Masters in Art

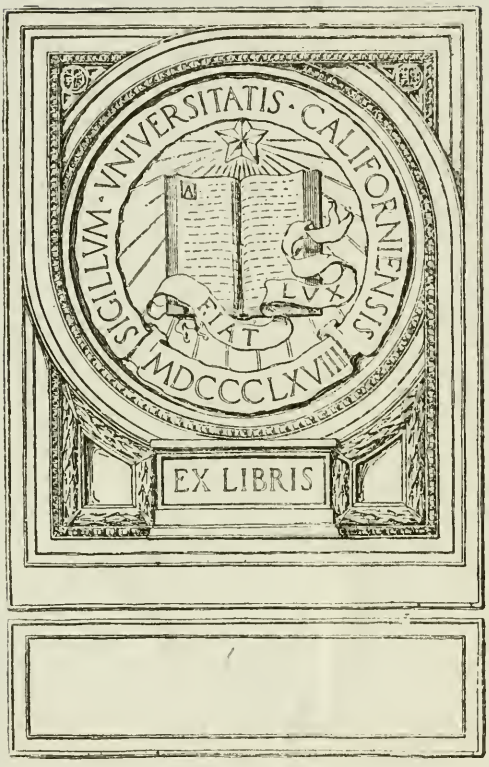
A Series of Illustrated Monographs

Issued Monthly

FORTUNY

PART 110——VOLUME 10

Bates and Guild Company
Publishers
144 Congress Street
Boston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MASTERS IN ART

Fortuny

SPANISH SCHOOL

FORTUNY
PORTRAIT OF A SPANISH LADY
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK

FORTUNY
THE SNAKE-CHARMERS
WALTERS GALLERY, BALTIMORE

FORTUNY
CHOICE OF A MODEL
PROPERTY OF W. A. CLARK, NEW YORK

FORTUNY
MOORISH BLACKSMITHS
OWNED BY SEÑOR BAUER, MADRID

FORTUNY
BREAKFAST AT THE ALHAMBRA
OWNED BY G. GOULD

FORTUNY
A NEGRO OF MOROCCO
OWNED BY MRS. F. A. BEER, LONDON

FORTUNY
GARDEN OF THE POETS
OWNED BY M. HOEREN, PARIS

FORTUNY
PASTIME OF NOBLEMEN
OWNED BY G. W. VANDERBILT

FORTUNY
THE SPANISH MARRIAGE
COLLECTION OF MARQUISE DE CARCANO, PARIS

FORTUNY
JOB

PORTRAIT OF FORTUNY

Fortuny's head is characteristically Latin, with its superabundant curly hair, its moustache and *barbiche*. Baron Davilliers describes him as being quite regular in feature. One gets the idea from this picture that the nose is a little heavy in shape. The eyes are the fine thing in the face — eyes that can look and see and judge. The lower part of the face is rather unpleasantly heavy, but, on the other hand, the forehead is admirable in its breadth and strength.

Mariano Fortuny

BORN 1838: DIED 1874
SPANISH SCHOOL

MARIANO FORTUNY was born at Réus, a little town in the province of Tarragon, which is in Catalonia, one of the five great divisions of Spain. Fortuny — his full name was Mariano José-Maria-Bernardo Fortuny y Carbo — was born on June 11, 1838. His father died in Mariano's infancy and he was brought up by his grandfather, also named Mariano Fortuny, who was a cabinet-maker. He was a skilful man with his hands and also modeled little wax figures, in the making of which his grandchild assisted him. These they exhibited over the countryside, tramping from town to town.

Fortuny early showed a talent for drawing. His schoolmates, as is so often the case with great artists, recalled in after life how he used to ornament his books with designs. At about nine years of age he entered a public course in drawing which had lately been established at Réus. An amateur of the town, Mr. Domingo Soberano, noticed his work and encouraged him. Fortuny daily, for a number of years, spent some hours working at his house.

At the age of twelve he had already painted a number of pictures, most of them representing Madonnas. Naturally, they are not very good, but it is singular that a child of twelve should be able to paint them at all. At fourteen years, Fortuny, with his grandfather, left Réus for Barcelona, the capital of the province of Catalonia. His ambition was to follow the course of the Academy of Barcelona. A sculptor, Mr. Domingo Taleru, saw some of his sketches and, much impressed by them, secured, through the aid of some kind priests, a pension of eight dollars a month, which enabled young Mariano to go to the Academy.

Fortuny studied under Mr. Claudio Lorenzale, an estimable man who was, strange to say, a pupil of Overbeck. The idea of Fortuny making studies in the manner of Overbeck is amusing. Fortuny, however, had the highest regard for his first master, and always spoke of him with respect and esteem. While at the Academy of Barcelona Fortuny got hold of some lithographic drawings by Gavarni, the famous French illustrator. He was greatly impressed and moved by these, copied them again and again, and going about the city tried to draw the interesting types he saw in something the same manner.

At the same time he was painting in quite a different way; to wit, the dry and rather weak *facture* of Overbeck. At this time he made pictures curiously unlike his later production. One of these paintings was 'The Apparition of the Virgin of Pity.' Later he executed, in an Academy competition, 'St. Paul speaking before the Areopagus at Athens;' and the next year 'Charles of Anjou, on the Beach of Naples, witnesses the Burning of his Ships by Rogier de Lauria.' These pictures give no indication of his future talent.

In 1856 Fortuny won the competition for a Prize of Rome, newly offered by the city of Barcelona. The subject was 'Raymond Beranger III. fastening the Seal of Barcelona on the Tower of the Castle of Foix' — not, one would suppose, a very inspiring *motif*. Howbeit, Fortuny gained the prize, and with it a pension of about five hundred dollars a year for two years. After some trouble about his military service, a friend finally lending the money with which to pay for a substitute, he was able to proceed to Rome, where he arrived on March 19, 1858.

There was, at this time, in Rome quite a colony of Spanish artists, with whom Fortuny affiliated himself. He worked incessantly throughout the day, and in the evenings he was accustomed to study in the famous Academy Gigi, where he drew from the nude for two hours and for two hours from the draped figure. Gigi afterwards told Mr. d'Epinay that Fortuny hardly missed a night for years. He regarded the work he did there as of no importance, and used to leave his drawings on the floor. The caretaker would sweep them up and usually destroy them. Sometimes, however, he tacked them up on the walls and, later, used to sell them for a few francs apiece. D'Epinay, who had a feeling that Fortuny would one day be famous, bought a few of these. It is related that an American artist, who shall be nameless, worked at the Academy at the same time and could have acquired many of these drawings, but as he did not care about Fortuny's work he neglected his opportunity.

In 1860 war broke out between Spain and Morocco, and Fortuny was given the opportunity to go, in the suite of that General Prim whom, later, Regnault painted in so gallant a fashion. This journey was a revelation to Fortuny. He worked constantly, making rapid sketches of everything he saw. From this time his style began to change, the first signs being a pronounced preference for Arab subjects.

Returning to Rome, he continued to work with that intensity which always characterized him. After two years the city of Barcelona discontinued his pension, but the same amount was advanced to him for years by the Duke of Rianzares. Among other ways of eking out his income, Fortuny gave lessons to the daughters of Queen Christina.

A change had begun in Fortuny's technique at about the time of his return from Morocco and from the battle of Tetuan. That trip had opened his eyes to the brilliancy of outdoor Oriental color, and ever afterwards in some measure he tried for the qualities of brilliant, sparkling color. There is a comparatively long period between his sketches for the battle of Tetuan and his first successful subject-pictures, of which we do not find much work preserved. Nevertheless, during these years he was working at the highest

pressure, and it was during this time that the change was somehow achieved from his early manner — rather dry, tight, and timid — to his later style, so bright and gay and skilful.

At this period also Fortuny made a number of etchings. These, perhaps from the material, have a certain severity and gravity which one does not associate with his gayer paintings. In these etchings, especially, is noticeable that solicitude for light and shade which is the hall-mark of every great artist. Some of these — certain etchings of Arabs — are very remarkable works, and there is an etching of a 'Piping Shepherd' which is of a singular charm. In some, the general effect of the etchings is more serious than that of the paintings. There is an austerity about them which comes from the severe study of the edge of the shadow and, too, from the blackness of the shadows. In this, Fortuny is a true son of Zurbaran and of Ribera. In fact, his etchings seem more like the old art of Spain than do his paintings.

About this time Henri Regnault, who was at the Villa Medici as winner of the *Prix de Rome*, met Fortuny and was immensely moved by his work. The young and impressionable Frenchman was greatly influenced by the clever Spaniard, and it is not difficult to note certain traces of his influence through the later examples — all too few — of his work. Regnault was trained in the severe manner of the École de Beaux-Arts, a training quite different from Fortuny's hand-to-mouth education, but there was something similar in the natures of the two men. They both loved brilliant, scintillating things. They were enamoured of passionate life, sunlight, and the cynical beauty of terrible scenes.

Regnault said of Fortuny's pictures: "They are prodigious in color and in boldness of painting. Oh, what a painter he is, that chap!" And again he writes: "I yesterday passed the day with Fortuny, and it 'broke my arms and legs.' He is astonishing, that '*gaillard-là*.' He has marvels at his place. He is the master of us all. If you could see the two or three pictures which he is finishing just now, and the water-color which he has made these latter days! O Fortuny! You drive me from sleep."

In 1860 he came to Paris for a time, and there met his compatriots Zamacois and Rico. Zamacois, a painter of very remarkable talent, put him in relations with the art firm of Goupil & Company. They gave him many orders for pictures, and this was the real begininng of his success and fame.

In 1867 Fortuny married Cecilia de Madrazo, the daughter of that Pedro Madrazo who was the Director of the Academy of Madrid and later the Curator of the famous *Muséo del Prado*. Madrazo was a painter of the older school, trained in academic conventions; yet he was cordial to Fortuny and to his art, which he recognized as a glory of Spain. His two sons Raimundo and Ricardo de Madrazo also became artists, and though their early work was somewhat influenced by Fortuny, one of them at least, Raimundo, became a painter of marked ability. His early work is much finer than that done in later years, when he, to some extent, degenerated into being a mere fashionable portrait-painter.

In 1868 Fortuny began his picture called 'The Vicaria' ('The Spanish

Marriage'), which a year or two later made an enormous sensation in Paris. Even so late as this he copied Velasquez and Goya at the Musée Real. Towards the end of 1869 he went to Paris, and somewhat later his 'Spanish Marriage' (Plate IX) was exhibited in Goupil's Gallery. It excited great admiration. Every one was saying, "Have you seen Fortuny's picture?" Its success was enormous; but Fortuny, unspoiled by this, remained the simple, modest, hard-working artist he always had been.

Fortuny on this visit to Paris was received, so to say, with open arms. Meissonier, who was, in a certain sense, a rival, in that his *genre* was of the same sort though his manner was very different, treated the Spaniard with great cordiality. Gérôme also showed him great consideration. Indeed, most of the distinguished artists of Paris exhibited great interest in him and in his work. His 'Spanish Marriage' had been exhibited in Goupil's Gallery and had created immense interest.

His technique, even in Paris, where the cleverest technicians are supposed to live, was considered wonderful. It was of a brilliancy which, till then, had not been known. And, indeed, it may be said that for sheer brilliancy combined with a singular soundness the technique of Fortuny is still remarkable. Some of Boldini's early Italian work, made under the influence of Fortuny, is, if possible, even cleverer in a sort of insane *virtuosité*, but it is not so sound. Fortuny's work, even at its cleverest, had a good deal the look of nature.

Fortuny also went to England, where he was warmly received by John Everett Millais. His stay in London was not long, however, and his visit to Britain seems to have had no influence on his art, although he made many sketches at the Tower and other points of interest. Among other things, he went with his friend Baron Davillier to see Madame Tussaud's famous collection of waxworks, and as they descended the stairs Fortuny gaily slapped his companion on the back, saying, "And to think that I, too, used to make those things!"

In 1870 Fortuny spent some time in Granada, the old home of the Moorish Emirs, and produced some fine work. On returning to Rome, he worked hard at his 'Choice of a Model' (Plate III), or, as it was then called, 'Academicians of St. Luke,' and another picture of theatricals in a garden. After another visit to Paris and to London he returned to Italy and went to Portici, a watering-place near Naples. Here he rented a villa, and here he painted his famous 'Beach at Portici,' which is one of the finest of his works.

Toward the very end of his life Fortuny gave signs of changing his manner. Indeed, his famous 'Beach at Portici,' the artistic ancestor of countless Hispano-Italian beach scenes, distinctly marked this change. It is interesting to speculate, by the way, on whether this subject was suggested to Fortuny by Goya's 'Beach at San Isidro.' Whether or no the subject is thus suggested, the manner is quite different, being more in the Japanesque style. Fortuny, perhaps during his visit to Paris, had become greatly interested in Japanese prints. They were at that time all the rage in Paris. Braquemond had discovered some prints in a packing-box, and Manet, Alfred Stevens, the Goncourts, Fantin Latour, Whistler, and all the most able of the younger artists

were deeply interested in them. Millet and Rousseau quarreled about the ownership of Japanese prints. A Japanese *Cenacle* was formed, at which the owners of Japanese prints dined in Japanese fashion. Possibly Fortuny had come under the influence of this group. At all events, he knew and deeply admired Japanese work. And he dreamed of reproducing in his own work something of the broad, simple sweeps of tone which later appeared in the works of Manet and of Whistler. Save in the 'Beach at Portici' and one or two studies this was not to be, for death intervened between the painter and his projects.

It is interesting, yet vain, to speculate on what Fortuny might have done had he been given the years of other men. As it was, he died so early that one marvels at his accomplishment in the years that were his. He had spent the summer very pleasantly with his family at Portici, had accomplished some good work, and was planning new things of a different nature from what he had as yet accomplished. It seems that he worked too late in the deadly twilight hours of Italy. At all events, he caught a fever, what the old books used to call a tertian ague, and after a short sickness died, at Rome, on November 21, 1874. One of the last things he did on the last day of his life — and it is characteristic of his habits of incessant labor — was to make a little drawing from a mask of Beethoven. His death created general mourning in Rome, where he was much loved. An immense crowd followed the funeral cortège, and it was said that never had prince or noble such obsequies.

All accounts agree that Fortuny was of an admirable nature — quiet, amiable if taciturn, strong-willed, and hard-working. He was one of those artists whose life is so wrapped up in their work that they have no time for anything else. He was a loyal friend, a man of most pleasant manners, but his work engulfed his life to such an extent that one does not hear much of his doings outside of his work.

Yriarte describes him as "very robust, well built, like a Catalan, a little abrupt, concentrated, taciturn, resolute in difficult moments, he was used to hardships, always ready for everything; and he went under fire, without vain phrases." And again: "Almost always silent, negative, but without gloom or ill humor, easy to live with, obliging and friendly, indifferent to exterior things." Baron Davillier says of him: "Fortuny was somewhat above middle height. His features, regular and extremely handsome, expressed the frankness and honesty of his character. A great enemy of etiquette and of ceremony, he talked but little, and was at first reserved with new-comers on account of his natural timidity. But with those whom he liked he showed himself, on the other hand, very expansive."

Fortuny was an insatiate worker. After painting all day in his studio he would make drawings and sketches in the evening. Even when there was some social gathering at his house — for his wife was a brilliant hostess — Fortuny, quiet and taciturn, though amiable, would generally be found in some corner working out sketches with pencil and paper for some future performance. In his early days in Rome he was a constant attendant at the night sketching-classes. The day was not long enough for him, and it may

be that in this evening work, where the model appeared with light and shade emphasized by the marked lamplight effect, he developed and then affirmed that manner which became so characteristic of him. At all events, that manner, so light and gay and easy looking, was the efflorescence, as it were, of the hardest kind of work; for nothing gives true facility but constant effort and practice.

Fortuny's drawing is always effective and interesting, and he invented, or at least he made more definite, a new kind of drawing; for where the Academicians drew by line, where the followers of Rembrandt on the one hand and of Correggio on the other drew by light and shade, Fortuny drew by the accents. That is, noting here, there, elsewhere, the points at which the darkest notes came, he spotted them down; and then, working from these nuclei, he evolved his drawings. This method was at the bottom of his brilliancy of effect. In his hands some splendid results were achieved. In the hands of his imitators the method degenerated at times to a spotty, flashy style. The great advantage of the method was that a man was apt to get his placements, his proportions, well considered and right. One of its disadvantages was that in unskilful hands the drawing seemed to lack construction, to lack that look of having a backbone which well-drawn figures have.

As to his color, it was often agreeable. Indeed, Fortuny may be called a colorist in this, that he was deeply interested in color, that he composed his pictures from a colorist's point of view, that his color was almost always agreeable and, despite its brilliancy, never clashed. And yet he can hardly be considered a very great colorist, because his color-schemes, like everything else in his works, lacked a little of that *ensemble* which the very finest pictures always have. He delighted in difficulties of color, and when some one asked him why, in his 'Choice of a Model' (Plate III), he had posed the nude figure against a pink silk background he replied that the difficulty of the scheme interested him. He liked to paint the grayish, shriveled skin of old men against a brilliant red ground. These rather bizarre harmonies delighted him.

His values, or relations of tones, were in the main good, although in his constant effort for brilliancy he tended to over-accentuate the dark spots. But, like almost all Spaniards, he was primarily interested in tone and light and shade relations; and even when he failed his failure was that of a man who thoroughly understands his subject but also has attempted the impossible, rather than the flat failure of a mere incompetent. When he felt particularly serious, as in his 'Portrait of a Spanish Lady' (Plate I), at the Metropolitan Museum, he was apt to make his "values" with admirable justness, though even here the tones are a little frittered up with inconsequent dabs.

Again, his "Pen and Ink" sketches are always remarkable. Indeed, Fortuny may be said to be the greatest handler of pen and ink who has lived. Presumably most of his sketches were not made for reproduction. At the same time, they do reproduce admirably, and they are at the bottom of the pen-and-ink method of the Hispano-Italian School, which has sometimes produced such brilliant results. Like all his drawing, and his painting as

well, it was based first of all on the skilful and sympathetic placement and indication of the strongest darks. From these the form was modeled out towards the lights. But apart from this there is a nervous intensity, and at the same time a lightness of touch in the line, that is remarkable. Something of all this may have been learned from his etching; yet, on the whole, the pen and inks seem even more individual and personal than do the etchings.

Curiously enough, the work of Fortuny has certain affinities to two schools of painting which at first sight one would think as far as possible removed from him; that is, to the Impressionists and to the Pre-Raphaelites. For they, as well as he, resolutely faced the problem of outdoor painting, and particularly the painting of sunlight. This had never before been seriously attempted. Of course, we find admirable landscape work before their time, but work always built on a convention. Even the Dutch, so realistic in their indoor work, did not really seriously attempt the painting of outdoor light, most of all of sunlight. True, we find some admirable outdoor things by Pieter de Hooch and by Vermeer, but even these seem rather hot and "foxy" when compared with the best modern outdoor work.

The Impressionists, as is well known, after various experiments, have come to trying to solve the outdoor problem by the use of disintegrated color. The Pre-Raphaelites, in a more instinctive, less reasoned, logical way, arrived at something the same result, as far as the use of free color went; though, of course, the finish and aspect of their work were very different. Fortuny did not disdain the skilful use of pure color, here or there, but in doing sunlight he trusted mostly to his admirable drawing of the shadows; for he, like most other remarkable technicians, was primarily a draftsman. His touch was crisp and sure, yet of a nervous quality quite different from that of his imitators. Where the Impressionists almost disregarded drawings in the sense in which we generally use the term, and got their effect by noting very subtle color-shifts and relations, Fortuny achieved his outdoor results by drawing the shapes of the shadows with extreme care.

In the Stewart Collection in Paris there used to hang, in the midst of the splendid pictures, a small round palette, uncleaned, with two or three big, dingy brushes stuck through the opening for the thumb. This was the palette of Fortuny, just as it was found at his death — uncleaned, with the gobs of paint still sticking here or there. The thing was interesting to study, first, because it seems that Fortuny often used large brushes, though his work suggests the use of smaller ones; and, again, the palette itself was of interest as showing the kind of colors he used. As one remembers it, these were for the most part the simple colors used in the schools; about the colors, too, that Velasquez used: white, black, vermilion, cobalt, verte emeraude (which is practically the same as our viridian), and yellow ochre, and, probably, a lake or two, though these were too much dried up to be well distinguished.

The composition in Fortuny's work is intelligent and well considered, though in some pictures it is distinctly more interesting than in others. For instance, in 'The Snake-Charmers' (Plate II) there is something unique and bizarre in the arrangement, and the introduction of the grim, gaunt ibis gives

the thing an uncanny touch which suits the hypnotizer of serpents. On the other hand, 'The Spanish Marriage' (Plate IX) and the 'Choice of a Model' (Plate III) are hardly so remarkable in line, though in each the arrangement, with the little figures at the bottom of huge halls, has something of originality. Again, the 'Piping Shepherd of Arcady' is delightful in arrangement, though simple enough. Fortuny here has found a new way of stating the charm of antique art and life, and perhaps it is the charm that we really feel most in the antique; for there is no effort to reconstitute antique times, as with Alma-Tadema. Rather, this 'Piping Shepherd,' twin brother to Hawthorne's Donatello, might have lived in Robert of Sicily's time, or Cæsar Borgia's, or only yesterday, and, after bathing, idly have sat on an old broken capital, piping some old folk-tune to his long-eared, fleecy sheep. It is, after all, the decay of antique things that interests us.

Fortuny was, curiously enough, evidently influenced by Hamon, a rather weak brother, friend of Gérôme and other classicists, who invented a new classical manner which he was hardly strong enough to carry through. Some of his pictures are quite delightful in intention, though rather washy in execution. But Fortuny, a much stronger painter, was evidently deeply interested in Hamon's *motifs*. Indeed, his little butterfly female figure sipping from a flower is almost a copy of one of Hamon's pictures. Apparently, after trying this and one or two others, getting interested in the antique *motif*, he lit on the subject of this 'Piping Shepherd,' which is quite unique, quite his own. Thus do new subjects spring from the old.

This little excursus in imitation by Fortuny is interesting because it is apparently his only one. For the most part, he was singularly original. Indeed, that is a great part of his charm — that he is generally so wholly himself, so different from other men, yet at the same time so able and skilful. Although in 'The Spanish Marriage,' in the 'Choice of a Model,' and in 'The Snake-Charmers' he found his best way, yet he now and then tried other directions. The result of one of these wanderings, the 'Faust and Marguerite,' is hardly so happy as his more realistic work. The vision of the lover in the garden floating above the pianist in the studio, who plays Gounod's immortal love music, comes dangerously near the verge of being ridiculous.

The fact is, Fortuny, at the time of his early death, was still so young a man that he had, very likely, not found the exact way in which his best and most characteristic work should be done. As has been suggested, in speaking of the 'Beach at Portici,' there is a hint of a new manner. Doubtless he, in his own way, would have developed into a manner not wholly different from that of Manet and of Whistler, though probably in rendering it would have been more skilful.

The gesture of figures in Fortuny's work is often significant and personal, as in 'The Snake-Charmers' or the posed young girl in the 'Choice of a Model.' But for the most part, though the pose is often good enough, it must be confessed that he seemed content to put his figures in rather commonplace attitudes, so eager was he for the joy of painting. After all, he was most interested in the aspect of things, the play of light on the surface of textures,

especially the glitter and *cliquetis* of high-lights on armor or shining form. His Academicians in the 'Choice of a Model' stand about in attitudes effective enough, but not very personal. However, they suited Fortuny, whose preoccupation was the painting of those brilliant coats of plum color, *cuisse de Nymphe*, and canary worn by the gentry of those charming and idle times. The play of light on the surface of things was Fortuny's great preoccupation, and at times this left him rather indifferent to what was significant and personal in movement or gesture.

Of course it is Fortuny's technique of which one hears most. With many people the name Fortuny is almost synonymous with brilliant technique. "Marvelous," "*féerique*," "astounding," are some of the terms various enthusiastic artists have applied to it; and brilliant, indeed, it is. At the same time, when one studies it, one is surprised to find how simple and direct are the means applied to the end he would gain. With Fortuny there is little or no glazing, scumbling, or the like. The paint is put on directly, with very little teazing of the pigment. In short, Fortuny's brilliancy comes from his way of seeing, his intention, the way in which he put his picture together, even more than from his admirably direct and solid handling. The defects in his work come about somewhat from this very directness. Briefly, the defects in his work are a certain spottiness, the high-lights put a thought too high, the accents made a touch too dark. In his rage to make his *facture* direct and simple he sometimes did not remember to tone down glitterings and accents.

The change in the sentiment regarding Fortuny is very curious, and yet fashions change so rapidly nowadays that one half understands it. Fortuny in his day was accepted, especially by his countrymen and by Italians, as a supreme master. Later, we have come to see that he left much unsaid; that his work, however brilliant, was limited. Besides, this very brilliancy, which suited him so well, had a most pernicious influence on the art of Italy and of Spain. Fortuny was an original, not the man to have founded a school. Italy and Spain, artistically speaking, staggered under the weight of his genius for years. His was not the manner from which to found a school.

But viewed as a personality Fortuny is immensely interesting. He did some things with a brio and dash, and yet with a truth which makes them unique. He was a true painter. He felt things more like a painter than do most men. Even his defects of spottiness, of over-scintillation, arise from his astounding facility; and this facility came from the hardest kind of work and study. It did not arise, as it does in the work of some young men, from mere carelessness and hurry to be through with the task in hand; rather, it was the expression of a hand so light and skilful that it did easily things well-nigh impossible to others. But in twenty years or in a hundred years, when people can view the latter end of the nineteenth century in better perspective than now, they will perceive the strength and, in many ways, the justness of his work. Fortuny is a great artist, rather crowded out of court at present by the jostling mob of mediocrities, but he is a man who must always be interesting, though his very qualities prevent his being among the greatest.

One reason why Fortuny's work is now so comparatively little known is

that it was snapped up by dealers and by connoisseurs, often taken from the easel, so that the general public knew little about it. Also, he died so young that he had produced very little work; and, while such work as he did had enormous effect on the artists and cognoscenti of the time, the effect was not so lasting as it would have been if affirmed by repeated shocks from new and ever finer pictures. Besides this, his pictures, being so few, do not change hands so often as do the works of an artist of greater production, like Corot. Nothing stimulates interest in pictures more than their reappearance at great sales. Also, having been uniformly successful almost from the beginning, no dealer found himself overstocked with his works, and so did not find it necessary to begin one of those Campaigns of Education which dealers know so well how to manage. When his pictures do appear in sales they sell for huge prices, as was the case the other day at the Stewart Sale, where the 'Choice of a Model' sold for $60,000.

While, as has been said, with the exception of the Hamon episode, Fortuny apparently never directly imitated any one, he was evidently influenced by certain men. During his student days in Spain, and later in Rome, still later at Madrid, he made many copies, chiefly from Velasquez and from Goya. It may seem strange that an art so brilliant, baleful, and exotic as that of Fortuny should have sprung from study of the distinguished, reserved, yet solid and well-modeled work of Velasquez. Yet Velasquez is in a sense all things to all men: each man finds in him what he needs or what he thinks he needs. There are passages in the work of Velasquez — the before-mentioned ladies in the background of 'The Spinners,' the little 'Prince Baltasar on Horseback,' possibly the 'Infanta Rose,' with her robe stiffly glittering in silver and scarlet — which one would guess must have interested Fortuny. With Goya it is different. One perceives a nearer kinship between the two men, though Fortuny always preserved a science and a conscience of design, a solid impasto, quite different from the careless, sleazy, washy workmanship of the older man.

Of course Fortuny had a host of imitators, and some of these followers were immensely brilliant. But it is too little to say he had imitators, for he revolutionized the whole painting of Spain and of Italy. For thirty years his influence was paramount in these countries; and this same influence of his was not a good one. That *virtuosité* which in him was so delightful, so apparently easily accomplished, became in many of the others mere grimacing and posing. The others forgot that keen observation and study of nature which, after all, was the basis of his accomplishment, and merely imitated what they thought were his tricks of hand. More: they tried to apply his methods to tasks for which it was not suited; to historical painting, for instance. None the less, some of these fellows were enormously *habile*. Some of Boldini's early works, done very much under the master's influence, are almost the last word of demoniac cleverness. Madrazo's early work was very able, and was, by the way, simpler and better considered than that of most of the followers. Escosura did smart things, and Casanova y Estorach used to paint detestable pictures of priests with infernal skill. Martin Rico for years dictated

the way Venice should look, and Pradilla, Domingo, and a host of others made brilliant performances.

At the same time this brilliant art that suited so well one particular temperament was not the art for a whole country, and the Spaniards, the Italians also, of late years have come to feel this. Spanish art has taken two main courses; perhaps other small directions make a delta of her art tendencies. Ignacio Zuloaga, studying the older masters, who are still the chief glory of Spain, studying more especially Velasquez and El Greco, and imitating them in manner more closely than any man has done till now, has evolved a style which, despite its defects of blackness and brutality, is more typical of Spain, is more suggestive of her national characteristics, than any that has yet been seen.

On the other hand, Sorolla y Bastida, working through the manner of Bastien-Lepage toward the Impressionist methods, and assimilating these last with a good deal of intelligence, has produced works full of vigor and effectiveness which tell at least something of the sun of Spain, of the way the sea and the sky and the air look there — things which the imitators of Fortuny somehow missed in their efforts at brilliancy and cleverness.

The Italians, too, have changed. In modern Italian art one recognizes particularly two names: the late Segantini, whose art, at first a little reminiscent of Millet and technically founded on a disintegration of color which the Italians call divisionism, is distinctly interesting, though of marked defects; and Mancini, whose curious pictures crossed with squares scratched on the canvas, with, at times, bits of glass or tin placed to make the high-lights glister, are far better than these curious idiosyncrasies would lead one to think.

Fortuny did very little portrait-painting, yet one of his portraits at least, the one which now hangs in the Metropolitan Museum, enjoys a certain reputation. It is evident in this that he was trying very hard to make the thing "like," and not to be merely clever; and, indeed, it is quite apparent that the picture is "like." The Spanish type of the lady is well preserved. As to the painting of the dress, which has been very highly praised in some quarters, it is indeed capable and carefully studied. At the same time, one feels the blacks a little too dark: one has the sense that the thing is frittered up. It is a very interesting portrait, because it gives the character and does not look like another's work. Perhaps, however, it is not wholly successful. It lacks a little of that "gusto," that joy in playing with paint, that marks some of Fortuny's other work.

Fortuny had a passion for arms, for swords, halberds, chain-mail; for anything, in fact, which would take an effective glitter-point. But apart from this he was interested in arms for their own sake. He had a forge, and it is said that he could make a very good sword himself. It was this interest in weapons that had much to do with his friendship for Baron Davillier, M. de Beaumont, and others who, besides being artists or connoisseurs in art, also took an interest in the allied arts, especially those of ironwork and armory. Fortuny shares this interest in arms with a modern Spanish painter — that is,

Ignacio Zuloaga — whose father was an armorer and who can himself fashion a weapon with something of the skill of the old artisans of Toledo. Fortuny's collection of arms was quite remarkable. It was begun when he could only pick up a thing here and there; but toward the end of his short life, when he was making money fast, he was able to add a great many very fine specimens to his collection.

Fortuny is often spoken of as if he were a light, frivolous painter. It is said that he only looked "at the surface of things;" that his aims were not very high; that he was not "serious." Some of these sayings may be true of his imitators; hardly so much so of himself, except that he looked at the surface of things. That was natural enough. It is the way all great painters have done. Indeed, there has been nothing else for them to look at. It is true, however, that Fortuny was sometimes so fascinated by the glamour of surface detail that he forgot to render the aspect of the whole. He had, in a word, the defects of his qualities. No one could make a "*morceau*" look more interesting; but he did not always keep every bit in its proper relation to every other bit.

In trying to find the thing that best describes Fortuny's quality, his attitude toward the life he painted, one pitches on the word *virtuosité*. He was, indeed, like a violinist who plays so beautifully that one almost forgets the matter from the exquisite way in which it is expressed. In his painting, in his etching, most of all, perhaps, in his pen-and-ink drawing, he showed a *virtuosité*, a delightful way of doing the thing, which surprised most men. There was good matter in his best work. The composition was there, the color, admirable drawing was there; but after all, beyond all these, beyond even the skilful, thoughtful workmanship, was a delightful personal way of saying the thing, a certain *esprit*, a certain lightness of touch — a nervous touch that came sometimes almost to trembling, and which made his work different, more exquisitely brilliant, than the work of heavier-handed men.

The Art of Fortuny

CHARLES YRIARTE 'MARIANO FORTUNY'

THE influence of Fortuny has been real. In his "genre" he was the head of a school in the sense that after him one saw a pleiad of able executants spring up, *mievre*, scintillating, lacking ideas, who have betrayed their master and belittled him. It is not a new truth that disciples are more apt to exaggerate the faults of the master than to borrow his good qualities. Gifted with a wonder-working hand, Fortuny, without meaning to, created the "School of the Hand." His real science, joined with an indisputable charm, which every one has surrendered to, his love of light, his cult for the sun, a *je ne sais quoi* of unexpected in the choice of the subject, in the idea and the rendering,— these things have made his reputation, and it was legitimate.

But those about him soon came to think that to load a model with a costume of bright colors and to put him against a more or less appropriate background was enough to make a picture. The time, the hour, the epoch, the country, the special atmosphere of each place — the soul of things; in a word, the character — no longer existed for a certain number of artists without critical sense, without intelligence, without foundation, who made up for science of design by juggling with the brush and by the seduction of their touch, while, perhaps, even among those having the most authority, the strongest, no one rendered the character and types of Moorish life as did Fortuny.

Zamacois had so piquant, so penetrating, an intelligence that one of his pictures of which he had described the subject would be almost as interesting as the picture itself; but a great number of others, who had not this penetration or this knowledge, borrowed only the costumes of these two and created an empty art, full of imposture, against which men like Bastien-Lepage, Roll, Gervex, and a whole new pleiad reacted with great violence.

They thought that it sufficed to reunite in a canvas as many brilliant figures as possible if they wished to reconstitute an epoch; but, not being convinced themselves, they did not succeed in convincing others. And this art of the hand which triumphed for an instant is to-day worn out, and imposes on nobody.

In art one must be docile, and let one's self be led as by the hand by the artist: if he can persuade you, move you, and touch you, one need not debate his emotion; rather be happy for having felt it. The varieties of temperament in artists, their different points of view, the opposing faculties with which they are gifted, are just what make up the riches of this kingdom of art. Is there not, for instance, a singular contrast between Mariano Fortuny and François Millet?

RICHARD MUTHER 'HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING'

HIS residence in the East, which lasted from five to six months, was a discovery for him — a feast of delight. He found the opportunity of studying in the immediate neighborhood a people whose life was opulent in color and wild in movement; and he beheld with wonder the gleaming pictorial episodes so variously enacted before him, and the rich costumes upon which the radiance of the South glanced in a hundred reflections. And, in particular, when the Emperor of Morocco came with his brilliant suite to sign the treaty of peace, Fortuny developed a feverish activity. The great battle-piece which he should have executed on the commission of the Academy of Barcelona remained unfinished. On the other hand, he painted a series of Oriental pictures, in which his astonishing dexterity and his marvelously sensitive eye were already to be clearly discerned: the stalls of Moorish carpet-sellers, with little figures swarming about them, and the rich display of woven stuffs of the East; the weary attitude of old Arabs sitting in the sun; the somber, brooding faces of the strange snake-charmers and magicians. This is no Parisian East, like Fromentin's; every one here is speaking Arabic. It is

only Guillaumet who afterwards interpreted the fakir world of the East, dreamy and contemplative in the sunshine, in a manner equally convincing.

Yet Fortuny first discovered his peculiar province when he began, after his return, to paint those brilliant kaleidoscopic rococo pictures with their charming play of color, the pictures which founded his reputation in Paris. Even in the earliest, representing gentlemen of the rococo period examining engravings in a richly appointed interior, the Japanese weapons, Renaissance chests, gilded frames of carved wood, and all the delightful *petit-riens* from the treasury of the past which he had heaped in it together were so wonderfully painted that Goupil began a connection with him and ordered further works. This commission occasioned his journey, in the autumn of 1866, to Paris, where he entered into Meissonier's circle, and worked sometimes at Gérôme's. Yet neither of them exerted any influence upon him at all worth mentioning. The French painter in miniature is, probably, the father of the department of art to which Fortuny belongs; but the latter united to the delicate execution of the Frenchman the flashing, gleaming spirit of the Latin races of the South. He is a Meissonier with *esprit* recalling Goya. In his picture 'The Spanish Marriage' ('La Vicaria') all the vivid, throbbing, rococo world, buried with Goya, revived once more. While in his Oriental pieces — 'The Praying Arab,' 'The Arabian Fantasia,' and 'The Snake-Charmers'— he still aimed at concentration and unity of effect, this picture had something gleaming, iridescent, and pearly which soon became the delight of all collectors. Fortuny's success, his celebrity, and his fortune dated from that time. His name went up like a meteor. After fighting long years in vain, not for recognition, but for his very bread, he suddenly became the most honored painter of the day, and began to exert upon the whole generation of young artists that powerful influence which survives even at this very day.

The studio which he built for himself after his marriage with the daughter of Federigo Madrazo in Rome was a little museum of the most exquisite products of the artistic crafts of the West and the East: the walls were decorated with brilliant Oriental stuffs, and great glass cabinets with Moorish and Arabian weapons and old tankards and glasses from Murano stood around. He sought and collected everything that shines and gleams in varying color. That was his world and the basis of his art.

Pillars of marble and porphyry, groups of ivory and bronze, lusters of Venetian glass, gilded consoles with small busts, great tables supported by gilded satyrs and inlaid with variegated mosaics, form the surroundings of that astonishing work 'The Trial of the Model.' Upon a marble table a young girl is standing naked, posing before a row of Academicians in the costume of the Louis XV period, while each one of them gives his judgment by a movement or an expression of the face. One of them has approached quite close and is examining the little woman through his lorgnette. All the costumes gleam in a thousand hues which the marble reflects. By his picture 'The Poet' (Plate VII), or 'The Rehearsal,' he reached his highest point in the capricious analysis of light. In the old rococo garden, with the brilliant façade of the Alhambra as its background, there is a gathering of gentlemen assembled

to witness the rehearsal of a tragedy. The heroine, a tall, charming, luxuriant beauty, has just fallen into a faint. On the other hand, the hero, holding the lady on his right arm, is reading the verses of his part from a large manuscript. The gentlemen are listening and exchanging remarks with the air of connoisseurs; one of them closes his eyes to listen with thorough attention. Here the entire painting flashes like the rocket, and is iridescent and brilliant like a peacock's tail. Fortuny splits the rays of the sun in endless *nuances* which are scarcely perceptible to the eye, and gives expression to their flashing glitter with astonishing delicacy. Henri Regnault, who visited him at that time in Rome, wrote to a Parisian friend: "The time I spent with Fortuny yesterday is haunting me still. What a magnificent fellow he is! He paints the most marvelous things and is master of us all. I wish I could show you the two or three pictures that he has in hand, or his etchings and water-colors. They inspired me with a real disgust of my own. Ah! Fortuny, you spoil my sleep."

Even as an etcher he caught all the technical finesses and appetizing piquancies of his great forerunner, Goya. It is only with very light and spirited strokes that the outlines of his figures are drawn; then, as in Goya, comes the aquatint, the color which covers the background and gives locality, depth, and light. A few scratches with a needle, a black spot, a light made by a judiciously inserted patch of white, and he gives his figures life and character, causing them to emerge from the black depth of the background like mysterious visions. 'The Dead Arab,' covered with his black cloth, and lying on the ground with his musket on his arm; 'The Shepherd,' on the stump of a pillar; 'The Serenade;' 'The Reader;' 'The Tambourine Player;' 'The Pensioner;' the picture of the gentleman with a pig-tail, bending over his flowers; 'The Anchorite;' and 'The Arab mourning over the Body of his Friend' are the most important of his plates, which are sometimes pungent and spirited and sometimes somber and fantastic.

In the picture 'The Strand of Portici' he attempted to strike out a new path. He was tired of the gay rags of the eighteenth century, as he said himself, and meant to paint for the future only subjects from surrounding life in an entirely modern manner like that of Manet. But he was not destined to carry out this change any further. He passed away in Rome on November 21, 1874. When the unsold works which he left were put up to auction the smallest sketches fetched high figures, and even his etchings were bought at marvelous prices.

In these days the enthusiasm for Fortuny is no longer so glowing. The capacity to paint became so ordinary in the course of years that it was presupposed as a matter of course; it was a necessary acquirement for an artist to have before approaching his pictures in a psychological fashion. And in this latter respect there is a deficiency in Fortuny. He is a *charmeur* who dazzles the eyes, but rather creates a sense of astonishment than holds the spectator in his grip. Beneath his hands painting has become a matter of pure virtuosity; a marvelous, flaring firework that amazes and — leaves us cold after all. With enchanting delicacy he runs through the great gamut of

radiant colors upon the small keyboard of his little pictures painted with a pocket-lens, and everything glitters golden, like the dress of a fairy. To the patience of Meissonier he united a delicacy of color, a wealth of pictorial point, and a crowd of delightful trifles which combine to make him the most exquisite and fascinating juggler of the palette — an amazing colorist of a wonderful clown, an original and subtle painter with vibrating nerves, but not a truly great and moving artist. His pictures are dainties in gold frames, jewels delicately set, astonishing efforts of patience, broken by a flashing, rocket-like *esprit;* but beneath the glittering surface one is conscious of there being nether heart nor soul. His art might have been French or Italian just as appropriately as Spanish. It is the art of virtuosos of the brush, and Fortuny himself is the initiator of a religion — of a religion which found its enthusiastic followers, not in Madrid alone, but in Naples, Paris, and Rome.

The Works of Fortuny

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'PORTRAIT OF A SPANISH LADY' PLATE I

A PICTURE that has been highly spoken of by various critics. Among other things, the "quality" of the blacks has been much admired. The picture is particularly skilful in the way in which the small details are managed. Indeed, they are over-managed; one is a little too conscious of them. The quality of black is, however, agreeable in color — a difficult affair to manage. The curious, almost woolly, hair is to be noted as a characteristic touch; and the face itself, with the strongly marked black eyebrows, the large black eyes, the long and curiously thin nose, is typically Spanish.

'THE SNAKE-CHARMERS' PLATE II

PERHAPS this is one of the most successful of Fortuny's pictures. The technique is adequate, more than adequate, since it is very brilliant as well. The drawing of the arms of the two male figures is particularly skilful and able, while the painting of the rug has all Fortuny's *virtuosité*, although the picture is comparatively early; that is, it dates from some time before 'The Spanish Marriage' and the 'Choice of a Model.' Note the interesting Moorish vase or bowl in the foreground and the curious helmet behind the reclining figure. The introduction of the ibis is a master stroke, and quite characteristic of Fortuny, who, despite his quiet manner, loved the *bizarre* in art. It seems as if Fortuny had taken all the things he liked — glittering metals, curiously inlaid helmets, the bronze nude of the south, Eastern rugs, strange exotic plumage — and jumbled them all together into a picture made to please himself. It is like a kaleidoscope, turned yet once again to give a new and wholly unheard of disposition of things.

'CHOICE OF A MODEL' PLATE III

MR. A. G. TEMPLE says of this picture: "The year 1870 saw the completion of another gem of high finish, 'The Selection of a Model' (belonging now to Senator W. A. Clark, of Montana, but formerly in the possession of Fortuny's intimate friend, Mr. A. T. Stewart). It had been begun many years before. A group of Academicians of St. Luke, nine in number, are standing around a marble table, on which the nude figure of a woman stands in a graceful attitude, her fashionable clothing thrown aside just beneath her. Comment and criticism engage them closely. In costume they exhibit all the extravagance of color and ornamentation which belonged to the reign of Louis XV. The lofty and spacious interior, studied from the Palazzo Colonna at Rome, is impressive with its massive columns of marble and porphyry, about the capitals of which sumptuous draperies are gathered; and the scene is lightened by richly stained glass windows. Groups of ivory and bronze are introduced, and gilded *consoles*, elegant brackets and lusters of Venetian glass, and costly inlaid tables, while the walls are embellished with polished brass and mirrors of gorgeous rococo frames. Some of the exquisite objects displayed were borrowed, it is said, from the Vatican for the purposes of study."

'MOORISH BLACKSMITHS' PLATE IV

MR. A. G. TEMPLE in his 'Spanish Painters' says of this picture: "This shows the mastery of technique Fortuny had acquired before he was thirty years of age. The semi-nude figures are modeled as if in glistering bronze, and with an admirable decision of line; while, on the other hand, the group of poultry on the right is painted with a freedom which recalls the work of the most accomplished Impressionist. The picture is one of his greatest works, with its rich, transparent shadows and well-controlled lights."

'BREAKFAST AT THE ALHAMBRA' PLATE V

IF one were to name a fault in Fortuny's work it would be that it seems a little "spotty." Certainly this picture seems so, and yet at the same time how effective it is! Fortuny understood wonderfully well how to base and space his light and dark spots, and in this picture the balance of light-robed figures with the white wall is well achieved, as are the dark spots of the pergola above, the dark spots of green on the white wall, and the touches of dark costume scattered here and there. Fortuny achieved his sunlight effects by strong contrasts of light and dark rather than by modern Impressionist methods, though he arrived empirically, as it were, at a way of splitting up his tones into vibrating and scintillating colors.

'NEGRO OF MOROCCO' PLATE VI

HARDLY so subtle and complicated as many of Fortuny's, yet it serves admirably to show his love of violent, barbaric contrast. The thing is less finished than much of his work, being, indeed, a simple study; yet it is

evident enough from the mere look of the thing that Fortuny took great delight in these flashing, blinding whites, in these glistering and somber blacks. This strange man, despite his negroid type, presents a very dignified appearance. Doubtless half Arab, he has all the *morgue* and self-control of a sheik. It is to be noted that the head is in sunlight, a fact which one learns by noting the extremely high reflected lights in relation to the strongly cast shadows and accents. Black absorbs light, so that the man's head remains very dark. Besides other reasons, this head is interesting as being quite different in technique from many of Fortuny's work. It has a broadness, a oneness of impression, which one does not always see.

'GARDEN OF THE POETS' PLATE VII

CHARLES YRIARTE says of this picture: "Fortuny . . . had made two garden studies — one from his own, another from that belonging to Don Raphael Corrieras. He imagined a poet who should be having a part in his tragedy rehearsed by an actress before a very limited audience, who, placed at a distance, are judging the effect of this rehearsal in the open air, in this luxuriant '*huerta*' (garden) full of light and of the sun.

"The costumes belong to the eighteenth century. The group of the poet and the *tragedienne* is dramatic in gesture, while that of the amateur is sober and self-contained. It would be curious to know what was the association of ideas that brought about this singular composition, which wakens our thought and pricks our curiosity to wondering about the picture's origin. Had some Spanish poet given a reading in a garden and had Fortuny embroidered on this theme? . . . We do not know; but in any case, we hold to two things — the background is known; it is a real one, and it is the starting-point of the picture. And perhaps for the first time Fortuny, by this subject, which has in it something strange, vague, and dreamy, awakens our thought and carries us into the beyond."

'PASTIME OF NOBLEMEN' PLATE VIII

THIS picture was painted at about the same time as the 'Rehearsal.' The garden is very characteristic of old Spain, and one can well imagine the young Cortez thus learning to fence, with perhaps some old prototype of Cervantes quietly reading his book in a corner. The painting of the trees against the wall is particularly remarkable. The glitter of every leaf is accounted for, and a remarkable effect of brilliancy is thus gained. The detail in the balcony and in the further roof is remarkable, and yet somehow does not seem to "cut up" the picture, though it must be admitted that the general effect of the whole canvas is a bit "spotty." The little figures are put in with a great deal of chic and brio — with too much, it may be.

'THE SPANISH MARRIAGE' PLATE IX

MR. A. G. TEMPLE says: "The scene is in the sacristy of a church in Spain and shows a bridal party completing the formalities of the marriage ceremony by the signing of the register. Their attire is of the early years

of the nineteenth century, and contrasts in its richness and brilliancy with the somber tones of the sacred interior. The bridegroom, an old beau, active and elegantly dressed in lilac of a delicate shade, is in the act of signing; while the youthful bride, just a little aside, is half opening a blue fan as she listens to a young friend who bends forward to speak to her and whose pink frock in its rustling finish is a marvel of painting. The couple behind are evidently the bride's parents, and on their right stands a lady holding an open fan, whose clear perfection is heightened to brilliancy by the vivid red rose in her black hair. This is a portrait of the Duchess Colonna. The portraits of several of the painter's other friends are in the picture.

"Slightly on the left of the group is Meissonier, his hand on the hilt of his heavy curved sword; and just in front of him, seen in profile, is Madame Fortuny, whose sister, Doña Isabel, is bending forward to speak a word to the bride. Henri Regnault, the brilliant French painter who perished in the defense of Paris in 1871, at the age of twenty-eight, is also in the picture.

"To the extreme lower end of the picture is another newly-wedded couple, evidently in a lower station of life, awaiting their turn to approach and sign their names. The gorgeous costume of the man is that of the bull-fighter, while the dress of his bride is yellow. A great feature of the picture is the painting of the surroundings — the faded Cordovan leather on the wall, the high wrought-iron railings surmounted by beaten brasswork, and the Venetian chandelier that hangs from the roof. The whole scene, of shimmering colors, is tranquilized with great skill by the effect of cool gray light, against which the lean figure of the priest is seen."

'JOB' PLATE X

THIS crayon drawing is called 'Job,' although it might be called anything else as far as the subject goes. Indeed, its interest is purely technical. It is a good example of Fortuny's drawing and is included here for that reason, and also because it is not so well known as is much of his work. Fortuny drew the figure very well when he set himself to it, and the drawing of this figure shows it, although there are places, like the wrist, where his eye seems to have lost sensitiveness. He makes great use of his shadows in this as in all of his pictures. They are not very large, but are used with great effectiveness, the "edges" being well studied.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY FORTUNY WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

ENGLAND. LONDON, MRS. F. A. BEER: Head of a Negro (Plate VI) — LONDON, SIR CUTHBERT QUILTER, BART.: A Moorish Guard — WARRINGTON, CORPORATION: Acrobats at Tetuan — FRANCE. PARIS, MARQUISE DE CARCANA: Spanish Marriage (Plate IX) — PARIS, M. RAMON ENRAZU: The Faust of Gounod; A Souvenir of Morocco; A Study of a Child — PARIS, MR. HAZELTINE: The Standard Bearer — PARIS, BARON ROTHSCHILD: The Prayer — PARIS, M. MARTIN LE ROY: The Bull-fighter — ITALY. ROME, M. D'EPINAY: The Arquebusier — SCOTLAND. EDINBURGH, ARTHUR SANDERSON: Arabs hunting Frogs; An Arab Seated; A Landscape; In the Arena; Seville — SPAIN. BARCELONA, MUSEUM: Charles of Anjou on the

Shore of Naples; The Battle of Tetuan; View on the Tiber; Nereids on a Lake; Bacchante; An Odalisque — MADRID, MUSEUM: The Battle of Wad Ros; The Queen Doña Maria Cristina inspiring the Spanish Troops in the first Carlist War — MADRID, SEÑOR BAUER: Moorish Blacksmith (Plate IV) — MADRID, SEÑOR FORTUNY: The Collector of Engravings — MADRID, SEÑOR GARGOLLA: Arabs feeding a Vulture; A Fan — RÉUS, M. SABERANO: Our Virgin of Pity — SEVILLE, SEÑOR GOYENA: A Concert — UNITED STATES. BALTIMORE, WALTERS GALLERY: The Mendicants; Don Quixote; The Snake-Charmers (Plate II); The Rose Vase; An Ecclesiastic — NEW YORK, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM: A Pond near Tangiers; Portrait of Madame Garcia; Camels at Rest — NEW YORK, W. A. CLARK: A Street in Tangiers; Academicians of St. Luke selecting a Model (Plate III); Gipsy Caves, Granada — NEW YORK, G. GOULD: Breakfast in the old Convent Garden of the Alhambra (Plate V) — NEW YORK, C. S. SMITH: Mandolin Player — NEW YORK, G. W. VANDERBILT: An Arab Fantasia, Tangiers; The Birth of the Butterfly; A Fencing Lesson (Plate VIII); A Court Fool.

PRIVATE COLLECTIONS

BERANGER III. nailing the Arms of Barcelona to the Castle of Foix; Arabs dancing; The Butterfly; Café des Hirondelles; The Departure of the Procession in the Rain from the Church of Santa Cruz, Madrid; The Masquerade; A Carnival in the Last Century; The Masks; A Roman Country Woman; An Old Roman Peasant; A Fruit-shop in Granada; Arabs reclining on a Divan; A Circassian; Horsemen in Morocco; Corpus Christi; La Femme Couchée; The Espada; Fowls and Ducks in a Farmyard; A Prison Door; The Court of the House of Chapiz, Granada; The Council House at Granada; The Court of Justice, Alhambra; The Garden of the Arcadians; The Strand at Portici; The Knife Grinder; A Matador; A Papal Guard; The Umbrella Maker; The Antiquary; A Dead Donkey; Transport of Arab Prisoners; An Idyll; Arabs and Dogs; An Arab; In the Garden; Tête-à-Tête; Returning to the Convent; Three Odalisques; Two Children playing in a Japanese Room.

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