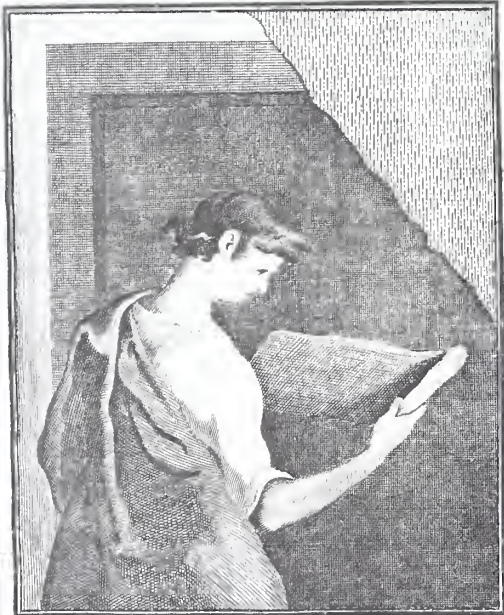



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MAGAZINE
OF ART



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G. Richard, sculpt.

THE PAINTER

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Contents.

	PAGE		PAGE
"A FAMILY PORTRAIT." Note on the Picture by Rembrandt. By Walter Armstrong	268	BROWN, JOHN, THE DRAFTSMAN. By J. M. Gray	310
"A HOPELESS DAWN." Note on the Picture by Frank Bramley	160	CARICATURE, THE AIM AND TENDENCIES OF. By M. Phipps Jackson	276
"A JACOBITE'S FAREWELL, 1715." Poem by Algernon Charles Swinburne	81	CEYLON, ANCIENT ART IN. By J. Capper	212
"A PASSING SALUTE." Note on the Picture by Tom Graham	295	CORRODI, HERMANN. By M. S. Taylor	217
AIM AND TENDENCIES OF CARICATURE, THE. By M. Phipps Jackson	276	CURRENT ART	120, 224, 269, 289, 415
ALEXANDER THE GREAT, PORTRAITS OF. By Charles Whibley	262	DAUBIGNY, CHARLES FRANÇOIS. By David Croal Thomson	300, 325
ALFRED GILBERT, A.R.A. By W. Cosmo Monkhouse	1, 37	DIAZ, NARCISSE VIRGILIO. By David Croal Thomson	181, 231
ALLSTON, A.R.A., WASHINGTON. By M. G. Van Rensselaer	145	EARLY DAYS OF THE RENAISSANCE IN ITALY, THE. By Charles Whibley	242
ANCIENT ART IN CEYLON. By J. Capper	212	EARLY IRISH ART. By J. Romilly Allen	118
ARRAN, THE ISLE OF. By Miss L. Higgin	75, 128, 169	EDUCATION IN ART. By J. E. Hodgson, R.A.	279
ARS PALLIATA. By J. E. Hodgson, R.A.	247	EGYPTIAN TEXTILES AT SOUTH KENSINGTON. By Francis Ford	132
ART, EARLY IRISH. By J. Romilly Allen	118	EXHIBITION OF THE HUMORISTS IN ART, THE. By J. Grego	343
ART EDUCATION. By W. P. Frith, R.A.	101	EXPRESSION IN DRAPERY. By Miss Annie Williams.	61
ART FOR THE VILLA. By George Moore	296	FAMOUS SCENE-PAINTERS, SOME. By W. J. Lawrence	41
ART IN THE THEATRE:—		FRA LIPPO LIPPI. By F. Wilson	163
SOME FAMOUS SCENE-PAINTERS. By W. J. Lawrence	41	FULLER, GEORGE, PAINTER. By Charles De Kay	349
SCENERY. By William Telbin	92	GENERAL GORDON, THE NATIONAL STATUE TO. By M. H. S.	67
A SHAKSPEREAN REVIVAL: "MACBETH." By M. H. Spielmann	98	GILBERT, A.R.A., ALFRED. By W. Cosmo Monkhouse	1, 37
SPECTACLE. By Augustus Harris	109	GLADSTONE COMMEMORATIVE ALBUM, THE. By L. F. Day, Walter Crane, A.R.W.S., and Henry Holiday	428
THE PAINTING OF SCENERY. By William Telbin	195	GLADSTONE, MR., AND HIS PORTRAITS. By T. Wemyss Reid	82
THE PICTORIAL MUSIC-PLAY: "AN IDYL." By Professor H. Herkomer, A.R.A.	316	GLIMPSES OF ARTIST-LIFE (VII.): THE KERNOOZER'S CLUB. By M. H. Spielmann	362
ARTISTIC ADVERTISING. By W. P. Frith, R.A., and The Editor	421	GRECO-ROMAN PORTRAITURE IN EGYPT. A Recovered Page in the History of Painting. By John Forbes-Robertson	177
ARTIST'S HOLIDAYS, AN. By J. E. Hodgson, R.A.	385	GROSVENOR GALLERY, OUR ELDER ART AT THE. By Frederick Wedmore	190
ART PATRONS. By Miss F. Mabel Robinson:—		HIGH STREET OF OXFORD, AND BRASENOSE COLLEGE, THE. By T. G. Jackson	332
THE BEGGING FRIARS OF ITALY	114	HOW RAPHAEL QUARRELLED WITH THE MARCHESA. By Leader Scott	151
MAXIMILIAN I.	307	HUMORISTS IN ART, THE EXHIBITION OF THE. By Joseph Grego	343
AT THE "OLD MASTERS." By Frederick Wedmore	164	ILLUSTRATED JOURNALISM IN ENGLAND: ITS RISE. By C. N. Williamson	104, 141, 173
BARBIZON SCHOOL, THE. By David Croal Thomson:—		INSIGNIA OF MAYORALTY. By Lewis F. Day	27
NARCISSE VIRGILIO DIAZ	181, 231	"IN THE CHIMNEY-CORNER." Note on the Picture by Adolf Menzel	348
CHARLES FRANÇOIS DAUBIGNY	300, 325		
JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET	375, 397		
BEGGING FRIARS OF ITALY, THE. By Miss F. Mabel Robinson	114		
BOULANGER, GUSTAVE. By M. H. Spielmann	70		
BOW OF IRIS, THE. By J. E. Hodgson, R.A.	32		
BRASENOSE COLLEGE, THE HIGH STREET OF OXFORD, AND. By T. G. Jackson	332		

	PAGE		PAGE
IRISH ART, EARLY. By J. Romilly Allen	118	PORTRAITS OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT. By Charles Whibley	262
ISLE OF ARRAN, THE. By Miss L. Higgin	75, 128, 169	PORTRAITS OF DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, THE. By William M. Rossetti	21, 57, 138
ITALY THE ART-CENTRE OF THE WORLD. By John Flax- man, R.A.	73	PRINTING OF ETCHINGS, ON THE. By Mortimer Menpes	328
"JACOBITE'S FAREWELL, 1715, A." Poem by Algernon Charles Swinburne	81	"REALISM" VERSUS "SLOPPINESS." By W. P. Frith, R.A.	6
KEPPELSTONE PORTRAIT GALLERY, THE. By James Dow	206	ROMANCE OF ART, THE: HOW RAPHAEL QUARRELLED WITH THE MARCHESA. By Leader Scott	151
KERNOOZER'S CLUB, THE. By M. H. Spielmann	362	ROSSETTI, DANTE GABRIEL, THE PORTRAITS OF. By William M. Rossetti	21, 57, 138
"LADY HAMILTON AS MIRANDA." Note on the Portrait by George Romney	412	ROYAL ACADEMY, THE. By The Editor	224, 269
LIVERPOOL CORPORATION COLLECTION, THE: THE WALKER ART GALLERY. By E. Rimbault Dibdin	14, 50	"SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE." Note on the Picture by Solomon J. Solomon	412
"MADONNA." Note on the Picture by Miss F. Alexander. By Edwin Bale, R.L.	392	SALISBURY HALL. By Miss M. C. Gillington	45
"MAKING UP ACCOUNTS." Note on the Picture by A. T. Ribot. By the Editor	340	SALON, THE. By Walter Armstrong	415
MAXIMILIAN I. By Miss F. Mabel Robinson	307	SAVONAROLA. By F. G. Stephens	285
MICHELANGELO. THE PLAGIARISMS OF THE OLD MASTERS: By Claude Phillips	257	SCENERY. By William Telbin	92
MILLET, JEAN FRANÇOIS. By David Croad Thomson	375, 397	SCENERY, THE PAINTING OF. By William Telbin	195
MORE THOUGHTS ON OUR ART OF TO-DAY. By G. F. Watts, R.A.	253	SCULPTURE OF THE YEAR, THE	369
NATIONAL GALLERY, THE OPENING UP OF THE. By the Editor	66	SELF-PAINTED PICTURES. By Ford Madox Brown	184
NATIONAL STATUE TO GENERAL GORDON, THE. By M. H. S.	67	SHAKESPEARE AND THE ART OF PAINTING. By W. W. Fenn	202
NETSUKÉS: THEIR MAKERS, USE, AND MEANING. By H. Seymour Tower	153	SHAKSPEREAN REVIVAL, A.: "MACBETH." By M. H. Spiel- mann	98
OLD ARTS AND MODERN THOUGHTS. By Professor J. E. Hodgson, R.A.:—		SOME FAMOUS SCENE-PAINTERS. By W. J. Lawtence.	41
THE BOW OF IRIS	32	SPECTACLE. By Augustus Hattis	109
ARS PALLIATA	247	STROLL THROUGH THE PEABODY MUSEUM, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, A. By S. R. Kochler	323, 404
EDUCATION IN ART	279	STUDIES IN ENGLISH COSTUME: A SUIT OF THE TIME OF HOGARTH. By Richard Heath.	235
"OLD MASTERS," AT THE. By Frederick Wedmore	164	"STUDY OF A HEAD." Note on the Picture by Sir F. Leighton, Bart., P.R.A.	234
ON THE PRINTING OF ETCHINGS. By Mortimer Menpes	328	THEATRE, ART IN THE	41, 92, 98, 109, 195, 316
OPENING UP OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY, THE. By the Editor	66	"THE DEAD BIRD." Note on the Picture by Greuze	172
OUR ELDER ART AT THE GROSVENOR GALLERY. By Frede- rick Wedmore	190	"THE PAINTER." Note on the Picture by J. L. E. Meissonier. By the Editor	27
PAINTERS' WEATHER. By W. W. Fenn	355	"THE SNAKE-CHARMER." Note on the Picture by Mariano Fortuny	131
PAINTING OF SCENERY, THE. By William Telbin	195	"THE SNAKE IN THE GRASS." Note on the Picture by Sir J. Reynolds. By Walter Armstrong	304
PEABODY MUSEUM, A STROLL THROUGH THE. By S. R. Kochler	393, 404	"THE TRIUMPHS OF SPRING." Note on the Picture by G. P. Jacomb-Hood	189
PICTORIAL MUSIC-PLAY, THE: "AN IDYL." By Prof. H. Herkomer, A.R.A.	316	THOUGHTS ON OUR ART OF TO-DAY. By George Frederick Watts, R.A., D.C.L., LL.D.	90
PICTURES OF JEWISH LIFE. By Stuart M. Samuel	358	"TOO TRUE." Poem by W. Cosmo Monkhouse	241
PLAGIARISMS OF THE OLD MASTERS, THE: MICHELANGELO. By Claude Phillips	257	WALKER ART GALLERY, THE. By E. Rimbault Dibdin	14, 50
		WELLS AND ITS CATHEDRAL. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell	9



Illustrations.

	PAGE		PAGE
Alfred Gilbert, A.R.A. (I):—		Salisbury Hall (illustrated by W. C. Symons):—	
The Fawcett Memorial in Westminster Abbey	1	The Moat	45
Study of a Head	3	The Stone Hall	47
The Enchanted Chair.	4	In the Drawing-Room	47
Mother and Child	5	Looking Towards the Bridge	48
Wells and its Cathedral (illustrations by Joseph Pennell and C. E. Mallows):—		In Front of the House	49
The Market Place, Wells	9	The Liverpool Corporation Collection: The Walker Art Gallery (II.):—	
Centre of the West Front of the Cathedral, Wells	10	Dante's Dream. By D. G. Rossetti.	51
Gate-House and Moat to the Bishop's Palace, Wells	11	Hard Times. By Fred Brown	52
The Vicar's Close, from the Cathedral Tower, Wells	12	A War Despatch at the Hôtel de Ville. By A. C. Gow, A.R.A.	53
Croscombe Church, near Wells	13	A Summer Shower. By E. A. Waterlow, A.R.W.S.	56
The Liverpool Corporation Collection: The Walker Art Gallery (I):—		The Portraits of Dante Gabriel Rossetti (II.):—	
Students of Salamanca, Serenading. By J. Phillip, R.A.	15	D. G. Rossetti at the Age of Twenty-Five. From the Etching by W. Bell Scott	57
Table d'Hôte at a Dogs' Home. By J. C. Dollman, R.I.	16	D. G. Rossetti. From a Photo by Messrs. W. and D. Downey	59
Samson. By Solomon J. Solomon	17	" " " " "Lewis Carroll"	60
Lorenzo and Isabella. By Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., R.A.	19	Expression in Drapery (with illustrations by Sir F. Leighton, Bart., P.R.A.):—	
The Shepherd of Jerusalem. By Phil R. Morris, A.R.A.	20	The Drapery of Andromache	62
The Portraits of Dante Gabriel Rossetti (I.):—		Original Studies of Drapery	63
D. G. Rossetti at the Age of Six. Miniature by Filippo Pistrucci	21	" Study "	64
D. G. Rossetti at the Age of Eighteen. Pencil Drawing by Himself	22	" " "	65
D. G. Rossetti. Medallion by J. Hancock	24	The National Statue to General Gordon:—	
D. G. Rossetti. From "Lorenzo and Isabella." By Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., R.A.	25	General Charles G. Gordon, C.B. Statue by Hamo Thornycroft, R.A.	68
D. G. Rossetti at the Age of Twenty-Five. Portrait in Chalk by Holman Hunt	26	Gustave Boulanger:—	
Insignia of Mayoralty (illustrated by L. F. Day):—		A Moorish Interior	70
The Lord Mayor of London's Collar of "SS" and Diamond Badge of Office	28	The Statuette Seller	71
The Mayor of Preston's Chain. Designed by A. Gilbert, A.R.A.	29	The Shop of the Barber Licinius	71
Corporation Mace of the City of London	30	"The Emir!"	72
Hilt and Scabbard of the Sword presented to the Corporation of London by Queen Elizabeth	31	Italy the Art-Centre of the World:—	
Old Arts and Modern Thoughts: The Bow of Iris (illustrated by J. E. Hodgson, R.A.):—		The Genius of Painting By Ch. Chaplin	73
The Bow of Iris	32	The Isle of Arran (I.) (illustrated by J. MacWhirter, A.R.A.):—	
The Legend of Robin Goodfellow	33	Approach to Arran	75
Nearing Oban	35	Village Corrie	76
The Haunt of Iris.	36	Loch Ranza Castle	77
Alfred Gilbert, A.R.A. (II.):—		In the Birch Woods	79
Portrait of Alfred Gilbert, A.R.A.	37	Druid Stones, Arran	80
Study of a Head	38	A Jacobite's Farewell (1715). Drawn by W. Hole, A.R.S.A.	
Perseus	39	81	
Icarus	40	Mr. Gladstone and his Portraits:—	
Art in the Theatre: Some Famous Scenc-Painters:—		A Cabinet Council in Downing Street: Waiting for Despatches. From a Sketch by E. Fairfield	82
Scenc in "Paradise"	41	The Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., 1832. By W. B. Richmond, A.R.A.	83
Scene by Servandoni	43	The Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., 1882. By T. Woolner, R.A.	81
Scene by Bibiena Galli	44	The Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., 1888. By G. F. Watts, R.A.	85
		The Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., 1888. By H. J. Thaddcus	87
		In the House of Commons, 1888. By Harry Furniss	88
		Caricatures from <i>Punch</i> , 1859-88. By Harry Furniss	89

	PAGE		PAGE
Art in the Theatre (I.): Scenery (illustrated by William Telbin):—		Netsukés: their Makers, Use, and Meaning:—	
The Scene-Painter's First Sketch of a Cavern in Cornwall	93	Figs. 1 and 2	153
On the Brocken	95	" 3	154
Sketch showing Panoramic Extent of Subject necessary to cover in the Three Sides of the Stage	97	" 4, 5, and 6	155
Art in the Theatre (II.): A Shakspearean Revival "Macbeth" (illustrated by C. Cattermole, R.I.):—		" 7, 8, 9, and 10	156
The Banquet Scene in Mr. Irving's Revival of "Macbeth"	99	" 11, 12, 13, and 14	157
Macbeth: Mr. Irving's Second and Third Dresses	100	" 15, 16, and 17	158
A Group of Soldiers	100	" 18, 19, and 20	159
Art Education:—		" 21	160
Portrait of William Powell Frith, R.A. By Himself	101	" A Hopeless Dawn." By Frank Bramley	161
Illustrated Journalism in England: Its Rise (I.):—		At the "Old Masters":—	
Portraits of the King and Queen	105	The Music Lesson. By Watteau	165
Prince Maurice, Prince Rupert, &c.	105	The Happy Age. " "	168
Isaac Pennington, Lord Mayor of London 1643	105	The Isle of Arran (III.) (illustrated by J. MacWhirter, A.R.A.):—	
The Smithfield Ghost	106	Looking to the Mainland from Arran	169
"The Art and Mystery of Printing Emblematically Displayed"	107	Precipices at Head of Glen Sannox	171
Admiral Vernon's Attack on Portobello	107	Bridge in Glen Sannox	172
"Emblematical Frontispiece" of "The Jacobite's Journal" 1747	108	Illustrated Journalism in England: its Rise (III.):—	
Art in the Theatre: Spectacle (illustrated by J. Finncmore):—		View of the Exterior of the House used by the Cato Street	
The Sea Fight in "The Armada," at Drury Lane Theatre	109	Conspirators	173
The Court Scene in "Puss in Boots," at the Drury Lane Theatre, 1887-8	113	The Coronation of George IV. in Westminster Abbey: East View	175
Art Patrons: The Begging Friars of Italy:—		"The Murder of Mr. Weare"	176
St. Augustine expounding the Doctrine of the Trinity to SS. Francis and Dominic	117	Græco-Roman Portraiture in Egypt:—	
Early Irish Art:—		The Wrappings of the Dead: showing how the Portraits were fixed in their places	177
The Cross of Cong	118	Female Portrait: detached	178
Portion of an Illuminated Monogram in the "Book of Kells," "Roscrea Brooch"	119	Male " "	179
"Roscrea Brooch"	120	Male and Female Portraits: detached	180
Current Art:—		The Barbizon School: Narcisse Virgilio Diaz (I.):—	
"A Study." By L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.	121	Portrait of Narcisse Virgilio Diaz	181
Moonrise in September. By Alfred East, R.I.	123	"The Chace"	183
Study of a Head. By E. J. Poynter, R.A.	125	The Forest of Fontainebleau	184
R.S.V.P. By L. C. Henley	127	Self-Painted Pictures:—	
The Isle of Arran (II.) (illustrated by J. MacWhirter, A.R.A.):—		Ford Madox Brown. From the Portrait by Himself	185
Brodieck Bay	128	Our Elder Art at the Grosvenor Gallery:—	
Holy Isle, from Whiting Bay	129	The Masters Gawler. By Sir J. Reynolds	190
A Glimpse of the Sea	130	Lady Hamilton as Euphrosyne. By G. Romney	192
Egyptian Textiles at South Kensington:—		Portrait of Mrs. Lowndes Stone. By Gainsborough	193
Band of Woven Tapestry and Needlework	132	Art in the Theatre: The Painting of Scenery (illustrated by William Telbin):—	
Square Panel	132	Painting-Room of the old "Her Majesty's" Theatre	196
Tunic	132	Modelling a Scene	197
Portion of Tunic	133	Stage and Scenery as seen from the Boxes Thirty Years ago	199
Portion of Band of Linen Robe of Woven Tapestry	134	In Covent Garden Theatre Painting-Room	200
Band of Woven Tapestry	135	A Dreary Road Home after the Last Rehearsal of the Pantomime	201
Square Panel of Woven Tapestry	135	The Kepplestone Portrait Gallery:—	
Star Ornament of Linen Cloth	136	Portrait of Sir Frederick Leighton, Bart., P.R.A. By Himself	206
Band of Woven Tapestry	136	" Josef Israels. By Himself	207
Square of Woven Tapestry	137	" John S. Sargent "	208
The Portraits of Dante Gabriel Rossetti (III.):—		" Luke Fildes, R.A. "	209
D. G. Rossetti at the Age of Forty-two. From a Drawing by Himself	139	" Jules Breton "	210
D. G. Rossetti after Death. From a Drawing by F. J. Shields	140	" George Du Maurier. By Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., R.A.	211
Illustrated Journalism in England: its Rise (II.):—		Ancient Art in Ceylon:—	
"A Strange Wild Beast seen in France"	141	Moonstone before Preaching Hall at Anuradhapoora	213
"The Brain-Sucker; or, the Miseries of Authorship"	142	Seven-headed Cobra	214
Nelson's Coffin and Funeral Car	143	Sculptured Stone. Brazen Palace	214
View of the Island of St. Helena	144	Mural Decoration at Anuradhapoora	215
Washington Allston, A.R.A.:—		Stone Doorway, Dambool Cave Temple	216
Portrait of Washington Allston, A.R.A.	145	Hermann Corrodi:—	
Saul and the Witch of Endor	147	Portrait of Professor Hermann Corrodi	217
Elijah fed by the Ravens	148	A Study of Landscape	218
The Sisters	149	The Madonna of Chioggia	219
		The Fishermen's "Ave Maria" at Chioggia	220
		A Convent near Venice	221
		Golgotha	223

	PAGE		PAGE
The Barbizon School: Jean François Millet (I):—		The Barbizon School: Jean Francois Millet (II.) (<i>continued</i>):—	
Portrait of Jean François Millet as a Youth	375	The Knitter	401
Cherubs Dancing	376	Sketch	402
The Bean-Gatherer	377	The Shepherdess	403
The Sower: First Sketch	378	A Stroll through the Peabody Muscum at Cambridge, Massa-	
The Sower	379	chusetts (II.):—	
The Angelus	381	Mexican Pottery	405
Sketch	383	Mexican Heads in Terra-Cotta	406
Leaving for Work	384	Nicaraguan Pottery	407
An Artist's Holidays (illustrated by J. E. Hodgson, R.A.):—		Pottery from Northern Panama	408
Initial	385	Peruvian Pottery: Lake Titicaca and its Vicinity	409
"The Sweet Companionship of Nature"	388	" " " " from Ancon and from Arica	411
F. Walker, A.R.A., and R. Ansdell, R.A.	389	"Lady Hamilton as Miranda." From the Portrait by Romney	413
A Rough Night in the Channel	390	Current Art: The Salon:—	
"Madonina":—		Brettonnes au Pardon. By P. A. J. Dagnan-Bouveret	416
Snowdrops. Drawn by Miss "Francesca" Alexander	392	Husband at Sea. By Mme. V. E. Demont-Breton	417
A Stroll through the Peabody Museum at Cambridge, Massa-		The Eve of the First Communion. By M. Lament-	
chusetts (I.):—		Desrousseaux	420
Mound Builders' Pottery from Arkansas and Florida	393	Artistic Advertising:—	
" " " " Missouri and Arkansas	396	The New Frock. By W. P. Frith, R.A.	425
The Barbizon School: Jean François Millet (II.):—		The Gladstone Commemorative Album:—	
Portrait of Millet in Middle Age	397	Border. By Lewis F. Day	428
The Shepherdess and Her Flock	399	" " " " Walter Crane	429
The Sawyers	400	" " " " Henry Holiday	430

List of Plates.

			PAGE
THE PAINTER	Painted by J. L. E. Meissonier	Etched by Gery Bichard	<i>Frontispiece</i>
SAVING THE GUNS AT MAIWAND	" R. Caton Woodville	Heliogravure by Dujardin	<i>To face</i> 50
THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.	" Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., R.A.	Photogravure by Annan & Swan	88
THE SNAKE-CHARMER	" Mariano Fortuny	Etched by M. Boilvin	130
THE DEAD BIRD	" Greuze	Engraved by A. Morse	172
THE TRIUMPH OF SPRING	" G. P. Jacomb-Hood	Photogravure by Annan & Swan	188
STUDY OF A HEAD	" Sir F. Leighton, Bart., P.R.A.	" " " " " "	234
A FAMILY PORTRAIT	" Rembrandt	Etched by Daniel Mordant	268
A PASSING SALUTE	" Tom Graham	" A. Massé & A. Withers	296
IN THE CHIMNEY CORNER	" Adolf Menzel	" P. Le Rat	318
"MADONINA"	Drawn by Miss "Francesca" Alexander	Photogravure by Annan & Swan	392
SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE.	Painted by Solomon J. Solomon	Heliogravure by Dujardin	414

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THE MAGAZINE OF ART.



THE FAWCETT MEMORIAL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

(From the Relief by Alfred Gilbert, A.R.A.)

ALFRED GILBERT, A.R.A.—I.

BY W. COSMO MONKHOUSE.

IT is one of the most interesting questions of the present day whether we are at last to have what, in the fullest sense of the term, can be called a National School of Sculpture. For the last hundred years or more we have had many accomplished and earnest sculptors, men devoted to their profession and lofty in their conception of its functions, and

these sculptors have not been without opportunities of exercising their art in the expression of purely national sentiment. But all this has, unfortunately, proved that English sculptors and national monuments may exist without any national feeling for the art, and without the production of much work which could be expected to stimulate it. Flaxman

and Banks, Bacon and Chantrey, and many more, have lived and worked to the admiration of a cultured few, the coldness of the many. Not till our own days has it appeared probable, or even possible, that sculpture would take its place beside painting in England as a living form of artistic expression. But there are signs now, almost for the first time, that sculpture is beginning to appeal to a larger circle; and there can be no doubt that during the last few years the sculpture at the Royal Academy and other exhibitions has met with more favour in the eyes of visitors than formerly. It is not only that the number of admirers has increased, but the quality of admiration appears to have changed. Rather, perhaps, it should be said that something has been added to admiration: they are interested, amused, pleased.

It was a cold and solitary, but not a very lofty peak on which the sculptor of the older school stood alone with his ideal, or rather, the ideals of ancient Greece and Rome which he tried to make his own. He failed to create any national feeling for his art as an expression of poetical ideas. For sympathy, for bread even, he had to descend to portrait—portrait, scorned in those days by all votaries of “high art”—portrait, sniffed at by Fuseli, scoffed at by Barry—a “trade,” fit only for money-grubbers, like Reynolds. And the division between the ideal and the portrait was absolute in sculpture; there was no friendly middle-ground of landscape or *genre* in which the plastic artist could rest safe from self-contempt on the one hand and absolute poverty on the other. It was a choice, so to speak, between “Ajax Defying the Lightning” and the bust of “John Smith, Esq.,” and the sculptor did not know how to make the one interesting or the other respected as art.

The case was pitiable from the artist’s point of view, but it is rather a plea for the public than pity for the artist that I wish to raise here. If the public were cold to sculpture, sculpture was cold to them. It neither linked itself to their experience nor sought their sympathy. If it embodied their ideas, or ideas which they could appreciate, it expressed them in language which they had never been taught. There is no reason to suppose that the faculty of appreciating sculpture was absent, but it was dormant, and not to be awakened by the mere sight of work, however orthodox, which did not affect them in the least.

Between the British sculptor and the British public there was a great gulf fixed, and neither party knew in the least how it could or should be bridged. The sculptor went on producing his gods and his goddesses, and the British public said, “Very fine!” and passed on; he went on producing

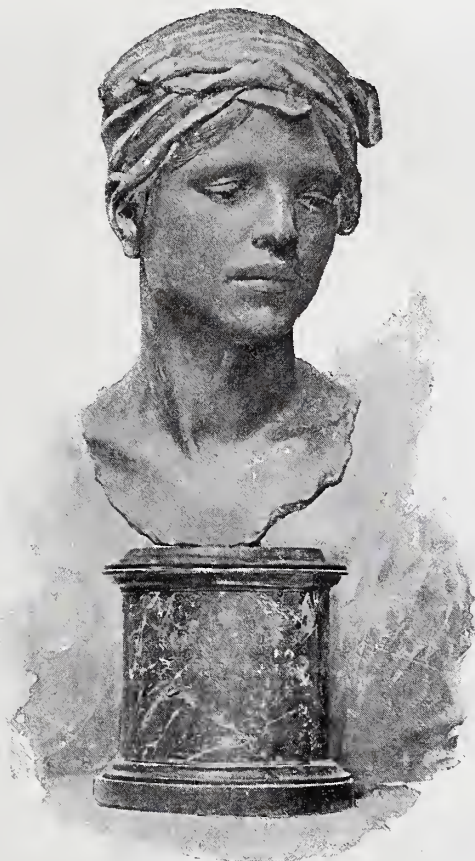
his busts, and the public scrutinised them for the likeness only. There was one field only on which one might have expected sculptor and public to meet on something like common artistic ground. For monumental sculpture there was always a certain demand, and it gave scope for the expression of genuine modern sentiment expressed in modern language. But the melancholy failures in St. Paul’s and Westminster Abbey show how little our sculptors were capable of seizing the opportunity. Britannias like Minervas, with tridents; angels like nymphs, with trumpets; cherubs like Cupids, with wings and without bodies; canons and coils of ropes; flags and scrolls and clouds of marble—all the stage-properties of both sculpture and painting gathered in clumsy profusion around a central figure—such were their modes of expressing national pride and private sorrow. Such work was not likely to sow the seeds of any real appreciation of sculpture in England, and though they knew it not, the despised domain of portrait was the only one in which their art was really alive; and even this class of work was, to a great extent, devitalised by endeavours to make Englishmen look as much as possible like ancient Greeks and Romans.

We have thus had in England almost to the present day, on the one hand, a public who have never known what it is to care for sculpture, nor what it is in sculpture that they should care about; and, on the other, a school of sculpture in which the scholars were scholars only, who never used their art as a mode of personal expression, and did not know how so to use it. The problem before them, if they had only known it, was how to employ sculpture to express their own feelings and tastes and the ideas of the society which surrounded them; and, if they wanted assistance in solving it, they should have studied the work of Florence in the fifteenth century. The Italians of the Renaissance were in much the same position as these sculptors of ours. They too were absorbed in the study of antique art, and had no other sculpture for a model. But they saw what the problem was, and they solved it. They never thought of adopting the spirit of classic art; they did not accept its dead ideal; they aspired after no already-attained perfection. They only studied it to gain its principles, and to find a way to express their own feelings in sculptural language. Even Niccola Pisano, though he took figures frankly from Roman bas-reliefs, used them to express his own thoughts, and was never less than original; and Donatello, the Della Robbias, Ghiberti, Michelangelo, Quercia, and the rest of the illustrious group, made sculpture live again as freely and vigorously as it had ever lived in ancient Greece and Rome. From these sculptors our own might have learnt to be

faithful without being commonplace, to be tender without affectation, to be familiar without vulgarity, to be sublime without plagiarism; but it has remained for the younger sculptors of the present day to appreciate the examples they set us. Among these younger men, none has appreciated it more than Mr. Alfred Gilbert.

The development of Mr. Gilbert as a sculptor has indeed probably owed more to the example of

tion. Although their more creative work has not been free from conventional and academic influence, it has never succumbed to it, and during the last fifty years there is no branch of sculpture in France which has not been invigorated by constant study of nature and the development of artistic individuality. It is impossible that acquaintance with the work of Mercié and Falguière, Barrias and Carpeaux, Frémiet and Delaplanche, not to mention a dozen



STUDY OF A HEAD.

(From the Bronze by Alfred Gilbert, A.R.A., in the Possession of Luke Fildes, Esq., R.A.)

Donatello and other Florentine sculptors of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries than to any other ancient source, but his training has been varied and his study wide. His first master was Mr. Boehm, but he soon went to Paris, where he worked under Cavelier, and for a while was affected by French examples. Although the traces of this part of his training are faint in the work by which he is best known, the force, the life, the movement of French sculpture must have helped him much in finding his true way to self-expression. In portrait the French school has always been vigorous, full of spirit, and national; and in monumental and decorative work it has always had style and distinc-

other names of French sculptors distinguished for their spontaneity and skill; or that life amongst other younger men devoted to their art, full of ideas and talent, some of whom have since made their mark, could have had anything but a stimulating effect upon the natural genius of Alfred Gilbert. But his stay in Paris was comparatively short, and it was in Italy that he executed the charming marble group belonging to Sir Henry Doulton, which is here engraved. (See p. 5.) The child is a portrait of the artist's second son, and the woman of an Italian servant. The group belongs to a transitional period, when, not yet free from French influence, he was rapidly working out his own individuality. He spent

several years in Rome, working and studying by himself; and there he formed his style as a sculptor—that is to say, his present style, for it would be premature to regard his style as fixed. He is still young, and has only partially expressed himself. All that can be said is, that he has had a varied experience, and that the value of it is very evident in his works, for, few as they are, they show a width of artistic sympathy, a knowledge

likely to be exerted. That it has begun already cannot be doubted.

A few statuettes, one or two portrait groups, a few busts, a small but elaborate memorial in Westminster Abbey, one large statue of the Queen—these are the principal achievements by which Mr. Gilbert is known, and these have sufficed to earn him name and position, to secure his Associateship of the Royal Academy, to fill his hands with commissions, and to



THE ENCHANTED CHAIR.

(From the Group by Alfred Gilbert, A.R.A., in the Royal Academy Exhibition, 1887.)

of his art in all its phases, and a command of his tools and materials which is, at least, not common. Technically, he has achieved the power to do what he will; he is, at least, a master of his craft, whether as a worker in marble or metal. Interested in every branch of his profession, and desiring to express himself in every direction; prodigal of labour and invention, he has certainly one of the most active and cultivated art-intelligences of the day, and must, in the nature of things, have much influence on the spirit and direction of the art of the present generation of Englishmen. It is, therefore, of no little interest to examine in what way this influence is

make a new work from his fingers an event to which most lovers of modern art look forward with interest. As far as the Royal Academy is concerned, their recognition of his merit is not surprising. They have, as a body, always treated sculptors with honour; and this has not been less the case under the present President of the Royal Academy—Sir Frederick Leighton, himself one of the finest of living English sculptors. No recent elections at the Royal Academy have been received with more approval than those which have rapidly elevated Mr. Hamo Thornycroft to full honours, and bestowed the rank of Associate on Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Brock, and Mr. Onslow Ford.

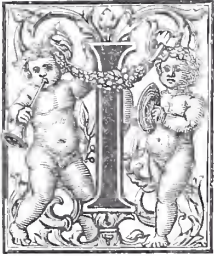


MOTHER AND CHILD.

(From the Marble Group by Alfred Gilbert, A.R.A. Engraved by C. Carter. By Permission of Sir Henry Doulton.)

“REALISM” VERSUS “SLOPPINESS.”

BY WILLIAM POWELL FRITH, R.A.



IN his Fourth Discourse, Sir Joshua Reynolds says:—“The historical painter never enters into the detail of colours, so neither does he debase his conceptions with minute attention to the discriminations of drapery. It is the inferior style that marks the variety of stuffs. With him [the historical painter] the clothing is neither woollen, nor linen, nor silk, satin, or velvet; it is drapery, and nothing more.” With all respect to the memory of Sir Joshua, this view seems to me somewhat narrow. What is history, and what is an historical painter? A picture of Charles I. taking leave of his children, or of Cromwell dissolving the Long Parliament, would be historical in the truest sense of the word. What would become of those subjects under the Reynolds treatment? And I imagine the painter could not be found—at any rate in these days—who would ignore costume, and dress his figures in the “drapery” recommended by Reynolds. Imagine Cromwell’s sturdy figure enveloped in a Roman toga, and the recalcitrant Members of Parliament similarly disguised!

When West announced his intention of breaking through these classical trammels on the occasion of his being commissioned by the king to paint the death of General Wolfe on the plains of Abraham, and clothing his figures in the dresses they must have worn, the *quidnuncs*, with Sir Joshua at their head, foreboded failure. Happily, West shut his ears to opposing arguments, and produced one of the few pictures by which, aided greatly by Woollet’s engraving, his name will live. It is said that West’s success converted Reynolds. If that is true, the conversion is not in evidence in the Fourth Discourse. I suppose it will not be denied that an incident which occurred at the Palace of Versailles, namely, that of the King of Prussia proclaiming himself Emperor of Germany in the midst of his applauding generals, was an historical subject of intense interest and importance, and I think it will be conceded that truth of costume in all its variety was a factor necessary to be correctly observed.

The historical pictures of Paul Delaroche are, I am told, at present under a cloud. The God-gifted geniuses of modern France will have none of them;

they are the “old game,” and enjoy the contempt of the realists and impressionists of the hour. I venture to think, however, that “Strafford Kneeling to receive Laud’s Benediction as he goes to the Scaffold,” “Charles in the Guard-room at Whitehall,” and Lady Jane Grey, blindfold, feeling about for the block on which her beautiful head is to be presently laid, will be considered great works of art when their detractors are forgotten. What becomes of Sir Joshua’s theory as applied to those works? The idea is too ludicrous to contemplate. Illustrations might be multiplied to any amount of the absurdity of applying the Reynolds dictum to historical art. Great men in great countries are making history every day; and, though modern dress is terribly unpicturesque, he would be a bold and foolish man who would adopt any other in dealing with the historical scenes of his own day. One of the finest of Delaroche’s pictures represents the Princes in the Tower, waiting, terror-stricken, at the approach of their murderers. The dresses of the boys are strictly in accordance with the costume of the period; the bed on which they sit is evidently copied from a bed of the time. The strict observance of the accessories adds reality to the scene instead of detracting from it. The spectator is so impressed with the truthfulness of the portrayal, that he feels it must have happened as the painter has delineated it. This seems to me the triumph of historical art. Hear what Don Quixote says:—“It is the province of the historical painter,” said this wisest of madmen, “to produce his representation of some remarkable event in history not as it really happened, but as it ought to have happened.”

In the few words from the Discourse which heads this paper Reynolds hits the real danger attending the attempts to reproduce historical scenes, in which the actors should be dressed in costumes appropriate to their action. The exigencies of the occasion may require “a variety of stuffs: linen, silk, satin, and velvet,” or armour. Now, all those things are far easier to paint than the “human form divine,” with its appropriate expression, character, and action; and the inferior painter of history is pretty sure to “debase his conception, and to distract attention from what should be the main point of his story, by an unfortunate realism in his accessories.”

But the answer to that is: No inferior painter should “rush in where angels fear to tread.” I have done it myself, with disastrous results, and therefore I speak with authority. We do not think of the materials of the dresses which clothe Delacroix’s figures, nor of the wonderful truth of the *mise en scène* in all his greatest works; though after-examination shows imitation of every detail carried to the precise point beyond which it would be dangerous, if not fatal, to go. To illustrate the absurdity of the Reynolds theory, I draw my readers’ attention to two examples in sculpture. One is the figure of George IV. on horseback in Trafalgar Square, and the other is Dr. Johnson, stark naked, save for a piece of classical drapery, either in St. Paul’s or Westminster Abbey—I forget which.

There may be an excuse for the effigy of George IV. That potentate, in his habit as he lived, would have been simply unendurable; but he would have been George IV., instead of the Roman gentleman who now plays the part on the finest site in Europe. But why Dr. Johnson should have been deprived of his picturesque suit of broadcloth and his usual wig, and made to show himself in a condition in which nobody used to see him, exceeds the comprehension of the ordinary mind.

In these days, when the artistic compass veers about—now to impressionism, which has its crazy advocates; now to realism, which is scarcely less foolish and offensive—it behoves the student to endeavour to find a sure and certain guidance by which he may be saved from the perils that beset him. I believe there are young gentlemen to be found who deny the merit of the Old Masters altogether.

My old teacher’s motto, to which my youthful attention was constantly drawn—“Those works which have received the approbation of ages are intended for your emulation, not your criticism”—would only excite a smile in these geniuses. To such people I have nothing to say; they are past praying for. But to the number of clever young men and women, whose work in our annual exhibitions shows constant promise and frequent performance, I would most respectfully, and as a fellow-student, offer words of warning and advice.

Impressionism is a craze of such ephemeral character as to be unworthy of serious attention. The dangers of realism I have pointed out. If the student desires further illustration, he has but to look at a picture painted in the Pre-Raphaelite manner, and he will find details which are unimportant elaborated till they vie, in reality, with the natural objects—satins, velvets, and armour almost illusive—while the human being they clothe is destitute of the

feeblest claim to reality; and so long as a living thing is more difficult to represent than an inanimate one, and so long as flesh is more difficult to render than the leaves of a dock or the bark of a tree, these realistic attempts will only prove examples of mis-directed industry. There is, however, a kind of realism that is infinitely more offensive than that of the Pre-Raphaelite, and that is to be found in some examples of foreign art, where the accidents of nature—such as dirt, distortion, and exceptionable ugliness of type—are insisted upon.

Against this perversion of the real aim and end of art I think there is little necessity to warn the English student; his natural taste will save him from this revolting practice.

There is another eccentricity in the air which seems to me to call for observation and warning. I hear that *subject* in a picture is not only of no consequence, but it is better avoided. Pictures, according to this novel theory, should be “songs without words;” they should be beautiful in colour, light, and shadow, tone, and all the rest, but these qualities should not be made vehicles of story: that is to be left to literature. What, then, becomes of the cartoons of Raphael and the “Marriage à la Mode” of Hogarth? What becomes of Michelangelo’s “Last Judgment” and the “Acteon and Diana” of Titian? And, to go much lower, if attempts to make painting a vehicle for story are reprehensible, what eulprits are the old Dutchmen, with their Kermesses and their innumerable illustrations of Low Country life and manners!—Jan Steen, with his “Physician Visiting a Sick Frau;” and Teniers, with his “Prodigal Son”! It is true that there are Italian pictures to be found which affect the mind like a solemn strain of music, from the loveliness of the tone and the exquisite harmony of the colours; but, beyond those charms—and no one can value and enjoy them more than the writer—they mean nothing. There are many figures in “glorious hues bedight,” and there is a background which is in itself a poem; but the figures are doing nothing, they say nothing; like Canning’s “Knife-Grinder,” they have no story to tell. I submit that painting is a language capable of expressing every emotion of the heart and mind of the human being, and that its vocation is to endeavour to elevate by poetic treatment of noble themes; or, if that rare power is denied the artist, then to convey moral lessons or infinite varieties of harmless pleasure. Beautiful as the language is, and worthy of admiration for itself, *it is but a means to an end, and the attempt to make it the end is, to my mind, a fatal mistake.* The last sixty years have produced advantages to the art-student of this country that are incalculable. To say nothing of schools of design and numbers of academies, we have

a National Gallery, unsurpassed in Europe, where the education of the painter should be completed. He will find there nature represented by all kinds of methods, except impressionism (I beg pardon for using the word again!) and realism. These are the fungi on the tree of art. Let the young painter study such noble stems as Titian, Velasquez, and Rembrandt, and let him endeavour to rival those great men, and others whose successes abound.

Nature is infinitely various, and so are the means by which she can be imitated by the painters; and, while being careful against the copying of any style, he should evolve one of his own by which, having careful regard to the limits prescribed by his art, he may hope to arrive at a true imitation of nature.

In conclusion, I should like to draw attention to the nearest approach to realism in really fine art that occurs to me. I think it is to be found in the pictures of Metz, Terburg, and Gerard Dow, and, in each case, injurious to the living personalities.

I suppose white satin was never so perfectly represented as by Terburg; certainly that painter's subjects—if they can be called subjects at all—are of the most trifling character: a music-master and his pupil, or a lady asleep on a chair, while her maid warms her bed. The red jacket of the sleeper and her white petticoat are done to perfection; but there your admiration ceases, for the face is lacking in beauty and charm, and, as a representation of the subtleties of flesh, it is not to be named with the truthful rendering of the silk petticoat. These works, admirable as they are in their way, should serve as warnings. Let us picture to ourselves the dresses in the "Marriage à la Mode" or in the finest works of Watteau. In those pictures the dresses play their properly subordinate parts; and though, on examination, you may discover the material of which they are composed, they never attract undue attention, and you notice them no more than you would those of living personages if you could see them performing the parts in real life which are so admirably realised in unfading colours.

Though realism, in the full meaning of the term, is to be condemned, the extreme opposite, shown in a careless rendering of details approaching to slight suggestiveness, is equally certain to attract attention away from the main purpose of the painter. An apt illustration of this occurs to me. My old friend Sir William Boxall showed me a portrait of a man in which the head was distinguished by the mastery of character-expression, and above all, colour, that the works of that distinguished artist always presented; but the black coat and hands were very

slight and sketchy; the head was wonderfully like a head, but the coat was as wonderfully unlike a coat. I complained.

"Why, my dear fellow," said Boxall, "I want the head to be principal. A coat is easier to paint than a head, and I have left it as you see, so as not to attract attention from the head."

"But," rejoined I, "you have painted the coat so badly that it does precisely what you intended it should not do: it attracts attention from the head."

This little anecdote shows the difficulty of prescribing the precise line of demarcation between slovenly suggestiveness and a too complete imitation of subordinate details, both being destructive of that which ought to be the main purpose of the painter.

I have always thought that Hogarth hit the exact mark in his rendering of details, under which heading I include dresses, furniture, background—in fact, everything that constitutes the setting of such gems as the "Marriage à la Mode."

Imagine one of Terburg's white satin petticoats on one of Hogarth's figures! The whole scene would be vulgarised.

How, then, is the student to guide himself through this difficulty? If he is a portrait-painter, he will find in the best works of Vandyke, Rembrandt, Titian, and Velasquez the precise point to which the completion of details should be carried. There are examples of Vandyke and Rubens, notably in the Blenheim portraits by the latter (now, alas! lost to this country), in which pearls and lace, bows and dresses, are properly finished—that is to say, they are exquisite representations of the different objects painted, with exactly the right amount of realism, and subordinated with admirable skill to the chief objects, namely, the heads of the persons represented.

If the student be a painter of history, I refer him to what I have already said. If of *genre*, then I would refer him to the works of the great Dutchmen, especially those of Jan Steen, whose art is scarcely inferior to that of Titian. In those he will find neither slovenliness nor realism, but the *juste milieu* between the two.

I feel less competent to speak of landscape art. Turner is the god of my idolatry, and in his work I can find no "realism," but only the rendering of nature by the hand of a true poet.

If anything I have urged in this paper should act as a warning against the dangerous erotichets of the art-mongers of the day, my purpose in writing it will be fully answered.



THE MARKET-PLACE, WELLS.

(Drawn by C. E. Mallou's.)

WELLS AND ITS CATHEDRAL.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

WE came to Wells with the primroses. Before we left, gardens were sweet with lilacs and laburnums, meadows were all white and golden with daisies and buttercups, near hillsides were covered with "the flowery frost of May." Nowhere is the coming of the spring more beautiful than in Somerset, the land of orchards.

It gives a new charm to the little cathedral city at the foot of Mendip, whose chief interest at other times is, as Mr. Freeman says, ecclesiastical. You have but to climb to the top of the cathedral tower to know that he is right. As you lean over the parapet, you have spread out before you an ecclesiastical enclosure, such as you have never seen, except in some old mediæval engraving. A gargoyle grins at your side. Just below you are grotesque heads looking downward, and many pinnacles. To the north, and still lower, is the long, narrow Vicar's Close, lined with little fourteenth-century houses, each holding up a tall chimney, and each with a little green place at its door. Beyond the southern transept, moat and battlemented walls shut in the old gabled Bishop's Palæe and its garden. To eastward and westward, a mere handful of houses in straggling lines wander into the country. Throughout is but one prominent landmark, the lovely grey tower of the Church of St. Cuthbert. This is all Wells.

When you walk through the town, you find that

everything worth looking at—the old houses to the north of the green, the many gateways, the little almshouses, where old men sit in the queer old stone seats in the outer wall to watch the passers-by—in a word, everything beautiful with the beauty of other days, belongs in one way or another to cathedral or church. At first you may think you have found an exception in the market-place, where a few gabled houses with projecting storeys and diamond-paned windows and bits of carving still stand overlooking the town fountain and the cannon from Sevastopol. One of these is the Crown Inn, from which William Penn, who hated things ecclesiastical, once taught the people of Wells the new gospel of peace and love and salvation. And yet the market-place was built by a bishop, and in it you cannot forget the cathedral. It lifts its grey towers above the gateway at the corner, the only passage between the square and the cathedral green. Near by is the beautiful old gatehouse, with crumbling tracery and broken battlements, which leads towards the palace.

From the country around, from meadowland and hilltops, it is always cathedral and church you see when your eyes turn towards Wells. And so it is with the history of the town in the past and in the present. In the centuries that are gone, had it not been for the cathedral there never would have been a town. The great men of Wells were its bishops and

priests; the great deeds, the building of cathedral and close, palace and deanery; the records, those of the Catholic Church in England through all her

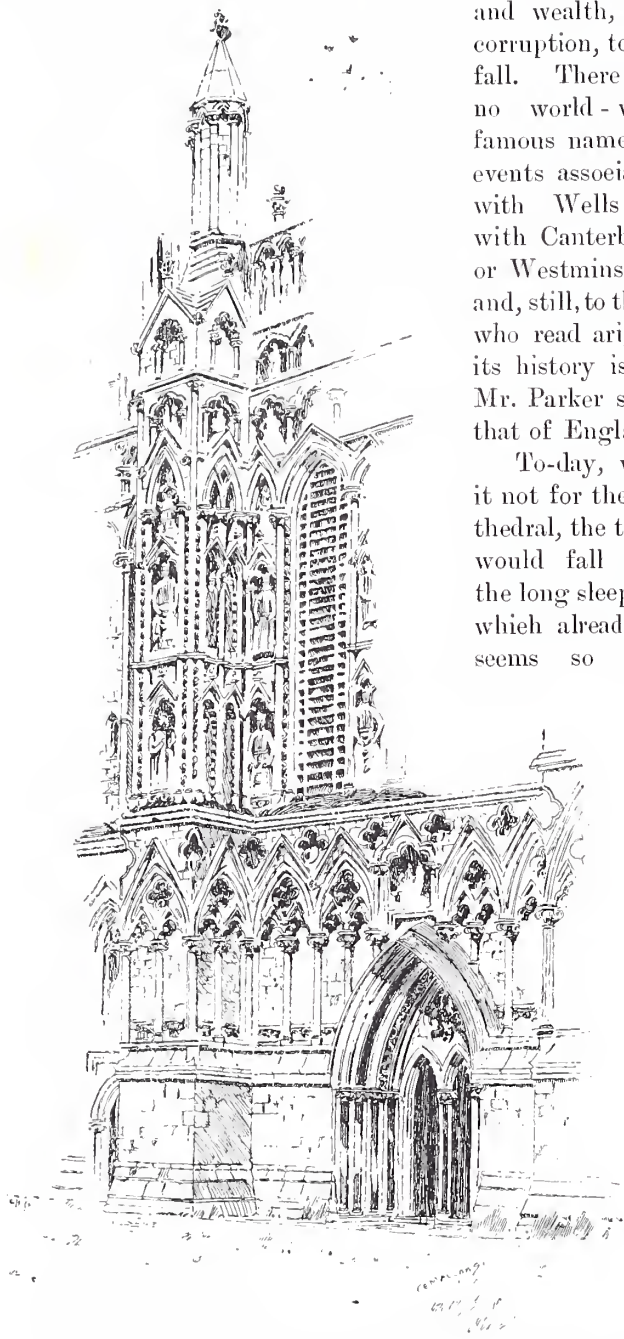
growth in power, and wealth, and corruption, to her fall. There are no world-wide famous names or events associated with Wells as with Canterbury or Westminster; and, still, to those who read aright, its history is, as Mr. Parker says, that of England.

To-day, were it not for the cathedral, the town would fall into the long sleep for which already it seems so well

where duels fought and tumbled under the elms. But gradually we learned something of the real life of the town. It is, like the history of Wells, wholly ecclesiastical, and centres about the cathedral. Our rooms were in the Vicar's Close, and here we always heard the near bells ringing for service, and saw the canons and choristers on their way to and from the cathedral. Later, the theological students returned from their holidays. Their rooms, too, were in the close, and they were for ever passing backwards and forwards between it and lecture-hall or tennis-court. Three times a day through our open windows came the sweet sound of their chanting from the little chapel at the far end of the enclosure. It was a quiet, peaceful life, such as you might imagine the monks of old living; quieter now than when the bishop's power, temporal and spiritual, was real, and moat and wall about his palace served for defence as well as beauty.

In all the group of buildings which make the glory of Wells, the cathedral, of course, is first in interest. If you come to it, not by the Shepton Mallet Road, as Mr. Freeman advises, but, as is more probable, by the direct way from the station, you will begin by being disappointed. Seen from under the limes at the opposite end of the well-kept green, the west front is low and square. Its doors and windows would be small in a small parish church. The slim, greyish, black shafts that support the many canopies have, at least to our American eyes, a suggestion of stove or unpainted organ pipes. Moreover, if you have heard Mr. Ruskin's praise of the statues, or that of men who think that from them French sculptors borrowed all the loveliness of their art, when you are near enough to see, they, too, must be a disappointment. The faces of the angels are flat and featureless, the drapery of saints and bishops is broken and crumbling. Even at their best, it is most likely their greatest beauty was that of quaintness—the beauty still to be seen in the old kings with their strangely misshapen arms akimbo. We always liked the west front best in the late afternoon, when the western light shone on all this multitude of saints and angels and kings in their high niches, and the rooks perched solemnly on the poor weather-worn heads and shoulders, and on the mutilated arms.

Disappointment comes to an end once you pass from the front to walk around the north side of the cathedral. You look up to where the grey tower springs far above the pinnacles of nave and transept. Across the street stretches the chain-gate, the bridge which made a private entrance into the cathedral for the vicars-choral who lived in the close, where choristers, or lay-vicars, are still given their houses. The north door is rich with the carvings for which Wells



CENTRE OF THE WEST FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL, WELLS.

(Drawn by C. E. Mallows.)

prepared. It is this sleepiness which first impresses the stranger. The market-place and High Street, for all their shops, looked to us as if they had been caught napping. The two men in armour, on the north transept wall, struck the quarters timidly, as if to apologise for breaking the stillness. The only signs of activity were in the palace moat,

is famed. And when you go a little further and see the chapter-house, with its Pointed roof and many Decorated windows, and the Lady Chapel, close to which rise from the foliage the three old gables of the precentor's house, you understand why Mr. Freeman calls the grouping of these buildings matchless. It is impossible not to quote Mr. Freeman in Wells, the cathedral town of all those he knows so well, which seems to belong particularly to him. On the south side of the cathedral are the cloisters where never walked a monk. Not in its earliest years was Wells a monastery. The cloisters were but a passage-way for the bishop, a covered walk about the graveyard. Under the wide-spreading yew that shades the little green space they enclose the dead are still brought to be buried, while the great bell above tolls slowly. From no point is the central tower so fair to look upon as from this place of sleep.

Without the cathedral, hideous gargoyles—old witches of women, inhuman monsters, grinning demons—stare down upon you from nave and transept walls, from chapter-house and chain-gate heights. Within, men, and beasts, and birds lurk in the grace-

sculptures are to be found. As with the statues on the west front, their quaintness is their chief beauty. But grotesque as many are in themselves, in decorative feeling and grace all are very lovely. They say that in Jocelin's time, and after, local sculptors were at work on the decoration of their cathedral, and this is why, Early English as it is, it is so different from the cathedrals at Lincoln and Salisbury. In it are Pointed arches and lancet windows; the new style was, in a measure, adopted, but the old Romanesque still lingered.

In keeping with the sculptures is the old Glastonbury clock, with new works, which, on the north transept wall, gives its hourly tournament. Close by, and seated on a lofty bracket, is the man who, with his feet, strikes the quarters.

With all this wealth of detail, the interior, as a whole, is bare. Its bareness is that of every English cathedral where the choir is shut off for service. The two circles in the spandrels of the inverted arch look down like great eyes upon a cold, white nave. This inverted arch, as everyone knows, was built to strengthen the support of the central tower, which



GATE-HOUSE AND MOAT TO THE BISHOP'S PALACE, WELLS.

(Drawn by C. E. Mallows.)

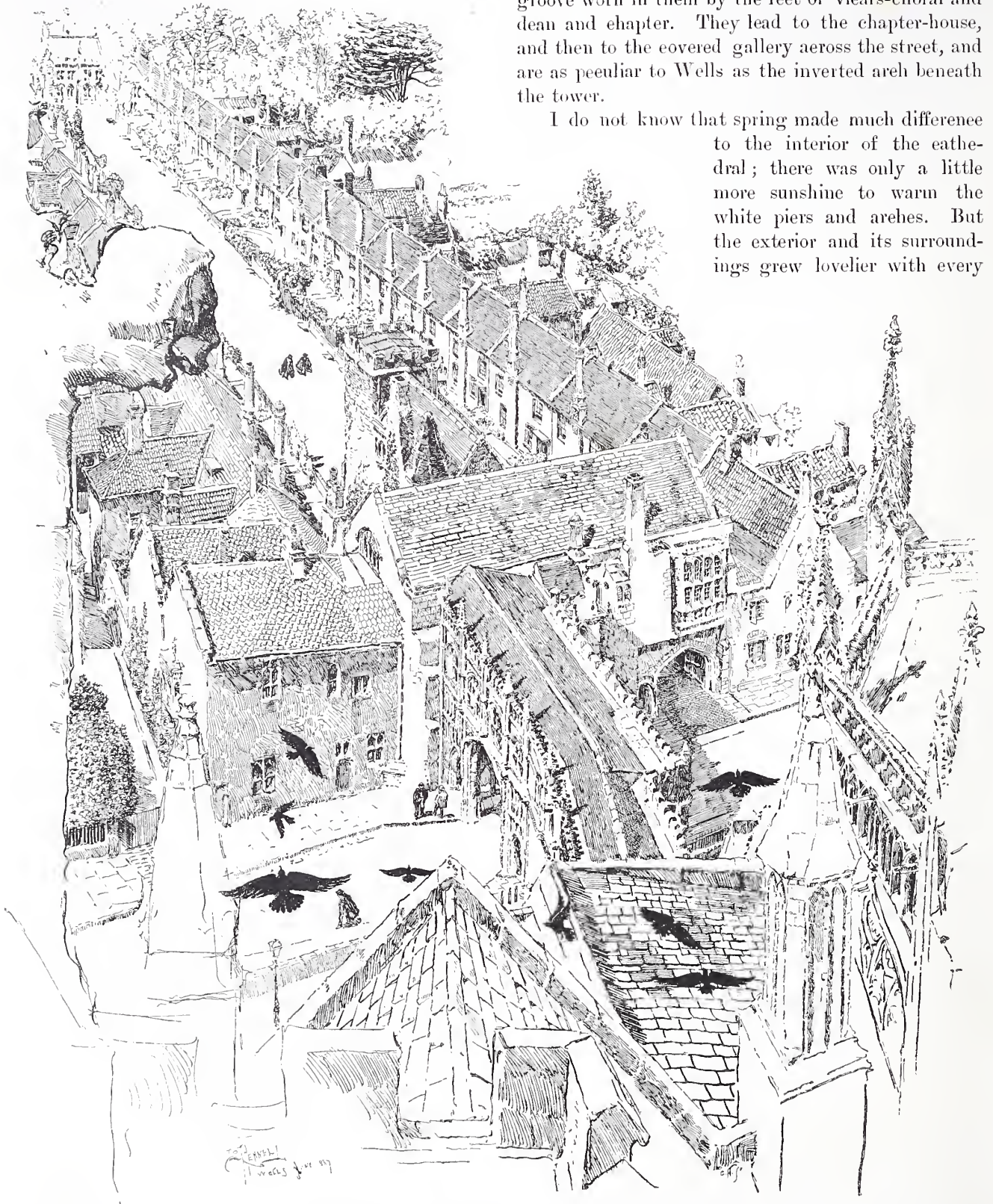
ful foliage of almost every capital. Here it is a cobbler at work, thieves in a vineyard, a sufferer in the agony of toothache; here a strange and beautiful bird twines its two bodies among the leaves. Wherever, indeed, they are possible, there these

was no sooner set up than the piers sank beneath it. The arch has been severely criticised and condemned. But it gives the cathedral a distinct character of its own.

More picturesque than nave and transepts are the

groove worn in them by the feet of vicars-choral and dean and chapter. They lead to the chapter-house, and then to the covered gallery across the street, and are as peculiar to Wells as the inverted arch beneath the tower.

I do not know that spring made much difference to the interior of the cathedral; there was only a little more sunshine to warm the white piers and arches. But the exterior and its surroundings grew lovelier with every



THE VICAR'S CLOSE, FROM THE CATHEDRAL TOWER, WELLS.

(Drawn by Joseph Pennell.)

Lady Chapel, with the grove of clustered columns at its entrance, and the old stone stairs, with the deep groove worn in them by the feet of vicars-choral and dean and chapter. They lead to the chapter-house, and then to the covered gallery across the street, and are as peculiar to Wells as the inverted arch beneath the tower.

day. On the green the old limes took new life, and filled their many branches with tender young

leaves; the grass was sprinkled with tiny daisies, which sprang up again and again as quickly as they were cut down by the mower. Wallflowers forced their way through every crack and crevice in the old stonework of the cathedral and the chain-gate; with the red valerian they made flowerbeds of old gateways and house-roofs; they gave brighter colour to the vine-grown moat wall and its deep reflections; they blossomed in a gay border beneath the battlements of the palace ruins; they grew with waving grass on the mossy tops of the high stone walls with which the people of Wells, like the Florentines, shut in their gardens.

Of these, the loveliest is the bishop's. In it are flowers everywhere. Roses grow about the low portal; a brilliant may-tree stands on the edge of the lawn. On the other side is a prim, old-fashioned Italian garden made by one of the late bishop's wives, and beyond this you cross the moat and come to where fruit-trees drop pale blossoms into the wells from which the town takes its name. The north end of the palace, which you are now facing, rises right from the moat, and has been less restored than the rest of the building. It is irregular with gables and oriel windows, and many vines climb over its walls. Its reflection falls into the water below, to be broken by long lines of ripples, as the swans and ducks swim past. For colour, there is nothing in Venice more beautiful than the wall around the garden, with the red brick showing through the green things growing on it, and with its rich growth of valerian and wall-flowers.

Had we not stayed so long in Wells, we should have learned little of the loveliness of the country round about—a loveliness of which the tourist of a day must ever remain in ignorance. Where the streets come to an end, little footpaths wander across broad meadows and through spinneys. Garden walls lower their heights, and cover themselves with green to follow the many turns of low-lying lanes. Fields and orchards slope upward to the gorse-grown, barren tops of Mendip, from which you look down over the valley. Just below, the grey towers rise above the blue smoke of Wells into clean air, and beyond are hedged-in meadows, with here and there a steep, grassy hill standing solitary; still beyond is a pale range of hills, and on the horizon Glastonbury Tor, crowned with St. Michael's tower, is grey against the sky. And if the day is bright, away to the west is the shining sea. Not the least of this loveliness are the little towns and villages scattered over the hills and in the plain, each clustering around one of the fair towers for which Somerset is famed.



CROSCOMBE CHURCH, NEAR WELLS.

(Drawn by C. E. Mallows. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.)

THE LIVERPOOL CORPORATION COLLECTION.

THE WALKER ART GALLERY.—I.

BY E. RIMBAULT DIBDIN.



LIVERPOOL is a brand-new city, and not ancient even as a town—for it was only during last century that it emerged from comparative obscurity. The inhabitants from the first were energetic and enterprising, and missed no opportunity of advancing their fortunes. At one time privateering and the slave trade were favourite fields of enterprise; but, as civilisation advanced, these gave place to less dubious forms of trade, in the pursuit of which Liverpool gradually acquired its place as one of the greatest ports of the world. The people were early inclined to the arts. Music flourished, letters were encouraged, the theatre was a regular resort out of season for the best actors on the London boards, and painting was not neglected. Two years after the Royal Academy was founded, a "Society for the Protection and Encouragement of the Art of Design in Liverpool" was formed. It soon expired, but was revived in 1773, and in 1774 opened the first provincial Art Exhibition held in the kingdom. This contained eighty-four exhibits, which included landscapes, engravings, models of shipping, miniatures, designs for furniture, portraits, and studies in Indian-ink and chalk. After a second period of inaction, the movement again revived in 1784, in which year Sir Joshua Reynolds and other eminent painters were exhibitors. After a year or two the enterprise fell through, and nothing of importance was done until 1810, when the Liverpool Academy was founded and opened its first exhibition. It is thus, with the exception of the Royal Academy and the "Old Society," the oldest existing art corporation in the kingdom. Many honoured names have found a place on the roll of the Liverpool Academy, and the fame of not a few of its members has become national.

The annals of the Liverpool Academy yet await a worthy chronicler; but this is not the place to deal with its career. Its downfall as the leading power in local art was due indirectly to the Pre-Raphaelite movement. In the earlier part of the century, it was the custom of the Academy to award money-prizes to the best works shown at their exhibitions. The worth of the new art-departure was promptly recognised by

the Council of the Academy, and, during the seven years from 1851 to 1857, the annual prize of £50 was awarded on six occasions to pictures by W. Holman Hunt (2), J. E. Millais (2), Mark Anthony, and Ford Madox Brown. The adherents of what was then styled "the natural school" were extremely indignant at this, and when, in 1857, Millais' "Blind Girl" won the prize, a fierce strife arose; the advocates of the old order alleging that the award should have been to "Waiting for the Verdict," by Abraham Solomon. The question attracted general interest, and the *Athenæum* attacked the Academy in most bitter terms for its recognition of what the writer styled "the Pre-Raphaelite heresy." John Ruskin was equally warm on the other side, and, in prophesying that events would vindicate the action of the Academy, he styled the occasion "the first instance on record of the entirely just and beneficial working of the academical system." The strife continued for some time at a white heat. Next year the Council gave worse offence than ever by fixing their choice on an entirely unpopular work by Ford Madox Brown; a member who had written to the papers was promptly expelled; the Town Council was induced to withdraw financial support from the Academy; and rival exhibitions were opened, with the inevitable result of disaster to both sides. The prizes were apparently discontinued after 1862; and, five years later, the funds of the Academy being exhausted, the exhibitions ceased.

With matters in this unsatisfactory state, the Corporation, which included several prominent citizens interested in art, decided to hold an annual autumn exhibition of pictures in the premises of the Free Public Library and Museum, the gift to the town of Sir William Brown. The first exhibition was opened on 4th September, 1871, and since then the "Autumn Exhibition" has been the chief art event of the year in Liverpool.

The growth in importance of the exhibitions and of the permanent collection of pictures acquired by the Corporation soon rendered it necessary that new premises should be found. So early as 1873, a report was presented to the Town Council, by a committee of gentlemen interested in the matter, recommending the erection of a separate gallery of art as an adjunct to the library and museum. A large section of the ratepayers strongly opposed the scheme; but, on the other hand, several prominent citizens determined not to let the matter rest. At a public meeting, held at

the Town Hall, on 29th September, 1873, a committee was formed and subscriptions of nearly £7,000 were announced in the room. The Mayor, Mr. Edward Samuelson, who presided at the meeting, has throughout been one of the most active and influential promoters of art in the town, and it is to him, with Mr.

was designed by Messrs. Cornelius Sherlock and H. H. Vale, was opened by the Earl of Derby. In 1882, the growth of the permanent collection rendered it necessary to have increased accommodation, and, although an extension of the building was sanctioned by the City Council, the donor of the gallery insisted



STUDENTS OF SALAMANCA SERENADING.

(From the Picture by John Philip, R.A. Engraved by F. Babbage.)

(now Sir) James Pieton and Mr. P. H. Rathbone, that the success of the movement was most largely due. At this juncture all difficulties were dissipated by the munificence of Mr. Alderman (now Sir) A. B. Walker, who, on his election as Mayor in November, 1873, announced his intention of erecting the required building at his own cost and presenting it to the town. The foundation-stone was laid on 28th September, 1874, and on the 6th September, 1877, the building, which

on defraying the entire cost. The addition was opened in the autumn of 1884. The building, which is named the Walker Art Gallery, has a commanding situation facing the north end of St. George's Hall, and claims to be the finest English art gallery out of London. Externally it is fairly effective, and the interior, especially the upper suite of thirteen rooms, is admirably suited for the exhibition of pictures. The light is not at too great an altitude, and is so arranged

that it falls directly on the walls, which are evenly lighted, and have no dark corners. The total cost to Sir A. B. Walker, Bart., is estimated at between £50,000 and £60,000.

Although only seventeen years have elapsed since the first small beginnings were made, and only eleven since Liverpool could first boast an art gallery, the catalogue of the permanent collection already com-

masters," for the most part gifts, but not many of them are of the first order of merit.

One of the most distinguished of the earlier Victorian painters, John Philip, R.A., is well represented by an unfinished but brilliant and highly characteristic example of his work, entitled "Students of Salamanca Serenading," presented by Mr. Benson Rathbone in 1880. The lack of finish, while it

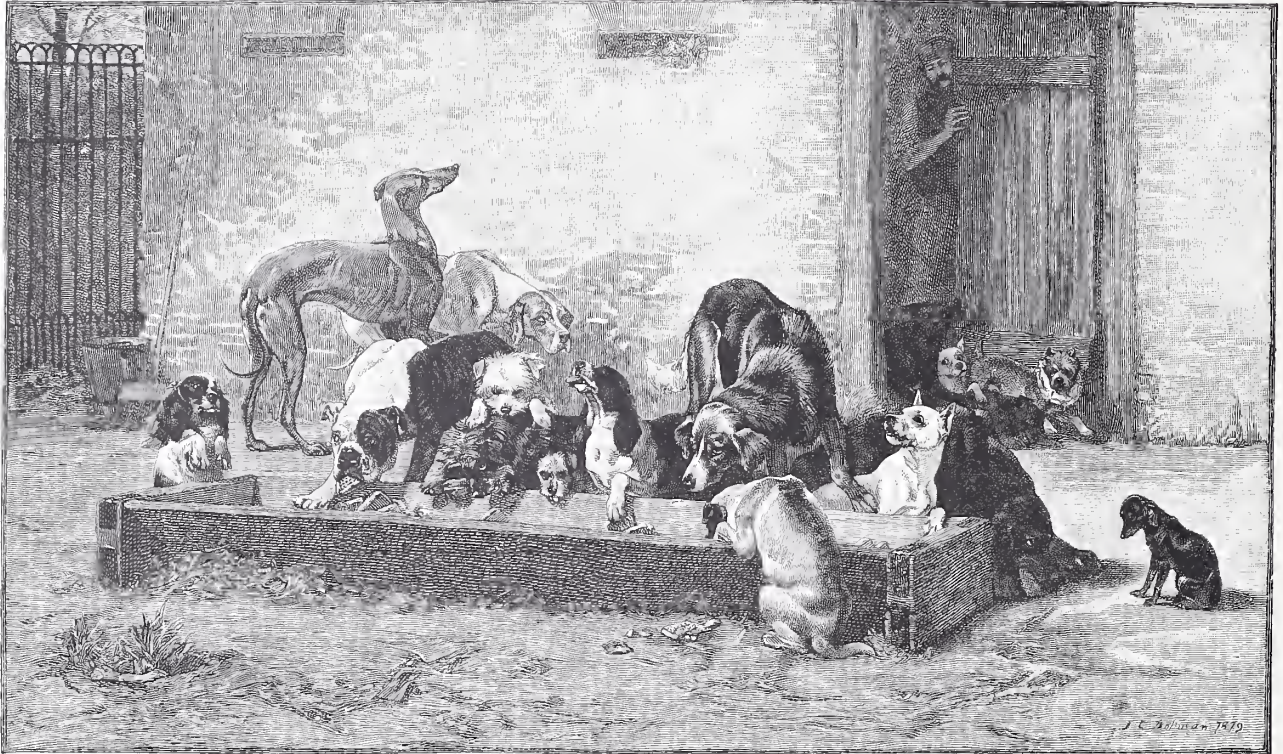


TABLE D'HÔTE AT A DOGS' HOME.

(From the Picture by J. C. Dollman, R.I. Engraved by P. Naumann.)

prises over five hundred works, many of very great value and importance. A number of valuable works of art have been acquired by bequest or gift of either pictures or money, but the major portion of the collection and of the finest works included in it have been purchased by the Arts Committee of the Corporation with surplus funds arising from the profits of the Autumn Exhibitions. In consequence of the fierce light that beats upon the proceedings of public bodies there have, from time to time, been outcries against individual purchases, and some of the most unpleasant experiences of the committee have been in connection with the acquisition of works which are now rightly regarded as among the choicest gems in the gallery.

The oil-paintings, which form the most important section of the collection, number nearly two hundred and fifty. As might be expected, the modern pictures are by far the most important. There are certain "old

scarcely detracts from the beauty of the picture, is of special interest to amateurs, as displaying somewhat of the method of the artist, whose brush was guided by an adroit and sure hand. The carefully-painted head of a mule to the right of the picture is by Richard Ansdell, R.A., a painter of distinction who had his origin in Liverpool, and was for some time president of the Liverpool Academy. The greatest of all our animal-painters, Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., is less satisfactorily represented by three examples of but little importance; the portrait of Sir Walter Scott being, on account of its subject, the most interesting. "The Eve of the Battle of Edge-Hill," by Landseer's brother Charles, is said to be that painter's best work. The dogs were originally painted by Sir Edwin; but an ingenious dealer, through whose hands the picture passed, cut the animals out and substituted copies by an inferior hand. The discovery of this circumstance after the



SAMSON.

(From the Picture by Solomon J. Solomon. Engraved by Jonnard.)

purchase of the picture furnished the ever-vigilant critics of the Corporation with excellent entertainment. The work, however, is by no means devoid of merit.

It is particularly appropriate that the city which gave the first official recognition of the Pre-Raphaelite school should possess so fine an example of its methods as the "Lorenzo and Isabella" of Millais—"the most wonderful painting that any youth still under twenty years of age ever did in the world." The picture, which does not illustrate any particular incident either in the tale of Boccaccio or the poem of Keats, represents the household of the treacherous brothers seated at table. The story of the unhappy lovers is subtly indicated by the painter, and the patient imitation of texture throughout the

friend, his dog," J. C. Dollman, R.I., holds a high place; and his "Table d'Hôte at a Dogs' Home," presented by Sir J. A. Picton, is a delightful subject, quite in Landseer's humorous vein. Dogs of all kinds are attacking the meal provided for them in a long wooden trough, and there is much subtle insight into canine character in the demeanour of the various and varied guests.

One of the most difficult problems constantly presented to the controllers of a public collection is the question as to what class of pictures should be acquired. Works of art bought with public money should certainly be selected with an eye to the taste of the million, especially in a city like Liverpool, where the average daily attendance for the last ten years has been nearly two thousand. On the whole,



LORENZO AND ISABELLA.

(From the Picture by Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., R.A. Engraved by F. Babbage.)

work is little short of marvellous. The faces were painted from various distinguished sitters, including Messrs. Gabriele Rossetti, Dante G. Rossetti, W. B. Scott, Wright the architect, Fenn, Harris, W. M. Rossetti, and F. G. Stephens, now art-critic of the *Athenæum*. (See engraving also on p. 25.)

Among more recent painters of "man's best

the Arts Committee of the Corporation have acquitted themselves excellently. While not neglecting the claims of genuine art-lovers, or losing sight of the inflexible necessity of buying nothing that is not first of all a good work of art, they have succeeded in making the gallery genuinely attractive to the "uncultured visitor" by acquiring pictures which



THE SHEPHERD OF JERUSALEM.

(From the Picture by Phil. R. Morris, A.R.A. Engraved by C. Carter.)

are intrinsically interesting. The scriptural subject, if treated in a modern spirit, always takes well with the crowd, and the Walker Art Gallery has several popular favourites that prove this. "Ruth and Naomi," by P. H. Calderon, R.A., illustrates the most charming of Bible idylls in a delightful manner. The painter's penchant for loveliness in woman has made even Naomi good-looking, and Ruth is of extreme beauty, while her attitude and gesture are touchingly expressed. Orpah stands apart in open-eyed wonder at the reluctance of Ruth to leave their mother-in-law. The whole is set in a sterile eastern landscape, beautified by the rosy light of sunset. The well-known "Elijah in the Wilderness," by Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A., commissioned in 1879, and presented to the gallery by Mr. A. G. Kurtz, is a characteristic example of that painter's scholarly and elevated treatment of such themes. "The Shepherd of Jerusalem," by P. R. Morris, A.R.A., presented by Mr. Henry Branston, is a happy conception, suggested by the great world-tragedy. A swarthy shepherd, tending his sheep and goats, has come upon a rude wooden cross bearing an inscription. He looks up—and doubtless wonders who this King of the Jews may be who was so cruelly mocked in the hour of death—while over his head flutters a flight of doves.

One of the most recent additions is the well-known "Samson," by Solomon J. Solomon, which was presented last year by Mr. James Harrison. So far, indeed, as it is possible for art to represent successfully a scene of violent action, Mr. Solomon has succeeded. The canvas is full of large figures in a very whirl of strife. Everything introduced leads itself to the wild movement, and the falling tripod and swinging lamp add to the vivid effect. The incident is realised, and the story is told to perfection.

THE PORTRAITS OF DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.—I.

BY WILLIAM M. ROSSETTI.



CONSIDERING that Dante Rossetti was an artist from boyhood upwards, and a poet as well, much admired in his maturity; that he was at an early age a prime mover in the foundation of a special and active school of art—the so-called Pre-Raphaelite; that he associated all his life with

artists, many of them of high standing in their profession, and drawn to him by intimate ties of friendship and endeavour; and that his head was one extremely well adapted for being portrayed;—it cannot be said that the extant portraits of him are by any means numerous in proportion. There is only one single portrait, that by Mr. G. F. Watts,* which holds the rank of a serious likeness of him, painted expressly as such, and completed as an oil picture on the scale of life. Rossetti never, I think, painted any portrait of himself—certainly not any of large dimension or highly elaborated; and, disliking the contingent trouble and interruption, he rather evaded than courted any suggestion of sitting to other artists. Still, there are, besides the work

by Mr. Watts, a certain not inconsiderable number of portraits, of one kind or another, traceable by those who know where to look for them. It is my purpose in these articles to give some account of the portraits in question, taking them as near as may be in order of date. As the brother of Dante Rossetti, constantly along with him in childhood, boyhood, youth, and manhood up to the moment of his death, I may be entitled to suppose myself an adequate judge on the prime point of likeness to the original.

I will begin by sketching the appearance of my brother, as I remember him towards the age of thirty-five, or in 1863. He was of rather low middle stature, or barely five feet eight in height. He had in

* We regret that this picture, the property of Mr. F. R. Leyland, is inaccessible.—EDITOR.

youth been thin, but was now tending towards fatness: at times this tendency became rather marked, and anon diminished again. He was well-proportioned, save for being somewhat abnormally wide at the hips; the shoulders and chest fully developed, the hands and feet small and delicate. The hands indeed, were soft enough, and hardly too large, for a woman's. His head was massive without being large; the forehead broad and spacious, and rather noticeably high; the eyes greyish-blue, well-shaped and well-sized; the nose nearly straight but prominent, with

a remarkably strong indentation at its spring from the forehead; wide nostrils, moderate upper lip, teeth ordinarily good, lips full and not very shapely, chin moderate, ears in good proportion and form. At this date he wore moustaches and a short beard only. The checks, clean shaven, were full but not heavy; and the line of the jaw, which had in youth been rather angular and tapering, had become amply curved. His hair was not abundant at this period of life, but neither was it at all scanty; baldness only began many years later, and it had not proceeded very far even at the date of his death. The hair was dark in colour, with a certain remains of auburn brightness, and was of soft and rather silky texture.



D. G. ROSSETTI AT THE AGE OF SIX.

(From the Miniature by Filippo Pistrucci.
Engraved by C. Carter.)

His complexion was both warm and dark; something sanguine and quick-blooded in it, though there was no particular ruddiness in the cheeks. He looked more Italian than English to me; and in fact was so, save in the accident of birthplace, and in some points of character. The general expression of the face was, I should say, decidedly prepossessing; it had force, fire, predominance, frankness, and a certain winning quality which seemed to meet sympathy halfway. Neither in his visage nor in his bearing—nor, I may at once say, in his character—was there the least jot of mawkish sentimentalism, a quality which has been freely imputed to him by such persons only as knew him not at all. If it is asked, "Was he handsome?" I will only reply that several people considered him eminently so. I hardly suppose, however, that this

was the prevailing opinion; but few would have hesitated to say that he looked like a remarkable and interesting man, of whom one would willingly know more.

Our first illustration is the first portrait ever taken of Dante Gabriel Rossetti—or, in strictness, of Gabriel Charles Dante Rossetti, for these were his baptismal names, and in his own family he was invariably called "Gabriel." This is a miniature painted towards 1834, when he was about six years old (his birthday being 12th May, 1828), by Filippo Pistrucci,

mind's eye. Both he and his brother Benedetto had a physical peculiarity of the rarest—the palm of the hand was filled up with a callous or corneous growth, which was quite hard to the touch, and needed from time to time to be pared down with a razor. Filippo was a designer, painter, writer, and improvisatore, chiefly subsisting in England as a teacher of Italian; a person of various and ready faculty, stepping short of eminent talent. Had I to name the man of most natural kindness of heart that I ever knew, I should



D. G. ROSSETTI AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN.

(From a Pencil Drawing by Himself.)

brother of the celebrated medallist, Benedetto Pistrucci. A companion miniature of our elder sister, Maria Francesca, was painted towards the same time. We see here that Rossetti's hair in childhood was a bright auburn, his visage childishly round, and his complexion agreeably rose-flushed. His garb is what we called a "Spencer" in those days, of a salmon-orange tint. I well remember Filippo Pistrucci, who was a Roman with a nobly emphatic enunciation of his native speech, and was, like my father, a political exile; he lived on till 1857 or thereabouts, dying in a good old age. His picturesque resolute-looking head, embellished by copious curling grey hair, and rather spoiled by a quasi bottle-nose, is present to my

probably say "Filippo Pistrucci." He was adored by Italian organ-grinders, for whose instruction in some rudiments of knowledge he greatly exerted himself towards 1840 and ensuing years. The reader may be pretty sure that Filippo was at times rather "hard-up," and I have an impression that he was invited by my father to paint these miniatures, partly in order that an opportune guinea or two might house in his pocket.

The same motive applied to a second portrait done of my brother. This is a vignettted water-colour by Pistrucci, painted probably in 1840 or 1839; and similar heads of our mother, our two sisters, and myself, were produced about the same time. My

brother and I gave Pistrucci more than one sitting at his studio in Howland Street, Tottenham Court Road. This head of Gabriel, and the one of Maria, were considered in our family to be the only successful likenesses of the series. My brother appears here in collar and blue jacket, with a brass-buttoned white waistcoat, and a little hair watch-chain. He is a good-looking spirited boy, his hair darkening but not yet dark, parted at the left side, his lips lightly unclosed. There is yet another water-colour of Rossetti done by Pistrucci, rather earlier than the last-named; it belongs, as do all the rest, to our surviving sister Christina, and so does the portrait by Filippo Maenza, which I shall next have to mention. The Pistrucci subject is a head full-face, with slight indication of shoulders. It is lightly brushed-in in water-colour: plump face, rosy cheeks, eyes more blue than grey. This head was originally painted as forming part of a complete family group; but the other figures in the composition were not regarded with favour, and this item alone, being cut out, was preserved.

As a growing youth towards the age of fifteen and sixteen, my brother was in rather uncertain health, which required bracing. Our parents, therefore, on more than one occasion, obtained permission from the Maenza family in Boulogne that, quitting London, he should stay with them for a couple of months or so at a time, under an arrangement as to his board. Signor Giuseppe Maenza was another of the then numerous Italian refugees spread in squads over the various countries of Europe where the political system was not one of repressive despotism. He taught Italian, and gave instructions in painting as well—having an enviable aptitude for picturesque sketching in pencil or water-colour, as of old buildings, cattle, boats, sheds, market-women, &c. He had a son Filippo, familiarly named Peppino, some four years older than my brother, and studying as an artist. Peppino was a youth of parts, who surprised Rossetti by his ease and decision in sketching from nature; he turned out, however, to be of a desultory and unsettled disposition, never took steadily to his profession, drifted off at last to Australia, and was heard of no more. For years his parents remained in anxiety as to his fate, and finally concluded that he must certainly have died. In November, 1843, Peppino did a pencil sketch of Rossetti seated, nearly in profile—all but full-length—with one leg raised and grasped in both hands. It is drawn in a dark “blocky” manner, with firmness which might have developed into skill, but is a highly ungainly performance. Rossetti here looks gaunt and uncouth, a hobbledehoy with no girth of chest or shoulder, with blubber lips and almost a quadron type of face; not stupid, but so wanting in *finesse* as to approach the

stolid. The unevenly cut hair droops over the forehead, which is thus made to look low. No indication appears of a coming whisker or moustache. At that date he was certainly thin; but in all other respects the portrait is—what the family always considered it—a caricature, and, even as such, deficient in telling resemblance.

The second illustration is from a delicately drawn pencil head of himself, slightly heightened with white chalk, done by Rossetti, perhaps in 1846, or as likely 1847. It will be seen that he indulged at this time (contrary to the precedent of 1843) in an unusual growth of flowing hair; a habit which youthful artists have constantly affected, and which he may be held to have pushed to an extreme. He began this mode towards 1846; it lasted not very long—hardly, I should think, up to the close of 1849. This head is, no doubt, considerably like my brother; still it does not, to me, carry with it that flash of absolute reminiscence of the Rossetti of eighteen or nineteen years of age—the Rossetti of the early Italian translations, capable soon afterwards of the Pre-Raphaelite movement and “The Blessed Damozel”—which I would so gladly receive from it. What damages the likeness is the sidelong set of the eyes, as copied from the reflection in a looking-glass; this gives them a constrained and somewhat furtive aspect, most foreign to my brother’s appearance and character.

There is another little memorandum of Rossetti’s appearance rather later than this date, done many years afterwards by Mr. Eyre Crowe; it belongs to our old friend, the painter and poet Mr. William Bell Scott. This is something midway between a character-sketch and a caricature—showing Rossetti of meagre form with very wide hips, attired in a swallow-tailed coat, such as Mr. Crowe recollects having seen him in the Antique School of the Royal Academy.

A medallion is also presented of Rossetti, still long-haired, executed by Mr. John Hancock in 1846; I think the date of month is October, but this is concealed in the framing. If one strikes a mental balance between this medallion and the pencil head which we have just been considering, we shall come very near to the true appearance of my brother in those early and teeming years. For a youth in his nineteenth year, the face, as represented by Hancock, is a little haggard; it seems foreshadowed with the work, the aspiration, the passion, of years to come. The mould of feature is thin and bony; the nose perceptibly though slightly aquiline; the expression of the eyes one of steady thought, half-inquiring and half-challenging; the mouth sensitive and mobile. This is a good piece of work by a young sculptor who promised at his outset more than he performed in his maturity. John Hancock—a wizened smallish man with a slim voice—made a hit towards 1848

by a bas-relief of "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," which won an Art Union premium, and was engraved for that Society; his best work, three or four years later, was a statue of Dante's Beatrice—a choice of subject with which the influence of Rossetti may have had something to do. He shared towards this period a studio near Regent's Park with Mr. Thomas Woolner, who was a member of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

We come next to a group of heads of Rossetti

principle of those days required him to adhere to his model without deviation. The sole point therefore which detracts from the value of this as a portrait is the highly foreshortened position; the head being thrown backward, with the chin and the line of the jaw protruding. I have before me as I write a chalk drawing of this head—a striking piece of firm and efficient draughtsmanship. It was given by Hunt to my brother, after whose death it passed into my hands. Allowing for the foreshortening, all his



D. G. ROSSETTI, FROM THE MEDALLION BY JOHN HANCOCK.

(Engraved by Jomard.)

painted in oil, not as express portraits of him, but as characters in subject pictures. I shall put them all together, slightly disregarding for this purpose the absolute order of date. The first is the head of Rienzi in Mr. Holman Hunt's picture, exhibited in 1849, of "Rienzi Swearing Revenge over his Brother's Corpse." I need hardly say that this is an extremely fine head, lit with energy and expression. It is undoubtedly a strict portrait of my brother; for not only did Hunt find no reason to modify, for the purposes of his picture, the head as he saw it before him, but the severe (and in some respects excellent) Pre-Raphaelite

features are presented here very vigorously; the full-sized eyes, the decisive nose with ample nostrils, the lips well open with the teeth showing, and the whole contour of the face highly virile. The throat is shown as uncommonly massive. There is a slight, but only a slight, indication of moustache and incipient beard; the crop of hair is still long, but this is only faintly touched in. It need hardly be said that for the painting of the head on the canvas my brother gave several sittings. I did the like for the head of the young Colonna who is trying to soothe and console Rienzi. These sittings all took place in the studio

then jointly occupied by Hunt and Rossetti in the house which was numbered 7 (now 46), Cleveland Street, Fitzroy Square. Rossetti's own first picture, "The Girlhood of Mary Virgin," was growing into shape at the same time. The house was kept as a school by a Mr. Simmons. The studio was the front room on the first floor. In the back room was a pianoforte, and in the house was a young Irish female servant who had a fancy for sitting down to this instrument at odd moments and strumming upon it. More than once have I seen Hunt, who was sensitive to noise, jump up from his work, dart into the back room, and adjure the servant to leave his auditory nerves at peace; or he would for the same purpose rap with his mahlstick on the partition wall. In another picture by Holman Hunt there is a head which has more than once been spoken of as being painted from Rossetti—the head of Valentine in the picture, executed towards 1851, entitled "Valentine Rescuing Sylvia from Proteus." This, however, is a mistake. I am not sure that my brother sat at all for that head; at any rate, the person whose face is substantially represented is quite different—namely, Mr. J. Lennox Hannay, for many years past a London police magistrate.

During the same months when Rossetti was sitting to Hunt for the Rienzi picture he was sitting also to Millais for the "Isabella" picture, *i.e.*, for the head of one of the minor personages, in the oil painting, from Keats's poem, of Isabella and her lover at table, with several others sharing the meal. The face painted from Rossetti is that of a young man, with his head thrown considerably back as he drinks from a long wine-glass. The personage in question is not supposed to be anybody in particular, and his occupation is as commonplace as himself: therefore there was no occasion for Mr. Millais to try to bring out the more esoteric qualities of Rossetti's head. The face, here engraved, is in profile, thin, and rather worn-looking for so young a man; it was always regarded as, within the limits of its attempt, a fair and moderately characteristic likeness. This head was painted in the studio of No. 83 (now 7), Gower Street, a long and rather low apartment built out from among the living-rooms of

that commodious corner house, in which the youthful painter, predestined to so much fame, lived along with his father and mother. At the time when this painting was finished Rossetti was close upon twenty-one years of age, Hunt about a year older, and Millais about a year younger. The trio of pictures were the first exhibited outcome of the Pre-Raphaelite movement, and were all signed with the initials P.R.B. following the artists' names. I myself sat for the head (but not for the long golden locks) of the lover Lorenzo; and I could name three or four others of the sitters, were their identity here in question.*

For an exhibition of the following year, 1850, was produced Ford Madox Brown's picture of "Lear and Cordelia;" the scene where Cordelia is watching over her father, about to be restored to consciousness to the strains of music, after his long misery and madness. In this fine picture Rossetti figures as the Fool, or Jester, of King Lear. Mr. Madox Brown did not conceive the jester as at all a jocular personage at this particular juncture; his countenance on the contrary is one of great gravity and *recueillement* as he stands with folded hands watching the scarred visage of his king, eager to catch the first glimmerings of restored reason and composure. The Fool, we may do well to remember, has one of the wisest



(From "Lorenzo and Isabella." By Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., R.A. Engraved by J. M. Johnstone.)

heads and of the noblest hearts amid the *dramatis personæ* of the tragedy: Mr. Madox Brown, in depicting him from Rossetti, intended us no doubt to rate him accordingly. For expression in relation to the subject of the picture, this is a conspicuously good head; as a likeness of Rossetti it is also good, a genuine reminiscence of him at that period of life.

Mr. Madox Brown painted another head of Rossetti in the large picture, exhibited in 1851, of "Chaucer Reading the Legend of Custance at the Court of Edward III." The head of Chaucer is in fact the head of Rossetti. Of course, the painter had to preserve a certain adequate resemblance to the historical or traditional visage of Chaucer. He found in Rossetti's face something appropriate; but he could not paint him with such portrait-like exactness as would have allowed a few intimates to aver "That is Rossetti," and would not have

* See reference to the same picture on page 19.—Ed.

enabled anyone to say "That is Chaucer." This picture, grand in scale and in treatment, is now in the Public Gallery of Sydney, Australia, so that I cannot refresh my memory of details, and indicate them here. Had the picture been in England, it would have been one of the first from which I should have wished a reproduction to appear in these pages. Chaucer is represented reading aloud from his text with slightly drooped eyelids. An oil study of this Chaucer head, on a much smaller scale, is still in London, and is the property of Mr. and Mrs. Hueffer. It is not, however, done from my brother's face.

That Rossetti should have been twice painted as a Shakespearean fool or jester by different artists is a rather curious coincidence. He was not a fool, and was not *par excellence* a jester—though some people who fancy that he was constantly sunk in gloom or brooding in mysticism are far indeed from divining him as he was known to his friends. In or about 1852 Walter Howell Deverell, a young painter of marked promise who died very soon afterwards, was executing a picture from Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night"—the Duke,

Viola, the jester reading and chanting, and various minor figures. Deverell asked my brother to sit for the jester, and he assented. This head seems to me somewhat harsher in feature, and more saturnine in expression, than was distinctive of him; it is, however, a sufficiently well-painted head, and may, within limits, be regarded as a likeness. Miss Siddal, whom Rossetti afterwards married, sat for Viola; the head of the Duke was painted from Deverell himself, who was a more than commonly personable young man. The picture belongs to Mr. W. B. Scott, and hangs in his house in

Cheyne Walk, not far from the dwelling which my brother occupied in all his later years. Deverell was a son of the Secretary to the Schools of Design, the precursor of the South Kensington Science and Art Department. He was intimate with Rossetti, and through him with the other members of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood; and, after the secession of James Collinson from that body, he was elected to fill the vacancy, but death overtook him before he had well passed beyond a probationary stage as a "P.R.B."

Along with these oil pictures I may mention a pen-and-ink design, of exceptional interest of association here, which contains a head of my brother. It is the handiwork of Miss Siddal; who produced a considerable number of drawings and water-colours of the like kind, simple, but sincere and sometimes even deep in invention. The design, which seems to be a mere fancy-piece, represents two lovers seated, the man singing to the music of two primitive outlandish-looking women, who may be gipsies or moriscoes. It is clear to me that my brother must have sat for the head of the young man, probably in 1853 or '54. It is perceptibly though



D. G. ROSSETTI AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FIVE.
(From the Portrait in Coloured Chalks, by W. Holman Hunt.)

not strongly like him, good-looking (as one might expect it to be, coming from Miss Siddal's hand), earnest and candid in expression; the moustaches and beard are omitted. I cannot say where the original drawing may now be, but I possess a photograph of it.

For the next portrait I have to recur to that by Mr. Holman Hunt. Its date was, I think, in the summer of 1853. It appears reproduced on this page; but my account of the circumstances under which it was produced must be held over for my second article.

“THE PAINTER.”

PAINTED BY J. L. E. MEISSONIER. ETCHED BY GERY-BICHARD.



AS an example of the etcher's art, almost as much as of the painter's, the plate which forms our frontispiece is, unquestionably, an exceptional piece of work. M. Gery-Bichard, who has produced it, is a young man, but one who has already won his spurs in the Salon. He comes of a good stock—being the pupil of M. Gaucherel and of M. Hédouin, in a school where Messieurs Courtry, Le Rat, Lalauze, and the late Paul Rajon and others were his fellow-students. The school of etching of which Gaucherel is the head, shares with Léopold Flameng the honour of having placed the art of translating-etching on a higher pedestal than it had ever occupied. These two great pioneers in the art first showed how the trammels of conventionality could be thrown off, and how painting could be interpreted with the etching-needle with a freedom and a vigour hitherto unattempted. “My best works,” said M. Gaucherel with a felicity peculiarly Gallie, “are my pupils;” and M. Gery-Bichard is prominent in the number. His work is technically almost complete, while it is free from a certain hardness sometimes visible in the master.

The picture itself displays one of M. Meissonier's most remarkable qualities—the power to interest the spectator in a subject insignificant in itself, or trivial in the occupation it represents. In “The Painter” we have no opportunity of admiring the painter's felicity when dealing with the subtleties of facial expression, nor to marvel at his wonderful precision and minuteness of workmanship and touch, in this representation of a bare, unattractive studio. It is the naturalness of the whole thing that charms us—the consummate ease of the pose and the perfection of the drawing that carry conviction with them. The occupation of this eighteenth-century artist is a commonplace one: he is simply transferring to canvas the outline of the preliminary sketch that stands before him. But so naturally does he sit there, pencil in hand, at his work, that we are tempted to pause and peer over his shoulder as he proceeds.

There is a breadth of drawing, as well as of treatment, about this picture that places it in the category of M. Meissonier's most successful works. This quality of breadth he doubtless retains, thanks to his wise practice of regularly making life-size studies of the human figure. “The Painter” belongs to the series of single-figure subjects in which minuteness of detail is not the object sought for, and which, to our mind, will hereafter be counted as his finest works.

M. H. S.

INSIGNIA OF MAYORALTY.

BY LEWIS F. DAY.

THE Insignia of Mayoralty cannot be discussed altogether without reference to the office of mayor. In some sort of shape the office is of considerable antiquity with us—much older than the name—which signifies really very much the same thing as the warden, bailiff, port-reeve or port-grave. Mayor is equivalent, of course, to *maire*. The deputy of royal authority over Scottish crown lands was called at first *maor* and afterwards *thane*. In Wales there was a *maer*. From being originally a kind of overseer of crown lands, the mayor developed into chief magistrate of a corporate town or city. He is in effect the head of the local judicature and the executive officer of the municipal body.

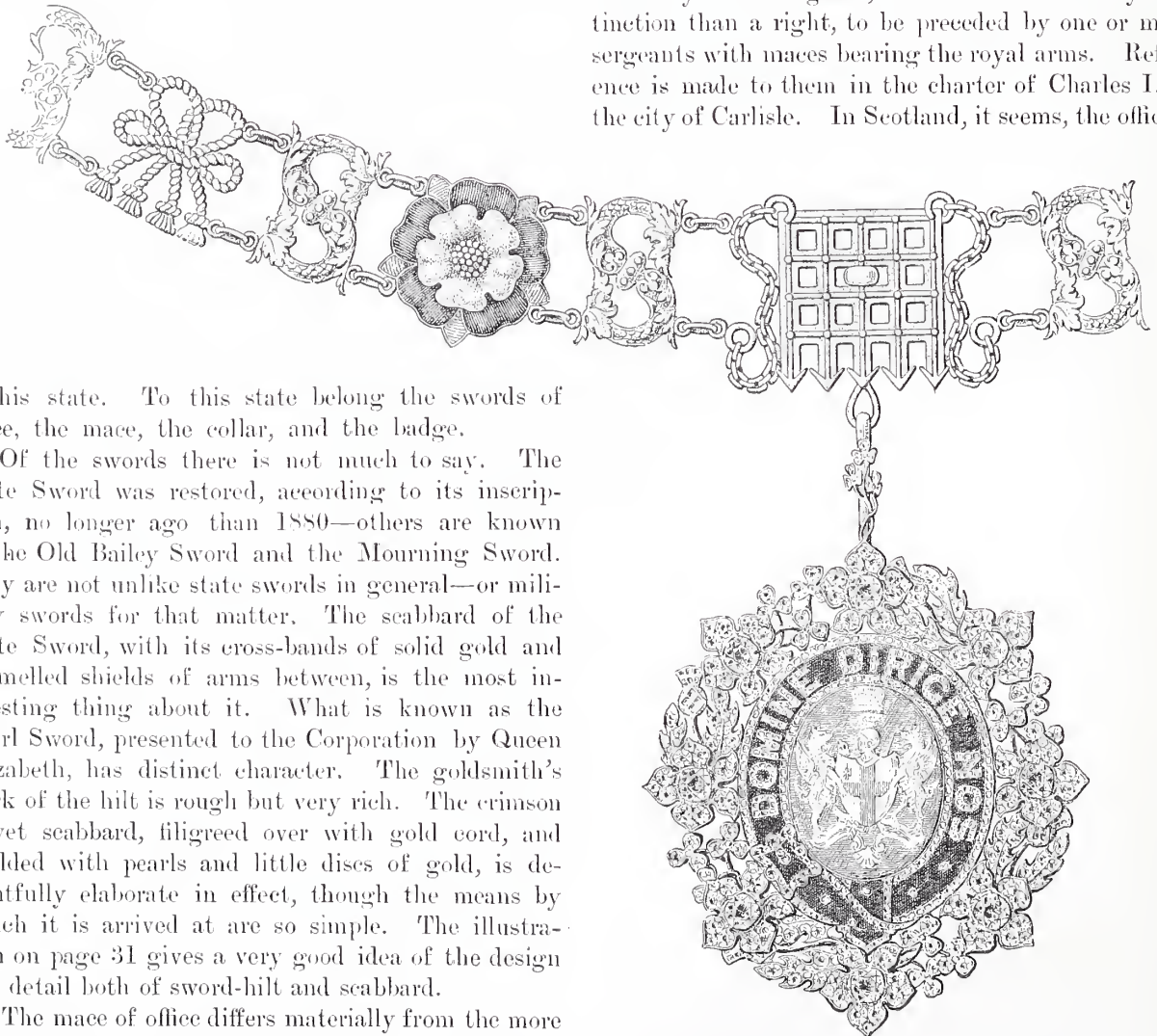
The first Mayor of London was appointed in 1189. It was not until the year 1354 that Edward III. allowed to him the distinction of “Lord,” which he shares with the Lord Mayor of York. Dublin has also its Lord Mayor and Edinburgh its Lord Provost, taking precedence of other Scottish lords of like degree, who are “Honourables” only, whilst he of Edinburgh, like the Lord Mayors, is styled “Right Honourable.” Ordinarily the first magistrate is only “His Worship the Mayor.” To him, under whatever title, is delegated something of royal authority. Historically, he is not without justification if he conceive himself to be a sort of deputy king. The emblems of his office correspond, indeed,

with the emblems of royalty. The mace, the sword of state, and the collar of office (which with its badge may stand for the knightly order without which no royal personage's equipment would be complete) are directly imitated from the regalia: only the crown is wanting.

The Lord Mayor is more modest than the worshipful master of a certain city company, who is (or until recently was) crowned with a crimson velvet cap of office, embroidered with gold and silver. There is a suspicion of parody about that performance. As the representative of royalty in its civil government of the city, the Lord Mayor of London is, in the eyes of the foreigner, a very important personage indeed. But we do not see ourselves precisely as others see us. The irreverent eit regards him merely as the senior alderman or ex-sheriff, duly arrived at the height of aldermanic ambition. No Englishman attributes to him the dignity of a mediæval doge—for all the pomp and ceremony

spiked metal ball attached by a chain. From very early times such a weapon was in use in the East. In Europe it was *par excellence* the weapon of the priests militant, who were forbidden to bear the sword. By its help, they were enabled to obey the letter of the law and yet shirk the engagement to peaceful ways implied in their profession of faith. The mace was also a favourite weapon with the knights and sergeants, horsemen who in the twelfth century were second only to them in rank. Later, in the fourteenth century, by an institution of Richard I., the sergeants-at-arms were the king's own bodyguard of gentlemen. They were called also, from the weapon they bore, sergeants-at-mace.

The shape of the mace changed with the times, and, by the fifteenth century, its ordinary form was that of a flanged truncheon of iron or steel. The mace borne before the king in state naturally resembled the implement of war. As a mark of high favour, it was granted to mayors and others to whom the royal authority was delegated, rather as an honorary distinction than a right, to be preceded by one or more sergeants with maces bearing the royal arms. Reference is made to them in the charter of Charles I. to the city of Carlisle. In Scotland, it seems, the officers



THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON'S COLLAR OF "SS" AND DIAMOND BADGE OF OFFICE.

of his state. To this state belong the swords of office, the mace, the collar, and the badge.

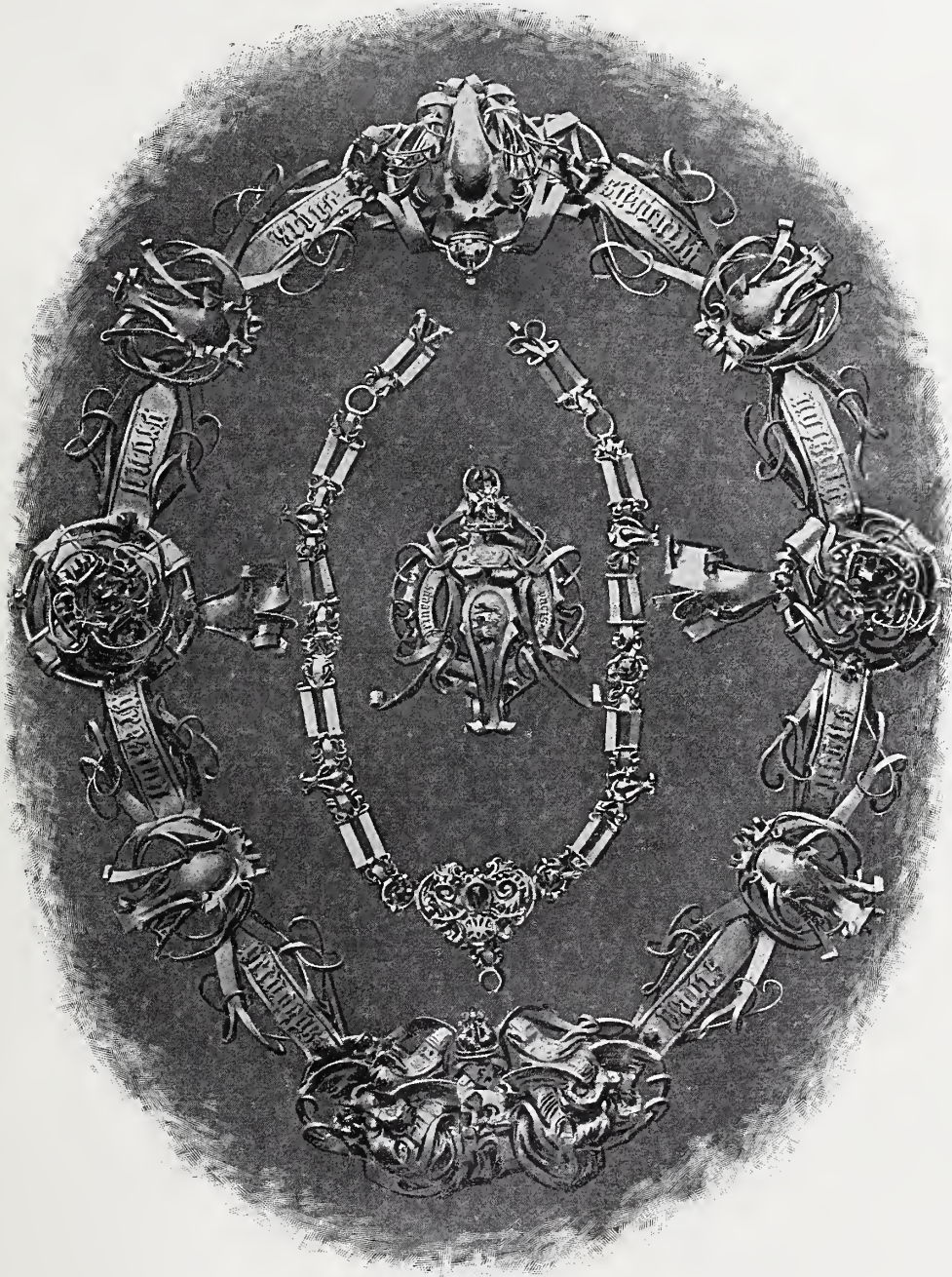
Of the swords there is not much to say. The State Sword was restored, according to its inscription, no longer ago than 1880—others are known as the Old Bailey Sword and the Mourning Sword. They are not unlike state swords in general—or military swords for that matter. The scabbard of the State Sword, with its cross-bands of solid gold and enamelled shields of arms between, is the most interesting thing about it. What is known as the Pearl Sword, presented to the Corporation by Queen Elizabeth, has distinct character. The goldsmith's work of the hilt is rough but very rich. The crimson velvet scabbard, filigreed over with gold cord, and studded with pearls and little discs of gold, is delightfully elaborate in effect, though the means by which it is arrived at are so simple. The illustration on page 31 gives a very good idea of the design and detail both of sword-hilt and scabbard.

The mace of office differs materially from the more warlike weapon. The military mace was originally a short staff of wood or metal, from which swung a

whose function it is to keep silence in the higher courts of law go by the name of "macers." The sergeants-at-arms who bore the mace were usually constables; and the humble staff of Policeman X may trace its descent, through the mace of office,

In France the wand of the usher and the staff of the beadle are called *masse d'huissier* and *de bédeau* respectively.

The flange-headed instrument of war having no very convenient place for the royal arms, the knob



THE MAYOR OF PRESTON'S CHAIN.

(Designed by Alfred Gilbert, A.R.A.)

to the sceptre itself. It still bears the royal arms, and used to be surmounted by the crown. Cromwell called the mace of the Speaker a "fool's bauble;" and, indeed, the fool's or jester's bauble is but a mockery of the sceptre, as the mace is a sort of mock-sceptre.

at its base was gradually enlarged to make room for them, until eventually it grew into a bell-shaped bowl. The mace, it must be remembered, had a double use. In serving process, the sergeant-at-mace showed the bell end of his mace with its royal

arms as warrant of his office. Were opposition offered to his authority, he had only to reverse the emblem, and he was provided with a weapon with which to enforce the obedience of the contumacious. It was with his mace of office that Walworth, it is said, knocked down Wat Tyler. It was only natural that, as the civic use superseded the military use of the mace, the base which bore the emblem significant of the authority delegated should grow bigger and bigger, whilst the offensive flanges shrunk into less and less conspicuous features—until at last they dwindled into mere grooves in a terminal knob, and finally disappeared.

The bell end of the mace being now the important one, it was naturally treated as such by the designer; accordingly it was surmounted in the later half of the seventeenth century by a royal crown, often of exceedingly elegant proportions, beneath which the royal arms lay like a great golden seal. In the Jewel Room at the Tower are the maces which were borne in state before James II., Charles II., and William and Mary. The maces carried before the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker of the House of Commons are of the same kind. And so is the mace carried before the Lord Mayor. The civic mace is practically, as has been said, a military mace turned upside down.

The staff of the mace at the Mansion House is covered with inscriptions. They date, however, no further back than the year 1735, when, it appears, the Rt. Hon. Sir Edward Belamy, Knt., was Lord Mayor, and John Elderton, Esq., Common Crier and Sergeant-at-arms. From a further perusal of the lettering, we gather the no less interesting particulars as to how often between that date and the year 1880 the mace was "repaired and regilt"—as many as seven times it appears, in connection with which important periodical events the names of other Lord Mayors and Common Criers are immortalised. The engraving of these inscriptions is just sufficient to disturb the brightness of



CORPORATION MACE OF THE
CITY OF LONDON.

the gold. It is not enough to be in any degree effective, nor yet to give firmer grip to the mace-bearer.

The chain of office of the Lord Mayor finds its prototype, as already said, in the knight's collar, from which the badge of his order was suspended. The very collar of "SS" worn by the Lord Mayor (concerning the origin of which, by the way, the learned in such matters still dispute, some supposing the letters to stand for "Sovereign" and others for St. Simplicius) was adopted by Henry IV. as a Lancastrian ensign. It is made up (p. 28), like so many of the knightly collars, of alternating emblems linked together. The badges of families and dynasties are frequently used in this way, such as the roses of York and Lancaster, the Tudor double rose, the *fleur-de-lis*, and the eagle. We find also emblems of religion, such as crosses of various kinds, the emblems of saints, cyphers, and monograms.

It is the connecting links between such badges, insignificant though they be—mere hinges on which the parts work—that justify the name of chain. The necessity of in some way linking together the badges has led to the introduction of a twist or ornamental knot to connect them, as in the case of the collar of "SS," and again in the collars of the orders of the Bath, the Garter, and St. Patrick, where the symbolic letters, roses, crowns, or alternating harps and roses, as the case may be, are, as a matter of fact, separated rather than joined by an equally symbolic knot of gold. For this knotting is in idea only. The knots are not links, but additional objects requiring to be linked to the more prominent emblems by actual links reduced to insignificance. Nothing could well be more unworkmanlike than this substitution of the sign of connection in the place of intelligent joining. Even though the knot be a symbol of first importance (and knots of various kinds are often used of course as heraldic badges), the instinct of a competent artist would have been to make it perform its natural and useful function too.

Mr. Alfred Gilbert has treated his new Preston chain much more *as* a chain, introducing the words "Proud Preston, *Princeps Pacis*," on a series of labels which actually link the more prominent features of the collar together. (See p. 29.) The loosely interlacing ends of the straps, or links, are at once graceful and full of vigour, suggesting by their turn and grasp of each other the life and growth of tender plant tendrils: the curling tips seem to be feeling for some sympathetic thing to lay hold of. In any but a chain of state they would very possibly be too apt to catch hold of whatever came near them. This is a danger which the artist has discreetly avoided in the smaller chain, designed to fit the neck, where the ends of the links are closely knotted together, forming a more practical and work-a-day chain—a type of what such a thing should be. Mr. Gilbert's original and spirited design must be a sort of revelation to the trade jeweller—who has eyes to see it.

The shields which form so important an element in the design are presumably intended to be emblazoned, although their shape seems rather to have been determined with a view to elegance than to the charges they are to bear. In the one shield that is not left plain, the *lions passants* cannot be said to occupy the shield satisfactorily: they are small, and the lower portion of the field is so much space "to let." This, however, is a point which the artist has probably hardly yet considered: Mr. Gilbert is too thorough an artist not to consider it in the execution of his design.

One would like to see the heraldic shields enamelled in *cloisonné* or *champlevé*, either of which methods would almost compel a larger and more effective treatment than is usually adopted in the modern process. There is a certain jewel-like brilliancy in the transparent enamel, such as the red and green in the roses of the Lord Mayor's collar; but the effect of it is always, somehow, more suggestive of tinsel than of jewels, which it was obviously intended to imitate.

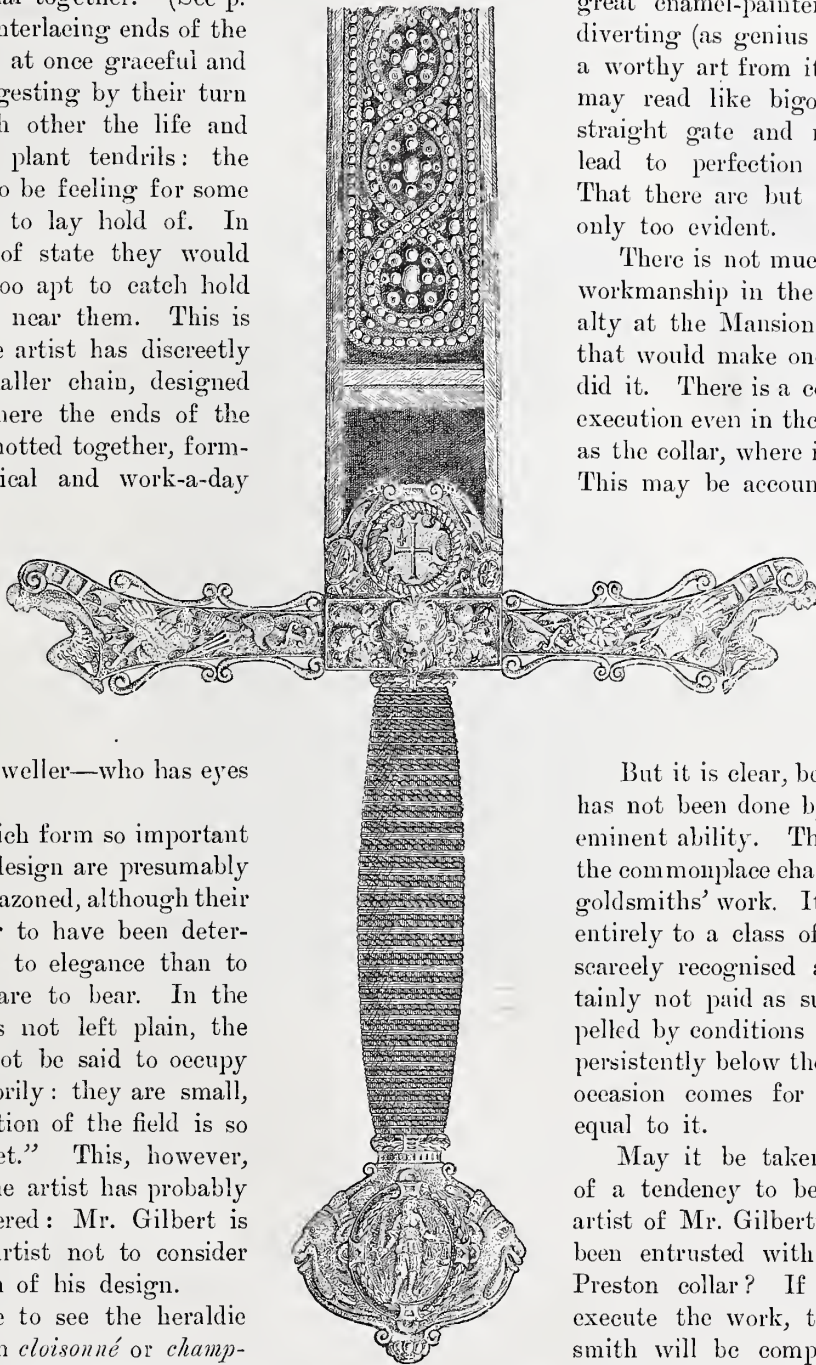
As the enameller branched off into the art of painting, he strayed farther and farther from the domain of enamel. It is to be doubted whether we have not to thank Léonard and the other great enamel-painters of Limoges for diverting (as genius so often has done) a worthy art from its natural path. It may read like bigotry, but it is the straight gate and narrow way which lead to perfection in craftsmanship. That there are but few who find it is only too evident.

There is not much really noteworthy workmanship in the insignia of mayoralty at the Mansion House—not much that would make one care to know who did it. There is a certain clumsiness of execution even in the smaller work, such as the collar, where it is least excusable. This may be accounted for in part by the British preference for "good, solid" work—solidity being about the last thing to be desired in jewellery.

But it is clear, besides, that the work has not been done by craftsmen of pre-eminent ability. That accounts also for the commonplace character of our modern goldsmiths' work. It is relegated almost entirely to a class of workmen who are scarcely recognised as artists, and certainly not paid as such—who are compelled by conditions of trade to work so persistently below their best, that, when occasion comes for art, they are not equal to it.

May it be taken as an indication of a tendency to better ways that an artist of Mr. Gilbert's gifts should have been entrusted with the design of the Preston collar? If he should actually execute the work, the Victorian goldsmith will be competing for once on more equal ground with the artificers of the time of Cellini. Our difficulty is, that it is pecuniarily not worth the artist's while to adopt an art like the goldsmith's as his *métier*; and, if he

only take to it on occasion, he cannot possibly do in it all that he might have done had he once served his apprenticeship to it. And that is one of the evils of separating craftsmanship and art.



HILT AND SCABBARD OF THE
SWORD PRESENTED TO THE
CORPORATION OF LONDON
BY QUEEN ELIZABETH.

OLD ARTS AND MODERN THOUGHTS.

THE BOW OF IRIS.

BY J. E. HODGSON, R.A.



THE BOW OF IRIS.

(Drawn by J. E. Hodgson, R.A.
Engraved by J. M. Johnston.)

even of the night, in morning and evening, in storm and sunshine. I have seen that iron coast lashed by Atlantic breakers, with the rugged hills towering dark and sullen, like the gates to some inhospitable land; and I have seen the sunset glowing on their peaks, which burned like flames against the eastern sky. But on this last occasion I saw them under a new aspect: the wind was easterly, and there was a decided mirage; a thin, colourless band separated the water from the land, which seemed steeper and higher than usual. The land loomed, as sailors say. On my left were the granite hills of Morven and Sunart; on my right, on the far side of the Linnhe Loch, was a long stretch of the Argyllshire Highlands, bending northwards, a vista of mountains, peak behind peak, from Ben Cruachan and the Hills of Appin and Glencoe to distant Ben Nevis, whose truncated cone was clearly defined against the sky. They were excessively sharp but pale and filmy, their lights of an indescribable amber colour, tinged with rose, their shadows of a clear cerulean blue. The sky was pale ultramarine blue, barred with white, and the sea the colour a turquoise stone would be were it not cloudy but transparent; add some flocks of white sea-gulls flying round the ship, and the reader can picture to himself in a dim and partial way something of the beauty of what I witnessed. But I cannot convey to him the impression it produced upon my feelings; the sense of littleness and utter worthlessness, the awful recognition of sublimity, of stupendous might and majesty with which it impressed

me. Those eternal hills which had decked themselves in their robes of azure and gold and sat reposing in their unalterable strength and endurance, with the cloud-wreaths floating lightly round their heads and their feet upon the quiet waters, seemed utterly aloof from, and utterly regardless of, human troubles and vicissitudes.

As I recall that scene, I ask myself, how would the stern doctrinaires, the theorists who hold colour so cheaply, as such a sensuous and inferior thing, account for the strong impression it created?

It is evident that the supreme Artist and Artificer of the universe does not disdain to use it. From morn till eve it seems to be His delight to vary its harmonies, to change its key from sad to gay, from solemn to playful, and to find beauty and impressiveness always.

We might expect to find colour, which so powerfully affects the imagination, occupying an important place in art-education; as the facts are, we are disappointed—we might almost say, that the reverse is the case, that it is ignored. The subject is so confessedly difficult, that not only in England, but in France, Holland, Belgium, Italy, and Germany, it seems to have been abandoned and left to the processes of nature. In all academies and schools of art, from the sixteenth century downwards, the attention of students has been directed to drawing, design, composition, perspective, and anatomy; and around these subjects there has grown up a mass of writings, of professorial formulæ and dogmas, which exhibit an interesting variety in their degrees of wisdom and imbecility. A great effort has been made to affiliate art to philosophy. For instance, because a Greek philosopher invented a theory of abstract beauty, based on the postulate of a prior conscious existence—a postulate which no living creature now will accept—it has been argued that the excellence of Greek sculpture was the result of that theory, which it was not, and can be proved not to have been on historical evidence, seeing that Plato did not come into the world till seventy years after Phidias; and consequently if his theory had any effect whatever on Greek art, which it probably had not, it produced its decline. The ancient Greek was an artist to the core; he never ceased to be one to the latest days of his melancholy history; and the Græculus esuriens satirised by Juvenal, though he was a rogue, a liar, and a sycophant, still preserved within him the instinct of the beautiful. But Greek

art had reached its highest point in Phidias, its supreme intellectual limit, the point of calm contemplation; after him it had descended to the feverish regions of sensuous excitement, and whatever Plato may have done for it he did not elevate its tone. It is ill playing with classification in matters of art, where every quality is precious, if it be only genuine and from the heart. Though design may travel by a different road to reach the intellect and the imagination, colour gets there also, and makes itself equally important.

It has been said that this valuable quality cannot be taught; it is so far true, that you cannot point out or explain what particular tint of blue or grey will become beautiful when placed next to a particular tint of yellow or red, that requires what the French call "la bosse;" yet you can put students in possession of the science of colouring—and there is one—you can explain what constitutes good colouring, and what are its properties, and by calling their attention to it, you may stimulate independent inquiry, and so develop "la bosse," if it is in them.

In the Middle Ages, and even to the close of the fifteenth century, every individual artist held towards some other individual artist the position of pupil to master, and it is reasonable to suppose that he imbibed from him many valuable rules and precepts which are now lost, which were scattered when the personal relationship ceased, when the master ceased to be an individual and became an academy.

How else can we account for the facts? An admirable method of colouring prevailed amongst the Venetians from the earliest times; Carpaccio, Carlo Crivelli, Cima da Conegliano, and Bonifazzio had a profound science in colouring, which was afterwards perfected by Giorgione, Titian, P. Veronese, and Tintoretto. We find an equally admirable practice amongst the Dutch painters of the seventeenth century, who may have had access to traditions handed down from the Van Eycks through Van der Weyden, Memling,

and Breughel. In any case, it seems repugnant to reason to attribute the general excellence of a school to a coincidence of individual gifts, and we must suppose that amongst the Venetians and the Dutch colouring was taught, and taught successfully. This is further borne out by the fact that each of these schools had its peculiar characteristic attribute. Amongst the Venetians colouring received its glory

from without—from atmospheric causes; they loved to represent objects glowing in the golden light of evening in a coloured atmosphere. The Flemings and Dutch, with a few exceptions—such as Cuypp and Both—painted colourless light, and the lustre of their colouring was derived from that inherent in the objects represented.

In our day there is no country in Europe which can so fairly lay claim to have produced a school of colourists as our own. British pictures seen in foreign galleries arrest the eye at once by the lustre and variety of their tinting. An eminent French painter, on entering an English exhibition for the first time, turned his eyes rapidly from side to side, and then exclaimed, "Au moins c'est gai!" From the days of Reynolds to our own British artists

have aimed at producing fine colour, and if in quite recent exhibitions we notice a change in that respect, that must be attributed to the influence of French teaching, which, after centuries of careful schooling, of professorial industry, and elaborate classification, has arrived at producing quite an unnatural divorce between colour and chiaroscuro, which are, in reality, inseparable. This process has of late years been accelerated by the introduction of photography and its cousins—heliochrome, photogravure, &c.—inventions which seem to give emphasis to an artificial distinction. To establish this statement I must venture on a little analysis.

The complete and perfected art of painting is a representation of the appearance of nature—a representation as complete as the materials will admit of—and all the appearances of nature are



THE LEGEND OF ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

(From a Drawing by J. E. Hodgson, R.A. Engraved by Scheu.)

comprehended under the heading of coloured spaces. We cannot get farther back than that. I assume, as necessary to the argument, and as logically consistent with facts, that black and white are colours, and that an "eyeless cavern" is a space of a black colour. Form is produced by the limits of coloured spaces. Eugène Véron expresses the same idea in these words:—"Perspective and colour—these are the two generative elements of painting. Colour distinguishes objects from each other, and perspective puts them in their proper place." The introduction of perspective here is unnecessary, and might be confusing. In Lionardo da Vinci's treatise the following passage occurs:—"Do not make the boundaries of your figures with any other colour than that of the background on which they are placed—that is, avoid making dark outlines. The boundaries which separate one body from another are of the nature of mathematical lines, but not of real lines. The end of any colour is only the beginning of another; and it ought not to be called a line, for nothing interposes between them except the termination of the one against the other, which, being nothing in itself, cannot be perceivable." The art of drawing with pencil or chalk on paper is, therefore, a conventional art. By long habit and common consent we have learnt to accept the outline as expressing the limit between two colours. Form is therefore included in colour—not independent, but a condition of it; and so with chiaroscuro. Colours have two properties: tone and tint.

Tone is a quality independent of the blueness, redness, or yellowness of an object; it indicates the amount of light which any given colour reflects. The French have called this the "value" of a colour—*e.g.*, Naples yellow reflects more light than vermilion, and that more than indigo, whereas black reflects none at all, and white absorbs none, but gives it all back. The chiaroscuro of a picture, therefore, is determined by the tones inherent in the colours with which it is painted, and the picture in which the colours of nature are most nicely felt and discriminated will present the greatest subtlety and variety of chiaroscuro.

Tint refers to the particular rays of light which any given object or substance reflects: the red, yellow, blue, or compound rays. Tints act upon each other in a peculiarly complex way, and the science of colouring is commonly supposed to consist in the adjustment and juxtaposition of tints; but the adjustment and juxtaposition of tones is equally necessary to produce good colouring. R. Töppffer, in his "Menus propos," says that "the genius of the colourist is distinguished chiefly by the discrimination of relative tones."

In addition to tone and tint we may discern a

third attribute partly independent of them. It is the property which some colours have of asserting themselves, and of looking more illumined than others; such we call advancing colours, yellow, orange, and certain tints of red for instance, whilst others, such as blue-grey and certain tints of green and purple, we call receding colours. The proper management of this attribute in colours constitutes the art of aerial perspective.

Tone, tint, and luminosity are the essential generative elements of painting, as they are of the appearances of nature—design and drawing, as I have said before, being determined by them. Nature presents us with an infinite variety of colours, consequently also of tones and tints; and modern French education is faulty, inasmuch as though it calls the attention of students to the variety of tones, yet it does not insist on an equal variety of tints; and without the union of the two you cannot have fine colouring. You cannot separate chiaroscuro from colour without doing violence to nature.

The science of colours, which was a notable battleground in the days when the "Farbenlehre" was a new book, has, in our times, received great additions, and the German savant, Helmholtz, has arrived at conclusions which must be interesting and useful to artists. He discovered accidentally that a ray of white light passing through a hole in a red curtain and striking on a white wall produced a green spot, and changing the conditions he found that in passing through a hole in a green curtain the spot was red; this led to further investigations, which established the fact that round every colour the eye sees a nimbus or halo of its contrasting colour; round red a halo of green, round blue of orange, and so forth—hence the intensity produced by the juxtaposition of contrasting colours. Green placed next to scarlet is made intense, because it receives the halo or spectrum of the scarlet, which makes the green more green; whereas green placed next to yellow is dimmed, because it is suffused with a violet tinge, which is the spectrum of yellow. This same Helmholtz made further experiments by crossing rays of coloured light; the chief interest of the investigations to artists lying in the explanation they offer on that very abstruse subject, the action and reaction of colours upon each other. We have seen that every colour carries round it a halo of coloured light which is tinted with its contrasting colour, and it is consistent to assume that when two colours are placed so near each other that their respective halos overlap, the ordinary phenomena which result from the crossing of coloured rays of light will be produced. So that, if we take a square and divide it in half, painting one side bright yellow and the other scarlet, leaving a white spot in the middle, that spot will be

tinged with violet from one side and green from the other; and a mixture of violet and green, according to the table of Helmholtz, produces a pale blue, and blue is the contrasting colour of orange, or the mixture of red and yellow; if the spot were pink instead of white, by the addition of blue it would appear violet; if of a pale green it would assume a beautiful aquamarine tint, and a no colour: a touch of mud-like umber and white, such as a great colourist would probably put in such a place, would be transformed into an indescribably beautiful tint, for which we could find no name. But if, instead of scarlet

No sooner does he leave his workshop than plump down the chimney comes Robin Goodfellow, his face beaming with fun and mischief. He carries a magic palette on his thumb, and, climbing up on the painter's stool, and balancing himself on his two little fat legs, he proceeds to glaze over the picture with phantom washes of yellow, violet, and green.

In the morning the painter does not know his own picture. "What has happened to it?" he says. "That Infant's flesh was only red earth and white; what makes it look so golden? And that Virgin's



NEARING OBAN.

(From a Drawing by J. E. Hodgson, R.A. Engraved by Scheu.)

and yellow, we have yellow and blue in opposition, they would be surrounded by halos of orange and violet; and the crossing of orange and violet rays, according to the table, produces a dark rose colour, a most unexpected result; and a pink spot, therefore, would be intensified into crimson.

In the juxtaposition of colours there is, therefore, a peculiar and mysterious property of suggesting colours which do not actually exist in any other way than that they are actually seen. It is the foundation of a fairy tale:—

In a mediæval town a poor painter has been toiling without ceasing. The Abbot of Sta. Maria had called in the morning to say that, as the morrow was the festival of the Blessed Virgin, the picture commissioned must be in its place to hang over her altar. Without having had time to think of results, the painter has mixed the tints for the flesh, the traditional red and blue garments of the Virgin, the russet robes of Joseph, and the grey marble of the background. He has toiled all day, laying them on as deftly and as expeditiously as he could. Tired and dazed with his labour, he goes to his evening meal to solace himself in the society of his wife and children.

mantle, I thought, looked crude, and would never do; it is sober, rich, and beautiful." The Abbot calls, and is delighted; he pays double the sum agreed upon. The painter rushes and embraces his wife, who begins to cry, poor soul! And in all that mediæval town there is not a happier or more pious couple at the festival of the Blessed Virgin.

Truly in colouring we are dealing with things which have no tangible existence—with ghosts and phantoms, with creatures we may raise but cannot lay. In the days when demonology and witchcraft were practised—if ever they were practised, as some matter-of-fact people doubt—it was understood to be very imprudent to practise until you had thoroughly mastered the craft, and instances are recorded of people who knew enough to bid a demon fetch them water, but, not knowing the formula which would make him leave off, he continued until he drowned them. And, in like manner, a young painter may have learnt enough from such elementary cabalistic books as "Catalogus Winsori cum Newtono" as will enable him to summon his cadmium and cobalt from the vasty deep, but he has no power to allay the havoc and destruction they spread around them.

These things I have mentioned are the results of science, but great colourists—men who possessed “*la bosse*,” the gift, in a supreme degree—arrived at them by divination. Witness Rubens, who often spread large masses of scarlet as a sedative—“*un calmant*,” as Fromentin calls it—the green halo which scarlet carries round it, quieting everything in its neighbourhood.

How infinitely noble is knowledge—science, literally speaking! How it elevates human nature! Here is a dryasdustic German savant patiently following up certain investigations, and arriving at curious results. And what happens? A sudden apotheosis of the great men of art. “*The Marriage of Cana*,” by P. Veronese, becomes a miracle; the mind staggers to think of such an achievement when it is informed that every one of the thousand tints on that huge canvas is acting on others and being acted upon, and yet perceives so much brilliancy and harmony. And what a wholesome conviction it forces upon us, that this poor modicum of thinking-matter which we carry about with us, and which we have been palming off on a credulous public as our brains, is mere organic but uninformed syllogistic protoplasm, fit for no better purposes than talking about things, instead of doing them!

It is a fact well known to artists that certain colours have a superior insistency, assert themselves more powerfully than others, and that, to ensure harmony, they must be used sparingly; purple, green, orange, blue, red, and yellow, represent such power of assertion arranged in a descending scale;

red and yellow are, therefore, the colours which may be used in the largest masses.

But alas! all this dissection and analysis tends to weaken our enjoyment of nature and of art; and the artist is doomed to suffer a sad abatement of his joys. When I found myself on that September morning contemplating the majestic glory of Ben Cruachan and Ben Nevis, with all their mountain retinue, clothed in festive garments of gold and azure, and I watched the liquid folds of green and silver rolling over the face of the waters, I was tormented and saddened by the conscious impossibility of reproduction. Art seemed a vain and hopeless thing, and so it must ever seem to the artist. Who would care to know what passes behind the scenes when the lightning flashes and the thunder rolls, and when Lear, his wits all distracted by ingratitude and injustice, is calling on the storm to wreck this miserable world? Who would care to have seen the actor reciting his part before a looking-glass? Who would willingly choose to know the mechanism of the storm, to watch the carpenters burning the sulphate of barytes and agitating the sheets of tin?

Art-writing to interest the world must be written from the front of the proscenium. The object of art is to please, to captivate the imagination and the senses; the literature of the studio is only vexation to the spirit, a dreary catalogue of means, dry husks, like autumn leaves, swept up in heaps, out of which we would reconstruct the leafy grandeur of the forest oak, under whose shade we rested in the dog days and listened to the birds singing on its boughs.



THE HAUNT OF IRIS.

(From a Drawing by J. E. Hodgson, R.A. Engraved by Miss Bergman.)



ALFRED GILBERT, A.R.A.

(From a Photograph by F. Hollyer, Kensington. Engraved by P. Naumann.)

ALFRED GILBERT, A.R.A.—II.

By W. COSMO MONKHOUSE.



THE general interest aroused by Mr. Gilbert's works—so few in number and, as a rule, so small in scale—is a matter for more wonder than any professional recognition of his merits. Moreover, Mr. Gilbert has not, as things go, had long to wait for it. He was born in 1854, and is therefore not yet thirty-five years old, and it is only during the last six or seven years that his work has been seen in London exhibitions. It is not too much to say that hitherto he has been generally known by two statuettes only—the “Perseus” and the “Iearus”—and by his memorial of Henry Fawcett in Westminster Abbey. It is only this year, at the Royal Academy, that his

monumental statue of “The Queen” at Winchester has been unveiled, so to speak, to a large public.

The “Iearus” and the “Perseus” are both instances that the source from which what are generally called the “subjects” of works of art are derived is not of so much importance as the treatment of them. Of the number of persons who have been arrested and charmed by these statuettes a great many knew little or nothing of the legends they illustrate. In the figure of Perseus Mr. Gilbert may be said to have stooped to conquer. (See p. 39.) Instead of giving us the hero engaged in mortal combat with the monster, he has chosen the simple motive of looking at the set of his winged sandal. It is what may be called heroic *genre*. The pose and occupation are both allied to our experience, though we do not wear winged shoes or go about without clothes.

Everybody has seen other people hold themselves so, and bend the knee so, looking sidelong down at one foot, the whole body curved aside and balanced on the other. The action is simple and graceful, producing beautiful arrangements of line, subtle modulations of muscle, and variety of tension. There is not a square inch of the body's surface that is not alive and interesting for its own sake. We see not only the life of the figure, but the life and thought of the artist, imparted by his fingers to the dead clay, and—what is not of small importance—a feeling of elegance and refinement rules the whole conception.

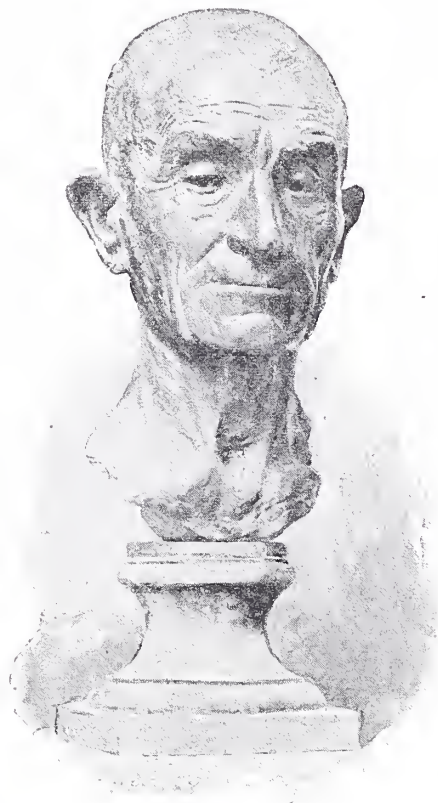
In the "Icarus," Mr. Gilbert had a motive of deeper spiritual significance, and one which, though more dependent upon legend for its sentiment, appeals at once to us, and scarcely needs a hint to explain itself. (See p. 40.) Whether we know about or care about Icarus himself, it is impossible not to feel that this lithe and strong young man is about to trust himself to those wings, and is pausing before the great moment of venture. The figure is not less easy and natural than that of the "Perseus," and by the beauty and subtlety of its modelling, by its variety of picturesque silhouette, its freshness and repose, its fine balance and romantic elegance, it can scarcely fail to appeal to the most dormant artistic sense.

Mr. Gilbert has thus, in these two statuettes, succeeded in making figures interesting and beautiful to a modern English audience which, except that they were conceived by a modern Englishman, have little or nothing that is English about them. Taking living Italians for his models, and his subjects from classical legend, he has produced work which is both original and alive. And he has done this simply because he has attempted to realise nothing which he has not felt himself, because the form and the thought and the style have all been the expression of his own individuality.

In Mr. Gilbert's work, whether portrait or such statuettes as these, we see (as, indeed, we may see in hundreds of other works by other sculptors, at home and abroad) that the gulf between ancient ideals and modern needs is fairly bridged over, and that

the art of sculpture is one and indivisible, whether applied to realise the dream of the imagination or to express the character of an individual. On the one hand, imaginative sculpture has become a means of expressing modern feelings; on the other, the portrait has been raised to its true dignity in fine art. Although these facts are only just beginning to be appreciated by the many, the movement in the right direction was not begun by the young group of sculptors of which Mr. Gilbert is one. It was Foley who in England first produced work

which was capable of arousing a vital interest in modern English sculpture. He was thoroughly earnest and manly, straightforward and simple. He went to nature and not to art for his forms; his conceptions of strength and beauty were his own; he thought in English and he spoke in English. But he spoke as a sculptor should speak—in the language of form; and those who really knew what sculpture was, saw, not perhaps without surprise, that modern thought and feeling could vitalise a statue, and that modern faces and modern dresses—the men, the animals, the things that were the common objects of their daily life—had elements of grandeur and beauty worthy of the immortality of marble or bronze. He showed that costume was really no bar to the genius of a great sculptor; that Hampden in the seventeenth, Goldsmith in the eighteenth, and Lord Hard-



STUDY OF A HEAD.

(From the Bust by Alfred Gilbert, A.R.A.)

inge in the nineteenth century, could be represented in the garb they wore without loss of dignity or poetry. He showed us in "Caractacus" that the ancient Briton was no less a subject for sculpture than the ancient Greek; and in his magnificent group of Asia, on the Albert Memorial, that such an intangible idea as the mysterious spirit of the East could be made to breathe from marble; that Indians, Persians, and Chinamen no less than Englishmen, elephants no less than horses, were capable of sculptural treatment. Between Foley and Gilbert there are many names which would deserve mention in a history of English sculpture, but in connection with Mr. Alfred Gilbert and other living sculptors who form what may truly

be called the "new school," the most important is that of the late Alfred Stevens, the designer of the Wellington monument in St. Paul's, perhaps, in grandeur of style and vigorous imagination, the greatest monument since Michelangelo. Stevens was the precursor, it may be said the founder, of the school, which, by its reference to nature for its models and its motives, and to the artist's own feeling for its inspiration, has made little less than a revolution in English plastic art. In the workmanship, be it added, no less than in the spirit—for nothing divides the sculpture of the new school from that of the old more completely than the thoroughness and truth of its modelling. The language that I have used with regard to Mr. Gilbert's "Perseus" could scarcely have been applied with truth to any English sculptor a few years ago. It would then have been hard to find a figure of which it could be said that "every square inch of its surface was interesting for its own sake." Of the mobility of a complex organism, of the infinite variety of its surface, of the elasticity of its skin (indeed, of the existence of a skin at all), the tame old style of modelling gave little or no evidence.

But to return to Mr. Gilbert and portrait. The most important effort he has made in this direction is the monumental statue of "The Queen" at Winchester, the cast of which was recently in the Royal Academy. It is not, of course, a portrait only, for it represents the Queen in State, enthroned and robed and crowned, globe and sceptre in hand, and is intended to convey the idea of the power and majesty of her great office; but it is a portrait, nevertheless, and an admirable one—dignified but gentle, spirited but yet touched by that shade of melancholy which has rested on her face since her Consort's death.

The whole effect of the statue is magnificent. The stately architectural throne, adorned with niche and

figure; the grand but graceful lines and masses of the robes; the fringed footstool; the sceptre and the globe, with its exquisite flying figure of Victory—all these and other ornaments and accessories, voluminous and elaborate as they are, instead of overpowering the figure, simply enshrine and decorate it with honour and majesty. In the midst of all, the Queen sits with perfect ease, superb but unaffected.

As an example of Mr. Gilbert's work, when it treats a subject of purely national interest, the next in importance is his memorial of Henry Fawcett in Westminster Abbey. (See p. 1.) In its comparatively diminutive size and its decorative adjustment to the traceried arch of the screen in which it is set, it offers a striking contrast to the huge and clumsy compositions which block the passages and mutilate the beauty of the Abbey. It is composed of a portrait-medallion, and a row of little figures, representing the virtues of the late blind statesman and economist. Fortitude stands in the middle, supported on either hand by Justice and Modesty; by the side of Justice is Zeal; by the side of Modesty Industry—all upright, full-length figures, and in the lower spaces, where the curve of the arch springs, are two seated figures suggestive of Brotherhood. The thought is simple; but the execution is so full of invention, that the mere description of the little life-

like figures with their emblems cannot be attempted here. They present so many varieties of surface and texture, of light and shade, of poise and gesture, shape and outline, and are so embroidered with the growth of the artist's fancy, that they are like a little garden of sculpture. The decorative and picturesque richness of their interest emphasises rather than diminishes the solemn simplicity of the head above. An admirable likeness—as nearly all can judge—it is full of the finest feeling. The intellectual and strangely sympathetic features are modelled with the greatest tenderness. He has



PERSEUS.

(From the Statuette by Alfred Gilbert, A.R.A. In the Possession of J. P. Hestline, Esq.)

caught the pathetic, listening look which long years of blindness engraves on the human face, and the expression of attention is so strong that it is difficult to realise that the eyes are closed.

The record of Mr. Gilbert's achievement down to the present time would not be complete without mention of a life-sized plaster group, called the "Enchanted Chair," which (or a portion of which) was exhibited in 1886. (See p. 4.) It is, perhaps, the most purely imaginative work that he has produced, and is distinguished by its boldness and originality. In a chair of strange design, supported by winged heads, sits a nude female figure, her head fallen on her shoulder in profound sleep. Perched on the back of her chair stands a huge eagle, conceived with great vigour, half-spreading his wings in a canopy over her, and at her feet a frightened dove.

It is such work of Mr. Gilbert's, especially the Fawcett Memorial and the statue of the Queen, that makes one feel hopeful about a really national school of sculpture, which shall produce works thoroughly understood, admired, and loved by the people. If Mr. Gilbert stood alone, there would not be so much ground for hope; but he is only one of many who

are gradually vitalising every kind of sculpture. Fresh life is visible all along the line, from the magnificent "Medea" of Mr. Thornycroft to the sprightly kittens of Miss Chaplin. What is to be desired is that the modeller's art should not be a mere object of admiration at exhibitions, in churches, and public places, but should enter our homes in statuette, in frieze, and mantelpiece, in articles of personal ornament and domestic use. I have carefully avoided in this article any comparisons be-

tween the works of living men. I have no wish to point out in what respects Mr. Gilbert's work is superior, or in what inferior to that of his fellow-artists; but I wish to point out that in one direction he is more versatile than most, and that is in every description of ornamental metal-work. Traces

of Mr. Gilbert's exuberant invention in ornament will be found on nearly all his sculpture. If it were not that his fertility were restrained by a fastidious taste, it might be pointed out as one of his dangers, if not of his defects; but as it is, it only makes his work more engaging. But, apart from his sculpture proper, his active fancy delights in designing ornament and ornaments—rings, necklaces, &c., which his skill in metal-work enables him to carry out himself. Of his ingenuity in this regard there is an important and interesting example in the Royal Academy now, in his model of a collar, chain, and badge for the Corporation of Preston.* The richness of this design is the more remarkable when we take into account the simple elements of which it is composed. If we disregard the gems and enamelled decorations, nearly the whole of this sumptuous ornament is composed of twisted strips of plain metal. This



ICARUS.

(From the Statuette by Alfred Gilbert, A.R.A. In the Possession of Sir Frederick Leighton, Bart., P.R.A.)

elaborate piece of *orfèvererie* he intends to execute with his own hand. No work of the kind is beneath the dignity of the artist, and no employment of his fancy will do more to encourage the growth of real artistic taste amongst us. Among the more important works upon which Mr. Gilbert is now engaged are a fountain for Piccadilly Circus, in commemoration of Lord Shaftesbury, and a memorial of the late Randolph Caldecott.

* See illustration on p. 29.

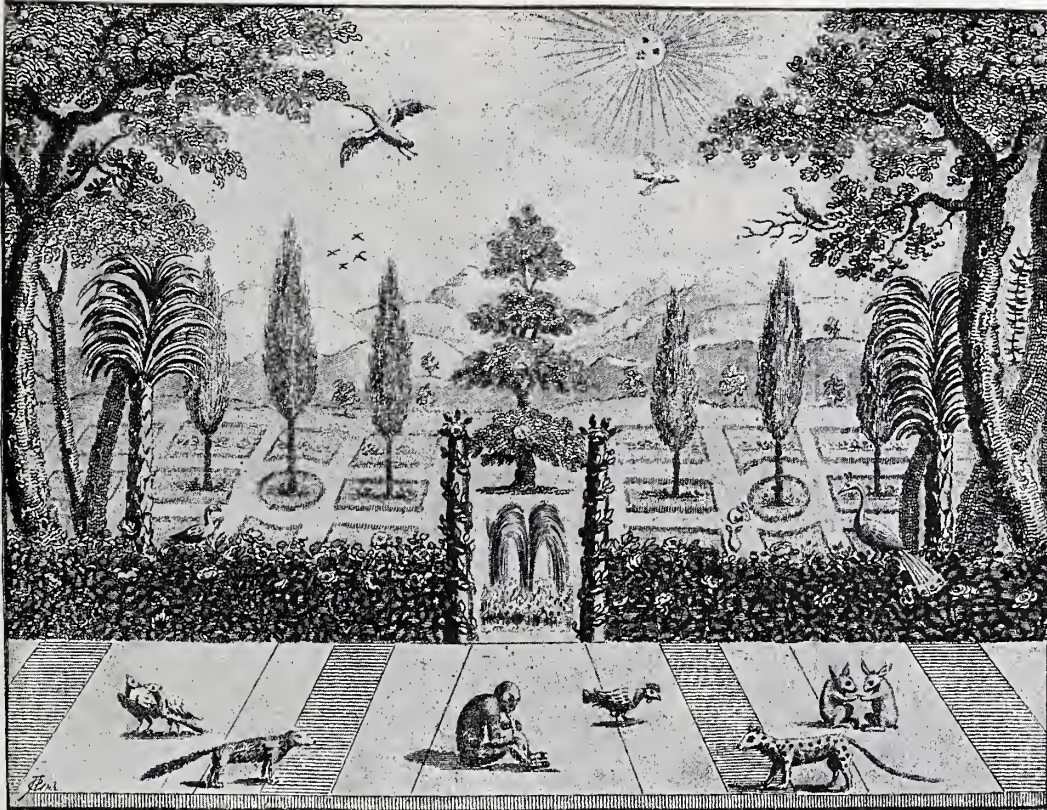
ART IN THE THEATRE.

SOME FAMOUS SCENE-PAINTERS.

By W. J. LAWRENCE.

IT is quite in keeping that the Mother of Modern Art should have lent herself to the fostering of theatrical decoration at a time when the Drama in other countries had little name, and certainly no local

formulating definite rules of perspective, discovered the points of distance to which all lines making an angle of forty-five degrees with the ground-line are drawn. Peruzzi derived so much benefit from his



SCENE IN "PARADISE."

(From the "Adamo" of G. B. Andreini, Milan, 1613.)

habitation. The conditions of art in Italy prior to the introduction and general practice of oil-painting were such as to facilitate progress in scenic embellishment. Before the time of Domenico the Venetian, working in distemper was the method invariably employed on wall, wood, or canvas. That the Italians are natural scene-painters their long extended proficiency in the kindred art of historico-allegorico-mural decoration would surely go to show.

Although Brunelleschi and Il Cecca had previously laboured to endow the sacred *rappresentazioni* of Florence with a suitable background, the Cimabue of theatric art arose in Balthazar Peruzzi (1480—1536), the Siennese artist who in pursuing the investigations of Pietro del Borgo, instituted with the purpose of

studies in this way that Titian is said to have called for a ladder once in viewing some of his decorative work in the Farnesina Palace in order to become assured by the sense of touch that the ornaments and mouldings were not really in relief as they appeared. His powerful and abiding influence as a scenist sprang from the circumstance that he was the first to apply perspective to the art of the theatre. Vasari, who gives us much important information concerning Peruzzi, expresses his astonishment at the number of palaces, houses, streets, &c., he was capable of compressing within the limits of a single scene without giving the impression of overcrowding. Some of his best scenery was painted for Bibiena's "Calandra," when that deadly-lively piece was performed at the

Vatican before Leo X. in honour of the Duchess of Mantua about the year 1514.

During the brief reign of the amorous Alessandro, Florence boasted the possession of two scenic artists of superlative genius in the persons of Andrea Del Sarto and Bastiano detto Aristotile. Upon his accession in 1532 the duke had commissioned the incarcerated Gio. Maria Primercani to compose a tragi-comedy on the escapades of Tamar the daughter of David; and this was furnished with scenery by Aristotile—"the finest," says Vasari, "that had ever been seen." Four years afterwards the same artist designed and erected a temporary theatre in the great court of the ducal palace for the production of Laudi's "Commodo," supplying also by way of scenic embellishment several views of Pisa, including the Leaning Tower and the Round Temple of San Giovanni.

Some idea of the perfection to which scenic illusion had been brought by the Italians in the sixteenth century may be gleaned from an examination of our own masques, which were purely the outcome of Inigo Jones's observations in Rome and Venice in and about the years 1605 and 1612. Perhaps the greatest impetus ever given to spectacular effect was that occasioned by the rage for opera at Venice, which commenced in 1640 and lasted for upwards of half a century. Mythological subjects were invariably chosen for treatment, thus allowing the scene-painter and machinist full scope to dazzle the spectator with fantastic surprises. Although labouring under the disadvantage of a system of illumination not properly under control, the Italians, from their partiality to a brilliantly lighted stage, produced, we are told, some remarkable effects. A favourite spectacle was that of a palace, largely composed of many-hued crystals, which shed a brilliant radiance around by means of subtly concealed torches, while descending from the clouds freighted with a complete Olympus! When Western Europe became smitten with the opera craze the migrating vocalists brought in their train numerous scenic artists and machinists. France had her native lyric art in 1645, and from that source Sir William Davenant derived the first scenery used on the English stage. The Italian influence on English scenic art, it may be remarked, lasted down almost to our time, beginning with Brunetti and Amiconi, and continuing through Zucarelli and Novosielski to Marinari and Augustus Aglio.

After fifty years of scenic excess the Italians, by way of relief, abandoned mythological opera in favour of historical subjects. Fewer demands were made on the ingenuity of the machinists, and, as a consequence, a quieter and more artistic school of scene-painters sprang up, foremost among whom were Canaletto, Bibiena Galli, and the Chevalier Servandoni. The beneficial influence of the two last-

named on European scenery could hardly be overestimated. Although variously-gifted men, Bibiena and Servandoni had much in common. In the grandeur of their ideas they were architects fit for kings, and by all sorts and conditions of potentates were they employed. Their architectural and perspective paintings are to be found in the Louvre and most of the principal Italian galleries. Ferdinando Galli (surnamed Bibiena, after his father, who derived the appellation from his birthplace) was born at Bologna in 1657, and studied under Carlo Cignani. His scenic work, like his pictures, was remarkable for excellent composition and perspective, and perfect light and shade. To him Algarotti attributes the introduction on the stage of "accidental points, or rather the invention of viewing scenes by the angle," a system capable of some picturesque effects when practised with forethought and judgment. Writing in 1736, Riccoboni informs us that Ferdinando Bibiena and his younger brother Francisco had "convinced all Europe, by their grand decorations, that a theatre may be adorned without machinery, not only with as much magnificence, but with more propriety." The brothers were both dead in 1743.

Servandoni, a Florentine artist (1695—1766), who came to Paris in 1726, was elected a member of the various academies and knighted on his appointment as architect painter to Louis XV. He was one of the chief promoters of the theatrical ballet, and effected many vital improvements in French *mise-en-scène* during the eighteen years he remained director of stage appointments at the Opera. Owing to the numerous architectural commissions he received outside France, Servandoni was also enabled to leave the impress of his genius on the scenic art of other capitals. He was in England in 1749, and painted some scenery for the Opera and Covent Garden, of which that at the latter house was carefully preserved for thirty years afterwards.

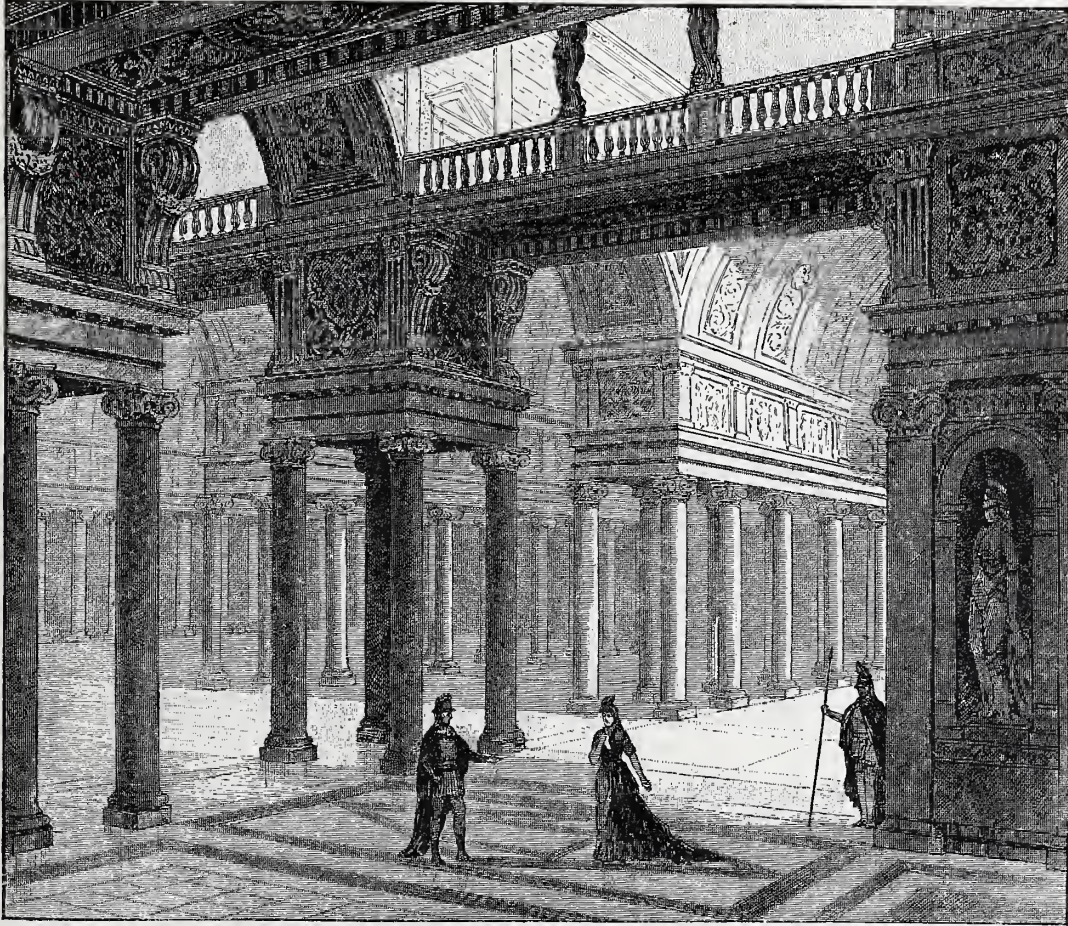
Although scene-painting was somewhat tardy in taking root in France, the native school can boast in Boucher, Boquet, Tardif, Bandon, Degotti, Ciceri, Séchan, Dieterle, Desplechin, Cambon, Nolau, Chaperon, Cheret, and Daguerre, a list of votaries worthy of comparison with the best that Italy could produce. A proof of the practical utility of the scientist behind the scenes is afforded by Daguerre's career. The same powers that assisted Niepce in the investigation of sun-pictures, and Bouton in the perfecting of dioramic effect, were brought to bear with equal success on the optics of the theatre. One of the scenes painted and arranged by Daguerre at the Opéra Comique some sixty years ago is still looked upon as a marvel in French theatrical circles. This was a moonlight "set," with floating clouds that alternately obscured and revealed the stars, while

actors, trees, and houses all threw their shadows upon the ground and on each other.

Superficialists who delight in attributing the rise of historical accuracy, local colour, and realistic accessories on the English stage to the Romantic or Pre-Raphaelite movement, very conveniently ignore the fact that thirty years and more before the famous battle of "Hernani," John Kemble's antiquarian instinct had prompted him to give the Shakespearean

part in the general protest against pseudo-classicism. Welby Pugin, the reviver of the Gothic taste in ecclesiastical architecture, was associated with the Grieves in painting scenery for Covent Garden Theatre and Her Majesty's some fifty-six years ago.

For the practical exposition of his ideas the elder Kemble was largely indebted to the historical knowledge and research of John Capon (1757—1827), his scenic artist, who had been a pupil of the great



SCENE BY SERVANDONI.

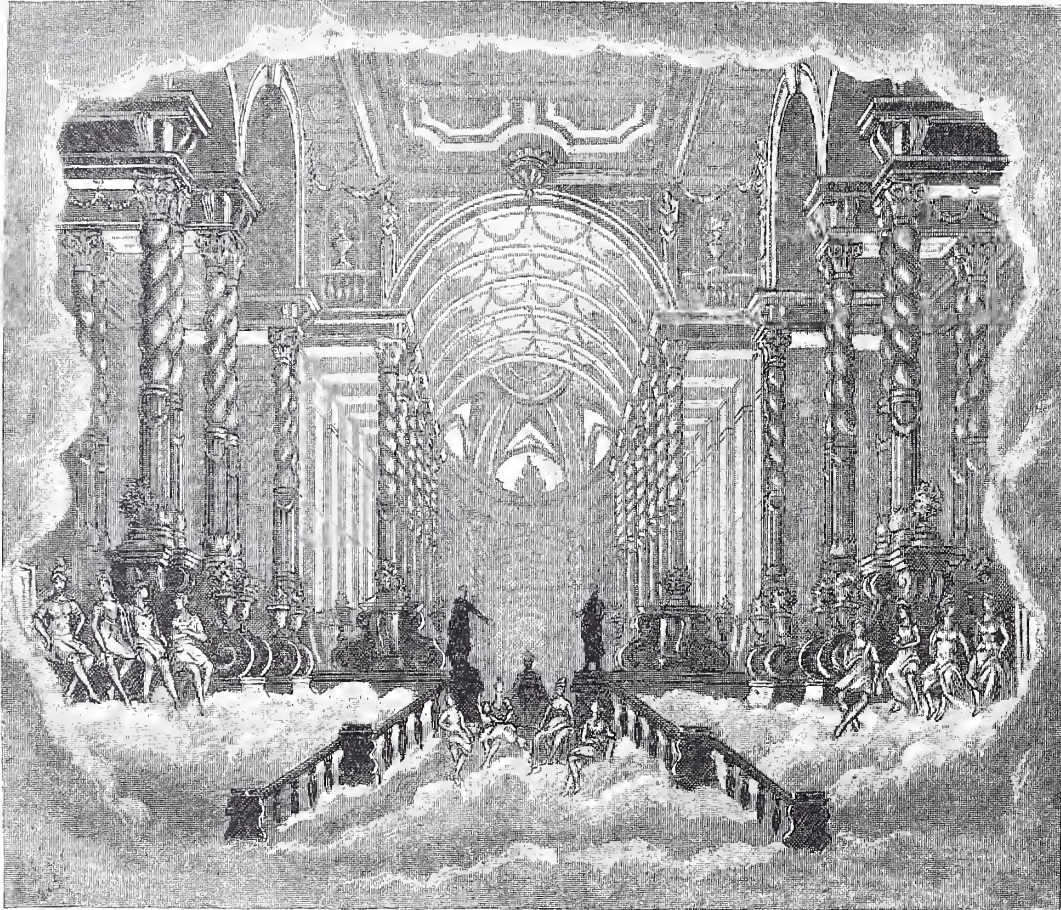
From a Drawing by E. H. Fitcher.

drama appropriate costumes, scenery, and accessories. Allowing for a few brief intermittent periods of stagnation, the work of revolt against scenic artificiality and generalisation was carried on steadily from time to time by Charles Kemble, Madame Vestris, Macready, and Phelps. Then the far-reaching Pre-Raphaelite movement, joining issue with the analogous but restricted tendency of the stage, evoked the Robertsonian comedy, and striking at externals, with Charles Kean as interpreter, subordinated dramatic to scenic effect, and occasioned certain archaeological excesses from which the theatre has never since recovered. It is a strange coincidence that a quondam scene-painter should have played no inconsiderable

Novosielski, and held the position of draughtsman to the Duke of York. Capon's highly-pronounced antiquarian tastes led him to make elaborate plans of most of the ancient structures in and about the metropolis, many of which were purchased by the Society of Antiquaries and engraved. The knowledge thus derived was turned to excellent advantage from time to time in the Drury Lane scene-loft. Thus, from the remains of the ancient Palace of Westminster, Capon deduced a scene showing the entire building as it was about the year 1500, the point of view being the south-west corner of Old Palace Yard. He also painted some very remarkable scenery for Colman's "Iron Chest" in 1796, consisting

principally of an ancient baronial hall in the style of the times of Edward IV. and Henry VI., and a library scene copied from the most complete specimen of Gothic architecture then extant, with the book-cases painted from another reliable source, and the vaulting of the groined ceiling from the cloister of St. Stephen, Westminster. It must be remembered of course that there was little or no attempt to heighten the illusion by "building up" the scene, all the effects being rendered for the most part by

time when gas was fast superseding the old system of lamps and opening up new vistas of scenic delight, an artist like Stanfield should have appeared whose work was able to withstand the severe scrutiny occasioned by the sudden prominence given to the background. No wonder that Stanfield and Roberts were said to have almost made scene-painting a new art! Apart from the fact that the truth and beauty of Stanfield's landscapes—such for instance as the delicious Sicilian views painted



SCENE BY BIBIENA GALLI.

(From a Drawing by E. H. Fitchew.)

brush-work on the conventional flats, wings, and borders. Not that elaborate set scenes were altogether unknown. Take, for instance, the gorgeous interior of the mediæval church as painted by Capon in 1799 for Joanna Bailie's "De Montfort." In this scene, nave, side-aisles, and choir were shown in seven successive planes, the dimensions of the whole being as follow: Width 56 feet, depth 52 feet, height 37 feet.

Next to Capon, the two painters whose work proved most influential in shaping the characteristics of modern *mise-en-scène* were, I think, Clarkson Stanfield and William Beverley. It was a providential thing for stage art that precisely at the

in 1842 for "Aeolus and Galatea"—taught the play-going masses to admire and look for good work, the influence of this artist can be more distinctly traced in the grafting of panoramic and dioramic effects upon conventional scenic methods. Next to solidity and massiveness, I suppose the chief characteristic of modern scenery is its panoramic tendency. Even Wagner's eclectic system of stage-setting owes something to the labours of Clarkson Stanfield. Brought out at first in Christmas pantomimes to lend extraneous aid to the spectacle, the picturesque beauty of these panoramic views, permeated as they were with the painter's sailor-like love of the sea, so far engaged

public attention that other artists of the calibre of David Roberts, Charles Marshall, and the Grieves took up the running, and the panorama from being a familiar feature of holiday entertainments, was pressed in time into the service of the regular drama. When Macready revived "Henry V." in 1839, it was Stanfield who supplied the panoramic illustrations of the storming of Harfleur, the battle of Agincourt, and the departure of the fleet from Southampton, which were exhibited at the opening of the several acts. As for the rest old playgoers will readily call to mind the admirable use made of the panorama by Phelps at Sadler's Wells and Charles Kean at the Princess's in many of their elaborate Shakespearean revivals.

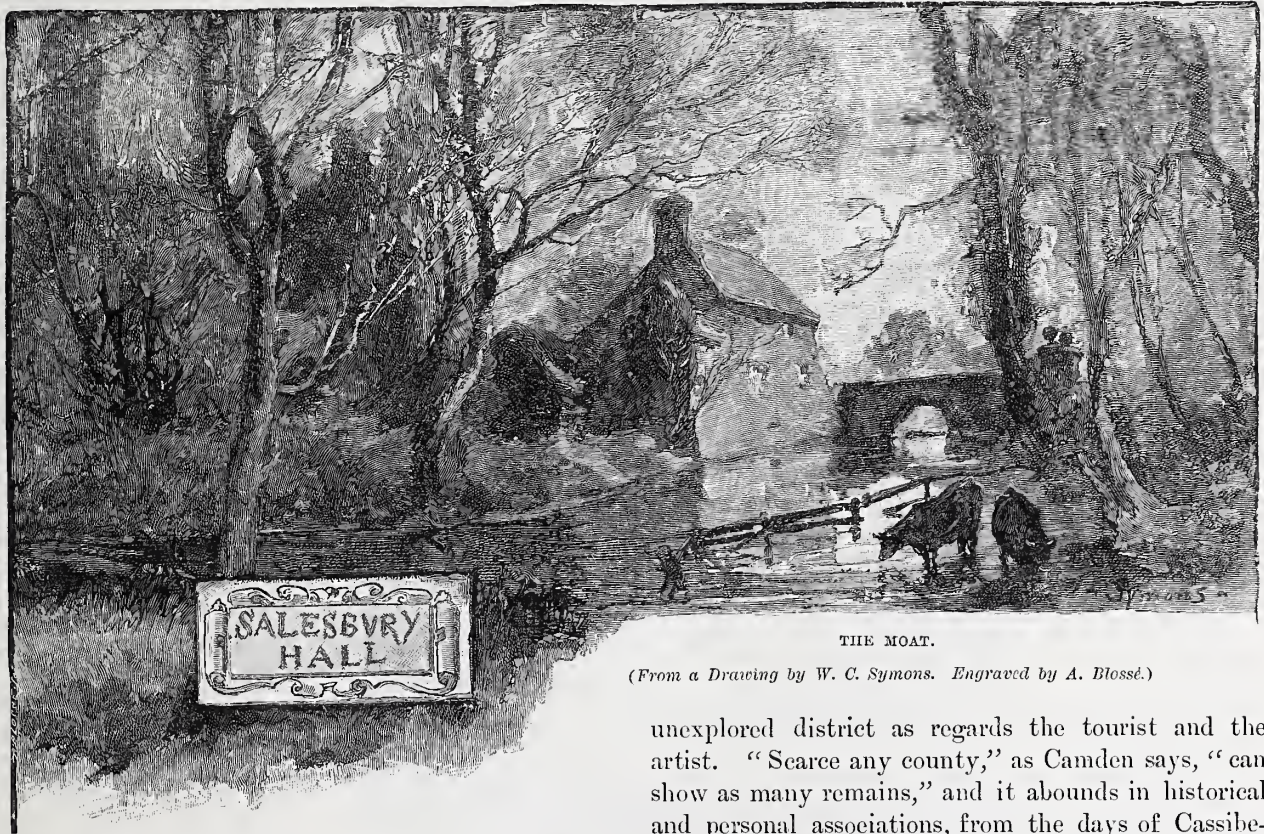
Stanfield was born at Sunderland in 1794, and from the Sunderland Theatre (strange to say), forty-eight years afterwards, there came to the old "Vic" a clever young artist, whom fate had ordained to consummate the other's work. A stripling in years, although a greybeard in scenic proficiency, William

Beverley had not been long in the metropolis before the appearance of his name on a playbill was reckoned a sufficient guarantee for the excellence of the scenery. The rise of the Planché extravaganza during the famous Vestris régime at the Lyceum (1847—1855) gave Mr. Beverley full scope for the display of his fine imaginative powers, and soon earned for him the title of "the Watteau of scene-painters." It was here that the old glories of the Venetians were first eclipsed in those marvellous Transformation scenes, which were afterwards perfected by their creator on the larger stage of Drury Lane.

To excel nowadays, the devotee of the double-tie brush needs to unite pictorial and constructive talents with mechanical ingenuity, and to possess a perfect knowledge of the possibilities of lighting. It was the skilful combination of these faculties at the outset of his career that gave William Beverley the fame and position he now enjoys.

SALISBURY HALL.

By M. C. GILLINGTON.



THE MOAT.

(From a Drawing by W. C. Symons. Engraved by A. Blossé.)

THE county of Hertfordshire, in spite of its proximity to the metropolis, and its intersection by various lines of rail, is in many respects an

unexplored district as regards the tourist and the artist. "Scarce any county," as Camden says, "can show as many remains," and it abounds in historical and personal associations, from the days of Cassibelaunus down to those of Bulwer Lytton. Its well-known objects of interest, such as St. Alban's Abbey, Hatfield, Knebworth, and Moor Park, are easily

accessible, and familiar to most men either by name or by sight. But the highways and byways, the lonely reaches and backwaters of rural life, are still unvisited by the Bank Holiday maker, and unblighted by the photographic fiend; the cowslips that bloom over ancient battle-fields have not yet found their way to Covent Garden. In these green and secluded places many a romantic tradition lingers yet, the railway whistle and the School Board having failed to frighten away the floating memories of hair-breadth 'scape and supernatural visitation. Echoes of Tudor tragedies and Stuart escapades still haunt the mossy buttresses of mouldering castle walls and the shadowy corners of yew-clipt alleys. The peculiar quietude and loveliness of these tranquil hamlets appears to deepen perceptibly in the environs of the great abbey. Over ploughed lands and undulating fallows there broods, were it indeed possible, an intenser peace; a more picturesque beauty invests the October-leaf coloured angles and gables of the venerable manor-houses here and there among their elms. Of these stately survivals of a by-gone age, the subject of the accompanying sketches—Salisbury Hall, or Salesbury, as it was called once upon a time—is a superb type and representative. Sir John Cutts, Privy Councillor and Treasurer of England under Henry VIII., “buildd,” according to Leland, “at Salisbury Park near St. Albans,” this lofty mansion, with its gracious surrounding of elms and oaks, its fair green park slopes, and its guardian moat. Sir John Cutts’s building, however, has been gradually merged in the alterations and additions of later architects, and the house, as it now stands, is almost entirely of the date of Charles I. and II. It is, indeed, thoroughly imbued with the air of the Stuart epoch; it is like the “Hesperides” of Herrick, or the lyrics of Lovelace, transmuted into dormer and gable, panelled wall and oaken stairway. And its quaint stateliness bears a curious anachronistic flavour, resultant from the inextricable blending of the historico-romantic element with the matter-of-fact, everyday, rural life of this present year of grace.

As we quit the main road and approach the Hall through a long winding drive, past the little cluster of russet barns and farm-buildings, and the walled outer garden, the first thing that pleasantly attracts the eye is the picturesque old lodge of red brick, upon the left of the bridge that spans the moat. It springs, as it were, straight out of the brown clear waters, in which its high gables and quaint lattices, muffled by creepers and backed by tall trees, are peacefully reflected. The bridge itself, formerly a drawbridge, is guarded by wrought-iron gates, which are worthy of note, and through which one enters upon a circular drive round a grass-plot,

in front of the great hall-door. A coat of arms is carved in stone above this, the principal doorway—the arms of Sir Jeremy Snow, who, the occupant of the Hall in 1690, is responsible for the comparatively modern addition to the western side of the house. The outer porch or entrance leads through a little vestibule into the wide flagged and panelled hall, with its great fireplace of Tudor architecture, where the smoke from the open hearth curls up against the red-brown tiles, and with its manifold mysterious recesses and doorways and panels, which look as if some day they must inevitably slide back and disclose long-hidden secrets smothered in dust and cobwebs. Draw back the heavy curtain, and see the broad vista of the staircase, and its carved oak balusters wrought with baskets of fruit and flowers. Light streams down from a deep-ledged window on the landing a few steps up. The eastern wall of the hall is ornamented with twelve very ancient medallions in low relief, coloured black and white, copied from coins of the twelve Cæsars, whose heads they bear. They have a strangely incongruous effect, as though Mark Antony were walking arm-in-arm with Mr. Samuel Pepys; but they must have seemed even more anomalous in their original position as they formed part of the decorations of the neighbouring nunnery at Sopwell, whence they were purchased by Sir John Cutts to beautify his new abode. They are supposed to have been contemporary with John of Wheathamstede, thirty-third and greatest Abbot of St. Alban’s, who flourished in the fifteenth century, and were sold from Sopwell under the *régime* of Dame Juliana Berners. That prioress distinguished herself about 1484 by the publication of her “Gentleman’s Recreation”—three treatises on hawking, hunting and fishing, and brass armour.

An inventory of the rooms in Salisbury Hall, as they existed at the latter end of the seventeenth century, is still extant, and includes among others the hall, great parlour, dining-room, withdrawing-room, erown chamber, withdrawing-room chamber, and old parlour. Of these, only the great parlour, hall, dining-room, withdrawing-room (now converted into a corridor and two bedrooms), withdrawing-room chamber, and another, now exist. The erown chamber probably derived its name from its having been hallowed by the use of Charles II., who was entertained and lodged at Salisbury Hall by Sir Jeremy Snow with more conviviality than ceremony, if legends are to be trusted; for they tell how the host, in the exuberance of his spirits, challenged the king to “another bottle”—whereupon the man who “never said a foolish thing,” remarked that “a beggar when drunk is as good as a king,” and accepted the challenge. There is also a report of Salisbury Hall having been at one time in the

possession or occupation of Nell Gwynn; but as this tradition is the common property of half the ancient

are some remarkable wood-carvings of flowers and fruit above the mantelpiece, probably by the same hand that executed the baskets of fruit upon the great staircase), and kitchen-offices, dairies, &c. These latter are as ample, as numerous, and as old-fashioned as might reasonably be expected from the combination of a hall with a farmhouse. Upon the first floor the beautiful tiled fireplaces are particularly notable, especially those in the rooms formerly forming part of the withdrawing-room. The tiles are of seventeenth century design, and delightfully varied in subject. In every bedroom, from the greatest to the least, the dark mysterious recesses and mighty cupboards—so suggestively fascinating in old houses—are abundant. There are upon this storey five good-sized rooms, besides smaller ones. Upon the third or garret storey there are four rooms, their ceilings sloped to the roof. One is reported to have been the scene of a suicide; and in the smallest of them is a concealed chamber, made in the thickness of the wall, and leading up among the rafters—the “Priest’s Hole”—where, in turbulent times, a hunted fugitive might be hidden and fed. Similar places of concealment exist at many country houses, chiefly those formerly in possession of families of the old faith, notably at Hendlip Hall, near Worcester (celebrated for the retreat it afforded to the Gunpowder Plot conspirators), and at Ingatestone Hall in Essex (once the seat of the Petre family). The “Priest’s Hole” at the latter house, as in many others, was probably constructed and made use of in



THE STONE HALL.

manor-houses in the Home Counties, it claims no special credence in the present instance. The crown chamber itself is now a thing of the past; it probably shared the fate of much of the older part of the house, which was pulled down in 1819 (when the Snell family quitted the place), in order to reduce the hall to the dimensions of a good-sized farmhouse, in which capacity it was used until 1884.

The rooms on the ground floor, as they now stand, are the hall, dining-room, withdrawing-room chamber (in which there



IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

(From Drawings by W. C. Symons.)

the days when the penal laws against Roman Catholics were in full operation, and when capital punishment awaited any unfortunate caught in the act of celebrating mass. Scant light steals down between the cobwebbed crevices of joist and beam; the air has a mouldy, musty smell, as of the dust of centuries; but the concealment is complete, and the tiny door of the cramped opening is not to be distinguished from the whitewashed garret wall. And yet with what shortened breath, and heart whose heavy throbs seemed like forge-hammers in the stillness, must the inmate of that narrow cell have listened to the tramp and elank of foemen from room to room, shaking the very boards on which he crouched! With what a horror of suspense must he have marked the noisy search proceeding—a narrow inch of wood alone intervening between the relentless pursuers and himself—and the tell-tale probe liable at any moment to pierce the hollow wall and discover a luckless fugitive! It is stated that during one of the flights of Charles II. after the battle of Worcester he was concealed in this very "hole;" but history does not verify the tradition.

It may be in connection with this secret chamber that the subterranean passage exists which opens out of the moat, and is said to communicate with St. Albans. It is probably somewhat similar to that at

Eltham Palace, whence seven hundred feet of subterranean way extended under the moat and towards Greenwich. Hertfordshire is popularly supposed by its inhabitants to be fairly honeycombed with these passages; nor is the belief by any means without

foundation. Sometimes, under the stress of a heavy waggon-wheel across a by-road, or of a threshing-machine rolling ponderously along a lane, the hollow ground gives way, and a mile of mole-like burrowing eventually comes to light. The tunnelled way at Salisbury Hall has not hitherto been thoroughly investigated, but, in all probability, it is a relic of Tudor times, when monastic refugees from St. Alban's had need to seek shelter from the wrath of the rapacious Henry.

Of course the garrets are haunted—all garrets are. One suicide in three centuries is quite sufficient to establish any house's reputa-

tion in that respect, and to every well-regulated manor-house of any antiquity worth mentioning a ghost is as necessary as a chimney. What particular and definite specimen of the sheeted dead is extant at the present time (as, presumably, the Snows' family ghost and the Snell's copyright apparition "flitted" with those families at the time of their respective migrations from Salisbury Hall), we have not yet been able to ascertain; and perhaps it sounds more gruesome—more laden with vague possibilities



LOOKING TOWARDS THE BRIDGE.

(From a Drawing by W. C. Symms. Engraved by C. Carter.)

and pluralities of horror—to have the place merely “haunted” in a general way.

Lastly, mention must be made of the gardens. However venerable a city mansion may be, though it be steeped to the eaves in the romance of history, it seldom has anything to call its own in the way of a garden. If aught of the kind exist, it is probably of a light-hearted modern type, gay with rosy rhododendrons and brilliant hardy annuals, which are but little affected by the prevalent smoke

the steep banks of the moat, enlarges into a thicker and more definite copse, through which a little rustic bridge leads over the dark waters to the spreading slopes of park-land and meadow which stretch greenly around. From every point and corner of the garden one may catch some new and delightful glimpse of the hall, with its muffling of rose and jasmine; its picturesque gables, where the white owls build; its blind bricked-up windows, infrequent here and there, half-hidden by the cling-



IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE.

(From a Drawing by W. C. Symons. Engraved by C. Carter.)

and grime, and are distinctly out of keeping—as much as flowers can ever be said to be so—with the grey-lichened buttresses and time-stained walls of the building behind which they blossom. But in the case of a country château the garden takes half the charm and brings half the beauty; among whose lily-rows and lavender-bushes one may wander from dawn to dusk; beneath whose broad-boughed orchard-trees one may lie and dream. Salisbury Hall is peculiarly happy in this respect. It stands almost exactly in the centre of its inner garden, which lies four-square, bounded by the moat upon all sides and flanked by tall trees. Upon the right-hand side of the house the undergrowth of hazel and bramble and multitudinous flowers which fringes

ing creepers. The moated garden has a sense of *pot-pourri* about it: roses and violets, jasmines and gilliflowers—all manner of old-world blossoms and berries such as seem to spring indigenous under the shadow of gold-mossed walls, in an air rich with memories. As for the moat-slopes and meadows, they are a perpetual glow of varied colour from the time when leaves turn primrose and purple, and scarlet bryony-trails are swung across the undergrowth, to the rapturous wealth of spring flowers; and from the days when crimson and scarlet berries shiver among their frosted yellow foliage, to the nights when the wild-rose leans out to the languid silence, and the mown grass lies in swath across the meadows, warm and grey beneath the midsummer moon.

THE LIVERPOOL CORPORATION COLLECTION.

THE WALKER ART GALLERY.—II.

BY E. RIMBAULT DIBDIN.



ARTISTS are too apt to speak severely of pictures that possess "literary interest," as it is called, forgetting the great value of such an adjunct in a popular collection; for the "painter's picture" is of little more account than so much wall-paper would be to the large majority of the thronging hundreds of thousands passing yearly through such a collection as that at the Walker Art Gallery. But when the vacant eyes catch sight, say, of a handsome boy as the central figure in a picture, they are arrested; and when the title, "And when did you last see your father?" has been read, an interested group begins to spell out the details of the dramatic incident—the relations to the little central hero of the grim Roundheads and the terrified Cavalier ladies, who have been placed together in that quaint old room with a force and brightness of invention rare in the work of Mr. W. F. Yeames. This may not be appreciation of art, but it is as near to it as many of our poorer brothers and sisters can get; and it will, often enough, lead in time to a fuller understanding of the purposes of painting. Children and animals, beloved of all but the utterly debased, are the surest baits for wide popular appreciation. Here, for example, is "Awaiting an Audience," a scholarly and elaborate work by Professor Willem Geets, of Antwerp. Fault may reasonably be found with such painfully microscopical *technique*, but at least there is nothing of the catch-penny style of painting in the splendid modelling and marvellously minute and perfect imitation of textures. But the old-world young widow, who sits sadly in the gorgeous corridor, is accompanied by her son, and the sturdy boy captivates the simple hearts of ignorant factory-workers, and constrains them to gaze at the picture and discuss it, until, perhaps, they carry away not only the story as they read it, but also some faint impression of the beauty of the work. "Rival Grandfathers," by Mr. J. R. Reid, is another unfailling attraction. Not only is it one of the happiest and least faulty of his works, but the pretty and natural incident of two rough old salts competing for the attention of a bright little girl is told with a true instinct for a poetical situation. Then how sure to touch a chord in many

a toiling mother's breast is Mr. Thomas Faed's "When the Children are Asleep"! They know only too well how much it is to them, that quiet hour by the fire after the persistent pattering of the little feet has ceased. Equally will they appreciate the brighter key of Mr. John Morgan's "Don't 'ee Tipty Toe;" or the sadder note of "Motherless," by Mr. Arthur Stocks; and of its counterpart in sentiment, Mr. C. E. Perugini's "Faithful," where a poor widow is bringing a tribute of simple flowers to her husband's grave. This is a much more popular picture than the same artist's "Peonies," delightful as that is in its idealisation of the beauty of girlhood and of flowers.

All the babies in the gallery are of course sterling attractions, and it is unknown how many mothers, and even fathers, have noticed the striking resemblance between their own "new light" and the beautiful naked baby that has robbed the vainly-supplicating fawn of the attentions of mother and slave in the finely-painted "New Light in the Harem" of Mr. Frederick Goodall. When Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands visited the gallery, she was greatly interested, first in Mr. Yeames's picture; and, when its story was explained to her, she asked, "And did he tell?" When she came before Mr. Goodall's work, glowing with light and heat, she said nothing; but, after looking intently at the baby, went nearer and fawned it. It was a touch of nature, declaring her kinship to the people of a strange hemisphere. Another baby, a minor accident of the picture, is the making, popularly, of "The Fall of Rienzi," by F. W. W. Topham. The Tribune, disguised and trying vainly to escape under a pretended load of booty, the pointing and shouting people, and the strong dramatic effect of the picture, are likely to appeal vainly to those ignorant of Roman history; but the baby that one of the women carries challenges notice, for it is a real comprehensible thing of to-day amidst all this tumult of an unknown yesterday. "The Old Man's Treasure," a brilliantly-wrought piece of character-study by Herr Carl Gussow, presented by Sir James A. Picton, is oftenest looked at because of the kitten that an old fisherman is proudly exhibiting to three rough market-women; and perhaps the gentleness with which the horny hands fondle the mewling pet teaches many a useful lesson of kindness to animals. A few other popular favourites, which are also fine works of art, remain to be noted. Professor Herkomer's "Eventide"—a study of cheerful old women



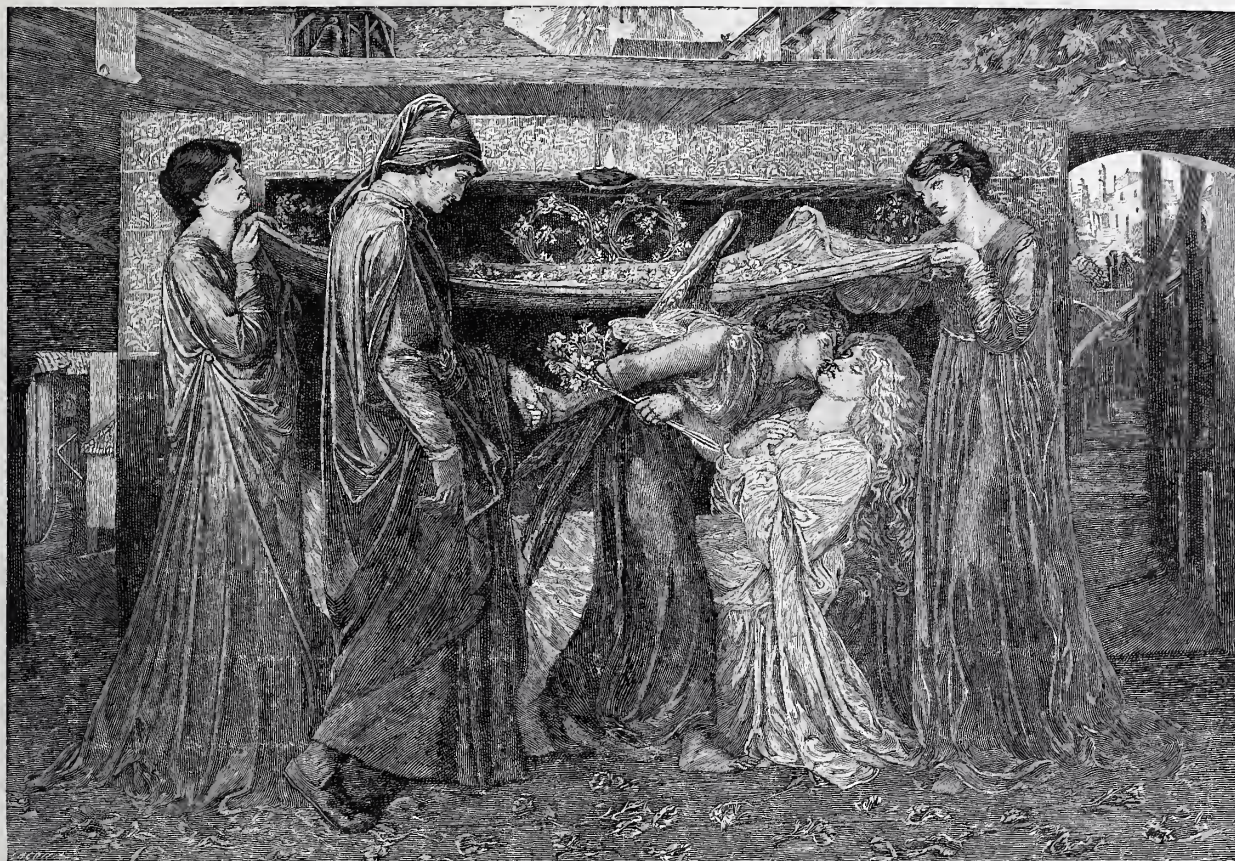
R. Caton Woodville. pinx

SAVING THE GUNS AT MAIWAND

Dujardin. heliog

in a workhouse ward—is among the best and most touching of his subject-pictures. “Faithful Unto Death,” by Mr. E. J. Poynter, presented by Mr. Charles Langton, representing a Roman guard at Herculaneum steadfastly at his post in the face of certain and terrible death, is a peculiarly happy example of wedded scholarship and imagination. Mr. W. Dendy Sadler’s “Friday,” presented by Mr.

effusion of blood to please the boyish visitor. Take such extensive efforts as “The Death of Nelson,” by Benjamin West; “Cromwell Refusing the Crown,” by J. Schex; “The Ante-chamber at Whitehall during the Last Moments of Charles II.,” by E. M. Ward; “Morning after the Battle of Hastings,” by Mr. A. J. Woolmer; “The Trial of Strafford,” by William Fisk; “Richard I. and Saladin,” by S. A.



DANIE'S DREAM.

(From the Picture by D. G. Rossetti. Engraved by O. Lacour.)

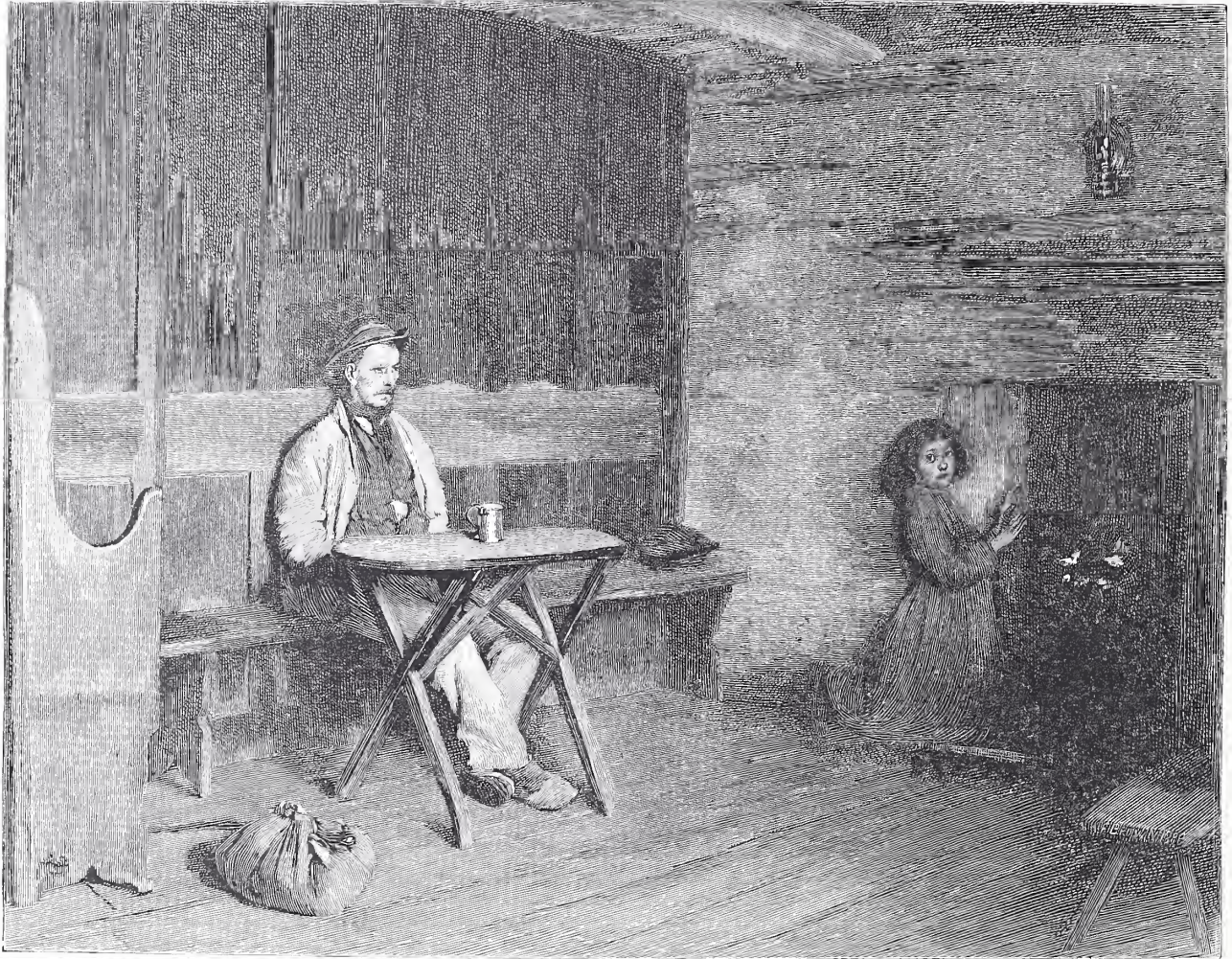
James Pegram, a quaint and humorous fancy of abbot and monks “fasting” in sumptuous fashion, is a work that that painter has not surpassed either in *technique* or invention. Deservedly popular also are “The Best of Husbands,” a bright unpretending invention by Mr. Arthur Stocks, presented by Alderman Bernard Hall; “The Ancestor on the Tapestry,” an example of Mr. Haynes Williams at his best; “Hard Times,” by Mr. Fred Brown (a glimpse, restrained yet terrible, of the depths of the misery known only to the poor), an engraving of which appears on page 52; “An Encore too Many,” the tragedy of a travelling show, by Mr. Francis Barraud; and “Weal and Woe,” by Mr. Charles Gregory.

The historical picture proper is seldom very attractive, unless there be explosions of artillery or much

Hart; and “Julian the Apostate Presiding at a Conference of Sectarians,” by Mr. Edward Armitage. These, and such as these—some of them well known by engraved reproductions in mahogany frames, rapidly mellowing into the tawniest and most forbidding of aspects—are popular to-day neither with the artist nor the unartistic. There are, however, historical pieces of another sort which, whatever the ultimate verdict may be, are still attractive. “On the Evening of Waterloo,” by Mr. Ernest Crofts, is a strong example of an assured master in this line, which also has the advantage of taking as central figure the magnetic personality of Napoleon. Sir John Gilbert is seen at his happiest in “Richard II. Resigning the Crown to Bolingbroke,” and, in another style, in the “Rear-guard of an Army

bringing up Baggage Waggons," a gift of Mr. John Parrington. Mr. Andrew C. Gow has seldom shown greater skill in dealing with historical incident than in "A War Despatch at the Hôtel de Ville." (See opposite page.) There is a subtly-balanced contrast between the calm, almost indifferent group

its prime claim to distinction is Dante G. Rossetti's largest and most important work, "Dante's Dream," fitly described by a recent writer as "the greatest picture of the renaissance idealism" of which the poet-painter was the vital force. (See p. 51.) The passion for the poetry of Dante inherited by Rossetti



HARD TIMES.

(From the Picture by Fred Brown. Engraved by C. Carter.)

surrounding the travel-stained messenger to the right of the canvas, and the madly-excited crowd indicated outside, listening intently to the news an official is bawling from the window. The technical merit of the work is very considerable. Then there is nothing more blood-stirring in the gallery than Mr. R. Caton Woodville's vivid "Maiwand—Saving the Guns," which could not well be surpassed for its wild dash and force, or for the terrible fidelity which characterises the work of a painter who has first seen war and then painted it. (See the Frontispiece.)

Among subject-pictures that appeal but little to the popular vote may be classed some of the finest canvases in the collection. In the opinion of many,

from his father would seem to have been almost a governing principle with him; and his imagination in its rarest flights instinctively found fittest expression in some embodiment of the great master's conceptions. In this picture, surely as clear and exquisite as it first loomed in the poet's mind, is seen the strange, mystical, symbolical, morbid, yet exquisitely beautiful vision of the bereaved poet—or, rather, of the poet whose bereavement, in taking new and more dreadful shape, was yet mitigated by the birth of a new and soothing hope. Even to the many who are too impatient to search out the manifold and sometimes obscure beauties of mystical suggestion in the picture there need be no difficulty in discerning and enjoying the gorgeous



A WAR DESPATCH AT THE HÔTEL DE VILLE.

(From the Picture by A. C. Gow, A.R.A. Engraved by H. Scheu.)

colour-scheme of this unsurpassed effort of a unique colourist.

The distinction, the individuality of the picture, are evidenced by the difficulty of passing, without a sense of some hiatus, from it to any other in the collection—even to one so elevated in conception and admirable in *technique* as “The Pilgrimage,” by Professor A. Legros. This work, presented by Mr. P. H. Rathbone, represents a group of Breton women kneeling before a shrine, their faces suffused with various expressions of awe, reverence, and devout faith. The subtle characterisation of the different ages and types, the noble lines of the composition, and the beauty of the grave and restrained colour-scheme are alike remarkable. Coming down to a simpler plane of poetical conception we notice such pictures as Mr. Arthur Hacker’s admirable “Pelagia and Philammon,” Miss Louisa Starr’s “Sintram,” Mr. Henry Holiday’s “Dante and Beatrice,” Gustave Doré’s “Flower-Sellers,” and Mrs. Sophie Anderson’s “Elainc.” On the level ground of prose there are such excellent canvases as the attractive “Leonora di Mantua” of Mr. Val Prinsep; Mr. Napier Hemy’s “Nautical Argument,” a very satisfying piece of *genre* composition; “The Village Lawyer,” by Mr. Carl Schloesser; “An Italian Hostelry,” by C. W. Cope; and Mr. W. Logsdail’s vividly realistic “Eve of the Regatta.”

In landscape the collection has considerable strength. There are good, if not phenomenal, examples of such giants of a past time as Turner, Constable, Creswick, and Roberts, as well as of other luminaries who shone alongside of them, if with a lesser radiance. The selections from the landscape-painters of our own time have been made with good judgment. As with the figure-painters, there are gaps in the list of names that the connoisseur would fain see supplied; but this is inevitable in a collection of which the serious building-up commenced so recently. The catholicity with which the Arts Committee makes its selections from the successive autumn exhibitions is shown by a glance at the purchases of the last two or three years. “The White Lady of Nuremberg,” a characteristic architectural interior by Mr. Wyke Bayliss, was acquired last year along with “The Bow-net,” a daring piece of colour by Mr. T. F. Goodall. “Off to the Fishing-Ground,” a splendid marine piece by Mr. Stanhope Forbes, the well-known “Grey Venice” of Mr. Napier Hemy, and Mr. W. L. Pieknell’s “Wintry March,” were the spoil of the two previous years. In 1884 two pictures by Liverpool artists were selected—“The Old Soldier,” by Mr. J. S. Morland; and “Golden Moments,” by Mr. Isaac Cooke—one representing the poetry of poverty, and the other the poetry of sunset over the sea. Among the earliest acquisitions from the

autumn exhibitions was “Evensong,” by Mark Anthony, a work of nobly-elevated sentiment wedded to loving fidelity of touch. It is a painting of Chingford Church in Essex, a venerable, almost ruinous pile, whose rugged ivy-clad outlines harmonise with the solemn beauty of the glowing sunset. Another very early acquisition was “A Summer Shower,” by Mr. Ernest A. Waterlow, in which the charm of the landscape is accentuated by the vivid play of light and shade. (See p. 56.) The foreground is enlivened by the introduction of a happy pair of lovers, so busily occupied with their affairs that they take as little heed of either shine or shower as if they were a part of inanimate nature.

All pictures are difficult to describe—most of all landscapes; and the better these are, the more difficult it becomes to convey in words to those who have not seen them their peculiar claims to admiration. There is, therefore, perhaps no better way of suggesting the character of the numerous remaining landscapes that Liverpool possesses than merely naming them with an assurance, which holds good in almost every case, that the Arts Committee have been judicious or fortunate in selecting pictures for purchase which are not only fully characteristic of the painters, but are in their happiest and best veins of invention and execution. Mr. Frank Walton is represented in “Down in the Reeds of the River” by one of his most successful studies of luxuriant foliage and rich pastoral scenery. Mr. Ernest Parton’s “Woodland Home” is instinct with the pleasing qualities of composition he so well understands. Mr. Joseph Knight is peculiarly strong and graphic in his Conway valley scene entitled “Showery Weather.” Mr. Albert Hartland, who is also very well represented among the water-colour drawings, is seen at his best in “Moorland, Barmouth.” Of Mr. John Finnie, President of the Liverpool Academy, and in other respects the leading figure in the local art-world, there is only one example—a fine treatment of the magnificent panoramic view of Snowdon from Capel Curig. “Gathering Bait,” by Mr. J. Aumonier, is a splendid study of rocky, weed-grown seashore, with numerous figures of women gathering bait. Mr. Peter Ghent’s “Nature’s Mirror,” presented by Messrs. Malcolm Guthrie and T. W. Oakshott (the present mayor), is one of the artist’s happiest conceptions, as well as the picture with which he first came to the front. Other important landscapes are “Mont Blanc,” by Mr. G. A. Fripp; “View on the Thames, near Maidenhead,” by Mr. E. J. Niemann; “Bambro’ Castle,” by Mr. James Webb; and “A North Devon Glen,” by Mr. J. W. Oakes. The collection of water colours includes choice examples of W. Müller, W. Hunt, and Samuel Prout, and of Messrs. Birket Foster, J. D. Watson, C. Napier Hemy, T. M.

Richardson, T. Sidney Cooper, F. W. Topham, A. W. Hunt, A. D. Fripp, H. Clarence Whaite, John Podder, Peter Ghent, W. G. Herdman (the industrious chronicler of the buildings of old Liverpool), and Mrs. M. S. Stillman. The sculpture in the gallery includes a fine statue of Sir A. B. Walker by the late Mr. Warrington Wood, whose colossal imaginative statues of Raphael and Michelangelo

tant achievement in the domain of art by any British municipality, a word of praise is due to the excellent manner in which the convenience of the public is considered. Excepting on Fridays (which are sacred to students) and on Sundays (in regard to which the Corporation has not yet copied the initiative of Birmingham), the galleries are open daily as long as daylight permits. The pictures are not only admirably



A SUMMER SHOWER.

(From the Picture by E. A. Waterlow, A.R.W.S. Engraved by J. Harmsworth.)

mount guard at the entrance to the building; and there are also fine examples of John Gibson, Fedè, Canova, Nolckens, A. Rossetti, Count Gleichen, Mr. T. Stirling Lee, and Mr. J. Durham. In the matter of portraiture a valuable collection is slowly forming, and already includes works by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Godfrey Kneller, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir J. W. Gordon, Sir M. A. Shee (of Roscoe), D. Maclise (of Harrison Ainsworth), and Professor Herkomer. It may be expected that the Corporation will keep in view the importance of extending its collection of portraits of notable persons associated with Liverpool, doing for the city what the national portrait galleries in London and Edinburgh do for the nation.

In closing this necessarily imperfect account of a collection of works of art which is the most impor-

tant achievement in the domain of art by any British municipality, a word of praise is due to the excellent manner in which the convenience of the public is considered. Excepting on Fridays (which are sacred to students) and on Sundays (in regard to which the Corporation has not yet copied the initiative of Birmingham), the galleries are open daily as long as daylight permits. The pictures are not only admirably

hung, but nearly all are covered with glass, and every frame bears a label with a plain statement of the title of the picture and the artist's name. For those not content with this, there is a useful catalogue, edited by the curator, Mr. Charles Dyall, in which the principal pictures are described in a simple luminous manner, peculiarly helpful to the unlearned visitor. Mr. Dyall, whose duties seem a labour of love, has also published lately a complete record of "The First Decade of the Walker Art Gallery"—a work whose laboriously-compiled statistics are alike remarkable and gratifying. Not only for some facts and figures quoted from this am I indebted to Mr. Dyall, but for his ever-ready assistance in exploring the growing and already notable treasure-house of which he is custodian.

THE PORTRAITS OF DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.—II.

BY WILLIAM M. ROSSETTI.

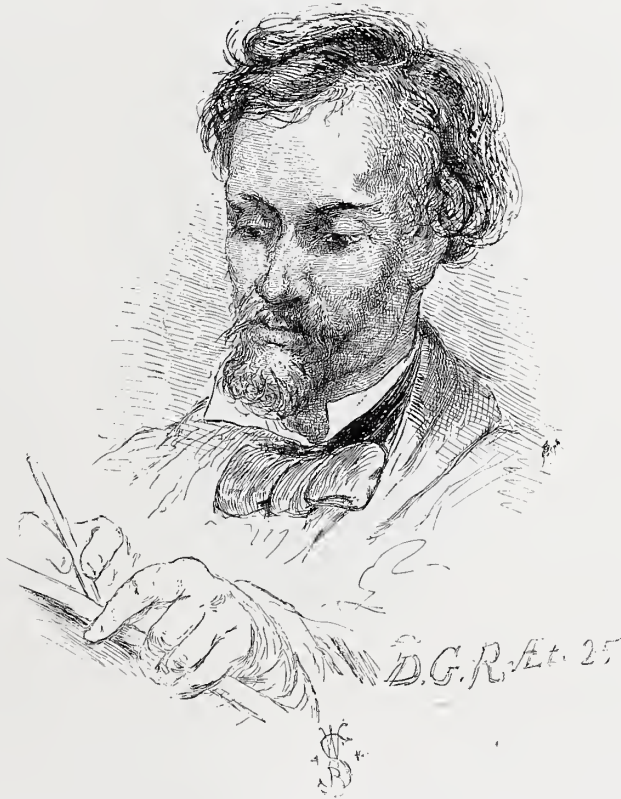
AT the close of my first article I spoke of a portrait of Dante Rossetti, there engraved, which was executed by Mr. Holman Hunt in or about the summer of 1853. The circumstances were as follows. Mr. Woolner, finding at that time little opening at home for his sculptural art, made up his mind to emigrate to Australia, starting on his voyage in the spring of the same year. I need not enter here into any details about his expedition, and its associations and results—details which will belong to the future biography of Woolner, and not to this article upon portraits of Rossetti. His "Pre-Raphaelite Brothers" agreed that upon a certain day they would assemble together and draw one another's portraits, and send them over to their cherished colleague in Australia. We met accordingly in Millais's studio. Collinson may by that time have seceded from the Brotherhood, and Deverell had not yet been admitted. There were present Millais, Hunt, Frederic George Stephens, my brother, and myself. Millais drew Stephens and me, both in pencil; Hunt drew Millais and my brother, both in coloured chalks; my brother drew Hunt in pencil. Stephens, I take it, did not ply his fingers; and I, as a non-artist, counted as having no fingers to ply. If we reckon together artistic merit and likeness to the sitter, I fancy that the portraits might be held to stand thus, beginning with the best: Stephens by Millais, Millais by Hunt, myself by Millais, Rossetti by Hunt, Hunt by Rossetti. Soon after my brother's death Mr. Woolner presented to me the portrait of him. The head stands boldly out on a green background. The chalks are in a high key of tint, effectively massed

and varied in chiaroscuro, and strong value is given to every feature. The face seems somewhat longer—longer than Rossetti's was: I think this is due to the peculiar lighting, which, falling from above downwards, makes the face look like a long one partially foreshortened, whereas it is in fact full-

fronting, and not foreshortened at all. The hair, dark-brown, had already begun to recede somewhat from the tall and thoughtful forehead; the eyes are fully opened, with an expression of concentrated and abstracted pondering, and look fully as dark as their local colour warranted; the eyebrows are defined but not thick; the moustache and small beard not so developed as to affect the clearness of contour; the cheeks are narrow, and the line of the jaw rather angular. I remember that a friend, looking not very long ago at the portrait, thought that this last-named point must certainly be exaggerated; but there is a photograph extant, taken much about the same time, which fully con-

firms Mr. Hunt's accuracy. The total expression of the face is somewhat more strained and set than was usual with Rossetti, one of the last of men to "make up" a visage for any purpose of effect; apart from this, there is little that needs to be allowed for in this remarkable version of his aspect at the age of twenty-five.

The photograph of which I have just spoken deserves another word or two of mention. It may have been done in 1853 by the landscape-painter Mark Anthony—an artist of genius, author of some highly memorable works which our present generation seems to have almost forgotten; he died in 1886. Anthony, then residing in a small neat house in



D. G. ROSSETTI AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FIVE.

(From the Etching by William Bell Scott.)

Monmouth Road, Bayswater, had taken up photography with zest; he was particularly happy in catching with his lens momentary aspects of childish expression, and produced many charming memoranda of his three little daughters. On one occasion my brother and I stood for Anthony to photograph together; my brother held my right arm. He appears at half-length, the proportions of the face being almost identical with those in Hunt's drawing: the forehead large and broad, the facial line tapering towards the point of the chin. This photographic print has now nearly faded off the paper—which is a pity, as it seems to be the only sun-picture of Rossetti taken at any such early date.

I will next refer to a small group of likenesses in the nature of caricatures. The first, which must be nearly contemporary with Anthony's photograph, is by Rossetti himself, a pen-and-ink sketch. It represents him at full-length, carrying a walking-stick, and in his right hand a wide-awake hat. The facial angle is substantially the same as in the photograph and in Hunt's drawing; the eyes large, the expression rather grim and sarcastic; the attitude slouching, with legs firmly planted apart, and shoulders high and narrow—a point which, if true at all, must be here much exaggerated. The sketch is like him in a way, but has a certain Jewish aspect which was alien to him. On the same piece of paper (my property) is a similar but independent sketch of myself. There is another caricaturish likeness of himself, belonging to our sister—of much the same size and mode of execution. It must be a few years later in date—say 1858; and is a poor affair—I think, hardly like him at all. He is here seen in profile, walking, with tall hat and unopened umbrella. Taking these two skits together, the point most emphasized in them is that my brother must have considered himself an awkward figure in walking. In the second his nose is in advance of his boot-tip, and he holds his umbrella in a gingerly way, much as if he were a blind man tapping it on the ground. If other people remember such details as true, I do not. In the collection of Rossetti's works got together at the Burlington Club in 1883 was one, lent by Mr. W. B. Scott, which stands catalogued thus: "Dante G. Rossetti sitting for his portrait to Miss Siddal—rough sketch, partly caricature, inscribed Sept. 1853—pen and ink wash." Rossetti has here given himself a morose and dogged air, seated on one chair, his legs stretched out straight upon a second, and his hands rammed into his pockets. That he sat to Miss Siddal for a portrait is no doubt a fact. It may have been in oil or water colour, and I seem to have seen something of it in old times, perhaps uncompleted; what has become of it now I have no idea. Miss Siddal did an excellent portrait of herself, at present in my possession, and the dis-

appearance of this other one of her future husband is a loss to be regretted.

In May, 1857, was published a large caricature—done by Mr. Sandys in ink-lithography (or perhaps in zincography)—of Millais's picture of "Sir Isumbras at the Ford." The chief object seems to have been to ridicule Mr. Ruskin, who figures as an ass; Millais (Sir Isumbras) rides the ass, carrying behind him Holman Hunt as a little boy, and in front Rossetti as a quasi-girl. This print is now, I believe, a considerable rarity; I own a copy of it. At the time when he made the design, Mr. Sandys had never seen my brother; and I believe he had no authority for the countenance, apart from verbal description. This face, which cannot be strictly called caricaturish, is neither greatly unlike Rossetti nor forcibly like him; the features are regular, the visage oval, the expression grave and earnest.

Another print barely deserves mention. It is a woodcut which appeared in the magazine named *Time* in or about 1881. Somebody thought fit to write there a series of burlesque verse termed "Songsters of the Day;" No. 4 was "The Bard of Burdens"—*i.e.*, Rossetti. The woodcut represents Rossetti, in a boyish costume, seated on a tripod; he is engaged in painting an oil-picture, but is at the moment shielding himself with his palette from the scrutiny of a large eye which peers through a loop-hole—an allusion seemingly to the fact that he held aloof from exhibition-rooms, and from general society. The head, enormously big for the size of the body, but not otherwise caricatured, is taken from a photograph by Messrs. Downey—of which more anon.

Two drawings of Rossetti's head were made when he was about twenty-five or twenty-six years of age—one by Mr. W. B. Scott, and the other by Mr. Madox Brown. The former is a pen-and-ink sketch, which shows Rossetti in the act of drawing; it was engraved on wood in the *Century* magazine in 1882, to illustrate an article by Mr. Gosse, and at a later date Mr. Scott made an etching of it. (See p. 57.) There is a good deal of character in this head, which indicates nearly the same proportions and contour as the head in coloured chalks by Mr. Hunt. The face is serious and a little sour-looking, and the downward-lidded eyes detract from liveliness of resemblance. On the whole I find the likeness really considerable, the shape of the nose in especial being well given; but it is unfavourable to the sitter rather than otherwise. The head by Mr. Brown may be a little later perhaps in date. It is slightly but expressively touched off in charecoal outline, and gives as much of the original as can be expected in so rapid a sketch; somehow it looks more to me like a Frenchman than an Anglo-Italian, and my brother would not, I think, have been taken for a Frenchman.

A group of photographs comes next. The first of these is one of cabinet size, done by Messrs. Downey, and already referred to. It is the most generally known among all the likenesses of Rossetti, and serves as frontispiece to the book by Mr. Hall Caine. It was also engraved as a woodcut in the *Illustrated News*, for an obituary notice; but that woodcut gives my brother more of the air of an operatic tenor than he ever possessed. The photograph is an excellent likeness; easy in pose, unconstrained and straightforward in expression—the type, to my eye, far more Italian than English. My brother is represented full-fronting the spectator, with an Inverness cape loose over his shoulders. The date of the photograph must, I think, have been 1863, or, if anything, a year or so earlier. The contour of the face is now round and full, all the slenderness of early youth having departed; the hair has continued reeding from the largely developed brow; the eyes look somewhat darker than they really were. In this photograph, and in all the others I shall mention, the arrangement of moustache and beard is as described in my first article: the cheeks are still shaven, and remained so until (I think) 1870, when my brother ceased shaving, and he never resumed the practice. I remember that a

lady of our acquaintance thought this was a change for the worse—reducing his good looks, and making his face of a more ordinary cast; perhaps such was the general and the correct opinion. There is a great deal of expression in this photograph, of a rather complicated kind. The face is thoughtful and rather dreamy, yet with an alert aspect as of a man ready to open or continue a conversation. An external alacrity, an internal contemplation; in both an unembarrassed simplicity and directness; something of an intense yet indolent nature, easily capable of imposing its will upon others, but indifferent to ordinary modes of effort. I can read all this in the photograph, partly perhaps because I knew it so well in my brother's character.

Two other photographs also by Downey must have been executed at nearly or quite the same date. The Inverness cape re-appears in both. One is of

cabinet size, the face in three-quarters view; right arm akimbo, left hand poised on an ornamental table. The face is extremely well given, showing with much effect the strongly moulded forehead, surmounted by hair of a distinctly curly tendency: only one feature is open to some exception—the eyes, which are rather over-open, evidencing the effort of the sitter to look steadfastly, without any winking or blinking. In the second and smaller photograph—a carte-de-visite vignettèd—Rossetti is seated, half-length, the face again in three-quarters view. The true shape of the nose is very well indicated in both these photographs—better than in the full-face subject: it looks sharper and more shapely, with the slight tendency which it really had to an aquiline curve.

Next ensue six photographs, all save one produced by the author of "Alice in Wonderland," in the garden of Rossetti's house, 16, Cheyne Walk. "Lewis Carroll" is (or at any rate then was) a very skilful amateur photographer, and in 1863 he took an amicable pleasure in leveling his camera time after time upon the painter's form. One of the photographs represents Rossetti playing at chess with our mother: he is in the act of moving the white rook. This group, vignettèd from a larger one, gives one of the few extant



D. G. ROSSETTI.

(From a Group, comprising also Mr. John Ruskin and Mr. W. B. Scott. Photographed by W. and D. Downey, 61, Ebury Street, London.)

profile views. It is a true likeness, but the downward eyelids, and a want of definition in the lower part of the face, reduce its value as a record. It was engraved as a woodcut in *The Graphic* shortly after my brother's death. Another photograph, done presumably on the same day, in the autumn of 1863, exhibits the whole family group—Dante Rossetti with his mother, two sisters, and brother; he is looking down over the shoulder of his mother, who is playing chess with the elder sister. This photograph is damaged by some splashing of chemicals; one of the splashes coming over Rossetti's face. A third photograph shows the family, omitting our elder sister; they are seated or standing close to the railed stairs which led into the garden from the passage of the house, behind the studio. Dante Rossetti is the front standing figure, at the spectator's left hand; full-length, nearly full-face; an excellent likeness, in

an easy and simple attitude. One here sees Rossetti's stature and figure better than in any other portrait; the figure now rather fleshy and bulky, but less so than it was from time to time at later dates. This is Rossetti "nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita," for he was now thirty-five years of age. Nearly at the same time must have been done a photograph of

and collected, but open withal, the features all telling out to advantage; the deep dent at the spring of the nose is remarkable here, and is of course clearly marked in all the photographs. The two which ensue are again by the author of "Alice in Wonderland." One of them presents Rossetti seated with his legs crossed, nearly full-length, face in more than three-



D. G. ROSSETTI.

(From a Photograph by Mr. "Lewis Carroll.")

Rossetti, with Ruskin holding his right arm. W. B. Scott also appeared in the group, in front; but his figure was not successful, and in most of the prints (cabinet size) from the negative he was cut out. Messrs. Downey produced this photograph. (See p. 59.) Rossetti is seen here nearly full-length, and in full face; he crumples his wide-awake hat in the left hand. His figure is not quite well poised, taking a certain swerve towards the right; but, as regards the face, I think this version second to none for genuine and agreeable likeness. Our readers may form their own opinion, as we have been authorized to reproduce the figure of Rossetti. The expression is very serious

quarters view. He evidently happened to be in a new suit of clothes just at this time, and the waistcoat, not yet thoroughly adapted to his shape, shows an unsightly plait right across the chest. The likeness is extremely good and agreeable; but I think the surface of the face must have been somewhat smoothed down of late years, after the objectionable fashion of professional photographers. The hands come out more distinctly here than in most other examples. The negative (belonging to our sister Christina) is now deposited with the London Stereoscopic Company. The other photograph—the last which I have to mention—was I think even better than the one just

described; unfortunately the negative has been lost. This is again a seated figure, in a natural and rather lounging pose—the rail of the garden stairs being conspicuous behind. Our sister possesses a print of it; and he who has seen that photograph has seen (as through a glass, not darkly) Rossetti in his prime. A reproduction of it, with the stair-rail removed, is given on the opposite page.

In all the photographs (I may here repeat what I have already partly intimated) the expression of my brother is—with some perceptible differences of degree—at once serious, collected, and easy, with a marked absence of artificiality, whether in pose or in trick of feature. He looks like what he was, a man conscious—habitually but undemonstratively conscious—of power, and superior to all the small devices of self-exhibition.

EXPRESSION IN DRAPERY.

BY ANNIE WILLIAMS.



DRAPERY illustrates the ethical history of man and records the advances of civilisation. It is an unfailing clue to nationality. It has no historic commencement, but there is little doubt that it was utilitarian in its origin. The saying is common that the character and social status of man or woman may be told by his or her dress; and the same may be said to apply to nations and individuals, in their religious and civil customs, in times of war and of peace, to the long-vanished past and quickly-disappearing present. It extends from the far-distant time when the savage, having learnt the comfort and use of clothing, drew in trembling awe the ill-prepared skin or rough cloth over the image that to him was a god, his personification of evil or of good, of love or wrath; thus showing at that earliest stage of civilisation that, mingled with the fear, were the sense of reverence and self-denial growing up in his heart.

Take any series of decorative or pictorial paintings, any sculptured reliefs, or indeed almost any single representation of the human form, draped ever so slightly, and I hold that with no other clue the careful observer will, by the masses, the lines, the folds or the absence of them, be enabled to say whether the subject of the work he is studying lived under a tropical sun, or within the influence of the arctic bergs, or, again, in those bracing and temperate lands where the hardiest and most sterling qualities are oftenest found; whether he was groping his way by the light of nature through the darkness of savagery, or sinking from an advanced civilisation into effeminate inaction and luxurious excess; whether

through imperfect revelations he was worshipping the God of his being or was groaning beneath the weight of a religious despotism, or in spite of many outward observances and complicated rituals he was directing his life and work by the unerring lights of goodness and truth. The observer would learn, too, much of the history of the originator of the work; and although influenced by the forms unobscured by the drapery or developed beneath its folds, the greater part of his evidence would come from the covering itself.

Drapery tells, too, of the moods of peoples and individuals. Nations have always had their gala dress and their robes of mourning, and individuals have always felt that days of sunshine and pleasure demand a different style to those of winter-time and sorrow, and each has expressed this instinct according to their day and nation, their religion and position.

Drapery may be utilitarian or ornamental, secular or religious. It may take the form of contemporary costume restrained by social or sacred laws, or it may merely assist the embodiment of a poetical idea. It may help the artist who would recall the past to his canvas, and who would tell again on linen or in clay those stories of the past which mankind is always ready to hear. Andromache's sorrow* would affect less but for the ample folds of the garment of grief in which she has hidden her beautiful form. (See the study on p. 62.)

Historically, drapery is divisible into two sections; for, like the ancient and modern world, it is Pagan and Christian. Taking the Greek as the typical Pagan, and comparing his draperies with those of the Teuton of the thirteenth century, it will be seen what a broad line of demarcation lies between them. This difference is clearly visible, except in those times when people, as it were, halted

* NOTE.—We are here permitted to publish reproductions of Sir Frederick Leighton's original studies of drapery for his picture of "Captive Andromache" in this year's Royal Academy exhibition. The drawings of no living artist could better illustrate the subject than those of the great English master of drapery.—EDITOR.

between two opinions, doubtful which to choose, and then, having chosen the new, struggled, at first unsuccessfully, to free itself from the traditions of the old. Pagan draperies were undoubtedly adapted to

There are certain principles which govern all arrangements of drapery on the human figure, and consciously or unconsciously those who have in any way controlled or represented drapery have been in-



I.—THE DRAPERY OF ANDROMACHE.

(From the Study by Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., for his Picture of "Captive Andromache.")

Christian uses and ideas, but they soon began to acquire an unmistakable Christian character.

The spirit that animated the originators of all forms of Pagan drapery that were removed from mere utility was the desire to proclaim and express what they felt and knew of the beauty of the human form, whilst the Christian tried to conceal it and forget it.

fluenced by them. Fitness and proportion, action and repose, parallelism and radiation—each plays a part in the development of drapery; and in all good work the first two are found combined with the last four in proportion as its motive may require.

The principle of fitness in its earliest form was the feeling which, guided by necessity, prompted the

first covering for man; and from such simple requirements as those of a man cold and seeking for clothing, or going to war and desiring protection—from such remote beginnings drapery may portray

The principle of proportion applied to drapery is an echo of the forms it clothes. The human figure naturally developed is acknowledged to be creation's crown, and in so far as the drapery upon it harmo-



II.—ORIGINAL STUDIES OF DRAPERY.

(By Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., for his Picture of "Captive Andromache.")

chapters of history and events in the lives of individuals. The king drapes himself in robes regal and royal befitting his high estate, and the multitude cries, "Behold the king!" The minister of religion walks abroad in his priestly vestments, and the simple peasant kneels for his blessing.

nises with it and repeats its forms, it obeys this principle of proportion. Sir Frederick Leighton's second study (here given) is a good illustration of it; the drapery upon the figure adds grace and beauty to it, inasmuch as it explains and accentuates the beautiful lines it covers.

Parallelism imparts steadiness and emphasis whenever it appears in the midst of it matters not how many conflicting folds. A glance at the third study will explain the value of this principle; the circular parallel folds round the waist and under the arms, and the perpendicular folds from the left hip, give

tions of expression, are assisted and increased by drapery. The way the Greek maiden in the fourth study has gathered her loose skirt together tells us she has reached the goal towards which she was journeying. She is about to fill the pitcher she holds. Action changes parallel perpendicular



III.—ORIGINAL STUDY OF DRAPERY.

(By Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., for his Picture of "Captive Andromache.")

stability and weight to the complicated folds which they bound.

Radiation is almost universal in drapery, all movement produces it; and any piece of drapery hanging from the figure, attached by one or more points, falls from these in radiating folds.

Action and repose are motives rather than constructive principles, which, in all their many varia-

lines into undulating diagonal curves, and graceful diagonal folds into stiff horizontal masses; whilst repose is constant and quiet—often, too, religious in its suggestion.

The expression of these principles, as I have said, varies very much in every epoch of art, but it is only by different combinations of the same elements. The one or the other is more or less

apparent according to the nationality, the degree of culture, and the religion of the people among whom the drapery is developed.

Material in drapery is always subservient to the principles of fitness and proportion, whilst the expression of the other principles is modified by the material. The characteristics of heavy draperies are the large fold and round edge, suggesting warmth as well as massive and monotonous solemnity; whilst those of light draperies are naturally the small fold and angular edge, full of grace and variety.

In Pagan drapery there are four prominent features illustrating the ethical and historical, as well as the æsthetic, side of this branch of art—the Egyptian and Assyrian, with their predilections for despotic governments and cramped development, and the free and enterprising Aryan of Greece and Rome.

The draperies of the Egyptians stand out in the mists of bygone ages as stern and solemn records of a despotic hierarchy, a suppressed national life, and a traditional and conventional school of art. The country was warm, and the mass of men wore nothing but a plain cloth round their loins, and the women a loose ungirdled robe. The upper classes wore full girdled robes, with sashes and straps—the chief characteristic of their draperies being their small and stiff parallel folds, whilst the king was distinguished from his subjects by his architecturally-shaped head-dress. This was also the case with the King of Assyria, but he and his people were far more luxurious in their

dress than the Egyptians. They wore richly-embroidered garments, made with elaborate additions in the form of highly-decorated aprons, bands, and sashes. There were echoes of a cruel despotism in these glittering, foldless garments—of effeminacy too, self-indulgence and degenerate luxuriousness.

From Egyptian and Assyrian we pass to the draperies of Greece, which at once recall a vision of unparalleled beauty. Whether we look at the tunic and cloak of Athens' senator, or at the long, full, and girdled robe of matron and maid, there is the same graceful simplicity, the same proof that the Greeks of the age of Pericles knew better than any other race of men how to express most fitly the beauty of man and woman. Their draperies were always beautiful; they obeyed all constructive principles of drapery, and never lapsed into dull monotony. The draperies of Rome were a sumptuous exaggeration of those of Greece. The cloak of the Athenian was changed for the large and heavy toga, as Roman as anything in Rome; and the robes of the women were fuller, more cumbersome, and more ornamental than those the Grecian women wore, all their less important garments being overdone in the same way.

Over the Pagan world the light of Christianity arose, and heathen drapery, with all other aspects of the old world, was transformed; from assisting in the worship of beauty it was enlisted in the service of the new religion, being intended to condemn personal vanity and self-indulgence, and to teach charity and self-denial.



IV.—ORIGINAL STUDY OF DRAPERY.

(By Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., for his Picture of "Captive Andromache.")

THE OPENING UP OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.



FOR a good many years—for more, certainly, than the authorities would care to be reminded of—the want of a satisfactory catalogue and guide to the treasures in the National Gallery has been nothing short of a public scandal. “The larger edition of this catalogue” [*i.e.*, the “abridged” catalogue of the pictures in the foreign schools], “which has been for some time under revision, is now in the press, and will be issued shortly,” is the note affixed as a matter of course to every succeeding edition of the official handbook, till the announcement is now met with a shrug of incredulity, and the date of the promised issue has come to be regarded as the Greek kalends in the art-almanack.

As matters have now fallen out, we need care but little whether the long-reiterated promise be fulfilled or not, seeing that Mr. E. T. Cook, M.A., has produced a popular handbook* upon which Sir Frederick Burton or anyone else will find it hard, if indeed he find it possible, to improve. In the short chapter with which he prefaces the work, Mr. Ruskin declares: “So far as I know there has never yet been compiled, for the illustration of any collection of paintings whatever, a series of notes at once so copious, carefully chosen, and usefully arranged as this which has been prepared, by the industry and good sense of Mr. Edward T. Cook, to be our companion through the magnificent rooms of our own National Gallery, without question now the most important collection of paintings in Europe for the purposes of the general student. Of course,” he goes on to say, “the Florentine school must always be studied in Florence, the Dutch in Holland, and the Roman in Rome; but to obtain a clear knowledge of their relation to each other, and compare with the best advantage the characters in which they severally excel, the thoughtful scholars of any foreign country ought now to become pilgrims to the Dome (such as it is) of Trafalgar Square. . . . It will be at once felt by the readers of the following catalogue that it tells them about every picture and its painter just the things they wished to know. They may rest satisfied also that it tells them these things on the best historical authorities, and that they have in its concise pages an account of the rise and decline of the arts of the Old Masters and record

of their personal characters and worldly state and fortunes, leaving nothing of authentic tradition and essential interest untold.”

There are merits in this compilation other than those pointed out by Mr. Ruskin, to which the attention of official cataloguers in general may well be drawn. In the first place, not only are its readers told “just the things they want to know,” but they are spared the telling of things they do not care about, and that would be of little use or interest if told. In other words, the book is strictly popular in its aim, its phraseology, and its execution. Interesting facts, explanations, traditions, and anecdotes are told of the pictures and their painters, to the point that the book itself may be considered entertaining reading. Mere technical discussion and bald fact are boldly eschewed: for them the “higher student” must seek elsewhere. “As a collection of critical remarks by esteemed judges and of clearly formed opinions by earnest lovers of art,” says Mr. Ruskin further on, “the little book possesses a metaphysical interest quite as great as its historical one.” For Mr. Cook has illustrated the great majority of the pictures with judiciously selected extracts from the writings of all the most eminent critics, few names indeed being absent, whether belonging to the past or to the present day.

And in the second place, the book, although an exhaustive catalogue in itself, is more particularly a guide to the galleries, deriving its chief educational value from its fulness, correctness, and its unflinching good-humour. Modelled in great measure upon the plan of Mrs. Jameson’s “Handbook,” it is at once more complete and less diffuse. Reading as he walks and looks, the visitor may pass through all the twenty-six apartments, and learn the whole history of art as exemplified in our National Gallery—his attention being called the while to beauties which he otherwise might not see and to facts he probably would not know; and, if he do not elect to skip, he may acquaint himself with the shrewdest, the most poetical, the most discerning and thoughtful, or the most trenchant criticisms that have proceeded from the pens of our greatest art-writers, whether most favourably known as critics, historians, or poets.

The plan of the work is both simple and intelligible. After an introductory chapter, wherein the history of the National Gallery is included, the compiler sets forth the official regulations, and presents a plan of the gallery—the latter showing, by

* “A Popular Handbook to the National Gallery.” By E. T. Cook. With a Preface by John Ruskin, LL.D., D.C.L. (London: Macmillan and Co. 1888.)

an ingenious system of cross-hatching; the extent and the date of the various extensions of the building. Then the visitor is conducted around the galleries, one by one, to the accompaniment of history and anecdote, and a tasteful but profuse selection of elegant and apposite extracts from the poets and from Mr. Ruskin. Indeed, the works of the Bard of Coniston have never before been so effectively subjected to the process of honey-sucking, doubtless because no man living is so minutely acquainted as Mr. Cook with every written word of Ruskin, chapter and verse—a fact, indeed, that Mr. Ruskin once confessed to me himself. A pithy introduction to each school heads the various chapters; then follows the full index of painters (which, by the way, had far better have come at the end), and, finally, we have an “index list of pictures.” Every particular concerning their acquirement is here recorded—vendor, donor, date, and price—together with the whereabouts of every picture at present “on tour.”

I have called attention to the practical merits of Mr. Cook's book, not only because it is far and away the best catalogue, so far as I know, that has ever been published—surpassing even Mr. Scharf's, both in interest and utility—but because the general principle observed in its compilation cannot be too forcibly impressed upon those who are responsible for the display of treasures of whatever kind. Before any amount of real benefit can be imparted to the public by a collection of works of art,

or whatever else, however superb and costly it may be, that public must be made to feel an interest in it. This can only be done by drawing them to the gallery by a bond of sympathy, and, by encouraging legitimate curiosity and satisfying the new-born desire for information, to ultimately cultivate a love of art. It is too often forgotten that a public collection of pictures is designed to serve a triple end: the first, to display and illustrate the history of art; the second, to teach our art-students by affording them an opportunity of emulating the great works of the great masters; and the third, *and chief of all*, to entertain, educate, refine, and ennoble the great mass of the people—who can be neither entertained, educated, refined, nor ennobled by being told that such-and-such a picture was painted by So-and-so of the Early Venetian School in the year 1300, for the simple reason that they will not heed such bald and, to them, unmeaning information. The people may rightly claim to be taught how to blow the whistle for which they have paid so much.

Mr. Cook has done on an important scale what Mr. Whitworth Wallis has for some time past been doing in Birmingham on a more modest plan, and he may be said to have fully opened up for the first time, so far as the ordinary visitor is concerned, our rich national mine of art-treasure, which, for average excellence of its pictures and proportionate number and variety of its masterpieces, is second to none in the world.

THE EDITOR.

THE NATIONAL STATUE TO GENERAL GORDON.

THE uncovering of Mr. Thornycroft's statue of General Gordon, in Trafalgar Square, contributes a very notable addition indeed to the sparse sum of the works of art that open-air London can boast. It is the outcome of a vote by Parliament in 1885—the year of Gordon's death—when, acting on the counsel of Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir John Millais, and Mr. Watts, Mr. Plunket, the First Commissioner of Works, commissioned Mr. Thornycroft to execute the monument.

It will doubtless be of general interest if Mr. Thornycroft's own account of the statue, written in a private letter to the Editor of *THE MAGAZINE OF ART*, be first presented to the reader.

“At first it was proposed that the statue should be placed as a pendant to that of Havelock—the statue of Napier to be removed further back in the square to make room. To this removal there proved to be some serious opposition. This I did not regret, as the task of making a pendant to the Havelock

monument did not fill me with delight; for I am strongly of opinion that the scale of this statue is entirely wrong, and detrimental to the effect of the Square. I preferred rather having a site farther back in the Square for the Gordon, where I could have a freer hand and could aim at making a statue whose scale, at any rate, should be in proper proportion to those buildings around most worthy of consideration, namely, the National Gallery, which is really a beautiful building, the Church of St. Martin's, and the College of Physicians.

“That portrait-statues in public places should have a relation to the buildings in their immediate neighbourhood, and not to abnormal structures, such as the Nelson Column, is, I think, not to be questioned. We have removed one monster to the wastes of Aldershot, and there are still others which might, at any rate, be reduced in scale, if we are ever to beautify London. It is a vain hope, perhaps, but I should like to live to see a smaller copy of Foley's

Prince Consort placed under the golden canopy in Kensington Gardens in lieu of the gilded Colossus now there.

"The Gordon monument consists of a bronze statue of the hero, ten feet six inches high, and a lofty decorated pedestal, containing on two sides of the shaft bronze panels in low relief. The subjects are allegories—the one 'Fortitude and Faith,' and the other 'Charity and Justice.'

"Gordon appears as an English Staff-Officer, wearing a patrol jacket, but without belts, sword, or weapon of any kind, except his famous short rattan cane, or 'Wand of Victory,' as it came to be called during his celebrated China campaign. Weapons he never wore, even in his most daring undertakings. His arms are almost in the folded position, but the right hand is raised up to the chin, while the left firmly grasps a Bible beneath his right elbow. Slung at his back is a binocular field-glass. He stands firmly on the right foot, the other is raised on a broken cannon. This latter I introduced to give a military environment to the figure, and at the same time to express his dislike to bloodshed and war—as if, so to speak, he would wish to put his heel upon it. The whole aspect of the statue I wished to be resolute, solitary, but not sad.

"I have had the advice and assistance of Mr. Waterhouse in the design of the pedestal. This is composed of hard Derbyshire limestone, known as Hopton Wood stone, which, unlike the depressing, interminable, never-changing grey granite all around, lends itself to the sculptor's chisel, so that the cap, or cornice, of the pedestal is here carved with appropriate ornament and scroll, giving the names of Gordon's famous campaigns and victories. The upper pedestal, or sub-plinth, to the statue, is enriched with bronze wreaths and festoons of honour to the man above. The proximity of the high terrace at the back required that the pedestal should be high, so that the whole monument measures twenty-nine feet in height."

Thus far Mr. Thornycroft. He naturally confined himself to description in writing his letter, leaving criticism to those who felt themselves called upon to offer it. With respect to the work, we are happy to recognise in it a charming simplicity and naturalness of pose—somewhat similar to that of the statue of Lord Herbert of Lea outside the War Office, but considerably more lifelike—that add an unassuming dignity to the qualities the sculptor sought more particularly to produce. The pedestal is finely designed, and, to a certain extent, original. But we confess ourselves altogether opposed to the accepted orthodox notion of a high pedestal at all. To place the bronze or marble effigy of a man on the top of a huge block of decorated

stone, considerably higher than the man himself, is repellent, in a certain degree, to the logical mind that has not become habituated to the idea through convention. In this matter there may be two extremes; that in which, as in the case of the Duke of York, we elongate our pedestal *ad absurdum*, and get our hero out of the way by sticking him on the top of a column a hundred and twenty feet above us, with a spiky lightning-conductor through his head, where we cannot see him; and the other when the portrait is so fine and lifelike that the effigy almost ceases to become a conventional representation of a man, and we begin to ask ourselves why this poor art's victim should remain up there to brave the wind and weather. In either case the rigid lines of the base invariably clash in spirit with the lines of the figure above, and defy all the attempts of the artist to decorate them away. Why must we always have these apologies—however ample they may be—for something better? Statues there are—Tabacchi's monument commemorating the completion of the Mont Cenis tunnel is a fair example of the principle—which are raised to the required level by means of a picturesque treatment of the base, whereby the enforced idea of a pedestal is altogether eliminated. It is surely high time that some variety should be introduced into our public monuments.

But if anything could reconcile us to the idea of a pedestal it is the graceful design of Mr. Thornycroft and Mr. Waterhouse, embellished as it is with the two exquisitely-imagined reliefs by the former artist. They represent, as has already been said, the distinguishing "cardinal virtues" of General Gordon. In the western panel the symbolical figures of Fortitude and Faith stand side by side; Fortitude, calm and resolute, with her sword and buckler, which bears the legend, "Right fears no Might;" and Faith, with uplifted hands and eyes, draped from the head, and wearing a cross upon her bosom. In the companion panel the composition is more elaborate. Charity here bears a nestling English child upon her arm, while with the other hand she draws close to her a little Soudanese boy whom she has taught to read, and whose naked shoulders she covers with the folds of her own gown. Beside this lovely group stands Justice, blindfold, bearing her usual attributes, the sword and scales. We know not where to look in out-door London for such a union of grace and beauty of composition and line, charm of feeling and of sentiment, of elegance and skill (especially in the arrangement of draperies), that combine here to render these plaques masterpieces in sculpture design. The public and the artist are equally to be congratulated, for Mr. Thornycroft's triumph is the people's gain.

M. H. S.



GENERAL CHARLES G. GORDON, C.B.

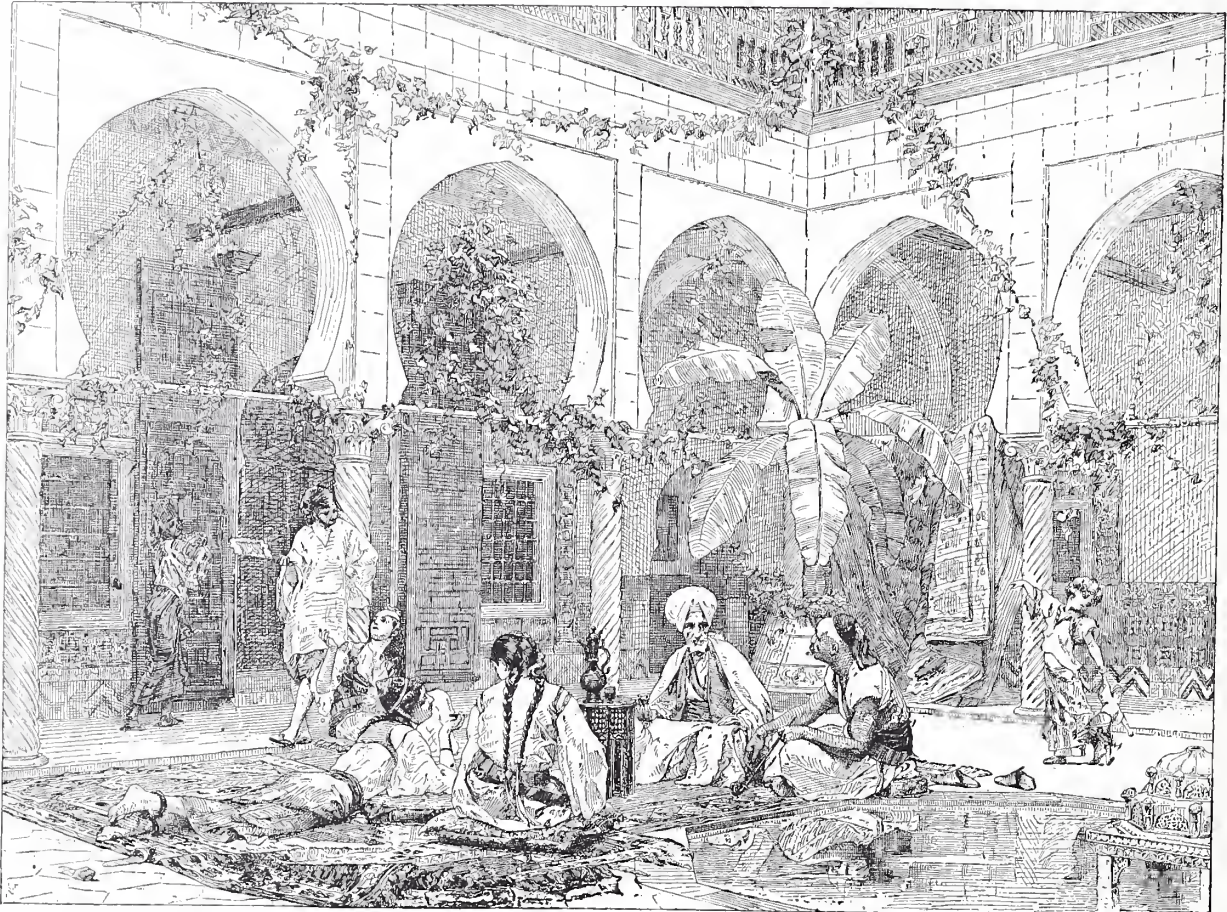
(From the Statue by Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., erected in Trafalgar Square. Engraved by J. M. Johnstone.)

GUSTAVE BOULANGER.

BY M. H. SPIELMANN.

BY the death of Gustave Boulanger, which was recorded in these pages last month, France has lost one of her most popular painters. I say "popular" advisedly, for although he was a painter who always reached a high level of excellence, and

among many dear and old friends—Boulanger divided his art between classic and Oriental life, so that it is not surprising to find the more superficial among the critics comparing the merits of the two painters; but, as a matter of fact, the times were few indeed when



A MOORISH INTERIOR.

(From the Picture by Gustave Boulanger.)

seldom produced anything below its average or unworthy of his name, he never rose to be a really great artist in the estimation of those whose judgment accords the position. Talent he had of a very high order, but though he exercised it with all the opportunities afforded by his richly-inventive faculty, it never once reached the borderland of absolute genius. Talent, unlimited industry, a sure hand for drawing, a bright fancy, and a mind above the commonplace—all this ensures him a foremost position in the second rank of the painters of France, but can never entitle him to a place among the artists of genius.

Like M. Gérôme—his oldest and dearest friend

Boulanger—whose mind was of a much inferior order, artistically speaking—came out the victor. His *technique*, indeed, was not comparable to that of Gérôme, nor were his conceptions as vigorous; for all that his colour was less hard, and his female figures invested with greater grace. The balance has been struck, too, between him and Mr. Alma-Tadema; though he has never, to our knowledge, reached such a height in the art of painting as Mr. Tadema usually attains, nor so impressed his spectators with the conviction of his sincerity. Perhaps his exact position may be best defined by saying that to Lord Lytton's knowledge of classic



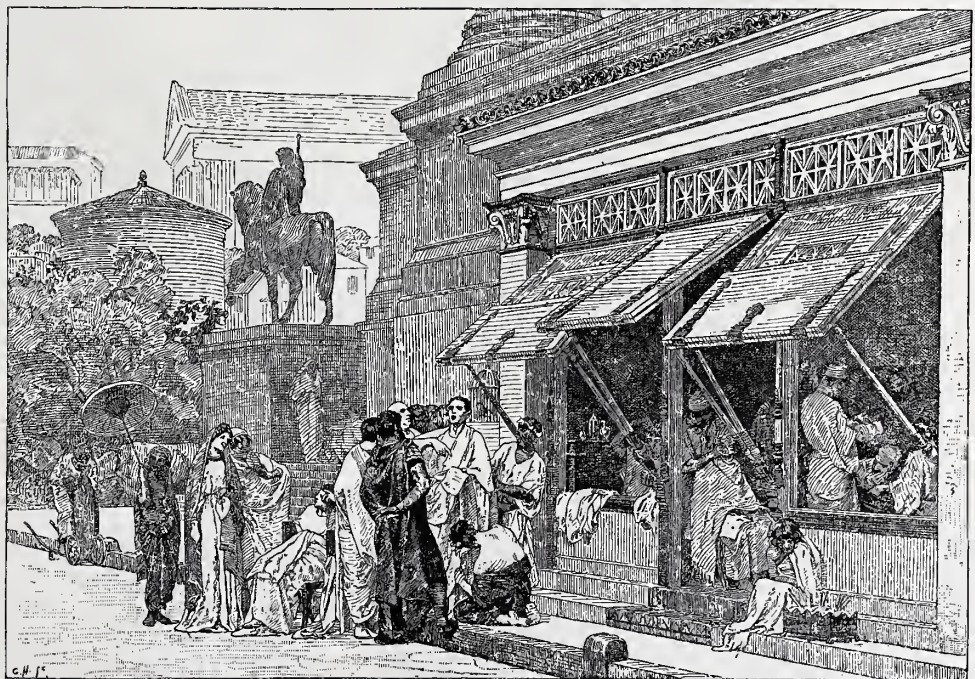
THE STATUETTE-SELLER.

(From the Picture by Gustave Boulanger.)

Of course, as a graceful painter of the nude, he had but slight opportunity outside of his Greek, Roman, and Pompeian subjects; and the nude was one of his strong points. There is some very graceful painting of the sort in "Le Mamillare," while for grace of the draped figure the reader may be referred to "The Statuette-Seller," here shown. Yet for this delightful quality he was by no means to be depended upon, his grace as often becoming affectation, as his ideal of beauty constantly degenerated into mere prettiness. To sum up, Gustave Boulanger was an admirable draughtsman, a pleasing colourist, skilful in the handling of his subject, and *spirituel*—sometimes even dramatic—in the telling of his story; steadily declining all the while to move with the artistic advance of his countrymen.

That he was an exceptionally keen observer, too, his Oriental works sufficiently testify, though the quality is not so manifest in his finished pictures as in his sketches and studies. He had been sent to Africa at the age of fourteen by his uncle, and utilised the eight months he spent there in making sketches of life and character. A love of Orientalism, both in town and plain, became thus early implanted in him, but for all that he could not resist the temptations of the neo-Greek school that was then exercising so great an influence on French youth. He therefore placed himself under the tuition of Delaroche before entering

life and something of Mr. Poynter's skill in drawing it, he brought to bear the sentiment of Mr. Woods and the poetry of Professor Sciuti. He was, in short, a realist; for although he often startles us with the originality of his scenes of Roman life—that is to say, not necessarily the life as it was, but the light as he considered it ought to have been—it is not until we come to examine his African pictures that we see of what vigour he was really capable.



THE SHOP OF THE BARBER LICINIUS.

(From the Picture by Gustave Boulanger.)

the Beaux Arts. A subsequent visit to Rome fired his enthusiasm, and, impressed by its archæological almost as much as by its sentimental side, and still more by his vision of the mighty works of Michelangelo, he returned to Paris (in the grandi-

In addition to what has already been referred to, his work included occasional portraiture of no inconsiderable merit and "history pictures," altogether more important in aim than the *historie genre* on which he elected to base his claim to celebrity. But

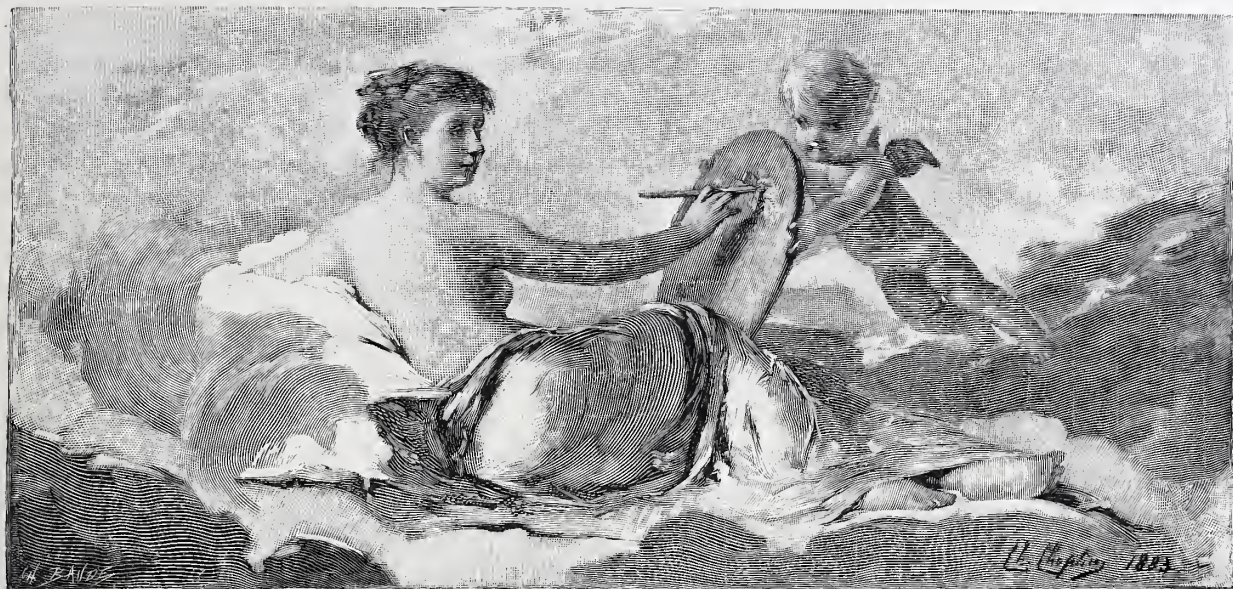


"THE EMIR!"

(From the Picture by Gustave Boulanger.)

loquent language of an admirer) "to share with Gérôme, Picou, and Hamon, not the Empire of Alexander, but that of the Cæsars"! He thus continued painting Rome and Algiers alternately, almost from the first, for the latter of which he found his early studies of type of no little value.

it is more than likely that it is as a decorator that he will retain his reputation, for in his wall and ceiling paintings the limitations of his art and powers are less apparent, and his fancy, restrained by his academie draughtsmanship, had free but well-controlled play.



THE GENIUS OF PAINTING.

(Designed by Ch. Chaplin. Engraved by Ch. Baudé.)

ITALY, THE ART-CENTRE OF THE WORLD.

BY JOHN FLAXMAN, R.A.*

“To the President and Council of the Royal Academy of London.”

“GENTLEMEN,—The Petitioners desire that France may become the University for the Arts of Design in the following words :—‘It is necessary that all nations should henceforth borrow the fine arts from us with the same eagerness they formerly imitated our follies ; and when we shall have granted them peace, they will be anxious to come to this country to imitate the wisdom and taste which those works of genius impart.’ But let us see what advantages of this kind France possesses, or is likely to be possessed of, in comparison with Italy.

“An University or School in which all nations are to study the Arts of Design should possess all possible assistance to the progress and exercise of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. This presupposes the possession of the greatest number and

variety of the most excellent works on Grecian Sculpture—Groups, Statues, Busts, and Bas-reliefs in marble and bronze—as likewise Gems and Medals ; of Paintings, the greatest number and variety of ancient Greek and Roman Paintings and Mosaics, as also the best of those works which have been produced since the revival of the Arts. This University should be situated in a country abounding with buildings erected from the remotest antiquity, through the barbarous ages, down to the revival of the Grecian orders in the fifteenth century. Here the student of Architecture should see and study the Palaces, Temples, Basilicas, Theatres, Amphitheatres, Baths, Aqueducts, Fountains, Tombs, Chapels, Altars, Sarcophagi, or whatever else of public or private building or decoration might enable him to make the most profound and perfect studies in his art. The Painter and Sculptor should be excited by the objects to a habit of copying fine living models ; and they should have easy access to able masters for instruction. The local situation of such a school should be connected with the classical history of the works which it contains, in order that the natural connection between the Arts of Design and the *Belles-Lettres* may be preserved. The very climate itself should be favourable to grand forms of countenance and person, to the limbs being more uncovered than in colder countries, to careless and variegated groups and actions and flowing draperies. This School of Arts should likewise lie in the high road to Greece and Egypt, Syria, Balbek, and Palmyra, to enable

* NOTE.—A very short time after Buonaparte had led his victorious army through Italy, annexing as he went every fine work of art on which he could lay hands to enrich the Musée National at Paris, a petition was presented to their Government by a number of over-patriotic French artists. The gist of this petition was, that seeing how many of the finest treasures of art were now in France—(a very considerable number of which, however, were disgorged a few years later)—the time was now ripe for the supplanting of Rome by Paris as the great art-centre for students of all nations. Alarmed at this over-bearing suggestion, Flaxman raised his voice in reply, in a letter which he addressed to the English Royal Academy. This letter, here printed for the first time, was written in 1797, the year of his election as Associate of the Academy.—EDITH.

such as would study art and science at their source to make the easier journeys into those countries. Now, as Italy is the only country in the world that has all these advantages, it is evident that is the University in which all nations must study the Arts of Design.

“France, on the contrary, wants them all, in common with her neighbours. In France there is no series of Greek and Roman buildings for architects to study; in France there is no collection of antique sculpture worth notice—nay, in this respect, perhaps England, Saxony, Prussia, Russia, and Spain excel her, for in those countries there are very fine collections of ancient sculpture, notwithstanding that all the first, second, and perhaps third class remain in Italy, where every true lover of arts and letters must hope they may long continue. There is certainly an extensive and valuable collection of Pictures in Paris, which will be of the greatest assistance to Painters preparatory to their studies in Rome. Among the works of chiefest merit are those in the Luxembourg Gallery by Rubens; some Pictures of Raphael and Correggio; the Battles of Le Brun and the ‘Life of St. Bruno,’ by Le Sueur. But the paintings of greatest excellence, upon the study of which alone an historical painter can hope to become great, remain in Italy; and there the best of them must remain, as their sizes are enormous, and they are painted on walls. The Paintings which I allude to are Michael Angelo’s ‘Last Judgment’ and ceiling in the Capella Sistini; ‘The Martyrdom of St. Peter’ and ‘The Conversion of St. Paul,’ in the Capella Paulini, by the same artist; the chambers of Raphael in the Vatican; the chapel painted by Signorelli at Orvieto; the Paintings of Titian in the Ducal Palace of Venice; and the Domes by Correggio and Parmagianio, &c. &c.; to which I may add the ancient paintings at Naples, for these are in Italy, though not of the number of immovables. If to the objections already stated we add the disadvantages of the climate and local situation of France, in comparison with Italy, we shall immediately see that nothing less than a new dispensation of Providence and arrangement of things in this part of the Globe can ever give France the advantages which Italy possesses as an University for the Arts of Design.

“If it should appear, from what has been said, that this scheme of making France the University of the World is impracticable, as well as unreasonable and unjust, all the lesser arguments of the Petitioners must, of course, fall to the ground; but if any one is dissatisfied with what has been advanced, although I could produce other arguments, I could not produce stronger to convince him.

“It would be great and disinterested in France,

as she is valiant in war, to be moderate in peace, and to suffer Italy to remain, as it has been, the University for all nations to study in, from which she will ultimately derive much greater advantages, in common with the rest of Europe, than she can in future by dismembering that venerable School. Such an instance of moderation would secure to France the praise of the present and future generations; it would prove that her love of the fine arts is equal to her professions. Those inestimable collections should be sacred and inviolable which are contained in Rome, Florence, and Naples, cities so conveniently situated for communication with each other, and which, together with the surrounding country, make up the great University of Italy, which may be said, immediately or intermediately, to have produced all the great restorers of Arts and Letters. The collections of Rome are not in the same danger of being dispersed as formerly, for all the fine works of art which have been found or purchased for many years past are lodged in the Clementine Museum, and belong to the Roman people. The nephews of Popes do not now marry into the families of crowned heads, and by that means give their powerful relations the plea to seize their collections by inheritance; besides which, the Roman Government will in future permit only duplicates of antique statues or inferior works to pass out of the State. I can assure the Petitioners that the Barberini and Giustiniani Collections are not wholly carried off. It is true that a few years back some articles were injudiciously sold out of them, but they are at this time great and valuable collections. I can assure them likewise that four of the best statues and some other articles from the Negroni Collection are in the Clementine Museum in Rome.

“Having gone through an examination of the object and principal arguments of the petition, it only remains to say something concerning those by whom it is signed. Several of them are persons highly esteemed for their industry and talents in Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. In this latter study the French have been particularly successful, and in this place I cannot forbear doing justice to the merits of my former friend and fellow-student in Rome, M. Percier. Although he is not in the number of Petitioners, he is a man of uncommon virtue; his compositions are the most beautiful architectural assemblages; his drawings have been much admired and sold for considerable sums in England. From a considerable knowledge of several of the Petitioners whilst we pursued our studies at the same time in Rome, I shall set down the following anecdote only: About ten years since a M. Drouvais died, who was a pensioner of

the French Academy in that city. He was universally regretted for his extraordinary talents in painting. His fellow-students, eleven in number, instantly agreed to honour him with a marble monument. M. Michallon (one of the present Petitioners) was the sculptor employed, and nobly gave his labour. The other students paid by subscriptions for the marble and other expenses out of their little pensions of six shillings per week, allowed by their Government to each, exclusive of their board and lodging in the Academy. The design was the side of a large altar; the pediment presented a medallion of the deceased; on the dado were three figures in bas-relief. Painting wrote his name, Sculpture supported her arm, and Architecture looked on with a mournful countenance. I have introduced this anecdote to

inform Englishmen of particular virtues and talents in an enemy's country, which otherwise might not be so generally known, and to let Frenchmen see that we can acknowledge whatever is praiseworthy in them with as much zeal as they would themselves.

"I have only to add my earnest wishes as an Englishman and a real lover of my country that we may in future cultivate the Arts of Design with as much fervour, and labour as indefatigably to bring them to perfection, as the French have done, by those means only which are just and honourable.

"I have the honour to be, Gentlemen,

"Your most humble Servant,

"J. FLAXMAN,

"Sculptor.

"Buckingham Street."

THE ISLE OF ARRAN.—I.

By L. HIGGIN.

THERE are but few of the ordinary tourists who visit the Clyde who do not know something of Arran—if it is only its striking outline as seen from

sole of their feet, and they are bound to leave before nightfall to seek quarters elsewhere.

It is in the strictest sense a monopoly of the



APPROACH TO ARRAN.

(From a Drawing by J. MacWhirter, A.R.A. Engraved by T. W. Lascelles.)

the waters of the Frith, or from the Ayrshire coast; but, fortunately for the lovers of this most beautiful retreat, their acquaintance with it is of the slightest: for there is practically no resting-place in it for the

fortunate people who can claim something more than a passing acquaintance with it. And though the comfortable hotel at Corrie, and the somewhat more pretentious one at Brodick, are crowded from roof to

cellar, and even the tiny Court House turned into an exaggerated bedroom for the many from Saturday to Monday, there is small chance of anyone not known to the proprietor, or having some friend on the island, finding room on the floor to sleep, much less a bed.

Once introduced to Arran, however, those who appreciate its beauties, and love its absolute repose and freedom from conventionalities, become enthu-

and yet be within twelve or fourteen hours of London, and close to Glasgow, is something to be enjoyed with trembling in these days of universal progress. It is needless to say that the sort of people who like negro minstrels, performing dogs and monkeys, and "a band twice a day on the pier," do not visit Arran.

Arran is almost the same size as the Isle of Wight, but is incomparably more beautiful, and of



VILLAGE CORRIE.

(From a Drawing by J. MacWhirter, A.R.A. Engraved by T. S. Bayley.)

siastic lovers, and regular *habitnés*. Before they leave one season they have secured quarters for the next; and after a time come to consider they have a vested right in their picturesque little cottage, embowered in trees, or snugly nestling on the side of one of the glens. A few artists who know of the inexhaustible beauties of Arran come there as regularly each year as they leave London; the same visitors are found year after year, at most moving from one part of the island to another, and never dreaming of going elsewhere. Londoners, however, who come here, as a rule keep their retreat dark, for one of its great charms is its utter remoteness from ordinary life, while within a few hours' journey from town. To have the luxury of never seeing or hearing a railway train, or even a tourist-laden coach,

a wholly different character. It has been said by geologists to be an epitome of the world, and by tourists, who know it well, to be a *résumé* of all the beauties of Scotland. Seen from the sea, it has the appearance of a singularly fine range of mountains, with wild and jagged outlines rising straight from the water; and although the greatest heights are not important (Goatfell, 2,866, Gor Mhor, 2,618, and so forth), they appear extremely imposing, from the fact of their being seen from base to summit. Nothing can be finer, in fact, than the long irregular ridge, extending from Ben Ghnuis on the south to Sindhe Fergus on the north-east. The western range which joins this has a persistent altitude of 1,600 feet, with six summits not less than 2,000 feet each. The whole island is curiously

divided into two almost equal, but very dissimilar, portions; the northern division consisting wholly of these rugged mountain ranges, intersected by wild and deep glens, which, diverging from one centre, open seaward on a narrow belt of lowland that is covered with the most luxuriant verdure and splendid trees. Along this belt, and at the foot of the old sea-cliffs, pierced with water-worn caves, but now clothed with rich foliage, and over which, after rain, waterfalls dash on to the low ground on

the north-west, the most picturesque parts of the scenery may be found. Lamlash itself is not a favourite with the Arran lover. It is too much like other seaside places, and the fact of Holy Island lying completely across the opening of the bay suggests its being shut in, which becomes very wearisome after a time. The walk over the cliffs by Corrie Gills to Brodick, however, affords one of the finest views of the rugged ranges of mountains to be found anywhere. Glencoly is a wide, well-cultivated



LOCH RANZA CASTLE.

(From a Drawing by J. MacWhirter, A.R.A. Engraved by A. Blossé.)

their way to the sea, runs the road from Brodick to North Glen Sannox, where it turns up through the glen and crosses the mountain passes to Loch Ranza on the north-west. From this point to Dongrie on the west coast, at the mouth of Iorsawater, it once more runs along the beach under the ancient sea-cliffs.

The southern half of the island consists of a rolling table-land, somewhat uninteresting inland, but possessing a coast-line of great beauty, and, in some places, fine basaltic rocks and causeways. The east side of the island is both the most sheltered and the most beautiful; from Lamlash to Loch Ranza on

quiet glen running up from Invereloy, in which Kilmichael, the old mansion of the Fullertons, is situated. Up Glen Shirag runs a road, over what is called "the string," right across the island, down the Machrie Valley to Blackwater Fort on the west coast. From the high points of this road a magnificent view is obtained, and one may be fortunate enough to see the moon rise from over the low Ayrshire coast on the one side, while the sun is sinking into the sea on the other. Here, too, you become suddenly aware that the streams which have been running towards you, as you ascend the eastern flank, are now making their way westward. Glen

Rosa, perhaps the best known of the Arran glens, skirts along under Goatfell, and is divided at its extreme end from Glen Sannox by a precipitous neck of rock, which, however, may be passed.

The ordinary tourist and professional sightseer, as a rule, makes the trip to Arran from Wemyss Bay in the steamer *Ivanhoe*, and an unusually beautiful trip it is if the day be fine: past the glorious scenery of the Clyde, through the Kyles of Bute, and out into the open Frith, past the Cumbræes, where Arran itself comes in sight, lying like a sleeping lion on the summer sea, Ailsa Crag in the distance, and the blue line of the Irish coast beyond. The steamer makes straight for the sweet little village of Corrie, which nestles at the very foot of the rugged mountain, down whose side the "white water" is seen tumbling and sliding over the granite almost from the very summit. Here the steamer lies to while the passengers are brought off or landed in an open boat that puts out from the picturesque red rocks which serve the purpose of a pier. Close under the land the *Ivanhoe* now goes on to Brodick Bay, which it enters from the northern side, just under the wooded heights on which the castle stands. This affords by no means the most satisfying aspect of the bay, although it is that chosen by the artist. From the Corrie Gills shore on the south, or from the landing-stage at Invereloy, one gets a view of the central range of mountains, with Goat Fell and the opening of Glen Rosa, and all the luxuriant growth of the low-lying coast-line reflected in the still waters of the sheltered angle of the bay, which can scarcely be surpassed for beauty. This is, of course, if the day be fine; for it is no uncommon thing to go for a day's trip to Arran, and never see it at all, so apt is this exclusive little island to shroud herself in a vapoury mantle which completely hides her mountains from view. Round the point from Invereloy the picturesque little Holy Island comes into view completely masking the entrance to Lamlash Bay, although there is a deep channel on each side of it. After a short stay at Lamlash, the steamer sets out on its return journey, picks up the tourists who have had time for an hour's stroll at Brodick and Corrie, and carries them back to Glasgow; leaving the island alone for the rest of the day.

The steamers which cross twice a day during the summer months from Ardrossan rarely bring tourists; they do most of the serious business of the island. Fish, fruit, and vegetable sellers come over in them from the mainland, and anyone who wishes for these luxuries must go to the pier to make their purchases after the *Brodick Castle* has come in. The very bread for the most part comes across from the mainland, and the one or two shops in Brodick are supplied in the same way. The Ardrossan boats also

carry the mails, which are delivered to the outlying glens after a fashion quite peculiar. Once a week the banker comes from Lamlash and sits in a little wooden box on the pier to receive money, change cheques, &c. As for Corrie, it is dependent for its supplies from the mainland on the daily visit of the *Ivanhoe*, or the mail-cart from Brodick: Loch Ranza and some of the west coast villages are in the direct route of the Campbelltown steamers, and in the summer-time have communication with the mainland at least once a day.

Once or twice a week during the season, too, the *Brodick Castle* makes the complete circuit of the island by way of a pleasure-trip, calling, however, only at Lamlash, Brodick, and Corrie, for passengers. Beyond sounding the fog-horn, for the sake of the echo against the side of the mountains a little beyond Corrie, it does not, however, make itself disagreeable to the island and its summer residents.

The secret of the isolation and primitive condition of life in Arran lies in the fact that the whole island is in the possession of two proprietors, whose chief desire is to keep out tourists and prevent its becoming a second Rothsay, as it would quickly do from its nearness to Glasgow, the moment it was possible to get lodgings or hotel accommodation. Glen Cloy, a beautiful pastoral glen opening out towards Brodick Bay, and a small portion of Whitefarland Bay on the west, belong to the Fullertons, to whose ancestors the lands were given by Robert Bruce as a return for the shelter afforded him when in hiding from his English enemies before his invasion of the mainland. The whole of the remainder of the island belongs to the Duke of Hamilton, who thoroughly appreciates the beauty and charm of the place, and is determined that it shall not be turned into a tea-garden or a drinking-saloon for Glasgow.

He rules it much after the fashion of an absolute monarch, makes such laws and regulations as seem best to his fancy, and the visitor who succeeds in finding quarters there must submit to them. He does not allow any dogs to land without special leave, and the lady who would take her shaved poodle or her toy terrier must obtain special permission from the duke's agent, or she will have to go back to the mainland with her pet. He regulates the number and the size of the inns or public-houses, allowing the fewest possible for the accommodation of the islanders. The hotels at Brodick and Corrie are allowed by special favour, but no addition may be made to them. Nor will he give permission to his tenants to build anything more than they actually need to occupy themselves. As, however, the tenants make more by their summer letting than by their whole year's farming or trade, they have a marvellous

fashion of vanishing from June to October, and one and all let their cottage or farmhouse to the fortunate people who know how to secure them. Many retire to small iron or wooden shanties, which they set up

as are to be had the summer life in Arran is a species of camping under thatch, and only those who can stand a little roughing care for its delights. One often sees the head and shoulders of some well-grown



IN THE BIRCH-WOODS.

(From a Drawing by J. MacWhirter, A.R.A.)

in their gardens or on the hillside, leaving their homes for the visitors, who bring their own servants. After all, the number of houses and cottages in the whole island is extremely limited, and for the most part they are occupied year after year by the same people. Even the hotels decline to take boarders, and after a week's stay a polite intimation is given that the rooms are wanted.

To all except the families who secure such houses

man protruding through the attic window of a cottage while he makes his morning toilette. This is less because he wishes to admire the scenery than because it is the only method by which he can stand upright in his bedroom. There is always the problem of supplies to solve, though plenty of milk, butter, eggs, fowls, mutton, and potatoes are brought to your door by the farmers' carts, but wine, beer, or spirits must be obtained from the mainland, as the hotel-

keepers do not care to supply them, having quite enough to do to keep up their own stock. As a set-off against these difficulties, which to the lovers of Arran are but added delights, you have a climate which is mild without being enervating, a sweet, soft air, which can be excelled by none, scenery which is not only beautiful in itself, but which has a magic charm from the marvellous changes of colouring and of atmospheric effects; a combination of quiet pastoral scenes reminding one of the Swiss valleys, with sombre woods and quiet flowing trout streams, a background of mountains of grandly rugged forms, glens which for absolute wildness and weird loneliness are not surpassed in the remotest parts of Scotland, hills which gleam with the bloom of ripened fruit as the sun strikes on their heather-crowned sides, and the ever-changing sea taking such fairy-like opal tints at sunrise or sunset as those who do not know the strange beauty of northern seas never dream of—always the deep dark blue so peculiar to Scotland. Then the distant mountains on the mainland, the jewelled coast of Ayrshire, on the wilder Argyll, the passing storms which gather on the “Hill of the Winds,” and sweep down the glens, churning up the waters in the bay, till one trembles to watch them! And then towards evening all changes. The weary winds sink to rest, the sun gleams out, and a veritable transformation scene takes place, such as no one can describe, and no one imagine who has not seen it. Then every little stream has become a headlong torrent, waterfalls are tumbling down where no

one guessed there was a rill, over the old sea-cliffs between the red rowan-trees the wild white water is leaping and crashing down to the sea. The little brook which yesterday we passed over so easily on stepping-stones is now a river whose roar can be heard a mile off, as it carries great boulders down in its headlong course; and then, before the morn looks down on it, repentant of its sudden haste, it is shrinking half-ashamed within its banks again.

People who pay hurried visits to Arran talk of its climate as one of perpetual rain, because on the one day they saw it it was so; but those who know it well are content to have an occasional day's storm, for the beauty which succeeds when the mists are rolling up the granite precipices of Glen Shant, or forming a golden background for the jagged peaks of “the Castles,” as the setting sun lights up the hanging vapour behind their summits, and the whole island and its surrounding sea sparkles into unknown beauty. It is not often that there is continuous rain in Arran. Most generally a stormy morning will have a glorious close of day, or after a downfall over night the dawn will usher in a day of perfect peace and loveliness. Often there are long spells of delicious weather; while late into October the sea is warm enough for bathing, and the daily swim in the Burn is still possible and delightful. The east side of the island is, as we have said, by far the most sheltered, and about the Fallen Rocks, midway between Corrie and the Coek of Arran, is a region of almost perpetual calm.



DRUID STONES, ARRAN.

(From a Drawing by J. MacWhirter, A.R.A. Engraved by A. Blossé.)



*There's nae mair lands to tyne, my dear,
And nae mair lives to gie:
Though a man think sair to live nae mair,
There's but one day to die.*

*For a' things come and a' days gane,
What needs ye rend your hair?
But kiss me till the morn's morrow,
Then I'll kiss ye nae mair.*

*O lands are lost and life's losing,
And what were they to gie?
Fu' mony a man gives all he can,
But nae man else gives ye.*

*Our king wins ower the sea's water
And I in prison sair:
But I'll win out the morn's morrow,
And ye'll see me nae mair. A.C.S.*

Wm. Hole

A JACOBITE'S FAREWELL, 1715.

(Poem by Algernon Charles Swinburne. Drawn by W. Hole, A.R.S.A. Engraved by J. M. Johnstone.)

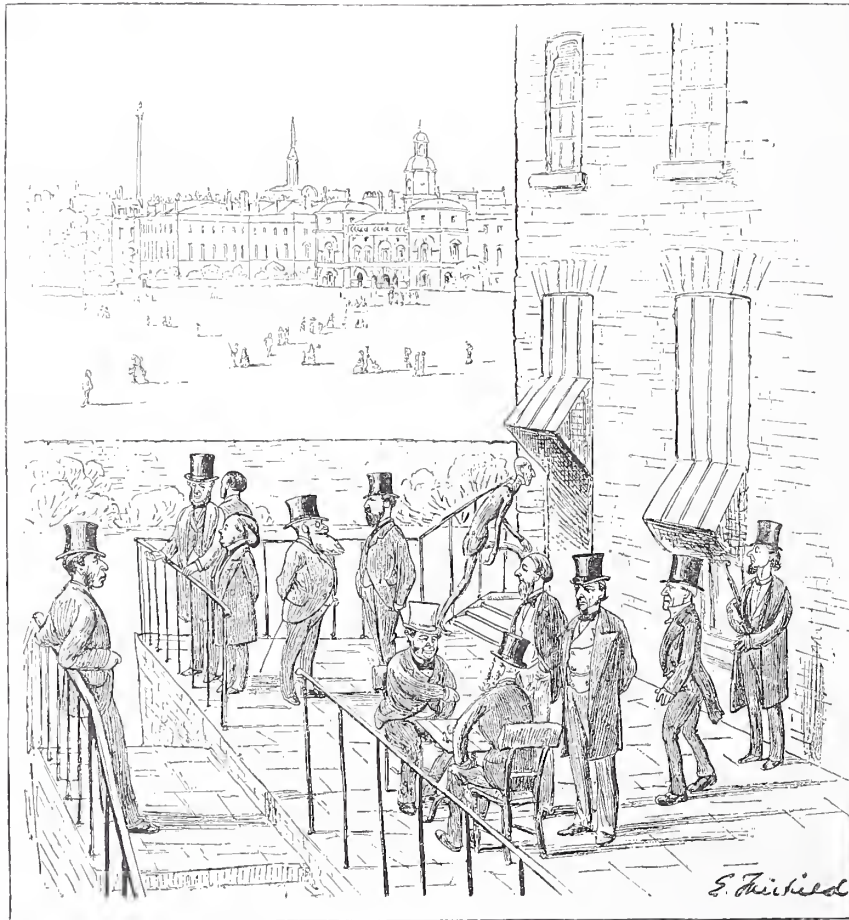
MR. GLADSTONE AND HIS PORTRAITS.

By T. WEMYSS REID.

FOR thirty years past no face in England has more frequently engaged the attention of the portrait-painter than that of Mr. Gladstone. Other men of eminence in politics and letters may during that period have temporarily filled a larger space in the minds of their fellow-countrymen, and as a consequence may have figured more prominently at certain periods on the walls of Burlington House. But they are gone, whilst Mr. Gladstone remains,

of the necessary diplomas of his profession, and that in dealing with the portraits of the ex-premier the critic suffers from an embarrassment of riches, the product of the care and labour of the greatest artists of our day.

Mr. Gladstone is not an easy subject, though he is one in whom painters may well delight. His strongly-marked features, the deep lines and furrows which time and thought have ploughed upon his



▲ CABINET COUNCIL IN DOWNING STREET: WAITING FOR DESPATCHES. 1872.

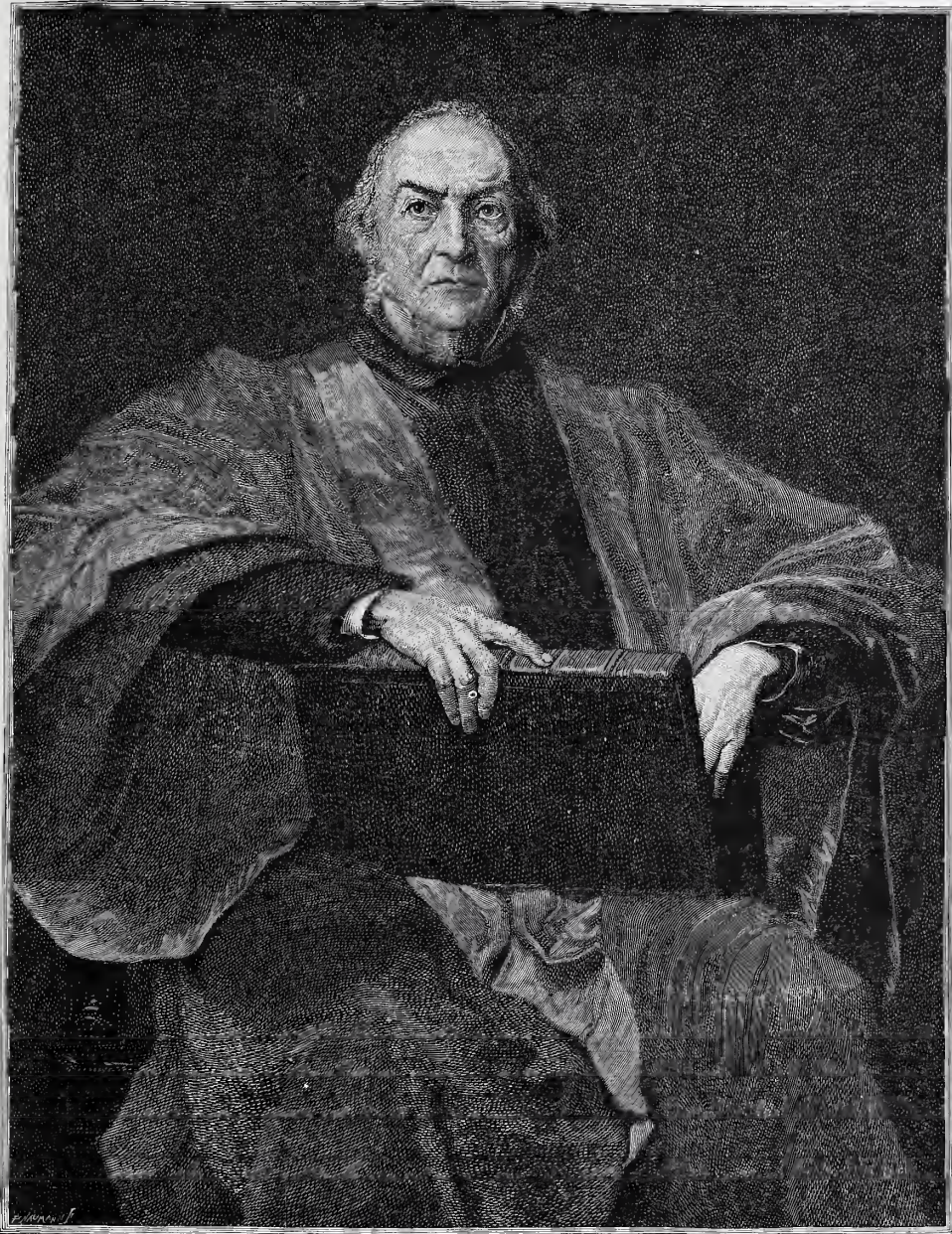
(From a Sketch by E. Fairfield.)

and 1888 still sees him what he was in 1858, one of the most remarkable and undoubtedly one of the most interesting figures upon the stage of public affairs. So it has come to pass that for any English portrait-painter not to have painted Mr. Gladstone is almost equivalent to his not having received one

face, the lustrous "speaking" eyes, and the heavy locks, once black, but long since whitened by the passage of the years, provide the artist with tempting materials for the display of his powers. It might seem, indeed, that his was one of those faces which it is impossible to mistake, and which even the least

skilful of painters can portray with accuracy. So far, however, from this being the case, there are few men of distinction whose likeness it is more difficult to fix upon canvas. For the expression—which alone can give life to the portrait—varies in the case of

within the folds of that collar, the dimensions of which are by no means so extravagant as the caricaturist seeks to make us believe, he presents a picture of extreme old age, wrapped within itself, lost in a reverie that deals with men and scenes undreamt



THE RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P. 1882.

(From the Picture by W. B. Richmond, A.R.A. Engraved by P. Naumann.)

Mr. Gladstone from hour to hour, almost, one might say, from moment to moment. Those who know him well will tell you that he has one face for the House of Commons, another for society, and yet a third for his own library. And in Parliament what an infinite variety of moods it is that he presents to those who watch him! Now, with head sunk deep

of by the present generation. As you scan the drawn and wasted features, over which is spread an ashen pallor that is almost startling, you find it difficult to believe that the veteran can ever again be roused to any interest in the affairs of this world. But in an instant all is changed. The eyes flash forth the fires of youth, the head is raised as though

in defiance, not merely of the crowded benches opposite, but of Time himself, whilst, as the feeling of the moment dictates, the mobile lips express anger, triumph, scorn, or a certain subtle persuasiveness which is peculiar to Mr. Gladstone. It is impossible for the artist, however great may be his mastery of his art, to combine in a single portrait all these varying phases of the statesman's face. His business is to select some happy moment in which he is seen at his best in a particular mood, and to fix that moment upon canvas.

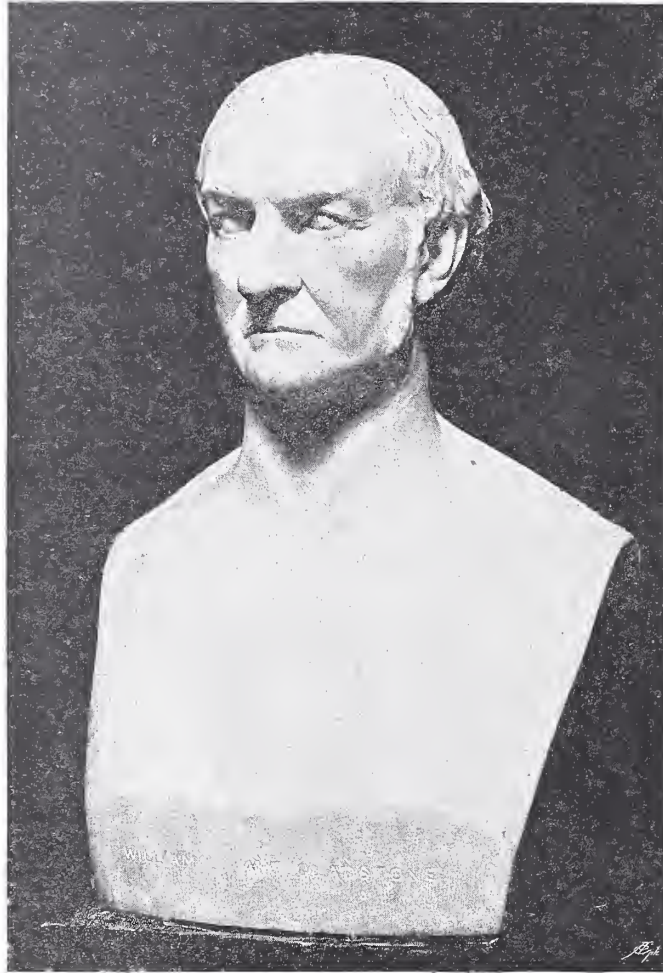
Sir John Millais, as all the world knows, has been exceptionally fortunate in his portraits of Mr. Gladstone. Engravings of the well-known work painted for the Duke of Westminster, and now the property of Sir Charles Tennant, form the popular adornment of thousands of Liberal homes. The Gladstone of that epoch is, indeed, one who might well inspire the admiration of all who shared his opinions. The portrait was painted in 1877, at the time when, by his inexhaustible energy and the manifold resources of his intellect, Mr. Gladstone was successfully reversing that current in the national feeling that was drawing us into a war on behalf of Turkey against Russia. Some one who was speaking of this portrait, at the time when it was being exhibited in the Royal Academy, commented to Mrs. Gladstone upon the pathos of the expression. "Yes," was that lady's reply, "Mr. Gladstone was thinking at the time how terrible a sin would be committed if England was to go to war for the Turks." Of what was he thinking when he sat to Sir John for that other portrait, a copy of which in photogravure is given as a frontispiece? The date

of the painting is 1885. That is the year which saw the close of his second premiership—the final termination, too, of his leadership of a united Liberal Party. Combativeness seems to be the prevailing characteristic of the face as it is portrayed here, and one gets some notion of the forces which have sustained Mr. Gladstone, not only through successive terms of office amid all the difficulties and trials of

English Parliamentary life, but during that period of unprecedented struggle, anxiety, and misfortune, which has elapsed since this portrait was painted.

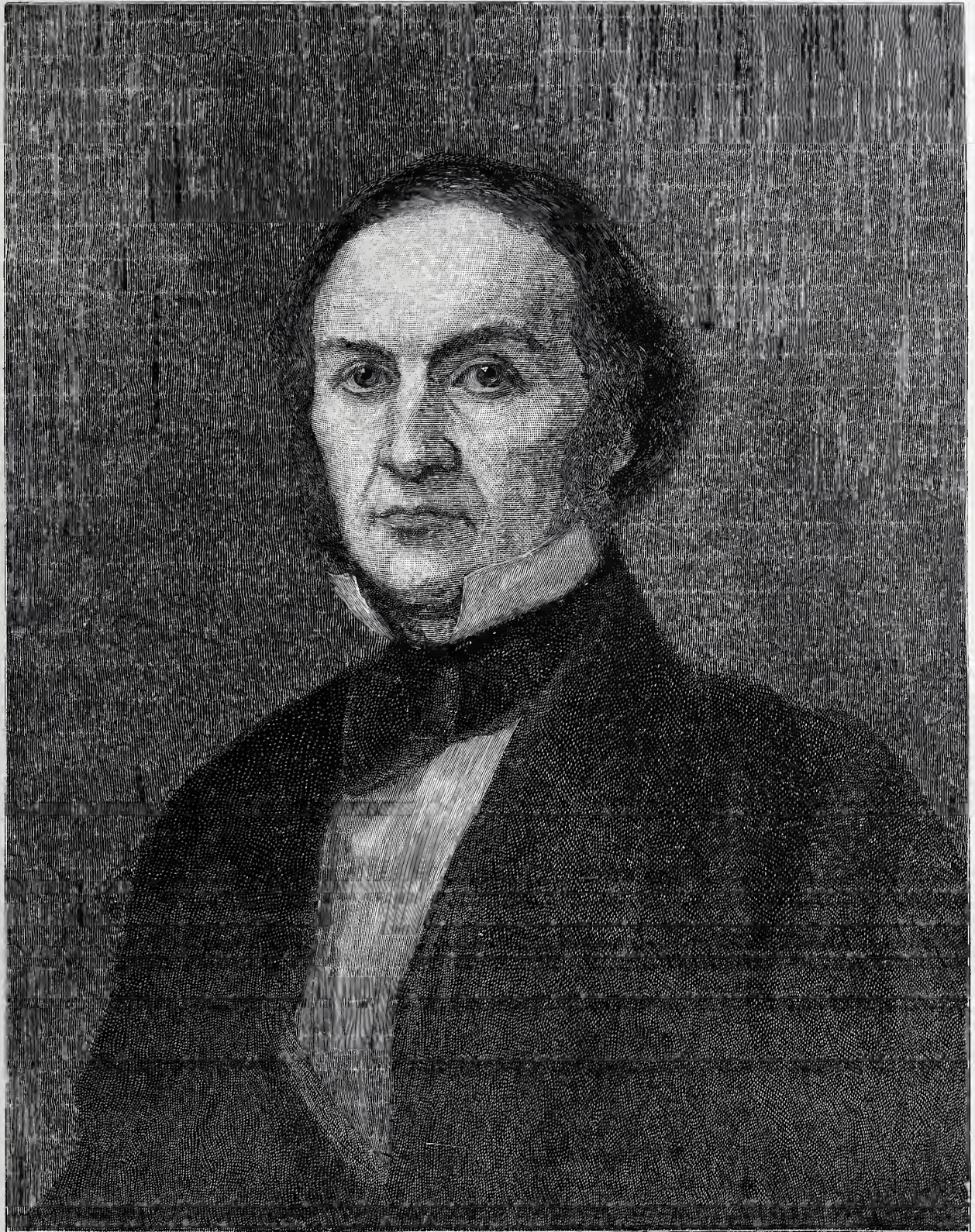
The earliest of the portraits reproduced here is that by Mr. Watts, which the artist proposes to bequeath to the nation. No one whose memory goes back for thirty years will fail to bear testimony to the admirable skill and fidelity with which it represents the Mr. Gladstone of those days—when as yet the brilliant Peelite was wavering between two diverging paths, and the popular opinion alike of Conservative and Liberal was that, although as a Chancellor of the Exchequer he was above praise, in any other position in the Government he

would be distinctly dangerous. It is pathetic to note the contrast between this portrait—so full of a calm repose, so suggestive of latent strength and great possibilities—and the extremely clever portrait of Mr. Gladstone painted at Florence during the spring of the present year by Mr. Thaddens. Between the two faces lie thirty years of strife, labour, and achievement. The story is told at a glance by the two canvases. Whilst Mr. Watts has been happy in indicating in his painting the forward look of the man whose work still lies ahead of him, Mr. Thaddens seems to have been still more fortunate in



THE RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P. 1882.

(From the Bust by Thomas Woolner, R.A.)

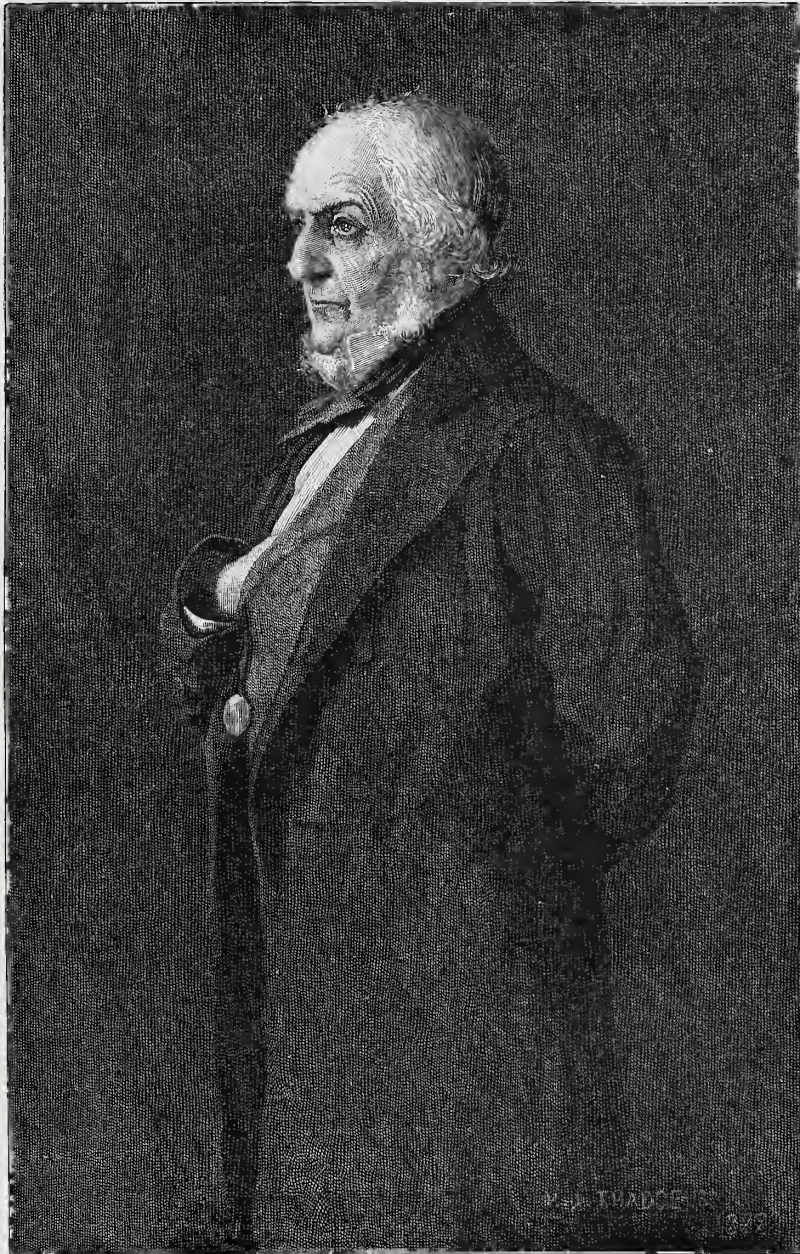


THE RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P. 1853.

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

selecting for representation one of those rare moments when Mr. Gladstone forgets the anxieties of the day and the labours of the morrow, and indulges in the long calm retrospective survey which is one of the privileges of age.

painting. Mr. Furniss knows Mr. Gladstone best as a Parliamentary leader, and he sketches him for us as he sits even now, evening after evening, in his accustomed place, listening with a critical intentness, which speaks volumes for his mental vigour and



THE RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P. 1888.

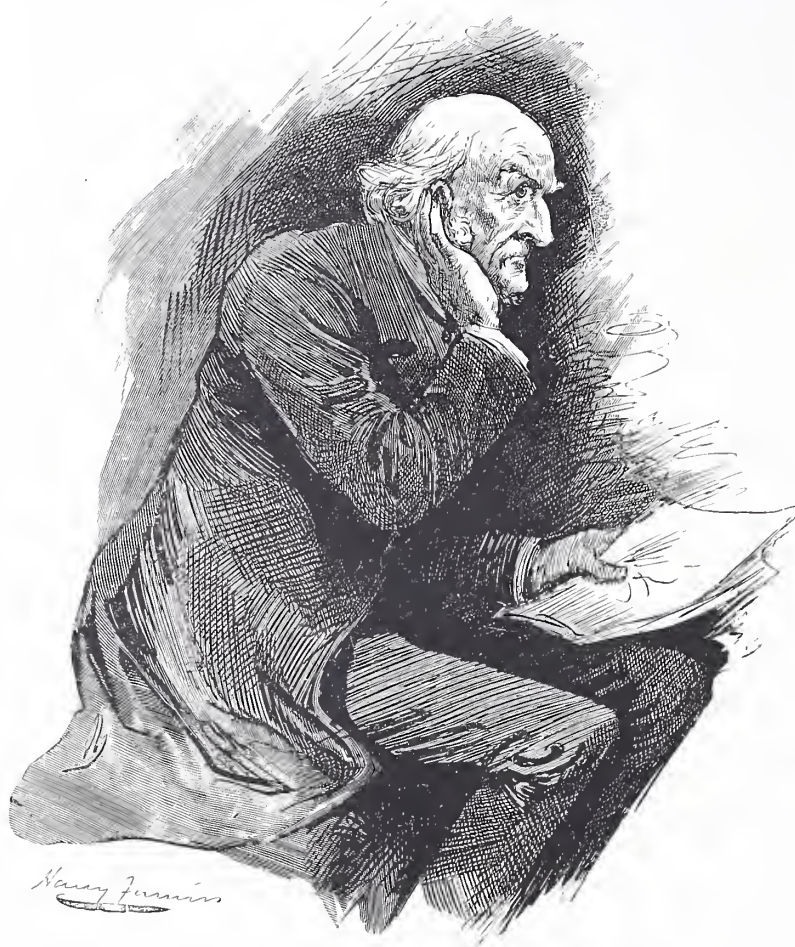
(From the Picture by H. J. Thaddeus. Engraved by J. M. Johnstone.)

Of a very different character is the sketch by Mr. Harry Furniss of Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons. It is a far cry from Westminster to Florence. Mr. Thaddeus, as I have said, was peculiarly fortunate in seeing Mr. Gladstone at a distance from the passion and turmoil of Parliamentary conflict, and his good fortune is reflected in his

acuteness, to the speeches of his opponents, ever on the alert to find a flaw in the argument that is distasteful to him, or an error in the statement of facts which reflects unfavourably upon the wisdom of his policy. The page of heads of Mr. Gladstone at various periods, which I am permitted to give from *Punch*, is chiefly interesting because of the light

which it throws both upon the difficulty of the artist in catching the man's real likeness, and upon the manner in which the English public has from time to time regarded the great Liberal leader. Mr. Tenniel, it is clear, has not been so happy in his caricatures of Mr. Gladstone as he has been in the case of many of the public men whose features he has made familiar to the world. The sketch, for which I am indebted to Mr. Fairfield, and in which Mr. Gladstone is seen

the terrace. Here, presently, Lord Granville and Mr. Forster engaged in a game of chess, whilst Mr. Gladstone watched them, a deeply-interested spectator. From the windows of the Colonial Office Mr. Fairfield saw the unusual sight, and he made the sketch of which I am able by his courtesy to give a copy. It contains admirable likenesses of the members of the Cabinet, not the least successful being that of Mr. Gladstone, who is here seen surrounded

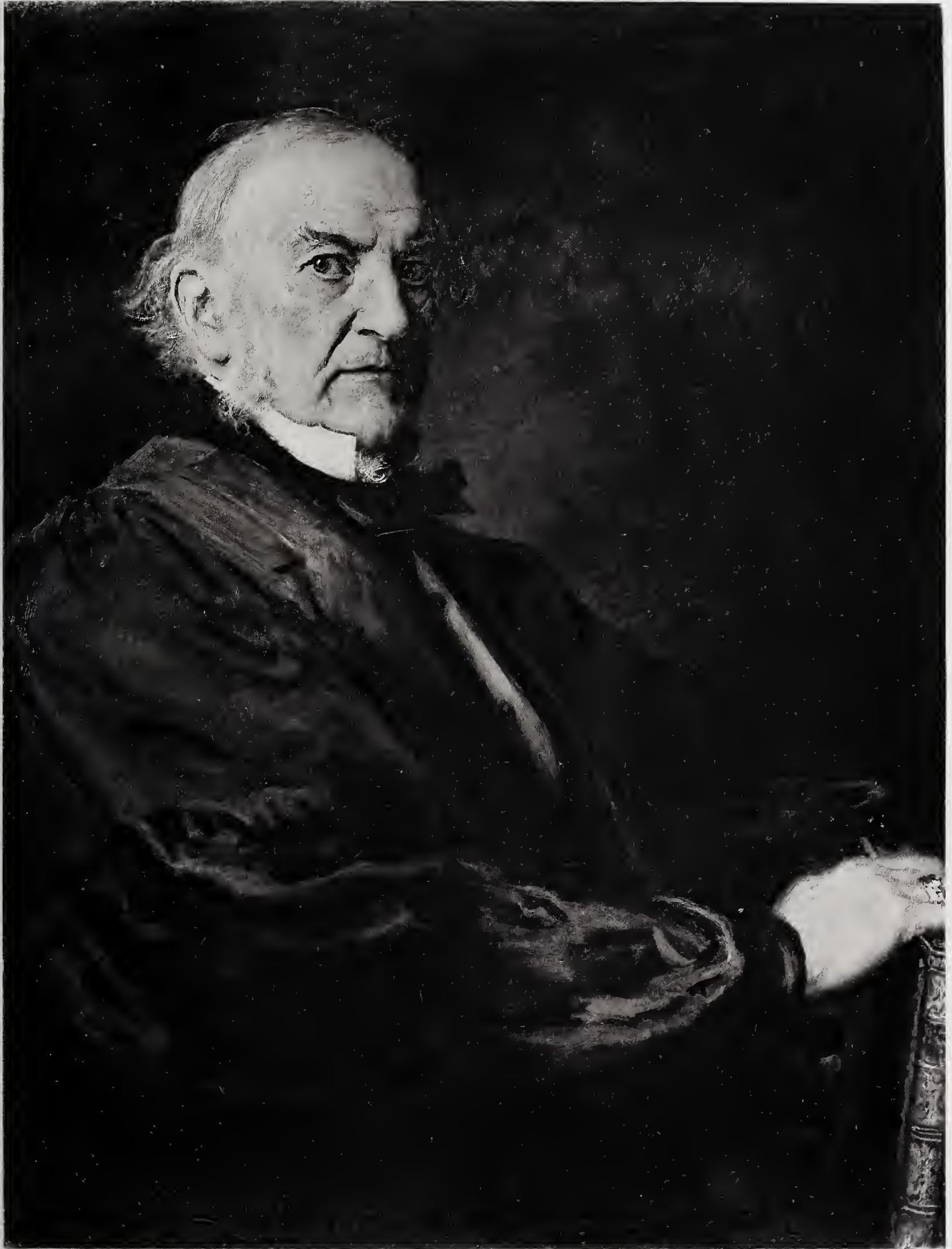


IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. 1888.

(A Sketch from *Life* by Harry Furniss. Engraved by J. Swain.)

surrounded by his colleagues in the Ministry of 1868, has a unique interest. It is, I believe, the only actual picture of a Cabinet Council in existence. The particular Cabinet which it represents was one of very special importance. It was that which was held one Saturday in May, 1872, for the purpose of hearing the decision of the Geneva Arbitration Court with regard to the indirect claims. I have told the story of the Cabinet in the "Life of Mr. Forster"—told it from the pages of Mr. Forster's diary. Ministers met at the usual hour, expecting news from Geneva momentarily. None came. At last, in weariness, they left the Cabinet room and sauntered out upon

by some of the ablest and the best of the men who were associated with his prime. The artist has been particularly happy in catching the characteristics of Lord Ripon and Lord Hartington, Mr. Goschen—standing apart from all in an attitude of easy meditation—Lord Halifax, who is hurrying into the Cabinet room eager to learn if the expected telegram has yet arrived, and Mr. Stansfeld, who surveys his colleagues with an air of lofty superiority. But it is Mr. Gladstone who is the central figure of the group, and all who knew the Prime Minister of those days will bear testimony to the truthfulness of this portrait in miniature.



Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., R. A. pinx.

Annan & Swan, photogravure.

RT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE. M.P., D.C.L., LL.D., &c.



CARICATURES FROM "PUNCH": 1859 TO 1888.

(By John Leech, John Tenniel, Linley Sambourne, and Harry Furniss. Selected and Re-drawn by Harry Furniss.)

"THOUGHTS ON OUR ART OF TO-DAY."

BY GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS, R.A., D.C.L., LL.D.

To the Editor of "The Magazine of Art."

SIR,—Perhaps I may be allowed a small space in your Magazine for a few words suggested by Sir John Millais's very crisp and interesting article. Sir John is too great an artist to quarrel with a difference of opinion which is not captious, or to take as personal, criticism of opinion. I think it would be interesting if other artists, whose experience could give interest to their judgment, would contribute the conclusions to which their study and practice have brought them.

Sir John is certainly right in his estimate of strong and even bright colour, but it seems to me that he is mistaken in believing that the colour of the Venetians was ever crude, or that time will ever turn white into colour. The colour of the best-preserved pictures by Titian shows a marked distinction between light flesh tones and white drapery. This is most distinctly seen in the small "Noli me Tangere" in our National Gallery, in the so-called "Venus" of the Tribune and in the "Flora" of the Uffizi, both in Florence, and in Bronzino's "All is Vanity," also in the National Gallery. In the last-named picture, for example, the colour is as crude and the surface as bare of mystery as if it had been painted yesterday. As a matter of fact, white unquestionably tones down, but never becomes colour; indeed, under favourable conditions, and having due regard to what is underneath, it changes very little. In the "Noli me Tangere," to which I have referred, the white sleeve of the Magdalen is still a beautiful white, quite different from the white of the fairest of Titian's flesh—proving that Titian never painted his flesh white.

The so-called "Venus" in the Tribune at Florence is a more important example still, as it is an elaborately painted picture owing nothing to the brightness that slight painting often has and retains, the colours being untormented by repeated re-touching. This picture is a proof that when the method is good and the pigments pure, the colours change very little. More than three hundred years have passed, and the white sheet on which the figure lies is still, in effect, white against the flesh. The flesh is most lovely in colour—neither violent by shadows or strong colour—but beautiful flesh. It cannot be compared to ivory or snow, or any other substance or material; it is simply beautiful lustre on the surface with a circulation of blood underneath—

an absolute triumph never repeated, except by Titian himself.

It is probable that the pictures by Reynolds are often lower in tone than they were, but it is doubtful whether the Strawberry Hill portraits are as much changed as may be supposed. Walpole, no doubt, called them "white and pinky," but it must be remembered that, living before the days of picture-cleaning, he was accustomed to expect them to be brown and dark, probably even to associate colour with dirt in the Old Masters. The purer, clearer, and richer the colours are, the better a picture will be; and I think this should be especially insisted upon, since white is so effective in a modern exhibition that young artists are naturally prompted to profit by the means cheaply afforded and readily at hand.

I think it is probable that where Titian has used brown-green he intended it, since in many of the Venetian pictures we find green draperies of a beautiful colour. Sir John seems to infer that the colours used in the decoration of the Parthenon (no doubt used) were crude. The extraordinary refinements demonstrated in a lecture by Mr. Penrose on the spot last year, at which I had the good fortune to be present, forbid such a conclusion. A few graduated inches in the circumference of the columns, and deflection from straight line in the pediment and in the base-line, proved by measurement and examination to be carefully intentional, will not permit us for a moment to believe this could have been the case; so precise in line, rhythmical in arrangement, lovely in detail, and harmonious in effect, it could never have been crude in colour. No doubt the marble was white, but illuminated by such a sun, and set against such a sky and distance, the white, with its varieties of shadow, aided by the colours employed, could have gleaned life and flame in its splendour. Colour was certainly used, and the modern eye might at first have something to get over, but there could have been nothing harsh and crude. The exquisite purity of line and delicacy of edge could never have been matched with erudition or anything like harshness of colour. To this day the brightest colours may be seen on the columns at Luxor and Philæ with beautiful effect.

I must further dissent from any opinion that beauty of surface and what is technically called "quality" are mainly due to time. Sir John him-

self has quoted the early pictures of Rembrandt as examples of hard and careful painting, devoid of the charm and mystery so remarkable in his later work. The early works of Velasquez are still more remarkable instances, being, as they are, singularly tight and disagreeable—time having done little or nothing towards making them more agreeable.

Sir John, too, while insisting on the necessity of careful study—and who has a better right?—seems, in his condemnation of apparent elaboration, to consider it a greater fault than apparent carelessness. Obvious elaboration is no doubt a defect, but hardly so great a one as obvious carelessness, whether real or affected; perhaps this last is the greatest to be found in art or in anything else, being an indication of want of sincerity. Completeness, the child of sincerity, is never apparently absent in nature. I think that there is a tendency nowadays to give undue praise to obvious dexterity, implying thereby that a picture should appear to have been produced without any trouble. Nature never works in this way; and to make it appear that in imitation of her fulness and loveliness no heart-breaking pains have been taken, is to treat her with an irreverence to grieve over. There cannot be a more dangerous or pernicious practice, especially for young artists, than to take any amount of pains to make it appear that none at all have been taken. Perhaps, too, very dexterous work, even legitimately dexterous, may be as likely in the long run to weary by its apparent assertion, as at first to charm by its ability. Certainly mere dexterity cannot give lasting pleasure; it may astonish and please for a time, but it will never claim our love.

I think that a work of art should not only be careful and sincere, but that the care and sincerity should also be evident. No ugly smears should be allowed to do duty for the swiftness which comes from long practice, or to find excuse in the necessity which the accomplished artist feels to speak distinctly. That necessity must never receive impulse from a desire to produce an effect on the walls of a gallery: there is much danger of this working *unconsciously* in the accomplished artist, *consciously* in the student.

But this is an age of dexterity; shown perhaps more in musical performances than in anything else. It is not uncommon to find children achieving in execution what former professors would have deemed impossible. Whether this is proof of any real advance in the science may be doubted, but certainly music has a greater real vitality than any other of the Fine Arts, and occupies a position in modern times probably occupied by sculpture in the palmy days of Greece.

There is too much competition in these days to

permit of great deliberation in the exercise of art. An age of competition must be an age of rapid results and brilliant effects; in art, striking appeals to the perceptive side of memory, of incidents, and peculiarities, rather than to those influences which require leisure and reflection; and there will be expectation to find in works of art dexterous imitation of remembered things. But this, if made the end rather than the means, will extinguish art altogether, since it means competition when competition can only be defeat. The most perfect imitation the hand is capable of, will be inferior to the perfect reproduction photography will give us.

I shall take advantage of Sir John's mention of Reynolds and Gainsborough to provoke some useful refutation, by stating that it seems to me the latter is by no means the rival of the former; though in this opinion I should expect to find myself in a minority of one. Reynolds knew little about the human structure, Gainsborough nothing at all; Reynolds was not remarkable for good drawing, Gainsborough was remarkable for bad; nor did the latter ever approach Reynolds in dignity, colour, or force of character, as in the portraits of John Hunter and General Heathfield, for example. It may be conceded that more refinement, and perhaps individuality, is to be found in Gainsborough, but his manner (and both were mannerists) was scratchy and thin, while that of Reynolds was manly and rich. Neither Reynolds nor Gainsborough was capable of anything ideal; but the work of Reynolds indicates thought and reading, and I do not know of anything by Gainsborough conveying a like suggestion.

A little book by the Russian soldier and artist Verestchagin is interesting to the student. As a realist, he condemns all art founded on the principles of picture-makers, and depends only on exact imitation, and the conditions of accident. In our seeking after truth, and endeavour never to be unreal or affected, it must not be forgotten that this endeavour after truth is to be made with materials altogether unreal and different from the object to be imitated; nothing in a picture is real; indeed, the painter's art is the most unreal thing in the whole range of our efforts. Though art must be founded on nature, art and nature are distinctly different things; in a certain class of subjects probability may, indeed must, be violated, provided the violation is not disagreeable.

Everything in a work of art must accord. Though gloom and desolation would deepen the effects of a distressing incident in real life, such accompaniments are not necessary to make us feel a thrill of horror or awaken the keenest sympathy. The most awful circumstances may take place under the purest sky, and amid the most lovely surroundings. The human

sensibilities will be too much affected by the human sympathies to heed the external conditions; but to awaken in a picture similar impressions, certain artificial aids must be used; the general aspect must be troubled or sad.

Verestehagin says the old-fashioned way of setting a portrait-head against a dark ground is not only unnecessary, but being usually untrue when a person is seen by daylight, should be exploded as false and unreal. But it is certain a light garish background behind a painted head will not permit that head to have the importance it would have in reality, when the actual facts, solidity, movement, play of light and shadow, personal knowledge of the individual or his history, joined to the effects of different planes, distances, materials, &c., will combine to invest the reality with interests the most subtle and dexterous artistic contrivances cannot compete with, and which certainly the artist cannot with reason be asked to resign. A sense of the power of an autoerat, from whose lips one might be awaiting consignment to a dungeon or death, would be as much felt if he stood in front of the commonest wall-paper, in the commonest lodging-house, in the meanest watering-place,

but no such impressions could be conveyed by the painter who depicted such surroundings.

Lastly, I must strongly dissent from the opinion recently expressed by some, that seems to imply that a portrait-picture need have no interest excepting in the figure, and that the background had better be without any. This may be a good principle for producing an effect on the walls of an exhibition-room, where the surroundings are incongruous and inharmonious; an intellectual or beautiful face should be more interesting than any accessories the artist could put into the background. No amount of elaboration in the background could disturb the attention of anyone looking at the portrait of Julius the Second, by Raphael, also in the Tribune, which I cannot help thinking is *the* finished portrait in the world. A portrait is *the most truly historical picture*, and this the most monumental and historical of portraits. The longer one looks at it the more it demands attention. A superficial picture is like a superficial character—it may do for an acquaintance, but not for a friend. One never gets to the end of things to interest and admire in many old portrait-pictures.

G. F. WATTS.

ART IN THE THEATRE.

I.—SCENERY.

BY WILLIAM TELBIN.



SCENERY is not painted with oil-colour. We do not use inflammable materials, such as turpentine or varnishes. It is not a fraud, a make-believe, a sleight-of-hand trick, or a game of chance. It is done to catch

the eye, but not in the sense in which a red rag is shaken before a bull.

The reader may ask why I open an article on scenery by telling what it is not and what an ordinarily intelligent observer never thought it was. Now I know that a very large percentage of the audiences thinks that it *is* painted in oil-colours, and I have been surprised to hear even many actors and actresses express the same belief. Officials of the Board of Works and Inspectors from the Lord Chamberlain's Office have not yet learned that oil and grease of every kind are practically forbidden things in the painting-room.

Scene-painting is not necessarily a coarse art because you cannot read a square yard of a scene seventy feet by forty at the distance of a few feet.

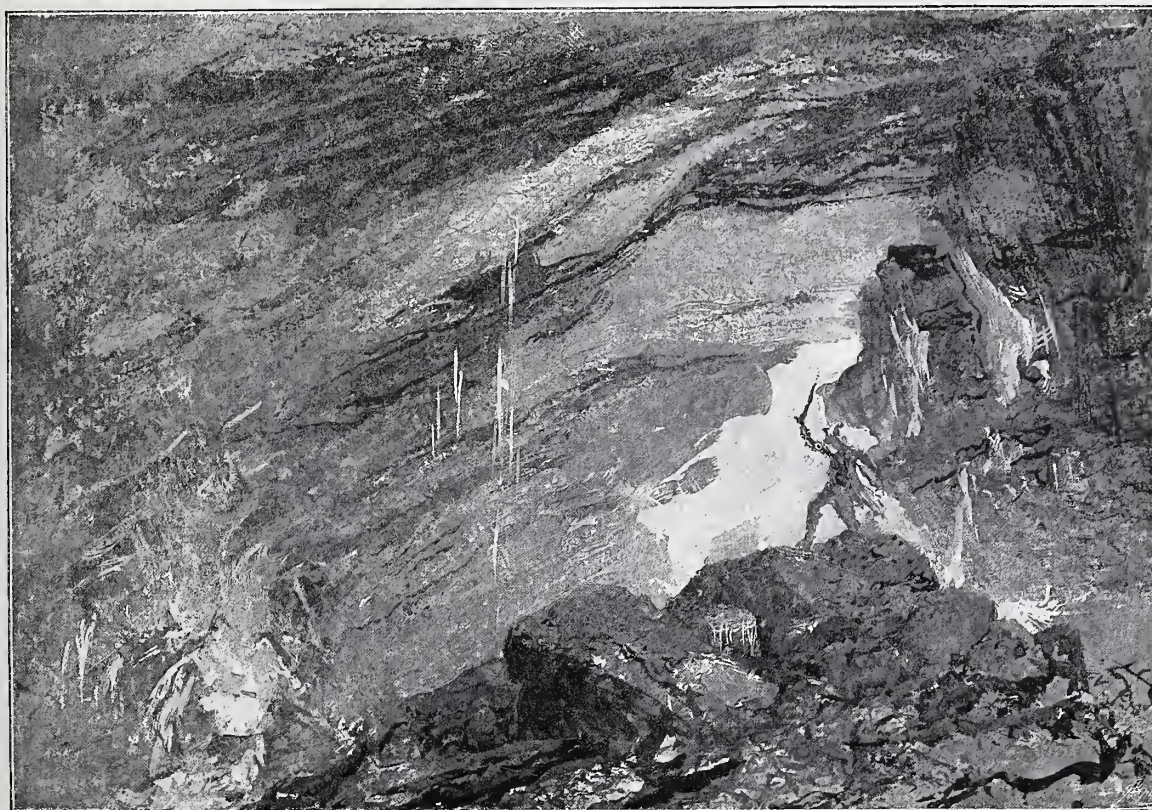
The distance at which to judge a picture is the spot sufficiently far from it that the eye may take in the entire subject. At that distance scenery must also be judged, and with that test applied a well and carefully-painted scene will be found to be not only as finished as the majority of pictures, but even more so. Of the quality of finish in either case nothing need be said, good, bad, or indifferent, but this: that where it falls short in finish and detail is either owing to want of knowledge in the painter, or to lack of time—certainly not in accordance with any principle of stage-painting.

Having mentioned a few of the things it is not, I will say a few words in excuse of what it sometimes is.

In a comparison between ourselves and a picture-painter I think it must be allowed that we scene-painters are considerably handicapped in our chances of acquiring special excellence in any one direction. It must be remembered that the picture-painter in most cases spends a life-time in studying one class of subject (of course there are many and great exceptions), and often but one aspect of that subject:

one man gives us an almost perfect representation of the mists and floods of the Scotch Highlands; another a charming rendering of the gently undulating lines of the Sussex Downs. The lovely reaches of the upper Thames have been the life-study of another; while two or three painters divide the honours of seascapes—depicting it each under some particular aspect. Many of these men have never turned their attention for an hour but in one direc-

play is not suggested by the painter; he receives the subjects from the dramatist. The play, and not the pictorial setting of it, is, or rather I should say ought to be, the thing. Of course we have a *penchant* for certain subjects. One brother-artist prefers to paint forests and woodland glades like those of the New Forest or "Windsor's green retreats." Personally, I prefer sea, rocks, and ruins, but I seldom have an opportunity of indulging my predilections;



THE SCENE-PAINTER'S FIRST SKETCH OF A CAVERN IN CORNWALL, ADAPTED TO REQUIREMENTS OF THE PLAY.

Macbeth (log.): "How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags! What is't you do?"

(Drawn by William Telbin.)

tion, professionally—the subject which their natural proclivities and tastes first led them to follow: they have but one love, and all their energies are devoted to it. One thing thoroughly done—but still one thing only. Ask the marine painter to paint a cathedral, a London street, or a modern drawing-room, and in all probability he would reply that he never did architecture in his life, and knows nothing about it, and as to a drawing-room—well, he would not if he could. Ask the architectural man for a drawing of a storm or a sunset at sea, the offer would be refused.

Not so with us: we must do, or try to do, any commission that is offered us. Although not beggars in the nature of things, we cannot be choosers. The

so that our tastes must be cosmopolitan. Now here is a list of some of the work done by one man during the last six years. Ballet-scene, pantomime-landscape, classical scenes, waterfalls and roses (roses as big as pumpkins), Vault of the Capulets, fashionable modern drawing-room, Suez Canal, a "Claudian" olive orchard, Asia Minor, coral reef, and wreck of a P. and O. steamer, the Red Sea, a church in "Much Ado," a street in Bath, a city graveyard, and an allegorical subject of the Jubilee. These with side dishes, such as baronial halls, golden honeymoons, a debtor's prison, and a madhouse! And for all this but six years' hard labour! "You ought to have had twelve"—so I often think; but, thank goodness, with our few merits, our many faults are

soon forgotten. Time, whitewash, and occasional fires soon obliterate all traces of them.

Our knowledge, archæological, artistic, and mechanical, has to cover so large an area, that the shallowness of it is sometimes really quite excusable. The concentrated forces of a picture-painter's energies and tastes cut by their very concentration a deep channel for themselves, and he becomes a recognised interpreter and apostle of the subject he has made his speciality. Again, with us a thing is not done when it is *finished*, but when it is *wanted*. Time with the announced production waits for no scene-painter; we cannot alter, we must go on. The mere replacing of a big canvas on a frame perhaps (as at Covent Garden Theatre) forty feet high by seventy feet long means a great expenditure of time, trouble, and money. A scene-painter is nothing if he is not certain in his execution according to his lights; and the finest artist if uncertain and unpunctual in his work would be useless in a theatre. But with all these drawbacks scene-painting as a school has proved itself a good one; witness the very many men who leaving it have made as great a reputation in the picture gallery as in the theatre: De Loutherbourg, Stanfield, Roberts, Pugin, Leitch, and I may add with the approval of many who still possess examples of his water-colour drawings and in whose memory the recollection of his scenic successes still survives, my late father.

Stage-painting is in no way a false art because it is shown by artificial light; the picture painted for the gallery suffers more from gas-light than our work does from daylight. Indeed, a well-painted cloth (a technical term for a scene painted on a single surface) will look better when stretched on the frame and lighted by the brilliant skylight of any of the big painting-rooms, than it would when hung, and lighted by the indifferent light of the stage. We must avoid powerful greens, which become coarse, strong blues, which become black, and exaggerate our yellows, which are robbed of their strength by the gas; and we must paint solidly. Distemper, like thin oil-colour, always looks poor.

Whatever the status of scene-painting may be as an art, that it is very popular with the public is certain. Upon the pictorial mounting of pieces, apart from the *pot-pourri* called *mise-en-scène* in which the painter has in the present day lost all individuality, tens of thousands of pounds are yearly spent in London alone on the painter, on the frame-maker and carpenter, the picture-hanger or scene-shifter; on the studio the least expensive and the carpenter's shop the most expensive; and on the scene-setter—his employment being most constant and absolutely indispensable. But we are frequently hearing that too much is spent, that the play is lost in the mount-

ing; that mounting is not the drama, that the setting is not the jewel. Nonsense! Is not poor food better for being well served and well cooked? Is good food less acceptable for being equally well treated? Is a handsome woman less handsome for being handsomely dressed? Of course, if the beautiful woman is *gaudily* dressed, attention will be drawn from the perfect form by the violence of her attire. Spices and herbs and sauces may smother the natural delicacy and flavour of the dishes—in which case they are over or ill cooked just as the woman is over or ill dressed. "As You Like It," I should say, would be badly mounted if in the forest scenes you introduced streams of real water brawling and tumbling over a rocky bed such as one might meet with in the forests of the Ardennes or Fontainebleau; the attention would constantly be drawn from the poetry by the movement and sound of the water. But otherwise, the more the wood was like a wood, the fitter background would it be to the figure of gentle Rosalind, and could even the hum of insect life be truthfully suggested it would not be an inappropriate accompaniment to her delightful prattle and the philosophical vagaries of the melancholy Jacques.

A series of pictures in the form of a vision, illustrating Clarence's dream, I should certainly say would be a very injudicious introduction, the text being all sufficient. But, on the other hand, in "King Lear," the wilder and more truthfully the scene on the heath and the storm were depicted, even with a roar, a very torrent of sound, hail, rain, wind, and lightning—the more realistically in fact—the sadder would appear the condition of the poor heart-stricken old man. In the illustration of Shakespeare too much cannot be done if done with a true feeling of admiration and veneration for his work. Here it is the best of all foods for the mind, and it cannot be served in too tempting a form. In Mr. Irving's mounting of "The Corsican Brothers" you have an example of what first-rate cooking will do for comparatively speaking poor dramatic meat.

Now, if managers are not to do their best in the placing of their pieces on the stage, at what distance short of it are they to stop? A true artist knows nothing short of his best. Which among the appliances that science has placed at our service are we to set aside? Gas, and return to oil? Limelights for our moonlight effects, and return to gas lanterns *plus* reflectors? Is electricity to be forbidden entrance at the stage door, and are we to return to old-fashioned grooves in which strips of painting were pushed on parallel with the audience? Would the old spectacle be preferred of scene-shifters charging one another with "flats" that ran in the long extending arms of the grooves, and dropped down

with chains? For my own part I must say that the elatter and the turmoil of the battle of the flats did not add greatly in my mind to the impressiveness of the last act of "Maebeth." The unostentatious way in which the scenes change at the Lyceum Theatre is assuredly more in accordance with the better appreciation of the play. Therefore, those who are responsible to the public for the production of plays

In this scenic art the more pronounced effects of nature are those most suited to the stage. Sunrise, noon, sunset, and moonlight tell best. The subtler effects of nature are likely to fall short of the satisfactory—that very prejudiced illuminator, gas, would deprive the quiet greys of dawn of much of their value, and twilight also would be disappointing. And above all, the uncertain proceedings of the gas



ON THE BROCKEN.

(A First Sketch for the Scene with Figures suggested, showing the Line the Practicable Portion of it must follow. Drawn by William Telbin.)

must surely mount them as well as they can afford to do; and we, whom they trust and make responsible for the pictorial illustration of them, must not leave a thing undone that may assist in making the illusion more complete. *Summa ars est celare artem* should be as much with the scene-painter as with the actor the end to be attained. And then the sincere critic need make no more reference to the mechanism of the scene, and a mountain-view need not be enthusiastically described as "occupying the full extent of the stage even to the back walls."

I hope that I may, without taxing too much the patience of the reader, be permitted to say a few words on selection of subject—or rather, I should say, *aspect* of subject; for *choice* of subject, it will be borne in mind, does not rest with us.

men (though, as a rule, very intelligent and attentive fellows) might, as like as not, help to mar an effect of the gentler character.

In illustration of treatment of subject given (say, Winter), I should say that Turner's "Frosty Morning" on the stage would be comparatively ineffective, even if painted by him. The snow drawings of a man named Wallis, of whom Mr. Ruskin speaks in his "Modern Painters," would be most suitable. The boy crossing the stile in Turner's vignette to Roger's "Poems," exquisite as it is, would be too delicate and modest in effect, but the same painter's "Dido building Carthage," "Ulysses deriding Polyphemus," "Bay of Baiæ," are magnificent lessons to the scene-painter in colour, composition, and poetry. How many times have not

his compositions of "Tivoli," "Ancient Rome," "Modern Italy," "The Temple of Jupiter," and a host of others, been copied for act drops, for which they are, indeed, the "beau ideal," or been the inspiration for—well, perhaps, a little *less* satisfactory "original" compositions? However, if we are not honest and industrious enough to copy his work literally in treatment and feeling, depend upon it we would if we could.

Now, given by the management "A Rocky Seacoast" as a subject to be painted, if the locality were not determined for me, which should I choose? A rock formation like that of North Devon or Cornwall, the Land's End, with its granite masses piled one upon the top of another, like colossal loaves of household bread? No. The conglomerate rocks, or the limestone cliffs of Tintagel or Ilfracombe? I should select perhaps the former, with its great crumpled-up masses rising diagonally in great waving lines from the sandy beach, or out of the sea, with vast caverns, tunnelled through by the action of the water—the caverns, looking like the portals of uncarthed Egyptian tombs, or the homes of the dragons, whose serpentine forms, twisting hither and thither, would seem but animated portions of the tortuous rock from which they had crept.

Leaving the subject of scene-painting proper, I now turn to "modelled" scenery. We very often hear the remark that in the past the best scene-painters were content with *painting*, and in consequence, because some of us wish to strengthen the effect by *relief*, we are told that scenic art in this country does not occupy the position it did thirty or forty years ago. That may be so; but the fact that we model our foregrounds and certain portions of our scenes that are in juxtaposition with the actor is no proof of it. Painting, however good, *must* suffer under certain conditions. Why the addition of the sculptor's art to the painter's should be an evidence of incapacity I do not know.

Besides that, I assert that many of the best painters of the past *did* avail themselves of the advantages afforded them by modelling. Stanfield, who thoroughly understood and could paint the sea, was not content with painting alone; in "Acis and Galatea" he had a built and practicable wave, which revolved, and he had an ingenious arrangement to represent the foam, after the wave had broken, running up the beach. In speaking of Stanfield's stage work, the sea-shore for "Acis and Galatea" is always the one subject first mentioned.

My late father—though exceptionally successful in his one-surface pictures, such, for instance, as the "Overland Route" and, many years afterwards, the six views of Killarney, that were exhibited at the Lyceum for twelve months—employed modelling

to a greater extent, I believe, than anyone has employed it since. To some extent, of course, the earlier men were unable to do much in that way, for many reasons. The pieces were changed almost nightly, so that the stock of scenery kept in the theatre was very large, and, for modelled work, that takes up considerable space, managers had no storage room. Moreover, the expense of it, in those days of ridiculously short runs of even the most successful pieces, would have been ruinous; but the argument that effect was gained by absence of relief appears to me as untenable as incomprehensible.

How many can recollect seeing a procession come down a zigzag platform, marked with pieces representing a hillside, the legs of all the processionists being hidden up to the middle, and the view from either side of the auditorium showing only the wooden stages, and the edges of the framework upon which the rocks were painted? To two-thirds of the house the description of the scene in the programme was the only assistance their imagination received.

The theatre being patronised now by a substantial proportion of an enormous population, during the run of a successful production every seat is occupied, and the free list is a thing of the past. All parts of the house have to be equally well pleased. This alone has greatly assisted in revolutionising the arrangement of the scenes. Now three subjects have to be welded together—right, left, and centre—and in most cases the "sets" are opened out to the side and back walls, so that, from certain points of view, portions of the scene, seen edgewise, would simply look what they are—framed screens. Besides, the powerful relief of the actors and actresses and the limelights thrown from all points, assist in obtruding the fact that the scene is "only painted." Wherever powerful light is directed the work should be in relief. That most telling scene of the earthquake in "Claudian" would have been ridiculous had it been simply painted: we should have had movement without substance. The Broeken scene in Mr. Irving's production of "Faust" would have looked a singularly poor affair if, when the fires at the last leapt up, they had shone only upon scratched and worn canvas—covered frames. However, that is more or less substantial; the element of chance steps in and many accidental and unexpected effects of light and shade are realised.

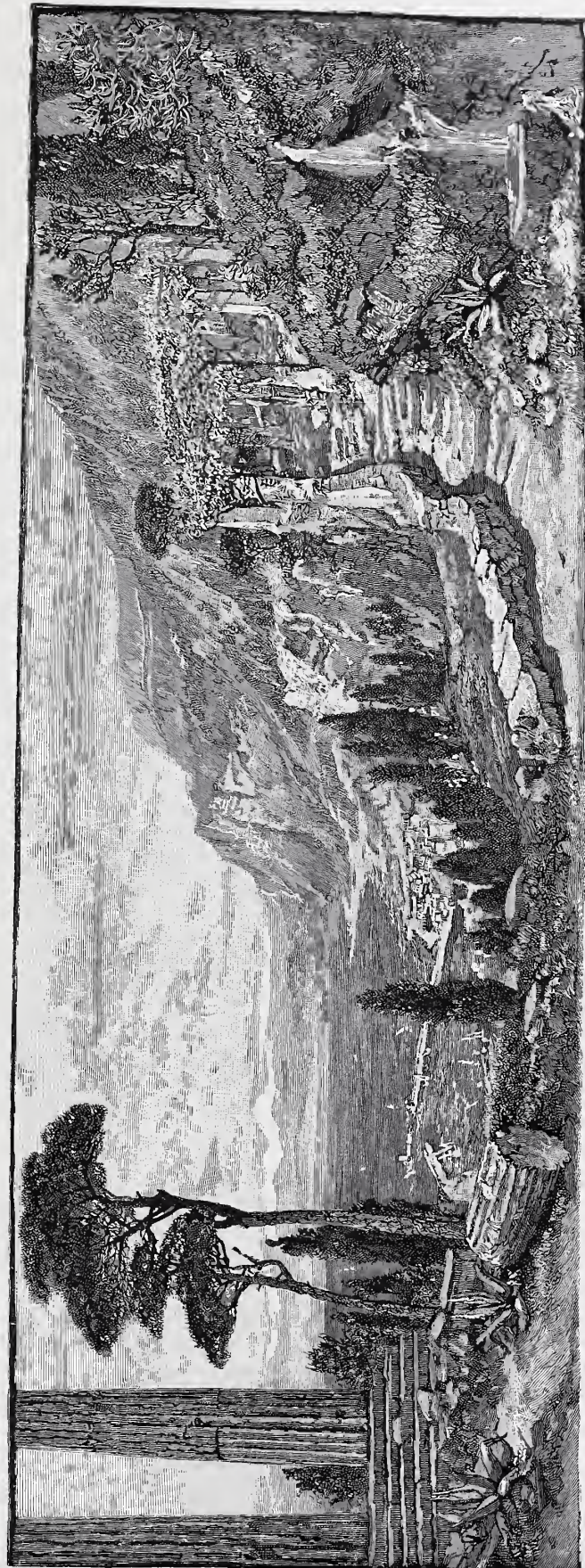
Now, painting is not less necessary because an object is in relief; we must model it so that it will suggest the shadow, thus assisting, not contending against, painting. We must paint so that we may heighten the effect, and not oppose or cross it; in short, let painting and modelling so meet, that one

cannot say at a distance where the one ends and the other begins.

In order to strengthen my argument in justification of modelling, I would suggest that the usual order of things be reversed in the mind's eye, that the scene be real and that the *dramatis personæ* be represented by painted figures; then to the least observant the absurdity of the contrast would be glaringly apparent. Even to the most imaginative the attempt to reconcile the actual with the artificial would be impossible.

Yet one more point in reference to the outside charge of the ultra-realism of the stage. What have our critics to say to the daring performances in the direction I speak of at Twickenham and elsewhere? How artificial under the blue sky, or the spreading branches of the elm, in the searching eye of day must be the scenes even from Shakespearean plays! How much of "make-believe" must there be in the disguise of Rosalind and the acceptance of the fraud by Orlando! Is it possible that with eyes to see, and seeing Rosalind in her boy's attire as *we* see her, that the idyllic hero could have continued in the darkness of his ignorance in the midst of light and promise? No, no. Shakespeare would never have written such scenes had he proposed to throw down a challenge to Nature on her ground and in her own strongholds. "One touch of nature" is a sun in the world of art, accepted by us all with humility, admiration, and confidence; but, in the name of reason, do not let us attempt to return the patronage.

We have gone beyond the limits of art when *straining* after realism: we have gone out to her and said, "Look on this picture and on this!" But short, infinitely short, of this is the attempt to ease the descent from life and movement to an inanimate and painted representation. This is, I think, not only necessary but in every sense legitimate. Then at its proper distance, removed from all unfair opposition, painting has a chance of speaking for itself.



Prompt Side.

Centre.

O. P. Side.

SKETCH SHOWING PANORAMIC EXTENT OF SUBJECT NECESSARY TO COVER IN THE THREE SIDES OF THE STAGE.

(Drawn by William Telbin. Engraved by Jonnard.)

II.—A SHAKSPEREAN REVIVAL: "MACBETH."

By M. H. SPIELMANN.



TASTE, beauty, historical accuracy, and general completeness—together with unlimited expenditure in their attainment—seem to be the leading characteristics of stage artistry of to-day. A realism undreamed-of by our fathers, a correctness unhopèd-for by dramatic students and lovers of art, have distinguished the English theatre of the latter half of the nineteenth century. The productions of ambitious, art-loving managers of the recent past were indeed sometimes "grand" enough to compare, both for elaboration and spectacular effect, with the finer stage-pictures of to-day, but they were fitful in their occurrence, and the theatre could in no sense lay claim, either in point of finish or in the exercise of ingenuity, of expenditure or sustained effort, to the style and conscientiousness that nowadays attend the production of nearly every form of dramatic entertainment. What the result of this combination of play and spectacle has been, or is likely to be, we need not now enquire, but it will be readily conceded that to no man, living or dead, is so much credit due for the consummation of the union as to Mr. Henry Irving. Liberality and taste have invariably lent distinction to his productions, which have usually been placed in expert hands, untrammelled with thoughts of cost; while a wise managerial discretion has given unity to the whole. When Mr. Alma-Tadema, Mr. Seymour Lucas, or some other well-known artist of antiquarian knowledge and instincts, supplies the designs for the dresses, we may be pretty certain of accuracy and beauty; and when the scenery is furnished by Mr. Telbin, Mr. Hawes Craven, or the more eminent of their brother-brushes, we may rest satisfied beforehand of the result. On these grounds it may be predicted that the revival of "Macbeth" will be an artistic triumph, for all the conditions of success have so far been fulfilled.

Writing some weeks before the production of the play, and before any rehearsals have taken place in London at all, I am naturally unable to forecast the transpositions and the groupings, on which so much of the "effect" depends; for these are matters

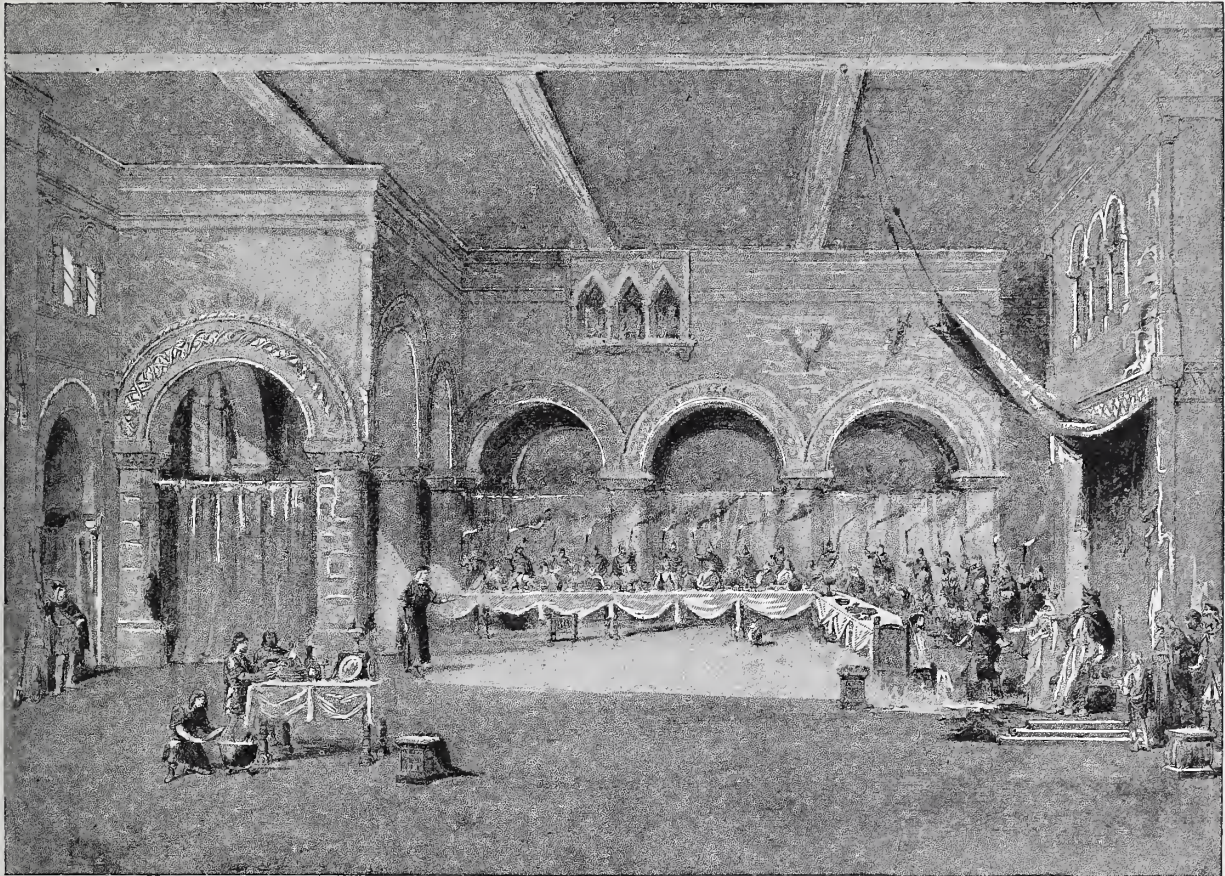
of stage-management to be determined hereafter. But being acquainted with the type of the scenery as well as with all of the dresses and "properties," I may be able to give some idea of what a "great Shakspearean revival" really means. I can, of course, speak only of a single department—that of the mounting of the play: the more important and more troublesome one of the acting itself, and the thousand and one difficulties and details connected with it before the rise of the curtain on the opening night, are not only beyond the scope of this short paper; they do not yet exist.

The word of command with respect to the production of "Macbeth" first went forth in the month of July, and judging from the scale on which it was to be revived there was clearly not a moment to be lost. The whole matter of costumes and accessories of all kinds was placed in the skilful hands of Mr. Charles Cattermole, R.I., while the scenery was finally entrusted to Mr. Hawes Craven. Thus on these two men practically fell the whole labour of preparing the spectacular portion of the play. A month later came the numbers and "quantities," but the time had previously been employed in searching the British and South Kensington Museums for authority for every article of costume, weapon, furniture, and domestic utensil—down to every nail, and button, and blade—as well as for details of architectural design and decoration. Thus it comes about that the vessels in use in the banqueting-scene, for example, are all of them of correct design. They are exact counterparts of originals in the British Museum, while the patterns for some of the embroideries come from an eleventh-century cope at South Kensington—the eleventh century being taken as the period of the play. The Bayeux tapestry and contemporary illuminated MSS. have provided much information, and among the archæological authors ransacked are Viollet-le-Duc, Montfaucon, Planché, Strutt, Demmin, Skelton, Lacombe, Hefner, and scores of others. But, after all is said and all is searched, history is somewhat reticent on the manners and customs of the period, and much has had to be imagined, care being taken to keep all interpolations and creations thoroughly in the spirit of the times. Some conception may be formed of the labour entailed in such a production when it is said that detailed working drawings are required of all the following objects in one scene—the banquet-scene, to which I have already alluded:

swords, helmets, spears, daggers, shields, bucklers, armour (seale and ring), skin cloaks, eaps, crowns, belts, musical instruments, wine-cups, ivory cups, salt-cellar, candlestieks, Anglo-Saxon wine-pots, besides cakes in the form of castles, and a host of other arteiles, dresses with all their manifold details, and furniture with its quaint designs and severe schemes of decoration.

Having collected his designs about him, Mr. Cattermole forthwith gave out the work, and the

workers of Naples. For the most part low tones and sober harmonies prevail throughout the whole mounting of the play, but there are one or two exeptions—Macbeth's second costume, for example, being of heavy bullion-gold damask, hand-embroidered with maroon-coloured silk, with sleeves of light blue silk. In the last act, too, the golden armour of the now desperate king is in strong relief against the sadder hues. Of the vast amount of detail involved in a revival on so extended a scale as this,



THE BANQUET-SCENE IN MR. IRVING'S REVIVAL OF "MACBETH."

(From a Drawing by C. Cattermole, R.I.)

large workshops attached to the theatre, peopled with forty skilled "hands," have been busily occupied for months ever since; no outside professional "costumier" being employed as middleman. Altogether no fewer than 408 dresses have been made and "passed," including 165 for soldiers (115 Scotch and 50 English), 80 for the "Flight of Witches," 40 for lords and ladies, 16 for waiting-women, 8 for kings, 5 for cooks, and so forth. Besides these are the dresses for the principals, with their "changes," all wrought in the house, in the midst of a scene every bit as busy and pictorial—for those who can appreciate it—as that afforded by bead-stringers of Venice or coral-

and the closeness of attention required from those in command, the Hon. Lewis Wingfield has given some idea in a former article of this series; but he was not concerned to explain the additional difficulties and pitfalls attendant on the production of a play the "period" and customs of which are buried in a somewhat irritating if artistic uncertainty.

To a lesser but still to a provoking degree, the scene-painter is harassed, too. Mr. Keeley Halswelle, who originally arranged to provide certain of the scenes, intended to adopt the Cathedral-Norman style of architecture. On his retirement, however, Mr. Hawes Craven, on whom the duties of scene-painter

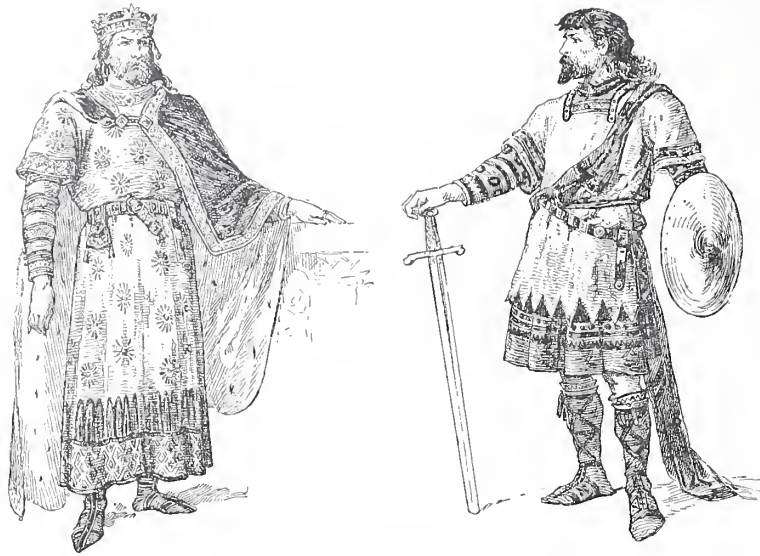
then devolved, had recourse, as I have said, to the authorities at South Kensington and elsewhere, with the result that he determined on a Celtic, or Anglo-Saxon order, more consonant with the spirit of the play. The built-up scenes are unusually numerous, while the massiveness and solemnity of their appearance — assisted greatly by the uneven surface by which the ancient, weather-worn stone of the castle is imitated—impart a sense of reality rarely before seen, even on the stage of the Lyceum Theatre.

At the distance of time at which I write, it is difficult to say which spectacular portion of the play will best repay the labour and skill that have been expended upon it, but I believe that in the banquet-scene will be found the triumph of Mr. Cattermole, of Mr. Hawes Craven, and of the stage-management. Before action of the scene begins, the rough soldiery enter, hang up their shields and drink; then a procession is formed—a considerable

feature, this—of a score attendants and a number of cooks to set the tables, each man bearing viands or furniture for the table; and, as the play proceeds, Macbeth's body-guard are mustered round the great solemn hall to act as torch-bearers, like "The Chieftain's Candlesticks" in Mr. Pettie's picture. And in the midst of this weird, impressive scene of revelry the gauze-clad ghost of Banquo rises and disappears with the seat of the trick-chair, in the manner of the famous Faust disappearance of several years ago.

It will readily be believed that throughout on

this production all the resources and devices of the modern stage are lavished, both mechanical and pictorial, and that, by reason of a careful and sympathetic regard to the archæological and antiquarian aspects of the play, a thoroughly artistic *ensemble* is secured. Whether the gem—the acting of the piece itself—will be worthy of its setting, it passeth the wit of man to prophesy.



MACBETH: MR. IRVING'S SECOND AND THIRD DRESSES.

(From Drawings by C. Cattermole, R.I.)



A GROUP OF SOLDIERS.

(From a Drawing by C. Cattermole, R.I.)

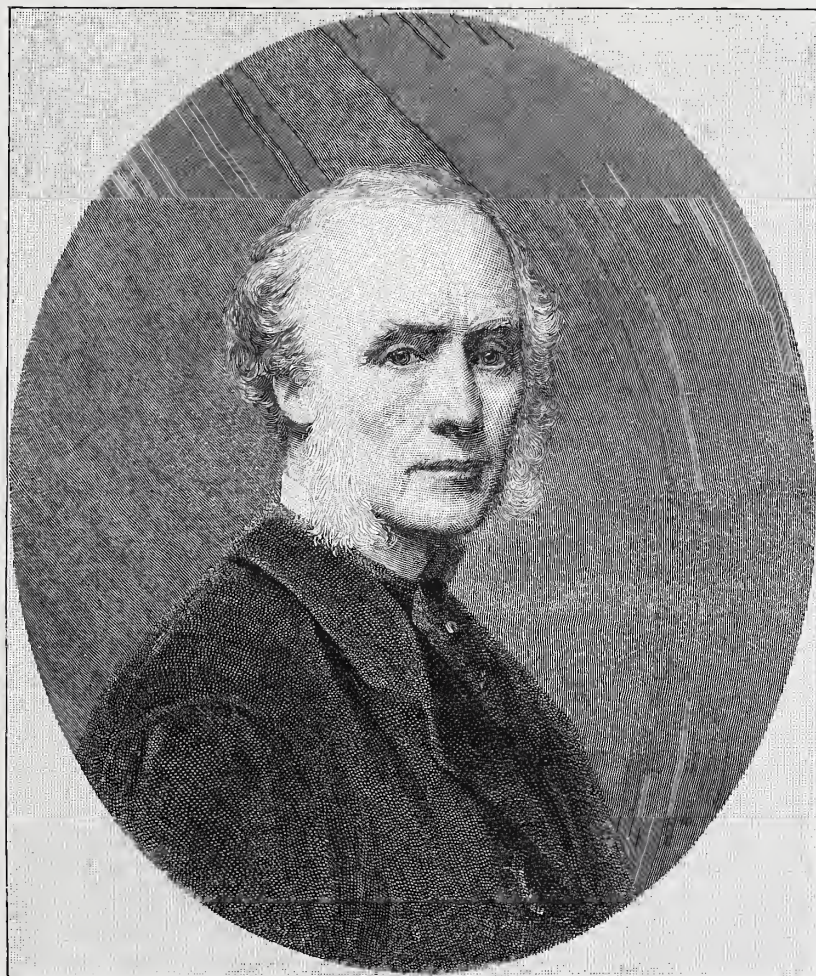
ART EDUCATION.

BY WILLIAM POWELL FRITH, R.A.

VAST numbers of those who frequent the London and country picture exhibitions have a firm belief that the works they see—notably the figure subjects—are evolved from the artists' inner con-

Julius Cæsar and suchlike—how else can they be produced except from imagination?

A still denser ignorance prevails in many quarters respecting art education. Sometimes in quarters



WILLIAM POWELL FRITH, R.A. (1876).

(From the Portrait by Himself in the Kepplestone Collection. Engraved by J. M. Johnstone.)

sciousness, or, to use their own words, "done out of the painters' heads." People sit for their portraits, of course, as some of these wisecrackers know by their own miserable experience, and they may have seen long-haired artists sketching landscape from nature; but historical, poetical, and domestic scenes are all done from fancy; are they not often called "fancy pictures"? And how can you paint what you call your historical pieces except out of your own head? You can't get Oliver Cromwell or Charles I. to sit; and then your fairies and your classical people—

where one would least expect to find it. At a large dinner-party some years ago I sat next to a young artillery officer, who, after informing me he was very fond of pictures and never missed an exhibition and so on, said: "I often think what a delightful profession yours is. Wish I had gone into it instead of soldiering. There you sit, you know, weaving all those charming things out of your brain. By Jove, it must be awfully pleasant. No dashed grind to go through like I had before I could pass—only got through by the skin of my teeth at last—while to

you gentlemen, everything comes by nature; it's implanted in you—must be. You have no college to go to; no infernal classics to study, that nobody cares a blank about; no examination to pass; no—you get your easel, your brushes and colours and canvas, and *there you are, you know!*”

This warrior's liking for art was sincere, as he proved by providing himself with materials—brushes, colours, and the rest—and employing his leisure hours in spoiling canvas. He could make nothing of it, he said. I suggested a few lessons.

“Do you think so?” said he. “I suppose you're right—just to learn to mix the colours, eh? After that there is nothing to learn, is there?” Would I just give him half a dozen lessons? No, I had no time; but I would introduce him to a friend who occasionally took pupils. My friend was a painter of moderate ability, to whom no style of art came amiss—portrait, *genre*, history, profane and sacred, even still-life—indeed, all styles found him ready to do his best or his worst with them. He was one of those who, though not often able to do a thing himself, could always show others how it ought to be done. Never shall I forget that interview.

“Did you really paint all those beautiful things?” said the artilleryman.

“Oh, yes, and a great many more.”

“Well now, do tell me how many lessons I must take before I can do like that.”

“That will depend upon your ability and industry,” said Mr. J.

“Well! any way, I should like half a dozen lessons to begin with,” said the officer.

The lessons were taken, and some weeks after I met my friend at the Graphic Conversatione. “Well,” said I, “how does the gallant pupil go on?”

“Oh!” laughed J.; “he is not a bad fellow. He made a few horrible messes, and then he came to me and said he felt he had made a great fool of himself, and gave up the whole thing.”

The following example of ignorance is much less extraordinary. Something had gone wrong in my painting-room requiring the immediate attention of a skilled carpenter, who, attended with an assistant, proceeded to rectify it. While the man was at work, the master, after asking permission, looked over me as I went on with my painting.

“Nice light work that, sir; might I ask if you artist gentlemen are at all subject to what ns common painters experiences—in the way of colic now?”

“Oh! no,” said I; “our colours are very different from yours, and we use them in such small quantities compared to yours; no, I never heard of any of my brother artists suffering from colic.”

“You will excuse my asking, sir. You see the

reason why I want to know—it's my son, sir. He is rather a delicate lad, so I was afraid he might not be strong enough for our business: it's very hard, sir—very hard at times. I should like something in your line; it's so much lighter than ours, you see. Don't want near the hard work that ours does.”

“Has your son shown any taste for drawing?”

“No, but he has for painting. I could show you some beautiful ones he done for his mother at Christmas. Oh, he won't want no teaching. You seem to do it very easy. I have a'most made up my mind he shall go in for it.”

Whether the young carpenter went “in for it” or not I never knew; but if he proceeded on the lines marked out for him by his father, he would, of course, find himself sooner or later—most likely sooner—in a similar condition to that of the young artilleryman.

The two specimens I have introduced to my readers may have been “mute inglorious” Titians or Turners; in other words, they may have been the possessors of great talents doomed to everlasting oblivion from want of culture.

Let us suppose the genius, and consider the best way of developing it. *Pace* my friend the carpenter, drawing should precede painting, inasmuch as without it, in high excellence, painting worthy the name cannot exist. I am persuaded that anybody can learn to draw, though fine draughtsmen are rare, and I fear it must be confessed that they are much rarer in England than abroad. From what does this inferiority arise? Is it that the teaching is better in France and Belgium, or that the taught are cleverer? Whatever the cause the fact exists.

Though I have had no personal experience of the foreign method of teaching, I am pretty well acquainted with it, through the evidence of many of those who have spent considerable periods in French and other foreign *ateliers*.

Some of the first painters in France are in the habit of devoting much time in every week to the direction and general superintendence of *ateliers* containing large numbers of pupils. The method of study adopted seems to be the mixing together the antique and nature.

No sooner has a pupil acquired a tolerable power of drawing from the antique than he is permitted to try his hand at the ever-moving life. I say ever-moving, because the living model, however accomplished as a sitter, is movement itself compared to the everlasting stillness of the antique.

High finish in drawing from the ancient statues is discouraged. The pupils are directed to observe and reproduce the true proportions—the character and the beauty and grace of the figure before them, and warned against laborious hatching and stippling, the

production of which is considered so much waste of time. In drawing from the nude model, the student is instructed to acquaint himself with the intention of the action of the figure, and to endeavour to acquire the power of rapidly putting it upon paper—a most essential accomplishment in instances of violent action, as from physical reasons it cannot be long continued. Invaluable also in future practice is a facility for catching action, character, and expression from the unconscious models that the streets and drawing-rooms supply.

A very tolerable proficiency in drawing is considered to justify the master in allowing the student to use brushes and colours. At first I believe he is confined to monochrome, and if a satisfactory result is obtained, he is directed to endeavour to represent *au premier coup*, the flesh of the model before him.

The above is briefly the method of foreign instruction in art; supplemented of course by severe study of perspective, anatomy, &c. Owing to the enterprise of certain picture-dealers in this country; we are familiar with the works of a great variety of foreign painters, and I have no fear of contradiction when I say that, from those of world-wide celebrity down to unfamiliar names, these works display a power of mere drawing which is not common amongst the best of our painters, and but feebly shown amongst the less famous.

Let it be understood that I am speaking of *mere drawing*—one of the means to an end. *Finis coronat opus*, and in respect of uses to which many of these great draughtsmen put their powers I am an open enemy. No doubt I shall find some of my friends at issue with me in my estimate of foreign draughtsmanship; but, for the sake of argument, let it be conceded, and let me compare our English curriculum with it. In England most art students gravitate towards the Royal Academy Schools. Entrance there is far more difficult than it was in my young days. Candidates outnumber those of fifty years ago by ten to one, and the excellence of certain qualities in the drawings required is proportionately increased.

As tremendously-laboured copies of antique statues, many of the drawings submitted to the council of the Academy are quite extraordinary; but has not invaluable time been spent in vain over those stippled productions? Has not the student ignored the soul in these wonderful figures while sleepily reproducing the body? And has he not also acquired some bad habits? He succeeds, however, in entering the schools as a probationer, and then the grind begins again. He must make another stippled drawing—over which he spends several weeks—to prove he had done the first. He succeeds again. He then recommences his acquaintance with the antique, utterly dead to the

beauties of his model, which by this time he detests. He longs to paint, but before he is allowed to enter what is called the preliminary school, where he will be allowed to use colours for the first time, he must stipple another piece of stone, and once more prove that the Laocoon and the Gladiator are nothing more than masses of stone or plaster to him. Again he succeeds, and again a long process must be endured before he is permitted to paint from the life and to take advantage—or to be bewildered by—the tuition afforded him by the Academicians, who are elected as *visitors*, and are supposed to be, and indeed are, amongst the most eminent painters of this country. Each of these gentlemen has a method of painting peculiar to himself. His attendance is for a month, during which he endeavours to instil his principles into willing or unwilling ears. The month ends, and then comes another visitor with another method, equally good, perhaps, and as urgently inculcated; and this confusing system goes on for eight or ten months out of twelve.

The opponents of our academic system of visitors—of whom I am one—are answered by its advocates, who maintain that the clever students will compare, assimilate, and digest the various methods proposed, and evolve one of his own from them; while the inefficient pupil is destined to failure in whatever method he may adopt. It is also urged that if one special scheme by a resident professor were insisted upon, confirmed *mannerism* would be the result. Truly, to use the Spectator's words, "much may be said on both sides," but of one thing (I give only my individual opinion) there is no doubt, and that is that foreign students *draw* better than English ones; and if I am right, it behoves us to find out the reason and endeavour to improve our method of teaching.

That some grave shortcoming exists in our system is rightly or wrongly felt by aspirants, and proved by the numbers who go abroad for their instruction, and who return to show by their pictures—admirably drawn, perhaps—some of the worst qualities of French or German art. If this continues, a severe blow will be struck at the English school, the national character of our art will be lost, and it will be impossible to know an English picture from a foreign one. This, in my opinion, is a consummation devoutly undesirable.

While admitting the superiority of the foreign method of teaching *drawing*, I altogether demur to that pursued in teaching *painting*. Here again I judge by results, and I take our students' work to witness that, in spite of the bewildering teaching by visitors, each annual contest for prizes shows examples of flesh-painting rarely if ever equalled by the foreign pupil. *Premier coup* work—or, in other words, painting at once—results in students' hands in mere

opaque suggestiveness; the true tones of flesh are never reproduced, but in their place a dull, muddy surface, untrue and unpleasing.

If men of such transcendent genius as Titian and Rembrandt and Reynolds adopted a process diametrically opposed to the *premier coup* system—if such men knew that they must employ all the artifices of retouching, scumbling, glazing, &c., before they could hope to vie, however distantly, with nature—it seems to me fatally wrong to allow a student, however talented he may be, to think that by a single blow he can hit a mark so high and so unapproachable as a true representation of the colour of flesh. I may be answered that there are examples amongst the great masters which cut away the ground from my argument. I admit this. Rubens, for example, “painted at once.” I have no doubt that the “Rape of the Sabines” is a specimen of *premier coup* work. Titian’s “Bacchus and Ariadne” is not. Let

those two great works be compared, and the “Rape of the Sabines” becomes a magnificent *sketch*. We have no Rubenses nowadays. That splendid genius, gifted with transcendent power, by some inscrutable method avoided the muddy opacity so sure to result from these rash attempts by inferior hands. There can be no question that the finest works of Vandyke, Rembrandt, and indeed most of the great masters, were the results of repeated paintings before their authors could satisfy themselves that they had arrived, so far as their powers enabled them, at a satisfactory approach to truth to nature.

In the best works of the British school, the student has excellent examples of *good painting*, in the true sense of the word. I venture to advise him to study these models in preference to the foreign, and while endeavouring to make himself a good draughtsman, be equally resolute to become an English and not a French painter.

ILLUSTRATED JOURNALISM IN ENGLAND: ITS RISE.—I.

BY C. N. WILLIAMSON.



VERY few know how ancient is the practice of illustrating news in England. If we go back far enough we find that newspapers had existed in this country for only some twenty years when they began to be illustrated. At the British

Museum to-day may be seen in one of the ephemeral newspapers of the time of the Civil War a rough woodcut which is actually the first “news-block” ever published in England—the first attempt on the part of the press to illustrate the news of the day by means of wood-engraving. That crude cut is the germ of all the magnificent engravings which since that time, by means of the illustrated press, have carried amusement and education into every English-speaking land. The line of development may be traced direct from the poor little *Mercurius Civicus* of 1643 to *The Illustrated London News* and *The Graphic* of 1888. It is a curious history, and one well worth study. To a great extent it merges itself in the general history of the newspaper press; and the story from some points of view is trivial, compared with that of the newspaper pure and simple. No great social or constitutional questions have been fought out by the illustrated press. It boasts no Junius and

no Wilkes, no Woodfall and no Leigh Hunt. No picture in an illustrated paper has ever produced a hundredth part of the effect produced by such an article as that of Wilkes in No. 45 of *The North Briton*, or even, to take a more trivial instance, that of Leigh Hunt on the Prince Regent in *The Examiner*. Even in our own time, I consider, a single letter of a Russell or a Forbes tells more of the fortunes of a war than a dozen sketches by a Simpson, a Sydney Hall, or a Villiers. Illustrated journalism even yet is scarcely taken seriously. Among the ignorant there is still a widespread superstition that the pictures “are made up somewhere in the Strand.” And if, on the social and political side, there is a certain triviality in the history of the illustrated press, the same triviality is to be found when we regard it from the point of view of art. Art, in any serious sense of the term, and illustrated journalism are things which one would scarcely think of associating before the year 1842, when *The Illustrated London News* first saw the light. The association to-day is indeed genuine and close; that it did not exist earlier is due partly to mechanical difficulties which have now been overcome, and partly to the decline in the art of wood-engraving before the time of Bewick. Yet the illustrated press is so important an affair at the present time that its history is well worth glancing at. Its early beginnings are to its later developments almost as the amoeba to man; yet in the study of the evolution of man the biologist

must begin with the amœba, as we with the *Mercurius Civicus*.

To take up the story at the beginning, we must go back to the overthrow of the Star Chamber in



PORTRAITS OF THE KING AND QUEEN.

(From the "*Mercurius Civicus*," July, 13, 1643.)

1641. The Star Chamber being gone, the censorship of the press was first relaxed, and by-and-by totally broken down. Books, pamphlets, broadsides, and newspapers were freely issued without any kind of legal supervision. Printed anywhere and anyhow, these anonymous sheets flew about among a people delighting in their newly-found liberty to think and to speak. *Intelligencers*, *Passages*, and *Diurnals* poured from the press; and crude and clumsy as these early newspapers were, they were a considerable advance upon those of twenty years before. In 1643 the censorship of the press had become an absolute farce, and this was the year in which appeared the first of those *Mercuries* which marked

so important an advance in the quality of English newspapers. *Mercury* was the favourite name, not only for the newspapers, but also for those who distributed them; the "Mercury-women" were the newshawkers of the day. The *Mercurius Aulicus*, begun in January, 1643, and edited by John Birkenhead, was the first of the English



PRINCE MAURICE, PRINCE RUPERT, THE MARQUIS OF NEWCASTLE, OR SIR THOMAS FAIRFAX.

(From Successive Issues of the "*Mercurius Civicus*," 1644.)

Mercuries (for there was a *Mercurius Francicus* in Paris, and a *Mercurius d'Etat* in Geneva). The *Mercurius Aulicus* was trivial journalism; it was more noted for its "waggeries and buffooneries" than for the truth

of its news. Nor was the *Mercurius Britannicus* of Marchmont Needham a much more reputable print, for it sided "with the rout and seum of the people," and made "weekly sport by railing at all that is noble." Besides these, there were the *Mercurius Democritus*, *Mercurius Pragmaticus*, the *Mercurius Melancholicus*, the *Mercurius Politicus*, *Mercurius Aquaticus*, *Mercurius Rusticus*, and many another, all highly interesting to the student of the newspaper press in England. Among these appeared the little *Mercurius Civicus*, with which in this article I particularly have to deal. *Mercurius Civicus*, *London's Intelligencer*, or *Truth Impartially Related from thence to the Whole Kingdom to Prevent Misinformation*, was the full title of the first English illustrated paper. It was a small quarto, closely and clearly printed, and was issued weekly; but where or by whom it is probably now impossible to ascertain. Taking Nathaniel



ISAAC PENNINGTON, LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, 1643.

(From the "*Mercurius Civicus*," Aug. 11, 1643.)

Butter's paper, *The Courant*, or *Weekly News from Foreign Parts*, issued on October 9, 1621, as actually the first English newspaper, it will be seen that the newspaper had been in existence only some twenty-two years before illustrations began to creep into it. The *Mercurius Civicus* was published regularly certainly until April, 1646, and in the British Museum several copies of it are preserved. At the head of each number is a table of contents, often printed in verse. The first illustration in this remarkable little paper appeared in No. 2, published on May 28, 1643. This, the pioneer woodcut in the history of the illustrated press, is a portrait of Queen Henrietta, the wife of Charles I. The next illustrations that can be traced (for perfect sets of the *Mercurius Civicus* do not exist) are those in No. 8, July 13, 1643; they are the portraits of the King and Queen printed on this page. As will be seen, they are the roughest of rough woodcuts, yet lacking neither in skill nor verisimilitude. The portrait of the King, indeed, shows us the unfortunate

Stuart with a shocking fracture of his nose and a cast in the left eye; but the portrait of the Queen is better, and really not unlike the authentic portraits of her Majesty. Over these portraits is the following table of contents:—"The King and Queen conjoined, the Kentish news related, our Forces are united, a publique fast appointed." Who cut these blocks we know not, and none will ever know; the name of the first engraver of "news-blocks" has not come down to posterity. Nor do we know from what originals the portraits were executed. Indeed, it may shrewdly be guessed that there were no originals. Macaulay, in a well-known passage, when speaking of the lack of the dramatic spirit in the genius of Byron, compared his characters to "those pasteboard pictures invented by the friend of children, Mr. Newbery, in which a single movable head goes round twenty different bodies, so that the same face looks out upon us successively from the uniform of a hussar, the furs of a judge, and the rags of a beggar." Inversely, as with Byron's characters, so with the portraits in the *Mercurius Civicus*, the same head does for many bodies. With a charming impudence the editor of the pioneer illustrated paper used the same block indifferently as Prince Maurice or the Marquis of Newcastle, Prince Rupert or Sir Thomas Fairfax. The face was the same; it was but the title that was changed.

Portraiture was the strong point in the *Mercurius Civicus*. We can find only two illustrations which are not portraits. The first is in No. 11, in which is illustrated "one of those weapons which the Papists call Round-heads, for that with them they intended to bring the Roundheads into subjection. It is a weapon with an oval or round top, stuck full of iron spikes. The forme whereof for better satisfaction is here set doune;" and a horrid weapon it looks. The other illustration which is not a portrait is of the "Oxford Junta in Council," in the number for April 11, 1644. It is a small woodcut some three inches square, divided down the middle. On the left are shown a crowd of conical-hatted, wide-booted gentlemen, seated in discussion at a round table, whereon is inscribed "Help now or never." To them is entering hastily a man with a large document in his outstretched hand. The right-hand part of the block is occu-

piated by a picture of a lady and gentleman (presumably the King and Queen) seated in a balcony. It is an elaborate block for those times, and the perspective effects are comic. Of other portraits in the *Mercurius Civicus* there are several. In No. 22 is a portrait of a cavalier in hat and feather, probably meant for Prince Maurice. In No. 42 we find Prince Rupert, with this summary of the week's events:—"Prince Rupert's forces routed near Stratford-on-Avon, Generall King's army dispersed by the Scots. Himselfe wounded, and fled to Yorke. Banbery Castle besieged by Colonel Cromwell." Alas for the honesty of the early editor! This portrait

of Prince Rupert passes, in another number, for that of the Marquis of Newcastle. In the number for April 25, 1644, there is another figure of the King armed with a sword; and on July 25, 1644, there is another portrait of Prince Rupert with these laconic head-lines:—

"Prince Rupert with 3,000 Horse to Chester advanced;
Knaresborough by the Lord Fairfax besieged;
The Lord Generall towards Plymouth removed;
The Marquis of Newcastle at Hamborow arrived."

Portraits of "Charles Rex" and "Sir Thomas Fairfax" on April 30, 1646, are the latest I have been able to trace. So much for the poor little *Mercurius Civicus*. It takes its honourable place in the history of

the newspaper press in England as undoubtedly the earliest illustrated newspaper; but precisely how and when it died, there is now no available evidence to show. It was revived, in name only, some years later; for in the Burney collection of newspapers in the British Museum, there is a copy of No. 4 of a newspaper called the *Mercurius Civicus*, dated May 1, 1660. It is, however, not illustrated.

The Scottish Dove was another paper of the same period which may be recorded here. It made no attempt to illustrate the news of the day, but it had an engraved heading of by no means discreditable design. *The Scottish Dove sent out and returning, bringing Intelligence from the Armies, and makes some relations of other observable passages of both Kingdoms for information and instruction*; such is the full title of this little quarto sheet. *The Flying Post*, "published for the cleere satisfaction of all forrainers and others who desire certaine and weekly



THE SMITHFIELD GHOST.

(From the "*Mercurius Democritus*," 1654.)

information," which appeared on May 10, 1644, had a rude but vigorous wood-engraving of a post-boy

amongst the Butchers at Smithfields Barrs, the Shambles, White-Chappell, and Eastcheape, in the



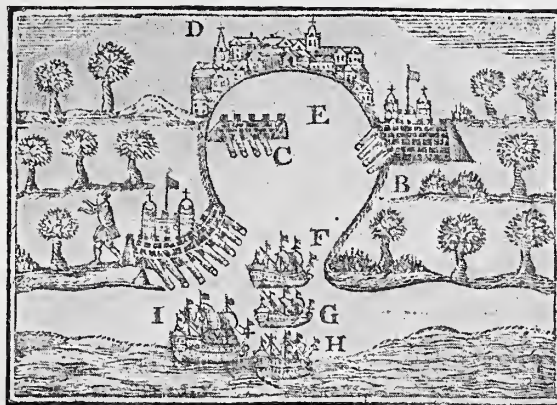
"THE ART AND MYSTERY OF PRINTING EMBLEMATICALLY DISPLAYED."

(From "The Grub Street Journal," No. 147, 1731.)

on a galloping horse; but no attempt was made to illustrate the news of the day.

Among the many *Mercuries* of the latter half of the seventeenth century the *Mercurius Democritus* deserves particular mention. It was the comie paper of the time—the seventeenth century *Punch*. Its humour was as broad and farcical as it well could be; and some of its illustrations were of a kind which, were they published to-day, would at once bring the police down upon the proprietor. The *Mercurius Democritus*, like many of its contemporaries, had great capacity for erudility, and its pages abound in marvels and portents. As a sample of this sort of thing, and as an example, too, of the state of the art of wood-engraving at the time, there is reproduced

habit of Mallett the lawyer, pulling the meat off the Butchers' tainters; many have adventured to strike at him with Cleavers and Chopping-knives, but cannot feel anything but Aire. Every Saturday at night between 9 and 12 he walks his stations, in this very habit as you see, doing more mischief to the Butchers than ever Robin Goodfellow did to the Country Hides."



ADMIRAL VERNON'S ATTACK ON PORTOBELLO.

(From "The Public Advertiser," March 20, 1740.)

on p. 106 "The Smithfield Ghost," a creature who "flourished" in 1654, and this is what the able editor of the time has to say about him: "There is a great report of a Ghoast that walks every night

The Faithful Scout, of which the first number appeared January 17, 1651, was perhaps the most energetic and reputable of the prints of the period; though, save for its engraving of a man on a praneing horse, it was unillustrated. However scrupulous were the early editors when they were dealing with letterpress alone, all seruples of conscience seem to have been east to the winds when

they came to illustrate their news. We have seen with what effrontery the earliest papers changed the titles of their portraits to suit the needs of the hour. Examples of the same thing occur later in papers

which were otherwise excellent for their day. No serious attempts appear to have been made to depict any contemporary event as it happened. In *The Faithful Post*, for instance, for April 8, 1653, there is an engraving which purports to be a portrait of the Dutch Admiral Van Gallen. In another number of the same journal is an engraving of a blazing star, said to have appeared in Germany. Our faith in the trustworthiness of these illustrations is, however, naturally much shaken when we find that both

printers to twenty, all of whom were to be in London, except one in York, and those employed by the Crown and the Universities. Historical and political works were to be licensed by the Secretary of State; legal works, by the Lord Chancellor and the judges; works on religion and philosophy, by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London. This Act, renewed at times in a still more tyrannical form, remained in force till 1695, and its effect was to put an almost complete stop to all unauthorised publica-



“EMBLEMATIC FRONTISPIECE” OF “THE JACOBITE JOURNAL,” 1747.

(Attributed to Hogarth.)

of them had been previously published in *The Politique Post* of January 4 of the same year, where the portrait of the admiral has no title, and the blazing star is said to have been seen, not in Germany, but at Pembroke in Wales.

The liberty which the press had enjoyed during the disorganised times of the Civil War was withheld from it immediately after the Restoration. Charles II. had been on the throne only two years when, on May 19, 1667, the passing of a stringent licensing Act renewed all the obnoxious restrictions upon printing which had been put in force by the Star Chamber ordinances of 1585 and 1637. For the reason that “by the general licentiousness of the late times many evil-disposed persons had been encouraged to print and sell heretical and seditious books,” the Act limited the number of master-

tions. Under such circumstances it is not surprising that newspaper enterprise languished. L’Estrange himself brought out a newspaper called *The Intelligencer*, and while the King was at Oxford to avoid the plague, *The Oxford Gazette* appeared, and ran through eleven weeks. A little later (Feb. 5, 1666) *The London Gazette* made its first appearance; and, later still, *The City Mercury*. The news in these papers was, however, of the most meagre description; and in the whole of this period we can trace but one attempt to illustrate, in a newspaper, the events of the day. This was in a paper called *The Loyal Protestant and True Domestic Intelligencer*, published in 1681; and in the number for April 2 is an engraving of a “prodigious egg” laid at Rome. A potent reason for the absence of illustrations in newspapers was that the art of wood-engraving had fallen to its lowest state.

ART IN THE THEATRE.

SPECTACLE.

BY AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

FROM the earliest times show and pageantry have always had a great influence on the human mind, and in ancient Rome it was even an adage that to keep the masses in order it was necessary to

of the displays are not adepts in the art as of old, when a "Master of the Revels" was one of the officials of the Court. Nowadays, anybody considers himself competent to direct a spectacular demon-



THE SEA-FIGHT IN "THE ARMADA" AT THE DRURY LANE THEATRE.

(Drawn by J. Pinnmore, after the Scene Designed and Painted by Ryan.)

provide them with "food and spectacle." To-day the love of show is no whit less intense than in times past. To prove it, it is only necessary to point to the masses that gather together in their tens and hundreds of thousands, whenever any public display is made, not only in this but in any other country in the world. It is, therefore, almost incomprehensible that in England, where Spectacle exercises at least as great an influence as elsewhere, all our public pageants should be of so poor and tawdry a character. The cause is not far to seek. Those who are responsible for the organisation and carrying out

stration, the result being that our public functions are of such a nature as would disgrace a fourth-class German town! For years the great annual pageant, the Lord Mayor's Show, for which the richest town in the world is responsible, has been the laughing-stock of the intelligent foreigner, who in his own land is accustomed to witness festivities, in the preparation of which the best and most artistic talent of the country is pressed into the service of production. As in our public displays, so it was in our theatres, until a few years ago, and when I first became the lessee of Drury Lane—with the exception of the little

Prince of Wales's Theatre, so admirably directed by Mr. and Mrs. Baneroff—there was hardly a management that produced plays in a manner worthy of the metropolis. It was, indeed, an established saying, "They do these things so much better in France." Since then I am glad to say *nous avons changé tout cela*. A play badly produced in London is rather the exception than the rule, and although we are very far behind the foreigner in our public *al fresco* festivities, in our theatres, thanks to the many good men and true who are now at the head of affairs, we have advanced very considerably ahead of him. I do not mean to say that there are not a few theatres admirably managed abroad, but taking them as a whole, from a spectral point of view, their achievements are not to be compared with the results obtained in London to-day. It is only natural that this should be so, for the long run which falls to the lot of a successful play in London enables a manager to spend large sums, which he could not afford were the entertainment more often changed; and as the public who support our best play-houses are getting day by day more educated, they are becoming more critical and difficult to please. Any attempt to produce a play incompletely, as of old, with inadequate effects and "Adelphi guests," would be to court absolute failure. A very few years ago the proper production of a piece was stigmatised as the work of the carpenter, the upholsterer, costumier, and property man! But that which was then treated with contempt to-day becomes, as Mr. Irving has very frankly and fairly admitted, a matter of absolute necessity, and woe betide the manager who does not recognise this fact. What, for instance, would be said to-day of a Romeo in a periwig, a Macbeth in a Court suit, a Cymbeline in flounees, or a Portia in powder? Yet it is from this high level (heaven save the mark!) that we are supposed to have fallen when we absolutely dare to give a proper background to Beatrice, and dress Duncan more like a king than a pantaloon.

It is generally supposed that in order to prepare a fine spectacle it is sufficient to spend a large sum of money, and that orders, given haphazard and regardless of expense, are only necessary for the production of those magnificent feasts for the eye, the ear, and intelligence with which our public are now regaled in some of our leading houses of entertainment. This is a fallacy. It is only those who follow step by step and day by day the work, the thought, and research incurred, who can have the slightest idea of the labour, experience, talent, and taste employed. Neither is a fine spectacle the result of the efforts of any single brain, but of an army of workers talented, trained, and proficient in their respective arts, acting under the guiding influence of one competent man,

who, like a general in the field, should have risen almost from the ranks, and consequently be thoroughly acquainted with the *technique* and minute details of the various branches of the services he is called upon to command. A spectacular theatre must be, so to say, the trysting-place of all the arts. The work itself must be a labour of love, of perseverance, and of pluck; the co-operation of the most accomplished masters of the various arts should be secured, for if it takes nine men to make a pin, what details must there be, for instance, in the proper preparation of a spectacle!

After the subject has been judiciously selected, the story and *scenario* carefully and laboriously worked out—due consideration being given for variety of scenery, action, humour, and display—time allowed for the change of effects and dresses, for the marshalling of the masses, contrasts and sequences properly distributed, avoiding such effects as have been previously utilised, the piece reckoned so to be performed in a given number of hours, and the whole imagined as in a vivid dream. It must not only appeal to the passing fashion and fancy at the moment, but to the educated and refined classes of the community, as well as the more humble and unsophisticated patrons of the more popular parts of the theatre. Then the libretto has to be written; as Shakespeare said, "the play's the thing." If the book is bad, no matter how good all else, a great and lasting success can never be achieved.

In a Christmas production, or in any other, it is necessary to make the public laugh. They go to the theatre for enjoyment, and when they ask for bread of cheerfulness they do not wish to be served with a stone of melancholy. To be funny is a most difficult task, and the fun should grow out of the story, but if the author does not give opportunities to the comedian it is almost impossible for him to succeed. Then comes the selection—the writing of the music, and the wedding of the words to the tunes—which being good enough to satisfy the amateur, must yet not be over the heads of the gods; the fitting of the dance music to the requirements of the ballet-mistress, who should herself be an ex-goddess of the poetry of motion, and whose task of designing the dances and drilling the dancers is in itself a herculean one, requiring such patience, endurance, perseverance, and stamina as is incredible to those who have never seen the work got through. The engaging and selecting the army of auxiliaries is the work of months. The designing of the scenes, dresses, and properties, although for only a pantomime, calls for the co-operation of students of the deepest research and artists of the highest order, endowed with the rare faculty of fanciful thought and exquisite taste. It is on the proper execution

of these designs that so very much depends. The trouble taken, and the interminable labour, the hunting for details, the ransacking of our warehouses and art-fabric repositories for an exact tone of colour, is incomprehensible to many, especially to those of the old school, who, for instance, while recognising that there is a difference between light blue and dark blue, are supremely happy in their ignorance of the existence of the thousands of tones of the same hue!

It is, indeed, a question whether all the exquisite colourings and delightful combinations are fully appreciated, except by a small and highly-cultivated minority. Why, then, many ask, take the trouble to do the thing properly if not appreciated? Why not follow the old Boucicaultian managerial axiom, "never try to educate your audience"? Because the minority is fast becoming the majority, thanks to the march of education. Because our critics and other leaders of public thought now mostly belong to that minority which can appreciate, and appreciating, acknowledge and proclaim far and wide those beauties which our ignorant detractors fail to perceive. The liberal expenditure of money in itself has little to do with an artistic result, but Art is a very extravagant and lavish mistress. Although, in some instances, she may be contented with a plain cotton gown, when she desires to show herself at her best in her state robes there is no length she will not drive you to if you desire to execute her behests; and those who talk so much of the love of art whilst producing very little that is artistic, are generally those who are either unable or unwilling to make such financial sacrifices at the shrine of the goddess as she demands.

Last, but not least, come the actors—those who have to give life to the story. How many good plays have been ruined by an inadequate representation! How much good work has been thrown away through the incompetency of its exponents! Every character must be carefully cast, actors and actresses of experience engaged to portray and give life to the various personages of the story which has to be unfolded amidst the elaborate surroundings. Great pains must be taken that no round pegs are put into square holes, or *vice versa*. An actor who would be admirable in one part, will utterly fail in another which is out of his line. When this much has been done, the hard work may be said to commence in earnest. The rehearsals and dove-tailing together of the results of so many months' work, and of the efforts of so many talented persons, is a task requiring the greatest consideration, assiduous attention, and unflinching energy: a work to try the traditional patience of a Job! It is then that errors are detected and unforeseen difficulties have to be overcome before submitting to the judgment of the

public the work as a whole—whose approval or disapproval none, however experienced, can foretell. The verdict of the first night's audience may probably be reversed the next morning in the public press, which itself is seldom unanimous as to the merits and demerits of a performance.

Many effects carefully designed to arouse the enthusiasm may possibly have passed unobserved, and something interpolated by chance at the last moment may cause all the town to talk. An actor or actress upon whom such dependence has been placed may absolutely fall flat, whilst an unknown artist, who has never yet succeeded in doing anything worthy of notice, may suddenly come to the front and display such talent as he was never dreamt to be possessed of. Such is the complicated task that anyone sets himself when undertaking the production of Spectacle.

Spectacle does not necessarily call for the employment of a large number of people. Indeed, take the accompanying engravings of the palace scene in "Puss in Boots" and of the naval battle in "The Armada," although in the one many hundreds of people are employed, in the other there are but a few. Yet both have been pronounced triumphs of Spectacle! All perfect stage pictures appealing to the eye, of whatever character they be, are, indeed, to a certain extent, Spectacle—whether a grand procession at Drury Lane, or a charming interior, complete in all its minute details, as presented by the Bancrofts.

The "star" system is, to my mind, the deadly enemy of art. It is a formidable foe, for the public support it. An artist once well known may soon become a "star" if assiduously advertised—if it be through the medium of a tooth paste, transparent soap, or patent wirework brushes, is of little moment—the public will rush to support their favourite, in the same manner as any other well-advertised commodity for which they have a partiality, whether it be Colman's mustard or Reckett's blue. The result is obvious; the "star," desiring to have the lion's share of the credit, allows no rival to shine by his side; with the further financial advantage of paying a far smaller sum in salaries to those who fill up the other parts, and the worse the support the greater the contrast—the bigger the contrast the greater the success.

Compare with some of the perfect productions of to-day the performances of the "star" system of a few years ago, when it was *de rigueur* for tragedy to have a wide strip of green baize stretched across the front of the stage, meaning nothing; when those horrible flats which joined in the middle formed the front scenes, and, upon the prompter's whistle being blown to change, discovered so many begrimed scene-shifters in the act of pushing them off. A few sets of stock

wings did duty for everything; the difference in costume consisted of shirts, shapes, and square-cuts only; each actor used to dress himself according to the extent of his wardrobe, regardless of colour, period, or common sense, or of the dresses worn by any of the other characters. The same throne did service for Cleopatra, Julius Cæsar, or Henry V. The stock scenery, properties, and paraphernalia of the theatre were the only resources of the stage manager, and the "good old crusted" actor, forgetting the lines of the author, used without compunction to cover his discomfiture by inventing a text of his own—an achievement known as "ponging." The star of the evening—thus barely supported, appeared to be a Triton amongst Minnows—aroused the enthusiasm of the audience and enhanced his reputation. In those days audiences went to the theatre convinced they were going to see art, and came away thinking that they had seen it! These were called the "palmy days!"

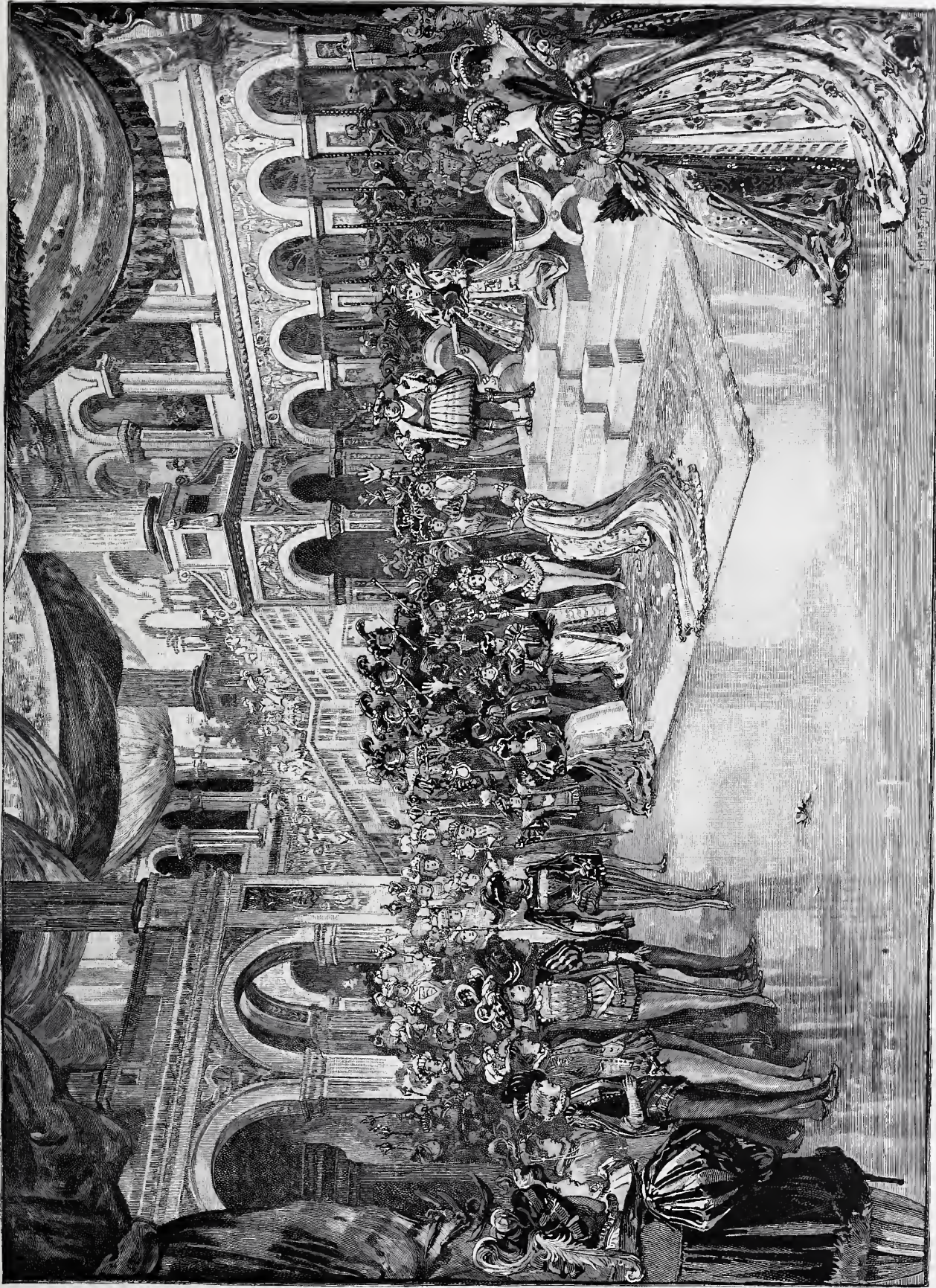
As in tragedy so in pantomime—three weeks was considered a long time to give to the preparation of the Christmas entertainment; old spangled dresses were looked out and "dodged up;" a few pair of flats and a couple of set scenes were painted new; some elaborate tricks made for the harlequinade, the majority of which, not working on the first night, were cut out on the second. A popular clown, with a veteran to assist him as pantaloon, one of the "ballet gentlemen" from the opera house dressed like harlequin, and one of the "front row" of the ballet as columbine, were supposed to be enough to attract our forefathers to the pantomime, which, being played after a tragedy or comedy, generally began about half-past nine, and lasted a couple of hours. The dear old ladies and gentlemen who now insist that this class of performance should be played to-day, because it met with the approval of their generation, forget that the School Board was not invented when they were young. Whereas in the olden times a pantomime ran a few weeks, it now runs as many months. In some of our provincial towns the harlequinade is now dispensed with, and in all others reduced to the smallest limits. As in London so in the provinces, the appearance of the clown is the signal for departure.

Drury Lane—generally supposed to be one of the finest stages in the world—in reality is one of the worst for its size that I have ever seen, and the extra expense, in consequence, in producing big effects is a most serious item. A fine stage with all the modern

improvements enables much greater effects to be produced with the outlay of less trouble, time, and money. The most perfect stage in the world is the Opera House at Buda Pesth. There, by a system of hydraulic rises and sinks, the whole of the stage can be so manipulated as to give almost any combination of form and movement, enabling the stage manager to produce the most marvellous and striking effects without the slightest trouble, and no further expense than the installation of the machinery, which in itself is of the most elaborate and costly description. In the construction of our English theatres the practicabilities of the stage are considered to be of little or no importance, the result being that effects which can be produced on such a stage as that of Buda Pesth are absolutely impossible to be realised.

The highest form of spectacular art is, of course, grand opera, and no form of art has suffered more from the "star" system than the lyric stage, where "stars" demand a greater sum than any management can afford to pay; the result of the operative star system in this country having been to close the opera house, and abroad to place the musical drama in the hands of men who take theatres and make engagements, without even the possibility of being able to keep them. Salaries are promised which neither the management nor the artiste ever expect to see paid; and this is further taken into consideration when fixing the salary. In Italy the sum of the remuneration is divided into four payments: the first when the artiste arrives in the town—this sum is generally paid out of the subvention the manager gets from the government or municipality; the second and third payments are made during the season, the date of the fourth being after the season is over. This last *quartale* is so rarely paid that it is seldom expected. Some of the impresarios, finding that opera in Europe under these conditions was no longer possible, and seeking for "fresh fields and pastures new," discovered the hitherto unexplored virgin operative soil of South America, where the rich merchants and financiers were willing to pay fabulous sums for seats to witness a performance should any artistes of European reputation come amongst them. Thus the star starves the *ensemble*.

But after all is said and done, Spectacle to-day asserts its sovereignty, and will doubtless continue to do so in spite of prejudice and ignorance, long after the time when the ideal New Zealander shall have contemplated the ruins of this Babylon from the one remaining pier of London Bridge.



THE COURT SCENE IN "PUSS IN BOOTS" AT THE DRURY LANE THEATRE, 1857-8.

(From a Drawing by J. Finemore, after the Scene Designed by Wilhelm. Engraved by P. Naumann.)

ART PATRONS.

THE BEGGING FRIARS OF ITALY.

BY F. MABEL ROBINSON.



English, far removed by time and creed and sentiment from the monastic spirit, find it difficult to realise all that letters, learning, art, even civilisation itself, owe to the monks of a bygone age, still more so to understand that the Begging Friars once occupied the highest place as patrons

of art in Italy. To very many of us who have been in Italy, the friar is merely that shabby and rather (or shall we say very?) dirty old lay brother who stood so inconveniently near to us in St. Peter's, and whose brown garment was so unmistakably redolent of snuff. The brown frock of the Carmelite or Franciscan seemed ubiquitous in Rome; we used constantly to see the wearer in the grimy shops of the charcoal-seller and the cobbler at the corner of the street. Over his shoulders he often carried a sack, wherein to put the broken meat he begged from the poor for the destitute, and he went about his business in the leisurely Italian fashion, standing long in the doorway, chatting and cracking jokes with his grimy patrons, who treated him with as little deference as he exacted.

We may generally take it that this neighbourly old friar is a Franciscan, not a Carmelite, for this friendly interest in the doings of the world they have renounced is quite in the spirit of their founder. The white-robed Dominican and the brown Carmelite are usually more reserved and dignified than the friar of Orders Grey, having much more of the remote and distant manner of the monk (and indeed most of us unconsciously express this feeling by speaking of Dominican monks and Franciscan friars), although all the three begging orders—of Dominic, Francis, and Mount Carmel—are, properly speaking, friars.

All the three orders date from the early part of the thirteenth century, at which time there arose independently in several minds the idea of a monastic order which should be absolutely poor, possessing nothing, begging even for food and raiment, and, when nothing was given, going empty. Very soon after the initiation of the orders this ideal had to be modified, but in the beginning this absolute

poverty was the distinctive mark of the mendicant orders.

Both in social and artistic influence, the Carmelites are inconsiderable compared with the followers of Dominic and Francis, who between them divided with their influence the mass of society of Central Italy till at one time it was difficult to find a person of either sex, who had not either secretly or openly adopted their "third rule"—a rule of religious life adapted for persons still living in the world. Dominic, a Spaniard of noble birth, was twelve years older than Francis, who was born at Assisi in 1182, but as the Franciscan order was founded earlier, and gained the earliest and greatest hold on the Italian nation, let me glance first at its patronage of art. There is nothing to show that St. Francis ever cared for painting, and indeed he was a great deal too fond of all created things to feel any sympathy with the Byzantine conventionality that in his day governed painting. But although painting and sculpture were at their lowest ebb, the tide had already turned, architecture was leading the way to a revival of the arts, and while St. Francis was still a light-hearted pleasure-loving young man, there was born at Pisa the child destined to inaugurate the revival of sculpture. More than a thousand years had now passed since Hadrian had magnified the waning art of Rome; that art, the product of Paganism, had been hateful to new Christendom, and the establishment of the Eastern Empire at Constantinople in 330 marks the extinction of ancient art. Thenceforth Christianity was the religion of the state, and the vast walls of the basilicas and churches soon set forth the truths of Religion—a book to the unlettered. The type and style, however, of both architecture and painting was still classic, for as yet Christianity had only adopted, not created an art to expound her doctrine. Up to the age of Constantine tempera and encaustic were the materials used in mural decorations; but as the century wore on, mosaic, which had hitherto been employed only for pavements, began to be used for walls and ceilings, and after a time almost entirely superseded less durable materials. Its general adoption had enormous influence on the art of succeeding centuries, for its unyielding nature restricted the artist to large and simple forms and to a certain conventionality of treatment. The finest and best preserved mosaics of the fifth and sixth centuries are those of Ravenna

and of Sta. Maria Maggiore at Rome, where classic distinction of form is still preserved. But from this time onwards we have an extremely limited range of subject treated rigidly and more rigidly till in the seventh century an absolutely lifeless immobility was adopted, the faces lost their elastic youth and beauty, and became by degrees, worn, lean, ugly, and old.

By this time repeated invasions of Goths and Vandals had almost overwhelmed Italian civilisation; some influence from outside was imperative to artistic life, and such artists as did not sink into barbaric ignorance adopted the Greek or Byzantine manner—a conventional rendering still adhered to in the “sacred images” of the Eastern Church, but which did not crystallise into its absolutely conventional form until about the eleventh century. From that period painter copied painter in slavish imitation, but it was not until the days of the foundation of the mendicant orders that there was a perceptible decline in technical skill. By this time the worst days of the political degradation of Italy were past. Rome, as the Papal city, had regained her position as a centre of civilisation, the Pope had become a power temporal as well as spiritual, and at the same time a new social element had arisen in those free cities destined to play so prominent a part in the history of Italy. Various of the invading Germanic tribes that had devastated the country had settled in the plains of Lombardy, had become peaceable and civilised, and were destined to be the leaders of the Renaissance of art in Italy. Until the end of the sixth century the debased form of Roman architecture, known as Romanesque, had served for the whole Christian world, but at that time two great branches grew out from it: the Byzantine, which became the architecture of Eastern Europe, and the Gothic, or Western style, which attained to the greatest perfection in France, and reached its full maturity during the thirteenth century.

The Lombard tribes, influenced from the North by this Gothic style, and from the South by the Romanesque and Byzantine schools, created an architecture of their own, adopting the peculiarities and beauties of each with audacious disregard for classicism, and with a result that has more than justified their daring. But the broad Lombard plain yielded them no stone, and in default of it they used the native clay, modelling and ornamenting their brick and terra-cotta with art and skill that has never been equalled before or since, and the charm of these brick Lombard churches of the late eleventh and early twelfth century is wonderfully great. They have, moreover, an interest apart from their beauty, as being the precursors of the Italian Renaissance. At this time Italian architecture was, broadly speaking,

far behind that of the countries north of the Alps; the Gothic style had not, it is true, arrived at its full development in any country, but many fine buildings had already been erected in France and England—Durham, Rochester, Chichester, and Norwich Cathedrals are of this period, a good part of Canterbury, and the naves of Peterborough and of Ely are also unaltered since this time—so that Italy, which was so soon to eclipse all other countries in the unrivalled beauty of her art, started at no advantage compared with northern nations except her traditions from classic times. At the time of the death of St. Francis, 1226—the year of the birth of Louis IX. of France—this Lombard province was the only part of Italy that showed any signs of new life. But Francis, who had begun his mission with only eight disciples, had left a powerful and devoted order behind him, and the first care of his many followers was to build a church at Assisi, the place of his birth and of his death, wherein his body should rest, and which should be a worthy monument to the most Christ-like spirit of his age. Among the friars there was an architect, a German named Jacopo, and it was he whom they employed to design this church, and thus the Gothic manner was introduced into Italy. The church is simple and small, and the details are very inferior to those of northern churches of the same period, but its erection is an important landmark in the history of art, and its decorations afford a complete illustration of the growth and development of art in Tuscany. The church was begun two years after the death of Francis; its odd construction in two storeys is familiar to all of us. The lower church, suggestive of an over-ground crypt, was finished in four years, the upper not until 1253, by which time Niccola Pisano was already a famous architect, and Cimabue a lad of thirteen. His is the earliest hand we find engaged on the walls of this church, where later Giotto and his disciples were to continue what he began. But the Giottoesques did not complete the decoration, and the frescoes at Assisi carry us right up to the close of the sixteenth century. The later works are very inferior to the earlier ones, for it was during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries that the begging friars were such prominent patrons of the arts.

The parent church of the Franciscans at Assisi, though of the greatest interest, was soon eclipsed in grandeur by their magnificent church of Sta. Croce, in Florence. And this church also affords quite a history of art in Italy, and on its walls are some of the finest of Giotto's frescoes. Giotto was born at Vespignano in 1276, and was therefore eleven years younger than Dante. Soon after his birth the life of Niccola Pisano came to an end, and at that time Giovanni Pisano was beginning his famous fountain at Siena—evidence that a new

spirit had quickened both architecture and sculpture before the marvellous genius of Giotto released painting from conventionality and work of Byzantine influence, abolished the gold background in favour of sky, landscape, and that Lombard architecture of which he was so fond, reformed design and colour, and, in fact, inaugurated the modern style of painting.

This shepherd's son, whose painting is inspired by the most poetic insight into character and situation, the most delicate reverence of feeling, the most convincing sincerity and good faith, was in private life a person of infinite jest, ugly almost to grotesqueness in personal appearance. Beyond this, and the fact that he had six children "all of surpassing ugliness," little is known of his private life, but he must have had some much greater claim to regard or he could never have painted his pictures nor gained the friendship of Dante. One bond of sympathy must have been their mutual devotion to the Franciscans, whose gentle ardour and mild enthusiasm gained them many more friends than could be attracted by the fiercer zeal of the Dominican ideal; and in Dante's *Paradise*, St. Francis is described as "Tutto serafico in ardore," while Dominic's righteousness does not exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees. "Benigno ai suoi ed ai nemici erudo." But in the history of art the more militant fraternity plays the larger rôle; their church at Florence, Sta. Maria Novello, is the rival in all ways of Sta. Croce, and, fully equal to the Franciscans in importance as patrons of art, they are the most eminent of all monastic orders in the production of great artists.

St. Francis is so poetic a figure, the ideal of his order so beautiful and sweet, and many of his followers, such as Louis IX. of France and Elizabeth of Hungary, were personally so interesting, that it is almost with regret that one confesses that the less endearing Dominicans have been intellectually far more fruitful. Their female saint, Catherine of Siena, was as clever as she was saintly, and their order, besides innumerable great preachers, bishops, and a Pope, counts among its members such men as Savonarola and Fra Angelico and Fra Bartolomeo.

The great advance in the arts of sculpture and architecture made by Niccola Pisano, was carried on by his son Giovanni, who had finished the Perugia fountain, and had built the church of S. Maria della Spina and the Gothic arcade of the Campo Santo at Pisa, while little Giotto was still minding his father's sheep. The paintings on the Campo Santo walls, a little later in date, occupy a place in the history of Italian art quite equal in importance to the frescoes of Assisi; the series of the triumph of death forms the next step, carrying realism beyond the point to which Giotto had brought it, but unfortunately for us

neither patrons nor painters were begging friars, and it is not until 1387, fifty-one years after the death of Giotto, that any very important event occurred in their history. In that year was born Fra Giovanni Angelico da Fiesoli, the gentle Dominican painter, whose art is loved all the world over for its celestial beauty and pure ideality. The life of Fra Angelico extends over a very important period; at his birth Filippo Brunaleschi was a boy of ten, Ghiberti only five, and Donatello a baby; when he died at the age of sixty-eight, Masaccio was dead, Botticelli and Luca Signorelli almost full-grown youths. Perugino was eleven, Lionardo a child of three, Luca della Robbia had invented his glazed ware, Donatello had long since chiselled the exquisite Annunciation for the Franciscans, and Ghiberti was laid to rest in their church in the same year of 1455, in which Fra Angelico was buried in the Dominican Church, Sta. Maria Sopra Minerva, at Rome. Despite the seclusion of his cloistered life, the gentle friar (whose soul was as pure and angelical as his painting) had trained up several pupils, chief among them Benozzo Gozzoli. Although more mundane than his teacher, Benozzo had much of the spirit of his master, but it was one less constant to the teaching of the friar who was destined to bring most glory to the Dominicans, for Cosimo Roselli, pupil of Angelico, was master of Bartolomeo. But the art of "Il Frate" was not inspired by the convent to the same extent as that of his predecessors, for he had made his reputation before the time when he, among the host of artists employed by the Dominicans, came under the influence of the friars of St. Mark's, and especially of Savonarola, whose death filled him with so great a horror of the cruel world, that he at once entered the Order of St. Dominic.

The Carmelites are much less considerable as patrons of art than either Dominicans or Franciscans, but their limited patronage in Florence was very wisely extended, and among its art-treasures their church contains those frescoes by Masaccio, which are a landmark in the history of art, as important as the Pisan pulpit or the first frescoes of Giotto. Hitherto no great advance had been made in technical skill beyond the point to which Giotto had brought it, and these frescoes, painted about 1420 by the shock-headed and slovenly young Florentine, are the bridge that spans the gulf between the clear, pale, shadowless creations of the Giottesques, and the firm-standing realistic figures of the golden age. And these frescoes in the Carmine were the models from which the greatest painters learned their craft; here studied Lionardo, Andrea del Sarto, Fra Bartolomeo, Perugino, Raphael; and here also painted Michelangelo, a fellow-student, to his east, of violent, jealous Torrigiano, who here in this chapel smashed

the nose of his more successful comrade. Here, too, the little beggar boy, Filippo Lippi, the gutter child adopted by the friars out of pity, learned the first principles of painting, probably grinding colours for Masaccio and running errands for him. Poor Lippo Lippi was at that time a child of nine or ten, thankful no doubt to be well housed and fed, and little dreaming how unsuited was his nature to the lot that destitution had forced on him, little guessing the

paid them by monks and friars, and, with the exception of the brief local revival brought about by the preaching of Savonarola, the moral influence, too, of the mendicant friars was on the wane; the spirit of the age was turned towards classicism and unbelief; the Roman Church was sinking into that state of luxury and corruption that fifty years later was to bring about the Reformation. Not only in art, but in morals also the friars had done a great



ST. AUGUSTINE EXPOUNDING THE DOCTRINE OF THE TRINITY TO SS. FRANCIS AND DOMINIC.

(From the Picture by Andrea del Sarto in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence. Engraved by J. M. Johnstone.)

exciting and questionable adventures fate held in store for him. He lived till 1469, the year of Fra Bartolomeo's birth, by which time the patronage of the begging friars was much less necessary to artists than it had been of old. For, greatly through the influence of these friars, education had increased, and the love of art became universal: the material prosperity of Italy, too, was established, the Papal power was extending in Rome, the wealth and influence of the Medici paramount in Florence. Popes, nobles, burghers, merchants now were the favourite patrons of the artists, who began to lament at the low prices

work: "In an age of oligarchal tyranny they were the protectors of the weak; in an age of ignorance the instructors of mankind, and in an age of profligacy the stern vindicators of the holiness of the sacerdotal character, and of the virtues of domestic life." Thus writes of them a Protestant English historian of our own age, and lovers of art will count among their good works that in an age when there were few wealthy patrons, they encouraged the highest art, that their patronage was generously bestowed on the best and most enlightened artists, and that they were in those early days leaders in the movement of artistic liberty.

EARLY IRISH ART.

BY J. ROMILLY ALLEN.



UT few races have ever shown a greater aptitude for producing beautiful ornamental designs as applied to the decoration of illuminated MSS., ecclesiastical metal-work, and memorial crosses, than the ancient Irish or Seoti, as they were called in the seventh century. It is gratifying, therefore, to find that the native arts of Great Britain have at last begun to attract the attention of the Committee of Council on Education, and that under their auspices Miss Margaret Stokes has prepared a work on "Early Christian Art in Ireland,"* recently published, forming one of the admirable series of South Kensington Museum Handbooks. The art-treasures of Spain, Persia, Russia, and Scandinavia have already been done justice to at the hands of experts chosen on account of their special knowledge of each country, and no one is more competent to deal with Ireland than Miss Margaret Stokes, the able editor of Lord Dunraven's magnificent work on Irish architecture. Now that the authorities who direct the South Kensington Museum have gone so far as to publish a handbook of Irish art, it is to be hoped that a collection will be formed for the promotion of the study of the subject, consisting of reproductions of the metal-work, casts of the sculptured crosses, and photographs or facsimiles of the illuminated MSS. At present we are obliged to content ourselves with written descriptions, unless we visit the various parts of Ireland where the examples are to be found.

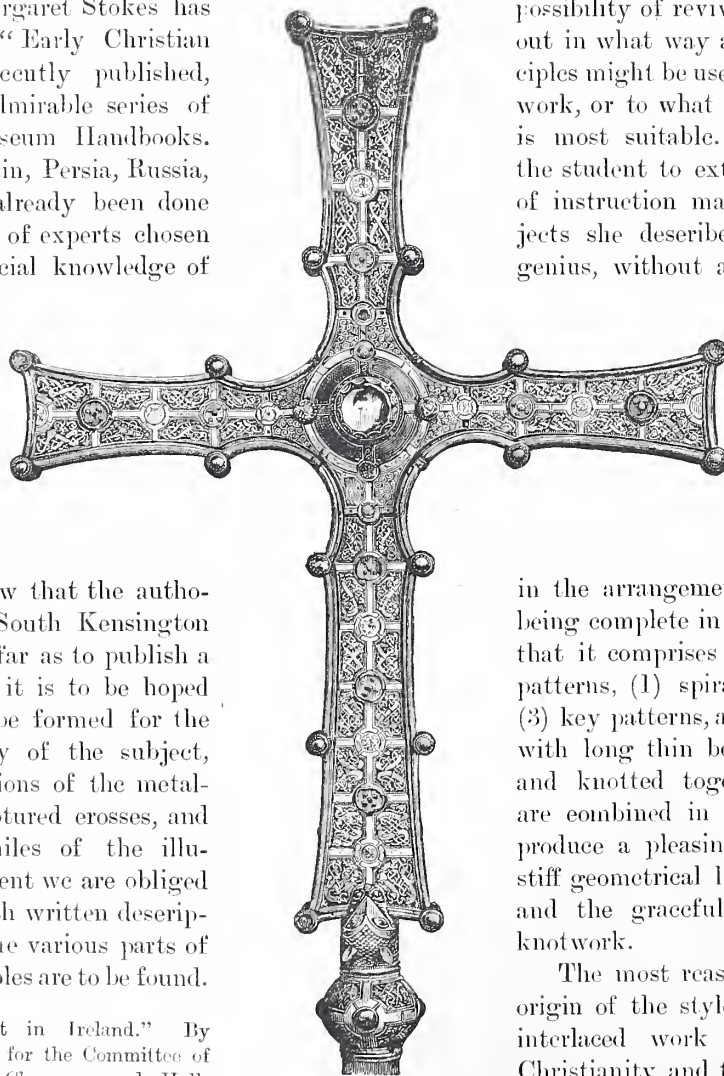
* "Early Christian Art in Ireland." By Margaret Stokes. Published for the Committee of Council on Education, by Chapman and Hall, Limited. (1888.)

Miss Stokes's object is not to present a guide to the antiquities of Ireland, but rather to indicate how those antiquities should be approached, so as to draw forth whatever elements of instruction may lie hidden in them for workers in the present day. It is a great pity that no general sketch is given at the commencement of the origin and development of the peculiar forms of Celtic ornament, showing whence the different elements originally came, and how they were modified, first by the introduction of Christianity and the art of illumination into Ireland, and subsequently by their transference to other geographical areas with the spread of Irish Christianity. It is also to be regretted that nothing is said as to the possibility of reviving Celtic art, pointing out in what way a knowledge of its principles might be usefully applied to modern work, or to what branches of industry it is most suitable. The authoress leaves the student to extract whatever elements of instruction may be hidden in the objects she describes by his own unaided genius, without any further help.

We are told too little about the origin of Celtic ornament of the Christian portion of the last period. Its chief characteristics consist, first

in the arrangement in panels—each one being complete in itself—and secondly, in that it comprises four principal kinds of patterns, (1) spirals, (2) interlaced work, (3) key patterns, and (4) beasts or reptiles with long thin bodies and limbs twisted and knotted together. These patterns are combined in special ways so as to produce a pleasing contrast between the stiff geometrical lines of the key patterns and the gracefully flowing spirals and knotwork.

The most reasonable theory as to the origin of the style seems to be that the interlaced work was introduced with Christianity and the art of writing from Italy, through Gaul. The key patterns



THE CROSS OF CONG.

may have come from the same source, or, what seems more probable, may have been developed by the Irish scribes in the MSS., from the facility with which borders of this kind can be made with the pen. The spirals are evidently adapted from the Celtic metal-work of the preceding pagan period. It might be possible to go still further, and trace the spirals to a continental origin in prehistoric times, and the

Christianity, and thus modified it was spread throughout Europe again by the Irish scribes, though it never prevailed outside their sphere, and finally died with them."

The art of writing was carried to the highest perfection in Ireland, and sixty-one remarkable scribes are mentioned in the "Annals of the Four Masters" as having flourished in Ireland before the



PORTION OF AN ILLUMINATED MONOGRAM IN THE "BOOK OF KELLS."

interlaced work to the Eastern source from which it was introduced into Byzantine art. The problem is one of the highest interest; and now that some of our leading archæologists are attacking it, more light will before long, in all probability, be thrown on the subject. Miss Stokes is led to conclude that in the Carolingian MSS. of the ninth century we see not merely a mixture of styles, and that in the introduction of Irish decoration we have examples of the engrafting of an archaic style upon another of later date—a style that had died out in Italy and Southern Gaul, but lived on in Ireland, to return there centuries later. "In Ireland its character had been modified by absorbing whatever designs—such as the divergent spiral—prevailed in the country at the time of the introduction of

year 900. Much space is therefore wisely devoted to the early Irish MSS. and the work of Irish scribes abroad, not because their caligraphy is ever likely to be copied at the present day, but because of the great beauty of the ornamental pages and borders of the MSS. which may suggest ideas to the modern designer for application to other purposes. We are told that in the six ornamental pages of the "Book of Kells" there is a gradual increase of splendour, the culminating point of which is reached in the monogram of Christ ("XPI autem generatio" at the beginning of St. Matthew's Gospel), and upon it is lavished, with all the fervent devotion of the Irish scribe, every variety of design to be found in Celtic art, so that the name which is an epitome of his faith is also an epitome of his

art. While the Irish and foreign Irish MSS. are described at considerable length, those in England are dismissed in a short paragraph, and the labours of English archæologists like Professor Westwood, who may almost be said to have discovered Irish art, are completely ignored. In the same way the Palæographical Society's publications have been omitted from the list of authorities on illumination. Of metal-work all the most important examples are illustrated and their various peculiarities referred to in considerable detail. Many of the metal shrines are of great interest, as being associated with the name of some early saint in the first instance, and afterwards handed down from father to son in the family of an hereditary keeper, thus possessing an authentic history for many centuries until at last a safe resting-



“ROSCREA BROOCH” (PETRIE COLLECTION).

place was found in the National Museum in Dublin. The chapter on sculpture is, perhaps, the least satisfactory in the book, probably because twenty-two out of the forty-five Irish crosses have never yet been described or illustrated, so that the list of subjects is necessarily very imperfect. The last chapter is devoted to architecture, and concludes with an exceedingly instructive chronological table giving the dates of the various works of art in stone, metal, and MSS.

To sum up, Miss Stokes's work is, in spite of all omissions, quite the best text-book extant on the subject, and contains a vast amount of valuable information systematically arranged. It is to be hoped that the result of its publication will be to increase the interest taken in

the study of our national art antiquities so as perhaps in time to produce a “Neo-Celtic style.”

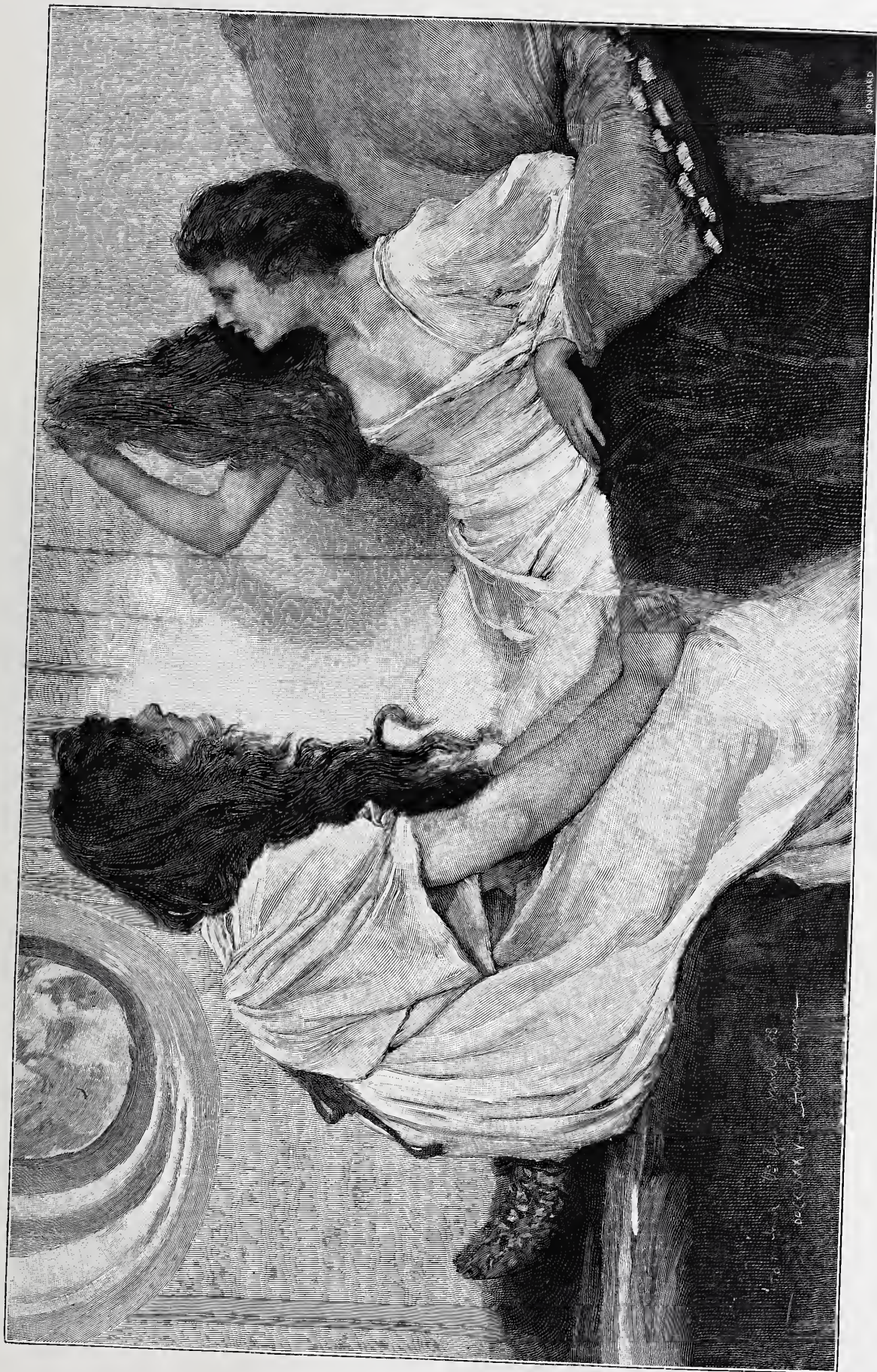
CURRENT ART.

THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS.

FOR many reasons the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours is to be congratulated on its winter exhibition. Not only has an unusually large number of interesting and able works been sent in, but the hanging committee has shown much taste and tact in the disposition of the pictures. In the centre of the large gallery is Sir J. D. Linton's portrait group—“Maud and May, Daughters of E. Meredith Crosse, Esq.” Quite apart from its merits as a portrait, this work has many points of excellence. It is admirable in composition, and its background and accessories are full of interest. Of the models, one is seated at a piano, the other stands, fiddle in hand, ready to play. The red of the draperies and the gold of the screen have given the President an opportunity of rendering colour and texture, of which he has not failed to take advantage. Mr. Alma-Tadema exhibits a delightful little “Study” (see p. 121) of two gracefully posed girls, the interest of the sketch depending in a great measure on the contrast which the jet-black hair of the one affords to

the rich red hair of the other. Mr. J. J. Shannon, whose work is always looked for with interest, sends three canvases. Perhaps the finest of them is the full-length portrait of a girl, in which “rose-pink” is the dominant colour. It is doubtless too much a work of the impressionist school; at the same time there is nothing slipshod in it, pose, colour, and drawing being alike admirable. Mr. T. B. Kennington's “Portrait of Madame G——,” a lady in black, seen against a grey ground—though perhaps a little weak in colour—is drawn with much ease and grace. A word of praise must be said for Mr. Percy Bigland's “Lady Elizabeth Taylor,” a simple yet dignified portrait of a lady in grey against a red background.

The portraits of “Baron Gevers” and “M. Le Comte de Saint-Genys,” by Mr. Hubert Vos, have not the force and charm of this artist's work at Suffolk Street; they are nevertheless efficient both in colour and draughtsmanship. Before leaving the portrait-painters, who are well represented at the Institute, we must not omit to mention the works



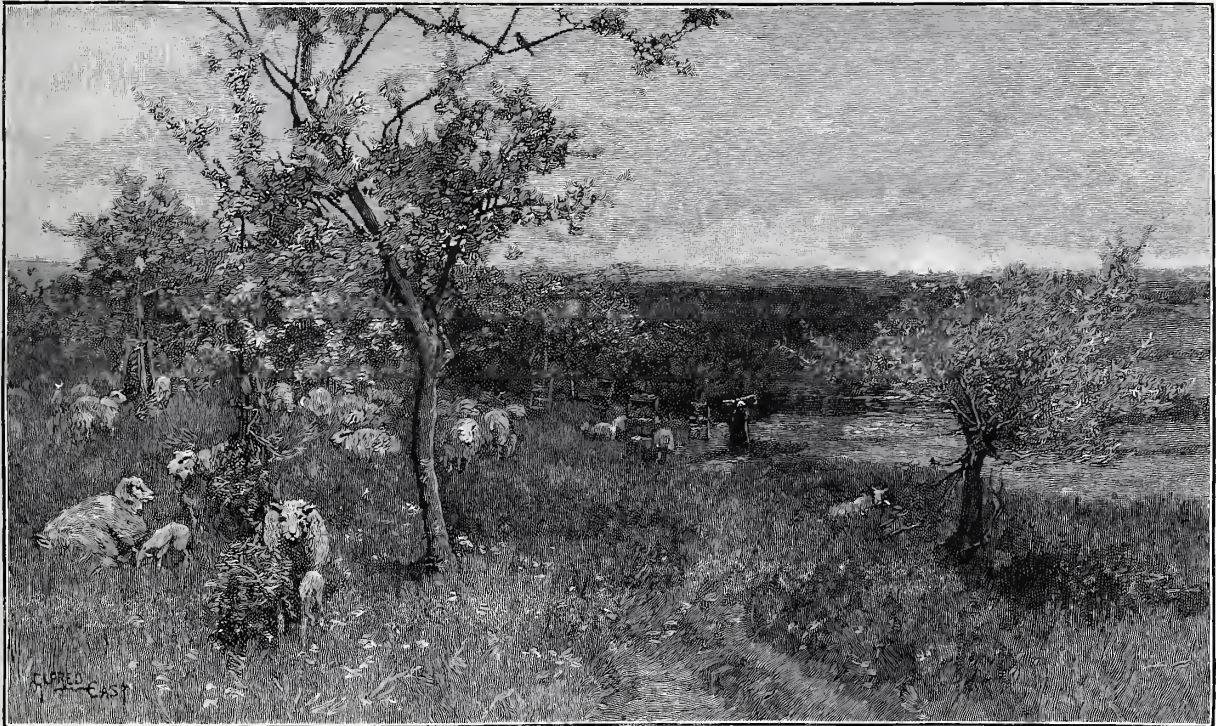
"A STUDY."

(By L. Alma-Tadema, R.A. Institute of Painters in Oil Colours. Engraved by Jonnard.) (By Permission of Charles Green, Esq.)

of Mrs. Louise Jopling, and of Messrs. S. J. Solomon and S. Melton Fisher.

Of purely imaginative or allegorical pictures there are few, and these few are by no means good. Mr. Henry Ryland's "St. Dorothea and the Roses," as a piece of decoration, should be pleasing in colour, and it is precisely in colour that it fails. We must confess that we are wearied with the researches of Mr. Stoek's "Soul," in the natural world. With tedious iteration this curious embodiment contem-

"Our Fisher Folk" may be said to be in Mr. John R. Reid's latest manner. In colour, especially in the predominance of red, it recalls his well-known "Smugglers," but utterly without truth in the lighting. It is, in fact, as different as can be from the pictures, so cool in tone, which first won him recognition. At the same time it is a work of power and force, and is marked by a certain grimness of humour. Mr. George Morton's "After the Bath" is a delicately-painted nude, with con-



MOONRISE IN SEPTEMBER.

(From the Painting by Alfred East, R.I. Institute of Painters in Oil Colours. Engraved by C. Carter.)

plates something fresh in every exhibition. This time it displays its wonderment at the "grass of the field." Mr. Stock's other allegory, "Sin Piercing the Heart of Love," is more thrilling, but not much more satisfactory. In the field of *genre* and figure-painting the present exhibition is particularly strong. "The Children's Prayer," by Mr. Arthur Hacker, will no doubt attract much attention, and it will do so deservedly. It is an interesting, finely painted representation of children praying at their mother's knee. But to us it seems lacking in realism, to be too swept and garnished to be a faithful picture of life. Mr. George Wetherbee's "Autumn" is a strong canvas, representing a peasant girl carrying sticks. "Rival Graces," by Mr. Lucien Davis, is false and hot in colour, and cheap in effect. It seems to be an imitation—a very long way off—of a memorable picture by Mr. E. J. Gregory.

siderable charm, though somewhat deficient in strength. Messrs. Chevalier Tayler, B. A. Bateman, and Stanhope Forbes represent the Newlyn school. For Mr. Forbes's "Fisherman's Reading-room," a lamplight effect, which recalls his masterly "Village Harmonics" in the last Academy, we have nothing but praise; it is in all respects a thoroughly capable work. However, when we examine the works of Messrs. Tayler and Bateman we can only regret that the school of painters who have done so much good work at Newlyn should have become completely enthralled by their own convention. No fault can be found with their *technique*; as craftsmen they have attained a high position, yet they seem now to be hopelessly mannered. Even if it be granted that their convention is a good one, that does not help them much; for the best convention is bad enough to prove the ruin of an artist's

individuality. In Mr. F. D. Millet's "Tender Chord" there is some delightful work, especially in the background. This skilful artist has evidently found his "period," and means to devote himself to painting the quaint costumes and charming surroundings which lent so much interest to his recent Academy picture. High praise is due to Mr. L. Bernard Hall's "Andante;" to say that it is far and away the best nude in the exhibition is to give a meagre idea of its merit. It represents a girl lying on her back playing pipes; in pose and arrangement it is quite simple, yet its singularly beautiful drawing and richness of colour entitle it to be ranked highly as a work of art. "Hagar," by Mr. A. S. Coke, is a striking work, and, whether we like it or not, compels our attention. Hagar is represented draped in blue, standing in a desert of rock and sand beneath what seems a noonday sun. Mr. Fred. Brown's "Rude Boreas" is a convincingly truthful impression, full of life and atmosphere. It sets before us the figure of a girl on the seashore, "the delight of the wind in her eyes, and the hand of the wind in her hair." The Institute is never without a sprinkling of so-called humorous pictures, which are, as often as not, always somewhat depressing. Mr. Carrington sends his accustomed dog-picture, which depends for its effect more on its title than on its painting; this time it is called "They won't be happy till they get 'em." The qualities in the execution of Mr. Dollman's "Vols. I., II., and III." hardly atone for its subject: black-and-white should have been its medium. In landscape the Institute is genuinely strong. If for nothing else, the present exhibition deserves to be remembered for Mr. East's magnificent transcripts from nature. Few finer landscapes have been exhibited by Englishmen for some years than Mr. East's "Evening after a Storm" and, especially, "Moonrise in September." (See p. 123.) They show an appreciation of tone and a feeling for the subtleties of atmospheric effect and of light, which are only too rare in contemporary landscape-painting. Mr. W. L. Wyllie's "Highway of Nations" possesses the merits which characterise all this accomplished artist's drawings of the lower Thames. It seems a pity, however, that, by displaying so little variety either in subject or treatment, he should run the risk of becoming known as a painter of one picture. "Still Waters" is the name of Mr. Alfred Parsons's solitary canvas. Mr. Frank Walton is represented by three vigorous landscapes, of which that entitled "Daylight on its Last Purple Cloud" is perhaps the best. Mr. Alexander Harrison, the well-known member of the "open air school," sends three vividly drawn seascapes, while the works of Messrs. Keeley Halswelle, Joseph Knight, A. F. Grace, Ayerst Ingram, and Adolph Birkenruth will all repay study.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER
COLOURS.

The winter exhibition of the Royal Society in Water Colours is on the whole satisfactory and representative. The brilliant drawings by Mr. Burne Jones will doubtless attract the greatest amount of attention. "Caritas" is a design of extraordinary grace and power. Both in colour and drawing it is entirely free from the conventionality and mawkishness which, if they do not belong to Mr. Burne Jones, at least characterise the cult to which his pictures have given rise. The figure of Caritas is not haggard and lank, but of great comeliness; while the cherubs which surround her—so far from being lean and lithe—are positively chubby. The draperies, which are of a rich red, are admirably rendered; and as an experiment in water colour, whether strengthened by pastel or only body-colour, the work is a *tour de force*. "An Angel" (62) is not so satisfactory. It is composed and painted in Mr. Burne Jones's most "intense" manner, and is distinguished by an angularity of feature and a sickliness of colour which are somewhat tedious. In addition to these two designs in colour Mr. Burne Jones sends a series of exquisite pencil drawings. His skill in this branch of art is uncontested, and those who saw his beautiful drawings at the New Gallery in the summer will be pleased to have further evidence of his perfect mastery of pure line. Mr. E. J. Poynter exhibits an interesting study for the principal figure in "A Corner of the Market Place," done in chalks on red paper. His "Study of a Head" is not quite so good; while its juxtaposition to a drawing by Mr. Burne Jones affords a capital opportunity of comparing the method and quality of the two artists. On the same wall hang Mr. Poynter's other "Study" (see next page), some finished studies by Sir Frederick Leighton for his picture of "Andromache" that were recently published in THE MAGAZINE OF ART. Mr. Stacy Marks exhibits no less than seven of his careful, uninspired drawings, the pleasantest to look upon being the sunlight sketch entitled "Forty Winks." Miss Clara Montalba has never been seen to greater advantage than in the present exhibition. She has at last deserted Venice and Holland, in the representation of which she was fast becoming mannered, for the lakes and sea-coast of Sweden. She sends nine admirable drawings, which, with one exception, "The Market Place, Stockholm," a vivid piece of colour, are all uncompromisingly grey. They are executed with much daintiness and refinement, and display a subtle appreciation for atmospheric effect. Mr. Robert W. Allan, as a colourist, has few rivals. During the last few years he has been steadily adding to his reputation, and the drawings which he exhibits this winter will detract nothing



STUDY OF A HEAD.

(By E. J. Poynter, R.A. Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours.)

from it. He has caught the atmosphere of old-fashioned Dutch towns with extraordinary precision, as is proved by his sketches of Dordrecht.

Mr. Albert Goodwin's drawings of Clovelly are far more intelligible than this accomplished artist's work generally is. In his sketch of "Durham," however, which is almost as lurid and unhealthy in colour as his "Lincoln" of last year was, he returns emphatically to that distorted conception of nature to which he has accustomed us in previous exhibitions. Mr. Herbert Marshall has fortunately torn himself

away from London, the tone of which he never seems to have quite caught, and contributes some admirable work. "A Cornish Street" and "Landing Nets—St. Ives Pier" are distinguished by a charm of feeling and truth of colour which entitles them to high praise. Mr. Arthur Hopkins's "Golden Hour" is far from satisfactory. Its foreground, we must admit, is interesting and well drawn, but its background is entirely unconvincing. The artist seems himself to have been undecided as to its form and substance, and he has not unnaturally failed to make us realise

that the background is anything but a flat silhouette. Mr. Charles Robertson's "Mill Creek, Dartmouth," which hangs close to Mr. Hopkins's picture, is far better both in colour and effect.

It is difficult to fairly estimate Sir Oswald Brierley's seascapes; as *pictures* they nearly all fail. Even if Sir Oswald does depend more on reminiscences of De Wint and the earlier English school than in his own observation for many of his effects, yet he paints the sea with tolerable accuracy, while his drawing of boats is no doubt unimpeachable. At the same time, he never seems to compose his pictures; their interest is "all over the place," and they leave nothing but a blurred image on the mind. That versatile and indefatigable artist, Mr. Walter Crane, in spite of the labour entailed by the "Arts and Crafts," has found time to complete and exhibit no less than eight water-colour sketches. Several of them are the drawings of the Acropolis at Athens; these, we must confess, have little interest for us, but the "Study of Mediterranean Blue" is an exquisite piece of colour, and "A Study from the Sand—Harlech" has much delicacy and charm. In the field of poetic landscape Mr. Matthew Hale has achieved much, and this year he has done himself ample justice. His "Italian Twilight" is a fine imaginative work, as is also his "October Evening," though the latter is perhaps tinged a little too much with mysticism. By this time we have learnt to expect from Mr. David Murray pictures full of light and life; we are, therefore, all the more surprised at the genuinely weird and sombre little drawings which he sends to the present exhibition. We have no fewer than ten drawings from the facile pencil of Mr. Alfred Hunt, who still remains faithful to his favourite Whitby. Nor must we overlook the solitary seascape by Mr. Henry Moore, the half a dozen delightful sketches of the Surrey hills by Mrs. Allingham, whose touch has lost nothing of its delicacy, or the two vigorous drawings by Mr. A. H. Marsh. We have only space to refer to the landscapes of Messrs. Birket Foster, Waterlow, Tom Lloyd, S. P. Jackson, and Naftel, and the fresh little drawing by Miss Maud Naftel which bears the inscription "The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet."

It will be gathered from what we have said that nearly all the most noticeable pictures in the exhibition are landscapes. Sir John Gilbert only exhibits a couple of sketches for pictures, which have hung in Pall Mall in former years; they are painted with a certain rude vigour, but without much distinction of style. Mr. J. H. Henshall's "Brown Study"—the portrait of a dark-complexioned girl in brown—is admirable alike in colour and draughtsmanship. But there is scarcely another *genre* picture in the exhibition which we can unreservedly praise.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

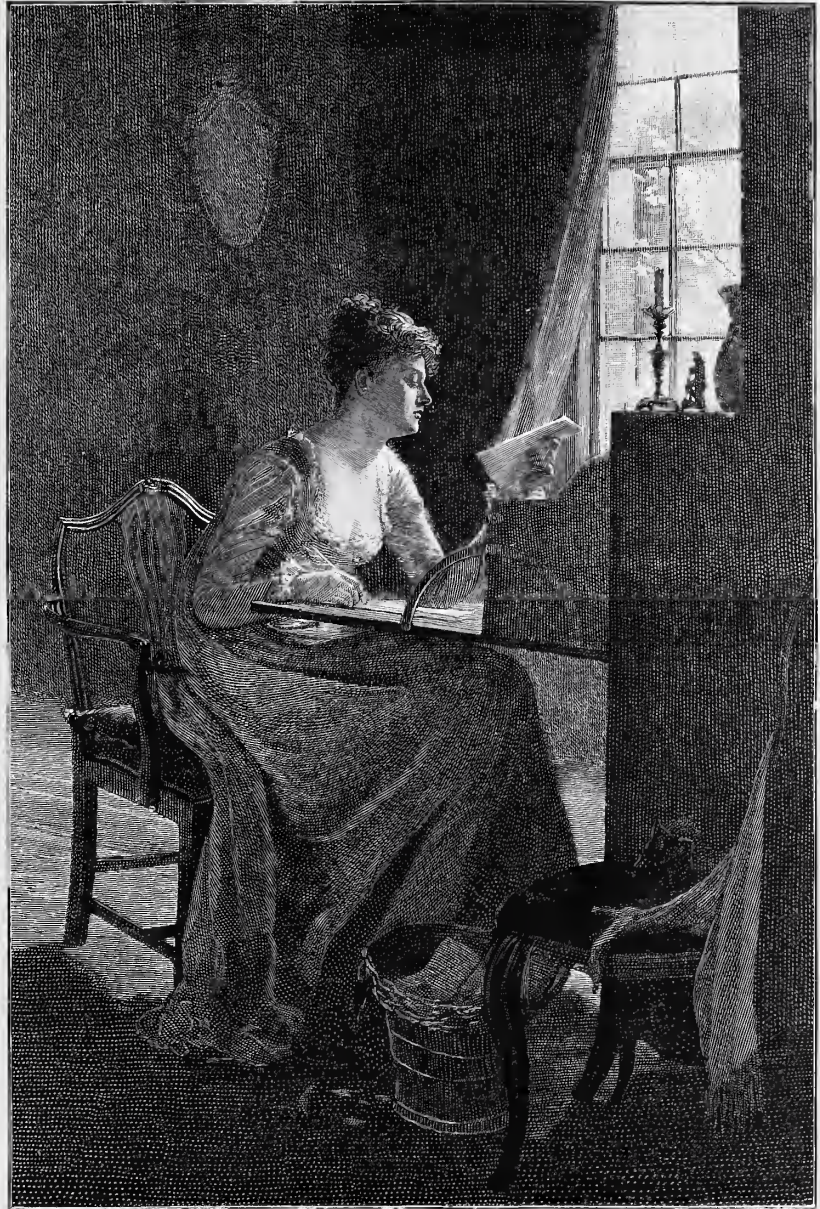
The Royal Society of British Artists has of late undergone many vicissitudes. It had perhaps touched its lowest depth some years ago, when Mr. Whistler took it in hand. Under the auspices of the "butterfly" it became the home of what may be called the *Intransigent* school. It then served a distinct purpose, for it enabled us to see the work of certain able, if eccentric, artists, who do not readily gain admittance elsewhere. It now, however, threatens to relapse into its former state; at all events, it has become once more unmistakably British. Its walls are now hung with those quaintly humorous and homely pathetic "subjects" so dear to the illustrators of children's magazines. The revolution is indeed complete, and, as we have said, foretells disaster to the exhibitions, so far as the members are concerned. In fact, had not the President displayed extraordinary vigour in obtaining contributions from outsiders, we should have little enough to chronicle here. But, as it is, a handful of distinguished visitors have lent their aid to Mr. Wyke Bayliss and redeemed the exhibition from failure. The picture which no doubt will attract the greatest amount of attention is Mr. Watts's "Ganymede." He has represented the youthful Trojan as an open-eyed child of tender years; the eagle of Zeus by his side shows that he holds office in Olympus, while the grapes and the cup which he grasps in his hands are the proper attributes of the cup-bearer to the gods. The picture—another version of which, by the way, has previously been exhibited—is painted with a rare combination of vigour and grace. The draperies are of a rich red, and the colour throughout is admirable. Sir Frederick Leighton comes to the rescue with a "Study" of an ideally-pretty girl in green. It is only a study and is very thinly painted, but it is none the less of remarkable beauty.* The President of the Royal Academy also sends a sketch for his "Daphnephoria," as well as three seascapes, "Sketches from Rhodes," which, slight as they are, are full of interest. The chalk-drawing of "The Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour," by Mr. Richmond *père*, though executed some years ago, still remains a speaking likeness of the Irish Secretary. Mr. Wyke Bayliss, the new President of the Society, exhibits three architectural paintings which display great feeling for the Gothic order, but which are marred by a spottiness of effect and a lamentable want of firmness in the draughtsmanship. The "Portrait of my friend, G. Romen," by Mr. Hubert Vos, who is not a member of the Society, looks strangely out of place in the present exhibition. Last year it might have

* A photographure of this charming work will shortly be published in THE MAGAZINE OF ART.

hung on the walls and attracted but no more notice than its merits deserved; this year it seems the most striking thing in the gallery. It is a bold impression of a full-length figure, painted, perhaps, too much in the convention of the impressionist school, but, at the same time, easy, vigorous, and life-like, splendidly drawn and modelled.

Mr. Vos is a versatile man, and his "Study of a Head: Chelsea Pensioner," though in a very different style, is no less meritorious. Mr. T. B. Kennington's "Shelling Peas" is a bright, luminous little picture, with an amount of colour in it which is not often observable in this artist's work. "Badinage," by Mr. Haynes King, represents two fisher-girls leaning over the pier bandying witticisms with someone beneath, and is a satisfactory piece of work. In "The Library in the Monastery" Mr. L. C. Henley has broken fresh ground, and is hardly so successful with his new theme as he is with the subjects such as "Castles in the Air" and "R.S.V.P.," here engraved, which we have learnt to expect from him. Mr. Gotch sends two interesting little canvases, far superior in *technique* and intelligence to most of the surrounding work. The allegorical figure entitled "Summer," by Mr. S. J. Solomon, is a hasty sketch, and cannot be considered worthy of the artist. Mr. Carl Haag's "Co-raan Reader" and Mr. Wetherbee's "Belated Shepherd" should not be overlooked. Mr. Alfred East, of whose brilliant canvases at the Institute we have already spoken, adds to his already strong position with an excellent sunset entitled "A Cornish Harvest-field." Sir John Gilbert's "Landscape: Evening," a rapid sketch of a gipsy encampment, is painted with force and energy; but the colour is not good, the textures are badly rendered, and the whole seems somewhat "woolly." Mr. Yeend King is to be congratulated on his three charming landscapes; his "Rod Shed" is especially to be commended both for its colour and feeling. Mr. Dudley Hardy's "A la foire" is a rapid impression of great excellence, and in tone

and colour is one of the best things in the exhibition. Of the paintings of the sea, the first place must of course be given to Mr. Henry Moore, whose "Becalmed in the Alderney Race" is painted with his usual truthfulness and skill. The lazy rippling of the blue waves is admirably rendered.



R.S.V.P.

(From the Painting by L. C. Henley. Royal Society of British Artists. Engraved by J. M. Johnstone.)

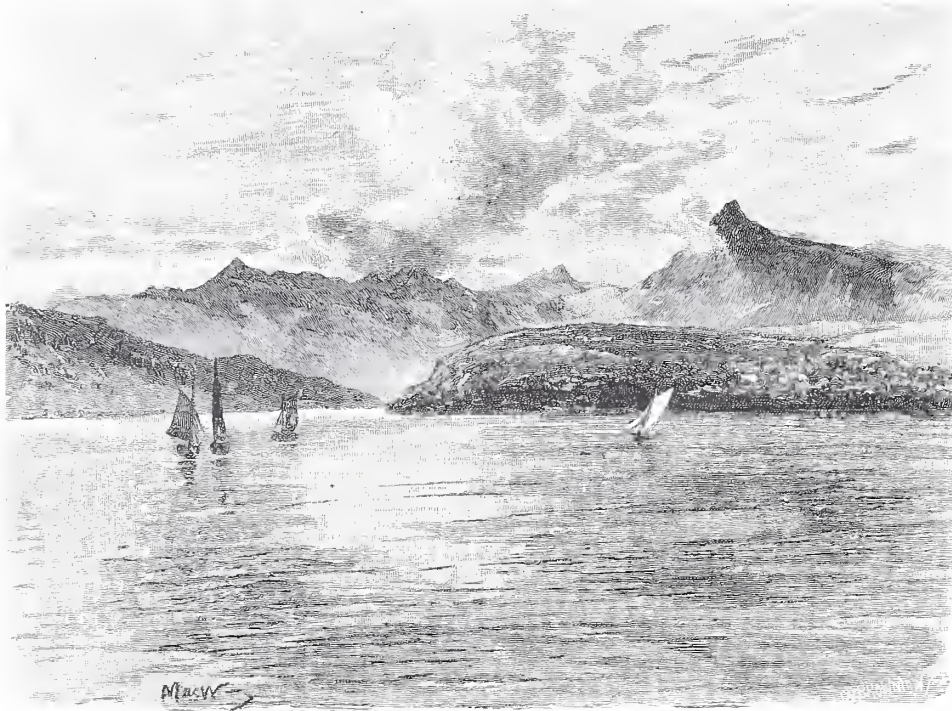
Mr. Ayerst Ingram exhibits four seascapes, one of them, a sketch "Near Exmouth," being excellent. The deep blue sea and rugged rocks, the invariable materials out of which Mr. Edwin Ellis composes his pictures, are well known, and we do not look in vain for them in the pictures here exhibited by him.

THE ISLE OF ARRAN.—II.

BY L. HIGGIN.

THE connection of the Hamilton family with Arran dates from about 1174, a grant of lands in Arran being given as a dowry to the Princess Mary, daughter of James the Second, who married, as her second husband, Sir James Hamilton, created Lord Hamilton. They gradually acquired the whole of the island, with the exception of the Fullerton

forest, its population of 600 people, the largest gathered at that time in any one part of Arran, being compelled to leave the island. They were furnished with the means of reaching New Brunswick, and are said to have formed a colony at Chaleur Bay, which became very prosperous. But it is not pleasant, even now, to hear the way in which the



BRODICK BAY.

(From a Drawing by J. MacWhirter, A.R.A. Engraved by C. V. Brownlow.)

estate, which they have never been able to purchase. The Arran people love to tell you that the Hamiltons would cover the land with gold if the Fullertons would sell their portion, but nothing will tempt them to part with Bruce's gift.

The Hamiltons would seem always to have ruled in a somewhat high-handed fashion: albeit, the present duke is, on the whole, a favourite with his tenantry, whose independence he seems to understand and humour. Some years ago, in order to carry out improvements in the park and open up the view, the whole village of Brodick was demolished, and removed to its present position at Invercloy, at the opposite end of the bay. Still earlier, in 1832, a little fishing-village at the mouth of Glen Sannox was wholly destroyed, in order to extend the deer

Arran people talk of this high-handed method of making a deer forest.

On the site of Brodick Castle a stronghold seems to have existed from very early times. It was a place of great strength when it was besieged and taken by Bruce, after his descent from Rathlin in 1307. He sailed from Brodick for the mainland on his mission for the liberation of Scotland, and it was seven years before his authority was finally established by the fate of Bannockburn. In 1544 the castle was razed to its foundation by the Earl of Lennox, so that no part of the present building can be older than that date.

Pre-historic and other ancient remains are to be found in every part of Arran, but the most striking of the former still to be found in position are the

stone circles, known as the "Druid Stones," at Formore, near Machrie Waterfoot.

Sir Walter Scott selected Arran as the scene of his "Lord of the Isles;" and it has always been a place of great interest, as much to the geologist as to the artist. Professor Phillips says of it, that every geologist who visits Arran is tempted to write about it, and finds something to add to what has already been put on record; and Mr. Bryce enthusiastically writes in the preface to his "Geology of Arran and the Clyde Islands": "For the student there cannot be a finer field; the primary azoic rocks, the metamorphic slates, the lower palæozoic strata, the newer erupted rocks, and phenomena of glacial action may all be examined by him in easy excursions of a few days; and the ex-

easiest way, and the road which runs from Invercloy round the bay is one of the most beautiful in the island. Just where it turns away from the shore stands by the wayside a huge upright stone, marking the place where some chief lies buried, or perhaps the scene of some decisive battle with the old Norse invaders. It is of coarse red sandstone, and as this does not exist in the localities where these landmarks are now found, it is evident that great mechanical power has been applied in transporting them. A complete circle of such stones formerly stood at the mouth of Glen Shirag just above, but not a trace of them now remains. There are many such isolated stones as this—which is known as the "Roman's stone"—in the neighbourhood of Brodick Park and of Invercloy; but this special one is re-



HOLY ISLE, FROM WHITING BAY.

(From a Drawing by J. MacWhirter, A.R.A. Engraved by J. Harmsworth.)

position of the strata is so complete in the rugged mountains, deep precipitous glens, and unbroken sea-coast sections, that the island may truly be called a grand museum, arranged for his instruction by the hand of Nature."

The first excursion made by every visitor to Arran is the ascent of Goatfell, which may be made either from Brodick or Corrie. The former is the

markable as forming a striking object in one of the loveliest views it is possible to conceive of. On one side, beneath the branches of wide-spreading limes, the blue waters of the bay are seen; while the entrance to Glen Rosa, with its magnificent background of mountains, lies just over the wooded course of the Rosa burn, which a little further on, as the road turns sharply to the right, is crossed by

a picturesque old bridge. The easiest ascent of Goatfell is by the castle stables and the old Brodick Hotel, more than half a mile north-east of the Rosa burn bridge. It is not until the summit is almost reached that any difficulties begin, and then there is a stiffish climb over rough boulders and masses of broken granite.

The name of the mountain is a stupid corruption of the Gaelic *Gaoth-bhein*—or hill of the winds—a name which it well deserves, since, from its peculiar position among the other mountains, it has an almost perpetual current of air circling round its sharply peaked summit. The vapours, arrested by the Ben-Ghnuis ridge as they rise from the sea, are condensed along its winding summit; and when a wind gets up, detached bodies of vapour are dashed against the flat precipice at the side of Goatfell, and are driven in rapid eddies round its cone, so as frequently to keep it entirely hidden for days together, while all the lower portion of the mountain is bathed

in sunshine. No one dreams of attempting the ascent of Goatfell when his cap is on, but it frequently happens that when the summit has been standing out against a perfectly cloudless sky when one starts from the plain, on rounding the spur, along which the ascent lies, one finds oneself enveloped in a cloud which there is but small chance will pass away that day, as once caught by the current it will eddy round and round the cone—perhaps for days. If the cloud comes on when

actually on the flat summit great caution is required, as on one side there is a sheer precipice descending into Glen Rosa, down which one can throw a stone; and as nothing can be seen beyond the actual spot under one's feet, it is dangerous to take a single step without a compass, lest, in the blinding mist, one

loses one's bearings and fails to find the downward path. On a clear day the view is something to be remembered for a lifetime: the wild summits of the ranges close around lying below to the north and west, beyond these the whole expanse of the Firth of Clyde, with its innumerable windings in among far mountain solitudes, Loeh Fyne and the Kyles of Bute laying as it were close beneath, and southward, Ailsa Craig standing out in the open. On the horizon the view reaches from the Irish mountains of Donegal and Londonderry on the west and south-west, to Ben Lomond and Ben Ledi on the north-east, and from Ben Nevis and the mountains of Mull on the north and



A GLIMPSE OF THE SEA.

(From a Drawing by J. MacWhirter, A.R.A.)

north-west to the ranges of the South Highlands, the Mull of Galloway, and the Isle of Man in an opposite direction.

Another favourite excursion is to go up Glen Rosa—the Gaelic name of which signifies “Ferry Point,” which would seem to show that at some period its lower portion was an inlet from the sea—turn up North Glen Rosa, where the Garbh-Alt joins the Rosa burn—coming tumbling down from the summit of Ben Cliabhein in successive leaps over



Boitwin. sculp.

THE SNAKE CHARMER

granite precipices overhung with rowan-trees and splendid ferns—and keep on until you reach the top of the Col, which connects Goatfell with Cior Mhor, and which is known as “the saddle.” On the Sannox side the path, if such it can be called, lies down the precipice, which Mr. MacWhirter has drawn for us. Once having reached the bottom in safety you are in Glen Sannox—wild and weird at its upper end, but opening out into great beauty as you approach the sea. At the entrance to the glen is an interesting old cemetery, all that remains of a chapel dependent on Kilbride Church, and dedicated to St. Michael. It was in this glen that the village stood in 1832, but no trace remains to show the demolished houses. Close on the roadside is a little wooden shanty, where the wife of the driver of the mail-car keeps a kind of shop in summer-time, and is ready to provide tea and biscuits, and dry stockings for the excursionists, who generally reach her cottage in a state to appreciate both, after a tramp over Suidhe-Fergus or Ceim-na-Cailliach.

The whole of the road from Brodick to North Glen Sannox is of extreme beauty, and most of the pretty little cottages where visitors resort are to be found along its reach, though others find quarters among the farms up in North or West Glen Sherrig or Glen Rosa. In the most picturesque spots about Corrie or Glen Sannox the artists perch their little wood or iron studios far up among the heather and the birch, and live a life of perfect freedom, their children running bare-footed along the beach, or wading in the shadowed burns when the heat is great. Everything here is simple and primitive, as if we had gone back some five-score years or so. On the tree which does duty as a parish notice-board by the Brodick school-house may be seen a half sheet of notepaper pinned, containing a written request from the Duke of Hamilton’s agent that the visitors will

be kind enough to pull up the thistles whenever they see them in their walks—“Make them of use as weeders if they will come,” we may suppose the duke thinks—or a notice about some lost brooch or pocket-handkerchief. As you go along towards the glens you will notice nailed against a tree or in the hedgeside curious little wooden salt-boxes—such as used to hang in every kitchen—with a sloping lid. If curiosity moves you to open one (for they are innocent of locks) you will find them full of letters, either on their way to post, or left there by the postman as he passes, for some farmhouse up the glen. This is the way your letters are delivered, unless you prefer to go into Brodick for them yourself.

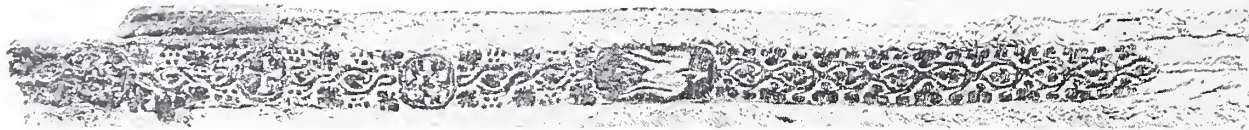
Bathing is carried on almost as our first parents may have bathed after the expulsion from Paradise. There are two or three bathing-boxes at Invereloy and at Lamash, but there is no run on them; it is so much pleasanter and more healthy to dress in the open after a swim in that delicious warm sea. A small portion of Brodick Bay under the castle woods is reserved for the castle party—called the “duchess’s bathing ground”—but just beyond it, where a path through the woods leads straight out on to the beach, is a favourite place for visitors to bathe. Here, a year or two ago, were some capital natural dressing-rooms, with a carpet of soft sward sprinkled with tiny wild pansies, and surrounded by high furze bushes. Here there is deep water at any state of the tide, and, unless the wind is due east, it is always smooth and sheltered. At Loch Ranza there is deep water all along the cliffs, and any amount of dressing-boxes in the rocks. The bathing place, *par excellence*, however, is at the Fallen Rocks, a splendid debacle of old red rocks, which look as if they had been hurled from some high peak but yesterday, though Hendrick described them more than seventy years ago just as we see them now.

“THE SNAKE-CHARMER.”

BY MARIANO FORTUNY.

ONE of the most famous works of Fortuny is his “Snake-Charmer”—a picture that was painted in 1870, and exhibited in London the following year. It must be admitted that it has less attractions for the “general public” than for the artist; yet the work is full of interest. As a study of Arab life and character the picture itself is a triumph—the wealth of colour and the sense of truth to nature are truly astonishing. But although we are here deprived of the beauty of colour we are enabled to recognise the surpassing excellence of the drawing

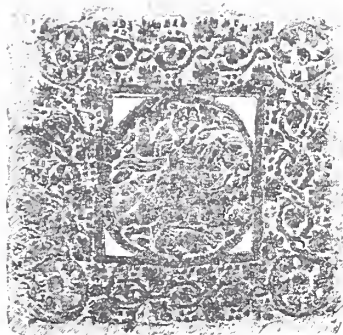
and the simplicity of truth and character, thanks to the etching-needle of M. Boilvin. The etcher has been highly successful in his attempt to suggest the rich tones and varied colour of the original, showing us truly how the painter has insisted on the half-naked Arabs as the real subject of his work, while the serpent which has begun to devour the rabbit that it holds within its toils is kept in a secondary position. This picture, which was lately in the possession of Mr. A. T. Stewart of New York, was repainted by the artist for M. Edouard André of Paris.



BAND OF WOVEN TAPESTRY AND NEEDLEWORK; BROWN WOOL AND YELLOW FLAX.—NO. 708.

EGYPTIAN TEXTILES AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

By FRANCIS FORD.



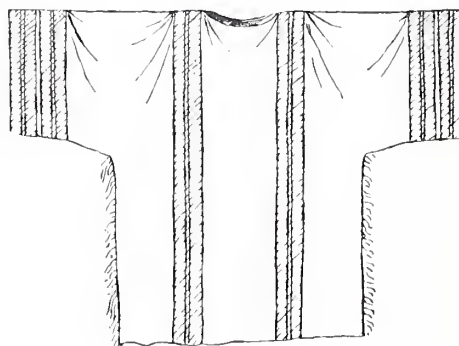
SQUARE PANEL.—NO. 708.

F the multifarious objects which attract the lover of art to the South Kensington Museum, few are more interesting, in their way, than the textile fabrics in the South Corridor. But it must be added that perhaps no department of the Museum receives less attention. Occasionally a lady may be seen curiously examining a fabric the beauty of design or delicacy of workmanship of which has arrested her attention, or here and there an art-student may be found diligently transferring to his sketch-book the outline of some masterpiece of weaving or embroidery; but the cunning of the handicraft that "inlays the brodered weft with flowery dyes" fails to secure from the ordinary visitor more than a superficial glance, if, indeed, it be not listlessly passed by without notice. Of late, however, this display has been further enriched by the acquisition of an extensive collection of tapestry-woven and embroidered Egyptian textiles, and these, by reason of their antiquity alone, may perhaps be the means of attracting increased attention to this superb section of the Museum treasures.

It is now more than six years since the Arabs discovered at or near Akhmîm (Panopolis), on the right bank of the Nile, half-way between Thebes and Assiout, a gruesome hunting-ground in the tombs or graves of long-buried Copts and other Egyptians who went to their rest in the early centuries of the Christian era. These have since been looted from time to time, and so stealthily that there is still some mystery as to the exact locality from which so rich a harvest is reaped, for the Cairo dealers profess to know little beyond what the Arabs tell them, and that is not much. At first the latter directed their attention chiefly to the gold personal ornaments and trinkets, some of which (especially the snake bracelets) were of

fine quality, and for a time they disregarded as comparatively valueless the woven stuffs and other fabrics in which or with which the remains were interred. When, however, they found that there was a ready sale for these also they were not slow to avail themselves of it, and thus a considerable number of Egyptian robes (whole or divided) and other textiles, tapestry-woven and embroidered, and of surpassing interest, archæologic and artistic, have come into the market.

It is, however, a matter for the deepest regret that the excavation of these relics of the past from the tombs or sands where they have lain so long should be left to predatory Arabs, to whom they simply represent so much coin obtainable from the Cairo dealers. If the French had control in Egypt, so important a work would have been placed under the supervision of men qualified to deal with discoveries which may rank beside those of Pompeii or Troy. Indeed, in one respect they are specially important, for the recovery of garments and other textiles of so remote a period must be regarded as quite exceptional. It can scarcely be supposed that,



TUNIC.—NO. 361.

with our present hold on Egypt, it would be difficult to apply a little gentle pressure in the proper direction; and it is to be hoped that the English Government may yet send out such instructions as may be instrumental in securing proper control and direction in the disinterment of objects of such unexampled interest.

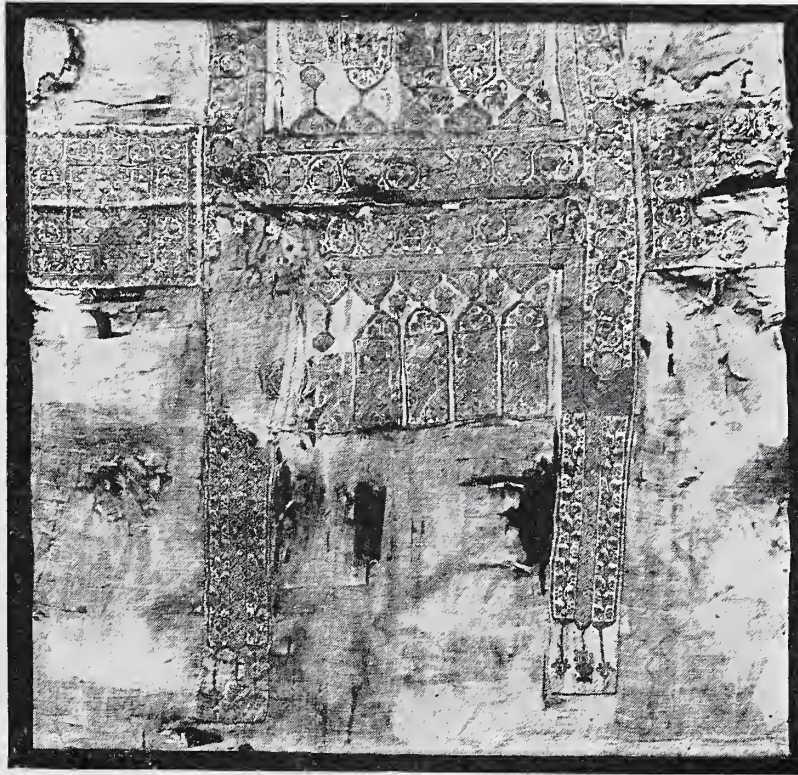
The necessity for this is more than justified by the condition in which most of the fabrics reach the hands of European purchasers. It would seem that several sheiks or tribes have been engaged in ransacking these graves, and the division of the spoil has been effected in the simplest fashion, the robes and stuffs being frequently divided into four portions, so that each might have his share; and when these fall into the hands of different dealers or purchasers, the chance of reuniting them becomes very small indeed. The later "finds," as is now well known, include a number of life-size portraits (head and bust), which were found placed beneath the heads of the persons represented. Most of these are painted on panel, in tempera; but some are in oil, or tempera varnished. The Arab's sense of

justice necessitated, however, the same mode of dealing with these panels, most of which have been split in halves for equitable distribution.

Of the long-buried textiles more than three hundred examples have been acquired for the South Kensington Museum, where they are exhibited on eight large screens; additional room being gained by means of sliding frames, adjustable at pleasure in order to see the fabrics beneath them. They are variously assigned to different parts of the first nine centuries of the Christian era, but, generally speaking, the catalogue does not profess to do this with exactitude. The period thus covered ranges from the reduction of Egypt to a Roman province by Augustus to the subjugation of the country by the Saracens, and they are therefore styled Egypto-Roman, Egypto-Byzantine, Christian Coptic, or Saracenic, as the case may be; but the exact character of the work, like its date, is suggested

rather than asserted by Mr. Alan Cole, to whom the credit of preparing the catalogue is due.* There are a few complete garments, and very numerous portions of garments, with elaborate ornamentation wrought by means of tapestry-weaving or needlework, alone or in combination. The textiles, in their unadorned parts, are woven with flaxen warp and weft; in some cases the ornamentation, com-

posed of coloured wools, is woven into the fabric itself and forms an integral part thereof, whilst in others it is applied or attached afterwards; and where needlework is employed, flaxen threads are used. The ornamentation in coloured wools is generally produced by the ancient process of tapestry-weaving, in which the weft is closely twisted around the threads of the warp so as to cover them



PORTION OF TUNIC: ORNAMENT OF WOVEN TAPESTRY; BROWN AND RED WOOLS AND YELLOW FLAX.—NO. 333.

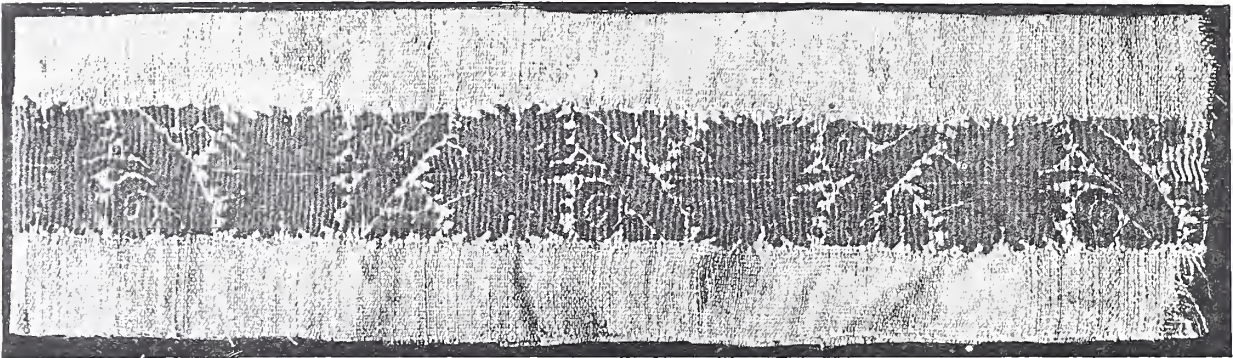
completely, giving a ribbed appearance to the design—a process known even in the early days of Egyptian

* It is indeed difficult to assign a definite character to mixed ornamentation such as is found here—such, moreover, as was found in Europe at a much later period—owing to the presence in Northern Sicily of a flourishing school of Arab silk-weavers, who established themselves there in the tenth century, and to whom Professor Middleton attributes the silken stuffs found with the body of St. Cuthbert at the last opening of his tomb in Durham Cathedral in 1827, and which had in 1104 (on the removal of the body to the then newly-erected cathedral) replaced others with similar but less elegant ornamentation. At a meeting of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society, held in November, 1886, Professor Middleton, in some remarks on reproductions of these stuffs, by means of block-printing, in white and coloured silks, explained that from the eleventh to the fourteenth century Palermo continued to be the chief centre for the production of woven silk, which was largely exported in the form of ecclesiastical vestments, frontals, and dossals; and that the stuffs woven by these Siculo-Arab craftsmen before the Normans conquered Northern Sicily (c. 1080-90) displayed (a) purely Oriental motives, with geometric ornament and borders of real, or more commonly sham, Arabic writing; or (b) treatment suggestive of strong classical influence, and, in

civilisation, in proof of which M. Müntz points to the pictures on the walls of the catacombs at Beni Hassan to show that the looms in use in the days of Moses, and long before, were "singularly like those used now at the Gobelins."* This use of coloured wools (which did not become common in Egypt until a few centuries before our era) has resulted in the partial destruction of the fabrics now under consideration, for, whilst the flaxen warp is left intact, the woollen weft of the ornamentation has in many places been eaten away. There is, however, abundance remaining to show what the design must have been, and in many instances the colours are as fresh and the work as complete as if the piece had been woven but yesterday. The decoration effected by the needle with flaxen threads has not been subject to such defacement, and is in very good condition. There is in these fabrics no example of the employment of silk, although we gather from M. Müntz that this material also was in use in Egypt at a period antecedent to that to which they are assigned. There are, indeed,

and presented to the Museum by Mr. C. Purdon Clarke, C.I.E., Keeper of the Indian Collection (to whose courtesy and intimate acquaintance with Eastern art the writer desires to express his obligations), and they well deserve close attention. The delicate treatment of the horseman, fishes, and other figures indicates, however, a later period than that of the rest of the examples. As to these one fact is certainly very evident. Whether we look at the work of pagan Egyptians, of Christian Copts, or of Saracens, we see that the ornamentation (especially the figure-weaving) must have been the result of great labour, such as could only have been commanded by persons of considerable means, a fact which has an important bearing on the condition of the Copts (by whom or for whom much of this work was done, as is manifest from the Christian symbols woven into the ornament) in the early days of Christianity.

These Egyptian textiles are classified as follows: (A) tunics and robes, with bands and square or circular panels, of which there are ten examples; (B) wide or narrow bands for robes, chiefly tunics of the



PORTION OF BAND OF LINEN ROBE OF WOVEN TAPESTRY; BLACK WOOL AND YELLOW FLAX.—NO. 683.

two examples (Nos. 334 and 335) so finely woven as to lead the casual observer to suppose that silk is the material employed; but a closer examination shows that they are wrought with very fine flaxen threads.† They were acquired at Cairo,

many cases, suggestive of late Roman mosaic. A copy of these interesting reproductions has been courteously sent for the writer's inspection by Mr. Thomas Wardle, of Leek, under whose care they were produced; and, although the ornaments on the vestments do not bear any close resemblance to those on the Egyptian textiles under consideration, it is clear that the same combination of influences is to be traced in the one case as in the other. An admirable coloured photograph, more exactly reproducing a portion of one of the robes—supposed by Raine to be a fanciful representation of Farne Island, with its rabbits and eider-ducks—will be found in the Textile Court at South Kensington.

* "A Short History of Tapestry," by Eugène Müntz, translated by Miss Louisa J. Davis, p. 4. (Cassell and Co. 1885.)

† In his great work on Egypt ("Voyage dans la basse et la

dalmatie class, about a hundred examples; (c) hood, of which there is but one specimen; (d) cuffs and sleeves; (e) square panels, and (f) medallions or circular panels, for shoulders and skirts of robes, chiefly of the tunic class, from twenty to thirty examples of each; (g) pointed, oval, and other ornaments for robes, about forty examples; (h) fragments of bands, &c.; (i) cloths or wrappers; (j) bands and squares, and (k) circular panels, for cloths, &c.; (l) mats or ends of cloths; (m) cloths embroidered with looped tufts of coloured wools; and (n) embroidery in running stitches. In all, Roman,

haute Egypte") Baron Denon mentions a tunic found in a sarcophagus at Thebes, and tells us that it was "made of a loose fabric of exceedingly fine thread, as thin as that used in the manufacture of lace. It is finer than a hair, twisted and made of two strands, implying either an unheard-of skill in hand-spinning, or else machinery of great perfection."

Grecian, and Byzantine influences have so modified and superseded the art of older Egypt, as we are accustomed to recognise it, that the archaïc type of

sufficiently ample to close in folds at the sides. In like manner the arm-pieces fall over the arms and form sleeves, open beneath; and thus we have the



BAND OF WOVEN TAPESTRY; BROWN WOOL AND YELLOW FLAX.—NO. 257.

Egyptian ornamentation has well-nigh disappeared. Indeed, "the only instance amongst these specimens from Akhmîm of the influence of early Egyptian ornament" which Mr. Cole has been able to discover, is seen in the presence of the lotus flower in one of the decorated bands (No. 769). The collection is, however, none the less interesting on this account, and while it offers a wide field of interest to the archæologist, there is also much that is pregnant with suggestiveness to the modern designer for textile manufactures, the ornamentation being extremely varied both in design and treatment.

The few complete garments have, of course, a special interest, and a somewhat precise description of one of the tunics (No. 361) will doubtless be acceptable. This robe is woven in one

simplest possible garment, requiring no manipulation after leaving the loom, beyond making an opening for the head. Bands of ornamentation (which is of brown wool and yellow flax, and, so far as it extends, forms the weft of the robe) run across the shoulders and down the whole length of the robe, back and front, and there are similar bands on the edges of

the sleeves. In cases where these bands are adorned with figures of human beings, animals, &c., it will be found that at the neck they are reversed, so that, when worn, all are seen in proper position. Another tunic (No. 633) varies from the last, not only in the ornamentation, which is of tapestry-woven brown and red wools and yellow flax, but also in the length of the bands, which end in triple pendants and do not extend to the bottom



SQUARE PANEL OF WOVEN TAPESTRY; BROWN WOOL AND YELLOW FLAX: PART OF A LINEN ROBE.—NO. 690.

piece, without seam, and is exhibited as it is seen in the sketch (p. 132). It is here folded in halves at the shoulders: when opened out its extreme dimensions are about 8 feet 6 inches by 5 feet 9 inches. A slit is cut in the centre for the head to pass through, and the robe falls to the ankles, being

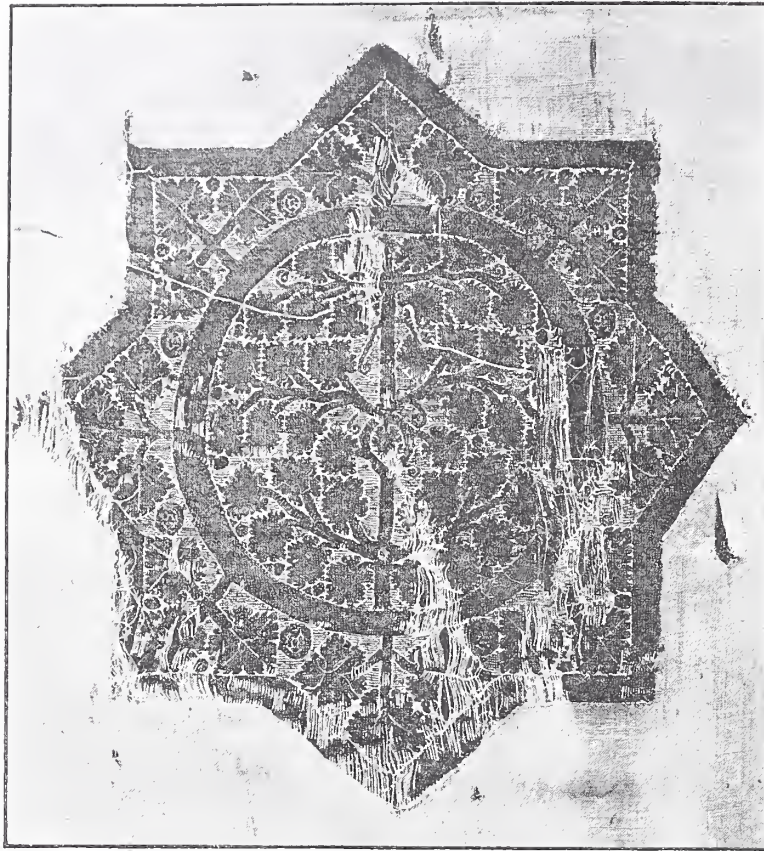
of the robe, and in the additional ornamentation at the neck, where it forms a sort of collar (see p. 133). In a third (No. 271) the ends of the bands and of the pendants thereto are rounded, and the ornamentation, much dilapidated, is composed of human figures (some of which have nimbi encircling

their heads), animals, and floral motives; but it does not form part of the texture of the robe itself, which is much coarser than that of No. 633, just mentioned. More perfect examples of this adornment may be seen in the band No. 734, in which there are groups suggestive of some of Our Lord's miracles, and in the medallion No. 743, ascribed (like the last-mentioned tunic) to the Christian Copts, sixth to ninth century. One other tunic (No. 636) is a short robe, without sleeves, and is remarkable for the very complete state of the tapestry - woven decoration of brown wool and

yellow flax. It will be seen that its bands terminate in fringed ends, and the dimensions of the robe indicate that it was designed for a young person.

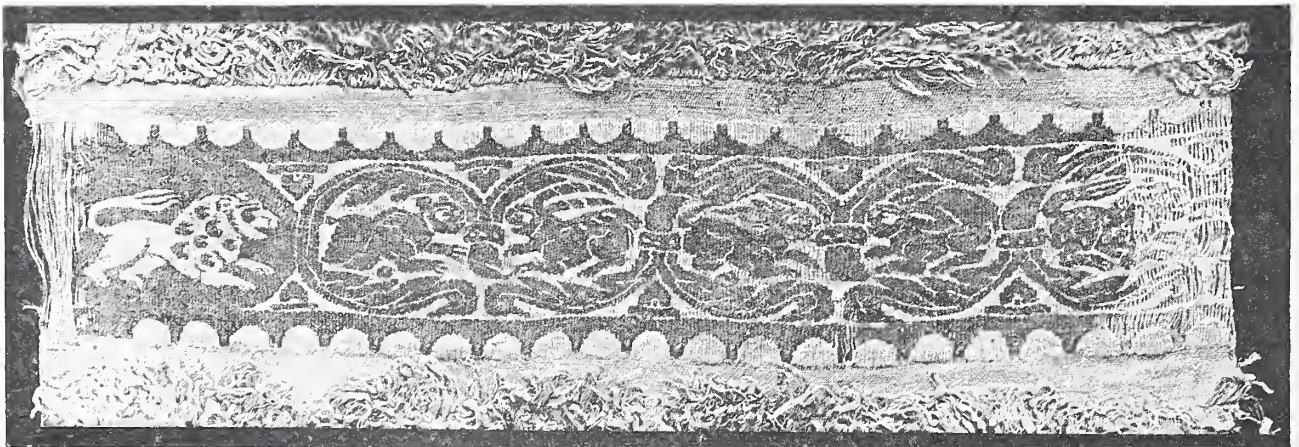
Their condition is very varied: in some, otherwise much dilapidated, the remaining ornamentation is

very bright and perfect, whilst in others, more complete, the colours have lost some of their freshness. To describe a title of the number in detail would occupy greater space than I have at command, and I must be content with mentioning a few examples as deserving particular attention. Amongst these are Nos. 922 and 829, which have Greek inscriptions: the former is of those which suggest a comparison with the Roman mosaics figured in the Wollaston Collection at the



STAR ORNAMENT OF LINEN CLOTH OR WRAPPER OF WOVEN TAPESTRY AND NEEDLEWORK; DARK BLUE WOOL AND WHITE FLAX.—NO. 635.

South Kensington Museum. The Coptic band (No. 849) is an interesting one, and affords room for speculation as to the figure, which Mr. Cole sug-



BAND OF WOVEN TAPESTRY; BROWN WOOL AND YELLOW FLAX: END OF A CLOTH OF ROUGH MATERIAL.—NO. 754.

The separated bands form the largest section of the catalogue, and will well repay studious examination.

gests is that of St. Paul of Thebes, carrying on his arm the raven which brought him sustenance

in the wilderness. In No. 741 is a group which it is suggested may possibly represent St. George and the Dragon; in No. 664 a repeated key pattern or fret forms part of the decoration, which is of woven tapestry and needlework, in brown and yellow flax; No. 729 adorned the neck of a linen robe, being a continuation of its perpendicular bands, and still retaining the button with which it was fastened at the throat. In No. 683, a handsome band of black wool and yellow flax (see p. 134), the design is formed of vine-leaves and tendrils; in No. 912, of dark blue wool and white flax, the guilloche ornament is prominent; in No. 772, as in many others, groups of figures are introduced into the composition of the ornament; No. 726 is a large medallion, seventeen inches in diameter, in the centre of which is an eight-pointed star, the octagonal centre filled with interlacing scroll ornament; No. 257, a band with varied ornamentation, is reproduced on p. 135; and so forth.

Of the remaining specimens, mention should be made of No. 743, a medallion and adjacent portion of a robe woven in coloured wools, with a group supposed to represent Joseph, Mary, and the infant Jesus, the two latter having nimbi. A square panel and band of singular beauty (No. 708) serve as the initial letter and head-line to this article; and the panel No. 690 (see p. 135) has also the figure of a horseman in the centre, a favourite device, with various animals in the composition of the border. No. 768, a beautiful ornament of woven tapestry and needlework, in brown wool and yellow flax, consists of an elaborate eight-pointed star; Nos. 635 (see p. 136), 724, 752, and 755 are interesting varieties of the same form; and No. 714 shows part of the head of a female wearing a diadem.

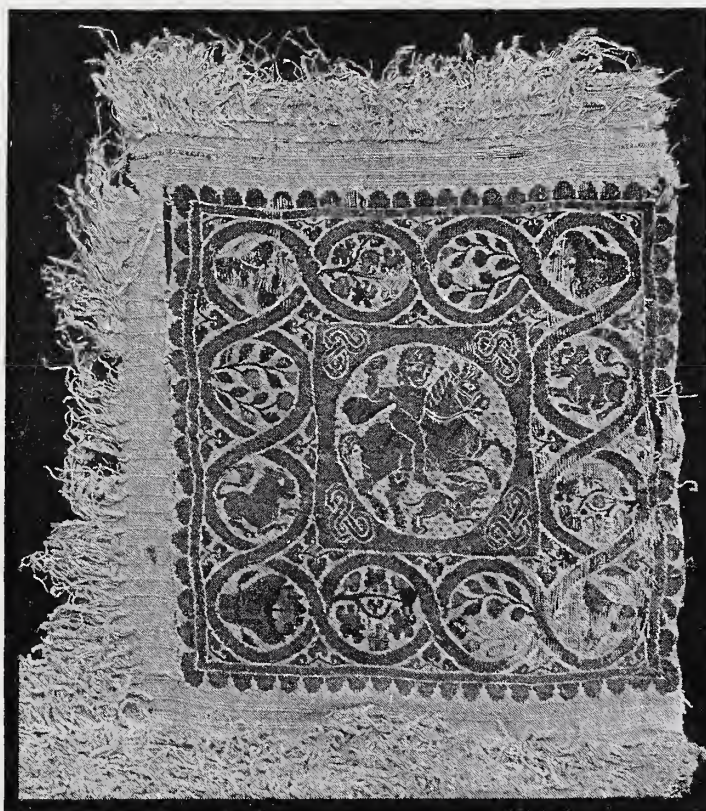
There are also a number of specimens in which the material has a rough surface of long flaxen loops,

similar to that of a bath towel. No. 810, a band and square, is a noticeable example of this class, as is also No. 754, in which a deteriorated acanthus leaf-geroll is recognised (see p. 136). No. 745, a band and square adorned with purple and other wools, is in a very complete state, and the colours are remarkably fresh. In the centre of the design is a horseman, with a green scarf floating from his shoulder and a dog running by his side, the composition of the frame-

work including lions and other animals, flowers, and vases (see this page).

Though it is somewhat difficult to select from such a wealth of examples as is to be found here, sufficient has been adduced to indicate the exceptional interest attached to this collection, in the eyes of the art-student and of the antiquarian alike. It should be borne in mind that at the time when the earliest of these textiles were wrought Egypt had seen many dynasties of rulers, and, like Britain, was reduced to the condition of a Roman province; but, whereas our history

as a nation was but commencing, Egypt had witnessed her decline and fall, after centuries upon centuries of civilisation of a very advanced type. The period to which the majority of the examples are assigned is coeval with our Heph-tarchy, and there are probably few that had not left the loom before all England came under the sway of the first of our Saxon kings. When, therefore, we plume ourselves on our antiquity, it serves as a wholesome corrective to look on these richly-woven textiles, and to remember that, old as they are, they must be assigned not to ancient, but to what is really modern Egypt, albeit they take us back to a remote past, and have therefore an interest, and, moreover, a human interest, which the thoughtful will not be slow to appreciate.



SQUARE OF WOVEN TAPESTRY; PURPLE AND COLOURED WOOLS: PART OF A CLOTH OF ROUGH MATERIAL.—NO. 745.

THE PORTRAITS OF DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.—III.

BY WILLIAM M. ROSSETTI.



RECUR for a moment to the photograph by Messrs. Downey first mentioned — that which appears in Mr. Caine's volume. This portrait was obviously the one which chiefly guided Mr. Menpes in producing an etched likeness of Rossetti, published towards 1876. Mr. Menpes, I presume, never saw my brother; at any rate they had no personal acquaintanceship. It is a long while since I beheld the etching by this gentleman, and I cannot now speak of it in detail; it is, I believe, an able work of art, and so far like my brother as it is like the photograph upon which it was founded. This was, till lately, the only instance in which the art of engraving on metal in any form had been brought into requisition for producing a likeness of Rossetti — if we leave out of count the skit by Mr. Sandys. Recently however — in 1887 — another etching of his head was produced by some skilful French artist, I know not who. This is again from the Downey photograph. From an art point of view it is quite approvable, but as a likeness of Rossetti it fails, being decidedly "dour" and rather fierce in expression. Thought and energy are abundant in this head, suavity and self-possession absent. So at least I think: but I have found that Mr. Madox Brown is more favourably impressed by the head as a likeness. The etching forms the frontispiece to Madame Clémence Couve's able and sympathetic (though not impeccably correct) French translation of "The House of Life."

We now come to an example of foremost interest — the small pen-and-ink portrait of Rossetti by himself, which forms our next illustration. It belongs to the Editor of *THE MAGAZINE OF ART*. This small portrait, three inches and an eighth by three and seven-eighths, was executed in 1870, with much precision and minuteness of touch. (See opposite page.) It is certainly a fair likeness, and may be called a good one, though I think that my brother has been not quite just to his nose in giving it something of the appearance of a bumpy

or protuberant tip — a disadvantage which it assuredly did not possess. The expression, though concentrated, is quiet, as of a nature rather solid and acute than fervent and high-strung. In this respect also I think it falls a little short; it tells a minor truth, and does not fully emphasize the major one. But perhaps the reader will be more disposed to accept the evidence of Dante Rossetti, in the form of delineation, than that of William Rossetti, in the form of verbal comment; nor can I complain if so they do. I may add here that the number of male portraits produced by my brother was relatively small. There were our grandfather and our father, careful pencil drawings; Madox Brown two or three times, and W. B. Scott, pencil; Holman Hunt, as previously mentioned; Browning and Swinburne, moderate sized water-colours, both excellent, particularly the former; Ruskin, Mr. W. J. Stillman, Mr. George Hake, his father Dr. Gordon Hake, Mr. Theodore Watts, Mr. Leyland, life-sized chalk drawings, all fine, and the last three (more especially) first-rate likenesses. I cannot remember that he ever painted a regular male portrait in oils, except the one (which, in point of date, I should have named first of all) of our father. This was done, life-size and near half-length, about the same time as "The Girlhood of Mary Virgin:" it now belongs to Mr. Leonard Lyell, a grandson of Mr. Charles Lyell, who was my brother's godfather, and who commissioned the work.

The principal one among all the portraits of Rossetti was briefly referred to in my first article — the life-sized bust portrait in oil, full-face, which Mr. G. F. Watts executed. It was exhibited in Burlington House in 1883 as an addendum to the collection of works by Rossetti himself which was then got up by the Royal Academy, forming a portion of their annual display of "Old Masters and Deceased British Artists." In the Academy catalogue this portrait was said to have been "painted about 1865." This is certainly not far from the truth, but I should say that the work is later than 1865, rather than earlier. Mr. Watts produced the picture for his own satisfaction, treating my brother as one of those "distinguished men" to whom he accorded this honour; and he presented it to the sitter. It is a completed yet not an elaborately-finished work. To my thinking, the picture is well worthy of its pre-eminent author, but is not one of the most

conspicuously successful of his portraiture; some are more admirable as works of art, and several more striking as likenesses. My brother himself valued the picture, but did not absolutely acquiesce in it as a resemblance. The complexion and the hair appear to me somewhat too ruddy for that period in my brother's life, and the expression comes nearer to settled placidity than was consistent with either his aspect or his nature. My brother was, in fact, though a tolerably easy-going, still a vehement man; in his character there was more of impulse than I recognize in Mr. Watts's portrait, and in his expression more of stress, though not of strain. If his element was not that of "Sturm und Drang," neither was it "the shadow nor the solitude." However this may be, the portrait, when I re-examined it in 1883, impressed me much more deeply and pleasurably than it had done in earlier years. I found it a fine work, bearing good witness to the painter who produced it, and to the other painter whom it records. Mr. Leyland is its present owner.

Only one other portrait of Rossetti, done during his lifetime, is known to me. His attached friend the painter Mr. Frederick J. Shields, being in Rossetti's studio on "May 22nd, 1880" (the date noted in the corner), made on a leaf of note-paper a pencil sketch of him as he sat at the easel painting "The Day-dream." One sees only his back, with hair rather long and unclipped, fringing abundantly the partially bald head. Broad shoulders in the loose painting coat; palette and mahlstick; painting table, his own pattern, slightly indicated; the chair he was wont to sit in at work very defined and recognizable. His rotund figure fills it well. I found this sketch among my brother's belongings, and preserve it affectionately. Featureless though the head is, the whole forms a very genuine item of portraiture.

I shall not dwell at much length upon posthumous

records. On 10th April, 1882, the day succeeding my brother's death, Mr. Shields, generously doing violence to his own strong feelings in order to meet my wishes, made a careful pencil drawing (heightened with a very few touches of white) of my brother as he lay prepared for his last home. The details here are very precise, and, to anyone who desires to know what were the facial mould and type which Rossetti had come to at the close of his life of nearly fifty-four years, they furnish an irrefutable document—reproduced on the next page. This drawing was

of course made in the bungalow villa (now named Rossetti Bungalow), Birehington-on-Sea, near Margate, in which my brother died; the house having been liberally placed at his disposal by his valued old friend the architect Mr. John P. Seddon, with the assent of the owner, Mr. Cobb. Mr. Shields was one of the small group present as my brother drew his last breath in the evening of Easter Sunday; the others were my mother, my sister Christina, Mr. Theodore Watts, Mr. Hall Caine, the local medical man Dr. Harris, the trained nurse Mrs. Abrey, and myself. Shortly afterwards Mr. Shields repeated



D. G. ROSSETTI AT THE AGE OF FORTY-TWO.

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

this important drawing, but not with literal identity, for my sister, and likewise for Mr. Leyland. Simultaneously with his first design I got a plaster cast of my brother's head, and also of his hand, executed by Bruceiani. From a certain point of view a cast admits of no dispute; but from the point of view of likeness realizable by the eyes and the feelings of survivors, I am obliged to allow that this cast proves a total disappointment; I would hardly have ventured to say that it represents my brother, and will definitely affirm that it misrepresents him. Even the dimensions of the forehead seem stunted and contracted. In the summer of the same year Mr. Henry Treffry Dunn, my brother's artistic assistant, partially domiciled for years in the same

house, 16, Cheyne Walk, made an interesting and pleasant water-colour of the small dining-room of the house, with all its curious and tasteful appurtenances of furniture; and he introduced into the interior small whole-length figures of Rossetti reading one of his poems (we may suppose "The King's Tragedy"), and of Mr. Theodore Watts as the listener. The general likeness of Rossetti is here fairly given, on its small scale; but the upraised right hand with which he accompanies or enforces his delivery of the verses is not, I think, characteristic; it may rather be regarded as a means of intimating to the eye that the personage is reading aloud. Mr. Dunn also painted, a year or so afterwards, a life-sized portrait in oil, head-and-shoulders, of Rossetti, founded principally upon that photograph by Lewis Carroll which has been here engraved: he presented this to my mother. It is firmly and well executed; and, although the complexion appears a little "brickdusty" and wanting in refined gradation, I

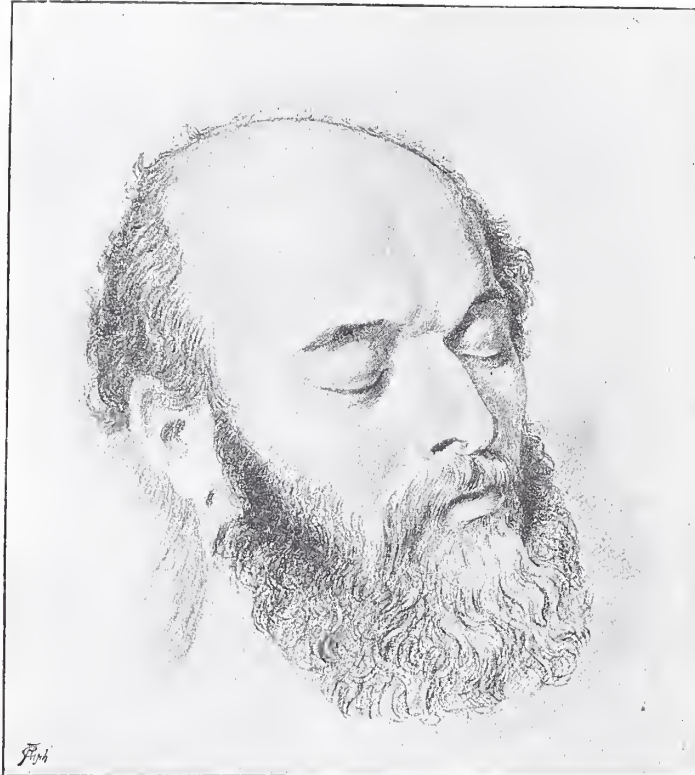
could not name any painted portrait which conveys a more immediate, or (within certain limits) a more decisive, impression of Rossetti than this one does. Much the same may be said of a second oil-head by Mr. Dunn, belonging to Mr. Theodore Watts: it is founded upon the same photograph, or perhaps more directly upon the other one deposited with the Stereoscopic Company. Here the complexion is paler and better, and the likeness again strong. Mr. Holman Hunt executed towards 1883 a moderate-sized oil portrait of my brother, head-and-shoulders, using as his authority the head drawn by himself in coloured chalks (engraved in my first article), supplemented by reminiscences of Rossetti's aspect in subsequent years. This work

gives an agreeable impression of the face, the expression being candid and thoughtful; the eyes, however, appear to me over-large, and there is less "grip" altogether in this oil picture than in the chalk drawing. Lastly I have to mention the bust of Rossetti, modelled by Madox Brown, and cast in bronze, which serves as his memorial in connection with the drinking fountain, from the design of Mr. Seddon, erected in 1887 by subscription just in

front of 16, Cheyne Walk. Mr. Brown has here aimed at a typical image of Rossetti the painter and poet, rather than a precise likeness of him at any particular day or year of his life; the age represented is forty or thereabouts. The conception is vivid and energetic, the execution forcible. The head has the air of an impetuous and inventive man—which Rossetti was—even of a somewhat overbearing and severe one. Overbearing he was at times, but severe, to my thinking, he was not. The bronze bust (which in general arrangement is partly re-

miniscent of the Shakespeare bust in Stratford Church) presents a striking appearance *in situ*. A plaster cast of it holds a prominent place in Mr. Brown's house, and is there seen under advantageous conditions of lighting and environment; and it appears to me to bring out the likeness even more decidedly than the bronze in the open air.

P.S.—Since my Article II. was in print, I have been reminded by my sister that the account there given of the head of Rossetti in the caricature-design by Mr. Sandys is not fully accurate. The fact is that Mr. Sandys, who did not otherwise know my brother at that date, called upon him before drawing the head, to see what he was like: some slight errand was made the ostensible motive. Also the date of the Downey photographs in the Inverness case should have been given as December, 1862 (not 1863 or earlier).



D. G. ROSSETTI.

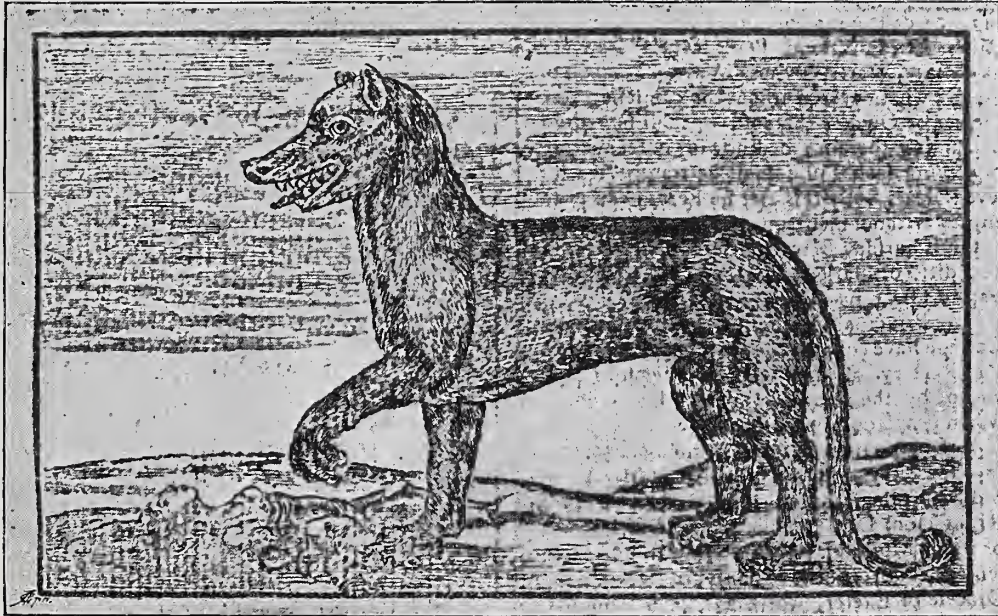
(From a Pencil Portrait taken after Death by Frederick J. Shields.)

ILLUSTRATED JOURNALISM IN ENGLAND: ITS RISE.—II.

BY C. N. WILLIAMSON.

THOUGH there is no doubt that while some of the earlier engravings reproduced in these articles were the work of professed wood-engravers, others were as certainly executed by persons who had not learned, and did not regularly practise, the art. Some of the cuts are no doubt the work of printers, and they are as rude in design as they are coarse in execution. Between 1650 and 1700 the art of wood-engraving in England reached its lowest point. In Italy, France, and Holland there were, indeed, a few engravers whose blocks show the hand of the skilful workman without any of the inspiration of the artist; but in England there was scarcely an engraver who

their editors and printers subject to serious pains and penalties if they published anything offensive to the authorities. With the year 1695 a new epoch opened for the press in England. The House of Commons decided without a division that the Licensing Act should not again be renewed; the Lords insisted that it should be renewed; but at a conference the Lords (largely influenced by the representations of John Locke) gave way, and the press was released from some of the fetters which had so long retarded its progress. The effects at once became manifest. Newspapers rapidly increased in numbers, and for a hundred years some of the most brilliant geniuses



“A STRANGE WILD BEAST SEEN IN FRANCE.”

(From the “*St. James's Chronicle*,” June 6, 1765.)

could produce blocks of any more artistic value than those of which specimens have already been shown. Two causes, however, were shortly to operate to give fresh impetus to the progress of illustrated journalism—the lapse of the Licensing Act on the accession of William III., and the revival of wood-engraving with Thomas Bewick in the latter half of the eighteenth century.

This eighteenth century was the period of the adolescence of the press in England. In the seventeenth century we see puerile newspapers dealing largely in monsters and prodigies, meagre in their news, venal in their comments, issued by stealth,

of their times were content to be writers for the press.

The establishment of *The Observer* on December 4, 1791, marks the origin of modern illustrated journalism, and the years from 1695 to 1791 offer comparatively little of interest. Attempts were occasionally made to depict events of the day; and it is obvious that the idea of illustrating news by means of pictures was still present in the minds of newspaper editors. In *The London Post*, for example (a paper started by Benjamin Harris after the failure of *The Intelligence, Domestic and Foreign*), for July 25, 1701, there was a map of the seat of war in

Italy; and in *The Daily Courant* of September 8, 1709, was a plan of Mons. *The Daily Courant*, started on March 11, 1702, and issued at first by one Mallet, "next door to the King's Arms Tavern, at Fleet Bridge," has the honour of being the first English daily paper, and it was published till 1714 by Samuel Buckley, of Little Britain, one of the most successful newsvendors of the day, and at one time publisher of *The Spectator* for Steele and Addi-

able papers of the last century. Some of the saddest and most singular chapters in modern literary history are those dealing with Grub Street and the Grubean writers. Grub Street was an Alsatia for the neediest ballad-writers, pamphleteers, and anonymous libellers. The attacks of Pope and Swift upon the unfortunate Grub Street writers have made the name synonymous for ever with all that is ignorant and ignoble in literature. *The Grub Street Journal*



"THE BRAIN-SUCKER; OR, THE MISERIES OF AUTHORSHIP."

(From a Drawing by Rowlandson, in "*The British Mercury*," May 12, 1787.)

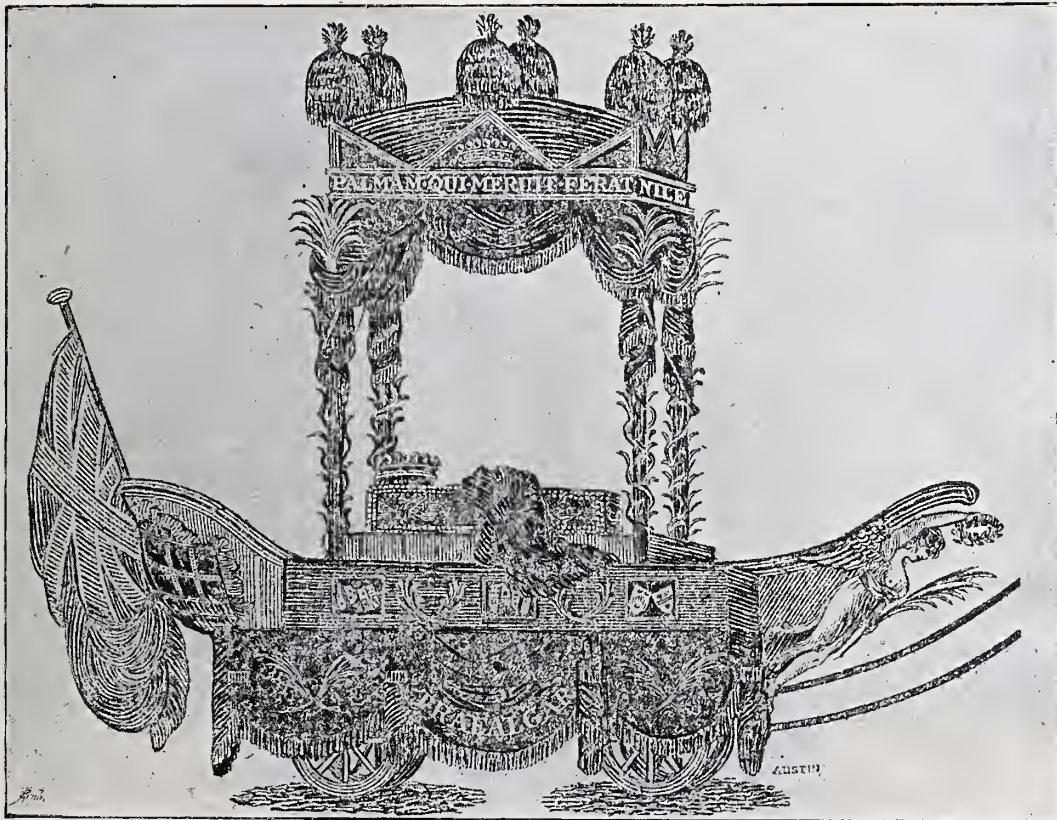
son. Though education was now rapidly spreading among the people, we can still note in the illustrated press of the time revivals or survivals of that love of the marvellous which was so characteristic a note in the journals of the previous century. An occasional caricature on the South Sea Bubble and a rough out of an eclipse are the only illustrations which enliven the London newspapers till we come to *The Grub Street Journal*, which made its first appearance on January 8, 1730. *The Grub Street Journal* appeared regularly till December 29, 1737, when it was re-issued, apparently under new management, as *The Literary Courier of Grub Street*, which continued only until July 27, 1738. *The Grub Street Journal* was in many ways one of the most remark-

able papers of the last century. Some of the saddest and most singular chapters in modern literary history are those dealing with Grub Street and the Grubean writers, and upon the papers to which they contributed. In several of Swift's letters to Stella he refers to a pending Act for licensing the press "which will utterly ruin Grub Street;" and in "Law is a Bottomless Pit; or, The History of John Bull" (usually attributed to Swift, but doubtless the work of Arbuthnot), there is a long passage of semi-serious rejoicing over the effect the new muzzling Act would have on the Grub Street publications:—"How will the noble acts [arts] of John Overton's painting and sculpture languish! where rich invention, proper

expression, correct design, divine attitudes, and artful contrast, heightened with the beauties of chiar-oseur, embellished by celebrated pieces to the delight and astonishment of the judicious multitude! Adieu, persuasive eloquence! The quaint metaphor, the poignant irony, the proper epithet, and the lively simile, are fled for ever!"

The reference to John Overton is particularly interesting. He was an engraver of cuts for several newspapers of the day, and his is one of the first

portrait, from a painting by E. Markham, presumably of the Lord Mayor of London. In No. 95 (October 28, 1731) the first two pages unfold and contain woodcuts, executed fairly enough, of the Lord Mayor's Procession, and in that week there are only two pages of type. In No. 147 is another copper-plate of "The Art and Mystery of Printing Emblematically Displayed," and this is so curious an affair that it is here reproduced. (See p. 107.) Subsequently they returned to wood-engraving, and in



NELSON'S COFFIN AND FUNERAL CAR.

(From "The Times," January 10, 1806.)

names that has come down to us as a pioneer of illustrated journalism. But though the superior writers of the day are thus so severe upon the unfortunate Grub Street papers and their illustrations, they did not hesitate to bring out illustrations in their own journal. These were, however, distinctly superior to anything of the kind which had been attempted before. In several cases the engravings were on copper plates, and it was thus necessary to have two separate printings, which in a paper sold for only twopence must have been a most expensive process. The first illustrations are in No. 43, published on October 29, 1730. They are woodcuts, occupy a page, and represent the arms of the City Companies. On the front page of No. 48 is a capital copper-plate

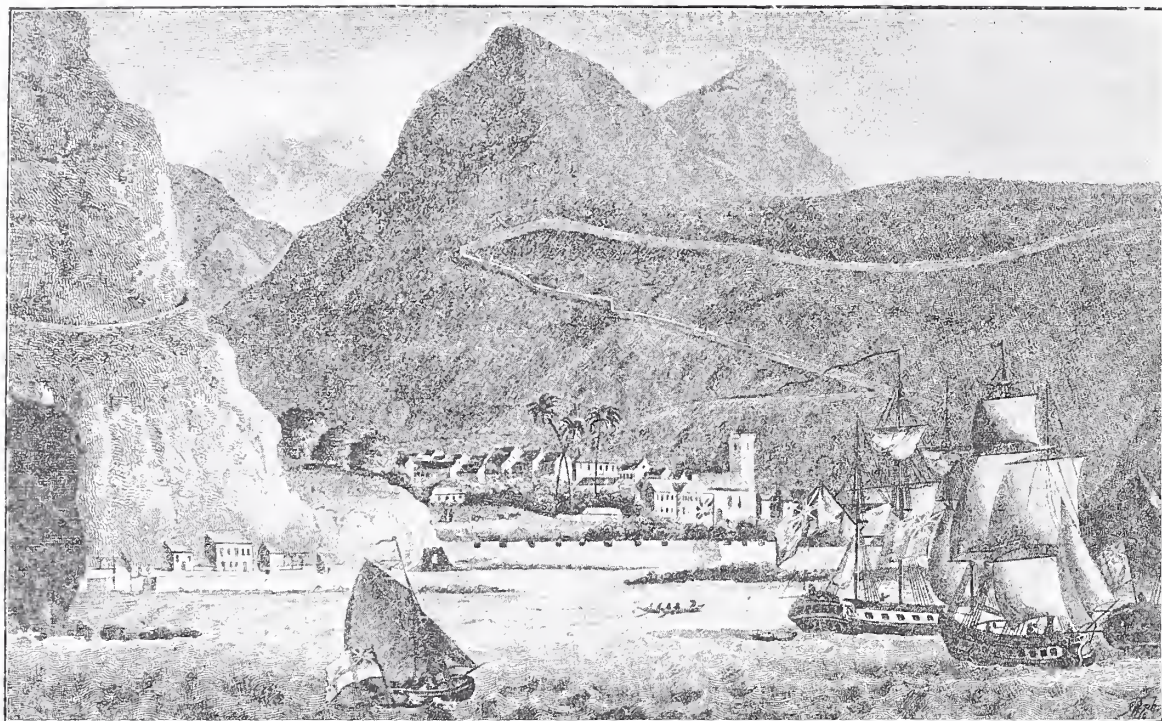
the number for October 25, 1733, we find a rough cut of the "Art of Trimming Emblematically Displayed," and with this I take leave of *The Grub Street Journal*.

One of the most important of the daily newspapers of the middle of the eighteenth century was *The Daily Post*. Started in 1719 with the help of Defoe, and as a rival to *The Courant*, it had a long and prosperous career. Defoe wrote for it for over five years, his most interesting contribution being "Robinson Crusoe," which came out in its columns for the first time, running through 165 numbers. The new paper professed to correct the errors of its contemporaries, and to give trustworthy news without any distortion of the facts. In

connection with it a weekly miscellany, *The British Journal*, was started in 1722, and later (in 1726) the paper fell into the hands of Harry Woodfall, the head of the famous family of printers, who changed its name to *The London Daily Post and General Advertiser*, subsequently to *The General Advertiser*, and finally to *The Public Advertiser*. In *The Public Advertiser* appeared the letters of Junius. Here, therefore, was an energetically conducted daily paper competing actively with two

all the battle-pieces of our Melton Priors and our Simpsons, our Sydney Halls and our Villiers.

To the student of the development of the newspaper press in England *The Jacobite Journal* is a most interesting paper. It was the elaborate jest which Henry Fielding sprung upon the town to satirise the Jacobite party; but its particular interest in connection with illustrated journalism is that it had an "emblematical frontispiece," which was said to be by Hogarth. (See p. 108.) The paper ran only



VIEW OF THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.

(From a Copper-plate Engraving in "The Observer," October 29, 1815.)

rivals, yet throughout all the copies I have searched I have been able to find but one illustration, and that a poor little woodcut of the humblest kind. It occurs in the number for March 29, 1740, and represents Admiral Vernon's attack on Portobello. (See p. 107.) The long account of the assault by "a gentleman on board the *Burford* (the Admiral's ship) at Porto Bello to his friend at Newcastle" is signed "Wm. Richardson," and he also probably supplied the sketch. In the person of this "Wm. Richardson," of whom all other record is for ever lost, I am inclined to hail the earliest of the race of special artists. In the midst of the battle and the assault "Wm. Richardson" had an eye for the public at home, and jotted down on paper the positions of the Spanish defences and the British ships. Insignificant, pictorially, as is his little sketch, it marks an epoch in the history of the newspaper press, for it is the forerunner of

from December, 1747, to November, 1748. It appeared every Saturday, and the engraving was retained only in the first twelve numbers. A remarkable conjunction of intellects on an illustrated paper was this of Fielding and Hogarth—one that has, perhaps, never since been repeated.

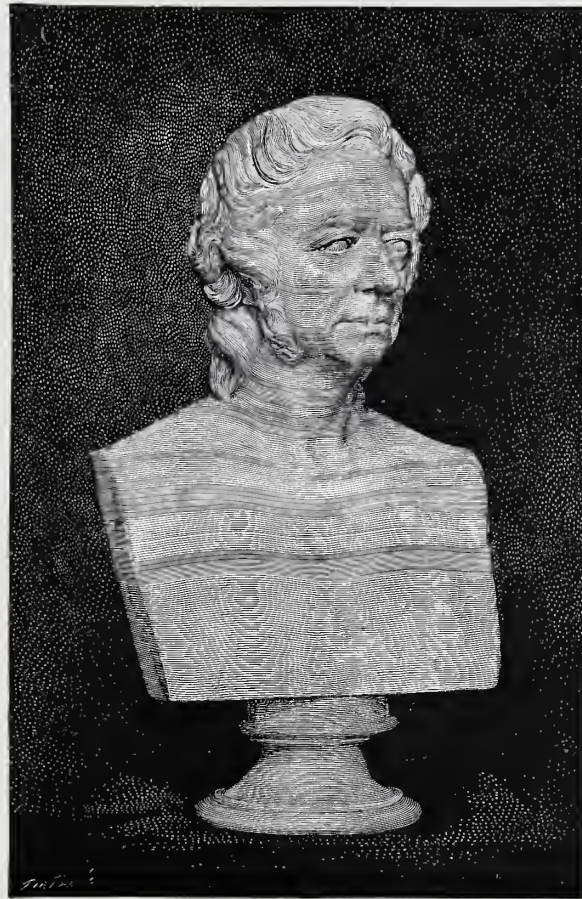
"Our special artist" now again appears upon the scene, for in *Owen's Weekly Chronicle* for June 3, 1758 (a journal not to be confounded with *The Universal Chronicle* started by Newbery about the same time), we have a view of Fort Fouras, to illustrate the unfortunate expedition against Rochelle. "It is," says Mr. Mason Jackson in his work on "The Pictorial Press," "the earliest attempt in a newspaper to give a pictorial representation of a place in connection with news," and the same high authority surmises that the sketch must have been the work of some officer who accompanied the expedition.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON, A.R.A.

BY M. G. VAN RENSSELAER.

IF we try to draw up a list of our earlier American painters we find some, like West and Leslie, who have their truer place in a history of the English school. Among those who more properly belong to us, those who were American not only by birth and

after, and he was so fragile a child that at the age of seven he was sent north for the benefit of a more bracing climate. His early education was received at Newport, Rhode Island; and there was then no American town better fitted for the purpose, especially



WASHINGTON ALLSTON, A.R.A.

(Engraved by Tietze, from a Contemporary Bust.)

breeding but also by residence and labour, Gilbert Stuart and Washington Allston stand pre-eminent in fame. Yet to the younger generations of their countrymen they were little more than honoured names, great but untested reputations, until a few years ago, when their works were gathered together for exhibition in Boston in 1881.

The Allstons of South Carolina were gentlefolk by long descent, and are believed to have been of Northumberland origin. Washington Allston was born on the hereditary estate of Brook Green, near Georgetown, in the year 1779. His father died soon

as concerned that art toward which he had shown a strong childish leaning. From Newport he went to Harvard College, and here again he learned all he could from local artists, as well as from the few good imported pictures he found in Cambridge and the neighbouring Boston.

As soon as he had taken his degree he returned to the south, establishing himself at Charleston with his college friend, the miniature-painter, Malbone. But his longing for foreign travel could not be suppressed. Like a born artist he was ignorant and reckless in money matters. Legal complications

threatening his heritage, he sold it at a sacrifice; and even then he did not reflect that he might live comfortably on the income of the price received—he simply put his capital in the hands of a London banker, and drew freely upon it until it was exhausted.

In May, 1801, he embarked for England with Malbone. The latter remained only a few months, but Allston settled himself to steady work in the schools of the Royal Academy. Mr. West, he tells us, received him with the greatest kindness, and Fuseli likewise; though, upon learning his desire to devote himself to historical painting, the latter informed him frankly that he had “come a great way to starve.” For two years he remained in London, diligently cultivating his mind as well as his hand. Then he went to the Continent with Vanderlyn, another young American artist; travelled for two years through the Low Countries, France, Switzerland, and North Italy, and in the spring of 1805 found himself at Rome. Four years in all he spent in Italy in eager study of the old masters and of nature, and in intimate association with many famous men of widely different qualities. The Café Greco, in Rome, was the favourite haunt of poets and painters; there he met Turner and Cornelius, and Thorwaldsen and Gibson, Byron and Keats and Shelley, Hans Andersen and Fenimore Cooper, and their common admirer, Louis of Bavaria; while at William von Humboldt’s house he learned to know the more famous brother, Madame de Stael, the Schlegels, Sismondi, and the whole diplomatic circle of the moment.

Truly at that moment Rome was fertile soil for the development of any spirit which had within it the seeds of intellectual life. Washington Irving tells us of the general esteem in which the young American was held there, and tries to explain that personal charm which now, as in his later life, seems to have worked very potently upon all who knew him.

In 1809 Allston returned to America, and married a lady to whom he had long been engaged—the sister of his boyhood’s friend, William Ellery Channing, the famous Unitarian divine. During a stay of two years in Boston he seems to have received some encouragement as a portrait-painter, but feeling the need of fresh inspiration, he sailed in 1811 with his wife for England. With them went Mr. Morse, then a painter too, afterwards the inventor of the electric telegraph. Charles Leslie followed soon, and though, as I have said, he eventually threw himself wholly into the current of English art, Allston was his first instructor. An interesting relic of these long-buried friendships is a portrait of Allston, which was then painted by Leslie, and was given by Morse in 1866 to the National Academy of Design in New York.

A serious illness which attacked Allston at this time brought his friends’ devotion into strong relief.

Morse, Leslie, and Coleridge watched devotedly by his bedside, and Southey cheered his convalescence at Clifton. After his recovery he finished a large composition, showing “The Dead Man Revived by Elisha’s Bones,” which was exhibited at the British Institution, awarded the first prize of two hundred guineas, and purchased for the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. Another important work was “The Angel Uriel Standing in the Sun,” which also received a prize from the British Institution, and was purchased by the Marquis of Stafford; and still another, “Jacob’s Dream,” which was bought by the Earl of Egremont. Smaller canvases, some of which also found their way to Petworth, were “Clytie,” “The Repose in Egypt,” “Hermia and Helena,” “Falstaff and his Ragged Recruits,” and a landscape called “Elijah in the Desert.” And at this time was begun the huge “Belshazzar’s Feast,” which was to play so tragic a part in the painter’s later life.

It seems probable that, had it not been for his wife’s death, Allston might have remained permanently in England. But with bereavement and depression of spirits came a home-sickness which neither work nor travel nor friends could cure, and in the summer of 1818 he set sail for Boston. Much was said against this step, not only by his personal friends, but by his brother painters, speaking, as they believed, in the interests of his art and future fame. Nor did they soon cease to urge his return, electing him, for example, Associate of the Royal Academy in 1819, and writing him, a few years later, that only the fact of his non-residence stood in the way of his reception into the higher body. But he never wavered from that determination to remain at home, which he explained by citing the liberal patronage that was there bestowed upon him, and the strong taste for art that was there developing (with “a quicker appreciation” of artistic effort, he maintained, than characterised any European land), and by his firm conviction that, “if we have any talents, we owe something to our country when she is disposed to foster them”—a conviction, by the way, which we may well wish were shared by all the American artists of to-day.

In 1830 Allston married again, and again the sister of a very early friend, Richard H. Dana. The next year he removed to a new home and studio in Cambridgeport, near Boston, where he dwelt until his death in 1843. His feeble health and his devotion to his art and to his books prescribed a life of the most purely domestic kind; but his circle of friends was large and affectionate, and there was not a budding artist in America but came to him for counsel and inspiration, or an intelligent foreigner but sought to know him. The memoirs and notebooks and periodicals and letters of the time make

constant mention of his name, and bear unanimous tribute to his singular charm of presence, of character, and of conversation. In the writings he has

those in England, which I have not seen. I should like, for example, to be able to describe his "Jacob's Dream," or that "Angel Uriel," which Leslie said



SAUL AND THE WITCH OF ENDOR.

(From the Painting by Washington Allston, A.R.A., in the Possession of Mr. Wm. W. Gardner, Boston, U.S.A. Engraved by F. E. Fillibrown from the Mezzotint by Andrew and Wagstaff.)

left, both prose and verse, we can see for ourselves his pure and beautiful soul, his clear and cultivated and philosophic mind; all of which qualities, we are told, were expressed through a perfect manner, at once winning and imposing, and a golden gift of speech.

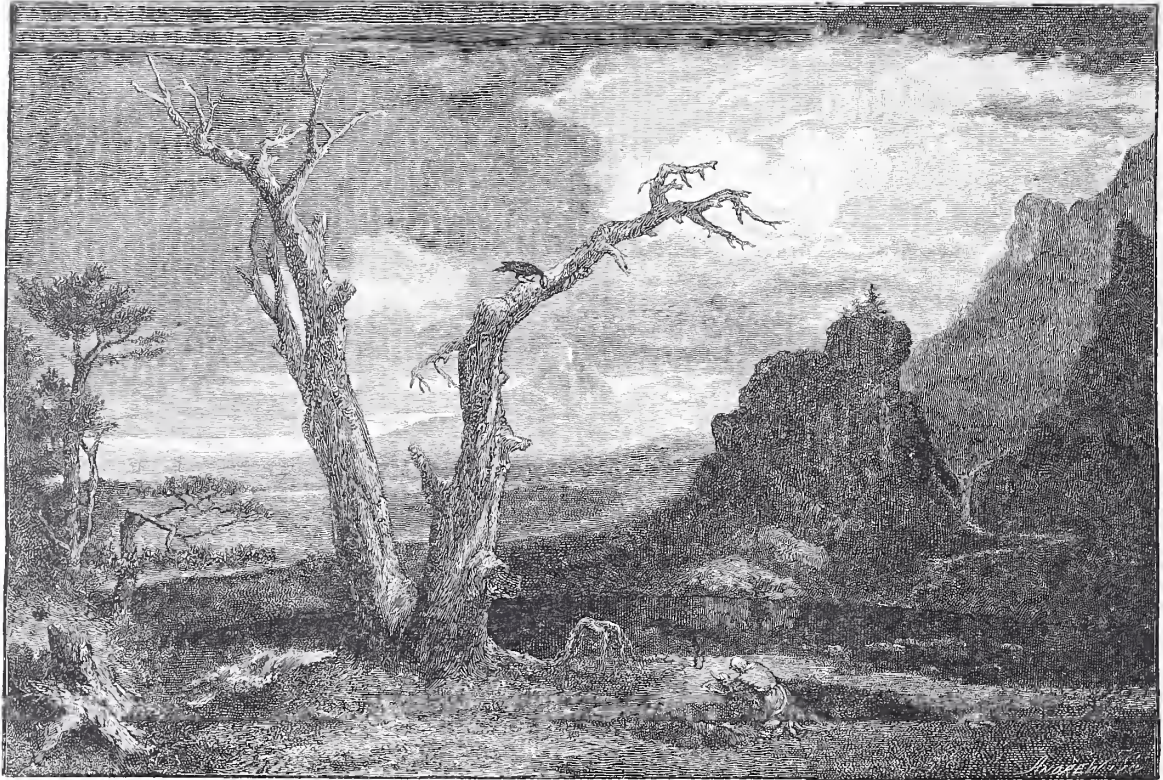
The exhibition contained forty of Allston's pictures, together with many sketches, studies, and unfinished canvases. All branches of his work were included; and if the historial branch was not represented by the most notable examples even among those which are owned in America, yet it was possible to turn to these in other places, and, by the light the exhibition afforded, to judge of them more intelligently than had before been possible. As I have said, we tried not to expect too much, and certainly did not expect all that the artist's contemporaries bade us anticipate; yet the impression we received was distinctly disappointing.

Perhaps the best of his more ambitious essays are

was "equal to the best works of Veronese." But I confess there is little in the pictures that I know to justify, in even the faintest sense, any comparison of such a sort. The huge "Dead Man Revived by Elisha's Bones" I have seen in the Philadelphia Academy, where it hangs near Benjamin West's "Death on the Pale Horse." A comparison with *this* it well sustains, proving, I should say, that Allston came a very distinct degree nearer to being a great artist than his elder fellow-countryman. But, together with the "Angel Delivering St. Peter from Prison," and the "Jeremiah and the Scribe," and the smaller, but kindred, "Saul and the Witch of Endor" (here reproduced), it fails to prove that he really reached the goal. He has feeling of a certain sort, and West has none. He draws as well as West, but in the same laboured academic way. His colour is much better—not at all the colour his contemporaries thought it, but still possessed of undeniable excellence; and his handling is far

more personal and sympathetic and artistic than his master's. But in each of these qualities there lacks that indefinable something which means the difference between a mere artistic gift and real artistic power—and power is needed for the adequate treatment of heroic themes. Moreover, other important qualities are wholly wanting. There is none of that immediate-seeming grasp of a subject which gives the observer an

such pictures as the "Sisters" (here engraved), the "Rosalie," and the "Amy Robsart," each a single half-length figure of life-size; and the "Mother and Sleeping Child;" and to such *genre* subjects as the "Lorenzo and Jessica" and the "Valentine." Here we find colour which, in truth, has none of that Venetian strength and brilliancy with which it once was credited, but yet something of the true



ELIJAH FED BY THE RAVENS.

(From the Painting by Washington Allston, A.R.A., in the Possession of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, U.S.A. Engraved by Andrew.)

instant impression of pictorial *rightness*. His figures in themselves are also palpably academic, palpably wanting in true dramatic force. It is not really Saul he has seen and painted, or Jeremiah, or St. Peter, but some soulless model into whom he has tried to force the desired expressiveness; with a result, now of meagre commonplace, and now of melodramatic exaggeration. Nor, again, do his landscapes seem to me to have much value. The best known among them, "Elijah Fed by the Ravens"—reproduced on this page—will show how little he was influenced by that great modern school of landscape which was already blossoming in the England of his earlier years. It is coldly conventional, "classic" in conception; and, moreover, its dull browns give no hint of the colouristic gift he really possessed.

To see this gift in evidence we must turn to

Venetian breadth and suavity and charm—colour which is, beyond comparison, better than that which was characteristic of current English figure-painting. Allston, for one, knew the great fact, then so commonly ignored, that colour meant *tone* and not merely *colours*. And here, in addition, we find a handling which, although it also lacks in strength, falls neither into the sin of emptiness nor into that of hardness, nor yet into that of "niggling" over-elaboration, but is broad and simple-seeming, adequate, pleasing, and truly painter-like; and, finally, a sentiment which is very charming and quite peculiar to this artist only.

Much has been said and written to prove that Allston's career was blighted by the supposed mistake he made in leaving England for America. But such a statement rests upon the belief—in my eyes most mistaken—that he was at his best in the domain of "high art." When he came home he brought with



THE SISTERS.

(From the Picture by Washington Allston, A.R.A., in the Possession of Mrs. S. Hooper, Boston. Engraved by R. Hoskins.)

him a huge unfinished picture of "Belshazzar's Feast;" and during the years he spent in Boston, while it lay rolled up in a corner for want of space to stretch it, and while his hand was busied, perforce, with humbler things, his thoughts seem to have dwelt upon it with a singular intensity of longing. *That* was the work he wanted to do; and only when he should have done it would he rest content as having shown the world what his very best might mean. But though his second marriage brought him pecuniary ease, though he spread the vast canvas in his new studio at Cambridgeport, and worked upon it for years with single-minded earnestness, nothing came of all his hopes and labours; when he died he left not even the half-fulfilled promise of a successful work. He who wills can gaze upon it where it hangs to-day—on the staircase of the Boston Museum of the Fine Arts. The place does not sound very honourable, but, alas! it is good enough for this meaningless, hopeless, thrice-pathetic wreck of great ambitions and sincere enthusiasms, for no one can call it aught but a patent, irremediable failure.

Of direct artistic inspiration there was certainly little or none in the New England of Allston's day—either in the collected works of an elder time, or in the growing works of worthy rivals, or, indeed, in the presence of visible material beauty of any sort. Yet he had lived for many years, and gathered many memories amid richer surroundings, and had trained his hand and eye and mind, we must believe, to as high a degree of power as in them lay. His American public, though small, was by no means unintelligent; and loved, and admired, and believed in him so fervently that one cannot feel his gifts were blighted for lack of what is called encouragement. By this public all the minor products of Allston's brush were received with enthusiasm, and accepted as signs and promises of even greater powers than they revealed. Never was a picture more eagerly awaited, more widely discussed in anticipation, more confidently pronounced a masterpiece, ere any eye had seen it, than was the "Belshazzar's Feast." If it never grew to be a masterpiece, if, indeed, it never grew to finality of any kind, external conditions do not seem to me to blame. I cannot regret that he did not remain in England, if his remaining there would have meant his continued absorption in "high art;" and I cannot regret that he was poor in Boston, or that Boston was too poor to give him commissions of the sort he craved; for I am sure that the work he did under compulsion, while the "Belshazzar" lay untouched, was the best he accomplished—the best he could have accomplished with that limited, if delicate, and true artistic gift of his. In truth, while we can hardly over-estimate the benefit which accrued to Allston the man from his

long years of Europe, there has been an immense exaggeration of their profit to Allston the painter. Almost all that is good in his art seems as though it might have developed at home. None of his later works are much better, technically speaking, than that early portrait of himself to which I have already referred, while the sentiment that makes the charm of the "Amy Robsart," for example, to me the most interesting of all his creations, is essentially native, personal, and spontaneous.

Some of those who mark in much of Allston's work the gap which divides intentions from accomplishments, and mark also the non-pictorial, "literary" character of these intentions, are led to think that he should not have tried to paint at all—that he was meant to be an artist in words, and not in lines and colours. But the volume of poems he has left does not in the least confirm such theories. Within certain narrow limits he was successful in his pictures, while he never even approached success in verse. His prose writing, however, is very interesting; and if space sufficed I should like to show how fine and keen and sane a critical instinct he possessed. His endowment in this direction seems to me most remarkable, especially when we remember how intensely "literary" is almost all the critical writing of his time. Nor need it surprise us that one who could see quite accurately when and why another had achieved the best success, should not have steered his own course better. Such instances are not uncommon in the history of art; and, moreover, we are led to believe that some sad insight into the realities of his own case came home to him in those long last years when he was working faithfully and earnestly, but it seems almost hopelessly, on his "Belshazzar."

And yet, if a pathetic fact for himself, it was a fortunate fact for us that his ideals and ambitions—these being but the translation of his whole nature—were so much loftier than his gifts and opportunities. If his pictures can have no notable influence upon American art, his life and character had an immense and happy influence upon the reverence for, and appreciation of, art in America. What we needed fifty years ago was not so much a great artist as a great prophet and apostle and servant of art. We may wish, if we will, that Allston had left us finer works and more voluminous critical writings; but after all, the best service he could have done us was to work in the spirit he did and to be the man he was. I do not think I under-estimate the value of his painting when I say that he was by no means the potent artist our fathers thought him. But I am sure I could not over-estimate the value of his life, of his example, of himself—a strong and needed and gracious influence while he lived, and to-day a helpful, an inspiring tradition.

THE ROMANCE OF ART.

HOW RAPHAEL QUARRELLED WITH THE MARCHESA.

BY LEADER SCOTT.



It was not Raphael's habit to quarrel with his patrons; indeed, no artist has been more happy than he in his relations with them. He was the spoilt child of the Count of Urbino, the friend of Alfonso of Este, the favourite of the two most artistic "Popes of the Renaissance," and all he did seemed to be right to them all. It was only the Marchesa Isabella Gonzaga* of Mantua that he was unfortunate enough to offend, and this in a double manner: first, on account of a painting which he kept her waiting some years for, and, secondly, regarding a purchase of two pseudo-antique statuettes which the great artist had sold her. But I will tell the story from the beginning of Raphael's acquaintance with the house of Mantua, which took place in Rome in 1510, for though his father Giovanni Santi had been at the court of Francesco in 1493 or 1494, where he was attacked with the illness which caused his death and which obliged him to leave a commission for a "tondo" unfinished, the son had never visited Mantua at all. During the wars with the Venetians, in 1509, the Marquis of Mantua was made a prisoner, but was liberated on his little son Federigo being made a hostage in his place. The Pope Julius XI., who was anxious to avail himself of the arms and assistance of the Gonzaga, nominated Francesco *Gonfaloniere della Chiesa*, an office of which he had deprived the Duke of Ferrara, and offered to take his son Federigo into his own palace and under his personal care during the time he was detained as hostage—from 1510 to 1513. Federigo, who was a lively, spirited boy, had a happy home with his tutor in the Papal palace, and here he made acquaintance with the young artist Raphael of Urbino, the intimate friend of Baldassare Castiglione, who was the young hostage's special protector, being more like a brother than a subject of the Marchesa Isabella. The boy delighted in watching the painter at work. He was then engaged in painting the "School of Athens," and the friendship is marked by his putting in young Federigo, then eleven years old, as one of the figures. Vasari says he is the one half-kneeling on the ground with extended arms,

* Daughter of Ercole I. of Ferrara, and wife of Francesco, Marchese of Mantua.

studying the hexagon which Bramante has drawn; but Passavant says he is the other youth, facing the spectator on the left. ("Raph. d'Urbino," 1-123.) Sometimes the Marchesa came to visit her son, and then she made friends with the large-eyed young artist, whose father she had known, and on one occasion gave him a commission to paint the boy's likeness, which Raphael promised to do.

On January 11th, 1513, Stazio Gadio, the Marchesa's agent in Rome, wrote to Mantua an account of the first sitting, saying that Sig. Federigo wore his doublet and golden cap, with a feather in it, and that on the first day Raphael had only made the outline in charcoal. On February 15th Federigo's tutor, Gio. Francesco Grossi, called Grossino, wrote that the artist was working diligently at the portrait, but four days later he informed the Marchesa that "Maestro Raphael had returned the doublet and other things which Sig. Federigo had for his likeness, and begged her to excuse him from continuing for the present, as it was impossible that he *avesse il cervello a retrarlo*." The truth is his mind was occupied with anxiety about the Pope, who had just been taken ill, and who died the following day. Raphael grieved deeply for the loss of a good friend and patron, not dreaming that a greater one was to come in the person of Leo X.

After this no more is heard of this portrait till, on January 1st, 1521, Baldassare writes from Rome that he has found it in the possession of a member of Cardinal Colonna's household. This person refused to part with it, however, and though Castiglione tried to induce the Cardinal himself to make it a present to Marchese Federigo, then reigning at Mantua, it was not till 1531 that a certain Ippolito Calandra writes, on October 28th, that "he sends the picture which Titian had done, and also that which Raphael da Urbino had made of his Excellency in Rome."

Before we dismiss this portrait I must mention a curious misunderstanding in regard to it. It is generally supposed to be the picture which was in the catalogue of Charles I. of England, and which was sold to Cardinal Richelieu for £200. It returned to England again on his death, and passed into possession of Mr. Lucy, of Charlecote Park. Now, it is well known that Duke Vincenzo II. of Mantua sold a great part of his family pictures to Charles I.

in 1628, and among them was the portrait of Duke Federigo, which was afterwards sold to Cardinal Richelieu, but it is described as a "giovannotto armato" (armed youth)—not a mere head in plumed cap and doublet, as was Raphael's. The price put on it was sixty lire, while Raphael's portrait was valued at 1,200 lire, and remained in the palace, not being among those sold to Charles I.

I know not if the real Raphael portrait has ever been retraced, for it was lost in the sack of Mantua by the Germans in 1630. This, however, was not the painting which caused the quarrel between Raphael and the Marchesa. He had a commission to paint a picture for Isabella Gonzaga in 1515, of which she sent him, through S. Agostino Gonzaga, the measures of the size she wished it to be. The artist was not very earnest about it, and a certain Alfonso Paolucci of Rome wrote to the duke in 1519, "that Maestro Raffaele only worked at the painting when Castiglione was with him, and quite neglected it at other times."

The painting was a Holy Family, in which St. John is presenting fruit to the Divine Babe, while St. Elizabeth kneels in front, and St. Joseph stands in the distance. It is known as the "Madonna della Perla," and was sold to Charles I., after whose death it passed to Philip IV. of Spain through the Spanish ambassador, Alfonso de Cardenas. It is not wholly Raphael's work, having been finished by one of his scholars, after the artist's death.*

The quarrel then was partly about this unfinished picture and partly about two statuettes which Raphael had sold to the Marchesa Isabella for forty-four gold scudi, asserting them to be antiques. This is a very interesting transaction, and it bears testimony to the painter's antiquarian pursuits. So deep an archaeologist was he, that he proved very successful in directing excavations in Rome, using Vitruvius as a guide, and found so many treasures, that, by a Papal brief, dated August 27th, 1516, he was made superintendent of antiquities.

I can find no description of the two ancient statuettes he sold to the Marchesa Gonzaga, but it is not at all probable that he knew them to be falsifications; such an act would have been quite foreign to his character. It was a favourite practice for sculptors to imitate the antique at that time, and so well as to deceive the best judges, as did, for instance, Donatello and Michael Angelo. However the case may have stood, the transaction was unfavourable for both parties. The statuettes had been already some time in the possession of the Marchesa when it was discovered they were not antique; and three experts

* Reumont says the "Madonna della Perla" was at Canossa; but this is most probably the copy by Giulio Romano, which was made for Signora Elena Serego, *nata* Canossa.

—Giacomo Sansuina and Lorenzo, sculptors, and Gio. Bat. Colomba, antiquary—bore witness to their being modern. On this, the Marchesa sent one back to Raphael, and the other to a restorer at Narni, named Angelo Germanello, to be repaired, before forwarding it to Raphael, for it had been broken. The painter, however, refused to give back the forty-four gold scudi, for he persisted in asserting the objects to be genuinely antique. This was before the sack of Rome (1526), and from that time to 1529 the Marchesa had regained neither her sculpture nor her money.

At that time a relation of hers, Francesco Gonzaga, was in Rome as ambassador, and she commissioned him to see Raphael on the subject, and get him either to return the money or the statue, and also to try and obtain from Messer Ottaviano, brother of Monsignor de Cesis, that portrait of her son which the artist had left unfinished when Pope Julius died.

A great deal of correspondence passed between the ambassador and the Marchesa in the summer of 1529, from May to September. He says he cannot get the picture from the brother of Monsignor, who, having bought it, considers himself the rightful possessor; and he can get no satisfaction out of Maestro Raffaello, who says he sold the statue as antique, and antique he believes it, therefore he declines to make restitution of the money. As to returning the statue which the Marchesa sent back to him, he cannot do that either, for he lost it from his studio in the sack of Rome by the Spaniards.

The letter of the Marchesa on June 27th, 1529, says "she does not wish the ambassador to go to law with Monsignor Cesis, though she cannot concede his claim to the picture, as it was known to have been more than a year in front of the shop of a marble-cutter after the sack of Rome." Then she adds: "As to Maestro Raffaello, who excuses himself by professing to have lost our statue, together with other things of his, and who, besides, insists that the said figure was antique, we judge that his intention is to let us remain deprived of our little figure and the money, which would be a great discourtesy, and not honest. However, content yourself by saying that if I cannot have the figure, because it is lost, as he asserts, &c., and he cannot find means to retribute our money, let us be content to take in exchange that large medal which pleased us, with other things equivalent; and if the said medal is the true one, and no other, we will consider ourselves satisfied by him. If by chance you find him pertinacious in this fantasy of his, and he does not care to do his duty in one way or another, we will not talk of it any more; and you will take care, at least, to obtain that other statuette from Germanello, and send it to us when you have a secure opportunity,

together with the two vases which Monsignor Rev. Palmieri has consigned to you, and which we much desire."

But Raphael refused also to give up his antique medal, and the Marchesa writes again on August 12 to say "she does not believe his excuses, nor can she think he is too poor to render any justice." As to the picture, she haughtily remarks, in another letter of Sept. 4, "that she declines to argue more, for she sees that Monsignore de Cesis does not wish to oblige her, and she will not litigate with a reverend personage;" adding, in the same letter: "Let us have at least that antique medal, which we have before written about; for we do not know with what honesty Maestro Raffaele can deny it to us. Et bene valete.

"*Mantuae*, 4 Sept., 1529."

It would seem that Raphael, who, believing himself in the right, refused so long to make restitution

for the fancied wrongs of the Marchesa, was at length worn out by her persistence, and offered her some things (I do not know whether his precious antique medal was among them) as a kind of compensation for the figure which he could not return; for the last letter of Isabella Gonzaga to the ambassador, Francesco Gonzaga, runs thus:—

"My Lord Francesco Gonzaga,—We have been until now in so little hope of Maestro Raffaele doing anything on account of our statue, that we shall consider as a gift that which he has offered. Therefore, we are content for you to accept the things he consigns to you, and you will send them to us by the first opportune messenger that occurs. Bene valete.

"ISABELLA.

"*Mantuae*, 29 Sept., 1529."

Thus, with a little concession on each side, the painter and the Marchesa were at peace again.

NETSUKÉS: THEIR MAKERS, USE, AND MEANING.

BY H. SEYMOUR TROWER.

SOME apology, I feel, is due from one who has never been in Japan for venturing to write about netsukés. My excuse for the attempt is that



Fig. 1.

for sufficient, or, more accurately, insufficient pecuniary reasons, perforce Platonic; and when, later, I became the happy possessor of a few examples, my ignorance of what they signified was absolute. I only knew how much they pleased my eye and gratified my touch; that their fidelity to nature, exquisite

polish, and incomparable finish went straight to my heart.

The true satisfaction of collecting lies, I take it, in learning the history of one's treasures, the conditions under which they were produced, the ideas they embody, and, if possible, something of the artists who created them. But such information about netsukés is difficult to acquire. Very little has been written on the subject. Mr. William Anderson has treated it but briefly; M. Gonsc has devoted to it a single chapter of "L'Art Japonais;" and Mr. Ernest Hart has confined his attention to compiling a valuable list of the carvers and their signatures. As for the stories—historical, legendary, and other—which netsukés illustrate, they require unearthing from the mass of general literature upon Japan.



Fig. 2.

Netsuké-collecting has long been a fashion with native dandies. In 1781 there was published at

Osaka an art manual which contained the names of renowned carvers, with woodcuts of their best-known productions. This curious treatise refers to watches as "the netsukés worn by Dutelmen, so complicated that the cleverest Japanese artificer could not reproduce them;" notes their peculiar ticking, "which stops if the netsuké be violently shaken;" and adds that "the best of these come from the country called France." One warning it contains which is never out of date: "Beware of forgeries!" The works of all the old masters have been freely copied, and their signatures imitated for the benefit of unwary customers. This should always be remembered in regard to the products of a country where forgery has long been raised to the dignity of a fine art, and whose modern dealers are no more scrupulous than their predecessors. With netsukés, as with all curios, *caveat emptor*. Not only are signatures untrustworthy, but the mellow golden colour that ivory gains with age is imitated by soaking in strongly-brewed tea and other "faking" decoctions. Perhaps "flat-catchers" have their redeeming side; annoying enough, they are more likely to delude the wholesale buyer—who only wants "a collection," and places himself unreservedly in dealers' hands—than the modest curio-hunter, who selects his treasures one by one for the genuine pleasure their artistic merit yields him. There is no short cut to netsuké-collecting; it takes time, study, and patience. The market is flooded with utterly worthless rubbish, and one may look over hundreds without finding one to repay the search. Specimens exist of every grade of merit, from the rude toggle worn by the labourer, to the exquisite toy which gratified the vanity of some eclectic Daimio, worthy to grace the girdle of the Sei-i Tai Shogun (Barbarian-Subjugating Great General), or of the invisible Mikado himself. There is comfort in the reflection that masterpieces are still to be found—unsigned, perhaps, or signed only by some name unknown to fame—which, for perfection of design and felicity of execution, bear comparison with the most-valued works in any connoisseur's collec-

tion. These are the prizes which await the patient searcher, and lend excitement and fascination to his pursuit. A fine netsuké is, indeed, a statue in miniature—"in seipso totus, teres atque rotundus." The workmanship is marvellously conscientious; from the top of the head to the sole of the foot, nothing is seamped; every detail is worked out with the utmost care. This is what renders them so delightful to the touch, and makes the gazing at one side only of tiny masterpieces imprisoned in glass-cases the most futile of conceivable amusements. To enjoy and understand

a netsuké, one must have it in one's hand, with a good light and plenty of leisure. They cannot be read by those who run. The careful work of months deserves respectful examination. The tools employed, and the hands that use them, must be delicate indeed to execute the marvels of undercutting and such work as strings perfect in every strand. The

accuracy with which pieces apparently top-heavy balance on the smallest possible surface—a single foot, or even a single patten, as in Fig. 1, is, perhaps, the most remarkable instance of the carver's dexterity.

Mr. W. E. Griffis tells us that "né" is the Japanese word for root,

and that "tsuké" means to fix, hold, or hang; whence "netsuké," pronounced *net-ské*, the *n* not being sounded. The use of the netsuké is the retention of the medicine-box, pipe-ease, tobacco-pouch, penholder, or purse at the waist. It is attached to one end of the chain or silken cord with which these objects are provided, and this being passed under the girdle, the netsuké above secures the appendage below (Fig. 3).

It is important to insist, once for all, upon the essential difference between netsukés (articles made for a distinct use and admirably adapted thereto) and a mass of other carvings, equally fine in workmanship perhaps, but intended as ornaments simply, *objets d'art*.* These, from their very fineness and elaboration, are utterly unsuited

* Japanese, *okimono*.

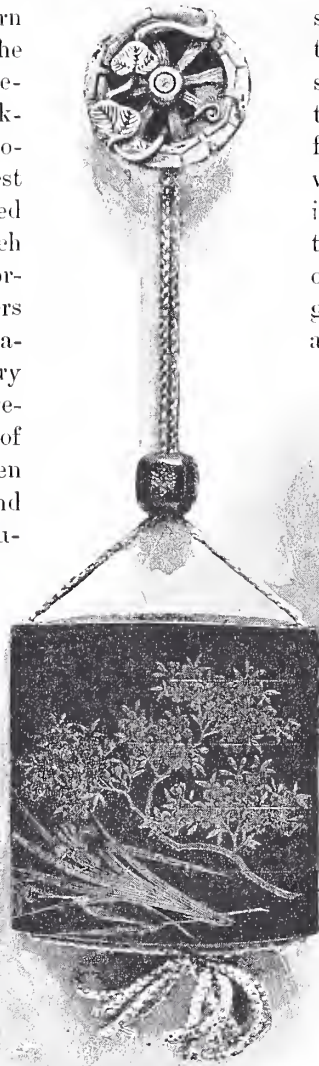


Fig. 3.

to the risk which an article must incur in the wearing, and are only meant to be placed on stands or in cabinets. Although usually confounded with netsukés, a little examination enables one to distinguish between them. The Japanese, before the commercial invasion



Fig. 4.

of Europe, were far too thorough workmen to turn out anything not perfectly fitted for its purpose, so that a genuine netsuké is always exquisitely rounded. Nothing protrudes which would be likely to break off, or to catch in the dress; and all were pierced to receive the string of their appendage. Modern carvers are exporting elaborate specimens, perforated as for a string; but a glance will show that no sensible Japanese, with the high national respect for works of art, would dream of attaching such delicate and brittle toys to his girdle. In fact, one may say that almost all Japanese carvings made to-day are suitable for the cabinet alone. The production of netsukés is believed to have originated with the carvers of false teeth from boxwood. It was an industry peculiar to the artisan class, but renowned masters in the more highly-esteemed branches of art-work, painters, lacquerers, and metal-chasers, such as Korin, Ritsuwo, and Seimin, followed it occasionally, and exceptional skill was sometimes rewarded by titles of distinction. The materials employed are various—wood, ivory, bone, deer and antelope horn, ox-horn,



Fig. 5.

walrus-tusk, whales'-teeth, amber, crystal, pottery, porcelain, lacquer, coral, fossils, &c. Some examples are beautifully inlaid, and metal plaques of fine workmanship are frequently mounted to serve as netsukés. Wood and ivory are the substances chiefly used. Ivories were all the rage in Europe at first; we are only beginning to learn that wood was the vehicle for some of the most spirited work of the best masters.

The woods selected—cherry, box, pear, ebony, and other varieties—are remarkable for hardness, closeness of grain, and capacity for receiving a magnificent polish.

Netsukés are said to have been worn in the fifteenth century, but the earliest-known examples date from quite a hundred years later. They are heavy, rude, and rather clumsy objects, for the most part elongated in shape, figures of mythical sages, of foreigners, Koreans, and Dutchmen, or of animals unnaturally distorted. The carving of fine netsukés has certainly not prevailed for more than two hundred years. Shiuzan, the first master whose work has come down to us, flourished towards the beginning of the eighteenth century. The pieces ascribed to him are always of wood, usually painted or lacquered, and occasionally signed. About this time, the simultaneous introduction by the Dutch of tobacco and of ivory gave a great stimulus to the carving industry, causing universal demand for pipe-cases, tobacco-pouches, and for netsukés from which to suspend them, and furnishing a new material for their fabrication.



Fig. 6.

Among the more celebrated artists, it will suffice to mention the three Miwas, whose talent and versatility exercised enormous influence upon their pupils and successors. They worked almost exclusively in cherry-wood. Tomotada's oxen have a well-deserved reputation. They are generally recumbent, and were supposed to be propitious to the study of calligraphy, for the reason that the patron of the art rode upon an ox. It was the custom for students to place a fresh cushion underneath the figure for each year spent in acquiring proficiency, and some of these oxen are represented reclining upon quite a pile of cushions. The Deme family (Uman, Jōman, and Jōkiū) were especially famous as carvers of masks (Fig. 2); their treatment of demons was eminently Gothic, recalling the grotesque gargoyles upon which mediæval stone-masons lavished the exuberance of their weird imaginations. Masanawo, who worked in both wood and ivory, excelled in carving animals. Ichimin's cattle may almost bear comparison with those of Tomotada. Tadatoshi is noted for his snails; Morimitsu and Ikkan for their rats, and the latter carved fruits, which are wondrous bits of still-

life; Masaichi, Mitsuhide, and Mitsumasa devoted themselves principally to reproducing the habits and antics of monkeys; Kokei's frogs are much prized; Horai, Tadamitsu, and Doraku exercised their ingenuity on masks, which are little inferior to those of the Deme family; and Giokumin is, perhaps, the most ingenious of the tortoise-carvers. Among modern men, Ono Rinjin is justly distinguished for the complexity and delicacy of his tiny groups; and the Shibayama family, or school, have made a speciality of the gem-like inlaying of ivory with crystal and mother-of-pearl.



Fig. 7.

As a general criticism I am disposed to say that superior boldness and spirit characterised the work of the early eighteenth-century masters; that their successors excelled them in delicacy and finish, and developed higher relish for a joke; that while the former were solely intent on artistic effect and harmony of composition, the latter more obviously aimed at displaying their manual skill and overcoming technical difficulties.

The carvers of today, subject to the exigencies of an impatient and indiscriminate market, are apt to work mechanically, and to content themselves with turning out to order feeble copies of the models of a more leisureed and artistic period; or they manufacture figures and groups

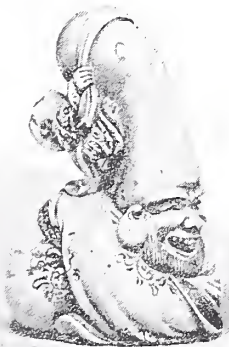


Fig. 8.

remarkable for little beyond elaboration. Happily the inherited skill of generations is not entirely lost. Asahi, a very old man, is still fashioning skulls and

skeletons so true to nature, so absolutely correct in every detail, that anatomists admit they would serve perfectly for demonstration at a surgical lecture.

One of the great charms of netsukés is the excellence of the jokes and the humour—worthy of Mr. Punch's best artists—they so often embody. *Rien n'est sacré* for this people of infinite jest. There is a very material version of the thunderbolt, in which the dread wielder of heaven's artillery has fallen to earth with his missile, and becomes unpleasantly conscious of the consequences of trifling with the law of gravity (Fig. 4). The annual purification of the house by beans—quite as efficacious against demons in Japan as is holy water in Europe—affords



Fig. 9.

great scope for mirth. The good housewife, zealous to rid her house of the pests, scatters the vegetable exorciser with utmost earnestness, happily unconscious that the enemy is safely ensconced beneath her voluminous skirts. But the demons cannot always escape thus easily. Fig. 5 exhibits the grotesque misery of a group of them covering under a bean-shower. It would seem that imps still haunt Japan, for we find them depicted seeking shelter under undeniably European umbrellas furnished with crutch-handles. Shoki, the awe-inspiring demon-queller, loses all terror in the carver's hands; he becomes a mere giant of pantomime. His nimble prey perpetually evade his clumsy efforts at capture, and retaliate upon their cumbrous enemy with all sorts of practical jokes. Daruma, the Buddhist missionary, whose nine years' self-imposed penance of remaining with arms folded within his sleeves converted unbelievers, furnishes a perpetual fund of amusement.



Fig. 10.

I can never forget one specimen in Mr. Mitford's collection (sold at Christie's some years back) portraying the agonies the poor saint endured from a

wasp settled on his bald pate, which all the contortions of his tortured features fail to dislodge. Daruma is at times embodied as one gigantic yawn. Fig. 6 shows the saint enjoying the unwonted luxury of a thorough stretch at the end of his wearisome ordeal. Daruma—the head, at least, for the body is usually represented as a ball—is a favourite plaything with Japanese children. But anon the toy-maker, fashioning this simulacrum of the saint, is startled

by a new version of the story of Pygmalion, as his creation suddenly develops arms and knocks him down. Later we see the saint (Fig. 7), weary of incarceration as a toy, protruding legs and arms, and busting the wooden casing of the top in which he has been confined.

The Japanese are on the most intimate terms with their gods, and the netsuké-carver never scruples to treat them with a familiarity hardly compatible with the Western idea of

reverence. The dimensurate brain-pan, distended by all the knowledge which the god of longevity has accumulated, is a fine field for fun. That the crown may be shaved, Daikoku, who plays barber, must be perched upon a ladder; and in Fig. 8 a sacrilegious urchin is actually swarming up the eminence. The gods, out at elbows, may be seen trying to turn an honest penny as mountebanks; Daikoku, on his back, balancing his bales with his feet, while Yebis acts as showman.

It is well to note by the way that the definitions of Daikoku as god of wealth, Bisjamon of war, Yebis of fishermen, Jiurojin of learning, Hotei of contentment in poverty, Fukurokujiu of longevity, and Benten as goddess of love, are only generalisations of M. Humbert, and that the accurate explanation of these divinities and their attributes is to be found in Mr. Anderson's British Museum catalogue.

Netsukés provide us with innumerable illustrations of the domestic life of the people, the occupations of artisans, the games of children, the life of the streets, the New Year dancers (Fig. 21), and the heroes of the stage. We trace most careful habits of observation in extraordinarily accurate reproductions of cattle, monkeys (Fig. 10), hares, tortoises, snails, rats (Fig. 9), snakes, and fish, and are startled to find alongside this truthful following of nature, absolutely

conventional renderings of other quadrupeds, such as horses, elephants, and wolves, the latter lean beyond all possibility. The Japanese must be imaginative

in the extreme, for the netsuké-carver introduces us into a perfectly new world of imps, goblins, and bogeys. Besides the demons already mentioned, we have winged sprites, whose bird-nature extends to being produced from

eggs, some with exaggerated noses, others with beaks. In Fig. 11 we have the greedy sprite who has incautiously attempted to extract a clam from its shell, tightly caught by the closing bivalve, and vainly struggling to extricate himself. Then there is the water bogey (half-frog, half-tortoise), depicted in Fig. 14. This brute, among other proclivities, has a weakness for eucumbers, and for catching unwary damsels by the petticoats and dragging them down to his watery lair. We have also bibulous spirits, whose existence is one long bout of intoxication on saké; mermaids, and ghosts without number. There is a complete mythical fauna: the dragon, the phoenix, the unicorn, whose tread is so light it would not crush a leaf or the most insignificant of living creatures.

The unicorn is too frequently confounded with the Chinese lion, which the Japanese carver contrives to

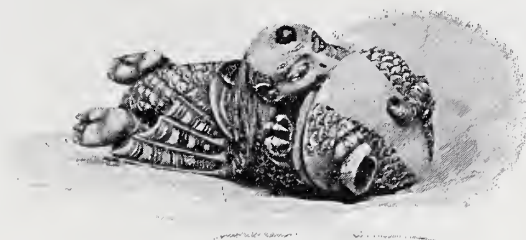


Fig. 11.



Fig. 12.

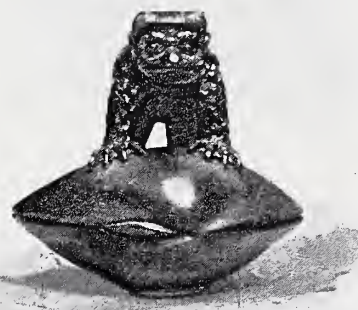


Fig. 14.



Fig. 13.

treat rather as a poodle than as the monarch of the desert. The lion is the guardian of the sacred gem, usually represented as a ball, so cut that it rolls about inside his mouth. We find animals, too, endowed with magical power—the badger, which can distend its paunch and use it like a drum, producing therefrom dulcet music, beguiling luckless travellers into swamps and devouring them. The badger has



Fig. 15.

also power to assume human shape, as in the crackling-mountain story, where it kills an old woman, makes her into soup, and then, disguised as the victim, induces an unhappy woodman to sup off his own spouse. The condign vengeance which befell the treacherous mon-

ster is told in every Japanese story-book.

Long arms and long legs are the creations of a Chinese Swift or Herodotus, who has left on record a full and doubtless true account of the country they inhabit. In his journeyings this voracious traveller encountered men who, being without bellies, dared not laugh. Presumably they failed to see the point of his stories. He traversed the land of men with tails, so careful of these appendages that they invariably dug holes for their reception before venturing to sit down. He even discovered a race with perforated chests. The arrangement served admirably for locomotion; no palanquins were required, or indeed existed; porters conveyed the inhabitants from place to place upon poles passed through the convenient orifice.

Netsukés are a perfect storehouse of quaint folk-lore and romantic legend. We may trace among them the whole story of Yoshitsuné, the Bayard of Japan, from the moment when his mother flies with him, a babe in arms, through the blinding snow to escape the Taira faction, who had slain his father. The bigger boy trudging beside her and gripping a sword—his father's blade—is the elder brother Yoritomo, destined in later years to wreak exemplary vengeance upon the enemies of his race, and, becoming the first of the Shoguns, to found the system of dual

government, which prevailed in Japan for nearly seven hundred years. The young Yoshitsuné passed his youth among the sprites of the air, and from them acquired preter-human agility. He may often be seen squabbling with his winged playfellows and reducing them to order. His generalship and bravery contributed greatly to Yoritomo's triumph, but only engendered jealousy instead of gratitude. The Shogun hired assassins to kill him, and a favourite subject is the stealthy approach of the would-be murderer behind the youthful hero as the latter discourses music from the flute

(Fig. 15). According to the legend, so entrancing was the melody that the savage breast was completely tamed, and the projected crime abandoned. Another favourite subject of illustration is Yoshitsuné's

henchman—the Friar Tuek of the day—the roystering robber-monk Benkei. This worthy is one of the earliest of the noble confraternity of collectors. He loved fine things, but was little particular as to his methods of acquisition. He coveted the bell of the neighbouring convent Miidera, and may often be seen conveying it on his back to his own belfry, staggering beneath its weight. The bell, however, did not approve its change of quarters. Suspended among unfamiliar surroundings, it could never be induced to ring out any other sound than, "Take me back to Miidera! Take me back to Miidera!" At last this exhausted Benkei's patience. Unhooking it, he carried it to the edge of the convent-hill, and, with one vigorous kick, sent it rolling in the direction of its old home. I am told that that bell hangs in the belfry of Miidera to this day, and that its scratched and battered condition is evidence of the truth of the tale. Metal-work, apparently, was his weakness, for he determined on the addition of 1,000 sword-blades to his museum.

For this purpose he lay in wait on the Gōjō Bridge, and whenever a warrior came by armed with a weapon which Benkei deemed worthy his collection, he straightway challenged the owner, and thus "inherited" 999 fine specimens. The



Fig. 17.



Fig. 16.

thousandth which took his fancy happened to be wielded by the young Yoshitsuné, who plied it with such vigour upon his adversary's burly back, that the gigantic highwayman was both morally and physically vanquished by the superior prowess and incredible agility of his opponent, and, having found his master at last, served him thereafter to the death with incomparable and dog-like fidelity. This fight will be familiar to anyone who has ever seen a Japanese collection. It is frequently represented in metal,

paintings, and okimonos. Benkei used a conch-shell as a horn, and is often portrayed enshrouded within it (Fig. 12). The great mass of the legends centre in the Yoritomo period. The story of Fig. 13 is told of two of his followers—Matano Goro and Kawadsu Saburo. The pair had a wrestling-match, and feeling ran high among their backers. As Matano lifted Kawadsu off his legs to throw him, the latter, by a dexterous twist of the ankle under his opponent's knee, contrived to fall uppermost and snatch an unexpected victory. This trick lives in Japanese memory as the "Kawadsu throw." It profited the inventor little, for a disappointed adherent of Matano shot Kawadsu with an arrow as he left the ground. Kawadsu's son promptly retaliated upon Matano, and thus were laid the seeds of a very pretty and protracted blood-feud. The story of Taira no Takanori, the founder of the great Taira family, is strangely popular with Japanese artists, and indicates that even among this people—brave to foolhardiness, and utterly

reckless of life—a reputation for courage could be cheaply won by a man more indifferent than his fellows to supernatural terrors. Taira no Takanori and others—so the story goes—one night belated, were horrified to see approaching through the darkness a monster with horns and glaring eyes. Takanori, less superstitious, or perhaps more sober, than his companions, alone was bold enough to approach



Fig. 19.

the apparition. This, when collared, proved nothing more formidable than an old priest in a rain-hat, with a lantern and oil for lighting and replenishing the lamps in a temple garden.



Fig. 18.

Proverbs, riddles, and puns furnish motives for the exercise of netsuké-carvers' ingenuity, and whole stories are often symbolised in a single object. The

frog with an umbrella, mounted on pattens under a spray of willow, recalls the Robert Bruce legend of Japan, the perseverance of Tofu. Once upon a time Tofu took refuge from a shower under a willow-tree. There he espied a frog trying to catch a swinging branch; six times it failed, but the seventh it succeeded. "Had I but the perseverance of that frog," said Tofu to him-

self, "I might become the greatest calligraphist in Japan." Needless to add, he carried out his resolution, and won high honour. And the story is perpetually reproduced with all sorts of variations. You may have Tofu pick-a-back on his frog, as in Fig. 1; the frog jumping on to Tofu's back, and completely upsetting the dignitary; the frog with umbrella under arm, wearing the cap of nobility to which Tofu attained.

One often meets with an old man in the act of opening a box (Fig. 16). This is the Rip Van Winkle of Japan, the fisher-boy Urashima tarō, who one day caught a tortoise and restored it to its element. When presently a storm arose, the tortoise appeared to the fisherman, and saying, "Get on my back, you will be safer there," straightway swam away with him to the palace of the queen of the dragons under the sea. This lady entertained her guest with every hospitality, "bon souper, bon gîte et le reste," but at the end of a week he expressed the wish to return to his people. As a parting gift she gave him a box, with strict injunctions never to open it. When he reached the shore where he had dwelt, his home had disappeared, he could find no trace of it; but in the graveyard were the moss-grown tombs of his parents, dead a hundred years ago. Then Urashima opened the box, and as he did so, suddenly his youth left him, he became a shrivelled old man, and died.



Fig. 20.

Ono no Komachi, the wit, the beauty, and the poetess of the Court, composed verses of such magic power that they drew rain from heaven, and averted

an impending drought. We often find her washing a scroll. A jealous rival, it appears, overheard the lines which Komachi was composing for a ceremonial occasion, copied them in pale ink in an antique MS., and, when the courtiers were applauding the ode, produced this damning proof of plagiarism. But water expunged the recent writing, leaving the old visible beneath, and Komachi vindicated her originality. This gifted child of the Muses was too proud to wed with mortal man, and when her beauty faded, she fell into dire distress, wandered a homeless outcast through the land, mocked by the children, pursued by village dogs, and found her death by the roadside with none to tend her. It is as the miserable mendicant

that the artist usually portrays her (Fig. 20). A dragon with a human head, streaming hair, and hands grasping a hammer, while its tail encircles a bell (Fig. 17), tells a weird tale of man's perfidy and woman's vengeance. A priest once wooed and then deserted Kiyohimé, a village beauty. Driven to desperation, she appealed to evil spirits to aid her vengeance. From them she learnt to transform herself into a dragon at will. She then sought her lover within the monastery walls. Foreboding his fate, the craven hid himself within the con-

vent-bell; the witch, in a paroxysm of fury, pursued him to his retreat; coiling herself round the bell she showered blows upon it, until the metal, growing hot, fused at last, and the pair perished

together in the molten mass. There is no limit to these tales, and space will not allow me to dwell upon the wondrous feats of Asäina, the Japanese Hercules, who vanquished Yemma, the ruler of Jigoku, Hades, in single combat; Watanabe, who severed the demon's arm from the shoulder with one swashing blow of his blade; Raiko, who traced the ogre Shuten-doji to his lair, and freed the Court ladies from a Minotaur's tribute; and other heroes equally redoubtable.



Fig. 21.

NOTE.—The following list of books will perhaps be of service to those who desire to acquaint themselves further with this subject:—"Le Japon Illustré," A. Humbert (Paris: Hachette); "Pictorial Arts of Japan," W. Anderson (Sampson Low); "Descriptive and Historical Catalogue of Japanese and Chinese Paintings in the British Museum," W. Anderson (Longmans); "Chinese Readers' Manual," Mayers (Trübner); "Chinshingura," Dickins (Allen); "Mikado's Empire," Griffis (Harper, N.Y.); "Japanese Fairy World," Griffis (Barhyte, Schenectady, N.Y.); "Hokusai's Hundred Views of Fuji," Dickins (Batsford); "Tales of Old Japan," Mitford (Macmillan); "Japan," Rein (Hodder and Stoughton); "L'Art Japonais," Gorse (Paris: Quantin); Murray's "Handbook for Japan;" and "Japan and its Art," M. B. Huish (Fine Art Society).

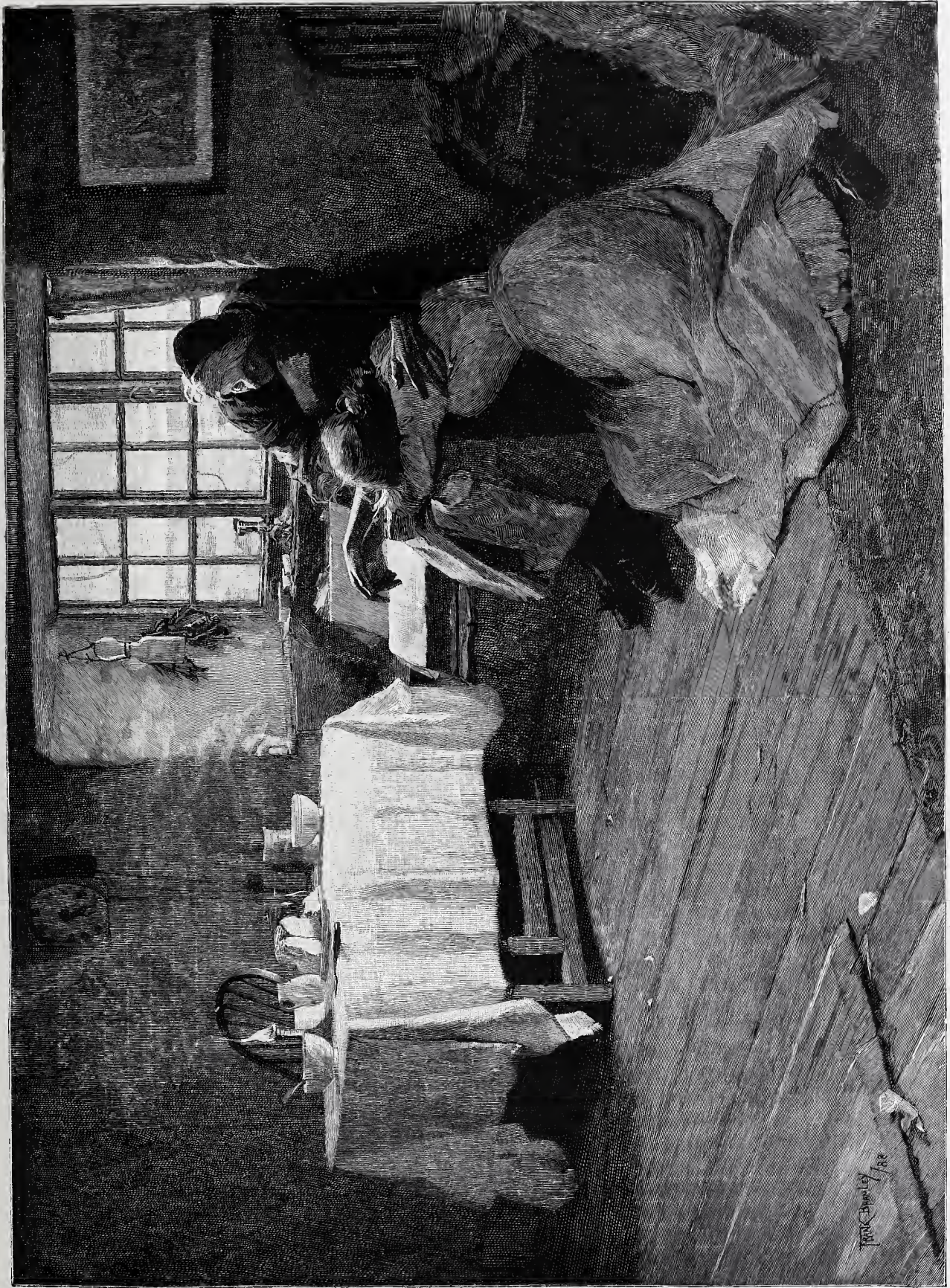
"A HOPELESS DAWN."

PAINTED BY FRANK BRAMLEY.

ADMITTED by general consent to be one of the most genuinely pathetic pictures in last year's Royal Academy exhibition, Mr. Frank Bramley's "A Hopeless Dawn" vindicated its claim to be considered perhaps the best work of the younger painters in point of *technique* by its selection for purchase by the Council, under the terms of the Chantrey bequest. From the artistic as well as the literary point of view—for incident pictures must also be strictly judged in both these aspects—the picture is more than satisfactory. The story is told with much dramatic power, and, what is perhaps more unusual, with completeness. The "Hopeless Dawn" lighting up this fisherman's home; the despairing attitude of the young wife, who has thrown herself, sick with weary watching and ever-deepening

alarm, on to her mother's knees; the expression of anguish and sympathy on the elder woman's face; the candle sputtering in its socket; the threatening sea and howling wind without, all tell their tale with a directness that can hardly be too highly praised. The restricted scheme of colour, cool and sad, harmonises admirably with the subject, while the lighting and general composition leave little to be desired.

Mr. Bramley is a young man for the distinction the selection of his picture implies, but the promise held forth by earlier works justifies us in watching his career with confidence and hope. The painter of "Domino" in 1886, and of "Eyes and No Eyes" and "Weaving a Chain of Grief" the following year, is destined to rise to a high point, if he be not thwarted by early success.



A HOPELESS DAWN.
(From the Picture by Frank Brantley, Purchased for the Chantrey Collection. Engraved by C. Carter.)

FRA LIPPO LIPPI.

By F. WILSON.

“Or from Browning some ‘Pomegranate,’ which, if cut deep down the middle,
Shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity.”

Lady Geraldine's Courtship.

THE question, What is Art, what does it do for us, and what is its relation to Nature? Browning answers in “Fra Lippo Lippi” in the most complete way, and to the thinking of most people who care for art “for art’s sake,” and for something more, his answer will seem the only one worth having.

Browning’s delight is to speak from behind the mask of his *dramatis personæ*; and so various are his points of view, so well does he understand how to catch the tune of the times to which he transports us, so ably can he put himself in another’s place and see with another’s eyes, that we are never suffered to feel a moment’s tedium or impatience from the sense that we are being preached to. His usual method is to launch us direct into the *loquitur*, and so to make his characters tell their own story. We thus gain a lively idea of their habits of thought and of feeling, while at the same time Browning cleverly weaves in some line or so, to bring vividly before us the scenes in which the events took place.

Filippino Lippi, the chief mover in the present episode, seems to have had many characteristics in common with Falstaff. He is brimming over with humour, fancy, a sensual grasp on life. We imagine him jolly and rotund. Under some lights, indeed, he seems, like the fat knight, as “little better than one of the wicked,” who, by some carnival mistake, finds his head in a monk’s cowl. He reminds us of the Friar of Orders Grey, but he takes his way down life’s valley to a very different tune; to what extent, the works that live after him declare. Fra Lippo Lippi is Italian—that is to say, he is full of vitality and vivacity, and, above all, he is touched with the divine fire of genius.

We must prepare ourselves for the first line of the poem by conjuring up all the mediævalism of a Florentine street at the end of the fifteenth century, by moonlight, with its high, silent-looking dwellings. We see the Florentine police going their rounds, and flaring their torches into the dark shadows thrown by the sombre arches, grim gateways, and quaint façades. Suddenly we perceive a monk’s burly figure, in “serge and the rope that goes all round,” scurrying along over the rough pebbles. But the authorities are too many for him, and he is roughly caught and held. “I am poor brother Lippo, by your leave.” From this

apologetic commonplace the painter-monk soon diverges into his usual strain of irresistible good humour and good sense. There is a freshness about the *frate* that makes us pardon his very reprehensible flightiness. He adjures the “Judas” to let go his grip on his throat, and tells them that, though the Carmine’s his cloister, he is now at work painting in the house of Cosimo de Medici. Not relishing the protracted duress with his paints and canvas, a dancing song passing under his window is at last too much for the sportive monk, “all the bed-furniture—a dozen knots, there was a ladder.” Lippo does not omit a friendly hint, by the way, to the head of the band as to the management of his men, and to his special captor he says, “Remember and tell me, the day you’re hanged, how you affected such a gullet’s-gripe!”

Lippo’s own theory of art, the art of flesh and blood realities as opposed to the skeleton and nimbus school, is briefly introduced in his keen glances at the torch-lit faces round him, and his careless comments on them from the painter’s point of view. In those days the range of artistic subjects was limited to holy families and saints, and their accessories, and Lippo is wise in his daily work. He misses no chance, but seeks to chronicle whatever may be of future use to him.

“I’d like his face—

His, elbowing on his comrade in the door
With the pike and lantern,—for the slave that holds
John Baptist’s head a-dangle by the hair
With one hand (‘Look you now,’ as who should say)
And his weapon in the other, yet unwiped!
It’s not your chance to have a bit of chalk,
A wood-coal, or the like?”

What a dramatising eye the “‘look you now’” reveals. We have all seen a hundred times the half-exultant, wholly unmoved figure holding the decapitated head just so.

Though Fra Lippo Lippi loved to depict nature as it is, had he been called upon to paint a lark he would probably have made it a night bird. The hood does not make the monk, and, at a look of disapproval at his tricks, Lippo gives an account of how he came to wear the monastic habit. His was a common type; a little orphan lad of eight “quitting this very miserable world” for “day-long blessed idleness,” at the instance of an aunt to whom

the starveling child was only an extra burden. As usual, the future genius did no good at horn-book and declensions. "All the Latin I construe is, Amo, I love." The prior, more liberal than most of the lymphatic or acidulated crew of a convent, encouraged the boy's overweening tendency for drawing, till at last he was set to do up the front of the church with a fresco. Lippo buckles to his work, and, when the scaffolding comes down, everyone is struck with surprise and admiration. The verdict of all is the highest compliment that simple folks and the learned alike can pay to artistic effects. "It's the life!" But the prior and his atrabiliar associates soon detected the dangerous point in this innovator, and how ill his easy naturalism assorted with their own system. "Paint the soul; never mind the legs and arms; make them forget there's such a thing as flesh." Fra Lippi, on the next page, routs this moribund system, albeit the weighty contempt poured on him as no fit third in art to "Brother Angelico" and "Brother Lorenzo" is not without its effect on his work. All the same

"I always see the garden and God there
A-making man's wife; and my lesson learned,
The value and significance of flesh,
I can't unlearn ten minutes afterwards."

And we may be thankful for the cause of art that the historic Fra Lippo Lippi came to make, if not in words, in fact, this avowal of faith. Frater Lippo here gives a generous testimony to the promise of his apt pupil, Guido, "hulking Tom," as Browning translates Tomasaecio. Lippi's own deepest artistic principle is the glory and the joy of reproducing earth's beauties, and the passage in which he bears witness to this overmastering yearning of every great artist's soul is fine in the extreme.

It is a very natural process of reasoning by which Lippi perceives how little this strain of truth fits in with monastic plans of life:—

"Ay, but you don't so instigate to prayer!
Strikes in the prior: 'When your meaning's plain
It does not say to folks, remember matins,
Or, mind you fast next Friday.'"

How firmly Browning here lays his finger on the defects of mediæval Catholicism, with its unwholesome train of asceticism, celibacy, and superstitious observances. These things have but to be viewed in relation to the life of nature, large, serene, lapping round us and our theories with its sunlit waves, to lay bare their discordance and unreality.

There may be a want of dignity about poor Lippo; he was of the earth earthly, though it seems probable that Vasari has treated him far too harshly. But, notwithstanding the faults of a gay nature living in a free age, he is a likeable character. Being an Italian, he can shuffle, bribe, and even cringe; but about the more lasting things by which a man's mind may be measured he has a strong hold on truthfulness and the courage of his convictions. In the main Lippi was not treacherous to his own artistic conscience for the sake of respecting the numbers of timorous consciences around him, and with him art was dominant. Here, at the thought of the chasm he has unwarily trodden over, the monk excuses himself, and begs not to have his idle words reported at headquarters. He recommends his auditors, who by this time seem to be on capital terms with him, to go six months hence to the church of Sant' Ambrogio and see the picture which by that time he will have painted for the nuns. He gives a description of how he intends to do it, and the artless and diffident way in which he will introduce himself into a corner of the canvas.

AT THE "OLD MASTERS."

BY FREDERICK WEDMORE.

THE Winter Exhibitions at Burlington House and at the Grosvenor Gallery will have fulfilled this year a mission beyond their usual one. They have been part of an education; they have been much of an amusement; and they have called us, with a voice not strident but seductive, to appreciate more and more the general excellence of our elder English school. The assembling of the work of a particular master—even though the master be a Gainsborough or a Reynolds—does necessarily less than a large miscellaneous collection of our English pictures to impress the student with the force, the variety, the

flexibility of our art. The worst that can be said for this year's Grosvenor Gallery collection is that the expert was already pretty familiarly acquainted with half of the finest pictures, and that the pastels, which had been held out as a sure source of attraction, were not, when taken altogether, worth one single "*préparation*" of Latour's. The exhibition at Burlington House is to be praised with scarcely a qualifying word; for it hardly counts at all that the purely Academic person, the antiquarian professor, the mere burrower among remote archives, was deprived of his favourite little contest in the matter of attributions, and that

the once over-rated Primitive, the babe and suckling of painting, was not there for him to look at. One noble school and one astonishing master were, it is true, conspicuously absent. Not a trace was seen this year of the great Venetians, from Giovanni Bellini to Veronese. Nor was there a sign of the magic of Velasquez's brush.

A welcome feature of the Burlington House

summary process, and in the short-hand of a master, deserve a word of recognition. They are fifty-one in number, and were the first result of a three weeks' tour undertaken in 1819. Turner was then of middle age, and in the middle period of his production. He had just finished, in the "Liber Studiorum," the careful display of the immensity of the range of his art. He had begun the publication of his "England and Wales ;"



THE MUSIC LESSON.

(From Surrugue's Engraving of the Picture by Watteau. In the Collection of Sir Richard Wallace.)

Exhibition has been the further display of Turner's water-colours; an unfamiliar one, the opportunity afforded for knowing not a little of the fine French school. I will speak of these things first. I will speak of them chiefly.

A numerically important contribution of the great landscape-painter's drawings comes from Farnley Hall in Yorkshire. But the more delightful instances of Turner's work which Mr. Fawkes possesses, or at all events very many of them, have been lent in other years, and it is not by the lengthy series of Rhine sketches now at the Academy that the reputation of Farnley as a treasure-house of Turners will be maintained. Nevertheless, the drawings, executed by a

and these Rhine sketches, suddenly unrolled before Mr. Fawkes's grandfather — when Turner, having taken packet from the Low Countries to Hull, arrived in the familiar country-house on the familiar hillside—were intended as preparation and material for works as intricate and exquisite as any in the "England and Wales;" and, indeed, elaborate drawings of Cologne, Marksburg, and Biebrich came in due course to be executed. "Preparation and material"—the first rough labours in the artist's workshop—that is what these drawings are. Others, the loans of other collectors—works that come to us not by fifties but by twos and by threes—are much more. None are exceedingly early; none are exceedingly late.

But the many years of the long middle period, and some that hardly fall within that limit, are nearly all represented: it may be by an enormous drawing like Mr. Holt's "Falls of the Clyde"—a great and splendid treatment of what is after all one of the least interesting of the subjects in the "Liber"—or it may be by a dainty and jewel-like little water-colour, such as Mr. Irvine Smith's "Stecton," radiant and calm. For astounding delicacy, for the rare union of breadth with finish, we have Mr. George Gurney's "Stirling Castle"—a tiny thing of 1834, engraved in the "Prose Works of Sir Walter Scott." For poetic dealing with a theme which in itself offers something of the prosaic, we have Sir John Fowler's "Stamford," engraved in the "England and Wales." And for the same series there are the "Barnard Castle"—the ruin seen from the meadows, under the serene illumination of a sun already in the west—and, to mention but one other, Mr. Kingsley's "Yarmouth," a work of profound interest, whether we behold it endowed with colour, as it left Turner's hand, or in the silvery greys and delicate gradations of William Miller's priceless engraving.

Thanks in chief to Sir Richard Wallace and to Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, the visitor to Burlington House has been permitted at all events a partial vision of that which French Art could accomplish in the century when it was most itself; the century which followed that in which Claude and the Poussins had been influenced more by Italian scenery than by Italian painting; the century which preceded that in which Théodore Rousseau and Diaz and Daubigny have been influenced by the naturalistic vigour and the uncompromising directness of Constable. To face the only unbroken wall of the little second room at the Old Masters has been for the last few weeks to be *en plein dix-huitième siècle*. Lancret is to the left of you. In front of you is Watteau. To the right, perchance, is Greuze. It is true that remarkable persons, who deserved a place about as fully, are to your regret, absent. Pater, a direct pupil of Watteau, and a painter at least as engaging as Lancret, if not quite so masculine, is unrepresented. Boucher, whom Madame de Pompadour encouraged, and whose art was of a nature that her intelligence was capable of enjoying, sends you here no portrait of his patroness—talkative, volatile, in pale blue and rose colour—and sends, moreover, no fragile realisation of the Olympus he conceived, in which an indolent Venus trifles with rotund Loves. Latour, too, the pastellist, whose firm, decisive, and vivacious depicting of Rousseau and Voltaire it may be, or it may be of the Camargo and Mademoiselle Fel, draws the true student of great portraiture to St. Quentin in the Aisne, has, of course, nothing to reveal at Burlington House. And, amidst the array of grace-

ful and enticing canvases which record the picnics of the privileged, the amusements of the super-subtle in pleasant out-door weather, under just rustling branches, or by sun-lit waters, there is nothing to suggest the existence of a painter to whom, as to Chardin, the busy middle-class, the *petit bourgeois de Paris*, was the entire creation. Chardin, with an honesty as great and a penetration as keen as Hogarth's, and by far gentler methods, was the historian of the *bourgeoisie*—depicted the affairs and the leisure, the homely entertainment, the sincere religious exercises, of all that world which was so sober, so sedate, so self-controlled. And Chardin is not here.

Of Watteau's real mind—of the spirit of the master who did his graceful work during the first twenty years of the Eighteenth Century, and whose influence remained, gradually weakened, of course, until, at the century's end, it was not difficult to crush it for years under the overpowering *régime* of David—of Watteau's real mind the pictures at Burlington House, admirable as they are, reveal less than would his drawings. For he had, of course, some thought of the public in his pictures, and, in his drawings, he thought only of himself. And the public, which appreciated his grace, hardly understood his gravity. They would even have resented his peculiar sadness, which was the sadness of the finely organised. But if a certain side of the genius and temperament of Watteau passes almost unsuspected as we survey a group of his paintings—the side that permitted him to depict the peasant and the negro, and the beauty very tired of admiration—there is yet in the collection at Burlington House enough to assure us that his range was not limited, that he was not merely the chronicler of the picturesque picnic. His *dramatis personæ* are wont to wear only the dresses of the masquerade—beneath the dresses beats the heart of a humanity thoroughly understood; and the open-minded spectator of Watteau's painting readily realises that for the master himself the life was more than the raiment. The truth is, Watteau was a profound and comprehensive analyst of character; exceedingly reflective as well as exceedingly observant—painting with just as much directness the little *bourgeoisie* from which he sprang as the world of court and theatre in which were chiefly spent the too brief years of his manhood. Miss James, to whom belongs a collection of his drawings even more admirable than that at the Louvre, or than that at the Museum, or than that at Monsieur Edmond de Goncourt's, is, if I mistake not, the owner of a little canvas absolutely consecrated to the record of the purely domestic. "L'Occupation selon l'Age," it is called, and what it shows us is the homely business and the moderate joy of three generations of women-kind. That, however, is not at the

Academy. But the lovely little "Music Lesson," which belongs to Sir Richard Wallace, unites with all its quietude an indescribable grace. (See p. 165.) What masculine vigour, what freedom, what large gesture, in the man who is tuning his guitar! What happy restfulness in the figure and the face of the young woman whose eyes rest on her opened music-book! And how contented in her company is the silent admirer who bends above her!—"time" and "place" and "loved one" being, in spite of Mr. Browning's verse, all granted him, it seems, for once, "together." And then the little children, gathered, like cherubim, about her knees. In a drawing of Miss James's there is a study for one of them, who has in a pre-eminent degree the qualities which Watteau gave to childhood—prettiness, liveliness, naïveté. "Heureux Age," Mr. Alfred de Rothschild's, devotes itself to the record of these qualities: exists, so to speak, that it too may be their perfect chronicler. The children in the "Garden Party in the Champs Elysées"—the "Champs Elysées" alone is the title under which Tardieu, a hundred and fifty years ago, so admirably engraved it—are not less natural nor less beautiful. Sir Richard Wallace's is the engraved picture. His, too, is a much larger version of what is practically the same scene. I should suppose the larger to be the earlier, for I could not understand such an artist as Watteau changing for the worse a feature so important as that of the stone statue by the fountain. The figure is a sitting one, and a little clumsy for once, in the larger version. In the smaller, she reclines along the wall-side, the right arm dropping its graceful length below it—the very figure and the very pose, I remember, of Watteau's own Antiope in the Salle Lacaze at the Louvre.

A statue that represents life so completely—that is allied with the master's own representation of life at its very fullest—brings us, without abruptness of transition, to pictures of the living nude. Watteau wrought them comparatively seldom, but always with infinite graciousness, with infinite knowledge, and it is fitting that his picture of "The Toilet"—the "toilet" in its quite earliest stage—should have its place on these walls. French painters of the following generation would have conceived of such a theme without Watteau's refinement, would have executed it without his tenderness, and without his science. "L'Accordée du Village" shows yet another of the less known sides of Watteau's capacity—shows him with reminiscences of the country about Valenciennes, was it? or was it with more recent memories of the Nogent of his friendly *curé*?—painting what is frankly a village *genre*-picture, a festival, as it were, of the peasantry. A hundred years later David Wilkie would have found in that subject a thing to suit him thoroughly. Would he have painted it with a fuller understanding of the country character, with

a disposition of the figures more finely ordered? I doubt it. And if his work might have abounded yet more in energetic expression, it must needs have been less opulent in its possession of the virtues of grace and of charm.

When Nicholas Lancret, who was not, like Pater, Watteau's direct pupil, though he was unquestionably his follower, painted the *fête galante*, or some scene symbolic of the warmth of summer or of the joyous autumn, the pleasant hours which people of good breeding may pass on ordered lawns are apt to be exchanged for moments of rather rough embracing, for contests of almost Teniers-like violence. Watteau, however *bourgeois* to begin with, was in spirit a great gentleman. Lancret's rude force must have seemed to him at times upon the edge of vulgarity. Yet Lancret was an important personality: the wielder of a brush energetic and facile, as, to those who are ignorant of his labours, Sir Richard Wallace's "Pastoral Group" and "Group with Dancers" may abundantly prove. Sir Richard, too, is the owner of the famous engraved portrait of Mademoiselle Camargo, the Phyllis Broughton—dare I say?—of her epoch, as Mademoiselle Sallé was assuredly its Sylvia Grey. "Les Nymphes sautent comme vous," wrote Voltaire of the first: "les Graces dansent comme elle," he added of the second. The picture paints for us "La Camargo" in a momentary pause, healthy and flushed; behind her, the operatic background of nodding foliage, and an ideal little orchestra, where no orchestra really gets.

Greuze alone, among the Eighteenth Century Frenchmen, remains to be dealt with, and the pretty side of his talent is known so well in England that a word is enough for him. Is it his mission, one wonders, to make innocence sly, or to endow a far too knowing and too presuming maidenhood with a suspicion of naïveté? For once, at least, in a fascinating "Bacchante," smooth of surface, untameable of spirit, he is content to do neither.

Only in gallery upon gallery and hall upon hall would it be possible to represent completely the masters of the great Dutch Seventeenth Century. But if evidence of exquisiteness is asked for rather than evidence of range, we have it in Lord Northbrook's Metsu, "The Intruder." If it is sought to discover Jan Steen's capacity for humour—his complete acceptance, too, of all that belongs to humanity—the chance is easy in inspecting "The Doctor," and the Duke of Rutland's "Grace before Meat." Van Müsscher again—a pupil at last of Adriaan van Ostade, but less addicted than his master to degraded type and vulgar incident—is seen at his very best in a studio interior, with William van de Velde sitting before the easel. A succession of portraits by Rembrandt—of which perhaps the most striking are the portrait

of the painter himself, elderly, weighty of build, very weighty of expression, lent by Lord Ilchester, and the portraits of a certain busy shipbuilder and his companionable wife, lent by the Queen—show, in the fullest measure, not his mental range indeed, but his grasp of character and the changes in his *technique*.

The most familiar things in our earlier English painting—Hogarth's, Reynolds's, Gainsborough's,

came to Holl no incapacity to do his very best; for the decisive seizure of mental qualities somewhat intricate and subtle is what gives its greatest value to the "Lord Spencer," which is almost the last of all. Habitually Holl's triumph was obtained in fixing on the canvas the features of the strongly marked. Beauty had no temptation for him; smoothness repelled him. Can you imagine him



THE HAPPY AGE.

(From Tardieu's Engraving of the Picture by Watteau. In the Collection of Alfred de Rothschild, Esq.)

Romneys—there is neither time nor need to dwell upon; but it will be expected, no doubt, that a word should be said about what was practically the life-work of Frank Holl—incident pictures to begin with, portraits afterwards. Yet nobody remembering this artist's earliest successes at the Royal Academy can have doubted his command of a pathos profound and genuine, and still less can there have been any question as to the forebleness of the portraiture which gave us the "Lord Spencer," the "Duke of Cleveland," and the "Captain Alexander Mitchell Sim." And it is interesting to note that, notwithstanding the added hurry of much of the later work, there

devoting himself to immortalise the qualities of the quite average university young man? But Sir George Trevelyan's conscientious indecision, the unhesitating resolution of the Duke of Cleveland, the pleasant shrewdness of Mr. Chamberlain—acquired by contact with what a world of various humanity, from the most unimpeachable dissenter in the provinces to the most charming persons in all America!—that was what Holl revelled in depicting. And an unconscious pathos—as potent in reality as the more obvious tears of his first essays—heightened to the very last the interest of his portrayal of the effort of the very old still to live.



LOOKING TO THE MAINLAND FROM ARRAN.

(From a Drawing by J. MacWhirter, A.R.A. Engraved by R. Paterson.)

THE ISLE OF ARRAN.—III.

BY L. HIGGIN.

LOCH RANZA is one of the most picturesque spots on the whole island, though it does not enjoy the same sheltered and sunny climate as Corrie or even Brodick. A dark circle of gloomy hills lie behind it, yet sometimes catching gleams of colour in the sunset that turn them rosy-red. Between Torneadaneoin—a finely-shaped mountain 1,057 feet in height—on the east, and Meall Mhor on the west side, runs Glen Eais-na-vearraid, and through its gorge a torrent descends into the head of the loch. There seems to be no doubt that in the ice period a glacier filled the whole of this wide glen. Here, as in Glen Rosa and in other parts of the island, geologists find ample evidence of the action of the ice in transporting the gigantic boulders which are perched in places where no other agency could have placed them; nor are the Arctic shells wanting, which show this ice age to be no mere fancy of the geologist. The curious bar of shingle on which the ancient

castle still stands, and has stood for at least 2,000 years, is another evidence of the action of the ice in throwing down the detritus, which formed the first basis of the bank, afterwards taken advantage of by the hardy islanders to protect their harbour of refuge.

There is a complete double loch having this curious ridge lying straight across it, in the centre of which stands the castle, a regular structure of stone and lime, with very thick walls. It is mentioned as a hunting seat of the Scottish kings in 1380, but nothing is known of its first erection. The inner loch is almost fresh water, though filled twice in the twenty-four hours by the tide, which rushes round the narrow channel between the castle bank and the mountain-side. A curious effect is produced by this combination of salt and fresh water in such a sheltered spot. Both seaweed and fresh-water mosses seem to grow side by side, and, as the

tide retreats and leaves the bed of the river exposed, the marvellous colouring—the golds and purples of the weeds over the stones—is something to be remembered. The outer loch is generally full of picturesque fishing-boats, and on a fine summer's evening so quiet is the scene and so absolutely still the water, that the reflections are as vivid as the mountains themselves, with all their varying tints; while the old castle and the idle fishing-boats seem doubled in the glassy loch. One thinks of Uhland's castle by the sea :—

“And fain it would stoop downward to the mirrored wave below,
And fain it would soar upward in the evening's golden glow.”

At other times—when the little village itself is shadowed and grey, and the sun hidden behind some darkling cloud—a perfect screen of brilliant iridescent vapour closes the entrance from the sea, a veritable rainbow curtain shutting it from the outside world.

Arran is full of romantic legends and spots holding some storied interest. On the level sward at the foot of the stern old cliffs, a little beyond Loeh Ranza, is a lonely grave; and some kind soul has raised a headstone of rock, while others, when we saw it, had planted ferns around, and on the top of the mound which marks the grave had traced the sacred monogram in white pebbles. The story of the “sailor's grave” is half forgotten now, but thirty or forty years ago it was a recent tradition; and, what was more, the restless soul of its occupant was known to haunt the wild sea road and cliffs. It is said that a foreign ship once put in at this spot, and that men, speaking a language none of the islanders understood, bore one of their comrades, who was suffering from some disease which made them dread his presence in the ship, to this lonely shore, and left him there to die. The people of the glens ministered to him as well as they could, fed and placed some shelter over him, and when he died they buried him where he had lain, and raised the little cairn over him. The last time the apparition was seen was one wild eerie night in late autumn. An artist who was staying at Catacol, tempted by the weirdness of the wild night, was wandering under the cliffs along the sward. Just as he rounded a jutting rock by the sailor's grave a wild shriek met his ear, and a white figure rose up from the earth; at the same moment he was blinded by a shower of small pebbles which showered down on him. When this ceased, and he could look up, the ghost had vanished. The next morning all Loeh Ranza was shaken with the story of the sailor having risen from his grave beneath the rock—for had not Joan M'Alister seen him when she was waiting close by for her lover, and had fled shrieking back to the

village, and confessed her midnight escapade, but not before she had flung her two handfuls of pebbles at the bogie!

Near the hanging woods of Brodick Castle is, or was, an opening in the ancient sea-cliff called “Lily's Cave.” For here lived an old woman and her beautiful daughter Lily, after they had been turned out of their cottage home to make more room for the game; and here she died, for she would not desert her mother for all the pleading of her lover, and the old woman utterly refused to leave the cave, whither she had removed when her house was pulled down.

Another romantic story attaches to a boulder in Glen Sannox. A garrison of eighty men had been left in Brodick Castle by Cromwell. Irritated by the excesses of some of these soldiers, the islanders set on them when they were out on a foraging expedition and put them all to the sword, with the exception of one young man, who concealed himself under this boulder. Here he was discovered by a faithful Arran girl whose heart he had won, and fed, until an opportunity occurred, when, forsaking her own people, she fled with him to the mainland.

Of the Bruce there are many legends and spots held sacred to his memory. The King's Cove at Drumadoon is a favourite excursion, and an extremely interesting one. Basaltic columns of from eighty to one hundred feet form an imposing precipice on this coast. On the top of the hill are the remains of a large fort, or place of refuge for families and cattle in time of invasion. On the farm of Drumadoon is a fine cromlech, said to be the “grave of Fingal's daughter.” Many of the prehistoric remains have been destroyed, but in former times this neighbourhood abounded in them.

The cave in which tradition says Robert the Bruce lived after his landing from Rathlin in 1307, and before his seizure of Brodick Castle, is a natural cavern some little distance beyond the basaltic cliffs. It is one hundred feet long, fifty feet wide, and fifty-five feet high. A column at the back has a two-handed sword and a cross rudely carved on it. There are also drawings of sheep, goats, and cattle, and part of a chase.

In this cave also Fioun, or Fingal, the great Gaelic hero, is said to have lived, and to have had a son born to him, whose footmark, made when the child was two days old, and which is two feet long, is still to be seen!

King's Cross, on the south of Lamlash, and between it and Whiting Bay, tradition says was the spot where Bruce embarked when he went to rouse the men of Carriek. A cross at one time commemorated the event. Close by this spot are the ruins of a fort, which evidently was used to protect the natural landing place.

Forts and strongholds, or the remains of them, are to be found all round Arran. Of these, Loch Ranza on the north-west, and Kildonan Castle on the south-east, are in the best preservation. There was an ancient fort on the spot where Brodiek Castle now stands, and it would seem to have been a place of great strength.

Holy Island has a very ancient history. It was formerly called *Isle-a-Molass*, from the saint, whose cave there is still to be seen. St. Lasrian or Molassus was born in Ireland A.D. 566, and educated in Bute by his uncle St. Blaen. He returned to Ireland, but when only twenty years of age retired to the hermitage on the island off Arran, which became known as Holy Island in consequence. He died Abbot of

It would seem that in very early times there was constant communication between Arran and Ireland; and it is noticeable that the flint implements found in the Arran cairns have apparently been brought from Antrim, where they abound, while none are to be found in Arran itself. The stone circles at Tormore, on the open moorland behind Drumadoon are said to be the best preserved in Scotland. In 1860, by permission and with the assistance of the Duke of Hamilton, a number of these circles were excavated, and human remains, earthenware, ornaments, and flint weapons were found. In some cases the bodies had been burnt, and the ashes only were found in rudely-made urns; in others they had been buried in stone coffins or cists. The place of burial



PRECIPICES AT HEAD OF GLEN SANNOX.

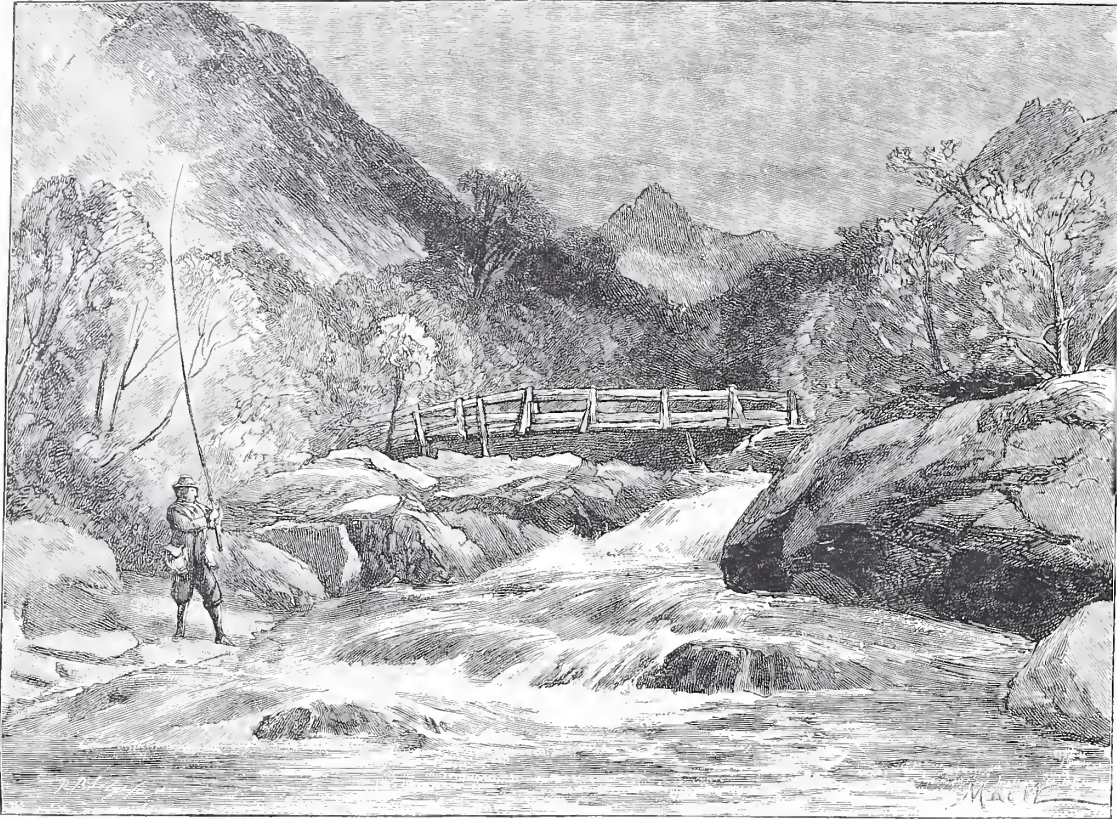
(From a Drawing by J. MacWhirter, A.R.A. Engraved by W. J. Palmer.)

Leighlin in Ireland in 640. An Icelandic inscription, meaning "Nicholas this engraved," in the same cave as that formerly occupied by St. Lasrian, refers to a Norwegian hermit who lived there about 1100, when the Norsemen ruled the Western Isles. An abbot of the small monastery on Holy Island lies buried in Glen Clachan, his tombstone bearing his chalice and pastoral staff, but no other inscription.

in all cases occupied the centre of the circle of stones, and in one case a cist which had never been used was opened, showing that it had been prepared for some person of consequence.

Those who are able to take long walks and are not afraid of a mountain climb, will certainly have the most enjoyment in Arran. On the long tramp over "the string" or up some of the wild glens not a

human being may be met for hours, but you may have the rare chance of seeing a golden eagle soaring away from his rocky fastness, and on the lonely puzzling enough to English people; but it only means that at the farmhouse down the lane a wagonette or other conveyance with one horse may



BRIDGE IN GLEN SANNOX.

(From a Drawing by J. MacWhirter, A.R.A. Engraved by R. B. Lodge.)

shore the seal will still come curiously up to watch you when bathing, wondering, no doubt, who has come to molest his ancient solitary reign. On the curious little notice-boards nailed on trees one sometimes sees "Machine and Single" announced,

be hired for a small consideration. By the help of these, the longer excursions may sometimes be attained where any road is to be found, and from Brodick or Corrie a good carriage may always be obtained.

"THE DEAD BIRD."

PAINTED BY GREUZE. ENGRAVED BY AUGUSTE MORSE.

ABOVE all things a painter of prettiness—in spite of his ambition to be considered an historical painter—Jean Baptiste Greuze was as certainly among the best colourists of his day as he was, when he chose, among the most delicate and refined. There is a charming sentiment about this little picture of childish grief, but at the same time the charge of affectation sometimes levelled against it, especially in the expression and disposition of the head, can hardly be withstood. This subject of a child mourn-

ing the death of her bird was a favourite one with the artist, who painted it three times with certain variations: the first, exhibited at the Salon in 1759; the second (the one before us), in 1765; and the third, in 1800. In the Scottish National Gallery in Edinburgh is to be found one of these versions. That which is here engraved was added in 1880 to the collection of the Baroness Nathaniel de Rothschild, at a cost of £4,800, who has permitted it to be engraved by M. Morse, one of the most sympathetic line-engravers in Paris.



Creuze pinx:

Morse sculp:

THE DEAD BIRD.

(From the Collection of the Baroness Nathaniel de Rothschild.)

It was three years after the management of *The Times* was assumed by young John Walter, the second of that name, that illustrations appeared in its columns. The second John Walter was not yet nineteen when, in 1803, he became "joint proprietor and exclusive manager" of *The Times*, and his most formidable rival among the other morning papers was *The Morning Chronicle*. Young Walter abandoned many of his father's opinions and methods. It was on January 10, 1806, that *The Times* published an engraving of Nelson's coffin and funeral car. The death of Nelson had profoundly moved the popular heart, and *The Times* paid deference to the widespread interest in the subject by publishing the rough engraving on page 143. But after the block was cut, an alteration was made in the arrangements, and *The Times* had to publish this explanation:—"The only difference in the appearance of the funeral car from the engraving is that, contrary to what was at first intended, neither the pall nor coronet appeared on the coffin. The first was thrown in the stern of the car, in order to give the public a complete view of the coffin; and the coronet was carried in a mourning coach. We had not time to make the alteration." Later, in 1817, when the paper was under the editorship of Thomas Barnes, *The Times* again published an illustration—this time of Robert Owen's agricultural and manufacturing village of Unity and Mutual Co-operation.

These illustrations in *The Times* were, however, merely spasmodic. They were published at long intervals of time, and had little or no artistic merit. It is to *The Observer* that we must give the position of the premier illustrated paper; and the success of its engravings no doubt led subsequently to the establishment of *The Illustrated London News*.

The Observer, established by William Clement in 1792, was not the earliest of Sunday papers, but it soon became the most popular and the most powerful. William Clement was a man of enterprise and originality. Besides *The Observer* he owned two other Sunday papers, *The Englishman* and *Bell's Life*; and later, on the death of James Perry, he bought *The Morning Chronicle* besides. The idea of employing wood-engraving to illustrate news having even at that time hardly penetrated into the minds of newspaper editors, *The Observer* began by using copper plates, which necessitated two printings to produce the paper. Their earliest attempts in this direction were a view of the Island of St. Helena (see p. 144), published October 29, 1815, and three years later a portrait of the murderer Abraham Thornton. It was about the year 1820 that Clement finally adopted wood-engraving; and from that time onwards to the foundation of *The Illustrated London News* his four papers were frequently illus-

trated, the same picture sometimes appearing in all. The character of the woodcuts showed a considerable advance upon the earlier methods, but the element of art was still conspicuous by its absence, and the choice of subjects for illustration was, it cannot be denied, very much that now left to *The Police News*. Among the earliest of *The Observer's* illustrations are those depicting the Cato Street Conspiracy. These appeared on March 5, 1820, and they were reprinted with additions on March 12. They comprised views of the exterior of the house (see p. 173), of a grenade and daggers, and the hay-loft where the conspirators were seized, entitled "Interior View of the Hayloft at the Moment when Smithers received his Death-wound."

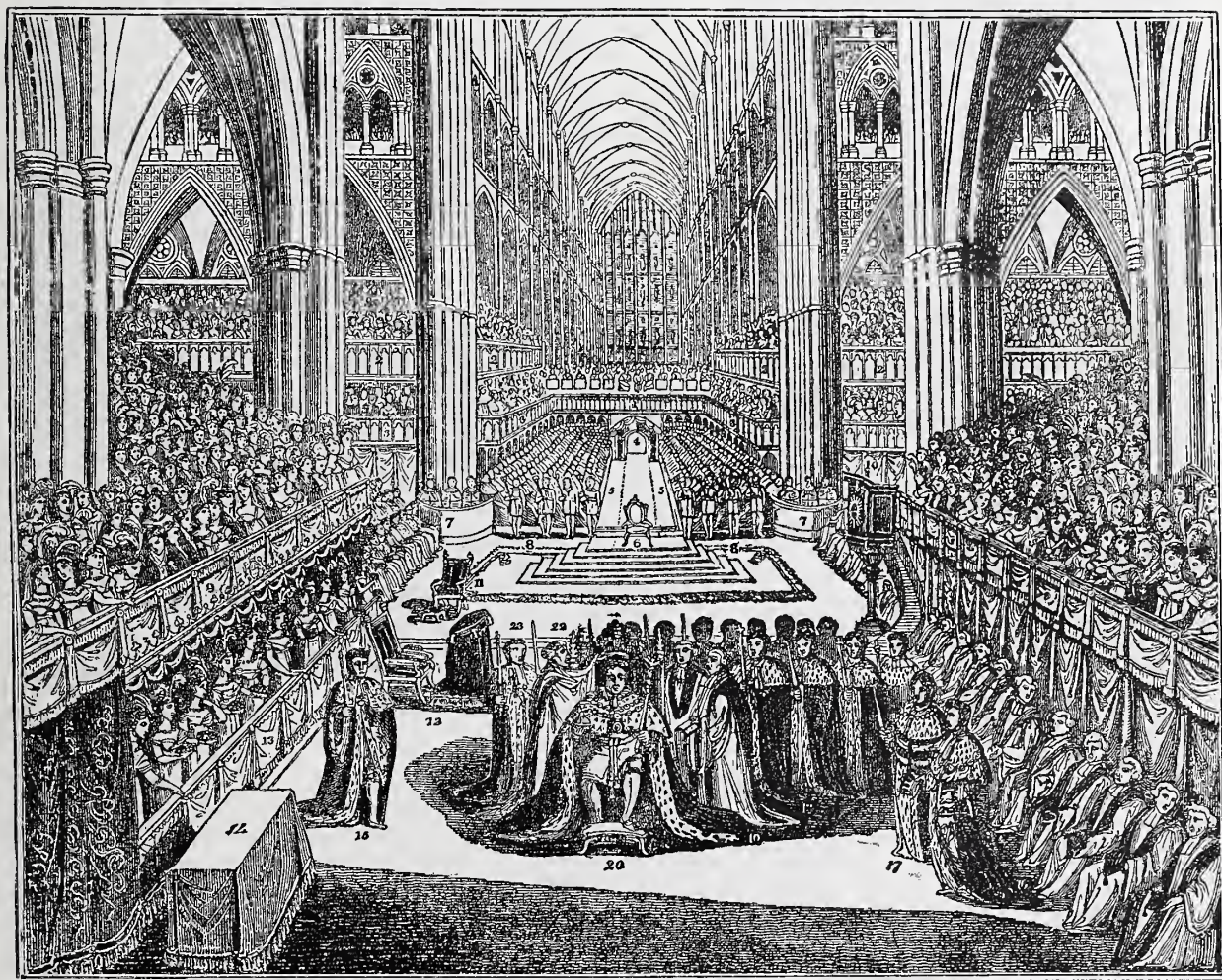
Later in the same year and early in the next (September 17, 1820, and January 21, 1821) the energetic *Observer* gave illustrations of the House of Lords as prepared for the trial of Queen Caroline, and of the interior of the House of Commons. On July 22, 1821, Clement outdid all his previous efforts by issuing a double number of two sheets, containing four engravings representing the coronation of George IV. Nothing on this scale of newspaper enterprise had ever been produced before, and though the number cost fourteen-pence its sale was enormous, 61,500 copies being printed and sold. Each of the two sheets was stamped and charged for. One of these engravings of the coronation is reproduced on the opposite page, and it is easy to see that the art of wood-engraving, as applied to newspaper illustration, had made rapid progress. Illustrations followed of the visit of George IV. to Ireland on September 2, 1821, and the capture of Cadiz by the French, October 5, 1823. This view is well engraved by W. Hughes, one of the earliest engravers we know as a worker for newspapers.

The next grand *coup* of *The Observer* was in November of the same year, when on the 10th of the month Clement published several woodcuts dealing with the memorable murder of Mr. William Weare, which was committed on the 24th of the previous October. (See p. 176.) Only seventeen days thus elapsed between the commission of the murder and the publication of the illustrations; and this, considering the period, showed commendable enterprise. The pictures are the best of the kind which had been published up to that time, and they illustrate the murder fully, showing Probert's cottage and garden; the scene of the murder in Gills' Hill Lane; the pond in which the body of Weare was found; front view of Probert's cottage; and the parlour, and the couch on which Hunt slept. On January 11, 1824, the date of the trial, another double number was issued with further pictures, one of which was that of the murderers carrying the body to the

stable by lantern light. So very ghastly were some of these pictures that the proprietors of the paper felt bound to offer a half-hearted apology for their publication, and they add this curious explanation of the cuts: "For the sake of effect, the artist has given all the views as they would appear in daylight; but with the exception of Plate II. the scenes ought to have been represented as at night."

It were tedious and unnecessary to recapitulate all the engravings published in *The Observer* between 1824 and 1847, when the last woodcut appeared in

gravers; a plan of the alterations in St. James's Park caused by the building of Buckingham Palace; a plan of the Port of Navarino; "Mr. Gurney's new steam carriage;" an irruption of water into the Thames Tunnel; "a correct view of Ascot Heath Racecourse, taken by an eminent artist on Thursday last," the eminent artist in question being William Harvey, with the names of Jackson and Smith again as engravers; a portrait of William Corder, the Red Barn murderer; the Siamese Twins; New London Bridge opened by William IV. and the Queen;



THE CORONATION OF GEORGE IV. IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY—EAST VIEW.

(From "The Observer," July 22, 1821.)

its columns. They appeared pretty regularly up till 1841, when there was a long interval before the last one, and they illustrate with tolerable fidelity many of the most striking incidents of those years. We find, for example, a portrait of the Duke of York and his lying in state in St. James's Palace; a portrait of Canning, published at the time of his death, and with the names of Jackson and Smith as en-

Fieschi and his infernal machine; the funeral of William IV.; the entrance to Euston Square Station; Cocking's parachute; the coronation of Queen Victoria; and finally, on November 14, 1841, a large drawing on the occasion of the birth of the Prince of Wales. This drawing, which dealt with famous episodes in the career of early Princes of Wales, was by Mr. W. B. Scott, the most noted

artist yet employed in such work, and it was engraved by "Smith and Linton," Linton being none other than the W. J. Linton, whose name has since become famous as one of the greatest of modern wood-engravers. From this time till 1847 *The Observer* published no more illustrations, regarding it probably as hopeless to compete with the then

and George Cruikshank* were concerned in "The Gallery of Comicalities," among the early illustrations in *Bell's Life*.

The Weekly Chronicle, an enterprising journal started in 1836 to enjoy a comparatively brief life, made illustrations one of its staple attractions. It early showed a taste, however, for criminal horrors;

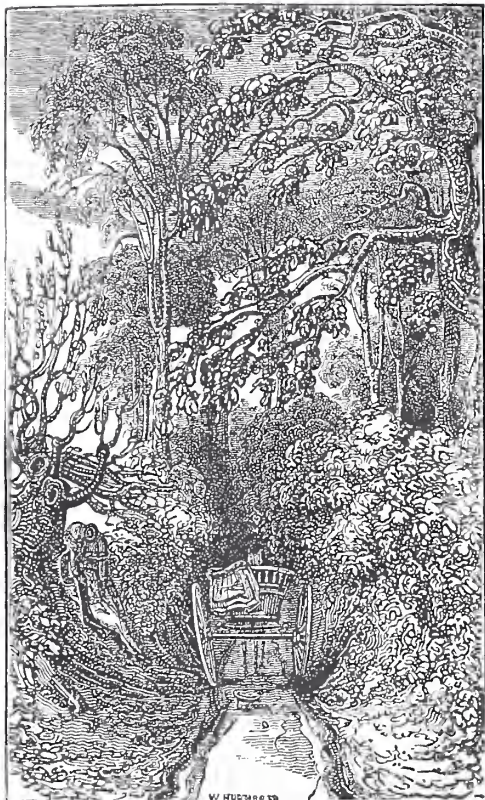


Plate I.—The Scene of the Murder in Gills' Hill Lane.

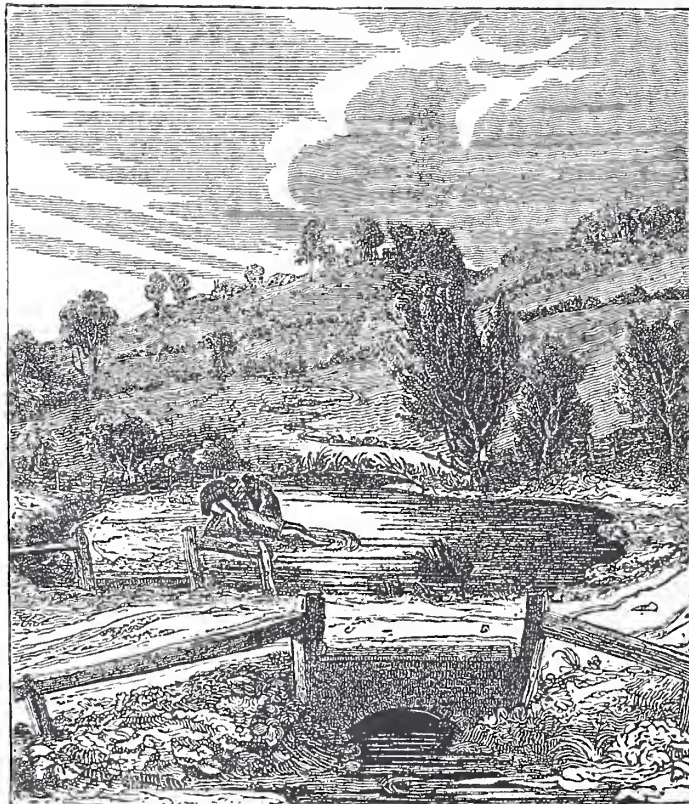


Plate II.—The Pond in which the Body of Mr. Weare was found.

"THE MURDER OF MR. WEARE."

(From "*The Observer*," November 10, 1823.)

flourishing *Illustrated London News*. Its very last illustration was on July 12, 1847, on the occasion of the installation of Prince Consort as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge.

For convenience' sake I have traced the history of *The Observer* up to the time when it ceased to publish illustrations; but contemporaneous with it were other papers, to some of which reference has already been made, which also occasionally brightened their letterpress with more or less artistic cuts. Some of these do not come within the scope of this article. But artists of the highest gifts were now employing their pencils on the newspaper press; in fact, such famous draughtsmen as Seymour, Kenny Meadows,

its pictures of the incidents connected with the murder by Greenacre being disgustingly sensational. *The Champion*, *The Magnet*, *The Weekly Herald*, and one or two more occasionally published illustrations, but they all ceased to do so after the successful foundation of *The Illustrated London News*. Of the establishment of that paper, of its career, and those of its successful and unsuccessful rivals, we shall speak in another paper.

* The reproductions of Cruikshank's work, at least, were made without the permission of the artist, who used to complain as bitterly of the miserable character of the cuts—libels on some of his best work, previously published elsewhere—as he did of the unblushing "annexation."—EDDTON.

GRÆCO-ROMAN PORTRAITURE IN EGYPT.

A RECOVERED PAGE IN THE HISTORY OF PAINTING.

BY JOHN FORBES-ROBERTSON.

WHEN travellers describe Africa as "the dark continent," we, their readers, are apt to forget that the Valley of the Nile lies westward of the Red Sea, and that Egypt for long ages was the Pharos of the nations—the light of the world, whither all men went for illumination in art and science, law, literature, and religion.

Every country has its characteristics; but none can for a moment compare with Egypt in absolute individuality. Other countries have their sacred cities; but in the Delta all is hallowed ground, and it would be difficult for the traveller to pitch his tent upon a spot which had not been, some time or other, during the long succession of ages which make up the sum of Egypt's life, sacred to human endeavour and suffering—a centre of the ceaseless industry and untiring ambition of man.

From Memphis onwards, hundreds of cities, once rich and populous, have disappeared from human ken; but from the nature of the conserving sands, in which many of them are entombed, modern archæological zeal may yet, for some of them at least, bring about a quasi-resurrection. These sands possess this preservative art in a degree far exceeding that of the mummy-maker, whether they approach their embalming work slowly, stealthily, and unnoticed, or with the terrible palpability and suddenness of the simoon. It is this same dust of the desert which makes Egypt an everlasting land of treasure-trove; and men from nations yet unborn will search curiously for what human hands have fashioned, when the Pyramids, peradventure, are but a memory.

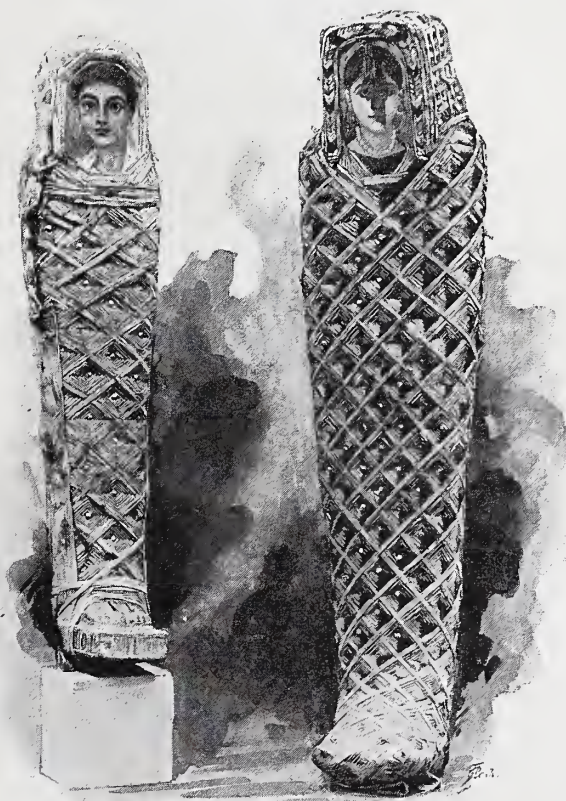
In this respect the Delta compares advantageously with other lands. There is no lack of antique remains in Asia Minor, where there existed, even in the days of Herodotus, ruins of cities of unknown antiquity. But neither in Asia Minor, nor among the mounded ruins of Mesopotamia, do we expect to find the same unbroken continuity of interest. Egypt is all the world's epitome, and never during her marvellously lengthened story does she lose touch with the surrounding nations. So much can scarcely be said of the civilisations which once flourished on the Tigris and the Euphrates.

These refer only to themselves, and confine their archæological testimony to the palmy days of Empire, mainly represented by the names Nineveh and Babylon; whereas Egypt speaks of many empires, civilisations, and peoples; and while, in turn, dominated by all, she never lost her individuality, either when her fortunes were at their nadir, or even when she herself claimed sovereignty from the Euxine to the Indian Sea.

In nothing does her conservatism appear more pronounced than in the treatment of her dead, and in the sculptures

which commemorated them. The Egyptian canon of human proportion was only twice altered during a period extending over nearly four thousand years, and her painted representations of the human figure underwent no great modification till the advent of the Ptolemics.

This is well illustrated by the series of Græco-Roman pictures brought to light a few months ago, and exhibited recently in the Egyptian Hall by



THE WRAPPINGS OF THE DEAD; SHOWING HOW THE PORTRAITS WERE FIXED IN THEIR PLACES.

Mr. Flinders Petrie, the young archæologist, from whose wisely-directed excavations in the Fayoum the learned world has much to expect. His explorations during the last seven years have attracted the attention of Egyptologists all the world over, and the results of the past winter's work, addressed to the completion of his *magnum opus*, are impatiently awaited by the savants of London, Paris, and Turin, who may be said to be on the tiptoe of excitement and expectancy.

Egypt had been for centuries subject to Greek and Roman domination, and yet the treatment of the dead, with very slight modifications, presently to be noticed, was the same in the days of the Antonines as in those of the earlier Pharaohs.

The district of the Fayoum lies some sixty miles above Cairo, on the left bank of the river, and includes that natural depression of the Nubian desert of which Amenemhat III. made such admirable hydraulic use. Connecting as he did this great natural hollow with the river by means of a canal, he was able to correct any irregularity which might occur in the annual rising of the Nile; and his great artificial reservoir, the Lake Mœris of the Greeks, enabled him to preserve the dwellers in Lower Egypt from drought on the one hand and inundation on the other. This mighty piece of engineering was carried out nearly five thousand years ago, for Amenemhat belonged to the Twelfth Dynasty, and the still unsatisfactory state of Egyptian chronology does not allow of one being more precise in a statement of date. This is the same Pharaoh who built the famous Labyrinth, a vast palace containing three thousand chambers, half above ground and half below, with numberless courts and colonnades covered with sculpture—a mighty structure of unascertained utility, but which, nevertheless, remained for ages one of the wonders of the world. The Fayoum, created by his provident beneficence, remains to this day the garden of Egypt; whereas of the creation of his caprice, multitudinous chips and insignificant and shapeless fragments are all that remain to tell Mr. Flinders Petrie that such a place had ever been.

In searching, however, among the ruins of the funereal chapel belonging to the uncased pyramid of Hawara, he found several hieroglyphic inscriptions containing the cartouches of Amenemhat III., which made it a matter of certainty that the tomb

of the great engineering Pharaoh lay within the pyramid.

It was while Mr. Flinders Petrie's men were tunnelling towards the central masonry of this tomb that he accidentally came upon a vast cemetery in the neighbouring sands some four hundred acres in extent, and where he found, two or three feet from the surface of the ground, numberless uncoffined mummies, so to speak, carefully bandaged, and in many instances having their portraits painted on panels, with a wax medium occupying the natural position of the face.



FEMALE PORTRAIT, DETACHED.

It is these portraits which I have ventured to call the recovery of a lost page in the history of painting, and several of which I have been enabled, by the kindness of Mr. Flinders Petrie, to introduce in these pages. They were about sixty in number; but their discoverer had to leave about a dozen of the best of them at the Museum of Boulae. This requisition on the part of the Egyptian authorities was natural enough, and perfectly consistent with a due regard to national interests. Athens claims the same right.

Those portraits which have happily reached our shores, and some of which have found a final resting-place in the British Museum and the National Gallery, enable us to form a fair estimate of the artistic value of the limner's art, so far as Græco-Roman craftsmanship was concerned, in the second and third century of our era. Their precise date, according to Mr. Petrie, ranges from 150 A.D. to about 250 A.D., and belongs, of course, to a period when Egypt had long been in possession of Imperial Rome. The phrase "Græco-Roman" is used advisedly; for not only was the limning Greek itself, but the executants were Greeks, and the practice continued in Greek hands for more than a thousand years. In like manner, Roman architecture, with the exception of the arch, which is purely a Roman development, followed Greek lines and did little more than emphasise certain Greek features, just as Roman literature, with the exception, perhaps, of Lucretius, was little more than an echo of the masterpieces of Greek genius.

I have already said the portraits are in wax, a medium which artists have used from time immemorial. In size they are slightly under life, and are, for the most part, painted full-face, with some-

times enough of the shoulder to indicate by the colour of the border of the robe to what rank the wearer belonged.

The portraits are by various hands, and show various degrees of art-merit; but the worst of them, even when the drawing is scarcely all we could have desired, show craftsman-like familiarity with the materials in hand, and the best of them a strength of modelling and a feeling for the delicacy and witchery of colour as are to be found only in the best period of Italian practice.

Even after the publication, early in the century, of the mural paintings of Pompeii, we used to read with a smile of incredulity in the pages of Pausanias, Pliny, and others, the marvellous stories of Greek realistic art—how birds were deceived by painted fruit, and artists themselves by painted curtains. We used to argue with ourselves in this wise: "Yes; the Greeks were doubtless mighty masters in the sculptor's art, for brilliant examples of their achievements are around us, and abound in every art-centre in Europe; but their painting is quite another thing. When shall we find authentic examples in this branch of art? Phidias and his followers were Titanic realities; but Polygnotus, Apelles, Apollodorus, Zeuxis, and the rest, with all the wonderful stories of their powers, were to us shadowy names, fond traditions, and nothing else."

Looking now at those exhumed portraits, and remembering that the palmy days of Greek art had passed away with the dominion of the Ptolemies, we are quite prepared to believe all that was ever said of the surpassing excellence of Greek art by Aristotle, Cicero, Quintilian, Lucian, and the rest. When art and learning left Greece for its primeval home in Egypt, and the intellectual centre of the world changed from Athens to Alexandria, this truly naturalistic art of Greece must have struck the Egyptian mind, schooled during countless generations in ecclesiastical trammels and traditions of the most rigid kind, as something startlingly novel and outrageous. The fetters with which the Church bound art for centuries during the Middle Ages were used by the Egyptian priesthood during long millennia; and whatever they may have been to the ruling hierarchy of the Delta, the arms and arts of Alexander must to the people at large have been a welcome

change and refreshment. Still, as I have already implied, the usages of ages could not be shaken off in a day, and the manners and customs of the conquerors, whether Greek or Roman, became in a great measure absorbed, or, at all events, modified by those of the conquered.

These painted mummies, for example, were often kept in the houses of their relatives for twenty or thirty years, and only finally buried rather carelessly in the sand when a generation arose whose filial piety did not extend towards grandfathers, grand-aunts, or cousins of remote degree.

The portraits are mainly of Italian type; but there is an Oriental touch in the treatment of the eyes. Before, however, condemning this enlarging and emphasising the organ of sight, we must not forget that in the East the eye, especially in woman, was *the feature par excellence*, and artificial means were used—as, indeed, is the practice in our own time with actresses and others—to give it prominence.

Apart from the art-merits of the portraits, those concerned in the archæology of head-gear will find much to interest them. The wrappings of the dead, too, are marvellously artistic in their arrangement. The tissues are crossed and re-crossed diagonally, layer upon layer, with mathematical precision, so as to form a sunken lozenge-shaped pattern.

In the case of the boy, the fabric is cream-coloured, and has a remarkably rich and soothing effect; while that of the lady is yellow and black, and the black threads of the material are so utilised as to give added depth to the sunken pattern of the lozenge. But the body was not always swathed in this soft material. The ceremonies were sometimes plastered or stuccoed over in such a way as to imitate a mummy-case.

Here, for example, is a figure purely Egyptian in form though Greek in face. On the stuccoed surface, which is exquisitely smooth and of a bright red colour, are depicted various hieroglyphic forms crossing the body, and most admirably modelled in low relief. One has a certain pleasure in reading this legend on the cincture, if we may so term it, of this magnificent example: "Artemidore eupsyche," in beautifully-formed Greek characters, and which may be freely translated thus: "Oh! Artemidoros the brave souled." This well-painted head is encircled



MALE PORTRAIT, DETACHED.

with a gold wreath, and the high-souled Artemidoros may have been a poet.

Greek art received a great check on the rebuilding of Byzantium by Constantine in 330 A.D., and its final death-blow when the Arab Omar took Alexandria in 638 A.D. After this date it led a miserable and almost unrecognisable existence in various parts of Magna Græcia all through the Middle Ages; and the modern representatives of the art-practice fostered by the Ptolemies and the Antonines may be found in those lifeless conventionalities which the Greek monks manufacture without ceasing, in those vast monasteries which crown Mount Athos.

Nevertheless, it was from these sorry inheritors of Græco-Roman art, when practised by them in Southern Italy, that the Pisanos, the Cimabues, and the Giotto derived their technical knowledge, if not their inspiration, and were thus enabled to prepare the way for that glorious outburst of art called the Renaissance, which crowned the closing years of the fifteenth century.

It is earnestly to be hoped that this tomb of the great Pharaoh, on which Mr. Flinders Petrie is engaged, will be found tenanted and untouched. The hand of the mere spoiler is profanation; but when the explorer enters the royal resting-place and breaks in upon the sepulchral silence of five thousand years, the spirit of the embalmed Amenemhat may well welcome the western stranger in the assurance that the seeker after knowledge may enter every realm and still be justified in all his ways.

Egypt in all ages has been associated with wonder and mystery; and it presents to us the curious historic paradox of combining the wisdom and hoariness of age with the vigour and vivacity of youth. Its individuality, in short, as already hinted, is much more intense than that of any other country that could be named. In further illustration of this, I would venture, in conclusion, to solicit the reader's attention to the following apologue:—

Once in the long, long ago, the Sun in the plenitude of his power entered into a compact with the Sands of Nubia to drink up the Nile and efface the very channel in which its waters ran.

The Sun, being a revealer rather than a keeper of secrets, told this to the Rain-clouds that came sailing up from the Red Sea, and they straightway whispered it to the Mountain-peaks of Abyssinia.

They, in their turn, entered into a perpetual alliance—an everlasting covenant—with the object of defeating the maleficent purpose of the Sun and the Sands; and, in token of mutual amity and love, the Mountain-tops and the Clouds kissed each other.

Whenever, then, the Nile is at its lowest, and the human outlook of those dwelling in the Delta which its waters fructify is most hopeless and gloomy, a thousand hills in the far-away south clap their hands, and ten thousand streams leap into sparkling life and bound down the mountain-sides in noisy jubilation to the fast lessening Nile.

Its shallow waters, in fond anticipation of coming joy, move uneasily, the papyrus-leaf thickens, the lotus-bud expands, and presently they and a multitudinous plant-life feel themselves rising in all the bravery of renewed life on the broadening breast of the mighty river, whose swelling waters sweep on in conscious majesty to the Mediterranean Sea.

Year by year this conflict is renewed, and year by year, when the waters subside, the heart of man is gladdened with the revelation of a new earth, fruitful as Eden,—an Eden whose apples of knowledge—for it was the Nile which taught men first to see—convey with their eating no curse. And year by year the desert sands help, by their very restlessness and proneness to conserve whatever they conceal, to guarantee for us the continuity of our knowledge; and Egypt itself will be held in grateful and everlasting remembrance as the *Alma Mater* of the western world.



MALE AND FEMALE PORTRAITS, DETACHED.



NARCISSE VIRGILIO DIAZ.

THE BARBIZON SCHOOL.

NARCISSE VIRGILIO DIAZ.—I.

BY DAVID CROAL THOMSON.

THE artistic personality of Diaz is not so interesting as any of the four other great Barbizon painters. Diaz was more limited in his art, less daring in his attempts, and not so individual in his results. He had almost as much the character of a pupil as of a teacher, he was better pleased to be led than to lead, and he conceived it his greatest pleasure to try to promote the happiness of the one he called his master, Théodore Rousseau. Nothing, indeed,

shows the ascendancy of Rousseau in a stronger light than the devotion of his follower and supporter.

Diaz is chiefly known as a painter of Oriental figures, gorgeous flowers, and Fontainebleau landscapes. In these landscapes he often chose stormy effects or setting suns, in half-unconscious competition with Rousseau; and, though it has to be allowed that he never achieved the grand dignity of Rousseau in his landscapes, he frequently produced pictures of

extraordinary merit and quality. In some instances he approached very closely the masterliness of his teacher.

As a painter of Oriental figures, Diaz has for rivals the two great artists, Monticelli and Isabey, and amongst the three there has been a kind of competition, of which even yet we do not quite see the end. Monticelli, when not too extravagant, produced some compositions of an order never accomplished by Diaz; and even Isabey—who, however, is a little *passé*—has given the world several large-size pictures such as Diaz attempted very seldom, and never with distinct success. The small figure-subjects by Diaz, however, are often of the supremest merit in colouring; rich, gladsome, and beautiful, composed of choice harmonies of the finest quality, and painted with exquisite taste and feeling; and from them he sometimes was called the Correggio of Fontainebleau. Remarkably enough, Diaz never was in the East, and his women of the Mahomedans were known to him only in imagination. Yet his pictures are admitted to be more really Eastern in character and effect than many by those who have gone farther afield. He caught the correct and luxurious harmonies, usually revealed only to an Eastern weaver, and he employed his instinct for colour in producing scores of their luscious little gems.

With this feeling for colour he naturally excelled in painting flowers; and many admirers of Diaz consider that a perfect example of his work can be obtained only in one of his flower pieces. These have all the richness of the Oriental subjects, they are usually less extravagant, while they are always grateful to the eye trained to perceive colour.

But if Diaz is less interesting as an artist he is quite as interesting as a man, and his story, at least at its beginning, reads more like romance than reality. Seldom, indeed, did more trouble crowd itself into a young man's life. Narcisse Virgilio Diaz was born at Bordeaux of Spanish parentage. His father, a resident of Salamanca, had become involved in treasonable practices, and had been compelled with his wife to flee from his native country. Like all political refugees, they were making for England; but the troubles endured in passing the frontier, in the mountains between Spain and France, were too much for the mother, and a halt had to be made at Bordeaux, where her only child, Narcisse, was born on August 20th, 1808. Leaving his wife in Bordeaux, Thomas Diaz de la Peña proceeded to England, where he died, after three years' constant struggle against adverse circumstances.

Madame Diaz, a woman of considerable character, did not lose heart under her many afflictions, but resolved to earn a respectable living for her son and

herself. She left Bordeaux for Montpellier, then went to Lyons, and ultimately got to Paris, where, in the suburb of Sèvres, she taught Spanish and Italian to the children of an English resident. There she appears to have made some firm friends. But the boy's misfortunes were not over, for Madame Diaz died in 1817, when her son was only ten years old. A retired Protestant clergyman, Michael Paire, living at Bellevue, close to Sèvres, undertook to look after the orphan; but it is to be feared that worthy man and his wife allowed young Diaz too much of his own way. The boy was permitted to spend the day in the woods of Meudon, St. Cloud, and the neighbourhood; and altogether he appears to have done pretty much as he liked. But Diaz had occasion bitterly to repent this licence. One day, unthinkingly, he lay down on the grass in Meudon wood and fell asleep, and his foot was bitten, it was supposed, by some venomous animal, so that when he awoke he found his leg had become greatly swollen. With bad nursing, gangrene set in, and the boy had to be removed to a hospital. Another misfortune befell the unhappy youth: his foot was cut off, but it was so badly done that a second operation had to be performed, and nearly his whole leg was sacrificed.

Diaz is always remembered by his wooden leg. He treated the matter as a joke, and many anecdotes are told about it. "Mon pilon," my stamper, was the constant motive for humorous witticisms. He used to say he feared his English admirers would walk off with it some day, and leave behind a consideration as if it were a picture. But these numerous disasters did not dispel Diaz's lively nature, and, wooden leg and all, he was one of the most active of men; exercising, swimming, riding, hunting, even dancing, were all entered into with zest and pleasure.

Brought up close to Sèvres, it was natural that when young Diaz got over his amputation his guardians should think of making him an apprentice to a porcelain manufacture, and in due time he was entered with the uncle of Jules Dupré, and he commenced his artistic career by painting dishes of various kinds. Apprentices to this business at the same time were Jules Dupré, Cabat, and Raffet, all of whom afterwards became painters of recognised merit. Diaz decorated all sorts of dishes, and although he appears to have remained at the work for some years, he really disliked its monotony, and he wearied for greater liberty. He employed all his leisure time in practising painting on canvas, and in 1831, when he was in his twenty-third year, he was far enough advanced to have a picture hung in the Salon. This was the same year that Rousseau, four years younger than Diaz, also had a picture exhibited there.

The apprentice years of Diaz seem to have been

passed in working hard at decorating various kinds of porcelain during the day, and in going to the Parisian theatres in the evening. He read enormously also, and was particularly fond of Victor Hugo's "Nôtre Dame de Paris" and "Lucrèce Borgia." He was a wilful youth, and was the cause of some trouble to his master; but the Protestant pastor stuck to him through thick and thin. On February 15, 1831, we find this clergyman writing a letter expressing

designs on the porcelain, instead of the insipid pretty things of the period. He had his own will, however, after hours, and painted what he would, and for very small payments. At from five francs upwards, to twenty and twenty-five francs at the outside, he sold sketches of Oriental figures and of flowers. These were of such quality, that many years afterwards a connoisseur came to see him and said he had purchased a number of these early works, "which,



"THE CHACE."

(From the Painting by N. V. Diaz, in the Collection of D. Cottier, Esq. Engraved by C. Carter.)

his satisfaction with the first large work of his *protégé*—a large picture of the Saviour—and seeking for a reasonable payment of it; concluding that he was glad to do everything in his power for the young artist, "whom," he says, "I love very much, and who, for a long time, has had no other supporter except ourselves."

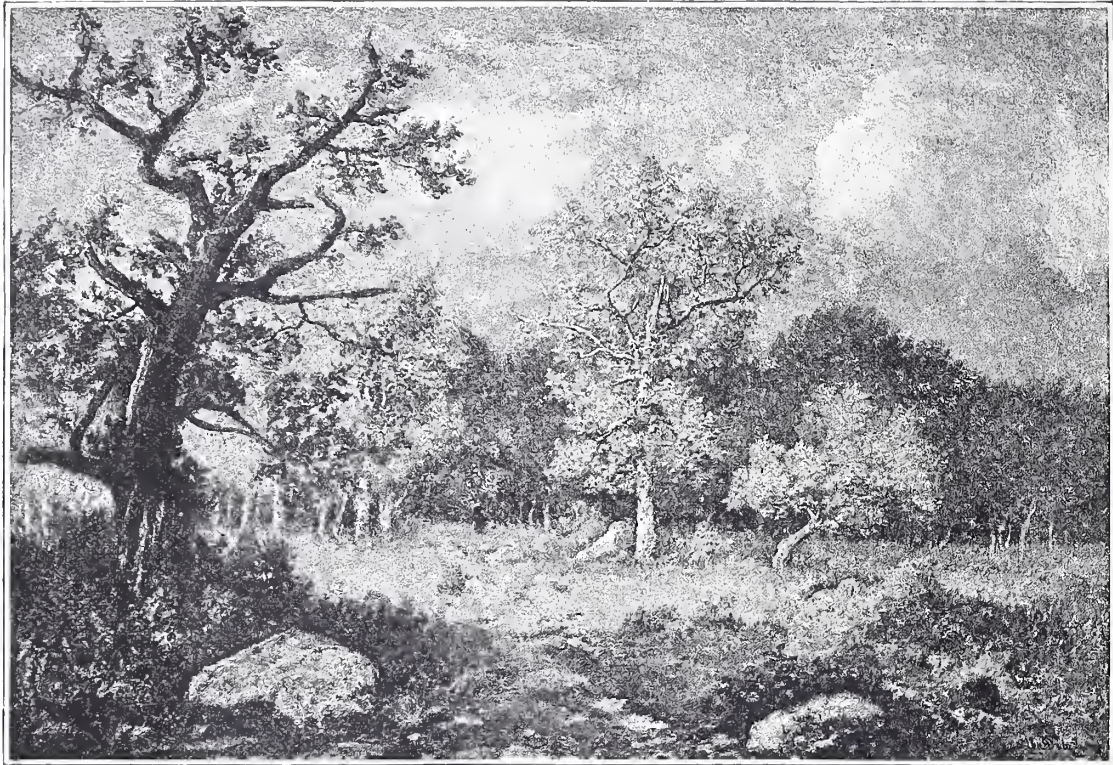
Young Diaz' trouble with his employer arose chiefly from his desire to paint strong and strange

in my opinion," said this honest but mistaken patron, "are more valuable than those you paint now." It is curious to note that in these early sketches Diaz represented his figures as in a desert, as trees embarrassed him in painting, and he steadily avoided them; although his later years were spent principally in studying and painting them.

Neither in his life nor in his art can Diaz be dissociated from Rousseau, and only by studying this

influence can Diaz be thoroughly understood.* It was while Diaz was still a painter on porcelain that he first encountered Rousseau. This was probably in

became deeply attached to him. Some time later Diaz went to Barbizon, for which place Rousseau's strong liking was becoming pronounced. He longed



THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

(From the Painting by N. V. Diaz.)

1830, or at latest 1831, when Rousseau, although only nineteen, was already proclaimed the greatest of the new school of painting. In the evenings a large company met at an *estaminet* in the Faubourg St. Denis, where Decamps led the revolt against the classicists. Diaz met Rousseau there frequently, and it is recorded how much he was struck with the grave dignity of Rousseau, so different from the usual swagger of successful youth. He recognised the great man from the beginning, and he soon

to rid himself of the pots and dishes, and when he saw the exquisite studies by Rousseau, he felt as if he had had a revelation from another world, and his admiration for Rousseau became so strong as to last his whole lifetime. Sensier wrote while Diaz was still living: "Let any one speak to Diaz and he will see his face lighten as at the remembrance of a great chief, who had conducted him to victory, and he will feel that his heart swells at the memory of Rousseau."

SELF-PAINTED PICTURES.

BY FORD MADOX BROWN.

IT is a good many years since I saw the first of these pictures and was tempted to copy it; but refrained. I came upon it after this fashion. I was painting the portrait of Mr. Leathart, who has the fine collection of pictures at Braeken Dene, and had

promised to put in, as background, his works and their high chimney at St. Anthony's-on-Tyne. For this purpose I had to sketch them from the opposite or south side of the river. Here I remember I was ensconced, as sheltered from the eindery wind as I could make myself, on the eastern end of a long wooden cottage, just making my first scratch, when

* Compare article on Théodore Rousseau in THE MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. ii., p. 385.

of a sudden my ear was struck with a babel of sounds, a clatter as of a table d'hôte or excursionists' repast. It was noon, and a large family were taking their mid-day meal; and the plank-walls being thin I was the involuntary recipient of every word they said. I heard every word—true, I understood not one of it all;

gained by eavesdropping (literally at the eaves) when the language spoken is like the following specimen.

Writer (*to burly-looking native Northumbrian*):
"Can you oblige me with the way to —?"

Burly Northumbrian first stares; then seems to decide that a stranger deserves some kind of en-



FORD MADOX BROWN.

(From the Picture painted by Himself in 1876. In the Possession of Theodore Watts, Esq. Engraved by J. M. Johnstone.)

but the position was none the less that of a spy, which during the first French Revolution might have entailed my exaltation to a lantern, had there been such a thing in that cindery neighbourhood. However, the windows and door of that elongated cottage were all at the further, the western, end, and I escaped unnoticed; but had I been of a curious disposition I leave the reader to imagine what I should have

couragement—suddenly with his right hand he seizes hold of questioner's left shoulder, and bearing with his whole weight on it, swaying slightly the while, he shouts right in his ear, waving his left hand vaguely in front, "Streetoon doon tro-ad."

Not taking kindly to the duties of a weighing machine I politely thanked him and got away. But it was not without reflection, I can assure the

reader, that I determined the instruction meant what in plain English may be translated—well, follow your nose. My sketching done, I strayed on in desultory mood. The northern side of the Tyne I knew, and the grandeur of the effects there to be snatched from its railway about the hours that Americans name “sun-down”: when the red fires of the Walker smelting-furnaces mingle with the scarlet of the setting sun, and when steam and smoke hanging over the river are alike informed with the hues of Tartarus. But the south side at noon was more novel to me. I liked its waste of dreary cinder mounds. With the now blue Tyne seen rushing between them with its numberless craft and steamboats; and glimpses of the red tiles of North and South Shields in the distance. Insensibly I wandered on till I found myself in South Shields itself—the dingiest, grimmest-looking place that perhaps ever a searcher for the beautiful found himself in. I have been in Deptford, I know Sheerness, I have often passed the Isle of Dogs, I know the approaches to Salford—and I believe South Shields for grimness and griminess would snatch the prize; and yet turn your back on it, and on a sunny afternoon look over its scarlet roofs, descending to the busy river, and again at the opposing scarlet roofs of North Shields climbing from the busy river, North Shields with its one red-tiled tower projecting out among the waters—shot-tower or whatever it may be—and you are aware of a panorama such as rarely falls to the lot of traveller wherever he may stray to. But I felt that I wanted an elevation of some yards to secure me the scene in all its harmony of line and colour. Looking round I saw an inn or “pub.,” more familiarly called, projecting from between two streets, with a convenient balcony for me to lounge in and enjoy the scene. Into the “Pilot’s Arms” therefore I trespassed and inquired: first, could I be allowed to paint a view of the scene from the room with the balcony; and secondly, could I have something to eat? Both questions seemed to raise boundless admiration in the simple landlady’s mind. The room in question was the club room of all pilots of North and South Shields and Tynemouth, and the question of food seemed never before to have been broached in that hostelry. “Vitals and drink,” as the song says, did not seem the chief of its customers’ fare, but rather drink alone; I know that in an English house of entertainment in country parts to ask for food is almost as much an insult as to ask for tea. The room itself displayed shiny chairs of wood, shiny tables, a shiny bagatelle board, several pipe-racks, and endless spittoons, and in general all the accommodation necessary for upright sitting and projecting clouds of smoke from horizontal clay pipes held out gracefully at an angle of 90°. But the view from the balcony, never perhaps before had it ravished mortal’s

gaze. But there, looking west by nor’-west it lay, a large ship-breaker’s yard filling up the foreground next the scarlet roofs—then the Tyne with steamers and crafts of various builds. The ruins of Tynemouth Priory standing out “with its case of eyes” (once windows) staring blankly on the German Ocean. Mr. Leathart would have commissioned me to paint this Tyne view, and richly I should have enjoyed it, only it would have kept me months away from my London studio and other works there then awaiting me.

Toward evening as I crossed the high-level bridge on my return to Newcastle, picture number two was exhibited for me. This was a twilight scene. High to your right looking over the misty, many-vapoured Tyne, rose a church, I forget its name, forming the apex of a group of old strangely-fashioned and ghostly-looking houses of Gateshead-on-Tyne. The part of the church seemed to be to play *moon* to this twilight landscape—for then its just lighted clock-face looked like the just risen orb of the queenly mistress of the night. On the further, the north side of the river, were the wharves and offices of Newcastle proper, somewhere behind which stood on its four buttresses the spire of St. Nicholas, now the cathedral. Low down beneath me paddled and churned or glided steam-launch, or coal-barge, or bilander, in vaporous fashion darkly, or every now and then aflame with the red rays that still stole from under the bridge I stood on.

Our picture visions now lead us far south; into Devonshire, again by the sea. The reader must climb with me some 12,000 feet up to the rounded cone of a mossy, heathery hill, overlooking the mouth or make-believe harbour of the Lyn; that noisy, restless, seemingly useless little river. In summer she will toy with the vari-coloured rocks and boulders, and like a flirt appear always stepping backwards from them. In winter she will decorate herself for miles with snow areades, as if for the triumphal passage of King Boreas. The farther side of her, as high and as hilly as this, is for a mile or two lined with young oaks, delicately yellow in spring, warmly russet in autumn. Up at this height the stream’s voice is but a muffled roar, her aspect but as a woolly pathway to the sea. Beautiful are the upward leading lines of her hill-like banks on either side; on this side level with the Castle rock and Devil’s-Cheese-Press, those natural formations that overlook the northern Devonshire coast, nearing Ilfracombe, and on the farther side joining the steep sandy stage-coach road that leads from Lynmouth to Minehead, past that curious mist-eaped day-beacon, which is rarely caught without its cloud-eap even in the brightest or blowingest weather. Between these beautifully coloured and nature-planted heights, the Lyn dashes and splashes and coquets till the point nearer the harbour where twice daily

she does battle with the foam-crested sea, and twice daily triumphs and sees it retire humbled. From the height where we are sitting, this point is the small but distinctly-featured centre of interest of the picture. Here we have the curious miniature jetty-like projection from the hither bank of the stream, ended by the small Italian-looking, Italian-roofed tower—out among the breakers; meant to favour the impression of its being a harbour, but surely intended more to attract landscape-painters than ship-pilots; built of many-coloured, many-shaped lumps of sandstone. Near here also are seen dot-like cottages or houses sustaining the use of a name “Lynmouth” for the place—and tiniest of craft, sticking about at all angles when the tide is out, or reposing trimly when it is in again. An anchor or two red with age suggesting some forgotten shipwreck completes the pictures. Sprinkle in a few figures like flies crawling about the sand; add mist where required and plenty of atmosphere, and depth of tone.

Our next landscape must take the reader and me into Wales; unfrequented South Wales. About five miles north of Cardiff, not far from Llandaff Cathedral, stand the ruins of Coch Castle, a mediæval fortress; or I should rather write stood—for the late William Burges so thoroughly restored these ruins for Lord Bute, that ruins they no longer are, but a perfect modern nineteenth-century fourteenth-century castle, furnished and appointed with all muniments and requirements of war according to the ideas of those early times. When I saw it, it was chiefly open to the sky. Rooms measuring about 18 feet square had walls 18 feet thick: the window embrasures were like tunnels of the same length. Small must have been the amount of light admitted.

But walk with me to the end of this window-tunnel and look forth, taking care not to “crumble” forward with the ruinous masonry while peering.

First we gaze forth over the tops of a young forest reaching up to the sides of the castle, trees in the early summer as it then was, yellow of leaf and whitish of bough; a pair of ancient birds, ravens, I believe, had built a large dark and unsymmetrical nest in these young trees—especially bent on effect to all appearance. Beyond these lies the vast outstretching cloud-like scene that I must now try to render. To your right, looking south, runs a long level tract of alluvial soil, green fields beyond green fields till they reach to Cardiff itself, built with all its houses on the sea, and its forests of masts or docks behind them—the Bute Docks. Along this alluvial tract two roads, almost contiguous, lead to the busy city, one a water-road with (from where we look) its tiny bridge and lock-house and group of nondescript buildings attached; and almost following the same track a thread of iron or rail-road—no embankments, simply laid out

over the grass beside the canal; nothing unpictorial are these owing to the distance. Beyond this level tract to the west of Cardiff the soil rises and breaks up into wild-looking uneven cliffs, or rather what might be cliffs if seen from their outside. To the left of the alluvial space and east of the city the soil rises with a bold curve or sweep of browned plowed land. Thousands of acres, perhaps, unintersected by hedges; a bold rich background over which one could just distinguish the plows moving. Behind Cardiff, behind all this, the Bristol Channel with two flat islands in it, Steep Holm and Flat Holm, and steamers leaving their long banners of smoke trailing after them—and behind them, faintly perceptible, the coast of Somerset. The most remarkable feature of this vast and varied scene was its *breadth*, speaking pictorially, and even more its simplicity. It was not one of those “fine open views” that the unpractised mind delights so in, cut up into hundreds of pieces like portions of a puzzle, and all spoilt with ill planted trees. Of trees there was an unusual dearth. Everything might be laid in, in this picture, with simple bold sweeps of the brush. The distant sea seemed to form part of the sky. The brown middle distances grew broadly out of the green of the middle fields. The young trees of foreground woods formed only a frame to the picture. What would I not have given to have seen Mark Anthony at work upon it with his copious deep-toned brush!

But again we must change the spirit of our dream, and the reader must fly with me to Scotland, Perthshire, where the waters of Loch Tummell emptying themselves, form a very striking cataract of the brown stout and froth kind, common to the land of cakes. There is nothing very unusual about the scene, nor would it tax the beholder’s imagination to reconcile it with the most academic canons of art. It fulfils most accurately Byron’s verses:—

“The hell of waters, how they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture;”

only it would have been more accurate had it been “the Hell of brown-stout,” for in colour and consistency such this waterfall exactly is, after crossing the peat-mosses in rainy weather. You survey the scene from a broad ledge of moss-covered rock, capable of accommodating any sort of foreground figure—Highland deer, Highland children, or Highland tourists. The porter in front of one, seething and churning, rushes over from the channel, the dancing surface of which is just on a level with the eye, and advances with a bold sweep between two overhanging walls of rock, covered with Highland verdure. The chiaroscuro of this scene was only too perfect, suggesting the photographer’s toning down at the four corners. I only witnessed it for a short period in

grey rainy weather; what the hazard of sunset-rainbows over mist (*Scotice*, must), and the various effects of morning, noon, and night bring round, I leave to the budding Turner to imagine.

Another "Hieland" scene now recurs to me, of a very dissimilar character—in Arran, this time, on a lovely August afternoon, tepid with sunshine. We were returning from Lamlash Deep, where it hides down the circular tree-sheltered road, beside its placid small harbour, locked in from harm by the opposing Holy Island. Returning to Brodiek about 5 p.m., we were stopped and made to alight and deliver up our admiration by the sudden glory of the view in front of us. The Goat Fell, or "Hill of the Winds," was reared there in beauty and in majesty some three miles to the north of us—warm and gay with afternoon sun-tints, vapourous with tender grey shadows. To our right, or east, between our road and the sea, lay hillocky uplands, to our left appeared a wide-spreading valley bisected by that serpentine growth of white birks that invariably denotes water in these parts, water deep running beneath them and its banks. Glowing with many rich and golden tints were the ferns and bushes that clothed this valley; unfortunately no spot of water shone in it owing, of course, to the vigorous draining pursued over the island by the duke's agents; the only substitute for these nature-mirrors being accursed trenches cut at regular intervals, whereby the moisture might discreetly escape. A three-quarter moon, like a very steady kite, floated to left of the Goat Fell, amid the fleecy atmosphere behind it. Many shapes of fairly coloured hills led the eye up to the Mother Hill. She "of the winds," the "Goat-Fell," showed her grey serrated summit of bare basaltic rock, looking as though some mile-long ichthyosaurus skeleton still reared its vertebrae across the mountain-tops, christened as they are by some prehistoric poet, "The Old Wife's Steps."

But leaving Arran now, we must together climb the path that leads to Edinburgh Castle, and survey the city of Arthur all shrouded in snow and bi-lighted together by the yellow gas and the tender violet twilight. An unsubstantial and fairy-like scene, that one would almost fear to close one's eyes on, lest it should have vanished on reopening them. I am sorry to have missed Mr. MacWhirter's picture of Edinburgh, last year, as I fancy it had something of the same illusory quality; and Mr. MacWhirter's pictures have always to me the charms of luminous colour, and "poeticity."

But from the pure biting air of Edinburgh Castle and King Arthur's Seat the reader must come with me for our eighth picture to smoky Manchester, and even beyond that, he must visit Salford, of all dirty places; for Salford is to Manchester what

Deptford is to Greenwich, what Rotherhithe is to Regent Street, what Montfaucon with its dead horses used to be to the Chaussée D'Antin, with all its "cocottes" and "gandins." Grimier for sure it could hardly be; and yet tread your way with me as far as its crescent of old-looking George II. or George III. houses, which curves gently round your left hand—and then look sharply round to your right; and your eyes will embrace a view, for foreground and background, ay and for middle distance, a scene hardly to be outdone—well, no matter where. Very dirty places seem to delight in these contrasts, as at South Shields we have already together noticed. Shelving down from the crescent road, the steep banks of the Irwell first exhibit a straggling line of young limes or birches, over the light pale leafage of which one looks. Deep at the bottom flows the sombre Irwell, sweeping in a huge horseshoe from your left in the distance towards your right; and back into the distance again. The middle distance is all hay-fields, somewhere amid which shows a lozenge-shaped raised reservoir of water that placidly reflects the sky. At the far end of this artificial lakelet a queer old mill still towers and looms in all weathers, but sailless long since. Once no doubt its sails helped to fill this reservoir, but for many years it has no doubt resisted destruction solely through the valuelessness of its stones and roof. Behind it, in the extreme distance, is Lower Broughton, a suburb of Manchester, with some of its foremost tiny houses telling out white-washed in the sun, when there is any. To the left the trees and museum of Peel's Park frame the picture; on the right the receding Irwell is banked up high with strong irregularly built walls supporting factories. From these walls jet forth at all times streams of boiling water—and the curving river is henceforth nothing but white foam till it disappears somewhere into Lower Broughton, through a steamy background from which issues a fleet of tall chimney-masts, each with its pennon of smoke all blowing one way. And of all I have here described nothing looks vulgar, because it is all so small with distance and apparently, therefore, put in with the brush of Claude Lorraine, filled with Italian cerulean atmosphere.

When I last surveyed this life-stirred scene it was from the open windows of Kendrick Pyne's—the renowned organist—music-room, all aglow as it was with the sunset, and a gorgeous William Morris yellow wall-paper setting off the dark-hued cabinets, and well-known rare old instruments, spinnets and harpsichords, and Turkey carpets, and a cymbal that had belonged to Mary Stuart, and, rarer still, a clavichord that might have belonged to Bach or Beethoven. This strange instrument these great masters would use for the first warbling, so to speak, of their inventions, when they cared not



Amman & Swan, photographure

P. Jacomb-Hood, pinxt.

THE TRIUMPH OF SPRING.

those in the next room should hear. The rich, low chords under our young master’s fingers, sounded soft and distant as if up in heaven ; and to this was joined the distant voices and laughter of the hay-makers, within the meadows of the horseshoe of the river, and the pungent ineffable odour of the new hay entered the window simultaneously, and mixed with the sounds.

So even a Salford, decried by its own Lancashire Edwin Waugh, can brim over with poetry for such as want it. But now the last of our pictures beckons us to it not very far off—to Urmston, a few miles down in Cheshire. I had been searching for a stagnant duckweed-grown pond, for my fresco of Dalton, in the Manchester Town Hall—Dalton collecting marsh-fire gas for his experiments. I was unsuccessful in this neighbourhood, and found later the pond I did paint within a stone’s throw of my own house in the Manchester Victoria Park. But if unsuccessful in the matter of standing waters, I found flowing waters, of a more gloomy and more renowned description—I found the *River Acheron*. At least, if it was called the Mersey it *ought* to have been called Acheron or Styx, for never was gloomy grandeur more sternly portrayed than here in this Lancashire river at Urmston. It was closing evening when Elias Baneroft, the Manchester painter, who was kindly my *cicerone*, and I under his guidance reached the top of a high bank in a richly wooded part, and looking

down saw, some thirty feet beneath us, an ebony coloured river, swooping round in a mighty curve from high tree-grown banks approaching us, to others receding into the distance. Many ominous looking dead tree-trunks stood out against the sky, in which in place of moon glimmered a strange constellation, I believe the very southern cross described by Dante in his “*Commedia*.” Near the farther bank a couple of harsh circular streaks of white foam showed where the waters ground uneasily over the pebbly bottom ; a large ferry-boat of antique pattern was approaching this, filled with a most wretched crew of emigrants, looking so scared that they hardly seemed to care whether their tunics clung to their figures or not. I noticed that each one held in his distended right palm—a penny. He who conveyed them across was old, with a long beard, and his harsh careworn features were strongly lined with the grime of that region. He pulled the ferry-boat across by means of a line half-submerged in the stream, and as he neared the farther bank he shouted at some shadowy forms up there among the trees: “Ho ye there, loiterers, clear the gangway !” All these must be landed forthwith, and there are many more pennies to be earned ere night, and the stars’ light renders crossings not to be attempted.

And all this may be seen not more than five miles from Manchester, near Urmston, for a sixpenny fare—by the help of a little imagination.

“THE TRIUMPH OF SPRING.”

BY G. P. JACOMB-HOOD.

PICTORIAL decoration in its highest form, as distinct from pictorial illustration, is an art not well understood in England till within quite recent years. Indeed, with the exception of a very few noteworthy artists, it was a branch of art almost uncultivated, and quite untaught in our schools ; and it cannot be denied that to that section of artistic “Young England” which has studied abroad we owe much of the improvement that is one of the features of the art-movement of the day. “The Triumph of Spring,” which forms our frontispiece, is a happy example of the style of work we refer to. Delightful in its subject—which, be it remembered, is a subject rather of imagination than of fact—fresh in treatment and colour, with just enough of realism to remove it from the region of conven-

tionality, good in composition and grouping, and capital in drawing, it charms us mainly from its eminently decorative qualities. The purity of feeling in this bright procession of youths, maidens, and children, happy to find the blossoms of Spring bursting forth at their approach, and attended by doves and kids, is entirely characteristic and delightful.

Mr. Jacomb-Hood, one of the most promising of the younger school of English painters, made his *début* in the Academy only ten years ago, when his picture was hung upon the line. Since that time he has studied in the studio of Jean Paul Laurens, who completed the education of the young Slade student, and directed him along the road to fame, towards which he is certainly advancing with rapid strides. “The Triumph of Spring” was one of the principal attractions at the summer exhibition of the Grosvenor Gallery in 1888.

OUR ELDER ART AT THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

BY FREDERICK WEDMORE.

AT the Grosvenor Gallery the exhibition of early English pastels came to very little. Respectable family portraits of the stolid Georgian period

where it lay last year: in the assemblage of our earlier oil paintings.

I will begin by naming some of the great men of



THE MASTERS GAWLER.

(From the Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds. In the Possession of Lord Burton. Engraved by A. Blossé.)

were unearthed from remote country houses, and fancy heads it may be from the chambers of dealers; and most of them were opulent in their possession of a varied dulness, rich in suggestions of the art of "how not to do it." The strength of the Grosvenor Exhibition—in reality a very interesting one—lay

whom the representation was at the least inadequate. Hogarth was certainly one of them. Turner, I think, was another. The representation of the first, however genuine as far as it went, hardly requires discussion; and when, out of four Turners, one was an exceedingly formal architectural picture of the High Street of

Oxford, and another the exquisite but nearly ruined "Pope's Villa," it can scarcely be imagined that the master was beheld in force. Yet no one who really appreciates him will deprecate the exhibition of a canvas so charged in its composition with the grace of quietude as the last that has been named. For, if "Pope's Villa" showed the havoc which time and rough usage may make of Turner's colour, it showed also his easy pre-eminence, in his own day, in composition—his assured command of a science now almost vanishing from our school. The picture is of his early middle period. John Pye—whom Turner ever afterwards valued—engraved it in the year 1810, carrying into the plate the distinction and the seeming simplicity—nay, the very illumination too—of the canvas.

An important Scotchman must be reckoned among the artists to whom scanty justice was done. Raeburn's power of mere likeness-taking is of itself enough to satisfy the demands of those who do not want in art the qualities of the artist, but the qualities of the photographer. But his draughtsmanship and modelling had characteristics of their own, beyond their capacity for faithfulness. His work could be luminous too, and transparent—it had great painter's qualities. These were best shown in Mr. Orrock's by no means highly finished, but profoundly artistic possession, "A Lady's Portrait." They were not shown at all in another portrait of a lady, hanging in the same large room—a portrait which may conceivably have been wrought by William Owen—while as for the portrait said to be of Sir Walter Scott in boyhood, the method is wholly unlike that of the master; it is, to boot, I think, unlike any method practised in the days when Scott was so young; and, to crush it with yet a third blow, the researches of Mr. Lionel Robinson prove—am I free to say?—that at the period of Scott's life at which the picture is supposed to represent him, Raeburn and the future author of "Waverley" could not by any possibility have come together. At the Grosvenor Gallery, Mr. Walter Armstrong—a critic who knows his own mind with promptitude—took his share in the hanging. It is understood that he experienced considerable satisfaction in having confined the bad pictures pretty much to the second room. Another year, if he should help Sir Coutts again, may his ambition be less modest. Let him stand resolutely at the very gates, barring the way to the false, in the first place, and next, to the mediocre.

Perhaps on the whole, among our landscapists, it was Wilson and Constable who were the best represented. For though by Wilson there was nothing of quite the glory of the two great pictures which compelled attention last year, there was the restful tranquillity of Mr. Hollingsworth's "Sion House;" the gorgeous vision of Mr. Orrock's picture, in which

a temple was reflected in a serene lake; and, lastly, the exquisite refinement of a little picture of Mr. Joseph's in which a silvery and tea-green woodland stretched itself around turquoise waters. By Constable there was a very masterpiece of the higher realism—the commonest forms of nature wrought somehow into charm, and the whole scene sparkling and alive—I mean, of course, Mr. C. Morrison's "The Lock." And then, at the end of the narrow gallery—where the senile art of the professional was wont to find itself fitly cheek-by-jowl with the amiable endeavour of the well-connected amateur—there was a numerous group of Constable's slighter works, lent by the executors of the late Miss Isabel Constable; and while some of these were crude to the last degree, others were admirable instances of the painter's power. There was a vivid sketch for the Waterloo Bridge picture, for example; there was a "Dedham" in which the four-square church-tower lay placidly beyond the windings of the river; there was a "Landscape" in which the artist had made a villa interesting, and had so seen a suburb that it wore the colours of Romance.

Morland, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney are the only painters left of whom, in this brief writing, I shall think it well to speak. Several canvases witnessed to Morland's happy fashion of portraying the simple-minded gentlewoman as well as the peasant-girl. He was no profound student of various character. To discriminate subtly was no *métier* of Morland's; but, in his day, did anyone more truly appreciate the typical English healthiness and the typical English grace? The Grosvenor held, too, several pictures in which the early correctness of his vision of landscape was delightfully evinced. Two little pictures in particular—both of them of "Partridge Shooting"—seemed to me to be singularly perfect records of the sportsmen and the stubble-field and the crisp autumn morning: the figures giving vivacity to the scene, the fields stretching away under the breaking morning-skies, and the scent of the earth rising into the freshness of the keen air. "The Masters Gawler," with their "grave reality"—the two boy-faces clustered together—showed Sir Joshua quite at his most manly. And did he ever bend more graciously to the record of childish mood—nay, to the very soul of infancy—than in the fascinating canvas called "Crossing the Brook," in which an overburdened damsel, a little Miss Cholmondeley, all earnestness and all attention, bears her favourite beast—passive and affectionate, shaggy and submissive—to the other side? Such a painting of childhood lives in the real student's memory, not so much with the facile suggestions of prettiness which have ever been most admired, as with those entirely masterly,

entirely unerring, studies of the true child-life which were only a part of the boon vouchsafed to us by Watteau's genius, and by Jan Steen's.

Of Gainsborough's work in portraiture, the presentment of "Admiral Earl Howe"—a full-length

foliage is dashed in with rapidity. Its colour is arbitrary. With the truths of tree-structure it is little concerned. Yet who wants more than the facility of its elegance, when the real theme is in the folk who pae and promenade! The picture, with



LADY HAMILTON AS EUPHROSYNE.

(From the Picture by George Romney. In the Possession of J. Whitehead, Esq. Engraved by Jomard.)

with the head studied very completely, and somehow dominant, notwithstanding that the highest light falls on the calf of the Admiral Earl Howe's leg—and the beautiful half-length of "Mrs. Lowndes Stone," a woman of refinement, with powdered hair and deftly twisted *fichu*, are typical examples. His figures in "The Mall"—albeit slight and not particularly modelled—have at least Lord Bacon's beauty, of "decent and gracious motion." The background of

its ease and grace, its elegant suggestive looseness, belongs, of course, to Gainsborough's later time. Romney's somewhat famous portrait of an artist in comedy, Mrs. Jordan, has had to be accounted disappointing, but it was still possible that Romney could make honourable mark in an exhibition which contained the blond and silvery record of his own countenance in youth and the rose-coloured and golden beauty which Lady Hamilton had ever in his eyes.



MRS. LOWNDES STONE.

(From the Picture by Gainsborough. In the Possession of Sir Richard Carlh. Engraved by Jonnard.)

ART IN THE THEATRE.

THE PAINTING OF SCENERY.

BY WILLIAM TELBIN.



WHY are we scene-painters? What are the inducements and temptations that lead to our adopting scene-painting as a profession? Is our reward, all things considered, proportionate to the amount of time and continued application bestowed upon our work? We are scene-painters, many of us, because our fathers were so, just as actors' sons are actors, and lawyers' sons, lawyers. A ready-made road is thus found, and a protected path through struggling humanity formed by years of paternal labour; sometimes because the energy, the "go," and the force of character to incite us to hew for ourselves a fresh course are wanting, or perhaps, again (though the cases are few when this is the directing power), because we have a sincere inherited taste for the profession amongst the associations of which we have grown up.

Some young men enter with a very mistaken idea of the business they have entered—for business, and by no means play, is it. All the Bowers of Roses, the Paradises with their Peris, and the Haunts of the Fairies, peopled with a teeming population of lovely nymphs in an almost Adamless Eden, are delights that bear a very different aspect when seen from the wrong side of the proscenium wall. The theatre is found to be, after all, as much a place of business as a banking-house or a lawyer's office; for loafers there is no room. All the funny men become serious, the natural lines of the face crossing and contradicting the levity and grotesqueness of their assumed character; all have their serious business to do.

Between the acts, though all is confusion to the uninitiated, each man has his allotted task, and but little time to complete it in. Order is evolved out of chaos in five minutes. "Beg pardon, sir;" "Mind yer feet, sir;" "Mind yer hat;" "Mind yer head"—and mind, too, you don't lose it, or you may break your neck. Things coming down, things going up, huge arms of trees struggling to reach the parent-stem, marble staircases and columns weighing tons (apparently) are being handled with great facility by a couple of men, or swung into position with moderately-sized ropes,—all this hardly constitutes a place in which to spend a happy ten minutes.

It has often occurred to me that the habit of accepting young men or boys as artied pupils in

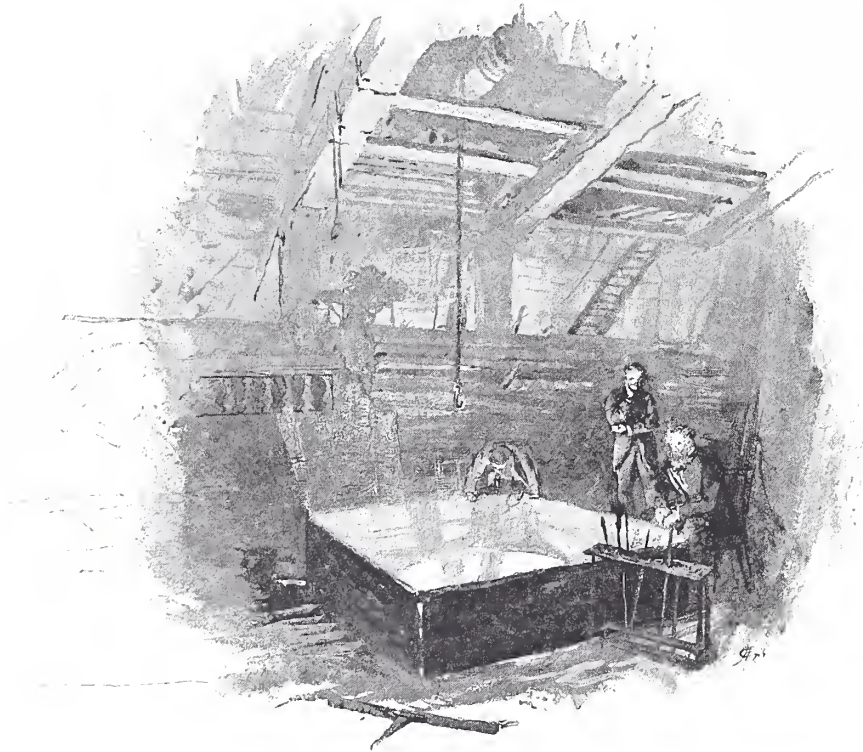
scene-painting is not quite as it should be. It is neither fair to those who propose painting as a profession, nor is it to the best interest of our branch of art in the theatre. A preparatory education in art should most certainly precede their technical education in scene-painting; otherwise in few cases will any solid foundation be laid, and in consequence any superficial dexterity acquired is really all but worthless in competition with those who know thoroughly how to draw, and have been taught that there is a difference between the leaf of the oak, the elm, the birch, and the chestnut; and that there is also a most obvious distinction between the formation of one rock and that of another. To teach him this we scene-painters have no time; nor, in many cases, have we the knowledge. But we can assist him in acquiring that which may, if the raw material is there, make of it a marketable commodity.

In the past the scene-painters must have been a happier class of men; their lives were spent from week to week in a less anxious state than is now the case. The majority of theatres then kept a resident artist or artists. Now only two do so. Drury Lane Theatre in Macready's time employed many: Stanfield, Danson, Marshall, Tompkins, and my father, besides others, were retained during the entire season. Covent Garden and "Her Majesty's," also, employed for many years the Grieves, father and sons, and Marshall. Now, with the system of "contract"—that is, painting each scene for so much—the painter has increased, as the manager has decreased, his responsibility. We in our turn have become managers on a small scale. With the rent of the vast studio, the gas and colour bills, the assistants and the servants—our expenses are heavy. We must push on early and late, or time and outlay will defeat us and absorb all our income. There is no leaving off nowadays and listening, brush in hand (in hand always), to an amusing anecdote or to some long and interesting personal experience.

The last generation of scene-painters were, from all we hear, a "jolly set," and true Bohemians. The last of the school, and a *persona grata* amongst us all, was called away some months ago—Henry Cuthbert. He was the chronicler of the deeds and misdeeds of a departed host of our profession—which misdeeds, as kindly and genially related by Cuthbert, did not hang heavily upon them. They and their quaint sayings,

their amusing and ingenious shifts in times of adversity, are now a lost history with us. From him, as from a phonograph, were to be heard, with much humour and subtlety, and true appreciation of personal peculiarities, the voices and sayings of Duerow, Kean, Macready, Maddox, Stanfield, Fitzball, and Flexmore. As I have said, in the past, when but few theatres existed, scene-painters were a gregarious people—

two feet by seventy feet. This enormous stretcher is worked up and down by means of a very powerful windlass with multiplying gear, and hung by iron chains. The canvas to cover such a frame would cost about £15 with the sewing. The physical strain in covering so large a surface, and in walking backwards and forwards from one end of the room to the other to judge of the effect, is exceedingly severe. Perhaps



PAINTING-ROOM OF THE OLD "HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE."

(From a Drawing by W. Telbin.)

almost a happy family. Now, with the great increase in the number of theatres, with the consequent greater demand for painters, the circle has become so enlarged that the feeling of brotherhood has ceased to exist. Then, again, very few of the more recently-built theatres have painting-rooms that anyone who valued health and sight would care to paint in; hence any painting that has to be done is painted outside in rooms specially built and fitted with all the necessary apparatus for raising the scenery and stretching the large canvases. There are three very fine rooms in the older theatres—Covent Garden, Drury Lane, and Her Majesty's (the latter for some reasons is the most agreeable to paint in of the three, as there is no thoroughfare through it; across Covent Garden and Drury Lane rooms workers in other departments have a right of way). The room at Covent Garden is of vast proportions (ninety feet long by thirty feet wide and about fifty-five feet high), and possesses four separate stretching-frames—the largest, forty-

this great physical exercise is conducive to a healthy action of the liver, and compensates to some extent for the loss of purer atmosphere.

The present arrangements in England are a great advancement upon the older method of spreading the canvas out upon the floor, and painting it standing up with long-handled brushes reaching to the ground. Scenery in France, and on the Continent generally, is still painted so; in the old "Her Majesty's" the painting was done on the floor over the auditorium. Within half an hour of the opera opening, the scene-setters used to arrive and roll the scene up to light the chandelier, the circular opening above which had been during the day filled in to make an even and sound surface upon which to paint. In the illustration annexed, the artists, having set aside the brushes, are enjoying, from this very elevated "location," the sister art—perhaps on the *debut* of Mlle. Nilsson in "Traviata," or the production of Cherubini's "Medea," in which Mlle.

Tietjens created such a memorable impression. On one occasion I recollect an old friend of my father's dropping in—or, to speak literally, climbing up to our crow's-nest—for a chat, and to catch a few of the more ambitious notes that had the power to soar as high, relating how many years previously he had had occasion officially to examine the roof of the theatre, and to report thereon. The substance of his report was that the principals forming the roof were

night just referred to, the picturesque old barn of a place succumbed to the element that mostly claims the theatre as its prey. I was almost the last person in the old theatre; leaving off work I crossed the stage in utter darkness at nine o'clock, it being an off-night of the opera. The fire must then have been burning in the cellars beneath me, for at midnight nothing but the two end walls remained standing.

I may now, perhaps, be expected to devote a few



MODELLING A SCENE.

(From a Drawing by W. Telbin. Engraved by C. Carter.)

in a very unsound condition at the point where they rested on the wall-plates; but from the time the result of his inspection was handed in, to the hour in which we listened to his statement, nothing had been done to repair the mischief. However, Providence nightly watched over the unsuspecting audiences, and no disaster happened; but shortly after the

words to the financial aspect of our profession, though it is, of course, impossible for me to say in a general way whether we are well or ill paid for our work. This I may say, however—that the income of the most successful scene-painter is certainly very much smaller than that of a very second-rate cabinet-picture painter, or even of a tolerably successful draughtsman

for the chief illustrated journals. Yet, considering the amount each scenic picture costs the management—for it must be borne in mind that the frame-maker, the canvas, and the scene-setter are all included in the cost of the picture—it will be readily understood that the scenic picture would not amount to less than the work of a highly successful picture-painter. Thus a heavy “set” at Covent Garden or Drury Lane would cost £700 or £800, and at other theatres in proportion, according to their size. Then, again, we never paint on speculation as a picture-painter does; we only paint when we receive a commission, the monetary risk remaining with the management. Whence, I take it, considering all the circumstances of the case, we are paid according to our deserts—often escaping the proverbial whipping through the leniency of our critics and, may be, the indifference of the public.

On a fine summer’s morning passing through the stage-door the heart is heavy at leaving the sunshine and the fresh air, and having to dive into a zone of comparative darkness, where the atmosphere is gas-polluted and excessively dry and hot. But in the winter-time the condition of things is entirely reversed; for passing from the damp, cold, and foggy streets, the visitor who ascends to the painting-room finds much to interest him (where all is warmth, light, and glitter) in these realms of “eternal sunshine” or “perennial greenness.” In all corners of the room plenty of foil paper is to be seen, if the subject in progress should be a transformation scene. This is a paper with a highly reflective surface of every tint, capable of producing much excellent effect when used as colour with painting upon it. The subject to be represented with its aid gains greatly in effect when in bas-relief, for with them are obtained an elaboration and a richness of colour, as the one surface is reflected in the other. I recollect seeing a Scotch artist illustrating the wild poppy with foil papers. It was an exquisite piece of work, as, with delicate touches of colour, he emphasised the petals of it, and made them look as fragile and tender as the real thing—showing me for the first time of what foil paper was capable. But it is an expensive material, as may be judged when I say that the paper used upon the scene so decorated at Covent Garden would cost about £200.

When the scene-painter receives his commission from the manager, he receives with it some sort of particulars of what is wanted. Some managers can graphically illustrate their requirements; others, not possessing this happy faculty, give the key to the idea and requirements of the situation by word of mouth. Others can only explain the situations and “practicabilities,” leaving the artist absolutely free-handed, reserving to themselves the right of alteration when

they have a tangibility before them, either in the scene itself or in the model. But, when all is said, the material generally furnished us is of the slightest—perhaps all the better for that, for it is extraordinary how little will influence the mind and hamper the imagination.

The most satisfactory way to proceed is to spend time on the model (which is a representation of the stage to scale), and thoroughly to understand from it what you propose doing—not only the “practicabilities,” but also your composition, colour, and scheme of lighting. Any alterations considered necessary are then easy to make. For according to the scale—perhaps half an inch to the foot, pieces of paper in the model representing canvas and frame-work—a piece which in the model represents, say, a tree or a column fifteen inches high, would, in the actuality, be thirty feet high; to re-make or to alter and re-paint this would mean considerable labour and expense.

The uninitiated in affairs theatrical would be greatly amused to see the collection of miscellaneous articles in modelling that are scattered around us—bits of silk, gelatine, tissue papers, muslin, coal, birch brooms, plaster of Paris, books, sticks, and the indispensable glue-pot, photographs, tools, colour-box, and scissors. With coal and plaster we create our mimic rocks and beetling crags; from selected portions of the broom dipped in and modelled with plaster we construct our trees, clothe in verdure our hill-sides; and with silk, coloured gelatines, &c., we make our atmosphere; and night or day is according to the density and colour of the medium in which we clothe it. Over a ledge of rock pours a torrent of floss silk; the more distant portions of course are painted. The books, photographs, sketches, and print furnish us with our authorities for detail.

Strange to say, no material you may possess, however good, ever fits exactly the requirements or spirit of the subject to be represented; introductions and alterations are found to be necessary. This sketch will not lend itself to dissection into set-pieces, wings, &c., so as to cover the entire stage; that affords no opportunity of overcoming the ever-present difficulty of the borders (portions of the scene screening the top lights and masking the roof of the theatre); another will not furnish us with the opportunities for the necessary entrances and exits, platforms, &c., for arranging people upon; but having read up and mentally digested the material around us we commence to build our palace (regardless of expense), pile up our mountains, regardless, we are afraid, of geological correctness, or distil from our imagination the spirit of the “valley of roses.”

The creation of the scene in the model is certainly one of the most interesting of the many processes

that in the aggregate constitute the scene-painters' art. Here all is under your finger and thumb; you can place your trees at any angle, light the scene with much delicacy and point, and besides being your own painter you are without much exertion your own carpenter and scene-shifter. (See p. 197.)

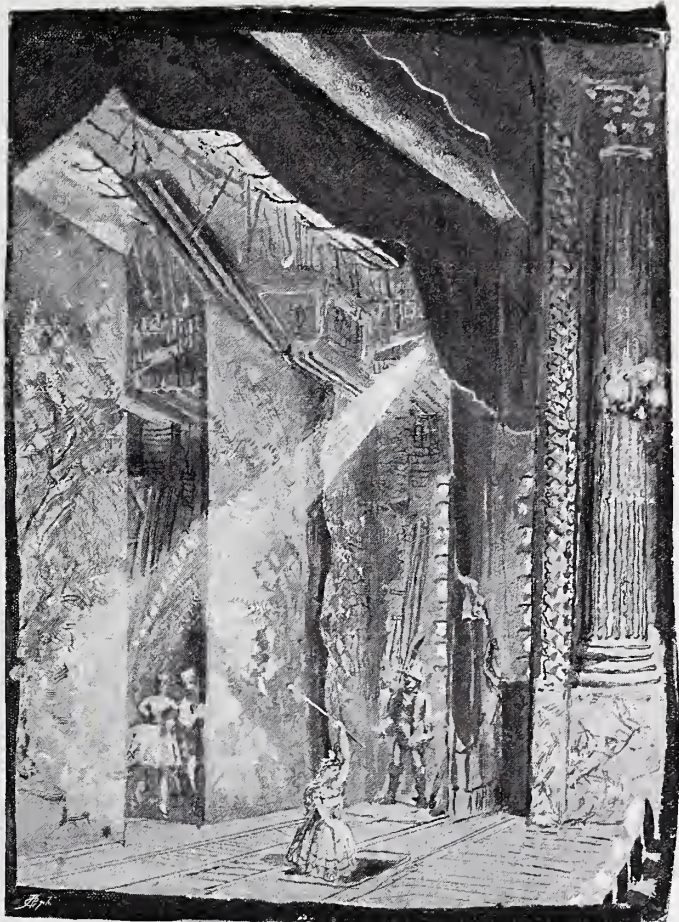
The model completed, after being duly inspected and approved by the management, the master-carpenter comes to see it with respect to the construction of it mechanically, and to hear your suggestions as to setting and striking it in something like reasonable time (English time, not French). At the English plays we wait only while the scene is being changed; at the French, while the actresses' dresses are—the interval is theirs! When all is understood he traces the various portions of the model, and from the duplicates constructs the actual scene, one foot to every half-inch of the model.

A few days after, almost acres of framework and bales of canvas are brought in; one great surface is stretched on the frame, and having been duly prepared, upon it you first start—this generally represents the back portions of the scene. Then you paint the different pieces in order till you arrive at the foreground, gaining in strength as you advance.

A splendid material distemper—of what is it not capable! For atmosphere unequalled, and for strength as powerful as oil, in half an hour you can do with it that which in water or oil would take one or two days. But how little we understand the merits of this beautiful material at our service; our greatest mistake in using it is that we make no mistakes, or rather admit none, by sweeping our work out and getting a base upon which to model and build up. One may say to a thinly-painted landscape, or perhaps a sky and sea with high horizon, that the stage is forty feet deep, ignoring entirely the deception intended. If the colour is thick and the sky has really been manipulated and "gradated" by the artist, and not blue-washed by the painter's labourer, it would be most difficult to guess how far it recedes or the proportions of the stage upon which it was set; but the material capable of producing such effect plays sometimes very strange antics with its greatest admirers. With the amateur it appears to be devoid of all sense of responsibility. Leaving it after diligent and well-intentioned work of three or four hours, he returns to find a singular and most unintelligible surface of smears and mildewed greys; the entire plan of his work in the process of drying has been reversed,

most painful, most ludicrous to witness; the foreground all disintegrated, over the sky patches of dense fog have spread; when wet the effect was capital—the work of one who knew at what he was aiming; but this treacherous distemper has robbed his work of all evidence even of a good intention.

The model completed, the scene painted, for a day or two the stage is given up entirely to the artist for the scene to be set and lighted. This



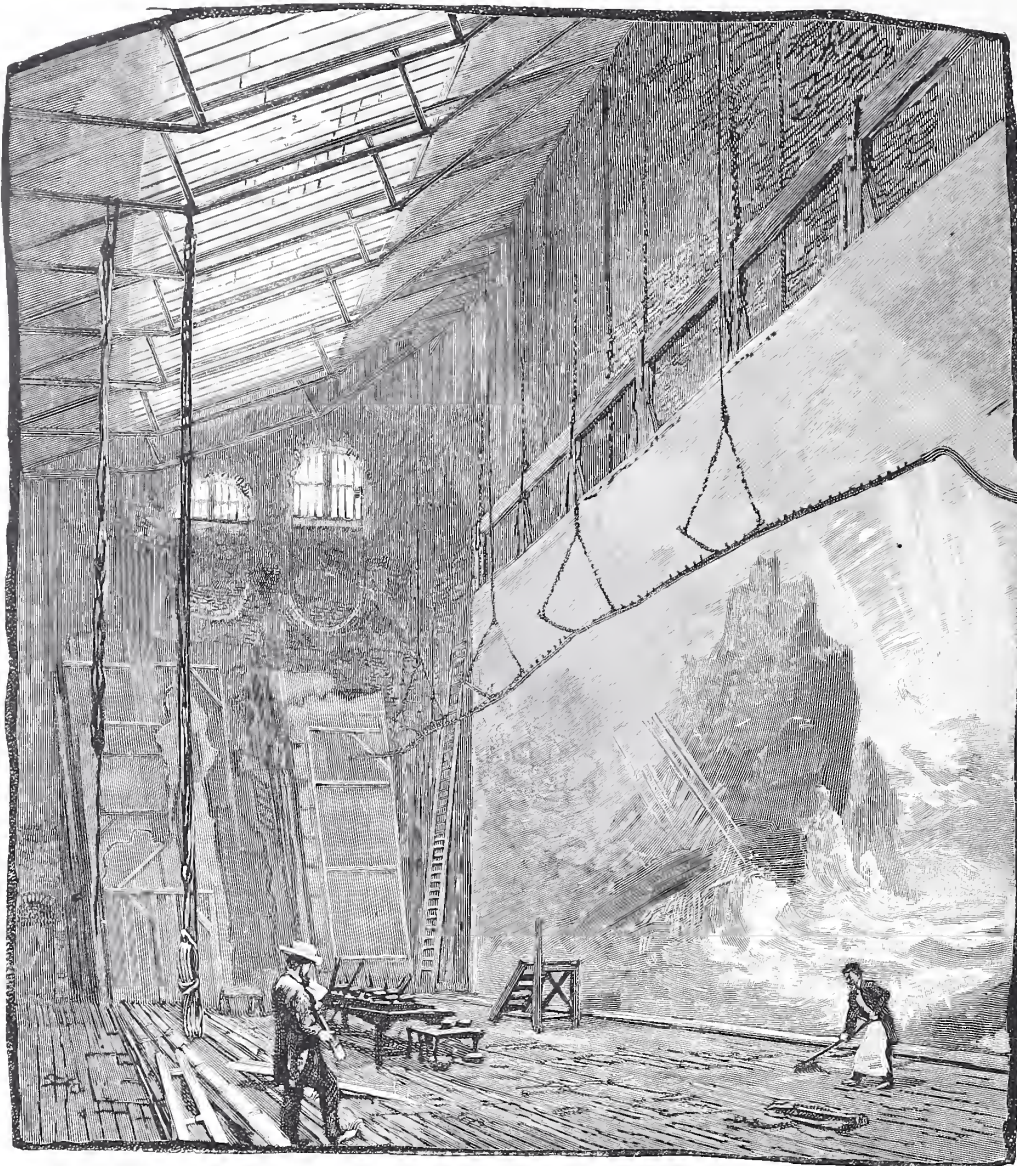
STAGE AND SCENERY AS SEEN FROM THE SIDE BOXES THIRTY YEARS AGO.

(From a Drawing by W. Telbin.)

setting is the most anxious time of all, and the most experienced of us cannot help asking himself, How will it come together? For by the most earnest work in the painting-room we can but deserve, not command, success on the stage. What a weary time it is sitting and standing about while the many necessary carpenters' fittings and connections are being completed, and the canvas portions hung by the fly-men! At last, after dawdling about perhaps from nine in the morning until nine at night, the "setting" is begun, and if happily it comes well and quickly together, the artist may proceed at once to "light" it; if it does

not—why, it must be completed to-morrow. If it is all right, order follows order:—"Light away," "Turn up the light," "Put out the light," "More light," "Where is the limelight?" "Turn on the lime-light," "Is the light full on?" "Yes, sir!" And

of the Lyceum is no less a person than the manager himself); no one knows so well how to light a scene as he does, veiling its defects and enhancing its merits. On rare occasions the sun shines from the north and south at the same time, but surely that



IN COVENT GARDEN THEATRE PAINTING-ROOM: DRAMATIC VERSION OF THE SKETCH ENLARGED TO 70 FT. BY 42 FT.

(From a Drawing by W. Telbin. Engraved by C. Carter.)

the end of it all is that the artist determines that it won't do at all. All round one sees elaborate and interesting bits of painting; but, notwithstanding that, the general effect is weak and meagre in the extreme. The best scene ever designed and painted can be ruined by injudicious lighting; for the illumination is the last and most important touch to the picture—its very life. Oh, for a hint from Henry Irving (the much-praised, and justly so, "gas-man"

is a fault to us in England on the right side, for not favoured with a midnight sun, with a mid-day night we too often are. "If I cannot have more light," thinks the painter, "perhaps it is that I had too much, and that the painting is bleached by it—if, indeed, the lighting is not too even." Now he begins to turn down some lights, and finds how the scene gains in force. Other lights remain full on, and by contrast their power is doubled. After much

weary work of running about between the stage and the front of the house to see the effect of his experiments, shouting from there till he is hoarse, an agreeable and telling effect is at length arrived at, and he leaves the theatre weary of foot and husky of voice, into the deserted streets. Oh, what a change from the theatre with its collected impurities of a week's day and night rehearsals, as we step on to a fresh-laid carpet of tender snow; the clouds, having deposited their fleecy load, have sailed away leaving the deep blue star-bespattered sky to light with the purity of a mid-ocean firmament the deserted streets, through the market with its cart-loads of mistletoe and holly, and past "the finest barn in Europe," looking finer for the high relief the snow adds to the proportions of its nobly swelling columns; experiencing some slight revival of our almost exhausted powers of interest at this fresh set-scene, "we homeward plod our weary way."

In conclusion, I am inclined to ask, with reference to a subject recently touched upon, is it probable that the stage will ever draw recruits from the Royal Academy, whose ranks in the past it had helped to swell? is it likely that the successful picture-painter, in the fulness of his ripe experience, would care to sink his individuality and freedom, and be directed and made in all subservient to another art, in which all permanent record of a great painter's work would be lost, and has been lost? Supposing, for the sake of argument, that he could readily acquire the varied technical knowledge

that in the aggregate constitutes the scene-painter's art, that has taken him many years to learn, how many managements could afford to recompense him at the rate at which his Academic pictures have paid him? One, perhaps two, on one or two particular occasions, not more; and certainly the glamour of his reputation would be a source of much indiscreet and unfair criticism, doing in the long run more harm than good to a sister art it was proposed to honour and assist. I consider that a scene-painter of marked ability might be an equally able painter of cabinet pictures, but it is exceedingly improbable that a highly talented Academician would do anything worthy of his reputation in a theatre. A good drawing reduced by photography generally gains in effect; enlarge it by the same process and its merits would be reduced in the same ratio to its enlargement. How delightful it is to see in focusing an object in a camera or a field-glass the gradual development and perfecting of the subject, gaining in brilliancy and sharpness until it becomes a veritable gem. Having arrived at this perfection, turn the focusing screw the other way about till the beautiful vision is entirely lost. In the first instance, expectation and improvement made all the process delightful, but, in the reversal, disappointment only followed. From the stage to the Academy is a refining, concentrating, and clarifying process—*vice versa* is a process of undoing. The stage may again be the nursery of the Academician, but from the Academy to the stage would be a gain to neither and a loss to art.



A DREARY ROAD HOME AFTER THE LAST REHEARSAL OF THE PANTOMIME

(From a Drawing by W. Telbin. Engraved by C. Carter.)

SHAKESPEARE AND THE ART OF PAINTING.

By W. W. FENN.



CONSIDERING the universal character of Shakespeare's knowledge, it seems at first curious that he should have displayed no very intimate acquaintance with the actual art of painting. This is the more striking when we recollect how much he knew of the details and positive *technique* of nearly every other profession, calling, or handicraft under the sun. His familiarity with them, as shown by the use of purely professional phrases and trade words, has given birth to a host of profound treatises wherein the writers have striven to demonstrate that the poet must, in a sort, have served an apprenticeship to a dozen different trades. His entire accuracy in these respects is undoubted, and is testified to by masters and experts. On this ground it has been attempted to prove that in turn he practised as a lawyer, a surgeon, a physician, a horse-dealer, a butcher, a soldier, a sailor, a farmer, a gardener, a schoolmaster, and heaven knows what besides; whilst travellers have declared that unless he had himself visited many of the countries he describes, and been familiar with their languages, he could never have alluded as he does to their numerous minute characteristics.

I am not aware, however, that anyone has been bold enough to assert that he was a painter, or artist, as we understand the term. Nor is this wonderful, perhaps, seeing, as I have hinted, that we look in vain through his pages for anything more than a quite superficial knowledge of the use of the palette and brushes. Indeed, the words palette and brush nowhere occur, nor do those of easel, maulstick, or any of the paraphernalia of the studio. And this, I repeat, is rather singular, for if the art, with the means and materials for practising it, were uncommon in England in Shakespeare's day, they could scarcely have been so in Italy, Germany, Flanders, or France; and he was so conversant with the habits of continental nations that one would have thought the artist's life and its surroundings would not have escaped him in detail. Yet he never even mentions the painter's brush, it is always his "pencil;" and although we know this word popularly expresses the instrument by which artistic work is produced, it is at least odd that the poet avoids the use of its literal synonym, especially remembering the vast scope of his vocabulary.

Clearly then, it may be assumed he never saw or conceived the spectacle of an artist standing in front of his easel with palette on thumb and a sheaf of brushes in his hand, otherwise there would undoubtedly have cropped up somewhere some hint of the situation. Nor would its outward aspect alone have been suggested. There would have appeared an indication of the mental tribulation of the limner, his difficulties, his anxieties, the distress caused by failure, the joy and triumph at success. We should have had some comment upon the rarity of meeting with a good likeness in combination with excellence of workmanship, together with a multitude of similes and criticisms bearing the stamp of intimacy with such processes as stippling, scumbling, glazing, and the like. We should have been told more about "composition," "grouping," the management of high lights, and of light and shade generally. I mean, technical secrets would have been revealed, and the whole phraseology of the *atelier* laid bare, if Shakespeare had been as familiar with it as he was with the slang of the stable, the farmyard, or the workshop, or had he known the points of a picture as thoroughly as he did those of a horse.

With ordinary writers of those or any other times, such a lapse excites no surprise. He who treats of horses is not expected to treat of pictures, and *vice versa*. But the great genius in question grasped all subjects so miraculously that, albeit the art of painting was not then in a vastly flourishing condition in his own country, we might have expected him to have received the same divine inspiration on this subject as he displayed on others, but there is no evidence of it.

Sculptors and sculpture fare little, if at all, better at his hands; in fact, the two words are conspicuous by their absence from his writings. Nor is there any mention made of the far-famed Greeks—Phidias, Praxiteles, and their fellows. Certainly, Giulio Romano is quoted as the chiseller of the statue of Hermione ("Winter's Tale"), but to us moderns Giulio Romano is known as a painter—a follower of Raphael's—also as an architect, even an engineer; but there is no record of his sculpture. True, allusions are made to the sculptor's technical skill, and more than one of his tools is correctly named; whereas the poor painter would appear obliged to rely solely on his "pencil" for the execution of all his work. What he paints on, too, whether canvas or panel, we are not told, any more than we are

what the material was he painted with ; there is not a syllable about varnishes, mediums, pigments, or the like ; neither is there any punning, joking, or playing on words at the artist's expense—an opportunity to do which was seldom missed in regard to other callings.

Moreover, as far as my memory carries me, not a single name eminent in the craft is mentioned. No Michelangelo, Raphael, Titian, Veronese, &c., nor any of their great works, religious or otherwise, although their renown would have reached these shores. Specimens, too, of the "cunning" of such men as Albert Dürer, Holbein, and many of the Dutch school were extant here, and would have come well within the master's ken. The ancient painters, Apelles, Zeuxis, Parrhasius, like their contemporary masters of the chisel and mallet above mentioned, are entirely overlooked. This probably may be regarded only as a confirmation of the assertion, that Shakespeare had "but little Latin and less Greek."

It is, however, when we are face to face with a brother of the brush, and a painter in *propria persona* steps upon the stage, that the unkindest cut of all is dealt him. The solitary instance in which we discover him as forming one of the persons represented is in "Timon of Athens," and here he cuts by no means a dignified or creditable figure. In the opening scene he shows up as a very conceited gentleman, thoroughly well satisfied with his own production. He tacitly praises it himself, and accepts the admiration of it from his equally-untrustworthy friend the "Poet," with perfect complacency. The pair, in fact, present two very fine specimens of the "Mutual Admiration Society"—an institution which would seem to have flourished in Athens in those classic days, with a vigour equal to anything seen in London at this end of the nineteenth century. After reverting to his own craft in some truly beautiful sentences such as only Shakespeare, of course, puts into his characters' mouths, the poet asks :

"What have you there ?"

And the painter replies :

"A picture, sir. When comes your book forth ?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.

Let's see your piece.

Painter. 'T is a good piece.

Poet. So 't is ; this comes off well and excellent.

Painter. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable. How this grace
Speaks his own standing ! What a mental power
This eye shoots forth ! How big imagination
Moves in this lip ! To the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

Painter. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch ; is 't good ?

Poet. I'll say of it,
It tutors nature : artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life."

This is the nearest approach to what we may call the familiarity of studio gossip and criticism. Nowhere else occurs so good an opportunity for the display of the free and easy intimacies existing in that sacred region, but nothing is made of it. The artist talks no "shop," tells nothing about his models, who sat to him, or the difficulty of getting the sort of heads he wanted. Nothing is revealed as to the *technique*, or the system of priming the canvas, or laying in this or that colour first ; or what, in a word, the process and progress of the work have been, as, I submit, might fairly have been expected.

Neither is any further clue offered as to the nature of the subject, nor any hint as to its dimensions ; but later on, when the patron Timon sees it, he commends it, and in spicing his admiration with some philosophic moralising, pays a just tribute to the noble art thus :—

"Painting is welcome.

Painting is almost the natural man ;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside ; these pencilled figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work ;
And you shall find I like it."

If this significant promise was never performed, it was Master Painter's own fault, and he was rightly served. In the last act of the play we discover what he really is ; and if our heaven-gifted "Swan of Avon" intended to typify in him the artistic character generally, we can only say his opinion of it was not high. Would it be a terrible heresy to add that it also betrays the shallowness of his acquaintance, if not with the art of painting, at least with its professors ? The scene is too long to quote, but it is little less than a libel upon the whole community to have it exemplified in the person of such a mean, contemptible fawning sycophant, as the painter shows himself.

What would St. John's Wood and Kensington say, if a modern playwright depicted one of the noble army after the fashion of this creature ? What a roar of indignation would ascend from the Melbury and Grove End Roads ! Let the memory be refreshed by a perusal of the first scene of the fifth act of "Timon of Athens," and then imagine a modern Timon, a millionaire collector, represented on the stage of the Haymarket, in the retirement of the country, overhearing a dialogue in that key between two representatives of literature and art whom he once had delighted to honour. Imagine, I say, what the feelings of an artistic first-night audience would be, and what course they would be tempted to adopt.

But let this pass. We know that the higher purpose of the play in question is served by holding the painter up with the rest in this detestable light, however unflattering it may be to those concerned. Besides, it may correctly represent the tone of society

of that far-off civilisation; who shall say? People, probably, were no better and no worse than they are now; notwithstanding that it was the halcyon time of art, when Pericles gave Athens her Parthenon, and Phidias and Praxiteles, Apelles and Zeuxis wrought their miracles in marble and colour.

Apropos of architecture, it may be noted in passing, that this art and its professors come off with even less recognition at Shakespeare's hands than do painting and painters, if any consolation be obtainable from that fact; and it will, perhaps, scarcely be believed that "architecture" is another word tabooed in the Shakespearian vocabulary.

Portraiture and allegory were the principal, if not the sole, themes of the pictures referred to by the bard, when speaking of the productions of the artist's pencil. Innumerable are the instances in which portraits—particularly miniatures, such as can be worn as trinkets or carried in the pocket—appear in the possession of the *dramatis personæ* throughout the plays. Only to quote a few examples at random. In the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," we find the characters for ever prating of portraits.

"Here is her picture," says the jealous Julia, contemplating her rival's miniature:—

"Let me see, I think
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers."

Proteus exclaims:

"'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reason's light."

And in another place:

"Vouch me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber."

And again:

"Tell my lady
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture."

Silvia too, of course, refers to her own portrait in several lines. "He sends you for a picture . . . bring my picture here," and so on.

The Prince of Arragon ("Merchant of Venice"), opening the silver casket, is dismayed by finding the "portrait of a blinking idiot," whilst another of the caskets contains "her heavenly picture." Then there is the oft-quoted expression of Hamlet's,

"Look on this picture, and on this,"

which refers, I take it, though the point has been disputed, to the two likenesses—those of the late king and the present.

Other lines, wherein allusions to portraits as pictures happen, may readily be found; but in the majority of cases the word is used figuratively, as where Olivia in "Twelfth Night" discloses her features to Viola, who, disguised as Cesario, the duke's page, has come to press that nobleman's suit:—

"Olivia. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text, but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one as I was this present: is 't not well done?" [Unveiling.

Viola. Excellently done, if God did all.

Olivia. 'T is in grain, sir, 't will endure wind and weather.

Viola. 'T is beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on;

Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive

If you will lead these graces to the grave,

And leave the world no copy."

This is an exquisite illustration of the symbolic use to which Shakespeare puts the art of painting; and will serve, as well as a dozen, to show that mainly in this direction it was in which he delighted to utilise such knowledge as he had of what comes from the artist's brush. Verbal and written descriptions of face and form are likewise constantly spoken of as "pictures" and "portraits," and in that sense are "drawings" of the individuals. Here is a sentence in point: "I have drawn her picture with my voice." And here another from "Lear," where the deceived Gloucester determines to have his misjudged son Edgar pursued. "The villain shall not escape," he exclaims. "The duke must grant me that; besides, his picture I will send far and near that all the kingdom may have due note of him;" meaning, of course, that a "Hue and Cry" shall be raised, or a written account of the fugitive distributed.

But these and many similar phrases used in the same sense, and often to be met with, are but poetical adaptations of the literal skill of the painter, and do not advance Shakespeare's intimacy with the craft itself. A little more direct and definite knowledge of it may be inferred from the induction to the "Taming of the Shrew." The mock servants of the lord are doing homage to the lately-awakened Christopher Sly, and where we find one saying to him:—

"Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight,
Adonis painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea all in sedges hid;
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee Io as she was a maid,
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3rd Servant. Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds;
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn."

Here too is just a suggestion of landscape-painting, but it is nothing more, and only touches on its treatment as accessory to the figures. Pure landscape, as represented nowadays, probably had no existence in any shape three hundred years ago, nor, for the matter of that, marine-scape either; therefore no one supposes that in those rough times the sight of a white umbrella sheltering the patient sketcher

encamped in some sweet pastoral spot, would have met the eye of any wanderer throughout the length and breadth of rural England. Hence, the master's oblivion of this phase of art excites no wonder.

On the other hand, he was quite aware of the existence of "water-colour," and of its comparative weakness as a material, evidence whereof is to be discovered in two plays. Worcester ("Henry IV." Part I., Act v., Scene 1) is upbraiding the king for his ingratitude, and the base advantage he took of Richard the Second's protracted stay in Ireland, to seize the throne. The usurping monarch sneers at the complaint, and declares that it is the practice to "articulate" these things.

"To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurly-burly innovation:
And never yet did insurrection want
Such *water-colours* to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pell-mell havoc and confusion."

Also in the second part of "Henry IV." (Act ii., Scene 1), Falstaff in endeavouring to cajole poor Dame Quickly to forego her claim against him, and when she protests that if he does not pay, "I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers," replies:

"Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking; and for thy walls—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting in the *water-work*, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries."

This cunning suggestion of the fat rascally knight distinctly points to water-colour—probably distemper stencilling—as a cheap way of pictorially decorating the rooms when denuded of their tapestry.

By passages like the foregoing, an insight is gained of the great poet's infinite diversity of resource, but they only serve, however, to emphasise what has long been admitted as incontrovertible, namely, the stupendous amount of reserved strength in him. Even after the most sublime flights of his genius, we still feel that he had not in the faintest degree exhausted his powers, and that he never put

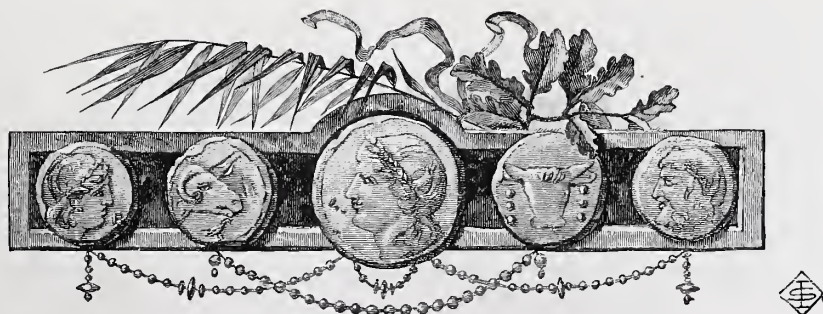
out all he knew. So, after all that has been said, very likely he did know more about the art of painting itself than he has chosen, or thought he had occasion, to show. Besides, we see that he could fully appreciate the waywardness of Nature in her bestowal of the divine fire which lights the artist's torch. He understands how capricious the great mother is in the distribution of her gifts, for he tells us by the mouth of Simonides in "Pericles," that

". . . in framing artists,
Art hath thus decreed
To make some good, but others to exceed."

Still, all this is but a knowledge which is shared by the million, and wholly incommensurate with what he exhibited, as I have said, respecting a host of other professions followed by mankind.

We must admit also that the details and *technique* of music are not entered upon much more fully than those of her sister-art, and no one would pretend to say that our great poet was ignorant of music; but then that "heavenly maid" is, even to this day, better understood by the multitude than is the work of brush or pencil, and she appeals to a far larger audience. Let it, however, be borne in mind, that in spite of what I still think are curious omissions in respect of the limner and his work, all that I have adduced goes a very little way in his case to prove that he could not, had he thought proper, have told us a great deal more than he does about the noble profession so much akin to his own.

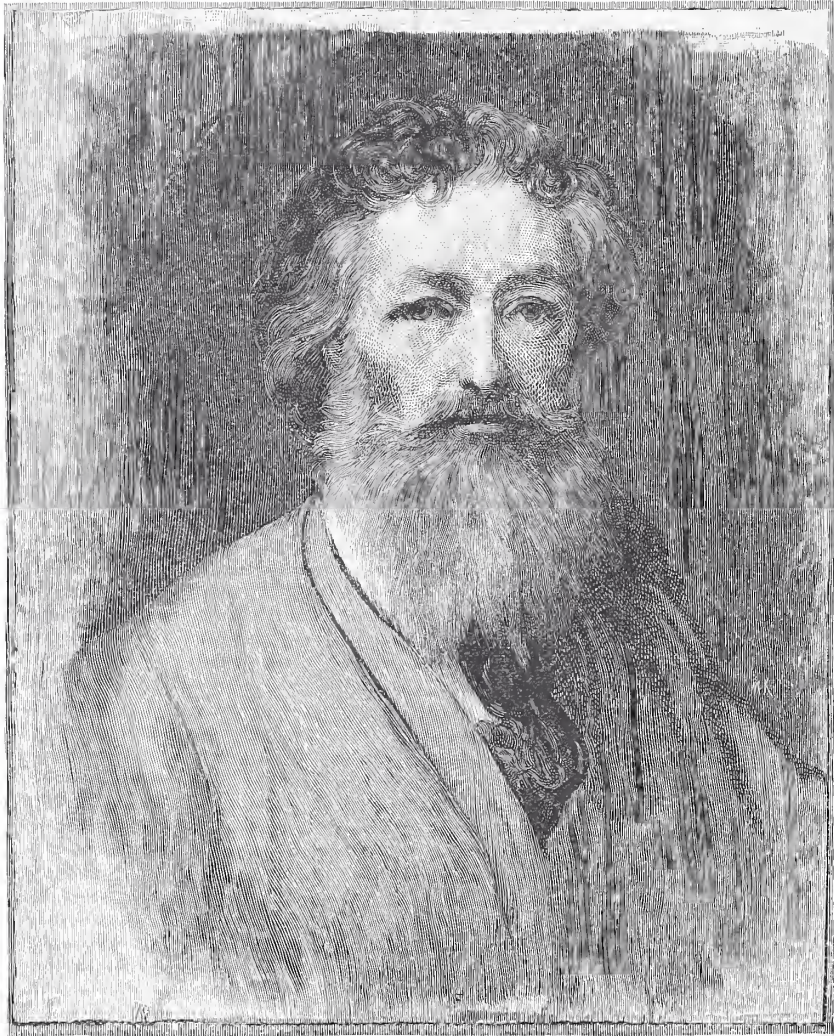
"To a mind like Shakespeare's," says Cowden Clarke, "the acquisition of knowledge of all sorts was like inhaling the air he breathed, a sheer vital necessity; he could no more help the one than the other, and both he turned to best account." Hence, it will be always open to question whether his intimacy with painters and their profession was really as limited as I submit it would seem to have been from what he penned. Like so many more matters concerning him, there is no direct evidence to show, and except upon the general assumption as expressed by the commentator above mentioned, we have nothing to guide us but what is negative as regards the art of painting.



THE KEPPLESTONE PORTRAIT GALLERY.

By JAMES DOW.

A PLEASANT trait in the character of Sir Thomas Lawrence is recorded by Allan Cunningham. The popular painter and companion of hundreds more seemed to be in the same plight." In respect of size at least it is not "the principal room" at Kepplestone which is devoted to the col-



SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, BART., P.R.A.

(From the Picture by Himself. Engraved by M. Klinkicht.)

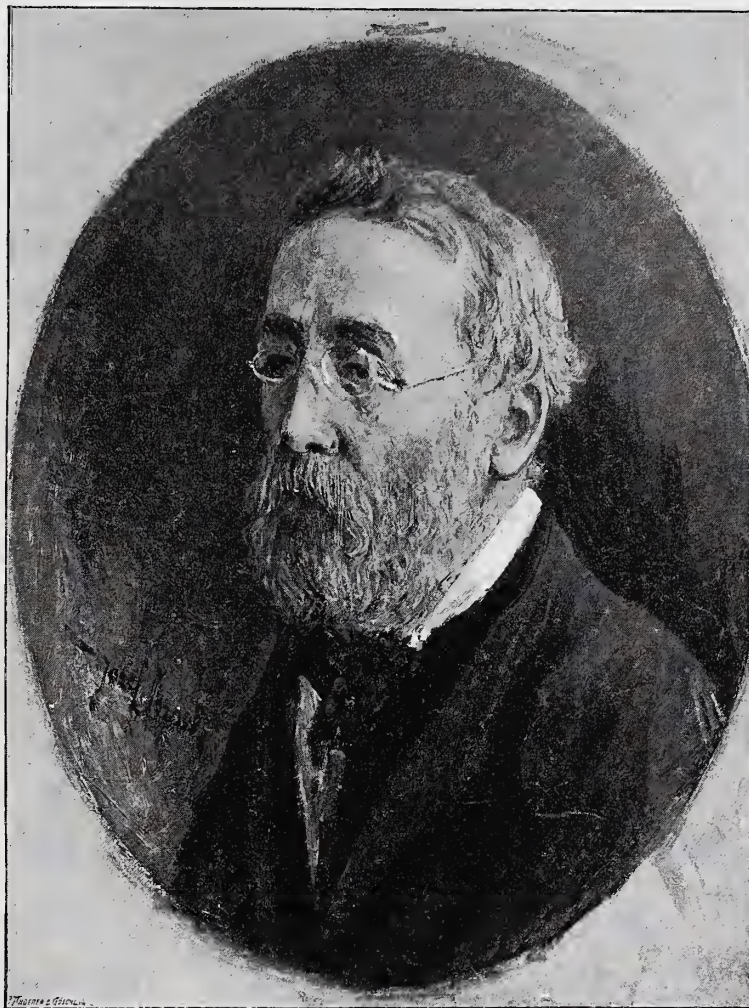
princes was not only fond of gathering fine specimens of the work of his compeers, but of seeing their faces about him. "His principal room was crowded with portraits in all stages of study. Some had the brows, eyes, nose, and mouth touched in; others had the shoulders added, while a third class exhibited the head exquisitely finished, and only abiding the leisure of the artist to obtain a body. At one time I saw the heads of Scott, Campbell, West, Fuseli—all awaiting their turn to be exalted upon shoulders;

lection of portraits, nor did the founder of the collection enjoy facilities which enabled a court painter and President of the Royal Academy to cover his walls with the faces of the most distinguished persons of his time. Yet so strong was Mr. Maedonald's love for art, so well adapted were his methods of pursuing the object he had set his mind upon, that he was able to found such a portrait-gallery of modern artists as exists nowhere else in the world.

"My days among the dead are passed ;
 Around me I behold,
 Where'er those casual eyes are cast,
 The mighty minds of old,"

says Southey, beautifully, of his books. Mr. Macdonald, like Sir Thomas Lawrence, desired less to be surrounded by the mighty dead than by the illustrious living. The visitor who steps across the threshold of the Kepplestone Portrait Gallery finds himself

there has been no partiality or exclusive devotion to one school. "We are all going to heaven, and Vandyek is of the company," whispered Gainsborough from his death-bed to his reconciled rival Sir Joshua Reynolds. And in this gallery the brotherhood of the brush and the burin has been recognised with the utmost frankness. There is no rivalry, but on the contrary the most happy combination of catholicity and distinction as represented by the works or



JOSEF ISRAËLS.

(From the Picture by Himself.)

suddenly surrounded by some four-score faces pictured from among those most prominent in the world of art in England and on the Continent, and chosen entirely with reference to their artistic claims. For here we have no intrusion of any foreign element; the collection is exclusively artistic. In the whole gallery there is no likeness of anyone who has not won distinction either as painter, sculptor, engraver, draughtsman, or architect. And while a recognised position in art has been the only claim to admission,

features of Alma-Tadema and Israëls, of Watts and Millais, of Leighton and Leader, of Barlow and Boulanger, of Gérôme and Rajon, and it must be freely allowed that even from the point of view of the doctor or the drill-sergeant it would not be easy to find four-score finer faces, even in mere physical appearance. The erratic painter Mortimer, proud of his bodily strength, could some generations back speak of his brethren as a collection of "the halt, the blind, and the maimed." Judging by this



JOHN S. SARGENT.

(From the Picture by Himself.)

collection, there would be small point in any such reproach if levelled at the artists of to-day. One somewhat remarkable feature of the collection, however, is this: that it includes neither the features nor the work of any woman. A few specimens of such work as that of Rosa Bonheur might perhaps have still further diversified with advantageous results this very interesting and notable gallery. When a lady wrote to the President for the time being asking for admission to the Royal Academy, and claiming that "Our imaginations are vivid, our tastes capable of the highest refinement, and we only wait your fostering care to become all that genius short of your own can aim at," Fuseli exclaimed, "What a termagant!" But much has happened since then, and the visitor may rest assured that no similar feeling on the part of the founder of the collection kept the artistic sisterhood from being represented at Kepplestone.

The half-dozen examples reproduced in the present issue, together with the portraits of the late Frank

Holl and Mr. W. P. Frith recently given in *THE MAGAZINE OF ART*, may be taken as a very fair sample of the whole. All the portraits are of the same size and shape, and unlike those of Sir Thomas Lawrence already referred to, none of them are absolutely wanting in shoulders. But in all the head is the one thing painted, and in different portraits, as may be expected, the style differs very widely. The portrait of the President of the Royal Academy, by Sir Frederiek Leighton himself, is one of the most pleasing and lifelike in the whole collection. (See p. 206.) It is also one of the earlier works, having been painted expressly for the purposes of this collection in 1882. The refined features of the President show admirably against the dark green drapery of the background; and the light-coloured overcoat and rich scarf harmonise well with the delicate flesh tints of this exceedingly effective picture. It is hardly too much to say that Sir John Millais has rarely done anything better in its way than his portrait of Mr. du Maurier. (See p. 211.) It is full of life, force, and colour—a sketch



LUKE FILDES, R.A.

(From the Picture by Himself.)

it may be said, but showing by its strong individuality and rapid realisation the hand of a master. It is peculiarly rich in colour, and, taken as a whole, may be regarded as a remarkable portrait of a remarkable man. Slightly perhaps, but certainly not far behind the Du Maurier picture, is Sir John Millais' full-face portrait of himself painted in 1883. A side-face portrait of the same distinguished artist had formerly been painted by Mr. George Reid for Mr. Maedonald; both are excellent portraits as well as admirable pictures. In striking contrast with his own work, but displaying qualities which have drawn forth the expression of Sir John Millais' warmest admiration is Josef Israëls' portrait of himself. (See p. 207.) It is painted on a panel with a combination of solidity and delicacy of touch; and though some who know the great painter well take certain exceptions to the likeness, there can be no two opinions as to the power of the picture. Even if the expression of the features may not be absolutely exact, the tone of feeling and, so to speak, the likeness of the painter's mind are

unquestionably here. It is easy for anyone familiar with the work, though not with the features of the painter, to perceive that this picture gives a true and sympathetic presentment of the artist who painted "The Sleepers." One of the gems of the gallery is unquestionably the portrait of Mr. G. F. Watts from his own easel. From the mature and mellow brilliancy of the colour in this work one might almost imagine that it had been painted for many generations. The artist in his brown painting robe conjures up the idea of a Doge of Venice. This portrait is of peculiar interest and value, both on account of the fidelity of the likeness and because it gives an admirable example of the sincerity and thoroughness of the artist. In a different yet charming style Mr. Pettie has executed several portraits for the collection, including a side view of his own face remarkably rich in colour, and dashing in execution. His portrait of Mr. Thomas Faed is one of the most striking of his pictures here, and is indeed a marvel of rich colour and rapid broad effect. The portrait of

M. J. L. Gérôme, painted by himself so recently as 1886, is much more highly finished, and belongs to an entirely different school of art; the artist combines strength with delicacy of touch in a remarkable degree, and besides being a charming picture the work is an excellent portrait. The clear-cut refined features of the late Paul Rajon are also admirably rendered in a careful and spirited picture from his own easel. Van Haanen, who is a master in the *technique* as well as in the inspiration of his art, contributes a portrait of himself which might be taken for Venetian. Of the work of the late G. R. Boulanger there is a good example in the head of M. Charles Garnier, the eminent French architect.

Many of the heads in this gallery are highly

as showing what artists whom everybody thinks of in connection with dreamy landscapes can do in the way of delineating "the human face divine." The portrait of Mr. T. O. Barlow, R.A., by Mr. Oules, is interesting as giving one more representation of features frequently reproduced; in this picture Mr. Oules is at his best, and in his own portrait also he is admirable. Over half a hundred of these portraits have been painted by the artists themselves, and the advantages of this method are the most clearly obvious to those most intimately acquainted with the art. "No man ever yet hated his own flesh," and surely the painter has the best opportunity of doing justice to his own portrait. Nothing after a good subject is more desirable than a favourable mood, and



JULES BRETON.

(From the Picture by Himself. Engraved by M. Klinkicht.)

interesting, apart even from the intrinsic merit of the work. A melancholy charm attaches to a portrait of the late Randolph Caldecott, executed shortly before he last sailed for America. Self-executed portraits by Messrs. B. W. Leader and Birket Foster are curious

in this respect, also, the painter has a freedom of choice in dealing with his own features that he can secure in the case of no other sitter. Many artists of high ability, before and since the days of Rembrandt, have achieved decided success in reproducing their

own features, and in the Kepplestone Portrait Gallery there is ample evidence that the practice is one which may still be cultivated with highly advantageous results. In addition to other advantages, the opportunity of seeing artists as they see themselves must afford an added insight into their characters and their aspirations.

In walking round this gallery, it is natural to think of how so many treasures of art, and in a sense treasures of history, came to be brought together in the neighbourhood of the city which, three hundred years ago, gave birth to Jameson, "the Scottish Vandyck," and which numbers "Spanish Phillip" among her modern children. Though he was able to

artists which would have done honour to a peer of the highest rank or to a statesman of the loftiest position. Edmund Burke, writing from Beaconsfield, says, "It was but the other day that on putting in order some things which had been broken here on my taking leave of London for ever, I looked over a number of fine portraits, most of them of persons now dead, but whose society in my better days made this a proud and happy place," and he goes on to tell how Sir Joshua painted Lord Keppel's portrait and was "a common friend of us both, with whom we lived for many years without a moment of coldness, of peevishness, of jealousy, or of pain to the day of our final separation." These were the terms,



GEORGE DU MAURIER.

(From the Picture by Sir John Millais, Bart., R.A. Engraved by M. Klinkicht.)

render great services to his native place and to the cause of art, there can be no doubt that the late Mr. Macdonald would have accomplished much more had the three-score years and ten been allotted him. He had a love for art, and a relish for the society of

also, on which the founder of the Kepplestone collection lived with many artist-friends, and it was his endeavour, both by bringing fast friends and fine portraits together, to make his home "a proud and happy place." All too soon the generous and genial

collector was taken, and even since these articles were begun men such as Rajon, Richard Ansdell, R.A., Thomas Webster, R.A., Samuel Cousins, R.A., the engraver, Robert Herdman of the Scotch school, and Frank Holl, R.A., whose portraits Mr. Macdonald had brought about him, have "gone over to the majority." It is all the more satisfactory to reflect that when once the idea of founding this unique gallery of artists' portraits took hold of him, the founder pursued it with all his wonted tact and ardour, and was thus able before his lamented death to bring it to a state of wonderful completeness. It was no easy matter within a space of four years or thereby to bring together this unique collection. Yet it had not been begun at the beginning of the decade, and Mr. Macdonald died in 1884. The story of its rise and progress may be briefly and simply told.

In October, 1880, Mr. Macdonald expected a visit from Mr. Millais, and spoke to his friend and neighbour, Mr. George Reid, of his desire to have a sketch of the famous artist's head. St. Luke's, then Mr. Reid's usual home, to which he pays a visit of some duration every summer, lies close by Kepplestone House, and on the second day Mr. Millais strolled over to the studio to enjoy his smoke after breakfast, and give Mr. Reid a sitting. No work could well have been executed under more favourable auspices, for the studio is charmingly situated and the sitting was merely pastime—at least, to the more famous of the two painters. The same process was repeated next day, and the progress was so good that Mr. Millais proposed to take round the picture, could a frame be found, and surprise his host by a sight of it when he returned from the City in the afternoon. The frame of another picture which happened to be in the studio at the time was ap-

propriated, the little "surprise" was carried out, and Mr. Macdonald was highly delighted. This was the first picture in the portrait collection, and it is a very admirable work. Next July Mr. C. S. Keene of the *Punch* staff paid a visit to Mr. Macdonald, and the process was repeated. Charles Lamb was no greater lover of "the weed" nor anything like such a connoisseur in pipes as Mr. Keene. And it so happened that his portrait was painted by Mr. Reid with a pipe in his mouth, a peculiar short little pipe, of the very old-fashioned sort sometimes picked up in the mud of the Thames foreshore, and which was then in special favour with the genial draughtsman. The expression of quiet, delicious satisfaction in the face of the smoker is infectious, and must have been the result, in some degree, of a fellow-feeling on the part of the artist. By-and-by, in August of the same year, came another admirable "subject" in the person of Mr. J. C. Hook, who had been painting out-of-doors in Orkney or Shetland for a couple of months, and who brought back an eye keen as a hawk, and a complexion brown as a berry. His portrait in the collection is an admirable and very pleasing picture, altogether apart from its value as a likeness. Mr. Hook having been successfully dealt with, Mr. P. H. Calderon was Mr. Reid's next sitter for the gallery. Mr. Macdonald next induced Mr. Pettie, Mr. Orchardson, Mr. Hodgson, and others to paint their own portraits, and his appetite rapidly grew by what it fed on. He was a constant guest at the banquets of the Royal Academy, and during his visit of 1882 he succeeded in booking "ever so many" members of the Academy for their portraits, Sir Frederick Leighton among the number. This process was repeated year by year till the time of Mr. Macdonald's death, and even since that time his widow has laboured most loyally and successfully in bringing his designs to completion.

ANCIENT ART IN CEYLON.

BY J. CAPPER.

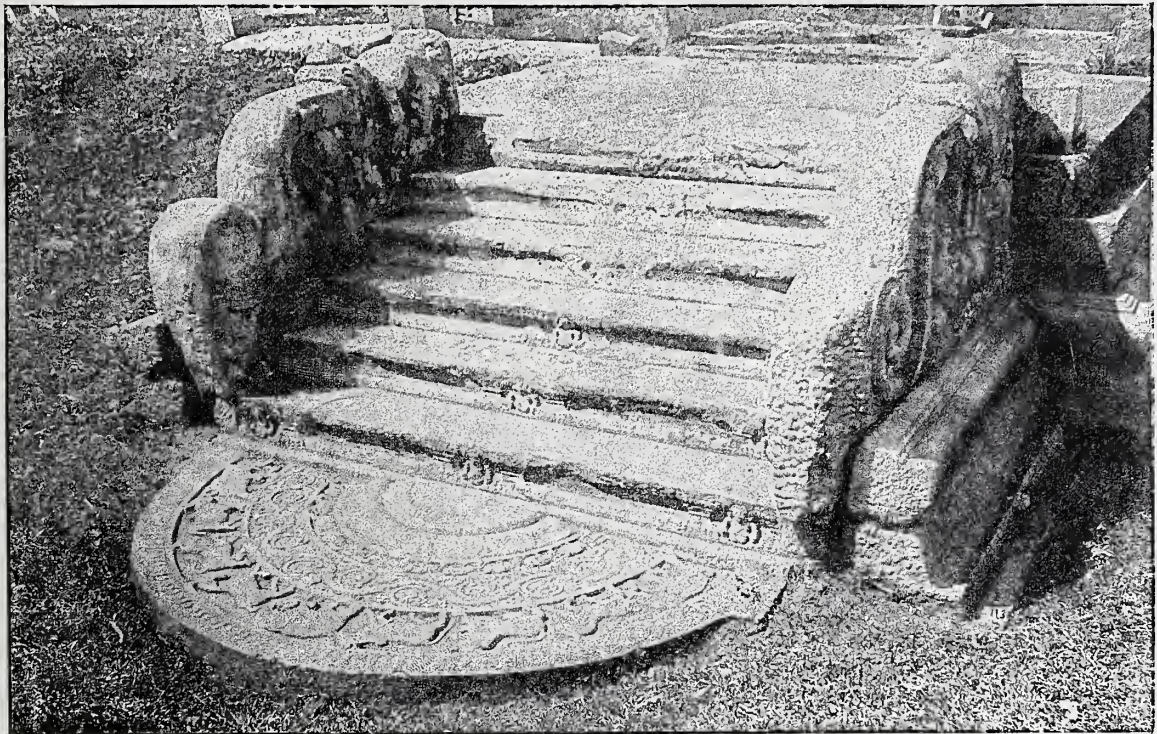
IN few countries are the remains of ancient art more interesting than in certain districts of the interior of Ceylon, though but little is known to the antiquary or the traveller of the ruins which it is proposed to illustrate in this paper. The sites of ancient cities, some of which flourished before Britain was visited by civilised mankind, attest a former greatness difficult to realise by those who witness the present condition of Ceylon and its people.

For many leagues the face of the north-central districts of the island is strewn with the dust of centuries, testifying to the former greatness of a

kingdom the glories of which have long since passed away. When our ancestors were dwellers in mud hovels, this island of the Indian Ocean contained a city of vast extent and much architectural pretension, the remains of which still exist in great profusion, defying the ravages of time. Anuradhapoorā ("the city of a thousand kings"), the earliest capital of Sinhalese sovereigns, dating B.C. 450, is reputed to have covered an extent of ground little less than that now occupied by London. To-day its site is thickly strewn with ruins, many of singular beauty; whilst the remains of palaces and temples, of huge

“dagobas”* or relie-shrines, bear witness to a civilisation and a population far beyond those of the island at the present time. These remarkable ruins are no longer overgrown by dense forest. Care has been taken by successive governors of Ceylon that, so far as practicable, the dire effects of jungle growth shall be arrested. Lofty trees have been felled, undergrowth removed, and roads have been opened through the more interesting portions of these ruins, so that the tourist can drive along green lanes and pleasant avenues flanked by monuments of other

nine storeys high looked out upon the city, were silent witnesses of much historical romance and some tragedy. Beneath the brazen roof of that huge pile a queen of Lanka met her doom as few sovereigns of the West have done. Anula, the ruler of that day, bold but unlovable, beleaguered by overwhelming hostile forces, without a hope of help and conscious of her fate if captured, made a funeral pile of all that was rich and choice within its hundred chambers and many corridors, and with her own hands fired the heap of costly cloths and rich brocades, rare



MOONSTONE BEFORE PREACHING-HALL AT ANURADHAPPOORA.

times, where for centuries imposing processions passed on gala days from palace to temple and dagoba, in celebration of Buddhist high festivals.

Stories in stones may be found in rich profusion where the wreck of fallen dynasties abound, scattered broadcast along those thoroughfares, once trod by priests, by warriors, and kings. Thanks to stone writings on the walls of Lanka's palaces, and many tomes of well-kept pali records, the history of every lofty dagoba and stately palace and monastery, the story of their downfall, with all the deep romance of ruin attendant on the train of conquering hordes from Southern India, are known to those who have learnt where and how to read.

A hundred pillars finely proportioned, still standing where two thousand years ago a brazen palace

* Literally “caskets.”

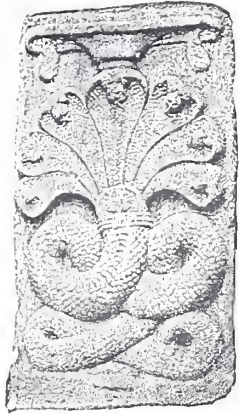
garniture and carved work, and, defying the invaders of her realm, died in the blazing ruin, ransoming her liberty with her life.†

The story as here related points to much of this palace having been of wood. According to pali chronicles an audience-hall was in the centre of the building, resplendent with gems and beads, the ceiling supported by golden pillars resting on stone lions; in the centre was an ivory throne, having a golden sun and a silver moon on either side, whilst above all glittered the imperial “Chatta”—the white canopy of dominion.

The highly ornamented wing-walls of the flight of stone steps leading to a platform hewn from the rock, shown in the illustration on this page, are good

† This incident, not found in the chronicles, was related by a Buddhist priest at Anuradhapoora a few years ago.

specimens of what were known to early Sinhalese builders as "dorakottowa dewiyos," or guardians of the approaches, of which numerous examples are to be found amongst the palatial and monastic ruins at Anuradhapoora. The grotesque demon figures shown on the exterior of these wing-walls were supposed to be endowed with a mysterious power, vested in their intense hideousness, of scaring away enemies of Buddhism from any approach to the spot. On the inner side of these same wing-walls were usually carved in high relief figures of men and women, flowers, trees, and other natural objects;



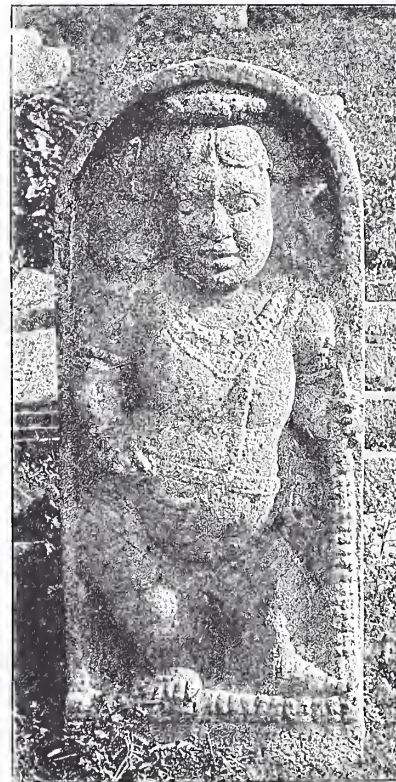
SEVEN-HEADED COBRA.

whilst at the base of the steps, on either side, was a carved "dwarpal" stone, or janitor, though in the present instance these are absent. The building with which this was connected was constructed by King Dutugamina (about B.C. 160), after and in commemoration of his victory over Elala, the Tamil usurper of his throne. For many years a wanderer amongst the mountain fastnesses of the central country, or hidden in the cave temples of Dambool, Dutugamina, the descendant of a line of Sinhalese sovereigns, at length took heart, gathered about him a large following of his subjects, and waged war with the usurper outside the walls of the capital. During three successive days the battle raged with fury and heavy slaughter on both sides, when Dutugamina, grieved at the loss of so many of his subjects, and wishful to spare the lives of others, defied Elala to single combat. The bold challenge was accepted, and each commander, mounted on his war elephant, fully equipped and armed with buckler, sword, and javelin, went forth, in the presence of the opposing armies, to decide in their own persons the right to claim the victory and the throne. After a protracted and desperate encounter Elala fell, pierced by his rival's javelin, upon which Dutugamina was proclaimed king, and greeted as such by the two armies. The victor, generous in his triumph, raised a lofty dagoba or shrine over Elala's grave, at the same time issuing an edict enjoining all chiefs in the future, on passing that spot, hallowed by the remains of a gallant warrior, to descend from their palanquins, and cause the music of their bands to cease until beyond its limits. The royal injunction has been well observed even in modern times, for it is related that in 1816 a Kandian chief who had made an unsuccessful attempt at rebellion against the British, was flying

for his life through that part of the country; hard pressed as he was, and weary in his flight, he nevertheless alighted from his litter and walked reverently past the venerated monument.

The dagobas of Ceylon are undoubtedly the oldest in the world. The term dagoba, or casket, was bestowed upon them by reason of their being usually the receptacles of some reputed relic of Buddha. They are generally of one form, but differ very considerably in size, some being two hundred feet in height, while others are not more than sixty or seventy feet high.

At the base of most of the steps leading to palaces and shrines are to be seen to this day elaborately carved "moonstones," semicircular in form, on the face of which are concentric rows of the figures of strange animals, birds, and the lotus flower. There is little, if any, variation in the carvings of those found at Anuradhapoora. That which is shown here is a copy of one situated at the base of steps leading to a large preaching-hall in what is believed to have been a palace of King Dutugamina. The face of this stone is in good preservation, and the circles of figures covering its



SCULPTURED STONE, BRAZEN PALACE.

surface still stand out in bold and clear relief, but little touched by decay—a fact explained by the extreme dryness of the climate in that part of the island, where rain seldom falls. It may be observed

that the face of the lowest step is ornamented with three squat figures of strange beings, such as are commonly found on the remains of ancient edifices in Ceylon, whilst on the face of each of the upper steps there is but one central figure. These moonstones are not found in any Buddhist ruins of other countries, and appear to be peculiar to Ceylon. The outer face of the right wing-wall is covered by one of the strange and hideous figures shown on a larger scale in the illustration on the opposite page, whilst the inner face of the left wing-wall is adorned by a number of grotesque but not repulsive figures. At the base of such wing-walls may frequently be seen carved figures in stone representative of the Buddhist emblem of protection (the seven-headed cobra), which, with distended hoods pointing in different directions, were believed to indicate watchfulness—hence their position, overlooking the approach by way of the moonstone. (See opposite.)

Amongst the many specimens of mural sculpture to be met with in the existing ruins of Anuradhapoorā is one (an illustration from which is here shown, and which may be taken as a fair representation of the sculpture of that early period) which it is evident had attained some considerable degree of excellence. The figures represent a man and a woman seated, their flowing hair intertwined, and their figures admirably rendered.

The group formed a portion of a terrace front on the first of three flights of stone steps cut on the face of a lofty rock leading up to the entrance of what is now known as the "Isurumaniya" Vihare, or Buddhist Sanctuary (the correct name of which, according to the *Mahawanso*, is "Isara Moonie"), said to have been the work of King Dewenipiatissa, B.C. 306, at about the period when Buddhism was introduced into Ceylon by the missionary Mahindo. It is one of the many rock-temples which this zealous convert to the new faith caused to be constructed in various parts of the country. There are at the present time but few remains of the terraces and stone steps except the mural sculpture here shown, and one of a kindred nature on the opposite side of the terrace, this group being on the right hand of

the steps leading to the unimposing entrance to the cavernous Vihare above. The structure, even in its ruins, is remarkable for the beauty of its carvings, the latter being equally effective in the bold yet graceful mouldings as in the ornamentation of the steps and lion. Over it there was evidently at one time a roof, and it is probable that this structure formed a portion of the large hall roofed in for the reception of the preacher, the remainder of the building being left open for occupation by the hearers. It was doubtless the custom then, as at the present time, in Ceylon for the officiating monks to hold forth to the people on moonlight nights, seated beneath an ornamental canopy, and screened from public gaze by light drapery.

Prominent amongst the Buddhist Vihares in this island are those known as the "cave temples" at Dambool, which the traveller passes on his journey from Kandy to Pollonaruwa, the second ancient capital of the island. They form a group of five temples, excavated from a huge rock which rises six hundred feet above the plain on which it stands, closely adjoining the high-road, whence a narrow path leads past a "pansela," or monks' dwelling, to the principal entrance, as shown on the next page.

The stone doorway to this the "Maha Dewa Dewale," or "temple of the great god," is profusely ornamented with figures of Hindu deities, whilst within the entry is placed a seated figure of Buddha, seven feet high, cut from the solid rock. This portion of the sanctuary was constructed by King Walegam Bahu, B.C. 80. A far larger and more imposing chamber is the "Maha Vihare," or "great temple," measuring one hundred and sixty feet by fifty feet. In this spacious excavation are upwards of fifty figures of Buddha, ranged in grim and solemn order, many larger than life-size. Besides

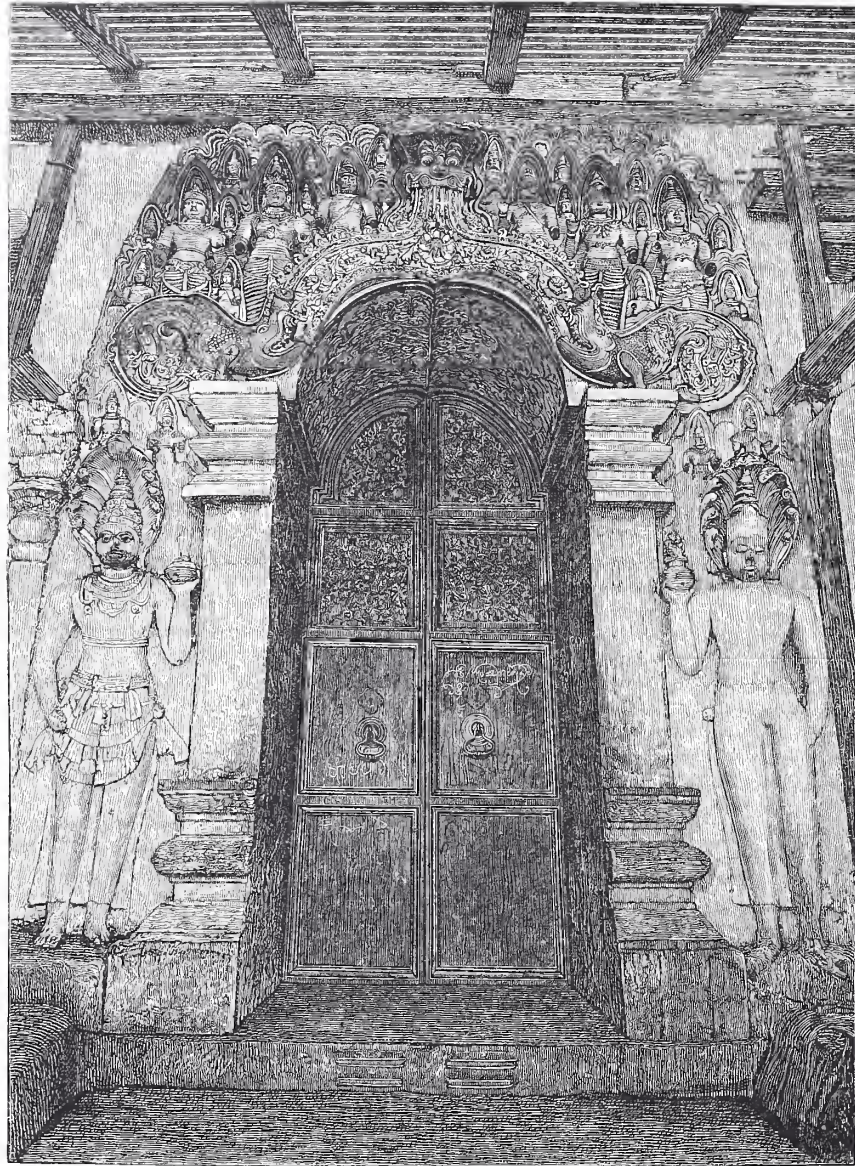


MURAL DECORATION AT ANURADHAPŌORĀ.

these, there is a figure of the King Walegam Baha; whilst behind the rows of Buddhas are numerous highly-coloured frescoes, illustrating the deeds of Hindu and Sinhalese heroes, and especially incidents connected with the early history of the island, from the landing of the first Indian settlers under Wijayo, to the planting of the sacred Bo-tree at Anuradhapoorā.

The deep gloom of this large chamber, with its many figures and paintings but dimly discernible in the faint light, strikes the visitor in strange contrast to the bright sunshine and rich foliage without.

in the exercise of mystic rites in honour of old-world deities. When King Waligam Bahu, B.C. 75, fled from Anuradhapooru before invading Malabars, he sought refuge within the dark recesses of this rock-



STONE DOORWAY, DAMBOOL CAVE TEMPLE.

(Engraved by W. Purchase.)

Other chambers, smaller in size, contain figures of Buddha in various attitudes, as well as a rudely executed wooden figure of Rajah Kirti Sri Nissanga, who added much to the decorations of this shrine.

How much of the cavities in which these shrines are located are natural and how much artificial, is an open question. According to tradition, caves existed in this rock long before the colonisation of Ceylon by Wijayo, and at a date prior to the introduction of Buddhism priests of the existing religion used them

temple, where for a number of years he eluded all search by his enemies. Eventually he was able to drive out the invaders and regain his kingdom, when gratitude to the monks who had aided his concealment induced him to expend considerable sums in the enlargement and re-decoration of the Dambool shrines. At a later period King Kirti Nissanga added much to the adornment and furnishing of the interior by means of gilding and paintings, whence it derived the name of the "Cave of the Golden Rock."

HERMANN CORRODI.

By M. S. TAYLOR.

THE Corrodi family (of Italian origin, as the name denotes) have been always men of letters or artists; they were Protestants, and being persecuted at the period of the Waldensian persecution in Milan,

esteemed, the force and depth of colour of oil-paintings. His speciality is the faithful rendering of the colour and character of the Italian landscape, which, as all artists know, presents so many diffi-



PROFESSOR HERMANN CORRODI.

(From a Pen Drawing by Himself.)

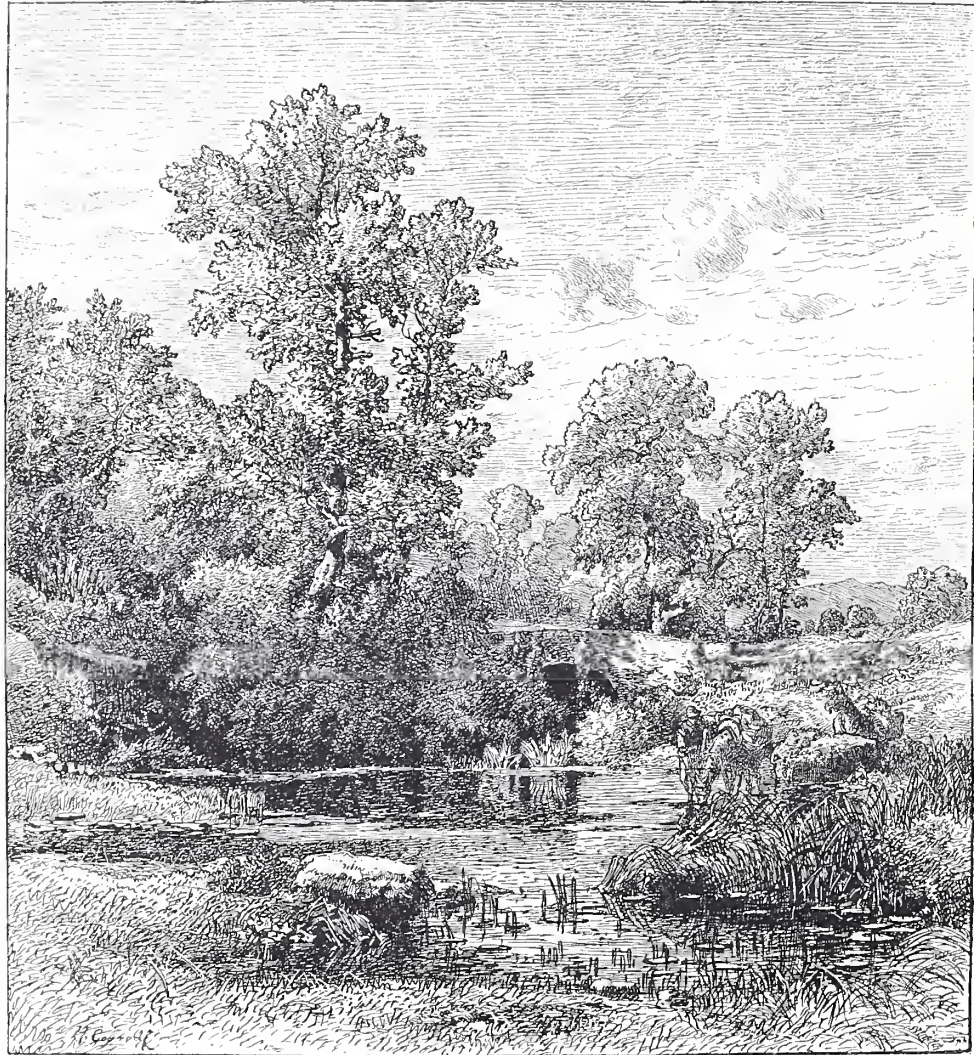
they expatriated themselves and went first to Germany and afterwards to Switzerland, where they settled. The ancestors of the subject of the present memoir obtained the citizenship of the city of Zurich, where they had established themselves, and later, for services rendered to the city, were nominated "Patricians" of Zurich. Solomon Corrodi (the father of Hermann) was the son of a Protestant pastor. He was born in 1810, and was the first of the family to return to Italy, the country of his ancestors. He established himself in Rome as a water-colour painter, and was noted for giving to his works, which were much

culties to the painter. This venerable artist is called the Nestor of water-colour painters in Italy, and there is no more respected figure in artistic circles in Rome.

His son Hermann was born in 1844, during a summer sojourn of his parents at Frascati. His real vocation for art was displayed at a very early age, not so much in attempts at execution, as in a perception of the beauties of nature and a desire to contemplate them undisturbed, singularly unusual in a very young child. No doubt also the surroundings and associations of his earliest years contributed

to make him a painter, while he was gifted in an extraordinary degree with what may be called eye-memory. A friend to whom Corrodi himself narrated the story gave me a singular instance of this. He states that certain effects in nature and certain impressions of subjects and landscapes have remained clearly pictured in his mind from the age of six years, and

chains of verdure formed by their woven branches. The small painter in embryo was so absorbed in studying these effects that he tumbled into the water, but his cries fortunately brought his nurse and parents to the spot in time to save him. Twenty years later Corrodi made a charming picture of this little corner of Italian woodland with its fountain and its minia-



A STUDY OF LANDSCAPE.

(From an Etching by Hermann Corrodi.)

that twenty years later he painted what he considered one of his best pictures from an impression received at that early age. His parents were passing the summer of 1850 at Frascati inhabiting the Villa Piccolomini, and little Hermann having escaped from the custody of his nurse, set off to enjoy the beauties of nature alone in the park of the villa. The child was transfixed by the charm of a little fountain with a small lake of perfectly limpid water in which were reflected the tall trees growing around, with the

ture lake, just as it had presented itself to his childish eyes, with the exception that instead of his own infantile figure, it is a nymph who is pensively admiring the reflections in the limpid water. Hermann Corrodi's first studies, and those of his brother Arnold, who was fourteen months younger than himself, were made at Rome under the direction of their father.

According to the ideas of the family, academic instruction in Rome at that time was quite insufficient, and later the two young students were sent

to Germany, and they also passed some time with Calame at Geneva. It will be seen later why it is impossible to follow the career of young Hermann at this period without frequent reference to his brother.

The elder had now dedicated himself by preference to *genre* and landscape painting, the younger to *genre* and historical pictures.

Hermann always declares himself to have been immensely dominated by the influence of his gifted eadet. The brothers were literally inseparable, and the affection existing between them was like that

After having exhibited in Germany in 1868—first in Berlin and afterwards in Vienna, where, in 1870, they both gained medals—they went to Paris, and remained for several years either in the capital or its environs, having a little *piéd à terre* at Bougival on the Seine. These years must be considered the most decisive in determining the bent and style of their paintings.

They were both seized with enthusiasm for the French school, and from this time dates a complete change in their treatment of subjects and mode of



THE MADONNA OF CHIOGGIA.

(From the Picture by Hermann Corrodi. Engraved by P. Kaldemann.)

which is usually found between twin children, rather than the ordinary fraternal sentiment. Their passion for art, for poetry, and for the beautiful in nature, united them still further, and was the point of departure of all their ideas and of all that inspired their works. The great and acknowledged talents of Arnold Corrodi—talents all too soon lost to the world of art—together with his great quickness and delicacy of mind, aroused a sort of generous enthusiasm in the soul of his brother which greatly influenced his own life and works.

They were, during that portion of their lives, as perfectly happy in their work, in their early successes, and in the pursuit of their beloved art, as it is given to very few mortals who are endowed with the artistic temperament to be. In Germany and France they were often spoken of as “the happy brothers of Rome.”

work. It was not that they were imitators—it has always been a boast of Hermann Corrodi’s that he was never the disciple of any particular academy or school; but, probably for this very reason, the impression made upon them by the reality and vigour of many of the masterpieces of modern French art was profound, and decidedly influenced the future work of both the brothers. They freed themselves for good of any idea of leaning henceforth on what they called with juvenile ardour “that tottering, broken-down old nurse which we call *Académie*,” and encouraged each other on the new course of perfect freedom in art by citing all the distinguished painters of modern times who have come forth from no academy or school, but have been young men endowed with talent who have marked out an independent path for themselves. A favourite saying of Hermann Corrodi’s is that if there is any

liberty at all in the world there should be liberty in art.

Without going so far as to agree with many painters of the modern school that "academic" and "decadent" are interchangeable terms, it may be here noted on their side of the argument that Makart was expelled from the Academy of Vienna for "want of talent."

But pleasant as was the sojourn in Paris, and enthusiastic as they were about the new impulse which they had received from French art, the "happy brothers" could not remain there. They had no idea of exiling themselves permanently from beautiful Italy, and in 1870 they returned to Rome.

Hermann now prepared his first picture for the Salon—"A Tempest in the Mediterranean," which was exhibited at the Salon of 1870; "The Smugglers" ("Les Contrebandiers") for the Salon of 1871; and "A Procession at Ischia," which was exhibited in the Salon of 1872, and which some years later was bought by the Queen of Saxony. During this period he also painted several large pictures of views in Venice, which went to Berlin and Vienna.

At the same time the younger brother executed his fine picture of "The Entry of Titus into Rome," his large historical work, "The Conspiracy of Faliero at Venice," "St. Paul before Felix," "Petraarch Crowned at the Capitol," "The Chase," time of Henry IV. of France—and other pictures, which were all exhibited with great success, and brought medals and honours in abundance to the gifted young artist.

But now the thunderbolt fell in the serene sky of Hermann Corrodi's artistic life. In the midst

of happiness and success, and on the eve of great projects for important pictures to be painted for several great world's exhibitions, Arnold Corrodi was seized with cerebral inflammation and died suddenly in 1874. It is difficult to exaggerate the effects of the blow upon the surviving brother. Hermann Corrodi

believed at first that he could not long survive his brother, and he shortly afterwards left Italy under the impression that he should never again return.

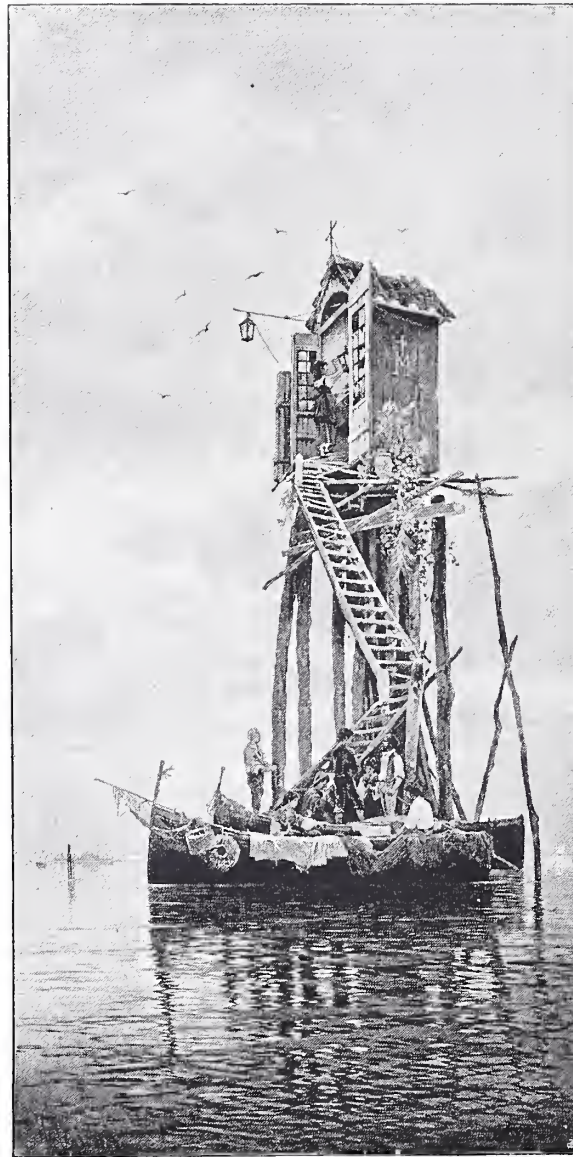
It was at this time that he made his first travels in England, believing perhaps instinctively that he might be in some measure distracted from his grief by entirely new scenes and surroundings.

While he remained in London, and time was doing its beneficent work, he once more began to feel promptings to return to his own sunny Italy and try to work once more. He contracted a happy marriage here, too, in 1876, with a lady who is now one of the ornaments of society in Rome, and this benign influence had the effect of bringing him back as it were to the world, and to work.

Corrodi passed the entire winter of 1876-7 in Cairo and on the banks of the Nile, making studies for pictures ordered by the Khedive, which he afterwards completed at

Rome. These were: "The Baths of the Harem," "The Carpet Bazaar," "Sunset at Gezirêh," "Inundation of the Nile at Ghizeh," and many more.

After Egypt, Corrodi visited Syria and the Holy Land. Jerusalem, Bethlehem, the Dead Sea and its environs furnished him with subjects for important pictures, among which may be noted the "Holy Fountain," on the great *Place* of the Temple where



THE FISHERMEN'S AVE MARIA AT CHIOGGIA.

(From the Picture by Hermann Corrodi. Presented to Her Majesty the Queen by the Prince and Princess of Wales on the occasion of her Jubilee.)

the Arabs wash before entering the Mosque of Omar.

The effects of dazzling light and of intense heat are cleverly and truthfully given in this picture, and

property of the Grand Duke of Baden in 1880. Its *motif* is one of those gorgeous sunsets which so often fill with splendour the sky of Cairo.

Among other important works which were the



A CONVENT NEAR VENICE.

(From the Picture by Hermann Corrodi.)

could only have been so rendered by one thoroughly familiar with the atmospheric effects of the climate as well as with the scenery which he portrays. This picture, which I have seen in the studio of the artist, is a large and very important one, and became the

result of the numerous and careful studies made by Corrodi during his Eastern travels, may be mentioned a night scene on the Dead Sea. A hermit, one of the many who haunt those lonely shores, is absorbed in an ecstasy of prayer, his fire has died down, and in

the darkness partly illuminated by the rays of the moon, hyenas and other beasts of prey are dimly seen. The chiaroscuro here is very striking, and is in strong contrast to Corrodi's best known style, which deals with glowing sunsets, clear afterglows, or dazzling noondays. This picture was bought by the Empress Augusta, and is now in the royal château at Coblenz.

Another was the so-called "Grotto of Christ," on the shores of Lake Tiberias. There are several grottoes thus named, the tradition being that our Saviour rested first in one and then in another, during His forty days' fasting and wandering in the desert. They are all now inhabited by hermits. In Corrodi's picture we look out of the cave, the entrance to which is bordered with plants and flowering shrubs, on to the lake, which is seen in all the splendour of a summer morning.

The subject of this picture was the personal choice of the Emperor William of Germany, who commissioned it, and it gained for the artist the Cross of the Red Eagle, which the venerable Sovereign elected to bestow on him with his own hand. At the same time he commissioned Signor Corrodi to paint a triptych which he wished to present to the Empress Augusta, representing the Holy Places. This is now in the royal castle at Berlin.

Consideration of space prevents me giving a detailed list of even the more recent works of this indefatigable artist, still less of his numerous royal and imperial patrons. The series of studies made in Cyprus cannot, however, be passed over without notice. These were made when the island had just been ceded to England, and Lord Wolseley was there as Governor. The whole resultant collection of studies and pictures was exhibited, it will be remembered, at Wallis's French Gallery, and attracted much attention. The almost dream-like beauty of some of the subjects, and the exquisite effects of aerial perspective peculiar to the island, were rendered with a fidelity and a delicacy worthy of the highest praise. Many smaller studies were bought by the Princess of Wales, and several pictures found places in private collections in England.

"The Fishermen's Ave Maria at Chioggia," which is the subject of the illustration on page 220, was commissioned in the spring of 1886 by the Prince and Princess of Wales for the sake of its simple, peaceful subject, which they thought would please the Queen, and they presented it to her on the occasion of her "Jubilee."

A fisherman's family have moored their boats at the foot of one of those chapel-shrines built on raised piles which are not uncommon on the Venetian lagoons. A young girl has ascended the rickety wooden ladder in order to trim the lamp and place flowers be-

fore the shrine of the Madonna. It is the hour of prayer; and as the distant chimes of the "Ave Maria" float faintly across the waters from the towers of Venice in the far distance, a murmured prayer comes in response from the lips of the simple fisher-folk, men, women, and children, in the two boats. In the original, the chief poetry seems to me to be centred in the figure of the old man standing while telling his beads. The figure is very simple and noble, and is relieved against a pale luminous stripe of yellow sky with admirable effect. The whole upper part of the sky is covered with soft greyish masses of cloud. The far-stretching waters of the lagoon lie like a pale golden mirror in the distance, while in the foreground, in the shadow cast by the boats and piles, there is a faint ripple on the water, and the natural blue-green of the changing lagoon waters is strongly given in the wavelets which are in shadow. A few sea-gulls flying high dot the upper sky.

In the "Madonna of Chioggia" (see p. 219) we have a very similar subject, but so differently treated as to give a very good example of the artist's versatility. Here the fishermen and their families (and be it known that at Chioggia all are fishermen—even the Syndic) are praying to the Madonna before setting out for the night's work or for their longer excursions on the sea. Again it is after sunset, the hour of the "Ave Maria," but sea and sky are as different from those in the other picture as possible; just as in nature we never see two sunsets alike.

Here the glassy lagoon and the translucent sky are almost of a pearly whiteness flecked with clouds of rose colour. The boat in which the fishermen stand or bend in prayer is at a little distance from the stone steps which lead sheer out of the water to the shrine and church of the Madonna on the island. The women kneel upon the steps where they have just strewn some flowers before the image of the Virgin.

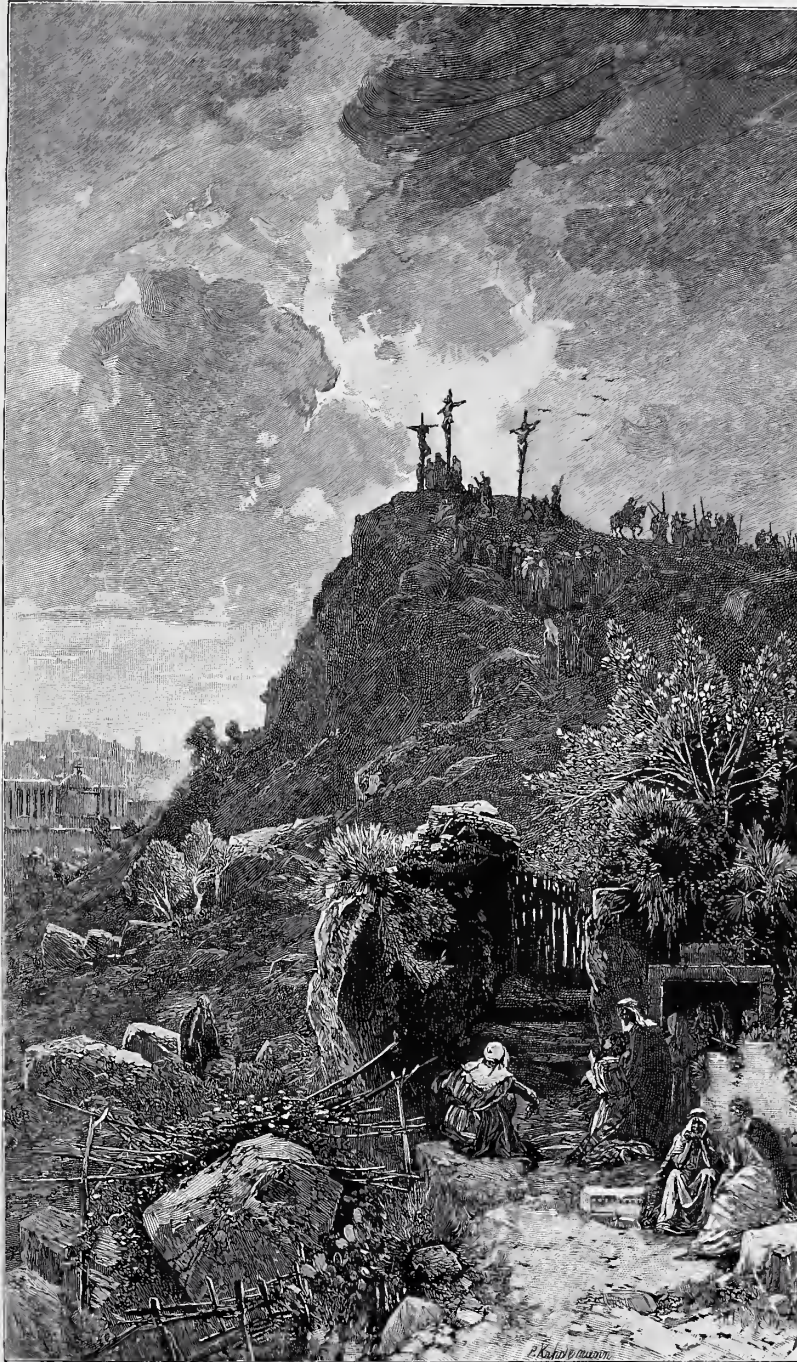
The colouring of this picture is so true to nature, and the effects of air and distance so admirably rendered, that one almost feels inclined to draw a long breath in order to inhale the still, salt air of the lagoon more freely; and to listen in the intense evening silence for the faint creaking of the boat, and the subdued voices of the women at prayer.

"Golgotha," engraved on the next page, is a work so different again from those already described, that it is difficult to believe it painted by the same hand. The actual locale, it must be remembered, was well known to the artist, and his portrayal of nature as he imagined it at that awful moment is full of grandeur. "A Convent near Venice," again, is one of Professor Corrodi's happiest compositions. The white-robed figures of the monks who have come down to the convent gate break the masses of shadow with good effect; and the towering cypress trees

seem turned to bronze on the side lights in the glow of a splendid sunset.

Such is the work of one who must be counted

and emperors alike have not been ill-bestowed. It may be truly said that his motto in life has been the oft-quoted line of the old Italian writer—"Arte



GOLGOTHA.

(From the Picture by Hermann Corrodi. Engraved by P. Kahdemann.)

quite in the foremost rank of professors of Italian art of to-day, and all who appreciate the earnest and unwavering pursuit of a high ideal will feel that the unusual honours conferred upon Corrodi by kings

sempre sarà il piu bel fior della vita"—which has thus been rendered:—

"Of all the flowers that grace the earth,
Art blossomed sweetest from her birth."

CURRENT ART.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—I.

BY THE EDITOR.

ONCE more the Royal Academy opens wide its doors and invites the public to view its exhibition—this year the hundred and twenty-first—and in accordance with the precedent last year es-

be felt or advanced against it, the work of no other man in the whole Academy will more amply repay study, or more deeply open up the springs of argument touching art-criticism or art-craftsmanship. Not



THE SIBYL.

(From the Original Sketch by Sir Frederick Leighton, Bart., P.R.A., for his Picture in the Royal Academy Exhibition.)

tablished in *THE MAGAZINE OF ART*, a review and reproduction of some of the chief attractions to be found upon its walls are now presented.

The work of the President claims our first attention, for it may be safely asserted that whatever may be its merits or demerits, and spite of all that may

that I propose to pursue this theme—as well for consideration of space as consideration for the reader; but a little way it may be well to go, for the theme is one pregnant with interesting suggestions for the average Academy visitor. There can be no doubt but that Sir Frederick Leighton's art—though not



1.



2.



3.



4.

ORIGINAL STUDIES FOR "THE SIBYL," BY SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, BART., P.R.A.

1. The First Study from the Nude. 2. The Nude with Draperies overlaid. 3 and 4. Studies for Draperies.

his sympathy—is wholly out of tune with the realistic tendency of our rising Franco-English school. It has been urged against him by one of the most eminent of living English artists that his figures seem to be fancy portraits of Neo-Greek ladies and gentleman, neatly modelled in wax and coloured by hand; while others quote against him that exclamation of the Great Master—“I am painter, Sir, not a tinter!” Robust colour, naturalistic representations of everyday scenes and passions certainly do not come within the sweep of Sir Frederick’s practice, but what we do invariably find, irrespective of subject and irrespective even of success in the result, is a striving after a beauty of form, idea, and execution. In these he succeeds exactly in proportion to his ability, and where he fails marks absolutely and frankly the limitation of his powers. There is little doubt but that the chief excellences of his work are usually missed by the greater public, sometimes even by painters of opposite methods, who might be expected to have a juster appreciation of their technical beauties. The greatest merit is undeniably his elevated “style,” that sense of distinction of which he is in England one of the last remaining representatives. Next comes his learned composition, with an absolutely unsurpassed knowledge—or should I not call it inspiration?—of the necessities of the beauty of line. Many qualities of another kind distinguish his work, such as his power of using architecture and its ornaments decoratively in his pictures, without allowing them to interfere with either the preconceived line and scheme of colour. In these respects his art is complete, and it was doubtless the appreciation of this fact that prompted the Berlin Commission to award to him the Gold Medal for science in painting, while they awarded to Sir John Millais the corresponding medal for execution. Beauty is his aim—beauty in the human figure, where it finds the highest expression, in the graceful line of draperies, and so forth, and to the extent that beauty has ceased to be the attendant of everyday life his work is wanting in realism. So far, happily, his themes have not run dry that he is reduced to the sweet-stuff shops, the madhouses, and drinking-saloons of other “schools.”

I have said that the sense of line in composition, in figure and drapery, is one of the chief qualities of the artist; and the conviction that the method in which he places them upon canvas with such unerring success—for it may be said that the President rarely, if ever, produces an ugly form in a picture—would be both interesting and instructive, prompted me to learn in what manner his effects are produced. This I have done, having special regard to one of his Academy pictures, “The Sibyl,” which, being a

single figure, simplifies greatly the explanation of the mode of procedure. This explanation holds good in every case, be the composition great or small, elaborate or simple; the *modus operandi* is always the same.

Having by good fortune observed in a model an extraordinarily fine and “Michelangelesque” formation of the hand and wrist—an articulation as rare to find as it is anatomically beautiful and desirable—he bethought him of a subject that would enable him to introduce his *trouvaille*. As but one attitude could display the special formation to advantage, the idea of a Sibyl, sitting brooding beside her oracular tripod, was soon evolved, but not so soon was its form determined and fixed. Like Mr. Watts, Sir Frederick Leighton thinks out the whole picture before he puts brush to canvas, or chalk to paper; but, unlike Mr. Watts, once he is decided upon his scheme of colour, the arrangement of line, the disposition of the folds, down to the minutest details, he seldom if ever alters a single line. And the reason is evident. In Sir Frederick’s pictures—which are, above all, decorations in the real sense of the word—the design is a pattern in which every line has its place and its proper relation to other lines, so that the disturbing of one of them, outside of certain limits, would throw the whole out of gear. Having thus determined his picture in his mind’s eye, he in the majority of cases makes a sketch in black and white chalk upon brown paper to fix it. In the facsimile of this first sketch, which appears on page 225, the care with which the folds have been broadly arranged will be evident, and, if it be compared with the finished picture, the very slight degree in which the general scheme has been departed from will convince the reader of the almost scientific precision of the artist’s line of action. But there is a good reason for this determining of the draperies before the model is called in; and it is this. The nude model, no matter how practised he or she may be, never moves or stands or sits, in these degenerate days, with exactly the same freedom as when draped; action or pose is always different—not so much from a sense of mental constraint as from the unusual liberty experienced by the limbs, to which the muscular action invariably responds when the body is released from the discipline and confinement of clothing.

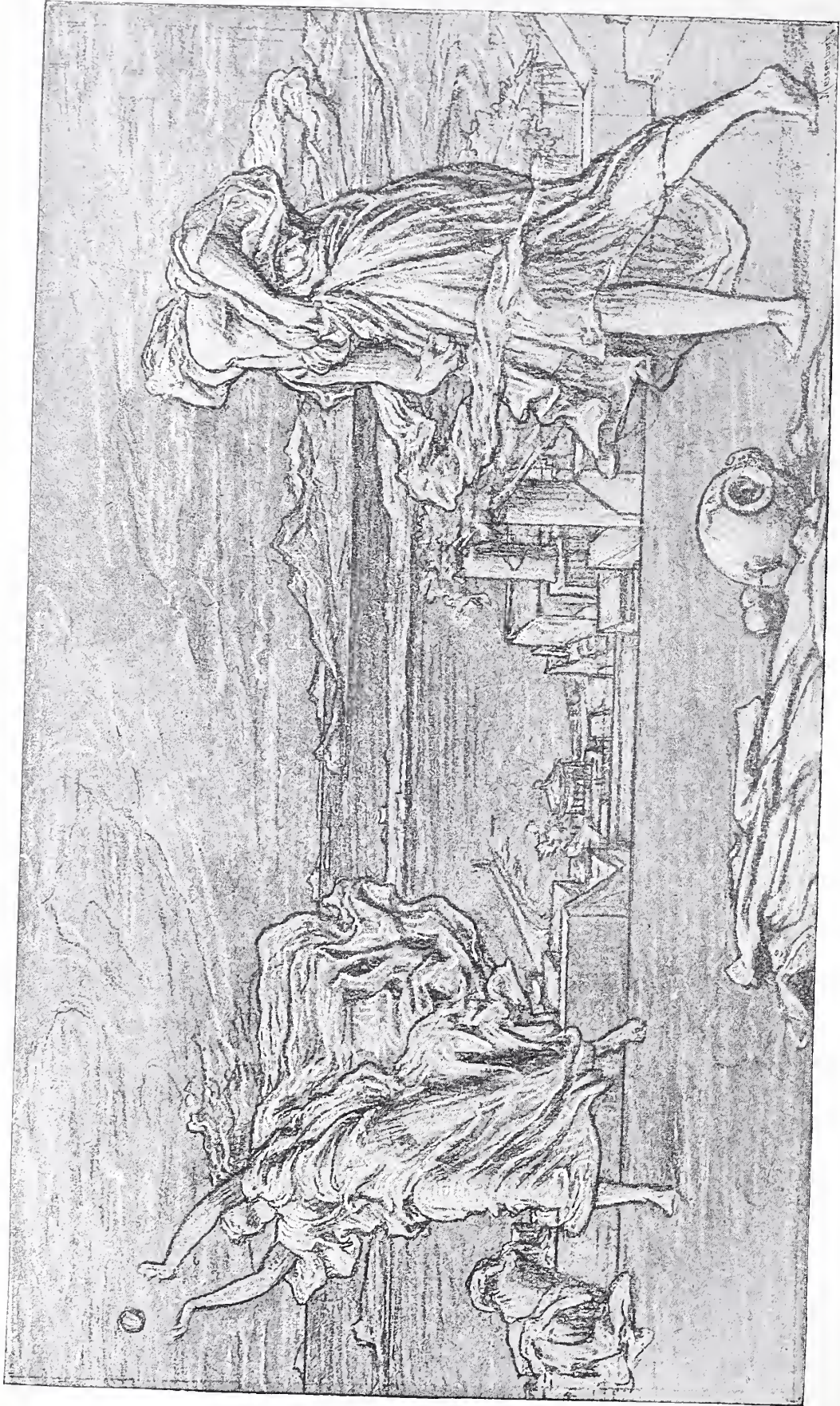
The picture having been thus determined, the model is called in, and is posed as nearly as possible in the attitude desired. As nearly as possible I say, for, as no two faces are exactly alike, no two models ever entirely resemble one another in body or muscular action, and cannot, therefore, pose in such a manner as exactly to correspond with either another model or another figure—no matter how correctly the latter may be drawn. From

the model the artist makes the careful outline, in brown paper, as shown in Fig. 2—a true transcript from life, which may entail some slight corrections of the original design in the direction of modifying the attitude and general appearance of the figure. This would be rendered necessary, probably, by the bulk and material of the drapery. So far, of course, the artist's attention is engaged exclusively by "form," "colour" being always treated more or less ideally. The figure is now placed in its surroundings, and established in exact relation to the canvas. The result is the first true sketch of the entire design, figure and background, and is built up of the two previous ones. It must be absolutely accurate in the distribution of spaces, for it has subsequently to be "squared off" on to the canvas, which is ordered to the exact scale of the sketch. At this moment, the design being finally determined, the sketch in oil colours is made. It has been deferred till now, because the placing of the colours is, of course, of as much importance as the harmony. This done, the canvas is for the first time produced, and thereon is enlarged the design, the painter re-drawing the outline—never departing a hair's breadth from the outlines and forms already obtained—and then highly finishing the whole figure in warm monochrome from the life. Every muscle, every joint, every crease is there, although all this careful painting is shortly to be hidden with the draperies; such, however, is the only method of ensuring absolute correctness of drawing. The fourth stage completed, the artist returns once more to his brown paper, re-copies the outline accurately from the picture, on a larger scale than before, and resumes his studies of draperies in greater detail and with still greater precision, dealing with them in sections, as parts of an homogeneous whole. Of these, Figs. 3 and 4 are a fair sample; but they, of course, do not represent more than a selection. The draperies are now laid with infinite care on to the living model, and are made to approximate as closely as possible to the arrangement given in the first sketch, which, as it was not haphazard, but most carefully worked out, must of necessity be adhered to. They have often to be drawn piecemeal, as a model cannot by any means always retain the attitude sufficiently long for the design to be wholly carried out at one cast. This arrangement is effected with special reference to painting—that is to say, giving not only form and light and shade, but also the relation and "values" of tones. The draperies are drawn over, and are made to conform exactly to the forms copied from the nudes of the under-painted picture. This is a cardinal point, because in carrying out the picture the folds are found fitting mathematically on to the nude, or nudes, first established on the canvas. The next step

then is to transfer these draperies to the canvas on which the design has been squared off, and this is done with flowing colour in the same monochrome as before over the nudes, to which they are intelligently applied, and which nudes must never—mentally at least—be lost sight of. The canvas has been prepared with a grey tone, lighter or darker, according to the subject in hand, and the effect to be produced. The background and accessories being now added, the whole picture presents a more or less completed aspect—resembling that, say, of a print of any warm tone. In the case of draperies of very vigorous tone, a rich flat local colour is probably rubbed over them, the modelling underneath being, though thin, so sharp and definite as to assert itself through this wash. Certain portions of the picture might probably be prepared with a wash or flat tinting of a colour the *opposite* of that which it is eventually to receive. A blue sky, for instance, would possibly have a soft, ruddy tone spread over the canvas—the sky, which is a very definite and important part of the President's compositions, being as completely drawn in monochrome as any other portion of the design; or for rich blue mountains a strong orange wash or tint might be used as a bed. The structure of the picture being thus absolutely complete, and the effect distinctly determined by a sketch which it is the painter's aim to equal in the big work, he has nothing to think of but colour, and with that he now proceeds deliberately, but rapidly.

Such is the method by which Sir Frederick Leighton finds it convenient to build up his pictures. The labour entailed by such a system as this is, of course, enormous, more especially when the composition to be worked out is of so complex a character as the "Captive Andromache" of last year, every figure and group of which were treated with the same completeness and detail as we have seen to attend the production of so simple a picture as "The Sibyl." Deliberateness of workmanship and calculation of effect, into which inspiration of the moment is never allowed to enter, are the chief characteristics of the painter's craftsmanship. The inspiration stage was practically passed when he took the crayon in his hand; and to this circumstance probably are to be assigned the absence of realism which arrest the attention of the beholder. For the rest, this picture of "The Sibyl," the production of which I have so fully set forth, is strongly reminiscent of the "Mnemosyne" in Sir Frederick's ceiling-decoration exhibited in 1886.

As regards his other works, "Girls Playing at Ball" takes precedence, inasmuch as its composition is of a more elaborate character than the others. This picture, of two graceful figures clad in bright flowing and flying draperies, playing ball on the terrace or house-



GIRLS PLAYING AT BALL.

(From the Original Study for the Picture by Sir F. Leighton, Bart., P.R.A.)



"THE HABIT DOES NOT MAKE THE MONK."

(From the Picture by G. F. Watts, R.A. Engraved by Jonnard.)

top overlooking an ideal sea-shore, is full of poetry and grace, with just enough of realism to enable the travelled Englishman to recognise one of the bays near Rhodes, the curious formation of which is as picturesque as it is unmistakable. Here, as elsewhere, the President strikes the same chord on the same instrument—"the tuneful note of the dulcet lute." In "The Invocation" a more difficult effect is attempted in the representation of sunlight whitened and diffused by the veil of the devotee. This maiden, who lifts her muslin veil on upraised arms as she worships before the column-altar, discloses to us a blanched face in which the expression of pious awe approaches the extreme, but which is chiefly interesting to us as a successful attempt to grapple with the problem of infiltrating light, its reflections and values. "Melancholy" is another work, which, however, offers no special features other than are to be found in all the President's work—an ideal head, with indeed much of Fletcher's sentiment,

"There's nought in this life sweet,
But only Melancholy;
O sweetest Melancholy!"

which, too, is "green and yellow," like Viola's. Sir Frederick's final contribution is a portrait of Mrs. Francis Lucas—a work of taste, richness, character, and harmony.

Landscape once more furnishes Sir John Millais with the theme for his principal works; nor can we complain on the whole that he has left subject and incident for the time, such a sense of atmosphere, of strong crisp air, and real sunlight, does he infuse, and such skill, too, does he bring to bear in transferring to canvas the subtler effects of sky and the intricate and delicate network of the limbs of leafless trees. The first of these he calls "Murthly Water"—in reality a comprehensive view of his own fishing on the Tay—in which a couple of resting anglers serve to introduce the human element; but they are, as they are intended to be, quite subservient to the landscape. The sweep of the ground in front, the finely-drawn trees of the middle-distance, the rippled stream, and the wooded slopes beyond, form a bit of purely natural scenery, unconstrained by arbitrary rules of art—in fact, a "natural composition." The season is late in the autumn; November tints are bright and rich and strong, and fill the picture with full greens, orange, and red-browns; and the beautiful interlacing of the bare branches stand forth against the clear sky. A bit of real landscape this, which is evidently meant by the artist to be a true portrait, without any attempt whatever to invest it with "poetry" beyond what any man may find in it—just such a bit, indeed, as you may see any day in Scotland (if you are fortunate in the weather) out of

your carriage-window. In the other picture, entitled "A Green Old Age," sentiment is the keynote—sentiment of just such a kind as pervaded the landscape of "The Vale of Rest," although just thirty years have passed since that masterpiece was hung in the Royal Academy. This formal garden, with its close-cut, Dutch-like box-hedge running to the centre of the picture, this old stone fountain on the left, the gravel paths, and the winter rose-trees peeping over the hedge, form a foreground and middle-distance entirely different from what has hitherto been seen in Sir John's pictures. But beyond, where the real interest of the picture lies, we are on more familiar ground. Out from among the yew-trees rise the gable ends of the grey-green Scotch manor, and from its chimney a column of thin smoke curls up into the still sky, while the whole is closed in by a glimpse of the distant mountains. The work is strange at first sight, but its charm grows upon the spectator and fascinates him as he looks. Brilliance and dash distinguish the portrait of "Mrs. Hardy." The pose of the lady, who stands attired in black evening dress, is a commanding and dignified one, and force of character is in her face. The black and flesh colour are relieved by the brown and orange in her hair and fan, constituting altogether a portrait of great power, yet simple and reticent in its quiet harmony of colour.

A single canvas represents all that Mr. Watts has been enabled, through ill-health and other causes, to complete for the Academy during the past year; but that one work is sufficiently delightful and sufficiently charming to retain for him his artistic eminence in the mind and heart of the most superficial observer. Conceiving it in the highest and brightest vein, he has produced a bewitching illustration of the saying, "The Habit does not Make the Monk;" or as Catherine of Arragon put it, "All hoods make not monks." A chubby, laughing, rosy Love, ill-concealed in the monk's habit which he gathers around him with childish awkwardness, taps gently at a door, and as he waits his face assumes a mischievous expression that forbodes ill to the lady within should she chance to respond to his roguish summons. Such is the subject of the picture, playfully imagined and gracefully carried out, the second or third work of the kind in which Mr. Watts has lately permitted himself to give rein to the more amusingly-poetic side of his fancy. It is certainly a remarkable instance of grace and what may be called a dignified playfulness becoming more and more pronounced in an artist along with advancing age—the more remarkable as we find here no sign of failing power either in imagination, design, execution, or colour. Indeed, it is in point of colour—rich, prismatic colour—that the picture is strongest.

M. H. S.

THE BARBIZON SCHOOL.

NARCISSE VIRGILIO DIAZ.—II.

BY DAVID CROAL THOMSON.



IAZ shared the general feeling of difficulty in making a friend of Rousseau, and although Rousseau often spoke to him in the evenings at Barbizon about what he had been painting during the day, Diaz could not for a long time summon up courage to ask to accompany Rousseau, and see his method of work. When Rousseau started in the morning, supplied, as Sensier tells us, with his lunch in his pocket, Diaz used to follow him as an ogre who scents fresh meat, "dodging him and spying his work in a comical, hide-and-seek sort of way." Diaz was trying to find out the secrets of Rousseau's palette; for the colours of the master, the russet, the grey, and the green, puzzled him. He said he "almost thought Rousseau must employ sorcery," for he himself, so passionately fond of colour, searched without being able to find the delicacy, and at the same time the strength of tones of the studies of Rousseau. At last, however, he screwed up courage and asked Rousseau to tell his secret, and that indeed was a red-letter day in the career of Diaz. Rousseau showed him how he employed his tones and harmonies, and he took special care to explain to him the use of emerald green (a colour scarcely employed in oils by British painters), Naples yellow, and other colours, which Diaz without assistance would never perhaps have found out. There was not perhaps very much in what Rousseau had to tell Diaz, but the lessons fell on good ground. He knew how to use the knowledge he had obtained, and he became in a short time a very worthy disciple of his teacher. The palette of Rousseau bore good fruit in the hands of his ardent pupil, and this incident was the *point de départ* of the talent of Diaz.

At the time when he first encountered Rousseau, Diaz had already acquired a certain fame as an oriental painter, making pictures of Eastern female figures, nymphs, Turks and Arabs, but they were more or less painted in a low tone. In the public gallery at Nantes there is an early Diaz very difficult to reconcile with the master's later work. It has much more of the sombre character of the works of Couture or Delacroix. But Diaz gradually developed into rich colouring, and many of these little pictures are perfect gems, luminous, rich, and fascinating, glowing with all the fervour of a strong sun on gay coloured attire.

So much of this style was employed by Diaz that he was credited with going every summer to the East, and even yet many people will not believe he never saw the dwellers in harems, and the pashas in their ordinary life.

Diaz painted several historical works about this time, and in 1835 exhibited what he called the "Battle of Medina," which was nicknamed by his brother artists the "battle of the broken pots of paint." The composition was terribly confused, and was a mass of brilliant colouring with very little apparent design. In 1836 he painted the "Adoration of the Shepherds," and in 1840 the "Nymphes de Calypso," which again was dubbed a "broken sweetmeat picture."

It was not until about 1844 that Diaz, as he is now known and admired, was revealed in his strength. He had gradually developed, and from this time forward his work was of the finest quality. The prices he obtained for his pictures had risen rapidly from the time he began to exhibit at the Salon, and from this period he could command good figures, but of course nothing like what his works realise now, when the supply has stopped, and the artist cannot excel or undo the reputation his name has acquired. A little later he began to enlarge the size of the figures he painted, and he even did some life-size, but only one or two of these are satisfactory. His smaller pictures in figure painting are without doubt his best works in this class. But Diaz painted so many small figure subjects during his career, for he always found a ready sale for them, that his landscapes being more rare are likely in the long run to be most sought after.

In 1844 Diaz obtained a third class, in 1846 a second class, and in 1848 a first class medal. In 1848, also, he was a competitor for an official representation of the Republic which had just come into power, but his design was not used. In 1851 he was elected to the Legion of Honour, and at the dinner to the recipients for that year he proposed the famous toast, "Théodore Rousseau, our master who has been forgotten."* In this matter of the pointed neglect of Rousseau, Diaz at once took strong sides with his teacher. He wished to decline his own honour, actually sending his cross of honour back to the Minister of State, and at the

* See THE MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. xi., p. 386.

official banquet he rose and proposed this toast. He was the only one who dared beard the administration in its den, and all the other decorated artists present sat silent and forsook Diaz for the moment—horror-struck at his audacity. Suppose that some painter, newly-elected an Associate of our Royal Academy,

which was a triumph for Rousseau, was a disappointment for Diaz. He had given his imagination full swing, and, in the face of the strongly expressed advice of his friends, sent a picture to the gallery called "Last Tears." There was a great deal of discussion over this picture, some critics declaring



THE NECKLACE.

(From the Painting by N. V. Diaz. Engraved by Jonnard.)

were to get up at the annual banquet and propose the health of Mr. C., "our master who has been forgotten," would the courageous one meet with any immediate support? It is to be feared not. Every age of painters has its own troubles, and our own is not without them.

The Paris International Exhibition of 1855,

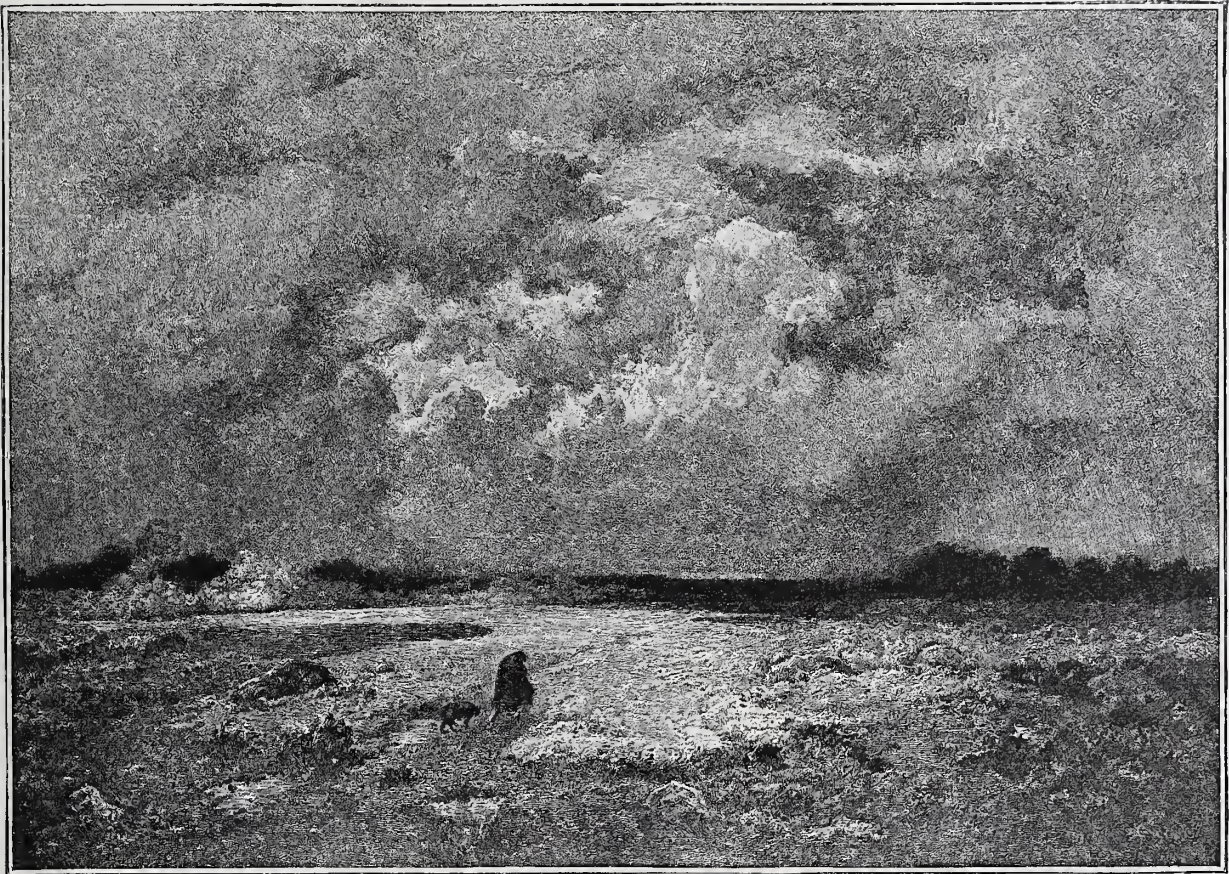
they thought it a splendid work; but it must be admitted that generally it was condemned. The composition was weak, the drawing of the figures questionable, and the whole colour disappointing. The great majority of friends and foes alike condemned it, and there is no doubt Diaz's reputation was seriously injured. However, he returned

to his smaller works, and very soon retrieved his position.

From this time forward there is little to tell about the artist. His pictures found a reasonably ready market, he had many friends, and he seems to have been happy enough to have no history. In 1860, however, a great calamity overtook him, for that year died his favourite son, Narcisse Emile Diaz. This young man was born in Paris twenty-five years before, and his father had trained him as an artist. He was, however, more a poet than painter, and wrote some excellent verses. His poetry was strongly tinged with the ideas of Victor Hugo and De Musset,

Meissonier and other artists delivered orations over the grave, and now that the painter was dead—alas! how often it happens—they did not hesitate to proclaim him the great artist he really was.

It is always interesting to know what artists' works have aroused the enthusiasm of a painter whose works we, in our turn, admire. Diaz's favourite old master was Correggio. For him he had a passionate liking, and he used to go to the Louvre to study there the pictures by that master. The well-known "Antiope" was the work he chiefly admired. Diaz had also something of the Velasquez in him, but Correggio was his greatest inspirer.



THE STORM.

(From an Etching by Chauvel, after the Painting by N. V. Diaz.)

but it was still quite individual. In 1870, during the Franco-German war, Diaz took refuge in Brussels, for he was too old to fight.

Diaz died on November 18th, 1876, at Meudon, near Paris, where he had resided for several years. It was in the same neighbourhood he had lost his limb when a boy. For many years previously, and especially since 1870, he had been one of the fashionable painters, and at his death a large number of people followed his funeral to Montmartre Cemetery.

Diaz was also an ardent admirer of J. F. Millet. Whenever he saw a picture in which he detected genius, his warm southern temperament leaped into flame. When Millet exhibited in the 1844 Salon his group of children playing horses, he said, "At last here is a new man who has the knowledge which I would like to have, movement, colour, and expression too—here, indeed, is a painter." When Millet found times hard, Diaz, then his neighbour at Barbizon, did much to help him. He made a

tremendous propaganda for Millet, urging amateurs and dealers to purchase this artist's paintings, if they did not wish to stand in his eyes as blind and ineapable creatures.*

As a man, Diaz was in personal appearance robust and sunburnt like a gipsy, of shortish stature, brusque as a Castilian, eloquent as an Italian. Latterly he had a grey beard, and eyes which flashed and sparkled like his own pictures. He talked continuously, arguing and disputing, being passionate and self-willed, and very reluctant to allow himself beaten. He was firmly attached to the belief that quality of colour in a picture was of far greater importance than perfection of line. He was generous and enthusiastic with his friends, and very strongly opposed to those he did not like. He enjoyed life in his own way, but in some respects was too fond of good living.

When he had plenty of money he sometimes threw it into all sorts of odd corners in his studio, so that when out of funds he would commence a search for a napoleon, and when he came across it he was refreshingly delighted. When anyone visited him, they could, after ringing the bell, hear the noise of his wooden leg stump-stump-stumping along as the painter hurried to open the door. Then his fine energetic-looking face would brighten up and he would commence to talk immediately, and scarcely stop until his visitors had left. Of course Diaz had

had a very great deal to struggle against; his education as a youth was imperfect, his training was none of the best, and when he became a man, his oats were of the wildest description. Then, when he developed into a favourite painter, training or restraint was out of the question, and generally his life was without well-directed curb.

For the student Diaz is a less desirable master to study than Rousseau, especially in his figure pictures. As a landscape-painter, as which it is quite certain he will live longest, he cannot lead anyone very far wrong; but his brilliant colours in his figure pieces are a pitfall for the unwary. Though easy to imitate when once produced, they are difficult enough to create, and quite undesirable to form a good style upon. But Diaz was an artist to his finger ends; independent, and perhaps capricious, but still a great painter.

Of the examples of Diaz's work which accompany this notice "The Forest of Fontainebleau," on page 184, is probably the most interesting. It is an almost perfect little specimen of Diaz's landscape work. "The Storm" (page 233) is also very fine in quality and composition. "The Chace" (page 183) has been found most difficult to translate into black-and-white, for this picture is more an example of colour than of careful delineation of form. "The Necklacc" (page 232) is in the Luxembourg, and is one of the few large figure pictures in which Diaz was completely successful.

"STUDY OF A HEAD."

BY SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, BART., P.R.A.



HIS little picture, a photograph of which forms our frontispiece, is one of the most recent works from the brush of the President of the Royal Academy. The public had quite lately the opportunity of seeing the original itself, as it was hung in the place of honour in the last exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists. We then called attention to the charm of this pretty head, standing so daintily against the background of rich deep blue, while a drapery of

* "Life of Millet."

a light tender green completed the harmony. The picture itself is little more than a rapid sketch in oils. As may be seen, it is very thinly painted, yet it presents that aspect of completeness, which, as we have pointed out in our article on the Royal Academy, when dealing with the methods of its President, is one of the characteristics of his work as soon as it is put upon canvas. The head is an idealised portrait of a young lady whose face and figure—in common with those of her four pretty sisters—have many a time, in paint and canvas, graced the walls of our exhibitions. The picture was presented to Lady Hallé by the artist as a wedding-gift, and to her courtesy we are indebted for permission to reproduce it.



Sir F. Leighton, Bart., P.R.A. pinxt

Annan & Swan Photogravure

"A STUDY"

(By permission of Lady Hallé)

STUDIES IN ENGLISH COSTUME.

A SUIT OF THE TIME OF HOGARTH.

BY RICHARD HEATH.

"THERE entered a man dressed in a plain habit, with a purse of gold in his hand. He threw himself forward into the room in a bluff, ruffianly manner, a smile, or rather a sneer on his countenance." This portrait of the Prime Minister of England

almost brutal. There was, however, arising a spirit which some may think better, some worse, a desire to gild this Augean stable, to polish its walls, and at least to hide the mire out of sight. "Let this fine varnish, so necessary to give lustre to the



Fig. 1.—SUIT OF THE TIME OF HOGARTH: THE COAT.

(From the Wardrobe of Seymour Lucas, Esq., A.R.A.)

during the Hogarthian period represents the characteristic features of its society.

No time more easy to know, since it not only had Hogarth for its delineator, but Fielding and Smollett and Richardson, all working in the same field; nevertheless, the life they depict is so unsavoury that we shrink from its study, and only give it cursory and occasional glances. No one, however, who has so much as glanced over Hogarth's works can be ignorant that its materialism was

whole piece," wrote Lord Chesterfield in 1751 to his son, "be the sole and single object of your utmost attention." Sir Robert Walpole stands at the entry, Lord Chesterfield at the exit of the stage over which our costume shadows now flit. The first influence is powerful at the opening, but is waning all through the period, and a more polished order of things beginning to take its place. Chesterfield gives us its keynote when he says, "Plainness, simplicity, Quakerism, either in dress or

manners, will not do; they must bo' h be *laced* and *embroidered*."

But there was a quarter of a century to be traversed, and the suit here produced from the wardrobe of Mr. Seymour Lucas will exactly represent this period, while the magnificent laced waistcoat which is added will very aptly indicate the fact that plainness in dress was going out of fashion, and lace and embroidery coming in.

The cut of this suit is in every respect Hogarthian. We come upon such a coat first in a print of the

here (London) display some character or other in their dress; some affect the tremendous, and wear a great and fiercely cocked hat, an enormous sword, a *short waistcoat*, and a black cravat." Lord Chesterfield's reference as well as the examples in Hogarth's print of the "Beggars' Opera" show that waistcoats were now cut shorter and completely square. This caused the breeches to be more visible than was formerly the ease, while the square-toed shoes attracted more attention from the increased size of their buckles.

In the picture entitled "The Indian Emperor"

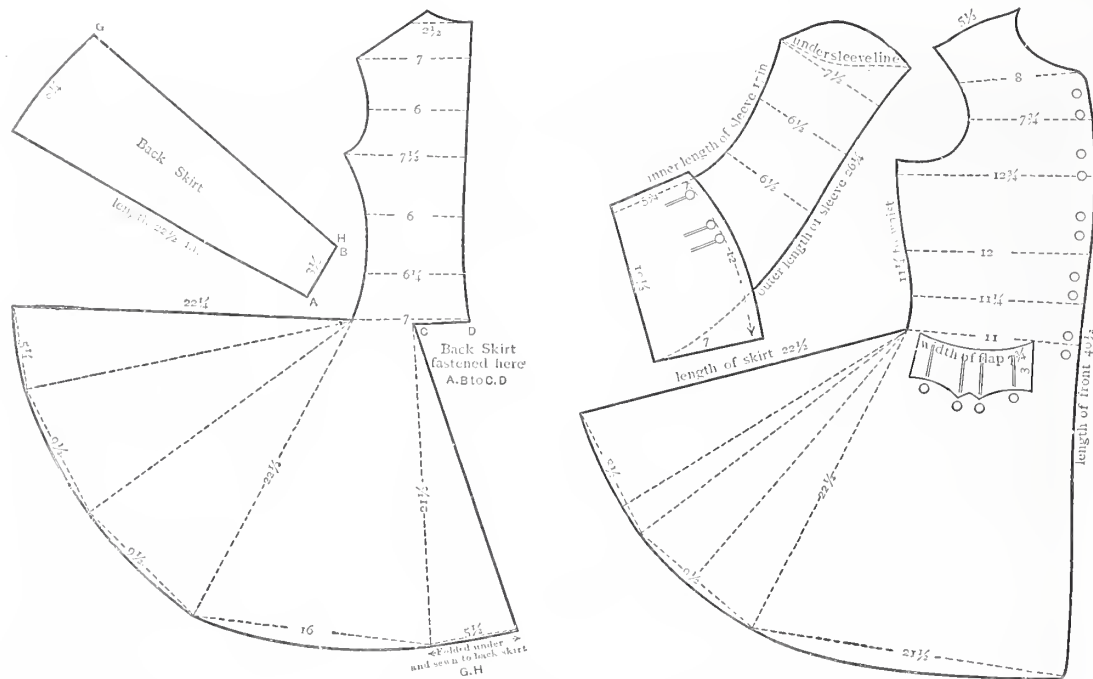


Fig. 2.—MEASUREMENTS OF COAT.

"Beggars' Opera Burlesqued" (1728), where it is worn by a performer playing the bagpipes, the difference in this coat and that of the previous period being chiefly in the pocket-holes, which had now ascended nearly to the waist. But the coat represented in this print has button-holes, or at least false ones, all the way down, which is not the ease with ours. The same style of coat appears again in the picture, "Examination of Bambridge, Warden of the Mint, by a Committee of the House of Commons, appointed (1729) to enquire into the tortures inflicted in that prison." But the cuffs here do not agree with ours, being long rather than wide; in fact they almost reach the elbow.

In the "Beggars' Opera" (1729) we see the same coat again, with a shorter square-cut waistcoat which now began to take the place of the long-flapped waistcoats of the George I. era. Lord Chesterfield, in warning his son against the affectation of singularity in dress, tells him, "Most of our young fellows

(1731), we again have a coat cut as the one before us, but it is an example of the way lace is coming again into ordinary wear, the series of notched holes at the back of the skirts giving place to a series of squares in gold lace. In this coat the cuffs are different to ours, for they are cut open as they approach the elbow; this fashion is frequently observable in pictures of the time, and may be seen on the figure given from the "Laughing Audience" (1733).

In the "Midnight Conversation" (1734) every portion of the suit may be fully seen: the square-cut coats and waistcoats, the breeches fastened by a strap and buckle just round the abdomen and buttoned at the knees. Hogarth has given us two sketches of the breeches of his time—a full view and a side view—which accord almost exactly with those here given, and which were described in my last article. The flaps of the waistcoat being open for eleven inches, gave ample opportunity for the wearer

to put his hands in his pockets as the young lord is doing in Plate II. of the "Rake's Progress," and throws a light on the scene recorded by Hervey, where Miss Bellenden is so worried by the Prince of Wales twice taking his purse out of his pocket and counting over his money, that she threatens to leave the room if he does it again.

A very near approach to the coat is seen in that worn (Fig. 6) by the violinist in the levée—"Rake's Progress" (1735), showing the way in which the body and skirts of the coat fell when worn. The breast-pieces and front skirts were lined with buck-

We have thus arrived nearer and nearer to the coat before us, but it is only when we come to the series called "Marriage à la mode" that we actually reach it. In the first picture, "Drawing up the Contract," the coat worn by the alderman resembles it very closely, but the cuffs are rather longer, and not so deep. That worn by the doctor (who in last scene is rebuking the terrified servant for fetching the laudanum) is the coat in every particular. (See Fig. 8.) And this coat, from its cut and material, very probably belonged to someone of the class of the alderman or doctor. It appears to be made of



Fig. 3.—EMBROIDERED SILK WAISTCOAT.

(From the Wardrobe of Seymour Lucas, Esq., A.R.A.)

ram or coarse canvas. The latter is used in the coat before us (Fig. 1) in order to make these parts stand out stiffly from the body, the folds at the side of the skirts being stuffed with horsehair, making them stick out, while the back and hinder skirts, not being so lined or padded, fall loose and flat. The only points in which the coat of the violinist differs are the cuffs and the lace trappings at the buttons.

There seems at this period to have been some idea of giving up button-holes and wearing embroidered straps. In the "Rake's Marriage" (1735) we have the same coat but without buttons, their place being supplied by straps, one at the neck, and two at the waist. And "In the Gaming House" (same series) a similar style of fastening the coat occurs.

program, which was a stuff composed of mohair and silk. In this case the mohair would be brown, and the silk yellow, giving the material the effect, in some lights, of shot silk. It is lined with yellow, of a material unlike anything we ordinarily see to-day. The buttons and button-holes are in couplets, and the pockets are still ornamented with the five notch-holes, but the series which usually adorned coat-tails, even at this time, have dwindled to only two. The waistcoat belonging to this suit is a mustard-coloured silk, elaborately embroidered with a thread of the same colour. It would appear to have been shortened a trifle by a small piece taken out of the waist. There are twenty-two buttons and twelve button-holes, the lower ten buttons being only ornamental. I have

already alluded to the way in which breast-pieces are made to stand out by means of a coarse canvas under the lining and the skirts by being stuffed with horse-

sees at the play. "When we sat down in the front boxes we found ourselves surrounded by a parcel of the strangest fellows that ever I saw in my life; some of them had those loose kind of great-coats on which I have heard called wrap-raseals, with gold-laced hats slouched, in humble imitation of stage-coachmen; others aspired at being grooms, and had dirty boots and spurs, with black caps on and long whips in their hands, and a third set wore scanty frocks, little shabby hats put on one side, and clubs in their hands."

Fielding, who in his life of Jonathan Wild the Great, cleverly satirises the manners and ideas of the ruling classes, represents Newgate as divided into two parties, one of which wore their hats fiercely cocked, and were called Cavaliers, Tory Rory Ranter Boys, &c., and the other preferred the nab or wrencher cap with the brim flapping over the eyes, and were called Wags, Roundheads, Shakebags, Old Nolls, &c.

The coarse and careless ruffianism suggested by these quotations indicates the mood in which this period opens. There is still in the young man of fashion a touch of the Mohock. But Lord Chesterfield sees it is already the mere affectation of brutality, and scornfully says that he is convinced that they are meek asses in lions' skins, and only quotes their example as one to be avoided. His maxim is "Dress yourself fine when others are fine, plain where others are plain," and he is never tired of urging the necessity of careful and graceful dressing. "I do not, indeed, wear feathers and red heels, which would ill suit my age, but I take care to have my clothes well made, my wig well

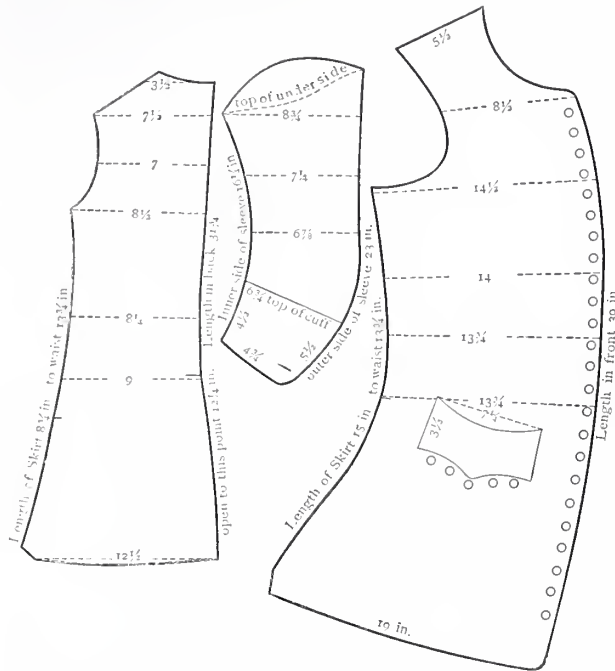


Fig. 1.—MEASUREMENTS OF EMBROIDERED SILK WAISTCOAT SHOWN IN FIG. 3.

hair. The quantity may be inferred from the weight of the coat, which is nearly seven pounds.

The series just spoken of—"Marriage à la mode"—gives many opportunities of studying the wear of the waistcoat and breeches. We see the very square cut prevailed at this time as illustrated in our examples. We see from Plate II. that the stockings were still pulled over the knees, but that the fashion was already going out abroad, for the Italian singer in Plate IV. is represented in breeches which buckle over the stocking at the knee. In the fifth scene we see that they were fastened by a band buckled at the waist.

The dress here illustrated prevails not only throughout "Marriage à la mode," but also through the series called "Industry and Idleness," and may be specially studied on Plates IV. and VIII. In Plate IV. the figures of the master and his favourite apprentice give the front of the coat and the wig most probably worn with it; and in Plates VI. and VII. we have figures which show it behind with the bars or notched holes on the tails.

In the passage already quoted from Chesterfield in illustration of affectation in dress he speaks of some who wore brown frocks, leather breeches, their hats uncocked and their hair unpowdered, and carried great oaken cudgels. And in the London *Evening Post* of December, 1738, the following account is given of the odd figures a young lady

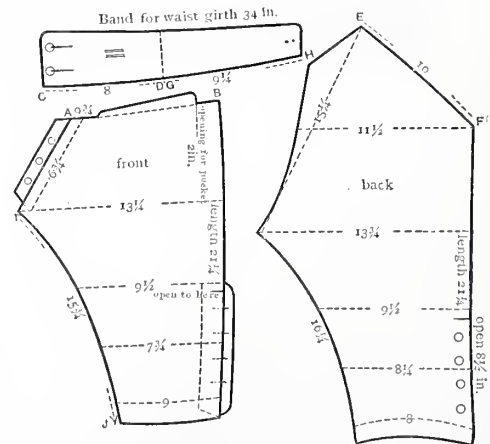


Fig. 5.—MEASUREMENTS OF BREECHES FORMING PART OF THE SUIT.

combed and powdered, my linen and person extremely clean." Lord Chesterfield's allusion to feathers is explained by Fig. 9, where we see a hat of the period cocked before and behind and

edged with feathers. This, as well as lace on the hats, now became more and more the fashion, which, as the works of Hogarth plainly teach, was tending more and more to extravagance of all kinds. The hair was sometimes worn in a pigtail, or the long ends behind tied up and put into a bag and ornamented with an immense black bow. White powder by 1735 was quite the rage, and everyone who wished to be in fashion began to wear wigs like that of the king, clipped in the manner of a hawthorn hedge and literally loaded with powder. Lord Hervey presents us with one of his graphic sketches when he writes: "As for Selkirk, he makes his purple nose quite white six or seven times a day by thrusting it into the king's perwig, in order to get at his Majesty's ear, for the purpose of communicating the court news he is always collecting."

In connection with the bag and bow at the back of the head we see a curious loose black collar worn round the neck. The violinist (Fig. 6) in the levée wears this

"black *solitaire* his neck to adorn,
Like that of Versailles by the courtiers there worn."

London Magazine, 1733.

From which quotation, dated two years earlier than the publication of these prints, we learn the *solitaire* had become the fashion in London, and that the man who wished to be in it was

"Now quite a Frenchman in
his garb and mien,
His neck yok'd down with
bag and *solitaire*."

Modern Fine Gentleman, 1746.

Thus in the "Arrest for Debt" we see the Rake emerging from his chair arrayed in court costume, of which this decoration forms a part.

Chesterfield dwells particularly on the importance of clean linen; in the print, "Bambridge



Fig. 7.

before a Committee of the House of Commons," we see that the loose and carelessly tied Steinkirk now

fell in regular folds on the chest, producing the effect of the narrow-pleated shirt front with a plain white band for a cravat. In the same print we observe that everyone on the committee wears ruffles, some even a double row. In 1737 ruffles had again become of such importance that at the very time Queen Caroline was dying, Lord Hervey says: "The King in the midst of all his real and great concern for the Queen, sent to his pages (it being the day appointed for a levée) to bid them to be sure to have his last new ruffles sewed on upon the shirt he was to put on that day at his public dressing."

And, as we have seen, not only lace but embroidery was coming more and more into fashion. We have noted how richly embroidered is the coat the Rake is wearing when arrested. There is a passage in "Joseph Andrews" which, as it gives a good idea of the tendency of dress in the Chesterfield direction, I shall take

leave to quote:—

"The gentleman who owned the coach-and-six came to the Assembly. He soon attracted the eyes of the company; all the Smarts, all the silk waistcoats with silver and gold edgings, were eclipsed in an instant.

"'Madam,' said Adams, 'if it be not impertinent, I should be glad to know how this gentleman was drest.'

"'Sir,' answered the lady, 'I have been told he had on a cut-velvet coat of a cinnamon colour, lined with pink satin, embroidered all over with gold; his waistcoat, which was cloth of silver, was embroidered with gold likewise. I cannot be particular as to the rest of his dress, but it was all in the French fashion, for Bellarmine (that was his name) was just arrived from Paris.'

And this same Bellarmine says further on to the lady who described his dress to Parson Adams:—



Fig. 6.

(After Hogarth.)



Fig. 8.

(After Hogarth.)

“Yes, madam, this coat, I assure you, was made at Paris, and I defy the best English tailor even to imitate it. There is not one of them can cut, madam; they can't cut. If you observe how the coat is turned, and this sleeve, a clumsy English rascal can do nothing like it. . . . I never trust more than a great-coat to an Englishman.”

And Lord Chesterfield was of the same opinion, for he tells his son that the Milords Anglais in Paris are noted for their ill-cut clothes, which, however, he patriotically ascribes to their being made by Scotch or Irish tailors.

In “Pamela” we read of an individual who appeared arrayed in a fine laced waistcoat of blue paduasoy, and his coat a pearl-coloured fine cloth with gold buttons and button-holes, and lined with silk. And the young lord in “Drawing up the Contract” is arrayed in a waistcoat equally splendid, for it is worked with honeysuckles, something like a beautiful specimen to be seen in Mr. Sherard-Kennedy's wardrobe. Malcolm tells us that in 1735 “noblemen and gentlemen at court chiefly wore brown-flowered velvet or dark cloth suits laced with gold or silver, or plain velvets of various colours and breeches of the same; their waistcoats were either gold-stuffs or richly flowered silks of a large pattern with a white ground; the make much the same as has been worn some time, only many had open sleeves to their coats.” “Lord Castlemaine,” we are further told, “made a very splendid appearance among the young noblemen in a gold-stuff coat.” Mrs. Delancy in her account

of the marriage of the Princess Royal in 1734, mentions Lord Crawford as “dressed in a white damask laced with gold.” But the bridegroom on that occasion and his father-in-law claimed precedence by the gorgeous grandeur of their costume. The Prince of Orange was in gold-stuff embroidered with silver, and

George II. also in gold-stuff, with diamond buttons to his coat: his star and George shining most gloriously. After this we can well believe we see in Mr. Seymour Lucas's splendid example, which is here reproduced (see Fig. 3), a waistcoat worn, perhaps, at this pompous ceremonial. It is a delicate primrose brocaded silk most richly embroidered with silver. But as in France St. Simon stripped the Ludovician Court of all its ribbons and furbelows, and saw even in the superb monarch himself only a rather diseased member of Humanity, so in the Georgian Court there was “a chiel”

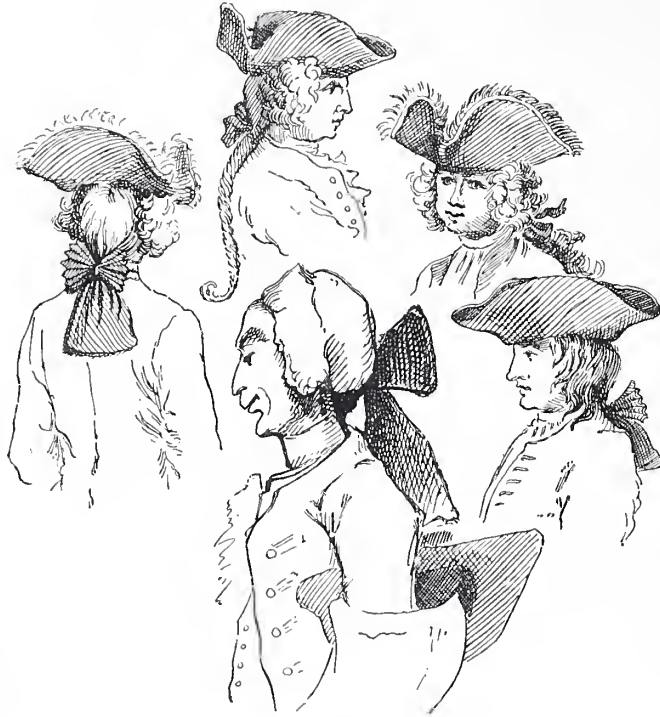


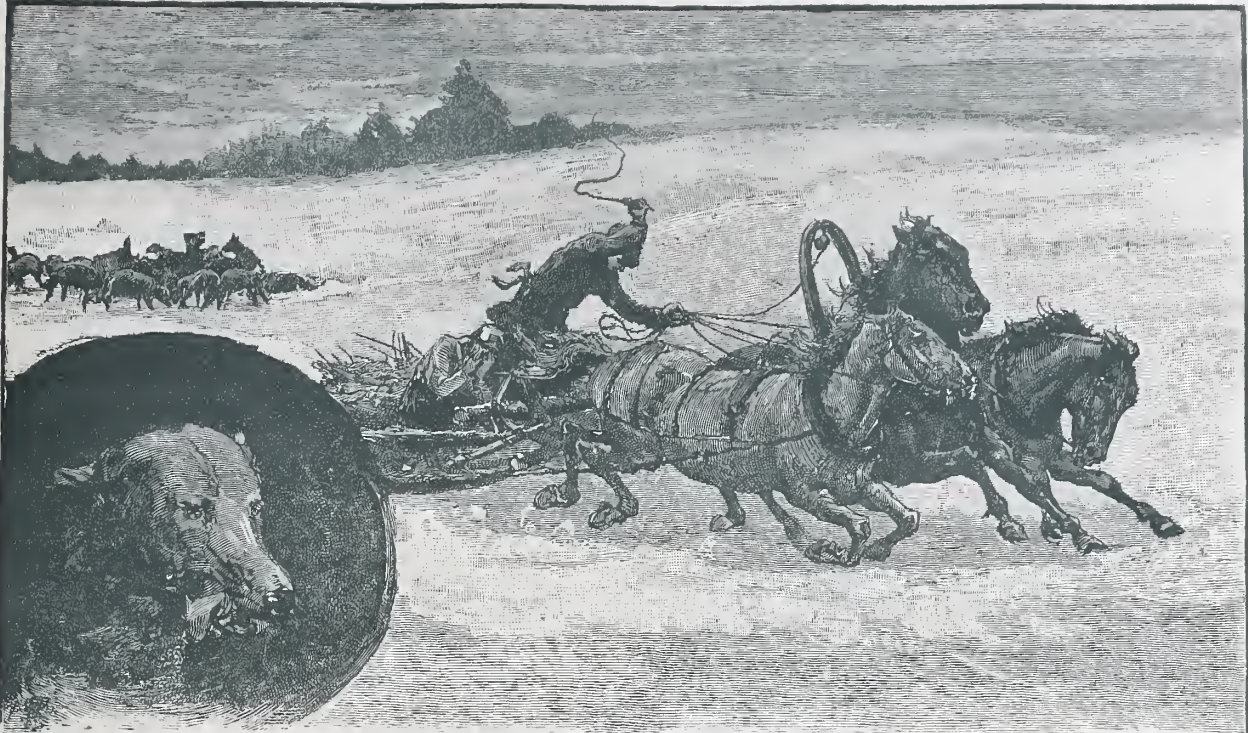
Fig. 9.

(After Hogarth and other Contemporary Artists.)

amongst them taking notes; and words are incapable of expressing the disgust with which, according to Lord Hervey, the greatest personages on the occasion referred to, took part in the tinselled pageantry.

“The gowd is but the guinea stamp,
The man's a man for a' that.”—

is of course only a fine sentiment, but the remorseless strippings of “good my Lord Hervey” must render the most thorough-going cynic glad that men and women were not wholly given up to the practical philosophy of Sir Robert Walpole and Lord Chesterfield, who, as the mutes in a funeral procession, now usher before us the cavalcade of their dead and corrupt times.



ALL black and white and grey—a snowy steppe,
 And here and there a stump or rock, and far
 A ragged jagged fringe of dusky pine,
 And over all a pall of hopeless lead.

Ah! life too much in this dead land of cold:
 A sleigh and horses three that sped for life,
 A driver and a mother, priest and babe,
 And after all the wolves infuriate.

Dropped like a pin in haste or fear, the child
 Rolled in the snow; and, as a child, the priest
 In impulse leapt. These stayed, and the wolves
 stayed.

The rest sped on, by horses as by fate
 Dragged to the nearest village, where the beasts
 Stopped still with shivering knees, a cloud of
 steam,

And there they found the mother—once again
 A mother—dead, and a babe fresh from heaven,
 Who cried, as other babes, he knew not why.



TOO TRUE.

(Poem by W. Cosmo Monkhouse, Drawing by Arthur Lemon, Engraved by F. Barbear.)



HEADS OF ANGELS.

(By Agostino di Duccio.)

THE EARLY DAYS OF THE RENAISSANCE IN ITALY.

THERE is a sort of magic in the word "Renaissance." When we hear it, a procession of magnificently-apparelled princes, of courtly painters and sculptors, of gentle scholars and poets, passes through our mind. It suggests to us a period, characterised by an energy of thought, a splendour of life, and a love of art, which are almost without parallel in history. The Middle Ages were a long night throughout which the art-world slept; the Renaissance is the brilliant dawn, when the whole world awoke and recognised once more how glorious a thing it is to live, see, and think; when the human spirit became young again; when science and philosophy were restored to the place of honour from which bigotry and ignorance had thrust them; and when beauty and pleasure were pursued with a devotion worthy of the age of Pericles. The curious subtleties of the Platonic system grafted on to the doctrines of Christian charity, produced that "humanism" which is happily not yet quite extinct. The discovery of a lost classical author, the unearthing of a Greek statue, thrilled the souls of Florentines of the fifteenth century. The bones of Livy were one of Padua's greatest treasures, while the King of Naples regarded the historian's arm as a priceless relic. A new work by a distinguished sculptor or painter at once commanded thousands of spectators. And yet, with all this fervid intellectuality, physical strength and prowess were not for an instant despised. The hunting-field, the joust, all those exercises which aided physical development, were held in high esteem. It was thought to immeasurably enhance the merit of Alberti (architect, painter, sculptor, *littérateur*) that he could tame the most mettled steed, that he could leap the height of a man with his feet tied together, and that with a coin

he could hit the roof of the cathedral of Florence. And then how interesting were the political circumstances of the time! On the one hand, we have the cultured tyrannies presided over by patrons of art and letters; on the other hand, the free republics, whose citizens were only animated by a desire to confer honour and glory on the place which gave them birth. All men bestirred themselves to beautify their homes. In the Middle Ages it had been regarded as idolatrous to erect statues in honour of living persons; they were now set up in every town in Italy.

To all these circumstances is due the peculiar charm of the Renaissance, as well as the extraordinary energy which has been devoted to the elucidation of its history. A vast literature has sprung up dealing with this single period, and the latest addition to this literature is a work of the greatest value from the pen of M. Eugène Müntz, and entitled "*Histoire de l'Art pendant la Renaissance*."* The volume before us deals with the revival of art in Italy in the fifteenth century, and is, we believe, only an instalment of a comprehensive history of the movement throughout Europe. We have nothing but praise to give to M. Müntz's great work. It is written in a charming style, which detracts nothing from its erudition; it approaches art from every point of view; and it is illustrated with a tact and profusion which add immensely to its usefulness.

"Les Primitifs," as M. Müntz calls them, include the great masters of the fifteenth century. All that was noblest in the architecture, sculpture, and painting of this time is represented in the work of

* "*Histoire de l'Art pendant la Renaissance: Italie. Les Primitifs.*" Par Eugène Müntz. (Hachette et Cie.)

Brunellesco, Donatello, and Masaccio. The ideal of these masters was no doubt the classical ideal, but, as M. Müntz well points out, it was not the fact of having slavishly copied ancient models which gave the early Renaissance its life and fertility; its triumph was due to the fact that classical art was the heritage of the Italians, who were the direct and legitimate successors of the Greeks and Romans, and had assimilated the classical spirit until it had become their own. This is the reason why classical models, which have destroyed so many schools of art, only gave fresh life and health to the Italian school of the fifteenth century.

But let it not be thought that the Italian school, with its classical aspirations, leapt at once into being, like Athene from the head of Zeus. Ancient art had been vaguely discussed even in the Byzantine period. Phidias and Praxiteles had long been names to conjure with, even though nothing was known of their lives or styles. They were regarded as magicians, who had produced masterpieces in bronze by supernatural means. Giotto, too, was not unacquainted with Roman architecture and ornament, though he had but faint glimmerings of the possibilities of the study of antiquity.

It was not, indeed, until the time of Brunellesco and Donatello that the influence of classical art fully revealed itself. Yet these masters never forsook nature. Their work was always much more than an echo of antiquity. Donatello himself is a daring realist; but nevertheless his subjects, his types, the attitudes and draperies of his figures, are never free from a suggestion of classicism. Their reverence for the Greeks and Romans never turned the eyes of the Italians of the fifteenth century away from the life of their own times. They studied their contemporaries with unflinching earnestness. They drew or modelled those they met daily in the streets of Florence. They did not hesitate to caricature beggars, conspirators, rascals of all sorts; yet they informed even their meanest works with a spirit of grace and

harmony. They served two masters—nature on the one hand, antiquity on the other; and it is this dual apprenticeship which explains their achievement. From antiquity they learnt beauty of form, purity of line, nobility of conception. It was nature that gave them their inspiration, their freshness of sentiment, their clear and free vision. Then they were ever ready to take advantage of the lessons of science. Donatello studied eagerly the anatomy not only of man but of the horse. Masaccio devoted himself to perfecting foreshortening and linear perspective. They would learn of all who had anything to teach.

From artists of the Flemish school, for instance, they gained a knowledge of aerial perspective, as well as of the technical processes of oil-painting.

One of the noticeable features of the Renaissance was the extraordinary impetus which it gave to architecture. During the Middle Ages, life had been nomadic. Churches and monasteries had been built with unceasing assiduity; but civil architecture played only an insignificant part in mediæval life. In the fifteenth century a marked change took place. Life in cities had by this time become more settled. The princes of Italy, who loved splendour and pomp beyond all things, built for themselves glorious palaces. In every city tribunals, halls, hospitals, sprang up as if by enchant-



ST. CECILIA.

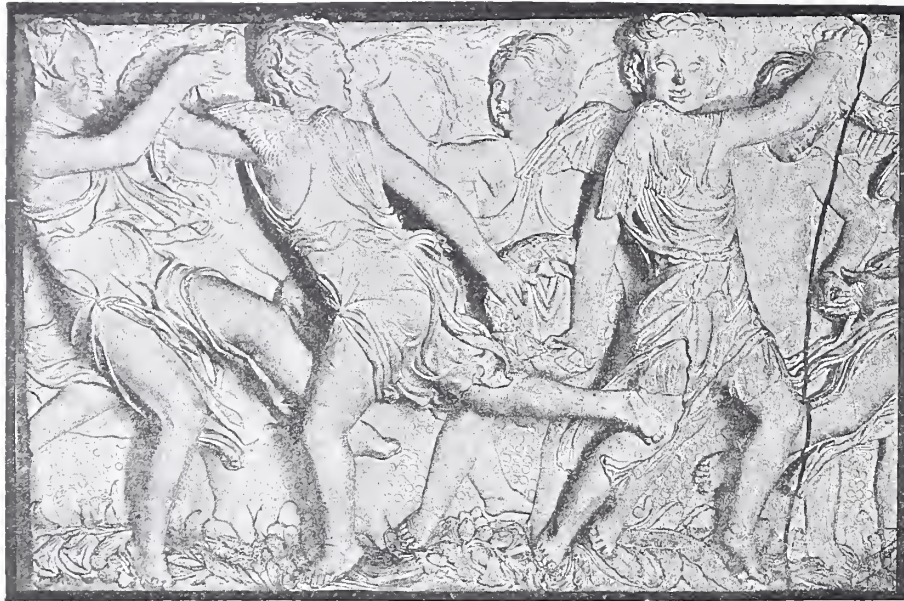
(By Donatello. The Earl of Wemyss's Collection.)

ment; and all were in the approved Roman style. Yet architecture was the least emancipated of the arts; and while painting and sculpture gained in strength at the great revival, it must be admitted that architecture lost something of its former freedom and picturesqueness. The study of the monuments of Rome and the writings of Vitruvius produced a style of architecture in which everything was sacrificed to symmetry and an almost mathematical precision.

The architect most characteristic of the fifteenth century is Brunellesco, whom M. Müntz calls the Christopher Columbus of modern architecture. He it was who, after years of quarrelling with the

Council, built the eupola of the cathedral at Florence. The story of the disgraceful treatment to which Brunellesco was subjected reminds us of the persistent persecution endured by Sir Christopher Wren at the hands of the committee who presided over the building of St. Paul's; and in the case of Brunellesco,

the first place is due to Donatello. This marvellous genius was the son of a wool-carder at Florence. He was born in 1382, or thereabouts, for it is a fact not a little characteristic of his absence of mind that he forgot the exact year of his birth. So simple was his plan of life that he kept the little money which he



CHILDREN DANCING.

(By Donatello.)

as in that of Sir Christopher, the behaviour of the Council was utterly unjustifiable. For the Italian architect, though touched with a love of diplomacy, was a kindly, magnanimous soul; and when the sketch which he executed in the competition for the gates of the Baptistry was adjudged the best with Ghiberti's, he at once retired from the field in favour of his rival. Among the many buildings which are due to his genius, we may mention the churches of San Lorenzo and San Spirito at Florence, both of them constructed on the model of Christian basilicæ. Contemporary with Brunellesco were the architects Michelozzi and Alberti. The latter was one of the most accomplished men the world has ever seen. Not only was he handsome, athletic, and socially charming, but he displayed extraordinary ability in every branch of art and literature. He was the friend of Donatello, and the adviser of the Medici; while for the Rucellai he built a splendid palace at Florence, which is, perhaps, his masterpiece.

But it is when we turn from architecture to sculpture that the true greatness of the Renaissance appears. The sculptors profited far more than either architects or painters by classical inspiration; and this is not to be wondered at, for the classical genius was pre-eminently plastic. Of all the Italian sculptors,

earned in a basket suspended from his ceiling, letting it up and down by means of a pulley. It was no unusual occurrence for him to wander up and down Florence in rags; indeed, it was only by a subterfuge that he was ever induced to cast off his worn-out clothes. His friend and patron, Cosmo de Medici, used to change his garments while he slept, and Donatello would unconsciously put on the new ones, and never recognise the change. His long life was entirely devoted to his art; but so indifferent was he to the rewards which his work might legitimately have brought him that when he died, in 1466, he was a poor man. Engravings of three of Donatello's works accompany the present article. The statue of St. George, which may be regarded as the type of military courage, is perhaps his masterpiece, and is as strong and noble in pose and execution as it could well be. Very different in spirit is the charming St. Cecilia, which is in the collection of Lord Wemyss, and was one of the most interesting works of sculpture exhibited last winter at Burlington House.

The great work of Ghiberti's life, the second great sculptor of the Renaissance, presents a striking contrast to Donatello's restless force and almost petulant execution. The two artists have scarcely any

point of contact; yet to one or other of them is to be ascribed the noblest works of sculpture which had although he died at the age of twenty-seven, left behind him works which, for dignity of composition



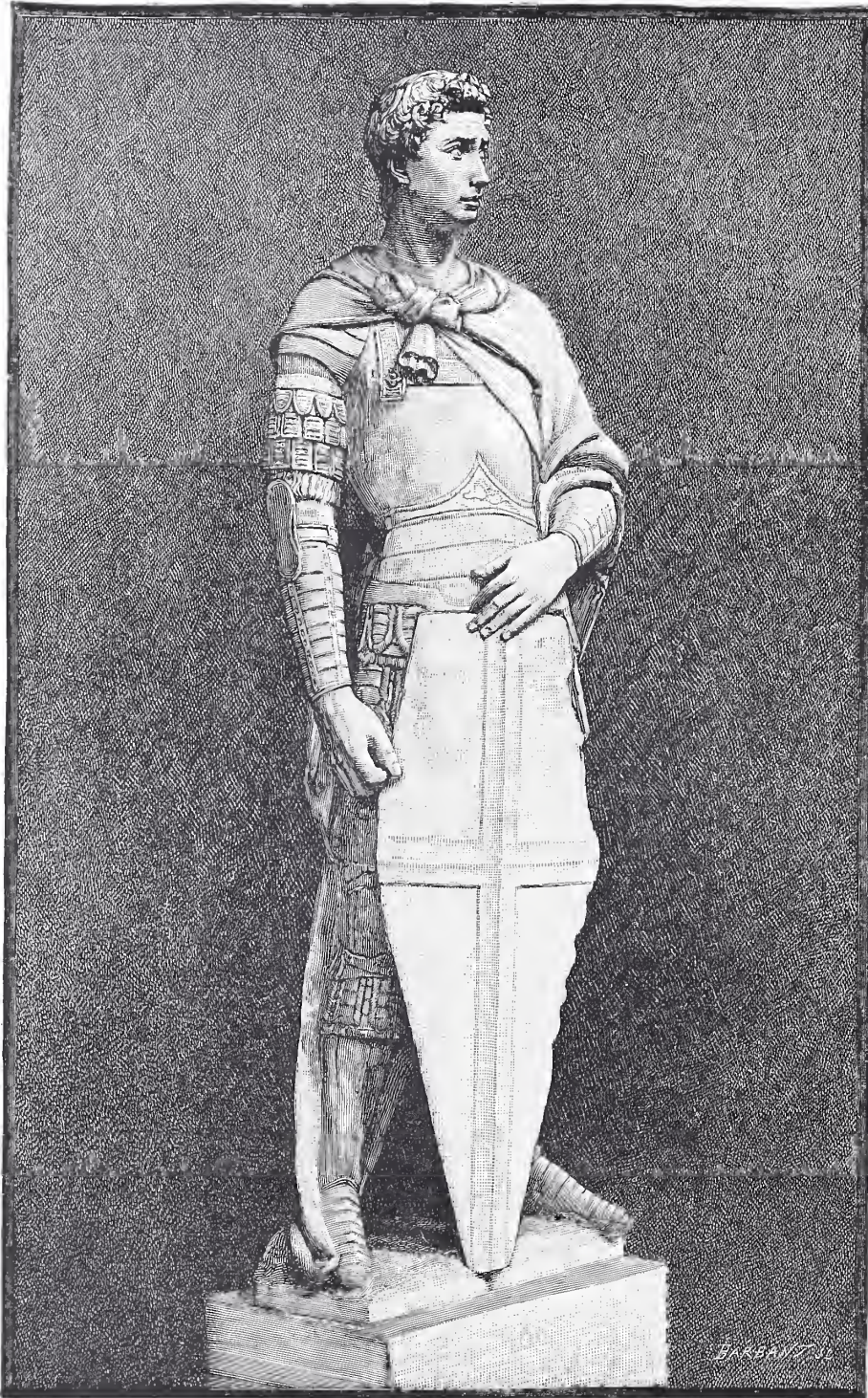
AN ANGEL SOUNDING THE TRUMPET.

(By Fra Angelico.)

been produced since the golden age of Greek art. The greatest of the contemporaries of Donatello, among the painters, was undoubtedly Masaccio, who,

and nobility of line, have rarely been equalled. Neither Fra Angelico nor Fra Lippo Lippi belongs in spirit to the fifteenth century. They carried on

the tradition of an earlier age, considerably modified, in each case, by personal idiosyncrasy. But Fra We have here given only a brief survey of the period, which is treated with great fulness and judg-



ST. GEORGE.

(From the Statue by Donatello. Engraved by Barbant.)

Angelico was not at all, and Fra Lippo Lippi was very slightly, influenced by the great revival which was going on around him.

ment by M. Müntz. To his account of this perhaps the most brilliant period in the history of art we cordially commend our readers.

OLD ARTS AND MODERN THOUGHTS.

ARS PALLIATA.

BY J. E. HODGSON, R.A.



“’TIS GREECE, BUT LIVING GREECE
NO MORE.”

(Drawn by J. E. Hodgson, R.A. Engraved
by G. Faber.)

principle, having nothing in common but what is necessarily common to all modes of thought—namely, good sense and logic; and that they are to be criticised from different stations and points of view.” The same thing, I venture humbly to submit, may be said of ancient and modern art. Greek art, as we know it, had a certain nureality forced upon it as an essential condition of its existence; it ministered to the worship of gods, demigods, and heroes, beings with human forms, and attributes, but on a larger and more perfect scale than those which belong to ordinary humanity. To treat such persons with the familiarity which belongs to naturalistic treatment would have been to degrade them in the eyes of the worshippers—the life of human beings on earth was one thing, the life of the gods on Olympus was another. Art dealt mainly with the latter, and the artist had to discover some means of enforcing the distinction between these two modes of life—the life of mortals subject to disease and death, and the life of immortals who enjoyed perpetual youth and vigour. A certain conventionalism and formality, a certain want of individuality and expression—which would have been defects in the representation of ordinary human life—were the only means by which a statue could be made to express that it represented the life of gods. But with modern or Christian art the conditions were exactly reversed. It also ministered to the service of religion, but to the worship of a God who took upon himself ordinary human flesh with all its physical

N De Quincey’s “Letters to a Young Man whose Education has been Neglected,” there occurs the following passage:—“Now, it is my private theory . . . that the antique or pagan literature is a polar antagonist to the modern or Christian literature; that each is an evolution from a distinct

infirmities, who was a Man of Sorrows and died upon a gibbet. The whole interest of Christianity centres in the ordinary human life, and its only connection with the superhuman is through spirituality—through the invisible attributes of the soul. A close and intimate rendering of human life became a first necessity of modern art, and the invisible attributes of the soul had to be suggested by the only possible means—by facial expression. I have just quoted De Quincey, and it reminds me of another passage, which, though it is applied to the theory of Greek tragedy, helps, by analogy, to enforce the distinction I have been insisting on. Speaking of Greek tragedy, he says: “It is a life treated upon a scale so sensibly different from the proper life of the spectator as to impress him profoundly with the feeling of its idealisation. Shakespeare’s tragic life is our own life exalted and selected.” And again, “The tragedy (of the Greeks) was projected upon the eye from a vast profundity in the rear, and between this life and the spectator, however near its phantasmagoria might advance to him, was still an immeasurable gulf of shadows.”

It would seem necessary, having established such a vital and fundamental difference in the origin and development of ancient and modern art, that our judgment should at all times recognise that difference, and be influenced by it whenever we come to compare them; and further, that whenever we propose to ourselves to engraft any of the qualities of ancient art upon our own, we should take good heed that those qualities are not inherent in the vital distinction which exists between them.

This has certainly not always been attended to. The first effect upon art of the Renaissance—of the revived study of Greek literature and art—was to produce a more refined and rational naturalism, as in Michelangelo, Raphael, and Titian; but their art remained essentially Christian—though they perfected the representation of the body they did not lose sight of the spirit—they, like Shakespeare, represented “our own life exalted and selected.” But the impulse did not stop there. Several causes—the study of Greek philosophy amongst others—combined to break down the simplicity and integrity of the Christian theory of art, and to produce a hybrid which had no rational or logical justification, in which the ideality and impersonality which the Greek artist had been compelled to give to his representations of the

immortal gods was engrafted upon scenes portraying actual events of human history.

In the wild intellectual excitement which followed the discovery of the literature of Greece, that new world of poetry, eloquence, and philosophy, it was natural that the writings of its greatest philosopher—perhaps the greatest of all philosophers—of whom Emerson says “that his writings have preoccupied

These men accepted the fine theory of the Grecian sage—that everything in this world has its prototype in the region of pure essences, where man once was, but was degraded to earth; that he still cherished a dim recollection of those perfect types, of which beauty is the essence, and that consequently the act of imagination by which he creates a work of art is in reality an act of memory. We cannot tell exactly



“THE WORKS OF PHIDIAS . . . WERE MADE TARGETS OF BY TURKISH SOLDIERY.”

(From a Drawing by J. E. Hodgson, R.A. Engraved by H. Scheu.)

every school of learning, every lover of thought, every church, every poet—making it impossible to think on certain levels except through him”—should make disciples, and there arose a second school of Neoplatonists. The brilliant circle of friends who used to meet round the table of Lorenzo the Magnificent, Pulci, Poliziano, Pico, Michelangelo, and others, became Platonists to a man; the sonnets of the great Florentine sculptor, painter, architect, and poet, are steeped in Platonism.

whence imagination gets its materials, and there is no gainsaying this theory—all it requires is belief; the effect of it was to make abstract beauty the basis of art in the place of representation of actual life. When put into practice, it was found that artists could no longer remember what the pure essences they had once contemplated in a former state were like, as the Greeks were supposed to have done, and ideal beauty was transformed from the essence to the symbol, as in

all idolatries; the Greek statues themselves became the beau-ideal—the abstract beauty which it was necessary to worship. This idolatrous belief became the essential groundwork of professorial and academic theories. Mengs and Winckelmann and Count Algarotti preached it openly in the last century, and neither the sound and sturdy Richardson nor his follower Reynolds is free from it. Count d'Azara, an editor of Mengs' works, calls "Guercino Caravaggio, Velasquez, and infinite other painters, servum pecus;" and quite lately a French professor, M. Cousin, found it in his heart to say: "There cannot be any modern sculpture; it is exclusively antique, because it is primarily the representation of form and beauty, and the study as well as the worship of beauty belongs to

it should be imputed to the painter as a merit, that in depicting an assemblage of half-starved Israelites in the desert he had given them the airs and graces, "les allures," as a Frenchman would say, of gods and goddesses, shows how completely in the seventeenth century the theory of painting had become perverted from its natural and rational basis.

Barely two centuries had passed since the mind of Europe, exulting in youth and strength, and quickened by enthusiasm, had discarded the bonds and restrictions which had been imposed upon it during childhood, and in Venice, Parma, Florence, and Rome, had produced works of art such as the world had never seen before—works instinct with life, passion, and expression, inspired directly by nature,



“IT IS THE LAOCOON OF PLINY!” EXCLAIMED SAN GALLO.”

(From a Drawing by J. E. Hodgson, R.A. Engraved by H. Scheu.)

paganism.” That is as much as to say that nothing which has not the exact form of Greek sculpture can be called sculpture; in other words, that sculpture is a form.

In a former paper I alluded to André Felibien's conferences; in one of these the subject under discussion is a picture by N. Poussin, representing the "Children of Israel in the wilderness, when God sent them manna," and the exponent, M. le Brun, bestows the most extravagant praise on the painter and extols his judgment to the skies because he has given to his figures the proportions of the best antiques. One resembles the Laocoon, another Niobe; in fact, the entire Pantheon of Greek sculpture is represented—Antinous, Apollo, the Wrestlers, and Laocoon's sons, and one very dangerous young Jewish maiden is a manifest reproduction of the Venus of Medicis.

We may be permitted to doubt the fact; but that

and burning with an energy which, as far as we are able to judge from what is left us, was utterly alien to the refined but cold and passionless spirit of Greek sculpture: and ninety years only after the death of Titian, what do we find left of all that noble energy? Nothing; absolutely nothing. In its stead, a pedantic and slavish worship of a few statues, most of them inferior copies which give no idea of the excellence to which the art had really attained in Greece. It is a curious fact that at the time when this archæolatry, to coin a word, was at its height, the Venus of Milo and the Hermes were still slumbering under the ruins piled over them by barbarian hands, and the works of Phidias were unknown to artists or connoisseurs, and were made targets of by Turkish soldiery.

It is questionable if any of the statues known in the seventeenth century are originals. Mengs himself doubts it. The Apollo Belvedere is made of

Seravezza marble, and that quarry was not discovered, as Pliny distinctly states, till the reign of Nero. That statue and the "Dying Gladiator" were, no doubt, executed during that partial revival of Greek sculpture which was brought about under the patronage of Hadrian. Many of the names found on these statues, such as Glieon and Agesander, do not occur in lists of Greek sculptors handed down by their historians. The Laocoon may be the original statue bepraised by Pliny, but even that is open to doubt. The history of the finding of this statue was in this wise. It happened in 1506, when Raphael, a youth of three-and-twenty, was painting in Florence. In the month of June, a messenger arrived in hot haste at the Vatican to tell Pope Julius II. that workmen excavating in a vineyard near St. Maria Maggiore had come upon statues. The Pope turned to one of his grooms, and bid him run to his architect, Giuliano di San Gallo, to tell him to go there at once and see about it. San Gallo instantly had his horse saddled, took his young son Francisco, who relates this, on the crupper behind him, and called for Michelangelo, and away the three trotted through the hot and dusty streets, as we may imagine, in a great state of excitement. When they reached the place, they beheld that agonised face which we all know so well, and which many of us have tried to copy so often. "It is the Laocoon of Pliny!" exclaimed San Gallo. Mad with excitement, they urged on the workmen, a great hole was cleared away, and they were able to contemplate that wonderful group, certainly the finest monument of antiquity which had as yet been revealed to the modern world. After this, as Francisco says, they went home to dinner. How they must have talked! We can imagine the poor wife crying despairingly to her lord: "Dear Giuliano, do leave off talking for a moment, dinner is getting quite cold!" I should like to have been there; but that is idle.

The statue was transferred to the Belvedere, and then arose the question, was it Pliny's Laocoon or a copy?—a question not decided to this day. Pliny says that the statue was carved by Agesander, Polydorus, and Athenodorus of Rhodes out of a single block of marble. The Laocoon is in five pieces, but very skilfully joined.

Giovanni Cristofano of Rome, and Michelangelo Buonarotti of Florence, sculptors, gave evidence to that effect; and also surmised that Pliny must have been mistaken, because it was not possible to carve so complicated a group out of one single block; and there the matter rests. It is clear that the two sons are very inferior to the father, and also that these are unequal respectively.

We, who have seen the works of Phidias, find it difficult to understand the admiration bestowed upon such statues as those of the Niobe group, which

are wretched copies of a lost original, of which, perhaps, the mutilated torso preserved in Naples (if I remember rightly) may be a fragment.

This servile adulation of Greek statues was, as I firmly believe, one of the main causes of the decline of art during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; it was the official programme of education, the routine which crushed all originality and individual feeling under its iron wheels. In France, all the prizes, the travelling studentships, the *grands prix de Rome*, were awarded exclusively to one particular form of art, and no young painter dared to depart from what was the only recognised avenue to honour and patronage. Chardin, one of the most charming French painters of the last century, only won his election into the Academy by a nominal compliance with a conventional standard, and by painting pictures uncongenial to his genius and his taste. It is sad to think of what misguided theorists had during those long years been doing with the beautiful art of painting, whose province it is to represent form, colour, life, movement, passion, and expression—all the evanescent beauties of external nature—things which no other art, neither sculpture nor music, can convey; they had been killing it, and trailing its lifeless body, as Achilles did that of Hector, behind the chariot-wheels of sculpture.

I must guard myself against misconception. I began this essay with the distinction which exists between ancient and modern art—the one represented the life of gods, of beings removed from human joys, sorrows, and infirmities, the other the ordinary life of men. The more unreal and unlike human creatures the Greek artist could make his figures, by the attributes of beauty, stateliness, and strength, the greater was his success; but the modern or Christian artist is not precluded from representing beauty, even a greater degree of it than falls to the lot of ordinary mortals. Shakespeare, who stands at the opposite pole from the Greeks, has invested his Portia with an ideal beauty of character which is far to seek amongst the daughters of men; and the whole question turns upon the probability of the representation, which touches a very wide and complicated question—a question I dare not go into. All I will venture to maintain is, that the process imputed to N. Poussin, and advocated by the theorists of the seventeenth century, must lead directly away from probability into the region of vagueness and unsubstantiality.

The representation of beauty is a necessity to the artist, not only because his art appeals to the understanding and the imagination through the senses, but because it is often the only means of conveying his idea. The poet does not appeal through the senses, and they consequently play a secondary part. Homer could venture to describe Ulysses as having

legs too short for his body, because a poem only suggests bodily peculiarities, but cannot bring them prominently before us; what he brings prominently before us are the wisdom, the adroitness, and the craft of Ulysses. A painter or sculptor cannot represent these, and by bringing prominently before us such a physical deformity as a long body and short legs, he would make the figure contemptible which he was bound to make heroic. A French writer, Proudhon, in his book "Du Principe de l'art," has illustrated this very cleverly and very happily. In speaking of a picture representing Hercules between Virtue and Vice, he says: "Hercules prefers Virtue; it is quite simple—she is more beautiful than Venus herself, and we should do likewise. It would be an unhappy blunder on the part of an artist if his Virtue was less well-favoured than her rival."

In short, the ideality of modern or Christian art rests on a wholly different basis from that of ancient or pagan art; it rests on the individual and the characteristic, not, as in the other case, on the typical and the abstract.

But however pernicious the slavish worship of Greek examples may once have been, we have outlived its dangers; and as the world of art swings round with the revolving years, new constellations sparkle in the firmament, and mortals worship other stars, in this age, like the Athenians of old, it seems to be erecting altars to the unknown god. Few libations are poured out to the gods of Hellas; no incense smokes before the Virgin's shrine—it is seeking a divinity—it is dreaming of some new beatific state, some nirwana of impressionism; and the influence of Greek art—how far it may be pernicious, how far salutary—is important and interesting to us mainly as it affects the education of the artist—a subject I propose to treat in my next paper.

It must of necessity be a mistake, and one tending to make art profoundly uninteresting to the world at large and barren of inspiration to the artist, to erect it into a special study, a thing requiring initiation, reading, and, above all else, "tall talking" to appreciate.

When the "Madonna" of Cimabue was carried in triumph through the Street of Gladness in Florence, the hosannas of the crowd were uttered heartily and spontaneously. In these days, an educated public asks for nothing better than to be told what to admire; but the plaudits bestowed upon "the picture of the year," at the bidding of newspaper critics, are mere shadowy and unsubstantial echoes compared with that glad shout with which an entire population greeted the manifest and intelligible expression of their own ideas, their dreams and aspirations. Clearly in the days of Cimabue art was not specialised; but in these days we have got to the end of interests;

everything has been so thoroughly thrashed out, over-ramming has brought on dull satiety, and I certainly feel a touch of sympathy for those people who complain of the weariness of being intellectual. Nothing is more refreshing than to be stupid occasionally—to find yourself drinking afternoon tea with two or three ladies and a muscular man or two who make no pretensions to know anything, who speak earnestly and knowingly of the ordinary concerns of life. Such converse would in fact be utterly delightful, did people not have a habit of chilling you back, of turning round upon you when a certain subject is alluded to, saying, "but you know all about that, and can tell us about it." Why should knowledge be a burden to us—can we not live up to our instincts as men did of yore? And cannot art live up to the instincts of all the world as it once did? A little more or a little less of erudition—what can these matter in the wide sphere of its activity? Its business is to speak so that all can understand—to give precision to the unformed thoughts of men who feel—to trace a firm outline round the misty uncorporeal phantoms which float in men's imaginations—and to do that it must keep touch with its age. If we were now to ask a certain number of people, selected for their intelligence and education, what was to them their ideal of art, and if we could ensure their answering in a genuine spirit, without any thought of what was the right thing to say—which would be difficult—does my reader think they would speak about Greek art, of Phidias, or of Renaissance art of Michelangelo, Raphael, and Titian? I don't believe it for a moment. They would express the needs of the spirit and the imagination as these were present to them; they would ask for something which should supplement and give fuller expression to their daily thoughts and aspirations.

The Bishop of Peterborough was candid enough to say at a public dinner that he once bought a picture of a sunset on a river, which he hung in his study; it was a bad picture, but it had a powerful influence over the Bishop of Peterborough, and he confessed that when he looked at that picture "a eurate might play with him."

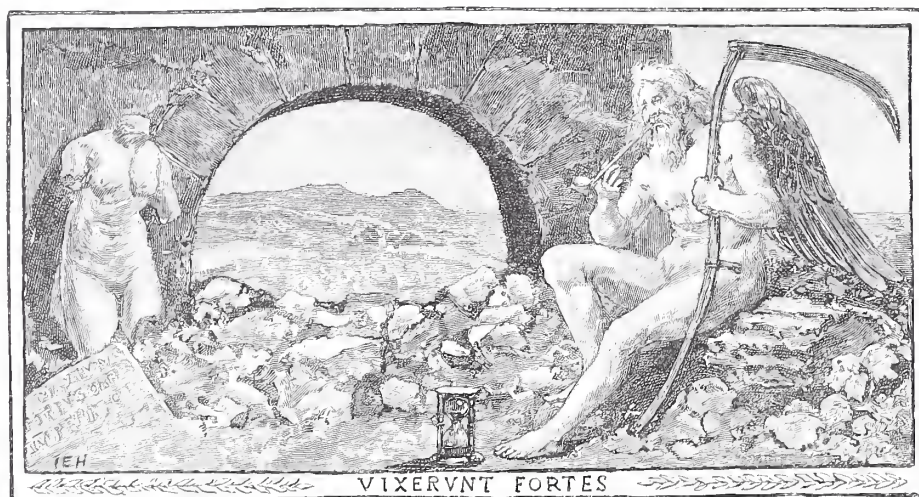
Human life flows onward like a river. To the Bishop of Peterborough, to me, and perhaps to you also, gentle reader, whoever you may be, the sun is beginning to slope towards the west, and we approach the evening of our days; life is immeasurably richer and fuller than it was—fuller of experience, of knowledge and of feeling. There is less glitter in the prospect before us, "less effect" as artists say; there are no brilliant lights, no sombre shadows—a mellow glow blends the scene before us into harmony. We recognise its beauty, and we feel the touch of melancholy which gives that beauty its impressiveness. These ideas are

common to you, to me, and to all men; an indifferent picture may convey them, and may affect us by the power of association—it is in harmony with the thoughts of its age, and a fine work becomes a priceless companion. Of the landscapes of the present day none affect me more powerfully than those of Ernest Waterlow. They are inspired by a tender, pure, and quite original sympathy with nature and with human lives and occupations; whatever else may be, and however difficult it may be to classify, these are ideal works—ideal with the idealism of the nineteenth century. Art has gone through many phases, and has reached the most difficult of all. In ruder ages, each belief, and every aspiration, had their material symbols, Apollo and Athéne, the Virgin and the infant Saviour. We have discarded all concrete types, we live in a world of abstractions, and impressions go no farther—we leave them in the vague. Art has to appeal to us without a form to appeal in, without a recognised symbol; it must express what we are thinking and feeling, although we have never put our thoughts or feelings into shape. If it decks itself in the trappings of a bygone age, we recognise them as things we have discarded, and we remain cold and unsympathetic.

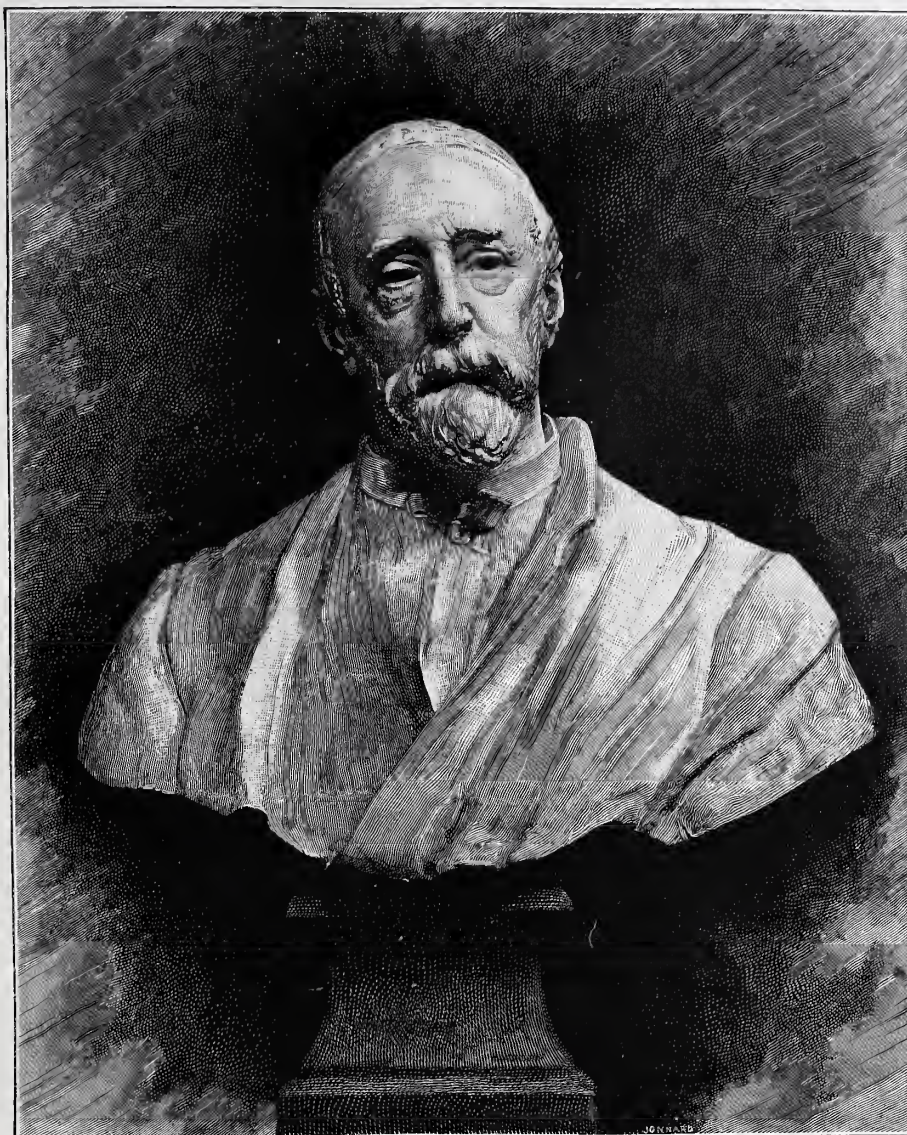
“Ideality art,” inasmuch as it expresses the idea of what is most beautiful, in the minds of the people at large, can never again be the representation of the perfect human form. Times have changed, modern habits of thought and custom have thrown a discreet veil over the subject; it is not spoken of as an idea. As a fact it is buried under a panoply of clothing

impervious to the sight; and if in the vagaries of fashion an insignificant cante in excess of the ordinary is displayed, stern moralists rush into the field and inveigh against the degeneracy of modern taste and morals. We are a clothed people, and our art will for the most part be clothed also. But we have aspirations; we reverence something nobler than the ordinary life of mortals; we have before our eyes an ideal picture of truthfulness, piety, honour, uprightness, love, and self-sacrifice, greater than any which exist on earth. We should be grateful to the art which could bring it before us. The painter who could perpetuate on canvas the faces of those we loved, which we could gaze at long after the gravestone had hidden them from our eyes, and see in those faces the look, the sparkle of the eye, the kindly smile which we best loved to remember them by; or he who could raise up before us the aspect of some familiar scene in nature, which recalled to our minds the excitement of springtide, the placid enjoyment of summer, or the melancholy forebodings of autumn—surely we should hail these as ideal artists, as men who thought with the inmost thoughts of their times, who had the genius to express and make visible the aspirations which were in every heart, the longings which oppressed the souls of thousands.

Greece, Rome, Italy, and Holland had their day of splendour. The day has passed away and the splendour with it; and the greatness of modern art must perforce come out of modern thoughts and modern aspirations.



(From a Drawing by J. E. Hodgson, R.A. Engraved by A. Blossé.)



G. F. WATTS, R.A.

(From the Bust by Alfred Gilbert, A.R.A., in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, 1889. Engraved by Jonnard.)

“MORE THOUGHTS ON OUR ART OF TO-DAY.”

WORDS ADDRESSED TO STUDENTS, BY A STUDENT.

BY GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS, R.A.

IHAD hoped that the name of Gainsborough, so especially venerated, would have been vindicated from what may have appeared to be an unreasonable and even arrogant criticism made by me in a former letter in *THE MAGAZINE OF ART*; perhaps it was thought to be too slight and thin an effort to be seriously regarded.

Unwilling it should be supposed I have so little artistic sensibility as to be indifferent to great qualities, and so little veneration as to be capable

of flinging captious disapproval where I ought rather to take off my hat and shoes, I propose to add a few words, as a student speaking to student, as I cannot say them to my fellow-students *vivá voce*.

For Reynolds, within his limitations, I have the most profound admiration, and have seen flesh-painting by him that neither Titian, nor any man who ever lived, could excel. Of Gainsborough I know less, and perhaps have not seen his best; but I remember a whole-length portrait (it was, and perhaps

still is, in the National Gallery) of a very ordinary personage in a pink coat, which for naturalness and unaffectedness could not be better. I ought also to say that I speak of Gainsborough with very imperfect knowledge, accident having always prevented me from seeing his collected pictures when they have been exhibited.

I have said that neither Reynolds nor Gainsborough could draw, and that both were mannerists; I will endeavour to exemplify my meaning. It seems to me that, from their portraits, almost any number of eyes might, with due regard to light and shadow, &c., be shifted and transferred from one to another.

Now, similar as eyes are, no two are the same, and this without reference to expression. In portraits by Reynolds the eyes are usually put in with an exceedingly direct and masterly touch, but with little attention to the actual and individual form; Reynolds was shortsighted. With Gainsborough there is more attention to the form rendered by line; but still, as in Reynolds, the eyes might be transferred.

Now take, for example, the eyes in the portrait called "Gervatius," in the National Gallery, attributed to Vandyek, but hardly, I think, suggesting his work, though it would be difficult to attribute it to any other painter, unless, perhaps, on some occasion Rubens might have been inspired with so fervent a love for art that he forgot his satisfaction in seat-tering his over-ripe dexterity! The eyes in this portrait are miracles of drawing and painting, and no one could for a moment think of fitting them in to any other painted head.

It is not necessary to descant upon the clearly indicated difference between bone, cartilage, muscle, and pulpy flesh, shown in the brow, cheek-bones, upper and lower lids, mouth, &c., all exactly representing nature and flesh in a most surprising degree.

How the eye swims in the somewhat viscous fluid! They are a little tired and overworked, and do not so much *see* anything as indicate the thoughtful brain behind. How wonderful the flexible mouth! with the light shining through the sparse moustache. How tremulously yet firmly painted, no dexterous touch doing duty for manly explanation. The ear—how set on; it could not be moved by a hair's breadth, or by any possibility transferred to any other painted head. So throughout, not to weary the student, there is no part of this wonderful portrait that might not be examined and enlarged upon; but I would ask my fellow-students to do this for themselves. What I would wish them to take special note of is, that there is not a touch put in for what is understood by the word "effect." Dexterous in a superlative degree, there is not in the ordinary sense a dexterous dab doing duty for honourable serious work: nothing done to look well at one distance or another,

but to be right at every distance, whether examined with microscopic attention, or looked at from a distance which would present only the general effect.

I think it inferior to Raphael's "Julius II." and Titian's "Charles V.," because it comes so in competition with actual facts that the poetic impression is diminished. A waxwork representation which requires touch for certainty is less satisfactory as a work of art than the productions that produce a powerful intellectual impression, but exercise no deception at all. The Book of Nature is spread open, and may be read by all, but it is to most people a foreign language, understood better when ably translated.

So, although to my mind some portraits by Raphael and Titian are greater, intellectually nobler, I think the modern student will learn more from this picture than from any one I am acquainted with. It accords more with modern aims and tendencies, and the study of it can never mislead.

There is one thing to be added: all that has been well done is to be regarded only as showing what excellence may be reached, not as anything to be repeated by imitation. Nothing but peculiarities can ever be repeated, and he who follows will always be behind.

I think I have said enough to show my meaning when I said that neither Reynolds nor Gainsborough could draw, though I did not intend the remark should be applied to their portraiture; but in all I say I speak under correction, and only direct the student to principles.

It has been remarked, and accepted as a fact, that it was reserved for the modern mind to perceive and appreciate the charms of Nature, as seen in sky and sea, mountain-top, valley, and forest. This, I think, was not so; the poets, indeed, busied themselves with the mysteries of human passions and their consequences. But no one, with mind attuned to Nature, and trained by Nature's interpreter, art, can stand amid the ruins of the Parthenon, and, looking out on the surroundings, can fail to feel how the architect and sculptor were influenced by them, or that the endeavour to raise the soul into communication with what they felt to be noble and beautiful, gifts of the gods, was earnest and sincere—religious with the sense of religion, without which man is in many respects below the inferior animals.

Probably neither Ictinus nor Phidias believed in the personality of Pallas Athene, but the symbol represented an idea of a spiritual and vital nature, such as humanity can never dispense with without bewilderment. To me it seems certain that in the age of Pericles, art—the pure art of the architect and sculptor—was carried to the uttermost human reach; commanding, intellectual, perfect in beauty; not emotional or spiritual as Christian art was.

Phidias probably believed in the actual existence of Pallas Athene as much as Raphael believed in the actual existence of the Madonna when he painted his sublime "San Sisto," in an age and amid surroundings as sensual, as unspiritual, and as little devout as any the world has ever known. The natural spirituality of man found a resting-place in a habit of unquestioning faith.

It appears certain that Phidias must have been actuated by more than mere artistic impulse in the design and execution of the chryselephantine and bronze statues—the latter outside the Parthenon—so impressive that the barbarian invaders shrank abashed from its presence and forbore from their intended plunder.

These statues, could we now see them, would probably surprise us very much by their archaic character; certainly, they could have been in no sense realistic. Perhaps the Sphinx by the great Pyramid may afford some idea of what I mean.

The miraculous impressiveness of this creation must be felt by all, battered and ruined as it is. It never could have been like humanity, not for want of art or artistic ability in its designer, but intentional abstention; against the sky, the line of the cheek, a sweep of twenty feet, is as beautiful as in a Greek head.

The artistic ability displayed by the Egyptians in their jewellery, their unrivalled excellence in carving the very hardest materials, their astonishing workmanship in fitting together enormous blocks of stone, quarried above the first cataract, a distance of 600 miles, with the precision and perfection of a watch-case, can leave us no doubt that they would have been great artists if imposed conventionality had not prevented development in this direction; indeed, the earliest sculpture and painting are so admirable as to challenge comparison with the best modern work. A group of geese, a fresco of the third or fourth dynasty 2,000 years before the Exodus, are as good as any work of the kind can be. A wooden statue of the same period, or earlier, might be a realistic work of yesterday; and a portrait of a well-nourished European gentleman, one sculptured squatting figure (all in the Boulack Museum), reminds me very much of Blake, while various carelessly-executed groups engaged in domestic offices are such as Caldecott might have given us.

Though by no means an austere people, the Egyptians were eminently serious, and I think the imposed conventionality was intended to restrain art from becoming the servant of luxury which it has become in modern times.

Much less than justice has been done to this great people, the wisest and most dignified of antiquity, probably on account of the antagonism created by the Biblical account of the oppression of the Israelites.

The records of that oppression which must have

been exercised in some province, the governor of which perished in the pursuit of the fugitives, have yet to be unearthed: they do not appear to be found among the general archives.

I myself have touched the actual hand of the Pharaoh of the day—Rameses the Second, who then ruled over Upper and Lower Egypt, under whom the great temple of Karnac, begun by his grandfather, Rameses the First, and carried on by his father Seti, was finished.

Nothing in these sculptured records indicates the barbarity so apparent in the Assyrian slabs. On the contrary, it is abundantly proved that the Egyptians were a just and merciful people, who succoured the vanquished and abided by their treaties.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new." The ceaseless ebb of the receding tide had long left the shores of the bright artistic realm silent, tenantless, and dim, when the revival of the knowledge of the Greek language and Greek literature raised the long ebb into a wave that swept over civilised Europe. On its glittering crest the Venetian painters especially were lifted into the society of gods, goddesses, nymphs, and satyrs. They might see sky, sea, and earth peopled with radiant beings; perhaps with a sort of semi-belief such as we accord to the Lorelei and fairies, creations that somehow easily worked in with creeds and experience. Anyhow, they might see Pan come dallying down the sparkling brook-side, now shouting to the laughing brown nymphs rustling through the reeds and pretending to be afraid, now scattering a shower of notes from his pipes, that would fall upon the ear as the brightness of the iris over a fountain falls upon the eye. Perhaps the phonograph may yet give us the voices of Nature audible in the busy growing of her happy children, flowers, and plants. The poets have ever been seers and prophets!

As we journey onwards all things change. Before reaching us the bright wave subsided utterly into that long roll of the mighty swell that is ever carrying us towards the unknown.

So unfavourable are modern conditions that it is not probable the early glories of art, in the purely artistic unemotional sense, will ever again illumine the earth; it belonged to the fresh morning of civilisation which cannot be simulated or renewed. Never again the like can be.

The muse of pure art has accompanied the voyagers on the Ocean of Time with reluctance, too natural to submit to the trammels of introspection and analysis with perfect ease. Her sisters of science, willingly accompanying, have gained in width of scope, and those of song, power and sweetness of voice.

If I claim for Phidias that he was impressed by natural beauty, the sense of which is, I think, falsely denied to the past ages, the evidence is still stronger

in the architects and builders of mediæval times. In them one distinctly feels the influence of Nature's beauty and grandeur, absent from other intellectual utterances. While even Dante finds nothing but brown horror in a forest, the builder of the cathedral feels and imitates the sacred majesty of the gloom: while the monk thought he had something better to do than read God's Book in his works, the architect evidently studied them. He saw the glory of piled-up clouds and mountain-tops, and loved the infinity and grace of flower and tendril, tenderly caressing them into his work; even the hovel and shanty partook of the wayward fantasy of Nature. And now we have a curious fact: is it in accordance with the change and oscillation which seem to be so evident a law? As soon as literature and poetry opened their eyes to what is understood by the expression "the beauties of Nature," the architects lost sight of them. Henceforth it mattered not how the most exquisite harmonies of Nature were desecrated.

It may seem strange if I place the Venetian school and the Titian, with his liberal line—which, however, is by no means wanting in reticence—in closer relationship with Greek art of the great period than the more classical schools of Tuseany and Rome; but this seems to me to be clearly the fact. Supposing one were to endeavour to paint a restoration of the pediments of the Parthenon, it would be possible to interpolate with figures by Titian, never with any by Poussin, or, I think, even by Raphael or Michael Angelo.

Not long since I saw in Athens the group called the "Fates," easts only, but so near the ground that I was able to examine them as one cannot do in the British Museum. Well as I know them, I was struck with amazement; the wealth of volume in the form, the ease and flow of curve, infinite variety of plane, refined precision and flexibility of completeness (corresponding with the lightness of Venetian touch), as, for example, when the fine drapery lightly cuts into the flesh on the shoulders with such concealment of art that the great art-critic of the day, when they were first seen, Payne Knight, regarded them as mere mason's work!

The volume, the richness, the ease are all distinctions of the Venetian school. Allowing for difference of material and Greek dignified reticence, I find a correspondence not discoverable anywhere else.

I would strongly recommend a periodical study of these most astonishing fragments. It is the fashion now to subscribe as to an established fact that they are excellent in the highest possible degree, subscribed to as the millionaire subscribes to the assurance that it is hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven, and with pretty much the same result.

In spite of extravagant, and even absurd, defects (for the great artist's eyes no longer served him faithfully) when Titian, towards the end of a long life, painted the "Europa," in the possession of Lord Darnley, the muse who inspired Phidias laid her hand on the old man's shoulder, and she inspired the wealth of volume, ease of line, and glowing sense of Nature's exuberance.

That I should express profound admiration for that facility which makes the achievement look like a natural and unpremeditated outcome may seem in contradiction to what I formerly said—that the appearance of carelessness was a greater fault than the appearance of elaboration; but neither Phidias nor Titian ever call upon one to perceive with how little trouble they have worked any more than Nature does. I repeat there is a want of veneration in affecting carelessness that is not characteristic of any real greatness, either in poetry or art, or anything else.

The position held by art in the days of Pericles as the exponent of man's religious and political outlook, retaining its religious functions in the Middle Ages, not its political, must be resigned to poetry and literature. Perhaps it will take its place by the side of the modern novel—Aaron's rod among intellectual efforts. Now and again the inherited delight in form will break out, in an endeavour to express ideas by bygone symbols and fashions, for it will always be pleasant and refreshing in literature and art to take an occasional plunge into the purely suggestive. But this, most likely, will be rare, and always with conscious effort, which is as great an enemy to poetry as it is to art. Most probably art, in its most natural domain, is a thing of the past.

Child of the Sun and of Loveliness, a Princess in olden times, she may become the handmaid of reality; she may busy herself tenderly in the cottage, the hospital, and the workhouse; and, from Hogarth to François Millet, prove how she can tell the story of everyday life, and call to mind human needs and sufferings. She will hardly compete with language, but in display of beauty and splendour even poetry is a beggar by her side, for in splendour she was nurtured, and splendour is her natural home.

In an age of miracles she is left with less occupation than in simpler times. She cannot render the wonders of the phonograph. Still, while human nature continues to be the same, we cannot think that art will ever cease to exist; and whatever may be her mission, or whatever he may set himself to say, the artist can only hope for real success through absolute conscientiousness. He must cultivate sincere convictions, and endeavour to carry them out with equal sincerity according to his means; and whether they will be abundant or slight will depend upon his thoughtful industry.

THE PLAGIARISMS OF THE OLD MASTERS.

MICHELANGELO.

BY CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

THE Dryasdust tribe have always devoted unwearying efforts to the tracking-out of the so-called plagiarisms of the Great Masters; and not numerable instances succeeded in running to earth examples of such plagiarisms—some undoubtedly genuine, some probable, some at any rate *ben trovati*.



PIETA.

(In the Church of St. Peter, at Rome. By Michelangelo. End of the Fifteenth Century.)

painters and sculptors alone, but all creative artists of high rank, and more especially poets and musicians, have been marked out as the prey of such investigators. A laudable industry has been displayed in such researches, and a ferret-like instinct has in in-

But the object has often been less the worthy one of following into its innermost recesses the workings of a master-mind—thus enabling the student to divine its workings and assist at its developments—than the small and petty one of seeking to drag down

the giant to the level of the dwarf, to undermine with the industry of the ant the foundations of the colossus. By all means let us salute with enthusiasm the revelation of any fact connected with the genesis of a masterpiece; but let us not lightly assume that, because the chosen of the world, following an unerring instinct, may on occasion borrow from precursors, or from contemporaries, an idea or motive—assimilating and perfecting the borrowed suggestion by infusing into it all their own commanding personality—they must in so doing necessarily sink below, or even to the level of, those from whom they derive inspiration; or by their deliberate appropriations deserve the reproach of plagiarism pure and simple.

On the contrary, it is just those master-spirits who have felt within themselves the power to sway and transform art, whose right to grasp with all-embracing hands whatever may best serve their purpose we may most unreservedly admit, applauding its exercise in its results. It is the lesser tribe of those who merely perpetuate traditions and formulas, who seek to preserve the husk while letting slip the kernel, who should beware; it is the eclectics who think to sustain and perpetuate the traditions of a great period by sipping the honey of every flower—by borrowing from a thing of beauty merely its external side, while neglecting to penetrate themselves with its essence—to whom we may rightly cry, Hold! Their robberies, indeed, are without excuse, as they are without enduring result. But to those who can transform the rough pebble into the rich jewel, whose magic touch can mould and fuse discordant elements, so as to evolve perfect beauty from conceptions of half-concealed power and un-comprehended charm, to such let us rather pay the tribute of our wonder and our gratitude.

Shall it be said that a Shakespeare must descend from his throne, because he has sought and found in rude and half-developed tales the raw material for the world's great tragedies? because he may have discovered at times in the work of others the crude sketch, the skeleton which by his magic he has clothed with life and gifted with immortality? Shall we scoff at Milton because, perchance, it may be possible to show that he owes something to Vondel, or because we may wonder to find in the "Fiend" of Calderon's "El Magico Prodigioso" the germ of his loftiest invention, the awful figure of Lucifer? Shall Phidias be less revered if he be shown to have evolved the conception of his great chryselephantine figure of Athenè Parthenos from the preceding archaic type of the goddess? or Praxiteles lose fame because, before he gave to the world his "Hermes and Dionysus," his sire, Kephisodotos, had produced the "Eirene and Plutos" from which its leading motive is evidently derived? If the boundaries

of the *menum* and *tuum* had been as closely guarded as some purists would have it; if to genius were refused that permission to make its own by right of conquest the motives and types of preceding periods, which we cannot safely concede to mediocrity; then might the world, indeed, be poorer by some of its greatest masterpieces. But luckily, it is the natural and uncontrollable impulse of great genius of the creative order to spurn such conventional trammels, and to go its own way unheeding.

In the fine arts, especially, those who have soared highest and whose place in the hierarchy is least open to question, have also been the most conspicuous for the courage with which they made their own that which appeared most applicable for their great purposes.

It is such as Michelangelo, Raphael, Dürer, and even Rembrandt, who have been remarkable for the boldness and success with which they borrowed and assimilated conceptions suggested by their predecessors—a boldness in strange contrast with the presumption of the Caracci and the degenerate eclectics of their school, who ventured to seize upon the perfected masterpieces of a Titian, a Correggio, a Raphael, and to serve them up again thinly disguised, and bereft alike of vitality and meaning. It is with some instances from the works of Buonarroti that I propose to illustrate these remarks.

No one has exercised the royal prerogative of genius with greater freedom than Michelangelo, the most tremendous, the most original genius of the completed Renaissance—without parallel, if we regard his personality as a whole, and without successor—and no one has more absolutely transformed and made his own what he condescended to borrow. Numerous instances might be adduced of this assimilative power of the great Florentine, but, for our present purpose, some few prominent examples may suffice. The first with which we have to deal is not, perhaps, the instance in which the creative faculty of Buonarroti has most transcendently evidenced its superiority, as well as its power of adaptation and development. This is the famous "Pietà," executed in 1499 for the French prelate and envoy at the Roman Court, Cardinal Jean de Villiers de la Grolaie, who ordered the group for a chapel of the old Basilica of St. Peter's. This, the first plastic work in which the young giant fully asserted his personality, and departed for ever from mediæval form and mediæval feeling, while in a sense continuing mediæval traditions, has perhaps been as enthusiastically and as unreservedly admired as any work of the master. And not without cause; for the youthful sculptor, still penetrated with the classic influences of the garden of the Medici Palace, brought forth a new thing, and marked at the same time the close of the glories of the

Quattrocento, and the first phase of a short period of incomparable power, containing within itself, alas! almost from its inception, the germs of decay. Nothing can exceed the massive dignity of the yet youthful Madonna, supporting the finely modelled and naturally disposed form of the dead Christ, to whose inert limbs her heavy and boldly-cast draperies form an admirable background. Yet it is to be questioned whether, in simple pathos, in truth and directness of presentment, the Florentine has equalled the humble precursor of the fourteenth century to whom he evidently owes, not only the first idea, but indeed the main outlines and arrangement of the group itself. The mediæval collections of the British Museum contain a small "Pietà" in ivory, painted and gilt—due apparently to the hand of an Italian artificer of the fourteenth century—which has evidently formed part of the decoration of a bishop's pastoral staff. This, as Mr. Maskell has demonstrated with great cogency in his "Ivories, Ancient and Mediæval"—one of the South Kensington Handbooks—has an extraordinary resemblance to the group of Michelangelo, and yet is distinguished from it by a mediæval pathos and simplicity all its own, while the greatness of the subject loses nothing from its representation within so small a space. If it is too daring an assumption to take for granted that the great sculptor derived his inspiration from the very group in question, yet it is evident that, at least, both works are traceable to a common source—perhaps an architectonic sculpture in stone or marble, or a work in metal—from which Michelangelo's first inspiration was in all probability drawn.

If in the colossal "David," completed in 1504, we find both in dimensions and attitude a certain resemblance to the great "Castor and Pollux" groups of Montecavallo, which enjoyed in the age of Michelangelo an unbounded reputation, on the other hand the motive and inner meaning of the statue, and especially its suggestion of impending action in repose, carry us back to the famous "St. George" of Or Sanmichele, executed upwards of half a century before by Donatello. We know that the young Buonarroti was deeply affected by this masterpiece, and though he in

no way sought in the "David" to imitate its outward design, yet its influence is in that work unmistakably made manifest. The unique impression made on the beholder by the "St. George" is in a great measure due to the absolute repose of the attitude given to the sculptured saint, contrasted as it is with the sense of physical ardour and spiritual steadfastness conveyed by the noble and living head. And here is surely to be found the fountain of inspiration whence Michelangelo derived the idea of the undaunted young shepherd, calm yet full of fierce resolve, whose immobility is with lightning swiftness to be exchanged for violent action. In this ease, too, it is doubtful whether we can claim the palm for the later sculptor.

For great as is his conception of the Jewish youth, nerved to meet the worse fate, and weighing yet disdainful danger, still the Christian hero of Donatello is the higher and nobler conception; he has achieved the supreme triumph of realising in the marble image the militant type of the warrior tempered by the spiritual ecstasy of the saint.

It might fairly be argued that in the instances just given Michelangelo has hardly so absolutely justified the unrestrained use of the royal right of appropriation as to give support to my theory. But at any rate in the typical example now to be brought forward his supremacy is made manifest in extraordinarily striking

fashion; his happy daring in the selection of the motive of a great precursor is shown to have had as its result the evolution of one of his most sublime masterpieces—one of the typical creations to which one involuntarily reverts when the name of the master is spoken.

Too little attention has been given as yet either to the life or works of the great Sienese sculptor, Jacopo della Quercia, enthusiastically as his monument to "Ilaria del Carreto" in the Cathedral of St. Martin at Lucca has in bygone days been praised by Mr. Ruskin, and though we know that, in the famous competition for the commission to execute the first pair of bronze gates for the Baptistery of San Giovanni, he, in the opinion of his contemporaries, approached nearest to Ghiberti and Brunelleschi. His most considerable work is



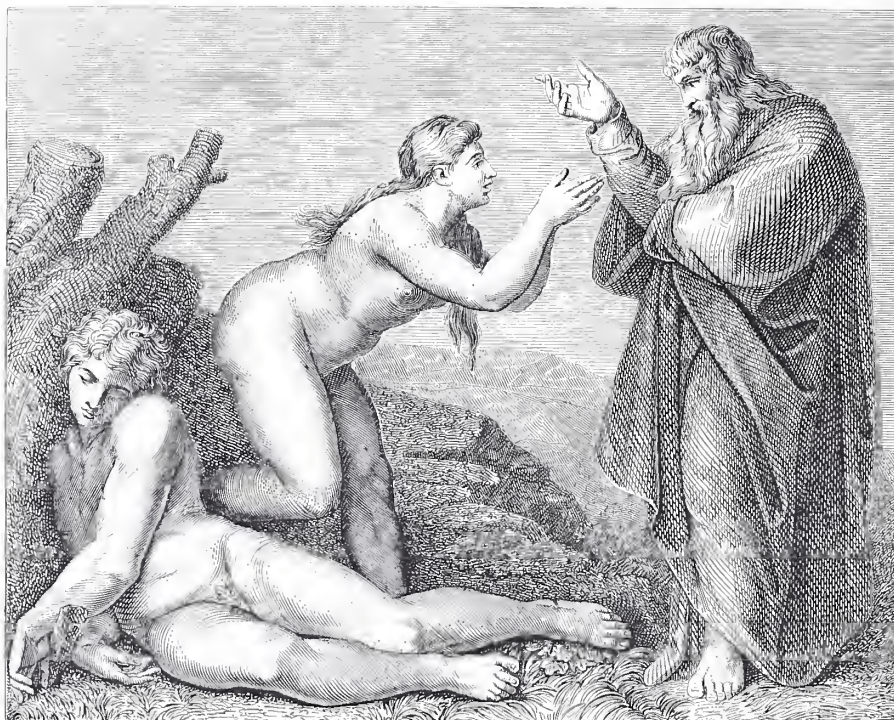
PIETÀ.

(From an Ivory Group in the British Museum. Latter half of the Fourteenth Century.)

the decoration of the great portal of San Petronio, the metropolitan church of Bologna, in which, among many marble reliefs, illustrating subjects drawn from the Old Testament, we are especially attracted to that which represents the "Creation of Eve." It bears, indeed, such an extraordinary resemblance to the fresco of Michelangelo which delineates the same subject on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, as to strike at once even the most casual observer. The earlier work, and, indeed, the whole decora-

undeniably contained the first suggestion for the awe-inspiring type afterwards perfected by Michelangelo in the Sistine frescoes—a conception which was immediately adopted and recognised as final by his contemporaries, and from which even Raphael, as is evidenced by his "Loggie" and "Vision of Ezechiel," did not venture widely to depart.

From this same type, invented by Jacopo della Quercia, and repeated by him in other portions of the sculptured portal, Michelangelo has derived not only



THE CREATION OF EVE.

(From the Fresco on the Ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. By Michelangelo. Engraved by Pannemaker. Beginning of the Sixteenth Century.)

tion of the portal (of which a fine cast has recently been placed in the South Kensington Museum), shows a surprising ease and daring both of conception and execution—sometimes, indeed, verging on over-daring and exaggeration. These qualities are the more calculated to excite our wonder when we consider that Quercia was some years the senior of Ghiberti, and considerably older than Donatello, neither of whom he, indeed, approached in execution or in enthusiastic devotion to the study of nature, though he sometimes surpassed them both in the boldness and originality of his flights. In the nude form of the recumbent Adam of the sculptured relief may be distinctly traced the germ of Buonarroti's great figure. In the figure of the Almighty—striking and majestic, notwithstanding the unfortunate effect of the projecting triangular nimbus, an emblem appropriated in many works of the Quattrocento to the First Person of the Trinity—is

his conception of the Deity, but two other distinct variations of the same type; one the nobly pathetic figure of the seated "Jeremiah," than which the supreme artist has produced nothing more deeply moving; the other the terrible "Moses," which, indeed, with the strange snake-like locks of the long flowing beard, and the superabundance of the weighty draperies, comes almost nearer in externals to Quercia's conception, than do even the works already cited. Michelangelo's indebtedness to his precursor is also made clear by an examination of other portions of the Siennese sculptor's work, and appears notably in two other reliefs, "Eve Spinning" and the "Expulsion from Paradise." Nor is there cause for surprise at the indelible impression thus shown to have been made on the mighty Florentine; for we know that he twice dwelt at Bologna, a first time in 1494, and again from 1506 to 1508, when he was

summoned thither by Julius II. to execute the colossal bronze statue of that Pope, which was actually modelled and cast in a workshop contiguous to San Petronio. This, when completed, occupied a niche over this same central portal of the great church, until in 1511 it was pulled down and destroyed by the revolted citizens.

Another famous instance—in which, however, it has never been clearly established whether Buonarroti was the borrower or the inventor—is the fresco of “Judith with the Head of Holofernes,” also part of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, which shows a resemblance, so remarkable that it cannot be fortuitous, to the design of the so-called “Signet-ring of Michelangelo,” now preserved in the collections of the Louvre. This is an intaglio, formerly considered to be an antique, but

which, as has now been clearly established, is the work of Piermaria da Pesce, a contemporary of Buonarroti. Though it shows apparently only a scene from a vintage—one woman who, standing before another, snatches at bunches of grapes contained in a basket which the latter holds—it is yet, as regards the attitudes and the general lines of the composition, almost identical with the scheme of the “Judith” group. It has been argued, and with considerable probability, that the fresco cannot well be derived from a contemporary work by comparison so insignificant as is the gem in question, but that, on the contrary, the design of the gem was more probably taken from the fresco, or perhaps was even furnished by Michelangelo himself. Yet, on the other hand, seeing what the method of the great

artist has been shown to be, on occasion, even in the inception of works of still greater magnitude, it appears not altogether unreasonable to suppose that a design, beautiful indeed, but not in itself of any great significance, may have been appropriated by the painter of the Sistine frescoes, and by his transmuting power enriched and endowed with new life.

Quite recently it was pointed out in the already defunct *Kunstfreund* that the first idea for the famous “Leda”—a design frequently repeated, with and without variations, both in painting and sculpture, and the original of which, much injured, is preserved in the private apartments of the National Gallery—was in all probability derived from a relief forming part of a Roman sarcophagus, the subject of which is reproduced in an ancient codex now preserved in the Royal Library of Berlin.



THE CREATION OF EVE.

(From the Great Portal of San Petronio, Bologna. By Jacopo della Quercia. Middle of the Fifteenth Century.)

It does not come within the scope of the present article to do more than to call attention once more to the great impression which, as has so often been pointed out, was produced by the works of Luca Signorelli on his younger contemporary. The *furia*, the indomitable energy, the power of expression through the medium of the naked human body, the love of strange and contorted attitudes, which mark the elder painter, left a most powerful impression on Michelangelo's art—an impression which is, however, evidenced less by any actual adoption of particular designs or motives from Signorelli's works than by the assimilation and reproduction in altered and developed shape of many of his great qualities.



PORTRAITS OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

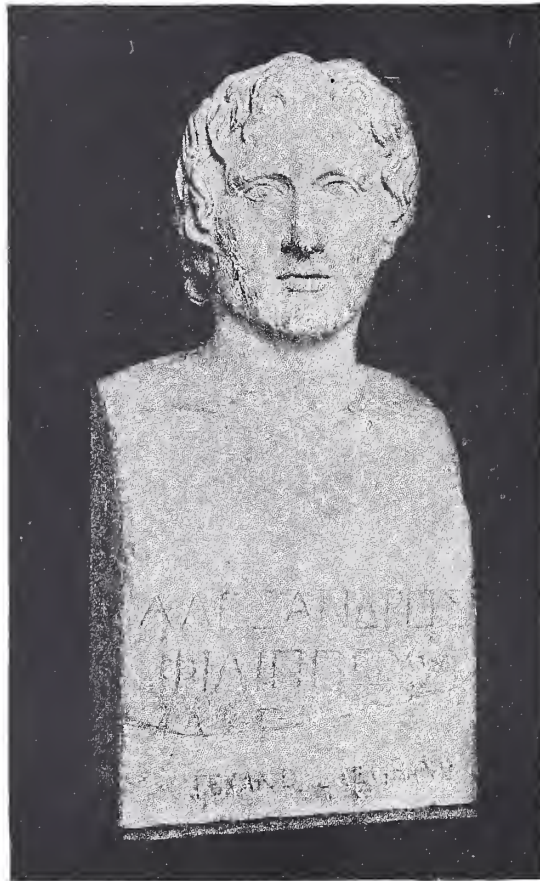
BY CHARLES WHIBLEY.

IT was said, something more than a year ago, that the sarcophagus of Alexander the Great had been unearthed at Saida in Syria. Whether this is true or not does not seem to have been established, but the report could not fail to remind us of the career of one of the most extraordinary men that ever lived. His death at the early age of thirty-two in a foreign country, and after a wild revel lasting several days, is particularly tragic. And yet it is just such a scene as this that fitly closes the life of a hero, all of whose actions were the outcome of violent impulses. More than two thousand years have elapsed since his death turned the current of history, but the mere rumour that his bones had been discovered was listened to with the intensest interest.

As to his character and abilities, historical controversy has long been busy. Some critics have asserted that he was a mere marauder, utterly devoid of statesmanship, who destroyed with a wanton hand what he knew he could never replace; others, on the contrary, regard him as a Hellene, fighting against barbarism, and following out what he conceived to be a wise and noble policy. But after all it is not only as a king and a conqueror that he has a claim to be remembered. In spite of the fact that he spent the greater part of his life in the battle-field, he exercised a very decided influence upon the art of his time. As if to justify his assumption of the title of Hellene, he seems to have been always eager to distinguish himself as a patron of artists and a connoisseur of painting and sculpture. In itself it is by no means remarkable that a powerful monarch should look with kindness

on the pursuits of peace, but in Alexander's case it is the more noticeable, because he was playing a part which, in the history of Greece, had rarely been assumed before. Hitherto, Greek art had not de-

pended on individuals for its encouragement, but had always been devoted to religious or, at least, civic purposes. In earlier times it was the custom to dedicate statues to deities, or set them up in honour of athletes and citizens who had deserved well of their state, but realistic portraiture was almost unknown. When, however, the personality of the Macedonian king began to dominate the world, art gradually became more *private* in character. Alexander, for instance, gave commissions, purchased statues and pictures, and paid handsomely for them; and more than this, he honoured himself with the friendship of many of the most distinguished artists of his age. He appointed Lysippus Court Sculptor, and Apelles Court Painter, and especially authorised



BUST OF ALEXANDER IN THE LOUVRE.

them to represent him in bronze or on canvas. At the same time, the exploits of Alexander or of Heracles and Achilles, the heroes whom he revered above all others, were the favourite subjects of the less distinguished artists of the period.

With Apelles, the painter of "Calumny," that celebrated picture which suggested a subject to both Dürer and Botticelli, Alexander appears to have lived on terms of peculiar intimacy, and several anecdotes have come down to us which illustrate the relations existing between the greatest painter and the greatest monarch of the fourth century before Christ. It need scarcely be said that we cannot accept these anecdotes as the literal truth, but doubtless they are but picturesque distortions of actual facts, and every one of

them probably has its undercurrent of reality. On one occasion, we are told, Alexander, when at Ephesus, went to look at a portrait of himself on horseback

accounts given us by Plutarch, Pliny, and others. By far the most celebrated was that which adorned the Temple of Artemis at Ephesus. In this picture the king was represented as wielding the thunderbolt of Zeus—a piece of blasphemy no doubt flattering to the vanity of one who impiously regarded himself as descended from the ruler of Olympus. Tradition says that this portrait was so realistically treated that the fingers and thunderbolt seemed to project from the canvas, and that the king was so pleased with it that he used to say that there were two Alexanders, the one invincible, the son of Philip, the other inimitable, the work of Apelles. It is interesting to note that the enormous sum of £5,000 was paid for this picture. For the rest, Apelles represented him as riding in a triumphal car followed by War in fetters, and also in a group with Castor and Pollux, and a figure of Victory. The last two pictures were carried to Rome, where the Emperor Claudius thought to enhance their value by substituting the features of Augustus for those of Alexander. These works are only known to us by repute, but there is one picture, illustrating an incident in the Persian campaign, a copy of which



BUST OF ALEXANDER IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

which Apelles had painted. The king expressed no admiration of the picture, but the horse, on which he was riding, neighed approval; whereupon Apelles remarked that the horse was a better critic of art than the rider. At another time, when Alexander suggested what he considered as an improvement in Apelles' work, the artist silenced him by saying that he was only making himself ridiculous to the boys who mixed his colours. This retort might still be found useful (if artists, nowadays, only had boys to mix their colours) for the suppression of the refractory sitter.

Bearing in mind his professed interest in art and his intimacy with artists, it is not surprising that innumerable portraits should have been executed of Alexander the Great. We propose in the present article to examine a few of those that have come down to us. In the general destruction of all Greek paintings the celebrated portraits of Alexander by Apelles have, of course, perished. We can therefore only form an imperfect judgment on them from the



BUST OF ALEXANDER IN COUNT ERBACH'S COLLECTION.

is still in existence. This is the celebrated "Battle of Issus," painted by a lady artist of Egyptian birth,

named Helena. The original was taken to Rome by Vespasian, in whose reign it was probably translated into mosaic. Judging from the copy, which is now in the Naples Museum, the original was an admirable work. The moment chosen for representation is that at which the Greeks are making an onslaught on the Persians, one of whom is transixed by the spear of Alexander himself. Darius, the king, is in imminent danger of his life, and, though he is hard pressed by the enemy, his charioteer in vain urges his horses in flight. One of his nobles has leapt from his horse, and is holding it ready for Darius to mount and escape. But this the Persian king does not notice, and his face wears an expression of fear and despair. Alexander is easily recognisable by his shaggy hair and heavy eyebrows. The work is excellently composed, and, though somewhat deficient in drawing and perspective, is remarkable for accuracy of detail and the vivid expression of emotion. Goethe, whose opinion of artistic matters is always interesting, says of it, "Neither the present age nor posterity can do justice to this marvel of art; after careful consideration and research we are obliged to return to the attitude of simple and pure wonderment."

This is the only relic of Greek art which enables us to form any judgment on the painted portraits of Alexander. But when we come to sculpture the case is widely different. Many busts and statues are known to us, from which we can gain an adequate idea of Alexander's features, and most of them we can ascribe with tolerable certainty to the artists who executed them, or to the originals of which they are copies. While examining the sculptured portraits of Alexander it will be well to bear in mind the description which Plutarch and others have given us of him. His head was slightly inclined to the

left, a deformity due to an inequality of the muscles of the neck. There was a liquidity about his deep-set eyes which gave a far-off look to his face. His eyebrows were shaggy, and there was something manly, awe-inspiring, almost leonine, in his glance; his hair was in curls and brushed up over his brow. These characteristics scarcely suggest to us the fearless conqueror, and seem rather to belong to the dreamer, philosopher, or poet.

The best known, though least satisfactory, portrait

of Alexander is the bust now at the Louvre (p. 262). It was found at Tivoli in 1779, and was prevented by Chevalier Azara to Napoleon I., an emperor who rivalled the Macedonian not only in his thirst for conquest, but in his kindly patronage of the arts. This bust, which is the only one now extant which is inscribed with Alexander's name, is no doubt a Roman copy of a Greek original, and probably belongs to about the last century of the Roman Republic. In its present condition it is hard to pass judgment on it as a work of art, for its surface has been much worn by time and exposure. Compared with the



BUST OF ALEXANDER IN THE CAPITOL, ROME.

portraits to which we shall refer later, it lacks individuality, and can scarcely be called flattering. All the intensesness and restless energy which we expect to find in the head of Alexander has been omitted from this bust. However, in spite of its insipidity, it may probably be regarded as an accurate, though uninspired, portrait, and, as its inscription makes it quite clear that it is a presentment of the Macedonian king, it is useful as a standard by which to judge the claims of other busts to authenticity.

A far finer work of art is the British Museum bust (p. 263), which is in every respect notable. It was found at Alexandria in Egypt, and is of fine Parian marble. Its delicate modelling and fine work-

manship stamp it at once as the production of a great master, and its style is easily recognised as that of Lysippus, the Macedonian Court Sculptor. That it is an original work by this artist we cannot believe, because, as far as we know, Lysippus only worked in bronze; but there can be little doubt that it is an early copy of one of his famous portraits. It represents a youth of singularly attractive features. The head is slightly inclined towards the left; the eyes are deep-set beneath a prominent brow, and possess a far-off and *schwärmerisch* look quite in keeping with Plutarch's description; the hair falls over the neck and ears in curls, which cluster round the brow; the nostril is dilated, and the upper lip is curled as if in scorn, while there is a good deal of waywardness and sensuality in the slightly opened mouth. In fact, except in the broad, strong chin, we seem to see in this bust only the impulsive side of Alexander; here we might, indeed, recognise the murderer of Clitus, the slave of ungovernable passions, and the victim of innumerable superstitions, but we look in vain for the features which should characterise the conqueror of two continents.

An interesting contrast to the last mentioned is the bust from Count Erbach's collection (p. 263), a reproduction of which is, I believe, now published

for the first time in England. It was found at Rome in 1791, and only the head is original. It was not a piece of a terminal figure, but undoubtedly belonged to a bust or a statue. Before it was restored a

distinct inclination of the head towards the left was discernible, but this has been lost in fitting the head on the shoulders. It will be noticed that in essential points it agrees with the British Museum bust, which I have already described. It has the same finely-cut profile and nobly arched brow, the same over-shadowed eyes, the same parted lips. The hair falls over the neck in similarly arranged curls. But in the Erbach bust there is what Professor Stark terms "a determined energy and Attic Sophrosyne," which is quite lacking in the British Museum portrait. The former possesses an intensity and seriousness which are quite its own, and strongly suggest the more masterful side of Alexander's character. In style too there is a wide difference between these two works of art. The bust of the Erbach collection is not so realistic nor so individual in character as that in



THE GABII STATUE OF ALEXANDER IN THE LOUVRE.

the British Museum, but its refinement and restraint recall the best traditions of the later Attic school. We may, with some amount of probability, ascribe it to Leochares, an Attic sculptor and pupil of Scopas. This artist is known to have collaborated

with Lysippus in producing a group representing Alexander at a lion hunt, and by himself executed statues of Amyntas, Philip, and Alexander in gold and ivory, which have, of course, perished with all other examples of this sumptuous art.

The bust of the Capitol (p. 264) is also an un-

type, and that it should be classed with the British Museum bust. It is quite possible that it belonged to a full-length statue, as the shoulders are a modern addition.

The head of the so-called dying Alexander at Florence, with its terrible expression of acute agony,



MARBLE STATUE OF ALEXANDER IN THE GLYPTOTHEK AT MUNICH.

(Engraved by Jonnard.)

mistakable portrait of Alexander, though it has for many years been described as a Sun god, principally because in the band which encircles the head there are seven holes, in which metal rays may have been placed. But after comparing it with acknowledged representations of the Macedonian hero, we cannot but conclude that it is an Alexander of the Lysippus

is now generally acknowledged to be either a youthful giant from the Pergamene Relief, or, at any rate, the work of a Pergamene sculptor. No sooner were these sculptured decorations of the great altar of Eumenes at Pergamum discovered, than it was seen that the Florentine head was decidedly similar to them in style. Though it does possess some points

of resemblance to the Alexander type, by which, perhaps, it was influenced, its claim to be described as a portrait of the king was always more than doubtful.

Of the full-length statues of Alexander, by far the most interesting known to us is that at the Glyptothek at Munich, which is engraved here (p. 266). It is of Parian marble, and came from the Rondanini Palace at Rome. Thorwaldsen, so much of whose work is to be seen in the gallery of ancient sculpture at Munich, restored both the arms from above the elbow, the right leg, and added several unimportant details. The motive of the statue is doubtful, but it has been suggested that the figure was fastening on a greave, an attitude in which Alexander's favourite hero, Achilles, is often represented. The pose of the head, however, is against this theory, and perhaps, where we have so few data to argue upon, it is idle to speculate further on the matter. The style of Lysippus is also to be observed in the Gabii statue in the Louvre (p. 265), which is, in all probability, a copy of a celebrated statue of Alexander holding a spear. This work was executed by Lysippus in competition with Apelles, who, as I have stated above, represented Alexander as wielding the lightning of Zeus. For this the sculptor reproached the painter, preferring to invest his state with a less fanciful attribute. The head was upturned towards the sky, a pose which, perhaps, finds its explanation in the physical deformity to which attention has already been called. The figure above is a reproduction of a bronze statuette of Alexander on horseback from Herculaneum. It is not unlikely that it is a copy on a small scale of the statue of Alexander, which formed part of the group which the king himself ordered of Lysippus to commemorate the battle of Granicus, and which he had set up in Dium in Macedonia. It is a work of considerable merit; the figure of Alexander is full of life and

energy, although it may be objected that the horse is treated in a somewhat conventional spirit.

But it was not only to the painters and sculptors of Greece that Alexander served as a model. The practisers of the lesser arts were equally inspired by his noble brow and impressive features, and nowhere is the influence of his personality more clearly seen than in the coinage of his own and the succeeding age. "On coins before the time of Alexander the Great," says Professor Gardner, "there are but two heads that have any pretensions to be regarded as portraits." But with the accession of the son of Philip the age of portraiture began. Not only do we find Alexander's head, sometimes with divine attributes, placed on his own coins and on those of the Diadochi, but henceforth Zeus and Heracles, deities and heroes alike, are represented with the deep-set eyes, the parted lips, and the overhanging brow of the conqueror of India.



BRONZE EQUESTRIAN FIGURE OF ALEXANDER FROM HERCULANEUM.

On the obverse of a coin of Lysimachus (p. 268) a wonderfully beautiful head of Alexander is represented. We have no difficulty in recognising here the characteristic features of the Macedonian king. It will be noticed that he is represented as horned, like Zeus Ammon, whose descendant he professed to be. The tetradrachm, struck between 330 B.C. and 280 B.C., which is also reproduced (p. 268), is interesting as showing how the Heracles type gradually approached that of Alexander. The coin before us is distinctly archaistic in style, and yet, beneath the lion skin of Heracles, we can scarcely help detecting the deep-set eyes and slightly-opened mouth of the son of Philip.

The third is an Egyptian coin, on which Alexander is represented wearing a head-dress composed of an elephant's scalp. It is full of force and strength, the lower part of the face especially recalling the British Museum bust.

Enough has already been said to show how extensive was the influence which Alexander exercised

on the art of his own time. But this influence did not cease with his death. Centuries afterwards portrait about with them set in a bracelet, ring, or other ornament, while Commodus Macer prized



COIN OF LYSIMACHUS WITH HEAD OF ALEXANDER.



TETRAPRACHM OF ALEXANDER, STRUCK BETWEEN 330 B.C. AND 280 B.C.



EGYPTIAN COIN WITH HEAD OF ALEXANDER.

he was revered as a deity by Caracalla, and Alexander Severus placed an image of him among his household gods. In the later days of the Roman Empire we are told that women carried his

among his possessions an amber cup, in the centre of which was the head of Alexander, and round the border of which were sculptured some incidents from his many campaigns.

“A FAMILY PORTRAIT.”

BY REMBRANDT. ETCHED BY DANIEL MORDANT.

AMONG the great lights of painting, none, perhaps, have been so continuous in their development as Rembrandt van Ryn. Titian, Velazquez, Rubens—all these had their stages, their “manners” one used to say; but with them long years elapsed after their first maturity, during which their art underwent but little change. With Rembrandt it was different. From 1627—or 1625, if we accept a lately discovered portrait—when he dated his first picture, down to close upon the day of his death in 1669, his art expanded yearly, grew larger, broader, more significant in handling, and bolder in the use of colour. This, coupled with a habit of dating about one canvas in every ten, makes it easy to arrange his work chronologically. We may, therefore, put faith in the date of 1662–3, given by Vosmaer for three of his most famous pictures, more especially as it is accepted by Mr. Bredius and other more recent authorities. The first of the three is the picture at Stockholm known as “The Oath of John Ziska,” which is believed, however, by some good judges who have seen it, to represent an episode from the history of Judas Maccabæus. The second is the portrait group at Amsterdam, in the Van der Hoop collection, which, like the “Ziska,” has long passed under a title now contested, that of the “Jewish Bride.” The third is the large “Family Portrait” in the Brunswick Gallery, of which an etching by M. Daniel Mordant precedes these pages. A fourth picture from the same time, according to Vosmaer, is the “Jew Merchant” of the National Gallery. Here, however, the lamented Dutchman’s chronology is less

acceptable, and a somewhat earlier date may be the true one. As for the pictures at Brunswick and Amsterdam, their mutual affinity cannot be overlooked. The same man and woman occur in both. In each there is the same frankly audacious brushing, the same bold use of various reds, of rich golden yellows, of lights as solid as the modelled jewellery of the Italian *quattro-centisti*. In each, too, we find the same directness of gesture and simplicity of aim. In the one group, as in the other, the scheme of light and shadow gives no more than a hint of the research, the deliberate infinity, of Rembrandt’s earlier years. The Brunswick picture used to be called “The Family of Rembrandt,” and some have professed to descry a likeness to the painter’s fellow-sinner, Hendrickie Stoffels, in this staid young mother. No ingenuity, however, could make a Rembrandt of the man. And yet his identity may not be beyond our reach. In the Munich Gallery there hangs a half-length portrait, numbered 345 and ascribed to Carel Fabritius. To my eyes it appears to be by Rembrandt rather than his scholar, and to have been painted from the Brunswick paterfamilias in his early youth. It is believed to represent Jan Haaring the younger, a writing-master of Amsterdam. So far as I know, there is nothing to contradict the supposition that Haaring sat to Rembrandt in after years, with his wife and children, and that the master, attracted by their beauty, portrayed the couple twice over. The date of the Munich portrait, which, whether by Rembrandt or Fabritius, must have been painted about 1650–2, fits in completely with this suggestion.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.



Rembrandt pinx.

A FAMILY PORTRAIT

Engraving by J. G. Kneller, from the original in the Gallery

D. Morgan

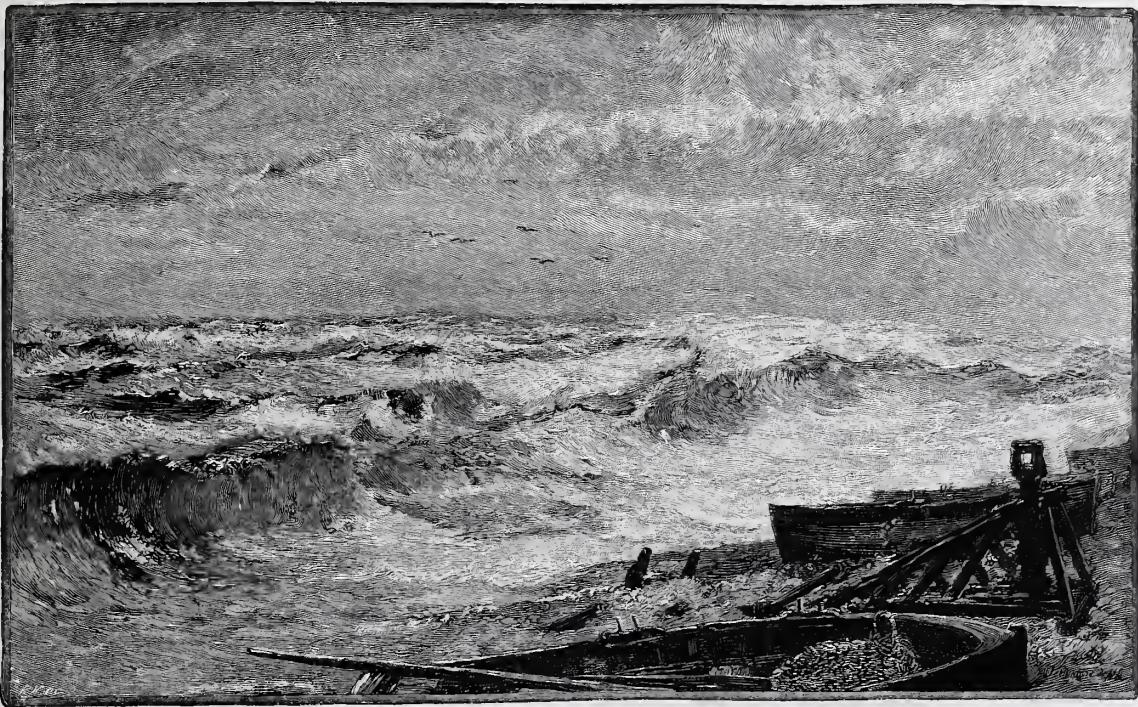
CURRENT ART.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—II.

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE can be no question that, taken as a whole, this year's exhibition of the Royal Academy is one of the most interesting the present generation has seen, and that in spite of the abstention of such leading artistic spirits as Mr. Burne Jones and Mr. E. J. Gregory. But brilliant as are the canvases of one or two of the foremost Academicians, the greatest successes, relatively speaking, are achieved by outside artists, to whom our great Republic of Forty has this year accorded such generous, such unstinted, and, at the same time, such well-deserved hospitality. Thus the catholicity of the Academy, doubtless stimulated by the intrinsic quality of the canvases submitted by the Outsiders, has raised its character for fairness beyond the point it has reached here-

entirely absorbed by these great masters of the English school—at any rate, the work of the Outsiders could hardly be taken into serious account at all. To-day, however, the old order is changed; the half-dozen finest works of Academicians are fairly rivalled by the half-dozen finest works of outside contributors, if not always in skill and finish, at least in grasp of subject, in originality of design and handling, in virility, in earnestness, and, consequently, in fulness of promise. The groups of young artists who have thus gained such remarkable distinction have all, I believe, acquired abroad that first facility of draughtsmanship which is so necessary before a picture can be attacked with self-confidence, certainty, and fresh vigour—qualities that are ab-



“AS WHEN THE SUN DOTHT LIGHT A STORM.”

(From the Picture by H. Moore, A.R.A. Engraved by P. Kahdemann. Royal Academy, 1889.)

tofore, and has secured for the collection a higher average of excellence. Fifty years ago a greater number of planets of the first magnitude blazed in the artistic firmament: Wilkie, Turner, Landseer, Roberts, and Constable, for example, among them. But the artistic genius of the country seemed to be

solutely requisite, if the result is to be convincing by reason of its realism, its truth, and the obvious earnestness of the artist. Such is the group led by Mr. S. J. Solomon and Mr. Arthur Haeker; such, the “Newlyn School,” of which Mr. Stanhope Forbes, Mr. Frank Bramley, Mr. Tuke, and Mr.

Adrian Stokes are foremost representatives; such, which Mr. Sargent is the most brilliant as well as the group of French-taught Americans—Gallie in the most defiantly-original example. To these I pro-



GEORGE HENSCHEL.

(From the Picture by J. S. Sargent. Royal Academy, 1889.)

their boldness and dash, but entirely national and individual in their sense of grace and style—of pose to refer further on, pausing here to continue the remarks on the individual achievement of the most

prominent of the Academicians which considerations of space obliged me to break off in the last number of this Magazine after considering the work of Mr. G. F. Watts.

From the art of Mr. Watts to that of Mr. Alma-Tadema is a far cry, so dissimilar are the artists in their ultimate aim—the latter chiefly seeking to appeal to the eye of the spectator, and the former *through* the eye to the inner man. In one respect, however, they make common cause, standing as they do shoulder to shoulder to resist that wave of “sloppiness,” or affectation of carelessness, that threatens to undermine the art-constitution of many of the rising artists of the day—Mr. Tadema using his brush as a silent protest, but Mr. Watts his eloquent pen as well. I believe that at no time has Mr. Tadema produced so admirable an exposition of the art of the painter, as in his picture entitled “At the Shrine of Venus;” and exactly in proportion as the extraordinarily fine *technique* therein displayed extorts the approbation and applause of public and artist will the false impressionism just referred to receive a salutary check. In this picture—fanciful the scene; yet so realistically presented that it surely *must* have happened—we see the interior of a Roman hairdresser’s shop, where two maidens are reclining in the inner room, while, from the alcove-window in front, a third, whom we only see from behind, is challenging the passers-by with some new cosmetic. The artistic value of this superb little work surpasses, I am inclined to believe, anything that the artist has hitherto produced, including even that gem, “A Favourite Author,” in the New Gallery. Not only is his power over textures and bright sunlight as complete as ever, but his figures are more human, and tones are richer and deeper than he has before succeeded in making them. This sumptuous scene is filled with all those objects and conditions that challenge the painter’s power over *technique*—marble, flowers, silver and gold, satins and skins, hot sunshine and cool shade; and he has not only juggled with them as a painter, but dealt lovingly and skilfully with them as an artist; so that the result is a triumph of which he may well be proud.

But a greater work than even those I have mentioned—the greatest I venture to think that has appeared in the Royal Academy for many a year—is Mr. Orchardson’s “The Young Duke.” The subject itself is a suggestive and a highly decorative one, although a subject is, of course, of only partial account in a work of fine art. This “Young Duke” of the time of the French Empire is presiding at a banquet which has reached the dessert-stage, his sense of boredom barely relieved by the toasting that is going forward. His friends and parasites are all standing, glass in hand, drinking to

his health, at tables spread with a white cloth, and decked with the usual accompaniments of dessert; while on a small table nearest the spectator is a bowl of rich roses—itsself a miracle of painting, and, at the same time, of infinite use in the balance of the harmony of colour. It is difficult to know which to admire most in this extraordinary work—a canvas in which “impressionism” reaches its highest form of expression: the perfection of the drawing and composition, the truth of facial expression, the consummate art in the scheme of colour carried up with such unerring skill to the chief actor in the scene, who is placed with fine effect against the richest portion of the background. The whole picture is the masterpiece of a subtle colourist of a high order, whose facility is entirely under control, and who has the ability to realise with apparent ease and infinity of resource many of the chief conditions of perfection in pictorial art.

In “The Chapel of the Charterhouse” Professor Herkomer displays his rare gift of combining genuine sentiment with powerfully-expressed character. It is late in the day as the grand old pensioners file in, with every phase of nobly-born misfortune on their faces and in their figures—the personification of honest suffering, the types of splendid failure. The sentiment of the scene pervades the work not only in the figures themselves and in their attitudes, but equally in the treatment of the light and shade, and in the sense of solemnity that is happily produced.

Mr. Frank Dicksee’s “Passing of Arthur” altogether excels his work of recent years. He has, in the truest spirit of reverence and of poetry, transcribed for us Tennyson’s version of the launch of the dying king on to the Sea of the Great Unknown. He shows us the wounded king, full-armed, lying prone in the “dusky barge, dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,” the wailing queens around him, and his pale face, like the level lake, illumined by “the long glories of the winter moon.” Mysterious, as it should be, in its stealthy light and prismatic shadows, the picture is more strongly painted than anything that has come from Mr. Dicksee’s hand for a long time—indeed, its *impasto* is as loaded as the colour of Mr. Orchardson is thinly laid on.

Of the other Academic painters of incident, Mr. Poynter, with his “On the Terrace,” and “A Corner in the Villa,” repeats the successes he made last season at the Academy, and the year before at the Grosvenor Gallery. Mr. Briton Riviere is frankly humorous in his Rabelaisian scene, “Of a Fool and his Folly there is no End,” the frightened horses being admirably drawn, and the attitude of him in motley excellently conceived. Mr. J. W. Waterhouse’s “Ophelia” is somewhat disappointing; not that this girl lying on the grass is not well painted—the

face is admirable, and the whole thing constitutes "a good picture," but the artist is a man of such a stamp and of such ability that with a great Shakespearian subject for inspiration a finer creation, or I might say, realisation, might have been expected from him. Mr. Gow's "Visit of King Charles I. to Kingston-on-Hull, 1642," where the hapless monarch and his indignant staff meet with their first rebuff at the hands of the governor, is drawn and grouped with striking skill—such, indeed, as Meissonier might not be ashamed to put his name to; but the colour is somewhat weak, and the general effect, therefore, one of comparative flatness. Could the artist but strengthen his colour, he would be hailed as quite the foremost painter of his class in England. Mr. Seymour Lucas's picture of "The Surrender" is a decided improvement on his last year's work, good as it was. He shows a keen eye for character and composition in this representation of Don Pedro de Valdez' surrender to Drake on board the *Revenge*. All the credit due to a born antiquarian must be awarded to the painter, for every portrait in this interesting canvas has its "authority;" but more important than that are the excellent colour and sound technical work that distinguish it.

Mr. Viat Cole's "The Summons to Surrender" pictures an event immediately antecedent to that in Mr. Lucas's work. There can be no doubt but that the picture is one to command attention and respect, albeit it just misses being a really fine one; nor can we place it in the same category as his last year's "Pool of London." The colour is somewhat crude, details appear unfinished, and the drawing of the masthead-top is extremely faulty; yet there is genuine power in the rendering of the rough sea, and spirit, too, of a sort little suspected by those who for a series of years have watched Mr. Cole work his way through his great contract for pictures of the Thames. Of a far more truthful and brilliant order are Mr. Henry Moore's two sea-scapes, "Shine and Shower" and "As when the Sun doth light a Storm"—the former a splendid rendering of the blue, tumbling sea, on which play the sun's rays where here and here they break through the heavy rain-clouds, and the latter a wonderful study of the foam-whipped waves breaking on the Yarmouth beach at the end of a ten-days' gale. Mr. Hook, who, like Mr. Watts and one or two others, appears to be improving with advancing years, has made certain phases of the sea as much his own as Mr. Tadema has appropriated classic life at the time when its moral decadence had begun. It is difficult to select among his three beautiful works, but on the whole "The Sea-weed Raker" is, perhaps, the finest for exquisiteness of painting. Mr. Peter Graham's "Where Wild Waves Lap" must rank among the

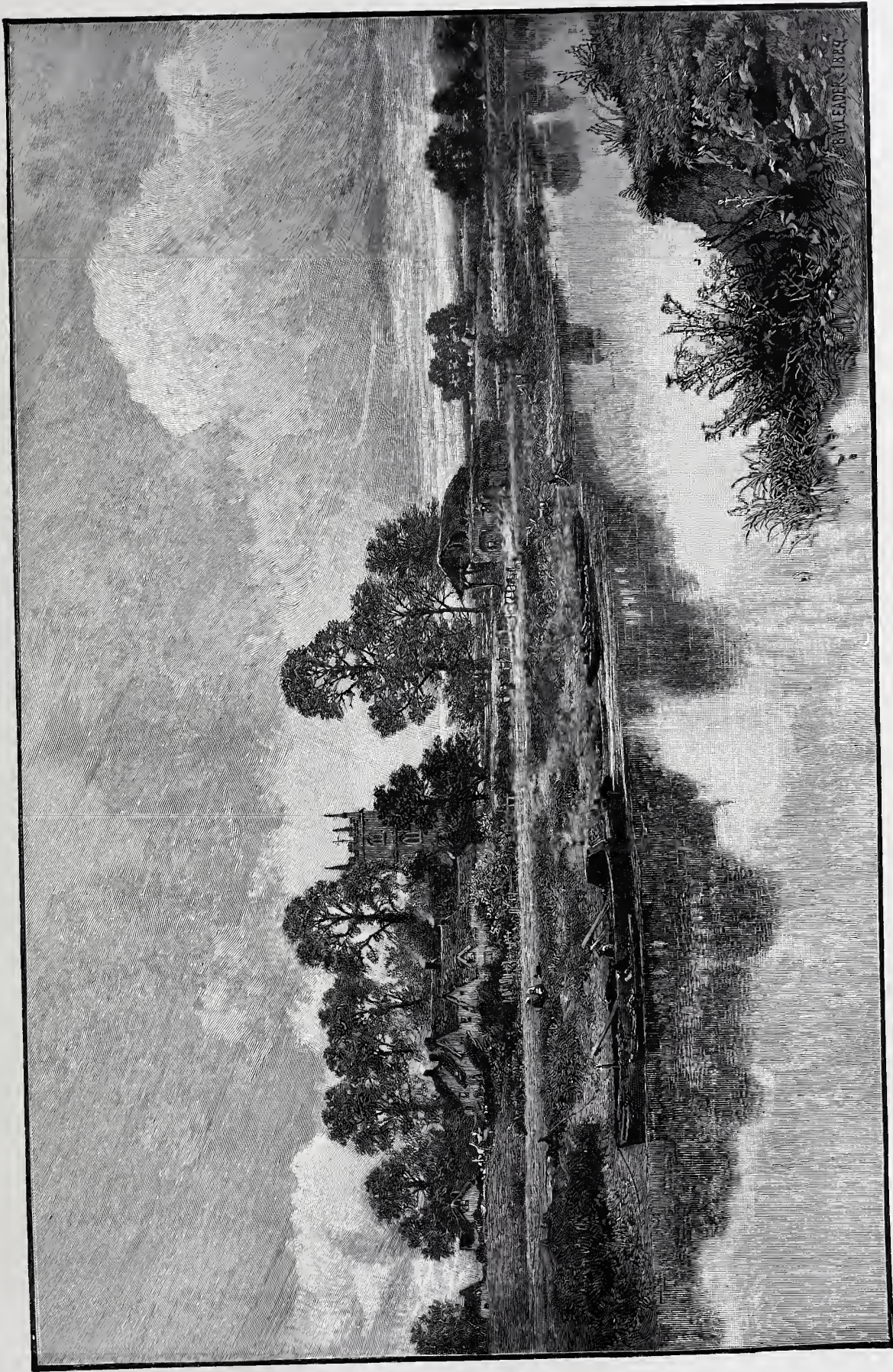
finest of his efforts; while Mr. Wyllie's ghostlike "Phantom Ship"—curiously reminiscent in design of Turner's "Fighting Téméraire" and "The Burial of Wilkie"—is not only a work of imagination, but it is one of the very few pictures in which flashes of lightning have been truthfully portrayed.

In the department of landscape there is lamentably little of the first rank. Mr. Goodall has a large and effective picture of "Harrow-on-the-Hill," and Mr. Leader entirely succeeds, as usual, in extorting the general praise of the visitor. A work that comes very near to being a great success is Mr. MacWhirter's "Constantinople and the Golden Horn"—a picture of great beauty and charm of colour, which only fails through the undue coldness and evident falseness (one would think) of the foreground.

It can hardly be realised without a visit how much the Academy suffers in respect of portraiture from the absence of the familiar hand of poor Frank Holl. Nevertheless, many admirable works are to be seen. Mr. Oules, among his eight portraits, touches the high-water mark of his ability in his presentments of his fellow-Academicians Mr. Pearson and Mr. Sidney Cooper. Mr. Herkomer, with a like number, is strikingly successful in a brilliant portrait of Mrs. Gladstone, and in his dainty, though slightly affected, picture of the beautiful young Lady Eden, in green draperies. Mrs. Gamble and Herr Ludwig are also among his best represented sitters. Mr. Luke Fildes's large "three-quarter" portrait of "Two Sisters" is one of the "pictures of the year." Painted somewhat in the manner of Gainsborough, it is a rich though subdued harmony in white, gold, and red; refined, and full of style. Mr. Pettie is much as usual—a little hard, but brilliant; Mr. Sant is sweetness itself; while Mr. Seymour Lucas's portrait of Mrs. Williams-Vaughan, in blue, is the work of a colourist.

Thus far I have spoken only of the works of Academicians—works which stand out with distinctness from their surroundings. But as we see some of our official Masters of Art at their very best—"and better," as an Irishman might add—so have some unaccountably sunk far below the average. It would be a thankless and useless task to follow them, for not a few have done fine work heretofore, and others have tripped for the first time this year. It will therefore be more profitable to turn the attention to the work of some of the many Outsiders who have set their mark unmistakably on the walls of Burlington House, and proved beyond any doubt that there are those among them ready and competent to take their places inside the institution whenever called upon to do so.

What I consider the finest work in the class we now approach is Mr. John Swan's "Prodigal Son."



SABRINA'S STREAM.

(From the Picture by B. W. Leader, A.R.A. Engraved by C. Carter. Royal Academy, 1889.)

Mr. Swan, who has this year burst for the time upon the art-world at the three great art-galleries, has hitherto been known as an animal painter, but this picture of the swine-herd, whose loins are girt with a skin, and who buries his head in his hands as the mists of night float along the plain, and the last light of the after-glow touches the hills beyond with silver—this work, I say, contains not only deep poetic feeling, but a true knowledge of real high art, joined to great manual dexterity. Hence we have fine “quality,” grand colour, whether in the painting of the flesh-tones, of the poppies, or in the blue distance, the whole consolidated by excellent drawing. Mr. Solomon J. Solomon’s “Sacred and Profane Love”^{*} touches a higher flight in point of subject than the artist has yet attempted; but the problems of colour, line, and composition are in reality what the artist has set himself to solve. Mr. Solomon’s portrait of Sir John Simon in his serjeant’s robes is more complete as a work of art, and, ranking considerably above his Dr. Löwy of a year or two ago, must be mentioned among the fine things in the exhibition. Mr. Arthur Hacker paints much in the same manner, and his “Return of Persephone to the Earth” is full of beauty. The composition, however, is somewhat diffuse, and hardly explains the story it is intended to illustrate. But the colour is charmingly managed, and the figure of the girl who floats at Proserpine’s shoulder is full of grace.

Coming to the work of the Newlyn School, we find that this little coterie includes some six or eight painters of striking ability and greater promise. They are not “colourists” in the ordinary old-fashioned meaning of the term; they are rather “tonists,” if I may use the expression. Drawing, atmosphere, and truth of local colour (which is seen by them greyer and far colder than it is usually represented in paint and canvas)—these are the tenets of the new creed. Chief of the fraternity is, Mr. Stanhope Forbes, in whose rendering of “The Health of the Bride”—the frugal breakfast at a sailor’s wedding—character is finely suggested, while certain passages are rendered with consummate skill in drawing and the disposition of light and shade. In Mr. Frank Bramley’s powerful picture, too, of “Saved,”^{*} the dramatic element is well-imagined and well-sustained, character is kept firmly in mind by the artist, while the great problem he has set himself to solve—that of rendering at once the contending lights of the dawn and of the yellow fire that beams on to the face and figure of the poor half-drowned woman before it—is satisfactorily realised. We may object to the strength of the yellow firelight, but that will doubtless be softened by time. Next come Mr. Tuke’s “All Hands to the Pumps,” a very

powerful picture; Mr. Chevallier Tayler’s “Outward Bound,” a lamp-light scene of a concert on board ship; and Mr. Blandford Fletcher’s village scene of a town-crier and his audience, “O yes! O yes!” The Algerian “Nest of the Sea-Mew,” by M. Emile Wauters, is a work of a different kind, far more mature in its execution, but with a kindred aim—that of rendering not only the character of the scene, but also to fix on canvas the subtle variations of the dazzling whites of Eastern architecture under the rays of a tropical sun. The excellent pastel-drawing by Mr. Hubert Vos—the young Dutch artist who has made England his painting-ground—is a fine representation of the “Brussels Almshouse for Women,” and cannot be omitted from any list of the best works in the Academy. Of the water-colours, Mr. T. B. Hardy’s large Dutch-like drawing, “Change of Wind, Boulogne Pier,” and Herr Carl Gehrt’s banquet-scene from “Macbeth,” are among the most striking compositions.

Space fails me to speak at such length as they deserve of the portraiture of Mr. Sargent, Mr. Shannon, Mr. Margetson, Mr. Carter, Mr. Calkin, Mr. Fred Roe, Mr. A. S. Cope, Mr. Blake Wirgman, and Miss Mortlock; but of all it may be said, in greater or lesser degree, that the art of portrait-painting in its various phases of treatment is safe in their hands, and that we may look for one or more of them to worthily fill the place left vacant by Frank Holl. Several of them have already gained public recognition and applause, notably Mr. Sargent and Mr. Shannon; but we may fairly require still higher achievements from so brilliant a body of young painters.

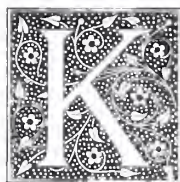
Mr. Adrian Stokes, with his “Harbour Bar,” a picture of stream and sand, achieves a striking success; Mr. R. Noble, a young Scottish painter, whose very revelry in colour is finely displayed in his “Coming from Church;” Mr. Brangwyn, with his pictures so startlingly suggestive of vessels beating forwards through the waves; Mr. David Murray, Mr. Yeend King, Mr. Aumonier, Mr. Waterlow, Mr. Alfred Parsons, Mr. Edwin Hayes, and Mr. Arthur Lemon—have all produced land- and seascapes of notable power and beauty.

Such is the hundred and twenty-first exhibition of the Royal Academy, the best features of which I have attempted to epitomise in these few short columns. It may not contain a series of masterpieces as in days gone by, but a few masterpieces it unquestionably can boast, while the high average of merit attained by the rank and file of “Her Majesty’s Opposition” in art is of such excellent achievement and better promise, that none can walk through the galleries and be otherwise than of good cheer as to the future of English Art.

^{*} A photogravure of this picture will appear in a forthcoming number of THE MAGAZINE OF ART.—ED.

THE AIM AND TENDENCIES OF CARICATURE.

BY M. PHIPPS JACKSON.



ING GEORGE II. of happy memory, who hated both "boetry and bainting," and was very wroth when Hogarth ridiculed his Guards on their march to Finchley, would have been somewhat astonished could he have risen from his grave and seen the estimation in which "that bainter fellow" was subsequently held. The art of caricature, or, in other words, the art of ridicule, is almost universally popular, as to laugh at the weaknesses of others is, by force of comparison, to elevate ourselves. But Hogarth, the greatest of modern art-satirists, was the exponent of one of the two branches into which caricature art has ever been divisible. His designs were (if we judge of him by his greatest works) attacks upon vicious habits, systems, and customs, rather than upon individuals; and in such *chef-d'œuvre* as his "Marriage à la Mode" and "Rake's Progress" there is a disquisition on vice and folly in the abstract rather than one that is personal in character. The advantage of this is that it is art enduring for all time. Hogarth was in that respect like Shakespeare, the "Marriage à la Mode" being but the "Mariage de Convenance" of the Orchardson of to-day, and the idea involved has probably existed in principle from the first institution of the ceremony that tied two human beings of opposite sexes together for life. In like manner, "The Rake's Progress" was a homily, not on the times, but on nature itself, and is revived merely in another form in Frith's "Road to Ruin."

Some of the stronger exponents of this kind of motive in caricature art in our own country have been Cruikshank, Doyle, Leech, and, among those happily still in our midst, John Tenniel, Du Maurier, and Keene. Were those who have distinguished themselves more particularly as book-illustrators to be added, it is needless to say the list would be very considerably enlarged, for the names of delightful artists like Hablôt K. Browne, and many others whose talents have given interest and enjoyment to our literature, would be of the number.

The region of politics has always been a fruitful source of inspiration to the caricaturist; and very properly so, for in a country which boasts of freedom a man's political belief can be no offence to any reasonable human being. But designs of a political class have, as a rule, tended more towards personality than generalisation of motive. There are, perhaps,

few men of great eminence who are not distinguished by marked physiognomical characteristics, and, as we may remember in the pages of leading comic journals like *Punch*, Brougham, Wellington, Lord John Russell, and those of like fame, suffered severely in the hands of their delineators. Every important act making up the sum-total of their public lives has been handed down to us in personal delineations in which exaggeration has been carried to the point of grotesqueness. As upon the modern stage it appears necessary to exaggerate in order to heighten effect, so may it be requisite in pictorial art to increase personal defects that the impression upon the spectator be strengthened. But this is rather a distressing necessity in order to eke out the weakness of the art itself.

Apart from this, politics are a great element of our social life, and political caricature has doubtless had the result of concentrating attention upon a subject which will, under any circumstances, become a question for individual judgment. Ridicule is a powerful motive-power in influencing the acts of men, and there can scarcely be much doubt that the well-directed shafts of satire of which our comic journals have been sponsors, had their influence upon even great political movements like the Reform Bill, the Corn Laws, or the Emancipation of religious bodies from oppressive restrictions. Still, political caricature has, as a rule, been more personal than general in character, and probably for the reason that it is easier to ridicule principles through individuals rather than in a less obvious manner. Nearly a century ago almost the whole civilised world joined in lampooning that arch-brigand Napoleon Bonaparte, and the ways, acts, and works of his life of bloodshed and ambition. But his deeds of rapine, his arbitrary laws, and the social revolutions of his reign, were chiefly brought home to us in caricatures in which he figured personally and conspicuously. Most of us are familiar with the inimitable designs by Cruikshank of that time in which "Bony" and the acts with which he insulted the human race were made so apparent. And not less startling was the bitter pictorial satire with which the Corsican's ambition inspired the genius of a Wiertz.

But all this class of caricature, being personal in character, whilst it may strengthen impression, offends the canons of good taste. It was but the other day that an art-controversy sprang up, called

into being by the remarks of a Royal Academician in a paper read at a meeting of one of the important societies. It is needless to go into the merits of that controversy—if, indeed, from an art-point of view, there can be considered to be two sides to the question by sane men—but the response to that in our leading comic journal was a portrait of the Academician habited as an old woman—a pictorial skit that will stick to him as long as he lives. This, again, was of the order of personal caricature, and the universal amusement it excited—right or wrong—had the effect of calling attention directly to the subject in dispute, and of adding the emphasis of direct illustration to all that had been said and written. But I hold that the likeness itself was an unnecessary offence, and the lesson sought to be inculcated could have been as powerfully taught without wounding individual feelings. It was also but recently that the metropolis was well-nigh electrified by the opening of an exhibition in Bond Street, which, as the work of one man, was unique in talent and character. Here, again, the art was personal, although in a somewhat different direction. The feelings of individuals were likely to be, and indeed were, sorely wounded. The shaft of ridicule aimed at the work of an artist might possibly be the means of inducing him to seek to amend his faults, and thus benefit art; but it should be remembered that all things, however sacred, pure, and beautiful, may furnish food for satire, and that to give occasion to scoff at or regard as contemptible the result of the earnest and honest efforts of the professors of any particular craft is certainly not the lesson to be taught by the art of caricature.

And now to look at another view of the subject. Not to multiply examples, where so many are furnished in the long list of talented caricaturists our country has produced, John Leech and Du Maurier are fairly representative exponents of what may be termed impersonal caricature art. With marked fecundity of imagination and a charmingly facile pencil, John Leech appeared to be wholly without spite, venom, or malice, in his nature. His hunting, drawing-room, and sea-side designs, were as genially witty as they were truthful, and he has left behind him records of the follies of his time, told gracefully and with keen sense of humour. His delicate perception of female beauty was assured, as was the touch with which he realised the conception; and one has but to remember "The Comic History of England," and "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," to recall one who was both man of genius as an artist and a strong humourist.

With views of art not dissimilar in motive to those of the eminent man referred to, George Du Maurier, the illustrator of Thackeray's "Esmond,"

The Cornhill Magazine, and other leading journals, has turned his attention to the comic side of social life. A pupil of Gleyre in Paris, with whom he for some time studied assiduously, he commenced his career with the necessary stock-in-trade knowledge of a practical artist, whilst a lengthened residence in the French capital enabled him to utilise in his designs the knowledge of the manners and customs of the people thus obtained. Like Leech, his satire is of the kindest character, and in his keenest shafts of humour he is ever an educated gentleman. In his crusade against wealthy vulgarity, fashionable follies, and in his exposure of some of the foibles of our neighbours across the Channel, there has been avoidance of anything that could wound reasonable susceptibilities, whilst the exposure of any human weakness attacked has been at least sufficient to focus it with ridicule.

One of the peculiar characteristics of caricature is the suitability of the art to the country from which it emanates. Sense of humour, one would almost imagine, is universal. Some think that our countrymen north of the Tweed are deficient in this respect; whilst it is beyond all question that that which is regarded as comic in France and Germany raises no responsive feeling in the minds of those in this country. Difference of language, life, and social manners, hardly accounts for or explains this. Even with a perfect mastery of the language and customs of the people, the comic publications of Germany, for example, fail to excite our risibility, whilst the illustrations of French humorous journals constantly strike us only as being far-fetched, exaggerated, and, too often, coarse. No—if indeed sense of humour be universal, then is it so controlled and influenced by the physiological conditions governing mankind that it has no universal form of expression as in the sister art of literature, where we find the thoughts of a man like Shakespeare recognised by the civilised world.

And now to turn to the second view of the subject. Speaking broadly, the art of caricature must act either as a scourge or a blessing. The art itself has acquired formidable dimensions in this and other countries, and it is not too much to say, that the most popular method of bringing home to the people any great movement in political or social life is through the medium of pictorial burlesque. And as the agency is potent, so is this art, perhaps most of all others, subject to degradation. Not only when it descends to the region of personality, but when it is made the medium of impurity, or of untruth, then is its power for mischief made apparent. That there are but too many examples of human invention of this class in journals openly sold and approved, there is more than sufficient evidence to

prove in some of the Parisian *kiosques*. Curiously enough, the press censorship which finds such favour in various great Continental countries, whilst it exercises strict discipline in cases of political pictorial art, allows a blamable latitude in offences affecting the people's moral welfare. The laws of our own country are fortunately stricter in this respect, so that we do not countenance similar debasing influences, and, on the other hand, we are under a debt of gratitude to men like Cruikshank and Leech, the leading motive of whose work was the repression of folly or vice.

A curious example of a certain branch of caricature art is that furnished by the Parisian "Exposition des Arts Incohérents," the illustrated catalogue of which most of us have seen. Here the grossest exaggeration in the sketch portraits of the artist exhibitors, and occult, or rather vulgar, delineations and jokes, form the staple of the catalogue. Here, again, it is singular that that which here recommends itself as excessively funny to our brethren across the Channel would scarcely resolve itself to our minds as in the slightest degree humorous. We may take two examples from the catalogue, one a sketch of the Venus de Milo statue, with an old man's bearded head upon the shoulders, and the title "Le Mari de la Venus de Milo;" and the head and shoulders portrait of a girl, with a tall hat ornamented with flowers, and the face itself a mere blank piece of paper, called "Cruelle énigme!!! Charmant!!!" Art of this description, if we make the most of it, is to us but vapid, brainless folly, rendered more deplorable by the evidence of a certain degree of technical skill, but as far as any good result is probable from such work there is evidently none, and one would far rather see the artists turn honest paper-hangers, butchers, bakers, or respectable mechanics, for then they might be of some use to the world of which they form part.

To compare for a moment with the art just alluded to something very opposite in character—George Cruikshank's singularly original picture in our national collection (now circulating in the provinces) called "The Worship of Bacchus." It is needless to comment on the workmanship of that remarkable composition. But there is no mistake as to the motive and design of the master, and I will undertake to say that few persons of ordinary intelligence would examine the work without retaining the impression of it to their dying day. The treat-

ment of the design may be grotesque, and of the nature of caricature, but there can be no question of the artist's earnestness, nor of his wish to avoid buffoonery, whilst he enforced a view not unworthy of a great mind.

It is not perhaps very difficult to predict the future of the art of caricature in this country. In 1764 Hogarth died. He was an artist in advance of his time, and unfortunately for himself his fame—at least in the degree in which it places him in his proper rank among painters—was posthumous. It will be remembered that his series of six inimitable pictures of the "Marriage à la Mode," sold in June, 1750, for one hundred and twenty guineas, his eight pictures of "The Rake's Progress" he sold for one hundred and eighty-four pounds sixteen shillings, and his "Strolling Players" in the same year (1744) for twenty-six guineas. It is useless to speculate as to what those splendid productions of a profound genius would realise if brought to the hammer now, but we can at least congratulate ourselves upon the fact that a visit to our national collection and to the Sir John Soane Museum will enable us to estimate what place their author should take in the muster-roll of British artists.

Should we as a nation retrograde, the weaknesses and follies of a failing community will be still further heightened by the satirist's pencil. It is true that we have had no Hogarth since his time. And there is no present evidence to show that we shall ever again have among us such another master-mind in his particular branch of art. Only the merest semblance of Elijah's mantle has fallen upon his followers. That there has been a succession of talent in this art has been abundantly proved, if only in the names already given, and there is every reason to suppose that in the future vacant places will be taken by other artists of like jocular instincts. It is both unnecessary and unpleasant to indulge in pessimistic views, so let us hope that these humourists of the future will not in talent be unworthy of those who have preceded them, and that they will ever remember that their mission is not only to amuse, but to render less probable by their shafts of satire those human follies of which we have but little reason to feel proud. If this fact be ever held in mind and acted upon, the work of the caricaturist will continue to occupy the niche it has hitherto worthily filled in the great structure of British Art.

OLD ARTS AND MODERN THOUGHTS.

EDUCATION IN ART.

BY J. E. HODGSON, R.A.



YOUTH AND AGE.

(Drawn by J. E. Hodgson, R.A. Engraved by G. Faber.)

TO educate the young, both from moral and political considerations, must appear one of the most important duties which can devolve on the aged and the experienced. In an ideal republic we can imagine every citizen who has attained power, distinction, or wealth, employing a portion of his time in imparting, to those about to start in life, both the practical maxims which have been taught him by experience, and the principles which have guided him to success. In such a society the science of education would rank next in importance to the science of government. Actually, this is far from being the case, and no theory of education has yet been formulated which is other than a prescription administered experimentally, in some cases acting favourably, in others detrimentally, as chance and the constitution of the patient may determine. It is my firm conviction that many of the finest qualities in our national character are fostered, if not actually brought into being, by the conditions which obtain in our public schools; and yet there is no denying that to timid, vacillating, and dependent natures those conditions are wholly injurious.

We proceed on an *à priori* system; we teach our youths to appreciate the highest principles, the purest examples of literary style, and we leave them to bring those principles and that style to bear upon the conduct of their lives and thoughts by a deductive process. In foreign countries education begins from a diametrically opposite point; it proceeds inductively. Youths are given the means of independent study, they are put in possession of several languages and of practical science and mathematics, and are left to find their own way upwards into the higher regions. Each system has its advantages; and the results are, that English thought is of a more elevated type, English literature is purer and more classical in

form, and an English gentleman is more profoundly imbued with courtesy and forbearance than foreign types of such matters; whereas the foreigner is more careful and precise, he is incomparably a better workman, and his manners are superficially more polished and graceful. This distinction holds perfectly good with art. We must perforce confess to ourselves that, in scholarly ability, in matters of education, in general knowledge of their craft, foreign nations, especially the French, take clear precedence of us; whereas they, if we may judge by the verdicts pronounced by them on English pictures exhibited in Paris, Vienna, and Berlin, acknowledge our superiority in conception and treatment.

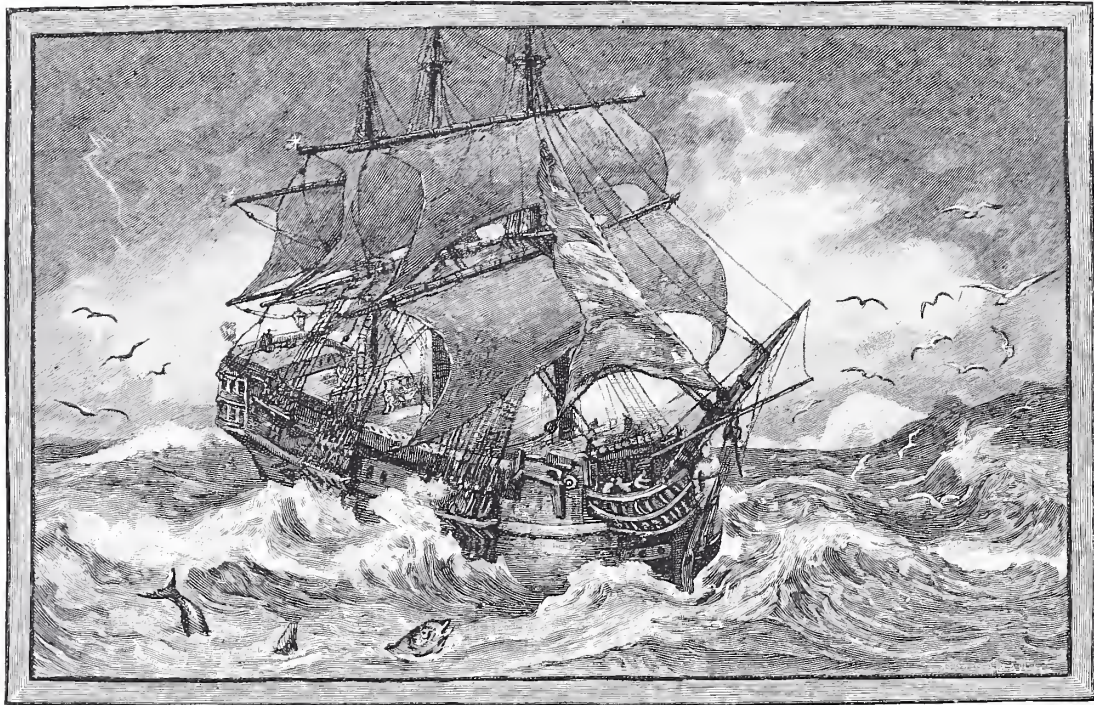
This distinction is not wholly attributable to difference of education; it is partly inherent in national character. To take the case of the Frenchman: his mind is of a very robust practical type and not very sensitive; he delights in extremes and violent contrasts; he is not satisfied to please, he must astonish and appal; the delicate shades of sentiment, the familiar scenes and incidents which English artists have illustrated with so much sincerity and tenderness, appear to him as the weak half-tints of thought; there is a law in his nature which impels him to overstep their limits, both in brilliancy and in depth of gloom; he cannot stop, but goes on exaggerating until the sexual passion becomes a raging madness and tragedy becomes carnage. But he is eminently cautious and practical, he looks far ahead, he is satisfied to labour and to wait, secure of a distant reward. The familiar central type of the French student, the man whom we associate intuitively with the Quartier Latin and Notre Dame de Lorette, is a creature who has no prototype in this country; the *vieux rapin*, a clever, dissolute, dirty, and generally disreputable fellow, who is as poor as a rat but does not repine, who is satisfied with his breakfast of "polenta" and the cheap joys of a suburban *guinguette*, who labours on for seven or eight years at the daily drudgery of the master's *atelier*, who, even if he is successful in painting a picture which is accepted at an exhibition, is not over-elated by it, but goes back to his school conscious that there is a technical perfection which he has not yet attained, and which is the only promised land for which his heart is yearning.

The English student is much less patient, he is haunted by the phantom of respectability; it is

perhaps a noble failing, but he yearns for the glossy hat and the silken umbrella; give him the excuse of an accepted picture or a small commission and he says good-bye to further education, he hires a studio and sets up as a qualified practitioner. It is this, far more than any difference in the system of education, which accounts for the manifest technical superiority of French art; it is not that the French painter's schooling is superior, but that he has far more of it. There is little or no difference of system in the two countries, but in its practical working the advantage lies with France. In an art-school example is unquestionably superior to precept; the student gets advice and instruction from the master, but he imbibes enthusiasm and emulation from his fellows, and these are all important in a matter so difficult to explain, so purely sensuous, as is the technical part of painting; and the novice who enters a French *atelier* enjoys the inestimable advantage of daily seeing men at work who are passed masters in the use of their tools, who have had seven years' training with the brush and the pencil, and have learnt to manipulate those mighty instruments. Add

is the most immediately telling and comprehensible. Hence, he eliminates, he simplifies, he will have nothing to do with subtleties which he cannot master, he will not flounder about in a chaos of noble intentions which he has no power of regulating or bringing into order and tidiness; he makes sure of every step as he goes along, and up to a certain point, the point where studentship ends, he is consequently the surest guide.

The Englishman starts from ideal principles, and descends; the Frenchman from elementary facts, and ascends; but the two rarely touch each other, and never overlap. Every peach has its unripe spot, the melon is rotten where it rests upon the ground, and French art education has also its element of unsoundness. It places the technical and mechanical part of the art of painting on a level with the theoretical and imaginative, and equality in the case of the latter means degradation. "L'art pour l'art" is a dictum which could never have arisen amongst idealists; sentiment can admit of no rival near its throne. To place one there is to dispute its empire, and to revolutionise the government of art.



THE GOOD SHIP "BELLE SAUVAGE."

(From a Drawing by J. E. Hodgson, R.A. Engraved by Miss Bergmann.)

to this, as sincerity and a regard for truth compel me, though quite reluctantly, to admit all the superior advantages of French art-teaching, the Frenchman is by nature practical and not a dreamer; unlike the enthusiastic young Englishman, he does not think of what is the theoretically finest thing to do, but what

There is no page, which records the efforts of human activity, so utterly dreary to peruse, so unsatisfying to the spirit, as the exhibition of the *École des Beaux-Arts*, where two or three hundred prize-pictures have been brought together with the laudable intention, no doubt, of stimulating the

enthusiasm of each succeeding generation by exhibiting the incompetence of that which had gone before. It is appalling, or any other tremendous adjective which the reader's imagination can supply, to contrast that series of pictures—a series which extends over many years—with the efforts of generations

classicism in this country. As far as we know none of these men, except Hogarth occasionally, drew from stone or plaster; they were all colourists, and they all possessed a quality hard to describe, a certain suavity and lusciousness of manner, the opposite of hardness, a quality which is Morland's unique claim



ON THE TERRACES IN UTOPIA.

(From a Drawing by J. E. Hodjson, R.A. Engraved by P. Naumann.)

which struggled upwards out of darkness; to contrast those colourless rapid imitations of the antique with the joyous vitality, the spontaneity of Giotto, the perfect truthfulness of Van Eyck, the unfathomable mystery of Dürer, the living flesh and blood, the grace of Raphael, and the terrible sublimity of Michelangelo. Had darkness settled once more over Europe, not the darkness of ignorance, but a darkness deeper far of misguided knowledge? Something of that sort had occurred to produce such a series of works; and that thing—what was it? Art education, organised, systematised, and subsidised; a national institution with its array of dignitaries and professors, with its huge halls tenanted by the lifeless exuviae, the fossil diatoms of a former existence, with its brainless formula of classical infallibility. In the history of British art we may, if we are pleased to be self-denying, find something akin to a parallel case. Its earliest painters, Gandy, Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Wilson, and Romney, developed an art which had no classical elements; which was, let it be confessed, superficial, presenting the aspect of a great work without its structural completeness, but which was healthy, which smacked of the soil, and which was, above all things, not colourless in any sense of the word: that was before the age of

to our consideration, and which in modern art is very far to seek.

I will not dogmatise; I will admit the possibility that cold colouring and a hard manner are natural symptoms of decaying art, the outcome of exhausted centuries; that their being common to painters who have drawn much in their youth from stone and plaster is an accidental coincidence. I will merely give my reader some written evidence of a contrary belief, and leave him to compare that with facts as he finds them.

There is no easier or more convenient method of teaching a youth to draw the human figure than to give him a statue to copy. It does not move; he can measure it, and ascertain its poise with a plumb-line; but convenience is no reason for its adoption if it is ultimately injurious. Art is the precious result of difficulties overcome; it is beset by them from first to last, and it would be desirable to lessen their number if in doing so we did not also lessen the value of the product. An easy road makes fast travelling, and nothing can be more flattering to the teacher than the progress made by students in our antique schools. It is only when the student is promoted to draw from the life that the teacher is made aware that that progress has been specious; he has

sadly to recognise that between the living breathing and consequently moving human flesh, and the still, lifeless plaster there is a gulf fixed, and that even the foundations of the structure by which it must be bridged have not been laid. On this subject I may lay claim to the authority of long experience. The antique is form without life, a body without a soul; its beauty is lost upon the beginner, its lifelessness is but too often stamped upon his art for ever.

The system of education by the antique began with old Squarcione of Padua, in the fifteenth century, and the first outcome of it—Andrea Mantegna, a man of unquestionable genius—is to this day the typical example of its results. I need hardly say that he is not the man we should select as typical of the highest technical excellences of painting. For this we should choose Titian, P. Veronese, or perhaps, with still more appropriateness, Peter Paul Rubens; and his testimony on the subject I am discussing, which we fortunately possess, is certainly worthy of respectful attention.

Count Algarotti, a slavish worshipper of the antique, and a bigoted advocate of the system under discussion, was compelled reluctantly to admit "that the methods hitherto laid down are attended with some danger; for by too slavish an attention to statues the young painter may contract a hard and dry manner;" and M. Guizot, in reviewing the Paris Salon in 1810, regrets, as he expresses it, "the influence of sculpture on a school of painting which has been brought up on statues. Masters teach their pupils to paint by giving them plaster casts as their first models; how can they possibly avoid becoming cold and grey colourists? The importance given to form at the expense of colour by the present school, proves clearly that it is ignorant of the peculiar province of painting, and that it follows too exclusively the track of sculptors;" and, again, an anonymous German author of a clever book on "Imitation in Art," writing in Rome in 1817, says that "few zealous imitators of the antique have avoided the danger of introducing its stoniness into their paintings."

Other quotations might easily be found, but these will suffice to prove that a low growl of disapprobation has constantly been uttered by earnest and thinking men against a system of art education which is all but universal throughout Europe.

Let me dream awhile; let me forget both time and place; let me gather up, as in a skein, the impressions of years, the fleeting thoughts which flashed upon me in the stress of life's battle; let me look back upon my own education and compare its results with the material it had to work upon, and then pronounce the blame and say where the fault lay. Yea, verily, as I live, the blame is lying at my own

door. I see no great impediment from without, no fault in institutions. There is but one thing wanting in the backward prospect—the figure of a wise and trusted friend who should have reproved, admonished, and encouraged me; and many, no doubt, will say the same. What we most want is good guidance; to some it comes by nature or chance. There is a happy fatality which points to the right road, as there is a baneful one which leads astray; but it is a perilous thing for youths to be left to their own devices. There is no form of art education, no system of academies or colleges, which can be equivalent to the old paternal relationship of master and pupil. The apprentice who serves his time with his master, who lives in his house as a member of his family, who flirts, or does not flirt, with his daughter, as that is immaterial, but who works daily under his master's eye, and has an insight into his master's affairs; he is in the best ease, and starts in life's battle armed, as none other is armed, with a wisdom beyond his years. He may incur the risk of being pilloried before posterity, as the unhappy apprentice of Gatiien Philipon was, by his uncommonly outspoken daughter, but that is a small risk to set against the enormous gain.

With my readers' permission I will for awhile forget the things that are, unwise as such a proceeding undoubtedly is. I will project my thoughts towards the unsubstantial region of perfection, across the dark ocean where mortals suffer shipwreck, where they float on crazy rafts, the derelicts of fate and fortune, a prey to hunger and to hope deferred, to the land of peace and plenty, to the land which knows no winter, no fogs and no east winds, to the fabled island of Utopia. Let us imagine that we possess some document relating to it, say, the diary of the special correspondent of this Magazine, who has been sent there at enormous expense to gather information for the good of art. Through the kindness and courtesy of the most influential gentlemen of the island, who have entertained our correspondent with the most respectful hospitality, we learn that art education is there conducted after the following fashion.

In the first place, no youth is allowed to enter the artists' profession merely because he does not seem to possess assiduity or ability enough to succeed in any other calling. In this matter they are very strict; every candidate is set to make drawings from nature, and those drawings are examined by professors trained to the purpose. In judging of these, no stress whatever is laid upon correctness, which is understood to be an after-result of education; what is looked for mainly is a certain grandeur and impressiveness, a far-away look as in the scenery of dreams. After that the youth is taken into picture

galleries and made to describe the pictures one by one, careful note being made of the impression they produce on him and of the qualities he observes; if he fails to attain the requisite number of marks necessary for a first class, he is handed over to the schools where art is taught for the purposes of design as applied to manufactures and other industrial ends. When the candidate is successful in passing into the first class, he is handed over to teachers who put him through a severe course of freehand drawing; he is made to copy lines of every degree of curvature until his hand is educated. Some boys in Utopia can draw a circle mathematically correct without any appliance but a pencil. In the next stage the pencil and white paper are discarded; still-life, groups of flowers, heads, and figures are drawn with white chalk upon dark blue paper, the theory being that the forms of nature are defined by the amount of light which objects reflect, and also that the expression of light is the most important quality of painting. The eye by this means is trained to discern gradations of light instead of gradations of shade—an important difference. When the student is advanced enough to be entrusted with a palette and brushes, he proceeds in like manner, applying light upon a dark canvas. No preliminary outline with chalk or charcoal is allowed; all the work must be done with the brush, and in the early stages there is no retouching. There is a saying amongst Utopian professors that in every act the hand should be made to feel the responsibility of painting. The student is provided with sketch-books, and during his hours of recreation, which are always spent in the open air, he is enjoined to make memoranda of anything that strikes his fancy, either for its beauty or for any uncommon quality it may possess. With elementary students these sketches represent stationary objects, such as rocks, trees, and houses; with the more advanced, groups or single figures of men and women. The people of Utopia are eminently picturesque, and they have very cheerful and social habits; they love to meet and converse in the open air, in which they are encouraged by their beautiful climate; all day long they may be seen in the market-place or on the terraces overhanging the sea, gathered together in groups, sitting or standing in graceful though perfectly unconstrained attitudes. The student is enjoined to make memoranda of such chance groupings, and, on the authority of Lionardo da Vinci, to “jot down those quick motions which men are apt to make without thinking when impelled by strong affections of the mind.”

But the most remarkable, and certainly to a stranger the most novel, institution in their art schools is what is called the “mnemonic” class; there is one attached to each department, and forms

an adjunct or corollary to the work done in that class. In the preliminary school, for instance, an object is placed before them and its construction and properties explained; it is then removed, and they take a drawing of it from memory. To such perfection is this faculty brought by cultivation that the advanced students are able to make an exact likeness of any individual they are allowed to look at for a short time.

From the preliminary the Utopian student passes into the life and painting school, where the same rules are observed. His drawings are made with white chalk on dark paper, and the same process of painting is insisted upon; there are the same restrictions as to colours, the method of laying on the tints, and in the matter of retouching. Here also he is instructed in the theoretical branches of his subject; he attends lectures, given by professors appointed for the purpose, who deliver original lectures. In the last stage the student makes drawings in the life and antique school alternately; a model is placed in the attitude of some Greek statue, and after they have made that drawing they compare it with the sculpture. A master points out where and how the Greek simplified forms, and in what manner, by selection and comparison of many forms, he had improved upon ordinary nature.

Finally, a gold medal is awarded for a picture representing some given subject, taken either from history or literature; but they have an Index Expurgatorius which is tolerably copious; no subject is allowed which refers either to Agamemnon, Clytemnestra, or Iphigenia, to Orestes pursued by the Furies, to the finding of the body of Harold, or to anything connected with Don Quixote, the Vicar of Wakefield, or Dr. Johnson.

By this time the student has accumulated a vast mass of memoranda of attitudes, expressions, gestures, and groups taken rapidly in the terraces and gardens, or drawn at home from memory—that faculty, by the system I have described, being extraordinarily developed, and he is enjoined to use these materials in constructing his gold medal picture. In making the award considerable stress is laid by the jurors on the success with which attitudes and gestures observed in nature have been made appropriate to the subject chosen.

A curious custom is recorded in the document before us. In Utopia all students and young artists generally are compelled to paint in a peculiar process, which is extremely fugitive. If their works are deemed meritorious they are subsidised by the State; but after the close of the annual exhibition the colours fade away and the canvas reverts to its original condition and can be used again. This at first sight would appear to be an unnecessary burden

upon ratepayers, but it is considered the lesser of two evils. The area of the island being very restricted there were just grounds of fear that it might become encumbered with pictures; and in reality the subsidy to artists is no burden on the State, it is more than compensated for by a tax on criticism. A licence, duly signed, sealed, and paid for, is necessary both for praise and blame, the latter being very much more in demand than the former; the charges are very high, and the proceeds quite cover the subsidy, so that, it may be said, in Utopia the artists are maintained by the evil things which are said of them.

a Russian proverb; we are embarked in a certain scheme of artistic education which was built up and handed down to us by our predecessors, and all experience shows that more practical good is got by gradually improving old existing institutions than by suddenly revolutionising them. There is no doubt that the cultivation of memory—a faculty that admits of it to quite an unknown extent—must be of immense service to the artist; the ceaseless activity of Turner has been attributed by a very competent authority to the extraordinary memory possessed by the great landscape-painter; and if it is



GOOD-BYE TO UTOPIA.

(From a Drawing by J. E. Hodgson, R.A. Engraved by H. Schou.)

But it is time that I should depart from this happy island and revisit once more the less poetical but more familiar atmosphere of Ludgate Hill. As usual, after such an enterprise, I come home freighted with a commodity of unmarketable goods. However admirable and perfect may be the institutions of Utopia, and however suited to the climate and geographical situation of the island, when transplanted into other countries they do not seem in the least degree to harmonise with anything around them; the same institution which works admirably in the latitude of 265° S. and longitude 790° E. appears utterly unhinged and out of place in Piccadilly. "To every town its custom, to every village its habit," is

not from the stores of memory that imagination selects its combinations, whence do the materials come, unless we assume that imagination is a miraculous faculty—an assumption which, if logically carried out, would lead to very subversive conclusions? And, finally, though I have hitherto avoided expressing my own individual opinion on a matter which admits of, and where there is actually found so much difference, I will venture as a parting word, to say that it is my firm conviction that the student in this country is not admitted soon enough to draw from the living model, and to regret that his earliest and most impressionable years are spent in copying the cold, colourless, and lifeless plaster.

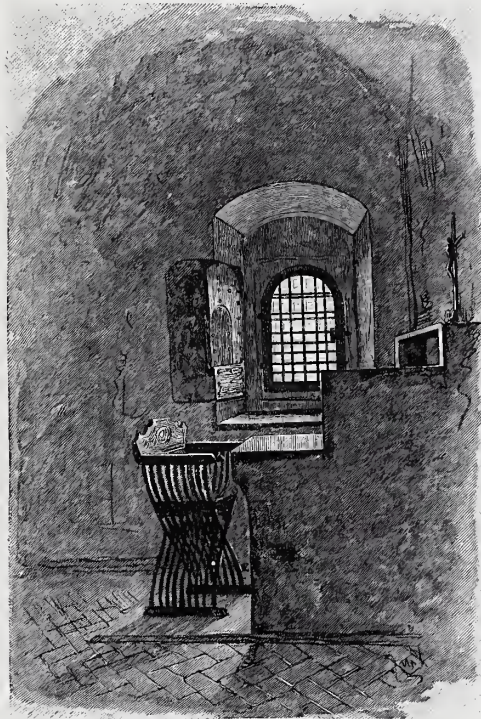


SAVONAROLA.

BY F. G. STEPHENS.

THE appearance of a new edition of Professor P. Villari's widely-accepted "Life and Times of Girolamo Savonarola,"* which was published in Italian thirty years ago, and first translated into English more than a quarter of a century since, is almost as

is beyond question, are not by the more excitable classes the less valued in this country because they think, or pretend to think, that the end justifies the use of means more or less mischievous, crooked, or even crapulous. It is strange that a people like ours,



SAVONAROLA'S EMPTY CELL AT ST. MARK'S.

remarkable as the fact that this is the second translation of the text by a new hand well versed in English, sharing the enthusiasm of her author, and able to give a clear and glowing version of the animated, sympathetic, and highly picturesque work. It is rather an *apologia* than a calm and critical biography in the sense demanded by English students, or a calm history of times and circumstances all of which possess great interest and an almost passionate charm for those who, like many of our countrymen, are deeply moved by the careers of reformers, sincere or self-seeking alike, not of the slow, laborious, and prosaic sort, but such as were Wat Tyler, the leaders of the Pilgrimage of Grace, Rienzi, and the Albigenses.

Emotional and passionate reformers like these, even when, which is not often, their honesty

* Translated by Linda Villari. Two volumes, with portraits and illustrations. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

which considers itself the most straightforward of mankind, should, when moved by patriotic and sentimental sympathies, ask no questions about right or wrong before sanctioning the most outrageous violations of the Ten Commandments. It was said long ago that Englishmen, though not Scotchmen, are apt to admire things they do not understand, and that enthusiasts like Savonarola—who not only pretended to have made a journey to Heaven, but claimed credit for visions, special revelations of the Divine Will, secret inspirations, and celestial communications as guides in carrying out his schemes for religious, moral, social, and political changes—are sure of admirers among us beef-fed Britons. It is strange, on the other hand, that Machiavelli, the greatest, if not the only, statesman worthy of the name in its modern sense of his own age, a genius quite different from that which popular fancies have constructed out

of nothing, and who enjoyed better opportunities for judging Savonarola than ours, should have treated the "visionary monk" with serene contempt, tempered by admiration for what he called his "artfulness." The unsophisticated reader stands aghast before the ideal of a man to whom Machiavelli himself could apply the term "artful"!

In estimating the character and career of Savonarola, who was born in 1452,* we must remember that he was by no means the first of his class to appear out of the convent or the pulpit in the part of a social, moral, and political reformer. Two hundred years before the *rôle* of Fra Girolamo was taken up John of Vienza, a Dominican, had for awhile rescued Pavia, Padua, Bologna, Verona, and other cities, from a state of hideous anarchy. Success made him crazy, and he fell. In 1356 one Fra Jacopo del Bussalato, another monk, touched the populace of Pavia to the heart, and, although as pure a patriot as ever lived, was defeated by the Visconti in 1359, and consigned to a convent dungeon, whence one of the noblest souls of the Middle Ages, after long years of seclusion and forced penance, departed to its rest. San Bernardino da Massa, of Siena, was the third of these worthies who aimed at reforms of all sorts, effected some of his aims, and for awhile maintained a good influence by noble means.

Then came Fra Roberto da Lecce, who, in 1448, preached in Perugia with wonderful effect, and seems to have outdone Savonarola himself in his emotional appeals to the masses. At the steps of the cathedral he produced to them one Eliseo di Cristoforo (whose very name may have suggested the profane prank), a barber of Sant' Angelo, stark naked, with a huge cross upon his shoulders, a crown of thorns upon his head, and with bruises as of scourging on his flesh. To these succeeded Fra Giovanni di Capistrano, of Brescia, who, in 1451—the year before the birth of Savonarola—produced a great impression, which was soon absorbed in the exercise of the brutal rancour of the people, great and small. The English Pilgrimage of Grace, like the preaching of Peter the Hermit in France, the grotesque passion of the Flagellants, which, under the guise of religious observances, included bestial orgies; the furious domination of John of Leyden, and scores of similar outbreaks against rule, were all more or less like the achievements of Savonarola. We see mild reflections of these incidents in the proceedings of the Salvation Army of this day. Whatever may be known of the

sincerity of the leaders of some of these astonishing explosions, there can be no question of the honesty of the majority of their followers.

Mr. G. A. Symonds, in an appendix to his "Renaissance in Italy, The Age of the Despots," gives us what may be called the philosophy of popular frenzies of this kind in the following pregnant sentences anent Savonarola: "Combining the methods and aims of all these men [the above-named Italian predecessors of Fra Giovanni], and remaining within the sphere of their conceptions, he impressed a *rôle*, which has been often played in the chief Italian towns, with the stamp of his peculiar genius. It was a source of weakness to him in his combat with Alexander VI. that he could not rise above the monastic ideal of the prophet which prevailed in Italy, or grasp one of those regenerative conceptions which formed the motive force of the Reformation. The inherent defects of all Italian revivals, spasmodic in their paroxysms, vehement while they lasted, but transient in their effects, are exhibited upon a tragic scale by Savonarola. What strikes us, after studying the records of these movements in Italy, is chiefly their want of true mental energy. The momentary effect produced in great cities like Florence, Milan, Verona, Pavia, Bologna, and Perugia, is quite out of proportion to the slight intellectual power exerted by the prophet in each case. He has nothing really new or life-giving to communicate. He preaches, indeed, the duty of repentance and charity, institutes a reform of glaring moral abuses, and works as forcibly as he can upon the imagination of his audience. But he sets no current of fresh thought in motion. Therefore, when his personal influence was once forgotten, he left no mark upon the nation he so deeply agitated. We can only wonder that, in many cases, he obtained so complete an ascendancy in the political world. All this is as true of Savonarola as it is of San Bernardino. It is this which removes him so immeasurably from Huss, from Wesley, and from Luther."

The philosophy of Professor Villari would have been simpler, as well as more comprehensive, if it had included the fact that ninety-nine of every hundred of Savonarola's audiences were, at the best, susceptible to no other impressions than such as touched the imaginations of the better men, the envy, spite, and jealousy of their superiors which affected the mass below these, and that general curse of unrest which disturbs every polity, every human association; and is, after all, the best, often the only, apology for tyrants of all sorts, imperial, royal, oligarchical, and what not. Unsustained by physical force, and often disclaiming its use, the dominion of reformers like Savonarola soon passed away. Claiming the gift of prophecy, and leading his audience to expect miracles in support

* That is the year before the fall of Constantinople and the final extinction of the Roman Empire, in the thirty-first year of our King Henry VI.; the thirty-first year of Charles VII. of France; the year of Schaefer's invention of movable cast metal types for printing, and while the troubles of James II. of Scotland were approaching that climax, his stabbing Douglas with his own hand.

of his authority, he failed utterly when it came to the pinch; and neither archangel all in arms, fiery chariot, nor champion like one of the Dioscuri, came to his support at the critical moment of his fate.

How great was the influence of Savonarola, and how profound the impression his earnestness had produced upon many persons, are facts attested by Professor Villari's vivid account of the execution of this enthusiastic monk, who to this day many consider to have been a martyr to religion and the love of mankind. Savonarola had been, it is to be remembered, tried—if the process in question can be applied to a monstrous travesty of law and justice—not once, nor twice only, but thrice. It is needful to say this without accepting the strong statements here borrowed from Burlamacchi (or the original he followed), who was a monk intimate with Savonarola, on that authority, and naturally a pleader on his side. Among these statements is one, at least open on the face of it to doubts and suspicions, and a fair example of many more. It is to the effect that a letter from Rome to Benivieni stated that the Papal Commissioners sent from Rome to Florence "*were instructed to put Savonarola to death, were he even another John the Baptist.*" Of course, such incredible hearsay is not evidence of more value than the assertions we have from the same source that Romolind, one of these commissioners of the Pope, said to one Pundolfo della Luna, his host in Florence, "*We shall make a fine bonfire; I bear the sentence with me already prepared;*" the sentence being that of death to the accused.

The third time Savonarola was put to the question under torture, with a similar result. The judges would not accept his denials of guilt, and falsified what he did say. Their report was concealed from the public eye, and the Prior of San Marco's—*i.e.*, Savonarola himself—Fra Domenico, and Fra Silvestro, were condemned to be first hanged and then burnt. The indomitable Domenico "begged and almost implored that he might be burnt alive, so as to endure a harder martyrdom for the cross of Christ." The three were brought out into the Piazza, where a kind of gibbet was erected, with three halters and chains, the first being to hang the friars, the second to keep their corpses suspended over an enormous mass of fuel which had been gathered there when it should be set on fire.

The story of the sacrifice is told with horrible minuteness, and it is added that certain ladies disguised as serving-maids forced their way through the crowd to the pyre and gathered relics of the victims. In vain the Signory ordered the ashes to be cast into the Arno. The Piagnoni, or followers of Fra Girolamo, attended the carts and picked up what fell from them, or gathered fragments of the corpses

at the place of execution. The relics were placed in caskets and almost worshipped. Pico the younger declared that he possessed a portion of Savonarola's heart, recovered by himself from the river—which he believed worked miracles of healing, exorcised evil spirits, and achieved the like wonders. The foes of the Fra even cursed and degraded the bell of San Marco's convent, bringing it into the street and publicly flogging it, because it had sounded the alarm on a day of riot. A poor donkey was, in dishonour of the Fra, vicariously cudgelled to death on the steps of the duomo. Thus died Savonarola, in due time to be honoured as a saint, and then, as the world changed, to be more than half forgotten. The best record is in these volumes and their original.

It may be asked, what was the starting-point of this strange, eventful, passionate, and, for a time, momentous career with a terrible ending? It is not surprising that Professor Villari sees in the growth of that sort of Paganism which is called Neo-Platonism, and the consequent neglect if not profanation of everything Christian which obtained in Italy during Savonarola's boyhood, causes enough to rouse the enthusiasm of so ardent and devout a nature as his. The fall of Constantinople had let loose over Italy a number of persons who were more learned in Greek than devoted to Christ; the fantastic spirit of the time actually revelled in a sort of blasphemy which was in every sense academical and far removed from sincerity of any kind. When he was quite a boy Savonarola saw at Ferrara statues of pagan divinities set up in honour of the Pope, or, as he was bound to accept him, God's Vice-Regent upon earth. He saw carelessness and corruption everywhere, and men and women abandoned to wanton enjoyments; he fell in love with a maiden of the Strozzi, and was insolently rejected as of unworthy blood. Despite the pleadings of his mother he devoted himself to a monastic life, and when his novitiate was past, lived according to the severest conventual rule, mostly alone, often lost in contemplation and so deeply rapt that the brethren often believed him in a trance.

It is almost enough to say of such a nature that its fierce antagonism to authority was due to the scandalous condition of the Papacy and hideous infamies of Alexander VI., Sixtus IV., and Pietro Riario or the Cardinal San Sisto, who, as Archbishop of Florence, could not but come to the young enthusiast's notice in a very emphatic and shocking manner. Lorenzo the Magnificent was the very type of a ruler hateful to such a man as the young monk, who—soon after the Pazzi slew Giuliano de' Medici close to the altar of the Florentine duomo, and at the moment of the elevation of the Host—preached his first sermon with a great effect. The ecstatic pictures of Fra Angelico on the walls of San Marco's convent

were likely to give light as well as form to the visionary tendencies and rapturous energies of such a nature as Savonarola's, heightened as that nature

monument, inscribed "*Dive Isotta Sacrum*," in the most splendid chapel of the church of St. Francis, where the whole temple, indeed, would seem to be



SAVONAROLA.

(From the Painting by Fra Bartolommo.)

was by a life ascetic, studious, and secluded, if not austere. A vast amount of sham learning was then current and offensive to his own genuine attainments. What could such a genius say to that which was practically the deification of Isotta da Rimini, Sigismondo Malatesta's concubine, and the erection of her

dedicated to this cruel ruffian, to his Isotta, and the deity of the Gentiles, rather than to the Virgin or the God of the Christians? The Fra might have seen a bronze Venus carved in the gate of the sacristy, and Pan in marble chase a naked nymph round the baptismal bowl.

CURRENT ART.

THE NEW GALLERY.

THE second summer exhibition at the New Gallery will add immensely to its influence and position. Its policy and purpose are now more fully declared. To carry on the best traditions of the old Grosvenor, to afford the members of the more advanced schools

is the more strange because those responsible for the management of the New Gallery are by no means limited in their choice of pictures. They have received the support of so many distinguished artists that they might surely dispense with the aid of the



IN THE FIRELIGHT.

(From the Picture by Miss Cridland in the New Gallery. Engraved by C. Carter.)

an opportunity of showing their pictures, to give prominence to such works as are directly inspired by the decorative spirit—these are the ends and aims of the directors of the New Gallery. There is, however, one complaint which may fairly be brought against the way in which the hanging committee have discharged their functions. They have erred throughout on the side of leniency, and have placed upon their walls a certain number of works, ambitious enough in conception, as is generally the case with the efforts of amateurs, but lamentably weak in execution. This

pretentious amateur. We need not here call particular attention to the many failures in the gallery, but we may perhaps be allowed a word of protest against the uncritical spirit which allowed Mr. J. D. Batten's "Doom of Loki" to be exhibited. This colossal canvas, which occupies a large space on the line in the West Room, possesses little artistic quality, and can in no sense pretend to be an illustration of its vast and impressive subject.

On the other hand, the New Gallery contains more strikingly able works in proportion to its size

than any other in London. First of all there is Mr. G. F. Watts's magnificent "Fata Morgana," which has the tone and colour of a veritable Old Master. The flesh is admirably modelled and rendered; the draperies are decorative and unconventional; indeed this picture, though finished quite recently, might almost have come from the hand of Titian himself. Among Mr. Watts's other works are two fresh, truthful sea-scapes, a small picture bearing the title "Good Luck to Your Fishing" and representing a delightful little Cupid skimming over dark blue waves, and "The Wounded Heron." This last must excite considerable interest, for it was exhibited by Mr. Watts at the Academy as long ago as 1837. There are few artists who have had a career of more than half a century and kept their style and vigour unimpaired.

It is so seldom that Mr. Alma-Tadema leaves the field which he has made his own that his contributions to the New Gallery are more than welcome. His three portraits, especially that of M. de Soria, have much distinction and charm of colour, and bear the impress of the painter's individuality. "A Favourite Author" exhibits all the refinement of arrangement and *technique* which is never absent from Mr. Tadema's work, but affords little opportunity for freshness of treatment. Mr. Poynter, too, in his "Roman Boat-race," gets his inspiration from classical literature, and has succeeded entirely, as far as design is concerned. None of the artists whose aim is consciously mediæval, and who some years ago gave the Grosvenor its distinctive character, exhibit works which will linger in the memory as rich masses of colour or fine pieces of decoration. Of this school Mr. Strudwick is the most accomplished member, but his "Ramparts of God's House," the subject of which was no doubt suggested by Rossetti's "Blessed Damosel," is not a good specimen of his art. There is a wide gulf between the pleasant convention of this group of artists and the strong realism of Mr. Arthur Lemon and Mr. J. M. Swan. These painters never lose sight of pictorial effect, but above all they achieve truthfulness of tone. Nothing could be more admirable than the open-air effect of Mr. Lemon's "Midday Bath." The materials of the picture are very simple; it represents three horses in the water, with a naked boy on the back of one of them. Yet the composition is so masterly, the sunlight is so unerringly indicated, and the whole is painted with such firmness and conviction, that we are almost ready to accept it as a masterpiece. No less remarkable as a result of study and observation is Mr. J. M. Swan's "Polar Bears." The artist has subtly contrived to give the idea of wetness, and the bears are not poised in the water; they are really swimming.

In portraiture the New Gallery is immensely strong. Much—but not too much—has been said in praise of Mr. J. S. Sargent's "Miss Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth." No portrait has been exhibited for some years which excels this in grandeur of pose, fineness of modelling, and magnificence of colour. The long green sleeves, the robe gorgeous with beetle-wings, and the rich blue ground, indeed, produce an impressive effect. There is, perhaps, a too obtrusive attempt at decoration in Mr. Sargent's work, yet no picture of the "æsthetic" school that we have ever seen has so certainly displayed the decorative instinct as this noble portrait. Above all it is a fine design—a gorgeous pattern in blue and gold and green. Then there is Mr. Arthur Melville's "Mrs. Sanderson and Daughter," an artistically-conceived, low-toned group, to which the Hon. John Collier's able "Portraits of Mrs. Harold Roller and Joyce Collier" forms an interesting contrast, both in colour and treatment. Mr. H. H. La Thangue's "Portrait of Mrs. Tom Mitchell," a study by lamp-light, is a strong, vigorously-handled piece of work; and there are excellent works by Mr. J. J. Shannon (whose "Portrait of Mrs. Sidgwick" is particularly good) and Mr. H. G. Herkomer. The reputation of Mr. E. A. Ward will not be increased this year. We can only regard his "Right Hon. J. Chamberlain, M.P.," as a serious libel on that politician. Mr. W. B. Richmond's "Death of Ulysses" is a work of infinite thought, intended to compress into a single scene of great and touching simplicity the whole life and character of the hero. In loftiness of aim Mr. Richmond is a worthy disciple of Mr. Watts.

Nor is there any dearth of good landscapes at the New Gallery. Mr. Adrian Stokes's "Wet West Wind" is wonderfully truthful and unaffected. We have seldom seen better work by Mr. David Murray than the two canvases which he exhibits here. Charminglly decorative and cool in colour are the pictures by Messrs. Peppercorn, Hennessey, and Homer Watson; while Messrs. Mark Fisher, J. W. North, Bloomer, Parsons, Mesdag, East, and Wimperis, are adequately represented. One of the few attempts we have observed this year to catch the style of Claude Monet is to be found in Mr. Edward Stott's "Nature's Mirror." Space will only allow us to refer to the intensely classical and refined landscapes of Professor Legros.

Upstairs are to be seen an interesting collection of silver-points and pencil drawings. Among these are a large number of studies by Mr. Burne-Jones for a picture of "Avalon," a series of portraits in silver-point by Professor Legros, and some portrait sketches by Mr. Rudolf Lehmann, which are technically not so complete as the others, but are interesting on account of their subjects.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

There are few distinguishing characteristics of the Grosvenor Gallery of this year. If there are no masterpieces on the walls which at once compel our attention, there are few instances of amateurish-

they do at Burlington House itself. Of the Academicians, Sir J. E. Millais, Mr. Briton Riviere, and Mr. Goodall are represented, but it is not in the work of these artists that the strength of the exhibition lies. Sir John Millais' "Shelling Peas" is not



PAULINE IN "THE LADY OF LYONS:" A PORTRAIT.

(From the Picture by G. P. Jacomb-Hood in the Grosvenor Gallery.)

ness. Nor can the Grosvenor be said to illustrate in any special direction the strength or weakness of the British school. Absolute catholicity has been shown in the selection of pictures, and canvases by the most inveterate of Academicians hang side by side with those of the younger school, just as

one of his happiest efforts, and though it is painted with ease and energy, we cannot get over the fact that the colour is not pleasant throughout. It is an achievement to have given a fresh interpretation to the legend of Prometheus, and this Mr. Briton Riviere has succeeded in doing; but the execution of

the picture is not adequate, and its monotony robs it of interest. Mr. Swan, whose work at the Academy and the New Gallery we have already mentioned, sends a study of a dead lion to the Grosvenor. "A Fallen Monarch," as the picture is called, shows the conscientious realism and quiet force which mark all

and greens which are frankly distressing, and are fortunately not often to be observed in nature. His "Landscape," which is conceived in a sturdy old-fashioned spirit, and painted with rare energy, is ruined by its startling garishness. Too many "low tones" and "grey skies" are apt to produce a re-



THE FISHERMAN.

(From the Picture by H. S. Tuke in the Grosvenor Gallery.)

Mr. Swan's work; yet it has not the power, the poetry, or the impressiveness of the "Prodigal Son," or the undoubted convincingness of the "Polar Bears." A thoroughly healthy and genuine piece of work is Mr. Clausen's "Ploughing," which was evidently inspired and studied out of doors. The draughtsmanship and colour are sincere and truthful, and the picture suggests to us, as no doubt Mr. Clausen intended it should, the work of Bastien-Lepage. Similar in its naturalistic aim is Mr. Fred Brown's "Suffolk Fisher Boy," which is admirably modelled and harmonious in colour. Among other figure-pictures we may mention a very powerful piece of impressionism by Mr. Melville, called "Laban;" a well-drawn but somewhat sentimental figure of Hetty Sorrel, by the Hon. John Collier; and an extremely dexterous and dainty canvas by Mr. Jan van Beers, entitled "Le Prie-Dieu Improvisé." The development of the style of Mr. J. R. Reid has been an interesting study. He has every year approached more nearly to crudeness and harshness of colour, and he has at last succeeded in producing scarlets, blues,

action, and this reaction of Mr. Reid's is assuredly the most striking and threatening of all.

Among the portrait-painters Mr. J. J. Shannon has perhaps the first claim on our attention. We are afraid that his works at the Grosvenor will scarcely add to his reputation. He exhibits nothing this year as good artistically as his "Myrrah" and "Miss Williamson" of last. He shows signs of sacrificing breadth to smoothness and prettiness of effect. And yet he has not lost his skill of expression or his happy knack of giving his models graceful poses, and he almost always succeeds in making an attractive picture. Of Mr. Llewellyn's two portraits, that of Miss Clare Wright is the more satisfactory. This is an arrangement in green—a repetition of his last year's pastel—and were it not for the impression which it gives that the artist is unduly straining after effect, it might be accounted a complete success. Mr. Pettie's "Mr. Rider Haggard" presents a somewhat superficial, sentimental resemblance to the sitter, but we can hardly accept the propriety of the flesh-tints; but his "Study of a Head," conceived in the

manner of Rubens, is carried out with a vigour, a "bigness," and dashing skill that constitutes it one of the very finest products of his brush. Mr. W. M. Loudan's "Gladys" is cool and refined in colour, and quite unaffected in pose and arrangement. Painted without mannerism or pretence is Mr. Logsdail's "Frederick Villiers, Esq.," a sound and faithful likeness of the great war-correspondent. In this portrait immense care has been spent upon the accessories, and the result must be confessed to be somewhat distracting. It is no inconsiderable part of the artist's work to know what to leave out, and Mr. Logsdail does not seem to have quite realised how important is the suppression of details. There is a good deal of force and dignity in Mr. Vereker Hamilton's "The Fencer;" and Mr. Margetson's "Miss Ellen Terry," which shows us the celebrated actress in the sleep-walking scene in "Macbeth," is a

Jacomb-Hood, Bigland, and Skipworth. The last-named is very adroit, very *chic* and, we are afraid we must add, somewhat vulgar.

Space will only allow us to direct the reader's attention to a few of the really admirable landscapes to be seen at the Grosvenor Gallery. The impressionists are very well represented, Messrs. Noble, Roche, and Paterson all sending thoroughly characteristic canvases. Mr. Muhrman's low-toned landscapes are broad and interesting in treatment, while Mr. Hennessey has seldom painted better pictures than those which he exhibits here. We have nothing but praise for Mr. Arthur Tomson's "Dawn, Picardy," which is distinguished for realism of tone and decorative feeling. Among the works of those who adhere to an older method of landscape must be mentioned Mr. Keeley Halswelle's picture of the "Blasted Heath" and Mr. MacWhirter's vigorous



LUTHER'S ABSTRACTION.

(From the Drawing by C. Gregory in the Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colour. Engraved by C. Carter.)

conscientious but somewhat disappointing work. In addition to those we have mentioned there are portraits of more or less interest by Sir J. E. Millais, Mrs. Waller, and Messrs. S. J. Solomon, Thaddeus,

"Weird Sisters." Excellent work, too, is contributed by Messrs. J. B. Knight, Percy Belgrave, Waterlow, Hook, Llewellyn, Boughton, Brangwyn, and Mark Fisher.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN
WATER COLOUR.

It is a constant boast that in water-colour at least the English school of to-day is independent of foreign influence, and has achieved a success which may be regarded as a national triumph. So often has this boast been expressed that it may be heretical to doubt whether it is justified. But the exhibition of the Old Water Colour Society certainly gives us some ground for taking a gloomy view of the case. Every year the same men send the same pictures, until we confess ourselves a little wearied with the monotonous prettiness and uniform smoothness of the exhibition. Besides, the collection of Dutch water-colours which has recently been seen in London has proved that much more may be accomplished in this delightful medium if it is only handled with vigour and freshness. Indeed, we believe that if the English painters in water-colour are to retain the high position which once they held, they must not be satisfied with their old models and their old mannerisms, but they must return once more to the study of nature on the one hand, and on the other to learn if the modern schools of Holland and France have nothing to teach them. In the present exhibition in Pall Mall, there is very little that we have not seen before. If we accept the British convention, the standard of excellence may be said to be high; but if we look for freshness of treatment and fine pictorial effect, it is only in a very few drawings that we shall find it. We are glad to see the veteran Sir John Gilbert exhibiting so energetic a piece of work as the "Charcoal Burners." Here there is an honest attempt at grandeur of composition, at something more than the finicking smoothness which so many water-colour painters affect. Admirable, too, are Mr. Arthur Melville's drawings. This accomplished artist, who is a member of the modern Scotch school, contributes the finest work in the exhibition. His treatment is always broad; he knows precisely what to omit from his compositions, what to insist upon with precision and definiteness. There is nothing superfluous in his "Fête of the Dosseh;" the massing of the crowds is managed with the utmost skill, the general effect is picturesque, and the drawing gives an unerring impression of Eastern life and colour. A comparison of this drawing with Mr. Robertson's "La Douleur du Pacha" will show at once the differences which exist between the modern and old-fashioned styles of water-colour. Mr. Robertson's picture is an adequate representation of a Pacha who grieves because "son tigre de Nubie est mort." It will be noticed that in this latter drawing there is no mystery; nothing is left to the imagination, nor are we given the opportunity of supplying ourselves the sense of truth the artist has omitted; all details have an equal impor-

tance, and the result is that the composition lacks interest. In balancing the merits of these two artists, there can be no doubt how great is the advantage on the side of Mr. Melville. There is little to note in the drawings of Mr. Herbert Marshall, who continues to paint the streets of London with a certain superficial accuracy and a pronounced mannerism. We never fail to recognise the locality which he sets before us, but we are conscious of an entire absence of pictorial quality. Far better is the work of Mr. Albert Goodwin, who, if his conception does sometimes outstrip his execution, has at least a rich and varied vein of imagination. The view of "Windsor Castle," by Mr. Alfred Hunt, is an exceptionally fine work, standing out from its surroundings in an unmistakable manner. Objection may be taken by some to the point of view from which it has been drawn—entirely original though it is—for it robs the venerable pile of some of the picturesqueness of its outline. But there can be no doubt as to the technical qualities of the picture, and the subtlety with which the atmospheric effect has been rendered. The best of the remaining landscapes are by Miss Clara Montalba, and Messrs. Henry Moore, David Murray, J. W. North, R. W. Allan, and Tom Lloyd. For the rest, there are two of Mr. Crane's delightful pieces of decoration, and a very strong drawing by Mr. G. Clausen entitled "Crow Starving."

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

The Royal Society of British Artists has lost something of its right to exist. It represents no school, no artistic movement. Its members have no aims in common; they have come together fortuitously, and each does his own work in his own way, without a thought of the Society in whose galleries he exhibits his pictures. And therefore the Suffolk Street Society cannot have the artistic interest which once it had, and which the New English Art Club may still be said to possess—that of representing a distinct aim and school, be the end right or wrong. For all that, there is a considerable amount of good work in Mr. Bayliss's exhibition, though it must be confessed that dull mediocrity prevails. Mr. Hubert Vos is undoubtedly the main support of the Society, and it is to his six pictures that the interest of the exhibition is chiefly due. There is an unmannered catholicity about Mr. Vos, a determination to tackle all subjects which come in his way, and this has saved him from narrowing down his energies to the representation of one subject, one effect of light and shade. This year he has at Suffolk Street a spirited portrait in pastel, two admirable interiors, a couple of landscapes (one of which, "The Old Fountain, St. Cloud," is so badly hung as to be practically invisible), and a large composition.

entitled "Les Pauvres Gens." This last is in very low tones, and is suggestive of the work of Israels. It presents a tragic picture of domestic misery, and the colour and treatment are entirely in keeping with the subject. Mr. Wyke Bayliss, the President,

give his model a rest, is a broad and energetic piece of work, and decidedly good in colour. Among the landscapes are some excellent works by Messrs. Percy Belgrave, Brangwyn, Ayerst Ingram, Nelson Dawson, Poole, Bromley, and others. The only



LES PAUVRES GENS.

(From the Picture by Hubert Vos, exhibited at the Royal Society of British Artists. Engraved by C. Carter.)

sends more studies of cathedrals. His mastery of architectural detail and his method of painting are so well known that we need not enlarge upon them here. There is style and strength in Mr. Dudley Hardy's two small canvases; his "Idle Moments," which represents an artist pausing in his work to

noticeable piece of sculpture at Suffolk Street is Mr. Tinworth's "Prodigal Son." We confess to having no sympathy whatever with this kind of work. The presence of an uncouth Puritanical humour does not atone for the absence of every shred of artistic quality.

"A PASSING SALUTE."

PAINTED BY TOM GRAHAM. ETCHED BY A. MASSÉ AND A. WITHERS.

MR. THOMAS GRAHAM—or Tom Graham as he is generally called—is a prominent member of the vigorous band that travelled to London from Scotland some years ago to reinforce the English school of landscape, and infuse into it the freshness and breeziness that form the chief characteristics of his work. Besides being a facile draughtsman and an artist full of the traditional sentiment of his race, Mr. Graham is a born colourist. Not that his colour is over-effective, or "screaming;" but his pictures are distinguished by a quiet strength and a rich harmony that not infrequently are death to their neighbours on the exhibition walls. Among the early

works that attracted attention were "The Dominic," "The Laird's Pew," and "The Gypsy's Last Halt"—the latter being selected as one of the representative British works for the Paris Exhibition of 1878.

In "A Passing Salute" Mr. Graham has placed upon canvas one of the scenes he has witnessed perhaps a hundred times during his holiday rambles in search of rest and inspiration. The sentiment of the picture has been well caught by M. A. Massé and Mr. A. Withers, but it is not a little interesting to see that it is not without difficulty that, skilled as they are, they have translated with the etching-needle the drawing and the atmosphere of the original picture.

ART FOR THE VILLA.

BY GEORGE MOORE.



FEUDALISM is extinct, war is less frequent, palaces are disappearing, and a new ideal, exclusively utilitarian, mildly artistic, concerned wholly with the interests of home-life, is growing up and becoming national. I do not invite resistance, but acceptance—artistic acceptance of the spirit of villa life which is moulding the destinies of the twentieth century.

Constituting myself exponent and advocate of the wants of the artistic villa, I ask my readers to consider if a room decorated with plates, etchings, drawings, &c., is not pleasanter and prettier than a room hung with oil pictures. That large subject-pictures in heavy gold frames are beginning to be deemed a bore, I am disposed to think; but although there is certainly much vague feeling in the air for lighter forms of decoration, little has been evolved out of general sensation into definite idea and distinct expression. Tradition grips firmly, and many would fear to admit that they preferred etchings on their walls to oil paintings; others probably think that if they could exchange their hundred-pound landscape by Brown, and their hundred-and-fifty-pound cattle-piece by Jones, for a couple of two-thousand-pound pictures by Mr. Tadema and Mr. Orchardson, that all would be well. All would not be well. The villa owners might hang Raphaels and Leonardos, and still find that etchings, china, and drawings were pleasanter to live with. A lion in an African forest is a noble and picturesque animal, but a lion, even if he be kept on a chain, is inconvenient and disagreeable in a back garden; and for continuous unpleasantness I am convinced that the Mona Lisa in the drawing-room would run the lion in the back garden a close race.

We do not want great ideas thrust into our little homes. That mysterious ever-smiling female,—a hesitating smile that starts someone from the family hearth-rug to slice her dimpled cheeks with the carving-knife. Imagine the fulgurant glories of the Ariadne for ever spreading golden ideas in the parlour. That homely room would speedily become uninhabited, and if the exigencies of family life did not permit of its complete abandonment, we should read of death resulting from an over-dose of Titians, and suicide consequent upon an obsession of Da Vinci. Who would bear with life were they forced to live in front of a perpetual performance of "Hamlet" or "Tristan und Isolde"?

To witness tragedy or opera at undetermined intervals, to raise the eyes on a winter's evening from a page of De Quincey and dream over one or the other, is the rarest of delights. To pass from the noise and clamour of public ways through the swing doors of the National Gallery, to feel the soul flow into the golden spaces, to feed the eyes on the miraculous poise of body, is more than mere pleasure, it is enchantment that lingers when you have again entered the tedious routine of daily existence; but who would choose to eat their daily dinner beneath such a picture? A great picture is out of place in a private house. Tapestry, mirrors, marbles, all sensuous ornamentation, gently rests or gently stimulates the fancy; a great picture demands the soul, the entire soul, and in return it gives absolute annihilation of past and future, creating a momentary but ecstatic present. In a private house a great picture may even fail to impress; it requires the lofty light and peace of the gallery, as the albatross requires the boundless ocean. Upon deck the bird is ungainly, and, as Baudelaire says, the sailors tease it with their short pipes. In a house where I am sometimes asked to balls, there are a large Turner and a large Constable. Perhaps both are inferior specimens; it may be my mind was distracted by the difficulty of helping ladies to select from a various and complicated *menu*, maybe—we will not pursue the analysis any further. Certain it is that neither picture ever caused me a thrill; I saw them without seeing them, and it is perhaps pertinent to add that out of the hundreds who throng that supper-room on the nights of Lady ——'s balls, I never noticed that anyone even attempted to enjoy either. Now if a picture fails to impress, it fulfils no purpose; for I am surely venting no paradox if I say that, considered merely as material, the ugliest chair the Tottenham Court Road ever brought forth is beautiful compared with a gold frame enclosing a piece of coloured canvas. Let us pause here for a moment—only for a moment—to consider the effect that any one of Mr. Long's annual rows of Egyptians and mummies, viewed from the point of view of house decoration, would have in our dining-rooms, and, lest Mr. Long should think I am treating him unfairly, I will add in our drawing-rooms, or indeed in any room, from the attics to the cellars.

It may be argued that those who buy expensive oil paintings, though they represent nymphs or mummies, though they be bad or good, have private



Tom Graham pinxt

A PASSING SALUTE

A. Masse & A. Withers sculpt

galleries to hang them in. This is not the case; those who buy pictures hang them in their dining-rooms and drawing-rooms. There are not a dozen private modern picture-galleries in London. A private picture-gallery is a monstrous and ridiculous anomaly which no one would build but a retired cheesemonger, and which no one could at all bear with except a duke who spent the greater part of his time abroad. A private picture-gallery is a room fifty feet long with an oak floor and some chairs and an ottoman—a something which jars the harmony of the rest of the house, reminding you disagreeably of an hotel sitting-room. How often does the owner walk into this ugly and solitary place, and, standing with his hands behind his back, look at his favourite Gainsborough? You cannot sit and talk beneath a great picture; so a private picture-gallery would not be a suitable place to bring your guests after dinner; nor would a private picture-gallery prove a perfect place even to give a dance in. The owner would surely be asked to remove his pictures so that the dancers might lean with greater comfort against the walls.

I have never seen a private sculpture gallery, but I have seen halls and vestibules filled with groups and single figures in white marble. A replica of Gibson's "Venus" stands in a house I used to visit when I was a boy. Nor have I forgotten the effect of this statue seen against an adjacent book-case, and lighted by a moderator lamp. To discuss the possibility of possessing good sculpture, when only some two or three pieces of passable sculpture are produced yearly, would be futile; and it will suffice for my purpose to call attention to the fact that if large subject-pictures in gold frames jar the harmony of a modern room, white marble is a wholly discordant and discrepant note in modern decoration. The material is unsuitable. And this confronts us with the great question: Are we learning to love the material for its own sake, independently of the idea expressed in the material? This is the root-idea of this article. The rehabilitation of the artisan in art, with allusion to such economic changes as will simplify the subject-matter of pictures, and reduce their dimensions and their price, is subordinate to and dependent upon this central idea. Love of the material for its own sake is observable in modern art, and this movement in artistic sensation is in harmony with—indeed, is consequent upon—the social tendencies of our day. Art is looking towards the far East.

This truth was revealed to me and impressed upon me in a novel and unexpected manner in May of last year. As I stood rapt in admiration of Rodin's beautiful bust, I heard someone close to me and just behind me say, "Michelange à la coule." It was

one of those acute criticisms possible to no one but an artist. Turning, I met the eyes of a singularly handsome young man. He was well dressed; and yet there was something in his blue cloth jacket buttoned across the throat, in his manner of wearing it (or was it the large trousers, cut somewhat after the pattern of the white ducks of a house-painter?), that suggested the artisan. We exchanged a few remarks, and then he told me he was a sculptor. We walked about, and when we had seen all the sculpture, and I was about to wish him good-day, he said, "Would you care to see some sculpture of a different kind? . . . A young friend of mine, a provincial, is exhibiting his bronzes in Passy. He will not exhibit here; he finds himself out of sympathy with all this Greek tradition. A lady who is interested in his work has allowed him to exhibit his bronzes in her house. If you have nothing better to do?" . . . I replied that I was in Paris to see art; and after a long drive we arrived at a villa—a real French villa; that is to say, a villa full of iron-work, pink silk, tapestry, carved and painted ceilings. The rooms were filled with some thirty bronzes and various models in wax. They produced in me that shocked sense which only original work produces. My young friend took me before a half-length figure, which he told me was a portrait of the sculptor. It represented a man in a blouse. One arm was stretched forth—a stiff and rigid gesture—the eyes stared, but it had all the proud and lofty grandeur of an Indian god. Impossible not to be struck by the blending of the blouse with the pedestal, by the naturalness of the execution, and the independence of mind displayed in the treatment of every fold; and fascinated by the novelty of the workmanship, I did not then perceive that the original of the wax model was standing by me. Having introduced me to the lady of the house, he said, "I must leave you now. I will meet you an hour hence at the Café l'Etoile." I promised to meet him, but broke my appointment. I never met him again, and only heard of him once again. An appreciative article by Albert Wolff in the *Figaro* a few days after told me his name, which I have forgotten, but I have not forgotten his genius. I said to myself, "This young man's art is Oriental, not Western; he is not preoccupied with any thought of rendering his idea of innocence, beauty, voluptuousness, &c.; he loves the material; the bronze is as dear to him as to a Japanese. He is not a man who makes a design in clay and gives it to a workman to execute in marble; he has made it all with his own hands; he is the artist-artisan." Then I smiled, thinking how the man's inner nature was revealed in his clothes. This man ought to have lived in Florence in the fifteenth century. This man had

evidently said, "Marble was right for the Greeks; they had blue skies and seas to see it upon; they lived in the open air; but we have but grey skies, and spend three parts of our lives within doors; we live amid upholstery and hangings. Bronze and wax are therefore the suitable materials for the ornamentation of our houses."

This young man was the first to express such beliefs; but these thoughts are in the air, and have been for some time, and are still seeking expression. Witness the exhibition of the Arts and Crafts and Mr. Morris's writings. Mr. Morris's whole working life is a vehement expression of belief in the rehabilitation of the artisan in art; and that means no more than a revival of the love of the material for its own sake. And in the revival of this ancient love the Royal Academy will find its doom. The protests that have been launched against this and that abuse were but the half-conscious and incoherent knowledge of imminent and inevitable revolution.

The unpleasantness of living with a great ideal has already been shown; also the still greater unpleasantness of living with large canvases, such as Mr. Long's mummies, or Lady Butler's soldiers; and many—even those who do not hold, as I do, that these pictures are merely dreadfully ugly things—will agree that they do not lend themselves to any scheme of decoration, and could not for purely decorative reasons fail to prove an eyesore in any drawing-room or dining-room. And having carefully considered the advantages of not possessing large subject-pictures, it now behoves me to inquire into the relation between the price of such articles of luxury—not Mr. Long's or Lady Butler's pictures, which cost thousands of pounds, but the ordinary large subject-picture. "Louis XIV. receiving his Court," three feet by six, hung on the line in the Royal Academy, is generally priced at three hundred or four hundred pounds. But the majority of the people we know spend from a thousand to two thousand a year; and how can he whose income is two thousand a year spend four hundred pounds on a picture? The artist cries, "But my 'Court of Louis XIV.' cost me three hundred pounds to paint—studio, models, costume, a journey to Versailles, &c." "Very likely it did, my good friend, but why paint pictures which cost so much to paint?" "I must paint something; what shall I paint?" "That's your affair, not mine. I am a critic of life and manners; and notice there is hardly any market, and soon will be none at all, for the 'carefully' painted 'Border Foray,' price £400, and the 'honestly' painted 'Court of Louis XIV.,' price £300. I tell you so; it is for you to eut your canvas to suit the civilisation you live in."

Civilisation is destroying palaces and building villas; civilisation is stealing away from public life and fortifying itself in the family circle; civilisation is distributing a modicum of comfort and education, and creating a large suburban class living in villas. These people demand art—not historical art in heavy gold frames, but pleasant and agreeable art that will fit their rooms and match their furniture—art that is art—and, above all, art at a price that will not disturb too violently the balance of their weekly bills. This is the art we need, and this is precisely the art to the production of which few have turned their thoughts and taste—an art which is at once an art and a handicraft, a hybrid between the picture and the *biblot*.

This is an age of *biblots*. "Give us *biblots*, and we'll buy," cry the villas—" *biblots* varying in price from ten pounds to fifty." The *biblot* which is at once *biblot* and a work of art exists or has existed in Japan, and will soon become a natural product of English life. English life demands it; therefore it shall be, and the artist shall become the artisan. From the artisan he came, and to the artisan he shall return. From Greece man started on his pilgrimage in quest of Idea. He holds the sublime flower withered in the light of the setting sun, and he must retrace his steps, pass the Caucasian Mountains, and in the land of the rising sun, amid the wisdom of the ancient races, learn again to love matter.

The Oriental spirit, introduced into our Western art greatly through the medium of Mr. Whistler, made itself felt by rejection of subject, the pictorial setting forth of a fable, the representation of a human passion or sentiment, by reliance on the harmonic arrangement of tints for effect, and by the introduction of the artistic scheme of the picture into the frame, which had hitherto been considered as a separable thing. Mr. Whistler was among the first to refuse the brightly-gilt earving of the frame-maker, and institute sweet marriage between paint and gilding. What wealth of design this person has rescued from the Japanese albums! What beauties he has found there, what genius he has appropriated! The discoveries he made in these albums are alone sufficient to establish his claim to immortality. As he pored over these precious books, he must have often felt like Cortez, "silent upon a peak of Darien;" he must have often ehucked, like Blucher when he was shown London, "What fine plunder!" By his appropriation of Japanese genius Mr. Whistler indefinitely enlarged the artistic horizon, and formulated the conditions of the modern movement in art—viz., the abolition of all interests except colour and line in painting, and the theory of the indissolubility of the frame the picture, and, I may add, the wall on which it is hung. The wave pattern and the check

pattern discovered by him we meet again in Mr. Menpes's frames—sometimes in their entirety, sometimes in many beautiful modifications. These frames are so beautiful in themselves that the etching which they are intended to contain is almost superfluous—the beauty of the pattern, of the gold, of the copper tint of the old Dutch etching-paper laid upon the sheet of white Whatman, is enough; without delay they can be hung upon the walls, and in due course the artist will introduce some slight design, an excuse, a pretext, if such be needed, for the existence of the beautiful frame.

Honour to him to whom honour is due, and it is to Mr. Whistler more than to Mr. Albert Moore to whom we owe this fresh impulse in art. From him it sprang; it was he who pointed out the way the art of the century would have to tread. But though he made and pointed out the way, he has not walked in it. Nor could it be otherwise; for although the artist is the child and thrall of the years in which he lives, the land of immortality, which genius may not quit, is narrow, whereas talent by its very nature must walk in vast districts, temporal and circumstantial. And it is to the talent of Mr. Menpes that we owe the first victory of the art-*biblot*. Whether Mr. Menpes's talent will develop into genius, I offer no opinion. I know too little of his work, even if I were otherwise qualified, to speak on this point. I prefer to take him for what his Japanese exhibition represented him—a designer of *objets d'arts*. In his instance, *objets d'arts* took the form of luminous spots of colour set in gold panelling of exquisite tone and design. This definition of Mr. Menpes's talent may be misunderstood; it is possible that it will be interpreted as huckstering, as commercialism in its basest sense. But it must not be forgotten that fifty years ago none knew that a Japanese bronze and fan were works of the very highest genius. Tradition wears slowly from the mind; a certain vague sense still survives that it is meritorious to paint King Lear cursing his daughters, and undignified to paint the water-butts in the back garden. Too many still fail to realise that there is more beauty in a side-board by Chippendale than in all the pictures that certain Academicians ever painted; it is therefore not astonishing that the importance of the fact of an artist who could have won honours on the Academy walls taking in preference the position of a designer of *objets d'arts* is both overlooked and misunderstood. If Mr. Menpes were a dreamer who thought he could serve his art better by painting *biblots* than "carefully" painted pictures of Louis XIV. receiving his Court, the art-world might sneer and turn its nose up at ease; but if ideas may be overlooked and misunderstood, pounds,

shillings, and pence will not allow themselves to be either overlooked or misunderstood; and the fact has to be faced that while those who ask three or four hundred pounds for a "carefully" painted "Border Foray" are starving, Mr. Menpes is piling up gold by selling his charming sketches at prices varying from ten to thirty-five pounds.

Of the many enigmas which life offers for our distraction, I know none more insoluble than the prices artists put on their pictures. The reformation set on foot is therefore most salutary; it should deal a death-blow at the "Court of Louis XIV.," should open up a new field for the display of artistic industry, and it should enable those whose incomes vary between one thousand pounds and two thousand pounds a year to possess some pieces of charming artistry. To instance the gulf that for ever yawns between the villa-owner and the possession of a work of art, I need not stray from the Chelsea School, of which Mr. Menpes is a member. Mr. W. Stott, of Oldham, is a painter with whose aims I am in entire sympathy, and whose work I often sincerely admire. Some years ago he exhibited a pastel at Suffolk Street; the picture was on exhibition in the Grosvenor Gallery last winter—two feet of canvas filled with the sky of a real summer's day; and the sky soars as a sky will soar when you lie under a hedge with half-shut eyes. Below, a slice of green field where some sheep drowse. So charming was this picture that I strongly advised a lady to buy it, and begged of her not to let the occasion pass. "You will," I said, "be able to get this picture for thirty or forty pounds." She consented, and we went to ask the price: it was eighty pounds. In the same exhibition Mr. W. Stott, of Oldham, exhibited another picture—a large picture some six feet square: long reaches of wet sand with naked boys. This was priced at six hundred pounds. At that price the number of purchasers must be very limited, and I must think of them as beings that live in circumstances of which I know nothing. The picture is an admirable picture, a picture full of interest, and yet I would not care to possess it; I should not know what to do with it; it would fall in with no scheme of decoration, and would jar the aspect of any dining-room or drawing-room. But the sky picture would blend and harmonise with almost any scheme, and would be a thing of beauty and an eternal source of delight in any room. The boys bathing would be out of place anywhere except in a picture-gallery. It is too large, it is a subject-picture, it is traditional. For the villa we want lighter work. Few may possess a work of genius; and though genius may not reign in the parlour, harmony and concord may enter lowly doors.

And this brings us back to the subject of this article. Art for the villa, art suitable to the size of

the modern house, above all, an art that will be well within the reach of incomes varying from one to two thousand a year. The artist must come down from high prices and *high art*; he must forget the picture gallery and remember the drawing-room. Art is not a superfluity, but a necessity in the life of man; it is bread and cheese and beer in another form, that is all; and the artist serves his art best by supplying the community in which he lives with the mental comestible which their taste asks for. No one acted up to this principle more thoroughly than Shakespeare, and artists of to-day will produce more lasting work by supplying the villa with an art

suitable for the villa than by supplying it with a traditional art descended from the palace or the cathedral. Art is merely the embodiment of the dominant influence of an age. The dominant influence of the fifteenth century was the cathedral, therefore the fifteenth century gave the art of the cathedral; the dominant influence of the seventeenth century was the palace, therefore the seventeenth century gave the art of the palace; the dominant influence of the nineteenth century is the Hampstead villa, therefore the nineteenth century should give the art of the Hampstead villa. It may do this supremely well; it must paint the "Sacrifice of Abraham" supremely badly.

THE BARBIZON SCHOOL.

CHARLES FRANÇOIS DAUBIGNY.—I.

BY DAVID CROAL THOMSON.

DAUBIGNY, though, like Corot, classed as a member of the Barbizon school, does not strictly—at least, in the geographical sense—belong to the group. Probably he was frequently at Barbizon, and, in any case, was good friends with his fellow-artists living there; but he lived more on

Barbizon and Fontainebleau. The Oise was, indeed, his favourite painting-place, and the majority of his famous pictures were produced in its locality.

But by poetry and power Daubigny belongs entirely to the Barbizon school. The sentiment in his daylight pictures has much in common with Corot;



CHARLES FRANÇOIS DAUBIGNY.

(From an Etching by L. Massard.)

the rivers Seine and Oise, and more in the country to the north-west of Paris than in the south, where

while his sunsets possess qualities not very far removed from those of Théodore Rousseau. His finest



SPRING-TIME.

(From the Picture by Daubigny in the Louvre. Engraved by C. Carter.)

efforts are clear and luminous in colour, with something akin to Corot, yet with a difference easily discernible in a picture, though difficult to describe in words. Often they are stronger than Corot in execution, but not so masculine as Rousseau—a kind of half-way between the two, and yet different from either. Withal, Daubigny is entirely individual; for no one, even with only a little experience, can fail to observe how he varies from Corot, as well as from Rousseau, while showing something of the feeling expressed by both these painters.

The story of Daubigny's life has neither the charm nor the attraction of the career of Corot, Rousseau, or Diaz. His life was the most prosaic of the five great painters of the school of Barbizon, and it affords a striking contrast to that of J. F. Millet (the subject of the next and last of the present series), for little or nothing is known to the public of Daubigny's life, while Millet's "misfortunes" have been the theme of many a doleful tale. The artist, equally with the people, is happy who has no history; and although there exists a fairly well-written memoir of Daubigny,* from which many particulars herein-after given are culled, there are in his life no startling experiences to describe, no unhappy calamities to chronicle, nor any special incidents to enter into in full detail. Nevertheless, it will be found that his life is not without its interest.

Daubigny came from a thoroughly artistic family. His father was a landscape-painter; his uncle and his aunt were miniature-painters; and most of the family friends were learned in the fine arts. Little wonder, then, that from his youngest, Daubigny was accustomed to use the pencil; that, in fact, he knew how to draw before he knew how to read. He had not very much ordinary schooling, for his mother, who was his teacher, died while he was young, and his education was never completed. But he had enough to carry him through life; and if he was no book-scholar, it left his ideas fresher and more natural for development as a landscape-painter. Charles François Daubigny was born on the 15th of February, 1817, and, like Rousseau and Corot, he was a native of Paris. Why town-born people should turn out the best landscape-painters might form a good text for some original writer to think out. Daubigny, however, had an advantage over his colleagues, for, being somewhat delicate, he was sent from Paris to the country while very young, and for several years he lived at Valmondois, on the Oise, about fifteen miles north-west from Paris. There with Nurse Bazot, the weakly child grew into boyhood, and most of his earliest impressions were of the delightful country in that neighbourhood. Naturally, too, when he was big enough to travel alone, he spent all his holidays with

his old nurse; and when he had saved money, after he became recognised, his first thought was a house in the vicinity. So much has it been thought that Daubigny was a native of the Oise country that frequently pictures of superior quality, representing one of the villages on the river, have been named by too credulous dealers "The Birthplace of Daubigny." Certain it is that Daubigny often painted these villages, but equally certain it is that he was not born in one of them.

Early in life Daubigny had to take his share in helping to earn the daily bread of the family. His father never achieved more than artistic mediocrity, and there was the usual lack of ready cash. Daubigny as a youth learned well the value of money, and his habits of prudence, then acquired, never forsook him. For about two years he painted pictures and flowers on decorative objects—such as landscapes on time-pieces, and glove-boxes, scent-boxes, and other kinds used for presents. At seventeen he found he was able to keep himself independent, and began to consider how best to strike out in some new and more original way from those around him.

But even in his dreams Daubigny was prudent enough to make his money before he spent it. Having heard much of Italy he came to the conclusion that one of the best ways of becoming a thorough artist was to study at the fountain-heads of art. Communicating his scheme to an equally enthusiastic and prudent young painter of his own age, called Mignan, the two resolved to save every centime possible, and gather together enough to take them on their travels to the South. For more than a year the young artists put away all their little savings into a hole in the wall of their attic—a bank they devised so that they could not get their money out without knocking away the plaster. The two comrades worked hard to attain their end, and they painted panels for decoration of rooms and ornaments in the Palace of Versailles, and, in fact, anything for which they could get money, so as to be off on their journey as soon as possible. At last, one early spring day, when the air filled them with longings for the country, they decided to open their bank, and with hammers the two broke into their treasury, and found in all nearly 1,400 francs, or fifty-six pounds sterling.

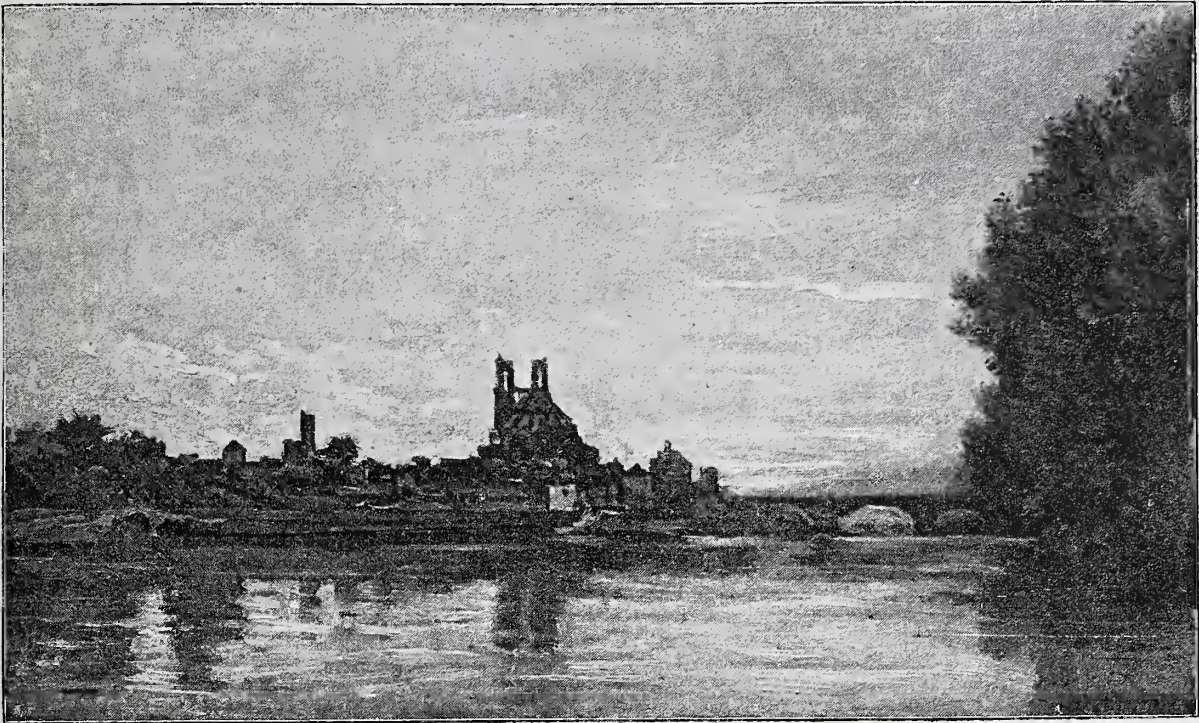
It was the summer of 1835 that Daubigny spent in Italy, visiting Rome, Naples, and Florence, seeing and studying all the old masters in these cities. The landscapes of Jan Bott and of Claude Lorraine chiefly interested him, and he also laid the foundations of some lifelong friendships. Within a year after their departure from Paris they re-entered it, Mignan to marry and settle down to commerce, and Daubigny to go on in his pursuit of art.

But the 1,400 francs were all spent, and the want

* "C. Daubigny et son Œuvre." F. Henriot (1878).

of cash drove Daubigny to accept any work he could get, and he received an appointment under the official *Conservateur des tableaux* of France as assistant picture restorer. His business was to paint on the old masters after they had been re-lined; but his spirit revolted at the vile work. He frequently saw magnificent *chefs-d'œuvre* touched out of all reason by his chief; he expostulated, then quarrelled, and very soon found himself again without means of livelihood.

Painted at twenty-three, was considered somewhat of a success, and he entered as a competitor for the *prix de Rome* at the *Ecole des Beaux-Arts*. He studied in Delacroix's studio for six months, and duly passed the first examination for the *prix*, which is the chief aim of all young French painters. Eight students were selected, and of these Daubigny was the third. But unfortunately he forgot, or had never been told, that it was necessary to attend the day



MANTES.

(From the Painting by Daubigny. In the Collection of Alexander Young, Esq.)

However, with the friendships he had already secured, he joined a sort of mutual society founded by young artists, who, having a common purse, were able to keep each other from starvation, and also from painting pot-boilers for the buyers of cheap pictures. The first work Daubigny had hung at the Paris Salon was in 1838, when he exhibited a view of the apse of Notre Dame from the Ile de St. Louis. But he was not yet at all sure of his *métier*, for in 1840 he painted a "St. Jerome in the Desert," a curious subject for one who was afterwards to become a master of landscape; but the truth is, Daubigny's journey to Italy had rather hurt him than helped him, and it was only by an apparent chance that he did not devote himself to historical painting, in which, probably, he never would have achieved fame. His studies in Italy had led him away from nature, and he wanted to emulate some of the old masters, whose works he could not but admire. This St. Jerome,

before the final examination, to hear the subject to be painted given out. He went to Vincennes, a few miles off, to spend the day, in order to divert his thoughts; and although a messenger was sent to his house, he did not know, because of his absence, until next day, that his name had been cancelled and his opportunity lost. This, of course, was a dreadful blow to the young artist, and all the more because he felt he was himself greatly to blame in not making himself acquainted with the regulations.

This mischance was really the best thing that could have happened, and the turning-point of his career. He determined to leave painting the figure for a little time, and resolved to study landscapes from nature. Almost his first trial convinced him that his *forte* was landscape and not historical painting. He saw nature with new eyes, as it were; for his study of the figure had taught him much in seeking for colour, and he found revealed to

himself fresh and brilliant ideas in his search for tones and half-tones. Daubigny did not hesitate, but almost there and then settled to abandon the figure and take to landscape-painting entirely.

His first landscapes were painted near the house of his old nurse at the Isle Adam, Valmondois, where he had a second home. The old lady welcomed him always, and more than one famous picture represents "La Maison de la Mère Bazot," a modest cottage in a fertile French vale. Besides his St. Jerome, he sent to the Salon of 1840 a view of the valley of Oisans; in 1841, another view in Isère, together with a frame of six etchings; and in 1847 and the succeeding years of his life he was an almost regular contributor, sending landscapes in oil, with an occasional etching.

But while early in the forties he searched to find his *métier*, and seemed succeeding with landscape, he had to work very hard for daily bread. His sister's husband, Louis Trimolet, a well-known book illustrator, died in 1843, and Daubigny had to provide for this family as well as his own. He married about this time, and in 1846 his son Karl was born. Karl, it may be said in passing, afterwards became a painter of similar subjects to his father's, and the son's work has sometimes been mistaken for the elder and by far

the greater Daubigny. After painting all day, he drew on wood and on stone at night, and he produced many illustrations which are now somewhat sought after. He had worked a good deal in black-and-white, his brother-in-law having shown him the *technique*. In 1840 they together engraved a plate of the fête given in that year to the heroes of 1830. They sent it to the Minister of the Interior, asking him to give it his official sanction, and also requesting him to patronise the work by purchasing a number of proofs; but, of course, a Minister is too great a man to trouble himself with such affairs, and a civil refusal from an under-official was the reply.

In a succeeding paper I will treat of the time when Daubigny commenced to achieve fame, and of his later life and paintings. Meanwhile I may refer to the illustrations accompanying this portion. The best known picture by Daubigny is "Le Printemps," a large and superb canvas in the Louvre. It is carried much farther than Daubigny usually painted, and shows the artist at his strongest time. More artistic, however, in quality and pleasant in composition is the "Mantes," from the collection of Mr. Alexander Young. The well-known cathedral and old tower are seen against the evening sky, with the bridge to the left and the Seine in front.

"THE SNAKE IN THE GRASS."

BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.

"THE Snake in the Grass," or "Love unbinding the Zone of Beauty" — for it bears both names — was a favourite conception of Sir Joshua's. Three embodiments of it exist in public collections. One is in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, where it goes by the name of "L'Amour détachant la ceinture de *Vénus*;" a second is in the Soane Museum, a collection so *perdu* that a well-known English painter, to whom the writer of this note mentioned it the other day, declared he had never heard its name, and wrote down the address! The third example — the original picture and perhaps the best — is in the National Gallery, whither it came in 1871 with the rest of the cabinet of Sir Robert Peel. It is from this that M. Jonnard has engraved the woodcut which appears on the opposite page. The picture was painted for Lord Carysfort in 1788. In Sir Joshua's pocket-book for June in that year, an entry appears which seems to show that it was in the first place ordered by Prince Potemkin, for it is on that gallant lover's account that Lord Carysfort pays an instalment of one hundred guineas as its price.

The picture must have been finished about the time of Potemkin's momentary eclipse, after his successful campaign against the Turks in 1787, which may account for its remaining in this country. It has been engraved by John Raphael Smith, by S. W. Reynolds, and by Chevaucher for the work of the late Charles Blane. When it came to the National Gallery, the surface was very dark and treacly; it has since been cleaned, not, perhaps, with the complete success which has attended most of Sir Frederick Burton's adventures in that direction. In some respects "The Snake in the Grass" may fairly be called the happiest of Sir Joshua's excursions into the ideal. The action of the girl's right arm is neither graceful nor possible; it must have been invented and carried out away from the model. The general arrangement, however, is good. The leading lines, the *chiaroscuro*, the colour harmonies, have been well thought out, while the flesh has a Titianesque warmth and pulpiness, and the single eye a fire, which show that the Kitty Fishers and Nelly O'Briens did not sit in vain to the first of the P.R.A.'s.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.



"THE SNAKE IN THE GRASS."

(From the Picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A., in the National Gallery. Engraved by Jonnard.)

ART PATRONS.

MAXIMILIAN I.

BY F. MABEL ROBINSON.



THE mediæval art of northern countries, unlike that of Italy, inherited no tradition of classic beauty, no model or standard of the Greek ideal, and owed little to the past save through the indirect influence of Romanesque on Gothic architecture. As we have already seen, architecture invariably precedes the sister arts; but whereas classic architecture had always recognised the independent value of sculpture and painting, and encouraged their development, the Gothic style reduced them to the rank of mere ornament, and the absence of flat spaces for mural decoration had immense influence on German art. Climate is largely responsible for this lack of any arrangement for wall-painting, fresco being ill-adapted to endure the damp and rigour of a northern winter; and the open porticoes and arcades so common in warmer countries serving no purpose in the chilly north. The comparative dearth of light and sunshine, too, made stained glass a more effective decoration than wall-painting, and it was better suited to the genius of a people whose eye for colour was far more highly developed than their feeling for form. The glowing colours of the glass threw even altarpieces into the shade; the east window became an almost universal institution, and in later times the passion for stained glass had a fatal influence upon architecture, degrading it to the condition of a framework for the support of these gem-like pictures. A wall of coloured glass, admitting yet subduing and warming the chill grey light of a winter's day, took the place of the fresco-covered stonework of the south, and painting, after it had shaken off its subservience to architecture, confined itself chiefly to easel pictures. Generally these were small, for domestic no less than ecclesiastic architecture placed a restriction on the size of pictures, northern houses being constructed for warmth, not for coolness, and were therefore of restricted area, with small low rooms. Moreover, in Germany, painting did not enter into concerns of public life, but as it developed it became essentially a popular art.

It was not until the latter half of the fourteenth century that painting made much advance in Germany, or that provincial schools were formed, or the

painters of Cologne, Prague, and Nuremberg developed local characteristics; and even later the individual artist was still merged in his school, his work being distinguishable from that of his associates only by its greater or less technical skill, not by its character.

Cologne was the city of Churchmen—the German Rome—and its art displays a depth of religious fervour and pious rapture such as no imagination has since attained; long sinuous figures, gentle composed faces with clear true eyes and smooth high brows, are, with brilliant transparent colours, the characteristics of this school, while the school of Prague—the city of nobles and of the Empire—is distinguished by thick-set figures, sometimes over life-size, with dignified, earnest faces, and stern wide-open eyes. The colour is deep and sombre, toned by grey shadows, and until influenced by the revolution in art brought about by the brothers Van Eyck, of Bruges, the background, like that of all painters north of the Alps, was of gold. But early in the fifteenth century the brothers Van Eyck changed the character of northern painting as suddenly and permanently as Giotto had changed that of Italy a century before. Landscape, destined to play so large a rôle in history of Teutonic art, was introduced by these artists; and they were the first to attempt to render personal form and expression of face as distinguished from type. Hitherto Nuremberg had been half-way between Prague and Cologne, artistically as well as geographically, and its artistic development was less advanced than that of either of its rivals; the influence of Bruges, however, which destroyed the characteristics of the other schools, instilled new life into the art of Nuremberg, which, despite the influences brought to bear upon it from the Rhine, Bruges, Ghent, and Northern Italy, and its development with the new ideas of the age, maintained its austere but vigorous and individual character, and never sank to mere imitation of any of its teachers.

Bruges was at that time the most considerable commercial city north of the Alps, and the chief agency of that League of Hanse—or free associated—commercial towns, which had banded themselves together for mutual defence against pirates and invaders, and which occupied so commanding a position from the thirteenth to the fifteenth centuries. The flower of Germany and of the Low

Countries was congregated into these trading towns—the centres of civilisation and wealth, the leaders of progress, and the patrons of the arts; for in Teutonic countries culture and advancement were with the commercial, not the noble class. Chief of all the Hanse towns was Bruges; but what Bruges was to the entire League Nuremberg was to Upper Germany, and to it came art-workers from all parts of the country. Among those who had settled there was a Hungarian working goldsmith named Dürer, who, in 1467, married the daughter of his Nuremberg master, she being then a girl of fifteen and he a man of forty. The third of the eighteen children of this couple was Albert, who was born in 1471, the year in which Caxton set up his printing press in Westminster. His birth-time was about the commencement of the golden age of art, and the years of his life embraced one of the most brilliant periods of production and development that the world has ever seen. In it Leonardo, Titian, Michael Angelo, and Raphael eclipsed the glory of all other painters south of the Alps; in it Memling, Quintin Matsys, Van Orley, Lucas Cranach, and young Holbein shared with him the laurels of Teutonic art. It was the age of Luther and Columbus—of learning, reform, discovery—the transition period from the old order to the new.

Like his older contemporaries Francia and Ghirlandajo, Albert Dürer was trained as a goldsmith, but his genius for painting developed early, and at the age of fifteen he was bound for three years to Michael Wohlgemuth, a fellow-townsmen who was less a painter than the organiser of a picture manufactory. This year of 1486, in which Dürer was placed with Wohlgemuth, was also a landmark in the life-time of his future patron Maximilian, for he was at that time chosen King of the Romans. Twelve years the senior of Dürer, Maximilian was also a man of the transition period, and his nature contained traits characteristic of the old things and the new. Succeeding as Emperor to his father in 1493—the year in which news of the discovery of America reached Europe—he inherited from the weak and treacherous Frederick an empty coffer, a feeble power, a degraded title, the name of Hapsburg by no means glorified. But to the shadowy honours and the title of Holy Roman Emperor, Maximilian had already secured for his family the inheritance of the House of Burgundy, by his marriage with Mary daughter of Charles the Bold, and later he enriched himself by a second marriage with the daughter of the Duke of Milan; while by the alliance of his son Philip with the Infanta Joanna he opened the way for the association of Spain with the Empire. In earlier times the Holy Roman

Empire had been to the Papacy what the body is to the soul, but in the preceding century, during the long sojourn of the Popes at Avignon, the Papacy had come to be regarded by the Empire and by England as the pliant ally of the hostile power of France, and in the time of Maximilian the Roman Empire had become lost in the German, and neither he nor any of his successors were crowned at Rome. Indeed, the strong political anti-papal feeling was one of the many causes that brought about the Reformation. The reformatory spirit was abroad in politics as well as in religion. Maximilian was a shrewd politician, a reformatory ruler, a man well-versed in all the modern learning. Yet there was a mediæval side to his character; his love of chivalry earned for him the title “last of the knights;” he had an old-world passion for tournaments and feats of arms, a simple Quixotic vanity, and to a zeal for social and political reform he united a craving to be made Pope and to be canonised. And with all this he possessed a truly poetic and artistic nature, was himself the author of several books, and inspired that romantic autobiography the “Weiss Kunig,” and the “Theucrdank,” an allegory setting forth the adventures connected with his first marriage. His appreciation for painting was quickened by the fact that he did a little in that line himself, and during his brief stay in Nuremberg he made some charcoal drawings in Dürer’s studio under the painter’s supervision.

The Emperor of those days had no settled abiding place; in time of peace he wandered from town to town of his dominions, and in the beginning of the year 1512 Maximilian arrived in Nuremberg, a centre of artistic activity famous for the proficiency of its artists in the comparatively new crafts of engraving on wood and copper.

True, woodcutting had been introduced into Europe nearly a century earlier, and copper engraving—the outcome not of woodcutting but of goldsmithry—had been practised in the Rhine Provinces for fully fifty years, but it had remained for the genius of Dürer to raise these arts to a higher place, and to him is ascribed the invention of etching. As for his woodcutting, it achieved an excellence surpassing all that has followed it, as it surpassed all that had gone before; its minuteness is inimitable, every hair and every wrinkle being rendered separately, but this detail is never mechanical, for every touch is full of meaning, and every stroke is firm. But though the technical quality of Dürer’s woodcutting is inimitable, its greatest interest is in the design—that outpouring of thought and fantasy and symbolism, for the expression of ideas was the chief aim of German art, and Dürer, a true child of his country and his century, was full to overflowing of ideas and

thoughts profound, fantastic, philosophic, anti-papal; less an artist than a man of genius who painted. His ambition was the ambition of the teacher, the reformer, the man of letters; he wished not only to express his thoughts but to promulgate them, so that the multiplication of copies and the low price of his works became to him matters of the first importance. These cheap prints of his met a very large demand, for with the decline of mediæval feeling there had grown up a popular taste for the adornment of homes, and designs expressing the ideas which filled all thoughtful minds were eagerly bought up. The new craft of printing, too, had widened the sphere of engraving, illustrated books were popular, and in many cases the text shrank to nothing to afford more space to the illustrations.

Dürer, though the greatest, was far from being the only popular painter of Nüremberg; Hans Burgkmair, a native of Augsburg, and Dürer's junior by a year or two, had an entirely different method of woodcutting, and each painter had his school and following of less considerable artists. In these Nüremberg masters the Emperor found exactly what he wanted—men full of ideas, willing and pre-eminently able to express them, and with a wealth of imagination that converted the simplest thought into an inspiration of genius. The thought which Maximilian wished to have so glorified was the ever-fresh and delightful thought of his own greatness, and to celebrate this he suggested a work to be called "The Triumph of Maximilian," which was to take the form of a woodcut surpassing everything that had gone before it both in size and magnificence.

It was to consist of two parts—the arch and the car—both fairly familiar to us through copies and reproductions. The arch, designed solely by Dürer,

and cut by the famous engraver, Hieronymus Andrea, consisted of ninety-two separate blocks, which when put together formed one gigantic woodcut ten feet six high by nine feet wide; and this stupendous and marvellously-detailed work was finished in three years. The car, with its endless procession of heralds, huntsmen, courtiers, musicians, jesters, mummers, joustiers, countries, battles, wars, provinces, trophies, prisoners, nobles, soldiers, waggons, savages, and baggage, consisted of a succession of a hundred and thirty-five engravings from designs by various masters, Burgkmair being the author of sixty-six, and Dürer of twenty-four; but ere this pageant was completed Maximilian was a prisoner following the triumphal chariot of King Death. In the meantime, despite the lack of funds which prevented him from paying the artists in his employ, he commissioned Burgkmair to draw a hundred and twenty-four representations of the saints of his race; while Dürer designed for him the eight patron saints of Austria—those Court costumes so familiar to all who are interested in the history of dress—and, above all, that marvellous prayer-book which some critics consider the masterpiece of this artist. Certainly, it is his finest work at this period, for the designs with which he covered the margins of the forty-five pages of the book displayed an inexhaustible wealth of fantastic humour and imagination—sacred, profane, serious, comic, grotesque—as characteristic of Dürer and Germany as the exactly contemporaneous ornaments of the Vatican are of Raphael and Italy. But Maximilian did not live long to enjoy the treasures of this priceless volume, for in 1519 he died, and was succeeded by the youthful Charles V., whose fame, whether as art-patron or as Emperor, was soon to eclipse the fainter glories of his grandsire's reign.



JOHN BROWN, THE DRAFTSMAN.

BY J. M. GRAY.

IN a future paper on John Kay, the caricaturist, I propose to deal with a Scottish artist in black-and-white who was a humble recorder, the value of whose work is mainly antiquarian; but in John Brown, "the draftsman"—as I take leave to title him—we have one possessed of admirable technical dexterity, who bestowed the dignity of art, the charm of beauty, upon all that he touched.

His father was a goldsmith and watch-maker in Edinburgh, and he was born there in 1752. Though his parents were in a humble social position, he received a sound and excellent education, such as is always within the reach of even the poorest Scotchman, and began to lay the foundation of the culture and scholarship which distinguished him in later life. Redgrave and other authorities state that he studied under Alexander Runciman; but if this were so, it must have been at a very early age, as that painter left for Italy when Brown had hardly completed his fourteenth year. From a manuscript history of the School of Art, instituted in Edinburgh in 1760 by the Board of Manufacturers—drawn up in 1847 by Alexander Christie, A.R.S.A.—we find that Brown was a pupil of that academy; and in the very interesting account of early Scottish artists in Alexander Campbell's "Journey from London through Parts of North Britain," 1802, we learn that he studied under Paviion, who was teacher of the school from 1768 to 1772. It seems probable that Brown also studied under William Delacour—Paviion's predecessor, like him a Frenchman—master of the school from its foundation till his death in 1767. A crayon portrait

of Brown in his youth from the hand of Delacour, now in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, and another by the same artist in the collection of the Royal Scottish Academy, point to personal relations between the student and the master.

Having acquired some technical skill, Brown was desirous of perfecting himself by a residence in Italy; and in 1771 he started for Rome in company with a young friend, David Erskine, son of Thomas Erskine of Cambo. His companion's cousin, Charles Erskine of the Rota, "avvocato di diavolo" to the Pope, and afterwards Cardinal, occupied an influential position at the Court of the Vatican, and he was able to introduce his kinsman, and his kinsman's friend, to the best and most cultured circles of the city. And Rome at the time contained quite a colony of Scottish painters and art-collectors. The genial and hospitable Gavin Hamilton was resting from the production of "Achilles dragging the Body of Hector at his Chariot Wheels," "Andromache weeping over the Body



MR. DRUMMOND.

(From the Drawing by John Brown.)

of Hector," and his other ambitious efforts in the direction of high art, and was prosecuting excavations among the antique ruins which resulted in the discovery of the "Genius of the Vatican," the "Braschi Antinous," and some of the fine statues of the Townley collection. Jacob More, the Scottish landscape-painter, whose full-length figures among the portraits of artists in the Uffizi, was laying out the gardens of the Prince Borghese and decorating a chamber of his villa. James Byres, the Aberdeen architect, afterwards the friend and adviser of Raeburn, was deep in Etruscan researches, the results of

which he embodied in his "Hypogæi." From his compatriots and their friends Brown received the heartiest welcome, and his evenings were passed in their congenial and improving company, his days being devoted to strenuous study in the Academy of Art, and in drawing from antique statues. In the words of Lord Buchan, "the pencil and crayon were ever in his hand, and the sublime thoughts of Raphael (*sic*) and Michael Angelo ever in his imagination." One of his sketch-books, filled with pencil drawings from the antique, is preserved in the Library of the South Kensington Museum. They are touched with the greatest tenderness, delicacy, and accuracy, and show the admirable care and precision of the young artist's execution.

It was at this time that he began to practise as a portraitist in pencil; and especial mention is made of an admirable head that he drew of Piranesi, the celebrated etcher of architectural subjects, whose uncontrollable restlessness had baffled the efforts of such painters as had previously attempted to catch his likeness. Brown also experimented with the palette and pigments of the painter, and Lord Buchan assures us that only his extreme fastidiousness prevented his prosecuting oil painting and winning fame as a colourist. This judgment is the partial estimate of a friend. The pencil drawings of the artist which exist are, in themselves, sufficient to prove that, like another greater master of black-and-white—like Charles Méryon—he was naturally without a keen eye for colour, that he was a born delineator, that his true aptitude lay in the direction of form and chiaroscuro, and that we have lost nothing by the final restriction of his efforts to work with the crayon and the lead point.

In addition to his pursuit of art, Brown spent much time in the study of Italian, and acquired such facility that his poems—of which, however, none survive—were usually composed in that language.

And to music he was passionately devoted; he made a singularly thorough and systematic study of the art, and his "Letters upon the Poetry and Music of the Italian Opera" are deserving of attention even in the present day. They are especially interesting for their author's clear perception that—in its right development—the music of the opera must be not merely a succession of pleasing sounds, but an actual dramatic agent, a means of giving intensified expression to the passions and situations of the piece—

such full expression as is beyond the power of words. It is easy to see that had he lived in our own time he would have been a Wagnerite, a lover of "The Music of the Future." The letters were addressed to his friend, Lord Monboddo, who published them after their writer's death for the benefit of his widow and son, in a charming little duodecimo volume, with a eulogistic preface from his own pen and a "Character" of the author in Latin, written by "An Edinburgh advocate"—whose name I should like to ascertain.

Brown's residence in Italy was diversified by an archæological expedition into Sicily in company with Mr. Townley and Sir William Young. He acted as draftsman to the party, and executed many careful and

valuable drawings of Sicilian antiquities and scenery.

After spending nearly eleven years in Italy, Brown returned to his native city. A man so cultured, so widely informed by study and travel, was quite an acquisition to the learned society of the Northern capital, and the artist's gentle and winning manners, to which all his friends bear witness, aided his popularity. Lord Monboddo, in particular, with whom we have already seen that Brown corresponded while abroad, formed the highest opinion of his character and talents; and he was a constant guest at the celebrated "attie suppers" of the learned and eccentric judge, where "choice company was set off with flowers of all hues and wines of all qualities, and

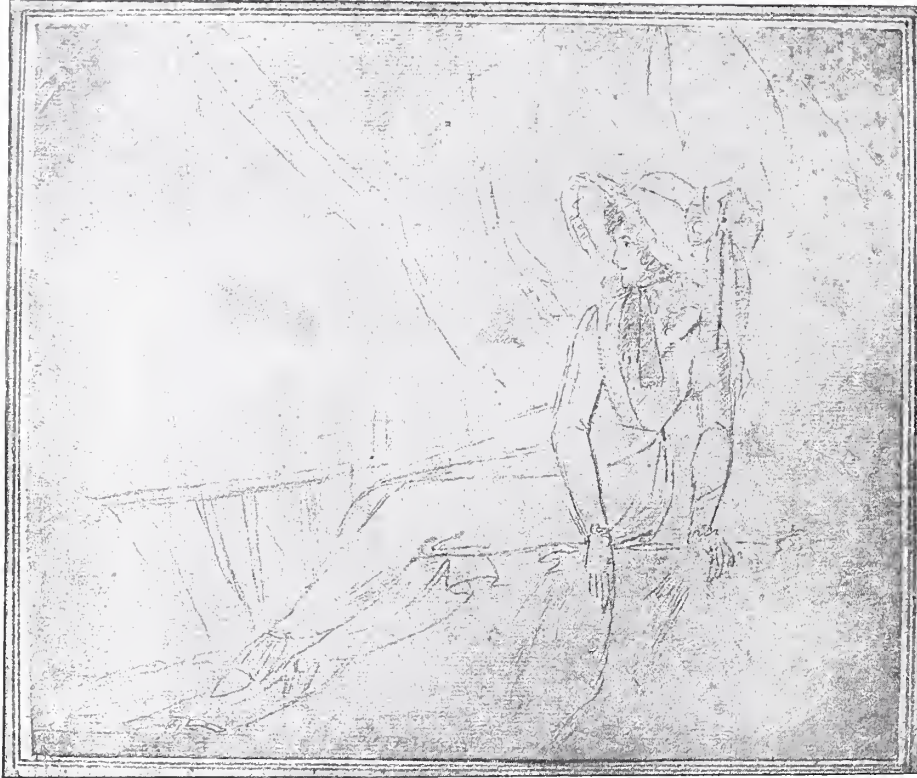


ADAM CARDONNEL.

(From the Drawing by John Brown.)

odours as well as light was diffused by the lamps." We can only regret that Brown was no longer in Edinburgh in 1757, when Burns was so frequently the guest of Monboddo, the charms and beauty of whose daughter he embalmed in his verse and in his

Portrait Gallery. Hunter is said to have written the greater part of the first volume of Monboddo's "Treatise of the Origin of Language," and in the preparation of this work Brown gave substantial assistance. In its fourth volume Monboddo



STUDY OF GIRL.

(From the Original by John Brown in the Royal Scottish Academy.)

letters. So devoted was Brown to his art that a friend tells us he could hardly be in a room without pulling out his sketch-book and portraying the features of some of the faces beside him; and if fate had ever permitted him to meet the poet, he should certainly have secured a pencil portrait of him which would now have possessed inestimable value, preserving every contour of his gloriously impassioned face, and all the depth and intensity of those dark brown eyes—the eyes are always most telling points in Brown's portraits—which Scott never forgot all his life, though he had met Burns only once, when he himself was a mere schoolboy.

Of the worthy judge, Brown executed an admirable portrait, still preserved at Monboddo, which was delicately engraved in stipple by Stanier in the *European Magazine*; and also a portrait of his clerk, John Hunter, afterwards Principal of the United Colleges of St. Salvador and St. Leonard, St. Andrews, and celebrated for his editions of the classics—a drawing now in the Scottish National

states that he was himself ignorant of the Italian tongue, and that his remarks on the subject are derived from information received from Brown, "who, besides understanding the language perfectly, is more learned in the Italian arts of painting, sculpture, music, and poetry, than any man I ever conversed with . . . He . . . only draws, but better than anybody I have ever known, and I know from gentlemen who were in Rome when he was in it, that he was then reputed one of the best drawers in Italy."

Among Brown's other patrons was the celebrated Dr. Gregory; and mention should also be made, in this connection, of Alexander Campbell, an unfortunate man of talent and of very various accomplishments. During most of his life, Campbell was an Edinburgh music-teacher; and among his pupils was the future Sir Walter Scott, who, upon his old master's death, wrote his obituary in the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*. But he was also known as the author of "The Grampians Desolate," and other volumes of poetry, by his

“Introduction to the History of Poetry in Scotland,” his “Journey from Edinburgh through Various Parts of North Britain,” illustrated with aqua-tinted plates from his own drawings, and by several other volumes. The two last-named books contain some interesting particulars regarding Brown, and the former was dedicated “To H. Fuseli” in these words:—“Sir, had the man whom you once knew, and knew how to estimate, been alive, the following sheets had been addressed to him; since he is no more, I take the liberty to inscribe your name, as revered by the lovers of art and science, on the page that records my affectionate remembrance of the late learned and accomplished Brown, the friend of Monboddo. With

But the patron from whom Brown received the most extensive commission, for whom he executed the series of drawings which remains the best monument of his skill, was David, Earl of Buchan. This kindly, fussy, consequential peer, truly interested in the things of culture, and eager to forward them to the best of his rather limited knowledge and means, had succeeded, in 1780, in founding the Society of Antiquaries in Scotland; and in the following year he directed Brown to draw a series of life-sized pencil heads of the leading members. According to Lord Buchan’s account there were to be fifty portraits, but of these only about thirty were executed. The Antiquaries seem, at any rate, to have possessed



MRS. CARR.

(From the Portrait by John Brown, in the Collection of Sheriff Erskine Murray, of Glasgow.)

unfeigned respect for your talents, your learning, and your virtues, I remain, Sir, yours sincerely, Alexander Campbell.”

Fuseli’s high opinion of Brown, implied in this dedication, seems hardly borne out by the story, given at p. 424 of Vol. II. of Smith’s “Nollekens and his Times,” of the characteristically impatient and blasphemous exclamation of the painter when Northcote and Legat, the engraver, praised the Scottish draftsman during a walk at Hampstead in his company.

no fewer than thirty of these heads, but three of them were lost in the various removals from place to place of their museum, during the troublous early days of the Society. Most of the drawings are titled, and they include the effigies of some of the most distinguished Scotsmen of the time. First comes the portrait of Lord Buchan himself, representing him in middle life; not indeed at his best, for the drawing shows neither the youthful beauty of Reynolds’s picture, painted in 1764 and mezzo-tinted by Finlayson, nor

the white-haired comeliness which the Earl attained in age, and which made Lockhart pronounce that he had never beheld "a more exquisite old head." Then we have James Cummyng, Herald Painter and Keeper of the Records in the Lyon Court, his face—with its homely features and protruding underlip—raised, his hand grasping a quill as becomes the first secretary of the society. Following Cummyng is Sir Alexander Dick, who in early life, before he changed his name on succeeding to a baronetcy, was that Dr. Cunyngham who was the friend of Allan Ramsay, the painter, and his companion in his continental travels when they both all but lost their lives by shipwreck at Leghorn, as detailed by Cunyngham in a diary published in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for 1853. Oil portraits of him by Ramsay's hand hang in his mansion of Prestonfield, and in the hall of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, of which he was for seven years president. Among the other heads are those of Dr. Andrew Duncan, celebrated as a physician and a philanthropist; William Jeans, the sculptor; David Deuchar, seal engraver and etcher; John Baxter, the architect; the calm, strong face of William Smellie, printer, and translator of Buffon; Dr. John Brown, the founder of the Brounionian system of medicine, with his burly features and bottle-nose, portrayed in a mood of especial benignity, with none of that characteristically belligerent aspect which appears in the miniature by Donaldson, engraved by William Blake. There is also a slight but particularly exquisite drawing of Principal Gordon, of the Scots College, Douay; and in another sketch there appear, from under the masses of an enormous black wig, the grave, large features of George Paton of the Custom House, one of the very worthiest of last century Edinburgh antiquaries—the correspondent of Ritson and Gough, of Chalmers and Herd, who, with a salary which never exceeded eighty pounds a year, collected, with a patience and frugality that might have put Jonathan Oldbuck himself to shame, a valuable gathering of rare books and antiquities in his humble bachelor rooms in Lady Stair's Close. A much smaller version of this portrait, also the work of Brown, exists in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery. It was acquired from the collection of the late J. T. Gibson Craig, which contained several works by the draftsman, especially a very highly finished portrait of the celebrated Duchess of Gordon and her sister, and a portrait of Elizabeth, Countess of Glencairn, which, with two unnamed heads, is now in possession of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery.

This series of portraits belonging to the Antiquaries, of some of the worthiest and most intellectual of the Scotsmen who were its founders, is full of interest,

and it is to be hoped that when the Society removes its museum to the spacious building which is now being prepared for it, the drawings may be framed, and placed on view to the public. They are done with the finest skill and discernment, each of them is life-like and vivid, each impresses us as being a true portrait "done to the quick," seized with unflinching insight. In artistic method they are excellent, the touch clear, incisive, and masterful; the modelling wonderfully searching and thorough: and for pencil portraiture of equal quality we must, I am inclined to think, go back for a hundred years from their time—to Nanteuil in France, and White and Loggan in England.

Three of the drawings—those of Lord Buchan, Cummyng, and Smellie—were reproduced in the "Archæological Scotica," Vol. V., Part I. Of the two reproduced here, the dignified head on page 310 is given as a favourable example of the artistic quality of the series. We know nothing of the personage it represents—"Mr. Drummond"—except that he was a teacher of the French language in Edinburgh, and a donor to the Museum of the Antiquaries. Adam Cardonnel (see p. 311), however, is a figure of some importance in the history of Scottish archæology. Grand-nephew of the Adam de Cardonnel who was secretary to Marlborough, and afterwards, in 1710, Secretary at War, he studied for the medical profession, and for a time practised as a surgeon; but, being in easy circumstances, he devoted himself to antiquarian pursuits, and published the "Numismata Scotiæ" in 1786, and the "Picturesque Antiquities of Scotland" in 1788-93, both illustrated by etchings from the hand of the author. He was the friend of Grose, whom he aided with materials for his "Antiquities of Scotland," and it was to him that Burns enclosed the letter intended for his friend upon which he wrote that well-known impromptu beginning "Ken ye ought o' Captain Grose."

Among the other pencil portraits of Brown, similar in size and handling to those in the collection of the Antiquaries, are three unnamed heads, and a portrait of Lord Monboddo now in the possession of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery; an unnamed head in the collection of the late W. F. Watson, now belonging to the Board of Manufactures, Edinburgh, in whose hands there is also a small and much injured head of Lord Daer, the friend of Burns; and the portrait of the Rev. John Logan, the poet, in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, which has been engraved in line by David Somerville in 1812, and by W. H. Lizars and by A. Duncan in 1822, as also, in stipple, by D. B. Pyet in 1807, and by Freeman in 1810. The Royal Scottish Academy possess several large unnamed heads by Brown, including two portraits of Alexander Runciman, the painter, one of full scale,

the other reduced by the draftsman himself for the use of the engraver, J. Stewart, who reproduced it in stipple in Stark's "Biographia Scotica." The Academy further possess several good examples of Brown's pencil work in miniature—two admirably vivacious and most daintily touched male heads, and two slight full-length studies of girls, one of which is reproduced on page 312, as an example of the grace which the artist occasionally attained in his draperies. Yet in the treatment of such accessories he was by no means uniformly successful, the dress in his life-sized portraits being frequently hard and stiff in the expression of its lines and folds, and contrasting with the masterly ease and power of the execution of the countenances themselves. Of his landscape and architectural subjects to the Academy belong two examples, pen drawings of the "Tempe della Pace, Interno da Roma," and a view of a vineyard.

Of all the smaller portraits by Brown that are known to us, the most admirable for precision of touch and exquisiteness of finish is the likeness of Jean Erskine, afterwards Mrs. Carr, eldest daughter of Lord Alva, the Scottish judge, which appears on page 313, from the collection of Sheriff Erskine Murray, of Glasgow, a collection exceptionally rich in portraits, documents, and other relics of the Erskine family, ranging from the time of James VI. to our own. The drawing is signed by the artist and dated 1785. The same gentleman has also a highly finished likeness of Christina Carruthers, wife of John Erskine, of Drumsheugh, and one of Jean Stirling, second wife of Lord Alva, an excellent example of Brown's slighter and freer style of portraiture: and I believe that other portraits by the artist of various members of the Erskine family are in the possession of the Rev. Mr. Paul, of Dollar; while his delicate miniature of Dr. Beattie, the poet, thrice engraved in stipple—by Ridley, by J. Stewart, and by H. R. Cook—belongs to the Misses Forbes, of Aberdeen; and in the hands

of Brown's descendants are a few works, among the rest his portrait of Mrs. Siddons, and that of his sister, Mrs. Cunningham.

Among the works of the artist mentioned in contemporary accounts of his life, which I have been unable to trace, are portraits of Lord Keith Stewart, Dr. Cullen, Dr. Joseph Black, the Rev. Dr. Hugh Blair, and Mme. Lally, the musician.

After a residence of about five years in Edinburgh, Brown, having married a Miss Elpin, left for London, in the spring of 1786, to seek a wider field for his talents. Among the last works that he executed before leaving Scotland must have been those preserved at Meadowbank, for the finest of them, a small and most delicately finished half-length of Elizabeth Welwood, wife of the first Lord Meadowbank, is dated in that year. The other drawings in this collection are mostly slight, with the exception of a large head of Lord Meadowbank, similar in scale and size to the portraits of the Antiquaries.

There are few records of Brown's life in the metropolis. He was again employed by Mr. Townley in making drawings from the antiques

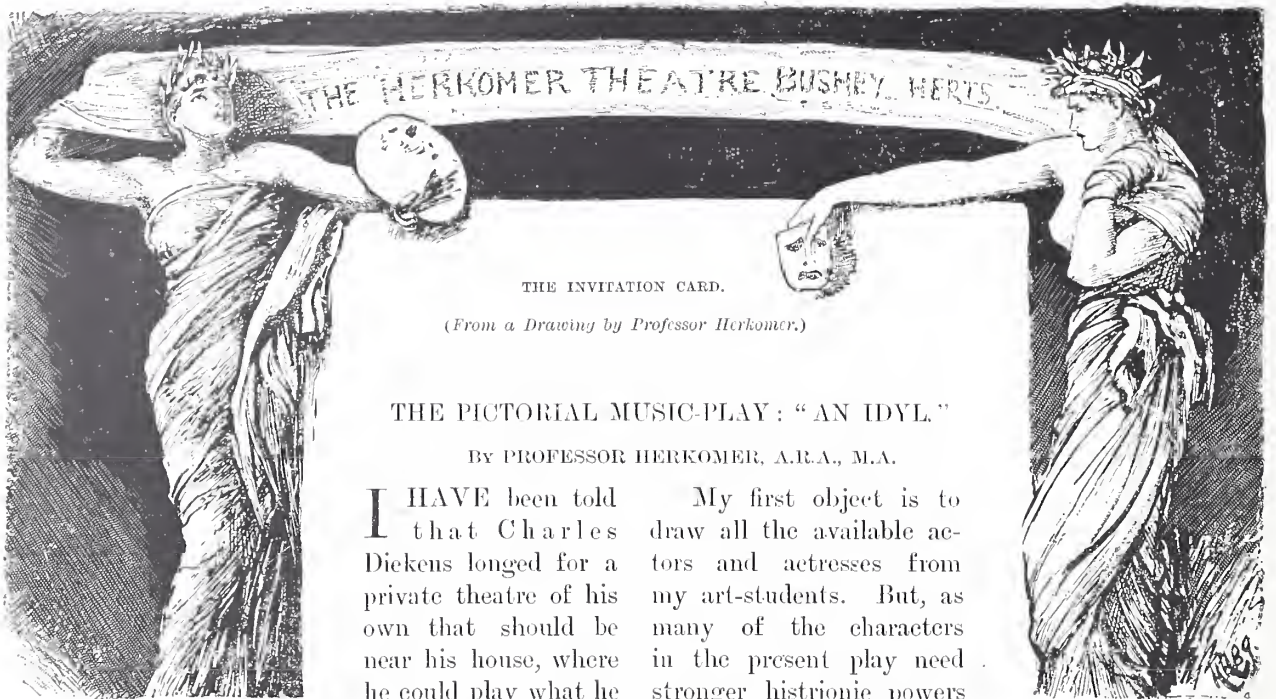
in his collection; and his admirable transcript of the bust of Homer, as well as his head of Pope from the bust by Rysbrack, was engraved in stipple by Bartolozzi, and published after his death for the benefit of his widow and son. The original drawings for both are now at Meadowbank. His health, which had never been robust, began to give his friends great uneasiness. He was recommended to try a sea voyage; and, as his presence was required in Edinburgh to settle the affairs of his father who had recently died, he embarked for Leith. During the voyage he suffered greatly, and landed in a condition of extreme prostration. He was removed to the house in which his friend Alexander Runciman had died four years previously, and here, after considerable suffering, he expired on the 5th of September, 1787.



JEAN STIRLING (SECOND WIFE OF LORD ALVA).

(From the Drawing by John Brown, in the Collection of Sheriff Erskine Murray, of Glasgow.)

ART IN THE THEATRE.



THE PICTORIAL MUSIC-PLAY: "AN IDYL."

BY PROFESSOR HERKOMER, A.R.A., M.A.

I HAVE been told that Charles Dickens longed for a private theatre of his own that should be near his house, where he could play what he liked, when he liked,

and how he liked. It would not be unreasonable for a painter to have the same longing for a private theatre, in which he could experiment in scenic art, in grouping figures, and in story-making, only changing his canvas for the stage in order to express with real objects and real people the thoughts he placed ordinarily upon canvas with brush and colour. And such a theatre would be unfettered by tradition, or by the demands of a paying public. Such a theatre would form the most delightful source of recreation for a painter, and take him away from his day's work, and be a change of brain-work, which, in its way, means rest. That all men must do *nothing* in order to rest cannot hold good with all temperaments. To some, enforced idleness means disastrous friction, and wears the brain more than wholesome application to some change of work. Let each man find out what suits him best for rest. Personally I could have established no more delightful source of recreation than by my theatre, which is attached to my house, for my own private experiments in art—pictorial, musical, and dramatic. There is no reason why a hobby should not sweeten one's life without robbing it of the more serious purposes that are bound up in one's career. Such a theatre as mine is not subject to the general laws of comparison.

My first object is to draw all the available actors and actresses from my art-students. But, as many of the characters in the present play need stronger histrionic powers than can be expected in

art-students, outside aid has been brought in to make the whole picture as perfect as lays in our power. As it is musical, it necessitates more than mere acting. And as there is an absence of all dialogue, it needs higher histrionic powers for the telling of the story than is required when words are given to help the action. It is no mere whim of mine to leave out speech when music accompanies and expresses action. Had music been left out as an additional source of interpretation and colouring, mere action would too easily have lost its connectedness and its poetic aspect. Mr. J. Bennett invented the name "Pictorial Music-Play" for my experimental entertainments at my Bushey Theatre. That precisely expresses my purpose in these plays, which are musical throughout—*i.e.*, first the picture, then the music to attune you to the picture, and lastly the story, or the excuse for the whole thing.

Words are sung only when it is absolutely necessary to carry on the story. All that can be done in dumb show (with, of course, orchestral accompaniment) is interpreted by these methods of expression. Accident led me to this kind of musical picture last year in our first attempt to act a piece. I had built the theatre (with a much smaller stage than now), and not receiving a piece that was promised me, I



TOWARDS THE CLOSE OF DAY.—ACT I

(From a Drawing by Professor Herkimer, A.R.A.)

determined to make up something in the most simple way to try my hand at scenic effects and general stage-management. It was a wild incongruous fragment; but romantic, for all that, I think. Not being able to write dialogue, and not trusting my students with it if I could have written it, I determined to try something that would be pictorial and musical, and that would not necessitate dialogue. Of course much of our meaning was lost, or was not made plain, but enough was left to interest a large number of people in the experiment. Seeing how favourably it was received, it was but natural we should wish to try something more ambitious. Whilst the fragment was being acted I thought out the present story. Soon after I took the story, in scenario form, to Mr. Joseph Bennett, asking him to write lyrics for it. He was at once pleased with the story, and has written, in my opinion, some beautiful verses for it, which materially develop the story. In composing the music for it, I wished to be entirely guided by the scenes, and not by the mere development of musical phrases. Hence the music must necessarily sound fragmentary without the scenes.

Having allowed the scenes alone to guide me, it happened that the present piece, which is in three Acts, has only one solo for the hero, and none for the heroine—that is, the heroine only repeats snatches of a song sung by her father. But in this way I hope to make the piece consistent in an artistic sense. And here I must add that I am writing this account before the piece has become fully realised in rehearsal, but far enough advanced to show its shape, tone, and drift; the reason for so early a description being consequent on this Magazine having to go to press some weeks before the time of issue. I speak of all this theatrical work as my *pleasure*, but I must admit that some of the tribulations inseparable from theatrical management have come to me.

I allow nothing to interfere with my painting whilst there is daylight, the music had to be written in the evenings of last winter; and I must confess I was sometimes wickedly glad when darkness set in a little earlier, under which condition alone I permitted myself to work at the music. Scoring for orchestra is, indeed, like painting; and even from my small effort I verily believe there is nothing more fascinating than orchestral composition. The combinations that are possible are quite as great and as varied as those of the colours of our palette. But unlike any other sensation I can think of, is the sensation of “seeing sound.” And I can answer for the intense excitement of first hearing one’s music played by the orchestra, especially if one conducts it oneself. The excitement of having a first picture on the line in the Academy is nothing to it. But the wearisome copying out of parts for

chorus, solo, and orchestra, with the everlasting mistakes that the best of copyists make, is certainly not one of the pleasures with which musical composition has to be coupled. In making a play for my theatre many existing conditions had to be taken into account. The bulk of the students *must* act, and that means introducing a crowd. Certain leading students should be supplied with solo parts, and so forth. All these conditions are, perhaps, safe enough at the start of a playwright’s career. But I need not anticipate the terrors of the future. In 1873 I had my first oil picture in the Academy; it represented a street in the Bavarian Highlands. On a seat in front of a house the old people congregated at eventide, awaiting the arrival of the workers from the fields. This picture started the idea of this play, and the first thing I saw in my mind was a fourteenth-century street in England, with a distance beyond; with old people and children on one side, and a smithy on the other side of the street. From this picture I started my story, never losing sight of the scenic effect I sought to produce.

There is one glorious effect in nature that no scenic artist has yet attempted, and it is that evening effect in harvest-time when the setting sun illumines the distance on the opposite side. All is bathed in warm light, which deepens in colour, but does not pass away until the great harvest moon has risen in the pink sky. Then the land turns colder in colour, and as the daylight fades the strength of the moon increases. This change of colour in the moon, from the time it rises to the time it passes higher into the sky, has most assuredly never been done on the stage. But it takes much experimenting before the working of such an effect, with its subtle gradation and change of tone, is satisfactorily accomplished. As it is, I need six men to work the lights, all practised to time, according to the purpose of the Act. To rehearse the lights with the music alone is not without its ludicrous side, especially when the moon is admonished for rising too quickly or not appearing in its proper time. Stage moons are proverbially of bad character, but I must say my moon has been a joy to me from its creation, for it is a luminary as like the original as one could wish to see.

The First and Third Acts are to be the same street-scene. That *must* be, because I wish to produce the true value of colour and light on the same scene in evening and in broad daylight. Now there is a possibility for a middle Act which shall be an interior. So this settles the background for my story, and the characters and incidents must work harmoniously into these lines. This is of course distinctly a painter’s method of story-making, and not a literary man’s. A bit of landscape or background invariably suggests to us a subject. No doubt a single *situation* will

suggest a story to an author. There is a difference, however, between a "situation" and a "pictorial background." But although methods are interesting, it matters little how a thing is done as long as the result is good. That a thousand-and-one difficulties arise in making a story suited to musical expression, where situations shall be at once *clear* without explanation of word, is known to all who have touched this kind of work. I cannot be reconciled to plays that are divided between song and speech.

down no laws. I am but experimenting, and simply carry out my beliefs, right or wrong; they would not have found their way into print if I had not pledged myself to write an article to accompany some drawings.

In this present play I have introduced many little pictorial incidents such as would happen in a street of that kind, and I give the eye the chance of looking about and seeing all there is to see. It is not until the First Act is nearly at an end that the story commences.



JOHN THE SMITH.

(From a Drawing by Professor Herkomer, A.R.A.)

Song in a play may be utterly wrong, and some unpoetic natures will declare the opera ridiculous in its primary purpose. *Song* is assuredly no more ridiculous than the form of verse for story-telling. When we admire beautiful declamation we at once say it was musical. Go a little further, and you at once add another form of poetic colouring to your story by putting your meaning in musical form. But there is nothing, to me, more absurd than the old-fashioned method of introducing songs into a play, and thereby utterly blocking the way, and positively stopping the development and progress of the story. Dialogue after song is jarring to the ear, and it always seems to me like this:—First tenor after big song, "Well, now that we have got rid of the music, let us enjoy ourselves, and have a comfortable chat."

Let it, however, be clearly understood that I lay

The story is chiefly developed, and indeed concluded, in the Second Act, which is an interior, and in which there is no distracting from the dramatic action of too much to watch and see. The Third Act is merely a sequel—or a picture, belonging of course to the story. But let me tell the story of this play, "An Idyl."

The scene opens on a narrow street in a quiet fourteenth-century hamlet, the quaint gables of the mediæval houses showing on either side. It is a late afternoon on an autumn day, and the shadows already begin to lengthen on the broad hillside sweep of cornfields and meadow-land. In the foreground stands the blacksmith's forge, where the smiths have nearly reached the close of their day's work; while on the benches before the houses sit the old folk in little groups, with the children playing round them, whilst they sing their evening song.

This peaceful scene is interrupted by the quick entrance of a small hunting-party, which as quickly passes through; but one of the party, Fitzhugh, lingers behind, and, drawing a boy aside, asks him to point out the home of Edith—Edith, the pride of the hamlet. His curiosity satisfied, he rapidly hurries after his companions; and after this flash of excitement the old people again lapse into quietude.

Presently the tones of the Angelus are heard, and all devoutly pray, while the women teach the children to put their hands together and repeat a prayer. When the bell ceases, the children wish to continue their games, but an old granny, who thinks it time for rest, persuades them, after much coaxing, to listen instead to a story. While she is telling it the voices of the reapers are suddenly heard in the distance, and with a sigh of relief the old people move with the little ones up the street to meet the reapers, who, headed by Edith, now appear laden with corn. Edith seems unaccountably elated, and when her lover, Dick o' the Dale, comes forward to greet her, she will have nothing to

do with him, but goes from one to another of the crowd, persuading them to start a dance. Dick watches her sadly, unable to understand this sudden change in her manner to him, and when presently some one takes down a rebee from the smithy wall and asks him to play, he stands holding the instrument listlessly in his hands, and, in spite of the efforts of the men to rouse his spirits, remains unmoved. While this is passing, Fitzhugh enters from the right, and furtively tries to escape Edith's notice. She meanwhile has lost patience, and, snatching the rebee from Dick's hands, entreats some one to play it. But all shake their heads, and there seems no chance of music for a dance until

Fitzhugh approaches softly from behind and gently takes the instrument from her, whispering to her as he does so, then mounts the anvil, and strikes up a brisk dance-tune. John the Smith, Edith's father, has been watching all this, and sadly leaves the scene. Edith herself does not join the dance, but stands apart, as if in a dream, moved by some strong feeling.

When the dance is over, Fitzhugh moves off unconcernedly, and the rest exchange "Good-night" and go out, though little knots linger on the way, the old women pointing suspiciously at Edith, who still seems in a kind of trance. Presently Fitzhugh reappears, and steals up quietly behind her, takes her hand and kisses it, and sings a love-song. It is just ended when her father's voice is heard calling from within the house, and with a start Edith tears herself from Fitzhugh and rushes indoors. Left alone, he shrugs his shoulders and smiles, then strolls jauntily up the street, singing a light serenade. As he does so John the Smith comes out of the house, angry and troubled, and watches his retreating steps, and when Fitzhugh is out of sight,

sinks sadly on a bench in front of his house, while there passes through his mind the air of an old ballad which tells of such an unhappy story as he fears is being enacted with his daughter. And the curtain falls on the First Act.

In the principal room of John the Smith's house, late in the evening, his apprentice Jack, and Meg the maidservant, are laying supper for the household. The work is hindered by some rustic coquetry, which before long passes into a lovers' quarrel, followed in its turn by a reconciliation, and they have embraced and are dancing joyously about when they are interrupted by the sound of their master's footsteps. Though they are working busily when he enters, he



AT THE ANVIL—ACT I.

(From a Sketch by Professor Herkomer, A.R.A.)

warns them severely for the last time. But his show of anger soon gives way to an anxious look when Edith enters and comes up to him lovingly. By this time all the household have assembled, and go to their places at table; and when Meg has brought in a steaming bowl of broth, they apply themselves, after a silent grace, to supper.

John the Smith starts the table-talk by speaking

and Dick (who remained behind) and he go out and leave her alone. She muses sadly for a time, then opens the window and lets the rays of the moon, now high risen, stream into the room. In her ears her father's ballad is still sounding, and she softly repeats snatches of it, breaking at last into tears, when through the open window come the notes of Fitzhugh's serenade, striking discordantly on her



JOHN THE SMITH AND HIS DAUGHTER EDITH.—ACT II.

(From a Drawing by Professor Herkomer, A.R.A.)

of the harvest, but Meg and Jaek soon lead up to sly allusions to the young lord from the hall. Stung by their sneers at him, Edith rises and protests, but is only met by more open hints in which she herself is mentioned with him. At this the smith angrily commands silence and leaves the table, as do all the others; then, after passing up and down the room, he seats himself by the fire and calls his daughter to him. With her seated at his knee, he sings the old ballad that has been running in his head, telling of the betrayal of a simple village maiden by a gay young lord. During the song Edith becomes more troubled, as her father's purpose in singing becomes clear, and at last breaks down utterly. When it is ended, her father kisses her and bids her "Good-night,"

troubled mind. She listens, swayed between the fresh temptation and her sense of duty, and then, as the latter begins to gain the upper hand, yields to a shudder of helplessness and indecision, not knowing what to do. The serenade has ended, but she listens to some sound below, and looks out of the window, straining far over the sill. What she sees fills her with terror and dismay. A moment afterwards Fitzhugh enters the room.

Edith's fresh anguish is not long, for Dick enters and leads her hastily out. Then, re-entering, he appeals passionately to Fitzhugh's better feelings. The latter shrugs his shoulders and goes out, and Dick, left alone, buries his face in his hands, and, moved partly by excitement and partly by the fear

that Edith's love is lost to him, weeps bitterly. Edith re-enters to find him still weeping, and there is an awkward pause, but her mute gestures of appeal clear away his misunderstanding, and they are in each other's arms when the curtain falls.

The rising of the curtain shows the village street empty, bright in the sunlight of early noon. Its repose is broken by the entrance of two wandering minstrels, tired and dusty, who rest awhile at the foot of the old cross, and then begin a duet, gradually breaking it off as they realise that they are singing without an audience. They learn from a stray peasant, who presently appears, that the reason of this solitude is the wedding of Dick o' the Dale with the daughter of John the Smith, in the neighbouring church, where all the hamlet is assembled. At this news the minstrels move off towards the church, from which faint strains of music have reached them during the conversation, hoping to be engaged professionally.

The street is again deserted, when from the church come the mingled sound of voices and sacred music; then a joyous chorus heralds the approach of the bridal party, which presently enters with children singing and scattering flowers, while the church-bell rings merrily out.

Suddenly, to the surprise of all, Fitzhugh and his hunting-party enter, and Fitzhugh, without heeding the general astonishment, goes and greets the bride and bridegroom, showing in his altered behaviour that a change has taken place in him. He holds out his hand to the bridegroom frankly, while he bows respectfully to Edith, the rest of his party also doing homage to the pair.

Then, while Fitzhugh and his party pass to the back of the stage, the bridal party move towards the smith's house, and, amidst all the sounds of rejoicing, the curtain finally descends.

It will be seen that this story gives me the opportunity for much pantomimic action and for pictorial situations. It gives me, first of all, the smithy work, always interesting, and particularly so when one can add musical tones to the blows on the anvil. The old people and children sit about, doing much as they would in nature. When there is a lull in the work at the smithy, the old people can sing their evening song, and the children answer them (in song). Then more smithy work, a jolly song by the master-smith whilst at work, and then it is time to cease, which gives the smiths the opportunity of resting and chatting with their neighbours. At the same time the effect has been visibly changing. The reapers soon enter with Edith, who is breathless to meet her father, and attempts to tell him of the attention the lord from the hall has paid her in the fields, but cannot, and passes by. Both the father

and Dick, her lover, are unable to understand this behaviour, and watch Edith as she passes in and out of the crowd of reapers, who sing a merry chorus. This gives the second chance for a chorus of a characteristic kind. Then Edith urges them to dance, and the lord of the hall struts up to her and takes the instrument from her hands, as Dick will not play, and others cannot. Here is a foil, with Edith in this dream watching Fitzhugh playing, whilst the others dance merrily. Then the going home; the creeping away into the houses; the darkening of the effect; the moon gaining brilliancy as it mounts the sky; Edith left alone in the street; the return of Fitzhugh; the love-song. Then the entrance on the stage of the father, after having called his daughter to the house; and his attempt (but too late) to speak to Fitzhugh, who rapidly retreats; the father's misery, upon which the curtain drops. All these are distinct situations, manageable in musical form. There must be no necessity to explain the antecedents of the *dramatis personæ*; all must be plain-sailing personages, or complications arise at once.

In the Second Act there is a chance for the duet between Meg and Jaek, of a lighter and brighter kind; after which the table-talk—sentences that are sung. After the interrupted meal, the father sings the ballad to his daughter. This ballad forms the principal motive of the Second Act up to that point, and should return as often as the father's thoughts revert to the story of this ballad, suggested by the trouble he fears his daughter is bringing to him. But her innocence and sweetness are realised by him when he sees how the song affects her, and he bids her good-night with a lightened heart. Dick leaves her more sadly. Then comes the singing of snatches of this same ballad by Edith, when temptation is brought once more to her by Fitzhugh singing a serenade outside. The entrance of Fitzhugh of course means a scuffle, and Dick must come in time to save her from further annoyance. The most dramatic music must be kept for his appeal to Fitzhugh's better feelings, and the music finally reaches its climax when (as described in the story) Edith is once more in her rightful lover's arms.

The Third Act, showing the empty stage, affords the scenic department an opportunity for display; and the entrance of the crowd with the children gives a song of the children, who scatter flowers, and choruses for the entire people on the stage.

I said I need not anticipate the terrors of the future for my play-making: indeed, I am already working out one which I believe is of exceptional strength. It is probably not more difficult to find subjects for the stage than to find subjects for pictures; still difficulties must increase. I must not have my moon again, but, thanks to the principle, I

can turn it into a setting sun, and a gorgeous one I'll make of it. I *must* have a love-scene of course, and I must have a crowd. But I must not repeat the same period; and my only ehanee will be to go further baek in the history of this country, when one's artistic invention cannot be challenged by documents. A simple story with a touch of nature

attached to my own house. The students assist me, and act for me, and it is certainly for their good, as well as for my pleasure, that I have taken so much trouble to make all things as good as possible, and I wish to look upon their performances as the yearly festival of our art-colony. But the expenses are entirely borne by myself. For charity performances



MORNING IN THE "DESERTED VILLAGE."—ACT III.

(From a Drawing by C. L. Burns.)

will do once in a way, but will not bear imitation. I will trust entirely to the instincts of a painter, and to the fact that I am *not* a responsible play-wright. So far as I can judge now, everything points to success in this piece. Dr. Hans Richter conducts my orchestra—a fact that at once lifts our musical department into something of more than ordinary importance; and add to this that Mr. Joseph Ludwig leads.

As much misinterpretation has got about in connection with my theatre, I must at once mention that it is *not* connected with my art-school, but is

alone do I wish to take money. We shall devote six performances to our friends (which means six friends of each student, as well as my own friends), and three charity performances, two of which will add to our village-nurse fund, and one towards the fund for establishing a museum in the Beethoven house in Bonn. We must give many performances, as we can only seat one hundred and twenty people comfortably. But then *all* these have a good view. It is curious to reflect that whilst only one hundred and twenty are in the auditorium, there are nearly one hundred people in the play, including of course

the orchestra of thirty performers. But the one hundred and twenty include some of the most prominent men in art, science, literature, and music. Our most appreciative friends are, perhaps, the actors. *They* know the difficulties, and are most generous in their verdict. Our shortcomings, and they must be

end of a song; no audience that comes to the play late, chats loudly whilst it is there, and goes before it is over. In my music I cannot give them tunes to whistle and hum as they pass out, and in my scenes I wish only to make the effects as true to Nature as I possibly can; and only artistic natures, and lovers of



THE MUMMER INTERLUDE.—ACT III.

(From a Drawing by Professor Herkomer, A.R.A.)

many, should be excused on the strength of the earnest desire to let nothing stand in the way of pure *art*—no speculation, no money-making, no desire for applause. In my theatre, when the curtain once drops on an Act, it never rises until the next Act, because the illusion is the very foundation of the whole scheme, and I will not allow custom to dictate to me. I have no mixed audiences to please; no gallery that always applauds a high long note at the

Nature who have looked enough at Nature to remember her effects, can be my judges. I consider myself particularly happy in being able to select my audience.

I am only at present on the threshold of my experiments in pictorial music-plays. I am gaining experience every day, and trust in a couple of years to have ripened my scheme into something that has definite form, and need no longer be called an experiment.

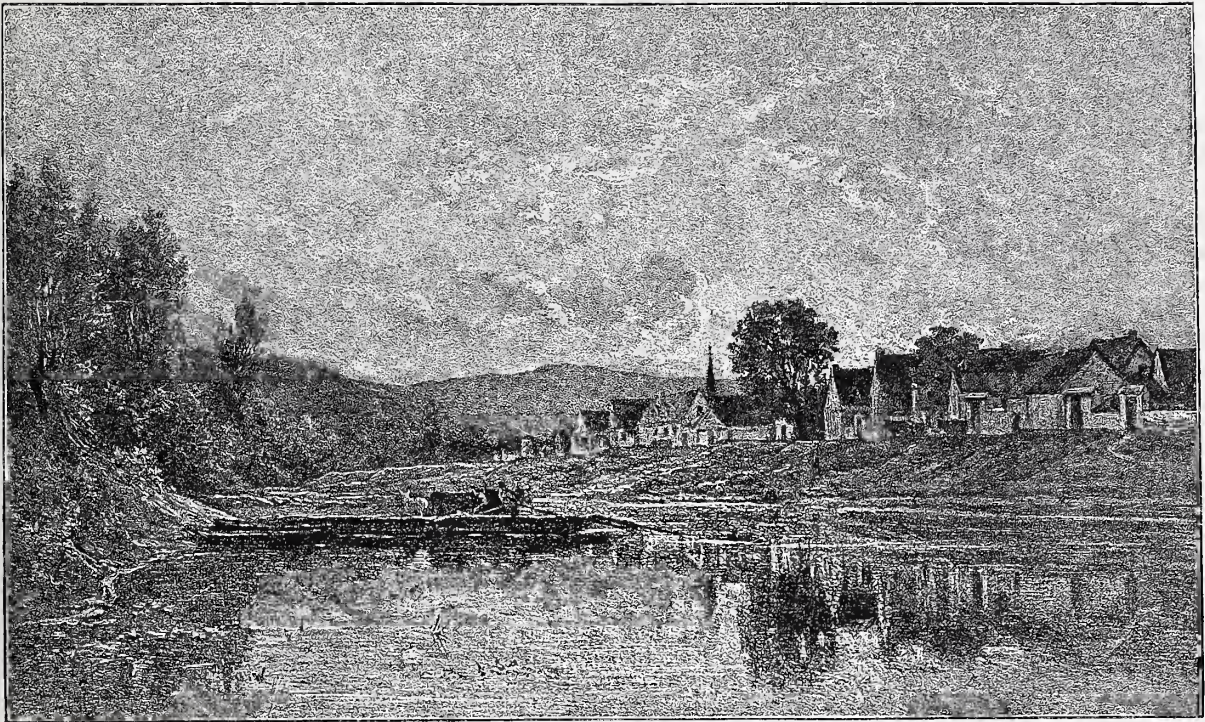
THE BARBIZON SCHOOL.

CHARLES FRANÇOIS DAUBIGNY.—II.

BY DAVID CROAL THOMSON.

ABOUT 1848 Daubigny began to show distinct signs of his genius, and for his five delightful landscapes sent to the Salon of that year he was awarded a second-class medal, a notable event

Auvers, on the Oise, almost to Rouen, on the Seine. There was always plenty to eat and drink on board, and there was provision for cooking; so that, although he worked hard, he lived well.



THE VILLAGE OF GLOUTON.

(From the Picture by Daubigny. In the Possession of M. Gustave Clodin.)

for a man of thirty-one. Circumstances began gradually to improve with him, and, when a very acceptable legacy had been left to him, he was able to be more independent, painting with the future more in view; and he was also able to take longer journeys from home. On his boat *Le Botin*, built for voyaging on the Oise and Seine, he liked to be called "the Captain," and many a fine picture was painted from it. Very early in the mornings he would start off, generally alone, until his son became old enough to accompany him, and he would let his boat drift until it brought him to some new position suitable for painting, when he would cast anchor and very soon reproduce the scene on his canvas.

Le Botin had everything that was necessary for lengthy journeys, for Daubigny went sometimes from

In 1860 Daubigny started his country-house at Auvers, one of the most charming places within easy access of Paris. There he built a house that was quite a museum of art-treasures, and which was decorated by himself and his brother-artists. In the *loggia* giving access to the studio there were six compartments upright and three oblong, and those were painted by Corot, who always took a lively interest in Daubigny. Daubigny, indeed, like so many other painters, looked on Corot as "papa," went to him in his troubles, confided in him, and—what was more uncommon—acted on his advice. Again, in 1872 Corot, then an old man, and not able himself to mount the ladders, directed the decorations of the interior of the studio at Auvers, which were carried out by Daubigny *père* and *fils*, and

Oudinot, Daubigny's pupil. Corot expressed satisfaction with the result, and only regretted that he could not ascend the ladders to paint something with his own hand. Corot was frequently at Auvers, and Daubigny took a great pride in his visits.

Daubigny was very simple in his life in the country, and occupied himself with the humblest pursuits. Once a friend visiting him was asked by Daubigny to go with him as he was painting his boat.

German War, in 1871, Daubigny came to England, going afterwards to Holland. He painted a number of pictures on the Lower Thames, of which several are still in London collections. Daubigny was very little known in England at the time, and he does not seem to have mixed with English artists. As soon as affairs became quiet after the war, he returned to France, for he felt that his strength lay more in the poetic treatment of his delightful native



FROM DAUBIGNY'S SKETCH-BOOK.

The friend naturally thought it was a picture on which the artist was engaged, but he soon found it was a veritable coat of colour for the boat itself that the artist was preparing.

Daubigny's position gradually became to be that of an acknowledged master. In 1853 he was awarded a first-class medal; in 1859 he was made a member of the Legion of Honour, and an Officer of the same in 1874; while at the 1867 Exhibition he obtained a first-class medal in the keen competition of the Exposition Universelle.

In 1866, and also at the time of the Franco-

rivers than in the realisation of the more prosaic Thames and Scheldt.

Daubigny's Paris studio was, in 1870 and later, at No. 41, Rue Notre Dame de Lorette, in the north of the city; and there, during the season in Paris, he was to be found on certain days, ready to show his pictures to his patrons and friends. It was a little house, built probably at the beginning of the century, in front of which there was a court, separated by a railing from the street.* A small gate opened on the left, leading to a narrow staircase,

* "Peintres et Sculpteurs contemporains." J. Claretie (1882).

which, in its turn, opened on the studio, which was of fair proportions. The studio was literally filled with sketches, studies, and unfinished pictures, of which a great number was dispersed at the sale soon after Daubigny's death. The house has been rebuilt, and no vestige remains of the studio where he painted. But, of course, the place in which Daubigny did his best work was at Auvers, where, as has been described, he was in the midst of the scenery best adapted to his brush and palette.

M. Albert Wolff tells how wearied Daubigny used to become of his visitors, and how irritable he was on the visitors' days, when the *monde* passed by his greatest work in silence, and praised him only when he produced an effect which reminded them of some-

was never quite free from pain. The closing scene of his life was marked by an incident which showed the deep admiration and devotion he had for Corot. The appreciation was mutual; and Corot had a fine specimen of Daubigny's work in his little collection of pictures. The thoughts of Daubigny, on his deathbed, turned lovingly towards Corot, and almost his final words were—"Adieu; I am going to see above if friend Corot has found me any *molifs* for landscapes." And so, on the 19th of February, 1878—just four years after Corot—Daubigny died. He was buried at Père Laehaise in presence of a large concourse of friends—artists and writers—and a bust to his memory has since been erected there.

In personal appearance Daubigny was robust and



THE WINDMILLS OF DORDRECHT.

(From the Picture by Daubigny.)

thing they had seen before. One day he is said to have gone so far, writhing under the petty annoyance of visitors who would not spare a few minutes' thought even to try to understand the artist, as to say, in a tone loud enough for everyone to hear, "Laissez-moi donc tranquille—the best pictures are those which do not sell." Let the reader ask any painter how much this phrase means to the real artist, and he will ascertain how true it is. Such a painter's best pictures do not sell, mainly because they are too individual in themselves, too different from what has been already done and accepted as masterpieces; and also because, as they follow no acknowledged style, they are not allowed for a long time to be good and admirable works of art.

In 1874 Daubigny began to suffer much from bad health; and from that time up to his death he

joyful-looking, like the captain he was often jokingly called, with loosely-trimmed beard and moustache. In youth he was considered rather good-looking; and even when his beard became grey, and his face covered with furrows (the result, chiefly, of rheumatism contracted by his frequent journeys in his boat), he was still, though somewhat rustie in appearance, an interesting-looking man.

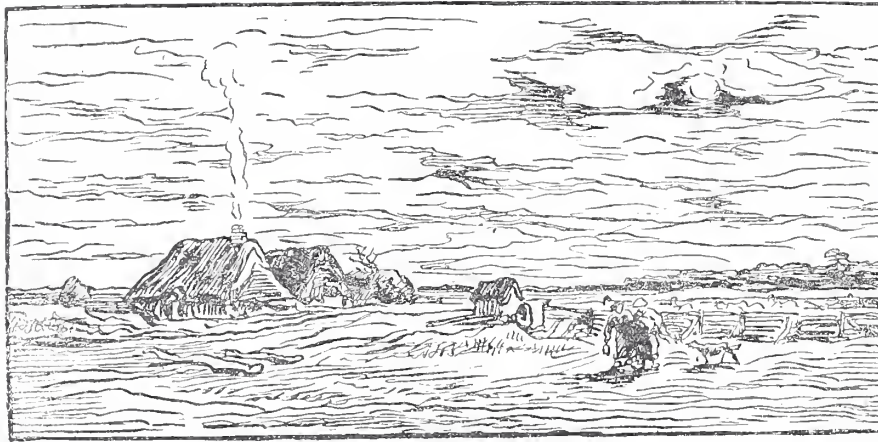
The chief qualities of Daubigny's pictures have been noted in respect to their relation to the other artists of the Barbizon group; but it may be added that Daubigny was entirely a landscape-painter and etcher. Figures he seldom painted of any size, his greatest works being landscapes, frequently with a river or piece of water in front, well-wooded banks, perhaps an Indian-file of geese ascending a path, and often with a village at the top, showing a church-spire

clear against the sky. There is a story told of a poor young man afflicted with consumption, who, coming suddenly before a great work of Daubigny, exclaimed, "Ah! I can breathe better now." The invalid seemed to feel the fresh air blowing on his face, for the artist seemed to have mixed the very atmosphere with his pigments.

Daubigny was an etcher of some renown, and there are over one hundred plates etched by him, nearly the whole of which, however, are of small size, and employed only for book illustrations. He also, in his earlier years, drew designs on wood for engraving, and a number of these contained figures of minute dimensions. He also tried to work a

process of aquafortis on glass, which, however, has never been successfully carried out on account of the great difficulty of printing.

The illustrations chosen for this notice exemplify in brief the chief characteristics of the painter. The first part contained a portrait of the painter and engravings of his celebrated pictures, "Le Printemps," in the Louvre, and "Mantes." This second part is illustrated with the "Village of Glouton," a familiar composition which Daubigny greatly liked; also two sketches, being facsimile reproductions of the artist's own work; and the "Windmills of Dordrecht," from Daubigny's picture in the Salon of 1872—one of the painter's later compositions.



FROM DAUBIGNY'S SKETCH-BOOK, 1865.

ON THE PRINTING OF ETCHINGS.

BY MORTIMER MENPES.



HOLD that the printing of his plates should be to the etcher at once a duty and a pleasure, and I gladly accept the opportunity that is afforded me of making public one or two ideas on the printing of etchings—a department of art to which I have for some years past directed my attention. To begin with, I am the uncompromising enemy of the professional printer. I look upon his existence in the world of art as a most curious anomaly, and grow every day more and more surprised that any artist should employ him. The printing of an etching is every whit as important a process, and requires nearly, if not quite, as much *art* as the engraving of its lines upon the copper plate. That axiom would, I know,

meet with more approval from the printer than from the artist. It is the continual cry of the printer that he *is* an artist. But—as I hope to prove—that very claim helps to put him upon the horns of a dilemma from which there is no escape. If he be not an artist, then the anomaly of his being employed upon a very delicate and important branch of another artist's work becomes evident at once. If he be an artist, then he has perforce an individuality, *nuances* of perception and feeling peculiar to himself, which will effectually unfit him to complete work conceived by another mind, necessarily distinct from, and possibly antagonistic to, his own. Sometimes, on expressing this opinion in conversation, I have been met by the reply that the same rule must be applicable to the engraving of pictures by another hand than that which created them. A singularly shallow argument, for the engraving of a picture has nothing to do with

the picture itself, and leaves the original, by which the artist stands or falls, untouched, whereas the printing of an etching is the only process by which the work can be made public property. Most, if not all, of the masterpieces of etching have been printed by their creators. All Rembrandt's best productions

being prepared for the public eye, and to point out, seriatim, the most glaring of the errors ordinarily committed by the professional printer. I may claim to speak with some authority, for during a whole year those processes were the sole subjects of my waking thoughts, and so urgent was



MORTIMER MENPES.

(From a Chalk Drawing by Himself.)

in this line were passed through the press by his own hand, and among the moderns, Mr. Whistler owes the high place he has deservedly taken to the fact that he is invariably his own printer.

Perhaps the best fashion in which I can make clear my theory will be to detail what I believe to be the processes through which an etching should pass in

the interest with which they inspired me that their problems haunted my sleep. Many a time I have arisen in the dead of night to try experimentally some new idea which has flashed across my mind as the long-sought solution of some despair-inspiring crux.

The plate being ready to be printed from, the first

thing to be done is to run it through the press between two pieces of plate-paper. If the gloss upon the upper sheet be perfectly smooth, then evenness of pressure on both sides the drum is secured. This may be judged by holding the sheet obliquely to the light. Then comes the warming of the plate. For reasons presently to be explained, the professional printer invariably overheats the etching. The faintest warmth is quite sufficient, anything more is deleterious—more hurtful in fact than no heat at all. This blunder is necessitated by the quality of ink used by the professional printer, a point of an importance hardly to be exaggerated. The ink should be fresh mixed every day. It should be compounded of Frankfort black (which, if the tint of the proof is to be brown, may be warmed by the infusion of the necessary amount of ordinary powdered umber) and mixed with linseed oil very slightly burned. It is a common and fatal error to employ oil burned almost to varnish. One consequence of this mistake is that it gives the lines of the proof a heavy and glutinous aspect, instead of the rich, *mat* tone they should possess. Another of its results is that the ink so clings to and clogs the fissures of the etching as to make their cleansing a matter of much greater difficulty, and the plate gets torn to pieces in that process, for cleaning is far more wearing to a plate than is printing from it. Another printer's blunder is to overgrind the ink with the muller, which destroys its crispness of consistency. Two or three gentle rubs are quite sufficient. Ink so made flows freely into the lines of the plate, and so obviates the need of overheating necessary to insure the flow of the sluggish and glutinous ink of the printer.

Having very slightly warmed the plate, cover its surface freely with ink, and wipe off the first superabundance with a piece of coarsish French muslin. Then finish wiping with the palm of the hand. So treated, the plate, though to an inexperienced eye it may appear perfectly clean and dry, will retain a thin coating of ink sufficient to tint the unengraved portions of the plate. This is a most delicate and important part of the process, as by it you "form your picture." It is every whit as crucial a performance as shading a drawing, and it is, perhaps, the process in which the weakness of the professional printer is most fatally shown. It is far better to wipe the plate perfectly clean than to leave masses and lumps of tint (facetiously called "tone" and "quality" by the professional printer) where they are not required, and so outrage the intentions of the artist. It is unfortunate that this article cannot be illustrated by renderings of the effects I strive to describe, but as neither wood nor process is capable of reproducing them, I must perforce ask my readers to be contented with such an expression of my ideas as

my slender literary powers are able to give. One of the crowning sins of the professional printer is to rub the plate with the palm of his hand covered with whiting, a lazy, amateurish trick bringing its own punishment in the utter destruction of all quality in the proof. In etchings so treated every line stares forlornly from the paper, hard and unsympathetic, with none of the mellowness which is among the most delightful effects of a well-finished proof. This, *en passant*, is another of the brood of blunders begotten of bad ink, too heavy and glutinous to be removed by the naked palm.

I may here diverge for a moment to remark that *simplicity* is the key to excellence of effect, in this as in all processes. Overboiling of the oil, overgrinding of the black, overheating of the plate, the employment of whiting instead of the naked palm in forming the picture, are among the cardinal sins of the amateur and the professional printer—extremes meet—and are all departures from the rule of *simplicity*.

After rubbing with the palm of the hand, the plate should be *retroussé* (*Anglicè* "dragged") with a piece of the very softest muslin, boiled at least a score of times to render its texture sufficiently yielding. The fluff of the muslin brings some of the ink left in the lines of the etching over their edges, thus giving them a soft, dark quality otherwise unattainable. An altogether different quality, very valuable for plates requiring certain effects, is procured by finishing merely with the first coarse muslin, and not using the finer muslin or the palm of the hand at all. Then the plate should be passed through the press and the proof printed, but before that is done care should be taken that it is *absolutely stone cold*. The professional printer invariably prints from a plate more or less hot. This I maintain to be a mistake. *The brilliance of the proof is in ratio with the coldness of the plate from which it is taken*. In examining the proof, it should always be laid upon a sheet of white card or plate-paper, which will show up every line and touch of the etching with absolute distinctness, and enable the artist to gauge its effect purely as a piece of decorative work, apart from what other virtues or defects it may possess. No etching can be conclusively judged otherwise; it is as necessary to examine it against an undertone of pure white as it is to see a picture in its frame before finally concluding on its merits.

Another matter of the very greatest importance is the quality of the paper upon which the proofs of the etching are printed. Every year it becomes increasingly difficult to obtain the real old quality of paper necessary for the completion of the finest work. I have been especially fortunate in this respect, and am the happy possessor of one of the finest

collections of genuine old papers—the priceless Garden of Holland fabric, for example, of which I have a large store—in the world; and I may fairly claim some credit for the time and patience I have expended on the research. I have ransacked the slums and alleys of Paris, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Brussels, and London, often drawing completely blank, but now and again rewarded by rare strokes of fortune. Once, in London—I suppress the exact locality for reasons sufficiently obvious—I made a splendid haul. I stumbled across a little low-browed dirty shop, in whose windows were exposed for sale the usual soiled and dubious engravings—Rembrandt at three guineas, Reynolds at two pounds ten, mixed with plates from Doré's Bible and Milton, and smeary lithographs from Rowlandson and Cruikshank. The honest merchant had accumulated some six thousand sheets of old paper—French, Dutch, and English—the real price-less hand-made, of all sorts and sizes. It illuminated his dingy shop with a veritable blaze of gold as it lay upon the counter. My heart, like Macbeth's, “knocked at my ribs against the use of Nature,” as I fingered it and debated its probable price. That splendid pile became my property at what Mr. Montagu Tigg would have called “the ridiculously small sum of ten shillings.” No burglar escaping with his booty—not Jack Sheppard himself upon the leads of Newgate with liberty before him and the gallows behind—ever so dreaded an arresting hand on his shoulder as I did, as, alone and unaided, I struggled with my treasure into a four-wheeler. Such a piece of luck as that leaves a red-letter day in the paper-hunter's calendar. Generally, his finds are limited to a few sheets, torn from old books, fly-leaves and blank pages.

Proof-paper must be old; age alone can give the quality required for fine work. The real thing is recognisable, first by its colour—a beautiful, indescribable tint of gold—and secondly by the odour left in it by the decay of the size used in its manufacture. The more completely the size has decayed the better the paper; but the size must have been there, just as sugar must have been in Chablis.

Now comes the actual process of printing. The first step is to damp the paper, which is done by passing a moist sponge over each sheet separately, and laying them one upon another. Take off the surplus wet by the application of blotting-paper, and rub one side of the sheet lightly with a brush, thus raising on its surface a slight fluff, as delicate as the down on a peach, or the bloom upon the cheek of a healthy child. The fluffy side of the paper is laid upon the plate, the light down fitting into its fissures. Lay over it a piece of plate-paper, and pass it through the press, producing your proof. The

pressure of the plate on the one side and of the thick paper on the other leaves on the proof a glaze, which must be got rid of. To do this, let the proof dry thoroughly. This will take two or three days, but the period should never be shortened in the smallest degree by the use of artificial heat. Then let the proof soak in water for a night; partially dry with blotting-paper, and put between two pieces of plate-paper, which should be changed two or three times during the period of the second drying, about equivalent to that of the first. This process destroys the objectionable gloss, and leaves on the paper a delicate bloom, showing to great advantage the quality of every line and tone in the etching. All this takes time and patience, and is often scamped by the professional printer, who grudges the trouble necessary to get rid of that greasy quality so often noticeable in his work.

It is not merely, in my view, a duty which the artist owes to himself and to his public to print his own work; to me it is an added pleasure, and the greatest of all. Not even the engraving of the plate yields so many pleasurable and delightful sensations as are compressed into those few seconds in which, so to speak, your etching is *being born*, when it is passing through the press—the trembling expectancy, compounded of hope and fear, with which you await the results of your own labour gives moments among the most precious in an artist's life. The success or failure is your own; you owe no particle of the former to another—from the latter, lessons of price-less value may be drawn by a patient and willing student.

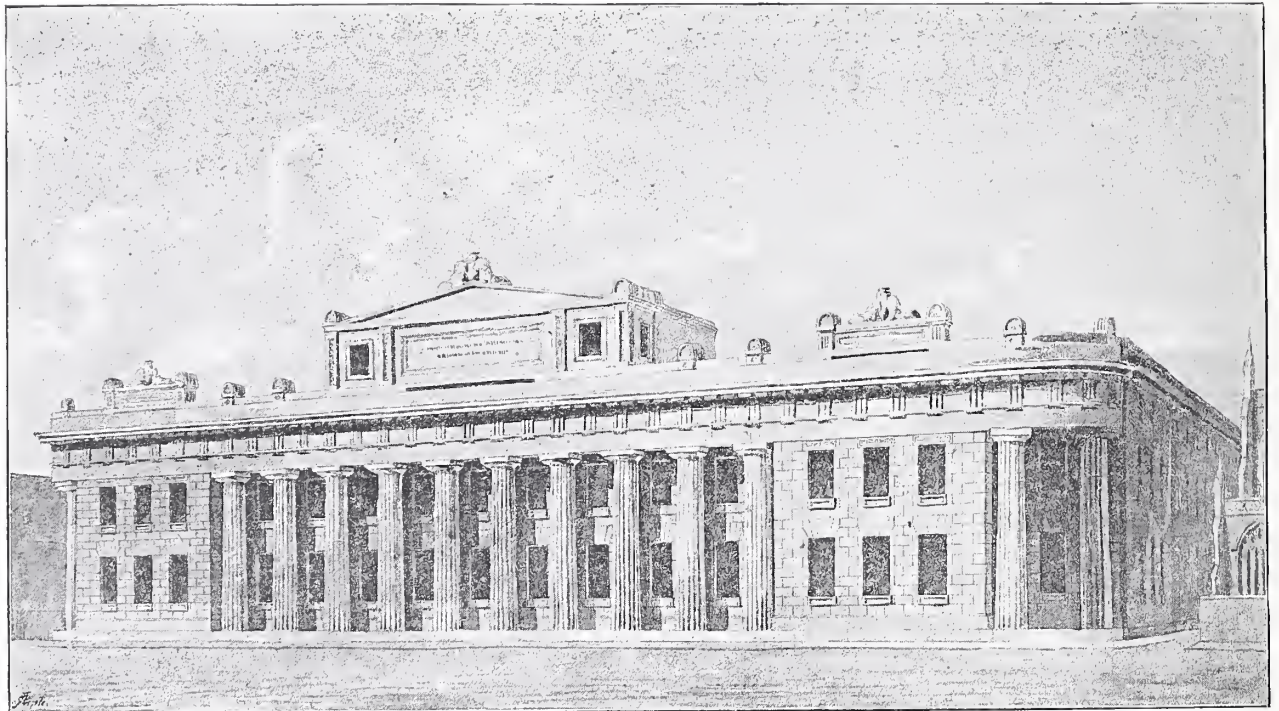
Before laying down my pen there is one more cardinal sin—eclipsing all others in its rank Philistinism—to which I must refer: the printing of etchings *in two colours*. For aught I know, two may not be the limit; and it is possible that there are extant etchings rivalling the most gorgeous oleograph in diversity of pigment. Upon whose head—artist's or printer's—the blame of this artistic profanity should fall, I know not. I leave its author in what delusive peace he may enjoy until the coming of his special Nemesis. The soul and spirit of an etching, its very *raison d'être*, is to show what effects of suggested colour can be accomplished by different tones and quantities of *one* pigment. There may be effects unproduceable by this process; if so, let the etcher leave them to workers practising in other branches. But that any man calling himself an artist should so violate the fundamental principle of his chosen study as to employ more than one colour in an etching would be incredible, were it not actually provable by a glance at any one of half-a-dozen print shops between Temple Bar and Charing Cross.

THE HIGH STREET OF OXFORD, AND BRASENOSE COLLEGE.

BY T. G. JACKSON, F.S.A.

LIKE many other ancient towns which have preserved the traditional plan of the Roman camp, Oxford has its four main streets meeting near the centre of the space enclosed by the old walls. Though they are known by other names, Oxford has, like Gloucester, its East Street, West Street, North

regular curve which brings into view successively, and with an almost dramatic effectiveness, the fine buildings with which it is adorned. No street in the world has been more praised than this, and none perhaps so well deserves its renown. Nothing can be more charming than the variety of grouping



SIR JOHN SOANE'S DESIGN FOR BRASENOSE COLLEGE, 1807.—NO. 1.

(From the Drawing by the Architect.)

Street, and South Street, which converge on the spot known as Carfax or Quatre Voies, where in 1610 was erected the well-known conduit now to be seen in Nuneham Park. Queen's Street, which runs westward, is somewhat narrow and tortuous; but the Corn-market and St. Aldate's, running north and south, are fairly spacious, and the East Street is the famous "High," the glory of Oxford. Narrow at first, it gradually expands to a noble width, occasioned perhaps by the need of space for the ancient markets in a town which has no *place* or *piazza*; and by a fortunate accident of the lie of the ground, as it follows the brow of a gentle slope,* it assumes that

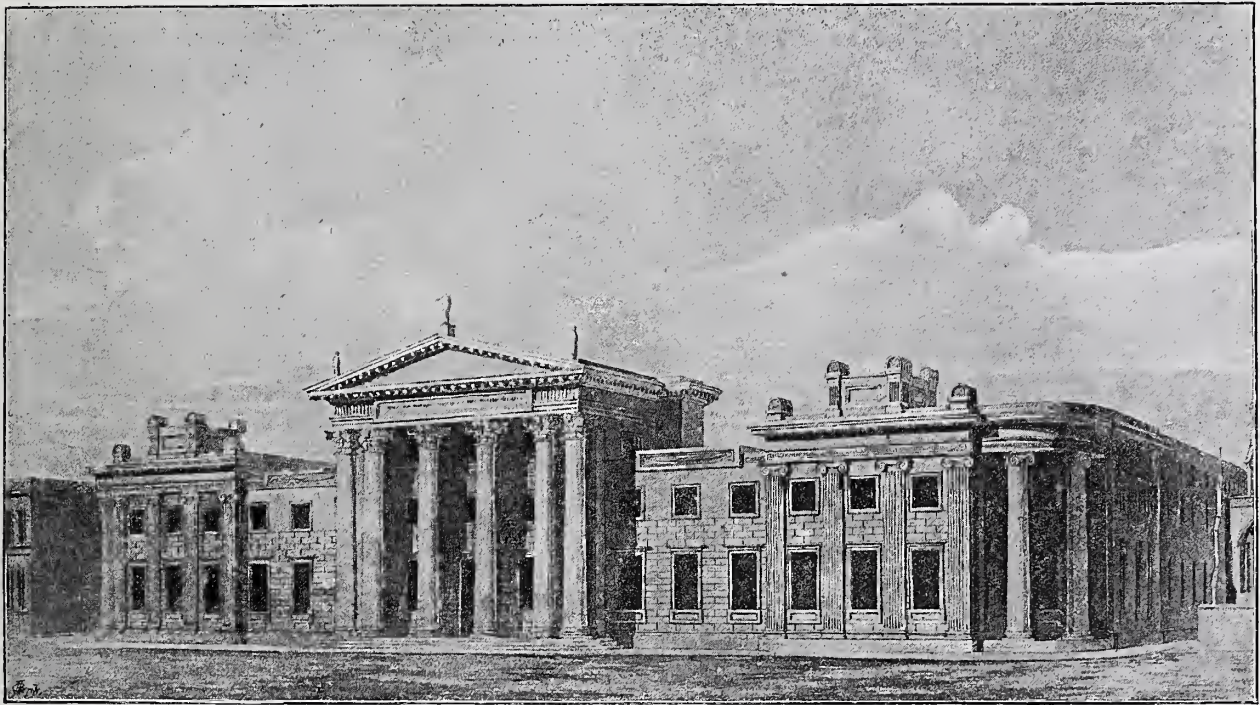
* This occurs to me as the explanation of the curved line of the street, which is unusual. The fall from High Street southwards is steep at Carfax, and continues, though more gently, for its whole length.

offered by the several towers and spires of the colleges and churches from different points of view, and nothing more interesting than the successive revelation of fresh buildings as one follows the sweep of the street from end to end. It is to this that its great charm is due, and the effect is so successful and apparently so well managed, that an ordinary observer may very likely think it the result of contrivance and of a single architectural design.

And yet it is nothing but the outcome of accident to begin with, and of gradual alteration and addition bit by bit in after-ages; and it is only in quite modern times that it has arrived at anything like its present number of public buildings. Its curve is accidental, much older than the foundation of any of the colleges, and probably older than the University itself. The earliest academical buildings

in Oxford were not of a kind to add anything to the splendour of her streets. They were hostels, halls, and schools, small tenements numbering about three hundred in the time of Edward I., of so little architectural pretension, that those in High Street were scarcely distinguishable from the houses of the burghers around them. There were, it is true, the three churches of Carfax, All Saints, and St. Mary, but the magnificent tower and spire of the latter did not come into being till the fourteenth century, nor its present stately nave and choir till the end of the fifteenth. And when, in the latter part of

series of colleges, All Souls is the only one that was originally built with a front to High Street, and it was not founded before 1438. Magdalen, which now forms such a magnificent climax at the end of the street, was begun in 1473, but till quite lately it was not in the street at all, being built outside the old city wall and cut off from the town by a sudden narrowing of High Street and by East Gate, which spanned it near the bottom of Long-Wall Street. Even in the time of Charles II. "the High" differed but little from the main street of many English country towns, for of the two colleges that fronted



SIR JOHN SOANE'S DESIGN FOR BRASENOSE COLLEGE.—NO. 2.

(From the Drawing by the Architect.)

the thirteenth century, colleges—the peculiar glory of our English Universities—began to be founded and built, it was long before any of them presented a front to High Street. Merton, the oldest of them all, and the type after which all the other colleges at Oxford and Cambridge were modelled, was placed in a bye-street close to the city wall, and though six more colleges were founded before the end of the fourteenth century, none of them took its place originally in the principal street. The first to make its appearance there was University College, which moved to its present site about 1343 from the buildings it had previously occupied in School Street, where Brasenose now stands. Queen's, though built between 1349 and 1353, did not then come to the front, but stood altogether in Queen's Lane facing the church of St. Peter in the East. Of all the

it one was but half its present size, and the three churches, which with the conduit at Carfax formed its other architectural features, had nothing especially academic about them.

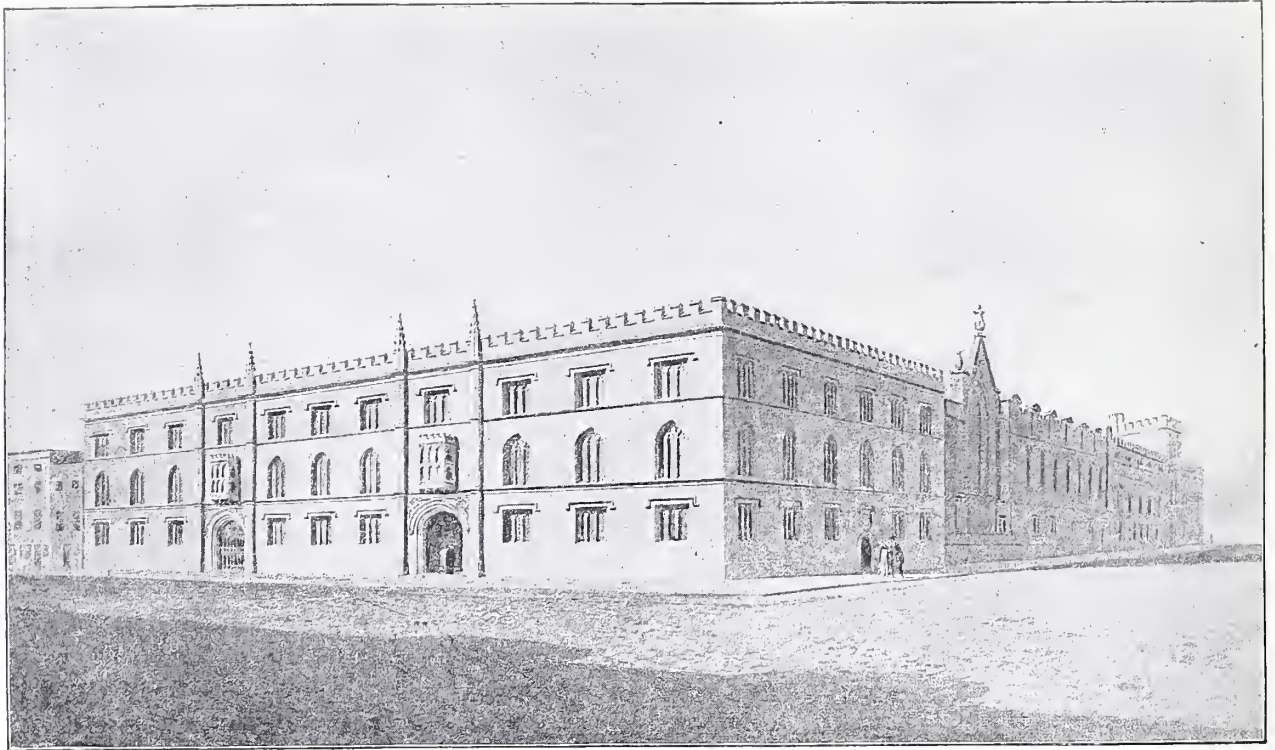
It was not till the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century that the architectural opportunities offered by a frontage to High Street seem first to have struck the imagination. Between 1634 and 1674, the somewhat mean and then ruinous buildings of University College, shown in Bereloe's view of 1556, were pulled down, and rebuilt with a front to the street of twice its original length and with a second gateway tower; in 1710 the houses that hid Queen's College were thrown down, and that college came to the front with Hawkesmoore's stately quadrangle and screen in the neo-classic style of the day; and finally in 1771 East Gate was pulled

down, the sphincter in the street widened, and Waynflete's splendid college and campanile brought as it were into Oxford. The present admirable steeple of All Saints' had already replaced the old tower which fell in 1699, and with the removal of the conduit in 1787, and the wanton destruction of the picturesque old church of Carfax in 1820, and its rebuilding in the baldest style of "carpenter's Gothic," the series of changes in High Street closed, not to be reopened for nearly sixty years.

During the last twelve years, however, "the

finished, and, so to say, published to the world, and must be left to speak for itself.

My other building in High Street, that for Brasenose College, is not yet advanced enough to dispense with explanation. The site is even a more important one than that of the schools, situated as it is in the very centre of "the High," adjoining St. Mary's Church, intermediate between the two steeples of St. Mary's and All Saints', and with a corner that commands the whole street as far as the curve beyond Queen's. "The public naturally asks,



PHILIP HARDWICK'S DESIGN FOR BRASENOSE COLLEGE.

(From the Drawing by the Architect)

High" has undergone changes as important as any in its history. Three new buildings, academic or collegiate, have been added to the series with which so many generations have been familiar. Recent visitors to Oxford will not fail to have seen and admired Messrs. Bodley and Garner's beautiful new buildings for Magdalen, which form an extension westward behind the screen of trees that border the north side of the street. For the other two buildings I am responsible. The Schools of the University were begun in 1876, and finished in 1888 by the completion of the wing intended for the use of non-collegiate students. Situated at the turn of the street where it is at its widest, the site is all that an architect could desire, and the importance of the building both in size and purpose was enough to inspire him to do his best. Of this building I need not speak; it is

and has a right to ask," says one journalist,* "how the ground now being cleared of its old houses for the completion of these buildings is to be filled," and in obedience to this demand I have accepted the invitation of the Editor of THE MAGAZINE OF ART to give a few particulars relating to the works now in progress, prefacing them with some account of Brasenose College and of certain other schemes which have at various times been proposed for extending it into High Street.

Brasenose College was founded in the first year of Henry VIII. by William Smyth, Bishop of Lincoln, and Sir Richard Sutton, a lawyer of the Inner Temple. Smyth was translated in 1489 from Lichfield to Lincoln, then one of the proudest sees in England, with a diocese extending from

* *Poll Mall Gazette*, December 5th, 1887.

the Humber to the Thames, and including Oxford within its limits. Influenced perhaps by the example of his patroness Margaret, Countess of Richmond, who had employed him about her recent foundations at Cambridge, Smyth determined to make some endowment for learning at Oxford, and after founding a fellowship at Oriel, and proposing a benefaction to Lincoln College which seems not to have been acceptable on his conditions, he finally concerted with his friend Mr. Richard Sutton the foundation of an entirely new college. The site they chose presented then an aspect very unlike that of the present day. Radcliffe Square and the area of the old schools and Bodleian Library were then covered with houses, courts, and gardens, lying between St. Catherine's, vulgarly known still as Cat Street, which ran north past the east end of St. Mary's, and School Street, which was parallel to it, running past the west end of the same church. Small halls or hostels where scholars resided, and to most of which schools were attached, abounded in these streets, there being in 1408 no fewer than thirty-two of them in School Street alone.* As many as eight of these halls were bought up by Smyth and Sutton to make room for their new foundation. On the west side of School Street they bought from University College Little University Hall and Brasenose Hall, and on the site of these two halls they erected the original quadrangle which still stands. Further southwards, still facing School Street, were Salisbury Hall and a private house known as St. Mary's Entry which they bought from Oriel College, and Little Edmund Hall which they took on a redeemable lease from Oseney Abbey. They also bought three schools on the east or opposite side of School Street: Glass or Glazen Hall, so called no doubt from the luxury of its glazed windows, Staple Hall, and Black Hall, which were in use by the college till pulled down to form Radcliffe Square.

Of the demolished halls, that of Brasenose was the most considerable; it transmitted its name to the new college, and the new foundation is even described in Bishop Smyth's epitaph as no more than a renewal of the old Brazen Hall:—

“Aulaque sumptu hujus renovata est Enea.”

There are various explanations of the curious name: some derive it from the *Brasinium*, Brasin-huse, or Brewhouse of the Royal Palace, which, how-

* These halls and schools were not academic buildings, but private property, some belonging to different colleges, some to Oseney, Eynsham, and other convents, and some to private persons, burghers, and others, from whom they were rented by masters licensed by the University to teach and hold disputations; the only peculiarity in their tenure being that the master could not be disturbed in his tenancy as long as he paid his rent, and that the rent of houses leased from townsmen was fixed by a joint board of two masters and two burghers.

ever, probably stood in another part of the town. Polydore Virgil, and after him Anthony à Wood, with less ingenuity but more reason, suppose it taken from some sign, or perhaps from the great bronze knocker of the door. It is “so called without doubt,” says Wood, “from such a sign which was in ancient times over the door, as other halls also had, viz., Hawk or Hieron Hall, Elephant, Swan, and Bull Hall.” At all events the oddity of the name struck the popular fancy, for when the migration of students to the rival schools of Stamford took place in the time of Edward III., they carried the name with them, and there may still be seen at Stamford the beautiful decorated doorway of Brasenose Hall, and the original bronze knocker or nose that once adorned it.

It would seem that no thought of giving their college a frontage to High Street ever entered the minds of the original founders. On the contrary, the original building occupied only the northern part of their purchase, where Little University Hall and Brasenose Hall stood, and the other halls may have been bought as investments of capital, not perhaps without the idea that the infant college as it grew might want them for room into which to extend itself. And so in fact it proved, for in the seventeenth century the original chapel and library in the old quadrangle were abandoned and turned into rooms, and the college crept gradually southwards over the site of Salisbury and Little Edmund Halls, with a new court and a new library and chapel fronting School Street and St. Mary's. They were now so near the front that the idea of breaking through could not fail to occur, and the loss of the three halls which were pulled down about that time to make way for the Radcliffe Library, no doubt made the society look about for some method of enlargement. By the purchase early in the last century of the houses between them and High Street the college now owned all the land between Lincoln College and School Street, including the whole frontage from St. Mary's to All Saints', and they had the recent example of Queen's College to tempt them to make a similar use of their site.

Accordingly, at that time, the grand idea of a High Street frontage took possession of the college, and has never since been forgotten. From time to time efforts were made to realise the tempting vision. At least three architects were at various times consulted, and at least five designs were produced by them, and considered only to be abandoned, before the scheme was once more revived at the present day, and this time actually carried into effect. Of the abandoned designs, one was engraved in the Oxford Almanack, and the others are preserved in the college library. Looked at in chronological order, they afford a curious epitome of the strange history

of architecture in England from the days of Wren to the Gothic renaissance of the early part of this century. From robust Palladian or Neo-Roman they run through the changes to Neo-Greek, of that kind the feeble vitality of which our grandfathers tried so hopelessly to nurse into actual existence, and which languished and died in our uncongenial clime before it had fairly drawn its first breath. From Greek they pass abruptly to Gothic of a queer kind—Strawberry Hill Gothic I fear we must call it—when men thought that the great art of the Middle Ages was a

whit inferior to those of the Middle Ages; but if I go on to say that in a hundred years they will be indistinguishable from them, I reveal the weakness as well as the strength of our position, for art cannot be historical without being specially characteristic of the age that gives it birth. And after all this better kind of art and artist among us is still too rare to give a colour to the general mass of building at the present day. In this respect we are undoubtedly behind the age which produced the first of the designs of which I am going to speak, when there was but



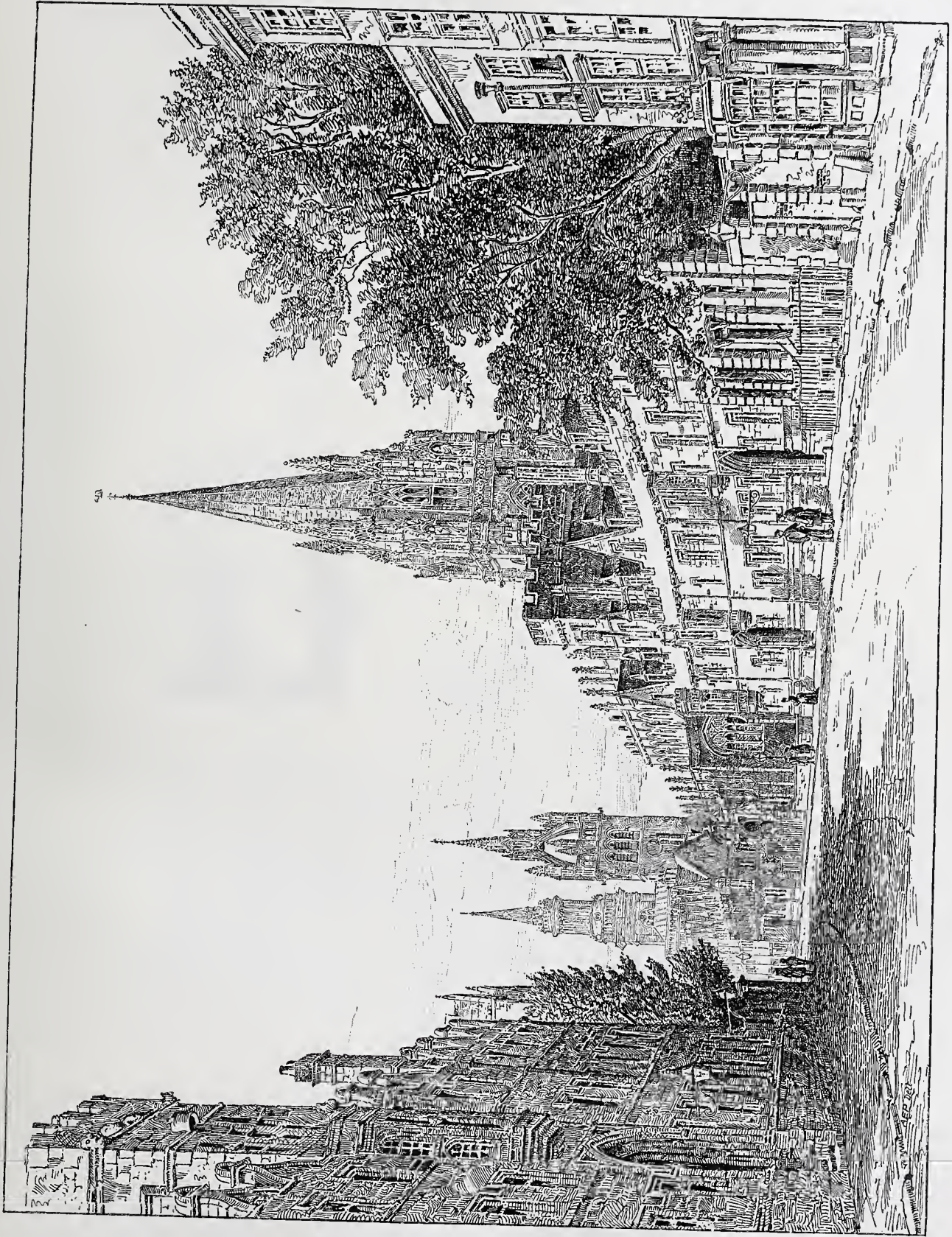
THE NEW FRONT OF BRASENOSE COLLEGE TO HIGH STREET.

(From the Drawing by T. G. Jackson.)

matter of pointed arches, pinnacles, and cusped lights, and their history a compound of sliding panels, subterranean passages, secret chambers, cowled monks, and haunted castles. Turning over these abandoned designs, conceived no doubt by their authors with no less fervour than our own, and with no less ardent faith in the style they professed, one is partly amused by the retrospect and partly saddened by the prospect of English art. Are we too working in the dark, groping our way blindly from style to style, and dropping them in turn as we tire of them, or is there an element of life in our work real enough to give it that historical character which alone can make it valuable to posterity? One thing is certain, that since our grandfathers' day we have worked ourselves into a better comprehension of Gothic work; buildings are produced in that style nowadays not

one style in vogue, in which, whatever its demerits, all alike, architect and craftsman, had equally learned to work, and which had established its claim to be regarded as vernacular.

At some time before 1723, the College obtained a design from Nicholas Hawkesmoore, which is engraved in the Oxford Almanack of that year. Hawkesmoore was a pupil of Wren, and architect of St. George's, Bloomsbury, the Clarendon building at Oxford, and the strange pseudo-Gothic towers in the north quadrangle of All Souls. He had recently built the south quadrangle which brought Queen's into "the High," and was no doubt considered the proper person to do the same for Brasenose. His plan included the entire rebuilding of the old college as well as its enlargement by a new south quadrangle. Entering from "the High" by a stately Corinthian portico, one would have



VIEW IN HIGH STREET, SHOWING THE PROPOSED CROWN STEEPLE TO BRASENOSE COLLEGE.

(From the Drawing by A. E. Perkins after the Design by T. G. Jackson.)

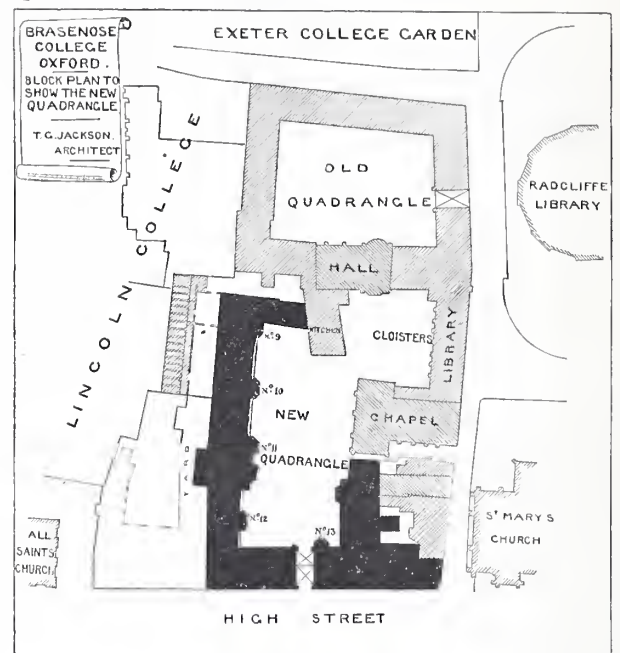
found oneself in a quadrangle about one hundred and thirty feet square, not unlike that at Queen's, with a cloistered walk below and two storeys above. The chapel was opposite, and behind it was the hall facing the north quadrangle. The design is dignified, and the four towers at the angles would have been imposing; but modern taste would not welcome a second classic front in "the High," and will certainly congratulate itself that the old quadrangle of Brasenose, one of the quaintest and most delightful bits in Oxford, was not sacrificed for an architectural idea, however grandiose. The ground plan in the college library, belonging to this design, is little more than a sketch, and it is probable that the scheme was not carried beyond that stage.

Together with these plans, I found another less ambitious, dated 1734, which, though not signed, retains so many traces of the first scheme that it is doubtless by the same hand. Only the south side of the old quadrangle is now proposed to be rebuilt, with a new hall, kitchen, and buttery; and southward of it are two quadrangles, the present chapel being retained between them. The great south quadrangle of the first design shrinks to the dimensions of "a Corinthian atrium" in the second, and is united to the middle quadrangle by a semicircular colonnade opposite the west end of the chapel. The building facing High Street contains a common room and lodgings for the Principal, and the other new buildings are chiefly corridors for "dry communication." This scheme is inferior to the first, though not without pleasant fancies. The drawing is interesting as showing the Radcliffe area already cleared, and the library, not in the middle of it where it was actually placed three years later, but in the north-west corner close to the Bodleian.

For seventy years after this the project seems to have slumbered, but in 1807 a design with two alternative elevations was submitted by Sir John Soane, architect of the Bank of England and the Westminster Law Courts, whose museum still exists in the house in Lincoln's Inn Fields in which he lived, and which he bequeathed with its contents to the nation. During the interval, Roman architecture had fallen into discredit; Stuart's Athens had appeared in 1772, Greek architecture was now all the rage, and Soane's designs are in that style. His plan does not touch any of the old buildings, but forms three sides of a quadrangle southwards. The Principal's house occupies the left part of the façade, extending backwards, with a garden behind it; and the rest of the new building is devoted to rooms for undergraduates and others. Design No. 1 provides no entrance from High Street, and design No. 2 only an insignificant one. The elevations illustrate the hopelessness of the problem proposed to themselves

by the Greek revivalists, and one may be thankful that "the High" has escaped such a piece of frigid feebleness in its midst. Hawkesmoore's design is worth a hundred of these.

But the reign of Greek architecture was nearly over when Soane made these plans; it had long been hard pressed by the Romantic school, and Gothic of a queer kind was already in vogue. Accordingly, only three years after Soane had proposed to set up the columns of Paestum in the High Street of Oxford, we find the college had passed at a bound from



PLAN OF BRASENOSE COLLEGE.

(With the Additions by T. G. Jackson.)

Hellas to Strawberry Hill. The last of the abandoned designs bears the signature of "Philip Hardwick, Berners Street, 26th June, 1810," and is worth preserving as a link in the history of English architecture, though it will not add to the reputation of its author. It is, however, fair to state that Mr. Hardwick was a very young man at this time, and that we know what he could do in his riper years in this style by his library at Lincoln's Inn, of which the outside has always seemed to me one of the best products of the Gothic revival.

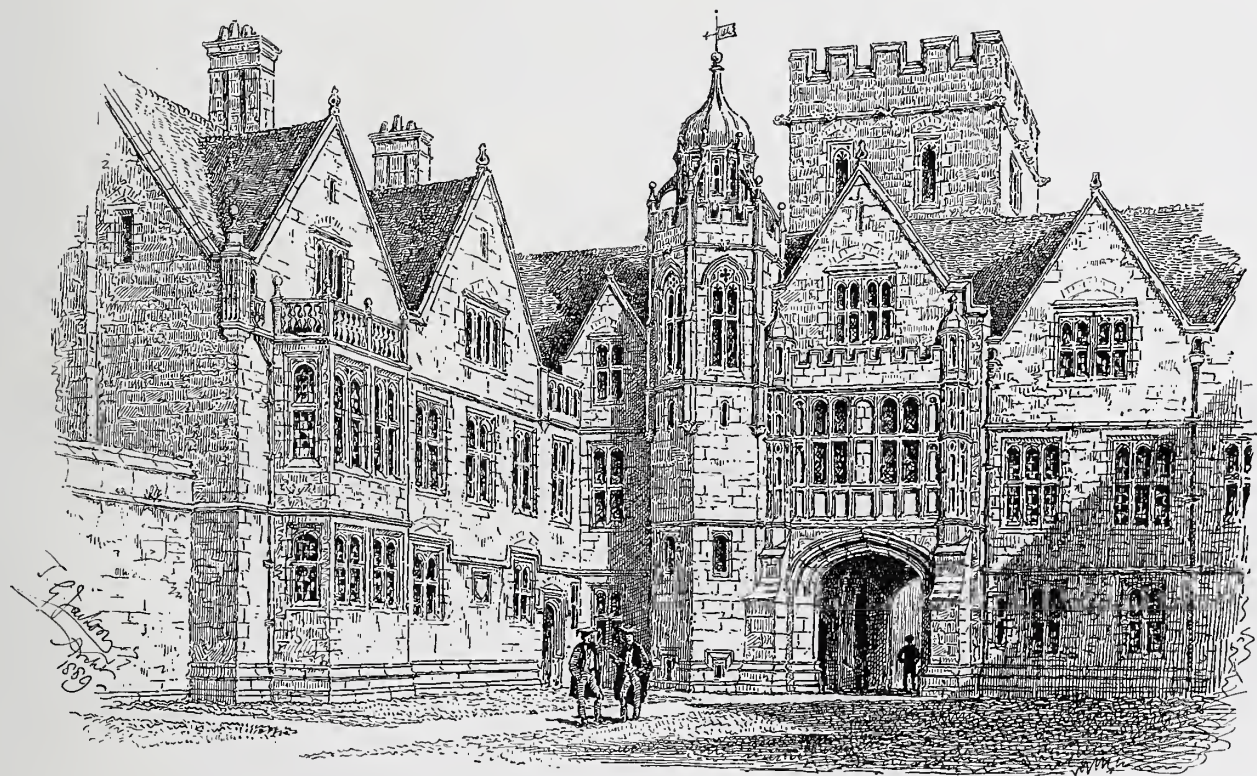
Again the scheme lay dormant for seventy years; but the rapid increase of the University, which has doubled its numbers within the last thirty years, has had the effect of driving most of the colleges, and Brasenose among them, to add to their buildings. Brasenose had in its rear a good deal of waste ground, occupied by yards, offices, and the college brew-house, which here, as elsewhere in Oxford, was no longer a necessary appendage of the college, the degenerate

undergraduate of to-day preferring Bass and Allsopp to the wholesome home-brew of our youth. These were cleared away, and I was commissioned to build on their site a block of buildings so arranged as to be in the right place if posterity should think fit to continue them and give the college its long-dreamed-of front to "the High." Staircases Nos. 11 and 10 (see block plan) were begun in 1882, and occupied after the long vacation of 1883; and No. 9, with the return block at the end, was completed in 1887. These buildings provide twenty-two sets of rooms for undergraduates, a large set for a Fellow, two lecture-rooms and a reading-room for undergraduates, besides sundry offices for the kitchen.

But posterity was not destined to enjoy the pleasure of realising the dream of the last two centuries. On the death of the late Principal, Dr. Cradock, in 1886, it was resolved to rebuild the Principal's house; and as the leases of several of the

the demolition of so many houses and shops in the heart of Oxford meant a certain loss of income; and in my first design the front, except in the part allotted to the Principal's house, was contrived with shops on the ground floor and college rooms above, right and left of a low gateway tower. The problem of providing these shops with the necessary accommodation, without bringing their inmates into view or contact with the collegians, was interesting and not easy. I believe the result would have been picturesque, and it would certainly have been novel; but the scheme was given up, chiefly because it was discovered that since the centre of Oxford has come to be occupied almost entirely by colleges and University buildings, there is no great demand for shops in High Street, trade having followed the private houses.

In the next design it was desired by the College that the entrance tower should be made more important, and, in fact, add a new feature to "the High,"



INTERIOR OF THE NEW QUADRANGLE.

(From the Drawing by T. G. Jackson.)

adjacent tenements had nearly run out, they were bought up, and the College decided to proceed at once with their new front.

The next step, the design, was not so easy; and the design now being carried out is the youngest of four which have in turn been considered by the College. At the outset, economic as well as artistic considerations had to be weighed. It was felt that

and this presented several still more difficult problems. The steeples of St. Mary's and All Saints' are not very far apart, and the street thereabouts is not curved, but straight; it is consequently very difficult to put a large tower between them so that it shall not clash with either or both of them from some point of view. After many trials, not only on paper, but with flags and scaffold-poles, I managed this by placing the

tower not in the façade but behind it, projecting a little into the quadrangle; and this forced me, in order to show it to the front, to run it up to a height rivalling the two other steeples. This, of course, was a formidable innovation, meaning nothing less than adding a new figure to a picture consecrated by time and memory, which had acquired a classic reputation not to be lightly disturbed. The proper form for the tower was another difficulty; for a square tower of the usual collegiate type would not do between the two church steeples; and, again, a steeple would be too ecclesiastical an ornament for a college. I found a compromise at length in a kind of crown steeple surmounting a square tower, which seemed to give the pointed form necessary to harmony with its neighbours, while avoiding by its open-work the heaviness of a simple tower: the effect also of the crown would be good when traced in black against the gorgeous sunset sky which so often forms the background of the view up "the High."

How the well-known view would have borne the introduction of this third steeple may be judged by the accompanying sketch; and unfortunately, as I venture to think, by it alone, for the steeple is

doomed to exist only on paper. The architectural opportunity was a grand one, and it can never occur again; but various considerations, partly those of expense, prevailed with the College to content themselves with a less ambitious scheme; and in the final design which is now being carried out we have returned to a simple gateway tower, somewhat loftier and more important than in the first design. The front consists of a gateway tower with the royal arms and supporters over the arch, signifying the proper style of the college as the "King's Hall and College of Brasenose." Above are two niches, destined for statues of Bishop Smyth and Sir Richard Sutton, the founders. To the west of the tower are three, and to the right four gables, each with a projecting oriel on the first floor; and at the corner next St. Mary's is an octagonal bay crowned with a spirelet. This end of the front is allotted to the Principal's house, which runs backward towards the chapel. Unlike my predecessors in this matter, I recommended the College to retain the picturesque little houses that stand back in St. Mary's Entry, which, by their small scale and the contrast they afford to the surrounding architecture, seem to me important elements in the picture.

"MAKING UP ACCOUNTS."

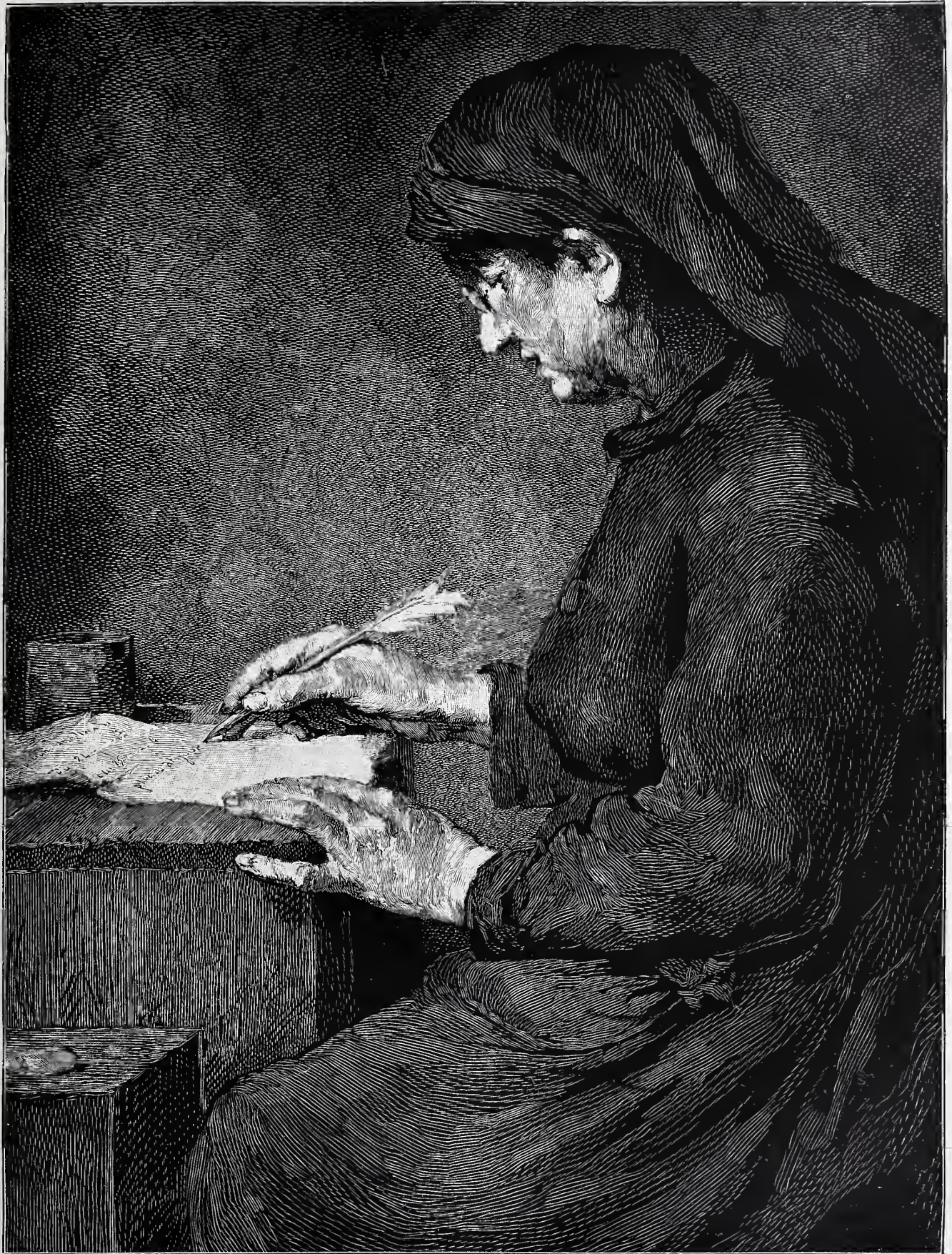
PAINTED BY AUGUSTIN THÉODULE RIBOT.

THERE is a double interest attaching to this presentation of M. Ribot's picture of "Making up Accounts"—that in the first place belonging to the work itself, and in the second place, and perhaps in a greater degree, that belonging to M. Boileau's interpretation of it. Of beauty, in the ordinary sense, there is certainly not much in this portrait of an old woman of the *bourgeoise* type in the act of entering her day's expenses; but of picturesque arrangement, of chiaroscuro—so admirably disposed as to recall the fine effects of Rembrandt—of drawing, and of character, there is so much that the work, as presented to the reader, becomes at once a source of keen enjoyment. This is owing in no small degree to superb quality of the wood engraving by which it has been translated by M. Boileau, and which, in the form it here appears in, attracted much attention in the section of "black-and-white" in the recent Salon. The representation of flesh in the face and hands, and the excellent modelling, are such as to strike every beholder, though the manner in which they have been arrived at, and the boldness and dexterity of the handling, appeal with peculiar force

to those who are familiar with the *technique* and the difficulty of xylography.

"La Comptabilité," as the picture is known in France, was exhibited at the Salon of 1878; and to the fact that its painter is also an engraver of note are doubtless owing the qualities which render it so happily adapted to intelligent reproduction in black-and-white. M. Ribot was born in 1823, and became a pupil of Glaize. He gained medals at the Salons of 1864 and 1865, and obtained a like honour of the third-class at the Universal Exhibition of 1878. The same year he was admitted to the Legion of Honour. He began exhibiting at the Salon in 1861, and has since established his reputation as a painter of history, incident, and still-life, a water-colour artist of vigour, and an etcher of great ability. Such, indeed, is the confidence placed in his judgment by the artistic community of France that he has been elected to serve on the Salon "jury of admission" some eight times; more often, that is to say, than Messrs. Meissonier, Gervex, Pils, Dupré, Corot, Bastien-Lepage, Cormon, and many other artists of the first rank.

M. H. S.



MAKING UP ACCOUNTS.

(From the Picture by A. T. Ribot. Engraved by A. Boileau.)

THE EXHIBITION OF THE HUMORISTS IN ART.

BY JOSEPH GREGO.

THE assemblage, in the galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, of a collection of fairly representative works by those artists whose vocation in life it has been, or is, to minister to the humorous proclivities of an appreciative public, goes far to prove that the English love of humour is a predominating quality; a gradually progressive, and finally a marked advancement is registered in the quality of both the work and the wit which is acceptable in latter times. And, above all, the contributions of eontemporary artistic humorists demonstrate, in a remarkable degree, the excellence of drawing which characterises even the lightest pictorial pleasantries of our day.

It has been asserted that comic art is better understood on the continent; the facility, "gusto," and *vis comica* essential to success in these "amusing trifles" have presumably been more the province of foreign draughtsmen; and it has often been assumed that French caricaturists especially excel other nations in the faculties necessary to a masterly *chic* more or less founded on efficient academic training, united with the reckless freedom of handling and the luxurious imagination desirable for success in the eccentric branch.

The advantage of comparison afforded by the novel exhibition in Piccadilly proves, amongst other

points, that the gifted native artistic humorists of our generation rejoice in the capacity for expressing vivacious and healthy fun without descending to

either grimace, broad caricature, or undue exaggeration, while the canons of good taste, and the susceptibilities of delicate minds are alike reverentially treated. The most notable of our early pictorial humorists were, as it happens, trained practitioners, and knew how to draw, although in the intermediate stages of the art—for a special art it must be reckoned in competent hands (as the collection illustrates)—the defective drawing is often more conspicuous than the humour, while the so-called "wit" is not seldom of a commonplace and downright order. The nicer subtleties which pass current in our day would have been wasted, and the occasionally diluted essence would have obviously been too "inappreciably fine" to have tickled the robust palates of our



FORMING THE LINE: THE DUKE OF YORK IN FLANDERS.

(From the Unpublished Original Sketch by James Gillray.)

ancestors. Needless to say the argument is enforced by the exhibition in question, that the early productions of the rollicking pictorial humorists, no less than the occasionally startling efforts of the avowed and professional caricaturists—who dealt in broader personalities—offer a direct contrast to the lighter-handed pleasantries of their successors who minister to the public of our day; yet each respective group in their generations consistently reflects the spirit of

the age. Compare the uncompromising onslaughts of Gillray with the refined and classic renderings of that "great master" Tenniel, or of Proctor; compare the convivial spirits, who, in Hogarth's Rabelaisian drinking bouts and midnight orgies—

"jovially twine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine,"

with the inebriated votaries of the same founts whom Charles Keene evidently delights to draw from the life with such inimitable expressiveness and evident truth; compare the redundant vigorous animal spirits which inspired Rowlandson's pencil as contrasted with the ingenious readiness of George du Maurier to seize and register the milder eccentric humours of the day, the "æsthetes," and the "society" vagaries of our era. Linley Sambourne has no parallel in the past, at least among native professors. Harry Furniss in the revelry of his fun has gone far to assimilate the antique *verve* with qualities of drawing, and a more delicately refined suggestiveness of execution which are essentially personal to himself. Other times, other men and manners.

Gordon Thomson, whose fun is evidently spontaneous, hearty, and as unctious, too, as that of his predecessors of the Georgian era; Fred Barnard, whose productions are instinct with abounding comic power, and whose handiwork is no less replete with humorous suggestiveness; the late W. G. Baxter, whose strikingly original works still belong to the immediate present; Alfred Bryan, and some others, all form a group which may be designated of the "elective" school. They are all draughtsmen whose "handling" supersedes the necessity for the intermediary of the engraver, since they have mastered the intricacies of "process," and have formulated for themselves, each according to his own vigorous individuality, methodised manners of artistic expression, idiosyncratic as that of expert engravers, of whose assistance they are independent.

Hal Ludlow, W. F. Thomas, J. W. Houghton, H. Morehen, A. Chasemore, Gordon Browne, A. C. Corbould, Lucien Davis, Bernard Partridge, and many other gifted exponents of our day may be taken as the outcome of our time, graceful, individualistic, and with a command of resources which renders their productions facile to translate by mechanical process. J. P. Sullivan may, like Sambourne, be regarded as a "gospel" to himself, his humour is distinctly his own, no less than his method of expression, and observers have averred that his work is "above the generality" in

the qualities of inventiveness and intensity of comic power—both as regards conception and execution. Original waggery in a novel direction marks the productions of J. R. and J. Brown, whose eccentricities in treating of the stirring adventures of the "McNab o' that Ilk"—the elder, the laird, the minister, and all the spirited *dramatis personæ* of those Caledonian pictorial "sensation dramas"—are perfectly fresh and mirthful in an extravagant measure.

The group of new hands—capable humorists in art, whose numbers extend rapidly, owing to the facility with which



A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

(From the Unpublished Original Drawing by Thomas Rowlandson.)

pen-and-ink drawings are reproduced—includes the names of so many and multifarious designers that I can only refer to their productions in appreciative terms without particularising individual professionally "comic designers."

Beyond the executants in black-and-white, who largely predominate in the humorous field, must be considered the productions of genial and delicate minded humorists like Charles Green, R.I., Frank Dadd, R.I., J. C. Dollman, R.I., W. Ralston, and others whose art belongs to the more ambitious platform of advanced water-colour art, uniting the greatest technical proficiency with a tincture of comic characterisation which render their works equally acceptable to lovers of fine art in its higher achievements, and to those amateurs who love



A WESTERN VIEW OF ALL SOULS' COLLEGE, OXFORD.

(From the Unpublished Drawing by Thomas Rowlandson.)

humour for itself, and who yet respect the manifestation of true comic power within modest limits.

The third room of the exhibition is devoted to living exponents, the capable artists to whom we all look for our mirth, and who never disappoint our weekly expectations.

Wandering from the present to the past, and travelling up the current of time, the retrospect shows that those artistic humorists, who must be regarded as the parents of the craft—in spite of the apparent coarseness their works present to unsophisticated minds—no less faithfully reflect the manners and habits of thought of their contemporaries. The performances of the “ancient masters” in this branch are in a way “classics,” and like Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, Goldsmith, and even the “moral reformer” Richardson—to say nothing of the comedy writers of their epoch—are to be judged by a different standard to that which prevails in a more cultivated time. Exuberant fun, and jocularities which went beyond “innuendos,” characterised the contemporaries of Hogarth, De Louthembourg, Rowlandson, Gillray, of Isaac, and even of George, Cruikshank (in his early days). The gentler Bunbury, whose excerpts from the life which he saw are seldom personal and always modest, was in this respect in advance of his age, his designs of the social surroundings which he observed at home and abroad are exceptional for a light inoffensive pleasantry, to which the delicate humours of Randolph Caldecott may be compared more appositely than at first strikes the eye.

The more vivacious literature and periodicals of a century back are distinguished for neither delicacy nor refinement; the jokes and “good things” which have reached us, even when avowedly proceeding from the greatest luminaries, social and political, no less than “the choicest spirits of the age,” are, to speak mildly, “full-flavoured.” Yet these things are “history” in their way. For instance, the abounding humours of the great Westminster Election of 1784 would shock the polite ears of the present generation; the *jeux des mots* produced by scholarly poetasters, and even the repartees uttered by the fairest lips, are leavened with a liberal admixture of “Attie salt” that would now be voted over-pungent. The prevailing tendencies—I cannot say “tastes”—popular under the second George—when the great humorist in art painted his world-famed moral “suites”—were of a vigorous frankly outspoken character—with the strongest vernacular tendency to call a spade by its name—which needs no description, since on Hogarth’s marvellous canvases the nature of the time is “writ large” and is disguised by no flimsy pretences. The lives led by the highest personages were not exemplary, and criticisms on the domestic relations were more candid than polite.

The majority of Hogarth’s finest original pictures are now in the National Gallery and in the Sir John Soane Museum, and consequently unavailable for the purposes of the gathering at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours; his original work is there represented by some slight but interesting drawings. Of these the Queen contributes four examples from the royal collection. One, the original study for “The Beggar’s Opera,” demonstrates that Hogarth drew with a squareness and strength both academic and characteristic of the man. “The Hazard Table” is a finished study, in which is introduced the portrait of Frederick, Prince of Wales. The subject has been engraved by Sam Ireland in his “Illustrations of Hogarth.” The artist’s ingenious attempts to prove that comparative height depends upon proportion rather than inches, with the figures of Garrick and Quin as examples (likewise engraved), is lent from the same source, together with a sketch of “Doctors in Consultation.” Most interesting is the famous original sketch of the sinister John Wilkes.

It is the reprobated “Caricatura” with which we have to do. On occasions Ministers, if they had possessed the power, would have killed the “monster;” and they have from time to time succeeded in muzzling caricaturists with pensions and sinecures. Sayer was an instance in point, and it is asserted that Gillray did not disdain ministerial pay, though there is little evidence to be gained as to the true bearings of this story. Certainly as concerns his work the “prince of caricaturists” obviously obeyed no mandates other than those of his own wilful impulses, as his caricatures prove. It is said that most frequently the caricaturist transferred his elaborate and imaginative conceptions direct on to the copper, and original drawings by his hand are rarities. Of this order is the example of the Duke of York with the British expedition in Flanders, hitherto unpublished, which is reproduced, for the first time, in the present article. Rowlandson, like Hogarth, cannot be regarded as a successful political satirist, his productions in this walk, though sufficiently numerous, lack that intensity of purpose which must be held as the first requirement essential to success. His playful attacks never seem in earnest, and it is easy to discover that, beyond the willingness to exert his facile skill of hand for pecuniary considerations, Rowlandson’s “heart was not in it,” and that—to his mind—statescraft and the political manoeuvres of party were matters of supreme indifference.

Rowlandson may be truly described as a many-sided genius. An example of one of his female studies—a sketch from life—and an architectural subject from the series of Oxford Colleges, are given as samples of two of his styles. Passing over Bunbury, the typical

"gifted amateur," with Woodward and several "comical wags," as they were esteemed in their day, of the same description, whose pleasantries were seldom witty, and whose skill was defective, the talented family of Cruikshank comes into a foremost place. Much might be written about Isaac Cruikshank, his works and contemporaries. In some respects this artist was a follower of Gillray, and, like that mighty master of the graver and etching-point, it was his lot

proudly related, he was selected by Gillray's publishers to carry on his plates when the mind of that unfortunate and lurid genius lost its balance. As a contemporary "Young George" etched merrily on, frequently treating the identical subjects which were engaging Rowlandson's talents; the same publishers employing both artists, yet, by some singular circumstance, though busily working on parallel lines for over twenty years, Cruikshank never remembered



"THROWING OFF."

(From the Original Sketch by *Habib Knight Browne*—"Phiz.")

to live in stirring times, and to register on copper many of the exciting events which agitated the popular mind during the French Revolution and the wars with Buonaparte. Isaac's two sons we know had little education beyond that which they picked up in the *atelier* or "work-room" of their somewhat unsteady father, and both acquired the practice of etching before they had mastered the elementary schooling given to middle-class children in their day. The fruits of this exceptional education, when etching-needles, copper-plates, and aqua-fortis bottles were their first and favourite playthings, are evident in this exhibition. The proficiency gained by the great George, added to his versatile natural gifts, made him from boyhood conspicuous as a juvenile prodigy; as he

meeting the elder hand. The great George's life, prolonged to a venerable age, has been divided into three periods, and examples of each, both original drawings and engravings, are given in the present exhibition.

Another memorable feature of the present exhibition, and one unlikely to be repeated, is the unique collection of original illustrations to the works of Charles Dickens which must attract all the admirers of the great novelist—and that comprises the largest section of the community; most interesting are G. Cruikshank's drawings for the "Sketches by Boz"—and the water-colour drawings to "Oliver Twist," a commission from Mr. F. W. Cozens, are remarkable for their execution. Noteworthy, too, are

the examples exhibited from George Cruikshank's own Exeter Hall collection contributed by the Royal Aquarium Society. To return to Dickens, the original "working drawings" by "Phiz" for the illustrations of "David Copperfield," "Dombey and Son," and "Bleak House," prove how admirably H. K. Browne's skill was adapted to his responsible task. "Phiz" is represented in other directions, and an example of his ready humour is here given in the version of "Throwing Off." Fred Barnard and Charles Green, R.I., have brought the resources of their talents for the same purpose, and the refined series of water-colours by the latter artist, in which a delicate humour is united with the most accomplished mastery of the *technique* of water-colour art, must be described as a revelation, showing Dickens from a point of view which commends itself to more cultivated appreciators. Fred Barnard's famous Dickens "Character Sketches" show how happily that gifted artistic humorist's inventive faculties are in sympathy with those of the author. Beyond his expressive black-and-white studies quite a gallery of Fred Barnard's pictures in oils delight an appreciative public. John Leech's "Sketches in Oils" form another popular and mirth-provoking feature of the gathering; while the genius of Caldecott, that gentlest of humorists, whose dainty handling, like his delicate and imaginative pleasantries, appears

spontaneous, is adequately illustrated by a sufficiently comprehensive selection of his works in oils, water-colours, black-and-white, and plastic art; the portion of the exhibition devoted to the works of this sympathetic artist, whose promising career, it is sad to think, closed so prematurely, is perhaps one of the special gatherings most acceptable to modern tastes.

R. Dighton, the father of a large family of artists of this name, is represented by his character portraits; he may be considered the originator of these "personal skits," which are so popular in our day. Examples of De Louthembourg, W. Mason, George Morland, J. H. Benwell, F. G. Byron, R. Newton, J. Boyne, J. C. Ibbetson, R. West, J. J. Chalon, C. Ansell, W. Heath, J. M. Wright, R. Seymour, C. Cooper Henderson, Henry Alken, R. Doyle, F. Taylor, T. Morten, H. S. Marks, R.A., H. G. Hine, Mat Morgan, Pellegrini, Leslie Ward of *Fanny Fair*, and many others, are found in the exhibition.

W. M. Thackeray, Alfred Crowquill, and George Augustus Sala are represented as workers in the field of art. The etchings made by Mr. Sala over forty years ago have a special interest of their own. They prove how much at home he was in the artistic profession, and are evidences of the strong attractions of a literary career, which induced the relinquishment of the branch in which his hand had been so proficiently trained.

"IN THE CHIMNEY CORNER."

PAINTED BY ADOLF MENZEL. ETCHED BY P. LE RAT.

THE works and artistic life of Adolf Menzel have more than once formed the subject of articles in these pages,* and, in truth, few living artists deserve applause, admiration, and study in a higher degree than the great German painter and draughtsman. Although but a very limited edition, and that at a prohibitive price, of his illustrations to the works of Frederick the Great was issued, their effect for good upon English art has been enormous—far greater than is generally known or believed. Menzel's work with the pencil-point is simply astounding in its truth, its observation, its purity of touch, its simplicity and directness of means; and governed as it is by a fine artistic feeling, concentration, a power of expression, and delightful facility—which make us feel that the artist, too, has taken a delight in his work—it has exercised a powerful effect on our figure-painters, from the very highest. His work is "realistic" in contradistinction to "academic," and distinguished by grace, and elegance, and taste.

His greatest work is unquestionably that in black-and-white, for the chief reason that his powers as a colourist are not quite up to the remarkably high standard of his draughtsmanship; yet his colour is never inharmonious or dull, and his distribution of light and shade is always well-judged. Of late his pictures are a little more diffuse in composition than they used to be; nevertheless, they contain so many admirable qualities that we cannot quarrel with them.

M. Le Rat, who has etched "In the Chimney Corner," is thirty-eight years younger than Herr Menzel, who was born in the year of Waterloo. Since 1869 his etching-needle has regularly made its mark on the walls of the Salon, and in 1875 and 1879 he obtained medals in witness of it. His touch is light, as befits the rendering of delicate originals, and his power of self-adaptation to the moods and methods of the artist whose work he sets himself to reproduce has served to place him in the foremost ranks of translator-engravers.

M. H. S.

* See "THE MAGAZINE OF ART," 1884, vol. vii.; &c.



Menzel. pinx.

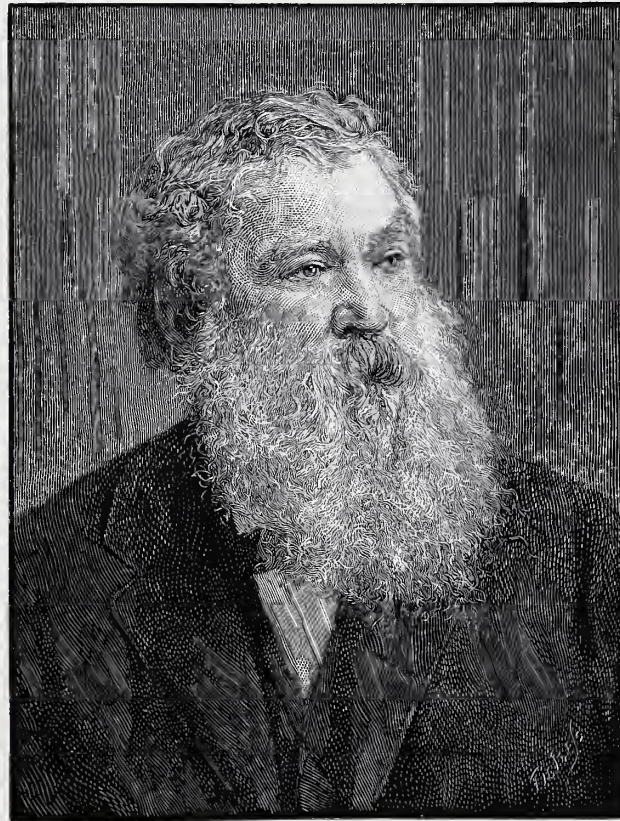
P. Le Rat. sculp.

IN THE CHIMNEY CORNER.

GEORGE FULLER, PAINTER.

BY CHARLES DE KAY.

THE figures and landscapes of the late George Fuller, A.N.A., as they appeared in the exhibition held soon after his death in Boston, Massachusetts, during the spring of 1884, offered no great range in that way there appeared a delicious yet most chaste nude figure—a nymph glowing with a supernatural colour that satisfied one as the right complexion for a goddess without departing too much from the flesh



GEORGE FULLER.

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Allen and Rowell, Boston, U.S.A. Engraved by R. G. Tietze.)

subjects, yet several very different styles of work. There was the hard, laboriously wrought portrait, the landscape on which time had been perhaps wasted, the ideal head confectioned in a sweet, almost sensuous key, the slender figure of a girl, dreaming, gentle, timid, yet not afraid. Here the face of a very ordinary young business man modelled itself out from a dark background with a somewhat sudden relief. Yonder lay a fairy landscape, over which impalpable veils of a delicate golden haze, like that of the American Indian summer, had been spread, whilst a crone pushed her stick about the sod in the hope of finding simples. This way one saw a round red cheek from the portrait of a little boy with no great character to boast of;

of mankind. Many who saw Fuller's work then for the first time could not understand how the same artist could have painted scenes and figures so lovely, so unusual, so delicate, soft, and supernatural, and yet occasionally work so dully and without savour of romance. Fuller, so far as he was known to New York and Boston, was essentially a romantic painter who chose names for his pictures from Hawthorne and other romantic novelists, from Shakespeare and from Greek mythology. Even those who were tolerably familiar with the canvases he had sent to the exhibitions had to marvel over some of the work.

George Fuller was like some writers, Walt Whitman for example, in this respect, that one cannot

appreciate him without rather a wide acquaintance with his work. Some painters can be estimated pretty truly by one picture, some poets by one poem. With these two it is not so. It is as if they are like the politics and social life of the United States, seemingly simple, readily described by an epigram or a sweeping sneer, not a little monotonous; but also less easy of comprehension on a longer acquaintance than anyone had dreamed.

One of the most curious features of American art to-day is the colourist. He approaches the poet and musician, because he appeals to the feelings more than to definite ideas; a nation of business men may be expected to give heed to nothing which lacks the element of certainty, of definite countableness, of Philistine clearness. Who would suppose that mercantile communities, composed, according to popular ideas, largely of Gradgrinds and Jefferson Bricks, would encourage so many colourists as one might name? The colourists are not of art alone; primarily they are of literature. The colourist Poe has been succeeded in time by the colourist Walt Whitman, with other methods, and though the latter has received far from a rapturous acceptance at the hands of the writing guild, and none from the great democratic mass whose prophet he is, yet Whitman also has had an influence on a painter. A sketch of that painter is all so small a space as this can hold.

George Fuller, A.N.A., was a name unknown to all but the smallest handful of persons down to April 21st, 1878. It is true that two years before, when the country was scoured for pictures to represent native art at the Centenary of Independence, a man who had an odd style was found in a farmer of Deerfield, Massachusetts, who by some queer chance was also an Associate of the National Academy in New York. A few good judges were so delighted with his work, that an exhibition of fourteen portraits and other canvases was made in Boston. Most of those who saw them voted them "queer," and the little exhibition was forgotten. But his admirers still talked, and Fuller was induced to take a studio in the city, so that when the rising young New York society, the American artists, sent Mr. Francis Lethrop to Boston in 1878 as a delegate to the studios to solicit pictures, he saw George Fuller and begged a contribution to the coming show. The demand set Fuller to thinking of New York again; he had passed there the most important years of his art-life, had become an Associate of the National Academy in 1857, and withdrawn to the Deerfield Farm in 1860. He sent two pictures to the Academy also. The Society of Artists placed his picture finely; his own Academy skied his best work in the most barbarous way. Yet as soon as the critics entered the exhibition, the *New York Times* marked him for approval.

"There is a fatality," remarked the *Times* critic, "which makes hanging committees hang far away the picture that needs all the benefit it can get from nearness; while staring pictures deliver their deadly volleys at a few paces. Hence it is not easy to judge of Mr. Fuller's work with certainty; but the distant view is attractive. He gains much by putting his little girl blowing a four-o'clock to pieces, as well as the girls herding turkeys, into a twilight. There was a very frank and pleasing head, painted by him, on exhibition at the late show of the American artists. Perhaps we shall hear more and still better news from him at future exhibitions." The prophecy, cautiously expressed owing to the bad hanging of his "Turkey Pastime in Kentucky," the only picture that at all defied his last manner, certainly came true.

But who had any idea then that George Fuller was a man of fifty-six with snow-white hair and patriarchal bearing, an artist who had had time to become pretty much disgusted with his profession before the civil war began? The young painters whose enthusiasm and breadth of taste had called him from the torpor of neglect, were astonished when they saw before them a broadened, large-featured patriarch, robust, ruddy of face and white of hair, gifted with quiet manners and a genial laugh. He belonged to the epoch of Thomas Cole and Emmanuel Leutze, with the alternate fashions for paintings by the British Philistines and those of Düsseldorf, even more *philisterhaft* if possible than the former. Yet his work seemed to embody some of the aims in art sought by the young generation who knew the subtleties of Corot and Diaz, Rousseau and Millet, the splendid flashes of Monticelli, and the spurts of impressionism made from time to time by Courbet the realist. In Boston, for the next five years after his New York triumph, George Fuller took the place due to him, at the head of all the local artists. His portraits, often idealised to the detriment of likeness to the original, brought handsome prices, and he had just arranged a little exhibition of his own work over which the Boston press was sounding pæans, when he died suddenly of an unsuspected ailment. A larger and more representative collection was got together, and a portion sold to meet the demands of his estate. Articles on George Fuller have appeared in *The Century* for December, 1883, and *Harper's Monthly* for September, 1884. Lately a quarto with the most exquisite woodcuts, engraved by Closson and others, after Fuller's important pictures, made its appearance. Mr. W. D. Howells furnishes a biography of the artist, using letters contributed by the family, and Messrs. F. D. Millet, W. J. Stillman, W. B. Closson, and J. J. Enneking, the last a landscapeist of very high attainments, whose

style assimilates itself somewhat to Fuller's, add their several views.

"Two Rivulets" is the title of one of those eccentric volumes which Walt Whitman writes and himself prints and sells in Camden in the State of New Jersey. A rivulet of verse, Whitmanic verse, flows along the top of the page; a comrade rill of prose, Whitmanic prose, meanders along the bottom. Heavy rules separate these two parts. At first glance one thinks of those torments of youthful brains, the editions of Latin classics which are provided with copious notes. But the relation between what is said in verse and what is added in prose by the "good grey" poet are even less obvious. The genius of Whitman is full of contradictions; one is, that he has elaborated a theory of a prose-poetic style in the following passage, yet thinks it necessary to give to the world what he has to say in "Two Rivulets," not in his novel medium alone, but in plain prose besides.

"For the most cogent purposes of those great Inland States, and for Texas, and California, and Oregon, in my opinion the time has arrived to essentially break down the barriers of form between Prose and Poetry. I say the latter is henceforth to win and maintain its character, regardless of rhyme and the measurement rules of iambic, spondee, dactyl, &c., and that even if rhyme and those measurements continue to furnish the medium for inferior writers and themes (especially for persiflage, and the comic; as there seems henceforward, to the perfect taste, something inevitably comic in rhyme merely in itself and anyhow), the truest and greatest Poetry (while subtly and necessarily always rhythmic and distinguishable easily enough) can never again, in the English language, be expressed in arbitrary and rhyming metre, any more than the greatest eloquence, or the truest power and passion."

Whitman came to this idea at middle life, having begun his poetical career in the usual way, by contributing very ordinary rhythmic and rhymed verses to such of the newspapers as would print them. From the change in his style dates his fame, or his notoriety, if the reader feels so strongly on the matter, and it may be added, thinks so narrowly, as to require that word. "Let others finish specimens," cries Whitman in "Leaves of Grass,"

"Let others finish specimens—I never finish.

I shower them by exhaustless laws, as Nature does specimens, fresh and modern continually."

It should be remembered that Whitman began in the commonplace way and never has achieved real popularity. He is a poet for writers, for strong natures loving the unconventional, and for readers weary of much verse. Demos is flattered by Whitman's panegyric, but when Demos gets so far as to

buy a book at all it is a simple ballad, a comic song-book, or at the farthest advance a copy of Longfellow. Now between him and George Fuller, who, by the way, confessed himself an admirer of the poet, there is this curious parallel: both formed themselves in the bustling, unbeautiful democracy of the city of New York; both wrought commonplace subjects in a commonplace way at first; both launched out on a species of impressionism in which the old anxiety for definiteness, for drawing, was given up; both became the admiration of a small band of connoisseurs, weary of multiplied commonplaces; both failed to interest that democracy by which they set great store.

Walt Whitman made his name, as Poe did before him, by impressionism, as the analogous movement in art is termed. Apparently he was led to it by a wholesome contempt for the niminy-piminy verse, written in England and America by all but a few of the best. The impressionists in painting have come up for the most part since he began to write in his new way. George Fuller went to Europe for a short time, but studied in no *atelier*. At that period the old masters were still held in so much honour in New York and Boston, that, rather than not own old masters, many people bought questionable canvases. There is no evidence that any living painter influenced him strongly, but the memories brought back from Europe by the Rembrandt portraits, looking glorious and golden from the mystery of their backgrounds, may have been for something in the genesis of his pictures; it may have fixed a tone of colour which was a favourite with him. Certainly whilst he studied and tried to make a living out of portraits in New York, there was no artist who could have given him the hint. But Walt Whitman was there, just beginning to put into that rude and seemingly inchoate verse, which he preferred to more polished work, the life and daily bustle of the growing city. Born on Long Island, and reared in what he loves to call Mannahatta, the aim Whitman set before him was to express a new idea, that of democracy in its widest and most elaborate aspects, in an entirely new garb, that of verses denuded of the ordinary technical points of poetry. George Fuller passed the prime of his life, 1850 to 1860, in New York, then a much smaller city, where all men touched. He and Whitman had one distinguished friend in common, the late William Cullen Bryant; but whether they were personal friends is doubtful. He was no more a master of drawing at that time than Whitman was a master of verse; both found on other sides of art the field for great work. Fuller composed slowly and painted with conscience, but with a certain defectiveness in drawing which is too often assigned to imperfect

teaching when it is largely due to individual character. Mr. Howells has observed the curious fact that George Fuller was unlike a New Englander, so much so that strangers would not believe that he came from Massachusetts. The trip abroad was too brief to work much change; the long stay in New York and visits to the Southern States unknot in him the fibre which in thoughtful New Englanders is drawn somewhat tense. Fuller's change of style coincides

a conventional to an impressionist, from a portrait-painter to an artist in romantic *genre*. This would not prevent the taking of hints for technical processes from *le père* Corot and other moderns, nor should it be narrowed so as to exclude the influence of the general surroundings of the man, acting on him as on Whitman, such as the impulse from the civil war and the reaction therefrom. Another instance of such a fathership as is here supposed between the



THE GATHERER OF SIMPLES.

(From the Painting by George Fuller. In the Possession of Mrs. G. P. Kimball, Boston, U.S.A. Engraved by F. E. Filcbrown.)

with the period 1865 to 1875, when Whitman's verse was definitely accepted by some as a new and very original departure in literature, by others as an unspeakable affront to all the great masters dead and gone, by many more as impossible, simply because it contained here and there statements of passions and things which decency veils. At this time appeared George Fuller, self-evolved, without forerunners, in fact marching directly counter to that Pre-Raphaelite fashion which already had turned the head of more than one American artist. Whitman's example affords the clue for the slow ripening of Fuller from

work of Whitman and Fuller, is, oddly enough, also American. Between two Baltimore men, Edgar Allan Poe and James McNeil Whistler, impressionists both, poet and artist respectively, there is the same intellectual parentage to note. Such strange births occur oftener than men think; with a little research many more may be found in history.

George Fuller was a man of very wide sympathies, a great theorist in religion, and matters relating to the social questions as well as in literature and art. Faithful by nature, and devoted to a wife who was both charming and beautiful, he nevertheless held

opinions which might have led to strange results had he been put to the test of an unhappy union. A vigorous intellect. From history, religion, politics, and social science, he always derived support for the



THE ROMANY GIRL.

(From the Original Sketch by George Fuller, in the Collection of Mr. Thomas B. Clarke, of New York, U.S.A. Engraved by F. Juengling.)

painter who knew him well has written: "He was familiar with all subjects which furnish food for a principles which governed his painting, as they did his life, and he had a way of generalising on the

questions of the day which is remembered by his friends as a prominent feature in his familiar conversation." As Whitman has been little, to speak comparatively, a man of books, or a haunter of libraries, so Fuller was unlike the ordinary artist in this; he did not shut himself in the studio, but wrestled in the arena of labour.

In likening painters to poets, or deriving these from those, it is of course not supposed that Fuller would say to himself, "Go to, now; in good sooth, verily, I will paint Whitmanic pictures." The action of such laws is far more subtle and nearly, if not quite, unconscious. The writer may give the hint, but the movement is complex, and it is in the air of an epoch. Fuller lacked the medium in which to assume the defiant note of Whitman, even if he had wished to be the painter of the Demos; but with Whitman we must always remember that although he made himself the champion of democracy, the novelty in his work might have appeared without his using that special war-ery. In Fuller's case the rebellion was against the schooled painters, his former comrades; he did not reach the point of carrying revolt in technical processes of art into the field of obvious thought; nor was it necessary to paint a historical or *genre* picture to glorify democracy. From portraits he passed with no great ease to ideal heads which sometimes appear to have been developed from likeness unluakily rendered. When fame reached him, Fuller was already past the combative age, and well into that period of a man's life when peace is a more admirable thing in art than violent feeling.

In this light the fifteen years of comparative unproductiveness passed on his farm appear by no means that unqualified blessing we are asked to consider it. Possibly it gave a somewhat slowly contemplative nature time to reach conclusions in art opposed to all the instruction he had received in schools. More probably it removed him from active professional life during the very years in which he might have pushed forward into the dramatic field of the painter. For, when it is brought together as it was soon after his death, his work showed a lack of dramatic effect. Yet he had groped that way. Pictures of herb-gatherers and witches belong to the latter part of his life. "And She Was a Witch" is perhaps the highest dramatic point, a large canvas in which, without losing his grasp of the strange vapoury style he had invented, Fuller told the awful story of innocence unjustly accused, of fanatic and self-righteous men administering justice. But earlier in

his career, Fuller had the democratic feeling toward labour and labourers which does not always avail to break down the barrier of colour between the races. When most people despised the negro and hated him for causing a fratricidal war to hold together the Union, he was already painting the slave. At the sale appeared "Negro Funeral, Alabama," "Interior of Negro Cabin," a study for the "Quadroon," a mournful and charming figure, and "Hoeing Tobacco." At the memorial exhibition was the "Turkey Pasture, Kentucky," the "Quadroon," owned by Mr. Samuel D. Warren, of Boston, the "Romany Girl," owned by Mr. J. T. Williams, of New York, and oil sketch for it, now in the possession of Mr. Thomas B. Clarke, New York, from which the engraving on the last page was made. There was also a negro nurse with child, painted in 1861.

Taking into account the dates to which they are assigned, we may gather from these paintings that want of appreciation arrested Fuller in a gradual but certain course toward a democratic line of effort, from which the dramatic element would not have been absent. But notwithstanding the delay, his force at the close of his life was most remarkable. His last work, the "Girl with Calf," was technically, that is to say in respect of colour and grace, perhaps his best. The "Arethusa," a slender undraped girl leaning forward to dip her fingers in the stream of that name, was a delightful maiden of Areadia, golden-fleshed like the people of Bonifacio, and wrought with the highest of Fuller's art, so that even the realist was forced to applaud. "Winnifred Dysart" and other figures in which he tried to embody a poetic image of New England maidenhood were triumphs of charm, but not particularly characteristic of the women of New England. The type was more Scotch or Irish, and oddly enough he pitched, with Dysart, on an Irish-Norman name. Landscapes by Fuller make one think of Corot and Daubigny, his figures of Rembrandt, Correggio, and the modern Mettling.

Sometimes William Morris Hunt of Boston painted after a fashion not remote from that of Fuller, but, like many of the styles assumed by that able artist, it was soon given up for something else. George Fuller, however, needed no prop from workmen in his own profession; he had an individual something in his work which set it apart from that of any other. While there are colourists in America who equal him in delicacy and surpass him in richness and variety of tones, he has left a place which is not, and perhaps never will be, filled.

PAINTERS' WEATHER.

BY W. W. FENN.



R. FRITH has told us in his entertaining autobiography, that he did not pursue the study either of anatomy or of perspective very far at the outset of his artistic career, inasmuch as, considering the branch of art he was taking up, he felt

that his time could be better spent. Doubtless he is right, for although a figure-painter of any sort cannot dispense with a perfect knowledge of the human form down to its most delicate developments, it is not incumbent on him to qualify himself as demonstrator of anatomy or perspective at the schools. Only when he is about to devote himself to classical subjects and those cognate to them, in which the human form divine, or a portion of it at any rate, is sure to stand conspicuous in all the majesty of beauty unadorned, is it indispensable that the artist should be technically versed in the recondite mysteries of the skeleton, and the extension and contraction, the insertion and the development, of its muscular covering. For anything short of this exalted sphere of art a more superficial familiarity with the true shapes of men and women is generally held to be enough.

Very much the same, perhaps, may be said of perspective. Unless architectural designs and designing are to become the leading characteristics of an artist's work, the time spent on a pursuit of the study beyond what is speedily acquired, could generally be better spent. What might be called an advanced "rule of thumb" knowledge of perspective should generally prove adequate for the ordinary run of painters, for their function is rather to represent things as they seem than as they literally are.

On this ground, therefore, it could be urged that the landscape-painter is not called on to make himself a learned meteorologist, for it might be said that in this respect meteorology stands to him much in the same relation as anatomy does to the painter of the draped figure—neither science in all its exactitude being required in one or the other. The science of weather—if, indeed, the atmospheric vagaries of its clerk have been reduced to a condition justifying such a term—need give him but little concern. True, he has to keep almost as sharp a look-out on the sky as the farmer, the shepherd, or the sailor, but it is not so much with the purpose of forecast as with a view to the adaptation of the existing state of the atmosphere to the demands of his subjects. The character

of their treatment mainly depends on the aspect of the heavens, for to them he has to look for a supply of those effects by the aid of which he is to express the sentiment of the scene, no less than to put it as a whole to the greatest advantage before the spectator.

The immediate look of the weather, therefore, is to him of the utmost importance. Unless he seizes those, for the most part, fleeting moments, which accord best with his feelings of what should be, he fails to do justice to himself or his picture, and the catching of those moments is not the least of the endless difficulties with which he has to contend in the exercise of his craft in the field. Do the utmost he can, work he never so swiftly, let him manipulate never so dexterously, he will have to draw largely on the remembrance of what he has seen for the full completion of his efforts. Grant that he can, under the most favourable circumstances, refresh his memory repeatedly by accurate observation and patient waiting for the renewal of the right effects, he will still only fully gain his object through the aid of what he recollects, and there never yet existed a landscape-painter of any great eminence who had a deficient memory. The memoranda, the hints, notes, and rapid jottings, which he makes from time to time, are, as it were, but the shorthand of his art, which has to be written out in full by his own interpretation of it; to a strange eye the characters present little more than unintelligible hieroglyphics—cryptograms which not all the abstruse calculation of a Baeonian "Cocker" would render coherently readable. They serve only as reminders more or less vivid of what their constructor has seen.

It is curious to observe what mistaken ideas prevail in the mind of the general public as to the sort of weather most suitable for painting out-of-doors; indeed, amongst the many errors into which people fall who are unacquainted with the practical side of art, there is not one, perhaps, more conspicuous. They constantly imagine, for instance, that no time can be so favourable for sketching as high noon on a bright midsummer day! Because it is pleasant to be out in the country under such conditions, and because the landscape looks beautiful, they think that it must be quite the best for purposes pictorial, just as in a similar way these persons will mount a heaven-kissing hill, whence a magnificent prospect is to be seen, and say to their artist-friend, "There, why don't you sit down and sketch this?"

The aspect of green trees and blue sky in their

natural relations under the clear sunlight, with the fresh soft breeze tempering the heat, clearing away all semblance of vapour or cloud, and leaving only that quivering in the atmosphere over the distance peculiar to fine weather in England, is so delightful, that nothing is more reasonable than to suppose it would make a picture. The exhilaration of spirits induced by the brilliancy of the surroundings, contributes not a little to this thought in inartistic minds. The love of the country and natural scenery and of open-air life generally, if only for sport and pastime, inherent in the Briton, creates in him an intuitive admiration for the landscape-painter's art. But there is a strong impression that after all it is but an agreeable sportive sort of occupation—a pastime in fact which is to be pursued like any other, more or less, in fine weather. The public have little or no conception of what will or what will not be practicable for the painter, or worthy of his skill. They have no notion of the thought and study necessary to teach the artist under what aspect of the heavens the scene can be best regarded and made most manageable for his purposes, what kind of weather will yield him the best arrangement of light, shade, colour, and so on. Thus "painters' weather" is usually very different to that which is supposed to suit him, for it is very far from the finest that he loves the best, and if he desire to treat his subject nobly and sympathetically he will generally be obliged to go through such contention with the elements as would appal the ordinary amateur sketcher.

A *paysagiste* has to brave heat, cold, wind, and rain, fatigue and toil unceasing, and an exposure to the open air, which, if healthful in the main, is not a little trying both to constitution and temper. A midsummer sun high in the heavens under a cloudless sky will scarcely bring out the features of any pastoral subject to advantage. Everything is so ablaze with light, so cut up into detail, everything is so equally light and dark, that a monotonous equality, a speckled, spotty effect, can be the only result when translated by the brush. Putting colour out of the question for the moment, the interminable multitude of objects contend so with each other, that the whole wears the look rather of a needlework sampler than a picture.

No! if we are painting out-of-doors in midsummer, under cloudless skies, we cannot manage to treat many subjects successfully, except during the early or late hours of the day. The noontide is disastrous generally to pictorial effect. We want long shadows stretching in broad masses here and there across the scene, merging forms and objects into an harmonious generalisation, such as early morning, afternoon, or evening skies afford. Yet

even these delightful hours of fine weather are still oftentimes less good for the painter than when the skies are misty, broken, or dubious, or when thunderous or wild, windy clouds with passing showers sweep across the heavens.

For this reason it is obvious that the spring, autumn, or even winter, is frequently preferable to the summer for setting up the easel in the open air. The sun is lower, and throughout the day therefore there is better chance of getting lengthened shadows to assist us in massing the subject into broad effects of light and dark. Brilliant gleams stream through it instead of merely catching the top and bottom and the projections of objects, and thus conducing to that aforesaid spotty result. The autumn is especially selected by the brethren of the brush for their campaigning, as, apart from the varying tints which then begin to pervade all Nature, there is a greater tendency about the heavens to lend themselves more willingly and easily to pictorial treatment. It is, as Keats says, the

"Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom friend of the maturing sun,"

and as such, affords a multitude of opportunities, apart from all consideration of colour, for investing a canvas with an infinite amount of poetry and subtle feeling; whilst those moments which precede or immediately follow the first blasts of winter will yield those quiet gleamy days combining gently moving clouds with the tender sunlight so precious to the artistic soul. Hours can be spent in uninterrupted delightful labour—our models, so to speak, are in a tractable mood, and remain steady in their places, and in but a slowly-changing light.

Beloved, too, by the limner, is the spring, with its smiles and tears, its rainbow weather, when everything bears the stamp of hope, and the arched many-hued emblem of promise continually starts into astounding beauty amidst the hurly-burly of the rain-clouds as they are driven over meadow and upland before the fierce squall. To the drenching temporary deluge there will succeed such dazzling rays of slanting sunshine as well-nigh defy capture on canvas; then, presaging the sunset, these are perhaps in their turn obscured by ominous and gradually piled-up masses of mountainous-like cumuli, portending quieter, if gloomier times.

And what of the sunset? what lightning-like speed of execution will enable the painter to reproduce a tithe of its glory? How can anything but rapid notes, assisted by tenacious memory, enable him to give even the faintest notion of its splendour! yet the feat has been accomplished. Mentioning no names, making no reference to anything but the fact that every conceivable beauty which weather presents

to eyes artistic has been stamped in undying shades upon the picture galleries of the world, we can surely see that "painters' weather" is far from what is generally understood by the term "fine." Some of the noblest landscapes ever produced are what are called "sky pictures," and the study of the elements in their every mood and their effects upon land and water is as indispensable to the *paysagiste* as is the study of the varying tones of flesh to him who confines his brush to the portrayal of human life.

Thus again it will be seen that in the pursuit of this branch of art the mere science of meteorology will avail the landscape-painter but little, his thoughts will be occupied with what might be called higher aims; he is concerned in showing how the clouds and skies look not what they are, not what barometrical change brings this or that conjunction of them about, but what they present to human sight. He will be striving to impress the mind of the spectator with a sense of air and space, and to lead his eye to travel "over the hills and far away" from valley to ridge, and from ridge to ridge, until in the extremest distance the imagination penetrates the void, and passes into the interminable mysterious region of cloud-land. If he thinks of anything besides the execution of his task, his mind will be prone to dwell rather on the writings of a Ruskin than on those of a Tyndall or a Proctor. He will remember, for example, a score of poetical, beautiful descriptions of the ethereal canopy above us to be found in "Modern Painters."

The endeavour, I repeat, to express something of what is there given us with the pen through the medium of the brush should occupy more of the artist's attention than the scientific solution of the wondrous beauty. The imitation of what is before him will demand all his attention without his troubling himself to look for much else, and lucky will he be if no disturbing objective interruptions interfere with his labours. Reference has been made to the trials of patience and endurance incidental to the pursuit of a delicate and difficult handicraft out-of-doors, and it must never be forgotten that not a few of these arise, as hinted, from the weather alone. First it may be a glaring sun which will impinge exactly on the easel despite all efforts to defeat it by the white umbrella or tent, or it will be a drizzling rain, if not a continuous downpour, which sets in just as the work is going successfully, and when another hour or two would carry it to a triumphant conclusion, and it has, very likely, in consequence, to be abandoned for the rest of the day, plunging us into weary, fretful, heart-breaking idleness. Or, again—that enemy to steadiness of hand and apparatus—a gusty

fitful wind springs up, setting the canvas quivering or bulging again and again at the very moment when the most delicate touches are required. Then it shifts or drops, and we could go on in perfect comfort, but that the quiet has filled the air with those irrepressible pests, the midges, stinging and biting us at every exposed point, until the irritation drives us to despair and we are obliged to give up altogether. Not to dwell on a host of similar and unavoidable perplexities, solely attributable to the elements, which could be enumerated, it will be evident how dependent the painter is on weather, and there are few people more entitled to rail against it. One might forgive him if, apart from his art, he never talked of anything else; and when Britons indulge, as they are said to do, unduly in this favourite topic of conversation, it might be imagined that they were all landscape-painters!

Whatever may be said about the technical difficulties incidental to the study of art, it can scarcely be disputed that in the pursuance of the study the figure-painter has comparatively seldom to contend with the hostility of the elements. He, as a rule, carries on his work under a substantial shelter—usually a warm and comfortable one—and beyond the intermittent fogs and darkness of our Northern winters, he is almost independent of the weather. His models disappoint him for an hour, or a day, or he has difficulties in finding the one, the only one, that will entirely fulfil his ideal; but having once secured his phœnix he can carry on gaily throughout the livelong day. The light of the studio varies inappreciably—the form, the draperies, remain steadfast, unmovable, undisturbed by gusty winds, changing sunlight, or unexpected rain. Whereas, the unhappy wight in the field cannot, as I have shown, copy what he sees before him for ten consecutive minutes without some alteration taking place in it, either through the shifting light, the fitful breeze, or a score of other climatic influences. Skies, clouds, indeed, all appertaining to the heavens—and without some peep of them we can scarcely have a landscape—are especially on the move, not by the minute but by the moment, save in exceptional cases. Their very mobility is the essence of their existence and of the often transcendently beautiful effects they produce.

Hence, whether it be more difficult to paint figures or landscape, there can scarcely be a doubt as to which is surrounded by the greater obstructions to study—obstructions, be it understood, entirely beside the art itself; and therefore it is that the painter of open-air subjects must have such an absorbing and ceaseless regard for "the weather."

PICTURES OF JEWISH LIFE.

BY STUART M. SAMUEL.

SUFFICIENT evidence of enterprise is certainly given by the Maison Quantin by the issue of their "Contes Juifs"* at a time when *éditions de luxe* and art-books generally are suffering a certain measure of neglect at the hands of a surfeited public. In the present instance, however, it cannot be doubted but that their action will be justified by events, for never before has the family and social life of the Jewish race been recorded in so sumptuous and so thorough a manner. It was time, too, that a capable writer such as M. Masoch should take in hand and present in a permanent form a record of the inner life of a people which, under the influence of their environment in the countries wherein they are settled, is rapidly becoming modified, and in many instances totally changed. Not that the distinctive qualities which characterise the Jews are ever likely totally to disappear, for the association of their religion is too closely connected with their everyday life ever to permit it to become colourless or even deficient in picturesqueness. And it is none the less apparent that from the force of more modern forms of thought, in addition to the less sympathetic attitude of a proportion of the members of their own body, many of the old-world customs and ceremonies of the Jews are slowly but surely losing their former hold and pristine significance. To "Gentiles" Sacher Masoch's labours will possess all the charm of novelty; and in truth it must be confessed that when the fact is considered that in London alone the Jewish community is estimated at between sixty and eighty

thousand souls, the ignorance and misconception which is generally prevalent respecting them is remarkable. To many the high standard of morals and conduct of life to be found in Jewish households is a matter of absolute incredulity. Owing to a lack of acquaintance with the Jews and their life, most people are content to form their opinion of them from the reports of the police-courts, or the prominence of some of the less worthy of their co-religionists. Not that I would wish to convey the idea that it is amongst the better blessed with the world's goods of the Jews alone that all that is estimable in that people is to be found. Rather the contrary is the fact, for although the term "as rich as a Jew" has become proverbial, there exists amongst them a larger proportion of poor than is to be found in the general population; and it is precisely amongst the poorer classes that all that is best in Judaism is generally to be found. M. Sacher Masoch has well appreciated this in the work now under review, for it is chiefly from the life of the working-class amongst the Jews that his stories are drawn. The bond of mutual sympathy and cohesion amongst Jews is, however, as strong as ever it was, and these Jewish tales

will go straight to the Jewish heart, indeed, to the heart of all who can appreciate a tender and affectionate recital of the home-life and peculiarities of a good-hearted if but little-known people. What if a suspicion of superstition pervades them, as in "Bessoré Towé," where Herz Machell, the "schlemiel" (or "muff"), has recourse to three separate pages of the Talmud opened at hazard to reveal to him the lucky number in the lottery? Surely it is no more harmful than an objection to being one of



A HUNGARIAN JEW.

(From the Drawing by E. Loeyer.)

* "Contes Juifs." By Sacher Masoch. Illustrated with one hundred and twenty-eight heliogravures and woodcuts. (Maison Quantin, Paris. 1888.)

thirteen at table, or more pernicious than a stocking dedicated to Santa Claus. Our sympathies, too, are aroused when, the great prize being won, the first thought of the hard-working tailor is as to how he shall bestow his "tithes," as ordained in the Holy Book he loves so well, and we applaud his decision to help one of his fellow-toilers. Although these tales are written in French, their spirit is the spirit of Poland, Alsace, and Prussia, those still living centres of the old Jewish life and character.

Surprise has often been expressed at the neglect with which folk-lorists have treated those still existing though fast-disappearing traces of the mediæval life apparent in the everyday customs and superstitions of the Jews of Eastern Europe. The Kabbalah, and talismans, and exorcisms are not Jewish, but mediæval. They are found but late in Jewish lore, and then but to be condemned. In order to emphasise how early, and to what extent, other-world considerations enter into the life of the foreign Jew, I may cite from this book a story of a little boy who, when studying

Hebrew, is told by his teacher that when he has mastered the A B C an angel will drop him a copper from the sky. This the child understands; but from that moment, instead of studying his book, is ever afterwards to be found with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, anxiously awaiting the coin which is to fall. As is to be expected in any collection of Jewish tales treating of the narrower life of the less educated Jew, the malign Lilith, the precursor and forerunner of all the witehes who preside over the infernal department of the rites attending the birth of nursery-tale heroes and heroines, soon makes her appearance. We do not get beyond the first page before encountering her and a description of the various charms resorted to in order to counteract her influence, and that of her following of four hundred and eighty evil spirits. Although there are many superstitions described, one of which is not generally known—namely, the disinclination to ride during Omer, the period intervening

between Passover and Pentecost, perhaps coincident with the Ides of March—the reflection that these fancies are but harmless foibles, capable of no very great harm, is irresistibly carried with their perusal. Their existence lends an old-world flavour to the tales which is at least uncommon in these days.

Sincerity and truth, mingled with a sympathetic respect for the earnestness of the people whose everyday life he depicts, characterise Sacher Masoch's stories. "Schimmel Knofeles," a tale of Galicia, opens with a description of the family life of a Jewish old-clothes man, so full of innate truthfulness that I cannot resist giving a translation of one especially fine pas-

sage for the benefit of our readers:—

"The seraggy, little, bilious-looking Jew, with a nose bent as though before a hurricane, whose arched back appeared destined by nature to carry burdens, trudged with his heavy pack throughout the week, through snow and rain and the noontide heat, from town to town, from one country-house to another. Although he worked so hard, he was actuated not



A TALMUDIST.

(From the Drawing by E. Loewy.)

solely by the necessity of earning his daily bread, but rather by the desire to educate his son, and to enable his daughters to learn the piano, or to surround his beloved Zobadia with all the comfort possible, nay even with a certain luxury. When, on returning home on Friday evening, he found himself seated at his own table, then it was that he felt himself repaid for all his trouble and privations. . . . After Schimmel had washed himself and changed his week-day clothes, all gathered round the table, above which hung the Sabbath lamp, and Schimmel commenced the Friday evening prayer. His voice, at first thick and indistinct, as though the dust he had swallowed all the week, on the high-roads were still in his throat, soon became, as he prayed, sonorous and clear. This bent man, with arms raised, invoking the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, appeared to expand little by little. His tanned figure seemed transformed, and the despised hawk became a preacher, a prince—nay, a patriarch.

The prayer finished, he broke the bread, and when Zobia had brought the stewed carp with raisin sauce, all sat down and the meal commenced; and when Schimmel looked around, as proud as a king, he saw the Sabbath lamp shining upon happy and contented faces."

To those acquainted with the love of home which is a prominent trait in the Jewish character, this picture will be recognised as a faithful presentment of the scene enacted on a Friday evening in the vast majority of Jewish households, a presentment possible only to one intimately acquainted with the subject.

Amongst other phases of Jewish

life treated of in this fascinating book are stories dealing with the Possener or beadle of the Synagogue (the recognised buffoon at all family festivities on the Continent), the religious fanaticism of a mind overstrained by study, and many others equally typical. A capital story, full of rollicking humour, narrates the course of the true love of a cook and her admirer in a neighbouring town, both of whom are unable to read or write. In these circumstances they each have recourse to a professional letter-writer, an official to be found even now in the East End of London, although his services are now chiefly requisitioned for epistles rather of an eleemosynary than an amatory character. It is in describing the efforts of the two scribes to outdo each other, through professional jealousy, in the warmth of their expres-

sions, and the classicism of their allusions, that Sacher Masoch strikes a true vein of low comedy. All this is essentially Jewish, is capitably told, and

appropriately illustrated. Each of the festivals has its appropriate story, many describing festivities which are almost extinct amongst the Jews in this country, or else merely linger as survivals. Among these latter is "Schousan Purim," when it is customary to make gifts, a practice similar to that obtaining at Christmas. The type of Jew is represented with all its many-sided characteristics—from the Rabbi who with his dying breath blesses the God



A PURIM GIFT.

(From the Drawing by E. Loevy.)

who has created death, to the heads of two families who have quarrelled, but reconcile their differences on the Day of Atonement, forgiving as they hope to be forgiven.

This book will doubtless arouse considerable interest in the Jewish community, for it not only treats of Jewish life, but is written by a Jew, and illustrated by Jewish artists. Under these circumstances, as favourable as they are novel, it is not surprising that the subject has been treated as it has never been before. Whether from the standpoint of knowledge of the subject or its illustration, there is nothing but praise to be accorded. It is curious, however, that this book, which, as I have



THE WEDDING CEREMONY.

(From a Drawing by E. Loevy.)

said, is written by a Jew, and illustrated by Jews, should contain a mistake in Hebrew upon the very first page: גבריאל should be spelled גבראל.



DEVICE OF THE KERNOOZER'S CLUB.

(Drawn by Harry Furniss. Engraved by R. Taylor.)

GLIMPSES OF ARTIST-LIFE.—VII.

THE KERNOOZER'S CLUB.

BY M. H. SPIELMANN.

OF all the clubs and societies devoted to special interests and special objects in England, there is none so absolutely unique, as there are few more interesting—at least to the lover of antiquarian research and artistic knowledge—as the select little body known as “The Kernoozer’s Club.” Archæological by birth, social by disposition, essentially truthful and honest in its aim, and jovial by practice, it has grown and developed by the jolly good-fellowship and the sound scholarship of its members. Even its christening was effected under a merry star. The name is a puzzle to many, and a delight, more or less, to its members, so that it may be well, before proceeding further, to set on record for the first time the source of the strange appellation.

There lives in London a man well known and respected in artistic circles, who is now in easy circumstances, but who, in his youth, gained his livelihood by posing as model to the first painters of the day; indeed, his face, though hardly his figure, may

still be recognised in many a famous canvas, such as Mr. Frith’s “Derby Day.” His knowledge of art and artists is extensive and peculiar, but perhaps his chief merit lies in his having procured for his son a splendid artistic and general education, although he himself remains to a great extent illiterate. One day he strolled into Christie’s prior to an important sale of armour, when one of the auctioneers, who was advising a would-be bidder, espied him and called him to his side, anticipating a sound opinion from so shrewd and artistically well-informed a man. “Here, my friend,” he said; “say frankly—what do you think of this suit?” “Well,” responded the other, with his usual candour; “’taint no use asking me anythink about armour and sech-like. As the Frenchman says, I’m no kernoozer.” His hearers’ lips broadened into something resembling a smile at this novel pronunciation of the word “connoisseur,” and when at the preliminary meeting of the new club the members were casting about for a

name, Mr. Robert Hillingford, the first Vice-President, repeated the incident of which he had himself been a witness, and the title was adopted by acclamation. A new word has thus been transported into the language, for it has been accepted by a considerable number of distinguished men inside the club and out of it; and "kernooze," both as a verb and a substantive—signifying a pleasant confabulation on technical matters, leavened with cold meats and strong and effervescent drinks—is as familiar in the neighbourhood of Kensington and Fitzroy Square as it is in the purlieus of Hampstead and Haverstock Hill.

The objects of the club are set down all too briefly and stiffly in its rules. The Kernoozer's Club, they say in effect, is formed for the purpose of promoting friendly intercourse between gentlemen who study or collect ancient arms and armour, and will be composed only of those who either possess collections of such objects, or have written some published work upon the subject. No professional dealer is eligible as a member, nor can he be a guest of the club; while, on the other hand, distinguished collectors resident in the country, and out of it, may be elected in a limited number as corresponding members. Another regulation religiously adhered to is of the practical sort; it is to the effect that the entertainment provided by the member receiving the club—the meetings taking place monthly in each member's house in rotation—shall be of the simplest kind: roast beef, cheese, beer, claret, pipes, tobacco, and whisky, and nothing more;—truly Spartan fare for the warlike convivialists. But such simple statement of its ends and means gives little idea of the dignity and character of the little society, among whom membership is a tie most religiously observed, a free-masonry, with which even that of the Savage Club can hardly vie; while the strict limitation of numbers in point of membership imparts an exclusiveness—a sort of esoteric quality—enjoyed by few other bodies. I therefore propose to give, in a more extended form, an unofficial and unrestrained version of the objects of the club and the story of its establishment, and then, attending one or two of its meetings, we may gain a better idea of its scope and character, and make our reverence to its high aim and worthy achievement.

The natural bond of sympathy was necessarily the intelligent study—a shrewd and well-directed and knowing spirit (a combination nowadays called "kernoozing")—on the part of certain persons in respect to arms and armour, which, so far as artists were concerned, and in some degree, too, antiquarians, was reaching a desperately low ebb in England and elsewhere. History-painters cared little for historic truth—which was all well enough when it was frankly ignored and the most glaring anachronisms were imported into pictures with touching indifference.

But by the time the present century had reached its meridian, "realism and truth" was the cry; yet the very men who raised it paid no more attention to correctness in costume and armour than if they had evolved the whole idea of them out of their own inner consciousness. Mr. Holman Hunt, who travelled to Knole Park to paint the background of his "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and so impart local truth, has told me that he made and embroidered some of the dresses with his own hands, and even constructed Julia's hat himself. Of course the realism and truth *he* sought for was the accurate expression of human passion. Again, Sir Everett Millais bought the sham lace for Madeleine's corset in his "Eve of St. Agnes" from a little shop around the corner; while Mr. Ford Madox Brown—the friend of the Pre-Raphaelite school, who worked all along on parallel lines—preferred to concoct his ruffles and costumes chiefly out of tissue paper. To this day, I believe, Sir Everett leaves to a well-known firm of costumiers the whole task of providing the dresses of his costume-pictures. But this sort of thing could not last when truth and realism were being carried to such a pitch in other directions, and Mr. Pettie was one of the first of the newly-arisen school to insist on correctness of dress and accessories as the necessary corollary of accuracy in other departments.

Now, a taste for archæology once awakened begins, like many another taste, to feed upon itself, and before long those who began antiquarian researches from the purely pictorial point of view, threw themselves into the study for its own sake. And why not? Up to the days of Cellini the greatest artists had been employed to lavish their genius on the embellishment of armour and the designing of dress and ornament, and their works prove how intimate was their knowledge of the logical development and the requirements of these arts. From Albert Dürer and Raphael, they were all thoroughly conversant with certain, if not all, of the stages, but as time passed on armour grew less and less an integral portion of a gentleman's harness and a gentleman's very being, as it had been, until the representation of it became not merely ignorant, but flagrantly contemned; and, at last, a man who would hunt for months for a special type of model for his Ananias, his King Alfred, his Hamlet, or his Holy Father, would leave it, as we have seen, to the nearest property-man to provide him with his arms and armour, his dresses and goldsmithry.

But the artists were not alone in seeking to reopen this interesting fountain of knowledge. The most eminent antiquarians and richest collectors in the country were entirely at one with them in their endeavours; but working, so to speak, out of sight of the public, and therefore out of its mind, they waited

for the more popular fraternity of the brush to make the first advance. And so it came about that one night in the winter of 1880, during a meeting of choice spirits, saturated in armorial lore, in the studio of Mr. Seymour Lucas, that the young Associate suggested the idea of a club to the Baron de Cosson—owner of unquestionably the choicest private collection in England, and perhaps in the world—and the proposal was warmly taken up and carried out then and there. The Baron was forthwith elected President, Mr. Hillingford and Mr. Seymour Lucas Vice-Presidents, while Mr. T. B. Hardy, Mr. Wentworth Huyshe, Sir James Linton, P.R.I., and Mr. Frederick Weekes were the first ordinary members. But matters were not long allowed to rest thus. Experts in armour and fence eagerly submitted themselves for election, and from amongst them representative men of acknowledged ability and learning were admitted within the sacred pale, the total number at no time exceeding twenty.

On the occasion of the meeting of the club the ordinary routine business is always followed by a discussion of high interest. It then becomes evident that the "objects" seem to cover a far larger field than is provided for in their rules. Not only is the aim to stimulate and store up a knowledge of armour and arms after their kind, and periodically display the use of them, but also to keep a running record of all authentic "pieces" to which members—and there are no more persevering ferrets than they—can obtain access. No sooner is a new "piece" acquired by one of them than he takes it down to the very next "kernooze"—and woe to the unhappy wight on whom a sham has been planted! for the better the sham the less excusable is deemed the blunder. Indeed, one of the first duties of the club is the exposure of fraudulent pieces wherever they may be found, and it is surprising to note how unerring is the instinct developed by study and practice. In this way the forged—or one should rather say fraudulent (for all armour is forged)—pieces in the Tower and at Parham Hall—Lord Zouche's seat—were discovered. Some two or three of the most prized helmets in the Tower were likewise thus condemned, the rightness of the judgment being at once acknowledged and eventually established. Of every fresh acquisition the owner is required to make a drawing in the club scrap-book, assuming that he is an artist or draughtsman, or to supply a photograph if he be a man of letters or otherwise a non-limner, so that the record thus obtained is growing annually in extent and importance. Once a year the members travel, *à la* British Association, to some place of historical interest—such as Warwick Castle, for example—where treasures may be examined and criticised; and a number of the members are told off on sketching

service, as well for the sake of club education as in the general antiquarian interest.

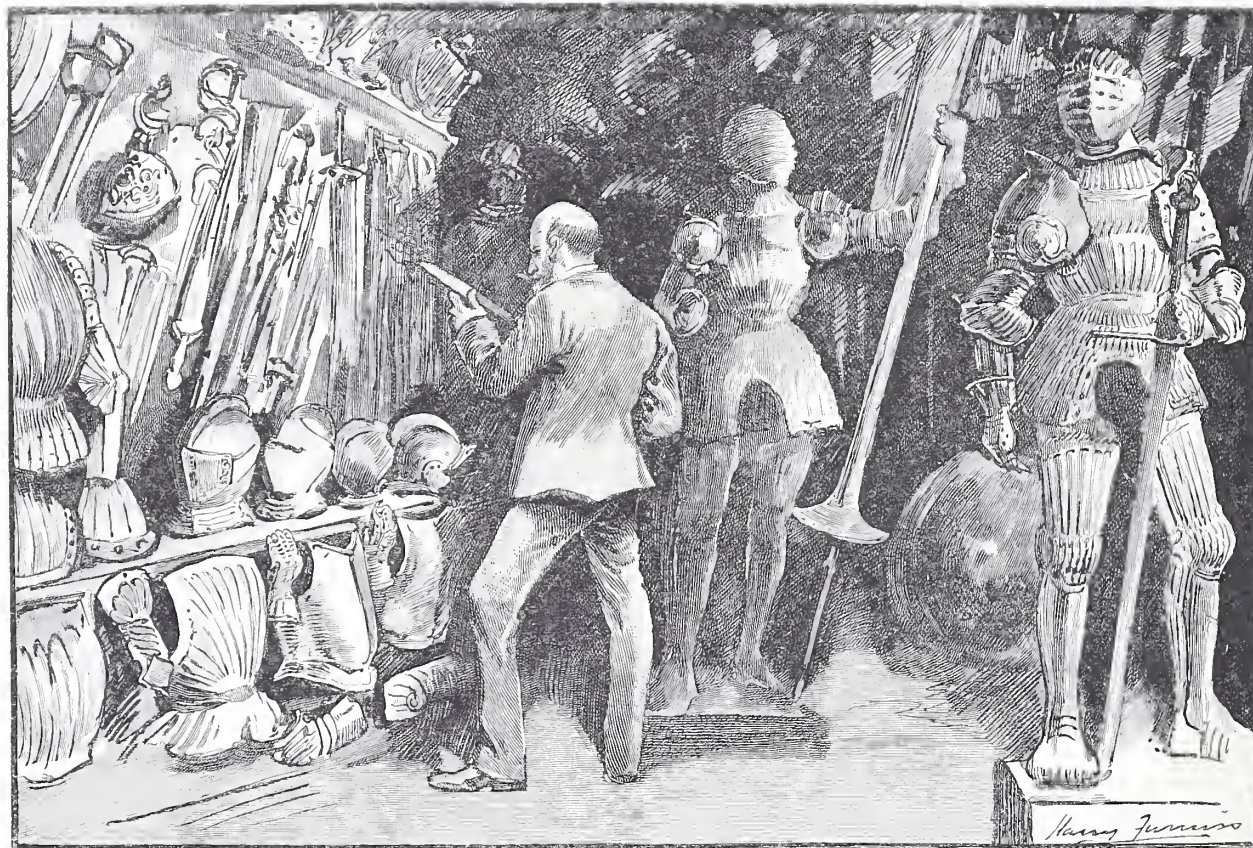
Then, again, it is a self-imposed duty on good members and true to carry their researches up to the altar itself and see that archæological, as well as spiritual, truth holds its reign in the House of God. When armour is found upon such sanctified ground, the loan of it is sought that it may be examined and discussed by the club in solemn conclave; and many a vicar will bear out the statement that numerous errors have been corrected and false ascriptions set right in the reports he has received on the treasures, hitherto unidentified and unappreciated, in his keeping. Deans, too, have been startled, and sometimes not a little mortified, to learn that pieces of armour have for centuries, maybe, been hung over the wrong tomb—misplaced, doubtless, in the course of cleansing or decorating operations; so that the net result of the prying habits of the confirmed kernoozer is usually, at the very least, the establishment of a sword's or a helmet's pedigree and respectability, and the insurance of its proper and reverential keeping. Another rule—stringently insisted upon and loyally subscribed to—is that no member shall keep a kernoozing secret from the club; all the information he may have or can collect he is bound to impart for the common weal, and by this means not only is common good feeling placed on a firm basis, but a sense of intersecurity and material advancement is realised and fostered.

The design that has been chosen for the club device, a representation of which heads this article, is in a measure typical of its position, its growth, and its aspirations. The well-versed reader will recognise in it the rare visored-bassinet of the fourteenth century—so rare, indeed, that but few are known even to the most diligent of armour-maniacs. One of them is in the Tower of London, ten in the Paris Museum of Artillery, one in the world-famous collection of the Comte de Nieuwerkerke, which is now owned *en bloc* by Sir Richard Wallace. It consists of a helmet of polished steel, the crown pointed into an ovoid shape, all in one piece; while the hinged visor, which comes very far forward, leaves a large breathing-place for the wearer. The legend beneath the device of this rare piece was suggested by the President, who drew the whole design. This new example exists only upon the club notepaper, and the legend runs "We Seek for This;" but with dignity of years and importance has developed the respect for scholarship, and a Latin phrase—*Nostrum de Armis Quærere*—now supplants the pathetic and wistful plaint heretofore couched in vulgar English.

But with all its prowling and scenting amongst the remains of a dark, sometimes a doubtful, and too often a rusty antiquity—vivifying and weaving the

results into an historical romance of absorbing interest—the club is essentially a convivial and conversational institution, bearing aloft hospitality for its banner. We are invited, you and I, to attend one or two of its monthly meetings—in the pages of this Magazine—the first of them being in the house of a talented artist up Hampstead way, who shares the rare distinction of being deaf and dumb with the famous Juan Fernandes Navarrete Ximines, the

and the eminence of the armourer who has stamped his mark upon them, but also for their usefulness as a portion of the military painter's stock-in-trade. But these are not the only, nor even the principal, attractions to-night. On the tables are ranged the objects acquired by members since the last kernooze—swords, and helmets, and a great Roman circular *tuba* or war-horn, recently fished up from the Thames; and the question is immediately raised as



IN THE BARON DE COSSON'S ARMOURY.

(Drawn by Harry Furniss. Engraved by R. Taylor.)

“El Mudo” of Philip II.'s court, and with Benjamin Ferrers, the portrait-painter, whom Charles Lamb so touchingly apostrophised:

“In lettered pride thou took'st no part,
Contented with the Silent Art,
Thyself as silent. Might I be
As speechless, deaf, and good as He!”

But our host is a man of parts, well-read withal; and as he receives his guests with the perfect grace of a *preux chevalier*, he maintains, by means of paper and pencil, a lively conversation in which hospitality and playful banter are brightly blended. His large studio is hung around with weapons and armour of celebrated periods, collected not only, one would say, for the sake of the excellence of the craftsmanship,

to whether or not it is legitimately open for discussion. In view, however, of the unusual character of the exhibit it is eventually brought under notice, passed from hand to hand, and sturdily wound, though not without difficulty, by one of the visitors with a gift for trumpeting. Then when all the expected guests have arrived they sit around in an informal crescent, and the Vice-President—on this occasion Mr. Seymour Lucas, F.S.A., A.R.A.—reads a paper in a conversational but an earnest tone. His manner appears what might be called smilingly combative, for he is evidently talking with the weight of conviction upon him, and his words are the outcome of long and diligent research. Moreover, the subject of his little discourse, which happily meets



THE "SWORD AND DAGGER" FIGHT.

" . . . with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back . . ."
(*Romeo and Juliet*, Act III., Scene I.)

(From a Drawing by Harry Furniss.)

with the entire approbation of the assembly, is based upon a great and valuable *trouvaille* of his own—a mighty two-handed sword, some four to five feet in length, belonging to the thirteenth century, which has been rescued by him from the ignorant care of some Midland bucolic, and which, from the “marks” of its Galas upon it and other internal as well as external evidence, would appear to have been the Joyeuse of King John himself. A “state sword” it certainly was. Then follows a desultory conversation upon the weapon; and the quillons, and the pommel, and the blade of the doughty *espadon* are all descanted upon with eagerness, while the methods of its use are illustrated by Mr. Egerton Castle, the champion swordsman of the club. Attention is now devoted to all the other objects in turn with a quite curious absence of jealousy on the part of the collectors; and then in knots of two or three we descend, still warmly continuing or listening to the discussion, to the supper-room below, which has been stocked strictly in accordance with the club injunctions.

And then comes a very pretty act of consideration on the part of the guests. After the meal is finished and a toast or two proposed and acknowledged, it is suggested that the host should be pledged, and that the singing of “For he’s a jolly good fellow” should wind up the proceedings. But it is remembered that the lady of the house is in ill-health, so that, rather than rob the host of the intended honour, the song is sung *in dumb show*, with every accompaniment of rollicking joviality. So our chairman is pleased, his wife is undisturbed, and we, though rather ashamed of our innocent deception, feel that we have performed a pleasant duty. From that moment the evening degenerates, or melts, so to speak, into the ordinary smoking-evening, and, the subject being relegated for the time, we revert to old Bohemian habits and Bohemian instincts, and, whiling away the night in good-fellowship, we scarce reach our homes before daylight doth appear.

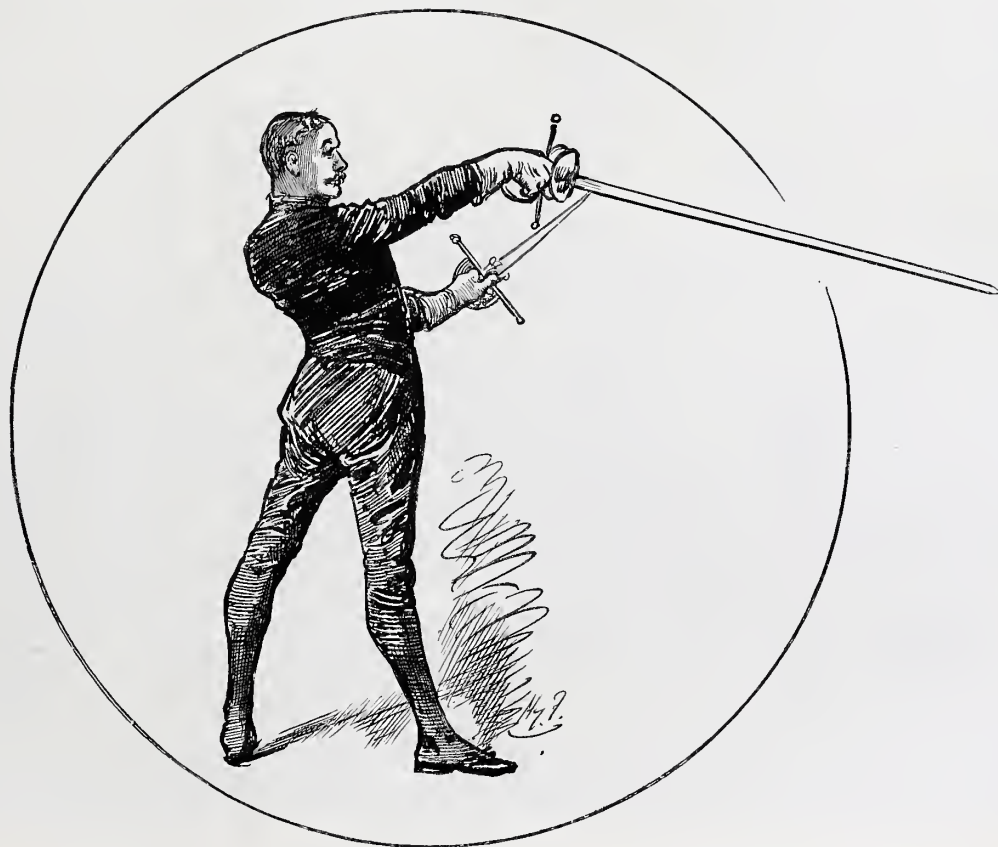
Such is an ordinary monthly evening of the club; but the annual meeting is a much more important affair. It so chances that it falls on Mr. Seymour Lucas to entertain this year, and we again are among the visitors. One by one the members arrive and await their own particular guests, and then they troop down into the well-proportioned studio, with its splendid panelling of carved oak, half hidden behind the martial treasures that form a veritable panoply. Suits of armour, swords and rapiers, muskets, jack-boots and spurs, halberds and pikes, matchlocks and pistols, a true Roundhead steeple-hat, and a great leathern black-jack, a falconet, hanger, battle-axe, and what not—a truly formidable array—afford subject for contemplation, and almost wean the sight away

from the graceful gallery across the end of the studio. The collection is especially rich in historical swords—swords of price—the value of which has been set down at about fifteen hundred pounds.

Now let us look round and take stock of the members who have assembled in such unusual force. Here, first, is the President of the club, the Baron de Cosson, whose residence at Chertsey—where his brother Kernoozers meet once a year—contains a superb collection of arms and armour. The value of his collection has been estimated at a very large sum. He has pursued the study of arms, offensive and defensive, for twenty-two years, and is the best “all-round” expert in the club, whose knowledge and opinions are universally regarded by collectors, English and European, with signal respect. For the rest a courteous man, with a quiet manner, a slight French accent, and a great family history. Near him is Mr. J. G. Waller, the authority on monumental brasses, and better known, perhaps, as a great authority on dates and facts than as a connoisseur, though his judgment is not to be set lightly on one side. Then there is Mr. Hillingford, the artist, whose collection has boasted some of the finest pieces of armour in the country; Mr. Edward Bellamy, the lecturer at South Kensington; Mr. Davidson, the artist; and Mr. Waring Faulder, the great Manchester expert, whose speciality is the sword. Then comes Mr. Joseph Grego, the owner of a charming little collection of choice swords, and the unrivalled Licentiate in the lore and scandal and secret history of the period extending from 1750 to 1850—a veritable mine of information. Close to him is Mr. George Kilburne, the artist; then Mr. Sydney Lee, the architect; Mr. Edward Ledger, of theatrical fame, and the possessor of a somewhat extensive collection; Mr. Ernest Hart, the master of so many recondite subjects; Mr. Stephen Williams, the architect; and Mr. John Chester, a barrister, and a connoisseur of infinite taste. The little knot of men over there, next to Mr. Spiller, the Honorary Secretary, includes some of the most remarkable men in the club; Mr. Egerton Castle, the eminent “master of fence” and military archæologist, whose book, by the way, on the use of the sword, has already become a classic, and has been translated into French as a matter of course; Sir Frederick Pollock and Mr. Walter Pollock, both of the *Saturday Review*, and as swordsmen second only to Mr. Castle. The first-named is Professor of Jurisprudence at Oxford, and the author of the article on “Swords” in the “Encyclopædia Britannica,” and essentially a fencer *de tempérament* rather than academical; the latter is the editor of the *Saturday*, and author of the volume on “Fencing” in the Badminton Library. Farther, there is the Hon. Harold Dillon, now the Honorary

Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries, who, after soldiering in India in the Rifle Brigade, has thrown himself into his subject and produced an important work on "The Arms and Armour at Westminster, the Tower, and Greenwich in 1547," which has necessitated the examination of the records at the Tower. This has produced rich results, for having revealed the prices paid for armour by the nobles, the commoners, and soldiers, it has not only gone a great way towards establishing the *modus vivendi* of the day, but has also let in much light on the mediæval army practices—even to the point of determining every

strangers." This he does in an informal manner, while those to whom he especially addresses himself strain forward in breathless interest. He speaks to us of the sword and how it grew in succeeding ages and changed its form to meet new attacks and to permit of new parries; of the quaint phraseology of fencers in Elizabethan and Cavalier days; of how the habits of fence had "evolved;" how the two-handed sword diminished little by little; how two swords, one in each hand, became the fashion, then one sword with the dagger in the left hand, and then the cloak replacing the dagger. Here is a sentence or two of his address



A DISSERTATION ON THE STRAMAZZONE AND THE PUNTA REVERSA.

(Drawn by Harry Furniss. Engraved by J. M. Johnstone.)

strap and buckle. The Earl of Mayo—a capital fencer—is not present, nor are Sir Noel Paton, Sir Richard Burton, author of the great "Book of the Sword," the Conde de Valencia de Don Juan, and Don Guillermo de Osma, of Madrid, nor M. Reubell of Paris, the corresponding members of the club. The only representative of the class is Mr. Hartshorne, the eminent archæologist.

Such is the roll-call of the club, and by the time we have finished scanning it, Mr. Castle, who is attired in a becoming fencing suit of black cord, is called upon to give us a lecture on the popular subject of the use of the sword for the delectation of "the

—which was finally illustrated by passages of arms between himself and Mr. Walter Polloek. "The rapier—the transition weapon between the sturdy old knightly sword, capable of cracking armour, and the small, or court sword (the duelling weapon of later days)—came into fashion, together with the Italian or Spanish 'Caballero' mannerism, during the latter half of the sixteenth century. It remained the gentle weapon (in opposition to the popular broadsword) until the Parliamentary sword period. After the Restoration the light, triangular, French sword came in, again with foreign mannerism—but French this time. Since then the sword, being no longer a military

weapon, became slenderer and lighter until it assumed the bodkin proportion we see in the court sword. The most picturesque period of fencing is that which Mr. Pollock and I will presently illustrate—the Elizabethan. All the outlandish terms used in this mysterious art had the grandiloquent Italian or Spanish character, till there was a perfect infatuation for the fantastical phraseology introduced by followers of Carranza and Saviolo into their daily conversation and intercourse. Even Shakespeare was bitten with it, as ‘Romeo and Juliet,’ ‘The Merry Wives of Windsor,’ and ‘Hamlet’ can prove.”

Then comes the duel by sword and dagger

desperate and bloody “sword and dagger fight.” Herein, doubtless, may be found the explanation of the changing of the swords just prior to the death-scene in “Hamlet”—an act which seems hitherto to have puzzled commentator and actor alike. But, as a matter of fact, the interlocking of sword and dagger is a matter of constant occurrence, as our kernoozing belligerents prove. The splendid display of swordsmanship comes to an end by Mr. Castle, who had lost his sword, darting in with lightning rapidity, closing with his adversary, and finishing him off by play (?) of dagger.

Such, in fine, is the Kernoozer’s Club, and such it will probably long remain, for similar societies are



TRYING ON A NEW ACQUISITION.

(Drawn by Harry Furniss.)

between the two swordsmen—the grace of Mr. Castle and the wary energy and watchfulness of his antagonist being in strong contrast. Every clever stroke, every palpable hit was loudly applauded. The fight was just such a one as was in vogue in Hamlet’s time—not the scorpion rapier fence such as Mr. Irving and actors of every grade are content to acquire from the nearest fencing-master, oblivious of all facts of history—but the

in process of formation in Paris and Madrid, and it is gradually invading the Society of Antiquaries and making good its title to being the armour-club *par excellence* of the world. In this conviction we slowly leave the scene of the realistic fight and we make our way into the cool, dark street, the clash of steel and Mereutio’s cry still ringing in our ears: “Ah! the immortal passado! the punta reversa! the hay!”

THE SCULPTURE OF THE YEAR.

THE progress which has of late been observed in English sculpture can hardly this year be said to be maintained by actual achievement. In no one of the exhibitions is there an imaginative work which

of Michelangelo and Sir Frederick Leighton. This indefiniteness of aim robs it of much of its unity of purpose and harmoniousness of line, and we cannot regard it as an entire success. It is like a glorified



HOUNDS IN LEASH.

(From the Life-size Group in Wax by Harry Bates. In the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, 1889. Engraved by Jonnard.)

can quite claim to rank with Mr. Gilbert's "Queen" or Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's "Medea" of last year. The absence of masterpieces may perhaps be accounted for by the fact that many of our most distinguished sculptors are engaged upon decorative works, which are destined to add to the dignity of public buildings. But whatever be the cause, it must be confessed that in 1889 as far as sculpture is concerned the glory of the English school has suffered eclipse.

The most ambitious statue is undoubtedly Mr. W. B. Richmond's "Arcadian Shepherd," which is at the Academy. This colossal work is conceived altogether in the "grand style," and while the head suggests Praxiteles, the torso is unmistakably reminiscent

Academy exercise, so far does the conception outrun the execution and mastery of material, which the artist has not yet carried to completion. In strong contrast to this is Mr. Harry Bates's "Hounds in Leash," a work which is genuinely classic in spirit. There is in it no slavish imitation of any one of the great masters of Greece. But we recognise, while we look, that though the modelling and style bear the mark of a strong personality, yet the artist's feeling and point of view are classical in the best sense. And apart from this, the vigour and energy of the group are beyond praise, although it appears as the composition of one who has habitually devoted himself to the working out of bas-reliefs. Mr. Alfred Gilbert is by no means

adequately represented. There can be no doubt that the absence of any important poetic work by this artist deprives the Academy of one of its most interesting features. Yet we must be thankful for what we can get, and the two busts which Mr. Gilbert does send

niggling lines, which has lately become so popular, and which is to be observed this year in half a dozen feeble representations of old age. Each is instinct with life, and each displays a fine appreciation of the quality of flesh and a grasp of textures.



THE GENIUS OF POETRY.

(From the Statue by T. Brock, A.R.A. In the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, 1889. Engraved by Jonnard.)

are assuredly models of what portrait-busts should be. Among the large crowd of commonplace portraits, undistinguished by any finesse of modelling, any picturesqueness of treatment, Mr. Gilbert's "J. S. Clayton, Esq.," and "G. F. Watts, Esq.," are indeed striking. They are both simply yet superbly modelled. There is none of that cutting up of the surface with

But of all the sculpture exhibited this year, it is Mr. Onslow Ford's "Singer" that will linger longest in the memory. This statuette, which recalls irresistibly the same artist's "Folly," now at South Kensington among the works purchased by the Chantrey Bequest, is a delight to the eye. The fingers and hands of the figure may be thought too long,

but with this reservation it is charming. Nothing could be more graceful than the pose, nothing more beautiful than the modelling. And the base upon which it stands is adorned with enamels, admirable both in design and execution. Mr. Onslow Ford never loses sight of the decorative side of his art, and so his work is always excellent. To the New Gallery he sends a sketch of Gordon's "Dromedary," which

to represent simply and frankly historical scenes than to produce any great decorative effect. We are glad to see at the Academy reductions in bronze of Mr. Thornycroft's "Teucer" and "General Gordon." If sculpture is to become a popular art, there can be no doubt that it will become so through the publication of reductions of well-known works such as these.

Among the younger of our sculptors, no one is



A YOUNG MOTHER.

(From the Bust by R. A. Ledward. In the Exhibition of the New Gallery, 1889. Engraved by Jonnard.)

is a most faithful rendering of an interesting subject. Marked in an equal degree by skilful handling and artistic feeling are his portraits of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress. Mr. Hamo Thornycroft exhibits no great work this year. He sends to the Academy two bronze panels from a memorial of Gordon to be erected in Melbourne, Australia. The one represents the death of Gordon at Khartoum; the other, Gordon teaching ragged boys at Gravesend. They are pictorially conceived, and are rather an attempt

more speedily making a high position for himself than Mr. H. A. Pegram. His "Death Liberating a Prisoner" was one of the noticeable works of last year's Academy, and the relief entitled "Ignis Fatuus," which he exhibits this year, is a distinct advance on his previous performance. The modelling is careful and sincere; the composition adequately fills the space, and little fault is to be found with the design. It is a fortunate thing for Mr. Pegram that he had his work cast in bronze before sending it to the

Academy. Otherwise, by a recent legal, but surely not reasonable, decision of the bench, it could not have been bought as it has been by the Chantrey Bequest Fund. This regrettable decision cannot fail to have an adverse effect upon English sculpture. Had it been pronounced earlier, the majority of the works of sculpture now in the room set apart for the Chantrey College at South Kensington could not have been acquired for the nation. That Chantrey, himself a sculptor, should by the literal terms of his

is something to be found of Mr. Nelson MacLean's in each of the three big galleries this year. But he is most completely represented at the Grosvenor. His finest works are his "Suppliant" at the Grosvenor, and his "Bacchante" at the New Gallery. These are both animated by the spirit of the later Greek sculpture, and modelled with considerable learning, and carved with consummate skill. It is difficult to bestow praise upon Mr. MacLean's bas-relief in terra-cotta, which has been reproduced in



IGNIS FATUUS.

(From the Bronze by H. A. Pegram. In the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, 1889, and purchased by the President and Council under the Terms of the Chantrey Bequest.)

will have done so much to place the art of sculpture beyond the reach of his own generosity is a most unfortunate circumstance. But to return to Mr. Pegram. In addition to the relief of which we have already spoken, he sends a "Boy's Head" to the Academy, and two medallions of considerable merit to the New Gallery. Another sculptor who has made indubitable progress this year is Mr. R. A. Ledward. His portraits at the Academy are perhaps a little commonplace, but his contributions to the New Gallery are far better. His "Young Mother" is a careful piece of modelling, while his panel in bronze, entitled "Poetry," is refined in composition and skilfully executed. There

marble for St. Peter's Church, Bayswater. It is in three panels, which are suggested by the three texts, "Follow Me," "Feed My Sheep," and "Fear Not." But the whole work seems to us hackneyed, lacking dignity in treatment, and modelled without much effect. It is matter for regret that Mr. George Simonds shows nothing this year but a bust of Mr. Walter Crane. This is an admirable piece of work; in fact, it is one of the best portrait-busts of the year. But Mr. Simonds has done such interesting work in the past, that we are disappointed to find him represented by nothing more important than this.

The work of Mr. T. S. Lee may reasonably be considered with that of Mr. J. Havard Thomas. Each of these sculptors has this year produced sound, workman-like portraits, which have given them no scope for the exercise of the higher qualities of their art, and each is seen at his best in reliefs. Mr. Thomas's "Marianina" at the Academy, and "Giacinta" at the New Gallery, with Mr. Lee's

But there is little distinction of pose in any of his work, no interesting arrangement of drapery, no technical subtlety, none of those qualities which make us indifferent to the model and to the accuracy of the likeness. It is only possible to regard his statues or busts as admirably true representations of men with whose features we may be familiar; we can never say of any of them, "Without question, this is a work of



THE SUPPLIANT.

(From the Bust by T. Nelson MacLean. In the Exhibition of the Grosvenor Gallery, 1889.)

"Medallion" at the Academy, are favourable specimens of work which aims rather at truth than artistic effect.

If we wish to gain an idea of what British sculpture was before the revival, which has been due to the energy and skill of Messrs. Thornycroft, Gilbert, and Onslow Ford, we may turn to the examples of Sir J. Edgar Boehm's art. This sculptor's work has great power and verisimilitude. We recognise solid human beings in his statues, and confess that he has a rare knack of catching a likeness.

fine art." His statue of the late Lord Iddesleigh for instance, which was made to be erected in the House of Commons, is an undeniably exact portrait of the late Minister. Great care has been expended on the modelling, there is an extraordinary precision of detail in it. Yet as a work of art it is entirely unsatisfactory, and has no quality to mark it out from any other portrait of the same size and in the same material. On the same plane stand Sir Edgar's "British Guardsman of 1818," and "Ennis-

killig Dragoon of 1815." As studies they are no doubt beyond suspicion; but we look for more than fidelity and archæological accuracy in a work of art.

A far more stirring work than Sir Edgar Boehm's is Mr. Armstead's "Lieutenant Waghorn," the pioneer of the overland route. It is the model of a statue which has been set up at Chatham, and is in many respects worthy to be remembered. Here we find distinction of pose and a highly successful attempt to manage the draperies. This is emphatically the best of Mr. Armstead's works; it is at once more ambitious and more successful than his reliefs of Mrs. Craik and the Rev. Benjamin Webb.

Mr. Birch, A.R.A., is much better seen at the Grosvenor Gallery than at the Academy. His "Margaret Wilson" at the latter exhibition can arouse no enthusiasm. It is sentimentally conceived, and carried out in too pictorial a spirit. Far more interesting is his "Water Nymph" at the Grosvenor, which possesses a certain imaginative quality.

Of animal portraiture there is very little that is notable. We have already said something of Mr. Onslow Ford's "Dromedary" and of Mr. Bates's "Hounds in Leash." Apart from these, Mr. Swan's "Young Himalayan Tiger," which is in bronze, displays the most intimate knowledge of animal forms. It is a fine piece of modelling, and is evidently the result of much subtle observation. Sir Edgar Boehm sends to the Grosvenor a statuette of the Duke of Portland's horse "St. Simon," and in the same gallery are some efficient studies of horses by Mr. Adrian Jones. "A Note of Triumph," which Mr. H. C. Christie exhibits at the Academy, is not successful. The lion is modelled somewhat clumsily, and is stiff and awkward in pose. Mr. Everett Millais' truthful sketch of the champion bloodhound "Nell Gwynne" demands a word of praise.

The advance which has recently been made in the lowlier branches of sculpture, such as the striking of medals and goldsmith's work, is strikingly illustrated in the exhibitions of this year. At the Academy is to be seen an admirable design for reverse and obverse of a medal, executed for the Art Union of London by Mr. Gilbert. Then there is Mr. Thornycroft's charming sketch for the clasp of a cloak, and Mrs. Vereker Hamilton's really efficient design for the reverse of a medal, to be executed in bronze for the Slade School, University College. At the New Gallery, too, the medallists are very fully represented. The case of medals for competition, exhibited by the Society of Medallists, and the case of medals by Mr. G. Howard, contain admirable specimens of this fascinating art.

Among the most remarkable works of sculpture which have been seen this year are the "Capitals of Pilasters" and the "Head of Pan," which Professor

Legros sends to the New Gallery. These broad-browed, thick-lipped, flat-nosed, satyr-like heads are modelled with breadth and vigour, and there is not a touch of littleness either in their conception or execution. They are of course entirely conventional in treatment; no trace of realism is to be observed in them. And this is as it should be; the artist has never forgotten that his capitals are intended to be architectural decorations and not mere representations of a sensuous type. These experiments of Professor Legros in a thoroughly conventional branch of art are particularly interesting, because it seems that the majority of our sculptors have failed to appreciate the decorative element in their art. They have cultivated, and with great success, a certain sturdy realism, which has only succeeded in making much of their work very dull. There is not much artistic exhilaration to be got out of an English gentleman in a frock-coat and button-boots, especially when the sculptor has idealised nothing, imagined nothing, but has been content to coldly chronicle what he saw before him. Such works as these may be produced by a mechanical process, which is but little above the level of photography. They may be eminently satisfactory as likenesses, but they are not art. And it is just because statues of this character are so plentiful this year that we turn with a kind of relief to Professor Legros' satyrs. For in them at least nothing is sacrificed to the model; they bear no resemblance to anything in nature; they are simply forms, conventionalised in accordance with certain traditions, and adapted to the requirements of architectural decoration. The spirit in them is fine, though the decorative idea is carried so far as to bring some of them within the realm of unconscious caricature.

Very different in aim and spirit are Mr. George Tinworth's reliefs. Professor Legros is always artistic, Mr. Tinworth never. The latter merely attempts, by the aid of his own uneducated observation of human nature, to interpret the teaching of the New Testament. With a certain rough vigour and an unpleasant puritanical humour, he sets before us such scenes as "The Children Playing in the Market Place" and "The Prodigal Son." In these the figures are modelled with a rude energy and untutored strength which are undeniable. They depend for their effect to a very large extent upon the familiar spirit in which the stories from the Bible are treated. Mr. Tinworth is the Spurgeon of sculpture. He seems to approach the New Testament in very much the same spirit as does the author of "John Ploughman." The composition is too pictorial for sculpture, and the modelling has neither subtlety nor distinction of character. If the humour were removed from Mr. Tinworth's work there would be nothing left, and after all humour alone is not art.



JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET AS A YOUTH.

(From the Painting by Himself. Engraved by C. Carter.)

THE BARBIZON SCHOOL.

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET.—I.

BY DAVID CROAL THOMSON.

WHEN a certain reputation has grown up around an artist's name, it is a most difficult thing for any one to prove that this reputation has arisen through misconceptions of facts, which are well within the reach of any one who will take the trouble to scrutinise them. It has been the custom, for example, to speak and write of Jean François Millet as always miserable and moody, as generally sad and constantly toil-burdened. While not wishing to con-

vey the idea that Millet's life as an artist and as a man was completely the reverse, I think it possible to show the brighter side of it; and also to prove that his misfortunes were not more than those of the common lot of humanity, and that he was neither miserable nor moody in his home life, nor necessarily so in his art life. It is, in fact, almost easy to show that in many ways he was happy and contented, that in his lifetime he had many friends and admirers, and that

he was little worse off than other good painters of the time: in short, that the general verdict which has hitherto been pronounced on Millet and his works has much that is erroneous in its conclusions.

The popular idea that Millet passed an exceptionally hard life has arisen from two causes. In the first place, it has been taken for granted, on the principle of "Who drives fat oxen should himself be

Sensier was a writer scarcely from choice, but rather from favourable circumstances. He first wrote on Théodore Rousseau because he found he knew more about that painter than any one else did, yet he was well aware of his deficiencies in composition. He repeatedly acknowledged that he was no critic, and also that he knew little of the science of book-making. These defects are noticeable enough to any



CHERUBS DANCING.

(From the Study by Millet.)

fat," that because Millet painted pictures specially illustrative of the toils of the peasants of France, and of a sober and even sombre character, he must himself have been of an unusually grave turn of mind, which was true, and have experienced an immense deal of trouble of his own, which, however, was only partly true. The other cause of this ill-understanding of Millet's life has been his friend Alfred Sensier, the writer to whom we are chiefly indebted for minute information on Millet's career.*

* "La Vie et l'Œuvre de J. F. Millet." By Alfred Sensier. Quantin, 1881.

reader of Sensier's works, and do not require to be emphasised here. But besides this, Sensier appears to have acted as a kind of agent and banker to Millet; even artists have to think sometimes of the details of life, and Millet was in the habit of mentioning money-matters and questions of price and policy to Sensier in his letters. Sensier therefore gradually, and probably quite unconsciously, came to connect Millet with requests for money, or for advice in difficulties, and he seems to have ultimately arrived at the conclusion that Millet was always in want of something. It is this tone which

pervades the whole of his otherwise valuable, and at all times interesting, life of Millet, and it is this idea

has to be remembered that Sensier died before he completed his work on Millet, and who can say how



THE BEAN-GATHERER.

(From the Picture by Millet. Engraved by F. Juengling.)

which I would combat and endeavour to prove to be true only in a very limited sense. Besides this, it

he might have modified the story had he lived to see it in type?

As a descendant of peasants, and himself a peasant, for in his earliest days he worked in the fields like his neighbours, Millet is properly a peasant-painter, and the dignity of labour was never more practically yet poetically rendered than by this real son of the soil. Often Millet chose subjects which were non-attractive from their vivid reality, and one celebrated figure of a man leaning on a hoe, resting and looking at the spectator, was nicknamed after a notorious criminal of the period. But happily many of his subjects are quite of an opposite quality, and nothing can be more truly delightful than his shepherdesses and other peasant figures on whom the weight of life does not seem to lie too heavily. They have leisure to go with quiet dignity about their daily duties, without hurry and without fuss.

Jean François Millet was born in the hamlet of Gruchy, in the commune of Greville, near Cherbourg, overlooking the English Channel. About four hours' journey from Cherbourg, by a rustic road lying along the cliffs by the side of the sea, Gruchy is reached. This was and is a very small and quiet group of houses nestling behind a cliff, and at about the centre is a one-storeyed house, which bears the inscription, "Ici est né le peintre Jean François Millet le 4 Octobre, 1814."

Millet, coming from a peasant family of good stock, was descended through both father and mother from estimable upright people. According to a Normandy custom Millet was trained by his grandmother, for his own mother had to go to the fields to help to earn the daily bread, and it was the spirit of his grandmother which most influenced Millet's life. Her kind of training may be understood from her favourite saying when rousing him in the morning, which was, "Wake up, my little François; the birds have long been singing the glory of God." Millet's father was instinctively an artist although he never exercised his talent. He often spoke to his son of the beauties of nature. He would pull grasses and call his boy's attention to their charming forms, and would point out the varying effects of the days. But his art was entirely inarticulate, though happily it descended to his eldest son.

Millet's father had often noticed his boy's taste for drawing, and silently considered what should be done. But his family was large and his wants many, and the eldest son must remain in duty bound and help to bring up his younger brothers and sisters; and so he held his peace. The time speedily came, however, when silence could no longer prevail. When François was about eighteen his attention was fascinated by the curious outline of an old man passing along. He drew the contour, and did it so well that his parents recognised it and felt that the time had come to speak out. The father explained his difficulty

to his son, but finally added, "Now that your brothers are older, I do not wish to prevent you from learning that which you are so anxious to know;" and so François began forthwith to prepare to go to Cherbourg, and be apprenticed to an artist.

It has been usual to consider Millet, as peasants commonly are, somewhat illiterate. But Normandy peasants are like Scotch country folk—although poor they are frequently very well trained. When Millet was eighteen he was able to read the Bible and Virgil, his favourite books, quite easily in Latin, and it is said that he was a ready and eloquent translator of these volumes. His education, in fact, was equal to many even amongst artists, and far superior to what is considered usual amongst peasants. He was a facile and neat writer, his letters are clear and well,



THE SOWER.

(The first Sketch by Millet.)

and sometimes even elegantly, expressed. In short, by the time he went to Cherbourg, he was a well-educated man, and was quite able to hold his own even when he reached Paris a few years later. It has therefore to be borne well in mind that, although born and bred a peasant, he had that kind of education which allows and encourages a man to progress, until as time goes on he need not fear to be the associate of those whose education has been more exact and complete.

Millet's artistic talent was admitted from the first, and he was one of those fortunate artists who did not find obstacles put in his way at the beginning. Millet's father acknowledged and applauded the gifts of his son; his first sketch from nature was approved by his parents, who saw the likeness to the old neighbour as described above. When the father and son went to Cherbourg, to Mouchel, one of the best artists in the city, to obtain lessons for the youth, the master would not believe that the drawings shown him were the work of a

beginner. These had been carefully enough prepared beforehand in the cottage at home. After his examination, when the facts could no longer be disputed, Mouhel finished by telling Millet *père* that he was to blame for keeping his son even so long away from art, "for your child has the stuff of a great painter."

But while mankind was thus so far propitious, the Fates were striving against him, for at the end

sayings about him and pondered them in her heart, thought her François should go back to Cherbourg, and very soon he became a student with Langlois, who also treated him so that he was practically independent. At this time he spent several hours daily in reading, and he thus became familiar with all the best authors from Homer to our own day. Millet was, as has been said, and it cannot be emphasised



THE SOWER.

(From the Picture by Millet.)

of two months, during which Millet was permitted to copy what he liked either from the "round" or from engravings, he was recalled to Gruehy to find his father seriously ill and dying from brain fever. Very soon he found himself the new head of the family, and under the necessity, according to his conscience and the custom of his country, of taking the work of the home in hand. But his brothers were growing up and the necessity for his remaining at home was lessened. His grandmother, who had kept all the

too strongly, a cultivated man, well-read, and deep-thinking, with the Bible guiding his heart, Virgil his head, and both afterwards greatly controlling his art.

Langlois, his second nominal master, soon saw he could not teach Millet anything, and he employed him more as an assistant. In the *Église de la Trinité* of Cherbourg there are two pictures painted partly by Langlois and partly by Millet. Another time Millet's good angel came to his aid, and Langlois

succeeded in obtaining for his helper a pension from the town council of Cherbourg to assist his studies and to carry him to Paris. It did not go very far, and it was neither promptly nor fully paid, yet it is evidence of the esteem in which Millet had come to be held. We may pause for a moment and consider how many young men pensioned by their native place would like posterity to believe that they had been badly treated all their lives. The very fact of the pension having been granted is enough to evince an appreciation flattering to any youth, however gifted he may be, and however famous he might become.

Strengthened by the promise of this pension, Millet went off to the capital, but his first experiences there were far from satisfactory. His mother and grandmother had wept as they spoke of the temptations of Paris, and generally Millet looked forward to his new life with some apprehension. But he was upheld in all his despondent thoughts by the knowledge of the treasures in the Louvre and other collections of pictures. He arrived in Paris early in 1837, being twenty-two years old and having just sufficient knowledge of city life, learned at Cherbourg, to keep him from going wrong. But, indeed, he had as a youth the feelings of a celibate, and what are considered the ordinary temptations of life had no attractions for him. "I got to Paris," he says himself, "one Saturday evening in January, in the snow. The light of the street lamps, almost extinguished by the fog, the immense number of horses and waggons passing and re-passing, the narrow streets, the smell, and the air of Paris, went to my head and my heart so that I was almost suffocated. . . . Paris seemed to me dismal and tasteless. At first I went to a little hotel where I spent the night in a sort of nightmare, in which I saw my home, full of melancholy, with my mother, grandmother, and sister spinning in the evening, weeping and thinking of me, praying that I should escape the perdition of Paris. Then the evil demon drove me on before wonderful pictures, which seemed so beautiful, so brilliant, that it appeared to me they took fire and vanished in a heavenly cloud."

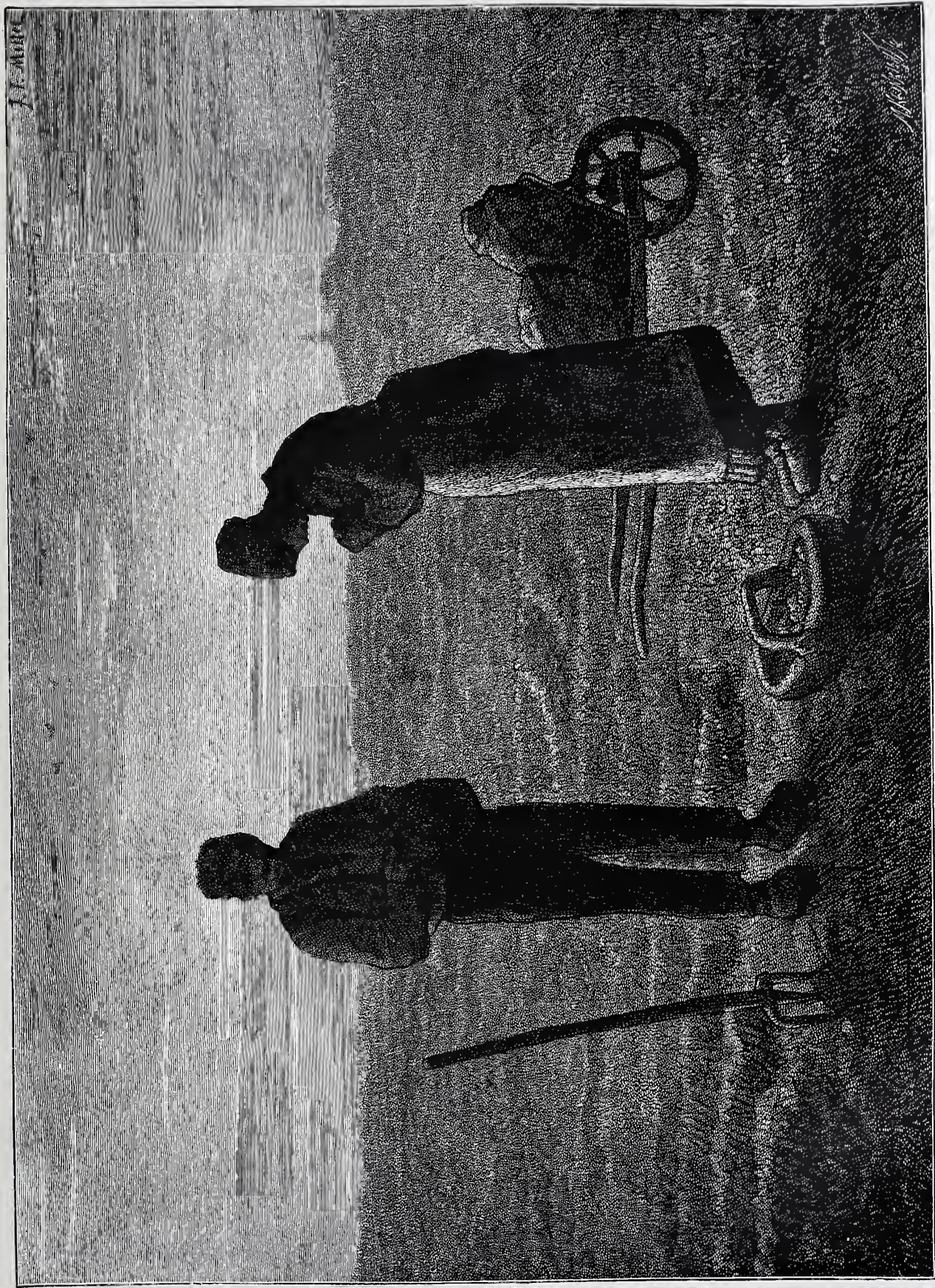
The friends to whom Millet took the usual introductions were of little use to him. They recommended him to go to the *École des Beaux Arts*, but the idea of competition was repugnant to him, and he speaks of the difficulty of getting people to understand how distasteful to him was the idea of striving to excel certain unknown people "in cleverness and quickness." Another "friend" overcharged him for his lodgings and forcibly retained possession of all his linen. Generally his life was disquieting; but when he found his way to the Louvre—which was some time after arrival, for he was too proud, like many country-bred people, to ask his way in Paris—he was in a new world, and no trouble of a sublunary

kind had any weight with him. He fairly revelled in the great old masters, and it is interesting to know that Michael Angelo was the greatest master of all in his estimation. Fra Angelico soothed him, and the more modern Poussin impressed him; Watteau and Boucher he despised, Delacroix he admired, and very curiously he thought the work of Lesueur strong; this is the painter who has a little dark room to himself in the Louvre, but whose pictures have little attraction at the end of the nineteenth century.

After much consideration, Millet entered the studio of Paul Delaroche "pour apprendre son métier," as he expressed it, for he was quite alive to the necessity of earning his daily bread. But after spending some time there, learning nothing of real service, and after having various little experiences, he left it in order to go on in his own way. When his fellow-students had become too troublesome, he would reply, "I do not come here to please anybody. I come because there are antiques and models to teach me, that is all." The immediate cause of his leaving was that Delaroche wanted a certain pupil to get the *Prix de Rome*, and told Millet if he wanted to please him he must not compete. So Millet abandoned the studio where honest effort was curtailed by intrigues, though why he did not try to enter the studio of Delacroix, whom he fervently admired, has yet to be explained.

The next few years were the fullest of trouble in Millet's career. It was then that he met with the hardest experiences he ever had to endure. He was sensible that he was misunderstood, yet he also felt that he should try to school himself to do what the people of his time asked from him. One of the curious results of this unhappy combination was to have Millet, the peasant-painter of France, making nude pictures in the style of Boucher, whom he loathed, and of Watteau, whose prettiness is the very antithesis of Millet's own maturer work. Before submitting to this real degradation, he made a great effort to get people to accept pictures as he liked to paint them, but they were quite unsaleable; and he unwillingly, but heroically for daily bread, set to work on nymphs and nudes of popular descriptions.

This fact of Millet having even for a time to succumb to the exigencies of life and forsake his real work in the world in order to gain a livelihood, is infinitely more humiliating than the fact of his getting into trouble because he would not be false to himself. It is far more dignified, far more becoming of a great man to struggle on in a good cause and to suffer for his opinion, perhaps even, as Millet did in later years, to being in debt on every hand, than to give way from what one knows is right in order to acquire the bread which perisheth, and to obtain a rest from poverty, which, however distressing, is at least honestly honourable.



THE ANGELUS.

(Painted by Millet. Engraved by M. Klinkicht, from the Photograph by Practorius. By permission of the Publisher, R. Gicrenet.)

See Note on page 383.

There were not, at the same time, any very great number of nymphs *à la Boucher* produced, for Millet received a good many orders to paint portraits, a branch of art he cultivated all his life. Sometimes he went to his native Normandy, and when orders for portraits failed him, he did not disdain to paint signboards, for which thirty francs was considered a fair price. In 1840 he had a portrait at the Paris Salon, and in November, 1841, he was married—for

approved, he was not well enough born or old enough to have made an influential connection, and he never was a man to make many friends even in his happiest days. Generally, in fact, his star was in the descendant, but when his wife had died and he was left childless, without friends (he never liked his first wife's relations), with little or no money, and with scarcely any prospect of making more, his star reached its lowest point and then began slowly to ascend.



(From the Sketch by Millet. Reproduced by Gillot.)

the first time—to Pauline Ono, a maiden of Cherbourg. He removed to Paris, but his wife did not thrive there, and in 1844, about two and a half years after marriage, she died amidst privations to which Millet in later years never cared to allude. The year 1844 was probably the very severest in Millet's life. His wife never had been strong, and she gradually declined in strength at the very time when her husband became less able to find the means of supporting her with the necessaries of life, not to mention the delicacies requisite for an invalid. Scarcely any one would buy his original work, and pictures even *à la Boucher* and *Watteau* did not fetch over twenty francs, and often not that. His portraits were not always

Sensier thinks that his happy life finally ended when he married again and had a family, but this is a mistake, for Millet was a joyful father of many children, and though he was occasionally altogether without money or credit, he never again felt the extreme desolation and solitude of 1844.

NOTE.—In view of the extraordinary amount of interest that has recently been awakened in this country in the work of Millet, owing to the sensational purchase of the "Angelus" for the French Government (but which, after all, is destined to find a resting-place in the Art Gallery of New York), the Editor has taken the unprecedented course in this Magazine of reprinting the engravings (on pp. 377, 381, and 384) which have already appeared in its pages, in order that a juster and a more complete estimate of the artist's life-work may be formed. These will be followed

next month by another, and concluding, series. In respect to the "Angelus" itself it is interesting to know that it is accepted on all hands as well-nigh the technical apogee of French Art, and hailed by Gambetta, the Agnostic—as it was intended by Millet, the painter—as the essence of religious sentiment and unquestioning faith. It is true that one of the most eminent painters on the Continent has asserted that were its title unknown the picture would express no definite idea to the spectator: that the

gave M. Petit, the dealer, an order to bid £6,000 on his behalf. M. Petit secured it for £6,400, and M. Secrétan, another customer at like terms, and Mr. Vanderbilt tossed for the possession of it. The former won, but regretting his bargain, he re-sold it to his dealer for £8,000. Feeling he had blundered, he bought it back again, but this time had to pay £12,000, having the satisfaction of declining an offer of £20,000 from Mr. Rockefeller, of New York. The statement that M. Secrétan paid the latter price for



LEAVING FOR WORK.

(From the Picture by Millet. Engraved by C. Carter, from the Photograph by Messrs. Braun and Co.)

man and woman are no more praying than deploring the rottenness of their potatoes. But Millet believed, and the world confirms the belief, that he had produced one of the most intensely religious pictures that had ever been painted, more fitted to the general drift of modern ideas than the "Virgins" and "Adorations" of a bygone age. The picture was finished in 1859, and remained in the possession of M. Arthur Stevens, without any coveting it. At last, M. de Praet, the Belgian Minister, bought it from him for £100. Later on Mr. J. W. Wilson purchased it from him for £1,440, and when, in 1881, Mr. Wilson's collection came under the hammer, the late Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt

it is therefore a mistake. The dramatic sale of the picture in Paris for £22,120 took place in one of the most exciting scenes ever witnessed in a sale-room, being exceeded only, it is said, by that of the Murillo "Conception," now in the Louvre, at the Marshal Soult sale in 1852, when the approximate sum of £24,000 was reached. What adds to the chagrin with which the French regard the hugeness of the sum that was bidden to retain possession of their masterpiece, is the fact that no purchaser among connoisseurs or collectors could be found to buy the work at Millet's price of £80, and that their own judges of the Salon repeatedly and habitually declined to receive his work.

AN ARTIST'S HOLIDAYS.

BY J. E. HODGSON, R.A.



From the Drawing by J. E. Hodgson, R.A.
Engraved by Miss A. Bergmann.

DECEMBER is hardly the month to be writing of holidays. All well-regulated families are in winter quarters; paterfamilias has dropped his jaunty mood, the airy treatment of serious subjects, the careless poccouranceism that sat so gracefully on the worthy man during his holidays. He is once more serious and thoughtful; he is apt to reply vaguely and, when surprised, even snappishly to his pert daughters; the cares of business are upon him. Yet, nevertheless, round many a hearth, holidays are still the topic of conversation. The subject is not lit up by the sunny glow of anticipation, but by the soberer lunar radiance of retrospection; it is being discussed from the scientific standpoint of experience. From the north, the south, the east, and the west, the families have been gathered together into their homes, bringing with them their varied experiences; whilst in far-away countries—in Irish cabins, Highland crofts, in Lapland and Norwegian huts, in Russian isbui, in Swiss châteaux, in Holland, and Belgium, and Germany, in France, Italy, and Spain—guides, hunters, porters, toilers of all sorts, are enjoying rest, and are counting up the gains of their season, and how much has fallen to their share of the vast overspill of English wealth. The holiday of an English family is an event of European importance, the solvency of states may turn upon it, the life or death of individuals may depend upon it; and to the family itself it is a matter of no small moment. It is the result of months of anticipation, often of much frugality and self-denial; what deep discussions precede it, what porings over guide-books and books of travel, what eager questionings of travellers, what agonies of preparation! The leader of the party probably insists on a minimum of baggage, and, behold, the things utterly indispensable cannot be reduced to the minimum required! What plannings, what despair, what furtive tears even, in female eyes, when some pet bit of finery has to be abandoned! What fevers, what nervous excitement precede the departure of a family! And so also with the singly blessed, do they not also have their throes, their anxious confabulations with the tailor, with the gun-maker and the fishing-tackle

maker, their elaborate thoughtfulness in preparing a kit which is always far too voluminous, and also practically inefficient? And what does it all result in, in nine cases out of ten, but failure and disappointment, weariness and boredom? The incalculable element will assert itself and upset the best-laid schemes. Paterfamilias will be laid up with the gout at the most inopportune moment, or materfamilias have an attack of headache; the weather may be bad, and the people they come in contact with uncongenial; the sportsman may find the birds wild and the rivers run dry: in fact there are a thousand and one chances against a holiday turning out a success and bringing with it unalloyed enjoyment. A man of mature years may count such lucky incidents in his experience on the fingers of one hand. In most cases we return home from what the Fates in bitter irony of our helplessness insist upon our calling a holiday, heartily glad it is over, and secretly sorry we ever undertook it. Disappointment dogs the footsteps of high hopes, and our greatest enjoyments come upon us unawares when we least expect them, and when we have not previously befooled ourselves by anticipations of impossible delights. But that man has been unlucky indeed who, when he looks back upon his life, cannot recall moments of pure unalloyed enjoyment, bright sunny memories which light up the vista of the past and hide its sorrows and disappointments. Thoroughly to enjoy holidays requires a peculiar turn of mind; I am conscious of possessing that turn of mind to an extent which almost amounts to genius, and sage experience bids me declare that I do not consider it the most practical or useful of possessions. But, nevertheless, who is the judge or where the tribunal capable to fix a value upon our mental and spiritual gifts? Before what court can the question be tried, except that Supreme One which shall sit beyond the realms of time and call us to account for the use we have made of the faculties entrusted to us? We may accept it as established and incontestable that to be a man of one idea, to bend all your energies in one direction, to be for ever driving the same nail, is the sure road to success; but may it not be, that before that Supreme Tribunal to which I have just alluded, such an one may be found guilty, guilty of wilful blindness, of shutting up the gates and avenues of the soul and of paying no heed to the voices which called upon him daily, from under the leaves, out of the gloom of forests, in the flash of waterfalls, and from the sunny sky?

The universe is vast, full of manifold activity and infinite beauty; it is reflected in the human mind, but dwarfed and shrunk as is the prospect when seen through the wrong end of a telescope; but does not the bare perception of its vastness and its glory stimulate us, does it not raise us to a higher state of existence, to a state of existence incomparably higher than the mere successful carrying out of one idea?

Our souls are eaged and immured, tied down by the necessities of life. Our escape is the holiday. Beneficent Nature is waiting open-armed for us, ready to feed us from her multitudinous breasts. As she bends over us, the hot tears drop down, tears of compassion and sympathy; we know not what is in her heart, what deep thoughts are moving in her brain. We are merely children; all we know is that it is good for us to be there, to look abroad, to wander, to feel rapture, and to be thankful.

There is one race of men—namely, artists—who are supposed to enjoy perpetual holidays; it is popularly assumed that their business is recreation, and their work amusement. Sir Daniel MacNee, late President of the Scottish Academy, was told by a miller near Edinburgh that with his broad shoulders he ought to be ashamed of sitting fooling with “thae” sketches—“he ought to work”: and with people much more cultured than the Scotch miller the idea prevails that art is an excuse for idleness. From their point of view, the objection is not worth answering; but there is a certain truth in it—in this sense, that to surrender yourself to the influences of nature, to allow your imagination and your emotions to be subdued by her beauty, an enjoyment which the mass of mankind can only indulge in rarely and at long intervals, is the business of the artist’s life. He finds his work in what constitutes a holiday to others. The falcon that has to go forth and fly down some creature and bring him to earth for his food, must look upon the occupation of the humming-bird as purely frivolous; but to hover about over flowers is the serious business of the humming-bird’s life. The rational theory of a holiday is a period of relaxation, of utter rest to the mind, which enables it to store up vigour for renewed exertions. Idleness is, however, distasteful and hurtful to our faculties; the mind must be kept in a state of activity, and therefore when we escape from our ordinary vocations, we seek for some occupation by which we shall be engrossed, interested, and amused, and the more unlike our ordinary work it is the more salutary is it likely to be. On this principle, to a landscape-painter in want of a holiday, the most salutary thing might be a month spent at a desk in an insurance office, just as to the insurance clerk nothing is likely to be more beneficial than a month spent in sketching from nature.

This is an original suggestion, which I don’t think has ever occurred to any one before, and which has certainly never been acted upon; but it is well worthy of serious consideration. There might be practical difficulties in the way of carrying it out; heads of insurance offices might consider the perfunctory registrations of a landscape-painter in search of relaxation as not conducive to the regular conduct of their affairs; but that is a difficulty which might be got over. The experiment might be tried, and, slumbering in the fiery soul of the landscape-painter, there might be discovered an unexpected genius for double entry. Artists, however, are often men of one idea. The idea is in itself a beautiful one, it fills the mind with holy and ennobling associations, and given one single topic as an object of study, there is none which appeals to so many faculties, which is so conducive to general culture, and which opens the mind to such a wide perception of phenomena and their relations as the study of art and nature. But this single-mindedness is not universal, neither can it be said that all the best artists possess it, or rather I should say, to avoid using a term which might admit of ambiguous interpretation, it is not all the most successful artists who possess it. That general vigour and activity of mind, that elasticity which enables a man to throw himself, heart and soul, into every pursuit, is one of the elements of success in art—it is a condition which must co-exist with the special faculties required; and if the reader will take the trouble to run over a list of eminent artists, he will perceive that they have nearly all been many-sided, taking interest in a vast number of subjects. Etty occurs to me as an exception, he was certainly a man of one idea; all his life through, with head bent down, with the patience and pertinacity of a sleuth-hound, he followed its track till he overtook it. But without wishing to disparage his art, which we must reckon amongst the triumphs of the British School, I must demur that it is singularly circumscribed, not only in the object he proposed to himself, but even in the means he took to attain that object. He proposed one thing to himself, to paint the naked body, and yet his views did not extend to the fulness of its beauty, to the grace of its curvature and the perfection of its structure; they were confined to the representation of the colour and lustre of its skin; and if we can imagine Etty capable of harbouring or paying any heed to such a companion as a wise friend, or of enjoying what we understand by a holiday, we can see that friend peremptorily locking up palette and brushes, dragging the reluctant painter out of the life-school of the Royal Academy into the fields, amongst mountains and lakes, there, by converse with Nature, by the contemplation of her infinite fecundity, her capricious playfulness, her lavish display of re-

sources, to wean his mind from its narrow preoccupation with the technicalities and mechanism of art.

Ah, me! as I sit at my desk, and call up before my mind's eye, as in some moving diorama, the scenes of my past life, how many cherished pictures rise up before me—pictures, alas! the pristine brightness of which is besmirched and dimmed by the defacing hand of time, and overspread with the melancholy which belongs to days that are no more, to the sad thoughts of dear friends departed, and of loved voices I shall hear no more this side the grave. As I look backward, the working days seem huddled together into one crowded indistinguishable mass; I compare them to those barometrical charts ruled with parallel lines, across which is traced the zigzag course of the barometer, the ups of hope and elation, the downs of disappointment and depression. The vivid pictures which stand out from the grey mass are all holiday scenes. In one I am wrapped up in furs, under myriads of stars, and gliding in a sledge over the silent snows; and then I am tussling with a black bear, my spear is in his chest, and he grins horribly at me as he gnaws its staff. Then the scene changes, and I am in a vast hall, crowded with men in uniform and civilians, and with masked women in many-coloured dominos; the crowd parts, and before me stands the stately form of the greatest humbug living, the Emperor Nicholas of Russia; and then I see another celebrity, a youth with high cheek-bones and sallow skin, with small close-set black eyes like those of a weasel—he wears silver cartridge-cases on his breast, and a heavy dagger slung from a waist as slender as a girl's. It is the son of Shamil, the hero of Daghestan; he is now a captive and hostage with the Czar. Then there comes quite a gallery of sea-pieces, in one of which I am clinging to a stanchion, rapt and taken out of myself by the awful majesty of an Atlantic storm; in another I am in a crazy little French steamer in the Mediterranean, the captain is trying to lay-to, and the green seas form an arch clean over the paddle-boxes: then there are landscapes without number, quite a Prout collection of picturesque European towns. Then comes a bright picture bathed in sunshine; I am riding alone past the black tents of the Ouled Neel and Beni Snooss, with a sense of utter freedom and independence which makes my heart leap within me. But the most cherished of all and also the saddest are the home-scenes. Human life is like a tropical forest: there are natures which stand alone, rooted in their strength like La Fontaine's oak—

“ . . . mon front, au Caucase pareil,
Non content d'arrêter les rayons du soleil,
Brave les efforts de la tempête.”

And then there are the lianas, frailer natures which require support, which cling to one trunk and then

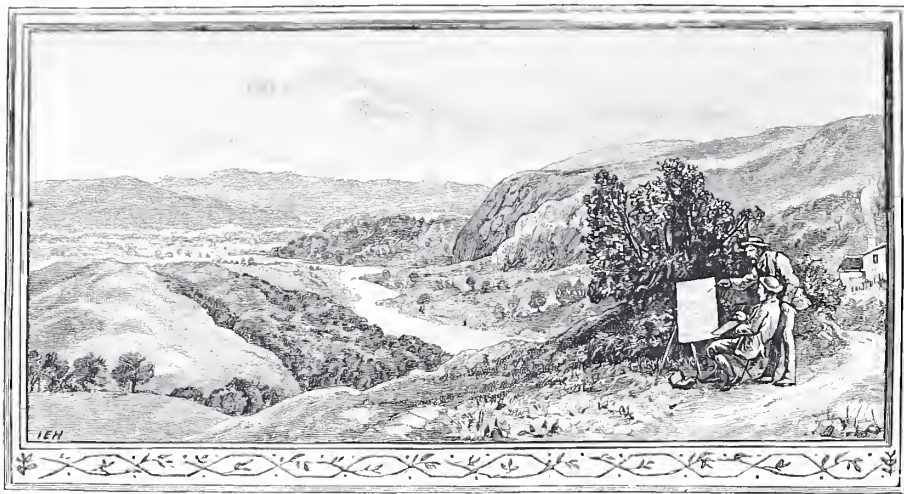
send a swaying elastic branch to another, and so upward. And then there are the trees of tardy growth which remain overshadowed and stunted by their more precocious neighbours. In looking back upon life, we see how all these types were exemplified, and there is a touching sweetness in the retrospect. We had friends; peace, eternal peace, has sealed their eyes; we think not of their failings, but only of the kindly bond which once united us, the universal bond of fellowship and affection.

One scene rises up before me with uncommon distinctness. I am on the banks of the Spean, over against me a little to the right or east is Glen Roy, with those strange parallel lines which puzzle geologists. All around stretch wide undulating moors and trees, not remarkable for picturesqueness or typical of the wild and savage grandeur of Highland scenery, but beautified by “changing zones of light and shade,” and by the many-coloured growths of heather, fern, myrtle, and orange bog-grass. The river rolls at my feet over a rocky bed in a constant succession of rapids and deep pools; rapids and pools beloved of the fisherman, and each known by name. Memory loves to recall what time the big salmon rose under the rock in the Corner Pool, and led me a breathless and excited chase until he fell to little Angus' nattering gaff some half a mile below; or when in the Roy Pool the eighteen-pounder would try and make down the water amongst the trees and rapids, and had to be held back by sheer force and strength of tackle. These are chance events in an artist's holidays which never fade from his memory. They are importunate trifles which will force themselves upon him and crowd other things much more important out of sight.

On these Spean banks stands Corryhoylie House, a long stone building of two storeys. As I enter its ever-open door I find myself in a large hall paved with flagstones; at one side is a great table, and under it a medley of boots of all sizes and of every degree of wetness and greasiness. They are the boots of the Ansdell family, or rather of the boys of the Ansdell family, and their name is legion. I am the guest of Richard Ansdell, R.A. By future historians of British art in the nineteenth century his name will perhaps be ignored or mentioned slightly; but he was nevertheless a remarkable man, if only for his extraordinary industry, facility, and productiveness. As Washington Irving said of Scott at Abbotsford, “If he is writing the Waverley Novels, I don't know where he writes them;” and here, at Corryhoylie, Ansdell is always ready to go fishing and place his time at the disposal of his guests, and yet he is painting all the time. In a small room upstairs there is always a picture on the easel, with a group of dead game laid out, or a falcon tied up with strings in an attitude of swooping—never a week passes but something leaves

the easel and is packed away to Manchester, where there is a ready market for it. As he said to me, "The public has never seen the half of what I do." His industry never flagged to the last days of his life; he brought up a large family and placed them out in the world; he lived, one might almost say, splendidly, and he left a handsome fortune behind him; and, if we judge of achievements by their difficulty, these facts would point to very uncommon powers. As a companion he was most genial, most unaffectedly kindly and good-natured, but there was a proud spirit in the man; any slights or undue familiarities he resented vehemently, and did not easily forgive.

completely was it the appropriate setting to the figure. To Walker we may truly apply Charles Lamb's words: "Upon him his subject has so acted that it has seemed to direct him—not to be arranged by him." He had the divine faculty of inward sight; his vision was slow to obey the summons, he had to perform many exorcisms and incantations, but it arose at last, and once there he held it fast. There was a taint of hereditary disease in his blood, and its development was no doubt hastened by an abnormally irritable and sensitive nervous system. There was a strong tie of friendship between Ansdell and him, and nothing could be stranger than the



“THE SWEET COMPANIONSHIP OF NATURE.”

(From the Drawing by J. E. Hodgson, R.A. Engraved by Miss A. Bergmann.)

Here, under his roof, there is another artist of a very different stamp, Frederiek Walker, A.R.A. Everything about him betokened an early death, not because he was frail and delicate, for frail and delicate men sometimes drag out the thread of life to great lengths, nor, as in the case of his host, was he in any danger from over-industry and application. His mind was not very cultivated; he was inarticulate, and his conversation gave no idea of his powers. His intellect, I should opine, was of rather a slow and lethargic cast. Never did an artist groan as he did in the throes of production. It was painful to see him; he would sit for hours over a sheet of paper, biting his nails, of which there was very little left on either hand; his brows would knit and the muscles of his jaw, which was square and prominent, would twitch convulsively like one in pain; and at the end all that could be discerned were a few faint pencil-scratches, the dim outline of a female figure perhaps, but beautiful as a dream—full of grace, loveliness, and vitality. A few scratches would indicate a background, a background which seemed a revelation, so

contrast between them; the one a man of iron nerve, whom no fatigue, no misfortune or annoyance could perturb—proud, resolute, and self-relying; the other blown about by every wind, childishly elated at one moment, depressed almost to despair at the next. I can recollect the words of old Green, the fisherman on the Spean:—"It's a nice gentleman, is Mr. Walker; when he was catching the first salmon, och! I never saw any man so pleased whatever; he was be making me drink whisky, and the fish drink whisky too." When annoyed even by trifles, he was beside himself. He had a passion for telegraphing; when the fit was on him he would send off messages at intervals all day. It was terrible to hear him complain of the injustice and ill-treatment of which he supposed himself a victim, quite unreasonably as it appears to me, as the world seems to have agreed to treat him indulgently as a delicate and spoiled child of genius. He was passionately fond of fishing, and seems rarely to have touched a pencil when away from home for a holiday. Once, when at Corryhoylie, he lost a bank-note (I forget the exact

circumstances), then he set to work and produced an exquisite drawing representing old Green, on a rock by the side of the Spean, with a salmon just caught. Where it is now, I don't know; it is years since I have seen it, but it is a gem. Another strange whim of his was a hatred of soldiers; his eyes would flash and his pale cheeks flush when he spoke of them. "They are butchers! paid butchers!" he would say;

Years roll on apace, and I have forgotten how many have passed since I saw the sods laid over his grave in Cookham Churchyard; but his fame is still untouched by time, and probably *Fama superba* will continue to bear him safely on her trembling pinions. It is the recollection of a holiday which has called up before me the man with his strange whims and weaknesses, the contradictory, capricious, and, to some,



FRED. WALKER, A.R.A., AND R. ANSELL, R.A.

(From the Drawing by J. E. Hodgson, R.A. Engraved by H. Scheu.)

"a soldier cannot be anything but a brute!" Sometimes he would utter a happy saying. On one occasion some one was relating that he had noticed a lady walking before him, who by her gait and the turn of her head he thought must be very beautiful, but she happened to turn round, and disappointed him. "They always do," said Walker. In speaking of painting, he once said that "composition is the art of preserving the accidental look," which is as good as anything that has been said on the subject.

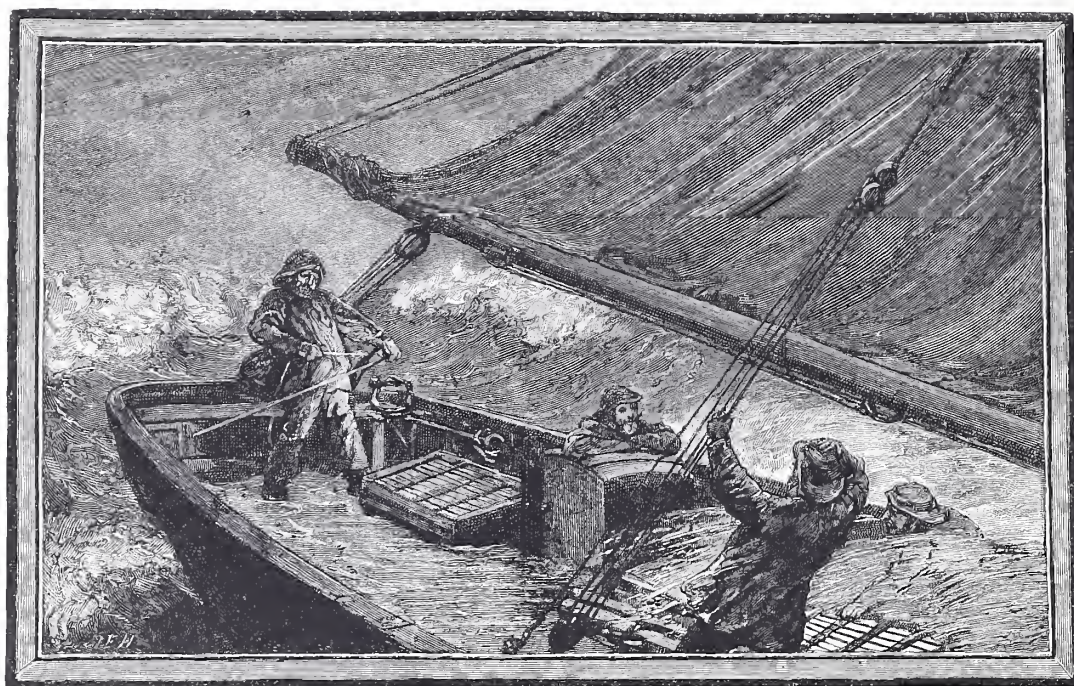
He had splendid gifts; but some malignant fairy, some disappointed godmother at his baptism, must have filched away the most essential concomitant, without which even happiness seems impossible, the gift of a placid mind, and that equipoise of faculties which leaves the mind serene and imperturbable.

not altogether lovable man. To his friends he was often trying, and it was not possible to help regretting that to so much genius had not been added a little more manliness and self-reliance.

Another holiday-scene rises up before me. I seem to see it through a rift in dark clouds, amidst storm, and night and darkness, and angry waves with phosphorescent foam, with the gleam of lighthouses red, white, revolving and still, flashing through the gloom. I had accepted an invitation to join three acquaintances in a yachting cruise, and we had started from Southampton bound for Cherbourg, in an old schooner of some sixty tons, ill-found, undermanned—in other words, fitted out for hire. We had a "scratch" crew, and were, it must also be confessed, a scratch lot of passengers; two of my companions

were utterly unseaworthy, water-logged, only with a good deal of brandy in the water; they were going fast down the steep road which led, as it always does, to ruin and death. The third was the ornament of the party, he was the nautical man, dressed in blue serge with a straw hat, and we called him the skipper. After we had passed through the Needles he took the helm; the rest of us sat on the weather side of the deck, propped up against the bulwarks. It was a beautiful morning, and the wind blew fair and fresh. From our seats on the deck, as the vessel heaved or sank, we could see before us under the main boom

gorgeous panoply of brass buttons and gold lace did not inspire the awe I should have expected. None of these things escaped the eagle-eye of the skipper; he would allow himself only a few minutes at luncheon and dinner; he mistrusted the captain, he said, and must be back at the helm and look after the ship. The wind had been freshening all day, and towards evening blew half a gale; but we only struck topsail and carried on, expecting to make Cherbourg before nightfall. Darkness set in, and yet no signs of land; there were three men in the bows anxiously peering into the darkness, when at last we heard the joyful



A ROUGH NIGHT IN THE CHANNEL.

(From the Drawing by J. E. Hodgson, R.A. Engraved by H. Schen.)

alternately a long strip of sunlit sky, and then an expanse of sparkling, foaming waves.

It was a brave sight to see the skipper. He handled the tiller-ropes like a master; nothing escaped his eagle-eye; he looked all round the deck and he looked up aloft, he eyed the main cross-trees and he scowled at the mast-hoops. Then he would make some observation about those things to the captain, who in his turn would look aloft and answer solemnly. Ever and anon the skipper would order the running-gear to be readjusted, the sheet slackened, or the peak halliards to be made taut. It was a brave sight; we admired and we respected him; we felt that our lives were in safe keeping. The captain would often go below, and as the day wore on, he looked flushed and spoke thick. The men, I noticed, took little heed of him and answered sulkily, and it struck me that his

shout of "Light ahead!" "It is the light on the west end of Cherbourg Breakwater," said the captain, speaking very thickly, "we ought to have made it before; but I suppose the tide was against us." This was glad news; we looked forward to smooth water, a picturesque anchorage, a glass of grog, and a turn in; the wind rose more and more, and howled through the rigging, the ship sped onward with long undulating lurches, and the masts groaned with the pressure of the sails; the light before us was growing bigger and bigger, approaching nearer and nearer, when suddenly a voice yelled out in an accent which startled us, "This is not Cherbourg, this is Alderney!" Here we were, in a pretty fix; it was ebb tide, and we could not enter the harbour; we were carrying as much sail as the ship could bear, before a wind, and had to put about and get her close-hauled.

I naturally looked to the skipper; his profound experience, his coolness and judgment would now stand us in good stead, especially as the captain was not on deck; but, lo! he, too, resigned the tiller and dived below, and when I looked through the skylight I saw him and my two other companions looking very woe-begone, and fortifying themselves with grog, and the captain upon inquiry was found to be lying incapable on the floor of the fore-cabin. But luckily the mate was equal to the occasion: a fine young fellow; I have a pleasure in recording his name—it was Harry White, of Cowes. He took command; the cook also made his appearance, and turned out altogether the “next best man:” the foresail and fore-stay sail had to be lowered, the main tack hauled up as far as it would go, and the gaff lowered, and then the vessel was put about. It was wet work; but the rotten old craft behaved better than could have been expected of her; but when we got head-sail on her again, the forestay parted, and we were in danger of losing our masts overboard, which we probably should have done, had not Harry White run forward with the running backstay, and made it fast to the stem. By this time it was pitch-dark and blowing hard; we were on a lee shore, with a long beat to windward before us ere we could reach Cherbourg. I went below to report progress, and found my companions had all turned in; the skipper was in his berth with his head covered up and would not answer me; I thought he was asleep. I lit a cigar and went on deck again; it was very dark, very wet, and very uncomfortable; the men spoke little, but tramped about in their oilskins, pulling at ropes here and there, and talking occasionally in a low voice. Everything around us was black; we could only see the white crests of the waves, full of phosphorescence. High above the bulwarks a perfect deluge of spray swept the vessel fore and aft. The mate came up to me, and asked me to get out the chart and lay it on the cabin table. I was glad of some occupation, and knowing something of the business, was able to make myself useful by identifying lights when he gave me the bearings, and ticking off our place on

the chart. We toiled on painfully, and I will confess anxiously, going about at intervals, in a terribly angry sea—when suddenly, on looking down, I saw that all was darkness below. “Harry,” I called out, “the cabin light is out!” “Get it lit at once,” he said hurriedly, and I rushed below. But where were the matches? I shook the skipper—he did not know and did not care. I went into the after-cabin where the two other men were; one of them was groaning and bewailing his lot; he had had enough of this foolery, he would take the first train when he got to Cherbourg, and return home by steamer. “You’ve got to get there first, my boy,” I said to him; “have you got matches?” “Where are we now?” he said. “That’s what we want to know, and can’t see without a light.” Then I heard the voice of the mate roaring down the companion, “Look sharp! Revolving light bearing S.S.E. broad on starboard bow.” There was no attempt at “sirring” or “mistering” me—the community of our danger had swept away the difference of social position, and he ordered me about as he did the other men. After a wild night, just as daylight was breaking, we gained the welcome shelter of Cherbourg Breakwater.

This was the first of several mishaps on that adventurous cruise, and when I returned to Southampton I mentally registered a vow never to cruise in vessels fitted out for hire, or to trust to the seamanship of amateur yachtsmen.

These are some reminiscences of an artist’s holidays. They are pleasant to look back upon, and, like wine, they improve with keeping. The last holiday is always rather sad to think of; it is over, and another year must pass before we shall be permitted again to enjoy ourselves.

How elated we are when we start for a holiday! with what scrupulous care do we pack up our sketching-materials and fishing-tackle! How differently we feel when we turn our faces homewards; and how careless and slovenly is our packing! Truly no two men are more dissimilar than is the same man at different epochs of his life.



“MADONINA.”

BY “FRANCESCA” ALEXANDER.

MISS ALEXANDER was first introduced to English art-lovers by Mr. Ruskin. It was in one of his Oxford lectures that he announced his discovery of an American lady who could draw as no one had drawn since Leonardo, and we have for some time been hoping to present to our readers some

home in an old Italian Hotel in that quaint and lovely Florentine piazza, one side of which is taken up by the façade and cloisters of the Church of Sta. Maria Novella. She knows and loves the Italian peasant, and when she aims at drawing some old saint, her practice is to seek out the man or woman



(From a Drawing by Miss “Francesca” Alexander. Engraved by W. and J. R. Cheshire.)

specimen of this lady’s work reproduced in fac-simile from her original pen-and-ink drawing. All Miss Alexander’s work is in pen-and-ink, and it is wrought with such delicacy as to make its reproduction a matter of the utmost difficulty. Mr. Ruskin gave up the attempt to reproduce it by any process of press printing, and contented himself in the works published by him with photographs of the drawings.

Miss Alexander is an American lady by birth only. She is Italian by virtue of her long residence in Italy, her sympathies, and her mode of life. She has her

who has passed through experiences similar to those attributed to the saint, and she takes this person as her model without reserve.

Our Frontispiece is a simple study of an uncommon and very beautiful specimen of the Italian Contadina. The drawing, of which it is a reproduction, is of a very rare quality to which it is impossible to do complete justice. It came direct from her studio and is published by permission of Mr. Ruskin, Miss Alexander having undertaken to publish nothing without his consent.

E. B.



MADONINA.

A STROLL THROUGH THE PEABODY MUSEUM AT CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.—I.

By S. R. KOEHLER.

THE Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology forms part of the appliances for educational and scientific purposes controlled by Harvard College. Founded in 1866 by the late

sonian Institution, for instance—may excel it in the number of specimens, but it is claimed that in no other institution of the kind has the system of verification as to the *provenance* of each object been carried out

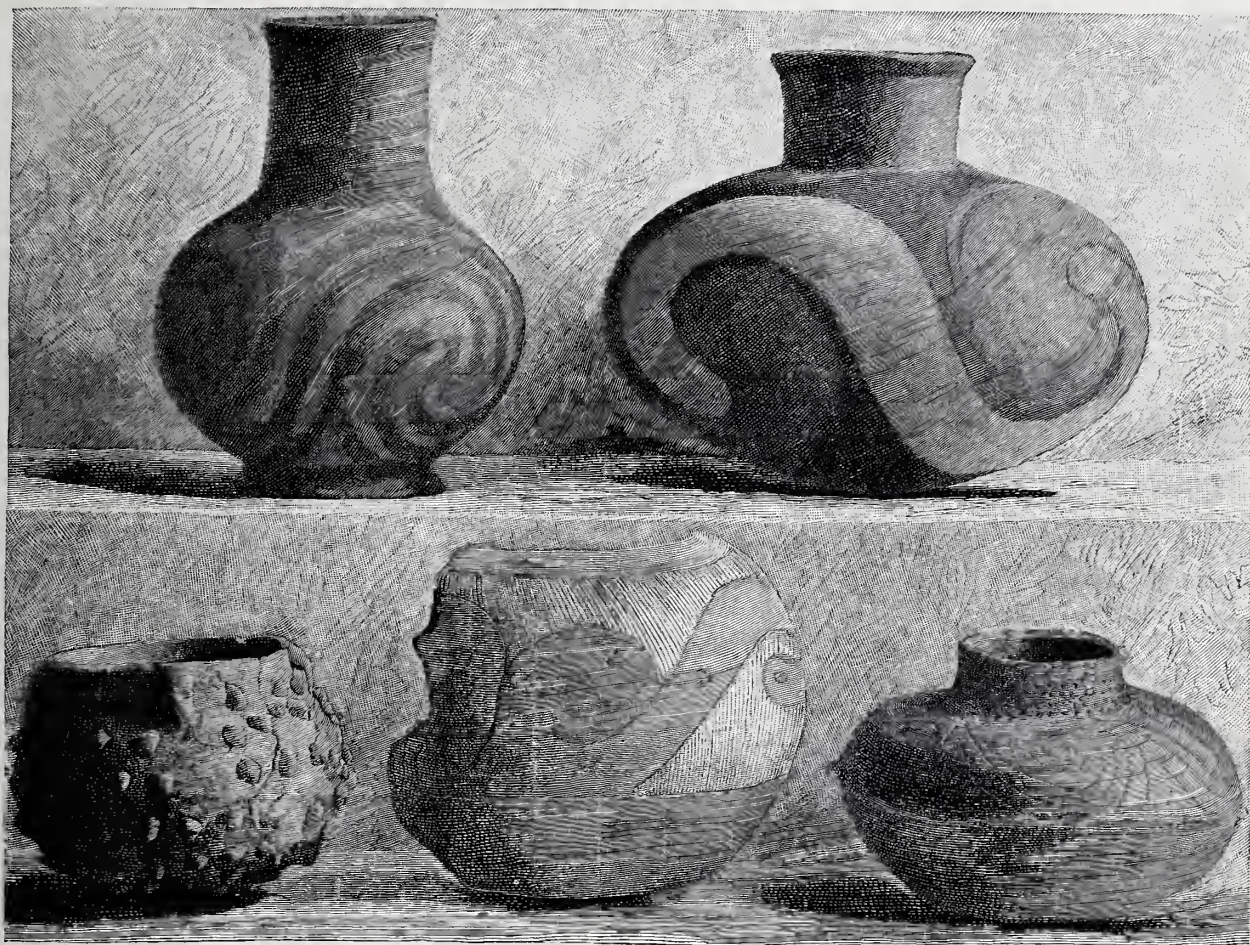


FIG. 1.—MOUND BUILDERS' POTTERY FROM ARKANSAS AND FLORIDA.

(About $\frac{1}{2}$ actual height. Engraved by J. Andrew.)

George Peabody, its growth has been marvellous, in spite of the fact that, like most American museums, it is forced to struggle along under continual difficulties, and to eke out its income from an insufficient endowment fund by small gifts wrung from wealthy patrons by incessant appeals. The distinctive feature of the museum, upon which its scientific value mainly rests, is the thoroughness and accuracy practised in its administration from the beginning. Other collections of American antiquities—those of the Smith-

with such scrupulous exactness as in this museum. It is clearly manifest that such verification, including not only the spot where an object was found, but all the other circumstances of its finding as well, down to the geological conditions of the neighbourhood, is an absolute necessity in the case of objects surrounded with the mystery which enshrouds all American antiquities. At present a chronological classification of these antiquities is quite impossible beyond a vague division into "old" and "recent," based principally

upon the absence or presence of European influences. To enable scientific men to establish a more definite chronology and gain some insight into the pre-historic period of America is the one great object of the Peabody Museum and its administrators. As to the claim put forward in behalf of the museum, it must not be looked upon as a criticism of other institutions having similar aims. Its forwardness in this respect is in part due, no doubt, to its late founding, at a time when the conditions under which archaeological research must be carried on were better understood than formerly.

It is a curious fact, however, that—except by a few specialists, among whom are to be named Prof. F. W. Pulman, its curator; Mr. Lucien Carr, his assistant; and Dr. C. C. Abbot, the author of a book on the primitive industry of the native races—the advantages offered by the museum have hardly as yet been utilised, not even by the college to which it belongs. No attention is given by Harvard to the special study of the ancient history of America, and it is only quite lately that the authorities of this chief seat of learning in the United States have seen fit to express their opinion, after a first defeat of the champions of the scheme, that a chair of American archaeology and ethnology ought to be established. That done, however, the matter has again been allowed to rest. Nor does Harvard stand alone in this apathy towards a branch of study which ought to be one of the principal concerns of every American institution of higher instruction. So far as the writer knows, no college or university in the United States recognises the branch as one to be placed on an equal footing with other branches, not even in the department of philology. There is, indeed, a lectureship for the Indian languages of North America established at Yale, but the fact that the lecturer lives at Hartford, while the college is at New Haven, seems to argue that his duties are light. It is not difficult to find an explanation for all this apathy, however much it may be deplored. The very mystery which surrounds the antiquities of America, while it forms part of their power of attraction, tends also to hold students aloof from them. We have, in truth, no point of contact with them. With the antiquities of the Old World, on the other hand, it is quite different. Our own civilisation rests upon the conditions under which they were produced, and hence every new discovery that is made appeals directly to us. Not to speak of the later monuments, which satisfy our longing for beauty, we find even in the rudest and oldest remains of Europe and Asia the documents necessary to elucidate a past which we have come to consider as our own, and it is not a rare occurrence that by an ingenious process of reasoning a primitive piece of pottery or of metal-work is transformed into a key wherewith

to unlock the hitherto hidden meaning of a passage in Homer or some other old author. It would be in vain to look for anything of the kind from the study of American antiquities. Nevertheless such a study is very far removed from barrenness. For, after all, the core of the study of Old World antiquities is the study of the development of man in the abstract. To know ourselves as men, and not only as Celts, Teutons, or Slavs, to unravel the threads which lead backward from our present condition to the very beginnings of our development, must necessarily be the last aim of historical research, and in such a study the material furnished by America is of quite a special value. For it is precisely the isolation of the aborigines of America from the influences which moulded the European races that gives importance to them for comparative study, and lends extraordinary interest to the resemblances as well as to the differences that may be brought to light in its pursuit.

In a study like that here outlined the development of the art instinct in the primitive races of America must play a conspicuous part. But of all the various aspects which the antiquities of the New World present, this has been the most neglected. In the general histories of art the subject is dismissed with a few remarks on the teocallis of Mexico, the ruins of Yucatan, and the sculptures of Tiahuanuco; and special works upon the subject, more particularly on the industrial arts of the ancient Americans, still remain to be written. And yet the material for these studies is even now vast, and is growing from day to day. To become convinced of this fact it needs only an ordinarily observant stroll through the rooms of the Peabody Museum, and to supply a guide in such a stroll for a visitor interested in art is the aim of these articles.

The Peabody Museum contains specimens gathered from nearly all parts of the continent—from Alaska and the British Provinces to Tierra del Fuego, and the temptation is great to endeavour to examine the collections in geographical progression from north to south. It will be necessary, however, to curb our desire for knowledge and to concentrate our attention, so far as the present territory of the United States is concerned, upon the relics of the Mound Builders, although by so doing we shall have to forego the opportunity of examining the interesting collections from Colorado and New Mexico, or, in other words, from the territory occupied by the sedentary or Pueblo Indians. The antiquities of the eastern or New England States, as well as those from the Pacific coast, we can pass over less regretfully, as their artistic interest is slight compared with those from other parts of the United States. It is fit, moreover, that special attention should be given to the "Mound Room," as it represents the results of what may be called, in the truest

sense of the word, the museum's own work, since the largest part of the objects shown here was brought to light through excavations undertaken by its curator, or by assistants working under his instructions.

The territory from which have been gathered the relics of the mysterious and once numerous and powerful race, designated, for want of a better name, as the "Mound Builders"—from the elaborate earth-works thrown up by them—covers the present States of Michigan, Iowa, Ohio, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Arkansas, with a spurt into Dakota towards the north-west, and another into Florida towards the south-east. It will be seen that this area comprises in the main the States known as the Central States, drained by the Mississippi, Missouri, and Ohio rivers. Thanks to the universal custom of the old peoples of the earth of burying with the dead not only ceremonial vessels and other objects held sacred, but also the utensils, weapons, &c., habitually used or specially valued by them, we find in the burial mounds of the Mound Builders, of whom otherwise we know so little, material sufficient to give us, not, indeed, a record of their history, but at least a tolerably fair idea of their achievements in the arts. And as earthenware is the least destructible of all the classes of objects thus buried, it stands to reason that pottery should preponderate in this Mound Room quite as much as in other collections of pre-historic antiquities. It is very likely, therefore, that the general visitor will overlook the flint arrow and spear heads, the stone hammers and cells, the ornaments and utensils of shell and of copper, and the knives, pins, needles, and other objects of bone—not to mention the ghastly array of skulls and tibiae, which give to an ethnological museum the appearance of a charnel house—and will devote himself wholly to the examination of the ceramics. And in this we shall mainly follow him; for while the stone, shell, and bone implements and ornaments already show an unmistakable striving after the beautiful, most of them are yet too elementary in character, and too subtle in their distinctions, to arrest our attention here.

Before we proceed, however, to describe some of the specimens, it will be necessary to say of old native American pottery in general that none of it is wheel-made, as the wheel was not known to the aborigines until after its introduction from Europe. According to Professor Putnam, all ancient American pottery may be divided, according to its method of manufacture, into four classes—(1) Made of a lump of clay, rudely pressed into shape by hand; (2) moulded or formed over a stone or other implement held in the hand; (3) coiled pottery, built up from "ropes of clay," as it were; (4) cast in forms of two halves, which latter process was specially in use among the Peruvians and some of the Central American tribes.

True glazes were not known to these ancient potters, the gloss which some of their wares show being due to careful polishing with a smooth stone, or to a kind of vegetable glaze of the nature of a resinous varnish. The ruder and possibly older specimens are usually very imperfectly burnt, while those of the better class are thoroughly fired. In the manufacture of the Pueblo pottery, and among the races still further south, kilns were evidently used. The ornamentation consists of cordmaking, thumbnail marks, pinched and punched patterns, incised lines, relief modelling (for knobs, heads, &c.), smoking to colour the clay black, and painting with a few earth colours (red, brown, black, and white), which in many cases are burnt in, while in others they were only laid on after the firing. A technical collection in one of the cases of the Mound Room shows the various processes just alluded to, from the natural clay to the finished vessel. In another room the method of making coiled pottery, as still practised by the Indian tribes of Southern California and by some of the natives of Mexico, is illustrated by specimens from both localities. A modern Mexican town has also furnished the means of exhibiting the rude primitive method of shaping over forms and in moulds, while still another series illustrates the engrafting of European methods upon the native work, down to the production of wheel-made pottery by modern Mexicans.

By the rude means above described under the first three heads, the Mound Builders succeeded in making earthen vessels which show an astonishing amount of variety in shape, and in many cases a no less astonishing feeling for subtle curves in the outlines. The shapes, as shown by the accompanying illustrations (Figs. 1 and 2), range from flat dishes and bowls to large kettle-like vessels, bottles with long and short necks, with or without feet or circular bases (including a few rare specimens with complicated triple necks, such as are quite common in Peru), vessels in imitation of gourds, occasional fancy shapes, and finally, as the highest, although not the most successful expression of artistic aspiration, more or less direct imitations of animal and human forms. As remarkable instances of refinement in shape and precision in execution, some of the vessels shown in our first illustration are specially worth noting. The finest of the Mound Builders' pottery, however, more particularly as regards finish and decoration, comes from Arkansas. The larger of the two bottles figured in the first engraving, although not over-refined in form, challenges attention in this respect for its well-drawn scroll decoration in brown, red, and white, so skilfully disposed that it offers a symmetrical figure from whatever side it is seen. A similar scroll, but in incised lines, is seen also upon the fragment of

a well-shaped bowl (see Fig. 1) from a mound in Florida. On the whole it may be said that the painted and incised decoration on the Mound Builders' pottery is simple and chaste, with a marked inclination towards curved lines. The relief decoration, especially when it assumes animal or human shapes, is less attractive.

ornamental knobs—new evidence, it would seem, first distinctly brought out by Professor Putnam's researches, that all art begins with naturalism, and that conventionalisation is a later stage. The human shapes (see Fig. 2), although not as grotesque as some of those which we shall meet with in the more southern parts of America, still show already that

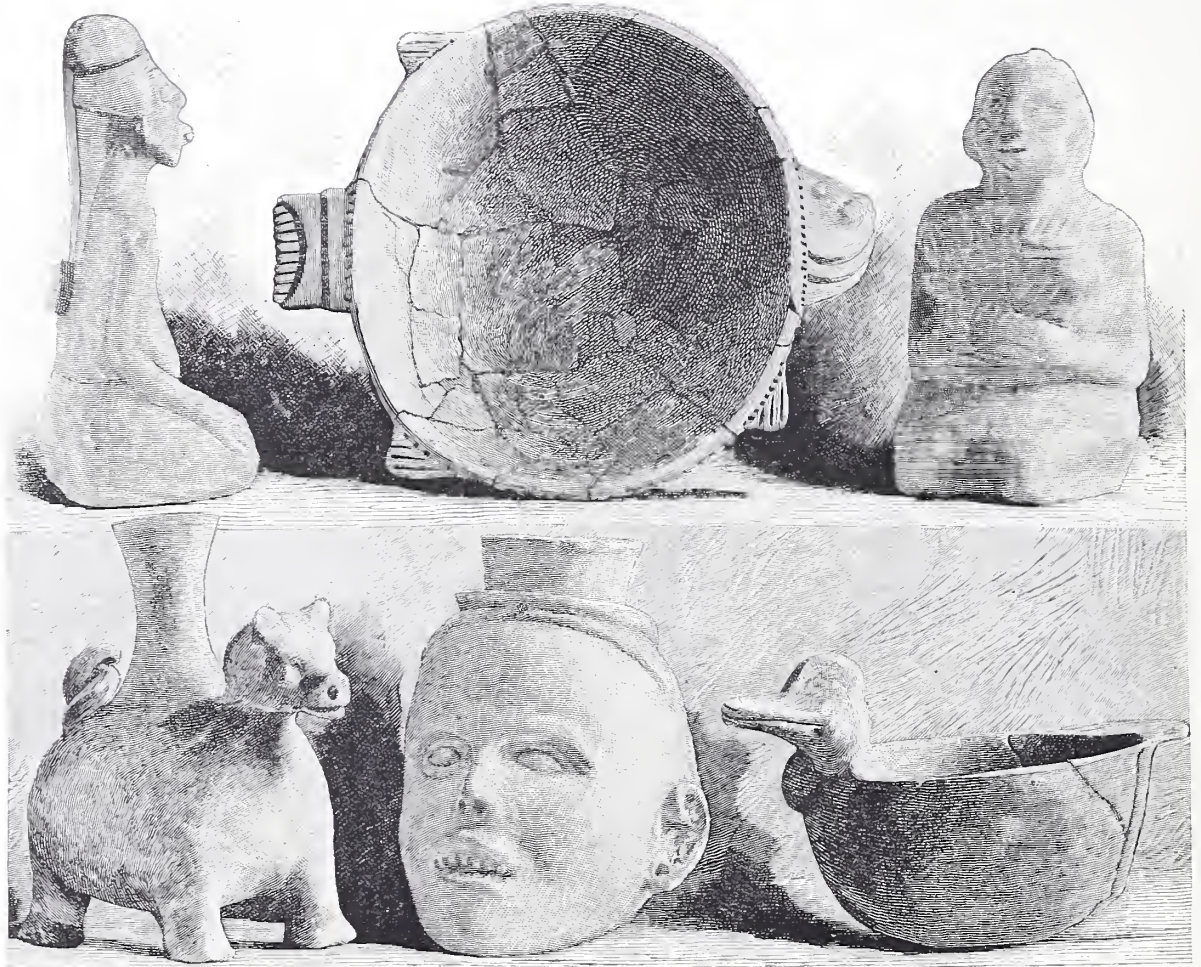


FIG. 2.—MOUND BUILDERS' POTTERY FROM MISSOURI AND ARKANSAS.

(About $\frac{1}{2}$ actual height. Engraved by J. Andrew.)

The disposition of animal forms about these and similar vessels is very curious, the head being placed on one side, the tail opposite to it, and the legs, fins, or wings, as the case may be, on the two remaining sides. (See fish-shaped dish from Arkansas in Fig. 2.) It is interesting to note, also, how these animal elements are gradually conventionalised, losing their form by degrees until they are transformed into mere

tendency towards a low humour noticeable in most similar attempts of the aboriginal artists of America. A very remarkable exception is seen in the large head-shaped vessel, of a light buff colour, from Arkansas (Fig. 2). Among the many thousands of vessels disinterred from the mounds, not more than three or four have been found resembling the one here figured.

THE BARBIZON SCHOOL.

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET.—II.

BY DAVID CROAL THOMSON.

IT was in November, 1845, that Millet re-married, and this time he fortunately got a wife who could appreciate and sympathise with him. Her maiden name was Catherine Lemaire. She bore a large family and had sufficient domestic cares, but she never grumbled, never seems to have lost courage, and she was ever a source of secret strength to her husband. What does it matter to a man after all, even though pinched and pushed on every side, while, in the words of the old school song, "there is love at home"? Once in later time Millet was so closely pressed that he had no money at all, and the whole family were in a state of semi-starvation; but compare this even at its

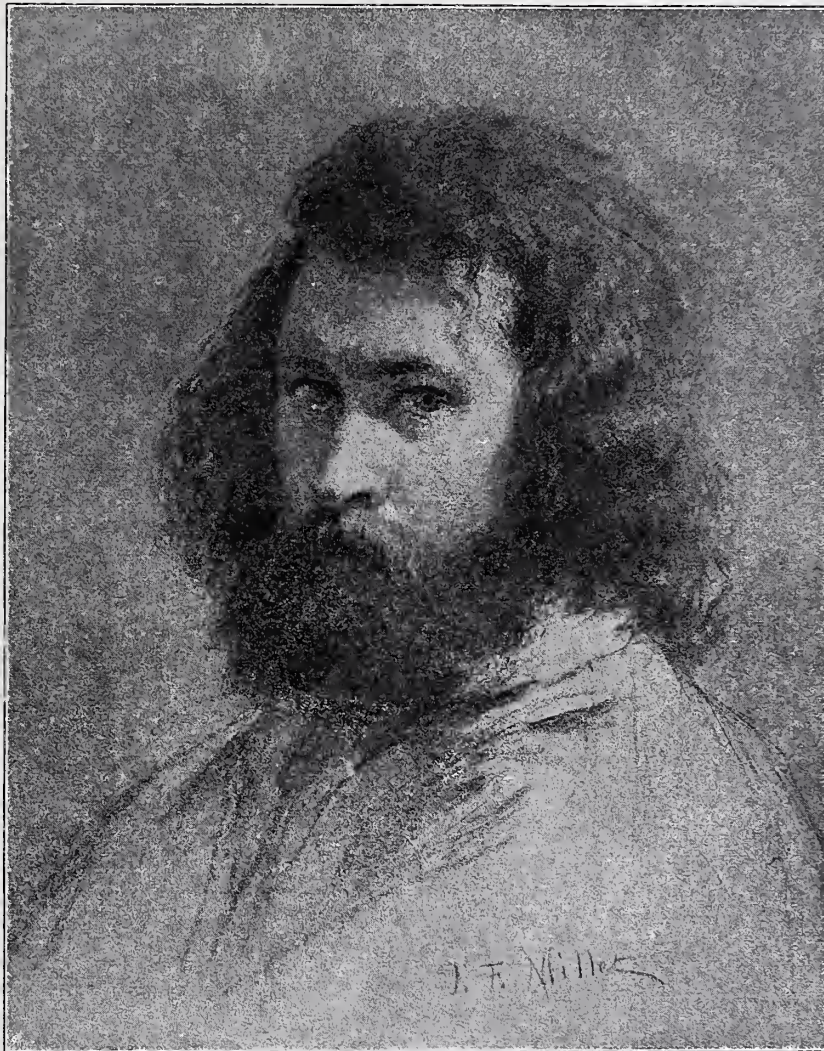
worst with the experience of Théodore Rousseau, "whose house was often a hell," although he was comparatively well off, and we can realise that after all Millet's lot was not by any means the worst of the nineteenth century painters.

Millet now settled down to live in Paris, and he

gradually got into a distinct character of painting of his own. His recollections of Boucher developed into rare skill into painting naked figures, but in such a manner as to recall nothing of the insipidity of the

last century painter, and Millet was so successful in this way, that he painted a considerable number until he became what was known as a painter of the nude. This was a reputation which took some time to grow, and it was even in a flourishing condition before Millet heard of it accidentally. Standing before a dealer's window which contained "Women Bathing," he overheard himself called, by a casual passer-by who was looking at the picture, "Millet who paints only

naked women," and the whole situation was revealed to him. He was deeply wounded, for he knew he could do other kinds of work, so he determined to leave the nude entirely, and his wife heartily supporting him, he threw himself once more into the struggle with poverty.



MILLET IN MIDDLE AGE.

(From the Portrait by Himself.)

And then public affairs further helped to embarrass him. In the Revolution of 1848 Millet, like everyone else, was compelled to carry a musket, and he saw active service at the barricades. After this he had to try all sorts of ideas in order to obtain a living, but as political affairs quieted down he found more opportunities of selling his works. In 1849 he made the momentous change from Paris to Barbizon. The immediate cause of his quitting Paris was the cholera, but he had long felt that residence in a city was not convenient for him, he never could obtain a genuine country person to paint, and he missed the pure air and scenery of the country; so that the change would certainly have come sooner or later.

Rousseau and Diaz were both at Barbizon and were already inhabitants of some years' standing, but it was later that the great friendship between them and Millet grew up. Diaz and Millet knew each other better than Rousseau and Millet, but it was yet to be a long time before they felt they knew each other well. Millet's life on the whole at Barbizon was one of both peace and pleasure. Often in the after time he was worried by debts and troubled by uncertain prospects, but the true tone of his life in the Forest of Fontainebleau was his frequent expression, "I do not know anything more delicious than to be on the heather and look up to the sky;" and in one of his letters he says, "If you could see how beautiful the forest is, it is so calm, with such a terrible grandeur, that I feel myself really frightened." This life at Barbizon was almost that of the peasant. In the mornings he attended to his garden, and in the afternoons he painted in his studio. Millet became thoroughly attached to Barbizon, and never sought to leave, although more than once he returned to his old home in Normandy. But his grandmother and mother died, and the farm and all the family belongings were divided, and there was very little attraction for the painter away from Barbizon.

It was here that Millet painted most of his best-known pictures—"The Sower," "The Angelus," "The Gleaners," and all those peasant pictures so well known to the world, and for which he is chiefly admired. The three pictures named are probably the most interesting. A few words may be devoted to considering the artist's *motif* in these famous works.

"The Sower" expresses the feeling of the labourer who goes forth bearing precious seed, hoping that his return will not fail to come forth in due time. He throws the seed into the well-ploughed land. He strides across the furrows with slow majestic pace, for he feels the importance and dignity of his task.

"The Gleaners" represents the end of the harvest, which has been plentiful enough to allow of something being left to the poor gleaners. Three women, bent to the earth, slowly cross the cut field, gathering into little sheaves the stalks which have fallen aside from the reapers. The harvest has come, and will soon be passed. In the distance the farmer himself superintends the stacking of his corn, and the whole scene is typical of earthly requirements fulfilled. It needs, however, the third picture to complete the sentiment.

"The Angelus" embodies the feeling of gratitude which causes all faithful labourers to give thanks at the end of their toils. Here in the fields, amongst the unsophisticated French peasantry, the act of devotion is open and unconstrained. A man and a woman, simple *paysans* who have been at work until their sacks are filled, bend in humble thankfulness to their Creator as the bell in the distant village church chimes out the time of evening prayer. In the open fields, when the goodness of God is seen at every turn, it is not difficult to be avowedly pious. In the crowded city, where a Supreme Being is so seldom directly felt, it is not so easy. These three pictures, based on a knowledge of the Bible, of Virgil, and of humanity, embrace all that is best in Millet's work, in their dignity, their simplicity, and their devoutness. It is on these and the others of the same character that Millet's reputation rests. Such works had not been done before, and so far at least no one has dared to take up the mantle which fell from Millet's shoulders.

Very often Millet's life at Barbizon was not very comfortable, at least in the way that many people look at things in these luxurious times; but we have to recollect that Millet was born and bred a peasant, and necessaries of life, not of the finest quality, were all that was sought by him. Occasionally he had severe trouble with debts, but in this he was not much worse than many other men, as well as many other artists, and he never grumbled very much himself. His somewhat headstrong friend and biographer, accustomed himself to the lap of luxury, seems to have taken Millet's monetary troubles too seriously. After relating the straits to which Millet found himself reduced, and quoting a doleful letter to this effect, Sensier gives another letter immediately following, and presumably of similar date, in which this remarkable sentence appears—"My projects for buying a house are, *for the moment*, suspended." The question is how could a man who was apparently so much driven by debts even dream of actually purchasing a house of his own? Either it is that Millet, whenever he felt low-spirited and anxious, sat down and wrote to one of his friends, or else he was unconsciously



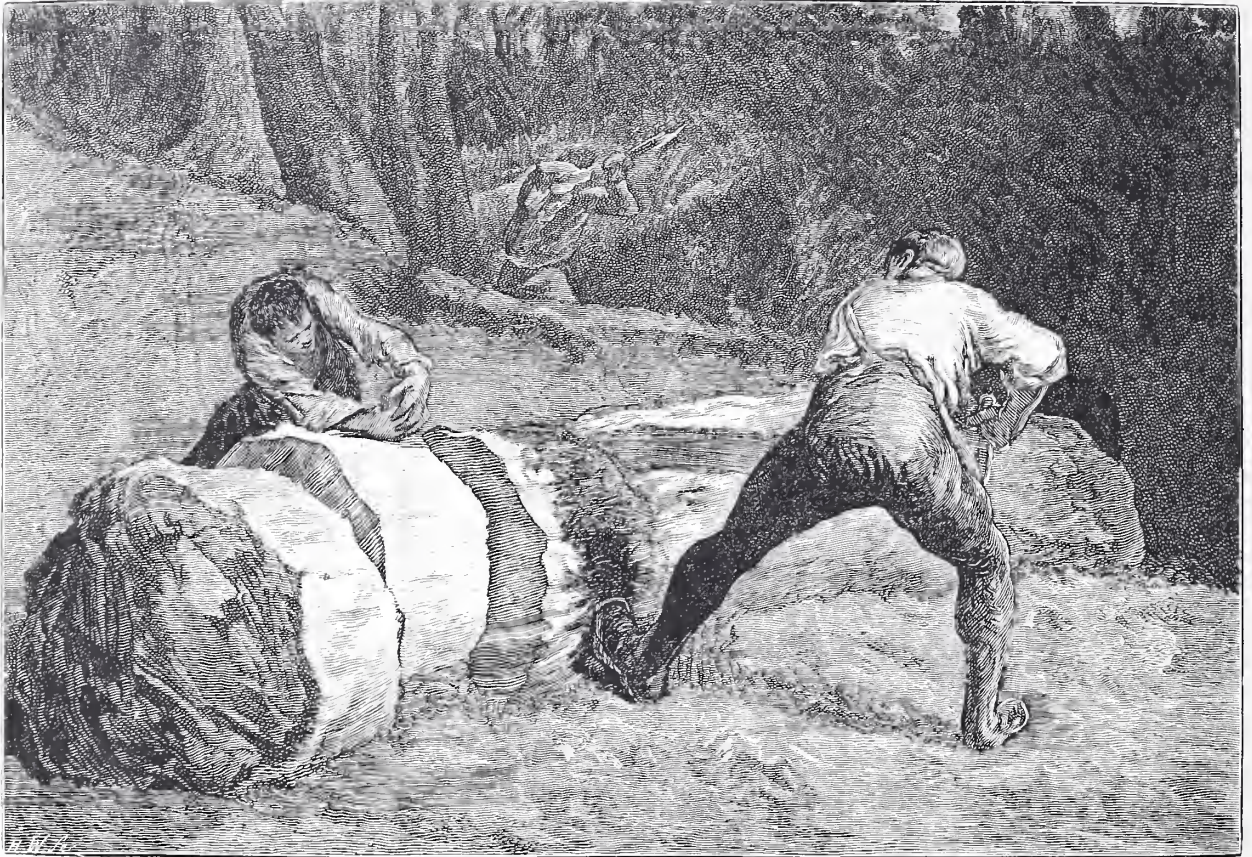
THE SHEPHERDESS AND HER FLOCK.

(Copied by Permission from the Photograph by Messrs. Bramm and Co. of the Picture by Millet. Engraved by C. Carter.)

exaggerating his troubles to himself. It is remarkable, however, that most of these unhappy letters are written to Sensier, and though it would be unkind to say that they were courted by him, it is quite certain he had a sort of savage pleasure in receiving them, and afterwards did all he could to let the world know of their existence. Sensier acted, as has been said, as Millet's agent, receiving money, ordering frames, sending on colours, and looking about for commissions.

have recognised this himself and have suppressed them almost entirely.

Gradually, however, the troubles of Millet became ameliorated. He was enabled to sell a little here and there, but at small enough prices. In 1859 (the year of the "Angelus") he received an order from the State for a picture which was hung in the Salon of that year. It was presented by the Emperor Napoleon to the Museum of Bourg-en-Bresse, but



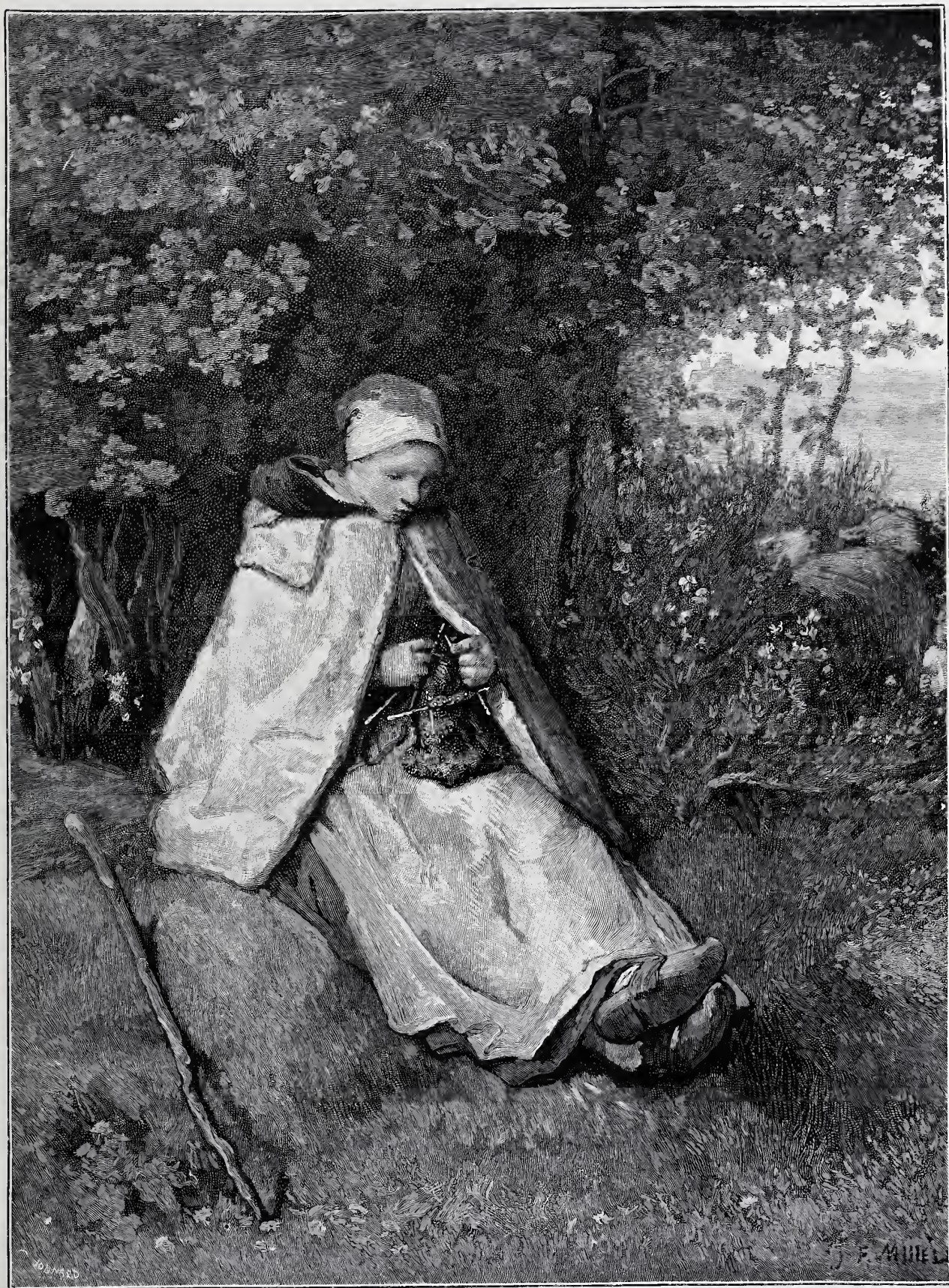
THE SAWYERS.

(From the Picture by Millet. In the Constantine Ionides Collection. Engraved by H. Werdmuller.)

All this he did, be it clearly understood, without direct profit to himself, and in all probability without thinking of the profits, which were afterwards realised on the work he became possessed of, and it is quite certain that he would have done what he did without hope of reward. At the same time he is never more satisfied with himself than when he is dilating on the "malaises cruels," "inquietudes," "tortures," and difficulties of poor Millet. It was an excess of love for the painter that inspired this; but it cannot now be doubted for a moment that it was quite injudicious to publish these private letters telling of passing troubles and petty vexations which, put in print, rise from molehills into mountains. Had Sensier lived to see them in print, he would probably

this is not mentioned by Sensier, although it is surely a fact that was full of significance. He was visited and consulted by many artists and art-writers, and finally he entered into a contract to give all pictures for a certain sum of money for three years, so that for this space of time he had peace from the debt collector.* His children began to grow up, his family increased, and his faithful wife was ever a comfort to him. His only serious troubles were monetary ones, and it is really a great puzzle to know how one who was a peasant in his home could ever spend his

* This contract, dated 14th March, 1860, was between Arthur Stevens (the brother of Alfred Stevens the artist) and Millet. It gave £4 as the fixed price for drawings, and £120 as the highest sum for the most important painting.



THE KNITTER.

(From the Picture by Millet. Engraved by Jonnard.)

income when he had 12,000 francs (£180) a year for each of these three years of contract. Even supposing he was in debt at the beginning of these three years of plenty to the enormous extent for one in his position of £500, it is very strange that by the end of the second year of contract, having been paid 24,000 francs (£960), that he had still something to pay. And when we find that he was still £230 in debt at the end of the three years' agreement, one marvels where he could have spent the money. Living in Paris with many temptations to entertain and to spend money he could hardly have been worse. It is to be

and there he painted the fine picture now in the Luxembourg, "L'Eglise de Greville," a good example of Millet's later work. But he remained no longer than he could help, even in his once much-loved Normandy. On the 7th November, 1871, he returned to Barbizon never to leave it.

Millet commenced to work again in the old fashion in his familiar studio, but he had not now the same capacity for continued work. It was only with difficulty he could carry on. He was offered a commission to assist in the decoration of the Pantheon, but although he felt flattered by the request he was



(From the Sketch by Millet.)

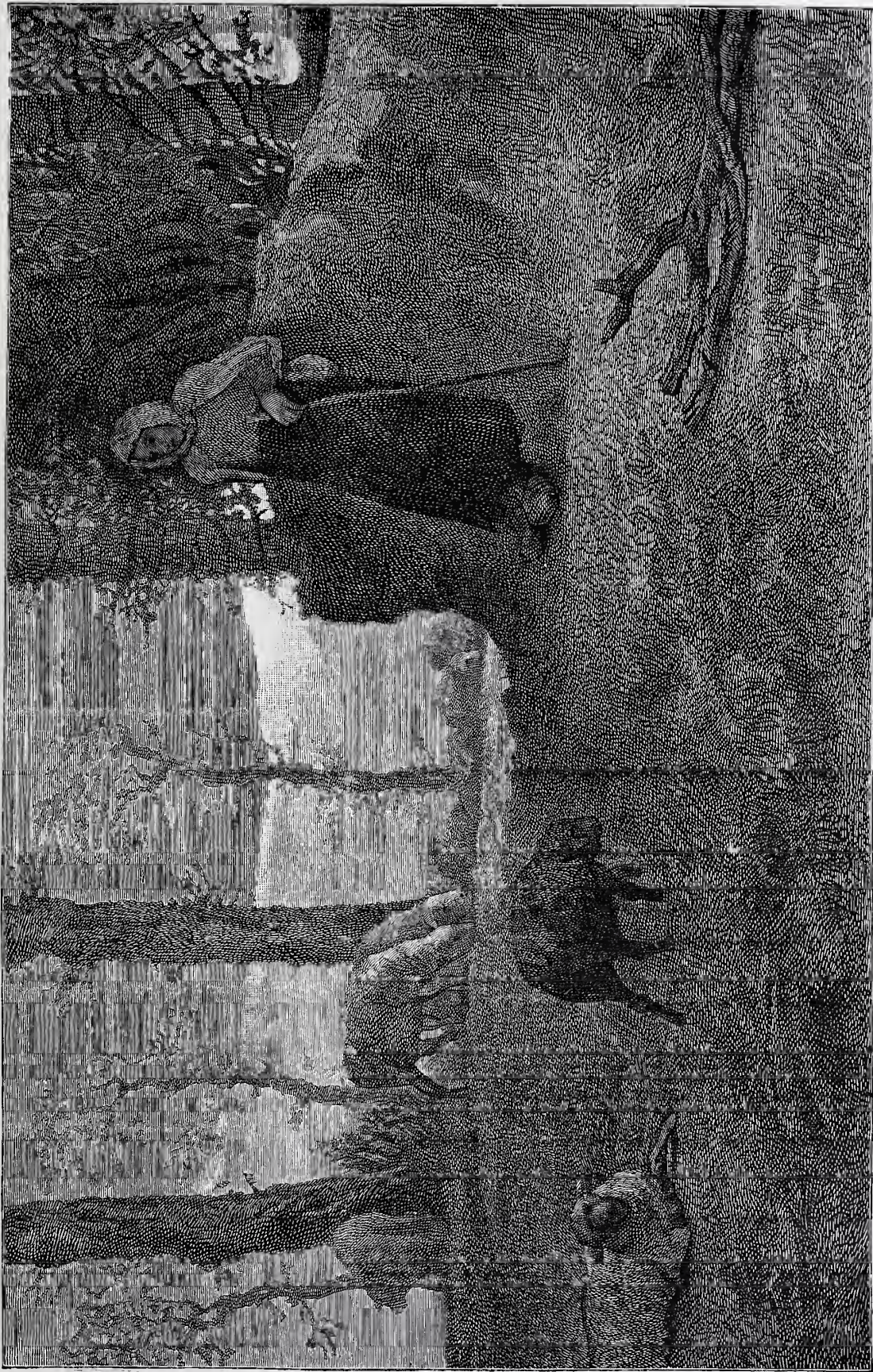
feared that, whether extravagant or not, Millet was improvident, or that, in any case, neither he nor his wife was of a very thrifty turn of mind.

At the end of 1867 Millet was much grieved at the death of Théodore Rousseau, and his own health became very bad about the same time. He was severely tried by headaches of an acute character which gradually became worse as he grew older, and for the last ten years of his life he was often so disorganised as to be quite unable to paint. In 1870 during the war, Millet went to Cherbourg with all his family. He was distracted with the Prussian successes, and expressed strong hatred of the conquerors of his country. He was feeling more and more the beginnings of the weakness which was to be relieved only by death. From Cherbourg he went out to Greville as soon as the weather would permit,

not able to get beyond the chareol sketches for the work. Towards the end of 1874 he grew gradually worse, and he only lingered until the 20th January, 1875, when he died, after being conscious for some time that his end was approaching.

In fulfilment of one of his last requests, Millet was laid beside Théodore Rousseau in the country church of Chailly, near Barbizon, and his profile-bust and name have been joined with Rousseau's in the rough-hewn monument in Fontainebleau Forest. The exhibition of Millet's works, held in Paris in 1887, had for its object the erection of the monument at Cherbourg which is now in the course of execution.

Since Millet's death his pictures have become enormously valuable, and now the smallest sketch in colour by him will fetch more than the 2,000 francs first paid for his *chef-d'œuvre*, "The Angelus."



THE SHEPHERDESS.

(From the Picture by Millet. In the Constantine Ionides Collection. Engraved by W. I. Mosses.)

Generally it is believed that it has been the *marchands des tableaux* who have profited by their rise in value, but this is not quite the case. Dealers in pictures do not purchase works of art to lay by for many years: their business is to buy and sell as rapidly as they can. It is the rich connoisseur, the man who has knowledge enough to judge for himself, or wit enough to get hold of an honest dealer, who purchases a work and lets it hang for a dozen years in his "collection," and then sells it for two or three times the amount he has paid for it, who eventually reaps the benefit.

The sale on 11th May, 1875, of Millet's sketches and pictures left at his death realised for the family the remarkable sum of 332,110 francs (£13,284). This being so, the story of Millet's widow finding insufficient the pension given her by the State is merely a pretty legend which gives a very misleading idea of the true position. With three hundred thousand francs in *rentes*, any artist's wife, especially one coming from the ranks of the peasantry, should not require any addition to her pension. But this is the kind of fiction which

has grown up around Millet's name. During the exhibition of Millet's works in 1887, nearly every newspaper in Paris spoke of the profound distress in which the artist lived and died. But the other side of the picture is quite as interesting and far more true, and it is the one at which all unprejudiced minds will ultimately arrive.

To sum up. We have, in considering Millet's career, to remember, that although he was often in straits for money, he was also—

From the beginning applauded and encouraged by his people at home.

Pensioned by his native town to assist him in his studies.

Commissioned by the Emperor Napoleon in 1859 to paint an important picture.

Very happy in his family life.

The friend of some of the best artists of his time; and

The centre of a group of connoisseurs who thoroughly appreciated his talent, although they could not buy all his works.

A STROLL THROUGH THE PEABODY MUSEUM AT CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.—II.

BY S. R. KOEHLER.

THE tendency among investigators of American antiquities, so far, has been to trace resemblances with Old World relics. There is little reason, however, to be astonished at such resemblances, since man, being the same everywhere and compelled to work with the same elements, is quite likely to reach everywhere results which, especially at first sight, seem identical. It is more important, therefore, to learn to distinguish differences. And such differences between the pottery of the Mound Builders and that of the Old World races are easily recognisable. The most striking are the backwardness of development in handles; a similar, but less noticeable, backwardness in feet or supports; an almost total absence of what may be likened to the mouldings in architecture; a consequent lack of definition and demarcation, generally speaking, of the parts of a vessel, and a very general, although not total, absence of well-marked rims and lips. The lack of handles, especially in comparison with the pottery of even the earliest and rudest of the Greeks and of the Asiatic nations which more directly influenced them, is perhaps the most striking difference. Rudimentary handles are, indeed, found here and there; but in the whole roomful of mound pottery at the Peabody Museum not a single handle is to be seen comparable, for instance,

to those which grace the so-called Dipylon vases, or some of the most ancient pottery found in Cyprus.

Of the many other objects of interest in the Mound Room, including pipes in the shape of animals and human figures, there need only be noticed the shell ornaments, and of these, again, only the engraved gorgets, flattish circular or oval pieces, engraved with spirals and circles, birds, spiders, serpents, human faces and figures, intended, evidently, to be worn upon the breast, suspended by a string passed through two holes provided for the purpose, possibly as amulets, or as symbols of clans (totems), or as insignia of office. The most remarkable of these ornaments are those with human figures, of which only four are known, from mounds in Missouri and Tennessee. What makes them remarkable is their unmistakably Mexican character, and the fact that nothing else in the least resembling them has ever been found anywhere else. In the more frequently occurring gorgets with representations of the rattlesnake, we meet for the first time with an element of decoration which is quite common in America, and becomes more and more so as we proceed southward. At first sight this pre-eminence given to the serpent in American aboriginal art seems to be one of its distinctive characteristics, in special accord with the

other dark and repulsive features noticeable in it. It must not be forgotten, however, that the serpent has played an important part in most, if not in all, primitive religions and in primitive art, and that the aborigines of America stand, in this as in other respects, on common ground with humanity at large. The snake symbol in Egyptian art is well known, and the Greeks and Romans used the serpent largely in their art, when their genius was at its zenith, as well as in the days of their beginnings. I need

had not yet attained the state of civilisation represented by the Mexieans and Peruvians, were capable of achievements in art which are far beyond the reach of ordinary barbarians, is clearly shown by the finds made by Prof. Putman and Dr. Metz about four years ago in a group of earthworks on the Little Miami River, Ohio. Suffice it to say that among the several thousand objects taken from these mounds, the most interesting, artistically considered, are a number of terra-cotta figurines of a kind never before found.



FIG. 3.—MEXICAN POTTERY.

(About $\frac{1}{2}$ actual height. Engraved by J. Andrew.)

only mention the Medusa, the ægis of Athene, the Erichthonios serpent which coils at the feet of the statues of the same goddess, and the serpent symbols of the Roman Lares. But whatever the Greeks touched they refined, and thus the horrid mask of the early ages became the pathetically beautiful face which we know in the Medusa Rondanini. The aborigines of America, on the contrary, stunted and curiously warped and twisted in their spiritual growth, had not yet undergone the requisite refining process when the development of their civilisation was arrested by a sudden shock. Who knows what might have become of them if they too had had a Homer to shape and humanise their gods for them?

That the aborigines of America, even those who

The superiority of their modelling places them far above any other products of Mound Builders' art, while their singular head-dresses, with an upright braid or lock upon the forehead, and button-like ear ornaments, bear a striking resemblance to similar features in archaic specimens of Old World art lately made use of by Helbig in his elucidations of the Homeric epos. Similar ear ornaments, arm-rings, and other trinkets found in these mounds and made of copper, several with silver or meteoric iron, and in one instance with gold hammered out into thin sheets and folded over the baser metal, together with smaller rings of a like nature, supposed to have been used as clasps worn at the ends of the braids into which the hair of the head was divided, supply still further

points of contact with the Hellenic civilisation of the pre-historic period, and remind one strongly of the picture which Helbig draws of the appearance of the Trojans and their Greek adversaries. That picture differs widely from the preconceived notions of former times, and certainly resembles the native American much more than the conventional ideal which artists are wont to draw for us. To the sentimental it may seem sacrilegious to liken a Homeric Greek to an American savage of the Mound Builders'

The pottery of Mexico—of which there is a very rich collection in the museum—furnishes good proof of the statement just made. Among it there are some tolerably large vessels of very rude workmanship, with exceedingly crude pointed decoration in red and black, and with very prominent handles, either bristled or in the shape of flat bands—another feature which separates them widely from the Mound Builders' pottery. The most prominent specimens in this group, however, are a number of large black



FIG. 4.—MEXICAN HEADS IN TERRA-COTTA.

(Actual size. Engraved by W. Miller.)

period; but what does history care for sentiment when it stands opposed to truth?

In the Mound Builders' pottery we noticed a certain unity which expressed itself in grace and simplicity of form and decoration, with a predilection for curves and scrolls in the latter; but as we leave the United States these characteristics disappear. Forms assume a greater variety and more grotesqueness, decoration becomes more and more angular and bizarre, and simplicity is replaced by an exuberance which degenerates into wild extravagances. There are exceptions to be noted, but they only serve to make the rule more apparent.

vases (see Fig. 3) as carefully made as those previously mentioned are rude, with profuse grotesque ornamentation in relief, which reminds one of the repulsive and overloaded decoration of Mexican idols. The comparatively fine workmanship, and the size of these vessels, make it evident that they were show-pieces only. The shape of one of them, which is precisely that of an ordinary pitcher of to-day, would seem to point to European influence, but the decoration is typically Mexican. I can notice in detail only one other of the larger vessels of the Mexican division. (See also Fig. 3.) It is of well-baked red clay, coloured brown inside, with a turnover rim, and

profuse ornamentation in relief. The figure in front represents a woman holding a child before her; the knobs are grotesque heads and figures; the rectangular panels are filled with grotesque monsters in raised lines. As a good specimen of Mexiean decorative art the ornamentation of the rim deserves attention. The feet of the vessel are human heads turned upside down—a device very often met with in aboriginal American pottery, more especially in Central America. The coiled serpents in black pottery, which probably

small fragments only. One of the exceptions is a dish sent to the museum by Mr. A. F. Baudelier, through the Archæological Institute of America, which, except for the plumed serpent upon its bottom, might almost pass for early Greek. It is noteworthy, also, that many of these fragments (and similar ones from other parts of Mexieo) show a richer development of colour than is to be found elsewhere in America—the most brilliant in this respect being a fragment of an ornamental head, which shows traces



FIG. 5.—NICARAGUAN POTTERY.

(About $\frac{1}{2}$ actual height. Engraved by J. Andrew.)

served as stands for other vessels, are also worth noting.

Very different in character from the vessels so far described is the pottery from Cholula. The *conquistadores* tell us that the inhabitants of the Cholulan capital excelled in various mechanic arts, such as the making "of a delicate kind of pottery, rivalling, it was said, that of Florence in beauty" (Prescott, "Mexico," vol. ii., p. 4). The statement, like most of the statements of the Spanish conquerors, is, no doubt, coloured by exaggeration, but it is borne out to a certain extent by the specimens in the Peabody Museum. Unfortunately most of them are

of red, blue, and white. In shape the vessels under consideration were evidently much simpler than those previously described, which are to show that Mexico, like other countries, had not only its different periods, but also its different centres of manufacture, with styles and types peculiar to each—the Gulgubios, the Castel Durantes, &c., of their times.

Of the numerous Mexican figures in burnt clay, I select one (see Fig. 3), which, in spite of its scurrility, deserves to be called *Il Pensiero*. The most extraordinary interest, however, is offered by the large collection of small terra-cotta heads—some of which are figured, in the actual size of the originals,

in the fourth engraving. The general character noticeable in them, corresponding to the native American type, is breadth and flatness. (See the lower row in Fig. 4.) Some of them, however (see those in the upper row), have a well-defined Caucasian character, and a few (such as the two in the middle of the row) are singularly like similar heads of Greek origin. As for realistic expression of laughter, it would be difficult to find anything more telling than the woman's

as the unhappily small collection from Yucatan, that country of elaborate and mysterious architectural remains, so well described by Stephens—I must pass by.

Stopping before the case devoted to Honduras only long enough to glance at the queer soldiers in coarse terra-cotta, armed *cap-à-pie*, some of them with bird or beast-shaped helmets, and blocks in their upper lips or dangling from their noses, we hasten



FIG. 6.—POTTERY FROM NORTHERN PANAMA.
(About $\frac{1}{2}$ actual height. Engraved by J. Andreu.)

head at the right-hand end of the upper row. Unfortunately the exact *provenance* of these mysterious little works is unknown, but, according to Prof. Putnam, their origin is unquestionably Mexican, as they were obtained in Mexico by the men under command of General Caleb Cushing during the war between that country and the United States in 1877, and form part of the collection given by him to the museum.

The rest of the Mexican collection—including repulsive-looking frogs and toads in clay and stone, grotesque masks of similar material, models of the so-called Calendar and Sacrificial Stones, two sacrificial yokes (?), which call to mind the horrid butcheries of human victims, rude stone idols, musical instruments, mummy wrappers of coarse agave cloth, &c., as well

on to the collection from Nicaragua, which forms one of the main points of attraction in the museum. As usual, it consists mainly of pottery, excavated from burial places located, with some exceptions, on islands in Lake Nicaragua and in the neighbourhood of the lake. The objects which strike the visitor's eye at first sight most conspicuously, by reason of their size, are the burial jars, shaped somewhat like the upper lip of the *Cypripedium*, and either perfectly plain, or decorated with serpents, toads, or human faces in relief. As to the shapes of the other vessels, it may be laid down as a general rule that, while the smaller dishes and flat vessels are good, the larger are often quite grotesque and unorthodox. (See Fig. 5.) But it is in the decoration that the Nicaraguan pottery shows its most characteristic side, and it would probably be

impossible to find anything elsewhere—except here and there on Mexican pottery—to match it. We meet here with a system of ornamentation in which the bizarrerie, the lawlessness, and the angularity of American art find their most concentrated expression. Of the grace of line noticeable in the Mound Builders' pottery not a trace is left, and on some of the ware, more especially upon that called "Luna

plastic imitation of the human form the Nicaraguans did not equal the Mexicans. Technically, however, their pottery takes high rank among native American productions.

It is difficult to convey in words an idea of the impression which the art of Nicaragua, considered as a whole, makes upon the beholder. There is something demoniac, unearthly, sullen, gloomy, one is



FIG. 7.—PERUVIAN POTTERY, LAKE TITICACA AND ITS VICINITY.

(About $\frac{1}{2}$ actual height. Engraved by J. Andreu.)

ware" by Dr. Bransford (from the fact that it was first found on the hacienda of Don José Luna), the ornamentation often looks more like a map, or the plans of houses or of garden plots, than anything else. As in Mexican art, so in the art of Nicaragua, plant-forms do not enter into the scheme of decoration. The human (or monkey?) form, abased and conventionalised, is, however, found in flat decoration, and heads of birds and other animals occur in relief sometimes on the covers, and inverted as the feet of vessels. A very curiously-constructed head of the puma or American lion is especially remarkable. In the

tempted to say bloodthirsty, about it—the feeling of a diseased, feverish, and ill-regulated fancy—and this is still further helped by the colours employed, to wit, bright red and yellow, black, and occasionally a drab tint. The spirit that animated their monumental art, as shown in the repulsive idols figured by Squier (a few very rude specimens in the museum), influenced also their pottery. And yet even among their productions we meet occasionally with motives which betray a purer taste, and form a connecting link, as it were, with the art of the rest of mankind. This is particularly noticeable in the little vessel here figured (see Fig. 5),

which shows the motive of the *guilloche*—a motive that we find also in association with a thoroughly savage bird-like ornament on some three-legged vessels found in mounds at Tola.

Another distinct group, radically different from that of Nicaragua, is formed by the pottery from Northern Panama. Smallness of size is one of the characteristics of this ware—hardly a single one of the specimens in the museum exceeding nine inches in height. Some larger vessels, up to two feet in height, have, indeed, been found, but they are evidently rare. This pottery (see Fig. 6) may be divided into four classes, the first of which is composed of vessels on legs, which latter are hollow and filled with pellets, so as to form rattles—a feature quite common in American pottery. Most of these vessels are plain, although some are ornamented in relief or with incised lines, and a few show rude painting in red. Handles occur only occasionally. The second class consists of bulb-shaped vessels without legs, but invariably with handles, or at least knobs, either with monkey caricatures, or human figures, or serpent's or animal heads. In most cases these do not duplicate one another—being either quite different, or facing in different directions. Most of the vessels of this class are of unpainted red clay. The vessels of the third class, which are the finest of this group, resemble those of the second in general shape, but very few of them have handles or knobs, and nearly all are painted—the colours used being red, brown, and black. The decoration is simple and chaste, free from the extravagance elsewhere observed, and there is more of an approach to a system in it than in any other ancient American ware. Generally speaking, there is a division into panels and bands, corresponding to the structure of the vessel, and occasionally the scroll reappears, which we have not met with since we left the Mound Builders. The fourth class, finally, shows these potters to least advantage. It consists of a small number of grotesque seated figures (apparently women with children, which latter, however, look more like frogs), and a few animals—the largest of which recalls the armadillo. All these figures have a glossy surface, and are ornamented with red and black lines.

Our peregrinations bring us to the room containing the Peruvian antiquities, to do justice to which would require a good-sized volume, well illustrated. We know more of the history of the Peruvians than that of any other American nation, the Mexicans excepted, and the great variety of their relics here gathered brings us into closer contact with their daily life than the ceremonial or sacred vessels to which we had hitherto, in the main, to confine ourselves, so that the more general interest which the Peruvian Room awakens is easily explained. And yet how much mystery there still remains about

these objects—from the toys of the children, the work-baskets, the fragments of clothing, the braids of fine black hair which once adorned heads radiant with youth, the ears of maize, buried with the dead as food upon their long journey, the copper disks taken from the tongues of the dead (placed there, as the Greeks placed the obolus, to pay the ferriage to Charon), to the mummies, or rather dried bodies themselves, some still bundled up in coarse cloth, like bales of merchandise, others unwrapped, strangely pathetic, in sitting postures, with heads bent down on knees, or faces hidden in their shrivelled hands as if in mourning or in meditation!

Entering the room through its south door, we find ourselves before the objects brought from Lake Titicaca and its vicinity—the starting-point of the mythical history and the religion of the Incas, at the stupendous elevation of 12,500 feet above the level of the sea. This is the classical ground of Peru (next to Cuzco, which is hardly represented in the museum), and this character seems to show itself in the pottery there found, more particularly in some vessels of immense size, the best preserved of which is figured herewith (Fig. 7). The shape of these vessels, in its general features, is that of the Greek *amphora*, but debased and distorted in its proportions, and with the handles displaced and inverted. Several other vessels from the same sacred spot are also given. A curious flat relief of a human figure, in red sandstone, from a burial tower (*chulpa*) is likewise worth noting.

As in Mexico, so in Peru, a comparative study of pottery would, no doubt, divulge a variety of local styles, masked by the general resemblance due to the consanguinity of the workers. The pottery found in burial-places at or near Arica, which, like Titicaca, is situated in southern Peru, but in the arid sands of the sea-coast, is specially interesting from its variety. A very fine vessel from this locality is that shown in Fig. 8, with elaborate but curiously distorted circular decoration and a well-developed handle—a feature that is generally much more prominent in Peruvian than in any other American pottery. Vessels in human shape, with characteristic Indian heads, or of animal form (see Fig. 8), also occur, and quite a number show the curiously complicated necks—with an arrangement for emitting whistling sounds when the vessel is being filled—so characteristic of Peru. One specially-noticeable vessel has a group of animals on top, and pressed panels, likewise with animals (monkeys?), on its sides; but, perhaps, the most interesting object in the whole group is a woven cap, the pattern being worked in red, green, yellow, and white, and still in a remarkably good state of preservation.

The great attraction of the collections from

Ancon—the necropolis of which furnished the material for the splendid work of Messrs. Reiss and Stübel—and from Chanca, on the sea-coast, near Lima, is due to the diversity of the many objects which they contain. The most frequent type of the vessels found there, as regards shape, is that shown by the vase decorated with arrow-heads engraved in Fig. 8. The Lake Titicaca *amphora* form also occasionally occurs at Ancon, according to Messrs. Reiss and Stübel, but there are no specimens in the museum. And it is probable that these vessels were introduced from the Lake region. As to the typical form just mentioned, it is treated in a great variety of ways, from the utmost simplicity to decoration in colour and the overlaying with human forms in relief. Beakers, bowls, double jars, &c., are also found, many of them of a rudeness of execution which calls to mind the statement of Messrs. Reiss and Stübel that Ancon was a poor people's burying-place. The statement is questioned by other investigators, and it is certain that these people, even if they were poor, must have indulged in considerable luxury of dress, for the specimens of their textiles gathered in the Peabody Museum, which will be illustrated in the concluding portion of this article, convey an idea of richness and of skill in the art of weaving which is altogether surprising. Not only is the workmanship

remarkably good, but the colours—dark reds, subdued yellows, browns, and olive tints, relieved by white and black—are equally exquisite. There is a quiet and rich harmony in them, despite the angularity and the grotesqueness of the designs, composed of conventionalised human and animal figures, that would have sorted well with the general colour scheme fashionable in decoration some years ago, before the return to vivid colours now noticeable. Concerning the method used in the making of these fine specimens of the textile art, it is evident that they were woven in small pieces with the needle, although in a way quite different from that followed in the production of the modern “needle-woven tapestries,” described in this Journal some time ago. That the needle was used, is apparent from the slits which occur (with exceptions) wherever one colour is set off sharply against the other in a vertical direction. The slits could only be closed by sewing them up; but this, in most cases, was not done. Among the other specimens of the textile art of a more elaborate kind are to be named belts and hand-bags (one of them still filled with peanuts!), alongside of which are to be seen also plainer and ruder productions, some with patterns painted on them by hand, and woven in larger pieces, evidently with the aid of the shuttle.

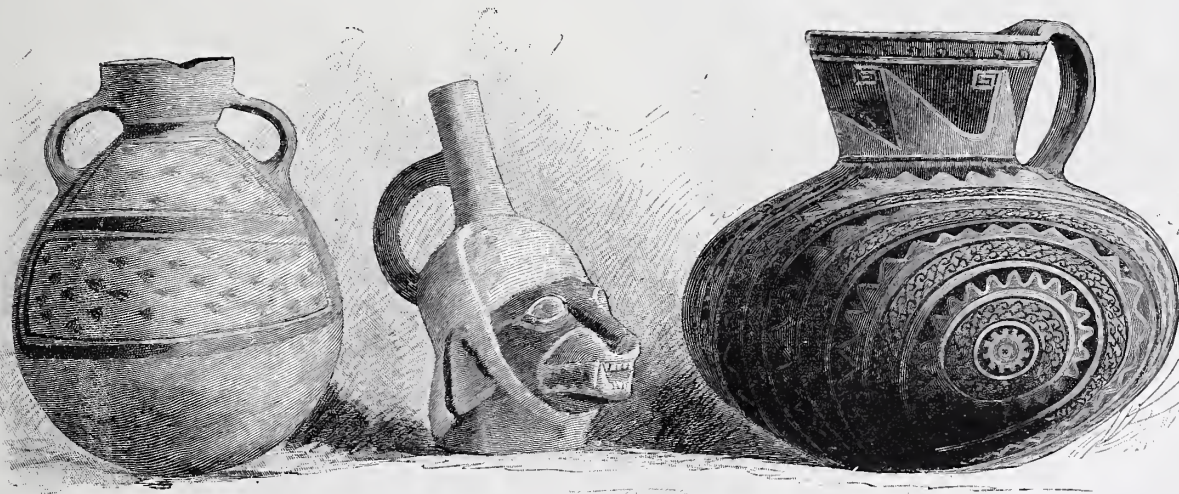


FIG. 8.—PERUVIAN POTTERY, FROM ANCON AND FROM ARICA.

(About $\frac{1}{2}$ actual height. Engraved by J. Andreu.)

“LADY HAMILTON AS MIRANDA.”

BY GEORGE ROMNEY.

TWO strange personalities go to the making of a “Lady Hamilton, by Romney.” The illegitimate daughter of a housemaid, who reached an infamy and a fame which were both European, who lived the mistress of the greatest sailor who ever walked a deck, and died at last in solitary destitution, was scarcely a more remarkable person than the painter who has made her features familiar to us all, than that George Romney whose place in the hierarchy of art has changed so much since the day he died. Even yet the early career of Lady Hamilton is involved in much obscurity. Her mother was a servant with the Harvey family at Ickwell-bury, Bedfordshire; her father may have been anyone you please. She herself became a nursery-maid at the age of thirteen, but soon followed the maternal example in the matter of morality. While yet in her teens she was rescued from the streets of London by one Dr. Graham, a well-known quack, who, in his house in Pall Mall, induced her to pose as an illustration to his lectures on Health. It was after this episode in her career that she sat so often to Romney, and filled, perhaps, another *role* as well in the drama of his life.

We have no direct evidence as to Lady Hamilton’s intellectual ability beyond the declarations of her lovers; but the command of expression she showed, both as Romney’s model and as a drawing-room entertainer, implied a bright intelligence at least. The studies the painter made from her are innumerable, and, of course, very unequal in merit. One of the best was exhibited at the Grosvenor last winter by Mr. Jeffrey Whitehead, and engraved in a former number of this Magazine, while several of the most famous were set forth in the volume for 1885. A second head, the property of Lady Harvey, which hung in the same exhibition, is reproduced on the opposite page. The name under which it was

catalogued was not *ben trovato*. In the part of Miranda there is nothing to justify the rush of terror hinted at here. If we chose to go outside the part, and suppose that Romney had Miranda flying from Caliban in his mind, then we might agree to the title, but that would be a little far-fetched. If the head must have a name, it would be better to call it “Cassandra,” a title he equally misapplied in another portrait, but it seems clear enough that the painter’s only intention was to realise some look and turn of the head he had noticed in his model.

Twenty years ago a first-rate Romney was worth in the “market” a very modest sum indeed. Critics could speak of his fame as of a thing incomprehensible, which had vanished never to return. Now his better works are sold for prices which would then have been thought extravagant for Raphaels. The winter exhibitions of the Royal Academy—of that body which never offered Romney membership while he lived—have done it all. Before they began he had been forgotten. Nothing of importance by him was in any public collection, and his qualities as a painter were not of a kind to induce those who then wrote upon pictures to keep his memory green. It is not likely that the present rage for his work will be sustained, but whatever reaction may follow, his reputation is pretty sure not to sink so low as it was in the first half of the century. For Romney was essentially a painter. His colour was often hot and often cold; and his modelling and draughtsmanship were not seldom careless. But what he did he did with breadth and decision, and even in his inferior works the presence of a true pictorial gift, of a gift which would have led to rare accomplishment in more resolute hands, is to be divined. It is a pity that not one single example of his work at its best is to be found in our public collections.

“SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE.”

PAINTED BY SOLOMON J. SOLOMON.

PROMINENT among the prominent pictures at the exhibition of the Royal Academy recently closed was Mr. S. J. Solomon’s “Sacred and Profane Love.” The picture marks the advance of an ambitious and earnest young painter towards his goal, determined to leave nothing untried that may assist his progress and give practice and facility to mind and brush, both capable of fine achievements.

Towering on the summit of a rocky peak stands the Angel of Holiness, full of kindness and full of dignity, sheltering a woman and her child with one wing, while the husband sits below at their feet. This portion of the picture irresistibly recalls the mind and work of Mr. Watts, and is in striking contrast to the remainder of the design. The whole, however, is executed in a masterly manner.



LADY HAMILTON AS MIRANDA.

(From the Portrait by Romney. Exhibited in the Grosvenor Gallery, 1888-9. Engraved by Jonnard. By Permission of Lady Harvey.)



Solomon J. Solomon, pinxt.

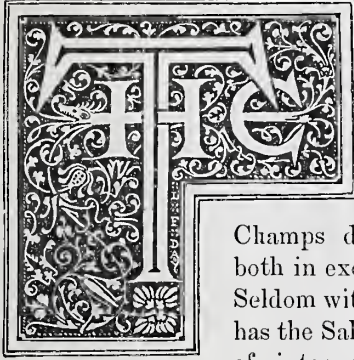
Dujardin, photog.

SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE.

CURRENT ART.

THE SALON.

BY WALTER ARMSTRONG.



EXHIBITION in the Palais de l'Industrie suffered this year from the presence of too formidable a competitor on the neighbouring Champs de Mars. It suffered both in excellence and in pocket. Seldom within the memory of man has the Salon been more destitute of interest, and not for many seasons have so few francs been taken at the door. It might have been thought that in a year which was sure to see half the world in Paris, the French painters would put their shoulders to the wheel, and take care that their own venture was not entirely eclipsed. They did not, however, see matters in that light, and so a morning in the Salon of 1889 was not an exciting experience. That this was the feeling, even of the juries, seems to be proved by the list of awards. There was no first-class medal in the section of painting, and only one in that of sculpture. For the *médaille d'honneur* in the former section a recipient was found, but in the latter no candidate gained the required majority of votes. The constitution, too, of the class list, as I may call it, suggested the same conclusion when it came out. And, altogether, it may be declared, without much fear of contradiction, that the Salon of 1889 will dwell less in the memory than almost any other of the series. And yet, bare as it was of art in the highest sense, there was no lack of things in which the French gifts of organisation, of intelligent obedience to a system, and of abounding æsthetic energy, were to be recognised and admired. After a period of experiments with other ideals, it is upon native qualities that the school of Paris is now again depending for its title to respect, and so, in a notice like this, I may be allowed to begin with the *genres* in which these have most effect.

During the last ten years one of the finest things in French art has been its treatment of history, not in a technical, but a natural sense. Pictures have been multiplied in which the more dramatic scenes of the Revolution, of the Napoleonic pageant, of the events of '30, '48, '51, and '70, and even of such ignoble feats as the raids upon Tunis and Tonquin,

were treated with a breadth, a reticence, and an instinct for pictorial selection, which made them models of what such things should be. In the present exhibition on the Champs de Mars, many of these are to be found. Good examples are the "Exécution de Charette," of Julien Le Blant, and the "Tentative d'Assassinat sur le Général Hoche," of Hippolyte Berteaux. In both a striking reality is united to very great dramatic force, results won partly by extreme frankness in *technique*, partly by a fine instinct for significance in the choice of attitudes, gestures, and accessories, on the one hand, and of telling combinations of light and shadow on the other. In these French pictures and others like them, it is possible, it is in fact easy, to discover something of a trick, of a recipe learnt by heart and applied with a skill not always enough to quite *celare artem*. The recipe seems to prescribe the proportion of clear space to incident, and the relative places of the figures. "Keep the middle of your canvas as empty as possible," it seems to run; "put your hero, or your main group, on one side or the other; send your subordinate figures, your chorus, as far away as you can, and marshal them in something approaching a circle." Things in which some precept of the kind has been obeyed are always plentiful at the Salon. This year one of the best examples of its use is afforded by the picture of M. Paul Boutigny. M. Boutigny is a pupil of the late Alexandre Cabanel, and now scores his first success. "Un Brave" deals with one of those incidents of warfare upon which the Gaul and the Teuton look with such different eyes. The time is the summer of 1870. From the catalogue we gather that when the Germans entered Épinal some days after the Battle of Wörth, "a man, unmoved by the cries of his wife and children, rushed out of a house in the Faubourg Saint Michel and planted himself, rifle in hand, in the middle of the street. The Germans came on, and when they had approached to within some hundred paces, he shouldered his piece and fired, fired twice, killing a Prussian at each shot. A word of command rang out from the German ranks, there was an answering flash—and so perished Dubois, the veteran of Algiers and the Crimea." The Englishman, when he reads this, charitably hopes that Dubois was mad: the Frenchman calls in art to give him immortality. Another incident from

the same terrible months, the charge of Margueritte with his cavalry at Sedan, is treated by M. Louis Gardette. It was on the plateau of Floing that Margueritte received a ball which passed through both cheeks, dividing his tongue on the way, and that, so turned into a gruesome sight, he yet contrived to launch the First Chasseurs d'Afrique against the enemy. M. Gardette has realised the scene with a force that seldom deserts French battle-painters,

"Les Hommes du Saint Office"—some white-robed inquisitors in a moment of *relâche*—or in "L'Alchimiste," the subject of which, and almost its merits, are sufficiently proclaimed by the title. M. Albert de Moncourt's "Reddition de Calais, 1317," is a funny creation, but seems to have been suggested by M. Rodin's magnificent memorial to Eustache de Saint Pierre and his five companions. Fun gives way to tragedy of the most hideous kind in the "Bal des



BRETONNES AU PARDON.

(From the Picture by P. A. J. Dagnan-Bouveret.)

but he fails to show the power of arrangement with which M. Aimé Morot, for instance, would have justified the choice of such a theme. Blood again must have been the chief inducement to M. Edmond Dupain to paint a thing like his "Mort de Sauveur." The Breton hero is being shot, and hacked to pieces with anything that comes handy, by the Royalist peasants. Artistically, not much is to be said for the work, which would have been all the better for attention to some strict rule of arrangement. Passing backwards into the history which is almost legend, M. J. P. Laurens scarcely shows his usual power in

"Ardents" of M. Rochegrosse. To me such a subject presents itself as one totally unfitted for art. It is the "Laocoön" with its horror enhanced and the fatal difficulty of painting fire added. All the same, it must be confessed that M. Rochegrosse has produced a work which cannot easily be passed by. It has probability and it has the balance of art. The interior in which the scene takes place, the stampede of the terrified guests, the actions of the tortured men, are at once well conceived and carried out with exactly the right degree of *abandon*. In more refined matters, however, the failure is

complete. The picture is lurid in colour and without *enveloppe*, and even to the women who witness the catastrophe M. Rohegrosse has given no look of concern for anyone but themselves. The Duchesse de Berri, too: were not the measures she took for the king's safety somewhat more decisive than the painter has made them?

M. Gilbert's "Un Aquafortiste" shows us an etcher in his studio, smoking a copper-plate. M. Émile Renard's "Le Baptême" takes us into the baptistery of a church while some bourgeois *bebé* is receiving the rite; in M. Dawant's "Le Sauvetage"—a huge canvas—men, women, and children are being slung over the high sides of a sinking ship into a life-boat



HUSBAND AT SEA.

(From the Picture by Madame V. E. Demont-Breton.)

From "histories" such as these it is easy to pass to those monumental illustrations of modern life in which the French have for years been setting an example that the rest of the world is only now beginning to follow. M. Léon Lhermitte sends a huge decoration for the Faculté des Sciences at the Sorbonne, a picture of Claude Bernard and his pupils round a table on which some experiment in physiology, the *corpus vile* being a rabbit, is going forward.

below; M. Laurent Gsell paints the "Earthquake at Mentone;" M. Arturo Michelena, the destruction wrought by the great hailstorm at Rheims in 1886; and M. Perrandeu, the moment before the bearers "lift" the coffin at a middle-class funeral. I may also name M. Jean Jacques Rousseau's portrait of Professor Cornil, which is really a subject picture; M. Eugène Buland's "Propagande," in which a Boulangist agent stands in a village shop, with

his pictures of the "brav' général" temptingly displayed to the rustie dealer; and "Boulter's Lock, Maidenhead," by M. R. Jourdain. All these are characterised by those qualities of intelligent selection, agreeable, though by no means fine, colour, and clever arrangement, which are, perhaps, virtues as high as any to which a school, as such, can hope to deliberately lead its pupils.

Qualities of a rarer kind are to be enjoyed in the "Bretonnes au Pardon" of M. Dagnan-Bouveret. In the general aspect of his work M. Dagnan is as much English as French. He sets but little store on the beauties which belong to form. His pictures do not betray much artifice in their arrangement, nor his figures much selection in their contours. It is in colour and in their bath of luminous air that they excel. A few years ago visitors to the Royal Academy had a chance of seeing M. Dagnan at his best in a picture of vaccination day in a French village, which is now in the Exposition Universelle. Those who saw it will remember the truth of the flesh-painting, the simplicity of the arrangement, the brilliancy of the natural colour. Since "Vaccination" M. Dagnan has alternated his triumphs with his comparative failures, painting at one time "Le Pain Bénit" and "L'Abreuvoir," at another "Hamlet and the Grave-Digger" and "La Vierge." In all his work, however, there is the same sincerity of passion, the same simplicity in the expression of personal ideas. In his latest production, this "Bretonnes au Pardon," he shows in an increasing degree the interest in physiognomy which peeped out in "Le Pain Bénit." There is nothing finer in the whole Salon than these varied faces, each with its own history of hard work, with its own proclamation of faith, and its own hope in the future. The sincerity which marks off M. Dagnan so strongly from the majority of his compatriots is also present, to some extent, in the "Husband at Sea," of Madame Virginie Demont-Breton. If Madame Demont had not been the daughter of a famous artist, she would have been a better painter. As it is, the ideals of her father intrude themselves into her work and give it a curiously ambiguous physiognomy.

Mr. Paul Peel, a Canadian pupil of Benjamin Constant, hit upon a good idea when he took up the old notion of a shy model, and made that model a naked small boy. In "Que la vie est amère!" he has painted an old artist with a tremendous beard peering round the corner of his easel at his little sitter, who, in fright at his novel condition and the absence of his mother, hides his head in the shadows behind the canvas. There is a comic pathos in the idea, and it is carried out with a freedom from *chic* which is rare in Franco-American art. Another American, not this time a subject of

the Queen, sent a clever eanyas on which two civilisations were brought into telling contact. "Un bal chez le gouvernement, Alger," by Mr. F. A. Bridgman, recalled a little too much, perhaps, the "Hunt Ball" of Mr. Stewart which was at the Salon three or four years ago, but its contrasts between modern uniforms and the Kabyle burnous were cleverly managed. Actualities of a kind very different from most of these were two pictures contributed by M. Fernand Pelez, the painter of the "Nid de Misère," which is never ungarished by a crowd at the exhibition. The less remarkable of the two might serve as an illustration to the "Song of the Shirt." It showed as a haggard woman, half naked in a naked garret, sinking from exhaustion over her weary needle. On the other canvas, "Le Vitriol" the name of it, M. Pelez had painted a wild, large-eyed girl *blottie* behind a door, a bowl of sulphuric acid in her grip, and the determination to use it in every line of her features. I don't know that there is anything illegitimate in such a subject, and in M. Pelez's treatment there was both force and reticence.

Mr. Walter MacEwen, a Chicago-born member of the cosmopolitan school, had a success with a *fantaisie* catalogued as "Eh! ch! Les Autres! allons jouer"—"Hallo! you fellows! come and play"—four little Dutch boys, with pinafores and clogs, facing us with open mouths and shouting to us all to join their sport. The picture was real, restless, capitally arranged, and full of light. Exactly the same verdict may be ventured on the great canvas by M. Friant, which won the Prix du Salon. "La Toussaint" showed us what we may see outside the gate of a cemetery in the Banlieue, on a snowy 1st of November, which is rare. Better from a purely artistic standpoint was an actuality from the other side of life, by M. Alexis Vollon. Harlequin had treated Columbine to supper, and having supped rather too well himself, had dropped asleep in his chair. Of this state of things an enterprising Pierrot had taken advantage to lay siege to the lady's heart, while in the distance other masks were watching the fun from behind a curtain. M. Vollon *fills* has the freedom of his father's brush; he manages expression with skill, and every year he becomes a better colourist.

The pictures in which a fantastic was blended with a poetic element were scarcely so numerous as usual. Among the best was "Les Deux Perles," by M. Fernand Le Quesne. Its author's idea was to contrast a Caucasian with an African beauty. On his canvas a white girl lay nude in a shell, the pearliness of her flesh leading up to the mother-of-pearl, and giving a strange *éclat* to the negress, the "black pearl," who stood beside her. In composition, however, the picture was strangely unhappy.

So, too, was the large *Gérôme*, the apparition of a little gleaming Cupid in a den of wild beasts, who crouch and squirm at his touch without quite knowing why; and so, again, was the "*Salut au Soleil*" of M. H. E. Delacroix, which is in the list of Ministerial purchases. The subject of this picture was a number of nondescript sea-nymphs saluting the rising "orb of day," but no success had been won in the attempt at an expressive arrangement. Two "*Temptations of St. Anthony*," by MM. E. Quost and Pedro Saenz respectively, thoroughly succeeded in being fantastic, while to eccentricity of much the same kind, M. Falguière's "*Junon*" added the praise of fine modelling and of truthful illumination. A "*Leda*," by Paul Rouffio, was notable for its audacity; a "*Bacchus*," by M. Carolus-Duran, for the completeness of its failure to rival the Titian on which it was obviously modelled; and the "*Niobe*" of Mr. Solomon J. Solomon for the curious improvement in colour it had apparently made in the transit from Piccadilly to the Champs-Élysées. Of the Carolus I must say a word or two more. Very like our "*Bacchus and Ariadne*" in general arrangement, it had scarcely a good point about it beyond dexterity of brushing. The figures were poor in action and poor in design; the colour was cold, opaque, and altogether horrible; the motives as trivial as the gestures of a ballet-girl. The presence of such a picture in the centre of the Salon Carré lowered the effect of the whole show. If the Carolus rejected last year were half as bad as this, the Academieians should have hung it. It would have taught a lesson. Not far from the "*Bacchus*" hung an ambitious picture by M. Victor Prouvé, in which something of the spirit of Doré's "*Dante*" was united to a technical achievement far beyond the lamented Gustave's reach. It received one of the two *Bourses de voyage* given by the city of Paris. M. Gabriel Ferrier's "*Bella Matribus Detestata*" belonged to the same class. On a sort of rocky platform a number of mothers wept over their slain children, and stretched furious hands to the rout of battle which passed on the plain below. The idea is a contrast to most of those which occupy French painters of things that have to do with war. This picture, too, has been bought by the State.

The idyllic strain, which is sometimes in such force at the Salon, broke out this year in few things of any notable beauty. The chief exception was M. Bonnat's "*Idylle*." Here a young shepherd and shepherdess were going through some performance like that one used to know in one's childhood as "measuring yards of love-ribbon." The fresh young contours of the girl were finely rendered in the peculiar method affected by M. Bonnat, the reflected lights upon her skin were managed with dexterity,

and various other technical problems successfully solved. The picture, in fact, only wanted colour to be a masterpiece, but then a nude without colour is like the proverbial Hamlet. The version of the same subject which M. Raphael Collin called "*Jeunesse*" was more pleasing than M. Bonnat's picture, in spite of the latter's mastery, because its colour, though not fine, was more agreeable, and its background infinitely more in harmony with the figures set against it. M. Henner's "*Prière*" and "*Martyre*," and M. Lefebvre's "*Liseuse*," may be named in the same breath as these painted idyls, if not for their subjects, at least for the spirit in which the powers of art were applied.

Few more remarkable instances could be named of what persistent self-assertion can do than the credit enjoyed for the moment by French portrait-painting. Not only in France, where fine portraiture never has been understood, but even in countries which have shown, again and again, that they could triumph in that most crucial branch of art, is it the fashion to talk as if French portraiture were now the strongest in the world and as if it had a fine tradition behind it. If strength lies in the power to model outsides with decision, to set a fine lady, or a statesman, upon canvas with a hand alertly obedient to a sure but seldom sympathetic eye, then the French are the strongest portrait-painters the world has ever seen. Bonnat, Carolus, Lefebvre, the best of the portraits signed by these men show a quickness of observation and a decision in setting down its results, which no English painter can rival. But have these qualities ever sufficed to keep the fame of a portrait-painter green in the past? Have they succeeded in keeping Raphael above Titian, or Van der Helst above Rembrandt, or, to make an excursion, Lawrence above Hoppner? No, the great portrait-painters have not been content with outsides; they have gone beneath externals; they have seized upon the personalities of their sitters, and, to bring out these, have been ready to put their own dexterity out of sight, to leave their creation to be governed by the individualities they had to portray. In the whole range of French art, so far as my knowledge goes, there is no portrait like the "*Lord Heathfield*" of Reynolds; nay, I doubt whether in the future, when things have shaken down a little into their places, anything will be found to support comparison with such an English portrait as the "*J. C. Hook*" of Sir J. Everett Millais, which now hangs in the Paris Exhibition.

But I am getting too far from the Salon. I must return for a moment, and utilise the scant remainder of my space with an enumeration of what seemed to me the best portraits there. "*Madame E. D.*," by M. Elie Delaunay, was a sort of pot-boiler, good

enough in its way, but not representative of its author's powers. M. Rixens sent a forcible half-length of a gentleman in a wide-awake. M. Bonnat's "Le Docteur B." was looser and more seratehy than usual; Constant's "Madame P. D.," Cormon's "M. Allard," Krug's head of Feyen-Perrin after death, Carolus-Duran's group of children, and the remarkable portraits in small of Mrs. Brown-

who a year or two ago promised so well, have failed to keep awake the interest they aroused. M. Loir's "La Crue de La Seine," however, showed power in its way. But perhaps a finer truth was to be discovered in the "Brouillard en hiver, aux fortifications," and the "Coin de Banlieue," of M. René Billotti. Good work of the same kind, touched rather too freely, however, with *chic*, was to be seen in the



THE EVE OF THE FIRST COMMUNION.

(From the Picture by M. Lamont-Desrousseaux.)

Potter and M. Roehfort, by Van Beers, were each notable in their various ways; while a "General Boulanger at his Writing-table," by Henri Rondel, combined reality and style with some felicity.

Of the landscapes I have scarcely left myself room to speak. This is the less to be regretted, however, as French work in this *genre* has for the moment sunk to a low ebb. Even the Casiles and the Loirs,

two contributions of Mr. Alfred Smith, "Vergues sous bois" and "L'Averse." A new Constable with a new gospel is sadly wanted at the Salon. Perhaps Mr. Henry Moore may be promoted to the place. His pictures at the Exposition have won him a *médaille d'honneur* and the applause of a new public. The French might do worse than take their brilliant sincerity as the signal for a new departure.

ARTISTIC ADVERTISING.

I.—By W. P. FRITH, R.A.



HERE can be no question that the great change which has shown itself in the modern system of advertising—a change which calls upon the advertiser to spend enormous sums in producing pictorial representations which it is often difficult, if not impossible, to connect with the virtues of his wares—is an important fact well worthy of a more serious consideration than it has as yet received, from either the artists

who produce the pictures or the advertisers who use them. The present writer can remember the great popularity of Warren's Blacking and Rowland's Macassar Oil, and for anything he knows to the contrary that popularity continues to the present time; but he cannot recall any instance of importance of the pictorial art being called upon to assist in that popularity. A picture of a lady with hair so profuse as to cover her from head to foot—an original work—was all that Rowland owed to Art; and a negro grinning with delight at the sight of his face, reflected in a highly polished Wellington boot, which derived its splendour from a single application of Warren's manufacture—these were the only instances of Art being called upon to glorify "hair oil" and "blacking."

So far as I know—I speak under correction—the rest of the advertisers, forty years ago, contented themselves, as some do now, with the services of a poet, who sang in glowing rhymes the praises of his employer's wares. In those days it would have astonished an artist even more than it does now, if he had found that a picture which he had been fortunate enough to sell in an exhibition had fallen into the hands of a dealer—say, in cod-liver oil; and because it happened to represent a breezy day at sea, with fishermen dragging into their boat a great haul of fish, amongst which a cod or two might be discovered, the purchaser of the picture had made an indifferent wood engraving from it, and changed its name from "The Fortunate Fishermen" into "Workers for our Well-known Oil," and this without the painter's knowledge. It seems to me that his surprise would soon have merged into a stronger

feeling when he saw his composition in the form of an advertisement in the illustrated papers. Nor would he have been consoled, if on complaining of such treatment, he were told that he ought to be glad to assist in disseminating the remedial value of cod-liver oil, and grateful for the opportunity of affording thousands of his fellow-creatures a sight of a copy of his picture done in a style of art utterly common and valueless, and thus gratify them by a delight otherwise unattainable.

Nobody will deny that a fine engraving of a fine work will give pleasure, and perhaps improvement, to great numbers who may never have a chance of seeing the original from which the print was taken; but it is adding insult to injury to pretend that the ordinary woodcut and chromo-lithograph used by the advertisers are processes which do anything beyond giving the spectator a false and disappointing idea of the picture which they affect to represent. In justice to Messrs. Pears, I must except a very remarkable rendering of Sir John Millais' beautiful picture of a boy blowing bubbles. Whether the great painter really enjoys seeing even so good a copy of his picture serving as an advertisement for soap is a matter which concerns himself only. I am narrow-minded enough to confess my regret that so beautiful a work should have been devoted to such a purpose.

I think the twisting of pictures which have been painted to illustrate the pleasures or amusements of child-life—or, indeed, of any other kind of life—into advertisements for the endless variety of public wants is altogether a mistake; but that Art can, and ought, to lend itself in aid of the advertiser I fully admit, but it must be done in a different way, and with conditions altogether changed.

And while on the subject of advertising, how is it that a great West End tradesman, certainly one of the most successful business-men of the present day, never—as he told me himself—"spent a shilling in advertising in his life"? If he can do without spending thousands upon thousands in coloured lithographs and bad woodcuts, why is it imperatively necessary for others to resort to such expensive means?

I am loth to speak of my own small misfortune (as I think it) of having become a victim to so respectable a firm as the proprietors of a certain soap, but as my public complaint has brought upon me much comment—some of it severe and some of it sympathising—I shall venture to make a few remarks

upon my commentators previous to offering some suggestions for a better state of things.

A writer in a letter to a daily newspaper tells me I ought to be pleased to know that a beautiful engraving of my "New Frock" will be seen by great numbers of people who can never see the original. I can assure that gentleman, that if he thinks the woodcut from my picture a beautiful engraving, I respectfully differ from him. In the course of an interview the proprietor of Sunlight Soap has given in the same columns a delightful example of the system under which these pictorial advertisements are procured. After some remarks on my pleasure at having what I think a grievance, he is reported to have said that one other picture in the Royal Academy Exhibition would have suited his purpose—Mr. Stanhope Forbes's "Health of the Bride." "And how would you have adapted it?" "It's ready; scarcely wants a touch; you know the picture. I should have put a box of Sunlight Soap into the hands of the best man, who is standing up with a glass in his hand, drinking health and prosperity to the married couple. The glass would have been replaced by the soap, with the toast, 'Happy is the bride that the Sunlight Soap shines upon!'" Deservedly more fortunate than myself, Mr. Stanhope Forbes sold his admirable work before Sunlight Soap shone upon it, otherwise it is fair to conclude that it would have shared the fate of my little picture, unless it had been protected by a reserved copyright.

The Law of Copyright as regards works of art is in a very unsatisfactory condition. As I understand it, failure of reservation causes a lapse, and the right to reproduce a picture in any form belongs neither to the painter who created it, nor to the casual possessor; and I have been informed by "one who knows" that I could obtain an injunction against anyone who published a work of mine in any form of engraving without my consent.

Artists, as a rule, are not men of business, and men of business are not expected to have the feelings of artists, and they laugh at the idea of such sentimental nonsense as might, or might not, have influenced Mr. Stanhope Forbes if he had shuddered at the idea of his picture being used for such a purpose as it narrowly escaped.

On the ground that Mr. Lever—the gentleman in question—really believed that in doing what he liked with his own he was doing me a service instead of an injury (though he has effectually destroyed any possibility of an engraving being made from my picture), I have no complaint against him; except the grave one of making use of my picture as an advertisement without previously obtaining my consent to his proceeding.

Before offering some suggestions for a better state of things, I desire to notice some remarks published in the *Pall Mall Gazette* on the 19th of July. The able writer of an article headed "The Artist and the Advertiser" has evidently taken great pains to ascertain the opinion of eminent artists on the subject of pictorial advertisement.

Sir John Millais says: "I don't think I have any feeling about advertising; if done badly I would object." That is the very point; except in his own case, when was it done well?

Fred. Walker's "Woman in White" was just what wall advertising ought to be, not a bad copy of a picture disingenuously twisted to suit the advertiser, but a splendidly designed figure, serving to decorate the hoarding, and please every intelligent person who looked at it; whilst it exactly served its purpose as an advertisement.

Mr. Marks says: "I was pleased to see my name associated with Walker, Poynter, and Herkomer as a designer of posters." Of course he was—who wouldn't be? But would he have liked his beautiful picture of "St. Francis Preaching to the Birds" to have been stuck up all over London as a poulterer's advertisement? If my friend Marks says he would have enjoyed such a sight, I take the liberty of a very old friend in saying I don't believe him. Anyway, I suppose he would have required the poulterer to have obtained his consent to such a disgusting profanation.

I endorse every word of Mr. Herkomer's when he says "the hideousness and vulgarity of pictorial advertisements seem an insult to our thinking and educated classes, an insult hurled at them from every spare wall, scaffolding, and conveyance;" and by a splendid design Mr. Herkomer showed how true Art might be made to serve the advertiser.

Why did these works by such able men fall still-born upon the advertising community? No doubt they were over the heads of the ordinary public, but did they in any sense suit the advertiser?

A dreadful thought is borne in upon me; does not the advertiser require a more or less popular picture as the important factor in his advertisements? Does he not, having acquired it fairly or unfairly, rack his own brains, or somebody else's, to make it suit his purpose? If that be the case, unless artists combine and set their faces against their pictures being misused, original designing, however admirable for posters, will find no favour in the eyes of advertisers.

At the close of his article, the writer to whom I have referred asks me if I "have any idea of the men who have been willing to paint sign-boards, pictorial advertisements devised not for the beneficial selling of soap, but chiefly for the baneful retailing of bad liquor in low grog-shops." Yes, I have a clear idea on the subject. I painted one

myself for an inn in Lancashire called the Pilgrim; my friend Augustus Egg, R.A., painted one side of the sign, and I the other. Egg's pilgrim, not a bit like mine (they ought to have resembled each other, for the pictures were intended to represent the same pilgrim), was knocking at one side of the sign, on which a door was limned; on the reverse, my pilgrim was leaving the hostelry refreshed, and thankfully casting his eyes heavenward.

The inn called the Pilgrim was, and perhaps still is, a most respectable, modest hotel, a very necessary establishment, as useful in its way as soap; so I think I may aver that, so far as I am concerned, I did not advertise "bad liquor in a low grog-shop." The Oak, at Bettws-y-coed, is a large hotel, in great favour with artists and tourists, where excellent "grog" can be obtained, no doubt; and where David Cox's sign of an oak tree is still to be seen.

I take leave to doubt if any of the artists named by our writer painted for low "grog-shops." Hogarth, possibly, might have had to plead guilty to the impeachment, and Paul Potter may have committed the offence. Be that as it may, I can see no analogy

whatever between the sign, or the posters, executed voluntarily, and the picture seized without the consent or knowledge of the artist, even to serve so beneficent a product as soap.

My profession bristles with admirable designers; at the present time I could name a dozen artists who, I feel sure, would be glad to make appropriate designs, by which all kinds of commodities could be advertised. By such men's works, public taste could be improved instead of debased, as it is now, by vile art and distressing vulgarity. No phase of art has advanced so remarkably in the last half-century as that of the designer—in other words, the illustrator of his own thoughts, or of the thoughts of others, in black-and-white. The drawings in the magazines and in the illustrated papers afford ample proof of this; and it rests with the advertiser to make use of the talents of well-known men, who would speedily change the aspect of the hoardings, and be of more service to the advertiser than the popular painter, who can only be enlisted in the cause by a misappropriation of subjects ludicrously unfit for the purpose to which they are devoted.

II.—BY THE EDITOR.

The foregoing article by Mr. Frith on the subject of artistic advertising will be read with interest by all to whom the "culture of the masses" is a matter of any concern. Those in particular will be gratified who read the letter which he originally contributed to the newspapers, and which attracted wide attention to this subject, for the depreceatory tone he then adopted has been to a great extent abandoned, and the principle admitted that artistry may, with the utmost propriety and benefit, come to the aid of commerce.

One point made by Mr. Frith is unanswerable: the unwarrantable alteration in the details or in the original title of a picture acquired by an advertiser and issued in multiple form. It is manifestly immoral and wrong to change such titles as "The New Froek" and "Dress Rehearsal" to "So Clean" and "As Good as New" without any explanation, but with the names of the artists attached, for the deduction forced upon the public would naturally be that these pictures were so painted and christened by the artist for the purposes of the advertiser. Still less justifiable is it to alter any detail or accessory without the artist's permission; his design is sacred, for if any alteration whatever is introduced, the work, as a whole, ceases to be his, and its ascription to the artist is false and misleading.

Writing to me on this subject, an eminent artist has put the point lucidly and well. He says:

"Copyright gives a man the right to *copy*; but he surely must copy *rightly*. Every man in painting a picture has some intention—something he wishes to convey. The gentleman who buys it for advertising purposes does not care two straws for this. *His* intention is to make the picture help to sell his article, and in furtherance of this he feels at liberty to add, alter, or travesty a work in any way he pleases. Witness the evidence afforded by Mr. Stanhope Forbes's picture, and its narrow escape. A parallel will make the point clearer still. Suppose a gentleman were to acquire (advertising being his ulterior purpose) the copyright of a poem by Lord Tennyson, and then added or altered a stanza so as to proclaim the merits of his wares, how would the proceeding be received by the public? Would they approve? And supposing that on the strength of his achievement he were to pride himself on giving 'encouragement' to literature, would his claim be seriously entertained, even by the most simple-minded person? That the intention of Mr. Frith's picture is entirely foreign to the purpose it has been put to I am not prepared to state, for the point of the design is clearly the pride of the child in her clean new dress."

This brings me to the point of Copyright, and seeing that most artists—not excluding Mr. Frith—are confessedly uncertain as to the Law of Copyright in its application to such cases as that before us, I feel I cannot do better than to set forth the main

points of the statute as it at present stands. This, generally speaking, has been described as "a web of almost insoluble problems," but in the present instance it is fairly clear. The law relating to Copyright in Works of the Fine Arts is governed by the Act known as "25 and 26 Victoria, cap. 68," the first section of which states:—

"The Author, being a British subject, or resident within the dominions of the Crown, of every original painting, drawing, and photograph which shall be or shall have been made either in the British dominions or elsewhere, and which shall not have been sold or disposed of before the commencement of this Act, and his assigns, shall have the sole and exclusive right of copying, engraving, reproducing, and multiplying such painting or drawing, and the design thereof, or such photograph and the negative thereof, by any means and of any size for the term of the natural life of such Author and seven years after his death, provided that 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 of such painting or drawing but the copyright shall belong to the vendee or assignee of such painting or drawing or of such negative of a photograph, or to the person for or on whose behalf the same shall have been made and executed."

The section then goes on to say as follows:—

"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."

This latter part appears to be somewhat contradictory of what has gone before, but the effect of the whole section is that unless the copyright of the painting sold by Mr. Frith was duly registered and assigned—which I gather is not the case—he has entirely lost his right to it which, as "Author," to use the term of the Act, he originally possessed, and any proceedings he, or anyone similarly placed, might take, either by way of injunction or otherwise, would certainly be futile.

Now, so far as the purchaser of the picture is concerned, he would, as the proprietor of it, be entitled to the copyright in the absence of an agreement reserving the right of the "Author," but the section goes on to say that the vendee shall not be entitled to such copyright unless it be especially reserved to him. Further, by the fourth section of the Act, the proprietor of the copyright must register his right before he can enforce his rights by legal proceedings. Therefore, if there were no agreement signed in the first instance, there was no agreement to be registered, and the purchaser of the picture in question has himself no title to the copyright. On this point Mr. Justice Mellor states, in what is now known as "Graves' Case," that "the

statute contemplates the vesting of the copyright of every original painting, drawing, and photograph, either in the 'Author' or in the person who owns the original painting, drawing, or photograph, provided that proper precautions to secure it have been taken, and that such *owner* must be an assignee by virtue of some assignment in writing thereof." The result, therefore, is that neither Mr. Frith nor Mr. Lever appears to have any right in the picture; the copyright has lapsed, and the power to reproduce it is absolutely unrestricted.

The seventh section bears directly on the question of alteration of a work and the resultant false ascription:—

"Where the Author or Maker of any painting, drawing, or photograph, or negative of a photograph, shall have sold or otherwise parted with the possession of such work, *if any alteration shall afterwards be made therein by any other person, by addition or otherwise*, no person shall be at liberty during the life of the Author or Maker of such work *without his consent* to make, or knowingly to sell or *publish* or offer for sale, such work or any copies of such work so altered as aforesaid, or of any part thereof, as or for the unaltered work of such Author or Maker. Every such offender shall upon conviction forfeit to the person aggrieved the sum of Ten Pounds, or not exceeding double the full price, if any, at which all such copies, engravings, imitations, or altered works shall have been sold or offered for sale, *and all such copies, engravings, imitations, or altered works shall be forfeited to the person* or the assigns or legal representatives of the person *whose name, initials, or monogram shall be so fraudulently signed or affixed, or falsely ascribed as aforesaid.*"

So much for the law. The sentiment of the case—in which Mr. Frith deals so largely, and, from the artists' point of view, so rightly and so ably—must necessarily go for very much, even when business-like, matter-of-fact "common sense" is brought to bear upon it. We would all of us repel as an outrage the impressment of Raphael's "Ansidei Madonna" into the advocacy of an "infant's food" or "soothing syrup," or that of Moroni's "Portrait of a Tailor" into an advertisement of "Our Guinea Trousers;" or, again, as my afore-mentioned correspondent suggests in more immediate illustration of the matter in point, the use of a fine "Sunset," by Corot, which, with "Sunlight Soap" appropriately stamped across the sky, would tend to disgust every æsthetic soul with the much-talked-of union of Commerce and Art. But who can say that "This is the Way we Wash our Clothes," by Mr. Leslie, R.A., is "degraded" by its recent consecration to soap, or that the many pictures not expressly painted for the purposes of advertisement, but that have come by the whirligig of time and chance to be turned to its uses, are less charming or less worthy of respect on that account? Most artists do not relish the idea of their pictures being fitted to advertisements, and therein they are right; but that either picture or artist is in any way "degraded" by the misapplication is an untenable contention. Whatever



THE NEW FROCK.

(From the Picture by W. P. Frith, R.A., exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1889.)

error of taste be made, the odium rests wholly with the perpetrator. Mr. Poynter, R.A., than whom few have greater authority in the matter (for is he not the designer of one of the most effective "bills" now displayed upon our walls?), writes to me:—

"In Mr. Frith's contention that the using of the pictures of artists for purposes of advertisement is a degradation to art, I am inclined to agree with him, where the picture was not painted or intended for such a purpose, as it vulgarises for trade purposes what is intended to appeal to a higher or more refined sentiment; although if a man buys a picture of an artist, I do not see how he can be prevented from putting it to any purpose he likes, failing an agreement beforehand. But there is certainly no degradation where an artist of taste makes a design for an advertisement, the intention in this case being to put in an agreeable and even artistic form what is very apt to be an eyesore or a mean exhibition of vulgarity." Most men, however, are surely of opinion that Art, like Truth, can only dignify and beautify that with which it comes into contact, and that, unless a grave error of taste and judgment be committed, commerce—which none can assert contains the elements of "degradation" if it but be conducted with decency—has everything to gain, and art nothing to lose, by the union; while the distinction between the "ready-made" and the "bespoke" in works of art is too fine to have any radically important bearings on the subject. One consideration, which will, I fear, convey but little comfort to Mr. Frith and those of us who think with him, must not be lost sight of, and that is the necessity that is ever felt by the trader for novelty or audacity in advertisement. For that reason, if for none other, the purchase of "popular" pictures will probably always find the greatest favour with the advertiser, for he thereby not only commands attention by the fitness of the work to the recommendation of his wares, but also trades upon the affection or esteem of the public for the artist, and their admiration for his work in general; while, moreover, he makes the world talk of his *comp.*, and enlists, maybe, their gratitude by making them laugh at his ingenuity, or by placing before them a work of sterling merit and considerable beauty.

And in all this is there no consolation for the offended pride of the sensitive artist? He who is "victimised" thus suffers in excellent company, for the list includes some good names and good work. Foremost among them stands Sir Everett Millais, with his "Bubbles"—which, however, was not purchased by the advertiser direct from the artist. Then come Mr. G. D. Leslie, R.A., with "This is the Way we Wash our Clothes;" M. Jan Van Beers, with "In the Canoe," and "In the Snow;" Mr. J. J. Shannon, with "Mariana," exhibited last year

in Grosvenor Gallery; Mr. Fred. Barnard's "Duck and Green Peas is Off," from the Oil Institute; Mr. Chevallier Tayler, with "A Dress Rehearsal;" Mr. Yates Carrington, with "The Wounded Terrier on the Hospital Steps;" Mr. Short, with "Sunday Morning;" Signor Focardi, with "You Dirty Boy!" Mr. C. Lawes' with his life-sized marble "Bathing Nymph;" and M. Van Haanen, with several Venetian *genre* scenes. "Deceased Masters," too, have been made to contribute their quota to artistic advertising, for we find Rembrandt's "Portrait of Himself" used as the *réclame* of a print-seller; Rubens' "Portrait of Himself," and Gainsborough's "Duchess of Devonshire," as those of a hatter; Edouard Frère's picture, re-named "More Bubbles," is used by Messrs. Pears; while Sir Edwin Landseer's "Distinguished Member of the Royal Humane Society"—with slight alterations, introduced with a view to avoiding infringement of copyright—was a few years since posted all over the country to push the sale of a "necessary of the household." Fred. Walker's "Bathers," too, had a narrow escape of becoming a soap-maker's advocate, when it was put up for auction at the Graham sale in 1886, but the price of £2,625, at which it was knocked down, was presumably too high for a trade investment, and the picture is now one of the chief ornaments in the collection of Mr. Cuthbert Quilter.

Mr. Frith suggests that Fred. Walker's "Woman in White"—an advertisement of Mr. Wilkie Collins' dramatic version of his novel widely placarded in 1871—and Mr. Herkomer's poster for the Publishers of THE MAGAZINE OF ART, did not suit the advertiser, and "fell still-born upon the advertising community." I do not think that the facts bear out this view of the case. As regards the result of Mr. Herkomer's admirable work, it hardly becomes me to speak; but the fact that it escaped the notice of few, if any, of those who care for art in this country, and furthermore is quoted to this day as a noble and appropriate example of artistic advertising, should be a sufficient answer. And how can they be said to have fallen still-born? Mr. Poynter's notable and richly-coloured "Minerva in her Temple" for the Guardian Insurance Company; the fine marine design by Mr. Wyllie, A.R.A., for the Orient Steamship Company; "The Shaving Monks," by Mr. Marks, R.A.; the design by Mr. Albert Moore; the Georgian scene, by Mr. Charles Green, R.I., for Messrs. Collinson and Lock; the theatrical poster of "The Colonel," by Mr. Harry Furniss; the numerous designs by Mr. Walter Crane for Messrs. Jeffreys and others; the capital cat-and-monkey picture of Mr. Trood of "Matchless for the Complexion;" the humorous "Shaver's Delight," by Signor Bellei; the child

picture of "This is the Way we Wash our Hands," by Mr. J. Hallyar; the ingenious and complicated design for a photographer, and the recent "cigarette-puff" by Mr. Linley Sambourne; the comic scene of a club quarrel by Mr. Fred. Barnard, in which soap is declared to be more efficacious than blood in washing out insults; the graceful pictorial pun by Mr. Lillie of how the little maid "washed herself ashore" by means of a cake of Cleaver's soap; the numerous magazine and newspaper covers by Mr. Du Maurier and Mr. Lewis Day; the horse designs by Mr. Sturges, advocating certain infallible embrocations—all these, together with George Cruikshank's business card for Mr. Harvey, and his fireside scene for a life insurance office, surely prove that so far from being stillborn, artistic—or high-class pictorial—advertising is a child of healthy growth, whose strength is daily increasing, and whose aid is sought for more and more by the trading community.

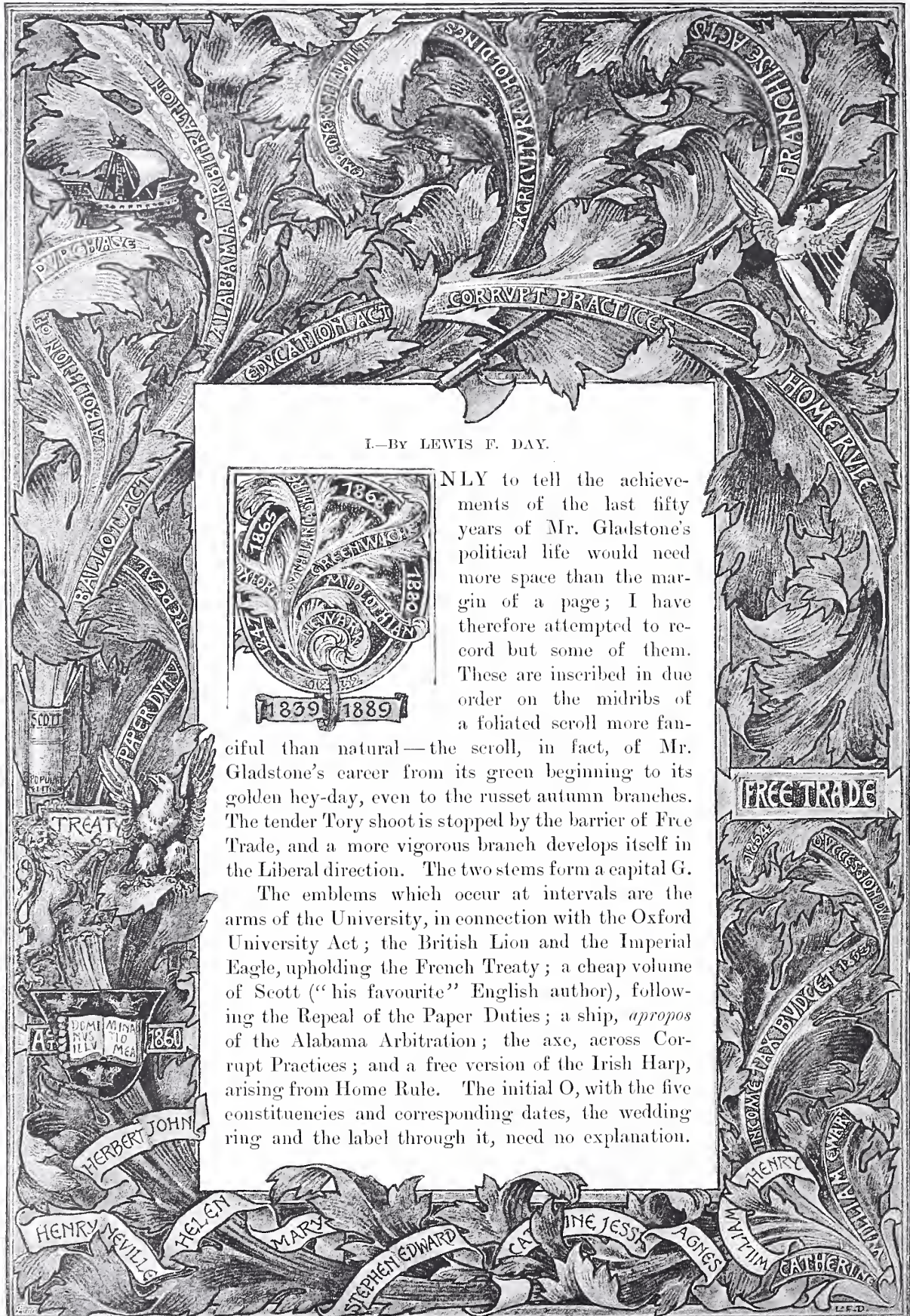
In addition to the names of Paul Potter, Hogarth, Augustus Egg, R.A., and himself, to whom Mr. Frith refers as having painted signboards—the offerings of Beer and Board at the shrine of the Goddess Publicity—I may here place on record the others who have in this manner swelled the list of eminent contributors to "artistic advertisement." Correggio painted the Sutherland gallery "Mule and Muleteer" as an inn-sign, and Grinling Gibbons carved the "cock" for the tavern in Fleet Street. George Morland painted more than one sign to pay off his score, a consideration which also induced H. Harlowe to paint a swinging portrait of Queen Caroline for the New Inn at Epsom. Taverns in Little Russell Street, near Drury Lane, boasted at one time a Shakspeare by Clarkson, and another by Samuel Wale, R.A., the latter artist being a somewhat prolific painter of Shakspearean signs. Sir Charles Ross, R.A., pleaded guilty to having produced a sign for the "Magpie" at Sudbury before he reached Academic honours. Richard Wilson, R.A., glorified "The 'Three Loggerheads'"

in North Wales; while Sir David Wilkie, R.A., Thomas Wright of Liverpool, Herring, the horse painter, Baker, R.A., Catton, R.A., Smirke, R.A., and Sir Everett Millais, R.A., have all painted public-house signs, the last-named for an inn at Hayes in Kent. Besides these, Holbein is known to have executed a couple of school-house signs that may still be seen in the Basle Museum; Watteau, a milliner's, and Pater, a picture dealer's sign; while Horace Vernet produced quite a number of similar pictorial advertisements. Was the art of all these men "degraded" by its application to even the comparatively low form of trade it purported to stimulate? Did they not rather dignify the commerce, such as it was, by the contact of their skill?

To sum up, then, it is now agreed on all hands that artistic advertising is, in the words of Professor Richmond, "a powerful weapon for disseminating good art in the most public manner possible;" while if the artist be not unwilling, a picture may with propriety be used, on condition that neither its title nor design be altered in any way—for such unauthorised alteration is at once a breach of faith and, so far as the latter interference is concerned, a breach of the law. If due regard be paid to these points, nothing but good can come of the union of art and commerce, whether the advertiser seeks to trade on the artist's name or on the inherent beauty of his design; and we may find that commerce of to-day will, pecuniarily speaking, fill, in some sense and more or less satisfactorily, the empty seat of patronage which was once occupied by the Church. For it is but fair to assume that the spread of artistic advertisement will ever demand a higher and higher standard of merit, and before long it will be thought no more derogatory, even to a Royal Academician, to design or paint a work for a man of business, than it is to-day to sell one for money, whether to an aristocratic "patron," a democratic collector, a cotton-spinner, a financier, or a manufacturer of knives or pickles.



THE DECORATION OF THE GLADSTONE COMMEMORATIVE ALBUM.

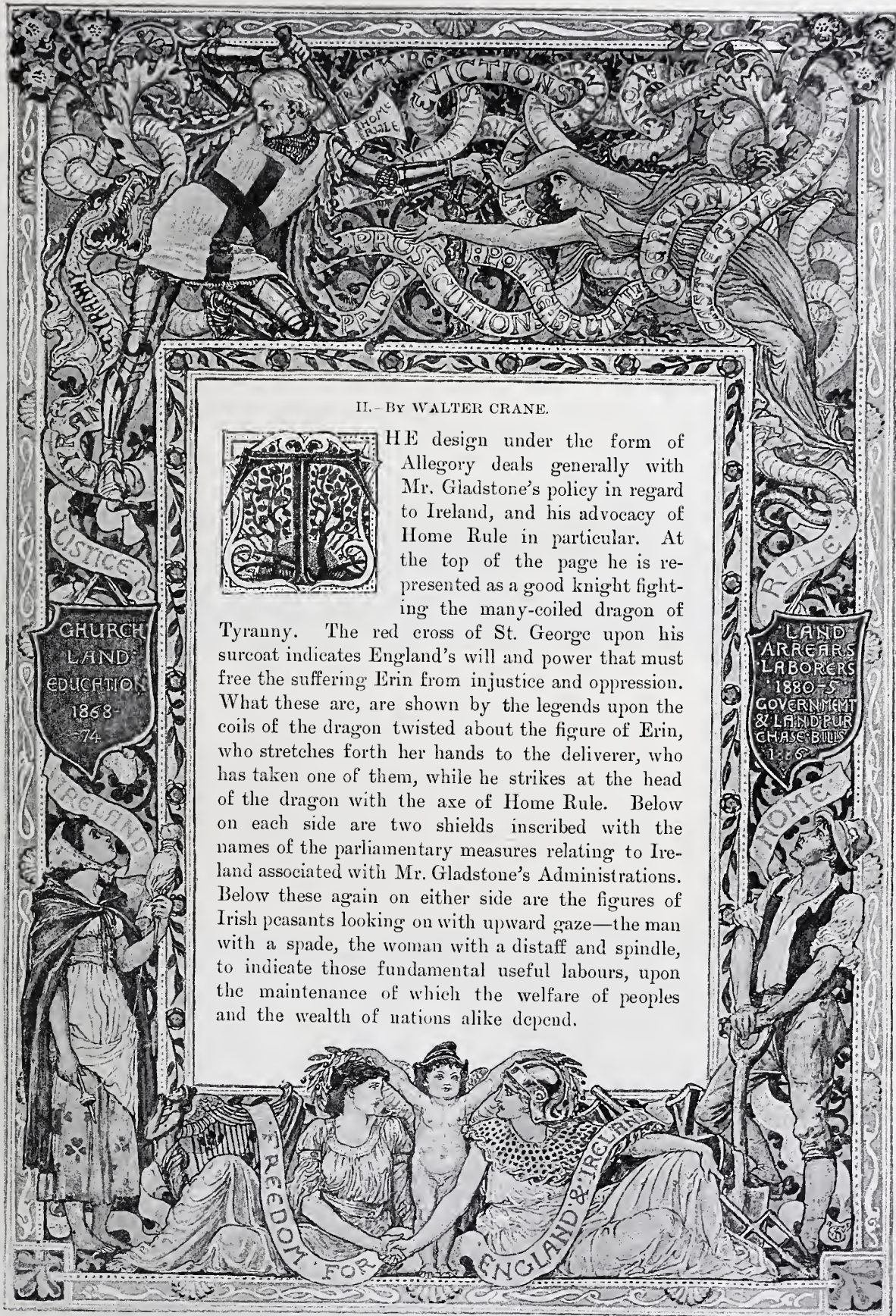


I.—By LEWIS F. DAY.



ONLY to tell the achievements of the last fifty years of Mr. Gladstone's political life would need more space than the margin of a page; I have therefore attempted to record but some of them. These are inscribed in due order on the midribs of a foliated scroll more fanciful than natural—the scroll, in fact, of Mr. Gladstone's career from its green beginning to its golden hey-day, even to the russet autumn branches. The tender Tory shoot is stopped by the barrier of Free Trade, and a more vigorous branch develops itself in the Liberal direction. The two stems form a capital G.

The emblems which occur at intervals are the arms of the University, in connection with the Oxford University Act; the British Lion and the Imperial Eagle, upholding the French Treaty; a cheap volume of Scott ("his favourite" English author), following the Repeal of the Paper Duties; a ship, *apropos* of the Alabama Arbitration; the axe, across Corrupt Practices; and a free version of the Irish Harp, arising from Home Rule. The initial O, with the five constituencies and corresponding dates, the wedding ring and the label through it, need no explanation.

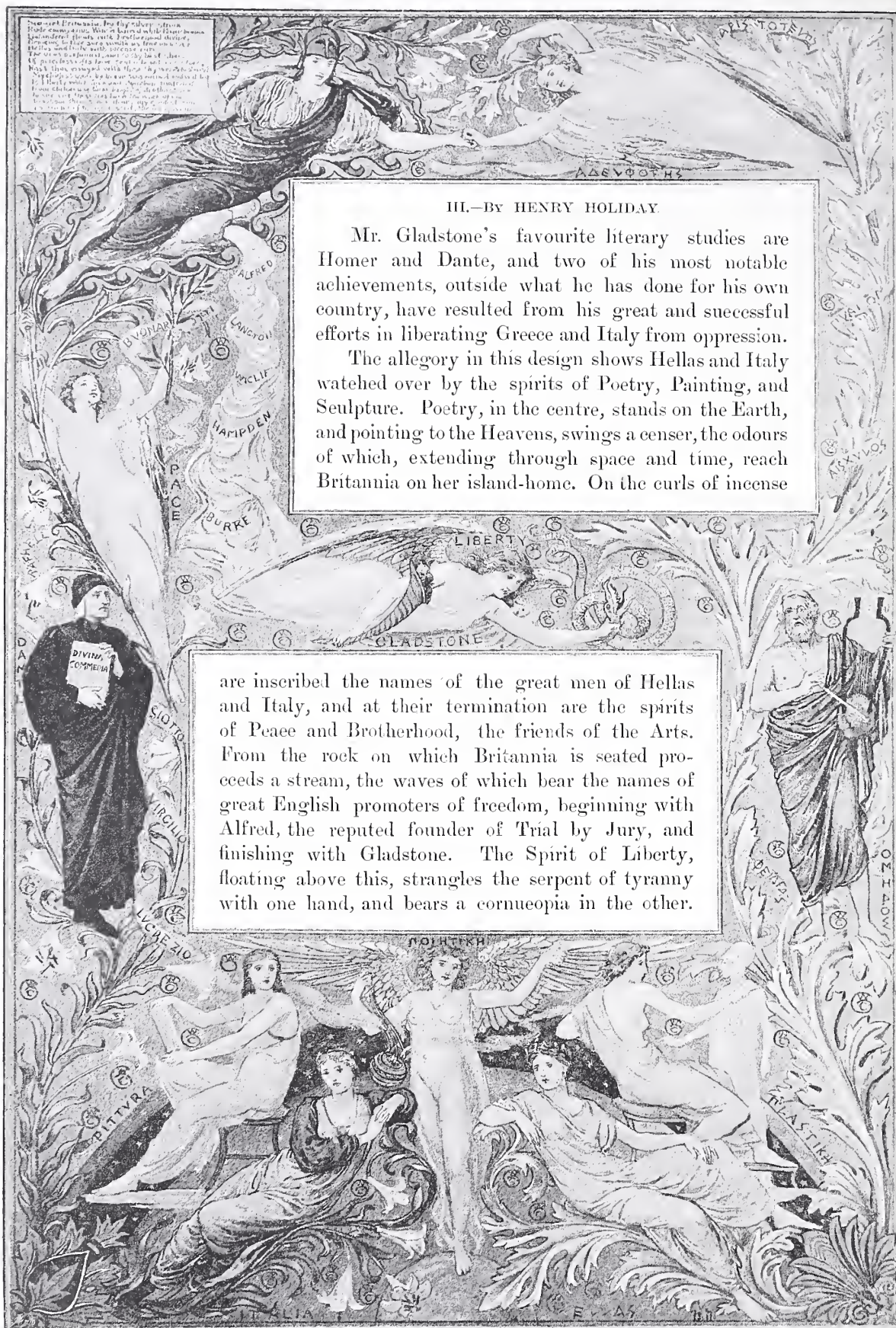


II.—By WALTER CRANE.



HE design under the form of Allegory deals generally with Mr. Gladstone's policy in regard to Ireland, and his advocacy of Home Rule in particular. At the top of the page he is represented as a good knight fighting the many-coiled dragon of

Tyranny. The red cross of St. George upon his surcoat indicates England's will and power that must free the suffering Erin from injustice and oppression. What these are, are shown by the legends upon the coils of the dragon twisted about the figure of Erin, who stretches forth her hands to the deliverer, who has taken one of them, while he strikes at the head of the dragon with the axe of Home Rule. Below on each side are two shields inscribed with the names of the parliamentary measures relating to Ireland associated with Mr. Gladstone's Administrations. Below these again on either side are the figures of Irish peasants looking on with upward gaze—the man with a spade, the woman with a distaff and spindle, to indicate those fundamental useful labours, upon the maintenance of which the welfare of peoples and the wealth of nations alike depend.



III.—BY HENRY HOLIDAY.

Mr. Gladstone's favourite literary studies are Homer and Dante, and two of his most notable achievements, outside what he has done for his own country, have resulted from his great and successful efforts in liberating Greece and Italy from oppression.

The allegory in this design shows Hellas and Italy watched over by the spirits of Poetry, Painting, and Sculpture. Poetry, in the centre, stands on the Earth, and pointing to the Heavens, swings a censer, the odours of which, extending through space and time, reach Britannia on her island-home. On the curls of incense

are inscribed the names of the great men of Hellas and Italy, and at their termination are the spirits of Peace and Brotherhood, the friends of the Arts. From the rock on which Britannia is seated proceeds a stream, the waves of which bear the names of great English promoters of freedom, beginning with Alfred, the reputed founder of Trial by Jury, and finishing with Gladstone. The Spirit of Liberty, floating above this, strangles the serpent of tyranny with one hand, and bears a cornucopia in the other.

The Chronicle of Art.

ART IN OCTOBER.

THE FORTHCOMING ART CONGRESS AT LIVERPOOL.

Now that the first meeting of the National Association for the Advancement of Art is at hand, it may be well to repeat our conviction that, if any good is to come out of the movement, the accompaniment of an exhibition is absolutely imperative. There is, as it is, far too much talk about Art in proportion to the work done. It is no excuse to say that this is an age of criticism rather than of deed in art, and that discussion of æsthetics has arisen to fill the void left in the department of achievement. The motive of the Association, if we understand it aright, is to stimulate that achievement by giving the public the opportunity to induce the adoption by manufacturers of good models and of good designs. We confess ourselves sceptical as to the ability of the Association to "advance the arts" either of painting or sculpture, though it may assuredly do much towards securing the proper display of them in the chief centres of population, and may, haply, prevail upon corporations to accept its counsels when any local artistic movement of any character whatever is proceeding. Indeed, there is no reason why it should not come in time to be regarded as the *arbiter elegantiarum* in all matters æsthetic. But to win this confidence of the authorities and of the people it must show itself worthy of it, not by eloquence only either at meetings or at *conversazioni*, but by holding exhibitions of designs in art, pure and applied (and, wherever possible in the latter department, examples of the objects executed from those designs), these displays being in direct connection with the meeting, and more or less illustrative of the speeches. In this way the Association may come to be a true educator, if not indeed a leader, of public taste, and any design—whether in architecture, sculpture, decoration, or the applied arts in general—with its *imprimatur* of excellence upon it will in time be accepted by seekers after the beautiful, not only without question, but to the exclusion of other models. To this end we are convinced that the adhesion of the Art and Crafts Society would be in the highest degree desirable. Their admirable and interesting exhibition at the New Gallery, though perhaps not in itself complete, is yet as catholic in the specimens displayed as one might wish to see. It is, moreover, based on the lines laid down by good taste, and, we venture to think, of common-sense. We commend this proposal to the attention of Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, the President of the Liverpool Congress, and to the strong band of artists and art-lovers who preside over the various sections.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF IRELAND IN 1887.

The belated report of Mr. DOYLE, the Director of the National Gallery of Dublin, has made its appearance, and testifies to the admirable manner in which he conducts the institution under his control. Of a limited budget of £2,500, a sum of a thousand pounds was devoted to the

purchase of new pictures, and a hundred and twenty in travelling about to seek them. The rest of the grant goes in restoring and framing pictures and paying salaries. Twenty-seven pictures have been added to the collection, including "The Attempted Martyrdom of Saints Cosmo and Damien," by FRA ANGELICO; a portrait of Hendrickson of Zwolle, by TERBURG (or TER BORCH, as he ought to be called); "A Stag Hunt," by BERCHEM; "Head of a Young Girl," by LELY; an allegorical portrait of William III., by KNELLER; "The Cow-shed," by JAMES WARD; a study of a figure of St. Sebastian, by VANDYCK; a portrait group, by WILLIAM DOBSON; three copies of Venetian pictures (presumably from the Hamilton Collection), by TENIERS; and "St. Jerome," by VASARI. In addition to these there are nine miniatures by JAMES COMERFORD, who is, perhaps, best known for the violent opposition he offered to the establishment of the National Gallery his little works now help to embellish; and ten of the finest and most finished water-colours of the late RICHARD DOYLE. The number of new students admitted during the year was thirty-nine, of whom only four were men. Of the total of 75,000 visitors admitted during the year, 22,000 enjoyed the pictures on the Sabbath-day—surely an eloquent testimony in favour of Sunday opening.

THE LOAN EXHIBITION AT BETHNAL GREEN.

The gratitude of all those interested in the future of the arts of design in this country is due to the Hon. W. F. B. MASSEY MAINWARING and Mrs. MASSEY MAINWARING, who have so generously lent their admirable collection of silversmiths' work, porcelain, and furniture to the Bethnal Green Museum. The intelligent study of good models is of the utmost importance in technical education, and the influence of an exhibition such as the present cannot fail to be lasting and beneficial. Dresden china figures, brimming over with the cynicism and frivolity of the eighteenth century, together with Japanese porcelain and enamels, form the greater portion of the collection, which affords us another proof of the fact that it is to the East—and in this case the East End—that we must go for instruction in the lesser arts; that Japan, indeed, can teach us more in this respect than the whole of Europe put together.

RECENT ACQUISITIONS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

Sir JOHN SAVILE, who was until lately Her Majesty's Ambassador at Rome, has made a very important gift to the National Gallery. It includes an interesting series of copies of pictures by VELASQUEZ, several brilliant pieces of still-life, and an exquisite sketch by MURILLO. Accommodation has not yet been found for the copies of Velasquez; we shall therefore defer our notice of them for the present. The pictures of still-life are three in number, and all of the highest merit, though two of them are by artists

comparatively unknown to fame. The small canvas by CHARDIN (1,258, in Room XIV.) represents a loaf of bread, a bottle of wine, and a glass. It is signed, and bears the date 1754, and was therefore painted when the artist was in his prime. The National Gallery is fortunate in securing this example, as hitherto Chardin was unrepresented in our miserably poor collection of French pictures. A picture of a green glass, some oyster-shells, and cut oranges (1,255, in Room X.), very brilliant and rich in colour, bears the name of that rare master, JAN VAN DER VELDE. Whether he was related to the sea-painter of the same name is uncertain; he was, at any rate, his contemporary, and the canvas under discussion is dated 1656. H. STEENWYCK'S study of a skull, lamp, sword, and various other objects (1,256, also in Room X.), is decidedly inferior to the last-named picture, but it is none the less an interesting specimen of the work of an artist of whom no record seems to exist. Pictures by him are rarely seen, and he appears generally to be confused with the painter of ecclesiastical interiors. MURILLO'S "Birth of the Virgin" (1,257, in Room XV.) is a most valuable acquisition. It is a preliminary sketch for a more ambitious work, now in the Louvre. In spite of its small size, it is painted with such vigour and mastery as to be, in some respects, more impressive than the larger canvas in Paris. But Sir John Savile is not the only recent benefactor to the National Gallery. Miss EMILY J. WOODS has just presented two "Views of Hyde Park Corner" (1,253 and 1,254). The interest of these, it must be confessed, is rather topographical than artistic. The earlier one, to which neither artist's name nor date is attached, represents Hyde Park Corner when the toll-houses on the north and south sides of the road were still in existence. The toll-houses, which were for years a serious obstruction to the traffic, were pulled down and sold by auction in 1825. This picture, therefore, cannot be later than this date, and is, in all probability, considerably earlier. The later canvas is ascribed to JAMES HOLLAND, an artist not long since dead, and shows us Hyde Park Corner as it was after Decimus Burton's Arch was erected. This arch was built just forty years ago, and it was only in 1882 that it was set considerably back—an event still fresh in our memory. In praise of these two canvases little can be said from an artistic point of view, but they represent for us two phases of one of the principal sites in London, which, were it not for such pictorial records as these, would soon be forgotten. One other picture has yet to be noticed, and this a portrait by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS of "Anne, Countess of Albemarle" (1,259, in Room XVI.). It is a very able representation of an old lady knitting, posed in a simple yet dignified attitude.

MUNIFICENT GIFT TO OLDHAM.

The Oldham Art Gallery has been enriched by a handsome gift from Mr. CHARLES E. LEES, of Werneth Park. This consists of a full set of the seventy-one mezzotint etchings of TURNER'S "Liber Studiorum," most of them first states, and a collection of seventy-six water-colour and other drawings. The collection of water-colours is a very fine one, not only because it contains some valuable examples of such masters as J. S. COTMAN, GIRTIN, TURNER, COPLEY FIELDING, DE WINT, DAVID COX, G. F. ROBSON, WILLIAM MÜLLER, and others, but also because it is calculated to show very clearly the history and evolution of the art of water-colour drawing. In a word, these drawings form a duodecimo edition, as it were, of the collection of

water-colour drawings at South Kensington Museum. They range in date from the works of THOMAS HEARNE, PAUL SANDBY, and WILLIAM ALEXANDER, down to our own time, in a fine Sussex landscape by AUMONIER. There are several important pencil-drawings by SAMUEL PROUT, among these being the "Lisieux," which is reproduced in the large edition of Mr. Ruskin's "Notes on Samuel Prout and William Hunt." A few black-and-white sketches by CONSTABLE complete what is certainly a remarkable collection.

EXHIBITIONS OF THE MONTH.

The Manchester Autumn Exhibition has never reached a higher level of interest. It is very strong in what may be called pictures of the year, while at the same time the committee seem to have taken especial pains in selecting the works of minor artists. The chief feature of the exhibition is the portraiture, and it is doubtful if at any of the autumn exhibitions this branch of art has been so thoroughly represented. The PRESIDENT of the Academy has sent his portrait of Lady Coleridge, Mr. GREGORY is represented by that of Miss Mabel Galloway, Mr. FILDES by his portrait of Mrs. Lockett Agnew (which he has almost repainted since it was exhibited in the Academy of 1887), and Mr. W. B. RICHMOND by no fewer than nine pictures. Besides these ladies' portraits, there are the late Mr. HOLL'S "Gladstone," Mr. RICHMOND'S "Bismarck," Professor HERKOMER'S "Sir Henry Roscoe," and Mr. OULESS'S "Sir William Cunliffe Brookes." Mr. BURNE-JONES'S "Rock of Doom" and Mr. JOHN REID'S "Smugglers" are two paintings which, widely as they differ in aim and execution, are the most important subject-pictures of the exhibition. Landscape is represented by Mr. VICAT COLE'S "The Pool of London," and several important pictures by Mr. EDWIN ELLIS, Mr. LESLIE THOMSON, Mr. HENRY MOORE, Mr. COLIN HUNTER, Mr. ALFRED HUNT, Mr. W. H. BARTLETT, and Miss CLARA MONTALBA. The "Manchester School," as one may call it, is scarcely as well represented as usual, but Mr. ANDERSON HAGUE, Mr. R. G. SOMERSET, and Mr. HEY DAVIES all send good work.

The eighteenth autumn exhibition of modern works of art at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, was opened on the 1st of September. The catalogue enumerates 1,414 works, which are, for the most part, pictures in oil- or water-colour. The graceful bronze statuette, "Folly," by Mr. E. ONSLOW FORD, is there, as well as some good busts. Among the most prominent oil-paintings are Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON'S "Captive Andromache," Mr. S. J. SOLOMON'S "Niobe," and many of the more important of the works seen recently in the exhibitions at the Royal Academy, the Grosvenor Gallery, and the New Gallery. Mr. Solomon has worked a good deal upon his "Niobe" since it was exhibited at the Royal Academy, and it has gained considerably in effectiveness. Mr. JACOMB-HOOD also has strengthened the foreground of "The Triumph of Spring." There are several important canvases from Liverpool studios. Mr. JOHN FINNIE'S "Margin of Rydal" is the finest painting exhibited by him for some years—a broadly conceived, sunlit picture of lake and woodland shore. Mr. W. B. BOADLE has three important portraits and a study entitled "Perdita." Both portraits are among the artist's most successful efforts. Mr. R. E. MORRISON has a dignified portrait of the Mayor of Liverpool, and two girl-portraits, which are ably handled, that of Miss

Theodora Nicol being peculiarly graceful in pose and subtle in colour. Mr. G. HALL NEALE has a happily invented and strongly painted domestic subject entitled "First Steps." Mr. HARRY HIME's "Rosy Clouds of Evening" is a bold and striking effect of intense crimson sunset light on a range of moorland hills, the foreground remaining in gloomy shadow. Other canvases by Liverpool artists are—"At the Opera," by Mr. W. WARDLAW LAING; "A Perilous Way," by Mr. JAMES BARNES; "Crowland Abbey," by Mr. W. J. J. C. BOND; "Lingering Light," by Mr. ISAAC COOKE; "Solitude," by Mr. B. FOWLER; "The Old Bridge," by Mr. PARKER HAGARTY; "The Heron Pool," by Mr. R. HARTLEY; "A Sheikh's Tomb, Cairo," by Mr. R. T. KELLY; "Leaving Home," by Mr. J. S. MORLAND; and "A Pleasing Song," by Mr. FRED SHAW. Among other works painted specially for the exhibition are several of special interest. "The Echo," by Mr. P. H. CALDERON, is a study of a nude figure on an inaccessible rocky ledge, hidden from view by foliage. Far below is seen a young man turning to listen to the mysterious voice. The figure is graceful and solidly painted, and the fanciful theme is well expressed. Mr. PHIL. R. MORRIS has a very startling full-length portrait of Mrs. Lathrop (the subject of one of his Academy exhibits), attired in a fanciful costume of intense and disagreeable mauve colour. There is the fine characteristic portrait of Colonel J. T. North by Mr. W. W. OULESS; and Mr. J. B. BURGESS, in "A Lazy Moment," returns to find inspiration in the Seville Tobacco Factory. "His Faithful Friend," by Mr. JOHN CHARLTON, is an excellent example of that admirable animal-painter. The collection is generally considered to excel that at any previous autumn exhibition, with the exception of the memorable display in 1884.

As at Liverpool and Manchester, so at Birmingham, the autumn exhibition is undoubtedly above the average. The majority of the works of the Society of Artists on the walls have, of course, been seen quite recently, or are old favourites from former exhibitions at the Academy and elsewhere. Mr. BURNE-JONES sends "Danae," a host in itself; the late FRANK HOLL is represented by his portrait of Mr. Agnew; whilst most of the Academicians and Associates contribute interesting works, notably Messrs. RICHMOND and GREGORY. The latter's small work—a "Costume Study: German, Sixteenth Century"—is charming. M. BOUGUE-REAU sends his large picture from the Salon, "The First Mourning," lately reproduced in THE MAGAZINE OF ART, and this is certainly one of the features of the exhibition. The works from local artists do not call for special mention, except the contributions of Messrs. LANGLEY and WAINWRIGHT—the latter a powerful portrait, badly hung, and the former the pathetic and admirable work entitled "Widowed." The exhibition, as we have said, shows a great advance and improvement upon the recent collections, and it is to be hoped the society will endeavour to maintain this high level of excellence.

The first annual exhibition at Cardiff of the South Wales Art Society, to the establishment of which we called attention two or three months ago, is remarkably good for so young an institution. Mr. G. F. WATTS sends one of his charming and refined female heads, and Mr. HODGSON, Mr. SANT, Mr. B. W. LEADER, all contribute noteworthy works, the two latter in the department of landscape. Mr. SEYMOUR LUCAS attracts much notice with his "Not such a Saint as He Looks." Mr. GRAHAM CLAFKE, Mr.

CHARLES JONES, and Mr. PARKER HAGARTY add strength to the exhibition. The principal water-colourists are Mr. J. D. WATSON, Mr. CLARENCE WHAITE, Mr. ALFRED DE BREANSKI, and Mr. H. STACY MARKS.

REVIEWS.

The "*Handbook to the National Gallery*," by Mr. EDWARD T. COOK (Macmillan and Co.), is an admirable compilation, complete in every respect, which cannot fail to be of the greatest interest and utility to every visitor to the gallery. In point of fact, the issue of this manual—to which we propose to return more fully next month—is likely to prove an epoch in the history of the National Gallery, so far as the public is concerned.

All who love the sea, with its changing aspects and its moving craft, even though they do not want to paint it, will find "*Marine Painting*," by WALTER W. MAY, R.I. (Cassell and Co.), a charming book; and those who do want to paint it will find that the book is an admirable guide. Its author is not only a marine painter of eminence; he is an "old sea-dog," known amongst his friends as "Captain" May. He knows a ship as well as he knows a colour-box, and, as the student will find, is as full of nautical as of artistic terms. One is tempted, indeed, to think he makes rather a show of his sailor "lingo," but that is a small fault when it covers real knowledge. The subjects put before the student are interesting as pictures, and are admirably reproduced in colour, and the little black-and-white illustrations which embellish the text are full of interest to the "student of the marine." Altogether, we can highly recommend the book.

The rise and development of Attic art, as shown in the ceramics of ancient Greece, are very completely and entertainingly dealt with by the late M. OLIVIER RAYET and M. MAXIME COLLIGNON in their "*Histoire de la Céramique Grecque*" (Paris: Georges Deceux). Indeed, we know of no similar book that, within the compass of four hundred pages, handles a wide and difficult subject—tracing its birth and following it in all its ramifications—with greater clearness and ease. The work was begun some years ago by M. Rayet, who, in spite of his youth, had obtained recognition as an eminent student of Greek archaeology; but illness supervened, and his death (which occurred early in last year) left unfinished a task distinguished, so far as it is completed, by a refined taste, by discernment, and command of subject. M. Collignon (who may be called his posthumous colleague) has brought the work to a conclusion, giving it the benefit of his research and critical knowledge. As it now stands it covers the whole ground in sufficient detail for the general reader, while a full index increases its value as a work of reference. The hundred and fifty drawings by M. LAURENT well illustrate the text, while the sixteen chromolithographic plates after M. HOUSSALIN are adequate, although hardly what we have been taught to look for in French art publications.

A juvenile edition of "*Aesop's Fables*," by Mrs. ARTHUR BROOKFIELD, and illustrated by Mr. HENRY J. FORD (T. Fisher Unwin), is more noteworthy for the lady's work than the artist's. Mrs. Brookfield has adapted the fables to the intelligent and reading powers of the little ones; but Mr. Ford's work is rather commonplace, save where, in a couple of instances, he draws inspiration from Mr. Ernest Griset.

The excellence of "*The Henry Irving Shakespeare*" (Blackie and Son) is well maintained in the fourth volume. It contains five of the lighter and more picturesque plays—"King Henry V.," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Much Ado about Nothing," "As You Like It," and "Twelfth Night." Mr. FRANK MARSHALL has wisely supplemented his own careful editing with the annotations of such Shakespearian experts as Mr. OSCAR ADAMS, Mr. DANIEL, Mr. ARTHUR SYMONS, and Mr. WILSON VERITY; and, although their opinions might now and then be considered fair food for discussion, the editors are certainly producing what we would call "*the reader's edition.*" Mr. GORDON BROWNE is doing remarkably well. His drawings, with but very few exceptions, are distinguished by a sense of grace and refinement, and even of beauty, far beyond what we have observed in other works of his; while his humour and occasional grasp of character, as well as his freedom of pencil, give a freshness and charm all their own. Add to this an antiquarian knowledge, which makes no slip of importance in a long series of drawings spreading over three centuries, and we have an unexpectedly good result from what is, after all, but a comparatively humble method of illustration—as methods are now esteemed. But Mr. Browne has hardly secured all the advantage he might out of the tinted process he has adopted in the "Much Ado" illustrations.

The part taken by "*The English Illustrated Magazine*" (Macmillan and Co.) in spreading good literature and good art over the country at a low cost gives it a notable place among serial publications. We are glad to see that a list of engravers to the volume is included; publicity is but justice to this class of artists—and justice that is nowhere fully accorded them in England outside the pages of THE MAGAZINE OF ART.

NOTABILIA.

Through the Lord Mayor, Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON has issued an appeal to the public for a sum of £2,500 to cover the expenses of packing, transport, and insurance of works of art destined for the forthcoming Paris Exhibition. Without this money the adequate representation of the Fine Arts in the British Section will be jeopardised—if not, indeed, rendered altogether impossible. It is to be hoped that art-lovers will come forward, and that speedily, "to save our credit," as Sir Frederick expresses it, "in the present deplorable dilemma."

The collection of the works of the late FRANK HOLL, R.A., which will form for many the most interesting feature of the forthcoming Old Masters Exhibition, will occupy two rooms in the galleries at Burlington House. The sub-committee charged with the care of this section entertain no doubt of being able to represent fully the artist's work in the department of portraiture, but we are asked to state that information as to the whereabouts of his subject-pictures might prove of signal service to the exhibition.

The memorial statue to GENERAL GORDON by Mr. THORNYCROFT, that now occupies the centre of Trafalgar Square, was uncovered with little ceremony in the middle of the month. It is a fine work, full of character—both of the General and the artist—the reliefs let into the base being especially poetic in feeling and design. We hope next month to place an engraving of the monument before our readers.

Mr. H. H. ARMSTEAD is engaged on a memorial monument to the late Mrs. CRAIK for Tewkesbury Church. The figure of Charity will surmount it, and it will be flanked by impersonations of Purity and Truth.

OBITUARY.

We regret to have to record the death of Mr. T. GAMBIER PARRY, of Highnam Court, who, although generally known as "an eminent amateur," has rendered a very real—indeed, a unique—service to art. This consists not in his contributions to art-literature, albeit they are entitled to every respect, but in his invention of the "Spirit Process" of mural painting, whereby the ravages of time, and more especially of damp and atmospheric changes, are, relatively speaking, set at nought. He first published his invention in 1863, and proved its value in his own church at Highnam—being herein his own architect, designer, and mural and stained-glass painter. He also decorated portions of Gloucester and Ely Cathedrals, as well as Tewkesbury Abbey, on the same system. In 1864 Sir Frederick Leighton employed the process for his "fresco" at Lydhurst, abandoning Von Fuch's "water-glass" process, which had been adopted by Kaulbach in Germany, and was used by Maclise, Mr. Herbert, and many others, in England. Being satisfied with its stability, Sir Frederick has again used it at South Kensington for his great lunettes of "The Arts of War" and "The Arts of Peace;" and Mr. Madox Brown has also adopted the process for his Manchester Town Hall paintings. The inventor has claimed for this system, which must be considered to have beaten "stereochrome," or "water-glass," out of the field, that, to use Mr. Parry's own words, "its advantages are the luminousness of Fresco, the facility of Tempera and Water-glass, the richness of Oil, and the durability of Encaustic"—while chief of all, it is understood, is the superior resistance it offers to the action of damp. "All this," he continues in his treatise, "is to be obtained by a composition of wax, resin, and volatile oils." By their means the colours, when applied to the plaster, which has previously been impregnated with the medium, enter the pores of its surface and take root there. Not only in fresco-painting, however, has Mr. Parry's influence made itself felt. He has more than any other man stamped his individuality on stained and painted glass as used for church decoration—at all events, in the West of England. In many a good work Mr. Parry has laboured with the late Mr. Beresford Hope in the cause of art.

The month has also, unhappily, witnessed the death of two well-known French painters, both of them at the age of sixty-four. M. GUSTAVE BOULANGER, by far the more eminent of the two, was the pupil of Delaroche and Jollivet. Gaining the Prix de Rome in 1849, he became one of the principal apostles of classic history and *genre* in France, latterly varying his subjects with Oriental themes. He was admitted to the Legion of Honour in 1865, and, six years ago, to the Institut de France. An illustrated notice of his work will appear in our next number.

M. EUGÈNE ACCARD, painter, began exhibiting at the Salon in 1848, and since that year has seldom been absent from its walls. He was the pupil of Abel and Pujol, and, like his masters, adopted portraiture and historic *genre* as his speciality, sometimes obtaining highly dramatic effects. He never succeeded, however, in obtaining any official recognition—although official recognition is usually awarded to merit with no stinted hand.

ART IN NOVEMBER.

THE PRESS AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

The conditions under which the review of the Royal Academy Exhibition by the representatives of the Press has to be effected have long formed ground of just complaint. It has been felt that the single "Press-day" accorded to the critics does not suffice for fair appreciation of the two thousand works that usually constitute the sum of the exhibition, and that the Royal Academy is in duty bound to give proper facilities for a function which, by the actual appointment of a "Press-day," it recognises in principle. In these circumstances the following letter has been addressed to the President and Council by the leading newspaper art-writers of the metropolis:—

"To the President and Council of the Royal Academy of Arts.

GENTLEMEN,—We, the undersigned writers for the Press, venture to approach you on what seems a sufficient occasion. Fifty years ago the exhibition consisted of little more than one thousand works of art. These were displayed in five small rooms and a sort of cellar. They were noticed in the Press at a length which would now seem appropriate to a small private show, and with none but the most elementary attempts at critical appreciation.

The exhibition of this present year consisted of more than two thousand pictures, statues, and other things; these were arranged in sixteen rooms, affording between them a wall-space about four times greater than that of the old rooms in Trafalgar Square; while the interest in all artistic matters has now become so deep, wide-spread, and often well-founded, that every journal of importance has been obliged to replace the scanty notes of former days with a series of detailed views which would, if collected, amount to an art-history of England for a year. And yet, practically, the Press of 1888 has fewer facilities at your hands than that of 1838.

In the case of any other exhibition, the knowledge gathered on the Press-day can be easily supplemented at later visits. At the Academy the crowd makes this more than difficult. For weeks together it is impossible to get an unimpeded view of a popular picture, or a fair look at any large canvas on the line.

The two broad facts, then, to which we would call your attention are these:—That the exhibition of the Royal Academy is now so large that no satisfactory notion of its quality can be gained in a single day; and, that it is so popular that it cannot be examined with any approach to comfort or thoroughness after the public has been admitted.

With all due respect we submit to you that publicity is the breath of life to the Academy, that the Press is the machine by which publicity is won and preserved, and that those writers for the Press more immediately concerned do not claim too much when they beg for such arrangements as may enable them to carry out their duties with efficiency and with some reasonable approach to comfort.

To suggest means by which this end might be won would be impertinent. We may be allowed, however, to conclude this appeal by declaring our belief that *three* Press-days are required if writers are to do their work in connection with your exhibition with any thoroughness.

"We beg to remain, Gentlemen,

"Your most obedient servants."

This letter was signed by Messrs. T. Humphry Ward, Andrew Lang, Walter Armstrong, M. Phipps Jackson, F. G. Stephens, Cosmo Monkhouse, Frederick Wedmore, M. Salaman, and M. H. Spielmann; the London journals thus represented being the *Times*, *Standard*, *Daily News*, *Daily Chronicle*, *St. James's Gazette*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, *Athenæum*, *Academy*, *Guardian*, and *Magazine of Art*. There is little doubt but that the whole Press would have subscribed to it had the opportunity been presented. It

is hard to see how the Academy can refuse the concession asked for.

THE REVIVAL OF PASTEL-PAINTING.

There is little doubt that the interesting exhibition of pastels at the Grosvenor Gallery will lend a great impetus to the art of crayon-drawing in England. The chief drawback urged against it—perishableness—has at last been removed by reason of a recently discovered fixative; while the advantages offered by the method—ease, convenience, facility of manipulation, rapidity, brilliancy, softness of effect, and, be it added, comparative *cheapness*—should be too great to be ignored by the British art-loving public. That they have not been so treated by our artists—at least, by those of the younger generation—was evident from the Bond Street display, which, excellent under the circumstances, fairly surprised the art-world. It is true that the French contingent of drawings, taken *en masse*, was superior in dexterity and effect; but it must be remembered that pastel-painting has never been a practically "lost art" in France, and that during the last few years a society, numbering amongst its members some of the most skilful artists in the country, has held its annual exhibitions, educating at once its own fingers and the taste of the public. Thus MM. MACHARD, BLANCHE, LHERMITTE, DUBUFE, EMILE LÉVY, BESNARD, MONTENARD, ROLL, FANTIN-LATOURE, HELLEU, and Mlle. MADELEINE LEMAIRE, have together attained an average excellence in knowledge of effect which we can hardly expect to be rivalled by our English artists, without two or three years' practice and without public encouragement and recognition. As it is, however, work of a very high class was shown by them; among the most successful being Messrs. J. J. SHANNON, J. AUMONIER, WILLIAM STOTT, S. J. SOLOMON, LLEWELLYN, CLAUSEN, GEORGE HARE, JACOMB-HOOD, W. E. F. BRITTEN, PEPPERCORN, FRED BROWN, ANDERSON HAGUE, WHISTLER, LANGLEY, PERCY BIGLAND, YEAMES, R.A., HERBERT SCHMALZ, and Miss ARMSTRONG, as well as Mr. THEODORE ROUSSEL and Mr. HUBERT VOS, who must, we presume, be counted as Englishmen, seeing that they have taken up their abode among us. Sir COUTTS LINDSAY has rendered a signal service to art by his initial exhibition, which we hope will be followed by others, both historical and modern; if so, and particularly if the public will respond, new life will be instilled into this most delicate and graceful method of painting, which may, in each display, do more to improve the general taste—and improve, too, the general condition of many an artist—than any half-dozen exhibitions of the Royal Academy.

PHYSIOLOGY OF EXPRESSION IN ART.

Of all the criticisms called forth by Sir JOHN MILLAIS' article in these pages six months ago, none is so suggestive to the art-student as that contained in a recent number of the *British Medical Journal*. Considering modern art from the point of view chiefly of the physiologist, this eminent representative of medical science protests against our being called upon to admire the semblance and attitudes

of maudlin weakness, nervousness, and hysteria sometimes represented in females as forms of beauty, or complexions showing the sickliness of anæmia, or infants far gone in marasmus. We are interested in the work of the artist, not only because it is beautiful, but because it may teach us something of the more perfect types of the human figure in rest and action, and may put before the public that which they tend unconsciously to imitate in gait and bearing. A good figure is good teaching. "We would urge upon the art-student the study of the physiology of expression. It is a delightful study, and one that can be carried on in any place where there is man, woman, or child. . . . The art-student has given more attention to anatomy than to physiology as a science, yet his work is eminently concerned with the physiology of brain-expression. We submit that, to conceive a figure well, it is advisable to be able to describe actions and attitudes of the human body, and to know something of the causes, as well as the circumstances, which produce them." Briefly, "Too much anatomy and too little intelligent application of it" is the cry. While confessing that the charge is perfectly true, we cannot but find comfort in the admission of our expert that our art-students are at least good anatomists. To the end referred to by our contemporary, we purpose issuing a series of articles on the physiology of expression, illustrating, by a well-known pencil, the more transient emotions as betrayed by both face and figure.

THE NEW ART GALLERY AT LEEDS.

A most admirable Art Gallery has just been opened in Leeds, erected by the Corporation at a cost of over £10,000. The gallery will supply a want that has long been felt in the Yorkshire metropolis, and we hope it will meet with the support it deserves. The inaugural collection consists mainly of well-known oil-paintings from private owners, though the Corporations of Manchester, Birmingham, and Nottingham have also contributed to this latest departure to promote art under the fostering care of municipal government. A permanent collection will be formed, and Mr. WALTER HARDING has generously started it by the presentation of Lady BUTLER's fine work, "Scotland for Ever!" It is to be hoped, however, that great discretion will be exercised in the acceptance of works for the permanent collections, as some of the acquisitions by our chief provincial galleries are, we think, greatly to be regretted.

SIR JOHN MILLAIS' "LORENZO AND ISABELLA."

Touching Mr. RIMBAULT DIBDIN's description of Sir John Millais' "Lorenzo and Isabella," in the November Part of THE MAGAZINE OF ART, Mr. William Rossetti writes:—"I am surprised to find some names of sitters put down in a very arbitrary mood. Certainly neither Gabriele Rossetti (my father) nor Scott is in the picture. What I remember is as follows: The Elder Brother kicking, is Harris, named by Mr. Dibdin. I don't suppose anybody knows now who Harris was. He was a painter who exhibited a few times—I can recollect 'Ianthé' from Shelley's 'Queen Mab.' He took a peculiar interest in Egyptian archæology, and died young—say thirty-two, towards 1855. The third male head is Stoeker, who had been a school-fellow of Gabriel and myself. He is now, I fancy, a medical man. Then comes Gabriel [drinking]. The next male head is perhaps the one Mr. Dibdin calls 'Gabriele Rossetti.' With him it has nothing whatever to do. I have

a dim impression that it is Farrer, the picture-dealer, who bought the Isabella picture in 1849. The next male head nearest to the spectator is presumably the 'Scott' of Mr. Dibdin. William Bell Scott was at that time a man of some thirty-seven years of age. The lover is myself—save for the hair. The lady, I am almost certain, was Mrs. Hodgkinson, wife of Millais' half-brother." We may add that the attendant, rightly called "Fenn" by Mr. Dibdin, was the father of Mr. W. W. Fenn, sometime artist, and now art-writer, examples of whose pleasing work will shortly be before the readers of the Magazine.

EXHIBITIONS OF THE MONTH.

The Institute of Painters in Oil Colours opens with an exhibition which is certainly above the average, the principal contributions coming from Sir JAMES LINTON, and Messrs. ALMA-TADEMA, ARTHUR HACKER, J. J. SHANNON, S. J. SOLOMON, T. B. KENNINGTON, ALFRED EAST, EDWIN HAYES, KEELEY HALSWELLE, and W. L. WYLLIE. We will return to this exhibition later, presenting engravings of the chief works.

Mr. ARTHUR HOPKINS and Mr. CHARLES ROBERTSON have held a very pleasing exhibition at the gallery of Messrs. Dowdeswelles, entitled "Our Country and Our Country Folk." They are both accomplished water-colour painters, with a strong leaning towards prettiness, fair weather, and bright colours. The quality of the exhibition may thus be pretty accurately gauged.

The collection of pictures at the Hanover Gallery is chiefly notable for the inclusion of Mlle. ROSA BONHEUR's "The Flock," and MILLET's "Les Denicheurs." The former work, representing a closely-packed flock driven home by the slanting rays of the sun, is very fine, for all that the landscape is coldly classical and, for the painter, unusually weak. The picture by Millet, wherein is shown the practice among the Barbizon peasantry of knocking down birds at night that have been startled and dazzled by flaming straw torches, is a celebrated failure. The subject is impossible—even for the brush of Millet. Among other works is an admirable little view of the Pont Neuf, by COROT; "La Femme au Bain," by M. ALFRED STEVENS; and "Take my Hand," by BLOMMERS; and, besides a number of excellent studies, a considerable proportion of quite inferior canvases.

The autumn exhibition of pictures at the Castle Museum, Nottingham, is well up to the average; over eight hundred works having been gathered together, mostly of high artistic quality. The water-colours are particularly good, whilst one gallery is devoted to an interesting collection of studies in black-and-white. A special feature has also been made of the works of Mr. ANDREW MACCALLUM, a landscape-painter, who, a native of Nottingham, has paid much attention to the delineation of forest scenery, and nearly all his works are pleasing, effective, and truthful.

The Wolverhampton Art Gallery having safely tided over its difficulties, which at one time almost threatened to force the Committee to close its doors for an indefinite period, has been re-opened to the public with an extensive collection of paintings, in which quality has been sacrificed for quantity. Mr. FORD MADOX BROWN's important picture, "Work," is the feature of the exhibition, which, while ever pleasing to us, appears to increase in interest every time we linger in front of this brilliant piece of colouring. Fortunate is Manchester to possess this masterpiece! Mr.

WATTS, Mr. ORCHARDSON, Mr. HENRY MOORE, Mr. OAKES, and Mr. PETTIE, with other members of the Academy, contribute characteristic examples of their skill. It is, however, a pity that so much work of inferior merit—not even rising to the level of mediocrity—should have been accepted for exhibition in a public gallery.

The autumn exhibition of the Nineteenth Century Art Society is neither better nor worse than usual. The majority of the pictures exhibited are the work of amateurs, and can possess little interest for the general public. One or two pastels by WILLIAM PADGETT and a landscape by YEEND KING relieve the dullness of the gallery, which otherwise is absolutely depressing in its mediocrity.

The exhibition of the Sketching Club falls this year far below its average. Not only is the number of exhibits smaller than usual, but very few of the drawings or sculptures show much promise for future achievement. The statuette of a "Dancer," by Mr. T. R. ESSEX, which won the prize for sculpture, has considerable merit, but the majority of the sculpture sketches are very poor; and this is the more to be regretted as the subject given was a good one. The award of honour was won by the "Heatherley" Sketching Club, while the Lambeth students acquitted themselves well.

REVIEWS.

"*Roman Mosaics*" (Macmillan) is the title, more quaint than apt, of the latest work of Dr. HUGH MACMILLAN, a sort of patchwork handbook. It is far better than his dreary guide to the Riviera, through which he trudged without turning a hair or "taking off his wig." In "The Riviera" the doctor appeared as the showman of landscape beauty and historic sites while he was in a saturnine mood, wearing his motley sadly, and wielding a somewhat dilapidated pointing-pole. Whether he was "pressed by hunger," or by the "request of friends," we know not, but it is certain that he roused himself to walk through the Italian metropolis in a frame of mind which removes from him the reproach of being, as a writer of guide-books in disguise, something like what Archdeacon Coxe was to the Duke of Marlborough and the age of Anne. Of the doctor's numerous publications this is the most cheerful, not to say lively and sympathetic; but intending purchasers should know that what his preface modestly calls his "memorable sojourn in Rome" was performed twelve years since, and that it becomes so cautious an author to admit that since then "many changes have occurred in the Eternal City." He is candid enough to admit drinking "of the water of the Trévi the night before I left," and it is strange that the draught did not take effect before now. He hopes, however, again to be "privileged to go over the old scenes with other and larger eyes." Nevertheless we may, with diffidence, ask why—if, as Dr. Macmillan asserts, it needs two visits to form any true conception of Rome—he did not repeat the draught at the Trevi fountain before giving employment to the printer? A second visit, besides enabling the doctor to record the history of his own changed impressions, might have power to keep him to his subject, or by supplying matter enough for a new collection of "mosaics," relieve him from the necessity of padding lean chapters with all sorts of stuff, and compelling the reader to rummage for what he wants in pages such as those to which Chapter IV. is devoted. This section shows how much a man may pick up while "personally conducted" by Dr. Macmillan if it is analysed thus:—Our conductor starts from the little church which is out-

side Roman walls, and designated "Domine quo Vadis," where, so to say, he met Michael Angelo in the cast of the "Christ"; at the side of the statue are, and by Dr. Macmillan seemingly credited, "prints of two feet side by side impressed" upon the pavement. These are the "footprints in Rome," which gave occasion for Chapter IV. and a flood of learning, borne along on which the author leads us to the Appian Way, the Kircherian Museum, Bolsena, Assisi, Poitiers, Jerusalem, the Mount of Olives, Mecca, Damascus, China, Siam, Ceylon, Gayá (with excursions upon Christ, Mahommed, Buddha, and Vishnu), Robinson Crusoe, Scotland, Ireland, Westminster Abbey (where the doctor descends in order to tell us that on the Stone of Destiny are no footprints, which is his odd way of helping us to know where footprints are), Dun Add, Argyshire, Islay, the Orkneys, Cumberland, Barmouth, Yorkshire, Sweden, Olympia, and the United States of America. After this let no man say the Doctor is dull.

The first volume of "*The Woman's World*" (Cassell and Co.) closes with considerable brilliancy the initial portion of its career. With the contributions of the literary ladies whom Mr. WILDE has gathered round him—and who comprise nearly every woman-writer of note—we have nothing to do, except in so far as they treat of art. This department occupies a large portion of the serial, covering, as it does, a good deal of the whole field. The woodcuts are in many cases of the highest class, the work of the most esteemed engravers in Europe; while a revolution has been made in the fashion-plates, which, for the first time, represent living beings—and, for the most part, pretty ones.

The new volume of the "*Inventaire Général des Richesses d'Art de la France*" (Paris: E. Plon, Nourrit and Cie.) is the second of those dealing with the religious monuments of France. No fewer than twenty-six churches and synagogues are included, chief among them being Saint-Roch, Saint-Vincent de Paul, and the synagogue of the Rue de la Victoire. It is impossible not to admire the thoroughness with which the whole thing is carried out: how every painting, whether on wall, canvas, or glass, every statue and statuette, every relief and piece of sculpture, is catalogued and minutely described, with its dimensions and condensed histories, while the building and very materials themselves are duly recorded, and the whole furnished with cross-references and an analytical table. Thus, when the colossal undertaking is complete, every art-object in France will be indexed, and the whereabouts of every one of them not in private hands will be known. How different are things in England, where even the contents of the British Museum are uncatalogued, and those of the South Kensington Museum are like the veins of an unworked mine!

We welcome the appearance of three additions to the increasingly-numerous cheap instruction-books in the arts of design, the publication of which is one of the brightest signs of the artistic times. The most important of the new-comers is "*Lessons on Decorative Design*" (Chapman and Hall), by Mr. FRANK G. JACKSON, a master in the Birmingham Municipal School of Art. Mr. Jackson's method of illustrating the rules of decorative design, is by constant appeal to nature; and a feature of his book is the wealth of illustration and thumb-nail sketches by which he illumines his meaning. "Its object," says the author of his manual, "is to assist young students in their early decorative attempts, by showing them the constructive origin of ornamentation, and to place before them such guiding principles and orderly methods as are found to underlie all

true decoration of every kind." Mr. Jackson has successfully carried out his object, and his contribution to art-literature is of real and practical value.

Mr. CHARLES G. LELAND'S "*Drawing and Designing*" (Whittaker and Co.) is, avowedly, of a more elementary character. It forms one of the primers of the "Minor Arts and Industries" series, and is, presumably, an offshoot of his scheme for industrial art-education which he has carried out with no little success in the United States. The little book is addressed chiefly to the young, who are expected, by following its simple lessons, to become accomplished draughtsmen and designers. As the author truly says, "the subject forms the alphabet of all the minor arts;" and, having placed the growth of ornament before his readers on a perfectly logical basis, he may be said to have shown how language can be developed out of that alphabet.

Although purely commercial considerations doubtless prompted the publication of Mr. F. A. FAWKES'S "*Architects' Joinery and its Ornament*" (B. T. Batsford)—for it is in reality a price-book—the purposes of art are sufficiently served by it. It consists of twenty-nine plates of mouldings and other objects for house-decoration—architraves, dados, doors, panellings, friezes, overdoors, pediments, overmantels, and so forth—the majority of them of graceful and tasteful design, and untainted by that extravagance and exuberance of ornament that distinguishes so much of what we are accustomed, nowadays, to call "decoration." It is to be hoped that builders, even more than architects, will see this book.

Foremost among recent juvenile literature comes "*The Gold of Fairnlie*" (Arrowsmith), by Mr. ANDREW LANG. This fairy-tale of treasure-hunting in the Middle Ages is very prettily told, with all the daintiness, directness, and lightness of touch of which the author is capable. It is illustrated in colour by Mr. LEMANN, whose work is certainly cheerful, if not remarkable for good drawing. "*The Old Corner Series*" of nursery stories (Griffith, Farran and Co.), illustrated by Mr. MORANT COX, Mr. JOHN PROCTOR, Mr. CHASEMORE, and others, give new pictorial versions of the venerable legends, and considering the price at which they are published, they are extremely well done.

Whatever uses photography on a large scale may possess, artistic sentiment is not one of its advantages. Messrs. Wilson, of Aberdeen, are issuing an extensive series of views of English and Scottish scenery, no less than two feet by a foot-and-a-half in size; they are "permanent," and very low-priced; but technically they are so excellent that artistically, as pictures, they possess few charms.

Increasing ingenuity, taste, and artistic merit distinguish the "Christmas Cards" and kindred publications issued this year. Artists of established reputation have contributed to the excellence of this year's production, while marked improvement is to be noted in the direction of chromo-lithography and other processes of reproduction. The best we have seen are those of Hildesheimer and Faulkner, for whose cards, "booklets," and books, Miss ALICE HAVERS, Miss ALICE WEST, and Messrs. H. J. STOCK, R. L. COULDERY, YEEND KING, and others have made designs.

OBITUARY.

Mr. W. D. BARKER, who has died at the age of fifty-eight, is chiefly known as a prominent member of the Manchester Academy of Fine Arts, to whose exhibitions he has contributed many charming landscapes. He was fairly well represented at the Manchester Jubilee Exhibition, but he has never been seen at the London galleries save once—in 1874—when a picture of his was hung on the walls of the Society of British Artists.

The early death of M. LONGPIED, the sculptor, in his fortieth year, cuts short a career that promised even greater things than he actually achieved. The pupil of Cavalier, Moreau, and Coutan, he early attracted attention, and produced many works of high merit, the most generally known of which are "L'Immortalité," a group now in the Luxembourg, his "Fisherman finding in his Net the Head of Orpheus," and his recently uncovered statue of Dantan. He gained the first-class medal and the Prix du Salon in 1882, and was subsequently admitted to the Legion of Honour.

The death of M. EDMOND DE PRATERE—the record of which was crowded out last month—has occurred at the age of sixty-two. The deceased artist, who was in the foremost rank of Belgian landscape and animal painters, was a native of Courtrai; but he only made his mark after he had taken up his residence in Brussels. Without being in the true sense a colourist, he had a subtle sense of its harmonies, and was, above all, a painter of light and air. His manner, at first coldly academic, became broad; his touch was firm and delicate, and his canvases full of feeling. Indeed, he was more distinguished for his quiet sentiment than for correctness and firmness of drawing.

M. FRANÇOIS FEYEN-PERRIN, concerning the date and place of whose birth conflicting statements are made, appears to have been born in Meurthe in 1826. While still a child he displayed great artistic precocity, to which free play was given. After a short period of study at Nancy, he was sent to the École des Beaux-Arts in Paris. He first applied himself to painting some scenes for the Théâtre Italien, and then to history, until his slender purse forced him to a more lucrative pursuit of art. With this view he turned his attention to portraiture and to the portrayal of peasant life; whereby he found himself enabled to continue painting history as well as mythology from time to time. His best-known works are his "Return from Oyster-Fishing," in the Luxembourg; and "La Fanneuse," painted in 1867. Perhaps his most successful portrait is that of M. Alphonse Daudet. M. Feyen-Perrin received three medals, in 1865, 1867, and 1874 respectively; while four years later he was admitted to the Legion of Honour. He was a member of "Les Dix"—the little society of ten artists who annually sold their year's work by auction at the Hôtel Drouot.

Mr. REUBEN SAYERS, who has died at the age of seventy-three, was at one time esteemed for his "domestic" pictures, of which, between 1846 and 1867, he sent thirty-four to the Royal Academy, the British Institution, and the Society of British Artists. For the last twenty years, however, his pictures have not been noticed.

ART IN DECEMBER.

RECENT ACQUISITIONS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

The collection of Constable's works at the National Gallery has been recently increased by the gift of five canvases from the hand of the great landscape-painter. These we owe to the generosity of the Constable family. The first of them is the "Cenotaph" (1,272), a characteristic, almost mannered representation of the monument erected by Sir George Beaumont in honour of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The artist has depicted the grove at Coleorton in late autumn. Sir Joshua's Cenotaph, upon which some lines of Wordsworth's are inscribed, faces the spectator, framed by a "darksome aisle" of trees. There is nothing living to break the silence of the scene, save a deer in the foreground. This was one of Constable's latest pictures, and was, we believe, exhibited in the Academy of 1836. Very different in quality from this is the bright, cheerful canvas entitled "Flatford Mill" (1,273), a picture full of life and movement. In the foreground we have a glimpse of the Stour, with its barges, and in the distance vistas of pleasant meadows beneath over-arching trees. The small picture called the "Glebe Farm" (1,274) is one of the completest examples of Constable's art. It is a highly finished and thoroughly harmonious representation of Langham Church, in Suffolk, which Constable loved so well to depict. Upon another rendering of this same subject we are told that he rested his "pretensions to futurity." His loyalty to certain localities is so well known that we are not surprised to meet with another "View of Hampstead" (1,275). This time we see Hampstead after rain. The sky is darkened with storm-clouds, but the gloom is relieved by a brilliant rainbow stretched over the wide expanse of the heath. This picture is painted with a good deal of mannerism, and has that blurred, silvery effect, which is characteristic of many of Constable's later works. "Harwich Sea and Lighthouse" (1,276) is the solitary seascape the National Gallery possesses by Constable, and is all the more interesting because he was above all a painter of country lanes, groves, and dells, and very rarely attempted to represent the "unplumbed, salt, estranging sea." In addition to the five pictures by Constable, the English school at the National Gallery has been enriched by an exquisite little canvas by Gainsborough. This is the portrait of Maurice Auguste Vestris (1,271), the dancer. The artist has done full justice to the handsome son of a still more handsome father, and given us a flattering likeness of a youth with powdered hair and ruffles. Auguste Vestris was so overshadowed by the immense reputation of his father, that he could scarcely hope to win for himself a niche in the temple of fame. Yet the mere fact that he was the son of "le beau Vestris, le Dieu de la Danse," the best-looking and most arrogant man in Europe, who spoke with complacency of "Moi, Voltaire, et le grand Frédéric," should save him from being wholly forgotten.

Space has recently been found in the vestibule of the National Gallery for an extremely interesting series of portraits, the gift of Mr. H. Martyn Kennard. They are six in number, and date from the second century of our era,

and were consequently painted by masters many centuries older than any of the "Old Masters" hitherto represented in our national collection. They were found in the Fayoum in Egypt, and are the handiwork of Greek artists. We will return to this interesting subject ere long, placing examples of these pictures before our readers.

THE ETHICS OF "COPYING."

Now that permission is granted to students to "copy" both pictures and drawings at South Kensington Museum as well as at the National Gallery—the wisdom of which no one can approve more highly than ourselves—the question which comes prominently and irresistibly before us is—What limitations must be set, or what conditions must be laid down, to prevent abuse of this concession? The absolute necessity of some such restriction is unfortunately made manifest by the conduct of certain professional copyists whose ideas of honesty are as elastic as their capacity of imitation is great. We know of a representative case in the Midlands in which a clever copyist has made it a practice to seek the permission of owners of drawings to "copy them, as a means of study," as they hang in loan collections, and, having obtained it, disposes of his work to dealers and unwary collectors as fine originals. Only a few months ago such a "student" was unmasked by a well-known connoisseur, and permission was withdrawn in the nick of time. The danger of fraud is comparatively slight in regard to the pictures in the National Gallery, inasmuch as they are protected by their celebrity; yet an extensive order from America was executed not long since in the Gallery by a copyist—the commission being for no fewer than eight repetitions of Landseer's "War"—that was said to savour of foul dealing. In the case of water-colour drawings, however, the danger is far greater, as to the ordinary public the large historical collection at South Kensington—and, *a fortiori*, those in private hands—are comparatively unknown. It seems to us that the best, and indeed the only method of protecting the public is to adopt that employed in Italian and other Continental galleries. Each copy, as it is completed, must be brought to the curator, and is by him stamped on the back with an official seal, on which it is stated that the drawing (or picture, as the case may be) is a copy, and was passed on such and such a date. We hope to hear before long that some such system has been adopted by the authorities, not in London only, but also in the provinces. Artists, students, and curators should make common cause against the enemy.

THE COTMAN EXHIBITION IN LONDON.

The publication in THE MAGAZINE OF ART of Mr. Frederick Wedmore's article on Cotman has been promptly and agreeably followed by the holding of an exhibition of this artist's water colours and drawings in black-and-white. These—or a selection of the best of them—fill, but do not

overcrowd, the gallery of the Burlington Fine Arts Club, and so influential has been the interest evoked on their behalf, that there is no doubt that Cotman will be fully confirmed in the position lately claimed for him. It was probably wise not to attempt to exhibit the oil pictures in which Cotman is understood to have seldom put his best effort; and the illustration of his engraved work—a little of which, along with autograph letters, is shown in a table-case at the Burlington Club—has properly been kept within narrow limits. The arrangement of the Water Colour drawings, which form the bulk of the exhibition, is, as far as may be, chronological, the Water Colours beginning with a slight but graceful sketch dated 1798—when Cotman was only sixteen years old—and ending with the almost too fully coloured but undoubtedly gorgeous work of his later life. He died in 1842. Between the first and the last—but not quite midway between them—came the greater part of his finest production. About 1808, it appears, his drawings began to have masterly handling and nobility of colour, along with the sobriety of tone which we trace from the very first. Of this sanest and surest period, Mr. Reeve's "Mousehold Heath," "Twickenham," and "Greta Bridge," Mr. Colman's "St. Luke's Chapel," and Mr. Frederick Wedmore's "Bishopgate Bridge" are perhaps generally esteemed as among the finest examples, though it is difficult for anything to be more quietly masterly than one or two of the more purely architectural sketches belonging to Mr. Bulwer, Q.C. The later work in water colour is, it seems, best represented by the contributions of Sir William Drake, of Lady Eastlake, and, again, of Mr. Bulwer, whose "St. Vincent's Rocks" is a notable instance of luscious and affluent and yet harmonious hues. Not quite so late as these last-named drawings are the contributions of Mr. Heseltine, of which "St. Michael's Mount" may be said to be the chief, and the lovely little "Framlingham Castle" of Mr. J. L. Roget, while the owner of the "Blue Afternoon," which was engraved in THE MAGAZINE OF ART, sends a drawing hardly less audacious and quite as characteristic—we mean the "Golden Twickenham." Then again, among quite late drawings, nothing can be finer than a version of the St. Michael's Mount subject, belonging to Mr. Gunn. All these works—not by any means by the absence of defects, but rather by the presence of splendid qualities—justify the claim of Cotman to a place in the numerically small but intellectually great company of the fathers of English water-colour. Turning to his drawings in black and white, the true connoisseur finds almost equal pleasure in Cotman's production; so complete is Cotman's mastery of line, so economical are the means employed, and so dominant is the sense of poetry and the charm of composition. How happy—if they only knew it—must have been the young people, first at Norwich and Yarmouth, and then at King's College, who had an opportunity of learning something of the practice of art from this master of elegance and grace! Along with certain defects he had the essentially noble qualities, and it is perfectly true that "what he observed with fidelity he recorded with style." In holding this exhibition the Burlington Club has done a good turn to the real students of art.

THE CLEANSING OF OUR PUBLIC MONUMENTS.

It is gratifying to see that the Office of Works have, with all the wariness of official prudence, entered on the task of cleaning our public monuments by making practical

tests on two representative works—the statue of King James II. in Whitehall Gardens, and the Guards' Memorial in Waterloo Place. These experiments are four-fold in their object: first, to see what is the cheapest and most effective solvent of London grime; second, how often thorough cleaning is required; third, what is the effect on the statue; and fourth, what is the running cost and the economy. It is a curious fact that under the Act, only a certain number of the London statues come within the power of the Office of Works to deal with. A list of them—to which additions are made from time to time, the Duke of York's Column being the last—has been courteously furnished to us by the President, Mr. Plunket, and this we shall lay before our readers on a future occasion. The metal of the James II. statue was easily laid bare by the use of a weak solution of sulphuric acid, and the work was found to be as clean and fresh—more so, some would say—as the day it was cast. On the other hand, the scraper had to be called in in the case of the Guards' Memorial to supplement the acid, although it is more than a hundred and fifty years younger than the first-named work. Henceforth it is proposed to employ only the brush and fire-hose to maintain a decent cleanliness on these figures, which, it must be confessed, have unavoidably suffered a little in their artistic appearance by the air of newness they now present; one trembles to think how certain hideous statues, such as the Napier in Trafalgar Square, would shock the public eye if their kindly black shroud were suddenly removed. The two chief considerations by which Mr. Plunket and his able lieutenant, Mr. Taylor, are of necessity influenced, are the expenditure attendant on the undertaking, and the popular approval and appreciation. The last are required to justify the first, and it needs but the expression of opinion in the House of Commons that a heavy coating of dirt on London statues is not an artistic or a desirable accompaniment of our statues to ensure the continuance of the work.

EXHIBITIONS OF THE MONTH.

The chief features of the "Old Masters" exhibition at the Royal Academy are the fine collection of the works of the late Frank Holl, R.A., and a number of choicest gems from Sir Richard Wallace's gallery. At the Grosvenor Gallery the display of pictures representing "Fifty Years of British Art" is resumed, while a gathering of early pastel drawings provides the element of novelty.

The Royal Society of British Artists opens its doors with a more interesting collection of pictures than we have seen there for some time past. Among the most attractive contributions are works by Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A., Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A., MESSRS. DOBSON, R.A., G. F. WATTS, R.A., and CARL HAAG. Of these exhibitions, as well as of that of the Royal Water Colour Society; we propose to treat at a fitting length in the course of next month.

At the Gainsborough Gallery a huge picture by Herrn HIRSCH, AGLITA, VIEWEG, and SCHMIDT, representing the lying-in-state of the late Emperor Frederick III. in Castle Friedrichskron, has been on view. Eleven principal figures are in the picture, which, if really painted from sketches made on the spot, has, undoubtedly, a certain melancholy historical interest. But as a work of art, the colossal canvas is not to be considered, though, as a piece of scene-painting, it might not be unacceptable. It is a pity that the combined talent of the quartet could not

produce anything better. The picture is shown by gas-light; how would it stand the light of day?

An exhibition of drawing in water colours and black-and-white was held during the month at 54, Pall Mall. The two thousand drawings comprised the stock of Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co., by such artists as Messrs. WALTER CRANE and EDWIN ELLIS, and Misses KATE GREENAWAY and JESSIE MACGREGOR. These little works were all made for the cards and books of the firm, and afford some idea of the extent of the employment afforded by great publishing houses of London to the artistic community. By their side the most munificent of private art-patrons sink into comparative insignificance; and it may thus be seen how, in reality, it is the publisher that keeps the art world revolving.

REVIEWS.

A volume of great utility and value to all interested in national art education is Mr. THOMAS GREENWOOD'S "*Museums and Art Galleries*" (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.). Its principal fault appears to be that of omission—the paradoxical result, apparently, of attempting to cover the whole ground and to include too much. The plan of introducing ill-digested chapters on the foreign, American, and Oriental museums, has forced the Edinburgh and Dublin National Galleries, and the galleries of Hampton Court, as well as the Taylorian at Oxford, and the Fitzwilliam at Cambridge, out of all mention. A few of his statements, too, require modification. With these reservations we heartily commend Mr. Greenwood's book for the diligence displayed in the collection and arrangement of his facts and figures. Together, these constitute a powerful appeal for the spread of museums and galleries, whether by private munificence or by public act, besides containing many a hint, suggested directly or by comparison, as to how their usefulness may be increased and full advantage be extracted when once they are fully established.

Rich and racy anecdote, reminiscences of the chief artists of the recent past, and stories of masters of the lighter side of literature, constitute the bulk of Mr. FRITH'S supplemental volume (Bentley). Seldom have we read a book at once so pleasantly garrulous, so bright and humorous, so charmingly and disarmingly frank. Nor is the volume without its shadows, for few enjoy telling a dramatic or tragic story so much as Mr. Frith. As a painter, so as a writer, he is eminently a "man of the people," gifted with a strong common-sense way of looking at things, and as strong a common-sense way of expressing the opinion thus formed. With his views upon art, with which he has sprinkled his book, the readers of THE MAGAZINE OF ART are by this time pretty well acquainted; but we were hardly prepared for the whole-hearted way in which he proceeds to advocate the reforms of certain abuses in the rules and practice of the Royal Academy. He not only pleads powerfully in the cause of that reform on the absolute necessity of which we have constantly laid much stress—the restriction to three of the number of pictures which may be sent in by any one artist for exhibition—but he declares himself in favour of an alteration in the method of teaching in schools, and also cries shame on the institution for excluding not only such true artists in black-and-white as Messrs. Tenniel, Du Maurier, and Keene, from Academical honours, but original engravers as well. It is certainly a shocking anomaly that translator-engravers should be admitted, while the men

with the creative power should be left out in the cold. It is sincerely to be hoped that Mr. Frith's counsels will prevail with his colleagues.

The extraordinary imitative power—to say nothing of the humour and the gift of pictorial punning—shown by Mr. HARRY FURNISS in the exhibition held by him in the spring of 1887, made his collection of semi-caricature drawings one of the hits of the season. These drawings have now been admirably reproduced in photogravure by Messrs. Dawson, and, together with the text of the original eccentric catalogue, have been published by them in a noble and sumptuous volume. "*The Artistic Joke*," as the book is called, is in reality a great deal more than a mere joke; indeed, we doubt if the taste of the men criticised will permit them to see any sort of joke in it at all. It is, in point of fact, a satire of the most lively and bitter as well as of the most good-humoured description—as merciless as it is frank. Mr. Furniss treats his subjects as gentle Izaak Walton used his frog—pierced him with hook and pricked him with needle, "as though he loved him." Mr. Furniss, whose talent as a skilled dissector of Royal Academicians is extraordinary, has never appeared to such advantage before; every blow is struck straight from the shoulder, every plate is a Pindaric Ode in itself—keen and stinging. And yet withal, the whole thing appears to be but an ebullition of good spirits, untainted in any respect by personal hostility.

In his new edition of Mrs. HEATON'S "*Concise History of Painting*" (George Bell and Sons), Mr. COSMO MONKHOUSE says, "This book, as it left the hand of the authoress, remains still the most readable and comprehensive of all the short histories of painting." This is entirely true, for it not only presents to the reader a clear bird's-eye view of the progress of art, according to the various schools, but it does so in the pleasantest manner possible, avoiding all such pitfalls as contested ascriptions and so forth, and giving in many cases quite picturesque accounts of the painters' lives. In short, this is no dry relation of the work of the world's artists, brief as it necessarily is; it is the labour of love of a graceful writer with wide knowledge of fact and a keen sense of literary effect. Mr. Monkhouse has treated the original with great—almost too great—respect, always indicating his interpolations by brackets, and reserving many of his own additions for foot-notes. He has brought the whole book up to date and added valuable chronological lists. But it is a pity that he has allowed a few slips to pass uncorrected—such, for example, as the names of "Frederick Watts" and "John Phillip."

The last volume of "The Story of the Nations"—"*Holland*" (T. Fisher Unwin), by Mr. THOROLD ROGERS—is, so far as we have seen, the least satisfactory of this otherwise admirable series. The book appears to be written not in the calm judicial spirit of an historian, but with the ill-judged enthusiasm of a partisan, the chief of whose merits is neither accuracy nor temperateness. Yet there is much that is good in the book, while the illustrations—though not quite what they should be—are yet a decided improvement on the last volume.

In "*Flora's Feast: A Masque of Flowers*" (Cassell and Co.), Mr. WALTER CRANE revels in his element. The scheme of this delightful little book is a pageant of flowers invested with life, that file past, as the season advances, in one long beautiful procession. The design and characteristics of the flowers are most gracefully and ingeniously worked into the personalities of the beings by whom the scene is enacted. The series of forty drawings are cleverly

arranged for the most part in an ascending chromatic scale, the colour becoming richer with summer and autumn tints as the pageant nears its close. Mr. Crane has seldom given more satisfactory vent to his charming and dainty fancy.

Mr. W. S. CAINE'S "*Trip Round the World*" (Routledge) is a most entertaining record, but the author's eternal extolling of total abstinence in season and out of season, is sufficient to drive the reader to strong drink. The illustrations are numerous, but suggestive rather than artistic in aim. Mr. G. A. HENTY continues his annual flow of capital juvenile literature. His "*Cat of Bubastes*" and "*The Lion of St. Mark*"—the former an Egyptian story illustrated by Mr. WEGUELIN, and the latter a tale of mediæval Venice, illustrated by Mr. Gordon Browne—cannot but improve his already high reputation as a stirring and versatile story-teller. Mr. MANVILLE FENN, who contests with Mr. Henty for the position of novelist-laureate for boys, this year provides "*Quicksilver*," a lively story of a "Boy with no skid to his wheel"—a sort of *Oliver Twist* tale. It is accompanied with vigorous illustrations by Mr. FRANK DADD, who has adopted an effective combination of pen-drawing and tint. "*The Missing Merchantman*," by Mr. COLLINGWOOD, embellished by Mr. W. H. OVEREND, is of the good old sea-salt type, dashed with a strong flavour of Jules Verne. Miss MULHOLLAND tells the story of "*Giannetta*" very charmingly, but the reproductions of Mr. BOGLE'S accompanying illustrations are not up to the mark. Messrs. Blackie are the publishers of all these volumes. "*Young Maids and Old China*" (Marcus Ward), by Mr. F. W. BOURDILLON, is a very pretty child's book; the illustrations by Mr. SOWERBY being very charming specimens of colour-printing. In a number of books and "booklets," Messrs. Griffith, Farran, and Co., have made a plucky attempt, under the superintendence of Mr. GEORGE HAITÉ, to produce in England these little developments of the Christmas Card which are now so fashionable, and which have hitherto been executed in Germany. The result is good enough to warrant the publishers continuing the experiment. Perhaps the best of the publications is "*The Messenger of Love*" pictured by Mr. FULLWOOD. Colonel MARSHMAN'S large "*Brave Deeds*" will delight many a boy with an appetite for blood and glory, provided his artistic instinct be not abnormally developed. Hans Andersen's "*Story of the Mermaid*," Englished by Mr. ASHE in simple verse, and elaborately illustrated by Miss Troubridge, is a pleasing little gift-book.

We must once more commend the Christmas Cards and seasonable "pretty nothings" of Messrs. Raphael Tuck. Though we fail to perceive very much that is distinctly novel in idea, they are executed with much taste and mechanical skill. The principal achievement comprises the colour reproductions, as panels, of Raphael's "Sistine Madonna" at Dresden, and of Correggio's "Nativity" in the National Gallery. They form members, we hope, of a long series of reproductions of great pictures that was begun last year with the "Ansidei Madonna."

NEW ENGRAVINGS.

Professor HERKOMER has etched his picture of "*The American Lady*" (MacLean), which excited so much attention in the Academy exhibition of 1887. Mr. Herkomer declares it to be the best portrait of a lady he has yet painted, an opinion with which we are inclined to agree. Though not quite so effective, perhaps, at first sight, as the

portrait of "Miss Katie Grant," it is a far more scholarly work, the facial expression, too, being of a much more subtle and fleeting character. The blacks in this plate are full, rich, and harmonious, and the whole is well drawn; but the work would have been finer still had the etching of the head been, we might almost say, more conscientiously complete.

We believe the finest work of Mr. HOLMAN HUNT—that which delights all artists alike, be they Impressionist, Pre-Raphaelite, or Philistine—to be his "*Strayed Sheep*." This picture, the only one, according to Mr. Ruskin, that contains some of "God's own sunlight," was engraved in line some years ago for an art serial, but hitherto it has not been accessible to the print-buying public. Messrs. Annan and Swan have at length been wise enough to issue it as a photogravure, but it is unfortunately too black and coarse to convey the charm of the original work. As it is, it will probably be acceptable to many; but to those who know the picture, and who know, too, how much good work of the kind is issued by the publishers, its relative failure will be a matter of keen regret. As to the canvas itself, it is earnestly to be hoped that it will one day—and that not far distant—find a permanent home upon the walls of the National Gallery, as a first-class example of English art, produced at a time when English art most required it as an example.

OBITUARY.

Mr. ARTHUR WILLMORE, who died last month, was one of the last and best practitioners of the moribund art of line-engraving. From 1858 to 1885 he exhibited twenty-four plates at the Royal Academy, but he never succeeded in securing election into that body. Landscape and marine subjects chiefly occupied his graver, the latest examples of which were after sea-fight pictures by Sir Oswald Brierly.

The well-known Belgian marine-painter, M. FRANÇOIS MUSIN, the father of the equally eminent Auguste Musin, has died at the age of sixty-eight. His knowledge of the sea in all its humours was consummate, but he seldom succeeded in rendering more than its superficial aspect. His "Seashore at Scheveningen" and "The Dyke of Ostend in Rough Weather" are, perhaps, the most favourable examples of his work. He gained many medals in his day, and he was a Chevalier of the Order of Leopold.

M. CHARLES DEGEORGE, the medallist and sculptor, who died in November at the age of fifty-one, was the pupil of Duret, Flandrin, and Jouffroy. His medals are undoubtedly among his finest works, but by many of his busts—notably those of "Stanislas Cenci" and "Henri Regnault," the latter at the École des Beaux-Arts—he will in all probability be remembered. His statue of "The Youth of Aristotle," now in the Luxembourg, gained a first-class medal in 1875. He was created a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour in 1880.

We regret to have to record also the death of M. LOUIS REY, a painter-decorator of a high order, whose chief work may be said to be on the eupola of the church of Saint-Roch; of M. AUGUSTE LECHESNE, the animal sculptor; of Mme. HERPIN, a flower and still-life painter of unusual excellence and charm, better known under her maiden name of MASSERAS; and of the sculptor, BADION DE LA TRONCHÈRE, Jouffroy's pupil, whose statues of "Valentin Haüy," of "Praxiteles," erected in the courtyard of the Louvre, and of the "Baron Larrey," are the most widely known.

ART IN JANUARY.

THE LATEST ACQUISITION AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

Through the generosity of Sir THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B., our national collection has been enriched by the addition of a fine portrait by NICOLAS MAES, which, numbered 1277, now hangs on a screen in Room X. It is described as "A Man's Portrait," and represents a stolid burgher in a black coat trimmed with fur, seated, three-quarter face to the spectator, on a velvet-covered chair; he holds a book in one hand, and behind him hangs a red curtain. The colour throughout the picture is admirable, and, judging from its general tone and the high, yet unforced, finish to which it has been brought, we should say it was one of the finest works of the master. Maes, one of the most eminent of Rembrandt's pupils, used to rank himself among the portraitists, practically ignoring his power as a painter of cabinet-pictures. We may, therefore, congratulate ourselves that, while the possessors of two of the latter description, we can at last boast a really brilliant example of the former, which is one of his few portraits of the size of life. It is interesting to compare this work with his "Card Players" hanging hard by, which was acquired only last year, and to compare his warm colour and careful manner with the power, comparable with that of his master, the vigorous handling, and an almost unsurpassed knowledge of *chiaroscuro* in the big *genre* picture. The portrait is dated 1666.

PAINTING, THE ONLY FINE ART!

MR. BRETT has come to the conclusion that painting alone has a right to be called a fine art. Architecture, he said at Liverpool, is not a fine art, because it is an architect's business to shelter his client from the rain and wind, and to "protect him from vain expenditure." To provide a shelter from wind and rain is, of course, a very undignified proceeding, and Mr. Brett and his brother painters may certainly be absolved from any desire to protect their clients from vain expenditure. It follows, therefore, if we accept Mr. Brett's premises, that architecture is a mere craft or trade, while painting is quite the "finest" of the arts. Nor has sculpture, according to Mr. Brett, any claim to be considered a "fine art," because its proper function is to be an adjunct to architecture. This admirable painter admits that in modern times statues have been placed independently in the open air, but he implies that this is only due to the ignorance of a decadent age. Is it possible that he is ignorant that the Athenians sometimes placed statues "independently in the open air," and that the Italians have also been guilty of this indiscretion? In the face of these extraordinary assertions we may well ask whether Mr. Brett desires to be taken seriously. Is it possible that any man in his senses should arrogate to himself a title which he denies to Phidias and Donatello, to William of Sens and Sir Christopher Wren? If we had not Mr. Brett's paper before us we might well regard this as incredible, but his language admits of no doubt. "*The term 'Fine Art' is only applicable strictly to pictures.*" Having demolished architecture and sculpture, Mr. Brett

annihilates decoration. Decoration, he says, in the ordinary sense, is only fit for window-heads and string-courses! Wall spaces belong to painters, who must never be interfered with; paper-hangings are vicious; the upholsterer is only a harbourer of dirt and a breeder of disease! People must be content to have their surroundings "plain and even rude," and to gratify their artistic instincts by hanging pictures on their walls! This last statement gives the clue to Mr. Brett's policy. He is what he calls "fighting for his own hand." If people build fine houses and purchase statues, he argues, they won't be able to afford any pictures. Paperhangers, upholsterers, and other vermin compete with the "fine-artist," therefore away with them! When everybody lives in a barn and buys pictures, then the painter's millennium has come. And this is what Mr. Brett sighs for; this is the gist of his argument. But has he not pushed it a little too far?

THE STUART EXHIBITION.

The *juste mot* for the exhibition of the Royal House of Stuart is not difficult to find. It is above all things an amusing show. Among the four hundred pictures and miniatures there are, of course, a few which attract by their art; among the relics, too, finesse of workmanship and purity of design are commoner than might have been expected. Again, the juxtaposition of so many things—the catalogue runs to thirteen hundred numbers—relating to one family, and for the most part to a period of only two hundred years in their history, must have a distinct critical value. But it is, nevertheless, for its power to satisfy curiosity, to revive sentimental loyalties, and to tickle the palate of the historical dilettante that the wreckage of the Stuarts finds so many visitors. The pictures range from those early portrait groups from Holyrood which have so long puzzled connoisseurs, down to Italian presentments of that Prince Henry Benedict, Cardinal York, whom the faithful called Henry IX. The best of them all, with the possible exception of a few Van Dycks, are the Holyrood panels. Painted on both sides, these two volets from a diptych make four subjects: a "Trinitá," a mystic picture of the Trinity, and three portrait groups—King John III. and his son, the Queen Margaret of Denmark and St. George (?), and Sir Edward Bonkil, the donor, with St. Cecilia. Attempts have been made by many Scottish antiquarians to claim them for a Scottish painter, and to read some letters which appear on the Queen's headdress as PRAT. It seems that some artists of that name (with an extra T) were at work in Stirling at the end of the fifteenth century. Unfortunately the proposed reading finds no support in the real inscription. This is quite unmistakably PNATN, and its significance has so far baffled divination. The panels, however, are clearly the work of some Fleming, or possibly Westphalian, who had studied in the school of Roger van der Weyden. The next picture of both value and interest is Holbein's (?) bust portrait of Queen Margaret Tudor. This has for pendant a male portrait—much damaged, but possibly by the same hand—which is called that of her husband, James IV., and also ascribed to Holbein. As

James was killed at Flodden thirteen years before that painter first left Basle for England, and as by 1526—when Holbein arrived in London—Margaret had already been twice re-married, there must here be some mistake. Janet's well-known miniature of Mary Stuart comes from Windsor, and hangs in a case with, among other things, a pair of photographs from drawings by the same hand which have found their last resting-place in the French National Library. The miniature must date from the years 1558-60, between Mary's marriage with the French dauphin and his death as King of France. Other interesting transcripts of her features are "Le Deuil Blanc," from Windsor, which is, however, no Janet, but merely a good old copy from the drawing by that master, to which we have already alluded. In a portrait numbered 33 we fail to see any features but those of the *English* Mary; another, ascribed to Zuccherò, is an excellent picture, but its acceptance, too, as Mary Stuart implies a peculiar docility of eye. A full-length by P. Oudry, and a cast from the effigy at Westminster, show the fair Queen's features in middle-age with more fidelity, perhaps, than any other of her later portraits. The uninteresting personality of James VI. is registered in pictures ascribed to Janssen, to Van Somer, to Honthorst, to Jamesone, and to Lucas de Heere—the last-named the remarkable "cenotaph portrait" from Windsor. The lamented Prince Henry, painted in the very suit of armour now lent by the Queen (No. 797), and a Lady Arabella Stuart (No. 65), apparently by De Heere, deserve a word of praise; so, too, does the remarkable portrait of Henrietta Maria on the verge of old age, by the Frenchman, Claude Lefèvre. The "Charles the Firsts" include Lord Warwick's fine replica of the Windsor equestrian portrait, the Duke of Norfolk's fine half-length in armour, the Queen's triple bust, painted for the sculptor Bernini, and a studio copy of the great family group at Windsor, in which Charles and his Queen are grouped with their two elder children. The portraits of the "Merry Monarch" comprise a very fine head by Honthorst (117); another, equally good (133), by the little-known Adrian Hanneman, painted at the Hague before the Restoration; and a curious painted report—it is not a picture—of the same gentleman's proceedings at the ball given in his honour at the Hague, before his departure to mount his father's throne.

Of the remaining portraits not much need be said. There are one or two fair Lelys, a fine head of Dundee by some master unknown; an ugly Flora Macdonald, ascribed to Allan Ramsay; a quaint picture of Mrs. Jane Lane, Flora's prototype; and a number of gaudy Italian attempts to make works of art out of the two "Chevaliers," and the afore-mentioned Cardinal York. Among the relics, the most tragic, of course, in their associations are those which have to do with James IV., with his grand-daughter Mary, and with her grandson Charles. The sword, dagger, and signet-ring, which were found at Flodden on the spot where James fell, are lent by the College of Arms. The "Book of Hours" Mary carried into the hall at Fotheringhay on that February morning in 1587; her rosaries, her crucifix, the leading strings she worked for her son, the skull-shaped watch she gave to Mary Seton, the silver hand-bell with which she summoned her Marys, the magnificent twelfth-century ciborium and cover she presented to Sir James Balfour, of Burleigh, a pair of her shoes, a large piece of her auburn hair, and many other things come from various owners—among them Her Majesty the Queen. The relics of Charles relate mainly to his execution: the

Queen sends the historic "George;" Lord Ashburnham, most of the clothes the "White King" wore on the scaffold, including his blood-stained shirt; and Lord Essex, a piece of the black velvet pall on which the snow fell so thickly at his burying as to give new force to his famous sobriquet. The *débris* of the later Stuarts include standards carried at Preston Pans and Culloden, and various fragments from "Prince Charlie's" wardrobe. In the vestibule two suits of armour—made respectively for the "Prince of Wales" (Henry) and "Baby Charles," the chair in which the King sat before Bradshaw and his crew in Westminster Hall, and some large pieces of the needlework with which Mary Stuart used to beguile her long captivity, have found places.

 REVIEWS.

As most of the pictures of the Royal Gallery at Venice have recently been re-hung, and many of them re-named, Mr. CHARLES EASTLAKE'S new book of "*Notes*" (W. H. Allen) upon them, incorporating all such changes, makes its appearance at a well-chosen moment. Mr. Eastlake, by adopting an alphabetical arrangement, has increased the usefulness of the volume as a book of reference, while the short biographies will no doubt prove of advantage to the "lay visitor." But the chief feature lies in the criticisms accompanying each descriptive note. While not committing ourselves so far as to accept all of them without question, we may say that, so far as we know, no handbook of the gallery has hitherto been published in which the critical observations are at once so lucid, so intelligent, and so well-advised.

The penultimate part of "*Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers*" (G. Bell and Sons) heralds the early completion of the work. The co-operation of Mr. WALTER ARMSTRONG with Mr. ROBERT GRAVES has had good effect as well on the punctuality of publication as on the quality of the editing. It is always easy to find fault and to point out omissions in a dictionary of this sort, but one is surely justified in complaining of the exclusion of Robert Thorburn, A.R.A., for example, when another is included whose only claim to fame is that he is "an inferior engraver" of whom little is known. On the other hand, most of the articles in the old edition have been re-cast and re-written, many of them being excellent specimens of concise writing. Among the chief are those on Stanfield, Jan Steen, Sir Robert Strange, Teniers, Ter-Borch, Turner, Van der Faes (Sir Peter Lely), Van der Weyden, Vannucci (Perugino), Vasari, and Vecelli (Titian).

"*Vittoria Colonna*," by the Hon. ALETHEA LAWLEY (Gilbert and Rivington), is an unpretentious yet adequate study of one of the most interesting members of the literary circle which conferred distinction on Italy in the sixteenth century. The tragic story of Vittoria Colonna, the wife of the Marchese di Pescara, a man "more deeply dyed in perfidy and more courageous in arms" than any of his contemporaries, is told in a simple and straightforward style; and the authoress, by giving translations of Vittoria's sonnets, some of which are admirably rendered, allows her heroine to tell her tale as far as possible in her own words. The book is disfigured by a worthless frontispiece.

No book that we have seen this season equals, in its own department, "*A Book of Old Ballads*" (Hildesheimer and Faulkner), for grace, elegance, and prettiness. Although Mr. ERNEST WILSON claims a portion of the credit in this artistic production in the matter of landscape drawings, by far the greater share belongs to Miss ALICE HAVERS.

To the illustration of the several ballads—which include “Comin’ thro’ the Rye,” “Where the Bee Sucks,” “The Time I’ve Lost in Wooing,” “Sally in our Alley,” and the like—Miss Havers contributes sixteen designs, most of them original, and all of them suave in line and tender in feeling. In two of them she shows graceful dignity in her drawing of the undraped figure, but her publishers, in amusing deference to the British Matron, issue an edition without these pages. Much taste is shown in the production of this charming volume, the chromolithography in most cases doing ample justice to the artists’ work.

Somewhat belated, but very charming and admirably colour-printed, are the children’s toy-books issued by Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. “*Little Boy Blue*” is a new edition of a book published a year or two ago, and far too well illustrated for the artist’s name to be suppressed. “*Three Old Friends*” are supplied with pictures of a humorous character by Mr. CALDWELL. “*Imps*,” by Miss FLINT, and “*By the Sea*” are also both good of their kind.

EXHIBITIONS OF THE MONTH.

Never have we known so varied and so excellent “all round” an exhibition of the “OLD MASTERS” as that to which our Forty Immortals invited the public at the beginning of this month. As our next part will contain an illustrated view of this remarkable display, we refrain for the moment from any critical remarks, but now merely record some of the principal contents of the exhibition. The entire collection of English deceased masters gathered together by Mr. Thomas Miller, of Preston, between the years 1845 and 1855, occupy the first room; and from this collection few English painters of note are absent, most of them being represented by thoroughly characteristic work. Gallery II. contains, besides some choice Dutch pictures, the famous collection of Watteau’s finest works belonging to Sir Richard Wallace, besides other admirable examples of the French school. The Great Gallery—the Salon Carré of the Academy—is occupied on one whole side by Sir Richard Wallace’s and the Queen’s superb Rembrandts, and on the other by old English masters, together with two large canvases by Rubens. Nos. IV. and V. are filled exclusively by the works of Frank Holl, R.A., most important among the incident-pictures being the “Newgate: Committed for Trial,” and “No Tidings from the Sea;” and among the portraits, those of Mr. Carbutt, Lords Spencer, Winmarleigh, Wolseley, and Hampden, the Prince of Wales, Mr. Bright (the whole length), the Dukes of Cambridge and Cleveland, the Bishop of Peterborough, the portrait of his father, and two of himself. Finally, there are some of Turner’s finest water-colour drawings, and fifty-three sketches of the Rhine. These, the catalogue informs us, are the result of a three weeks’ tour on the Rhine, so that, allowing for the time consumed by travelling, these works must have been made in a fortnight at the most, or an average of about four a day—an almost unsurpassed example, we should say, of precision and rapidity. They are the property of Mr. Ayscough Fawkes.

The grant awarded last year by the Government for the encouragement of the industries of Donegal has been amply justified by results. Under the energetic management of Mrs. HART and a well-chosen committee classes have been established in Ireland at which weaving, dyeing, embroidery, and other crafts are taught to all who are willing to learn. The degree of proficiency to which the pupils have already attained could be estimated by anyone who paid a visit to

Donegal House, Wigmore Street. The exhibition of embroidered ecclesiastical vestments, curtains, and table-cloths to be seen there was another striking piece of evidence that art is exerting an ever-increasing influence upon the industries of the country. The majority of these pieces of needlework are admirable both in execution and design. The fact that many of the designs are taken either from Irish monuments or Irish manuscripts adds greatly to their value, and Mrs. Hart’s enterprise may be regarded as a genuine attempt to revive the art as well as the industries of Ireland. At the same time, Italian and Japanese designs are rendered with consummate skill, and perhaps the finest thing in the exhibition was a white *portière* embroidered with a rich Sicilian pattern. The boys of Donegal are being instructed in wood-carving; but it must be confessed that they have as yet made but little progress. The movement, however, is but young, and its future will be eagerly watched by all who take an interest either in arts or crafts.

Two years ago Mr. Ruskin characterised the drawings of Mr. SUTTON PALMER as “ethereal.” To a great number of his “*Drawings of Highland Scenery*,” which have been exhibited at Messrs. Dowdeswells’ galleries in Bond Street, this epithet might again be applied. Yet Mr. Palmer’s style has gained considerable strength since we last had an opportunity of looking at his work. Mr. Ruskin’s complaint—that in Mr. Palmer’s drawings there are no cottages or inns for us to take shelter in—is justified by the recent exhibition. The artist has a certain austerity of mind, which he displays in choosing as subjects for his pencil weirdly desolate spots, far removed from the haunts of men. However, we cannot make a grievance of this, for Mr. Palmer invests the wild scenes that he draws with a picturesqueness which atones for their want of human interest. Although here and there we come upon a drawing which is weak in colour, the general level of the exhibition is curiously equal, and it is difficult to particularise. Perhaps the representation of “the native bulwarks of the pass,” entitled “Benvenue,” deserves the most notice, but “Dunkeld” is a very skilful rendering of a wide stretch of country, and “A Windless Day” is a particularly clever grey sketch.

NOTABILIA.

Certain of our readers ask for particulars of the *fixatif* for pastels to which we referred in a recent issue. It will doubtless interest many who practise the delightful art of pastel-painting to know that the “*Fixatif H. Lacaze*” is the substance in question; that its application is easy; that it not only produces no change in the drawings, but absolutely prevents change; and that M.M. Alfred Stevens, Carrière-Belleuse, Gervex, Edmond Yon, Duez, and other eminent artists, as well as M. Roger-Ballu, the Inspecteur des Beaux-Arts in Paris, all bear witness to the perfection of this recent invention.

The Institute of Painters in Oil Colours is the stronger for the elections which took place last month, when membership was accorded to Messrs. J. J. SHANNON, T. B. KENNINGTON, and J. L. PICKERING.

Sir JOHN GILBERT has once more been induced to withdraw his resignation of the Royal Water Colour Society, so that he retains the Presidentship; Mr. ALFRED HUNT being re-elected as Deputy-President.

The Prize Day of the Royal Academy Schools took place on the 10th of December last—the hundred-and-twentieth birthday of that institution; but it cannot be

said that in the department of painting, at least, the level of excellence reached in former years was again touched. In architecture, too, the competition failed to produce any striking results; but, as an offset, the sculpture and modelling were admirable, as well as the cartoon of the draped figure. Mr. JOHN BACON secured the "Creswick Prize" of £30; Mr. W. LITTLER the £40-prize for a design for the decoration of a portion of a public building; Mr. HERBERT NYE the first prize (£30) for the model of a design; Mr. FEIR, the first prize (£50) for three models of a figure from life, as well as the silver medal for the single model. Mr. MARCUS BLACKDEN, Mr. STEPHEN CARLILL, and Mr. MAUDE were also among the prize-takers. The Landseer Scholarships (£40 a year each) were awarded, for painting, to Mr. PERCY SHORT and Mr. HAROLD BOUTCHER, and, for sculpture, to Mr. T. ESSEX and Mr. W. H. PROSSER.

The election of Mr. J. B. BURGESS to fill the full membership of the Royal Academy left vacant by the death of the late Frank Holl, was a thoroughly popular result in the Academy itself. Mr. HERKOMER came a good second on the list, and Mr. Gow third. According to priority, it was Mr. Burgess's turn for election, as he had been "waiting" since 1877, Messrs. STOREY and EYRE CROWE, who, it is true, became Associates a year earlier, not being considered in the running. As elections are greatly governed by the time Associates have been waiting (other things being equal), it is interesting to note in what order the more likely of the younger men may be advanced to Academic rank. Messrs. CROFTS and PHIL MORRIS were elected in 1878; in 1879, Messrs. HERKOMER, BOUGHTON, MACWHIRTER, and VAL PRINSEP; in 1880, Messrs. BIRCH and STACPOOLE; and in the following year, Messrs. GOW, DICKSEE, BODLEY, and BRETT.

OBITUARY.

Mr. RICHARD REDGRAVE, R.A., who died on the 14th of December, after a long life devoted to the cause of art, was born in 1804. His early life was spent in the office of his father, an engineer in the Buckingham Palace Road. His work necessitated frequent journeys in the neighbourhood of London, taken on horseback or on foot, and he thus acquired the love of landscape and outdoor life, which never left him, as well as the habit of making sketches from nature. While still a boy he made a careful study of the Elgin Marbles, and realising that his father's business offered him no career, he at last definitely adopted art as his profession. In 1825 he exhibited his first picture at the Royal Academy. This was a view of the Brent at Hanwell. In the following year he entered the Royal Academy Schools as a student, supporting himself meanwhile by teaching, though, as he says himself, "learning would have been more requisite for me." The next few years was a time of bitter struggle for Mr. Redgrave. The day was spent in teaching, yet every evening found him at the Academy Schools, and it was not an unusual thing for him to devote thirteen or fourteen hours out of the twenty-four to hard work. He soon began to be a constant exhibitor to the British Institution and the Academy, and though his works were always well spoken of, his first distinct success was won in 1837, when he exhibited a canvas entitled "Gulliver on the Farmer's Table." This well-known work, an engraving of which has been widely popular, is now in

the South Kensington Museum. "Ellen Orford," "Olivia returning to her Parents," "The Reduced Gentleman's Daughter," were exhibited between 1838 and 1840, in which year he was elected an A.R.A. The pictures he painted at this period were no doubt rather moral than æsthetic in their purpose. "It is one of my most gratifying feelings," he wrote in 1850, "that many of my best efforts in art have aimed at calling attention to the trials and struggles of the poor and the oppressed." When the Government School of Design was established in 1847, Mr. Redgrave took an important part in its organisation, and was appointed teacher in Botany, a post for which his early studies and rambles eminently qualified him. Four years later he became an Academician, and at the same time accepted the head-mastership of the School of Design. In 1852 he became "Art Superintendent in the Department of Practical Art," and while holding this office he carried out what was perhaps the most important work of his life. He organised the system of art-education, which since that date has been in vogue in this country, and which, in spite of certain shortcomings, must be acknowledged to have had an invaluable influence on the art of England. In 1857 Mr. Redgrave was appointed "Inspector General of Art," and also "Surveyor of the Royal Collections of Pictures." In the Paris Exhibition of 1855 and the London Exhibition of 1862, he was "Official Adviser" in the Fine Art Department, and out of his catalogue of the latter exhibition grew his valuable work—"A Century of Painters of the English School." In addition to all these achievements Mr. Redgrave had no inconsiderable share in the formation and arrangement of the South Kensington Museum; and when we remember that between the years 1825 and 1880 he contributed no less than one hundred and seventy-five pictures to various exhibitions in London, some idea may be formed of his services to art. He resigned the majority of his appointments in 1880, and for some years had been afflicted with severe sufferings. He will perhaps be remembered rather as an organiser of the greatest ability than as a painter. It may be added that he was a man of the kindest disposition, and was ever ready to help with advice and sympathy those who displayed an earnestness in the pursuit of art.

M. NICOLAS BERTHON, one of the many pupils of LÉON COGNIEZ who have risen to fame, died on the 13th of December from the consequence of a fall in his studio in October last, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. He entered the Beaux-Arts in 1850, and thenceforward applied himself almost exclusively to the representation of landscape and peasant-life in Auvergne. For two of these subjects—"During Mass" and "A Peasant of Auvergne"—he obtained a medal in the Salon of 1866. He was a regular exhibitor in Paris, among his chief works being "A Prayer," "A Spinner," "The Burial," and "What will Mamma say?" In the last Salon he exhibited an Auvergne interior, entitled "Grace before Meals."

M. FORTUNÉ FEROGIO, well known as a painter and designer, was born in Marseilles eighty-four years ago. He entered the Beaux-Arts as a pupil of Gros, but as he failed to obtain the Prix de Rome, he determined to make engraving and lithography his field, together with water-colour, pastel, and black-and-white. His most popular productions were his series of "picturesque albums," results of tours in Italy, Sardinia, and elsewhere.

ART IN FEBRUARY.

WOMEN AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY SCHOOLS.

We called attention last year to the extraordinary preponderance of women over men in the number of successful candidates for admission to the Royal Academy schools. Last year ten of the twelve new probationers were women; this year, ten out of sixteen belong to the, artistically, "weaker sex." The disproportion in 1889 is not so great certainly as in 1888, but it may be held to point conclusively to the necessity of revision in the conditions of admission. If the ladies could justify their success at the preliminary examination by later distinction, not only in their student period but also in after-life, the present standard might well be retained; but seeing that the vast majority are utterly swamped before arriving at the Gold Medal stage, and that of those who pass successfully through the schools a still smaller proportion ever achieve anything above "damning mediocrity," we are forced to the conclusion that some change is absolutely necessary. It is obvious that owing to the application of a false test of artistic promise persons are taken in hand on whom the Academy's education (and money) are almost wholly thrown away. This is not the ladies' fault: highly-finished stippled copies of casts from the antique are exactly the studies in which they excel; but the consequence is that the art-result to the nation is practically naught. This is a subject that should engage the prior attention of the sitting Reform Committee in Burlington House.

FOLEY ON THE SCULPTOR'S ART.

The following interesting remarks on British sculpture are extracted from a letter by JOHN FOLEY, R.A., which has recently come into the possession of the Editor of this Magazine. It is addressed to Mr. J. T. WARD, an art-critic of the Press, and sets forth happily his common-sense view of the art and aim of sculpture—a view that is only now beginning to be accepted by the public:—

"Many thanks for the *Globe* newspaper which, through your kindness, I received on Saturday, and for the notice it contains of the statue of Hampden.* I am glad you have made mention of the mingled characters of the Warrior and Statesman, which I have endeavoured to express throughout it. The combining of the two in the one statue is, I believe, quite novel—at least, as far as my knowledge extends. It is not, as you say, easy to produce novelty in sculpture. The subjects you speak of in your introductory remarks have been worn out long ago, and, with them, the Cupids, Psyches, Venuses, Apollos, &c. The heathen mythology was a field which gave splendid scope for the sculptor's ideas, but it has been traversed too often. If we could illustrate any of the subjects it offers better than they have been illustrated before, well and good—repeat them. But this is scarcely to be expected. The religion of the Greeks doubtless inspired them to the excellence they attained in their gods and goddesses. They *felt* what they gave the spirit of

in their works, and it cannot be expected that we can feel equally with them as regards those subjects, living, as we do, in Christian times. Would it not be better then to execute such subjects as we really do *feel*? Nature is full of poetry still."

THE MORIBUND ART OF "AQUATINT."

Without question, one of the most beautiful and interesting books produced last year was the new edition of "*The Reminiscences and Recollections of Captain Gronow*" (John C. Nimmo), illustrated with twenty-five etched and aquatinted plates, given in two states, "remarque" proofs, and prints coloured by hand. Gronow was a man who flourished from 1810 to 1860, and who knew everything and everybody worth knowing, except the world of art and artists. The chief interest for us, then, in this interesting and amusingly-garrulous autobiography is in the plates which Mr. JOSEPH GREGO has produced so completely in the spirit which animated the times during which the method was fashionable, and with not a little of the skill. We therefore invited Mr. Grego to give our readers an outline of the art, now, alas! almost beyond resurrection; and we are glad to be able to append his interesting communication:—

"The art of aquatinting—better described as the 'washed manner'—in capable hands, and as practised by skilful artists, is perhaps the most realistic method of reproducing tinted drawings in facsimile. So excellent is the effect when executed by designers after their own drawings, that it is difficult to distinguish the printed result from the original study by the draughtsman. This closeness of imitation rather belongs to the infancy of the art, when artists were accustomed to reproduce their own sketches by the aquatint process. There is nothing recorded as to the manner in which aquatinting was first discovered, but the invention was probably accidental. The earliest examples give the impression of the smooth surface of the copper having been accidentally corroded; and it is possible that—after etching his design—some experimentalist has tried the effect of exposing the surface of his copper-plate to the action of diluted acid (used in biting in the lines of the etching) to secure a complementary tone or tint.

"The principle adopted is working up from the highest lights and finishing with the deepest shades. It was found necessary to stop out the lights in the primitive method, and a varnish was used—like etching ground—to protect these parts from the active biting of the aqua-fortis. This may have led to the principle of evenly covering the plate, and to the final discovery that a protective varnish could be so applied as to dry on the plate in a fine network of interstices. Resin finely powdered answers this requirement very readily, a fine shower of resin evenly powdered over the plate giving a regular and superficial dust of snowlike appearance. The copper is then heated, and the minute dust-like grains partially run into one another and adhere to the surface, leaving delicate surrounding spaces uncovered between the fused grains; and a plate so prepared, being exposed to a mordant acid, is bitten in all those parts unprotected by the resinous network. A plate so bitten would print a uniform granulated surface extending over the entire picture; those parts desired to remain white are stopped out with a varnish, and the biting gradually proceeds, restopping and repainting through the intermediate tints, until the deepest darks are alone exposed to the action of the acid. And when the necessary depth of incision is reached the plate is finished—as regards biting—the copper cleaned, and an impression taken. This is much darker than is required, but the finer gradations and the

* Erected in St. Stephen's Hall, Westminster.—ED.

bleuding and softening of tints and tones are accomplished by burnishing, working now the contrary theory—accentuating the darks and working up to the broader lights. At least twenty distinct stages of stopping out and biting are desirable to give a finished result. Subsequently a liquid ground was introduced to take the place of the powdered resin.

“Though the art varied in the hands of different practitioners, who probably had their distinctive methods of working, the aquatinters of the eighteenth century showed a preference for grains of so fine a texture that they simulate the most delicate washes, and in the skies and lighter parts the grain is not easily distinguishable. The credit of the introduction of aquatinting has been assigned to a French artist, St. Non, who communicated the art to Jean Baptiste le Prince, a gifted painter and engraver, who died in 1783. Madame Catharine Prestal, a German artist of exceptional talent, produced some admirable works in this manner, which to this day must be regarded as specially successful examples of the process. In a MS. note to Theodore Fielding’s treatise on ‘Engraving’ it is suggested that the Hon. Charles Greville introduced the art to our shores. Paul Saubly, R.A., born at Nottingham in 1725, is alleged to have been the first English artist who attempted this style of engraving. He showed notable artistic ability in the practice of aquatinting, and brought the art to great perfection in his Welsh sketches (1775), the series of the ‘Carnival in Rome,’ and particularly in his later publication of ‘Views in the Encampments in the Parks,’ 1780. W. Ellis, born in 1745, also aquatinted plates after Paul Saubly, from whom he may have received instructions in the art, which he practised with considerable success. Samuel Alken carried the art to great perfection; he was also a capable draughtsman and designer. His ‘Views in Great Britain and Ireland,’ and his ‘Views in North Wales,’ 1798, are examples of his proficiency. With Francis Jukes, another aquatinter of much distinction, S. Alken executed numerous admirable facsimiles of drawings by Thomas Rowlandson, which appeared between 1784 and 1800. Merke, Wright, Stadler, and Schultz, with other aquatinters, found employment with Rudolph Ackermann, J. R. Smith, and publishers of Rowlandson’s generation. Thomas Malton, both a draughtsman and engraver, largely practised aquatinting, and in this method reproduced his ‘Picturesque Tour through London and Westminster,’ and his drawings of Oxford. Three Havells—R., D., and John—were also skilful artists in this branch, as was the artist J. Hassell, who executed various picturesque tours and guides. Theodore Fielding, the elder brother of the better known Copley Fielding, was also distinguished in the art of aquatinting, as was Newton Fielding, who taught the family of Louis Philippe. T. Sutherland, born 1785, carried the art still farther, and his works stand in the highest estimation. J. Clarke, once a corporal of Light Dragoons, abandoned the sword for art, and he too became a proficient aquatinter; he died in 1801. Another J. Clarke executed aquatinting early in the present century, and reproduced numerous plates for Thomas McLean between 1820 and 1830, after the drawings of Henry Alken. Nearly all Rowlandson’s book illustrations between 1810 and 1820 were executed in this manner, as were a large number of the early works of L. R., and George Cruikshank between 1812 and 1835. The innumerable sporting designs of Henry Alken were for the most part reproduced by this method, and Theodore Lane’s illustrations were executed in similar fashion. J. Baily engraved after George Morland in aquatint: E. Dunean, the well-known water-colour painter, was also an expert aquatinter, and in the early part of his career produced a large number of aquatint plates which are remarkable for their fine finish. Charles Turner, A.E., used aquatint with marked success; in this manner he engraved the early numbers of the great J. M. W. Turner’s ‘Liber Studiorum,’ imitating with much truth the master’s brilliant lights and reflections. F. C. Lewis, a pupil of Stadler, produced much work distinguished for refinement and delicacy; his important series of one hundred reproductions in aquatint after the drawings of Claude are familiar to most lovers of art. R. G. Reeve was one of the most accomplished aquatinters of the present century, and, though long retired from the practice of his profession, is still in the flesh at the advanced age of eighty-six; his pupil, Henry Papprell—after nearly sixty years of excellent work in the same field—still remains to show the excellences of the art, and it is to his assistance that I am indebted for finishing in delicate aquatint the etchings executed by me to illustrate the ‘Reminiscences of Captain Gronow.’ There were, early in the present century, many capable aquatinters: J. Hill, who tinted the plates for Rowlandson and Wigstead’s ‘Tour to North and South Wales’ (1800), and ‘Views in the Parks’ (1780); this artist later emigrated to America. G. Hunt, who also worked in the sporting branch—chiefly after Alken—was

the predecessor of a long generation of his namesakes, some of whom still practise the art. There were the three Rosebergs (F., R., and L.), all excellent artists; H. Pyall, M. Dubourg, J. Gleddah, G. A. Turner, J. R. Mackrell, and others, whose period was between 1820 and 1835. The cheaper and more expeditious lithographic art seems to have superseded aquatinting about that date, and it has—with the few exceptions mentioned—apparently sunk into almost complete desuetude. Alfred Ashley many years later perfected the art of aquatinting on steel, long surrounded with technical difficulties. Of the capabilities of aquatint for the successful reproduction of water-colour drawings, besides Turner’s ‘Liber Studiorum’ and Claude’s ‘Liber Veritatis,’ no better examples exist than the facsimile studies executed after sketches by David Cox, Peter de Wint, John Varley, and Copley Fielding; these were for the most part the work of the veteran R. G. Reeve.”

REVIEWS.

It would have been wiser if Mr. WYKE BAYLISS, the newly-elected President of the Royal Society of British Artists, had rested on his freshly-won laurels and not challenged public opinion in the field of art-criticism, for his “*Enchanted Island*” (W. H. Allen and Co.) will scarcely add to his reputation. The first series of essays which gives the name to the book is, to use a favourite word of Mr. Bayliss’s, somewhat *occult*, and the connection of its subject or subjects with its title is of the slenderest. Its style, however, if not too correct, is vigorous and sometimes eloquent, and will no doubt attract many readers. We cannot help expressing a regret that Mr. Bayliss should have reprinted his careless essay, which has already appeared in pamphlet form, entitled “Decline or Progress.” It professes to be a criticism upon a paper on the “Decline of Art,” contributed by Professor PALGRAVE to the *Nineteenth Century*. Though we by no means endorse Professor Palgrave’s views, we must say a word of protest against Mr. Bayliss’s method of criticism. Not content with disputing Professor Palgrave’s conclusions, he seeks to prove, by a series of parallel passages, that the professor has plagiarised from a book published some years ago by himself. The parallel passages are entirely unconvincing. It is true that both Professor Palgrave and Mr. Bayliss have made use of the commonplace definitions of art, that they have both quoted Phidias, Michael Angelo, and the rest, as marking epochs in art-history; but this by no means justifies the charge of plagiarism. There are certain assertions to which no one has a prescriptive right. A historian is not a plagiarist because he says William the Conqueror came to England in 1066, and by this time it is open to any critic to say that “the fine arts are the expression of their age,” or that the “Greeks created the Beautiful.” In attempting to convict another of inaccuracy, Mr. Bayliss has himself committed some extraordinary blunders. He tells us, for instance, that Scopos was one of the sculptors “who may have worked with Phidias upon the Parthenon.” But as the work by which Scopos is best known was executed nearly a century after the Parthenon was completed, this is scarcely possible. Then, again, he discusses the style and method of Polyctetus with a certain familiarity, but he makes a mistake of two hundred and fifty years in dating his activity! After this Mr. Wyke Bayliss cannot be regarded as an authority on Greek art. Would a critic be accepted who told us that Michael Angelo was a friend and contemporary of Sir Joshua Reynolds?

An accomplished young lady, “C. J. Ff.” (“in society” known as Miss FFOULKES), has offered to those who may be bound for Saxony her neatly-printed and compact

volume, "*Handbook of the Italian Schools* [of Painting] in the Dresden Gallery" (W. H. Allen and Co.). It is, with a few neither new nor valuable illustrations, practically a catalogue *raisonné* and critical, compounded of (1) the author's observations at first hand; (2) excerpts from the official catalogue of Dr. Woermann (an admirable member of the so-called scientific school of German writers on pictures); (3) passages borrowed from the clashing opinions of the amateur who signed his books "Lermolieff," and has since revealed himself under the name of Signor Morelli; (4) parts of texts by MM. Crowe and Cavalcaselle in their histories of painting in Italy and North Italy severally, and in their lives of Titian and Raphael respectively; and (5) smaller fragments found in various ways, and in works more or less valuable than those of our fourth group, more solid and modest than the dicta of "Lermolieff," and as exact as the dissertations of Dr. Woermann.

It is one of the curses of that popularity which art now experiences, that all sorts of persons pour out their opinions about pictures (sculpture and architecture suffer less, and music least of all), while only a very small percentage of those eager men, and still fewer ladies, of the pen, have any other qualifications for the office than susceptibility to pictorial impressions, ready fingers, and real courage. The number of lately published rubbishy texts due to male and female amateurs, and called handbooks to public galleries, is deplorable and remarkable. Of this crowd, however, Miss Ffoulkes's volume is by no means the most unwelcome; its greatest fault is manifest in the extraordinary muddle of good, bad, and indifferent authorities she has been induced to quote for the bewilderment of the reader. Had she been fully qualified to criticise pictures with authority, beyond that which is due to the privileges of a sincere dilettante, she would have known the value of criticisms at large, and self-assertions based on courage and fancy, and strengthened by diligent studies of photographs and books. For example, it signifies little that "Lermolieff pronounced" a certain "Madonna" to be a school-piece, unless sounder opinions concur. What does it matter if the same gentleman thinks that Francia was never "under the influence of Perugino and Raphael"? The truth is a commonplace that Francia was a man of genius, a little hide-bound no doubt; and that he could not at one time have escaped being affected by Perugino (who was only four years his senior), and at another time, even in this age, by the swiftly developing genius of the Urbinate, are matters manifest to students. That, technically, Francia had nothing to learn from Raphael or his master, is a fact as demonstrable as the converse, which is that Raibolini—who was more than fifty years old and had painted some of his masterpieces before Raphael had made a mark of any kind—was well qualified to instruct that young genius himself, who rightly declared that Francia's Virgins were the most beautiful and devout he knew, in poetic as well as technical matters. Francia had painted the Bentivoglio Madonna in 1499, five or six years before Raphael had ventured upon the Ansidei altarpiece now in the National Gallery, which has more of Francia than of Perugino, or even of Viti.

Apart from the defects of her selection of authorities, some lack of condensation in her numerous criticisms, and the superabundance of minor details and commonplaces—such as the statement on p. 127, that the Dove is the emblem of the Holy Spirit—only praise is due for the young lady's very comprehensive compilations on the Dresden Gallery.

NOTABILIA.

Mr. W. L. WYLLIE's election to the vacant Associateship of the Royal Academy is of the popular sort, although he has thus been passed over Mr. ALBERT MOORE, Mr. ALFRED HUNT, Mr. PARSONS, Mr. WATERLOW, and others with equal claim to recognition. It is now six years since he won his last great distinction, when his "Toil, Glitter, Grime, and Wealth, on a Flowing Tide," made much stir in the Academy, and secured purchase at the hands of the President and Council as administrators of the Chantrey Bequest. In 1884 we published a full account of Mr. Wyllie's artistic life and work. Since that time he has continued his work with astonishing industry, not only in oil-painting, but also in water-colour, etching, and black-and-white. In the last-named department, more particularly, he has shown much activity in the capacity of Special Art Correspondent for the illustrated journals. The most extraordinary thing in respect to the election is, however, the fact that at the last Royal Academy, Mr. Wyllie's work was rejected. Without questioning the judgment of the Academy on that occasion, we may ask on what grounds Mr. Wyllie's claims to Academic distinction have been heard with favour?

Referring to our art note in a recent number on the presentation of the Fayoum portraits, Miss AMELIA B. EDWARDS, the Hon. Secretary of the Egypt Exploration Fund, draws our attention to the fact that Mr. MARTYN KENNARD was not the sole donor of the works in question. Certain ones of them (as will be seen by Mr. Forbes-Robertson's article this month) were purchased by Sir Frederick Burton from Mr. FLINDERS PETRIE, the discoverer of the portraits; while what is, perhaps, the finest of the whole series—the head of a middle-aged man—was the gift of Mr. JESSE HAWORTH, of Bowdon.

There is little doubt but that the appeal of the Holl Memorial Committee to the public for funds will meet with a hearty response. All who are interested in English art will feel how deep is the country's debt to the deceased painter; and most, it is to be hoped, will come forward, so that a worthy memorial may be raised to his honour. It is, perhaps, to be regretted that the opportunity has not been seized to raise a monument—not merely a portrait-statue, but a fine symbolical sculpture—to him in the city which gave him birth; but the present proposal is one which merits support. It is suggested that an important tablet be placed in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, where Reynolds, West, Turner, Barry, Fuseli, Opie, Dance, and other famous Academicians now rest side by side; and, with the balance, to buy such portraits from his brush of eminent Englishmen as may, at the time, be available.

The Knighthood of the Legion of Honour has been awarded to MM. DANTAN, RAFFAËLLI, GEORGES DE DRAMARD, and BECKER, artists; to M. THIERRY, architect; and to M. EMILE BERGERAT, the art-critic. M. PASCAL, the architect, has been raised to the rank of "Officer."

The Royal Society of Painter-Etchers has concluded arrangements with the Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours, whereby it becomes permanently established in the gallery of the latter body. Exhibitions of the works of the "original engravers" will henceforth be regularly held in Pall Mall East, the first being set down for March next.

OBITUARY.

One of the most notable figures in French art has passed away in the person of M. ALEXANDRE CABANEL, who died on the 23rd of January at the age of sixty-five. The story of his life has already been told in these pages,* so that repetition is unnecessary. An artist at once exquisitely graceful and vigorous, the apostle in his time of what might be called "reformed tradition," a painter of history and portraiture, Cabanel stood worthily beside Gérôme, both in aim and execution. In these days, when nervous excitement and sensation-mongering are accepted as virility and power, Cabanel has done yeoman's service: he and his art have stood as a living protest against all "crazes in art" of whatever kind they might be. It is true that with advancing age his art somewhat declined, but his work in that direction was already done, while the greatest of all his claims to the gratitude of the artistic world—claims that never can be forgotten—were growing to the day of his death. We refer to his position as a successful teacher, a department in which no living man could compete with him, and in which, as a consequence, he was without a rival. The list of his pupils who have risen to eminence is, indeed, of prodigious length. Himself the pupil of Picot, he transmitted many of his master's views to those who placed their artistic education in his hands; but his greatest merit, due to the largeness of his views, lies in the variety of temperaments with which he dealt successfully. He possessed the secret of leading men of the utmost diversity of character and feeling along the path to eminence, instilling right principles while not only leaving the individuality of the pupil intact, but fostering and directing it. The "récompenses" of Cabanel include the following:—Prix de Rome, 1845; second-class medal, 1852; first-class medal and admission to the Legion of Honour, 1855; Member of the Institut de France, 1863; medals of honour, 1865 and 1867; "rappel" of the medal of honour, 1878; Officer of the Legion of Honour, 1864, and Commander, 1884.

MR. JAMES SWINTON—an artist all but unheard-of by the rising generation—who has just died, at the age of sixty-eight, was for twenty years the portrait-painter *par excellence* of fashionable feminine beauty in England. He began to exhibit in 1844, and for thirty years onwards his works were continuously seen at the Royal Academy, the Society of British Artists, and the British Institution, to which exhibition he contributed nearly a hundred works. His chief fault—with his sitters, however, considered his principal merit—was his power of flattering his subject while retaining the likeness; while to all he imparted the same expression of grace and "linked sweetness." His male portraits lack virility; indeed, they usually impress the spectator with the charmingly ladylike-ness of the sitter. His brush recorded many of the most prominent beauties of the day; but since 1874 he ceased painting.

M. EUGÈNE ANTOINE LAVIEILLE, contemporary with Mr. Swinton in respect both to birth and death, was a pupil and friend of Corot, spending much of his time, too, in the company of Daubigny, Millet, Rousseau, and Chintrenil. A landscape-painter of considerable power and originality, he was most esteemed for his night scenes, his "Nuit-d'Octobre," painted in 1880, being purchased for the Luxembourg. He obtained medals in 1849, 1864, and 1870,

* THE MAGAZINE OF ART, 1886, p. 271.

and was admitted to the Legion of Honour eight years later. Among his chief works are "Au Rocher Besnard," "La Maison Rouge, au Perreux," "Au Libero," "Crue de la Corbionne," "Automne," and "Les Sablons."

M. PIERRE EDMOND HÉDOUIN, the eminent painter and engraver, was born in Boulogne, curiously enough in the same year as the two afore-mentioned artists. The pupil of Delaroche and Nanteuil, he entered the Beaux-Arts in 1838, and from 1842, the date of his first appearance, when he exhibited "A Shepherd of Picardy," he produced a prodigious quantity of work. Very rarely, indeed, was he absent from the exhibitions, portraits, figure-subjects of many countries, landscapes, and "decorative work," engaging his brush, while his etching-needle was seldom idle. No subject, and, apparently, no style, came foreign to him; he etched after Raeburn and Chatterton with as much ease as after Bida, Millet, Meissonier, and Madame Henriette Brown. He illustrated Molière, Sterne, Rousseau, and many another classic author, and provided the decorative paintings for the *joyer* of the Théâtre Français and elsewhere. His "Gleaners of the Chambaudois," exhibited in 1857, is in the Luxembourg. He received medals in 1848 and 1855, a "rappel" in 1857, and was created Knight of the Legion of Honour in 1872. Only last year he received the Medal of Honour for engraving. His masterpiece is undoubtedly his series of illustrations to Molière.

M. ANDRÉ GASTALDI, a history-painter and a scholar of considerable renown, has died in his native city of Turin at the age of seventy. He studied in Paris, and became the husband of Mlle. Lescuyer, the artist. He painted in the "grand style," subjects such as "Barbarossa" chiefly occupying his pencil. Till quite lately he was Director of the Academy of Turin. He was a student of highly philosophic temperament; he loved to paint for the sake of painting, and never permitted himself to be tempted from the course of study he had laid down by the hope of sales. Latterly he had devoted himself to the task of re-discovering and re-establishing the ancient process of painting "*à la cire*," and is understood to have made considerable progress with his researches. He was a member of the Legion of Honour and many other orders.

One of the last of the genuine race of caricaturists has gone with Signor—or ought we not rather to say, Mr.!?—CARLO PELLEGRINI. "APE" of *Vanity Fair*, who died on the 22nd of the month, was the natural successor of Gillray, Rowlandson, and Cruikshank, his art partaking far more of their feeling than that of our latter-day humourists. He was, if we may so express it, Gillray tempered largely with the milk of human kindness—a satirist who, while mercilessly gibbeting personal peculiarities, substituted genial humour for the bitterness which once was considered the essential poison of the social and political caricaturist. Pellegrini was a Capuan by birth, and came to England a penniless political refugee at the age of twenty-five, after he had fought for "United Italy," a volunteer in the ranks of Garibaldi's army. He soon found his vocation, however, and fame, wealth, and, above all, a circle of firm friends, more than reconciled him to the country of his adoption. In serious portraiture, to his great chagrin, he failed; but his genius—for it was nothing else—in catching the characteristics of a face and figure, and reproducing them with irresistible humour, if with scathing truth, was of such an order that his memory deserves to be enshrined with those of the greatest of his class.

ART IN MARCH.

THE PROPOSED "CAMPO SANTO" AT WESTMINSTER.

Many years ago the Prince Consort suggested that, to save Westminster Abbey from being overcrowded with statues, a cloister or chapel should be built, in which monuments might be erected in honour of the illustrious dead. From time to time this admirable scheme has been revived and then again been allowed to drop. Sir Gilbert Scott lent it the weight of his authority; and Mr. Shaw Lefevre, whose interest in the architecture of London is uncontested, has displayed the keenest interest in it. And now there is every indication that the plan will be carried into effect. Even the details of the scheme are settled, and Parliament will shortly be asked to sanction "the erection and maintenance of a National Memorial Chapel." If this sanction be given, the cloister will probably be built to the east of the College Gardens, and, roughly speaking, will extend from Henry VII.'s Chapel to Great College Street. If by the erection of the proposed chapel our incomparable Abbey is saved from further desecration and mutilation, the gain will, indeed, be great. It is hopeless to attempt to repair the harm which ignorance and vanity have inflicted upon Westminster. The Abbey has too long been made a museum of bad statues for us to expect it ever to recover the full measure of its lost beauty; but it will be, at any rate, a relief to have a guarantee that its ruin will stop here. That Westminster Abbey is not a fit receptacle for stone *colossi* is now happily acknowledged. As Mr. Morris has admirably put it, "it is a poor reward for a man's past services to privilege him to share in the degradation of a true monument of bygone ages." But is the proposed "Campo Santo" the only alternative? Are we sure that in planning the new chapel no violence will be done to the ancient fabric? We ought at least to be satisfied on the latter point before any steps are taken. Why should not the monuments of the future be placed in St. Paul's Cathedral? The arches of St. Paul's are on a larger scale than those of the Abbey, and larger statues might be placed beneath them. Besides, the interior of St. Paul's is somewhat bleak and bare, and stands in need of some sculpturesque decoration. We make this suggestion the more confidently that we recognise that English sculpture has a brilliant future, and that no English church is ever likely to be desecrated in the future with the enormities which have proved the unhappy ruin of Westminster Abbey.

Before leaving the subject of the "Campo Santo," we would remind our readers of the admirable suggestion once made by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A. This artist, it will be remembered, was anxious that a memorial building should be erected, not to commemorate the brilliant achievements of statesman or poet, but to record the many deeds of unobtrusive "week-day" heroism which, amid the excitement of modern life, are only too soon forgotten. In such an open gallery as this would be recorded the heroism of the girl who lost her own life in carrying three children from a burning house; or the devotion of the Mississippi boatman, who, like Jim Bludso, held the nose of the burning barge to the bank until all save himself escaped. It was in Hyde Park

that Mr. Watts proposed to place this democratic "Campo Santo." Might not the Government take this humbler scheme into consideration when they discuss the more ambitious proposal at Westminster? While St. Paul's still affords rooms for statues, the necessity of the new building in the neighbourhood of the Abbey is hardly established. But the advantage of a chapel wherein deeds of simple devotion and unselfishness should be registered, not to glorify an individual, but to inspire others with a lofty example, needs only to be hinted to be at once recognised.

THE USE OF THE "STUMP."

Mr. RICHMOND, in his admirable speech at the Liverpool Congress, put the case against the drawing of Academy studies in a manner which, we trust, will convince the professors. "Can we think," says Mr. Richmond, "of Giotto or Michelangelo drawing away for days without one single motive to prompt them, but to copy something with a stump on a sheet of white paper? Can we see Sandro Botticelli losing his time neatly finishing a dreary drawing of a naked life-guard, in order to obtain a premium or medal? Emphatically we answer 'No!'" The practice of finishing elaborately-shaded drawings, which has so long been in vogue in England, if it does not drive art students to despair, must almost inevitably prevent them from acquiring any facility in representing the human form in action. The stump teaches neither painting nor drawing. If the student aspires to paint, why can he not use the brush? If he is aiming at draughtsmanship, will not the pencil-point enable him to obtain a mastery over line which the stump would never give him? In fact, as Mr. Richmond happily put it, the stump is "a kind of middle-man whom we, with all our hearts, desire to get rid of." Much—too much, perhaps—has been said of late about art education. The majority of those who have written or spoken on the subject have only advocated vague theories or new systems, difficult of attainment. But here is a thoroughly practical suggestion, put as clearly and forcible as possible. If art education, instead of being mechanical and monotonous, is to encourage the student, and to develop what skill and intelligence there is in him, the first step in advance that should be taken in our schools is the abolition of that pernicious middle-man, the stump.

RECENT EXHIBITIONS.

The series of water-colour sketches illustrating the Queen's Navy, which have been exhibited at the Fine Art Society, were made by Mr. W. L. WYLLIE, A.R.A., while representing the *Graphic* at the naval manoeuvres. They display all the vigour of colour and draughtsmanship which we have learned to expect in all that accomplished painter's work. His rendering of the sea is, no doubt, mannered, but it is always effective; and he can put on paper the crowd and bustle of a man-of-war's deck with

unrivalled skill and energy. But perhaps Mr. Wyllie is most to be congratulated on the fact that he has invested the hard, clumsy, uncompromising iron ship with a picturesqueness which we might still overlook after a hundred visits to Chatham Dockyard. This is no mean achievement, but that Mr. Wyllie has effected it no one will doubt who looks at his drawing of the "*Hero and Devastation* on the broad Atlantic," or even his "Chatham Dockyard."

MR. JAMES WEBB'S pictures and sketches made "at home and abroad," which have been on exhibition at Mr. McLean's Gallery, are of very varying merit. Some of them, the sketches of Holland, for instance, are full of interest; while others, especially those which represent English landscape under a bright sun, seem hard in drawing and weak in colour. Throughout it will be noticed that Mr. Webb is more skilled in depicting storm than calm; and that, while his daylight studies are too often out of tone, his sunset and night effects are able and vigorous.

MR. E. M. WIMPERIS, a series of whose drawings have been exhibited at Messrs. Dowdeswells' Gallery, belongs in sympathy to the old school of English water-colour. His work, which is always admirable, has many points of resemblance to that of the earlier masters in this medium. Mr. Wimperis has an evident feeling for the quieter aspects of nature, and displays an extraordinary skill in the rendering of distance. How admirably, for instance, is a wide expanse of country represented in the drawing entitled "The Ridge of a Noble Down"! In his choice of subjects the artist is entirely happy. The breezy Sussex Downs, with their corn-fields and lay-wains, their "wind-blown willows," their mill-ponds, pools, and rivulets, afford abundant material for the pencil of the cunning draughtsman. Mr. Wimperis does them justice, save in one important particular—he is not a great colourist. His drawings all have a cold, steely-blue look about them; they seem as though they were made on a bright cold day in March, and, with few exceptions, they suggest what most Englishmen would readily forget—a biting east wind. On the other hand they possess many of the qualities of freedom and atmosphere which have immortalised the name of David Cox.

The collection of water-colour drawings by Mr. P. J. NAFFEL, R.W.S., which has been exhibited at the Fine Art Society's rooms in Bond Street, illustrates for the most part Sark and North Wales. Never have the rugged beauties of Sark been more vividly expressed in colour as in these delightful sketches of Mr. Naffel's. He has painted the rocky, almost inaccessible island with all the glowing tints of autumn upon it. In some of his drawings—in that called "Sunset, Beau-Regard, Sark," for instance—he proves himself a colourist of the highest merit. Yet Mr. Naffel's work varies considerably in quality. In "Creux Harbour, Sark," and one or two other drawings, the cliffs are not quite satisfactorily realised; and in one sketch at least—"On the Thames at Twickenham"—the treatment sadly lacks freedom. However, the number of failures is small, and a great majority of Mr. Naffel's drawings possess much charm of colour, draughtsmanship, and atmospheric effect.

It may well be doubted whether a gallery devoted entirely to the display of works by amateurs confers any benefit on the community. If it is good that such a gallery

should exist, then no doubt "The Nineteenth Century Art Society," which has been holding its spring exhibition, has its uses. The spacious galleries in Conduit Street are hung with a large number of curiously naive canvases, which display an infinite amount of patience with little or no trace of technical knowledge. As is invariably the case with amateurs' work, the water-colours are better than the oil-paintings, and one or two respectable etchings are exhibited. An exception, however, must be made in the case of Mrs. MURRAY-COOKESELEY, whose work is often thoroughly acceptable.

From many points of view Mr. MORTIMER MENPES' great dry-point of FRANS HALS' masterpiece, the "Banquet of the Officers of the Archers of Saint Adrian," is a notable work. It is the largest dry-point in existence; indeed, dry-point has been rarely employed except in works of a small size, or as a means of re-touching an etched plate. The advantage of dry-point is that it results in a cleanness and precision of line which an etching with its increased freedom often lacks. Of this precision Mr. Menpes has taken full advantage; he has even emphasised the fineness of his line by scraping the bur from his plate. Delicate as Mr. Menpes' plate is in detail, neither freedom of handling nor depth of colour is sacrificed in it. It is perhaps a little early to say that the etcher has successfully rendered in his plate the colour of Frans Hals' picture; but, judging from the promise of those parts of the work which are finished, it is safe to prophesy that when the plate is completed it will prove that Mr. Menpes has interpreted the values of his original, as well as the details of the modelling, with rare skill. The etcher has decided to print all the proofs with his own hand, that nothing may be left to chance; and all those interested in art will look forward with pleasure to the time when the last touch is put to this great dry-point. In choosing Frans Hals' monumental "Banquet" for translation on copper, Mr. Menpes has displayed both courage and wisdom. It would be difficult to name a work which more severely taxed the resources of the engraver, and, at the same time, so amply repaid all the care and skill that was devoted to its interpretation.

The exhibition of photographs which have already won prizes or medals has been held at the Fine Art Society's rooms. The excellence of the photographs here exhibited is striking evidence of the great advance which has been made in the making of "sun-pictures" during the last few years. From being the mere idle fashion of an hour, photography has become indispensable, both to the man of science and the artist. This latest exhibition has once more demonstrated the superiority of the platinotype process. Mr. H. H. Cameron's portrait of Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., has secured the prize-medal and the title of the "Champion Photograph"—a triumph that is honestly won.

As usual the directors of the Glasgow Institute have supplemented their display of current art by a selection of pictures by deceased artists, and by other works that are already familiar to the London public. Among these are Mr. WHISTLER'S portrait of his mother, which, however, will leave for Paris before the close of the exhibition; Sir JOHN MILLAIS' "Lord Salisbury;" Mr. WATTS'S smaller picture of "Diana and Endymion;" Mr. BURNE-JONES'S "Brazen Tower," and his water-colour of "The Bath of Venus;" and Mr. LOGSDAIL'S "St. Martin's-in-the-Fields."

Among the examples of the art of the past are several small and not very characteristic CONSTABLES, two fair PATRICK NASMYTHS, and a BONINGTON, delicate in tone, but without the painter's full potency of colouring. The foreign pictures include an excellent MILLET, "La Laveuse," an important VAN MARCKE cattle piece, and a "Mare and Foal" by ROSA BONHEUR, no less remarkable for its delicate treatment of the landscape background than for its accomplished rendering of the animals. The Scottish Academicians are well represented—Mr. W. E. LOCKHART by his delicate and learned "Glaucus and Nydia;" Mr. W. D. MCKAY by his "Noonday Rest;" Mr. W. M'TAGGART by two exceedingly fresh and boldly touched coast-scenes; Mr. LAWTON WINGATE by his "Winter Twilight," distinguished by the exquisite tone of its clear evening sky and the sensitive and expressive draughtsmanship of its tree-boughs; and Mr. GEORGE REID by his firmly-handled and characteristic portrait of ex-Lord Provost John Ure. Among the Glasgow landscape-painters Mr. A. K. BROWN has an important and harmonious rendering of "Sundown;" Mr. P. MACGREGOR WILSON is at his best in a spacious canvas showing a beach bathed in the full light of "A Summer Day;" and Mr. A. FREW, in his "Passing Clouds," depicts with considerable power a rocky summit, with its storm-contorted trees lying open to the sky. Mr. A. ROCHE also appears as a vigorous landscape-painter in his "Hill Top;" but his most important picture is a scene from the history of "The Good King Wenceslas," which combines, in a curious but not unattractive fashion, the quaint old-world figures of the saintly monarch and his page, with a snow-clad river-bank and a grey wintry sky treated with all the modern care for tone and relation. Mr. A. GUTHRIE shows a fine pastel head of a purple-draped child; but his gallery portrait of a seated lady—a far more ambitious work—has less of care, harmony, and delicacy. Mr. AUSTEN BROWN, working markedly under the influence of Millet, sends two interesting and effective pictures of field-labourers, strong in handling and rich in colour. Mr. WILLIAM KENNEDY paints, with a certain rude power, but with no sense of grace or beauty, the return of a captured "Deserter" under a military escort. The display of sculpture has considerable interest and variety, Messrs. HAMO THORNYCROFT, ONSLOW FORD, KELLOCK BROWN, and other London artists being represented in this department, as well as such Scottish sculptors as Messrs. GEORGE WEBSTER, J. M. RHIND, W. B. RHIND, and JOHN MOSSMAN.

The Bewick Club, a society which was formed at Newcastle-upon-Tyne some five or six years ago, and which has had an unexpectedly prosperous career, held its annual exhibition last month, and was fortunate in securing pictures from Mr. JOHN PETTIE, Mr. PHIL MORRIS, HENRY MOORE, A.R.A., Mr. ALFRED HUNT, Mr. ALBERT GOODWIN, Mrs. JOPLING-ROWE, Miss CLARA MONTALBA, Messrs. ALFRED PARSONS, WALTER CRANE, GEO. CLAUSEN, OTTO WEBER, YEEND KING, WALTER LANGLEY, and many other artists of reputation. There was a good show of local work, the Club including among its members Mr. CHARLES MITCHELL, of "Hypatia" fame, Mr. H. H. EMMERSON, Mr. ROBERT JOBLING, Mr. JOHN SURTEES, Mr. RALPH HEDLEY, and others who are known through the London exhibitions. Many attempts, extending over the greater part of the century, have been made to form art associations and to hold annual exhibitions in Newcastle, but the Bewick Club has been more successful than any of its predecessors, perhaps because it started more humbly. The late T. M. Richardson, father of the well-known member of the Royal

Water Colour Society, went to the length of building an Academy of Arts in Newcastle, but it has long fallen from its high estate, and is now used as a sale-room for furniture, books, and pictures. The last attempt to found an annual exhibition on the grand scale was made in the seventies, and was abandoned after a trial of three or four years. Then the artists took the matter in hand for themselves, founded a life-school, eventually established the Bewick Club, and have since held a series of very attractive annual exhibitions, culminating for the present, in that which was opened at the beginning of February. The Bewick Club seems to have "come to stay."

 REVIEWS.

The twelve illustrations to "*The Minor Poems of Milton*" (Seeley and Co.) have been produced with much labour by Mr. H. M. PALMER, and are, as nearly as he has been able to make them, facsimile reproductions in black-and-white of his father's water-colour drawings. SAMUEL PALMER, R.W.S., was one of the last of the school of poetic landscape-painters. He believed in subject and in composition, and he was a true Englishman in his feeling for colour. He may be said almost to have imbibed Milton "with his mother's milk," since he had a nurse as well as a mother who talked and read the poet to him. To us there is something almost unnatural in the idea of a nursemaid reading such a classic as Milton; but Palmer's nursemaid not only read but knew him by heart. Thus she hold the poet had upon the artist, and the sympathy of the artist for the poet, is to be explained; and so it is that Palmer's illustrations do really illustrate "Lycidas," "L'Allegro," and "Il Penseroso." Black-and-white can never do justice to Samuel Palmer's colour, for he was, above all, a colourist; but Mr. A. H. PALMER has been very successful in his difficult task. The illustrations are a mixture of heliogravure and etching, and are most delicate and subtle in their tones; they are also charmingly printed. We regret we cannot say the same for the text. It is too bad that in a choice book like this there should be scarcely a page that does not run off from black at the top to grey at the bottom—an unpardonable sin in the eyes of a good printer.

Mr. ERNEST LAW's second volume of "*The History of Hampton Court Palace*" (G. Bell and Sons) continues his record during Stuart times. It is curious that we should have had to wait so long for a really good and trustworthy work on so obviously interesting a subject, but Mr. Law's book almost reconciles us to the delay. He manifestly has the instinct of the historian; he dips into ancient archives with keen enjoyment, and revels in appendices. One of the most interesting chapters in the book deals with the oft-quoted sale of King Charles's magnificent collection of pictures, and with the less-known disposal of the splendid tapestry that was one of the glories of the Palace. The three hundred and thirty-two pictures, we are reminded, were valued at £4,675 16s. 6d., while ten pieces of Arras, woven with Biblical subjects, were priced as high as £8,260; and these ten pieces constituted but a portion only of the textile treasures. In point of illustration the reproductions of ancient prints are remarkably good, but the numerous pen-and-ink drawings of "architectural bits," though useful as suggestions merely, are quite unworthy of the book and its manner of production. It is to be hoped that the next volume, which is to bring the history of the Palace up to date, will be provided with an index to the whole; the

value of the present work is much impaired by the absence of such means of reference.

NOW that Mr. OUTRAM TRISTRAM and his collaborators, Mr. HERBERT RAILTON and Mr. HUGH THOMPSON, have issued in volume form their "*Coaching Days and Coaching Ways*" (Macmillan and Co.), we are better able to judge of the general plan of the work than when we reverted to them, with favourable comment, at the time of their serial publication. This handsome and beautifully-produced book entirely realises its object—the charm of old-world flavour and old-world humours is brought before us with startling and most welcome truth. Never were co-artists more thoroughly attuned to each other than are Mr. Railton and Mr. Thompson—both of them with consummate knowledge of the resources of the pen. The architectural instinct of the former, and the facility and humour of the latter in his scenes by the way, are always pleasing. It must be confessed that Mr. Thompson, who combines some of the most charming qualities of Randolph Caldecott and Mr. E. A. Abbey in his work, is not always absolutely irreproachable in his drawing, but the faults are few and the merits many, while his acquaintanceship with horseflesh appears as close as with the broader humours of life and character.

"*Religion in Recent Art*," by Mr. P. T. FORSYTH, M.A. (Abel Heywood and Co.), tells us a good deal about religion, but very little about art. It is one of those intensely earnest books in which art is looked upon from a profoundly sentimental point of view. Mr. Forsyth seems to us to read pages and pages of admirable sermonising into the pictures of Messrs. Rossetti, Burne Jones, Watts, and others, the truth of which the artists themselves would probably be the last persons in the world to acknowledge. Colour, light and shade, line—all those qualities which may be summed up in the one word "paint"—have no real attraction for Mr. Forsyth; he is always anxious to reach the "ensoulment of passion," which he says Rossetti paints; or the "passion of the soul" as represented by Burne Jones. We must acknowledge that for us these epigrams have no meaning; they seem subtly designed to produce a fatal misunderstanding on artistic matters. As might be expected in one whose views on art are somewhat hysterical, Mr. Forsyth makes many statements which he would find it very difficult to justify. After what process of reasoning, for instance, did he come to the conclusion that "our modern Christian minds understand the principles of Greek art better than the Greeks ever did"? This looks very like preposterous nonsense. The only evidence that can be adduced of our appreciation of the principles of Greek art is the fact that we write and talk a great deal about them, which the Greeks did not. But surely the understanding of principles is proved in their application. Can we apply the principles of Greek art? Of course not; we can only discourse eloquently upon them. If we did understand all that Mr. Forsyth says we do, then it is to our eternal shame that we surround ourselves with buildings, statues, and pictures, in which the principles of Greek and every other art are incontinently violated. The most conclusive proof that the author of the remarkable volume before us cares, not for art, but for "views," lies in his estimating Mr. Lewis Morris more highly than the Greeks. "The Epic of Hades" is, no doubt, a respectable—nay, a blameless work; but the most ardent admirer of Mr. Lewis Morris should recognise that the Agamemnon of Æschylus has merits which we look for in vain in these modern "tales of mythic Greece."

NEW ENGRAVINGS.

The publication of a really notable etching is a rare event. Many artists have turned from the brush to take up the needle and copper-plate, or have taken to working with both brush and needle, so that the number of etchings produced is now very large. Of these it is necessarily true that the bad etchings far outnumber the good, which come to us with about the frequency of angels' gifts. "*A Mill on the Yare*," by JOHN CROME; etched by WILLIAM HOLE, A.R.S.A., and published by Shepherd Brothers, is one of the few that are quite notable. The advocates of a severe line, as the only true mode of etching, will possibly have much to object against the plate, for it is full of tone; but it is tone, not the work of the printer but of the etcher. It is certain that too often the best part of an etching is what is put into it by the printer; and although this plate is magnificently treated in this respect, the credit for all its artistic quality belongs to Mr. Hole. He has had a fine subject to deal with in this picture by Crome, so broad in its masses, so luminous in its light, so rich in its depth; but the etcher's aim was not simply to etch the light and shade of the picture but to imitate the very surfaces of it, and he has succeeded in a remarkable manner. The rich creamy impasto of the paint, with its irregular hills and dales that the warm glazings have passed over or sank into, and the crevices of which have held the dirt, may all be felt. Now, whether this should be the aim of an etcher is an open question which we are not about to discuss. It was the aim of Mr. Hole, and he has accomplished his aim with what amount of labour and pains only those can know who study the etching and who understand something of an etcher's methods.

"*In Love*," by MARCUS STONE, R.A.; reproduced in photogravure and published by the Berlin Photographic Company. A very good photogravure plate of a very pretty picture, perhaps the prettiest of the pretty pictures painted by Mr. Stone. The two dainty figures in Directoire costume in a quaint garden will be remembered by visitors to last year's Academy. It is the fashion to rail at pretty pictures as it is certainly largely the fashion to paint ugly ones, but Mr. Marcus Stone's prettiness is always welcome to visitors to the Academy, and this photo-engraving is capable of giving pleasure to all who welcome his pictures in the annual exhibition at Burlington House.

We have received from Florence a copy of a chromolithograph of one of Fra Angelico's angels, the well-known red-robed figure, with the trumpet on a gold ground. It is published by Schmidt of Florence, and is very well reproduced, so well in fact as to come into competition with the copies in oil and water colours which are met with in the shop windows in all the chief streets of the city of the artist-monk.

OBITUARY.

We have to record the death of Mr. MICHAEL MULREADY, the son of the famous William Mulready, R.A. Michael Mulready belonged to a highly artistic family, for his mother and brothers wielded the brush, as well as his father. He himself began to exhibit pictures as early as 1830, when he was not much more than twenty-one years of age, and between that date and 1851 he contributed to the Academy and other principal exhibitions twenty canvases, the majority of which were portraits. For the last eight-and-thirty years he had relinquished the practice of art.

ART IN APRIL.

MR. WYKE BAYLISS'S "ENCHANTED ISLAND."

With respect to our review on Mr. WYKE BAYLISS'S "*Enchanted Island*" in a recent number, we have received the following protest from the author :—

"In your review of '*The Enchanted Island*' you say that 'Mr. Bayliss has himself committed some extraordinary blunders. He tells us, for instance, that Scopos (*sic*) was one of the sculptors who may have worked with Phidias upon the Parthenon. But as the work by which Scopos (*sic*) is best known was executed nearly a century after the Parthenon was completed, this is scarcely possible. Then again he discusses the style and method of Polyclethus, but he makes a mistake of two hundred and fifty years in dating his activity. After this Mr. Wyke Bayliss cannot be accepted as an authority on Greek art. Would the critic be accepted who told us that Michael Angelo was a friend and contemporary of Sir Joshua Reynolds?'

"The charges you bring against me are so serious that I must take the unusual course of asking you to publish my refutation of them. Happily, they are as groundless as they are serious.

"(1) And first, with regard to the possibility that Scopos (Σκόπας)—for I suppose you mean Scopas, though for some private reason which I know not you write *Scopus*—may have taken part under Phidias in the decoration of the Parthenon. From what source you derive your dates, again, I know not. But Dr. Smith in his *Classical Dictionary* says that the Parthenon was completed B.C. 438, and that all its works were under the superintendence of Phidias. Dr. Smith says also that Scopas flourished from B.C. 395 to B.C. 350. Now from 395 to 438 is only forty-three years: Phidias died B.C. 432. If Scopas flourished within forty years of the death of the great sculptor, is it too much to suggest the possibility that as a young man he may have worked under the master?

"But that is not all. If you turn from Dr. Smith to Lemprière you will find that Scopas lived about 450 years before Christ—that is twelve years before the dedication of the Parthenon. It is not for me, writing simply as an artist, to determine between these classical authorities; and, unfortunately, the opinion of your critic that they are both wrong by nearly a century was not accessible to me when I wrote '*The Enchanted Island*.' But I am quite sure that it is not just to attempt to 'tomahawk' me because your critic has found a mare's nest.

"(2) Then with regard to Polyclethus. It is difficult to believe that your reviewer has really read the passage he criticises, or rather caricatures. My argument is that the stormy period that followed the building of the Parthenon, until Greece finally submitted to Rome, embraced the lives of the most distinguished of the Greek sculptors, from Phidias to Polyclethus. And I gave the dates of the lives of these men as recorded in Lemprière. I am aware that Dr. Smith and Lemprière again differ—the one placing Polyclethus as the contemporary of Phidias, the other dating his life as B.C. 232. The earlier of these dates is the better for my argument; but I gave the later, because even taking it at that my argument holds good. Does this justify the attack your critic has made upon me? Can a reviewer be accepted who states that an author describes Michael Angelo and Sir Joshua Reynolds as friends and contemporaries, when he says nothing of the sort, but only that the space of two centuries embraced the lives of both of them?

"For the rest of your criticism I have not a word to say. The author who sends his book for review invites the free expression of opinion. I would only express my sympathy with you, and my regret that you should have had the pain of speaking so severely of a work a great part of which appeared originally in your own columns."

Mr. Bayliss is perfectly right in saying that the charges we brought against him are serious; but that they are groundless cannot for an instant be admitted. If Mr. Bayliss finds any solace in thinking that we wrote "Scopus" for "some

private reason," he is very welcome to that small comfort. It is, however, an obvious misprint, and can have no possible bearing on the question. We will take the two points of dispute in order :—

(1) With regard to the possibility "that Scopas was one of the sculptors who may have worked with Phidias on the Parthenon," we put our contention mildly out of deference to Mr. Bayliss. We urged that Scopas, being in the plenitude of his powers nearly a century after the completion of the Parthenon (namely, in 350 B.C.), could not have worked with Phidias on that temple. This appears quite convincing to us, but Mr. Bayliss is not so easily satisfied. There are, however, several other reasons which may be adduced to justify our statement. In the first place, Scopas did not set foot in Athens until 376 B.C., sixty years after the completion of the Parthenon; and in the second—and this perhaps is enough in itself even for Mr. Bayliss—he was born about 412 B.C., or twenty-five years after the great temple of Athens was finished. These dates are not "the opinion of our critic;" they are derived from Ulrich's "*Skopas Leben und Werke*," and Overbeck's "*Geschichte der Griechischen Plastik*," to which works we appeal with confidence from Mr. Bayliss and Lemprière. And here we must express our astonishment that a writer on art who desires to be taken seriously should seek his dates and facts in a volume which, though vastly amusing, carries the same weight as "*Magnall's Questions*," or "*The Child's Guide to Knowledge*." Innocence may be pushed too far. We did not attempt to "tomahawk" Mr. Wyke Bayliss because we had found "a mare's nest," but because in trying to convict another of inaccuracy he had blundered himself. "Could Professor Palgrave," wrote Mr. Bayliss, "in a museum of Greek statues, without reference to the names upon the pedestals, discriminate the touch of Scopas from that of the other sculptors who may have worked with Phidias upon the Parthenon? Until he can do that he has not himself mastered half the question upon which he writes—he can at the best only speak second-hand." Can Mr. Bayliss speak first-hand?

(2) With regard to Polyclethus, Mr. Bayliss was quite puzzled. Dr. Smith gave one date, and our old friend Lemprière another. We should have thought that the suspicions of anyone who regarded the study of Greek art as better than a pastime for schoolgirls would have been aroused by this discrepancy. But Mr. Bayliss, with a self-denial which is rare in these days, took Lemprière's date—not because he thought it was correct, but apparently because it was the worse for his argument! Had Polyclethus been anything more to him than a name, he might have known that he was born about 482 B.C., was not many years younger than Phidias, and, like him, was a pupil of Ageladas. These facts he might have gleaned from Overbeck's "*Geschichte der Griechischen Plastik*," or, indeed, from any reputable textbook. It is just as serious an error to give the date of Polyclethus as 232 B.C., as it would be to say that Michael Angelo and Sir Joshua Reynolds were contemporaries. With regard to our author's last statement, we need scarcely say that the essay in which these

blunders occur did not appear in our columns; it would not, indeed, have been admitted. There is one passage in "*The Enchanted Island*" to which we desire to call Mr. Bayliss's attention; he will find it on page 192:—"There is as much *cant* in Art as there is in Religion. In Religion it takes the form of the assumption of a *virtue* one does not possess; in Art it takes the form of the assumption of a *knowledge* one does not possess."

EXHIBITIONS OF THE MONTH.

The exhibition at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours is an entirely characteristic one. Few artists whose work we are accustomed to see on the walls are unrepresented. The place of honour is assigned to the President's "Boppina," which is highly finished and excellent in colour and texture. Mr. E. J. GREGORY'S "Sound of Oars" represents one of those river-scenes which this artist knows so well how to depict; the girl in the hammock is admirably drawn and posed, but the work, which is of extraordinary delicacy, lacks some of the brilliance which gave such a charm to "Marooned." Of Mr. LANGLEY'S pathetic drawings, the simplest and best bears the inscription—

"Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

His "Disaster: Scene in a Cornish Fishing Village," attempts to express too much, and so fails to interest us. JOSEF ISRAELS sends two of his rugged low-toned drawings, and it is to be regretted that they could not have been given a better position, as they are among the notable things of the exhibition. Mr. HATHERELL'S "Deck Quoits" is strongly and vigorously drawn, and is alive with atmosphere and sunlight. There is the usual number of humorous pictures by MESSRS. DOLMAN, NASH, GREEN, and GORDON BROWNE. In this not very interesting class, Mr. Green's "What's the demd Total?" bears away the palm. "The Year of the Rose is Brief" is a skilfully-painted portrait by T. C. GORCH, the still-life in the background being particularly well studied. Mr. H. J. STOCKS continues his studies in allegory with a result which is neither pictorial nor decorative. Of the other figure-pictures, there is not much to be said. In landscape, the exhibition is as strong as usual. Mr. EAST sends five drawings, all of them charming in effect and full of atmosphere. The best seems to us to be "The Waking of the Day," in which the grey light of early dawn is most skilfully rendered. Mr. HARRY HINE is strongly represented, his seven drawings all repaying the most careful study. "Durham: an October Afternoon," by this artist, is undoubtedly one of the most powerful drawings in the exhibition. The sunny Italian drawings of Mr. EDWIN BALE, which bear the mark of being genuine outdoor sketches, are without exception delicate in handling, and artistic in effect. Mr. COTMAN will add to his reputation with his "Croyland Abbey" and "St. Ives," and there is some excellent work by MESSRS. ALLAN, WALTON, EDWIN HAYES, and ARTHUR SEVERN, while MESSRS. AUMONIER, KNIGHT, GOFF, WIMPERIS, H. G. HINE, and LESSORE contribute interesting drawings.

The Royal Society of Painter-Etchers are to be congratulated on having found a fixed habitation, and also on having got together an admirable exhibition of etchings. Indeed, we do not think that a better opportunity has ever presented itself of studying the English development of this, in some respects, the most interesting branch of the engraver's art. The feature of the exhibition is the collection of etchings by the President of the Society,

Mr. SEYMOUR HADEN. These are about a hundred and fifty in number, and give us an excellent idea of the achievements of this accomplished etcher, who has always been content to obtain his effects legitimately by gradation and tone and not only by line. Mr. STRANG'S frankly ugly work will no doubt attract much attraction, and it deserves to do so. Each one of his plates is well-nigh perfect from a technical point of view, and if he does blind himself to the happier, more beautiful side of life, we can scarcely complain. His greatest fault is a too slavish adherence to the style and methods of Dürer and the other old masters of engraving. Mr. MORTIMER MENPES' "Captive Persian" is a good piece of work, and far superior to his "Miss Ada Rehan," which seems to us to fail both as a portrait and an etching. We do not deny for an instant that Mr. WALTER SICKERT shows himself frequently an able draughtsman, and sometimes an artist, but we do not think that he is justified in exhibiting to the world stray leaves from his sketch-books. His "Thirty-one Small Plates" may be interesting to their author as reminiscences of travel, but he should scarcely have permitted himself to hang them in an important exhibition. Mr. FRANK SHORT'S three plates will add immensely to his reputation, and are, indeed, among the best things in the whole collection. "Wrought Nails" is a veritable masterpiece. The quaintly-conceived and daintily-executed book-plates by Mr. C. W. SHERBORN deserve much praise, as do the charming "Designs for Fairy Tales" by Mrs. VERECKER HAMILTON. MESSRS. ALFRED EAST, GOFF, WILFRID BALL, E. and F. SLOCOMBE, SPREAD, and AXEL HAIG are all well represented, and the exhibition is satisfactory as showing that the laborious method of treating etching as though it were an easier form of line engraving is being superseded by the freer method followed by Rembrandt and the great masters of the craft.

At the rooms of the Fine Art Society there has been an interesting exhibition of Water-Colour Drawings by artists of the Dutch school. Of all the modern schools, the Dutch has perhaps the most strongly-marked characteristics. With the exception of the wonderfully imaginative work of MATTHEW MARIS, whose shadowy, half-drawn, yet fascinating "Walk" strengthens his claim to be called the Dutch Rossetti, all the drawings exhibited here might be recognised at once as belonging uncompromisingly to the Dutch school. In the majority of the pictures we notice the silvery haze which gives so great a charm to the landscape of Holland, and that determined preference for a rainy atmosphere to the effect of vivid sunlight which is characteristic of the art of the dwellers in the land of dykes and fogs. By JAMES MARIS there are two exquisite drawings, the better of which, "The Towing-path," is truthful in colour and admirable in feeling. H. W. MESDAG'S pictures of "Troll-lättan" and the "North Sea" are somewhat wearisome: while J. BOSBOOM'S architectural studies, interesting, no doubt, as carrying on the tradition of Saenredam, Van Deelen, and De Witte, are not among the most charming works in the exhibition. By JOSEPH ISRAELS, perhaps the master of the school, there is only one work, entitled "At Church," but this is in every way worthy of him. At the same time, a casual glance round the room will tell us how great his influence has been on his contemporaries. This is not only observable in the work of his immediate pupils, such as ARTZ, but in that of the whole school. Among the other noticeable drawings should be mentioned examples by WEISSENBURCH, BASTERT, F. P. TER MEULEN, ARTZ, H. J. VAN DER WEELE, and MAUVE, though the last-named artist is not well represented.

Among the oil-paintings at Mr. McLean's gallery have been exhibited a considerable number of meritorious canvases. Sir J. E. MILLAIS' "Ducklings" will no doubt attract attention, but, in spite of the ease and *verve* with which it is executed, it cannot be regarded as a favourable specimen of the artist's work. There are two excellent seascapes by Mr. EDWIN ELLIS, the better of the two being "On the Cornish Coast." Mr. J. MACWHIRTER'S "Autumn in the Highlands," a study of birch-trees, with which we confess ourselves somewhat wearied, is unpleasing in colour; and Mr. ALBERT MOORE'S "Marigolds" is not worthy of him. A sound piece of work, however, is Mr. HENRY MOORE'S "Summer Squall off Nase Head, Cornwall;" and Mr. BIRKET FOSTER'S "Strasburg" is well composed and interesting in execution. There are, besides, canvases by MESSRS. SEYMOUR LUCAS, PETTIE, PETER GRAHAM, and BRITON RIVIERE. But it is the foreign pictures which claim the most notice. MUNKACSÝ'S "Love and Song" is cleverly manipulated, and has a great deal of charm. "The Cape of Antibes," by JULES BRETON, is a good example of this painter; and C. HARTMANN'S "Caught in the Act," though somewhat trivial in conception, is good in tone and undoubtedly clever in *technique*.

The exhibition of Water-Colour Drawings which has been held at Messrs. Agnew's galleries is of some importance. It includes much that is masterly as well as a good deal that is indifferent; but, singularly enough, no attempt has been made to hang the drawings intelligently. Ancient and modern jostle one another on the walls. Next to DE WINT or DAVID COX we find MAX LUDBY and WEATHERBEE; while by the side of WILLIAM HUNT is to be seen Mrs. ALLINGHAM. The result of this want of method is that the task of studying the exhibition is distracting. It is difficult to turn one's attention suddenly from a drawing finished yesterday to a classical work by TURNER or DE WINT; and it is a positive shock to see a highly-coloured cow by SIDNEY COOPER sandwiched between a Normandy Inn by PROUT, and a sketch near Bettws-y-Coed by DAVID COX. However, there is a great deal that is excellent in the exhibition; and, while it is evident that most stress has been laid on the older masters of English water-colour, full justice is done to many more recent painters.

The gratitude of all those interested in art is due to Messrs. Boussod, Valadon, for getting together a delightful exhibition of pictures by COROT. Several of them are really admirable examples of the great master of Barbizon, and an excellent opportunity, which may not recur, is afforded us of studying the French Romanticist. All the pictures—there are twenty-one of them—are marked by intense poetic feeling and an unerring appreciation of atmosphere. They are low in tone, but exquisitely harmonious. Perhaps the best are "Le Lac de Garde," "La Danse des Nymphes"—both of them from the collection of Mr. J. S. Forbes—and "L'Arbre Brisé," which belongs to Mr. Alexander Young.

Mr. A. LUDOVICI'S Sketches of London Life, which have been exhibited at Messrs. Dowdeswells', are singularly unequal in merit. Some deserve the highest praise for their admirable tone and skilful draughtsmanship, while others—notably half-a-dozen of the Henley series—are worthy of Mr. Whistler at his worst. It is with the streets and theatres that Mr. Ludovici is most successful. He gives us admirably truthful representations of Trafalgar Square and Covent Garden, and none knows better than he how to

set on paper the many incidents connected with the Pantomime Rehearsal at Drury Lane. Some of his portraits and single figures, if a little hard, possess considerable charm and grace. "Waiting for the Carriage," for instance, demands our attention for its excellence of pose and *technique*.

In the same galleries there has been exhibited a series of drawings by Mr. C. E. HERN, illustrating the churches of London. They are for the most part careful and conscientious, but they lack freedom of style, and are too often somewhat cheap in effect. The artist seems to have grasped the architectural details of many of the churches with considerable success, but in striving to be picturesque he has sometimes arrived at a certain falseness of colour and a "prettiness" more suitable to a Christmas card than a serious water-colour drawing. Among the best of his works are "St. Paul's Cathedral, from Blackfriars," which, however, conspicuously fails in its foreground, and "The Church of the Oratory, Brompton."

At Messrs. Dowdeswells', too, has been shown a collection of drawings of the Austrian and Italian Tyrol by Mr. B. J. M. DONNE. This artist is among the most noteworthy of those who busy themselves with painting Alpine scenery. But his work only affords additional evidence of the fact that snow-clad mountains are no fit subject for the pencil. The atmosphere which surrounds them is so clear, their outlines are so hard, that they are robbed of all picturesqueness. And so it is quite a relief to turn from Mr. Donne's drawings of the Gross-Glockner and the Matterhorn to his pictures of the quaint wayside calvaries and villages of the Tyrol. These he renders with skill and feeling.

The sixtieth exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy now open in Dublin is the best which has been held for a number of years back. Most of the Academicians and Associates are represented, and from England and Scotland the contributions are not only as numerous as usual, but, in many cases, decidedly above the average. "The Last Watch of Hero," by Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, R.A., and "The Pool of London," by Mr. VICAT COLE, have been sent on loan. The President, Sir THOMAS JONES, has several portraits of great merit; but the most striking, and the most charming, portrait in the collection is one of "Madam H—," by Mr. GEORGE HARE. Miss PURSER has a fine study of the youthful Lord Castlereagh, and Mr. R. T. MOYNAU has sent a masterly portrait of a well-known *littérateur*, Mr. Philip Bagenal. Of the Academicians, Mr. COLLES WATKINS takes the first place, with three powerful landscapes, one entitled "The Heart of the Mountains" being a centre of attraction; Mr. ALFRED GREY has several fine cattle pieces, Mr. OSBORNE, Sen., a number of cleverly-painted animal studies, and Mr. WALTER OSBORNE several excellent paintings of peasant life in the Richard Jefferies district under the Wiltshire Down, treated with much feeling. Mr. VINCENT DUFFY has two or three Irish landscapes painted with his usual power, and Messrs. EDWIN HAYES and AUGUSTUS BURKE sea pieces and bits of Venice. As usual, the lady artists, Miss SOPHIA HOLMES, Miss ROSE LEIGH, Miss CURREY, Mrs. WEBB ROBINSON, and a number of others, have taken a prominent position.

REVIEWS.

The "*Manuel d'Archéologie Orientale*," by M. ERNEST BABELON, and "*L'Architecture Grecque*," by M. V. LALOUX (Paris: Maison Quantin), are the latest publications of the

Quantin series, and will take rank among the most useful which have appeared. The range taken by the first may seem to be rather wide, but it is of great advantage to have attached to the descriptions of Chaldean, Assyrian, and Persian arts a *résumé* of the other contemporaneous and succeeding styles, such as the Jewish, Phœnician, and Assyrian developments—developments which were greatly influenced by, if they do not owe their origin to, the greater empires in Mesopotamia and Persia, and which alone by themselves were not of sufficient importance to have required a special volume. By a careful collation of Messrs. Perrot and Chipiez's works M. Babelon has succeeded in giving a better chronological account of Chaldean and Assyrian archaeology than will be found in those works where speculative and imaginary designs (interesting in their way) are mixed up with actual records in a way that is frequently very perplexing. The latest discoveries of M. Dieulafoy at Susa are included, and add a new chapter to the history of Persian art. In the Jewish section M. Babelon accepts the dates and restorations of M. de Vogué, and refutes, we are glad to see, the impossible theories of M. de Saulay, who vainly endeavoured to prove that Greek architecture owed its origin to Jewish sources. The illustrations, though small, are quite sufficient to render the descriptions more intelligible and interesting, and the only exception we should be inclined to take is in the restoration of the gates of Balawat, which in the woodcut given looks like a modern garden gate.

M. V. Laloux's treatise on Greek architecture is perhaps the best *résumé* which has appeared on the subject. The first illustration of the earliest type of Cyclopean masonry gives a much more real representation of the rough-and-ready method adopted in building a fortification wall than those drawn in Blouet's and Ramée's works, and throughout the book M. Laloux seems to have treated the subject from a fresh and original point of view, and to have introduced a series of illustrations—such as the various methods suggested to admit light to the Greek temples, parallels of the best examples of the Greek Doric and Ionic orders, and sections and details of the marble roofs of Greek temples—which serve to render the subject more intelligible to students and to the general reader. It is perhaps to be regretted that M. Laloux was unable to avoid giving Vitruvius's story of the origin of the Corinthian capital (invented by the Egyptians one thousand years earlier), followed by an illustration of Callimachus's capital in question, which disproves it. We are astonished also to see included as Greek the capital of the Temple of Jupiter Olympius. Whilst M. Laloux writes up to date and gives us the latest discoveries in Olympia, Mycenæ, and Pergamos (with good illustrations), he is evidently unaware that Mr. Penrose has, by the most careful measurements made in 1886, quite upset the decastyle theory,* has clearly shown that the Temple of Jupiter Olympius at Athens was octastyle, and that Vitruvius's description has been incorrectly interpreted.

OBITUARY.

Professor F. MÜLLER has died at the age of eighty-seven at Cassel, where he directed the Art Schools up to the last. He was a painter of historical subjects, and was awarded the Knightship of the Legion of Honour in 1867 for the

* See "Transactions of Royal Institute of British Architects," Vol. IV. (New Series), p. 83.

service he rendered to the Paris Universal Exhibition in that year. His "Death of Saint Elizabeth" figured in that exhibition.

Mr. PHILIP H. DELAMOTTE, a sound artist, and long known as Professor of Drawing at King's College, London, was born in 1822. Although an exhibitor at the Royal Academy of architectural drawings, he is chiefly known for his numerous books and criticisms on art and art subjects—such as photography, glass-painting, and water-colour. His last book, a new edition of his work on water-colour painting—an excellent, though rather old-fashioned, treatise—was reviewed in these pages but a few months ago.

M. AUGUSTE ANATASI, a landscape-painter of a high order, was born in 1820. He was the pupil of Delaroche and Corot successively, and soon justified the hopes of his masters. In 1848 and 1865 he obtained second-class medals for painting, and in 1852 a third-class medal for lithography. The forest of Fontainebleau, the environs of Paris, the landscape of Holland, monuments of Rome, and Italian hills, provided him with his principal themes. His "Terrace of the Villa Pamphili," painted in 1864, is now in the Luxembourg; and other works from his brush hang in several provincial museums of France. A few years ago M. Anatasi fell blind, and a sum of four thousand pounds was raised by artist-friends, by means of contributing works to a sale for his benefit. This capital, which is untouched, is bequeathed by the painter to the Académie des Beaux-Arts.

Mr. SAMUEL CARTER HALL, who has just died at the age of eighty-eight, had amply earned the thanks of the art-world for the pluck and energy with which he sought to improve the taste of the public through the medium of the *Art Journal*, which, from its foundation in 1849 down to 1880, when he resigned his post, he edited with spirit, undeterred by all adverse circumstances. His taste may not have been of the highest order; but to have succeeded in raising—as he certainly did—the popular feeling for and interest in art to the level of his own, was an achievement which redounds enormously to his credit, and claims for his memory the respect and gratitude of the community.

We have also to record the death of M. ADOLPHE JOURDAN, *genre*-painter, who had obtained medals in the Salons of 1864, 1866, and 1869; of M. CASTELLI, an artist who worked much in black-and-white for the French journals; of M. LÉVÊQUE, an able professor of the art of glass-painting—for which, indeed, he had been created a Knight of the Legion of Honour; of M. LÉOPOLD MASSARD, the engraver (and son of a still more famous father—Urbain Massard), who constantly exhibited in the Salon from 1845 onwards, and, besides medals in 1866 and 1874, obtained the Legion of Honour in 1880; of M. FEUGÈRE DES FORTS, the eminent sculptor, whose "Abel dead" will be remembered, and who obtained medals in 1864, 1866, and 1867, as well as at the exhibition of the latter year; of the sculptor Signor D'AMORE, who recently poisoned himself at Palermo; of Professor ALEXANDER VON KOTZEBUE, the battle-painter of Munich, and pupil of Horace Vernet; of Herr WILHELM PREYER, the still-life painter of Düsseldorf; of Mr. HENRY H. LINES, the talented landscape-painter of Birnigham, whose early friendship with Constable—a piece of material good fortune for him—was always one of his happiest memories; and of Mr. JOHN GODFREY, the line-engraver, some of whose best landscape work was published in "Picturesque Europe."

ART IN MAY.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY IN 1888.

The annual report of the Director of the National Gallery for the year 1888 has recently been published, and contains many interesting and encouraging statements. In spite of the partial withdrawal of Government aid, no less than forty-six pictures have been acquired during the year by purchase, gift, or bequest, in addition to a large collection of copies of works by Velasquez and Rembrandt. This is a cheering fact, and it shows us in a striking manner how much we in England owe to private munificence. We have from time to time described to our readers the new pictures which have been hung in the Gallery, and we need say nothing more upon the subject now. That the National Gallery is keenly appreciated by the public, that it exists not for the benefit of a few connoisseurs, but for the instruction and recreation of the many, is proved by the average number of visitors, not far short of 3,000, who daily pass its turnstiles. This is unmistakable evidence of the usefulness of the institution, and should be enough in itself to induce the Government to resume its annual grant, which for some years has been suspended.

ANIMALS IN MOVEMENT.

MR. EADWARD MUYBRIDGE'S researches into the locomotion of animals are worth the consideration of every artist. For years Mr. Muybridge has been collecting facts with regard to the movements of horses and other quadrupeds by means of instantaneous photography. He is able, as the result of his discoveries, to bring a serious indictment against a large number of sculptors and painters. We cannot help thinking, however, that with the eagerness of a specialist he overrates the importance of his subject. If it has only been possible to analyse the movements of the horse by means of elaborate photographic apparatus, it is rather hard to blame DÜRER for being ignorant of the true significance of the gallop. Artists, after all, are more concerned with appearances than with realities, and if they draw horses as they *seem*, blame can hardly attach to them. ROSA BONHEUR, who has devoted many years to the observation of animals, has missed certain facts, which have only been revealed by instantaneous photography; but we cannot agree with Mr. Muybridge that her work has been seriously impaired thereby, any more than we can accept his assertion that the majesty of VEROCCHIO'S great statue of Colleone depends on the fact that the artist understood how the horse walked. It is interesting to note that MEISSONIER and the Elgin marbles are as accurate as Verocchio, that Dürer always draws his horses wrong, and that the majority of sporting pictures display an extraordinary lack of appreciation of the manifold movements of the horse. Mr. Muybridge, in his lecture at the Royal Institution, pointed all this out with a great deal of humour, and illustrated his lecture with a series of most valuable photographs, as well as that most fascinating of scientific toys—the zoopraxiscope.

EXHIBITIONS OF THE MONTH.

The exhibition which has been held by the New English Art Club at the Dudley Gallery attains a high and uniform level of excellence. There are few bad works on the walls, and the majority of the pictures exhibited are painted by men who have cast off the hide-bound traditions of the schools, and realise that the chief merit of a picture lies not in its subject, but in some new arrangement of line or combination of colour. What we imagine to be the place of honour is occupied by a very able portrait of a lady by Mr. GREIFFENHAGEN. Its colour and pose were no doubt suggested by Mr. Whistler's work, but it is painted with more sincerity and sobriety than its model. Mr. WILSON STEER'S "Sofa" is no doubt one of the most challenging canvases in the exhibition. It is simple in composition, and though we are convinced of its want of truth as a study of gaslight with a glimmer of the day seen through the window, we are bound to say that as a piece of decoration, in the strictest sense of that word, it is acceptable. "St. Martin's Summer" and "A Morning Walk," by Mr. SARGENT, are evidently painted under the direct inspiration of Claude Monet, but they are none the worse for that. We must confess to finding them somewhat unpleasing in colour, but we acknowledge their veracity and their infinite cleverness, and they scintillate with sunlight. Mr. FRANCIS BATE'S "I like him!—but he loves me!" which might well have been better hung, is good in tone and refined in colour. "Bathers," by Mr. TUKE, is a well-conceived open-air study, the flesh-painting being particularly fine. Space will not allow us to do more than refer to Mr. STARR'S "Portrait of André Raffalovitch, Esq.," M. BLANCHE'S surprisingly faithful still-life in "Baby's Breakfast," Mr. CLAUSEN'S capable "Portrait," and the characteristic canvases of Messrs. BERNHARD SICKERT, FRED BROWN, whose "Bathing Boys" is entirely admirable, CHRISTIE, GUTHRIE, and STANHOPE FORBES. The majority of the landscapes are low in tone, and show us, or hide from us, the earth wrapt in mist and darkness. Mr. ROUSSEL'S "Evening in June," for instance, is a sort of monotint, with a large spot of purple in the middle. One of the best pictures in the gallery is a small canvas entitled "Eventide," and largely reminiscent of Corot, by Mr. A. ROCHE. Mr. ARTHUR TOMSON'S pastel, "Moonrise on the Marsh—Picardy," is an amazingly successful transcript from nature, and has a quiet charm of colour which is beyond praise. "A Village Street," by Mr. EDWARD STOTT, is one of the pleasantest things this artist has ever exhibited, though we find it difficult to accept the lemon-coloured puddle in the foreground. The movement of the waves is so admirably rendered in Mr. NELSON DAWSON'S "In from the Dogger Bank," that we the more regret the fact that the boat, which by the way really is coming in, seems too small and narrow for the scale of the picture. Messrs. WALTON, LINDNER, MANN, MUHRMANN, HUBERT VOS, whose "Docks Extension at Ostend" is among the good things of the exhibition, GOODALL and LAIDLEY, all do themselves justice, while the pastels of Miss ARMSTRONG

and Mrs. AYRTON, and the charming silver-points of Mr. GEORGE THOMPSON, should not be overlooked.

Messrs. Dowdeswells, in conjunction with Messrs. Buck and Reid, have given the people of London such an opportunity as has never before been afforded them of studying the works of the "Romantic" painters of France and Holland. We owe an immense debt of gratitude to them for having gathered together for us a collection of pictures by the masters of the greatest school that the nineteenth century has known. There are no less than twenty-two examples of the art of DIAZ, that brilliant, if unequal, colourist, who attacked all subjects with such marvellous fancy and vigour. It is to be regretted that one or two canvases from his hand, which we could well have spared, found a place on the walls. "The Fortune-Teller," for instance, may be characteristic, but it is characteristic of Diaz's worst manner. On the other hand in the silvery "Fontainebleau," and in the magnificent "Sunset," we see Diaz at his best. The pictures by COROT, the completest artist of the whole school, would alone repay weeks of study; they have evidently been chosen with the utmost care, and show us every phase of the achievement of the master of Barbizon. They display the dignified simplicity of style, the beauty of line, and the refinement of colour which invest his work, as Mr. Henley rightly says in his catalogue, "not only with the magic of supreme accomplishment, but a sense of the unseen as well." Then there are nine canvases by that restless experimentalist, THÉODORE ROUSSEAU, as well as eight admirable examples of JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET. The last-named artist, who gave the rugged peasants of his own land a distinction of pose and line which suggests to us the heroes of ancient Greece, has never before been so well seen in England. Here is his great work, "The Wood-Sawyers," and a sketch of Gréville, which is altogether Rembrandtesque in its mystery. "La Bergère" is perhaps less satisfactory, but "Allant Travailler" displays some of Millet's greatest qualities. Graceful in drawing and not unpleasing in colour is "L'Amour Vainqueur," which was painted while Millet was yet under Correggio's influence. We have only space to note that DAUBIGNY, TROYON, DUPRÉ, JACQUE, MONTICELLI, DELACROIX, and COURET are all adequately represented. Among the works of Dutch painters are to be seen excellent examples of ISRAELS, BOSBOOM, MAUVE, and MESDAG, but far and away the most interesting are the pictures by the MARIS brothers. The half a dozen canvases by MATTHÿS MARIS will be a revelation to many. The harmony of colour and wealth of fancy which distinguish this artist's work suggest not Holland but fairyland, not the present time but a golden age that never was or will be. But it is the work of JACOBUS MARIS which deserves the most attention. He indeed must be regarded as one of the greatest of living landscape-painters. His treatment of nature is always truthful, and yet unflinchingly decorative, and his works have ever a distinct mark of individuality. He has studied the French Romanticists, yet he has followed them not slavishly, and adds a personal touch to everything he paints. A few examples of GÉRÔME, INGRES, and MEISSONIER are included in the exhibition—why, it is difficult to understand, unless it be to prove how immeasurably superior is the Romantic school in every artistic quality to the schools of classicism and literalness. The worst picture in the gallery is undoubtedly Gêrôme's "Rex Tibicen," which possesses no merit but that of a false accuracy, and the surface of which is polished, as though the artist were ashamed of

paint and brushes. An admirably written catalogue from the pen of Mr. W. E. Henley, whose monumental Edinburgh catalogue proved him to be second to none as an authority on the French Romantic school, greatly enhances the interest of the exhibition.

It is quite a curious experience to find oneself in a gallery full of water-colour drawings by GEORGE CATTERMOLE. This distinguished draughtsman has only been dead about twenty years, and yet his style and method seem to belong entirely to the past, and might well entitle him to rank with the old masters. Our gratitude is due to Messrs. Vokins for having brought together an interesting collection of the works of this energetic painter of figures in water-colour. To assign a definite place to him in the history of art would be difficult. He was not always successful as a colourist, and it must be admitted that though everything he touched was distinguished by a certain rûde vigour, his finished pictures are deficient in tone, and too often ineffective. Indeed, his preliminary sketches, of which several are to be seen in the present exhibition, possess qualities which we sometimes look for in vain in his more laboured productions. He rarely painted landscape pure and simple, but when he did so he gave evidence that he fully appreciated the work of his great contemporaries in that branch of art. We cannot help seeing in one or two of his drawings the influence of Turner. Whatever were the failings of George Cattermole, it is undoubted that he was one of the founders of the great school of English water-colourists, and that his work has exercised a decided influence on the present generation of painters.

The exhibition at the French Gallery falls this year below its average. It is distinguished from its predecessors by the display of a large number of sketches by HERR HEFFNER. These, if more interesting than his more finished productions, suffer in an equal degree from his mannerism of colour and treatment. Mrs. J. E. BENHAM HAY's "Florentine Procession," which occupies a place of honour, and which requires more than a page of text to elucidate it, may be very good literature, but it is entirely lacking in pictorial quality. J. V. KRÄMER's "Descent from the Cross" is ambitious in conception, but it is too academical to be convincing. On the other hand, there are two Corots, two interesting Duprès, and an admirable "Harvest Moon" by C. F. DAUBIGNY. Then there is a masterpiece in miniature by MEISSONIER, entitled "Le Rieur;" a very strong study in reds and browns by MUNKACSY, called "A Pharisee;" two excellent examples of the art of Josef Israels; and a delightful canvas by MAUVE. For the rest, the gallery contains a good deal that is commonplace, and not a little that is bad.

It is difficult to see why there should be a Society of Lady Artists at all. Ladies have always received impartial treatment from the hanging committees of the older artistic societies, and it seems unnecessary that they should hold exhibitions which represent no school, no creed, and only differ from their neighbours in the fact that all the pictures they contain are painted by "lady artists." The thirty-fourth exhibition of the society, which has been held recently, contains a great deal of commonplace work, but very little that is really clever or striking. Miss CLARA MONTALBA's "Old Watch Tower, Amsterdam," is a dashing piece of landscape, and two sketches by Miss HILDA MONTALBA should not escape notice. Two of the most interesting

pictures in the whole gallery are, in our judgment, those by Miss BERTHA NEWCOMBE. This artist's "In the Orchard" is a genuinely sincere out-of-doors sketch, and is full of atmosphere and sunlight. So good is it, that we cannot help feeling a little regret that it is somewhat mannered, and painted too much under the influence of the Newlyn school. For the rest we would call attention to Miss KINDON'S "Free Seats," the drawings of Mrs. and Miss NAFFEL, and to two small canvases by Miss PASH.

Among the most prominent figure-pictures of this spring's exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy are Mr. ROBERT GIBB'S vigorous and effective battle piece, "Alma—Advance of the 42nd Highlanders," a work completed last autumn; and Mr. C. MARTIN HARDIE'S scene in that "Child-Garden of Queen Mary" at Inchmahome, about which the late Dr. John Brown has written so charmingly. But the main strength of the Scottish figure-painters is devoted, frequently under clearly-seen French influence, to the portrayal of rustic subjects; and of such work Mr. AUSTEN BROWN'S "Scanty Pasture" is a forcible example, a picture loaded in its impasto, trenchant in its brush-work, powerful in its colour. Mr. G. O. REID shows keen observation of humble life, effective grouping, and narrative dexterity in his homely interior with figures, "The Catechising;" and Mr. ROBERT MCGREGOR, one of the most recently elected Academicians, has several of his low-toned subjects of cottagers and cottage children, of which one of the slightest, but perhaps the most accomplished and artistic, is that entitled "Going to Work." Other effective painters of rustic life are Mr. A. C. SINCLAIR, Mr. R. NOBLE, Mr. G. D. ARMOUR, and Mr. PAYTON REID. In the department of landscape Mr. M'TAGGART sends a large and vivid transcript of wave and sky and shore, in "Machrihanish Bay;" Mr. LAWTON WINGATE'S small subjects are spirited in handling, and distinguished by the most exquisite freshness and purity of tone; and Mr. J. C. NOBLE renders, with keen force of colouring, and much sense of the change and motion of nature, various sea-pieces studied from the Berwickshire coast. The finest landscape of the exhibition, however, the most quietly accomplished and impressive of them all, is Mr. GEORGE REID'S view of "Montrose," a work low in tone, but most satisfying in composition, and brilliant in the concentration of its lighting. Mr. OTTO LEYDS shows a half-length of the Hon. Mrs. Cheape, which, in the thoroughness of its modelling and in the delicacy of its flesh-painting, is something of a surprise to those who know the artist only through his average work; and Mr. ROBERT GIBB is at his best in a dignified and well-posed portrait of Sir Arthur Halkett. Various, already exhibited, works by London painters supplement the productions of local talent.

The Irish Fine-Art Society has now changed its name to the Water-Colour Society of Ireland, and the first exhibition in Dublin under the new régime—the thirty-first altogether—has been remarkably successful. Most of the best work was sent by lady members, Miss FANNY CURREY, Miss OTTARA, Miss ROSE BARTON, and others having quite a number of excellent studies upon the walls. There was, strange to say, comparatively little flower painting, landscape of a somewhat ambitious kind taking the front rank. Miss NAFFEL, A.R.W.S., had a charming little figure study, Mr. NAFFEL a larger work, and Mrs. NAFFEL one of the best studies in the gallery, while the President and Mr. BINGHAM MCGUINNESS represented the Royal Hibernian Academy.

REVIEWS.

The superb form in which Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. have re-issued "*The Compleat Angler*" worthily celebrates the hundredth edition of WALTON and COTTON'S immortal work. Finely bound and excellently printed, admirable in all its appointments and ably edited by Mr. R. B. MARSTON, these two imposing volumes are appropriately illustrated with a series of fifty photogravures by two of the most eminent and intelligent photographers living. Dr. EMERSON has fully illustrated the Lea, and Mr. BANKART the Dove and its confluent, and nothing could be more interesting to the student of photography than to observe the different way and spirit in which each has approached his subject. The pictures obtained by both, though different in their resultant characteristics, agree in this, that nearly without exception they discover genuine artistic feeling—we might almost say an unerring instinct—in the operator. Dr. Emerson has dealt solely with the quiet pastoral scenery of the River Lea, selecting his subjects with especial regard to pictorial possibilities, and evincing consummate knowledge of the capabilities of the camera. More than this, he has evidently worked with the tool upon his plates with the object, successfully achieved, of softening some of the uncompromising effects of photography; and, further, he has been wise in selecting dull days for his work, when lights are subdued and shadows soft. Mr. Bankart, on the other hand, is more frankly photographic, but the scenes he shows us are always more romantically picturesque than those on the Lea, and present one long series of fascinating subjects. Nothing better of their kind have ever been issued. An admirable photogravure by the Typographic Etching Company of HUYSMAN'S portrait of Walton in the National Gallery forms the frontispiece to the first volume, and another, very nearly as good, of Cotton, by Sir GODFREY KNELLER, precedes the second. Numerous little woodcuts of river scenery, charmingly drawn by Mr. CARLESS, are dotted throughout the text, but M. Stankowski has hardly done them full justice in the engraving. Altogether this "Lea and Dove Edition" must be counted among the most delightful books of the year.

The Rev. W. J. LOFTIE, who has gained a great reputation as an historian of London, Old and New, will certainly add to his fame by his "*Kensington, Picturesque and Historical*" (Field and Tuer). The number of his facts is enormous, but they are methodically arranged and excellently and most pleasantly marshalled. We have tested a number of his statements and found them extraordinarily free from error, for such minor slips as ascribing to Mr. Burges, the architect, full Academic rank can hardly be said to count. What faults there are are chiefly faults of omission. Of Mr. LUKER'S three hundred illustrations and their reproduction by "process" it is difficult to speak too highly; our readers will doubtless recall to mind the selection of them which appeared in these pages a few months ago. The half-dozen which have been coloured by hand, however, are complete failures; the crude colour irregularly laid on and the coarse tooling in the skies are so objectionable that they would have utterly destroyed the appearance of a less charming book than this.

The first half-yearly volume of M. BING'S "*Artistic Japan*" (Sampson Low, Marston, Scarle, and Rivington) is a princely work. Nothing can exceed the beauty of its illustrations. The coloured plates, exquisitely reproduced by M. GILLOT, could scarcely be better, and the cuts inserted in the text are arranged with such an artistic

daintiness, that it is a pleasure merely to turn over the pages of the book. Among the pictures are to be found several examples of HOKUSAI'S versatile art. His drawing of birds and flowers is almost unsurpassed; his skill in landscape is amply attested by his "View of Fujiyama," given in Part IV., while the humour and spirit with which he has depicted a crowd wading through a slush of melting snow in his "Street-Scene on a New-Year's Day" is quite remarkable. But perhaps the most brilliant drawing in the whole volume is the "Flight of Tomtits." The artist has set before us the birds on the wing, in a few strokes of wonderful energy and precision. M. Bing half apologises for the impressionism of this able work, but we feel sure that the staunchest opponents of the "revolutionary" school of art would accept it without question. The representations of brocaded stuff, pieces of porcelain and metal-work should prove of the utmost value to designers and craftsmen of all sorts. The letterpress is unpretentious, but entirely to the point. M. Bing himself leads off with a well-written introduction, in which he says of the Japanese artist, "He is at once an enthusiastic poet, moved by the spectacles of nature, and an attentive and minute observer of the intricate mysteries which lurk in the infinitely little." This seems to us no less true than epigrammatic. M. GONSE follows with an article on "The Japanese as Decorators." He argues, and everyone will agree with him, that the Japanese "have carried picturesque treatment of line and colour further than any other race." The quaint, symbolic architecture of the land of the Mikado is lucidly described by M. CHAMPIER, who not inaptly compares the wooden houses of Japan to *bombonnières*. But perhaps the most interesting article of all is M. EDMOND DE GONCOURT'S story of a "Travelling Writing-Set." We are told how this delightful toy came into the possession of the author, and how he discovered that it was the work of one of the forty-seven "Ronins," who devoted themselves till death to the cause of avenging their master, Takumi.

MR. LEWIS F. DAY'S "*Application of Ornament*" (B. T. Batsford) is a worthy supplement to his other textbooks of ornamental design which have already been noticed in our columns. He insists rightly and clearly upon the conventional treatment of forms and figures used in decoration. The necessity of repetition in design renders naturalism, even in flowers, distressing, and it is well that the danger of literalness should be pointed out. There are one or two statements in Mr. Day's book which we cannot endorse. For instance, he advances the opinion that the makers of Greek vases did not care for the form of the vase but only for the painting upon it. This is surely erroneous; the most marked characteristic of Greek art was always an instinct for form. Nor can we agree with him that style is only a thing of materials and tools. We readily admit that an artist, to be successful, must be guided by the material in which he works and the tools which belong to his particular craft. But it seems to us arguing in a circle to say that the sculpture of the Renaissance resembled that of ancient Greece, because in both cases marble was the material used.

There are few periodical publications in Europe which for combined excellence and cheapness can compare with the "*Neue Monatshefte des Daheim*" (Daheim Expedition, Leipzig). The three numbers before us are capital both in text and illustration. The three masterly articles upon

Rembrandt by Professor KNACKFUSS are undoubtedly the most important feature of the magazine. Illustrated by a large number of remarkable reproductions of etchings and pictures by Rembrandt, they form a most able and scholarly monograph upon the great Dutch master. The majority of the illustrations are very creditable examples of the art of wood-cutting.

The album issued under the title of "*Illustrations of the Victorian Series, and other Wall-Papers*" (Jeffrey and Co.) marks a very distinct advance in the design of paper-hangings. With these india-proof impressions before us it is easier than it would otherwise be to appreciate the skill and decorative instinct with which Mr. F. V. HART has designed his "Jubilee Wall-Paper," so full of cleverly-adapted symbol, Mr. WALTER CRANE his "Wood Notes" and "Golden Age," Mr. LEWIS DAY his "Medici" and "Lucca," and Mr. J. D. SEDDING his "Jacobean" and "Georgian" patterns. Without going so far as to record our absolute approval of all of them—so much depends upon individual taste—we must bear witness to their high artistic merits and their decorative qualities. Mr. William Morris and Messrs. Jeffrey are fast educating the public up to understanding that it is far preferable, and far cheaper, to have good papers on the walls than indifferent pictures.

OBITUARY.

We regret to have to record the death, at the age of a hundred and two, of M. CHEVREUL, the celebrated chemist, to whose labours in the department of colour, scientifically considered, artists and art-workers of to-day are so much indebted; of M. JOBBÉ-DUVAL, the pupil of Gleyre and Delaroche, who began exhibiting figure-subjects at the Salon in 1841, and who gained a medal in 1851, a *rappel* in 1857 for his "Expulsion of the Jews from Spain in 1492," and admission to the Legion of Honour in 1861; of the engraver, M. PORTIER DE BEAULIEU, best known for his rendering of Ribera's "Adoration of the Shepherds," Leonardo da Vinci's "St. Anne," and Corot's "Réverie;" of the Viennese artist, Herr PETTENKOFEN, whose admirable pictures of Hungarian life gained him the personal esteem and friendship, as well as the orders, of the Emperor Francis-Joseph, by whom, moreover, he was ennobled; of M. CHARLES DONZEL, who for more than thirty years was a constant exhibitor at the Salon, attracting attention with his "Rocks of Chauvau" and "Souvenir of Calvados," but more particularly with his water-colours; of M. Lalanne's clever pupil, the armless painter-etcher NOËL MASSON, at the age of thirty-five, who, since 1878, has been exhibiting the charming and delicate landscape-etchings he executed with his artificial hands; of Signor MARUCELLI, the sculptor of Florence (better known as "Campino"), whose delicate chisel contributed largely to the enrichment of the façade of the Duomo—for which work he would only accept a salary of four shillings a day; of the well-known draughtsman, M. ASSELINEAU, who in his youth was attached to the Madrid Museum under Madrazzo, and whose chief work after his return to France (where he has died at the age of eighty-two) was the illustration—under Viollet-le-Duc's superintendence—of Baron Taylor's "Moyen-Age Pittoresque;" and of Signor ALLEGRO, the sculptor and architect, some of whose best work is in Genoa—the place of his death.

ART IN JUNE.

ENGLISH ART AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION, 1889.

The English School of Painting cannot be said to be well represented at the Paris Centennial Exhibition. When one remembers the contributions at the former international exhibitions at Paris, the present appears to be both small as regards number, and somewhat wanting in large general interest; but after wandering through the acres of French pictures—many of them old acquaintances—it is interesting to come upon the small group, that we at once recognise as still more intimately our friends, contributed by the men whose work we know so well. There is great dignity and great refinement about many of these English pictures: a dignity and a refinement peculiar to the English school, with its reserve as to subject and treatment. The picture which stands out most strikingly, as the work of a great painter, is Mr. ORCHARDSON'S "Mariage de Convenance—Alone!" Unquestionably there is no picture in the whole of this International Exhibition that is finer in colour; it is doubtful whether any picture even competes with it. Who is there who can paint such gorgeous gloom—gloom that seems filled with gold and colour? The gloom of the HOLL, which hangs next to it, is a mere dull smudge of brown; and brown seems to do duty for colour with too many painters where anything like depth of tone without blackness is aimed at. This picture of Orchardson's is the eye of the English collection, and must certainly produce its effects upon the French painters who care to go and study the works of the Englishmen. Unfortunately Frenchmen will not study much the works of any but Frenchmen. It is astounding how little the Frenchman knows or cares about what is going on elsewhere than in Paris; but if he will take the trouble, even he may learn something from Mr. Orchardson. Sir EVERETT MILLAIS and Mr. HOOK are also seen to great advantage. The two have managed to make a very charming bit of hanging. Millais' portrait of Hook—very strong and robust, but not perhaps one of his best portraits—makes a centre, and is supported on either side by two very fine sea-scapes by Hook himself, these being flanked on one side by Millais' "Cherry Ripe," and on the other by his "Cinderella"—pictures which we appreciate none the less because we have seen them in popular reproductions. Millais' portrait of Mr. Gladstone also hangs here. It is the standing figure which is so well known, and which is, without question, the better of the Gladstone portraits painted by him, and possibly, for insight into character and masterly treatment, one of the best portraits ever painted by anybody. Mr. FILDES holds his own very well with his "Venetians," a photogravure plate of which was recently published in THE MAGAZINE OF ART, and with his large subject picture of "The Return of the Penitent," which is entirely English in feeling, and painted in a manner which belongs entirely to the artist. Mr. RIVIERE is not well represented by his one picture, "Let Sleeping Dogs Lie;" but Mr. BURNE-JONES with his "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid," and Mr. WATTS with his "Mammon," "Hope," "The Three Graces," and other works, lift the tone of the exhibition to a very high level. Mr. OULESS shows his "Cardinal Manning," and that

is enough to keep his reputation safe; and Mr. ALMA TADEMA sends his "Women of Amphissa," and one or two of his charming little pictures of women and sea and marble and flowers. The sea belongs to no nation, but Mr. MOORE paints it in a way that makes one feel it belongs to England. Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON does not do himself justice with his single exhibit of importance, the "Captive Andromache," but there is no need to continue a mere list of exhibits. The great and striking fact that comes home to one after examining this English collection is, that the British painters who uphold the reputation of our school are the men who have not gone to France for their artistic training. Good as they are, they make no mark in this English gallery, compared with the men whose names we have mentioned. It may be that one has seen so much French work in the other galleries, finer than these artists give us, that we are unable to appreciate, to the extent they deserve, the good qualities contained in these pictures; but the fact remains, nevertheless, that their French training, with all that is to be said in its favour, does not enable these young painters to take the prominent position for which a French art-training is supposed to qualify an artist. The reputation of the English school is upheld in France to-day by the men who are distinctly British, not by virtue of birth only, but because their tastes, their feeling, their modes of expression have never been subordinated to the teaching of men whose taste and feeling and modes of expression are *not* British, and which can never be made to adapt themselves to minds that think, to souls that feel, and to hands that work in ways peculiar to the English people.

THE CHANTREY PURCHASES.

The President and Council of the Royal Academy have purchased the following works, now in the exhibition, under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest:—"The Chapel of the Charterhouse," by Professor HERKOMER, A.R.A.; Mr. J. AUMONIER'S "Sheepwashing in Sussex;" Mr. H. A. PEGRAM'S bronze relief, "Ignis Fatuus;" Mr. JOHN M. SWAN'S "The Prodigal Son;" and Mr. H. S. TUKE'S "All Hands to the Pumps." Mr. Herkomer, to whom £2,200 has been paid for his work, is thus honoured for the second time, as his "Found" was acquired for the same collection five years ago. The only other artist whose pictures have twice been bought is Mr. JOSEPH CLARK. Mr. Aumonier has had long to wait for official recognition, and he is to be congratulated on its having come at last; for few have deserved it better. Three hundred pounds were paid for the work. Mr. Pegram is a young sculptor who has but just emerged from the Academy schools, where he has for some time attracted the lively interest of the President and visitors by his remarkable talent. There can be no question but that he is destined to be a powerful recruit to the brilliant band of men who are raising English sculpture to an unprecedented height of excellence—Alfred Gilbert, Onslow Ford, Thomas Brock, W. B. Richmond, Harry Bates, Hamo Thornycroft, and Sir Frederick Leighton himself.

ARTISTS AND HONOURS.

The elevation to the rank of baronet of Mr. JOSEPH EDGAR BOEHM, Sculptor in Ordinary to the Queen, and of Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAM BLOMFIELD to that of knighthood, are to be taken as compliments to those arts which have for some time been passed over by royal recognition. In the present reign no fewer than nineteen British painters have received the honour of knighthood or of baronetcy (not including Mr. Watts, who declined the latter dignity), while but two architects and two sculptors had been recognised before this year of Grace. The painters are as follows: Allan, Boxall, Brierly, Burton, Callcott, Douglas, Eastlake, Gilbert, Gordon, Grant, Harvey, Hayter, Landseer, Leighton, Linton, Macnee, Millais, Paton, and Ross. The architects are Barry and Scott, and the sculptors Westmacott and Steell. But long before the present reign the practice of conferring knighthood upon skilful artists was often resorted to. It began in that of Charles I., who distributed his favours exclusively upon foreigners—as often for their diplomatic as for their artistic gifts. Balthasar, Gerbier, Rubens, and Vandyck were his knightly creations. Then followed Lely, Kneller (whom George I. made a baronet), and Medina; Thornhill, Reynolds, Bourgeois, Lawrence, Raeburn, Shee, and Wilkie. The architects were Wren, Vanbrugh, Chambers, Wyattville, Smirke, and Soane. The only sculptor who received a knighthood—which he took in preference to a baronetcy—was Chantrey. Besides these there were two engravers, Dorigny and Strange—the latter receiving it as his sovereign's apology for the unjust conduct of his Royal Academy. Such is the British Legion of Honour, and in perusing it we cannot help asking ourselves how it is that official recognition goes no further? The Press, its members, and all its ways, however brilliant they may be, and how great soever may be the power they wield and the good they effect, do not exist so far as official recognition goes. True. Yet Literature receives far higher rewards than Art. Why is this so? Assuming that honours and rewards are compatible with the dignity of Art, is it not rather a slight than otherwise to relegate its professors to the lower grade?

EXHIBITIONS OF THE MONTH.

An extremely interesting collection of pictures by M. CLAUDE MONET has been exhibited at the Goupil Galleries. The work of this exceedingly adroit impressionist has never before been so well seen in London. There is a great deal of force and skill displayed in his earlier sketches, produced under the influence of Courbet, but it was his brilliant visions of sunlight that attracted the most attention. The vivid truthfulness of these strikes the spectator at once. The effect produced is not always pleasant. We feel that if we had to look long at these dazzling impressions we should need blue spectacles to shield our eyes. But this feeling is in itself the strongest evidence of the truth and power of Monet's work. That he has exerted an extraordinary influence on modern art—English as well as French—is undoubted. A comparison of Monet's "Prairie and Figures" with Mr. SARGENT's clever pictures at the New English Art Club showed how much Mr. Sargent has learnt from the great impressionist.

"A Dedication to Bacchus," which has been exhibited at Mr. Lefèvre's Gallery, is one of Mr. ALMA-TADEMA's most important works. In our eyes it does not possess as much grace and beauty as some of his smaller canvases—as that, for instance, which he exhibits at the Academy this year.

But it is more serious in intention, and overcomes far greater difficulties than "The Shrine of Venus." It contains a very large number of figures, which are arranged with surprising tact and skill; indeed, the naturalness with which the composition holds together is one of the most noticeable features of the work. The subject, a procession to the shrine of Bacchus, is one with which no one is so competent to deal as Mr. Alma-Tadema; the place is a city in Southern Italy, the age that of the Antonines. Of the extraordinary truthfulness with which the marbles are rendered nothing need be said. No less commendable are the variety of pose and gesture, the harmony of colour and the beauty of the types, which stamp the painter's latest work as a masterpiece. The dancing girl in the centre of the composition is perhaps the most graceful figure we remember to have seen from the hand of this artist.

In the same gallery is exhibited a group of cattle by Mlle. ROSA BONHEUR. It is painted with a great deal of strength and energy, but the general effect of colour is unpleasant, and the landscape is conventional and hardly thought out. But it is in the rendering of cattle that Mlle. Bonheur's skill has always displayed itself, and in this she has succeeded far better than in the environment of moor and sky.

Captain COLERIDGE's water-colour drawings of the River Thames, which have been exhibited at the galleries of the Fine Art Society, are pleasant in subject and sufficiently skilful in execution. They are, however, undistinguished in style, and lack breadth and freedom. There is plenty of material in the reaches of the upper Thames, in the reedy backwaters, the rushing weirs, and undulating meadows, for artistic treatment, but Captain Coleridge seems to us to have dallied with his opportunity. Until his *technique* has gained in force and individuality, he can scarcely hope to render his drawings interesting.

In the same galleries there has been shown a collection of water-colour drawings by Mrs. ALLINGHAM, entitled "On the Surrey Border." Mrs. Allingham's work is by this time so well known, that there is no need to say much about it here. Her most recent sketches display the rich colour, the daintiness of drawing, and the appreciation of the forms of flowers, that we have learned to expect from her. Such drawings as "Hillside Cottage" (17), "The End of the Day" (41), "Blackberrying" (44), and "The World" (59), are entirely characteristic of her graceful art. It is perhaps unfortunate that she should have been content to paint the same subjects over and over again. This leads to a mannerism which cannot fail to detract from the truth and value of an artist's work.

At the galleries of the Fine Art Society, too, a small collection of drawings by Miss BERTHA PATMORE has been exhibited. They are marked by neatness of style, and exquisiteness of touch, and careful study of the butterflies, dormice, feathers, and other objects chosen for representation. But by far the best of them are the illuminated title-pages, designed in the style of the fourteenth century. In these Miss Patmore displays admirable taste and a fine appreciation for decorative effect.

The exhibition of photographs by Mrs. and Mr. CAMERON, which has been held at 106, New Bond Street, was the most important of its kind that we have yet seen in London. The most serious objection that may be taken to photographs as works of art is, that in them all details have the same value. It is the business of the artist, in painting a picture, to omit all that is not essential to the

harmonising effect of the whole. But the sensitised plate is incapable of any reserve, and reflects both background and foreground with a uniform minuteness which is positively disagreeable. That Mrs. Cameron and her son have succeeded to a great extent in mitigating this inartistic quality in photography has now been abundantly proved. Their exhibition included a series of admirable reproductions of pictures by Mr. G. F. WATTS, and of the portraits of the House of Stuart recently exhibited at the New Gallery, as well as photographs of poets, men of science, and others. These are all executed with a keen artistic sense, and it may now be taken as demonstrated that photography, if handled with tact, can produce results of which no artist need be ashamed.

REVIEWS.

One of the most diligent and creditable pieces of compilation we have seen is Mrs. C. H. STRAHAN'S "*History of French Painting*" (Sampson Low and Co.), a book which purports to deal with the subject with some fulness "from its earliest to its latest practice, including an account of the French Academy of Painting, its Salons, schools of instruction, and regulations." Into this portly and handsomely-printed volume the author has succeeded in packing an extraordinary amount of information, collected and collated from scores of books and periodicals, and subdivided and arranged with rare intelligence and skill—the whole being neither too concise nor too diffusive for its purpose. That there are some few faults in a big undertaking such as this—errors of judgment as well as printing—is not surprising, but they are hardly of a kind likely to tell against the great usefulness of the book. One can but smile at the misunderstanding or ignorance of the quality and condition of English art shown by most American writers, of which the author gives an amusing example when discussing the present condition of French art. She says, with unconscious conceit and a poor knowledge of facts, "That French art stands high in the estimate of nations is evident from the facts that America eagerly gathers French pictures at any price; that London keeps a permanent gallery of Doré's work, and another for temporary exhibition of new works of French artists, an appreciation which English art cannot win French artistic taste to reciprocate. France, indeed, has few English pictures in her galleries." This is not the first time a lady-writer has mixed up cause and effect. In spite of little defects such as these, the volume is admirably arranged for reference, and vastly enhances its value by including all the principal painters, living and dead, in a manner combining the advantages of the running history and biographical-dictionary methods. The story of their lives, anecdotes, list of their works, criticisms by eminent hands, together with their artistic relations with their teachers and fellow-painters, are all given with sufficient amplitude, while the whole body of artists are not only for convenience' sake divided into periods of the century, but also into the "schools" and by the subjects with which they identified themselves. In fact, it is a volume that should be in the hands of every student of art-history.

The "*Henry Irving Shakespeare*" (Blackie and Son), the fifth volume of which has recently made its appearance, contains "All's Well That Ends Well," "Julius Cæsar," "Measure for Measure," "Troilus and Cressida," and "Macbeth," edited primarily by Mr. FRANK MARSHALL, and, generally, by Mr. A. A. EVANS, Mr. OSCAR ADAMS, Mr.

ARTHUR SYMONS, and Mr. WILSON VERITY. All the features which have already gained for this issue acceptance as "the reader's Shakespeare" are retained—the literary, stage and critical histories of the plays, the maps, the copious notes, and the lists of words and emendations. In the illustrations Mr. GORDON BROWNE keeps up the spirit and freshness of his design with extraordinary ability. A couple of years ago it was sadly proved to us how incapable was the Royal Academy as a body to cope with Shakespeare, and make his heroines living and interesting realisations. Mr. Browne, of course, makes no pretence of aiming at the highest mark, but, keeping steadily within the limits of his manner and method, he succeeds in placing before the spectator an inexhaustible series of pleasing designs, strikingly well-drawn for the most part, often dramatic, always facile in execution, excelling chiefly in his translation of dramatic and humorous episodes.

With the letterpress of the "*Histoire de l'École Navale*" (Maison Quantin, Paris) we are hardly concerned. It will be sufficient to remark in passing that the subject seems to be treated with considerable care and detail. It is, however, within our province to say something of the illustrations which accompany the text of this well-printed volume. We may express our surprise that the forty plates from the pencil of M. PAUL JAZET—which, though they may be admirable studies of costume and naval architecture, are distinguished by a total absence of artistic merit—were allowed to pass, remembering, as we do, the wonderful resources at the command of the great French publishing firm by whom the volume is issued.

The latest addition to the usually admirable "*Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des Beaux-Arts*" (Maison Quantin, Paris) is "*La Sculpture Antique*," by M. P. PARIS. It is in every way worthy of the series to which it belongs. Some hundred pages are devoted to the discussion of Egyptian, Assyrian, and Phœnician sculptors, and the rest of the volume deals efficiently with the sculptors of Greece. M. Paris very wisely avoids controversy for the most part, but we think that in one or two cases he might well have deviated from this plan. For instance, in discussing the magnificent Choiseul-Gouffier Apollo of the British Museum he does not set forth the argument against its ascription to Kalamis with nearly enough force, and though there is no need to dogmatise and call the work the statue of a pugilist, we do not believe for a moment that its author, whether Kalamis or Pythagoras, intended it to represent the god of music. But, after all, such points as this are rather curious than important, and we recognise that M. Paris has performed his task concisely and yet thoroughly. Had it been furnished with a chronological table and an index, "*La Sculpture Antique*" would have been a useful work. The illustrations, if not artistically reproduced, are eminently practical, though there is a certain lack of freshness in them, the majority having already appeared in other volumes of the same series.

It is notorious that in the whole round of sports there is none which appeals more strongly and more insidiously to artists than the gentle craft of fly-fishing, and it is therefore with the greater pleasure that we welcome Mr. FREDERIC M. HALFORD'S masterly "*Dry Fly-Fishing*" (Sampson Low and Co.). The author is one of the most eminent authorities on the art—practical, unprejudiced, and of vast experience, known to all the fishing world by his pseudonym of "Detached Badger." We are therefore not surprised to find that so complete and so lucid is this dissertation on

fly-fishing, both in theory and practice, and in all branches connected with it, that he may, without exaggeration, be considered the Omega, to Walton and Cotton's Alpha, of the articles of the piscatorial creed. From an external point of view the volume is admirably printed and "produced," but it is to the illustrations that we would call special attention. It is not of the artistic merit in the plates that we would speak—although there is some of it—but of their novel character. Those, for example, illustrating the chapter on "How to Cast"—maybe a dozen or more—are no fancy pictures. They are drawn by Mr. Moul from an elaborate series of instantaneous photographs taken for the purpose by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, and for the first time we are enabled to see the exact position of the fly and curves of the line during the various stages of the cast—itself a revelation to fly-fishers, a help to the beginner who would know what his fly is doing after it left his sight, a boon doubtless to many a fisherman, and pregnant with suggestion and hope for the unpractised. The plates in illustration of the chapter on "Autopsy" are further of great assistance.

OBITUARY.

The art of scene-painting has lost two of its most eminent English professors during the last month: men who not only excelled in its practice, but who also assisted—perhaps more than any others of the present generation—in its development. To them both must in a great measure be awarded the credit of having placed English scene-painting before that of any in the world. Mr. WILLIAM ROXBY, better known as WILLIAM ROXBY BEVERLEY, was without question supreme in his profession—which could hardly be said of his other business, theatre-managing. Indeed, his losses in connection with that, which plunged him quite recently into ruin, doubtless hastened the venerable artist's end. As we have but lately presented our readers with some account of Mr. Beverley's achievements, we will not again recur to them, but a few facts are called for. He was born in Richmond in 1829, and though intended for the stage, he speedily made his mark as a scene-painter of originality and of delightful fancy. Painting was his *forte*, and he sturdily, though ineffectually, opposed the advance of the "set-scene." He excelled chiefly in rendering the charm and mystery of atmospheric effects, the result of a novel method of his own of "going over" the cloth on which the previously-applied distemper was still wet. Mr. Beverley exhibited twenty-nine pictures in the Royal Academy between 1865 and 1880, the majority of them being sea-scapes; but water-colour was his favourite medium. His last picture seen in the Academy was that exhibited in 1880, under the title of "Fishing-Boats Going Before the Wind: Early Morning." His death now raises Mr. William Telbin and Mr. Hawes Craven to the head of their profession.

Six days after Mr. Beverley's death at Hampstead there passed away, at his house in Blackwater, Hampshire, Mr. JOHN O'CONNOR, on the 23rd of May. Mr. O'Conner was a member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, and as much esteemed as a painter in oil as in water-colour and distemper. Since 1853 and up to quite recently he had exhibited, at the Academy and elsewhere, some sixty works, but failing health had begun to weigh upon his hand, although he remained in harness almost up to the last. His easel pictures had, for the most part, London and Italian scenes for their subjects.

Mr. WALTER GOODALL, who died at the latter end of May, was the son of Edward Goodall, the engraver, and in

common with his brothers Frederick and Edward, he inherited a good deal of artistic talent, which he devoted to water-colour painting. In 1853 he was elected an Associate of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, and in 1861 was advanced to the full rank, and from that time forward he was one of its most active members. In 1852 he sent three figure-pictures to the Academy, but apart from these he reserved all his productions for the "Old Society." In 1884 he sent his last drawing to Pall Mall East, and three years later he ceased to be a member. At the Centennial Exhibition of Philadelphia, in 1876, he was represented by "The Lottery Ticket." His choice of subject was wide, travelling over the whole field of the *genre*-painter.

The death of Mr. JOSEPH B. KIDD removes one of the foundation members of the Scottish Academy. He was born in 1808, and at the age of eighteen was elected an Associate on the union of two other societies. In 1829 he became a full member of the Royal Scottish Academy, and soon after left Edinburgh for London. Since 1836 he did not exhibit in Edinburgh, but he retained his membership until 1858.

M. LOUIS ADOLPHE EUDE, one of the most prominent, as he was one of the last, of the old sculptors, has died at the age of seventy-one. The pupil of David D'Angers, to whom he came from his birthplace Arès, he made his *début* in the Salon in 1847 with a statue called "Amour." Twelve years later he obtained a third-class medal for his "Omphales," which is now in the Court of the Louvre, while in 1877 his "Return from the Chase" gained for him a first-class medal. His bust of Jean Gonjon was purchased by the State in 1850, and now figures in the museum of Amiens.

M. JULES DIÉTERLE, although not an easel picture-painter, was a man of fine artistic sentiment and imagination. He was essentially a scene-painter, having while still a boy begun his apprenticeship to Ciceri, the "décorateur" of the Paris Opera-House, and is best known in this department for the scenes he painted for "The Jewess," "The Huguenots," "The Prophet," "Robert le Diable," and other operas. In 1848, being then in his thirty-eighth year, he was appointed art-director at the manufactory of Sèvres, and later he collaborated with Séchan in some elaborate schemes of decoration for the Sultan, by whom he, in turn, was decorated. In 1877 he became the head of the National Manufactory of Beauvais, a post of honour which he retained till his death. M. Diéterle was an officer of the Legion of Honour.

The deaths have also occurred of the infamous though talented Austrian artist, KIRCHNER, who was last year sentenced to six years' imprisonment for having attempted to assassinate his friend after intriguing with his wife; of Signor SIRTOLI at Bergamo, his birthplace, at the age of seventy, who was chiefly famous for having thrown himself into the struggle of 1848 with so much gallantry that he was raised to the rank of officer by Garibaldi on the battlefield; of Herr WALDEMAR RAU, the eminent landscape-painter; of Herr BULOW, the court-painter of Frederick the First; of CHARLES SAUNIER, who, born at Monthléry in 1816, was a pupil of Ingres, and exhibited many a notable portrait in oil or pastel at the Salon; and of M. JEAN CAPEYRON, at the advanced age of eighty-three. M. Capeyron was known as an animal-painter, but the chief claim he has on the gratitude of the art-world was the vigorous support he accorded to the new school, from Delacroix to M. Dupré, while they were fighting the battle of Romanticism.

ART IN JULY.

THE MEDALS OF HONOUR AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

Up to the time of going to press we learn that the jury *de classe* has awarded the following medals of honour in the department of painting :—

England : LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA, R.A., and HENRY MOORE, A.R.A.

Austria : MIHALY MUNKACSY.

Belgium : EMILE WAUTERS, FRANZ COURTENS, and ALFRED STEVENS.

Denmark : PETER KROYER.

Finland : ALBERT EDELDFELDT.

France : PASCAL DAGNAN-BOUVERET, JULES DELAUNAY, JULES DUPRÉ, AIMÉ MOROT, LÉON LHERMITE, JEAN GIGOUX, ANTOINE HÉBERT, CAMILLE BERNIER, FERNAND CORMON, EDOUARD DETAILLE, JULES LEFÈVRE, and RAPHAËL COLLIN.

Germany : MAX LIEBERMANN and FRIEDRICH UHDE.

Holland : JOSEF ISRAELS.

Italy : G. BOLDINI.

Norway : WERENSKJOLD.

Russia : JOSEPH CHELMONSKI.

Spain : JIMINEZ.

Sweden : A. BERGH.

United States : JOHN S. SARGENT and JULIUS MELCHERS.

It cannot be denied that there are several surprises in this list. The work of Mr. HENRY MOORE has been a revelation in Paris, his "Clearness after Rain" being especially admired. Mr. ALMA-TADEMA exhibited his "Women of Amphissa" and his exquisite "Expectation," as well as his water-colours of "Pleading" and "Music."

First-class medals have been awarded to SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A., for his "Captive Andromache," "Simce-tha the Sorceress," "Lady Coleridge," and especially his statuette of "Needless Alarms;" to MESSRS. BURNE-JONES, A.R.A. ("King Cophetua"), HERKOMER, A.R.A. ("Miss Grant," "Entranced"—hitherto known as "An American Lady"—and his etchings of the same); HOOK, R.A. ("The Day for the Lighthouse," "Ill Blows the Wind that Profits Nobody," and "The Close of Day"); ORCHARDSON, R.A. ("Mariage de Convenience; After," "Her First Dance," and "Master Baby"); WHISTLER ("Lady Archibald Campbell," "The Balcony," and eight original etchings of street scenery); STANHOPE FORBES ("The Village Harmonic" and "Their Ever-Shifting Home"); JOHN R. REID ("The Rival Grandfathers" and "Homeless and Homeward"); LEADER, A.R.A. ("In the Evening there shall be Light"); and J. J. SHANNON ("Henry Vigne, Esq."). Sir EVERETT MILLAIS, Mr. WATTS, and other prominent members of the English school did not compete.

THE CRIPPLING OF THE CHANTREY BEQUEST.

It is extremely to be regretted that the majority of the Court of Appeal have confirmed the narrow and, artistically considered, the ignorant view of Mr. Justice North, by forbidding the President and Council of the Royal Academy to purchase any work of sculpture, under the terms of the Chantrey bequest, that is not composed of marble, or bronze, or other metal. Our readers will remember that we last

year recorded the application of the trustees of the fund of the Court, to permit them to act on the spirit, instead of on the words, of Chantrey's will, and buy works that were "completed" so far as the artist was concerned, although not absolutely so in point of material. It was hopeless, from the beginning, that a just way out of the difficulty would be arrived at, for the legal mind has ever proved, by its very constitution, unable to appreciate the workings and character of the artistic mind; so that it is not surprising to find Lord Justice Cotton and Lord Justice Fry guiding their decision by the words of Chantrey's solicitor rather than by the spirit of Chantrey's acts and evident intentions. Sir Edward Fry recognised the fact that the view of Sir Frederick Leighton and the Master of the Rolls was "more for the interests of art," and yet, in spite of the leading sentence in Chantrey's will—"it is my desire and intention that . . . the clear income of my aforesaid residuary pure personal estate shall be devoted to the encouragement of British Fine Art in Painting and Sculpture only"—elected to stand by the most literal translation to the direction that "no commission or orders for the execution of works to be afterwards purchased as aforesaid shall at any time be given." But is it giving "a commission" to intimate that if such-and-such a work in plaster or was satisfactorily cast or carved it will be bought by the trustees of Chantrey's will? Certainly not, so far as the work to be produced in bronze is concerned, for once the wax or plaster finished, the work is absolutely complete so far as regards the artist; the rest is as independent a process from the original work as the varnishing of an oil picture. By adhering to the strict letter of the will, Chantrey's intentions appear to us not only not carried out, but absolutely subverted. Sir Henry Cotton holds that the words of a will "should not be tortured in order to carry out its view of the testator's meaning," but when we find that in the case of Turner's will his intentions as regards the heir-at-law were entirely upset, we become somewhat sceptical on the forensic idea of "intentions." By the present decision, the majority of the Court of Appeal prevent the testator's own profession—which he placed in his will on an equal footing with that of painting—from sharing, as it should, in its benefits. They make no allowance for an artist's looseness of expression—that, of course, is only right; but they do not even take into consideration, as they should, the conditions under which he worked and which were at the time the practice of the profession. When Chantrey had finished the clay, the work was "complete" as far as he was concerned; the reproduction of it was then a matter for the skilled *mechanic*—the *artist's* share was done. Nay, certain of his best-known designs have been declared the work of "skilled mechanics" from their very inception; so that one who thought so little of accuracy in matters such as these was hardly likely to be a match in literalness for the Lord Justices of Appeal—even had he known that his words would have come before them for solution. It is an unfortunate business all round, as the decision runs counter to every interest concerned in it, except that of very blind justice.

THE NEW NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

There is one question with regard to the new National Portrait Gallery which has hitherto received no attention. Yet it is no less important than the name of the generous citizen, who by his gift has put the Government to shame, or the site which shall be chosen for the great gallery of historical portraits. And this is, how and in what style is the gallery to be built? Though it is, at present, idle to attempt a precise answer to this question, it may be well to point out, by way of warning, how much harm has been done in the past to our public buildings by vexatious interference and reckless tinkering. The history of St. Paul's Cathedral is but the record of insult and injustice inflicted upon Sir Christopher Wren. The same might be said of Street and his Courts of Justice. But the most instructive parallel for our present purpose is the growth of the curious cluster of buildings which goes by the name of the National Gallery. The original structure, as every one knows, was the work of Wilkins. From the time of its completion this was laughed to scorn by the crowd of critics and connoisseurs. Indeed, it is scarcely too much to say that the architect was killed by disappointment and the sneers of those who believed themselves to be wise. But Wilkins' work did not long remain in its original form. It was soon found to be too small to house a collection, which had within a short period increased enormously. A new building was then contemplated, and designs were submitted. The result, however, after a great deal of heated discussion, was a compromise. To quote the words of Sir F. Leighton: "The original building has remained unaltered as to its exterior; but, on the rear of one of its flanks, loom now into view, first an appendage in an entirely different style of architecture, and, further on, an excrescence of no style of architecture at all: the one an Italian tower; the other a flat cone of glass, surmounted by a ventilator—a structure of the warehouse type—the whole resulting in a jarring jumble and an aspect of chaotic incongruity, which would be ludicrous if it were not distressing." Such is the history, made up of blunder and economy, of the National Gallery. And it ought to afford food for bitter reflection to those upon whom the responsibility of the National Portrait Gallery lies. The architect whose design is accepted should be allowed a free hand. No committee of business men, whose idea of art-criticisms is the tightening of their own or the public purse-strings, should be permitted to tinker and alter at will. It is entirely opposed to experience that an architect should be allowed to carry out his design unhampered and without reproach; but if the new National Portrait Gallery is to be worthy of the collection which it is to contain, we believe freedom of action to be essential. Otherwise the only possible result will be another disappointment, another compromise, such as we have already witnessed in the case of the National Gallery.

THE SALON AWARDS.

TO M. DAGNAN-BOUVERET has been awarded the coveted Medal of Honour for Painting, for his "Brettonnes au Pardon," by 217 votes, M. Benjamin-Constant coming second—as he has done annually for some two or three years. M. ACHILLE JACQUET, with 92 votes, took the medal for Engraving with his line engraving after Cabanel's "Fondatrice des Petites Sœurs des Pauvres." M. Mathurin-Moreau and M. Leloir were first in Sculpture and Architecture respectively, but as they failed to obtain the prescribed majority of votes the

medals were not allowed. The honours awarded to English artists were meagre, Mr. S. J. Solomon and Mr. Weekes obtaining each a third-class medal, and Miss Alice Havers (Mrs. Morgan) an honourable mention.

EXHIBITIONS OF THE MONTH.

The exhibition of the "Royal Academy Rejected and Crowded Out Pictures" at Olympia is, as a whole, one of the saddest that can be imagined. It reminds the beholder irresistibly of the side-walk exhibition by Italian beggars of their afflictions—sightless sockets and stunted limbs. Were it not that the display of the almost incredible badness of many of these pictorial attempts may remove the scales from the sight of some of the perpetrators, no excuse could be made for an exhibition, the chief result of which can only be the vitiation of the taste of such untutored beholders as curiosity may lead into this wilderness of misguided application. In short, the show, artistically considered, is beneath contempt; and, seeing that only about one-eighteenth part of the total number of the works "not hung" at the present Academy exhibition figure here, it has not even the dignity of numbers.

MR. PEPPERCORN, a collection of whose works has been exhibited at the Goupil Galleries, is a faithful follower of the French Romanticists. It is to Corot to whom he owes most. His aim is always poetical and decorative, and every one conversant with his work must acknowledge that he generally achieves that which he attempts. Those who are only satisfied with the conventional landscape, in which every detail is rendered with microscopical exactness, will find little to admire in Mr. Peppercorn's work. On the other hand, all those, and we believe them to be many, who recognise that the aim of art is decorative rather than statistical, must feel the charm that belongs to these poems in paint.

At the galleries of Messrs. Johnstone and Norman there has been held an interesting exhibition of American Decorative Art. The excellence of the "Low" tiles is already acknowledged in England, but so good an opportunity of judging their worth has not been previously given us. Admirable, too, is the stained glass of Mr. JOHN LA FARGE. The specimens exhibited here are decorative rather than pictorial, and of all of them the panels forming the lights round a door is the best. The "Associated Artists" exhibit some noteworthy examples of their skill, and the iron-work of Mr. JOHN WILLIAMS is efficiently designed.

At the same galleries a collection of American etchings has been exhibited. Mr. T. MORAN, the President of the "Society of American Etchers," is represented by his somewhat laboured "Mountain of the Holy Cross, Colorado." Far more satisfactory are the works of Messrs. C. A. PLATT and STEPHEN PARRISH. The latter's "Gale at Fécamp" is the best thing in the exhibition. We missed many well-known names, and the twenty-two examples shown here cannot be said to worthily represent the etching of America.

REVIEWS.

The last division of "*Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers*" (Bell and Sons) has been published, and the new book, as edited by Mr. ROBERT EDMUND GRAVES and Mr. WALTER ARMSTRONG, is at length complete. The

first edition made its appearance in seven parts, and took four years in publication—that is to say, from 1813 to 1816—the price being five guineas. In 1849, another edition of the scarce and much-sought book was issued by Bohu, revised and completed to that year by George Stanley, and the price was lowered to two guineas. At last, after forty years' delay, we have our new and perfected edition, and although we are not prepared without further examination to pronounce it entirely satisfactory in all respects, we can testify to the workmanlike manner in which it has been edited—especially in the later *fascicules*—and the judgment with which the biographies have been handled. It suffers a little, as all books of the kind must do, by a lack of proportion in treating some of the more recent painters, and in some instances, by incompleteness of research in respect to them; but on the whole it turns out a compilation of the highest value and utility. As regards the names of artists, Messrs. Graves and Armstrong have adopted Sir Frederick Burton's system in the National Gallery, and have indexed all artists under their true names, however unfamiliar they may be; but cross-references are in all cases introduced. The last, or twelfth, now before us, comprises one or two important monographs, articles, lists, and bibliographies including Titian (by Mrs. Heaton), Velasquez, Leonardo da Vinci, and Wilkie (all by Mr. Armstrong). A supplement, including those artists who have died while the work was passing through the press, is complete, and has been brought up to the last moment, Cabanel and Pellegrini, who passed away on the same day only a very few months ago.

Under the title of "*Academy Architecture and Annual Architectural Review, 1889*," two architects, Messrs. KOCH and ENGLISH, have undertaken to do for the architectural exhibits of the Royal Academy that which already has been carried out, since many years, for painting and sculpture in the same institution, viz., to publish a selection of reproductions of the most prominent architectural drawings hung in the gallery specially reserved for them. How far the scheme will be a successful one—seeing that the omission of such drawings from other publications of the day is due to the absolute apathy and want of interest with which, as a rule, architectural designs are regarded by the public—remains to be proved. The first difficulty with which the editors have had to contend has been the comparatively small number of works from which to select; one room only is devoted to architectural drawings at the Academy, whereas for painting and for sculpture there are fifteen rooms. It is for this reason, we presume, that to the "Academy Exhibition" has been added an "Annual Architectural Review," and if the latter could be extended so as to include more examples of foreign contemporary work than the editors have here been able to give, it seems to us that the new publication would be one of considerable interest and value. We are strongly of opinion, however, that to maintain its standard of usefulness a more careful selection will have to be made: in the first place a few designs have crept in which are interesting only to their authors; second, a limit should be made as to retrospective work (it is not worth while reproducing works carried out twenty years ago); and third, all reproductions of water-colour or pen-and-ink representations of ancient buildings should be omitted; and this remark applies also to Academy exhibits. The review should include contemporaneous architecture in all countries only; there can be no objection to the occasional reproduction of designs not carried out, because sometimes these are even a better reflex of the architectural style of the period than executed work. If other crafts

could be represented, such as those of decorative design, metal-work, architectural sculpture, and others of a kindred nature, these arts, to which architecture is frequently indebted, would receive for the first time a more general recognition.

In the handbook entitled "*National Academy Notes and Complete Illustrated Catalogue, 1889*" (Cassell and Co.), Mr. KURTZ does for the great Annual Exhibition in New York what two or three such books do in England for the Royal Academy, or in Paris for the Salon. Reproductions from many of the principal pictures, a criticism (a little too amiable all round, perhaps), and details of the constitution of the Academy are included in the little work, while interesting details concerning the chief exhibitors add to its general usefulness. Judging from the illustrations here given, landscape and single-figure pictures comprise the majority of the canvases this year—history pictures, and works of "high aim" and more elaborate composition, being comparatively but rarely attempted.

MR. BENJAMIN MARTIN'S "*Old Chelsea*" (T. Fisher Unwin) is without doubt a very charming little volume, dealing with a district of London that teems with artistic and literary memories not yet so very old, though fast becoming so. They touch on Turner, Blake, and Rossetti, on Maclise, Cecil Lawson, and Mr. Madox Brown, and, going back further, on Holbein, Inigo Jones, Sir Peter Lely, Prince Rupert, Verrio, Sir Hans Sloane, and Sir Thomas Lawrence—interesting, however, from their historical rather than the artistic aspect. But the charm of this book belongs in greater measure to the illustrations than to the text. These are from the brush and pen of Mr. JOSEPH PENNELL, one whose knowledge of the capacity of pure line in the representation of country and city landscape is unsurpassed at the present day. It is delightful to note how—as in the drawing of "The Embankment and Old Battersea Bridge," the whole sentiment and truthful representation of the place is set before us in the fewest possible strokes—a satisfactory and satisfying "impression," in contradistinction to the incomplete and unsatisfying "impressions" of Mr. Whistler. Some of Mr. Pennell's drawings are reproduced by facsimile process, others are engraved on wood. Of the latter "Paradise Row" on a wet day is not only remarkable as a skilful drawing, but also as an admirable transcript of it by Mr. CLEMENT. With so much material at the artist's command, we confess we are surprised that the self-same drawing and block should be used for frontispiece and for an illustration on page 136.

For those interested in the history of art there will always be a charm in the name of HECTOR BERLIOZ. For it is to the brilliant movement of 1830, from which the famous Romantic School took its origin, that we owe the author of *Les Troyens* and *Faust*. We therefore heartily welcome M. ADOLPHE JULLIEN'S "*Hector Berlioz, Sa vie et ses Œuvres*," which has recently been published in Paris (La Librairie de l'Art). But it is not only its subject which gives this princely volume its artistic value. From the point of view of illustration it is exhaustive. We are given reproductions of photographs, costumes, musical scores, playbills, caricatures, of everything, in short, which can possibly throw light on the career of Hector Berlioz. The series of portraits of the composer himself is an important one, including as it does an etching of the celebrated picture by COURBET, as well as reproductions of LENOIR'S statue and GODEBSKI'S medallion. Still more interesting is the large collection of caricatures, reproduced by lithography,

which are graphic enough in themselves to tell us the story of Berlioz's life. These are by CARJAT, NADAR, CHAM, DORÉ, and the great DAUMIER himself. They show us how the Parisian public was converted from an attitude of disgust at the ear-piercing music of Berlioz (as they thought it) to one of blind, unquestioning admiration. The fourteen imaginative drawings by M. FANTIN-LATOURE, suggested by the works of Berlioz, are the least satisfactory feature in the volume. All are admirable specimens of lithography, but of the designs themselves, while some are excellent, others sadly lack precision.

A new and delightful edition of VICTOR HUGO's "*Notre Dame de Paris*" has been published by Sampson Low and Company. It is in two volumes, well printed on very good highly-glazed "satin finish" paper, and the page has a bounteous margin. It is also illustrated in the way that has now become a fashion with modern French novels—with small and dainty facsimile reproductions of the artists' drawings. The edition is a limited one; each copy is numbered; and on the whole it is a choice book. An attempt to reproduce some of the drawings in colour is, however, "the fly in the ointment." Colour, when introduced into a book of this description, needs to be perfect of its kind. Very simple—two or three tones only—or very elaborately carried through. A mere suggestion or a perfect realisation. The coloured illustrations here are a failure: an attempt is made to do what is not possible by the means employed. But it is a delightful book notwithstanding.

OBITUARY.

MR. FREDERICK TAYLER, who died on the 20th of June at Hampstead, at the age of eighty-five, was in his day one of the most eminent of English water-colour painters. Born in 1804, he was the contemporary of Turner, De Wint, and David Cox, and thus may be said to have been the connecting-link between the early past and the present of the art, carrying on its traditions, and assisting as much as any in its development and its perfection. He early entered the schools of the Royal Academy, at a time when the teaching was not of much account in that institution, and then continued his studies in Paris and in Italy. In 1830, he sent his first exhibit to the Royal Academy, to which he subsequently contributed four more works. To the British Institution he also sent five works in all; but after 1865 he appeared only in the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours. Of that Society he had been elected an Associate in 1831, and a full member in 1834. His subjects consisted chiefly of "landscapes with figures and animals," more especially with hunting and hawking-parties in all the variety in which such scenes represent themselves to the artistic eye. In 1858 he was unanimously elected President, an office he held until his resignation in 1871. It was during his tenure that his "Return from Hawking"—the larger drawing of the two of this subject—was knocked down at Christie's for the highest sum ever reached by his works in a sale-room, namely £465. He occasionally worked in collaboration with George Barret, and produced many elaborate illustrations of scenes in the romances of Sir Walter Scott. He was an active member, not only of his own Society—which he handed over in a highly prosperous condition to its present President, Sir John Gilbert—but also of the Etching Club, and in 1855 acted as juror in the Fine Art Section of the Paris Exhibition, for which service he was created a Knight of the Legion of Honour. Mr.

Taylor was also a book-illustrator, and excelled as an etcher. Mr. Hamerton, in "Etching and Etchers," declares that certain of his work in this department has never been surpassed, while placing his "highly-finished modern way, depending greatly on *crevés*," above his efforts in the more simple and direct method of genuine etching. "He had all the natural gifts of a first-rate etcher, and nearly all the knowledge." In "Modern Painters," Professor Ruskin bore witness long ago to the exquisite qualities in his water-colours, and particularly in his sketches—a testimony that every judge of the art has since confirmed. "Olivia and Sophia" was exhibited only last year at the "Old Society," but proved how far the hand was robbed of its skill by advancing age. Four years ago Mr. Taylor issued an illustrated text-book on "Animal Painting," published by Messrs. Cassell. Mr. Norman Taylor, the late artist's son, is an Associate of the Society of which his father had been a member for no fewer than fifty-eight years.

M. ALEXIS JOSEPH MAZEROLLE, who was born in Paris in 1826, entered the École des Beaux-Arts at the age of seventeen, and became the pupil of Dupuis and Gleyre successively. Four years later he made his *début* at the Salon with "The Old Woman and the Two Servants," and from that time until last year he contributed with almost unbroken regularity, historical and incident pictures, portraits, and fine decorative compositions. He obtained a third-class medal in 1857 for his picture of "Chilperic and Fredigonde," and two years later a "*rappel*" for "Nero and Locusta Experimenting with Poisons upon a Slave"—a picture now in the Museum of Lille. In 1861 a second "*rappel*" was awarded him; in 1870 he was admitted Knight of the Legion of Honour, and in 1879, Officer. The works by which he will probably be best remembered are his ceiling decorations for the Theatre Français and the Vaudeville Theatre in Paris, and the "Nine Muses" and "Six Geniuses" for the Conservatoire.

The death of M. JOSEPH NAVLET, at the age of sixty-eight, is reported. Born at Chalons-sur-Marne, he was placed under Abel de Pujol, and in 1848 he made his first appearance in the Salon with his "Departure of the Young Tobias"—the first of a long series of history paintings, such as "The Defeat of Attila," "Brennus," "Salvator Rosa," "Godfrey de Bouillon," "The Martyrdom of Joan of Arc," "The Assassination of the Duke of Orleans," and so forth. The incidents of the Franco-Prussian war also provided him with many subjects. He was equally well known as a painter in water-colour.

We regret also to have to record the death of M. EUGÈNE VÉRON, the learned and brilliant editor of *L'Art*, which illustrated journal he had conducted since 1875; of M. AUGUSTINE LÉON MELLÉ, pupil of Cogniet, and landscape-painter of the old school, at the age of sixty-three; of Mlle. HIPPOLYTE LESAUVAGE, at the age of forty-five, a history-painter of some talent and considerable taste, but too much ambition; of the Danish flower-painter, M. HAMMER, who was born in 1821; of Herr BOETTCHER, of Düsseldorf, who was born in 1818, and devoted himself to the representation of Rhenish peasant-life; of M. CERNESON, the eminent architect and Knight of the Legion of Honour, in the fifty-ninth year of his age; of the Viennese landscape-painter, Herr MELCHOIR FRITSCHÉ, at the age of sixty-three; and of M. CHAUVIN, at the age of sixty-nine. M. Chauvin was essentially a decorator and, like M. Mazerolle, designed panels for the adornment of the Conservatoire Concert-room and École des Beaux-Arts.

ART IN AUGUST.

MEDALS AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

In the last number of this Magazine we gave a complete list of the Medals of Honour awarded to the various countries that competed in the department of painting, and the first-class medals won by Englishmen. The other honours gained by Great Britain are as follows :—

Painting.—Second-class medals: LUKE FILDES, R.A., ANDREW GOW, A.R.A., E. J. GREGORY, R.A., J. W. WATERHOUSE, A.R.A., COLIN HUNTER, A.R.A., JOSEPH KNIGHT, J. SANT, R.A., MARCUS STONE, R.A., W. H. BARTLETT, J. CHARLES, GEORGE CLAUSEN, and F. D. MILLET. Third-class medals: J. KNIGHT, J. AUMONIER, J. P. BEADLE, P. H. CALDERON, R.A., MARK FISHER, T. B. KENNINGTON, R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A., PHIL MORRIS, A.R.A., DAVID MURRAY, ADRIAN STOKES, W. L. WYLLIE, A.R.A., J. CHARLTON, E. CROFTS, A.R.A., F. GOODALL, R.A., BRITON RIVIERE, R.A., LIONEL SMYTHE, SIDNEY STARR, and HENRY WOODS, A.R.A.

Sculpture.—Medals of Honour: ALFRED GILBERT, A.R.A., and Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A. First-class medal, lone. Second-class medals: ROSCOE MULLINS and E. ONSLOW FORD, A.R.A. Third-class medals: T. BROCK, A.R.A., R. B. BROWNING, H. PEGRAM, P. HÉBERT (of Paris), and T. STIRLING LEE. Honourable Mentions: Miss JEFFREYS (of Paris) and T. NELSON MACLEAN.

Engraving.—Medal of Honour: F. SEYMOUR HADEN, P.R.S.P.-E. First-class medals: FRANK SHORT and R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A. Second-class medals: L. LOWENSTAM and W. STRANG. Third-class medal: W. L. WYLLIE, A.R.A.

The curious misplacement of artists, in some instances positively grotesque, will strike everybody, so that it may be assumed that no injury to reputation may be suffered by artists who have deserved a better position than has been given them. But many influences are said to have been at work besides that fairness we had a right to expect; this can be the only explanation of many instances of eccentricity on the part of the jury. At the same time, it must be borne in mind that many English artists, unaware that they were to be included in the competition (it was at first determined that England should be *hors concours*), were content to send a very moderate and unrepresentative exhibit. And by this they have been judged.

THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

The Scottish National Portrait Gallery, after occupying temporary premises for the last few years, has been removed to a portion of the imposing Gothic building which—through the generosity of a long anonymous donor, now disclosed to be Mr. J. R. Findlay, one of the proprietors of the *Scotsman* newspaper—has been erected in Queen Street, Edinburgh, for its accommodation and that of the Scottish National Museum of Antiquities; and the opening ceremony was performed by the Marquis of Lothian, on the 15th of July. Even already the directors of the gallery have been able to bring together a collection of national portraits of considerable interest and historical value. The works on view number in all about four hundred items; but of these some seventy are merely on temporary loan, while a considerable proportion of those that remain are medallions and drawings. The works that are the permanent property of the gallery include an interesting oil portrait of Queen Mary, an old

work of the Clouet type; an imposing coronation full-length by SHACKLETON of George II., and a similar rendering of George III. and Queen Charlotte by ALLAN RAMSAY. RAEBURN, the greatest of Scottish portraitists, is excellently represented by his fine full-length of Professor Wilson (Christopher North), and by his portraits of Neil Gow, Professor Dalziel, Francis Horner, and Professor Thomas Reid, the typical Scotch metaphysician. WATSON-GORDON is seen to advantage in his renderings of Lord Cockburn, Lord Rutherford, Sir William Gibson Craig, the Rev. Thomas McCrie the historian; COLVIN SMITH in his portraits of Sir James Mackintosh, Sir Ralph Abercromby, and the 2nd Viscount Melville; while among recent portrait-painters are ROBERT HERDMAN'S "Thomas Carlyle," and his "Dr. David Laing." The collection of portrait busts is also considerably extensive and valuable, including representations of the most eminent Scotsmen by JOSEPH, CHANTREY, STEELL, CAMPBELL, and BRODIE. An interesting section of the collection is a series of about forty highly characteristic heads, drawn in pencil on the scale of life, by JOHN BROWN, a little-known Scottish portraitist of the last century whose career is fully recorded by Mr. Gray, the Curator of the gallery, in our July number; and an extensive collection of the portrait medallions of JAMES TASSIE, rendering very many of the celebrated personages of the latter half of the eighteenth century, forms a curious and valuable feature of the gallery.

THE SECRÉTAN SALES.

The events of the art season in Paris and London have been the sales of the collection of pictures formed by M. E. SECRÉTAN, of Paris. Besides the modern pictures this collection included a considerable number of old masters; but with several important exceptions, they were not of the highest class, and the strength of M. Secrétan's gallery lay in the pictures by painters of our own day. There is no doubt that M. Secrétan chose his modern pictures well, for never before have so many really great examples been seen together. There is also no doubt that on these modern pictures a handsome profit has been realised at the auction, even over the high prices he had admittedly paid. For example, on March 16, 1881, M. Secrétan gave £6,720 for the "Angelus," a price deemed absurd by many buyers, because the painting, as a picture, is not worth more than perhaps £3,000. The sentiment attached to this subject, however, made it certain that M. Secrétan had not made any mistake, as indeed the £23,224 bid for it last July 1 proved. This sum, as all the world knows, was offered by a so-called syndicate, who gave out that they had a certain authority to purchase it for the French National Collection in the Louvre. But—and it is a striking and sad evidence of the humiliating deterioration of "la belle France"—the necessary and very simple formalities are said to have been found impossible to carry through, and the American bidder, who ran the "syndicate" so closely, has been offered the picture. The Barbizon school of painting is now nearing the zenith of its celebrity, and every one of the pictures from the hands of MILLET, ROUSSEAU,

COROT, DAUBIGNY, and DIAZ, sold at the Secrétan sale at prices beyond anything hitherto paid. Rousseau's "Hut of the Charbonniers" fetched fully £3,000; Corot's "Biblis," a magnificent work, ran up to £3,360; Daubigny's "Return of the Flock," one of that master's finest canvases, reached £1,690; and "Diana Hunting," by Diaz, £2,840. All these are good prices, but yet not far beyond their ordinary market value. Meissonier's works on the whole realised less than was expected, but it may be affirmed with confidence that the market for this master's pictures is likely to fall in the future. Troyon's works have well maintained their prices, and three small examples of him in the Secrétan collection fetched much larger sums than was anticipated. "La Basse Cour," considered by experts to be worth on a full price £800, went at £1,448, which is very high for a simple picture of cocks and hens in a yard, and only seventeen by fifteen inches in size. ISABEY'S "Marriage in a Delft Church" fetched £3,000, a sum far beyond his usual values. Millet's "Le Vanneur" ran up to £3,500 at the London section of the sale, and TROYON'S "Garde-Chasse" nearly £3,000. DELACROIX'S "Tiger Surprised by a Serpent," which sold in the Wilson sale, 1881, for £964, now brought £1,400. Of the pictures which greatly depreciated in value there were only a few amongst the modern works. Meissonier's "Cuirassiers," paid by M. Secrétan £14,000, realised a little less than £8,000. INGRE'S "Œdipe and the Sphinx" sold for £280, or about one-fourth of its former price; and FORUNY'S very fine "Arabs Dancing" only came to £972, which is really far below its value in an ordinary way. Amongst the old pictures the prices varied considerably, and without further apparent reason than the usual chances of an auction room. The great "Landscape" by HOBBEEMA was sold in London for £5,460, whereas M. Secrétan had paid more than double that sum for it, although in 1802 the same picture only brought £294 at Christie's. The Frans Hals, on the other hand, went higher than hitherto; and the "Portraits of Scriverius and his Wife," sold at the Wilson sale in 1881 for £3,200, now realised £3,640; and the same painter's portrait of a man with a cane, sold at the Wilson sale for £3,124, now went up to £4,420. But, again, the "Portrait of the Bishop of Winchester," by Holbein or one of his contemporaries, fetched only £1,200, whilst £2,668 was paid for it at the same sale eight years before. It is not possible to draw any useful commercial conclusion from the prices paid for the pictures in the Secrétan collection further than the fact that at present all old masters vary in price, that the clever imitative pictures are falling in value, while the more impressionistic paintings of the Barbizon school still continue to rise.

THE POPULARISATION OF SCULPTURE.

There have been many indications of late that sculpture, so long regarded by the ignorant as a "dead art," is gaining the appreciation of the people. We have lately heard that some of the most renowned of English sculptors are to employ their talents upon the decoration of public buildings. This is a distinct advance. There has been little like it since the days when Wells Cathedral was built. And yet this is the best method of making sculpture a popular art. In one other direction there is evidence that sculpture will in the future appeal to a larger public than it has done hitherto. What the various methods of engraving have done for the popularisation of painting will be done before very long for sculpture by the reproductions in bronze and on a small scale of the works by modern artists.

Mr. NELSON MACLEAN has already published some of his works. Mr. WOOLNER has had his bust of Mr. GLADSTONE reproduced, and Mr. CONRAD DRESSLER his bust of Mr. RUSKIN, and now we have Mr. COLLIE publishing Mr. THORNYCROFT'S admirable statue of GENERAL GORDON. This we are delighted to see. There is no reason why reductions in bronze of statues by eminent sculptors should not be as eagerly sought after and highly prized as etchings of famous pictures. The economic effect of this taste upon the sculptor would be important. Hitherto the difficulties which a sculptor has had to overcome have been immense. But with a wide public to appeal to, the copyrights of his works will have a value they never had before. We trust that Mr. Collie will carry on the work he has so well begun by the publication of reductions on a similar scale of such works as Mr. GILBERT'S "Icarus," Mr. FORD'S "Singer," and Mr. THORNYCROFT'S "Teucer." One point yet must be noticed in the matter. The price of reductions in bronze is necessarily high, and though those who now lavish their money on proofs of etchings will be able to afford to purchase statuettes, there is a great number of people who would like to possess these reductions in a less costly material. Cannot cheap copies be published in bronzed plaster? Or will not one of our sculptors devise a material which is as cheap and convenient as plaster and more durable, while it is capable of receiving the artistic impress in a measure approaching, if not equalling, that of bronze?

RECENT EXHIBITIONS.

At Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries, in New Bond Street, there has been exhibited a collection of pictures of Japanese and Chinese Life by Mr. THEODORE WORES. Mr. Wores, who is, we believe, an American, has made a careful study of the picturesque life of the inhabitants of Nikko and Tokio. From an artistic point of view, however, the majority of his pictures seem to us failures. The painter does not appear to have a keen sense of decoration, in spite of his sojourn in Japan, and his colour is too often distressingly inharmonious. The exhibition suggests a comparison with that held last year by Mr. Menpes, and the comparison is not to Mr. Wores' advantage. Mr. Menpes was perhaps less ambitious in his aims than Mr. Wores, but all his work was essentially decorative, and therefore essentially Japanese. Mr. Wores' canvases, on the other hand, convey information, but make little or no appeal to our sense of beauty.

A series of water-colour drawings by Mr. W. W. MAY, R.I., have been exhibited at the same galleries. Those who appreciate the careful, minutely finished water-colour drawing so characteristic of the English school, will find much to admire in these graceful sketches of Lough Swilly. But the masterly water-colours of the modern French and Dutch schools have shown us how much more can be done in this medium by breadth and freedom of treatment.

Messrs. Dowdeswell have also shown a collection of busts of living men by Mr. CONRAD DRESSLER. The majority of these prove that the sculptor has considerable skill in catching a likeness. In some instances, however, Mr. Dressler has softened, in others over-accentuated the characteristic features of his sitters. Messrs. Grossmith and Toole, for example, are undoubtedly flattered, while there is some exaggeration in the rendering of such distinct personalities as Messrs. Ruskin and Swinburne. From an artistic point of view Mr. Dressler's work is almost always

efficient and interesting, and indicates a vigour and a breadth of handling that promise well for future achievement.

The statuary by Mr. CHAUNCEY B. IVES, which has been exhibited at the Burlington Gallery, shows at once the strength and weakness of the modern Italian school. It has a certain prettiness, and dimly suggests the classical style, not as manifested in the masterpieces of Greek sculpture, but as interpreted by an age unappreciative of the grand tradition. In his statue of the nymph Egeria Mr. Ives attempts a task which no sculptor who knows the limitations of white marble would dare to undertake. He represents water dripping from the feet of the nymph. This is a proof at once of his ingenuity and his utter fatal disregard of his material.

The exhibition of black-and-white drawings by Mr. BISCOMBE GARDNER possessed a statistieal rather than an artistic interest. The sketches of the submerged village in North Wales, which has now become Lake Vyrnwy, form a curious memorial of a once rich valley which will never be looked upon again by mortal eye. But Mr. Gardner's best works are his drawings of the Valley of the Dart. These display a certain breadth of treatment, and are free from the hard touches which disfigure the Welsh series.

At the Fine Art Society's gallery have been exhibited a collection of drawings of Cairo by Mr. "ROUSSOFF," which show considerable improvement upon all his former efforts. They are distinguished by a good sense of colour, and though a few of them are somewhat over-elaborated, the majority show that Mr. Roussoff knows what to omit as unessential to the broad effect of the picture.

REVIEWS.

Some very interesting specimens of Norwegian textile fabrics are reproduced in a work entitled "*Gamle Norske Tæpper*" (Old Norwegian Textiles), which has recently been published by Messrs. Asher and Co. of Berlin. All the examples published in this volume are to be seen in the Kunstindustri Museum, at Christiania, the Konservator of which institution, Herr H. Grosch, supplies some explanatory letterpress. The art of weaving tapestries is known to have existed in Norway in the earliest times, but the only evidence of this fact is to be found in literature and legend. Indeed, the oldest textiles now in existence date from the thirteenth century, and these are interesting from an antiquarian rather than an artistic point of view. It was not until the seventeenth century that the Renaissance reached Norway, but in many of the hangings and carpets of this period the influence of the classical revival is distinctly seen. In every one of them, however, there are traces of the Scandinavian spirit, and the majority are admirable alike in colour and design. For instance, it would be hard to better the pattern given in Plate VI., the basis of which is the campanula flower.

"*The Inns of Old Southwark*," by Messrs. RENDLE and NORMAN (Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co.), is a model topographical work. It is pleasantly written, crammed with information, and admirably illustrated. It is seldom that we meet with better drawings in modern books than those of the George Inn by Mr. JACOMB HOOD. Excellent, too, are the pen-and-ink sketches by Mr. MORANT COX, while Mr. NORMAN'S drawings fulfil their purpose. We are so speedily losing our hold on the past, and London is undergoing such rapid changes, that works such as this are especially valuable. If the George Inn in Southwark, for

instance, were utterly demolished to-morrow, we should here possess an enduring image of it. It were well if others would do for the rest of London what Messrs. Rendle and Norman have done for Southwark. The task of reconstructing the past, and at the same time preserving the present, is no slight one, but it is one which is well worthy to be efficiently performed.

We have rarely met with a book which has given us greater pleasure than M. JUSSERAND'S "*English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages*" (Fisher Unwin). This accomplished French scholar, who never allows his learning to interfere for a moment with the picturesqueness of his style, has proved to us once for all how much fascinating history lies buried in ancient records. When handled with tact, statutes and ordinances, which seem to the uninitiated as arid as the parchment upon which they are written, may be made to yield a story of extraordinary interest. In the task of vivifying dry bones M. Jusserand has completely succeeded. He has told us how in the fourteenth century the roads and bridges were kept in repair, who the wanderers were that thronged the high road or lurked on the edge of the green wood, how the preachers and friars journeyed from town to town, and how pilgrims sought their shrine and murderers their sanctuary. And all this he has done with a lightness of touch which gives his work the charm of a romance. The illustrations are chosen with rare discrimination, and are really helpful in explaining the text. Unfortunately, however, they have been reproduced by a process which takes away much of their value. Those which depend only on outline are intelligible and satisfactory, but the others are almost without exception blurred and indistinct. It is matter for sincere regret that so many interesting drawings from ancient manuscripts, and representations of such interesting monuments as the bridge at Cahors, should be irremediably marred in reproduction.

In 1888 M. Bouchot brought out a volume on "*Les Reliures d'art à la Bibliothèque Nationale*," with eighty plates and an introduction by himself. A similar work, entitled "*Remarkable Bindings in the British Museum*," has lately been issued under the joint production of Mr. WHEATLEY and Mr. CUNDALL. The plates are from photographs printed in monotyp by the orthochromatic process of Messrs. Aron Frères of Paris, who did those for M. Bouchot's work, but unfortunately in the present case the results are far inferior. It is a pity that an opinion now seems prevalent that one has only to start a book with an unusually large margin for it to take rank at once as a work of art. The truth is that a small edition of one hundred and fifty copies at three guineas a copy appeals to a very limited public, but a public which expects to have a good thing, and is a good judge of what it ought to be. We are sorry to be obliged to state that this work by no means comes up to the standard rightly demanded under such conditions. The best plates are curiously enough those on embroidered bindings which are as a rule difficult of reproduction, but in many of the others, notably in such as show the delicate work of Le Gascon, the particular dotted character of the tooling is unrecognisable. Had the book been issued at a guinea like its French counterpart, there would not have been much to be said, but it challenges comparison with such a work as M. Gruel's "*Manuel de l'Amateur*," which, setting aside the fine plates in course of publication by Mr. Quaritch, remains by far the best and most important book on the subject.

"*The End of the Middle Ages*," by Miss A. MARY F. ROBINSON (Fisher Unwin), is a more serious contribution

to history than we have learnt to expect from this accomplished authoress. It is a fragment or collection of fragments of a history of the French in Italy, the writing of which Miss Robinson has in contemplation. The title, as she confesses in a charming dedicatory preface addressed to Mr. Symonds, is but an attempt to give a unity to a series of essays which can hardly claim to be a coherent whole. We need scarcely say that the style is cultivated and picturesque throughout, and that difficult subjects are treated with understanding and lucidity. The value of the work makes the absence of an index more reprehensible.

The last volume of the "Monde Pittoresque et Monumental," published by the Maison Quantin, is the best, so far, of the series. In this bulky tome M. G. DE LÉRIS deals with "*L'Italie du Nord*," so that to the art-loving community especially the book is of lively interest. The text is pleasantly written—a sort of chatty and anecdotic Baedeker—while the illustrations, of which there is a profusion, are of the sort that is said to "serve its purpose." The majority are drawn from photographs, but some capital specimens of black-and-white work are from the pencils of MM. Fraipont, Boudier, Danger, Dosso, and others.

In the seventh annual issue of "*Academy Sketches*" (Allen and Co.), Mr. BLACKBURN has brought together a selection of blocks which have appeared in his "Notes," together with a collection from the illustrated catalogues of the Societies. Those from the exhibition of the Nineteenth Century Art Society might well have been spared. Persons who study economy will find some sort of reflection, however incomplete, of the year's art in this volume.

The text-book by Mrs. ELEANOR ROWE, entitled "*Hints on Wood-Carving*," published by the School of Art Wood-Carving, City and Guilds Institute, is a useful little book full of sound directions and good suggestions. The designs set before the pupils cannot exactly be commended, but the instruction as to the use of tools is excellent.

Of all the books on the subject, Mr. CARROLL'S "*Practical Plane and Solid Geometry*" (Burns and Oates) appears to us the most practical, plain, and solid. Its conciseness is admirable, and the method of teaching and explanation, ingenious and clear. There is, of course, a vast deal more in this little work than can possibly be of use to artists, even to the most scientifically inclined of architectural and landscape-painters; yet it is a highly useful work. Mr. RAWLE'S treatise on the same subject (Simpkin, Marshall and Co.) runs it very close; nay, many may prefer it.

A series of clever and picturesque architect's notes is Mr. ARNOLD MITCHELL'S "*Rambling Sketches in and about Peterborough*" (C. F. Kell). These skilful jottings are very suggestive, and will doubtless have considerable historical interest, in that they have been made during the progress of the restoration.

We have recently seen a folding box intended for outdoor sketching purposes. It holds oil colours, palette, sketching-boards, and every requisite for the oil painter, and when opened out makes a table with sloping top to form an easel. It is another of the many attempts to lighten the sketcher's kit, and increase his comfort when doing outdoor work. The name of this new invention is "The Artist's Surprise Box Table," and we believe it is to be seen at most of the artists' colourmen. The same manufacturers are producing a new and cheap "collector's folio frame," which will hold several drawings, prints, or etchings, so that the subject on view may be changed from time to time.

It is made with an arrangement at the back by means of which, without unfastening, the frame may be shifted from a horizontal to a vertical position to suit the subject; also without unfastening, the frame may be dropped several inches to facilitate the change desired.

OBITUARY.

The news that KYŌSAI is dead will be received with the keenest regret by all who are interested in Japanese art. Kawanabe Kyōsai, who was born in 1831, was without doubt the greatest of all his artistic brethren, the last of a great school. With the man and his methods the readers of THE MAGAZINE OF ART already have a sort of acquaintance through the medium of Mr. Mortimer Meupes, whose recent article on "Khiosi," as he spelled it, revealed his artistic and social character with much completeness. Kyōsai was one of those strange artistic spirits whose whole lives are devoted to their calling. His independence of character and his contempt for all conventionalities, whether social or artistic, were strong within him, and he cared no more for money or position than he did for the opinion of the world or of his fellow-practitioners. His precocity was extraordinary; he was no more than three years of age, when he modelled and then drew a frog after one he had caught, and he was not yet eight when he was placed under YŪSAI KUNIVOSHI, the leading painter of the *Ukiyo* school. Many are the anecdotes told of the days of his studentship, all of which tend to emphasise his originality and power, while his escapades, always the result of his passion for sketching under every possible condition and his desire to multiply opportunities for the observation of life, are still remembered and talked of as typifying his character and his love of art. His art covered every field—history, figure, landscape, animal, and still-life painting—but whatever his subject he always worked from memory, using studies and copies of all kinds, whether original works, engravings, or photographs, only as aids to stimulate the mind. He was a man of extraordinary eccentricity, sometimes startling, and always dealing in the unexpected. Many of his finest and most remarkable works were produced when under the influence of *saké*. But it was not as a drunkard that he drank: it was rather with that intention which is said to have led FUSELI into eating underdone pork before painting his "Nightmare;" and when he placed himself under the spell of the cup he added unparalleled spirit and originality to his usual characteristics of rapidity, firmness, decision, and grace. Modest and versatile, catholic in his views, welcoming the great qualities of European art, yet desponding as to art's future, he has left thousands of works to immortalise his name, while his life, simple and unostentatious, proclaims him the Diogenes of the Brush.

We regret to have also to record the death of M. LOUIS JULES ETEX at the age of seventy-nine. He was the pupil of Ingres and Lethière, and at the age of twenty-three made his first appearance at the Salon. He soon obtained a second-class medal for his portraits, and in 1838 he was awarded a like medal for his "Adam and Eve." He painted many historical works, including "St. Philibert," and latterly was professor of drawing at the School of Decorative Arts. M. SORTAMBOSC, who has just died at the age of fifty-three, was a sculptor of great delicacy and taste, who will be chiefly remembered by his works in wood. Herr OTTO DE THOREN, the well-known animal painter, was born in Vienna, but practised in Paris, where he gained medals in 1865 and in 1884. In the latter year he was admitted to the Legion of Honour.

ART IN SEPTEMBER.

ENGLISH WATER-COLOUR ART AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

The awards to exhibitors of water-colour and black-and-white drawings at the Paris Exhibition are now known so far as the first and second class medals are concerned. It is not too much to say that they are more open to criticism, even to the resentment of uninterested judges, than those given in other departments. The following is the list:—

First Class Medals:—Mr. CHARLES KEENE, Mr. J. AUMONIER, R.I., Mr. ALFRED EAST, R.I., Mr. E. J. GREGORY, A.R.A., R.I., Mr. ALFRED PARSONS, R.I., and Mr. W. L. WYLLIE, A.R.A., R.I.

Second Class Medals:—Sir J. D. LINTON, P.R.I., Mr. ANDERSON HAGUE, R.B.A., Mr. J. NORTH, R.W.S., Mr. C. E. HOLLOWAY, R.I., Miss ALMA-TADEMA, Mr. WALTER CRANE, A.R.W.S., Mr. W. B. WOLLEN, R.I., Mr. HERBERT MARSHALL, R.W.S., Mr. STANHOPE FORBES, Mr. GEORGE CLAUSEN, A.R.W.S., Mr. THOMAS COLLIER, R.I., and Mr. FRED. COTMAN, R.I.

We shall probably have more to say on this subject next month.

RECENT ACQUISITIONS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

In addition to the pictures of "A Convivial Party," by POT, and the "Portrait of a Lady," by FRANCIS COTES, that were placed in the National Gallery three months ago, some further interesting works have recently been contributed, three of which add new names to the list of painters represented in Trafalgar Square. In Room XIX. has been hung a life-sized head, in an oval frame, of Napoleon Buonaparte in uniform—presented by the DUKE of LEINSTER. It is by HORACE VERNET and, though not to be considered as a work of art of any considerable excellence, it is an interesting specimen of French portrait-painting when the century was in its first quarter. Is this, perhaps, one of the several portraits of the great commander commissioned of Vernet by a Russian princess at a thousand francs per portrait? Upon a screen in Room XI.—that devoted to works of the early Flemish and German schools—is a large and highly interesting work, attributed to JAN BREUGHEL. It represents an "Interior of a Gallery of Art:" that is to say, a large room, the walls of which are closely hung with pictures as various in their subjects as in their treatment. Extremely high finish, pure and vivid colour, and precision of touch, distinguish this canvas, which contains also eleven gaily-dressed figures of men who are sitting at the table and discussing the pictures. This work, in which the painting is better than the perspective, was bequeathed to the nation by Mr. J. STANIFORTH BECKETT. Among the pictures of the Tuscan School, in Room I., is hung a large canvas, the gift of Mr. GEORGE SALTING, by JACOPO CHIMENTI DA EMPOLI, representing "San Zenobio Restoring to Life a Dead Child." The composition, numbered 1,282 in the Catalogue, contains nine heads, the central figure being San Zenobio in full canonicals; while at his feet lies the child, with the mother and grandmother kneeling before him. The painter's study of the works of Andrea del Sarto, on which he modelled his style, is here apparent. A "View of Dedham" (1,283) by GAINSBOROUGH, measuring about thirty-one inches by twenty-five, has been purchased

from the fund bequeathed by Mr. Francis Clarke, and hung in Room XIX. A figure of a tramp is in the foreground, while the view of Dedham Church and a portion of the hamlet is vignettted through the arched trees. This early little picture is very highly finished. A new acquisition by another king of the English School is WILSON'S "Landscape with Figures." The picture, in which some female figures are engaged in bathing, is flooded with golden light, with somewhat less contrast of shadow than is usual with the painter. It measures nineteen inches by thirty-three, and is placed in Room XVII. It was, together with the so-called Breughel, bequeathed by Mr. J. Staniforth Beckett. A "Frost Scene" (1,288) by VAN DER NEER, a "Landscape" (1289) by CUYP, and a "Family Group" (1,292) by BYLERT (an artist hitherto unrepresented here, and one who is chiefly known as a painter on glass), have been added to Room XII.; and an "Ascension of the Virgin" by VALDES LEAL—the prolific contemporary of Murillo, of whose fame he was jealous, and whose manner he has here imitated, as was his wont—has been hung in Room XV., among the Spanish pictures.

JAPANESE ART AND THE EUROPEAN MARKET.

In a lecture recently delivered by Mr. Liberty to a Tokyo audience, which included Viscount Sano, Professor Fenollosa, Captain Brinkley, and other well-known experts in the art-work of Japan, that gentleman gave some excellent practical advice, that may be productive of much good, more particularly as many students of the art school listened to and applauded his "points." Mr. Liberty laid stress on the fact that no diffidence or respect for European manners, and no dallying with the European market, should be permitted to interfere with the true characteristics and individuality of the Japanese art of the day. "Adopt our top-hats and our war-ships, if you will," he said, in effect; "let your ladies, like ours, enclose their forms in an iron cage, if they must, but keep to the nationality of your art. Adapt the shape of your vases and trays to European wants, but do not adopt European models. Stick to your brush and forswear the Western pencil-point; give us your jewellery, if you please, but not your imitations of the vulgarest productions of Birmingham and the Palais Royal, or your trade and your art will die together. I have even seen some of your temples furnished 'in the newest style.' Hinges, window-frames, and locks—and of poor quality, all of them—have usurped the places of your sliding-doors, *shojis*, and bolts, and hideous, gaudy felts your own pure mattings. Western machinery can imitate your bad art cheaper than you can produce it, but your own hands and minds alone can produce your *fine* art. No enameller was ever greater than your Mr. Namikawa of Kyoto; no embroiderer finer than Mr. Nishimura; no jewellers more perfect than those now at Komi. One thing only you must remember; and that is, how the *objets d'art* are to be viewed in European homes: recollect we sit higher than you do, so that your decorations on your vases should be higher, too. But only in such cases as these should you modify your models." As Mr. Liberty can back his advice by trade orders, his counsel stands a good chance of receiving attention.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY IN 1887.

The thirty-second annual report of the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery that was recently presented to Parliament shows that the gifts to the gallery now number four hundred and fifty-two, and the purchases four hundred and twenty-seven. Of the former fourteen were added; and of the latter, seven. The donations include the following: The Duke of Cumberland (1721—1765), by JERVAS; Countess of Sunderland (1683—1716), by Sir GODFREY KNELLER; Lord Gough, by Sir FRANCIS GRANT, P.R.A.; William Cowper, by HARVEY, after LEMUEL ABBOT; Sir William Molesworth, Bart., by Sir J. WATSON GORDON, R.A., P.R.S.A.; General Popham, by Sir M. H. SHEE, P.R.A.; and the Rev. Edmund Clarke, LL.D., by JOHN OPIE, R.A. The purchases include The Earl of Halifax (1661—1715), by Sir GODFREY KNELLER; Lord Macclesfield (1666—1732), and the Earl of Rochester (1614—1711), both by the same. Five pictures have been cleaned and lined; nine cleaned and re-varnished; and eight put under glass; and the collection generally is in the good order that might be expected from Mr. Scharf's tutelage. The number of entrances has averaged 55,300 annually since the opening of the collection in 1859 to 1885, the date of its removal to Bethnal Green. Concerning the figures after that year, Mr. Scharf wisely keeps silence. For the ten years previous to 1885 the average was 92,500. The report concludes with a tribute to the generosity of "an anonymous donor who has offered to provide funds for the erection of a new gallery. Such munificence," it adds, "needs no comment."

"THE LEGION OF HONOUR."

An interesting compilation has been made on the subject of awards for artistic merit that have been distributed in France among contemporary artists—statistics that suggest reflections on the real meaning and value of such distinctions. It is said, with some show of authority, that France contains "a minimum of five thousand artists." We, however, have always understood that twenty-two thousand was nearer the mark, of whom twelve thousand have exhibited at the current exhibitions. But perhaps the latest calculation is based on some more critical standard and examination of claims; so five thousand be it. Of these no fewer than two thousand two hundred have received "rewards" in the Salon, ranging from Medals of Honour down to Honourable Mentions. Of the two thousand two hundred, three hundred and seventy have been "decorated"—that is to say, admitted to the Legion of Honour; and of them seventy have been raised to the ranks of Officer, Commander, and Grand Officer. These figures show that in the whole French roll of honour only one per cent. has been chosen from the ranks of artists. The divisions of the arts of design are thus represented in the Legion of Honour and in the higher grades:—PAINTERS: Meissonier (Grand Officer); Bonnat, Bouguereau, Gérôme, Hébert, and J. N. Robert-Fleury (Commanders); and Alfred Arago, Armand-Dumaresq, Benjamin-Constant, Bida, Breton, Busson, Cabat, Carolus-Duran, Chaplin, Henri Delaborde, Delaunay, Detaille, Dupré, François, Galland, Gigoux, Harpignies, Henner, Humbert, Jalabert, Lami, Laurens, Lefebvre, Lenepveu, Charles Leroux, Mayer, Gustave Moreau, Muller, Puvis de Chavannes, Ribot, T. Robert-Fleury, Signol, Vibert, Vollon, and Yvon (Officers); SCULPTORS, MEDALISTS, and GEM-ENGRAVERS: De Nieuwerkerke (Grand Officer); Eugène Guillaume

(Commander); and Barrias, Bartholdi, Cain, Cavalier, Chaplain, Chapu, Crauk, Delaplanche, Paul Dubois, Falguière, Fremiet, Geoffrey-Dechaume, Mercié, Aimé Millet, and Thomas. ARCHITECTS: Bailly and Charles Garnier (Commanders); and Aldrophe, André, Baudot, Bœswillwald, Bourdais, Dulert, Formigé, De Joly, Lisch, Parent, Revoil, Sedille, Trélat, and Vaudremer (Officers). ENGRAVERS: Henriquel-Dupont (Commander). The two Officers, Gaillard and François, have recently died, and their places have not yet been filled up. Such is a list of the higher grades of those who wear "the Cross;" and it must be admitted that there is hardly one among them who does not fully merit his honour. But of the great mass—the other three hundred? The inference is that the average of their talent must be at least equal to that of our average Academician; while the odd two thousand, or thereabouts, represents a class for whom we have no comparative grade in England. In this way the greater numerical strength, at least, of the French over the English class of capable artists is clearly established, and of its superiority in point of capacity strong *prima facie* evidence is afforded. But this fondness for "rewards," of course, and the profuseness of their distribution, does not necessarily mean much, while it lends colour to that trenchant definition of a Frenchman who is said to be "a decorated gentleman who does not know his geography." In conclusion, we may call attention to the list of English artists who have so far been admitted to the Legion of Honour:—PAINTERS: Alma-Tadema, Leighton, and Millais (Officers); Calderon, Frith, Gilbert, Carl Haag, and Watts (Knights). SCULPTORS: Leighton (Officer); and Calder Marshall (Knight). ARCHITECT: J. L. Pearson.

THE LIVERPOOL AUTUMN EXHIBITION.

The nineteenth autumn exhibition at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, held under the auspices of the Corporation, was opened on Monday, 2nd September. The exhibits number 1,560 as compared with 1,414 last year. The leading attraction is Mr. ORCHARDSON'S "Young Duke," and twenty-five other members and associates of the academy contribute; so that the "boycott" which was apprehended as a result of the Corporation's treatment of Sir Frederick Leighton appears to have come to nothing. Here, as in London, the majority of the interesting pictures is by outsiders, such works as JOHN M. SWAN'S "Prodigal Son," C. N. KENNEDY'S "Neptune," "The Garden of Adonis" by J. R. WEGUELIN, A. CHEVALLIER TAYLER'S "Encore," H. H. LATHARGUE'S "Lamp-light Portrait," and ARTHUR HACKER'S "Return of Persephone" being among the most important figure pictures. Portraiture is well represented by such works as Professor HERKOMER'S likeness of Mr. Thomas Chilton, that of Mr. F. Villiers by W. LOGSDAIL, and Mr. Gladstone by H. J. THADDEUS. Landscapes of note include "Ploughing" by G. CLAUSEN, "Westward" by H. MOORE, A.R.A., "The Moat Farm" by DAVID MURRAY, JOHN FINNIE'S "Corner of My Studio," and "The Valley of the Thames" by ALFRED PARSONS. Pictures from the Salon are more numerous than usual, but they include none of the first importance. Among the new works of local artists the most notable are ROBERT FOWLER'S "Sad Stories of the Death of Kings," G. H. NEALE'S "Romola" and portrait of R. Fowler, A. E. BROCKBANK'S "Eventide, Cookham," and R. E. MORRISON'S fine portrait of the Rev. Mr. Higgins. The water-colours, numbering over six hundred, form a particularly strong section of the exhibition, in which the leading attractions are by JAMES

T. WATTS, WALTER LANGLEY, R. FOWLER, T. AUSTEN BROWN, MRS. STILLMAN, HAMPSON JONES, W. W. LAING, JAMES TOWERS, G. COCKRAM, PETER GHENT, &c. The pastels include several successful works, notably EMILE WAUTERS' portrait of M. H. Spielmann and "Carmen." The statuary is, for almost the first time here, made a feature of, and includes some excellent statuettes by E. ONSLOW FORD, A.R.A., A. TOFT, H. THORNYCROFT, R.A., S. FRY, and others. The collection as a whole is much above the average, and the hanging has been unusually well done by the Arts Committee, aided by H. Moore, A.R.A., G. P. Jacomb-Hood, and R. E. Morrison.

REVIEWS.

IN "*Japan and its Art*" (The Fine Art Society) Mr. Marcus Huish discourses in a chatty, pleasant way upon a subject in which he is evidently much interested. He has, therefore, republished in book form a series of articles which originally appeared in our contemporary, the *Art Journal*. They are chiefly compiled from well-known sources, but Mr. Huish has had the advantage of a native collaborator in Mr. Kataoka, whose assistance is manifest in the vivid descriptions of Japanese life and customs which enliven the volume. It will be interesting to many to learn that New Year's Day is the birthday of all Japanese, for no matter upon what day they are born they are considered to be one year old on the ensuing New Year's Day; and to Western notions it may also appear incongruous that kissing is unknown in the "happy dragon-fly-shaped" land, as its natives term it. Mr. Huish makes some well-founded remarks upon the beauty of Japanese women, which, owing to the difficulty experienced by Japanese artists in portraying the human features, is not adequately appreciated in this country. It will, perhaps, be well to let Mr. Huish speak for himself: "The lady in the picture-books is not handsome, but that was not the fault of the model, but of a system which compelled the artist to draw her features after certain rules which he dare not transgress. Examine any one of the volumes of celebrated beauties, and they are all precisely alike. Two slits very far apart for eyes, two black bars high up on her forehead to serve the place of her shaved-off eyebrows; a long slightly aquiline nose, and tiny mouth, and a long oval swollen-cheeked countenance. She wears a trailing robe of silks of the most varied patterns, and her raven tresses sweep the ground." Both Japan and the Japanese are fully and satisfactorily dealt with, the chapter upon flowers and flower-festivals being in particular ably and sympathetically treated, the poetic associations of the Japanese with even the commonest flowers being recognised and recorded with much descriptive skill. Mr. Huish does not lose sight of the fact that the so called "hawthorn" jars are in reality not hawthorn at all, but plum blossom. It is only when the art of the country comes to be discussed that a certain degree of disappointment with the book will be experienced. No writer upon the subject can afford to ignore the vast collections of art still preserved in the temples of Japan, as, for instance, at Nara and Nikko; but hitherto no systematic attempt has been made to include the whole range of known masterpieces. A description of a few pieces from London collections, without any account of those in Japan, and with but passing reference to those of France, cannot be accepted as an adequate treatment of Japan and its art. Mr. Huish is unsparing in his denunciation of the apathy evinced by

the South Kensington Museum authorities in the matter of Japanese art, and it must be admitted that his strictures are in the main deserved. In common fairness, however, it should have been stated that some important additions were secured at the Hamilton Palace Sale, where the lacquer was, according to Mr. Huish's own showing, of the finest quality. Allowance should also have been made for the difficulty of securing a competent authority to guide the purchases for the State Museums. But very little is known as yet of the historic side of Japanese art, and the Museums have not been backward when they were certain of being upon sure ground. Mr. Huish especially should not be too severe upon the caution shown by the Museum authorities, for, to judge by the numerous illustrations in this book, his own collection is not without reproach. As a brief and brightly written account of the principal forms of art in Japan and their application, this book is admirably adapted for general reading.

The sixth volume of "*The Henry Irving Shakespeare*" (Blackie and Son) has now been reached, and we are within sight of the completion of the work. Only four plays are dealt with, but all of them are "heavy" ones in respect to length and profusion of notes. They are "Othello" (edited by Messrs. Frank Marshall and Wilson Verity); "Antony and Cleopatra" (Messrs. Oscar Adams and Arthur Symons); "Coriolanus" (Mr. Beeching); and "King Lear" (Messrs. Adams and Verity)—the whole having had the further advantage of Mr. Joseph Knight's assistance. The chief point of artistic interest in the volume lies in the fact that although two of the plays, "Othello" and "King Lear," have been illustrated by the accustomed pencil of Mr. GORDON BROWNE, "Antony and Cleopatra" has been pictured by Mr. MAYNARD BROWN, and "Coriolanus" by Mr. MARGETSON. Hampered doubtless, by the manner of Mr. Gordon Browne, whose work, for reasons of harmony of effect, he has set himself to imitate, Mr. Margetson does not do himself justice. His compositions are fairly good, but his pencil is heavy and abrupt, though not without character. Mr. Maynard Brown is more deliberate, his line is rather that of the engraver, but on the whole appropriate enough. Mr. Gordon Browne is not at his best in "Othello," but in "King Lear" his work rises to its customary level, and exhibits a *verve*, freedom, and piquant energy we look for in vain in that of his friends. We take it, of course, that the cuts are intended, not as a serious attempt to "illustrate" Shakspeare, but as a pleasant pictorial accompaniment of the text; and from this standpoint we judge them.

If it did not seem ungrateful, we should complain that the men who have taken the pains to collect and print for us the bell lists of their respective counties have not agreed to do it in the same way. As it is the bell books are of every variety of quarto and octavo, and except when one man, like the late Mr. North, has produced several, those of two counties can hardly be found that will range together. That before us "*The Church Bells of this County of Stafford*," by Mr. CHARLES LYNHAM, is about the largest, and it takes its own line in other ways also. Mr. Lynham is an architect; and he duly catalogues the bells of the county as he has undertaken to do. But the archæology of the subject, which others have found so attractive, seems to have little charm for him. Of founders he has little to say beyond referring to the books of others, though he gives an excellent collection of founders' stamps; and of the uses of the bells he is content to say that there is nothing peculiar in them, and that for the most part they follow those

of other counties. Now, in other counties nearly every ancient church has ringing customs of its own, and we doubt not it is the same in Staffordshire, but the matter has not interested Mr. Lynham, and he has passed it over, and so far his book is the worse for it. What has interested him is the ornamentation of the bells by inscriptions and otherwise, and of this he gives fuller illustration than will be found in any other book. The lettering and decorations are represented full size and by two methods, one of which—the less used—is certainly the better, but both are good. As Mr. Lynham has chosen to treat the bells chiefly as works of the founder's art, we wish he had gone further and given us elevations of the bells to scale as well as drawings of their parts. During the six centuries of English bell-founding of which we know anything, there have been changes of fashion as to shapes as well as to decoration. But they have not yet been thoroughly worked out, and a collection of outlines would be interesting. Of the Staffordshire bells the most curious is that in St. Chad's Church, Lichfield, to which Mr. Lynham devotes his first three plates. And it is probably the earliest, though we should not put it so early as the thirteenth century. The inscription we hold to be a still unsolved riddle. The earliest dated bell is at Milwich 1409, and it is further interesting for giving the name of the founder, JOHANNES DE COLSALE. Mr. Lynham, with much likelihood, conjectures Colsale to be Coleshill, and he has identified some other bells as the work of the same man. There are many other interesting bells, both mediæval and later, of which good drawings are given, and Mr. Lynham has included one foreign bell notable for the early date, 1211, which it bears. He tells us that he found it by chance in 1876 in the church of Fontenailles in Normandy. It is a wax-cast bell of an early type known in France and Italy, but of which we believe no example has been found in England. At the end of the book Mr. Lynham gives nearly forty plates of church towers, of which we will only say that they are not worthy to be included in the same volume as his plates of the bells.

The new edition of Mr. ROBINSON'S "*Picture-Making by Photography*" marks a distinct advance in the science of obtaining artistic qualities from the camera. No one could treat the subject more ably than Mr. Robinson, and the fact that he starts from the proper point, establishing himself upon a firm basis before he sets down his rules—with none of which we are disposed to quarrel—must command the respect and sympathy of his readers, for the task is a hopeless one so long as the lens differs from the human eye. "The materials used by photographers," says Mr. Robinson, "differ only in degree from those employed by the painter and sculptor." We are not quite sure that we quite follow the author in his meaning; but, whatever it is, we are satisfied that it is this same "difference in degree" that marks the absolute limitation between photography and art. Mr. Robinson's theories are admirable. He insists on a general study of picture-making as necessary to the ambitious photographer. He urges his readers to study the art of composing a picture; of the effects of light and shade, and how they may most advantageously be used; of the varying treatment of sea, sky, cloud, and landscape, of men and animals, of portraiture and picturesque dressing—indeed, of every artistic aspect of the subject. Mr. Robinson does Mr. Muybridge an injustice when he accuses him of "making the mistake of wanting to prove artists wrong for not representing animals as they *do not* see them." Mr. Muybridge does no such thing;

he merely wishes artists to know what is the *real* movement of an animal that he may *more correctly observe him*, much in the same way as the figure-painter goes through a course of anatomical demonstration. We do not find that Mr. Robinson mentions that very effective aid to the production of an "artistic photograph"—the striking the camera with a tuning-fork at the moment of exposure. The vibration thus produced softens down hard lines in a remarkable manner. But perhaps the author does not consider such a method legitimate.

The second volume of "*Blackie's Modern Cyclopædia*" maintains the general excellence of the first in condensing the ordinary "conversations-lexicon" into the space of eight octavo volumes. This is well and clearly printed on good paper, and the illustrations are well cut; but the fault of the book, so far as can be seen, lies in the attempt to include too much, more especially in introducing current biographies. When we find twenty-six lines given to Mr. Boucicault, we are surprised to find Sir William Boxall entirely omitted, and Cimabue disposed of in fifteen lines; and when Baron Cockburn, the Scottish judge, is duly noticed, the absence of the late Lord Chief Justice forces itself upon the reader. Many of the Great Masters of painting are included, but, turning casually over the pages, we observe the omission of Bol, Bonington, Boucher, Bronzino, Chalon, Chodowiecki, and Clouet, although "Phiz" is made the subject of a little biography. In other departments, however, the book appears adequate, and the maps are well engraved.

A sort of pathetic interest attaches to the little book of "*Songs of the Spindle and Legends of the Loom*" (N. J. Powell and Co.). This pretty anthology, made by Mr. H. H. WARNER, has been produced in accordance with the strictest tenets of Mr. Ruskin's St. George's Guild, for it is the outcome of hand-work alone. The printing is by a hand-press, the paper is hand-made, and the flax, which forms the basis of the canvas in which the book is bound, was spun by hand by the cottagers in the Langdale Valley. There when they bleach, they bleach "by the pure mountain and sunshine," so that neither machinery nor chemicals have had an undue share in the book. That the compiler should have to boast about this as a curiosity is the saddest thing about it. Why should not books *de luxe* be often so produced? They would, of course, have to be better done than this.

OBITUARY.

HEIN FERDINAND BELLERMANN, who has just died at the age of seventy-five, was a native of Erfurt. He became the pupil of Blechen and Schirmer successively, and then travelled about Europe in company with Friedrich Preller. In 1842, having gained considerable reputation, he was, on Humboldt's suggestion, sent by King Frederick William IV. to South America, whence he returned, three years later, with some three hundred sketches in oil and water-colour. These are now in the Berlin National Gallery. In 1866 he was appointed Professor of the Berlin Academy, and in 1877 paid a second visit to Italy. Although he has produced a vast number of European landscapes, he is chiefly known as the Painter of the Tropics.

NOTE.—In the July number of THE MAGAZINE OF ART we omitted to mention that the etched portrait of Daubigny was reproduced from "*Peintres et Sculpteurs Contemporains*," by Jules Claretie, published by M. Jouaust, Rue St. Honoré, Paris.



General Index.

"Academy Architecture," *see* Books Reviewed
 Accard, Eugène, *see* Obituaries
 Acquisitions at the National Gallery, xiii
 Advertising, Artistic, 425
 Alexander, Francesca, Pen and Ink Drawings by, 392
 Alexander the Great, Portraits of, 262-268
 Alken, Henry, at the Humorists' Exhibition, 348
 Allan, Robert W., at the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, 124
 Allegro, Signor, *see* Obituaries
 Allingham, Mrs., at the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, 126; "On the Surrey Border," xxxiv
 Allston, Washington, A.R.A., 145; his friend Malbone, 145; Leslie, Charles, instructed by, 146; works by, 146-148; his literary qualities, 150
 Alma-Tadema, L., R.A., "Study," 120; at the Kepplestone Portrait Gallery, 207; "At the Shrine of Venus," 271; "A Favourite Author," at the New Gallery, 271; portrait of M. de Soria, 290; "A Favourite Author," 290; at the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours, vi; "Women of Amphissa," xxxiii, xxxvii; "A Dedication to Bacchus," xxxiv; medal of honour awarded to, xxxvii
 American Decorative Art, *see* Exhibitions
 American Etchings, *see* Exhibitions
 American Pottery, 395
 Anatsi, Auguste, *see* Obituaries
 Ancon Pottery, 411
 Anderson, Mrs. Sophie, "Elaine," 55
 Andreini, G. B., "Scene in Paradise," 41
 Ansell, C., at the Humorists' Exhibition, 348
 Anthony, Mark, "Evensong," 55
 Apelles, Painter at the Court of Alexander the Great, 262
 Apollo Bevedere, 249
 Aquatint, The Moribund Art of, xvii
 Armitage, Edward, R.A., "Julian the Apostate," 51
 Armistead, H. H., R.A., "Lieutenant Waghorn," 374; "Mrs. Craik," 374; "Rev. Benjamin Webb," 374
 Armstrong, Miss, at the New English Art Club, xxix
 Armstrong, Walter, and the Grosvenor Gallery, 191; *see* Books Reviewed
 Arran, The Isle of, 75, 128, 169
 "Ars Palliata," 247
 Art Education, 101
 Art of To-Day, Thoughts on, 90
 Art Patrons, 114
 Art, The Romance of, 151
 Asselineau, M., *see* Obituaries
 Aumonier, J., "Gathering Bait," 55; at the Grosvenor Pastel Exhibition, v; third-class medal at Paris Exhibition, xli
 Ayton, Mrs., at the New English Art Club, xxx

Bateman, B. A., at the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours, 123
 Bates, Harry, "Hounds in Leash," 369
 Batten, J. D., "Doom of Loki," 289
 Bayliss, Wyke, *see* Books Reviewed; "The White Lady of Nuremberg," 55; at the Royal Society of British Artists, 126
 Baxter, W. G., at the Humorists' Exhibition, 344
 Beadle, J. P., third-class medal at Paris Exhibition, xli
 Beaulieu, Portier de, *see* Obituaries
 Becker, Monsieur, awarded knighthood of Legion of Honour, xix
 Beers, Janvan, "Le Prie-Dieu Improvisé," 292
 Begging Friars of Italy, The, 114
 Belgrave, Percy, at the Grosvenor, 293
 Benwell, J. H., at the Humorists' Exhibition, 348
 Berchem, N., "A Stag Hunt," i
 Bergerat, Émile, awarded knighthood of Legion of Honour, xix
 Berteaux, Hippolyte, "Tentative d'Assassinat sur le Général Hoche," 415
 Berthon, Nicolas, *see* Obituaries
 Bethnal Green Loan Exhibition, *see* Exhibitions
 Beverley, Wm. Roxby, *see* Obituaries; as a scenic artist, 43
 Bewick Club, *see* Exhibitions
 Bieland, Eugène, "Propagande," 417
 Bigland, Percy, "Lady Elizabeth Taylor," 120; at the Grosvenor, 293
 Billotti, René, "Brouillard en Hiver," "Coin de Banlieue," 420
 Bing, M., *see* Books Reviewed
 Birch, C. B., A.R.A., "Margaret Wilson," "Water Nymph," 374
 Birkenruth, Adolph, at the Institute, 124
 Birmingham Autumn Exhibition, *see* Exhibitions
 Blackburn, Henry, *see* Books Reviewed
 Blanche, J. E., "Baby's Breakfast," xxix
 Blomfield, Arthur William, A.R.A., knighted, xxix
 Blommers, B. J., "Take my Hand," vi
 Bloomer, H. R., at the New Gallery, 290
 Boadle, W. B., "Perdita," ii
 Boehm, Sir J. E., R.A., "Lord Iddesleigh," "British Guardsman," 373; "Enniskilling Dragoon," 374; "St. Simon," 374; knighted, xxxiv
 Boettcher, Herr, *see* Obituaries
 Boldini, G., medal of honour, xxxvii
 Bonheur, Rosa, at Hanover Gallery, vi; "Mare and Foal," at the Glasgow Institute, xxiii; "The Flock," at Lefevre's Gallery, xxxiv
 Bonnat, M., "Idylle," 419; "Le Docteur B.," 420
 BOOKS REVIEWED:—
 "Academy Architecture," xxxix
 Armstrong, Walter, "Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers," xiv
 Babelon, Ernest, "Manuel d'Archéologie Orientale," xxxvii
 Bayliss, Wyke, "Enchanted Island," xviii, xxv
 Bing, M., "Artistic Japan," xxxi
 Blackburn, Henry, "Academy Sketches," xli
 Bourdillon, F. W., "Young Maids and Old China," xii
 Brookfield, Mrs. Arthur, "Æsop's Fables," iii
 Bryan's Dictionary of Painters, xiv, xxxviii
 Caine, W. S., "Trip Round the World," xii
 Carroll, Mr., "Practical Plane and Solid Geometry," xlv
 Collingwood, Mr., "The Missing Merchantman," xli

BOOKS REVIEWED (continued):—
 Cook, Edward T., "Handbook to the National Gallery," 66, iii
 Crane, Walter, "Flora's Feast: a Masque of Flowers," xi
 Daheim, "Neue Monatshefte," xxxii
 Day, Lewis, F., "Application of Ornament," xxxii
 Eastlake, Charles, "Notes," xiv
 "English Illustrated Magazine," iv
 Fawkes, F. A., "Architect's Joinery and its Ornamentation," vii
 Fenn, Manville, "Quicksilver," xii
 Ffoulkes, Miss, "Handbook of the Italian Schools in the Dresden Gallery," xviii
 Forsyth, P. T., M.A., "Religion in Recent Art," xxiv
 Frith, W. P., R.A., Reminiscences, xi
 Furniss, Harry, "The Artistic Joke," xi
 "Gamle Norske Tæpper," xliii
 Graves, Robert, "Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers," xiv
 Greenwood, Thomas, "Museums and Art Galleries," xi
 Griffith, Farran, and Co., Christmas Booklets, xii
 Halford, F. M., "Dry Fly-Fishing," xxxv
 Havers, Alice, "A Book of Old Ballads," xiv
 Henty, G. A., "Cat of Bubastes," "The Lion of St. Mark," xii
 Hildesheimer and Faulkner, Christmas Cards, viii
 Hugo, Victor, "Notre Dame," xxxix
 "Illustrations of the Victorian Series, and other Wall Papers," xxxii
 "Inventaire Général des Richesses d'Art de la France," vii
 Jackson, Frank G., "Lessons on Decorative Design," vii
 Jazet, Paul, "Histoire de l'École Navale," xxxv
 Jullien, Adolphe, "Hector Berlioz," xxxix
 Jusserand, M., "English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages," xliii
 Laloux, M. V., "L'Architecture Grecque," xxvii
 Lang, Andrew, "The Gold of Fairmillie," viii
 Law, Ernest, "The History of Hampton Court Palace," xxiii
 Lawley, Hon. Alethea, "Vittoria Colonna," xiv
 Leland, Charles G., "Drawing and Designing," viii
 Lérès, M. G. de, "L'Italie du Nord," xlv
 Loftie, Rev. W. J., "Kensington, Picturesque and Historical," xxxi
 Macmillan, Dr. Hugh, "Roman Mosaics," vii
 Marshall, Frank, "The Henry Irving Shakespeare," iv, xxxv
 Marshman, Colonel, "Brave Deeds," xii
 Marston, R. B., "Walton's Compleat Angler," xxxi
 Martin, Benjamin, "Old Chelsea," xxxix
 May, Walter W., R.L., "Marine Painting," iii
 Mitchell, Arnold, "Rambling Sketches," xlv
 Monkhouse, Cosmo, Mrs. Heaton's "Concise History of Painting," xi
 Mulholland, Miss, "Giannetta," xii
 Muntz, E., "Histoire de l'Art pendant la Renaissance," 242
 National Academy Notes, xxxix
 Palmer, H. M., "The Minor Poems of Milton," xxxii
 Paris, M. P., "La Sculpture Antique," xxxv

BOOKS REVIEWED (*continued*):—

- Rayet, M. Oliver, and Collignon, M. Maxime, "Histoire de la Céramique Grecque," iii
- Rendle and Norman, "The Inns of Old Southwark," xliii
- Robinson, A. Mary F., "The End of the Middle Ages," xliii
- Rogers, Thorold, "Holland," xi
- Rowe, Mrs. Eleanor, "Hints on Wood Carving," xiv
- Stranahan, Mrs. C. H., "History of French Painting," xxxv
- Tristram, Outram, "Coaching Days and Coaching Ways," xxiv
- Tuck, Raphael, and Company, Christmas Cards, xii
- Villari, Linda, "Life of Savonarola," 285
- "Wall Papers," xxxii
- Ward, Marcus, and Company, Children's Toy-Books, xv
- Wheatley and Candall, "Remarkable Bindings in the British Museum," xliii
- Wilson, Ernest, "A Book of Old Ballads," xiv
- "Woman's World, The," vii
- Bosboom, J., Architectural Studies by, xxvi
- Boughton, G. H., A.R.A., at the Grosvenor, 203
- Bongoureau, W. A., "The First Mourning," iii
- Boulanger, Gustave, compared with Alma-Tadema, 70; "Le Mamillare," "The Statuette Seller," 71; at the Keppelstone Portrait Gallery, 207; portrait of Charles Garnier, 210; *see* Obituaries
- Bourdillon, F. W., *see* Books Reviewed
- Boutecher, Harold, "Landseer" Prizeman, xvi
- Boulogny, M., "Un Brave," 415
- Boyne, J., at the Humorists' Exhibition, 348
- Bramley, Frank, "A Hopeless Dawn," 160; "Saved," 275
- Brangwyn, F., at the Royal Academy, 275; at the Grosvenor, 293
- Bridgman, F. A., "Un Bal chez le Gouvernement, Alger," 418
- Brierley, Sir Oswald, at the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, 126
- British Artists as Colourists, 33
- Broek, T., A.R.A., third-class medal at Paris Exhibition, xli
- Brodrick Castle, 128
- Brookfield, Mrs. Arthur, *see* Books Reviewed
- Brown, A. K., "Sundown," xxxiii
- Brown, Austen, at the Glasgow Institute, xxiii; "Seanty Pasture," xxxi
- Brown, Ford Madox, portrait of Rossetti, 25, 58; "Self-painted Pictures," 184; "Work," vi
- Brown, Fred., "Hard Times," 51; "Rude Boreas," 124; "Suffolk Fisher Boy," 292; "Bathing Boys," xxix
- Brown, John, the Draftsman, "Piranesi," 311; "Lord Buchan," 313; "James Cumyng," 314; "Sir Alexander Dick," "Lord Monboddo," and "Alexander Runniman," 314; "Lord Meadowbank," 315
- Brown, J. R., and J., at the Humorists' Exhibition, 344
- Brown Kellook, at the Glasgow Institute, xxiii
- Browne, Gordon, at the Humorists' Exhibition, 344; his Shakespearean Illustrations, *see* Marshall, Frank
- Browne, Hablot K., Illustrations of "David Copperfield," "Donibey and Son," and "Bleak House," 348
- Browning, R. B., third-class medal at Paris Exhibition, xli
- Brunellesco, 242
- Bryan, Alfred, at the Humorists' Exhibition, 344
- Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers, *see* Books Reviewed
- Bulow, Herr, *see* Obituaries
- Bumbury, at the Humorists' Exhibition, 346
- Burgess, J. B., "A Lazy Moment," iii; elected R.A., xvi
- Burne-Jones, E., A.R.A., "Avalon," 290; "Roek of Doom," ii; "Danae," iii; "Brazen Tower," "The Bath of Venus," xxii; first-class medal at Paris Exhibition, xxxvii
- Butler, Lady, "Scotland for Ever," vi
- Byron, F. G., at the Humorists' Exhibition, 348
- Cabanel, Alexandre, *see* Obituaries
- Caine, W. S., *see* Books Reviewed
- Caldecott, Randolph, Portrait of, 210
- Calderon, P. H., R.A., "The Eebo," iii; third-class medal at Paris Exhibition, xli
- Calkin, L., at the Royal Academy, 275
- Cameron Photographs, The, *see* Exhibitions
- Campo Santo at Westminster, xxi
- Canova at the Walker Art Gallery, 56
- Capeyron, Charles, *see* Obituaries
- Carrington, J. Y., "They won't be happy till they get 'em," 124; "The Wounded Collie," 426
- Carroll, Mr., *see* Books Reviewed
- Carter, W., at the Royal Academy, 275
- Castelli, M., *see* Obituaries
- Castle Museum, Nottingham, *see* Exhibitions
- Cattermole, C., R.L., Costumes in "Macbeth," 100
- Cattermole, George, *see* Exhibitions
- Cernesson, M., *see* Obituaries
- Ceylon, Ancient Art in, 212
- Chalon, J. J., at the Humorists' Exhibition, 348
- Chantry Bequest, Decision of the Court of Appeal on, xxxvii
- Chantrey Purchases, xxxiii
- Chaplin, Charles, "The Genius of Painting," 73
- Chardin, S., 250; at National Gallery, ii
- Charles, J., second-class medal at Paris Exhibition, xli
- Charlton, John, "His Faithful Friend," iii; third-class medal at Paris Exhibition, xli
- Chasemore, A., at the Humorists' Exhibition, 344
- Chauvin, M., *see* Obituaries
- Chelmonski, Joseph, Medal of Honour, xxxvii
- Cheyreul, M., *see* Obituaries
- Cholula Pottery, 407
- Christian and Pagan Art Compared, 251
- Christie, H. C., "A Note of Triumph," 374
- Cimabue, "Madonna," 251
- Clausen, George, "Ploughing," 292; "Crow Starving," 294; second-class medal at Paris Exhibition, xli
- Coke, A. S., "Hagar," 124
- Cole, Vieat, R.A., "The Summons to Surrender," 272; "The Pool of London," xxxvii
- Coleridge, Captain, *see* Exhibitions
- Collie, A. L., Hamo Thornycroft's "General Gordon," xlii
- Collier, Hon. John, "Mrs. Harold Roller and Joyce Collier," 290; "Hetty Sorrel," 292
- Collignon, Maxime, *see* Rayet, O.
- Collin, Raphael, "Jeunes-c," 419; medal of honour, xxxvii
- Collingwood, Mr., *see* Books Reviewed
- Colour in Art-Education, 32
- Comerford, Jas. miniatures by, i
- Constable, John, R.A., at the Grosvenor Gallery, 109; Acquisitions of his works at National Gallery; at the Glasgow Institute, xxiii
- Constant, Benjamin, "Madame P. D.," 429
- Cook, E. T., *see* Books Reviewed, 55
- Cooke, Isaac, "Golden Moments," 55
- Cooper, T. Sidney, at the Walker Gallery, 56
- Cope, A. S., at the Royal Academy, 275
- Cope, C. W., "An Italian Hostelery," 55
- Copyright in Pictures, 424
- Corbould, A. C., at the Humorists' Exhibition, 344
- Cormon, Fernand, medal of honour, xxxvii; "M. Allaro," 420
- Corot, J. B., *see* Exhibitions; "Le Lac de Garde," xxvii; at Dowdeswell's, xxx; at the French Gallery, xxx
- Corrodi, Arnold, Works by, 220; *see* Obituaries
- Corrodi, Hermann, born in 1844, 217; works by, 220-222; he gains the Cross of the Red Eagle, 222
- Corrodi, Solomon, 217
- Cosson, Baron de, as a Collector of Armour, 363
- Costume, Studies in English, 235
- Cotman, F. G., "Croyland Abbey, St. Ives," xxvi
- Cotman, J. S., *see* Exhibitions
- Crane, Walter, at the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, 126; *see* Books Reviewed
- Crofts, Edward, A.R.A., "On the Evening of Waterloo," 51; third-class medal at Paris Exhibition, xli
- Crome, John, "A Mill on the Yare," xxiv
- "Croscombe Church," 13
- Crowe, Eyre, A.R.A., Portrait of Rossetti by, 23
- Crowquill, Alfred, at the Humorists' Exhibition, 248
- Cruikshank, George, "The Worship of Bacchus," 278; at the Humorists' Exhibition, 346
- Cruikshank, Isaac, at the Humorists' Exhibition, 347
- Cuthbert, Henry, scene painter, 195
- Dadd, Frank, R.L., at the Humorists' Exhibition, 344
- Dagnan-Bouveret, P., medal of honour, xxxvii; "Bretannes au Pardon," 418
- Daheim, *see* Books Reviewed
- D'Amore, Sig., *see* Obituaries
- Dantan, M., awarded knighthood of Legion of Honour, xix
- Daubigny, Charles Francois, 300; works by, 303-304; made officer of the Legion of Honour, 326; pictures of the Lower Thames, 326; "Village of Glouton," 328; "Windmills of Dordrecht," 328; "Harvest Moon," xxx
- Davis, Lucien, "Rival Graces," 123; at the Humorists' Exhibition, 344
- Dawson, Nelson, "In from the Dogger-Bank," xxxix
- Day, Lewis F., *see* Books Reviewed
- DeGeorge, Charles, *see* Obituaries
- Delacroix, M. H. E., "Salut au Soleil," 419
- Delamotte, Philip H., *see* Obituaries
- Delaroche, Paul, as an historical painter, 6
- Delanay, Elie, "Madame E. D.," 419
- Delanay, Jules, medal of honour, xxxvii
- De Louthborough, at the Humorists' Exhibition, 348
- Demont-Breton, Virginie, "The Husband at Sea," 418
- Détaille, Edouard, medal of honour, xxxvii
- Deverell, W. H., Portrait of Rossetti by, 26
- Diaz, Narcisse Virgilio, 181; Rousseau's influence upon, 231; works by, 231-234; elected to the Legion of Honour, 231; his death in 1876, 233; at Dowdeswell's, xxx
- Dieksee, Frank, A.R.A., "Passing of Arthur," 271
- Dieterle Jules, *see* Obituaries
- Dighton, R., at the Humorists' Exhibition, 348
- Dobson, William, A Portrait Group, i
- Dollman, J. C., R.L., "Table d'hôte at a Dog's Home," 16; at the Humorists' Exhibition, 344; "Vols. I, II, and III," 124
- Donatello, "St. Cecilia," 241; "St. George," 239
- Donegal Industries, *see* Exhibitions
- Donzel, Charles, *see* Obituaries
- Dore, Gustave, "Flower-Sellers," 55
- Dow, Gerard, realism of, 8
- Doyle, R., at the Humorists' Exhibition, 348
- Drapery, Expression in, 61
- Dressler, Conrad, *see* Exhibitions
- Drury Lane Theatre, The stage of, 112
- Du Maurier, George, at the Keppelstone Portrait Gallery, 208; as a Cameurist, 277; at the Humorists' Exhibition, 344
- Dupain, Edmond, "Mort de Sauveur," 415
- Durham, J., at the Walker Gallery, 56
- Dutch Water Colours, *see* Exhibitions
- Early Irish Art, 118
- East, Alfred, R.L., "Evening after a Storm," "Moonrise in September," 124; "A Cornish Harvest-field," 127; "The Waking of the Day," xxvi
- Eastlake, Charles, *see* Books Reviewed
- Edelfeldt, Albert, medal of honour, xxxvii
- Egg, Augustus, R.A., 423
- Egyptian Textiles at South Kensington, 132
- Elms, Edwin, at the Royal Society of British Artists, 127; "On the Cornish Coast," xxxvii
- English Costume, Studies in, 235
- Essex, T., Prizeman for Sculpture, xvi
- Etex, Louis Jules, *see* Obituaries
- Etty, R.A., and the British School, 386
- Eude, L. A., *see* Obituaries
- EXHIBITIONS:—
- American Decorative Art, xxxviii
- American Etchings, xxxviii
- Bethnal Green, Loan Exhibition by Hon. F. B. M. Mainwaring, i
- Bewick Club, xxiii
- Birmingham Autumn Exhibition, iii
- Cameron Photographs, The, xxxiv
- Castle Museum, Nottingham, vi
- Cattermole, George, at Vokins', xxx
- Coleridge, Captain, at the Fine Art Society, xxxiv
- Corot, J. B., at Messrs. Boussod, Valadon's, xxvii
- Cotman, J. S., at the Burlington Club, ix, x
- Donegal Industries, xv
- Donne, B. J., at Dowdeswell's, xxvii
- Dressler, Conrad, at Dowdeswell's, xlii
- Dutch Water Colours at the Fine Art Society, xxvi
- Exhibition of Humorists in Art, 343
- Fawkes, Mr., Turner's pictures lent to the "Old Masters," 164
- "Fifty Years of British Art" at the Grosvenor, x
- French Gallery, xxx
- Gainsborough Gallery, "Lying-in-State of Frederick III.," x
- Gardner, Bismombe, Sketches of Lake Vyrnwy, of the Dart, xliii
- Glasgow Institute, xxii
- Grosvenor Gallery, 190, 291
- Hanover Gallery, vi
- Hern, C. E., at Dowdeswell's, xxvii
- Holl, Frank, R.A., amongst "Old Masters" at the Royal Academy, x

EXHIBITIONS (continued):—

- Hopkins, Arthur, at Dowdeswell's, vi
 Humorists in Art, Exhibition of, 343
 Institute of Painters in Oil Colours, 120, vi
 Irish Fine Art Society, xxxi
 Ives, Cbauncey B., at the Burlington Gallery, xliii
 Kepplestone Portrait Gallery, The, 206
 Leeds, New Art Gallery at, v
 Liverpool Corporation Collection, 11—20, 50
 Ludovici, A., at Dowdeswell's, xxvii
 McLean's Gallery, xxvii
 Manchester Autumn Exhibition, ii
 May, W. W., R.I., at Dowdeswell's, xliii
 Monet, Claude, at Goupil's, xxxiv
 Naftel, P. J., R.W.S., at the Fine Art Society, xxii
 New English Art Club at the Dudley Gallery, xxix
 New Gallery, The, 289
 Nineteenth Century Art Society, vii, xxii
 Nottingham Castle Museum, vi
 "Old Masters," at Burlington House, 164; at the Royal Academy, x
 Our Country and our Country Folk, at Dowdeswell's, vi
 Palmer, Sutton, at Dowdeswell's Gallery, xv
 Pastels at the Grosvenor Gallery, v
 Patmore, Miss Bertha, at the Fine Art Society, xxxiv
 Peppercorn, A. D., xxxviii
 Photographs, Exhibition of, at Fine Art Society, xxii
 Robertson, Charles, at Dowdeswell's, vi
 Romantic Painters of France and Holland, xxx
 Roussoff, A. N., at the Fine Art Society, xliii
 Royal Academy, The, 224, 269
 Royal Academy Rejected and Crowded-out Pictures, xxxviii
 Royal Hibernian Academy, xxvii
 Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, xxvi
 Royal Scottish Academy, xxxi
 Royal Society of British Artists, 126, 294, x
 Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, xxvi
 Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, 124, 294
 Scottish National Portrait Gallery, xl
 Sketching Club, vii
 Society of Lady Artists, xxx
 South Wales Art Society at Cardiff, iii
 Stuart Exhibition, The, xiii
 Walker Art Gallery, 11—20, 50, ii
 Ward, Marcus, and Co.'s Exhibition of Drawings at 54, Pall Mall, x
 Water Colour Drawings at Agnew's, xxvii
 Water Colour Society of Ireland, xxxi
 Webb, James, at McLean's Gallery, xxii
 Wimperis, E. M., R.I., at Dowdeswell's Gallery, xxii
 Wolverhampton Art Gallery, vi
 Wores, Theodore, at Dowdeswell's, xliii
 Wyllie, W. L., A.R.A., at the Fine Art Society, xxi
 Expression in Art, Physiology of, v
- Faed, Thomas, R.A., "When the Children are Asleep," 50
 Fairfield, E., "A Cabinet Council," 88
 Fauquier, M., "Junon," 419
 Fawkes, Ayscough, his collection of Turner's water colours at the "Old Masters," xv
 Fawkes, F. A., *see* Books Reviewed
 Fehr, Mr., prizeman at the Royal Academy Schools, xvi
 Fenn, Manville, *see* Books Reviewed
 Ferrogio, Fortuné, *see* Obituaries
 Ferrier, Gabriel, "Bella Matribus Detestata," 419
 Feyen-Perrin, F., *see* Obituaries
 Foulkes, Miss, *see* Books Reviewed
 Fildes, Luke, R.A., "Two Sisters," 272; Portrait of Mrs. L. Agnew, ii; "The Return of the Penitent," xxxiii; second-class medal at Paris Exhibition, xli
 Finnie, John, "View of Snowdon," 55; Margin of Rydal," ii
 Fisher, Mark, at the New Gallery, 290; at the Grosvenor, 293; third-class medal at Paris Exhibition, xli
 Fisher, S. Melton, at the Institute, 123
 Fisk, Wm., "The Trial of Stafford," 51
 "Fixatif, H. Læaze" (for Pastels), xv
 Fletcher, Blandford, "O Yes! O Yes!" 275
 Foley, John, R.A., "Caractæus," 38; group of Asia, 35; on the Sculptor's Art," xvii
 Forbes, Stanhope, A., "Off to the Fishing-ground," 53; "Fisherman's Reading-Room," 123; "The Health of the Bride," 275; first-class medal at Paris Exhibition, xxxvii; "The Village Harmonic," and "The Ever-Shifting Home," xxxvii
 Ford, E. Onslow, A.R.A., "The Singer," 370; "Dromedary," 371; "Folly," ii; second-class medal at Paris Exhibition, xli
 Forsyth, P. T., M.A., *see* Books Reviewed
- Forts, Feugère des, *see* Obituaries
 Fortuny, Mariano, "The Snake Charmer," 131
 Foster, Birket, R.W.S., at the Walker Art Gallery, 55; at the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, 126; portrait of, by himself, xxvii
 Fra Angelico, "Attempted Martyrdom of Saints Cosmo and Damian," i
 French Art Teaching, compared with English, 280
 French Gallery, *see* Exhibitions
 Frupp, A. D., at the Walker Art Gallery, 56
 Frupp, G. A., "Mont Blanc," 55
 Frith, William Powell, R.A., Portrait of, by himself, 101, at the Kepplestone Portrait Gallery, 208; *see* Books Reviewed
 Fritsche, Melchior, *see* Obituaries
 Fuller, George, A.N.A., works by, 350—354
 Furniss, Harry, "W. E. Gladstone," 87; *see* Books Reviewed
- Gainsborough, R.A., Portrait of M. A. Vestris at the National Gallery, 109; at the Grosvenor Gallery, 191
 "Gamle Norske Tæpper," *see* Books Reviewed
 Gardette, Louis, Charge at Sedan, 416
 Gardner, Biscombe, *see* Exhibitions
 Gastaldi, André, *see* Obituaries
 Geets, Professor Willem, "Awaiting an Audience," 50
 Gehrt, Carl, "Macbeth," 275
 Gérôme, J. L., at the Kepplestone Portrait Gallery, 207; "Rex Tibicen," xxx
 Gery-Bichard, Etching of Meissonnier's "Painter," 27
 Ghent, Peter, "Nature's Mirror," 55
 Ghiberti, 244
 Gibb, Robert, "Alma," xxxi
 Gibbons, Grimling, 427
 Gibson, John, at the Walker Art Gallery, 56
 Gigoux, Jean, medal of honour, xxxvii
 Gilbert, Alfred, A.R.A., 1—4; influence of Donatello and French Sculptors on, 3; works by, 3—5 and 37—43; medal of honour at Paris Exhibition, xli; "J. S. Clayton," "G. F. Watts," 370
 Gilbert, M., "Un Aquafortiste," 417
 Gilbert, Sir John, R.A., P.R.W.S., "Richard II. Resigning the Crown," 51; at the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, 126; "Landscape, Evening," 127; "Charcoal Burners," 294
 Gillray, at the Humorists' Exhibition, 344
 Gladstone, W. E., The Rt. Hon., Commemorative Album, 423; portraits of, 82
 Glasgow Institute, *see* Exhibitions
 Gleichen, Count, at the Walker Art Gallery, 56
 Godfrey, John, *see* Obituaries
 Goodall, Frederick, R.A., "New Light in the Harcom," 50; "Harrow on the Hill," 272; third-class medal at Paris Exhibition, xli
 Goodall, T. F., "The Bow Net," 55
 Goodall, Walter, *see* Obituaries
 Goodwin, Albert, at the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, 125
 Gordon, General, Statue in Trafalgar Square, uncovering of, 67
 Gordon, Sir J. W., at the Walker Art Gallery, 56
 Gotch, T. C., at the Royal Society of British Artists, 127; "The Year of the Rose is Brief," xxvi
 Gow, Andrew C., A.R.A., "A War Despatch at the Hôtel de Ville," 52; "Visit of King Charles I. to Kingston-on-Hull, 1642," 272; second-class medal at Paris Exhibition, xli
 Grace, A. F., at the Institute, 124
 Græco-Roman Portraiture in Egypt, 177
 Graham, Peter, "Where Wild Waves Lap," 272
 Graham, Tom, "A Passing Salute," 295
 Graves, Robert, *see* Books Reviewed
 Greek Art Checked by building of Byzantium, 180
 Green, Charles, R.I., at the Humorists' Exhibition, 344; "What's the Dem'd Total?" xxvi
 Greenwood, Thomas, *see* Books Reviewed
 Gregory, Charles, "Weal and Woe," 51
 Gregory, E. J., A.R.A., "A Costume Study," iii; second-class medal at Paris Exhibition, xli; "Sound of Oars," xxvi
 Greiffenhagen, Portrait of a Lady, xxix
 Greuze, Jean Baptiste, at the "Old Masters," 166; Baccante, 167; "The Dead Bird," 172
 Griffith, Farran, and Co., *see* Books Reviewed
 Grosvenor Gallery, *see* Exhibitions
 Grub Street Journal, 142
 Guizot, M., on the Salon of 1810, 282
 Gussow, Carl, "The Old Man's Treasure," 50
 Gutbrie, A., at the Glasgow Institute, xxiii
- Haag, Carl, "Coraan Reader," 127
 Hacker, Arthur, "Pelagia and Philammon," 55; "The Children's Prayer," 123; "Return of Persephone," 275
 Haden, Seymour, P.R.S.P.E., Etchings, xxvi; medal of honour, Paris Exhibition, xli
 Hale, Matthew, "Italian Twilight," "October Evening," 126
 Halford, F. M., *see* Books Reviewed
 Hall, L. Bernard, "Andante," 124
 Hall, S. C., *see* Obituaries
 Hals, Frans, Banquet of the Officers of the Archers of St. Adrian, xxii
 Halswelle, Keeley, "Blasted Heath," 293; at the Institute, 124
 Hammer, M., *see* Obituaries
 Hamilton, Vereker, "The Fencer," 293
 Hamilton, Mrs. Vereker, Designs for Fairy Tales, xxvi; Design for a Medal, 374
 Hancock, John, Portrait of Rossetti by, 23, 24
 Hanover Gallery, *see* Exhibitions
 Hardie, C. M., "Child-garden of Queen Mary," xxxi
 Hardy, Dudley, "À la Foire," 127; "Idle Moments," 295
 Hardy, T. B., "Change of Wind, Boulogne Pier," 275
 Hare, George, "Madam H—," xxvii
 Harrison, Alex., at the Institute, 124
 Hart, S. A., "Richard I. and Saladin," 51
 Hartland, Albert, "Moorland, Barmouth," 55
 Hartmann, C., "Caught in the Act," xxvii
 Hatherell, W., "Deck Quits," xxvi
 Havers, Alice, *see* Books Reviewed
 Hay, Mrs. J. B., "Florentine Procession," xxx
 Heath, W., at the Humorists' Exhibition, 348
 Hébert, Antoine, medal of honour, xxxvii
 Hébert, P., third-class medal at Paris Exhibition, xli
 Hédouin, Pierre Edmond, *see* Obituaries
 Heffner, Herr, at French Gallery, xxx
 Helmholtz, Experiments with Colours, 34
 Hemy, Napier, "Nautical Argument," 55; "Grey Venice," 55
 Henderson, C. Cooper, at the Humorists' Exhibition, 348
 Henley, L. C., "R.S.V.P.," 127
 Henley, W. E., Catalogue of French Romantic Pictures, xxx
 Henner, M., "Prière," and "Martyre," 419
 Hennessy, W. J., at the New Gallery, 290; at the Grosvenor, 293
 Henshall, J. H., "Brown Study," 126
 Henry, G. A., *see* Books Reviewed
 Herdman, Robert, portraits of Thomas Carlyle and Dr. David Laing, xli
 Herdman, W. G., at the Walker Art Gallery, 56
 Herkomer, Professor Hubert, A.R.A., "Eventide," 50; at the Walker Art Gallery, 56; "The Chapel of the Charterhouse," 271; portraits by, 272; "Pictorial Music Play," 316; "Sir Henry Roscoe," ii; "An American Lady," xli; first-class medal at Paris Exhibition, xxxvii; "Miss Grant," "Entranced," xxxvii
 Herkomer, H. G., at the New Gallery, 290
 Hern, C. E., *see* Exhibitions
 Herpin, Mme., *see* Obituaries
 Hine, Harry, "Rosy Clouds of Evening," iii; "Durban," xxvi
 Hodgson, J. E., R.A., Portrait of, by himself, 212; Reminiscences of Etty, Ansdell, and Walker, 385—391
 Hogarth, at the National Gallery and at the Sir John Soane Museum, 346
 Hole, W., A.R.S.A., "A Jacobite's Farewell," 81; Etching of Cromwell's "Mill on the Yare," xxiv
 Holiday, Henry, "Dante and Beatrice," 55
 Holl, Frank, R.A., at the Kepplestone Portrait Gallery, 208; Portrait of W. E. Gladstone, ii; of Mr. Agnew, iii; memorial to, xix
 Hook, J. C., R.A., in the Kepplestone Portrait Gallery, 212; "A Seaweed Raker," 272; first-class medal at Paris Exhibition, xxxvii
 Hopkins, Arthur, "Golden Hour," 125; *see* Exhibitions
 Houghton, J. W., at the Humorists' Exhibition, 344
 Howard, G., medals by, 374
 Hugo, Victor, *see* Books Reviewed
 Humorists in Art, Exhibition of, *see* Exhibitions
- Hunt, Alfred, R.W.S., at the Walker Art Gallery, 56; at the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, 126; "Windsor Castle," 294
 Hunt, W. Holman, Portraits of Rossetti by, 24, 26, 57; "Strayed Sheep," xii
 Hunt, W., at the Walker Art Gallery, 55
 Hunter, Colin, A.R.A., second-class medal at Paris Exhibition, xli

- Hyde Park Corner, Views of, at National Gallery, ii
- Illustrated Journalism, Its Rise, 104, 141, 173
- Impressionism and Realism, 7
- Ingram, Ayerst, at the Institute, 124; "Near Exmouth," 127
- Insignia of Mayoralty, 27
- Institute of Painters in Oil Colours, Elections at, xv; *see* Exhibitions
- Ireland, National Gallery in, 1887, i
- Irish Fine Arts Society, *see* Exhibitions
- Israels, Josef, at the Kepplestone Portrait Gallery, 2; at the Royal Institute, xxvi; "At Church," xxvi; at the French Gallery, xxx; medal of honour, xxxvii
- Ives, Chauncey B., *see* Exhibitions
- Jackson, Frank G., *see* Books Reviewed
- Jackson, S. P., at the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, 126
- Jacob-Hood, G. P., at the Grosvenor, 293; "The Triumph of Spring," ii
- Jazet, Paul, *see* Books Reviewed
- Jimenez, medal of honour, xxxvii
- Jobbé-Duval, *see* Obituaries
- Jones, Burne, "Caritas" and "An Angel," 124
- Jones, Sir Thomas, at the Royal Hibernian Academy, xxvii
- Jopling-Rowe, Mrs. L., at the Institute, 123
- Jourdan, Adolphe, *see* Obituaries
- Jourdain, M. R., "Boulter's Look," 418
- Jullien, Adolphe, *see* Books Reviewed
- Jusscrand, M., *see* Books Reviewed
- Kabbalah, The, 350
- Keene, Ch., Portrait of, by George Reid, 212
- Kennard, H. Martyn, Gifts to the National Gallery, 109
- Kennedy, W., "Deserter," xxiii
- Kemington, T. B., "Portrait of Mme. G—," 120; "Shelling Peas," 127; elected a member of the Institute, xv; third-class medal at Paris Exhibition, xli
- Kephisodotas, "Eirene and Pluto's, 258,
- Kepplestone Portrait Gallery, The, *see* Exhibitions
- Kernoozer's Club, The, 361
- King, Haynes, "Badinage," 127
- King, Yeend, "Rod Shed," 127
- Kirchner, Herr, *see* Obituaries
- Knaekfuss, Professor, on Rembrandt
- Kneller, Sir Godfrey, at the Walker Art Gallery, 56
- Kneller, "Portrait of William III.," i
- Knight, Joseph, "Showery Weather," 55; at the Institute, 124; second-class medal at Paris Exhibition, xli
- Knight, J. B., at the Grosvenor Gallery, 293
- Kramer, J. V., "Descent from the Cross," xxx
- Kroyer, Peter, medal of honour, xxxvii
- Kotzebue, Alexander von, *see* Obituaries
- Kyōsai, Kawanabe, *see* Obituaries
- Laloux, M. V., *see* Books Reviewed
- Lancret, at the "Old Masters," 166; "Pastoral Group;" "Group with Dancers;" "La Camargo," 167
- Lang, Andrew, *see* Books Reviewed
- Langley, W., "Disaster," xxvi
- "Laocoon," 250
- La Thangue, H. H., "Mrs. Tom Mitchell," 390
- Laurens, J. P., "Les Hommes du Saint Office," 416; "L'Alchimiste," 416
- Lavieille, Eugène Antoine, *see* Obituaries
- Law, Ernest, *see* Books Reviewed
- Lawley, Hon. Alethea, *see* Books Reviewed
- Lawrence, Sir Thomas, at the Walker Art Gallery, 56; as a Collector of Portraits, 206
- Leader, B. W., A.R.A., at the Kepplestone Portrait Gallery, 210; first-class medal at the Paris Exhibition, xxxvii; "In the Evening there shall be Light," xxxvii
- Le Blant, Julien, "Exécution de Charette," 415
- Leehesne, Auguste, *see* Obituaries
- Ledward, R.A., "Young Mother" and "Poetry," 372
- Lee, T. Stirling, at the Walker Art Gallery, 56; third-class medal at Paris Exhibition, xli
- Leech, John, as a Caricaturist, 277; "Sketches in Oil," 348
- Leeds, New Art Gallery at, *see* Exhibitions
- Lees, Chas. E., gift to Oldham, ii
- Lefebvre, Jules, "Liseuse," 419; medal of honour, xxxvii
- Legros, Professor A., "The Pilgrimage," 55; at the New Gallery, 290; "Capitals of Pilasters" and "Head of Pan," 374
- Lehmann, Rudolph, at the New Gallery, 290
- Leighton, Sir Frederick, P.R.A., studies for "Andromache," 61, 121; at the Royal Society of British Artists, 136; at the Kepplestone Portrait Gallery, 207; at the Royal Academy, 224; "Sibyl," 236; "Girls Playing at Ball," 227; "The Invocation," 230; "Melancholy," 230; Mrs. Frances Lucas, 230; "Study of a Head," 231; Portrait of Lady Coleridge, ii; "Captive Andromache," "Simotha the Sorceress," "Lady Coleridge," "Needless Alarms," xxxvii; medal of honour at Paris Exhibition, xli
- Leland, Charles G., *see* Books Reviewed
- Lely, Sir Peter, "Head of a Young Girl," i
- Lemon, Arthur, "Too True," 2H; pictures at the Royal Academy by, 275; "Midday Bath," 290
- Le Quesne, Fernand, "Les Deux Perles," 418
- Le Rat, M., "In the Chimney Corner," 318
- Léris, M. G. de, *see* Books Reviewed
- Le Sauvage, Hippolyte, *see* Obituaries
- Leslie, G. D., R.A., "This is the Way we Wash our Clothes," 426
- Léveque, M., *see* Obituaries
- Lhermitte, Léon, "Claude Bernard," 417; medal of honour, xxxvii
- Liebermann, Max, medal of honour, xxxvii
- Lillie, Charles, Design for an Advertisement, 427
- Lines, Henry H., *see* Obituaries
- Linton, Sir J. D., "Maud and May," 120; at Institute of Painters in Oil Colours, vi; "Bepina," xxvi
- Lippi, Fra Lippo, 163
- Littler, W., Prizeman at the Royal Academy Schools, xvi
- Liverpool Art Congress, i
- Liverpool Corporation Collection, *see* Exhibitions
- Llewellyn, W., "Miss Clara Wright," 292
- Lloyd, Tom, at the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, 126
- Lockhart, W. E., "Glaucus and Nydia," xxiii
- Loftie, Rev. W. J., *see* Books Reviewed
- Logsdail, W., "Eve of the Regatta," 55; "Frederick Villiers," 293; "St. Martin's in the Fields," xxii
- Loir, M., "La Crue de la Seine," 420
- Longepied, M., *see* Obituaries
- Loudan, W. M., "Gladys," 293
- Lowenstam, L., second-class medal, Paris Exhibition, xli
- Lucca, Seymour, A.R.A., Hogarthian Costume, 236; "The Surrender," 272
- Ludlow, Hal, at the Humorists' Exhibition, 341
- Ludoviei, A., *see* Exhibitions
- Macheth, R. W., A.R.A., first-class medal, Paris Exhibition, for engraving, xli; third-class medal at Paris Exhibition, xli
- MacEwen, Walter, "Eh! Eh! Les Autres! Allons jouer," 418
- McGregor, Robert, "Going to Work," xxxi
- McKay, W. D., "Noonday Rest," xxiii
- McLean's Gallery, *see* Exhibitions
- Maclean, T. Nelson, "The Suppliant," 372
- MacIise, D., at the Walker Art Gallery, 56
- Macmillan, Dr. Hugh, *see* Books Reviewed
- M'Taggart, W., at the Glasgow Institute, xxiii
- MacWhirter, J., A.R.A., "Constantinople and the Golden Horn," 272; "Weird Sisters," 293; "Autumn in the Highlands," xxvii
- Maenza, F., Portrait of Rossetti by, 23
- Maes, Nicolas, "A Man's Portrait," xiii
- Manchester Autumn Exhibition, *see* Exhibitions
- Margetson, "Miss Ellen Terry," 293
- Maris, James, "The Towing-Path," xxvi; xxx
- Maris, Matthew, "Walk," xxvi; xxx
- Marks, H. Stacy, R.A., at the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, "Forty Winks," 124; "Marriage à la Mode," 237
- Marsh, A. H., at the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, 126
- Marshall, Frank, *see* Books Reviewed
- Marshall, Herbert, at the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, 125
- Marshman, Colonel, *see* Books Reviewed
- Marston, R. B., *see* Books Reviewed
- Martin, Benjamin, *see* Books Reviewed
- Martin, Sir Theodore, K.C.B., gift to the National Gallery, xiii
- Marueelli, Sig., *see* Obituaries
- Mason, W., at the Humorists' Exhibition, 348
- Massaccio, 242
- Massard, Léopold, *see* Obituaries
- Masson, Noel, *see* Obituaries
- Mauve, A., at the French Gallery, xxx
- May, Walter W., R.L., *see* Books Reviewed and Exhibitions
- Mazerolle, Alexis Joseph, *see* Obituaries
- Medals of Honour at the Paris Exhibition, xxxvii, xli
- Meissonier, J. L. E., "The Painter," 27, "Lo Kieur," xxx
- Mellé, Augustine Léon, *see* Obituaries
- Melville, Arthur, "Mrs. Sanderson and Daughter," 290; "Lahan," 292; "Fête of the Dosseh," 291
- Menpes, Mortimer, Japanese Sketches by, 399; Hals' "Banquet of the Officers of the Archers of St. Adrian," xxii; "Captive Persian," and "Miss Ada Rehan," xxvi
- Menzel, Adolf, "In the Chimney Corner, 343
- Mesdag, H. W., "Trollhaitan," xxvi
- Metz, Dr., Discoveries in Ohio, 405
- Metzu, Realism of, 8; "The Intruder," 167
- Millais, Everett, "Nell Gwynne," 374
- Millais, Sir J. E., R.A., "Lorenzo and Isabella," 19, v; Portrait of Rossetti by, 25; Portraits of W. E. Gladstone by, 82; at the Kepplestone Portrait Gallery, 207; Portrait of G. du Maurier by, 208; "Murthy Water," 230; "A Green Old Age," 230; "Mrs. Hardy," 230; "Shelling Peas," 291; on advertising, 422; "Bubbles," 426; "Lord Salisbury," xxii; "Ducklings," xxvii
- Miller, Thomas, his collection at the "Old Masters," xv
- Millet, F. D., "Tender Chord," 124; second-class medal at the Paris Exhibition, xli
- Millet, Jean François, horn in 1814, 378; as a writer, 378; marries Catherine Lemaire, 397; paints the nude, 397; contract with Arthur Stevens, 400; "L'Eglise de Greville, 402; "Les Denicheurs" at Hanover Gallery, vi; "La Lavouse" at the Glasgow Institute, xxiii; at Dowdeswell's, xxx
- Michelangelo, "Pieta," 258; "David," 259; "Castor and Pollux," 259; "Creation of Eve," "Jeremiah," "Moses," 260; "Eve Spinning," 260; "Expulsion from Paradise," 260; "Judith with the Head of Holofernes," 261
- Mitchell, Arnold, *see* Books Reviewed
- Moncourt, Albert de, "Reddition de Calais, 1347," 416
- Monet, Claude, *see* Exhibitions
- Monkhouse, Cosmo, *see* Books Reviewed
- Montalba, Clara, "The Market Place, Stockholm," 121; "Old Watch Tower, Amsterdam," xxx
- Moore, Albert, "Marigolds," xxvii
- Moore, Henry, A.R.A., at the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, 126; "Becalm'd in the Alderney Race," 127; "Shine and Shower," "As when the Sun doth Light a Storm," 272; "Summer Squall," xxvii; medal of honour, xxxvii
- Moran, T., "Mountain of the Holy Cross," xxxviii
- Morgan, John, "Dont'ee Tipty Toe," 50
- Morgan, Mat., at the Humorists' Exhibition, 348
- Morland, George, at the Grosvenor Gallery, 191; at the Humorists' Exhibition, 348
- Morot, Aimé, medal of honour, xxxvii
- Morris, Phil. R., A.R.A., "Shepherd of Jerusalem," 20; Portrait of Mrs. Lathrop, iii; third-class medal at Paris Exhibition, xli
- Morten, T., at the Humorists' Exhibition, 348
- Mortlock, Miss, at the Royal Academy, 275
- Morton, George, "After the Bath," 123
- Mossman, John, xxiii
- Moyman, R. T., "Mr. Philip Bagenal," xxvii
- Muhrman, H., Landscapes at the Grosvenor, 293
- Mulholland, Miss, *see* Books Reviewed
- Muller, Professor F., *see* Obituaries
- Muller, W., at the Walker Art Gallery, 55
- Mullins, Roscoe, second-class medal at Paris Exhibition, xli
- Mulready, M., *see* Obituaries
- Munkacsy, M., "Love and Song," xxvii; "A Pharisee," xxx; medal of honour, xxxvii
- Muntz, Eugène, *see* Books Reviewed
- Murillo, at National Gallery, i
- Murray, David, at the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, 126; at the New Gallery, 290; third-class medal at Paris Exhibition, xli
- Musin, François, *see* Obituaries
- Muybridge, Eadward, "Animals in Movement," xxix
- Naftel, Maud, at the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, 126
- Naftel, P. J., R.W.S., *see* Exhibitions; "Sunset, Bean-Regard, Sark," "Creux Harbour, Sark," xxii
- Nasmyth, Patrick, at the Glasgow Institute, xxiii
- National Gallery, Acquisitions at, i, xxix
- National Academy Notes, *see* Books Reviewed

Navlet, Joseph, *see* Obituaries
 Neale, G. Hall, "First Steps," iii
 Netsukes, their Makers, Use, and Meaning, 133
 Newcombe, Bertha, "In the Orchard," xxxi
 New English Art Club, *see* Exhibitions
 New Gallery, The, *see* Exhibitions
 Newlyn School at Royal Academy, 275
 Newton, R., at the Humourists' Exhibition, 348
 Nicaraguan Pottery, 408
 Nicmann, E. J., "Views on the Thames," 55
 Nineteenth Century Art Society, *see* Exhibitions
 Noble, R., "Coming from Church," 275
 Noltekens, at the Walker Art Gallery, 56
 North, J. W., at the New Gallery, 290
 Northern Panama Pottery, 410
 Nottingham Castle Museum, *see* Exhibitions
 Nye, Herbert, prizeman at the Royal Academy Schools, xvi

Oakes, J. W., A.R.A., "A North Devon Glen," 56

OBITUARIES:—

Accard, Eugène, iv
 Allegro, Signor, xxxiii
 Anatsi, Auguste, xxviii
 Asselineau, M., xxxii
 Barker, W. D., viii
 Beaulieu, Portier de, xxxii
 Bellermann, Ferdinand, xlvi
 Berthon, Nicolas, xvi
 Beverley, William Roxby, xxxvi
 Boettcher, Herr, xl
 Boulanger, Gustave, iv
 Bulow, Herr, xxxvi
 Cabanel, Alexandre, xx
 Capeyron, Charles, xxxvi
 Castelli, M., xxviii
 Cernesson, M., xl
 Chauvin, M., xl
 Chevreur, M., xxxii
 Corrodi, A., 220
 D'Amore, Signor, xxviii
 DeGeorge, Charles, xii
 Delamotte, Phillip H., xxviii
 Diéterle, Jules, xxxvi
 Donzel, Charles, xxxii
 Etex, Louis Jules, xlv
 Eude, Louis Adolphe, xxxvi
 Feroggio, Fortuné, xvi
 Feyen-Perrin, François, viii
 Forts, Feuèré des, xxxviii
 Fritsche, Melchior, xl
 Gastaldi, André, xx
 Goodall, Walter, xxxvi
 Godfrey, John, xxviii
 Hall, Samuel Carter, xxviii
 Hammer, M., xl
 Hérouin, Pierre, Edmond, xx
 Herpin, Mme., xii
 Jobbé-Duval, xxxii
 Jourdan, Adolphe, xxviii
 Kidd, Joseph B., xxxvi
 Kirehner, Herr, xxxvi
 Kotzebue, Alexander von, xxviii
 Kyōsai, Kawanabe, xlv
 Lavieille, Eugene Antoine, xx
 Lechesne, Auguste, xii
 Le Sauvage Hippolyte, xl
 Lévêque, M., xxviii
 Lines, Henry H., xxviii
 Longepied, M., viii
 Marucelli, Signor, xxxii
 Massard, Léopold, xxviii
 Masson, Noel, xxxii
 Mazerolle, Alexis J., xl
 Mellé, A. L., xl
 Müller, Professor F., xxviii
 Mulready, M. xxiv
 Musin, François, xii
 Navlet, Joseph, xl
 O'Conner, John, xxxvi
 Parry, T. Gambier, iv
 Pellegrini, Carlo ("Ape"), xx
 Pettenkofen, Herr, xxxii
 Prater, Edmond de, viii
 Preyer, Wilhelm, xxxviii
 Rau, Waldemar, xxxvi
 Redgrave, Richard, R.A., xvi
 Rey, Louis, xii
 Saunier, Charles, xxxvi
 Sayers, Reuben, viii
 Sirtoli, Signor, xxxvi
 Sortambose, M., xlv
 Swinton, James, xx
 Tayler, Frederick, P.R.W.S., xl
 Thoren, Otto de, xlv
 Tronehère, B. de la, xii
 Véron, Eugène, xl
 Willmore, Arthur, xii
 O'Conner, John, *see* Obituaries
 Old Arts and Modern Thoughts, 32, 247
 Opie, John, R.A., Rev. Edmund Clerke, xlv
 Orchardson, W. Q. R.A., Portrait of, by himself, 212; "The Young Duke," 271; "Marriage de Convanence," xxxiii; first-class medal at Paris Exhibition, xxxvii

Osborne, Walter, at the Royal Hibernian Academy, xxvii
 Ouloss, W. W. R.A., Portrait of T. O. Barlow, R.A., 210; Portrait of Colonel J. T. North, iii
 Oxford, "The High," 332

Painter-Etchers, Royal Society of, xix
 Palmer, H. M., *see* Books Reviewed
 Palmer, Sutton, *see* Exhibitions
 Paris, P., *see* Books Reviewed
 Parrish, Stephen, "Gale at Fécamp," xxxviii
 Parry, T. Gambier, *see* Obituaries
 Parsons, Alfred, "Still Waters," 124; first-class medal at the Paris Exhibition, xlv
 Parton, Ernest, "Woodland Home," 55
 Pastel Painting, The Revival of, v; *see* Exhibitions
 Patmore, Miss Bertha, *see* Exhibitions
 Pedder, John, at the Walker Gallery, 56
 Pecl, Paul, "Que la vie est amère!" 418
 Pegram, H. A., "Death Liberating a Prisoner" and "Ignis Fatuus," 371; "Boy's Head," 372; third-class medal at Paris Exhibition, xli
 Pelez, Fernand, "Nid de Misère" and "Le Vitriol," 418
 Pellegrini, Carlo, at the Humourists' Exhibition, 348; *see* Obituaries
 Pennell, Joseph, The Vicar's Close, Wells, 12; xxxix
 Peppercorn, A. D., at the New Gallery, 290; *see* Exhibitions
 Perugini, C. E., "Faithful," 50; "Peonics," 50
 Peruzzi, Balthazar, as a scenic artist, 41
 Pettenkofen, Herr, *see* Obituaries
 Pettie, J., R.A., Portrait of Thomas Faed, 209; at the Royal Academy, 272; "Rider Haggard," 292
 Phidias, "Athene Parthenos," 258
 Phillip, John, R.A., "Students of Salamanca Serenading," 15
 Photographs, Exhibition of, *see* Exhibitions
 Pieknel, W. L., "Wintry March," 55
 "Pictorial Music-Play," 316
 Pistrucci, Filippo, Portrait of Rossetti by, 26
 Poynter, E. J., "Faithful unto Death," 51; "A Corner of the Market Place," "On the Terrace," 271; "A Corner in the Villa," 271; "Roman Boat Race," 290
 Prater, E. de, *see* Obituaries
 Press, The, and the Royal Academy, v
 Preyer, Wilhelm, *see* Obituaries
 Prinsep, Val, "Leonora di Mantua," 55
 Printing of Etchings, On the, 323
 Prize Day at the Royal Academy Schools, xv
 Prosser, W. H., prizeman for sculpture, xvi
 Prout, Samuel, at the Walker Art Gallery, 55; "Lisieux," ii
 Prouvé, Victor, at the Salon, 419
 Pueblo Pottery, 395
 Pugin, Welby, as a scenic artist, 43
 Purser, Miss, "Lord Castlereagh," xxvii
 Putman, Prof., Discoveries in Ohio by, 405

Quereia, Jacopo della, "Ilaria del Carreto," 259; "Creation of Eve," 260
 Quost, E., "Temptation of St. Anthony," 419

Raeburn, at the Grosvenor Gallery, 191; xii
 Raffaelli, M., awarded knighthood of Legion of Honour, xix
 Rajon, Paul, at the Keppelstone Portrait Gallery, 207
 Ralston, W., at the Humourists' Exhibition, 344
 Ramsay, Allan, "George III. and Queen Charlotte," xli
 Rau, W., *see* Obituaries
 Raphael's Quarrel with the Marchesa, 151
 "Realism" v. "Sloppiness," 6-8
 Redgrave, Richard, R.A., *see* Obituaries
 Reid, George, Portraits of C. S. Keene, and P. H. Calderon, 212; at the Glasgow Institute, xxxiii; "Montrose," xxxi; "The Catechising," xxxi
 Reid, J. R., "Rival Grandfathers," 50; "Our Fisher-Folk," 123; "Landscape," 292; first-class medal at Paris Exhibition, xxxvii; "The Rival Grandfathers," "Homeless and Homeward," xxxvii
 Reiss and Stübel, on South American Pottery, 411
 Rembrandt, at the "Old Masters," 167; "The Oath of John Ziska," 268; "Jewish Bride," 268; "Family Portrait," 268; "Jew Merchant," 268
 Renard, Emile, "Le Baptême," 417
 Rendle and Norman, *see* Books Reviewed
 Rey, Louis, *see* Obituaries
 Reynolds, Sir Joshua, P.R.A., at the Walker Art Gallery, 56, 191; "The Snake in the Grass," 304; "Anne, Countess of Albemarle," ii

Rhind, J. M. and W. B., at the Glasgow Institute, xxlii
 Rihot, Augustin Théodule, "La Comptabilité," 310
 Richardson, T. M., at the Walker Art Gallery, 56
 Richmond, George, "Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour," 126
 Richmond, W. B., A.R.A., "W. E. Gladstone," 83; "Death of Ulysses," 290; "Arcadian Shepherd," 369; on Artistic Advertising, 427; on the Use of the "Stump," xxi
 Riviere, Briton, R.A., "Of a Fool and his Folly there is no End," 271; "Prometheus," 291; third-class medal at Paris Exhibition, xli
 Robertson, Charles, "Mill Creek, Dartmouth," 126; "La Douleur du Pacha," 291; *see* Exhibitions
 Robison, A. Mary F., *see* Books Reviewed
 Roche, A., "Hill Top," and "The Good King Wenceslas," xxiii; "Eventide," xxxix
 Roehgrosse, M., "Bal des Ardents," 416
 Roc, Fred, at the Royal Academy, 275
 Rogers, Thorold, *see* Books Reviewed
 Romano, Giulio, and Shakespeare, 202
 Romantic Painters of France and Holland, *see* Exhibitions
 Romney, George, at the Grosvenor Gallery, 191; "Lady Hamilton," 412
 Ross, Sir Charles, R.A., The Sign of the "Magpie," 427
 Rossetti, Dante Gabriel, "Dante's Dream," 52; Portraits of, 21-26, 56-60, 133
 Rossetti, W. M., Note on "Lorenzo and Isabella," v
 Rouffio, Paul, "Leda," 419
 Rousseau, Jean Jacques, "Professor Cornil," 417
 Rousseau, Théodore, at Dowdeswell's, xxx
 Roussel, Theodore, "Evening in June," xxix
 Roussoff, Mr., *see* Exhibitions
 Royal Academy, *see* Exhibitions
 "Royal Academy Rejected and Crowded-out Pictures," *see* Exhibitions
 Royal Hibernian Academy, *see* Exhibitions
 Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, *see* Exhibitions
 Royal Scottish Academy, *see* Exhibitions
 Royal Society of British Artists, *see* Exhibitions
 Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, *see* Exhibitions
 Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, *see* Exhibitions
 Rowe, Mrs. Eleanor, *see* Books Reviewed
 Rowlandson, Thomas, at the Humourists' Exhibition, 344
 Ryland, Henry, "St. Dorothea and the Roses," 123

Sadler, W. Dendy, "Friday," 51
 Saenz, Pedro, "Temptation of St. Anthony," 419
 St. Paul's Cathedral as a Campo Santo, xxi
 Sala, George Augustus, at the Humourists' Exhibition, 344
 Salon Awards, The, xxxviii
 Sambourne, Linley, at the Humourists' Exhibition 344; Design for Advertisement, 427
 Sandys, Caricature of Rossetti by, 58
 Sant, J., R.A., at the Royal Academy, 272; second-class medal at the Paris Exhibition, xli
 Sargent, J. S., at the Royal Academy, 275; "St. Martin's Summer," and "A Morning Walk," xxix; "Miss Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth," 290; medal of honour, xxxvii
 Saunier, Charles, *see* Obituaries
 Saville, Sir John, Contributions to National Gallery, i
 Sayers, Reuben, *see* Obituaries
 Schex, J., "Cromwell refusing the Crown," 51
 Schloesser, Carl, "The Village Lawyer," 55
 Scott, Sir Gilbert, his approval of a National Memorial Chapel, xxi
 Scott, William Bell, Portrait of Rossetti by, 57; as an Illustrator, 175
 Scottish National Portrait Gallery, *see* Exhibitions
 Sculpture, Popularisation of, xlii; of the Year, 369
 Secrétan Sale, The, xli
 Sensier, Alfred, "La Vie et l'Œuvre de J. F. Millet," 376
 Servandoni as a Scenic Artist, 42
 Seymour, R., at the Humourists' Exhibition, 348
 Shackleton, "George II.," xli
 Shakespeare and the Art of Painting, 202
 Shannon, J. J., at the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours, 120; at the Royal Academy, 275; "Mrs. Sidgwick," 290; "Myrrah," and "Miss Williamson," 292; "Mariana," 426; at the Grosvenor Pastel Exhibition, v; elected a Member of the Institute, xv; first-class medal at Paris Exhibition, xxxvii; "Henry Vigne," xxxvii

- Shee, Sir M. A., P.R.A., at the Walker Art Gallery, 56; "General Popham," xlvii
- Sherborn, C. W., Book Plates by, xxvi
- Short, Frank, "Wrought Nails," xxvi; first-class medal at Paris Exhibition, xli
- Short, Percy, "Landseer," prizeman, xvi
- Sickert, Bernhard, at New English Art Club, xxix; Etchings by, xxvi
- Siddal, Miss, Portrait of Rossetti by, 26
- Simonds, George, "Walter Crane," 372
- Sirtoli, Signor, *see* Obituaries
- Sketching Club, *see* Exhibitions
- Skipworth, M., at the Grosvenor, 293
- Smith, Alfred, "Vergnes sous Bois"; "L'Averse," 420
- Smith, Colvin, Portraits by, xli
- Smythe, Lionel, third-class medal at Paris Exhibition, xli
- Snow, Sir Jeremy, at Salisbury Hall, 46
- Society of Lady Artists, *see* Exhibitions
- Solomon, S. J., "Samson," 17; "Summer," 127; "Sacred and Profane Love," 275, 412; "Sir John Simon," 275; at the Grosvenor, 293; "Niobe," 419
- Sortambosc, M., *see* Obituaries
- South Wales Art Society, *see* Exhibitions
- Stanfield, Clarkson, as a scenic artist, 12
- Starr, Miss Louisa, "Sintram," 55
- Starr, Sidney, "Portrait of A. Raffalovitch, Esq.," xxix; third-class medal at Paris Exhibition, xli
- Stein, Jan, "The Doctor," "Grace before Meat," 167
- Steenyck, H., at the National Gallery, ii
- Steer, Wilson, "Sofa," xxix
- Stevens, Alfred George, Wellington Monument, 39
- Stevens, Alfred, "La Femme au Bain," vi; medal of honour, xxxvii
- Stillman, Mrs. M. S., at the Walker Art Gallery, 56
- Stocks, Arthur, "Motherless," 50; "The Best of Husbands," 51
- Stocks, H. J., at the Royal Institute, xxvi
- Stokes, Adrian, "Harbour Bar," 275; "Wet West Wind," 290; third-class medal at Paris Exhibition, xli
- Stokes, Margaret, on "Early Christian Art in Ireland," 118
- Stone, Marcus, R.A., "In Love," xxiv; second-class medal at Paris Exhibition, xli
- Stott, Edward, "Nature's Mirror," 290; "A Village Street," xxix
- Stott, W., of Oldham, Pastel by, 299
- Strang, W., at the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, xxvi
- Stranahan, Mrs. C. H., *see* Books Reviewed
- Stradwick, J. M., "Ramparts of God's House," 290
- Stuart Exhibition, The, *see* Exhibitions
- "Stump," The Use of the, xxi
- Sullivan, J. F., at the Humorists' Exhibition, 314
- Swan, John M., "Prodigal Son," 272; "Polar Bears," 290; "A Fallen Monarch," 292; "Young Himalayan Tiger," 374
- Swinburne, Algernon Charles, "A Jacobite's Farewell," 81
- Swinton, James, *see* Obituaries
- Symons, W. C., Views of Salisbury Hall, 45, 47, 48, 49
- Taylor, Chevallier, at the Institute, 123; "Outward Bound," 275; "Dress Rehearsal," 426
- Taylor, Frederick, *see* Obituaries
- Taylor, F., at the Humorists' Exhibition, 348
- Telbin, William, Sketch of a Cavern, 93; "On the Brocken," 95; Sketch for Stage, 97
- Teniers, Copies of Venetian Pictures, i
- Tenniel, John, at the Humorists' Exhibition, 344
- Ter Borch, Portrait of Hendrickson of Zwolle, i
- Thackeray, W. M., at the Humorists' Exhibition, 348
- Thaddeus, H. J., "W. E. Gladstone," 87; at the Grosvenor, 293
- Theatre, Art in the, 92, 98, 109, 195, 316
- Thierry, M., awarded knighthood of Legion of Honour, xix
- Thomas, J. Havard, "Mariana," 373
- Thomas, W. F., at the Humorists' Exhibition, 344
- Thompson, George, at the New English Art Club, xxx
- Thompson, Gordon, at the Humorists' Exhibition, 344
- Thoren, Otto de, *see* Obituaries
- Thornycroft, Hamo, R.A., Statue of General Gordon, 67, 371; at the Glasgow Institute, xxiii
- Tinworth, George, 295, 374
- Tomson, Arthur, "Dawn, Picardy," 293; "Moonrise on the Marsh, Picardy," xxix
- Topham, F. W., at the Walker Art Gallery, 56
- Tristram, Outram, *see* Books Reviewed
- Tronchère, B. de la, *see* Obituaries
- Turner, J. M. W., Water Colours by, at the "Old Masters," 165; at the Grosvenor Gallery, 190-1
- Tuke, H. S., "Bathers," xxix; "All Hands to the Pumps," 275
- Van Beers, J., at the Paris Salon, 420; "In the Canoe" and "In the Snow," 426
- Van der Velde, Jan, at the National Gallery, ii
- Van Haanen, at the Keppelstone Portrait Gallery, 210
- Van Marcke, at the Glasgow Institute, xxiii
- Vandyck, "Study of a Figure of St. Sebastian," i
- Velasquez at the National Gallery, i
- Venetian and Dutch Schools as Colourists, 33
- Venus of Milo, 249
- Verestchagin's Views on Art Criticised, 91, 92
- Véron, Eugene, *see* Obituaries
- Villari, Linda, *see* Books Reviewed
- Vos, Hubert, "Baron Gevers" and "Le Comte de Saint-Genys," 120; "Portrait of G. Romen," 126; "Chelsea Pensioner," 127; "Brussels Almshouse," 127; "The Old Fountain, St. Cloud," 294; "Les Pauvres Gen's," 295; "Docks Extension at Ostend," xxix
- Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, *see* Exhibitions
- Walker, Frederick, A.R.A., Personal Characteristics, 388; "Bathers," 426
- Waller, Mrs., at the Grosvenor Gallery, 293
- "Wall Papers," *see* Books Reviewed
- Walton, Frank, "Down by the Reeds of the River," 55; "Daylight on its Last Purple Cloud," 124
- Ward, E. A., "Right Hon. J. Chamberlain," 290
- Ward, E. M., "The Ante-chamber at Whitehall," 51
- Ward, James, "The Cow-shed," i
- Ward, Leslie, at the Humorists' Exhibition, 348
- Water Colour Drawings at Agnew's, *see* Exhibitions
- Water Colour Society of Ireland, *see* Exhibitions
- Waterhouse, J. W., A.R.A., "Ophelia," 271; second-class medal at Paris Exhibition, xli
- Waterlow, Ernest A., "A Summer Shower," 55; at the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, 126; at the Grosvenor, 293
- Watkins, Colles, "The Heart of the Mountains," xxvii
- Watson-Gordon, Sir J., Portraits by, xli
- Watson, Homer, at the New Gallery, 290
- Watson, J. D., at the Walker Art Gallery, 55
- Watteau, at the "Old Masters," 166, xv
- Watts, G. F., R.A., "Ganymede," at the Royal Society of British Artists, 126; Portrait of Rossetti, 21; "W. E. Gladstone," 84; "The Habit does not Make the Monk," 230; "Fata Morgana," "Good Luck to your Fishing," and "The Wounded Heron," 290; "Diana and Endymion," at the Glasgow Institute, xxii
- Walters, Emile, "Nest of the Seamew," 275; medal of honour, xxxvii; "M. H. Spielmann," "Carmen," xlvii
- Webb, James, "Bambro' Castle," 55; *see* Exhibitions
- Webster, George, at the Glasgow Institute, xxiii
- Wells and its Cathedral, 9-14
- Wernskjold, medal of honour, xxxvii
- West, Benjamin, "The Death of Nelson," 51
- West, R., at the Humorists' Exhibition, 348
- Wetherbee, George, "Autumn," 123; "Belated Shepherd," 127
- Whaite, H. Clarence, at the Walker Art Gallery, 56
- Wheatley and Cundall, *see* Books Reviewed
- Whistler, James McN., at the Glasgow Institute, xxii; first-class medal at Paris Exhibition, xxxvii; "Lady Archibald Campbell" and "The Balcony," xxxvii
- Williams, Haynes, "The Ancestor on the Tapestry," 51
- Willmore, Arthur, *see* Obituaries
- Wilson, P. Macgregor, "A Summer Day," xxiii
- Wilson, Ernest, *see* Books Reviewed
- Wilson, R., at the Grosvenor Gallery, 191; Landscape, with Figures, xlv
- Wimperis, E. M., *see* Exhibitions; "The Ridge of a Noble Down," xxii
- Wingate, Lawton, "Winter Twilight," xxiii; at the Royal Scottish Academy, xxxi
- Wirgman, Blake, at the Royal Academy, 275
- Wolverhampton Art Gallery, *see* Exhibitions
- "Woman's World, The," *see* Books Reviewed
- Women at the Royal Academy Schools, xvii
- Wood, Warrington, at the Walker Art Gallery, 56
- Woods, Emily J., contributions to the National Gallery, ii
- Woods, Henry, A.R.A., third-class medal at Paris Exhibition, xl
- Woodville, E. Caton, "Maiwand—Saving the Guns," 52
- Woodward, at the Humorists' Exhibition, 347
- Woolmer, A. J., "Morning after the Battle of Hastings," 51
- Woolner, Thomas, R.A., Bust of W. E. Gladstone by, 84
- Wores, Theodore, *see* Exhibitions
- Wright, J. M., at the Humorists' Exhibition, 348
- Wylic, W. L. "Highway of Nations," 124; "Phantom Ship," 272; elected A.R.A., xix; *see* Exhibitions; third-class medal Paris Exhibition for engraving, xli
- Yeames, W. F., R.A., at the Walker Art Gallery, 50

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