarkson Stanfield, by Sir Daniel Macnee; David Roberts and John F. Lewis, both by Sir J. Watson Gordon; Wm. Etty, by Wm. Nicholson; Sir Francis Chantrey, by Sir Martin Shee, etc. Should Mr. Barker care to have a complete list he might communicate with me.—WM. D. MCKAY, R.S.A. (Librarian, Royal Scottish Academy, Edinburgh).

THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—FEBRUARY.

The R.A. Schools. **T**HE competition at the Royal Academy Schools produced work of fairly average merit. Mr. FRED APPLEYARD, the winner of the Creswick Prize for a landscape showing "A Bridge over a Stream," also succeeded in gaining the second silver medal, for the "painting of a head from the life," and the first silver medal for a "drawing of a statue or group." Mr. GEORGE MURRAY, whose silver medal "design for the decoration of a public building: Harvest," we reproduce, also gained the silver medal for a "cartoon of a draped figure: Calliope," and the silver medals for "a set of six drawings from the life" and "painting of a figure from the life." The silver medal for the modelled design, "Youths gathering Grapes," fell to Mr. STANLEY NICHOLSON BABB, who also was awarded the second silver medal for his "model of a statue." Miss MARY TOWGOOD gained the first silver medal for a "painting of a head from the life." There were no

competitions for the architectural prizes, and the Armitage first prize for a design in monochrome for a figure picture was not awarded.

Acquisitions at the National Portrait Gallery. **T**HE following portraits have recently been acquired: A bronze bust of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, by EDWARD KING, presented by W. Aldis Wright, Esq.; "Jane Welsh Carlyle," an oil painting by SAMUEL LAURENCE, presented by Major-Gen. J. B. Sterling; "Sydney, Lady Morgan," a pen-and-ink sketch by W. BEHNES, presented by F. Draper, Esq.; "Alexander Pope," painted by Sir GODFREY KNELLER, presented by Alfred A. de Pass, Esq.; "Lord Temyson," bust by Mr. F. J. WILLIAMSON, presented by the artist; and "William Carr, Lord Beresford," painted by E. BERESFORD, presented by the Rev. Francis Warre. "Admiral Sir George Rooke, K.B.," painted by M. DAHL, and "J. M. W. Turner, R.A.," drawn in coloured chalks by CHARLES TURNER, have been purchased.

The Miniature Painters.

THE troublous times through which the Miniature Societies have been passing seem to be coming to an end, although these producers of the smallest works are among the fiercest of the fighters. From the Society of Miniaturists the President (Lord RONALD GOWER) and two or three

the best-known pastellists working in France, Germany and England.

The Art of Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

It may fairly be questioned whether we shall ever see again so complete an exposition of the artistic theories and practices of Sir Edward Burne-Jones as



DESIGN FOR A PUBLIC BUILDING: "HARVEST."

By George Murray. Awarded the Silver Medal at the Royal Academy Schools.

members of the Council have resigned in consequence, we understand, of the vice-president having issued a circular, in conjunction with a member of Council of the opposition Society, in the names of the "Joint Councils." The vice-president in the result was promoted to the Presidency. The rival Society, that of the Miniature Painters, took a different view of the action of their member. At the same time, this Society has been torn by internal dissension, and in this case, too, war has raged round the presidential chair, which, in the end, firmly withstood all attack. It soon became clear, however, that the strong hand of some well-known artist was needful to direct the members' energies to a proper channel, for there was painful revelation of how thin is the line between the arts of peace and the arts of war—when the air of the art world is resounding with alarms and excursions. The election of Sir W. B. RICHMOND to the headship of the latter body should silence all feuds, and facilitate that amalgamation without which the fortunes of the miniaturists can hardly be assured. Sir William is a man round whom all may rally in fullest confidence.

The Pastel Society.

A SOCIETY has been started for the purpose of making the art of pastel painting more widely known and appreciated in England. A strong committee has been formed, among the members of which are Sir W. B. RICHMOND, R.A., Messrs. G. F. WATTS, R.A., W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A., E. A. ABBEY, R.A., G. H. BOUGHTON, R.A., WALTER CRANE, W. ROTHENSTEIN, FRITZ THAULOW, EUGÈNE CARRIERE, and CHARLES H. SHANNON. Miss MARION GEMMELL is the Hon. Secretary, and Mr. MARK FISHER the Hon. Treasurer. The members include many of

is presented to us this winter. The collection of his pictures at the New Gallery is remarkable for its exhaustive representation of his achievement as a painter, and the smaller show at the Burlington Fine Arts Club gives, within its limits, an excellent idea of his extraordinary care in the preparation of working details. Very few of the greater productions by which the various stages of his career have been marked are absent from the gathering that fills the larger gallery, so that the history of his art-life may be studied there with scarcely a reservation. As a result the exhibition is most persuasive, and in every way worthy to serve as a memorial of an artist who, whatever may

have been his limitations, deserves most indisputably to be ranked among the greatest representatives of our native school. The record of his work begins with those compositions in which he showed, nearly forty years ago, how strongly he was conscious of the influence of Rossetti, and ends with the "Arthur in Avalon," on which, the largest and most ambitious canvas he ever attempted, he was at work at the time of his death. Between these two extremes intervenes an extraordinary succession of great painted poems, consistent in style and yet in no sense monotonous in treatment; exquisite fancies like "The Merciful Knight," "Danaë's Tower," "Love among the Ruins," and "Pan and Psyche;" splendid colour arrangements like the "Lans Veneris," the "Chant d'Amour," "The Mirror of Venus," and "The Hesperides;" vast and impressive compositions like "The Golden Stairs," "The Wheel of Fortune," "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid," "The Ammuciation," and the unfinished "Triumph of



ENDYMION.

From the Group by Stanley N. Babb. Awarded the Silver Medal at the Royal Academy Schools.



À VERSAILLES I

From the Painting by Val C. Prinsop, R.A. Recently presented to the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield, by Sir F. Mappin, Bart., M.P.

Love; "delightful decorations like "The Days of Creation" and "Dies Domini;" beautiful technicalities like "The Wine of Circé" and "The Prioress's Tale;" and occasional portraits remarkable for sensitive suggestion of character. Taken all together, these pictures, with the many others that have been collected on this occasion, make up a display of superlative quality, and justify beyond dispute the place which, by the popular vote, has been assigned to the artist among the most imaginative and inventive of modern masters. At the Burlington Fine Arts Club there is shown sufficient of the design of Sir Edward Burne-Jones to make quite intelligible his manner of working. A very fair selection has been made from the many hundreds of drawings in various materials which he produced during his life, and, as a result, a very fascinating little exhibition is provided. Studies of figures, draperies, and accessory details, for his various pictures, and many independent drawings for book-illustration, make up the bulk of the collection; but there are, besides, designs like "The Story of Perseus" series, for a proposed decoration in the drawing-room of the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, and some pencil sketches for metal work, and for the decoration of the celebrated piano which originally belonged to Mr. William Graham. A number of the delightful comic drawings with which the artist amused his friends are also included.

ALTHOUGH a great many of the best Painters in men on the roll of the Royal Water Colour Society did not contribute to the winter exhibition, it cannot be said that there was in it a lack of interest. A sufficient number of important drawings made the collection, as a whole, reasonably representative, and gave to it a distinctly pleasant character. The most memorable productions were Mr. ARTHUR MELVILLE'S "Aberdour,"

and "A Rosy City half as old as Time," both delightful examples of vigorous design and able brush-work; Mr. CLAUSEN'S fine tone study, "Men Threshing;" Mr. C. B. PHILLIP'S large, simple, and decorative landscape, "An Early Snow Shower, Cairngorm Mountains;" Mr. R. W. ALLAN'S honest and straightforward "On the Thames;" Mr. PATERSON'S brilliant "St. David's, Fife;" and Mr. E. A. WATERLOW'S "Summer Time, Picardy" and "Suffolk Pastures," both well marked by that elegance of manner and daintiness of touch which are characteristic of his water-colour work. Among the slighter drawings which the Society admits to its winter shows were some clever pencil portraits by Mr. PATERSON; a most skilfully handled "Study of an Old Man's Head," by Professor HERKOMER; and some pastel studies by Mr. E. R. HUGHES. As a special feature, a dozen drawings by the late G. P. BOYCE, who was for many years a member of the Society, were grouped at the end of the Gallery. They represented well an artist who, without pretensions to any extraordinary power of performance, was always earnest in his intentions and accomplished in his technical methods.

AN exhibition has been held in the Galleries of the Royal Academy, Edinburgh, of the works executed during the past year by the students of the Edinburgh School of Applied Art.

For several years the school has been in receipt of £1,000 from the Town Council, but under exceptional circumstances the grant last year was reduced to £750. The most important exhibits consisted of the work of three students, who were awarded travelling scholarships of the value of £60, £40, and £40 respectively for four months, the condition of the award being that the recipients must proceed to some art centre and make drawings of work for their own improvement. The first prizeman, Mr. J. DOUGLAS TRAIL, employed his time copying pieces of furniture at South Kensington and elsewhere; the other two were Mr. J. HERVEY RUTHERFORD and Mr. J. FORBES SMITH, both architects. Other scholarships to the value of £52 are given in connection with a national survey of Scotland; and the drawings shown of old castles, houses, and churches were not only of great interest, but likely to be of value for future reference.



LANDSCAPE: "A BRIDGE OVER A STREAM."

By Fred Appleyard. Awarded the Cresswick Prize at the Royal Academy Schools.

The Art Collection of the Corporation of Glasgow. By Edward Pinnington. With twenty-five Annan photogravures. T. and R. Annan and Sons, Glasgow. 1898.

It was very necessary that such a volume as this should be issued, not for its own sake alone, but in order to supplement the very excellent official catalogue by Mr. James Paton, the Superintendent. Both catalogues are illustrated; but that now before us, embellished with fine photogravures of a much larger size than Mr. Paton's collotypes, reproduces for us pictures which are not in the former handbook, by Israels, Turner, Jacque, Bough, Hals, Hobbema, Greuze, Corot, Guardi, Reynolds, Wilson, Morland, Nasmyth, and Whistler. In another respect Mr. Pinnington's handsome book differs radically from that of Mr. Paton. Instead of being a *catalogue raisonné* alphabetically arranged, it is cast into chapters, each school being taken by itself and discussed apart. There are besides introductory chapters, including a very necessary one on "questions of authorship," for Glasgow owns three pictures of supreme merit—the "St. Victor and a Donor," "The Adulteress before Christ," and "The Virgin by the Fountain"—the authorship of which is, and is likely enough to remain, a matter of dispute. As to this point we should like to say a word. The "St. Victor"

is now ascribed to Hugo van der Goes, and to that opinion we incline; but, as the author points out, several judges of the first rank attribute it to Van Eyck—M. Emile Wauters among them. We are in a position to state, however, that M. Wauters arrived at his opinion only on the strength of a photograph; he had never seen the picture itself. As to the ascription of "The Virgin by the Fountain" to Mabuse, it is, we think, by no means proved that the earlier attribution to Patinir was false. When we recollect that Patinir's *pupils* repeated this picture with several modifications, and especially when we recall the handling, style, and colour of, say, Patinir's "Repos un Egypte" of the Brussels Museum, it is somewhat rash to give way too easily to the modern passion for rechristening. For the rest, these plates are satisfactory, though unfortunately too dark in the shadows—a common fault with photogravures—and Mr. Pinnington's text is a useful and valuable contribution to the literature of Glasgow's interesting collection.

A Popular Handbook to the Tate Gallery (National Gallery of British Art). By *Edward T. Cook*. Macmillan and Co. 1898. (5s.)

THE "popularity" of Mr. E. T. Cook's handbook to the National Gallery is due to the fact that the author understands the public hunger in art-writing, and satisfies it. He realises that when intelligent visitors to a Gallery look at pictures, they do not—in a sudden passion for technique—forget their knowledge of all the other graces of life. He knows, on the contrary, that the various arts are akin, and that the mind that is touched by pictorial art is stimulated too by poetic emotion in the broader sense, and that sympathy with humanity is the outcome, in a sensitive nature, of the association of these ideas. This, indeed, is the true value of the cult—that is to say of beauty; this the main argument of a nation that taxes itself in order that it may spread the gentler conceptions of cultivated life throughout the length and breadth of the land. And this, without the slightest doubt, is why edition after edition of this comparatively expensive work is bought up by those who will not look at the cheap, the excellent, but specialist catalogues issued by authority. Mr. Cook is a "critic of the exoteric sort;" and by anecdote, story, and critical quotation, historical illustration and poetic and prose reference, he makes his explanatory notes uncommonly good reading; while by carefully digesting official blue-books, estimates, and the like, he gives the reader, and taxpayer, all the information there is to give about his property. Mr. Cook is a student of no common acumen and vigour of mind, and he has thoroughly succeeded. Now, what he has done for the National Gallery he has here effected for the National Gallery of British Art—or, as he prefers to call it, "The Tate Gallery." The history of the growth of this

Gallery and the various collections it contains—the Tate, Watts, Chantrey, and National Gallery collections—is followed by a brief criticism of the British school of painting and its characteristics and development; and this, again, by the numerical catalogue, with biographical and descriptive notes containing an enormous amount of information amid not a little entertaining gossip and anecdote. A fairly close examination does not reveal to us a single error of fact. To the general reader who would study and understand British art as demonstrated in these Galleries—to say nothing of the painters themselves—this volume is indispensable.

Actors of the Century. By *Fred-eric Whyte*. With about 100 portraits. G. Bell and Sons, London. 1898. (21s.)

THIS delightfully entertaining and original book reminds us of the number of points of contact that exist between the plastic arts and the arts of the stage. We acknowledge this every time we comment upon "Art on the Stage," which in this Magazine is a constant feature. But a closer bond is to be found in the art of conjuring up the appearance of emotion, sustaining its expression during the execution of the work, and the awakening of kindred emotion in the spectator. It is the task common to both arts, the greater and the less—whether on the performer's own face or in the work of art before him. We may be told that the former accomplishment, proper to the actor, is more distinctive of the artist's model than of the artist himself; but the real gist of the matter lies in the power of realising, appreciating, and rendering expression and character. There



ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

By *J. H. Henshall, R.W.S.* In the Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colour.

is an infinite deal of this in the deeply interesting series of portraits here set before the reader; and this record peculiarly valuable even to the artist who does not specialise, is rendered doubly so by the bright and admirable comment contributed by the author. It is essentially a book for those who do not care about the more "specialist" books upon the English stage, and who care to read about its glories and the stars who shed their light upon it. There are, necessarily perhaps, some omissions in text and picture; but this fact leads us to hope that a supplementary volume as pleasant as this may soon be issued.

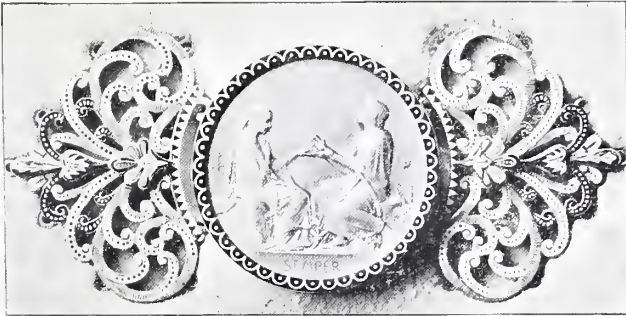
Wild Life at Home: How to Study and Photograph It. By *R. Kearton, F.Z.S.* Illustrated by photographs taken direct from Nature by *C. Kearton*. Cassell and Co. 1898. (6s.)

THIS is a pleasantly written volume of experiences and adventures in search of natural-history subjects for illustration by the camera, with hints to photographers desirous of emulating the feats performed by the author and his brother. The reproductions prove the excellence of the photographs obtained, and many of the subjects the extraordinary amount of ingenuity

and patience required by photographers who devote themselves to this branch of their craft.

London Types. By *William Nicholson*. With Quatorzains by *W. E. Henley*. Heinemann, London, 1898.

IN this collection of thirteen illustrations of types of Londoners, male and female, we have another book in that remarkable series of studies, drawn boldly with



A CLOAK CLASP.

Medal by *O. Roty*. Enamels by *C. and A. Giuliano*. (See p. 192.)

the brush, and in the first instance, perhaps, cut by Mr. Nicholson himself upon the wood, of which his first attempt was published in *THE MAGAZINE OF ART* a couple of years ago. These coloured lithographs are very low in tone, extremely broad in treatment, handled with affected simplicity, but really with cunning and knowledge of effect, while the characteristic truth of some of them (especially of 'Liza of Hammersmith, of the paper boy in the City, and of the supercilious, fading barmaid) is both striking and pathetic. How long Mr. Nicholson can carry on successfully this sort of art can hardly be foretold, but there is no doubt of the extraordinary felicity with which he has wrought this remarkable essay on a scheme of representing light and shadow. Mr. Henley's illustrative "Quatorzains" are altogether admirable. They are, perhaps, a little too brilliant, cynical, and incisive for the drawings they explain; and will certainly claim a place among his poems when, in course of time, these are brought together in his collected works.

The Bayeux Tapestry: A History and Description. By *Frank Rede Fowler*. G. Bell and Sons, 1898. (10s. 6d.)

FOR the first time a complete and adequate representation of the Bayeux Tapestry has been placed within the reach of the public at a trifling cost. In seventy-nine plates—reproductions of the photographs which were taken of the great work in Bayeux at the instance and cost of the Science and Art Department—the whole of this marvellous artistic document in its length of two hundred and twenty-six feet is now made popularly available. The editor gives an accurate history of the tapestry so far as it is known, and of its re-discovery within modern times; and then, making use of the text in his original work on this fascinating subject, he describes at length, with fulness and with learning, each plate in turn, so that the whole is a study worthy of its purpose. A curious analysis shows that in the tapestry (or, more correctly, the embroidery) there are depicted 623 persons, 202 horses and mules, 55 dogs, 505 various other animals,

37 buildings, 41 ships and boats, and 49 trees. We must admit that we do not care for the Ostorog grain blocks used for the illustrations, so much as a fine screen block; the result is coarser.

Isabella; or, The Pot of Basil. By *John Keats*. Illustrated and decorated by *W. B. Macdougall*. Kegan Paul and Co., London, 1898. (10s. 6d.)

MESSERS. KEGAN PAUL AND Co. have a good deal to answer for in this publication. Mr. Macdougall has been doubtless studying the issues of the Kelmescott Press, but William Morris and Burne-Jones were behind the Kelmescott printers, and Mr. Macdougall is, unfortunately, not one of these, and he makes the mistake of supposing that a black ground with white ornament is good for anything, because it was good for some of Morris's books. But what is there in common between the light, the graceful, the charming Keats, and these black pages, in which there is neither grace nor drawing?

Harbutt's Plastic Method. By *William Harbutt*, of Bath. Chapman and Hall, London, 1898.

THIS little volume is devoted to setting forth the qualities of a new modelling medium invented by the author, and which he calls Plasticine. We presume that it is written primarily for the use of teachers in elementary schools; but we are compelled to say that, whether it be intended as a handbook for teachers or as a guide to children, it is equally useless. The illustrations are reproductions of very feeble designs from an artistic point of view, and many of the statements in the text are inaccurate. For instance, on p. 18 the author says "this power of making gelatine models upon plasticine is a great advantage, and *cannot be done on clay*." But the fact is, that from a clay model a gelatine mould (or even two) can be taken, and the model is not damaged to nearly the extent that one in plasticine would be. As to the material itself, we have had it tested by a sculptor of repute, and he reports that in many respects it is far better than any other modelling medium of its kind. It is clean to handle, its colour is admirable, and it is free from any unpleasant odour. It should prove of value to the amateur who models in his drawing-room, or for school use, but the professional sculptor will still prefer wax or clay.



A HARD CHASE.

By *Charles Jones, R.C.A.* Recently acquired by the Walsall Art Gallery.

Among the children's books of the season, "*Roundabout Rhymes*," written and illustrated by Mrs. PERCY DEARMER (Blackie and Sons), takes a good position. The illustrations are simple and bold in character, and, being printed in colours, are calculated to interest

little readers, (2s. 6d.)—“*The Young Princess Fairy Book*,” by CASTELL COATES (Elliot Stock), is another volume which should find favour with children. The illustrations, from designs by the author, are not of equal merit, many of them bearing evidence of the hand of an amateur. (5s.)



LADY CRAVEN.

By George Romney. Recently acquired by the National Gallery. Room XVIII, No. 1669.

volume of the English Illustrated Library, with sixteen attractive pen-drawings by Mr. C. E. BROCK, full of character, vigour, and delicacy of handling (2s. 6d.); “*The Pityrin's Progress*” (Methuen and Co.), with thirty-nine illustrations by Mr. R. ANNING BELL—drawings extremely intelligent, always decorative, sometimes finely so, not at all unworthy of the great parable, though not appearing at their best by reason of the rough paper upon which they are printed (6s.); and “*Early Printing at Bruges*” (The Bibliographical Society), in which the author, Mr. W. H. JAMES WEALE, traces the craft from the twelfth century, when the art of printing on textiles from wooden blocks was already being practised in the Netherlands, with special reference to the coloured woodcuts which decorated grave walls of the fourteenth century, and which were discovered in 1841.

THE Walsall Art Gallery has recently been presented with the picture by the late CHARLES JONES, R.C.A., entitled “*A Hard Chase*.”

Sir FREDERICK MAPPIN, Bart., M.P., has presented to the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield, the picture entitled “*A Versailles*,” by Mr. VAL C. PRINSEP, R.A.

The design on p. 135 of our last month's issue was by an error described as “*The Tiger Lily*” pattern. It should have been “*The Kingston*.” It was designed by Mr. S. G. MAWSON.

Mr. E. R. DIBBIN has written a handbook to the Autumn Exhibition at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, which contains, in addition to the notes on the pictures, an interesting interview with Mr. H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A.

The Elizabethan Stage Society has opened a studio where the costumes used in the Society's performances, together with a collection purchased at the Barthe sale, can be hired for artists' or fancy-dress purposes. The proceeds will go to the funds of the Society.

We reproduce on p. 191 an enamel buckle, designed

and executed, as a private commission, by Messrs. C. and A. Giuliano. This buckle consists of M. ROTY's exquisite Marriage Medal mounted in a silver setting enamelled in cream and black. We reproduce it not only for the sake of the beauty of the design but in order to show how exquisite a decoration for personal adornment may be made from the masterpieces of the medallist's art.

Mr. BISCOBE GARDNER has recently completed a large wood engraving from the picture of “*Christ in the House of the Pharisees*,” painted by Mr. F. WILFRID LAWSON. It is a remarkable specimen of engraving in the American manner, and is a monument of patient labour. The size of the engraved surface is 20½ by 11½ in., and the engraving is issued, as a separate plate, from Mr. Gardner's office at Albion Chambers, 60, Haymarket.

WITH deep regret we record the death of Mr. OBITUARY. JOHN PERCIVAL GÜLICH, R.I., the well known black-and-white artist. Born at Wimbledon in 1865, Mr. Gülich was educated at the Charterhouse, and, when his schooldays were ended, he entered his father's office in Mincing Lane. But a business life did not suit him; he passed a great deal of his time in sketching caricatures on his blotting-pad, and at last had a drawing accepted by one of the comic papers. In 1887, after four years of office life, he started his artistic career, and rapidly began to take a place among the first-class black-and-white artists. Beyond attending evening classes at Heatherley's, he had no art training, but his work in Messrs. Cassell's publications, “*The Graphic*,” and “*Harper's Magazine*” testifies to the talent he possessed as an illustrator. That he was more than this, however, his charming drawing at the Royal Institute a few months ago, entitled “*A Violin Obligato*,” sufficiently proved, and his election to membership of that Society followed in due course. A brilliant artist and gifted musician, modest and retiring in disposition, Mr. Gülich had endeared himself to a wide circle of friends, and gained the regard of all with whom he came into contact. His death from typhoid fever, contracted whilst on a holiday, deprives us of one of the most talented of the younger school of English artists.



THE LATE JOHN GÜLICH, R.I.
From a Photograph by Bernard Alfieri.

M. LOUIS MAROLD, the well-known French black-and-white artist, has died at Prague at the age of thirty-four. Among his best works were the illustrations to Daudet, Paul Bourget, Pierre Loti, and André Theuriot.

We have also to record the deaths of M. JAMES ALEXANDRE WALKER, a battle painter of note in Paris; of M. JEAN GEORGESCO, the Romanian sculptor, and Professor of the School of Art at Bucharest; and of M. PAUL MICHAÏLOVITCH TRESIAKOF, founder, with his brother Sergius, of the Art Gallery at Moscow which bears their name.

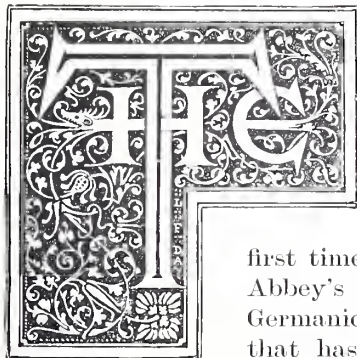


THE BRIDGE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY EDWIN A. ABBEY, R.A.

EDWIN AUSTIN ABBEY, R.A.—PART II.

BY M. H. SPIELMANN.

OIL PAINTINGS (*continued*).

PICTURE of "The Duke of Gloucester and the Lady Anne" is furthermore significant, in that it displays un-mistakably, though for the

first time, that leaning of Mr. Abbey's towards the early Germanic scheme of colour that has now for some time possessed him. We see here

how he loves the red, that has come to be known as "Abbey red," which with black, ivory, and gold, forms a combination that seems to possess his soul. Yet not wholly German, neither; for while his palette and sentiment sometimes suggest Holbein, Van Eyck, and others of their class, they are engrafted on to that aspect of the Venetian school which is in artistic harmony with it. It is thus that we have in so many works by Mr. Abbey those voluminous draperies whose noble folds are as opulent as their colour: the fact, apparently, being that Mr. Abbey is at heart an historical painter, appreciating the best that he can find, whether in the dignified and joyous displays of Italy or the richly sombre and pompous processions of the Teuton. To this he adds his own intense power of realisation and sense of the picturesque, and—if his latest visit to Italy does not modify his present mood—we shall probably find some of the grace, of which he is such a master, yield in some measure to more vigorous treatment and emphasis of colour expression. But Mr. Abbey is essentially a painter of Romance; not only in choice of subject but in his handling does he prove it. And it is never safe to prophesy whither, when the Spirit of Romance takes possession of him, she may lead an artist in the search of expression of her hidden truths.

"Hamlet" followed in 1897—a new Hamlet vividly realised, and a fine work full of grit. Those who saw it then would hardly recognise it now, so completely has the artist worked on it since its exhibition; and the arm of Ophelia no longer suggests the bold and summary if subtle handling of Manet. Indeed, no one really familiar with Mr. Abbey's method of work would seriously accuse him of summariness. The expression on the girl's face is superb, the squinting wolf-heads of the fur-rug a fine touch,

and the whole arrangement decorative and forcible. The picture is one that Ford Madox Brown would have delighted in had he had the painter's ability of Mr. Abbey, for here may be detected an affinity between what is best in the two men.

Last year was exhibited "The Bridge"—with its fine intensity of drawing, and its almost startling juxtaposition of a jester playing his mandolin by sunset and the monks advancing to vespers—which was clearly suggested by his water-colour of 1892. At the same time was shown the masterful "King Lear," in which the superb reds and oranges are contrasted with cool greys, greens, and yellows. Cordelia is shown taking leave of her two sisters, whose expressions, scoffing and defiant, are not more happily realised than the eloquent face and figure of Cordelia herself—indeed, than the character in all the heads and hands of this most expressive, elaborate, and admirably worked-out composition.

These, with "The Pavane" for Mr. Whitelaw Reid, comprise the chief of the finished exhibited pictures, for which a vast number of studies, of course, were made. These studies, it should be understood, as apart from the sketches, are rather intended as exercises than as "copies" for parts of the picture, for Mr. Abbey always paints from the living model. And that, it will readily be believed, is no easy task to arrange—the constant succession of suitable models to be imported into the village in the West Country from London. Truly, the conscientious figure-painter—particularly the painter of history—fairly and laboriously earns his reward. As to the pictures now upon the easel I shall speak further on.

THEORIES.

A man of so much force of character and intelligence of outlook has not arrived at his present position without conceiving views and contracting opinions of a very definite sort—views that I have gathered in my intercourse with him, but which, as here set down, I do not, of course, guarantee to be exactly as he has thought them out. First as to the education of a painter. "I think," he once declared, "that an artist should have the opportunity of thoroughly learning his business. He should know enough of architecture to draw it well, and to understand the proportion which a decorative proposition should bear to an architectural scheme. He should know enough sculpture to be able to



THE JONGLEUR. (Water-Colour Drawing.)

use it when it is necessary in a decorative scheme, and he should know the grammar of his profession as thoroughly as it can be taught him." As to development, philosophically considered, aesthetics would come later, as an outgrowth rather than as a foundation, just as syntax and prosody should follow etymology. That this is not the course taken in art education as taught in every school I need hardly point out.

Then as to the debated methods of painting from fact or imagination. If a man's choice of subject lies in classical mythology, he remarked when this topic was the subject of discussion, then it seems that a thorough absorption of the atmosphere in which the legend took shape, as well as a careful study of the geography, so to say, in which the legendary figures moved, is absolutely essential, if one is to convey conviction to the spectator. Leighton had this experience all through his early life, and constantly refreshed his mind and memory by revisiting classic scenes. Such a system is essential. It is certainly difficult in England—unless one retains studies, and is in the habit of revisiting many lands—to believe that shadows can be so beautifully transparent and sunlight so searching; just as it is impossible for an American, who has not been in England, to believe in the truth of statement of many English painters. If one were content to follow the tradition of Gainsborough, or Wilson, or Constable—even down to Walker—England, it might be said, is the place for him; but you would seldom get an American who did not know the country to acknowledge that they were telling the truth, however much he might admire their work. Similarly, a picture of bygone manners, it may fairly be contended, should be treated as an artist of the period would have treated it, if one is to convince beholders—unless one can be as



SKETCH FOR REGAN ("KING LEAR").

By Edwin A. Abbey, R.A.

realistic and as thorough as Meissonier or as suggestively emphatic as Mr. Alma-Tadema. Doubtless, he would have liked to have painted the Holy Grail in the spirit of *naïveté* of the decorations of Pinturicchio or the pictures of Perugino; but if a harder, it is surely a more glorious, task to paint an ancient legend which contains essential ideas and principles that should be as fresh and living and natural to-day as they were when they grew into men's minds, as they appeal to the modern imagination—to make them real as the Old Masters did at the sacrifice of all reputation for humour, even as when Verrio represented Abraham sacrificing Isaac with a horse-pistol, and Breughel showed the Magi presenting the Infant with a model of a Dutch seventy-four.

THE PAINTER IN PASTELS.

It was when he first embarked on oil-painting on a great scale that Mr. Abbey adopted and cultivated the art of pastel painting as a rapid and ready means of obtaining and testing colour-effects and colour-schemes. But he soon became enslaved by the independent charm of the material, and, before long—in October, 1895—an exhibition was held in the rooms of the Fine Art Society that attracted wide attention to the method, to the artist, and his works. These fifty drawings, the first of which was wrought only two years before, display such subtlety and brilliancy of colour, such lightness and transparency, that the method proves itself in his hands almost as resourceful as even oil or water-colour. "Beatrice" (see p. 149) is a drawing that illustrates at once his simple directness and facility with coloured chalk and the general charm of his single-figure compositions. "Two Noble Kinsmen" showed its adaptability to the most dignified or imposing themes, the characters from old English comedies and the idyllic figures all combining to prove the fascination of Mr. Abbey's handling, and perhaps to break down that utterly unfounded and exclusively English superstition that pastel does not last—that it either fades or falls from the cloth or paper. As a matter of fact, no artistic method of colour representation, save only enamel, is so permanent, and when pastels can be so fixed that they can cross the Atlantic and show no atom at the bottom of the glass, its lasting power in this direction is sufficiently demonstrated. But it is foolish for a busy man to struggle against popular ignorance and prejudice to no particular purpose, and Mr. Abbey gave up the practice of pastel-drawing save for purposes of his own, and devoted himself more particularly to the brush and to the pen. At the same time, hardly without a pang could he have set aside the chalk which lent

itself so admirably to the rendering of character and decoration, to the picturing of graceful womanhood and the charm of girlish innocence.

IN THE STUDIO.

So Mr. Abbey finds himself installed in the fine old manor-house known for many generations as "Morgan Hall." Thither he emigrated from London on his marriage with the lady whose companionship sweetens his life, and whose bright intelligence and helpful assistance combine to form the ideal artist's-wife. Here he may be seen at work in what is, perhaps, the largest private painter's studio in the country, adapted for the large works upon which he has been and still is engaged: almost as large a hall as that in which a sculptor builds up his monuments, or the scene-painter prepares his back-cloths for the stage. Built especially for the preparation of the Boston Library decorations, it measures some twenty-five yards by fourteen, and the appearance of size is increased by the blackened timber roof and rafters. It is a workshop, not a show-place, but none the less picturesque for that—a place where great thoughts may be carried out on a fitting scale, and where many a lofty conception is in the course of concretion. Enormous easels, a dozen or more, laden with vast canvases in every stage of completion occupy but a fraction of the space; tapestries hang from heavy frames, not for decoration but for use, and carved oak doors and panels rest against the walls; studies and casts of curious architectural features and sculptures; arms and armour, lay figures and figurines; stacks of canvases, unused, half-used, and used, for sketches from Nature, or ideal compositions, or pictures "on the way;" chests of drawers full of specimens of superbly designed materials—velvets, brocades, and silks of various periods and special manufacture—with new fabrics of particular colour or design, mere bits, many of them, but sufficient to reveal the texture or their secrets of light and shade; old chairs, musical instruments, and "properties" of various kinds—all things, in this vast apartment, as accessories for the designer's craft and nothing more. On stands and in drawers, sketch-books and albums of studies are classified as to subject, arranged in groups according to the pictures for which they were produced. Trestlefuls of elaborate studies and half-finished drawings stand around; photographs are pinned about of pictures of the period with which the artist may for the moment be dealing—with a view to maintaining in his own mind the spirit rather than the art-standard of the time; a library crowded with the finest folios and books of art and archaeological reference stands ready, with a writing-table close

by, littered in orderly confusion, to remind the painter of the daily communication of the outside world. There is a built-up scene of the next great picture, devised for better realisation of proposed composition, with all the crowd of figures and dressed-up figurines: for thus the painter experiments with arrangement and with effects of light and shade. Not too much importance is attached to such artifices; for not long since a great model of a colomade of extraordinary elaboration was constructed with a view to determine the question of shadows and cross shadows, thrown by the pillars when a light was introduced, and forthwith discarded on its failure to reveal with truth the sought-for effects. But thoroughness and laborious conscientiousness are main qualities of Mr. Abbey's temperament: he seems to aim at that sort of truth of effect—the only sort—that can convince the spectator; and he neglects no means, whatever the cost in effort or expense, to secure the end which is his only aim. For I believe—having watched the artist for many a year—that in the first instance he works very little for profit, and but partially for fame: the main purpose of his life is his art—that expression of his emotion which must be as right as he can make it, for without the highest excellence of which he is capable it would be vanity to him and worse than vanity.

Regarded from this point of view the remaining feature of the studio takes peculiar significance. I refer to the amazing wardrobe—an interior building constructed at one end of the studio. Here, hung in due order, classified with such care, love, and pride as an entomologist might display in the arrangement of his specimens, is the vast collection of garments of all periods and styles which Mr. Abbey has collected or had devised, and to which additions are continuously being made. Here they hang, on right hand and on left, in diminishing perspective, until one might almost imagine one's self in the "property-shop" of some great theatre. Costumes original and special (men's and women's), hats and cloaks, boots and shoes and accessories—all but the furs and arms, which for greater care are stored elsewhere. Yet they are not by any means regarded by the painter in the light of theatrical "properties"—not as dresses to be made and copied as Millais had made and copied the chief dress in "Mercy," with the result that the picture became little more than a fancy-dress affair: they serve, as they ought, to give assistance as to cut, fall, character, light and shade, and composition of line—that is to say, as suggestions for invention and not models for imitation. In short, Mr. Abbey, as the practical architect of his

pictures, does not despise anxious consideration and preparation of the scaffolding.

Within this vast room, then, wherein great canvases, fifteen and eighteen feet in length, set up upon gigantic easels, look little more than pictures of "cabinet" size, hardly less than a dozen works are even now proceeding. There is the great panel for the Royal Exchange, which the Merchant Taylors' and the Skinners' Companies are presenting, in order fitly to celebrate the peace happily established between the two bodies. Mr. Abbey appropriately shows the loving-cup being circulated within a severely conventional apartment, the extreme simplicity of the arrangement being accentuated by the curiously formal treatment of the roof, and the sombre dignity of the colour. It is in working out such a subject as this, it may be remarked incidentally, that an artist who has been habitually painting from Nature finds the extreme difficulty of exchanging literal and artistic truth for the conventionality of decoration. Then there is an Othello standing beside Desdemona's bed, still in violent action, and racked by the not ignoble passion that drove him to the deed. There is, too, a Romola-like love-scene in Mediaeval Italy, in which a slender maid and her lover hasten up a rough stone terrace-like path, the sky chequered with boughs of blossoming apple-trees, and the distance shut in by the blue and grey mountains beyond. Next we have the "Henry VIII," to which allusion has already been made, and which, if the promise it holds out is fully redeemed, will become one of the artist's most dramatic works—full of dignity and dramatic interest, original in arrangement, and striking alike in method of lighting and in general effect. Then there are the five great pictures of "The Holy Grail," completing the series of ten for the Boston Library, of which I shall speak later on, and the series of studies of costumes for "Richard II," designed for Sir Henry Irving in view of the intended revival of the play. Besides all these, and the numerous series of "The Deserted Village" drawings, are two or three extremely elaborate designs for an edition of the Bible, of which too little has been heard in England. This work, which is to be illustrated by the chief artists of Europe and published by an amateur bibliophile society, has been for some years in preparation, and will, from what I have seen, be an extraordinarily fine work, and, I imagine, by no means so inharmonious or heterogeneous in effect as might at the first moment appear. Three of the chief artists of this brilliant band have already died—Leighton, Burne-Jones, and Puvis de Chavannes; the others include Messrs. Sargent, Alma-Tadema, Walter Crane, Frank

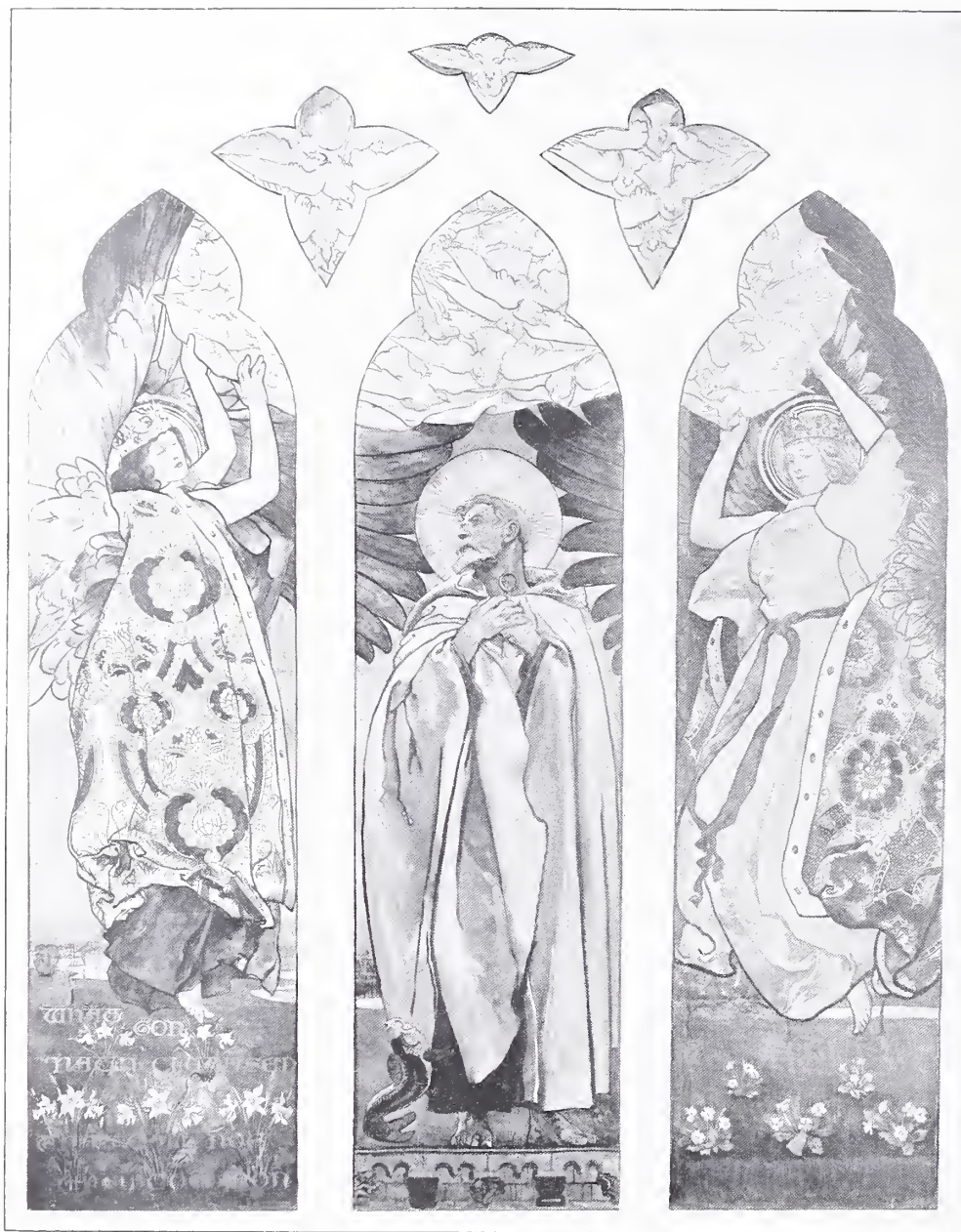


DESIGN IN PASTEL FOR A CATALOGUE COVER.

Dicksee, Menzel, Morelli, Dagnan-Bouveret, Gérôme, and Tissot. Such are the works in progress. Yet Mr. Abbey produces with no great rapidity—his method effectually prevents anything like profusion in his work. Yet his industry and

ness. It is well if it were so. I do not share that opinion; but, fearful for possible consequences, I shall take good care to drop no hint of it to him.

And so the painter works on, paying no heed to theories or novelties or fads or what-not that



ST. PETER: A DESIGN FOR A WINDOW FOR AN AMERICAN CHURCH.

energy are so prodigious and his enthusiasm so intense, that by good management he proceeds steadily from one work to another, with a vigour and earnestness that would turn the brain of many another. Half a dozen sitters a-day killed poor Holl. But portraiture, passed over, has so far spared Mr. Abbey; yet who knows when he may add that to his other accomplishments? Perhaps he thinks he has not the faculty of rendering like-

agitate the art-world of to-day but leave the truest artists placidly unmoved. High spirits and good health compensate for the periodical dejection that no earnest, self-searching painter can hope to escape, and the promise of the future is bright enough. What are the subjects of the "Holy Grail" series, his intellectual masterpiece, and how they are being carried out, I reserve for a final paper.



STUDY FOR GOWN-COURT OF HENRY VIII.

By Edwin A. Abbey, R.A.

THE WORK OF LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

BY THE LATE GLEESON WHITE.

THE art of Mr. Laurence Housman is not quite easy to assess, for he has the felicity of expression in two mediums—"pictures" and "words," and a happy knack of combining both utterances in the telling of stories which hold the reader spellbound. The last phrase may be taken literally, as then it becomes evident that those who fall under the spell cannot obviously pose as impartial critics. Hence it were best to abandon any attempt at delivering judgment, and recount Mr. Housman's achievements as impassively as possible, although such an effort to act as an unprejudiced onlooker savours of ingratitude when the pleasure Mr. Housman has afforded one comes to memory.

To appreciate fully Mr. Housman's drawings it is necessary to be acquainted with his poems and stories, not because his pictures are drawn chiefly from subjects of his own invention, but because in his writings it is even more easy to recognise the curious realism of his imaginings. He achieves this end in a way not wholly unrelated to the realistic manner of Defoe, by naive, trivial, and apparently irrelevant details, that recall at once the method of "Robinson Crusoe" and the discursive style of the old balladists. Yet the result is by no means sham antique. He strings you together neither forged curios nor (to use Mr. Aymer Vallance's clever portmanteau-word) "spurious." No one could call his style Wardour Street English; yet, with a deft use of unexpected words and crisp, racy sentences, he preserves the other-worldliness of Romance, avoiding all the while both the sham archaic no less than the cheap pathetic.

In his drawings an academic critic might perhaps be annoyed to learn that the artist first completes his design and then compares it with the "life" model, deliberately preserving certain

lapses from truth, should he feel that the sentiment and decorative value of his composition will be more fully realised thereby. Without affirming that this is an example which students should take as a precedent, one also must not forget the old precept, that genius consists in breaking rules. Although it would be an unfriendly act to call Mr. Housman a genius—even by implication—yet a candid admirer must own that the elusive charm of many designs is not vitally lessened because their anatomy is perverted. There is a time for undiluted candour and a time for playful equivocation; but, unless the latter be deliberately put forward as the former, the least



THE COUNCIL.

From "The Land of Eljintown." By Permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

casuistical person may forgive the perversion.

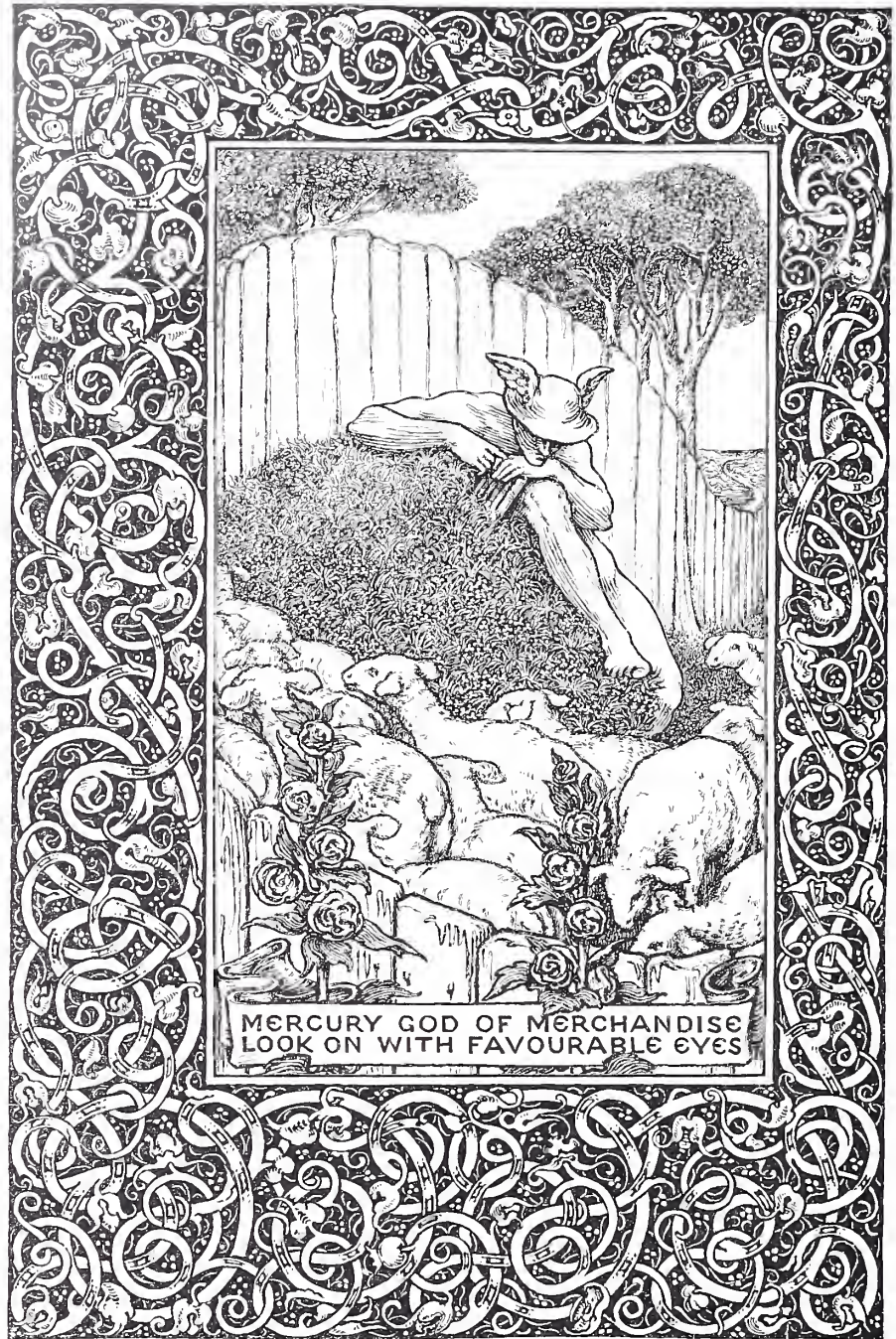
The fact must be faced that sentiment—even to the extent of false sentiment and rank sentimentality—plays an important part in life and in art. Nor must it be forgotten that the sentiment which looks affected to those it fails to move, may be true enough to others. The fantastic designs by William Blake are accepted as inspired creations by many critics well informed and sane, men who would not forgive any errors of proportion or inept "drawing" in other pictures. So the intense "soulfulness" of Rossetti is a by-word for the many to scoff at, and the vivid delight of the few. The most honest course is surely to try to put one's self in touch with the artist, and if he impress

you to own it without prejudice, careless of ridicule, whether it take the form of abuse or grovelling admiration. It were folly to compare work like Mr. Housman's with that, say, of Arthur Boyd Houghton, Randolph Caldecott, or Sir John Gilbert; one of these illustrators may satisfy your critical judgment most fully, another may be more obedient to tradition, a third may impress by his animal spirits and sheer vitality. But to say therefore that only the one is good and the rest bad, is folly. In calling Mr. Housman's method realistic—the word is used only for his method, and by no means for his subjects—it is the matter-of-fact narrative of impossible incidents which witches a listener, and the same applies, in a less degree possibly, to imaginative illustration.

The designs of Arthur Boyd Houghton which have been the objects of Mr. Housman's eulogy are often "realistic" in subject, but they are not realistic in their treatment. His American sketches of actual people and incidents are not literal records of the customs of the United States; but even at their most grotesque they convey something far more emotional than the actual scene, and give you not the reflection as in a mirror, but the impression of the scene on one observer coloured by his prejudice and his mental bias, tricked with his whimsy, and translated in a literary composition to express his own idiom.

So Mr. Housman puts his fancies on paper, and builds up by picture and phrase a world that never was, wherein the motives that inspire actual humanity are transfigured or burlesqued to suit his purpose. That he conceals the too-

obvious moral, exactly as he hides too-apparent imitation, is not necessarily to his discredit. The gnomes and princesses, the goblins and weird



FRONTISPIECE TO "THE FIELD OF CLOVER."

By Permission of Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.

women, are but puppets wherewith he plays you a masque that is as unreal as an old miraele play and at times no less based upon the noblest motives.

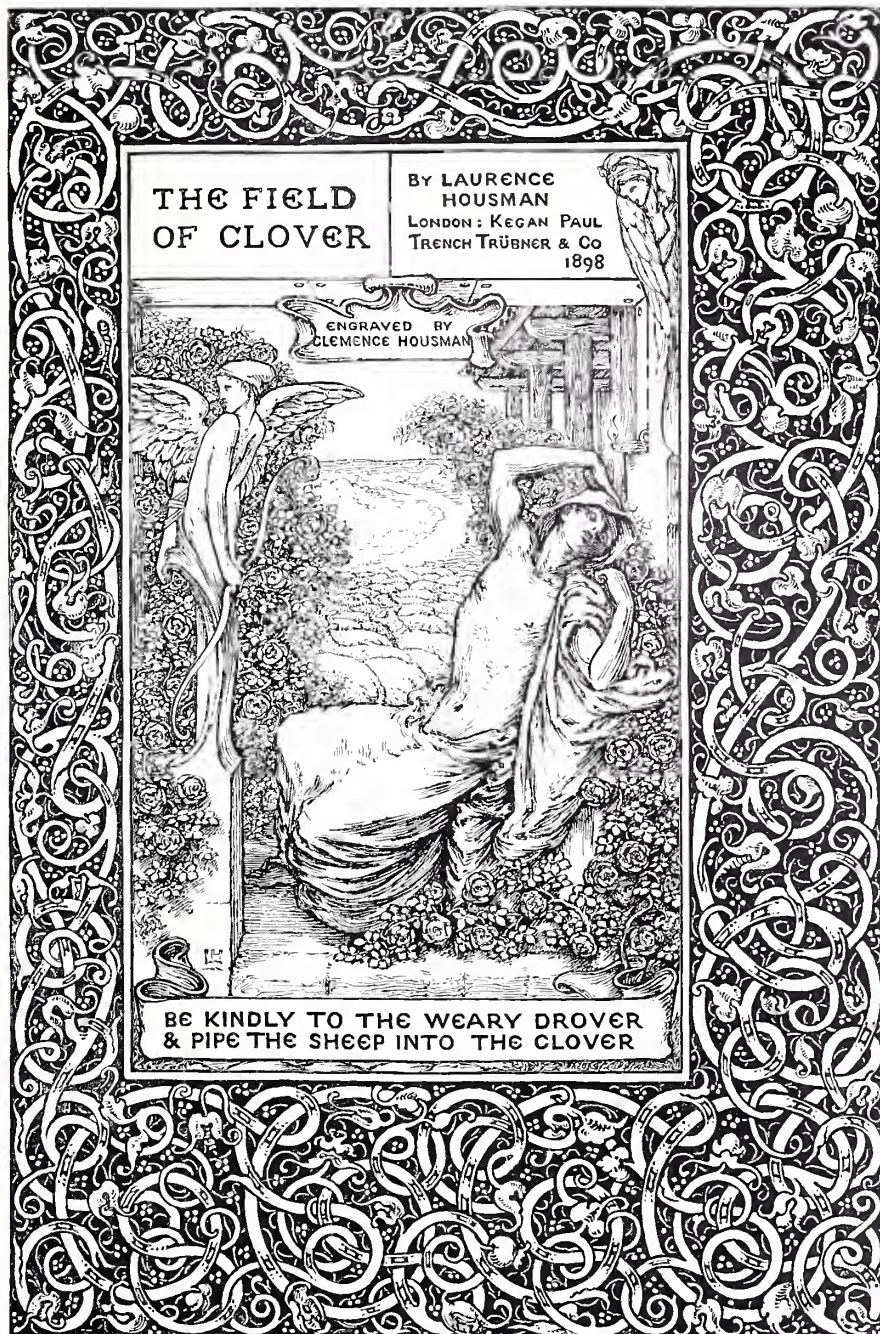
From the first he has struck out a line for himself and swerved not. That Mr. Charles Ricketts was, and is, his avowed hero is

apparent enough. Yet it would be unfair to either to exaggerate the debt; and time has shown that of the two artists, both still young, each

divergences. The one nervous, emotional, and exquisitely personal; the other, complex it may be, but under perfect control, and although individual, yet with distinct

recognition of certain established precedents. It is needless to set the drawings of each in rivalry; for if anyone thinks the pictures in "All-Fellows" very like those in "Hero and Leander," no argument to the contrary would be likely to convince an observer so careless.

Forgetting, in deference to their author's attitude towards them, certain drawings in the short-lived "Universal Review," the first designs Mr. Housman published were those to "Jump to Glory Jane," by George Meredith, which Mr. Harry Quilter issued in a separate volume. In these we find full evidence of a personal expression, even if immature. The bizarre legend is depicted grotesquely, as it should be, but also seriously; you do not laugh at the jumping saint, even if a smile of tolerance is forced from you. The pathetic aspect of a sect only one degree more crazy than the one hundred and forty-four listed in Whitaker's Almanack is so sympathetically treated that you feel a certain respect for its eccentric effort towards perfection. The Mormon subjects by Boyd Houghton impress one as inspired by critical satire rather than by amused tolerance; it is as if Houghton saw only the



TITLE-PAGE TO "THE FIELD OF CLOVER."

By Permission of Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.

has already developed his own manner, so that to-day the likeness is very far removed. Indeed, the real similarity is much less than a casual observer would suspect. You have but to compare Mr. Ricketts' examples of conventional design with those by Mr. Housman—say a typical book-cover by each—to find absolutely essential

pitiful absurdity of the unbalanced religiosity, and forgot that even this is only a vulgarised effort to overcome the "world, the flesh, and the devil." It is just because Mr. Housman, despite his paradox and satire, reveals a curiously insistent tolerance, combined with insistent hatred of all selfishness and pain, that you are tempted

to reckon him among the preachers. If this be true, he occupies a position almost unique just now. The man who believes that art for art's



THE MOONFLOWER.

From "The House of Joy." By Permission of Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.

sake is sufficient, and he who thinks that art is but the handmaid to morals, are both plentiful enough; but those who believe that art is a great force, with its own message to the world to impart in its own way, are few in all countries.

If "Jump to Glory Jane" is solemn underneath its satire, "Goblin Market," Christina Rossetti's poem, which was the next published, is wholly in the spirit of the work. Knowing Mr. Housman's devotion to the art of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and remembering the frontispiece and title-page to the earlier edition of the work, it is surprising to find how little he has imitated "Buy from us with Golden Curl" or "Golden Head by Golden Head," the two designs in question. He has kept the bird-and-cat-like aspect of the goblins, but he has clothed the

figures with smocks and flapping hats, so that they have a grotesqueness of their own and are far less animal than the Rossetti originals. On the other hand "Lama of the Golden Locks" is no longer a Rossetti damozel, but a country wench in a sun-bonnet, who seems not wholly unrelated to "Jumping Jane." In this book the sweeping movement of the main lines, no less than the purely conventional devices which decorate its type-pages, reveal Mr. Housman himself, not more a disciple of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's than of Mr. Ricketts', and owing little to either except a certain intensity common to the work of both. The dainty little edition of "Goblin Market"—perhaps the most charmingly bound volume, with the single exception of "Silverpoints," that has yet been issued by any publisher—is not inaccessible, so that here it will be unnecessary to describe its illustrations or to discuss its decorations—pleasant conceits in figures and devices which do not disturb the mental pictures called up by the poem, but rather suggest more fantastic images than the average reader would be likely to imagine for himself. This is surely the more true method of illustrating poetry: to "fill my lady's missal marge with flowrets" instead of interleaving complete pictures that conflict in direct rivalry with the poet's word-painting. The same year (1893) saw the publication of "Weird Tales," with illustrations by Mr. Housman, a work upon which the artist sets no particular value.

In 1894, "The Land of Elfintown" by Jane Barlow, was issued by Messrs. Macmillan in a volume not wholly unlike "Goblin Market;" but if in outward aspect it recalls the other, the spirit of its illustrations is quite unlike. These are more clearly influenced by Mr. Charles Ricketts, and more "passion-fraught." Indeed, they have provoked some critics to employ the adjective "morbid," which is a blessed word good people who are puzzled hurl, as a last resort, against much in art which is for the time incomprehensible to them. As you study these designs and recognise again their singular charm, the probable criticism of the average Briton occurs to you, and you find why it has been uttered. There is no doubt that in drawing and in conception they are singularly unlike the conventions of the fairy-land as popularly presented, and that the figures are strangely unlike those of Sir Noel Paton or the old-time Christmas card. So one may find the "Ride of the Valkyrie" and the "Tannhäuser" Overture unlike the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music. Possibly the simpler convention is most satisfying to those who take fairy-land to be a sort of glorified nursery, "full of good little people" who keep their pinafores clean and behave with conscious rectitude. But

the legends of pixies and elves are almost always impregnated by an uncanny, unholy mystery; and that Mr. Housman materialises the nebulous beings with some of these qualities is perhaps the secret of his success in "thrilling" other people not easily moved by modern fairy stories.

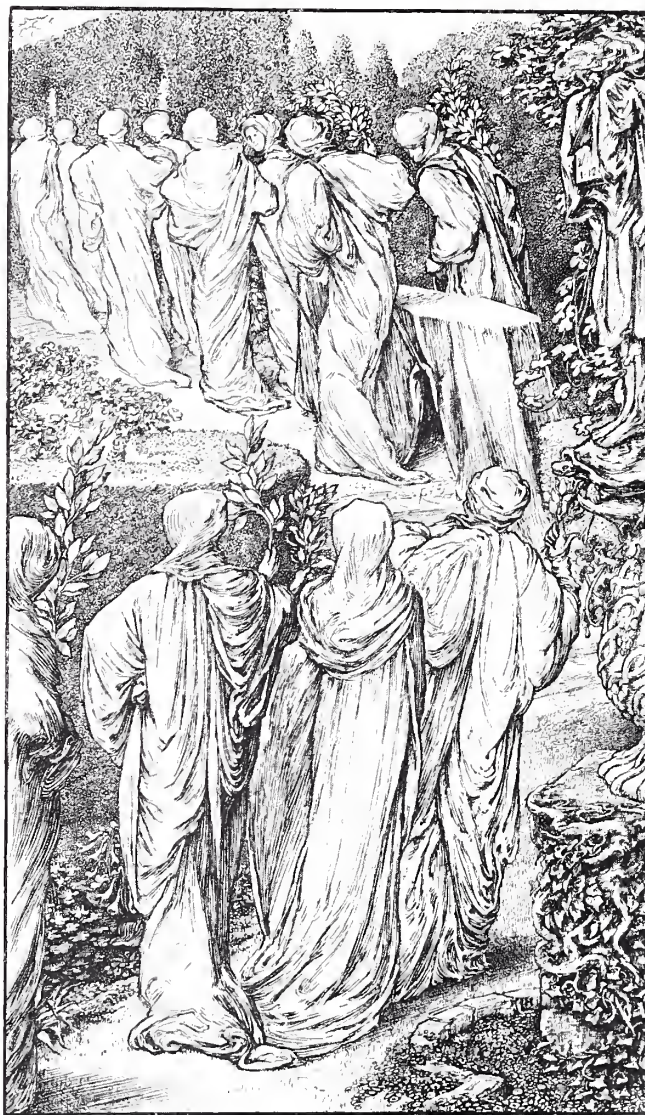
Perhaps, however, these feelings are provoked not so much by Mr. Housman's pictures as by his two volumes of original stories—"A Farm in Fairyland" (1894) and "A House of Joy" (1894).

The title-pages of these two books demand a special word. In both appear most elaborately interwoven borders of interlaced strap-work, which reveals Mr. Housman's sure mastery of line; yet this elaborate framing does not crush either of the four pictures which are sheer marvels of craft, so delicate in their line and crowded with intricate pattern, that the elaborate borders seem simple by comparison. Drawn very slightly larger than they appear in the reproduction, it seems barely possible that the complex and exquisitely minute detail could be achieved by ordinary eyesight. Yet, as a matter of fact, they were; and when asked how the delicate minuteness of these could be set down without a magnifying glass, Mr. Housman laughingly replied, "I think I have eyes at the tips of my fingers, I seem to feel the line even if I can hardly see it." It is worth noting that these decorative pages in "black-and-white," produced when the "Aubrey Beardsley" style was in the air, reveal not the slightest trace of his influence, an influence which can be discovered in the work of dozens who believe they dislike it no less than in others—the American, W. H. Bradley, for instance—who are obvious disciples. It is possible that some of the charm of the illustrations to these books is reflected from the many inventions in prose that they depict. So fascinating are these that to quote largely were well nigh irresistible, but, all the same, the temptation cannot be obeyed. Only, if there be any lovers of pure phantasy and graceful conceit who do not know these delightful stories, one envies the pleasure that still awaits them. Although both volumes were, I believe, produced under the author's direction, and are singularly comely pieces of bookbinding, they are not decorated in any sense.

The initial letters are his own, and extremely charming, but, beyond pleasantly proportioned margins and excellently placed typography, the style of each does not differ noticeably from the work of any

good publisher. This may show that in the "get-up" of the printed book Mr. Ricketts and Mr. Housman do not follow the same path, sympathetic though each may be to the ideals of the other.

A series of illustrations to a very powerful tale, "The Were-Wolf," by the artist's sister, Miss Clemence Housman, appeared in the same year as the "House of Joy." This was followed by "Green Arras," a book of original poems by Mr. Housman, with another of his elaborate double title-pages whereon the borders are even more complex and the details of the panels still more marvellously wrought than in the two fairy-books. *To say that these title-pages stand absolutely alone, and that no other artist, living or dead, has done work like them, is mere fact:*



FRONTISPIECE TO "THE SENSITIVE PLANT."

By Permission of Messrs. Dent and Co.

to add that no living artist could beat them in the fastidiously delicate embroidery of their pen-work, is a statement one may risk with a light heart. Yet they are not without breadth and largeness of design; and if you wish it gained with less effort you have but to turn to the end-papers to find it. In the full-page drawings we have many a glimpse of landscape treated

These are not mere transcripts of daily life; but a transfigured presentation of common objects that are seen under circumstances of supernatural, or at least highly-strung, emotions. Charged with his weakness of Nature, Mr. Housman takes refuge in a pleasant paradox. "Nature is not a fit subject for art, but may be a very useful medium," he exclaims with a grave



THE MERCIFUL DRAUGHT.

From "All-Fellows." By Permission of Messrs. Keyan Paul, Trench and Co.

in a way no pen-draughtsman to-day seems to attempt. Perhaps "The Corn-keeper," a new version of the design which first appeared with its accompanying poem in "Atalanta," might be taken as one entirely typical example of the artist's manner were you limited to the choice of a single work. In it one feels that the men of the 'sixties, the figures of A. Boyd Houghton, and the landscapes of J. W. North have their legitimate descendant; while at the same time it has a certain intensity not to be found in the earlier work, and perhaps a certain "preciousness" which may or may not be deemed an advance on the earlier school. This possible objection is mooted not to traverse such an opinion but merely to declare if it be well founded; yet it is due most probably in great part to the themes which attract the artist.

reasonableness that might mystify one who did not know his keen sense of humour.

With "All-Fellows"—another book of fantasy which those who love regard too deeply to attempt to analyse publicly, containing some of his most matured illustrations—and "Gods and their Makers" (1897), a volume published without illustrations, the list of books for which he is responsible must close.

This, however, leaves his bindings without a word. Yet, although they require a separate article even to do them scant justice, it must not be forgotten that, from the large paper edition of Mr. Harry Quilter's "Preferences" to the wrapper for "The Commonwealth," he has produced a series which collectors prize and foreigners carry back as examples of the supremacy of English bookbinding.

The clever and beautiful designs in gold tracery for "Goblin Market," "Elfintown," "Green Arras," "The Viol of Love," and "Elizabethan Sonnet Cycles" are examples of pure pattern without figures. In another class are "The House of Joy," "A Farm in Fairyland," and "Jump to Glory Jane;" while a third list would include Francis Thompson's "Poems" and "Sister Songs," "Cuckoo Songs" by Katharine Tynan, "Love in Idleness" by Marion Crawford, "The Flower of the Mind," Mrs. Meynell's new anthology, "A Pomander of Verse" by E. Nesbit, "Spikenard," "The Were-Wolf," all of which, if less complex, are hardly less characteristic.

Nor should book-plates for A. W. Pollard, Hannah Brace, Robert and Evelyn Benson, and H. Bland be forgotten, any more than Mr. Housman's contribution to "The Pageant," "The Parade," "Bibliographica," or his monograph on Boyd Houghton; for all these show different phases of his personality.

Yet with an artist still young, as the outside world reckons, and a mere baby—for Mr. Housman is still far off half the allotted age of man—as politicians would rank him, it would be foolish to attempt a *catalogue raisonné* of his work. Still more futile would it be to estimate his future place in art; for his complex manner and subtle perception of emotions the reverse of commonplace will most likely keep him a limited, if cultured, audience. Yet, as "Gods and their Makers" has shown, at any moment his parable in words or devices may become appreciated by the public; and even popularity in the widest sense may be one of the dangers in store. Here nothing has been said of his scholastic training; for with so vividly personal a manner, it is of little consequence whose advice he has disregarded or what rules he has broken. Nor has his method of work been touched upon; for his rapid, nervous sketches and studies, full of power as they are, are not suggestions of the finished drawing, and are wrought with a loose line and rapid handling that, in the nature of things, would fail to express all that he wants them to express finally. It is good to think that all our weavers of fiction and designers of pictures and pattern are not of his kind, for piquant odours and flavours are more lovable when they are

also rare; and yet still more good to feel that Britain has once more the sole possession of a few that are beginning to attract not only the curiosity but the envy of Continental critics. For the test of importance in art is that a man should convince you that his way of seeing Nature through his temperament is both new and interesting. If he can do this with technical sufficiency, it is quite a secondary matter what peculiar aspects of art may attract his experiments; for by his witchery, once you fall under it, they will attract you also and cause you to re-formulate all your canons of criticism hitherto in force, that he may not be left outside the pale.

"A Field of Clover." By Laurence Housman. With illustrations by the Author, engraved by Clemence Housman. (Kegan Paul and Co. 1898.)

NOTE.—Although a young man, Mr. Housman bids fair to take his place as the artist who, at the beginning of the twentieth century, occupied a place midway between Rossetti and William Morris on the one hand, and A. B. Houghton and Mr. C. Ricketts on the other. We do not mean to say that he has yet revealed a genius equal to the greatest of these, but genius in some degree he undoubtedly has, whether as an artist or as a writer. He has fancy, designs charmingly, draws beautifully when he chooses, with a sentiment which, if somewhat "precious," is instinct with a quality of art that to many must be irresistible. We deal with Mr. Housman's work so fully in the late Mr. Gleeson White's article that we need say little more in general praise. We would, however, point out a defect with which he taints some of his work; not that wherein he follows Houghton. We refer to his shadow lines, which he usually carries lengthways with the limb he is drawing, and even with the torso. He certainly gains some quality by what appears after all a mannerism, but loses his anatomical construction. Bodies drawn in this way look limp and flabby. A word of high praise should be accorded to the fine work of the graver here shown; we are not surprised that Mr. Housman dedicates his book, as he prettily does, "To my dear wood-engraver." The borders are charming but not entirely perfect.



IS PHOTOGRAPHY AMONG THE FINE ARTS?—A SYMPOSIUM.

3.—BY ALFRED LYS BALDRY.

THERE must always be a certain amount of difficulty in defining exactly the position which ought to be assigned to photography

many devices which have been invented to conceal, as far as they can, the particular qualities inherent to the productions of the camera.

The great end and aim of photographers of this class is to arrive at results which will deceive the observer, and lead him to imagine that he is looking at an etching, a chalk drawing, a water-colour sketch, or, in fact, anything but a print from a negative. A pure photograph is to them something to avoid, because it can be mistaken for nothing else.

If this type of effort is to be taken seriously, then, most plainly, photography must be denied a place among the arts, for it becomes simply a fraudulent trick dependent entirely upon whatever faculty for imitation the operator may possess, and is available only as an aid to workers who wish to pretend to be artists without taking the trouble to learn the technicalities of the painter's craft. It is claimed for photographers who adopt such methods, that they are able to impose their individuality upon the prints they struggle with; and that there is some justice in the claim is undeniable. But when it is all done, the outcome of this misdirected effort is something that is neither good art nor efficient mechanism: it is a compromise of a chummy kind without originality and without meaning. The individuality that appears is neither spontaneous nor sincere, but merely a more or less ingenious expression of a desire to make the public wonder what has happened.

Yet, if these perversions of photographic art are, as they should be, definitely ignored, there remains a very considerable range of opportunity open to the photographer who chooses to study the possibilities and limitations of the profession he follows. He has at his disposal a process that, if he knows how to use it, will give him effects so interesting, that they have the power to appeal to art-lovers with something of the force of original creations. He has, too, scope for the exercise of his own individuality, in matters of selection and observation, in his choice of motives for illustration, and in his decision as to manner of treatment. It is true that he must remain a realist, and reflect simply what is before him; but, with a right understanding of the chances that Nature gives him, he can find plenty of



COMPANIONS.

From a Photograph published by E. Day and Son, Bournemouth.

among the various forms of artistic expression. Whether or not it ranks as an art in the largest sense is necessarily a matter of opinion. Photographic enthusiasts claim for it advantages and virtues which are denied by less biased onlookers; and its possibilities as a means of stating æsthetic conviction are magnified or depreciated, according to the personal beliefs of the individuals who join in the controversy. But there is this significant fact to note, that the people who assert most vehemently that photography is a fine art are themselves strenuous advocates of the

occupation for his æsthetic instincts without descending to the level of the worker who pins his faith to a sham.

The only difficulty that arises in this manner of using photography is that the operator must be a man with a double training; he must be consummately skilful in the management of his apparatus, or his best intentions will be defeated by the inefficiency of his mechanical methods; and he must have a thorough knowledge of those preliminaries of the painter's practice, selection and composition. Life is, perhaps, too short for the same individual to combine both essentials in equal proportions; and, as a consequence, the history of photography is full of examples of admirable artists, who did not know how to record the things they felt, and of excellent mechanics who had nothing to express. Probably the best chance of obtaining artistic results is to be found in the joint effort of two people, one with a fairly intimate acquaintance with pictorial details, and the other a practised and experienced photographic worker. If they are in sympathy and understand each other's aims, they can hope to evolve something that will be purely a production of the camera and yet show really earnest consideration of what is important in picture-making. Whether what would come from such a partnership could ever be raised to the level of Fine Art, it is not easy to say; but, at any rate, something is possible which might be presented for criticism to people who would not accept either the manipulated and laboured print, or the bold statement of obvious facts that lacks all trace of the æsthetic intention.

Of this matter I may, perhaps, claim some degree of personal knowledge. The photographs which are reproduced here have originated in a collaboration between myself, as the inventor of the subjects, and Mr. W. J. Day, as the skilled executant who brought to bear upon the taking and development of the negatives a very ripe experience, matured by many years of thoughtful practice. Our aim in carrying out the series from which these are selected, has been to arrive at something which would be designed with the same sort of care that an artist would give to the statement of a picture, and yet would have the highest development of the photographic quality, with all the subtleties and refinements of tone that a good negative will express, and with that

touch of personal interest that comes from the simple record of actual objects. I do not in any way put forward these illustrations as providing an answer to the question which is being discussed in these articles; but merely as evidences of careful experiment to see how far pictorial ideas may be combined with the literalism of the camera and the devices of the dark room. At least, they profess to be nothing but photographs, untouched and without any suspicion of manipulation, and they stand or fall by their quality as products of a mechanical process. I am, however, convinced that only in this direction is to be found the



THE GENTLE ART.

From a Photograph published by E. Day and Son, Bournemouth.

way of estimating the true value of photography, and of deciding exactly what is the position it rightly holds among the arts. So long as it sails under false colours, pretending to be what it is not, and by artificial means

aping the characteristics of other and more direct forms of expression, it will remain despised by all sincere people; but if once it succeeds in proving that it can be used by artists who know how far to carry it without passing beyond its proper limits, it will rank, humbly perhaps, but at all events honestly, in the great array of æsthetic devices. The

all his own. The photographic circle is warmly to be congratulated on the semi-adhesion of one who is enabled to put forth for it an eloquence, an oratorical power, and a charm in dealing with his subject belonging to few others of its more notable champions. M. de la Sizeranne understands art too well to be led to answer his own question with an affirmative, but he goes far to prove what indeed could never be doubted—that extremely artistic effects can be



THE QUEEN OF THE GLADE.

From a Photograph published by E. Day and Son, Bournemouth.

charm of handiwork must always be denied to it, and it can never have any beauty of touch or execution, so that the personal appeal which the painter or draughtsman makes to his admirers is beyond its capacity: yet, fairly treated, it has every chance of recognition as a means of giving legitimate pleasure to a very large section of the public. The love of realism is very wide-spread, and enslaves not a few of our most capable and skilful artists: if photography can prove to them that their most laborious efforts to be exact are as nothing beside the accurate records of the camera, they may be saved from futile striving; and the place they leave vacant will be filled by a process which can be artistic, even if it can never be dignified as an art.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—In an exquisitely printed and beautifully illustrated quarto—“*La Photographie est-elle un Art?*” (Hachette, 1899)—M. Robert de la Sizeranne deals at full length with the subject with which he has already treated in this Magazine, and amplifies the question indicated in the title with a skill and charm

produced by photographers: but the weak point in every argument is the sophistical suggestion that artistic effect, taste, and appreciation of the picturesque make him an artist who produces such a result. There are those who set photogravure beside mezzotint by reason of the “artistic facsimile reproduction” which is obtained: even our author himself, beneath his half-tint process blocks printed in the page, calls them “*gravures*,” that is, engravings, and says that the photogravures by Mr. Craig Anman and M. Dujardin (masterpieces, these, of their process) have been “engraved” by those skilful craftsmen. It is curious to observe how “art photographers” and those who sympathise with them are carried away by a term such as “A Study” as applied to a head or what not. Now, in photography these photographs have no such relation to a photograph of a more elaborate subject—a clumsy sentence which, however, can hardly, in the circumstances, be avoided—as a painter’s study has to a final picture. With a painter or sculptor, “A Study” is a trial, a test, an exercise, an experiment—a step or stage either on its own account, or in the production of the final work of art; but, as a production of the camera, these photographic “studies” are ends in themselves, and as such finalities as complete scenes or representations of groups or landscape. We even have here a semicircular-annular photograph, very sweet and dainty, which is called “*Projet d’Eventail*,” as if—as it would

be in serious art or architecture—a design or “project” to be worked out. So far as the photographer is concerned, however, this is absolutely final. This aping of the art is so transparent that it is difficult to imagine how the photographers themselves—and, much more, so enlightened and eminent a critic as M. de la Sizeranne—are not alive to the insincerity of the whole attitude. Again, when a man paints a study, it is incomplete because he has carried the work or idea no further; when a photographer produces “a study,” it is not because he has not put everything in, but because he has deliberately taken a good deal out—in order to produce the true painter’s effect of the part omitted never having been there. M. de la Sizeranne weighs with very great justice upon the success with which many photographers “idealise” the scenes they take: that, indeed, is their chief ground of claim to being thought artists. And yet how often is it that when the photographer most earnestly lays claim to his artistic status—that is to say, when he composes his own scene—that the whole idealism vanishes under the strong sentiment of realism which he cannot succeed in eliminating; so that his groups rarely suggest to the spectator anything but a charade, a “dressing up,” in which the photographer’s success depends more upon his model’s skill in posing in the tableau vivant than upon his own artist’s skill in harmonising the realistic sitter with a naturalness of arrangement. To the artist, the model is a mere convenience—a

servant. To the photographer, he is all in all—a master, if not a tyrant. Even in dealing with draperies, which lend themselves so well to arrangement, the photographer, we consider, has not a chance against a painter or a sculptor, who can correct nature as he chooses; while the former is never able, so far as we are aware, completely to master his lines and material. Still less in the figure, when he attempts an elevated subject, has the photographer any chance at all unless he blots or “fakes” his photography out of all resemblance to the process. Let the reader consider for a moment M. Bovier’s “Christ au Tombeau,” in this book. It is a repulsive-looking waxwork, in which the figure of Christ is represented by a man whose head, beard, and

body have no interrelation, and whose ugly feet are covered with lumpy joints. In short, the inherent realism of a photograph destroys the imaginative quality. Again, when most successful, a photographer can never get nearer to a painting than a monochrome drawing, by which time it has perhaps ceased to be photography, but is not yet art. To be an artist one must not only be able to feel and to get a process to do, one must be able to imagine the subject *in its entirety*, and be master of every line and shadow—every

atom of which must be subject to proper management for the complete production of effective and thorough composition. Otherwise, it would be safe to argue that a rifleman is a *maître d’armes* because he can kill with an implement of war, thus achieving the same end—the pinking (though with a bullet) of his adversary. It is not sufficient to argue that an imitation by being good becomes an original, or we might have in certain cases Christian Scientists posing as medical men, a soulful grinder of an organ fitted with a *crescendo* apparatus figuring as a musician, or Mr. Maskelyne claimed by the spiritualists as a medium. So far as M. de la Sizeranne encourages photographers to produce photographs of great beauty, he is helping on a cause which we all applaud, and from which all will derive pleasure and benefit; but if he encourage the pretensions of scientific craftsmen to think themselves art-workers, he will delude not only the photographers themselves but the vast public, who have little real conception of what art is,



THE GODDESS OF THE GROVE.

From a Photograph published by E. Day and Son, Bournemouth.

and who are only too ready to stray along the mistaken, if it be the easier, path. It need hardly be said that we are here dealing solely with what is called “original photography,” and that we are leaving entirely out of account the marvellous achievements attained by the great reproductive photographers such as Hollyer, Hanfstaengel, Braun, the Berlin Photographic Company, and others, to whom not only art-lovers but the world generally is under a debt of gratitude which cannot be over-estimated. These men, too, in order to be successful require great artistic perception and æsthetic feeling; but so far as we are aware we have never heard any of them lay claim to the title of artist.

ANATOMICAL NATURE CASTS.

By H. W. ARMSTEAD, F.R.C.S.

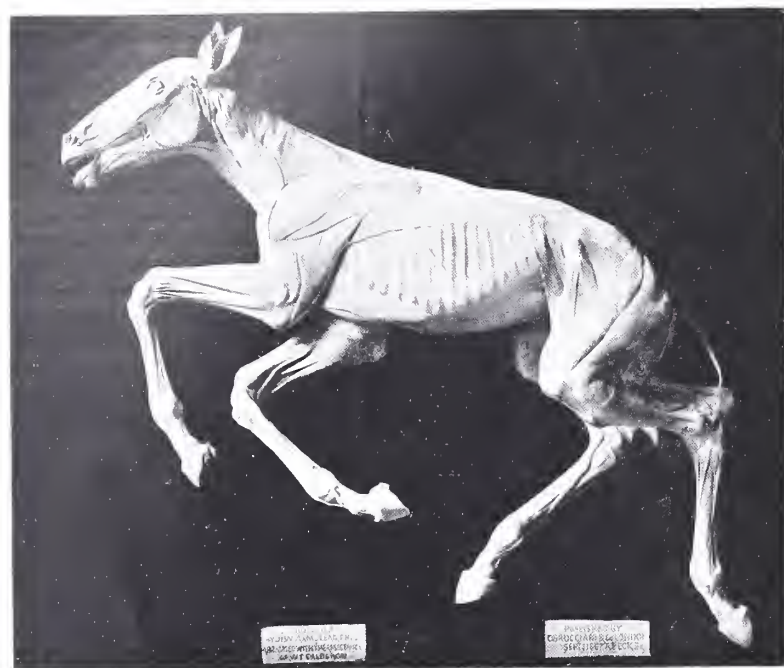
CASTS of an entire animal have frequently been taken, with more or less success, after death, with the skin and hair or fur unremoved, and with the animal in the position in which it had died, or naturally fallen into when *rigor mortis*, or stiffening, set in. Attempts have

valuable to the artist, since all the bony prominences are accurately portrayed, and the proportions are true to life. If it was difficult to detect the difference between bone and muscle with the skin on, it is no longer so with the skin removed and the skeleton to refer to. Those portions of the bones which come to the surface can be studied, and it will be seen that in these casts, as in life, the minute drawing of the dried skeleton is very much obscured by the presence of the ligaments which bind the bones together, and by the loose fat and connective tissue.

The amount of fat and connective tissue will vary considerably, and, if excessive, the removal of the skin will not render the difference between bone and muscle sufficiently conspicuous, so that it is advisable only to take casts of lean subjects.

Again, this kind of cast shows the general form and bulk of the muscles, and, roughly, the position of the tendons; or, at all events, those which are strongest and most superficial.

These casts, however, do not sufficiently define the outline of



CAST OF A FOAL.

also been made to take casts of the *living* subject—not, as a rule, of the entire body, but only of a portion. These attempts in the case of animals are practically useless, as it is impossible to keep them sufficiently quiet. At any rate, only a small portion of the body, such as part of a limb, can be cast with any degree of success. In the human subject, where the movements can, to a great extent, be voluntarily restrained, there have been better results, though the respiratory movements are always a source of difficulty; and in unskilled hands there is the danger of respiration being entirely stopped when the plaster sets, if it has been carelessly applied to the chest-wall. These forms of nature casts are not, however, the subject of the present article.

The first step towards *anatomical* nature casts would be to take a mould of an animal after the removal of the skin only, and this has often been done of a portion of the body.

This kind of anatomical nature cast is very

the muscles and tendons, and this is owing, partly, as I have said, to the loose fat and connective tissue, and partly to the presence of what is called the deep fascia. This deep fascia may be compared to a very thin sheet of parchment, thicker in some places than in others, which forms a kind of sheath enveloping the body and limbs, and which binds the muscles and tendons to the bones, it being firmly attached to those portions of bone which come to the surface. It also sends off partitions or septa from its under surface between the muscles and tendons, separately ensheathing each one. This deep fascia gives more or less of a uniform surface to the mass of muscle, and it is only here and there, where one of the septa is given off, that any indication is given of the separation into distinct muscles, and then it is by a depression corresponding to the septum.

In life, these depressions are well marked owing to the contraction of the muscles and their becoming shorter and thicker, the parti-

tions between them not having the power to expand to the same extent. The superficial veins, too, are collapsed and empty after death, and the larger bulk of the muscles gets displaced by its own weight and so loses to some extent its natural form. In general, the meaning or action of the muscles cannot be detected in these casts; however, they are invaluable if used with the key afforded by the more advanced forms of anatomical nature casts.

The next advance is to remove the superficial fat, connective tissue, and deep fascia, and in this way to expose, by careful dissection, the muscles and tendons from their origin to their insertion. Thus, in a cast taken from such a dissection the form of each separate muscle will be apparent. The veins, too, may be injected with plaster of Paris or other material so as to render them prominent as in life; and the outline of the stronger ligaments may be defined by the removal of the looser fibrous tissue which is blended with them.

Casts such as these have been taken of portions of the dissected human body, and in some cases of animals. These, as far as they go, have been found useful to artists, and also to surgeons, especially for lecturing, though for the latter a far deeper knowledge of anatomy is required than is shown in these superficial forms, and, therefore, they can never take the place of actual dissection.

Consequently, the casts which are represented in these photographs were undertaken more with a view of being acceptable to artists than to veterinary surgeons, and, for the most part, have been taken of *entire* animals, and *in as lifelike an attitude* as it was found possible to obtain. The animals selected were those whose anatomy is most frequently required for artistic purposes—*i.e.* the commoner domestic animals, horse, dog, cow, and cat. In the case of the dog and cat it was convenient to take casts of the full-grown animal; but in the case of the horse and cow the cast of the full-grown animal would, owing to its bulk, have been beyond the possibility of most studios, and therefore the foal and calf were substituted, the attachments of the muscles and tendons being the same in the young as in the adult, and the only difference being found in the form and proportion of some of the bones, and, of course, in the muscles of the full-grown animal.

The foal was one of the first casts to be taken, and it will be noticed in the photograph that it has been taken in the position of gambolling, and that it has been taken in high relief. This cast shows well the characteristics of the foal's skeleton—the convexity of the forehead, which becomes flat, or even concave, in the horse—the shortness of the face compared to the cranium; the roundness of the straight portion of the posterior border of the lower jawbone; the length of limb compared to that of the body; and the general bony appearance of the animal due to the lack of muscular development, and, of course, accentuated by dissection. This gives the appearance of enlargement of the joints, especially of the knee and hock. The bent knee-joint, which corresponds, in human anatomy, to the wrist-joint, shows well the separation which takes place between the bones of the forearm—*i.e.* the radius and ulna—and the first row of carpal bones, and a similar separation between the first and second rows.

In this particular foal, the ulna extended to the lower end of the radius; as a rule, in the full-grown horse, it does not reach much beyond the middle of the radius. The cannon bone, corresponding to our central digit, with its three phalanges—*i.e.* the large and small pastern



CAST OF A CAT.

bones and the coffin bone—is well shown; and also the two splint bones, of which the internal is the thicker. These splint bones, again, are the representatives of the upper portions of our second and fourth digits.

In the hind limb there is a similar resemblance to human anatomy, though the fibula,

like the ulna, is quite rudimentary. The hock-joint corresponds to our ankle-joint.

It will be noticed in the cast that the number of ribs in the horse is different from that in man—as a rule, eighteen instead of twelve. A slight prominence at the lower end of each of the ribs marks its junction with the costal cartilages, and would be suggestive of rickets in human anatomy. The upper edge of the scapula or shoulder-blade is indicated in the cast, and this is not very prominent in the

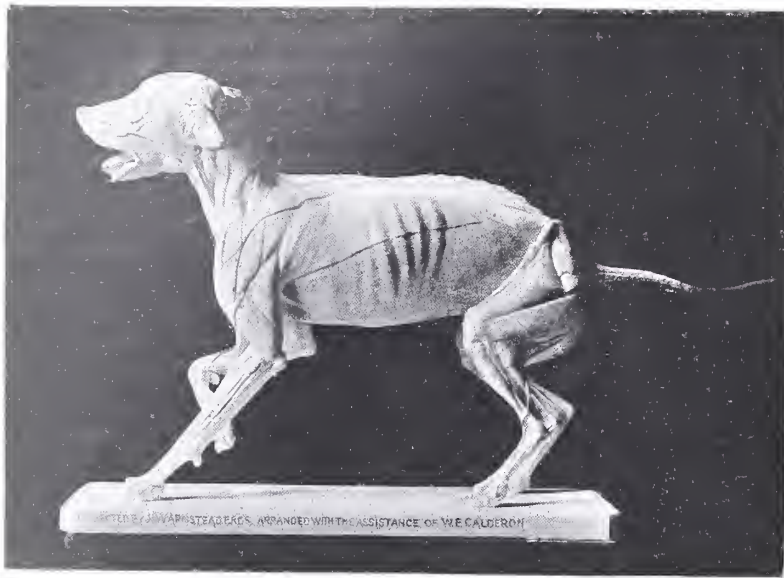
what in human anatomy would be part of the sterno-cleido-mastoid and the clavicular part of the trapezius; thus forming a new muscle called the mastoido-humeralis.

The long head of the triceps of man is attached immediately above the shoulder-joint; in the horse its attachment extends from that joint up to the dorsal angle of the scapula—*i.e.* the whole length of the posterior border of the shoulder-blade. This is no doubt to give the muscle increased power to extend the elbow-joint. It will be noticed that there is no supinator longus present, nor pronator radii teres; and the absence of all supinators and pronators is due to there being no movement possible between the radius and ulna, and, therefore, no need for muscles to accomplish those movements. The forearm is made as rigid as possible to bear weight. The extensors, carpi radialis longior et brevior, are fused into one muscle—the extensor metacarpi magnus. The common extensor of the digits must necessarily have its tendons curtailed, as there is only one complete digit for them to be attached to, and the same is true of the flexors—*i.e.* the perforatus and perforans, popularly known as the back tendons.

The suspensory ligament of the fetlock, so clearly marked in the cast between the back tendons and the splint-bones, is the representative of some of the small interosseous muscles of human anatomy. There are many other points worthy of note, but the length of this article does not permit me to go into them.

The next cast taken was that of the cat; and this was placed in a defensive attitude, and taken in the round. On one side the skin only was removed, thus exposing the panniculus or skin muscle; but on the opposite side this muscle was removed, together with the superficial fat and deep fascia, to expose the more important muscles and tendons.

The anatomy of the cat approaches more nearly to that of man than to that of the horse: there are the same number of digits in the fore-limb as in man, but in the hind-limb the big toe is only represented by a rudimentary metatarsal. The unguinal phalanges, or those carrying the claws, are shown retracted by the side of the second phalanges in the foot resting upon the ground, but on the foot which is ready to take the aggressive they are protruded from their protecting sheaths. The ulna is



CAST OF A DOG

foal, since the upper edge is only composed of cartilage and does not become bone except in the oldest horses. In the carnivora this cartilage of prolongation, as it is called, is not present, and then the upper edge becomes very conspicuous, especially when the weight of the fore portion of the body is borne by the fore-limb.

The absence of clavicle should be noticed in the foal, and the curious V-shaped pelvis.

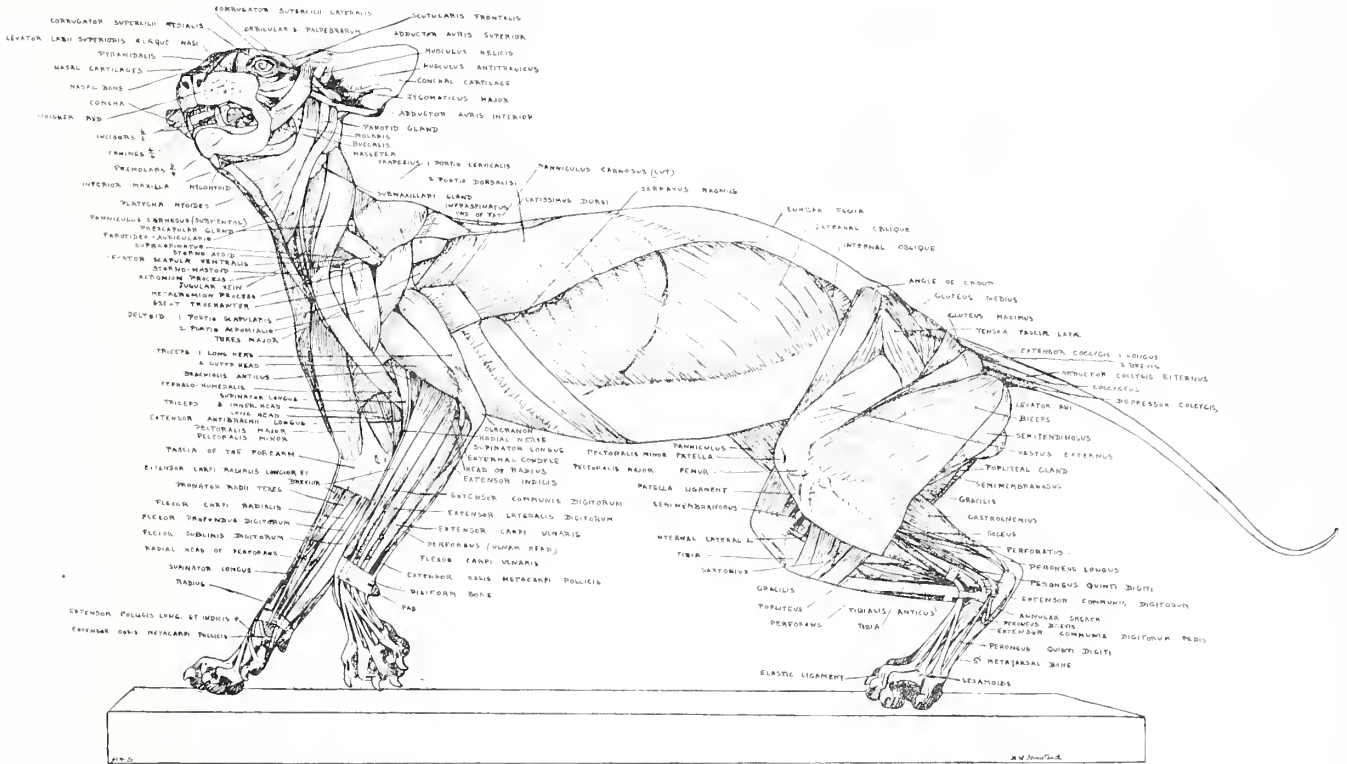
A similarity between the muscles of the horse and those of man may also be noticed. Thus, in the trunk the large latissimus dorsi muscle, and the serratus magnus, so evident in most statues, are seen to be present also in the foal. In the fore-limb, too, there are many close resemblances, but also some great differences due to the absence of the first and fifth digits.

The deltoid of human anatomy is scarcely recognisable; there is still a portion passing from the spine of the scapula to the humerus, but the clavicular portion, owing to the absence of a clavicle, although it still remains attached to the humerus below, is continuous above with

fully developed, and the radius has the power of being pronated and supinated upon the ulna, as in man, and to accomplish this we find corresponding supinator and pronator muscles, of which the pronator radii teres is the most conspicuous in the cast: the supinator longus only showing as a narrow ribbon-shaped muscle, and the others being too deep to be seen. The

concave lower border and not the pointed prolongation found in the horse. The cranium, again, is bigger in proportion to the face, and the ribs, unlike those of the horse or man, are thirteen in number on each side, as in the dog.

This cast shows the remarkable length of the cat compared to its height when the skin and fur have been removed—the length of the



MUSCLES OF A CAT.

spine of the scapula is prominent as in man and not rudimentary as in the horse, and its acromion process at the lower end is clearly shown; also the metacromion process close behind it, which is not present in the dog. A clavicle, too, is present in the cat, and is seen beneath the muscle in front of the shoulder-joint: it is not, however, so strongly developed nor so firmly attached to the sternum and scapula as in man. In the hind-limb, again, the fibula is more developed than in the horse, and forms a prominence at the outer side of the hock-joint.

The dentition of the cat is very different to that of the horse. The sharp canine or eye-teeth, so adapted for seizing prey in the cat, are present in the male horse, though not so strongly developed; but the carnassial or scissor-like teeth for cutting the food are substituted in the horse by the flatter grinding teeth for chewing a vegetable diet.

The nasal bones will be seen to offer a

body being $3\frac{1}{4}$ heads, whereas the height at the shoulders is only $2\frac{1}{2}$ heads.

With regard to the muscles only a few points can be referred to here. The serratus magnus is not exposed to the same extent as in the horse, being more hidden by the latissimus dorsi; the external oblique is more important; the long head of the triceps only reaches halfway up the posterior border of the scapula. The biceps femoris and the semi-tendinosus do not reach so high as the sacral spines, so conforming more to human than to equine anatomy, both being attached to the tuberosity of the ischium. The tensor fasciæ latæ is more strongly developed than in man or horse, and sends a broad muscular band down to the patella, so assisting in extending the knee or stifle-joint. The superficial gluteus muscle, so important in man in maintaining the upright position, is poorly developed in the cat, and still more so in the horse.

The next cast is that of a toy bull-terrier,

and it was taken twice over. In the first cast it was placed in a playful position, worrying a ball in its mouth. The hair was left on one side, but shaved off on the other, so as to show a little more of the anatomy. The dog was then dissected and placed again in as nearly as possible the same attitude, and, as in the cat, the skin muscle was left intact on one side only. Thus four different layers were obtained.

The anatomy of the dog is very similar to that of the cat, but there are several differences from the artistic point of view. There is only very partial retraction of the claws—the movement between the radius and ulna is not so free, and, consequently, we find that in many breeds, as in this, there is no supinator longus. It is present, however, in the greyhound, as we might have expected.

The clavicle is only represented by a small film of bone, not visible through the muscle. There is no soleus in the hind-leg. The scapula is narrower and longer than in the cat, and there is no metaacromion process. The ridge between the parietal bones is usually much more marked in the dog than in the cat, and

the forehead is often slightly concave. However, the actual form and proportions differ greatly in the various breeds, so that it is impossible to lay down many very definite laws.

The anatomy of the cat and dog will practically stand for any of the carnivora—the cat having some few points of difference, some of which have been notified above, and which hold good for the rest of the felidæ (lion, tiger, etc.). The anatomy of the foal is practically the same for all equidæ (horse, donkey, zebra, etc.). That of the calf for the ruminants (ox, sheep, goat, deer, etc.). It is hoped that these few notes may incite to a further study of the casts themselves, and that the advancement of artistic anatomy may receive some slight benefit through them.

My thanks are due to Mr. Frank Calderon for his kind assistance in the posing of the animals; to Professor Stewart, through whose kindness I obtained permission to carry on my dissections at the Royal College of Surgeons; and to Mr. Beck, of the firm of D. Brucciani and Co., for the excellent manner in which he carried out the casting.

RECENT BOOKS ON ARCHITECTURE.

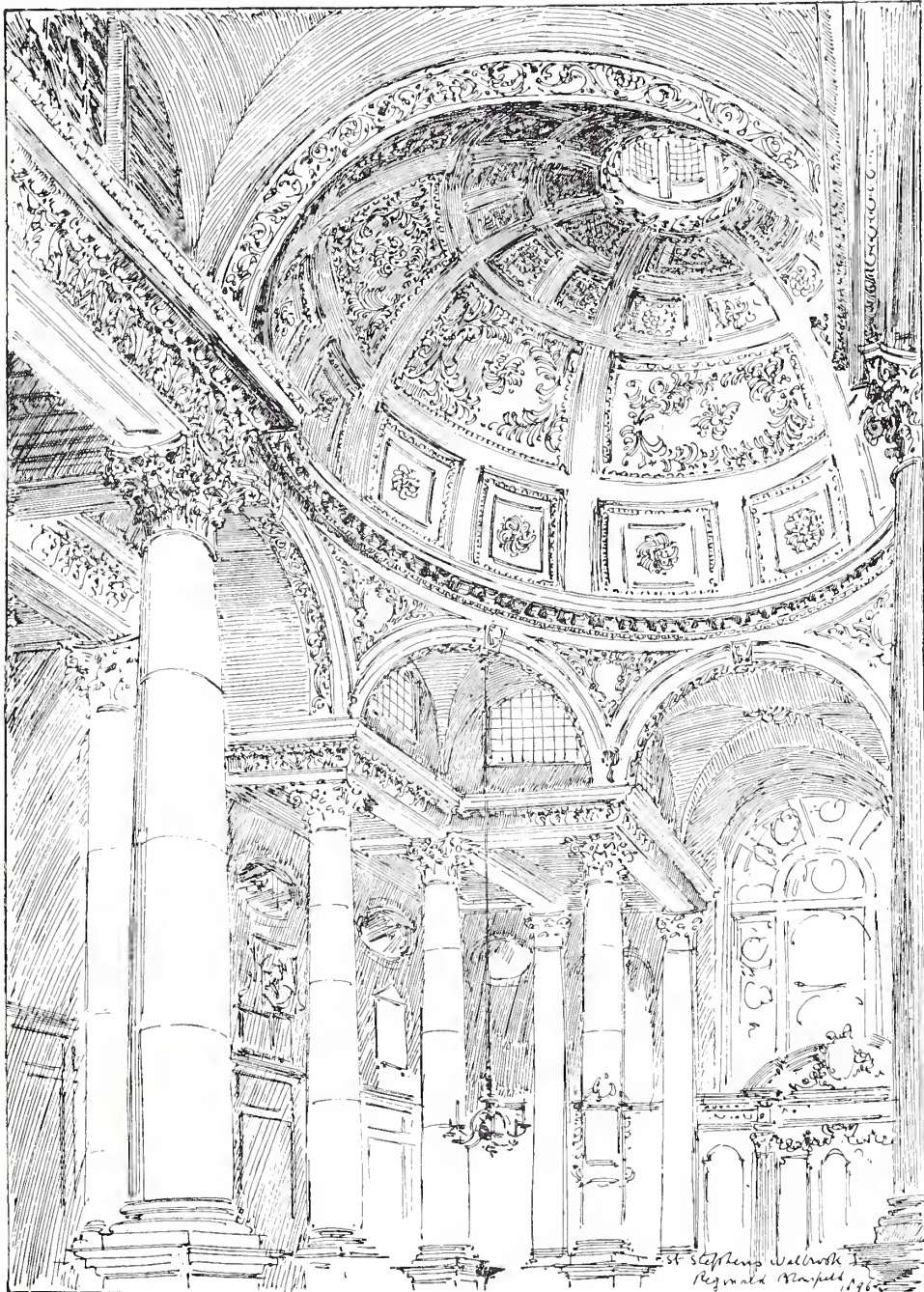
MR. BLOMFIELD, in adopting the term "Renaissance" to include the Elizabethan, the Jacobean, and the Italian or Palladian styles, explains in his preface the reasons which have led him to select a title which enables him to place them all under one head. "By Renaissance architecture," he says,* "is to be understood the art that derived its first impulse from the revived interest in scholarship at the end of the fifteenth century—particularly in the remains of Roman architecture in Italy—and which ran its course through successive and clearly traceable stages until the original inspiration was superseded by other motives." Unfortunately the term "Renaissance" has already for many years been accepted to define the early revivals in Italy and France, and it is rarely applied to the later developments.

If, however, there is some confusion in the title, there is none whatever in the description he has given us, which is clear and lucid throughout, and shows a most comprehensive grasp of the subject, full of scholarly treatment and painstaking research.

* "A History of Renaissance Architecture in England, 1500-1800." By Reginald Blomfield, M.A. Oxon. (George Bell and Sons.)

Broadly speaking, the work may be divided into two sections—first, that in which he traces the fresh departure in architecture which began with the introduction of Italian workmen into England in the reign of Henry VIII, followed by the change in Elizabeth's reign, when Flemish artists were imported. In the several chapters devoted to this section Mr. Blomfield clears up many doubtful points, and we are inclined to agree with him entirely in the conclusions at which he has arrived as regards the real position of John Thorpe. Instead of trusting to drawings and documents, Mr. Blomfield has gone to the fountain-head—the actual buildings ascribed to Thorpe—and, by a careful and elaborate analysis of the several designs and their mouldings and ornament, decides that they could not be due to the same artist, and, moreover, that those of which there is no doubt are few in number and not first-class. Mr. Blomfield suggests (p. 18) that John Shute may have been the architect of Longleat, but there is no evidence that he ever carried out any architectural work. His book of orders—first published in 1563, with two subsequent editions—was probably the principal copybook of the orders for half a century. Everyone

will, we think, agree with Mr. Blomfield in favourably inclined to amateurs' work, there is deploring the use made of the copybooks of one church—the well-known example, of All



ST. STEPHEN'S, WALBROOK

Drawn by Reginald Blomfield.

either the orders or of ornament during these early years. There exist still throughout England a few houses which were fortunately built in happy ignorance of them. Broadway, in Worcestershire, contains many. Mr. Blomfield refers to others with so felicitous a description on page 51 that we specially refer our readers to it. Although Mr. Blomfield is not always

Saints, Oxford—of great merit of design, by Dean Aldrich of Christ Church.

When we come to the second section of Mr. Blomfield's work, that which strikes us as the most remarkable feature in it is the grasp he shows of the principles which guided the Italian masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. If Mr. Blomfield had been

educated at the "École des Beaux-Arts" at Paris with the traditional teaching of two cen-

section of his book—devoted to Inigo Jones, Wren, and the later masters—gives not only an admirable

description of their respective works, but in the criticism which he passes on them constitutes a most valuable study-book. The principles which Mr. Blomfield suggests as having guided these artists in their designs are, in the main, those which are taught in foreign schools, and the description which he gives of Wren's work in the various churches built by him in London after the Great Fire (pp. 154-164) might have been written by a "Grand Prix de Rome," if ever the French Government included England in the "other countries" which might be visited for the purpose of study. Mr. Blomfield discounts Fergusson's theory that the origin of the interior of St. Stephen's, Walbrook (see p. 215), must be sought for in certain Eastern domes, and states, "But Wren had certainly never seen such domes even if he had heard of their existence, and it is more probable that he arrived at his result by pure ingenuity and constructive skill." This is the case with all Wren's City churches: their



IRON GATES, ALL SOULS, OXFORD.

Drawn by Reginald Blomfield.

turies, instead of being brought up in a Gothic office and known in his student days as a designer of robust Romanesque work, he could not have been better equipped. The second

design varies according to the shape of the site given, often very irregular; and as in many cases the new walls were built on the old foundations, his ingenuity was set to work,



PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG LADY.

From the Painting by Lucas Cranach, in the National Gallery

as in a puzzle, to scheme out in each case some architectural conception which should be grandiose in its effect, utilise to the best the old site, and be fitting for the services to be performed in it.

In the second volume Mr. Blomfield gives an exhaustive list of Wren's contemporaries and successors—some architects by profession, some amateurs. He deals, on the whole, fairly with them all—except, perhaps, with Lord Burlington. Mr. Blomfield takes him down from the lofty pedestal on which he has been placed by Walpole and assumes that, as no authentic drawings by Lord Burlington have yet been produced, one is justified in assuming that he was no more an architect than any other of the noble patrons of the eighteenth century. It is very possible that Lord Burlington never sat down with a board and T square to set out geometrical plans and elevations, but he may have had very distinct views as to what constitutes palatial effects in architectural work; and having travelled much in Italy, and seen most of the *chefs-d'œuvres* of the Italian masters, he may have imposed his will on the architects he employed, and materially changed their otherwise commonplace conceptions.

There is a slight mistake made on p. 268. Gandy carried off the Gold Medal of the Royal Academy in 1769 (not 1768), the first year in which medals were awarded, the subject being "a triumphal arch to commemorate the victories of the last war."

The concluding chapters on the trades are of very great value at the present day, when active steps are being taken to revive the craftsmanship which existed till the middle of

the last century, and in some cases even later. During the last five and twenty years the revival in the employment of brickwork of a high architectural character, of plaster work in ceilings modelled by hand, of wrought iron work, and of ornamental cast lead work, has led to a complete change in our architectural style.

R. PHENÉ SPIERS, F.S.A.

THIS second edition of Mr. Anderson's work * is practically a new book, and is a great improvement upon what was universally acknowledged to be one of the best books upon the subject which had ever been issued; indeed, we know no better treatise of its kind upon the subject in the language. Views so sound, treatment so interesting and scholarly, and representation so complete of that earlier portion of the Renaissance which is so often neglected, could but produce a work of the highest importance. It is a pleasure to bear witness to the excellence of this handbook, with its wealth of well chosen and executed illustration, and its brightness of intelligent criticism and instruction. We might question the propriety of including "Rome from Sant' Onofrio" on p. 82, and a photograph so apparently distorted as the Farnese Palace. But there is nothing else to be said, save that the book is a necessity to every student of architecture, while the chart of chief buildings of Italian Renaissance, arranged in localities and in chronological order, is invaluable. The bibliography on the subject is also useful.

* "The Architecture of the Renaissance in Italy." By William J. Anderson. Second Edition. London: Batsford. (12s. 6d. nett.)

"PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG LADY"

BY LUCAS CRANACH. IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

APROPOS of the forthcoming exhibition of the works of Lucas Cranach which is to be held at Dresden—and which, it is estimated, will contain a hundred and seventy pictures by, or attributed to, the painter—we engrave herewith the only work by which he is represented in our National Gallery. Typical in certain respects of Cranach's usual work, it possesses a charm not generally distinctive of his portraiture. There is a *naïve* suggestion of coquettishness in the pose of the head, which gives it the touch of human nature needed to redeem it from being a mere study of a figure or of costume. It is painted on a panel, with a brilliancy and transparency of effect suggestive of enamel. Again, considered only as a

record of the dress of the period, the work has an unusual interest, for every detail is carefully studied and recorded. The embroidered initials on the bodice, the heavy gold chain round the neck, the rings on the fingers, the curious head-dress, and the slashed fingers of the gloves bear testimony to the accurate craftsmanship of the artist. The gilded symbol of the winged snake, painted on the left-hand bottom corner of the picture, informs us that this was executed after the year 1508, for it was not until that year that the right to use the mark was accorded him by the Elector of Saxony, whose Court painter he was.

The picture was purchased from Lord Shrewsbury, in 1857, for the sum of £50 8s.



BOSHAM.

From the Painting by James Hill, R.I.

A SOCIETY OF LANDSCAPE-PAINTERS.

BY ARTHUR FISH.

THE steady advance of landscape-painting during the last few years has been, and still is, one of the most interesting movements in English art. We have now a brilliant band of comparatively young men producing works which worthily sustain the best traditions of the English landscape school. Living and working in close communion with Nature, they are alike in seeking to adhere to beauty and truth, for each has adopted a method of interpretation which impresses his work with unmistakable individuality. Confining themselves almost entirely to representations of English scenery, they present to us on their canvases glimpses of red-roofed villages nestling on the country-side, rambling streams, undulating downs, or calm seashore—they are, in fact, the pastoralists of England, doing for us in a modest way much what the men of Barbizon did for France.

For four years past, in the dull, dark days of January, the walls of the Dudley Gallery have glowed with the brightness of the works of those who may be esteemed as the leaders of this expression of our national art. Limited to eight or nine contributions from each of the half a dozen men, this severely eclectic little exhibition has become one of the features of the artistic year. One of the six original members has been removed by death, and we yet regret his loss, for Hope McLachlan was one of the most impressive of the little company of painter-poets. His place, however, has been worthily taken by Mr. J. Aumonier, R.I., whose works—together

with those of Messrs. E. A. Waterlow, A.R.A., A. D. Peppercorn, R.I., Leslie Thomson, R.I., James Hill, R.I., and Robert W. Allan, R.W.S.—have again formed a bright oasis in the darkness of London's winter. Taking as their motto Sir Joshua Reynolds's dictum, "The highest beauty of form must be taken from Nature; but it is an art of long deduction and great experience to know how to find it," they prove both their deductive power and experience in brilliant transcripts of some of the choicest scenes that Nature has presented to their own land.

From the broad pasture-lands of Sussex, bathed in the glowing light of noon, or the fading tints of declining day; by winding streams banked by the freshening verdure of spring or brilliant greens of summer, Mr. Aumonier has chosen most of the subjects for his brush. Full of the atmosphere of the breezy Downs or palpitating with summer heat, or suggesting the cool shade of the river's side, his canvases lead us to admire not only his choice of point of view, but the skill with which he portrays Nature in her most peaceful moods. He strikes, indeed, the keynote of the exhibition, for, with but one or two exceptions, the whole collection suggests the quiet beauty of English rural scenes.

In "The Bathing-Place" Mr. Leslie Thomson has produced a charming idyll of "the prime of summer time." It breathes of the "fair quiet and sweet rest" which are found by silvery streams winding amid green pastures. This

same poetic feeling has influenced him in each of his seven contributions. Nowhere, perhaps, Poole Harbour, indeed, is full of possibilities for the poetic landscape-painter. Under the bright



THROUGH WIND AND RAIN.

From the Painting by Robert W. Allan, R.W.S.

can the beauty of the sunset sky be seen to sweeter perfection than from the edge of Canford Cliffs, overlooking the broad expanse of Poole Harbour. Mr. Thomson, appreciating this,

summer sky the blue water dances in the glistening light, and the sombre green of the pines on Branksea Island, with the brilliant verdure of the Dorset hills in the distance, afford full



SUSSEX BROOKLANDS.

From the Painting by J. Aumonier, R.I

has enshrined the gleaming vision in one of his canvases where

“The evening sun, descending,
Set the clouds in fire with redness.”

opportunities for the joyous palette. Or under the dull grey of winter clouds, when the tide is out, exposing the bare expanse of the sandy shores, the water responds gloomily to the sadder

tones, and gives forth the lower key of Nature's harmony. "On the East Coast" once more reveals the responsiveness of Mr. Thomson's art to the scene he is presenting. Here, sparkling with sunshine, is a slip of brilliantly blue sea running between a stretch of grey sand in the foreground and a gleaming wall of white cliff.

But it is a question, after all, whether this



THE BATHING-PLACE.

From the Painting by Leslie Thomson, R.I.

school of landscape-painters will not come more or less to be associated, like that of the Norwich men, with the beauties of East Anglia. Not that they all limit themselves to that district, but there is exhibited for the most part the influence of its scenery in their works. The sluggish streams of fen and mere-land, the flat expanses of country so typical of Norfolk and Suffolk, seem to provide the text for the whole group, with perhaps but one exception. This is Mr. Allan, who finds the keener atmosphere of the north-east coast more congenial. Mr. Waterlow has given himself up almost unreservedly to the

influence of the charming district round about the village of Walberswick, and Mr. Hill has found inspiration for at least three of his works in the same neighbourhood.

Many changes have taken place around Southwold and Walberswick since Charles Keene discovered there those artistic possibilities to which he gave expression in many of his drawings for "Punch." Since then a railway has found its way to both places, and misdirected efforts to force Southwold into the position of a favourite holiday resort have effectually robbed it of much of its picturesque simplicity. Walberswick, too, has suffered from the same cause. Even before Mr. Waterlow began to record its beauties it had become the resort of artists of lesser degree, and the speculative builder has been called in to find accommodation for the increasing numbers of the fraternity who make it their centre for summer work. The result has been the displacement of the red-walled, thatched cottage by the typical "eligible villa residence," the ugliness of which is more apparent from the close juxtaposition of the remains of the old-world village.

But Mr. Waterlow in "The Hostelry," "A Cottage Garden," "The Footbridge," and "The Road to the Ferry," has found some of the most charming aspects of the place, and for this we may be thankful. Mr. Hill on two of his canvases has depicted the crumbling ruins of the grand old church, the last remnant of the ancient prosperity of this once flourishing seaport. Now, alas! the river is blocked effectually by the long shingly bar which has diverted its outlet to the sea; and the seas, lashed into fury by November gales, have torn away almost the last fragments of the wooden piers and jetties which have provided so many artists with the setting of their pictures. Higher up its course the Blythe tears along between sedge-lined banks when the tide is running, and above Blytheburgh—whose fine old church is depicted by Mr. Hill—one may see just such an "Old Bridge" as Mr. Waterlow gives us in the picture reproduced on p. 221. On the flood tide one might imagine oneself in the midst of the fens, for the river covers wide stretches of mudbanks from which sedge and rush ooze forth in impenetrable thicknesses, and only the narrow, swiftly-flowing current, the course of which is marked by poles, betrays the fact that it is indeed a river and not a fen.

Mr. Peppercorn has, with Mr. Thomson, found several of his subjects in Hampshire and Dorset, but he does not attempt landscape portraiture. These delightful glimpses of woodland shade, of peaceful streams and slumbering pools, are not typical of any part of the country; they are reminiscences of choice fragments of English scenery: it is unnecessary to ask where—they

are complete and satisfying in themselves and do not need the interest of locality. Mr. Peppercorn is a colourist of extraordinary breadth and subtlety, and these little canvases skilfully reflect the grey gold of early morning, the brilliant green of the sunlit woods, or the more sombre tones of the shady nooks, and the fading tints of the dying day.

I have already referred to that part of Mr. Hill's work connected with Suffolk. For his other canvases he has gone to Sussex, or more familiar scenes near London. Unlike Mr. Peppercorn, who, as we have seen, gives us vignettes of Nature, Mr. Hill delights in representing distance: he feasts the eye on vast stretches of landscape, here with the magnificent panorama of the Thames Valley from Richmond Hill, there with the broad, far-reaching estuary of London's river near Southend. Again, he shows his skill in the flat stretch of country at Bosham, and some idea of the simple strength and beauty



THE OLD BRIDGE.

From the Painting by Ernest A. Waterlow, A.R.A., P.R.W.S.

of this composition may be gained from the illustration at the head of this paper. Equally at home on Hampstead Heath or the undulating South Downs, Mr. Hill bestows a charm upon his work which is exhilarating to the lover of Nature.

Mr. Allan lends that touch of breeziness to the exhibition which serves to remind us that our climate is not always summer-like. Taking us to the north-east coast he gives us the blue sea, broken by brisk winds and capped with "white horses;" the trees are tinged with autumn's brown and bending under the force of the October breezes. Full of strength and vigour, these works of Mr. Allan prove him to be as close a student of Nature as any of the others: we feel, as we look at them, the bracing effect of the wind blowing in from the sea, and hear the murmur of its music among the trees. It is altogether a charming exhibition, to which the art-loving public has learned to look forward to from year to year.



THE POOL.

From the Painting by A. D. Peppercorn, R.I.

REMBRANDT: AMSTERDAM AND LONDON.

BY WALTER ARMSTRONG, DIRECTOR OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF IRELAND.

FEW things are more symptomatic of the spread of knowledge and taste in matters of art than the increased fame which the last five-and-twenty years have brought to the

paint. The change has been brought about by very simple means. Thirty years ago the stimulants to the real study of "Old Masters" were comparatively few, except for those who were

sufficiently in earnest to take long journeys for the purpose. The exhibitions were mostly devoted to contemporary work, and nearly all the discussion that went on about pictures was confined to the stories they had to tell. The beginning of the end of all this coincided with the establishment of the "Old Master" exhibitions at Burlington House, and with a simultaneous awakening of those who were responsible for public museums all over Europe. Galleries which had been Sleepy Hollows for generations suddenly began to take themselves in earnest, and a movement was set afoot which brought countless masterpieces out of their hiding-places, in Italy, France, Germany, Russia, and, especially and above all, in England. With the better opportunities for comparison thus afforded painters' reputations began to change places with extraordinary rapidity; while the new and interesting questions which set themselves for solution drew a large number of keen intellects into a new and delightful study. No man profited more by the revival than Rembrandt. The more he was seen the greater he became, until at last he attracted a little court of critics of his own, a school, as it were, in which each member's



MAN IN ARMOUR.

From the Painting lent by the Glasgow Corporation Art Gallery.

memory of Rembrandt. Within the recollection of those who are still not old he was considered as a remarkable and interesting painter, who worked strange and sometimes rather unreasonable miracles with light and shadow, and painted scenes from the Bible with a preference for what was ugly and even vulgar; that many people found perverse. He was acknowledged, of course, as the greatest of the Dutchmen, but no one in those days would have ventured to call him, as many would now, the most notable of all the personalities which have expressed themselves in

chief title to respect is that he knows his Rembrandt. As might have been expected, the leading spirits in this branch of learning belong to the Teutonic races, to those races which combine the largest endowment of patience and persistence with the best opportunities for that study of documents which does so much to simplify inquiry even into the genesis of pictures. I need not name the critics to whom the student of Rembrandt should feel the most active gratitude. Their names have been on many lips since the opening of the exhibition at

Amsterdam five months ago. In that gathering of one hundred and twenty-four pictures not more than one or two were included that anyone familiar with the master's work as a whole could doubt, which speaks volumes for the antecedent labour of which it was the fruit. We can hardly boast of the same immunity from error on behalf of the authorities of our own Royal

and bravura. You cannot use one hand painted by him as a test for another; and yet his hands are remarkably characteristic. Look at the right hand of the Queen's "Lady with a Fan," and compare it with her left, or with the hand of the so-called "Wife of Burgomaster Six," or with those of the Duke of Devonshire's "Rabbi." Neither can you allow yourself to be led by



SHEPHERDS REPOSING AT NIGHT.

From the Painting lent by the National Gallery of Ireland.

Academy, but even there the number of false or doubtful pictures does not reach a total of more than eight, although it includes many things which the ill-informed criticism of thirty years ago would have rejected at sight.

More, perhaps, than in the case of any other first-rate artist do we recognise the work of Rembrandt by the personality behind it. Superb though his technique is, it does not lend itself readily to those tests we are now taught to consider scientific. He varied his manner in the most curious and unusual way. In a single year you will find pictures painted with the luminous thinness of Van Eyck, and others in which the loaded brush is used with extraordinary vigour

and colour. Most great painters can be recognised by their colour alone; but if you committed yourself to such a test with Rembrandt, what conclusion would you come to about the "Belshazzar's Feast" at Burlington House, or the "Samson threatening his Father-in-law" at Berlin, or the "Jewish Bride" at St. Petersburg? Even in conception Rembrandt varies as no other first-rate artist has varied. Where else in the history of art will you find pictures so different in conception as the little "Shepherds Resting," from the Irish National Gallery; Lord Iveagh's "Gentleman with a Hawk;" the Duke of Abercorn's "Deposition from the Cross;" the landscape from the Czartoryski Museum at Cracow;

and Prince von Salm Salm's "Diana, Actæon, and Callisto," issuing from the easel of a single individual within a period of less than fifteen

interest over his canvas and concentrating it, even with violence, on a single point. The one thing in which he never varies is loyalty to his

own gift. From first to last he *paints*; he understands that what he has to say must be said *in* and not *through* paint, that the emotions and ideas for him are those which can be expressed in the material in which he deals. Within these limits his variety is so absolute that instances of mere repetition are scarcely to be found in the whole range of his work. Each conception suggested its own treatment, and it is not until we reach the very end of his career, when at last his brain is stiffening with age, that evolution ceases, and methods and types begin to lose their power of variation. To the superficial observer—may he forgive me—all this may seem the reverse of the truth, and he may assert with some



MAN IN A HELMET.

From the Painting at Berlin.

years? Once Rembrandt was "through" with his tentative period—which in his case lasted a very short time—he played with his manners, fusing this picture into a polished skin, loading the paint on to that as if he wished to design in ridge and furrow; winning his light to-day from within, catching it to-morrow on the surface of his paint; alternately diffusing the

plausibility that Rembrandts are more like each other than the works of anyone else. But this impression, which is, perhaps, the one carried away by most visitors to a picture gallery, results naturally from the fact that his productions stand so decisively apart from the common stream of art. It is not that he repeats himself, but that he repeats no one else. His individuality is so

imperious, self-sufficing, and all transforming, that its presence blinds us to the infinite variety of its manifestations, and we have to wait till the dazzle is over before we can recognise how changeable he is.

The variety of Rembrandt has led to not a little mistaken connoisseurship. Until comparatively lately only Rembrandts of a particular class attracted much attention, and even serious students, to say nothing of painters, were apt to assume that anything which stood outside the accepted series was not a Rembrandt at all. The more searching study, into which Dr. Bode led the way, has convinced all those who chose to follow on the same road, that the Dutch master was one of the most experimental of all great painters, and that at various periods of his career he digressed from what appears to have been the true line of his development. In such a case it is only through familiarity with the whole course of the divagation that the critic can be reassured and convinced that in spite of startling differences he has still to do with the great man himself. One of the most debated of Rembrandts is the "Man in Armour" (see p. 222), belonging to the Glasgow Corporation Gallery. Most painters say it is not by Rembrandt; while those half-dozen students of the master who have devoted years to an exhaustive study of his work are unanimous in scouring any doubt of its originality. A writer in the "Athenæum" (January 14th, 1899) calls it "the too-notorious 'Man in Armour' from Glasgow," and says "there is a far finer version at St. Petersburg." Now, it does not take much of a connoisseur to see that this particular picture is painted in a fashion unusual with the master. In style it bears a distant likeness to Aart de Gelder, as if, for the moment, Rembrandt was experimenting in his pupil's manner. But, apart from the fact that it bears an excellent signature, it can easily be brought into line through a series of lateral connections. As to the St. Petersburg picture, it is not another version of the same thing, and, except in condition, it is not obviously finer. The canvas in the Hermitage represents, not a man, but a young woman; the attitude is different, and the whole thing full of exactly such variations as you expect to find when an artist plays twice with the same conceit. The Glasgow picture, like nearly everything in the Corporation Gallery, has been cruelly cleaned; while the one at St. Petersburg is greatly obscured by old varnish and surface dirt. The Russian authorities follow the excellent rule that no picture is to be cleaned until it becomes practically non-existent through dirt and discolouration, so that any positive assertion as to which is the finer of these two, the "Achilles" or the

"Pallas," may not be possible in our time. As to the question of authorship, most of the *pièces de conviction* are in foreign collections—"The Man in a Helmet," at Berlin (see p. 224); the "Rembrandt's Brother," at the Hague; the "Feast of Claudius Civilis," at Stockholm; the "Marriage of Samson," at Dresden; etc. etc.—but one or two significant comparisons may be made in this country. Close to the "Man in Armour," a second picture from Glasgow, also much overcleaned, hung at Burlington House. I mean the "Tobias and the Angel." Here Rembrandt had indulged in the same slight, rather gaudy, somewhat Aart-de-Gelderesque way of doing things. It is, however, undoubtedly by him, and a fine drawing for it was exhibited by Mr. M. H. Spielmann. Secondly, if you examine the famous "Woman Bathing" (Hendrickje Stoffels), of the National Gallery, you will see that exactly the same method has been pursued there, especially in the painting of the draperies lying on the bank. The "Woman Bathing" is dated 1654, and the "Man in Armour" 1655.

Doubts, again, have been cast upon two heads purchased by the late Henry Doyle for the National Gallery of Ireland, and it cannot be denied that at the first blush they seemed to justify scepticism. But, here again, it is not difficult to establish their authenticity by a little care in comparison. The "Young Man's Head" (No. 319 in the catalogue of the National Gallery of Ireland) is not signed, and in parts has suffered at the cleaner's hands, but, if genuine, it certainly belongs to about 1635-6. Now the year 1636 appears on one of a pair of portraits in Prince Liechtenstein's Gallery at Vienna, painted in exactly the same manner, and showing the same variations on Rembrandt's usual style as this head of Louis van der Linden. The faces show the smooth soft modelling, the brushing the sweetness, and the carnations the pink and whiteness, which characterise the Dublin picture. The "Portrait of a Lady" lent to the Royal Academy by Lord Leconfield (No. 55 in the catalogue) is another of the same class. If cleaned—which I hope it may not be—it would show decisive affinities with the picture I am discussing. It is signed *Rembrandt f., 1635*. As for the "Head of an Old Man" (No. 48 in the Dublin catalogue), it bears the genuine signature of Rembrandt, which has been tested, and is moreover so thoroughly in character with many heads painted by the master about 1650-5, that doubts based upon its comparative insignificance do not seem reasonable.*

* The most convincing similarities are to be found, perhaps, in the "Isaac blessing Jacob" at Cassel, the "Peter denying Christ," and "Abraham entertaining the Angels" at St. Petersburg, and the "Deposition" belonging to the Duke of Abercorn.

Before leaving this subject, I may say that the Dublin "Louis van der Linden" is one of the few portraits by Rembrandt which had remained in the family for which they were painted down almost to the present day. It was acquired from the family in 1890.

Where Rembrandt is concerned, therefore,

at Amsterdam the only things which appeared to myself to be open to doubt were the small head of the painter's mother, belonging to Dr. Bredins, which has since then been at Burlington House, and a little picture of "Wine-tasters in a Cellar," lent by M. Bonnat. As for the former, I doubt it chiefly because there is no-



PORTRAIT OF A BOY.

From the Collection of Earl Spencer, K.G.

questions of authenticity should be treated with all possible reserve by those who have not explored his work as a whole, and especially by those whose opportunities of study have been mainly confined to England. English collectors have shown so decided a preference for Rembrandts of one kind—and that no doubt the best—that, to those who have acquired their knowledge in this country, his *œuvre* seems more homogeneous than it really is, and they are led to reject things which a wider sweep of comparison would show to be perfectly genuine.

Among the hundred and twenty-four pictures

thing decisive of Rembrandt's authorship about it, which is improbable in a true picture, and it could easily be a copy by one of the pupils who filled the house in the St. Antonis Bree Straat during the painter's prosperity. In the other case, M. Bonnat seemed to me right in ascribing his picture to the master, although reasons for hesitation were not absent. As for the Burlington House collection, I shall venture to enumerate seven pictures which appeared to me not by Rembrandt, and three which I should put in the doubtful class. The portrait of Rembrandt's mother, lent by Mr. W. C. Alexander,

was clearly a copy; the Duke of Newcastle's so-called "Orator" was not less clearly a Bol; the small landscape lent by Lord Brownlow was apparently English, perhaps a Norwich picture, but was so obscured by dirt and old varnish

near it; Mr. Pierpont Morgan's "Portrait of the Painter" was not a Rembrandt; the real author of Sir Francis Cook's "Prodigal Son" was probably Eekhout, although it also showed affinities in parts with the work of Flinck. As for the



JOSEPH'S COAT

From the Collection of the Earl of Derby, K.G.

that a confident judgment was impossible;* Lord Brownlow's "Portrait of a Jew," with the unreasonable date of 1632, was a copy from a fine, but much damaged, picture in the Hermitage, at St. Petersburg; Lord Powerscourt's "Rabbi" was a copy, perhaps by Solomon Koninck, of the Duke of Devonshire's picture, which hung

* It has been pointed out that this picture belonged to Sir Abraham Hume, in whose collection it passed as a Rembrandt. Sir Abraham died in 1838, seventeen years after Crome, so that mere dates do little to help the question.

pictures which seemed to me either doubtful, or not entirely by the master, they were the "Rembrandt's Mother" (No. 1) already alluded to; the so-called "Burgomaster Pancras and his Wife," from Buckingham Palace, which I have always believed to have been painted, in the main, by Bol, although Rembrandt's own hand can be recognised in parts—in the lady's mantle and jewellery for instance; and the fine "Portrait of a Man" from Panshanger, which also bears signs of having been worked on by other hands than those of Rembrandt himself.



ON THE ROAD: THE GUARDS ADVANCING ALONG THE MALL.

A Two Hours' Memory Sketch by George C. Haité.

THE ART MOVEMENT.

THE LONDON SKETCH CLUB.

ALTHOUGH the London Sketch Club is one of the most recent of those associations which artists are accustomed to make for the purpose of advancing certain technical principles, and for presenting to the public particular views on artistic questions, the brevity of its history by no means implies that its claims to consideration are inconsiderable. It is primarily a society organised to give opportunities to active workers for the practice of a special form of design, a club in which busy men can meet periodically to exercise the faculties of invention and rapid expression; but the scheme under which it has been created includes also the intention to show to art lovers the results arrived at by the observation of well-defined limitations in the manner of working. The essential principle laid down as the basis for the operations of the club is that every production of the members should be a sketch, done against time, and without the assistance of those studio devices which are regarded as indispensable in the evolution of an elaborated picture. Laborious effort, the result of prolonged preparation and minute investigation, is not recognised as a desirable form of practice: and, whatever may be the methods favoured by the members in the ordinary exercise of their profession, at the club meetings they have to work under conditions calculated to encourage spontaneity and direct-

ness both in the formation of their ideas and in the manner in which they decide to express them.

These conditions are plainly laid down in the constitution of the society, and are adhered to strictly in its working. The members meet periodically, on one evening in each week, and are required to produce during a sitting of two hours an illustration of a set subject; and at the end of the sitting the results that they have achieved are displayed to the assembled company for criticism and comment. Sketch clubs conducted on these lines are no novelty; they have, indeed, for many generations provided artists with valuable opportunities for that training of the imaginative faculties which is so important a part of the professional equipment: but the London Sketch Club is to some extent peculiar in that it is rather an association of men of experience seeking to develop faculties already well exercised than a gathering of more or less unpractised workers labouring to acquire a necessary facility of expression. The artists who belong to it are prominent among the younger members of our native school, and include many of those clever illustrators and designers whose productions are welcomed by every section of the public. They bring to bear upon their treatment of the subjects set week by week well-matured knowledge, and use

capacities soundly trained by the pursuit of a class of art which makes serious demands upon the intelligence and energy of the men who devote themselves to it.

For this reason an obvious value attaches to the work done at the gatherings of the club, and it is fortunate that in the scheme of its organisation the wisdom of allowing the public to examine the sketches which the members produce has been recognised, and the benefit likely to result from periodical exhibitions has been taken into account. From time to time collections of these productions are to be exhibited publicly, by way of demonstrating the advantages of a system of technical practice which more often than not brings out all that is best in the artists who follow it. Such shows have a real educational importance, for they prove that art expression of a quite notable type is possible without long continued and exhausting labour over details of comparatively small significance, and they tend to popularise those artistic examples which more directly explain the convictions of the workers themselves than the elaborated pictures in which the vividness of a first impression is lost in a long continued struggle for surface finish. Sketches which depend for their meaning upon their straightforward realisation of the idea by which they are inspired have a charm which belongs to no other type of pictorial production. They appeal as the clear pronouncements of a man who has something to say and does not hesitate to state what is in his mind without circumlocution or half-hearted argument. If the public can be brought to appreciate the

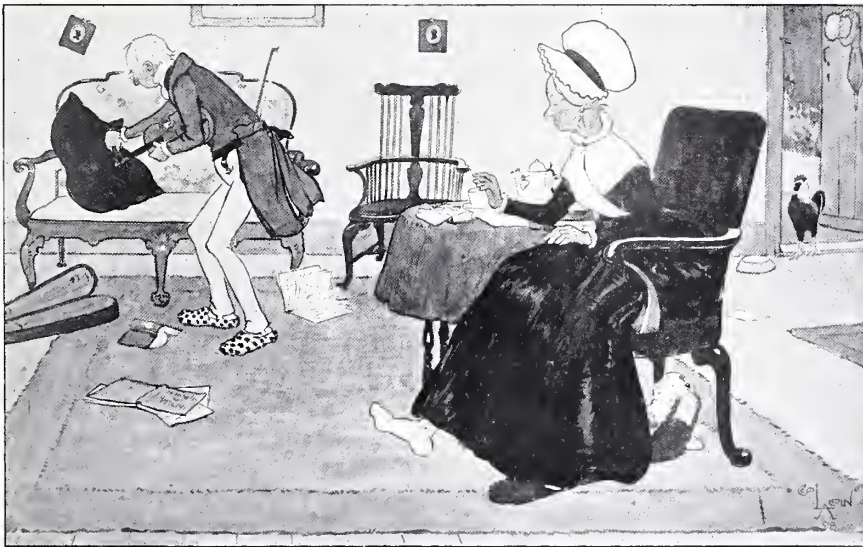


THE CHARM.

A Time Sketch by J. Hassall.

persuasiveness of this appeal a very important advance in the general standard of taste must inevitably result; so that there is in the policy of the London Sketch Club a degree of sound principle that calls for special commendation, a definite intention that is based upon a quite correct judgment of what is really in the best interests of art.

The first of these periodical exhibitions of sketches was held, towards the end of last year, in the Modern Gallery, New Bond Street. It included more than two hundred works in various mediums; but, being the inaugural show of the club, it was not limited only to the sketches done at the weekly meetings. Still its character as a display of sound and straightforward craftsmanship was very well maintained, and its atmosphere was quite consistent. All the contributors recognised the obligation imposed upon them by their membership of the society, and did their best to make this inaugural



COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO.

By Cecil Aldin.

exhibition expressive of the idea held by them in common. Consequently the collection had an



THE FLIGHT.

A Time Sketch by W. Shepard.

interest far greater than that which belongs to the ordinary picture show. It illustrated an intention, and proclaimed itself as a united effort rather than a casual gathering together of incongruous productions such as may too often be found in the public gallery. The picture painted obviously to attract the chance visitor was happily absent, and in its place appeared a type of art infinitely more worthy of praise, the sincere attempts of capable artists to do themselves justice.

Much of the merit which belonged to the exhibition was due to the men who made it possible. The list of members of the club is so representative that any show to which they might, as a body, contribute could scarcely fail to have a character eminently individual. When in one room could be seen adequate examples of such able craftsmen as Mr. G. C. Haité, the

president of the club, Mr. Dudley Hardy, the vice-president, Mr. Phil May, Mr. R. Sauber, Mr. Cecil Aldin, Mr. J. Hassall, Mr. Lee Hankey, Mr. F. H. Jackson, the hon. secretary, and many others whose names are familiar to everyone who has any knowledge of contemporary art movements or any experience of modern illustration, there was no risk of finding any touch of commonplace about the collection. It was, instead, memorable on account of the excellence by which quite a large proportion of the exhibits were distinguished, and because of the particular skill shown by some of the chief exhibitors. There would, for instance, be some difficulty in over-estimating the charm of such a vivid reminiscence of the picturesqueness of London life as Mr. Haité's "On the Road," or of so delightful a piece of decoration as Mr. Shepard's *Japanesque*



THE FLIGHT.

A Time Sketch by C. Shepperson.

arrangement to illustrate "The Flight," one of the subjects set by the club; and praise equally sincere is due to Mr. Shepperson's dramatic

treatment of the same subject as that which inspired Mr. Shepard, to Mr. Dudley Hardy's

sounded no discordant note. But in future shows that the club will hold that they will give place to the type of work that the members desire to encourage. The justification for the existence of the society is to be found in the particular productions that result from well defined methods; and its purpose as a club is to show what can be done in the way of expressive and interesting art practice by men who understand exactly how to make their pictorial points without hesitation or wavering between possible courses. The inaugural exhibition was convincing enough as an assertion of the charm of sketches in general; but those that are to succeed it will define more plainly the curious



A PLEASANT PASTIME.

By R. Sauber.

masculine figure study, "The Sign," and to Mr. Hassall's grimly humorous composition, "The Charm;" all of them productions notable as examples of the thorough accomplishment possible in a time sketch. Of work done under less restricted conditions the exhibition contained much that was fully as fascinating. Its distinctive character was certainly not diminished by the presence of such studies as Mr. Dampier May's "Girl Reading," Mr. Lee Hankey's "Tewkesbury," Mr. Cecil Aldin's whimsical "Cock-a-doodle-doo," the landscapes of Mr. W. Fowler, or Mr. Sauber's dainty piece of fancy, "A Pleasant Pastime," with their happy grasp of the points really worthy of attention and their workmanlike manner of treatment. They agreed excellently with their surroundings, and



THE SIGN.

A Time Sketch by Dudley Hardy, R.I.

value of that form of sketching which requires of those who practise it a happy combination of imagination, experience, and artistic skill.

FLORIAN WARE.



VASES, &c., DESIGNED BY W. R. MOORCROFT.



THERE has been of late years such a large production of so-called "art pottery" that has almost become a term of reproach, whether regarded from the point of view of design or decoration, that we are glad to welcome one of the most recent developments of ceramic art introduced from the Burslem potteries. We have recently had the opportunity of examining many specimens of Florian ware—as it has been named—

and, with but one or two trifling exceptions, found them all good, both in design and colour. Unlike most of the cheap decorative pottery, this ware is produced primarily by the oldest methods of the potter's art—throwing and turning—and not by the mechanical methods of moulding. In the decoration, too, there is no use made of the rapid methods of printing, but each piece is dealt with individually, and so retains that spirit of the artist which is so woefully lacking in the ordinary commercial "art pottery."

Florian ware is made of a body which may be described as fine faïence. It is manufactured, as we have said, upon the potter's wheel, the shapes being designed for the thrower by the artist. In this operation the use of mechanical tools is employed very sparingly, and almost all depends upon the manual dexterity and artistic feeling of the operator. Certain difficulties, of course, prevent

the objects being finished on the wheel: the plastic clay cannot maintain an indefinite weight, and unless the articles are left sufficiently thick at the bottom to enable the weight to be supported, they would, of necessity, collapse in the hands of the workman; especially as the clay must, of course, be soft, or it would be impossible to impart to it the true contour of surface that is desired. It is, therefore, removed from the wheel

and set aside until, by the evaporation of its moisture, it attains the consistency of cheese, when it can be cut by a sharp tool. The object then passes under the turner's hands, who, by the aid of a horizontal lathe and a sharp iron tool, removes any excess of clay which had been necessary for the first operation, and proceeds to develop the interpretation of the design supplied by the artist.

After this process the object is immersed in a liquid body of a different colour to that of which it is formed. The range of colours available for these liquid clays is considerable, those at present employed being chiefly yellow, blue, green, and brown. This superimposed clay is allowed to dry until it is of the same consistency as that underneath, and then the decoration is proceeded with. This consists



in imposing upon the surface clay, by means of special modelling tools, an appliqué decoration in white clay, the design being accentuated or developed by the use of metallic oxides, or other means capable of imparting the desired colours, and retaining them when subjected to a high temperature. This firing is necessary in order to render the clay permanently hard, and it is usually accomplished without injuring the form of the object. After the firing it is in what is known as the *bisque* state—*i.e.* it is hard, dry, and porous; and the next process consists of an immersion in a liquid compound of a glassy material which, when again subjected to firing, imparts to the surface a brilliant glaze.

It will be seen from this description that all the decoration is worked in clay, or metallic compounds, and is underneath the glaze, so that it is rendered absolutely indestructible by atmospheric influences. It therefore differs to this



TWO VIEWS OF A "FLORIAN" VASE.

extent from a great deal of the ordinary pottery, on which the decoration is effected over the glaze. The finished appearance of Florian ware is beautifully brilliant and luminous.

But to us one of the most interesting features of this ware is that it bears indelibly the mark of the artist and the skilful craftsman. All the designs are the work of Mr. W. R. Moorcroft; every

piece is examined by him at each stage, and is revised and corrected as much as is necessary before being passed into the oven. The decorative work is executed by girls—who have previously to go through a course of training at the Burslem Art Schools—and, while the design of Mr. Moorcroft is followed as closely as possible, any individual touches of the operators are seldom interfered with if they tend to improvement. It thus happens that no two pieces are precisely alike. From the illustrations which we are enabled to give, it will be seen that for form



"FLORIAN" WARE VASES.

and decoration this ware deserves a large share of popularity. Messrs. Macintyre, who are the manufacturers, are to be congratulated on their

success in placing before the public a ware that really exhibits evidences of thoughtful art and skilful craftsmanship.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[150] **BIOGRAPHIES OF WATTEAU.**—Can you tell me what are the most trustworthy "Lives" of Watteau—at least, which are the best known? I do not mean merely magazine articles.—H. L. CURLING (Redhill).

* * (1) The "Vie d'Antoine Watteau, peintre de Figures et de Paysages, Sujets galants et modernes" read by the Comte de Caylus before the "Académie Royale de peinture et de sculpture" in 1748 was found by Edmond et Jules de Goncourt, and published by them as an appendix to their essay upon the artist (see their "Art du Dix-Huitième Siècle"). (2) "Antoine Watteau, son enfance et ses Contemporains," by Louis Cellier (1867). (3) Paul Mantz's. (4) "Watteau," by Emil Hannover (1889). (5) "Watteau," by John W. Mollett, in "The Great Artists" series (1883). (6) "Abrégé de la Vie d'Antoine Watteau," by M. de Julienne (preface to the volume of etchings ("Œuvre") by the artist. (7) "Jean Antoine Watteau," by G. Dargenty, in the series of "Les Artistes Célèbres" (1891). (8) "Notice sur Antoine Watteau," by Arthur Desaix (1834). (9) "Antoine Watteau," *conférence* by Léon Dumont (1866). (10) "Antoine Watteau, sa vie, son œuvre, et les monuments élevés à sa mémoire," by G. Guillaume. (11) "Antoine Watteau;" anonymous pamphlet (1877). (12) "Antoine Watteau," by Claude Phillips, in the "Portfolio" series (1895). In addition to these there are many magazine and review articles of the first importance; and we must mention also Edmund de Goncourt's elaborate, but not wholly accurate, "Catalogue Raisonné de l'Œuvre, peint, dessiné, et gravé, d'Antoine Watteau" (1875).

[151] **PAINTER AND SUBJECT OF PICTURE REQUIRED.**—I send herewith a photograph of a very old picture which has been in my family's possession for many years. It was screwed to the dining-room ceiling when my father purchased the property, and was removed to make room for more suitable decoration. Who is the probable painter, and what is the subject? The canvas measures eight feet by four feet nine inches. The colours are very clear, and the picture has been taken good care of.—HUGH McALLUM (The Manor House, Rising Mill, Northumberland).

* * So far as one can tell from a photo-

graph, this is a picture by Franz Francken. We have high expert authority for this



opinion. The subject is apparently a very unsophisticated Flemish conception of the Exodus of the Jews from Egypt.

[152] **REMBRANDT'S "MILL."**—Can you say if it is only within recent years that Rembrandt's magnificent "Mill," now on view at the Royal Academy, has been enjoyed by the public? I find no record of its having been exhibited early in the century.—L. F. HORTON.

* * Mr. Horton has not searched to good purpose. "The Mill" was exhibited at the very first "Old Masters" exhibition ever held in this country—that is to say, in 1806, when the British Institution inaugurated that summer series of Old Masters so adequately continued, first, by the Burlington Fine Arts Club, and, second, by the Royal Academy. If our correspondent will look up a drawing by A. E. Chalon, R.A., now in the Print Room of the British Museum, he will find an elaborate pen-and-ink composition, washed in with Indian-ink and tinted with water-colours, representing "Students at the British Institution, 1806"—for these exhibitions were intended primarily for students, who at that time had no National Gallery to copy old masterpieces in. Among the various personages that people the drawing Miss Fanny Reinagh and Nicholas Pocock are seen disputing over a copy of Rembrandt's "Mill" on an easel; while Benjamin West, Miss Hayes, and a boy are



A WINDMILL: A STUDY IN BLACK CHALK (1802).

By John Constable, R.A. In *South Kensington Museum*. From a Photograph in the *Constable Album* published by A. Rischgitz.

all copying the original, that also stands on an easel, with a great "Claude" on the wall behind it (see Mr. Lawrence Binyon's "Catalogue of Drawings by British Artists," printed by order of the Trustees, 1898). The picture was again exhibited in the same Institution in 1815, when it was lent by a Mr. W. Smith.

[153] **GABRIEL DE RUEDA.**—Who was Gabriel de Rueda, the Spanish painter? What work did he do, and when did he live? I can find no reference to him in Bryan.—**PETER MÜLLER** (Munich).

* * This artist was a history painter, and lived, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, in Granada; where several pictures by him are carefully preserved. He was so clever a painter, especially in the rendering of scenes from Bible history, that he was officially appointed painter-in-ordinary to the Church authorities of Toledo, on September 6th, 1633. Rueda died on Christmas Eve, 1641.

[154] **W. MILLER, ENGRAVER.**—Where may one obtain information as to the life and works of W. Miller, engraver of many of Turner's drawings to illustrate the works of Scott?—**YARROW.**

* * A short notice will be found in Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers," and mention in one or two other quarters; but no article of importance has been published on Miller, that we know of, except that in the "Academy," 1882, p. 89.

[155] **JOSEPH CRAWHALL AND CHARLES KEENE.**—Can you, or any of your readers, inform me of the present whereabouts of the albums of original drawings by the late Mr. Joseph Crawhall, from which Charles Keene culled so many of the subjects of his "Punch" pictures? They were, I believe, sold at the sale, either at Christie's or Sotheby's, of Mr. Crawhall's pictures, a few years before that gentleman's death.—**G. S. L.**

REPLIES.

[132] **BUST OF LANDOR BY GIBSON.**—In a reply to this query, published in our January

number, it was stated that the original bust, once the property of Charles Dickens, had passed into the hands of Mr. Layard. It appears, however, that Mr. F. Cavendish-Bentinck also purchased a marble bust of Landor by Gibson at Christie's in 1897 for £3 or £4, and offered it at the same price to the National Portrait Gallery. It was held over so long for consideration, however, that Mr. Cavendish-Bentinck presented the bust to Mr. Guy Duke, a grand-nephew of the poet, in whose possession it now is. One or other of these, therefore, must be a replica. The bust in Mr. Layard's possession is undoubtedly the one presented by the sculptor to Dickens, for its subsequent history is so clearly traced; apart from which, it bears the novelist's signature on the back. Further inquiries are being made as to the pedigree of the bust purchased by Mr. Cavendish-Bentinck.

[149] **BUSTS OF NAPOLEON.**—I know of three busts of Napoleon of the Consul and pre-Consul period. The first is small, about ten inches high, of bronze, issued anonymously, modelled evidently from life, and almost certainly executed in Italy. The second is the marble bust by Ceracchi. This artist was also Italian, and a passionate admirer of Bonaparte. Mr. Ropes, a writer on the subject, says:—"When Bonaparte was in Italy, in 1796 and 1797, Ceracchi . . . made this bust. But when, after his return from Egypt, Napoleon overturned the Directory and made himself First Consul, Ceracchi was disappointed and incensed beyond measure. He connected himself with some others in similar plight—discontented Republicans—was accused of having had a share in the conspiracy of December, 1800, when the First Consul was nearly blown up by an infernal machine, and was convicted and executed in 1801. . . . This bust is, so far as I know, unique. Many years ago it came into the possession of Thomas Jefferson, who had it at Monticello, his home in Virginia. . . . It is now (1887) owned by Mr. J. Randolph Coolidge, of Boston." Another bust is by Canova.—**S.**

THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—MARCH.

The Royal Academy Elections. **T**HE Royal Academy election of Associates, which took place on the 31st of January last, resulted in the choice of two painters whose candidature has long been regarded with favour by the main body of the Royal Academy, and of a sculptor who, though still young, has already proved his feeling for beauty and his skill as a modeller. The election of an Honorary Foreign Academician was also proceeded with, with

the result that **M. JULES BRETON** was selected from among the candidates nominated by the Academy itself, who included eighteen representatives of France, Germany, Austria, Italy, and the United States; they comprised eleven painters, five sculptors, and two architects.

FIRST ELECTION. *First Scratching:* Alfred East, 9; Joseph Farquharson, 8; Mark Fisher, 7; A. S. Cope, 6. **J. Charlton, M. R. Corbet, Albert Goodwin, Yeend King,**

John Belcher, J. Aumonier, J. Charles, W. C. Horsley, Edward Stott, H. S. Tuke, W. Goscombe John, and Sir George Reid all received support.

Blackboard Scratching: A. S. Cope, 18; A. East, 16; Mark Fisher, 12; J. Farquharson, 10.

Ballot: A. East, 21. A. S. COPE, 31—Elected.

SECOND ELECTION.

First Scratching: J. Farquharson, 9; A. East, 9; A. Webb, 7; J. Belcher, 6; M. Fisher, 4. A. Goodwin, E. Stott, W. G. John, M. R. Corbet, R. W. Allan, J. Reid, J. Charlton, D. Farquharson, W. C. Horsley, A. Stokes, A. Drury, G. Simonds, and Sir G. Reid received support.

Blackboard Scratching: A. East, 17; J. Farquharson, 13; A. Webb, 11; J. Belcher, 8; M. Fisher, 6.

Ballot: J. Farquharson, 23. A. EAST, 29—Elected.

THIRD ELECTION. *First*

Scratching: A. Webb, 13; J. Farquharson, 12; Mark Fisher, 6; W. G. John, 6; J. Belcher, 5; E. Stott, 4. Sir G. Reid, A. Drury, G. Simonds, M. R. Corbet, J. Reid, H. S. Tuke, A. Stokes, and R. W. Allan received support.

Blackboard Scratching: W. G. John, 14; J. Farquharson, 13; A. Webb, 12; M. Fisher, 6; E. Stott, 5; J. Belcher, 5.

Ballot: J. Farquharson, 19. W. GOSCOMBE JOHN, 38—Elected.

FOURTH ELECTION. *First Scratching:* Jules Breton, 17; Dagnan-Bouveret, 13; L. J. F. Bonnat, 6; Frémiet, 4; St. Gaudens, 4. Mme. Rosa Bonheur, Bouguereau, Carolus-Duran, F. von Lenbach, D. Morelli, Dampf, Mercié, Pierre Cuyppers, and Heinrich Ferstel also received support.

Blackboard Scratching: J. Breton, 23; Dagnan-Bouveret, 15; St. Gaudens, 8; Bonnat, 5; Frémiet, 3.

Ballot: Dagnan-Bouveret, 18. JULES BRETON, 37—Elected.

NEITHER the Drury Lane "Forty Thieves" nor Mr. Oscar Barrett's "Whittington" Art on the Stage presents a single spectacular scene of exceptional merit. At the former house, the much-talked-of porcelain procession is, perhaps, no more alien to the story than usual. Its varieties of faience are not too well selected; though we have nothing but praise for the skilled handicraft lavished on the elaborately built-up costumes. In the delicacy of its lace-like silvery "borders" Mr. BRUCE SMITH has, however, been more successful than in his transformation tableau—"The Golden Gates"—which is of the commonplace valentine order; here, too, the dresses are of the nondescript-spangled description, with which Signor COMELLI has familiarised us on many similar occasions. In this scene the lady who plays the smart and stylish Ganem displays a costume which transgresses the limits of appropriateness and discretion. The forest scene is remarkable for the ineffective extravagance of the thieves' attire.—At the Adelphi Theatre Mr. EMDEN'S "Thames side, below Bridge" is picturesquely treated, and his "Deck of 'The Unicorn' at Sea" is solidly built, though on lines fully three hundred years later than the "Whittington" period. A front-cloth of "The Sultan's Palace" is well-drawn; but the "sets" of "Highgate Hill" and the "Slave Market" are somewhat heavy and conventional. Mr. PRITCHARD BARRETT'S opening scene strikes the right note with its animated panels of nursery tales; and he has an excellent

front-cloth, "The Boar's Head Tavern." Mr. WILHELM'S intentions in colour and design are amply evidenced, but seem less happily interpreted than usual. A sequence of prismatic hues in the "Vision"—a quaintly devised holly and mistletoe *entourage*, for the Lord of Misrule revels in the Cheapside picture—and a delightful scheme of associated anemyst and apricot tones in the Oriental scene, call for special recognition; as do also the costumes allotted to the "Chimes," the imposing simplicity of the Eastern emperor's white robes, and the charming picture made by the bravely appressed mediæval lady mayoress.—To the newest Savoy opera, "The Lucky Star," for no reason discoverable in the libretto, an Indian setting has been assigned, needlessly suggestive of "The Nautch Girl" at the same house. An Assyrian, Egyptian, Byzantine, or Mexican *mise-en-scène* would have given more novel opportunities to the artists engaged in illustrating the story. The able composition of Mr. RYAN'S scene of Act I is marred by his penchant for feeble foliage borders weighted with rosy blossom. The entrance of the king in a gaudy palanquin, attended by a resplendent suite, makes a showy stage-picture. Of the two remaining tableaux—contributed by Mr. HARFORD—that of the throne-room in Act II is the better scene; and in it Mr. PERCY ANDERSON'S taste and fancy in costume find pleasant expression. The group of palace-ladies in dresses of steely-blue, silvery-grey, pale olive, aquamarine and gold is skilfully harmonised, and provides an admirable contrast to the rich plum-colour of Lazuli's state raiment. The effect is less agreeable when a bevy of courtiers in various beetroot-reds and



A. S. COPE, A.R.A.

From a Photograph by Deneulin.



W. GOSCOMBE JOHN, A.R.A.

From a Photograph by Russell and Sons.

pinks appear on the scene, but their individual uniforms are full of character. A figure of distinction is an ambassador in blended blues and purples; and a robe of clinging hyacinth silk gauze, worn in Act I, is perhaps the prettiest dress in the piece.

THE first exhibition of the new Pastel Exhibitions. Society opened brilliantly at the beginning of February in the galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours. A very interesting collection was presented, summarising well both British and foreign practice. From abroad came some admirable figure-subjects by M. BESNARD, M. ÉMILE WAUTERS, M. P. DE JOSSELIN DE JONG, and M. LEVY-DHURMER; and finely-understood landscapes by M. THAULOW, M. RENÉ BILLOTTE, and M. LIHERMITTE; while of our native artists the most noteworthy were Mr. SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, Mr. E. A. ABBEY, Mr. BYAM SHAW, and Mr. MELTON FISHER, who sent figure pictures; Mr. G. F. WATTS, Mr. BOUGHTON, Mr. ROTHENSTEIN, and Mr. HARTLEY with portraits; and Mr. W. LLEWELLYN, Mr. HAROLD SPEED, Mr. BRABAZON, Mr. WHISTLER, Mr. MARK FISHER, Mr. CLAUSEN, Mr. EDWARD STOTT, and Mr. ARTHUR TOMSON with landscape subjects. The hanging of the exhibition was excellent, and the number of things shown was reasonably limited.

Although the bulk of the exhibition held by the Society of Women Artists at the Suffolk Street Galleries cannot be said to have presented any features of surpassing interest, a few pictures were included that were quite worthy of attention. The landscapes, for instance, of Miss E. STEWART WOOD, Miss C. L. CHRISTIAN, Miss ELIAS, and Miss M. S. GROSE were markedly above the general average; and some good figure work was contributed by Mrs. SWYNNERTON, Miss BLANCHE JENKINS, Mrs. JOPLING, Miss CLARE ATWOOD, and Mrs. F. PASH HUMPHERY. The Arts and Crafts section of the show was of some importance.

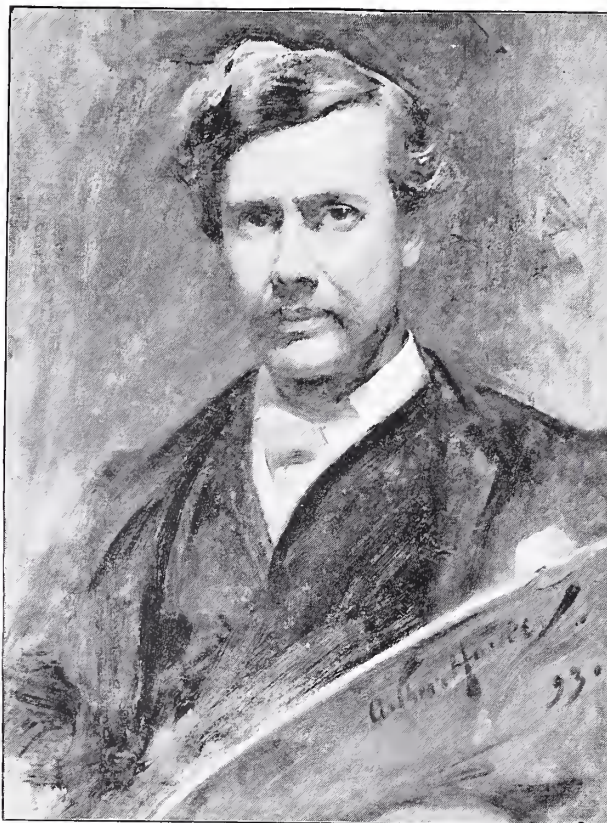
If numbers alone would make a good display the Miniature Painters might fairly regard their exhibition as exceptionally successful. But unfortunately the quality of the contributions was not so remarkable as their quantity. Only a few things possessed any definite distinction, and the majority of these were not to be strictly classified as miniatures. "Mrs. Hurst," by Mr. ALYN WILLIAMS, and "Phyllis," by Miss M. B. WORSFOLD, were works in which technical tradition seems to have been observed; but there was more real attractiveness in the water-colour drawings, "Study of a Head," by Mr. C. J. HOBSON, and "Roses," by Mr. W. LEE HANKEY; and in the tiny oils by Mr. DUDLEY HARDY. The total number of exhibits approached three hundred.

Both in choice of subject and in manner of treatment Mr. FULLEYLOVE'S little oil paintings of Oxford bits, which were on view last month at the galleries of the Fine Art Society, were quite exceptionally pleasing. They showed Mr. Fulleylove's art at its best—fresh, spontaneous, and expressive; and they suggested vividly not only the picturesqueness but the dignity of the city. In handling they are free and masculine, without any over-insistence upon detail, but yet thoroughly expressive; and their colour is invariably harmonious and well considered, though certainly too rich for truth.

Whether M. VEBER'S drawings, for the special number of "Le Rire," dealing with the journey of the Emperor William II through Palestine, are defensible in the matter of taste is very much open to question; they have certainly a degree of brutal directness which removes them from the comic category. But as examples of facile draughtsmanship and clever characterisation they take a definite place. No one but an artist could have imagined them or could have treated them so skilfully; and on their merits

as drawings they call for the attention even of those visitors to the Continental Gallery who may disapprove of the subjects selected.

Holland and East Anglia have provided Mr. MONTAGU SMYTH, R.B.A., with a theme for a series of water-colour exhibitions of a high order of merit. In spite of their Mauve-like suggestion, these drawings possess a charm of their own in their delicacy of colour and breadth of treatment. The influence of Holland is too strongly marked in the English subjects, to the sacrifice of the characteristics of East Anglian landscapes. In the same galleries—Dowdeswells—Mr. E. BOROUGH JOHNSON, R.B.A., had a number of skilfully-executed pencil drawings and sketches.



ALFRED EAST, A.R.A.

From the Drawing by Arthur Hacker, A.R.A.

Bibliography of Eighteenth Century Art and Illustrated Books: Being a Guide to Collectors of Reviews. Illustrated Works in English and French of the Period. By *J. Lewine*. With thirty-five plates. Sampson Low, London. 1898. (63s.)

THIS bulky work represents the devoted labour of an author who deploras the fact that no book devoted to the section of bibliography, here indicated, yet exists. It were impossible to withhold from it the praise that is due to such conscientious application, and, on the whole, to the care with which current prices are recorded. But it is the fact that in no class of book-work are readers more unforbearing or critics more remorseless than that of bibliography—for in it a mistaken entry is held to be in the highest degree culpable, and an omission little less than a crime. Now, although Mr. Lewine has devoted six hundred pages to his work, although he has

restricted himself nominally to the eighteenth century and to the English and French languages (he stretches the point and gives a generous margin, both as to period and tongues), we miss a certain number of works the exclusion of which seems to us indispensable. For example, we can find no entry of (1) "Recueil de Diverses Figures Étrangères" (1760), with plates by Boucher; (2) "Théâtre de Pierre Corneille" (1764), with plates by Gravelot; (3) the 1751 edition of Lucretius' "Della Natura delle Cose;" (4) "Heures Nouvelles, Tirées de la Sainte Ecriture" (1710), with plates by

disposed to be lenient towards the customs and habits of that day. The merit of Mr. Lewine's work is that it has been drawn up *de visu*, and that illuminating and intelligent notes accompany a large proportion of the items, while the value of each is given in order to protect the collector against the factitious (not fictitious, as the author calls it) prices that so often upset calculations in the sale-rooms; and, moreover, it is a good practical and wary guide. For the next edition a certain number of minor misprints should be corrected.

The Masters of Mezzotint: The Men and their Work.

By *Alfred Whitman*, of the British Museum.
With 60 Illustrations. George Bell and Sons,
London, 1898. (42s.)

THE decline of etching in the favour of the general public has been marked by the contemporary revival of mezzotint-engraving, which, in our belief, had been finally discredited to a great extent by the "mixed method"—with its cold effects and mechanical suggestion—which Cousins, amid general applause, had brought into fashion, and with which he had, perhaps, hoped to save the art he loved. At the present moment things are changed: public interest is again taken in the work of the mezzotinters, who have formed themselves into a society, and plates are now being scraped that revive hope and call up memories of the golden age of the mezzotint. The time is therefore propitious for this publication of Mr. Whitman, in which for the first time we have a thoroughly competent and trustworthy record of the history and development of the art, adequately illustrated with collotypes of sixty representative plates by more than fifty masters. We have here, then, a guide for the collector, a reminder for the connoisseur, and a beautiful picture-book for all art lovers. The extensive list of six hundred and eighty-five plates which constitute the life-work of Charles Turner is of so valuable a character that it should be followed up with a supplementary volume including all the masters of this form of engraving. From Von Siegen to Cousins, Mr. Whitman passes in review all the chief masters one by one, having first grouped them into the acknowledged periods or schools. His criticisms of methods and technique are just and lucid so far as they go, and set forth very clearly the fascinations of the mezzotinter's art. It is half a century since a book was devoted to mezzotint, and this one was worth waiting for. Purely technical matters have wisely been omitted, for such a chapter could only have been provided by a practitioner of the art, and, after all, Mr. Hamerton, Mr. Herkomer, Mr. Strang, and others, have said their say in the matter before. The illustrations are well chosen from celebrated plates, and, although considerably reduced, suggest something of the beauty of the originals. The book cannot fail to exercise influence for good on the revival of the lovely art of the mezzotinter.

Memories of an Old Collector. By *Count Michael Tyskiewicz*. Translated by *Mrs. Andrew Lang*. Longmans, Green and Co., London, 1898. (6s.)

THIS skilful translation of an extremely readable and interesting little book gives to the reader a good idea of the romance of art-collecting of the great school. This is no mere question of a buyer of pictures well authenticated with attested pedigrees. Count Tyskiewicz—as the name should rightly be spelt—was an Anak among connoisseurs and collectors of artistic antiquities, a man who spent large sums in first-hand digging and excavating to see what he could



JULES BRETON.

From the Painting by Himself, in the Kepplestone Collection.

Senault; (5) "Vues Remarquables des Montagnes de la Suisse" (1785), with plates by Decourtis and others; (6) "Recueil de Sculptures Antiques, Grecques et Romaines" (1754); (7) "A General Treatise of Architecture" (1754), by John Aheron;—and so forth. We select these at random, and doubtless we could multiply them. Another cause of complaint is the number of plates, by their method of reproduction unworthy of what ought to be, by its very nature, the quintessence of a "livre d'amateur." One or two fine plates would have been acceptable in substitution of the rest. But we must not appear ungrateful for what is, after all, the first edition of a great undertaking, which may truly claim to be a guide, not untrustworthy—so far as we have been able to test it—for the collector of the eighteenth century illustrated book. It deals with a subject of a cultivated and refined taste, which appeals chiefly to men who can appreciate the exquisite and the dainty in art and are

find. He formed great collections of medals, gems, decorated vases, bronzes, marbles, jewellery, inscriptions, and ancient bric-à-brac of all kinds, the majority of the most important of which have by now passed into the British Museum, the Louvre, and other great public and private collections. His memoirs, therefore, are profoundly interesting, for they not only give the history of many of his famous finds and purchases; but they afford revelations and warnings as to the dangers that attend the pursuit of connoisseurship. The reader will also see how fine a line comes to exist between such a collector and the professional dealer, and how hard it must be for him to maintain self-respect as a collector pure and simple, when it is a question of weeding out his own collection or devoting himself to the amusing and exciting, but hardly dignified, task of diamond cutting diamond. The illustrations to the book add greatly to its interest. We have the silver bust from Bosco Reale, the bronze figure from Lake Bracciano, the Greek vase by Mikias, the golden crown from Magna Grecia, and others, all now finally resting in the British Museum, and other objects of great interest. It should be added that the Count, who has recently died, after contributing these papers to the "Revue Archéologique," gives us numerous glimpses of some of the cleverest and best-known dealers of his day.

The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll (Rev. C. S. Dodgson). By Stuart Dodgson Collingwood. Illustrated. T. Fisher Unwin, London. 1898. (7s. 6d.)

FEW words of introduction or of praise are necessary in respect of so profoundly popular a favourite as "Lewis Carroll," or of so entertaining, if not very well arranged, a book as this. The profound mathematician and fairy-tale weaver, who has added "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-glass" to English literature, was fortunate enough to see the immortality of his name assured in his lifetime. The humour and loveliness of the creator of Alice are emphasised in this discursive biography, and the world will learn with pleasure that he was personally as warmly appreciated by the great ones of the earth as by the little ones upon whose lives he cast his sunny ray. This is no place to enlarge upon the more obvious charms either of Lewis Carroll or of his memoirs, or even of his own delightful letters and verses which here first see the light. But testimony should be borne to his amusing powers of untrained draughtsmanship, which, had they been educated and had Carroll chosen to devote himself entirely to art, would probably have made him a second Richard

George Morland and the Evolution from him of some later Painters. By J. T. Nettleship. With thirty-eight illustrations. Seeley & Co., London. 1898. (5s.) THIS new number of the "Portfolio" is far more satisfactory in its illustrations than in its text. These illustrations are many, both in photogravure (by Mr.

Colls) and in process, of which not a few are among the less-known pictures of the master, together with some by other painters, included in order to give point to the author's arguments. The effort to prove that Morland, through Millet and Bastien Lepage, became the art-father of Mr. George Clausen and Mr. Lionel Smythe and Mr. La Thangue, seems to us rather far-fetched. So far as he intends to show that all these men have preferred to go to Nature rather than to accept conventionality, everyone will be with him; but we think that more than one of the painters named would have repudiated the lineage here forced upon them. The book, nevertheless, though not exactly a biography, is a very suggestive and thoughtful essay.



STATUE OF THE QUEEN FOR DURBAN.
By W. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A. See p. 240.

Catalogue of Pictures and other Works of Art in the National Gallery and National Portrait Gallery, Ireland. By Authority. [Walter Armstrong.] Alex. Thom and Co., Dublin. 1898. (6d.)

MR. ARMSTRONG has brought up to date this capital official Catalogue of the collections in his charge. It deals not only with the paintings but with the drawings and engravings, sculpture and casts, and marks the advance of this well-conducted Gallery, which has flourished so well on such small means, and which is, it is to be hoped, soon to be accommodated by the extension of its premises.

The Year's Art, 1899. Compiled by A. C. R. Carter. Virtue and Co., London. (3s. 6d.)

THE new issue of this indispensable annual is once more improved. Besides a spirited article on the year's architecture, there are, as new features, a list of some of the chief collectors of pictures, chiefly modern; a chapter on artists' sales (which will hardly be popular with some artists); and portraits of the collectors aforesaid. It is rather notable that no

mention of the art-press and of the art-literature of the year is made—without which, completeness of the whole subject can hardly be claimed.

Renaissance Masters. By George B. Rose. G. P. Putnam's Sons, London and New York. 1898.

THIS is a charming little work, gracefully written, intended modestly to put before the reader the principal features of the great Italian Renaissance, by dealing with the lives and works of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Leonardo, Titian, Correggio, and Botticelli—but summarily, as a butterfly skims the flowers. Those who know not art but, bound for Italy, would equip themselves in the train for some sort of intelligent and sympathetic appreciation, will thank Mr. Rose for his pretty book; and then should read other less elementary works in order to modify the conclusions formed from certain of his statements.

At the Sign of the Brush and Pen. By J. G. Reid. A. Brown and Co., Aberdeen. 1898. (2s. 6d.)

THIS little book deals with a dozen living artists in black and white, serious and otherwise—Sir George Reid, Mr. A. S. Boyd, Mr. Frank Craig, Mr. E. J.

Sullivan, Mr. W. Ralston, and others. It is brightly written, and illustrated with representative drawings. There is little that is technical in it, but a good deal that is amusing.

The excellence of the little magazine "*The Poster*" (H. R. Woestyn), which is devoted entirely to matters pertaining to hoarding decoration, has speedily called forth other publications. We have received "*The Poster Collector's Monthly*" (Huardel and Co.), which sets itself to record all that is new in posters, and fluctuations in prices, for the benefit of the collector of the *affiche*.



THE LATE HARRY BATES, A.R.A.

From a Photograph by Ball.

The following have been elected members of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers: Messrs. MEYER, MILNER, NEWBOLT, TOMKINS, E. BRAMLEY-MOORE, and WRIGHT.

The following pictures have been hung in the National Gallery: In Room XV, "Portraits of Sir William and Lady Butts," by HOLBEIN (lent by Col. REGINALD POLE-CAREW); and in Room X, "A Burgomaster" (No. 1672) and "Portrait of an Old Lady" (No. 1673), both by REMBRANDT.

A tablet has been affixed to one of the panels in the dining-room of the National Liberal Club to the memory of Viscount Oxenbridge. The frame is of walnut wood and the inscription is incised and inlaid with ivory encrustation. It was designed by Mr. LEWIS F. DAY, and was carved by Miss M. E. REEKS, of the School of Art Wood-carving.

The statue of the Queen which we illustrate on p. 239 has been executed by Mr. HAMO THORNYCROFT, R.A., as a commission from the Municipal Corporation of Durban, South Africa. The statue, which is intended to form a memorial of the Jubilee of her Majesty, is to be erected in the gardens immediately opposite the portico of the town-hall. It is of the finest Sicilian marble, and is nearly ten feet high, and will stand on a marble pedestal of the same height.

With great regret we record the death of Mr. HARRY BATES, A.R.A., one of the most distinguished and able of our younger school of sculptors. He was born at Stevenage in 1850. He began his professional career as an architectural decorator, and it was not until he was twenty-nine years of age that he turned his attention to sculpture, and he then became a pupil at the Lambeth School of Art. For a short time he had M. Jules Dalou for his master, and it was not long before he gained a national silver medal in the South Kensington competition. When M. Dalou returned to Paris, Mr. Bates left Lambeth for the Royal Academy, and in 1883 he won the gold medal and travelling studentship with his relief of "Socrates." He went to Paris, and there came under the influence of Rodin, and once more he showed his skill in three panels in relief representing scenes from "The Odyssey," which were exhibited at the Academy, and it was only the fact that they were not executed in England that prevented their purchase under the Chantrey Fund. These were followed by "Æneas" in 1885, and "Homer" in 1886, both in the same style,

the latter especially attracting attention by its grace and beauty. It was undoubtedly in relief that his sense of decoration found its best expression. In 1887 he exhibited three panels from the story of "Psyche" and his bust "Rhodope." The year 1892 was important for the artist, for it was then that his "Hounds in Leash" was exhibited, and gained him his election as an Associate of the Academy. This work will be remembered for its marvellous expression of force—the two hounds, straining their every muscle to break away from the hands of the hunter, forming a group that can never be forgotten by those who saw it. The same year the beautiful "Pandora" was also shown, and its purchase for the Chantrey Collection completed the artist's triumph. Since then no ideal work from his hand has been seen in the exhibitions, for his time was occupied upon the great equestrian statue of Lord Roberts for Calcutta, which, it will be remembered, occupied the unique position in the forecourt of Burlington House in 1896? The pedestal, with its mass of elaborate detail, was an extraordinary tribute to the artist's skill and painstaking efforts to make his work worthy of his subject and himself. It brought him a commission for a companion statue of Lord Lansdowne, upon which he was engaged when death stayed his hand. English art sustains a severe loss through his decease, for his work was that of a true artist, refined in its beauty, and forceful in its imaginativeness.

The death has occurred of M. ALFRED SISLEY, one of the foremost members of the Impressionistic School of French painters. He was born at Paris in 1839, and became a pupil of Gleyre. His first exhibit was at the Salon of 1866, the picture being entitled "Femmes allant au bois," and he continued to show his works there until 1870. He studied earnestly the effects of light on landscape, and endeavoured to present them as he saw them, although it must be confessed that the fantastic results were not altogether acceptable either to artists or to the art-loving public.

The deaths have occurred of Mr. GEORGE HENRY ANDREWS, R.W.S., the marine painter, at the age of



From the Panel in the National Liberal Club.

eighty-three; and of Mr. JOHN MALLOWS YOUNGMAN, landscape-painter, at the age of eighty-two: he studied at Mr. Sass's School of Art in 1836, and was shortly afterwards elected a member of the new Water-Colour Society, where he exhibited regularly until his retirement in 1864.

AN INQUIRY INTO TWO PICTURES RECENTLY ACQUIRED FOR THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

BY HERBERT P. HORNE.



HERE are certain pictures which have been acquired by purchase during the last three or four years for the National Gallery which have proved the subject of interesting criticism among connoisseurs and the ascriptions of some five paintings have been discussed. The radical cause has been said to lie in the method of administration of the gallery. Somewhere or another, there appears to be a sort of hitch in the working of its machinery. But into such questions it is not my wish to enter; still less to discuss other problems in connection with the gallery. *De gustibus* . . . The platitude is old enough, but being warned, I will content myself by briefly relating a few simple matters of fact, which I have come upon in the course of my studious peregrinations, regarding the character of certain recent purchases.

Let us first turn to a small panel representing the "Baptism of our Lord," No. 1431, which was purchased at Rome, in 1894, as a work by Pietro Perugino, for the sum of £400, from Mr. Godfrey Kopp. As a reproduction of this picture illustrates this article I will not stay to describe it. No one, I imagine, who has intimate acquaintance with the works of Perugino would suppose it to be anything else than a copy.* Neither the colouring nor the forms are those of the master; besides, it is not painted in tempera, on a "gesso" ground, as all Perugino's pictures were; but in oils upon an unprepared panel. Lastly, it is not even a copy of the artist's own time, but of a period at least a hundred years later. Criticisms such as these, it may be objected, are merely opinions. I, as a critic, would by no means allow such a contention: yet it would be very difficult to demonstrate the truth of such criticisms to the great public to whom the pictures in our National Gallery belong. For the public, as, indeed, for

* [We have understood that this picture was bought upon its merits, the name of the alleged painter being retained on the general principle that it is not advisable to alter ascriptions unless absolute proof is forthcoming of the correctness of the proposed alteration. We believe—but cannot assert it—that the opinion entertained in the National Gallery itself is that the picture is probably a free copy from the hand of Raphael.—EDITOR.]

some connoisseurs for that matter, the indisputable proof would lie in the production of the original, of which the panel in our national collection is said to be a copy. The method would at least carry with it the advantages of simplicity and finality. Is it not possible to apply it to this little panel which bears the name of Pietro Perugino?

Vasari, in his *Life of Perugino*, relates how that master "in the church of San Piero, the abbey of the black monks, in Perugia, painted on a large panel for the high altar the Ascension, with the Apostles below, who are looking up towards the heavens; in the predella of this picture are three stories executed with much care, namely, [the Adoration of] the Magi, the Baptism, and the Resurrection of Christ. The whole of this picture is so full of excellent workmanship, that it is the best of those which are in Perugia, executed in oil* by the hand of Pietro" (Vasari, ed. Sansoni, iii. 588). Fortunately, the original contract for this picture has been preserved at Perugia among the archives of the abbey; and was printed by Baldassare Orsini, in his "*Vita, Elogio e Memorie dell' egregio pittore, Pietro Perugino.*" Perugia, 1804, p. 140. This instrument recites how, on the 8th March, 1495, *i.e.* 1496 common style, the abbot and chapter of the monastery gave out on contract to Perugino, "conduxerunt et locaverunt spectabili viro Magistro Petro Christophori de Castro Plebis Pictori excellentissimo," the picture of the high altar, "tabulam sive Anconam Majoris Altaris," for the price of five hundred gold ducats; together with the "cassa," furniture or frame, to be gilt with gold and painted with good colours, for the price of sixty gold ducats.

In the latter part of the sixteenth century, perhaps when the marble tabernacle was placed above the high altar in 1592, Perugino's altarpiece was removed from its original position; and the various panels of which it had been composed, were separated and hung in different parts of the church; where they were still to be seen, when Orsini wrote his *Life of Perugino* about the year 1794. In the principal panel, which then hung in the choir above the stalls, the twelve Apostles, with the Virgin in their midst, were represented in a landscape looking upwards at

* This expression, if, indeed, it has any foundation in fact, can only have reference to the medium used in glazing the solid under-painting, which was certainly executed in pure tempera.

our Lord, who was seen in the upper part of the picture ascending into heaven, surrounded by a choir of angels playing upon various instruments. The semicircular lunette, which had originally been placed above this central panel, was then hanging near the door of the sacristy; it was painted with a half-length figure of God the Father, between two angels. The predella, which originally ran below the principal panel, contained, says Orsini, "three little stories of the Adoration of the Magi, the Resurrection, and the Baptism of Christ; besides two half-length

confirmed, in 1816, by Pope Pius VII. In 1845 this painting was transferred to canvas; it is now in the Musée at Lyons, No. 45. The lunette was bestowed upon the church of Saint Gervais at Paris, where it is still preserved; and the three chief panels of the predella were given by the State, in 1803, to the Musée at Rouen. They are still to be seen in that gallery: No. 472, "The Adoration of the Magi;" No. 473, "The Baptism of Christ;" and No. 474, "The Resurrection." When, after the fall of Napoleon, his spoils of the churches and



THE BAPTISM OF OUR LORD.

From the Painting attributed to Perugino in the National Gallery (No. 1431).

figures representing San Costanzo, and Sant' Ercolano, bishops of Perugia. These small panels are placed above the presses of the sacristy, protected by glass. And, besides these, there are to be seen there six others with half-length figures, which are placed above the lateral doors of the *cappellotta*, and which represent San Benedetto, Santa Scolastica, his sister; San Mauro, San Placido; Santa Flavia, the sister of the latter; and San Pietro, the abbot." These six half-length figures originally formed part of the decorations of the lateral pilasters.

On the 20th February, 1797, during the French invasion of Italy, the whole of these panels, with the exception of the five half-length figures still in the sacristy of the church, were carried off into France by the order of Napoleon. (*Giornale di Erudizione Artistica. Perugia, vol. v., 1876.*) The principal panel, representing the Ascension, was given by the French Government to the cathedral at Lyons; a gift which was afterwards

galleries of Europe were restored to their lawful custodians, the three little panels containing the half-length figures of San Benedetto abate, San Placido and Santa Flavia, were alone returned to Italy. They are now in the gallery of the Vatican: the other five half-length figures being, as I have said, still in the sacristy of San Pietro, at Perugia.

Such is the history of this altar-piece. It only remains for me to add that the second of the little predella pictures, No. 473, in the Musée at Rouen, is the original from which the picture in the National Gallery, No. 1431, was copied. A reproduction of the panel at Rouen is here given, side by side with a reproduction of the panel in the National Gallery; and any one with the least eye for form will see at a glance that the latter is a copy of the former. The colouring of the two pictures differs no less than their drawing. The golden light in the little panel at Rouen lends to the landscape that

Virgilian spaciousness and quietude, which is, perhaps, the capital trait of Perugino's art; the cold, purplish scheme of colour in which the painting in the National Gallery is cast, suggests nothing of that enchanted country. I should add that in the Alte Pinakothek, at Munich, are two "predella" panels, long attributed to Raffaello Santi: No. 1037, "The Baptism of Christ," and No. 1038, "The Resurrection." Morelli ascribed them to Lo Spagna; but they are, doubtless, the work of some other pupil of Perugino. These little panels appear to have been painted, c. 1510,

when this view of Ranelagh was added to their number. The majority of these betray, without any shadow of doubt, I think, the hand of some imitator or assistant. Two only are the work of Canale himself; but they are among his masterpieces. I mean, of course, No. 937, the "Scuola di San Rocco," with the procession of Giovedì Santo, which the catalogue strangely tells us was painted in by Tiepolo; and the not less admirable "View in Venice," No. 127, with the Senola della Carità in the distance. Let us observe the beauty and dis-



THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST.

From the Painting (by Perugino) in the Museum at Rouen (No. 473).

from the original drawings by Perugino for the two panels at Rouen, Nos. 473 and 474. In the panel of "The Baptism of Christ," at Munich, the painter has preserved little of the original except the central group of Christ and the Baptist. In the place of the kneeling angels and the four figures of the disciples, on either side of the picture, he has introduced two standing figures of angels; and he has freely varied the landscape.

In regard to another picture, I have in the course of my studies come across such evidence as will preclude, I think, even the necessity of searching for the original, although it undoubtedly existed at one time. I allude to the view of the "Interior of the Rotunda at Ranelagh in London," No. 1429, which was purchased from Mr. Horace Buttery, in 1894, for the sum of £120, as a work by Antonio Canale, commonly called Canaletto. The National Gallery already possessed eleven pictures bearing the name of

of the colouring in the latter painting the subtlety and breadth of its aerial perspective; and then let us turn to this view of Ranelagh. How crude is the colouring in comparison! how clumsy the attempt to render the distances! The figures, for instance, on the farther side of the Rotunda are painted with the same amount of detail, and with the same degree of light and shade, as those in the immediate foreground of the picture. And then remark the difference in the handling of the two pictures. In the attempt to simulate a masterly freedom and directness of execution, how coarse and crude is the brushwork in this view of Ranelagh! There is little doubt in my mind that this picture is anything else than a copy; but of what? An original by Antonio Canale?

It is stated in the revised edition of the catalogue, which has lately been published, that "on the back of the original canvas was the following inscription in Canaletto's handwriting

‘Fatto nel anno 1754 in Londra per la prima ed ultima volta con ogni maggior attenzione ad istanza del Cavalier Hollis padrone mio stimatiss^o. Antonio del Canal detto il Canaletto.’ The picture having been re-lined in 1850, this inscription was covered up.”

Now, I do not pretend to understand the whole of this inscription: but done, word for word, into English it would read: “Executed in the year 1754 in London, for the first and last

two years.” If this is so, how did Canale come to paint the view of the Rotunda at Ranelagh, “nel anno 1754 in Londra”? It might be well, by the way, in a catalogue intended for the public at large, to explain statements of this kind, which are apparently contradictory. For our present purpose it is, however, more important to observe that the catalogue in its current edition states that the picture in question was “engraved by N. Parr in the eighteenth century.” The



INTERIOR OF THE ROTUNDA AT RANELAGH.

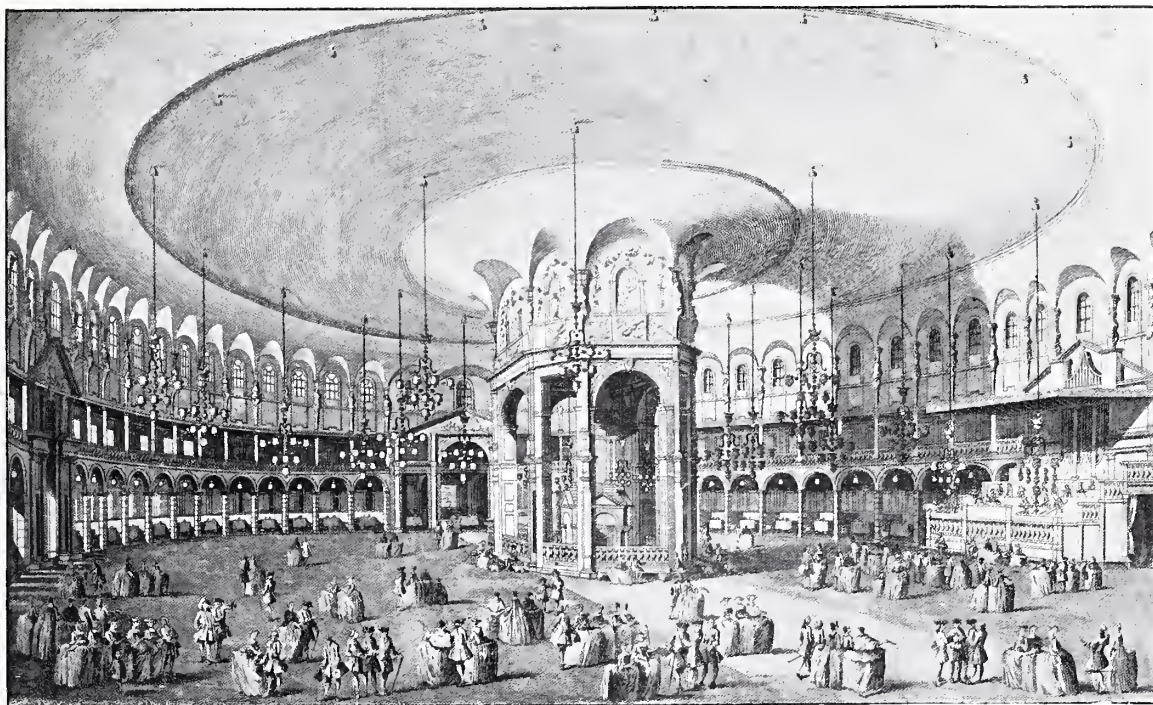
From the Painting attributed to Canaletto in the National Gallery (No. 1429).

time with all possible care, at the instance of the Cavalier Hollis, my most esteemed patron, Antonio del Canal, called il Canaletto.” Now, Horace Walpole, who ought to have been well informed on the point, tells us in his “Anecdotes of Painting in England” (ed. 1782. iv. 139), that “Canalotti, the well-known painter of views of Venice, came to England in 1746, when he was about the age of fifty, by persuasion of his countryman Amiconi, and encouraged by the multitudes of pictures he had sold to or sent over to the English. He was then in good circumstances, and it was said came to vest his money in our stocks. I think he did not stay here above two years. I have a perspective by him of the inside of King’s College Chapel.” In the notice of Antonio Canale in the catalogue of the National Gallery, it is stated with still greater certainty, I know not on what authority, that “in 1746 he came to England, and remained here

writer of that notice could hardly have seen a copy of this scarce print, or he would not have failed to notice a discrepancy between the inscription which it bears, and the inscription which is said to have formerly been on the back of the painting. Among the “King’s Maps and Drawings” in the British Museum (K. XXVIII., 4, x.) may be found an excellent impression of the plate, which is here reproduced, side by side with the picture in the National Gallery. The print, it will be seen, is inscribed in English and French, “An Inside View of the Rotondo in Ranelagh Gardens, Vue de l’Interieur de la Rotonde dans le Jardins de Ranelagh. Canaleti delin. N. Parr sculp. Publish’d according to Act of Parliament, Dec^r 2, 1751. London: Printed and sold by Robt. Sayer at the Golden Buck, opposite Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, and Henry Overton at the White Horse, without Newgate.” Now, the question arises, how was

this plate engraved from Canale's picture, and published in 1751, if the painting in the National Gallery was painted by him for the first time in 1754? That is one difficulty; another is, why any respectable painter should use such an expression as that which Canale is said to have used: "Fatto per la prima ed ultima volta"? On coming to a comparison of the print with the painting, it will be found that not only is the point of view the same, but that either one

ing was not copied from the print: for one of the rectangular openings in the central pier, or rather group of piers, is omitted in the print, but correctly shown in the painting. On the other hand, one of the inner chandeliers which hangs in front of the central pier is shown in the print, but omitted in the painting. Altogether, it is evident, I think, that both the engraving and the painting were copied from a common original; some painting which is now destroyed, lost, or



"AN INSIDE VIEW OF THE ROTUNDO IN RANELAGH GARDENS.

From the Engraving by N. Parr

was copied from the other, or that both had a common origin. In one particular there is, however, an important difference between them: the print suggests a much larger and more spacious building than the painting. Now, the Rotunda at Ranelagh was one hundred and fifty feet in diameter, not including the side boxes and the gallery above them; a span which is much better conveyed by the print than the painting. This difference in the effect of space is chiefly brought about by the different scale of the figures in the two views—those in the painting are fewer in number, and larger in proportion to the building, than those in the print. Again, on looking more closely into the former view, it will be seen that the greater number of the figures have been copied or adapted from those in the print, or the original of the print; the little figures seated around the central piers, for example, are identical. There is evidence, however, that the paint-

perhaps merely unknown to me. But the question, however, remains: what was this common original, this lost painting?

Among the pictures in the National Gallery bearing Antonio Canale's name is a view of "Eton College," No. 942, which is stated in the catalogue to have been painted by him in 1746 during his stay in England. Now, this painting is beyond all question by another hand than that which produced the "Scuola di San Rocco," No. 937, and the "View in Venice," No. 127. It has nothing of Canale's consummate mastery of tone; nothing of his constructive, architectural draughtsmanship; it is plainly the work of some pupil or imitator. But, on the other hand, how vastly better is this view of "Eton College," dry and mannered as it is, than the view of the "Rotunda at Ranelagh," in the National Gallery. Not only does the internal evidence which the poor execution of the picture affords, but the

additional evidence of the engraving, and the forged inscription (for such it undoubtedly is) which the picture once bore, all point to the fact that it is merely a copy; but, as I say, a copy of what? An original by Antonio Canale?

In the collection of the Duke of Northumberland at Alhwick are a number of views which are said to have been painted by "Signor Canaletti" during his stay in this country. One of the best is a view of old Northumberland House, at Charing Cross; and among the others more than one view of Alhwick itself, dated, if I mistake not, 1753. Attached to one of these pictures is a document of the time, which leaves no doubt that it was the work of the "Signor Canaletti," who came over from Venice. And yet not one of these pictures is by Antonio Canale—of that there can be no question; but all are, apparently, by the same hand as the view of "Eton College" in the National Gallery. I have no space left for the discussion of what may seem a sweeping assertion; but I will offer in support of it a very remarkable piece of contemporary evidence, which has, I believe, hitherto escaped observation. I read in one of the note-books of George Vertue, from which Horace Walpole compiled the "Anecdotes of the Painters," and which are now preserved in the British Museum (Add. MS. 23,074, p. 8), that he also (and Vertue had, for his time, no little "skill in hands") arrived at a similar conclusion, while the Venetian painter was still working in this country. But here is Vertue's note entire, as it was entered at the time. It is dated 1749:—

"Signor Canelletti, from Venice, having now been in England some time, has painted several views about London, of the new bridge at Westminster, and London

Bridge, and about Whitehall; also for the Duke of Richmond, and in the country for the Duke of Beaufort, views of Badmington, etc. On the whole of him something is obscure or strange. He does not produce work so well done as those of Venice, or other parts of Italy, which are in collections here, and done by him there. Especially his figures in his works done here are apparently much inferior to those done abroad, which are surprisingly well done, and with great freedom and variety; his water and his skies at no time excellent, or with natural freedom; and what he has done here, his prospects of trees, woods, or handling or pencilling of that part, not various nor so skilful as might be expected. Above all, he is remarkable for reservedness and shyness in being seen at work, at any time, or anywhere; which has much strengthened a conjecture that he is not the veritable Cannelletti of Venice, whose works there have been bought at great prices; or that privately there he has some unknown assistant in making or filling up his pieces of works with figures."

Certainly, all the views done in England by this Venetian painter, in so far as they are known to me, unquestionably go to prove Vertue's contention, that he was not "the veritable Cannelletti of Venice." It would form not one of the least remarkable curiosities of connoisseurship could it be clearly established that the painter who came over from Venice, as Antonio Canale, was merely one of his imitators. But I must leave the discussion of that question to others who may have the opportunity of seeing more of these reputed paintings by Antonio Canale than I have had; especially those in the collection of the Duke of Richmond at Goodwood.

[NOTE.—Mr. Horne's article is of the sort which greatly stimulates interest in the National Gallery and, by discussion, encourages art-scholarship. Such papers, of course, reflect the opinions of those who sign them, and not necessarily of the journal in which they appear.]

A PORTRAIT OF A MAN

BY REMBRANDT. NEWLY ACQUIRED BY THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

TWO pictures by Rembrandt of the highest interest and merit have lately been acquired by the National Gallery, and have been hung as pendants on either side of the great equestrian portrait of Charles I by Vandyck. Of one of these—"The Portrait of a Man"—we publish a reproduction, reserving the companion picture for an early issue.

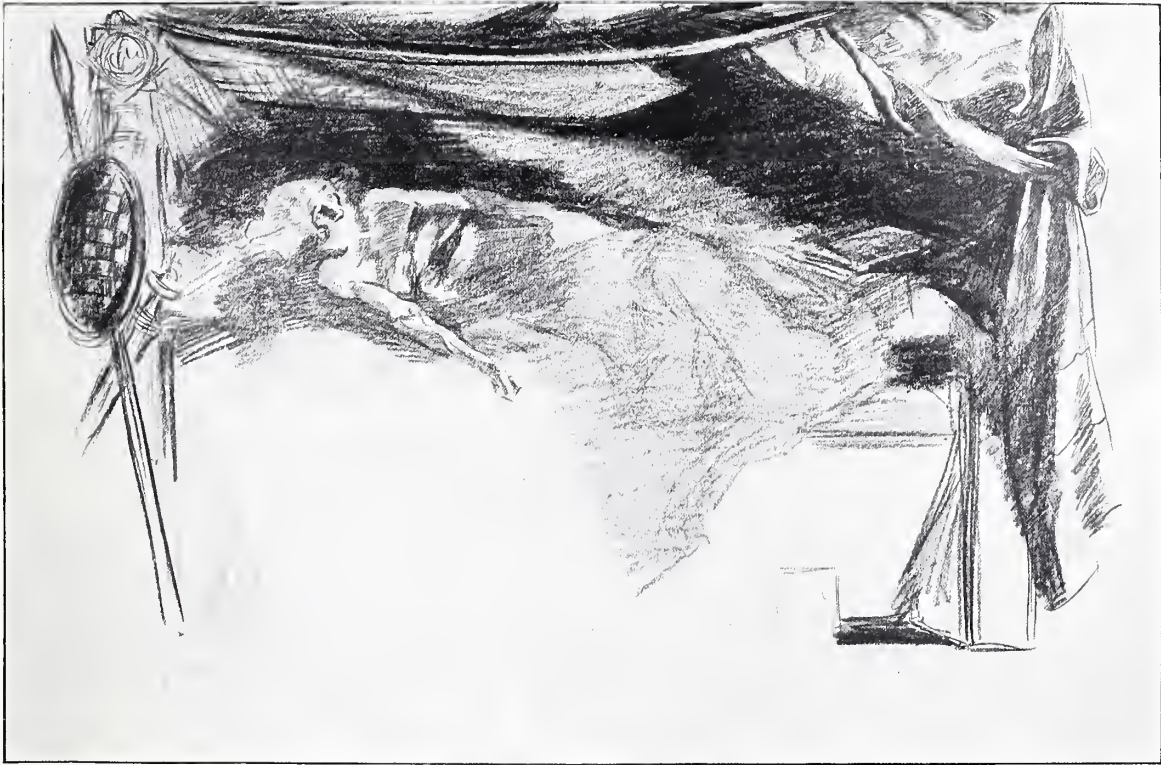
It is anticipated that this publication, like the acquisition itself, will be received with unusual pleasure and curiosity, for we here illustrate a picture which, we believe, has never before been reproduced, and which, for sixty-two years, has never been seen by the public. It has escaped the notice of all cataloguers and biographers, and is mentioned, so far as we know, by no commentators on the work of Rembrandt. Yet the

work is one of the finest male portraits the Master painted—finer, indeed, than its companion, the "Portrait of a Woman." The last time it was seen by the public was in 1837, when, in the catalogue of the British Museum, it appeared as—"73, Portrait, supposed to be J. Lutma, the goldsmith." On that occasion it was lent by Sir William Middleton, Bart. From him it was, together with the female portrait, inherited by Lady de Saumarez. It became one of the Saumarez heirlooms, and it was only in January last, after the death of Lord de Saumarez, that the Court of Chancery gave permission for its sale. For a lifetime it has remained at Livermore Park, Shrubland Park, or in London, and now finds a permanent resting-place in Trafalgar Square.



PORTRAIT OF A MAN.

From the Painting by Rembrandt, recently acquired by the National Gallery.



STUDY FOR THE FISHER-KING.

EDWIN AUSTIN ABBEY, R.A. (*Concluded.*)

BY M. H. SPIELMANN.

III.—THE HOLY GRAIL.

WHATEVER may be the future triumphs of the painter, whatever fresh advance in craftsmanship he may achieve, he is little likely to prove his mettle more conclusively than he has done by the deliberate choice of the almost overwhelming theme of the Holy Grail as subject-matter of a decorative scheme. Mr. Abbey has already done more, probably, than any living painter of his age to prove to the young artists of this country, by sheer force of demonstration, that the mere dexterity and accomplishment which for the moment are accepted by them as the be-all and end-all of art, are not the greatest essentials in an artist's qualifications. For years they have been struggling to acquire technical efficiency in brush-work, and have been wrestling with tones, values, and *plein-air* truths; and behold, one comes along, caring little for the narrower problems of the specialist, paints a picture or two in ignorance of, or, I should rather say, in indifference to, all their preconceived notions as to the finger-posts to success, and obliges them to admit, by the very weight of his artistic success, that their calculations are upset. In a manner not wholly dissimilar, he chooses the most "literary" subject he can find

in the whole range of decorative themes, and treating it neither entirely conventionally nor entirely realistically, he produces a long series of pictures that compel the respect of men to whatever school they may claim to belong.

In the spring of 1890 the authorities who had set up the great Public Library at Boston, in the United States, determined that it should be decorated in a manner befitting its importance and its dignity. Mr. J. S. Sargent and Mr. E. A. Abbey were chief among those who were invited to contribute to the splendour of the palace, and to the latter fell the decoration of the "waiting" or "delivery" room. It was decided that the frieze running round the chamber should receive a painted embellishment, and this Mr. Abbey proceeded to design, introducing such modifications into it as were rendered necessary by the alterations which the architect had to make in the plans. This room is not unlike the smaller council-chamber in the Doge's Palace, and all the drawings of it and the proportions were handed to the artist before he began to paint. The main points of embarrassment were found in the great projections from the wall of the magnificent deep-purple marble doorways.

The great chamber is not an ideal one to decorate; it is lighted from the end, the illum-

ation is unequal, the ceiling is heavily coffered with intersecting beams. In respect of lighting, proportion, and general arrangement, it resembles the much smaller chapel of San Giorgio Schiavoni, while the decoration of its ceiling is suggested by the same model—that is to say, the beams are to receive small cartouches and rosettes of metal at frequent intervals.

Mr. Abbey, upon receiving his commissions, betook himself to Rome and Florence in order to “study” the matter, as the French express it; and while ideas were still fermenting in his brain, visited the *Appartamenti Borgia*; the Benozzo Gozzolis in the Chapel of the Medici in Florence, in the Riccardi Palace; and the Pinturicchio decorations. But the adoption of Italian archaism, of malice prepense—the ignoring of the laws of perspective and of light and shade—was not to be. The artist was too sincerely modern and perhaps too stiff in his artistic instincts to be able to bend his talents to the frankly primitive lack of realism which so fascinated him in the works of the artists he had been admiring.

After a year of this study he went to Venice, and there for the first time gave full consideration to the problem of painted decoration in relation to interior architectural surroundings. He seems to have been duly impressed by the success with which Tintoret and Paul Veronese adapted themselves to the rival claims of realism and archaism—of artistic innocence and science; and he made careful drawings of the Carpaccio chapel, and studied day after day the “*Vision of St. Mark*” in the Accademia, and the Scuola San Rocca, in order to permeate himself with the spirit in which he desired to conceive his own work. His picture of “*Fiametta’s Song*” was painted as an exercise in rendering the atmosphere of Carpaccio, which was an interesting and appropriate thing to do; but in the large work he abandoned the idea, and was happier in it than he had been before. Mr. Abbey must be especially congratulated, I think, in one particular respect: that the scale on which he has worked out his scheme of decoration is entirely right. This is a merit which must not be overlooked in these days when proportion rarely receives due heed of consideration from decorative artists.

By January, 1895, the first five pictures were completed, and were exhibited at the Conduit-street Galleries in a semi-public sort of way. The decision to show them before the despatch of them to Boston was suddenly taken, and the exhibition was closed before the whole art-world had been made entirely aware that the works were on view. But those of us who saw them were impressed alike by their importance, by their merit, and by the

skill of the painter in overcoming all practical difficulties, as well as by his courage in attacking the subject at all. The Academicians showed what they thought by electing him soon after into their fold, and the students of lore and literature hailed the achievement which only a man of powerful artistic intellect and strong individuality could have wrought. They expressed no objection to the original treatment and re-arrangement of the legendary romance, nor to the breadth and unconventionality of the handling; and—while making, perhaps, some reservations on the departure from classic lines—they recognised that the work was the most important of its kind, both in quality and scale, that had been produced in this country for many years.

Mr. Abbey, it must be admitted, had not spared himself. He had not been much more than four years upon the work, but these had been years of unsurpassable toil, study, and application. In selecting the mighty legend of the Sangreal—a title fascinating to the mediæval mind on account of its acrostic construction “*San greal*,” holy grail or cup, and “*Sang real*,” true or royal blood—he had been inspired by the wish to adopt what was at once the most appropriate and the most poetical of all literary themes. For it is the subject that lies at the root of all Western romance, the great fountain of literature that is common to all Christendom, Saxon and Celt, Gallic and Welsh.

The first idea was that the artist’s decoration should deal with the works of Shakespeare—the common property of England and America: a task for which Mr. Abbey’s previous work was thought to prove him admirably fitted. Moreover, Boston prides herself upon her magnificent collection of Shakespeariana, boasting items which even Oxford Bodleian does not possess; and on what is called the “special library floor” there were to be rooms decorated in harmony with their contents. But this intention was thrown aside, and “*The Sources of Modern Literature*,” as being even more comprehensive, took its place. So the sketches for the Shakespearian walls, the “*Cid*,” “*Amadis of Gaul*,” the “*Song of Roland*,” the *Nibelungen Ring*—all gave way to the Holy Grail, the earliest and most popular of all the legends of Christendom.

It was not Mr. Abbey’s aim merely to paint “*The Quest of the Holy Grail*” based on any one authority; he desired if possible to find, so to say, the greatest common denominator of the numerous legends, and then to fit them into a given number of illustrations into a given number of spaces. The task was not an easy one, but study, ingenuity, and keen artistic perception availed to overcome



THE CHILD GALAHAD AND THE HOLY GRAIL.

From the Painting by Edwin A. Abbey, R.A., in the Boston Library. From a Photograph by Curtis and Cameron, Boston, U.S.A.

it. We have here, then, it would seem, the result of the study of such works as "Selections from the Hengwrt MSS.," of Dr. Furnivall's Roxburghe volume on Harry Lonelich's rough metrical translation of "La Queste del Saint Graal," of Hucher, and of Alfred Nutt's "Studies in the Legend of the Holy Grail," among the moderns, and of Walter Map, Chrestien de Troyes, Wolfram von Eschenbach, among more ancient writers. Malory and, of course, Tennyson were, doubtless, read, although the poetic versions of the two last have not been followed. As a result, Mr. Abbey has summarised the romance in a *cyclus* of his own, and has properly treated the whole subject as the great literary expression of the trials and the progress of the Human Soul. There is nothing original in this leading idea, but the painter has shown not a little invention in carrying it into execution, and many are the touches of genuine thought and artistic inspiration displayed in the realisation of his texts. Such, for example, may be found in the eighth picture, representing the Castle, in which the released

Maidens are made to impersonate the Virtues.

By such means did Mr. Abbey give effect to his theory already alluded to, that an artist should, as far as may be, saturate himself with the spirit of his subject and surround himself with its atmosphere. In more concrete fashion he made such studies as would help him to realise that twelfth century in which he wisely determined to place the drama. He made many sketches in St. Michel, the ancient church of Le Puy in the Auvergne from which, tradition asserts, the First Crusade set forth. Capitals

and carvings from Avignon, landscapes from Italy, "bits" gathered here and there among the ruins, for the legitimate and harmonious purpose of the work. Thus, by the time that

he first put charcoal to canvas his mind was stored with story, fact, and scene, as far as goodwill and good sense could avail. And so he chose the twelfth century for his costumes, architecture, and accessories, because the period synchronised with the birth of the Romance, and perhaps because he never thought of transporting it into any other more picturesque period. But I doubt whether, after his recent visits to Italy, he would not rather have taken up the tradition of the decorations of Pinturicchio, of the Stanze of Raphael, and of the frescoes in the Cambio of Perugia. The knowledge, however, of what later men have done must have rendered it impossible for such a man as Mr. Abbey. Burne-Jones found it possible, as the artist one day declared: and after a long while, and with infinite labour, got people to believe in his no-man's land, with its Leonardo basaltic rocks and its Botticelli



STUDY FOR KING ARTHUR.

seas; and his far-away subjects were the better for it. It was not in Mr. Abbey—fortunately—to paint a fifteenth-century "Grail." That which he beheld was two hundred years earlier; and, in truth, unless the work was to be executed in mosaic, no particular style or century was suggested by the legend on other than a historical basis. He admired the science of Tintoret, and the handling of the later masters of the sixteenth century and of their successors; and we can see their influence under what might be called the glaze of the artist's personality. It

is all very well to yearn after the *naïveté* of the fifteenth century; but it is less easy, even were it desirable, to realise it for nineteenth-century matter-of-fact realism to criticise and, perhaps, reject. Gustave Moreau showed us a little of the power; but what was modern in his work made the other part acceptable in the eyes of his admirers.

In simplifying somewhat the involved legend of the Holy Grail, the artist had in view the pictorial demands of the task. What seems to be the chief example of this consists in the setting-up of Sir Galahad as the hero of the whole Arthurian cycle, and the endowing him with some of the adventures that properly belong to other knights. He is the perfect knight who alone is worthy of the reward of the Grail's successful quest, and he is the representative of the highest knightly virtue whose adventures are here followed with so much dramatic variety.

The first picture (here reproduced) is perhaps the least effective of the whole set in black-and-white; but it strikes the note—the *leit motif*—that is maintained and heard throughout the cycle. The child Galahad is in the charge of the holy women who tend him as he grows, and he is here visited by an angel who bears the veiled grail. The sight of it—through its magic virtue—sustains without food the descendant of Joseph of Arimathea, and his saintly young life thus begun, continues without stain.

In the second design—a canvas eleven feet long—Galahad is keeping vigil before he receives his knighthood. Clothed in red, kneeling before the altar, he is attended by Lancelot and Boris, who fasten on his spurs, while the candles held by the attendant nuns contend with their softly glowing light with the cold dawn that steals through the chapel windows.

The third picture is instinct with the symbolism of the poem. It is the scene of the Arthur's Round Table made by Merlin, while Sir Galahad, amid the agitation of the assembled and sympathetic knightly multitude and their retinue, is led forward by Joseph of Arimathea to take his place upon the Seat Perilous—on which none had hitherto been perfect enough to sit and live. But above the seat is magically suspended the legend that proclaims the young knight's worthiness; and round about floats the chorus of unseen angels that shed their rosy light, while the hundred and fifty knights assembled raise their sword-hilts in token of salutation. This great composition, not less than twenty-four feet long, is full of learned detail and dramatic power, and the colour and illumination are managed with ease.

The kneeling knights, about to set forth

upon the Quest, receiving the bishop's benediction, are the subject of the fourth picture. Sir Galahad is robed in red, as always; and the standards lend curious impressiveness to the dignity of the ceremony.

In the next, Sir Galahad finds himself in the great Castle of the Grail where, surrounded by his Court, lies Brons, the Fisher King, who cannot die, but who waits for the releasing question that Galahad should ask. For he should ask the meaning of the Procession of the Grail that we see passing on the right of the picture; but Galahad keeps silence, and his opportunity for many years is lost. This composition is not less than thirty-three feet long, and, like the others, only eight feet high. It is full of variety and interest; even of dramatic intensity, and, to my mind, is one of the most admirable of all.

So far the pictures are executed and fixed in their places on the library walls, covering not less than 744 square feet. It is the remaining six works in various stages of completion that now stand upon their easels at Fairford. Although they seem to attest the advance of the artist since he began the series seven years ago, there is nothing in either tone or treatment which throws them out of harmony with the general scheme. The new pictures show us in order, (1) the head of the knight being borne aloft on the charger, as Galahad had seen in the Procession of the Grail; (2) the Fight with the Seven Deadly Sins; (3) the Castle of the Maidens and their release; (4) the Castle of the Grail, visited once more by Galahad who, this time, does not repeat his arrogant silence of years ago, and so, breaking the fearful spell, confers the blessing of death upon the aged, hollow-eyed king, with whom pass away all the enchantments that had oppressed the land of Britain (in the original of Robert de Borron, of course, Sir Perceval and not Sir Galahad is the hero of this adventure); (5) the episode of the Ship; and (6) the fashioning and setting up of the Golden Tree. As these works are not yet quite finished, it is impossible fairly to criticise them here; but it may be said that they promise fully to maintain the level of their predecessors.

Thus has Mr. Abbey dealt with his great cycle; and if he be accused of meddling with his text, it may be answered that none of the tellers of the Arthurian legends, from the first to the last, ever told the story as it reached him. To our artist belongs the distinction of having executed, so far as I am aware, the only elaborate mural picturing of the greatest stories in Christendom—which is, perhaps, the more



SKETCH OF AN ARRANGEMENT OF DRAPERY FOR "GALAHAD AT GRAIL CASTLE."

By Edwin A. Abbey, R.A.

extraordinary as these romances are of the few that have belonged to the very blood of the people, and for ages have dominated the world of poetry and romance from Iceland to Gibraltar and from Ireland to Venice. Our illustrations

explain themselves; we show one of the smallest and most formal pictures, and a selection of those masterly studies which are of suggestive use to the student and hardly less attractive to the general reader.

IS PHOTOGRAPHY AMONG THE FINE ARTS?—A SYMPOSIUM.

4. BY H. P. ROBINSON.

IN discussing this question it would seem to be convenient to decide "what *is* fine art?" I had hoped M. de la Sizeranne or M. Kluopff would have settled the matter once for all, but neither of them has more definitely defined the term than do the dictionaries. There are many ingenious and well-known definitions, but not one of them is convincing or clears the way.

Colours or pencils do not make painters, nor do cameras and lenses create photographers; it is the skilful use of them in certain directions that possibly may be called fine art. It has been too much the custom for writers to assume that art by means of photography is impossible under any circumstances, their reason being that the camera, a soulless implement, cannot think, forgetting that the same argument would apply to brush and canvas. A photographer who has the ability, although he may not be able with his materials, to produce great works of genius, may still be able to convey his pictorial thoughts. There has never been any pretension that photography as daily seen is art even of the poorest kind.

There is a great deal done with paint and cameras that could never by any possibility be called art. The term "pictorial photography" is claimed for the work of a minute fragment only of the number of photographers, and a vast number of painters and students claim to be called artists who have no right to the title whatever. It is wonderful what we have come by habit to call art. The pictures, as an example, sent in to the Royal Academy every year, rejected and all, we have been taught to accept as art, and their producers artists, yet it must be obvious to any thoughtful person that there is a great deal that is not art, even among the accepted, at that exhibition.

Beyond the "man's skill in laying on the paint," in a true work of fine art, there must be an indefinite something that is not easy to explain—an indefinite charm which may be felt more than seen, and which vanishes or is made ineffective under the hands of the analyst or critic. It has been defined as "That!"—an

expression that requires a snap of the fingers to carry it effectively. It is a charm not looked for in nine out of ten photographs, but is expected, and indeed thought to appear, in paintings and drawings, but is not found in many; it is the poetry, the thought, the feeling, the sentiment, the something that sends a thrill of pleasure through you—the art. It is fully expressed after all in the well-known lines:—

"Oh, the little more, and how much it is!

And the little less, and what worlds away."

The true photographic artist has to see for himself, and feel, and be able to convey to others the truth that besides mountains, rivers, and trees, castles, cathedrals, and churches, there are in addition to be represented light, air, and space, that the dry bones may be made to live; that we have morning and night and their twilights, as well as noon, with the sun "slightly behind the left shoulder;" that brilliant, clear-cut definition is not compulsory. Some photographers have shown that it is possible to generalise the phenomena of Nature, although others, it is true, may have gone too far in their enthusiasm and almost eliminated Nature altogether, which, however, only serves to show that Nature was pliable in their hands, if not so plastic as in the hands of a painter. But I agree with Mr. Baldry that it is a mistake to try to deceive the observer with imitations of other means of art such as etchings and water-colour drawings, which, however, should not be taken seriously. We admit our limitations. It is well known that the photographer can not only select scenes and improve subjects, but he may also alter effects, hold an artistic domination over his materials, and render Nature, or as much as he wants of it, in his own way, becoming in its highest form a method which depends on the labours of the mind and imagination; which is a definition of "fine art" according to the dictionaries.

It is a curious paradox that the claim for photography as an art is not so much made by those who practise it as an art, as by those who are always arguing against it as an art, and,

I am bound to add, those who practise on the sea-beach and the race-course. Those who do most towards showing by their works that photography is an art are content to have it called "pictorial photography." It is a singular fact that our subject of discussion, "Is photography among the fine arts?" is not the burning question it is called by the writers in weekly and monthly papers who are always discussing it. These writers usually take into consideration

hesitation in adding that the last thing for use in the first fifteen years of a photographer's artistic training is a camera. His knowledge of art before he begins to practise photography should be equal to those who call themselves artists because they use paint, either with or without art.

I have noticed that, as a rule, the greater the painter-artist the more does he recognise photography in its higher phases as allied to art, and that it requires a fifth-rate painter to treat the art of photography with contempt; nor has it needed to wait for the newer photography to bring about this result. It has been my good fortune to have opportunities to notice this for over forty years.

For there have been brave men before Agamemnon. There have been pioneers who have left their footsteps on the sands of pictorial photography many years before the institution of the Photographie Salon revived interest in photography in its pictorial phases, and set a higher standard than was general in 1893, when its first exhibition was held.

To refer to M. Khnopff's article, he depends a little



FIRST NEGATIVE FOR "AT SUNSET LEAPS THE LUSTY TROUT."

Photographed by H. P. Robinson.

the whole of its branches. Unfortunately photography is so easy in its elements that the world is flooded by, as a rule, very commonplace rubbish, and the higher branches are so difficult, and so little is produced of the best work, that but little is seen, so the capabilities of photography for art are not recognised. A great photograph may present more difficulties of execution than a painting, but the potentialities are there. We only want more of those who can add the qualifications for any art to the materials of photography, and they are gradually becoming more numerous, though still scarce.

Whatever it might have been formerly, photography need now be no more a mechanical art than painting; the materials are to be bought, ready for use, for both arts, and are no more complicated in one than the other, and the techniques of both should be perfectly mastered before serious work is begun. The two kinds of art are there for both artists, and I have no

for his argument on mild sarcasm, which does not always settle the matter, especially as he frankly explains that his knowledge of technical photography is not great. And without technical knowledge how is he to know what may be done? He makes use of the old and obsolete argument that "the photographer may facilitate the mere notation of facts for the artist; the artist may refine the taste of the photographer." The skilled photographer would leave the artist to notate his own facts; he has no wish to be jackal to the lion: and it is possible the photographer's taste may be already refined. It is too common with critics in these discussions to have in their minds' eye highly-cultivated painters and to compare them with very ordinary photographers. A discussion of this kind should at least suppose the two processes in equal hands. The painter and photographer should both be "artists" of equal experience and education in their respective methods. The question seems to

me not whether the bulk of photographers produce fine art, but whether the tools photography uses are capable of fine art in capable hands.

M. de la Sizeranne and M. Khnopff have given illustrations of photographs, I presume as examples of fine art, but they have not described them as such; and Mr. Baldry some beautiful examples of his own in collaboration with a mechanical photographer. I also, greatly daring, will venture to point out in an illustration of a photograph some passages which the producer ventured to think had this "something beyond" which might at least give the original a title to "pictorial photography." He does this well knowing that any attempt at analysis robs a picture of nearly everything but its mechanism.

It seems that examples of the bichromate-gelatine process have to some extent helped to convince M. de la Sizeranne that photography is not entirely mechanical. The original of the illustration I show was done some years ago by the ordinary process that leaves little room for the critic to say it was not by pure photography, or by a process that "ceased to be photography," or was merely a "pleasing occupation for an amateur." It has the further advantage that it is by a method of printing that has been used by its producer for very many years. A very simple example is purposely selected, just sufficient only to show the artist's control over his materials. The intention was to represent, as far as monochrome would allow, the glow of summer evening, and a negative was taken which, in the opinion of the photographer—the artist part of him thought, or perhaps he may say knew—would give the peculiar effect he required (which, however, possibly may be lost in the reproduction). The first print from the negative gave nothing like the effect desired, as will be seen in the smaller illustration. The figures and stones were

much too white; the sky did not compose well, some trees on the horizon were ugly in form, and interfered with the effect, and therefore were removed. I need scarcely say the figures were not accidental; the composition of them may be good or bad, but shows intention. The artist



"AT SUNSET LEAPS THE LUSTY TROUT"

Photographed by H. P. Robinson.

decided that this subject included too much, and cut part of it away. He then printed a proof in platinotype, to which he added a well-considered sky. In this proof he saw many slight faults to correct, and in correcting them (all being under his command) he printed other proofs until he was satisfied. The glowing effect was there, and was intensified when the print was toned a bistre colour. It is not for me to give processes here. There is not a touch done except by photographic means.

It will be noted that the "artist" had per-

formed the following intellectual or artistic operations besides "taking a photograph."

He had selected a scene in Nature, decided on its composition and chiaroscuro and what he would leave out; made some necessary alterations; chosen a special and difficult effect; selected models and their dresses, and made a rough sketch of the arrangement, the result of many years' study; posed the figures; cut away part of his subject; removed some trees, as a draughtsman alters or re-draws what does not please him; added a sky suitable to the pictorial effect required; printed the picture so as to suit his effect, and toned the print so as to intensify that effect. What has he done essentially different from the work of the draughtsman? The chemical part was even simpler than the use of the painter's pigments, or the grinding of them in the painter's studio, as represented in the February number of *THE MAGAZINE OF ART*. The rest of it was due to thought and artistic intention. Moreover, this picture has the stamp of individuality which is as easily recognised by an expert as would be the work of any painter. I have no further space to refer to individuality, but the works of the chief photographers without being eccentric are easily recognised by experts.

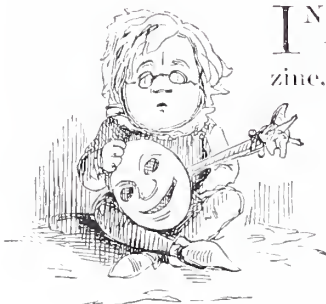
I am one of those who think a good title helps the effect. I cannot claim credit for this one. It was given me to compose a photograph to by my late friend Henry Moore, R.A., who believed an artist was an artist whatever his material. The title is, "At sunset leaps the lusty trout."

In the world of art—yea, even fine art—there are many mansions, and we only want to occupy one of them. The sign over the door has not been fully determined yet. We do not claim the glory of the sun or of the moon, but we do that of a minor star, with possibilities. Our limitations are many, but they have not been settled. We would not refuse to call a man an artist because he fell short of Michael Angelo, and we do acknowledge that our limitations may be passed, or at least the limits of good taste in our art which gives us "The Crucifixion" and such-like subjects from life.

We may say of photography as an art as Izaak Walton said of fishing, "Doubt not, sir, that angling is an art, and an art worthy of your learning. The question is whether you be capable of learning it? for angling is something like poetry—men are born so; I mean, with inclinations to it, though both may be heightened by discourse and practice."

OUR GRAPHIC HUMOURISTS: W. M. THACKERAY.

BY GEORGE SOMES LAYARD.



From "Vanity Fair."

IN his "Strictures on Pictures" in "Fraser's Magazine," Thackeray, enunciating theories which will hardly commend themselves to the new criticism, penned the following memorable words: "In Severn's picture of the Crusaders, Godfrey and Tancred, and Peter and

the rest, look like little wooden dolls; as for the horses belonging to the Crusading cavalry, I have seen better in gingerbread. But what then? There is a higher ingredient in beauty than mere form. A skilful hand is only the second artistical quality—worthless without the first, which is a great heart." This was written in 1838, when Thackeray was twenty-seven years of age, in a letter purporting to be from Michael Angelo Titmarsh. Here we learn his views of the functions and limitations of art, amidst much delightful fooling about His Majesty

King Mulready, H.R.H. Prince Maclise, Edwin Earl of Laudsecer, the Duke of ETTY, Archbishop Eastlake, and a heap of others, breveted as he considered they deserved to be.

At that time Thackeray believed that the medium through which *his* "great heart" was to find expression was the pencil rather than the pen, and, half-conscious as he was of the weakness of his own technique, and more than half certain as he was of the greatness of his mission, he was perhaps too ready to make excuses for bad workmanship where he recognised that "the heart was in the right place."

Thackeray was a great humourist sent forth to war against the foibles and follies of our human nature, armed with two weapons—the one weak and faulty, the other puissant and of sterling temper; the one inelastic and flaccid, the other resilient and proof.

At first, ignorant of his great potentialities, he chose the weak and faulty weapon, and it is with him thus equipped that we have here to do. He had yet to learn of what execution the great keen sword, which at present mostly

remained sheathed at his side, was to prove itself capable.

Nor was it long before he came to recognise that, for him, drawing was, as a mode of expression, but of secondary value, and he seems to have made this discovery in writing those trenchant art criticisms of his, the most of which were published anonymously in "Fraser."

The stages of his development seem to have been as follows: firstly, the attempt and failure to describe Nature adequately with a weak pencil; secondly, the attempt to describe, with a strong and virile pen, Nature as presented to

we may think of the value of such remarks, it is easy to believe that the writer was not going to content himself long with describing things at second-hand from the canvas of the artist. Somehow and somewhere he would get to the fountain source and tell what he himself saw there.



BRAHAM, THE SINGER

From an early Caricature by Thackeray in "The National Standard."

him second-hand in the paintings of masters, ancient and modern:

"For don't you mark? we're made so that we love
First when we see there painted things we have
passed
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;"*

thirdly, the recognition that he had best take his strong and virile pen straight to Nature and describe her first-hand for himself. "Oh, ye gods!" he exclaims before Turner's "Fighting Temeraire," "oh, ye gods! why will he not stick to Nature—copying her majestic countenance, instead of daubing it with some absurd antics and fards of his own." And, whatever

* Browning's "Fra Lippo Lippi."



LOVE IN FETTERS.

From a Drawing by Thackeray in "The National Standard," June 8th, 1833.

Indeed, it is curious to note how, as early as 1839, he reveals his opinion that the loftiest and ultimate expression is oral rather than plasmatic. Writing of Wilkie's "Grace before Meat," he says, "When lines and colours come to be translated into sounds, this picture, I have



KING CLUMPUS.

From the Frontispiece to "King Clumpus."

no doubt, will turn out to be a sweet and touching hymn-tune with rude notes of cheerful voices, and peal of soft melodious organ—such as one hears stealing over the meadows on

sunshiny Sabbath days, while waves under the cloudless sky the peaceful golden corn."

Here we have the key to his final development. His descriptions of the paintings of his contemporaries, addressed to his imaginary friend "Monsieur Anatole Isidor Hyacinthe Achille Hercule de Bric-a-brac, Peintre d'Histoire, Rue Mouffetard, à Paris," are more vivid than the paintings themselves. He instinctively seizes upon the dominant idea of the artist, and renders it in words more brilliant than the very

culture by giving clearness to our ideas of visible things, they also help it by stimulating the imagination." So it was with Thackeray. He prepared himself, quite unconsciously, no doubt, for the production of his masterpieces, by years of thought, study, and practice, and not the least potent and significant were the years that he devoted to the graphic art. Indeed, it is probably due to this sowing of his intellectual wild oats, in a soil that could not be brought into comparison with the riper

productions of his fuller manhood, that even in such writings as "Barry Lyndon," "The Hogarty Diamond," and "The Yellowplush Papers," we find no signs of their being the tentative flights of an unfledged genius. He had learnt the necessity of veracity before he ever put pen to paper. Put syllogistically, Thackeray's writings had an incalculable influence on the world; Thackeray's early artistic efforts had an incalculable influence on his writings; therefore, Thackeray's early artistic efforts had an incalculable influence



colours of the painter's palette, and all of a sudden he realises this thing for himself.

Now this matter of Thackeray's development is of the utmost importance, if we are properly to estimate his influence as a graphic humourist upon his generation. We must recognise the influence that his pencil had upon his pen, and then the hold that his pen, thus influenced, had upon the world. For it cannot be maintained for a moment that, as a pictorial artist, he exercised any authority other than indirect over his contemporaries. Had Thackeray not been, as I once pointed out in another place,* a picture-maker at the quadrature he would not have been the novelist he was at the full. The educational effect of the pictorial study of things in Nature is, as Hamerton has said, principally to make us more observant. "We notice things in Nature when we have seen them painted (and how much more when we have painted them ourselves!) which without that we should never notice at all." And again, "drawings and pictures not only help our

* "Murray's Magazine" for August, 1891.

upon the world. So much for the connection between his graphic art and the public. Let us now consider more particularly what relationship it bore to his other modes of expression.

Thackeray was not one of those who saw the virtue of keeping his thoughts to himself. He was the diametric opposite to the man who could be silent in seven languages. Give him seventy, and he would be articulate in all. Messages of all sorts he had to deliver, and he was not so fastidious that he could wait to deliver them till he could do it the best way that was abstractly possible. Thank God, he was not like the man of whom Mrs. Meynell has written with such dainty phraseology—but with whom I confess that I, for one, am out of all patience—to whom the abstinent and reticent graces belonged in the heroic degree; who, loving literature, never lifted a pen but to write a letter; who was not inarticulate, but only silent; who had an exquisite style from which to refrain, and so on and so on. Thank God, I say, that Thackeray was not so lickerish

and nice as all this. True, when he had a literary thought he rendered that thought consummately; but when he had a graphic thought he rendered it also, not indeed consummately,



From "Vanity Fair."

he boldly essayed to render it in verse, and succeeded better than many a man who has called himself poet. To parody what has been said of him in another connection: He was rather a humourist who drew pictures than an artist endowed with humour.

Thackeray's humour was of that subtle and cunning quality which requires a perfect master of technique for its proper transference. So long as he worked with his admittedly inadequate pencil, the more delicate shades and niceties of his wit could not find expression, and thus it is that his affinity as a graphic humourist was rather with the clever Gillray than with Hogarth. Not that I would have it supposed for a moment that, like the former, he was always in his drawings, so to speak, grinning satirically through a horse-collar, or that, like him—to quote what Mr. George Meredith says of someone else—"he struck heavily round and about him wherever he moved; he had by nature tarnishing eyes that cast discolouration." This I would not for a moment admit. "I suppose we all begin by being too savage," he himself once wrote, but his humour was too genuine to degenerate into undiluted satire. He seems cruel, I know, at times, but it is the cruelty of a just fate, which, unlike Gillray's, has tears in its voice as it passes sentence. It is in the fact that the rougher and more obvious qualities of his humour are made evident in his drawings, that his affinity with Gillray is apparent. Armed with his pen, Thackeray was so strong that he rarely, if ever, needed to lash out recklessly with all his vigour. Armed with his pencil, of which he had but imperfect mastery, he constantly degenerated into satirical caricature when it was his

intention to be within the bounds of humour, thus approaching by accident what Gillray, who was a master with his pencil, accomplished by design. Every now and then, it is true, we are startled to find the true artistic restraint in such drawings as "Railroad Speculators" in "Punch," "The Sketch of an Editor holding Time by the Forelock," and "Some Children at Play," the two latter to be found in "The Orphan of Pimlico, and other Sketches," published in 1876—a volume which no lover of the master has a right to be without; but these are amongst the rare exceptions. By nature Thackeray had no gust for "censure and ridicule for censure and ridicule's sake." His laugh was not only an act of judgment, but also a genuine effusion of ludicrous feeling.* Not but that he could have been as cruel as Swift if he had chosen; but his sanity kept in check what the fierce Dean's insanity accentuated. And that is one of the main reasons, I think, why we love him so. Because all that was good in him and his work was the result of positive combat with evil. It was no negative virtue. Besides which he never hesitated to lash himself first to taste the quality of the punishment he was going to inflict on others. As novelist, we know that

So, too, it was in a lesser degree with his poetry, for this was better than his drawing. When he had a poetic idea

the covering which he drew over what he felt were his own shortcomings was, in effect, diaphanous. He never intended to hide himself. He no more expected people to be unaware of his presence than the Queen does when she travels as Countess of Bahmoral. All he wanted was that his confidences should be respected. One is reminded of Addison's heroine "whose bosom appeared all of crystal, and so wonderfully transparent that I saw every thought in her heart."



From "Sketches and Travels in London."

So it was, too, in his pictures. He looked

* Compare what Mr. Hannay says in his "Studies on Thackeray."

in the glass and poked fun at himself and others with the utmost impartiality. His broken nose, his "goggles," his pursed-up mouth, "those blue eyes with child-like candour lit," indeed himself cropped up in his drawings in the most unexpected manner, and in all sorts of compromising and ridiculous situations.

What a lesson it is in the ethics of satire to



GEORGY GOES GENTEELLY TO CHURCH.

From "Vanity Fair."

look at that tailpiece portrait of himself, for example, as Jester in "Vanity Fair," where, after making fun of the world in his letterpress, he turns the laugh with his pencil upon himself, the preacher. Look again at the portrait of himself in the initial letter to "What makes my Heart to thrill and glow," where he appears as the Titmarsh Cupid of "Love songs made easy." Look at the hundred other pictures in which he makes himself the whipping boy for our foibles and weaknesses. Indeed, where shall we find another humourist who has so deliberately and unsparingly held himself up to ridicule? But the greatest charm of it all is that, in laying bare his foibles, his weaknesses, the evil promptings of his heart, he could not altogether conceal from view his moral force, his human sympathies, his hatred of cant and meanness. In all this, of course, he was immeasurably removed from the great, unhappy Gillray.

So far, then, I have considered the effect of Thackeray's graphic art upon his public, and the relationship of his graphic art to the medium through which he was finally to address that public. There is yet another aspect of the matter which demands more than passing consideration.

In Thackeray we have the rare example of a writer illustrating his own literary productions.

First and foremost and most complete of the artists in the two mediums, William Blake, of course, stands out. He was the true pioneer of the movement, and had his directest follower in Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Thackeray, and Samuel Lover, who was far more of an artist, applied this principle to the illustrating of novels. It may be that these two will prove to have been the van-couriers of the novelist of the future, whose literary productions will not be considered complete unless the author, as in Du Maurier's three novels, has expressed himself, in part at least, pictorially. And that such novelist need not be a graphic artist of the first quality is sufficiently evident when we consider how ill we could spare Thackeray's illustrations. Who can forget the sense of fitness which has recommended to him these drawings, weak and insufficient in themselves, but so evidently imbued with the living literary conception? That he could not satisfactorily illustrate the thoughts of others we have abundant evidence, but where have we ever seen book illustrations more helpful to the right understanding of the author's thought than those in "The Christmas Books," "Dr. Birch," "Our Street," and "The Kickleburys on the Rhine"? As was pointed out some time since in an article "Of the Illustrating of Books, and that of Novels in particular,"* it needs no argument to prove that the ideal illustrator of a literary perception, provided the requisite technical skill is there, is the person in whose mind that perception was generated. In the mind of any other that perception is only secondhand and but the reflection more or less complete of the original, conveyed on to the mental retina of the artist through the more or less opaque medium of language. Not that I would wish in any way to belittle the services rendered by the few good illustrators of books, but it must never be forgotten that they are, in a sense, but "journeymen" compared with the originators of the thoughts which they are employed to interpret.

* "Temple Bar," December, 1889.

In such cases we see that, from the moment when we have a literary idea taking form in an author's brain to the time when we have it represented pictorially as a book illustration, there are at least three stages of transmission in each of which touch is necessarily lost with the original conception. There is, first, the idea of the author translated by him into language; secondly, the translation of that language into a picture by the collaborating artist; thirdly, except in the case of such autographic methods as etching and lithography, the translation of that picture on to the block by the engraver. Where, however, we have artist and writer in one, as in Thackeray's case, there has been no weakening of the spontaneity and impulse by the transmission of the conception from one mind to another.* It is as though we had the part of Hamlet played for us by Shakespeare himself.

As I have said above, it was characteristic of Thackeray to express any thought in the medium most adapted to it, regardless of the fact that that particular medium might not be one of which he was most completely master. Besides which, as Mrs. Ritchie explains in her Preface to the "Orphan of Pimlico," "the hours which he spent upon his drawing-block and sketch books brought no fatigue or weariness; they were of endless interest and amusement to him and rested him when he was tired."

For these reasons it was that he never wholly abandoned his first love. It is to that facility, fatal in that it rendered him impatient of the restraint which would have turned him out a finished draughtsman, that we are indebted for his continuing to lavish those delightfully characteristic drawings as long as life lasted. As a result we have in "Vanity Fair" probably the finest example of the intimate wedding of pen and pencil, in the case of a novel, ever produced. Not content with the

* The well-known signature of the spectacles at once identifies most of Thackeray's "Punch" illustrations, but, as Mr. Shepherd points out, it does not necessarily follow that the accompanying letterpress was always his.

ordinary method of choosing a dozen dramatic incidents and squaring them to a dozen full-page drawings, as the story moves along, the artist in Thackeray impels him to throw aside his pen at each picturesque incident and take to his pencil. So profound, indeed, is the intimacy of the two modes of expression that at times an illustration becomes an integral part, a phrase, so to speak, of the sentence itself.

"Think of those two aides-de-camp of Mr. Moses," says Becky to her husband, and there immediately appear the pictorial representations of the two officers. "The door was flung open, and a stout, jolly lady in a riding-habit, followed by a couple of officers of ours, entered the room." The sentence ends—there are no more words on the page; the rest of it is filled with the scene described, Mrs. O'Dowd bursting in and taking Amelia's hand.* And so on, and so on, through this delightful volume.

Sincerely do I commiserate those to whom these excursions into pictorial art do not afford the liveliest satisfaction, and whose high critical principles (for we are all critics now) cannot allow

them to overlook, even in playtime, the glaring faults of these delightful puppets that dance so bewitchingly from the beginning to the end of Thackeray's glorious pages.

Humourists are divided into two great classes, those whom their audiences laugh *at* (the earlier and more obvious phase), and those whom their audiences laugh *with*. We laugh at Grimaldi; we laugh with Garrick, and cry with him, too, as likely as not, before the minute of laughter is over. So in the case of the graphic humourists. With Hogarth we laugh, with him we are moved to tears; but it was laughing *at* Rowlandson, *at* Gillray, and, as often as not, *at* Leech, that cracked our fathers' and grandfathers' voices. Whoever "gave a loose to mirth" at Keene, at Sambourne, at Bernard Partridge? Theirs is high comedy, and they never cracked a voice between them.

* For more on this subject, see an article that appeared in "Scribner" for 1880, p. 256.



From "Love the Widower."

And Thackeray, as a draughtsman, was on the side of the guffawgraphers. As a writer he was on the side of high comedy. To adapt to himself what he wrote of Leslie and Maclise—His writings do not laugh themselves, they make you laugh, and there is where Thackeray the novelist is immeasurably removed from Thackeray the graphic humourist.

To those who are interested in Thackeray as

an artist, it may be mentioned that there are in the Forster Collection at the South Kensington Museum nearly thirty of his sketches and water-colour drawings. Thirteen of them are illustrations to Jerrold's "Men of Character." These are, though weak in drawing, well composed and full of spirit. Twelve of them were reproduced in black-and-white, unsigned, and much spoilt in the translation.

THE LAW OF ARTISTIC COPYRIGHT: AN EXPOSITION.

BY EDWIN BALE R.I.

AS long ago as 1892 attention was drawn in a series of articles in THE MAGAZINE OF ART to the state of the law relating to copyright in works of art. They were contributed by a writer of great legal experience, and were followed by a number of letters from well known artists mainly approving the attitude of the writer of the articles, and protesting against the present state of the law. The existing copyright law has never given satisfaction. Ever since it came into existence in 1862 efforts, and fresh efforts, have been made to amend or end it, but the subject had to be hung up in "the eighties" when Irish affairs blocked the way and stopped all legislation.

The existing law is complex and confusing, and the last people to comprehend it are the artists themselves, for whose benefit it avowedly came into existence. But artists might understand it better than they do. It is simply amazing how little trouble they have taken in the past to inform themselves. They have been content simply to go on for the most part in a blind faith that they could punish anyone who copied their works, but, whilst believing they had rights, taking no thought as to the duties necessary to secure those rights. Few artists know the elementary provisions of copyright and what they have to do to secure it; and of those who know what they should do, how few will be troubled to do it!

Still it is necessary in the interests of the whole profession to move again to get a better law substituted for the existing one, and a fresh effort is on foot to simplify and improve from the point of view of both the artist and the public this law of copyright in works of art, and it has been set on foot by the artists themselves.

On the 24th of February, 1896, at a meeting of the St. John's Wood Arts Club, a paper was read by one of the members setting forth—rather in fighting form, as it was intended to

provoke discussion—the objectionable features of the present law. The result was that at the close of the meeting a committee was formed to consider the whole subject and to report to the club. The committee was ultimately composed as follows:—

1. L. Alma-Tadema, R.A. (painter), Chairman.
 2. Frank Dicksee, R.A. (painter), Treasurer.
 3. Edwin Bale, R.I. (painter), Secretary.
 4. Alfred East, A.R.A., R.I. (painter).
 5. George Simonds (sculptor).
 6. W. Reynolds Stephens (sculptor and decorator).
 7. G. A. Storey, A.R.A. (painter).
 8. Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A. (painter).
 9. C. F. A. Voysey (architect and decorator).
 10. J. C. Webb (engraver).
- H. A. Voysey (solicitor), Legal adviser.

Four days after their appointment viz. on February 28th, the committee held its first meeting and, vacations apart, they met almost every week for two years and a half, when they were able to place their draft for a new Bill in the hands of Mr. T. E. Scrutton, the eminent copyright counsel, in order that the Bill itself might by him be finally settled. This done, it was submitted to the principal art societies in the country, and finally, with the sanction of the artists of the United Kingdom, it has been handed over to the Royal Academy, who with some slight modifications have accepted it, and have undertaken to bring it before Parliament.

As a matter of interest we give the paper read before the St. John's Wood Arts Club, which invoked the movement which is taking place. We hope shortly to place before our readers a comparison between the present law and the provisions of the proposed new Bill.

"Gentlemen,

"In order rightly to understand the bearing of the copyright laws, it is necessary to consider the position in which the artist would stand if there were no such laws, and if he had

only the common law of the land to look to for the protection of his rights in the property of his creation.

“When an artist creates a work of art, what rights does he acquire over it by the common law of the land? Is it his property like his clothes, his money, or his house? It is argued by some people that it is, and that there is really no need of copyright laws, inasmuch as the common law which protects him in rights over other possessions ought to be enough to protect him in this. And this argument is good as far as it goes. The common law does protect a man—apart from the Copyright Acts—in his rights in his work, so far as the common law recognises them. If anyone surreptitiously obtained access to a picture and published it before the painter had established a copyright in it, he could be sued at common law without the aid of the law of copyright being invoked, and cases might be cited in which protection of this kind has been accorded. The common law will protect an artist from any infringement of his proprietary rights in his work, but that is not sufficient. The artist not only seeks to be protected against infringement of these rights, but he demands that, while nobody else shall have a right to publish his work, he *shall have* the right to do so, and that he shall have the *sole and exclusive right*; he seeks a monopoly of rights in his own work, and this the common law does not give him. It was for the purpose of granting him such a monopoly of rights, and securing him in possession of them, that copyright laws came into existence.

“It may interest you to know that it was only in the year 1862 that the first Act was passed to give artists any power of exercising a copyright over paintings and drawings: the Act also included photographs. But as long ago as 1734 an Act was passed to give a copyright in engravings and etchings, and sculptors had their privileges granted them in 1814. It is very curious that painters should be the last and latest to gain protection for their inventions. It is, then, this precious Act of 1862 which we are going to consider, and we shall find it to be one of the most remarkable pieces of legislation ever devised. It was no sooner passed than the anomalies of its provisions became apparent, and attempt after attempt was made to amend it. A Bill was introduced for this purpose only two years later, viz. in 1864; a Royal Commission took evidence and reported on the whole subject in 1876, and was followed by further Bills in 1879, 1882-3-4, and 1890. But as yet there has been no result, the original Act is still in force.

“It will be impossible for me, in the short

time at my disposal, to go into the details of the Acts dealing with the various branches of the arts; and whilst I hope to say something about the Act dealing with sculpture, I must confine myself mainly to that of 1862 referring to copyright in paintings, drawings, and photographs; and in order to make matters as clear as possible I will proceed point by point.

“1. What is the nature of copyright as given by the Act? It is ‘the sole and exclusive right of copying, engraving, reproducing and multiplying the painting and drawing and the design thereof, or the photograph and the negative thereof by any means and of any size; but nothing contained in the Act is to prejudice the right of any person to represent any scene or object, notwithstanding that there may be copyright in some representation of such scene or object.’ That is to say, fifty artists may paint the same view of St. Paul’s; the copyright does not lie in the subject, but in individual representation of it.

“2. Who is entitled to copyright? This is the most important and difficult question arising out of the law of artistic copyright as it at present stands. It appears that up to the time of the first sale of a picture no one is entitled to it. Copyright is a property quite apart from the possession of the picture itself, which is created on the occasion of the first sale of the picture by a document which has to be signed by the buyer or the seller or by both, according to circumstances; and if an artist should sell his picture, and no such document be executed, the copyright entirely disappears: neither buyer nor seller has it, and any person is at liberty to publish it in any form and to any extent he may be able. These are the terms of the Act:—‘When any painting or drawing or the negative of any photograph shall for the first time after the passing of this Act be sold or disposed of, or shall be made or executed for or on behalf of any other person for a good or a valuable consideration, the person so selling or disposing of or making or executing the same shall not retain the copyright thereof unless it be expressly reserved to him by agreement in writing, signed at or before the time of such sale or disposition by the vendee or assignee [that is, the purchaser] of such painting or drawing, or of such negative of a photograph, or by the person for or on whose behalf the same shall have been made or executed. Nor shall the vendee or assignee thereof be entitled to any such copyright unless, at or before the time of such sale or disposition, an agreement in writing, signed by the person so selling or disposing of the same, or by his agent duly authorised, shall have been made to that effect.’

"It is manifest, then, that copyright is not a right which accrues to the painter on his having created a work of art; it is a right which is brought into existence by a written agreement at the time of the first sale or disposition of the picture, and which never comes into existence unless by virtue of such written agreement. Now, the absurdity of such an Act is apparent. Here are two distinct properties, the picture itself and the copyright, and in many cases the latter is by far the more valuable of the two; and why it should not be taken for granted that when an artist sells his picture, and gives his receipt for the money, he sells the picture only but retains the copyright, it is difficult to see. If he sells only one of the two properties, and says nothing about the other, the natural inference would be that he remained in possession of the other; but the law decrees otherwise. And the hardship to the artist is apparent. When he is negotiating for the sale of a picture, he hesitates to raise any question as to copyright, the mention of which alone, to say nothing of the production of a document which the buyer must sign if the artist is to retain the copyright, may be, and often is, quite enough to interfere with the projected sale. For please note that it is not enough for an artist, in giving a receipt for money, to say, 'I reserve to myself the entire copyright,' etc., the Act insists that it is the buyer and not the seller who must sign the agreement reserving copyright to the painter. But the hardship upon the artist appears more clearly still when it is pointed out that if he parts with his picture and copyright to a picture dealer, the law does not compel the latter when selling the picture to mention the copyright; he may sell one and retain the other by the simple operation of law.

"Most pictures, no doubt, are sold without any such agreement, and the copyright therein is consequently lost. That is a state of affairs that ought not to be allowed to continue, and the law ought distinctly to define to whom, in the absence of agreement, the copyright should belong. In the case of pictures painted on commission, the copyright, in the absence of any agreement to the contrary, goes to the buyer who commissioned it.

"Here is another point. As the law now stands, it seems that if an artist disposes of a copyright without reserving to himself the right to use again or sell the oftentimes numerous and valuable sketches made for the preparation of the work, the purchaser of the copyright may restrain him, and prevent their second use or sale. So that where such sketches exist it is necessary for the agree-

ment consigning the copyright in the finished work to exempt expressly the sketches and studies referred to, and this agreement must be signed by both parties.

"Various suggestions have from time to time been made as to whom copyright should be vested in, and I throw out for consideration the following:—

"(1) That it should remain with the artist unless specifically sold.

"(2) That it should be inalienable from the artist; that is to say, that he should grant licences to publishers for a given time for various forms of reproduction, but that ultimately the right should always revert to the artist, to whom then everybody would apply for information as to the copyright.

"(3) That the copyright should always go with the picture.

"This is one of the most important points which has to be settled in view of any change in the law.

"3. The next question is, How long does the right last? According to the Act, for the life of the artist and seven years after his death. In the first drafts of this Act, the artist's life and thirty years was contemplated; but certain members of Parliament, objecting altogether to the monopoly which this Act proposed to give the artist, objected to so long a period, and it was ultimately decided to make the term of years somewhat similar to that of literary copyright. But there are many reasons why the period should be extended. It is, for instance, quite common for an artist to paint for many years before he gains his public, and it is only in the later years of his life that reproductions of his works are sought for; and should he leave those behind him dependent upon the results of his labours, they would be face to face with the fact that seven years' proceeds from his copyrights are all they have to look forward to. Moreover, a picture may not be engraved until after an artist's death, in which case the short period available for the publisher must, of necessity, greatly lessen the value of such copyright to his family. On the Continent the term varies between the man's life and twenty years, thirty, forty, and even fifty years.

"4. What is the practical value of the registration of copyright? I may say at once that the registration of a copyright is not necessary for its maintenance, but it is necessary for its defence. A copyright remains perfectly valid though it is never registered; but should any infringement take place, no action at law can

be taken until the work is duly registered at Stationers' Hall, and the law will then only take cognisance of the acts of infringement subsequent to the registration. The law requires that a memorandum of every copyright to which any person is entitled under the Act, and also of every subsequent assignment, be entered in the Register of Proprietors of Copyright in paintings, drawings, and photographs at Stationers' Hall; and no proprietor of any copyright under the Act is entitled to the benefit of the Act until registration, and no action is sustainable and no penalty recoverable in respect of anything done before registration. I need not here go into details of the information and particulars which have to be given at Stationers' Hall and which constitute registration. It is, however, a further matter for your consideration and discussion as to whether under any new Act registration should be made compulsory. At the present moment there is no Act compelling the registration of sculpture nor of engravings; and it would appear that if it is not necessary for these, it cannot be so for drawings, paintings, and photographs. At the same time, it does seem desirable that there should be some public registry of all such rights and assignments of them, and, any way, it is desirable that one law should govern the copyrights in all works of art.

"I am afraid I have already occupied too much time in putting this matter before you; but I have really only touched on the few important points most deserving of your consideration and

discussion. What is wanted is that all the old Acts of Parliament should be swept away, and an entirely new one substituted, which should be clear and intelligible, as well as intelligent, which the present Act is not; that the copyright in the various forms of art should be assimilated; and that the present inconsistencies and anomalies of treatment should be banished for ever. Consider the one point, for instance, of the duration of copyright—

"For a painting, it is for the life of the painter and seven years.

"For a piece of sculpture, it is for fourteen years, with the proviso that if during that period it has been assigned, it returns to the sculptor for another period of fourteen years.

"For an engraving, it is for twenty-eight years from the day of publication, which day must be stated on every impression taken from the plate.

"Then, too, it is hard on sculptors that any number of photographs or engravings of their work may be published, and it is not held to be an infringement of their copyright; to infringe a sculptor's copyright, you must produce another piece of sculpture. I might go on giving you a long list of such inconsistencies, but I think I have said enough to make it clear that there is urgent need for a reconsideration of the whole subject, and that it behoves everyone who is interested in the profession to bestir himself and use all his influence to get rid of a set of laws which are not a credit to the legislation of the country."

THE BUILDINGS FOR THE PARIS EXHIBITION IN 1900.

BY HENRI FRANTZ.

VERY soon after the opening of the Exhibition of 1889, our deeply-lamented friend Guy de Maupassant, at that time in full possession of his powers, wit, and talent, wrote at the beginning of his book, "La Vie Errante," "How can all the newspapers dare to speak of a new style of *architecture* when describing this carcass of metal—the Eiffel Tower—since architecture, in these days the least understood and most neglected of the arts, is perhaps the most æsthetic, the most mysterious, most of all of them needing ideas? And I ask myself, What will be thought hereafter of this generation if some insurrection do not ere long unrivet this tall and meagre pyramid of iron ladders, this gigantic and hideous skeleton, of which the base, appa-

rently intended to carry a formidable structure reared by Cyclops, is abortively surmounted by the absurd and flimsy outline of what might be a factory chimney?" And a little further on Maupassant added: "As for the Arts, they are vanishing: their very sense is being lost among the choice spirits of a nation which could look on at the decoration of the central dome and some of the surrounding structures without protest—without their hair standing on end!"

The great writer was not unjust, it must be confessed, in his indignant attack on the modern Italian manner which was conspicuous in most of the buildings. And we have naturally asked ourselves with deep misgivings whether the results will be the same in the coming Exhibition



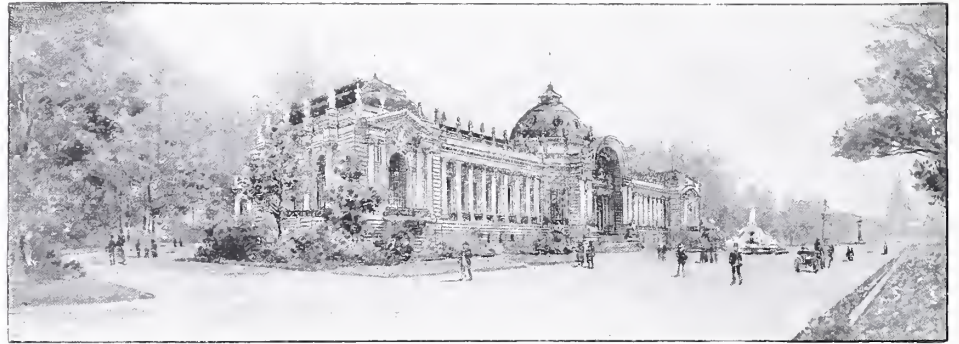
THE GREAT PALACE OF FINE ARTS.

of 1900, for which Paris is so energetically preparing. The supreme attraction and horror of the Exhibition of 1889—the Eiffel Tower—must evidently be left standing, since it has been calculated that it would cost more to take it down than it did to build it. This, happily, is not the case with regard to the central dome and the Palace of Fine Arts, which no less incensed Guy de Maupassant. These structures, I am happy to say, have been quickly demolished, and we shall be happier still when we see the handsome erections which are to replace them.

The Palace of Industry in the Champs Elysées, which for so many years gave shelter to the annual Salon, has shared the same fate. At this moment all these buildings have crumbled into rubbish and dust heaps. The work of destruction is complete, and reconstruction has begun. The idler who has peeped between the planks of the paling inclosing the Champ de Mars and the ground between the

peans were toiling amid Pelagian mins. At the same time, the new bridge is making progress, and one side of it is already rising above the eddying flow of the Seine.

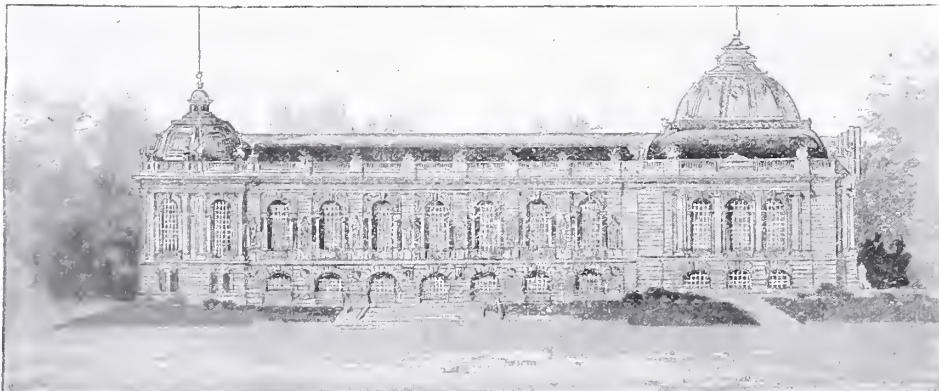
This is the scene visible to all men at the present moment. I propose to bring another vision before my readers, and give them as



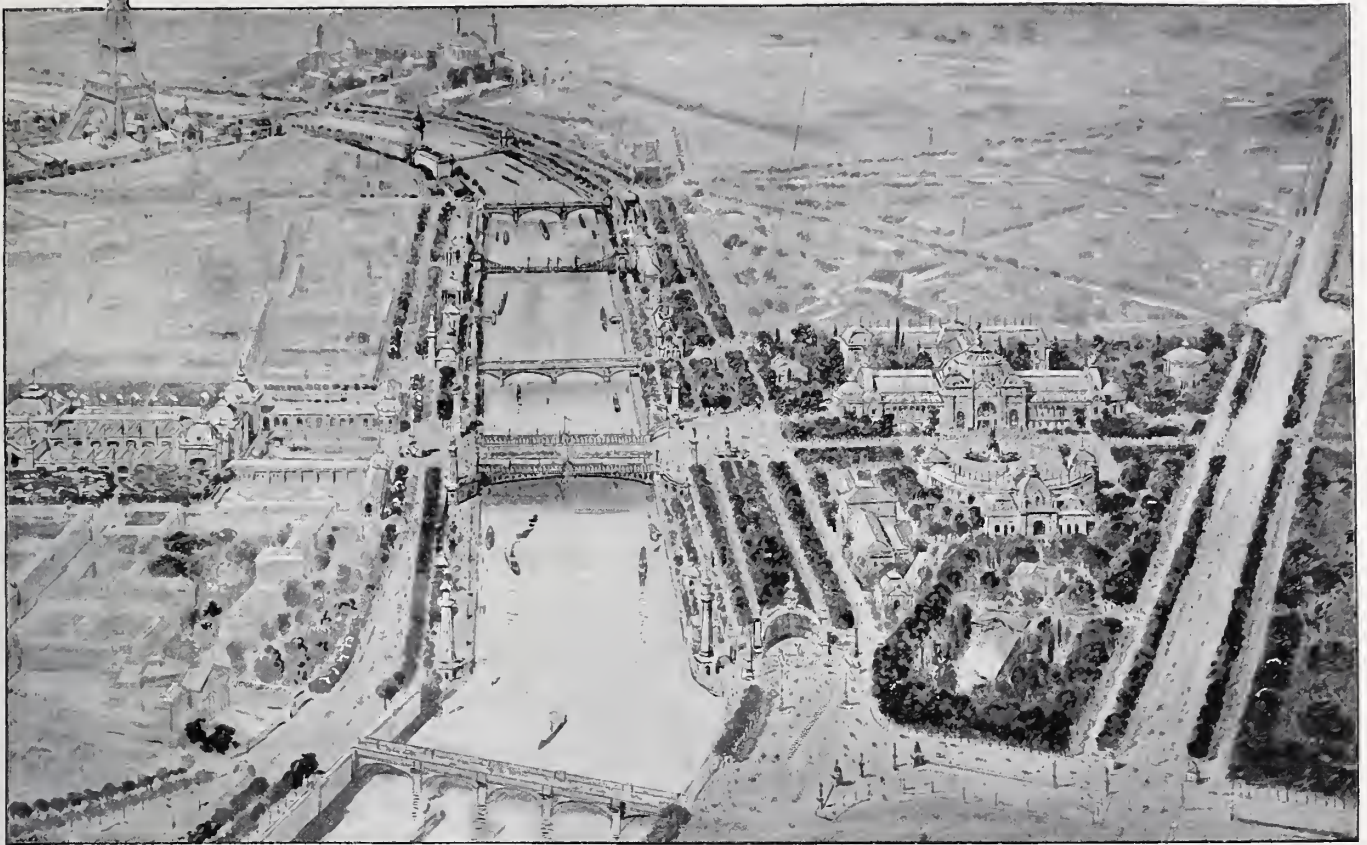
FRONT OF THE SMALLER PALACE OF FINE ARTS. (By M. Girault.)

fair an idea as may be of some of the buildings in preparation for 1900.

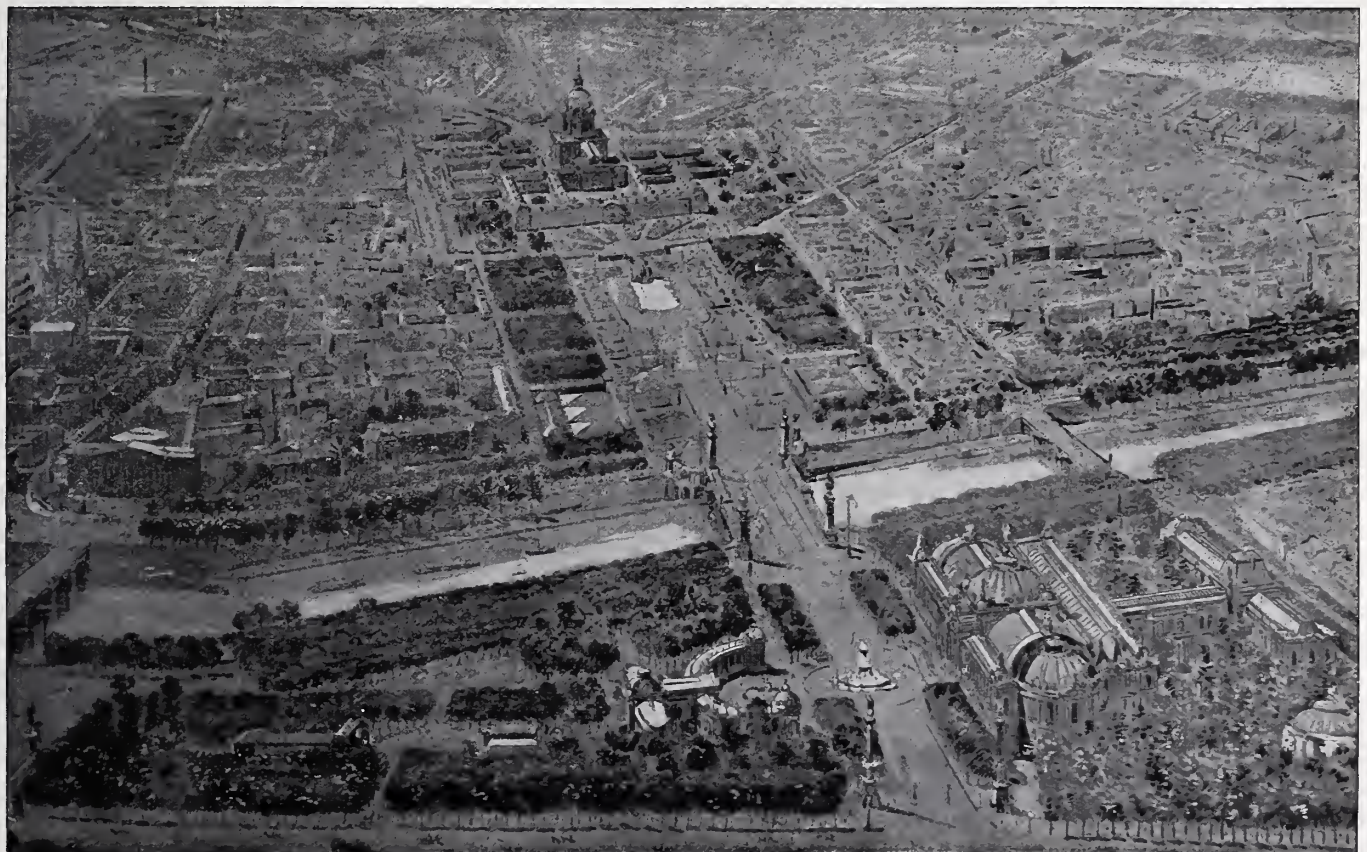
In the first place, one point is to be noted in which this Exhibition is superior to any of its forerunners. More than either of those it will contribute to the permanent embellishment of Paris, since it will leave a noble avenue, which will certainly be one of the finest in the city and give a most imposing view. This is to be called the Avenue Alexandre III. The view, till now, as one stood on the terrace of the Invalides, was closed by the trees on the opposite bank, and really obstructed by the heavy pile of the Palais de l'Industrie—an erection like a



SIDE VIEW OF THE SMALLER PALACE OF FINE ARTS. (By M. Girault.)



THE TWO FINE ART BUILDINGS AND THE ALEXANDRE III BRIDGE.



VIEW OF THE AVENUE AND BRIDGE ALEXANDRE III.



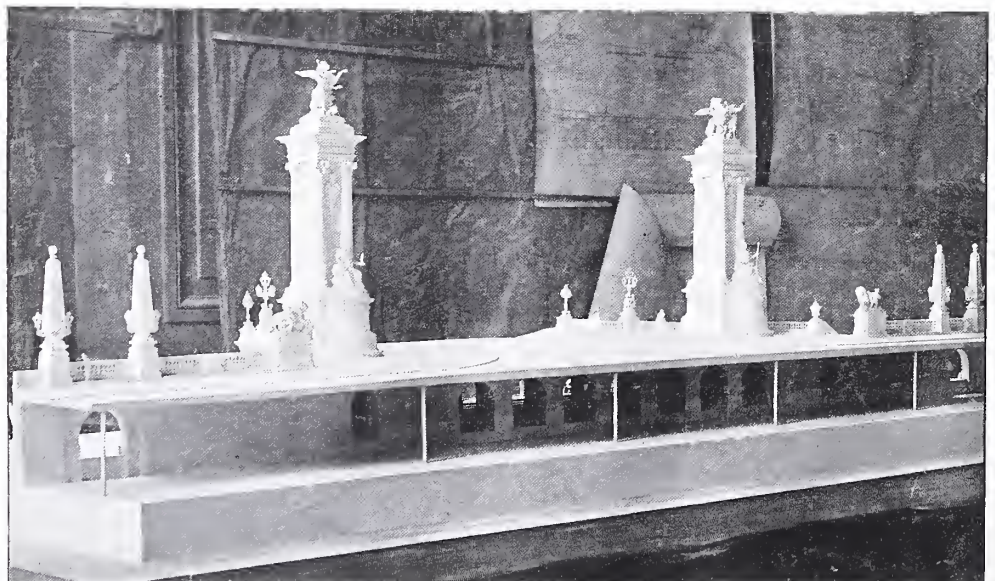
THE SEINE IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE EXHIBITION.

huge shed, dropped down on one of the finest sites in Paris. The new plan consists in opening a wide avenue on that side of the Seine, a prolongation, as it were, of the Esplanade of the Invalides, of the same breadth, and leading to the Champs Elysées, the Palais de l'Industrie making way for another building extending along one side of the Avenue instead of across it. This will be the smaller Palace of Fine Arts, of which more will be said anon; and opposite to it, along the other side of the Avenue, will be the Great Palace of Fine Arts. And then, with these two great arteries opened on each side of the river, it was necessary to join them by a bridge worthy of the situation—the Pont Alexandre III. Thus we shall have a magnificent highway from the Invalides to the Champs Elysées. The only defect is that it will not run at right angles to the Champs Elysées, but form an acute angle towards the Place de la Concorde. It must, however, be admitted that it will be a real embellishment of that part of the city.

The bridge promises to be one of the handsomest in Paris, both in decorative detail and general design. I need not dwell on the interesting engineering of this bridge, which, when finished, will not interfere with the navigation of

each end there will be a pylon supporting groups of sculpture; two, of Pegasus, with figures of Fame, the work of Frémiet, are as yet merely sketched, but we may hope that this great artist will give them the simple vitality that characterises his work. At the base of the pylon, where the balustrade of the bridge takes a curve down by steps leading to the water's edge, other pieces of sculpture will be introduced, some of them already on the way to completion. On the side next the Cours-la-Reine will stand two lions by M. Dalon, and at the other end, next the Invalides, two other lions with children, the work of M. Gardet, corresponding exactly to those by M. Dalon, on either hand, and looking towards the bridge. A better choice could not have been made than that of M. Gardet, who, though still young, is undoubtedly one of our best sculptors of animals at this time,

the Seine, and which has as its principal feature an immense footway of iron—a sort of flying bridge across the river. A description in detail, though curious, would involve me in scientific matters outside my immediate subject. To return, then, to the architecture of the bridge. As our readers will see from the accompanying illustrations, at



MODEL FOR THE APPROACH TO THE ALEXANDRE III BRIDGE; WITH THE SUBWAY UNDER THE ROADWAY

No one is more successful in giving life and action to the creatures he represents, while he is always careful of harmony of line and grace of movement. This is well seen in the general form of these two lions, led by boys holding garlands. They are

This is a general outline of the decoration of the bridge.

If we now turn our back on the Invalides we see before us the Avenue Alexandre III, with the Cours-la-Reine to the right; this leads us to the spot where the grand gates of the Exhibition are to stand. These gates, facing the Place de la Concorde, will, in fact, be the main entrance to the Exhibition. Anyone arriving from the principal boulevards, from the Tuileries, the Louvre, and the Rue de Rivoli, in short, from the centre of Paris, will find it better to go in at this entrance than to cross the Pont de la Concorde. The architecture of this gateway has been intrusted to M. Binet, one of those selected to construct the Palace of Fine Art. His design is far from commonplace; at the same time it would perhaps be in better keeping with the other buildings to be erected in



worked up from the artist's first sketch on quite a small scale, with much added detail, which he will yet further elaborate. The action is splendidly rendered; the soft, supple movement of the wild beast is admirably given. Indeed, I must say that in all the sketches in clay by the several sculptors which I have been allowed to see, I have discerned in each a firm determination of the artist to surpass himself and to put forth his utmost powers, however small his share, in the sum total. Thus M. Massoule's little decorative figures of children sitting on dolphins are delightfully graceful. The statues by M. Marqueste, symbolising France under Louis XIV and France in the present day, are finely effective. One of the most important groups is by M. Récipon, representing a female figure bending over the water. M. Steiner and M. Granet are to execute the figures of Fame, in bronze gilt, which are also to stand on pylons. Two bronze groups of sporting children will be placed round the large lamp-posts on each side of the roadway.



GROUPS FOR THE ALEXANDRE III BRIDGE.

From the Models by M. Gardet.

the Place de la Concorde if it had not so conspicuous a stamp of Indian style—a style not altogether so cosmopolitan in character as might be expected in the entrance to a Universal Exhibition. It would be more suitable to a colonial section. It is, however, quite possible that this impression produced by the model may to a great

extent disappear when the erection is complete in its place. The Triumphal Arch of Peace is, in fact, an enormous archway with an immense pediment filled with the arms of the city of Paris,

la Concorde, and finding ourselves at the corner of the Avenue Alexandre III will look down it now towards the Invalides. Here we are in an important section of the Exhibition. To the right

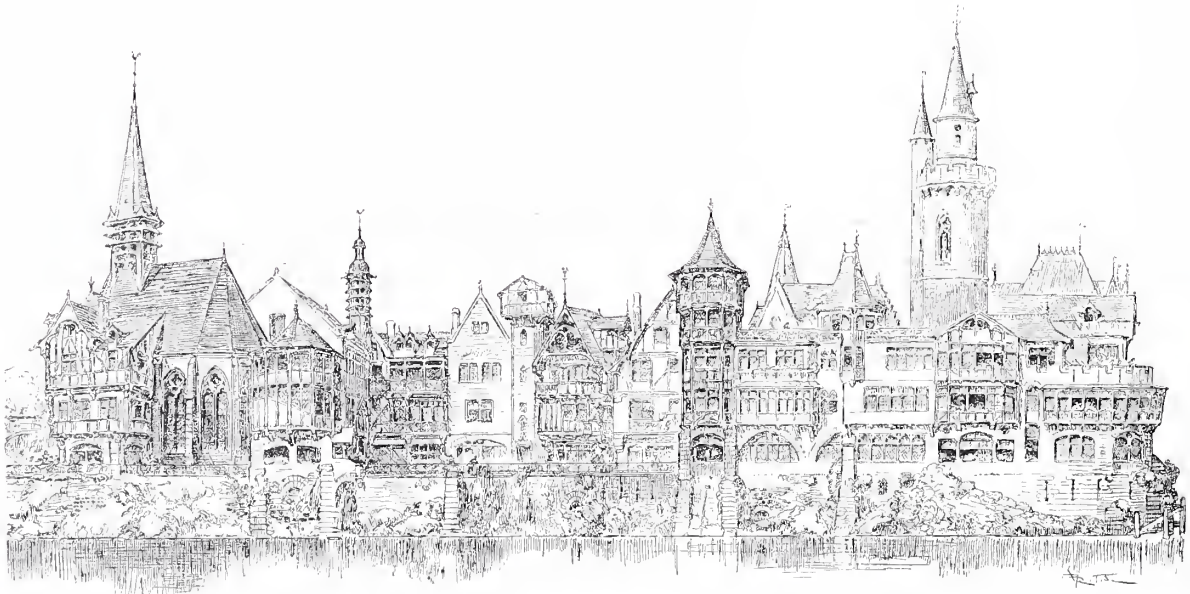


DESIGN FOR "OLD PARIS."

By A. Robida.

and surmounted by a colossal statue of Liberty. A dome forming an apse prolongs the arch, and by night, lights of different colours coming from the dome will illuminate it brilliantly on all sides. An exedra will project on each side of the front, crowned with minarets, lighted up by night, and

and left of the Avenue, which is eighty mètres wide (262 feet), will rise the Great and the Small Palais des Beaux Arts, and these, unlike most of the buildings in course of erection, are to be permanent survivors of the Exhibition. Their use is evident: they will take the place of the



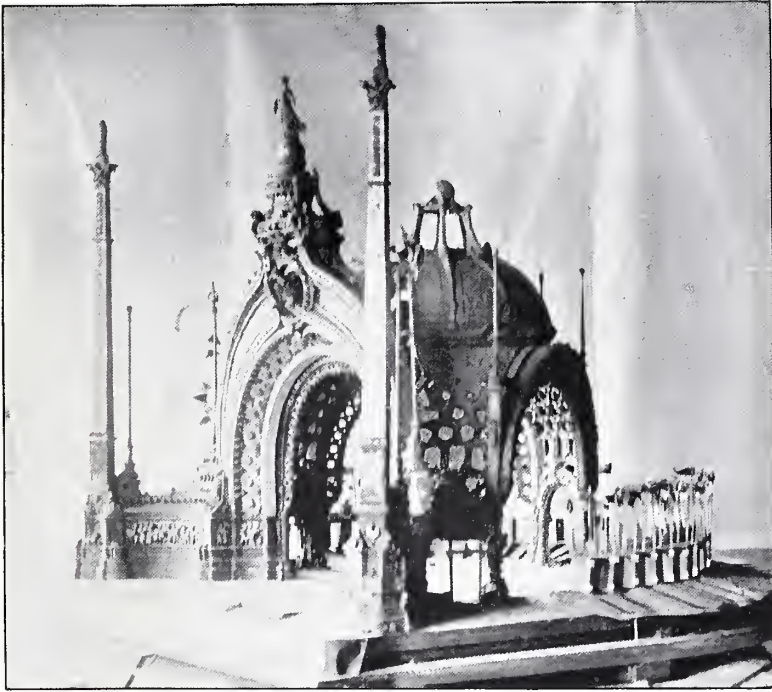
RIVER FAÇADE OF "OLD PARIS."

By A. Robida.

resting on a frieze executed by M. Guillot, representing "The Workers who bring to the Exhibition the Fruit of their Labours."

Since we are at the great entrance, we will go out to the Champs Elysées by the Place de

Palace of Industry and afford an abiding-place for the Salons, the horse-shows, and other annual events, without which the Parisian could hardly live. The exhibition, last year, of the two great picture shows in the machinery annexe sadly



GRAND GATES TO THE EXHIBITION.

By M. Binet. From the Architect's Model.

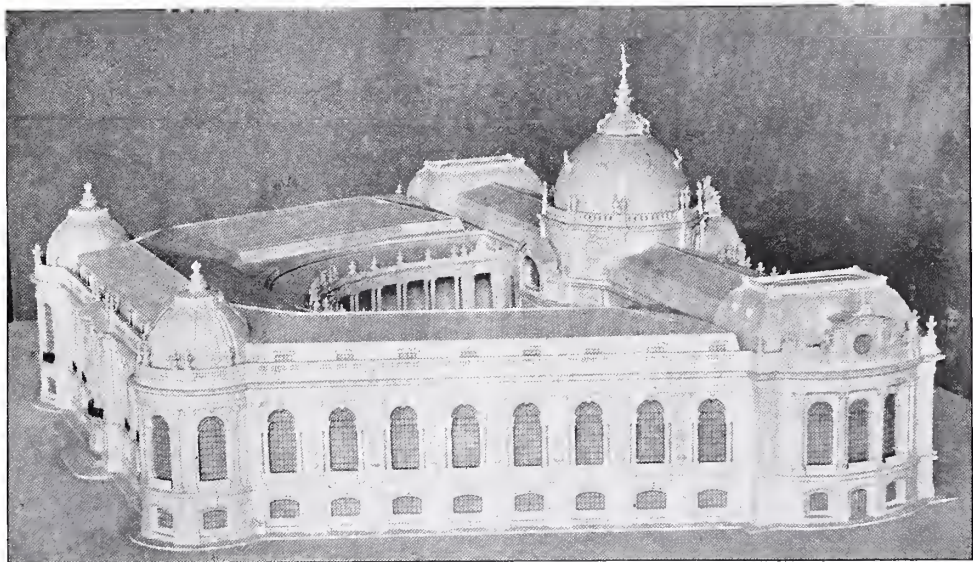
distressed his love of routine. But after 1900 he may resume his old habits, and see the Salons in the Champs Elysées.

As I said at the beginning of this article, we cannot but rejoice at the disappearance of the heavy and graceless Palace of Industry, and at the rejection of a proposal put forward by some persons to reconstruct the façade only and preserve the rest of the building, which was a sort of hybrid between a railway station and a store-house. The new structures, so far as can be seen from the drawings and models here presented to the reader, will replace it to advantage.

The smaller building is entirely due to M. Girault, the architect. It is said that his plans were so much approved that the directors of the Exhibition have placed in his hands the task of selecting what was best

in the designs submitted for the larger Palace of Fine Arts, and superintending both. The smaller, the Palais Girault, as it is commonly called, will become the property of the municipality. In 1900 it is to contain an Exhibition of Retrospective Art; it is to be divided into galleries lighted from above, and rooms lighted from the sides for pictures, with long, covered promenades for the display of sculpture. In the design for the façade, decorated with much elegance, there is to be a sort of Gate of Honour, leading to an oval vestibule opening into the sculpture galleries and the central court. On the first floor there will be offices and the less important galleries.

It has been a matter of speculation whether the new Great Palace of Fine Arts is to be larger or smaller than the old Palace of Industry. This was 192 mètres long by 48 mètres wide; the central nave of the new building is to be 195 mètres long by 46 wide; so there is not much difference. Though the new galleries will cover a rather smaller superficies than the Palace of Industry, they will accommodate a greater number of works, since the ground floor will be so much better lighted; for it may be remembered that it was too dark in the old building for the



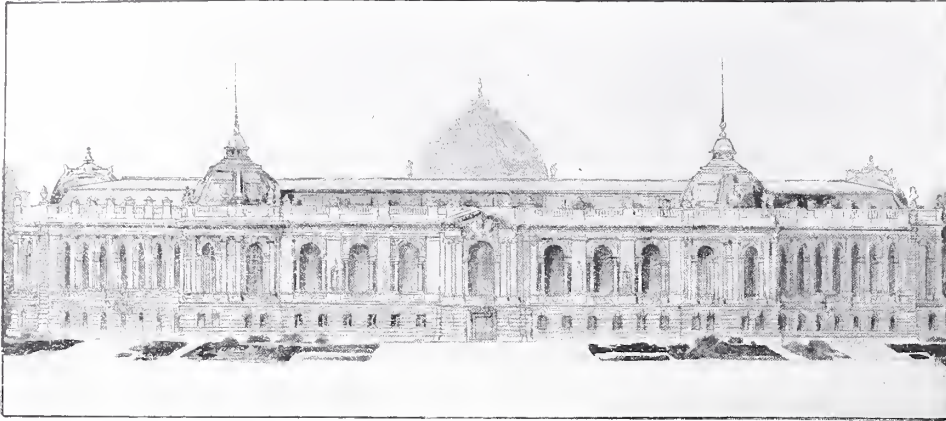
THE SMALLER PALACE OF FINE ARTS.

By M. Girault. From the Architect's Model.

exhibition of pictures. The spectator, on entering, will not find himself facing the opposite wall; a pleasing perspective will meet the eye, for the central nave will be intersected half way by a transept, at the further end of which is a fine staircase. The façade to the Avenue Alexandre III is prolonged on each side of two colonnades which form a portico to the ground floor, with a vast entrance to the central tran-

grouped which as yet are not, or hardly, begun, to contain the exhibits connected with mining, textiles, agriculture, and electricity; and on the way back, towards the Invalides, we shall pass the new terminus of the Great Western Railway, and the sections of decoration and furnishing.

As I am on the subject of industrial art, I may mention, with great regret, that the



BACK VIEW OF THE SMALLER PALACE OF FINE ARTS. *By M. Girault.*

sept. From the first-floor landing of the staircase open the great reception rooms, communicating with the picture galleries of various sizes and an outside balcony-promenade. These, after 1900, will be the exhibition rooms of the Annual Salons. The "desire of the eye" will be certainly more considered than in the old Palace of Industry—and we shall be spared the glazed roof.

Other designs for various buildings, though not so far advanced, deserve some notice. These will probably last no longer than the Exhibition. Along the Cours-la-Reine will stand the *Parillon* of the City of Paris; here, too, will be the spaces devoted to horticulture, botany, and social economy. The Trocadéro and its grounds will be given up to navigation and the colonial sections. Round the base of the Eiffel Tower various buildings will be

productions of artistic craftsmen will be exhibited as part and parcel of industrial art generally. Thus, a fragile statuette by Dampy, finished by the master's hand, will be seen by the side of a glass case containing reproductions by Barbedienne, or some other manufacturer by wholesale, which, no doubt, have merit of their own, but have no relation to work executed by an artist. However, we may hope that the directors of the Exhibition have not finally decided in this matter, and may show a more respectful regard for the progress we are making every day in applied art, encouraging its development with no less liberality than they are showing in their arrangements for the display of painting, sculpture, and architecture, which will, no doubt, deserve and earn the approval of the artists and the public.

A GREAT DECORATIVE ARTIST: ALPHONSE MARIE MUCHA.

BY FREDERIC LEES.

IT is a little more than three years since competent judges in art matters in Paris discovered that a great decorative artist was living in their midst. It is a somewhat curious circumstance that it was a poster representing a cele-

brated actress in a *rôle* in which she was shortly to appear that drew attention to the unknown name of the artist who signed it, and, what is more material, claimed notice for his work in other branches of art far more important than



STUDIES IN PENCIL FOR THE "MEDÉE" POSTER.

By Alphonse M. Mucha.

that of poster-designing. The "artist with the strange name" was M. Mucha, who is now recognised as one of the masters of decoration and illustration.

Alphonse Marie Mucha was born at Ivancia, a small town in Moravia, on July 24th, 1860. At a very early age he resolved to become an artist, and when means permitted he left his native place to seek that instruction in art of which he felt so much in need. After studying first of all at the Academy of Fine Arts in Munich, he found his way to Vienna and finally to Paris, where he experienced, as most great artists have experienced, exceedingly hard times—so hard, indeed, that he determined to leave the city and return to his native town. But he only got part of the way, and it is a good thing for art and him that he did so. On his journey homewards he was introduced to Count Khuen Emmasof, who employed him to decorate with frescoes one of the rooms in his house—a commission which occupied Mucha's time for one year. Count Emmasof was so pleased with the carrying out of the work that he sent the artist back to Paris to complete his studies at his expense. This was in 1890. Mucha studied for four years at Julian's, Calorossi's, and under the supervision of Jules Lefebvre, Boulanger, and Jean Paul Laurens, the last of whom has had considerable influence over his work.

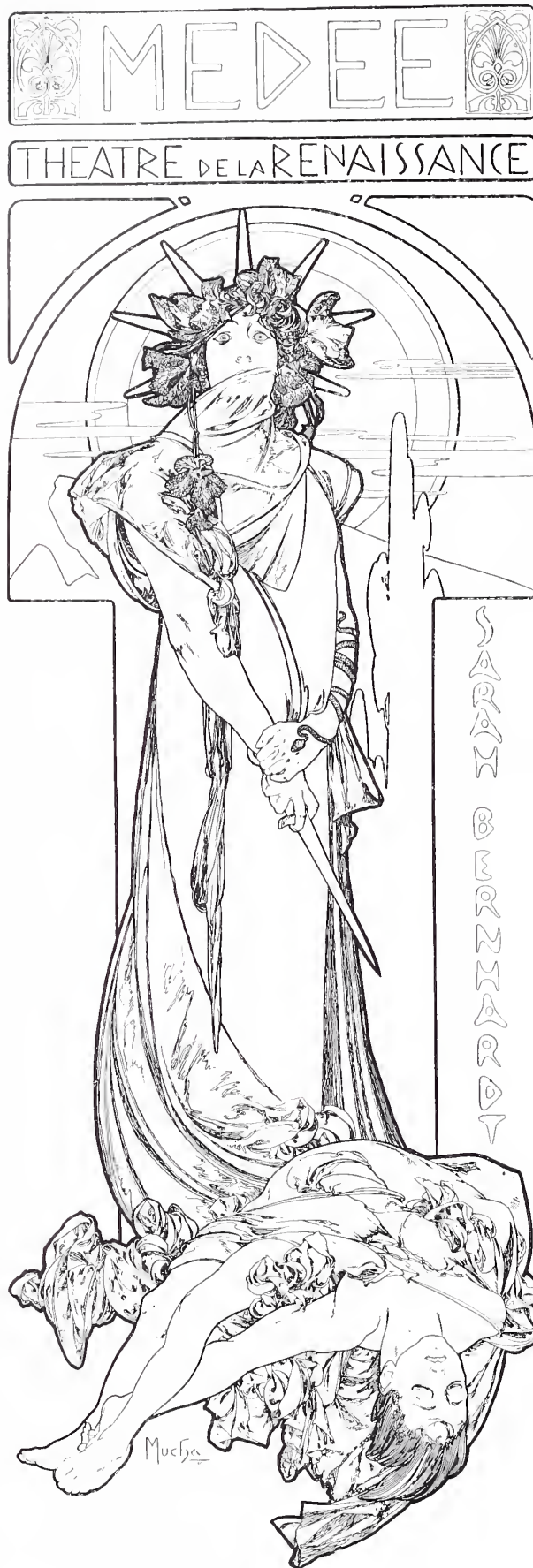
Although the best work which this artist has done has been in the illustration of books—and it is worthy of note that illustration work was what first attracted him—it was by his posters, as I have already stated, that he challenged attention for his work. A little more than three years ago he was commissioned by M. de Bruinhoff, the manager of the Lemercier process works, to draw a poster representing Mme. Sarah Bernhardt in the rôle of Gismonda. Mucha had to work against time, the poster being required for a new play which was about to be produced at the Renaissance Theatre; and so pleased was the actress with the excellence of the design and the promptitude with which he had designed it, that she decided to give him all her theatrical poster work in the future. From that time Mucha's work was sure of careful consideration on the part of the critics, and success followed upon success in rapid succession, until at the present time he shares with Chéret and Grasset the honour of being considered among the foremost and most original of the exponents of poster art. A glance at one of his *affiches* will show how totally different is his style to that of any other artist. The mosaic backgrounds which he uses for so many of his posters—[a favourite device, it will be remembered, of Herr Franz Stuck, of Munich.—Ed.]—give them almost an Oriental look, which



FIRST SKETCH FOR THE "MEDÉE" POSTER.

is still more emphasised by the enormous amount of detail which he puts into them. The general effect of his work, with its sobriety and richness of colouring and the great feeling which he shows for the arrangement of lines, is decorative in the highest degree, so much so, in fact, that one is inclined to think that in many cases the object for which his posters were designed—namely, advertisement—has been defeated, or at least overlooked. Mucha's method of work can be well realised from the reproductions of drawings which accompany this notice. From the original scheme, showing the artist's first ideas for his poster, which in this case represents Mme. Bernhardt as Medea in M. Catulle Mendès's new play "Medée," to the poster in its finished state before being coloured, he takes almost as much care as though painting a picture. Of all the posters which Mucha has done for Mme. Bernhardt—and he has represented her in leading rôles in various plays, including "Amants," "Lorenzaccio," "La Dame aux Camélias," and "La Samaritaine"—none is so striking as this one, into which he has introduced for the first time a strong dramatic feeling.

Besides doing a large number of such designs, so numerous indeed that it is needless to give a list of them, Mucha



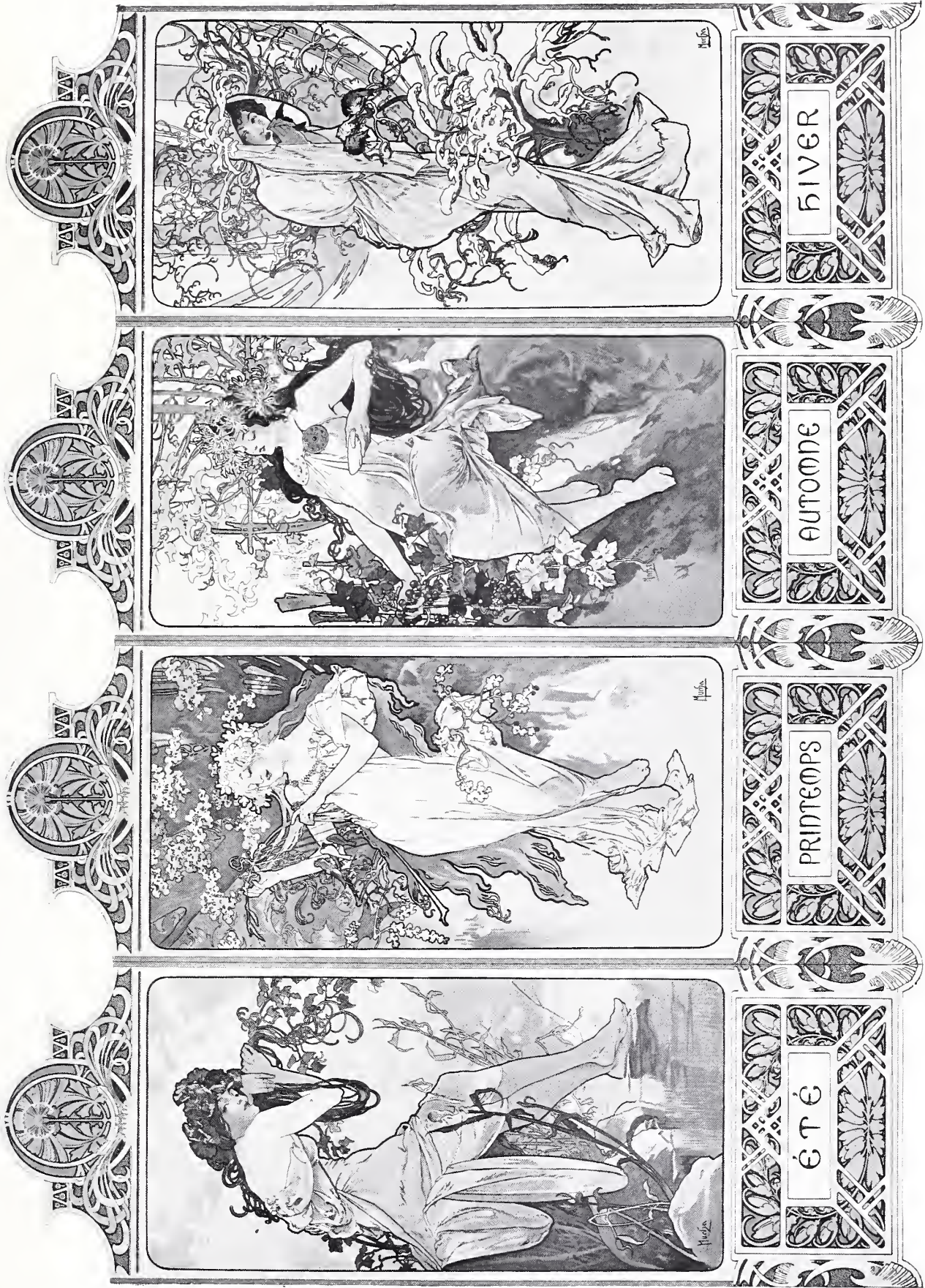
POSTER FOR "MEDÉE." KEY-BLOCK.

has worked out some of the prettiest calendars and menus, decorative panels and stained-glass windows, which I have yet seen. I would draw particular attention to his series of panels representing the Seasons—Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter—and to his two designs for stained-glass windows depicting the entrance of Joan of Arc into Orleans and Roland at Roncevaux, which have been executed by M. Charles Champigneulle. But it is as an illustrator that we find Mucha at his best. When illustrating a book he is no longer working within extremely narrow bounds, he can give full rein to his imagination. It was as an illustrator that he first commenced to earn a living in Paris years ago. He worked for "La Vie Populaire," "L'Illustration," "Le Figaro Illustré," and for "Le Monde Moderne;" he illustrated the poems of Eugène Manuel, "Par tous pays" and "Mémoires d'un Eléphant blanc" by Judith Gautier, and other children's books. More recently he illustrated M. Seignobos's "Scènes et Episodes d'Allemagne" and Robert de Flers's "Hsée," two books which contain his best work. It would be difficult to find anything more charming than the thirty-six lithographs in colours done for "Hsée." Double borders, formed of a design of cords twisted into the most pleasing forms, decorate the pages of that work.



SUMMER.

By A. M. MUCHA. By permission of the publisher, M. CHAMPENOIS PARIS



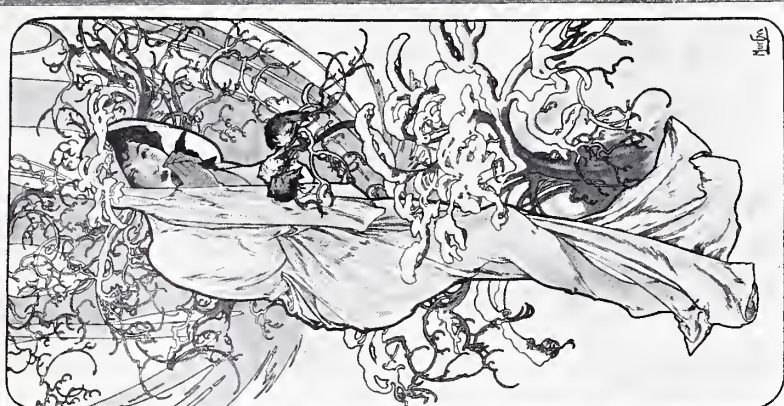
É T É



P R I N T E M P S



A U T O M N E



F I V E R

THE FOUR DESIGNS
By Alphonse M. Mucha. By Permission of the Publisher, M. Champensis, Paris.

THE ART MOVEMENT.

MEISSEN PORCELAIN.

BY PAUL SCHULTZE-NAUMBURG.

THE new movement which has at last affected decorative and applied art in Germany, has re-acted on various branches of existing crafts and industries. Among the best influences

important improvements in its own speciality of *pâte-sur-pâte* and rapid firing.

The connoisseur in porcelain distinguishes *pâte dure* from *pâte tendre*. Till lately only the *pâte*



MEISSEN DISHES.

that have touched us has been that of the Copenhagen china manufactory, which made a fine display at the great Dresden Exhibition in 1897.

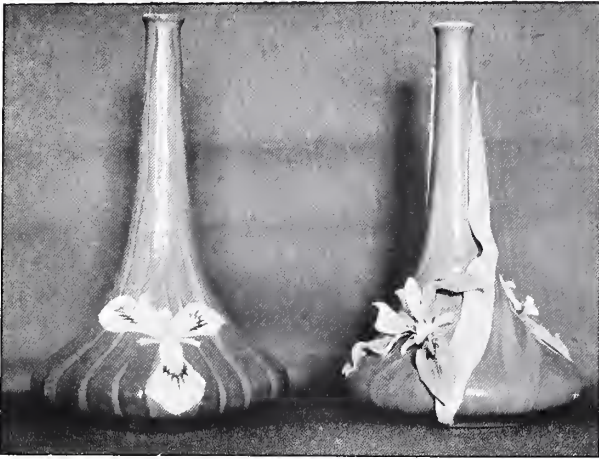
Our German porcelain factories had hitherto depended solely on their old and well-earned reputation, content to repeat the old styles and shapes. The directors, it is true, had made many experiments and innovations, but in secret, not offering anything new to the public. In Germany no one would look at any novelty. But the specimens exhibited of Copenhagen manufacture, not merely encouraged but compelled the German firms to show what novelties they on their part had in reserve. The royal manufactory could do this. It was not reduced to showing such specimens as would be regarded as clever imitations of the Copenhagen china; it had achieved in silence

dure was manufactured at Meissen, and there was always a tendency to improve and develop this class of work, rather than to take up the manufacture of *pâte tendre*, which is in many ways far easier to work. *Pâte dure* (or hard china) is, as its name implies, excessively hard from being rapidly fired at a heat of 1600° Celsius. The material is thus fiercely baked, and on cooling has acquired great density of texture. *Pâte tendre* (or soft china) is on the contrary exposed to a heat of no more than 12-1300° Celsius.

There are two distinct methods of applying the colours, known as over-glaze and under-glaze painting. As may be imagined, this second method is the correct one as regards the essential style of the material, since the colours are burnt in at the first quick-firing, and the result is that



MEISSEN WARES.



MEISSEN VASES

same colour the effect is that of a cameo, often seen in old and famous pieces. Then the method was introduced of applying white paste over a coloured ground and exposing the whole to the greatest heat, after which it was glazed; this produces the peculiarly soft and delicate effect which we admire in the productions of the Copenhagen works. At Meissen a still further improvement has been made in this process by a second under-glaze painting of the *pâte-sur-pâte* after its application to the surface. The first pieces produced by this method were exhibited, and promise yet further developments, for they quite delighted

the porcelain itself is and looks painted, whereas in over-glaze painting the effect is different—a sort of second thought. Now, it is exceedingly difficult to find pigments which will resist the intense heat of rapid firing, and it needed long and patient study to get yellow, green, or brown that would keep their colour true to harmonise with the blue which will stand firing. And still red is absent from the scale, but it has lately seemed possible to find even a permanent red. A later advance was the process known as *pâte-sur-pâte* (a sort of very delicate “slip”). Instead of applying pigment to the porcelain, a thin film of the porcelain paste (prepared dry) is laid on with a brush. When the applied porcelain and the ground are in two shades of the



A MEISSEN PLAQUE.



MEISSEN VASES.

every connoisseur. Hence Meissen, by its latest productions, shows itself by no means inferior to Copenhagen; indeed, in my judgment, it is in this particular technique the superior. The royal factory of Meissen has also taken a new departure by reviving the production of small figure-pieces, similar to the elegant and rococo figure-pieces, for which it was so famous in the last century, only of a more modern type. These little statuettes of Saxon peasants, so daintily coloured, are a very charming revival of a branch of work that had been almost neglected. The other leading manufactories of porcelain in Germany will certainly not be far behind those of Meissen and Copenhagen; and it may confidently be hoped that the modern spirit will exert an influence in every department of decorative handicraft in Germany, and rescue it from sheer slavish imitation of the works of a past and now decadent style.

CHURCH ART IN WESTMORLAND.

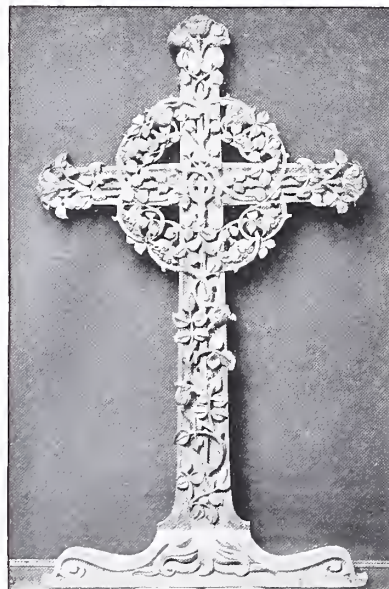


THE CHANCEL SCREEN, ST. JOHN'S CHURCH WINDERMERE.

From a Photograph by H. Herbert.

AN interesting experiment has recently been carried to a successful issue by the Rev. Eric Robertson, M.A., of St. John's, Windermere. Having seen in several of the homesteads in his parish examples of skilful wood-carving, of which many of the designs were traditional in the neighbourhood, it occurred to him that this "home art" might be utilised towards the beautifying of the parish church. On mentioning the matter to Mr. Dan Gibson, an architect residing in Windermere, that gentleman undertook to provide the design for a chancel screen if Mr. Robertson could secure volunteer carvers to carry it out. This was done, and subscriptions for the purchase of the necessary materials were duly obtained.

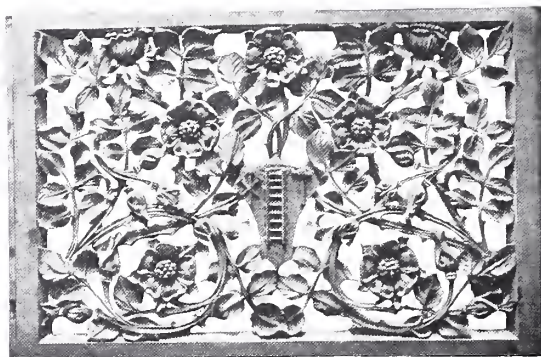
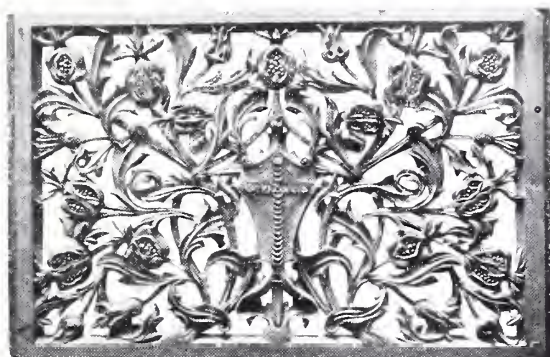
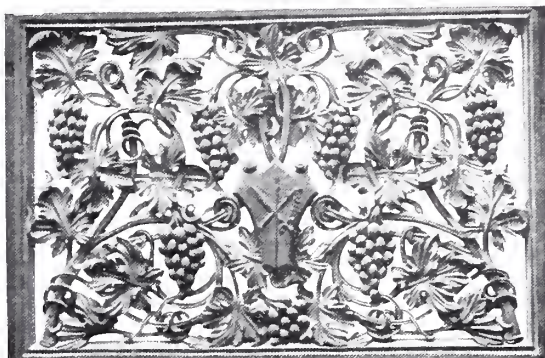
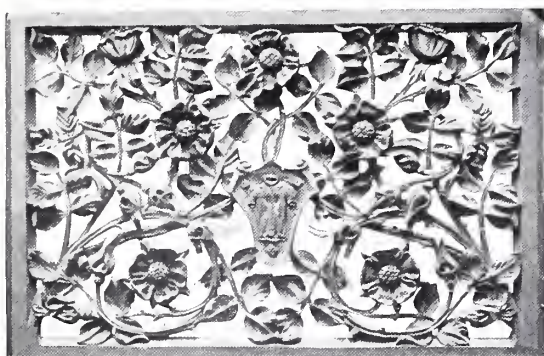
The church is Early English in style, but Mr. Gibson stipulated that the screen should be a purely modern structure. This was agreed to on the understanding that it should harmonise with the building.



The result may be seen from the illustration which we give of the screen. Not only do the horizontal lines of the work not detract from the beauty of the pointed arches, but they add to it their effect. Having to work under the limitation that the amateur carvers were not skilled in joinery, Mr. Gibson planned his design so that a general simplicity of strong timber work crowned itself with richness in dented mouldings. This simplicity of shafting is strongly contrasted with an intricacy of pierced panelling. Herein another difficulty arose, for none of the carvers had ever before attempted pierced work. The services of Mr. Arthur Simpson, a professional carver, of Kendal, were therefore secured for general directions, and the work was entered upon. It was a year and eight months before it was finished. A monumental sculptor, a railway ticket-collector, a young boat-builder, and a school-master carved four of the

panels, and Mr. Robertson himself undertook the fifth panel and the cross—which is six feet in height.

formed of the beauty of the complete structure. It must be acknowledged that the effort is justified by its success; and as a practical illus-



THE PANELS OF THE CHANCEL SCREEN, ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, WINDERMERE.

The illustrations of the panels show the amount of work contained in each; and from the photograph of the screen in position an idea can be

tration of what can be done by a properly controlled utilisation of amateur talent, is deserving of unstinted praise.

THE ROYAL GALLERY OF HAMPTON COURT.*

MR. ERNEST LAW has brought to a triumphant conclusion his labours upon Hampton Court Palace by the production in

revised and enlarged form of a monumental "Historical Catalogue" (George Bell and Sons), profusely illustrated with reproductions of pictures of the greatest interest—including the "Re-cumbent Venus" of Cariani, newly discovered in the Haunted Gallery. This elaborate *catalogue raisonné* of the eight hundred and eighty-five of

* "The Royal Gallery of Hampton Court." Illustrated. Being an historical catalogue of the pictures in the Queen's collection. With a hundred plates. By Ernest Law, B.A. Bell and Sons. 1898. (30s. net.)

the pictures in the gallery is accompanied by notes, historical, biographical and critical, so complete in their way and at the same time so

coveries, the results of the most recent investigations of scientific criticism; and the conclusions of no writer of repute seem to have been ignored



CUPID AND PSYCHE.
From the Painting by Vandyck.

in a volume which tends greatly to reinstate a somewhat discredited collection in the estimation of the world. It is, of course, inevitable that some ascriptions are adopted that are still open to question; but there is little attempt to thrust these upon the reader. For example, the picture for a long while known as the "Portrait of Will Somers," by Holbein, is now—on the excellent evidence offered in the text—merely called "The Face at the Window, by an Unknown Artist." The "Cupid and Psyche," which we borrow from Mr. Law's book, we select not only for the charm and beauty of the composition, but also because it is believed to be the last picture painted by Vandyck—a picture, apparently, unfinished. It must be admitted that of the pictures reproduced a singular proportion appear to be in poor condition, if the photographs from which the blocks were made are worthy of the duty to which they have been put. A fault to be remedied in a future edition is the omission of any number

catholic—as might have been expected from so dispassionate a writer—that the book is one that appeals alike to the student of history and of art. Mr. Law, we are glad to see, is open-minded; he aims at giving the most recent dis-

upon the illustrations to connect them directly with the text. We quit the volume with a feeling of gratitude to Mr. Law for the service he has rendered to art lovers and inquirers alike.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[156] **AUTHORSHIP OF A DRAWING.**—I have an old drawing of which I do not know the artist, and venture to ask if you would kindly examine it and let me know whether it is of any value, and by whom you consider it to have been executed. It appears to have been drawn about 1680, and represents the "Marriage of Thetis and Peleus." It is executed in pen-and-ink and sepia, and is an exceedingly bold and vigorous sketch. I was informed on buying it that it had been brought by its former owner from Italy, beyond which I

know nothing of its history.—A. F. WALLIS (Edgbaston).

* * * This drawing is to a certain extent a puzzle. The lower half, representing the marriage scene, is strongly suggestive of Rembrandt; but the upper half is equally suggestive of French work in the style of Tiepolo. The sketch has been submitted to experts at the British Museum and the Louvre, and the opinion appears to be that it is the work of a French artist practising in Rome

who had closely studied the work of Rembrandt and the later Italian artists. The water-marks in the paper, as far as they can be deciphered, suggest Italian manufacture. It is against our rule to express any opinion as to the value of the drawing.

[157] **PICTURES DESTROYED BY FIRE.**—Can you tell me some of the principal occasions when valuable pictures have been destroyed by fire, and the titles of the pictures? I believe, in one instance, this happened during conveyance by road, and certain works by Turner were supposed (but erroneously) to have been burnt.—C. W. C. (Royal Holloway College, Egham, Surrey).

* * This is too large a subject to be dealt with in this column. The matter will be treated shortly in a special article which we have had prepared upon it.

[158] **R. DAVY.**—I would like to know at what date R. Davy lived in Newman Street, London?—N. R. P. (Carnarvon).

* * If Davy lived in Newman Street, it must have been before the year 1768, while he was a contributor to the Incorporated Society of Artists. In 1772 his address was "At Mr. Byrne's, Bedford Street, Covent Garden." In 1775 he removed to 41, Charlotte Street, Rathbone Place, and remained until 1777, when he moved to No. 85, and lived there until 1782. It might be added that Davy was known chiefly as a miniature painter, and that he contributed thirty-eight of his works to the Royal Academy and Society

of Artists during the twenty years following 1762.—[The querist further questions us as to the authorship of a picture of which he sends us a photograph. The latter is so poor that no judgment can be formed from it.]

[159] "**A. B. VON WORRELL, R.A.R.B.**"—I have a painting (landscape), thirty by twenty-four inches, signed "A. B. Von Worrell, R.A.R.B.," dated 1837; subject, two cows resting by the side of a tree, head of back one resting on the one in front; village in distance; farm buildings near, and man entering a gate with sheep; foreground shrubs and dock leaves, distinct and clear. Could you kindly give the nationality of artist and the meaning of "R.A.R.B."?—H. COLNUTT (Guildford, Surrey).

* * The artist's correct signature is "A. B. Van Worrell, R.A.H.B." It is thus he signed his picture, "Fisherman and Women of Cullercoats, in the County of Northumberland," on the last occasion on which he appeared at the Royal Academy (1846). In the previous year he signed himself variously "A. B. Van Worrell" and "R. A. H. B. Van Worrell." He was a Newcastle man, known best for his cattle-pictures. He exhibited in London from 1819 to 1849, and during that time contributed eight pictures to the Royal Academy, twenty-one to the British Institution, twenty-eight to the Society of Artists (Suffolk Street), and five to the Old Water-Colour Society. To this Mr. Graves testifies. The significance of the mysterious letters affixed is not known to us.

THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—APRIL.

Lord Leighton's Bequest. THE last wish expressed by Lord LEIGHTON on his death-bed was that his sisters should give the sum of £10,000 to the Royal Academy. This munificent bequest was duly fulfilled, the money being handed to the Academicians free of all conditions as to its use. After two years' consideration a decision concerning it has been arrived at, which is, perhaps, the one best calculated to commemorate the name and work of the late President. The following is the resolution adopted by the Academicians when settling the matter—"That the money received from Mrs. Orr and Mrs. Matthews, sisters of Lord Leighton, P.R.A., in memory of their brother, be invested in consols or other securities allowed by law as a separate trust fund to be called 'The Leighton Bequest.' That the income derived from this fund be spent in acquiring or commissioning works of decorative painting, sculpture, and architecture. The paintings to be placed in public institutions; the sculpture, in or on public buildings and in the open air, such as in parks, squares and streets; the architecture, alone or in combination with sculpture, to be in the form of

fountains, seats in marble, bronze, or stone, lamp-posts, and similar objects for the adornment of public places. The income of the fund not necessarily to be spent annually, but, if thought desirable, reserved for a period not exceeding five years." The scheme is a most comprehensive one, and, as will be noticed, does not repeat the drawbacks of the Chantrey Bequest, inasmuch as works may be specially commissioned by the administrators of the fund; and further, the reservation of the income for a time will afford an ample sum for any work of special importance which it might be desirable to commission. The Academy is to be congratulated upon its decision. But it is cheap enough to honour the President at the President's own expense; and we see with great regret that no Academician has thought it wise or proper to assist in the foundation of Lord Leighton's house as a permanent memorial and museum, which has been instituted in accordance with the wish, and by the means of the bounty, of his sisters. The Leighton House will henceforth be the true popular, living memorial of the artist, and in that the Academy has no hand.

Mr. Colman's Bequest to Norwich. WE have already recorded in these pages the fact that the late Mr. J. J. COLMAN had bequeathed works to the value of £5,000 to the Castle Museum at Norwich, the value of the pictures to be reckoned by the amount for which they were insured. In accordance with the terms of the will, the choice of works has been made by Mr. JAMES REEVE and another representative of the Museum. The following are the



PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN.

By Ambrogio de Predis. Acquired by the National Gallery (Room IX, No. 1655).

selected works—*Oil Paintings*: "Yarmouth Jetty," "Back of New Mills," "Scene between Bruges and Ostend," and "Burdock," by "OLD CROME;" "The Baggage Wagon," "Mishap," "Fishing Boats off Yarmouth," and "Old Houses at Gorleston," by JOHN SELL COTMAN; "Wood Scene," "The Forest Oak," and "Small Landscape," by JAMES STARK; "Trowse Meadows," by GEORGE VINCENT; "Boats on the Medway," by MILES E. COTMAN; and "Burch Castle," by JOHN BERNEY CROME. There are three water

colour drawings by J. S. COTMAN, and one of "The Devil's Tower, Norwich," by JOHN THIRTLE. A portrait of "John Crome," by OPIE; and one of "George Vincent," by J. CLOVER, complete the list.

Acquisitions at South Kensington Museum.

SIR T. D. GIBSON CARMICHAEL, BART., M.P., has lent a varied and valuable collection. The principal items in this are:—Four ivory plaques, dating from the fourteenth century, of French and Flemish workmanship; two very beautiful portraits of Dante and Beatrice in nielle, dating probably from the first half of the sixteenth century; a flat circular reliquary of silver, also decorated in nielle-work; several crystal objects, the most interesting of them being a little cylindrical reliquary of rock crystal, carved with a Kufic inscription, and mounted in silver-gilt. An Italian rock crystal cross of the fifteenth century is mounted on a gilt metal foot, with two silver plaques decorated with angels in translucent enamel. At the other end of the case is a beautiful lapis-lazuli cup, carved in Italy in the sixteenth century; the handle is of pure gold, and is in the form of a triton with a conch. The specimens of metal work are arranged in another case, and among them should be noticed the bat-shaped incense vessel of gilt copper which was formerly in the Magniac collection; the fifteenth-century bronze of a baby from Florence; a very interesting inkstand, with plaquettes by Giovanni delle Corniole; an elaborate inkstand, with figures forming a group representing the martyrdom of St. Lawrence; a bronze figure of Chastity trampling on Vice—similar to one on an inkstand by Benvenuto Cellini, formerly in the Borghese collection. In this collection also there is a manuscript of the rules for the conduct of a school at Florence, the first page of which is beautifully illuminated with the Holy

Trinity, surrounded by angels and cherubs; within the initial letter is a figure of St. John the Evangelist. The third case is filled with Sir Thomas Carmichael's terra-cotta figures from Tanagra in Bœotia and from Asia Minor. Major V. A. FARQUHARSON has lent a most interesting series of gun-locks; and another case is devoted to this gentleman's collection of fire-arms. Mr. T. FOSTER SHATTOCK has lent two large pieces of old French furniture of the sixteenth century, which are exhibited in the Tapestry Court. A case in the South Court contains Mr. Shattock's collection of small wood-carvings. Mr. J. FLETCHER MOULTON, Q.C., M.P., has lent a small but valuable collection of so-called Rhodian and Damascus wares. This gentleman has also lent a small collection of metal-work, including a silver-gilt Benitier in repoussé work bearing the Paris hall-mark for 1725 6, and a silver jug designed by J. C. Delafosse. Mr. HENRY WALLIS has lent a small collection of old Italian pottery, probably made in Tuscany before the sixteenth century. The section of textile fabrics in the Museum has received a most important and interesting gift from Miss SMITHIES and Mr. W. T. SMITHIES, of Manchester. Mr. Smithies has recently arrived from Lima, and has brought with him a very large collection of objects taken from the graveyards of the inhabitants of Peru in the sixteenth century in the neighbourhood of that city. In this collection were many fragments of robes and shrouds; these he has given to the Museum, and they are now temporarily on view in the Tapestry Court. There has also just been acquired a small but very interesting collection of newel posts obtained from houses of the last century which had recently been demolished in Brussels. These are exhibited in the furniture corridor.

At the Alhambra a new ballet, inspired by Art in the Theatre. the leading motive in Hans Andersen's story of "The Red Shoes," calls for comment, if not altogether for commendation. The scenery, in its lack of breadth and excessive



HOGARTH'S SISTER, MRS. SALTER.

By William Hogarth. Recently acquired by the National Gallery (Room XIX, No. 1663).

perforation, bespeaks its German origin, and the back-cloths throughout are inadequately lighted; but the second tableau of the Pine Forest is impressive, apart from the so-called "Scythian Statues," who, arrayed à la Cléopatra, seem quite out of place. In some groups

of costumes in the opening scene, suggesting the trappings of a "drosky," Mr. HOWELL RUSSELL contrives a picturesque effect; and after a "Dance of the Winds," in gaily tinted gossamer draperies, shows us a series of constellations in cloudy blues and silver that are pleasantly harmonised.—The Lyceum stage has recently been occupied by a revolutionary drama—Mr. Martin Harvey's production of "The Only Way." This version of "A Tale of Two Cities" opens with a grim prologue, for which Mr. HARKER has supplied an admirable setting; and concludes with the inevitable tableau after poor Fred Barnard's well-known drawing. Mr. HAWES CRAVEN and Mr. HANN are responsible for the scenes illustrating the story proper. In "Dr. Manetti's Garden," by the former artist, the suggestions of a "Marcus Stone" picture might with advantage have been yet further developed. The scene of "The Tribunal" is effective in its very simplicity, and provides an excellent background for its picturesque crowd of *sans-culottes*.

OUR Sydney correspondent writes as follows:—In consequence of the success of the exhibition of Australian pictures at the Grafton Gallery last spring, a good deal more interest than usual has been taken in the two rival shows here. The younger society—known as the Society of Artists—opened first. It is numerically smaller than last year, for many of its supporters have gone back to the old society; and art lovers devoutly wish they would all retrace their steps, as it is plain that our community is not large enough to support two such associations, whose members are quite amicably disposed towards each other. Young Mr. SID LONG (President of the Society of Artists) has some strikingly unconventional and original work, and has again had the good fortune to please the Trustees of the National Gallery, who have purchased his "Pan." But there is a weirdness about his compositions which prevents their popularity. The typical Britisher likes his wall furnished with pleasant suggestions, not with a transfixed nightmare. A far more pleasing purchase for the National Gallery is Mr. HOWARD ASHTON'S "Through Sunny Meadows," a composition full of glowing sunlight and poetic inspiration. Mr. HARRY GARLICK is scarcely fulfilling his promise of two years ago, though his "Darby and Joan"—two tired plough horses drinking at moonrise—has been purchased by the Trustees. The most notable pictures are: "The Serpent," by Mr. GEORGE LAMBERT—a girl's dark head rests on arms that are hidden by sinuous folds of a billowy green garment, while her serpent-like eyes, wicked in their glittering blackness, follow one everywhere; Miss ALICE MUSKETT'S "Ave! Imperator, Morituri te Salutant," a group of well-painted roses glowing with effulgent life against a skull and beads. This is to be added to the National Gallery. The Oil section is much stronger than the Water-Colour, which is hardly up to the mark of other years. The Art Society's Exhibition is stronger numerically and artistically; indeed, no comparison is possible; though here, again, work is admitted which should be below the standard fixed by the Hanging

Committee. The pictures in all classes number nearly three hundred, and among them are some very large canvases of Messrs. LISTER LISTER, VANDERVELDT, GORDON COUTTS, HANSON, and COFFEY. Mr. LISTER, as usual, dominates his one particular field of sea or landscape. Mr. STREETON is represented by some clever Eastern studies. An exquisitely-painted portrait of Miss Alice Burdekin, by Mrs. STODDART, stands out as *the* picture in the Water-Colour court. It is painted with all the delicacy of a miniature. Equally successful is the treatment by Miss MARY STODDART of "Springtime," the head of a sleek Alderney cow framed in a bush of Lillipilli. The Dutch painter, Mr. VANDERVELDT, who has come from New Zealand,

brings his Dutch associations with him, and introduces a new and striking element, his sombre interiors and grey, foggy exteriors affording a sharp note of contrast to our brilliant atmospheres and glittering blue waters. Mr. A. R. COFFEY is a prolific exhibitor in portraits, landscape, and seascape. Oils, water, and pastel are all employed by him. There is a mannerism about his portraits which detracts from the effect of much good work, but he has been strong and happy in his "Sydney Heads" and "Bondi Cliffs." Other purchases by the Trustees of the National Gallery are Mr. A. H. FULLWOOD'S "Reflections;" Mr. G. FITZGERALD'S "The Low Downs lean to the Sea;" Mr. A. J. HANSON'S "Pacific Beaches;" Mr. J. SALVANA'S "Trees of the Forest;" and Mr. A. H. FULLWOOD'S "Wreck of the *Hereward*;" the two latter being in the Black-and-White section. Contrast-

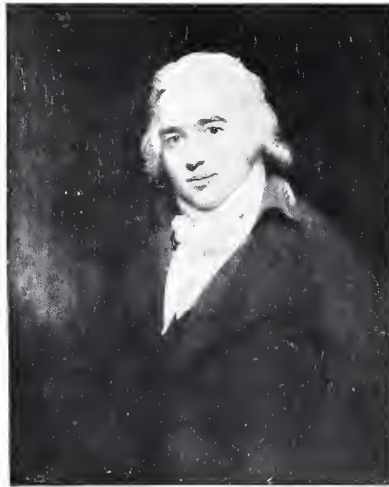
ing the one exhibition with the other, I find that they are best summed up by saying that the Society of Artists is characterised by originality, freedom, youthful impetuosity and impressionism, rather than by concentrated effort or finish; the Art Society, by an adherence to old-time methods, repression, and more highly-wrought execution.

Foreign Armour in England. By J. Starkie Gardner. "The Portfolio." Seeley and Co. 1898. (3s. 6d.)

To no better hands could this subject have been confided, and hardly better could it have been done. Mr. Gardner is not only a "Kernoozer," he is a scholar, and we have perused his book with great satisfaction. His divisions of the subject are simple and broad; after an introduction we have "Chain Mail," "Gothic Armour," "Enriched Armour," and "Fire Arms and Fire Locks," with a very excellent and suggestive essay on each. It is a treatise for the collector and for the general reader; it is packed with facts, and provided with an index and with a capital series of illustrations, many of which are well executed in colour. This is among the best of "The Portfolio" monographs; the only pity is that the essay is so short.

Classical Sculpture Gallery. A series of 144 reproductions. Edited by Professor von Reyher and Dr. Bayerstorfer. Grevel and Co., London. 1898. (21s.)

THIS is the second volume of the work which we reviewed last year. It contains a well-chosen selection



A. P. JOHNSTONE.

By Sir W. Beechey. Recently acquired by the National Gallery (Room XXI, No. 1671).

of sculpture in the galleries, churches, and private collections of Europe, with indications as to the schools to which they belong. It should be explained that "classical" here means "well known," and not in its usually accepted signification. We may complain that one or two illustrations are here entirely out of place. Such a sculpture as Von Lücke's "Sleeping Shepherdess" is meretricious alike in style and subject, the inclusion of which could only be justified as a warning of what is bad in art and taste in spite of clever execution. And we would again remark that better purpose would be served were the illustrations gathered together in some sort of order, whether of period, place, or thought. At the same time, we must warmly welcome the volume itself, for its merits and utility infinitely outweigh its defects.

Iconografia Dantesca: The Pictorial Representations to Dante's "Divine Comedy." By *Ludwig Volkmann*. Revised and augmented by the Author; with a preface by *Dr. Sarolea*. With seventeen plates and four woodcuts. Grevel and Co., London, 1899.

THIS book presents an amount of scholarship worthy of the importance of its mighty subject. The object of the volume—which succeeds triumphantly in its aim—is to give a complete history of the illustration of the Poem by every master, from the time of Giotto and the Illuminators to the present day—in every country and in every medium. Nor is the book a mere catalogue; it necessarily becomes a philosophic essay on the illustration, and therefore, in a measure, on the work of Dante, not less than a critical estimate of every artist—illustrator, miniaturist, painter, and sculptor—who has aimed at picturing the *Divina Commedia*, either in its entirety or in isolated scenes. In doing so Dr. Volkmann makes us realise how completely every artist has failed; for the mighty conceptions of the poet's imagination admit of no such limitation of form and scene, allow of no such statement of fact, so to say, as must necessarily be the result of a design, while the suggestiveness of the poet soars indefinitely above and beyond his most idealised words and most spiritual fancy. Dr. Volkmann discusses Dante's "personal relation to art, and his personality in art;" he then deals with the centuries in order, duly noticing the work of the illustrators—the small with the great—the whole being properly classified. The bibliographical and other lists complete a work that is to be esteemed one of the most remarkable essays in its own way that we have had in England for some time. It is usually extremely accurate, but a slip occurs in the statement that Rossetti's "Francesca da Rimini" is "in the possession of Mr. Leathart," for that gentleman has been dead some while, and his collection was dispersed last year. Indeed, the chapter on "Easel Pictures after Dante" is most summary; but it was doubtless found impossible to treat this section in any way exhaustively.

History of Modern Italian Art. By *Ashton Rollins Willard*. With illustrations. Longmans, Green and Co., London, 1898. (18s.)

MR. WILLARD has written a book that was sadly needed, and he has carried out his task, on the whole, remarkably well. He has sought, perhaps, to cover too much ground in a single volume, for he deals with sculpture, painting, and architecture from the days of Canova, Mengs, and Luigi Cagnola onwards. Nevertheless, he has given us what no publisher has hitherto issued—a well-written and properly digested account of the development of art in Modern Italy,

with a lucid description of its present condition. There is no doubt that for generations Italian art has been at a lower ebb than is the misfortune of the art of any other nation of recognised refinement and culture; but even in its degradation it has never been wholly without evidence of the fine spirit that animated it in the past, or without a few exponents of high powers of accomplishment who stood forth from the debased mass. It is perhaps not an unnatural impulse to denounce as incompetent a whole class, a whole nation, when the general effect of a display is poor. It must be admitted that if Italy suffers from such misjudgment, the fault is in great measure her own. At the recent Brussels International Exhibition, for example, her display of painting was contemptible and pitiable, and only her sculpture saved appearances in the honours list. Mr. Willard's book proves—if such proof were necessary—how unjust would be our conclusions as to Italian art which might be based upon this official exhibition. We do not always agree with him, however. To state, as he does, that in Ricciardo Meacci—several of whose works were recently reproduced in these pages—"we have an almost literal reproduction of the style of Burne-Jones," is utterly to misunderstand Burne-Jones and to misappreciate his style. Nor can we agree unreservedly that Rossetti should rather take his place in Italian than in English art. Mr. Willard entertains a higher view of Italian sculpture than most are disposed to take, but he is not betrayed into championing that monument of misapplied skill and dexterous vulgarity that is the delight of the tourist—the Genoese Campo Santo. As he very mildly expresses it, these marbles are, "as a rule, unsympathetic, suggesting too much desire for display, and too little an elevated, refined, sober taste." This book reveals much that is good in Italy, and is an honest and original work, the result of first-hand research; and if the author is a little over-indulgent at times, he may fairly claim to belong to the class of art-historian benefactors.

Chinese Porcelain. By *W. G. Gulland*. With Notes by *T. J. Larkin*. 485 illustrations. Chapman and Hall, London, 1898. (10s. 6d.)

THIS is a far more important handbook than Mr. Gulland in his modest preface would lead the reader to suppose. It is really a treatise on Chinese art based upon the previous authorities who have written in England and France, and founded, as it should be, upon a well set forth statement of the national characteristics alike as to religion, history, beliefs, literature, and their influences upon the popular mind. The classification, broadly speaking, follows rather the convenient system of M. Jacquemart than the more scientific but elaborate arrangement of Sir Wollaston Franks. The author divides the subject into: (1) Chinese porcelain not painted; (2) Chinese porcelain with coloured glazes; (3) painted in colours under the glaze; (4) painted in colours over the glaze—the latter two divisions being by far the most important. There are, besides, other matters dealt with, such as pottery marks and so forth. The profuse illustrations seem to deal rather with general manufactures than with special pieces; but for this reason they are, perhaps, the more valuable. The Chinese copies of majolica decorated with Christian scenes will interest the reader as well as the strong Persian influence in such pieces as that which, with decoration added at Lowestoft, is illustrated at p. 240. Within its limits this is an excellent book, to which the notes of Mr. Larkin give added value.

Tuscan Artists: Their Thought and Work. By *Hoppe Rea*. With an Introduction by *Sir W. B. Richmond, K.C.B., R.A.* With thirty-one plates. Redway, 1898. (5s.)

IN his introductory pages Sir William Richmond vouches for the excellence of this little book, especially the chapters dealing with the relation between Imagination and Art. Miss Rea's work deals sympathetically with the whole subject; her text is very readable, and shows an understanding of the subject which increases the pleasantness and value of the book. The treatise is necessarily not very deep, and is necessarily little more than a sketch, but it is well adapted to its avowed purpose—the use of travellers. The illustrations are well chosen, though not very well printed. It is a pity that the publisher defaces the half-titles of his volumes.

The Venetian Painters of the Renaissance, with an Index of their Works. By *Bernhard Berenson*. Third edition. Putnam's Sons, London, 1898. (4s. 6d.)

THE third edition of Mr. Berenson's masterly little volume contains many emendations and corrections, made the more conscientiously, perhaps, as in the author's opinion—an opinion which we share—the Venetian school is representative of the perfection of Italian Renaissance painting. It is a tribute to the intrinsic merits of Mr. Berenson's work that this issue has been called for so soon. The public, no doubt, has been attracted not more by the author's originality than by his conciseness—twenty-seven chapters in seventy-nine pages represent a record in extracted essence of criticism. Indeed, Mr. Berenson will be more satisfactory and oftentimes more convincing when he expands his bold statements of opinion. Most, but not all, misprints have been corrected; and his indexes represent perhaps the best and most valuable part of his labours.

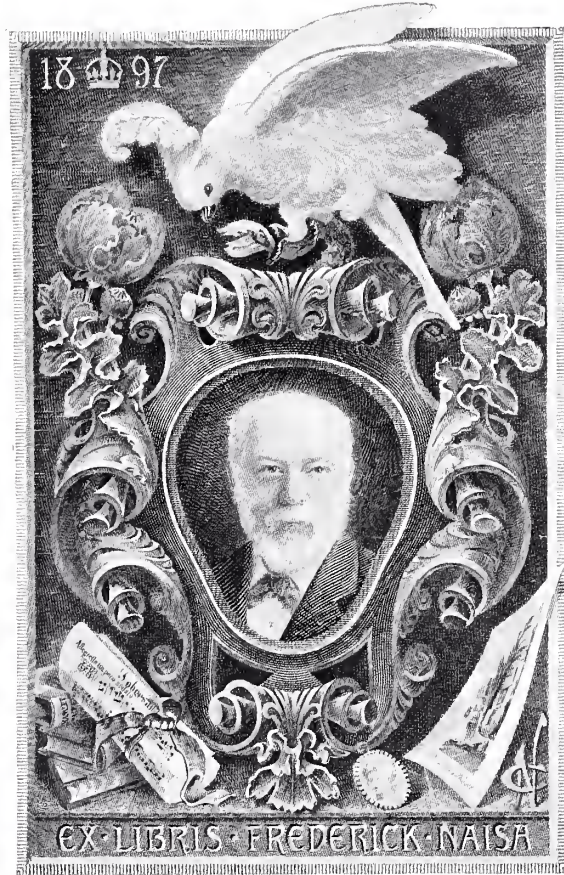
Lectures on the National Gallery. By *J. P. Richter*. With numerous illustrations. Longmans, Green and Co., London, 1898. (9s.)

THESE three lectures, intended for students of modern connoisseurship, deal with details not uninteresting to the general art-lover. Fra Angelico, Duccio, Bellini, Botticelli, are the principal masters he discusses. (By-the-way, why, when referring to Bellini's "Virgin and Child" in the National Gallery, does he not compare it with the "Madonna with the Two Trees" in the Venetian Academy? The same model sat, and the pose is almost identical; this would have helped him perhaps to fix his date positively.) We need not follow Dr. Richter into his arguments for new ascriptions, some of which undoubtedly recommend themselves for favourable consideration, while others inspire us with dread of what riot such a man might run had he control of the great gallery he here criticises. But we may be grateful for so suggestive and apparently so conclusive a demonstration as that which practically proves Botticelli's "Mars and Venus" to be an illustration of Poliziano's poem, "Stanze per la Giostra"—the subjugation of Giuliano de' Medici by the beautiful Simonetta. The perusal of such books as this—as those of Morelli and his disciple Mr. Berenson—adds to the delights of art-study, but they must leave the public more bewildered than ever.

Raphael. By *H. Knackfuss*. Translated by *Campbell Dodgson*. With 128 illustrations from pictures and drawings. H. Grevel and Co., London, 1899. (4s.)

THIS first number of a new series of monographs on great artists is, perhaps, chiefly remarkable for its cheapness. Never before have so many passable

illustrations of the pictures, frescoes, drawings, studies, and mosaics of the Master been placed before the reader at so low a cost. A charm for many readers, not perhaps the advanced student in the history of art, is the enthusiasm—almost the emotion—with which the author deals with his subject. At the same time, the book is treated in a very earnest and scholarly manner by, one would say, a lecturer speaking to a general



A BOOK PLATE.

Designed and Engraved in line by Charles Naish.

audience, telling his hearers in simple and lucid manner of the life and works of the painter, showing how they grew, and how circumstances brought forth work after work. By a plan so simple, Herr Knackfuss sidiously instructs the reader in the influences which were brought to bear on Raphael and his style, and which were reflected upon others. There is little cold science in the book, but the work is all the more popular for that.

Illustrated Souvenir Catalogue of the Exhibition of International Art, Knightsbridge. W. Heinemann, London, 1898.

IT was a happy idea to issue this "Souvenir," which is practically an *édition de luxe* of the Catalogue and reproductions, by Messrs. Carl Hentschel, of works which figured in the exhibition. Of these, seven are pictures by Mr. Whistler (including "Thames in Ice," the beautiful "Piano Picture," "Rose Corder," and "La Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine"), and a couple of other photogravures are also presented. All those who visited the exhibition, and all those who did not, will equally be pleased with this admirably representative gathering of the masters of the "advanced" schools of painting and sculpture.

The Minor Poems of John Milton. Illustrated and decorated by *A. Garth Jones*. George Bell and Sons, London, 1898, (6s.)

THERE is something original in these decorations, a German feeling allied to an attempt at careful execution, and a suggestion of brilliant knife-work in the cutting, which is refreshing after so much modern mock-ancient Italian wood-design that has been the fashion for a few seasons past. Mr. Garth Jones has not got wholly away from that love of ugliness in form or feature which so often disfigures modern work by its affectation; but he has struck a new note that is interesting, and that should lead him onwards if he but look sincerely within himself and uses his own talent, instead of aiming merely at producing modern antiques.

From the same publishers we have **English Lyrics from Spenser to Milton**, well selected. But the illustrations will not add to *Mr. Anning Bell's* reputation; they are frequently perfunctory, mannered, and in few instances satisfactory.

Alphabets, Old and New. By *Lewis F. Day*. Batsford, London, 1898, (3s. 6d.)

THIS book, unlike Mr. Strange's, does not aim at treating the subject historically. Yet it shows the developments of our alphabets, ancient and modern, selected with unflinching taste and knowledge, and, in the many instances in which they are invented by the author, designed with an invariable feeling for beauty, constructional and actual. The most "ingenious," perhaps, are the least beautiful; but no one who has to use lettering need, with this book before him, ever reproduce the hideous forms adopted by so many designers and printers nowadays, in the belief that the quaint, the grotesque, and the "decorated," as understood by the modern typefounder, are "tasty" or even pleasing. For sculptors and artists this is a most useful number of the "Text-Books of Ornamental Design."

An "*Alphabet of Animals*," by MR. CARTON MOORE PARK, is very clever as to its drawings and amusing as to its text. Like so much modern work it is ugly, but, notwithstanding, it is a capital child's book. It is published by Blackie and Son.

MESSRS. ALEXANDER McBRIDE and ED-Miscellaneous. WARD C. CLIFFORD have been elected members of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours.

Mrs. ALEXANDER LANG ELDER has just presented to the National Gallery a painting of "Christ disputing with the Doctors" by Francisco de Herrera. It has been hung in Room XIV (No. 1676).

The book-plate illustrated on p. 287 was designed by Mr. CHARLES NAISH, and engraved by him in line. Mr. Naish is one of the few engravers who still practise this beautiful method of work.

In a reference to the troubles of the Miniature Societies in our February part, we referred to the resignation of the president and two members of council of the Society of Miniaturists as being due to the unauthorised issue of a circular by the vice-president. It has been shown to us that the resignations in question had no connection with the issue of the circular, and we hasten to recall a statement which we made on faith of inaccurate information provided to us.

In our notice of Mr. J. LEWINE'S "*Bibliography of Eighteenth Century Art and Illustrated Books*" we gave a list of the number of omissions which we thought of primary importance. The author draws our attention to the fact that two of these books—"Théâtre de Pierre Corneille (1764)" and Lucretius' "*Della Natura delle Cose (1754)*"—are, as a matter of fact, duly

chronicled. This is indeed so; and we express our regret for the unfortunate oversight of our reviewer.

We are informed by the publishers of the volume entitled "Lord Leighton"—which we reviewed in THE MAGAZINE OF ART for February—that the block from the artist's celebrated drawing of "A Lemon Tree" (offered to us for the purposes of our review) had originally appeared in the pages of "The Studio." We need hardly say that had we been made aware of the fact we should not, as a matter of propriety and etiquette, have borrowed the illustration in question from our contemporary, or used it without acknowledgment.

WE have to record the death of M. J. GUSTAVE Obituary. DELOYE, the French sculptor, at the age of sixty-one. He was born at Sedan, and in 1857 entered at the École des Beaux-Arts, where he studied under MM. Lemaire, Jouffroy, and Dantan. In 1862 he gained the second Prix de Rome, and since 1865 has been a regular contributor to the Salon. Among his chief works are the busts of Réjane, Roybet, Léon Noël, and Litré at the Institute, and a statuette of Catherine of Russia, designed for execution on Sèvres porcelain. He was created a Knight of the Legion of Honour in 1892.

By the death of Dr. DRURY FORTNUM another vacancy is caused on the Board of Trustees of the British Museum. Dr. Fortnum was born in 1820. He travelled extensively on the Continent in his youth, and seized the opportunity of cultivating his knowledge of the minor arts of the Renaissance upon which he was to become a recognised authority later on; and began his purchases for the marvellous collection of majolica ware, bronzes, etc., which he succeeded in making one of the finest in England. In 1888, purposely ignoring South Kensington, he presented the greater part of this collection to the University of Oxford, together with the sum of £15,000 to build a new Ashmolean museum. This was only accomplished after a great deal of friction with the Academic authorities, which was atoned for afterwards by his election as an Hon. Fellow of Queen's College and the conferment of the D.C.L. degree (*Honoris causa*) of the University. To the British Museum he had already given a large collection of insects, birds, and reptiles which he had formed in South Australia. He acted for a length of time as art referee to South Kensington Museum, and wrote, at the request of the Lords of the Council, Descriptive Catalogues of Majolica, etc., and of Bronzes in the Museum. Dr. Fortnum also made a study of gems, and was the author of many papers on that subject.

The death has occurred of M. SECRETAN, who acquired notoriety some ten years ago in connection with the great financial speculations in copper and the wonderful collection of works of art which was dispersed when the crash came. He was possessed of knowledge and taste as a collector, in proof of which it was remarked at the time of the sale that scarcely a single picture failed to fetch a much larger sum than he had paid for it. The feature of the sale, it will be remembered, was the competition for Millet's "Angelus," for which the French Government bid 553,000 francs. The total amount realised by the sale of the modern works in Paris was 10,000,000 francs, while seventeen old masters sold at Christie's brought in £27,284—a total of £427,284.

MR. JOHN PHILLIP STAFFORD, for many years cartoonist to "Funny Folks," has died at the early age of forty-eight. He commenced his art life as a scene painter under Matt Morgan, but eventually settled down to black-and-white work in connection with comic journalism.



THE WOUNDED CAVALIER.
From the Painting by William Shakespeare Burton.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE BURTON.

BY E. RIMBAULT DIBDIN.

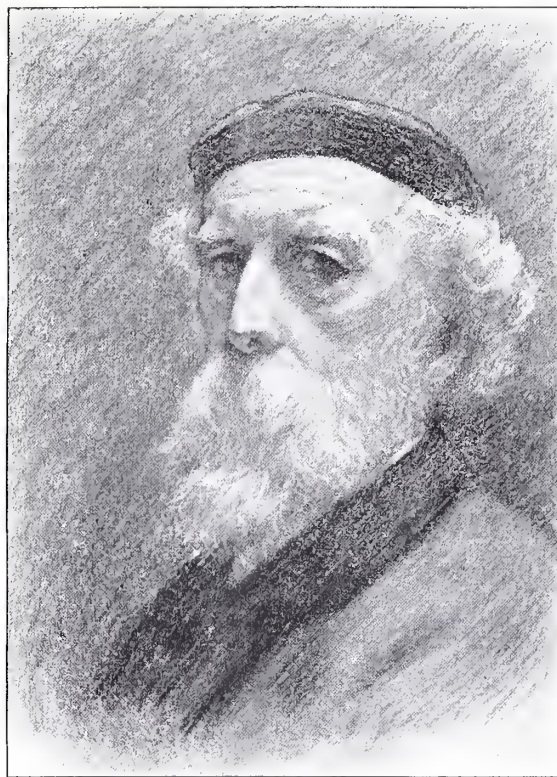
LESS than a year ago, while looking at Mr. Albert Wood's large, yet choice, collection of pictures at Bodlondob, my attention was arrested by a painting, evidently by one of the early English Pre-Raphaelites. My host, after remaining silent for a few minutes while I examined it, challenged me, with a twinkle in his eye, to assign it to its author. There was something of Holman Hunt—especially the butterfly—something of Millais, something of Madox Brown; but I was baffled by an individuality, a quality of difference that forbade me to commit myself. "It is by Burton," said Mr. Wood. "Surely not Sir Frederick Burton?" I replied; "this is utterly unlike anything of his that I have seen." "No; this is by William Shakespeare Burton," was his answer. I was humbled. Here was a man evidently in the front rank of the Pre-Raphaelites as regards accomplishment, and I had never heard of him.

I have since regained some measure of self-respect, for though I have asked many painters and lovers of pictures about the artist, and have heard many interesting details about various Burtons great and small, I have met very few who had even heard of the subject of this paper, and their stock of information, excepting in one or two instances, was of a very meagre description. From books on art and artists there is even less to be gleaned.

Mr. William Shakespeare Burton was born in London on the 1st of June, 1826. His father was William Evans Burton, also a Londoner, whose eminence in another art won for him in America, where the latter part of his life was spent, the description of "the greatest low comedian of the age." A tendency to the polite arts began at least a generation

earlier, for the grandfather Burton, who was a printer, is described as a man of learning and piety with literary leanings, one fruit of which was his "Researches as to the Religion of the

Eastern Nations." From a roving father such as his, and a mother cast in no ordinary mould, a commonplace son was not to be expected. The boy grew up in a home not wholly altered since his father had deserted it in quest of peace. Though sympathising with the wanderer, however, he resolutely stood by his mother. He was educated at King's College, Somerset House, until he was sixteen: at which age a sense of duty impelled him to begin the battle of life in order to support his mother and himself. What to do seems to have been a question easily answered: artistry was in his blood. From infancy, the lonely babyhood of an only child, he had dwelt with books and pictures. He fingered



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE BURTON.

From a Chalk Drawing by Himself.

books, built houses with them, read them, grew to love them. Delicate and sensitive, he was keenly alive to beauty of form and of thought, and the longing was born in his mind to devote life to the creation of beautiful things. At first he leaned to the august Mother of the Arts, but passionate delight in colour led him inevitably to the service of painting. The path for him was not flower-strewn: he must not only study but earn money. Black and white designs for printers, and tentative pictorial efforts were done for pay, while all his remaining time and energy were given to copying in the National Gallery, and solitary study in a spacious and much-loved garret which he was allowed to use by a kindly print-seller in the Strand who admired his courage and industry. This good fellow lent him pictures to copy, and exhibited his productions in the shop window.

One of these, a copy made in the National Gallery, attracted the notice of Tom Taylor, dramatist and critic. When he had learned the boy's pathetic history he sent for him, encouraged him, found him work, and befriended him in other ways. The friendship thus formed only ended at Tom Taylor's death. "He was such a plucky little chap," said this opportune patron: "he was so delicate-looking, and yet he was so tough. He had a mind of his own and a will of his own,

came and also an invitation to the boy to give up the project of becoming "a beggarly painter" and come across to him. The youngster was tempted, but was able to say "No." He meant to be a painter, and he meant to look after his mother, so he remained in England.

In dealing with a life so long and fruitfully employed, so full of vicissitudes, as that of Mr. Burton, I do not intend to exhaust the subject-matter, but content myself with notes on some of



AN UNINTERESTING NOVEL.

and there he was, tackling that very eccentric lady, his mother, attending the School of Design at Somerset House, pegging away at black and white in that garret all by himself, placing his work with any printers who would have it, and copying pictures in the National Gallery, and no one to wish him God-speed. That is what he was when I saw him first." Through Tom Taylor he had some initial letters accepted for early numbers of "Punch."

To be a Royal Academy student and a bread-winner as well was no small matter for a delicate youth, and his working day was usually one of sixteen hours. Fortunately, Burton *père* somehow had tidings of the filial struggles, and his heart went out to his offspring. Remittances

the most interesting incidents. His career at the Royal Academy Schools was crowned by the award of the gold medal for historical painting in 1851, to his "Delilah begging the Forgiveness of Samson in Captivity." Until four weeks before sending-in day, the shy, despondent, and over-worked artist had no intention of competing. Urged, however, by friends, whose estimate of his powers was much beyond his own, and by Tom Taylor in particular, he at last resolved to make the attempt. I have not seen the picture, and cannot ascertain where it is, but Mrs. Burton has described it to me from her recollection of the original cartoon, now lost. Samson, made save for a tiger-skin, lies chained against a tree-trunk, guarded by armed Philistines. Delilah, beautiful

enough to make us extenuate her victim's folly, kneels beside him, torn by the anguish of penitence; but his head is disdainfully averted. With her are two girls daintily dressed in tender clinging draperies. Behind, a boy is playing with a serpent: a detail which may be taken either for a symbolical epitome of the story, or a subtle reference to the Greek mythological hero, who, in his feats of strength and amatory misadventures, presented so many resemblances to the son of Manoaah.

The picture did not come uppermost in the first voting. But, as is the case with much of Mr. Burton's subsequent work, the elusive but pregnant spiritual sentiment gradually made its effect, and at last the medal was awarded to him, very greatly to the surprise of himself and several very confident expectants. To have produced so complex and finely-finished a picture at all in so short a time was a remarkable *tour de force*. It was only accomplished by great application, and the constant labour both by daylight and gaslight seriously affected the young painter's eyesight, and probably contributed to the tendency to violent headaches which has been the bane of a great part of his life.

Mr. Burton's first exhibit at the Royal Academy Exhibition was in 1846, when he showed a picture of a favourite dog. During the thirty following years his contributions to the annual displays at Somerset House, according to Mr. Graves, numbered seventeen.

In 1852 Mr. Burton was commissioned by Lord Dufferin to illustrate a poem by his Lordship, which had for its theme catholicity of thought: the need for patient tolerance between minds which are striving by many ways to reach the common goal of Truth. The poem found a congenial mind in Mr. Burton, and his thorough appreciation of it resulted in a series of designs remarkable for elegance, fecundity of invention and sympathetic insight. The pleased author said, "You are the better poet as well as being a draughtsman."

The first great success was in 1856, when "The Wounded Cavalier" was hung on the line next Mr. Holman Hunt's "The Scapegoat." It attracted a great deal of notice and admiration, although, through some irregularity, the title and artist's name were omitted from the official catalogue. Mr. Burton has not hesitated to publish his opinion that this was deliberately done; that it was a link in a long chain of slights and injuries dealt out to him by the Academy, and due in part to remissness in paying blackmail to those all-potent though obscure functionaries, the porters! It seems that the picture had a narrow escape of being rejected. Cope, rambling about the

galleries, noticed a solitary picture with its face to the wall in a remote room. Idle curiosity made him do what most of us would do—he looked at it, and, being greatly impressed, made inquiries. Nobody knew anything about it, and the assembled Academicians when he took it to them declared with one voice that they had never seen it before. They admired it, but the walls were covered and no suitable place was left. Cope very generously withdrew one of his own pictures and so solved the difficulty. From this it will be seen that however wicked Academicians may as a body be considered by outsiders, they are moved by noble disinterestedness.

It was "The Wounded Cavalier" that introduced me to Mr. Burton's art. A more favourable introduction could not have been, for it is in some respects his most remarkable picture. That acute critic, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, is said to have characterised it (very much to the painter's annoyance) as the work of a man who depended for effect on detail and truthful imitation of natural objects and effects apart from emotion. In this estimate, however, he was, I think, mistaken. Marvellous skill in imitation is certainly shown—one can scarcely conceive it carried further; but the ethical purpose of the composition is neither insignificant nor obscure.

The incident imagined by the painter having often been misunderstood, it may be well to describe it. The cavalier, while faithfully discharging some such duty as the carrying of letters or despatches, has been set upon in a lonely wood, and after a brave defence, desperately wounded, robbed, and then left to die; the assailants escaping by the suggestive breach in the wall. The puritans on their way to meeting have found him. The man stands aloof, full of sectarian hatred, and glares angrily at the gorgeous apparel and the scattered playing cards of the victim. The girl's simpler, more humane nature blinds her to everything but the crying need for help. Compassion rises superior to party and prejudice.

Such a picture was obviously produced only as a result of long and unremitting labour. Begun late in the summer of 1855 it kept Mr. Burton very hard at work till late in the winter. It is worth recording as an illustration of the passionately conscientious method of early Pre-Raphaelite days that the painter was careful to select his landscape setting in the grounds surrounding an old cavalier mansion near Guildford, occupied at the period of the picture by Sir Thomas More. In order to get a true view of the scene and to study the fern,

bramble, and other growths, Mr. Burton had a deep hole dug for the accommodation of himself and his easel, and there he sat day by day, to the vast astonishment, doubtless, of all who passed by.

The picture was purchased by Mr. Agnew, who sold it to Mr. J. Arden, of Rickmansworth. At his death it passed, again through the medium of Mr. Agnew, to its present possessor.

The method is uncompromisingly Pre-Raph-

artist had ever painted. The Academy, however, rejected it. The untiringly helpful critic invited some members of the Selecting Committee to dinner, and, confronting them with the picture, asked why it was not hung. They declared they had never seen it before.

The work, worry, and disappointment attending this fiasco, added to the continual strain of contact with his mother's difficult temperament, were too much for the painter to bear. His



THE AUTO DA FÉ.

aelite. Mr. Burton never had any connection with the famous brotherhood, but, as with other distinguished painters, the new tenets found a fruitful soil in the eager sincerity of his temperament. The need for artistic reformation was in the air, and this lonely, convention-hating, earnest student at once reached out to the offered means of escape from the cynically shallow, facile methods of painting which were in vogue.

Influenced by Mr. Rossetti's criticism, Mr. Burton selected a subject for his next picture which should be obviously emotional: "The London Magdalen." It represented a fallen woman, praying outside a church which, like Gretchen, she dared not enter. I do not know where the picture is; Tom Taylor greatly admired it, and said the girl's head was the best the

health broke down, and he endured continual torture from headaches and disorder of the eyes. Tom Taylor having carried him to Mr. Quain, he was ordered absolute rest in darkened rooms as the only preventive of blindness. So a rest ensued, during which he found several kind and helpful friends, prominent among them Sir Alexander and Lady Duff-Gordon.

When the clouds lifted a little, Mr. Burton wisely determined to avoid one source of worry by setting up a home of his own. In spite of his troubles with the Royal Academy, he was making progress with the public and getting better prices for his work. So he fell in love with a beautiful cousin and married her. The two young people were singularly alike in temperament—shy, melancholy, and romantic—but their married life promised to be a happy



THE WORLD'S INGRATITUDE.

From the Painting by William Shakespeare Burton, in the Possession of Mrs. Cockerell.

one. In seven years, however, it was ended by Mrs. Burton's shockingly sudden death: her husband left her laughing over some little mutual pleasantry, and returned into the room ten minutes later to find himself a widower.

In Guernsey Mr. Burton undertook a commission for Mr. W. Vokins to paint a picture of the sea. He chose his station at a spot on the rocks very difficult of access. One day, when going to work loaded with the usual impedimenta, he had a fall so severe that he lay unconscious on the shore for a long time and only revived when the advancing tide was so close on him that some of the painting materials which had fallen with him had been carried away. Thereafter nothing would induce him to return to his labours, and the picture was never finished. It is said that Mr. Ruskin remarked to him one day when he was at work on this canvas:

"Why do you waste your time painting with the fine minuteness of a photograph?" Some days later the great critic came again, looked long at it, and exclaimed, "Ah, a noble study, a glorious rendering of the force and depth and breadth of light-filled water and wave-worn rock. Photographs can give scenery, but it needs the heart of a human being, a painter, to reproduce the caprices of the overwhelming ocean."

In spite of ill-health and trouble, Mr. Burton pursued his much-loved art with undiminished ardour during the years of his marriage and widowerhood, and produced some of his best-known pictures. "Tell's Son," shown at the Royal Academy in 1858, was purchased by Lord Dufferin. This picture has always been a favourite, and the artist, long afterwards at Florence, painted two replicas on commission.

In 1865 Mr. Burton was married to the lady who has ever since been his faithful, congenial, and helpful companion. In 1868 he removed to

Italy, whence he did not return until his mother's death in 1876. The greater part of the interval was spent in Florence, which, with its splendid art galleries and artistic associations, could not fail to be intensely attractive to him. In

addition to original work, he studied the masterpieces of the great Pre-Raphaelites in the Pitti and Uffizi galleries, and made some memorable copies, such as those of Botticelli's circular "Incoronazione" and his "Madonna with the Singing Angels," for the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia.

This labour was interrupted for eight months by the accident of a severely scalded hand; and an original work, "Dante and Beatrice," was stopped by a more grievous disaster—the sudden death, at the age of nine, of his only son.

The prostration following this cruel blow resulted in an attack of paralysis which disabled Mr. Burton for months. He left Florence for Naples, and thence went to Monte Cassino. The troubles of this time were aggravated by a failure of supplies from home, due to the fact that the elder Mrs. Burton, regarding the death of her only grandson in the light of a personal wrong, could not be prevailed on by any argument to remit money due to her son. "He must come and get it himself," she said. At last her silence was broken by a message that she was dangerously ill. Mr. Burton hastened home with all possible expedition—only to find he was too late.

Apart from the joy of work in the service of art, Mr. Burton had but scant pleasure in life after his return from Italy, for his physical condition was unsatisfactory, and that neuralgia of the brain which has clouded his life became a crushing, ever-present evil. Even art brought its contribution of distress, for "The Angel of Death," his most important picture at this time, was twice rejected at the Royal Academy. In 1882 a second break-down came, and it was not



STUDY OF THE PAINTER'S DAUGHTER.

until a period of seven years had elapsed that he recovered suddenly and surprisingly from a state of cerebral exhaustion during which even art was laid aside and people who had known him concluded that he had passed out of life for ever. Since his remarkable recovery ten years ago Mr. Burton has enjoyed much better health, and, though frail and sensitive beyond most men, he is now erect and alert as few are at the age of seventy-three, with bright blue eyes as keen and unclouded as a boy's, and all perceptions undimmed. The last decade has been one fruitful of good work—portraits, genre- and other subject-pictures, designs of various kinds, including illustrations for Mrs. Burton's story for girls, "Annabel." In all these activities Mr. Burton has given ample evidence of powers thoroughly repaired after his long period of inaction: one more proof, if any were needed, that the painter, like the pear tree, may blossom and bear choice fruit with undiminished vigour to the extremest limit of a long life. The most important pictures of recent years have been "The Blessed Damozel," "Anto da Fé," and "The King of Sorrows" (shown at Burlington House in 1897).

In "The Blessed Damozel" Mr. Burton addressed himself to the seemingly hopeless task of realising on canvas that wonderful poem of the boy Rossetti which the middle-aged man Rossetti himself painted in most memorable and convincing fashion. The result, however, has justified the attempt. In art there are many ways, and in the subtle spiritual grace of Mr. Burton's "Damozel" there is no trace of imitation of the lusty super-sensual mediævalism of Rossetti's picture. For most of us, when we have brushed aside prepossessions, the former will come much nearer expressing our own inner conceptions of the theme. In "Anto da Fé," also known as "The Heretic," a moving illustration of old-time methods of

conversion (now, happily, disallowed) is presented with true dramatic vigour—forcible, yet restrained. The beautiful head of the central figure was painted from one of the three daughters, whose love has contributed not a little to the happiness of the painter's later life—happiness sadly marred by the recent death of one of them and the illness of another. Several of his pictures contain portraits of one or more of them, as, for instance, "An Uninteresting Novel" and "The Fair Button-hole Maker." The latter is probably the last canvas which Mr. Burton painted with the intense fidelity to finish and detail of the early Pre-Raphaelite manner; for he, like Millais and others, soon recognised that it was no more than a valuable educational discipline, to be left behind when it had yielded its lesson of conscientiousness and fidelity in the translation of beauty.



ITALIAN STUDY.

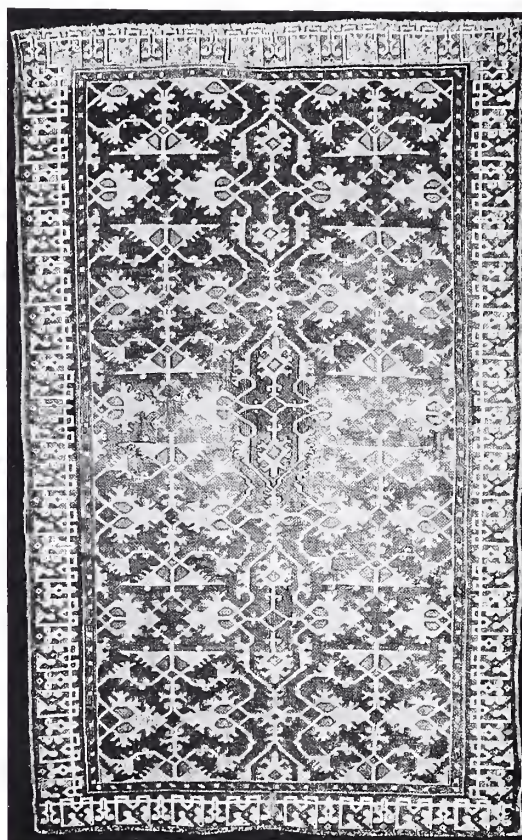
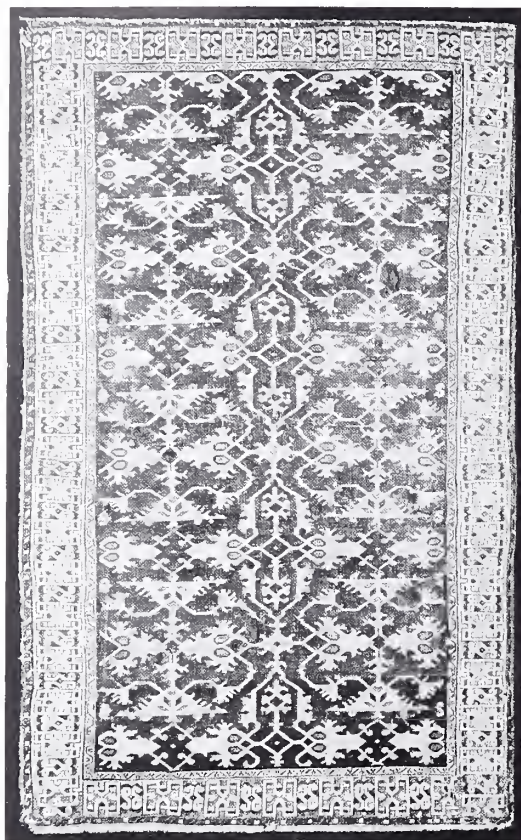
It would be out of place and tedious to attempt even an approach to a full account of Mr. Burton's life-work. To the few of his chief pictures which have been mentioned I will only add his "Mary Mother," "Mary Magdalen," "Ecce Homo," "Angels at the Sepulchre," "Peace and War," "Flowers for Poor Mamma," and "The World's Ingratitude," this last a small but most impressive conception of the divine Sufferer for Sin. It is characteristic of the imperfection with which Mr. Burton's art has been put before the public that so striking a conception and one so well calculated for wide popularity (despite its singular merit) is not known and has never been engraved. This is all of a piece with his history. Many men of fewer parts have figured largely on the Scene of Life, and their names and works have become familiar, while he has laboured on in shrinking retirement, avoiding that personal contact with his fellows by which alone a man's claims are likely to be asserted during his lifetime.

TWO ORIENTAL CARPETS IN THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

By A. B. SKINNER, ASSISTANT DIRECTOR, SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

STUDENTS of Art will have observed how frequently the old Italian masters introduced representations of Oriental carpets into their pictures,* fully appreciating the decorative value of their fine designs and the beauty of their

scribing Turcomania, remarks that the Turcomans, including the Armenians and Greeks, "weave the finest and handsomest carpets in the world." The manufacture of carpets must, however, have been carried on over a very much



TWO ORIENTAL CARPETS.

In South Kensington Museum.

colour. By these records a great service has been rendered to those interested in the study of the history of carpets, since some idea may be formed of the date of existing specimens by comparing their patterns with those in the pictures. In the days when these pictures were painted, the Italians had very extensive commercial relations with the East, and included among their imports great numbers of carpets. It is scarcely possible to state with accuracy where they were made, but Marco Polo, in his travels, when de-

* *Alt Orientalische Teppichmuster nach Bildern und Originalen des xv.-xvi. Jahrhunderts gezeichnet von Julius Lessing, 1877.*

wider area in Western Asia.* The Italians eagerly bought these splendid works of art for their palaces and churches, and used them not only as coverings for the floor, but also as tablecloths and hangings. On the walls of the Hospital of Santa Maria della Scala at Siena, are some frescoes painted by Domenico di Bartolo between the years 1440 and 1444, in which rich Oriental carpets are displayed on the gorgeous marble floors. In Benozzo Gozzoli's fresco of Rebekah and Eliezer in the Campo Santo at Pisa, painted between 1469 and 1485, the artist

* *Oriental Carpets, Vienna, 1892. Essay on Animal Figures in Oriental Carpets, by Dr. W. Bode.*



THE MADONNA AND CHILD.

From the Painting by Girolamo dai Libri, at Verona.

shows carpets used as hangings.* It does not happen very often that the almost exact pattern of an existing carpet is found in a picture. This is, however, the case as regards two carpets which have been recently added to the Oriental collection in the South Kensington Museum. They were acquired in Florence, and have no doubt done duty for many years in some church, being much worn by constant use. Their patterns are very similar, and their colour is chiefly yellow on a red ground; the broad borders are filled with designs adapted from Kufic characters. At Verona, in the church of San Giorgio Maggiore, there is the famous picture by Girolamo dai Libri (b. 1474, d. 1556) of the Madonna and Child between San Lorenzo Gustiniani and San Zeno. The centre of the carpet, at the foot of the Madonna's throne, has a design of the same character as on the two specimens now in the Museum. This picture, it may be mentioned, bears the date

* Water-colour drawings of this fresco, and of two in the Hospital at Siena, are in the South Kensington Museum.

1526. In the Borghese Gallery at Rome is a portrait of Marcello Cervino, who became Cardinal of Santa Croce di Gerusalemme at Rome in 1539, was elected Pope in 1555, and died twenty-two days after his elevation to the Pontifical throne. Marcello as a cardinal is seated by a table covered with an Eastern carpet, which has practically the same central design as on one of the carpets in the Museum. It will also be noticed that the small portion of the border by the Cardinal's knee is almost an exact replica of the border on this same carpet. This picture was painted by Jacopo Carucci da Pontorno (b. 1494, d. 1557).

The type of border shown on these carpets is to be found in pictures of a still earlier date than those just mentioned. The Berlin Museum possesses a picture by Ambrogio Borgognone (b. about 1455, d. about 1523) of the Virgin and Child, with St. John the Baptist on one side and St. Ambrose on the other. The steps to the throne, on which the Virgin is seated, are covered with



THE VIRGIN AND CHILD, WITH ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST AND ST. AMBROSE.

From the Painting by Borgognone at Berlin. From a Photograph by Franz Hanfstaengl.

a carpet having a border similar in style to those on the Museum carpets.*

Further search would, no doubt, bring together other pictures, not necessarily Italian.†

* This article is dealing only with Eastern carpets in Italy, but it may not be out of place to notice, as a second illustration of a specimen of early date, the carpet border with its simulated Kufic characters, in the triptych in the hospital at Bruges, painted by Hans Memling for Master Nieuwenhove in 1487.

† Bartholomews Vander Helst (b. 1611 or 1612, d. 1670) has painted a carpet of this style in his "Portrait of a Man," now in the Pitti Palace at Florence.



MARCELLO CERVINI.

From the painting by Pontormo in the Loghese Gallery.

containing representations of carpets with similar patterns. It is evident that carpets such as those shown in the pictures by Girolamo dai Libri and Pontormo were known to the Italians in the early years of the sixteenth century. May it not be inferred that the two carpets in the Museum to which we have been referring were made about this time? These interesting specimens have been hung in the same room of the Cross Gallery as the great carpet, one of the most famous of all, from the mosque at Ardebil.

ROMNEY'S "MRS. MARK CURRIE."

NO art movement of recent years has been more remarkable than the "appreciation" of the works of George Romney. The fate of this eminent artist has been not a little singular. In his own day and generation he enjoyed a popularity scarcely second to Reynolds, and not at all inferior to Gainsborough; but whilst Romney's two great and only worthy rivals have never drifted into the bitter limbo of neglect, Romney suffered an almost total eclipse for about three-quarters of a century. Romney, like many other portrait painters, disliked the drudgery of painting portraits; he always nursed the ambition of becoming a great historical artist, in which, judging from his finished works in this line, he would certainly not have greatly excelled. He is the most poetical portrait painter which England has produced; he followed no one in style, and was the creator of his own brilliant and beautiful mannerisms.

The portrait of Mrs. Mark Currie, which was acquired by the Trustees of the National Gallery

in December, 1897, is a splendid example of Romney in the full flush of his powers. It is what the artist himself described as "a half whole length," and his price was sixty guineas. From the extracts from Romney's "Diary" quoted in *The Times* of December 16, 1897, we learn that the artist executed this beautiful portrait in six sittings, which are as follows:—1789. Thursday, May 7, at 3; Thursday, May 14, at 11; Monday, May 25, at 1; Wednesday, July 1, at 1; Thursday, July 9, at 1; Wednesday, July 22, at 1. We can, from these extracts, almost see the portrait growing into life, bit by bit, like the statue under the chisel of Pygmalion. Mrs. Currie's maiden name was Elizabeth Close; she married on January 8, 1789, Mr. Mark Currie, the banker, and it was from the Rev. Sir F. Currie that the Trustees purchased the portrait, which was exhibited at Burlington House in 1893.

The canvas measures 60 in. by 48 in., and it would be impossible to find a more exquisite example of Romney's best work. W. R.



MRS. MARK CURRIE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGE ROMNEY. IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE GOTHIC IN TYROL.

By W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.

NOWHERE in the world can the art-loving traveller find in so small a space—a mere speck on the map of Europe—so many relics of the feudal age. More than five hundred old castles—now mostly ruins, whose picturesque outlines have become part of the landscape—mark with their towers and crenellated walls all the strategically important points. Scores of richly-endowed monasteries and cloisters, and hundreds of churches, occupied the most desirable spots in the fertile valleys. Up to the first quarter of the sixteenth century, before gunpowder had the opportunity to prove its potency against the stout old walls of feudal castles, these strongholds of lay and ecclesiastical knights-militants were filled with the choicest treasures to be found in any part of Europe. For Tyrol's geographical position had for centuries been a unique one. The most frequented high road of military adventure, commercial enterprise, and of the missionaries of art, ran through its chief valleys, connecting two of the most commercially important and *kunstbegierige* nations of Europe.

The heavily-laden train of waggons of the enterprising Flemish or Saxon trader, wending its slow way from Italy over the Brennerpass, paid its numerous tolls in solid "pound berners." The journeyman, returning to his native Nürnberg or Augsburg, after his four years' apprenticeship at some Italian art-school, paid toll of another kind, when, on his weary homeward tramp, he tarried, often for many months, in the chief towns of Tyrol, where he found ready hands and eyes instinct with

art to grasp the teaching of the Tuscan sculptors, and of painters such as Altieri, Vittore Pisano, and the other luminous exponents of Mantegna's undying art. And, as wealth was then as important a factor as it is to-day in fostering the higher aims of art-lovers, the vast riches of what for a time were the most flourishing silver-mines in Europe had enabled the new-fledged Tyrolean millionaires to patronise the fine crafts to an extent hitherto, probably, unprecedented.

Added to this, the art and sport-loving Maximilian, Emperor of Germany, had made Tyrol his favourite place of residence during those only too short intervals when the numberless wars in which he found himself engaged left him brief breathingspells. Thus it came to pass that Tyrol's painters, carvers, sculptors, glass-stainers, metal-workers, jewellers, inlayers, and armourers had reached, at the end of the fifteenth century, a degree of excellence that placed their workmanship

on a level with the best then known. Indeed, in one speciality, the carving of triptychs and sacred effigies, the Brunneck artist Michael Pacher, the creator of the famous altar in the St. Wolfgang Church, produced masterpieces unsurpassed by Veit Stoss, Mich. Wohlgenuth, and the other contemporary masters of Nürnberg and Augsburg.

In the three centuries which followed the outbreak of the great "religious mobilisation" of Europe, Tyrol was the scene of countless invasions, sieges, and great and small wars, so that most of the art treasures which had accumulated in the preceding two centuries of



FIG. 1.—GOTHIC CHEST. THE UPPER PANELS CONTAIN "COMPASS-GOTHIC;" THE REST IS IDEALISED PLANT-FORM DESIGN.

About 1480. (Munich Museum.)

comparative peace and artistic development were carried away, or perished. Even the country's monarch shared in the spoliation; for

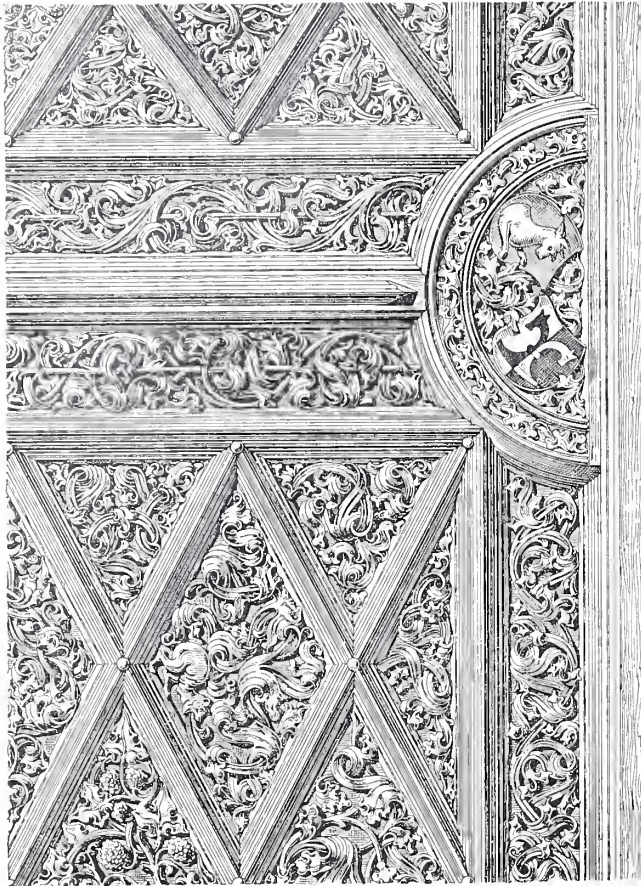


FIG. 2.—PARTS OF A GOTHIC CEILING IN THE JÖCHELS-THURN IN STERZING (TYROL)

Completed A.D. 1469.

when Tyrol was threatened by the third invasion of Napoleon's armies, the then Emperor of Austria removed the unrivalled treasures of Castle Ambras to Vienna, where, in spite of solemn promises, they have since remained, forming the world-famed *Ambraser Sammlung* known to every lover of art.

To such a one, Tyrol is, however, still a highly interesting country, for what has remained—in those of its castles, monasteries, churches and abbeys, which managed to escape pillage, fire, and the ubiquitous dealer—forms a most instructive array of material for the study of the Gothic style, particularly in its domestic applications. The Tyrolese Gothic differs in many respects from the Gothic of other countries; least so, perhaps, when compared with that of the Bavarian, Saxonian, and Rhenish districts, where the *Haus-Gothik*, as the Germans call the profane uses to which they put it, was probably almost as widespread as in the mountain-girt

valleys of Tyrol. It need hardly be pointed out that our "Early English" and "Perpendicular" styles were by us more rarely employed in the embellishment of domestic buildings; indeed, a glance at our cathedrals, which are such superb examples of the ecclesiastic uses to which we put the Gothic, will emphasise the extreme difference between the two countries. The Tyrolese Gothic is as devoid of spires, pinnacles, bosses, and other elaborate ornamentation projecting from the surface, as it generally is of the open geometrical fretwork—idle compass Gothic, as somebody has called it—of which most of our ancient ecclesiastic buildings display such profuse varieties. What we see in Tyrol is, as a test of individual taste and inventive skill, certainly not only more interesting, but also in one respect more beautiful, though it rarely has the same high finish that distinguishes English or French Gothic. In the materials employed there is also a striking difference, resulting from a natural adaptation to the country's resources. The hard woods, for which England was ever famous, were rarely used in a country that did not produce them; the arve and lime-tree offering far less expen-

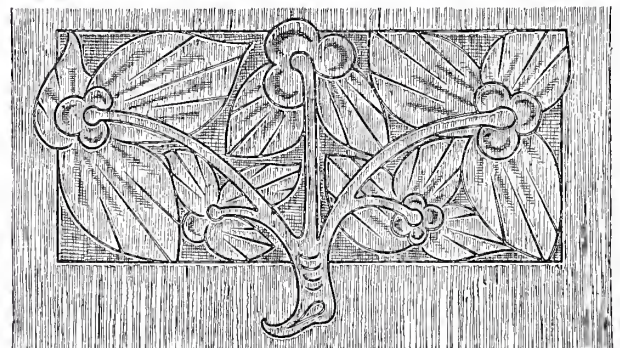
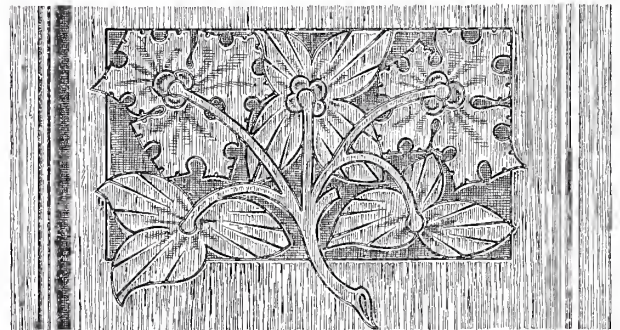


FIG. 3.—PARTS OF EARLY GOTHIC PANELLING IN SCHLOSS MATZEN, TYROL.

sive materials quite as well adapted to sculpture and tracery.

The greatest difference of all lies, however, in the designs; the curves of the compass—"measure-work," as the Teuton term *mauswerk*



FIG. 4.—MARBLE DOORWAY AND GOTHIC IRONWORK
IN SCHLOSS MATZEN, TYROL.

might be translated—to which our English Gothic has given such an infinite variety of forms, are replaced, as a rule, in Tyrol by tracery that represents the idea of organic growth in which some plant-form of richly convoluted outline twines along a staff, or otherwise fills the space given to it. This rendering of plant-life in ever-varying designs, without thereby descending to a realistic copying of Nature, gave every possible scope to individual taste, and carries conviction to the eye that the hand that created the panel or moulding, that filled in the space allotted to it, was not that of a mere artisan working by rote and rule, after a hard and fast design, but that of a master whose brain had evolved, and whose hand had the necessary skill to carry out, that which

consummate taste showed him would fit best to ever-varying surroundings and requirements. For the one quality in which Tyrolese Gothic is without a rival is the extraordinary diversity of the patterns it wrought. Of many hundreds of grandly built-up armoires, bridal-chests, tables, stalls, retables, room-panelling, ceiling work, and other samples of Gothic design, that the writer has had occasion, in the course of thirty years, to examine, very few instances could be cited of two or more of these articles being adorned with the same pattern.

In some cases "measure-work" was blended with the more idealistic plant-form designs, and of such blending the beautiful chest represented (see p. 299) is a typical instance. To the lover of the latter type of ornamentation, such blending always suggests a certain weariness on the part of the designer; it is as if it were an unconscious betrayal that his inventive genius had temporarily come to a standstill, and that he had to fall back upon more conventional compass Gothic.

In Fig. 2, which represents part of a ceiling, we notice a similar wealth of imagination skilfully adapting itself to the requirements of the occasion. The severe simplicity of the profile of the framework was, of course, intended to bring out all the more the richness of the carving which fills the panels.

Fig. 3 represents some more ancient and simpler forms of Gothic designs used for panel-

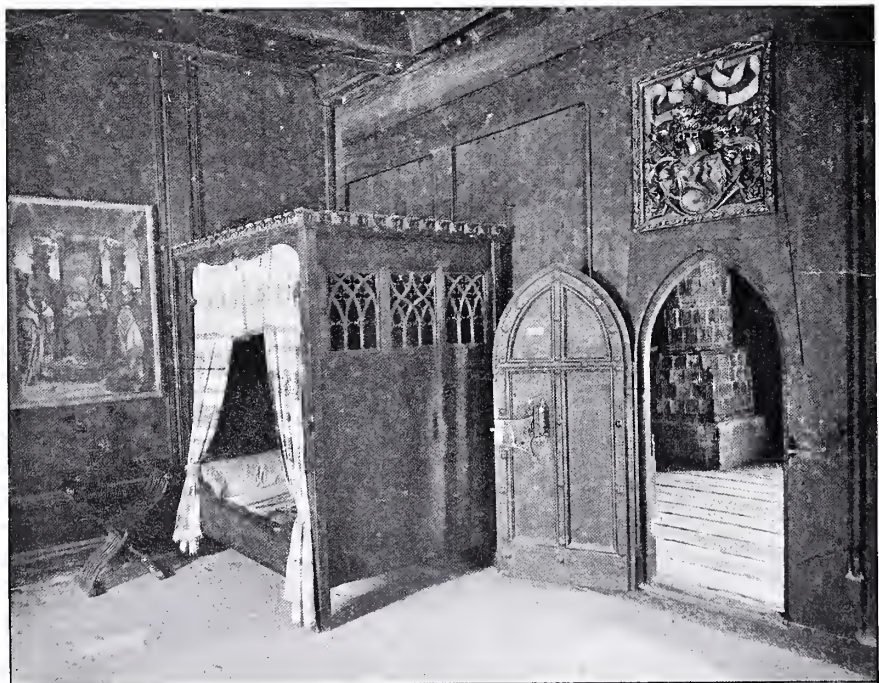


FIG. 5.—DUCHESS MARGARET OF TYROL'S BEDROOM IN THE "BURG" AT MERAN.
DATING FROM THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY, AND CONTAINING SOME VERY FINE EXAMPLES
OF EARLY GOTHIC WORK.

work. Cut with the roughest of tools by some village carpenter, who had probably never left the isolated hamlet hidden away in a remote mountain wilderness, these designs, nevertheless, show an innate taste and an imagination which speak volumes for the inherent art-instincts of these simple mountain people.*

Architecturally, the Tyrolese Gothic frequently manifests a disregard of the primary form of the pointed arch that gave the whole style its name. Square windows, flat ceilings, square doors, are very frequent, and sometimes the squat Tudor arch, or what might be called the "broken-corner" style, is employed with the best of effects. A door-casing in marble, represented in Fig. 4, reproduces an attractive form of this kind often met with in profane as well as in sacred buildings.

The doors of the rooms had generally on the inner side a framework to strengthen them; they were made usually of very thick planks, and, while the inner side of the door was covered with the elaborate, widely-extending iron hinge-supports (see Figs. 4 and 8), the outer surface was either left plain, or the lower portion of the door was adorned with the same Gothic designs employed in the panelling of the interior. The iron-work of the hinges follows out the same general idea of Tyrolese Gothic that uses some convoluted plant-form as pattern. Very often the fretwork of iron was painted and partially gilt, and occasionally it was underlaid by a poly-chrom ground. Many of the locks are exquisite bits of the metal-worker's art.

The walls of the rooms, if not panelled, as in Figs. 5 and 6, with plain boards framed in by

* Figs. 2 and 3 are taken, with the author's permission, from Herr Paukert's "Tyroler Hausgothic," a remarkably instructive and well-carried-through work upon Gothic designs as applied to domestic architecture in Tyrol. Herr Paukert is at present the head of the Imperial School of Art at Bozen, and is just completing for the Paris Exhibition a replica of what is undoubtedly the most elaborately carved and inlaid room-panelling that is in existence—*i.e.* in Schloss Vellthurns, the old summer seat of the Bishops of Brixen. As it is of a later date (last quarter of the sixteenth century), I have not included any reproduction of this Renaissance *chef-d'œuvre* in the present article.

narrow borders of "stave and leaf" ornamentation, are covered with arabesque fresco-work of a light green or blue tint, picked out in white or black. Figures of huntsmen, stags and other game, or of some troubadour subject, such as the

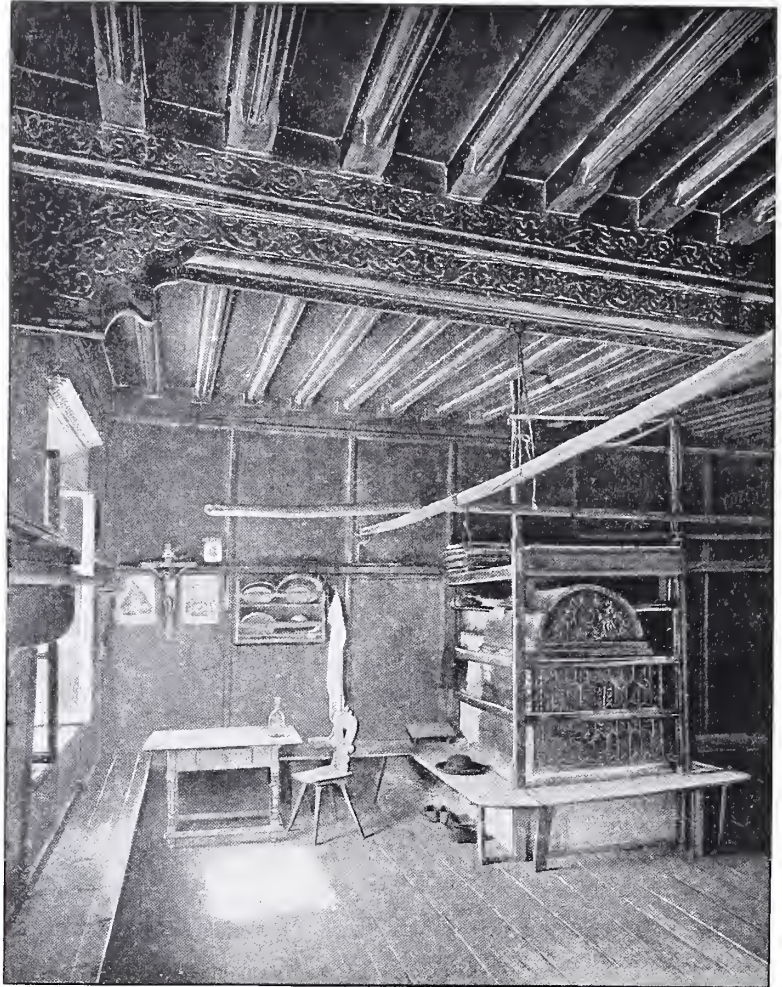


FIG. 6.—GOTHIC PANELLING IN A PEASANT'S HOUSE IN THE SARNTHEIM VALLEY, TYROL.

Photographed by Otto Schmidt, Vienna.

Tristan and Isolde legend—of which the Castle Runkelstein contains some remarkable examples—being usually interwoven in the flourishes of the design.

Fig. 5 shows the interior of one of the gems of Tyrol, which those will remember who have ever visited Meran, nestling at the foot of vine and castle-clad slopes of stern-looking mountains that encompass on every side the ancient capital of Tyrol.* In the centre of the rambling old town, where the buildings are as curious and instinct with age as are the quaint costumes of the broad-shouldered, serious-faced mountaineers who stalk through the streets,

* About the year 1120 Innsbruck became the capital of Tyrol.



FIG. 7.—PART OF THE HALL IN SCHLOSS TRATZBERG (TYROL), WITH FRESCO OF THE HAPSBURGH FAMILY TREE.

From a Photograph by Otto Schmidt, Vienna.

will be found the *Hotel Cluny* of Tyrol. To-day a museum, it was five hundred years ago the town residence of some of the most famous old rulers of the country, notably of the gay Duchess Margaret—Pocketmonther Meg—whose lovers, it is said, were as numerous as her castles, and whose somewhat formidable mouth was of a size corresponding to that of a certain beaker which, so history hath it, she could drain at one draught. Restored by the capable hands of my friend the late Councillor von Schönherr, this interesting little “burg”—the real castle, Schloss Tyrol, occupies an eminence overlooking the town—contains some fine old panel-work, furniture, etc. The rooms are very small, for it is quite a mistake to suppose that even the ruling classes, in days when the defences of a castle cramped up all spaces devoted to other than warlike purposes, dwelt in lofty halls.

Another interesting

the last century covered it with a coat of white-wash. Many skilled sculptors must have been at work at it for months, if not years. Its details afford an infinite subject for study to the student of the Gothic in Tyrol at its best period.

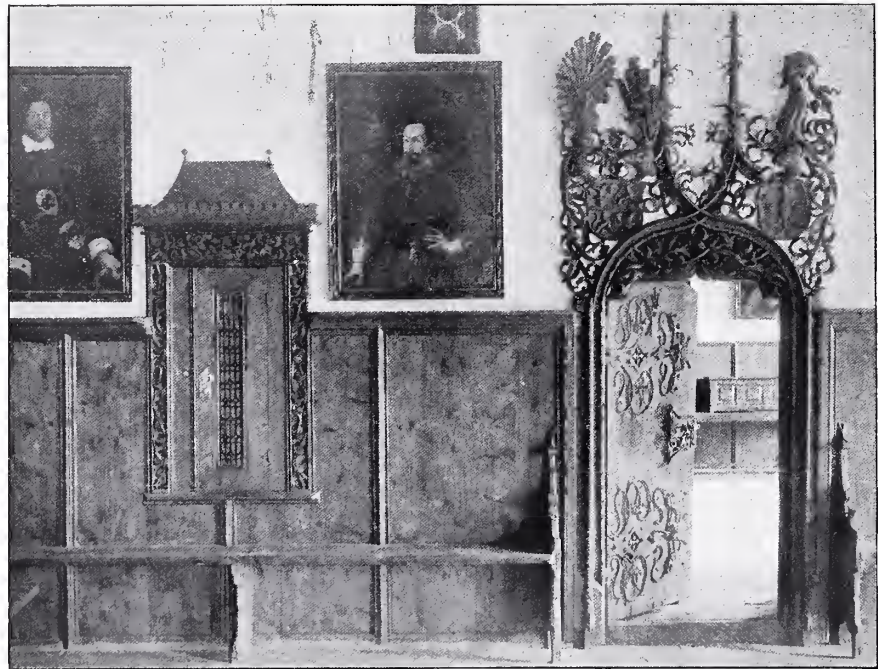


FIG. 8.—ONE OF THE ROOMS IN SCHLOSS TRATZBERG, WITH GOTHIC PANELLING AND DOORWAY SURMOUNTED BY ARMORIAL BEARINGS CARVED IN WOOD.

From a Photograph by Otto Schmidt, Vienna.

building is close to Sterzing, a quaint old town once of considerable size and importance, for it lay on the Brenner-pass, over which, as we have already heard, a great deal of mediæval art passed from its ancient home in Italy to Central and Northern Europe. It is a *Herrenhaus*, or manse, called the *Jöchelsthorn*, and it contains the remarkably fine Gothic ceiling of which Fig. 2 gives some details. Completed in the year 1469, it is in a splendid state of preservation, though its surroundings are to-day of a comparatively poor description, the town council having turned the room which contains it into an office, and some vandal hand of

As an illustration of the taste often displayed in the dwellings of the Tyrolese yeomen in "that solemn fifteenth century," as Pater calls it, the interior of a house in one of the Alpine byways of Tyrol, the Sarntheim Valley, will give (see Fig. 6) undeniable evidence. The heavy centre balk of timber displays the usual form of flat carving; while the artistic profile of the cross-beams, cut with the rudest implements, shows what good effect was obtained by simple means.

The last two illustrations (Figs. 7 and 8) are from interiors in what is, perhaps, taking it all round, the most interesting castle in Tyrol, *i.e.* Schloss Tratzberg, near Jenbach, a station between Munich and Innsbruck. Of the original building, which we know existed in the twelfth century, there is very little left, for the wealthy mine-owners of Tünzel, after acquiring it from the Emperor Maximilian, and being raised by the latter to noble rank, rebuilt it entirely during the last years of the fifteenth century. They continued to enjoy the good-will of the liberal-minded ruler, who visited them frequently, for the neighbouring mountains—now included, it may be of interest to know, in the magnificent Tyrolese shooting estate left to H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh by his uncle, the late Duke of Coburg—were then as full as they are now of the Emperor's favourite game, stag and chamois. By the year 1500, the stately building, now the property of the Comts Enzenberg, was completed. With its 365 windows, rows of lofty and spacious state apartments, its great castle-yard with treble tiers of cloistered corridors on one side, it presents a typical instance of the rapidity with which the invention of gunpowder revolutionised domestic architecture. For, though the new castle occupies the same lofty perch on the precipitous slope of a high mountain, the small-windowed, low-pitched rooms to be found in the cramped-

up, older strongholds of the same character, and which probably were not absent in the original Tratzberg, gave way already in 1500 to lofty chambers of stately proportions. The chief chamber in Castle Tratzberg, a noble hall close upon 60 feet in length and of proportionate height and width, is adorned by a most interesting *tempora* painting, representing the family tree of the Hapsburgh dynasty. The 143 figures in half life-size, each group having a legend on scroll-work beneath it, represent all the members of the ancient house, from Rudolph I to Maximilian's son Philip the Fair, with his six children. It was probably commenced, and in the main part finished, in the first decade of the sixteenth century, in honour of the great Imperial sportsman who had shown the owner's family so many marks of favour.

The two castles, Tratzberg and the neighbouring Matzen—the latter the home of the writer—belonged in the fifteenth century to the famous Knight Frundsberg who, as Comcillor of the somewhat extravagant Duchess Margaret, had amassed great wealth, to which the silver mines added considerably. Frundsberg was the ancestor of the great *Condottiere* Georg von Frundsberg, the strongest man of a strong age, and the founder of infantry tactics. His dreaded *Landsknechte*, who played such an important rôle in the battle of Pavia, were the first foot soldiers deserving the name infantry. By them he was called the "man-eater," no three men he ever met being able to overcome him.

Space does not permit my giving further details of the contents of this highly interesting castle*; those passing through Tyrol cannot do better than visit it, the chief show-rooms being always open to inspection.

* In my "Sport of the Alps" there will be found some further illustrated details of the Tratzberg fresco.

PORTRAIT OF A LADY

BY REMBRANDT.

WE reproduce the second of the two pictures of Rembrandt, recently acquired for the National Gallery. This portrait—which is not quite so fine as that "of a Man" which we published last month, especially in the drawing of the hands—was also last seen when exhibited at the British Institution in 1837. It was then entitled, "Head of an Elderly Female," and was

No. 121 in the catalogue. It should be added that there is reason to think that these pictures have never changed hands—at least, in a sale-room; and that they have simply passed by inheritance, through marriage or descent, from those for whom they were originally painted. The fact that Hollanders have twice married into the English branch lends colour to the belief.



PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN.

From the Painting by Rembrandt. Recently acquired for the National Gallery.

JEAN DAMPT.

BY HENRI FRANTZ.

I AM not so presumptuous as to fancy that I am leading my readers to a discovery by introducing to them the name and works of this French sculptor. For many years he has been regarded by most artists, especially in England, as one of the great modern masters. As a matter of fact, Monsieur Dampst received support in the recent election for an Honorary Foreign Academician at the Royal Academy, yet the public is hardly so enthusiastic as it should be about his splendid work. The reason is, no doubt, that Dampst, with a dignity which cannot be too much admired in an age of blatant advertisement, has never forced himself on our admiration, but has waited with no little indifference till the public should find him out. He has never sought praise, nor ever lowered his art to a standard that might please at first sight. And as what is charming and clever is always more attractive than what is great and strong, Dampst has found himself overlooked in favour of those who appeal more directly to the tastes of the vulgar. A sentence of Stendhal's—"We are a nation captivated by what appeals to our wits, and what is the fashion we think beautiful"—is as true now as it was in 1828. This is why gifts so various, and originality which may be really called unique in its faults and merits alike—a style, in short, so full of thought and so strongly subjective as that of Jean Dampst—has for so many years been appreciated only by artists and connoisseurs of refined taste. Nor is it easy to complain, for, as Baudelaire said in writing of Delacroix, "the public is a clock always behind the time with regard to genius." And it may be added with perfect truth, that, with very rare exceptions, the taste of superior minds sooner or later infects the crowd—and I mean the modern crowd, not the choicer public of Athens or Florence.

Jean Dampst is a hermit, a dreamer, living far from the madding crowd, lost in his thoughts and immersed in constant work, which he carries on with unalterable serenity. He seems to have taken for his watchword in life the phrase of Emerson: "The one prudence in life is concentration, the one evil is dissipation." As he could gain nothing, but only lose, by mingling with his fellow-men, he lives apart from them as much as possible, and this has

earned him his reputation for unapproachable shyness, besides endowing him with the coldness of manner he commonly displays, and great



JEAN DAMPT.

From the Painting by Aman Jean.

chariness of speech. Under his ruling impulse to betray nothing of his mind, a keen observer can at once detect an acutely sensitive nature.

However great Jean Dampst's desire to remain unseen, my admiration for him prompts me to risk his wrath by showing the reader for a minute into his studio. If ever a studio was an impregnable tower, his it certainly is. It is in one of the remote quarters of Paris, down a silent street where vehicles rarely pass, and which leads to a sort of square where they never come; where the stillness is so complete that you might fancy yourself in the country. There is the studio; and opposite to it, a residence built from his own plans, or rather from a little model of his making. Here centres his life, and here he works; and but for a daily walk to another studio where his pupils work, Jean Dampst sees nothing of Paris.

Having reached the studio door, we rap with a knocker of wrought iron, designed and executed by the owner. Before opening the door Daupt looks through a little loophole in his fortress to see if it is friend or foe who approaches, and, being satisfied on this point, he admits us forthwith. We find ourselves in a very large hall, well lighted, lofty and somewhat severe of aspect, the frivolities of a modern studio conspicuously absent. Here are no elaborate screens, no rusty armour or strange foreign weapons, none of the "properties," more or less trivial, which some artists love to collect



STATUETTE IN IVORY.

about them. But there is something better: an atmosphere of stern industry, and ample evidence that the man whose home we have invaded is a master whose whole existence, exclusively devoted to the beautiful, seems to bring before us the life of the great sculptors of the Renaissance.

On the wall we see the portrait of Jean Daupt done by Aman Jean, in which is so completely expressed the character of the man. He is shown in every-day dress, with his large leather apron, his hands at rest, his eyes fixed in deep meditation, and his set brow, on which the determination is stamped to create the thing he dreams, to triumph over matter, to mould it to the ideal of beauty he bears in his soul.

Here again are some of Daupt's characteristic pieces, from which he never has been persuaded to part, and rough sketches of his other works. In the first category we find the large book-case which he exhibited two years ago at the

"Exposition des Six," a piece of furniture of architectural design, broad in style, open to criticism perhaps on the score of heaviness, but



ST. JOHN.
In the Luxembourg.

certainly extremely original—for Daupt's individuality is not to be concealed—and at the same time practical as a case for books that are in constant use. The fine wood carvings



BUST IN WOOD AND IVORY.

executed entirely by his own hand, make it a really unique specimen of French furniture. His

first attempts in this branch of decorative art were made as many as twenty-five years since; and I mention this to show that, though most of our decorators waited for a renaissance of applied art to dawn on France through English influence—that is to say, within the last ten years or so—Damppt, when he produced his first pieces of decorated furniture, had never heard the names of the great English designers, and worked from spontaneous impulse and from an instinctive wish to revive applied art in our country.

There are other works here which Damppt has always chosen to keep for himself. Indeed, it is quite conceivable that such an artist should feel a pang at parting from a work he has lived with for years. A chiffonier strikes us by its simplicity of design: the handles of the drawers are little mice, full of life and movement, all in different attitudes. Besides several sensational sketches, I had the opportunity, in one of my recent visits, of seeing and admiring once more the great carved

wood bedstead that stands in one of the end rooms, the outcome of deep thought and admirable craftsmanship, with bas-reliefs symbolising the ages of humanity, and four noble figures of "Prayer," "Sleep," "Meditation," and "Silence." In fact, a visit to Damppt's studio enables us to see examples of every form which his industry has taken. We must admire the rough model of his bust of the Comtesse de Béarn in wood and ivory, and the graceful "Arab Horseman;" and again the "Head of Du Guesclin," in stone, so full of the manly energy of a boy who is to grow up a mighty man of war.

Jean Damppt is, as I have often said already, one of those men of whom his country may be

proud as being one of the most ardent, the most convinced, and at the same time the most practical, apostles of that renaissance of decorative art which THE MAGAZINE OF ART has watched through all its phases. One of his most important efforts on its behalf was the "Exposition des Six," got up for the first time three years

ago by Damppt himself, Plumet, Selmersheim, Noe, Moreau-Nélaton, and Aubert. It was intended to make this an annual show; but, with a view to exerting a wider influence, these artists determined to renew it four times a year, and to invite other exhibitors, the nucleus consisting always of a committee of six. Damppt once started on this subject, though usually so taciturn, at once fires into eloquence. We feel that it is a pleasure to him to talk of the progress made by French and Belgian designers; "for it is impossible to deny their progress," says he, "though still they seem to hesitate. In every branch, in goldsmith's work as in furniture, the artist must not lose sight



THE END OF THE DREAM.

of the utilitarian side, and at the same time must try to bring his work into harmony with modern taste and requirements. For often do we see in modern furniture of very elegant design that the artist treats the wood with no sense of fitness, or overlooks some essential point. In fact, the artist must also be a qualified craftsman. Hence the flimsiness of their work which will not survive them, while the furniture of a long past time will endure for many generations to come."

A thorough knowledge of materials, so as to use each suitably to its conditions, is Damppt's ideal essential in design—an ideal hard, indeed, to satisfy by the young designers who have been

trained only at the *École des Beaux-Arts*. One of them comes sometimes to consult Daupt as to a piece of furniture, and when he is asked



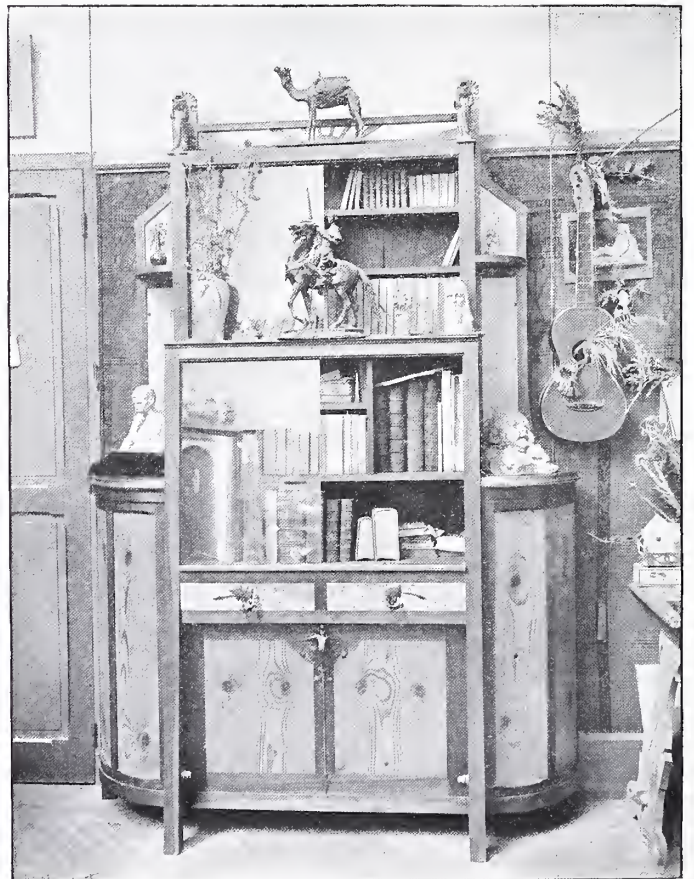
FIREPLACE IN STONE.

whether he has ever done any work in wood the reply is only too often in the negative. Then Daupt in despair exclaims, "Well, first learn the craft, and then we will see."

Nor has Jean Daupt been satisfied to serve the cause of modern art merely by sending his work to the Salon and other exhibitions. He has made himself valuable by following in another way the example of the artists of the Middle Ages, with whom I have compared him. He has gathered about him many pupils, who, when their school training is complete, study technical crafts under his eye. They are taught to work in iron, to chisel stone, to chase metal, sometimes helping him, sometimes studying the details of finished work. And thus, with a disinterestedness equal to his love of art, Daupt diffuses his ideas and teaches his methods.

He has long practised the principles he thus instils, through a course of stern self-criticism. Never, in his opinion, should a sculptor allow his statue to be entirely

carried out by a studio *hand*. It may, of course, be objected that the artist who follows this rule cannot produce so many finished works as one who employs a subordinate. But what does that matter if they gain in originality, and express the artist's ideas with far greater perfection? Daupt accepts no help but from one favourite pupil, who hews and chips under the master's eye from the first rough model and then surrenders it to his finishing hand. There is all the difference in the world between such assistance given by a disciple accustomed for years to his master's needs and that of an ordinary assistant (a *praticien*) to whom a clay sketch is given to be reproduced as fast as possible in marble. Daupt himself works slowly, and very rarely does he undertake anything with a view to exhibition. This is to him a quite secondary aim, of which he never thinks till the task is finished, and well finished; and, excepting in his studio, he would never show anybody a clay sketch or a rough model. But, though slow, his industry is so unremitting and so completely a second nature that his productiveness is remarkable for quantity as well as for quality—a minor consideration, no doubt, but noteworthy as giving a truer estimate of the man.



BOOKCASE

Dampit is certainly one of the first in France (Th. Rivière, who regards him as his master, says he is *the first*) who have made a truly artistic use



CHAIR EXECUTED FOR VICTOR HUGO'S GREAT-GRANDSON.

mastery over form. Every detail of this bust deserves study and admiration: the slightly hieratic pose of the figure, the somewhat melancholy expression of the face, the elegant bend of the long neck, the life-like wave of the hair; and how pretty is the row of gems that mark the edge of the bodice, and the tiny Tanagra figure in the hand.

In a small group of "Raymondin and Mélusine" Dampit has breathed the soul of passion into the metal and ivory. It is at once heroic and tender, idyllic and epic. The knight passionately clasps the slender, pliant body of the gentle nymph. How gladly, as we look at this exquisitely womanly Siren, do we forget Boecklin's ponderous mermaid forms: how purely do we delight in the impressive contrast from the chased and glittering steel in which he has clothed the knight and the ivory which lends a living grace to his Mélusine. This gem is, unfortunately, lost to

the nation, for the State at first was not inclined to purchase it, and when it would have done so it was too late.

In this group, as in many others, the perfect skill of the executant was duly admired. But our admiration for the craftsman must not blind us to the fact that his work is full of ideas, any more than in other artists—and I involuntarily think of Carrière—the idea should be admired to the neglect of form and technique. There must be no mistake: Dampit's art is anything rather than superficial, it has its source in true feeling, even though he may vainly seek

to veil it under a certain placid severity of form. The *emotion* constantly pierces through, all the stronger and the more vehement for having been long suppressed. But I am here touching on a question of general aesthetics, of which the discussion would take me too far from my subject—in itself too wide for the limits of my paper.

I will but briefly allude to Dampit's goldsmith's work, since I have, in fact, seen but very few examples. But here again it is impossible ever to forget an object wrought by his hand, for his individuality is stamped on the most trifling trinklet. His rings are gracefully symbolical; his medallions and bracelets—especially one which represents a chimera gnawing at a heart—are full of the free fancy of an artist. In these, as in his furniture, he is faithful to beauty of form and elaborate modelling. Thus Jean Dampit is an example of the noblest vocation to which an artist can devote his study and thought.



DETAIL OF CHAIR.



RAYMONDIN AND MELUSINE.

Group in Ivory and Steel.



FIRST SKETCH FOR THE PICTURE.

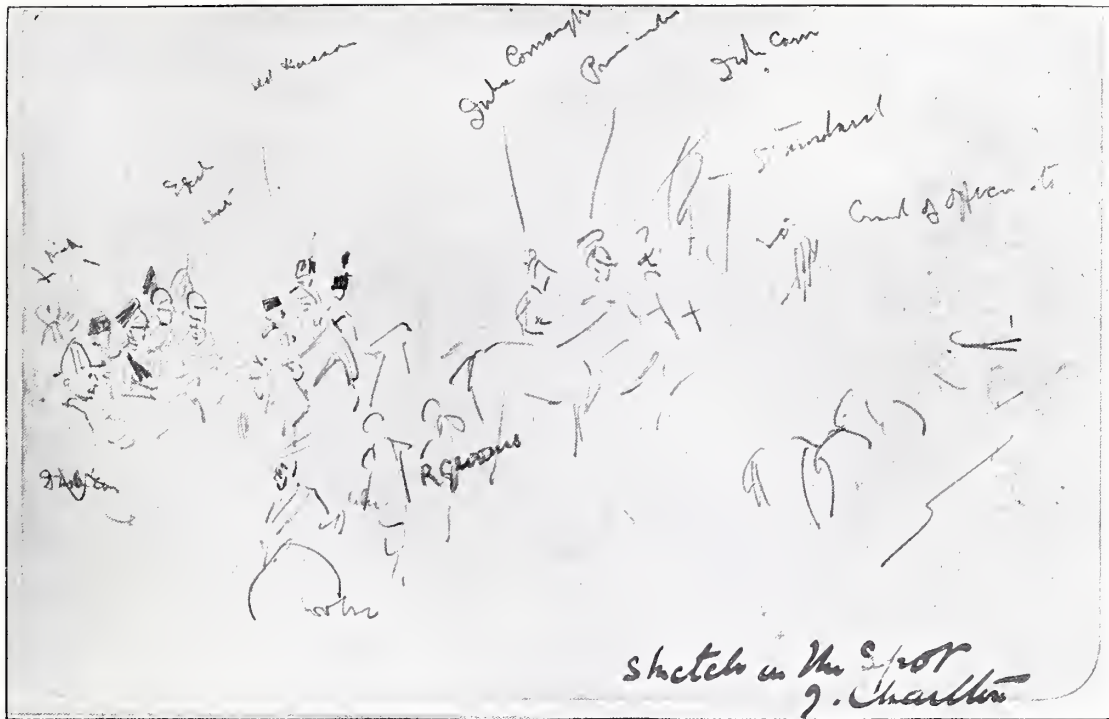
MR. JOHN CHARLTON'S OFFICIAL PICTURE OF THE QUEEN'S DIAMOND JUBILEE, 1897.

FEW more exacting tasks fall to the painter than the representation of great State ceremonials. These functions, with their formalities and conventions, their ordered regularity and set arrangements, scarcely lend themselves to free pictorial treatment or give scope for any particular originality in artistic methods. They are apt to impose difficult limitations upon the man who undertakes to record them upon canvas, and to hamper him in any intention to diverge markedly from the beaten track, for so many points need consideration that, in adjusting them, the artist is often compelled to sacrifice freshness of manner for the sake of securing exactness in his facts. He has, whether he wishes it or not, to subordinate fancy to reality, to take the least possible artistic licence, and to depart in nothing but the most unimportant trifles from the actual and obvious representation of the scene which he is called upon to perpetuate. Realism of the strictest kind is necessary, not only in details, but as well in the broad aspect of the subject; and every temptation to strive after quaint suggestion or curious unconvention has to be sternly resisted.

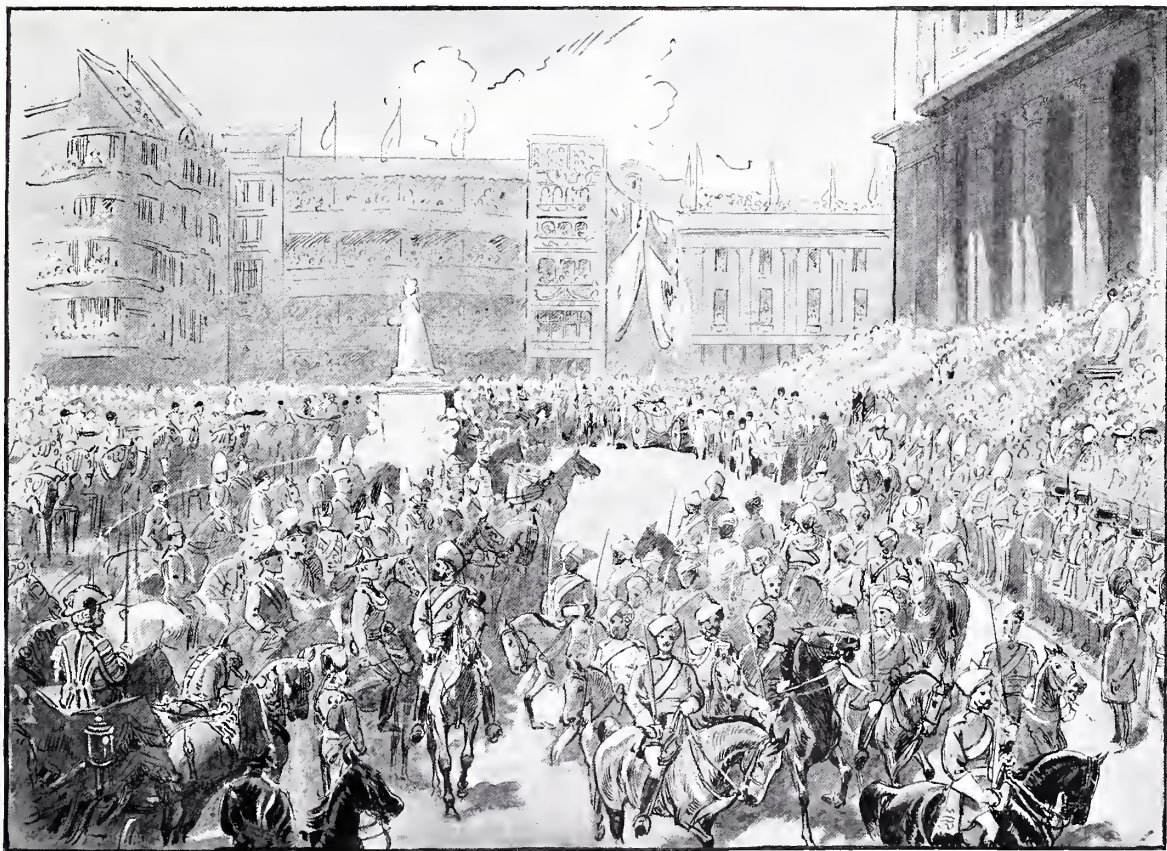
Under such circumstances it is easy to understand the frequent failure even of artists of well-proved capacity to achieve happy results

when engaged in a struggle with the complicated difficulties of the ceremonial picture; and it is possible to appreciate at something like its true worth the success of Mr. John Charlton in his handling of one of the most memorable incidents of the 1897 Jubilee Day. He has had a subject even more than ordinarily exacting presented to him for pictorial treatment, a scene which, by its amazing variety of detail, its glitter, and movement, called for technical vivacity of the most brilliant type, and which, by its historical importance, made necessary absolute and unflinching fidelity; and he has so skilfully attacked the many problems that offered themselves for solution that the canvas, as he has completed it, ranks among the best modern examples of the class to which it belongs. It is perfectly acceptable from the popular point of view, for it evades nothing of that minute actuality which is so persuasive to the untechnical mind; and yet the severest professional judgment cannot deny to it the possession of qualities of design, draughtsmanship, and execution such as only the work of the most able artists can boast.

Not a little of the particular value of the picture comes from the notable thoroughness with which Mr. Charlton threw himself into



THE PENCIL SKETCH FOR THE JUBILEE PICTURE DURING THE SERVICE.



THE JUBILEE PICTURE.

From a Pen and Wash Drawing of the Final Picture by the Artist.

the work of production. He was at the out-set commissioned by the Queen to paint a

scene before him, noting carefully everything which promised to have any important bearing upon the pictorial scheme which was already in his mind. During the progress of the ceremony which was performed when the Queen's carriage reached the Cathedral his hand was idle scarcely for a moment; and when the procession moved on again he had gathered a very full measure of material that was in every way valuable. By way of satisfying himself that there was no better background for his picture than St. Paul's Churchyard, he followed in the wake of the pageant, and, after seeing the whole route, succeeded only in confirming his original impression as to the complete suitability for his purpose of his first choice.

The next step was to prepare, by the help of the sketches he had made and an especially vivid recollection of the scene, a couple of designs that might be submitted to the Queen for a decision as to the most appro-

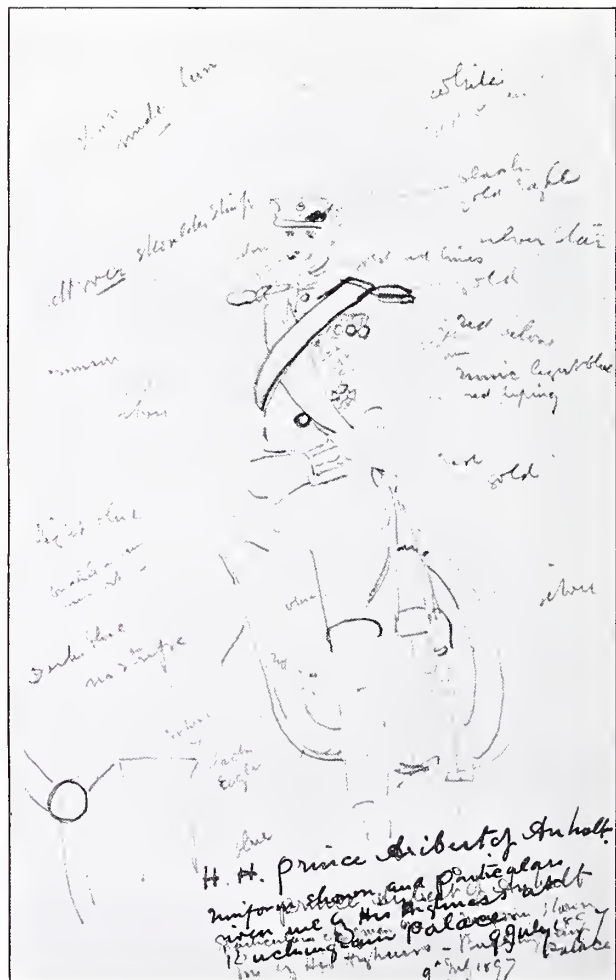


*Sketch of
Indian Officer
J. Chubb*

SKETCH OF AN INDIAN OFFICER.
(See Drawing of the Picture)

characteristic representation of the Royal Procession on the Diamond Jubilee day. The choice of the exact point of view was left to him, and he finally decided upon St. Paul's Churchyard because he realised that there alone would he be able to see, grouped together, the chief participators in the great function. All possible facilities were given him for studying his subject. He was provided with permits and passes which secured for him admission to the space in front of the Cathedral and ensured his freedom of action; and he had every opportunity of seeing exactly what were the details of the ceremony which took place there. Nothing was omitted that would help to provide him with the right material: nothing that would be required to make indisputable the accuracy of his record; and he used his chances with a quite judicious appreciation of the responsibility that was on him to paint what would appeal authoritatively to future generations as a piece of pictured history.

On the Jubilee morning he took up his allotted position betimes and spent the hours before the arrival of the procession in busily sketching the many details of the remarkable



SKETCH FOR DETAILS OF PORTRAIT OF HIS HIGHNESS PRINCE ARIBERT OF ANHALT.

priate manner of treatment. The St. Paul's Churchyard subject was promptly approved, and Mr. Charlton was free to set to work at once on the next stage of his operations. This admitted of no delay, for it was necessary for him to secure, while the Royal Princes and other distinguished personages were still in England, sketches of all who were prominent in the brilliant assembly. The artist's way was made smooth for him in this matter by the help of the Court officials, and within the weeks that immediately followed the Jubilee he collected a great number of portraits of the chief figures in the ceremony, many sketches of their uniforms, and useful notes as well of the faces and costumes of the members of the Indian bodyguard, which was one of the most significant and popular features of the procession.

For some months after this period of energetic labour, Mr. Charlton made no attempt to work upon the actual canvas. He had several portraits in his studio which had to be completed first, so as to leave his time free for the building up of the large composition. But by Christmas, 1897, these other pictures were done with, and he was able to set about preparing the cartoons for his big pictorial undertaking, and in the February following he found himself sufficiently fixed in his convictions for a definite start. One important departure from his first intention was made at this time, for

he found that the size he had proposed for the picture was not enough to allow of a really satisfactory treatment of the subject, and, with the consent of the Queen, he decided upon a canvas 9 feet 9 inches by 6 feet 9 inches as better suited for the mass of detail that was to be depicted upon it. This point settled, he began in earnest, and for more than a year he has laboured continuously at the building up of what is now, in its completed form, a most notable record of a memorable event.

There were still many portraits of people to collect, many notes to be made of endless accessories: and a large part of the artist's time was taken up with work that he could not carry out in his studio. He painted the Duke of York's charger at Clarence House stables, the Queen's cream-coloured horses at Buckingham Palace mews; he sketched the state carriages, and the decorative adjuncts which adorned them on Jubilee Day; and he obtained sittings from the many officials of all ranks who played their various parts with due effect in the ceremonial itself. There was plenty to occupy him, and the many months through which the picture has been growing have been for him a time of constant and unremitting toil.

But his achievement indisputably justifies the care he has bestowed upon it from its inception two years ago to its happy completion to-day. What he has produced is no



STUDY OF A "BEEFEATER"

Drawn by John Charlton.

mere formality in paint, and not in any sense a conventional or laboured portrait group of the type with which we are painfully familiar. It is essentially a picture that takes a high place among dignified and important works of art, a deeply considered and ingeniously contrived composition, a brilliant and sparkling piece of colour and a well-judged study of effects of atmosphere and light. It shows throughout the well balanced discretion of an artist who is not content simply to amuse the curious public, but seeks to



STUDY OF THE DUKE OF YORK'S CHARGER.

satisfy his own æsthetic judgment, and to bear himself with credit among his fellows. Despite the labour it has cost him, the work as a whole gives no hint of strained effort, and is agreeably spontaneous and fresh in handling and manner. As a record of a complicated subject it is amazing in its completeness; as a technical performance it is excellent; and it is all the more remarkable because in pictures of its class this combination is so rarely found. An engraving is to be published by Messrs. Doig.

“THE MAGAZINE OF ART”—ITS MAJORITY: A RETROSPECT.

AT a time when THE MAGAZINE OF ART has completed its twenty-first volume, it is believed that the event is sufficient justification for placing before our readers—among whom are many loyal subscribers from the very first number—some of the main facts in its history. The foundation and development of such a Magazine, its working and growth, and the explanation of the objects by which its Editors and Proprietors have been guided, would in themselves afford a text sufficient for an article fairly covering the field of art-journalism and art-reproduction, as well as the art-history of the day. A narrower view, however, must be taken; and if we content ourselves with affording a glimpse of the inner working of the Magazine, that course is not suggested by any ignoble desire for self-advertisement, but is rather intended as a mark of sympathy with our readers, who have shown us hitherto such kindly and such constant sympathy. We have therefore followed the precedent set by certain other publications which have established a right—such as we also venture to claim a share of—to the respect of a wide and intellectual constituency.

Although THE MAGAZINE OF ART, as it exists to-day, was first issued in 1878, the idea of the publication was no new thing with the Publishers. When, in 1851, John Cassell, the founder of the firm, was still in the Strand, he issued “The Illustrated Exhibitor,” which was, in a way, a celebration of the great Exhibition of that year and a “guide” to its contents. In 1852 he removed to the classic ground of La Belle Sauvage, in Ludgate Hill, and transformed the journal in question into “The Illustrated Exhibitor and Magazine of Art,” which, he explained, was not a continuation of the former publication, but an independent and, as he said, “a truly magnificent work.” In the following year began “The Magazine of Art,” issued in weekly numbers, the first of which appeared on the 1st of February, 1853. It included as contributors William and Mary Howitt and Percy B. St. John; but, in spite of its title, it was at first rather general in character, and contained much matter which nowadays would be considered commonplace and dull. After a short life, it was discontinued, and, with the exception of “Cassell’s Illustrated Exhibitor,” which was called into



STUDY OF THE QUEEN'S CREAM-COLOURED HORSES.

By John Charlton.

brief being during the continuance of the Exhibition of 1862, no other publication of the kind was attempted until 1878.

Early in that year—prompted in great measure by the Paris International Exhibition, which at the time was in feverish preparation, and which was already the talk of Europe, for all precedent was to be outdone in respect alike of trades, industries, curiosities, and the fine arts—the Firm took into consideration the establishment of a serious magazine to be devoted to Art, which should cater for the mass of the public at least as effectually as the "Art Journal" was at that time catering



A. J. R. TRENDOLL, C.B.
From a Photograph by Lombardi.

for a much wealthier class, and which should be governed solely by the Editor, to the absolute exclusion of the influence or the counsel of the advertisement-cavasser. The earnestness of Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin (as the firm now was) is exemplified by the trouble that was taken, and the time that was absorbed, in obtaining the services of a suitable Editor. At meeting after meeting of the board of management it was announced by those who had charge of the matter that no one had yet been found in all respects well-equipped in general editorial capacity. Application was at last made to the late Mr. R. H. Soden Smith, the Keeper of the Art Library of the South Kensington Museum, who—unable himself, owing to his official duties, to accept the post—recommended as a fit and proper person Mr. A. J. R. Trendell (now C.B.), then, as now, belonging to the Science and Art Department. To him the Editorship was offered, and it was accepted; and on the 25th April, 1878, the May number of THE MAGAZINE OF ART was issued. It was of a small quarto size, not very attractive in its general appearance (as it now appears to us); but, published at the price of sevenpence, it at once attracted wide attention. Art was in the air; the latest renaissance had already begun; and this combination of high art and low

price was received by the public with warm encouragement and well-emphasised satisfaction.

The character of the Editorship necessarily imparted a South Kensington flavour to the periodical; for among the early contributors were to be found the late Mr. Soden Smith, Mr. Hungerford Pollen, and the late Mr. George Wallis, as well as Mr. Schütz Wilson, Sir Wyke Bayliss, Mr. Sydney Hodges, the late Mr. Henry Blackburn, Professor A. H. Church, Mr. Ingress Bell, Mr. N. H. J. Westlake, Mr. Wilfred Meynell ("John Oldeastle"), Mrs. Alice Meynell, Mr. W. W. Fern, and the late Mr. Leonard Montefiore ("Philstrate"), who consistently helped the Editor with advice. The articles were not very long, nor, perhaps, very exhaustive; nor were the simple pen-and-ink sketches and bold wood-engravings quite what would receive public approval a score of years later; but it must be borne in mind that, although the working of a virgin field conferred upon the Editor the enjoyable delight of dealing with any subject he chose without being deterred by the consideration "Have we treated this matter before?"—the price of the Magazine was insignificant, and not only the public, but the Publishers themselves, had yet to be educated up to the excellences of to-day.



ERIC ROBERTSON, M.A.
From a Photograph by W. Crooke.



W. E. HENLEY.
From a Photograph by H. S. Mendelsohn.

For the next three years the size and price of the Magazine were maintained. To the contributors already named there were added Mr. Alan Cole, "Leader Scott," Mr. Henry Holiday, the late Mr. Godfrey Turner, Mr. Lewis Day, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, Mr. J. Forbes Robertson, Mr. Phipps Jackson, and Mr. Biscombe Gardner; while original drawings were made by Sir John Millais, Randolph Caldecott, Mr. Percy Macquoid, and Mr. W. H. J. Boot.

The success of the Magazine decided the Publishers upon improving it in many ways. Accordingly, with the November number in the year 1880, the page was enlarged to its present size and the price was raised to a shilling. It had been

found that the pressure upon the space, and the general desire for a more complete representation of the varied branches of art, irresistibly demanded the change; and the Magazine was thus enabled to add the function of a Review to what before was chiefly a Record. Far from any diminution of public appreciation resulting from the increase of price, the Magazine at once rose in circulation far beyond the point to which it had ever before attained; and so high was its position, as it was then considered, that the Publishers decided upon including in each part (instead of only in each volume as heretofore) a frontispiece, consisting of an etching, a photographure, or a steel plate. It was about this time that great public attention was drawn to the publication by the posting of the boardings of England with the enormous design by Professor Hubert Herkomer, representing the Genius of Art, acting apparently as the tutelary divinity of the Magazine, spreading its benefits amongst the eager public, while behind, upon a terrace of the Temple of Art, the great Masters of the world look on with grave if languorous approval. This poster affected other issues than the sale of the particular publication it was designed to help; it drew intelligent attention to the art of the boarding and—with the sole exception of Fred Walker's "Woman in White"—was the pioneer of all the properly designed announcement-pictures by competent hands which dignified what had hitherto been an ignoble pseudo-artistic occupation.

The Magazine thus started on its way afresh, greatly aided by a new cover designed by Mr. Lewis F. Day—the wrapper which is still employed, and which is believed to be one of the most beautiful, elegant, and graceful that enshrines any magazine in the world. But in the autumn of the year 1881 Mr. Trendell felt compelled to resign his position, owing to the difficulties of management—the inconvenience of conducting his editorship from his office at South Kensington Museum was insuperable—Mr. Eric Robertson accepted (until his departure for India to take up the principalship of the Lahore University) the vacant post. Mr. W. E. Henley then assumed his duties. The manner in which Mr. Henley at once raised the literary tone of the Magazine is very striking to the reader of these early volumes. Devoting his own brilliant pen to its service, he secured the co-operation as contributors of Robert Louis Stevenson, Richard Jeffries, the present Bishop of London, Mr. Sidney Colvin, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Comyns Carr, and others who, though not all of them entirely close students of the pictorial and plastic arts, were literary artists of elegance and high accomplishment, who made the Magazine,

like Thackeray's *Pall Mall Gazette*, "a journal written by gentlemen for gentlemen."

The artistic was about this time separated from the literary editorship, and was undertaken by Mr. Edwin Bale, R.I., the Art Director of the house of Cassell and Company. A glance at the pages of the Magazine will show how important this section had become, how immeasurably the quality of the wood-engraving had improved, how careful the drawings, and how fine the printing. No greater tribute could be paid to Mr. Bale's artistic knowledge, taste, and organising skill than is afforded by a comparison of THE MAGAZINE OF ART of 1879 with that of 1882 and 1898.

Mr. Henley resigned his seat in 1886, after five years' service, and Mr. Sydney C. Galpin filled it; but only for a few months. A sharp attack of illness, followed by a prolonged voyage, obliged him unwillingly to yield up the pleasant task. Mr. M. H. Spielmann, who had already been a contributor to the pages of the Magazine, was appointed Editor in October, 1887, and he retains the position at the present day. This appointment was followed in the spring of 1888 by the issue of a special supplement entitled "Royal Academy Pictures, 1888." It consisted of a single number only; and the half-tone blocks of those days could not be held to approach in quality the excellence of those of to-day; but the success was altogether remarkable. Each year the publication was improved in quality, and the number of Parts increased until five became the established limit of the annual series—of which the first has invariably been published on the opening day of the Royal Academy. Hundreds of thousands of copies of this publication have been sold, and it became so valuable as a property that the Publishers determined so to organise the work—and through it other similar publications—that the contributing artists should share in the profits. Through the adoption of this equitable system, the margin of profit to the Publishers is small relatively to the undertaking, but it is one which has resulted in the drawing together of the parties to the contract in mutual good-feeling and respect. In 1893 "European Pictures of the Year" was begun as a winter supplement; but the public cared less for foreign art than for British, and the welcome accorded to the publication was not felt to be commensurate with the time, trouble, and expense it involved, and the work was therefore discontinued after 1895.

The final increase in price of the Magazine took place in November, 1893. Further improvement was sought by an increase in size, with the view to providing more space in which to deal with the art-movement of the day, alike in articles, illustrations, and "supplemental plates."

This could not be done without raising the price, which was accordingly fixed at 1s. 4d.—the price of "The Century Magazine." The improvements were carried into effect, while the price was even then below that of the publication which was at that time the chief rival of the Magazine. The public response to this rise in price was an immediate rise in circulation. Since then it has been found possible to increase the size still further, and to include occasional publication of "Supplements" on subjects or topics of interest,* or by the addition of extra plates. Furthermore, new features have been added, such as the "Notes and Queries." This, it may be said, brings in a regular supply of artistic nuts to crack—nuts of a great variety of description—and of these, we are glad to say, few have been too hard for satisfactory treatment.

It is to be observed that from the beginning to the present day very little has been done to advertise or "push" the Magazine, as journals nowadays are pushed. It has been allowed to make its own way chiefly upon its own merits; but the Publishers have not stinted expense on the Magazine itself, which they regard, in a sense, as the flag of their house. The editorial policy has been clear throughout. While absolutely independent and fearless in its criticisms, it has sought to interest the art-lover and art collector; to please "the man in the street," and instruct him in the knowledge and delight of art; to appeal to the student, not only by placing before him illustrations of modern art as expressed in the art-centres of the world, but also by habitually reproducing fine works of the Old Masters, in order that a true conception of great art may be constantly maintained. Young pupils are notoriously impatient of Old Masters, and other journals may pander to their love of modernity which translates the formula "Art for Art's sake" into the newer, uproariously-accepted creed of "Novelty for Novelty's sake;" but THE MAGAZINE OF ART, loyal to the task it set itself, prefers to fulfil its mission by consistently pointing to the true standard of fine Art.

Similarly, the Magazine has made a stand against an hallucination to which most of the journals of its class have fallen victims—that photography is to be regarded and criticised as Art, and should regularly be accommodated with a section of the Part. That the photographic craft may be handled with artistic taste, and made to produce charming and valuable results—results, properly understood, instructive to artists—we do not deny: but we have not

* Such as the Art life and work of Lord Leighton, of Sir John Millais, of Sir Edward Poynter; and the Portraits of Christ.

care to kowtow to the greater number who, unable to draw, claim to be "artists" and who produce photographic "studies."

Less than most magazines is THE MAGAZINE OF ART indebted to outside contributors or outside suggestions. Editorial ideas follow a definite plan of catholicity in taste, while seeking to maintain the standard and keeping touch on the artistic pulse of the day; and it is rare that any article is published which has not been conceived within the offices. Not that outside suggestions, coming within the scope indicated, would be rejected: on the contrary, original, interesting, and entertaining papers are welcome. But the fact is, that the writers who offer their services are prone to regard Art as a matter to be dealt with with undue gravity and solemnity, as if it were, in some strange sort, a mysterious branch of religious archaeology. Young writers, especially ladies, seem to be afflicted with this painful illusion.

The difficulties and pitfalls that await the unwary are many in the case of a magazine that concerns itself with the social and living, as well as the technical, side of artist-life; so that it may be recorded with satisfaction that, although the laws of copyright



SYDNEY C. GALPIN.

From a Photograph by Lafayette.

and libel always have spread their nets for the most prudent as well as for the careless, no case of serious trouble has ever arisen within the whole period of one-and-twenty years. It is true that on one occasion a reference to "artistic ghosts" curiously enough led a sculptor to declare that it was he who was pointed at, and to challenge both Lord Leighton—whom he believed to have inspired the article—and the Editor to denounce him as the culprit referred to; but, as neither President nor Editor deemed it necessary to respond to such a challenge, the matter dropped. Another difficulty arises at rare intervals in respect to the illustration of the nude. The nude—the study of which is the foundation of all fine art, and the representation of which is necessary for the student, and grateful to those who can appreciate ideal beauty, the treatment of it being rightly expected by the reader—is here presented with proper taste and discretion, and but at the rarest intervals appears

to offend correspondents who, for the most part, prefer to remain anonymous. Generally speaking, however, the solicitous care devoted to the production of the Magazine is not unappreciated; and no encouragement is sweeter than the frequent letters which arrive from unknown supporters—letters of appreciation, satisfaction, and congratulation.



EDWIN BALE, R.I.

From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

Looking back through the pages of the twenty-one volumes, the conductors of this Magazine may pardonably feel no little gratification as to the quality of the literature they have set before their readers. The names of some of the experts and literary artists to whom has been confided the task of dealing in these pages with the artistic topics of the hour, or with the subjects which constitute the legitimate field of such a journal as THE MAGAZINE OF ART, are recalled with pride. Among the Artists whose words upon the works they love so well and have practised with so much distinction have been addressed to our readers may be mentioned the two late Presidents and many members of the Royal Academy, beside numerous other artists of distinction.

The Arts of Design, Black-and-white Art, Wood-engraving, Architecture, the Arts of the Stage, the Chemistry of Painting, Egyptology, Japanese art, and Artistic Photography, have all been discussed by the leading experts and specialists of our time.

The leading English and foreign art-critics by profession, with extremely few exceptions, have constantly dealt with ancient and modern art, according to their special knowledge.

A frequent feature in the Magazine has from time to time been the publication of original verse, enshrined in designs specially drawn to fit the poems, alike artistically and spiritually, and among the poets the charm of whose verse has been introduced to our readers have been many of the most brilliant of recent years.

These facts are, we think, worthy of mention here, if only as a record that may bear witness to the continuous effort that is made to render THE MAGAZINE OF ART, not only a picture-book of what is best in art, but a thorough encyclopædia of the whole subject, of high literary merit. Yet picture-book the

Magazine undoubtedly is, for which all the principal methods and processes have been employed—line-engraving, etching, photogravure, "Rembrandt photogravure" (which this publication was the first to use), lithography, wood-engraving, "chromophotypic," the "half tone," the "facsimile," and the three-colour processes.

In order to complete this sketch, and to interest those who concern themselves in such matters, a word may be said on the subject of the printing of the Magazine—upon which so much care is invariably lavished. When the Magazine was founded it was printed upon the French single-cylinder machine—the finest which the Proprietors owned—known as the Dutarte. It had been acquired in 1867, and upon it the Doré plates and the Bible had been printed. In 1882, as soon as the Magazine was well established, one of Harrild and Son's "Franco-Bremner" machines was laid down. That was superseded in 1893 by a Hoe's two-revolution press, and in 1896 by a Miehle press—a wonderful machine which Mr. Bale had seen during a trip to the United States, and which, upon his recommendation of its extraordinary capacity for the finest colour-printing, was accordingly acquired. This was the first Miehle press introduced into Europe. One effect of these constant improvements is that, instead of the last sheet of the Magazine being "passed" for press about a month before publication, only a fortnight need now elapse. The gain to the editorial department is enormous.

So, arrived at its majority, the Magazine continues on its way, mindful of the well-being of Art and Artists and Public, whom it has sought loyally to serve, and solicitous of the good name alike of its Publishers and conductors. What is to be the degree of its prosperity in the future—what, indeed, is to be the term of its existence—depends wholly upon the encouragement and support awarded to it by the Public. To deserve this support will, of course, continue to be the object; and as a good deal more than merely commercial considerations and business interest are involved in the publication and editing of the Magazine, it is confidently hoped that practical encouragement will not be denied.



M. H. SPIELMANN

From a Photograph by Mendelssohn.



THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON.

From the Sketch for the Royal Exchange Panel-Picture by Stanhope A Forbes, A.R.A. See p. 336.

SOME ILLUSTRATED VOLUMES.



1798.

FASHION in dress is a side of art which has its peculiar historical interest, so that M. Octave Uzanne's work * is one that appeals to the taste of the three great communities. He has dealt with a century of fashion with peculiar discretion, so that his book will become, in a limited sense, as useful and even as indispensable for the historical

figure-painter of the future as Planché himself. Beginning with the licentiousness of dress which marked the close of the eighteenth century, he traces the fashions through the first years of the Empire, when it was characterised by splendour and extravagance, through the Restoration, to the strange refinements of the belles of the Romantic Period of *mille huit cent trente*. Then onwards to the affectations of the *tapageuse* and *mystérieuse* of 1815; that is to say, those who

were votaries on the one hand of the showy and dazzling



1841.

* "Fashion in Paris." Various phases of feminine taste and æsthetics from 1797-1897. By Octave Uzanne, from the French by Lady Marie Loyd. With one hundred hand-coloured plates and two hundred and fifty text illustrations by Francois Courbon. London: W. Heinemann. 1898. (36s.)



1802.

produced book, brightly written, and as pleasing in its illustration as it is entertaining. Its value as a book of reference is considerably diminished through the absence of an indispensable index; but this is a characteristic fault of French books. The translation is excellent.

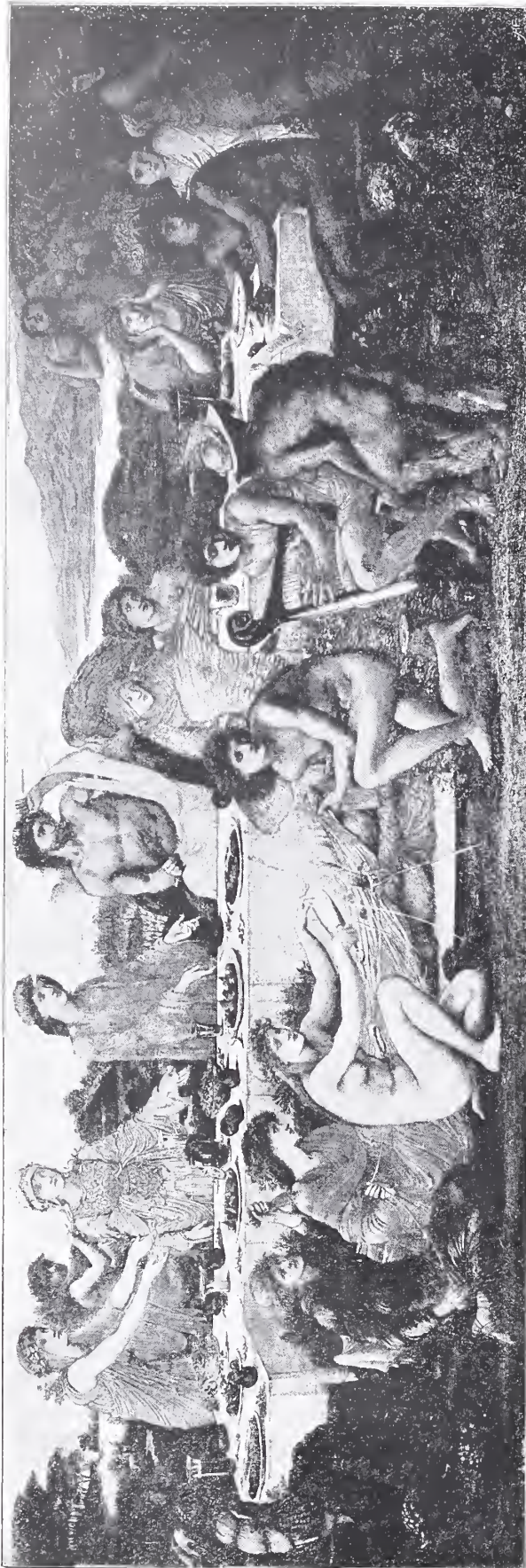


1804.

the fashionable woman of the century on the social side of dress—an invaluable contribution to the subject. M. Courbon has done his work not less completely, not less accurately and thoroughly. His compositions are expressive enough without being overladen with detail, and trace all the follies and beauties of women's dress (and not a few of the men's) as they emerged from one eccentricity only to plunge into another. It is a thoroughly well



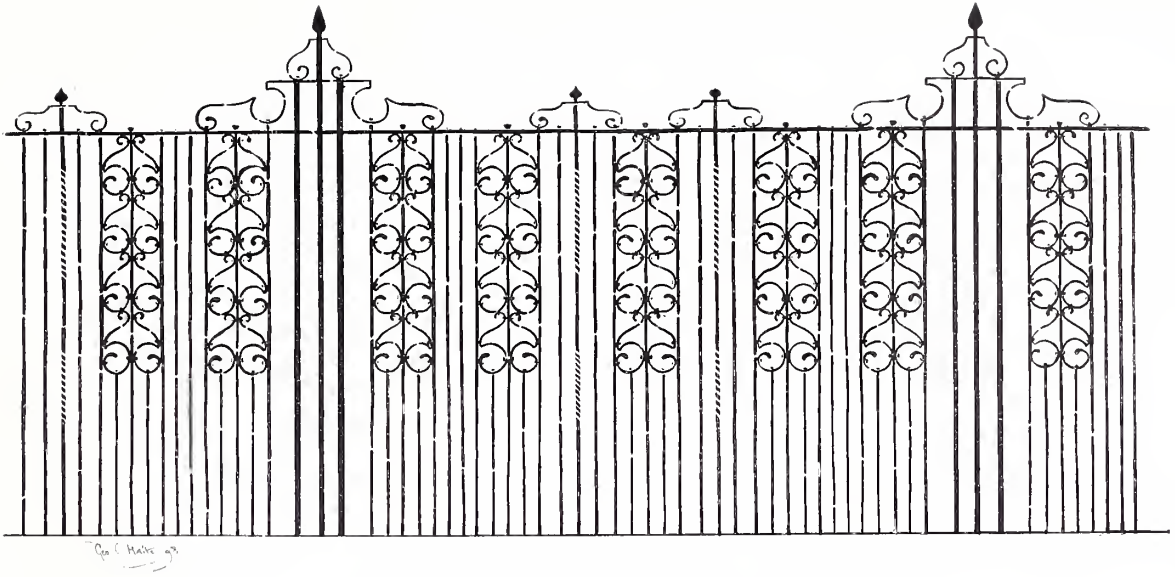
1890.



THE FEAST OF PELEUS. From the Painting by Sir E. Burne-Jones. Photographed by F. Hollyer.

WE must extend a warm welcome to the new edition of Mr. Bell's book on Burne-Jones,* which now takes the form of a handy volume. We have here a record, not of the artist's life—that, with its minor vicissitudes, must form the subject of a formal biography—but of his work and his artistic development. The book is necessarily somewhat of a summary, but little that is essential appears to have been omitted, while the personal equation is never entirely forgotten. The book is divided roughly into pictorial work and decorative work, and illustrations of pictures here reinforce the selection which embellished the first edition of the book. These illustrations are to be counted by the score, and a very accurate estimate of Burne-Jones's power as a designer may be obtained from the careful perusal of these designs, whether pictures, studies, book-illustration, or cartoons for paintings, tapestry, or glass. There are necessarily many things omitted which we should have liked to see included, such as "The Morning of Resurrection," in the Dyson-Perrins collection, and the wonderful inlaid panel belonging to Mr. Arthur Balfour, which would have been a novelty. Certain blemishes which we noticed in the first edition are unfortunately retained, such, for example as the continued use of the title "The Chess Players" for the picture which obviously ought to have been called "The Backgammon Players," for that is the game depicted; while the chapter entitled "His Art and His Critics" gives a permanence to vagaries of criticism which it would have been far more dignified, both for the artist's sake and the author's, to ignore. The deliberate reference to "'Arry' Quilter" will, doubtless, offend the public far more than the critic, and hurt the author more than either. His somewhat malicious reference to Mr. Ruskin's famous passage "Rejecting nothing, selecting nothing, and scoring nothing"—which he has the assurance to refer to as "obvious absurdity"—proves that he has not been to the original that he quotes, or he would learn how great an injustice he has done to the great writer. At the same time, his somewhat captious criticism of the observations of other writers proves him sometimes curiously shortsighted. It is no business of ours to defend the writer who charged the draperies of Burne-Jones with being "insincere," but when Mr. Bell can only see in the expression a charge of theft against the artist, we can but marvel at the blindness of the special pleader. In spite of it all, however, the book is one to be acquired, for, with its new appendices and lists (to make room for which the original introductory chapter has been suppressed), it is really what it claims to be—a record and a review.

* "Sir Edward Burne-Jones: A Record and Review." By Malcolm Bell. George Bell and Sons. 1898. (7s. 6d.)



A DESIGN FOR IRON RAILINGS.

By George C. Haité.

THE ART MOVEMENT.

THE ART OF GEORGE C. HAITÉ, DESIGNER AND PAINTER.

BY WALTER SHAW SPARROW

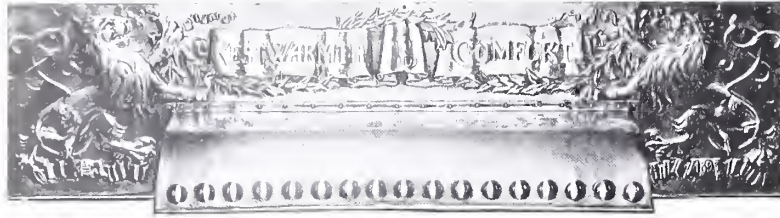
PART I. DESIGNS FOR METAL-WORK AND LEADED GLASS.

ALL genius, says Carlyle, by its nature, comes to disturb somebody in his ease. It may come like a clear dawn that breaks in upon our amusements at a carnival dance abroad, making us painfully ashamed of the poor figure we cut; or, like the genius of Voltaire and Swift, it may prick and stab us into "thunderclaps of contradiction." But the manner of its warfare is unimportant; the chief thing is that it makes peace impossible, making and inviting attack in many directions. That this is good for us, that it is a source of vigour in all kinds of national effort, will be admitted by everyone who remembers how inevitably peace would lead us to self-contentment, stagnation, and ruin. The creative strength of a whole race will never be called forth by anything but incessant conflict. This was Bacon's opinion, and the histories of man and art confirm it with a thousand illustrations. One may be glad, therefore, that Mr. George C. Haité, with his versatile genius, came to rouse a great many feeble and placid dreamers, true children of our coddled century. Sprung from a family of Huguenot refugees, which during four generations has given England some good designers, he has been from the first a free-lance in the service of art; and already, at the age of forty-three, he has invaded all the best provinces of design, causing in everyone not a little emulation and healthful disturbance. I refer to those provinces of design into which we at one time thought that South Kensington would itself

infuse some life and vigour; but we have now learnt from experience that officialism, when it does not merely help us to drift easily into unpleasant difficulties, follows rather than leads the talent it should nurture. Officialism is useful when it warns us not to lean upon its weakness: that we must act for ourselves, and not cry out either for State-assistance or for Continental methods of technical education. Our technical education must be our own, a product of our national character and traditions: no other could be of permanent use to our country. Bismarck once told us that our craze for imitating foreigners was a bad sign—a proof that we were losing the masterfulness in action and in thought which had bequeathed to our race so much to reverence, to protect, and to hand on. Yet the craze has grown stronger year by year. To stand firmly on our English legs is becoming so irksome, that the very games which make them strong legs are denounced, even in quarters where a manlier humour might have been expected, as too British to be admirable and necessary.

Meanwhile, however, thanks to the individual efforts of a few such men as Mr. Haité and Mr. Walter Crane, we have shown that we have only to be true to ourselves if we wish to achieve great things in the free-trade battlefields of the applied arts. For our designers now hold their own against all comers—are, indeed, the cynosure of Europe; and yet our own merchants and manufacturers do not sufficiently realise what this fact

means. They cannot reasonably suppose that England, generation after generation, will produce the best masters in design; and hence they should store up for future service the formative influence of the great designers now living. They



BRASS REPOUSSÉ BLOWER IN ORMSBY LODGE.

Designed by George C. Haité. Executed by A. J. Shirley.

should establish schools in which that friendly influence could work and perpetuate itself; should employ every first-class designer as a teacher or "Professor;" then they would avoid the interference of an alarmed officialism stirred to action by one of its recurring panics. Self-reliance made our race glorious, and nothing but a systematic cultivation of that kind of good qualities can prepare the rising generation for the fierce warfare of free-trade.

I have dwelt upon these points because they ought never to be passed by in silence when we look at art in its relation to industrialism. Painters and sculptors may perhaps be studied merely as such, for their work is a noble luxury which few can buy; but a designer brings us inevitably face to face with the industrial needs and perplexities of the time. He is an officer in the nation's life-battle, and his importance in that capacity is not likely to diminish; because, side by side with the ever-spreading mania for cheapness, we find in all civilised countries, or nearly all, a growing sensitiveness to crude ornament; and this leads us to believe that good designs will soon have a progressive effect in determining our welfare as a nation of free-traders. I think, then, that a just value ought to be placed everywhere on the national importance of the applied arts, and a good deal may be hoped from Mr. Haité's present intention of lecturing on this subject in the provinces.

From these general matters I pass on to Mr. Haité's well-known designs, with their fine colour, their vigour and diversity of appeal, and their steady adherence to the first principles of decoration. These qualities are not often found in the work of one man. Vigour, unfortunately, is not so common as it should be in English arts, and colour, as we all know, is with us a weak point. "For many centuries," said the late Mr. Gleeson White, "we have been practically colour-

blind." Here we have one result of the Puritan triumph; and to-day, as in the past, English eyes rest usually on shades of grey, brown, and black, for our industrial type of civilisation has a smoke-grimed Puritanism of its own. Some systematic effort should be made to counteract its influence, else the national sense of colour will continue its retrogression, returning to that primitive state of dulness which Mr. Gladstone noticed in the colour-sense revealed to him in the Homeric songs. To stop this retrogression will not be easy, but some good is done by every designer who avoids the frigid styles of decoration which some men think admirable, as though

they wished to prove that the necessity of living under the curse of a smoke-cloud could never irritate them into warmth of colour.

Mr. Haité is the antithesis of these men, for his designs are never coldly austere. I may be told, indeed, that their fault is "a nimety—a too-muchness"—of rich qualities. For my part, however, I delight in the artist's abounding versatility, and am grateful that his work leads me from the simple and restrained to the ornate and Rubenesque. It is informed with the spirit of several arts, and we see that Mr. Haité avoids imitation by going direct to Nature for his "motives." Of course, he is not in favour of a pictorial treatment of natural forms in ornament; but, while bringing such forms into their proper decorative scheme, he preserves in his art a discreet recognition of Nature's growth, and a sincere love for her fresh, bright harmonies. There is room

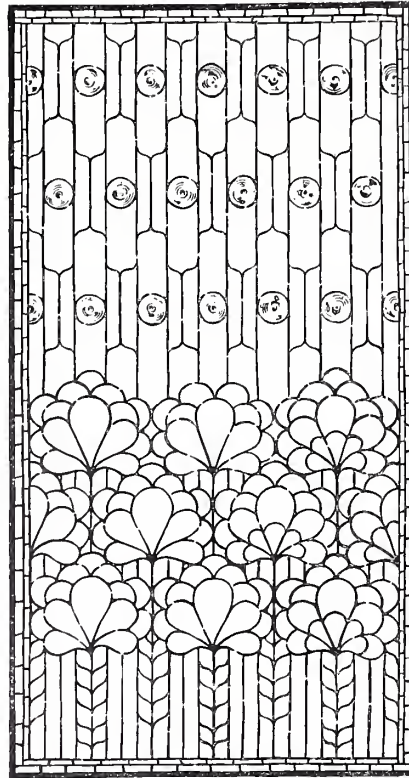


ELECTROLIER IN WROUGHT IRON.

here for controversy, since the taste now in vogue likes a quite formal convention. Indeed, some designers have a botany all their own. Not only do they forget that a pedicel has a cup-like ornament of bracts, but they idealise a flower till all its characteristics have gone where the old moons

go. Mistakes of this kind do not occur in Mr. Haité's designs; nor does he ever lose sight of the fact that each applied art has its own limitations, some of which are due to its technique and its material, while others have their origin in trade exigencies.

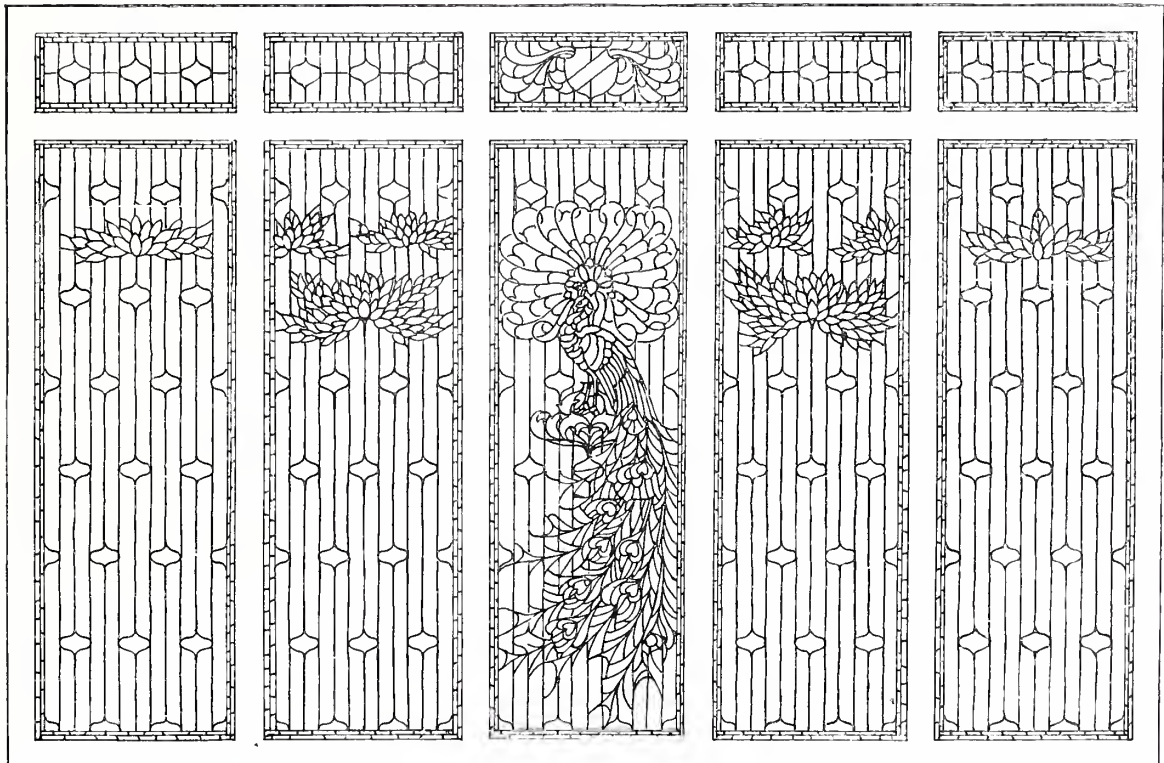
Nevertheless, there are times, doubtless, when Mr. Haité fails to please even his most friendly critics. If I mistake not, for instance, the iron railings here illustrated lack the full measure of vigour which he has taught us to expect from his hand. They aim at simplicity, but to me the result seems tame, although admirable as design. Simple styles usually are, for they cannot be effectual unless they give us in essence the constituent qualities of the best ornate styles. To talk about them is pleasant, but ninety-nine



DESIGN FOR LEADED GLASS DADO.

The right simplicity, however, is well within the reach of Mr. Haité, as is proved by his design for a gate in wrought-iron—a design admirably done into metal by Mr. Starkie Gardner. It has a style all its own; there is no resemblance between it and any work either illustrated or described in books on historic smithcraft. Little ornament has been used by Mr. Haité, yet the effect is rich and strong as well as graceful. This is important, because the art of smithing ought to be business-like in a commercial time, achieving fine results at the smallest possible cost whenever necessary. How else can it be expected to hold its own against the cheapness of casting? We see, then, that Mr. Haité is doing useful work here: and his gate reminds one that he can aid Mr. Gardner in another way—

namely, in rescuing the smith's manly handicraft from a copy-book eclecticism.



DESIGN FOR LEADED GLASS, ILLUSTRATING THE USE OF ORNAMENT IN THE FRIEZE.

The electrolier bracket, on page 326, is another proof of this, and one may say that the late Mr. Gleeson White praised it because its leaves and flowers, though modelled with the crisp,

supports variously-shaped pieces of clear glass. When the view outside is unpleasant, the ornament either covers the whole window as in a diaper or panel, or runs as a dado along the



IRON GATES

Designed by George C. Haité, and executed by Messrs. Starkie Gardner and Co.

exact movement of nature, charmed him by their decorative aptness. The other illustration represents a brass bower, and I have seen few better pieces of modern *repoussé* work.

Two examples are given here of Mr. Haité's admirable leaded glass, concerning which a great deal has been said and written. No colour is employed, because light passing through coloured window-panes would injure most good schemes of household decoration. For this reason Mr. Haité forms the design by means of the lead which

bottom; it is employed as a frieze only when there is something beautiful out of doors which should not be shut out. I need not linger over the illustrations, which speak for themselves, but I cannot choose but draw attention to the peacock, as we get from Mr. Haité something which is much less familiar to us in art than are the peacock's marvellous tail-coverts, mis-called tail-feathers. We get, too, a most fortunately decorative representation of the bird's whole character.

ART IN SCOTLAND: THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

THE exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy, which was opened in February in Edinburgh, is the strongest that has been held for years. The fusion in the Academy of East and West-country artists has been productive of the happiest results. The fresh and vigorous life of the West has stirred up the East-country artists to renewed endeavour; contact with the

academic traditions of Edinburgh has modified the extreme views of the Glasgow school; and with almost every artist of note north of the Tweed contributing, the exhibition at the Mound is, in a very marked degree, thoroughly representative of Scottish art. The private view had, as usual, a certain *éclat* given to it by the official visit from the Lord Provost, magistrates,

and council of the City; and on that occasion the interesting announcement was made that a movement is on foot to amalgamate several



AT THE STARTING-POINT
From the Painting by Miss M. Cameron.

competing schools of art and design in Edinburgh into one strong central institution.

The Scottish Academy has never relied upon loan pictures to make its annual exhibition a success. The council, however, at this time has secured four or five works which lend a grace to the walls and have proved an attraction to the general visitor. Two of these are by Mr. Whistler—"The Piano" and "The Thames in Ice;" a third is, "Devant la Glace," by that clever American-Parisian artist, Mr. J. W. Alexander; while from the Manchester collection there has been obtained the late Henry Moore's beautiful sea-piece, "Mount's Bay," and from Liverpool Mr. Byam Shaw's "Love's Baubles." Only a few of the principal Scottish pictures can be referred to. The president, Sir George Reid, exhibits three masterly portraits of public men—one a dignified presentment of the Marquis of Tweeddale, in the green and gold uniform of the Royal Archers. The flesh-tones are warm and vivid, and the uniform is treated in a free and artistic manner. Mr. James Guthrie sends his admirable portrait of Mr. Burnet, architect, Glasgow, which has been exhibited elsewhere; while Mr. E. A. Walton has seldom shown better work in Edinburgh than two stylish and refined

portraits of ladies. That of Miss Aimée de Bourgh, elegant in draughtsmanship and fine in colour, is quite a triumph. One of the good things of the year is by the youngest Academician, Mr. G. Ogilvy Reid, who sends a large, dramatic, and powerfully-rendered representation of Prince Charles Edward's escape from the mainland of Scotland to the islands, in a small boat over a stormy sea; while the youngest Associate, Mr. W. S. MacGeorge, has also justified his election in an eminent degree by contributing two noteworthy and beautiful works—"Nutting"—a woodland glade in autumn garb with children, teeming with joyous colour; and "A Border Ballad"—a picture of the classic Yarrow in flood, which constitutes a grave, sweet harmony in exquisitely-attuned browns, greys and greens, with touches of warmer colour superadded. Mr. John Lavery and Mr. George Henry are exhibitors; so too are Mr. A. Roche and Mr. W. Y. MacGregor—the latter

showing a large and impressive "Upland Landscape." A high standard of excellence is also shown in landscapes by Mr. Smart, Mr. W. D. McKay and Mr. Lawton Wingate. Miss M. Cameron holds her own in the exhibition with a well-painted equestrian portrait of the master of the Eskdail Fox-hounds, and by a large racing scene, "At the Starting-point," in



NUTTING.
From the Painting by W. S. MacGeorge, A.R.S.A.

which a thorough study she has given to the horse has been turned to good account: while among the young men, painter-like work is

contributed by Mr. Robert Burns and Mr. R. C. Robertson in landscape; by Mr. R. Gemmill Hutchison and Mr. Graham Binny in figure-painting; and by Mr. R. Brough, Mr. Bowie, Mr. Kerr and Mr. Ford in portraiture. The water-colour men to the front are Mr. Tom Scott, Mr. Marjoribanks Hay, Mr. R. B. Nisbet, and Mr. Skeoeh Cumming; and in a rather meagre display

of sculpture, two busts by Mr. Pittendrigh MacGillivray, and a decorative portrait group in relief by Mr. Farlane Shannon (Glasgow), assert themselves by their artistic quality. Attractive decorative figures are contributed by Mr. Birnie Rhind and Mr. Hubert Paton; and Mr. D. W. Stevenson exhibits a picturesquely modelled life-size statue of the late Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson.

A WOVEN MEMENTO OF THE JUBILEE.

A CURIOUS souvenir of the Diamond Jubilee, which also serves as an example of the technical development of flax-weaving, was

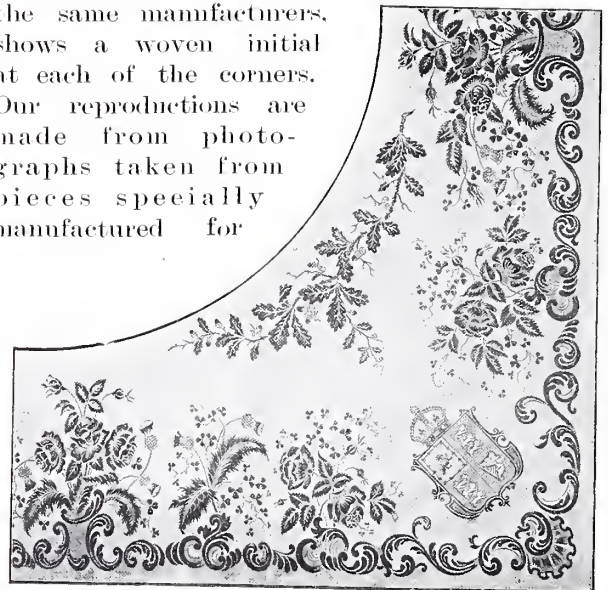


THE INITIAL TABLE DAMASK.

produced by the old established firm of Capper in the form of a tablecloth. We reproduce a portion of the border of this work to show somewhat the intricacy of detail with which the weaver had to contend. It will be seen that it consists of the combination of the three national emblems, with the Royal arms

in the corner. The centre of the cloth is occupied by a representation of St. George and the Dragon, similar to that on the gold coinage, whilst round it are placed the four groups of the continents from the Albert Memorial. Connecting each of these is a spray of oak-leaves and acorns. The responsibility of the design rests with Mr. Joseph Hart of Capper's. Manufactured from the purest flax fibre, the damask is an excellent specimen of the skill of the Belfast weaver.

The other cloth, by the same manufacturers, shows a woven initial at each of the corners. Our reproductions are made from photographs taken from pieces specially manufactured for



A JUBILEE TABLE DAMASK.

the purpose in which the designs were worked in black thread.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[160] **THE DAISY IN ART**—I should be glad of any information regarding *any* picture taking "The Daisy" for its subject. (1) In particular, I wish to trace the following painting: A "Saint Margaret, wearing a garland of daisies and carrying daisies in her lap and in her hand," Mrs. Jameson mentions having seen it, and in the last edition of her "Sacred and Legendary Art," edited by Estelle M. Hurl (Boston, 1896), it is said by the latter to be in the Siena Academy. It does not appear to be catalogued under "S. Margaret," and unfortunately I do not know by whom it was painted. If possible I wish to procure a photograph or other representation of it. (2) I should also like to know if it would be possible to procure a photograph of a modern painting by M. Lévy-Dhurmer, entitled "Pureté" (Purity scorning the garish beauty of the chrysanthemum for the innocent and humble field daisy). (3) There is one other picture which I should greatly like to trace—but concerning it I only possess the following scrap of information:—It is an old portrait of "Chaucer," and in the corner-space usually devoted, in mediæval paintings, to the coat-of-arms is his special flower, the daisy.—M. T. GRIFFITH (Abergele, North Wales).

* * (1) For our part we have no recollection of the picture described in any public gallery or other building in Siena. We may here remark on the strange infrequency of the representation by artists of the daisy in pictures of St. Marguerite or Margaret. The commonest attributes are the dragon and the palm. (2) The question of M. Lévy-Dhurmer's "Pureté" and the photograph of it can be decided by application to the artist. (3) Many renderings of the portrait of Chaucer, based upon the Oceleve "Limning" in the Bodleian Library, bear a daisy—we believe the *Bellis perennis* as usually represented—purplish in colour, in the right-hand upper corner, opposite to that which bears the shield. Above the daisy appears the date 1402. See "Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages," by Henry Shaw, F.S.A., published by Pickering in 1843.

[161] I have bought here a very good landscape, with excellently painted cows, and signed "Dirk P. van Lokhorst." I have searched through Bryan, Guédy's, and other dictionaries of painters, and have not found anything about him. Will you, or any of your readers, kindly

furnish me with any information about this Flemish artist?—CARLOS AMÉRICO DOS SANTOS (Rio de Janeiro).

[162] **WILKIE'S "CUT FINGER."**—Can you tell me where the picture, by Sir D. Wilkie, entitled "The Cut Finger" is to be seen? I have a painting which would illustrate the title. An old woman is binding up the wounded finger of a boy, who is crying, with his hand to his eyes, while a woman, presumably his mother, is taking from him a knife, with which he has been cutting out toy boats, which are sailing in a tub of water standing near. A girl is looking over his shoulder with a countenance filled with alarm. It is a cottage interior such as Wilkie loved to paint. The size of the painting is 15½ in. by 11¼ in. If it is a copy of the original it must be an old one, as the painting is, evidently, that I possess. It was purchased at an old curio shop in the neighbourhood.—C. JEROME (The Cloister, Gosport).

* * The description given by our correspondent does not accurately represent "The Cut Finger" of Wilkie. In this picture the boy does not put his hand to his eyes, one hand being in course of bandage by his mother and the other being held by an elder sister—that is to say, by a fourth figure who apparently does not exist in the small picture belonging to Mr. Jerome. A wood-cut of the original picture is to be seen in the small volume on the painter issued in Sampson Low's "Great Artists" series. Now, in 1812, a "Study for 'The Cut Finger'" appeared in the exhibition of his works which Wilkie organised in Pall Mall—being No. 28 in the catalogue. It afterwards became the property of Lord Mulgrave, and was one of the thirteen pictures and sketches by the artist which were included in the sale of that peer's collection, which was dispersed at Christie's in 1832. On that occasion it was bought by Mr. Shepperson for £157 10s., and so far as we know there is no means of tracing it further or of saying if this is the picture now in the possession of Mr. Jerome. "The Cut Finger" was painted in 1809 and was exhibited in that year at the Royal Academy.

[163] **GRAHAM AND DANIEL.**—An engraving which I have, representing a lion coming out of its den, is signed "Graham pinxt.—Daniel sculpt."

It was published on June 29th, 1792, by John Murphy, 20, Berkeley Street, Edgware Road. Can you tell me anything about either the painter or engraver?—K. E. ALLFREY (Reigate).

* * * The artist referred to is probably the Scottish historical painter who was born in 1751, and exhibited at the Royal Academy from 1780 to 1797, a picture of the former year being "Daniel in the Lions' Den." S. T. Daniell, a landscape painter, was an African traveller, and his "African Scenery and Animals," published in 1804-5, is still remembered. His kinsman James was a mezzotint

engraver, who engraved several of his best plates after Singleton.

NOTE.

LANDSCAPES BY BENJAMIN WEST.—An interesting discovery has been made by Mr. Thomas Kind, of Birkenhead, of a number of finished landscape studies in water-colour by Benjamin West, P.R.A. Two of them have been acquired for the collection of early English drawings at South Kensington, the authorities having been satisfied as to their genuineness. As work of this class has not hitherto been associated with West, the bringing to light of these sketches has an additional interest.

THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—MAY.

The National Gallery and the Tate Gallery shows

THE Report for 1898 of the National Gallery and the Tate Gallery shows that for the former five new works were purchased and ten acquired by presentation. These acquisitions have all been duly recorded from time to time in our pages, but as it is only in this report that we learn the prices paid for the works purchased, we give this information for the benefit of our readers. The two "Angels," by AMBROGIO DE PREDIS (Nos. 1661-2), cost £2,160; the "Portrait of HOGARTH'S Sister" (No. 1663), £1,050; "La Fontaine," by J. B. S. CHARDIN (No. 1664), £721; and "Portrait of a Young Man," by AMBROGIO DE PREDIS (No. 1665), £1,500. Eight portraits have been transferred to the National Portrait Gallery—including LAWRENCE'S "Sir Samuel Romilly"—and two paintings, EASTLAKE'S "Ippolita Torrelli" and ROSSETTI'S "Rosa Triplex," have been sent to Millbank. The Tate Gallery has acquired beyond these seven pictures, besides the four Chantrey purchases of last year, viz. A Portrait of Mr. G. F. WATTS, R.A., by Himself (presented by Sir William Bowman, Bart.); "Evening Quiet," by the late J. HOPE McLACHLAN; "The Order of Release," by Sir J. E. MILLAIS (presented by Sir Henry Tate); "The Kyles of Bute," by Mr. CHARLES P. KNIGHT; "The Ploughman and the Shepherdess," by Mr. F. GOODALL, R.A.; and two drawings by AMBROSE POYNTER. Three pieces of sculpture were acquired, viz. "Dionysos," a bronze, by Mr. W. POMEROY; "Bust of Sir Henry Tate," by Mr. T. BROCK, R.A.; and a plaster cast of Lord Leighton's original sketch in wax for "An Athlete struggling with a Python," each of which was presented to the Gallery. As regards the number of visitors, we find that the daily average (exclusive of Sundays and pay days) is at Trafalgar Square 2,023 and at Millbank 913. The Sunday attendances, however, during the year were larger at Millbank than at Trafalgar Square, the figures being 4,853 (an average of 1,350) and 30,635 (an average of 988) respectively. It is satisfactory to know that direct telephonic

communication has now been established between the National Gallery and the fire station in Old Scotland Yard.

AN important series of articles which have been appearing in the "Birmingham Daily Art Gallery. Post" have shown what the Corporation Art Gallery "is, and what it might be."

The splendid gift of Mr. MIDDLEMORE, M.P., has had the effect of deciding Birmingham to extend its Art Gallery in accordance with that gentleman's suggestion, so that as to what the Gallery "will be" there can need be little doubt. It will be one of the very finest and handsomest collections of modern English works.

As an instance of the way in which the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours include a very large amount of capable work, and yet be profoundly uninteresting, the annual show of the Royal Institute is worthy of remark. The collection brought together there is one of the least attractive that has been seen in the galleries for some time past, curiously wanting in originality, and plainly matter-of-fact in atmosphere and general tendency. Very few of the contributors seem to have had any aim beyond doing well things not unusually worthy



ASTON WEBB, A.R.A.

From a Photograph by F. Hollyer.

of attention, and the very success with which they have carried out their purpose does not increase the value of their effort. Mere technical proficiency does not make art work important, and a knowledge of the devices of the craftsman does not give an artist any special claim to acceptance; nor does the collecting of examples of handiwork without inspiration quite justify this spring's efforts of an art society like the Royal Institute. However, among the many examples of good work there are drawings to be found which are welcome as notable exceptions, and an examination of the galleries is certainly not unproductive. Such work as the exquisite little figure, "The Lute Player," by Mr. E. J. GREGORY, with its daintiness of touch and charm of draughtsmanship, or the same artist's robustly-treated, and yet subtly-felt, study of a girl's

head, "Pensive," atone for any shortcomings; and the splendid vigour of the large open-air subject, "The Fisherman's Wife," by Professor HANS VON BARTELS, is very welcome as a proof of the possibilities of the water-colour medium in the hands of a painter of commanding ability. A costume piece by Mr. EDGAR BUNDY, "The King breaks many Hearts," and the Dutch interiors, "Déjeuner à la Fourchette," by Mr. W. RAINEY, and "Memories," by Mr. J. FINNEMORE, are good in character and sound in method; and there is dignity, perhaps a little over-emphasised, in Mr. W. LEE HANKEY'S "By a path that I do not know." Mr. HAL HURST'S "Jane Shore" is ambitious and full of technical audacity; Mr. PERCY BUCKMAN'S nudes, "Under the Cliffs" and "By the Sea," are ably drawn and not wanting in the right kind of refinement; and "The Sampler," by Sir J. D. LINTON, is one of the happiest colour arrangements and one of the best-judged compositions that he has shown for some time past. A fair number of good landscapes can also be discovered. Mr. WEEDON'S "Waste Ground, near Lymington," has merits of style, and is to be praised for its largeness of conception; Mr. R. B. NISBET'S "November Evening" and "A Drizzly Day" are serious and impressive, even if they are a little too obviously artificial in arrangement; Mr. YEEND KING'S "Sandle Manor, Hants" is of some value as a direct study from nature; and Mr. F. J. WIDGERY'S sketch of "A Tidal Stream, Devon" has undeniable strength and directness. Some other contributions worthy of note come from Mr. AUMONIER, Mr. J. S. HILL, Mr. STUART RICHARDSON and Mr. PEPPERCORN; but the total of interesting things this year does not bear a very large proportion to the mass of the exhibition.

Other Exhibitions. TOUGH it would not be quite accurate to describe the spring exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists as a good show, it is possible to find in it a fair number of pictures and drawings which possess sound artistic qualities. One of the best of these is Mr. CAYLEY ROBINSON'S "Close of Day," a quaint piece of archaism of the type he affects, but, at the same time, a most ably-handled and delicately-inspired work of art. It is one of those things that only an artist of peculiar gifts could attempt, and there are few other men who could have gained a tithe of the success that has come to Mr. Robinson as a reward for his earnest labour. There is no other figure picture of such outstanding interest and merit in the show, which depends almost entirely upon the landscapes. In this section the works most worthy of remark are Mr. A. E. PROCTOR'S "The Harvester's Rest," Mr. G. C. HAITÉ'S "The Woodman's Hut," and "The Spinney," by Mr. FRANCIS BLACK, as well as Mr. W. H. J. BOOT'S sketches; but there are others that deserve some praise for workmanlike methods.

The collection of drawings and frescoes by M. NICO JUNGSMANN recently shown at the Dowdeswell Gallery had a curious interest, as demonstrating technical ingenuity of a pleasantly unusual kind. The artist sees things with a strongly developed preference for certain aspects, and paints them according to the rules of a decorative convention of his own creating. The results are occasionally surprising, but never incapable and never commonplace; so that the show, despite its dominating mannerism, was welcome as being agreeably unlike anything that had been seen before. It was a new sensation, and a sound one; therefore it was a success.

The exhibition of the works of M. FRITZ THAULOW is one of the most interesting one-man shows of the present year. M. Thaulow is not only entirely original in his view of Nature, but he succeeds in

rendering landscape, whether it be country-side or snow-field or water, with a skill which is absolutely startling, when the method and the economy of means are taken into consideration. His painting is very thin, but his knowledge of effect is surprising and his mastery of his material complete. The exhibition is held at the Goupil Gallery.

Mr. McLean has ranged over very wide ground in collecting the material for his exhibition, but he has restricted his selection to the best possible works. The principal pictures he shows are "The Ambuscade," by DE NEUVILLE; Mr. ALBERT GOODWIN'S "Whitby;" Mr. BRANGWYN'S dashing and vivacious "Limehouse;" a "First Communion," by M. L'HERMITTE; and "Sweet Emma Moreland," by Sir JOHN MILLAIS.

In M. GASTON LA TOUCHE the Fine Art Society has found an artist very well worth introducing to the art-lovers of this country. He is a man of remarkable powers, who sees things with astonishing individuality and records what he sees with an amazingly vivid fancy. His versatility is as surprising as his originality in the use of materials; so that the exhibition of his productions, including as it does works in oil, water-colour, and pastel, is distinctly marked by novelty and technical variety. He has a gift of imagination that helps him to choose good subjects and to handle them without hesitation; and the influence of this faculty makes itself very plainly and delightfully felt in the gallery.

The Glasgow Institute Exhibition, which opened in February, has many popular qualities. A number of pictures which were exhibited in London last year lend interest and variety to the walls—notably, works by Mr. LA THANGUE and Mr. STANHOPE FORBES; and there is a small loan collection, which, however, is not so important as this department of the exhibition usually is. Wherein the exhibition falls short is this—that we have not in it a strong representation of the best that the Glasgow artists themselves can



PRE-HISTORIC BILLIARDS.

From the Silver Panel by Frank Lutiger, after E. T. Reed. See p. 336.

produce. Mr. JAMES GUTHRIE'S sole contribution is a head of Professor Jack, fine in colour, artistically treated, and worthy in every respect of this artist's brush. But neither Mr. LAVERY, Mr. WALTON, Mr. GEORGE HENRY, nor Mr. A. K. BROWN show works of first-class importance, and to that extent the exhibition suffers.

Among younger artists who have done well are Mr. DAVID GOULD, Mr. BROWNLIE-DOCHARTY, and Mr. WHITE-LAW HAMILTON. Other Glasgow men paint up to about their usual strength. Mr. HORNEL is one of these, and it must be said that his brilliant, if somewhat incoherent, flat colour studies, lend a sparkle to the section of the wall on which they are hung. Sculpture, water-colours, and architectural drawings and medallions are also included in the catalogue.



JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

From the Painting by Samuel Laurence. Recently acquired for the National Portrait Gallery.

Early Italian Love Stories. By Miss Una Taylor. Longmans, Green and Co., London, 1899.

To cull a posy of vivid and picturesque stories from the rich flower garden of the Italian Renaissance should be no difficult task. It was here that the Elizabethans found many a beautiful tale of love and hate, treasure-trove to be remoulded often into something finer than any of these primitive tales, which yet possess so much charm for those who have the patience to read them. For patience is necessary; long are the descriptions and many the adventures of these beautiful ladies, these handsome and valiant men. There are many journeys, many elopements, much love-making, and a good deal of killing, all of which is related in detail and with iteration. But if it is easy to find the material, it is by no means so easy to make these same romances live again in another age and in a different language. Miss Una Taylor is to be praised for her courage in attempting it. Neither is she wanting in discretion, since she has not scrupled to condense or to omit wherever she has seen fit. Her English, moreover, is both simple and flowing; and if a few of the stories seem wearisome, the same may be said for the originals. Those who have not before come across the work of Massuccio Saleritano should be grateful for the three tales here given. His endeavour was to be a moralist, but he was by nature a true artist; and these stories, different as they are in plot, are alike in their romantic spirit and the vividness with which they are told. Among the rest we meet at least two old friends; for Giovanni Fiorentino writes of the Lady of Belmonte, and Bandello, in his "Refusal of Fenicia," gives us the original portrait of Hero. Cintio, from whom Shakespeare took his plot for "Othello" and for "Measure for Measure," here tells a pathetic tale of a wife's fidelity—an exceptional virtue in this gallery of ladies. Erizzo's story of the "Love-Ring" has been met with earlier in Petrarca; Boccaccio and Straparola end the list of writers to whom Miss Una Taylor has gone for material to make an interesting and charming

book. The illustrations by HENRY J. FORD are in harmony with the stories, but Mr. Ford is an artist very susceptible of impression from other men's work. One finds passages in the drawings that might have been taken bodily from Burne-Jones or Rossetti, Gustave Moreau or Madox Brown; but, notwithstanding, as illustrations they are good and serve their purpose well.

Angels' Wings. By Edward Carpenter. Illustrated. Swan Sonnenschein, London, 1898. (6s.)

UNDER this title the author has united in a volume a series of essays on art and its relation to life, certain of which we remember having seen in the "Progressive Review." The title of the volume is somewhat misleading, as it belongs properly to only one of these essays; others draw comparisons between Wagner, Millet, and Whitman; another discusses the human body in its relation to art; tradition, convention, and the gods; and, generally, the aim of the book is to point out the unity of art—so that the author is tempted to write a chapter on "Manners as a Fine Art;" quite forgetting that manners, on the contrary, are one not of the "fine" but of the "polite" arts. The book is full of pleasant suggestion, although the author insists too much, so to speak, on coming close up to the reader and buttonholing him.

Autumnal Leaves. By Francis George Heath. With twelve coloured plates. The Imperial Press, Limited, 1899. (7s. 6d.)

THIS is a pleasantly-written volume, which reveals the author as a close observer and intense lover of Nature.



J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

From a Drawing by Charles Turner. Recently acquired for the National Portrait Gallery.

The first portion of the book deals with a description of a series of autumnal walks through the New Forest; while the second consists of chapters devoted to detailed references to the autumnal changes that take place in the foliage of British trees. They serve as a commentary upon the coloured plates which

represent the natural tint of the various leaves in the decline of the year. To artists this section of the book should be of service, for the author traces the development of the changing colours and gives, so far as science has ascertained them, the causes for this beauty of decay. The plates are skilfully printed, the natural colours of the leaves being excellently reproduced.

The Englishwoman's Year-Book, 1899. Edited by *Emily Jones*. A. and C. Black. (2s. 6d.)

IN this, the first number of the new issue, we are pleased to recognise a very admirable effort to cover the field

anecdotes of people she met and the native notabilities whose portraits she painted.

It is a capital notion to reprint with due care the humorous drawings of Mr. CHARLES DANA GIBSON and his compatriots, which have been appearing for some while past in the humbler comic press of this country. Mr. JAMES HENDERSON is now placing them in English hands in an *édition de luxe* under the title of "*Pictorial Comedy*." This new serial should have—for it deserves to have—a very wide circulation; for, notwithstanding that the printing is not invariably perfect, if the blocks may be assumed to be in good condition, we have, for



GLEANERS RESTING ON A STILE.

From the Drawing by the late Birket Foster, R.W.S., in the Dixon Collection at Bethnal Green.

of feminine activity and thought. The book, in fact, becomes a "*Mrs. Whitaker*." The section dealing with the arts occupies a dozen pages, packed with information prepared by Miss Calderon and Miss Armstead. Female art students and artists will find here what they will most likely wish to know.

The Grammar of Painting. First studies in painting by *Emily* and *Ellen Phillips*. Newman and Co., London.

Two volumes of hints as to porcelain, and a well selected set of examples illustrative of what is known amongst modern teachers as "brush-work." A method of hand and eye training by the use of the brush and colour, instead of the older use of the hand point and simple black. For teachers of brush-work the volumes should be valuable.

With a Palette in Eastern Palaces. By *E. M. Merrick*. Sampson Low, Marston and Co., London. 1899.

THIS is a little volume dealing in a discursive manner with a lady artist's travels in Egypt and India, with

the first time, a worthy representation of the work of leading American graphic humourists. If one would see how ill so clever and elegant a draughtsman as Mr. Gibson may sometimes draw, we would refer him to the piano in No. VIII of "*The Education of Mr. Pips*."

We welcome the resurrection of "*The Butterfly*" (Grant Richards), an unusually clever and bright illustrated sixpenny magazine. Humour is its chief, though not its only, characteristic. Mr. RAVEN HILL, Mr. SIME, Mr. EDGAR WILSON, Mr. MANUEL, and Mr. GREIFFENHAGEN are its chief art contributors. The last-named draws a charming frontispiece ("*An Idyll*"), which, however, is too manifest a *rifacimento* of Rossetti and Burne-Jones.

We have received from M. JOSEPH NÈVE, the "Directeur des Beaux-Arts" of Belgium, an inquiry into the "*Martyrdom of San Sebastian*," attributed to Thierry Bouts, in the Brussels Museum. The author compares it with the picture of a similar subject in the Louvre ascribed to Memling, and of another in the Berlin

Museum, officially believed to be by a pupil of Hugo van der Goes; and he adopts the conclusion of M. A. J. Wauters that the Belgian picture is by the hand of Memling. Well-informed as is the reasoning of M. Nève, we cannot help inclining to the belief that all these pictures are Netherlandish "school-pieces" after, or inspired by, a single, and probably lost, original, which must have had an Italian influence.

Mr. FREDERICK WEDMORE has prepared a new issue of his catalogue of Mr. Whistler's etchings and dry-points. There are fifty-four new items, so that the number now dealt with is two hundred and sixty-eight. This little book—which will certainly become valuable—is provided with an introductory essay that is a model of what such a thing should be, literary in its form, subtle, critical, and characteristically delicate.

Sir PHILIP BURNE-JONES has published, through the Fine Art Society, a pamphlet, "*Practical Hints for the Protection and Preservation of Paintings and Drawings.*" It is, as he says, "intended for the use of those who possess works of art which they value and are anxious to preserve, but who have had no opportunity of studying the means of doing so." The pamphlet should be read by everyone in any way interested in the subject.

There must be many designers in the country who cannot spend much time in that treasure-house of art, South Kensington Museum, to whom it should be good news that Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co. are going to bring the South Kensington Museum to them. They have just commenced to issue serially "*Selected Examples of Decorative Art.*" which consists of large reproductions from photographs of the most interesting objects of decorative art in the museum. If the selection is only well made, it should be a work of great value. The first two numbers are very promising.

We have also received "*The King's Friend*," by DAYRELL TRELAWNY (The Church Newspaper Company), an anecdotal account of an episode in the history of the Neville family. The illustrations by Mr. SYDNEY COWELL are not successful.

Miscellaneous. Mr. ASTON WEBB, the architect, has been elected an Associate of the Royal Academy.

Messrs. M. BOLINGBROKE, R. BRYDEX, and W. MONK have been elected ordinary Fellows of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers.

The prizes of the Poster Competition promoted by the Corporation of Scarborough have been awarded as follows:—1st (£30), to Mr. ALEX. H. WEBSTER, of Glasgow; 2nd (£20), to Mr. W. H. WANLESS, of Scarborough; and 3rd (£10), to "Lalcham."

The picture by Mr. STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A., of "The Great Fire of London" has been placed in position in the Royal Exchange. It was commissioned by the Sun Fire Office. By the courtesy of the artist we are enabled to reproduce his sketch for the work.

Mr. FRANK LUTIGER has executed some excellent little bas-reliefs based upon Mr. E. T. REED's humorous "Prehistoric Peeps." The plaques are executed in silver and, as will be seen from the illustration on p. 333, retain all the fun of the original sketches.

BY the death of Mr. BIRKET FOSTER English art loses yet another of the men who helped to build up its reputation, for, in spite of the "prettiness" of his work, it had qualities that entitled it to great respect. A contemporary of Sir John Gilbert when that distinguished artist was producing his magnificent and powerful illustrative work for the "*Illustrated London News*," Mr. Birket Foster acquired a repute for his landscape drawings not less wide than that which his colleague secured for his figure subjects. He was born in North Shields in 1825, and at sixteen years of age was apprenticed to Landells, the wood-engraver, by whose advice he turned his attention to draughtsmanship. Devoting his skill almost entirely to black-and-white work, he illustrated many books of poetry with his beautiful vignettes, among the most notable of which are Longfellow's "*Evangeline*" and Goldsmith's *Poems*. In 1859 he exhibited his first water-colour drawing at the Academy, and in the following year he was elected a member of the Water-Colour Society. In 1863 a volume of his drawings of English landscapes was published, to which Tom Taylor supplied the text. The delicacy and refinement that were the chief characteristics of his black-and-white work—which has, perhaps, only been excelled by Mr. North—were equally marked in his water-colour drawings; and all his work, whether for illustration or in colour, was conscientious and pleasing. A large proportion of his exhibition works have been shown at the Royal Water-Colour Society's Gallery, considerably over three hundred having been hung there, while only sixteen appeared at the Royal Academy. In the autumn of last year he exhibited a collection of drawings of Scotch scenery, which bore all the characteristics of his early work—for although he maintained a level of excellency, he never departed from the style he acquired in his early experience as a draughtsman.

The death has occurred of Mr. WILLIAM HENRY MILLAIS, elder and only brother of the late Sir John Millais, P.R.A., in his seventy-first year. He was a landscape artist of no mean ability, and on several occasions exhibited at the Royal Academy. Drawings by him may be seen at the Taylor Galleries at Oxford.

M. NICOLAS VICTOR KLAÏN, the French sculptor, has died at the age of eighty-one. He was a pupil of Pradier and Paul Delaroche, and among his principal works are "*Hebé et L'aigle*," a marble group in the Orleans Museum; "*Marius au milieu des ruines de Carthage*," in the Luxembourg Gardens; and "*Aurora*," in the Court of the Louvre. He was created Knight of the Legion of Honour in 1849.

We have to record the deaths of M. EDMOND DE SCHAMPHELEER, the German landscape-painter of note, several of whose works are in the Pinakothek at Munich; of M. HENRI ROBBE, the Belgian flower-painter, at the age of ninety-two; and of Mr. MICHAEL ANGELO WOOLF, the American black-and-white artist, whose pathetic semi-humorous drawings of child-life of the slums have been a feature for many years in the New York "*Life*."



THE LATE BIRKET FOSTER, R.W.S.

From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



OFF VALPARAISO.

From the Painting by Thomas Somerscales. Purchased for the Chantrey Collection.

CURRENT ART.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—I.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE older grows the critic, the more experienced he becomes, the better he understands his functions, and the greater the familiarity which he develops with art and artists' aims—the greater is his doubt that the usual tone and manner of discussing the Royal Academy Exhibition, and others of its class, is the right one. He feels himself torn between the demands of the public, of the artist, of the Editor, and of his own conscience.

“Criticism,” says the Public, “to be of the greatest interest to us, should be for the most part reportorial. It should tell us what is the relative degree of excellence of the exhibition; what are the best pictures, especially those most likely to be discussed; it should describe and explain them, and give us sufficient material for intelligent conversation.”

“Criticism,” says the Artist, “to be of the greatest interest to us, should be to a great extent technical. Let the public know what are the technical achievements in our pictures and the technical faults in those of our neighbours. If you blame us for producing a poor picture, you should be prepared to tell us why it is poor, and what we should have done to better it. The facts and phenomena of Nature, the problems of light and colour, and all such other matters as touch or concern the arts, must be more familiar

to you than to us, for you are (or pretend to be) our judge; and you must be prepared to prove yourself at once a scholar and an art-master, a practical artist and a reporter: for neither fact nor picture must escape the vigilance of your eye and pen. Moreover, you must be orthodox; and orthodoxy, remember, is my doxy. If you are heterodox, your existence as a critic is no longer justifiable.”

“Criticism,” says the Newspaper Editor, “to be of the greatest interest to us, should be smart, but above all things inclusive. The public want to know everything about the Academy and its contributors. The contributors want to read everything about themselves—they owe it to their friends. You must therefore seek to satisfy the greatest happiness of the greatest number, for in rendering such satisfaction lies the interest of my paper. I cannot help it if the space I set aside for your work is not more than enough to accommodate a bare recital of the pictures exhibited, their painters, their subjects, and their most obvious qualities. But if you know your business and my requirements, you will omit mention of not a single very good or very bad work, of not a single very important or talked-of sitter or very noteworthy or eccentric subject. Art (and all else besides) is journalism, and the editor or his representative is its prophet;

thought and æsthetics, and above all technique, are not appreciated by the daily newspaper reader."

"Criticism," says the Art-Writer, "to be of the greatest interest to me, should be independent of purely journalistic or purely technical considerations. The Academy Exhibition offers me a full dozen of texts on which I would write a full dozen essays—each one of them of more

claim to be; and we would set before the public what is sought for (besides material prosperity) by the artist—to the exclusion in the main of the mere mechanics of the craft. But, above all, we would claim elbow-room for our disquisitions of theories, of progress, as well as of particular works."

Such elbow-room, however, is not to be



PLYMOUTH HOOKERS.

From the Water-colour Drawing by C. Napier Hemy, A.R.A.

entrancing interest than the last, discussing the developments and the phenomena of which the art-harvest is the symbol, weighing, comparing, describing, pointing morals, explaining reactions, psychological or political, illustrating the whole with anecdote and the like. Why, a dozen pictures—and those not necessarily the best—will afford as many occasions for comment that will leave the reader better informed and the critic of more proved utility, than all the so-called opportunities that are at present offered. We would speak to the public what is in our minds and hearts—not satisfied with merely penning a well-adjectived catalogue of what we suppose the editor wishes us to note in the interests of the superficial morning reader. We would keep constantly before the artist what is thought, and understood, and hoped for by the public, whose representatives and æsthetic middle-men we may

obtained. Perhaps the responsive attention of the public would be hardly more attainable. And certainly both editor and artist would resent a form of treatment that might trouble itself too little with actuality and publicity. Even the monthly press shrinks from too contemplative or philosophical a humour in the critic—and he, denied the right of full expression (unless he take refuge in the making of books which the public will probably decline to read), sinks back perforce to his descriptive writing with "criticisms" by the way. If the editor is repressive, it is because the public is inexorable; and the public boldly insists upon knowing what is best and most curious in the Academy—that and nothing more. It is less interested to learn the relation of the exhibition to the general conditions that produced it, and it has more satisfaction in hearing such curiosities as that Mr. Waterhouse, R.A.,

architect, and Mr. Onslow Ford, R.A., sculptor, have contributed clever landscape paintings to the walls—or that Mr. Young Hunter, Mr. Hugh Riviere, Mr. C. M. Q. Orchardson, Mr. Wolfram Onslow Ford, and Mr. Rudolf Onslow Ford, all sons of members of the Academy, have greatly honoured their parents by distinguishing themselves in their pictures—than in considering what is the tendency of latter-day art, its relation to foreign schools, or the reasons for the high esteem in which it is at present held abroad. From this situation there is apparently no escape: the critic is compelled to give his judgments and denied the privilege of fully and adequately explaining his reasons.

It is not in depreciation of the result of efforts apparently not less strenuous than in the past that the unprejudiced observer must proclaim this year a fallow-time. Painting as represented in the Academy is not of average quality. But it must not be imagined, by any means, that the excellence or otherwise of the year's art is to be judged by the painting-section alone. It is the fashion so to do because the attractions of painting are more intelligible to the public, the charm of colour more delightful, and the anecdotal and more trivial side of pictorial work more amusing, than the dignity, the complexity, and refined beauty of the plastic arts. But sculpture is more impressive, more grave, and even more noble than painting: and in the procession of the arts its true position is as leader not as follower. With the increasing appreciation with which it is at last being favoured, with the greater number of sculptors who are showing talent, and, in one or two cases, even genius, the new-born English school of sculpture has assumed an importance far greater than that which it could claim when the vast trophies which now encumber and disfigure Westminster Abbey and the Guildhall deceived the people with their inflated commonplaceness. The works are smaller now, no doubt, but far more sensitively and acutely felt and realised, and poetry and art now take the place of what was in too great a measure mere neo-classic bombast. In the circumstances, one would think, the extremely small space devoted to the elder art of sculpture would be held sacred to its needs, and that respect, apart from all claims of justice, would ensure it against encroachment.

But what do we find? We find that the *bibelot* and the *objet d'art*, now so rapidly developing in quality and favour, are making very serious inroad upon the restricted domain of sculpture. We have nothing but applause for the better representation in the Royal Academy of the statuette, the jewel, and the product of the artistic crafts, whose cause indeed we have so often pleaded. The line between the fine and

the applied arts is often so narrow and so difficult to set, that every chance of losing sight of it to the advantage of the latter, and giving to them all the encouragement within the power of the Academy, should unhesitatingly be seized: and sculptors will assuredly not grudge the implied expansion of the express function inherent in that institution. But this catholicity must not be practised at the expense of a higher art notoriously ill-served; there should be no great allotment of space to efforts foreign to sculpture proper such as we see this year. It is, indeed, urgent that these exquisite but alien products of the arts of the jeweller, the smith, and the like, must be provided with accommodation in other rooms. Such an arrangement should be as easy as it is logical. Enamels, which might technically be considered burnt—in water-colours, might be displayed with effect, and with reason, in the water-colour room: while it seems to us that provision for the *objets d'art* might appropriately be made down the middle of the great gallery (No. III.), which is never so crowded as seriously to stand in opposition to such a scheme. Doubtless the cases or stands could not be finally arranged until after the annual banquet: but before that night the rooms are never so crowded by critics and guests, nor the objects so cumbersome, as to render inadvisable the placing of them along the middle of other rooms. Moreover, within a short while the Academy may be fortunate enough to render itself mistress of the site of the London University building to the north, when sufficient space may happily be spared from what is necessary for such school buildings as may be set up, for the worthier exhibition of sculpture, engraving, and the best works now produced within the all-embracing definition of "the arts and crafts."

Among the many explanations that have been advanced in defence of the artistic community having this year failed to maintain its position, there is not one that entirely accounts for the deficiency. It is a fact that that deficiency is not quite so serious as has been represented: but the stern truth appears to be that the full strength of living Academicians and outsiders is not so great as it was five years ago. Art advances, so to speak, intermittently: a check is common in every development, and from such a check art at this moment is undoubtedly suffering—not in England alone, but in every country, and nowhere more manifestly than in France. It is absurd to bewail the fact: still more foolish to attack the artist. The phenomenon is perfectly natural, for which we may not even comfort ourselves with the thought that is a case of *reculer pour mieux sauter*. We must accept the situation, and hope that next year, or the year after, ground lost may be recovered.

It can hardly be said, however, that the portrait-painters have failed to maintain their craft at its highest level. Mr. Orchardson as representative of the old tradition, and Mr. Sargent as founder of a new one, are both seen at their best. The former, grave, dignified, and thoughtful in the pictures of all his sitters, Lord Crawford, Lord Kelvin, Mr. Peter Russell, and (in a less degree) Mr. Edmund Davis, surpasses himself in the rendering of character. We may regret the yellowness of tone and the thinness of the painting: these are mannerisms which tell against the works. But in their higher qualities they are superb, and in course of time may hang next to Rembrandt himself without shame. Beside these fine canvases, Mr. Sargent's amazing work does not seem entirely free from the suggestion of the conjuror. Vivacity in portraiture has probably never been so completely obtained in modern times, and to match the "Miss Jane Evans," the "Lady Fandel Phillips," or even the "Miss Octavia Hill," the mind wanders to Vandyck's "Cornelius van der Geest" (the Gevartius of more ignorant days). The veracity is startling and the handling brilliant amongst the most dashing bravura passages ever executed; and yet there is a lack of that repose in these faces and figures which alone makes a picture delightful to live with, just as there is a lack of that repose in the painting which alone makes the execution a continuous delight to study. Have we not here, one feels after a while, a somewhat perverted mastery? That the portraits are masterpieces in their way there is no sort of doubt; but are they masterpieces for all time? Is *premier coup* painting the highest, truest kind, after all? And will the name of Sargent in the future rank as high as Franz Hals, to say nothing of Velasquez? Such are the questions that start to the mind in the presence of these astonishing performances, and an uncomfortable doubt seems to answer back no reassuring response. Beside them Mr. Watts's portrait of Mr. Gerald Balfour seems heavy and even labouring, dark and sombre. But there is a touch of nobility and dignity in this massive canvas which those of Mr. Sargent do not display—not because the sitters are women, but because their painter is Mr. Sargent. That painter, one can see at a glance at his work, is a gentleman; and his sitters are all ladies, and in more than one case women of strong and refined intellect. If, then, there is indeed anything wrong with their portraits, that fault lies in the essential art itself. Mr. Jack appears to be forming himself upon Mr. Sargent, but his work here, far inferior to that at the New Gallery, need not detain us, if only because his "Miss Evelyn Millard as Lady Ursula" can hardly be less than eight or ten heads high.

Sir Edward Poynter's single contribution is an impressive portrait-arrangement of a lady, full-length and life-size, attired in a white satin evening dress, sitting on a marble garden-seat against a leafy bush. She has a lovebird on her shoulder and a black dog by her side; and the extremely reticent scheme of colour is white, yellow, and green—without a touch of blue or red being employed for contrast or effect. Although lacking vivacity, this portrait of "The Hon. Violet Monckton" is finely composed and soundly painted, and takes its place among the President's more important works. Mr. Fildes, in his portrait of Miss Beryl Ansdell, a pretty golden-haired child in blue cap and long satin Carolean gown, and in that of Miss Violet Stern, adapts his art with success once more to the representation of feminine grace and facial beauty. Sir William Richmond also translates—and, may we say, accentuates—beauty, in the person of Miss Muriel Wilson, with a smooth but certain brush, in a highly challenging canvas. Mr. Dicksee, Mr. Shannon, and Mr. Loudan meet for once on common ground, the first-named with "Miss Gladys Palmer," with all its elaboration of arrangement; Mr. Shannon with "The Lady Ulrica Duneombe," simple but attractive notwithstanding; and Mr. Monat Loudan with "Elaine," a child-portrait sweetly conceived and soberly painted. Mr. Ralph Peacock justifies his success of last year with a series of portraits of young girls, arranged with grace, coloured with judgment, and painted with vigour; and Mr. Gregory gives us a rather hot "Portrait of a Lady"—a picture far better in its execution than at first sight appears.

Among men's portraits Mr. Gregory also contributes a fancy-dress half-length of "Mr. Charles McLaren, Q.C., M.P."—a masterly piece of painting, especially in the hands. But the conception is most unhappy; a modern face decorated with a monstache, and an obviously nervous manner, in no wise match the costume, and despite the mastery of the work the portrait inevitably induces a smile. Compared with this, the canvases of Professor Herkomer are of extraordinary vigour, and his portraits of the Duke of Sutherland, of Dr. Baldwin, and of Luitpold, Prince Regent of Bavaria (in mediæval dress), are the work of a brilliant and incisive painter. The characterisation in all cases is admirable, and the execution careful beyond the usual habit of the painter. Almost as strong is Mr. Frank Bramley's "Portrait of an Officer." The portraits by Mr. W. W. Ouless (especially his fine "Bishop of Lincoln") and Mr. A. S. Cope are as carefully thought out and soundly executed as ever; and a powerful portrait of Mr. R. T. Pritchett by Mr. Daniel Wehrschmidt is as remarkable for



VIOLET STERN.

From the Painting by Luke Fildes, R.A.

its finely-realised humour as for its frank and decisive handling.

Such are the chief out of a wilderness of portraits that meet the eye in the Academy, but it must not be supposed that they exhaust the list of the reputable works—otherwise Mr. W. Onslow Ford's conscientious portrait of his father, the sculptor, Mr. Gotch's highly worked-up likeness of Miss Rosaline Seaton, Mr. Llewellyn's "Mrs. Herbert Fuller," and especially Mr. McClure

Hamilton's "Cosmo Monkhouse," would receive signal injustice. Mr. Walter Osborne, Mr. Herbert Olivier, Mr. Glazebrook, and Mr. Rolshoven (with a most original but not happily coloured portrait-group of "Madame Koch and her Children" seated upon the floor) contribute to the strength of the Exhibition, and Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, with "Miss Molly Rickman"—a young girl in what might fairly be called a Waterhouse-lake dress—rounds off the list with distinction and charm.

THE NEW GALLERY.

ALTHOUGH the disappearance of Sir Edward Burne-Jones robs the New Gallery of its primary feature of interest and importance, its *raison d'être* is not lost. There is still one artist whose work under no circumstance could we expect to see at the Royal Academy—we refer to Mr. Holman Hunt—and in theory at least the *rôle* of the New Gallery remains what it was. It is the Opposition; it represents the spirit of practical criticism which seeks to influence the purely academic spirit

that fills Burlington House, and by successful iteration and accomplishment to modify the art-thought of the times and force the Royal Academy along the path of progress. That is the theoretical doctrine of the New Gallery, inherited by direct descent from the Grosvenor Gallery. It was the intense feeling of revolt against what was at one time the stone-wall indifference of the Academy to the newer ideals and newer methods of expression that called the Grosvenor Gallery into existence; it was neither the passion for gain nor the enterprise of speculation. Burne-Jones was the backbone of the movement, and openly declared that rebellion was the breath of living art, that he was above all things a rebel, and that if the Grosvenor ever showed signs of petrification or putrefaction he would at once give countenance to any new undertaking that might be found to take its place. So it was that in course of time, when decay had set in in Bond Street, that a new effort was made hard by; and thither emigrated the forces that had made the Grosvenor a power in the world of art. But mistakes were made, and the movement was in a measure countered by the influence of Lord Leighton, by whose enlightened views and shrewd conception of policy the New Gallery was outplayed at its own game. Mr. Sargent was honoured at the Academy, both on its own walls and its own roll and on the walls as well of the Chantrey Collection. Burne-Jones was also elected; and though he was not actually detached from his own friends, he ceased to be an opponent by virtue of an election which he had done nothing to court. Furthermore, the New Gallery was taken in flank by the new English Art Club, the closest English prototype of the Salon des Indépendants, where the very latest novelty, the very newest eccentricity, was not only hung, but placed with a sincerity of respect that was never pretended to in, say, the exhibition of the Incohérents in Paris. Had the New Gallery laid itself out to secure the sanest and the most plausible of these works, it is likely that its vogue might have continued unabated, and that even now it might be the very *atrium* of the pro-



FORGIVEN.

From the Painting by George Harcourt, at the New Gallery.

gressives, if not of the anarchists, of art. But the main blunder had already been committed. The "Consulting Committee," which had been formed at the outset in order that a certain measure of distinguished artistic support might be at once secured, effectually set a term to any scheme for displaying the more modern forms of experimental methods of colour or technique. Mr. Alma Tadema, Mr. Alfred Gilbert, Mr. Onslow Ford, Mr. J. W. North, Mr. Alfred Parsons, Mr. G. F. Watts, and Sir William Richmond may be as open-minded and magnanimous as you please; but their united names upon the Committee was no guarantee that Academical views would not prevail. So the New Gallery has gradually lost the character with which in the minds of the public it was originally endowed, and in that which now prevails there is little to differentiate it or its exhibitions from what we annually see at Burlington House. Even by its system of invitation to artists it is not entirely protected from the introduction of certain works of a quality as low as that which may be met with at the Academy. This is a matter on which it is necessary to speak plainly, for if such invitations imply the indulgence of private friendship—and it is hardly possible to form any other opinion—we have here a derogation of duty to the public which is certain to recoil sooner or later on the Gallery itself.

Such we take to be the causes of the general loss of distinctive character at this beautiful Gallery. Doubtless the advantages offered to artists, and the admirable arrangement and hanging so highly appreciated by painter and public alike, may insure it against the loss of that favour which, logically considered, it has to a great extent forfeited. But the fact remains that, so far as character is concerned, there is little essential difference, save for good hanging, between the exhibitions of Regent Street and Piccadilly.

Here, as at the Academy, it is in the section of portraiture that the greatest success is to be observed. The brilliancy of Mr. Sargent's "Colonel Ian Hamilton" is beyond challenge. The nervous, almost passionate grasp of the thin, wiry soldier, the character of the whole man, are rendered with unsurpassable skill. Red coat, steel, and flesh are brought into fine harmony, and yet—the picture would have been finer still had the painter (contrary to his manner and intention) carried it further. *Premier coup* (or "right off") painting is a magnificent test, not

only of dexterity but of knowledge; but Nature herself does not create "*premier coup*," and Nature's rendering is neither truly imitated nor truly suggested by a method which, however admirable as an exercise or splendid as execution, is illogical in its philosophy, and sacrifices, moreover, that quality and luminosity to be obtained by glazings and scumblings, and by them alone.



THE GIRL WITH A ROSE.

From the Painting by Harold Speed.

"Nature," you may retort, "does not glaze or scumble." On the contrary, Nature *does* glaze and scumble: look at flower, or flesh, or sky, or substance, and you will see how the masters under whose hands the art of painting grew up learned their methods from Nature's processes. But, say you, painting must not be merely imitation of Nature. Of course it must not; if you wished to be merely imitative, more or less, in a matter-of-fact sort of way, you can get that by *premier coup* painting. Transparency, luminosity, richness, completeness of modelling—these qualities belong to the poetry of Nature; and by the "building up" of your colour—that way alone are the poetical qualities obtainable. We are all of us ready and willing to go down upon

our knees and worship the splendour of Mr. Sargent's work; but who will assert that the veracity of his astonishing vision is materially impregnated with that poetry of method which Rembrandt practised on the one hand, and which, on the other, is so nobly displayed in Velasquez's head of "Philip IV. of Spain" in the National Gallery?

At such completer expression Sir George Reid has aimed in his portraits of Professor Masson and the Rev. Dr. Alexander McLaren. They are doubtless both of them too dramatic in their intensity, and each sitter, one would say, has in his breast some grim secret which he could tell an he would. But these canvases are fine, and show qualities of the sitters' minds as well as (in Mr. Sargent's work) qualities of temper. Still deeper does Mr. Watts essay to go in his portrait of Lord Roberts, the gentlest hero that ever stormed a height and the most simple and kindly of all valiant gentlemen who ever walked up to the cannon's mouth, defying Nature herself and achieving modestly the impossible. Such is the character that Mr. Watts seems to have placed upon the canvas; and although, we think, the complexion he has here rendered be somewhat too ruddy, future generations will in this portrait recognise the great general for what he was. Not less remarkable is Mr. J. J. Shannon's "Lady Henry Cavendish-Bentinck," with its scheme of delicate greys and buffs, and tender pink—a full length, graceful, charming in line, and—ladylike. The finest probably of all the artist's works in this place, it is yet equalled by another portrait, that of his young daughter, here called "Magnolia"—the only fault consisting of the emphatic spottiness of the pattern on the background curtain. Mr. Brough and Mr. Jack, two extremely able followers of Mr. Sargent—but still followers—contribute, the former an equestrian

portrait of Master Phil Fleming, and the latter a full length of Mrs. Hal Hurst, painted with care in the face and with *chic* in a dress in which silver spangles the black tulle in a broadly suggested pattern. Mr. Von Glehn, with all his cleverness, is more flashy, though perhaps he is hardly less able.

In landscape Mr. Edward Stott is perhaps the most interesting of all, with the exquisite feeling for the warm light of the strong low sun and the phenomena of the slanting rays. The very essence of country sentiment is here as seen, one would say, by the peasant-poet. Mr. Alfred East, in "The Land that Shakespeare loved," seeks inspiration from the charm of landscape rather than from its facts, and his tender grey and silver tones are in sympathy with his aims. These men represent the idealists in the exhibition; but Mr. Stott with "Washing Day" and "Trees, Old and Young" lends the robustness of his nature to the poetry of his outlook. Similarly, among the marine subjects, Mr. Napier Henry paints the sea ("A Derelict Boat") with vigour and truth, while Mr. Edwin Hayes (with "Trawlers bound for the Sea") renders it with style which sacrifices little to knowledge or effect.

Amongst the subject pictures, besides such careful works as Mr. Austen Brown's "In a Calfshed" (the success of which is jeopardised by the forced chiaroscuro), Mr. George Harecourt's pathetic "Forgiven," and Mr. Spencer Watson's "Mother and Child"—an original conception as to arrangement and well drawn, but not quite so happy in its scheme of colour—we have Mr. Watts's "Dedication"—an artistic appeal to women who, Vanity-led, sacrifice birds of rare plumage on the altar of fashion—and Mr. Holman Hunt's extraordinary picture "The Miracle of the Sacred Fire." We hope to return to this wonderful proof of the painter's sincerity.



DEDICATION.

From the Painting by G. F. Watts, R.A. From a Photograph by F. Hol'ger.



MRS. W. KERR-SMITH.

From the Chalk Drawing by Seymour Lucas, R.A., in the Royal Academy.

OUR GRAPHIC HUMORISTS: HARRY FURNISS.

BY M. H. SPIELMANN.

OF all our humorous draughtsmen and caricaturists, Mr. Harry Furniss is perhaps the most generally known and the most frequently



ILLUSTRATION TO STORY "TALK OF THE TOWN"
From "Cornhill Magazine."

quoted, not only by reason of the vigour and versatility of his work, but also on account of the numerous directions in which he has struck out. Du Maurier came nearest to him in versatility, figuring as humorist, artist, lecturer, and author. Mr. Furniss is all that, and journalist, newspaper editor and proprietor, entertainer, traveller, and political cartoonist as well—full of energy and enterprise, full of fire and spirit, of fun and robust satire, of powerful feeling, honest ambition, and unflinching resource: a man of many friends and enemies, for he cares no more to restrain his pencil when fun is uppermost than to stifle his anger when wrong is being done that justly merits censure.

So widely known, indeed, are Mr. Harry Furniss and his work, and so frequently has his story been told, that I hesitate here to recite afresh the history of his busy and—for an artist—his eventful career. But a rapid summary may be useful for future reference.

He was born in 1855, in Ireland, of English and Scottish parents, and in his salad days

showed unmistakably for what career Nature had intended him. "The Schoolboy's Punch" was edited and produced by him, in manuscript, for the delight of his fellow-students and himself, the whole of it, cartoon included, being based upon the London original. Perhaps his most successful cartoon was an autobiographical design, drawn at the time when the Davenport Brothers' cabinet-tricks were before the public and Sir Henry Irving was engaged in laughing them into ridicule. The young artist drew himself (a scholastic Davenport) in the cabinet (the school), firmly secured by the bonds of the curriculum. Then from another cabinet he emerges triumphant, and the trick is done—a modest illustration of his successful exit from school-life. He soon had the good fortune, as he thought, to meet Tom Taylor, at that time editor of "Punch," who praised his sketches, but those which the lad sent in he gave to other artists to work up—without acknowledgment. It was not until Mr. Furniss was six-and-twenty, after he had made his way, as the result of seven years' struggle, upon the illustrated press of London, and particularly upon the "Illustrated London News," that Mr.



LORD RANDOLPH AND THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY
From "Punch."

Burnand summoned him to become a regular contributor to the paper which had already for many years been the goal of his ambitions, and

that soon after he was selected to illustrate the Parliamentary section—the "Diary of Toby, M.P."

Then his restless spirit and unsurpassable

ingredient in political caricature, Harry Furniss prefers to fight with the gloves off. He agrees that there are two sides to every question, but



PUZZLE-HEAD FROM "PUNCH:" MR. GOSCHEN.

energy—a passion for labour that rarely leaves him a half a dozen hours for sleep out of the twenty-four—resolved itself into an unceasing stream of work, in which the caricaturist often asserted himself more than the humorist, pure and simple. Irrepressible, inexhaustible, Mr. Furniss among our later political humorists comes nearer to the caricaturists of a past generation than any other in this country. The fact seems to be that, although the amenities of public life have brought about among the people a general understanding that good nature and indulgent amiability were to be an essential

seems to think that one of them is always the wrong one; and sees no reason why one should not be vigorously attacked on the comic or satirical, as well as on the public, platform. He will tolerate no abuse of the privileges of mankind, no outrage upon the poor and oppressed; and humbug, cant, and affectation, or the bare suspicion of them, force him forthwith to steep his pencil in gall (not venom) and dash off a withering drawing. The public, perhaps, may have been somewhat staggered at times at this resurrection of Gillray's spirit, and here and there a voice may complain of him, much as

Thackeray did of Douglas Jerrold, when he wrote him down "a savage little Robespierre;" but yet he has found his way to the people's heart, for it is known that Harry Furniss is as honest as he is emphatic, that his periodical indignation is not feigned, and that if his fun is from time to time turned sour into censoriousness or sarcasm of a biting kind, it is because he is filled with that forthrightness which animated Mr. Ruskin when he wrote in "Fors Clavigera" (1874), on an occasion that need not be here recalled: "Alas, Mr. Punch, is it come to this? And is there to be no more knocking down, then? And is your last scene in future to be shaking hands with the devil?" Mr. Furniss has done knocking-down in his time, but with the best will and least real malevolence in the world, without traffic or compromise with the insidious Enemy.

"A caricaturist," says Mr. Furniss, "is an artistic contortionist; he is grotesque for effect." Yes, but the effect must be grotesque to the mind as well as to the eye—there must be a distinct significance in the design, apart from the drollery of the picture. Two of Mr. Furniss's most popular creations illustrate the point—Mr. Gladstone's collars* (might not Mr. Furniss choose for his epitaph, "He invented Mr. Gladstone's Collars," just as Thomas Hood perpetuated upon his tombstone his own great "Punch" success, "He Sang the Song of the Shirt"?) and "Lord Grandolph," in which character Lord Randolph Churchill is represented, either on the floor of the House, or on the toe of Lord Salisbury's shoe, as a Lilliputian orator. In the first-mentioned case, the artist is grotesque and amusing—nothing more; in the latter, he is a true caricaturist, for there is a distinct idea, and a satirical one, underlying the design, which is to reflect upon the littleness—real or assumed—of the politician beside the statesman. Of course, caricature of itself does not demand the pencil of an artist; a mere writer may become a caricaturist if he has fancy and a command of trenchant satire; but Mr. Furniss is caricaturist and artist too—a brilliant black-and-white artist whose facility of hand is as remarkable as his alertness of mind, and whose power of selection of feature, line, and character is as individual and rare as his resourcefulness, rapidity of decision, and knowledge of effect.

* These have since been immortalised in stone on one of our English churches, wherein Mr. Gladstone is represented upsetting the Irish Church; and there is a curious version of them (*post hoc* or *propter hoc*?) in the stalls of Autwerp Cathedral.

It is Mr. Furniss who first gave to the world the picture of Parliamentary life at Westminster as it is—the first to show us our legislators as they are, and as they move about their respective Houses, stripped of the glamour of the debates in the columns of the morning papers by which, up to that time, they had been surrounded. Thus it was that Mr. Gladstone's collars grew; for the statesman sat habitually far down upon his seat, his chin buried in his chest, and the more his head sank with the weariness of the debate, the more the linen rose. Hence the idea, which became crystallised by the wide



SYLVIE AND DEAD HARE.

From Lewis Carroll's "Sylvie and Bruno."

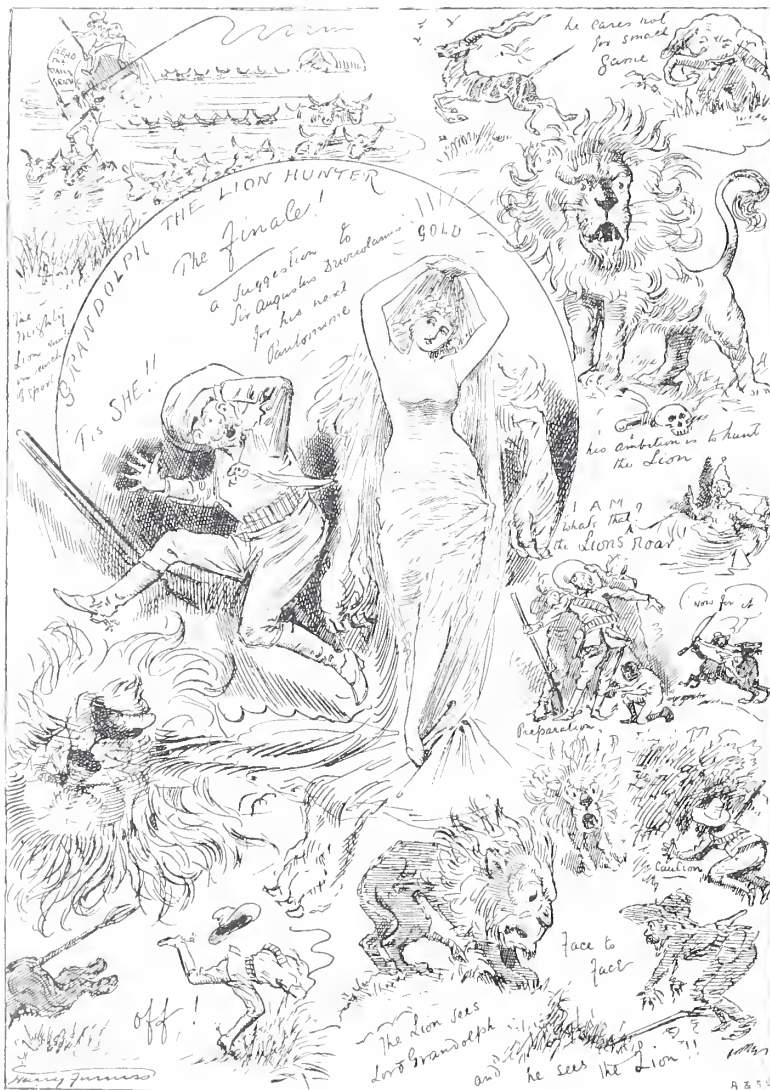
success of the series of drawings of "Mr. Gladstone's Cholera getting Up." The notion of giving the *vie intime* of the House was accepted as something new, and hailed by "Punch's" readers as an innovation that savoured of true history and of social pictorial reformation. Wives might sometimes object to too much truth in the representation of their lords; the law-makers themselves might mourn, and occasionally protest against the sacrifice of that heroic mood which in earlier days would have added so much grace and manly charm to face and figure; but, on the whole, the presence of Mr. Furniss was warmly welcomed in the Lobby, even when he begged Mr. A., M.P., to keep Mr. B., M.P., in conversation that he might sketch him unawares—and then caught Mr. A. as well. Such devices were necessary to the success of the caricaturist, who, if he be skilful as Mr. Furniss is, can sketch almost as well upon an unseen card in the side-pocket of his overcoat as on a sheet stretched carefully upon the drawing-board before him. It was in a kindred spirit that John Doyle

sketched all the chief politicians of his day, and preserved for us in his "HB Cartoons" a collection of valuable portraiture which, but for his magic pencil, we should now have been without. Photography has lightened the caricaturist's labour nowadays; but Mr. Furniss is certainly one of those least indebted to the sensitive plate.

It is, no doubt, as an ex-"Punch" artist that Mr. Furniss is best known to the public, in spite of all the work that he has executed outside its pages, whether as draughtsman, lecturer, or journalist; and it is doubtless through "Punch" that he has exercised his greatest social influence. Certainly, it may be said that there is hardly a side to his artistic personality which he has not at some time or other made known to "Punch"—the grace of Miss Parliamentina; the grotesque suggestion

of the Greek ideal, as in his "Meeting of the Gods" (see p. 319)—the Parliamentary gods; his extraordinary facility, as in "Grandolph ad Leones," and his bewildering ingenuity, as in his "Puzzle Heads." "Grandolph ad Leones" affords a typical example of his decision and rapidity of work. When Lord Randolph Churchill's hunting adventures in South Africa were entertaining London and drawing attention to the "Daily Graphic," which was employing him as Special Correspondent, Mr. Furniss, who was about to take train for town from some country station, read an account of the exploit in question in the morning paper, and telegraphed to his editor, Mr. Burnand: "See Churchill's lion hunt. *Times*. Splendid copy. Reply, — Junction." At half-past ten he found the answer from his chief awaiting him: "Good. Let engravers have it to-day." He made the drawing in the train, used the changing at the junctions to draw in the faces; and at the appointed time he placed the finished drawing in the hands of the engravers. The

"Puzzle Heads" were never so much appreciated as they should have been, for people thought them "ugly," and could not, perhaps, take in all the meaning of the allusions. Mr. Goschen's head here given is, perhaps, not quite the best example that might have been selected, but it will serve, and the references to his connection with the Admiralty, with Lord Salisbury, with Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt, as well as with the Exchequer, with the new coinage by Sir Edgar Boehm which he initiated, with Lord Hartington and the Unionists, and especially with the 2½ per cent. Consols ("Goschen's"), as well as the Budget-pin upon the money-bag, which serves as a cravat, and the ledgers for coat lapels and collars—together will be seen to make up a fair epitome of the right honourable gentleman's career. In addition to these, if ingenuity and rapidity are to be further exemplified, I would quote Mr. Furniss's popular annual feature in "Punch," "The Royal Academy Guy'd." Many a time during a long series of years have I seen the artist stand before the picture, and without any sort of preliminary sketch or pencil-



GRANDOLPH AD LEONES.

From "Punch." Drawn in a Railway Carriage against Time.

lines draw straight upon the paper with pen and ink the caricature aspect of the original work which was to appear in the following week's "Punch." As two or three pages full of such sketches would sometimes be published, and only one short spring day was allowed for their production, a fair idea may be formed by the reader of some of the qualities of the indefatigable draughtsman. To these achievements must be added his series of "Interiors and Exteriors," his "Japanneries" in the character of Lika Joko (studied with peculiar faithfulness and felicity, so that the Japanese character was admirably reproduced)—these, together with thousands of single-figure studies and numerous "social" pictures, give material for an estimate of the chief elements that made up his success in "Punch."

When the independence of his character caused him to throw up a connection with the paper which so many others have been proud to maintain, and striven to identify themselves with, he already had, while still a young man, an extraordinary record of work to look back to. He had illustrated books with striking success, although, I may here suggest, it is always with the pen or pencil rather than with the brush that he has shown the finer side of his talent. Between the illustration of James Payn's "Talk of the Town" (which was published in the "Cornhill Magazine") and the dainty and graceful pictures to Lewis Carroll's "Sylvie and Bruno" several volumes were embellished by his hand—"Romps," a child's book of infectious brightness; "Wanted—a King;" and the admirable series to Mr. Burnand's "Incomplete Angler," and to Gilbert & Beckett's "Comic Blackstone." All these things are well known to the reader who takes interest in the best examples of modern illustration; and rarely does the artist fail to fill his picture with character and spirit, with fun and kindness, with incisive satire, exuberant fancy and humour, vigorous, tender, or ingenious. Sometimes the attitudes may be a little strained and theatrical—there you find



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.
Extracted from the Diary of JODY, N.R.

From "Punch."

the caricaturist; sometimes we find him severe, there you have the reformer; but he is never vapid, and never makes you feel, as so many others do, that the drawing was done simply because a drawing had to be done. You know that the man is strong because his feelings are strong, and where he puts his foot down there he puts his hand down too; and his pencil is apt to become a scalpel and his pen a tomahawk. He has given good reason to many an adversary to think of him as Thackeray (in the character of "Policeman X") did of Jacob Omnium:—

"His name is Jacob Omnium, Esquire;
And if I'd committed crimes,
Good Lord! I wouldn't 'ave that man
Attack me in the Times!"

In 1887 London was startled by "Harry Furniss's Royal Academy—an Artistic Joke." I had seen these works before they were quite

completed, and to this day I am as surprised as I then was at the extraordinary power of parody and mimicry allied to real art which I recognised in this amazing collection. It must be remembered that Mr. Furniss had never received any artistic education: entirely self-taught, he discovered for himself the best means of expression with his pencil, not only aiming at reproducing in his own individual manner what he saw before him, choosing, realising, composing, as dictated by his own taste and his own individuality, but studying also the works of masters old and

swiftness of decision, dramatic power, and artistic ability, to say nothing of the component qualities of capacity for drawing likeness, of simple but original symbolism (old conventions are apt to be resented by the public), and other minor but not less necessary qualifications. One of these cartoons, social, not political, is before the reader in the reduction of an effective drawing from "Lika Joko," at a time of scandal when a certain life-boat crew refused to go to sea. The indignation of the well-drawn Neptune, the helpless and stupid cowardice of the animated life-boat (whose whiskers are composed of the wind-blown drippings from the bows of *The Never Rescue*), realise with dramatic skill the thoughts that were passing in the mind of the public.

The Royal Academy, and its refusal to acknowledge the claims of artists in water-colour and black-and-white, have always inspired Mr. Furniss to resentment with both pen and pencil. His share in "Pictures at Play, by Two Art Critics" (Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Humphry Ward), gave some hint of his views in 1888: by 1890, those opinions had risen to Hot Gospeller point, and "Royal Academy Antics" was the result—a furious onslaught on the Academy with pen and picture, with earnest assault and bitter jest, which the Academy wisely

ignored, in the knowledge that all such attacks in time lose their force and are duly forgotten.

But the name of Harry Furniss will in all probability remain most closely identified with the several sessions of Parliament through which he has served on behalf of "Punch," the "Daily News," and the "St. James's Gazette," some of the results of which have been republished in permanent form in "Life in Parliament" and particularly in "Pen and Pencil in Parliament"—a humorous record, truthful notwithstanding, which will probably give a better idea to future generations of our great legislative machine than all the debates and parliamentary sketches that ever were published. This is something to have done before the artist has reached middle age, and while, for all the work he has yet produced, he has probably a career before him in which he will outdo all his achievements of the past—when tempering age will soften the ardour of the combatant and let his art speak more clearly still.

NOTE.—We have to thank the proprietors of "Punch" for permission to use the reproductions of their illustrations.



LIFEBOAT AND NEPTUNE.

From "Lika Joko."

new—studying them with observation so as to tear out from them, so to speak, their artistic characteristics. A few attendances at the Royal Academy Exhibitions had revealed to him almost intuitively the essential manner and mannerisms of the more prominent painters of the day, and these were caricatured by him in a series of large monochrome drawings that bubbled over with fun, flavoured in some instances with just a *soupeçon* of malice. The exhibition drew the town, for the pictures showed not only an irresistible power of mimicry, but an instinctive insight that opened the public eye to truths not discernible before. In fact, Mr. Furniss became an incisive commentator on the art of to-day—a witty critic who chose to use the brush instead of the pen. The publication of a volume of photogravures of these pictures had a great vogue.

In his own papers, "Lika Joko," "The New Budget," and "Fair Game," Mr. Furniss has been enabled to display remarkable powers as a cartoonist, an employment that inevitably displays what a man has in him of political insight,

THE ART SALES OF 1898.

By W. ROBERTS.

ALTHOUGH no really great collection of pictures came under the hammer during the past year, the art-sale season was one of exceptional interest and full of surprises of various kinds. Very second-rate "galleries" realised unexpected totals, and individual prices were, in many instances, quite remarkable. The season may be said to have witnessed the triumph of modern art, both English and French; so much so, indeed, as to recall in a very vivid manner the days of such sales as those of Gillott, Baron Grant, Quilter, Bicknell, and Sam Mendel, when the modern school of painting was at its zenith. Is the fashion for Early English painters—such as Reynolds, Romney, Gainsborough, Hoppner—on the wane? The future is such an uncertain quantity in the matter of picture fancies, that few would care to prophesy; but the lessons of the past two or three seasons' sales would seem to indicate that, whilst the Early English school more than maintains its position with collectors, the Modern school has largely recovered some of the ground which it had for nearly a quarter of a century lost. As to this there are some few exceptions, but not so striking as to call for further mention. This advance in market value is especially the case with water-colour drawings, as was seen at the Grant Morris sale in April, when the drawings sold even better, comparatively speaking, than the pictures, and when Turner's "Malmesbury Abbey," 11 in. by 19 in., brought 780 guineas; three examples of Peter de Wint, a total of 1,650 guineas; the tiny drawing by Sir John Millais of "Isambard at the Ford," 5½ in. by 7 in., brought 280 guineas: in 1877 it only fetched 95 guineas. Although some of the other drawings in this sale sold for much less than the amounts originally paid for them, the prices were considerably higher than they would have realised, say, ten years ago.

There is—with the growing prosperity of this country, and the rapid accumulation of wealth—a great increase in the number of picture collectors, so that there is room for both the old and the modern schools of painting, whilst the "pedigree" examples of the ancient masters will always command ready purchasers whenever they occur for sale. The taste for Old Masters is largely an acquired one: it certainly only comes by experience, and may be styled the "disease" of the collector's ripe manhood; whilst modern pictures may be said to be the "measles" of the new collector and the *nouveau riche*.

Since the Dudley sale of 1892 no really choice collection of Old Masters has come under the hammer in this country, and the prices paid for the few isolated examples which have been offered for sale would seem to indicate that the taste for this class of composition is not what it once was. This is, perhaps, inconclusive evidence as to a decline in taste, for an indifferent specimen gains as largely by being sold in such a collection as the Dudley, as it loses by being sandwiched between a medley of the old and the new. Very few of the Old Masters have, during 1898, reached four figures. The most important of all was the splendid Rembrandt portrait of Nicholas Ruts, which, in the Ruston sale, brought 5,000 guineas, or 300 guineas more than were realised at the Adrian Hope sale four years before. A Rubens, "Repose of the Holy Family," on June 25th, sold for 1,300 guineas. Sir John Millais's poetical example of Vandyck, "Time clipping the Wings of Love," sold for 840 guineas, or nearly four times the price at which it was acquired at the Blenheim sale in 1886; but the fact that it was a great favourite of the late P.R.A., and that it was accompanied by a sort of written guarantee from his hand, gave it an interest and importance which it might not otherwise have had. The Ruston sale included an example of Vandyck, also from the Blenheim collection, a "Virgin and Child," which sold for 1,000 guineas, or just double the amount it fetched in 1886. There were also two Vandycks in the highly interesting series of family portraits from Bilton Hall (sold June 25th), formerly the residence of Joseph Addison and his wife, the Countess of Warwick—these portraits are said to have been brought to Bilton Hall from Holland House—and these were whole-lengths of Prince Rupert and Prince Maurice his younger brother, and they realised 720 guineas and 580 guineas respectively.

A brilliant and beautiful work of Canaletto, a view on the river at Verona, with the bridge and boats, sold on March 12th for 800 guineas; the well-known Teniers, a "View of the Artist's Chateau," described in Smith's "Catalogue," No. 526, brought 650 guineas on June 25th; the "Birds' Concert," of Hondcoeter, dated 1670, exhibited at Burlington House in 1888, realised 360 guineas. The Bilton Hall portraits included an example of Sir Balthazar Gerbier, a whole-length of George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham, 200 guineas; and a portrait of Sir W. (afterwards Baron) Crofts, which realised 400 guineas. The

only picture in the Heckscher sale was an example of J. M. Nattier, a three-quarter portrait of the Duchesse de Rohan, which realised 1,100 guineas, and was purchased by a Vienna dealer; a pair of companion portraits of P. Moreelse occurred in the Ruston sale, Dirck Allwyn and

John Parker when a boy, sold for 300 guineas on June 25th. The only interesting example of Sir Joshua Reynolds was a portrait of Captain Toning, R.N., signed, and dated 1758, which brought 480 guineas—a long price for an early work of this artist of a “mere man.” Even Hoppner and George Morland make a better show than Reynolds—the former with his portrait of Mrs. Inchbald, exhibited at Burlington House in 1879 by Major Corbett, 1,000 guineas (June 25th); and the latter with his “Evening, or the Post Boy’s Return,” the picture engraved by D. Orme, which at the Rankin sale produced 1,250 guineas (its price in 1888 was 710 guineas); whilst another example of the same artist, “The Horse Feeder,” produced 400 guineas at the same sale—its price nineteen years ago being 160 guineas. Gainsborough makes a fairly good show, but his “Lady Clarges” in the Ruston sale in realising 1,850 guineas shows a slight decline on the amount paid for it in the Price sale of 1895. The same artist’s renowned *chef-d’œuvre*, “Respose,” presented by the painter to his daughter as a marriage gift, sold on May 7th for 900 guineas, which is a serious “drop” on the 1,400 guineas paid for it at the Price sale in 1895. The late Col. W. Pinney’s pictures, sold by Messrs. Arber, Rutter, and Waghorn at Mount Street, Berkeley Square, on July 21st, included some good Gainsboroughs—notably, a landscape with figures on the bank of a river, 1,120 guineas; and two portraits, one of a young girl in white dress with blue sash, 1,300 guineas; whilst the companion portrait of a boy in a



LADY CLARGES.

From the Painting by Thomas Gainsborough. Sold for £1,942.

his wife, three-quarter lengths, which together brought 1,340 guineas; whilst the Novar-Dudley Pietà of Andrea del Sarto brought 680 guineas in the same sale, twenty years ago it changed hands at 1,700 guineas.

This year, and for the fourth consecutive season, Romney maintains the lead of the Early English school, so far as price is concerned. On June 25th two important works were submitted—a whole-length of the Marchioness of Townshend, 5,200 guineas, and a three-quarter length of Susan Jouenne, 3,000 guineas; the latter was exhibited at the British Institution in 1866 by Viscount Hood. On May 7th, a three-quarter portrait, damaged by damp, of Mrs. Cronch, in white dress, seated, in a landscape, engraved by Bartolozzi in stipple, sold for 1,300 guineas; another portrait by the same master, Lt.-Col.

brown coat only fetched 225 guineas. Mention may be made here of a portrait by an artist whose works rarely occur in the sale room, William Owen, R.A.; the portrait in question was of a young girl in yellow dress and straw hat, sitting by a stream. At Sir William Baynes’s sale on February 19th, this pleasing picture brought 340 guineas—at the sale of the Hope Collection in 1816 it realised 40 guineas only.

The moment we come to review the works of modern artists sold during the past year, the survey at once includes a very wide area. We do not propose to enter into an exhaustive account of the many pictures which came under the hammer. The one feature which quite eclipses all others of the year, and is, indeed, perhaps unique of its somewhat limited kind in the annals of art-sales, was the dispersal of the remaining works of the

late Sir Edward Burne-Jones. The artist had only been dead a few weeks when the sale took place, so that the affair possessed not a little of the halo which surrounds the personality of a truly great artist. Prices were altogether extra-

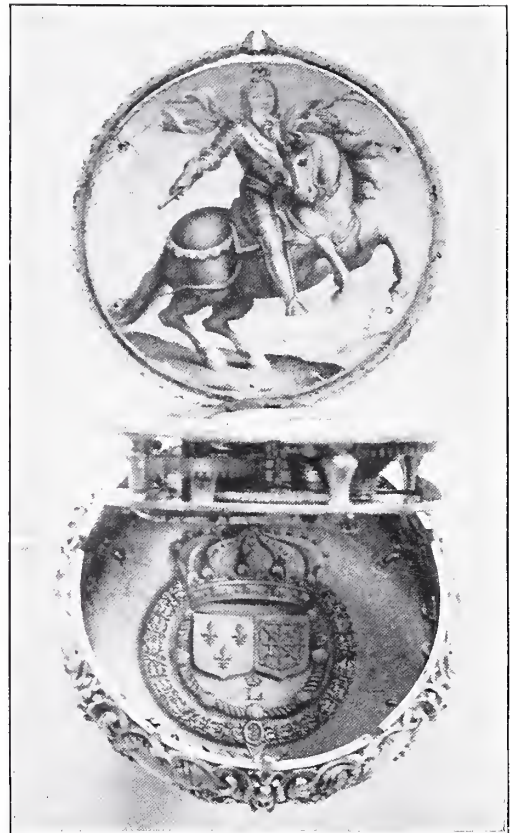


LOUIS XIV'S WATCH (OUTER CASE).

ordinary, and the competition of an eagerness quite out of the common. The first day's sale of ninety lots, mostly mere studies or tentative designs, brought the amazing total of £23,860. The most important lot of all, "Love and the Pilgrim," painted in 1896-7, with the inscription "Dedicated to his friend A. C. Swinburne," and measuring 60 in. by 120 in., brought 5,500 guineas. A pastel drawing of "The Dream of Lancelot at the Ruined Chapel," 39 in. by 48 in., brought 680 guineas; and a pastel design for tapestry at Stammer Hall, "The Departure of the Knights in Quest of the Holy Grail," 30 in. by 54 in., sold for 610 guineas. Indeed, the whole sale was characterised by the almost wild enthusiasm of everyone to possess a memento of the deceased artist; whether these extraordinary prices will continue to be maintained time only will show. In addition to the sale of the "remaining works," several other important examples of this master's occurred during the season—notably, "The Mirror of Venus," 1875, which brought 5,450 guineas at the Ruston sale (see *MAGAZINE OF ART*, 1893 4, and July, 1898); the same sale also included the "Chant d'Amour," 3,200 guineas; and a pair of drawings, "Dawn" and "Night," 1,000 guineas. The series of four pictures representing the story of Pygmalion may be mentioned as one of the first instances in which an important work of this artist experienced a sharp fall, inasmuch as the price at which the series was knocked on July 2nd, viz. 2,800 guineas, is just 700 guineas

less than that paid at the Craven sale in 1895. A few important works by a brother Pre-Raphaelite, D. G. Rossetti, also occurred during the season; the three in the Ruston sale were "Veronica Veronese," 1,550 guineas; "Dante at the Bier of Beatrice," 3,000 guineas; and "La Ghirlandata," 3,000 guineas—at the Graham sale in 1886 the two last each realised 1,000 guineas.

There were five examples of Sir John Millais in the Renton sale on April 30th, and of these, three were at the Millais Exhibition at Burlington House last spring, and are fully described in Mr. Spielmann's monograph on the late artist's work—"The Order of Release," 5,000 guineas (it was acquired in 1879 for 2,700 guineas); "The Black Brunswicker," 2,650 guineas (its price in 1862 was 780 guineas); and "Urquhart Castle on Loch Ness," 650 guineas. The other two were "Yes," well known through the engraving by Cousins, 1,000 guineas; and "Afternoon Tea," which has been etched by Laguillermie,



LOUIS XIV'S WATCH (OPEN).
Sold for £1,120.

1,300 guineas. The Millais sale of last year included the frequently-exhibited work, "The Ruling Passion, or the Ornithologist," 850 guineas—this was bought in at the 1897 sale for 1,700 guineas.

Of other deceased artists whose works have

come under the hammer during the past year, we can only find space for a brief, but representative, selection. At the Rankin sale a French coast scene, by R. P. Bonington, brought 1,000 guineas, or 30 guineas more than it realised in 1890; a view of a castle and harvest-fields, by P. de Wint, sold on February 26th for 440 guineas; a view on the Thames above Henley, 1884, by Vicat Cole, realised 700 guineas; and Constable's View on



LOUIS SEIZE CASKET.

Sold for £796.

the Stour: the landscape of the young Waltonians, sold on February 5th for 400 guineas. The examples of eminent living painters that came under the hammer were very numerous, and included many of importance. The President of the Royal Academy came out of the ordeal exceedingly well, for two of his works at the Renton sale—"A Corner in the Villa" and "A Corner in the Market-Place," respectively sold for 880 guineas and 800 guineas: Mr. Alma-Tadema's "The Roman Flower Market," painted in 1868, brought 880 guineas at the Grant Morris sale; at the Amsden sale Mr. Peter Graham's "Rocks on the Coast," dated 1891, brought 820 guineas; and Mr. J. C. Hook's "Little to Earn and Many to Keep," for the Royal Academy of 1879, realised 550 guineas.

A few, and only a few, of the great artists of the modern Continental schools need detain us. At the head of all comes the exceedingly interesting example of Meissonnier—Gemito, the Neapolitan sculptor, giving the last touches to his

statuette of Meissonnier, presented by the artist to the sculptor, and engraved in Gréard's "Life of Meissonnier:" this brilliant and exquisite little work sold on May 14th for 2,500 guineas. Corot's "La Chevière," signed, sold on July 2nd for 1,600 guineas; whilst a few of the other best prices and pictures were the following:—Josef Israels, "An Anxious Family," 950 guineas (it cost about 500 guineas); Troyon, "The Gathering Storm," 1,050 guineas; J. Maris, "Seaweed Gatherers," 880 guineas; and L. Knaus, "The Cup of Coffee," 1,050 guineas—these four were in the Grant Morris collection; and E. van Marcke, two cows in a pool and another among reeds, at the Amsden sale, April 2nd, brought 1,260 guineas.

Highly sensational prices continue to be paid for engravings; and in this respect the works after pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds easily maintain the lead. On March 1st and on June 27th, two fine impressions of Dickinson's engraving of "Mrs. Pelham feeding Chickens" sold for 420 guineas and 425 guineas respectively; whilst at Messrs. Sotheby's, on February 22nd, a proof of Valentine Green's engraving of "The Ladies Waldegrave," with part of the inscription cut, fetched as much as 330 guineas. The nearest to these extraordinary prices—far more than the artist received for the original work—was obtained for a brilliant impression of an open letter proof of Ward's engraving of Hoppner's celebrated picture of the "Daughter of Sir Thomas Frankland," which brought, also at Sotheby's, £380—six years ago a similar example realised the then record price of £200. A complete set of the "Cries of London" (13), after Wheatley, was sold at Sotheby's for £300; J. R. Smith's rendering of Romney's group of the "Countess Gower and Family," first state, realised 260 guineas; whilst the same engraver's rendering of Romney's famous portrait of "Mrs. Carwardine and Child," brought £116 at Sotheby's on May 2nd. Keating's engraving of George Morland's "Nurse and Child in the Fields," in colours, realised 160 guineas; and W. Ward's engraving of Wheatley's "The Deserter," in colours, 100 guineas—both were sold at Sotheby's. The same firm also sold, on April 16th, a fine proof of T. Watson's engraving of D. Gardner's "Lady Rushout and Children" for £81.

Of sales of what are broadly described as "objects of art," that of the renowned collection, chiefly of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, formed by the late Martin Heckscher of Vienna, and recently exhibited at the Kunst-Gewerbe Museum, Berlin, completely eclipses all others. The three days' sale of 324 lots amounted to £64,705 10s., or an average of £200; probably the most remarkable average ever obtained by one collection, and certainly so



THE COTTAGE DOOR.

THE WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY MRS. ALLINGHAM, R.V.S.

far as regards sales in this country. Mr. Heckscher, who died in Paris in the spring of 1897 at the comparatively early age of fifty-eight, was born and partly educated in London, and may be described as one of the few men who, in spite of his business avocations, possessed in the very highest degree an artistic instinct at once rare and almost infallible. Columns would not exhaust the interest of his remarkable collection, but considerations of space will not admit of more than a brief list of a few of the most striking articles. The most noteworthy of all the beautiful gold snuff-boxes was an oval one of the Louis XV period, $3\frac{1}{4}$ in. long by $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. high, enamelled *en plein* with four subjects of ladies and children, after the Lancrets in the National Gallery (not, as the catalogue stated, after Fragonard): this fetched the record price of £3,350—it cost the late owner £1,500; the watch of Louis XIV when Dauphin of France, £1,120; a Nautilus cup and cover, with silver partly gilt mount, $16\frac{1}{4}$ in. high. Um work of the seventeenth century, 800 guineas; a Limoges enamel oval dish, signed with the initials of Martial Raymond, and of the sixteenth century, £1,150; a miniature portrait of the Countess of Jersey, by J. Smart, dated 1784, £270; a reliquary, in the form of an arm, of enamelled silver-gilt and rock crystal, Spanish work of the fourteenth century, 19 in. high, from

the convent of Medina del Campo, £1,850—at the sale of the Spitzer collection this article realised £1,600; and a circular plaque of *verre eglomisé* in rock crystal and silver-gilt frame, $7\frac{1}{2}$ in. diam., Italian work of the middle of the sixteenth century, £700.

There were a few very choice objects of art, chiefly of the sixteenth century, in the small collection of the late T. M. Whitehead. The old Italian and French bronzes were especially noteworthy, an equestrian statue in bronze by Bernini, 3 ft. high, realising £660. Some rare old French *bombonnières*, *étuis*, caskets, and miniatures, the property of the late Mrs. C. L. Clarke and the Hon. W. F. B. Massey-Mainwaring, M.P., were sold by Messrs. Robinson and Fisher in June, but of these we have only room to mention a very fine Louis Seize square gold casket, beautifully painted with various subjects, $3\frac{3}{4}$ in. by $3\frac{3}{4}$ in., 730 guineas; and a circular miniature by Van Blarenberg, representing a marriage fête, 3 in. in diameter, 300 guineas. Finally, the Morrison collection of gems and antiquities calls for mention, but of the many highly interesting lots the chief attraction was the celebrated signet, known as that of Asander, King of the Bosphorus, set with an intaglio by Apollonius. This exceedingly important and unique jewel was found at Kertch, and it now realised £160.

THE WORK OF MRS. ALLINGHAM.

BY ALFRED LYS BALDRY



ANY definition of the position to which women artists as a class are entitled in the records of the art world is difficult enough to formulate; and the fixing of the points of difference between the methods of the masculine and feminine

followers of the painter's profession is plainly futile. But there is always a delight in recognising in clever art work the characteristics of the woman's hand. However hard she may strive to bring her productions exactly into line with those for which the men of her time are responsible, and however great may be her success in mastering the intricacies and difficulties of the craft which they all follow, she will always betray, or declare, the secret of her sex by unconscious little touches of manner and by significant revelations of her sympathies. Her nature affects both her choice

of subject and her manner of working; and when she has acquired so great a grasp of technicalities as to need no screen against attack on the score of weakness of performance, she will still show in her art an intention sufficiently marked to leave no doubt concerning the trend of her convictions. Some women artists affect the methods and point of view of men; others, with more wisdom, recognise their own individuality and turn them sincerely to account.

In the case of Mrs. Allingham, the keynote of her effort is a plain preference for the feminine point of view, a definite desire to use the special line of thought which is natural to her sex; and she has had the admirable discretion to make her beliefs quite convincing to the general public. None of the salient features of her work are lost by any inability on her part to express what she thinks and feels. She can choose a worthy subject and paint it skilfully; she has an agreeable colour sense; and



MRS. ALLINGHAM R.W.S.

From the Water-Colour Drawing by Herself.

her love of Nature is not a mere theory, but an engrossing and absorbing preoccupation by which her whole life is controlled. The training to which she has subjected herself has been consistent and completely logical, so that the results that have come from it are thoroughly explicit as statements of a real belief, and they give no hint of hesitation as to the means by which her ideas can best be conveyed to other people.

Throughout her life she has been fortunate in the influences by which her mind has been formed and her artistic aspirations guided along the right path. It is interesting to note that so much of her æstheticism as she owes to inheritance comes to her from the feminine members of her family. When, in her early childhood, she first began to show the bent of her mind, and to occupy herself with those tentative efforts which are the delight of children who

possess the artistic temperament, it was always the work of her maternal grandmother that was held up as the model for imitation. This lady had been a woman of exceptional gifts, who had trained herself assiduously in art—not with the idea of following it as a profession, but rather to qualify herself more completely for her actual vocation, which was that of head of a large school in which drawing was treated as a subject of considerable importance. Her productions had sound qualities which quite justified the estimation in which they were held by the members of her own family; and they had a good effect upon the young beginner by helping to direct her taste in the right way.

The first systematic education in art which Mrs. Allingham received was obtained at Birmingham, where her people went to live after the death of Dr. Paterson, her father. She became a student at the Government School in that town, under Mr. Raimbach, a master of unusual intelligence; and during a five years' course of study, from 1862 to 1867, she distinguished herself by gaining several medals and other awards. In 1867 she came to live in London, joining the Female School of Art and passing later on into the Royal Academy schools. This move brought her under the care of her aunt, Miss Laura Herford, who was a conspicuous personality in the



THOMAS CARLYLE.

From the Water-Colour Drawing by Mrs. Allingham, R.W.S. Hitherto Unpublished.



CONFIDENCES.

From the Water-Colour Drawing by Mrs. Allingham, R.W.S.

art world, and played a part in the making of artistic history. To Miss Herford belongs the credit of having first made possible the introduction of women students into the Royal Academy schools. At the beginning of the 'sixties she was working at Heatherley's school in Newman Street; and, being possessed of an ambition to share the advantages which the Academy offered to male students, she set herself to find out a way of realising it. Among her friends she numbered Sir Charles Eastlake, who was then President, and some other members of the Academy, and in conversation with them she discovered that the rules of that body did not explicitly state that the schools were reserved for men only, apparently because the possibility of a woman qualifying for a probationership had not been contemplated. This discovery sufficed to suggest to her a way of breaking through an unwritten convention, and so, by way of testing the consistency of the Academy, she sent up for approval a drawing signed simply "A. L. Herford." In due course she received a letter, addressed to "L. Herford, Esq.," to announce that her work was up to the required standard, and that the doors of the schools were open to her. But when she appeared there to claim admission the Council found itself somewhat in a quandary. Such a thing had never happened before, and to upset in a moment what had been long considered an immutable condition of affairs was contrary to all the Academic traditions. So the matter was very seriously debated, and the advice of Lord Lyndhurst, as a high legal authority, was taken; but finally, as no sufficient reason could be advanced for excluding women students, and as Sir Charles Eastlake himself vigorously supported the innovation, Miss Herford was allowed to have her own way and triumphantly entered on her probationership, a champion of the right of

women to share the educational advantages which in the Academy schools had so long been the exclusive privilege of men. In the following year three more female students were admitted, and thenceforward there was no lack of successful applicants of the gentler sex.

Under the guidance of this strong and capable personality, Miss Paterson, to give Mrs. Allingham her maiden name, soon began to make her mark. Before leaving Birmingham, her first exhibited work, a water-colour drawing of a "Ruined Window in Kenilworth Castle," had appeared in the galleries of the Royal Birmingham Society of Artists, and from that time onwards she was a fairly regular contributor to the Academy and other exhibitions. But her great desire at first was to make for herself a position as an illustrator, and so to secure that regular income which is not often within the reach of the young artist who aspires to be simply a painter of pictures. With this idea she made a vigorous assault on all the publishers and wood-engravers to whom she could gain access; and finally, after indefatigable journeyings from office to office, she had



From an Early Illustration by Mrs. Allingham, published in "The Quiver."

the pleasure of seeing one of her drawings engraved by Swain for "Once a Week." This gave her the opportunity she desired to prove to other business men that her work lent itself well to reproduction, and so ably did she turn her chances to account that before long she found herself in general request, and with many commissions for illustrations constantly available. One of the earliest of her undertakings was to execute a series of drawings for some children's books published by Messrs. Cassell; and then followed regular work for "Once a Week," "Aunt Judy's Magazine," and other periodicals.

In 1869 "The Graphic" was started, and by that time Miss Paterson's reputation was so well established that she was chosen as one of

the members of the staff, and entrusted with many of the more important illustrations that appeared in the paper during its earlier years. She produced, for instance, all the drawings for Mrs. Oliphant's serial story, "Innocent," and she was associated with the other artists on the

of "Fraser's Magazine," and famous as a writer and poet with exquisite gifts of imagination and expression. This marriage released her from the constant labour at drawing for reproduction, and gave her that opportunity of expansion as a worker in colour for which she had been

waiting. Even during her busiest occupation as an illustrator she had found time to paint many charming Nature studies, and to give unquestionable evidence of those gifts as a picture painter by the exercise of which she has since made for herself an enviable place among her contemporaries. She had already decided that water-colour should be the medium in which she would express her observations; for while she was a student at the Academy she had made, on the advice of Lord (then Mr.) Leighton, a sincere effort to acquire a command of oils, but had abandoned this form of practice after a couple of years' experiment. The more delicate technical method seemed to lend itself better to the treatment of those subjects which she preferred, and to assort more completely with the type of art with which it was her intention to deal; so to the manner of working which was really in accordance with her tastes she settled down then, and has made no departure from it since. That her ability as a painter was ungrudgingly recognised was proved by her election, in 1875, as an Associate of the Royal Water-Colour Society, and some few years later by her promotion to full membership. With only one break, she has contributed to every one of the Society's exhibitions held since the date of her election.



THROUGH THE WOOD.

From the Water-Colour Drawing by Mrs. Allingham, R.W.S.

staff in similar work in connection with several of the other serials that were used between 1870 and 1874. In this latter year she realised another of her earlier ambitions, for she was asked by the editor of "Cornhill" to illustrate Mr. Thomas Hardy's story, "Far from the Madding Crowd," and Mrs. Ritchie's "Miss Angel," which was published in the same magazine a little later on; and she gained in this way a place in the list of noted artists who have made the record of that periodical so remarkable in the art history of this century.

The year 1874 was in another way one of the most memorable in her life, for it witnessed her marriage to William Allingham, the editor

of "Fraser's Magazine," and famous as a writer and poet with exquisite gifts of imagination and expression. This marriage released her from the constant labour at drawing for reproduction, and gave her that opportunity of expansion as a worker in colour for which she had been waiting. Even during her busiest occupation as an illustrator she had found time to paint many charming Nature studies, and to give unquestionable evidence of those gifts as a picture painter by the exercise of which she has since made for herself an enviable place among her contemporaries. She had already decided that water-colour should be the medium in which she would express her observations; for while she was a student at the Academy she had made, on the advice of Lord (then Mr.) Leighton, a sincere effort to acquire a command of oils, but had abandoned this form of practice after a couple of years' experiment. The more delicate technical method seemed to lend itself better to the treatment of those subjects which she preferred, and to assort more completely with the type of art with which it was her intention to deal; so to the manner of working which was really in accordance with her tastes she settled down then, and has made no departure from it since. That her ability as a painter was ungrudgingly recognised was proved by her election, in 1875, as an Associate of the Royal Water-Colour Society, and some few years later by her promotion to full membership. With only one break, she has contributed to every one of the Society's exhibitions held since the date of her election.

For the first seven years of her married life she lived and worked in Chelsea. Her habit then was to make frequent excursions into the country, and to execute there careful studies of those subjects and details which seemed most likely to suit her artistic purposes. These studies were then combined and adapted indoors, and used to guide her in the evolution of a picture from the material collected. But at the end of the seven years she abandoned London for the rural surroundings of Witley, near Godalming, where she found a wealth of subject matter of the most fascinating type, and was able to revel in the delights of uninterrupted work in the open air. This change

of abode led to a definite alteration in her manner of painting. The fields and quiet lanes became her studio, and she quickly accustomed herself to complete out of doors those details which before had been handled at home. Each picture was commenced and carried through face to face with Nature, without any modifications to fit

advice from a man for whom she had a profound respect. But her worship of Walker's work has led her to look at Nature with much of his sensitiveness and refinement, and to seek for forms of expression which, though sincerely personal and appropriate to her own nature, are yet in many ways akin to those by which



A COTTAGE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

From the Water-Colour Drawing by Mrs. Allingham, R.W.S.

them to hard and fast rules of style, and without any regard for accepted traditions of practice. The only outside influence that is to be perceived in Mrs. Allingham's drawings is that of Fred Walker, and even this appears less in the shape of imitation than sympathy. It is an influence that dates, indeed, from her student days, and reflects the admiration which, for a great part of her life, she has felt for the artist who was practically leader of the school of which she is so plainly to be reckoned as a member. Of actual teaching from Walker she had practically none; it was at least limited to the brief period during which he was visiting in the Academy Schools, when Mrs. Allingham, though then busy with her own professional engagements, became for the moment a student again, so as to have the benefit of

he was distinguished. His almost feminine delicacy of instinct gratifies her taste, and on this ground they meet.

To her discretion is certainly due much of the good fortune which has attended Mrs. Allingham all through her career. Wherever she has gone in search of her material she has always avoided the mistake of attacking problems too vast to be undertaken with the means at her disposal; and she has directed her effort so as to give it the fullest scope without waste of strength. For this reason her record is one of steady and solid achievement, of sane and healthy progress that has gone on step by step until now it is rounded off by genuine success—a record all the more commendable because it is so definitely uncommon.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM INQUIRY: A STRANGE DEFENCE EXAMINED.



WE are satisfied that in referring to the latest performance of South Kensington as gravely unworthy, we are not overstating the facts. A "Minute" has been issued by the Lords of Committee of the Privy Council on Education, in furious retort to the denunciatory Report of the House of Commons Committee of Inquiry. But, "my Lords" were themselves on their trial, along with their Department, and we have the curious spectacle of the prisoner at the bar, who has been tried, convicted, and condemned, coolly examining the summing-up and sentence, and rejecting both. The chiefs congratulate themselves on their impeccability, and seek to compromise the public in the little deception. It must be remembered that the two Parliamentary chiefs were convicted of neglect, in not attending board-meetings as their predecessors had done; and that Sir John Gorst—who had actually accepted the Chairmanship of the Committee of Inquiry into the conduct of his Department, formally, of himself—had been forced to resign that position by the votes of his colleagues reflecting on his conduct of the Inquiry.

The Minute is a desperate challenge, not merely a defence; it asserts that "the fullest confidence is retained by my Lords in Sir John Donnelly and his colleagues," and is about as dishonest and "bluffing" a document as ever issued from a clever official Department in direst need of whitewash. It is not wholly bad, for some of Sir John Donnelly's comments on the Report provide supplementary information that is not without its value, and one or two slips of the Committee are pounced upon and made much of. Yet, we now more completely understand Mr. Weale's declaration to the "Times," to the effect that "I have long ceased to be surprised at anything Sir John Donnelly [in his official capacity] says or does." We have not space here to analyse the Report in full, but the examination of a few misstatements and half-admissions will be sufficient to stamp this Minute with its proper character in the eyes of every reader.

To the complaint that the only general guide-book to the Museum is the family speculation of certain privileged employés, the Secretary can only reply that "it is difficult to see how this commercial undertaking could be withdrawn." In respect to the extraordinary effecteness of many of the labels drawn up by the Museum—

an amusing example of which was quoted by Lord Balcarras—Sir John, after hopelessly admitting that such errors "might reasonably be expected," rebukes the Assistant Director for his evidence on this point, which, he says, was "unduly severe." In face of this statement it becomes clearer—especially in the light of Mr. Weale's experience—how any criticism or confession by Museum officials is discomfited. This, it will strike the casual reader, is perhaps the reason why on several occasions Sir John is enabled to reply to some of the findings, that he knows of no evidence on this or that point. Then follows a long justification of the form which the accounts were kept and the estimate adhered to, which may, or may not, justify the writer in traversing the conclusion of the Report that "reprehensible laxity" exists in the financial section. A paragraph (32) is devoted to disproving, apparently, the statement that the vote for the "Historical Collection of Oil and Water Colours" is sometimes overspent, and sometimes confused with and concealed in other expenditure. No one, however, who recollects the much discussed circumstances attending the acquisition of the Burne-Jones drawing for some £800 (about £100 more than the total grant) will think of giving up the former contention. The Secretary proceeds to assert, in respect to his relation to purchases, that he "has never supposed that he had any 'control as regards the authenticity and artistic merit of the objects offered to the Museum.'" But how this statement is to be reconciled with the description of his duties, and with the well-known fact that he sometimes visits auction exhibitions with a view to consultation as to acquisition, and, furthermore, possesses arbitrary power of forwarding or stopping the Art Director's recommendations to purchase, we do not clearly understand. Perhaps the secret may be that though he "has never supposed" he had the control, he does not deny he may have used it. Next, we are told that "it is incorrect to say that 'no object of importance can be bought without the sanction of the Director for Art.'" Does this actually mean that purchases can, and have been, made without his sanction, or in defiance of his protest—as they have admittedly been made in the Art Library, in spite of the Keeper's express dissent?

Sir John Donnelly then denies interference with the staff (42), but at once admits exceptions which (if the reader is wide awake) will be

seen to vitiate the contradiction. It was these "exceptions," of course, which gave rise to the Committee's remarks. The "oviform vase" which, it will be remembered, was acquired at the Hamilton sale for a fantastic sum, when two examples already existed in the Museum, was bought, we are told, "because it was of a very much higher quality." The authority for this statement is not given; but we have the direct evidence of one of the first experts in the country that this vase is, relative speaking, rubbish. The mistake of labelling a modern Cingalese chair as "Cardinal Wolsey's" is admitted, and excused, under the heading of "Alleged Unsatisfactory Purchases;" and we are staggered at being told that, with regard to the Hamilton Palace Vernis-Martin Cabinet, for which some £800 were paid, the Museum knew all the while that it was made-up! If this be really so—and we refuse in face of all known facts and of the evidence to believe it—why was it labelled as a genuine piece, and the label only altered to admit the sophistication two or three years ago? The extraordinary audacity of such defence will impose on no one who knows the facts. Sir John Donnelly further tells us, with regard to the "Hillingford Armour" discussion, reprobed in the Report, "my evidence was not volunteered." As the question was asked at the opening of the inquiry, by Mr. Bartley, M.P., an ex-official of South Kensington, and son-in-law of Sir Henry Cole, who is known to have borne Sir J. C. Robinson no love, and Sir John was already fully provided with all the documents and all the allegations and facts, we do not think he was taken much by surprise when invited to make that discredited onslaught on Sir J. C. Robinson that eventually occupied so much time. We are glad to observe from Paragraph 60 that the Secretary has at last determined in whose hands is the control of the Raphael Cartoons—a problem which the Museum officials actually could not solve between them before the Committee.

In respect to the Art Library, the Secretary now states that the Inventory Catalogue is "kept for official reference only." This is correct—and in direct contradiction to the statement he made in his recent letter to the "Times." But, contrary to the suggestion, even that inventory is not in any sense complete. Into his long and bitter attack upon Mr. Weale we need not go: much of it may be explained by Mr. Weale's damning letter in the "Times," which, published a few months ago, shed a lurid light on South Kensington ways. Sir John having to admit the famous binding up of newspaper advertisements in half-morocco gilt, now takes the unexpected course of glorying in it; but he lands

himself in a dilemma, as he cannot attempt to justify or explain their subsequent destruction. He also asserts that Mr. Weale's "statement as to the want of knowledge of German among the officials of the Library is incorrect." This is characteristically unfair, for we are informed that *the statement was perfectly correct when it was made*. Then comes a justification of the purchase of the "Old London drawings" against Mr. Weale's will, because officials other than the one mainly responsible approved of them. But this does not explain why, when purchased on such recommendation, the unnecessary drawings were then not left in the Library for which they were purchased.

In dealing with the now notorious "Catalogue of National Engraved Portraits," the defence of Mr. Marshall and Sir John Donnelly is not less characteristic. "Some of what Mr. Spielmann called mistakes were found to be errors on his own part." This we deny absolutely; when pointing out the numerous blunders he, or the compositor, made a slip—Sir Joshua Reynolds' Christian name was misprinted "John," and on this Sir John Donnelly is not too proud to ride off. Mr. Marshall, the compiler, claims indulgence for failing "to correct a few" (there are, we assert, scores and scores) "among some thousands of such errors"—(to which statements, doubtless, Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode would have something to say: "some thousands" of misprints in 500 pages of text!)—but we do not see why indulgence should be accorded for failure to do work which the author was well paid for the doing; for, it must be explained, he was paid not only for the work itself, but a further sum also for proof-correcting. And to think that this Catalogue, swarming with errors, costs 5s. a volume, and is even then being sold at a loss of at least 15s. a copy on the lowest (very doubtful) official estimate!

On the grave report by the Committee that important documents, not forthcoming when called for, have been destroyed, Sir John boldly refers to the charge as "alleged destruction." It need scarcely be said that the Committee's statement was based upon their own experience, and upon the evidence.

The Minute rejects the Committee's proposal to bring the Dyce and Forster Library books to the Art Library, as not being "in accordance with the spirit of the trust." Then what, we may well ask, is the meaning of the admission that it has already previously been tried and was not found convenient and economical? Here we have another example of the looseness alike in the management and the defence.

An admission that a picture on loan had been "ripped through carelessness" is followed

by the quiet sentiment that, on its being relined, the picture "was in no way the worse." This view, we suspect, will hardly recommend itself to owners who may in the future be asked to lend their pictures to such custodians.

As to the great fire of 1885, which destroyed so many drawings of the Ajantâ Cave paintings, Sir John has the airy courage to say that "they were of little, if any, value and could not be exhibited." The fact is, they cost thousands of pounds, and are now (as it was known they would soon become) irreplaceable. There is a show of shifting the responsibility for the fire; the fact remains, however, that it was a South Kensington official whose duty it was to secure the objects against fire.

As to Sir John's denials in respect to the Edinburgh Museum, our private information contradicts it point blank on certain points. Thus, he replies: "There are no ethnographic photographs of naked Tasmanians"—to the prominent exhibition of which the Committee objected. Will it be believed that this is the merest quibble? The fact is, that there *are* such photographs of naked savages, who, however, belong to another tribe.

Again, we are told, in regard to purchases for Edinburgh, that in very few cases they are sent to London at the cost of a few shillings, "as they have been put in a Department van which happened to be in or passing through Edinburgh." We learn from that city that the van in question has not taken anything from Edinburgh to London for five years, and has not been in Edinburgh five times during the last fifteen years.

The Art Library section—the revelations as to which were so damaging—comes in for considerable comment. Complaint is made by Sir John Donnelly that Mr. Weale did not proceed with the Catalogue of the Piot Collection, but he does not add that this precious collection consists largely of the weedings of M. Piot's library (the more notable portion of which was disposed of elsewhere), including books on hair-dressing, cookery, and so forth. It is clearly stated, in reply to criticism, that the "Universal Art

Catalogue" was drawn up upon certain specified rules (a matter which has been the subject of keen controversy). The statement must be rejected; there were no rules whatever. It is said that in Mr. Weale's system of cataloguing (the best hitherto devised) "no cross references are allowed." This also is practically untrue. It is said that there is an Inventory Catalogue "of all the books in the Library." This is untrue, as well as certain other statements under this head. It is said that the purchase of numerous copies of Alciatus' book (of which there were perhaps a score of copies and duplicates) was "intentional." This is more than doubtful, inasmuch as not a single copy was in circulation until quite recent years. It is denied that any book has been purchased in ignorance of the existence of duplicates; this is traversed by the Librarian himself.

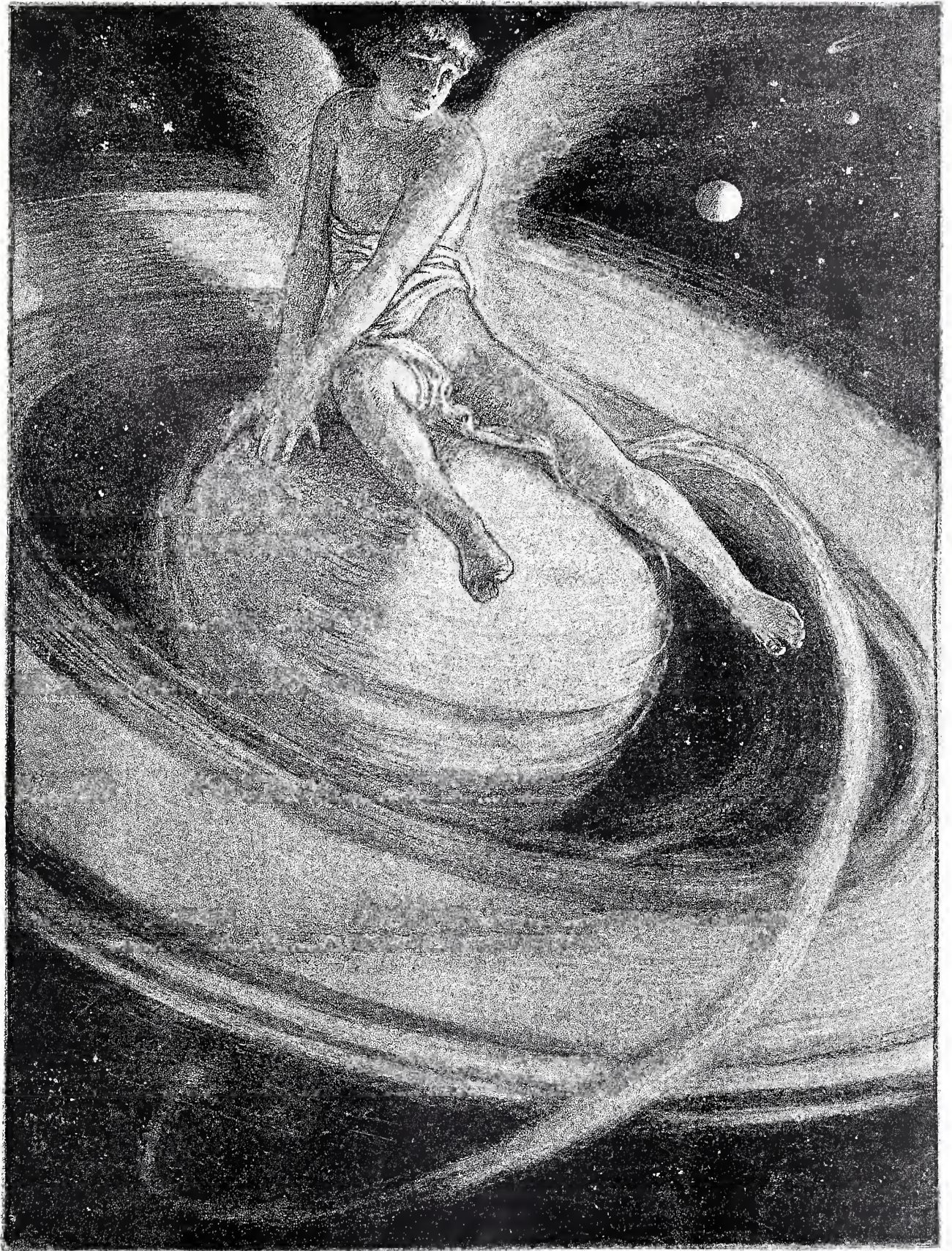
The Minute draws a curious picture of the Museum as a sweet retreat for the sappers as well as for the officers of Royal Engineers. The soldiers are taught photography, and drawing, and so forth—warriors who as a body have, as it were, beaten their swords into ploughshares; generals, colonels, sergeants, and privates, all rising in military grade on art and photography, secure from barrack life, military service, and war's alarms. No wonder that Sir John Donnelly declares the working to be "most harmonious"—in contrast with the "acrimony" admitted by him in the case of Dublin; yet those who are behind the scenes can best estimate what this "harmony" means. In the circumstances, perhaps, the Duke of Devonshire and Sir John Gorst know not much more of these matters than the ordinary outsider; how else could the Science and Art department have hoped to obtain their approval of such a document—unless their sense of loyalty to their Department is held to outweigh their sense of what is due to the public? This alternative we may well hesitate to accept—in spite of the fact that their confidence in the administration of South Kensington, in the face of all scandals and all exposures, continues "unabated."

ELIHU VEDDER, AND HIS EXHIBITION.

By ERNEST RADFORD.

IN the beginning a creature of impulse, Mr. Vedder appears to have painted because he had practised no other way of expressing himself, and to have produced in rapid succession a number of works which were found to be strangely

impressive, and welcome on that account. It is well that their dates should be noticed, as they help one to remember into what a slough of despond our own painters had fallen, and what efforts were being made to effect a revolution in



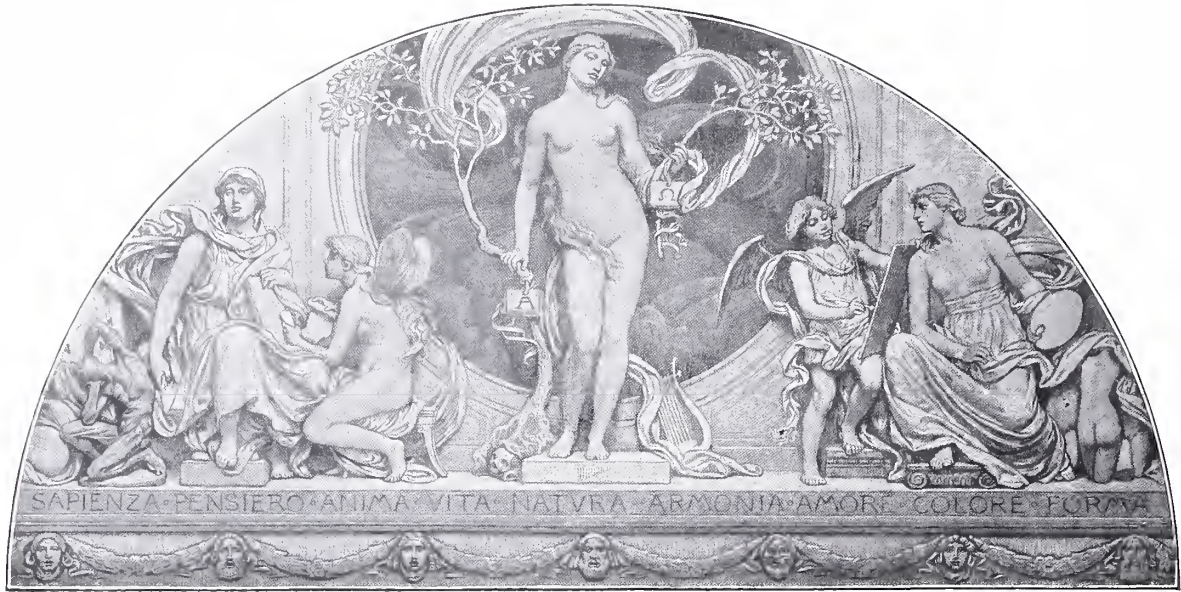
Copyright 1884 by Elihu Vedder.

THE THRONE OF SATURN.

From the Drawing by Elihu Vedder.

England. The reference, of course, is to the Pre-Raphaelite movement. In America there was no inert mass to oppose its dead weight to such ideas of reform as were entertained over here; and we have it on record that an exhibition consisting in chief of Pre-Raphaelite paintings was organised in New York, and created "an immense sensation" when opened on the 19th of October, in 1857—a sensation so great, indeed, that a quite new word became current *videlicet* P. R. Bism. But the

could hardly be a more striking example: for it well may be asked what one proposes to spend four or five years in Italy for, if not to learn more of one's art than that? But we are concerned, it must be remembered, with exceptional talent and temperament; and if Vedder should tell his own story, it would no doubt be discovered that during that time he was learning to teach his teachers, and a very great deal besides. I have not been helped by



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A DECORATIVE PANEL IN THE WALKER MEMORIAL ART GALLERY, BOWDOIN COLLEGE, MAINE.

By Elihu Vedder.

gospel according to Ruskin is acceptable rather to those who are naturally docile than to others who think that they may attain the same ends in a different way. Mr. Vedder confesses to one little work produced under this influence, but has not helped me to identify it; and excepting perhaps in a careful study of "Rocks near Florence" (No. 94 in this exhibition), one can hardly detect a trace of it. The artist, indeed, might have put in an *alibi* had he been accused in court of intercourse with the Pre-Raphaelite.

Born in 1836, as we know, he took lessons, while yet but a boy, of someone called Matteson hailing from Sherborne, New York, and in 1857 departed for Europe. In Paris he stayed a few months, studying there under Picot, the classicist, pupil of David, and "proceeded to Italy for a long stay." Of this sojourn we have not the details, but have the authority of one writer for saying that "with the exception of a few lessons in drawing and anatomy from a Florentine named Buonajuti, he received no further instruction." Of the laziness, or indifference to opportunity, proper to genius, there

any previous writer, nor by the artist himself, to make this a consecutive story, and there remains a gap to be filled between 1861 (the date of his return to America) and 1864, when his pictures began to be talked of. It appears that during this interval, or in still earlier years, he had made several voyages to Cuba, where his family finally settled, and he had been "deeply impressed by the sea and the tropical vegetation." The reflections of these early impressions appeared in a group of fanciful work, such as "The Roc's Egg," "The Genii and the Fishermen," and the story of the "Miller, his son and donkey." [The last named, in nine tableaux, was exhibited with "The Deal Abel" at Burlington House in 1870.] A reputation which has been described as "brilliant" must indeed have been rapidly earned, for he stayed only five years at home. In 1866 Vedder settled in Rome, and, excepting sundry excursions, has there remained to this day; so whatever is said of the work, it must be remembered that for more than thirty years past he has been subject to influences which would have extinguished a lesser light.

"Whatever the *hand* has done the *mind* has done its part," said Johnson, adroitly evasive as usual, when asked, as so often he was, to pronounce judgment on matters of which he knew nothing whatever. The works of James Barry,

general public cares a good deal more for what they have in the copy than for what they are told they have lost, and Mr. Vedder has been exceptionally fortunate in this respect, for there are very few artists whose works in this form



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LUNA, ACCOMPANIED BY NIGHT AND SLEEP: A PANEL IN THE CEILING OF MR. C. F. HUNTINGDON'S HOUSE.

By Elihu Vedder.

R.A., were being shown in London just then, and elicited the remark which I have quoted, and which I have introduced with a purpose

We heard less about style, and the language of art, in the 'sixties than we do at the present day. Of the modern faint praise one heard little: and if Vedder, aiming high as he did, had failed, there would have been nothing to break his fall, for as to his manner of painting, at its best it was not original. This, briefly expressed and moderately, is the opinion generally held, but to be set against this is the fact that the very same works were characterised by intellectual and imaginative qualities which placed him at once in the front rank amongst his contemporaries.

The general esteem in which an artist is held may be gauged by the demand for reproductions of his works at popular prices. It follows that the

are so much in demand. It might be proved by reference to history that the possession of imagination is not invariably associated with a commensurate command of technique. The name of the one English painter who has both, and yet boasts not of either, need not appear in this article. "As much of the body as shows the soul" was enough for the mediævalist, and more than enough for such a creature as Blake. It may be maintained by the purist that there were etchers amongst Rembrandt's contemporaries whose works were more uniformly satisfactory than those of the master himself. So said Mr. Hamerton, with whom the writer agrees. Amongst the moderns the dullest are most likely the best teachers. There are stage failures professing eloquence who will tell you what might have been made of Irving had he only been properly

schooled. One might continue along these lines painted, it seems, in Italy—is there more than without forgetting the subject, but there is not space here, and probably enough has been said. Whoever wants to know what exceptions to particular rules there are, should consult the genius of his acquaintance.

Amongst works far famed in their day were "The Lair of the Sea-Serpent," painted in 1861; "The Questioner of the Sphinx" (1865)—"a picture worthy of Emerson's great poem on the subject." The remark is true as to the conception and the consequent effect on the mind, but it must not be inferred that the painting *quâ* painting is in any way comparable with the highest poetical work—"The Lost Mind" (1865), "a most noble and expressive work which well may rank amongst the finest paintings which the Americans have produced during the century." Here, again, it is the literary man, not the art-critic, who speaks: but the former has the ear of the public and knows what appeals to the heart. "Gulnare of the Sea," "The Djinn of the Bottle," "Memory," "Twilight," and others, belong to this period, as well as the landscapes, in which he has ever delighted—those especially in which the human element is dominant. In none of the works above-mentioned—although



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LOVE EVER PRESENT.

From the Painting by Elihu Vedder.

a slight indication of the change which had to be, and which we discover first in the painter's selection of subjects; secondly, in his adoption of a manner not yet to be called a style which appears in his treatment of a subject so decidedly classical as "The Greek Tragedian's Daughter." This, and others resembling it, must be considered exceptional, for, yielding only to the influence of his surroundings, he painted natural scenes as before, and we mark with as much pleasure as interest the successive advances he made towards the perfecting of a style, not a manner, which, although largely derivative, resulted at last in works at once natural and graceful, with which it would be hard indeed to find fault. "Roman Girls on the Seashore," though it may be objected that the composition lacks unity, might be cited in illustration. A deterrent influence, due also to the environment, must have been that of the modern Italian school if the evidence of the "Venetian model" is to be trusted.

It will be seen that the tendency of this paper is towards an appreciation of the famous Rubaiyat designs. With that end in view I have endeavoured, by laying stress on the painter's imaginative habit, and on those influences,



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THE MUSE OF TRAGEDY.
From a Drawing by Elihu Vedder.

malignant and otherwise, which may be fairly attributed to his having resided so long in Rome, to explain to myself the mystery of this, his supreme achievement. I have said elsewhere, and repeat, that nothing but a classical setting to this classical version of Omar will ever be tolerated. Add to this that there will always be required of the illustrator, in precisely the same degree, the sympathetic understanding of the original which characterises the translation, and it will be seen, if I venture to praise it, how highly this particular work is esteemed. It may have been in the course of this work that Mr. Vedder's capacity for working to any scale was discovered, for, dealing as it does so largely with abstract and elemental ideas, the poem is rich in suggestions which have supplied the subject-matter of imaginative art from the beginning of time. The artist who derives inspiration from this source will probably know better than to produce anything not essentially monumental, for whatever is merely transitory will appear to be impertinent if allowed to enter the field. What someone has called a "classical parsimony" will save, when once it is recognised, even the most modest works of art from neglect, and when the theme is of the noblest, as in this case, the necessity of a rigorously exclusive treatment is too obvious to be insisted upon. The man who could impart the quality on which we insist to his first sustained effort must have been, *imprimis*, an idealist. That he was also an artist has been already sufficiently proved, and it should be agreed that to the duality of his composition [his capacity for entertaining ideas and for picturing the same in this wise] a work so nearly perfect is owing. To appreciate justly what has been done, the reader should be as familiar as the writer himself

with the poem, and with the life-work of the artist. Let him eliminate all he dislikes, going even so far as to tear out the pages wherein it appears that the inspiration has failed, and that the sometimes irritating "manner" of which I have spoken is too much in evidence. [I consider, by the way, that half-classical natural forms, those of nude women especially, are particularly offensive to my taste.] But let him who does this be prepared to apply the same test to all art-work whatsoever, and let his flail descend upon poets as well as painters. In the annals of English literature the two most incontinent malefactors appear to be Wordsworth and Browning, both lacking the saving sense which directs us to stop writing the moment the impulse fails. Let him, in short, run-a-mok into every artist's preserves, and he will learn in the end to be thankful for as much as is done as it should be. In the case of this artist the feeling will be that he undoubtedly struck the right note, and, with only occasional lapses, sustained it throughout the whole work. It has been said that Mr. Vedder, by residing so long in Italy, and communing continually with past masters of classical art, has attained to an almost absolute knowledge of certain typical forms, and this knowledge has served him in good stead of late years since he has been so much engaged in decoration on a large scale. Instance: the work in Mr. Huntingdon's house. In my opinion the single figure over the mantelpiece here is one of the most masterly works in existence, and altogether beyond praise. There are also his decorations of the Walker Art Building, Bowdoin College; the mosaic in the Congressional Library, Washington, which is 16 feet high *in situ*, and the decorative panels in the same building.

IS PHOTOGRAPHY AMONG THE FINE ARTS?—A SYMPOSIUM.

5.—By G. A. STOREY A.R.A.

WHEN I have looked at photographs thrown on to the screen by the lantern, with the light shining through them, and enlarged to such a size that they appear to have the proportions of reality, I have felt that photography is almost a magic thing; and indeed it reminds me of that wonderful apparition that came out of a little brazen bottle fished up from the sea by the poor fisherman in the "Arabian Nights"; only it comes out of a little box instead. What comes out? Why, all nature, and art too. It seems to me that that is what photography is; and another

thing about it is, that, unlike the Efreeth, it won't go back again.

Yes, it all comes out of a little box. There's no denying that; and the first question we ask ourselves about it is, "What is it?" Is it art or is it not?

It must not be supposed that because I write this I am about to underrate one of the most valuable and beautiful inventions of modern time, nor to lord over it as though I were a superior being because I happen to be an artist. I wish only to state fairly as far as I am able the distinct claims of art and photography.

In speaking of art, the term must not be confined to painting and drawing, but must include sculpture and architecture, and all the other arts that tend to beautify our surroundings and add to our enjoyment of life; for it is only by including them all that we can understand the range of art and realise that its great characteristic is invention, and also that it is the work of dexterous fingers giving form and life and colour to the creations of the fancy and the imagination, which in their turn are fed and tutored by the study of Nature. But in examining the relative claims of art and photography, we must confine ourselves as much as possible to the imitative art of painting, which often—perhaps too often—aims at a close copy of the objects to be represented; especially in landscape, in which invention plays a minor part, although in fine work it is anything but absent.

The great landscape artist does not draw every leaf and every twig of a tree-branch (unless for study), but he indicates or suggests it with a few touches—touches that show he has complete knowledge of its growth, its nature, its individuality. The art lover appreciates the suggestion, not only for the masterly or tender or dexterous way in which it is made, but he takes it as a sort of compliment to his intelligence. It makes him employ his mind. He at once becomes interested when he finds that his mind can see what is not offered to the eye. So that a great part of his enjoyment in looking at a work, say by Turner, Constable, Corot, and others, is a mental one—it makes him think. Each time he looks at it he sees a different picture according to his mood, and according to the way in which his imagination carries out the suggestion of the painter.

And again—for I must still speak of the toil and labour and pleasure of the craftsman—the artist delights in every mood of Nature, not only in her aspects, her forms and colours, but her movements, her life, her sounds, her perfumes. He is influenced by her music, by the singing of birds, whose notes he recognises; the hum of the insects, the babbling of the waters, the whispering of the leaves and rushes, and a thousand other things that appeal to him while he is quietly at work among the pastures. They fill his mind with delight and his heart with love, which, by a sensitive touch and subtle colouring, he imparts to his picture.

And thus, a sketch or study from Nature, with not a thousandth part of the detail or exactness of a photograph, is more useful and easier for him to work from than a photograph, because while the artist is looking at the scene, for many hours; the whole thing—colour and all—is being photographed, so to speak, on his brain, fixed on his memory, and his sketch recalls the detail and the

fleeting effects that then passed before him. He has imbibed Nature and delineates the spirit of it, leaving out much that is not necessary, and that therefore would destroy the unity and simplicity of his work.

I could dilate still further on the labour of the artist, not only in the fields and the woods and among the mountains, but among men—in history, in the past, and in the realms of the imagination. I could trace the footprints of the beautiful, in the treasures still left us, of the mighty workers of old time; and show by countless examples how entirely they are out of the power of the camera to invent. And yet, how entirely they are within its power to reproduce for us, to save them, as it were, from further destruction and to bring them from their classic lands into our very homes; for the camera gives us the reflected images of the things themselves.

Surely if photography did nothing else it would indeed be of inestimable value. And but for photography, most of these works would be out of our reach; and since art teaches art, its widespread distribution by photography must be improving the general taste and adding to the enjoyment of those who take pleasure in noble and beautiful things.

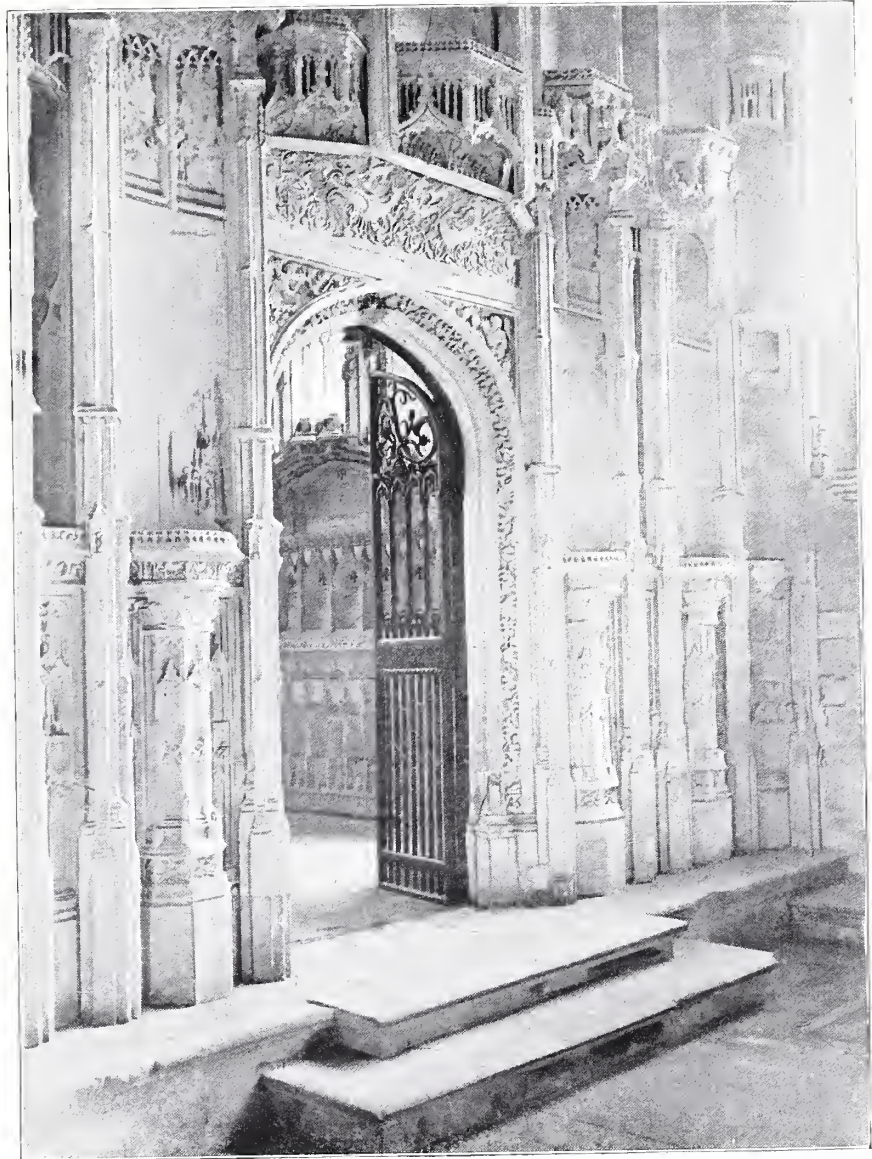
And it could be shown by countless illustrations, reproduced by the aid of the camera itself, what art can do and photography cannot, and, on the other hand, what photography can do and art cannot, and would enable us to settle this vexed question as to whether one *is* the other or *not* the other.

Take, for instance, the beautiful figure of Victory flying through the air, bearing a shield and carrying a wreath, one of the wall-paintings found at Herculaneum; or that exquisite figure of a Bacchante on a Centaur's back, goading him on with a thyrsus, from the same source. It needs little argument to show that these are distinctly art and not photography. On the other hand, setting aside the scientific value of the camera, from its records of the heavenly bodies millions and millions of miles away, to its microscopic representations of the infinitely small; how many exquisite things it does that are beyond the power of the artist? I saw only the other day a group of monkeys, taken by a well-known animal photographer, Mr. Gambier Bolton, that was intensely interesting, and for which he had to creep through jungle and forest at many risks, and take these creatures unawares, and then the camera fixed in a second—a fact, which it would take months, perhaps years, for a painter to accomplish. But when such a fact can be fixed in an instant, with almost every hair of each animal, every leaf of each tree, and all the rest of the rocks and weeds and so forth, we must see

surely that this is quite out of the range of art, out of its ways and means. True, it is holding the mirror up to Nature—in the most literal sense—and science fixes the images therein reflected, and not only objects that are visible but even invisible. Of course the selection may or may not be artistic, the picture may or may not be beautiful—at all events, it is true; hence valuable. It is true to that which exists; it does not call into existence a conception of the brain or that which has not yet existed. Art, on the other hand, is invention and the outcome of a peculiar power with which not all are gifted, so that few can be artists in the highest sense; whereas it seems to me that many can be photographers of the first order.

But without assuming for artists generally the greatness which is only attained by the few, still, even with those less gifted, theirs is the work of human hands guided by observation and intelligence, and feeling and taste—intelligence, perhaps, that frequently errs, feeling that is earnest but often capricious, and taste that is not always good taste: so that art is necessarily full of faults and shortcomings, and yet with all its imperfections it is a labour of love; it springs from the heart and the brain, and enlists our sympathies because it is human. And then mark the toil, the sacrifice—the rubbing out as well as the painting in—the sorrow, the joy, the faults and the virtues; how human it all is. Even in the case of indifferent and unsuccessful painters there is something touching about the work—the hope deferred, the dream dissolved, the agony of despair. Many a poor painter has done himself to death because his heart was broken. He could not realise his ideal, or he felt he was incapable of the task he had undertaken. Ah! you don't know the bitterness of soul that an unsuccessful painter suffers; you spurn him, you treat him with

contempt, but this is nothing to the grief at his heart, that he has failed to reach the goal for which he set out with so much gladness. You don't know the tears he sheds when he is alone, you don't know the



ENTRANCE TO BISHOP WEST'S CHAPEL, IN ELY CATHEDRAL.

From a Photograph by Frederick H. Evans.

poverty that strikes him down, and the shame of it.

I doubt whether the photographer is quite so sensitive; besides, he can laugh at criticism; you may find fault with his work, but it does not break his heart; he may break his negative and make another, but he does not, I think, hang himself, as many a poor deluded slave of the brush has done.

But now let us take the pictorial side of photography and see how nearly it approaches

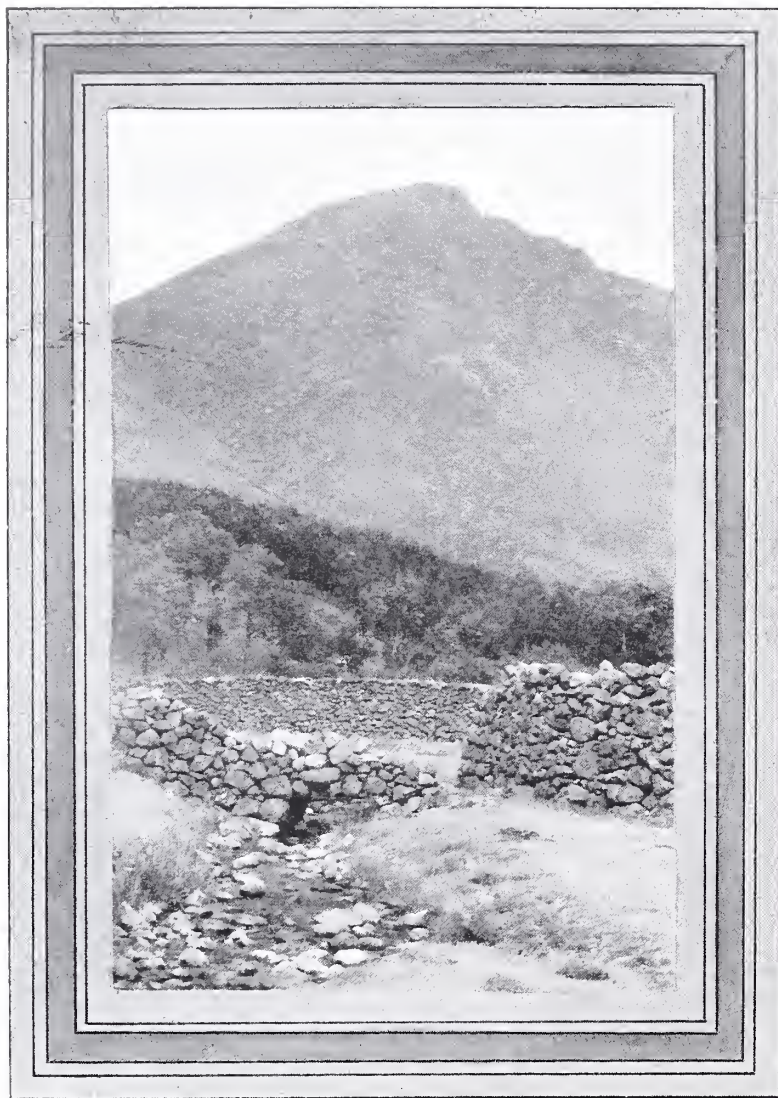
to art itself. Mr. H. P. Robinson can claim to be a master in pictorial photography. Many of his pictures are so excellent that at first you are tempted to waver in your decision as to whether they are art or not. They possess many of the

described, which gives him joy, and makes his soul jump within him. Everything is there, but not the touch—firm or faltering, sensitive, mysterious and expressive—it is not the work of the human hand, nor is there the colour, nor even the tones of the colour, except in rare instances. This lack of colour is fatal—colour which is almost as necessary to a beautiful picture as gold is to a guinea—and it is without the invention which is the distinctive quality of great art of all times.

I am enabled to illustrate this article by two photographs by Mr. Frederick H. Evans. One, a landscape study called "Great Gable," is so far removed from the ordinary photograph, is selected with so much taste, and is so full of delicacy, of space and atmosphere, that one would hesitate a good deal before saying this is not art. It shows what can be done with the camera when in the hands of an artist—that is, an artist in feeling. It shows how he can direct the work that the camera executes.

Again, can anything be more exquisite and unlike the commonplace view-taker's work than the "Entrance to Bishop West's Chapel in Ely Cathedral." Here is, in the first place, a most perfect piece of architecture full of delicate ornament, yet even this could be spoiled and vulgarised by a cheap snapshotter. And yet no artist could surpass the refinement of execution of this print. The faintness gives size, the ornament is all there, but lost until you look for it. And here is mystery, the delight of art, added to truth, which is its foundation.

When photography can produce such results as these, we cannot turn aside from it with the cold expression, "Yes, but it is not art." Anyone must be blind to art who cannot see the beauty of such productions as these, although it is *not* wrought by the human hand, and in that sense is not art. Still, here we have two things, side by side, let us say two arts—the one as old as the hills—that was flourishing long before Moses was born in Egypt. It may be four thousand years before, and still it is vigorous and throwing out new branches and new blossoms; it delights the world now as it



GREAT GABLE.

From a Photograph by Frederick H. Evans.

elements of construction adopted by artists of to-day and yesterday. His representations of sea and landscape remind one forcibly of a good number of pictures that we see in our exhibitions; and in his figure subjects his models are well chosen, and placed just where they should be to give a satisfactory effect to the whole. These observations would apply to many other pictures that we see in the photographic exhibitions, and indeed they seem to improve every year in this respect. But still, to an artist, they do not possess that something, not to be

delighted it when it was young: it links century to century, and seems as enduring as the human race. On the other hand, we have a new invention, a babe of about fifty years, that has grown apace and is the outcome of modern science. It has spread itself over the entire globe and is an enormous factor in our present life. To produce pictures is only one of its accomplishments—and wonderful pictures they are, pictures that move,

they, figures that can laugh and frown and dance and dive, and kick and run, and all the rest of it. It is also shown that in tasteful and artistic hands many qualities of art can be produced by it. Why, then, need there be any dispute about the relative merits of each? Both are beautiful, both are necessary to the world. Why then, to the detriment of both, try to prove them one and the same thing, which they are not and never can be.

THE ART MOVEMENT.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE MEDALLIST'S ART IN FRANCE DURING THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.*

By HENRI FRANTZ.

ONE of the most interesting applications of Art in this century, and more especially during the last few years, is certainly the revived production of Medals. M. Roger Marx has recently given to the world a very erudite history of this art in the nineteenth century, and has pointed out in an interesting manner the phases through which it has passed, and the artists who have done it honour. M. Roger Marx has more particularly aimed at popularising the fascinating art of the medallist, and in his enthusiasm he has not rested content with singing its praises, but has helped it more effectually by founding a Society of the Lovers of Medals (*Société des Amis de la Médaille*), which will undoubtedly do good service in the cause.

The reader is already acquainted with the works of one of the foremost—if not the very foremost—of our French medallists, M. O. Roty. In this paper, based on M. R. Marx's inquiries, I propose to discuss those of other artists who have contributed to make our medals famous.

Up to the time of the Revolution medals were purely official in character, strictly utilitarian: but when, in 1789, there came the great clamour for liberty, there was a sort of fever for the making not of coins, but of medals recording every fact and deed. At that time, to be sure,

* Published by the "Société de Propagation des Livres d'Art."

they were more remarkable for quantity than quality. Those medals were often ill-drawn, rudimentary in design, and of very inferior materials. Anything seemed good enough to satisfy this mania for medals. The bolts of the Bastille and the bells of convents were all cast into the melting-pot; copper, pewter, lead, all were utilised to represent the sufferings of the people, its cry for justice, the trials it had gone through, its battles and its victories; or to celebrate such events as the taking of the Bastille, the 10th of August, the festival of the Supreme Being—in short, all the days, though often bloodstained, which were famous in the liberation of the people.

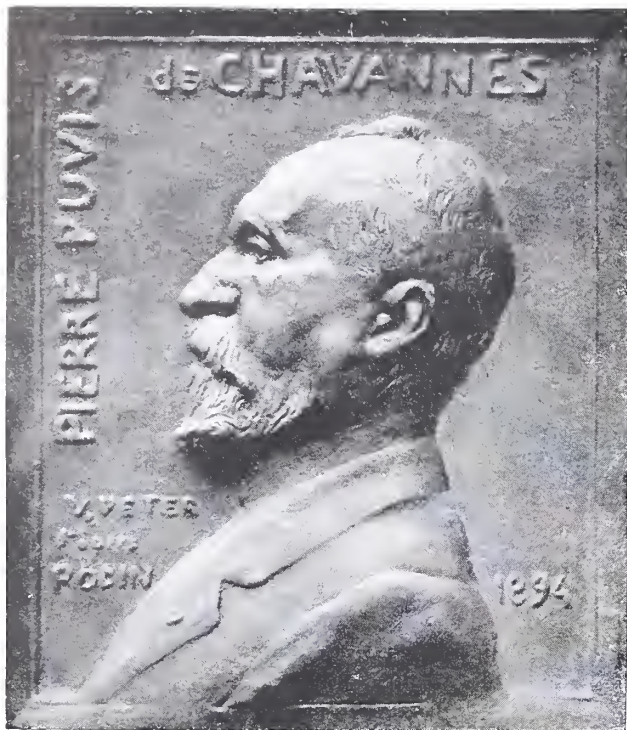
These medals were commonly the work of the *graveurs du Roi*, who found some difficulty in bending to the new requirements of the day and adapting their talents to its taste. New hands, in fact, were more successful; such as Augustin Dupré, admired by Roty, who was the first to make a subtle and judicious use of



CALAIS HARBOUR.

By Bottée.

symbolism, though he overlooked one essential feature of his art—beidity, and represented nature too indiscriminately, instead of making a selection. With him some others rose to distinction, as representing the eighteenth century, still evidently haunted by the decorative style and treatment of Watteau, Nicolas Marie Gatteaux, and J. P. Droz.



PUVIS DE CHAVANNES.

By Victor Peter.

During the reign of Napoleon I. this art suffered an eclipse, notwithstanding such encouragement as was offered by *Prix de Rome* and decennial prizes to medallists. Though the Mint, at that time fully employed once more, supplied medals to Italy and Germany, these examples bear too pronounced a Greco-Roman character to be regarded as original works of modern feeling. This state of things lasted till the close of the Restoration. From that time such artists as Gayrard, Desboeufs, and Pradier gave some hope of a revival of the art, and some examples by David d'Angers and Carpeaux deserved to be regarded as masterpieces of their kind; especially certain portrait medals. But these artists still handled medals too much as sculpture, and not till their successors appeared do we find the medal treated with thorough comprehension.

Chapu was the artist who first achieved this distinction. "To him we owe the final evolution of glyptic art," said Roty, in the noble preface to "Augustin Dupré." Chapu was so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the medallist that many of his works in other materials—such as

the "Christ with Angels," the "Immortality," the "Homage to Félicien David," and the "Bas-relief to Gustave Flaubert"—might perfectly well be reduced to medals worthy of the series he has left—of the medal of the "Sacred Heart," of the "Young Mother," and of "Nino Garnier."

M. Chaplain, again, has played an important part in the emancipation of medal-work, its release from the formulas of routine, its aspirations to sincerity and grace, and its return to a direct study of Nature. M. Chaplain, at first but a timid innovator, now daily gains precision and lucidity; his art, formerly a little thin, is now simple, firm and strong. In his portraits of the members of the Academy of Fine Arts we find him an artist devoted to the study of character and truth. The reverse of each medal bears a figure symbolical of the genius of the artist represented on the obverse—sculptor, painter, or composer.

In M. Daniel Dupuis—and his large medallion of "Horticulture" stands in proof—we find even greater care for decorative effect, a happy variety of attitude, and a vivid sense of humanity. As to Roty, he gives us the medallist's art in its fullest expression of originality and independence. "A medal or a plaquette by Roty," says M. Marx very truly, "displays the unexpected union of a radiantly fresh imagination, supported by a passionate study of Nature; invention wedded to truth, to give itself the fullest



PORTRAIT MEDALLION.

By Chaplain

expression. The metal seems to live; the scarcely appreciable gradation of relief, the transparency of the shadows are the secret of its tone, and give it the charm of subdued harmony. Why should this art appeal to us so strongly but because it is genuinely spontaneous and sincere,

in a case the medal is all the more valuable for being imperishable.

Outside, and beyond the interest roused by the perfection of these recent works, there are other signs and other facts which bear witness to the revival of the medallist's art, and the constantly growing taste for its productions. Collectors will no longer seek for antique medals only; they will find pleasure in acquiring and placing in private cabinets the works of Roty, Chaplain, Peter, and their peers.

In the Exhibition of 1889 a collection of the works of medallists, shown in a class by

themselves, did honour to this essentially French branch of Art.

As a result of this success at the last Exhibition, the doors of the Luxembourg were opened to medallists in 1890; they now fill several cases which are not the least interesting in the Museum. At the Salon the medallist's art, long neglected, now takes a prominent position, and is admired sometimes at the expense of other branches of Art.



THE SAVINGS BANK.
By Patey.



MUSIC.
By Alphonse Dubois.



DESIGN FOR SILVER MONEY OF FRANCE. By Oscar Roty.

full of tender and personal feeling? The example set by Evainetos, Kimon, and Sperandio has nothing to do with it; M. Roty may feel the charm of the antique after the manner of André Chénier, but to him there is nothing to compare with the influences of Nature. Of her he learns as a patient and sympathetic analyst, and expresses her with no Florentine subtlety, but with the frank good faith and fervent soul of a master of the great French line."

Roty, with his strong individuality, seems to have exerted a marked influence over all the younger medallists of France. Hence we have seen the growth of some very individual artists, quite alive to the reaction led by him, while contributing to the art much of their personal temperament. Such are Messrs. Bottée, Patey, and Vernon. M. Bottée unites, as M. Marx says, in a very original type, the French traditions of the Renaissance, and of the eighteenth century. M. Patey aims at expression rather than grace, and M. Vernon captivates us by a spontaneous freedom that is often as poetically inspired and as full of feeling as that of Dupuis.

Besides these artists, who are wholly devoted to medal-work, various sculptors and painters practise the art with pleasure and success. Have we not seen very fine examples by Chéret, Raffaëlli, Frémiet, Prouvé, Jean Dampet, Gardet, Nocq, and Pierre Roche? Victor Peter has brought into this field his fine technical skill and broad sense of the character of bas-relief. His "Puis de Chavannes" (after Rodin) is so noble in style and so vitally true, that many admirers think it the best presentment we have of our great painter. M. Alexandre Charpentier's portrait of Edmond de Goncourt is also excellent, true in feeling, and very life-like; we here find the Goncourt we knew in his later years. In such



HORTICULTURE.
By Daniel Dubois.

Finally, as a crowning triumph for modern medal-work, the Government, with laudable initiative, has decided on a reform of the coinage, now fifty years old, and on honour-

ing art by giving the country types of a new mintage, designed by the best artists among those who have achieved the triumphs of modern medal-work.

MR. RUPERT BUNNY'S OIL DRAWINGS.

THE method of painting on a metal plate and transferring the picture from thence to paper is, of course, a well-known, as well

white, their curious quality preventing our doing so in colour.

Mr. Bunny's drawings are made upon a zinc



DEATH THE REAPER.

From the Oil Drawing by Rupert Bunny.

as an old, process. Until recently, however, these "monotypes" were done merely in black, and last year it occurred to Mr. Rupert C. W. Bunny, the young Australian artist, to make experiments with the process in the direction of colour, and he, together with Mr. Koopman, another artist residing in Paris, were so far successful as to get a number of these works finished for exhibition purposes. Mr. Bunny's were shown at the Fine Art Society's Galleries, and Mr. Koopman's at the George Petit Gallery in Paris in November last. We are enabled to reproduce two of Mr. Bunny's drawings in black and

plate in transparent colours. The lights are, of course, left, and the colour is applied with brushes, rag, or even his fingers—in any way, indeed, to obtain the particular effect desired. The work necessarily has to be done quickly, as once the paint begins to dry it is apt to stick when the printing stage is reached. For this reason Mr. Bunny does not work from models when doing these drawings, as the close attention required would take too long for the process. The subjects are therefore treated entirely from memory. For the purposes of printing, he uses the strongest

blotting paper that can be obtained, and the transfer is made by the pressure of an india-rubber roller, Mr. Bunny having found this

the fact that each "drawing" is unique—duplication being, of course, quite impossible—places them on the same level as a painting



A SEA NYMPH.

From the Oil Drawing by Rupert Bunny.

much better than using a press, as an uneven pressure is oftentimes advantageous.

Mr. Bunny's "drawings" have a brightness and freshness that is absolutely pleasing, and

on canvas. The difficulties connected in the production of these works are numerous and obvious, and can only be overcome by much experience and the spoiling of many drawings.

ON THE BEAUTY OF THE SILVERSMITH'S ART.

OF all the applied arts there is perhaps not one which has suffered so radically in its artistic quality for a hundred years past. This period of degradation has been greatly due not so much, curiously enough, to neglect, as to the inherently bad and vulgar taste of those who pretended to maintain and "patronise" it.

True connoisseurs of silver have, of course, existed for a long while; but this race, it must be remembered, is composed of the slaves of the hall-mark rather than of admirers of fine workmanship and design, and their eye, trained to recognise the handiwork of such masters as Paul Lamerie, quick to detect forgeries and to

appreciate strength rather than excellence in workmanship, has remained to this day almost wholly insensible to that beauty of arrangement and propriety of design especially becoming to the art and handicraft of the metal-worker.

The real, if unintentional, enemies of the art have been, for the most part, the race of sportsmen, and the middlemen and workmen who have supplied them. The sentiment of sport is so foreign in its essence to the sentiment of art, that we should not be surprised to find masters of hounds, Jockey Club officials, and organisers of sporting festivals, to be lacking in those emotions from which alone real art can spring. It is certainly the function of the artist to harmonise these divergent sentiments: and often enough he would succeed in doing so, but for the dictation of the customer who does not see why, if he has to pay,



"THISTLE" BOWL.

be—yields from motives even more pressing: and so we have come to see racing "cups" that consist of a cast silver tree of a conventional kind with a cast silver stag meandering about it, or a flagon with a silver horse a-top, with various symbolical articles piled up at the base, out of all proportion and out of all taste. This same degeneration has spread until we find all sense of aesthetic beauty absolutely die out in

certain classes, civic as well as sporting, and not a word of regret is expressed by the public when it reads that the officers of such-and-such a battleship have presented to her Majesty a model in silver of their vessel in one of the precious metals, or that a London cabdrivers' society has presented to its secretary a silver model of a hansom cab. To some, no doubt, this last idea was "similarly neat," and we have recently had the curious spectacle of the Science and Art



ROSE-WATER DISH.



PEWTER SALVER.

his ideas should not be carried out in his own way. The middleman falls in with the demand, for business reasons: the artist—if such he

Department (South Kensington Museum) exhibiting the said silver cab in the Bethnal Green Museum, to the surprise of all persons of taste,

and to the expressed disapproval of the House of Commons Committee of Inquiry.

But there has been an element of comfort in the circumstance that during all this unhappy triumph of "machine-made goods" there have been continuously working one or two men who have resisted the sway of Birmingham. They are unknown, no doubt, to the general public, for they are boycotted by the shops and by more influential dealers, while the smaller tradesmen cannot afford to employ them. The writer remembers how Mr. C. B. Birch, A.R.A., the designer of many a "cup" in his day, would deplore every failure to persuade his employers that an ideal treatment would be more beautiful and more appropriate. A slight concession was sometimes made to his representations, but he was not allowed to depart in any adequate degree from the main lines set down. Therefore, the really artistic workers in the metals who prefer to devote themselves to what they know to be right and fine are very few, and exist solely on the commissions of persons who are at once men of means and men of taste. They are the craftsmen whose names will go down honourably to posterity as the great metal-workers of to-day—of to-day, when they labour unknown in comparative obscurity, mindful of the time when all the mechanical, flashy, showy works of the shops will be unceremoniously set aside, condemned by their pretentiousness and vulgarity. Stamped by machinery, cast by the score, reproduced to order by electrotype, without more pride taken in their manufacture than is taken in the production of an American desk, these things have no more artistic quality than has been brought to them by the original designer who rarely sees, much less touches, the work itself.



"HOP" BEAKER.

The true artist is he who, educated as a craftsman, designs and executes the objects himself, undeterred and unmoved by the paralysing conditions of the ordinary silversmith's workshop or by the fatal repression of the trade-union; and not only produces them, but declines to repeat them. That is why we place Gilbert Marks among the eminent artist-craftsmen of the day. He is not content to devote his talent to imitating anybody, however great; he does not aim, as Morel-Ladenil did, at becoming the Benvenuto Cellini, or the anybody else, of the nineteenth century. Gifted with a dainty imagination, with pure feeling for form and line, and, to harmonise all, with a love of simplicity, he has bent his craftsmanship to the production of a series of beautiful objects which in number cannot fall far short of seven hundred pieces. But it is only in later years that he has reached the full height of his achievement; and now we hardly know which is the more meritorious—the fancy and refinement of his design or the intelligence of his workmanship. Simple flowers—wild ones for choice—are his principal theme, and the strong strain of field-poetry in his nature adapts them into arrangements elegant and appropriate. What



JUG.

more natural than that a rose-water-dish should bear a border of loves and rose-garlands?—that a beer-beaker should have raised upon it a decoration of hops cunningly-devised?—that the punch-bowl should be embellished with a tracery of sleepy poppies? The working-out is not less noteworthy than the subjects, so that form, decoration, and execution represent the high-water mark in each section of the artist's present powers.

Of [all forms of silver-working—whether cast or struck or chased or *repoussé*—none, I think, approaches the last in the test which it applies to the smith. In fact, the modelling tool

of the sculptor, like the graver of the chaser, cannot compare in the silversmith's hand with the hammer, the raising tools, and tracers of the *repoussé* worker. With these he can work the yielding metal as he list, play with his decoration or his pattern as he chooses, and bring it up to the point of sharpness, or caress it into liquid meltingness as he may desire—until in the completed piece we not only see the conception of the designer in the shape he imagined it, but we feel that he has impressed upon it some of his own feeling, and revealed in it his own artistic emotion.

Then, when we come away from the exhibition of such works, and return home to our fiddle-

pattern spoons that are struck by the million, we understand why manufacturers find profit in such things that "turn over" their money for them so many times a year, and why traders refuse to countenance work which is produced slowly, laboriously, and lovingly, in defiance of every law of commercial prosperity, in proud indifference to the very principles of our country's greatness. But it is the principle of the great memories of Etruria and Greece that we find here—a touch of that art which alone survives from ancient civilisations, and which alone brings down those nations face to face with ours—the last remaining concrete testimony of ancient glories that live but in history.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[164] **A PICTURE TO IDENTIFY.**—The photograph I sent herewith is taken from a picture in oils about 36 inches × 20 inches. It is signed "James Davidson, 1856." The lights and colour scheme are well worked out, but the manipulation of the pigments seems somewhat careless in some places. We do not know if this picture is an original or copy, but any information regarding the subject of it or the artist would be acceptable.—J. T. (Montrose).

* * The painting of which a photograph is enclosed is that of Delaroche's famous picture of "Charles I. insulted by the Soldiers." It is, we think, quite unjustifiable in a copyist to sign his name to a copy without also stating "after" whom his picture is painted.

[165] **CONSTABLE'S "DEDHAM VALE."**—The enclosed photograph is taken from a mezzotint (22½ inches × 21½ inches) executed by Lucas from one of Constable's pictures. The subject is evidently in the neighbourhood of Dedham, with the fine old square-towered church in the distance, but what is the picture called? Has it ever appeared in any publication of Constable's life or works? I have never seen any sign of it, and yet it appears to me about as noble a work as ever Constable painted. Probably you may know who is the possessor of the original.

Again, as to the mezzotint. I have a volume of Lucas's engravings, being a series of forty published by Henry Bohm in 1855, but it does not contain the one about which I am writing, and the plates do not exceed 9 inches × 6 inches. Is there another series of the larger size? I bought this plate in a secondhand shop in Melbourne.—W. H. ARCHER (Melbourne, Australia).

* * This picture was painted by Constable in 1828, and exhibited at the Royal Academy in that year. It is referred to in Leslie's "Letters and Life of Constable," in a letter from the artist, as follows: "I have painted a large upright landscape, perhaps my best; it is in the Exhibition, and noticed as 'A redeemer' by *John Bull*." The mezzotint was published in 1834, together with "The Lock," "Salisbury Cathedral," and "The Cornfield." It is now very difficult to obtain good impressions of these, and when they appear at sales always fetch high prices. The original picture is in the possession of Sir Algernon Neeld, Bart.

[166] **THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO IN ENGLISH ART.**—May I ask you, or your readers, to let me know what are the best pictures by English painters of the Battle of Waterloo—whether of the battle itself, or of incidents connected with it?—R. D. L. S. (Costebelle, Hyères).

* * It is a somewhat surprising fact, that the two greatest English victories—judged by their political effects—within the two last centuries have received so little attention from our English artists. Waterloo has been more elaborately and more effectively treated in this respect than Blenheim; but even Waterloo can hardly be said to have received its apotheosis of paint. No doubt, the difficulty of uniform, of reconstruction of the scene, and (apart from the lack of assistance, such as is given by the war correspondent of to-day) of lapse of time, all tell against the artist; and yet, as I write, a member of the Royal Academy is now alive—Mr. T. Sidney Cooper—who

remembers, as a boy, standing by the roadside and cheering the troops as they returned from Waterloo. It must be remembered that Englishmen have neither the peculiar genius nor the particular liking for battle-painting, nor such stimulus of sad experience as has moved other nations to develop the special talent. To this point it is proposed to return in a paper on battle-painting, now in preparation. Meanwhile we may say that two painters in particular have latterly felt the attraction of the subject—Mr. Ernest Crofts, R.A., who has sought to render the fighting itself, and Mr. Andrew C. Gow, R.A., who has rather dealt with the fringe of the battle. To satisfy the query of "R. D. L. S." I give the titles of some of the principal works about which he inquires. This list is in no sense exhaustive, and it is open to other correspondents to supplement it:—

- (1) "Waterloo." Painting, by George Jones, R.A. (now at the United Service Club).
- (2) "Waterloo." Painting, by Abraham Cooper, R.A.
- (3) "Charge of the Scots Greys at Waterloo." Drawing, by Sir Robert Ker Porter.
- (4) "'Scotland for Ever!'—Charge of the Scots Greys." Painting, by Elizabeth Thompson (Lady Butler), perhaps the best charge ever painted by an English artist, showing that tendency of excited men and horses to crowd inwards towards each other.
- (5) "Napoleon's Flight from Waterloo." Painting, by John Gilbert.
- (6) "Napoleon leaving the Field of Waterloo." Painting, by George Jones, R.A. (now at the Nottingham Castle Museum).
- (7) "Sauve qui Peut!—the Rout of the French." Painting, by Andrew C. Gow, R.A.
- (8) "The Morning of the Battle of Waterloo." Painting, by Ernest Crofts, R.A. (1876).
- (9) "The Attack on Hougoumont by the French Light Infantry." Painting, by Ernest Crofts, R.A. (1882).
- (10) "At the Farm of Mont St. Jean." Painting, by Ernest Crofts, R.A. (Gallery of Sydney).
- (11) "Napoleon before the Battle of Waterloo." Painting, by Ernest Crofts, R.A.
- (12) "Napoleon's Last Grand Attack at Waterloo." Painting, by Ernest Crofts, R.A. (1895).
- (13) "On the Evening of the Battle of Waterloo." Painting, by Ernest Crofts, R.A.
- (14) "After the Battle." Painting, by J. H. Clarke.
- (15) "Waterloo: The Meeting of Wellington and Blücher." Fresco, by Daniel Maclise, R.A. (Palace of Westminster).
- (16) "The Field of Waterloo." Painting, by

Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A. (in the South Kensington—the old Duke pointing out the ground).

- (17) "Waterloo." Painting, by R. Caton Woodville.
- (18) "The Battle of Waterloo." Panorama, by Burford and Barker.
- (19) "Waterloo: Charge of the Life Guards." Painted in 1816, by Luke Clennel.
- (20) "The Battle of Waterloo." Painting, by Sir William Allan, R.A., P.R.S.A. (at the Junior United Service Club).
- (21) "The Battle of Waterloo." Painting, by T. Sidney Cooper, R.A.

We also have in the South Kensington Museum a spirited, but apparently highly unauthentic painting of the battle, by the French artist, Philippoteaux. No detailed reference need be made here to the series of large coloured etchings executed and issued by George Cruikshank, for they are of a very fanciful description.

NOTE.

WHO PAINTED CANALETTO'S PICTURES?—I have read with great interest the remarks of Mr. H. P. Horne on the paintings by Canaletto in the National Gallery. Some years ago, I remember reading the extracts from George Vertue's notebook, referred to by Mr. Horne, and calling the attention of Mr. Sidney Colvin to them with reference to certain drawings of London, by Canaletto, in the British Museum collection. But, speaking from memory, which may be fallacious, I seem to recollect a further statement by Vertue in a later note, that this second Canaletto had been shown to be the nephew of the first visitor to England. In this case he must have been Bernardo Belotto, the nephew of Antonio Canale, who was the first to be called "Canaletto" to distinguish him from his uncle. Perhaps Mr. Horne can follow this up further.

Again, with regard to the picture of "Eton College," referred to by Mr. Horne, it is evident, first, that the picture is intended to represent Eton College; and, secondly, that it is a mere caricature or travesty of the place. It would seem likely that it was a picture, manufactured in the studio, from a sketch which may or may not have been done on the spot, and that the various buildings were altered and adapted according to the artist's inclination. Finally, should any student be moved to a study of the works of the real Canaletto by Mr. Horne's suggestion at the end of his article, it would be necessary for him (or her) not to neglect the four important pictures, painted to the order of Mr. Crowe, at Venice, and now in the possession of Admiral the Hon. Walter Carpenter, at Kiplin, near Northallerton.—LIONEL CUST (Director of the National Portrait Gallery).

THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—JULY.

The Directorship of the National Gallery.

WE understand that it is proposed—when the period of Sir EDWARD POYNTER'S directorship of the National Gallery draws to a close—to press forward for the succession a foreign gentleman whose name is not unknown as a critic of the Gallery. It is well that the alleged circumstance should be noted and, if true, be well considered. The fact that the gentleman is not an Englishman born need not be urged against him by a nation that benefited so enormously by the appointment of Sir Anthony Panizzi to the headship of the British Museum; but it is not forgotten—and never can be forgotten—that the name of the gentleman in question is allied to one of the most extraordinary fiascos that ever occurred at Christie's, and that the severe comments made at the time were never properly answered or disproved. Such an episode must, we feel sure, invalidate any such candidature, even if we had not in England two or three native experts competent for the post whenever the age limit requires Sir Edward Poynter's withdrawal. Moreover, the claims of no professional or semi-professional dealer can possibly be entertained.

The Decoration of St. Paul's, the Art Union, and Government Control.

THAT an inquiry should be made into the decoration of the metropolitan Cathedral has been rendered inevitable as well as necessary by the widespread comment that Sir WILLIAM RICHMOND'S designs have drawn forth. The first essentially artistic public body to make public utterance upon the subject is the Art Union of London, by the lips of its president, the Marquis of Lothian, a member of the St. Paul's Committee. Lord Lothian's line of argument, like his expressed disapproval, is moderate, and apparently uninfluenced by Sir William Richmond's sturdy defence. The gist of his remarks resolves itself into the practical declaration that the stencilled pattern on the arches is "only suitable for embroidery, but it would be removed." Turning to the other gross blunders of the day—such as the new Vauxhall Bridge, and, he might have added, the site chosen for the Boadicea statue—there ought, he said, to be an expert Parliamentary Committee, or other form of Governmental control, which might rescue the public from the artistic enormities of irresponsible bodies and the artlessness of the County Council. The idea is good as to control, but we do not believe in Parliamentary taste. Until we have a Ministry of Fine Art we do not see what effective control can be exercised; and when we have, the blight of the official *arbitrarius elegantiarum* will fall upon the land.

National Portrait Gallery.

THE Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery have received under the will of the late Colonel JOHN BARROW, F.R.S., formerly of the Admiralty, a bequest of a series of portraits painted for Colonel Barrow by Mr. STEPHEN PEARCE, relating to the various expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin. The portraits comprise:—A large group representing "The Arctic Council discussing a plan of search for Sir John Franklin;" Sir Robert McClure, Sir Leopold McClintock, Captain Penny, and Sir George Nares; Sir Richard Collinson, Sir Henry Kellett, Sir Edward Belcher, Sir

Edward Inglefield, Dr. John Rae, Captain Rochefort Maguire, Captain J. E. Moore, Dr. Robert McCormick, Lieutenant J. Stewart, Lieutenant Bellot, Sir Horatio T. Austin, Admiral Sherard Osborn, Dr. William Kennedy, Sir Leopold McClintock, and Sir Erasmus Ommanney. As in the present state of the Gallery it is no longer possible to find room for so large an accession of portraits, requiring to be hung together, a room in the East Wing adjoining the National Gallery will be adapted for the purpose of containing the Arctic portraits bequeathed both by Lady Franklin and Colonel Barrow, to which access will be made through the galleries in the East Wing. The Trustees have purchased from the widow of the late GEORGE G. ADAMS, sculptor, a marble bust of Sir William Napier, the historian, and plaster models of Sir Charles Napier, Rajah Sir James Brooke, H.R.H. the Prince Consort, Lord Clyde, Viscount Gough, Lord Seaton, Lord Brougham, Viscount Palmerston, Sir Henry Havelock, Archbishop Sumner, and a portrait in relief of Field-Marshal Viscount Hardinge. The following portraits have also been purchased:—William Croft, Mus. Doc., attributed to JONATHAN RICHARDSON; William Drummond of Hawthornden, a small panel portrait attributed to G. JAMESONE; George Morland, drawn by himself in tinted chalks, and presented to his pupil, Elias Childe. The following gifts have been accepted by the Trustees:—William Eden Nesfield, drawn in Rome by his friend JACOB E. E. BRANDON, presented by John Hebb, Esq., F.R.I.B.A.; John Varley, the water-colour painter, a pencil drawing by WILLIAM BLAKE, presented by Godfrey E. P. Arkwright, Esq.

Exhibitions: WITHOUT being extraordinarily strong, or remarkable for any very novel features, the summer exhibition of the **Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colour.** "Old Society" is distinguished by all its customary dignity and solid merit.

Much of the work on view is open to the charge of being old-fashioned in character and treatment, but there is little of it that is not sincere, and the number of things that have really sterling qualities is by no means inconsiderable. Such drawings as Mr. J. PATERSON'S "The Northern Athens," Mr. ARTHUR MELVILLE'S "Sirocco," or Mr. ALBERT GOODWIN'S exquisitely delicate "Mount St. Michel—Summer," assert themselves commandingly as quite exceptionally important; and the contributions of Mrs. STANHOPE FORBES, Mr. J. R. WEGUELIN, Mr. J. W. NORTH, Mr. E. ALEXANDER, and Mr. E. A. WATERLOW, help greatly to keep up the level of the exhibition. Mr. ALFRED PARSONS, too, shows one very good landscape, "Sea Holly," and several interesting studies of pretty bits; Mr. CLAUSEN is well represented by his "Woodmen," and Professor HERKOMER by his "Portrait of Mrs. Travers-Cox."

New English Art Club. THE absence of anything like wilful eccentricity or careless management of technical details made the collection of works by the younger men, which was recently on view

at the Dudley Gallery, more than usually attractive. The pictures most worthy of note were "A Pastoral Play," by Mr. H. TONKS, Mr. J. L. HENRY'S "Dover Harbour," Mr. P. W. STEER'S "Carmina," Mr. ARTHUR TOMSON'S "Pinner Hill," Mr. W. W. RUSSELL'S "A Picnic" and "The Woodlanders," certain landscapes by Professor BROWN and Mr. FRANCIS BATE;

and there were also some excellent water-colour and black-and-white drawings by Mr. A. W. RICH, Mr. H. B. BRABAZON, Mr. R. E. FRY, Mr. LAURENCE HOUSMAN, and Mr. PAUL WOODROFFE. Three remarkable pencil studies by Professor A. VON MENZEL were, by the special invitation of the committee of the club, included in the exhibition.

Other Exhibitions. A NUMBER of very good pictures and drawings by artists of the modern Dutch school are to be seen now at the new "Holland Fine Art Gallery," which has just opened in Regent Street. Among the chief men represented are MATTHEW, JAMES, and WILLIAM MARIS, BOSBOOM, POGGENBECK, JOSEF ISRAELS, MESDAG, and MAUVE; and the best side of each man's capacity is plainly shown. The quality of the exhibition, as a whole, is extremely noteworthy, and its value is unquestionable.

Mr. BYAM SHAW'S cabinet pictures, illustrating passages from the British poets, provide at Messrs. Dowdeswells' Gallery a quite legitimate attraction for everyone who enjoys the quaint expression of ingenious ideas. The artist, young as he is, has already established himself among our best workers in the field of imaginative art; and his choice of motives is so unconventional, and his manner is so individual, that his work fully deserves the appreciation it receives. His treatment of the pictures which are to be seen in this exhibition is thoroughly characteristic, and shows well how steadily his powers are developing.

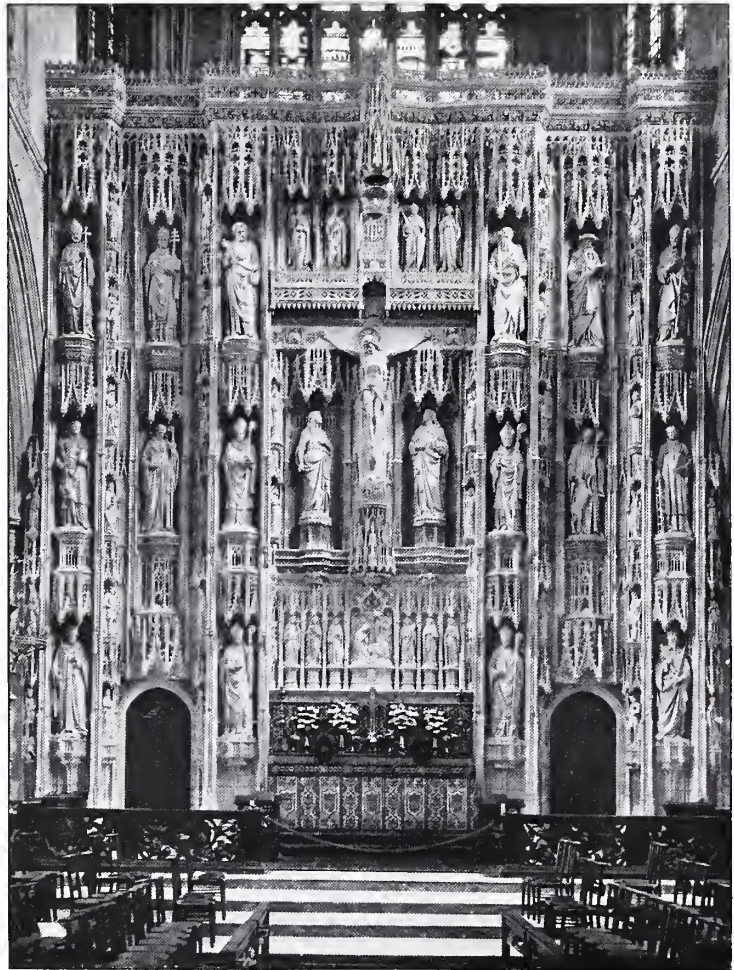
Mr. D. Y. CAMERON'S great reputation as an etcher has to some extent caused people to forget his skill as a painter. Several of his more important canvases were lately to be seen at Messrs. Colnaghi's Gallery, and most impressively asserted the splendid strength of his command over technical devices. They left no room for doubt as to his capacity as a colourist, and proved emphatically that he is not only a fine draughtsman but also a masculine and decisive manipulator of oil paint with a very uncommon sense of style.

Mr. C. J. WATSON'S water-colours, collected in Mr. Dunthorne's Gallery, provided another proof that mastery of the etcher's art is not opposed to proficiency in the expression of colour effects. These drawings had infinite charm of delicate combination, and were admirably subtle and refined in their treatment of effects of atmosphere and tone gradation.

As a demonstration, on a small scale, of the capacity of two famous artists the semi-public exhibition arranged last month by Miss F. M. Moore at 39, Maresfield Gardens, N.W., had a very marked degree of interest. She was able to show a number of pictures and sketches, in oil, water-colour, and black-and-white by her father, HENRY MOORE, and her uncle, ALBERT MOORE; and much of the material brought together was completely representative of the best aspects of their work. Henry Moore's amazing power of rapid interpretation of atmospheric effects was illustrated in a succession of out-of-door sketches, full of vitality and plain meaning; and Albert Moore's moving feeling for grace of line and

beauty of type appeared in a group of studies of heads and draperies. Some finished pictures were exhibited, but the slighter things made up the bulk of the collection.

To the many foreign artists who have found in the London streets numberless suggestions for pictorial work must be added Signor ALBERTO PISA, whose productions have lately been on view in the galleries of the Fine Art Society. He would seem to regard our dingy city as lacking neither in colour nor in variety of effects, for he certainly escaped everything like



THE RESTORED SCREEN AT WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

(See p. 304.)

monotony, and erred, if at all, in making his interpretation of the subjects selected a little too brilliant. But, at all events, his idealisations had the merit of being full of charm, and they were well carried out.

The battle pictures of Mr. CATON WOODVILLE are always spirited and masculine in manner, and never fail to secure wide approval for their judicious treatment of military facts. His latest production, "All that was left of them, Left of Six Hundred," has been on view at Messrs. Graves' Gallery. It was painted as a companion to his "Charge of the Light Brigade," and represents the muster of the small remnant of the brigade after its return from the Valley of Death. The picture is all the more impressive because it is quite unsensational, and deals only with the grim realities of the scene, without making any profession of sentiment.

The group of fine old mezzotint engravings which Messrs. Agnew have been exhibiting appealed, perhaps, more to collectors than to the public. But as illustrations of an artistic craft which has given notable results, these works by prominent engravers after pictures by last century masters of the British school were aesthetically of no little moment, and they deserve mention on account of their admirable quality.

THE following have been elected members of the Royal Society of British Artists:—
MISCELLANEA. MESSRS. T. ALSOP, A. W. COLLISTER, G. GRENVILLE MANTON, T. MASTIN, ARTHUR STEWART, and LANCE THACKERAY.

MESSRS. J. M. SWAN, A.R.A., and ROBERT LITTLE have been elected full members of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours. The Rt. Hon. JOSEPH



THE SUMMONS TO SURRENDER.

From the Painting by Vicat Cole, R.A., recently acquired for the Nottingham Gallery.

CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., has been elected an Honorary Member of the Society.

The Committee of the Oldham Corporation have purchased the following works from their Spring Exhibition for the permanent collection: "St. Laurent," by Mr. FRANK DVORAK, and "Marshlands—Spring-time," a water-colour drawing, by Mr. GEORGE COCKRAM.

The President and Council of the Royal Academy have purchased the following works for the Chantrey Collection: "Approaching Night," by Mr. H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A.; "The Battle of the Nile," by Mr. W. L. WYLLIE, A.R.A.; "My Lady's Garden," by Mr. J. YOUNG HUNTER; "Off Valparaiso," by Mr. THOMAS SOMERSCALES; and a water-colour, "Le Château d'O," by Mr. CHARLES MAUNDRELL. An illustration of each of these works, with the exception of the last-mentioned, appears in "Royal Academy Pictures, 1899."

Some valuable additions have been made to the permanent collections of the museum and art gallery at Nottingham. The late T. E. Beaumont, Esq., of Kenwood Park, Sheffield, has bequeathed an important work by MARCUS STONE, R.A., entitled "In Love," which was the painter's principal picture in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1858, and two characteristic pictures by EUGENE VON DE BLAAS entitled "The Offer" and "Accepted." Sir Charles Seely, Bart., has lately given an interesting work by the late VICAT COLE, R.A., entitled "The Summons to Surrender." This picture, which is full of spirit, was exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1889. The subject is taken

from Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" where Sir Francis Drake describes, in a letter to his friend Amyas, his taking of Don Pedro Valdez and his great galleon.

The restoration of the altar-screen at Winchester Cathedral is a work that has long engaged the attention of the Cathedral authorities. It was seriously taken in hand in 1885, when J. D. SEDDING undertook the treatment of the central portion. In 1888 the rest was completed, with the exception of the central figure, the space for which has been vacant until quite recently. In 1895 Mr. G. F. BODLEY, A.R.A., and Mr. C. E. KEMPE were consulted, and by their advice a "Crucifixion" was adopted as the fitting subject, and under Mr. Bodley's direction a model was prepared and approved, the actual work being executed by Messrs. FARMER and BRINDLEY. Upon the recommendation of Mr. Bodley, the large picture by West which hung over the altar has been removed, and in the central space which it covered has been placed a group of "The Holy Family," and in the niches on either side are figures of six female saints. The restoration has been carried out at the expense of Canon Valpy as a memorial to his late wife. On p. 383 is an illustration of the screen as completed.

THE death has occurred of Mr. Obituary. JOSEPH WOLF, R.L., the celebrated painter of animals and birds. He was born at Munstermayfeld in 1820, and as a boy exhibited great talent for drawing; all his studies being made from natural history objects in the woods and fields about his home. But it was not until Professor Schlegel, of the Leyden Museum, saw some of his drawings that his skill was recognised and utilised, the professor employing him to illustrate a large work on falconry. The publication of this book attracted

attention to Wolf in England, and he was invited to take up where Mitchell left off the illustration of Gray's "Genera of Birds." He accordingly, in 1848, left the Antwerp Academy, where he was then studying, and took up his residence in England. The Zoological and Linnaean Societies employed him to illustrate many of their publications, and he was greatly in request to provide illustrations to books of travel. Among such publications were Livingstone's "Missionary Travels" and Wallace's "Malay Archipelago," and in addition to these several works dealing entirely with wild animal life were enriched with his drawings. He became recognised as one of the foremost delineators of wild life, his drawings being acknowledged as correct by the most fastidious critics among natural history authorities. His best work is undoubtedly to be found in his water-colours; he was one of the oldest members of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours. In the last fifteen years of his life he was sadly crippled by rheumatism. A biography of Mr. Wolf was published in 1895, and was duly reviewed in these pages.

Mr. F. SARGENT, the painter of several well-known pictures of scenes in the House of Commons, Royal Garden Party, and so forth, has recently died after a short illness.

The deaths have occurred of M. AUGUSTE ALFRED RUBÉ, the well-known French scene-painter and decorative artist—he was created Chevalier of the Legion of Honour in 1869; and of M. ANDRÉ VAUTHIER-GALLE, the medallist, at the age of eighty-one.



CAPTIVE CUPID.

FROM THE PAINTING BY T. BLAKE WIRGMAN, IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



THE EXECUTION OF THE DUC D'ENGHIEN.

From the Painting by Harold Piffard. (See p. 426.)

CURRENT ART.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—II.

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE is probably more than one reason why the exhibition of 1899 is not up to the level of recent years. In part, no doubt, there is the perennial explanation of bad weather immediately preceding the sending-in day; but that, though valid as an explanation, is no excuse. As Mr. Ruskin said of the Pre-Raphaelite leaders forty-one years ago, their absence "from their posts is highly to be reprobated: they have no business to set themselves to work which they can't finish in proper time;" and, in fact, the similar failures of last year should have compensated the miscalculations of this.

But there is another undoubted reason. It is certainly true, as has so often been said, that the loss of several leaders in the Academy is explanatory for a good deal, but not for all. It is our firm belief that no little of the fault lies at the door of the public itself. The public no longer offers in full degree that encouragement which not so many years ago nurtured English art to a point which neglect has since allowed to fall. It is not to be ex-

pected that the well known painter of figure-pictures can invest his hundreds, as well as months and months of his time, in the production of a great subject-picture, when against his studio walls the works of the last two or three years rest unsold. Younger men can make the experiment—men such as Mr. Byam Shaw and Mr. Nowell: they have their reputation to earn preliminary to worldly success. But the elder men, the artists of established fame, have learned from experience that reputation and financial success are not synonymous terms, and that excellence does not necessarily bring practical recognition. Time was when Mr. Windus's "Burd Helen," which Mr. Ruskin afterwards declared to be the second best picture in the year's exhibition (in which he was probably right), was at first ignored by the critic on account of the subject—he entertained a dislike for girls dressed as pages; and only an appeal from Rossetti sent him back to it. The collectors and buyers of to-day have rarely a Rossetti at their elbow to bid them look again from beneath the bias of their taste at

what is really beautiful in thought, arrangement, or execution. Even then they may concede all these excellences and yet turn from the work on the score of subject—and (a

lead painters and sculptors of acknowledged reputation to deny themselves the luxury for a year or so of putting forth full strength and sustained effort to create a work which



HARROWING.

From the Painting by H. H. La Thangue, A.R.A. By Permission of the Government of South Australia, the Owners of the Picture and Copyright.

double blow to modern art) buy an Old Master instead. The artist, conscious of his merits, has not hit the popular taste (for attention to which he is so often spurned); his failure is rendered the more galling by the public comment, and the following year may find him unwilling or unable to court another defeat. The artistic temperament is sensitive, even though artistic hunger must be satisfied: and discouragement will very often

at the moment a fickle public, and the whole band of purblind collectors, will refuse, but which, as we have so often seen, in a very few years' time they may all be scrambling and fighting to secure. The auction-room is a chamber of torture to the artist, where the financial test is applied under the worst possible conditions; but it is often the vindication of the painter, when works which the public snubbed, and which collectors could not appreciate,

shame the taste of an earlier day, and justify the artist in pausing to reflect upon the meaning of the popular whim.

To none do these vagaries so forcibly appeal as to the subject-painter, and, after all, the popular interest in an exhibition is awakened and sustained for the greater part by the painter of subjects. If you would be convinced of this, you have but to visit the International Society's and observe the effect of the absence of figure-pictures "with a story." In the Academy this year such pictures are not many, while those which deal, not with history or anecdote or scene of the past—or with works of the imagination—but with subjects of *present day interest*, have become almost entirely absent. Setting aside the Jubilee pictures, not a single such work of the first class—unless we admit Mr. Bramley's "Gossip"—has come from a member or associate of the Academy; while the most remarkable, though pitched in a disconcerting note of colour, comes from a foreigner. We refer to the admirable "Dance of the Choristers in the Cathedral of Seville," by Senor Gonzalo Bilbao. Another foreigner's picture, as grey and sombre as Senor Bilbao's is gorgeous, and even a little blinding, in its lakes and purples and orange—also attracts attention: Herr Feldmann's funeral procession, "The Widow of Nain," a work by no means faultless, yet a sincere and sympathetic rendering in the most sombre note of the modern Munich school. Why is this? In the Salons of Paris we have French life of to-day, the real life of the people, annually presented on the walls of the exhibition—valuable records for the future, showing barrack life and manœuvres, church service and hospital work, artists in their studios, the people in the factories and at their trades, club life and sports, convent life and fêtes, naval manœuvres and markets, yachting, circus life, processions, the laboratory and school teaching. These are all to be found in the Salons of the present year, which are supposed to fall below the usual average, and which yet present to the spectator the life about him without any consequent sacrifice of artistic motive and artistic execution. The reason is, no doubt, that we have no State funds for the purchase of such works—works which, after all, cannot well be considered to present subjects specially suitable to private galleries: so that once more the ultimate responsibility for the alleged poverty of invention, or, at least, for lack of courage in dealing with the life of to-day, falls once more on the public which would order without paying the bill. Once again we are reminded that artists as a body,

without being money-makers, are men who wish to live respectable lives: they no more live to sacrifice themselves to the caprice of an ignorant public than did the masters of old. If the public calls for false archæology, eighteenth-century anecdote, decorative heroics, or illustrations of literature, those things they will get; the ideal (in most cases more correctly called the "*unreal*") takes the place of the real, and fact on the one hand and pure imagination usually give way to the semi-ideal, whether in subject or manner, which we first ask for and then ungenerously decline to encourage or reward. The artist has indeed not a little to complain of: and if, restrained by his dignity, he remain silent, it is that he hesitates to challenge once more the verdict of a class that does not know its own mind and has little taste to dictate and determine an opinion.

We are not referring, it must be well understood, to incompetent works, but to artistic works which fail to please for reasons quite apart from their artistry. Even painters themselves are liable to the prejudice—especially Academic painters, necessarily, for to be honestly academic is to be opposed to everything that rejects tradition. Yet on the Academy walls—although we regret to find that Mr. Lavery, Mr. Guthrie, Mr. E. A. Walton, Mr. George Henry, and other members of their skilful school, are absent (presumably rejected, some of them)—we are glad to recognise the work of little known painters, whose original observation or thoughtful discipline do not belong to that five-o'clock-in-the-afternoon style which Monsieur Clemenceau acutely discovered to be a prevailing "persuasion" of the early Victorian painter—Turner alone excluded. Such pictures are "The Bouquet" by Miss Ellen Cohen, "Just Ready," a clever though sombre study of interior-lighting by Miss Ursula Wood, and "The Pale Complexion of True Love" by Miss Eleanor Brickdale, based apparently on Mr. Abbey diluted with Mr. Byam Shaw. The Academy has been gallant this year.

The Jubilee pictures are, of course, the great "actualities" of the year: Mr. Gow's (unfinished), which excels in the painting, and Mr. Charlton's in light and movement; while Signor D'Amato's, sparkling though it is, fails in truth of fact and harmony of arrangement. These painters have painted the unpaintable, and have yielded to History the sacrifice that it is sometimes the duty of Art to make. We have already dealt fully with Mr. Charlton's picture, which the Queen commissioned; and need merely say that the wonder is not that the pictures are not great art, but that the painters have

succeeded so well. Mr. La Thangue's dignified peasant pictures are to be taken as representations of country life, impersonally considered, rather than as depicting any real human interest in the workers, for the faces of these are impossible, themselves uninterested in their labours and their lot. But though their faces are expressionless, the scenes in which they move, the soil on which they work, the toil that strains them, the sun that burns them—these are the

elegance. But not only are the forms of these nymphs borrowed from Jules Lefebvre, but the whole scheme of composition as well, only the pupil has not entirely succeeded in filling the blank places in her canvas. Monsieur Bouguereau paints a weeping girl—"Élégie"—with his usual mechanical mastery of drawing and coloration; only his rendering of the nude resembles more than ever china-painting, and is less than ever inspired by true artistic feeling.



FRENCH FISHING LUGGER OFF MARGATE.

From the Painting by Edwin Hayes, R.H.A., R.I.

things which engage the sympathy of the painter and of the spectator. And they are finely rendered, with a free though rather mannered brush, and with a fine appreciation of strong through colour. Still more subtle is Mr. Clausen, whose "Going to Work" is among his finer things; "Allotment Gardens" may be a greater achievement, but it recalls Millet's "Angelus" too sharply to be as acceptable.

Classic life and mythology offer less and less attraction to artist and public, perhaps because the triumvirate, Tadema, Leighton and Poynter, after years of exploitation of the subject, have left little that is new to the young artist of to-day. It is true that Mr. Ernest Normand has given us a clever triptych of "Pandora," clearly influenced by Mr. Elihu Vedder, and that his wife, Miss Henrietta Rae, has worked out on a large canvas a "Diana and Callisto," in which the nymph's shame at her exposure is represented not without skill and

Mr. Alma Tadema alone brings back classic days with success, and that success is not absolute. The picture is unfinished, yet further work is not likely to modify the intrusion of the monster column—or prove to those who do not look at the base that it is a column, and not a slab. The three girls in the foreground are exquisitely rendered, and as an exercise of light and of delicate colour is almost without reproach. But are we really shown the exact habits and customs in the Baths of Caracalla, and did the perspective really diminish so rapidly and, to Northern eyes, so unaccountably? This picture is a fine Tadema, but not of the finest.

Romantic grace covers a very wide field of imaginative work and of "costume subject." Mr. Abbey's "O Mistress mine, where are you roaming?" is perhaps finer than anything that he has done in respect to expression—the wistful yearning on the girl's face is masterly



LAUS DEO

From the Painting by Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A. By Permission of Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, the Owners of the Copyright and Publishers of the large Plate.

in its pathetic realisation, but the composition is not so graceful as a good deal he has done. Nevertheless, the colour is fine. "Who is group of richly clad maidens dally under trees upon the sward as the setting sun gilds them with its light. Admirably drawn, coloured with



GOSSIP.

From the Painting by Frank Bramley, A.R.A.

Sylvia?" is another Shakespearian illustration of great intrinsic beauty, which still, it seems, awaits a few finishing touches. Mr. Arthur Hacker touches the same note—or is it Decameronian?—in "The Golden Hour." A

judicious opulence, conceived with dignity, and full of beauty, the picture still lacks something. It gives somewhat the appearance of a huge water-colour in the style of M. Gaston La Touche, for it lacks the strength of oil; and the figures



MY LADY'S GARDEN.

From the Painting by J. Young Hunter. Purchased by the President and Council of the Royal Academy under the terms of the Chantry Bequest. By Permission of C. E. Clifford and Co., the Owners of the Copyright and Publishers of a Plate of the Picture.

in the shadow are too ghostly. "The Drone," though not so attractive, is a more solid and interesting picture. True appreciation marks Mr. Draper's "Ferdinand and Ariel;" the mystic light on the further bank is a distinct invention, and accentuates the magic of the scene. The picture is full of good colour.

Besides a large skating scene, Mr. Boughton has designed a dainty picture with a dainty subject—"Wintry Spring"—with the singular charm which he imparts into his varied whites. Mr. Charles Sims's "Kingdom of Heaven" is very remarkable for effects of open air and brilliant moist-white daylight, which appeal chiefly to the artist and critic: but as to its being a bit like the Kingdom of Heaven, we don't believe a word of it. Mr. S. J. Solomon, with his large picture of a mounted knight, guarded by the angel of Fame or Glory or Sanctity, leaving behind him the love and pleasures of the world, makes an undoubted mark. The knight, as he sings "Laus Deo," strikes one, by his very occupation, as being somewhat operatic; but the design is interesting, the restraint with which the whole is rendered, notably the armour, is extremely praiseworthy, while the execution and handling are very able. "The Diver," by Mr. Tuke—representing boys bathing from a boat in the sunshine—is about as good as such a thing can be; it is very realistic, without much poetic glamour, and is, taken all in all, the best downright rendering of the male nude in the Academy. Mr. Byam Shaw's remarkable picture of "Love, the Conqueror" shows no *pictorial* advance on "Love's

Baubles," but it is full of invention and audacity—and that goes far in a young man. The colour is often discordant, the figures do not always keep their places, there is a strange jumble of real personages and literary creations, and there are ugly passages—what the French would call *barbare*—and yet it was necessary, perhaps, that Mr. Shaw should have painted the picture in order that his development might take its natural course. But he is certainly venturing on a wrong road, which we fear may prove to him the road to ruin. Another young artist—Mr. Young Hunter (whose "My Lady's Garden" has been bought for the Chantrey collection)—has painted a really admirable work in its style—graceful, and, though solid and firmly handled, excellently drawn and harmonious in its rather forced key of bright yet sombre hue. He seems to have had Millais's "Vale of Rest" and "The Old Garden" in his mind, and placed in his scene a figure of Mr. Abbey's. Nevertheless, Mr. Young Hunter is an artist of striking promise.

With a mere mention of Mr. Shannon's tapestry-like "Babes in the Wood," and the clever anecdotal pictures of Miss Dicksee, Mr. Dendy Sadler, and Mr. Millett, the charming "Elaine" of Mr. Mouat Loudan, and the pictures of Mr. Gotch ("A Pageant of Children"), Mr. Melton Fisher ("The Tambour Frame"), and the single figures of Mr. Peacock, we close this portion of our review.

[For fuller illustration see THE MAGAZINE OF ART Supplement—"Royal Academy Pictures, 1899."]

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY OF SCULPTORS, PAINTERS, AND GRAVERS.

BY ALFRED LYS BALDRY.

THE second Exhibition of International Art at Knightsbridge compares not very well with the show which was held last year at the same place and under the same management. Not only is the representation of foreign artists far less adequate and important, but they as well as many members of our native school who were before deservedly prominent are now hardly to be regarded as doing themselves real justice. As a consequence, the collection brought together lacks something of that completeness which is necessary to make it convincing as an assertion of the principles professed by the Society, and misses that degree of significance to which it should

certainly attain if it is to be accepted as a declaration of a sincere artistic creed. It may be that the standard set up by the first Exhibition was one so high that no association could reasonably expect to reach it regularly year by year; but it is none the less a pity that expectations which seemed amply justified only a twelvemonth ago should be grievously disappointed.

However, if the show as a whole cannot be unreservedly praised, at least it deserves attention because it includes some pictures of admirable quality. Among the portraits especially there is a good deal of work which is perfectly acceptable as sound and well directed effort, and there are some few canvases with

merits very markedly above the average. Mr. George Henry contributes what are, perhaps, the most completely satisfactory examples of this class of work. His portraits of "The Hon. Mr. Justice Darling," "George Burrell, Esq.,"

action and graceful movement. Mr. Lavery's "Lady in Purple" has the strength of arrangement and skill of craftsmanship which have made his pictures memorable in previous years, though it hardly reaches the highest



FROSTY EVENING.

From the Painting by Julius Olsson.

and "Anthony Brogan, Esq.," are thoroughly well designed and handled, and are stated with sincere appreciation of character. They have true distinction of style without any straining after curious unconventionality; and, brilliant as they are in their frank directness, lack nothing of that judicious reserve which is always the mark of artistic intelligence. Mr. Robert Brough's "Portrait of Edie, daughter of O. H. Edinger, Esq.," clever as it is, just misses complete success for want of this quality of reticence. It has great beauty of colour, and is surprisingly confident in technical method, but it is restless and over-demonstrative. A pleasanter type of freedom is shown in the group "Dorothea and Francesca—two sisters dancing," by Mdle. Cecilia Beaux, which is attractive not only as an executive achievement, but also on account of its happy suggestion of

level of his art; but his "Lady in Pink," despite its freedom and readiness of resource, is a caricature of his earlier manner. More fortunate in every way is Mr. Douglas Robinson's "Portrait in Brown," a perfectly balanced study of rich colour harmonies, and a most acceptable piece of honest brush-work. A pretty group of children by Mr. J. J. Shannon, and some other canvases by Mr. R. Jack, Mr. Harold Speed, Mr. C. W. Furse, Mr. Greffeinlagen, and Mr. J. Da Costa are also worthy of record.

The landscapes, and studies of out of door subjects, show very well what are the aims of the school which the Society chiefly desires to encourage. Little work appears in this section of the Exhibition which is not very definitely inspired by a spirit of invention and controlled by a plain intention to avoid the commonplace of artistic practice. Perhaps in such



PELLEAS AND MELISANDE.

From the Painting by Gerald E. Moira, in the Exhibition of International Art.

canvases as Mr. Whitelaw Hamilton's "Woodland Landscape," or Mr. Harry Thompson's "Spring," there is a sacrifice of probability, and a disregard of natural facts; but decoratively they are attractive enough, and, to some extent, their merits of design and colour combination excuse their unreality. The highest type of observation and the best expression of Nature is not, however, to be found in these fanciful adaptations, but rather in sterling and honest records like Mr. Leslie Thomson's "Near Southend," and Mr. Mark Fisher's "Chalk Cliffs, Sussex," with their charm of atmosphere and aërial colour. Mr. James Paterson's "Sunlit Valley," too, is extremely sound in its suggestion of daylight, and is remarkably able in handling, but loses some of its value through the injudicious treatment of the sky. The "Dutch Harbour" by M. James Maris illustrates another and more sober view of art. It is dignified and serious, but yet not pedantic, accurate in its record without tending towards realistic matter-of-fact, and painted with a splendid certainty that does not suggest any desire for mere technical display. Akin to it in feeling are Mr. Bertram Priestman's "On the Maas" and "Under the Willows," two pictures which show the influence of the Dutch school, and yet have

a distinct and agreeable individuality; and Mr. H. Muhrman's too dirty "Low Tide on the Thames" is also to be noted as inspired by something of the same spirit. Mr. Moffat Lindner's "The Stour," Mr. Austen Brown's "At the Farm Ferry," M. Ménard's "Fin du Jour," Mr. Alfred Hartley's "View of the Tees," Mr. E. A. Walton's "The Round Tree," and the four landscapes, representing the seasons, by M. Pissaro, are all important features of the Exhibition; and at least one of the pictures by Mr. Whistler, the "Blue and Silver—Trouville," fully justifies the greatness of his reputation. A very comprehensive collection of drawings and prints adds variety and interest. Among them are etchings and pastels by Mr. Whistler, pencil drawings by Professor von Menzel, a silverpoint by Professor Legros, colour prints by Mr. Morley Fletcher, the Masters Detmold, and Mr. W. Nicholson, etchings by Mr. W. Strang, Mr. Charles Holroyd, and Mr. D. Y. Cameron, and pen drawings for illustrations by A. B. Houghton, Pinwell, Mr. F. Sandys, Mr. J. W. North, and Mr. L. Raven Hill. The sculpture is, on the whole, not of first-rate importance, but it includes a fair number of good things by well-known artists, especially two works by Monsieur Rodin.

LIMOGES ENAMELS.—I.

BY THE REV. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.

WHEN, in or about 1830, Alexandre de Sommierard visited Limoges in order to make a collection of the enamels of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, which had been made there through many centuries and had been the glory of the Limousin capital, he inquired of a brazier whether any were still to be had.

"Ah, monsieur!" answered the man, "you ought to have come to me twenty or thirty years ago. How many have I hammered up on my anvil! I converted them into pigs of metal, and sold them, thus transformed, by weight."

An incredible number were destroyed at the Revolution, were melted up to be coined. In Limoges itself, two municipal officers, themselves goldsmiths and natives of the place, were active in the destruction of works worth at the present day their weight in gold—monuments of the art of their forefathers, which had made Limoges famous throughout Europe. The churches, the

monasteries, the châteaux, were full of enamelled vessels and ornaments. They were all given up to pillage by ruffians who hacked away the rainbow incrustations in order that the common copper that was hidden behind them might be run into cannon, or coined into sous.

Enamelling is an imitative art. It was employed to copy jewelry and mosaic work. The transparent enamel was used as a substitute for gems, and the opaque as a substitute for marbles.

Apparently, the art of enamelling was discovered and practised by the Celts. The only reference to the art in classical writers is found in a passage of Philostratus, a Greek sophist, who left Athens in the beginning of the third century to join the Court of Julia Domna, the wife of the Emperor Severus. He writes: "It is said that the barbarians living in or by the ocean, pour colours on heated bronze, that these adhere, grow hard as stone, and

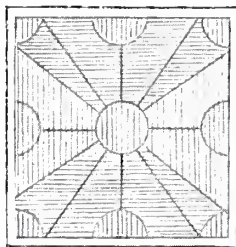


FIG. 1.—MEROVINGIAN ORNAMENT.

In the St. Germain's Museum.

preserve the designs that are made in them." This passage almost certainly refers to Britain. The Emperor Severus was in Britain, he built the wall that bears his name, and died at York. In France there have, indeed, been found enamels that date from a Gaulish period, but they are of very inferior and rude quality, and consist almost entirely of a sort of red glaze melted over the metal. Quite other are the splendid enamelled articles found in Britain, and which date from the period of the decline of the Roman power in our isle. There have been a good many of these finds. In Mr. Boyd Dawkins' "Cave-hunting" (London, 1874), the coloured frontispiece represents enamelled brooches, a harp fibula, and a ring, all inlaid with various coloured enamels, crimson, yellow, blue, green, in cloisonné work. "The enamel, in all these examples," he says, "seems to have been inserted into hollows in the bronze, and then to have been heated so as to form a close union with them." They were found in a cave near Settle, in Yorkshire, under circumstances that leave no doubt that they belong to the fifth century. Similar remains have been found in other caves. In that of Kirkhead, on the promontory of Cartmel, was found a pin ornamented with green enamel, along with a coin of Domitian. The forms of the brooches are distinctly Celtic.

In the museum at St. Germain's is a collection of Merovingian ornaments in precious metals, and in these we see the beginnings of enamel work (Fig. 1). Some bronze gilt fibulae found near Mayence, and others of the same character from Jarnac in Charente have on them gilt knobs, and over these a red, vitreous glaze is drawn. The intention is obvious—they are intended to simulate the effect of rubies. But other ornaments have enamels let into a metal framework. Such is a fine buckle of a belt of silver-gilt from Tressan. A filagree of fine silver has been soldered on to the surface of plain metal, forming a number of compartments, and these compartments have been filled in with red and blue. In the museum at Stuttgart is a gold fibula, found at Waiblingen, enamelled in the same manner. Another, found at Bonn, is now in the museum of Mayence. Both belong to the same epoch.

The attempt to copy precious stones with coloured paste rapidly led to further enrichment. A composition of powdered silex, soda and potass could be coloured crimson, blue, and green by the admixture of metal oxides, but stannic acid curdled the compost and rendered it white and opaque. The advantage of this was at once perceived. A happy combination of translucent and opaque colours served to

mutually set each other off. Yellow, turquoise, blue, and black were opaque. But through the transparent emerald greens, blues, and crimsons, and purples, the gold of the plate beneath shone, and gave great luminosity. Delicate ribbons of gold were employed to separate the colours, to make little pockets in which the enamels might be planted. Probably the finest example of early cloisonné work, as this enamel in sockets is called, is the cover of a case that contained a book of the Gospels in the Treasury of St. Denys. It is now in the Louvre

It dates from the eleventh century, and represents the Crucifixion, with the Evangelistic symbols surrounding it. The colours employed are partly transparent and partly opaque. Not only is it Byzantine in style because that was in vogue at the period, but the nature of the work forced on the artist great stiffness and formalism in design. The subject sketched (Fig. 2) of one compartment of this cover will give some idea of its structure.



FIG. 2.—PANEL IN CLOISONNÉ WORK.
From a Gospel in the Treasury of St. Denys.

Every line represents a ribbon of gold soldered at right angles to the base, and this ribbon separates the colours. The plumes of the wings are of transparent emerald green, transparent ruby, dark blue, also transparent. But yellow, white, turquoise, and a semi-transparent dark blue are also employed, and the nimbus is of this latter. The field is red; the head of the eagle is also red.

The process by which the cloisonné enamel was made was to first form the design with filagree, then fill the several cells formed by the cloisons with their colours. The whole was then submitted to fire, and finally the surface was smoothed.

Another process gradually supplanted the cloisonné enamel, as giving greater freedom, and being less difficult; this was the *champlevé* enamel. A plate of metal was worked with the graver's tool, and in place of the cells for colour being formed above the surface, they were dug out of the surface. In the pockets or compartments thus scooped out, the enamel was inserted. This decoration was employed for

the backgrounds of figures that are in relief, as, for instance, covering the crosses on which is the figure of Christ in copper-gilt.

There is a charming figure of an angel in the museum at Limoges, that supports a glass reliquary (Fig. 3). The figure is somewhat stiff and severely treated. The only portions enamelled are the eyes and the plumes of the wings on the inside. All the rest is of copper-gilt. The contrast of colours transparent and opaque in the wings is very beautiful. The colours are dark transparent blue, and transparent grass green; a grey blue is opaque, as well as the white. The red is transparent.



FIG. 3.—ANGEL WITH ENAMELLED EYES AND WINGS.

In the Museum at Limoges.

The principle is the same in *champlevé* as in *cloisonné*; in both cases the enamel is let into sockets, the difference being that in the latter case the sockets are fashioned above the surface of the plate, in the former they are dug out of it. But the graving gave facilities for dealing with the enamel such as could not be obtained by the *cloison*. When enamel had to be set like precious stones, it could be treated only in the fashion of jewelry, as occasional ornament, but when it could be run into any hollow, then it was used profusely in adorning every sort of vessel and piece of metal furniture, wherever the graving tool could be employed. It formed fringes, borders, belts, to the drapery of metal statues; it was employed armorially; it enriched crosiers and tombs, chalices and shrines alike. A fine example from the *Hôtel de Cluny* will show how much more flexible enamel had become, or, rather, how much more ease and freedom were now experienced in its manipulation. The example is of copper-gilt, a foot in height. It represents the *Eternal Father* in *repoussé*, in a somewhat archaic style. The right hand is raised in benediction, the left holds the Gospels. Of the figure only the eyes are enamelled, but the whole surface of the background is covered with enamel. As some of the vitreous matter has fallen out in places, especially in the circles above the nimbus and in a portion of the nimbus, the method of procedure is very clearly illustrated by this

fine specimen. It also allows a very usual kind of ornamentation to be seen, one that is reproduced repeatedly, and consists of rosettes or quatrefoils of various colours.

In these *champlevé* enamels both transparent and opaque colours were employed, but an opportunity for development in the use of transparent enamels at once presented itself.

The engraver perceived that if he gave greater depth to his socket in one place than in another, the greater thickness of transparent enamel in such a place gave it a depth of tone corresponding to the thickness. He was accordingly able to vary the intensity of tone with his graving tool, and so produce an effect very much like that in stained glass where the rubies and the blues are not monotone. This originated the translucent enamels that were worked chiefly in Italy. These translucent enamels are most rare. The finest known



FIG. 4—"THE ETERNAL FATHER."

Repoussé Enamel in the Hôtel de Cluny.

to exist is the tabernacle of Orvieto, made in 1338 by Ugolino of Sienna, which is exposed to the faithful on two days only in the year, Easter and Corpus Christi, and remains under

lock and key, inaccessible, for the rest of the year. Happily, however, the same church possesses another reliquary of the same description, less jealously concealed, and this has been drawn and published by M. Labarte. It is, however, obvious that neither water-colour nor chromo-lithograph can give more than a faint idea of the splendour of translucent enamel through which shines the gold overlaid by the vitreous colours.

At first a speciality of Italian artists, the love for and the working of these translucent enamels travelled into France and Germany. It is probable that the Italian workmen who accompanied the Popes in their exile to Avignon introduced with them the taste for this kind of enamel. A fine specimen was in the Loan Collection at South Kensington in 1862, and has been figured by Mr. Shaw in his "Decorative Arts of the Middle Ages." One of great beauty is in the Louvre, and represents God the Father between the Baptist and Charlemagne. In this example opaque is combined with translucent enamel. In the cathedral at Cologne is a fine cross of the fourteenth century, with enamelling of this description on the stem and volute. At Aix-la-Chapelle are two reliquaries, like chapels, and the windows are filled with translucent enamels.

In figures thus treated, the colours blue, green, grey, tan, purple, crimson are alone employed for the draperies, as these alone can be had transparent. A very splendid effect is produced by the variations of tone in the depths and gradations in colour. The strong black lines are formed by deep cuts in the ground. The pigment flowing into these shows very dark in the completed picture.

Some scanty specimens remain in the neighbourhood of Limoges to show that the artists there worked in this branch of enamelling, as in the collar that surrounds the bust of St. Valeria, at Chambon in Creuse; in the mitre of the bust of St. Martin, at Sondeilles in Corrèze.

Another and inferior method of treating transparent enamels is that of laying a flake of gold or silver leaf over the copper and under the enamel. In this case there is no graving, and the blacks are added on the upper surface, and even the higher lights picked out with gold. A good diptych of the end of the fifteenth century is in the Hôtel de Cluny, representing Christ and the Virgin, thus treated.

The modern enamellers are very fond of using foil in this manner, the brilliant effect produced serves as a snare, and leads them in a vicious direction. What can be done with translucent enamels over foil is shown in the

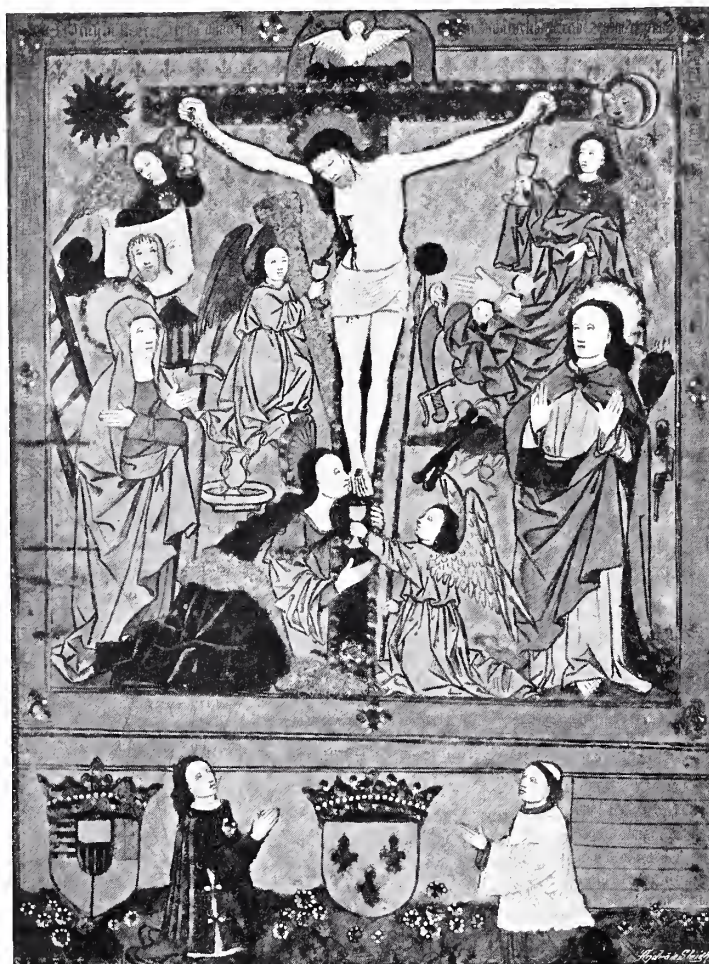


FIG. 5—THE CRUCIFIXION.

Enamelled Plaque by Nardo Penicaud, in the Hôtel de Cluny.

Perigueux Museum by some examples produced by M. Louis Bourdeny and by M. Claudius Popelais. These enamels shine with almost the brilliancy of stained glass; nevertheless, it is doubtful whether this style of painting over gold and silver leaf is legitimate art, it never escapes the effect of being tinselly. A combination of opaque colours with those that are transparent is the most happy arrangement, and the less foil is used the more satisfactory is the result.

In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the precious metals became far more abundant than they had been previously, and churches were supplied with chalices, shrines, crosses and pastoral staves of silver and gold in place of copper-gilt. But not churches only. The great nobles affected to adorn their tables and buffets

with the achievements of the goldsmiths' art and all of the costliest metals; copper made way for gold, and pewter for silver.

This change touched the enamellers, whose business it had been to enrich by their art a cheap metal. Now that gold was employed it must not be overlaid with opaque colours. Moreover, the goldsmiths were able to work the precious metals into the most artistic forms, and ornament them to any extent with work in the same metal.

For a moment it seemed as though the enamellers' art was doomed to extinction. But the workers in enamel rose to the occasion, and entirely revolutionised the art by the introduction of painted enamels. The graving tool was east aside, and the paintbrush usurped its place. The copper plate was coated with white; on that surface the outline was drawn in bistre, much as on glass; then the colours were added. Under the transparent colours flakes of gold leaf gave brilliancy enhanced by contrast

with the colours that were opaque. Hitherto the enameller and the goldsmith had worked together, now they parted company. The taste of the time was for paintings, and the artists took the plaque of copper as their base and boldly painted thereon just as the painter employed the oak panel. In time enamel picture gained as great a renown as had been enjoyed in a previous age by the *champlevé* enamel.

One of the earliest examples in this style is a shrine of St. Sebastian, of silver, in the church of St. Sulpice-les-Feuilles (Haute Vienne). It consists of a figure of the saint standing on a hexagonal base of pyramidal form truncated, that contains the relics. One side of this base is cut away and filled in with glass, through which the bones may be seen; the other faces are in painted enamel, and represent the Saviour, taken down from the Cross, on His mother's lap, between St. John and the Magdalen. On other faces are saints and the arms of Antoine de Lallemand, Bishop of Cahors, who died in 1495. The surface of the metal was

first covered with a black coating, then the subject was painted over that in white, and finally transparent enamel colours were floated over it. After the brush had boldly painted in the features and folds of the drapery with bistre, it was complete. The design and execution are coarse, but the colouring is tolerably harmonious.

Another early example is a rectangular plaque representing the Adoration of the Magi, with the arms emblazoned on it of Jean Barthou, Bishop of Limoges between 1458 and 1484. All the drapery is in blue and violet, with a few details in brown. The landscape is in pale blue, green, and brown. This produces considerable dulness of tone, but the sky is powdered with gold stars, and gold is introduced into the ornaments, somewhat lightening what would otherwise be monotonous and heavy. This interesting and early example is in the Limoges Museum.

A noble plaque by Nardo Penicaud in the Hôtel de Cluny will show the earlier condition of painted enamel, before it emancipated itself from Gothicism (Fig. 5). The painting is dated 1503, and was finished on April 1st. It measures 12½ inches by 9 inches, and represents Christ on the Cross between His mother and St. John, whilst the Magdalen is shown kneeling at the foot of the Cross. On all sides are angels bearing the instruments of the passion. The field is blue sown with gold fleurs-de-lis. Below are a knight and a priest kneeling, with the arms of France between them, and behind the knight those of King René. In this example we have the splendour of blues in which Nardo delighted, the use of transparent enamel over gold-leaf—as in the wings of the angels, and gems encrusting the nimbus, and the Cross, also over gold foil.

Towards the close of the fifteenth century painting in enamels made great strides, and improvement was largely due to the employment of *grisaille*. The whole surface of metal was coated with black, or some other deep tone, and the subject was then executed on it in white, in



FIG. 6.—ENAMELLED PLAQUE.
In the Limoges Museum.

layers, one over the other. The first coat gave a faint greyness, and each successive film heightened the lights, and was only applied where more lights were required. Sometimes as many as twenty layers were applied, and the finger, passed over these *grisaille* paintings, is sensible of the elevation of surface. Over the subject thus treated, colour was washed. Some, however, of the most attractive examples of *grisaille* are in black and grey and white, with very little more colour than flesh-tints on the faces. What greatly added to the beauty of this work was the touching-up of the high lights with gold. The metal was, however, often coated with white, and the painting done on this, and the superb depths of gentian blue obtained by the Limousin enamellers are thus treated.

There is in the Limoges Museum a plaque representing a pair of white wings expanded, with the scroll unfolded behind them, "Sub umbra tuarum"—"Under the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice" (Ps. lxxiii. 7). It is surrounded by a wreath of laurel leaves and fruit

(Fig. 6). The field is of intense Italian sky blue, deeper in some places than others, the olive-green leaves are heightened with gold; so also are the brown fruit. The wings are pure white; the composition is as pleasing in design as it is delicious in tone of colour.

The superb gentian blues of the Limousin enamellers may be regarded as their speciality. The Cologne school of enamellers affected a cobalt instead. There is a quaint little plaque in the Louvre which is of German work, in all probability, that marks the contrast distinctly. It is allegorical in subject. A woman is seated in a ship. The sea is in a tumult, a storm of thunder and lightning is breaking, hailstones are falling about her head, but her ship is attached to a distaff planted in the soil on shore by a single thread of yarn. The signification is that woman's safety lies in domestic work. The metal is covered with white, and the sky and the sea are in blue, the sun and various ornaments and adjuncts are in gold. The general tone is pale blue and white.

DOMENICO TRENTACOSTE: A MODERN ITALIAN SCULPTOR.

BY HELEN ZIMMERN.

THERE are still living in Italy, though few and far between, direct descendants of those choice and rare artists who were the pride and glory of the Renaissance. If any such artists, marching on with the changed intellectual spirit of the time, were still among us, they would inevitably have become that which Trentacoste is to-day — the Franco-Italian sculptor who, until three brief years ago, was almost entirely unknown to his countrymen, as he had worked, exhibited, and sold his productions in Paris and in London. Since the success of his "Alla Fonte" at the International Exhibition in Venice in 1895, he has returned to live among his compatriots, and has settled down in a quiet corner of a

group of studios that lies in the northern outskirts of Florence, known as the Via degli

Artisti. It is not easy to penetrate into the atelier of Domenico Trentacoste, for the man is shy and a misanthrope.

Domenico Trentacoste was born in Palermo in 1859. He had no master in art, nor did he in his earlier years try his prentice hand at copying antique statues. Driven by an inward irresistible vocation, he only worked from the living model. In 1888 he settled in Paris, after having visited the principal cities of Italy to study the *chef d'œuvres* of the Renaissance, whose art manifestations, so akin to his own innate talent, he so passionately admires. In Paris his exquisite modelling,



DOMENICO TRENTACOSTE.



P. H. CALDERON, R.A.

his delicacy of treatment, and truthfulness, won instant favour among the French, so quick to recognise artistic aptitude. From Paris Trentacoste frequently visited London, and formed close friendships with many English painters, especially with Calderon and Edwin Long, of whom he modelled excellent busts, at once lifelike and artistic. The chief of his work are in Paris, and mostly in the possession

of private persons who would not permit their exhibition either before or after purchase: Trentacoste, who is so singularly careless of his creations, has not even taken the precaution of procuring photographs. When the children of his brain are completed, and he has rid himself of the artistic obsession, he seems to lose all his paternal interest. He told me that he constantly went around his studio smashing sketches and finished works because he had grown tired of them. Trentacoste, after the manner of his Renaissance prototypes, does not affect either heroic art or compositions, but chiefly leans to busts and single figures, and above all he loves to model the slender bodies of young girls on the threshold of physical development, and of boys barely adolescent. Their still almost neuter shapes acquire a pathetic charm under his hands. Further, he constantly searches for psychological intensity of expression, which primarily he seeks to translate into marble. His works, while not realistic in the sense of grossness or departure

from the strictly classical calm, are nevertheless palpitating with life. They live as the Niobe figures live. They suffer, they feel, they think, yet they are never contorted, never otherwise than beautiful. Trentacoste's salient characteristics are a noble feeling for form and fine technique, a scrupulous anatomical exactitude and a sure intuition, with a native repugnance for what is vulgar or puerile. A passionate lover of beauty in the classical

sense of the term, he yet desires to give to his reproductions of pure beauty an intellectual and sensitive physiognomy. Thus Trentacoste's art unites the antique and the modern spirit. This he has proved above all in his marble called "Alla Fonte" (At the Fountain) bought for the National Gallery at Rome. This work shows how in Italy happily are not spent all classical traditions, nor is the delicate, loving modelling of the quattrocentisti a lost art. "Alla Fonte" is a work of pure simplicity, but what savour of a Greek idyl, of a Theocritan ode, there is in the bust of this adolescent, bearing an amphora on his shoulder from which the water gurgles, and smiling the mysterious, half-mocking smile of fauns and other wild, half-conscious creatures of the woodland. The work consists of a head and a hand, and a little piece of trunk, and yet joyous vitality permeates the whole, both in mien and pose. Whenever exhibited this marble never fails to attract the attention and the approval of artists, for it needs a trained eye fully



"PIA"



FIGURE FOR A MEMORIAL.

to appreciate all the exquisite modelling of this little masterpiece. At the Venetian International Exhibition of 1895, when Trentacoste exhibited for the first time among his countrymen, his advent was an artistic revelation; for although his fame had crossed his native Alps, his works had been little seen by his compatriots, who needed to pass the mountains and the Channel to this end. On the occasion of the exhibition there occurred the rare circumstance that the critics and the public were agreed as to the work, and crowds stood daily around the statue which Trentacoste had named the "Diseredata" (the Disinherited). We are made to understand that this young girl—she is perhaps just fifteen—has been

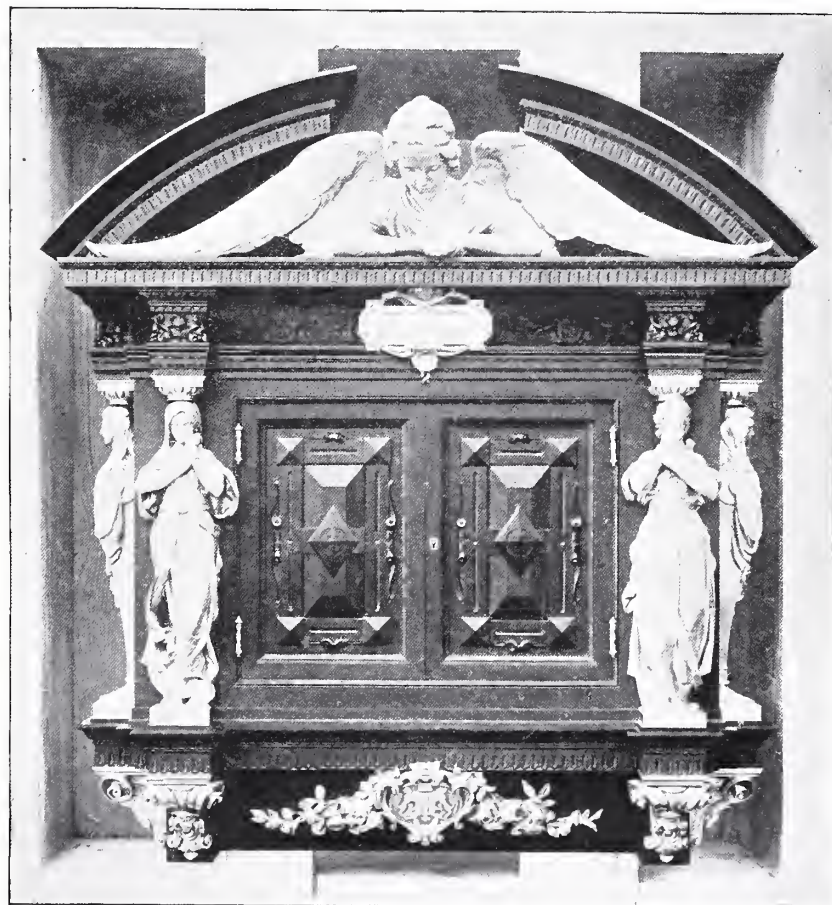


FIGURE FROM
RELIQUARY.

left an orphan, with no longer even a roof over her head, and her wretched condition is such that she is correctly represented as absolutely nude. With a natural movement the poor child, hungry, cold and naked as she is, deserted and alone, wraps her arms about her body to bide the only treasure left to her, her virginity. The harmony, the general lines, the expression of the sad little face, the whole pose of the forlorn damsel, who thus chastely seeks to hide the barely nascent charms of her body, are a happy *trovata*. To hide or partially hide his figures or their faces is, perhaps, too favourite a device of Trentacoste's. He has now in his studio the figure of a young girl who is weeping over her broken pitcher. She has so covered her face with her arms, over which sweeps a wealth of hair, that it takes time to discover that there is a face at all. Were the figure placed a little higher it could be perfectly seen

in all its beauty, which is the greater reward for the difficulty in finding. I remarked this to Trentacoste, who indignantly repudiated my suggestion, saying that if people wished to see the face they could take the trouble to stoop down. The whole fiercely independent character of the man is concentrated in this reply.

A life-size recumbent statue, of great plastic skill, called the "Last of the Niobe," her face half hidden in the sand, into which the arrows of Apollo have precipitated her, was being put into marble on the occasion of my last visit. The pose reflects a very abandonment of grief. Indeed it is by pose, by the forms taken by the body rather, quite as much as by the face, that Trentacoste seeks to express the feelings of his figures. Here too he follows the footsteps of the ancients, for whom beauty of form and of line was the first consideration. An exception to this rule is the bust of Dante's heroine, Pia dei Tolomei, about which his countrymen, who are chiefly touched by sentimental feelings and have lost their traditional taste for mere style, are wildly enamoured, going to the length of addressing to it sonnets and poems. I confess that though I admire this Pia,



A RELIQUARY IN EBONY AND SILVER.

on the base of whose pedestal are written the well-known lines,

“Ricordati di me che son la Pia,
Siena mi fé, disfecemi Maremma,”

I cannot care for it as I do for “Alla Fonte,” or many of Trentacoste’s other works. I think he has here been a little unfavourably touched by the

But by thus diverging, Trentacoste has given individuality to the lad’s head, and in individuality the modern artist has learnt to see a higher beauty than mere set features afford.

Ophelia is a female figure that greatly attracts the artist. Besides a little bronze statnette of an Ophelia strewing flowers, Trentacoste has



THE DISINHERITED.

prevailing taste of modern Italians. The Pia in the study is a replica, the first figure being bought in London by Edwin Long. Trentacoste, while properly idealising Pia’s features, has still left them in their traditional irregularity; has allowed sorrow and disease to write their traces upon the emaciated, weary visage that yet retains something of the *gravis dum suavis*, a sense of controlled grief, of resignation to grave injustice, which certainly well renders this feminine type as sung by Dante.

Trentacoste’s originality may be said to consist in seeking not merely traditional, conventional beauty, but the beauty concealed in every natural object, if faithfully studied. It is on this point that he joins with the classics, but also where he departs from them. No classical sculptor would have chosen to represent the boy of “Alla Fonte” with a physiognomy that diverges from all the pragmatic art canons.

carved a head in high relief, floating upon the waves that lulled to rest Ophelia’s saddened soul. He gives us here death in its poetic aspect, wherefore this head has about it the fragrance of a lotus-flower, upheld on the face of the waters. The originality of it recalls the strange sculpture fancies of Rodin. There is rare purity in the spent gaze of the head still wreathed in daisies, amid which sea-weeds have interlaced, the eyelashes are drawn aside and parted as rushing waters would part them, enhancing the sensation that Ophelia is still being drawn along by the hurrying stream, and even yet not at rest.

It is impossible to enumerate even the most important works of this prolific artist, prolific not because he is a rapid worker, but because he does nothing else but work. Whatever leaves Trentacoste’s studio is the best he is capable of doing. In all his productions can be seen the acute observer and the skilful exccutant.

THE GUILDHALL EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF TURNER.

BY A. G. TEMPLE, F.S.A., DIRECTOR OF THE GUILDHALL ART GALLERY.

IT was not without some misgiving that the Corporation of London adopted the idea of devoting the major portion of its galleries to the work of a single painter. Hitherto the exhibitions held at the Guildhall had consisted of works the character of which would be calculated to have attraction for the general public while claiming at the same time the attention of the connoisseur; and the argument used in certain quarters was very much to the effect that Turner's works, even if they were understood by the public, would not be sufficiently varied in character to afford that daily attraction which previous collections had commanded. But the result has justified the decision which was arrived at; for an intelligent public has persistently flocked to the Guildhall, to the number of over four hundred per hour, since the doors were thrown open on the 11th of April.

Among the visitors are many wholly uninitiated in the work of Turner, who humbly come for enlightenment, others to verify the opinion they have held for years of the man as a painter; many come to compare their own possessions with those exhibited; while numbers come in the spirit of inquiry, to ascertain for themselves if, after all, the man about whom so much has been said, and who by those in authority is exalted so high, is really worthy of the position given him.

In forming the collection the endeavour was of course made to cover as far as possible the entire period of his working life, and adequately to express him in the three phases of his art—oil painting, water-colour drawing, and etching.

The point which demanded the greatest amount of thought and consideration, by reason of the limited wall-space for each section, was the selection of, or rather the deciding upon, the particular examples which should be put forward properly to show the man at his best at the various stages of his career; the next was to discover where these examples were; and, lastly, to persuade their owners to lend them. Examples which had not been seen by me for many years had to be revisited before they were asked for, always a delicate task; other well-known works had privately changed hands so frequently since Turner's death that

both time and perseverance were needful to trace them; and, in regard more especially to the paintings, some of the most notable and attractive of the great painter's productions had, alas, found their way to that sister-country, the United States, to borrow from whence is



MERCURY AND HERSE

From the Painting by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. (Lent by Sir Samuel Montagu, Bart.)

always a troublesome matter, on account of the heavy duty leviable on their re-entry into America. True it is that in the case of the French Exhibition at the Guildhall last year the Treasury authorities at Washington were so obliging as to make special arrangements for the avoidance of the duty, but the steps then taken to effect this understanding entailed infinite trouble and uncertainty; and no effort was therefore made on the present occasion to obtain the loan from certain private collections in America of such superb specimens of Turner's work as "The Junction of the Thames and Medway," "The Grand Canal, Venice," "St. Marks, Venice, by Moonlight," and others of their kind.

Montreal was the furthest point from which

an example of Turner was brought, Lord Strathcona kindly allowing the beautiful composition "Mercury and Argus," about which Mr. Ruskin wrote so much in "Modern Painters," to come to London for this special purpose. It was painted in 1836, at a time when he was entirely free from the influence and imitation of Claude, an influence so conspicuous in the large upright "Mercury and Hersè."

The oil paintings in the Exhibition range over a period of fifty years, from 1799 to 1849, and the water-colour drawings over a period of fifty-five years, viz. from 1790 to 1845. By a glance round the large room it can be seen that the fundamental scheme of the Exhibition has been an attempt to afford the public the opportunity of studying and comparing his various styles, as they succeeded one another; for the examples have been arranged on the walls with careful attention to their chronological order. It will be seen how the impetuous, rugged depiction of nature which characterised the master's painting when he was twenty-four, and which may be observed in the "Kilgarren Castle" of 1799 (No. 1), gave place a few years later to that tenderer touch, that more refined expression and delicacy of finish, which appear in the "Sheerness," "The Nore," and in that tranquillest of English landscapes, "Somerset Hill." These qualities, as the years fled on, became enriched by the depths of poetic expression where the still lustre of a summer evening was shown, as in the "Mortlake" (No. 22) and "Barnes Terrace" (No. 23), culminating in 1836 in that sublime and glowing landscape wherein the episode of "Mercury and Argus" (No. 30), above referred to, is introduced. Often has Mr. Ruskin been wont to pause before this noble work, and truly has he said, "I never felt, on returning to it, as if I had ever seen it before; for its abundance is so deep and various, that the mind, according to its own temper at the time of seeing, perceives some new series of truths rendered in it, just as it would on revisiting a natural scene."

About this time another feature of the painter's power was unfolded. Quite suddenly the sombre colours of his palette were exchanged for the most brilliant and varied of hues, and thus it is seen that in youth and through manhood, indulging in the dark force of a limited range of colour, wherein, nevertheless, the eye is satisfied with the accomplished power of composition and captivated by the beautiful disposition of light and shade, enlivened it may be, but only at times, by some startling touch of scarlet in a man's cap or

jacket, he comes at last, but not until he is on the verge of old age, to the use of brilliant colours the like of which he had never used before. To Venice, it seems, was owing this romance of colour, seen with conspicuous effect in the three examples of his Venetian work in the Exhibition, "The Marriage of the Adriatic" (No. 34), "The Guidecca" (No. 32), and the "Campo Santo" (No. 36), which exhibit in the fullest degree his true and intense feeling in this new realm of expression.

To revert for a moment to a few specific works in the Exhibition, the earlier "Kilgarren Castle," massive and luminous, is indeed an earnest of what was to follow during the succeeding fifty years. Painted about three years later is the well-preserved "Conway Castle," lent to the Exhibition by the Duke of Westminster, who once owned the well-known larger version of "Dunstanborough Castle," which I discovered, when I sought its loan, to be in the Art Gallery of the City of Melbourne, a gift to that institution by the Duke. In "*The Victory* returning from the 'Trafalgar,'" painted in 1806 (No. 10), lent by Sir Donald Currie, how many nautical men and others have noticed that although the dead Nelson is on board, the flag is not half-mast high, but flying breezily at the masthead? The only argument that can support Turner in this is that the vessel is returning victorious. The opportunity should not be lost of noting, when before this picture, the distinct change which has taken place in the painter's work, more particularly when compared to the two which almost immediately preceded it, the "Fishermen on a Lee Shore" (No. 7) and "Boats carrying Anchors to Dutch Men-of-War" (No. 8), two vigorous and masterly works, coveted by many at the present time, but which in comparatively recent years were very, very slow in finding purchasers; indeed, a certain individual who owned one of them told me he was glad when he was able to dispose of it at a price equivalent to about one-sixth of what would now be easily realised.

The large upright, "Mercury and Hersè" (No. 20), was acquired from the Swinburne family by the late Sir John Pender, who could never be brought to lend it although asked on more than one occasion by the Corporation of London; but its present owner, Sir Samuel Montagu, with his usual public spirit, promptly allowed it to appear, and it is the one picture in the collection fitted to occupy the central position at the top of the room, not only by its size and shape, but, curiously enough, by the date of its execution (1811), where it falls very nearly into its chronological place.

The picture that hangs near it, "Barnes Terrace," has attached to it, as everyone knows, the curious story of the paper dog. Since the opening of the Exhibition the owner of the painting, Mrs. Ashton, has informed me that it was not Turner who cut out the dog in black paper as it appears now in the picture, but that Sir Edwin Landseer cut it out and gummed it there while Turner was absent; and that although Turner "grunted" when he saw it, he allowed it to remain, and there it is at the present time. This correction of the hitherto popular story told by Thornbury and, I think, by Hamerton, appears in the second edition of the Guildhall catalogue.

A truly extraordinary work is the latest painted picture in the collection, the "Wreck Buoy" (No. 37), once in the famous Novar assembly, and then in Mr. John Graham's possession. Seventy-four was the artist's age when he painted this, and an examination of it will reveal some extraordinary qualities, vigour, transparency, balance, and a deep rich harmony, the keynote of which is the vivid green buoy to the left.

In the water-colours, which number eighty-six, similar changes in expression and technique are observable as in the oil paintings. Very immature performances are witnessed at the commencement—encouraging indeed to any enthusiastic beginner, fifteen being the age when the earliest drawing exhibited was executed—but steadily, with visible patience, he worked his way by sheer industry through an infinity of detail; and landscapes of all kinds, interiors and exteriors of cathedrals and churches, ruined abbeys and bridges—all things, in fact, which demanded severe application and took him as he deemed another step forward in the development of his genius—engrossed his mind and heart.

The stupendous effect of weight and mass in the large drawing of "Snowdon" (No. 107), in which the summit of the mountain is only faintly seen in the failing light, contains a quite unusual amount of poetic feeling, while preserving a conscientious delineation of the well-known form of the mountain. More often, this topographical accuracy was not accompanied with so intense a feeling, and yet retained an almost overpowering charm; as, for instance, in the "Bolton Abbey" (No. 123), painted not very long after the "Snowdon." There is no solemn effect of evening here to intensify the feeling,

but, in the broad light of day, the eye is led, amid the multitudinous details of Nature, from point to point, in wonder and delight, as it dwells on the tranquil and beautiful landscape in which the abbey stands. The true record of the facts of Nature, given in such a manner as this, is as engaging to the mind and eye as others which draw us, perhaps, with more poetic feeling.

"Ingleborough" (No. 122) and "The Crook of Lune" (No. 123) are two others which pre-eminently exhibit similar characteristics as the "Bolton Abbey" in their devotion to detail, but which possess a deeper expression of feeling. Few of Turner's drawings at any period of his career equal these for the world of Nature they contain—the breadth of country they embrace, the forces of Nature they depict—the winding, gurgling river, the clouded mountain summit, the miles of pleasant well-watered land, of no portion of which can it be said that aught has been placed there, down to the veriest distant detail, which the painter did not actually see; so faithfully, and evidently with the most loving care, is the abundance of Nature recorded.

In the "Llanthony Abbey" (No. 134) and the "Longship's Lighthouse" (No. 144) a different touch altogether is witnessed than in the foregoing. The painter is well aware of all the details that lie before him, but his aim is to depict Nature not in repose but in fierce and restless motion. These are remarkable drawings, for you are less conscious of the form of the wave than of the weight of water and of the awfulness with which it is being flung against the jagged rocks, toward which a flock of sea-birds is being driven by the force of the wind. Having so communed with Nature, he did not return to that careful and minute delineation of her features which the drawings anterior to 1820 exhibit; he sought rather to depict her varied moods—the descending sun, as in the "Lake of Zug" or "The Red Rigi" (Nos. 151 and 157), or the effect of sunrise, as in "The Blue Rigi" (No. 152), where on the shadowed water is a boat in which, if you look closely, you will see a candle burning, betokening that the sun which is flushing its radiance beyond the pale blue mountain has not yet reached the surface of the lake. The seizure of points such as this to emphasise his meaning is discernable all through his career; but what vivacity of artistic instinct it shows!

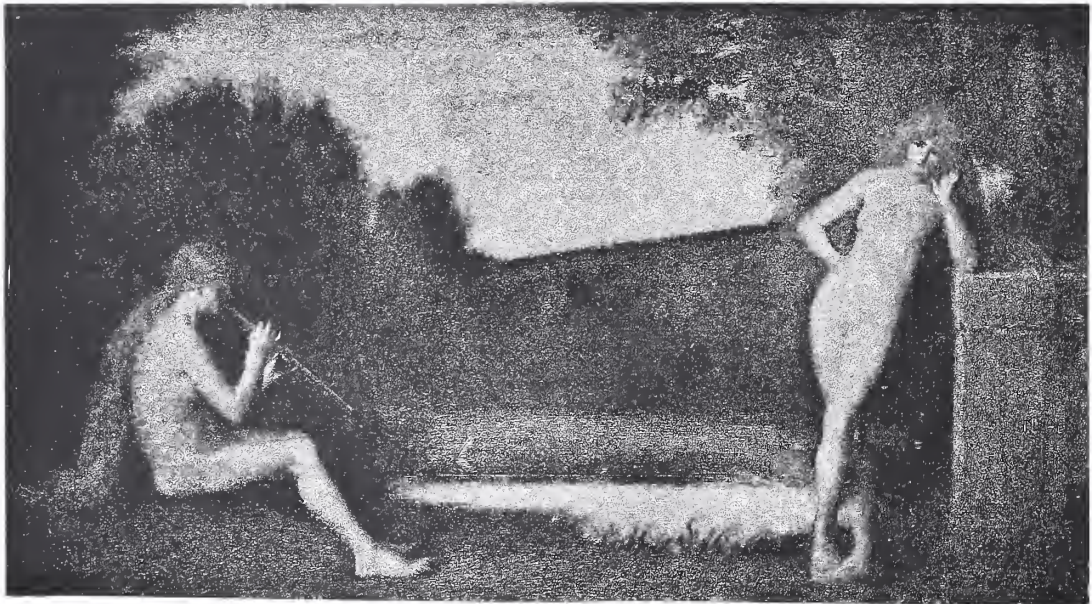
RECENT ILLUSTRATED VOLUMES.

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THE HISTORY AND PRACTICE OF LITHOGRAPHY.

WE have so recently dealt at length with the expressive and, above all, pliant and accommodating art of lithography, that any further extended notice is uncalled for; but circumstances necessitate a special reference to what we may appropriately call "the new stone age." To the admirable international exhibition

short printing; for it cannot give the quality that the copper yields. Nevertheless, if properly appreciated, it may take its proper place and triumph by reason of its own special virtues—and to this eventual triumph, which will almost certainly come about sooner or later, Mr. and Mrs. Pennell will to a considerable degree have contributed by the intelligent essay presented



AN IDYLL.

From the Lithograph by G. Fäch, after the Painting by J. J. Henner.

of the best and most interesting works in lithography, held at the South Kensington Museum on the anniversary of Senefelder's perfection of his discovery-invention, we have already paid our tribute. But before us lies what must be considered the classic treatise on the subject—a book that is hardly likely to be superseded by any other conceived on similar lines.

The most casual trifter with the book, who turns its pages over to examine the hundred and sixty reproductions of representative lithographs, can scarcely fail to obtain a fair idea of the scope, range, achievements, and present direction of this delightful art. Lithography, there can be no doubt, will never be treasured as a fine proof of an etching, or an engraving maybe, unless it be through rarity secured by

in their handsome volume. There are a few points to criticise, no doubt. As a portrait of the author Mr. Whistler's frontispiece is absurd, whether as to likeness or drawing, and not to be compared with "St. Giles's, Soho," and "The South," which appear further on in the volume. "A Portrait" in armour, by R. J. Lane, on p. 152, represents George IV; "The Lances," on p. 243, is surely more correctly called "The Surrender of Breda." But these are small matters, and cannot be held to weigh in estimating the book.

A very clear view of the whole field of the art is afforded by the authors' divisions of their chapters. First, Senefelder is dealt with, and then his discovery and early practice. The birth of the art in France and its period of apogee then follow. Then, the early English adoption of the art; and its subsequent renaissance on both sides of the Channel. A description is given of the spread of the art, and the whole is concluded by a series of

* "Lithography and Lithographers: Some Chapters in the History of the Art; with Technical Remarks and Suggestions." By Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell. With many Illustrations. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1898. (73s. 6d.)

technical and critical suggestions which, without wandering into handbook instructions and recipes, are yet practical and useful. We share Mr. Pennell's belief when he says:—"Nor can the old conditions ever be revived. But that lithography has, nevertheless, a great future, as it has had a great past, its present healthy vitality in France seems to offer itself as a guarantee." And, although we do not think that many of the tricky and dodgy antics in colour and *gauffré* work at present indulged in by some workers on the Continent are a true portent of the great future prophesied, we believe that public opinion has been stirred by Mr. Pennell, and by others who take no exaggerated view of the situation; and that the unreasoning and unjustifiable contempt which the art has suffered in the past will gradually be replaced by a wise and discriminating appreciation.

HOLLAND AND ITS ART OF TO-DAY.

THE art, the country, and the manners of the Dutch combine to form an inexhaustible topic of delight to all lovers of the quaint and the beautiful; yet English readers, generally speaking, have been none too well served as regards the Holland of to-day. The vitality of the nation has produced a renaissance in their art dating practically from the time when Josef Israëls began to paint—a revival which might almost be called a new creation rather than a re-creation, so curiously does it differ from the art of the past in its aspect of life and nature alike. Hitherto no book that we know of has existed in England in which the present trend and position of modern Dutch painting could with any degree of accuracy be realised; and apart from the chapter in Dr. Muther's "History of Modern Painting," the general reader has been thrown back on magazine articles. In "Dutch Painters of the Nineteenth Cen-

tury"* a very effectual attempt is being made to present, by essay and picture, an adequate survey of the painting of modern Holland in its various manifestations. In this first volume there are dealt with—Bosboom, Rochussen, Bles, Roelofs, Israëls, Mme. Henriette Romner, Weissenbruch, L. Alma Tadema, Stortenbeker,

Bisschop, Gabriel, and Miss van de Sande Bakmyzen. It may be objected that the book, consisting of a reprinted series of admirably illustrated magazine articles, is somewhat lacking in homogeneity. On the other hand, freshness of treatment is secured, and we have a handbook rather than a consecutive essay; while if the selection is not in all cases representative of the best, we know that the rest of the greater painters are being reserved for future volumes. There is no doubt that when the series is complete a very agreeable cyclopædia of Dutch painting will be before us. The grim pathos and stern poetry so characteristic of the profounder side of Dutch sentiment become visible in this book; the grasp of the great facts of landscape—the true *leit motif* of the Northerners—and the sad earnestness of life, as well as the more concrete display of finished draughtmanship and the representation of the brightness and even the *chic* and elegance of another phase of the Hollander's nature, all are here. The methods of illustration are various but



A STUDY.

From the Lithograph by Albert E. Steiner.

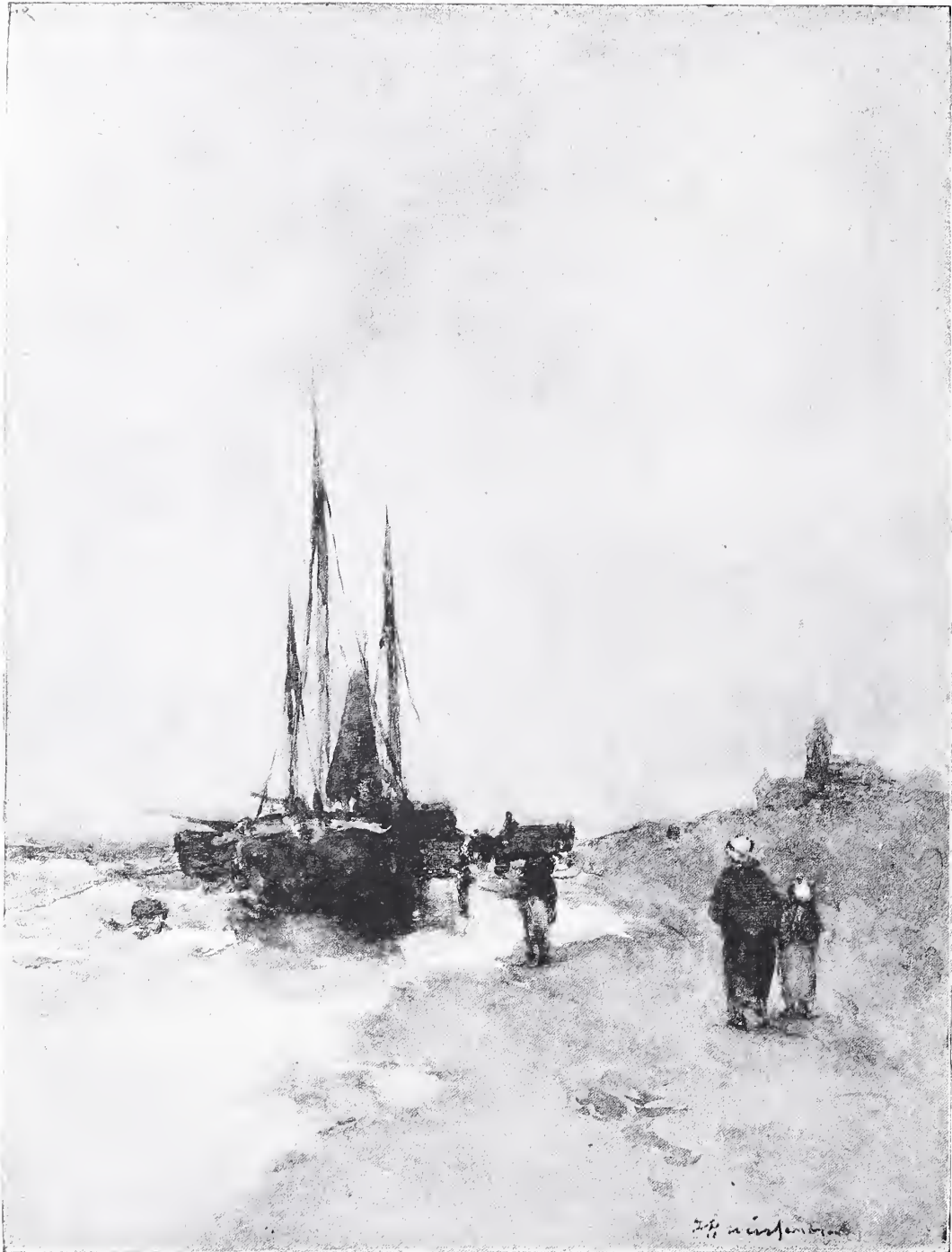
eloquent enough, and the facsimiles of drawings more than satisfactory. Mr. Max Rooses' introduction aims at setting forth the history of the modern Dutch art history; his facts and general conclusions are interesting and their presentation lively, but had we more space

* "Dutch Painters of the Nineteenth Century." With biographical notices. Edited by Max Rooses; translated by F. Knowles. With six etchings by Ph. Zileken, and many illustrations. London: Saunpson Low & Co. 1898.

at our disposal we should certainly contest some of his opinions.

Mr. David S. Meldrum also touches on art

insight, is a work of very high literary merit. It might be called a supplemental companion to Mr. Thorold Rogers' book, did the description not



ON THE BEACH

From a Water-Colour Drawing by John Henry Weissenbruch.

in his "Holland and the Hollanders."* This admirable volume, full of vivid writing and keen

* "Holland and the Hollanders." By David S. Meldrum. With Illustrations. London and Edinburgh: W. Blackwood & Sons. 1899.

seem to imply some lack of originality, for it deals with the institutions as well as with the country and the "sights" of that fascinating land. It is an unconventional handbook, indispensable to the traveller and the general reader.



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ADMIRATION.

From the Painting by William A. Bouguereau. In the Old Salon.

THE PARIS SALONS OF 1899.

THE OLD SALON.

BY HENRI FRANTZ.

THIS year, for the last time—this spring of 1899—the two Salons are holding their exhibition in the Great Hall of the Machinery Annexe. As soon as the two Societies—the *Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts*, or the New Salon, and the *Société des Artistes Français*, or the Old Salon—have closed their doors, the pick of the destroyer will attack the Palace, and the “Machinery Annexe” will be a thing of the past. Its disappearance will not be watched without regret, for no structure could lend itself more commodiously to these annual shows. Here, in fact, for the first time did the rival Salons find room under the same roof—a combination which has great advantages, both for the amateur and the wider public; affording an opportunity not only for comparing the works of the two artistic bodies, but for getting a comprehensive view of the general progress and tendencies of French art.

The demolition of these galleries will certainly deprive us of an unique place for the display of paintings; and it is only too probable that the Societies may again part company, and that the public will again be inconvenienced by their separation. It has been stated, again and again, that the galleries of the Palace of Art at the Exhibition of 1900—which have been sketched in these pages in a former article—will not be spacious enough to contain the two Salons. This fear is but too well founded, and it has only recently been decided that the exhibition of the *Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts*—the New Salon—cannot be held within the Exhibition for lack of room. Obviously, the public is the loser by this decision. It would seem, indeed, as though it might be better somewhat to reduce the number of works accepted by each Society, and thus to make the best of the space placed at the service of the Fine Arts by the City of Paris. This has not been done; and unless some new change should be made we must submit to the decision of the *Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts*, much as we may regret it.

One question arises first for consideration, and has been decided in various ways by differing critics: are the Salons of 1899 superior or inferior to those of past years? The same artists have contributed works more or less like what we are wont to see; but if we compare the two exhibitions we find that the New Salon includes

the most interesting pictures. Although, in this article, we shall confine our attention to the Old Salon, we cannot help asking what artists here can be regarded as the rivals, in landscape or marine pictures, of Cazin, Billotte, Cottet, or Simon; in decorative style, to Besnard; in purely imaginative art, to Lévy-Dhurmer, Menard, La Touche, or Monod?

At the same time it cannot be denied that in the Old Salon there are some things very interesting from various points of view; still, as usual, the vast mass of exhibited works—often marked by mediocrity and amazing poverty of conception, treatment, and style—makes the critic's task a laborious one. Nothing can be more difficult, amid some thousands of pictures, than to see and mention each. Thus we are bound to make a selection of works, as impartially as we may; to discuss the more remarkable, and deliberately overlook those which we conscientiously regard as falling short of the ideal perfection we are justified in seeking in any work of art. When so large an exhibition is under discussion the critic's task is to select; as M. de la Sizeranne has very truly said: “He must direct the attention of the public to some one point, persuade it to reflect on an impression, and plead for intentions, methods and circumstances.” This is what I shall try to do in the ensuing lines.

Year after year large decorative paintings abound in the Old Salon. So we will consider these first, since they are the first to catch the eye of the visitor. While studying the vast canvases of Messieurs Tattgrain, Jean Paul Laurens, Chabas, Bérond, and Barbin, it is impossible to escape the conclusion, on general grounds, that most of these artists seem to have no true conception of what constitutes decorative painting. Only too often an anxious care for detail is too evident—detail for its own sake, and not treated, as it should be, as a factor subordinated to the general effect.

Modern decorative painting is, in its way, our equivalent for fresco painting, and ought, like its prototype, to impress the eye in the first instance by its unity. We ought to have a sense of general harmony, before regarding the detail; and it was of this harmony, in which no discord ever was struck, that Puvis de Chavannes was supreme master, but which most of our painters fail in.

A lavish use of many colours scatters the spectator's attention. Far be it from me to condemn a free use of colour; let it be as vivid as

cealing his methods. The general harmony of his work is excellent, but the detail is often faulty. Still, we might have hoped that M. Martin should



SERENITY.

From the Painting by Henri Martin.

you will, but keep it in mity of key. This, however, is too obvious an axiom to need emphasising, were it not so constantly ignored, and if we did not see many modern painters quite oblivious of the great example set them by the men who decorated the Campo Santo of Pisa, the Palazzo Ricardi at Florence, or the Borgia rooms in the Vatican.

A constant care for fine painting is, to be sure, invariably observed by Ghirlandajo and Benozzo Gozzoli; each figure is anatomically accurate, each head amazingly life-like. But these qualities appeal to us only after we have admired the supreme harmony of the whole, the faultless sweep of the broader lines; and nothing disturbs that first impression. In Benozzo Gozzoli, for instance, especially in his frescoes in the Campo Santo at Pisa, we are conscious that the painter never used more than three or four colours, and yet without losing the subtlest gradations of tone.

For this reason I am glad to record the works of those painters who, though thoroughly modern in their art, do not overlook these necessary principles. Among them I must not omit to mention M. Henri Martin, who treats his subject this year, "Serenity," in a genuinely decorative style. Unfortunately, he fails in the art of con-

be the recipient this year of the first prize medal.

This distinction was awarded to M. Tattelain, whose picture, "The Town of St. Quentin taken by Storm," is a large work, striving to be tragical, but, alas, only declamatory! Apart from the general criticism pronounced above, M. Tattelain must be blamed for having introduced into the composition a degree of confusion as vexing to the eye as it is fatiguing to the brain. There are some good bits of work in the picture, no doubt; for instance, the foremost of the flying figures and the horseman turning to look back. But there is no common key, and the spectator wonders in distress whether high decorative art—the art which Delacroix and Puvis de Chavannes made so glorious—is not likely to perish in feeble hands. The fault, indeed, does not lie wholly with M. Tattelain. There are, it seems to me, certain subjects which by their nature are truly decorative—this of M. Tattelain's is not one of them; it is simply a historical incident on an enormous scale. Moreover, M. Tattelain always tries to introduce into his pictures naturalistic and repulsive detail, and this again is contrary to the spirit of great fresco work.

M. Jean Paul Laurens sees with a more idealising eye. The ceiling he has painted for the Galerie des Illustres at Toulouse commemorates an episode of "The Contest between Toulouse and Montfort." After showing himself antagonistic to all the essential principles of decorative painting—as in "The Death of Ste. Geneviève," at the Pantheon—M. Laurens has had the grace to repent, and to produce some vigorous decorative work, such as the ceiling of the Odéon. It is much to be regretted that he should not have brought into play, in his later great paintings for the Capitol at Toulouse, such attractive qualities as in the ceiling of the Odéon. Moreover, the use of a watery medium gives the work a dry texture, and deprives it of the richness which commonly characterises his palette.

The extravagant ideas which haunt the

by M. Bérroud, called "The Masters of Yore" (*Les Maîtres d'Aurefois*), representing an angle of the Salon Carré at the Louvre, with all the pictures accurately reproduced, while crudely-coloured Muses are hovering in front of them and hanging them with wreaths of flowers? or, again, to M. Barbin, who has painted on a gigantic scale, in an incomprehensibly dark key, "The Conspiracy of the Pazzi against the Medici"? and to M. Guillonnet, who has painted a curious subject indeed, as chosen for decorative treatment, "A Football Match." M. Chabas has produced for the Mairie of Vincennes a large picture perfectly devoid of talent or individuality.

Much might be said as to the imitators who crowd the Salon, and not merely imitators of the old masters—like M. Roybet, who follows in



THE MURDER OF THE EMPEROR GETA.

From the Painting by Georges Rochegrosse.

brain and eye of some painters are beyond imagining, no less than the Chinese elaboration of their execution. How often are real talent and high qualities squandered in such efforts? What, for instance, is to be said of this canvas

the footsteps of Franz Hals—but imitators of modern artists. Would it not be better if these young painters, who so literally reproduce the manner of their teachers, were to forbear from exhibiting? M. Bérroumeau, M.

Maxence, and M. Desvallières—this gentleman with marked talent—are exact imitators of Gustave Moreau; M. Lévy shows his knowledge of Isabey and Fromentin; M. Ridet follows M. Aman Jean, and M. Bergès imitates M. Besnard. And we see quantities of sham Bouguereau, sham Beujamin-Constant, sham Harpignies.

But we will turn from all this depressing plagiarism to a class of work which seems to me adequately represented in the Old Salon, namely, landscape. Though we fail to find many works of striking individuality, we cannot but be struck by the sincere vision and admirable technique of our landscape painters. Most of them gravitate towards the latest representatives of the Barbizon school, slightly tinged here and there with impressionism; and none of these artists, with the exception of M. Axilette, seem to me to be so thoroughly independent as the landscape painters in the New Salon.

Next to Français, M. Harpignies survives as the last master of the noble line of Corot, Daubigny, Courbet, and Dupré. His two landscapes this year prove that his venerable eye has not lost its keen-

ness, and that his heart is still open to all the simple, wholesome beauty of forest and plain. M. Delpy bears considerable resemblance to Daubigny, but does not imitate him literally, as M. Trouillebert imitates Corot. There is a wonderful crispness of touch in M. Delpy's picture, and the water of the river is treated with the brush of a master. M. Chaigneau treads the path of Jacque; his flocks are very life-like, and his backgrounds sound in tone. M. Le Poitevin is the painter of the plains of Normandy; his pictures bear evidence of conscientious artistic feeling.

One of the men who has the most individual sense of nature is, beyond doubt, M. Breton.

How poetically he paints the country of central France; and what scrupulous and truthful observation we find in his little picture "The Alarm" (*Le cri d'alarme*)! M. Breton here shows us once again a quality of composition which few of our artists possess, and he has the rare gift of being able to finish a work

without losing his effects. This artist—the French La Thangue, only more like J. F. Millet—seems to have lived the life of the peasantry. The alarm is given by harvesters on the open level, where a rick of corn has caught fire, lighting up the whole horizon with a vivid blaze, towards which the terrified people are hurrying. Note the fine modelling and action of these peasants, and the sober tone of this picture, which is refreshing to the eye amid the crude hues that surround it.

If there is, indeed, no painter of sea-pieces in the Old Salon whose sense of "the thing seen" is so individual as that of M. Cottet—in the New Salon—still there are some here who can interest and charm us: M. de Champeaux, with his "View of Venice," reminding us of the glow of Ziem's large picture in the Luxembourg; M. Petit-

jean, M. Etienne Martin, M. Gagliardini, whose bright palette, like M. Nardi's, gives a vivid impression of the light of the south and the east; and lastly, M. Olive, whose "Rocks" and "Public Garden at Venice" are among the best pictures exhibited here.

Madame Virginie Demont-Breton is less happily inspired than she has often been before. Her "Sailor," walking along the shore, has no attraction for us, either in truth of rendering or beauty of action.

In the Exhibition of 1899, as in every exhibition and salon that ever was, there are a great many portraits in front of which the public stand in passionate gaze, especially when



A RISKY PASSAGE.

From the Painting by Madame Consuelo Fould.



THE TOWN OF ST. QUENTIN TAKEN BY STORM.

From the painting by Francis Tattegrain.

they represent our illustrious contemporaries—a minister, a statesman, or a general. Unluckily these are not invariably the most admirable from an artistic point of view. We may pass over the portraits of M. Félix Faure, M. Deschanel, and M. Ballot-Beaupré.

It may be truly said that M. Benjamin-Constant has this year been revenged on himself after keeping us in expectation for some years, and I acknowledge it as frankly as, on other occasions, I have recorded some less excellent works by this artist. In his picture of Madame J. von Derwies he has come back to the high art of decorative portrait-painting as it was understood by the artists of the eighteenth century. If his modelling does not show the delightful freedom of other un-forgotten works, and if the portrait, on the whole, errs on the side of effect, it has, nevertheless, some admirable qualities of general harmony, and in the way in which the landscape is complementary to the figure without unduly attracting attention from it. In every detail of this really expressive face, M. Benjamin-Constant has been strictly faithful, and this portrait of Madame von Derwies is perhaps the best example of the class in the exhibition; excepting indeed the magnificent portrait of Prince Hohenlohe contributed by M. Lazlo. M. Bonnat's work, on the other hand—a female portrait, crudely painted and heavy in *chiaroscuro*—is inferior to what this artist has exhibited of late years. M. Hébert, a reserved and delightful painter, who has the secret of perennial youth, sends a pretty portrait of a little girl.

M. Jean Patricot, from being a fine engraver, has become a remarkable painter of men's portraits. Those he exhibited in 1896 were a surprise, and his picture of M. Perrot (of the Institut) confirms the impression that a great portrait-painter has come to the front without advertisement or fuss. M. Paul Chabas' portrait of a lady has made a sensation, but this arises chiefly from his having for his sitter Madame Daniel Lesueur, a fashionable novelist.

Genre pictures this year are not represented by any very striking work, excepting, perhaps, "The Servant-maid" by Joseph Bail, a painting of rare finish, which in the precision with which every shade of tone is rendered reminds us of a picture of the Dutch school, but on a larger scale. At the same time it must be observed that, with all its accurate realism, this picture misses the mark, the very essence of a work of art, which is to create a thing of beauty. Is not this misapplied talent?—a question I cannot but ask, even after having unreservedly admired this painter's masterly skill.

A great artist, whom we are delighted to find once more in this Salon, is M. Fantin-Latour, with his "Undine" and "Women Bathing." Here, at last, is art and poetry. M. Fantin is, of all contemporary artists, the one who has, in the highest degree, the quality of harmony; no man can sketch with more perfect mastery the form of woman in her supreme beauty—like his Undine, borne on the water and so absolutely one with the sweep of the wave. These two pictures by Fantin-Latour were already known to me from lithographs by his own hand, but their charm is so perfect, the arrangement of colour so refined, that they came upon me as an enchanting novelty. "Some of the attitudes and movements of his female figures," writes M. Gustave Geffroy, "are familiar, and epitomise the learning and invention of the old masters; but at the same time some subtle difference shows that everything has been personally observed, that nature has been appealed to, and has stepped in to bear witness to his art."

M. Henner exhibits a portrait and a study, works in which he has not surpassed himself. Here, once more, are the ivory tints he has always used for his flesh, which, in spite of the respect we cannot fail to feel for such a noble life of unremitting work, are at last fatiguing and monotonous.

An artist who is a favourite with the public, M. Humbert, has rather rashly attempted a large triptych. This painter, very successful as a portrait painter of women, might have understood that there is a wide gulf between the painter of "Parisiennes of the Nineteenth Century" and a creator of religious art, and have taken the warning in La Fontaine's lines: "Never force your talent—you will do nothing gracefully."

Notwithstanding my respect for ideas which are not my own, and the moderation with which I would fain condemn them, I cannot but say that "The Murder of the Emperor Geta" is a lamentable thing. This picture, by M. Roche-grosse, with its false colouring and conventional attitudes, reminds us of some bad painting by Glaize. It might pass as the drop scene for a theatre at a fair; its place is not in the Salon.

One of the merits of our annual exhibitions is the liberal hospitality they afford to foreigners; and, as happens every year, many foreign artists are to be found represented here. Mr. Robert W. Allan is remarkable among the landscape painters for a small canvas, "Evening at Moret," which is singularly intense, while at the same time reserved and judicious in colour. Mr. Alfred East always shows a gift

for refined charm and arrangement. His landscapes, though idealised, are fundamentally truthful. Mr. Hitchcock delights in flower-beds of violent and somewhat crude effect, but still soundly painted. Mr. George Inness, Jun., and

sions, in which he has given a sense of strength to his sea, and has drawn his figures with evident care for truth and expression.

After M. Sorolla y Bastida, M. Grüneland rests the eye with his milder harmonies. Each



THE CONTEST BETWEEN TOULOUSE AND MONTFORT.

From the Ceiling painted by Jean Paul Laurens for the Galerie des Illustres, Toulouse.

Mr. P. A. Gross are among the good landscape painters who exhibit, and so is Mr. Coutts-Michie, with his "Gust of Wind" (*Rafale de vent*). Mr. George Harcourt contributes a large canvas, "Too Late," which is already known to the readers of *THE MAGAZINE OF ART*.

Spain is represented this year by two painters of unequal merit: M. Checa, whose "Don Quixote" is unpleasantly hard, and M. Sorolla y Bastida, one of the most masterly colourists of the day. This artist has restricted himself this year to two works of small dimen-

of these two artists is, in fact, the son of his country. M. Grüneland's colour has a quite peculiar coolness; he has grasped the poetry of his fiords and of their azure transparency, as Sorolla has assimilated the deep blue of the Mediterranean and the hard white brilliancy of southern shores. M. Hans Dahl exhibits a pretty Norwegian sea-piece; but no doubt these artists, when they send us such small works, are reserving their strength for the Exhibition of 1900, where we may hope to find them with works of greater importance.

THE ART MOVEMENT.

THE ART OF GEORGE C. HAITE, DESIGNER AND PAINTER.

PART II.—PAPERHANGINGS AND TEXTILE FABRICS.

BY WALTER SHAW SPARROW.

IT is about twenty-eight years since Mr. Haité, at the age of sixteen, made his first designs for paperhangings and textile fabrics. His father, a designer also, industrious and very clever, had died suddenly, leaving a wife and six young children; and his death, following closely on some heavy financial losses, brought the household face to face with poverty. The eldest boy, then, had to try at once to be his own bread-winner. Landscape-painting had for some years been his hobby, but in this art he could not hope to earn a definite income. It would be more practical to design useful things, and, happily, he had a strong natural gift for his father's work. Even here, however, there was a serious drawback: the boy knew nothing about the technology of design; for it was a subject of study in which his father would never give him any instruction. Nor does this seem odd when we remember

what was a designer's lot during the first three decades of the Queen's reign. As late as the year 1867, Digby Wyatt mentioned it as a remarkable fact that there was then at last an entire absence of the pitiful trade jealousy which had caused manufacturers to suppress the name of every artist who worked for them. "There appears to exist now," said he, "an honourable rivalry . . . as to who shall 'get hold' of the right and best man. 'Our artist' is no longer confounded with 'our traveller' or 'our ware-houseman;' but he is put forward as responsible

for his own share in the productions of the house, to receive praise if they are good, or blame if they are bad." This was satisfactory, but no such justice was known when the elder

George Haité toiled to get the better of ill-fortune. Designers were slaves then, slaves to the manufacturers; and they could not choose but be peaceful and long-suffering, because a mania for the worst French styles threatened to make their own drawings ever the less valuable to their employers. To guard themselves against this danger, they imitated French patterns; and it is also a fact that much of their original work was advertised and sold as of French origin. So, recognising that they were the victims of constant injustice, they felt it to be their duty to oppose a son who wished to study design as a means of livelihood.

Thus it came to pass that Mr. George C. Haité entered upon

his career with no other equipment than his untrained talent and his determination to succeed. This seemed hard to him at the time, but he owns to-day that the necessity of teaching himself to be a craftsman kept him from being influenced by the art eccentricities then in vogue. His first aim was to make a living, and to do this he had to take wholesome pleasure in a stern apprenticeship. Without learning how blocks were prepared for use, and what were the actual needs, processes, and limitations of manufactures, he could not possibly turn out serviceable designs



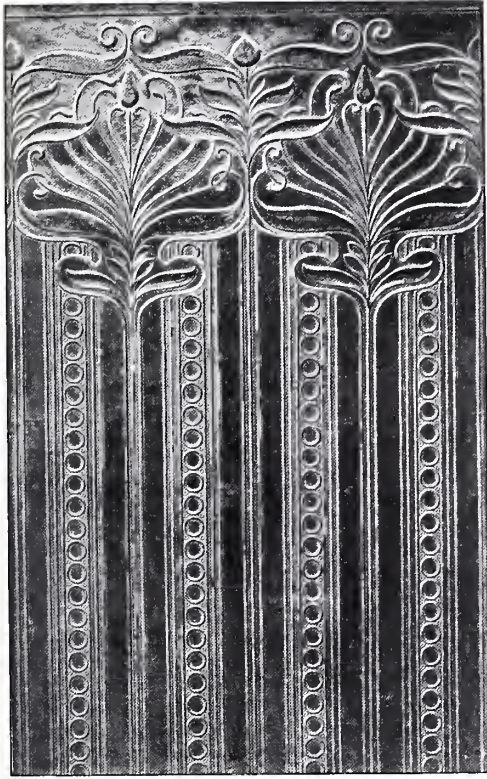
WALL PAPER

Designed by George C. Haité for Wm. Wollams and Company.

for any purpose; so he set himself to acquire a practical kind of knowledge which schools of art ignored in those days. Meanwhile, moreover, he passed many of his luncheon hours in the British Museum, studying the best ancient

golden rule, for instance, that paperhangings should leave the flatness of the walls undisturbed. Yet it would be easy to find scores of wall-papers which give an undulating appearance to the walls. In order to avoid this defect, Mr. Haité makes frequent use of diaper patterns in self tints; and he seldom, if ever, forgets that wall-papers should be unobtrusive backgrounds, since pictures, engravings, and other articles of furniture have in home decoration the strongest claim on our attention. This is a trite thing to say, yet it is often forgotten even by designers of known name.

And there are two other facts that Mr. Haité—so far as my own experience goes—keeps constantly in mind, but that some pass over



DADO IN RELIEF DECORATION

Designed by George C. Haité for the Anaglypta Company.

art there, and finding in fragments of it the grammar of ornament.

Books helped him later; and in those days, remember, the printed lectures of Owen Jones came as a sedative to many who were taking part in a very feverish art movement. Indeed, they were familiar to everybody who followed with real interest the artistic controversies of the hour. As a designer, Owen Jones seems of the past, but his common-sense, so much like Dryden's in quality, is still alive with many good criticisms applicable to current events in the art world. Thus the lectures on "The True and False in Art," delivered at Marlborough House in 1851, contain an admirable protest against certain false styles of paperhangings which may be seen any day in windows in Tottenham Court Road. It is a protest similar to many which have recently been made by artists so different in their tastes as Mr. Haité and Mr. Lewis Day; and it draws attention to some of the essential principles which lead to varied forms of excellence in wall decoration. It is a



CEILING PAPER

Designed by George C. Haité for Percy, Heffer and Co.

not infrequently. One fact warns us that patterns which look well on textile fabrics are often detestable when repeated over the surface of a wall. Hence, no doubt, there is real danger in applying brocade styles to paperhangings. The second fact is this, that upright lines on wall-papers are always objectionable. Everybody has felt how irritating they are, especially in times of illness, when the eyes

travel up and down them till the patient becomes spellbound, as it were, by the annoying exercise. On Owen Jones floral patterns had the same effect, and he gave it as his

persons. This arises from the varied conceptions which artists and critics form of the right convention in patterned ornament. Mr. Haité's convention is as different from Mr. Lewis Day's as



FRIEZE

Designed by George C. Haité for the Anaglypta Company.

opinion that the best papers for bedrooms were low-toned secondaries and tertiaries. Questions of taste, then, are sometimes important from a medical standpoint, though physicians never seem to recognise how much their patients suffer from the absurd belief, common everywhere, that bad wall-papers are quite good enough for bedrooms.

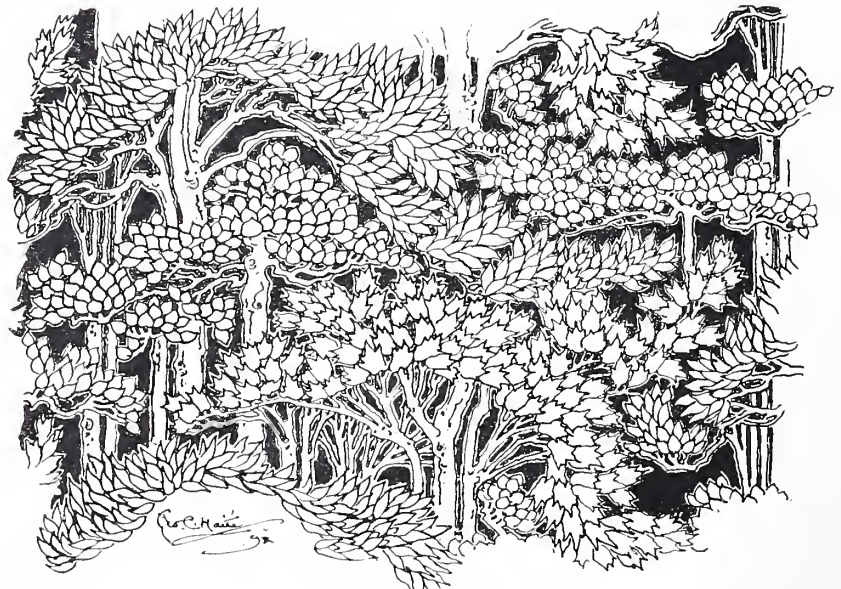
Much might be said here on other points raised by the use of lines in this branch of decorative art. For instance, owing to difficulties of hanging, horizontal lines are rarely misused; and it may be said, probably with perfect justice, that the skill with which long lines of every kind are avoided is the real secret of the highest possible success in the art of designing wall-papers. In any case, this is certainly true of Mr. Haité and his success. His forte lies in the unrivalled grace and ease with which he executes all-over patterns—patterns so unobtrusive in their general effect, yet so full of varied, spirited invention, that the late Mr. Gleeson White found in them something new and pleasing after years of familiar acquaintance. This is a rare charm in wall-papers, and it is not, as some believe, the product of intuition. The discipline of failure is a stern master, and it has taught Mr. Haité to reason while at work, to construct his designs methodically, to leave nothing to impulse.

I am aware, of course, that Mr. Haité's art in design is unfriendly to the taste of a few

Mr. Lewis Day's is different from that of Mr. Walter Crane; and art and we are the gainers. That's the main point, yet to squabble over it now and then is a mental stimulus. Every artist naturally believes in his own style of convention, and is ready to do battle for it on the slightest provocation. You will notice a warlike note in the following suggestive remarks from an essay on "Wall-Paper Design" by Mr. Haité:—

"In using this term *conventional*, it must in no way be received or accepted as that system of *flattening-out* and *turning-over*

once so much in vogue in certain schools of design! Anything so misleading or lifeless it would be difficult to imagine, and, fortunately, most manufacturers to-day know too much to accept work in such style. By the term 'conventional' I wish to express that severe treatment of nature which subjects it to our will and requirements, bringing its luxuriousness and never-ending variety down to the limitations of our material,



CARPET

Designed by George C. Haité for Tompkinson and Adam.

which, as craftsmen, we must at once honestly recognise and respect. We must retain a mastery over nature, and not become slaves to it; at the same time we can and should do this without outraging the natural laws. . . .



DESIGN FOR TAPESTRY.

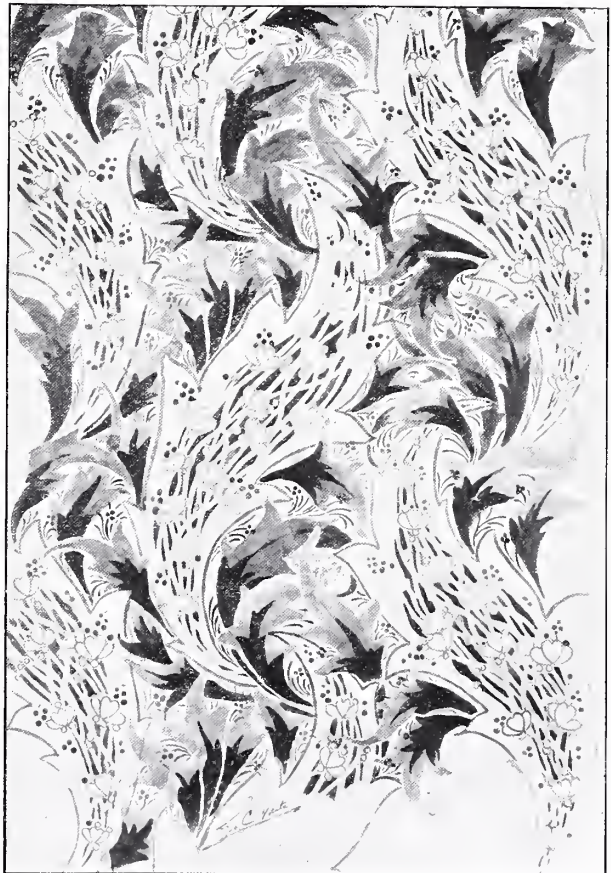
By George C. Haité.

Thus I choose to apply the term conventional to that delineation of natural forms which simplifies and emphasises their growths, characteristics, and idiosyncrasies. Natural forms can be made subservient and decorative by this method of conventionalism, in a way which would be otherwise rarely admissible."

Such is the point of view from which we must judge Mr. Haité's work as design. To raise up another standard of value, another convention, would be unreasonable, for each real artist must needs be intensely personal in his work. Here the style is the man, and as such it must be studied.

The question of general interest, when all is said, centres round the distinctive characteristics of Mr. Haité's art, to some of which the drawings here reproduced do fuller justice than descriptive phrases could convey. The design for a carpet is to my mind especially good and noteworthy, both in conception and in execution. The scheme of colour is in three shades of green, and the design loses nothing of its effectiveness in the "repeats."

The designs for cretonnes, to be adequately appreciated, must be seen in three or four repeats, yet the illustrations will doubtless be full of interest to all students of applied ornament. As to the wall-papers, they remind me of two things: first, that in this branch of industrial art designers have every reason to find fault with some of the manufacturers, for their work is often printed in such unpleasing shades of colour as no artist would ever think of choosing. The dado, again, is creeping so far up the wall that the real wall-paper, the "filling," seems at times to be a mere after-thought in decoration. This strikes me as being a thousand pities, because a wide dado, however useful as a background to heavy furniture, brings a horizontal line too near the level of the eye, destroying that sense of height that everybody delights to feel in a living room. To a wide good frieze, on the other hand, no objection can be taken, as it occupies that part of a wall where decoration can be largely employed for its own sake. Elsewhere, as in the "filling," great reticence of style is necessary, and this is what Mr. Haité has given us in dozens of varied wall-papers.



DESIGN FOR PRINTED CRETONNE.

By George C. Haité.

THE GUILD OF WOMEN BINDERS.

AN interesting and significant feature of the present revival in the slowly decaying art of bookbinding is its wide adoption by women. In an age when woman is striving to prove her claim to be placed on some sort of equality with man, it need not be a matter of surprise that an art so useful, so ornamental, and so peculiarly congenial to her tastes should be largely adopted by the woman of artistic instinct. Binding offers exceptional opportunities

to the woman who has profited by art training, and that she has so profited is clearly shown by the decorative work she is now producing. The labour involved in binding demands no greater amount of physical exertion than the average woman is capable of, and in most stages no more than she now expends in the ornamentation of slippers and antimacassars.

For the origin of the present guild we need go no further back than a decade, when two ladies took to binding as a hobby. Miss Prideaux—well known to readers of this Magazine—worked in her own home, and exhibited at the various arts and crafts exhibitions held throughout the country, where the beauty and excellence of her work attracted the attention of connoisseurs. Mrs. Macdonald, of Edinburgh, thus describes the initial stages of the movement:—"It began about six years ago, with myself and the late Mr. John M. Gray, Curator of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, and art critic. We took great pleasure in searching out and enjoying old bindings in libraries both at home and abroad, and felt that it was a beautiful art, but now fallen to a trade. Then we wished to try it ourselves, if we could find a teacher. Mr. Blaikie (of A. and T. Constable) allowed us to go to his workshop in the evening, and begin with his foreman." They were quickly joined by others, until the class grew, and now "we have a course of lessons every winter." Some specimens of this lady's work appeared in the Woman's Work Section of the Victorian Era Exhibition at Earl's Court, where they were seen by



THE KELMSCOTT "CHAUCER."

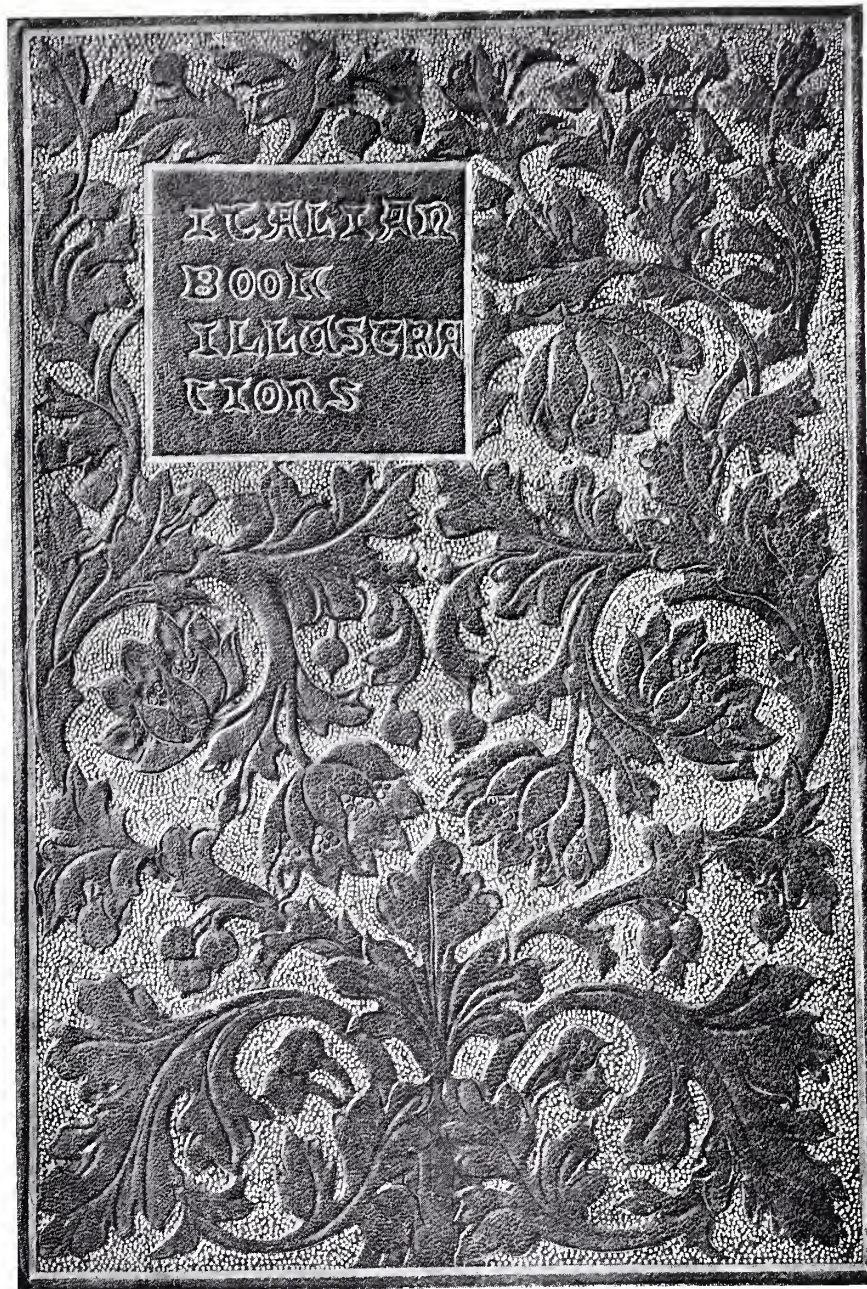
Designed and Worked in "Undressed" Morocco by Mrs. Macdonald.

Mr. Frank Karslake, the bookseller and publisher. He immediately recognised the potentialities of the movement, and saw what benefits would accrue to the craft if its work was systematised and placed upon a commercial basis. An exhibition of bindings by all the women binders throughout the country was organised, and so great was its success that the workers federated themselves into the Guild of Women Binders, which is now constantly receiving recruits.

The Guild, which has its headquarters in the Charing Cross Road, includes, besides individual workers throughout the country, a number of members of different crafts and guilds, such as the Chiswick Art Workers' Guild, the Edinburgh Social Union, and the Gentlewomen's Guild of Handicrafts. The book-binding department of the Chiswick Guild has been but three years in existence, yet it produces gold-tooled morocco work, no less durable than handsome. This guild produces also exceedingly beautiful examples of Niger-morocco bindings, embossed on a ground powdered with gold dots with the edges decorated

in gold patterns on a green groundwork. The dull Indian-red tone of this, the most decorative of modern bindings, is highly artistic in effect.

The "Edinburgh," or mediæval, binding is a revival of the monastic work of the Middle Ages. It is embossed by hand on undressed morocco; is solid, durable, artistic and inexpensive, improves with age, and in a year or two assumes a permanent "old-ivory" tone. The fact that continuous exposure to the strongest sunlight has only the effect of adding to the beauty of the tone, is its best recommendation. This binding is especially appropriate for liturgical

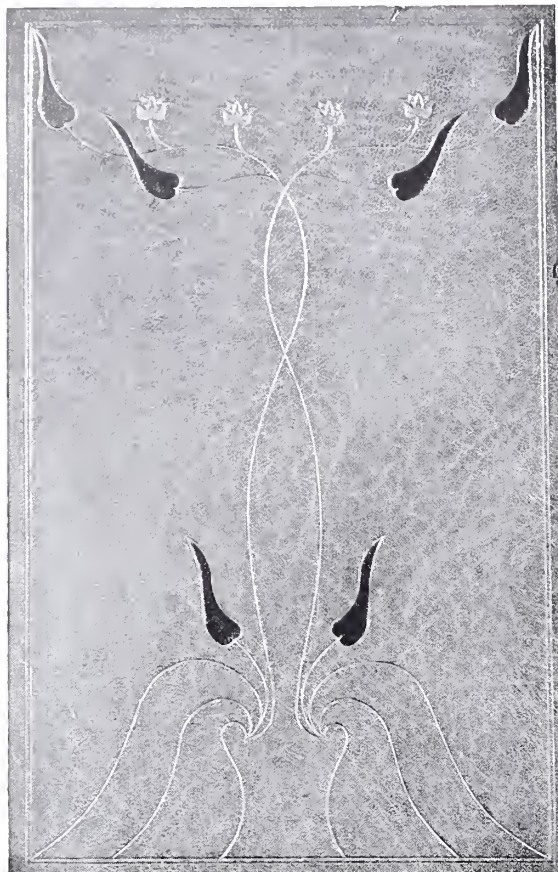


POLLARD (A. W.), "ITALIAN BOOK OF ILLUSTRATIONS" (1894).

Embossed Niger-Morocco, Designed and Worked by Miss Jockel.

works, and theological works generally, and it is due to Mrs. Macdonald to reiterate that the world owes to her efforts and initiative this new departure, which is destined to play an important part in the binding of the future.

The method of production adopted by the workers gives full scope to their talent and originality. The books themselves are carefully chosen for their literary and artistic merits. A design in consonance with some pronounced characteristic of the matter is thought out and made. Books full of inspiration for design are chosen, and so the incongruity of a commonplace



APULEIUS, "CUPID AND PSYCHE" (VALE PRESS, 1897).

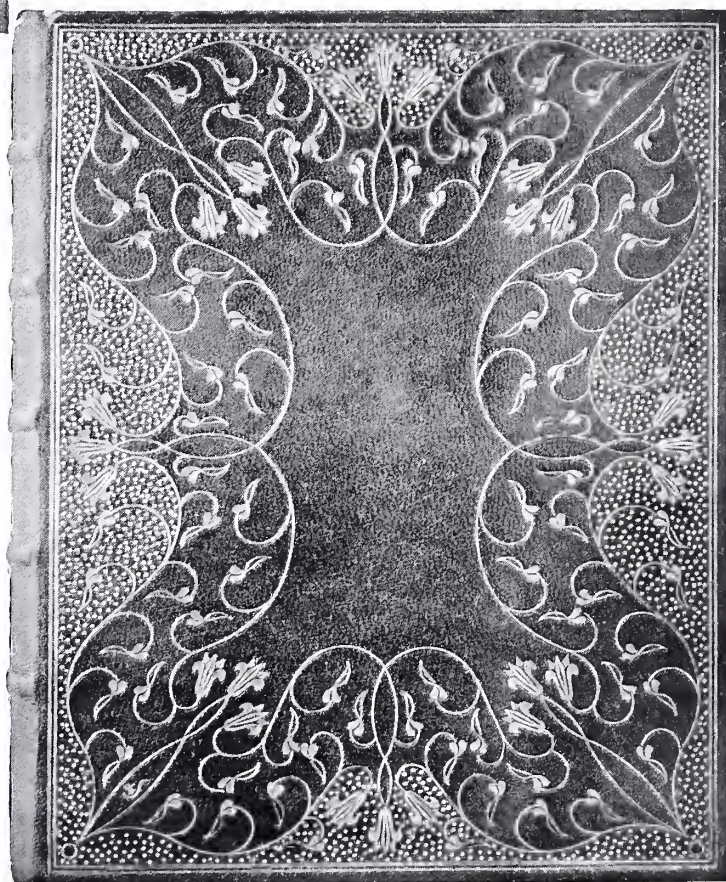
*Unpolished White Morocco: Inlaid and Gold-tooled Design.
Designed and Bound at the Hampstead Bindery.*

volume in a rich casing is avoided. There is no monotonous reproduction of stereotyped patterns, and new designs are constantly being created. As an excellent example of their work we may cite "In the Track of the Bookworm," by Irving Browne. This book was appropriately bound in an ancient-looking cover of undressed morocco, absolutely durable and unsoilable; on the edges, the dark green colour used by mediæval binders. On the obverse is embossed, in admirable relief, a design in which the principal figure, a man in mediæval garb, with leathern belt and bag around his waist, stands with one hand on a folio black-letter volume; while with the other he waves away "Love" in the form of a young girl, and "Money" in the shape of a young man offering a purse. This is art as opposed to trade. In short, the object of the Guild is to present a perfect book; and nothing which is not good in workmanship, design, and finish, comes from their

hands. Finally, to ensure its permanence, the book is enclosed in an ornamental case for preservation.

Another noteworthy feature of this revival is the impetus it has given to coloured illustrations. The work of Miss Gloria Cardew, who discovered her talent for colour-printing by accident, is entirely worthy of praise. She has a remarkable faculty for producing schemes of colour for book illustration; schemes not only displaying unusual precision of touch, and care in execution, but harmonious, brilliant, and restrained, excelling in chasteness and delicacy. Her colouring is especially suited to such fanciful subjects as fairy tales, children's stories, and poems. Her efforts, indeed, form one more attempt to revert to good individualistic handiwork, as opposed to mechanical methods. Nature is her teacher, and to it she goes direct for her colours, real sunsets, leaves with the seasons' tints, buds and berries from the wayside hedges—as Madame Vallgren does.

To this beautiful art of bookbinding, then, great service has been rendered by the efforts of those who undertook its resuscitation as a labour of love, and who think that it is not misplaced labour to make the outside of a good book as



SPENSER (E.), "SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR" (1898).

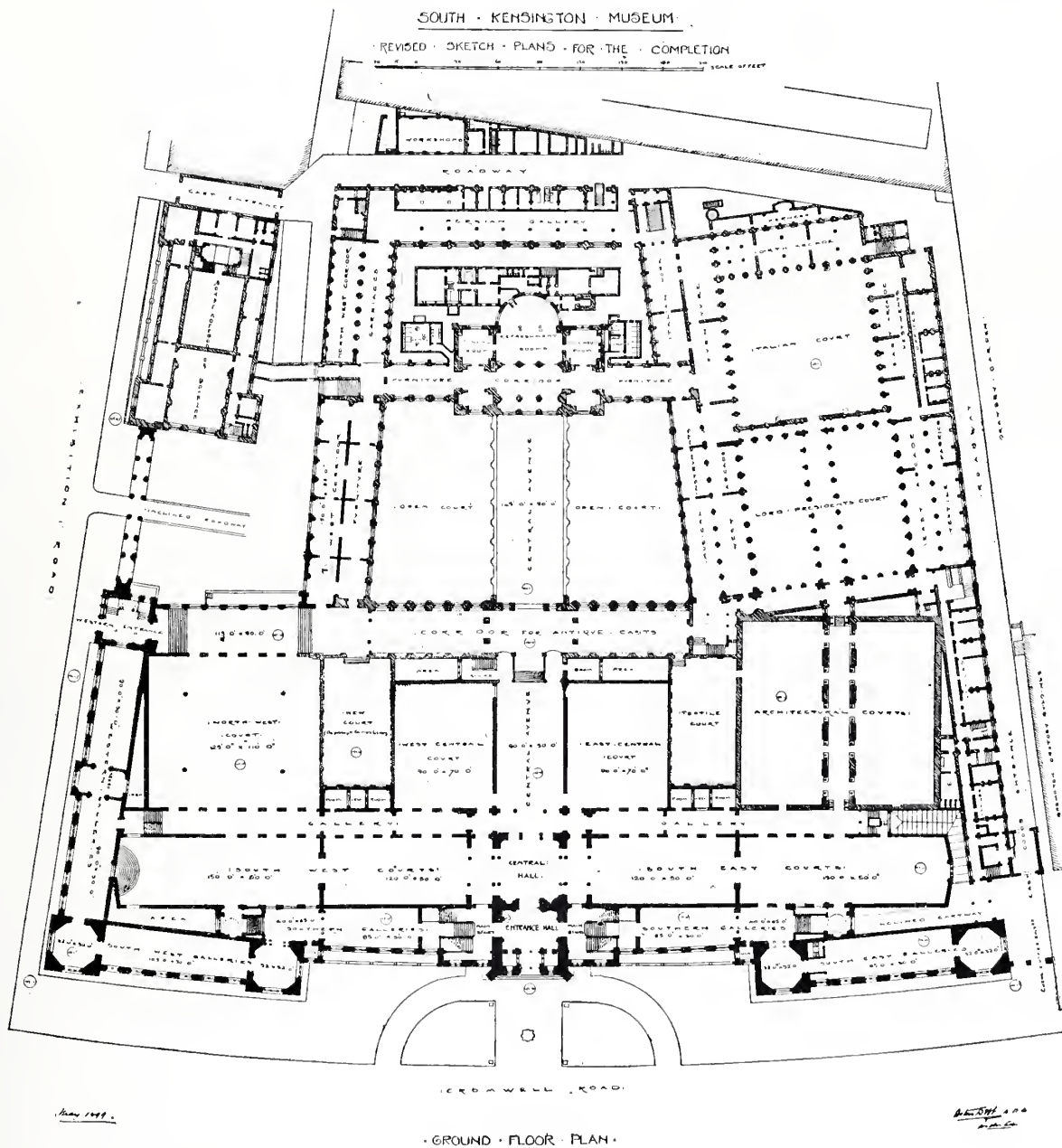
Red Morocco extra, Gold-tooled. Designed and Bound at the Hampstead Bindery.

excellent as its contents. By their efforts, as has been remarked, these women workers are placing a premium on the book sales of posterity. The movement, indeed, can never become popular in the sense of coming within the reach of the masses. One result, however, is a growing demand for really artistic bindings:

not conventional conglomerations of gold tooling and meaningless inlays, but original and beautiful designs suited to the books they decorate. We believe with Charles Lamb that when a book is at once good and rare, no casket is rich enough, no casing sufficiently durable, to honour and keep safe so rare a jewel.

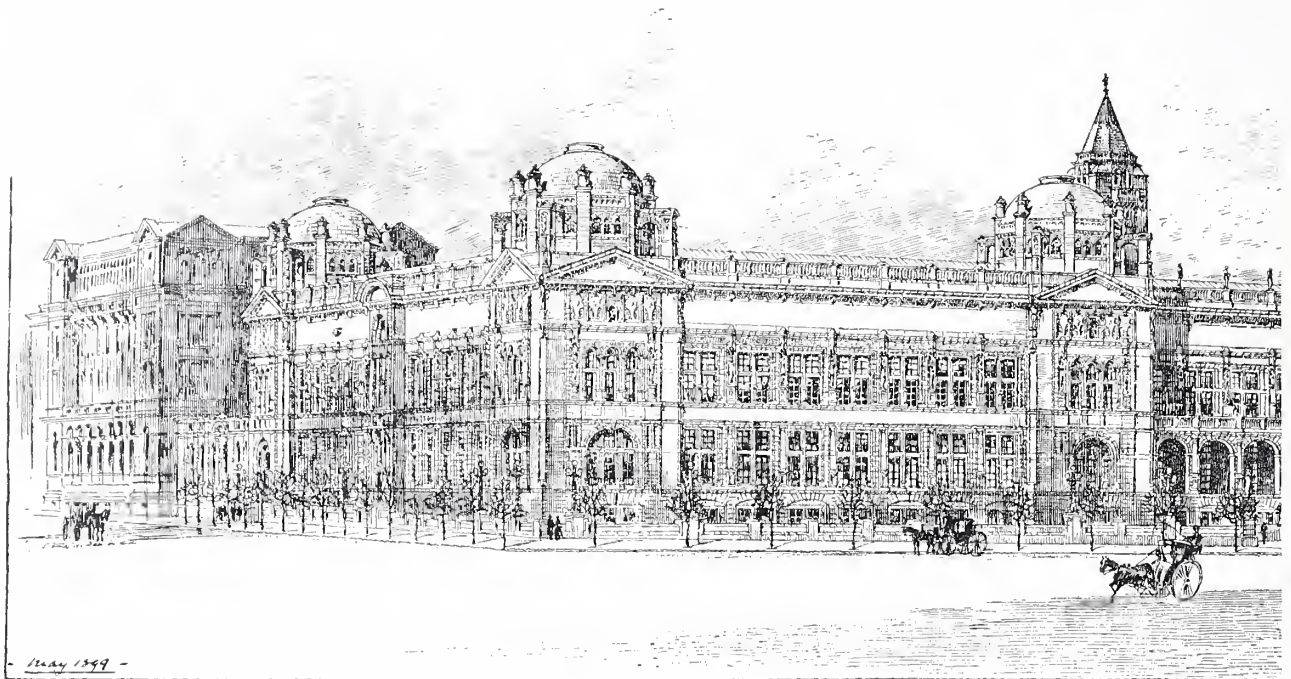
D. M. SUTHERLAND.

THE NEW BUILDINGS AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.



IN the laying of the foundation-stone of the Victoria and Albert Museum by Her Majesty the Queen a new chapter is opened in

the history of South Kensington. The scandal so long attaching to the national museum of the industrial arts is at last near its end, and the

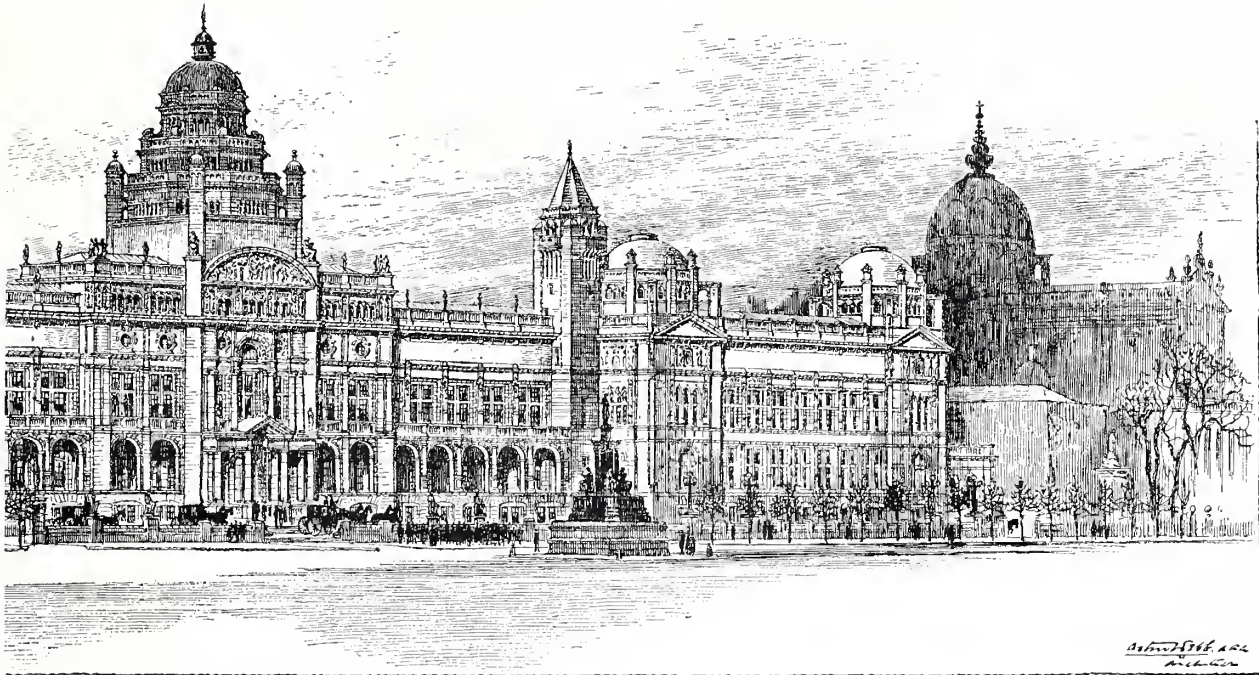


DESIGN FOR THE VICTORIA AND

long-standing promise of the provision of a worthy house for the treasures gathered together at enormous expense is within sight of fulfilment. To us, who have for so long agitated upon the question, it is a matter of great satisfaction that the disgraceful condition of affairs at South Kensington is to be set right; and with the inauguration of the new buildings we look forward to an era of successful organisation and public utility.

For the sake of comparison, we give here, in addition to an illustration of the new design for the building, the one accepted in 1891, when the architectural competition took place. It will be seen that Mr. Aston Webb has considerably altered his external design, and that the final one will be a notable addition to the public buildings of the Metropolis. The general character of the design is free Renaissance, and the principal frontage will be to the Cromwell Road. The centre portion of the façade will be slightly recessed and surmounted by a central lantern 150 feet in height. On each side the line of building will be relieved by two pavilions, the angles being marked by cupolas. The frontage in Cromwell and Exhibition Roads will consist of three floors, the upper of which will be lighted from the top. In the niches between the windows of the first floor it is proposed to place statues representing the arts and crafts. Will this intention ever be realised?

The frontage to Cromwell Road will have an extent of 700 feet, and that to the Exhibition Road 300 feet, and the whole space occupied by the new buildings will be 250,000 square feet—the present buildings covering 180,000 square feet. The remainder of the site will be covered with top-lighted courts, arranged on much the same lines as those already existing, but the plan of the whole will be much simpler. A reference to the ground-floor plan, which we publish, will show that on entering from the main façade the visitor will reach a great central hall, from which will extend a series of galleries proceeding along the entire front, affording a clear vista of some 600 feet. The upper galleries will be reached by staircases from the left and right of the main entrance. Straight on from the central court will bring the visitor to the present sculpture gallery, but there will be several other large courts on either side. Altogether, provision is made for eight new courts, in addition to the three floors of galleries. There will be a second entrance in Exhibition Road, which will in like manner lead direct to the sculpture gallery, and which will be connected with the subway of the District Railway. As the interior walls of the galleries courts will be kept free from architectural adornment, a large space will be at disposal for the exhibition of the objects connected with India and the East, which are now stored in the “H” buildings adjoining the Imperial Institute, and



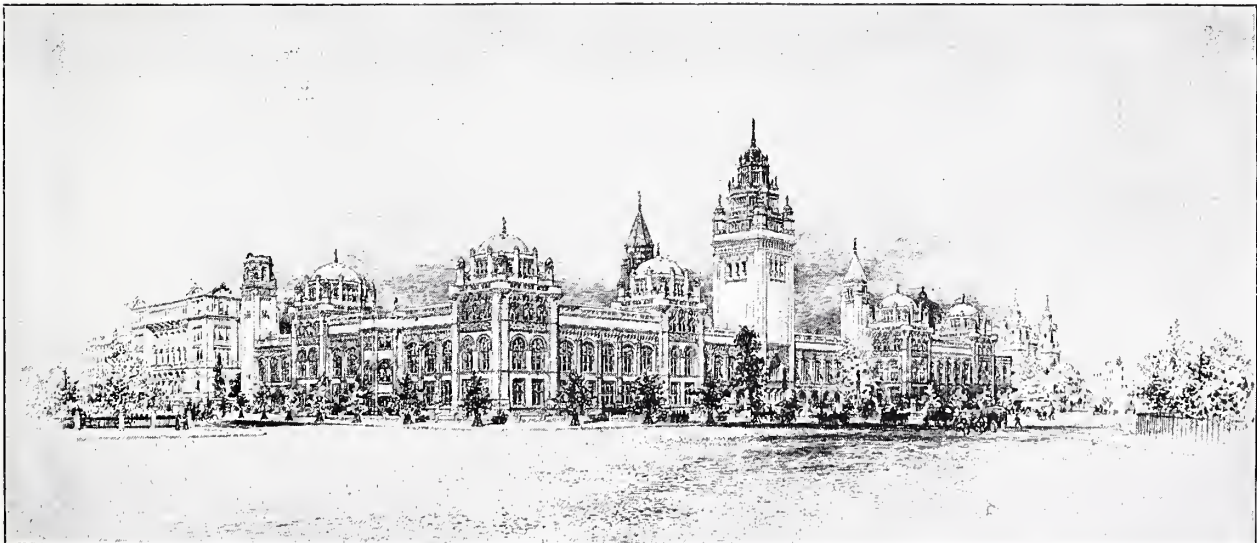
ALBERT MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON.

By Aston Webb, A.R.A.

which it is proposed to remove to the western section of the new galleries.

One of the best features of the new arrangements will be the separation of the Science portion of the Museum from that devoted to Art. New buildings for the Science College and its dependencies are to be erected on the site

facing the Imperial Institute, which, according to present intentions, will correspond with Mr. Colcutt's designs, and be connected by a screen across the roadway. The amount voted last year for new public buildings was £2,500,000, and of this sum not less than £800,000 was devoted to the South Kensington scheme.



MR. ASTON WEBB'S FIRST ACCEPTED DESIGN FOR THE COMPLETION OF SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[167] **IRONWORK.**—Can you inform me when the South Kensington Museum intends to publish the third part of Mr. Starkie Gardner's very

cluding handbook." This promise is most gratifying to all students of art, but when will it be kept? Good books on the history of ironwork



SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY.

From the Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.

excellent "History of Ironwork"? The second part bears the date 1896, and in the preface we are told that although "every effort has been made to condense and abbreviate the subject so as to finish it within the compass of the present volume," yet "it has unfortunately been found impracticable to include English ironwork, which thus remains to be treated in a third and con-

are so rare that this question is really very important.—S. S.

[168] **VANDYCK'S "CHILDREN OF CHARLES I."**—Can you tell me where the original painting of the "Children of Charles I," by Vandyck, is at the present day? I noticed an illustration of the picture in Part 29 of Cassell's "History of England," page 193, and shall be much obliged

if you can supply me with the desired information.—D. ZIMAN.

* * This painting is at Kensington Palace.

There is a sketch of the subject in the Louvre.

[169] **PORTRAIT OF JAMES BOSWELL.**—Can any of your readers inform me who painted James Boswell after his Corsican tour (1766)? He is represented sitting among rocks and woods, and an owl, perched on a bough, over his head. The portrait has never been engraved to my knowledge, nor has it ever been out of the Boswell family until it came to me.—JAMES J. WOOD.

NOTES.

ERRORS OF ARTISTS.—Among the curious errors to be found in pictures now being exhibited is one which cannot be passed over, for a mistake in an avowedly historical picture is inexcusable. In the Academy there hangs a well imagined and well executed canvas representing "The Execution of the Duc d'Enghien," treated with effective realism (see illustration on p. 385). But overlooking the fact that the bottom of the moat where the murder was committed is shown as flat as a

billiard table—whereas the ditch of Vincennes Castle was a villainous, broken place—we are surprised to find that the soldiers are shooting to an accompaniment provided by a drummer-boy. When did the artist ever hear of there being drummer-boys in France, or drummer-men who drummed condemned prisoners out of the world? The blunder is more noticeable than that in the intentionally symbolical picture of "Eve" in the New Gallery, wherein ripe apples hang upon the tree, while crocuses are in full bloom below. We may forgive a certain looseness in dealing with nature but not with history, unless, as in the case of Monsieur Sardou, we clearly announce that we are going to take liberties with our Robespierre. And then we cease to write history.

LAWRENCE'S "SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY."—A correspondent inquires as to what had become of Lawrence's portrait of Sir Samuel Romilly, which he had missed from the National Gallery; we therefore think it well to draw attention to the fact that this fine example of Lawrence's work has recently been removed from the National Gallery to the National Portrait Gallery. We here engrave it.

THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—JULY.

National Art Institutions in Scotland. THE report for 1898 issued by the Trustees of the Board of Manufactures in Scotland, dealing with the National Gallery of Scotland and other institutions under

their charge, does not reveal anything of importance in connection with them. The acquisitions to the National Gallery were—a portrait of Mrs. Campbell of Baillemore, by Sir HENRY RAEBURN; a portrait of Sarah Malcolm, by HOGARTH; and a painting of "The Gentle Shepherd," by Sir DAVID WILKIE, R.A.—each of which was bequeathed. A number of works have been withdrawn from the Gallery to form a loan collection for the use of provincial galleries. The attendance at the Gallery shows a decrease of 7,840 upon last year's figures, but the visits of copyists have increased to the number of 1,147. The School of Art show a decrease of forty-nine in the number of students. The Sculpture Gallery at the Royal Institution, too, shows a decrease in its number of visitors to the extent of 2,876; and the National Portrait Gallery had a falling off in its visitors to the number of 3,250. The Commissioners report that the decorations

in the hall and ambulatory, by Mr. WILLIAM HOLE, R.S.A., are making good progress; while to the sculptures on the exterior have been added statues of King Alexander III, King James, and William Dunbar.



CHRIST DISPUTING WITH THE DOCTORS.
By F. de Herrera. Recently acquired by the National Gallery
(No. 1676, Room XIV).

The Miéville and Fowler Sales. It does not often happen that two such

interesting picture sales as the Miéville and the Fowler occur on two consecutive Saturdays. A great deal might be written about some of the pictures which occurred in both collections; one noteworthy fact may be mentioned, and that is that these two collections, with an aggregate of 192 lots, realised (on April 29 and May 6) the grand total of £107,106. In each collection one picture stood out in high relief, so to speak, from the others. The late Mr. J. L. Miéville, in the

thirty or forty years of his life as a picture collector, managed to secure four very fine examples of Troyon, which now produced the extraordinary total of 14,501 guineas; they probably did not cost him much more than twice as many shillings. The chief among this highly desirable quartette was entitled "The Dairy Farm," and measures 41½ in. by 61 in. It is a view of high pasture

land looking over a level plain, with various coloured cows arranged with admirable effect. This splendid transcript from nature, after keen bidding, fell at 6,400 guineas to Messrs. Arnold and Tripp, of Paris, who have courteously allowed us to reproduce the accompanying photograph of the picture (p. 430). This is the record price for a Troyon, so far as auction sales in England are concerned.



SIR WALTER ARMSTRONG.

This collection also contained two most interesting portraits of children by artists of the early English school. One of these was by ROMNEY, and represented a young boy in white dress, with golden hair, nursing a dog in his arms—a very slight but singularly beautiful work, from the Mendel sale of 1875, when it brought 210 guineas; it now found a ready purchaser at 1,650 guineas. The second was a portrait of a girl, in white muslin dress, with her right arm raised to her neck, holding a pearl necklace; this was purchased in 1871 as the work of J. OPIE, but it is clearly much too good for this third-rate artist, and the high price which it realised, 1,480 guineas, was certainly not an Opie price. There were also in this sale two exceptionally interesting examples of Mr. G. F. WATTS, neither of which has ever been exhibited nor engraved; both are clever, realistic studies in the nude—the first, a fair-haired girl, reclining on white and crimson drapery, with peacock feathers in her hand, sold for 600 guineas; and the second, a nymph holding an orange, white and green drapery, sold for 780 guineas.

The principal picture in the late Sir John Fowler's collection was a noble example of HOBBEEMA, a landscape, measuring 41 in. by 50½ in., and one of the largest the master ever painted. It is quite worthy to be placed by the side of the celebrated example of this artist which, in the Dudley sale of 1892, brought the record price of 9,600 guineas; but the figures in the Fowler picture are less important than those in the Dudley picture, and the foliage has rather unpleasantly darkened with time. It was for four generations in the family of Richard Ford, whose "Guide to Spain" has become a classic; it was purchased through the late Mr. William Vokins, in June, 1871, by Sir John Fowler for £3,100, and it is curious to note that at his sale the first bid was one of 4,000 guineas, and at 9,100 guineas it became the property of Messrs. Agnew. A writer in the "Athenæum" of May 13, with a fine flourish of imperfect *data*, states that the Duke of Hamilton's Hobbema, which sold in 1882 for £4,252, was "the highest recorded price" for a work by this artist; but, as a matter of fact, that price has been exceeded three or four times since the Hamilton sale. After the Hobbema, the Turners were the great attraction, both in number and quality, at the Fowler sale, and it is simply amazing that ten water-colour engravings and two pictures should produce the enormous amount of £22,349. The record was broken by the picture of Venice, with the Dogana and the Santa Maria della Salute, with numerous gondolas and figures, which was in the Royal Academy of 1844, and was purchased by E. Bullock direct from the artist; bidding started at 4,000 guineas and reached 8,200 guineas the purchasers

being Messrs. Agnew. The most important of the water-colour drawings was the view of the Lake of Venice, painted about 1842, and several times engraved. It was at one time in Mr. Ruskin's collection, and is described in "Modern Painters;" it now sold for 3,000 guineas. Mr. Ruskin's name is also associated with another of the drawings, a view of Lucerne from the Walls, 12 in. by 18 in., which was painted for him, and which now realised no less than 1,300 guineas. Two other drawings—Tivoli, with the Temple of Jupiter, and Edinburgh, both early works—reached four figures, the amounts being 1,700 guineas and 1,000 guineas respectively. The prevailing fashion for TURNER and the prevailing neglect of LANDSEER were curiously demonstrated at this sale; the twelve works of the former contributed over one-third to the total of the sale, whereas twelve pictures by the latter only produced £3,523. But the picture in the Fowler sale which appealed more to the *hoi polloi* than any other was the very pretty example of GREUZE entitled "La Petite Mathématicienne;" it represents the head of a young girl in white dress, holding a pair of compasses in her left hand; it came from the San Donato collection, and was engraved by E. Hedouin for the "Gazette des Beaux-Arts." The canvas measures only 17 in. by 14½ in.; it was purchased by Messrs. Agnew for 1,680 guineas.



SIR LAWRENCE ALMA TADEMA, R.A.

Of this charming little work we give a photographic reproduction (p. 430).

The tide of Romance, as exemplified in the **Art in the Theatre.** costume-play, has recently threatened to engulf all our theatres, and surecoat and mail, doublet and hose, and patch and powder have, for the moment, been in the ascendant. But signs are not wanting that the tide is on the ebb. The charming "Adventure of Lady Ursula" enjoyed, it is true, a vogue that seemed to justify the "boom" of the costume-play; but all the picturesque Indian accessories were powerless to bolster up "Carnae Sahib" at Her Majesty's. In the same category of Romance must be classed those plays in which history and fantasy are fused in one, such as "The Man in the Iron Mask," which lingered for a time at the

Adelphi, and "In Days of Old," in which the St. James's harks back to the Wars of the Roses for its theme, though it must be confessed that Mr. TELBIN's scenery and Mr. PERCY MACQUOID's archæology present few striking features. The Lyceum "Robespierre," with its skilfully-handled crowds, serves to prove that our English scenic artists are well able to hold their own against any foreign competitors—admirably composed and contrasted as are Monsieur AMABLE's two scenes. Mr. CRAVEN repeats a familiar achievement in his forest-picture, and Mr. HARKER's "Prison Courtyard" shows him at his best. On the other hand, our leading variety theatres, the Empire and the Alhambra, abandon alike the fantastic and the ideal in their latest ballets, and compete for public favour with spectacles of pronounced modern type. The Alhambra, in "A Day Off," presents the story of a trip to Boulogne on a popular excursion steamer, winding up with the inevitable assemblage of nationalities in the Casino gardens. The Empire has scored a brilliant success in "Round the Town Again," in which Charing Cross Station, Bond Street, and Hyde Park (a capital picture) from the brush of Mr. HARKER, and a "Covent Garden Fancy Dress Ball" (by Mr. CRAVEN), once more demonstrate Mr. WILHELM's ingenuity and resource in selecting and strengthening the patriotic possibilities lurking in these every-day localities. A "Parasol Dance" in the Park Scene calls for special mention; here a group of fin-de-siècle robes in black spangled gauze veil a scheme of colour ranging from anemone-purple through ultramarine to deep peacock and emerald, and associated with these is another group in creamy lace and chiffon over a corresponding scheme, in its palest tones, of Parma violet, sky turquoise, and apple green. Exceptional taste and care have evidently been lavished on the final scene, where a "farandole" of domino-clad dancers display the charm of a scale of warm hues that rise and fall from primrose to bronze, chestnut to maize, apricot to scarlet, crimson to hydrangea-pink, and orchid mauve to the deepest amethyst. A quartet of Mr. Wilhelm's favourite flower dresses, and another representing Painting, Music, Fancy, and Mirth, will repay study. The group of dresses representing a mixed salad is no less original in idea than happy in execution. The American "Stars and Stripes" have been effectively utilised as a striking *entourage* for the Union Jack, as embodied by the leading *dansuse*; and surely the limit of luxurious stage appointments has been reached in the costumes of the Chelsea China Minuet. It is difficult to imagine anything more exquisite in fabric or appropriate in detail than these dresses reveal in their delicate progressive harmonics.

Mr. WALTER TYNDALE'S series of water-colour drawings of Cairo, Jerusalem, and Sicily at the Dowdeswell Galleries exhibit the artist's appreciation of Oriental architecture and brilliancy of colour. They are faithful transcripts of

things seen in an Eastern tour, and as such have a certain interest as records of facts. The drawings of "Bread and Fruit Bazaar—Rosetta" and "A Fruit Stall—Cairo" are brilliant and pleasing bits of colour.

The celebrated charge of the 21st Lancers at Omdurman has formed the subject of the year for battle-painters, and Mr. R. CATON WOODVILLE'S version of the scene has been afforded a special place at the McLean Gallery. The principal figures of the English regiment shown on the canvas are portraits, but it must be confessed that the painting does not suggest the wild plunge of the regiment into the three-foot-deep khor in which the ambushed dervishes were concealed. By taking the movements of the central squadron only—and but a small detachment of that—the rush and fury of the charge, as a whole, is but faintly suggested; though, of course, as with all this artist's work, the picture, technically considered, is well carried out.

Mr. RUDOLF BLIND has painted two large religious subjects, "The Golden Gates" and "The Throne of Grace," which are on exhibition at the Doré Gallery. The allegory of each work is simple and the execution skilful, while the semi-religious atmosphere of the gallery is admirably suited to the exhibition.

Mr. S. EIDA is showing a choice collection of bronzes, containing floral decorations by skilled Japanese artists, which forms a novel and interesting exhibition. It should do much in the way of affording suggestions for the artistic use of flowers for table decoration.

The Savoy Alps and the Lake of Geneva, under all aspects of times and seasons, formed the subjects of an interesting little exhibition of water-colour drawings by Mr. J. HARDWICKE LEWIS.

By a long and close acquaintance with the district Mr. Lewis is enabled to impart to his drawings some of the majestic dignity of the mountains and the mystery of the atmospheric effects of sunset and sunrise. His work is conscientious, skilful, and pleasing. One or two drawings of English scenery prove that he is equally capable of dealing with Nature in her softer moods.

At the City of Birmingham Art Gallery there is a magnificent collection of drawings by the Old Masters, which has been lent by Mr. C. FAIREAX MURRAY. The work of the Dutch School is strongly represented, there being not fewer than fourteen drawings by Rembrandt. The exhibition promises to be popular, for during the first week the visitors numbered forty-four thousand.

That venerable institution, now in its ninetieth year, the Liverpool Academy of Arts, seems to have renewed its lease of life. Half a century ago its exhibitions were unrivalled in the provinces, and in the sixth decade of the century the Academicians distinguished themselves by their early support of the Pre-Raphaelites. This, however led ultimately to divisions and disaster. The exhibitions ceased, and the Corporation, after an interval, took the matter up. The Academy since 1862 has been little more than a private association of professional artists; even its life



GEORGE MORLAND.

By Himself. Recently acquired by the National Portrait Gallery.

classes were discontinued. Two years ago the members held a small exhibition of their work in the congenial seclusion of the Royal Institution, and the experiment was repeated last year. Neither exhibition greatly deserved success, and neither had it. This year there has been a serious effort to do better. The membership has been strongly reinforced, and now includes almost all the recognised artists of the city. New rooms have been taken in Castle Street, the



THE DAIRY FARM.

From the Painting by Troyon. Recently sold for 6,400 Guineas. See p. 428.

works of art sent in have been severely "selected," and the result is the best show of Liverpool pictures we have seen; one which should encourage the Academy to reclaim the premier place in local art-politics, to which its age and traditions, as well as its present achievement, entitle it. The catalogue of the exhibition is prefaced by an historical account of the Academy, written by Mr. E. RIMBAULT DIEDIN, art critic of "The Liverpool Courier."

The Home Arts and Industries Association has once more held its annual exhibition at the Albert Hall; the work shown being of the usual excellence. The exhibit which deserved the most attention was an elaborate altar-piece in terra-cotta, executed by the Compton Class, from the design of Mrs. G. F. WATTS, who has charge of the class. The work is made up of tiles of terra-cotta bearing a Celtic design, and the centre is occupied by a painting by Mr. G. F. WATTS, R.A. The leather-work from Leighton-Buzzard, for which Miss BASSETT supplies the designs, was again noticeable for its good character. The Suffolk classes apparently turn their attention chiefly to needlework, for the greater part of their contributions consisted of work of this nature. One of the best examples was a beautifully executed bed-spread which came from Aldeburgh. The Kent County Council classes once more demonstrated their skill in wood-carving; the large frame by W. INCHECOMBE being a conspicuously fine piece of work. The metal work from Keswick and the inlaying from Stepney and Pinlco were especially good. We must, however, offer one word of warning to the Committee of the Association. The ostensible object of the Association is to develop the artistic handicrafts in rural districts, but the tendency seems to be drifting towards the production of objects that will sell, to the sacrifice of what is genuinely artistic. The general appearance of the exhibition, to us, strongly suggested that of the ordinary bazaar rather than a collection of works of art and handicraft. Such a tendency threatens to be fatal to the Association.

A History of French Art: 1100—1899. By *Rosa G. Kingsley.* London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1899. (12s. 6d.)

THIS book is a very useful sketch, and much handier than Mrs. Stranahan's far more elaborate history in the section of painting. Historical and critical, it is practically a running biographical dictionary, prefaced by a treatise on the French Renaissance in the three arts, and it is logically and scientifically carried out. Nevertheless, it remains but an index to the subject—and an index, as we shall presently point out, urgently in need of revision. The subdivisions into which it is divided, as must always be the case, are very difficult to maintain, especially when what are here quaintly called "The Romantics," for example, are dealt with. The criticisms of the modern men are, on the whole, excellent, which is not surprising when we learn that the author has had assistance from many of the officials of French art, such as Monsieur Léonce Bénédite. At the same time, it is to be regretted that Miss Kingsley throws off the judicial attitude when she deals with the Impressionist class, and appears not only biased but inexcusably partisan, rising almost to passion when commenting on the opposition to and championship of the innovators. It is not in such spirit that history should be written. We cannot honestly say that Miss Kingsley's book is blameless, or anything like blameless, either in its style or in its facts; nor has its proof-reading been such as to save it from numerous avoidable errors. Such, for example, are "Corregio," "Rembrant," "Bridgewater," "Bastile," "Corman" (whose first name appears as "Ferdinand" instead of "Fernand"), "Mércure," "repliques" for replicas:



LA PETITE MATHÉMATICIENNE.

From the Painting by Greuze. Recently sold for 1,680 Guineas. See p. 428.

these we stumbled across in a first hour's reading. Furthermore, the use of the French word "amateur" in the English sense of collector or connoisseur is misleading, and "Murat who he loved" is bad grammar.

Bonguereau's "Premier Deuil" is surely not a picture of children, as Miss Kingsley says, but a representation of the death of Abel, who is shown as a manly youth; Chenavard and Sisley are spoken of as if both were alive; and Bastien Lepage's "Petit Ramoneur" is referred to as "The Shoe-Black" instead of "The Sweep"—a mistake that others have made before. It may further be objected that the examples quoted as representative works are not always well chosen; that sometimes, but not always, titles are translated, and occasionally half-translated; and that the names of collectors are allowed to encumber the pages instead of being relegated to an appendix—they should have no place in the body of the book, for they are, in the nature of things, merely ephemeral. It is to be hoped that the volume will be quickly freed from its numerous grave defects and rendered entirely worthy of trust. It is wanted, for Englishmen are strangely ignorant of French art, in spite of their familiarity with the works and names of a score of French painters (not necessarily the best) from Fouquet to Dagnan-Bouveret. Until then we can hardly recommend it to the reader.

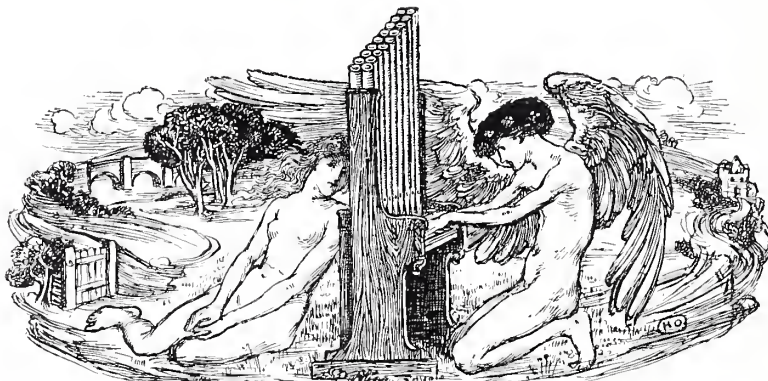
Grotesque Alphabet of 1464: Reproduced in Facsimile from the Original Woodcuts in the British Museum. With an Introduction by *Campbell Dodgson, M.A.* Printed by order of the Trustees of the British Museum. 1899.

IN the admirable introduction to the set of plates constituting the book, we have scholarship appealing alike to artistic and antiquarian instincts. The celebrated wood-cut alphabet of 1461 is reproduced in marvellous facsimile, and is compared with the smaller Basle set, the Bagford set, and the alphabet of the Master of the Banderoles, whose major claims to consideration as a creator Mr. Dodgson completely and, it is to be hoped, finally disposes of. The author goes into the matter with the greatest care and minuteness, and seems to succeed in proving that the London set is the original from which the Basle set is copied. Judging from the point of view of art, and from the internal evidence of these important works, we have not the slightest hesitation in confirming this judgment. The London type is nobler in feeling, more primitive and unsophisticated in the drawing, and more skilled in the cutting. It is quite impossible that one hand could have drawn both, so dissimilar are the methods of the artists, quite apart from the difference in the wood-cutting.

Eden versus Whistler: The Baronet and the Butterfly. A Valentine with a Verdict. Paris: Louis Henry May. 1899.

IN volume form Mr. Whistler has reprinted, and edited, the report of his appeal against the verdict pronounced against him in the case of "Eden versus Whistler." The details of this rather vulgar and sordid quarrel are too well known to need recapitulation here; but they are certainly enlivened by Mr. Whistler's vitriolic presentation of the case and his comments upon it. Those who take the trouble to read the volume through—the speeches of the counsel on either side and of the *Avocat-général*, and the judgment—will come to the conclusion that, while Sir William Eden did not

behave very well (that is to say, very liberally), Mr. James Whistler behaved a good deal worse, and that, as Maitre Bureau said, "his real object is notoriety. What he wants is to have his name brought prominently before the public; to see it in print; to call attention to himself and his works." One thing—and that a great one—the painter has established for the artistic community of France: the right of the artist to be "master and proprietor of his" [unpaid] "work till such a time as it shall please him to deliver it, and give up the holding thereof:" so long, of course, as he does not accept a cheque in payment, passing it into his account.



To the onlie begetter of
these insuing sonnets
MR. W. H. all happiness
and that eternitie
promised
by
our ever-living poet
wifeth
the well-wishing
adventurer in
setting
forth.



DEDICATORY PAGE.

By Henry Ospovat. From "Shakespeare's Sonnets."

Shakespeare's Sonnets. Illustrated by *Henry Ospovat*. London: John Lane. (3s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a handy little book, well printed on rough paper, with one sonnet to a page. The illustrations are suggestive of Charles Ricketts and sometimes of Watts, but they are of unusual excellence nevertheless.

MR. A. HORSLEY HINTON, in the second part of "*Practical Pictorial Photography*" (Hazell, Watson and Viney), makes an interesting contribution to the subject of the symposium which has been going through our pages. The book is illustrated with a number of photographs which show how photographic pictures are built up. (1s.)

KNIGHTHOODS have been bestowed upon Mr. **Miscellanea.** L. ALMA TADEMA, R.A., and Mr. WALTER ARMSTRONG, the Director of the National Gallery of Ireland.

The following pictures have been acquired by the National Gallery:—"Portrait of a Man," by KAREL DU JARDIN (Room XI, No. 1680); and "View of St. Paul's from the Thames," British school, eighteenth century (Room XIX, No. 1681).

An instrument that should prove of service to draughtsmen and artists generally has recently been produced by Mr. RICHARD GARBETT, under the name of the Lattisgraph. It consists of a frame-work, within which is threaded strings arranged to form squares, its use being intended to obviate the necessity for lining drawings when the work is to be transferred to canvas, etc. The instrument is made in various sizes—the squares ranging from one-eighth of an inch to twelve inches—and to scale so that enlargements or reductions can be easily accomplished.

The British and Irish Spinning and Weaving and Lace School has been doing a good work by teaching crippled children the art of weaving tapestry at their country homes at Bushey and Winterslow. One of the most interesting exhibits at the recent Home Arts and Industries Exhibition was some Gobelin tapestries, the hand-work of which was all executed by crippled children sent from Union schools by the Local Government Board. With such useful work we have full sympathy, but we cannot understand the latest development of the movement, which is to open classes for ladies! If the work done by the children is satisfactory, from an educational and financial point of view, as it appears to be, why supplant their efforts by those of the well-to-do lady amateur, and so edge the poor cripple out?

WE have to record the death of the greatest woman painter of her time, Mademoiselle

ROSA BONHEUR. Her skill as an animal-painter gained her repute all the world over, and her work will undoubtedly rank among the best that has ever been executed in this department of art. Marie Rosalie Bonheur was the daughter of a drawing-master, himself an artist of no mean ability, and was born at Bordeaux in 1822. When seven years of age, her father removed to Paris, in the hope of improving his position, and obtained the position of drawing-master and director at the Free School of Design for Girls. Rosa was a source of trial to him, for while she took all the available prizes for drawing at school she paid no attention to her other lessons. When she left school she was placed in business to learn dressmaking, but the craving for art was not to be resisted, and her father took her training upon himself. Her bent for animal-painting developed itself early, and she went into the fields around Paris to sketch from nature. When she was nineteen she made her début at the Salon with "Goats and Sheep," and a picture of rabbits, and the next year exhibited "Cows in Pasture." In 1845 she had not less than a dozen pictures at the Salon, and was awarded a third-class medal, which was followed three years

later—when she was twenty-six—by a first-class medal, which placed her *hors concours*. In 1849 her father died, and Rosa, aided by her sister Juliette, succeeded to his post. The same year she exhibited the "Ploughing in the Nivernais," which was bought by the Government for the Luxembourg. But her greatest success was in 1853, when she exhibited her masterpiece, "The Horse Fair." She studied her subject for eighteen months in the horse markets, and it is of interest to note that it was at this time that she first adopted male attire, as a matter of protection from the rough element encountered at the fairs. The picture created a *furor* of admiration, and was bought by M. Gambart for £3,000; it was afterwards sold to America for £12,000, and found a final resting-

place in the Metropolitan Museum of New York. The replica in our National Gallery is one of two which she made, the other being in the Gambart collection. In 1855 another work, "Haymaking in Anvergne," was purchased for the Luxembourg, and the artist then left France for protracted sketching tours in the Pyrenees, England, and Scotland, the fruits of which are embodied in several of her well known works—notably in "A Stampede" and a "Scottish Raid." In 1860 she settled down in a château near Fontainebleau, where nearly all her subsequent work was executed. She was the recipient of many honours, among them being the Cross of the Legion of Honour, bestowed upon her by Napoleon III. We hope at an early date to pay fuller tribute to the work of this great artist among women.



THE LATE ROSA BONHEUR.

From a Photograph by Braun, Clement and Co., Paris.

MR. ALFRED BRYAN, the well-known caricaturist and black-and-white artist, has recently died at the early age of forty-seven. He commenced his career on "The Hornet," when he was but twenty years of age, and became one of the principal contributors to "Moonshine" when that journal started some time ago. It was in its pages that his best work appeared, his caricatures of well known personages becoming one of its features. He also worked for "The Sporting and Dramatic News" and "The Entr'acte," his extraordinary facility enabling him to produce an astonishingly large number of drawings. For some years past he had provided the cartoon to "Moonshine," in addition to several other contributions each week.

The death has occurred of Mr. JAMES SMART, R.S.A., at the age of sixty-one. He was born at Leith, and educated at the High School, Leith. In 1857 he commenced his art studies as designer and engraver in Edinburgh, and in 1860 entered the studio of Mr. MacCulloch to learn painting. He was elected an associate of the Royal Scottish Academy in 1871, and full member in 1877.

M. AUGUSTE BAUD-BOVY, the Swiss landscape painter, has died at the age of fifty-one. He was a frequent exhibitor at the Salon, and in 1889 was awarded a bronze medal at the International Exhibition. Since 1890 his works have appeared at the New Salon. He was created Knight of the Legion of Honour in 1893.



JOAN OF ARC AT CHINON.
From the Painting by Boutet de Monvel.

THE PARIS SALONS OF 1899.

THE NEW SALON.

BY HENRI FRANTZ.

THE stern verdict that the "New" Salon of this year is inferior to its predecessors has, perhaps, been too insistently repeated. The opinion, in fact, would seem to have been formed by the more superficial observers whose first impression has been the absence of Puvis de Chavannes, or who have found that the number of works exhibited is smaller than usual. But a closer examination of the pictures on the walls, and a concentrated attempt, if but for a few hours, to enter into their life and spirit, suffices to show that this opinion is a mistake. Such at least is my own impression, and I believe I can say, without injustice or partisanship—as may presently be proved—that the New Salon (the Exhibition of the Société des Beaux-Arts) of 1899 is on the whole at least equal to those of past years, to compare it with them alone. But if we compare it, on the other hand, with the "Old" Salon, and set the best works of each exhibition side by side, we cannot but record in this last year of the century an undoubted victory for the New Salon, and from this point of view 1899 may be regarded as the real date of the decease of the Old Salon.

Each exhibition of the Société des Beaux-Arts has been noteworthy for some specially attractive work, or, to use an expressive word, by a "hit." Thus, almost every year, Puvis

de Chavannes has exhibited some large picture, and displayed to our admiration his "Summer," "Winter," "Decorative Work for the Boston Library," and "St. Geneviève." This year the lamented master is represented only by a fine portrait of his wife.

At least we may find in these galleries a vivid artistic pleasure in the works of M. J. C. Cazin; and our regret in seeing no more of the luminous wall painting of Puvis de Chavannes is thereby diminished to some extent. M. Cazin has contributed ten masterly paintings, supplemented by drawings, all placed together in a small room devoted exclusively to these works which throw a full light on the master's mind and method. The result of seeing this collection is a conviction that M. Cazin is, and will always be, one of our first landscape-painters. By the side of the impressionists, forever seeking some new formula of statement, Cazin stands as the representative of tradition; and the beauty of his pictures seems to proclaim that no new formulas are needed to constitute a master, but that he may safely walk in the way of some who have gone before. Thus Cazin is the successor of the Dutch landscape painters, and more nearly affiliated to Hobbema or Ruysdael than to Monet or Sisley.

Nor is this altogether fortuitous. Cazin is related to those old masters not merely by

the sobriety of his colour and his close and careful drawing; Fate willed that he should be born in a country of very similar aspect, and he was early familiar with scenery of an analogous character. The flats of the Somme, Cazin's

M. René Billotte, for instance, the painter of Paris suburbs, of which he has recorded every aspect. This year, besides such pictures as "Twilight at Nanterre," "Snow: The Bridge at Aubervilliers," and "The Bridge at Rueil," in



FISHING IN THE GULF OF MARSEILLES.

From the Painting by J. Francis Auburtin.

birthplace and the home he loves best, are, in fact, not unlike those of the Netherlands. Here and there the same grey and monotonously undulating sandhills on which a few hungry bushes find a foothold; old fishing ports left high and dry by the receding sea, intensely melancholy with their deserted quays, where no busy sailors are now to be seen; or the forlorn cheerfulness of an oasis of greenery—such characteristic scenes as these M. Cazin can pitch in exactly the right key with wonderful skill, catching the very spirit of the scene. Can there be anything sadder than those little houses crowded under shelter from the wind, or those marshes overgrown with rushes? The secret is that Cazin can suggest all the infinitely various moods of the atmosphere—the threatening storm over the distant ocean, or the fleeting gleam of a sunbeam on a dreary landscape.

Other artists besides M. Cazin give us bold and individualised views of Nature in landscape—

which he has been faithful to his old haunts, M. Billotte has wished to show that his eye was alive to other subjects; he has found one in his "Mills at Dordrecht," in which he has rendered to perfection the atmosphere of Holland, saturated with the vapour of its canals, which envelopes everything with a kind of steam, blurs the outlines, and makes every object appear as a blot of colour.

Though our impressionists no longer make a show in the Salons, it must be said that they have visibly influenced many artists, and even more in the New than in the Old Salon. If we owed them nothing but the feeling of rejuvenation that appears in landscape painting, that alone would be much. Without going into detail over all the pictures exhibited, it is certain that such an artist as M. Pierre Lagarde, for instance, has drunk deeply of that spring. As to M. Émile Claus, he is influenced less by the impressionists, strictly speaking, than by

the *Pointillistes*—painting in spots of pure colour—though he has, it must be said, carried art to a higher level than any other disciple of this school. In fact, in M. Claus's work we lose sight of the method; we find only a painter of marvellous subtlety in rendering the most fleeting effects and most delicate play of light. As M. Verhaeren has said of him with perfect truth, M. Claus almost always endeavours to catch transient aspects of light and colour, as may be seen in his treatment of a "Sunset" through a mysterious forest, and his "Afternoon Haze," which is, to my mind, perhaps the most perfect of his paintings. At the same time, we cannot but regret that M. Claus, who excels in expressing the characteristics of Flemish towns, should confine his attention this year to open landscape.

To make up for this we find the very soul of the dead cities of Bruges, Ghent, Ypres, and

out against pale luminous sunsets, all the contrasts to be found between the bustle of a market and the stagnant calm of a canal, are expressed with truth and charm by M. Willaert. He is the painter, as Rodenbach was the poet, of water; hardly one of his pictures but includes a canal, and never twice does he paint the water alike, but gives infinite variety to its transparency and reflections.

Large decorative works are less numerous than usual. There are, however, some interesting examples to corroborate, as it were, the general remarks in my last article on the unity that is necessary in a decorative painting. We find it in a ceiling executed by M. Besnard, called "Ideas," in which the effect as a whole is admirably understood, apart from the amazing skill which characterises this artist. Beyond and above the branches of a pine tree, very



THE COMEDY CLASS AT THE CONSERVATOIRE

From the Painting by Jean Béraud.

other towns, on the canvases of M. F. Willaert. All the melancholy of the slow canals creeping under broken bridges and past silent houses, all the rigidity of the old belfries standing

satisfactory in drawing, female figures are seen flying through space, trying to grasp the stars; their light drapery floats and curls about them, swathing them like clouds. M. Besnard

has called this fine decorative work "Ideas" (*Les Idées*), as symbolical of an ideal impossible of attainment. M. Besnard's ceiling has not, perhaps, all the limpidity that might be wished; it has not the crystal clearness, the luminous depth in which other painters of the sky have excelled; but the details are delightful, and the drawing of the visions so admirable and so clear, the attitudes so full of life, that we think of the art of Japan. None else but a Japanese painter would have achieved such supple grace, or the harmonious lines and light gesture of these figures. M. Besnard is most successful in rendering a sensation of space and motion, and fascinates us by his harmony of line.

M. Francis Auburtin comes before the public this year with a large canvas called "Fishing in the Gulf of Marseilles." He exhibited last year a bold piece of decorative painting for the Lecture Theatre of Zoology at the Sorbonne, a work beset with technical difficulties, in which he ventured on the arduous task of depicting the bottom of the sea, and represented the fauna and flora of the Mediterranean seen through the translucent water. So M. Auburtin has remained faithful to his favourite subject; he is still the painter of the Mediterranean, treated, however, from a more pictorial and more decorative point of view. A fishing-boat is seen in the foreground, against a horizon of hills surrounding the bay; the boat is rolling on a deep wave. A boy reefs the foresail while three fishermen stand firm as they haul in their net amid a great foaming of waters. Further off another boat is going before the wind, all her sails set, and, over all, the Mediterranean sky—the sky swept by the mistral—bends in limpid, almost metallic, blue, and not crushingly low as M. Montenard seems to see it. The scene is treated in a broad decorative style; on examining it closely we may indeed be startled by some over-broad handling; but it is painted, we must remember, to be seen as a whole, and from some distance. The general effect is very complete as a result of unity of purpose, and the care with which every detail is harmonised to form a whole.

M. Lucien Lévy-Dhurmer has frequently shown himself to be an accomplished decorative painter, but his "Eden" this year is a work of larger purpose than any he has hitherto exhibited, and is the outcome of several years' toil. By the side of many painters who are content to send in unfinished pictures of inferior execution, we have here the work of an artist who has thoroughly mastered his craft, who gives perfect finish to every detail and scrupu-

lous study to every effect. Though the number of pictures still to be reviewed does not allow me to linger so long as I could wish before this canvas, I must give a few words to the satisfying impression produced by it and to M. Dhurmer's skilful treatment. In each division of this triptych he has, above all, set forth the general feeling by means of detail. The "Emotion" of the first panel is to be traced not merely in the woman's figure, so tenderly touched by the light, but in the whole cool morning landscape awaking to life and love; and in the same way a breath of passion fires the principal subject, which glows with hot light, to be followed by the gloomy hour of "Regret," on the threshold of the mystical garden, now as dark as the spirit of the fallen woman.

Some other decorative paintings are remarkable, though less for their merits than for their defects; for these, as well as for its vast proportions, the huge canvas by M. Anquetin, "Battle," cannot pass unnoticed. This work is from end to end so pretentious in arrangement, so false in tone, and so bereft of originality—in spite of specious appearances—that M. Anquetin must, once for all, be sentenced. Last year he aped Michelangelo; this year he has almost copied Boecklin's famous "Battle of the Centaurs." The great merit of the Basle painter's work is that though his Centaurs are unreal, they really live. But in M. Anquetin's the crudeness of execution and faults of drawing are such that nothing comes of all his paint but a strong impression of the ridiculous.

M. Boutet de Monvel, a charming artist, has gone astray in his "Joan of Arc at Chinon." The subject does not suit him. Though this large picture is very precisely handled and perfectly true to history, it fails to be impressive as a whole. It consists of a number of small pictures very thinly painted; and I am afraid that seen from a little distance, and in a cathedral, the effect will be poor enough.

M. Roll, in his "Reminiscence of the laying of the First Stone of the Pont Alexandre (Paris)," has done an artistic piece of work and has got the most he could—which indeed is not much—out of a scene in no way pictorial.

Each exhibition of the New Salon marks a stage of some importance in the progress of many very interesting artists. Our attention is first claimed by M. Charles Cottet and M. Lucien Simon, two artists of distinguished individuality. M. Cottet is best known as a painter of Brittany, and it is by his series of studies called "The Country by the Sea," to which he adds every year pictures of growing intensity, that he shows his talent; and he has recorded with no less truthfulness



REMINISCENCE OF THE LAYING OF THE FIRST STONE OF THE ALEXANDER III BRIDGE.

From the Painting by A. P. Roll.

the hard life of the seamen of Ouessant. He has faithfully studied their rude toil; he knows all the anguish and the humble joys of their simple souls. M. Cottet has seen and painted it all with careful realism, and he has looked at Brittany with a keen insight which has led to his being likened to a Guy de Maupassant turned painter. There is also in M. Cottet's art a thrilling cord of humanity and piety. He really feels the scenes he paints, and has rendered them so tenderly that he seems the poet of grief and of gladness. "Watching by the body of a dead child, Ouessant," was no doubt a subject for a painter curious in the violent contrasts between the sadness of the incident and the strange decorations of the table on which the dead child lies amid tapers and ribbands. This is the merely superficial view of it, which would have sufficed for most artists; M. Cottet has also seen the deep despair stamped on those pale faces. In this, as in his other pictures, he has trusted to a limited scale of colour. But what a variety he finds in black, white, and grey, and how skilfully he blends them, obtaining the most unexpected effects!

M. Simon finds in Brittany more colour and more pictorial themes. He does not look so far into the soul of his figures, but seeks for brilliant contrasts of colour; we see this more particularly in his picture of "Wrestling," an original piece of work which will not be forgotten any more than his "Circus" of last year.

Though Simon and Cottet, each in his own way, interpret identical subjects with distinct individuality, their names are often associated because they have influenced many artists and caused a sort of reaction in favour of Brittany. It is certain that we have seldom seen so many Breton landscapes and subjects as are sent in this year; and seeing so many men Bretons by choice, we are reminded of Courbet's famous speech: "Have none of these people a country of their own?" Still we may note as interesting works those of MM. Vail, Le Gout Gerard, Bartlett, Edelfeld, and Roger.

M. Lucien Monod is another painter of Brittany, but not in the realistic manner of M. Cottet or M. Simon. He contemplates that ancient land through the medium of old legends and the poems of the Round Table. We do not find peasants or sailors in his pictures, but the Fay Morgana,

Lancelot the Knight riding through a wood dimly lighted by a sunset sky, and other apparitions born of a refined and poetical imagination. His technique is sometimes nearly akin to that of some English painters; a remembrance of Burne-Jones frequently haunts his mind.

M. René Ménard, on the other hand, has this year applied his fancy to antique subjects. This artist has, in fact, an admirable idea of Greek beauty, not only in the lovely female figure which rises from the sea like Astarte herself, of the purest form in the bright light that envelopes her, but also in his Temples of Agrigentum in



THE HALT.

From the Painting by Muenier.

their haughty and dignified solitude; all the beauty and poetry of the Greek landscape are embodied and concentrated in his "Evening Harmony." Under the shade of the slender pine-trees two women in light draperies are playing the lyre and singing noble verse, while, from the height of the promontory on which they stand, we see the sun sinking into the sea; and it is as fine and

simple as a passage from Homer or a poem of the Anthology.

M. Gaston La Touche is undoubtedly one of the true colourists of the French school. His imagination is more versatile, less precise, than M. Ménard's; his fancy flits from Brittany as it now exists to Versailles in the time of Louis XIV, with wonderful power of presentment; the scale of colour at his command is both varied and extensive, and wherever his fancy settles he finds some fresh magic of colour. There would seem to be nothing by way of tone and hue which M. La Touche cannot express, from the blazing glory of the sun to the softening haze in which he shrouds his Breton fishing-boats. Light, merely as light, is a thing of beauty in M. La Touche's hands, and charms the eye.

There are few portraits worthy of note, and this year's exhibition gives me no reason to qualify the opinion I have often expressed that this branch of art is in its decadence; an exception must, however, be recorded in M. Dagnan-Bouveret's "Portrait of a Lady"—sonndly and finely painted. Mention must also be made of the portraits by M. Lerolle and M. Aman-Jean, and of three by M. Gandara in the manner of Mr. Whistler.

Foreign artists are well represented in the New Salon. Mr. Guthrie has a charming portrait

of a child; Mr. Alexander and Mr. Herkomer, each a female portrait; M. Zulvaga makes his *début* here with a picture all too like the work of Goza; Mr. Wilfrid von Glehn exhibits "The Seagulls," a work in a very pleasant, delicate key, in which his sense of colour is charmingly evident; M. Mesdag sends several fine sea-pieces, which place him on a level with the masters of his native land; Mr. Stewart affects studies of the nude in the open air.

M. Eugène Carrierè, the painter of motherhood, has not this year departed from his usual groove. This does not mean that his few contributions are devoid of interest, though the artist is perhaps too obstinately faithful to an unvarying key of grey. M. Victor Prouvé sends several portraits, and a fine "Impression of Autumn," thus displaying a versatility of talent which will meet us again among the *objets d'art*. M. Dinet is faithful to the East, and to the vehement contrasts which we are accustomed to see in his work, but he improves in power of observation year by year. And when we have seen the Oriental landscapes of M. Girardot and of M. Girardet, and the works of Messieurs Eugène Burnand, Boutet, Waidman, and Valerè-Bernard, we have come to an end of the list of works of interest to the visitor in the Salons of 1899.

LIMOGES ENAMELS.—II.

BY THE REV. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.

SO much for the transformation in method up to the middle of the sixteenth century; let us now go back and see what was the connection between Limoges and the enamels of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance.

The very earliest hint of enamel work having been done in Limousin refers to the sixth century. Enamelling was known, indeed, to the Gauls, and a workshop has been exhumed on the Mont Beuvray, near Autun, where numerous objects have been found, chiefly horses' bits and armour, engraved, and the gravings filled in with red enamel. The art was then rude and in its infancy. A vase discovered at Guierce, near Limoges, dates from the third century, and shows considerable advance in the art. We cannot, however, say that it was of local manufacture. In the sixth century St. Eligius, a native of Chatelat, near Limoges, was apprenticed by his parents to Abbo, a goldsmith of Limoges, and Master of the Mint. His great skill in goldwork and in enamelling procured his introduction to Clothair II, who constituted

him Master of the Mint, and removed him to Paris. He worked afterward for Dagobert, and finally became Bishop of Noyon. If we find Eligius at the close of the sixth century working at enamels, we may be sure that enamelling was practised long before his time, and as his apprenticeship was at Limoges, it is probable that enamelling was practised there from the beginning of the century. In the treasury of St. Denis is a vessel in the shape of a boat, attributed to St. Eligius; so also is the shrine of the Holy Shirt at Chartres. Both are enamelled.

In the middle of the twelfth century Limoges was the centre of the manufacture of enamels. Its artists were famous, and its works of art were in request throughout Europe. To such an extent was this the case that the terms "œuvre de Limoges," "labor de Limogia," "travail de Limoges," became the recognised terms for enamels in general. "A fact," says M. de Vernheil, "which goes far to show that the industry was one long established in that

city. Limoges could hardly have acquired a European reputation by any other means. The title 'œuvre de Limoges,' as applied to enamels, tells its own tale at a time when commercial habits were slowly formed."

The first document that actually names Limoges work dates from somewhere between 1167 and 1170. A monk named John, at St. Satyre in Berri, wrote to the prior of St. Victor, at Paris, to tell him that when he accompanied Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, in his wanderings, he was constrained to borrow of a friend a small sum of money. "And," he adds, "I promised to return it to him by your hands. Now, in order that you may be quite satisfied of the authenticity of this letter, I beg to remind you how that one day, in the infirmary of your monastery, I showed you the cover of a Book of the Gospels, in Limoges work, which I was about to present to the Abbot of Wulgain."

The celebrated plaque of Geoffrey Plantagenet, which was made about 1160, and two others in the Cluny Museum from the Abbey of Grandmont, show us to what a degree of perfection the Limoges artists had attained in the eleventh century. One of the latter plaques is the more interesting, as it bears an

inscription in the Limonsin vernacular. "Nicolas ert (erat) parla (parlant) a mon (monseigneur) eteve (etienne) de Muret." Stephen de Muret died in 1124 at an advanced age, and in this enamel he is represented in middle life, addressing St. Nicolas. Both plaques are of copper-gilt, incrustated with enamels champlevés.

In the Cluny Museum are also two other plaques of the twelfth century, representing the Wise and Foolish Virgins, and a splendid shrine of copper-gilt, with enamels, the subjects treated being the Angelic Salutation, the Visitation, the Nativity, the Adoration of the Shepherds, the Presentation in the Temple, the Massacre of the Innocents, and the Flight into Egypt.

In the same museum are also two fine reliquaries from the Abbey of Ségry in copper-gilt, with enamels of the thirteenth century, representing the martyrdom of St. Fausta. Another of the same period represents Christ in glory, seated on a throne, surrounded by an aureole, between Alpha and Omega. Around are the symbols of the Evangelists, and on both sides, standing, are a series of saints under an architectural arcade. Other figures occupy the extremities. All these figures have been executed in copper, graven and gilt, with the heads in relief, on a ground of enamel. On the roof of this reliquary is the Eternal Father blessing the world.

The Abbey of Grandmont was a great nursery of the art; its monks worked with devotion, and the church was a treasury of the most beautiful objects of their skill. In the Wars of Religion it was plundered, devastated, ruined, but it recovered, and was vastly rich in objects of enamelled work when the Revolution swept over it like a billow and dispersed its treasures in all directions.

It is piteous at Aubazine, where we knew at one time there was a store of these beautiful works, to find the only relic to be a poor little cross from which nearly

all the enamel has been picked out. The Limoges artists did not confine themselves to the decoration of church-plate; they fashioned also whole tombs of metal inlaid with their splendid speciality.

Endes de Sully, Bishop of Paris, who died in 1208, had his tomb executed at Limoges, the figure in copper-gilt and in relief, encrusted in enamels, to be erected in Notre Dame. In 1276, when Wallis de Merton, Bishop of Rochester, died, his tomb was ordered from Limoges, to be enamelled by Maître Jean.

In the thirteenth century the Guild of Enamellers at Limoges was large and powerful; it was composed of thirty-three wards. A decree of the Guild in 1395 forbade the introduction of



SOL

From the Enamel by Pierre Courteys, in the Cluny Museum.

silver foil and of paper between the enamel and the metal, and also forbade the sending forth of works unfixed by fire, without the examination and approval of the bailiffs of the Guild.

Although Grandmont and Aubazaine lost their treasures, another abbey—that of Conques, in Aveyron—was so happy as to preserve its stores of mediæval metal works concealed in the walls from the rapacity of the Revolutionaries. Among these are some fine specimens of early enamel, some of which are believed to date from the time of Charlemagne.

Chamberet, in Creuse, possesses a fine reliquary of the twelfth century encrusted with enamels. A sacramental dove for suspension above the altar, with enamels let into it to represent its rainbow plumage, is preserved at Laguenne, near Tulle. At Sondelles is a bust of St. Martin, of the twelfth century, the mitre enriched with delicate enamel work. At St. Viance, in the same Department, is a shrine of the patron saint, dating from the close of the twelfth century, of the same work. At Aubazac, near Limoges, is a superb shrine of the same date, Byzantine in style. A reliquary from Grandmont is at Billauges, near Aubazac. An enamelled statue of the Virgin, of the twelfth century, is in the church of Breuil-laufa, in Haute Vienne. At Le Chalard is a shrine of about the same date, with enamelled sides.

These are but some of the remains of the treasures of this beautiful art that were possessed in rich profusion by the churches and abbeys of Limousin and Guienne.

In the Louvre is a ciborium of the thirteenth century by Master Alpais of Limoges, one of the few works in enamel which is signed; a reliquary of the same century from St. Denys, another acquired from the Sauvageot collection, representing the "Death of the Virgin." Very interesting is a plaque on which is represented the stigmatisation of St. Francis; it was purchased at Rodez, and is certainly of Limoges work posterior to the canonisation of the Saint in 1236.

The enameller hung somewhat behind the other artists in giving freedom and grace to his designs. He clung to archaic forms; he was reluctant to leave behind the stiffness and severity of the Byzantine type; and much of the work which is attributed to the thirteenth century may very possibly belong to a century posterior.

But a great change was passing over European art; it was about to emancipate itself from Gothic gravity and angularity, and to strive after ovalness rather than the stately—to become sensuous instead of religious. This wave of feeling profoundly affected the art of the enameller.

We arrive simultaneously at the rise of the great enamelling families of Limoges, the Peni-

cauds, Limousins, the Nouailliers, the Reymonds, the Courteys, and then drop to the Laudins. Each of these families became famous, formed their schools, and practised the art for several generations. The relation of the various members of each family has been worked out from the municipal and ecclesiastical registers of Limoges, and is now fairly determined.*

With the rise of these families we come to the epoch of painted enamels.

First of these painters comes Nardo (Leonard) Penicaud. He was born about 1470, and is believed to have died about 1540. Of him M. Darcel says, "If Nardo Penicaud by education and habit belonged to the Gothic school and to French art, he nevertheless was largely subjected during his last years of work to the influence of Italian art, which was then affecting France especially through Germany and the Netherlands, whence engravings arrived in great numbers. Consequently, though his method of production was the same throughout, yet his work assumed a mixed character, became confused by various currents, and it is often hard to classify with confidence under one name work that is purely Gothic in conception, with other work that is inflated with the breath of the Renaissance, not merely in design, but throughout the details."

All Nardo's painted enamels are on a base of white; the design is drawn in bistre. The exception is with his flesh colours and turquoise blues. The former rest on a base of bluish violet; and the latter are laid on at first, and form the base along with the white which adjoins it (see p. 397).

The other Penicauds who have left us their works are three with the Christian name of John. The eldest Jean Penicaud was probably a brother of Nardo; the third lived at the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century.

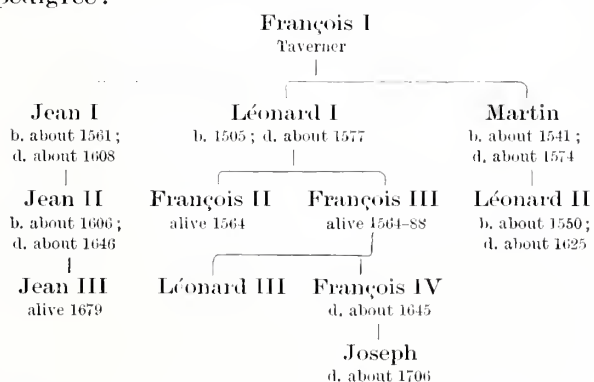
John I had two distinct styles. He began with translucent enamels in a severe Gothic style, and without a white base on which to paint. In his second manner he was influenced by the Renaissance; he painted on a white surface, and washed his colours on in thin coats.

John II painted a portrait of Luther in enamels in or about 1531, and a fine head of Clement VII, now in the Louvre, in 1534. In the British Museum is a figure of Hope, signed by him in 1541. In the Hamilton collection is a scene from the life of Samson, and the four Virtues by him are in the Blenheim collection.

* The pedigrees as given by M. Darcel in his "Note des Émaux" in the Louvre, have received much correction from M. Louis Bourdery, who has further investigated the registers and other documents at Limoges ("Les Émaux peints." Limoges, 1888).

Another of the same family was Pierre Penicaud. A plate by him is in the Chmy Museum, and there are half a dozen specimens of his works in the Louvre; one of these, representing a combat of cavalry beside a river, with stars in the sky, is a bold conception in grisaille, brightened with gold.

Another great family of enamellers at Limoges was that of Limousin, of which this is the pedigree:—



Everyone of these, with the exception of François I, the taverner, was an enameller of repute.

“Léonard Limousin I,” says M. Darcel, “seems to us to have known better than any other enameller of Limoges how to combine all the various processes then known and practised. In one and the same composition he unites every method without confusion, and with a skill that reveals a consummate practitioner and a clever colourist. Thus, in certain of his pieces, we have in combination painting on a white surface on the metal itself, on a flake of precious metal interposed, along with grisaille drawn and modelled by raising the surface by superposition, and with hatching on in the delicate strokes suitable for portrait-painting. Moreover, the colours are chosen so as to accord with the base, and thus form a gamut of tone, without rude and abrupt transitions, and yet attaining to the most brilliant lights and intensest depths.”

Of this great master another writer, M. Louis Bonrdery says, “Léonard adopts all modes of procedure, follows all styles, and accommodates his material to suit the requirements of his inventive genius and inexhaustible fecundity, so that he stands at the head of his art. He paints grand tumultuous scenes of effervescing life, long series of religious subjects, graceful mythological compositions, and figures frankly decorative. He adapts his art to decorate all and every sort of utensil—plates, ink-pots, gaming-boards, etc. He paints portraits at once naïf and full of study, some of miniature treatment most exquisite; he did whatever he wanted to do, and did all with incomparable superiority.”

Léonard at first was much influenced by the engravings of Albert Dürer; then, having been summoned to the Court of France, where he remained in favour under four kings, he copied Italian masters, notably Raphael, and finally became inspired with the taste of the Fontainebleau school.

The value set on his works may be judged from the fact that at the sale of the Seillière collection in 1890 his portrait of Louis Gonzaga fetched the sum of 97,000 francs.

Among the purely decorative works of Léonard Limousin may be noted the lovely board for the game of chess and backgammon in the Louvre. There is in it much use of a translucent leaf green, with ornaments in gold on it. In the Louvre are also his fine portraits of the Rheingrave John Phillip and of Melancthon, of the Constable Anne de Montmorenci, of the Duke of Guise, of Henry II of France, and of Francis II.

In the Chmy Museum is the portrait of Eleanor of Austria, the sister of Charles V. and wife of Francis I. It is dated 1536, and signed with the initials of Léonard. In the Louvre is a rectangular plaque, which is a fine example of the work of Jean I. It represents Divine Love conquering profane love. In this he has used flakes of gold-leaf underlying the transparent colours to give them brilliancy. His sky is thus made full of light.

I have recently seen an enamel by a modern artist at Limoges that represents a forest with the sky glimmering between the boughs and foliage, and he has employed the same artifice to obtain an effect of light. Some of the embroidery of the sixteenth century was also done over sheets of gold or silver leaf, so as to produce the same effect for sun-lit clouds or for water.

The other enamellers of the family do not call for much notice. There are half a dozen pieces by François IV in the Louvre, and two by Joseph.

A third family of enamellers at Limoges was that of the Nouailliers, represented by Colin, who was consul at Limoges and lived till 1531. His sons Colin II and Pierre I were of the same trade. Another son, Jean, not an enameller himself, was the father of Martin, who was. Pierre I was father of Jacques, born in 1605, who was an enameller; so were Jacques's sons, Pierre II and Joseph. Joseph's sons, Jean Baptiste I, Martial I, Bernard I, and Bernard II, were all of the same profession; so were Jean Baptiste II, Martial II, and Bernard II, his grandsons. Another grandson, Jean Baptiste, migrated to Sèvres and painted porcelain.

Amongst the specimens of the work of Colin Nouaillier in the Louvre is a square plaque with a quaint picture on it representing a

preacher addressing a congregation from a movable pulpit. Women are seated on the ground, and men stand or sit on benches with their caps on, listening. Above is the legend, "Donne nous aujourd'hui nostre pain cotidian." The whole is in grisaille on a black base, with a light film of white drawn over it, and the outlines have been scratched through this coat. Then the lights have been added. In the background, between the pillars and the church, or whatever the building may be, is seen a table at which men

no examples of this work in its museum, or known to exist in private possession in the town and neighbourhood. The Louvre, on the other hand, is rich in specimens. Of this family there were four known as enamellers and two as goldsmiths. The enamellers were Jean, who died in 1603; Joseph, the date of whose death is unknown, but who was contemporary with Jean; Pierre I, who died in 1584; Martial, his son, who died in 1599; and Pierre II, his grandson, who died in 1631.

The most famous of all these was Pierre I. He was contemporary with Léonard Limousin, but was very inferior in originality and in skill. Baron G. de Rothschild possesses a magnificent triptych of this master, in his best style, representing Louise de Bourbon at the feet of the Virgin. She was a Borgia, and married Phillip de Bourbon in 1532.* A plaque by him in the Louvre represents the Visitation, and is noticeable, as Pierre Reymond was not usually fond of coloured enamels. His best work and most common work are in grisaille. This one is a combination of translucent and opaque colours, and the lights are furthermore heightened with gold and with semi-transparent white. He has quaintly introduced a windmill in the distance. Another of his coloured enamels in the same collection is a plaque representing the Baptism of Christ. The base is white, and it is picked out with gold. Passing over the enameller Pape, of whom the Louvre possesses a very fine specimen—a plaque with a Nereid in the hands of centaurs—we come to the Courteys family.

In the Hamilton collection is a portrait by Pierre Courteys of himself, giving his age and the date, "Anno sue 27 faciebat 1559." He was accordingly born in 1532. It was in this same year 1559 that he executed the famous enamels for the Château de Madrid, in the Bois de Boulogne. Of these there are nine of colossal size, representing the Virtues and the principal gods of antiquity. The château was erected by Francis I, and externally it was covered with enamels. On the destruction of the château, three of the plaques passed to England, the other nine are now in the Cluny Museum. They measure five feet four inches by three feet three inches.

There were at least four of the Courteys family with the same Christian name of Peter; and as all signed with the same initials, no doubt

* The Cluny Museum is rich in examples of P. Reymond.



APRIL.

From the Enamel Plate by Pierre Courteys, in the Museum at Limoges.

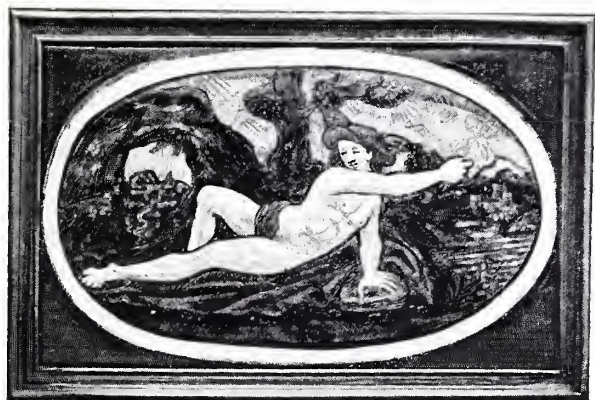
are seated eating, and the ground to this second group is of gold.

"A careless draughtsman," says M. Darcel, "but a skilful enameller, Colin Nouaillier had the unhappy taste to put inscriptions on his work without knowing how to spell either in French or Latin. The outlines of his grisailles are thick and uncertain; the grisailles are usually coloured, as far as the garments go, with a light glaze. The solvent is generally in excess, so that his greys are lightly translucent and vitreous."

In the Louvre are some specimens of the work of the other members of the family; in the Hôtel Cluny, an Adoration of the Magi, and a bowl representing the Massacre of the Innocents, by Pierre II, and two pieces by Jean Baptiste Nouaillier. The Louvre is richer in examples.

The next family we come to is that of Reymond, and, unhappily, Limoges at present has

many of the pieces attributed to the great master are due to those of the same name who worked with and after him. The genealogy of this family is most intricate, as apparently three



JONAH. PAINTED ENAMEL OF SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.
In the Cluny Museum.

is seen at a glance when his plate of "April" is compared with another representing the same month by an anonymous artist, in the same collection. A duplicate is in the Louvre, signed Jean Court dit Veigier, but it does not follow that the Limoges plate is by the same man, as the enamellers took engravings by French, Italian, and German artists and copied them. This second "April" represents an April fool—an old man making love to a young girl, whilst a sister laughs at his folly. More pains has been taken with this subject than by Pierre Courteys, but it is far less effective than his. In the Louvre example the border of the plate is different, bolder and simpler.

Another artist of the same family was Jean Courteys, who also painted plates representing the months, but some of his finer work is in ewers. Of these there is a noble example in the Louvre, and two covered bowls are in the Cluny Museum. In his oval plaque in the Louvre representing the Passage of the Red Sea he has used silver leaf effectively under translucent blue for the armour.

A female enameller, Susanne Court, probably belonged to the same family, either by blood or marriage. She was in all probability a pupil of Jean; there is nothing remarkable about her work, of which the Louvre contains a few specimens.

The last Limoges family of enamellers to be

brothers were all called Pierre, and all three in succession were lodged in the Louvre, and there worked, by royal licence.

Pierre Courteys had a bold and vigorous hand. He loved to work in grisaille, and tinted the faces of his figures, and picked out the weapons and ornaments with gold. An oval dish signed and dated 1560, in the Louvre, represents a banquet of the gods, and is very bold. Another oval dish, signed but not dated, on which are Apollo and the Muses, is also admirable, especially for its beautiful border. A circular dish, on which are Niobe and her children, after Julio Romano, has transparent enamels over gold and silver for the dresses.

Two plates of a series representing the months, after Étienne de Laulue, are in the Louvre ("February" and "July"); "April" is in the museum at Limoges (see p. 444). "This superb plate," say M. Boudery, "is very simply executed, but with great brilliancy and great effect. The drawing is vigorous and full of swing; it was first sketched with a needle, and then finished with the brush, but without over-elaboration. The contours of the personages and principal objects stand out very decidedly against the black ring that sweeps boldly round at the bottom, laid on thickly on the white. The flesh is strongly tinted. This is one of the principal ornaments of our museum. Anyone, even without special knowledge of enamels, but endowed with artistic taste, is certain to be struck by this specimen, and to recognise in it the hand of a master."*

The superiority of the work of Pierre Courteys

* "Les Émaux peints" (Exposition de Limoges, 1886), par L. Boudery, 1888.

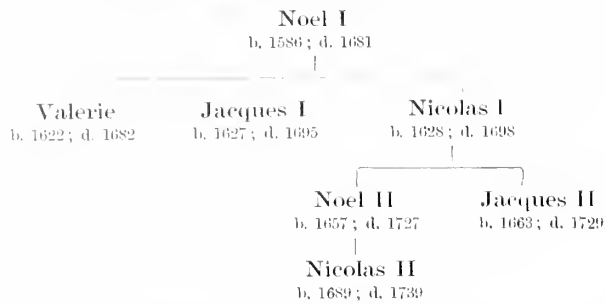


WINE.

By J. Laudin. In the Cluny Museum.

noticed is that of Laudin, which turned out nine enamellers according to one authority, six

according to another. The genealogy, according to M. Bourdery, was as follows:—



The Laudins worked at a disadvantage. Popular taste ran in the direction of painted china, and they strove desperately to maintain enamel in competition. They were none of them men of an artistic faculty, none of sound taste. They worked merely to fill their months, and seem to have been indifferent as to the quality of their work. Following the processes of china painting, they gave their metal a white surface, and on this painted precisely after the fashion of porcelain and faience painters. The old good methods were abandoned—the delicate and laborious piling up of lights in the grisaille work, translucent colouring over precious metal or foil. Their colours even when not opaque are without brilliancy, and their drawing is mechanical and lacking in vigour. All the special characteristics and merit of enamel work were cast aside, and they contented themselves with doing on metal what was done on porcelain. Thousands of examples of the work of the Landin family are in existence, but are not in esteem as are those of the other great families of enamellers at Limoges. Nevertheless, some of their pieces have fetched tolerable prices at sales. For instance, in 1849, a portrait of Eleonora, wife of the Maréchal d'Ancre,

by Jacques Landin, sold for 390 francs; a cup for 255 francs; one piece, in 1843, for the respectable sum of 1,000 francs. A Crucifixion, by Jacques Landin, sold at Limoges in 1864 for 705 francs. Such prices, however, are given only for exceptionally good or large specimens.

The art declined to painting watches, snuff-boxes, patch-boxes, etc. In England it lingered on; Henry Bone painted in enamels (1755–1834), and the German Karl Muss, who died in 1824.

The Revolution killed an expiring art in France. Of late years, however, it has been revived; and at Limoges, where porcelain is made to a large extent since the discovery of the kaolin mines at Saint-Yrieix, a few furnaces have been constructed and the art has been revived.

M. Louis Bourdery and M. Blancher continue the old traditions, though, it must be admitted, with development in the direction of translucent enamels over gold and silver foil of questionable taste.

There is a growing demand for enamels, and it is an art that opens the field to very splendid work in various directions: indeed, in combining the several methods some of the greatest achievements have been wrought.

It is a manufacture that may be carried out in a private house; one little room for studio, and a little adjoining furnace chamber, and one apprentice, this is all that M. Blancher has. He sends forth translucent enamels to hang on the walls as pictures—where they gleam like stained glass—and opaque grisaille ewers, brooches, book covers, candelabra; and all sell as fast as they are made. It is strange that the attention of the artist has not yet been diverted to this field, in which he might not only exercise his talents but also earn a livelihood.

SIR WILLIAM RICHMOND, K.C.B., R.A.

THE portrait of Sir William Richmond, which we issue with this part, is drawn by Mr. Phoenix in red chalk, and was exhibited by him in the Royal Academy exhibition of 1898. It is full of character, and life-like as a likeness, and will, we think, be specially welcomed by our readers at a time when the question of the

decoration of St. Paul's Cathedral has made Sir William's name one of the most quoted and discussed in the United Kingdom. Whatever may be thought of the appropriateness of his designs, it will be agreed that he has been engaged on epoch-making work, through which his name will most easily be remembered.



SIR WILLIAM BLAKE RICHMOND, K.C.B., R.A.

From the Drawing by George Phoenix.

GEORGE C. HAITÉ, PAINTER.

BY WALTER SHAW SPARROW.

WHEN George C. Haité was a boy, still in his teens, he had the ambition to paint landscapes without spending all his pocket-money on materials. The result was that Frost, the Royal Academician, found in his sketches so many good qualities that he encouraged the lad to persevere in his landscape painting. This encouragement was somewhat displeasing to Mr. Haité's father, whose objection to art as a profession was not confined to that particular branch of it in which he had himself won a large measure of success. In his time, as I showed last month, designers were merely slaves to the manufacturers; they had no standing in the world of art; so that Mr. Haité, senior, did not see how he could regard his own profession as a good calling for his son. In landscape painting, on the other hand, had not freedom and honour been easily achieved by men who had not closely followed the wise and stimulating example of Constable?

So it came to pass that the criticisms of Mr. Frost made a red-letter day in the life of the Haité family; and the young student continued his out-of-door studies with so much energy that, in his sixteenth year, one of his landscapes was very well hung and criticised at the Crystal Palace Art Gallery, then, as now, under the direction of Mr. C. Wentworth Wass. This success occurred in 1872; since when Mr. Haité has received four or five medals for the best landscapes exhibited at the same gallery.

In the year of his first success, however, Mr. Haité lost his father—a loss that brought him suddenly face to face with the stern necessity of earning his own daily bread. To do this by landscape painting seemed impossible to him, so he turned to the business-like craft of making designs for carpets, textiles, wall-papers, stained glass, carved wood, tea-cosies, slippers, embroidered petticoats, and I know not what else. He could bide his time, he

reflected; painting should be his hobby, designing his pleasant hack; and this they were to him during the next eleven years of his busy life. Then, in 1883, the Royal Academy ac-



WASHING THE MILK CANS.

From the Painting by George C. Haité.

accepted one of his pictures, an oil painting called "A Winter Bouquet," and from that time he has rarely failed—indeed, he has failed only on four occasions—to show his landscapes at the most popular of our annual exhibitions. At other galleries also, including the Institutes of Painters in Oil and Water Colours, he has been a constant exhibitor, and yet he has never scamped his various labours in design. This is noteworthy, for a slipshod mental habit is common to nearly all men of versatile genius. They grow impatient when "a thing will not

come," and they tell themselves that "it must do this time." Great by impulse and weak by impulse, they find it the most wearisome of all difficulties to take pains.

To Mr. Haité, on the other hand, it is a refreshment, a stimulus to further serious effort, to pass from one medium of artistic expression to another. That he produces things of unequal value is true, and it is true, not because his manner is so facile, but because he is subject to

here illustrated will, I think, bear me out—that the result of Mr. Haité's efforts as a painter and draughtsman justifies his quick and versatile method, more especially in his water-colours and in his management of black and white. As to his oil paintings, if we find in some of them a Flemish heaviness of technique, we find in others a light dexterity in the manipulation, excellent colour, and tact and skill in the handling of all details. Yet one thinks, rightly or wrongly,



IN THE TIME OF LILIES.

From the Painting by George C. Haité, in the possession of Peter Adam, Esq.

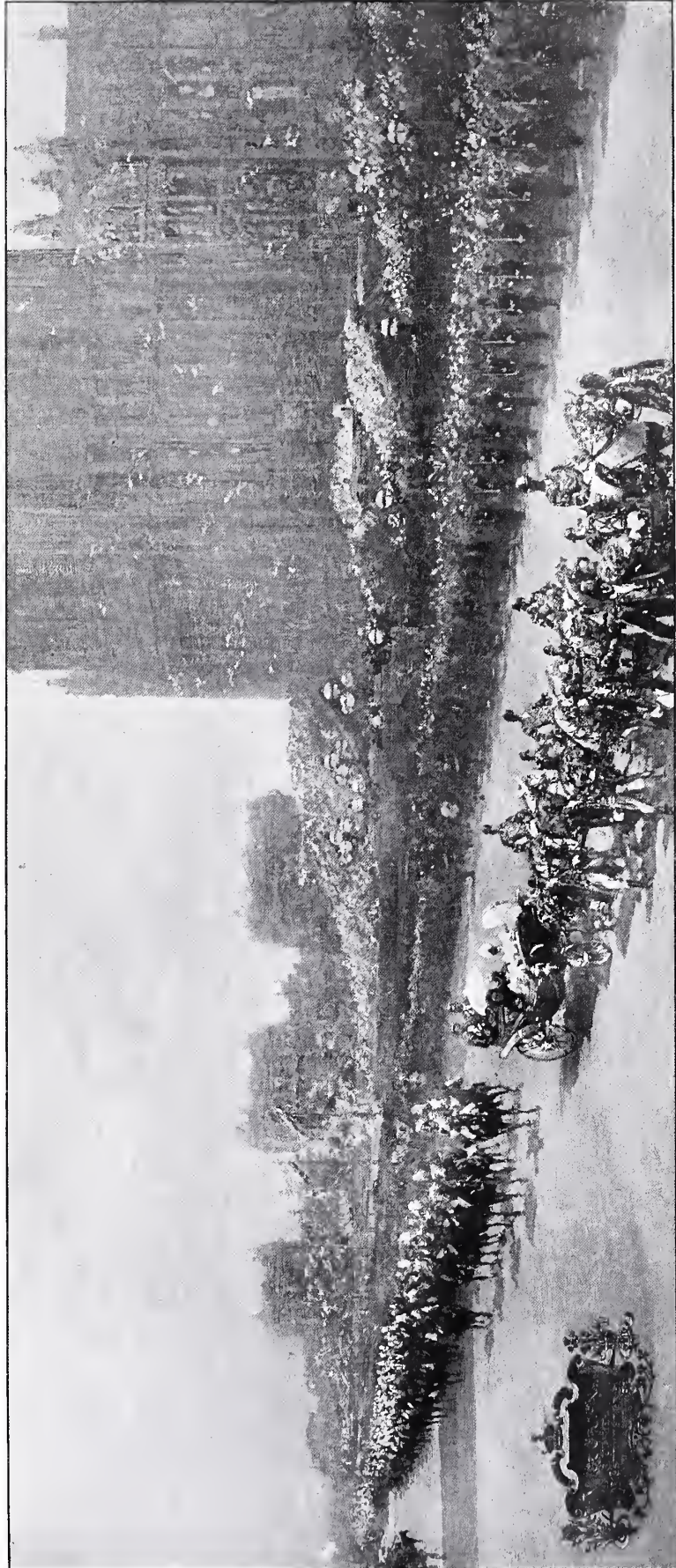
the same indispositions in health that leave evident traces of weakness in the handiwork of all artists. And it is necessary to say this, since a strong prejudice exists in this country against men of unusual facility in several directions. Even craftsmen often speak of facility as though it were in some sort a boomerang in false æstheticism, that recoils with ill effects on every artist who plays with it. To speak thus is to forget, first, that facility is now and then "a synonym for mastery;" next, that a slow, difficult birth is sometimes as bad for a work of art as it is for a child; and last of all, that an artist's manner is determined by his temperament, by his personality. Mr. Haité can no more help being versatile and facile than Cardinal Newman could help covering his MSS. with interlineations; and hence it is the result, and the result only, that should be the object of our criticisms.

I venture to say, then—and the pictures

that the stiffness of oil pigments is somewhat troublesome to Mr. Haité; that it is less favourable to his ways of work than the fluidity of water-colours. Yet an artist's labours are best considered as a whole; and when I think of Mr. Haité's landscapes in crayon, in black and white, in water-colours and in oil, I feel that the best among them, with their free accuracy of touch, their delicacy of feeling, and their easy and varied truthfulness, give me a close interpretation of Nature's magic. In truth, Mr. Haité is not often one of those numerous landscape painters who never stir in us that indescribable longing for the woods and fields, which a few lines of poetry sometimes bring to us in our dark, grim cities. Lowell admitted that there were lines in Chaucer which he repeated to himself a thousand times, and still at the thousandth time a breath of uncontaminated springtime seemed to lift the hair upon

his forehead. Such poetry is a tonic, and the secret of its healing influence is one, unhappily, to which the detailed materialism of painting is not very friendly. But Mr. Haité has caught it again and again; he understands Nature's infinite charm and variety, so that he can paint from memory with ease and with vivid truthfulness the scenes and the effects of light and atmosphere that move him out-of-doors. An illustration of this was in the seventy-eight "Langham Sketches" exhibited in 1896 at the St. George's Galleries in Grafton Street.

Each of these sketches, it will be remembered, conforming to the rules of the Langham Sketching Club, was a result of two hours' work by artificial light; and so much importance was attached to this fact by many persons that the sketches were viewed with a curiosity similar to that which a mouse with a squirrel's tail would excite to-day at Barnum's. It was a matter of keen debate, also, even among artists, as to whether such rapid workmanship, being rapid, was "good form" from an æsthetic point of view, and there were some who hinted that the workmanship was much too good to have been done so rapidly. All this was merely prejudice and unwarrantable distrust. The sketches were there to be criticised on their merits, and not to be condemned or praised because of the conditions under which they had been executed. Among them there were reminiscences of Venice, Dordrecht, London, Windsor, Arundel, Brentford; river scenes, harvest scenes, villages, glimpses of the sea, and effects of mist, of waning light, and of heat; and it is pleasant to add that the merit of all this memory-work was gladly recognised by writers on art. Indeed, Mr. Gleeson White pointed out at the time that the least



THE JUBILEE PROCESSION PASSING THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT. From the Painting by George C. Haité.



"STORM."

From a Time Sketch in Water Colours by George C. Haité, in the possession of Frederick Walton, Esq.

imaginative of Mr. Haité's critics, and therefore the most intolerant, were artists by profession. "For there is, perhaps," he wrote, "no quality which the average Craftsman distrusts so much as facility; and if such easy production be also

somewhat fruitful, he is only too pleased to discredit it, not for lack of value, but merely because of its bulk."

To anyone who has studied with an impartial mind the great variety of work in Mr.



"FOR WE MUST TOIL."

From the Painting by George C. Haité.

Walberswick . 28th Aug 95
Geo. C. Hallé



A SKETCH AT WALBERSWICK.

By George C. Hallé.

Haité's studio, the sketches of which I have been speaking will have a special interest, for they will recall to recollection the hundreds of drawings from nature which may be seen there, and which prove how assiduously the artist has cultivated his retentive memory. I have by my side a volume containing perhaps two hundred landscape studies in crayon, hardly one of which but would make a capital illustration for



THE QUAYS, DORDRECHT

From a Black-and-white Drawing by George C. Haité.

this Magazine. Here, too, are six finished drawings in black-and-white, all marked by a racing freedom of touch, and all instinct with that sense of decorative proportion and completeness that we expect to find in the drawings of a skilled illustrator.

The view at Dordrecht, here reproduced, is a characteristic example of his work in this direction. Mr. Haité has found much that is congenial to his taste in this quaint Dutch city.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—III.

BY THE EDITOR.

IT seems as if the time were gone by when a really great landscape could be seen on the walls of the Royal Academy. We have landscape-painters not a few whose feeling for Nature is full of love and humility, whose temperament might enable them to rise above the extremely respectable level that distinguishes this section of art. We have our realists and our idealists, those who love colour, those who seek for truth of statement, those for whom line and composition chiefly attract, those who devote themselves to "effects" enrious, powerful, and melodramatic, and those to whom the tender and illusive charm of atmosphere offers the principal, the seductive and absorbing, motive. But there are few indeed to whom Landscape means one and all of these things—few indeed who mark with style, that indelible stamp of genius, their conceptions of Nature, and give us something more than external appearances; or rather to external appearance ally that unaffected appreciation of the poetry of landscape, whether bathed in atmosphere, made mysterious in the darkness, or gilded with sunlight, and maintain the truth of fact when enveloping it in romance. We have here many disciples of great masters—modernised followers of Turner, of Corot, of

Constable, of Old Crome. But there is always lacking somewhat—in the one the knowledge of tree drawing, in another that scintillating quality of atmosphere which gives life to the landscape as expression imparts vitality to the human face. It is here, chiefly, that the best of the French surpass us: with a more dexterous brush, with a severer view of the significance of landscape, aiming more at its character than at the beauty or its prettiness, they seek to render sentiment in preference to scene, while simplifying their composition to the uttermost. Matter-of-fact landscape may be clever enough and delight "the ordinary man" who recognises in the picture his own countryside, accurate in the whole inventory of objects, skilfully as they may be arranged: of these many examples may be found in Burlington House—but for all the æsthetic pleasure they give they might as well be painted photographs, even when they masquerade under a transparent cloak of picturesqueness and commonplace charm. These canvases must not be reckoned with even when the Academy exhibition is considered as a whole: it is the few that give note and tone to the display. Among these few are works of beauty and excellence, and yet not one entitled to a place in the very first rank.

It is in no ungenerous, no ungracious spirit that we note the position indicated by this year's exhibition, observing with regret that there are no good examples of foreign work here which might arouse the rank and file of our landscape painters, who are really capable of better achievement if they had but the

Monsieur Billotte or Monsieur Cazin; moreover, the colour is better than some of this painter's for a little while past. There is a fine appreciation, too, in Mr. Lionel Smythe's picture of "The Garden, Château Honvault," of values, tone and colour, as well as of the exquisite growth of tangled plants. "The Farmer's Last



GOING HOME.

From the Painting by J. Clayton Adams.

suggestion and the stimulus. There seems to be a mental "tightness" which needs to be overcome, and a manual tightness that cries aloud for suppleness both of touch and thought.

At the same time, the leading landscapists give us, as in the past, admirable examples of their skill and of their reading of the earth's face and its expression; and few are the aspects of it that have been neglected. Mr. Fritz Thaulow, the only prominent foreigner, with his landscape of "Smoke" sacrifices truth to dexterity. There is beautiful drawing and "facture" here in this black-country picture, but the sky is not a sky, and the smoke seems not to wander into it and disperse itself, but to have been spread upon it as one would spread butter upon a piece of bread. Mr. Mark Fisher's "Lime Kiln" and "The Valley of the Arm" are of the right stuff. These scenes are well "seen" and truthfully recorded with an accomplished brush, reminding the spectator of the work of

"Harvest" is quite as sincere, and the two pictures are a distinct achievement, refined and full of charm. We referred last month to "The Harvesters' Return" of Mr. Edward Stott, but we may mention it once more in order to bear witness to the beauty and poetic suggestiveness of the pathetic landscape—which, however, loses somewhat, we think, from the apparent lack of perspective truth in the rendering of the stubble and the lack of balance in the lights. But the solemn beauty of falling night is not more tenderly shown in any other canvas of the year.

Poetry of another kind is to be found in the pictures of Mr. Alfred East, who has rarely done better than this year, with his charming rendering of silvery light, tender haze and moisture—such themes as Corot loved. But we cannot see without regret a tendency to generalisation, and now and then a way of silhouetting his trees that threatens to become a mannerism, spoiling the illusion, while at the



ON THE FRENCH COAST.
From the Painting by H. W. B. Davis, R.A.

same time suggesting the sharp edge of scenery at the wings. This is the defect of his otherwise refined, poetic, and graceful art. Mr. David Farquharson is not so cheaply effective in his "Romantic Ground" as at the first glance some may think. The sentiment is a little forced, perhaps, but this picture of what might be called "Scottish Mist-ery" beating up the glen and mantling the castle on the bank-side in wet haze is really a very admirable study of sunlight through and upon a drift of white fog.

Mr. David Murray's series of landscapes form a remarkable display of his facility, adaptability, and versatility. Not only has he sought this year to give us extremely attractive transcripts of the scenes he has rendered, but he seems to have deliberately exercised himself in the manner of our great masters—Turner being followed in "The Don abune Balgownie," Constable in another, and so forth. The practice is an excellent discipline, if not habitually adopted, interesting in itself and pregnant with promise for the future. "La Côte d'Azur" is the most engaging picture by Mr. E. A. Waterlow, though not quite the equal in quality, we think, of the more reticent "Forest Oaks;" but it is a far more remarkable achievement, showing the Riviera coast near Cannes in all the gracious and rather dazzling beauty of that exquisite spot in strong sunlight reflected from a blue expanse of sky. The more difficult the subject the greater the triumph. Mr. H. W. B. Davis's contributions are more various than usual, strong sunlight (with sheep and blossoming tree, of course) being the theme of only a single canvas. The rest run through the whole gamut of light of day, ending with "Approaching Night"—a still, impressive landscape, peopled with houses and sheep, in the gathering twilight, while the wool-white clouds (not unlike Miss Hilda Montalba's "Moonlight") that cover the skies, are banking up to resist the moon's rays. It is an interesting picture that will not be out of place in the Chantrey gallery at Millbank. Mr. Alfred Parsons has a notable composition in "The Village by the Links," with its swirling red clouds in a finely conceived evening sky. The fault of the picture lies in a certain discord between the wild yellow blossom and flaming clouds; but the flowers themselves are so charmingly painted that many will overlook the question of hue. An appreciation of flower-drawing not dissimilar is to be seen in Mr. Robert Macbeth's "Favourites of the Hunt." At the opposite pole of feeling and execution is Mr. J. W. North's "Among the Galtees," in which the painter has aimed at rendering the sentiment of the country with its tender greens and gossamer-

like grace of growth—a picture fine in design, but avoiding the solidity of earth and rock.

Mr. Colin Hunter and Mr. MacWhirter meet on something like common ground in two of their pictures—the "Signs of Herring" of the former, and "Dark Loch Coruisk" of the latter. Both have given us the grim poetry of nightfall amid the mountains of Scotland—the luminous sky and dark blue tops of the rocky hills around, the clinging mist, and the silver light glinting on the dark, deep waters of loch or sea-arm. Scottish scenery is apt to be melodramatic, at least on canvas: the duty of the artist is to temper it with the sincerity needful to make it acceptable, and that duty these two brother Scots have successfully applied themselves. Mr. Aumonier's "Sheep-washing" is learnedly composed; broadland, chalk hill, and sky, three zones well knit together, with sheep somewhat more quiet and philosophical in the circumstances than is perhaps usual with them. There are breadth, and distance, and a sense of atmosphere that justify the reputation of this charming artist. The murky beauty of Mr. Albert Goodwin's "Indian Afterglow: Agra" and the vividness of "Benares" permit the artist to indulge in his love of strong, well-managed colour, while bettering some of his more imaginative flights of unrestrained fancy. The "Marsh Farm" of Arnesby Brown repeats the well known effect of cattle browsing as they walk across the mist-steeped field while the red moon is half hidden in the haze; but he does it so well that the charm of the subject is ever fresh and pleasing. Mr. Hitchcock gives us "Hyacinths" as once before he gave us "Tulips"—parti-coloured rows of the blooms in the flower farm of Holland, with a great white horse resting in the new-ploughed furrow of the foreground (of infinite pictorial value where he stands) and a band of sparse tall trees in the distance, with a streak of light beyond. It is a picture of rare charm, a distinct achievement of this sympathetic and original artist. Attention must be called to Mr. C. E. Johnson's "Forest;" to Mr. Ridley Corbet's "Dead Knight," an expressive landscape with a touch of humour in the birds of prey, though the picture would certainly have been better without the stagey device of the knight himself; and, finally, to Mr. R. Ouslow Ford's youthful but extremely able and sincere rendering of "A February Morning," thoroughly well studied and well drawn as to the trees, truthful as to the sunlight and the shadows it casts, and delightful in the representation of the hour. Youthful we called it; youthful, that is to say, in those sterling qualities of youth

that are most admirable and most sure in promise of the future.

In the section of marine painting, Henry Moore is missed as acutely as Millais and

he shows his learning, and almost makes us smell the salt sea on his canvas. Mr. Robert Allan belongs to the same school. His "Fresh from the Sea," with its bold, virile touch, simple yet satisfying arrangement, is as truth-



THE DON ABUNE BALGOWNIE.

From the Painting by David Murray, A.R.A.

Leighton in their own domain. Indeed, were it not for Mr. Napier Hemy, who has become in a sense his natural successor, sea-painting would this year make little impression. That he has quite so supple a brush as Moore, or so keen a sight to detect and reproduce all the harmonious tints of wet and luminous water, we can hardly assert; but he loves the waves as well, and in his "Smugglers" and in a couple of drawings

ful and as strong in the rendering of rollers breaking over the half-sunken rocks on the rugged Scottish coast. In interesting contrast is Mr. Stuart Richardson—the Dutch outlook as against the English, for Mr. Richardson is a disciple of the modern Hollander, and his "In for the Morning Market," a crowd of fisher-folk waiting the landing of the fishing boats, might not unfairly be called an imitation of Mesdag



THE DIVER.

FROM THE PAINTING BY HENRY S. TUKE, IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY

or of Clays. Mr. Somerscales repeats too closely his early success in "Off Valparaiso," a three-master in full sail proudly borne across the deep blue sea; but the defect in the picture, despite all its skill, is the hardness in the rendering of the swelling waves—they are dry, reflecting light but little from their tightly if well-modelled surface. Mr. George Harcourt's study of breaking waves in "Westward" is important enough to encourage him to proceed in a line of observation and research of which this is, we believe, the first departure. "The Battle of the Nile," the elaborate night-piece by Mr. W. L. Wyllie, is less a marine than a battle-picture, and apart from its admirable and ingenious arrangement, is in its aim and intention more an historical work than an artistic effort simply considered. The burning French ships—the *Orient* and the *Orion*—the wreckage of the *Guerrier* and *Conquérant*, and the triumphant British craft, the *Vanguard*, *Audacious*, and *Theseus*, almost as battered as their enemies—all make up a noteworthy work, but not one which need be remembered among the painter's pictures of the sea. Mr. Hook, Mr. Brett, Mr. Peter Graham, Mr. Edwin Hayes, all masters in their own way, repeat previous successes without showing us anything new.

Amongst the animal painters Mr. John M. Swan is not to be found this year, but his followers are here in force. Mr. Arthur Wardle's "Flute of Pan" is delightful in colour, and suggestive in the happy play of the loose-skinned *felidae* to the note of the cherub-like musician. Mr. Cuthbert E. Swan, with his "Puma and Cubs," and especially with the little "Old Age," does something more than follow his namesake. His pictures are excellent as studies of animal life, and hardly less admirable as pictures, whether in colour, movement, or execution. Mr. Cuthbert Swan has already conquered himself a place among the artists of the day. Two ladies assert themselves in the rendering of animal life, Madame Henriette Ronner and Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch—the former a lady who has passed the Biblical limit of age, and the latter hardly beyond her teens.* Madame Ronner, in "A Gentle Provocation," gives us one of her wonderful studies of cat-life, in which beauty, dignity, and humour are all combined; and the latter, with her "Harvesters," repeats her success of two years ago and makes up for the comparative failure of last year. With hard work, if she remain unspoiled by success and applause, this young lady is surely destined to go far.

* We shall shortly call special attention to her work.

DOMUS, DOMI : THE HOUSE IN TOWN.

By HALSEY RICARDO.

IT seems a natural thing, when one is thinking of a town house, to locate it in London, and for the purposes of my article, I shall suppose it there, because the restrictions, conveniences and inconveniences are all, so to speak, codified and uniform in London, whereas in other towns local individualities and freedoms have a varied and characteristic effect upon the architecture.

London has now no local flavour: it is too vast to have shape: the distinctions of its hills and valleys have been obliterated by our viaducts and roadways. The distinctions of its local advantages as regards building materials, have been swept away or confounded by the vast arterial system of railways and cheap carriage; there is no *genius loci* left who should call for some particular type of architecture which would mark a London house as recognisably "London," and distinct from other large towns, such as Birmingham or Liverpool. Such architectural

features as Regent Street and Stratford Place are fast disappearing; each new street grows up more disorderly than the last, and the units of which the street is composed vie with each other in the scramble to be unneighborly distinct. This want of any dominant type that shall represent a gentleman's house is characteristic of the latter half of this century. Till that time the town residence of the aristocracy was the direct descendant of the type set by the travelled connoisseur of Henry VII's time, and very firmly re-enforced both at the Restoration and after the accession of William III. The scholars at the Court of King James recognised with delight the grammar-born architecture of Palladio, and hailed cordially his votary, Inigo Jones. Inspiration conformable to the canons of the best classical models, they could, and did, easily appreciate: Inigo Jones was their architect, Ben Jonson their poet. This quality—of being defensible by quoted precedent on appeal,

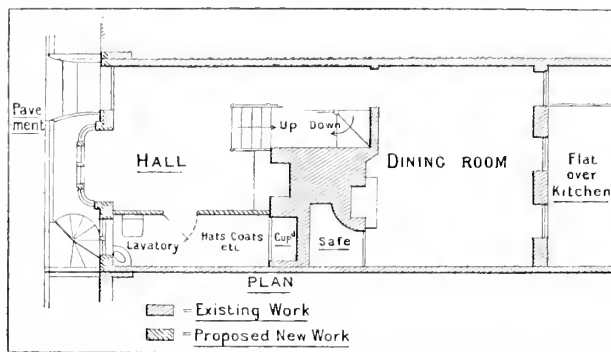
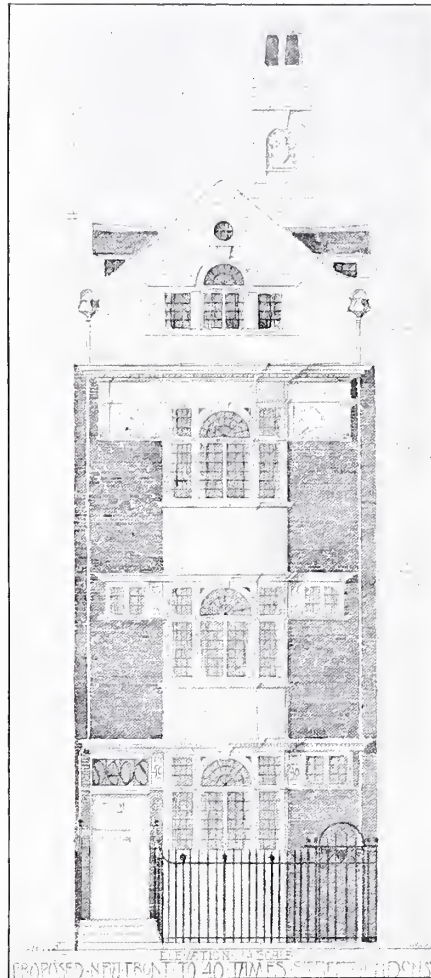
by reference to the ancients—has ever had great weight in cultured society, and whilst the poetic excellences of Inigo Jones were but half perceived by his contemporaries, the measured excellences of his buildings were clearly seen and appreciated. Shakespeare's plays were "native wood-notes wild." Ben Jonson's recalled the masterpieces of Athens and Rome. And to Italy went the leisured youth of England, after leaving the University, and by their recollections of Rome and Vicenza was determined the standard of a gentleman's house. The type, set in their time, has been curiously persistent. Little altered by Sir Christopher Wren and his successors, it accepted with ease the academic elegances of Chambers; endured the wire-drawn refinements of the brothers Adam; weathered the learned storm raised by Stuart and Revett, and the chill severities of the Dilettanti Society; and fell at last, and almost on a sudden, before the trumpets of the Romantic movement. It fell, not from any special fault or decay in itself, but because the temper of the people had almost as suddenly changed. It is the fashion to talk of the unyielding quality of Palladian architecture: its stiff formality, and the rigour of its rules. It was not so in the hands of Palladio, nor in those of his distinguished followers in England and elsewhere. Outwardly restrained, courteously neighbourly and considerate, a street of such houses

has, at the first glance, the uniformity of some stately procession, where all are dressed alike, and one man resembles another as sheep to sheep in a flock. But any who chance to be acquainted with the insides of the houses—to take instances where the uniformity is most apparent,

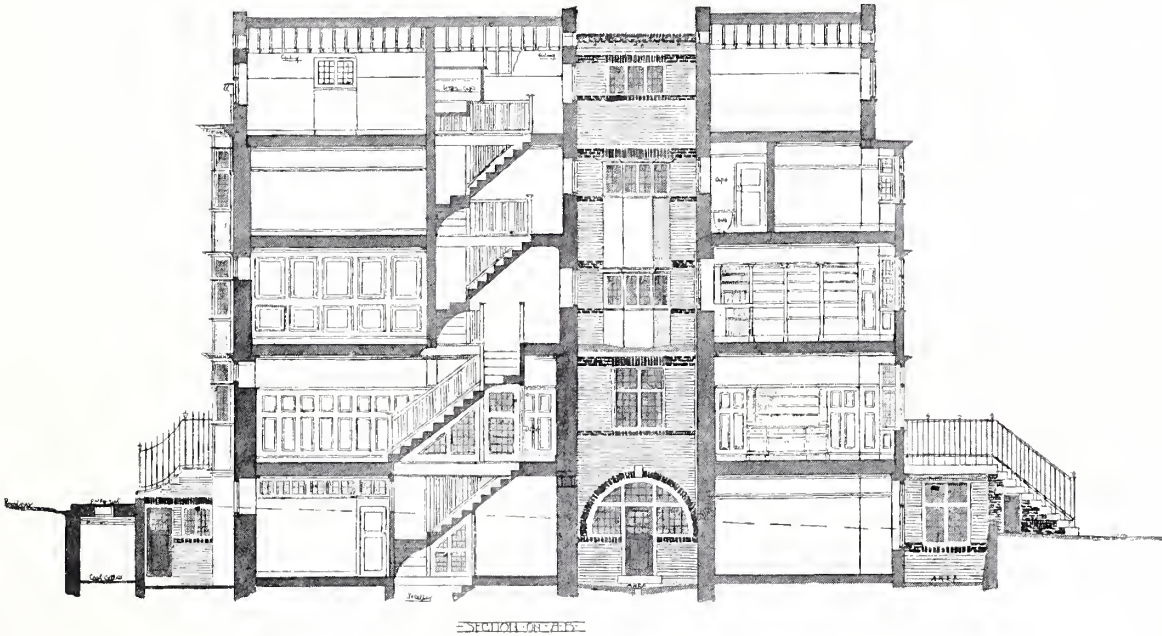
such as the Cirens or Royal Crescent at Bath—know that one house differs from another in plan and accommodation in a most surprising way. Even where the houses were not built by architects of known fame, there is still the same evidence that, in thoughtful hands, the style is ductile and plastic to a great degree. Any one walking down Gower Street and into Bedford Square would be apt to suppose that there were only two plans of houses, the one repeated one hundred and fifty times to make the street, and the other fifty times to form the square. And yet it would be nearer the truth to say that each of the two hundred houses was differently planned from the others. But the new forces that have burst into operation during the last half century have radically altered our social relations. Our knowledge of the physical facts of the universe is almost as much changed as in the days of Galileo. The invention of steam and electricity has both expanded and narrowed the area of the globe, it has enlarged and bounded our ideas of life, it has raised the standard of comfort and troubled the quiet tenor of

our lives. And this uneasy ferment is reflected directly in the architecture of the present time. Before the revival of Gothic architecture set in, the type of house had been going quietly on developing itself, and, though it might be a very dull affair, the owner was disturbed by few of

the questions that trouble us to-day. Tradition of how things should be done, though very attenuated, was still alive; there was the "right" way of making a window or a door, that had been handed down from father to son since the days of Dutch William, charged with the



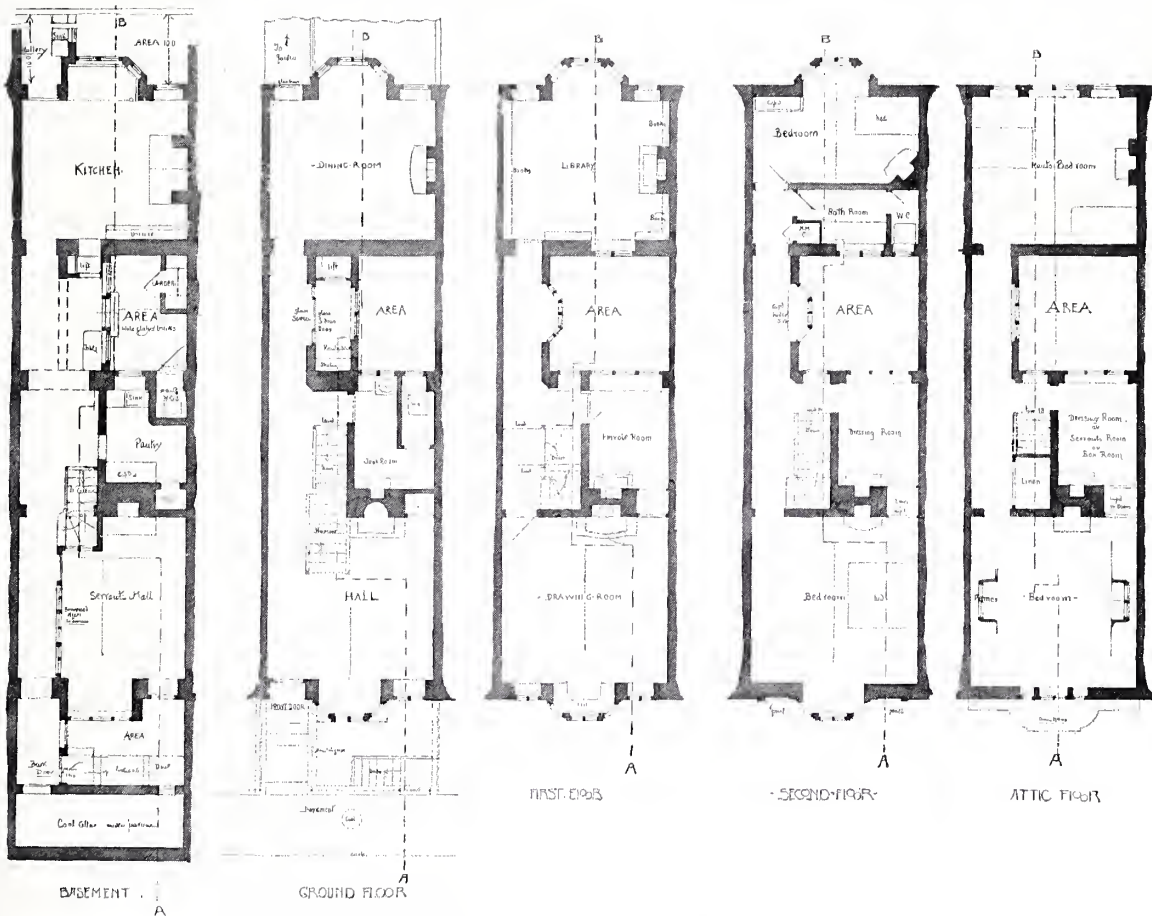
ELEVATION AND PLAN OF 40, JAMES STREET, W.
Walter Cave, Architect.



SECTION OF 40 JAMES STREET

accumulated experience of all the intermediate generations: these things the new movement dashed aside at a blow. New methods of doing

things, gleaned from abroad or hatched in the isolation of an office, were handed to the puzzled workman—his experience was ignored; he was



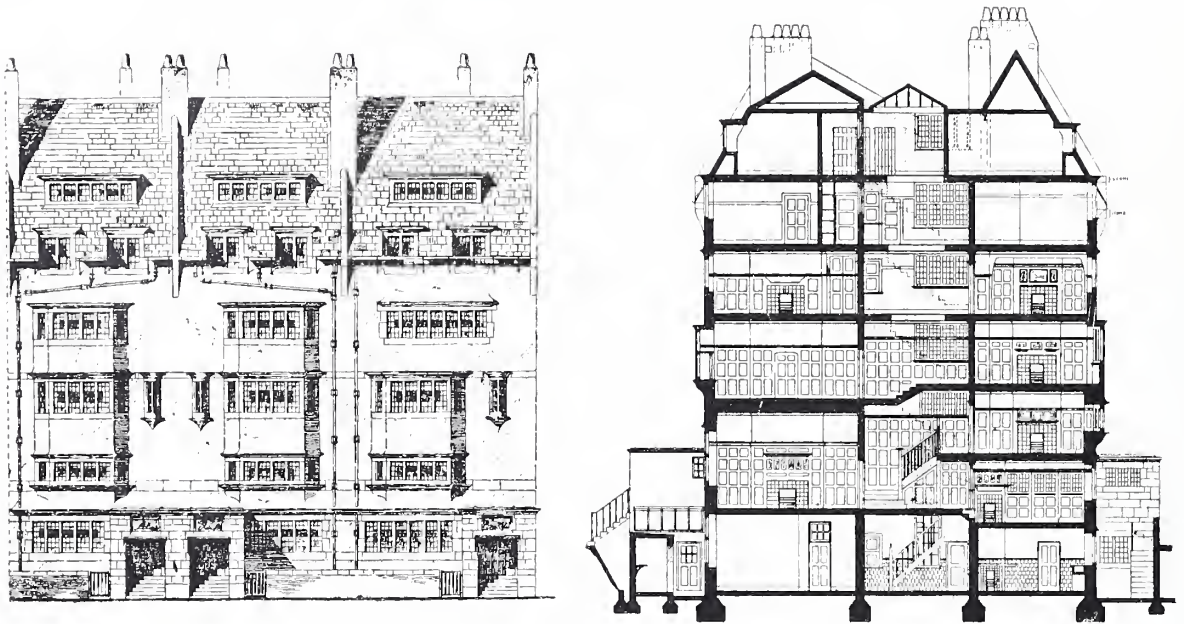
PLANS OF 40, JAMES STREET

not asked to think, merely to perform. Meanwhile, partly due to the increased facilities of travel, Europe was ransacked for types of houses that might be possibly serviceable and certainly novel. For a man who was intending to build himself a house in town, the choice was between something striking by the hand of an architect, and something humdrum by the unaided hand of the builder. The east side of Queen's Gate a dozen years ago was a very good instance of the case.

The architect's house seemed to the client to indicate more individuality, more taste and

of opportunity wasted and barbing the sense of errors committed.

'Tis easy to observe that in the passage through life one cannot have everything; and the actual sacrifices are pressed home upon us, generally without any option: it is easy to admit this in drawing up the minimum requirements our house is to furnish, but it is not easy so to act. It is so hard to settle for oneself what must be surrendered: that which one has never consciously greatly valued becomes thrice dear when the time comes for throwing it overboard: surely



ELEVATION AND SECTION OF HOUSES IN HANS ROAD.

C. F. A. Voysey, Architect.

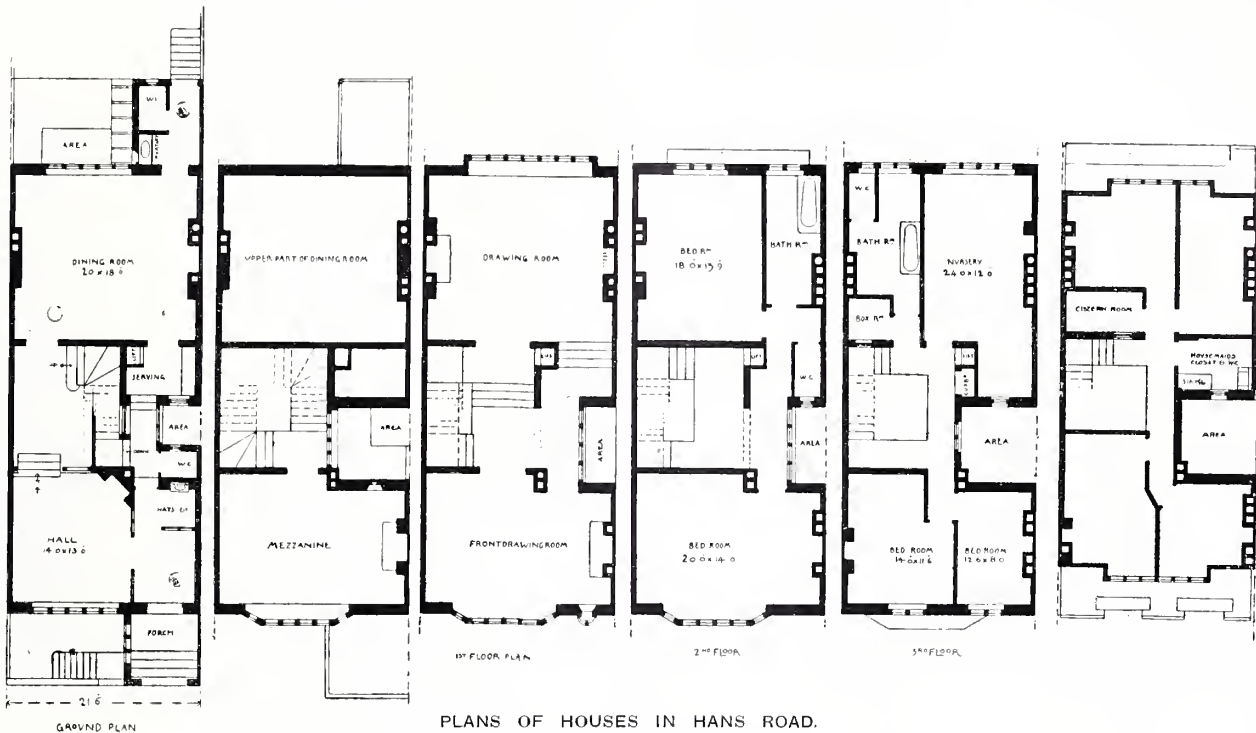
conviction, than he could feel himself to possess: the builder's was a mere shelter at best, and could give no pleasure to the inhabitant. How was he to secure that theoretical compromise which is to contain all the excellences and avoid all the extravagancies—that fond hope of the inexperienced? Such answer as there is to this problem opens disconcertingly. That house is best which contains the largest amount of finest thought in it. Thought and observation, collected and stored, are of less than no value unless they have been digested and assimilated. It is curious to find that this truism—so obvious and so flat, so massailable, so promptly recognised when there is no occasion for its service—disappears from the mind when the ferment of house building begins to stir; and, much more than that, remains absent until the house is built and irrevocably complete, when it wings its way back to join hands with remorse in pointing the blunt feeling

the good ship (and it is to be a good ship) will hold all the cargo we mean to put in it: it can't really be true that some of the conditions are incompatible: one has seen them reconciled and mutually advantageous in other houses, then why not here? *But it is a natural consequence that, when the conditions are weighed long and carefully in a trained and experienced mind, they get separated into degrees of importance; the essential are selected and nursed that they may predetermine and generate the finished result: and the permanent interest of the result is in direct ratio to the directness of the answer these conditions have evolved, and the temper of the mind that selected the conditions.* A building without thought has, of course, no interest; but with thought it may easily become fussy or pretensions. It is only after a long time spent in pruning and excising that one learns to stay the hand. Compare the early works of a master, and observe what he has learnt to consider his

redundancies; the quantity that he has shed is surprising by the time he has reached his mid-career.

The man therefore who contemplates building, should be able to formulate all his requirements and hand them to his architect to be welded and fused into a whole. After the fusion there will be so much malleable metal and so much slag, but the aim is, of course, to produce as much metal and as little slag as possible. While the metal is yet plastic, it is shaped in the moulds of the architect's mind, the imprint of his

to know what he wants, is not for him. Not everyone has noted down or remembered what he would have done when he came to build; for him there has been so much else to do in life that there has been no opportunity to review the engineering of a house. The answer would seem simple: put the matter into the hands of a man who gives his life and thoughts to this particular end. And yet this confidence in an expert is rarely given; often this helplessness is the reason for increased distrust. It is difficult for him to suppose that his dim, inarticulate,



PLANS OF HOUSES IN HANS ROAD.

individuality gets put upon it, the channels that thought has excavated, the brands that experience has stamped, what is wayward and what is austere, leave their mark on the product when done. This is not achieved at a single process; many times the ingot has to be re-tempered, often re-melted, before the desired shape is achieved. A change in the number and quality of the ingredients produces a perfectly different result; and that is why subsequent alterations of plan or accommodation during the building are so much to be deplored. Although not often at first recognised, want of character in a building tells on its inhabitants; nothing seems quite to find a place in it; things look colourless, accidental, transient; and what is worse, these characterless rooms require such a quantity of furniture and ornament to replace the want of individuality: and yet, when all's done, the result is not a success; no disguise nor palliation can be. But the client may urge that this demand,

unformed wants can be discovered by a stranger—though really it is no harder for an architect to form a diagnosis of the case than it is for a doctor, but whilst the ordinary patient pretends to no knowledge of medicine, and rarely disputes with his physician, there is no one who thinks so poorly of himself as not to have his opinions on architecture. Without calling either unsympathetic, there is a temptation to view both architect and surgeon with hesitating feelings. We are going to increase our ease or add to our dignity by their ministrations, but we shall lose something in the process. The very word *operation* rings a shudder in our ears, and yet an operation is generally a beneficent relief. So, when the talk of elevations, plans and sections (sections—!) has at last come, the joy of bricks and mortar is tempered and made fearful by the thoughts of these instruments. The surgeon will want to make his job thorough and be liberal in excision; the architect will want to make his

building handsome and be liberal in his ornament, whereas what is wanted is "something quite plain and quiet." These fears for excesses be for the most part idle ones. Orderliness and

well-designed as ill-designed, they cost no more, and last no less; as to the violent handling, let us cast a glance at the stable; art is still traceable there. There is art in the carriage, art in the saddle, art in the harness, due to the integrity of their manufacture, the thoughtfulness of their design, the perfection of their finish, the way steel and leather are kept—and surely stable hands are none of the lightest.

The three houses that I have chosen for illustration are examples of the three conditions of site most commonly to be met with. One treats of an existing house, remodelled to suit present needs, and re-fronted; the second attacks the problem of building houses in a street; and the third shows a pair of semi-detached houses, where each house gets light on three of its sides.

In London it is almost a mockery to talk of the choice of aspects, there is so little left for one's selection, and the claims of locality are generally far stronger

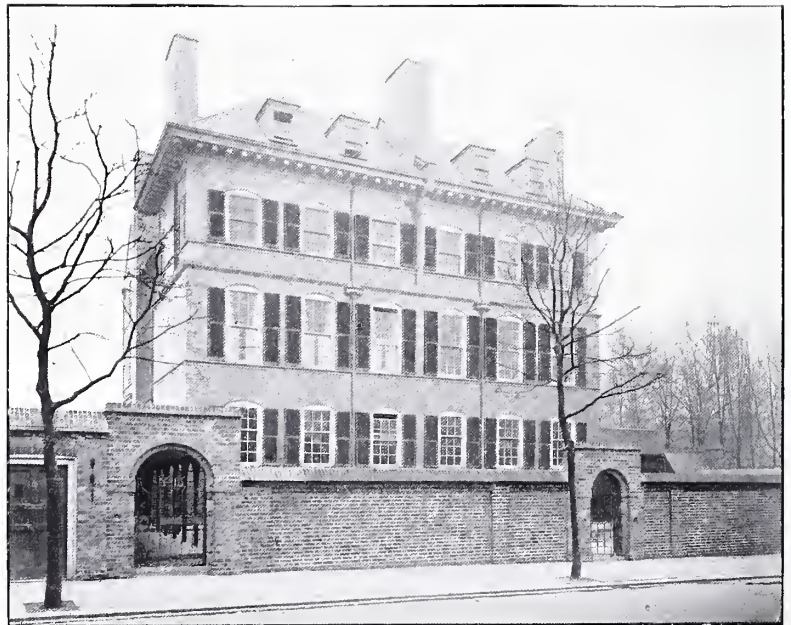
than the claims of aspect. But each aspect claims its own treatment architecturally, and often determines the position of the rooms. For instance, take a house in a street running north and south, and suppose that it faces east. Unless the street is of exceptional width,



ELEVATION OF 15 AND 17, MELBURY ROAD.

Halsey Ricardo, Architect.

restraint are testmarks of good architecture. That quiet unimpeachable probity of character that marks the gentleman should also mark his house. Perfect of their kind, and genuine, are his appointments—so far as they come within his notice; and so should they be throughout. However simple a thing may be—for whatever purpose it may be used—both material and workmanship should be of the best. A brief visit to the bedroom and servants' hall is enough to disclose many violations of this standard, even when the sitting-rooms are a pride in their conformity. Look at the misshapen, hideous crockery on the washstand, the ill-designed glass, the slightly put together, unhandy furniture, wardrobes whose pegs are too high to be reached, drawers that bear no relation to the clothes they have to contain. It is not an answer to say that better things would be ruined in such places, and by the rough wear. The furniture might be plainer and well made, it would cost more at the outset, but it would last longer; glass and crockery may as well be chosen



PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEW OF 15 AND 17, MELBURY ROAD.

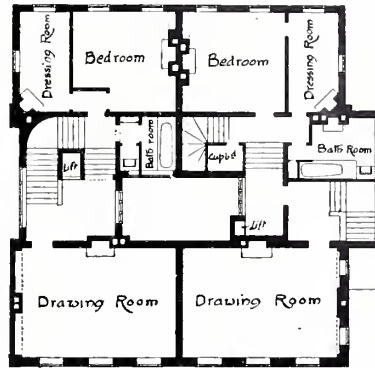
the sun will not shine into the front ground floor rooms at all. On the first floor, there will be sunshine in the morning. Now, since in London the drawing-room is not much used in the morning, it would be a waste of good wholesome sunshine to plan the drawing-room looking on to the street; it should be at the back of the house, where it can look on the garden and enjoy the western sun. If the house should be so miserably placed as to have no garden, but only a yard, still much can be done with a raised terrace at the end of the yard, some trellis screens, flower-boxes, and shrubs in tubs. Each aspect has its own capabilities, and all may be said to be good, for each house has at the least two. The bald blank look of a north light is due in some measure to a disregard of its qualities when determining the position of the windows in the room. Windows on the north side should not go up to the ceiling; they should be wide rather than tall—except to the basement floor—so as to get as much of the light reflected from coloured surfaces as possible, and from the clouds where they also are most coloured, and that is as they near the horizon.

Close treading on the heels of aspect comes the problem of outside blinds, and these should form part of the design of the façade. The trouble and difficulty of putting them up afterwards, as well as their unsightliness, unless provision has been made for them, is instant to all of us; but the department has drifted into the hands of specialists, and the architect has been glad to find himself relieved of the question. The relief is short: before the summer has reached its meridian, a growth of wood and ticking exudes from the façade, and turns to a travesty the proportions on which he has spent so much care. Nor are the properties of sun-blinds everywhere understood. Their value is primarily to shelter the glass from the sun's rays, and only secondarily to filter and soften the light. Consequently, venetian blinds hung inside the windows do not answer the great purpose of keeping the room cool; the hot glass devitalises the air in the room, and makes the heat harder to bear.

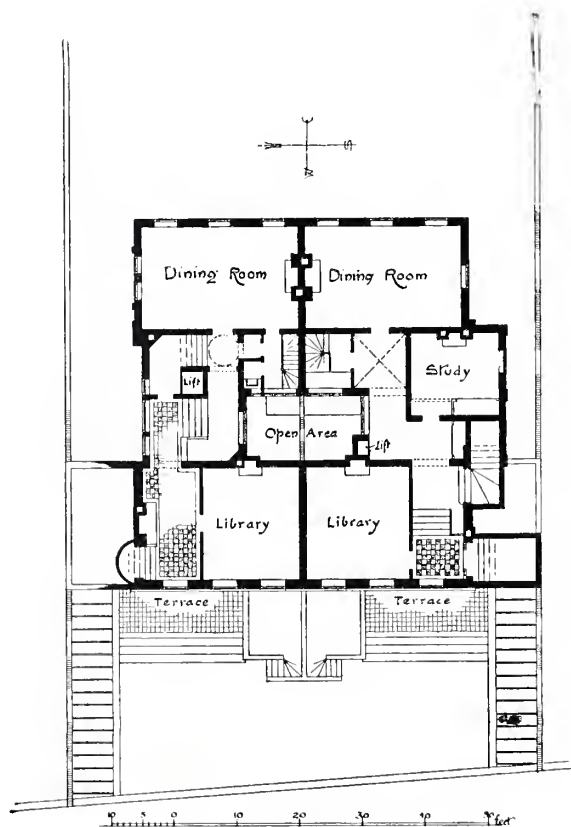
Coming to the matter of materials, there are, in my opinion, two main courses to adopt when building in a crowded manufacturing city like London. One is to use materials that yield to Time and its influences; the other is to use materials that are imperishable, so far as we know, and materials that by constantly repainting, etc., have the effect of being imperishable. Here is a line, a cleavage, touching the essence of things, and shown to do so by the failure of those attempts to combine the two courses. It is a hard saying, for we ask of, and expect so

much from, Time's finger on our work; he is the arch-composer that shall turn our scattered elements of colour into one harmonious whole; the artist that, by a touch here and a stroke there, shall soften and blend the stiff rectitude

No^s 15 & 17 Melbury Road
Kensington



Plan of First Floor



Ground Plan

PLANS OF 15 AND 17, MELBURY ROAD.

of our angles, the sharp accuracy of our lines; the friend that shall tell, as his hands play lovingly over the masses and over the details, of the history that has passed since the unstoried days of its erection. The pulse of life has been

throbbing there, and the house has become tuned to its vibration—sorrow and joy, life and death, sickness and health, have all dwelt some time or other under that roof—the stones are rich with

little scope for modification. One may still securely call him friend, and ask him to write on the walls the story of the human hearts that have dwelt there: and for the rest, one must



THE HALL, 15, MELBURY ROAD.

Drawn by C. E. Mallows.

human passion, of hope and fear the walls have heard, and something wistful in their bearing seems to speak of the emotion they have known. Much of this charm—if we use such materials as glazed bricks, tiles, glass mosaic, and such imperishable substances—we must sacrifice, for Time, as composer and artist, will have but

add up the advantages of these uncompromising substances. They are far less porous than stone or brick, and consequently more wind and weather proof, and our rooms in consequence drier and warmer; one can determine on a scheme of colour, produce it, and know that every time the wood-work is repainted and the walls cleaned down,

there will be the colour unchanged since first the scaffolding was struck; and the range of colour, with such materials, is greatly extended. This, in our gloomy streets, is a very valuable power to exercise. We cannot, like Joshua, command the sun to be perpetually with us, but we may, like Orpheus, cause our streets to show "a lasting spring." As regards the disposition and shapes of rooms, the reader will observe that in both instances of the new houses, use has been made of "mezzanine" floors, so that not all the rooms on each floor are of the same height. It is a common experience in a London house to find the small rooms on each floor like wells in shape, with a huge ghastly window destroying valuable wall space and all sense of proportion; and it requires both thought and contrivance to escape, in planning, this difficulty. But, besides the advantage of being able to proportion each room agreeably, the differences of level constitute a charm of mystery (to use a strong word) to the interior of the house. The visitor does not take in everything at a glance. Without being forced, there are surprises; the long, disheartening flights of stairs are unneeded; the formidable area of staircase walls disappears, and a more manageable and human quantity takes their place, accessible to the brush and duster. In fact, the root trouble that affects us in the ordinary builder's house is its want of sympathy with the way we live. We are taken in and done for by speculative strangers who don't know and can't feel our tastes; they build our houses and furnish our rooms, and, with the modesty that we most of us possess, we hope—since we are assured of the "correctness" of everything that has been done—that we shall get inured to appreciate it some day. Indifferent, deadened, and wearied into a sort of stupefied resignation, we do get; and it has become a sort of desperate conclusion that, except for a very few, a London house must needs be a hopeless, ugly, comfortless affair. It is not expense that stands in our way; most houses are over-decorated, over-furnished—the decorations and furniture needlessly restless and costly; it is assumed that a collection of things beautiful in themselves will make a harmonious and beautiful whole—whereas, alas! the contrary is rather the fact. The individuality of the owners should disclose itself in the house, and the individualities of the rooms have their rights.

Often, these are so dim that they are difficult to discover, but the right architectural treatment of a room may generally be determined. Where the personality of its occupants is dim, the rooms are generally huddled up with quantities of furniture and bric-à-brac as a defence against criticism—the things themselves are unassailable; and behind this presumably able rampart one sits, not untroubled nor secure, but conscious that one has done all that man can do. And yet, "the half is greater than the whole"—this quantity of articles was costly to buy and laborious to preserve, and this tribute to the unknown excellence would have been far more effectual and far more sincere if it were less in quantity. The question might often be asked, and very rigorously, What, of all this around me, can I do without? It might lead to a large clearance, but it would lead to Art. Much of the complexity of life is curiously artificial—we are elaborately encumbered with unsympathetic frippery—and for most, it is the easier thing to float down the stream the others do, attired as they are—but here and there there are backwaters in the current; occasions given by circumstance for time and repose, and for consideration whether one might not float lighter and freer if one put off some of the many trappings and let one's limbs have a looser action. To be independent of one's circumstances sounds well, but there must be no independence of one's fellow-creatures. Art is essentially human—where it loses touch of man's emotions, there it atrophies. We are accustomed to look at the houses in our streets as very inhuman, academic affairs. Their architecture is stiff with learning and hidebound with pedantry, the hospitality they offer us is formal and indifferent—and often this is true. But it is not inevitable. Houses there are—not a few—that win us with their gracious courtesy; they disclose unexpected attentions, provide unexpected conveniences. There is a place for the visitor's hat and coat; there are cupboards facing the windows, so that one may see their contents; throughout one sees the touch of the kindly, thoughtful, human hand, and it is this that fixes the charm, endears the place and perpetuates it in the years to come, so that the house has become another contribution to the world's wealth, interesting to posterity for the beauty of its thought and the sincerity of its aim.



MONSIEUR MÜNTZ'S NEW LIFE OF LEONARDO.—I.

BY SIR WALTER ARMSTRONG, DIRECTOR OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF IRELAND.

THE life of Leonardo still, I fear, remains to be written. For some not very obvious reason it has not yet attracted the right biographer. The man of letters, the scientific student of art, the savant, and the able *vulgarisateur* have all tried their hands in turn, but so far no man has appeared with the combination of gifts required for the completion of a picture of the great Italian which shall be at once coherent and true. Perhaps no such man exists, and we may have to go on to the end with the assortment of partial views, out of which, at present, we have each to make an image of Leonardo for ourselves. Meanwhile the collection of materials goes on apace, and even M. Müntz's *gros dictionnaire* will require a supplement before we have well mastered its contents.* In its own way it is a very good book indeed. Pleasantly written, though with no great regard for the details of style, its contents flow easily into the reader's mind, and leave his energies free for that work of correlation which is still his task. The English version is very well done; it is even easier to read than the French original, and the anonymous editor has in many places clarified his author and brought him up to date. The three hundred illustrations are mostly quite as good as need be.

M. Müntz has contrived to paint a portrait of the man Leonardo which entirely agrees with

* *Léonard de Vinci*. Par Eugène Müntz. Paris: Hachette.—*Leonardo da Vinci*. From the French of E. M. London: Wm. Heinemann.

our sense of probability. He has understood, better than any previous biographer, how his hero's birth and early upbringing must have affected his character and his outlook upon the world in later years. Leonardo was the natural son of an energetic Italian, who began among small things and ended as a person of importance, who started life with a

humble *maitresse* and finished it having had four wives and three families of children. Leonardo himself was never rightly grounded in polite knowledge, and throughout his career he allowed the distrust and jealousy which spring naturally from such a want occasionally to betray themselves. His habit of declaring his own merits was of his time and country, but it was no doubt confirmed and accentuated by his uneasy sense that he was in some things the inferior of those among whom he moved. In the Italy of the fifteenth century scholarship held much the same place as in the House of Commons of pre-Reform-Bill days. The man who could not quote Latin and understand Greek concealed the fact, if he could. Here, I think, we have the true explanation of many things

which are peculiar in Leonardo's career. Even the jealous guarding of his thoughts had as much, perhaps, to do with vanity as with a fear of being forestalled.

Leonardo was twenty-three years of age when his father's first legitimate offspring was born. Ser Piero's first two wives had both been childless. The arrival of an heir deprived the young man of what had been at least a



STUDY OF A TREE.

From the Drawing by Leonardo in the Windsor Library.

point d'appui, and from that time forward he had little to do with his father's household. He had already been seven years at art. The accepted story is that when he was fifteen his father took him to the studio of Verrocchio, with whom he was acquainted, who at once received the boy as his pupil. Strangely enough, no one has yet thought it worth while to contest the truth of this story, which agrees, moreover, with what little we know of Leonardo's early work. M. Müntz, in his dealings with another part of the Leonardo tradition, shows some signs of wishing to accept the "Medusa" now in the Uffizi as the veritable "Scodella" of Vasari: and that argues courage. The vexed questions of the painter's youth M. Müntz leaves much where they were, and it is not until he gets to Milan and the court of Lodovico Sforza that any very decisive note is sounded. Meanwhile, however, he has rejected, not too decisively, the hypothesis accepted by Dr. Richter — that Leonardo visited Cairo, Asia Minor, and Constantinople, and anticipated Napoleon's proceedings with the religion of Islam! Nothing, we imagine, can be more certain than that if Leonardo had really made these journeys and become a quasi-Mussulman, unmistakable traces of such notable proceedings would have been found in his written and figured remains.

The chapters dealing with Leonardo as a philosopher or, rather, as a student of science, are the most interesting in the volume; for although fragmentary in form, and by no means profound in their judgments, they lead the way



THE VIRGIN OF THE ROCKS

From the Painting by Leonardo in the National Gallery.

into what has up till now been practically unexplored territory. It would require a complete knowledge of the history of scientific discovery to come to just conclusions as to Leonardo's right to the fame he enjoys, but M. Müntz might have been rather more decided than he is on such points as the dealings of his hero with the "occult sciences." After reading his paragraphs on this subject we cannot tell

whether he thinks Leonardo capable of believing in magic or not. A touch of the same half-heartedness has governed such a dissimilar matter as the making of the *catalogues raisonnés* at the end of the volume. These, even as they are, will be found of the greatest use, but it would have been easy to make them more complete, even in the present state of our knowledge.

THE WORKS OF BENJAMIN-CONSTANT.

BY EMILE VEDEL.

IT rarely happens that the life history of a great artist fails to reveal an irresistible vocation, generally thwarted in its beginnings, which leads him along the thorny path to the sacred wood where the Muses dwell.

In obedience, no doubt, to this tradition, Benjamin-Constant, destined by his parents to the peaceful career of a priest or a doctor, persisted, while carrying on his other studies, in attending the evening classes at the *École des Beaux-Arts* at Toulouse. His tutors in the "Humanities," which he no doubt somewhat neglected, declared that he would never be anything but an artist, and his family, routed by this fateful decision, allowed him to depart for Paris to become the pupil of Cabanel.

His talent aiding, he had soon acquired a mastery of drawing which enabled him forthwith to execute the important composition to which his fancy was attracted. He first showed his powers by sending to the Salon of 1869 a picture representing "Hamlet and the King." George Lafenestre, the art critic, at once did justice to this painting—"a picture of moderate dimensions, remarkable for its brilliant colouring and the composition of the subject, which illustrates a scene from 'Hamlet.' It is startling in its reality, as fevered as a vision; and this canvas of exquisite refinement promises great qualities in a young painter for whom we may predict a splendid future. From this day forth, I venture

to assert, he stands out from the category of unknown artists."

Yet, for a long time he was timid before Nature—to such a degree that, though confident of himself when he tried to express the idea he had formed of an incident or a personality, his brush was uncertain when he aimed at rendering the impression produced by reality. It was evidently this peculiar temperament which made him an historical painter. After the war of 1870-1, in which he bore his part with the Army of the Loire, he went to Morocco and the East, and came back bewitched, as Henri Regnault had been. He resolved on being—and soon became—a great Orientalist in art, next to Eugène Delacroix and Henri Regnault. Scenes of life in Morocco, exhibited one after another, won him his first great success at the Salon—"A Woman of the Riff Coast," in 1873; "The Corner of a Street in Tangier," and again, "A Square in Tangier,"



BENJAMIN-CONSTANT.

From a Photograph by Braun, Clement and Co.

in 1874; "Prisoners in Morocco" and "Women of the Harem, Morocco," in 1875. In 1876 he exhibited a canvas of vast dimensions: "The Entrance of Mohammed II into Constantinople, May 29th, 1453," now in the Museum at Toulouse. The accuracy of drawing, the magnificence of colour, the attention to details, showing the eye of a practised observer, and the bold dexterity of brilliant execution, won him the approval of the critics of the day—Charles Blanc, Edmond



A STUDY.

From the Painting by Benjamin-Constant.



M. LE COMTE HENRI DELABORDE, SECRETARY OF THE ACADEMIE DES
BEAUX-ARTS.

From the Painting by Benjamin-Constant. Photographed by Braun, Clement and Co.

About, Théophile Gautier, and Paul de St. Victor. Charles Blanc asserted that in this painting was to be found the colouring of Eugène Delacroix qualified by that of Gros, and that each figure was in itself a remarkable composition.

In the same year, 1876, Benjamin-Constant exhibited a portrait of his father-in-law, M. Emmanuel Arago, the Ambassador, which was universally admired for its intense vitality and expression, and at the same time its sober and striking treatment of the facts of old age. This portrait was the artist's first attempt at a direct transcript from nature; it was his first success unaided by his imagination. His steady hard work, and the finer taste it had developed, had conquered the shyness he had felt till then of painting from a sitter, and he now started on a higher career, on the study of the living model, in which the variety of his talent, his keen powers of observation, and the facility of his hand found matter more substantial than in the domain of historical fiction, where he

had lingered so long. In the same way Henri Regnault gave up suddenly the marvellous inventions produced by his dazzling palette to paint the portrait of Marshal Prim (now in the Louvre), in which perfect distinction and strength of expression are as impressive as in a portrait by Velasquez.

It was a dozen years yet before Benjamin-Constant gave himself up wholly to portrait painting. Meanwhile he still painted Oriental subjects. In 1879 he exhibited "Evening on the House-tops in Morocco," of all his pictures the one most frequently reproduced, and "The Emir's Favorite." In 1880 his masterpiece in this line was displayed: "The Last of the Rebels" (now in the Luxembourg). In front of a high brick wall with an arched gateway, the Emperor of Morocco, surrounded by officers and standard-bearers, looks down a line of prisoners standing on the sandy plain in intense sunlight. The gorgeous costumes of the royal suite form a dramatic contrast to the forlorn dejection of the prisoners, who await in sullen resignation the sentence about to be pronounced by the autocrat. "We see here," wrote Edmond About, "no exuberance

of fancy, no extravagance of handling; this is a work of painstaking and purposeful talent." Paul de St. Victor declared the certainty of draughtsmanship to be infallible, the colour rich and powerful, and added that Cabanel's chief claim to honour lay in his having trained such a pupil for the French School of Painting.

In 1881 Benjamin-Constant had painted "The Pastime of a Khalif at Seville," and a "Herodias;" in 1882, a "Christ Entombed," which was severely criticised, and "A Victory at the Alhambra;" in 1883, a "Cañal of Morocco;" and in 1884, the "Cherifas:" "The whole of the background, lost in shadow, is filled up by a large divan, covered with the skins of wild beasts and draperies glittering with gems, on which three nude women are reclining, awaiting with indifference their master's commands. One of them, upright, stiff, and lean, her head held straight on her long neck, has the grace of an Egyptian statuette and the quivering, startled look of an untamed race. Near a half-raised

curtain the guardian of the harem sits on his heels, in a gorgeons garb of blue, yellow, and silver; it is through the opening of this doorway that the daylight comes in to light up the luxurious interior. Only a few rays penetrate it, but they are the rays of an African sun that we feel in the comparative coolness here—fierce and scorching outside. The artist has achieved a masterpiece" (Paul de St. Victor).

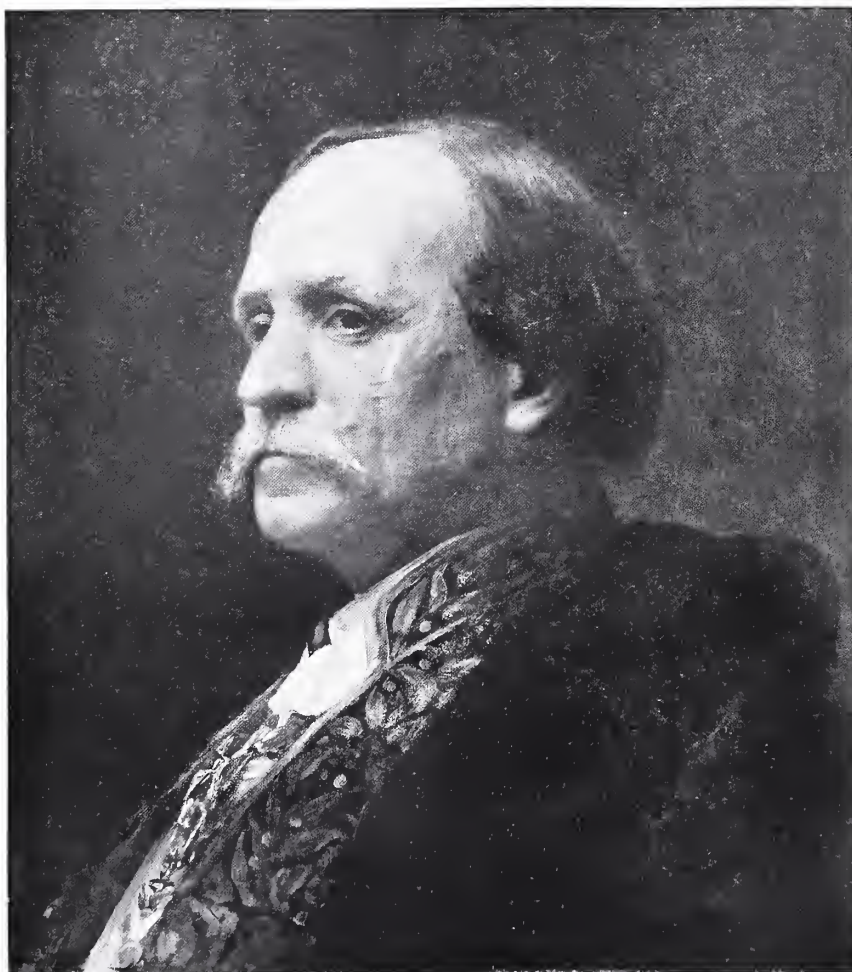
We find the same fine qualities in "The Cherif's Justice" (1885) and in "Justinian" (1886). In 1887 he exhibited "Orpheus" and "Theodora." In 1888 the artist painted some decorative panels for the Sorbonne. In 1889 he gave us "The Moonlight Sonata" and "Victrix." These remarkable works won him the Cross of the Legion of Honour in 1878, with promotion in the Order in 1884, and in 1889 the Gold Medal of the Salon.

Since that time Benjamin-Constant has devoted himself almost exclusively to portrait-painting. Some of his works in this branch of art have lately been shown in London, at a special exhibition. From the day when the high art of portraiture took possession of him by its lofty ideal, which consists in expressing the human soul visible through the more or less commonplace character of the features, he has given himself up to it, bringing to this new expression of his powers all his correctness of drawing, the resources of his palette—and, for him, the play of light and shade has few undivulged secrets—and the distinction of a style governed by high and serious views of art.

The great masters of the post-Raphaelite past, when they applied themselves to portrait-painting, generally adopted a manner, peculiar to each, to which the sitter was a secondary consideration, whoever he might be, and by which each painter may be recognised among a thousand: Rembrandt's portraits by their glorious chiaroscuro under a golden light; those of Rubens by their rich carnations; Van Dyck's, by their uniform brown background; those of

Velasquez against a silvery blue sky—all have a stamp of relationship which infallibly proclaims to whose studio they owe their origin. In the same way, by details of handling merely, the portraits by the great English painters of the end of the eighteenth century may be assigned, and those by the artists of our own day.

Benjamin-Constant, on the contrary, and it is specially characteristic of his portrait-painting, gives himself up wholly to the impression made on him by the sitter; and feeling differently in each case, he produces pictures in which the treatment varies with the nature of the impression made on his mind. What he seeks, instead of the constant repetition of an effort which by habit is easy to him, is to embody the revelation of a character or the reflection of a life by such a scheme of illumination or of surroundings as may help the emanation of a soul to become visible through the paint. His two finest portraits are, in my opinion, those of his two sons. One of these—that of the younger

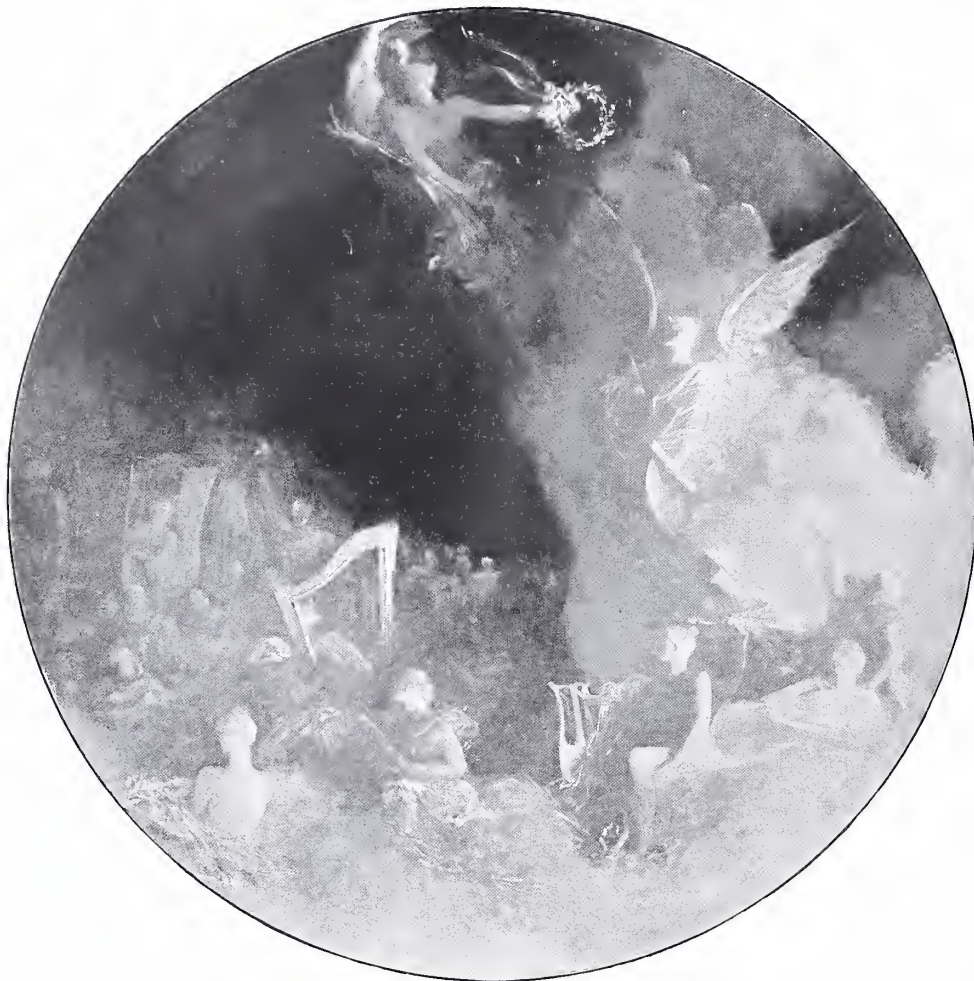


MONSIEUR CHAPLAIN, MEMBRE DE L'INSTITUT DE FRANCE.

From the Painting by Benjamin-Constant. Photographed by Braun, Clement and Co.

—has been honoured with a place in the Luxembourg. It is a simply perfect piece of craftsmanship. The young man, in the most natural position, has a face of exquisite refinement and eyes of wonderful transparency in which we read the deep thought of a poet's soul. The head stands

destroying it, as he has often destroyed some work or other when he had thought it unworthy of the impression he has intended to render. As we see it, it is finely painted, delicate and calm, in an atmosphere of great refinement, the portrait of a handsome woman and a *grande*



CEILING FOR THE OPÉRA COMIQUE, PARIS.

By Benjamin-Constant. Photographed by Braun, Clement and Co., Paris.

out in a calm light against a very dark background, but with no exaggerated relief, rather as if illumined by the inspiration from within. The wonderfully painted hand seems fitted to set forth in highly-finished verse the melancholy thoughts that must dwell behind that rather sorrowful brow. This portrait took the Medal of Honour at the Salon of 1896.

Madame Benjamin-Constant, though often painted by her husband, has but one portrait of herself, which is the pride of her drawing-room. It is almost life-size, hung, unfortunately, too high to be well seen, and never taken down from its eminence. This, says the lady, is for fear her husband should insist on

dame—as Madame Benjamin-Constant is—the daughter of a man who would have been President of the Republic if he had lived, while her drawing-room has the reputation for elegance and delicate wit which was of old the prerogative of the great French salons.

Among the painter's numerous portraits we may name the following: Lord Dufferin and Ava; Mr. Walter (of the "Times"); Princess Katherine Radziwill; Lady Helen Vincent; M. de Blowitz, the "Times" correspondent in Paris; Count Vitali; M. Chaplain, the medallist, member of the Institut; Count Delaborde; Mademoiselle Emma Calvé, the great singer; M. Maurel, the famous baritone, painted on board



MY SON ANDRÉ.

From the Painting by Benjamin-Constant in the Luxembourg.

the "Bretagne" on the return voyage from America, to which M. Benjamin-Constant had collection of pictures; Mr. Jay Gould; Sir Julian Panncefote; M. Patenôtre, formerly



THE EARL OF DUFFERIN, K.G.

From the Painting by Benjamin-Constant.

paid a visit; M. Chauchard, formerly the proprietor of the great shop known as the Magazins du Louvre, and owner of a magnificent

French Ambassador; M. Camille Saint-Saëns, the composer of "Samson and Delilah;" Monseigneur the Due d'Aumale.

Of his later works may be mentioned a portrait of the Grand Duchess Paul of Mecklenburg, a charming oval, where, on a Louis XV background, the delicate grace of the princess is seen brightly illuminated, her deep blue eyes sparkling with spirit; that, again, of Madame Fourtou, a beautiful Parisian; and finally a masterly picture of Queen Victoria, which will remain unsurpassed for effect by any that may yet record the close of her glorious reign.

In 1893 Benjamin-Constant received the crowning honour that could be awarded to his talents by being invited to sit as a member of the Institut, and of the Academy of Fine Arts. Since then, as an art critic, he has written essays which remind us of Fromentin's noble book on the old masters ("Les Maîtres d'Autrefois"). In his "Painter's Walk through the Salons of 1898," Benjamin-Constant, indulgent towards his brethren of the brush, pronounces no disobliging opinions on any of them; but how subtle is his criticism, written in a style that the French Academy need not disavow.

Indulgent to others, Benjamin-Constant is severe on himself. He takes advantage of his extraordinary facility to paint a portrait all over again, even when it is finished, if he is not absolutely satisfied with it; and so conscientious is he that if they were not immediately rescued few perhaps would have been spared. Nor would he ever consent to sacrifice the high traditions of art to the degenerate taste of the day. His pen, indeed, as vivid as his brush, but recently indited a criticism—it might be called a satire—on the new schools of painting, which concludes with these words:—

"It is the fashion to play at simplicity. But

the courage for simplicity seems to be waning fast; hence the moral weakness which is robbing Art of all its necessary powers, hence the virus of decadence which undermines, in all whom it infects, that saving health of the soul—Sincerity. Again, our young men know not whither they are going. The students of the Villa Medici are merely bored in Rome, and think only of gaining admiration as quickly as possible by the most advanced criticism. Thus, applying the words of Bastien-Lepage—'seeking to unlearn all he had been taught in the École des Beaux-Arts'—the pupils of that very school are too often in a hurry to 'unlearn,' though Bastien-Lepage himself in fact unlearned nothing. . . . Must we not confess that, if the Caillebotte collection (lately acquired for the Luxembourg) is really and indeed a transformation of Art and a perpetuation of Eternal Truth, then Greece was wrong as to Phidias, Italy wrong as to Michael Angelo and Raphael, Titian and Veronese, Spain as to Velasquez and Murillo, Germany as to Albert Dürer and Holbein, Flanders as to Rubens and Van Dyck, Holland as to Rembrandt and Franz Hals, and France perennially wrong from the time of Clouet to the present day? Nay, and Nature too!"

NOTE.—Mention must not be omitted of the ceiling of the new theatre, the Opéra Comique, of Paris. This work is novel in colour and treatment, and delightfully original in conception. It represents the deep blue sky of night, dotted here and there with stars. Across its vault there float like clouds the mysterious forms—the very ghosts—of beautiful women, whose personalities are born of the operas which are here represented on the stage, suggesting some of the most exquisite scenes in the most admirable of the works. Notable among them is Manon in her *chaise à porteur*.



THE ART MOVEMENT.

NEW CANDELABRA FOR ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

THE Committee which has charge of the decoration of St. Paul's is not confining itself to the mosaics of the choir

and dome. We have to be grateful to it for accepting Mr. Watts's gift of one of his finest paintings, and once again for com-



ONE OF THE NEW CANDELABRA IN ST. PAUL'S. By H. A. Pegram.

missioning the handsome bronze candelabra which have recently been placed in the vestibule. One of these we illustrate. Mr. H. A. Pegram is the designer, and it must be acknowledged that he has handled excellently a difficult subject. To deal with the events narrated in the first chapter of Genesis in this form and mould them into a homogeneous presentation requires great skill on the part of an artist, alike as a designer and sculptor, and we think Mr. Pegram has succeeded admirably. That the work has taken three years, and passed through many alterations before it was completed, is natural enough.

The underlying motive of the arrangement is, of course, "*Benedicite omnia opera,*" and it is illustrated by representations of all the Divine works. Commencing from the base we have, first of all, man. Three sitting figures, carefully modelled and posed with dignity, at each angle, represent the white, yellow, and black races of mankind. On the three sides of the base, in very low relief, are the scenes of the "The Fall"—Adam and Eve eating the forbidden fruit; the Punishment, Adam's mortality implied by his labour; and the Atonement—"Christ's crucifixion." The next tier of the structure contains representations of the animal kingdom, the beasts chosen being the lion, bison, bull, horse, camel, and elk. Above these are the birds—the owl, hawk, and pelican and dividing these from the earth are cherubs—the globe being covered with flowers and girdled by the sea. The firmament is symbolised by a fiery column, round which are circling angelic figures representing the heavenly bodies. Above this is the sun; and then archangels support the rose from which springs the cross, around this being the six stems for the lights. The medium for lighting will be electricity, and when the installation is completed the effect should be excellent.

The casting was done—by the sand process (*moulage à la Française*)—by Messrs. Hollinshead and Burton, and the height of each candelabrum is fourteen feet six inches. One is given by Mr. T. Douglas Murray, in memory of his father, a former Prebendary of the Cathedral, and the other by the Decoration Committee.

DECORATIVE NEEDLEWORK.

THE use of flax as a medium of decoration in needlework has been largely resorted to in recent years, nowhere with much better effect than in the productions of Messrs. Jon. Harris and Sons. They manufacture at their mills at Cocker-mouth flax linen of delicate texture and colouring, and flax thread of a quality that almost approaches the softness and quality of silk. At a recent exhibition of embroideries and needlework in which these materials alone were used the excellent results to be obtained were fully demonstrated. Floral designs are most frequently used, and the screen illustrated herewith is a fair example of the work; the colours of the threads are bright, and approach very closely to the natural hues of the flowers represented. A richly embroidered altar frontal was a feature of the exhibition, and formed one of the best examples of what can be done with the flax linen and threads. One of the advantages of the material is that it is never attacked by moths, or in tropical climates by ants, the most destructive of pests when silk hangings are used. Portières embroidered

with poppies, convolvuli, and other flowers that lend themselves to conventional treatment: table-cloths and bed-spreads—all designed and



SCREEN WORKED IN FLAX THREAD.

executed in London—beside many articles for domestic use, were shown; and among them, some curtains of blue flax linen with a border copied from an old Spanish design, partly appliqué and partly embroidered, call for special mention.

THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—AUGUST.

Retirement of Sir John Donnelly. GENERAL SIR JOHN DONNELLY has finally retired from the Department of Science and Art, and South Kensington will know him no more.

We cannot pretend that we regret the circumstance, nor can we alter our opinion that, unless his views and methods are maintained by some of those whom he leaves behind in power, the Museum will be all the better for the change of chief. At the same time, we are bound to admit that much of the odium which Sir John brought on himself was the result of his own disinterestedness. In saying this, we, as persistent opponents of Sir John Donnelly, of many of his actions and more of his statements, are saying a good

deal. He has borne, loyally and without complaint, all the discredit which resulted from the system he had to administer, and has accepted rebuke which was really the due of evil counsellors. He has certainly done much good work in his office, earning the gratitude of all of us who objected most strongly to his methods by maintaining a life and death fight with the Treasury; and at the same time stood fearlessly against all who attempted to interfere with his charge. Had he looked only to his personal interests, or first to them, he would have made fewer enemies, and would have stood better with the Governmental authorities. But he was, apparently, so much in the habit of fencing with the encroaching and over-bearing

Treasury, and so sure that his own wrong official way was the right one, that he never could lay down the sword when any assault was made upon his citadel. Had he been better advised, had he not allowed himself to be persuaded that every one opposed to him and his cast-iron views was a rebel to be put down, or even stamped down anyhow, and that every criticism was an attack to be repelled at any price, his career would have been more pleasant to himself, more useful to the public, and more just to his opponents. And he would have surrendered his charge amid general regret and felicitations, instead of leaving it while adversaries, congratulating not him so much as the public, feel it incumbent upon them to pay tribute to one side of his official character.

THE Royal Academy has been once more subjected to the attack which has recurred throughout its existence with something like regularity. But, as usual, the assault has been vitiated *ab initio* by the mis-statement or over-statement of the case by the enthusiasts of reform. We have ourselves always advocated considerable modification in several of those rules which govern the exhibitions and the schools, without which modifications we are convinced that the usefulness of the Academy is seriously impaired and curtailed, and injustice is constantly done to a great number of artists and to art itself. But it has always been the good fortune of the Academy to be saved by the indiscretion of its critics. On

this occasion, one gentleman, who has been among the most prominent assailants in the public Press, has challenged the world to deny the damning accusation that the Academy has not adopted a single one of the reforms demanded of it by the Royal Commission of 1863. This allegation, as we understand it, we do deny, for it is without foundation. The Academy adopted a considerable number of these reforms, although it is true that some others, equally undertaken, were not carried out. But it has not been mentioned—which, out of fairness to the Academy, should have been made clear—that that body protested at the time to its rules being revised, and root and branch alterations demanded, by a body which did not number among its members a single artist who could explain to his colleagues the *raison d'être*, from the Academy's point of view, of the rules that they condemned and the proposals that they put forth for acceptance. Similarly, Lord Stanley of Alderley complained that the Academy did not, but should be compelled to, render full account of the disposal of the Chantrey Fund. He is evidently ignorant of the provisions of Chantrey's will, which expressly protects the Academy from any such publication, and from any public interference. No outside pressure will ever be effective that is not wholly judicious and entirely free from error of statement.

ANOTHER year's Report—the forty-second—records another year of progress and excellent management at this art-history museum. An admirable and significant appointment to the Board of Trustees, in succession to Mr. Leslie Stephen, resigned through ill-health, is that of Lord BALCARRES, M.P., whose services in the South Kensington Museum Inquiry cannot be over-estimated. There have been forty-five portraits acquired by donation or bequest, and sixty-one by purchase. The more interesting of these have from time to time been already notified in these pages. A certain number of duplicates and portraits “not otherwise required” have been distributed among the public offices, and a new room of Arctic portraits will shortly be opened. The annual attendances, save on Sundays, have decreased by about 50,000. Additional precautions have been taken against fire. The most important section of the Report is that in which the Treasury is notified that the startling rise in the market value of portraits by painters of repute is telling, and is likely to tell, disastrously on the collection; and attention is drawn to the desirableness of increasing the small dole on which the collection is supposed to flourish. To this subject we propose to return.

The following portraits have just been presented to the Gallery: “EARL COWPER,” by Sir Godfrey Kneller; “MARIAN EVANS” (GEORGE ELIOT), a water-colour by Mrs. Charles Bray; “SIR JOHN FRANKLIN,” bronze bust by Mr. A. C. Lucchesi; “WILLIAM KINGDON CLIFFORD, F.R.S.,”

by the Hon. John Collier, a replica painted expressly for the Gallery. The following three portraits from Mulgrave Castle have been accepted on temporary loan from the Rev. the Marquis of Normanby: “HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA,” by Sir David Wilkie; “CHARLES I.,” by D. Wytens; and “HENRIETTA MARIA,” attributed to Van Dyke.

A QUIET and curious collection of pottery Exhibitions. and porcelain has been lent to the Bethnal Green Museum by Mr. HENRY WILLETT, of Brighton, and forms an exhibition that should prove of a popular character. The catalogue states that the collection illustrates “Popular British History,” but it must be confessed that this is a more important claim than can fairly be conceded. Apart from this, there is considerable interest attaching to it. The collection consists of over 1,700 pieces of those curious specimens of the potters' craft which are found upon the mantelpieces of country cottages or in old china cabinets, which are of interest because of their quaintness and complete lack of art feeling; china busts of royal personages, statesmen, eminent soldiers and sailors, which can only be recognised by the names placed upon them; puzzle-jugs; shepherds and shepherdesses; fearful and wonderful groups of cattle; plates, jugs, and beakers with “nonsense” rhymes; and indeed specimens of every kind of porcelain



PORTRAIT OF A MAN.

Attributed to Karel du Jardin. Recently acquired by the National Gallery (Room XI, No. 1680).

"monstrosity" ever made. There are a few that can justly be termed artistic: one of them, a delightful little group on salt-glazed ware, dating from 1730, is



LEATHER-COVERED OUT-CASE, STUDDED WITH SILVER PINS.

From "Old Clocks and Watches and their Makers."

curiously suggestive of some of M. Van der Straeten's dainty works; and another is a beautiful blue-and-white jug and cover that formerly belonged to the sixth Duke of Leeds. A terra-cotta group in the "Crime" section has an interest from the fact that it was modelled by RANDOLPH CALDECOTT. It is a caricature of the celebrated Tichborne Trial; the three judges, Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, and Justices Mellor and Lush, are represented as owls, the Claimant as a turtle, and the counsel, Mr. Hawkins and Dr. Kenealy, as a hawk and a cock respectively. The figures are each eight inches in height, and the whole group is exceedingly humorous. The exhibition is well worth seeing, if only to illustrate a phase of "domestic art" which is now happily extinct.

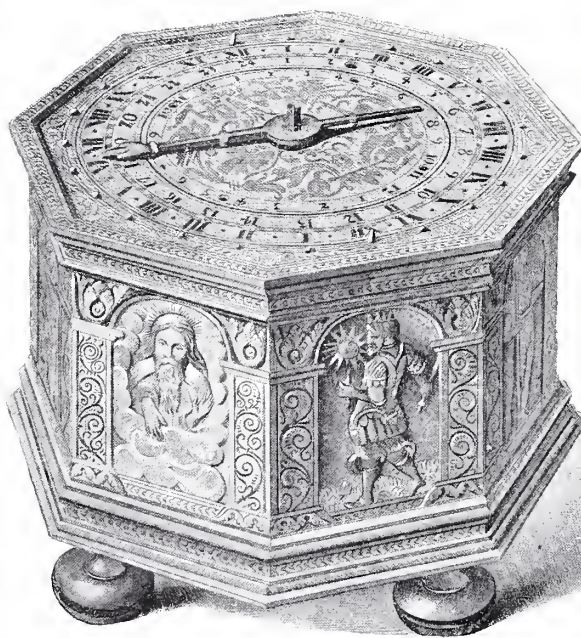
Two of our well known graphic humorists have been holding exhibitions of their works in Bond Street—Mr. F. CARRUTHERS GOULD occupying the Continental Gallery, and Mr. E. T. REED one of the galleries at the Fine Art Society's. Mr. Gould is, of course, represented entirely by his political caricatures which have appeared in *The Westminster Gazette*, of which the "Natural History" series is especially noteworthy. Mr. Reed, on the other hand, has a more diversified collection from his contributions to *Punch*. Here are many of the exceedingly funny coats-of-arms which have created so much merriment week by week, and the "Prehistoric Peeps" are also largely represented. Among the most interesting drawings, however, are some portrait sketches made in the House of Commons which reveal Mr. Reed's skill in a new light, for his finished drawings do not suggest in the slightest degree that the artist is a rapid worker. But these pencil notes are full of vigour and life, and altogether free from the tightness that characterises the artist's work for reproduction.

A series of water-colour drawings of Spanish scenes by Mr. ERNEST GEORGE at the Fine Art Society's form

a charming little exhibition. Full of light and atmosphere they admirably depict the beauties of the old cities and towns of Spain. "An Arcade and Market, Salamanca" and "The Tobacco Factory in an Old Convent, Seville" are brilliant little drawings; while the "Castle and Rock, Segovia," depicted in the light of evening, and "The Cathedral Interior, Burgos," show that Mr. George appreciates the poetic force of subdued light as well as the strength and brilliancy of noontday blaze.

In the new room of the same Galleries is a collection of drawings by Mr. HENRY A. HARPER of Jerusalem and the Holy Land under all sorts of climatic conditions. Glowing with colour and drawn with infinite care, these water-colours bear evidence of the artist's submissiveness to the charm still exercised by the Holy Land. A large drawing of Jerusalem at evening time, with the minarets and turrets bathed in the roseate hues of the setting sun, and another illustrating the bare, gaunt rock of Sinai, are among the best of the series.

Mr. J. CASWALL SMITH is exhibiting at his gallery a beautiful selection of photographs executed by him of the works of Sir EDWARD BURNE-JONES and Mr. G. F. WATTS. The former series, to the number of sixty-seven, illustrate very fully the development of the artist's work, including as it does many of his very early and little known pictures. Technically considered the photographs are excellent.



STRIKING AND ALARUM CLOCK, PROBABLY MADE FOR GASTON OF ORLEANS, SON OF HENRI IV.

From "Old Clocks and Watches and their Makers."

Old Clocks and Watches and their Makers. By F. J. Britten. With 400 illustrations. Batsford, London, 1899. (10s.)

THE craft of the clock and watchmaker combines science and art in felicitous union. To the perfection of invention and mechanical ingenuity there is added a fine sense of proportion, of beauty, and of decoration; and it is to be remarked that not many of the great race of watchmakers have produced ugly objects. Mr.

Britten's book deals inevitably with the romantic side of the craft as practised from the earliest times, from the very inception of the device of time-measurement, and gives us an account which, without being too technical for the general reader, or venturing outside the simplest descriptive method, forms an extremely interesting narrative. Indeed, the history of the watch and the clock is fascinating to the minds of all those who combine admiration and appreciation of mechanical artifice with a love of handiwork in its higher form. How thoroughly acknowledged was the need of the artist in the designing and execution of the cases is seen in a vast number of illustrations in the book: it seems to have been understood from the very beginning that a timepiece, as a masterpiece of the intellect, deserved to be enshrined in decorations of beautiful design, whether the mechanism was so small that a fourpennypiece would hide it, or so large that the erection—as in the case of the forty-foot tower clock at Lyons—raised its head into the vaulting of the church. Mr. Britten adds to the value of his book by giving in an appendix, among other matter, a list of eight thousand makers: the only fault we have to find is the absence of a very necessary table of contents.

Animals in Motion. By *Eadweard Muybridge*. Chapman and Hall, London. (20s. nett.)

THIS is an abridgment of the large work produced by the author as the result of his photographic labours at the University of Pennsylvania, U.S.A., in 1884-5. Mr. Muybridge's work is too well known for any account of it to be necessary. The present book contains photographic series of the walk, the trot, the canter, the gallop, and other movements of various animals, as well as of the flight of birds. Their value is scientific rather than artistic, although an artist will possibly render movement no worse for a little of such scientific observation as this book records, but should he copy individual photographs, he will be ruined. Judged from his introduction Mr. Muybridge would appear to realise that his investigation is only a basis upon which the artist possibly may find his own observation. Very few of the photos have any sense of movement, except such as is given by flying hair in the case of a horse's mane; being momentary attitudes, they are fixed and not in fluxion. An artist has to convey the feeling of many movements in one representation—an impression in fact and not an actual attitude of any one moment, and for this reason an artist must be on his guard in making use of these scientific records of movement.

The Fairy Tales of Hans Christian Andersen. With upwards of Four Hundred Illustrations by *Helen Stratton*. George Newnes, Limited, London. 1899. (12s.)

THIS is an altogether charming edition of these ever-popular fairy stories. Miss Stratton has accomplished

her work in a most satisfactory manner, her drawings being both illustrations and decorations. She has entered thoroughly into the spirit of the stories, and if some of her drawings remind us now and again of Houghton's style, there is yet strong individuality in them, and throughout there is a fancifulness and appreciation of the text that are quite delightful. The volume makes a beautiful picture-book, which cannot fail to interest readers, both young and old.

Anatomical Diagrams for the use of Art Students. By *James M. Duntlop, A.R.C.A.* George Bell and Sons, London.

THIS volume contains a well arranged series of coloured diagrams in brown, red, and green, which by means of the colours employed render very clearly the distinctions between bone, muscle and tendon. The letterpress is in brown, which does not render the small type so easy to read as would a good black; but this would have necessitated a fourth printing and additional expense in production. It is anatomy at sight, and ought to be useful to the art student.

"*Hamlet*," "*The Merchant of Venice*," and "*As You Like It*" are the first three volumes of a new pocket edition of the plays of Shakespeare, published by George Bell and Sons. They are pretty little books, bound in green cloth and gold, flexible and pleasant to handle. The paper, the type, and the printing are all good. There are "decorative" illustrations by Mr. BYAM



VIEW OF ST. PAUL'S FROM THE THAMES.

British School, Eighteenth Century. Recently acquired by the National Gallery. (Room XIX, No. 1681).

SHAW, and the notes and introductions are by Mr. JOHN DENNIS. (1s. 6d. per vol. nett.)

Two etchings of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and two of Magdalen College, Oxford, from the needle of Mr. EDWARD J. BURROW, of Cheltenham, have been issued by Messrs. Benyon, of that town. As artistic representations they are excellent, for Mr. Burrow has founded his style upon the best models, of whom Meyron is evidently one. We may regret that, apart from his firm etched line, he depends so much for his effects upon the covering of spaces with hatching, either etched or dry-pointed, where the lines lose all their natural dignity and simply merge into masses of shading. Apart from this objection, however, we have nothing but praise for the sparkling and sound character of the work.

WE have to announce the deaths of M. CARL Obituary. LOUIS TRAGARDI, the Swiss landscape painter, at the age of thirty-nine; of Herr OTTO DE KAMERKE, the German landscapist and member of the Academy of Fine Arts at Berlin, at the age of seventy-three; of Herr CONRAD KNOLL, the Munich sculptor, at the age of seventy; and of Herr LORENZ CLASEN, the German historical painter, at the age of eighty-seven.

NOTE.—Owing to pressure on our space "Notes and Queries" have to be held over until next month.

STUDY FROM LIFE FOR "COLT
HUNTING IN THE NEW FOREST."
BY LUCY E. KEMP-WELCH.





GIPSY DROVERS.

From the Painting by Lucy E. Kemp-Welch, in the Possession of F. W. Harris, Esq.

OUR RISING ARTISTS: MISS LUCY KEMP-WELCH.

BY MARION HEPWORTH DIXON.

IT may be thought to be considering too curiously to say that the rise of a new and conspicuous artistic talent makes us not so much marvel at its advent as wonder that it has not manifested itself before. It is peculiarly the case where women are concerned. The country is honeycombed with art schools. Girl students abound, and not only work with avidity, but enjoy equal facilities with men. Yet the paucity of the result is self-evident. To put the case in a nutshell, we see a certain academic excellence, a certain mechanical standard attained, while the special product, the woman-artist of original eye and hand, is as scarce at the present moment as ever before in the world's history.

Now it is the pleasing and graceful habit of Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch to proclaim her indebtedness to Professor Herkomer, while we all know that Bushey is vastly proud of the virile young animal-painter who has come so prominently before the public in the last few years. Yet it would clearly be absurd to claim Miss Kemp-Welch as the product of a school. Her merits are in a special sense her own. Only in her defects do we catch the trial of the academic training. The Walker-Herkomer tradition, for instance, is written large in Miss Kemp-Welch's "Harvesters," but then it is quite obvious that "Harvesters" is no more a true expression of her genius than is the still more ambitious "To Arms." Was it for the technique of her

art that the young animal-painter threw in her lot at Bushey? Curiously enough, Miss Kemp-Welch's brush-work has none of the bravura of strictly modern methods. On the contrary, the young artist would hardly seem to occupy herself with the *clichés* of style at all. For the moment, Miss Lucy Kemp Welch would seem to be occupied in schooling her hand to the difficult task of representing horses in rapid action, and, until she has equipped herself adequately, she, perhaps not unwisely, leaves the technique of her work to develop itself on natural lines. It may be urged, of course, that women are in general lacking in the special and distinctive quality we call style. Let us admit the contention. To acknowledge a shortcoming frankly is by no means to fall into the opposite extreme. If women, as we are fain to confess, are as a rule deficient in style, they at least avoid the absurdities of many of our younger men, who (like the poet who is occupied rather with the sound than the sense of his verse) are so clearly engrossed with the actual handling of their work that lucidity—nay, often enough, truth itself—is sacrificed in the vain endeavour to express a new method.

The vagaries of such snatterers would seem to concern Miss Kemp-Welch not at all. She has tackled her life-task in at once a more humble and honest way. Busy chasing her forest ponies, she appears in substance to have said, "Style, rightly considered, is nothing but the matured

expression of a particular temperament; my business is so to fortify myself with my actual contact with nature that I may first of all attain self-expression." I do not say that Miss Kemp-Welch actually stopped to express herself in any such phrase, for few ladies waste their time in making phrases; but that some such dormant idea lies at the root of her artistic conceptions seems pretty evident.

Pretty evident, at any rate, is the fact that with Miss Kemp-Welch matter, and not the manner, is the thing. With this artist, indeed, nature, and the strenuous study of animal life in all its varying phases, is an absorbing passion. At her best—and she is possibly at her best in her studies—she is a whole-hearted realist, occupied with getting at close quarters with actual things. The watchword of this young lady of abundant energies is Work, and in her engrossing search after nature's realities she stops at very little. If I

remember aright, Miss Kemp-Welch herself tells an anecdote which exactly illustrates the point I have in mind. Not long ago a horse drawing a cart fell down dead as it was passing her in a village street. The villagers, as is their wont, lamented and vociferated, hardly noticing the artist, who, quietly drawing a sketch-book from

box, with which she takes what she calls "snapshots" in oil.

With a studio at Bashey and already a following of pupils, Miss Kemp-Welch's chosen hunting-ground is the New Forest, where, equipped with portable material, she manages to track the semi-wild ponies which abound there, and from them to learn some of their most characteristic actions. For one of the artist's pet theories is that there is little to be learnt from a tethered animal. Moreover, the use of photography, so frequently resorted to in the difficult task of representing horses in motion, is absolutely tabooed by the author of "Colt Hunting." In Miss Kemp-Welch's opinion, the only photographs an artist is justified in taking are those focussed and developed in his own brain. In her eyes the camera is fatal to art, while it is more than fatal to the artist. Swiftmess of observation and rapidity of execution can only be learnt by the constant exercise of eye

and hand; and for an animal-painter to get into the habit of trusting to photography would be, in a sense, analogous to the deliberate use of a crutch by a hale man.

The "aid," in fact, is no aid at all. Miss Kemp-Welch, at any rate, will have none of it, while she is so thorough as to actually prefer



A PENCIL SKETCH.



A STUDY

her pocket, rapidly made a careful study of the prostrate animal.

Ready resource of the kind is invaluable to a painter, but Miss Kemp-Welch not only uses a note-book on every conceivable occasion, but even contrives to manipulate a small hand paint-

ing not only "snapshots" but pictures in the open air. The artist's utterances on the subject are so characteristic that they may well be quoted as they stand.

In writing from Parkstone, Dorset, where she went to work for the summer, the painter



PENCIL STUDY OF AN APPLE TREE.

By Lucy E. Kemp-Welch.



COLT-HUNTING IN THE NEW FOREST.

From the Painting by Lucy E. Kemp-Welch, in the Chantrey Collection.

says: "When it is possible, and I have got my ideas of the subject and its arrangement straight, I like to get the canvas itself put in the spot that I have chosen, and let it stay there night and day in a case. Meanwhile I make the place my studio, and, whether painting or not, stay there all day, till the picture and myself are thoroughly saturated with the feeling and influence of the place. It seems to me impossible to paint a convincing picture of an out-

few months' work with a master at Bourne-mouth. There had been a short period of anatomical study at a hospital for sick horses at Christehreh. There were the brief beginnings, with some two years' work at Bushey; but none of these things prepared even the most sanguine of the student's well-wishers for the fine qualities apparent in the canvas already mentioned called "Gipsy Drovers."

In truth, the lighting, the composition, the whole swing and balance of the design, as well as the admirable drawing of the horses, leave little to be desired, and may without exaggeration be described as an amazing product for a girl not long out of her teens.

There could be no manner of doubt about the welcome accorded to such a picture. Emboldened to fresh efforts, from 1895 we find Miss Kemp-Welch a regular contributor to the Academy, and in three instances, as we all remember, admirably hung. "Foam Horses," an imaginative canvas, and the absolutely delightful realistic study called "Summer Drought in the New Forest," were the output of one year, being exhibited in due course in 1896. Although not re-

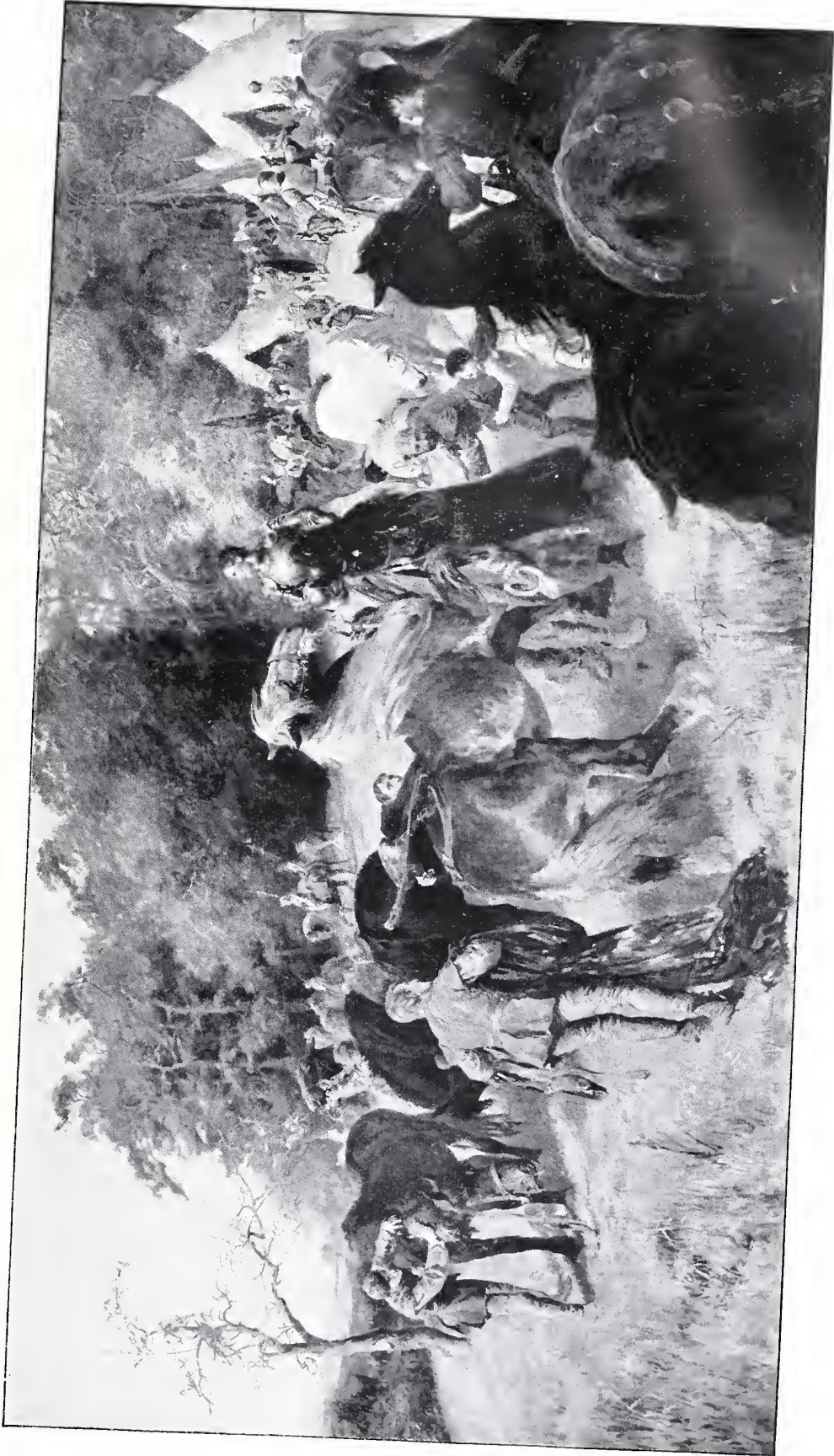


A NEW FOREST FOAL—A STUDY IN OILS.

ceiving the applause of the larger and now famous "Colt Hunting," "Summer Drought" is at once one of Miss Kemp-Welch's most forcible and characteristic efforts. In it, to my mind, we come to see the peculiar idiosyncrasy of the artist; for in it she has most expressed herself. It has vigour, grip of subject, and, withal, charm of line. The lighting, again, is admirable, while the insight into animal life portrayed in the wistful eye of the straining ponies, contrasted with the fine indifference to drought exhibited by the sucking foals, is not only admirably observed, but rendered with a force which shows vitality joined to a delicate understanding.

Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch's history is still to be made. Born at Bourne-mouth, she resided there till nineteen years of age, when the death of her parents left her free to set her face in the direction of Bushey. With an intimate love and knowledge of animals (at the present moment Miss Kemp-Welch's pony marks his sense of intimacy by having taught himself to raise the latch of her studio door) the artist professes to remembering hardly a time in which she had not a pencil in her hand. At fourteen she began to exhibit. Essaying the provinces at first, and finding herself well received, in 1894 Miss Kemp-Welch conceived the ambitious scheme of painting an eight-foot canvas and sending it to the Royal Academy. Of actual training, at the moment, the student appears to have received the scantiest. There had been a

Of the stampede of horses exhibited at Burlington House in 1897, which made its author famous well-nigh all over the English-speaking art-world, it is now hardly necessary to speak. A canvas ten feet by five, "Colt Hunting in the New Forest," was not only bought by the Chantrey Bequest Fund, but, from the raciness of its subject and the *verve* of its treatment, generally acclaimed one of the chief pictures of the year. No such honours had fallen to a woman for over a decade and more. The one-time triumph of Lady Butler was emphasised



TO ARMS!
From the *Painting* by Lucy E. Kemp-Welch.



FOAM HORSES.

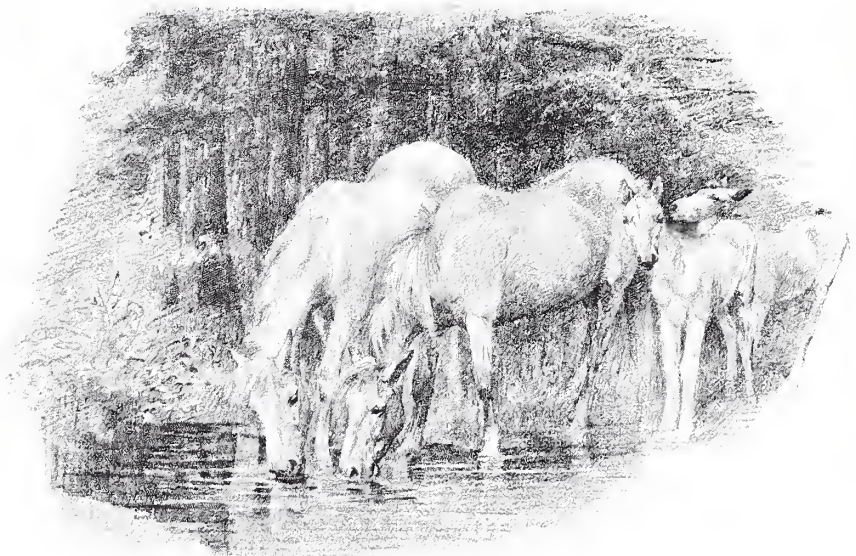
From the Painting in the Possession of J. Gresham, Esq.

in that of Miss Kemp-Welch. Her recognition in this her third Academy exhibit was universal. What use, it may be asked, has she made of so immediate a success? It may seem captious and hypercritical to suggest that her two succeeding pictures seem less distinctive and individual than the three previous efforts of her hand. But the truth must be told. In neither "To Arms," a huge twelve-foot picture depicting an early morning scene in the camp of the Duke of York's army before the first Battle of the Roses at St. Albans, nor in this year's canvas called "Harvesters," does Miss Kemp-Welch show the spontaneity of her New Forest studies. The picture-making in them seems too obvious. It would appear as if the artist, for the moment, had her own delicate insight and fine intuitions blunted by a clamorous popular demand. I am speaking, of course, of the public's insistence on showy and attractive themes. In the matter of subjects, will Miss Kemp-Welch succumb, as so many do, to the dictates of the mere crowd? No. To glance either at her

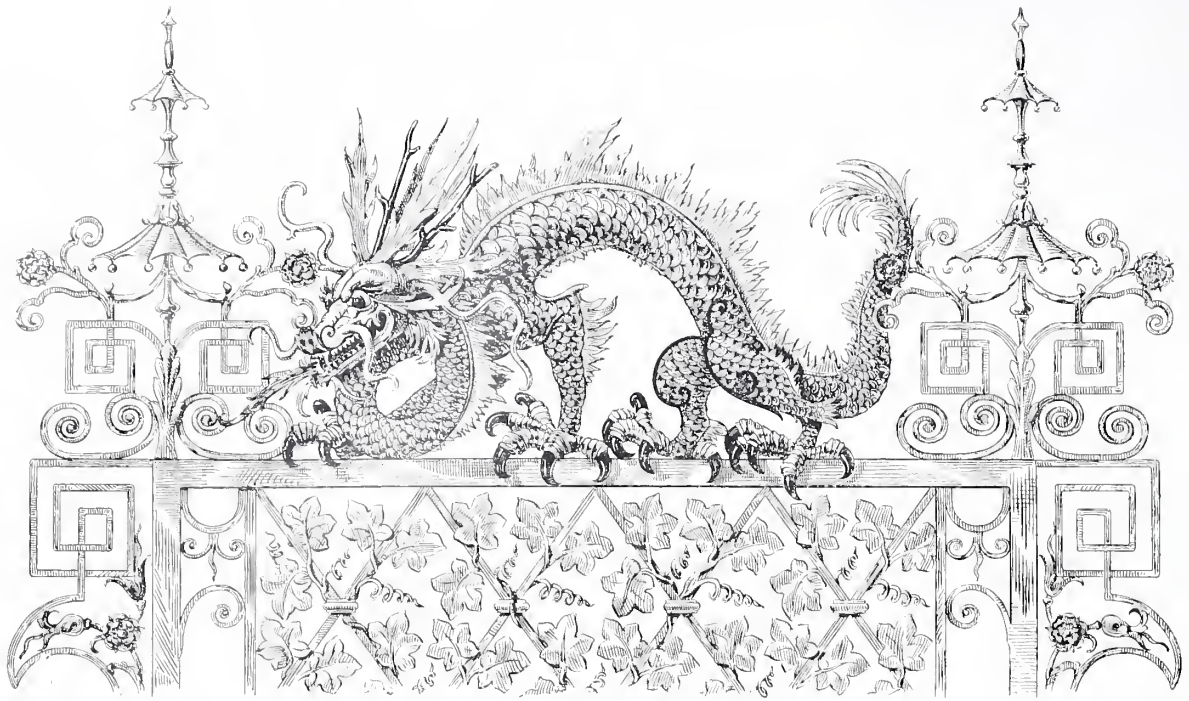
oil "snap-shots" or her really exquisite pencil drawings of animals is to be assured of quite other things. Take, for instance, the little drawing reproduced in this paper of a couple of white horses drinking at a pool: there is love as well as real learning in their delineation, as there is a genuine touch of genius in the arrested action of the two foals.

A little thing makes perfection, but perfection is not a little thing. In other words, it is in just these exquisite strokes of sympathetic naturalism that Miss Kemp-Welch shows her mastery;

and with such rare natural powers as she possesses, it is impossible to believe that the artist will drift either into mock classicism or mere sentiment. For, with all her strength, her gift is a delightfully feminine and intuitive understanding of nature. Let Miss Kemp-Welch but keep to nature, and we may be sure of it that she will come into her own, and proclaim herself one of the forces that are to be reckoned with in the near future.



A PENCIL SKETCH.



A LEAD DRAGON PORTION OF A TERRACE SCREEN IN THE GROUNDS OF MR. PANMURE GORDON.

THE REVIVAL OF THE HANDICRAFTS.

I.—LEAD - WORKING.

BY J. STARKIE GARDNER.

HALF A CENTURY ago it seemed as if the British race had forsaken art to centre its entire intellectual strength on science and the pursuit of wealth. The dreams of the engineer were rapidly becoming tangible and triumphant realities which still dazzle the imagination when looked back to. Amidst the revolution caused by the subjection to our service of such mighty geni as steam, electricity, and gas, the importance of art as a factor in our lives seemed to shrink away into nothingness. It is only as the results then achieved become the familiar commonplaces to a succeeding generation that art begins once more to resume its pleasant sway, appreciation begets capacity to design, and lost handicrafts reappear.

These crafts need but reasonable encouragement to equal, or it may be to surpass, the best efforts of the past. The human intellect has not retrograded in the past century; the marvellously delicate and subtle reasoning and experiments that lead almost daily to new discoveries in every branch of science show that in mental capacity and activity the race never stood higher. If seriously turned in the direction of art it is impossible to doubt that capacity exists among us, not merely to repeat, but to excel all that has been done before.

Let the happy day arrive when the supply of genuine antiquities of artistic merit is absorbed and they are finally locked up in museums, so that wealthy amateurs must perforce encourage contemporary art, and capable designers and craftsmen will find, as they did in the past, free scope for their talents, instead of being forced to closely follow antique styles, if not actually to descend to those beautiful forgeries which almost baffle detection.

Among the crafts that have been most completely forgotten is that of working lead artistically. The merits of lead as an artist's material are so manifold that it is difficult to understand how it could possibly have remained so long neglected. Merely to say that it is at least as susceptible of artistic manipulation as any other metal is to underrate its capabilities, and it might be nearer the mark to say that it probably excels any other two. Thus the surface of lead, whether cast, beaten, or rolled, is peculiarly adapted, owing to the ease with which it can be cut, as a matrix for inlay, tin or brass making good combinations with it. As a framing for, say, an alabaster memorial tablet, truly admirable effects might be realised. A suggestion for such a tablet is offered. This could be made

from ordinary sheet lead, slit and rolled over an iron rod, the lines gouged out with graving tools, and the broad lines cut with mallet and chisel. The latter might be inlaid with brass, fret-sawn and engraved, or embossed, and the thin lines with tin. A slight pressure would fix the inlays into the lead. Clock and mirror frames could readily be made by amateurs, and suitable patterns taken from Tudor and Stuart inlays or embroideries. Lead is equally suitable as an inlay into stone, as those familiar with the magnificent fourteenth-century pavement now in Rheims Cathedral are aware. Inlays of lead into stone for monumental purposes present a wide field to the designer. There is also a large monumental slab inlaid with lead in St. Mary's Redcliffe at Bristol. Lead used monumentally was very usually gilt or parcel gilt and painted in colours. In a charming book on Lead-Work, Mr. Lethaby suggests inlaying it with mastic and treating it with lacquer. Its use for fonts in Norman times is well known, as some twenty-five of early date and a few later ones still exist. A wide field is opened up in the glazing of church windows, interesting patterns formed by the leaded lines filled with white glass being not uncommon in France. There can be no reason against the introduction of well-blended colours in arabesqued designs for the minor windows of churches, and as no painting or firing is required, these should be inexpensive. In connection with glazing, the charming little pierced quarry-shaped ventilators may be mentioned, which are so quaint when introduced into leaded lights or casement windows.

This brings us more strictly to architecture, where the possible treatments and decorative uses are almost endless. It may astonish many to hear that thirty-two millions of livres were expended for lead in the building of Versailles, and that Wolsey sank the equivalent of £200,000 of our money in the lead conduits which conveyed water to Hampton Court.

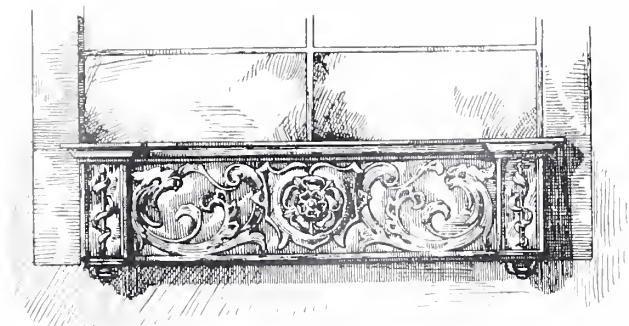
The common method of using it, at least down to the sixteenth century, was casting, and it is so easily fused that the most makeshift apparatus suffices to melt it, and when molten it can be run into any kind of mould, even wood, or plaster, sand, stone, or metal. With a good surface to the mould, the metal will come out smooth, needing little touching.



RAIN-WATER HEAD AT THE BIRMINGHAM LAW COURTS.

It can be cored or false-cored, or cast by the "*cire perdue*" process, and castings from the most massive calibre, such as equestrian figures, down to the smallest, almost filigree pilgrims' signs, can be produced. The ease with which separate pieces can be joined enables designs to be produced in lead with an amount of relief and undercutting that would be impracticable in other metals without great expense. When rolled or cast into sheets it is so soft that it can be most readily squeezed, punched, or beaten into shape, or dressed over iron or wooden cores, and soldered into figures, cupolas, or spires. It can also be carved or delicately embossed. When exposed to the weather, it is, unlike terra-cotta and cement, unaffected by frost, nor does it weather away like stone or rust like cast-iron. It shares

with copper and bronze the property of forming a protective skin of oxide, the patina, after long exposure, assuming a white, or whity brown hue; and while infinitely less costly for many situations, it far excels bronze and copper



A LEAD WINDOW-BOX.

in artistic fitness. Thus for decorative roofing, its imperviousness to water, wind, or weather, with the soft pliable lines and the relief it so easily assumes and its whity grey tones, full of light and shadow, make it the favourite material. Much of the charm of mediæval buildings was due to the lead-work. The rich spires and flèches, the crosses, figures, finials, crockets, crestings, gutters or spouts which broke and fretted the lines and enriched the silhouettes of churches and palaces, gave to mediæval buildings a peculiar and strongly marked character, especially in England. Thus the lead-work seems to have been the glory of Nonsuch and Richmond Palaces, as it was of Hampton Court, till want of appreciation led to the removal of the greater part of it. The destruction of this kind of work has, in fact, been immense, and Mr. Lethaby, in his delightful book afore-mentioned, enumerates the large number of church and cathedral spires that have been lost, together with the very few that remain. Fire caused by lightning or the carelessness of plumbers has been a great factor; but disinclination to effect necessary repairs, and cupidity excited by the intrinsic value of the lead, have been even more destructive.

Such uses of lead are too well known and appreciated by architects to need more formal recapitulation here. The exterior elevations of houses receive additional interest from their rain-water pipe-heads, with their dates and badges, like those forming so conspicuous a feature at Haddon. These were sometimes painted with patterns, like those to the Bodleian Library and St. John's College in Oxford, figured by Lethaby, while others, like the examples at Knole, have a pattern worked upon them, apparently in tin. The pipes themselves were square, and decorated, and placed with refer-

ence to the architecture, and might now, if necessary, contain and protect clusters of the smaller water and ventilating pipes which are modern disfigurements. Mr. Aston Webb has made a feature of the water-pipes and heads in the Birmingham Law Courts, the principal of which, cast and hammered by Dent and Hillyer, we illustrate as suggestive of the possible developments in this direction. Panels, tablets, dates, etc., in lead give a quaint character to brick houses; many such still exist at street corners, and among more ambitious efforts no one can fail to recognise the remarkable dignity conferred on the elevations of Ham House by the series of lead busts which adorn it front and back. The effect of lead window-boxes in town houses is superior to the effect of tiles, which are often too bright for either brick or stone. If these were in more general demand a large amount of employment would be found for the lead-worker, affording with their badges interesting indications as



AN INLAID LEAD MONUMENT.

to the owners to the passer-by. The loss of the picturesque old lead-cisterns, which were doomed when there was no longer pressing occasion to store rain-water, might be compensated for by refrigerators, filters, wine-coolers, etc., which need



VASE IN LEAD. IN THE GARDENS AT MELBOURNE HOUSE

From a Photograph by Keene, Derby.

not necessarily be kept out of sight, while panelled designs in lead might even find appropriate places in the bath-room.

In country houses an appropriate position would always be found for cisterns, dog-troughs, pumps and well-heads, while where there are courtyards or formal gardens the more ambitious fountain forms a singularly effective object. Really magnificent designs for conservatories could be made for production in lead, which, far from disfiguring the elevation of a house, as modern conservatories too frequently do, would add a most interesting feature to it. Embellishments to Tudor ceilings were often of lead, and the use the brothers Adams made of lead in combination with iron for chandeliers, brackets, fan-lights, and stair-rails is well known.

It is in the garden, however, that lead is most at home, for no material in existence, whether metal, stone, fictile ware, or composition, can for one moment compare

with it. Its absolute imperviousness to weather, wet and frost, its softness and homeliness, the pleasing colours it assumes with age, which blend most admirably with foliage and flowers of every tone and hue, place it above all rivals. In such situations we do not somehow feel a necessity for grandeur of conception, or care that the leaden statuary should rank among the highest efforts of art, as if it were bronze or marble. Models by prentice hands and without elaborate finish may be sufficiently graceful and pleasing, and, in view of the cheapness of lead, need not be costly objects. No better illustration of this could be found than the pair of graceful but homely figures in the South Kensington Museum. Fields of incalculable advantage to the aspiring student might be thrown open in this direction. It is impossible to refer to the innumerable examples of lead-work that still exist in old-fashioned gardens, in spite of the sovereign contempt with which lead-work has been treated during the past fifty years. Earl Cowper's delightful garden at Melbourne, near Derby, affords the most admirable illustration of the use of lead-work. The garden was laid out



CUPIDS. GROUP IN LEAD, IN THE GARDENS AT MELBOURNE HOUSE.

From a Photograph by Keene, Derby.

in 1704 by Mr. John Fisher, in the taste of Versailles: but as far back as July, 1699, Mr. John Nost—the John Van Nost who came to England with William III and had his foundry



LEAD STATUE OF AN INDIAN SLAVE. IN THE GARDENS AT MELBOURNE HOUSE

in Piccadilly—was engaged in making models for the lead cupids. Mr. W. Garratt has had the kindness to make copies of the original contracts for this lead-work, preserved among the Coke MSS. in the Monument Room at Melbourne, from which we learn that the four pairs of boys were supplied of cast metal for £12 in 1706. They are dotted at the angles of walks against backgrounds of well-clipped yew and privet hedges, and with their careless yet graceful modelling present a charming effect. Occupying a central position is the remarkable figure of Mercury, six feet high, which, together with a "Sycæ" (perhaps Psyche), not now in the gardens, five feet high, was calculated to cost £50. As a matter of balance it even surpasses Mr. Gilbert's celebrated figure of Fame in Piccadilly Circus, and shows that there is no need to resort to aluminium for even an accentuated poise. In addition to these there are fountains, vases, and in the upper parterre among scarlet blossoms two kneeling slaves holding vases, "an Indian and a Black-a-Moor," costing £30 the pair, and admirably modelled. In the distance, flanking

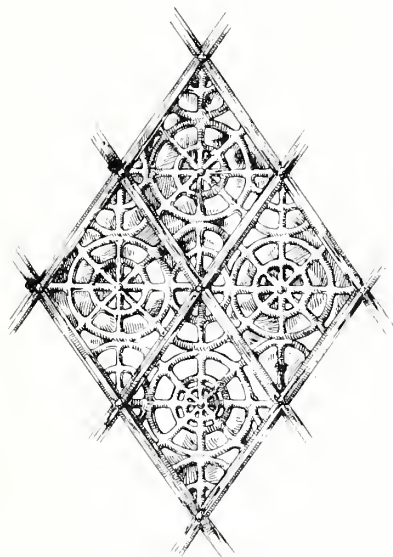
the celebrated wrought-iron summer-house, are figures of Perseus and Andromeda, six feet high, costing £25 and £20 respectively. The grandest object, however, is the noble vase which stands majestically at the intersection of several avenues. It is supported by monkeys and crowned with fruit, and could hardly have been produced with such sharpness of detail in any material but lead. We have no note of the cost of this, but the sculpture of the pedestal for the great vase on which are represented the four seasons of the year was estimated for by a Frenchman in 1705 at £6, exclusive of the stone, the monogram seen being that of Thomas Coke, the then owner.

The use made of lead for vases and finials to gate-piers was well known; there are many instances of stags, like the Duke of Sutherland's at Trentham; of sphinxes, like the Duke of Devonshire's at Chiswick; while lions, greyhounds, cupids, and other statues can be found. The favourite terminal, however, was a vase, the



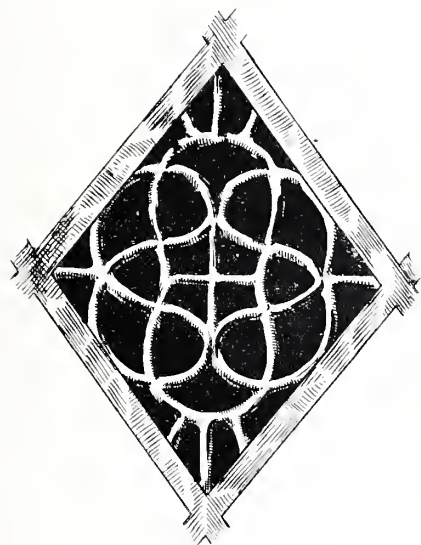
MERCURY. A LEAD STATUE IN THE GARDENS AT MELBOURNE HOUSE.
From a Photograph by Keene, Derby.

grandest example, and on the finest piers, being those on the Flowerpot Gate at Hampton Court.



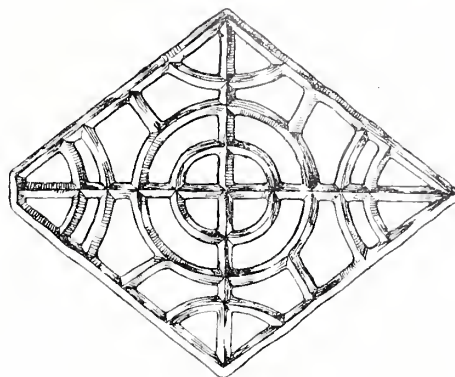
A VENTILATING QUARRY.

which are matchless, and deserve better gates than the plain wooden ones, for these are out of keeping with the magnificence of the piers.



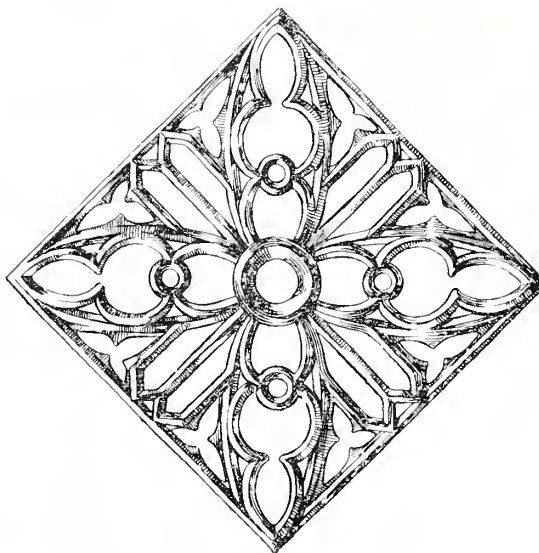
A VENTILATING QUARRY.

a fine art is in the air. There are signs that it may soon once more take its rank among the popular arts and crafts, and the day when the thoroughly English and manly craft of lead-working is reinstalled among us will be a happy one for the community, for no career, not even



A VENTILATING QUARRY.

the blacksmith's, calls out so quickly the talent and individuality of the artisan, nor provides a more ready stepping-stone by which he can rise above the dead-level imposed by trades-unionism. Within its fold the modeller, the lead-



A VENTILATING QUARRY.

Happily these splendid examples, too often painted or sanded to simulate stone, are becoming appreciated, and a revival of lead-working as

beater, the founder may find moderate prosperity; but when it is revived, may it long keep clear of the manufacturer's stock patterns and trade list.

THE CURIOSITIES OF ART: PICTURES WHICH HAVE BEEN DESTROYED.

BY W. ROBERTS.



FEW works," wrote Shelley, "are more evanescent than paintings." The earlier history of pictures proper is certainly one long chapter of disasters and calamities. Shelley, in support of his theory, cites the fact that,

while we have the works of Homer and Æschylus, we have no sign of those of Zeuxis and Apelles. The subjects, it is true, of their most celebrated works, have been preserved to us by Cicero, by Pliny, by Plutarch, and by a few other ancient writers. But of the actual works which these writers describe with so much pride and so much enthusiasm there is not the faintest trace. There is nevertheless some consolation in the fact that, whilst the material part of the works of the earliest artists have perished, they survive in the mind of man, "and the remembrances of them are transmitted from generation to generation," so that "the unseen seeds are, perhaps, thus sown which shall produce a plant more excellent than that from which they fell."

Quite a long and interesting paper might be written on the lost pictures of antiquity, but an infinitely longer one could be written on those which existed until within comparatively modern times. Of the early Italian painters probably quite half the number of their productions have perished either through wilful destruction, by fire or damp, or in consequence of rebuilding, whilst a great many have been whitewashed out of existence. But hundreds have simply "vanished away," so to speak, leaving no trace, and defying all attempts to account for their absence. For a variety of reasons—most of which will be obvious to the student of the times, and of the manner of painting when the art was in its childhood—the early Italian schools of painting show the largest list of missing pictures. Of Cimabue, who may be regarded as the father of modern painting, the total number of lost pictures is appalling; indeed, very few unquestionably genuine works of his have entirely survived the ravages of time. The solitary example in our own National Gallery is more probably the work of a follower than of the master. All the pictures painted by him, both at Pisa and at Assisi, are lost, and his works in the cloister of Santo Spirito, Florence—three arches containing

events from the life of Christ—are entirely destroyed. We may study, from an overwhelming supply of examples, the various styles and moods of Vandyck, Rubens, Romney, Reynolds, and Turner, but Cimabue's artistic life is largely a matter of shreds and tatters, some of which are undoubtedly the work of his hand, whilst others are as certainly not his productions. Cimabue's intimate friend Gaddo Gaddi is likewise a sufferer, his works in mosaic for the chapel of San Pietro, Rome, and other parts of the church, especially a colossal representation of God the Father with many figures, are things of the past—known to us only in the pages of the industrious Vasari.

Of Giotto, "the most supreme master in painting who lived in his time," according to Villari, very few examples remain. There is a fragment in our own National Gallery and an important specimen in the Louvre; but the pictures painted for the chapel and the high altar in the Abbey of Florence, some of which were considered "extremely fine," are gone. Of the history of Job in six large frescoes, at the Campo Santo, Pisa, four have perished, and the two only remaining are but partially preserved. At Verona he painted certain pictures for Messer Cane, the father of Francesca di Rimini, in the palace of that noble, including the portrait of Cane, but only a miserable relic remains. Three half-length figures painted in the Abbey of Florence, within the church, were whitewashed over to give more light to the building! It does not need very much demonstration to prove how great a calamity in the early history of art is this wholesale loss of Giotto's most important works, for he was the first Italian artist to throw off entirely the trammels of the Byzantine style and to study nature.

Vasari tells us, in his life of Buonamico Buffalmacco, that he painted in fresco in the chapel of the Giochi and Bastani family in the Abbey of Florence, the Life and Passion of Christ, "portrayed with much beauty and feeling;" and that Ambrugio Lorenzetti painted in 1334, in the palace of the Signoria in Siena, eight historical pieces in terra verde, which were "most exquisitely finished." But both these important series have perished, or, at all events, there is now no trace whatever of them. A more serious loss, perhaps, than even either of these has to be chronicled in connection with the brothers Orcagna: they together adorned the eastern

façade of Sant' Apollinare, Florence, in fresco with such extraordinary care that, in spite of the exposed situation, they were "still fresh and beautiful" when Vasari wrote two centuries later; but this highly interesting work has long since perished. All the works executed in Rome by Tommaso Giottino have disappeared; whilst the portraits by Giovanni dal Ponte, painted in Florence, are likewise lost. For various reasons, the pictures by both these artists must have been exceptionally interesting.

The extremely fanciful pictures executed for the capitular church of Arezzo, by Spinello Aretino, also lost, were apparently a new departure. They consisted of representations of the four Evangelists in medallions on the ceiling. This artist conceived and carried into effect the quaint idea of painting heads of animals on the human busts and limbs of the Evangelists—St. Mark had the head of a lion, St. Luke that of an ox, St. John an eagle, St. Matthew only retaining the face of a man, or rather that of an angel. The chief loss to be recorded in connection with Masaccio—whom Reynolds so justly described as "one of the greatest fathers of modern art"—is the extremely interesting portrait of Pope Martin, "taken from nature," as Vasari quaintly puts it. In this the Pope is represented holding a spade in his hand, with which he is tracing out the foundations of the church. This portrait, like other pictures done by the same artist in Rome, has been destroyed or lost. With regard to the work of Piero della Francesca, who was much employed by one of the Dukes of Urbino, we are told that the work so executed comprised numerous small figures which were "extremely beautiful;" but they were all "much injured or destroyed in the many times that this Duchy has been disturbed by the wars." Indeed, there is now only one well-authenticated work of this artist to be found in Urbino—a small picture of the Scourging of Christ, which is in the sacristy of the Cathedral. Dr. Richter tells us that all the works which Piero della Francesca executed at the Palace at Ferrara have perished. Indeed, Vasari himself complains of not being able to particularise at any length the works of this artist, for the very sufficient reason that so many of them have been destroyed, and this is especially true of all Piero's earliest productions. There are several important examples of this very remarkable painter in our National Gallery.

Both Filippo Lippi and his son Filippino Lippi have suffered by reason of various untoward accidents. All the early works of Filippo are now lost, and those that remained at the Carmelite convent at Florence (where he was placed at the age of eight) were destroyed by

fire in the building in 1771. In the church of San Francesco, Florence, there was in Vasari's time a picture by Filippino in front of the sacristy: it represented the Almighty Father with children around Him; but the whereabouts of this picture, if still in existence—which is very doubtful—has not been ascertained. The "exceedingly beautiful" frescoes which Francesco Franci painted for Messer Polo at his villa at Bologna are not now to be found. The two portraits which Raphael painted of the Duke Lorenzo and of the Duke Giuliano, "with that perfection and that grace of colouring which is to be seen in no other than himself," may now be regarded as lost; and the same may be said of two water-colours on cloth, done by Parmigiano for Maestro Luca di Lenti, and said by Vasari to have exhibited "numerous figures of small size, all very graceful and well executed."

The foregoing are only a few of the hundreds of pictures which are now lost to us, for the most part through no well-defined cause. The loss of a very large number of sacred pictures is easily accounted for through the rebuilding or remodelling which many of the Italian churches have undergone. The victims of this particular phase of what, for the want of a better word, we must call vandalism, include Andrea Orcagna, Spinello Aretino and Fra Giovanni da Fiesole. Fire has also been a wholesale destroyer of fine art. The paintings of Bellini, Vivarino and other masters, in the Hall of Council of the Ducal Palace, now the Library of St. Mark, Venice, were destroyed in the fatal conflagration of 1577; one of Tintoretto's most important works was destroyed at the same time; and so also was the battle-piece of Titian, "considered the best, most animated and most beautiful picture in the Hall;" Titian's portrait of the Doge Andrea Gritti also perished in this fire. The fire of 1867 at Venice consumed an altar-piece by Bellini, considered in the time of Vasari "to be among the best that had then been executed in Venice;" and the altar-piece which Titian painted for the church of SS. Giovanni and Paolo, carried off by the French but restored in 1816, also perished by the fire of 1867: the preparatory drawing for it is now in the British Museum.

Of course the art annals of our own country also record many calamities, sometimes the result of carelessness, at others of ignorance, and occasionally through prejudice. At the time of the Reformation, to destroy pictures was one of the cheap roads to celebrity; in the time of that "sacred" monarch Charles I, the House of Commons passed an order that "all pictures having the second person in the Trinity shall be burnt." From January 9th, 1643, to October

1st. 1641, a creature of the name of Dowsing destroyed, with his agents, about 4,660 pictures, and the scoundrel has left a "Journal" in which he describes or enumerates his doings with a minuteness which is, fortunately, quite without a rival in its peculiar way; his exploits were apparently confined to the limits of the county of Suffolk; his "Journal" remained in manuscript until 1786, when it was printed by R. Loder, at Woodbridge.

A fire at Belvoir Castle, in 1816, destroyed,

among others, Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Nativity," a composition of thirteen figures, a canvas measuring 12 ft. by 18 ft., for which the Duke of Rutland gave 1,200 guineas. Gainsborough's favourite picture, "The Woodman and his Dog in the Storm," was destroyed by fire at Lord Gainsborough's place; whilst five out of six pictures in Hogarth's "Harlot's Progress" were burnt in the fire at Fonthill in 1755. These are only a few facts which might easily be extended into quite a large volume.

CONSTANTIN MEUNIER, PAINTER AND SCULPTOR.

BY EMILE VERHAEREN.

THE striking characteristic of Meunier's talent is that he has appeared with all the qualities of youth and strength at an age when, as an artist, he seemed to have run his course. Meunier, in fact, is not young in years—he is nearly sixty; he is young only in the tendency of his art.

Before coming forward as a sculptor he had been known almost exclusively as a painter. At the age of twenty, it is true, he worked in the studio of the professor of sculpture, Fraikin, who died last year; but no sooner had he left it than he threw himself body and soul into painting alone. There are examples of his work in many Belgian collections. At Courtrai there is the "Burial of a Trappist Monk;" at Ghent, "The Martyrdom of Saint Stephen;" at Brussels, "An Episode of the Peasants' War." Some collectors have more recent pictures by him inspired by the Black Country—the mines, forges, and glass-works of the coal districts of Hainault and Liège.

Among these the "Descent into the Mine," exhibited for the first time at the Cercle Artistique of Brussels, is remarkable, in the first place for its intrinsic merit, and also because it was the first-fruits of Meunier's present type of art. I

remember the surprise it caused by the subject chosen—a popular and social modern subject, in which the Belgian life of labour was revealed

with power and character. The Comte d'Aspremont Lynden purchased this work.

Other such pictures followed—coal-mining landscapes, mining villages, bird's-eye views from above the shafts, the tall chimneys and smoke. What characterises them all is the skilful and picturesque composition and tragical feeling. They might be supposed to represent some accursed land under a sinister sky, the dark and terrible visions imagined by Dante on the road to Hell. And an epic feeling is to be found in them too: for Meunier gives dignity to the working man, as Millet did to the peasant.

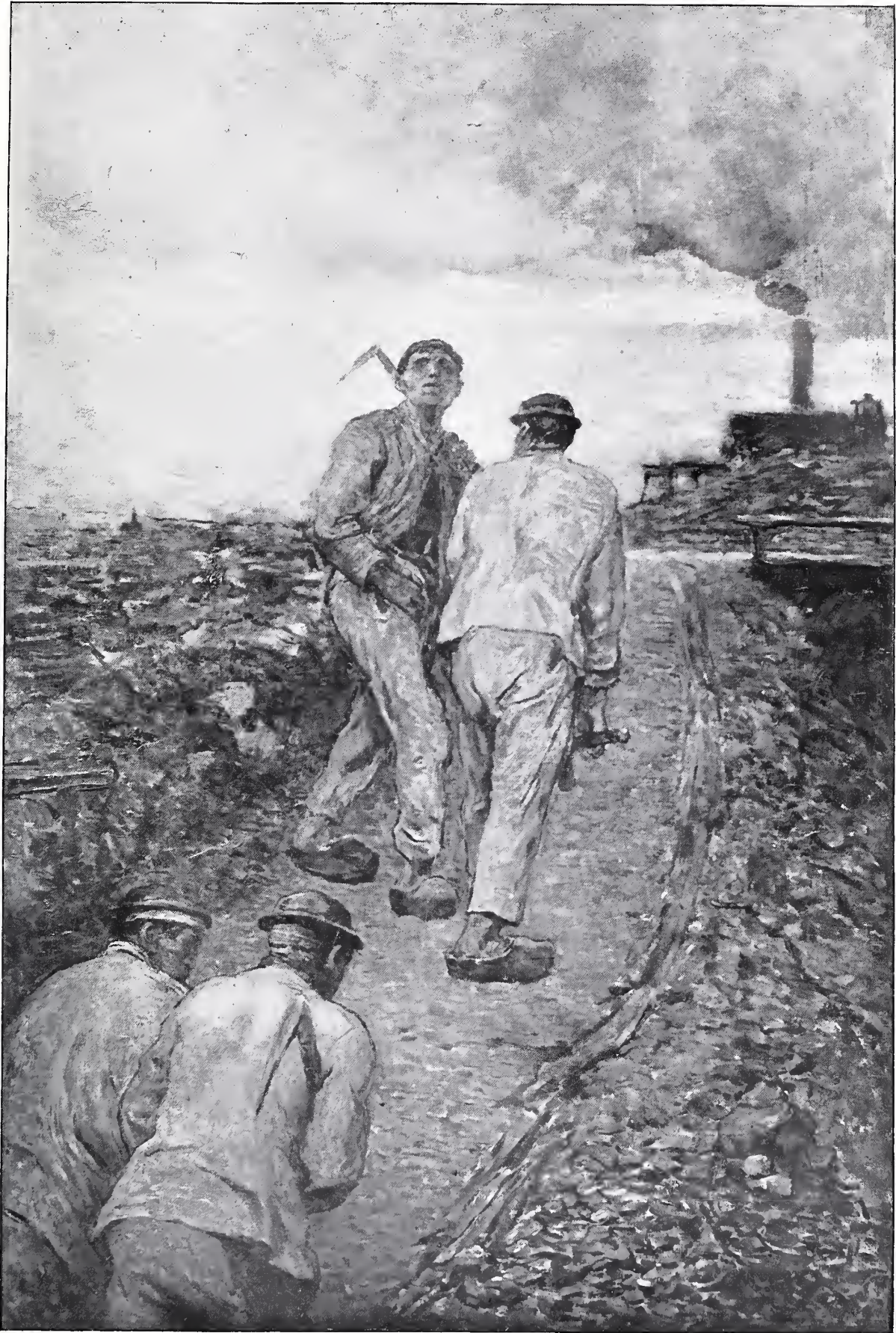
But in these notes I propose to dwell only on Meunier's work as a sculptor. It must be remembered that he was the fellow student, and partner in some cases, of the painter De Groux (the elder), and spent some of his talent in designs for glass windows and even in painting "Stations" for Calvaries. This was in the hard times,

when to earn a living he condescended to any kind of work. Happily, those are long-past days, but perhaps they weighed so heavily on Constantin



A GLASS-BLOWER.

From the Bronze by Constantin Meunier.



GOING TO WORK.

From the Painting by Constantin Meunier.

Meunier as to sadden him for life. On speaking to him for the first time we are at once impressed with the feeling that he is a resigned and melancholy man. He has honest kindly eyes, which remain child-like in expression; though his face has grown old with wrinkles, something survives unchanged—something which his spiritual forefathers, Millet and Rude, also preserved through all the years—an innocent gaze.

In Meunier it is absolutely guileless of every stain, of every meanness, of all the shabby compromise that gives a world-worn look. This, more even than the cut of his hair and beard, contributes to give to Meunier his woeful Christ-like expression.

He told me one day what his early dreams of art had been. As far back as he could remember he was used to play like a street boy in the little sanded square where his parents lived. An old professor of drawing had settled just opposite, a pupil of David's known as le Père François. Staring in at the windows, the lad who was destined to give

new life to the art of sculpture in Belgium would gaze for hours at the old conventional work of the French Imperial school, the insipid academic mythological works: Venus and Mars, the Greeks and Romans disguised as tragic actors, and the sour stiff portraits in which a white cravat was the only spot of light. He cared no more for his games; art appeared to him as an end in life.

He lived isolated and ailing. Up to the age of fifteen, one of his aunts has told the writer, he wept every evening. "And," she added, "he was the Jeremiah of the family." He was always miserable from his earliest years—destined as he was to be the painter and sculptor of universal human misery. Constantin Meunier's work is in truth a hymn to misery. In vain does he paint in the Flemish manner of Quellin and Colin, a type of man bossy with muscles, heavy with strength, and rude with violence; the secret of his art and its

soul is not with these artists of the new birth. It is only superficially that he belongs to them. His real ancestors are the image-makers of the Gothic ages. His rugged art is inspired by human sympathy and pathos. Those figures of Christ which are to be seen in Flanders, at the street-corners, are perhaps those he likes best, and their rustic sculptors those he admires above all others. Their spirit has a lodestone for his. His is akin to theirs, primitive, deeply child-like, full of pity,



THE BLACK COUNTRY

From a Drawing by Constantin Meunier.

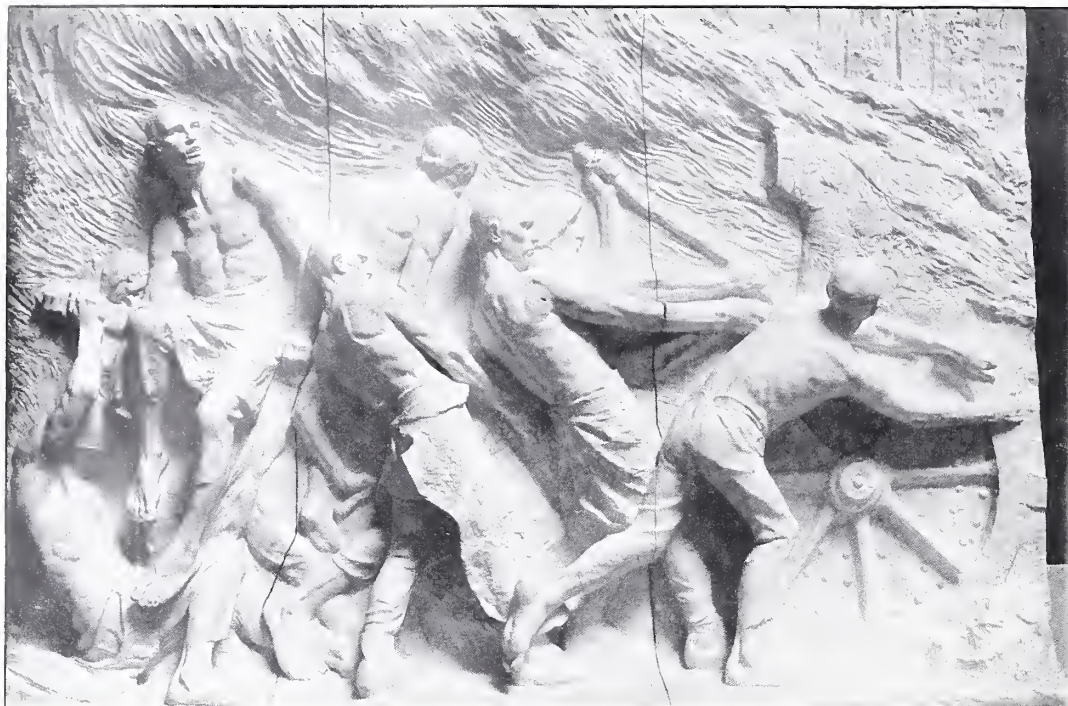
grave, earnest, contemplative and sincere. More learned, no doubt, and served by more dexterous hands, but not showing this to the detriment of more vital qualities. It is by these that Constantin Meunier touches us; it is by these that we are impressed, for these we love his work. These are what make us feel that it is a thing outside the round of commonplace which encloses most modern imitative sculpture like an invisible barrier, as we see in our annual exhibitions.

During his youth, in those inevitable hours of passionate strife when we are fighting against our precursors to assert ourself, Constantin Meunier allied himself with the painters and sculptors who, five-and-twenty years since, constituted in Belgium the party of Free Art (*l'Art Libre*). They took Realism for their theoretical programme; meaning, at that time, a reaction against Romanticism. A weekly magazine undertook the defence of the new movement; a complete set is now very

rare. Memnier was one of the founders of the Free Art party, with his master De Groux, his brother Jean-Baptiste Memnier, the engraver—his

our broad and well controlled movement towards emancipation.

It is not surprising to find Memnier an



PUDDLERS.

From the Bronze by Constantin Meunier.

senior by ten years, who taught him to draw— Louis Dubois, the master-colormist; Louis Artan, the marine-painter; Alfred Verwee, an animal painter, and Smits and Barron and Bourrée. Lambriche, the painter, grouped them all round a table in the Dutch fashion, and has preserved their portraits. The magazine, for which Louis Dubois alone among the painters ever wrote, had for its regular editors Jean Dommartin, Gevaert, Camille Lemonnier, Henri Liesse, Ernest d'Herevilly, and Jean Rousseau. It was written to attack; and its successors—Théodore Hannon's *Artiste*, and Edmond Picard's *Art Moderne*—venerate it as a brave advanced guard. It was the first Belgian periodical which exerted a definite influence over

adherent of this realistic school. Logically, he was bound to uphold every theory that could bring art into contact with actuality and with life. I have shown his affiliation to the simple, thoughtful artists of the Middle Ages. He, for the same reasons as theirs, loved to study sorrow and suffering—that is to say, human life such as Fate has made it.

If "art is tenderness," as Guyau touchingly expresses it, a soul such as Memnier's could not fail to give itself up wholly to his fellow-man—to bend over him, so to speak, and glorify him in his wretchedness, and pour itself out in pity for him. And this is what it has done.

But he adopted this realism not solely in order to study flesh and



THE COLLIER.

From the Bronze by Constantin Meunier.

muscle, but to find feelings and a heart within them. He went beyond mere skin-deep realism to investigate man and Nature in their lowest

sacrificed detail, satisfied to express an idea by a few vast and comprehensive lines. If we ever recur to this conception of art, we believe that one of the first masters to give the impetus will have been Meunier.

He likes large surfaces, fine simplicity, synthetical forms. He insists on the material being recognised through the work—the marble, stone, or wood from which it is wrought. He would like to treat subjects which should not be independent of each other or of surrounding objects, which should conduce to some vast æsthetic whole; a dream realised long since and far away in the East, but of which our era, so far, does not seem to have understood the beauty.

To come to the catalogue of Meunier's most important works. Early in the list stand "The Hammerer" and "The Puddler." These two classes of workmen are typical of modern labour. In one we see Fatigue, his body bent and misshapen by toil, a look of degraded power and watchfulness which, in a savage, would be rage and cunning. In the other we see Energy, firm, calm and proud; he stands upright, his



"ANTWERP."

From the Bronze by Constantin Meunier.

depths, and bring a complete art to light. In a word his realism is spiritualised, and that is why it touches and conquers us. It is not so much his hand that works the miracle as his thought.

He works all of a piece, if I may use the expression. Other sculptors, more elegant, more finished, and more dexterous, do their work bit by bit. The result is produced by detailed labour: an arm long studied, a torso successfully worked out; their finest pieces seem a combination of various perfections.

Meunier works quite otherwise. He does not fret over details; he does not aim at a fine piece of elaborate finish, he works massively. His works are to be looked on as a mass, each as a whole. The reason is obvious. Unlike his brother-artists, he always starts with a real image embodying his idea. The faces, backs, arms, feet, and legs of his statues are only of importance in so far as they contribute character to the work. In his eyes a fine arm, a beautiful bust or body, exist less for their own value than for the interpretation he gives them. This way of seeing things as a whole, in a mass, was positively a revelation at a time when modern statuary seemed to have forgotten that of old. At Nineveh and at Thebes a grandiose style of sculpture had existed, which had never



THE PRODIGAL SON.

From the Bronze by Constantin Meunier.

cap on his head, his leather apron hanging to his feet. These two types tell the story of the industrial class, and we carry away a highly

plastic conception of it. In "A Dock-hand" we are initiated into the life of a seaport, the bustle of loading and unloading, the toil of antique slaves perpetuated to our own day, giving the spectator, as he sees long files of labourers, with bent shoulders, pouring out of

blower" and "La Hierchense." Meunier said to me once, "Every movement that is constantly repeated is certain to become elegant." The observation is true, and especially true of the little glass-blower, whose light, refined figure has a dancing movement as a result of the

perpetual see-saw he adopts at his work. The "Hierchense" represents the dried-up gracefulness of a girl who has grown up among ballast and furnaces.

He has given us sea-life in typical figures—of the fisherman he has seen at Ostend, full of strength and power, smelling of the sea and of fish, rough hewn to struggle with the storm.

An admirable group is here reproduced, a sketch of miners on their way to work. Though the drawing shows the figures only to the waist, they are visibly moving with the slow, heavy step that carries them on like a flock of sheep. They are convict-labourers; and all the painter's sympathy and interest has gone out to them. He shows them to us as they are, rugged children of instinct, who would never think of mitigating their ferocious aspect.

Here is a woman's head—a woman of the people—studied with scrupulous care; a sad, worn face, which to the artist's mind certainly embodied the sufferings of the poor.



A PIETÀ.

By Constantin Meunier.

a ship's hull to vanish into the cellars of a dock, a feeling of some automatic machine, or of captive Jews building the Pyramids or the Coliseum. "Fire-Damp" was the first group from Meunier's chisel: a simple arrangement. The body of a half-burned miner lies on the ground, while his mother bends over him to identify him. A pathetic scene, full of human woe and anguish. The woman is not kneeling—that would be conventional: is not wringing her hands, nor bewailing herself after the manner of Virgin Marys by the body of Christ. She only leans forward, her hands clenched at the level of her knees in the common and simple attitude of the women of her class; and her grief is all the more directly expressed because it is, as it were, timid and in suspense.

Two examples of a more elegant kind, with a touch even of prettiness, are "The Glass-

Two of Meunier's works were more especially appreciated by his fellow artists: one called "An Old Horse," the other "Ecce Homo." The horse was exhibited at the Champ de Mars in 1893. Rarely have the resignation and exhaustion of an animal in its old age, doomed to the knacker's yard, been so feelingly expressed. As an anatomical study this bronze is faultless, but its artistic power goes far beyond this external perfection. We feel that the man who wrought it has a heart too wide to be restricted, which overflows to the brute creation, the victims of man. And it is this sentiment, expressed so plainly, that makes "The Old Horse" so pathetic. The "Ecce Homo" is still finer. The artist's imagination has worked out a legendary type of suffering, the King of Martyrs, the God who took unto Himself misery, desertion, torture, and death. With flesh torn to rags, in a

piteous, heart-broken attitude, we see him crowned with thorns, mocked by the sceptre of reed. After all, the many painters and sculptors who have brought genius to bear on this subject, Meunier has given it new life; it is indeed the Christ of the pariah and the destitute which he has set before us.

Meunier's last important work was shown lately at the Paris Exhibition. It was called "Removing a Crucible at a Foundry." It is admirably composed in harmonious but severe lines; it is impressive, even violent. The group of men removing the crucible from the furnace reminds the spectator of the greatest and most famous bas-reliefs. The artist's idea is that this bas-relief should form part of a cycle representing all the phases of modern labour. Next to industrial labour would come agricultural labour, then that of the sea, and finally, I believe, that of science. The whole would be a poem of peaceful toil, of the formidable work of the brain and hands.

This completes the list of his works. I could wish to make some remarks as to the artist's tendencies. His work has, beyond a doubt, a social bearing. He is the first to represent the labouring man in art. He has done it by an appeal to our sympathy and admiration. One is the outcome of the other. To restrict myself solely to the æsthetic aspect of the maker, I

may observe that Meunier's work is one of character rather than of beauty in the Latin sense of the word. In talking to him it is a constant surprise to hear the word "character" taking the place of the word "beauty." In his opinion the first quality of form is intensity. It is not subservient to any rule of fixed principles, any preconception of rigid accuracy or of perfection that can be defined by canons. It is inductive, not deductive. It finds the type through the individual: it achieves a synthesis by judicious elimination, in such a way as never to lose sight of nature and reality. He does not insist that every female statue is to be, by deduction, a descendant of the Milo Venus, or every male statue of the Belvidere Apollo. The artist should never be afraid of exaggeration in the modelling to give decision and robustness to his idea. It is by following this precept that Meunier has achieved his end of giving the æsthetic expression of the modern working man, as the Greeks gave that of the wrestler and the gymnast.

Constantin Meunier's painting may be regarded as forming the atmosphere, the medium, in which his sculpture took its rise; and one may be studied by the help of the other. At the same time—and this shows how essentially he is a sculptor—in all his pictures human attitudes, human statics, are the first aim.

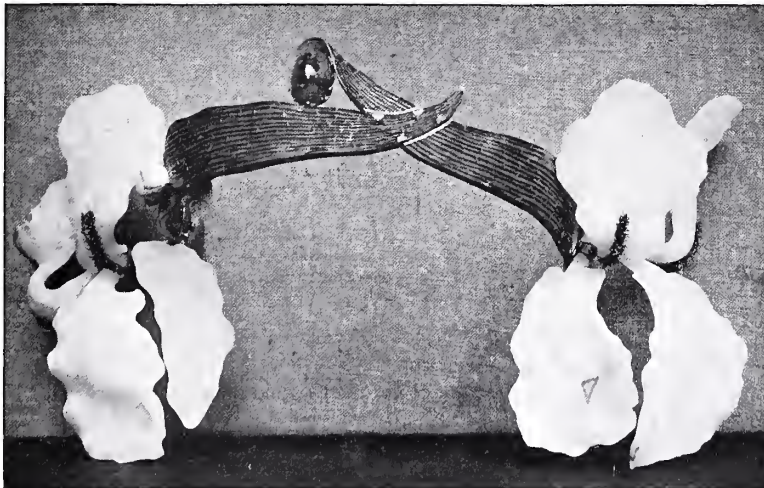
SOME DECORATIVE WORKS IN THE SALONS OF 1899.

BY HENRI FRANTZ.

FROM the point of view of decorative and applied art, the Exhibitions of 1899 are certainly a subject of hope rather than self-gratulation, and any real effort on the part of our craftsmen is less evident and less successful than in former years. This is, of course, caused by the immediate prospect of the Great Exhibition of 1900, for which all our artists

are reserving their best. And this is easy to understand. Though a painter, depending solely

on himself, can be ready for any fixed day, and exhibit equally important works in 1899 and in 1900, this is not the case with the decorator, who is generally dependent on circumstances beyond his own control. In pottery, metal, or glass-work, his design once made must be

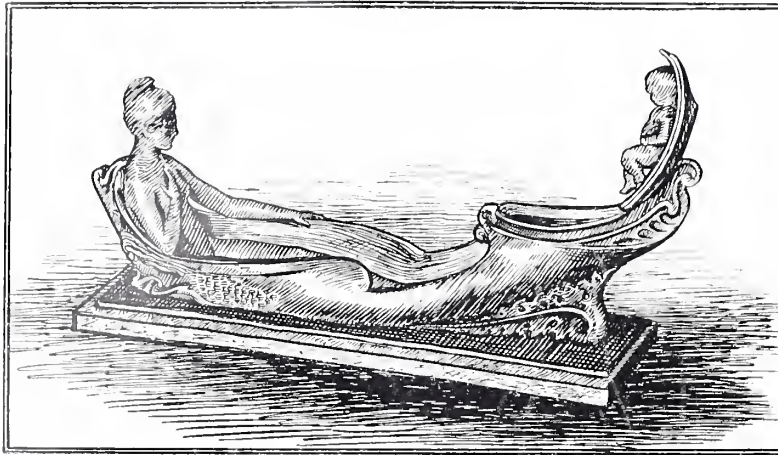


DIADEM IN ENAMEL AND JADE.

By René Foy.

left to the craftsman who is to carry it out in the material chosen for it. Thus a decorator needs a much longer time to bring his work to

on walking through the galleries of decorative art, we are indeed struck by the vast number—yearly increasing—of the contributions. Hence



INKSTAND IN SILVER

By Th. Spicer-Simson.

a satisfactory conclusion. So it is not surprising that several of our decorative artists should have sacrificed their exhibits this season, and husbanded their efforts for a display next year.

we are justified in expecting to find a fairly large contingent of original work; but on closer examination we are disappointed again and again, and forced to admit that among the mass of



PENDANT.

By René Foy.



STATUETTE: THE OPENING FLOWER.

By Fix-Masseau.



PENDANT.

By René Foy.

It does not follow that there are no interesting examples at the Salons. On the contrary. Still, they are not so numerous as they have been in former Salons. At a first glance,

exhibited works too many are mere imitations, or amateurish in character. Individuality is, for the most part, entirely lacking. Too many of these craftsmen are content to assimilate

the manner or mannerism of some fine designer, and to imitate almost exactly the work of Dampf or Grasset, of Grandhomme or Lalique.

No one, perhaps, has had so many followers as M. Lalique; this artist's great success has tempted many imitators; and, standing in front of at least five or six cases, we should certainly exclaim, at the first glance at least, "More jewellery by Lalique!" Only two of his disciples seem to me worthy of commendation. One is M. Feuillâtre, who is his superior as

splendid ornaments—for a collector's show-table. M. Foy, on the contrary, seems to aim, in the first place, at producing a pleasing ornament,



CARVED JADE AND IVORY FIGURINE.

By René Foy.

an enameller after having long been his assistant. M. Feuillâtre's enamels are this year marvellous for their variety, and their colour is amazingly brilliant. We cannot but regret that this artist should exhibit so few examples of jewellery in the strict sense of the word; his success would have been even greater if he had done so. M. René Foy has exhibited this year for the first time—a brilliant début, with a case full of examples which show a versatile fancy and a fine sense of purpose in all he does. Some of M. Lalique's jewels, it must be owned, are rather too massive, and unsuited for wear; some of his tiaras, his neck pendants and combs are, in fact, merely



INKSTAND—"THE KEY TO DREAMS."

By Fix-Masseau.

becoming to the wearer. His success this year justifies our looking forward with much hope to the future of this still very young artist.



A PENDANT—SOUVENIR.

By Victor Prouvé.

The exhibited furniture differs in no marked degree from that in former years; but some examples are worthy of notice. M. Serrurier's



CARVED FIGURINE.

By René Fay.

"dining-room" shows sound sense, and some of the details are harmonious, though there is a perverse sort of artlessness in the copper-work. MM. Ch. Plumet and Tony Selmersheim are the leaders of the modern taste in furniture in France. They exhibit this year a "dining-room" of sober and simple style, which is really new. The "bed" exhibited by M. G. Selmersheim, strikes me, on the contrary, as an absurdity; this piece of furniture is at once a bed, a table, a glass case and a book-case.

Above the sleeper's head is a set of shelves, and at top a book-case; while to right and left are little tables forming part of the structure. All this is, no doubt, elaborately thought out; but the convenience of the arrangement seems doubtful.

M. Victor Prouvé, as usual, exhibits a variety of work. His jewellery, carried out by M. Rivaud, is in faultless taste, and his medal called "La Famille" reveals very pretty feeling. His bindings (of the three volumes of Flaubert's tales—more particularly that of "Saint Julien l'Hospitalier") show a great advance in the art; while they are really artistic as specimens of stamped and tooled leather, they are light and pleasant to handle. M. Prouvé also sends a large silver cup, on which is represented the struggle of a man with a lion.

Some other bindings and repoussé leather-work are worthy of mention; those, for instance, of M. Marcus Michel, M. Ch. Meunier, Prince Karageorgevitch, and Madame Valgren.

Among other *objets d'art* more strictly speaking, we may note a "ring case," by M. Fix-Masseau, and his "inkstand"—a pretty fancy, representing the "The Key to Dreams"—besides the ceramics of which he is joint author with M. A. Bigot.

Mr. Theodore Spicer-Simson exhibits for the first time this year a charming inkstand wrought in silver, of which we give an illustration, and two brushes and a hand-glass, all treated with great skill; we find in Mr. Simson's work considerable gifts of design as well as of sculpture.

M. Georges Bourgeot also exhibits for the first time—a pleasing painted glass window; and M. A. Muret reveals himself even better than last year as a gifted decorator. In architectural design M. H. Baas exhibits a sound scheme for the restoration of the tower of the Museum at Angers:



STAINED GLASS.

By Georges Bourgeot.

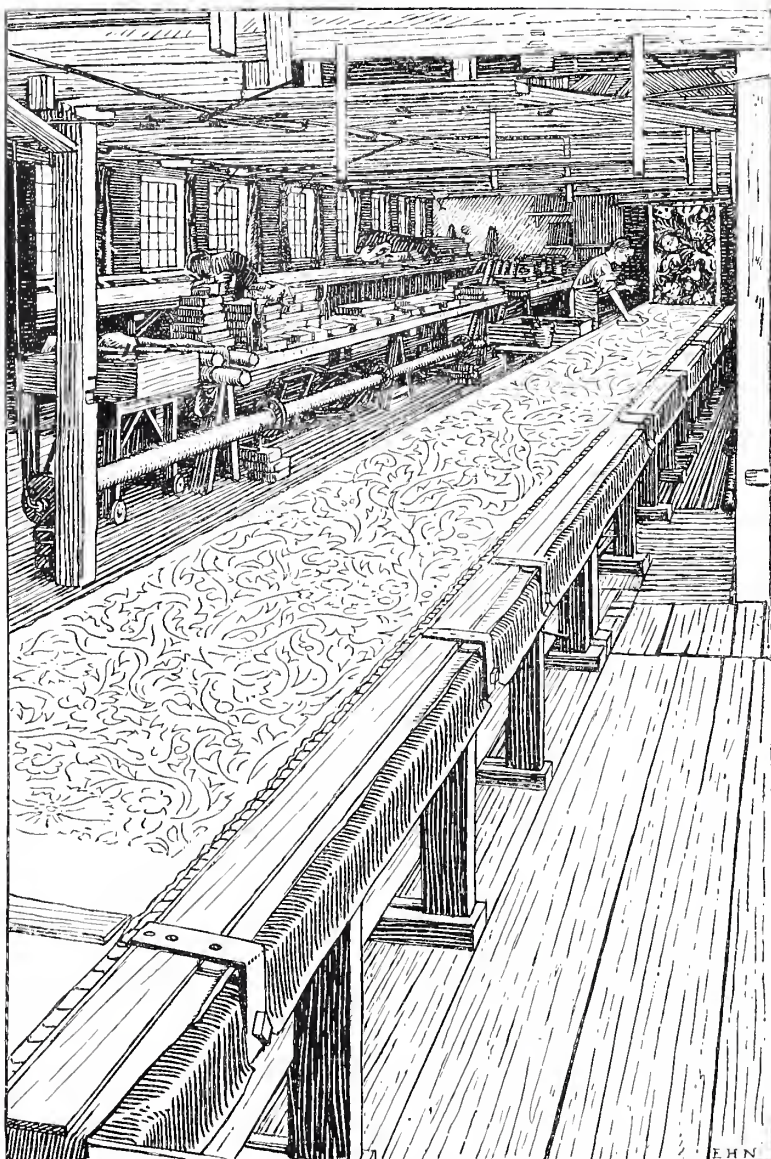
it is original, and at the same time duly subservient to the style of the building as it stands. Finally, the enamels by M. Hirtz and M. Thesmar; the pottery by Messrs. Bigot, Lachenel, Moreau, Nélaton, Ringel d'Ilzach, and Dalpayrat; and the glass by M. Rezen, M. Koepping, and Messrs. Tiffany, make a brave show in the Exhibition.

RECENT ART BOOKS.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM MORRIS.*

THE life of William Morris by Sir Edward Burne-Jones's son-in-law has appeared in two well-illustrated handsomely printed volumes. Equipped for his task as the author was with a mass of material in the shape of private letters, diaries, notes, and other records withheld from previous writers on the subject, he has produced a work with an unique interest and a value of which nothing can deprive it. And yet, might it not have been improved by the exercise of a little more reserve and greater care in avoiding colloquialisms and diffuse repetitions? However, the aspect of the subject with which the present notice chiefly is concerned is the artistic. And here the author occasionally betrays a lack of sympathy, as when he refers to the last century additions to Oxford—to wit, All Saints' Church, the "new buildings" of Magdalen, and the façade of Queen's—as having "enriched the city," a proposition with which it is impossible that William Morris could ever have concurred. Due weight is given to Morris's views on the paramount importance of architecture above all the other arts. Faithful at heart as he remained to this ideal, there was yet a period when Morris's artistic career was in imminent jeopardy. It was when, a young man, suffering acutely from the disillusionment which his apprenticeship to George Edmund Street had wrought, he fell under the dazzling influence of Rossetti, then at the zenith of his powers. The latter used to divide mankind into two classes only—those who painted pictures and those who did not, and into the ranks of the painters he endeavoured to press all on whom he deigned to bestow any consideration. He promptly annexed Morris, upon whom the injurious effects of Rossetti's sway were as apparent

as they were, fortunately, short-lived. Morris's own personality was too strong to allow him to be permanently unbalanced, even by a masterful mind like Rossetti's. After a fierce conflict he quickly recovered himself, and won his emancipation once for all. It is characteristic of Morris's thoroughness that, though he definitely abandoned all idea of being a picture-painter, and though his diffidence was such that he rarely employed any higher than vegetable forms in the decorations designed by his own hand, he nevertheless



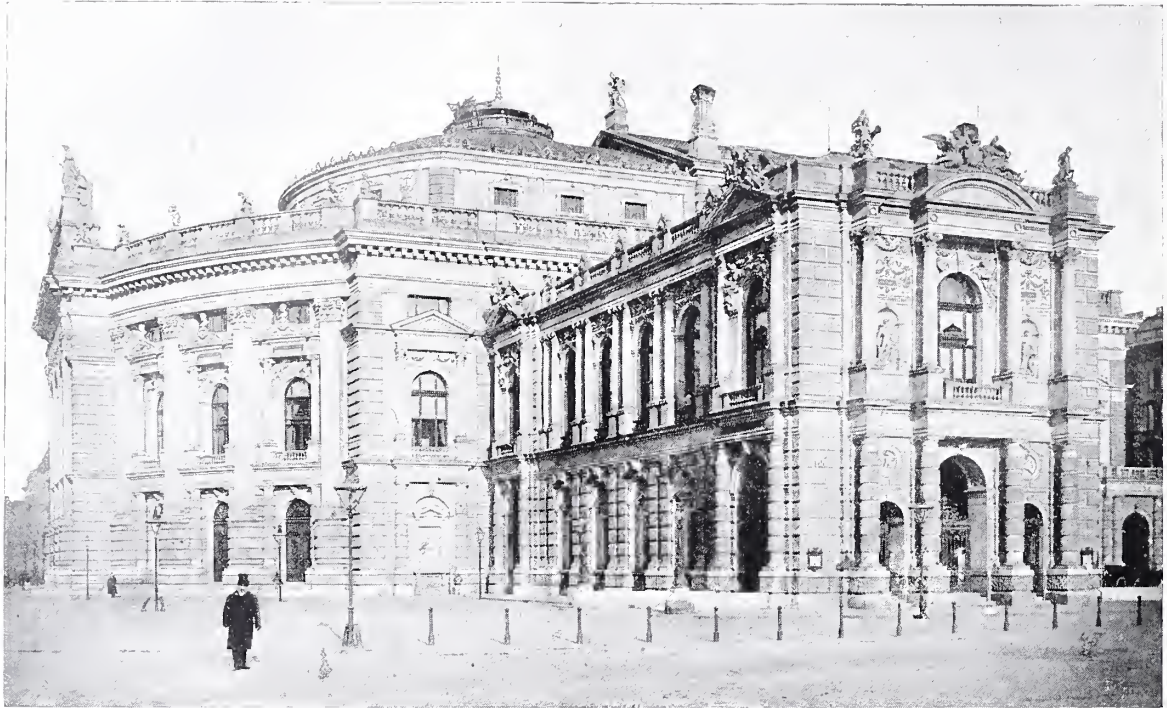
THE CHINTZ-PRINTING ROOM, MERTON ABBEY.

Drawn by E. H. New.

* "The Life of William Morris," by J. W. Mackail. Two Vols. Longmans, Green and Co., London. 1899.

repeatedly renewed his studies from the living model, being persuaded that the only adequate basis of good draughtsmanship was the mastery of the human form. A firm outline, free from vagueness, was in his eyes more essential than modelling or colouring; for neither of these, however beautiful in themselves, can be

and exhaustive publication. The author has considered his subject from every possible point of view, and dealt with each section so minutely and thoroughly that the work must be considered the authority for all time upon the history and development of the theatre architecturally considered. When the mass of material contained



THE COURT THEATRE, VIENNA

right where the initial form is bad. Nor did Morris ever design anything which he did not know how to execute himself. This is one of the secrets of the high excellence he attained. Moreover, he held that the enjoyment of beauty is the rightful heritage of all human beings born into the world—a heritage that none may take away without grievous wrong. But it has been taken, and that so utterly, that the majority of mankind, reared amidst evil traditions, are scarce aware of their loss, and have grown incapable of appreciating the beautiful when it does chance to be set before them. To provide a remedy for this unhappy condition of things is the meaning of Morris's adoption of Socialism—in other words, his life was one continuous warfare against ugliness in every shape and form. AYMER VALLANCE.

THE BOOK OF THE THEATRE.

THE issue of the third volume of Mr. Edwin Sachs' work on "Theatres and Opera Houses"* sees the completion of this gigantic

* "Theatres and Opera Houses," by Edwin O. Sachs. Batsford, London.

in each volume is taken into account, it is not surprising to learn that eight years were occupied in its collection, for in addition to the information contained in the text there are admirable illustrations, plans, and sections of every play-house of importance in Europe.

Much of the space in this third volume is taken up with tabulated statements relative to the subject, which will interest not only the specialist but the ordinary public as well. Thus, for instance, we are told of the enormous subsidies paid to the official theatres of the Continent. The Court Opera House and Play House at Berlin receive together £15,000 annually, which sum is included in the national budget of the Prussian Diet, and in addition to this the Emperor gives £10,000 from his private purse. Again the Vienna Opera House and Court Theatre receive an annual sum of £25,000 between them, and should there be a deficit after this—an extremely likely event—the Emperor stands guarantee for it. Imagine such official support in England!

Another chapter deals with the comparative sizes of theatres. The following passage relating to the Paris Opera House—which

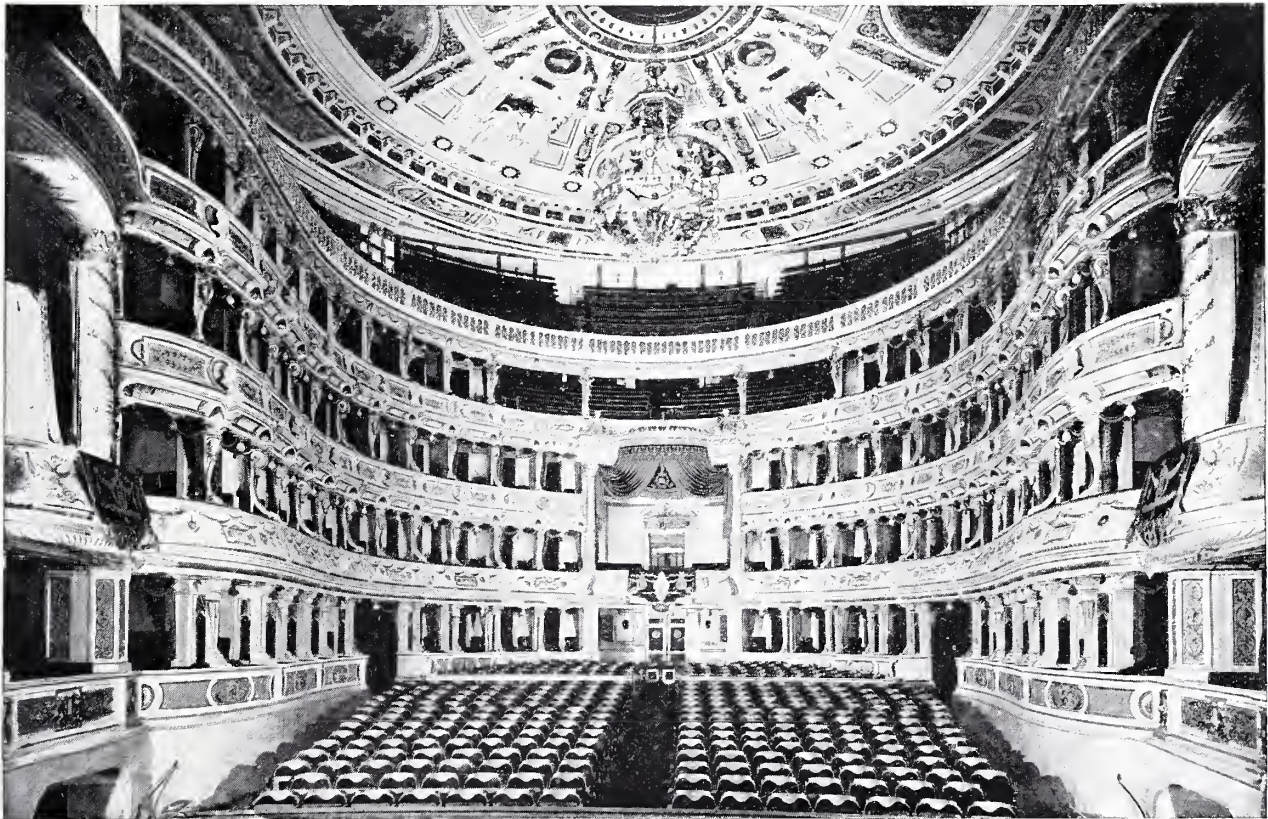
naturally receives a large share of attention—is a clear illustration: “The mere expression, ‘the Paris Opera House is large’ or ‘very large,’ conveys but little even to the expert, but if from a plate of this description” (the plate referred to contains plans of most of the important theatres in each country, and shows the comparative space in front and back of the curtain) “it can be seen that many theatres, including, say, our latest example, Her Majesty’s, can be bodily transferred to the stage of the Paris Opera House, and the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre can be easily accommodated in the auditorium of that building, it becomes possible to appreciate the respective dimensions of the play-houses of different countries.”

Again, in connection with the same subject, a table is given which compares the cost of the buildings with the sitting accommodation provided. Thus, we learn that the Paris Opera

is obliged to say that Her Majesty’s and the Wolverhampton house are the only two which call for favourable mention so far as planning is concerned; it is interesting to know that the architect himself was best satisfied of all his works with the latter of the two mentioned.

The decoration of the theatre, of course, calls for a good deal of consideration; and illustrations are given of the interiors of all the more noted play-houses of the Continent, whereby an opportunity is afforded for comparing the various methods of decoration, both in detail and general effect. The all-important question of safety from fire is also exhaustively considered, and in connection with this matter a table is given which gives detailed information concerning 1,100 theatrical fires from 1797 to 1897.

Sufficient has been said to show the importance of these volumes to everyone connected with the theatre, from architect to stage manager, and the



INTERIOR OF THE COURT THEATRE, VIENNA. FROM THE STAGE

House, which seats 2,156, cost £1,500,000; the Hofburg at Vienna, seating 1,755, cost £550,000; and the Wolverhampton Theatre, seating 2,150, cost £13,800.

The work of the late E. J. Phipps, one of the most busy of our theatrical architects, is fully dealt with and criticised by Mr. Sachs, and he

all-embracing range of Mr. Sachs' inquiries and record of facts. The third volume is as sumptuously printed and illustrated as the preceding ones, and the work is altogether the most important and the most trustworthy that has ever been, or possibly can be, prepared upon the subject.

POINTS ABOUT THE REMBRANDT EXHIBITION AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

BY R. A. M. STEVENSON.

THIS opportunity of seeing Rembrandt's etchings and drawings conveniently hung in an exhibition, instead of hunting them through stacks of portfolios, cannot be sufficiently appreciated by those of the public who are interested in modern art—consequently in the few foremost originators of the revolt against Italianism. Here, in Mr. Colvin's admirably arranged exhibition, we can walk leisurely, gaining at every turn a truer view of Rembrandt's moods and intentions. At a glance we can compare the aspects of various epochs in his whole work; we can see a set of "states" in a row without turning over proofs or collecting them cumbrously on a table. Many visits to this delightful place will not be thrown away, since it is undesirable, when looking at small work in line, to prolong any one visit until the eyes are tired or the impressionability of the brain is dulled.

Rembrandt had many sides and many occupations as painter, collector, etcher, teacher and naturalist; and so he has been liked and studied since his death by many kinds of men and in many different moods of observation. His work as an etcher has been held up as the great example in every revival of the art. It has been studied technically by experts in copper, who have formed opinions with great care and trouble on questions of method, of biting, of retouching, of dry-point, and the rest of the complicated process. He himself has been investigated by writers who have examined into his life as a man, his career as an artist, the dates and styles of his work, and his connection with his contemporaries. His aims and

artistic feelings have been sought with devotion by artists of his own day and of ours; they have loved, questioned, and imitated his paintings, drawings and etchings till they seem to know him, his attitude to Nature and his immense superiority to all his countrymen, pupils and contemporaries. Yet, in spite of all the thought

that has been centred upon this great man and his work, opinions still differ as to which paintings, etchings, and drawings are by his own hand, which by that of a pupil directly under his supervision, which by some one making a study after one of his styles. During part of the Master's life he was surrounded by pupils who worked in his studio, who possibly lived in his house, who practised etching upon his designs, who learnt by copying his drawings and paintings, who, in fact, had access to him personally, knew his processes, and were familiar with his subjects, treatment, and execution.



JAN SIX. (SECOND STATE.)

At the sale following his bankruptcy, and after his death, his plates, drawings, etchings, etc., must have been sown broadcast upon the world. Without going deeply into this matter, one can see that if forgery of his work or retouching of his plates to produce another state were ever demanded, there must have been men forthcoming who could do the deed. At any rate, there must have been, as indeed we know there was, quite a number of old pupils whose work might be attributed plausibly enough to Rembrandt himself.

These, and like facts, should be remembered when one looks at collections of Rembrandt's work. They tend to undermine the security of

many critics and students of the etchings and drawings. When we hear someone telling us that he cannot be mistaken in the signs of a man's handiwork, we should remember how difficult it is to discriminate the pictures of men of the same school, men of to-day amongst whom we live and work; moreover, we should remember that painters, such as Corot and Mr. Frith, to name instances, have been deceived for a time by good forgeries of their own works. Now, amongst connoisseurs of all kinds, whether experts, artists, or collectors, we remark a most

biting of copper as on his study of Rembrandt as an artist, a draughtsman, a poet, who revealed shape by the action of real light. Sir Seymour Haden, also a notable etcher, has roughly divided the Master's work into three periods which correspond closely to the arrangement which Mr. Colvin has made in this exhibition. In the excellent notes to the catalogue we are warned against accepting as absolutely true the dates implied in the chronological arrangement of the show, or, as successive after-thoughts of Rembrandt himself, all the



SIX'S BRIDGE.

notable difference in attitude towards the mass of etchings traditionally accepted as coming from Rembrandt. Some persons are very lenient, and accept as by the Master everything against which they can find no historical, documentary, or pictorial evidence. Others, after searching into the works of contemporaries and disciples of Rembrandt, set up a standard by which they reject no small number of decent and generally accepted examples. Others, again, amongst whom Professor Legros is perhaps the most uncompromising, will have nothing to say to more than half the existing collection of Rembrandt etchings. Professor Legros, it must be born in mind, has lived in a constant devotion to Rembrandt, and has practised the art of etching with a greatness only second to that of the great Dutchman himself. His criticism is not so much based on search into evidence, or even on his knowledge of process and the

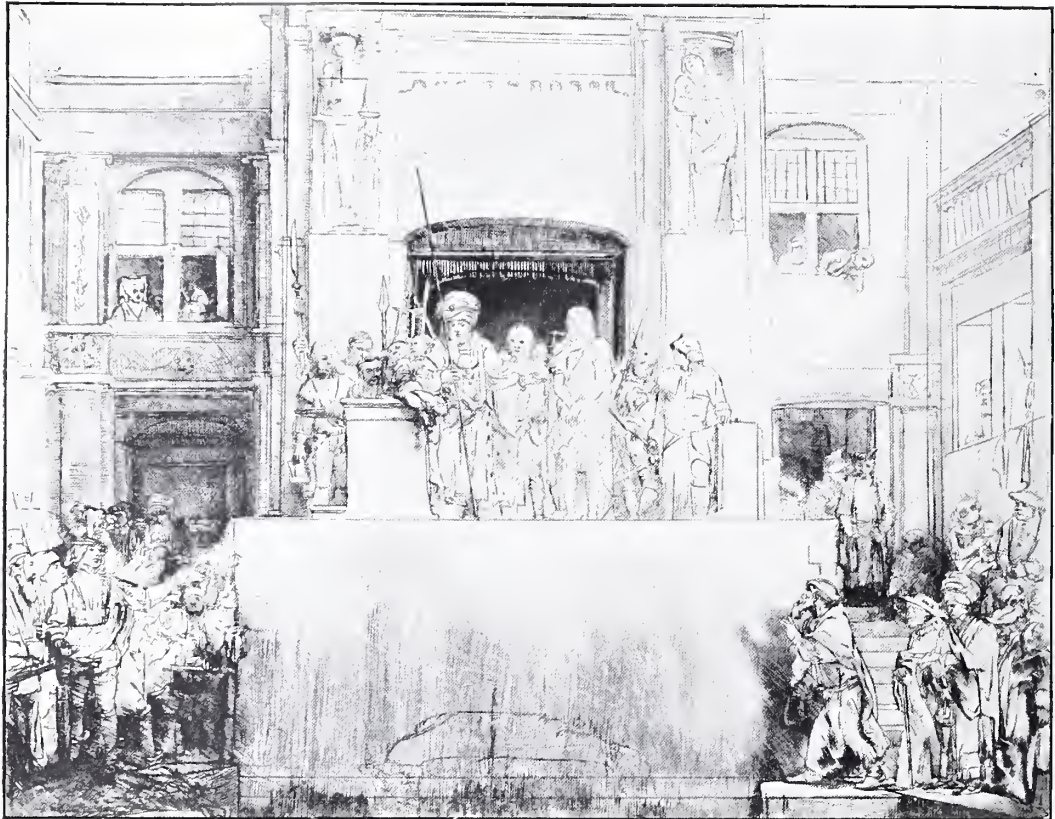
“states” of any plate here collected for exhibition.

“The word ‘state,’” says Mr. Colvin, “is misleading.” A great many of Rembrandt's plates, when they had become worn out, were coarsely retouched for commercial purposes, probably after his death, and by some etcher of very inferior powers. People are generally unwilling to admit that the great plates of Rembrandt have been thus defaced and disfigured. Some will tell you that they see no reason to doubt any prints or drawings in the place, except, perhaps, a few of the early, universally suspected etchings. They say everything is so well drawn, so patently marked with the seal of Rembrandt's style, that to question a work is to prove oneself incapable of true admiration. When I first saw the exhibition, I felt suspicious, not only of early etchings, but of many among the later and darker prints,

Without any special knowledge of etching, one may know something of Rembrandt's attitude to Nature, his profound love of light and shadow, his wonderful feeling for shape and gesture, and one may be perplexed with reason at some states of the larger, later plates.

On the whole, I enjoyed the art of Rembrandt best and most freely in his open and lighter work, work in which the paper plays a part, in which all the lines are visible and

the opinion of all etchers and collectors, and upon a matter so warmly debated, the authority of a great artist and sympathetic student of the Old Masters, like Mr. Legros, may be necessary to back a doubter before he begins to feel any confidence even in the testimony of his own eyes. In these cases, I think, we can easily see with Mr. Legros the ineptitude of the added work on these plates. Indeed, several other large showy plates, either with too much detail or too



CHRIST PRESENTED TO THE PEOPLE. (SECOND STATE.)

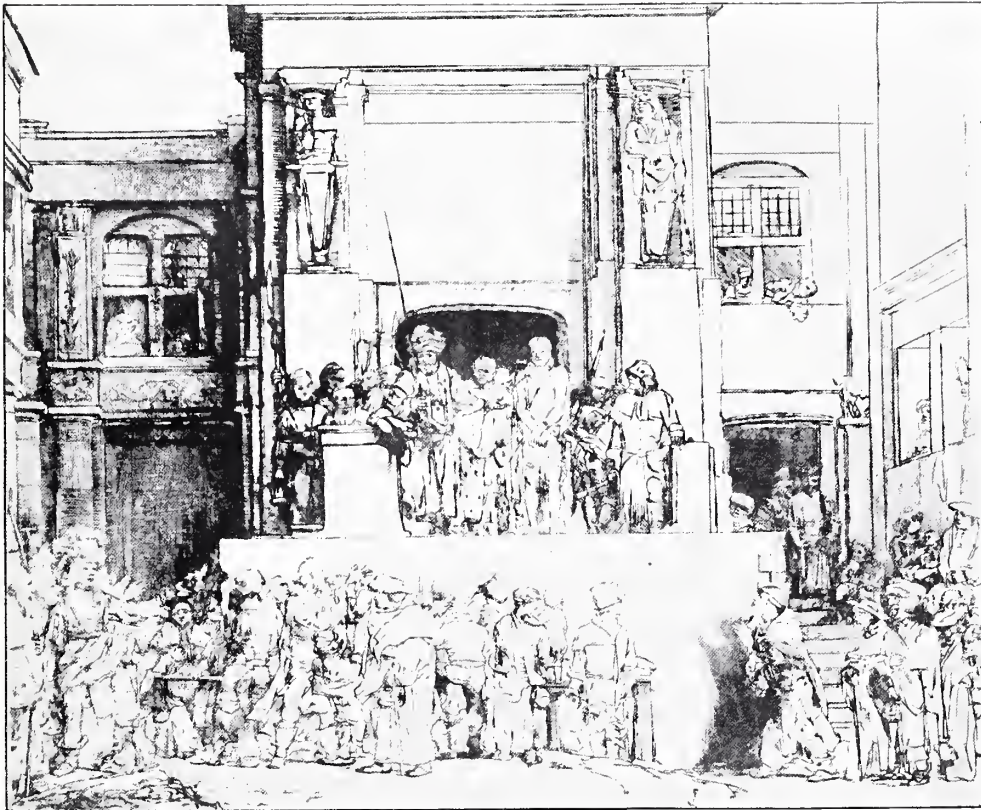
full of character and purpose. When one has seen and comprehended "Dr. Faustus," "Peasant Family on the Tramp," "The Blindness of Tobit," "The Hundred Guilder Print," "Beggars receiving Alms at the Door of a House;" the landscapes "Six's Bridge," "The Three Trees," and others; also such drawings as "An Elephant;" one cannot but wonder that Rembrandt should have ruined important plates like "Christ presented to the People" and "Christ Crucified between Two Thieves." The first states of both these dry-points are full of meaning, in the depths and in the masses of space, and in the expression of figures. Some of the later states have been darkened with coarse strokes, which remove and replace the original fine work or its significance. This is not, however,

much dense, unmodelled darkness, show us, I fear, little of the art and taste which we expect from Rembrandt. These men who plead that even Rembrandt had his weak moments, will they admit also that the great etcher could have troubled himself over the ill-composed, restless detail of "Christ before Pilate"? It is here shown in three states; in state (b) the hideous, wiry, over-detailed curtain has been partially suppressed by a wash. It is possible that Rembrandt painted the correction on this proof while giving advice to the real author of the etching, one of his friends or pupils.

On the other hand, no one doubts that the first state of the dry-point "Christ presented to the People" is entirely the work of the Master. No serious changes have been made

in the first four states, but the plate has become worn out. In the fifth state the worn plate has been coarsely hacked with dry-point strokes, which tend to bring the lady in the window out of her place in the shadowed set-back of the building on the left, and to give her the force of a foreground figure. From the advanced wall of the tribune in the middle of the plate all the figures have been removed with a burnisher. Other figures on the right

out plate after Rembrandt's death. Real states are produced by pulling trial proofs from a plate as the work progresses towards completion. The additions to "Christ presented to the People" seem rather to be later refreshments of a finished and worn-out plate which Rembrandt had already brought to perfection. Perhaps one man made the fifth state; this was thought unsatisfactory, and another and a better man worked out the sixth state. As



CHRIST PRESENTED TO THE PEOPLE. (FIFTH STATE.)

and left have been altered heavily to no apparent advantage. In the sixth state the head of Christ has been altered, and two dark arches have been placed in the blank central wall of the fifth state. Was Rembrandt really the blunderer who destroyed the value of the deep set-backs in the frontage of the building, who drew the lady out of the discreet shadow of her window and spoiled her drawing by two or three bold, meaningless cuts, who tried to prettify the face of the man in the feathered head-dress, who thought he wanted an empty wall in the middle, found it a mistake and then put in two arches and a very poor bust or colossal mask between them? It seems more probable that one or two men of his school were employed to strengthen the worn-

to the fourth state of "Christ Crucified between Two Thieves," it embodies a fine idea, but with a clumsy technique much inferior to the clear workmanship of the earlier states.

I do not like the portrait of "Jan Six" standing at a window, as well as some others, for instance "Jan Lutma." The dense, black shadow of the room, and the luminous oblong of the window do not produce in etching as good a pattern as they might in painting. The print looks comparatively stiff and black, and the head, moreover, with its faint, fly-away execution, suggests a break in the style which seems quite as awkward as inconsistently wire-drawn detail would appear in a painted portrait. Yet "Jan Six" is a great piece of work in its way; and when we look at the artists of

the Rembrandt school—men such as F. Bol, Jan Livens, Van Vliet, Rotermond, S. Koninck, and others whose work Mr. Colvin has illustrated in his show—we find it impossible to name any one capable of such a feat of technique, or even able to reach the lower platform of some other plates which we scarcely like to attribute to Rembrandt. "Ephraim Bonus," to take one at hazard, has notable faults of drawing, but who, unless Rembrandt, could have conceived the general idea of its style?

There is no mistaking the etching of older but nearly contemporary masters for that of Rembrandt. We have only to look at the turning screen which bears the work of Van Dyck, Callot, and Claude, to see that these men worked each man in a fashion of his own. Amongst the decidedly doubtful of the Rembrandt etchings one meets with occasional prints that recall the work of some of these men, as, for instance, one of the beggars that looks like a tottering Callot. In looking for men who might have done some of the less excellent etchings and drawings, we must hunt for them in

Holland and in the Master's own school. Such Italianised artists as Jan Both, Karel Dujardin, and Berchem are stamped with a gay, graceful manner which exempts them from any suspicion of posthumous or involuntary collaboration in the production of Rembrandtesque etchings, not excepting landscapes, or such light, trivially-worked pieces as "The Good Samaritan" and "Joseph's Coat brought to Jacob." Bol and Jan Livens were capable of doing very good *bad* Rembrandts: things like the mass of the early and, for the most part, doubtful work, caricatures, small portraits, groups of beggars and such like, which make up the first eighty or ninety numbers of the catalogue. Bol, indeed, could do very bad *good* Rembrandts, as, for example, "An Old Man Seated," "Portrait

of an Officer," "The Sacrifice of Gideon" and a dark interior with window, "The Family," which you should compare with "Jan Six" or with the greater "Dr. Faustus" if you wish to feel exactly the extent of Bol's inferiority. Jan Livens's work should also be studied; his several "Busts of an Oriental," and especially his "St. Francis." Van Vliet had a very coarse taste, and delighted in hard, black travesties of

the early Rembrandt. One meets in his work several portraits of Rembrandt's father, who appears to have sat for every one of his son's pupils. S. Koninck, Beekhout, Rotermond, Renesse, and others, worked on Rembrandt's ideas, but hardly with any sense of style. But, on the whole, I am disposed to believe more easily in the occasional elevation to poetry of an ordinary man in a good school than in the sudden descent to commonplace on the part of the great genius. One has seen an exceptional and never repeated flight into the sky achieved in one's own day, by some quite obscure and second-rate man, who scarcely seemed to know that he was not taking his ordinary exercise.



THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

Those who have a pair of good eyes in their heads and some interest in art, should amuse themselves by taking advantage of this exhibition and of its excellent catalogue, to begin, if they have not done so already, the career of amateur connoisseur of Rembrandt's drawings and etchings. It will entertain them for ever if once they can get absorbed in the apparently unanswerable questions bearing on the subject. The study will improve the keenness of their sight, increase their understanding of the relation between truth and style, and give them in their imaginations a criterion of good work which they may apply, with a little modification, to any kind of art. They may believe me that they will never become so expert that they will tire of the game.



CHRIST HEALING THE SICK ("THE HUNDRED GUILDER" PRINT.)

From the Etching by Rembrandt.

THE ART MOVEMENT.

DECORATIVE ART: THE ARTISTIC JEWELLERY OF M. WOLFERS.

By MRS. J. E. WHITBY.



ENAMEL AND GOLD BRACELET.

AMID the general revival of decorative arts, that of the goldsmith, as applied particularly to personal adornment, has lately made a marked advance. In nothing has there been a wider scope for improvement. The immense addition made of late years to our supply of gold and jewels by the discoveries of explorers, and the greater ease by which they are secured, as well as the more rapid and general distribution of the means to purchase these luxuries, has led to such an undoubted vulgarisation in the arrangement and combination of gems and metal that the objects into which they are formed have come to be appreciated more for their intrinsic value than as possessions to be esteemed for beauty and workmanship. There is now a great effort to correct this common view; and though the ordinary shop-gazer may not at once detect much difference in the pattern of jewellery offered generally for sale, the heaven is working, and among people of taste there is much demand for ornaments that show special originality of design and treatment. It is, therefore, only a question of time and of the amount of stock in hand of the wholesale and retail dealer for the same idea in varying degrees to take general hold.

Nowhere has there been a more marked development in this particular branch of art than in Belgium, for nowhere perhaps is decorative

art and its concomitant industries being brought to greater perfection. Thanks to the encouragement given by the Belgian Government, the artists of that country, having discovered a line peculiarly suited to their bent, are following it with such marked success that they bid fair to take first place in their own section of Decorative Art, and their Exhibitions are watched by those interested in such matters with careful and astonished eyes.

Amongst those Belgians whose decorative work calls for special attention is Monsieur Philippe Wolfers, of Brussels, who has won a high reputation as a sculptor and worker in bronze, in crystal, in ivory, in gold and silver and precious stones, and indeed in all those substances which the hand of genius transforms into objects of art and beauty. He organised at the Brussels Exhibition a special section for decorative crystal, glass, and chryselephantine, and showed some remarkable and admirable examples of his own skill in these and other branches of his work.

All his productions bear the strong impress of the artist's individuality, as indeed they well may, since everything passes through his own hands. He makes his own extremely original

designs, carves his own ivory, cuts his own gems, works and engraves the gold, and applies the enamel to any special objects (such as the specimens illustrated here), though he has workmen



THE "WATER-LILY" WAIST-BUCKLE.

whom he has trained from boyhood. By such perpetually practised inspiration, of course, he is enabled to create such delicate works of art. His great interest in decoration enabled him to recognise the wide field for improvement

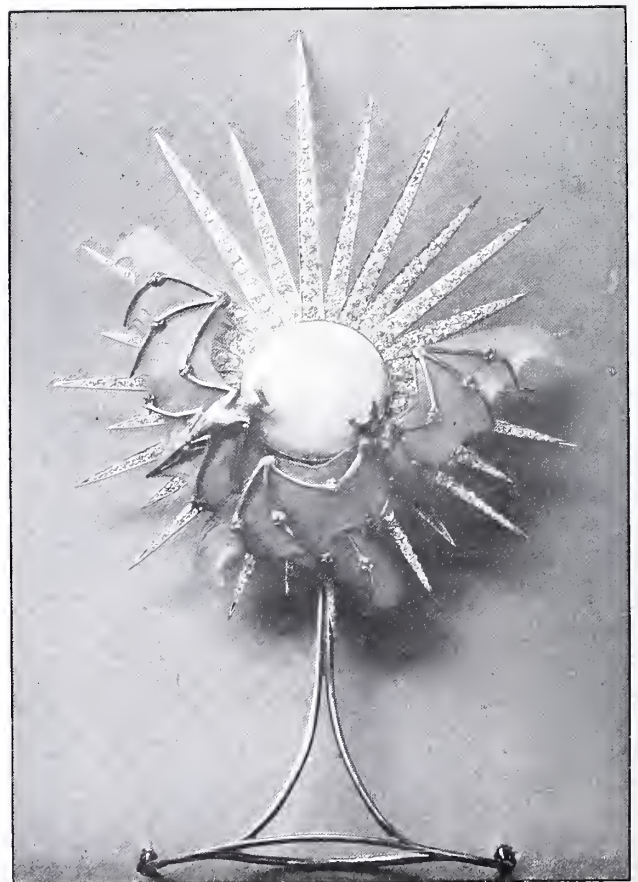


IVORY AND ENAMEL COMB.

with regard to jewellery, and he has lately turned his attention to raising its standard. With this aim M. Wolfers exhibited at the recent Salon of the Brussels Artistic Society "Pour l'Art" some beautiful examples of artistic goldsmith's work in the form of head and waist ornaments, buckles, clasps, rings, brooches, etc., designed and executed by himself. Special interest attaches itself to what in any case would have been remarkable, from the fact that it is the first time that M. Wolfers has exhibited his skill in that particular line, though so well known in other branches of art. A few of the most striking of these beautiful specimens are given here, as well as illustrations of some later works, which M. Wolfers has exhibited in the Munich Art Exhibition, "Secession," opened on June 1st. It was difficult to choose where all were so good.

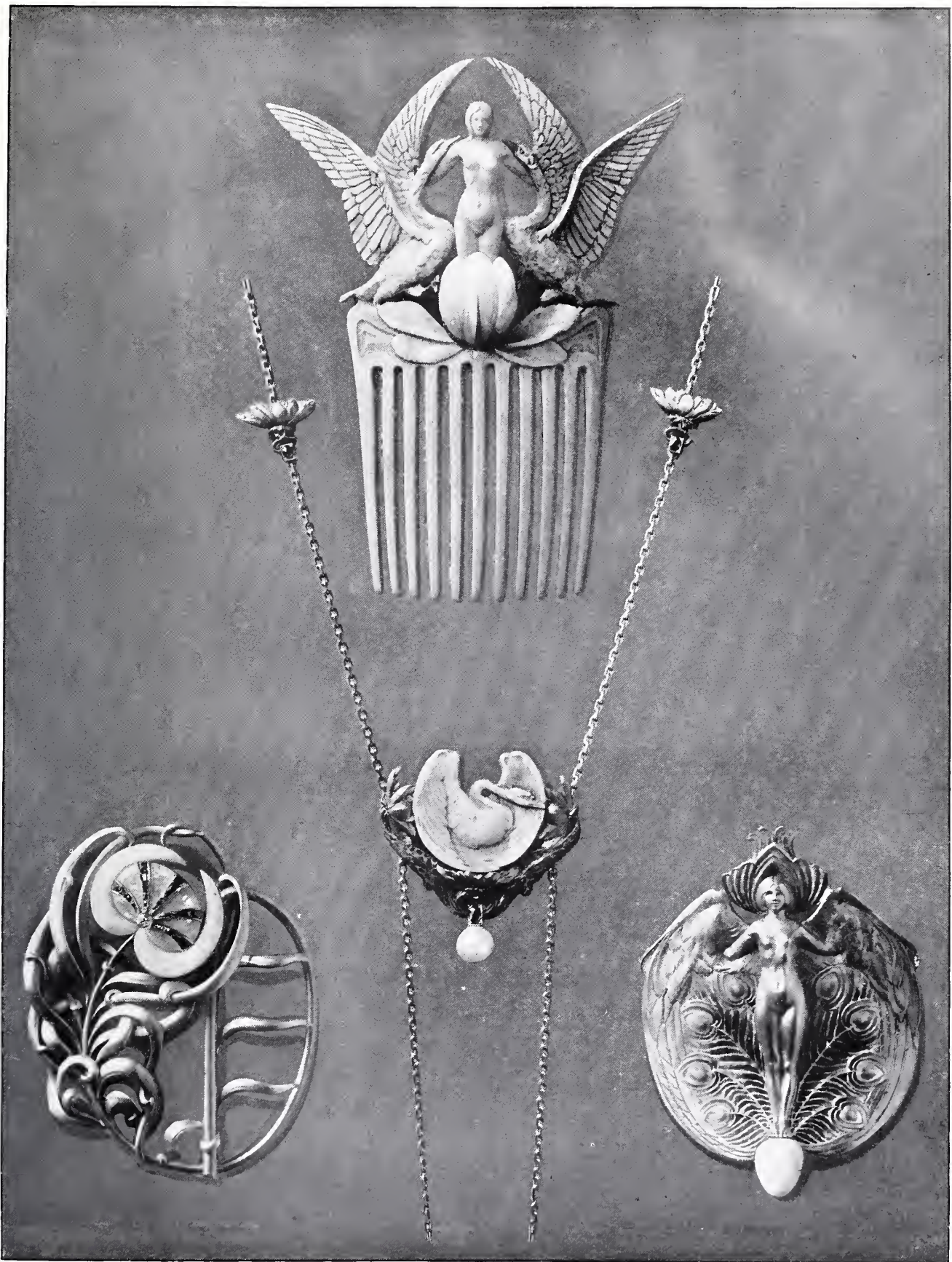
No one who sees them can fail to be struck by the admirable manner in which the jewel is wedded to the metal; while the taste and knowledge shown in the grouping is not less remarkable than the perfection with which each object has been executed. Great use is made of the opal as a decorative stone and also as suggesting certain characteristics of flowers,

etc., for which its diversity and varying shades of colour in semi-transparency make it peculiarly suitable. The pearl, too, is a great favourite of this artist; both that substance known as "prime de perle" (which must not be confounded with mother-of-pearl, since the former is a secretion of the oyster, and not a part of its shell), as well as the beautiful pearl itself, in its range of different shades. The turquoise, the emerald, the ruby, the amethyst, each has its turn in some special decorative piece, but it is easy to see that the pearl and the opal hold first place in M. Wolfers's fancy, and that in them he appears to find the greatest artistic expression for his work. Perhaps the precious stone least often used is that most beloved by millionaires, the diamond, for its cold, hard brilliancy cannot appeal so much to an artistic nature. Nothing could blend better with the delicate enamels with which he overlays gold and other metals than the jewels chosen; such selection being made with the greatest regard to its fitness.



THE "TWILIGHT" HAIR ORNAMENT.

The enamels are opaque and transparent; and as all readers may not know exactly how enamel is applied, those who do not may be



1 IVORY COMB. 2. IVORY SWAN PENDANT. 3. "PEACOCK'S FEATHER" BUCKLE. 4. THE "PEACOCK LADY" WAIST-BUCKLE

interested to learn that the prepared enamel, being first ground into a fine powder and mixed with water, is then laid on the desired surface like paint. The metal thus treated is placed just within a jeweller's furnace to evaporate the water. This being done, the object is laid inside the furnace, where the fierce heat fuses the enamel permanently.*

It will at once be noticed how much M. Wolfers goes to Nature for his designs, and what excellent use he makes of her suggestions in the way of decorative art designs. Water-lilies, swans, bats, serpents, and peacock's feathers figure frequently as models, the artist being tempted as much by their graceful forms as by their expressiveness and adaptabilities to original treatment. Waist buckles, combs, and clasps have been found to lend themselves extremely well to a variety of novel and individual treatment in the matter of form and decoration, and advantage has been taken of the scope given by their size to produce ornaments of great charm and beauty.

The ivory comb which heads the illustrated page (p. 517) is beautified by a female figure finely modelled in ivory, caressing two swans, which, formed in gold, have been overlaid with transparent enamel, the feathers—every one of which is outlined with gold—appearing to be distinct. The statuette is represented as emerging from the cup of a folded water-lily formed of an opal, whose leaves are of ivory, but whose calyx is set with deep red rubies. The combination of the creamy tint of the ivory, the delicate pink of the enamel, the varying shades of the opal, and the rich colour of the rubies, all unite to form an object of great beauty, the graceful lines of whose design at once hold the attention.

M. Wolfers has adorned one of the long chains now so much worn by the addition of a most uncommon form of clasp or link. Here again he has made use of ivory (of which it may be mentioned Belgian artists procure a very fine quality from their colony of the Congo), fashioned this time in the form of a swan reposing on a bed of water-lilies. The flowers are enamelled a shaded rose, and the leaves green; while from a beautiful ruby which adds the necessary note of stronger colour, depends a fine pearl. At intervals in the long chain the rosy water-lilies and rubies reappear with the happiest effect.

In the "Peacock's Feather" buckle, the difficulties of representing the varying shades in precious stones have been very happily overcome. The gracefully curled feathery branches of the stem which is curved, forming one side of

the buckle, are in pale gold—the other being in red gold. For the Argus eye, opal has been chosen, the centre stone, which is extremely translucent, having been backed by blue enamel. This gives a most striking depth of colour to the tone of the opal. Across it, and radiating from a diamond, run five lines of rubies of fine quality, and, as the illustration shows, the result is a model of singularly charming design.

The "Peacock Lady" is also a waist ornament, the admirably modelled figure being in gold. Her two long, drooping, partially extended wings form the sides; whilst behind her feet spring the feathers of a peacock's tail, that form a background for the lower part of the figure. These are enamelled and the shades are realistically and artistically blended.

The "Water-lily" is yet another waist decoration, though any one of these might be worn to adorn the top of a bodice. The golden leaf of the lily has been overlaid with transparent green enamel, and this has been shaded by means of successive layers. It is veined with gold. The flower itself is formed of one large opal, whose lovely blue and green exactly suggest the opalescent transparency of a real water-lily petal, that seems to reflect on its milky surface both the blue sky overhead and its own supporting green leaf. The stone has been cut in such a way as admirably to represent the folded and reflex flower petals.

The ivory comb which is illustrated on p. 516 is perhaps less striking at a first glance, but will not be found less beautiful on examination. It is undoubtedly more suited to the ordinary wearer than some of M. Wolfers's designs, many of which would seem to demand not only a very special occasion but a very special style of person to carry them off well. The peacock's feathers with which this comb is decorated are in shades of dull blue and green enamel, outlined and traced with gold. The colours chosen blend well with the touch of pale purple on the scrolls.

The bracelet shows a graceful arrangement of swans, serpents, and water-lilies in a scheme of brown and gold. The three swans are modelled in dead yellow gold, which is indeed the foundation of the whole bracelet. The larger connecting links or panels are overlaid with dull brownish enamel on which the gold serpents show with excellent result, while the smaller panels are pierced and bear a water-lily just toned with cream colour. This transparent enamel M. Wolfers uses with extraordinary effect, allowing the gold background to be seen, and imparting a wonderful lightness and brilliancy. The ring, of which an illustration is given, M. Wolfers calls "the Bat," as the fine turquoise is supported by two bats made in gold.

* A full description of the art of the enameller is to be found in this volume of THE MAGAZINE OF ART, p. 394.

Certainly one of the most striking of the objects exhibited is a pendant representing the head of Medusa. This tragic mask, admirably carved in fine ivory, is crowned with writhing serpents in brownish enamel, which form the hair. The enormous eye sockets are filled by two fine opals with lurid bloodshot lights, whose stony dilated stare lend an unmistakable feeling of dread and repulsion. This is increased by the yellow, bloodless appearance of the face, its open mouth, with pallid drawn lips, and look of inexpressible horror frozen as it were on its features. The wings with which Medusa is accredited are placed on each side of the head, while around the face is what appears to be a blood-stained bandage, of transparent red enamel on gold. This unites under the chin with a serpent, and from them depends a small ruby (suggesting to the imaginative a drop of blood) and a pearl, which gracefully completes the line of design. The chain that supports this original example is joined to it by serpents, and the whole forms a work of art remarkable alike

in conception and treatment. It may be urged, perhaps, that it is more fitted for the ease of a collector than for wear, but there are those to whom its very weirdness will give it an added value.

M. Wolfers has also designed a most uncommon decoration for the head known as "Twilight." In this, the setting sun is exemplified by a fine opal, with a beautiful glow of red, to which a golden light has been imparted by an artful arrangement of gold threads placed behind, that also serve to support the stone. From the opal rise long slender silver rays, set with diamonds. At the base of the opal, as though about to veil the sun with their extended wings, are two bats of oxidised silver—the membrane of these wings is formed of unpolished purple amethysts, than which no better exponent of the creeping shadows of evening could possibly have been given. How beautiful and original is this design the photograph only partly shows. With

regard to these ornaments, it must be remembered that each is not only an original but a unique specimen, and will never be repeated.



"BAT" RING AND "MEDUSA" PENDANT.

APPLIED ART IN LIVERPOOL.

THE City of Liverpool School of Architecture and Applied Arts is steadily growing in importance and usefulness in a manner which would have been highly gratifying to the late Mr. P. H. Rathbone, who took a very prominent

part in promoting it. The Roscoe Professorship of Art in the University College has existed since 1881, but it did not flourish at first, although the Chair was occupied by such men as Sir W. M. Conway and Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson.

It was therefore decided to have an architect as professor, and associate with him teachers in various branches of decoration. Mr. F. M. Simp-

thought expressed and the technical accomplishment. In the Architectural Section there were some promising designs by Messrs. E. J.

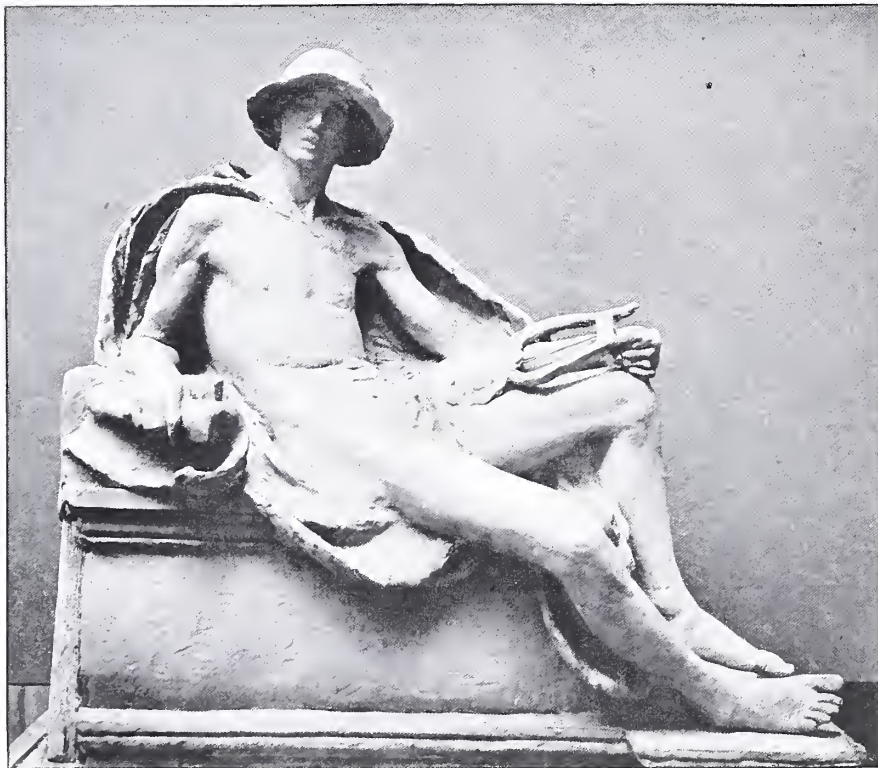


A DOOR-PLATE.

By G. A. Williams.

son was appointed, and under him the school has developed remarkably well. A first public exhibition of students' work was held recently in the Corporation Art Gallery. It consisted of

Bingham, E. J. Dod, R. W. Owen, L. G. Pearson, and E. Quiggin. A particularly useful and fruitful class in Furniture Construction, of which Mr. J. Parkinson is the inspiring force, contri-



LIFE STUDY.

By G. A. Williams.

between three and four hundred examples chosen from the work done during the preceding session, and the general average of quality was remarkably good, both as regards the

butted some capital working drawings. In the examples of Modelling the virile influence of Mr. C. J. Allen was manifest. The work of Mr. G. A. Williams claims particular notice. The

seated male figure which we illustrate is very good in style and handled with freedom and precision. A nude girl seated on the ground, by the same student, is also excellent. Mr. C. Jackson had a study from the same model, which was in some respects little inferior. The wall fountain and the door-

Mr. L. Day's waist-belt in copper with buckles in enamelled silver, and Mr. R. H. Rostron's iron and copper grille (unfinished), will serve to show the excellent spirit of invention apparent in the work. Another example worthy of mention was a charming mirror-frame in lead, by Miss M. A. Polloxfen. The drawings and paintings from the life and the antique call for no



DESIGN FOR A WALL FOUNTAIN.
By G. A. Williams.



IRON AND COPPER GRILLE (UNFINISHED).
Designed by R. Rostron.



THE MAN IN THE MOON CAME DOWN TO SOON
AND ASKED THE WY TO NORWICH (O) (O) (O)
HE WENT TO THE SOUTH & EVERT HIS MOUTH
WITH EATING COLD PLVM PORRIDGE (O) (O)

BOOK ILLUSTRATION.
By C. Angus.



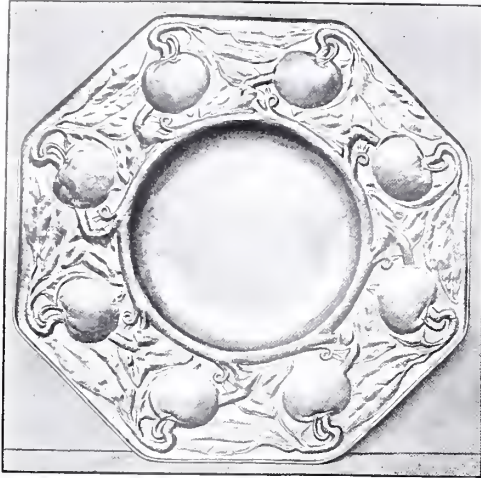
STAINED-GLASS PANEL.
By C. E. Martin.

plate, also by Mr. Williams, show a good understanding of the decorative application of the figure. From several fortunate essays in stained glass, we select a female figure in an olive-shaped panel, by Mr. C. E. Martin, which was on the whole the best. The metal-workers showed good understanding of their means, as well as skill in design. Mr. C. E. Thompson's copper plaque decorated with a formalised floral ornament,

to be vapid and tiresome—especially when we have a considerable quantity of their work massed together. An artist's innate eccentricity may be of great value and beauty; but to

special mention. The numerous designs for posters, panels, book-illustrations and so forth, included some clever work, from which we select one, "The Man in the Moon," by Mr. C. Angus. There was too much evidence of straining after the eccentric in this department. Van Toorops, Beardsleys and McNairs are all very well, but their imitators are apt

teach students to do what is freakish and fantastic is surely wrong.



COPPER PLAQUE

By C. E. Thompson

It will be seen that some of the work done in the school has only a slight relation to its main

purpose, which is to forward the interests of "the Mother of the Arts" and those applications of art which most directly subserve the ends of architecture. It may be questioned if it is well that so wide a range should be attempted. It would, however, be unkind to cavil where, in the more strictly relevant subjects, there is such strong evidence of progress on sound lines. This applies especially to the architectural plans and elevations, the practical studies of cabinet making, the statuary and modelling in relief, the leaded, stained glass, the wood carving, the wrought iron, and the copper work, in which last Mr. Lloyd Rathbone has been singularly successful in imparting his own good taste and abundant enthusiasm to the students. It was an excellent idea to bring the school into more general notice by transplanting its efforts from the seclusion of University College, into which the general body of Liverpool folk never penetrates—of the existence of which it is indeed scarcely conscious—to the perennially popular rooms of the Walker Art Gallery, which has long since seemly established itself in the public mind as the only place in which to look for works of art.

ASBESTOS CEILING DECORATION.

WE have referred on more than one occasion to the "Salamander" decorations for walls and ceilings, and the publication of a catalogue of new designs affords an opportunity for again calling attention to this material. These designs on the whole show an improvement upon those hitherto carried out in asbestos, but there is a tendency in some towards over-elaboration, which is not at all pleasing. The design illustrated here is an example of one of the better class. It is, of course, very much reduced in scale, as each panel, of which there are four in this design, is twenty-one inches square. The fact that the material is unflammable carries with it a strong recommendation; and now that in addition to its utility it is intelligently designed, gives it a claim upon the attention of architects and house decorators.



"HENRI II" DESIGN FOR CEILING

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[170] "LA BELLE JARDINIÈRE DE FLORENCE."—I have an old engraving by Le Bon Boucher Desnoyer after Raphaël with the following inscription:—

"Raphaël d'Urbino Pinxit.

"Le Bon Boucher Desnoyer Dr. Pt.

"La Belle Jardinière de Florence Imp de Bongearde.

"Raphaël commença ce portrait à Florence en 1504 il en fit hommage à Mgnor. Tadeo Tadei dans l'année 1507.

"Cette jeune Villageoise servait de Modèle à Raphaël pour peindre ses sublimes têtes de Vierge."

I cannot, however, find any trace of this picture in any of the books I possess. They all mention the picture called "La Belle Jardinière" in the Louvre, but it is not at all like mine. Can you kindly give me any information on the subject?—C. HART (Farnham, Surrey).

* * * The Baron (*i.e.* "le B^m") Boucher-Desnoyers, one of the greatest engravers of the present century and one of the glories of the French school, translated with the burin no fewer than nine Madonnas by Raphael, beginning with "La Belle Jardinière" of the Louvre in 1804, and ending with "Madonna di San Sisto" in 1846. It was in 1841 that he engraved what is sometimes known as "La Belle Jardinière de Florence" (see the "Chalcographie" of the Louvre). It may, perhaps, be added—as the Querist is interested in both these prints—that the other Raphael prints of Desnoyers are as follows: "La Vierge au Donataire" (1814), "La Vierge au Linge" (1814), "La Madonna della Sedia" (1814), "La Madonna del Pesce" (1822), "La Madonna Casa d'Alba" (1827), and "La Vierge au Berceau" (1831). "La Belle Jardinière" of 1804 was his masterpiece in this series, and remains one of the very finest of all his seventy-five plates. The picture now under consideration, I think, is only known by the above title from the Baron Boucher-Desnoyers' nomenclature. It is one of the pictures to which Vasari refers thus:—"He [Raphael] was indeed much esteemed in that city [Florence], but above all by Taddeo Taddei, who, being a great admirer of his talent, desired to have him always in his house and at his table. Thereupon Raphael, who was kindness itself, that he might not be surpassed in generosity and courtesy, painted two pictures for Taddeo, wherein there are traces of his first manner,

derived from Pietro [Perugino], and also of that much better one which he acquired at a latter period by study. These pictures are still carefully preserved by the heirs of the above-named Taddeo." The first of these pictures is now in the Belvedere Gallery at Vienna—this is the one which Mr. Hart seeks to identify. The other is the "Holy Family" in the Bridgewater collection. This so-called "Belle Jardinière de Florence" is No. 51 in the catalogue, and is known in Germany as the "Madonna in Grünem"—the "Madonna in the Meadow"—signed and dated 1505 or 1506 (it is doubtful which—the inscription round the Virgin's bodice-edge being M.D.V. © I). Taddeo's heirs disposed of it to the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, and it remained in the palace of Innsbruck until 1663. It was then removed to the Ambras Castle in the Tyrol, and in 1773 was absorbed in the Imperial collection, in Vienna. The signature has been read (a little fantastically, perhaps) by a French critic as signifying "Baltazar Peruzzi"—which, as there was a painter of this name, has in the opinion of some, not unnaturally perhaps, cast some slight doubt on the ascription of this picture to Raphael, in spite of all the evidence of its authenticity.—R. I. O. N.

[171] VELASQUEZ' BUST PORTRAIT OF "DON BALTHAZAR."—In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, is a Head by Velasquez representing Don Baltasar Carlos, a boy about ten years of age, with chubby face and short hair, the same head that is seen in the full-length portrait in The Hague Gallery (No. 298), a repetition of which, also full length, is in Buckingham Palace. In the recent catalogue of the New York Museum the history of the picture is given as follows:—

"From the collection of the Earl of Bessborough, sold in 1848 to Lewis Jarvis, Banker, King's Lynn, Norfolk, then to Calzaghi, from whom the picture was purchased. Canvas 20 $\frac{3}{8}$ inches by 15 $\frac{3}{8}$ inches."

A similar picture was exhibited at Manchester in 1857 (No. 626) by Colonel Hugh Baillie, at whose sale, May 15th, 1868, it was sold for £194 5s. to "Bale." Again, in the sale of Charles Sackville Bale (Redford says, "Mayne, size 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches by 15 $\frac{3}{8}$ inches), May 13th, 1881, it was sold for £871 (see "Curtis Catalogue of the Works of Velasquez and Murillo," No. 143). Two years later the New York picture was purchased in London by M.

Marquand, who presented it to the Museum. When the Baillie picture was exhibited at Manchester a photograph was made by Caldesi, a copy of which is now before me. It agrees exactly with the Museum painting. The Bessborough pictures were sold in 1801, but I have found no such work in the catalogue of that sale. From the dates here given it seems possible that the portrait may have been owned by the Earl of Bessborough, by Mr. Jarvis, and afterwards by Colonel Baillie and Mr. Bale. If there were two, where is the other one?—C. B. C.

* * Our querist's suggestion that Colonel Baillie's picture might have belonged to Lord Bessborough is inadmissible, because the canvas had been in the Colonel's possession since 1827, when, on June 9th, he bought it for £27 8s. (We may add that when the New York picture was bought in London last it fetched £2,000.) It is therefore to be assumed that there are two pictures, but whether they are both original is a matter that further research must determine. "C. B. C." states that the Bessborough pictures were sold in 1801, and that he cannot trace the picture in question. He is apparently not aware that on that occasion only a portion of the collection was disposed of, and that the rest were sold in the later sale of 1848—the date of Mr. Jarvis's acquisition of the Velasquez.

[172] ARTISTS' COPYRIGHT IN THEIR SKETCHES.—Supposing an artist makes many sketches and drawings for a picture, or even partly finishes his design on the same canvas for a future composition, which is itself eventually quite different—has the owner of the copyright of the finished picture any right to prevent you from using these designs which are in themselves previous work that has or has not been destroyed?—J. G. M.

* * This is a point not dealt with in the existing Copyright Act, and it has never been decided in the Courts. Artists have always felt uncertain as to the copyright in their sketches, and the subject was considered by the Royal Commission which considered the whole Copyright question in 1878. The Commissioners doubted whether the fear of the artists was well founded, but at the same time they thought the doubt should be removed, and that it should be made clear that the author of any work of fine art, even though he may have parted with his copyright therein, should be allowed to sell or use again his *bonâ fide* sketches and studies, provided that he does not repeat or colourably imitate the design

in the original work. In the new Artistic Bill at present under the consideration of the House of Lords the point is settled by the introduction of a clause making it clear that when an artist sells his copyright he does not thereby lose his right to use again or sell his sketches unless they absolutely repeat the design of the completed work.

[173] OLD CHAIRS.—I venture to send you the enclosed two photographs of chairs in my pos-



session, in the hope that you may be able to fix their dates for me. I can trace the arm-chair to about 1650.—(Rev. Canon) G. B. OLDFIELD.



* * These chairs can hardly be older than the date mentioned by the Rev. Canon. Most of the dated examples of this class of English peasant oak furniture range between the years 1630 and 1700. We have, by permission, added the photographs sent us to the collection in the Art Library of the Victoria and Albert (South Kensington) Museum.

NOTES.

BOTTICELLI AT THE AGNEW GALLERY.—Touching the collection of "Twenty Old Italian Masters" at Messrs. Agnew's Gallery, in Bond Street, Mr. Stephen Pileher writes to us:—"The gem of the collection is the Botticelli 'Madonna and Child, with St. John.' Over many minds the fastidious Florentine artist, with the beauty and the mystery of his art once understood, exercises an irresistible fascination. There can hardly be any question as to the genuineness of this work; and it may offer some aid in settling the critical controversy as to the authenticity of the 'Virgin and Child, St. John, and an Angel,' at the National Gallery. Many have denied that this is the work of Botticelli; and recently Dr. Richter in his stimulating book, 'Three Lectures on the National Gallery,' put forth these objections very forcibly. Still, some of us prefer to think that it was painted by the Florentine goldsmith of whom Pater has written so well, for the face of the angel could hardly have been painted by anybody but Botticelli. One of the principal objections is certainly the extraordinary ugliness of the child; for it is contended that this could not come from the

brush of such a painter of beauty. But the infant in the work shown in Bond Street is of exactly the same ugly, coarse type. This may be a point scored on the side of those who hold the old view as to the work in the National Gallery. Another very interesting feature in the new Botticelli is the attitude of the Madonna. There was a great deal of paganism in the painter, and, as Pater points out, his Virgin generally seems to shrink from contact with the Divine Child. In the new work, however, the Madonna adores the Child on her bended knee, with hands clasped in an attitude of prayer and supplication, and eyes fixed intently upon Him. May it not be suggested that the work in the National Gallery is a product of Botticelli's pagan period, and that at Messrs. Agnew's belongs to the latter period of his life, when he came under the influence of Savonarola, and joined his company of 'Piagnoni—the mourners, or grumblers, the Puritan party in Florence?'"

PAINTINGS OF WATERLOO.—A correspondent informs us that at Carnford Rectory, near Wimborne, there is a water-colour drawing by Turner, entitled "After the Battle of Waterloo."

 THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—SEPTEMBER.

The National Portrait Gallery. THE extraordinary contradictions given by the Government in the House of Commons on the subject of the Trustees' application for a larger grant for the purchase of certain pictures must not be taken too seriously. The fact is that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was inadequately prompted, and his statements to questions were consequently incorrect. To say, as he did, that there are portraits in the Gallery of Charles I and Queen Henrietta Maria "of far greater artistic excellence" than the first-class works which the Trustees desired to acquire is utterly groundless: at present they possess only very poor copies, as expressly stated in the report. Again, his repetition of the First Lord's defence that an increase of the present miserable—almost laughably inadequate—annual grant of £750 would cause a "competition" between the National Portrait Gallery and the National Gallery, proves how radically Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, as well as Mr. BALFOUR, have misapprehended the case. We may add that the reason why the Trustees suddenly withdrew their request for money to purchase Sir DAVID WILKIE'S portrait of the Queen, offered by the Rev. the MARQUESS OF NORMANBY, was an intimation from her Majesty that she did not think she would be best represented by the picture of which she did not admit the successful resemblance. And the reason why the Queen thereupon presented the portrait of her by Sir GEORGE HAYTER, now at Kensington Palace, was partly to fill the very deplorable hiatus in the collection, and partly, no doubt, as a generous consolation-prize to the zealous but ill-supported Trustees.

The Moral of Mr. Drury Fortnum's Will.

THE will of the late Mr. CHARLES DRURY EDWARD FORTNUM, Trustee of the British Museum, and author of the great work on "Maiolica" which was reviewed in this Magazine on its appearance, is that of a passionate lover of the arts and of a patriotic public benefactor. Apart from his charities to Oxford, he has supplemented his gift of £15,000 and a great part of his collection to the Ashmolean Museum, by the bequest of £10,500, as well as the remainder of the collection and the Hill House estate, for the purposes of that collection. To the British Museum he has bequeathed the ultimate residue of his estate for the erection of further galleries. To South Kensington Museum he bequeaths—the *Court sword of Samuel Rogers*. There's the prick. As he made known in his life-time, and as was generally repeated, South Kensington Museum would have benefited enormously by his generosity had he not been offended in that quarter. The causes which made South Kensington so unpopular, as Sir ARCHIBALD GEIKIE expressed it, constitute now, we hope, a past chapter in the history of that institution; but here we have a striking illustration of the mischief done by the ill-humour against which we have ere now borne witness. The Museum has now changed its name; and with the new title of "Victoria and Albert" it will doubtless seek to acquire the virtues and the tact with which those names are synonymous.

The New War Office Buildings. LORD WEMYSS seems hardly more successful or better inspired than his fellow peer, Lord GRANTHORPE, the

amateur architect to the Abbey Church of St. Albans, in his incursions into the field of public building construction. His suggestion that models of all projected public fabrics should be made and exhibited is useful in theory but rather an expensive means of criticising, apart from the fact that models do not properly show what is of the most practical necessity—the planning and interior arrangements. As to his alternative proposal, to which a great number of peers attached their names in support, we can only feel astonishment that any considerable body of intelligent men can imagine that if they take little bits out of a vast design, such as that of Hugo Jones, and huddle them close up together, they can flatter themselves that they are “practically” carrying out the intentions of the master. What they propose to do is rather an insult to him and his work. They might as well reprint two or three striking scenes from *Hamlet* and claim that they have honoured Shakespeare’s work and done homage to his memory. All they would have done would be to rob his design of all proportion, of all relief, construction, and true character. Had they had their way, the members of the Upper House would have had cause for bitter regret and shame.

The British Museum Report.

THIS document, as satisfactory as its predecessors, marks the extraordinary increase of the national collections during 1898. In the Print Room, as elsewhere, an enormous amount of cataloguing and indexing have been done, and no fewer than 5,317 acquisitions are recorded, these acquisitions being classed in several schools. It will be rather a surprise to many readers to find that George du Maurier is included among “Artists of Foreign Schools working in England;” twenty of his drawings, comprising some of the latest have been bought, well-advisedly, as much of his best late work was accidentally destroyed by fire not long ago. In the department of MSS., the Buckler topographical drawings have been acquired, as well as notable Books of Hours; and in the other departments of Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities, Greek and Roman antiquities (especially the Greek Diadem, and statuettes of Heracles and Athene from the Tyskiewiecz collection), British and Mediæval antiquities, and Coins and Medals, objects of the highest artistic interest have also been added to the collections. Not fewer than 612,000 persons visited the Gallery—the highest number on record for fifteen years; of these nearly 48,000 were visitors during the short season of Sunday opening.

MR. MORTIMER MENPES has very definitely established his position as an artist from whom may be expected clever and interesting work. In each of the exhibitions for which he has been responsible during the last few years he has had something fresh to say, and has said it with remarkable vivacity and intelligence. His last show of paintings and drawings of “Beautiful Women,” held at Messrs. Dowdeswells, was as fascinating by its originality as by its general charm of subject. A large number of small oil pictures, pencil drawings, some of which are delicately tinted with water colour, and coloured etchings, were included; and with them some drypoints engraved upon ivory, which were particularly notable for their beauty of technique and decision of touch. The collection altogether was one of the most attractive that was seen in London during the past season.

Another important exhibition with a very different type of attractiveness was that of a group of pictures by great Italian masters, which was to be seen during July at Messrs. Agnew’s. Among these canvases

were a large circular composition—“Madonna and Child,” by BOTTICELLI (see last page); a gracefully drawn and admirably painted “Venus at her Toilet,” by JOHN BELLINI; a “Madonna,” by RAPHAEL; and a very fine portrait of a Venetian noble by GAETANO. Only twenty pictures altogether were included; but these represented the highest level attained by the Italian school during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

MR. J. BUXTON KNIGHT’S reputation as a close and appreciative student of Nature, and as a landscape painter with a very true insight into subtleties of atmospheric effect and aerial colour, has been for many years so secure that the excellence of his work collected at the St. George’s Gallery came by no means as a surprise. Many periods of his life were represented, and the steady growth of his capacity was well shown in a series that began with the precise and careful detail painting of his early years, and ended with the free and spontaneous generalisations that his long observation of open air subjects has made possible to him. That he is an artist of much more than ordinary capacity was made very evident.

MR. THEODORE ROUSSEL’S etchings in colour, a selection of which have been on view at Messrs. Goupil’s, are the outcome of a long series of experiments. They have a strong individuality of method, and are quite unlike those that have been produced by Mr. Menpes or M. Raffaelli. Their qualities are rather those that belong to aquatint than etching, and they show a distinct preference for considerable depth of tone and colour. In the examples exhibited the artist has aimed at a decorative effect by treating both the frame and mount of each print as part of the design, and in such a way as to harmonise pleasantly with the scheme of the print itself.

MR. HOMER WATSON, a landscape painter of more than ordinary ability, held lately at Messrs. Dowdeswell’s an exhibition of pictures that claimed attention as pleasant studies of Nature expressed with a rugged force that was by no means disagreeable. Occasionally they were a little uncouth; but on the whole their merits of composition, and their pleasant sense of atmosphere and illumination, amply made up for any deficiencies in reserve that their handling could be said to show. They could be honestly praised for their largeness of style and directness of meaning.

SIGNOR ONORATO CARLANDI’S water-colour drawings, which appeared in the galleries of the Fine Art Society, are marked by dexterity and skilful application of materials. In choice of subject the collection was particularly catholic, for the drawings of which it was composed represented places very widely apart, and of very differing character. Some of the best were painted in Suffolk; but those illustrating well known spots in London were also important.

The annual exhibition of pictures selected from the Paris Salons opened at the Continental Gallery at the end of July. On the whole it is less interesting than usual, though here and there among the hundred and forty canvases hung an interesting piece of work is to be discovered. M. ROGER’S “Visit of Dante and Virgil to the places of the Ancient Poets” is not undignified; M. ROTIG’S “Forest Fire” is strong and animated, and a landscape by M. FRANZ COURTENS is to be praised as one of the best things in the gallery.

Ruskin : Rossetti : Preraphaelitism : Papers 1854 to 1862. Arranged and edited by *William Michael Rossetti*. George Allen, London. 1899. (10s. 6d.)

No lover of either of the two men mentioned in the

title, no one interested in the great movement with which their names are identified, can afford to overlook this book. It is, in a manner, a revelation: we have here the true Rossetti, the true Ruskin, the true Madox Brown, the true "Miss Siddal"—their acts, motives, thoughts, set down before the public as they were never intended to be, but none of them unworthy, nothing but what enables us to understand better the most important artistic movement which this country has witnessed. There are doubtless some who might pronounce the publication as somewhat indiscreet; others who would prefer to have been left under delusion as to the dreamy poetry and romantic indifference to worldliness of these extremely earnest, healthy, hungry, hard-up young men—with Ruskin as a firm Prince Bountiful. For our part we warmly applaud Mr. Rossetti's action: he has made the historical truth of the movement inevitable by becoming the true historian himself. Especially does his printing of Madox Brown's diary reveal to us a vivid picture of the Pre-Raphaelites' struggle for life. We have here, too, Miss Siddal's poetry, the story of Ruskin's solicitous generosity to Rossetti and his wife "Guggum;" of the first "Pre-Raphaelite Exhibition" in Russell Place in 1857; and so forth. We have many interesting touches such as Ruskin's declaration to William Davis of Liverpool that "the highest results in painting depend on judicious and powerful use of dryer, in no wise *floating* colour;" and to William Rossetti concerning Rossetti, William Morris, Burne-Jones, and the rest of the famous little band who were then engaged in decorating the Oxford Union: "You know the fact is they're the least bit crazy, and it's very difficult to manage them." Many more entertaining trifles are to be found among matters of real importance and extreme interest. The letters are for the most part admirable—as letters; and they number nearly 160; while the illustrations are a great feature of the book. They consist in a dozen photogravures of Rossetti's "Girlhood of Mary Virgin," "The Blessed Damozel," "La Pia," "The Loving Cup," "Found," "Salutatio Beatricis: in Eden," "Beatrice at a Marriage Feast denies Dante her Salutation," "Proserpine," "A Vision of Fiametta," "Veronica Veronese," and "Salutatio Beatricis: in Terra;" and these are supplemented by Mr. W. L. Windus's admirable and rarely reproduced picture, "Bard Helen." This book, therefore, is a highly desirable one for the art library.

Enchanted India. By *Prince Bôjidar Karageorgevitch*
Harper and Brothers, London and New York. (6s.)

THE author's name is familiar to our readers as that of one of our valued contributors. But nothing which he has written in these pages approaches the beauty of this charming literary achievement. The Prince has been through India—he has made the tour—but his visit coincided with the famine and the plague, and being the bearer of letters of recommendation to the highest in India, he has had little that he thought of interest concealed from him, and nothing in his neighbourhood escaped him. Himself an artist and a musician, he has seen everything with the eyes of a poet; and quickly responsive to all the characteristics of that magic land, he has recorded his sensations not only with intelligent sympathy but with truth, beauty, and power. The result is a series of word-pictures—pictures of scenes, of views, of ceremonies; clear, subtle, dainty, or vigorous in expression as the occasion warrants or demands. No painter could suggest so convincingly the hot living atmosphere, the movement, light, and sound, the national characteristics, customs, and passions; few could convey better the richness of colour and glow that

make India one of the wonders of the world. Prince Karageorgevitch is a master of the art of description; his quick eye loses nothing, his delicate perceptions are dull to none of the finer sensations; and with consummate, though almost unseen, art he sets the whole on record and transmits to his reader a sense of the fascination that fills his own mind. Not even the horrors of plague and famine leave us without enjoyment. We quote the passage in which he gives us his first impressions of the Himalayas:—"After two hours' ride in the darkness we reached our destination. Suddenly the cloud fell like a curtain pulled down, the sky appeared, and then the earth at our feet became visible in the starlight. . . . Far away, in the transparent air, above a wall of grey cloud—the dull, dingy grey of dirty cotton-wool—a speck showed as a beacon of lilac light, of the hue and form of a cyclamen flower; this turned to rose, to brick-red, to warm golden colour, fading to silver; and then, against the blue sky, showed immaculately white. This was Gaurisankar—Mount Everest—the top of the world, appallingly high, inconceivably vast, though lost in the distance, and seen from a hillock three thousand metres above the sea. After the giant a whole chain of lavender and rose-coloured peaks turning to blue came into sight in the marvellously clear atmosphere; then the sun rose below us, in the throbbing tide of heat the mountains seemed to come closer to us, but immediately the mist gathered about Gaurisankar." Here we have one of the simpler of Prince Bôjidar's descriptions.

Notes sur les Salons de 1899. By *Henri Frantz*.
Bibliothèque de la Critique, Paris. 1899.

IN this charmingly printed little book—hardly more than a pamphlet—M. Henri Frantz, the well known critic, and valued contributor to this Magazine, puts forth in permanent form his judgment on the two Salons. His chapters deal with the works exhibited according to class; and his subtle judgment, expressed in charming literary form, are pleasant to read and valuable to refer to. We cannot invariably agree with him; we think, for example, that he is too much of a hero-worshipper of M. Rodin; that he appraises too highly the personality of M. Cottet, taking too little note of what is less good in his art and mischievous in his example; that undue importance is given to the work of M. de Glehn, clever as that artist undoubtedly is. But M. Frantz is nevertheless a safe guide and a most pleasant companion; and his book, valuable as a record, is rendered more useful by the fulness of its index.

The International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers Art Congress. W. H. Ward, London. 1899. (2s. 6d.)

WE have received this illustrated edition of the Society's Exhibition Catalogue, a charming souvenir, excellently provided with a hundred little reproductions of the exhibits, of which illustrations a dozen are capital little photogravures. The whole appearance is highly creditable to the publisher, with the sole exception of the hieroglyphic on the side—apparently the seal of the Society—which has neither beauty of design nor balance. It is surprising to learn that it has the approval of Mr. Whistler. So important a society should obtain the services of a competent designer for so simple a purpose.

The Great Water Joke. Written and Illustrated by *J. F. Sullivan*. Downey and Co., London. 1899. (2s. 6d.)

WE have on a previous occasion expressed the opinion that Mr. J. F. Sullivan has more than a touch of genius. He is a pessimistic humorist, perhaps; but his

originality, inventiveness, sense of fun, and power of satire more than compensate for the bitterness of his irony. In this really admirable denunciation of the Water Company Monopoly and the whole water question, admirably treated alike in rhyme and picture, the art of exaggeration could hardly be more happily practised. The verse always seems "inevitable;" and the pointed illustrations are irresistible. Mr. Sullivan has made vast progress in draughtsmanship since the days of his immortal "British Working Man," and his intelligence is keener than ever and his characterisation more admirably realistic. One day the public will recognise Mr. Sullivan at his true worth: why is it still so blind as not fully to recognise his extraordinary powers as satirist and caricaturist? Is it that his work is sometimes "ugly?"

We have also received the imposing Sale Catalogue of the Foran Collection, issued by Messrs. Sotheby. This folio work is of great artistic as well as archaeological importance; and adequately illustrating as it does many works of the highest interest, not a few hitherto absolutely unknown to the public, it has an importance far beyond what usually belongs to such publications. It is provided with an introduction by Mr. CECIL H. SMITH, LL.D., of the British Museum, and is a work of permanent value. (7s. 6d.)

THE first volume of "*The Butterfly*" is completed: a charming miscellany, rapidly improving. It is "clever" in its art and its literature. Messrs. RAVEN HILL, S. H. SIMS, J. W. T. MANUEL, and EDGAR WILSON are its mainstay. Their drawings are very "modern," full of humour, well designed, and original, and remarkably well printed.

PROFESSOR HERKOMER, R.A., has been elected Professor of Painting at the Royal Academy in succession to Sir WILLIAM RICHMOND, R.A., K.C.B., resigned.

The *Prix de Rome* has been gained, in painting, by M. LOUIS ROGER, and in sculpture by M. VERMARE. We shall have more to say on their work in a future number.

Mr. G. H. BOUGHTON'S picture, "When the Dead Leaves Fall," has been bought by the King of Italy from the Venice Exhibition, and will be hung in the Municipal Gallery at Rome. It will be remembered as the chief contribution of the artist to the New Gallery in 1898.

We learn that the bindings of "*Cupid and Psyche*" and "*The Shepherd's Calendar*" which were illustrated in the article on "The Guild of Women Binders" in our July number, were designed by Mr. ALFRED DE SANTY, and that, so far, the credit ascribed to the Hampstead Bindery belongs to him.

The foundation stone of a new technical school was recently laid at Leek by the Duchess of Sutherland. The school is an extension of the adjoining Nicholson Institute, the gift of the late Joshua Nicholson. The corner-stone has been excellently sculptured by Mr. A. BROADBENT. The architects of the new building are Messrs. W. SUGDEN AND SON.

Mr. GERALD ROBINSON, the President of the Society of Mezzotint-Engravers, has been elected *Membre Agrégé* of the Royal Academy of Antwerp. This may be taken as the result of Mr. Robinson, at the request of the King of the Belgians, having submitted some months ago to the Print Department of Belgium a selection of his engraved plates.

The movement on foot to obtain for the Tate Gallery from the trustees of the late Lord Wharnclyffe Sir EDWARD BURNE-JONES'S "King Cophetua and the

Beggar-Maid" has resulted so far in the collection of £1,000. A further sum of £2,500 is required—an amount not at all excessive for this masterpiece—and it is to be hoped, for the sake of the painter's reputation and the public enjoyment, that it will be quickly forthcoming.

Sir LAWRENCE ALMA TADEMA represented England at the Vandyek fêtes of Antwerp, the city in which he acquired most of his painting knowledge. France, always more imposing in these affairs, sent M. JULES LEFEBVRE (who was the head of her jury at the Brussels Exhibition), M. JULES BRETON, M. GEORGES LAFENESTRE (of the Louvre), M. FLAMENG, M. CHAPLAIN, and M. DAUMET.

The Sub-Committee for the Fine Arts of the Paris Exhibition Royal Commission consists of Colonel JEKYLL and the MARQUIS OF LORNE, *ex-officio*; Sir EDWARD POYNTER, P.R.A., chairman; and Sir WILLIAM AGNEW, Bart.; Sir WYKE BAYLISS, P.R.B.A.; Mr. FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.; Mr. F. EATON, Secretary of the Royal Academy; Mr. W. EMERSON, P.R.I.B.A.; Mr. LUKE FILDES, R.A.; Mr. ALFRED GILBERT, R.A.; Mr. E. J. GREGORY, R.A., P.R.I.; Mr. LORIMER, R.S.A. (representing Sir GEORGE REID, P.R.S.A.); Mr. FRANK SHORT, R.E. (representing Sir F. SEYMOUR HADEN, P.R.E.); Mr. I. SPIELMANN; Mr. M. H. SPIELMANN; Mr. MARCUS STONE, R.A.; and Mr. WATERLOW, A.R.A., P.R.W.S.

THE death has occurred, at the age of seventy-one, at Frankfort, his native city, of M. ADOLPHE SCHREYER, whose paintings of horses had gained him a world-wide reputation. He studied at Dusseldorf and Munich, and in 1849 he went to the East with the army of Prince Turn-und-Taxis, obtaining subjects for pictures. In 1863 he exhibited his work for the first time at Paris, and the following year he obtained the gold medal for his "Cossack Horses in a Snowstorm," which work, together with another, were purchased for the Luxembourg. A lengthened residence in Wallachia provided him with many subjects for his brush, one of the best known of which was "The Wallachian Mail." For further particulars of the life and work of Schreyer we would refer the readers to the article upon the subject in our volume for 1895 (p. 133).

M. EMILE BOILVIN, the well known French etcher and engraver, has recently died in Paris, at the age of fifty-four. He was born at Metz, and became a pupil of Pils. His first exhibit at the Salon, in 1864, was a painted portrait of a lady; but he subsequently devoted his time to etching. Medals were awarded him in 1877, 1879, and 1882, and at the International Exhibition of 1889 he gained the *Grand Prix*. He was made a Knight of the Legion of Honour in the same year.

From New York is announced the death of Mr. GAYLORD SANGSTON TRUESDELL at the age of forty-nine. He began his career as a lithographic artist in St. Louis, Chicago, and Philadelphia, but at the same time turned his attention to animal painting. Later on he went to Paris, where he studied under Messrs. Moreau and Cormon. His first exhibit at the Salon was in 1886, and in 1889 he gained a bronze medal at the International Exhibition for "The Shepherd and his Flock." "Going to the Pasture," exhibited at the Salon in 1890, is now in the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington.

M. HENRI MAYER, the French black-and-white artist, whose work was principally connected with the illustrated supplements of *Le Petit Journal*, has recently died in Paris. He was a Knight of the Legion of Honour.



STUDY OF A TREE.

By Lord Leighton, P.R.A.



LORD LEIGHTON'S HOUSE : THE LARGE STUDIO, AS NOW ARRANGED.

LORD LEIGHTON'S HOUSE, AND WHAT IT CONTAINS.

BY MRS. RUSSELL BARRINGTON.

TWO miles and a quarter from Hyde Park Corner, removed a few steps from the main thoroughfare between London and Hammer-smith, and running parallel to it, is Holland Park Road, facing which stands the house of Lord Leighton. "I live in a mews," he used to say. This meant more than a figure of speech, though the "mews" in question is very different from a London street mews. Low, odd-shaped, irregular buildings, formerly stables (a few are still used as such), were in Lord Leighton's life converted into studios by artists who wished to cluster around the President of the Royal Academy. These stand in old gardens and are studded at intervals along the road, bordered by trees branching across it and taking away all idea of its being a London street. Screened by a hedge of closely-cut lime-trees, the Leighton house stands back a few feet from the pavement. Through a porch and a small outer hall the house is entered. Monsieur Choisy, the distinguished French architect, in a letter written with a view of inducing the English nation to preserve this house as a national treasure, writes as follows:—

"Allow me also to point out the original beauty of the house where so many masterpieces are grouped. The French public have been enabled to admire this

house through the excellent articles of my friend and fellow member of the Royal Institute of British Architects, Mr. Charles Lucas. Nowhere have I found in an architectural monument a happier gradation of effects nor a more complete knowledge of the play of light. The entrance to the house is by a plain hall that leads to a 'patio' lit from the sky, where enamels shine brilliantly in the full light: from this 'patio' one passes into a twilight corridor where enamel and gold detach themselves from an architectural ground of a richness somewhat severe: it is a transition which prepares the eye for a jewel of Oriental art, where the most brilliant productions of the Persian potter are set in an architectural frame inspired by Arab art, but treated freely: the harmony is so perfect that one asks oneself if the architecture has been conceived for the enamels or the enamels for the hall. This gradation, perhaps unique in contemporary architecture, was Leighton's idea; and the illustrious painter found in his old friend, Mr. G. Aitchison, who built his house, a worthy interpreter of his fine conception. This hall, where colour is triumphant, was dear to Leighton, and even forms the background to some of his pictures. Towards the end of his life he still meant to embellish it by substituting marble for that small part that was only painted. The generous employment of his fortune alone prevented him from realising his intention. England has at all times given the example of honouring great men: she will, I am sure, find the means of preserving for art a monument of which she has such reason to be proud."

As is now well known, Lord Leighton's executrixes, his two sisters, have assigned the

lease of the property, which has sixty-six years to run, to three gentlemen who are members of the committee formed to preserve it for the use and education of the public in memory of Lord Leighton, and the committee are now tenants at will of the proprietors. A large collection of his drawings and sketches and a few finished paintings have been secured through the generosity of his sisters, Mrs. Sutherland Orr and Mrs. Mathews, and of his personal friends, the list of whom is headed by the Prince of Wales. This collection of original works number 1,114—594 being now framed and hung on the walls of the studios. Twenty-eight proof engravings from Lord Leighton's principal pictures have also been presented by those who own the copyright: namely, Mrs. James Watney, the Fine Art Society, the Berlin Photographic Company, Messrs. Agnew, Graves, Colnaghi, and Tooth. There are also 112 photographic reproductions by Mr. F. Hollyer and Messrs. Dixon, the greater number of these having been taken for Lord Leighton in his studio, and are mostly the gifts of Mr. Wilfred Meynell, Mr. F. Hollyer and Messrs. Dixon; the remainder were presented by Lord Davey, Sir Henry Acland, Mr. A. Henderson, Mr. Philipson, and Mr. George Smith. The reproductions of completed pictures have been hung on the walls together with the sketches executed for them, in order that the student may realise how Leighton developed the designs he made into finished pictures. When funds permit the 520 remaining drawings and sketches will be framed, and it is the desire of the committee that, though the Leighton house should always remain the chief centre of the collection, groups of sketches should be lent to exhibitions in the provinces and in the poorer parts of London.

In the middle of the central hall now stands a reproduction, presented by Mr. Brock, R.A., of the bust of Lord Leighton executed by his sculptor friend—that perfect likeness in bronze of the President placed among the Diploma works in Burlington House. Surrounding this reproduction and lining the walls and staircase are plaques of Oriental designs: pictures in enamel, framed in by a background of Mr. William de Morgan's beautiful blue tiles.* The same treatment is continued through the "twilight corridor" leading to the great casket of treasures known as the Arab Hall. A few weeks ago the Society of the Library Association of England was received at the Leighton house, and at the meeting which preceded the *conversazione*, Lord Crawford, President of the Association, ended

* Mr. W. de Morgan is at present engaged in making two jars in pottery, which he intends to present to the house, to fill the niches in the Arab Hall.

the speech he made on the merits and rare gifts of his friend Lord Leighton by a reference to the unique value of this little temple of art. "We often," he said, "see Persian tiles in England. They are chiefly made in England: but they are bought in Persia! A genuine Persian tile is a rare thing. When you meet it, cherish it!" In this Arab Hall hundreds of these "rare" things are collected, each individually of a quality of uncommon beauty, and almost priceless owing to the fact that large spaces on the walls are filled with these gorgeous tiles fitted together as originally designed and intended by the Persian artists who invented them.

Lord Leighton, aided by his friend Mr. Purdon Clarke, the Director of the Art Museum, South Kensington, was extraordinarily lucky in obtaining large plaques of tiles intact. "During his visits to Rhodes, to Cairo, and to Damascus," writes Mr. George Aitchison, "he made a large collection of lovely Saracenic tiles, and had besides bought two inscriptions—one of the most delicate colour and beautiful design, and the other about sixteen feet long and strikingly magnificent—besides getting some panels, stained glass and lattice-work from Damascus afterwards: these were fitted into an Arab Hall in 1877."*

The translation of the large inscription was given to me by Mr. Harding Smith, and is a modified form of Sale's translation of the verse in the Korán from which it is taken:—

"In the name of the merciful and long-suffering God.

"The merciful hath taught the Korán. He hath created man and taught him speech.

"(He hath set) the sun and moon in a certain course.

"Both the grass and the trees are in subjection (unto him)."

The enamelled tiles made the keynote of this beautiful creation, the Arab Hall. Round three

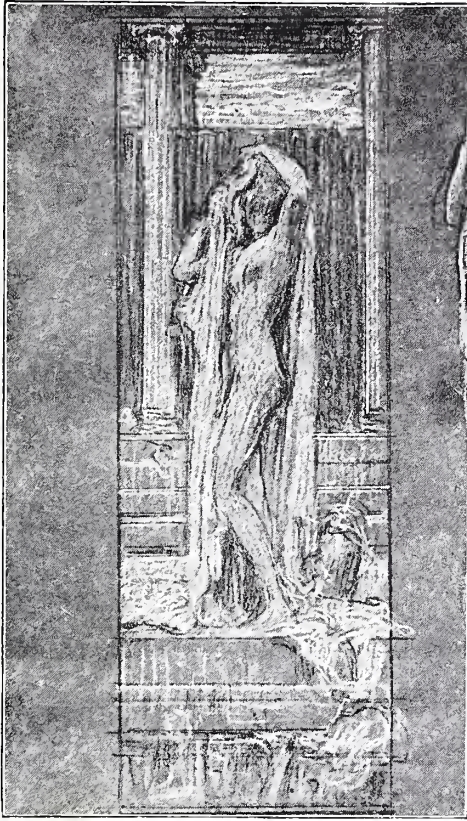
* Mr. George Aitchison, R.A., has supplied me with the following information concerning the materials used in the Arab Hall:—"The Arab Hall was begun November, 1877, virtually completed by the end of 1879, but some small matters not till 1881. Bastard statuary—*i.e.* the marble columns in the angle recess—these Caps are of alabaster designed by 'G. A.' (George Aitchison, R.A.) and modelled by Sir Edgar Boehm. The large columns are of Caserta marble, Caps of stone, birds modelled by Caldecott. Column niches lined with Devonshire Spar, dado Irish black, string Irish green and bases of small columns; those of the large columns are of Genoa green and Belgian blue. The marble lining behind big columns is of Pyreneean green, and the panel overhead and the lintel of Irish red. The marble work was done by White and Son, Vauxhall Bridge Road. Mosaic floor designed by George Aitchison, R.A., executed by Messrs. Burke and Co., who replaced fountain of white marble with the simple slab of Belgian black. Chandelier designed by 'G. A.,' executed by Forrest and Son, now extinct. The lattices to the lower windows and gallery are old from Damascus, the lower part of the gallery designed by 'G. A.'"

sides (the fourth being completed by the large inscription) runs a frieze in mosaics, the designs of which are among the most beautiful of those

singularly fine in the arrangement of drapery. Certainly a better example of Leighton at his happiest could not, I think, be found. It is also *especially* Leighton!"

Mr. Watts has himself presented a finished painting by Leighton—a half-length figure of a man—an exquisite piece of work, and given to Mr. Watts many years ago by the artist. When presenting it to the house Mr. Watts wrote that it was, of all his possessions, the one he prized the most.

The hundreds of sketches and drawings hung on the walls can be said to form the diary of Lord Leighton's working life. Here are records of the earliest student days, and of the later studies in Germany when Leighton was working under Steinle—of all his masters the one for whom he felt the greatest enthusiasm. The drawing in the collection which shows most



EARLY STUDY FOR "THE BATH OF VENUS"

invented by our great English decorator, Walter Crane.

Mr. Purdon Clarke has designated this creation of Lord Leighton's, in which he was so ably assisted by his friend, Mr. George Aitchison, and in which is to be traced that generous delight which Leighton took in all that was good in the art of his contemporaries, as "the most beautiful structure which has been raised since the sixteenth century." It would alone make the preservation of the house as an effective medium for education in the beautiful a necessity to any truly art-loving people.

To turn to the collection of Leighton's own paintings and drawings, we find the most complete work secured is the "Clytemnestra from the battlements of Argos watches for the beacon fires that are to announce the return of Agamemnon." Concerning this picture, at the time of its acquisition, Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., wrote:—"I am more pleased than I can say that the picture is possible. It is very fine; a grand pictorial realisation of Greek sculpture and Greek poetry; very noble in form and expression, and



STUDY FOR "LACHRYMÆ."

clearly the influence of Steinle's teaching was made on the journey from Frankfort to Rome in 1852. The subject is a monk leading a man away

from his enemy, and teaching him a lesson in forgiveness. It is signed "*Ulm. F.L. 52.*"

While still at Frankfort Leighton had begun the design for the "*Cimabue Madonna.*" In the collection we find the finished drawing of the

then by patience and labour you could express the outline and the modelling. In 1859, while at Capri, he drew the celebrated '*Lemon Tree,*' working from daylight to dusk for a week or two, and giving large details in the margin of the snails on the tree."

Of this drawing—now in the Oxford Museum, lent by Mr. Ruskin—Sir Henry Acland has given a singularly fine photograph, very nearly the size of the original.*

* It may be right here to draw attention to the fact that, with but very few exceptions, every sketch, study, and drawing that Leighton ever made from his boyhood to his death was to be found preserved in portfolios or on the walls of his studio; even the page of paper on which he practised and perfected the signature he used in the early days in Italy, the *F.L.* between the date. Every scrap was kept. One notable fact is to be observed—that the most generous of men still clung so consistently

to the keeping together of his studies that when he gave Mr. Ruskin the "*Lemon Tree*" for his Oxford Museum, that it might serve to impede, if possible, the ever-increasing wrong-headedness in study—the careless conceit, the irreverent dash, the incompetent



STUDY FOR "*SUMMER SLUMBER.*"

first design. For extraordinary precision of outline and graceful arrangement of moving figures, this is one of the most remarkable on the walls. There is also a study of a figure on horseback which was left out of the complete picture, and of which a reproduction appears in this part of THE MAGAZINE OF ART. It is very fine—and signed "*F.L., Carlo Roma, 1854.*" There is also the study of the head for the figure of Dante (given by Canon Rawnsley), as well as a large study in watercolour and pencil of the woman seated at the window. Hanging near them is a very finely pencilled head of that boy whom Leighton called "*the prettiest and the wickedest boy in Rome,*" and on it is written "*Vincenzo-Roma, 1854 F.L.*" Another—on which is written "*Venezia 1856 F.L.*"—is, for strength of character and beauty combined, one of the most powerful in the collection. This was purchased by a donation given by Lord Rosebery. These are a few out of fifty drawings of heads in the house, and there are, besides, many records in landscapes and street scenes of Leighton's journeyings to Capri, Athens, Rhodes, Damascus, and Algeria.

Among the most perfect drawings Lord Leighton has left are the studies from flowers and foliage. Professor Aitchison writes: "One day I found him (Leighton) drawing the flower of the pumpkin, and he said flowers were quite as hard to draw as human heads, if you drew them conscientiously; but doing that rested with yourself, for there could be no critics. He said of drawing that the great thing was thoroughly to understand the structure, and that



STUDY FOR "*FLAMING JUNE.*"

confidence of many modern students—this wonderful study was given to Mr. Ruskin for his life *only*. Many were the pressing offers made by friends to Leighton to buy one or more of the perfectly unique collection of oil landscapes, etc., which recorded the history of his later travels; but as many as were made were refused. May those who now possess these treasures draw the desired inference!

How Leighton's theories as to the manner in which flowers should be drawn were carried out, is exemplified by two wonderful studies of the said pumpkin flower and fifty other studies from flowers and plants in this collection. This young artist in his early 'twenties, brilliant in society, full of intellectual and every other kind of vitality, could sit for hours perfecting the study of a flower or a plant. One who knew him well in

degree. He was the most brilliant man I ever met. . . . He longed for and deserved success; but only in so far as he deserved it. When he was sharply checked in his upward career he accepted the rebuke with humility. For he was a modest man.* I had not met him for years when, coming into chance contact with him, I told him how keen the interest had been with which I had watched his progress. 'I am not satisfied,' he answered; 'I alone know how far I have fallen short of my ideal.'

In his house are two records of a visit to



LORD LEIGHTON'S HOUSE: THE SMALL STUDIO, AS NOW ARRANGED.

1854 and 1855 wrote in "The Times" of January 28th, 1896, three days after Leighton's death:

"I remember hearing a relative of his, a clergyman, deplore in 1854 the persistency with which Leighton was throwing away his chances in life to become a mere artist.* I enjoyed constant intercourse with him during the whole of 1854 and to the middle of 1855. To me, at least, that period was one of great value and interest, for it gave me the opportunity of studying the character of one whose personality was attractive in no small

* Five years previously Leighton had embodied in a design, now in his house, the longing, the home-sickness, the "*Sehnsucht*" he felt for his own true much-loved vocation. It is in the drawing of Giotto as a boy lying among his sheep upon a bank. Below the sketch in Leighton's handwriting are the words "*Giotto—Sehnsucht.*"

the Bagni di Lucca. One has been presented by Mr. J. MacWhirter, R.A. It is a highly finished drawing of a wreath of leaves exquisitely executed. On the same sheet is a drawing of a vine in fruit, and in Leighton's own writing "*Pomegranate Lucca Bagni Villa.*"

One of the most beautiful of the foliage studies tells of a happy day "*near Bellosquardo, Sept. 156.*" It is a perfect and highly-finished study of a vine. What joy Leighton must have had

* "Leighton has been cut up unmercifully by the critics, but bears on, Robert says, not without courage. That you should say 'his picture looked well,' was comfort in the general gloom."—*Letter from Mrs. Browning to Mrs. Jameson, May 6th, 1856, Paris.*

while working at this exquisite thing in the September sunshine on that delicious Bellosquardo height! A butterfly and a bee were minutely pencilled on the paper as they flew round the vine leaves as he drew them. "*Cycamen Tivoli Oct. 156*" is written on another of these tiny treasures. "*Atoes Paupt. Doria,*" "*Pyrite Roma,*" "*Thistle Rhodes,*" "*Lindos 167 Asphodt,*" "*Thistle banks of Tiber, stalk tight warm brown, leaf dk. etd. brown flou. dsk. warm brown, Roma 156,*" are notes on some of these pages of studies, which can truly be said to compare alone with the work of a Leonardo or an Albert Dürer.

There is nothing slovenly in nature, and there is as surely nothing slovenly in Leighton's art. The special note of beauty in nature which excited Leighton's deepest enthusiasm was the quality which is perhaps most like that in a shell. In the pumpkin flowers, in the study given by Mr. Hamo Thourycroft, R.A., of "*Katmia latifolia,*" and in many others, is recalled notably the fine, pure carved distinctness of the forms in a shell—the shell that contains the form and colour that at once delights the sense both of the painter and the sculptor. In the oil sketches by Leighton—those poems of Southern sunlight and colour, records of voyages in the Ægean seas and off the coasts and islands of Greece and Asia Minor—we again recall the special beauty in quality and colour of a shell, the rainbow tints in mother-of-pearl, the faint translucence trembling in a sheen of light.

In 1860 Leighton migrated to his studio in Orme Square, Bayswater. The collection possesses several drawings made about that time, notably the studies for "*Lieder ohne Worte.*" His young friend, now the well known portrait-painter, Mr. Hanson Walker, sat for the head in this picture. "*A crowded scene in Florence,*" a design full of interest and movement, was the gift to the house of this friend, who at his instigation adopted art as a profession. In 1866 Leighton moved from Orme Square to the house he had built in Holland Park Road, and there we can now follow his yearly labours by studying the studies for all the well known famous pictures of the last thirty years, each as it was painted, till we come to that last picture exhibited after his death on the Academy walls, that passionate appealing figure of Clytie, painted after the fatal warning had been given. The motive is the same as that of the early design of "*Giotto*" made very nearly fifty years before—

i.e. "*Sehnsucht,*" not the dreamy half-conscious "*Sehnsucht*" of the awakening artist-nature, but the passionate longing to remain in the rich existence that rare gifts and noble affections had secured for that artist-nature.

After the studies for "*Clytie,*" there remain but those made for pictures never to be painted, till we reach at last the drawing of the 22nd of January, 1896, the last day on which Leighton worked. Three days after, on the following Saturday, he died.

The object of the Committee is to make this house and its treasures a centre for art in the parish of Kensington, where Lord Leighton lived for thirty years. During seventeen of these years he was the President of the Royal Academy, and by common consent the greatest President that institution has ever had. The South Kensington Museum is not in the parish and is far off; and though this is one of the richest in London, Kensington proper has no centre of art. Since last October the Committee has arranged for concerts, lectures, and readings to take place in the studios; and the public is now enlightened as to the exceptional acoustic qualities the studios possess, a fact for long recognised by Leighton's personal friends at the yearly concerts he gave when his pictures were ready for the Royal Academy.

It is proposed to add to the contents of the house an Art Library, and for this many valuable volumes are waiting to be presented as soon as the bookshelves are ready to contain them. The present proprietors are prepared to hand over the house and all it contains to any public body who will engage to maintain it and to meet the views of the Committee as to the use of the house. As a memorial to Lord Leighton, the most suitable use will be, they feel, to devote it to the furtherance of the interests of art of the best in all lines and among all classes—in fact, to continue in his own home the culture of that "*sweetness and light*" which emanated so notably from his own nature. To conclude with words written by his old and very intimate friend Professor Costa, with whom he spent his last holiday in the autumn before he died, "*Leighton solved certain problems which appeared insoluble. For instance, he combined a life at high pressure with the most exquisite politeness—truth with poetry, an iron will with the tenderness of a mother's heart, high aims with a practical life and with the worship of beauty, the ardour of which was only equalled by its purity.*"



STUDY FOR "CIMABUE'S MADONNA."

By Lord Leighton, P.R.A. (See p. 532.)

ALBERT ROBIDA: ILLUSTRATOR, ENGRAVER, ETCHER, LITHOGRAPHER, AND WRITER.

BY OCTAVE UZANNE.



THE ENEMIES OF
POLICHINELLE.

From "Le Secret de Polichinelle,"
by Paul Arène (for M. Mariani.)

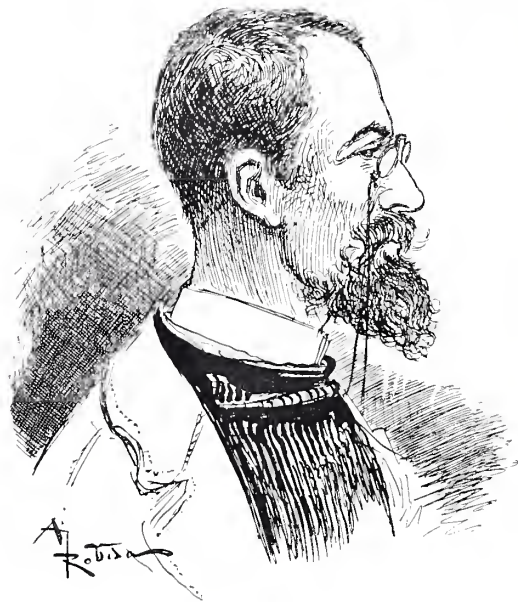
AMONG the most eminently original of contemporary French artists, as a man whose talent stands apart Robida is certainly one of the most remarkable. His is one of the most extraordinary natures imaginable, characterised by a singularly swift and intuitive conception of living ideas carried out with rapid and always highly fantastic execution.

Robida may be called original to the point of extravagance; he is essentially a *touche-à-tout* in literature and art: a ready and cultivated writer, this man, who produces such amusing volumes enlivened alike by pen and pencil, whose lithographs are so brilliant, who is so enthusiastic a devotee of the old monuments of provincial France, whose bewildering etchings are as skilfully treated as if he had grown grey in the study of soft and firm varnish—this marvellous man whose talents are of such universal application, is the most modest, the simplest, the most ingeniously kind and affable of all creative artists. It is therefore a real pleasure to me, almost an act of gratitude, to write of him with all the esteem I feel for a nature so noble, true, loyal and calm, responsive to all that is beautiful, while looking on life with benevolent irony, and humour worthy of Topffer or of Swift.

Looking back on the past, I remember how, twenty years ago now, I enjoyed a feeling of prolonged childhood as I turned over the various remarkably picturesque volumes published by Decaux and Dreyfus under such fascinating and tempting titles as "Les vieilles Villes d'Italie," "Les vieilles Villes d'Espagne," "Les vieilles Villes de la Suisse" ("The Old Towns of Italy," "of Spain," "of Switzerland"). These records by an inspired tourist were quite out of the groove of any work of the kind previously seen. Instead of commonplace views, of coquettish vignettes or drawings more or less based on fact, the illustrations to these books overflowed with life and fancy. This was not the conventional picturesque; it was the Imagining of a Visionary; houses, castles, palaces, strongholds, and scenery were full of deep conceptions, of such architectural audacity

as they were far from showing in reality, and owed to the exuberant and chimerical hallucinations of the draughtsman a phantasmagoria of his invention. And withal the artist's sincerity was self-evident; that was what gave such a puzzling charm to these books—the work, as it were, of a landscape draughtsman under the influence of hashesh; the transformation, wholly unconscious, betrayed the spirit of mischief and effervescent irony which strikes us sometimes under the more serious strains of Offenbach's music.

In these works of his early youth Robida at once revealed his talent, and since then every dilettante has watched him with delighted and amazed attention. These drawings, in fact, were the outcome of a very singular idealist mind,



ALBERT ROBIDA.

Drawn by Himself.

which mingles dreams with reality, and seeks the spirit behind the material form. There is scarcely another artist—unless it were perhaps Gustave Doré—who could have created such whimsical pictures out of the ruins of Swiss mediævalism, of the Italian Renaissance, and of the fairy-like edifices of the Hispano-Mauresque type—such a medley of buildings, such grotesque outlines of architectural curves, such glorious spires and belfries showing their solemn and soaring forms against the sky.

But it must be admitted that M. Robida sees the Middle Ages in a manner peculiar to himself, which reminds us somewhat of the mirrors which lengthen the objects they reflect; he shows us nothing but turrets, gables, and spires, he has



"HERCULES TRAVELLED THE WORLD IN SEARCH OF STRENGTH UNTIL HE CAME UPON THE COCA PLANT."

From "L'Explication," by Jules Claretie.

a passion for all that is slender and pointed—his archeology is, so to speak, all acute angles.

The brilliant fertility of his imagination was not, however, fully seen till in 1880; co-operating with Decaux, he started the weekly paper "La Caricature." During the first seven years of its existence Robida displayed his humour with irresistible spirit; and it will be most interesting in the future to find these delightfully comical parodies of the new departures in art and literature of that time. I remember more especially two very ingenious numbers. One refers to the theories of Pasteur and Brown-Séquard, and puts forward a wonderful scientific discovery, "Inoculation for perfect Happiness" by the process invented by Guildaine, insuring a state of permanent beatitude by subcutaneous injection of the *virus*. With infinite humour Robida relates the history of the discovery, the preparatory studies and experiments; then, after showing that this inoculation is to be accepted as a duty, he goes on to explain the social results and political benefits that will follow the discovery. Text and illustrations are equally delightful, admirably written and filled in with a quantity of sketches executed with frenzied freedom, spirit and assurance.

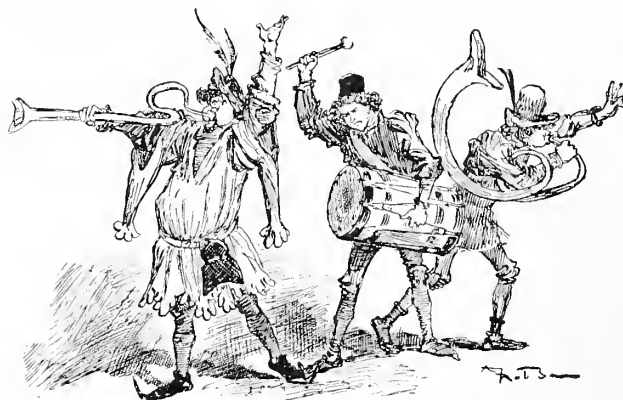
The other number is even more amusing and curious. It purported to be an entirely new periodical in harmony with the decadent spirit of the day, entitled "La Revue Pessimiste," and edited by "Tristan de Doublenoir." This is a serious and mordant satire, at once keen and deep; the whole thing—feuilleton, news, minor paragraphs

and illustrations—showed such gifts as the most talented members of the Paris press might well envy the ingenious author of the pseudo-Review. I need only give the following extracts from the introductory article:—

"It is an accomplished fact: Pessimism is in the ascendant. Smothered and oppressed as it has long been, it has silently made its way in the world, hustling away what survived of old-world ideas once dominant, and when the day comes of final collapse it will remain standing alone on the ruins."

The name of Robida is inseparable from that of "La Caricature," of which he was the creator, though, in spite of the inexhaustible fun and wit he poured into it for many years, it never seems to have been thoroughly popular. Any other man, by a little clever advertisement, would have made it productive of money and fame, as an album of ridicule of the Naturalistic movement. But our artist did not care for this; Robida is a Wandering Jew of art, without ambition, ever going onward and never pausing to correct or alter the work he has done—ever producing more after a fashion and taste of his own which allow no time for reflecting on the creations of the past.

Decaux, a highly appreciative publisher, understood the amazing and multiform gifts of the author-illustrator. He placed his assistance and capital at the service of this florid genius, as versatile as the very spirit of Gothic invention. He brought out six volumes by his favourite author: (1) "Les Voyages très-extraordinaires de Saturnin;" (2) "La grande Mascarade parisienne;" (3) "La Tour enchantée;" (4) "Le



TAILPIECE.

From "Le Roi des Jongleurs."

Voyage de M. Dumollet;" (5) "Le Vingtième Siècle;" (6) "La Guerre au vingtième Siècle."

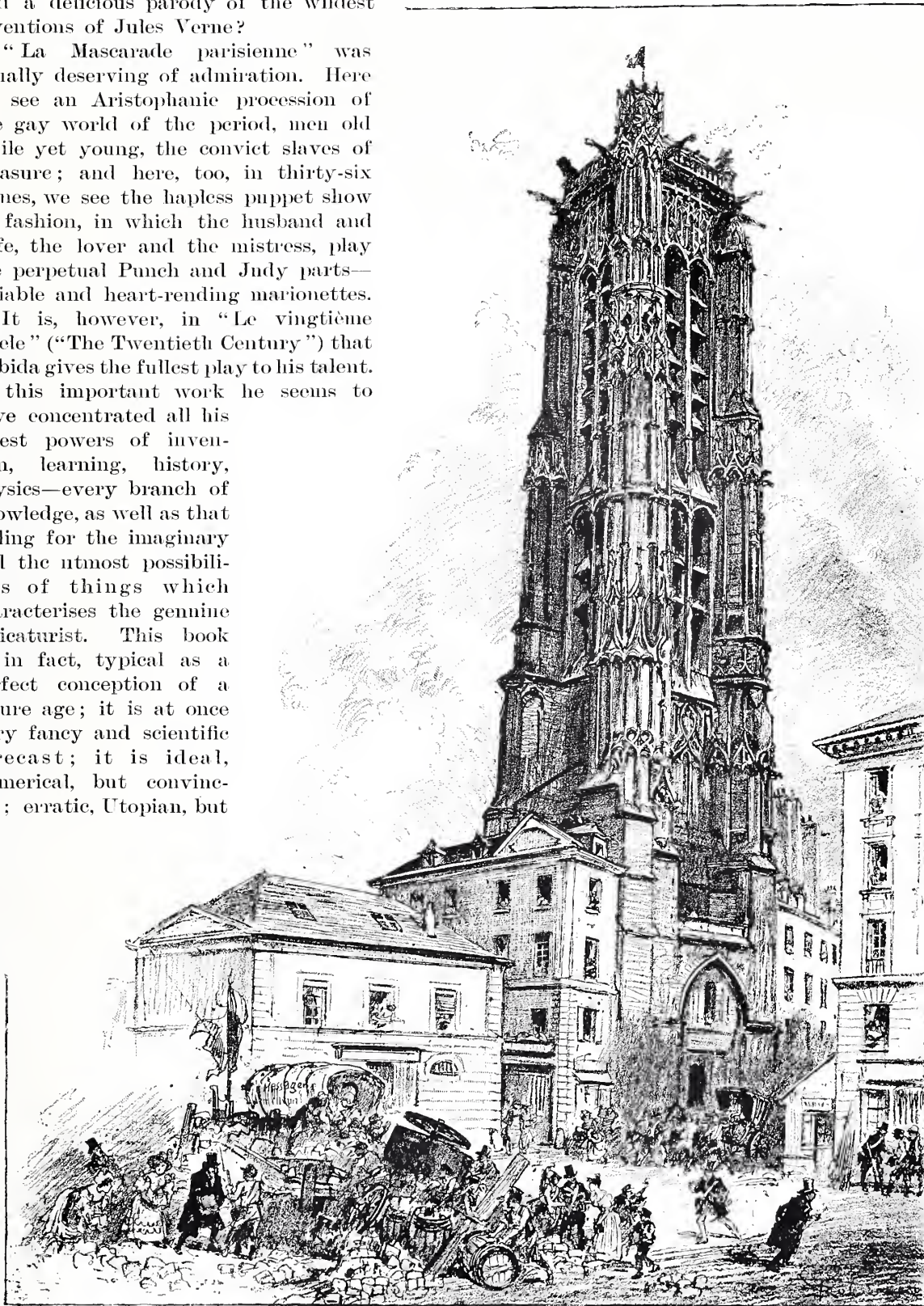
The public then began to understand these writings by a draughtsman and these illustrations by a literary genius; indeed, how could the driest

soul fail to be charmed, delighted, and amused by the bewildering adventures of "Saturnin Farandoul," a work of epic whimsicality and a delicious parody of the wildest inventions of Jules Verne?

"La Mascarade parisienne" was equally deserving of admiration. Here we see an Aristophanic procession of the gay world of the period, men old while yet young, the convict slaves of pleasure; and here, too, in thirty-six scenes, we see the hapless puppet show of fashion, in which the husband and wife, the lover and the mistress, play the perpetual Punch and Judy parts—pitiabile and heart-rending marionettes.

It is, however, in "Le vingtième Siècle" ("The Twentieth Century") that Robida gives the fullest play to his talent. In this important work he seems to have concentrated all his rarest powers of invention, learning, history, physics—every branch of knowledge, as well as that feeling for the imaginary and the utmost possibilities of things which characterises the genuine caricaturist. This book is, in fact, typical as a perfect conception of a future age; it is at once fairy fancy and scientific forecast; it is ideal, chimerical, but convincing; erratic, Utopian, but

logical and systematic; creative, and, in the literal sense, genial; full of every combination



THE TOWER OF ST. JACQUE IN 1830.

From "Paris de Siècle en Siècle."

that the human mind can foresee or deduce, and construct on ascertained facts.

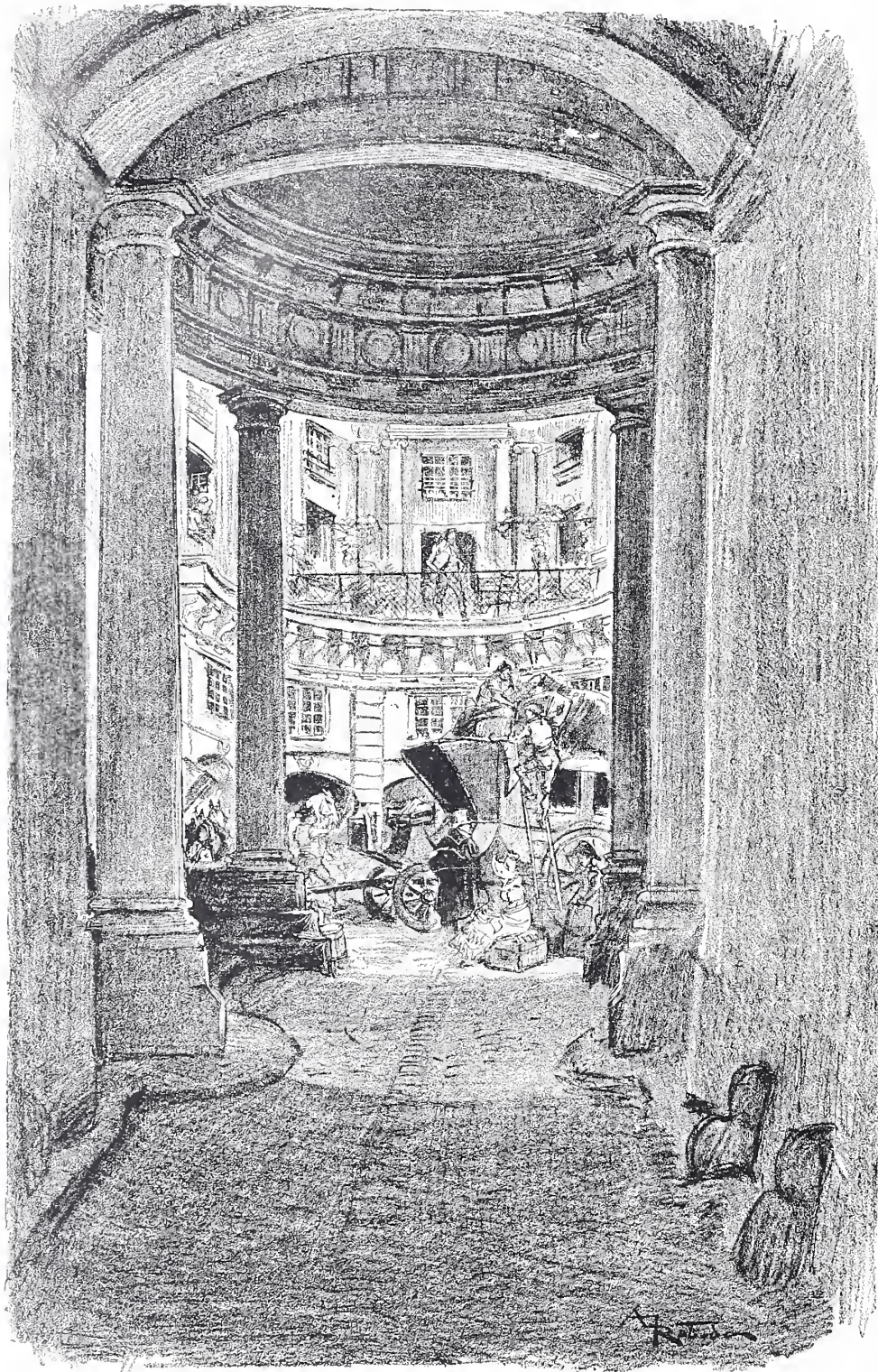
Of all the books written on the lines of what I may call *Futurism*, this is quite the strangest and the most rational: it is far from the opinions

of Sébastien Mercier, far from the forecasts of the old-time Encyclopædists, far from the Utopias invented by poets; but full of various insight and ingenuity of discovery. This mastery of prophecy sets before us the century which is to

dawn on us to-morrow, and which Robida, the magician of the pen and brush, brings before us bristling with machines of warfare, with balloons that may be steered, with motor-cars and unheard-of means of locomotion under ground, across the seas, and through the air.

The writer and the artist, each explaining and completing the other, seem nevertheless perfect each in himself; the reader can equally well understand the text without the sketches, and the sketches without the letterpress.

His critics have not always fully appreciated the value of this wonderful twofold power. They have constantly ticketed Robida as a caricaturist, and have wilfully ignored his talents as a picturesque draughtsman, an elegant writer, a reviver of lithography—in short, an omniscient and universal artist. "Robida the Caricaturist"—this is the absurd designation now generally accepted; an insult to the real fame of a man who, if he does indeed sometimes give us caricatures, is also



HÔTEL DE BEAUVAIS.

From "Paris de Siècle en Siècle."



"KING POLICHINELLE ON THE BATTLEFIELD."

From "*Le Secret de Polichinelle*,"
by Paul Arene (for M.
Mariani).

the "Librairie illustrée." have met with a flattering reception. I may mention "La vie en Rose," "Le vrai Sexe faible," "La peine de Cœur d'Adrien Fondueille," "La Part du Hazard"—a novel of the time of the siege of Paris and the Commune—and finally "La Tribu Salée," of which the scene is laid in the salt marshes of the Bourg de Batz.

I must also mention "Le XIX. Siècle," a series of twelve tales of the different periods of this century, and a very curious and amusing epitome of its various phases. And again, "Le Portefeuille d'un très-vieux Garçon," an extremely original work, published, in fact, in the guise of a pocket-book containing various papers found in the pocket of a man of the world—such as love-letters, bills, I.O.U.'s, restaurant-bills, and a will. Then among his small books in 18mo, "Mesdames nos Aieules," a sort of panorama of female fashions from the fifteenth century, in which as an author and a draughtsman he vies with himself in wit, erudition, and fun, with pen and pencil. The whole feminine contingent of the last five centuries from the days of Brantôme till our own here passes under review.

Such immense productiveness, every volume



"THE BARON HAD LED AN EXHAUSTING LIFE."

From "*La Plante Enchantée*" (Coca Wine), by Armand Silvestre.

fully illustrated by its author, amazes us no less by its quality, which never fails.

Further proof of this will be found in the edition of Rabelais, and in the three octavo volumes of the "Cent Nouvelles nouvelles," containing above three hundred extraordinary inventions of the highest merit.

lyrical, picturesque, amusing, pathetic, and inspired.

And yet as a novelist, independently of the illustrator's art, Robida has published some very good stories which, by the efforts of

Rabelais finds in Robida a conscientious and ingenious illustrator. It certainly required some courage to appear after Doré as depicting Pantagruel, Panurge, Gargantua, and Brother Jean des Entommeures. Without drawing any comparison between Doré and Robida, this Rabelais published by Decaux, is a remarkable work which will always be a joy to the Pantagruelian reader and the lovers of bewildering phantasmagoria. Not as an archaeologist, nor devoting himself to an elaborate reconstruction of scenery and costume, Robida has simply "let himself go" with all the spirit of an original and individual artist-mind. It is by dint of dreaming like a grown-up boy over the prodigious exploits, the whimsical buffooneries, the oddities and quiddities of Panurge and his mates, by resolving in all simplicity to illustrate, or rather to paraphrase, all the grotesque



"THE FRIGHTFUL CAUSE OF THE QUEEN'S DECLINE"

From "*Les Secrets des Bêtes*," by F. Mistral.

features of the Rabelaisian style, that he has achieved the wild extravagance of this splendid and immortal piece of work. And he is completely at ease in this congenial task—so ready in his frescoes of "castles-in-the-air," so frank an admirer of the monstrous windmills which Don Quixote has not yet knocked over! His talent revels in these imaginings, is excited by these chimeras, overflows, wallows in extravagance. He has filled the book with more than a thousand designs—pen-drawings, wash, water-colour—and never loses his distinctive originality. Robida is king in Gamacho-land; its spirit intoxicates him as he depicts its portentous drinking-bonts, its hugeous jollity, its Homeric orgies of men-at-arms bristling with weapons, its damsels of yielding grace. Full of his feeling and love for the ages of feudal warfare, of coats of mail, and multifarious helmets, the men of valour of the "Chanson de Roland" of the hundred-years' war and the Crusades, live

again under his magic pencil. Robida, with Henri Pille and Granet, represents the most purely romantic art of the last few years.

Some atrabilious persons have complained that, in his Rabelais, Robida has put that classic author to scorn, and that his illustrations are mere *opéra bouffe* of interpretation; but may it not be said in reply that the Pantagruelian epic is, in fact, a huge and side-splitting farce; would it not be perfectly senseless to illustrate the book with the gravity and coldness appropriate to a history by Augustin Thierry.

As we consider the inventive power, the peculiar *brio* of this knight-errant of the pencil in place of the sword, might we not say that Robida is the illustrator, to the manner born, of chivalrous romance, of *romanceros*, and every tale of cloak and sword. Théophile Gautier or Dumas père, Gigognac or Buckingham—are not these the perfect subjects for his art?

Robida had, indeed, undertaken to illustrate a grand popular edition of the "Three Musketeers," for which he has made a large number of drawings. None better than he could more entirely respond to the master of historical romance in his choice of subjects, spirit of delineation, and droll extravagance of line and form. Under his hand Athos, Porthos, and Aramis might live again, the incomparable d'Artagnan, the gentle Mme. Bonassieux, the severe "Milady," and all the other figures of that dramatic tale, enhanced in fresh charm and grace.

But again, and since then, Robida has begun a really formidable undertaking, which would swallow up the whole life of any other man. With unheard-of daring, he has set to work on a series of *fantasias* on the ancient buildings and individual character of the provinces of

"Old France." "Normandy," "Brittany," and "Touraine" are already published—three volumes choke-full of really magnificent illustrations, and worthy of the interest they have excited among the admirers of a country so richly endowed by nature, and so full of historical and romantic memories. Travellers and poets, painters and lovers of the past, will here find a rich harvest of picturesque reminiscences.

The aim he has in view and dreams of achieving is much the same as that of Charles Nodier and Baron Taylor, when, some years since, they began those "Travels in France," which were never finished. Provence, Burgundy, Gascony—each in turn—and all the other provinces will rise in their ancient aspect, thanks to this excellent artist. Robida, the explorer, will in a few years, no doubt, complete his "grand tour." After wandering on foot, without showing any signs of fatigue, through every hamlet; after drawing twenty times more views than he will



HAMLET.

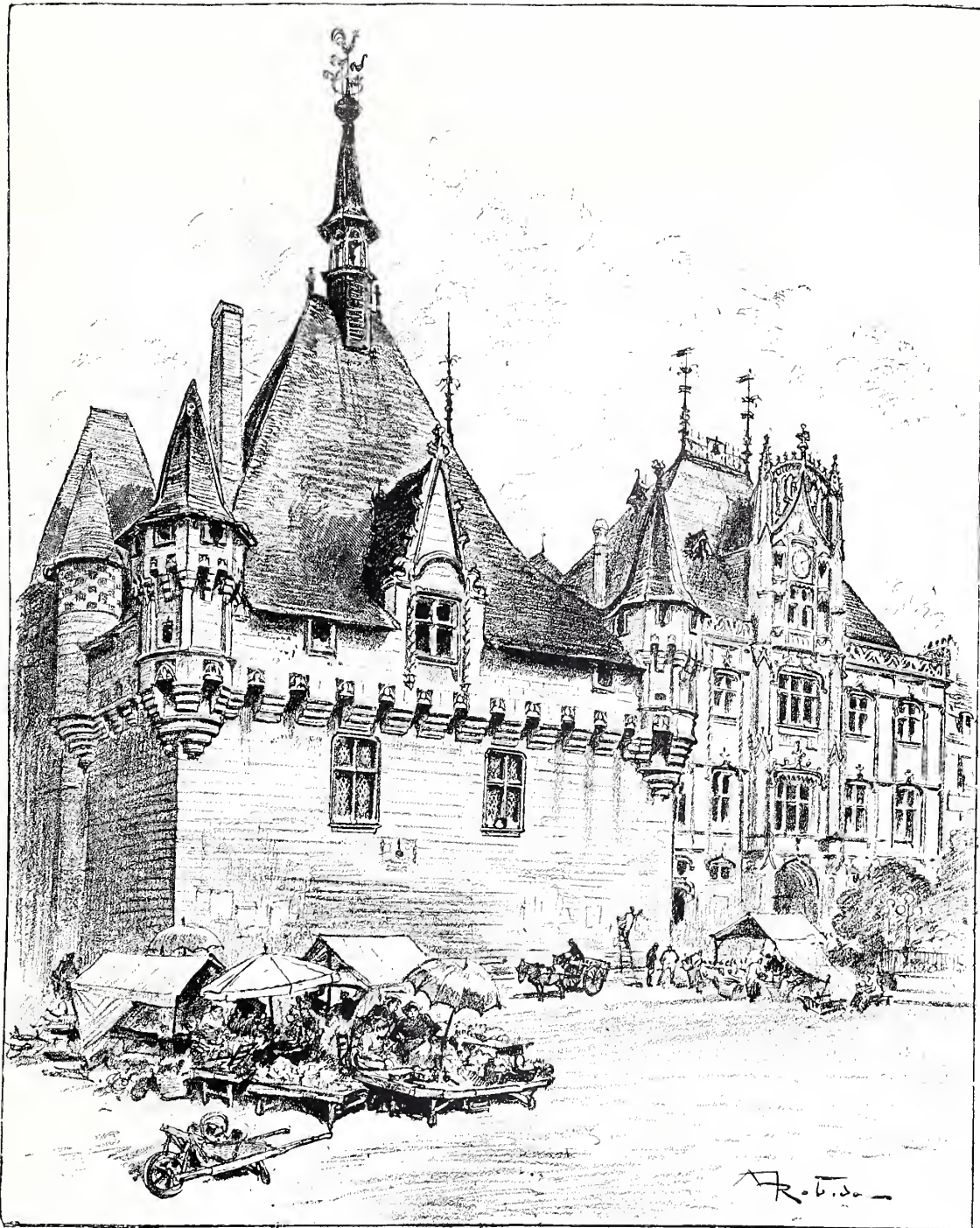
From M. Robida's Illustrated Edition of Shakespeare's Works.

publish, and writing, with a facile pen that always sparkles with keen wit, about four hundred pages for each volume, he will have accomplished his enormous task.

The first volumes of "Old France" are amazing; in these utilitarian days, when photographic processes deluge and disgrace every publication that professes to be pictorial, Robida has had the sense and courage to draw with a free pencil—always individual and often humorous—whatever he has thought sketchable and artistic. No difficulty has daunted him; he has simply placed himself in front of carved portals and elaborate bas-reliefs, has looked at windows, dungeons, belfries, and old palaces with entire love of his art, just as the French landscape painters

of the 'thirties slowly wandered about the country in devotion to the subjects that they found in their daily walks.

could be more truthful or more possessed by the beauty of things. Robida is an accurate landscape draughtsman, and a follower of the



THE HÔTEL DE VILLE.

From "La vieille France."

At the same time Robida has been no less conscientious in his fidelity and historical detail than impressive in the choice of his subjects. Not Theryon, nor Nantenil, nor Viollet-le-Duc

old—and good—school in his use of the pencil. A ruin, amid the spring-dress of young leaves, fascinates his visionary eye; and the long legs which nature has bestowed on him can carry

him twenty-five or thirty kilometres with no end in view but that of fixing his gaze on a spot romantically graced by a few crumbling, battlemented walls.

This passion for ruins and large, fully-furnished landscape, this worship of the Gothic, and of masses of noble or rustic outline, are no doubt his birthright.

Albert Robida came into the world during the revolution of 1848; he was in a certain sense the pupil of the Château of Pierrefonds, which he first knew grandiose though dismantled—a really noble ruin: and its white and massive towers, rising like phantoms above the forest, haunted his childish spirit, leaving an indelible impression. Nothing could ever divest him of this mania for romantic scenery, an extract, as it were, of Anne Radcliffe and Byron, which he had absorbed by sight at an early age. Still, from the first there was nothing gloomy in his tone. At the age of eighteen he began his career as a caricaturist in the "Journal Amusant," and then in "Paris Caprice;" he remained in Paris during the war. In 1871 he was attached to "La Vie Parisienne," and the feminine sympathies of the author of "Mesdames nos Aieules" were already seen in his whimsical combinations of fashions worthy of the last years of Louis XVI.

In 1873 he was invited to Vienna to work on a periodical called "Der Floh," but caring little for his task, he travelled wherever he would, all through Hungary, enchanted by the sight of the costumes, the uniforms, the wild-looking types of the Danube, and the splendour of the magnates on official occasions.

Besides the works already enumerated, we may mention others by Robida:—"Paris de Siècle en Siècle" ("Paris from Age to Age"), "Le Cœur de Paris," two volumes illustrated with coloured engravings; "Le Roi des Jongleurs;" "Herbinion le Madré," and "En haut du Beffroi." Then, in the series of "Le Petit Français," "Le Mystère de la Rue Carême-Jorenaunt;" some delicious illustrations for "La Fin du Cheval, prévisions du règne de l'Automobilisme," by Pierre Giffard; and finally the delightful collection of tales brought out by our friend, M. Angelo Mariani, ingenious fictions for the most part setting forth the merits of the Vin de Coca-Mariani, and illustrated by Robida, with some ingenious and curious sketches, as in "Le Cas du Vidame et de Beaumont;" "Le Secret des Bêtes," by Mistral; "L'Explication," by Jules Claretie, and "Le Secret de Polichinelle," by Paul Arène.

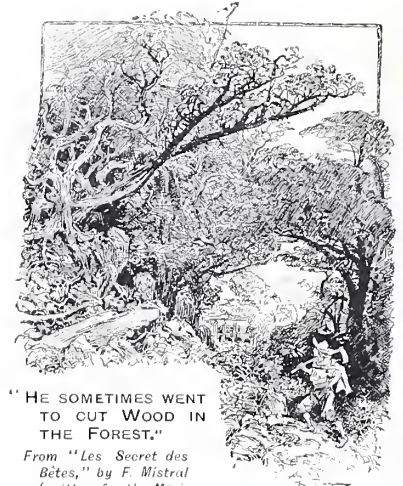
The biography of this happy man is all

contained in these few paragraphs; we might, indeed, expatiate with advantage on the thousand facets of this brilliant genius, and the deep harmonies of an artist-nature which grasps, develops, and carries out any idea so long as it is original with inconceivable mastery and breadth of imagination.

Having turned his hand to lithography, Robida mastered it as rapidly as pencil and colour work. Nothing excites him, nothing astonishes him. In art he is *omniparous*; he assimilates everything, and reproduces all with ease in any material; but in spite of this protean power, in an age when puff is supreme and the diffident are always wrong, Albert Robida, so full of talent, humble, retiring, almost timid, never rings the bell of self-advertisement. He is a sincere, sound, and skilful artist, and withal a noble and kindly man.

Robida has just come to the front as an architect: it is he who has planned the "Old Paris," which will be one of the wonders of the International Exhibition of 1900. Here will be restorations of the most curious buildings of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—dungeons, towers, barbicans, posterns, streets reminiscent of Rabelais—all the work of this strange artist, embodied, constructed, vitalised. Near the Pont de l'Alma a broad stage may already be seen supported on piles, and extending along the shore over the Seine. There, next spring, will rise the buildings chosen for reproduction to give us an idea of "old Paris," and there lords and citizens in costumes of the past will meet the visitor as he enters by the Porte Saint-Michel, and do the honours of the Pré-aux-Clercs, the Pont-au-Change, the old Louvre, the Grand Châtelet, and what not more.

A master who is able at once to reconstitute the past so accurately and picturesquely, and to give us such startling visions of the future, certainly deserves to be made known to readers of THE MAGAZINE OF ART; for we rarely find combined in one man so much creative power and such a fertile imagination.



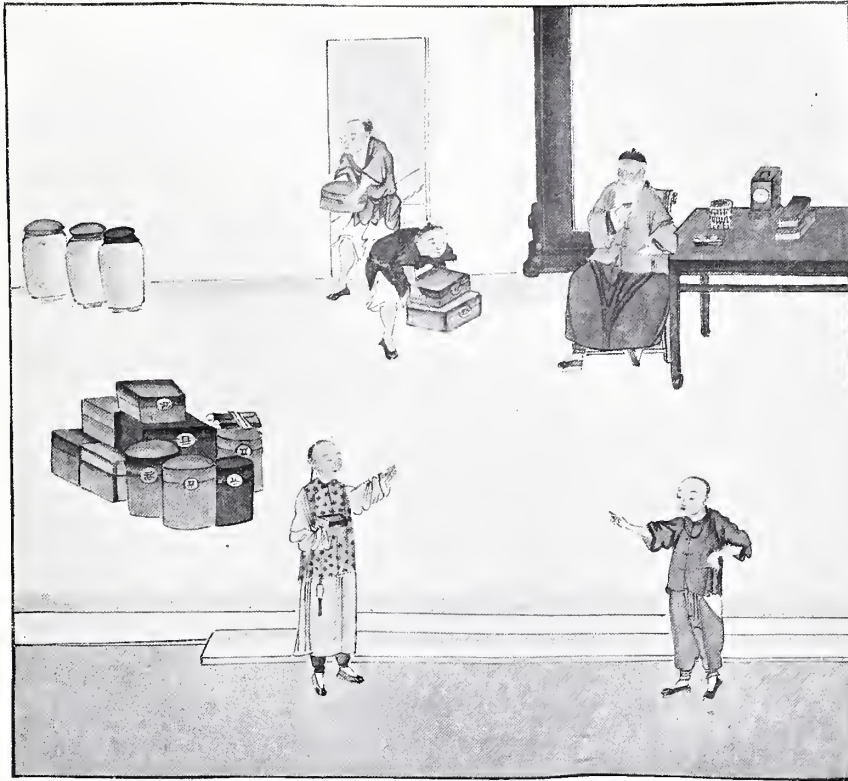
"HE SOMETIMES WENT TO CUT WOOD IN THE FOREST."

From "Les Secret des Bêtes," by F. Mistral (written for the Mariani Wine).

BIBLE PICTURES BY A CHINESE ARTIST.

By CHARLES E. BENHAM.

IN the south of China, just within the region of the tropics, will be found on the map the town of Swatow, situated on and told him something of the Gospel story, suggesting that some of the incidents related might form fitting themes for his brush. The



THE PRODIGAL SON—"HE DIVIDED UNTO THEM HIS LIVING."

the coast on a little headland. To the west of this town a V-shaped gulf runs inland, on the shores of which the narrowing slice of the tidal wave from the South China Sea surges up with accumulating force, reminding the traveler of what occurs on a still larger scale in the similarly shaped Bay of Fundy in North America. To the east of Swatow a river flows, which, rising in the ranges of hills in the interior of the province, finds its way southward to the ocean here, bringing with it a store of alluvial deposit which has no doubt given rise to the little delta-like island near the river mouth. About twenty miles up this river is the town of Chow-choo, where lives the artist whose paintings we reproduce.

A few years ago a Christian Chinaman, connected with the English Presbyterian mission in the Swatow district, visited this artist

and told him something of the Gospel story, suggesting that some of the incidents related might form fitting themes for his brush. The notion bore fruit, and, after listening attentively to the graphic parables of the New Testament, the Chinese artist set to work to depict in the light of his own imagination the narratives which had been communicated to him.

Such a task was no easy one to perform adequately. Narrowed down by the ideas of their own surroundings, the Chinese are completely unable to break free from the associations of their own country—or, rather, of the district in which they live, for the vast area of China makes it almost like a series of countries, of which the climatic and other conditions vary quite as much as those of the different lands of Europe.

As an example of the intense conservatism of Chinese ideas it may be mentioned that European missionaries there who chance to



THE PRODIGAL SON—"HE TOOK HIS JOURNEY INTO A FAR COUNTRY."

have blue eyes are continually being asked by the natives if they can "see at all," while their assurances that they can see just as well as the dark-eyed Chinese are received with ineradicable incredulity.

As will be noticed from the reproductions which are here given of the Chow-choo artist's efforts, not the least attempt has been made to divest the scenes of Chinese characteristics. The only supposed foreign touches are the swinging lamps and the round tables, which, having been introduced from abroad into some Chinese homes, are assumed to be typical of the manners and customs of other nations. The artist did not consider it necessary to make the least inquiry of his friend the Christian convert as to whether his ideas required further modification in regard to these accessories. Even had he done so it

would probably have been impossible for him to represent such modifications, for the Chinaman can only translate his notions of outside people into a Chinese ideal, and he sees no incongruity in so doing.

Yet the power of the Bible stories so familiar to us was none the less striking to the fancy of the artist, and the pictures reveal how thoroughly he grasped and appreciated the essential features of the Parables, which seem almost to come with fresh meaning to us as we see them with his eyes in his quaint delineations.

These six illustrations represent the various scenes of the Parable of the Prodigal Son. In the first picture the apportionment of the inheritance is shown.

The two brothers stand in the foreground, the one gorgeously arrayed, and with his boxes, which the smiling servants are



THE PRODIGAL SON—"BRING FORTH THE BEST ROBE AND PUT IT ON HIM."

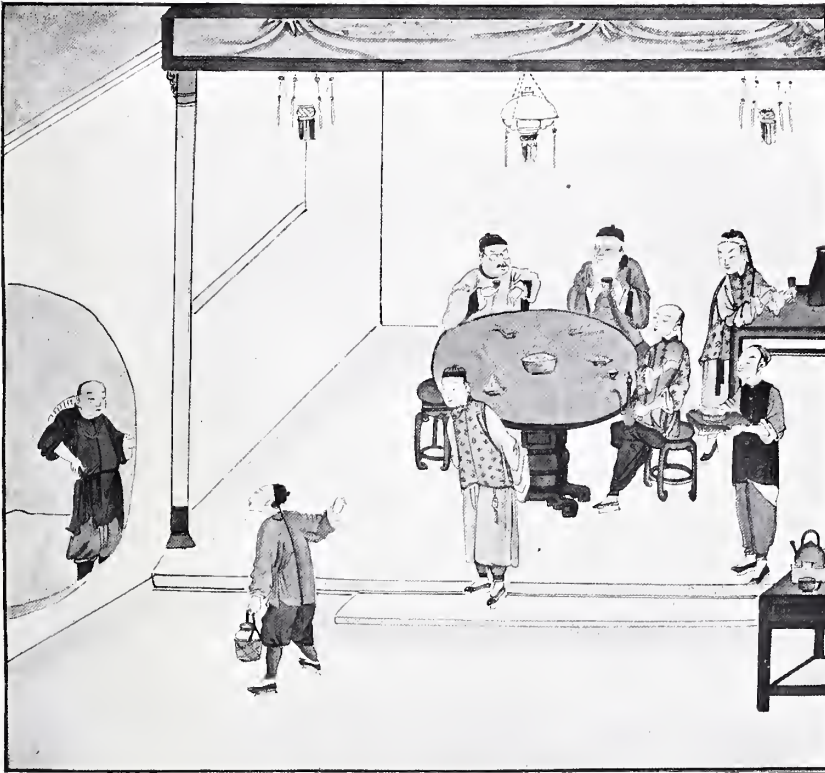


"HE . . . WASTED HIS SUBSTANCE WITH RIOTOUS LIVING."



"HE SENT HIM INTO HIS FIELDS TO FEED SWINE."

THE STORY OF THE PRODIGAL SON: FROM A CHINESE ARTIST'S POINT OF VIEW.



THE PRODIGAL SON—"THY BROTHER IS COME."

putting together ready for the journey; while the other makes his apparently sarcastic comments, and the father looks amiably on, sipping his afternoon tea. The second illustration depicts the departure. The father and brother are saying farewell at the window; the steed, a very Chinese animal, is ready equipped, and servants with various personal belongings are in attendance. The scene of riotous living follows next, and the degenerate youth, with open purse by his side, is indulging to the full in *luxury à la Chinoise*.

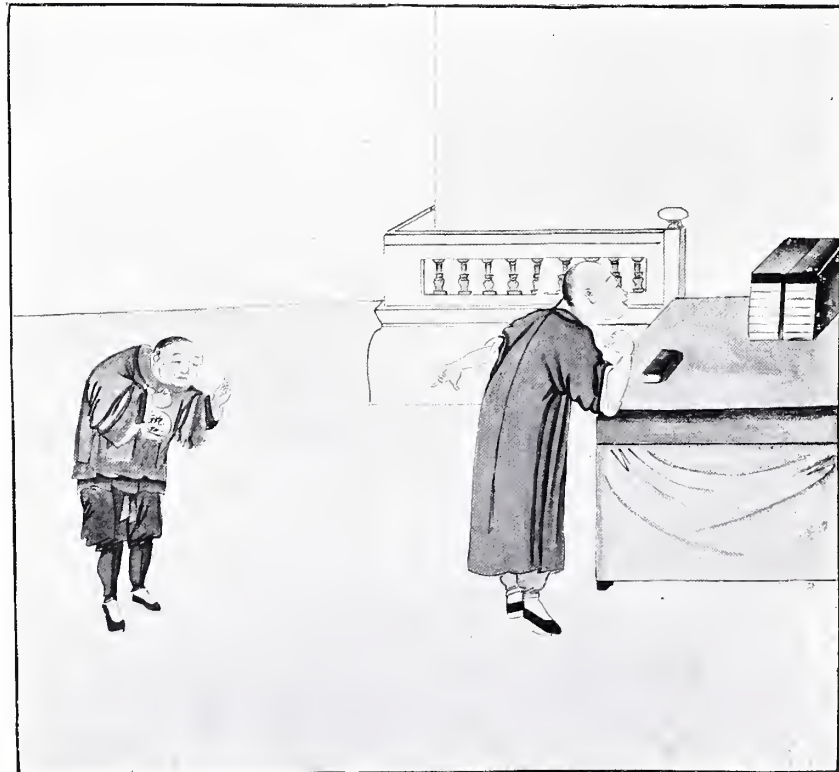
Picture No. 4 speaks for itself. The poor, wasted, and ragged young man is hungrily partaking at the swill-tub, the fat swine and their numerous progeny being in full evidence. We then see the penitent at his father's feet. The shoes are being brought, and the servant with the gold ring is a few steps further back,

ground, and the devouring birds are well realised, and in the foreground some attempt

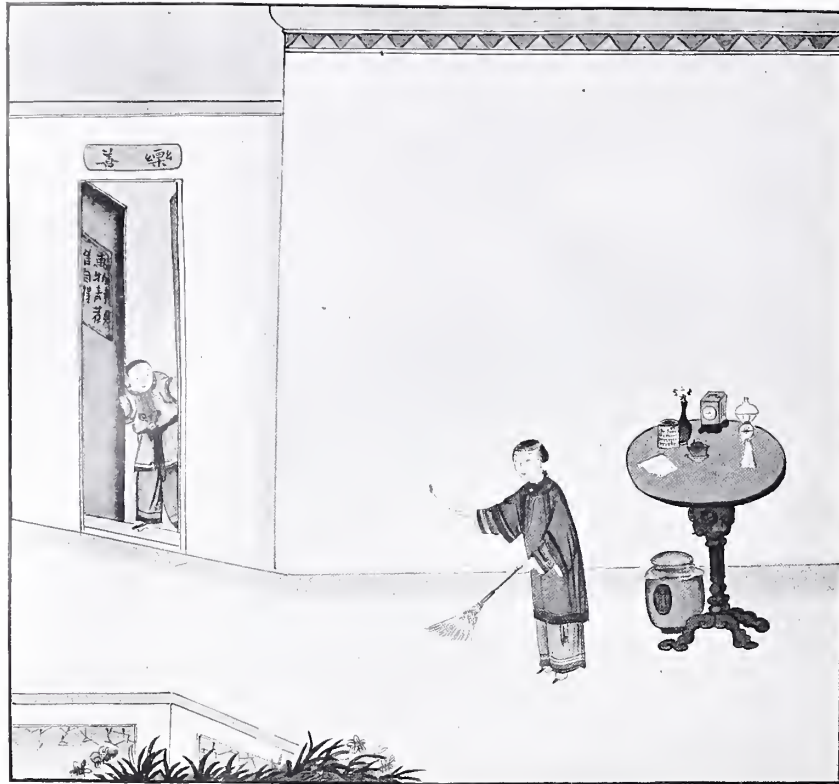
while the little white dog is coming timidly forward to offer his congratulations. The joyous festivities are next shown. The spleenful brother is peeping in at the scene, while a servant of the family is explaining to him the cause of the rejoicings.

The pictures on the next page show the woman looking for the lost piece of silver and receiving the congratulations of her friends on its recovery.

The sketch which represents the Parable of the Sower shows how thoroughly the artist associated the incident with the planting of rice, the "good ground" being to his mind naturally and inevitably the overflowed meadows on which the rice sowers cast their bread upon the waters. The rocks, the stony



THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN.



THE PARABLE OF THE LOST PIECE OF SILVER—" . AND SEEK DILIGENTLY TILL SHE FIND IT."

is evidently made to show how "some fell among thorns."

The picture of the Pharisee and the Publican is highly expressive, and shows how fully



THE PARABLE OF THE LOST PIECE OF SILVER—" REJOICE WITH ME, FOR I HAVE FOUND THE PIECE WHICH I HAD LOST."

the artist has grasped the main idea of the two characters, whose counterparts are evidently as familiar in China as they are in our own or any other land.

The artist is not a convert to Christianity, but his interest in the Gospel incidents was such that he was prompted to attend the nearest *lé-pai-ting* (worship hall), and the last news to hand concerning him is that he is "an inquirer." His sketches were so greatly appreciated by his own countrymen that he has repeated them many times.

NOTE.—Two of these drawings are here reproduced in facsimile, in order that their scheme of colour may be realised by our readers. These renderings have been made by the three-colour process, and accurately represent the method and quality of the originals.



"A SOWER WENT FORTH TO SOW."

MONSIEUR MÜNTZ'S NEW LIFE OF LEONARDO.—II.

A SUGGESTED CRITICISM.

BY CLEMENT MILLARD.

IT has always seemed improbable to me that Leonardo's statement as to his abilities in sculpture and painting, in his letter to Lodovico Sforza, was a sufficient passport to the position he occupied so early in life at the Court of Milan; unless it had been backed by a record of solid work, which has since been lost sight of, but with which his contemporaries were acquainted.

The brilliant sketch in Vasari's "Lives of the Painters" was written for a generation acquainted, in a great measure, with the traditions of Leonardo and his works. Later biographers have not added much to the scanty record of the master's works, although literary materials have been gradually accumulating until we get, at last, the monumental volume by M. Müntz, replete with information as to the man and the *milieu* in which he moved.

The actual record of Leonardo's works and of the development of his genius has yet to be compiled.

It is only within the last few years that the photographic reproductive processes have made the treasures of Art, all over the world, conveniently accessible in absolute facsimile, except as regards colour, and have brought to the desk of the student, as it were, the means of comparing and collating the finished works of painters with their original drawings. By using such photographic memoranda I shall be able presently, I submit, to complete the record of Leonardo's works with comparative certainty. It is with the object of establishing some definite landmarks in the early portion of his career that the following notes are offered. They are a small portion of the results of a long study of Leonardo's original paintings and photographic material bearing upon them.

Splendid draughtsmanship is the only sign-manual of Leonardo; although tradition says that one painting, done at Rome in close imitation of the style of Raphael, was attested by Leonardo's monogram.

Amongst the paintings still unrecognised as forming part of the work of Leonardo is a picture in the Brera at Milan, for which a series of superb studies by his hand is in existence. The conception of the picture is in every way worthy of the master; it contains some beautiful passages of design, but it is not in the style of work usually looked for from Leonardo's brush. It has been ascribed to various authors, and at present it is credited to Zenale. It is in reality one of the masterpieces of Leonardo which remained unfinished at the downfall of Lodovico, and was afterwards completed by an inferior artist. It represents the Sforza family in devotion before the Virgin and the Saints known as the Four Latin Doctors of the Church, the Saints being impersonated by the eminent men at Lodovico's court. It was probably a monumental votive picture which Lodovico commissioned Leonardo to carry out—a worthy compeer of the monument to Francesco Sforza. The artist has endowed it with an inner meaning which is worth investigation. It is a parable in paint.

On the right of the picture stands Leonardo himself as St. Jerome in the robes of a cardinal. The fine portrait in the Turin Library is the original study for the face. Next to Leonardo is a figure personifying St. Augustine, whom I am unable to identify with certainty, but I think it may be the poet Bellincioni, his friend, and the protégé of Lodovico. The original study for the face is in the Louvre, but it is beardless. On the other hand of the Virgin Bramante the architect figures as St. Gregory in pontifical robes. The superb "Head of an Old Man" in the British Museum is the original study. (I mean the full face drawing, not the profile, although they are both beautiful portraits of Bramante.) Last of all, on the left, in the character of St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, is the historian Corio, with his right hand caressingly laid on the shoulder of the kneeling Lodovico, whilst in the other he holds a scourge or cat-o'-three-tails for use when required. The original study is in the Louvre, but again the face is beardless.

The Virgin's face was worked out from the original study at Oxford. I am inclined to think the beautiful study of knee drapery in the Louvre has some relation to this figure; the existing drapery in the picture is the work of a bungler. Lodovico was evidently studied from the life by Leonardo, and the figure of the Bambino (not the head) and the whole of the architectural setting were by Leonardo's hand. The head of the Bambino has been painted by an inferior hand from the beautiful three-quarter face study in the Louvre.

Here, I consider, Leonardo's own work stops, and the figures of Beatrice d'Este and the Sforza children, the robes of the principal figures and many details, as well as the two angels above, were filled in by Ambrogio de Predis, the Court painter at Milan. I feel certain this part is Ambrogio's work; it bears so much resemblance to the style of his known works. The heads of the angels are based on Leonardo's studies—the one at Chatsworth, and the other the child's head above mentioned.

Does Lodovico's favourite mistress impersonate the Virgin, and did Leonardo intend the two angels hovering over to immortalise others? I venture to think so.

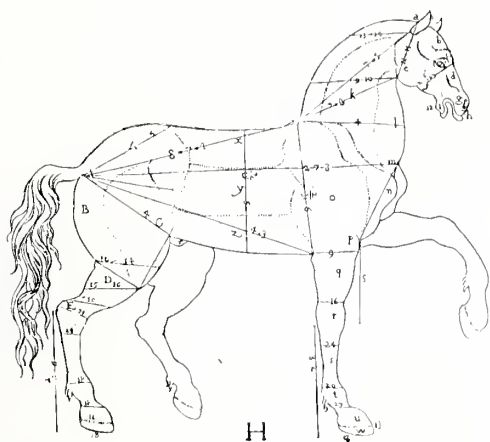
I am afraid modern authorities (except Sir Walter Armstrong) have failed to grasp the amazing versatility of styles and idealised individuality of many different types in Leonardo's work: especially in his early works, where a marvellous perfection of draughtsmanship is always apparent. Every detail is finished in the sharpest and most searching manner. Nowhere is this better realised than in the beautiful picture in our own National Gallery, No. 296, at present attributed to the "School of Verrocchio." This was probably one of the first works of Leonardo at Milan, when he was still strongly under the influence of the Florentine style. The angels or saints call to mind at once the angels in Verrocchio's "Baptism of Christ." The Madonna is probably one of Lodovico's mistresses (I hazard Contessa Melzi) with her son. The Child holds in his hand an *unripe mulberry*, an evident allusion to his paternity, quite in the Leonardo vein. It will be remembered that Lodovico was called "Il Moro," because he adopted the mulberry tree as a badge.

Another work in the National Gallery, No. 781—"Tobit and the Angel"—is obviously by the same hand as No. 296. This is, I submit, one of Leonardo's early works. The early study on green paper in the Uffizi (misleadingly reproduced in red in Plate 3 of M. Müntz's work) bears a strong facial resemblance to the angel in the National Gallery picture, even if it was not the actual study for it.

The painting was probably done in emulation of the so-called Verrocchio's "Tobit and the Angels" in the Academy at Florence, and on comparing the two one cannot but perceive the early development of the Leonardesque grace as well as a marked tendency to study natural objects—note the feathering of the angels' wings in the two pictures.

I am inclined to identify the lovely Chatsworth drawing as a portrait of the beautiful Cecilia Gallerani, another mistress of Lodovico.

It is the original study for the "Madonna holding a rose (?) which the Infant Jesus is blessing," referred to in M. C. Clement's "Life of Leonardo," here reproduced. Tradition says



IL CAVALLO.

By Leonardo da Vinci.

that Cecilia was the model for this picture. I do not know where the original now is. The copy evidently shows the earliest traces of Leonardo's Milanese manner.

There is another portrait of the lovely Cecilia Gallerani, in the character of Madonna, in our National Gallery. The picture is remarkable throughout for superb draughtsmanship. It is at present attributed to Beltraccio—I know not on what authority. But this picture is no amateur's work. Look at the display of foreshortening of the Virgin's right hand, holding the Child's foot, and the cast shadows upon it. Such draughtsmanship as this must be the work of Leonardo alone. I am quite at issue with the present attribution—the picture breathes the very spirit of Leonardo.

Lodovico had a weakness for having his mistresses and their children painted in the character of Madonna and Child, and it is not surprising that the intolerant spirit of the Catholic reaction should have allowed the traditions of the identity of such portraits to be quickly obliterated.

There are, however, two more pictures which bear on this question.

The picture known as "La Belle Ferronière" has been identified as a portrait of Lucrezia Crivelli, the last of Lodovico's known mistresses at Milan. I consider this identification is correct. Anyone who compares this picture with the "Litta Madonna" must be struck by the remarkable similarity of features; the only difference is that the face of the "Litta Madonna" has been idealised somewhat. The

style of the latter picture appears to date from just before Lodovico's fall. It was another of Leonardo's pictures left incomplete on that occasion, and was afterwards finished by another hand, notably the drapery of the left sleeve—hence its authenticity has been called in question.

In speaking of Leonardo's "Adoration of the Magi," Vasari says: "This picture was in the house of Amerigo Benci, opposite the Loggia of the Peruzzi." This last phrase will perhaps aid in identifying another of Leonardo's works, viz. the portrait of Ginevra Benci.

In the background of the portrait known as "La Monaca" in the Pitti Gallery, there is a view of a Loggia which is certainly opposite to the house of the sitter; farther off are the walls and towers around Florence, and hills in the distance. After ascertaining the site of the Casa dei Peruzzi, near Santa Croce, this background is easily identified in the unique view



MADONNA HOLDING A ROSE.

By Leonardo da Vinci.

of Old Florence, at Berlin, as that visible from Amerigo Benci's house, looking eastward. My Murray's Guide (an old one) says that one arch of the Loggia is still standing, and it can, possibly, be identified with that in the picture. There is a pendant to this picture in the Uffizi; I cannot but think the two pictures have some family relationship. This pendant is done in Leonardo's later manner, when he was concerned in obtaining relief by means of dark backgrounds. It is reproduced on page 243 of M. Müntz's "Raphael" (2nd edition), and M. Müntz, in his comments, states that he is strongly impressed with its Leonardesque feeling. The portrait is endowed

with a depth of expression which Raphael was quite incompetent to delineate at the early period wherein the picture is assigned to him. In fact, it can only be the work of Leonardo. I hesitate to say which of the two is the Ginevra Benci to whom Vasari refers, but from its life-like individuality I think it must be the latter.

It is curious that Raphael has plagiarised both these pictures—"La Monaca" is undoubtedly the original of "La Donna Gravida"—even if they do not, as I suspect, represent the same person; whilst the other, *and not the "Mona Lisa,"* as is usually stated, is the prototype of the "Maddalena Doni."

There are two other works which I consider are incontestably from the early hand of Leonardo. First, his own portrait as a youth, known generally as "A Portrait of a Goldsmith," because he holds a medallion of Cosimo de' Medici in his hands.

Is not this another of Leonardo's parables? I think so. He doubtless divined in Cosimo a kindred spirit; of whose versatility of tastes, comprehensive intellect, and accomplishments he was emulous even at this early age.

The second work is the wonderful view of Old Florence, of which the unique copy is at Berlin. Here the same youth figures in the foreground as a sketcher. The other figures, plying their occupations, have a very striking analogy to the sheet of studies of "Agricultural Labourers" at Windsor. The chain border is possibly a punning allusion to his own name and the city walls.

Note also the detailed work of the men driving piles in the weir or dam across the river. Here we may have a hint of Leonardo's schemes for rendering the Arno navigable by a system of dams and locks. But this verges on the work of Leonardo as an engineer which is outside the scope of the present notes.

There is one more debated point in the *œuvre* of Leonardo which requires a convincing determination—viz. what was the pose ultimately adopted for the "Cavallo"?

Richard Haydocke, in his translation of Lomazzo's work, which he published at Oxford in 1598, states that he has taken advantage of much learned assistance; he had accessible all the learning and knowledge then at Oxford, and he was, moreover, the friend of Nicholas Hilliard and of Isaac Oliver, who had travelled in Italy. Possibly from his knowledge of Italian he may himself have done so. In his translation of the twentieth chapter of the first book—"Of the external partes of an horse"—occurs the following: "All which (foregoing) particularities are to be understood

of a very faire, goodly, and proud-treading horse, whose just and exact proportion I intende to describe. Following herein *Leon: Vincent*, who was most rare in making of horses as well in Plasticke as in Painting: as may appeare by his *Anatomic.*"

Then follows an elaborately shaded side view of a horse, which is repeated later on in outline—I append a photograph, much reduced, of the latter; there is also a plate of back and front views of a horse which are childish in drawing compared with the side view outline.

The pose of the side view appears to be a slight modification of that of Colleone's horse by Verrocchio, and bears a striking resemblance to the highly finished drawing at Windsor, reproduced in Plate 6, Vol. I. of Müntz's "Leonardo."

It is just possible that Leonardo's statue has been adopted to illustrate Leonardo's own proportions.

A REPLY TO MR. MILLARD.

BY EUGÈNE MÜNTZ.

I MUST in the first place thank Mr. Clement Millard for giving me the opportunity of discussing, in the open court of THE MAGAZINE OF ART, some of the more obscure points relating to the work of Leonardo da Vinci.

Mr. Millard sets out with this argument: It is very improbable that Leonardo should have taken any hold on the favour of the Duke of Milan unless he had given evidence of his extraordinary powers in some important work. This he is supposed to have done in the famous altar-piece now in the Brera, representing the Virgin with the Infant Christ, and four Fathers of the Church, with Ludovico il Moro and his family. But he would only have begun the picture in question, leaving it to others—Zenale(?) or Bernardino dei Conti(?)—to finish after Ludovico's fall.

I agree with Mr. Millard in recognising Leonardo's influence in more ways than one in the Brera altar-piece. This opinion is based, for one thing, on the fine drawing of the figure of the Virgin preserved in the British Museum; this is beyond question the prototype of the corresponding figure in the painting. But in the process of transfer from the drawing to the picture how much heavier have the features and the attitude become! How marked a difference we see, and not in the handling alone, which in the drawing is free and spontaneous, and in the painting laborious, but no less in the action. The Virgin has lost all her vitality and expression.

But, more than this, the composition of this altar-piece cannot have originated with Leonardo; it is as conspicuously symmetrical, hieratic, as Leonardo's compositions* are, on the contrary, unconventional and airy, not to say fanciful. The painter of the altar-piece has no doubt availed himself of the master's studies in designing the several figures, but he has not derived from him even the first inception of the arrangement and grouping; they still bear the stamp of the early Milanese school. This is no less discernible in the subdued and somewhat grey tone of colour, in spite of some crude touches of local colour suggestive of illuminated miniatures.

So, till further evidence is forthcoming, we will assume the painter to have been Bernardino dei Conti, to whom the work was tentatively ascribed by Morelli; Mr. Millard leans to Ambrogio de Predis.

I may observe, in reply to Mr. Millard, that the proof of competency required of Leonardo by Ludovico il Moro, was evidently the equestrian statue of his father, Francesco Sforza, at which the artist worked from the time when he settled at Milan (about 1483) till Il Moro's fall in 1499.

With regard to the persons represented in the Brera altar-piece, Mr. Millard has pursued inquiries which I cannot but acknowledge to be interesting, though my opinions differ from those of my worthy opponent.

He believes the head of the Father, St. Jerome, standing in the foreground on the right, to be a portrait of Leonardo himself. I admit that there is a general, though very vague, likeness; but where Mr. Millard seems to be mistaken is in his assertion that the sketch for this head is that marvellous drawing in red chalk in the King's Library at Turin, a portrait of Leonardo himself. Here any flagrant misapprehension is out of the question. Supposing that Leonardo had begun the great altar-piece immediately on his arrival in Milan he would then have been two and thirty years old; hence he must have depicted himself as a young man. But the Turin portrait is that of an old man of sixty at least, with a bald head and wrinkled mouth. How could Leonardo, at the age of thirty, have drawn himself as he would look at sixty?

An art critic, whose eye and insight were often keen—I mean Morelli—has spoken of the Fathers in the Brera altar-piece as four "caricatures of Leonardo's head;" the word caricature is, perhaps, misapplied, still we discern here some Leonardo-like touches.

* "The Adoration of the Magi," the "Vierge aux Rochers," and others.

To proceed: in the head next to the presumptive Leonardo, we see, M. Millard believes, the poet Bellincioni. Here again I feel compelled to protest. In an engraved portrait, published in 1493, Bellincioni appears as a still young man; how then, in 1483, ten years earlier, could he have worn the aspect of an old man?

The two Fathers of the Church who stand on the left have more characteristic features. The foremost, with an aquiline nose, according to Mr. Millard, represents Bernardino Corio, the chronicle writer. I can see no resemblance between the portrait of this historian, published in my book, and the Doctor in question. The last of the four, St. Gregory, is supposed to represent Bramante, the famous architect; but Bramante's face is familiar from the fine medal by Carabosso and the drawings and frescoes of Raphael, and it has nothing in common with that of the figure in the altar-piece. This shaven face, with a heavy chin and bull-neck, owes its origin, however, beyond doubt, to a drawing by Leonardo.

Since I am on the subject of portraits to be possibly identified with studies or paintings that may be attributed to Leonardo, I will here depart from the order observed by Mr. Millard to discuss the question of the "Portrait of a Goldsmith," preserved in the Gallery of the Uffizi. Mr. Millard identifies it as a portrait of Leonardo in his youth. I cannot in any degree share this opinion; in point of fact, everything justifies the opinion I have already expressed in print, that we possess in this portrait a likeness of Piero de Medici the younger, holding a medal representing his grandfather, Cosimo de' Medici. When I first hazarded this conjecture I tested it: (1) on the resemblance of this head with a miniature in the Library at Naples, representing this same Piero de' Medici; and (2) on the fact that the youth in the picture holds the medallion of his grandfather. I may add that Burkhardt, in the seventh edition of his "Cicerone" (1898), has adopted my views; and I may further remark that the long and angular features have no affinity whatever with the characteristic countenance of Leonardo.

In a drawing at Chatsworth—a head of the Virgin—reproduced in my book (vol. i., p. 162), Mr. Millard believes he has found the presentment of Cecilia Gallerani. Without accepting or disputing this opinion, I will merely remark that this head is identical with that in the Christ Church Library at Oxford, only reversed, and that both have an evident resemblance to the "Vierge aux Rochers."

Can another portrait—the so-called "Belle Feronnière" of the Louvre—have been, in fact, as Mr. Millard supposes, the prototype of the "Litta Madonna" in the Hermitage collection? To me it seems that the Louvre portrait is remarkable

for a look of firmness and thoughtful intelligence, while the "Hermitage Madonna" is merely languid; the types of character are essentially dissimilar.

I find it difficult to discuss the other identifications proposed by Mr. Millard, for in point of fact, critics, alike in England and on the Continent, are almost unanimous in their views as to most of the points he raises. One thing is certain, as Mr. Millard very shrewdly perceived, a whole series of pictures, duly ascribed to various painters of the Florentine school, show in different degrees the traces of Leonardo's influence. Take, for instance, the "Monaca" of the Pitti Gallery, in which Mr. Millard discovers the portrait of Ginevra Benci, which was long supposed to be lost. Although we can discern in the background a loggia which, says Mr. Millard, might very well be that of the Peruzzi family as mentioned by Vasari, this work has on several occasions been claimed for Ridolfo Ghirlandajo.

Mr. Millard associates with this portrait one which hangs in the Tribuna at the Uffizi, and is commonly called "Raphael's mother," or "Raphael's sister." There is much to justify the comparison. But does this prove anything as regards Leonardo? Would it not rather tend to prove that both are the work of Raphael, or of his collaborator, Ridolfo Ghirlandajo? At any rate, we do not find in either of these portraits any of the principles of colouring

upheld by Leonardo. The hues are bright and distinct, whereas Leonardo endeavoured to fuse his in half-tones. Bitumen, of which he abuses the use, is not employed, or hardly at all.

With reference to the "Monaca," I cannot allow the assertion to pass without protest, that Raphael, when painting the portrait of Maddalena Doni, had the "Monaca" in his mind rather than "La Joconde." In fact, the drawing in the Louvre prepared for that portrait allows of no doubt; it is almost an exact reproduction of "La Joconde."

One word in conclusion, as to the engraving of a statue of a horse, contained in the English translation of Lomazzo's "Treatise on Painting," and spoken of by Mr. Millard. I find it hard to detect in it even a reminiscence of Leonardo's equestrian statue, and that for several reasons; in the first place because the proportions are clumsy and incorrect; and also because we find here no trace of the spirit and fire which characterise all Leonardo's studies for the statue, whether of a rearing horse or of one pacing quietly onward.

I will here close these comments. I beg Mr. Millard to take them as a proof of the interest I have felt in his conjectures; and the public to regard them as evidence of my anxiety to promote accurate knowledge, even when new discoveries should tend to weaken the conclusions based on my own researches—though that is not the case in the present instance.

OUR NATIONAL MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES.

RECENT ACQUISITIONS.

NOTE.—We have much pleasure in announcing to our readers that we begin this month a permanent new feature, namely—the description and illustration of the chief artistic objects of which the Nation has become possessed, month by month, in "Our National Museums and Galleries." It is believed that this article, regularly published, will serve two objects: the first, while gratifying the reader, whether from the point of view of curiosity, interest, or justifiable pride in our national possessions, it will form a permanent record of real value; and the second, it will help to popularise still further our admirable collections.

There has been hitherto, so far as we are aware, no periodical publication in which such information has been systematically given. Our intention is to render these articles a remedy for this regrettable omission, and with this object to devote a certain number of pages each month to the scheme, the illustrations being in most cases expressly taken, and the text written by the most competent experts—frequently by those specially connected with the collections to which the pictures or works of art have been added. —THE EDITOR.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND THE MARLBOROUGH GEMS.

ALTHOUGH the magnificent collection of gems, in cameo and intaglio, formed by George, third Duke of Marlborough, did not excite so much general interest at Christie's in June last as it did when first sold at the same place just twenty-four years before, collectors, dealers and the curators of museums fully realised, so soon as the sale was announced, that a unique opportunity had arisen. So far as is known, no collection at all comparable

with the one in question existed in private hands, and it was quite beyond all reasonable possibility that such another could again occur in the market—open or otherwise. There is always the prospect of a revolution in Paris, and of a holocaust of Socialism in Germany; but, whatever happens, the contents of museums are not likely to suffer much—the collector's hope, therefore, in these directions are too remote to be considered for a moment.

The interest of ancient gems is threefold: first, on account of their beauty; secondly,

as objects of antiquity; and, thirdly, their great rarity. The art of early gem workmanship is as much a matter of surprise

of reference to the students of art and history. The extraordinary interest and unique character of the Marlborough gems have long been recognised.

It included, as was well known, the collection formed by the famous Earl of Arundel, the Mæcenas of the period, who, in the troubled times of Charles I, "found a solace for the abridgment of his dignities in collecting works of art and monuments of antiquity;" and also that formed by William, second Earl of Bessborough and third Viscount Duncannon. Together these formed about one half of the collection, the other half being purchases made by the Duke of Marlborough himself. In 1781 the first and in 1791 the second folio volume of "Gemme Antiquæ" appeared, in which one hundred of the most remarkable pieces in the Marlborough collection were described and figured, the drawings being by Cipriani and the engravings by Bartolozzi.



OMPHALE AND HERCULES (CAMEO).

and wonder to-day as it was ages before the birth of Christ. There must have been schools in which this art, like that of sculpture, was taught, but of such schools there is no trustworthy record, scarcely even of tradition. Like coins, the *raison d'être* was primarily utilitarian; it was, as Mr. F. S. Robinson, in his entertaining work "The Connoisseur," points out, "made at first to serve the daily purposes of sealing treasure chests and documents and contracts. Secluded for its artistic beauties from common use, it became the cherished ornament of kings and emperors." The same writer also says that ten years has not been considered too much to spend upon a single masterpiece.

But the history of the gem has been so exhaustively told in Mr. C. W. King's various books that it is scarcely necessary in this place to touch on even the fringe of a peculiarly abstract subject. The history and the characteristics of the noble collection formed by George, third Duke of Marlborough, are so fully set forth by Mr. M. H. Nevil Story-Maskelyne in the Introduction to Christie's sale catalogue, that this sale list with its numerous illustrations must in future rank as a very important contribution to the bibliography of glyptic art; it is certainly invaluable as a book

of which only one hundred copies were struck off for presents, at one time was keenly competed for in the auction room, and has realised as much as £98, but its money value has, from some totally unaccountable cause, dropped to less than as many shillings.

When the fortunes of the Marlborough family began to decline, during the third quarter of the present century, the gems were the first to be sacrificed. They had been valued by Castellani, the eminent expert, at £35,000; and it is exceedingly curious to note the accuracy



DIDIUS JULIAN AND MANLIA SCANTILLA (CAMEO ON SARDONYX).

of this valuation: in 1875 the collection was sold *en bloc*—to a Mr. David Bromilow, who was never heard of before or since as a collector—for 35,000 guineas; in 1899, the seven hundred and thirty-nine lots, sold separately, brought a total of £34,827 7s. 6d. It is stated that the collection would have been sold privately *en bloc* at a much higher sum, but that the owner valued it at £60,000, and refused to take less. It seems at first sight a pity to break up a collection of the unique character of the Marlborough gems, and yet, except for a brief period in 1875, the gems have only been seen by a few people.

The majority of them are too fine or of too remarkable a character to belong to a private individual, and it is a comfort to know that seven at least of the most beautiful are now in the British Museum.

The most celebrated of all the Marlborough gems, and, indeed, perhaps the most famous gem in the world, is the renowned cameo representing the hymeneal procession of Eros and Psyche, in which the two child-like divinities walk side by side, veiled, and attended by three figures. The history of this gem has been so far traced to a drawing of the subject by the hand of Pierro Ligorio, early in the sixteenth century, which was among the papers of



CLAUDIUS (CAMEO ON SARDONYX)

Bagaris, as recorded by Spon: it was acquired by the Earl of Arundel presumably early in the seventeenth century. "In point of technique, it has never been surpassed in any age." Many years ago this gem, which has been reproduced in all sorts and materials of art—notably, by Wedgwood—perhaps oftener

than any other similar subject, was valued at £500, or just a quarter of the price at which it has now been purchased (£2,000)—presumably for the Boston Museum. In spite of its world-wide fame, the Eros and Psyche came only fourth in the order of price. The highest was £3,750, paid for the cameo representing Claudius Cæsar, probably contemporary work, cut on a sardonyx $2\frac{7}{8}$ in. high by 2 in. wide, and also from the Arundel collection. The second highest price, £3,300, went for the cameo designated Didius Julian and Manlia Scantilla, on a unique semi-oval sardonyx, $8\frac{3}{4}$ in. in width by 6 in. in height, "and therefore ranking among the five most important for their magnitude in existence;" it, also, is probably contemporary with



PHOCION (CAMEO ON ONYX)

Cut by Alessandro Cesati.

the sovereigns it represents; the imperial heads are confronted, and a slightly Isaac character is imparted to the empress's attire by a large bow-like knot that ties her fringed robe, similar to the knot ornament of the priestesses of Isis. This noble work of antiquity was purchased for the British Museum, and the inadequacy of previous engravings (notably, the frontispiece to King's "Handbook of Engraved Gems," where it is called Commodus and Marcia) may be at once realised when it is compared with the illustration which appears herewith. This is an acquisition of which the importance cannot be exaggerated. The third highest price, £2,350, was carried off by the cameo with the head of the deified Augustus with the radiate crown, and itself a work which many connoisseurs regard as the most perfect and beautiful thing in the entire collection; but it possesses

an extraneous interest, inasmuch as it is the gem which the third Duke of Marlborough is represented holding in his hand in the family picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds now at Blenheim. The gem was one of the Duke's own purchases.

Although the British Museum's purchases only amounted to £5,773, it must be admitted that the Trustees did extremely well. At the last moment the Treasury officials were worried into making a special grant of £1,000—which was totally inadequate; but to which Mr. Charles Butler generously added £1,000. Next to the splendid sardonyx already mentioned, the Museum's most interesting acquisition was perhaps the antique double cameo, representing on the one side Omphale and on the other Hercules; this gem, which realised £483, possesses an historical interest from its having been presented by Charles V to Pope Clement VII, and by him subsequently to the Piccolomini; it is a Medina gem, and is figured by Borioni in the "Museum Piccolomini," published in the last century. Equally fine from an artistic point of view is the cameo on a sardonyx with the head of Agrippina the elder to the right, a noble gem of the Augustan age, in a beautiful setting of the cinque-cento period; this is an Arundel gem, it measures 1 $\frac{7}{8}$ in. in height by 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. in width, and cost £370. The cameo bust of the Emperor Claudius, on a fine sardonyx, is apparently a contemporary work of unusual size, being 2 $\frac{1}{8}$ in. high



MARCIANA IN APOTHEOSIS
(CHALCEDONY)

by 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. wide, and, in view of the scarcity of ancient camei of this size, was distinctly cheap at £100. One of the most important in the Museum is a full-faced representation, on a mottled yellowish chalcedony, carved in the round,

of Marciana, the sister of Trajan, in Apotheosis: she is in the character of Juno, and is being conveyed on the back of a peacock to the abode of the gods; this gem, which measures 3 in. in height and width, and realised £620, was once in the collection of the Dukes of Mantua, and is called Domitia

by Natter in the catalogue of the Bessborough gems. The cameo, with a portrait meant probably for Lucius Verus, is of Renaissance work, and is as remarkable almost as much for its beautiful contemporary enamelled setting as for its beauty as a gem. It cost £700. The last of the British Museum's purchases was a cameo

on onyx of a very celebrated head, cut by Alessandro Cesati (Il Greco): this has been called the portrait of Phocion, and measures 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. high by 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide; it was pronounced by Vasari as surpassing all this master's works, and as being "indeed wonderful, the most beautiful cameo perhaps that can be found." This gem, which cost £300, is splendidly mounted in a pierced and enamelled setting, forming a rich wreath of flowers, among



AGRIPPINA (CAMEO ON
SARDONYX).

which a sunflower recurs conspicuously.

From the foregoing it will be seen that the British Museum authorities bought wisely and well.

W. ROBERTS.

ACQUISITIONS AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

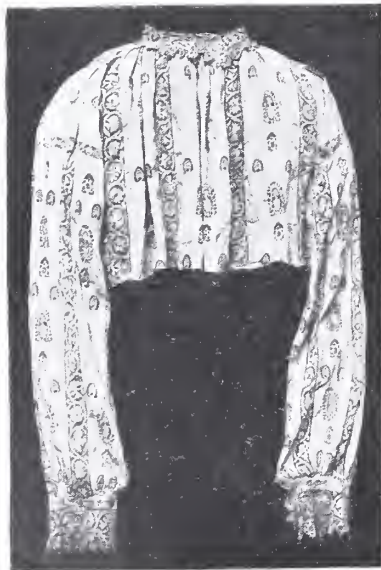
1. THE first is a piece of brocade, delicately woven in coloured silks and silver-gilt thread. The weaving is Persian of the sixteenth or early seventeenth century, probably produced during the brilliant reign of the great Shah Abbas (1587-1628), under whom the arts of Persia reached a high level of excellence. This design, though more elaborate and on a far smaller scale, may be compared with a large panel of tiles acquired by the Museum some years ago. This panel was removed from the Chehel Sitún (the pavilion of the Forty Columns, built by Shah Abbas the Great) at Ispahan, then the capital of the kingdom. The brocade is divided up into vertical rows of niches, which contain trees bearing flowers and fruit, and having birds with gay plumage amid the branches. In each niche are two personages, and the narrow bands between contain lions, elephants and antelopes, suggestive of the chase, a favourite pastime of the Persian monarchs. Although there are only four different groups, the general effect is rendered more varied by changing the colours in the repetition.

2. A Linen Tunic. The body, the lower part of which has been cut off, is divided by nine upright bands of insertion, consisting of scrolled floral stems



No. 1.—DETAIL OF BROCADE, 718—1899.

worked in twisted and plaited thread and button-hole stitch: the long sleeves have each three bands of similar work. A number of shaped holes have been cut out at regular intervals between the bands, the spaces being filled with floral and geometrical devices in openwork. The work is Italian in style, but the floral devices in the long bands recall the favourite embroidery designs at the time of Queen Elizabeth and her successor. Judged by the size of the tunic, and the fineness of its embroidery, it seems to have formed part of the costume of an English gentleman during the early years of the seventeenth century. It would probably be worn over a lining of some dark stuff to show up the openwork.

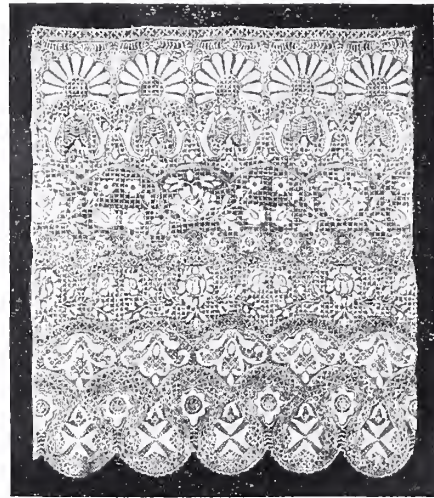


No. 2.—LINEN TUNIC, 588—1899.

Length, 19½ in.; width, including sleeves, 6ft. 5½ in.

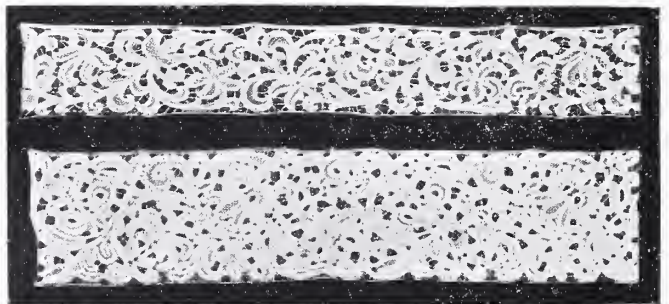
3. Deep flounce for a wedding-dress of pillow lace in cream-coloured silk, made on the island of Malta in the early years of the nineteenth century. Maltese crosses are introduced amid the bands of ornament. Length, 10ft.; depth, 2ft. 6½ in.

4. Two borders of pillow lace, probably made at Milan in the seventeenth century, for church use. Similar laces were also made in Flanders



No. 3.—DETAIL OF LACE FLOUNCE, 756—1899.

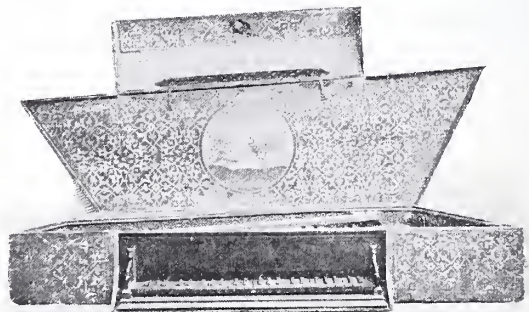
at this period. The designs show bold floral scrollwork with a considerable variety of beautiful "fillings-in." (a) Length, 13ft. 11in.:



No. 4.—DETAILS OF LACE BORDERS, 705/708—1899.

width, 6¼ in. (b) Length, 16ft. 5in.; width, 9¼ in.

5. Spinnet and ease, painted with arabesques



No. 5.—SPINET, 490—1899.

in white; on the inside of the cover of the ease is a medallion, containing two hands



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

From the Painting by Sir George Hayter. Presented to the National Portrait Gallery by Her Majesty.

clasped with a scorpion between them, and the motto, "Amoris vvlvvs idem qui sanat fecit."



No. 6.—CASKET 570—1899.

Behind the key-board is the inscription, "D.D. Opvs Ioannis Francisci Antegnati Brixiani M. D. XXXVII," recording that this instrument was made by Giovanni Francesco Antegnati, of

Brescia, in the year 1537. Height, 9 $\frac{3}{8}$ in.; width, 5ft. 1in.; depth, 22 $\frac{7}{8}$ in.

6. Casket of wood, overlaid with plaques of iron damascened in silver and gold; round the sides are figures, for the most part representing classical divinities. On the top are the arms of France, between twisted pillars, the device of Charles IX, who reigned from 1560 to 1574. Milanese work. Height, 8in.; length, 14 $\frac{3}{8}$ in.; width, 8 $\frac{7}{8}$ in.

7. Iron door of an

ambry, delicately wrought with flamboyant Gothic tracery; under a canopy is a figure of our Lord in cast bronze, holding a chalice and wafer. The whole door has at one time been covered with gilding, which is now considerably worn. This object was in the Debruge Duménil collection, and is figured on p. 724 of Monsieur Labarte's catalogue, published in 1847. Monsieur A. F. Arnaud, in his "Voyage . . . dans le Département de l'Anbe, 1837," illustrates this door (plate 18), and states in the text that it was at that time in the Abbey of St. Loup, at Troyes. French work of the fifteenth century. Height, 19in.; width, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

8. Reddish earthenware bowl, with two handles, of the Egypto-Roman period, decor-

ated in cream-coloured and red "slip," with floral ornament round the body. This bowl is a very valuable example, as it illustrates admirably the use of "slip" at this period. Other specimens of the same kind may be seen in the collection of Major W. J. Myers, which he has lent to the Museum.



No. 8.—EGYPTO-ROMAN BOWL, 765—1899.

Probably the decoration in this bowl was suggested by the silver vessels of the time, as, for instance, the well known examples in the Hildesheim Treasure. Presented by Professor W. M. Flinders Petrie, D.C.L., LL.D.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY, AND NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE example of early Siennese Art illustrated herewith is the latest addition to the Trafalgar Square collection. We referred last month to the presentation of the portrait of her Majesty the Queen.



No. 7.—DOOR OF AMBRY 569—1899.



VIRGIN AND CHILD.

From the Painting by Francesco di Giorgio. Recently acquired by the National Gallery (Room II, No. 1682).

THE THIRD CENTURY OF VAN DYCK.

THE PROCESSION: ART THROUGHOUT THE AGES.

BY OCTAVE MAUS.

BELGIUM is the land of processions. In Flanders, as among the Walloons, it has been the custom in all ages to celebrate important events or famous jubilees by artistic and magnificent processions. From remote antiquity the entry of a sovereign, the reception of a laureate by the rhetorical guilds—which were formerly so

civic element mites with the ecclesiastical, irrespective of any differences of faith and creed, to honour an anniversary venerated by the populace. To this we owe, for instance, in the department of Entre Sambre et Meuse, and particularly at Fosses, in Namur, the festival of St. Feuillen, under whose auspices, as legend tells, the district was formerly cleared of a troop of bandits, the "Marches Militaires," a parade in which more than three thousand men-at-arms take part, besides the clergy. All the neighbouring parishes send to these assemblies, which take place every seven years, a contingent of Volunteers and officers, fully equipped and drilled as if they were marching out to defend a threatened frontier.

There is hardly a town in Belgium, large or small, which does not preserve some traces of local customs. Almost every city owns some card-paper giant, some fabulous monster of basket-work, venerable by their great age, of which the exhibition in processions on days of public rejoicing excites amazement and mirth. The giant of Antwerp, Drun Antigon, made in 1534 by Pierre Coecke, the sculptor of Alost; the celebrated Dondou of Mons, a grotesque monster, who every year is killed on the Grand Place by a St. George in glittering armour mounted on a white horse, who gives him his quietus with a pistol, cheered on by the crowd. The



"EGYPT."

flourishing in the lowlands—the commemoration of a victory or of some historical event, the recognition of a great scientific discovery—all have served as a pretext for these pompous displays, which seem to have had their origin in the love of colour instinctive among the people. Even the Church has not held aloof from this expression of a general feeling, and the Penitential Procession, an historical and legendary function of which the little town of Furnes in West Flanders has presented the curious and pathetic spectacle every year for eight or nine centuries, proves how deeply the tradition of procession-making is rooted in our national habits. Sometimes a

giants of Brussels, Jannecke and Mieke, whose family has been increased by some members of excessive size; the famous Horse Bayart, ridden at Termonde by the four sons of Aymon, of which a duplicate has lately been given to Brussels; and many more, perpetuate in Belgium the popular love of legend and fiction as does the Monster of Tarascon in France. And beneath these puerile exhibitions is there not in fact an amiable and reverent feeling? Something of the love of the citizens for their native soil clings to the giant's robes, to the mane of the fairy dragon; what they prize in these monsters is the symbol of their

city and the memory of the home dear to their childhood. Hence, the Ommegang—the going about—as these mounted processions were called of old, have always been held in such regard as the advance of civilisation has done little to weaken. There may yet be some painters who, following the example of Denis van Alslost, painter of the Archduke Albert and Isabella, might be tempted to devote their art exclusively to the presentment of this popular entertainment.

The Ommegang, to be sure, was but the first

of M. Auguste Possemiers, the scheme of a procession of which the subject was to be Art through all ages up to the time of Van Dyck. To realise it effectively, the Municipality appealed to those societies which, since 1885, had shown a special skill in representing by living figures every kind of episode of history, manners, and artistic inventions. From among these it selected—as it had done in 1892 for the “Landjurseel,” and in 1894 for the torchlight procession of the Great Exhibition—ten societies who were to compose the different groups, while



“GREECE.”

germ of far more magnificent spectacles which have given rise to splendid emulation in every class of society. A few years ago we saw the highest aristocracy figuring in person at Bruges on magnificent horses, in the historical procession of Philippe-le-Bon. It is easy to imagine what might be done under such conditions in the way of gorgeous costumes, picturesque grouping, and artistic design of the chariots; to fancy the individual ambition of each, enhanced by a strong feeling for the country and its traditions.

Antwerp, where these traditions are held in peculiar honour, has many times distinguished itself by the magnificence of its processions. It was only natural that it should commemorate with all possible splendour the three-hundredth anniversary of the birth of one of the greatest painters of its school; and the commercial capital threw itself heart and soul into this artistic demonstration. It achieved it in the most triumphant way by adopting, on the suggestion

a special committee of artists and members of the Municipality decided on the general design. The societies which had the honour of being chosen were those of the Vriendenschaar, the Leopold, the Verbroedering, the Hoop en Liefde, the Morgenstar, the Jouge Vlamingen, the Albert Grisar's Kring, the Klauwaarts, the Jouge Fonteinisten, and the Vondels. A sum of a hundred thousand francs, to be distributed in prizes and rewards to those associations which should particularly distinguish themselves, was voted by the town council. The committee of consultation and superintendence was further strengthened by the addition of the most distinguished musicians at Antwerp, that they might agree with the members of the procession as to the measures to be taken to give the musical part of the performance an artistic and archaeological value.

Thus organised, the arrangement of the procession, under the collaboration of the most distinguished architects, painters, and sculptors

of the city, could not fail to be both splendid and artistic, thoroughly correct in its details, and magnificent as a spectacle. The several marches round, all favoured with beautiful weather, roused the throng, collected from all parts, to indescribable enthusiasm. In fact, it was a great delight for men of the best taste to see these various groups of figures, dressed in stuffs of every hue, making their way under

a colossal Minerva, wedded to her formidable husband in 1765. Each is drawn by gaudily caparisoned horses.

Then comes the presentment to the eye of the people of the great historic periods of Art, in ten separate groups or tableaux. First, "Egyptian and Assyrian Art," embodied in a winged lion with a human head, accompanied by players on the harp, flute, and sistrum; and a



"ROME."

the glorious sunshine along the streets of Antwerp, and the cars, decorated each in the style of the period to which it belonged, with its banners, its orchestra, and its out-riders. What added to the excitement was that this unwonted magnificence was displayed for the glorification of Art, and the artistic purpose of each group found a sympathetic response in hearts that beat in unison.

But now for the procession!

At the head comes the old-world Ommegang—a whale bearing on his broad back the malicious god of Love, who clears the way by sprinkling the crowd; then three dolphins, ridden by chubby Cupids armed with arrows, and a ship with pilots and sailors—symbolical of Antwerp's supremacy at sea; two white boats manned by pigmy rowers; and then the giants, the majestic original giants—Druon Antigon, in Roman costume, a mace resting on his thigh, and his wife,

figure of Sesostris, indolently stretched on a throne surrounded by eager slaves bearing feather fans. A colossal Sphinx's head, guarding a temple gate with painted columns covered with hieroglyphics, completes this group.

Men blowing into conch shells acclaim the "Classic Art of Greece and Rome." Athletes, wrestlers, and *discoboli* precede the quadriga of the winner in the Olympic games, who comes attended by singers, musicians, dancers, and tragedians, illustrating by their attitudes a scene from the *Antigone* of Sophocles. The car of Literary Art bears a statue of Minerva, and other antique statues, cast from the originals; Apollo and the nine Muses surmount this car, surrounded by the lyric poets of antiquity, the orators, philosophers, historians, tragic and comic poets, all dressed in magnificent costumes. The Plastic Arts are personified by a number of architects, sculptors, painters, potters, and

craftsmen all around a car on which stand the Jupiter of Olympia, the Milo Venus, the Hermes of Praxiteles, and other masterpieces of Greek sculpture, amid decorative drapery and wreaths of flowers; round its base are portions of the Parthenon frieze.

The car of Romulus and Remus with the she-wolf, immediately following the quadriga, represents the apotheosis of Roman Art. And here we have military trophies, such as beseech a nation whose strength lay in its armies, with slaves loaded with spoil, warriors on horseback, lamp-bearers, eagle-bearers, and standard-bearers escorting the poets, orators, historians, and architects of Rome to the sound of the odes of Pindar, Dionysius, and Mesomedes, sung by a chorus to the accompaniment of flutes, lyres, and citharas.

A band of players on the reed-pipe and drum, with a kettle-drum mounted on a camel, men carrying banners and emblems—and among them the standard of the Prophet—transport us at once to the East. This is the group representing "Early Christian Art, Romanesque, Byzantine, and Arab Art." Here we have Byzantine knights bearing the labarum of Constantine; children robed in blue and white wave palm-leaves or branches of flowers; a richly dressed woman carrying in her arms an exquisite Romanesque chapel; the architects of Saint Sophia, the historian Procopius, and finally the Emperor Justinian with Theodora seated under a cupola with pendentives, and upheld by marble columns. These all pass before us, with an escort of courtiers, heroes, harp players, and troubadours.

"Gothic Art," divided into three groups, each representing a distinct period, brings before us, among artisans, standard-bearers, and children gay with flowers and foliage, a reliquary carried by eight maidens, followed by two splendid cars, one representing a tabernacle with steps up to it with its symbolical virgin, and its peal of chimes ringing out merrily an air of the fifteenth

century; the other a church porch with a delicate rose window and statues and carvings; and in this ride the masters of the period and the members of the Guild of St. Luke.

Next comes the "Italian Renaissance," symbolised by the famous picture painted by Cimabue, "The Virgin and Child," carried aloft by men as it was by an enthusiastic crowd to the church of Santa Maria Novella. After the pre-Raphaelite and Florentine masters come the early poets, Dante and Petrarch; the architects Brunelleschi, Arnolfo di Lapo, and



"ROMANESQUE."

Ghiberti; the sculptors Pisano, Donatello, and Luca della Robbia; the Mæneas of Art, Lorenzo the Magnificent, dressed in cloth of gold and the ducal coronet on his brow. Next Venice—her ambassadors, senators, councillors, patricians, and splendid Doge; his *podesta* and sword-bearer. Rome with her cardinals, bishops, fan-bearers, crozier-bearers, choir-boys, and guard of nobles, surrounding with their motley of surplices, dalmatics, and purple capes, the Pope himself, Julius II, borne on the *sedia gestatoria*. His fan-bearers and Swiss guard form a magnificent setting for the Italian artists who gave to art its golden age: Paul Veronese, Bellini, Carpaccio, Giorgione, Tintoretto on one side;

and on the other, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Bramante. They approach in a car drawn by six horses, and of grave design, the decoration consisting of Michael Angelo's figures of Day and Night.

A sound of muffled drums and cymbals, mingling with the shrill skirl of pipes, announces the coming of the group representing the "German Renaissance." First come certain noble dames in gorgeous attire, symbolical of Nuremberg, Ulm, and Strasbourg. The artists are escorted by a cavalcade of lancers and troopers, and a choir of children singing Luther's hymn. Among his contemporaries Albert Dürer is seen, in a picturesquely decorated car.

The "French Renaissance" is shown in its bloom, under Francis I and Henri II. The victor of Pavia, riding a white charger with gold harness, wears a dress of extreme magnificence. All about him crowd the great men of the time, preceded by halberdiers, guards, and court officials, and by the "Huntress Diana," with the features of Diane de Poitiers, the work by Jean Goujon, now in the Louvre. This group is closed by an enormous car, blue and ivory-white picked out with gold, bearing as its figure-head the statue of a youthful beauty unveiling her charms, and behind her the throne of France covered with white cloth powdered with fleur-de-lys of gold. Diane de Poitiers stands up, examining the portals of the Château d'Anet to which Philibert de l'Orme directs her attention.

After this brilliant tableau, one of the finest, we see the embodiment of "Dutch Art in the Seventeenth Century," and minstrels pass by in their picturesque costumes; on a car drawn by four horses sits the maiden symbolising the Netherlands; around her are allegorical figures of Painting, Literature, and Seamanship. In an elevated position is Rembrandt towering above other famous men of the age, and crowned by Fame.

The "Flemish Renaissance," the ninth group, has for its central object the famous picture by Frans Floris, "The Fall of the Angels;" round

this are gathered the great Flemish artists, painters, engravers, printers, sculptors, and musicians. A monumental car of classic design completes this tableau.

"The Glorification of Rubens and his School, and the Apotheosis of Van Dyck," form the last and crowning tableau of the procession. First come trumpeters on horseback, and the banner of the Guild of St. Luke; then, also riding, Albert and Isabella with a splendid snite. Next the constellation of Flemish artists, sculptors, and engravers, whose dresses and "make-up" were arranged with peculiar care so as to make the illusion perfect. Rubens sits enthroned on a car, surrounded by his masters and pupils. Then—and this is perhaps the prettiest fancy of this original scheme—the chief personages of whom Van Dyck painted the portraits come to do homage to the artist who immortalised them by his brush. We recognise, in the costumes in which the painter depicted them, Charles I, King of England, and his children, Marie de Medici, the Prince of Orange, William III and Princess Mary, Lord Strafford, the Earl of Arundel, Cardinal Bentivoglio, the Marchese and Marchesa di Brignole Sala, Marchese Spinola, Beatrice de Cusance, and many more. A car, on which we see allegorical figures of Hope and Charity, immediately precedes that of the Apotheosis, on which a winged genius crowns a gilded statue of Van Dyck, while Fame blows her trumpet to proclaim the glory of the artist; Painting strews flowers at his feet, and all the towns where he ever lived combine with Antwerp, his native city, to honour his genius.

Such, in its more important features, is this triumphal procession, which in every particular—alike in its general plan and the artistic elaboration of every detail—proved worthy of its aim. The efforts spent in organising it were crowned with success, and the popular recognition of the great painter of Charles I has been advanced by this display far more than by official speeches, cantatas, and delegates from academics.

THE ART MOVEMENT.

THE NATIONAL ART COMPETITION, 1899.

IT is satisfactory to record that if the National Art Competition this year could not boast anything especially brilliant, the works in general showed a high average, with a wholesome moderation in the affecting of mere eccentricity

for its own sake; and that too in those classes of design where, in previous exhibitions, there has been too wayward a bias towards transgressing; e.g. in repeating patterns for cretonnes and wall decoration, and also (with the exception

of one queer set of drawings by a member of the Glasgow school) in book illustration.



BOOK ILLUSTRATION.

By Janet Simpson.

latter branch, indeed, there is scarcely that equal development of which the rate of progress of former years seemed to give pledge. Neither, again, is there any improvement in cartoons for stained glass, always one of the weakest elements in the schools under the Government Department. But, on the other hand, there is an unwonted supply of good designs for purely architectural purposes. Many of these schemes entail an advanced degree of proficiency on the part of the students. They might even prove a severe tax on the resources and experience of a professional. On this account, then, the less ambitious exercises in interior fittings and furniture yield preferable results. For instance, the design by George Ellwood (Holloway) for a bachelor's room, with full details, is careful and inventive workmanship of real power. Less elaborate, but, for its purpose, equally effective, is Sydney Turner's (New Cross) design for a wardrobe, to be executed in fumed oak, inlaid in parts with ebony and boxwood, and fitted with steel handles and hinges. Two South Kensington students, G. Duxbury and H. Theaker,

might have deserved higher distinction with their decorated panels for piano fronts if either of them had shown himself capable of dealing with the instrument artistically as a whole; both the cases, as given in the drawings, are objects of quite the ordinary ugly type.

The exhibition was rich in embroideries—actual needle-work executed, as well as designs on paper; the examiners making favourable report of the "delicacy and reticence" of many of the examples shown. Of patterns for damask table-cloths and napkins the supply, though excessive, was of fair quality; but the carpet designs were below the usual standard. In textiles generally there are not nearly enough specimens of the web as carried out; but one, by C. Higgins, of Manchester, is as thorough as could be desired, presenting, as it does, the design squared for practical working, side by side with a piece of the tapestry woven from it with wool weft and cotton warp. Of several excellent diapers in stencil two may be mentioned, viz. one by Ernest Simpson, of Leeds, which, executed on serge, consists of rose branches arranged in rigidly symmetrical lines and another, by Frederick Brown, of Chelsea, which is based upon the vine, with birds and human forms, the latter treated so ingeniously as not to obtrude



BOOK ILLUSTRATION.

By James R. Williams.



DESIGN FOR NURSERY WALL PAPER.

By Ethel Everett.

themselves, but to fall into perfect congruity with the rest of the pattern.

In design for domestic plate and silverwork, such as tea, coffee, and mustard pots, pepper castors, etc., the prevalent practice is to elaborate ornamental detail on the commonplace outline of the wares in general use. But it should be understood that, without a radical change in the stock shape of the vessels themselves, it is vain to look for any effectual improvement. The same applies to the designs and casts, of

trophies, one cannot but be thankful to see a goblet which, without omitting the devices which custom enjoins for the purpose, is withal a genuine work of art. The handles are ingeniously



DESIGN FOR FOOTBALL CHALLENGE CUP.

By F. G. Wood.

which there were a considerable number, for tablespoons. It is truly a hopeful sign that aesthetic reform should be directed towards these simple household objects. At the same time there is, unfortunately, an unmistakable tendency to retain the ungainly shoulders of that debased form of handle known as the "fiddle pattern." It ought not to require a superhuman amount of courage to break with the ugly conventions of commerce. Among other fancy articles the designs for buttons and personal jewellery by Miss Pemberton, of New Cross, who enhances the grace of line with judicious use of enamel, are worthy of honourable notice. F. G. Wood contributed a very clever modelled design for a football challenge cup. Considering the atrocities which commonly do duty for this class of prize

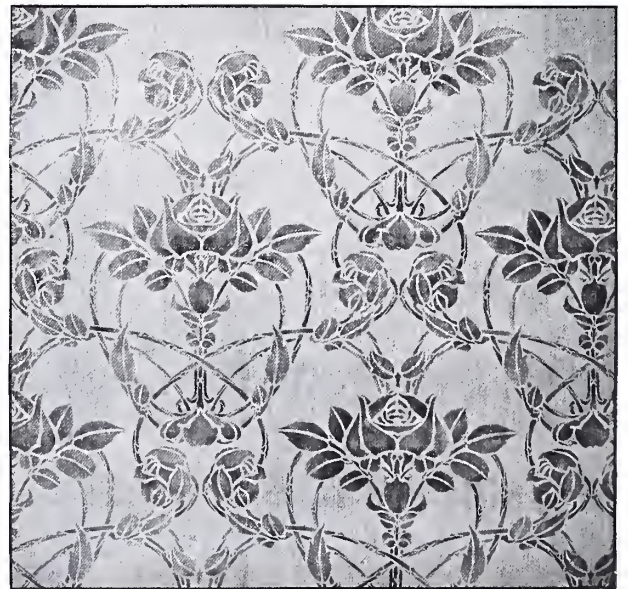


DESIGN FOR POSTER.

By H. Ida Pemberton.

contrived of nude figures standing round on the broad rim, with their hands converging towards the central cylinder. The surface of the latter is adorned by a band of nude players in low relief; while a crouching figure holding a ball appropriately surmounts the top.

The ornamental use of the human form was,



STENCIL DESIGN.

By Ernest H. Simpson.

to speak generally, a marked and pleasing feature in the recent exhibition. Thus it occurs with admirable effect, amid ornamental foliage, in William Batchelor's mirror-frame; in Miss

Dorothy Smith's (Glasgow) gesso panels, founded on the story of Aslaug; and in Bert Alvey's (Birmingham) pair of painted panels, depicting the legend of Sir Pelleas, Merlin, and Vivien. Another notable example is Miss Everett's (Lambeth) nursery frieze to illustrate "Sing a Song of Sixpence," a series of drawings in which a striking personality and decorative beauty are well sustained throughout. And yet they were



MODELLED DESIGN FOR A MIRROR FRAME
By W. Batchelor.

given only a bronze medal, while the highest award fell to an academical composition, representing a knightly procession, of no particular quality except that it is rather suggestive of Sir John Gilbert. It seems that the examiners do not sufficiently appreciate nor encourage individuals whose talents happen to be outside or beyond a certain regulation type. Thus again, in the drawing and modelling from the human figure, they pass over an artistic piece of work on the ground that it is "treated" with a view to applied art, and instead they reward the literal interpretation of the actual model, with all its defects. A figure from life, arranged as a decorative panel, by W. Stott, of South Kensington, had a comparatively insignificant award, while the gold medal in the same class was assigned to a painted portrait of a woman of almost repellent features, and hands and arms discoloured as though in a wash-tub. Surely here there was room for idealisation, for there can be no possible virtue in downright ugliness. The official report, however, constantly reprobrates

this or that method as being "mannered" or as not being "student-like." Now what is the meaning of all this? Is there only one point in view, only one rendering allowable for the unfortunate student? Surely not; for no two people ever see one and the same thing precisely alike, and, try as they may, they cannot give an identical version of it. Nor is either necessarily inaccurate; for the simple reason that different aspects of the same fact appeal in various proportions to various temperaments. To aim, therefore, at enforcing uniformity is to stifle, not to foster, artistic genius. The question is absolutely vital, and such that involves the very *raison d'être* of the system of the Department of Art Education. Is the vast and costly organisation intended to increase the efficiency of young artists and, through them, the art manufacturers all over the country? Or is it,



DESIGN FOR A WARDROBE.
By Sydney R. Turner.

on the contrary, but a gigantic apparatus for the multiplication of professed teachers, who, having passed through a course of artistic drill, shall go forth bearing the seal of authority to mould others, through the same routine, in their turn to fulfil the same drill-sergeants' office and so on *ad infinitum*? It is of the last importance that some definite decision on the above points be arrived at once for all. What measure of public confidence the administration deserves must depend entirely upon the choice of conduct which they shall ultimately elect to make.

AYMER VALLANCE.

ROYAL BARUM WARE.

IT is now many years since Professor Church, as Cantor lecturer, introduced to the attention of his audience, at the Society of Arts, the early efforts in artistic pottery of Mr. C. H. Brannam of Barnstaple. English ceramic art has in the interval made great progress, and although our potters may still have much to learn from those of other countries, they are not altogether last in point of originality and the beauty of their work.

The Barnstaple pottery owes its high position to-day solely to the perseverance and ingenuity of Mr. Brannam. When he acquired the property its output was confined entirely to objects of practical purpose manufactured from



A GROTESQUE WALL BRACKET.

required for the production of drain-pipes and roof-tiles, and led him to make experiments with red clay, covered with a white slip, shaped into jugs and vases. These small beginnings have developed into "The Royal Barum Ware," and brought its inventor wide reputation, and at the same time done something to raise the quality of English ceramic art.

The examples here illustrated of recent works produced at Barnstaple will serve to show that while necessarily confined in a certain degree to conventional shapes, originality is by no means lacking in many of the objects. Sometimes, indeed, there is a striving in this direction to the sacrifice of beauty; and while



ROYAL BARUM JARS.

clay found in the neighbourhood. A course of training at the local school of art prompted Mr. Brannam to more artistic efforts than were

granting that "grotesques" are occasionally acceptable as such, we prefer beauty of outline and form in objects which, after all, are in-

teuded primarily for the decoration of a house. As a caricaturist in the field of political journalism Mr. F. Carruthers Gould holds an almost unrivalled position for originality of ideas and



A CANDLESTICK.

skill of execution, but we fear that we cannot altogether compliment him upon his *début* as a pottery designer. His bird-jugs are quaint and curious, but as objects of decorative art they are decidedly lacking in the quality with which they should be plentifully endowed—beauty.

For the vases, jardinières, bowls and plaques produced by Mr. Brannam we have nothing but unqualified praise. They are beautiful in form and exceedingly fine in colour. Some with a rich deep blue glaze are especially attractive, and others in green, and brown, whether combined or in one colour, are equally good. The decoration is generally affected by a combination of brush-work and *sgraffito*, and as a rule this method is productive of excellent results.



THE BARUMITE BOWL

The large bowl presented by "Barumites" at home to their fellow townsmen resident in London is a fine piece of work. The form is modelled upon that of the old Corporation bowl of Barnstable—a magnificent piece of old hammered silver work—and the ground is of that delightful blue glaze to which we have already referred. On two sides are panels containing etched representations of the Guildhall and Queen Anne's walk at Barnstable, and in the other quarters are the town arms in brush-work, and an inscription setting forth the origin and purpose of the bowl. The filling between these panels is occupied with decorative work—dragons and foliage—in delicate blue grey and dark brown. The rim is cased in silver, and the general effect is exceedingly rich and handsome.



BIRD JUG.

Designed by F. Carruthers Gould.

The output of the pottery covers not only objects of decoration but those for more practical purposes. Candlesticks and wall-brackets, dessert bowls and jardinières, produced by the same methods and in the same colours as the larger objects, show what may be done towards introducing artistic work into the commoner utensils of the household. The candlestick and wall-bracket—for plants—here illustrated are designedly grotesque in character, and the workmanship bestowed upon them is fully equal, both as to quality and care, to that in the larger and more ornate objects.

A. F.

THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—OCTOBER.

The South Kensington Report.

THE forty-sixth report of the Science and Art Department contains much that is of interest in the light of the events connected with the Committee of Inquiry. That the official mind is still disturbed by the ruthless exposure of official methods is manifest throughout the pages of the report, and belated attempts are made in some instances at defence and justification. The late Director, for instance, endeavours to remove an impression given by one of his replies to LORD BALCARRES that he was opposed to the use of coloured glass in the skylights, and Sir JOHN DONNELLY has been at pains to obtain expert opinion upon the value of the "Renaissance Gateway," for which £602 was paid, and which is



HISPANO-MORESQUE BOWL.

Recently acquired by the City Art Gallery, Birmingham.

believed by many to be a forgery—but not certainly, as the Report asserts, a "worthless" one. Turning to the information concerning the Museums, we find that the total attendance of visitors at South Kensington and Bethnal Green was 1,369,588—a decrease of 13,829 as compared with 1897. The acquisitions numbered 2,146, of which 110 were for the Indian section. Among the purchases we note a tapestry, "Angeli Laudantes," designed by Sir E. BURNE-JONES and executed at the Morris works at Merton (£630). The most noteworthy additions to the Picture Gallery were "The High Bridge at Lincoln," a fine example of DE WINT, and a water-colour drawing of "Edward the Confessor's Tomb," by the late G. P. BOYCE, R.W.S., which were acquired by purchase; also a water-colour drawing of the "Arch of Titus," by the late A. P. NEWTON, which was presented by his widow and children. As regards the Art Library, the attendances of readers have increased from 22,068 in 1897 to 23,506 in 1898, and we are told that "attempts have been made to render the contents of the library better known to the public." It is matter for congratulation that "in consequence of the possible risk of fire from the chimney of the boilers" the generation of electricity on the premises

has been discontinued, the current now being obtained from the street supply. Mr. GILBERT R. REDGRAVE, the chief senior inspector, reports that the alteration in the system of the payments of grants to schools is decidedly satisfactory, the advantages being "the more intimate connection which must obtain between the members of the inspectorate and the teaching staff throughout the country, the lesser importance attaching to examination results, and the greater value assigned to the reports of the inspectors with respect to the quality of the teaching." The examiners seem, on the whole, to be of the opinion that the work submitted to them exhibits a steady progress among the art students who come under the control of the Department.

THE Board of Governors of this gallery were fortunate in receiving, under the will of the late Sir THOMAS ELDER, the munificent sum of £25,000 for the purchase of works of art. They decided in 1898 to spend £10,000 upon modern pictures, etc., and commissioned Mr. GILL, the director of the gallery, to proceed to Europe to make the selection, with the help of SIR EDWARD POYNTER, P.R.A., Mr. E. A. WATERLOW, A.R.A., P.R.W.S., Mr. E. J. GREGORY, R.A., P.R.I., and the Hon. Dr. J. A. COCKBURN, the Agent-General for South Australia. The list of their purchases is as follows:—

OIL PAINTINGS.

Lord Leighton, P.R.A.	"The Feigned Death of Juliet."
Sir W. Fettes Douglas, P.R.S.A.	"Stonehaven."
G. F. Watts, R.A.	"A Nymph."
G. D. Leslie, R.A.	"A Child's Secret."
The late Henry Moore, R.A.	"After a Gale, Walberswick."
Phil Morris, A.R.A.	"The Sailor's Wedding."
R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A.	"Calling the Cattle Home: A Lincolnshire Farm."
H. H. La Thangue, A.R.A.	"Harrowing."
Lady Alma Tadema	"Parting."
David Farquharson, A.R.S.A.	"Romantic Ground."
E. Brewtnall, R.W.S.	"The Baron's Pond, Gungahly."
J. Aumonier, R.I.	"Sheep-washing."
George Harcourt	"Forgiven."
Cayley Robinson	"Souvenir of a Past Age."
Chevalier Tayler	"The Sisters."
Douglas Robinson	"Moonlight."
Byam Shaw	"The Comforter."
Edward Stott	"Primrose Day."
Alfred Hartley	"On the South Downs."
Fantin Latour	"Zinnias."
P. Jaques Diercke	"Scouring."
Emile Clans	"Anpello, Old Fisher of Bordighera."
Ivan Pokitonow	"Environs of Liege: Winter."
Giovanni Segantini	"Weaving."
D. Lucas	"Breton Farm."
Eugene Burnand	"Rest under the Pines."
E. Tournes	"After the Bath."
Mdlle. E. Nourse	"Midsummer."
René Billotte	"Snow at Port Auberwilliers."
H. S. Bisping	"La Plaine le Soir"
E. V. Hareux	"Summer Night at Grave."
J. A. Muenier	"Rest."
J. L. Stewart	"Salmacis."
W. Bouguereau	"Virgin and Child."



BRONZE BELLS (ITALIAN) AND CLOCK BASE (GERMAN).
Recently acquired by the City Art Gallery, Birmingham.

WATER COLOURS.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema, R.A. | "The Coquette." |
| Alfred Parsons, A.R.A. | "Larkspurs." |
| Albert Goodwin, R.W.S. | "Clovelly; Autumn." |
| R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A. | "Lullaby." |
| Tom Lloyd, R.W.S. | "Noon." |
| Tom Rooke, R.W.S. | "Ruedela Isallette,
Poitiers." |
| E. R. Nisbet, R.I. | "November Evening." |
| John Hedder, R.I. | "Sheepfold." |
| William Rainey, R.I. | "In Extremis." |
| Carlton A. Smith, R.I. | "Dawn." |
| John Finnie | "In the North Country." |
| A. T. Nowell | "Hide and Seek." |
| C. Gregory, R.W.S. | "The Dawn of Summer." |
| Mrs. Allingham, R.W.S. | "Bluebells." |

In addition to these there are an enamel by Mr. ALEX-

ANDER FISHER, and twenty-eight drawings in black and white, red chalk and pastel by the following artists:—
SIR E. J. POYNTER, P.R.A.,
SIR E. BURNE-JONES, Messrs.
PHIL MAY, J. PENNELL,
LAURENCE HOUSMAN, R.
ANNING BELL, C. E. BROCK,
H. M. BROCK, FRANK BRANGWYN,
W. HATHERELL, W. STRANG,
T. BLAKE WIRGMAN, E. J. SULLIVAN,
PAUL WOODROFFE, W. SMALL,
GERALD E. MOIRA, C. RICKETTS,
G. D. BATTEN, H. R. MILLAR,
PAUL RENOUARD, W. GRANVILLE FELL,
T. H. ROBINSON, LHERMITTE,
CHARLES MERTENS, E. LOUP,
and the late CHARLES KEENE,
AUBREY BEARDSLEY, and J. GÜLICH.

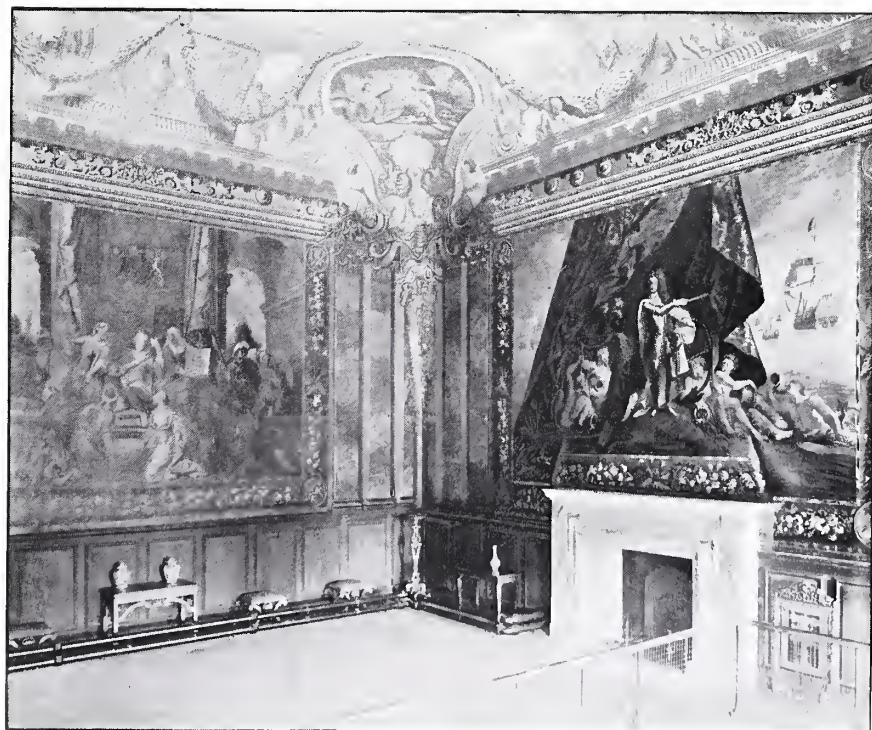
MR. ERNEST The Work of LAW—our leading Vandyck. ing Vandyck historian, so far

as the examples of the artist's work in England are concerned—has recently shattered the legend based upon the statement in Smith's

"Catalogue Raisonné" that Vandyck painted 1,200 pictures—that is to say, one a week for twenty-two years! Mr. Law finds that several of the works indexed by Smith are described two or three times over; others, only from engravings after pictures described on other pages; many are now known to be the work of Mytens, and others, in scores and hundreds, are palpable copies made long after Vandyck's death. Indeed, Mr. Law has documentary evidence pointing to a systematic manufacture of "Vandycks" when, after the execution of Charles I, there was a great demand for portraits of the king and his family. Mr. Law is of opinion that perhaps only one picture in ten ascribed to Vandyck is genuine.

SEVERAL objects of great interest were secured for his collection by Mr. WORTH WORTH WALLIS at the Bardini sale.

Among these were a fine Hispano-Moresque bowl on a trumpet-shaped foot, painted in the centre with a shield of arms on a ground of ivy in fine lustrous red; and a beautifully lustrous maiolica dish from Pesaro, with a raised centre painted with a shield of arms in blue and gold and panels of acanthus leaf. The metal work purchased included a bronze reliquary of fifteenth-century Italian workmanship; two fine bronze bells, one of which belonged to the Guild of Goldsmiths; and a bronze inkstand, supported at the angles by seated figures of boys of sixteenth-century Venetian origin. German metal work is represented by a bronze gilt clock-base from Nuremberg (sixteenth



THE VERRIERO ROOM AT HAMPTON COURT (See p. 572.)

century) beautifully decorated. One example of tooled leather work was secured, and a delicately-made toilette box lacquered and painted with medallions of classical figures. We illustrate several of these objects, and propose to do the remainder in our next issue. These purchases have now almost exhausted the Art Gallery Purchase Fund, and it is to be hoped that means will be taken to augment it, so that Birmingham may sustain the high repute of its museum. Since the industrial and decorative art section was begun fifteen years ago, a sum of £21,000 has been spent in securing objects for it.

Catalogue of the National Gallery of Scotland, Edinburgh. By *Robert Gibb, R.S.A.*, Principal Curator and Keeper. Hodderwick and Sons. (6d.)

THIS book of nearly 300 pages is an entirely rewritten edition of the catalogue hitherto in use. The biographical notices are fuller, and have been revised in accordance with the latest discoveries; and the rearrangement of the gallery is fully set forth. Mr. Gibb has had the assistance of Mr. Forbes White, the well known writer on Rembrandt, of Mr. W. M. Gilbert, our own correspondent in Scotland, of Mr. J. L. Law, of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, and of Mr. Sheriff Sherman, and the result is as accurate and as fully informative as such a work should be. We may point out that the wood engraving of Heindrikje Stöffels did not first appear in M. Michel's book on Rembrandt and then in *THE MAGAZINE OF ART*, as is suggested; but was wrought originally for this Magazine, and was then lent to the English edition of the work in question.

City of Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery Illustrated Catalogue of the Permanent Collection of Paintings. Compiled by *Whitworth Wallis and A. B. Chamberlain.* (6d.)

THIS handsomely illustrated catalogue is a marvel at the price, not fewer than fifty full-page blocks on plate paper being included in the portly handbook. The Victoria and Albert Museum should take example by the achievement. The catalogue is all it should be, and is an admirable encyclopedia of this rapidly improving collection; but, apart from this, it may be considered an effectual instrument of art education and as a guide-book of interest and entertainment.

"*Macbeth*," and "*Othello*," are the latest volumes of the pocket edition of Shakespeare, published by George Bell and Sons. MR. BYAM SHAW is always good as the illustrator, but he sometimes endures the eccentricity for its own sake, an instance of which may be seen when choosing as a subject "Here is the man, this Moor" (Act i., Scene iii.). All of the Moor he deigns to show is half a nose and beard and a bit of drapery, but in spite of some eccentricity the character of the illustrations is in harmony with the general get-up of these admirable little volumes.

Miscellanea. THE Winter Exhibition at the Royal Academy will consist entirely of works by VANDYCK.

The Prussian "Ordre Pour Le Mérite" has been

conferred upon Professor HERKOMER, R.A., for general excellence and "wide and honourable reputation," and not, as has been stated, for the portrait of Mr. Ruskin, now at Berlin.

It is worth visiting Hampton Court in order to see, by the examination of VERRIO's newly-uncovered mural paintings, that criticism in the reign of Queen Anne was not so very far out after all. Whether it was the fault of his approaching failure of eyesight, whether the mark of his resentment for the Court's scurv treatment of him, or whether of inherent incapacity—the fact remains that Verrio's designs are not inspired; while as for his colour it is clear that time had not entirely succeeded in staling its infinite variety and strength.

Obituary. THE death has occurred at Carlsbad of M. JACOB MARIS at the age of sixty-one. Maris belonged to an artistic family, his two brothers sharing with him the fame attaching to his name. He was born at The Hague and first studied art at the Academy there, passing thence to Antwerp, and subsequently to Paris, where he entered the studio of Hébert. The French landscapists of the day, especially Diaz and Daubigny, influenced him to a very great extent, although it was not until much later in his career that he turned his attention seriously to this branch of art. He began to exhibit at the Salon in 1862, and continued to do so until 1872, when he quitted Paris and took up his residence at The Hague. His paintings of Dutch coast scenery, full of force and vigour, secured for him a leading position among the artists of his country. At the Paris Exhibition of 1889 he was awarded a gold medal for the five pictures by which he was represented. The museums at The Hague and Amsterdam possess representative examples of his art.

MR. WILLIAM SIMPSON, R.L., the well known artist-correspondent, has recently died at the age of seventy-six. Mr. Simpson was born in Glasgow, and after serving an apprenticeship to a firm of lithographers in that city came to London in 1851. He worked at his profession until 1853 with great distinction, when he went to the Crimea as special artist. On the outbreak of the Mutiny he went to India in the same capacity. In 1866 he joined the staff of the "Illustrated London News," and as special artist for that paper was a witness of all the great events of the past thirty years. In addition to his work in this direction, he made a study of the shrines and temples of all nations, and has left a collection of drawings of these subjects which is absolutely unique. He was the author of several works, one of the best known being an exhaustive volume on the "Buddhist Praying Wheel."

The death has occurred, at the age of seventy-nine, of Mr. A. W. MCKAY, the head of the firm of Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi. He joined the house about 1841, and took an active part in the publication of the late Mr. W. Simpson's Crimean War Sketches, and of the Cousins mezzotints after Reynolds, etc. He assisted largely in the formation of some of the best known private collections, among others those of the late Mr. Holford, the Duc d'Aumale, and the Duke of Buccleuch.



THE LATE JACOB MARIS.

GENERAL INDEX.

Abbey, Edwin A., R.A., Life and Works of, 145, 193, 217; "O Mistress Mine," 388; "Who is Sylvia?" 390
 Adelaide Art Gallery, Purchases for, 570
 Allingham, Mrs., R.W.S., Life and Work of, 355
 Alma-Tadema, Sir L., R.A., "Baths of Caracalla," 388; Knighthood, 431; at Antwerp, 528
 Anachronisms in Art, Verrio and Breughel, 195
 Andrea del Sarto, Sale of Novar-Dudley "Pieta," 352
 Animal Anatomy, 210
 Antwerp, Van Dyck Fêtes at, 560
 Arab Hall, Lord Leighton's House, 530
 Armstrong, Sir Walter, Knighthood conferred on, 431

Bellini, Works by, destroyed by Fire, 195
 Benjamin-Constant, Life of, 468
 Bernini, "Bust of Cromwell," 48
 Bible, Chinese Art and the, 343
 Billotte, René, Work at New Salon, 133
 Bilton Hall Collection, Sale of, 351
 Birmingham City Art Gallery, Acquisitions at, 48, 110, 332, 571; Old Masters at, 429
 Birmingham Law Courts, Lead Rain water Heads at, 490
 Bookbinders, Guild of Women, 420
 Book Plate by Charles Naish, 288

BOOKS REVIEWED:—

"Actors of the Century," by Frederic Whyte, 190
 "Alphabet of Animals," by Carton Moore Park, 288
 "Alphabets, Old and New," by Lewis F. Day, 288
 "Anatomical Diagrams for the use of Art Students," by James M. Dunlop, 480
 "Angels' Wings," by Edward Carpenter, 334
 "Animals in Motion," by Eadweard Muybridge, 480
 "Arabian Nights' Entertainments, The," illustrated by Fred Pegram, 47
 "Architecture of the Renaissance in Italy, The," by William J. Anderson, 217
 "Art Collection of the Corporation of Glasgow," by Edward Pinnington, 189
 "At Aboukir and Acre," by G. H. Henty, 114
 "At the Sign of the Brush and Pen," by J. G. Reid, 239
 "Autumnal Leaves," by F. G. Heath, 331
 "Bases of Design, The," by Walter Crane, 168
 "Bayeux Tapestry, The: A History and Description," by Frank Rede Fowke, 191
 "Bibliography of Eighteenth Century Art and Illustrated Books," by J. Lewine, 237
 "Blessed Damozel, The," by D. G. Rossetti, 45
 "Blithedale Romance, The," by Nathaniel Hawthorne, illustrated by F. H. Townsend, 47
 "Both Sides of the Border," by G. H. Henty, 111
 "Bow, Chelsea and Derby Porcelain," by William Bemrose, 32
 "Burne-Jones, Sir Edward," by Malcolm Bell, 324
 "Carroll, Lewis, Life and Letters of," by Stuart Dodgson Collingwood, 239
 "Catalogue of the National Gallery of

BOOKS REVIEWED (continued):—

Scotland, Edinburgh," by Robert Gibb, R.S.A., 572
 "Catalogue of Pictures and other Works of Art in the National Gallery and National Portrait Gallery, Ireland," by Walter Armstrong, 239
 "Chinese Porcelain," by W. G. Gulland, 286
 "City of Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery: Catalogue of the Permanent Collection of Paintings," by Whitworth Wallis and A. B. Chamberlain, 572
 "Classical Sculpture Gallery," 285
 "Cranford," by Mrs. Gaskell, illustrated by Hugh Thomson, 91
 "Dancing, A History of, from the Earliest Ages to our own Times." From the French of Gaston Vuiller, with a sketch of Dancing in England, by Joseph Grego, 170
 "Der Ring des Nibelungen," by Louis N. Parker, 144
 "Dickens and His Illustrators," by F. G. Kitton, 113
 "Dutch Painters of the Nineteenth Century," edited by Max Rooses, 407
 "Early Italian Love Stories," by Una Taylor, 331
 "Early Printing at Bruges," by W. H. J. Weale, 192
 "Eden versus Whistler: The Baronet and the Butterfly. A Valentine with a Verdict," 431
 "Elementary Perspective," by Lewis R. Crosskey, 111
 "Enchanted India," by Prince Bojidar Karageorgevitch, 527
 "English Lyrics from Spenser to Milton," illustrated by R. Anning Bell, 288
 "Englishwoman's Year Book, The," edited by Emily James, 335
 "Fairy Tales of Hans Christian Andersen," illustrated by Helen Stratton, 480
 "Fashion in Paris," by Octave Uzanne, 323
 "Field of Clover, A," by Laurence Housman, 205
 "Foreign Armour in England," by J. Starkie Gardner, 285
 "Forgotten Children's Books," by Andrew W. Tuer, 95
 "Forman Collection Catalogue," 528
 "French Art, A History of," by Rose G. Kingsley, 430
 "Gloucester, The City of," 18
 "Grammar of Painting, The," by Emily and Ellen Phillips, 335
 "Great Water Joke, The," by J. F. Sullivan, 527
 "Grotesque Alphabet of 1461," with an Introduction by Campbell Dodgson, M.A., 431
 "Harbutt's Plastic Method," by William Harbutt, 191
 "History and Antiquities of the Collegiate Church of St. Saviour," by Rev. Canon Thompson, 111
 "History of Modern Italian Art," by A. R. Willard, 286
 "History of Renaissance Architecture in England, 1500-1800, A," by Reginald Blomfield, M.A., 214
 "Holland and the Hollanders," by David S. Meldrum, 108
 "Iconographia Dantesca: The Pictorial Representations to Dante's Divine Comedy," by Ludwig Volkmann, 286

BOOKS REVIEWED (continued):—

"Index to the Periodicals of 1897," 411
 "International Art, Illustrated Souvenir Catalogue of the Exhibition of," 287
 "International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers Art Congress," 527
 "Isabella; or the Pot of Basil," by John Keats, illustrated by W. B. Macdougall, 191
 "Keene, Charles, The Works of," by Joseph Pennell, 65
 "King's Friend, The," by Dayrell Trelawny, 336
 "Leighton, Frederic, Lord: late President of the Royal Academy," by Ernest Rhys, 167
 "Leonard da Vinci," par Eugène Müntz, 466
 "Little Masterpieces," by Nathaniel Hawthorne, 192
 "Lithography and Lithographers," by Joseph and Elizabeth Robbins Pennell, 405
 "London Types," by William Nicholson, 191
 "Macbeth," illustrated by Byam Shaw, 572
 "Madonna in Art, The," by Estelle M. Hurl, 94
 "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," by Joseph Neve, 335
 "Masters of Mezzotint: The Men and their Work," by Alfred Whitman, 238
 "Medallists' Art in France during the Nineteenth Century, The Evolution of the," by Roger Marx, 373
 "Memories of an Old Collector," by Count Michael Tyskiewicz, 238
 "Milton, John, The Minor Poems of," 288
 "Morland, George, and the Evolution from Him of some later Painters," by J. T. Nettleship, 239
 "Morris, William, and his Art," by Aymer Vallance, 29
 "Morris, William, Life of," by J. W. Mackail, 507
 "National Gallery, Lectures on," by J. P. Richter, 287
 "Northern Art Workers' Guild Exhibition, Catalogue of," 144
 "Notices et Discours," by Eugène Gil-laume, 17
 "Notes sur les Salons de 1899," by Henri Frantz, 527
 "Old Chelsea Bun Shop, The," by the Author of "Mary Powell," 47
 "Old Clocks and Watches and their Makers," by F. J. Britten, 479
 "Othello," illustrated by Byam Shaw, 572
 "Photograms of '98," 111
 "Photographie est-elle un Art? La," by Robert de la Sizeranne, 208
 "Pictorial Comedy," 335
 "Pilgrim's Progress, The," illustrated by R. Anning Bell, 192
 "Pippa Passes," by Robert Browning, illustrated by Leslie Brooke, 47
 "Poster, The," 210
 "Poster Collectors' Monthly, The," 210
 "Practical Hints for the Protection and Preservation of Paintings and Drawings," by Sir Philip Burne-Jones, 336
 "Practical Pictorial Photography," by A. Horsley Hinton, 131
 "Punch, Papers from," by Devey Browne, 192
 "Raphael," by H. Knackfuss, 287
 "Renaissance Masters," by George B. Rose, 239

BOOKS REVIEWED (*continued*):

- "Robinson Crusoe," illustrated by C. E. Brock, 192
- "Roundabout Rhymes," by Mrs. Percy Dearmer, 191
- "Royal Gallery of Hampton Court, The," by Ernest Law, B.A., 281
- "Ruskin: Rossetti: Preraphaelitism: Papers 1851 to 1862," by W. M. Rossetti, 526
- "Sacred Art," edited by A. G. Temple, 91
- "Selected Examples of Decorative Art at South Kensington," 336
- "Shakespeare's Sonnets," illustrated by Henry Osipov, 131
- "Singers, The," by H. W. Longfellow, 111
- "Spirit of Sweetwater, The," by Hamlin Garland, 111
- "Tate Gallery, Popular Handbook to the," by E. T. Cook, 190
- "The Butterfly," 335, 528
- "Theatres and Opera Houses," by Edwin O. Sachs, 508
- "Troubles of Tatters and other Stories," by A. Talwyn Morris, 111
- "Tuscan Artists: their Thought and Work," by Hope Rea, 287
- "Venetian Painters of the Renaissance," by Bernhard Berenson, 287
- "Whistler's Etchings, Catalogue of," by F. Wedmore, 336
- "Wild Life at Home: How to Study and Photograph it," by R. Kearton, F.Z.S., 190
- "With a Palette in Eastern Palaces," by E. M. Merrick, 335
- "Year's Art, 1899, The," 239
- "Young Princess Fairy Book, The," by Castell Coates, 192
- Boughton, G. H., R.A., "When the Dead Leaves Fall," bought by King of Italy, 528
- Bow Porcelain, 32, 33
- Breton, Jules, elected Honorary Foreign Academician, 235
- British Artists, Royal Society of, New Members, 48
- British Museum, Dr. Drury Fortnum and, 525; Marlborough Gems at, 513; Report, 526
- Brussels, Needlework Decorations in Hotel de Ville, at, 81
- Burne-Jones, Sir E., "Labour," 77; Christina Rossetti Memorial, 88; Etchings by, 90; Exhibition of Works at New Gallery and Burlington Fine Arts Club, 188; Sale of "Love and the Pilgrim," "The Dream of Lancelot," "Mirror of Venus," "Chant d'Amour," "Dawn and Night," 353
- Burton, William Shakespeare, Life and Works of, 289
- Canaletti's "Rotunda at Ranelagh" at National Gallery, Authenticity of, 241; "View at Verona," Sale of, 351; Who Painted his Pictures? 381
- Cardiff Museum, Presentation to, 110
- Cazin, J. C., Work at New Salon, 433
- Champleve Enamels, Process of, 395
- Chantrey Collection, Purchase for, 381
- Charlton, John, "Jubilee Picture," 312
- Chelsea Porcelain, 32-33
- Chess Pictures, 13, 91, 140
- Chinese Biblical Art, 513
- Cimabue, Lost Works by, 191
- Claus, Emil, Work at New Salon, 433
- Cloisonné Enamels, Process of, 395
- Coincidences in Art: "Virgin and Donor" by Van Eyck, and "St. Luke drawing the Virgin" by Van der Weyden, 18-19; "Expulsion from the Garden of Eden," by Raphael and Masaccio, 19-20; "Apollo and Marsyas" by Peruzino, and "Adam and Eve" by Bacchiacca, 20; "Misers"

- by Quentin Massys, and "The Money-Changers" by Marinus van Romerswale, 20-21; "Creation of Eve" by Della Quereia and Michael Angelo, 21-22; "The Emperor Theodosius refused admission into the Church by St. Ambrose," by Rubens and Vandyck, 22; Rembrandt and Metsu, 20; "Diane au Bain" by Watteau, and "Musidora" by Gainsborough, 23; "Mrs. Lloyd" by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and "Le Chiffre d'Amour" by Fragonard, 23; "Repentant Magdalene" by Correggio, 70, by Pompeo Battoni, 71, by F. H. Fuger, 71; "Le Chapeau de Poil" by Rubens, and "Le Chapeau de Brigand" by T. Uwins, R.A., 72-3; "La Rixe" by Ter Borch and Meissonier, 73; "Nell Gwynne" by Landseer and Millais, and "Charles I" by Vandyck, 74-5; "Hon. Mrs. Graham" by Gainsborough, and "Clarissa" by Millais, 75; "Penelope Boothby" by Reynolds, and "Cherry Ripe" by Millais, 75; "The Ladies Waldegrave" by Reynolds, and "Hearts are Trumps" by Millais, 76; "Master Lambton" by Lawrence, and "Hon. Neville Manners" by Millais, 77; "Adam and Eve" by Della Quereia, and "Labour" by Burne-Jones, 77; "Arab on a Dromedary" by Barye, and "Gordon Memorial" by E. O. Ford, R.A., 77; "Anne of Cleves" by Holbein, and "Duchess of Somerset" by Poynter, 78
- Cope, A. S., elected A.R.A., 236
- Copyright, Law of Artistic, 262, 524
- Correggio, "Repentant Magdalene," History of, 71
- Cotton Designs, Quaint, 31
- Cranach in National Gallery, 217
- Cromwell, Oliver, Bust by Bernini, 48

- Daisy in Art, The, 331
- Dampit, Jenn, Life and Work of, 307
- "Dance of Death" by various artists, 60
- Dancing in Art, 171
- Decorative Art, Modern Design and Colour in, 179
- Derby Porcelain, History of, 32
- Donnelly, Sir J., Retirement of, 477; and South Kensington Inquiry, 13
- Draper, Herbert J., Life and Works, 49
- Dyeing, Art of, 131, 135

- East, Alfred, elected A.R.A., 236; at the Royal Academy, 452
- Eastern Influence on English Design, 180
- Elizabethan Stage Society, 192
- Enamels, Limoges, History of, 391, 110
- Enamels, Professor Herkomer's Method of Working in, 165, 163
- ENGRAVINGS, NEW:—
- "Christ in the House of the Pharisees," by W. Biscombe Gardner, 192
- Etchings of Oxford and Cambridge, by Edward J. Burrow, 489
- Engravings, High Prices for, 351

EXHIBITIONS:—

- Aberdeen Art Galleries, 93
- Bethnal Green, Pottery at, 478
- Birmingham, Old Masters at, 429
- Blind, Rudolf, at Doré Gallery, 429
- Brabazon, Mr. H. B., 113
- Bunny, R. C. W., Oil Drawings, 142
- Burne-Jones, at the New Gallery and Burlington Fine Arts Club, 188
- Cameron, D. V., at Colnaghi's, 383
- Carlandi, Onorato, at Fine Art Society, 526
- Continental Gallery, Salon Pictures at, 526
- Doré Gallery, 95
- Dotch School at Holland Fine Art Gallery, 383
- East, Alfred, A.R.A., Landscapes, 142
- Edinburgh School of Applied Art, 189
- Eida, S., Japanese Decoration, 429

EXHIBITIONS (*continued*):—

- Fragonard's "The Grasse," at Agnews', 112
- Fulleylove, J., Oxford Sketches, 237
- George, Ernest, at Fine Art Society, 479
- Glasgow Institute, 333
- Gould, F. C., at the Continental Gallery, 479
- Green, Chas., at Fine Art Society, 142
- Hall, Oliver, at Dowdeswell's, 143
- Harper, H. A., at Fine Art Society, 479
- Harris and Son's Embroidered Linens, 113
- Home Arts and Industries at Albert Hall, 430
- International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers, 391
- Italian Masters at Agnews', 526
- Jungmann, Neco, at Dowdeswell's, 333
- Knight, J. Buxton, at St. George's Gallery, 526
- La Touche, Gaston, at Fine Art Society, 333
- Landscapes at Dudley Gallery, 218
- Lewis, J. Hardwicke, Savoy Alps, etc., 429
- Lithographs at South Kensington, 111
- Liverpool Academy of Arts, 429
- London Sketch Club, 228
- McLean's Exhibition, 333
- Menpes, Mortimer, at Dowdeswell's, 526
- Mezzotints at Agnews', 381
- Miniature Painters, Society of, 188, 237
- Miniaturists, Society of, 188
- Moore, Henry and Albert, Sketches, etc., by, 383
- New English Art Club, 111, 382
- New Gallery, French Art at, 16; Summer Exhibition, 342
- New Salon, 133
- Nottingham Art Museum, 94
- Old Salon, The, 169
- Oxford Art Society, 113
- Pastel Society, 237
- Perth, Sandeman Public Library, 91
- Pisa, Alberto, at Fine Art Society, 383
- Photographic Salon, 93
- Reed, E. T., at the Fine Art Society, 179
- Rembrandt, Works of, at Amsterdam, 16, 222; at Royal Academy, 222
- Rembrandt Etchings at British Museum, 510
- Roussel, Theodore, at Goupil's, 526
- Royal Academy, 222, 337, 385, 451
- Royal Female School of Art, 93
- Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, 332
- Royal Photographic Society, 93
- Royal Scottish Academy, 328
- Royal Society of British Artists, 93, 333
- Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, 189, 382
- Shaw, Byam, at Dowdeswell's, 383
- Shepherd's Gallery, 93
- Smith, J. Caswall, Photographs, 179
- Snythe, Montagu, "Holland and East Anglia," 237
- Society of Oil Painters, 111
- Sullivan, J. F., at Fine Art Society, 112
- Thaulow, Fritz, at Goupil's, 333
- Turner at Guildhall, 403
- Tyndale, Walter, Cairo, Jerusalem, etc., at Dowdeswell's, 429
- Veber, M., Caricatures, 237
- Vedder, Elihn, at Dowdeswell's, 364
- Verestchagin at Grafton Galleries, 178
- Watson, C. J., at Dunthorne's, 383
- Watson, Homer, at Dowdeswell's, 526
- Woodville, R. Caton, "All that was left of them, left of Six Hundred," 383; "Charge of the 21st Lancers," 429
- Women Artists, Society of, 237
- Yarra Sculptors' Society, 47

- Fair Game*, Harry Furniss and, 350
- Fisher, Mark, "The Lime Kiln" and "The Valley of the Arun," 452
- Flax Thread for Decorative Needlework, 477
- "Florian" Ware, 232

Flowers in Art, 1, 121
 Fortnum, Dr. Drury, Will of, 525
 Fowler Sale, 427
 Furniss, Harry, as a Graphic Humorist, 315

Gainsborough, T., R.A., "Musidora," 23;
 "Hon. Mrs. Graham," 75; in the Sale
 Room, "Lady Clarges," "Repose," Land-
 scapes, 352; "Woodman and His Dog in
 the Storm" destroyed by Fire, 496
 Ghent, Needlework Decorations in Hotel de
 Ville at, 85
 Gilbert, Alfred, R.A., elected Hon. Mem.
 R.B.A., 48
 Giotto, Works by, destroyed, 491
 Gladstone, W. E., Bust of, by Albert Toft,
 39; Bust by John Rhind, 110
 Gregory, E. J., R.A., elected President of
 Royal Institute, 114
 Grenze in the Sale Room, 428
 Guild of Enamellers at Limoges, 411

Haité, G. C., Work of, Metal and Glass, 325;
 Wall-hangings and Textile Fabrics, 416;
 as Painter, 417
 Ham House, Lead Busts in, 190
 Hampton Court, Leadwork at, 489, 493;
 Verrio Room at, 572
 Heckscher Collection, Sale of, 352, 351
 Hemy, C. Napier, A.R.A., Position as Sea
 Painter, 456
 Herkomer, Prof., R.A., elected Professor of
 Painting at Royal Academy, 528; as
 Enamel Painter, 105, 163; Prussian
 "Ordre pour le Merite" conferred on, 572
 Hiscox, G. D., Life and Works of, 181
 Hobbema in the Sale Room, 428
 Hogarth, "Harlot's Progress" destroyed
 by Fire, 436; "The Lady's Last Stake,"
 139
 Hoppner in the Sale Room, "Mrs. Inch-
 bald," 352
 House Furnishing, Style in, 183
 Housman, Laurence, Life and Works of, 199
 Hunt, W. Holman, elected Hon. Mem. of
 R.B.A., 48

Japanese Decorative Art, Influence upon
 English Designers, 179
 Jewellery by M. Wolfers, 515
 John, W. Goscombe, elected A.R.A., 236
 Jubilee, Official Picture of, by John Charl-
 ton, 312

Keene, Charles, Art of, 66; and Mr. Craw-
 hall, 235
 Kemp-Welch, Lucy E., Life and Work, 481;
 "Harvesters," 457
 Klinger, Max, Etching of, 58

Landscape Art, Modern English, 451
 Lattisgraph, The, 432
 Lawrence, Sir T., P.R.A., "Master Lamb-
 ton," 77; "Sir S. Romilly," 427
 Leadwork, Artistic, 488
 Leek, Textile Fabric manufacture at, 133;
 New Technical School at, 528
 Leighton, Lord, Bequest to Royal Academy,
 283; House as Museum, 529; "Clytem-
 nestra," 531; "The Lemon Tree," 532
 Leonardo da Vinci, Life of, 166
 Lippi, Filippino, Works by, destroyed, 195
 Lippi, Filippo, Works by, destroyed, 195
 Lithography, Mr. Menpes' Portraits in, 101;
 Exhibition at South Kensington, 141
 Liverpool, School of Architecture and
 Applied Art at, 519
 Luchesi, A. C., Life and Works, 21

MAGAZINE OF ART, THE, History of, 186, 316
 Manchester Art Gallery, Acquisitions at, 110
 Manchester, Museum of Arts and Crafts, 91

Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield, Acquisition
 at, 192
 Marks, Gilbert, Memorial Tablet by, 48;
 Silver Work by, 377
 Marlborough Gems, Sale of, 552
 Meacci, Ricciardo, Life and Works of, 158
 Meissen Porcelain, 278
 Meissonier in the Sale Room, 354
 Melbourne House, Leadwork at, 491
 Menpes, Mortimer, as Portraitist, 97;
 Method of Work, 98
 Metz, Portrait of Himself and Wife, 22
 Meunier, Constantin, Life of, 495
 Michelangelo, "Creation of Eve," 21; "Last
 Judgment," 22
 Miéville Sale, 427
 Millais, Sir J. E., P.R.A., "Nell Gwynne,"
 74; "Clarissa," 75; "Cherry Ripe," 75;
 "Hearts are Trumps," 76; "The Hon.
 Neville Manners," 77; "The Ransom,"
 155; in the Sale Room, "The Order of
 Release," "The Black Brunswicker,"
 "Urquhart Castle on Loch Ness," "Yes,"
 "Afternoon Tea," 353; "Sir Isambard
 at the Ford," "Time clipping the Wings of
 Love," by Vandyck, 351
 Miniature Painters, Society of, 188
 Miniature Society, 288
 Miniaturists, Society of, 188
 Morland in the Sale Room, "Evening" or
 "The Post-Boy's Return," "The Horse
 Feeder," 352
 Morris, Grant, Collection, Sale of, 351
 Mostyn, Thomas, Biography, 129
 Mucha, Alphonse Marie, Work of, 272
 Murray, D., A.R.A., at the Royal Academy,
 452

National Art Competition, 561
 National Gallery, Acquisitions at, 45, 240, 216,
 288, 304, 432, 559; Authenticity of Pictures
 at, 211; Directorship of, 382; Report of,
 332; Romney's "Mrs. Mark Currie" at,
 298
 National Gallery of Scotland, Report of, 427
 National Portrait Gallery, Acquisitions at,
 187, 382, 478; Presentation by the Queen
 of Her Portrait by Sir G. Hayter, 525,
 559; Question of Grant, 525; Report of, 478
 Needlework, Madame de Rudder's, 83
 New Gallery Summer Exhibition, 342; Posi-
 tion of, 342
 Norwich Art Gallery, Mr. Colman's Bequest
 to, 110, 281

NOTES AND QUERIES:—
 Boswell, James, Portrait of, 427
 Botticelli at the Agnew Gallery, 525
 Bouguereau, M., "Notre Dame aux
 Anges," 90
 Burne-Jones, Etchings by, 90
 Canaletto's Pictures, 110; Who Painted, 381
 Chairs, Old, 521
 Chess Pictures, 13, 91
 Clare, G., A. Hulk and G. Hampt, Paint-
 ings of, 12
 Constable's "Dedham Vale," 380
 Copyright in Sketches, Artists', 524
 Crawhall, J., 235
 Customs, English Art, 91
 Daisy in Art, The, 331
 Davy, R., 283
 Drawing, Authorship of, 282
 Errors of Artists, 127
 Fire, Pictures destroyed by, 283
 Gladstone, W. E., Bust of, 110
 Graham and Daniel, 331
 Hogarth's "The Lady's Last Stake,"
 Ownership of, 139
 Ironwork, 126
 Keene, Charles, 235
 Landor, Walter Savage, Bust of, 13, 139,
 235
 Lawrence's "Sir S. Romilly," 127
 Lignon, Engraving by, 139

NOTES AND QUERIES (continued):—
 Linnell, A Sea-piece by, 42
 "Lokhorst, Dirk P. Van," 331
 Long, Edwin, "A Question of Propriety,"
 90
 "MAGAZINE OF ART," Early Edition of, 186
 Miller, W., Engraver, 235
 Napoleon, Busts of, 187, 235
 Orloffski, Polish Artist, 42
 Painter and Subject of Picture required, 234
 Pauwels, Ferdinand, 139
 Phillips, John, Portraits of Artists, 90, 187
 Pictures to Identify, 139, 231, 380
 Prodigal Son, Engravings of, 91
 Raphael, "La Belle Jardinière de
 Florence," 523
 Rembrandt's "Mill," 231
 Royal Academy, Diploma Gallery at, 13
 Rueda, Gabriel de, 235
 Sand Pictures, Old, 186
 "The Repentant Magdalene," 186
 Vandyck's "Children of Charles I.," 426
 Velasquez's Bust Portrait of Don Bal-
 thazar, 523
 Van Worrell, A. B., 283
 W. B., Landscape Painter, 186
 Wallace Collection, The, 187
 Waterloo, Battle of, in English Art, 380,
 525
 Watteau, Biographies of, 234
 West, Benjamin, Landscapes by, 332
 Who was G. J. V. O., 12
 Wilkie's "Cut Finger," 334

Nottingham Art Gallery, Acquisitions by
 381

OBITUARY:—
 Andrews, G. H., R.W.S., 210
 Bates, Harry, A.R.A., 210
 Baud-Bovy, Auguste, 432
 Belle, J. J. F., 111
 Berne-Bellecour, Félix, 48
 Boilvin, Emile, 528
 Bonheur, Rosa, 132
 Bryan, Alfred, 132
 Clasen, Lorenz, 480
 Deloye, M. J. Gustave, 288
 Dewick, William Graham, 18
 Ding, Henri Marius, 48
 Findlay, John Ritchie, 96
 Fortnum, Dr. Drury, 283
 Foster, Birket, 335
 Gehrts, Karl, 48
 Georgesco, Jean, 192
 Güllich, John Percival, R.I., 192
 Kamerke, Otto de, 180
 Kerkhoven, Léonard van den, 18
 Kershaw, Thomas, 48
 Klain, Nicolas Victor, 336
 Knoll, Conrad, 480
 Lauzet, A. M., 18
 Leneveu, Jules-Eugene, 96
 Lhuillier, Charles, 48
 Loire, Léon, 111
 Maris, Jacob, 572
 Marold, Louis, 192
 Mayer, Henri, 528
 McKay, A. W., 572
 Millais, William Henry, 336
 Norman-Neruda, M., 48
 Pézieux, Jean Alexandre, 48
 Puchart, Henri, 111
 Puyis de Chavannes, 95
 Robert, C. J., 111
 Robbe, Henri, 336
 Rubé, August Alfred, 381
 Sargent, F., 374
 Schaupheeler, Edmond de, 336
 Schreyer, Adolphe, 528
 Scerétan, M., 288
 Simpson, W., R.I., 572
 Sisley, Alfred, 210
 Smart, James, R.S.A., 432
 Stafford, John Phillips, 288
 Tragardh, Carl Louis, 180

OBITUARIES (*continued*):

- Tresiakof, Paul M., 192
 Truesdell, G. S., 528
 Vauthier-Galle, André, 384
 Walker, James Alexandre, 192
 White, Gleeson, 96
 Wolf, Joseph, R.L., 371
 Woolf, Michael Angelo, 336
 Wortman, Philip, 18
 Youngman, J. M., 210
- Oil Drawings by Rupert Bunny, 376
 Oldham Art Gallery, Acquisitions by, 374
 Oxenbridge, Viscount, Memorial Tablet to, in National Liberal Club, 210
- Painter-Etchers, Royal Society of, New Members, 210
 Paris Exhibition, 1900, Buildings for, 265; British Sub-Committee of Fine Arts, 528
 Pastel Society, The, Formation of, 188
 Persian Tiles in Lord Leighton's House, 530
 Perugino's "Baptism of Our Lord" at National Gallery, Authenticity of, 211
 Photography—Is it a Fine Art? 102, 156, 206, 253, 369
 Piero della Francesca, Works by, destroyed, 495
 Poynter, Sir E. J., P.R.A., "The Duchess of Somerset," 78; elected Corresponding Member of the Academy of Fine Arts, Paris, 114; "Hon. Violet Monekton," 340; in the Sale Room, "A Corner in the Villa," "A Corner in the Market Place," 354
 Prices of Old Masters, 351
Prise de Rome, 41, 45, 16, 18, 528
 "Punch," Harry Furniss and, 318
- Raphael, Works by, destroyed, 495; "La Belle Jardiniere de Florence," 523
 Rembrandt, "Saskia Uylenburg," 22; Exhibition of Works at Amsterdam, 16, 223; at Royal Academy, 223; "The Mill," 234; "Portrait of a Man" at National Gallery, 246; "Portrait of Lady," 304; in the Sale Room, "Nicholas Ruts," 351; Etchings at British Museum, 510
 Renton Collection, Sale of, 354
 Répín, Professor, Life and Works of, 78
 Reynolds, Sir Joshua, "Mrs. Lloyd," 23; "Penelope Boothby," 75; "The Ladies Waldegrave," 76; in the Sale Room, "Captain Toning, R.N.," 352; "Nativity" destroyed by Fire, 196
 Rheims Cathedral, Inlay Lead Pavement at, 189
 Richmond, Sir W. B., R.A., elected President of the Society of Miniature Painters, 188
 Riviere, Theodore, Work of, 136
 Robida, Albert, Life and Work of, 535
 Romney, G., "Mrs. Mark Currie," 298; in the Sale Room, "Marchioness of Townsend," "Mrs. Crouch," "Lt.-Col. John Parker," 352, 428
 Ronner, Alfred, as a Humorist, 10

- Rossetti, Christina, Memorial to, 88
 Rossetti, D. G., in the Sale Room, "Veronica Veronese," "Daute at the Bier of Beatrice," "La Ghirlandata," 353
 Roty, O., Marriage Medal as Buckle, 192
 Royal Academy, Attack on, 178; Diploma Gallery at, 13; Elections, 235, 336; Harry Furniss and, 359; Lord Leighton's Bequest to, 283; Rembrandt at, 222; Summer Exhibition, 337, 385, 451; Vandyek Exhibition at, 572
 Royal Academy Schools, First Woman Student at, 359; Prizes, 187
 Royal Exchange, Wall Paintings at, 88, 336
 Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, New Members of, 92, 288
 Royal Society of British Artists, New Members of, 18, 381
 Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, New Members of, 333
 Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, New Members of, 381
 Rubens, "The Meeting of Abraham and Melchisedek," "The Emperor Theodosius refused admission into the Church," 22; "Le Chapeau de Poil," 72; in the Sale Room, "Repose of the Royal Family," 357
 Ruston Collection, Sale of, 351, 353
- St. Heliers, New Window at, 37
 St. John's, Windermere, Screen at, 280
 St. Mary's Redcliffe, Bristol, Inlaid Lead Memorial Tablet in, 489
 St. Paul's, The, Decoration of, 382; New Candelabra for, 175
 Sales: Bilton Hall, 351; Grant Morris, 351; Heckscher, 354; Micville and Fowler, 127; Ruston, 351, 353; Renton, 351; Marlborough Gems, 552
 Salons, Decorative Work at, 503; Old Salon, 109; New Salon, 433
 Sargent, J. S., R.A., As a Portrait Painter, 112; his Methods, 113; Biography, 115-119; Portraits of "Miss Jane Evans," "Lady Faudel Phillips," "Miss Octavia Hill," 349; "Colonel Ian Hamilton," 313
 Schneider, Saseha, Work of, 9
 Scottish National Portrait Gallery, Report of, 427
 Sheffield, Mappin Gallery, Acquisition at, 140
 Ship, The, in Decoration, 180
 Siena, Paintings by Meacci in Town Hall of, 161
 Silversmiths' Art, 377
 Society of Oil Painters, New Members, 111
 Society of Portrait Painters, New Members of, 92
 South Kensington Museum, Acquisitions at, 15, 281, 555; New Buildings for, 423; Two Oriental Carpets at, 296; Dr. Drury Fortnum and, 525; Report, 570
 South Kensington Museum Inquiry, 13, 152, 362
 Southwold, 220
 Spinello Aretino, Works by, destroyed, 495
 Sydney, Art in, 285

- Teniers in the Sale Room, "View of the Artist's Chateau," 351
 Textile Fabrics, Decorative Treatment of, 133
 Thackeray as Graphic Humorist, 256
 Theatre, Art in, Flower Costumes for Sage, 1, 121; *Maebeth* at Lyceum, 11; *The Termagant* at Her Majesty's; *The Great Ruby* at Drury Lane, 15; *Alaska* at the Empire, 45, 92; *The Three Musketeers* at the Globe and Her Majesty's, 140; Pantomimes at Drury Lane, Adelphi, 236; *The Lucky Star* at the Savoy, 236; *Red Shoes* at Alhambra, 281; *The Only Way* at Lyceum, 285; *Carnac Sahib* at Her Majesty's, 128; *The Man in the Iron Mask* at the Adelphi, 128; *In Days of Old* at St. James's, *Robespierre* at Lyceum, *A Day Off* at Alhambra, *Round the Town Again* at Empire, 129
 Thornycroft, Hamo, R.A., Statue of Queen for Durban, 210
 Tintoretto, Works by, destroyed by Fire, 195
 Titian, Works by, destroyed by Fire, 195
 Tree, The, in Decoration, 180
 Trentacoste, Domenico, Life of, 390
 Trentham, Lead Figures at, 192
 Troyon in the Sale Room, "The Dairy Farm," 427
 Turner, Pictures by, "Van Tromp," 173; Exhibition of Works by, at the Guildhall 103; in the Sale Room, "Malmesbury Abbey," 351; "Venice" and Water Colours, 128
- Uwins, Thomas, R.A., 72
- Vandyek, "The Emperor Theodosius refused admission into the Church by St. Ambrose," 22; in the Sale Room, "Virgin and Child" and Portraits, 381; "Children of Charles I," 426; Fêtes at Antwerp, 528, 590; Authenticity of Works ascribed to, 571
 Vedder, Elbin, Life and Works, 361
 Verestehagin, Vassili, Life and Works of, 176
 Verrio Room at Hampton Court, 572
 Versailles, Cost of Leadwork at, 189
 Victoria and Albert Museum, New Buildings, 123
- Walberswick as an Artist's Resort, 220
 Walsall Art Gallery, Acquisitions at, 192
 War Office, New Buildings, 525
 Wardle, Sir T., Treatment of Textile Fabrics, 133
 Waterloo, Battle of, in English Art, 380, 525
 Waterlow, E. A., A.R.A., at Dudley Gallery, 220; at the Royal Academy, 455
 Watteau, "Diane au Bain," 23
 Watts, G. F., R.A., Gift of Picture to the Leighton House, 531
 Winchester Cathedral, Restoration of Screen at, 381
 Wolfers, P., Jewellery by, 515
 Wood Carving, Gothic, 299

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